"Crashes"—When the Sky Huntsman "Comes a Cropper"

By Percival E. Jackson.

THE ambulance driver is jammed back in his seat. His service hat is drawn low over his eyes, his chin upon his chest. In the rear a doctor with the bars of a first lieutenant idly swaps stories with an unshaven audience of motorcycle drivers and flying cadets in oily leather coats.

A simmering sunshine makes the field somnolent. Above half a dozen 'planes are making lazy circuits of the field, taking off, banking around the appointed turns and completing, with more or less bumpy landings, their tours de piste—as the French term circuits of the field.

Upon the stage—a rough board platform perched upon 20-foot stilts—sits the officer in charge of the solo field, alternately praising, though rarely, alternately bawling out, the steady stream of cadets just finishing their half hours of landings.

About him a group of assistants, enlisted men and flying officers, record the landings in response to the droned intonations of watchers, field glasses glued to eyes—"2690, porpoise landing"; "1784, fast landing"; "2425, flat glide"; "1459, off course," and so on interminably.

Below, herding together for shade, reading, writing, sleeping and squabbling, a crowd of cadets are awaiting their turns to be posted on the chalk-scrawled blackboard in front of the stage.

"Ship down!" a watcher suddenly yells.

A hive of activity follows. The ambulance driver, heretofore apparently sleeping, has already cranked his car. The motorcycle, in response to a heavy foot, snorts "ready," as an engineering officer leaps for the sidecar.

The group of onlookers scatters for the blackboard: "What ship is it? Who saw him go down? Now who's out of luck?"

And then, with eager eyes, they scan the numbers of the landing ships.

"It's not Buck; he's in 1540," some one deduces, as a ship bearing the painted number 1540 on its side rolls up in front of the stage.

"Bet it's Jonesy; he drew that Jonah 'bus again," shouts another.

But speculation avails nothing. Another ship goes out with a new pilot, and one more name is chalked upon the board. The gathering of cadets slowly disperses. Back to their pillows of rolled up equipment they go to continue their reading, writing and sleeping. Another five minutes and the incident is forgotten.

Suddenly the ambulance lumbers into view, like a winded mastiff after a chase. It slides 'round a turn, backs into place, gives a final snort and the driver resumes his interrupted reverie.

A shamefacedly grinning figure, in dirty leather coat, or an oil-soaked sweater, with a blackish-brown leather helmet ringed with a pair of goggles jammed on a tousled head, emerges, and through a gantlet of half subdued kidding hies himself up the stairs to tell how it happened. Downstairs a little later, with a rueful expression that bespeaks "benching" to the expectant gang below. No congratulations on avoiding broken head or limb greet him; rather a chorus of "How much did you get?" "You're an ace now." "That makes your fourth so far, doesn't it?" clatters about his ears.

The unlucky recipient grins and seeks the other members of the whitewash squad, for that is to be his fate for the next week or ten days, the length of his benching being usually dependent upon the state of the digestive organs of the flying officer.

This is typical of any flying field training cadets or officers for overseas service as military pilots. An accident which in civil life would, if no physical injury resulted, serve to justify shaken nerves for a week or more, leaves the flier cursing his luck in breaking a ship, a landing gear, or a propeller, commonly known as a "prop" or a "stick."

Accidents which by every law of probability should result in instant death leave their victims with a cut lip or a black eye—a target for chaffing, good-humored or malicious, for an indefinite period. Situations highly perilous are avoided, only to find the lucky flier a greeting of "Well, I guess a week on the ground will do you good."

And, strangely enough, moments fraught with possibilities of immediate extinction find the cadet or flying officer with the deepest fear of breaking a wire or straining a landing gear—and drawing a bawling out.

The man in the street who sees a 'plane flying above his head has untold visions of what would happen should the engine stop. And yet engines stop constantly—for reasons which engender acrimonious debate between the engineering officer and the pilot, usually to the utter rout of the latter. And not even the alignment of the 'plane is disturbed.

At one field in France, one clear day last August, there were some seventeen forced landings, every one due to what was claimed by the pilot to be engine trouble. Several 'planes were broken, but not a man was hurt. Forced landings became so common at times that even the observers refused to get excited about them.

In one 'plane, at an observation school in France, a pilot was flying a sketching mission. He would fly his ship—a Sopwith of a type formerly used at the front by the English but later sent back and used here by the Americans for training purposes—above a prescribed stretch of ground, and his observer, an artillery officer, who was being trained in aerial observation work, would sketch on a drawing board fastened around his neck the details of the ground which he considered of military value. Something went wrong with the engine—to use the customary phrase, "it pooped." The pilot hastily scanned the ground for a landing place, a job of no little difficulty with a Sopwith, for it glides flatter and further than any other ship. Instinctively, for that is the first principle hammered in by an instructor, he had pushed forward on the joy stick, nosing his 'plane down. He was fast losing altitude. His only choice lay between dropping her in some trees or trying to stretch his glide sufficiently to get by a wheat field and into a patch of ground with a fairly low stubble. He chose the latter. With a muttered prayer, he pulled her up until he could almost feel her quiver. Closely he watched to keep her level, for a loss of flying speed meant falling off on a wing and crashing nose down.

With every sense and flying instinct in play, he held her up, cleared the wheat, levelled her out and pancaked into the stubble beyond. A sigh of relief, and she came to a stop. He pulled the stick from the innermost recesses of his stomach, where he'd been holding it to keep his tail down and prevent the ship from nosing over, and turned to see how his observer had been taking it. That gentleman was standing in the cockpit with his belt hanging unfastened, broadly grinning, and folding a pocket camera with which he'd been taking pictures while coming down. He had been blissfully ignorant of the snap decision that had landed him gently and safely instead of forcibly dropping him through a forest of fifty-foot oaks. And inasmuch as a person standing in the rear of the cockpit does not, by any stretch of the imagination, assist in making an easy landing, the broadly grinning observer immediately became the target for a series of rapid, heated remarks of unpublishable tenor.

But, of course, all forced landings do not result so happily. A New York boy, who was graduated from the Columbia Law School into the flying corps, tried to stretch his glide, as it is called, when his motor quit just as he was getting out of the field. He lost speed and pancaked into some trees, which, fortunately, caught his propeller. The tail of the ship slid down until it touched the ground and the pilot and his observer found themselves perched twenty-five feet in the air on this improvised ladder. They slid down the fuselage and landed safely upon the ground.

A second attempt to stretch a glide, a short while later, caused the 'plane to fall off on a wing. A hundred feet off the ground, controls availed nothing, for there wasn't space enough for the reversal of the elevator to effect the headlong descent. The observer broke a leg, and his pilot—we buried him next day.

Falling off on a wing usually results from losing forward flying speed, and this is particularly dangerous in making forced landings—for the natural tendency is to try to glide far enough to make a good landing field. The forward speed being insufficient, the 'plane tends to fall, and the engine being forward, the concentration of weight makes her fall nose down. With sufficient height, the natural equilibrium of the 'plane reasserts itself, and she comes out in a natural glide; but, unfortunately, in making a forced landing, the tendency to stretch a glide comes only when one is close to the ground and wants to avoid a very proximate bad landing place.

Carelessness or inexperience will often cause a ship to fall off on a wing on a takeoff—as a result of trying to make a turn before the ship has gathered sufficient forward speed. Turning by banking the ship is effected because there is sufficient speed and therefore sufficient centrifugal force to hold the 'plane in the air. Where there is an insufficiency of such forward speed, the 'plane tends to slip—side slip—and the nose drops and the ship crashes in a nose dive.

In one of the largest fields in the world—an American field—where the 'planes used were small—chasse 'plane for combat training—this type of accident accounted for frequent fatalities. This was a natural result of the very type of 'plane employed, for the wing area being small, the ships depended for their support in the air more upon their speed than upon the lifting or sustaining power of the wings.

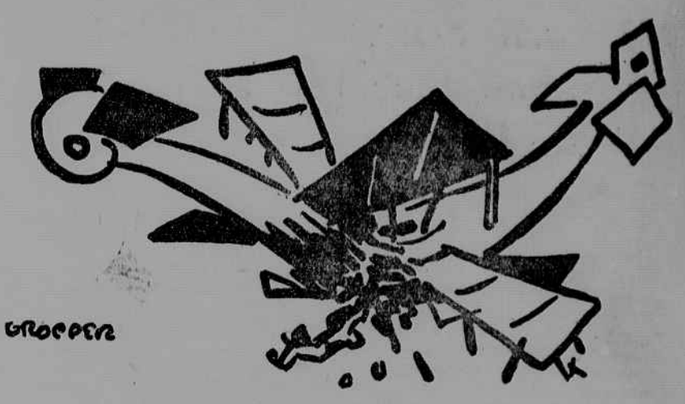
But this sort of accident was by no means confined to the smaller ships. One fellow, flying a biplane—that is, a two-seater observation 'plane—was just taking off. He had passed the limits of the field when his motor started missing. Apparently he felt that he had sufficient speed and height to make the field again, instead of landing in a patch of ploughed ground straight ahead. He kicked her over, but instead of the smooth bank he anticipated her nose dropped, and with his missing motor pulling him down he headed vertically for the ground. A matter of seconds and he was down out of sight behind some intervening trees. The ambulance found his ship a veritable signpost of warning—for the engine had buried itself three feet in the ground and the fuselage was almost an upright.

An additional source of constant danger, and for the same fundamental reasons, is the "schandel"—particularly, in a ship that hasn't a huge reserve of power. A burst of speed, a pull back on the stick and a little right aileron and rudder, and the ship leaves the ground in a long, graceful, winding righthand spiral. Then a push forward, and, level a hundred feet above the ground, you are flying back the way you came.

But let the spiral be a mite too long or let the pulse of your engine fail you for a moment, and down again—the way you came.

One of our ex-mail fliers came to an American field in France for a slight refreshening course on his way to the front; serene in his knowledge and experience he tried a schandel with one of the flexible construction Sopwiths. A crater twenty feet long and ten feet from where the remains of the 'plane lay testified to a hard crash and a bounce that snuffed out another trick flier.

So many crashes are due to just plain damfoolishness. So many American fliers speak disparagingly of the French pilots, their conservatism, as the best disposed put it. Others talk of lack of nerve and getting their wind up. But it's none of those things; it's merely a sensible lack of foolhardiness. The foolhardy flier gets his ultimately; it's as certain as income taxes. And besides wasting his own life, as one major in the American Expeditionary Force said, "We can get plenty of fliers, but where do you think the 'planes are coming from?"



Conservatism with the military pilot who is trying to do his job conscientiously is a matter of duty and discipline. He must, until the need arises to do otherwise, avoid the impulse that prompts him to be rash. For so many good men have gone to their deaths just so.

In the States during the elementary training period, on a field where stunting was expressly forbidden, the men would steal off on 'cross-country trips and try their favorite stunts. One chap, a man who already had shown the makings of a splendid flier, was off on one of the regular 'cross-country trips. Just before he left he had been discussing loops with some of the fellows. He had flown out to the landing field, some thirty miles away, and had started for home. It was his last trip, and its completion would mean his wings and his commission. Elated and cocky, he tried a loop. He was seen to have completed it successfully and to have tried another and then another. The ship, not being a stunt ship and not braced to resist such strains, became weakened and finally, on a fifth or sixth loop, an overstrained wing gave way and a neighboring farmer pulled an inert figure out of the remains of a ship which had fluttered down into his back yard.

Here in France the twin spires of world-old cathedrals are objects of particular envy, and great is the delight of a fellow who can say he has flown between them. One fellow did succeed, and, elated with himself, tried a side-slip down between the banks of the glorious Loire—a most commonplace proceeding for that field. He failed, however, to reckon on the protruding branch of a tree, which caught his wing, and when his ship came down on her back there was no one left to brag about the spire stunt.

But crashes are not all so tragic. It hardly seems possible to fall in a tailspin some seven hundred feet and emerge with nothing worse than shaken nerves. But one fellow who did it is still flying. Or to turn over on one's back at a thousand feet and strike the ground without righting the ship and suffer nothing more serious than the wrenched back falling downstairs will result in. Or to crash with another 'plane a thousand metres in the air, pass out and find yourself in the hospital with a cut eye. Or to try to come out of a side-slip without using the prescribed method of ruddering into it—that is, simply by using one's ailerons—breaking the control wires, crash out of control and emerge from a pile of splinters and some twisted steel with a sprained ankle.

All of which brings to mind the pilot who, in a Salmson, "zoomed" the stone bridge spanning the same River Loire. His propeller struck a high tension wire, shattering it, and he made the field with a broken "prop" and a span of the municipality's high tension wire hanging to his lower 'plane. And, delightful anti-climax—in lieu of the congratulations which he expected, a Summary Court deducted the cost of the propeller from his next month's pay—leaving very little pay.

And such miraculous escapes are not confined to any one class of 'plane—though the Caudron G3 used by the French for preliminary training, and by our own government in training and cadets sent abroad for complete training in France, seems to hold the record. The baby carriage, or sewing machine, as it often has been called, consists of a small fuselage surrounded by a skein of wires. And so profuse are the wires that a few more or less never did matter.

In that connection they tell the story of the ground officer who asked a tester to give him a joy ride in a Caudron. Seated in the ship, the engine just warming up, the passenger was startled to hear a sharp "twang." He felt some concern, but said nothing, feeling certain that the tester too had heard it and not desiring to evidence the natural trepidity that a first ride occasions. For his part, the tester had not seemed to notice. Suddenly, another "twang." With some alarm, the ground officer yelled to the tester in front of him: "There's a wire broken."

"How many?" called the pilot, without turning. "Two," was the reply. "Oh, is that all?—that's nothing," came floating back as the pilot gave her the gun and off they went.

The oft-repeated query "Why do accidents occur?" cannot be answered definitely—nor can accidents be avoided. So long as engines quit over bad landing country, so long as men give way to human failings and become overconfident and reckless, so long as human instruments and devices stay fallible, so long will aeroplane crashes continue. But thoroughness of training, careful medical inspections, carefully prepared rules of guidance and a strict adherence to those rules, and mechanical improvements will ultimately reduce accidents to a minimum.

The Man Who Let Loose Bolshevism on Europe

By Elias Tobenkin

ZURICH, March 10.—True to its tradition as the fountain of revolution, Zurich is to-day the switchboard of Bolshevism in Europe. The man at the switchboard, connecting the various Bolshevist wires, is Fritz Platten, the foremost labor leader in Switzerland, and outside of Lenine the most avowed advocate in Europe of the salvation of the world through the dictatorship of the proletariat.

In these days of mass rule idols come and idols go, but if I were an enterprising photographer I would take a good picture of Fritz Platten. I would take several of them, in fact. History will want to have a look at such a photograph, for Fritz Platten, willy nilly, has become a historical character. He is the man who unchained Bolshevism in Europe. It was Platten who arranged with Germany for the passing of the "sealed train" which took Lenine from Switzerland to Russia. Platten went in that sealed train, or rather coach, with Lenine and his thirty-odd followers to Petrograd. A few days after the Lenine train passed through Germany, Platten's associate, Hans Vogel, the present editor of the "Berner Tagwacht," the leading Socialist paper in Switzerland, piloted a second train with the remainder of the Bolshevik followers of Lenine through Germany into Russia.

Nor was his taking of Lenine to Russia the only service of the Swiss labor leader to the cause of Bolshevism. Platten has performed another and perhaps greater service to Lenine and Leninites after they reached Russia. Platten and Lenine were in a carriage together one day when an assassin attempted to shoot Lenine, and it was a quick manœuvre by Platten that deflected the fatal bullet, saving Lenine's life. Platten came out of the experience with a slightly damaged arm. Thus has the Swiss labor leader twice served the cause of Bolshevism well.

The Second Lenine

Shortly before November 7 the Swiss Socialists issued a proclamation calling upon the workers to celebrate November 7, the first anniversary of Bolshevist rule in Russia. Platten, then the secretary of the Swiss Socialist party, was the leading spirit in the movement for such a demonstration. Rumor quickly spread that the celebration was only a screen for a proposed coup by the Bolshevists to take possession of the government and initiate a proletarian dictatorship. It is not known how much foundation, if any, there was for this rumor, but the Swiss government acted on it and it acted quickly and thoroughly. It sent down troops to Zurich, the avowedly Bolshevist centre, and the troops were not German nor city men, but were soldiers from French Switzerland and were men from the country, an element therefore opposed to city workers and not friendly to the German element, which is the Bolshevist element of Switzerland.

As a protest against the sending of troops a strike was called in Zurich for November 9. At the same time the Socialists and labor leaders made representations to the Bundesrat, or Parliament, demanding the recall of the troops and other concessions. The Bundesrat declined to negotiate with the labor leaders and a general strike was ordered which lasted three days, November 12, 13 and 14, tying up nineteen of the principal cities and districts in Swtzerland, and involving more than 200,000 workmen. At the end of three days the strike was called off. And the population of Switzerland is still wondering whether the strike was lost or was won. If the strike was called to gain certain concessions, it was lost, for seemingly the workers have gained no concessions. If, on the other hand, the strike was only a manœuvre to test the Bolshevist strength, then it was won. For it has succeeded in calling out the workers of the country with remarkable speed and unanimity. Not alone the workers in factories and shops answered the strike call. Clerks in banks and office workers also struck, and the police openly sympathized with the strikers. The issue of the high cost of living, the cry of profiteering and similar slogans were successfully wielded by the strike leaders and made a powerful appeal to all classes of men living by wages, even if the wages go under the name of salaries.

The upshot of the strike was that the issue of Bolshevism was taken up by the Socialist party and the use of Bolshevism as a method to attain the Socialist commonwealth was "officially" disclaimed.

A Hindenburg Of Labor

I went to Zurich to take a look at Platten. I was told that he gives no interviews to a correspondent from "bourgeoisie" newspapers. I wanted to see him, nevertheless, because next to Lenine he is to-day the greatest Bolshevist fanatic in Europe and with men's nerves on edge as they are in Central Europe to-day such a thoroughgoing fanatic may be Lord of Hosts tomorrow. I talked to Platten about five minutes. But I waited ten minutes until my turn came to talk to him. He is a young man of thirty-seven or thirty-eight, clean shaven, above medium height and athletic looking.

His father is said to be a Saxon who emigrated to Switzerland, where Platten was born. Platten, however, is every inch a Prussian. The "will to power" is in his blood. It is his creed, only in his case this will is directed not toward the attainment of militarism, but of proletarian power. He seemed to me nothing less than a Hindenburg of Labor—cold, calculating, ruthless. He knows what he wants and goes the shortest way to get it. I don't think he would have the slightest hesitation to order a hundred or a thousand men executed if in his judgment the cause of working class revolution demanded it. I hesitate to reach hasty conclusions, but all the time I gazed upon Platten I had a feeling that the world is not yet done with ruthlessness. The ruthlessness nurtured by militarism for generations has not ended with the end of the war. It has but changed habitations. It has jumped from one body into another. The ruthlessness of the old order has fallen as a heritage to the most—or least—advanced advocates of the new order, the Bolshevistically minded wing of the proletariat.

"I don't give interviews," Platten told me. "I write articles from time to time myself, and in these articles I say what I have to say. The movement which is called Bolshevism is coming, because it must come; there is no other way out for the proletariat. If the world were really willing to solve the problems before it in accordance with reason and common sense there would be no Bolshevism. But the fact is that from above there is no solution for these problems, and the proletariat finds itself more and more compelled to adopt the methods which are followed by the Bolsheviki. It is true, of course, that statistically the working people are in the majority. Yet we have for years had to continue our struggle against the worst sort of opposition. The education of the masses proceeds but slowly. Against our small press there is opposed the vast number of the bourgeois newspapers. They dominate the opinions and sentiment of the people. With parliamentary methods alone we cannot be helped. The struggles of the proletariat must take on more and more the character of mass action."

The Methods Of the Man

Platten does not lay claim to erudition, but he is a remarkable speaker. He is a metal worker by trade and his speech is never detached from reality. He supplements his theories with facts and illustrates them with actual happenings. He drives his arguments home by simple references to the things of every day in the life of the workman. It is this that gives him such command and makes him such a formidable figure in the labor movement of Switzerland and Europe. As is the case with Eugene Debs in America, people who radically disagree with Platten nevertheless do not doubt his sincerity, even if it is marked by colossal fanaticism.

Platten, beyond saying that he and Lenine were good friends and understood each other very well, would not discuss his taking Lenine into Russia through Germany. The Swiss government had recently ordered out the Bolshevist embassy from Switzerland because it was found that the Russian Bolshevists were using the embassy as a means of propaganda, not only in the interest of Bolshevism in Russia, but in the interest of Bolshevism everywhere. Several Bolshevists are now on trial here, and the reticence of Platten may in part at least be ascribed to this situation. Hans Vogel, the editor of the "Berner Tagwacht," gave me a few interesting details about the now famous sealed train.

The Bargain With Germany

"As soon as the revolution had been achieved in Russia," Herr Vogel said, "Lenine and the hundreds of other Russian exiles living in Zurich and Switzerland generally realized that their place was at home. We of the Socialist movement in Switzerland agreed with them, and it fell to the lot of Platten and myself to arrange for their going through Germany to Russia. We went to the German Embassy and asked if we would not be permitted to take a special train from Switzerland to Russia. The thing was arranged without much difficulty. The Germans, of course, knew perfectly well what they were doing, and so did we. The German government wanted to further revolution in Russia because with a revolutionary Russia it could make peace. And we, the Socialists, both Russian and Swiss, were anxious that the revolution in Russia take a proletarian rather than bourgeois turn. We each had our specific and quite different aims. It is ridiculous to speak of German money in the matter. There was no need for Germany to pay money to the Russian revolutionists in Switzerland to go back to Russia. They were only too anxious to get home.

"A few days after Platten took Lenine and his party out of the country I piloted a second train with about 250 revolutionists. On this second train I was the only one who got off at any station in Germany. Later we were joined by Grimm, who went to Russia with us. We left Russia long before Lenine came into power."

I asked Herr Vogel as I had previously asked Herr Grimm and Platten with regard to the Bolshevik executions in Russia. Grimm had explained these atrocities, Platten would not discuss them. But Herr Vogel deplored them.

Excusing the Bloodshed

"The bloodshed in Russia," the editor said, "is not the pleasantest aspect of Bolshevism. But it must be remembered that in Russia it is a case of either kill or be killed. I know Lenine and I know that he is not bloodthirsty. But there is a counter revolutionary element in Russia that is anxious to get into the saddle again. And if this counter revolutionary element gets into the saddle the era of Stolypin neckties (hangings of revolutionists) will look like a picnic beside the reign of terror it would inaugurate."

In reply to a further question Herr Vogel admitted quite frankly that if the world could find its way to basic economic democracy without resorting to proletarian dictatorship, even for the shortest period possible, he would not at all regret the absence of Bolshevism. But as things were going now it did look as if Switzerland and all of Central Europe were fast drifting toward a sort of Bolshevist interregnum which would precede the inauguration of social and economic democracy in the world.

Herr Grimm, in response to the same question, said: "Bolshevism is not a philosophy, but a method, and it is essentially a method of despair. Those who believe in using Bolshevism as a means of accelerating the social revolution are men and women who have lost all faith in the sincerity of the bourgeoisie and in the good faith of capitalist society. They have tried parliamentary palliatives and have found them wanting. Bolshevism is inherent in present day conditions of society as these conditions have been aggravated by the war. It is not leaders that can make or unmake the Bolshevist movement, but the attitude of the bourgeoisie and of capitalism. Genuine liberalism on the part of these classes will cause Bolshevism to recede. On the other hand, a persistently reactionary attitude toward the masses will leave the workers no choice but to take the government in their own hands and to hold it as Lenine is holding it in Russia."

A Monument at Last for Dan Emmett

By Albert Sidney Gregg

A MAN died in Ashtabula, Ohio, recently, who has done much to perpetuate the memory of Daniel Decatur Emmett, the man who wrote "Dixie." James Lewis Smith was his name. He was a wealthy bachelor whose fad was building monuments. After his death blueprints of a memorial to American sailors and soldiers who fought in the late war were found on his desk. The monument, however, that will give him lasting fame is the one he erected in honor of Emmett at Mount Vernon, Ohio, where Emmett was born, and where he now lies buried.

Smith's interest in Emmett has brought to light many interesting things about the origin of "Dixie" and about Emmett himself. It is interesting from the viewpoint of how a man may spring into fame almost over night without knowing just why, and also from the viewpoint of what constitutes a popular song. In after years Emmett said to an old Mount Vernon friend: "If I had known that 'Dixie' was destined to become so popular I would have written it better." But then, maybe, he might have polished it so much that it would have lost its appeal. Who knows?

In his youth Emmett was a printer. He was a fifer in the army for a while, and then ran away with a circus. Later he helped to organize the first negro minstrel show ever put on in America. This show made a hit in the United States and later had a successful run in England. After his return to the United States Emmett joined a company headed by Dan Bryant. While playing at Mechanics Hall in New York Bryant told Emmett one Saturday that he must have a new "walk around" song for the following Monday's performance. On Sunday Emmett wrote the music and words for "Dixie," which was given for the first time in Mechanics Hall, New York, in 1859, under the title "Dixie's Land." The song was a hit from the word go, and was soon adopted by other travelling companies. In 1860 Miss Susan Denin sang "Dixie" to a great throng in New Orleans, and eventually it spread through the South and became the war song of the Confederate armies.

In 1895 Al G. Field sought him out and the two had a happy time reviewing the past. Field was astonished to find Emmett still playing the fiddle and planning to go on the road again, although he was quite old. Finally Emmett induced Field to take him out for a season. He appeared in Newark, Ohio, on August 23, 1895. He was then eighty, but very vigorous and spry. Ovation after ovation followed him as he travelled through the South.

During his closing days he was helped by a weekly allowance from the Actors' Fund of New York. Little or nothing was done to mark his grave, although an organization had been formed for that purpose. Mr. Smith, however, put up a monument at Emmett's grave in Mound View Cemetery that is a credit to the man and to the donor.

A curious story brought out in connection with his song is that the original Dixie's Land referred to was not the South, but an estate on Manhattan Island, New York City, owned by a man by the name of Dixie, who employed a large number of colored slaves. These slaves were sent South because of the rising abolition sentiment, and while there they improvised the refrain "I wish I was in Dixie's Land," which was once heard by Emmett and became the inspiration of his song. However that may be, "Dixie" is always associated with the South, and had a part in the war in France as a typical American production.