

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

January 16, 1920

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Sherman Was Wrong

THE night the armistice was signed was a wild one in Paris. All restrictions were off. Everyone was happy and saluted everyone else French fashion as they met on the boulevards. All American soldiers were kissed to their hearts' content. Buttons and overseas caps were stolen by the souveniring mademoiselles.

Along towards midnight up the Boulevard des Italiens staggered a big black colored boy. His coat was open to the breeze, all its buttons gone, and his head bare. Evidently his cap had also gone to swell someone's collection. As he turned one corner, two chic mademoiselles grabbed him. One kissed him on one cheek and one on the other. It was too much for the darkey. Throwing both arms in the air, he cried fervently: "O Lordy! what Mistah Sherman said about war's a lie! Dis sho' must be hebben!"