

DECEMBER

THE

20 CENTS

# SERVICE

## MAGAZINE





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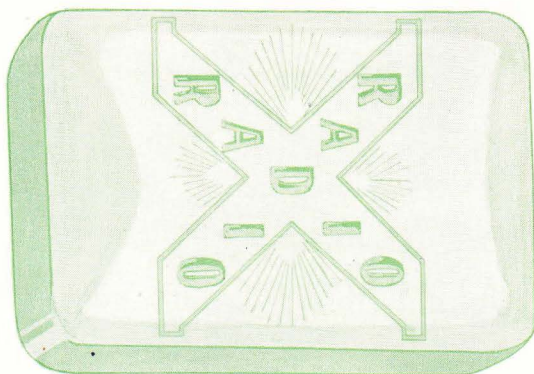
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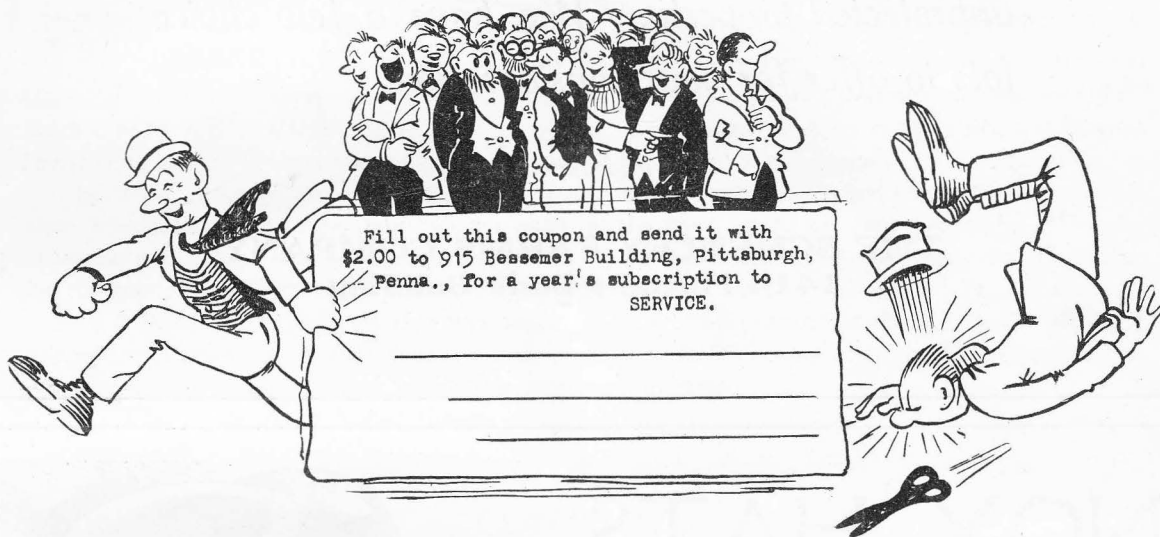
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# The Service Magazine

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## Service, The Third

**T**HIS issue of the SERVICE Magazine will go down in history as SERVICE, The Third. Like SERVICE, The First and The Second, the present ruler of our readers' attention is here to serve as faithfully as its predecessors. Its reign, however, will be short. Each month in SERVICE'S kingdom a new aspirant appears and by orderly process usurps the throne to bid, against the former editions, for the favor of the magazine's constituents.

SERVICE has a request to make of its patrons. If this month's issue has ruled in accordance with its current responsibilities we ask that the good word be sent broadcast. On the other hand, if the month's edition has sought vainly for our readers' favor we ask your indulgence for the moment; also to remember that next month's ascendant to the throne of our readers' desires dethrones the past month's occupant. We have this reassuring advance dope—through our editorial telescope of the present we catch a glimpse of coming editions which, against the sunrise of the future, are rosy with their effulgent promise.

Line up to the right, Subscribers!

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Gee! But Them Were The Happy Days

# He Didn't Believe It

## "Your Girl Will Never Marry You With That Arm Gone," Only Aroused the Crippled Veteran to Action

By. Major C. Fred Cook

**"Y**OUR girl will never marry you with that arm gone."

That was the hard-hearted poke that roused the spirits of a one-armed veteran of the world war at Walter Reed Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., to action.

He didn't believe it, any more than he believed the old worn-out story that a man with one arm gone would have hard luck making a living.

But the girl was by far the most important thing in his young life just then; especially when that would-be buddy had cast the slur on her good faith, and tried to throw a wet blanket on all his hopes for the future.

This crippled veteran was far from crippled in heart or determination. He might hear tales about how difficult it is to make a living with your good right arm missing. He might even bandy such stories about and joke over them. He might even admit to himself in the small hours of the night when he lay in his hospital bed thinking about the future, that perhaps it would be a bit harder to run that old saw mill at home back in North Carolina than it was before he put on the uniform and went to war.

But to admit that his sweetheart, the girl who meant more to him than all else in the world, would go back on him, because he had simply left his arm at Cambrai—well, his gorge rose. He simply wouldn't believe it. He didn't believe it.

He would do more. Forthwith he started for the administration building to ask for a pass home. There was to be no question about it. He would find out for himself. They gave him a furlough for a month, and he caught the first train for his home near the sawmill in North Carolina.

As he sat in the car seat watching the trees and telegraph poles fly by the window, bringing him every minute nearer his heart's desire, his thoughts wandered back over the past. He remembered how they

**This is the story of an actual occurrence in Walter Reed Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C. With his right arm gone this crippled veteran would not believe that his girl could go back on him or that making a living would be so difficult. And, what's more, he demonstrated his belief.**

had grown up together. He remembered the first party they went to together and how shy and lovely she had seemed to him. Years ago it had been, for they had been sweethearts, it seemed to him—well, almost forever.

And then he thought of his old father at home, how the letters from home said he had failed in health lately, and couldn't do as much as he used to do. And he thought of his brother, the one who wouldn't go to war. That brother couldn't quite be depended on, somehow. "I must help keep an eye on him," thought the veteran.

He looked at the empty sleeve at his right side. Then he looked out the window, and something he saw, it must have been that green hill up yonder, brought back vividly to him the picture of one little hill back home. He saw it in his memory again. It was the spot he had picked out for their little home. It was up on the heights overlooking the sawmill and the old homestead where he had grown up. Up there he could keep an "eye on the old man" and the mill.

And a mighty determination rose within the boy. He was hardly a boy. Hadn't he been taking English and arithmetic back in the reconstruction department at Walter Reed? Hadn't he learned some things in the war? He had learned to fight—fight hard and well in the great teamwork of

the army—and though a private without responsibility of others, he had been responsible to himself in the war. He had learned a lesson of self-reliance. He had lost an arm, but he had gained something else. He would go home and make good.

And he did.

When that soldier returned to Walter Reed Hospital his face was wreathed with smiles.

No wonder. For several reasons.

First and foremost, he had achieved his heart's desire. His faith in womanhood, and what was more, his faith in one particular little girl, had been proven. He had shown his buddy to be what he thought he was—not only mistaken, but a blankety blank liar. His girl had married him, and married him with the loose sleeve and all. And they were to live in the little home on the hill.

During the month he had taken charge of the mill. He found that he had to hire two extra men to do the work he used to be able to do with his two good strong arms. But he hired them. He reorganized the accounts and books at the mill. And when he got out of the army he would go back and he would——

Well, no story can be complete in real life; neither can this tale—for this soldier in due time reached his maximum recovery from his wound, he received his honorable discharge from the service—and a very honorable discharge it was. And he left Walter Reed Hospital.

He has not been heard from since. But it is not necessary for his many friends to hear from him to know that he has returned an American citizen, wounded in body, but stronger in mind and spirit, with a physical disability, but an indomitable courage; and over all to strengthen his heart and fill up his real life, the love of that old sweetheart of his, whose faith in him remained true, the girl who disproved his buddy's slur, and became the woman and homemaker of his new life.

# Christmas a Year Ago in France

## Bringing the First Real Joy in Years to the Hearts of French Kiddies Made it a Memorable One

By M. Edythe Davidson

CHRISTMAS morning dawned with the usual sound of rain-drops upon the roof and, as men fell in for reveille just in time to answer "here" at roll call, there seemed to be little occasion for the usual exchange of Christmas greetings.

"Helluva' dump to spend Christmas in," growled one fellow to his companions, as they made their way laboriously through the mud to the mess hall. "Believe me, I'd rather be at the front killin' Boches than lying around in this mud hole."

The "mud hole" of which he spoke was V—, a typical little peasant town of Burgundy, near the Swiss border. It had the usual number of cows and chickens, either one outnumbering the people of the town, and both sharing, as did horses, ducks, geese and other live stock, the protection of the same roof as their owners. The principal requirement for social standing was the large manure pile in the front yard and the family that could not boast one had nothing to entitle it to recognition. Sidewalks had been deemed unnecessary by the early settlers, so, army cars, soldiers, natives, cows and canteen-workers all ploughed through the middle of the street and the term "mud hole" was not inappropriate.

This outfit, some two thousand in number, had been waiting, or rather marking time, at this place since shortly after the armistice. They had arrived from the front in good spirits. They were going home "toute-de-suite." Some one had it from the sergeant, whose captain had said that the major's orderly had been told by Pete, the general's dog robber, who had overheard the dispatch rider from G. H. Q. turn over the orders, that the outfit would be in the states by Christmas. "Oh, boy!"

But days had lengthened into weeks, the box-car pullmans had not arrived, and here it was, Christmas morning. Sherman was right.

However, this day was destined to be remembered by many of the Americans at that center as one of their happiest Christmases and the truth of the statement that there is more joy in giving than in receiving was verified; for it was their privilege to furnish a real American Christmas to more than seventy French children of that town who had never even heard of Santa Claus before, and to cause sad-faced mothers to smile

for the first time in months, even years.

The day before Christmas was a busy one at the Y hut. There were doughnuts to be made, not only for the party but for the two thousand men as well. There were the last two or three hundred of the Christmas boxes to be filled. Parcels containing Christmas decorations had arrived from Paris headquarters the previous week and these had been augmented by contributions from the army for toys, candy and trinkets, which would help to make the Christmas party a success. The tree must be secured and trimmed. Oh, yes, there was plenty to be done.

The task took on somewhat the appearance of the impossible as some of us surveyed a very topsy-turvy place early that morning. After the boxing-match the night before, the main thought of every man was to get out of the hut first. Benches had been knocked over in the scramble and still lay where they had fallen, tables were besmeared with once hot chocolate, dirty cups littered up window sills, tables and benches, while mud, an inch or more in depth, covered the floor. Besides, the rain was finding its way, here and there, into the hut, adding to the discomfort, as well as the disorder of things.

However, nothing is impossible so long as one has a body of American soldiers to appeal to. Carpenters, electricians, mechanics, skillful decorators and men who were able to wield the broom and shovel soon wrought a considerable change in the appearance of things. Others found that they might be a real help in the kitchen when they got home, for they fried doughnuts, sugared them and packed them away as if it had been their occupation in civil life.

Even with this hearty response and co-operation our plans were threatened with defeat that afternoon when the Frenchman who had promised to sell us a tree for the occasion changed his mind and declared with many gesticulations, "Non, Non. Je ne peux pas. C'est defendu en France a vendre."

Christmas without a tree! As soon think of a wedding without the bride and groom! One must be secured at any cost—francs would not buy one. It seemed hopeless. But there were men in that outfit who knew the country. They had strolled through the woods at odd times and one after another began

to recall localities where the evergreen abounded.

That night, after taps had sounded and all was quiet in camp, a wonderful specimen of fir appeared, as if by magic, in one end of the hut. The process of trimming and decorating continued into the wee sma' hours and the man who gave the last touch to this artistic work and worked after all others had retired, was a private in the army who had a little girl of his own back in the States.

Although the hour set for the party was 3 o'clock, the first of the serious, wide-eyed little guests in black sateen aprons began to arrive an hour earlier and they continued to come until the entire population of the village, including the important personage of the village padre, the school teacher and the town mayor had gained entrance. There were refugees from Northern France and Belgium, two soldiers in blue uniforms home on "permission," and the familiar group composed of the American soldier and his mademoiselle "avec toute la famille."

The seats near the tree were reserved for the guests and all the remaining space was occupied by American soldiers, seated in windows, perched on rafters, and occupying every available table and bench.

As the first half-frightened children came in they gazed upon the spectacle before them, glittering in its array of tinsel, ornaments and many colored lights, with expressions of wonder and awe, seemingly afraid to speak aloud lest the whole thing should vanish. Four long years of war had robbed them of all the pleasures of childhood and many of the necessities as well. They were little old men and old women.

Gradually as their number increased, they began to feel more assured of the reality of things and as one after another discovered some toy or ornament for the first time there were great exclamations of delight. Faces became animated and voices excited.

Our army chaplain welcomed the guests in the name of the Americans and explained the significance of Christmas to us and the beautiful custom observed in America at the Christmas season. The village padre translated it to the others and then expressed their thanks to the Americans for sharing their celebration with them. Under the direc-

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# The Promised Land

## Thirty-five Hundred Foreign War Brides of Americans Find Welcome on the Mat of a New York Y. W. C. A. House

By Irene Austen

**D** ID you ever finish a sea voyage of seven to eighteen days on a U. S. transport where you couldn't go on deck without stepping on someone or being stepped on; where there was no peace in staying cramped up in your bunk; where the food may have been good enough, but the continual swish of the waves, purr of the great engines and dipping of the horizon combined to make a spread of nectar and ambrosia, had the rations provided them, look as interesting as "slum" in the old days of the mess line?

Even if you did, and were a mere Yank instead of the bride of one, some of the discomforts of ocean travel passed you by. Your hair nets and invisible hairpins (so named because, once lost, they never can be found), your powder puff and toilet articles were not hopelessly confused with those of your cabin mates and you were never glared at on the deck, to discover later that the lace collar about your neck belonged to one of your several bunksies who had just passed you.

If you had been the bride of an American when your ship nosed its way into the sunset, "baggage," "state room" and "the hold" would have taken on a new significance. You would have been pointedly informed that you couldn't have more than a single piece of hand luggage in your state room, while everything you really needed was in your trunk in the hold of the boat, and there would have been someone on guard who told you there was "posi-tive-ly nothing doing on getting into the hold."

We'll say you were seasick and white and washed out looking and tired from being crowded and your clothes were drab from want of laundering and damp besides and you suddenly found yourself whirled through New York by the Red Cross Motor Corps of the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House in the heart of Manhattan where a clean, white bed awaited your cramped muscles; where food suddenly became food to you again and where there was not running water with soap and electric irons awaiting the garments much the worse for the

voyage. You'd tuck away enough nourishment to last till the next tempting meal was spread before you; you'd freshen the travel-worn clothing and slip in between the clean linens on a comfortable bed and murmur, "This is the life."

It really has been and still is "the life" for some thirty-five hundred women of twenty-one or two nationalities who have married American soldiers, sailors and marines, and the several hundred more to come will enjoy the same privileges. The Y. W. C. A., continuing on this side the splendid work it did in the Hostess House camps at the ports of embarkation overseas, informally opened the institution at Lexington avenue and Forty-first street, New York, last Christmas Day; the formal opening being when the first wives of American boys came to their new country early in February of this year.

Ample sleeping room was provided and a cafeteria opened to receive the new

Americans, all of whom come through the port of New York. The Red Cross installed two clinics, one for women and the other for children where medical examination and aid is given those who seek it. In the children's clinic, and there have been nearly five hundred, two hundred and fifty of whom were babies, the first lessons in Americanization are given the mothers. The sons and daughters of the American daddies are taken from the tightly wrapped swaddling clothes used on the other side, properly bathed, dressed and fed under the supervision of a Red Cross nurse, and can be seen laughing, cooing and kicking about in the big, sunny reception room of the Hostess House most any time. Instruction is also given in the American money system.

The happiest times at the Hostess House are probably week-ends when the husbands of the young women staying there come in from the camps where they are awaiting discharge. There is a general gathering of the new families about the open fire in the reception room and, as could be expected where so many nations are represented, interesting programs of folk songs and dances are given. Here, too, are hung maps of the United States where the new husbands explain to their wives the geography of the promised land and trace out the routes to their future homes.

The shops of the American metropolis hold no end of interest for the girls. Especially the French are delighted with what New York has to offer and mid-afternoon finds many purchases being displayed in the needlework circles in the Hostess House living room. Such a group can be a veritable fountain of French phrases as its members compare what their dollars buy here with what can be had in Paris for the same value in francs. Blouses and hats are popular with those who can afford them, but silk hosiery is a general favorite among the purchases.

The French women are easily distinguished in the stores and on the streets by their short skirts, their sleeves between their elbows and shoulders and their extremely high Cuban-heeled slippers, entirely

(Concluded on page 32)

### REVERTING TO "ANGLAIS"

There was a time, not long ago,  
My English was distorted so  
I thought 'twould never be the same again—  
Yet now, I very seldom say—tres bien.

Across the way, I always said  
When I got home, I'd knock 'em dead  
With foreign words, to them all strange and new—  
But I can count the times I've said—beaucoup.

I bid a friend the time of day,  
"Good morning, Jack," smiling, I say.  
I quite forget my French, you may be sure—  
I might have knocked his ear out with—Bon Jour.

Not often, but, say, once or twice  
Somebody asks me for advice,  
And if with their opinions I agree—  
I answer "Yes," when I could say—"Ah, oui."

A phrase I've always used a lot  
Is one I've just about forgot;  
For if they ask me when I want to eat—  
I always pass a chance to say —toute de suite.

Sometimes it makes me pretty peeved,  
And then again I am relieved.  
I bet that in the end 'twill get me more—  
To stay off French and, too, "Who won the war."

—William P. Sherman.

# A Charming Corner of La Belle France

By Arthur H. Brown,  
Former United States Army Chaplain

**J**UST to the south of the old Fifteenth Training area in France a charming corner of France offers itself for an excursion. It may readily be covered in a single day by auto or in a more leisurely way during a week-end.

A short distance west of Montbard, as one pursues the road that leads to Semur, the eye is caught by a mass of imposing ruins. Gazing at the half demolished walls which stand silhouetted against the sky, one does not feel the praise extravagant which calls the ruins of Chateau de Montfort the most picturesque in Burgundy.

This 14th Century castle, majestic even in its decay, belonged to the Comtes de Montfort, a name familiar in French history. It is a fine example of that sturdy form of architecture known as the Norman. This type is easily recognized in the great towers which flank the entrance, the tiny slits for windows, the machicolis or holes through which stones were dropped on the enemy, the thick walls, the simplicity of design, and the suggestion which it all gives of stern, massive strength. Perched on the brow of a steep hill with the houses of the village clustered about its feet for protection, it stands there big and dominating, well able to oppose the stoutest foe.

Nearer approach reveals rich verure over much of the ruins. On one of its highest points, a tree of considerable size is growing. The southern side of the feudal castle remains almost intact and, seen from the broad terrace beyond, it gives one an admirable conception of its original proportions and appearance. Prying about the huge pile of masonry, one discovers many curious things like the entrance of subterranean passages, the deep ditch or fosse on the only side accessible to an enemy, and the dungeons where prisoners pined away while the Count with his guests and retainers feasted in the great banquet hall above.

Twenty kilometers to the south of this point lies Semur, a large town as towns hereabouts go, with a population of 3,655. The winding gorge that continues the waters of the Armancon as it flows past Semur gives to the place a setting exceptionally striking and beautiful. As the visitor crosses the ancient bridge which spans this chasm, looks down upon the stone roofs of the low-lying houses, mossy with age,

and then up and beyond at the four huge circular towers of the old donjon, the most conspicuous thing about the whole town, he finds himself in the grip of the past.

It is in the neighborhood of the donjon that the oldest part of the town is to be found and that interest naturally centers. One passes into this area through what was once the main entrance of the city, a curious and altogether mediaeval gateway. Here once hung the porticullis and with the exercise of a little imagination one can people with armor-clad guards, the centuries old structure. Within are the usual winding streets that twist and turn in a purposeless way.

The pride of Semur is the church of Notre Dame, built in 1060 by Duke Robert I. Curious circumstances attended its erection. The Duke's son had in anger slain a man. As an act of penance, the father caused this church to be reared in the town where the murder occurred. It was rebuilt in the 18th Century and since then has been kept in a constant state of good repair.

Though not as large as many of the better known churches and cathedrals of France, it has every other feature which has given them distinction and charm; in fact, it is an almost perfect specimen of Gothic architecture. The exquisite west front with its two towers, magnificent

porch and triple entrance, adorned with sculptured art at its best, gives way to no disappointment as one steps inside. Here pillar and window and ornament all show that slender, delicate, airy quality which is characteristic of Gothic at its best. Rare paintings of sacred scenes, prized specimens of skillful sculpture, stained glass windows which break up the white sunlight into varied colors, and fine wood carving in the pulpit and choir make the visitor reluctant to leave this dwelling place of beauty.

Eastward of Semur at a distance of some 15 kilometers, lies Flavigny. This old town, crowning a hill that rises like an island out of deep valleys on every hand, has never ceased to arouse the enthusiasm of artist and poet alike.

The two fortified entrances which command its approach are fine specimens of military construction. But as usual, those old builders of another day put the best they knew of into their churches. The one at Flavigny (13th Century) gives every evidence of fine workmanship and in addition can boast an originality of design which is quite unusual in French churches. A gallery with a superb stone balustrade encircles the nave. The choir-stalls display the most beautiful of wood-carving. In one instance the unknown artist gave expression to his humor by depicting a monk in the act of blowing his nose. Curious and

amusing things like this may often be seen by careful observers in the adornment of churches. One of the carvings on the choir-stalls of Amiens Cathedral represents Melchizedec offering a sacrifice while Abraham is trying to silence a little dog that is barking.

Alise is best approached from Flavigny to the east of it. It occupies so elevated a position that any other route is steep and difficult. From afar, one can see a colossal statue that tops the hill above the town. It is the figure of Vercingetorix, erected on the site of the ancient town of Alise where Julius Caesar finally broke the backbone of Gallic independence.

Here two great races clashed and the question of mastery was forever settled. Rome was then at its zenith but soon to become decadent, while Gaul, though chaotic and barbaric, was yet virile and full of untold possibility. Vercingetorix had been placed in supreme command of the Gallic army for the purpose of putting an end to Rome's ambitious effort

## America to Belgium

In blue-gold Santa Barbara-by-the-sea,  
Cool, cloister walls shut out life's haste and fret,  
And, in the little chapel, dim and grey,  
Once on a time, the Old and New World met,  
As, hushed, and simple, very rev'rently,  
A King and Queen knelt down to pray!

Birth called them royal; and stern Life has made  
Them more than royal; she has crowned their days  
With sacrifice and sorrow; she has thrust  
In hands a people bless and kiss and praise  
The sword of the Crusader unafraid,  
The flaming sword not blood nor tears could rust!

They have seen Pain made flesh. They two  
have borne  
A people's burdens! They have felt the steel  
Strike to their hearts. And they have visioned  
God,  
Have trusted, though all worlds, war-drunken,  
reel,  
That King of Sorrow, diademed with thorn,  
And His the Royal Road they, royal, trod!

—Faith Baldwin

## A Charming Corner of La Belle France, By Arthur H. Brown

to conquer Gaul. The siege of Alise, one of the barbarians' strongholds, marked the climax of Cæsar's brilliant campaign. Driven in disorder to its very walls, Vercingetorix there established a camp for his army which numbered 80,000 men.

"Cæsar formed the bold design of ending the war in a single blow, by besieging the town and the army simultaneously. Vast siege works were begun. A first ditch, 29 feet broad and 11,000 long, was dug. Behind this was a second ditch 15 feet deep, and finally a third, into which a stream was diverted. The last was protected by an entrenchment 12 feet in height, surmounted with battlements, palisaded for its whole circumference with forked trees, and flanked by towers 80 paces from each other. Behind the ditch were placed 5 rows of chevaux de frise and 8 lines of stakes fixed in the earth, their

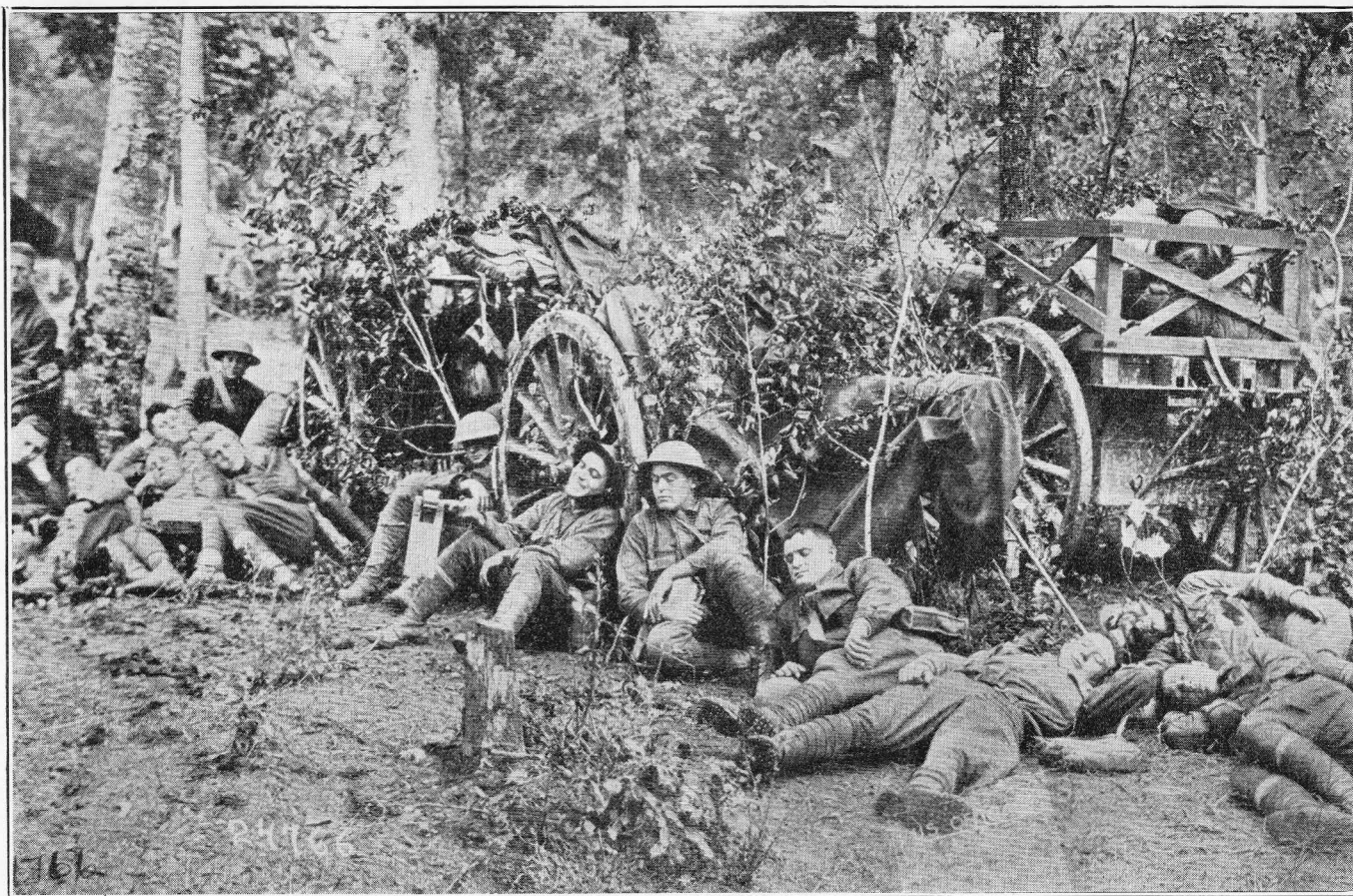
points concealed under branches, while nearer the enemy's camp he placed pitfalls filled with sharp thorns. All these works were duplicated on one side of the plain, where the lines of circumvention reached a circuit of 16 miles. Five weeks' labor by less than 60,000 men sufficed for this task.

"Vercingetorix urged the tribes of Gaul to rise en masse. His appeal was heard; 248,000 picked warriors gathered from all parts of Gaul to relieve their compatriots, and broke themselves against the impregnable ramparts of the legions. After having repulsed several vain assaults, Caesar assumed the offensive, defeated the Gauls, cut their rear guard in pieces, and spread through their ranks a terror which served to disperse them. This time Gaul was conquered forever.

"The garrison of Alesia was forced to surrender at discretion. Vercingetorix

gave himself up in the hope that he might thus secure more lenient treatment for his followers from the proconsul. Mounted on his charger and wearing his richest armor, he came out of the city alone, galloped to the tribunal of Cæsar, and jumping from his horse, cast his helmet and sword at the feet of the Roman, who remained unmoved and stern. The victors seized him, and Cæsar caused him to wait six years for his conqueror's triumph and his own death." (Duruy.)

The story is all told in the monument, all told in that dejected look of the vanquished Gaul as he gazes out upon his conquered country. A better site could not have been chosen, for spread out before him is a remarkable and widely extended view, a view of France at her best, a view of long sinuous valleys and verdant hills all thrown together in attractive disorder.



Members of the 313th F. A. taking their allotted forty winks before moving their guns into new positions

# Dancing In Hell's Glow

By Jessie Payne



A Fourth of July Party given by the War Camp Community Service for Soldiers and Sailors stationed in Hawaii

**W**ILL you have a crater trip or an invitation to a *luau* (native feast) or will you tour the Honolulu restaurants to discover whether jazz music has yet corrupted the lilt and harmony of the native string orchestras?"

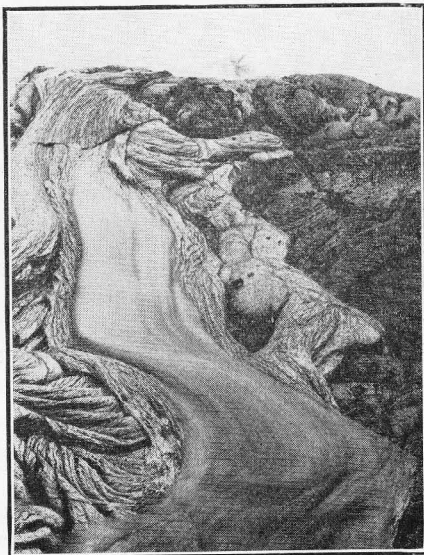
The question might have been overheard asked by the guide of a personally conducted cruising party stopping off for more or less blase contemplation of Honolulu. But—not at all. The query is one advanced many times by William E. Hopkins, director of War Camp Community Service in Hawaii when he greets a new group of American soldiers or sailors.

Whatever their choice from the triplet of alternatives the thing can be done through the community service organization of Hawaii. As a result many visitors in uniform are coming away with far more acquaintance with the inner mysteries of the islands than many a tourist Croesus.

Probably the most unique entertainment yet given by Mr. Hopkins was a dance held recently at the crater of the active volcano of Kilauea, the party being staged on a flat lava floor close to the Kilauea crater. This was for the

men of the 11th Company, C. A. C., from Fort Rucker, Honolulu. Many of the young women invited to the dance traveled 32 miles by automobile to get to Camp Kilauea where the company was camping. But dancing in the light from the fire pit was full compensation for the trip.

Even those members of the A. E. F. who saw Vesuvius, the crowning glory



Not taffy—lava

of Naples, are quick to admit the greater glory of Kilauea. Vesuvius, like the crater of Mauna Loa (also on the Island of Hawaii), shoots forth hot rock, ashes and hot mud, while Kilauea sends out streams of white hot molten lava, wonderful in color and formation.

The crater where the dance was given is situated 4,000 feet above sea level on the lower slope of Mauna Loa, which means Long Mountain. It is eight miles in circumference and 500 feet deep, with an area of 2,650 acres. Filled with solid lava, it presents a spectacle similar to a great black sea which has turned to stone. The monotony of the lava waves is broken with queer fantastic shapes where the chimney pots have given off the last gasps of the dying underfires.

In the center of this floor, or lava sea, is a sunken pit which personifies all one's ideas of the eternal fire which the revivalists have so vividly portrayed to wayward sinners. This is the House of Everlasting Fire. As a visitor approaches the pit, on foot, the journey is made over brittle lava full of stream cracks anywhere from one inch to two and three feet wide and of varying

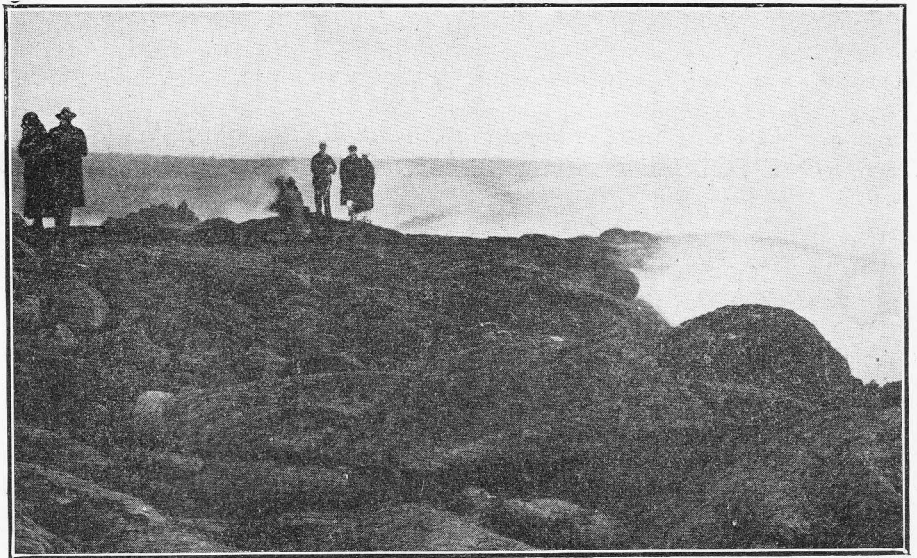
## Dancing In Hell's Glow, By Jessie Payne

lengths. From these rise continual clouds of steam. It gives the pedestrian a weird feeling as to the possibility of the whole thing dropping from under foot. Wherever the steam cracks are, however, there is little danger, as they act in the same relation to the volcano as a steam cock does on a boiler—keeps it from blowing up.

All that can be seen in the daytime is a lot of steam and the splashing, spouting lava. The smell of sulphur and gases is very noticeable. Unless one gets to the leeward of these gases, they cause the suffering of asphyxiation—and some people do succumb for a few moments. There was a great deal of coughing among the War Camp Community Service party, which inadvertently got in the direct line of a gas-laden wind.

It takes darkness to reveal Madame Pelee's continuous performance at its best. (Madame Pelee, it should be explained, is the Goddess of Kilauea, to whose supernatural powers Hawaiian mythology attributes the miraculous wonders of the volcano).

The wise visitor makes the trip about five o'clock in the afternoon and stays until eight or nine at night. And this was the time chosen for the dance mentioned above.



Like the hide of a rhinoceros the lava lies in heavy folds

As daylight fades, the steam which hangs over the lava pit like a white cloud in the sun, gradually changes from delicate pink to soft rose, from gay red to deep angry crimson. And black night intersperses it with pavorine shades of blue, violet and yellow.

Gases escaping from the many blow-holes throw off an iridescent glow. This "light from Hell," as one of the party called it, illuminated the dance.

The continual sizzling, angry sound of the sputtering lava suggested that the Devil himself was growling at his visitors. Throughout the dance this deep hissing of the restless fluid and its continual surging against the sides of the pit furnished a low and rhythmic accompaniment to the ukeleles strummed by a group of natives squatted on a natural lava-made platform.

(Concluded on page 38)



The Volcano at Camp Kilauea, Island of Hawaii

# The Canine War Veterans of America Formally Organize

## To Protest Against the Impounding of the War Veteran Victory

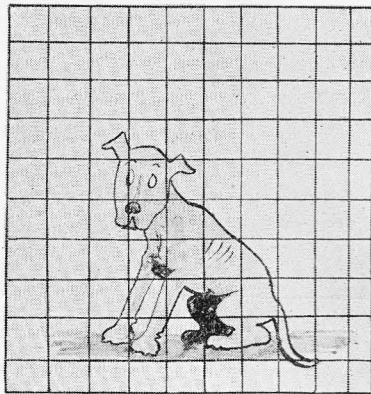
By Arthur O. Mar

**O**N ACCOUNT of the precipitate adjournment of the first meeting of the Canine War Veterans of America, Temporary Chairman Armistice was a little puzzled concerning the attitude of the veterans for a second meeting. He was loath to see such a good movement fall through and, stretched out on the back porch in the warm rays of the sun, was reflecting on the situation when a committee of three dogs approached the porch steps. Lifting his head Armistice saw Regular, M. P. and Rations, as they hesitated at the foot of the steps.

Armistice chided his good friends for even doubting that they had the run of his back porch and pushing in front of the trio a pan containing three bones, he inquired of their health, the wives' health and the health of the pups. After the bones were finished the visitors politely thanked Armistice for his interest in their respective families and each assured him that the health of those at home boded ill for the family veterinarian.

The formal greetings thus disposed of, M. P., as spokesman of the trio, broke the ice that revealed the purpose of their visit. He inquired first if Armistice had learned of the sad plight of Victory. Wincing at the news of a comrade being in some trouble, the extent of which he did not know, Armistice replied anxiously in the negative. M. P. plunged into the sad tale of how Victory had been caught by the City Dog Catcher early that morning and taken to the City Pound. His offense was simply failure to wear his collar bearing his dog tax tag. As far as the tax being paid it was a well-known fact in Dogdom that the Rev. Dr. Jones, Victory's master, was always prompt in the payment of his dog's tax.

A grieved expression crossed Armistice's face, for he recalled vividly a little wrangle he had had himself some years ago with the predecessor of the present occupant of the City Dog Catcher's Chair. He recalled also the splendid service of Victory overseas with the Trench Mortars and later the French Government's recognition of the dog's gallantry when it rewarded him the French War Criss Cross. It was a rank injustice to impound Victory on



The War Veteran, Victory

such a slight pretext and Armistice growled with anger but listened patiently as M. P. continued to talk.

It seemed the news spread like wildfire and a number of the dogs who had learned of it at the Second Ward Fire Engine House had banded together and gone to the Pound to protest. The Keeper, however, would listen to none of their entreaties and even threatened them with arrest if they didn't disperse. On the way from the Pound the veterans had determined that some action must be taken and the dogs present were appointed a committee of three to call on Temporary Chairman Armistice and suggest that the Canine War Veterans meet, complete their formal organization and take some action in behalf of Victory.

Armistice was heartily in favor of assembling the dogs that very afternoon and meeting in Lieut. Col. Excelsior's garage. The committee of three agreed with the Temporary Chairman and accepted his appointment as agents to round up the city's war dog veterans.

As soon as the committee left Armistice trotted out to the garage, pushed the door ajar with his nose and entered. He hauled the cushion seats out of the auto, straightened up the big bench along the side wall, got a pitcher of water and then sat down on his haunches to await the first arrivals. Shortly afterwards he caught the distant baying of a comrade which he recognized as O. D. It grew louder and was soon at its full force right before the garage door. Admitting the com-

rade Armistice was also pleased to note that there were four others, three of whom had not attended the first meeting.

The three agents evidently had worked fast, for in less than a half hour the garage was filled with former service dogs. They were perched on the bench, sprawled on the auto cushions, which Armistice had dragged from the car, and seated on the front and back seats of the automobile.

From the center of the gathering Armistice called the meeting to order. This he had to do by vigorous barking. There was no tree against which he could thump his tail for order—the device he had used at the first meeting.

He had about succeeded in quieting the veterans and had broken the crowd which was sniffing at a suspicious-looking rat hole when Whizz-Bang, turning quickly on his seat in the automobile to snap at a flea, bumped against the button of the auto horn. A brief panic followed, for the dogs, with recollections of the horrors of the trenches still in their minds, thought immediately of the claxon gas alarms. Barks of "Gas!" "Gas!" filled the air and there was a frantic search for masks.

As usual the reliable Temporary Chairman brought the foolish dogs back to their real senses and they felt a little ashamed of their behavior when he recalled to them their fortitude in the face of real danger on the battlefield.

One dog made the remark that he had dropped his government insurance and he was always in mortal fear that something would happen to him and his family be left unprovided for. An argument on the pros and cons of government insurance followed, which Armistice had some difficulty in closing.

With order restored, the Temporary Chairman announced briefly the two-fold purpose of the hastily called meeting. In order to give any resolution concerning the unfortunate Victory that the body of dogs might adopt an official air, it would be necessary to organize formally. The election of officers would come first and it was the general sentiment of the meeting that nominations be opened immediately.

Some discussion followed on the number of officers and their titles. It was decided that three for the present could han-

# The Canine War Veterans of America, By Arthur O. Mar

dle the organization's business, these to be Chief Keeper of the Kennel, who would function as the President; Mascot of the Archives, to be the organization's secretary, and Mascot of the Exchequer, as the organization's treasurer.



**Buck and Little Willie Excelsior**

Armistice's name was the first proposed for Chief Keeper of the Kennel. A motion was then made that the nominations be closed and the former Temporary Chairman was unanimously elected to the highest office and honor in the local kennel of the Canine War Veterans. Armistice interrupted the preceding election to thank his comrades for the honor and then gracefully succeeded himself as chairman pro temp.

There was a little hesitancy about naming candidates for the office of Mascot of the Archives. In the first place there wasn't a single dog present who could write shorthand and none was sure of his ability to take the notes of the meeting in long hand. Buck made the suggestion that Little Willie Excelsior be approached and sounded out to see if there wasn't some chance of bringing him in to look after the secretarial work of the organization. Little Willie was in the second grade and, Buck continued, he had heard him tell his mother that he had written an essay of one hundred words on his experiences with the Boy Scouts and had been commended by the teacher for his work.

It was agreed to hold this office open while Buck was delegated to see Little Willie at the recess hour at School and take the matter up with him. While Buck was gone the third office would be voted on and Buck assured his comrades that anyone they might choose would suit him.

Chief Keeper of the Kennel Armistice immediately called for nominations for the office of Mascot of the Exchequer. Porthole was named first, then Blimp and the nominations were closed with Secretary's name. A brief discussion followed as to whether the voting should be by secret bal-

lot or in open meeting. Secret ballot procedure was carried and Hike was appointed to gather up the ballots and a committee of three to count them. Blimp won out, although a majority of the dogs rather thought that they had voted for Secretary. Reg'lar, who was a member of the committee to count the ballots, overheard a remark that there had been some work which was not entirely above board. The accused dog flew into a rage and challenged any dog present who had any misgivings concerning his integrity to say it openly. It was strangely quiet in the meeting place until Armistice spoke up and regretted the unpleasant affair. He suggested that this was no time for bitter feeling. Buck just then entered the meeting place from his conference with Little Willie Excelsior, and the show of feeling was forgotten in the interest with which the dogs waited for his report.

Buck had a broad grin on his face. At first Little Willie demurred but Buck recalled to him their plans to go rabbit hunting next Saturday. Buck admitted that he loved the sport but it would be mighty easy for him to develop a cold and then be unable to follow a rabbit's trail. Little Willie was perplexed for he had been counting all week on the outing, to the detriment of his studies, so he figured the best thing to do would be to accept. He promised Buck to show up at the garage as soon as school let out. The announcement of Buck's success was greeted with cheers and a recess was called to await the new Secretary's arrival.

Promptly at 3:30 Little Willie appeared with pad and pencil. Little Willie always was fond of dogs and he beamed good-naturedly as he looked about him and saw so many of his and Buck's old friends. Some that he knew intimately he spoke to individually and stroked them between the ears as evidence of good comradeship.

The action of the meeting before the Secretary's arrival was explained to Little Willie and he made a record of it. The object of the meeting was related to him by a group of veterans who crowded around him anxiously to see what effect Victory's plight would have on him. Willie, of course, was very much incensed and thought that their wisest move was formal organization and the adoption of a resolution of protest to be sent to the City Council.

To complete the organization of the Rover Kennel of the Canine War Veterans it would be necessary to draw up a constitution and by-laws to set forth the name, object, requirements of membership, officers, dues, and to specify the meeting dates of the organization. The first consideration was the name. Unexpected opposition developed against the adoption of the name

Rover Kennel. There was a considerable element among the dogs who favored naming the post after Fido, who had rendered such conspicuous service to his country as an aviation mascot. This brave dog now lay in the Dog's Military Hospital in New York City recovering from injuries received on the Western Front when his plane was brought down by three Jerry avions. Rover, who had lost part of his tail in action and had a bullet hole through his ear, also had an enviable war record. He, too, was still a patient in a Dog Military Hospital slowly recovering from his honorable wounds. A principal argument in favor of continuing the name Rover Kennel was on account of his name having been used unofficially in connection with the organization. Some dogs present felt that Rover would be extremely hurt if it were decided to make a change, and then it was a further belief that it might even interfere with his early recovery.

It was finally decided to settle this question at a later meeting. The object of the organization was adopted with very little discussion and included the promotion of fellowship among the members, the promotion of the welfare of members and their families, the consideration of all questions dealing with universal muzzling, the perpetuation of the deeds of the dogs in the World War and the striving for the enactment of legislation opposing the vivisection of dogs.

The requirements for membership in the organization was also postponed for consideration at a later meeting because it in-



**Excelsior's chauffeur**

involved the question of whether or not membership would be limited to only overseas veterans. Indications were that the organization would be founded on a more generous principle and all service dogs would be invited to join. Armistice was

# The Canine War Veterans of America, By Arthur O. Mar

enthusiastically in favor of the latter plan but consented to allow final decision on this matter to go over until a following meeting on account of the necessity of organizing as soon as possible.

The constitutional article on officers and their duties was accepted without a murmur and then followed the question of dues. Little Willie took the floor here for the first time and made the suggestion that on account of the high cost of living the dues be restricted to a rabbit's tail every three months. A chorus of noes greeted his suggestion, for it required a dog's instinct to recognize the hardship that the payment of dues of such a nature would entail. There were seasons of the year when it was almost impossible to track a rabbit, and then some of the stouter members of the organization couldn't catch a rabbit if it would come up and shake hands with them. This proposal was flatly turned down and in its stead it was decided to make the dues either a large ham bone or the bone from a piece of boiling meat, payable at the first of each month.

With these important features of the constitution determined upon the attention of the meeting was then turned to the preparation of the protest resolution in behalf of Victory. Glancing at his collar watch, Armis-

tice saw that it was rapidly growing late and suggested that someone formally propose that a committee of three dogs and Little Willie be appointed to draw up the resolution and then let the assembly vote on it. Doughnuts made the motion, which was quickly seconded. Armistice appointed Colombo, Devil Dog and Shavetail as the committee who, with Little Willie, immediately set to work to frame the resolution.

It was framed none too soon, for Colonel Excelsior's chauffeur was seen coming towards the garage and Little Willie knew only too well what his attitude was on the holding of dog meetings here.

The resolution was quickly read to the assemblage by Little Willie and voted on and adopted without a dissenting voice. Armistice then appointed Little Willie and Buck as a committee to wait upon the City Council with the protest from the Canine War Veterans.

The resolution read:

Whereas, it has been called to the attention of the Canine War Veterans of America that Victory, who served in France with 116th Trench Mortar Battery and was honorably discharged from the Army, has been impounded at the City Pound for failing to wear his collar with the dog tax appended thereto, and,

Whereas, it is a known fact that the Rev. Dr. Jones, responsible for Victory's dog tax, has kept Victory's tax paid up to date,

Therefore be it Resolved, That in view of the above stated facts, it is the sense and sentiment of the Canine War Veterans of America, in meeting assembled, that a grievous injustice has been done the dog Victory, and,

Be it further Resolved, That the Canine War Veterans of America, in meeting assembled, respectfully petition City Council to take suitable action to right, as far as it is possible, this wrong, by immediately instructing the keeper of the City Dog Pound to release Victory.

The resolution was signed by the committee.

In the meantime the canny Admiral had leaped on the back of the auto and pushed a window open. Adjournment of the meeting was taken and as the chauffeur pushed the garage door open Little Willie had just let go his hold on the window sill and dropped to the ground outside. A fraction of a second later Armistice, who had waited until the last, cleared the same sill and was scampering up the alley to his home.

The time and place of the next meeting, it had been decided, would be announced through the daily newspaper.





# Touring the Scenes of the Old Battlefields in France

## A Proposed Arrangement Whereby Divisional Parties Made Up From the Personnel of Former Divisions Can Retrace the Routes They Covered in France

**T**HE scheme is this. To arrange the trip to cover the routes traversed a year and more ago by the troops of the Eightieth, Twenty-eighth and Thirty-seventh divisions, to revisit the billets, "rest" camps and fighting zones where Pennsylvanians, Ohioans, Virginians and West Virginians hiked and fought, billeted and "bivvied." To travel the self-same tree-lined roads—but not on foot—to renew acquaintances and to get a clearer idea of what was done. *Service* has no other purpose than to be of service. It is not out to make money.

The proposal originally was suggested by a member of the Eightieth Division, who believes that many a former soldier would like to and is able to spend six weeks on such a journey. He believes enough of his former comrades are interested to have the division well represented and to erect small but perpetual markers on the positions where his division first entered the line and on the spot where, before relief, it had finally pushed the Hun in the last great drive.

Such a tour could begin at Calais or Le Havre, include the Samer-Desvres district and the Doullens-Haute Vissec-Bouquemaizon region, and continue to the Saulty-Humbercamp area. Then would come the trip up to the old line near Arras, with a visit to the city itself, and revisiting under such different conditions to the first posts which the Eightieth units occupied as full-fledged soldiers, the posts where the first battle casualties were suffered, the little cemetery where the first men slain were buried.

Although the battle line moved in this territory immediately after the Eightieth was withdrawn for its journey to the American sector, the old positions can readily be found by reference to the battle maps used in August, 1918.

From there, a few hours in an automobile would cover the distance that 16 short months ago meant two and a half days' heavy marching. The rail trip to Chatillon-sur-Seine or to the Verdun region could be broken by a day or two in Paris, with an excursion to the Marne where the Twenty-eighth had its tragic

experiences, to Chateau-Thierry and perhaps to Fismes and the Vesle.

Then with or without a stop at Chatillon and a motor trip over those roads which thousands tramped for three or four days, under a furiously hot sun, with little food and less water, would come the trip up toward the Meuse.

A stop could be made at Chaumont, then at Ligny, the gathering point for the O. D. Legions as they prepared for the final stroke—and also the gathering point for thousands of German prisoners.

**Have you any desire to return to France and Flanders? Next Spring, all things being equal, would you like to retrace the routes you covered while overseas, perhaps in company with friends or members of your family? If you went overseas during hostilities would you like to have a look at the ruined districts, at what was No Man's Land, at the regions that now are household words the world over?**

**SERVICE is gathering information on routes, and on prices. If you are at all interested, write us. Give your opinion of what such a tour should include and what you yourself are especially interested in seeing.**

For the dozen little places within a short distance of Ligny, where for nearly two weeks the men of the Eightieth camped or billeted a day or two would suffice. Then on toward the line—Souilly, the Moulin Brulle woods where the whole division lay encamped and other divisions filtered through, toward and from the battle line, Germonville and at last Le Mort Homme, Dead Man's Hill, standing so desolate above

the old line, the jumping off place, and Bethincourt.

This time it wouldn't be necessary to wade the swamp or trust to the Engineers' bridge—though the chances are that the bridge, so hastily erected, is still there, a monument in itself to the 307th.

Bethincourt, Gercourt and Dannevoux, on a direct line, would mean an hour in an automobile, unless one chose to fight it all over again. Then Cuisy, where more ingenuity to keep dry and shell-proof was displayed than would be required to bridge the Atlantic.

Montfaucon and Nantillois, the meanest of gas-scoured and shell torn villages, the Farm de Madeleine—whoever Madeleine was—perhaps she's there now—Cunel and the woods. What memories lie in those simple names of tiny French villages, what toll they cost, what reward they brought. It seems almost that one has a proprietary interest in them, a vicarious ownership.

Then Imecourt and Buzancy and, returning, perhaps a stop at Thiaucourt and the other billet towns, Verdun itself with its shattered Douamont, ever a memorial to French valor, and perhaps an excursion into the St. Mihiel battleground.

Off for the Chatillon training area then, the winter home, Le Mans, Paris and Brest.

Does it sound interesting? Then write in. Don't pledge anything. Merely indicate whether you're interested.

Ocean transportation with comfort would cost approximately \$200 for the two voyages across the Atlantic. Fifteen days in France would cost, presumably, about \$300.

Naturally, little time would be spent in any particular area. A day or two in such a town as Doullens, for example, would provide tourists time to see the city itself, to get a glimpse of its long history and to see points of interest and also time to revisit the little billet towns which surround it.

Aside from the battlefield itself, there's scarcely a more interesting place than a billet town where real friendships were

(Concluded on page 40)

# The Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States

Offer the Opportunity for Affiliation by Divisional and Other Unit Overseas Veterans Associations.

By William E. Ralston

**I**N PRESENTING the claims of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States to the readers of *Service*, I wish to thank the management of that exceedingly interesting paper for the opportunity, and it is a fact worthy of remark that our society has a paper named *Foreign Service*, which monthly presents to our membership the news and activities of our veteran organization. This similarity in names of magazines for soldiers did not occur by chance, for it shows that the dominant idea which led to the selection of the name was the pardonable pride that service to the country had been rendered by the men who thus christened their official publication.

Foreign service in time of war or in a campaign or expedition carried on by the United States government is the basic principle of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, with the further requirement in case of a campaign or expedition that the eligible has been awarded a campaign badge for such service. The society was formed in the year 1899 and has weathered the storm and stress of the intervening years, always maintaining a high standard in the character and morale of its membership. It has developed to a high degree that indefinable something which for want of a better name we call "esprit de corps," that spirit of exultation in service rendered to the nation in its hour of need, actual service amid the trying conditions of campaigning in a foreign clime. It is a fraternity born of the battle-brotherhood; forged by those mysterious ties stronger than hoops of steel that unite men who have withstood the shock of actual conflict, the battlefield fraternity born in the smoke and danger of death.

The objects for which the Veterans of Foreign Wars was organized are fraternal, patriotic, historical and educational: To preserve and strengthen comradeship among its members; to assist worthy comrades; to perpetuate the memory and history of our dead, and to assist their widows and orphans; to maintain true allegiance to the government of the United States of America and fidelity to its constitution and laws; to foster true patriotism; to maintain and

## The Action of the Men of the 38th U. S. Infantry

A supplementary article by Captain Robert G. Woodside of the Rock of the Marne Post No. 138 explains how the veteran overseas organization of the 38th U. S. Infantry has joined up with the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The identity of the Rock of the Marne Post—composed only of the 38th U. S. Infantry Veterans—is not interfered with and yet each member has the additional benefit of belonging to a national overseas veterans association.

extend the institutions of American freedom. These are worthy purposes and principles to which any American can subscribe without any mental reservation.

In view of the fact that certain radical elements of Bolsheviki tendencies have seen fit to "knock" not only the V. F. W. but other veteran societies, realizing that in these organizations is the greatest bulwark for maintaining our government and its institutions, by stating to the returned soldier that such societies are operated and maintained by the government, either state or national, and that by joining them you enlist in a force subject to call for the suppression of strikes and disorders of all kinds, it is well to declare that the Veterans of Foreign Wars are in no way connected with the government, nor can its members as such be called to perform any such service except as any other citizens can be impressed into the service in time of need. This is a veteran organization, not an actual military service organization, such as the National Guard.

The special feature that distinguished the Veterans of Foreign Wars from all veteran organizations is the requirement of actual service for eligibility and that it has provided in the fundamental law

of its association for future growth. Our constitution provides that wherever in the future a man is awarded a campaign badge for active service on foreign soil or service there in time of war, he shall by virtue of that fact become eligible. This is a radical departure from the eligibility requirement of all other veteran organizations. They are organized to perpetuate the history of one war, or one campaign, but our organization, looking beyond the present, has provided for future growth, so that a man who sees foreign service in some future war of our country will have an order which he can join without creating one for himself. Other veteran organizations have come and gone, some are fast fading away, but ours will continue as long as our government exists—forever. This distinctive feature of our organization won the praise and admiration of Maj.-Gen. Lloyd Wheaton, and was the direct cause of this famous soldier joining our order.

The World War and the mighty part that the United States government took in the conflict with the Central Powers has given our society an opportunity for expansion and development far beyond the wildest dreams of its founders, but the able men at the head of our national organization have arisen to the occasion and are bending every effort to establish posts in every city, village and hamlet in the United States, and they are succeeding, as evidenced by the rapid growth of the order since the men of this war returned from overseas. The complaint that was made when the victory lapel button was issued by the government, which made no distinction between the soldier who served overseas and the man who was not so fortunate, shows that the man who saw the foreign service, the gold striper, feels that his special service should receive its recognition. The Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States answers this need and its lapel button signifies that the wearer saw foreign service.

The official insignia of the order has been declared by experts to be one of the most beautiful in use today. It is made with the different centers, army, navy and marine. In the past it has

# The Veterans of Foreign Wars of The United States, By William E. Ralston

also contained the army corps center and can be secured with a division center. The uniform is olive drab, with collar ornaments that denote the organization and branch of service, but the overseas uniform of the recent service is also official, so that the man who served in France can turn out in the parades in which the V. F. W. take part with his division insignia showing on his uniform. The official uniform of the V. F. W. is very much like the olive drab officer's uniform of the United States army, except that long trousers are worn without leggings or puttees.

The question that interests the service man of the present war is, "How can he maintain his regimental or divisional identity within the membership of the Veterans of Foreign Wars?" This question is of great interest to the overseas veteran, for naturally he wants to keep in touch with the men who served in his old outfit and still he wants to be identified with a national organization with its manifest advantages and benefits.

To take a concrete case we will select the famous Eightieth Division, as many of its membership reside in Western Pennsylvania. This division could be formed into one large Post of the V. F. W. with resident and non-resident membership after the plan devised by Capt. Robert G. Woodside who has formed the 38th U. S. Inf. of the Third Division into a post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and which is known as the "Rock of the Marne Post." The 80th Division could select their own numeral or be called the Blue Ridge Division Post and have subordinate divisions of the same Post, or if the new department plan proposed by Capt. Woodside goes through at the next national encampment to be held in Washington, D. C. in August, 1920 it will be possible to have an entire department with its subordinate posts as the machinery with which to maintain the divisional identity of the Eightieth within the ranks of the V. F. W. Of course such a wholesale recruiting plan as this would have to be submitted to the votes of the men of the division in order that they might express their desire as to having their entire division come in as a body. Many of the men have already joined posts in the Pittsburgh district. Capt. Woodside has kindly consented to write of the organization of the Rock of the Marne Post and show how he solved the question of maintaining the identity of his outfit will leave it to his able pen to explain his plan.

The traditions and history of the Veterans of Foreign Wars are something in which every member can take pride.

Many able and brilliant men have headed the organization in the 20 years of its existence. Such men as: Brig. Gen. Irving Hale, Brig. Gen. Charles King, Brig. Gen. Wilder S. Metcalf, Col. Alfred S. Frost, Lt. Gen. Arthur McArthur, Maj. Gen. Francis V. Greene. The office of Commander-in-Chief has by no means been awarded to officers, as many private soldiers have held the exalted rank. There is no distinction of rank within the V. F. W.; every member being addressed by the word, "Comrade," coupled with the office he holds in the V. F. W., such as, "Comrade Commander." It is of interest to note that General John J. Pershing, who joined Lawton Post in Manila, P. I., when he had the rank of Captain, has recently accepted the office of Honorary Commander-in-Chief of the organization.

The members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars can point with pride to a list of distinguished men who have been and are active members of this society. These include: Maj.-Gen. George W. Goethals, Maj.-Gen. Wm. L. Sibert, Maj.-Gen. Gorgas, Maj.-Gen. Charles

## Rock of the Marne Post

By Capt. Robert G. Woodside.

**R**OCK of the Marne Post was organized in Germany in the spring of 1919 from the officers and men of the 38th United States Infantry. The idea we kept in mind was the formation of a regimental association as part of a larger body of veterans, and because the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States appealed to us, we decided to affiliate with the gold stripe organization. Only men who have served with the 38th Infantry and eligibles to the Veterans of Foreign Wars who may hereafter serve with it are eligible to become members. Of course as it is a regular army organization the 38th Infantry will probably remain as an active unit of Uncle Sam's army and the headquarters of the post will remain with the regiment. At the time of its return to the United States Rock of the Marne Post had a membership approximating three thousand. Of these only about three hundred are now on duty with the regiment. The remainder of our members are scattered all over the United States.

These members, who have returned to civilian life, naturally wish to get the most they can out of the order in the way of fraternal associations with others who have served across the seas and at the same time remain identified with their own regimental association. This situation was taken care of in our

(Concluded on page 37)

T. Menoher, former President Theodore Roosevelt, Brig.-Gen. U. G. McAlexander, Raoul Lufberry, the American ace. These names are cited for the purpose of showing the caliber of men that have interested themselves in the Veterans of Foreign Wars and have helped it along the road of an honorable and successful career as an organization. This brings up a factor that every eligible should consider, and that is that the preliminary organization work of the Veterans of Foreign Wars belongs to the past and that you are joining a society that long ago met and overcame all the trials and perils incidental to the launching of a new society; it is a successful and assured institution.

In the scope of this brief article upon the merits of the Veterans of Foreign Wars it has been possible to but touch upon the things that commend themselves to every soldier who served in the A. E. F. The many features concerning the work of our national headquarters, which are located at 32 Union Square, New York City, in charge of Adjutant General Walter J. Joyce, can only be indicated. We have a strong legislative committee in Washington, D. C., also a committee there to take up the claims of soldiers with the War Risk Insurance Bureau and other bureaus, and this service is absolutely free to the members. Wonderful results have been accomplished for the men who have had claims and they have been amazed at the speed with which their difficulties have been adjusted.

The present year bids fair to be the most successful in the history of this famous foreign service organization. With no dissension within our ranks, and all the officers working together in perfect harmony, and with the loyal support of every member back of them, the increase of membership is going to be wonderful. New posts are being organized with a rapidity that is simply astounding; thirty-three posts in Western Pennsylvania and others being organized will indicate the spread of the organization in the greater Pittsburgh district. Other sections of the country have been as successful in establishing new posts. The campaign for new members is constantly going on, and to the older members this has always been a work of pleasure, for the aims and objects of this society have but to be explained to a real soldier and he sees at once that he belongs where his service entitles him. So "Let's go, Gold Striper," and join the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States.

# Government Compensation and War Risk Insurance

## An Explanation of the Application of Each—Sometimes Confused by Former Service Men

By R. W. Emerson

Assistant Director War Risk Insurance Bureau

**F**ORMER service men are prone to confuse government compensation with War Risk Insurance and many of them fail to realize that these two functions of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, though analogous in their fundamental purposes, are *entirely different* in their application.

An Act as comprehensive as the one which created the Bureau of War Risk Insurance naturally requires a great deal of interpretation and gives rise to considerable curiosity as to its practical effect. The War Risk Act affects millions of our citizens, and its beneficent features are favorite topics of conversation among men who have been in the service.

In many cases the men fail to discriminate between the disability features of the compensation provisions and the indemnity for total and permanent disability provided for in the insurance policies. The belief has even been expressed that a disabled soldier could draw a percentage of insurance equal to the percentage of the disability. That is not true.

The Government by the insurance feature of the Act provided for a very cheap kind of insurance for the men in the service, at a time when the men could not have procured insurance, and shared with the men the expenses of such insurance. In other words, the Government paid for the cost of administering such insurance and for the added war risk, while premiums were calculated without reference to the unusual conditions under which the insurance was issued.

Congress knew at the time, however, that many men would be disabled. It was realized that the expense of compensation for such disability should be borne by the Government, and should not be placed upon the individual man in the service; so it separated what might be called the accident insurance from the life insurance, and placed it in Article III as compensation. However, total and permanent disability, arising from any cause, is also a feature of the Government insurance policies.

All of the men who held War Risk Insurance policies and who are entitled to payments of insurance for total and permanent disability will receive "compensation" in addition to their insurance money, after discharge from the service. They would have received "compensation" automatically and regardless of whether they carried any War Risk Insurance, but they

Some service men fail to discriminate between the disability features of the compensation provisions and the indemnity for total and permanent disability provided by the war risk insurance. This has led to a belief that a disabled soldier is entitled to a percentage of insurance equal to the percentage of disability under the compensation provisions. This is entirely wrong and in this article is clarified by the author.

would not have received the insurance money if they had not carried insurance policies.

When one carries a War Risk Insurance policy and becomes totally and permanently disabled through sickness or injury, he becomes eligible to receive monthly payments of insurance from the date of his disability, and as long as he lives. He does not have to pay any more premiums. Every former service man or service woman who keeps up his or her Government insurance will have this protection against possible total permanent disability, which may occur to anyone at any time from a variety of causes.

When a member of the military or naval forces bought War Risk Insurance, he purchased straight life insurance with the added proviso, without increase in premiums, that the insurance would mature and become payable to the insured himself in the event that he became totally and permanently disabled. Few people appear to realize that insurance is entirely separate from "compensation," the latter being provided irrespective of whether or not a man purchased insurance.

A question which is very commonly asked, especially by men who have not yet been discharged is, "What will be my rate of compensation?" This is a question which cannot be answered off-hand. It is also a question which cannot be answered by any published schedule of ratings. It has been found that practically every case is an individual case, which requires individual attention, and that any fixed schedule must be used merely as a guide.

The schedule of ratings being used has been revised ever since it was drawn up, and at the present time is being contin-

ually improved and enlarged upon. It is impossible for one soldier who apparently has the same disability as another to say that because the second one has received a rating of 60%, he will receive the same rating. This is because no two injuries are exactly similar any more than the finger prints of different men are ever similar. To base the rating upon a hard and fast rule in a great many cases would work injustice which could not have been foreseen at the time of adoption of the rating.

When it is known that ratings for injuries to the head alone cover some fifteen pages, and these ratings do not include injuries to the eyes, it may be realized that the publication of a schedule of all ratings used would not only be voluminous but confusing and of little value to the former service men. The Bureau is deciding each case upon its merits, using its past experience as a guide in order that justice may be done to each individual.

The question of the man's earning capacity before his disability considered with the extent of his disability was, for a time, thought to be vital in preparing the compensation rates, but it has finally been decided that the only fair method is to compare the man's physical condition before he entered the service with his condition at the time of rating, and pay no attention to his earning capacity.

Such a comparison, of course, had to be coupled with the experience tables of the doctors and the various workmen's compensation commissions, to determine how much the average disability affected the average earning capacity, and *it is this basis of comparison that the Bureau is now using*. The result is, that just as long as the doctors say a man is suffering a disability which will affect his earning capacity to a certain degree, just so long will he receive compensation of a corresponding percentage and no attention will be paid to his earnings. He may be earning five times as much as he ever earned before, and still be entitled to the compensation.

There are many questions which arise in the administration of this Act because of the fact that many men believe they are not being treated the same as other men. This has been partly touched upon, by showing the impossibility of a definite schedule, but the matter may be made more clear by stating that the Bureau fully realizes that a man with a disability which he has just received, and who is just go-

# Government Compensation and War Risk Insurance, By R. W. Emerson

ing out into the world, is under a much more serious handicap than the man with the same disability, but of long standing. The latter man has had time to become accustomed to the disability, and probably in a large part to overcome it. The man just out of the service has all of this period before him.

The Bureau recognizes this fact and, even in cases of loss of limbs, perfectly definite fixed disabilities, makes awards of a temporary nature of a greater extent until it is shown that the man has overcome this extra handicap. This extra handicap, of course, is much greater to some men than others. The loss of an arm to a mechanic will be a much more serious loss than to a lawyer, and it would take the former much longer to overcome the extra handicap than it would the latter.

This is one of the more common reasons why men with apparently the same disability believe that they are not being treated in the same manner. As a matter of fact they are, only the facts are different in the two cases. As soon as the extra handicap is overcome the man is placed on a permanent basis, and no change will be made in the compensation for the rest of his life. At the present time approximately 75 per cent. of the awards that have been made by the Bureau for disability have been temporary awards, showing in how large a measure the Bureau has been attempting to meet the hardships of the individual case, as far as possible.

Another question which has arisen is, "Why should I be forced to have another physical examination when I have just been through an examination and been given a rating by the Army Surgeon? Why can't you take that rating and award me compensation at once?" It must be remembered that the Army surgeons are making these examinations and giving ratings for an entirely different purpose than that of the administration of the Bureau, and it has been found more advantageous to the men to have them examined by men who are thoroughly conversant with the administration of the Act; and, as a matter of fact, even the Public Health Service Officers in the field who make the examinations send the results of their examinations to

a board in close touch with the Bureau's policies, which makes the ratings. This second examination is not to hinder the men, or delay their awards, but is really intended to work to their advantage in giving them the most sympathetic treatment possible.

Another question which has been asked very often is, "How can a man who is permanently and totally disabled be expected to live on \$30 per month?" Of course, the answer to this question is obvious. The Bureau has urgently requested legislation to increase the compensation to an adequate amount. Such legislation has been passed by the House of Representatives,

and is now pending in the Senate.

It has been stated that 114,570 men are awaiting compensation for their injuries. Director R. G. Cholmeley-Jones, in a recent statement, corrected the impression carried by these figures: "The 114,570 claims do not represent claims made by wounded men. When a man is discharged from the service and when it is found that by his record he was disabled in action in line of duty, either by wounds or by disease, the Bureau immediately sends to that man proper forms for him to execute and send back to the Bureau so that we can immediately put him under an immediate physical examination, upon which is determined his disability. Thousands of men never respond to that communication. The Bureau holds these cases as potential claims, believing the men eventually will make application for compensation. Until we are able to get replies from the men it is impossible for us to handle their cases.

"These communications are sent to the man immediately upon receipt from the military or naval establishment of his discharge order and certificate of health. If we do not hear from the man it is evidence conclusive that no claim has been made for compensation. In order not to close the case we decide that that man is compensable and we make an effort to reach the man and hold the case as a potential claim.

"These potential claims were included in that 114,350 disabled men now awaiting compensation. This statement would lead people to believe that these claims are actual and not potential claims, and that they have not been settled because of the neglect of the Bureau. This is absolutely not a fact.

"The Compensation and Insurance Claims Division of the Bureau is in splendid shape. The claims are being settled with great speed in some recent cases, examinations, awards and issuances of checks have occupied only a few hours.

"Every logical change has been made both in organization and method of handling the business of the bureau. Our only concern is in rendering prompt service to all those affected by the War Risk Insurance Act, and this service is being rapidly perfected."

## THE FLIGHT OF THE N-C-4



They did not drop their wheels behind  
As dashing errands do,  
But took their order from the Chief  
And did the best they knew.

Each man applied his specialty,  
The Captain kept the log,  
As well equipped and business-like  
They mounted through the fog.

They did not call their plane the King,  
The Kite or Cormorant,  
The N-C-4 stared from their hood  
In regulation paint.

The spark was clocklike, clear and true,  
She took the gasoline,  
Each bolt and tube and wing and man,  
One organized machine.

The orders were concise and brief,  
To blaze the unknown blue,  
And chart an aeronautic trail,  
For commerce to pass through.

They heard no municipal bells,  
Acclaim their winged ship,  
They ran on schedule and they wrote,  
"An uneventful trip."

Of course the kings will medal them,  
And yet the thing they prize,  
Is that they put their orders through  
With splendid enterprise.

Willis Vernon Cole.

# The Armistice

By Stephen B. Doyle

"WOULDN'T a guy feel like H— if he went into this push and got knocked off, now that there is so much talk about an Armistice?" was the typical half jocular expression of one doughboy to another a few days before the first of last November. His "outfit" lay in La-Chalade Woods in readiness for the last big drive, which subsequently resulted in the signing of the Armistice.

But many a true word is spoken in jest, so this fellow was probably turning over a great many things in his mind when he expressed himself as above. His chief concern was perhaps the folks at home, for few people realize the incessant worry the soldier felt for those who were left behind. He always moved forward with the true spirit of do or die, ready to make the supreme sacrifice, but sorry at heart for the home folks, lest one of those dreaded messages, postmarked Washington, D. C., would find its way to the old town bearing the news, "Killed in Action." This feeling was particularly accentuated now, due to the possibility of this being the final encounter of the war. And after all those days, weeks and months of hardships endured since reaching France, what a sensation it would be to know that it was all over.

Elaborate preparations had been made for the November 1st drive. Days before the date set, data had been collected and each battalion and company commander was acquainted with the minute details of his operations, was furnished with diagrams of the land he was to cover and the pictures that were taken by the aerial photographers.

A heavy barrage was launched at midnight, October 31st, and the enemy surely must have known from its intensity that he could expect a party a little later in the morning. Zero hour came at 6 a. m. and with it the boys were off. Jerry had been prepared, as evidenced by the stubborn resistance shown, for the Yanks were getting dangerously close to the Kriemheld Stellung, which was the chief line of transportation from his base at Metz to the soldiers in Flanders, and a rupture of this line would be disastrous. The first day or two was hard pushing but the Yanks kept pounding and the defense weakened.

November 3rd came and some doughboy with a good memory mentioned that it was Sunday; not that the day made any particular difference in this zone, but with the rumors afloat about an armistice the thought was father to

the wish that Sunday would be a good day to knock off work.

A doughboy's daily and nightly task made him almost immune from shocks and as a rule he maintains a poise and equilibrium under fire that might be astonishing to some. But when at ten o'clock Sunday morning, November 3rd, a written note came declaring an armistice was signed and firing would cease at eleven, the enthusiasm was unbounded. It will never be for one not there to know the scenes enacted. One doughboy's diary on that date states "Great Jubilation," which perhaps fairly describes the attitude of the soldier on that date.

Shells were coming over at irregular intervals all morning and the wonder was whether or not they would cease at 11 o'clock. The momentous hour came as did also the whiz-bangs and the latter did not stop at the designated hour. The Doughboy consoled himself with the thought that these offenders had not been notified of the news, as it would be a difficult task to get the order so quick to all fronts.

The accompaniment to the Yanks' Vesper Hymn that Sunday afternoon was the music of bursting shells, sent over from Jerry's long distance guns and the order was, "Keep moving forward." The Germans had been routed from their emplacements and were withdrawing fast. As one fellow expressed it, "We couldn't catch them now on motorcycles."

The enemy was falling back so fast that they separated themselves a considerable distance from our light artillery, and after we had advanced some kilometers we were ordered to stop and pull off the roads, and give the artillery right-of-way. The picture was thrilling in the least. Trucks, camions and cannons, mule-driven and power-propelled, one closely following the other through the muddy roads, kept moving all night and all day. Apparently no end to the procession. One would wonder from where all this traffic came. We thought that everything the A. E. F. had in France had been assembled in this one place. Periodically the parade would be interrupted by an aerial visit from the Boche flyers, who would sneak over and impede progress by pulling the end-gate.

And what had become of the order for the Armistice? It had been the chief thing on our minds. Some seemed to lean toward the theory that it was German trickery, and as the hours passed and the shells kept coming we all felt

that our hopes had been shattered and the attitude was "carry on." Our direction was toward the historical city of Sedan, where the French general McMahan had met defeat years ago. The little villages we were passing through offered many pathetic sights, as the French people inhabiting them had been held captives for four years and the joy of their liberation by the Americans knows no words for its expression. And perhaps this article will allow us the opportunity of an expression of thanks which we owe our friend, the enemy, which we were unable to convey at the time. The turnips, cabbage, etc., which they planted, nursed so carefully and so gratefully left behind when they made their exit, was much appreciated by us and gave variety to our unchangeable bill-of-fare.

Some miles before reaching Sedan we approached a small village about dusk. An order held us up here for two days, while another division passed through to relieve us. A later order informed us that we would start back in the morning for a rest. This was good news, but had the Armistice report been true it would have been better. On our hike back to a rest camp the chief topic of discussion was how much longer the war would last and if we would get in another drive. But the enthusiasm of the Armistice humor had died. Troops going in to take our places gave us the information that an Armistice was to be signed. But their information was greeted with, "Where do you get that stuff?" and other marks of derision. The speedometer on our Pershing hobnails registered eighteen kilos at the end of the first day's hike, and our slumber that night was only interrupted by dreams of a seventy-two hour armistice, which were caused by the news we had heard during the day.

Saturday, November 9th, we were off at an early hour in the morning for another day of hiking and when we reached the Bois D'Apremont that night, Dame Rumor had told us that we could expect an Armistice November 11th. But the doughboys were doubtful and took the reports with considerable skepticism in view of the disappointment of a week ago. Sunday was a day of rest, but it did not interrupt the reports which circulated freely; a new one telling that the Kaiser had abdicated and was causing a revolution in Germany. But this did not necessarily mean the end of hostilities.

November 11th came and with it the order for us to continue our hike back-

## The Armistice, By Stephen B. Doyle

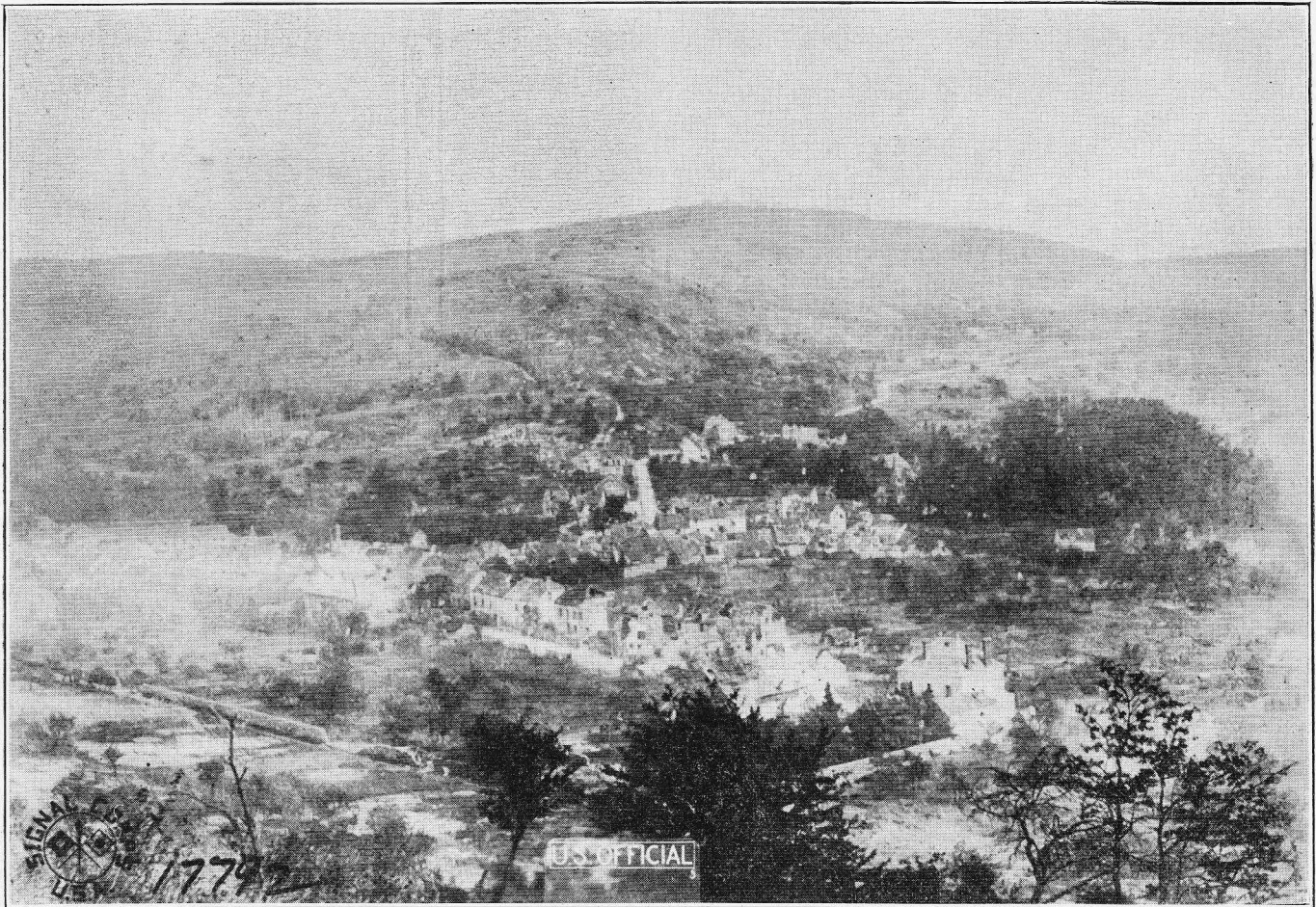
wards and at 7 A. M. we were on our way. The roads were muddy and the packs quite heavy and the five or ten minutes' rest which came about every half hour were not unwelcome. Our chief concern was whether or not the rumors we had been hearing about November 11th were unfounded or authoritative. Ten A. M. brought the head of our column to the cross roads at LaChalade, mentioned before in this article, and the captain's whistle sounded the order to fall out for the regular rest period. It was during this time that a French motorcyclist drove up to a little headquarters established near the church and appeared somewhat excited. One of our officers, whose curiosity had been aroused, approached the headquarters and soon came back with the message, said to be official, that the Armistice had been signed at 8 A. M. that morning. The news was passed down the line to all the troops and strange as it may seem, there was no outward evidence of enthusiasm manifested among the whole outfit. We

all sat along the roadside smoking cigarettes, as soldiers are wont to do during these relaxation periods, and no one made a move to even get up until the whistle sounded the order to fall in for the continuation of the march. Of course the false rumor of a week previous served as a blanket to cover any manifestations of enthusiasm; but nevertheless the news was the chief topic of conversation as we trudged along.

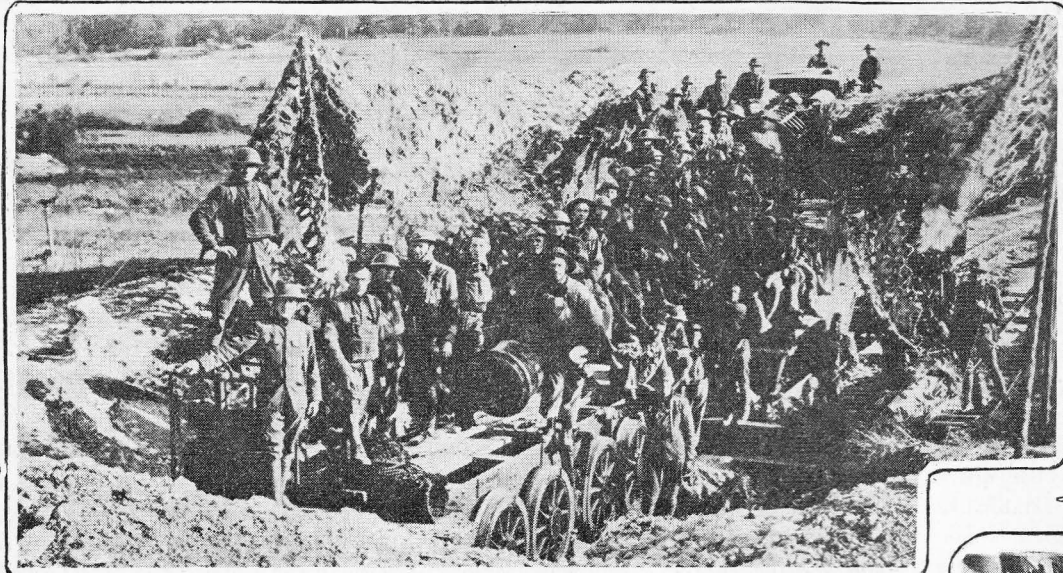
Florent, our final destination, is a small village of about 800 inhabitants. It was one of the fortunate hamlets which had been spared of war's desolation. Situated on the crest of the hill we could see the church tower, which is the beacon light of every French village—three kilos before reaching it. As we drew near, we heard the faint sound of the church bells. We had often approached such places before but never was our entrance announced by the church sexton. We knew this was unusual and our steady pace was quickened, and somehow our load seemed

lighter, and it was not long until those of us who were to be billeted in this town had reached its gates.

The French people were callous to the coming and going of American troops, and as a rule paid little attention to their movements; but here they were all out, to meet us, to greet us, young and old, some crying and some shouting as we filed by, "Vive L' Amerique," "Vive La France," "Finis La Guerre." And as we passed the age-worn church whose chimes had pealed out its welcome to us we could see through the open door the old sexton pulling at the rope and surrounded by at least a dozen little boys who were giving him a hand to prolong the welcome sounds. And we could almost tell from those pallid faces and tear dimmed eyes that at last it must have been true—Finis La Guerre. So the celebration was on and before the sun had set more than one estaminet had hung out this sign, "Finis Vin Blanc."



Jaulgonne, France, from an aviator's-eye view. Heavy fighting took place here when the Allies started the final big drive of the war.



A 340 mm. artillery piece receiving felicitation from a group of its 80th Division admirers - for the splendid work it did on the opening day of the Argonne drive.



Sgt. J. F. Hughes, 305th Field Signal Battalion and his helper, Chas. J. Bowers, on Nov 2, 1918, - pulling wires that aided materially in bringing the war to a successful conclusion nine days later.



The interior of the 80th Division headquarters at Beauval, showing the Louis XV style.



Buildings demolished by German air bombers, Beauval, July 14, 1918. 80th Divisional troops, stationed in the town, surveying the ruins.



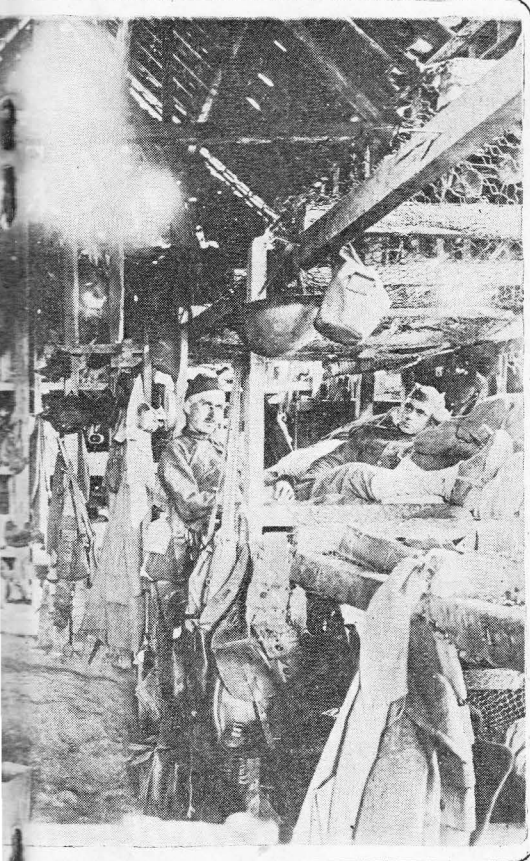
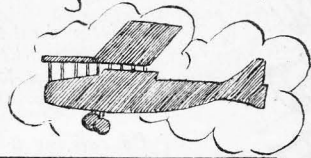


ORTED P I C T U R E S

piece from Div. blen- n the the drive.



Headquarters Co. 317<sup>th</sup> Infantry billeted in the Osches Woods on Sept 19, 1918. A few of the company's men are seen waiting for the big Argonne Offensive to open - seven days later.



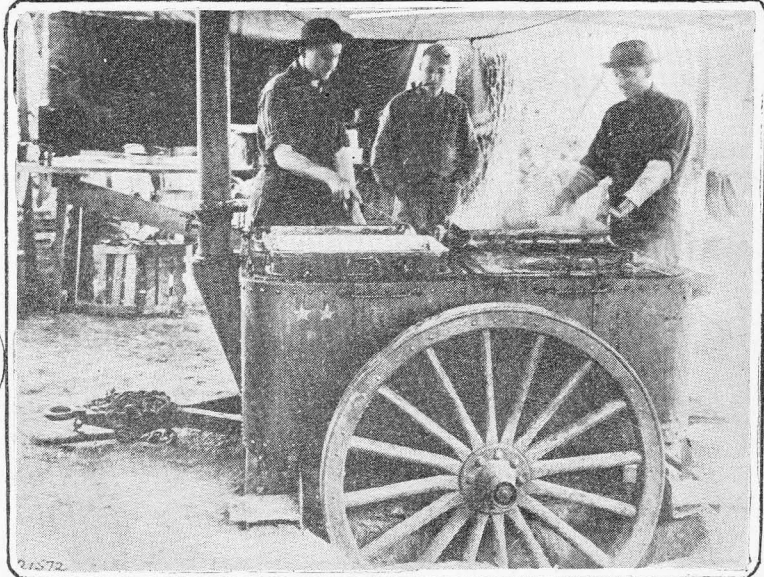
Division M.P. Train's billet at Division XIV furniture.



Company Barber - Pvt. H. Julian - Co A., 320<sup>th</sup> Infantry - plying his nefarious trade on the pate of an unsuspecting comrade.



"Where do we go from here?"



Too many cooks spoil the slum, so the third party keeps his hands in his pockets - and smokes his pipe.

## Ballad of That Christmas Box

Now lithe and listen, Buddies, all!  
Now lithe ye all and hear  
A tale that sure is beaucoup sad,  
That's brought forth many a tear.

It was a really Christmas box  
They wrote, was on the way.  
Forthwith I 'gan to visualize  
And dream from day to day.

Oh, vision rare and glorious!  
I saw a box of size  
The biggest in the U. S. A.  
Comme sa! You can surmise.

I pictured all those good, sweet eats  
From mother's kitchen store,  
I knew that Reymers would be there  
And cigarettes galore.

I'd call the whole blam'd company in,  
From capt'n down to buck,  
And then we'd have some smoker,  
We'd not be out o' luck.

So on I dreamed quite blissfully  
Three solid weeks, I guess  
And then I thought, "Now it should come!"  
And goldbricked more or less.

At mail call every single day  
You'd find me on the spot.  
That box would be so very large  
I'd see it first, I tho't.

Alas! alack! our Uncle Sam  
Knows not what toot sweet means;  
Although we tried to jog him up,  
No mail rushed to the scenes.

So Christmas morning dark and drear  
Dawned "somewhere there in France,"  
The fellows looked as glum as mud  
Life offered no romance.

That box—Good Lord! Where could it be?  
"I hope the fellows choke,  
Who open it and steal my grub  
And think it is a joke."

So I would mumble to myself,  
As days and days went by,  
As I would from that mail call walk  
With cold and stary eye.

At last! One par bon rainy day,  
I shuffled up for fun,  
And lo! the sergeant called my name.  
I clean forgot to run.

But up I walked as quiet like,  
And waited for that mail,  
Tres beons—a letter first I found,  
My box—Hence this sad tale.

My visions all so glorious—  
Where were those visions then?  
I looked upon that nine by six—  
My thoughts no man could pen!

The box that I had dreamed so large!  
Was ever box so small?  
I wonder who the wise bird was  
Who planned it first of all!

San-fair-re-enn! I shrugged, you know,  
And walked away alone.  
I could not let my buddy see  
That box—nor hear me moan.

Back in the barracks on my cot  
I sat, and looked with scorn—  
That box! Mon Dieu! Then cut the string,  
Removed the paper torn.

Off came the string and paper black,  
Off came the cover, too,  
And there before my very eyes  
The contents lay in view.

'Twas sad, 'twas sad, 'twas very sad!  
'Twas sad as it could be!  
The fruit cake and the chocolate bars  
Had surely crossed the sea.

It showed the marks of weathering,  
That fruit cake! Tray petete!  
To share it with the company  
That sure would be some fete.

The chocolate bars as frosty were,  
As ever they could be;  
I do believe they were alive  
From all that I could see.

For cigarettes in vain I looked  
All in that monstrous box.  
There in the bottom folded up  
Were sporty brown silk sox.

Within the toe a right big lump,  
And eke this note was there;  
"Dear Jim, with love we send this pipe,  
Pray handle it with care."

"And when you fill it up to smoke,  
Please think of us back here,  
And know we wish you best o' luck  
And think you without peer."

A pipe! A lovely meerschchaum pipe!  
A pipe of high degree,  
But, Lord, what could I smoke in it?  
Bull Durham? No compree!

I laid the contents on the cot;  
The cake and chocolate white,  
The pipe and then the brown silk hose  
Ye gods! A motley sight!

I bowed my head—but not to pray—  
I dared not lift my eyes,  
For there before me stood my pal,  
So knowing and so wise.

"A Christmas box at Easter time!  
Cheer up, old chap" he cried.  
"It might be worse, you know my luck."  
He knew my soul was tried.

"Believe me, man!" I muttered low,  
"No more fond dreams for me,  
When I leave this man's army  
Ther'll be one grand finee."

God bless the Merry Christmas box!  
God bless the sender, true!  
And maybe in the next great war  
We'll bless our "mail-coach," too.

B. Mc.

# Reflections of a Former Doughboy on Woman Suffrage

I HADN'T eaten so much in my life. Every dish that passed me suffered a substantial loss in weight, with the gain accruing to myself. And it was a meal fit for the most surfeited of royalty.

I have five sisters and each one had helped mother to prepare the meal. It was in honor of my safe return from France. One sister had baked the hot rolls and my homage to her good cookery was the devastation of three of them. Another had built the salad. Any other word would not suffice. For it was the fruitage of more or less construction, with wooden tooth picks holding the dates at just the right angle on the landscape effect of halved apples, quartered peaches and plums of the whole. In her honor I ate everything but the tooth picks and finished my sister's salad on my left—the one who had baked the rolls—and ate both plums and a date from my other sister's salad, on my right. She was the one who had baked the hot mince pie and in her honor I burnt my tongue and ate the crust and all of the generous slice she had served me.

My gormandizing politics did not stop with the three above mentioned sisters and the product of their cuisine. In my peculiar position as the only male representative of my parents' progeny, I felt that I couldn't overlook the creamed cauliflower which my youngest sister had prepared. The mashed potatoes, beaten into a frothy pulp by my largest sister took two helpings of my attention and I was well repaid with a broad smile from the good-natured cookee.

Naturally I didn't have the disposition nor the lack of appetite to neglect my mother's contribution to the meal. It was the foundation upon which the meal rested and was no single item. There was the roast guinea fowl, larded with fat pork and garnished with potato croquettes and buttered peas, the cranberry sauce, the gravy, the doughnuts and the ice cream. I did no small justice to every item and felt secure in the good graces of mother, who was happy too.

After a meal there is always talk and mints. I took one of the latter but was only in a mood to listen to former, which turned on the subject of woman suffrage. I felt that the women should have their outside interest and sucked my mint with approval. My mother spoke first,

commenting upon the time when the women of America would have the same privilege as the men in casting the vote. Discussion of the topic was on and with the same enthusiasm that produces just such meals as I had finished each sister took a part in the general conversation.

The sister who had created the three hot rolls that rested near my liver forgot her fine art of bakery in the opportunity that would soon be within her power to aid in the improvement of the public schools. She deprecated the man made system of public instruction and then offered a list of suggestions for improvements that showed a startling knowledge of public schools. Then popped into my head the question, had man in the past been paying too much attention to the idiosyncracies of his food and neglecting his youngster's education? I confessed that perhaps he had but comforted him with the assurance that he had to eat. And if he ate too much, at least women did the cooking.

The sister who had built the salad from a plan taken out of a well-known monthly publication, had a deeper instinct for constructive thought than I had ever imagined. Her eyes glowed and her salad—which she hadn't touched—appeared insignificant as she condemned the architectural eyesores fashioned as public buildings by mere man and dotting every corner and some of the country's nooks. After the Anthony amendment had been ratified by the required number of states it was her purpose, she declared, to dedicate her life to a better municipal, state and government architecture. The second sister's discourse further lifted me from my lethargy and with a sinking in the region of the pit of the stomach, I visioned the handwriting on the wall. In the schools and architecture man had certainly failed, but as an epicure—no one could gainsay him that doubtful honor! And to woman's credit (?) she had always cooked the food.

It seemed strange the next moment to listen to the youngest and fairest of the five—the one who had prepared the creamed cauliflower—denounce the woe-ful lack of city parks and swards. Although she wouldn't be of age to vote until a few years following the actual granting of the privilege to her mother and four older sisters, she nevertheless had decided views on how she would use the power of the ballot.

More parks and green swards, with an abundance of flowers and an encouragement to the rare birdlife of the country to come and thrive and get on good terms with their benefactors. It was a worthy object and silently, in my crude manlike way, I applauded her. I then remembered the hundreds, yes thousands, of parks that man had built for the Great Public throughout the land. I felt that he would even do better in the future if woman would continue to find her occupation in the kitchen.

My sister who had conditioned the mashed potatoes could hardly wait to speak. Children had always been the hobby of her buxom career and she'd sooner picnic twenty kiddies in the woods than buy ten fall suits. She lamented the terrible struggle that the child of today has to obtain the proper recreation for his growing body and developing mind. When the vote within the next year or so came to her it was her avowed political purpose to enter the arena to improve the youngster's lot. I had been a child once and felt warmly the sentiments that she expressed. I then examined my physique, the strength in my arms, the power of my biceps, and decided that after all the men who had had the direction of my youthful destiny had not done so badly by me. I hoped that the women, too, would see that the manhood of today is not decadent and continue in the kitchen.

The sister who had added an heraldic device to the family escutcheon by her prowess as a pie baker, broke forth in good old mince pie style. Right and left she hurled the crust and contents of her remarks and when she finished her tirade on the terrible condition of city streets and her determination to use her influence as a voter to remove this menace I felt that as a street paver man was a bonehead. Nevertheless Riverside Drive, Fifth Avenue, Pennsylvania Avenue and other broad and beautiful avenues moved before my view and I saw the other side of the question. Men knew better which streets needed

(Concluded on page 37)

OLD SOLDIERS  
NEVER - NEVER DIE  
THEY SIMPLY FADE AWAY -



OLD  
PALS

OF THE  
ARMY

## Chimes' Hymn of Hate, By Arthur Wright

**H**ATRED of sergeants, justified or not, is no new thing in armies. It has existed as long as war itself, in fact as long as there have been non coms to hate. There's no question but what some private in Pharaoh's army read with great joy, mixed with sorrow, at the loss of regular bunkies, the casualty list following the Red Sea disaster. His grief for his "buddies" was assuaged as he glanced over the names listed under the subhead, "Sergeants."

Whether there is such a thing as transmigration of souls may be in doubt, but in no other way can Private Otto Chimes' utter distaste for three strippers be explained. In one lifetime he simply could not accumulate all the disgust for sergeants he actually possessed. In some former existence he must have been a private in, say, Pharaoh's army; then in Alexander's, then in Caesar's and so on up to the last war. And in each existence he must have added something to his really extraordinary hate.

His kindest word for anyone he liked, yet wore the chevron, was "He's all right, aside from being a sergeant."

Nor was Private Chimes at all reti-

cent concerning his views. Quite the reverse. And he never hesitated to detail to the particular sergeant annoying him just what ailed that particular sergeant. All during his army career he made it a point to differ violently with any opinion expressed by the scorned non com.

The morning of September 26 he had just finished a night of strenuous endeavor. He had guided companies into the line, he had helped construct an O. P.—speeded on this job by the odoriferous incentive of a nearby dug-out, wrecked, with its occupants, a long while before by a direct hit—his feet soaked and chilled by the water which covered the bottom of the trench.

It had been a full day and, in the two hours remaining before the order to attack, he sought a little sleep, only to be directed by a sergeant to join him on some futile errand.

Private Chimes declined. The sergeant was horrified. Whereupon Private Chimes, backed by some rather indefinite, but previous, orders of his officer, delivered himself briefly but succinctly, as follows:

"Do you know what's the matter with this section? Well, I'll tell you. It's

one sergeant who lacks the weak but serviceable mental ability with which an All Wise and Supreme Power has invested the lowly but comparatively bright cockchafer. If you think you can bulldoze me, your cerebrum is not functioning."

Two weeks or so later the blow fell and Private Chimes was made a sergeant himself. He didn't want the job but he had to take it. And it didn't change him a bit. He still had his opinion of sergeants.

Since the regiment was in a so-called rest area there was more or less policing, with other chores, to attend to. So, when the whistle blew right after breakfast, Otto turned out with the other sergeants, but not, as did the other sergeants, to superintend the job. He policed, too. Round the barracks—or stable—he'd go, impaling defunct cigarettes on a splinter, or removing, with his old time speed and thoroughness, the remains of scrap and plug.

At meal time the sergeants' line received its food first from the K. P.'s as the line filed by. Not Otto. He took up his place, wherever chance dictated, among the corporals and privates.

## First Class Privates Young, By Simon Goodwin

**T**WO peas in a pod never resembled each other more than the two Privates Young in O. D. According to the records in the city clerk's office the difference in their respective ages was less than an hour. When I refer to the elder Private Young my license is based on the thickness of the calves of his legs, for it was generally the only rule the members of the company had for felling Private Young from Private Young.

The Elder Private Young was short, stocky and built for rough wear where such wear was required. The Younger Private Young was built precisely the same, excepting the smaller measurement of the calves of his legs.

The hardest place to distinguish them was in the face. They both had noses of the same cast, mouths chiseled from the same mold, eyes colored with the same blueing, hair of the same thickness and lack of lustre and heads modeled in the same studio. The principal facial difference was a dimple which the younger brought into existence when he smiled.

On the march they looked after each other with all that feeling of true brotherly love which isn't usually the rule. They both, however, were sturdy marchers and a word of encouragement was the most that either needed from the other.

During the fighting they were never out of one another's sight. If a shell dropped close and it seemed impossible that some one of their group had not been injured, they always inquired if the other were all right. If one weakened a little under the terrible strain the other took a part of his burden and when food was scarce they would have divided a crumb between them.

There were no better fighters in the company. They soldiered with a full appreciation of their duty and eventually both were made first class privates. But there was that difference—the elder had a fatter calf and the younger had a dimple.

# The Testing of Private Maxwell

By William P. Sherman

**P**PRIVATE MAXWELL (that's not his real name, of course, though he was named after an automobile) came into the orderly room, clicked his heels together and saluted. The adjutant returned the courtesy and waited for the other to speak.

"Sir, this is Tuesday," said Private Maxwell, after the manner of one who is revealing something new and startling.

"Oh, so it is," replied the officer. "Well, come here and let's get this over with."

Then ensued a solemn ceremony, unique, I think, in army history. Private Maxwell approached his superior, opened his mouth and blew his breath in the officer's face. The latter sniffed as if he had detected some foreign odor and then indicated that he was satisfied.

"O. K.," he declared. "How long do you have to go?"

"This week finishes it, sir," was the reply. "Two more times."

"Well, see that you hold out, for it's your last chance."

"Yes, sir."

Private Maxwell was an orderly at a remount post. He belonged to a cavalry regiment and his army history had been

full of ups and downs. He had been up to the high rank of sergeant twice, but his fondness for the exhilarating "light wines" of France had brought about his downfall. He never drank anything stronger than cognac or rum, but they went to his head very quickly and he was full of weird notions when "lickered up." He was fond of meeting officers on a plane of equality on occasions of this sort; he felt that they were just as good as he was and sought their society. Why, once they found him fast asleep in the colonel's bed with his muddy boots on, and just how he escaped being shot at sunrise was never clear. It was reported that he tendered the colonel the use of his own bunk in the barracks as reparation, but I do not know how true that is. Private Maxwell never would talk about the incident.

Finally, so that they might keep an eye on him better, they made him an orderly at headquarters. He performed his duties faithfully and cut down his sprees to once a month, following payday, which was a very good record. Then he became ambitious. He was a printer by trade and sought to go up to the A. G. D. printing office at Langres. They needed men who could set type and put job work on the presses and they were giving what men

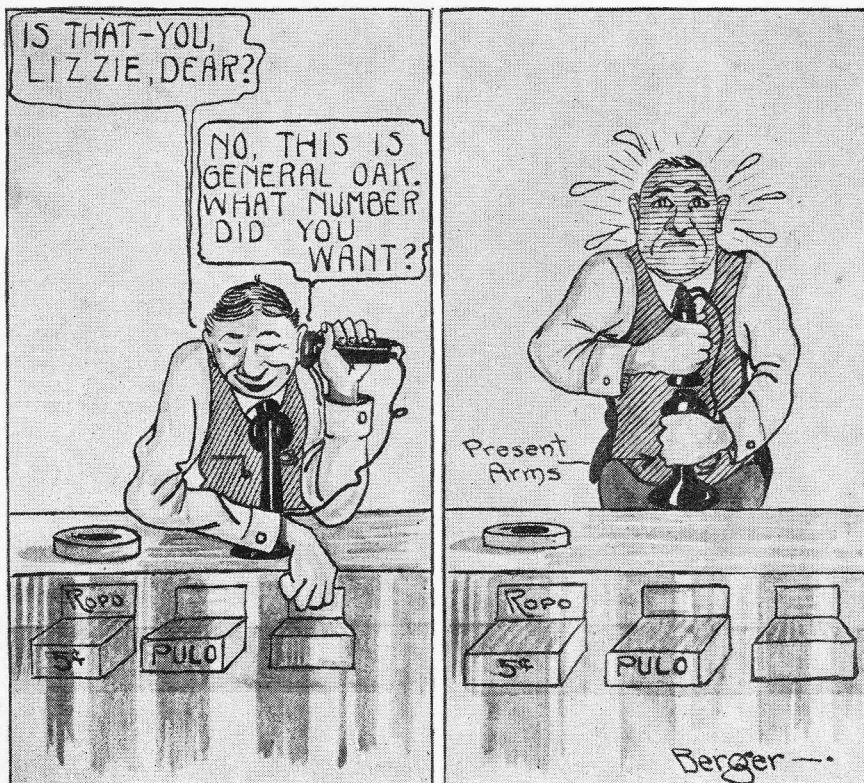
they could get the rank of sergeant. So Maxwell asked to be transferred. The colonel agreed, on the condition that he remain absolutely sober for a month and submit his breath to the adjutant for examination and analysis once each day for 30 days. — Private Maxwell agreed to the condition and once daily for 28 days he and the adjutant had a little session at which Maxwell blew his breath in the officer's face as proof that he was abstaining from the cussed stuff.

With 28 up and two to go, Maxwell's slate was clean. It looked like Langres was going to get a new printer. On the 29th day the adjutant's keen sniffer thought it detected the faint odor of rum flavored with tobacco, but he was nice about it and gave Maxwell the benefit of the doubt.

On the 30th day, Private Maxwell was missing. The next day he reported as usual for his test, although he could barely stand up and his breath was one that must have cost a bunch of francs. He was ordered confined to quarters until he came out of it. Back on the job, he apologized for his transgression from the straight and narrow and requested another chance. But the adjutant was tired of the thing by that time and his plea was denied.

The next I heard of Private Maxwell was when he was transferred to a railway engineers' outfit. Some months later he turned up as an A. W. O. L. from a camp down at Is-sur-Tille.

I wonder how he likes it back here in these days of near-prohibition?



**W**EDNESDAY, December 15th has been set aside by the campaign committee of the American Legion's "Get Together Week Committee" as Eightieth Division night. Special arrangements have been made that night for the boys of this famous division, which should be one of the biggest nights of the six days' affair.

Dr. Thomas R. Brighton, director of the campaign, and Charles E. Gibson, executive secretary, have asked two of the leading commanders of the Eightieth to be present that night and make short addresses. General Lloyd M. Brett and General Frank L. Cocheu have written the committee that they will probably attend the big night.

The program includes a ball that will rival the large ones held in New York, dancing, fifteen acts of vaudeville, a military wedding and the American Legion Band with "Izzy" Cervone and Cliff Carney, leading.

# Histories and Rosters Published by Units of the Blue Ridge Division

## 314th Machine Gun Battalion History

It would be difficult to conceive of a unit history of finer parts than the one published "as a matter of record by the officers and men of the 314th Machine Gun Battalion." To any man's library it will be a handsome addition and the members of the battalion should feel some sense of gratitude that those entrusted with the responsibility of compiling and publishing the history did their duty so well and thoroughly.

Nothing has been overlooked in making it an attractive volume. It is a convenient size, 9 by 6, and is 85 pages in thickness. A yellow-tinted heavy paper is used in the binding and on the front cover an appropriate design in color is carried. Two machine gunners are shown giving the unseen Boche a taste of their spicy wares. Along the top of the cover the title—314th Machine Gun Battalion History—is printed, flanked on either side by the divisional and battalion insignias in their respective colors.

Its "innards," so to speak, are as complete as its outside physique is perfect. In addition to a detailed account of the battalion history from the day of its formation at Camp Lee to the day it disbanded after the war, the pages are liberally sprinkled with photos, pictures and sketches that'll surely recall vivid memories to former members of the unit.

The book's frontispiece is a full page portrait of Major Robert H. Cox, the battalion's commander. A page or two over and the book's inspiration is revealed by a printed order promulgated at Sennenoy-le-Haut, France, March 15, 1919, from the battalion's headquarters. It is a special order from Major Cox appointing the following committee of four to prepare the history: First Lieutenant Herman R. Furr, chairman; First Lieutenant Robert A. Horner, Second Lieutenant Walter L. Lukens and Mr. Aaron R. Merritt, Y. M. C. A. secretary. A brief foreword from the committee follows, in which is stated the purpose of the history, which is, to place an accurate record of the main events of the organization's life in the hands of every member of the battalion.

Four pages of group photos follow. The first are the officers and attaches of the battalion headquarters. These include the adjutant, transport officer, medical officer, Y. M. C. A. representa-

## SEND IN YOUR UNIT HISTORY

**SERVICE will publish each month a brief review of the separate unit histories and rosters of the Eightieth Division. In order to be sure that your company, battalion or regimental published war record receives its notice, mail a copy of your unit publication to SERVICE, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Penna.**

tive and the French interpreter. "A" and "B" company officers come next, and the last page of pictures are those of the battalion's sergeants.

On the opposite page the actual history begins and under the caption, "Before the Battalion Was Created," the days before the unit's organization are recalled. Three pages are devoted to the training period in camp at Lee and on page 16 the trail of the battalion's departure for Europe is taken up. Every step of the organization's movements overseas is traced in an accurate and detailed manner and brightened considerably by explanatory photographs and sketches of a significantly humorous nature.

The historic account ends with the battalion's dispersal from Camp Devens, Mass., to other camps for demobilization.

A number of pages of miscellaneous interest then follow. Lieut. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard's order citing the division for gallantry in the Meuse-Argonne offensive is reprinted, as is the letter received by division headquarters from the Adjutant General, G. H. Q., citing the fact that the Eightieth was the only division to go into the lines in the Meuse-Argonne offensive three times.

The poem, "In Memoriam," inscribed in the Eightieth Division Cemetery at Ancy-le-France, is reproduced, with the list of the men of the battalion who made the supreme sacrifice.

Carried as a supplement which folds into the book is a picture of the entire assembled battalion, suitable for framing. The picture was taken May 13, 1919, at Brest.

A complete roster of the officers and men of the battalion follows, in their company order. Each man's address is also given. A list of former battalion officers, who left the organization before the date of demobilization, with their addresses and length of service with the battalion, completes the roster lists.

A feature that deserves special commendation is the set of four maps at the end of the book. The first is a map of the trenches occupied with the British from July 31st to August 18th. Two other maps show the three offensives in the Argonne and the last map traces by a heavy black line each step of the battalion's movements from its arrival at the port of Bordeaux to its departure from Brest. Thus at a glimpse one gets a fairly complete idea through what parts of France the battalion passed.

## 319th Infantry Regiment History

The history of the 319th Infantry Regiment, by Captain Josiah C. Peck, regimental intelligence officer, is the best unit record from the point of authorship that we've had the pleasure of reviewing. It is dubbed by the author a brief narrative and in easy, almost conversational style, the pages talk and intimately tell of the life and deeds of a gallant regiment.

No attempt is made for pretention in printing or binding, due, perhaps, to the fact that the volume was printed in Paris before the regiment left for America. It is printed and bound in booklet form and in addition to the history of the regiment, carries the honor roll, the complete roll of officers from the date of the regiment's organization, and the reproduction of a battle map showing the Eightieth Division's activities in the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

The little volume is dedicated to the "Sacred memory of our comrades who fought valiantly and died nobly in defense of liberty." In a brief foreword the author outlines the motive of his work and is concerned only with the hope that it may meet the approval of those for whom it was written and serve in some small way to perpetuate "the bonds of friendship, fellowship and comradeship, welded in the stress of battle and the quieter hours in bivouac and 'bivy.'"

## Unit Histories—Continued

In separate chapters each phase of the regiment's history is developed. Due to the fact that the booklet was sent to the printers early in March the final chapter preceding and leading up to demobilization is missing.

### Experiences of the Great War

By Lieut. Col. Ashby Williams

This work is an account of Lieut. Col. Williams' experiences, first as commander of "E" Company, 320th Infantry, and later as commander of the First Battalion of the same regiment.

It is gracefully written and the author has given it an intimate personal touch that makes the incidents he relates live vividly again in any reader's imagination who has had an experience at all similar. Historical accuracy, however, is the author's confessed chief aim and all facts concerning movements, battles and other events are based on army orders or copies of them.

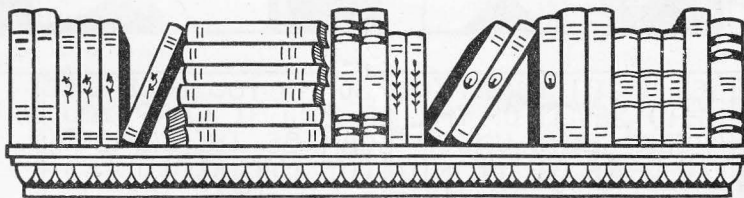
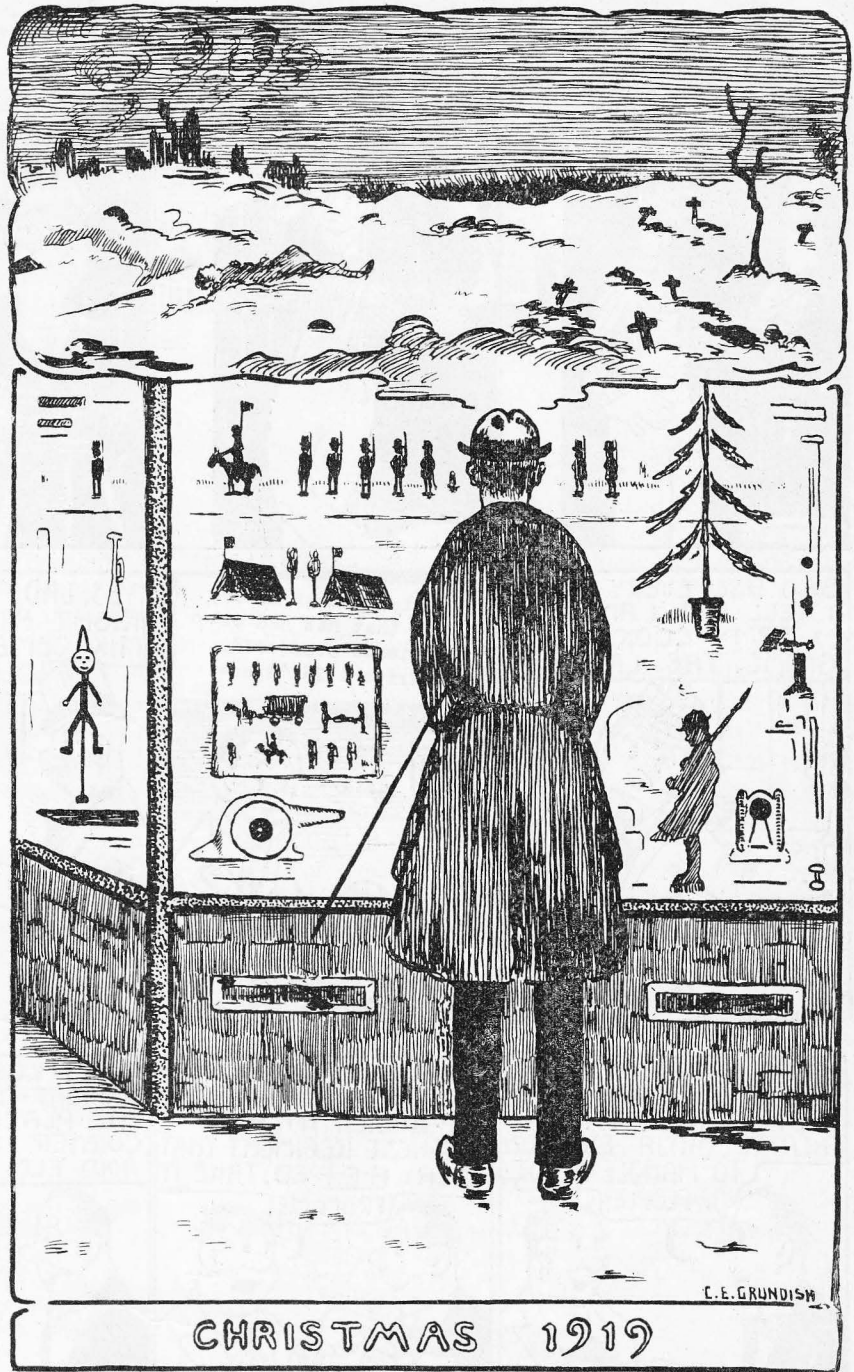
The preface discloses the author's original purpose in compiling the book to be a preservation of the record for his own use and satisfaction. It later became evident that from no other source was it probable that an account of this sort would be available to the members of the unit he commanded and so he finished and published the volume for the additional purpose of supplying this need.

The book can be secured from the Stone Printing and Manufacturing Company, Roanoke, Virginia, for \$2.00.

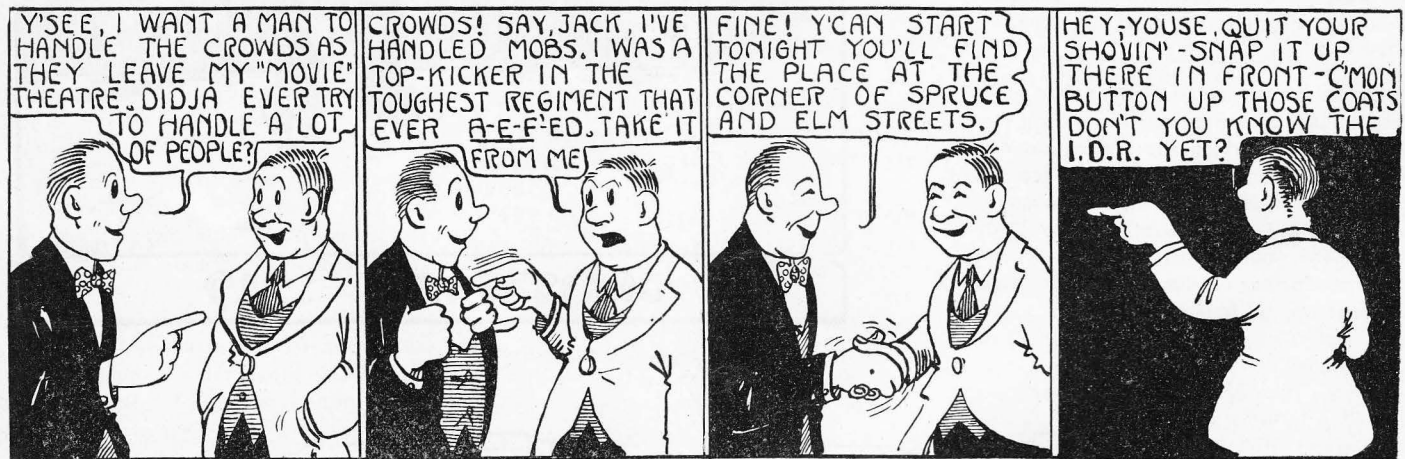
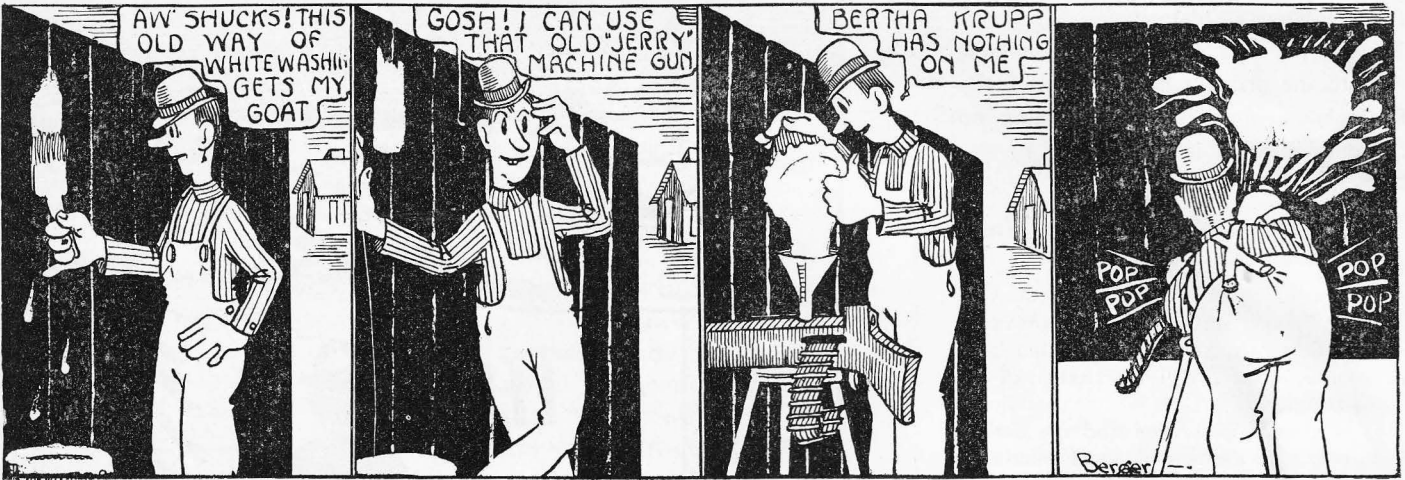
An Irishman named Grogan had a severe attack of muscular rheumatism, and the doctor prescribed the application of a mustard plaster. A day or two later he called around and asked Mrs. Grogan:

"How about that mustard plaster I prescribed for your husband?"

"Sure, doctor, Oi couldn't make Moike ate more nor th' half av it."



The Advantage of Army Training in Civilian Pursuits, By Jack Berger





# Home

By Faith Baldwin

JUST a word about what the home town looked like to the boy who came back to it after a long period of weeks and months of longing.

It looked pretty darned good. But it didn't look any different!

Lately, in my jaunting about two counties on War Camp work, and also watching this new Community Service idea go across with a bang, I have heard a number of things about the returned soldier, individually and en masse.

"Billy's so changed—I don't know what to make of him—"

Or, "What's the use of trying to swing American Legion-Community Service Girl dances here? The home town boys won't come. They don't care a snap for their community or the girls in it!"

And wife or mother, sister or sweetheart, friend or relative, the speaker is obviously much concerned over something we might term the "temporary alteration in Bill!"

However, skeptics notwithstanding, we have been running those home town dances, and have had the extreme satisfaction of seeing whole communities turn out to back them up and stamp them with approval.

In one place the many men in civies

stood around the walls until about ninety-three, before more than twenty couples got up nerve enough to dance. But at eleven-thirty one hundred couples were out, and the dance was very much "on." Bashful——. Why?

I wondered, too. But finally I found out.

One of the fine women who has done a great deal of our volunteer work, has a son. He has been overseas. He is home again. It was in his home town that the dance I spoke of took place.

And his mother asked him what he thought was the matter with the boys.

And he told her. As far as I can see this is the answer.

Over there home stood for something very tremendous, very wonderful. There was a glamor about the silliest, tiniest detail of it; from the wall-eyed rooster that used to wake Bill up every morning, to the faded Welcome on the mat!

Home was Heaven. Home was the place Bill might never see again. Home was the piece of green land that Bill was fighting for; the piece of green land Bill calls the States, and which, somewhere, contained the cubic air space that was Bill's very own.

And when Bill came home, what did he find? The greeting he had longed for, certainly; the loving arms and the

happy lips; and the home town, just as he had pictured it. But was it—just? Not quite, for, you see, the glamor was gone, and the longing finally satisfied, and the home town had not changed as much as Bill.

And that is why Bill feels a little strange. That is why he seems different. He has to adjust himself to seeing that his experiences, his sufferings, his growth could not affect the home town or the home people, except vicariously. He went on. They stayed behind. They worked for him and they prayed for him, but he could not be quite one of them, after all. For home remained home. And Bill went away to war.

And so it is up to the home town to be a little patient with Bill; up to Bill to be a little patient with the home town. Up to them both to get together. For the love is there, just as it always was, and sooner or later it must effect an understanding.

And even if the wall-eyed rooster makes just as much noise as ever; even if the welcome on the mat grows more faded and more indistinguishable, even if Bill is looking at them both now without the halo of distance, why, it's home, isn't it? And next to mother, that's the sweetest word Bill knows.

## The Wanderer's Tale

Countries are few that I haven't been to,  
I've sailed every sea on the map,  
Served as a sailor, been on a whaler,  
And am well known as "Harpoon Jack."

I've journeyed to Rome from Portland my home,  
And I have strolled on the Champ Elysees.  
I've been to Algiers, been to London for years,  
And I have been in the slums of Bombay.

I've carried a pack 'cross the Rockies and back,  
And I have worked as a cabby in Cork.  
Wandered alone on the banks of the Rhone,  
And I've bummed on the streets of New York.

I've worked in the mines of the sweet Aboline  
And I've sweltered in the Torrence Muscat.  
I've seen a man freeze on the bleak Pyrenees,  
And I've been on the Mount Ararat.

I've crossed the Shuragon, been to Bokagon,  
And sailed around Cape Matapan.  
Lived with a Greek and seen Mozambique,  
And stopped at the Isle of Man.

Shipped on a craft, rode for days on a raft,  
In the rush of a thundering sea.  
Was caught as a spy, and condemned to die,  
By a Spig on the coast of Orea.

I've been to the Highlands, I've been to the Islands,  
I've speckled the Indian Sea.  
Been to Sudan and the heart of Japan,  
And I've touched at the Hebrides.

I was yet in my teens, when I left these scenes,  
And started to wander instead.  
I delight in the strife of a wanderer's life,  
And I will wander until I am dead.

JAMES MCCARTHY,  
Chief Boatswain's Mate, U. S. N.

I've been in the rain on the mountains of Spain,  
I was thrice threatened with Bolochi Destain.  
I served in a corps in the late Spanish War,  
And I have lived with the thieves of Orlain.

I've been around the Horn, been to Melbourne,  
I stopped off at Villa Franc.  
Been to Marseilles and New South Wales,  
And I've been on the peak of Mount Blanc.

I've been to Chee Foo and Alongapo,  
And stopped off at Caramarel.  
I've been to Colon, and the Isle of Ceylon,  
And I have been through the Suez Canal.

I've had every ill, from fever to chill,  
I laid with a stroke in Key West.  
I injured my spine, and it got out of line,  
And I once had a ball in my chest.

I've dined at the board of a Brittany Lord,  
I've dined in the best of cafes,  
I've eaten a portion that would cause a contortion  
And I've gone without food for days.

When I shipped in the navy, the times they were good,  
Men were made of iron and ships built of wood,  
They then fought your battles as you would today,  
They were pretty hard men, but made of good clay.

I was born in Port Lynn, the sweetest of sin.  
I was reared by a woman named "Lil."  
Tortured by bums in the heart of the slums,  
And taught to lie, steal and kill.

# The Promised Land, By Irene Austen

(Continued from page 7)

unlike what America has always called French heels. Their first comment on New York pretty generally seems to be, "Oh, it is in such a hurry!" The bright lights on the Great White Way call forth no such burst of enthusiasm as might be expected. Mrs. Franco-America will raise her shoulders and her eyebrows simultaneously and say, "Oh, yes, they are pretty," in a way that makes one suspect a touch of homesickness for the land of Fleur-de-lis.

After all, it is to be expected that the "L" screeching past overhead and the subway sending up its roar through the grating in the sidewalk and the surface car trundling by is bewildering after the broad, comparatively quiet boulevards of Paris, where one may have a bench in the shade or loiter by the enticing shop windows with only an occasional tram car passing and the "Metro" with its damp odors and Dubonnet advertisements far underground. Of course, all the foreign-born brides are not Parisiennes, but the ladies from the French capital have the advantage of having had an intensive training course in dodging motor cars. Who having had the experience will ever forget the time he

"came to" after having been run down by what the American doughboys were pleased to call "a little two-lunger" and then being made to bear a fine for having been in the way.

In the writer's recollection there was surely an order against fraternizing with the Germans for those Americans stationed in the Army of Occupation, but "Love laughs at barriers" and M. P.'s and there certainly have been some German brides at the Hostess House along with the French, English, Belgian, Russian, Czecho-Slovacs and the girls from Luxembourg. At the beginning, the German girls would say Bavaria or Strassbourg—and there were a number from Alsace-Lorraine—anything or any place, but Germany, but their reluctance has been overcome when they learned that all are treated alike.

In one case a group of French girls took under their charge a German girl who could speak nothing but her native tongue. The ex-mademoiselles helped her with the details of registration at the House and attended to her other wants in true sisterly fashion, because they told the Y. W. C. A. staff they could "hold no bitterness" in their hearts.

One of the guests of the association was a Belgian girl, the wife of a doughboy. She had been in Louvain during its siege and German occupation.

Mrs. MacDonald, the smiling, white-haired woman who heads affairs at the institution, has taken under her wing other foreign-born women than the wives of American boys. One of her recent protegees is the sister of the most famous Russian dancer in America. The young woman had lost her husband, father, child and seven brothers in the war by fever, and after an exhaustive nursing service on the other side had come to America to join her sister.

But to Mrs. MacDonald all the girls are her girls and she gets letters from all over America, for many of the new wives have gone to the far West and Southwest and into Canada, expressing their gratitude for what was done in their behalf when they were "strangers in a strange land," and the ones who live in and about New York happen in occasionally on Sunday for a cup of tea and discuss the problems which sometimes confront them. She sees no reason why their future lives won't be as uniformly happy as those of any group of thirty-five hundred wives any place in America.

The office telephone in a well-known surgeon's office rang. The doctor himself answered the 'phone. A childish voice inquired:

"Who is this?" The doctor readily recognized the voice of his seven-year old boy. Although an exceedingly busy man, he was always ready for a bit of fun, if the opportunity permitted, and anticipating such at this time, replied: "This is the smartest man in the city." The child mumbled for a moment, then replied:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it is the wrong number," and hung up.

"John," said Mrs. Cluckpeck, "I want you to take your feet off that table."

"Mrs. Cluckpeck," he answered, "there is only one person who can talk that way to me."

"And who is that?" she demanded angrily.

"You, my dear," replied John, putting his feet to rest on the floor.

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# Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. One, Eightieth Division Veterans Association

**T**HE Eightieth Division Veterans' Association will not tread the primrose paths of the future alone. It will be accompanied in every step of its journey by a partner—an auxiliary organization formed for the purpose of co-operating with it.

The Eightieth Division Welcome Home Association was formed by Pittsburghers to welcome the Pittsburgh men of the division home. With that task completed early last summer destiny seemed to point to oblivion as the organization's next move. But it wanted to live. It felt that there still remained work for it to do even if it was not welcoming home troops.

As the Welcome Home Association it hung on until this fall when it arranged the memorial exercises in honor of the division's dead, held in Memorial Hall, Pittsburgh and attended by many former members of the division and their parents and relatives.

This event seemed to suggest the propitious moment for the termination of the association. The organization was made of stouter stuff, however, and a conference of a number of the enthusiastic members was held. Destiny had whispered that its work was done but these folks thought otherwise.

They decided to perpetuate the organization as an auxiliary to the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association. A meeting was called in the auditorium of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce and formal organization took place. Constitution and by-laws were adopted and officers were elected. A date was then set for a general get-together night.

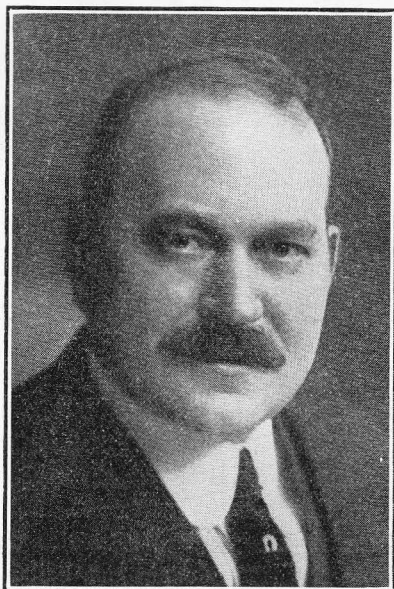
The get-together meeting was held November 5th in the same place. A large crowd attended and the "movies" of Eightieth Division activities and the other parts of an exceptional program were keenly enjoyed.

This affair was such a success that it was the unanimous sentiment of all present to repeat these meetings at stated intervals.

On October 14th a constitutional committee composed of Mrs. J. F. Brown, Mrs. W. A. Gordon, Mrs. J. B. Boyd, Mrs. S. J. Meyers, Mrs. J. C. Bender, Mr. W. L. Fleming and Mr. R. W. Elton met in the rooms of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association headquarters, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, and framed the constitution. It was adopted later at the general meeting held in the Chamber of Commerce auditorium.

The following officers for the association were elected:

President, H. J. Wilbert; vice-president, Mrs. W. A. Gordon; secretary and treasurer, Miss Sue Sellers; chairman, W. L. Fleming.



**H. J. Wilbert, President**

The following members were elected to the Executive Council: Mrs. J. F. Brown, Mr. Schmidt, and Mrs. Harris, to serve till 1920; Mr. J. B. Boyd, Mrs. J. C. Bender, and Mrs. Henry, to serve till 1921; Mr. Boyle, Mrs. S. J. Meyers, and Mrs. Gelder DeRoy, to serve till 1922.

Following is the constitution:

## ARTICLE I.

### NAME.

The name of this association shall be the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association.

## ARTICLE II.

### OBJECT.

The object of this association shall be to co-operate with the 80th Division Veterans' Association in the promotion of fellowship amongst its members; the perpetuation of the record of the 80th Division, U. S. A. in the world war; the promotion of the welfare of its members, their families and the families of the members of the division who lost their lives in the service.

## ARTICLE III.

### MEMBERSHIP.

Any relative of any person who has served honorably with the 80th Division shall, upon payment of the prescribed dues, be eligible for membership in this association.

## ARTICLE IV.

### OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. The officers of this association shall be a president, a vice-president, a secretary and treasurer, and a chairman of the Executive Council; all to be elected annually in October.

SEC. 2. There shall be an Executive Council consisting of the officers of the association and nine other members; three to serve until the annual meeting in 1920, three to serve until the meeting in 1921, three to serve until 1922 and their successors to be elected annually thereafter for a period of two years.

SEC. 3. These officers to serve without compensation and shall be elected by a direct ballot at the annual meeting. The officers shall perform duties usually pertaining to their offices. The Executive Council shall have power to transact business of the association between the annual meetings, to receive and disburse monies of the association, rendering an account of the same at the annual meetings.

SEC. 4. The resident secretary of the 80th Division Veterans' Association shall be the advisory member of the Executive Council.

## ARTICLE V.

### DUES.

Dues shall be one dollar (\$1.00), payable annually in advance.

## ARTICLE VI.

### MEETINGS.

The annual meeting of this association shall be held during the first week in October. Any other meetings shall be held by action of the Executive Council.

## ARTICLE VII.

### AMENDMENTS.

Amendments to the constitution and by-laws may be made by a three-fourths vote of the members of the Executive Council present and voting. Such amendments will have full force and effect until the next annual meeting when they must be ratified or rejected by a majority of those present and voting.

## ARTICLE VIII.

All questions of Parliamentary Law shall be determined according to Roberts Rules of Order.

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# News, Notes and New Things

The devising of plans for the good use of the War Department's surplus motor equipment has been occupying the attention of legislators and others recently. One plan is to turn the equipment over to the states for use in road construction. Senator Henderson thinks that it should be transferred without charge to the Department of Agriculture and Postoffice Department for use in the improvement of highways and the transmission of mails.

The cornerstone of a monument to mark both the point where the first American soldiers landed in France in May, 1917, and the spot from which Lafayette sailed for America in 1777, was laid on Pointe De Grave at the mouth of the Gironde River on the anniversary of Lafayette's birth.

If you lost a piece of baggage while serving your country in France, it's a good bet that you may recover it by applying to "Lost Baggage Branch, Pier No. 3, Hoboken, N. J.," with a description of the missing property to identify it.

There has accumulated from overseas at these docks a total of 110,000 barrack bags, 20,000 trunk lockers, 15,000 bed rolls and 5,000 suitcases.

A new provision of the War Risk Insurance Act, announced by the War Department, states that any soldier, sailor or marine who has been honorably discharged since Oct. 6, 1917, for disability incurred in the line of duty and has suffered a relapse from the original injury or sickness, is entitled to hospital or sanatorium care.

Regimental sergeant majors, battalion sergeant majors and first sergeants, both those in the service and those who have been honorably discharged, will be interested in a bill introduced in the House by Representative Fuller of Massachusetts. The bill provides that the monthly pay of these non-commissioned officers shall be \$100, \$75 and \$65, respectively. In addition it carries the provision that they be given separate living quarters, separate mess and be allowed commutation of light, heat and quarters. The proposed act is important to regimental sergeant majors, battalion sergeant majors and first sergeants who have been honorably discharged from the service, for the reason that the

act's provisions are retroactive to August 5, 1917. This would mean considerable back pay for those who served any length of time since the retroactive date whether or not they are still in the service. With the commutation provisions also retroactive an additional source of revenue would be provided for the bill's benefactors.

The following letters explain themselves:

BRIGADIER GENERAL LLOYD M. BRETT,

War Department, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

On our way from Brest, France, to New York on board the steamship *Mobile*, it was the intention of the 160th Brigade to bid farewell to you. However, the leave-taking never occurred.

Having been selected by Major Garretson of the 315th Machine Gun Battalion as the representative of that organization, I take pleasure in sending you a few words which under other circumstances I would have delivered orally to you. Personally, I can assure you that this is the expression of the 315th Machine Gun Battalion one hundred per cent.

Yours truly,

HERMAN AUERBACH.

The battalion's felicitations to their beloved leader were enclosed on a separate sheet of paper.

TRAINING CENTER,

Camp Lee, Virginia.

My Dear Sergeant Auerbach:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 17th instant, and the enclosure which was sent to me in care of the War Department.

I shall not attempt to express to you my appreciation of the sentiments contained in those communications. They reveal a full understanding of our combined efforts to build a fighting unit, which would do its work efficiently and skillfully when the crucial time came. The 315th Machine Gun Battalion rendered conspicuous service in battle. Its excellent conduct and high morale won the universal respect of every community with which it was billeted. From the day of its organization until demobilization, the 315th Machine Gun Battalion was a credit to the country and the military service. I am proud to have been one of you.

May happiness and prosperity attend every member wherever he may be.

LLOYD M. BRETT,

Brigadier General.

It is important for service men to know that under the law, in order to be eligible for compensation for disability which may occur in the future as the result of disease or injury incurred in active service in the line of duty, they must within a year from leaving the service obtain from the Bureau of War Risk Insurance a certificate stating that at the time of discharge or resignation from the service they were suffering from physical troubles, likely to result in death or disability. This certificate registers the fact that they were sick or injured, even though they may seemingly have recovered their health. If, in the future, disability develops, or death occurs, the certificate will be necessary to support a claim for compensation.

Request for the certificate by those entitled to it, should be made to the Chief Medical Advisor, Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., without delay. Otherwise the request may come too late.

**Pittsburgh First**, the official publication of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, is evidently pleased with **Service**. Here is what it has to say:

Among the publications issued in the interest of the soldiers in the World War, none is more interesting than "The Service Magazine," which is published in Pittsburgh under the direction of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association. It is snappy and up-to-date in typographical arrangement and maintains a literary standard that is most commendable. Its editors are no novices in the publishing game, and they use the same vigorous policy in editorial service that characterized the Eightieth Division in its fighting in France. Its editor, Dwight H. Fee, who inherited his journalistic inspiration out in Canonsburg, will be remembered as a man who waived exemption rules in the draft and joined his regiment. He came home a sergeant. The associate editors are Guy T. Viskkniski and Walter R. Suppes. Members of the business staff are: Robert P. Nevin, Jr., advertising manager; Reuel W. Elton, general manager, and Jack Berger, artist and cartoonist.



# SALVAGE

**WANTED HIS MONEY'S WORTH.**  
Did the seeress give you any encouragement?

Well, she gazed into her crystal globe and said I was going to be rich some day.

Fine!

But I told her to polish up the crystal a bit and see if she couldn't read the exact date.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

## NOT HIS PARTY.

Sam was a corporal, over six feet tall, and so black that he blended perfectly with the French midnight. During daylight Sam was the bravest of the brave. No German could come too big for him.

But when the shadows began to lengthen an unholy horror crept into the vitals of the giant negro. So others in his company, knowing his fear of German ghosts, decided to break him of it by organizing a fake raiding party whose real purpose was forage out beyond the wire.

"Sam," said one of his pals, "we's gonna sneak out in No Man's Land t'night an' we's gonna feel aroun' an' git ouwa han's in de pockets o' dem dead Buches an' git deir money."

"Lissen heah!" shouted Sam, backing away. "Lissen heah man! Yo' all sho' ain' talkin to me. I ain' goin' nowhere."

"C'mon, boy, thay'll be ten of us."

"No, suh! Yo' is wrong! Dey might be nine o' you, but dey won't be ten of us!"—*Home Sector.*

## SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

Dubb Golfer—"The day I get around these links in less than a hundred, I'll give you a dollar."

Caddie—"Thank ye, sir. It'll come in handy in me old age."—*Boston Transcript.*

## WHERE FRIENDSHIP ENDS.

"It is wrong to envy any man his prosperity."

"Of course it is," replied Cactus Joe. "But when Tarantula Tim holds three ace fulls in succession, we're entitled to indulge in a certain amount of inquisitiveness about the deck and the deal."—*Washington Star.*

## WHAT'S IN A NAME NEATLY ANSWERED.

A certain rather well-known American writer, while riding in a Pullman car near Winnipeg, fell into a discussion with an Englishman from London and a Canadian from Montreal, and was somewhat worsted because he failed to have the statistics at his tongue's end. Apropos of which the Londoner remarked:

"You Americans are very odd. You seem to know so little of your own history, you know."

A little later a discussion arose as to who was the best known man in England. Dinner hour was approaching, and the writer said:

"I'll wager dinners for the party that the best known man in England is George Wettin, and I can prove it to your satisfaction."

The Englishman and the Canadian stared. "George Wettin?" one of them gasped. "I've never heard of him!"

"Do you know," drawled the American, "you Englishmen are very odd; you seem to know so little of your own country. George Wettin, gentlemen, is the present king of England."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

## THE MEMORY LINGERS.

Two young ex-service men in Eldorado are packing their duds in feverish haste to get off to college before dad's order of government bacon arrives.—*Kansas City Star.*

## TRY AGAIN.

"Blaa-a!" Gabriel's trumpet sounded. East and west the graves began to open. From one of them crept a former drill sergeant of the A. E. F. He rose stiffly and dusted off the dirt of ages, kicked aside a couple of rocks and looked over at his headstone. On it was inscribed a lot of noble sentiments, among which the words "devoted," "beloved," "blessed are the meek," and the like, appeared. A sad look came into his eyes.

"Hang it!" he said, "I've been all these years in the wrong hole."—*American Legion Weekly.*

## SON'S LOOKS.

Father—"Well, now that you've seen my son, which side of the house do you think he more closely resembles?"

Genial Friend—"H'm—of course, his full beauty is not yet developed, but surely you should not suggest that he looks like the side of a house!"—*Blighty (London).*

## ALL HE ASKED.

They were standing outside the front door having a final chat after his evening call.

He was leaning against the door-post, talking in low, dulcet tones. She was listening and gazing up rapturously into his eyes.

Suddenly she turned round. The door had opened; and there, just inside, stood her father clad in a dressing-gown.

"My dear father," she asked, "what is the matter?"

Her dear father ignored her question.

"John," he said, addressing the young man, "you know I've never complained about your staying late, and I'm not going to complain now; but, for goodness' sake, stop leaning against the bell-push. Other people want some sleep, even if you don't!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

## ART.

The artist dipped his brush in a bucket of paint and wiped it across the canvas several times horizontally. When he had done this he took his labor in hand and carefully placed it in an elaborate frame.

"What's the idea?" his boon companion inquired.

"Impressionistic study."

"Do you mean to tell me that is a finished painting?"

"Certainly."

"What are you going to call it?"

"A village street as seen from the rear seat of a motor-cycle."—*London Answers.*

## THOSE PRICES.

A prominent man says that we are paying only a fair price for the things we buy. He must mean a church-fair price.—*Boston Transcript.*

# Alumni Notes

Lieut. Col. Jennings C. Wise, commander of the 2nd Bn., 318 Infantry, and later with the Historical Section, G. H. Q., is now a member of the Board of Contract Adjustment in Washington, where he will be stationed for the winter. Col. Wise expects to return to Richmond in the Spring to resume the practice of law.

First Lieut. Pearce H. Sherwood, the supply officer of the 313th Machine Gun Battalion, was married the evening of November 5th to Miss Julia Jones Steck, daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Steck, in the Epiphany Lutheran Church, Washington, D. C. He has the good wishes of the 313th Machine Gun Battalion.

Capt. Charles C. Griffin, formerly commander Company I, 318th Infantry, is now commanding the 2nd Co., U. S. Dissep. Bks. Guard at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.

W. H. Busch, formerly First Sergeant with the 319th Infantry and later instructor at the Beane University, has just been discharged from the Service and is now stationed in Pittsburgh as special agent for the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Dr. George McComb Kiner, formerly with the 319th Infantry, is now practicing dentistry in Pittsburgh and was a recent visitor at Headquarters.

Elmer Goyer, who claims to have been the smallest man in Uncle Sam's army, was a recent visitor at Headquarters. Goyer was a member of Co. "E," 318th Infantry, and states that he weighed just ninety-five pounds when he went to France; he was wounded three times and has just been discharged from the hospital to attend the vocational training school in Pittsburgh.

Gen. Adelbert Cronkhite, who commanded our division and also commanded the 9th Corps, is now Commander of Coast Defenses, Chesapeake Bay, and is stationed at Ft. Monroe, Va.

L. H. Rutherford, formerly Top Kick of the 320th Infantry Machine Gun Co., is now arranging a reunion in the nature of a banquet for the former members of his company. Just as a reminder of other days, the center piece for the table will be a Browning Machine Gun.

Col. Wm. A. Waldron, formerly Chief of Staff, is now connected with Training Camp activities in the War Department at Washington.

The members of the 305th Field Signal Battalion who live in the vicinity of Pittsburgh are arranging for a banquet to be held in the near future.

Gen. Frank S. Cocheu is now stationed at Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.

Among recent visitors at Headquarters were the following: R. K. Morrow, M. G. Co., 319th Inf.; Ralph B. Wilson, 305th Engineers; Anthony J. Ray, 313th M. B. Bn.; Howard A. Gano, Co. D., 320th Inf.; John C. Kappeler, Co. H., 320th Inf.; W. H. Busch, Supply Co., 319th Inf.; Elmer Goyer, Co. E., 318th Inf., and L. H. Rutherford, M. G. Co., 320th Inf.

Gen. Lloyd M. Brett is now with the Third U. S. Cavalry and is stationed at Ft. Myer, Va.

## IN MEMORIAM

Arthur Neilen Pollock,  
Company F., 320th Infantry  
Percy R. Everhart,  
320th Field Hospital  
Clement C. Bates,  
Supply Company, 319th Inf.  
Arthur Collough,  
320th Infantry

Thos. P. Harris, formerly with Co. M, 320th Inf., has sent in ten subscriptions to "Service" from his friends in Antlers, Okla.

Thomas J. Walsh, 313th F. A., writes that a picture of Madelaine Farm in a recent issue of "Service" brought out the fact that he and his brother, who was with the Fifth Division, were on this farm within five hundred feet of each other on October 30th, 1918, but this fact was not known until they compared notes with this picture to assist them.

Lieut. Simon P. Powers of the 318th Infantry found a citation from General Pershing awaiting him on his arrival home "for distinguished and exceptional gallantry at Bois de Septsarges on 3rd October, 1918.

## Proceedings of the First Council Meeting of the 80th Division Veterans Association

The first meeting of the Executive Council of the 80th Division Veterans' Association was held at the headquarters of the association in Pittsburgh, with the following members present: Colonel William H. Waldron, Mr. Frederick Hickman, Mr. Richard A. Ammons, Mr. Miles C. Stahlman, Mr. Richard P. Williams, Jr., Mr. Robert T. Barton and Mr. Reuel W. Elton.

At the request of the chairman, Mr. Stahlman, Colonel Waldron, as senior officer, presided.

The report of the financial statement of the association was read by the treasurer and an auditing committee consisting of Frederick Hickman, Robert Barton and Richard Ammons was appointed to audit the books of the association.

After a short discussion regarding the present articles of organization, a committee consisting of Robert Barton and Frederick Hickman was appointed by the chairman to suggest any changes necessary before printing same as our temporary constitution.

The advisability and method of establishing local P. C.'s was then discussed and a committee consisting of Frederick Hickman and Robert Barton was instructed to bring in a resolution covering that feature.

The report of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the method of maintaining a divisional or other unit organization within that association was given by Harry S. Hall, assisted by Wm. E. Ralston, Walter F. Sanville, Harry I. Arnold and Robert G. Woodside.

The resident secretary was instructed to have the constitution and by-laws of the association printed in pamphlet form and sent to each member of the association.

The advisability of having pins, buttons and stationery made with the divisional insignia was then discussed and the resident secretary was instructed to secure designs and prices on same and to take such action as conditions warranted.

The bond of the resident secretary to the amount of \$50,000 was inspected by the council and approved.

At the request of the Bond Company the secretary was instructed to write a letter to that company stating that in the future all checks signed by the treasurer of the 80th Division Veterans' Association would be countersigned by a member of the executive council.

The resident secretary was instructed to publish from time to time as conditions warranted the rosters of the members of the various units of the association.

The resident secretary was instructed to write to the Postmaster General asking for an investigation of the firms who took photographs of the various units in France, accepted orders for the same, and up to the time of this meeting had not made delivery.

The meeting adjourned to meet again Sunday, September 28th.

Sunday's meeting was called to order with the following members present: Colonel William H. Waldron, Brig. Gen. Adelbert Cronkhite, Mr. Frederick H. Hickman, Mr. Richard A. Ammons, Mr. Miles C. Stahlman, Mr. Robert T. Barton and Mr. Reuel W. Elton. General Cronkhite, as president of the association, presided. The report of the auditing committee was approved as read. The report of the committee on constitution and by-laws was approved as submitted.

Report of the method of establishing P. C.'s was approved as read and accepted as Temporary By-Law No. 1.

## Christmas a Year Ago

(Continued from page 6)

tion of the school teacher the children sang several of their Christmas Carols. Two of the older boys recited selections in French and then as every soldier scrambled to attention the Marseillaise was sung with a great deal of meaning by the entire assembly of French.

Even this would have been a great treat to both old and young. The most important part of the program, as far as the children were concerned, followed, for one of these same American soldiers who had gone "over the top" for his country, now came bouncing in, dressed as Santa Claus, with a sack full of toys on his back and proceeded to distribute them among the boys and girls. There were tops, horns, whistles, dolls, drums, something for every child. Nor was this all, for his helpers now brought forth candy, boxes and boxes of it, and as a box was slipped into the hand of each guest, the never forgotten "Merci" seemed to carry with it the question, "for me?"

A cinema followed. This, too, was a novelty in this little town, but it was soon evident from the laughter produced by Charlie Chaplin in "A Dog's Life," that he was able to entertain a French audience as well as an American.

With many a "Merci" and "Au Revoir, Messieurs Dames," our guests departed for their homes with lasting memories of the great American fete.

After the band concert and entertainment for the men that night a few of us fell to discussing the day, our first Christmas in France, and one man made the remark, "Well, it wasn't so bad after all. Gee, didn't them poor little 'frogs' have the time of their lives!"

This year there will be no such Christmas for the people of that little town, but they will continue to talk even to the third and fourth generation, of the year when the good "American soldats" were there.

## Reflections of a Former Doughboy

(Continued from page 25)

paving and it seemed to me, that while the women were doing the cooking, men could look after the public thoroughfares.

But mother was speaking and respectfully I cocked my head to one side to listen. Mother, who had directed the preparation of this great meal in honor of my safe return from abroad, had forgotten, for the moment, under the subtle influence of woman suffrage, her womanly art of cookery, and with a finger pointed at father's empty chair—

## Rock of The Marne Post

(Continued from page 17)

by-laws, which provide that any member of the Rock of the Marne Post may transfer to another post of the organization and retain a special class of membership in the post, representing the regiment, by paying annual dues of one dollar. This sum will enable us to print and distribute to each member annually a roster, giving the name and address of each member, a publication which the writer knows from experience will be of inestimable value to all. Our regimental reunions will be held annually at the Annual Encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. In this way we propose to keep in touch with one another and to keep alive the associations formed while we were in the 38th Infantry.

It is the writer's belief that the idea carried out with such wonderful success in the 38th Infantry will appeal to others, who may wish to form organizations of a similar character. Naturally, if we were any good ourselves and belonged to a good outfit, we are proud of the achievements of our outfits, and those who served shoulder to shoulder with us have a special little niche in our hearts. At the next annual encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the matter of the formation of departments will be decided, and it will then be possible to carry out the idea

who had failed to call her on the phone to tell her he'd be late—in no uncertain terms told of her ballot leanings. Man would be relegated to the background and the reins transferred into capable hands to steer the destiny of the world as it should be.

I now clearly saw the handwriting on

outlined above on a larger scale and to take in as departments divisional or other societies, which could organize subordinate posts and restrict their membership to any particular class of eligibles to the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Such societies, being organized as departments, could make a similar provision to that made by the Rock of the Marne Post, which would enable eligibles to their particular departments, who were members of posts of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in their own communities, to retain in addition their affiliation with such societies. Each department will, of course, hold its own encampment or reunion, and elect its own officers.

There is nothing in the laws of the Veterans of Foreign Wars which would prohibit the organization of such societies and there is a very strong sentiment in favor of such organization, because we all recognize the loyalty which every good soldier has, and the sentiment which every true veteran feels for his old outfit. We are 100 per cent. American, every member has an equal voice and vote. We do not place the man who held a commission on a pedestal, nor on the other hand do we discriminate against him for that reason, for we are all comrades, no more and no less, regardless of rank.

the wall. Women to the polls, what would become of man? And alas, who—on earth—would prepare the meals, the Sunday dinners, the dinners for returned soldiers, the church suppers, pack the picnic baskets? Not man. It isn't in him. The world will surely starve, or else eat sandwiches.

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# Dancing in Hell's Glow, By Jessie Payne

(Continued from page 11)

Moving back and forth according to the dictates of the weird strains, the dancing figures were silhouetted against the brilliant colored fumes, now red, now black and now purple. Occasionally the waves in the pit dashed so angrily against the bank that a piece was undermined, falling in with a roar. Fountains of living fire, red hot, were then thrown into the air and for a moment the dancers were enveloped in a gorgeous crimson hell-glow.

The lava does not often overflow the sides of the lake, as is popularly supposed, except when extraordinarily active.

The flow generally comes from the cones which the volcano builds up along the sides of the lake. When developed these cones are banked fires with glowing tops. And out of them fiery fountains are thrown. At night these look like the fiery flower pots so long associated with our Fourth of July celebrations. Sometimes Kilauea will have half a dozen of these giant fire fountains playing simultaneously.

Each day these cones grow higher. When they become sufficiently high to create a suction they open at the top and belch forth lava.

During the dance one of these cones burst out in three places, sending down

currents of snarling lava at the rate of six inches an hour, in a stream about fifteen feet wide. The more daring members of the party stood in front of the creeping fluid and, backing away as it approached, made molds from the hot lava. This is done by placing a stick in the flowing stream, turning it around several times and then quickly removing it. The mold is knocked off the stick before being wholly cooled. It is quite a knack to do this without breaking the mold, and several soldiers in the group got plentifully burned while trying it.

Another trick is to twist deftly some of the lava into a doughnut and press a coin into the center of it. There were lots of these brought back to camp.

The flow from this volcano is a combination of glass and gas, which cools on the top so quickly that it forms a perfect thermos. This keeps the fluid hot for many days after an eruption—so hot that it is almost impossible to walk on its hardened crust.

The approach to the volcano from the coast was an interesting one. The soldier guests of community service went by train through cane fields to Glenwood and from there hiked eleven miles through forests of tree ferns. The other guests drove by automobile from Hilo, the principal town of the Island of Hawaii. From here the road gradually ascends through sugar cane plantations and, near the top, plunges into the cooling shade of a great forest of tree ferns, with fronts thirty feet across. These serve to cloak the volcano in mystery. They present an impenetrable green wall, through which the glow of the volcano does not penetrate.

Two and a half miles from the hotel began a series of interesting side shows

to the fire pit of Kilauea. First the Twin Craters were visited. They are filled with magnificent tree ferns and moss. Upon entering them the party found itself in a tropical environment, over which is spread an impenetrable veil of lacelike leaves and twisting vines, hanging motionless.

Although the sun shines through and it is apparently light, it was found that snapshots could not be taken there, as all the pictures taken proved to be under exposed.

From these Twin Craters the party passed through an immense underground tunnel, through which molten lava found its way down to the sea.

The famous Postal Rift was visited. Here the guests scorched several hundred postal cards in the escaping clouds of sulphur fumes.

The Devil's Kitchen was found a few yards further north, brewing satanic concoctions in a sunken area filled with superheated steam. From here a small trail to the right leads to the mosaic pavement, a remarkable formation of lava. Next was visited a deep steam-filled cavern which is known as Madame Pelee's bath-room. This cavern leads for a long distance underground, but was found to be too hot to traverse in comfort. It was voted a fine place for a Turkish bath.

Is there any wonder, after such excursions, that our men in uniform when leaving Hawaii make the Red Circle Club their last stop on the way to their boats? And is it any wonder that, as they leave, they take up the refrain of that most familiar of the Island's songs:

"Aloha oe, farewell, and the best of luck!"

## Embarrassing

Mrs. Swinburne was calling one afternoon and, while waiting for her host to appear, was being entertained by the six-year-old daughter.

"Mrs. Swinburne," said little Sarah, "will you take one of your shoes off for just a minute?"

"My shoes!" exclaimed the caller, in amazement. "Why do you want me to do that?"

"Well," explained the child, "I heard mother say you were getting crow's-feet awfully."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

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- Abraham, Leopold R., Co. M., 317th Inf.  
 Adams, Van Burne, Co. A., 317th Inf.  
 Adamski, Jiezf, Co. E., 314th F. A.  
 Alder, Harry J., Co. 319, 305 S. T.  
 Alescha, Mariano, Co. A., 305th Eng.  
 Allen, Fred G., Wag. Supl. Co., 314th F. A.  
 Allmond, Walter E., Co. E., 317th Inf.  
 Amole, Eber E., Co. E., 305th Eng.  
 Anderson, Bernon G., Co. C., 305th F. S. Bn.  
 Annison, John, Co. I., 318th Inf.  
 Apple, Phillip G., Co. D., 313th M. G. B.  
 Applebaum, Abraham, Co. G., 318th Inf.  
 Atwell, Arthur B., Co. D., 305th Mot. Sup. Tr.  
 Atwell, Arthur B., Co. D., 30th Mot. Sup. Tr.  
 Authier, Luis A., Co. E., 305th Eng.  
 Avara, Nunzi, Co. A., 319th Inf.  
 Ayers, Rossi E., Co. F., 318th Inf.  
 Baldacci, Guiseppe, Co. F., 319th Inf.  
 Ballerini, Ernesto, Co. E., 320th Inf.  
 Barach, Harry H., Co. A., 329th Inf.  
 Baredcz, Frank.  
 Barnes, Charles W., Co. E., 314th F. A.  
 Barnes, Joseph F., Co. A., 318th Inf.  
 Barrick, Harrison W., Co. G., 305th Amm. Tr.  
 Batlett, George H., Co. F., 318th Inf.  
 Barton, Wiley C., Co. D., 317th Inf.  
 Batson, Ernest C., Co. D., 305th Eng.  
 Battin, Thomas E., Co. "A.", 317th Inf.  
 Bauer, Herman A., Co. E., 318th Inf.  
 Baum, George, Co. I., 317th Inf.  
 Beach, William J., Co. 317, 305th S. T.  
 Bechtel, John H., Co. M., 317th Inf.  
 Beck, Thomas J., Co. F., 318th Inf.  
 Beeler, Charles H., Co. B., 305th Eng.  
 Beideman, John, Co. 80th Div., M. P.  
 Belcher, John L., 30 318, 305th S. T.  
 Bell, Archer, Co. E, 314th F. A.  
 Bell, Cody, H., Co. 313th Field Artillery.  
 Bellini, Carmine, Co. C., 317th Inf.  
 Benedick, John G., Co. "C.", 305th Mt. Sup. Tr.  
 Benevides, Joseph H., Co. M., 317th Inf.  
 Berg, John F., Hdq. Co., 320th Inf.  
 Bergquist, Hjalmar, Co. C., 317th Inf.  
 Bertacchi, Giovanni, Co. C., 317th Inf.  
 Biggers, Newton, Co. A., 317th Inf.  
 Bishop, Stanley, Co. A., 305th Eng.  
 Blakeley, Frank E., Co. C., 313th M. G. B.  
 Boggs, Milton R., Co. 320, 305th San. Tr.  
 Bohan, Christopher B., Co. 313th Field Artillery.  
 Bojkov, Elija, Co., 320th Inf.  
 Bosma, Clarence L., Co. F., 318th Inf.  
 Boucher, Paul J., Train Co., 305th Engineers.  
 Bowman, John A., Co. E., 314th F. A.  
 Bradley, Leo C., Co. L., 320th Inf.  
 Bray, Thomas W., Co. E., 320th Inf.  
 Briggs, Robt. C., Co. H., 317th Inf.  
 Brizendine, Edgar R., Amb. Co. 319, 305th S. T.  
 Broomall, Chas. J., Co. B., 313th M. G. B.  
 Brown, David E., Hdq. Detch., 605th Engineers.  
 Brown, James F., Co. I., 318th Inf.  
 Brown, Jerome O., Co. D., 315th M. G. B.  
 Brown, McKinley, J., Machine Gun Co., 318th Inf.  
 Brown, Spencer T., Co. K., 319th Inf.  
 Bruant, Gurney, Co. B., 305th Eng.  
 Bucci, Patrick, Co. F., 319th Inf.  
 Burke, Benjamin L., Co. A., 305th Eng.  
 Burke, Martin J., M. G. Co., 320th Inf.  
 Mr. Burton, Robert, Co. B., 315th F. A.  
 Bush, James R., Co. H., 317th Inf.  
 Butler, Frank M., Co. F., 318th Inf.  
 Cameron, John M., Co. M., 318th Inf.  
 Caplan, Nathan, 1-c Co. M., 320th Inf.  
 Caplinger, Walter M., Battery F., 313th F. A.  
 Capuano, Guiseppe, Co. A., 315th F. A.  
 Carey, Russel J., Co. A., 314th M. G. B.  
 Carney, Charlie H., 1-c Hdq. Detch., 305th Engineers.  
 Carral, Pierto, Co. D., 319th Inf.  
 Cervino, Sabatino, Co. E., 320th Inf.  
 Cheek, Sam. B., Pvt. Co. C., 315th F. A.  
 Chipewalt, A. Co., 318th Inf., Bugler.  
 Chronis, Sokratis, Co. L., 320th Inf.  
 Cicarelli, Ragero, Hdq. Cook, Detch. 305th Engineers.  
 Ciotti, Angelo, Bat. E., 315th F. A.  
 Ciweta, John, Co. M., 320th Inf.  
 Clagg, Charles W., Bat. E., 315th F. A.  
 Clark, Jessie J., Co. E., 317th Inf.  
 Clark, Michael, Co. E., 318th Inf.  
 Cleary, Patrick F., Co. C., 305th F. S. B.  
 Cloharty, Peter, Co. A., 305th Eng.  
 Coll, Jos. M., Hdq. Co., 319th Inf.  
 Collins, Garrett H., Co. I., 318th Inf.  
 Connelly, Martin, Co. D., 319th Inf.  
 Conrad, Arthur B., Battery D., 313th F. A.  
 Constatine, Guiseppe, Supply Co., 318th Inf.  
 Conti, Catino, Co. A., 305th Eng.  
 Cook, Albert C., Sup. Co., 315th F. A.  
 Cooney, John, Co. C., 317th Inf.  
 Corette, George, Co. M. C. Sal. Co., No. 15, W. M. C.  
 Cornell, George A., Co. E., 317th Inf.  
 Corrigan, John, Co. D., 318th Inf.  
 Cosby, Avis L., Battery F., 313th F. A.  
 Costello, Peter, Co. G., 317th Inf.  
 Cozd, William C., Co. A., 305th Eng.  
 Crampton, Jewett, Co. C., 317th Inf.  
 Crannell, Charles H., Amb. Co. 318, 305th S. T.  
 Crayne, Frank, Co. A., 305th Engineers.  
 Cregan, James J., Pvt. Co. C., 320th Inf.  
 Cross, Joseph, Co. D., 315th M. G. B.  
 Crotte, Thomas W., Co. F., 317th Inf.  
 Crouch, Lemuel W., Co. D., Hosp. 318, 305th San. Tr.  
 Crown, Archie, Co. C., 313th M. G. B.  
 Crytzer, John N., Co. E., 305th Eng.  
 Cummins, Homer W., Co., 305th Amm. Tr.  
 Cunningham, Wm. H., Co. L., 320th Inf.  
 Curtiss, Vivian M., Co. C., 317th Inf.  
 Dallmeyer, Henry L., Co. A., 317th Inf.  
 Dampeer, Jefferson D., Co. D., 305th Eng.  
 Dancy, Millard L., Co. C., 317th Inf.  
 Dandrea, Biagio, Wag. Supply Co., 313th F. A.  
 Daniels, Kenneth H., Co. B., 317th Inf.  
 Dashler, John, Co., 314th F. A.  
 Davidson, Robert F., Co. A., 305th Eng.  
 Davis, Frederick, Hdq. Detch., 305th Engineers.  
 Davis, Jose L., Co. M., 320th Inf.  
 Davis, Mort, Co. B., 305th Eng.  
 Dawson, George, Machine Gun Co., 317th Inf.  
 Dempsey, Andrew J., Bat. E., 315th F. A.  
 DeSantis, Nicholas, Co. A., 305th Eng.  
 Devine, James F., Battery E., 313th F. A.  
 Dew, Bryant, Amb. Co. 319, 305th San. Tr.  
 Dietz, Fred A., H. S. Co., 305th Eng.  
 Dilettoze, Sam, Battery "B," 313th F. A.  
 Dillon, James, Battery C., 313th F. A.  
 Dillon, Ray, Mus. 2 Cl. Hdqrs Co., 314th F. A.  
 Dimanno, Curato, Co. K., 318th Inf.  
 Di Rocco, Camillo, Co. B., 319th Inf.  
 Driehart, Jacob W., Bat. F., 315th F. A.  
 Dodson, Henry M., Co. D., 319th Inf.  
 Doss, Hampton O., Battery D., 313th F. A.  
 Dowell, David C., Co. D., 318th Inf.  
 Dowidchuk, Alex., Co. D., 305th Eng.  
 Dully, Emanuel, Bat. D., 315th F. A.  
 Duncan, Harry, Co. B., 305th Eng.  
 Dunn, Thomas C., Co. F., 319th Inf.  
 Durham, Elmer W., Bat. F., 315th F. A.  
 Eades, William I., 1-c Co. C., 305th F. S. Bn.  
 Eagen, Francis J., Co. D., 313th M. G. B.  
 Eason, John I., Co. 320, 305th San. Tr.  
 Edelman, George, Co. C., 315th M. G. B.  
 Edmonds, George E., Co. C., 305th F. S. Bn.  
 Elkins, Arleigh G., Battery F., 313th F. A.  
 Elster, Gerald, K., Co. A., 315th M. G. B.  
 Engleby, Joseph T., Battery E., 313th F. A.  
 Eskew, Ezra, Battery D., 315th F. S.  
 Evans, Shannon, Co. C., 305th Eng.  
 Evans, Steward J., Wag. Supply Co., 313th F. A.  
 Exum, Richard J., Co 317, 305th S. T.  
 Fawley, Glenn H., Co. H., 317th Inf.  
 Ferrari, Joseph, Co. A., 315th F. A.  
 Ferguson, George E., Co. E., 317th Inf.  
 Ferguson, Samuel J., Co. C., 305th F. S. Bn.  
 Fillippi, Annibale, Wag. Supply Co., 320th Inf.  
 Florini, Michael A., Headquarters Co., 313th F. A.  
 Fishel, Herbert H., Co. E., 305th Eng.  
 Fisher, Hugh P., Co. F., 318th Inf.  
 Fisher, William H., Wag. Amb. Co., 318, 305th S. T.  
 Fletcher, Walter F., Co. B., 319th Inf.  
 Folgram, Gustave, Co. D., 317th Inf.  
 Foltz, George, Co. H., 318th Inf.  
 Foster, Charles A., Headquarters Co., 313th F. A.  
 Fowler, Benjamin W., Co. D., 319th Inf.  
 Frantz, Esbon C., Co. B., 318, 305th S. T.  
 Froetkoski, Frank, Co. F., 319th Inf.  
 Fyrk, Rudolph F., Co. F., 317th Inf.  
 Gallagher, Mark J., Co. A., 319th Inf.  
 Gantex, Wadclaw, Co. C., 305th Eng.  
 Gerdner, James, Co. C., 305th Eng.  
 Gardner, John T., Co. D., 318th Inf.  
 Garrison, James W., Co. D., 305th Eng.  
 Gayan, Leo R., Co. F., 317th Inf.  
 Geoger, Chas., Co. A., 319th Inf.  
 Giles, George B., Co. E., 305th Eng.  
 Gill, George E., Amb. Co. 317, 305th S. T.  
 Gobbin, Angelio, "A", 320th Inf.  
 Gohn, Clyde A., F. Hosp. 320, 305th San. Tr.  
 Golden, William, Co. I., 317th Inf.  
 Gordon, John W., Co. E., 319th Inf.  
 Gorski, Wm. F., Co. B., 319th Inf.  
 Graham, William H., Battery C., 313th F. A.  
 Gray, Julian C., Co. D., 305th Eng.  
 Grief, David A., Co. C., 313th M. G. B.  
 Gulish, Joseph P., Co. B., 305th Eng.  
 Gunnor, Homer A., Co. A., 315th F. A.  
 Haberman, William O., Co. A., 315th M. G. B.  
 Hackett, James L., Med. Detch. 80th Div., M. P. Co  
 Hager, John W., Co. B., 317th Inf.  
 Hall, Elmer W., Co. I., 317th Inf.  
 Hall, John C., Co. F., 317th Inf.  
 Hamel, Leroy L., Co. C., 314th F. A.  
 Hannagan, Richard C., Co. B., 320th Inf.  
 Hansen, Frederick, Co. B., 319th Inf.  
 Hanson, Oscar A., Co. E., 305th Eng.  
 Harrell, Clyde W., Co. A., 319th Inf.  
 Harris, Emery, Co. F., 305th Eng.  
 Harris, Emmett H., Hdq. Trp. 80th Div.  
 Harris, James H., Co. H., 318th Inf.  
 Hart, Edward H., Co. Hdq. Staff Officers 318th Inf.  
 Hartell, William A., Co. D., 317th Inf.  
 Hassell, Charles M., Hdq. Co., 313th F. A.  
 Haw, Thomas, Co. B., 305th F. S. Bn.  
 Hayes, James M., Pvt. Co. C., 317th Inf.  
 Hayes, Orin, Co. B., 319th Inf.  
 Haynes, Claud C., Co. C., 317th Inf.  
 Heatwole, Leonard C., Wag. 414th F. A. Sup. Co.  
 Heckler, Paul, Co. I., 318th Inf.  
 Hedrick, Bailard, Co. C., 305th F. S. B.  
 Heffler, Meier, N., Co. K., 318th Inf.  
 Henderson, Fred J., Pvt. Co. C., 305th Eng.  
 Henesey, John E., Co. D., 318th Inf.  
 Henry, Geo. B., Co. M., 320th Inf.  
 Hess, Hans, Hde. Tps., 80th Div.  
 Hilson, George E., Co. E., 305th Eng.  
 Hinehey, Heber H., Co. C., 318th Inf.  
 Hipple, Eugene, Sup. Co., 315th F. A.  
 Hirtz, Michael C., Wag. Co. Supply, 319th Inf.  
 Hobert, John E., Co. E., 320th Inf.  
 Hoffman, James H., Co. D., 319th Inf.  
 Hoffman, Phil. B., Co. E., 317th Inf.  
 Honaker, Clyde, Co., 315th F. A. Headq.  
 Hoppe, Glenn., Co. A., 315th M. G. B.  
 Hornig, Frank J., Co. F., 318th Inf.  
 Horrell, William F., Sup. Co., 320th Inf.  
 Hough, Howard L., Hdq. Detch., 155th F. A. Brg  
 Hubbs, George Q., Co. 317th, 305th S. T.  
 Huffman, Zed G., Co. D., 317th Inf.  
 Hunter, Harry J., Co. A., 319th Inf.  
 Hylton, William T., Co. G., 317th Inf.  
 Ilakcenis, Charles, Co. M., 319th Inf.  
 Impiccini, Guiseppe, 305th N. O. R. S.  
 Ingram, Posie M., Co. M., 318th Inf.

## Touring the Scenes

(Continued from page 15)

formed, even in the hurry-up days before the armistice. In one lives the old French woman who sewed the cover on the new water bottle, the chevrons on the right sleeve or the "civilian" button on a dilapidated blouse.

In another is the family that welcomed one, after a night of cold and wet hiking, with a bowl of cafe au lait and bread, a share of their little, and refused one's proffered franc. In still another of those tiny villages is the house where madame furnished the French fried potatoes and the quartermaster—perhaps unknowingly—provided the other things for a regular meal, served at a table, with plates and cups and saucers.

Then there are those woods, where there were no villages, kindly or otherwise—just woods, more woods and still more woods, where it seemed to rain all the time. And that particular woods where one's pup tent went bad and the water poured through. And that other woods, where the hillside was so steep that those who didn't fall exhausted and sleep with packs still on their backs had to build small hurdles to keep from sliding out of the tent.

There will be tours and tours. Some of them will include some of the places in which men of these units and their families will be interested. And some of them will not. All of them will provide interesting information for the tourists' ears. Some of it will be true and some of it will be inexact.

Should such a tour as the one proposed be carried through, it is proposed to mark the most noteworthy places exactly, by the pre-armistice means of battle-map, prismatic compass and protractor; by resection and intersection and, very probably, by some of the snipers, scouts and observers who helped make or complete these very maps by marking in on them the wire, machine guns, and listening posts they found through their patrols in No Man's Land.

Are you interested in such a trip? If you are, write to SERVICE. Mention some of the places you'd like to visit, and make any suggestions that occur to you. Should a number signify their interest, more articles will appear and more information will be presented. Let's hear what YOU think of the project.

## Members of the Association Whose Addresses are lost

(Continued from page 39)

- Ivey, Charley C., Battery C., 313th F. A.,  
 Jackson, Charles E., Med. Detch., 305th Ammun. Tr.  
 Jackson, Charles E., Med. Detch., 305th Ammun. Tr.  
 Jackson, Clarence H., C. A., 318th Inf.  
 Jackson, Harold G., Co. C., 315th F. A.  
 Jefferies, Louis S., Co. E., 305th Eng.  
 Jendricks, Steven J., Co. L., 318th Inf.  
 Jensen, Karl, Co. "C.", 320th Inf.  
 Johnson, Charles C., Bat. F., 315th F. A.  
 Johnson, Ervin, J., Amb. Co., 320, 305th San. Tr.  
 Johnson, John H., Med. Detch., 341st M. G. B.  
 Johnson, Roy L., Co. Hdq. Trps., 80th Div.  
 Johnson, Harry, Hdq. Co., 318th Inf.  
 Jones, Ralph D., Battery F., 313th F. A.  
 Jones, Rushie D., Co. D., 318th Inf.  
 Jursa, Jos., Co. C., 305th F. S. B.  
 Kammerdiener, Charlie R., F. Hosp. 319, 305th San. Tr.  
 Keeley, Patrick J., Co. M., 320th Inf.  
 Kelley, Monroe M., Co. D., 315th M. G. B.  
 Kieffer, John, Co. H., 319th Inf.  
 Kinnick, Frank, Co. H., 317th Inf.  
 Kinsar, Stonewall, Bat. E., 315th F. A.,  
 Kleinhurt, Carl A., Train Co., 305th Eng.  
 Kleman, Oscar C., Battery F., 313th F. A.  
 Kokayko, Sam., "A.", 320th Inf.  
 Koscik, Anthony, Co. D., 318th Inf.  
 Kosperski, William A., Co. E., 319th Inf.  
 Kozich, Sladimir, Co. A., 317th Inf.  
 Krompholtz, Frank, Co. A., 315th M. G. B.  
 Kuhn, George G., F. Hosp. 320, 305th San. Tr.  
 Kurilovich, Mike, Co. K., 318th Inf.  
 Kwiatowski, Frank, Co. D., 305th Eng.  
 Kyle, John R., Sup. Co., 320th Inf.  
 Ilakcenis, Charles, Co. M., 319th Inf.  
 Impiccini, Giuseppe, 305th, M. O. R. S.  
 Ingram, Posie M., Co. M., 318th Inf.  
 Ivey, Charley C., Battery C., 313th F. A.  
 Lackey, Robert J., Wag. Co. Supply, 319th Inf.  
 Lackey, Wm. K., Co. M., 320th Inf.  
 Lackey, Wm. R., Wag. Co. Supply, 319th Inf.  
 Lafranca, Guieseppe, Co. D., 319th Inf.  
 Lancioto, Ernesto, Co. B., 320th Inf.  
 Landis, William T., Co. 319, 305th San. Tr.  
 Langlois, Harold S., Battery F., 313th F. A.  
 Lauri, Rocco, Co. C., 320th Inf.  
 Legg, William C., Co. A., 305th Eng.  
 Leggett, Roy D., Mech. Bat. E., 315th F. A.  
 Lenkiewicz, Cheryls, Co. L., 317th Inf.  
 Lester, Archie G., Wag. Co. Supply.  
 Levine, Ivor, Co. H., 309th Inf.  
 Lewis, Frank H., Co. I., 317th Inf.  
 Lewis, Robert A., Me. Sr. Gd.Hdq. Detch., 305th Eng.  
 Lewis, Willis B., Headquarters Co., 313th F. A.  
 Lindamood, Roy, Wag. Supply Co., 318th Inf.  
 Lippert, Charles F., C. C., 305th F. S. Bn.  
 Lombard, Frank, Machine Gun Co., 318th Inf.  
 Lombardo, Luigi, Co. E., 319th Inf.  
 Loney, Joseph A., Co. D., 305th Eng.  
 Long, James R., Co. A., 315th M. G. B.  
 Long, Leo J., Wagoner, Co. C., 305th Eng.  
 Long, Oley M., Battery C., 313th F. A.  
 Love, John Y., Co. F., 305th Eng.  
 Lucas, Corbett I., Co. A., 305th Eng.  
 Luci, Bruno, Co. F., 320th Inf.  
 Lucier, Dustin S., Co. K., 319th Inf.  
 Lukorzuis, Adam, Co. I., 318th Inf.  
 Machtemes, John A., Co. C., 317th Inf.  
 Maciejewski, Stanislaw, Co. D., 315th M. G. B.  
 Magnuson, Johan H. W., Co. D., 317th Inf.  
 Malley, John A., Am. Co. 319, 305th S. T.  
 Mansour, John, Co. B., 317th Inf.  
 Marks, Velerious V., Co. A., 317th Inf.  
 Marous, Joseph J., Wag. Sup. Co., 302nd Inf.  
 Marshall, Jim, Co. M., 319th Inf.  
 Marsolini, Louis A., Co. G., 318th Inf.  
 Martin, William, Salvage No. 15, Q. M. C.  
 Marziali, Gisleno, Machine Gun Co., 317th Inf.  
 Mason, Walter W., Supply Co., 317th Inf.  
 Mathews, John B., Co. L., 320th Inf.  
 Mauldin, Jack, Co. L., 320th Inf.  
 Mielcarek, Antonio, Co. F., 320th Inf.  
 Migliacci, Nicola, Co. B., 305th Eng.  
 Mikeo, Nick, Co. B., 319th Inf.  
 Millard, Percy W., Co. G., 318th Inf.  
 Miller, Frank, Battery C., 313th F. A.  
 Miller, Fred J., Co. C., 305th F. S. Bn.  
 Miller, John H., Co. D., 305th Eng.  
 Miller, John R., Co. E., 314th F. A.  
 Mitcham, Walter G., Co. A., 315th F. A.  
 Mock, Joseph H., Co. C., 305th Eng.  
 Montague, Jas. L., Co. Field and Staff Un. Chap., 319th Inf.  
 Moore, Francis C., Co. L., 320th Inf.  
 Moore, Samuel N., Am. Co. 317, 305th S. T.  
 Morgan, Harry, Co. B., 305th Eng.  
 Morrison, Garland, Co. A., 315th F. A.  
 Morton, Harry W., Bat. F., 314th F. A.  
 Morzarch, Peter, M. G. Co., 320th Inf.  
 Mosiniak, Michael, Co. D., 317th Inf.  
 Mulhollen, Oscar C., Hdq. Detch., 305th Engineers.  
 Mullen, Joseph F., M. G. Co., 320th Inf.  
 Murphy, Harry C., Co. F., 305th Eng.  
 Muzzaferi, Giovanni, Co. F., 319th Inf.  
 Myers, Chester L., Co. D., 305th Amm. Tr.  
 Myles, James L., Co. B., 319th Inf.  
 McCabe, Patrick, Co. B., 319th Inf.  
 McCarthy, Hugh J., Co. A., 315th M. G. B.  
 McClimans, Roy A., Co. C., 305th Amm. Tr.  
 McCloskey, Jas. J., Co. A., 319th Inf.  
 McCullough, Wilbur C., Supply Co., 317th Inf.  
 McDaniels, Joseph, Bat. E., 315th F. A.  
 McDonough, John F., Co. A., 315th M. G. B.  
 McFalls, Ira, 80th Div. M. P. Co.  
 McIntyre, Charles F., Amm. Co. 320, 305th San. Tr.  
 McKallip, Grant E., Co. A., 305th Eng.  
 McKee, Frank F., Co. A., 305th Mot. Sup. Tr.  
 McManus, John F., Co. H., 318th Inf.  
 Nardi, Camilo, Co. C., 305th Eng.  
 Nardicci, Lorenzo, Co. I., 319th Inf.  
 Neale, M. G., Hdq., 80th Div.  
 Neill, Algernon S., Co. C., 317th Inf.  
 Nelson, Charles S., Co. A., 317th Inf.  
 Nesta, Angelo, Co. C., 318th Inf.  
 Newberger, Clarence P., Machine Gun Co., 317th Inf.  
 Newcomb, Luther J., Co. A., 317th Inf.  
 Newland, Fred E., "C." 320th Inf.  
 Newman, Philip, Co. L., 317th Inf.  
 Newman, Thomas, Co. B., 315th F. A.  
 Newton, James A., Co. F., 317th Inf.  
 Nill, Henry D., Co. A., 319th Inf.  
 Noble, John, Sup. Co., 315th F. A.  
 Noel, John, Co. H., 319th Inf.  
 Northern, William M., 1st Cl. Amb. Co. 319, 305th San. Tr.  
 Norvell, Rass., Co. D., 315th M. G. B.  
 Null, John W., Co. B., 305th Eng.  
 Obidjunsy, Kazimez, "A.", 320th Inf.  
 O'Brien, John T., Co. E., 305th Eng.  
 O'Brien, Lawrence M., Co. A., 318th Inf.  
 Ochs, Harold W., Co. B., 313th M. G. B.  
 O'Hara, George E., Machine Gun Co., 318th Inf.  
 Olson, Walter H., Co. E., 305th Eng.  
 Osterieder, John, Co. M., 320th Inf.  
 Owens, Otis C., Co. I., 318th Inf.  
 Ownby, Sim Boyd, Sup. Co., 320th Inf.  
 Palm, Fred, Co. E., 305th Amm. Tr.  
 Parker, Henry L., Co. A., 315th F. A.  
 Pasco, George G., Wag. Sup. Co., 314th F. A.  
 Patrick, Pete, Co. M., 318th Inf.  
 Payne, Wesley J., Co. B., 313th M. G. B.

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# Pictures of the Eightieth

**T**HE Eightieth Division Veterans Association has arranged to secure, for the former members of the Division, a complete collection of photographs of the Eightieth taken at home and in France. Orders will be accepted for the following pictures. Order by serial number and title of photograph, to facilitate delivery and avoid any chance of error.

SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
1	Jumping Off Place, 160th Brigade, Sept. 26th, 1918.....	.50	11	Armored Machine Gun Nest at Bethincourt.....	.50
2	Barbed Wire in Front of Dead Man's Hill.....	.50	12 (a)	Ravine Between Sommerance and St. Juvin.	
3	German Dugouts North of Bethincourt.....	.50	(b)	General View Ravine Aux Pierres and Woods to North.	
4	320th Inf. P. C. at Gercourt.....	.50	(c)	Close-up of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
5 (a)	Machine Gun Nests in Bois de Dannevoix.....		(d)	Close-up of Out Post "Fox Holes" in Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(b)			(e)	Woods North of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(c)	Boche Observation Tower on Dannevoix Ridge.		(f)	Sommerance and the Country to the North.	
(d)	Boche Artillery Position Captured 319th Infantry.		(g)	Ravine North of Sommerance.	
(e)	380 mm. gun Captured by 319th at Dannevoix.		(h)	Rau de St. Georges—Alliepont in the Distance.	
	Single picture in the above set....	.50	(i)	Buzancy and the Battlefield North and South.	
	Entire set of five.....	\$1.75		Single pictures in this set.....	.50
6 (a)	Bois de Sachet, General View.			Complete set of nine.....	3.00
(b)	Battery of 150's captured in Bois de Sachet by 320th Infantry.		101	Major General Adelbert Cronkhite.	1.00
(c)	A Close Up of one of the 150's.		110	Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett..	1.00
(d)	Close -up of Hun Observation Post in Bois de Sachet.		117	Brigadier General George H. Jamerson.....	1.00
	Single pictures in this set.....	.50		Following are Panoramic Views of Brest:	
	Entire set of four.....	1.50	7175	General View of Camp Pontanezan	1.25
7	Ruins and Desolation of Bethincourt.....	.50	7193	Napoleon's Headquarters at Camp Pontanezan .....	1.25
8 (a)	General View of Nantillois Battlefield, including Bois des Ogons and Hill 274.		7229	"The Mill" at Potanezan, largest delousing plant in the world...:	1.00
(b)	Close View of "Fox Holes" on Hill 274.		7250	General View of Harbor of Brest...	1.25
(c)	Close View of South Edge of Bois des Ogons.			Following were taken at Camp Lee:	
(d)	Open Ground Between Bois de Ogons and Woods to the North.		3823	West Virginia Day in Camp Lee...	1.00
	Single pictures in this set.....	.50	4217	General View of Camp Lee from the Water Tower.....	1.00
	Entire set of four.....	1.50			
10 (a)	Nantillois-Cunel Road near Farm de Madelaine.				
(b)	South of Cunel near the Boche trench "de Mamelie."				
(c)	Cunel and Surrounding Country, including the Bois de Rappes.				
(d)	Brieulles-Cunel Road east of Cunel.				
	Single pictures of this set.....	.50			
	Entire set of four.....	1.50			

## Pictures of the Eightieth—Continued

**T**HIS is a list of pictures taken at Camp Lee before the Division sailed for France. They are eight inches wide and average thirty-six inches in length and are suitable for framing. **The price of each is \$1.00.** Order by serial number.

317th Infantry		320th Infantry.		305th Engineers	
SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION
117	Colonel George H. Jamerson.	112	Colonel Ora E. Hunt.	4162	Entire Regiment.
130	Colonel Charles Keller.	114	Colonel E. G. Peyton.	<b>313th Machine Gun Battalion</b>	
4038	Entire Regiment.	115	Lt. Col. William H. Gordon.	4178	Entire Battalion.
4180	Commissioned Officers.	113	Major German H. H. Emory.	4173	Battalion Headquarters.
4133	Officers 3rd Battalion.	3850	Entire Regiment.	4176	Company A.
4037	Headquarters Company.	4135	Commissioned Officers.	4174	Company B.
4053	Machine Gun Company.	3882	Headquarters Company.	4175	Company C.
4054	Supply Company.	3861	Machine Gun Company.	<b>314th Machine Gun Battalion</b>	
4056	Band.	3898	Supply Company.	4158	Entire Battalion.
4044	Medical Detachment.	3833	Medical Detachment.	4170	Commissioned Officers.
4260	Company A.	4201	Band.	<b>315th Machine Gun Battalion</b>	
4050	Company C.	3878	Company A.	4156	Entire Battalion.
4047	Company D.	4002	Company B.	<b>Headquarters Troop</b>	
4240	Company E.	3894	Company C.	4153	Entire Troop.
4048	Company F.	3880	Company D.	<b>Field Signal Battalion</b>	
4244	Company G.	3856	Company E.	4141	Entire Battalion.
4052	Company H.	3892	Company F.	4143	Company A.
4049	Company I.	3830	Company G.	4147	Company B.
4101	Company K.	3858	Company H.	4145	Company C.
4055	Company L.	3886	Company I.	<b>305th Ammunition Train</b>	
4051	Company M.	3875	Company K.	4130	Entire Train.
<b>318th Infantry</b>		4000	Company L.	4132	Commissioned Officers.
118	Colonel Briant H. Wells.	3884	Company M.	4089	Company B.
119	Colonel U. G. Worrilow.	<b>313th Field Artillery</b>		<b>Sanitary Train</b>	
4032	Entire Regiment.	122	Colonel Charles D. Herron.	4040	Amb. Cos. 317, 318, 319.
4015	Officers.	121	Colonel George P. Hawes.	4038A	Ambulance Co. 317.
4085	Headquarters Company.	3867	Entire Regiment.	4036	Ambulance Co. 318.
4027	Machine Gun Company.	3871	Commissioned Officers.	4242	Ambulance Co. 319.
4044	Supply Company.	3873	Band.	4262	Ambulance Co. 320.
4127	Supply Co. with Train.	3869	Battery A.	<b>305th Trench Mortar Battery</b>	
4155	Band.	3811	Battery B.	4160	Entire Battery.
4012	Company A.	3809	Battery C.	<b>305th Trains</b>	
4011	Company B.	3890	Battery D.	4187	Co. A Mil. Police.
4239	Company C.	3865	Battery E.	4257	Co. B Mil Police, (Dismt.).
4225	Company D.	3808	Battery F.	4219	Co. B Mil. Police, Mounted.
4023	Company E.	<b>314th Field Artillery</b>		4241	Co. C Supply Train.
4030	Company F.	123	Colonel Robert S. Welsh.	4213	Ord. Rep. Unit 305.
4017	Company G.	3805	Entire Regiment.	<b>Base Hospital Camp Lee</b>	
4018	Company H, 1st Plat.	3815	Commissioned Officers.	4123	Commissioned Officers.
4020	Company H, 2nd Plat.	3821	Headquarters Company.	4125	Noncommissioned Officers.
4021	Company H, 3rd Plat.	3813	Supply Company.	4122	Nurses.
4014	Company I.	3822	Band.		
4010	Company K.	3827	Medical Detachment.		
4026	Company M.	3818	Battery B.		
<b>319th Infantry</b>		3816	Battery C.		
111	Colonel Frank S. Cocheu.	3814	Battery D.		
3835	Entire Regiment.	3817	Battery E.		
3888	Commissioned Officers.	3812	Battery F.		
3846	Headquarters Company.	<b>315th Field Artillery</b>			
3896	Machine Gun Company.	124	Colonel Russell P. Reeder.		
3860	Supply Company.	4169	Entire Regiment.		
3841	Band.	4059	Commissioned Officers.		
4004	Company A.	4197	Supply Company.		
3844	Company B.	4256	Band.		
3847	Company C.	4215	Medical Detachment		
3834	Company D.	4193	Battery A.		
4005	Company E.	4167	Battery C.		
4106	Company F.	4137	Battery D.		
3843	Company G.	4195	Battery E.		
3849	Company H.	4185	Battery F.		
3842	Company I.				
3852	Company K.				
4105	Company L.				

NOTE: It will be noted that there are certain organizations missing from the list. There are no pictures of them available.

## Pictures of the Eightieth—Continued

**T**HE following Panoramic Photographs were all taken in France, are about eight inches wide and average between three and four feet in length. Order by serial number and title.

<b>317th Infantry</b>			<i>Serial</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Price.</i>	<i>Serial</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Price.</i>
<i>Serial</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Price.</i>	<i>No.</i>			<i>No.</i>		
1197	Regimental	\$2.00	F816	G Co.	\$1.50	8010	C Co.	\$1.50
1220	Hdq. Co.	2.00	F817	H Co.	1.50	8011	D Co. (Helmets)	1.50
1232	Sup. Co.	2.00	F818	I Co.	1.50	8012	D Co. (Caps)	1.50
1221	M. G. Co.	2.00	F819	K Co.	1.50	<b>305th Field Signal Battalion</b>		
1198	A Co.	2.00	F820	L Co.	1.50	8013	Regimental (Large)	2.00
1199	B Co.	2.00	F821	M Co.	1.50	8014	Regimental (Small)	1.50
1200	C Co.	2.00	<b>320th Infantry</b>			8015	Officers	1.50
1202	D Co.	2.00	1196	Regimental	2.00	8016	A Co.	1.50
1203	E Co.	2.00	8038	M. G. Co.	1.50	8017	B Co.	1.50
1204	F Co.	2.00	8001	I Co.	1.50	8018	C Co.	1.50
1205	G Co.	2.00	8002	K Co. (Helmets)	1.50	8019	1st and 2nd Sec. Co. C.	1.50
1206	H Co.	2.00	8003	K Co. (Caps)	1.50	<b>305th Motor Supply Train</b>		
1207	I Co.	2.00	8004	L Co.	1.50	8020	B Co.	1.50
1219	K Co.	2.00	8005	M Co.	1.50	8021	D Co.	1.50
1210	L Co.	2.00	<b>313th Field Artillery</b>			8022	E Co.	1.50
1219	M Co.	2.00	1189	Regimental	2.00	8023	F Co.	1.50
1222	Hdq. Pl.	2.00	1191	Officers	2.00	<b>305th Ammunition Train</b>		
1223	1 Pound Pl.	2.00	1211	Officers	2.00	8024	A Co.	1.50
1224	Pioneer Pl.	2.00	1190	Hdq. Co.	2.00	8025	B Co.	1.50
1225	Officers 2nd Bn.	2.00	1186	Sup. Co.	2.00	8026	D Co. (Helmets)	1.50
1226	Band	2.00	1214	A Battery	2.00	8027	D Co. (Caps)	1.50
1227	Signal Pl.	2.00	1179	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00	8028	E Co.	1.50
1228	Sappers and Bombers Pl.	2.00	1212	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00	8029	G Co.	1.50
1229	Baseball Team Sup. Co.	2.00	1213	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00	8030	Review by Gen Cronkhite (Large)	2.00
1230	Baseball Team M. G. Co.	2.00	1185	B Battery	2.00	8031	Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Small)	1.50
<b>318th Infantry</b>			1192	C Battery	2.00	<b>305th Engineers</b>		
1173	Officers	2.00	1193	D Battery	2.00	F822	Hdq. Detch.	1.50
1177	Hdq. Co.	2.00	1194	E Battery	2.00	F823	Officers	1.50
1216	Hdq. Detch.	2.00	1195	F Battery	2.00	F824	Co. A.	1.50
1175	Sup. Co.	2.00	1180	N. C. O. Hdq. Co.	2.00	F825	Co. B.	1.50
1168	M. G. Co.	2.00	1182	1st Bn. Detch.	2.00	F826	Co. C.	1.50
1178	A Co.	2.00	1183	2nd Bn. Detch.	2.00	F827	Co. D.	1.50
1174	B Co.	2.00	1184	Band	2.00	F828	Co. E.	1.50
F801	C Co.	1.50	<b>314th Field Artillery</b>			F829	Co. F.	1.50
F802	D Co.	1.50	1156	Hdq. Co.	2.00	F830	Officers 1st Bn.	1.50
F803	E Co.	1.50	1187	Hdq. Co.	2.00	F831	Officers 2nd Bn.	1.50
F804	F Co.	1.50	1231	Hdq. Detch.	2.00	<b>305th Sanitary Train</b>		
F805	G Co.	1.50	1188	A Battery	2.00	8032	317th Ambulance Co.	1.50
F806	H Co.	1.50	<b>315th Field Artillery</b>			8033	318th Ambulance Co.	1.50
1215	I Co.	2.00	1158	Regimental	2.00	8034	319th Ambulance Co.	1.50
1172	K Co.	2.00	1167	Officers	2.00	8035	320th Ambulance Co.	1.50
1170	L Co.	2.00	1166	Sup. Co.	2.00	8036	Hdq. Ambulance Section	1.50
1171	M Co.	2.00	1159	A Battery	2.00	<b>Miscellaneous</b>		
1176	Med. Detch.	2.00	1160	B Battery	2.00	8037	Hdq. Troop 80th Division	1.50
<b>319th Infantry</b>			1161	C Battery	2.00	8039	M. P. Co., 80th Division	1.50
F807	Hdq. Co.	1.50	1162	D Battery	2.00	8040	Market Place at Ecomoy	1.50
F808	Sup. Co.	1.50	1164	E Battery	2.00	1217	Signal Detachment 80th Div.	2.00
F809	M. G. Co.	1.50	1165	F Battery	2.00	1218	305th M. V. Section (View)	2.00
F810	A Co.	1.50	<b>313th Machine Gun Battalion</b>					
F811	B Co.	1.50	8006	Hdq. Detch. (Helmets)	1.50			
F812	C Co.	1.50	8007	Hdq. Detch. (Caps)	1.50			
F813	D Co.	1.50	8008	A Co.	1.50			
F814	E Co.	1.50	8009	B Co.	1.50			
F815	F Co.	1.50						

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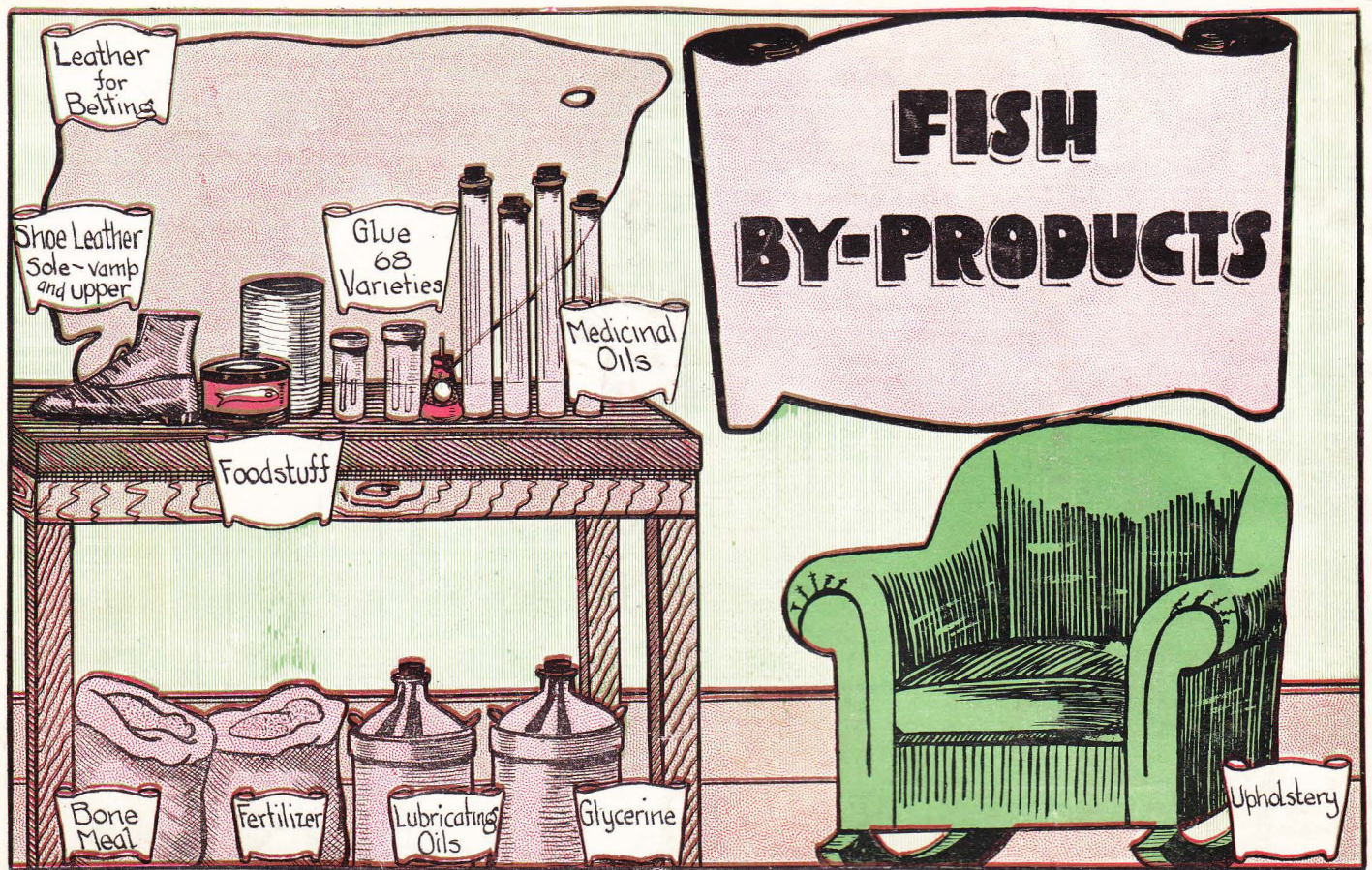
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