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These photographs were taken in February, March and April, 1919, immediately following the Armistice. They are eight inches wide and from three to four feet in length. Order by number. Send Check or Money Order to "SUPPLY DEPARTMENT" SERVICE MAGAZINE, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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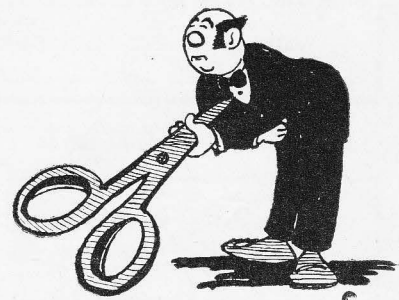
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THERE was no finer division of soldiers in the late war than the 80th Division; that much is history. There was no finer camp paper in America than the Camp Lee Bayonet; also history. There is no A. E. F. Veterans' organization more respected or better conducted than that of your own 80th Division. A FACT. Nor is there a better, cleaner or more interesting soldier magazine published in America today than your own SERVICE MAGAZINE. Another fact, according to our contemporaries. We are not attempting to pin any Croix de Guerre on ourselves, but we can be expected to take customary 80th Division pride in our work—now, as then.

Your dues for 1920-21 are due and payable June 30, 1920. You want your organization to live the same as all other Division Veterans' Organizations, don't you? All right! Send that \$1.00 at once.

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In September the "80th Division Year Book" will be published. It will contain a roster of the members of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, giving addresses and arranged according to organization. There will be battle maps, official U. S. Government war photos, a brief history of the 80th (Blue Ridge) Division and other surprises—over 300 pages and bound with the Division Insignia in colors on a khaki cover. It cannot be printed for less than \$1.00 a copy and the edition will be limited to the number of orders received. The paper shortage makes this necessary! This will be the only division roster published during the year. It will be your greatest souvenir of the entire war—and will cost \$1.00.

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WRITE YOUR BUDDY

July 8 to 14 has been designated as "Write Your Buddy Week." "Every-Buddy" write to at least three Buddies during the week, tell each Buddy to write to at least three of his Buddies, and ask them to meet you at the big Eightieth Division Reunion, to be held at Richmond, Va., September 4, 5, 6. Whether you are going to the Reunion or not, write that old Buddy who shared the bitter-sweet days of the A. E. F. with you, let him know that the bond of friendship formed in those glorious days of Foreign Service are not forgotten. But write, man, write and make "Write Your Buddy Week" the biggest and best forward movement in the history of the Blue Ridge Division.

WRITE YOUR BUDDY

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ON TO RICHMOND

Ol' Virginia, the birthplace of the Fighting Eightieth, the only division called upon three times in the great Meuse-Argonne offensive, extends the hand of welcome to all who so loyally served in making Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia proud of the division that "Always moved forward."

The first annual reunion of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association will be held in the town of Richmond, in the State of Old Virginia, September 4, 5, 6, 1920. "FALL-IN."



The Eightieth ALWAYS Moves

It Swung Ever North in the Argonne, but Now It's to Travel South and East—To Richmond by September 4 for the Reunion; So Bring Your O. D.

THOUSANDS of men, selected three years ago from the states of Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia, for service in the National Army of America, have been selected again to report to Virginia—this time to Richmond, as well as Petersburg—for the first annual reunion of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, to be held in the Virginia capital September 4th to the 6th. Their arrival in Richmond will be almost three years to the day from the time when the first quotas, ordered to Camp Lee, waved their first greetings to the city, which later did so much to demonstrate to these men the meaning of true Southern hospitality.

The men will arrive, as they did three years ago, by the trainload, but, unlike their arrival at that time, it is anticipated that other large numbers will go by boatload. It is possible that every means of travel known to the present age will be utilized by the anxious reunioners to get to the reunion center. Bicycles will, perhaps, bring a fair quota. Some, unforgetful of the speed of travel that Old Dobbin is capable of, will charge down upon the reunion scene on horseback. Others, the official division prognosticator reports, rather than miss the glorious event, will take shank's mare as their means of locomotion.

No "buddy" who served with the Grand Old Eightieth can afford to miss the event. Like Christmas it comes but once a year, and who ever wants to miss Christmas? A program, differing slightly from that prepared for the men when they rode into Richmond and Camp Lee three years ago, has been prepared for their diversion. It includes a formal meeting of the division veterans' association, a memorial service in Richmond in honor of the never-to-be-forgotten comrades who sacrificed their lives that the division might ever "Move Forward," and a big picnic at Camp Lee, right in the midst of the sacred drill grounds, where previous picnics consisted of regimental and divisional reviews and unit inspection.

Petersburg and Hopewell, itself, also, will offer the glad hand to the "old-comers." What the program of welcome of these cities will be has not, to date, been made public, but judging from past recollections of the two towns they both will take a conspicuous part in the welcome of the men to the scene of their first army experiences.

The Veterans' Association of the Division was formed while the men were still

in France, and, since their return to civil life, has grown to conspicuous proportions. At present, approximately 17,000 former members of the division are on the membership roll and it is anticipated that nearly fifty per cent of that number will again hear the call to go south as far as Richmond. Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, who trained the men and under whom they operated in France, will attend the reunion.

Extensive preparations are being made for the entertainment of the men and for affording them accommodations at minimum rates in the city.

The billeting of the men will be taken care of in specially arranged dormitories, in order to reduce expenses to the lowest possible figure. Committees of the association, with those representing the Richmond post, already are busily engaged in perfecting these details.

Business sessions, at which the association's organization on a permanent basis is to be perfected, are to be short and snappy. One of the big features of the reunion program will be a big ball in one of the Richmond armories.

In a recent membership renewal letter to all former Eightieth Division men a number of questions were asked concerning the reunion. The most important dealt with the question of a short parade through the principal streets of Richmond and was overwhelmingly carried in the affirmative. To the question concerning the attitude of the men in regard to attending the reunion in uniform, the majority of the replies so far favor the O. D. The question, "Will any friends or members of the family attend with you?" was answered in a manner that indicates there'll be plenty of outsiders to help the Eightieth Division men celebrate.

The fact that the reunion dates have been chosen so as to include Labor Day is expected to make possible the presence of large numbers of veterans who otherwise might find it impossible to attend. This is the light season on the farms also, and few will be prevented from renewing acquaintances with billet and dug-out "buddies" on account of work. Saturday is a half holiday and Sunday and Monday full holidays, so that the committee in charge of arrangements believes those attending from distant points will have to lose only a half day Saturday.

This committee is working hard to secure a special reduction in railroad rates.

Nothing definite so far has been assured the committee from the railroads, but as soon as the committee has anything to announce, a plan has been devised to keep the men of the division informed through their local newspapers.

R. Allen Ammons, 420 American National Bank Building, Richmond, Va., is chairman of the reunion committee and inquiries should be addressed to him.

* * * * *

Ten thousand members and friends of the Eightieth Division attended the second annual Blue Ridge outing, held July 17th, under the auspices of Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, in West View Park, Pittsburgh. It was pronounced one of the most successful outings ever held by the former service men and members of the Blue Ridge Division.

The program consisted of athletic events, band concerts, dancing and addresses, beginning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and continuing until midnight. The music for the afternoon was furnished by the Eightieth Division Band, under the leadership of Oliver Boyd.

A feature of the picnic was the naming of scattered points in the park in memory of French villages in which various units of the division had been billeted, and establishing of posts where members of the different regiments registered and were able to meet their former "buddis." Hundreds of names were recorded during the afternoon and scores of meetings for-the-first-time-since-demobilization took place at the many headquarters.

The following buddies registered at the Blue Ridge picnic July 17:

320TH INFANTRY

R. G. Fox, George (Red) Schleey, John J. Lentz, George J. Pitteroff, Philip W. Zirckel, John Draumanahs, J. R. Hague, F. J. Loudon, Stan. Zimowski, William J. A. Drohivker, W. Davies, James Davis, William E. Gernhardt, Lester Bradley, C. R. Kaufman, William Metzgar, H. Phister, W. H. Rose, M. Metcalfe, Charles V. Keiler, W. E. Flickinger, W. E. Wissinger, W. C. Briggs, R. E. Pluskey, Fred J. Askin, General Kolowski, J. Beam "Carnation" Lippert, "Spirits," "Coyne," Jack Hamm, Albert Edwards, Joseph Woodman, G. L. Smith, C. C. Johnson, C. Donatelli, "Spigots," William P. Best, Charles P. Hodge, A. G. Wagner, E. E. Nichols, C. V. Wiegel, J. B. Miller, W. Kondey, Joseph Moog, S. J. Day, William J. Sloan, Andrew M. Klein, Charles C. Stineman, R. E. Rankin, A. Albrecht, R. V. B. Raymont, J. C. Scholl, C. P. O'Brien, J. B. Sarandria, R. Wade Masters, T. V. Shannon, "Deadman's Club, Moul and Dousch," R.

(Continued on Page 23)

Pests, Patriots and Press Agents

A Discussion of the Tricks, Trials and Triumphs of Publicity Purveyors Who, In War Days, Furnished the Fuel to Maintain the Domestic Flames in a State of Ignition

By Claude O'Grady

FOR every man in the armed forces of the United States in the late war, four were required at home to keep up the flow of supplies—food, clothing, munitions—and back of this second line, so we are told, it was necessary to have an undivided nation if the morale was not to go to smash. Maintaining the discipline and morale of the uniformed forces was comparatively easy; the innate patriotism of the soldier and army regulations took care of that. But there were no hard and fast regulations for guiding the guards of the home fires. So the work of cheering the cheerless and oppressed; spurring on the laggard, putting more vim into the workers—in short, keeping fired at white heat the will to victory—devolved primarily upon the lowly press agent.

That may sound like a rash statement, but its entire truth is attested by the fact that in communities where press-agenting was at a minimum, or of poor quality, so was the war work and the enthusiasm with which the various war campaigns were received. Where the press agent was busiest, there's where all drives went over the top.

You troops who have cheered Congressmen and other patriots when they told you that the nation was back of you, and to keep right on going, probably never knew that some of our greatest patriots at home were kept to the mark only through the repeated use of their names in the public press. The "greatest" wanted to get on all of the committees, but many dropped out, or took only a faltering interest, when their names were no longer featured in the press reports.

In the circumstances, the press agent was not only a sort of chief of staff in directing the directors of our patriotic campaigns, but he was very often the goat for anything that went amiss. Usually the most trying blunders were made by the patriots pursuing personal publicity, and throughout the war they were the greatest pests with which the real patriots—those who did the most work and sought and got the least credit—had to contend. Fortunately the pests were in a minority, but it was a troublesome minority, and had to be handled tactfully.

Society-climbers and petty politicians were the most pestiferous of this tribe of pests. There was one very active woman who lost all interest in a highly important government campaign when she was not

made chairman of the most important sub-committee. Presently she blossomed out as head and organizer of a new society, with her own press agent, and insistent demands for front page space. Of course, as newspaper space was limited, all that she got was at the sacrifice of other and more vital publicity.

Then the politicians. They were always ready to speak at reported meetings, preside over committees (and ask that their names be spelled right—a gentle hint not to leave 'em out of the reports), lead parades or give out interviews on how to win the war or any other subject. One man who took a very active part in a Liberty Loan drive was discovered to have employed a personal press agent and during the entire drive he fought to have the work of his committee made the leading feature of the daily news reports. It was not until near the end of the campaign that his reason was discovered; he was about to announce himself as a candidate for office, and wanted to slide in on his record as a Liberty Loan worker. Another, with a keen eye to business, asked that in using his name he be referred to as "Attorney ———, representative from the umpty-ump district." These are merely examples of a too numerous clan, and are singled out as typical of what the press agent was often up against—producing publicity that would have a real value on the community, and at the same time not offending some political or social pet standing high with the campaign managers by not giving him or her sufficient credit, or giving too much credit to some and thereby causing heartburns among others.

In Pittsburgh this problem was solved in a large measure early in the war.

With the Liberty loan, Red Cross and similar drives of short duration it was a comparatively easy matter. In the first announcement of a drive, the members of all committees and sub-committees were announced, and after that only the chairmen figured in the reports. With the War Saving Stamps campaign it was more difficult. This was not a drive, but a continuous performance to carry on without cessation to the end of the war. As a matter of fact it is still going on.

In handling the publicity for this campaign, the press agent adopted the fixed plan of using no names in a story unless they were essential to that story. He had permission, of course, to quote any worker,

and there were times when this was advisable. For instance, when the first reports of the action at Chateau-Thierry came through, that was a splendid chance to get in some W. S. S. publicity. An interview was prepared and sent out as coming from one of the biggest men in town, using the battle and what the American forces had done as an inspirational argument for the folks at home to plunge in and put the W. S. S. campaign over the top, thus shortening the war, and bringing the troops back home. The interview might just as well have been given out as a statement from W. S. S. headquarters, but in that case it would have lost the personal touch that gave punch to the appeal. Of course, the press agent had the privilege of quoting any one of a hundred or more men or women for that particular interview, but he picked out a man who was too big to need publicity, and who in fact during the war sedulously discountenanced use of his name unless it was considered necessary to boost a particular cause. Then he was willing to go the limit.

Press-agenting for this or any other campaign would have been a simple matter had the work been confined to personal boosts. However, that was not what was desired. That sort of publicity would have pleased a few—the few mentioned in the particular stories—but it would have had no effect on the masses, and it was the masses that it was necessary to reach. So the press agent had to get something that if not real news could at least be disguised as news. And it could not be repetition. You wouldn't expect, for instance to see half of the sign boards in the country blossoming out every day with a different colored animal to advertise your makin's. Those signs are part of the landscape, and would cause as much wonder if the subject changed his markings, as if the trees in the parks were shifted about every morning. But the press agent had to produce a new line of "bull" with every effort or it would not have been passed by the editors, or if passed, it would not have had any effect on the readers. So the press agent had to keep busy.

Now, if troops were asked to charge the line twice a day in a different sector, and to keep it up day after day and week after week, with the line of supplies shaky and uncertain, it is highly probable they would break down. That, however, is what the press agent had to do. Another

Pests, Patriots and Press Agents—Continued

proof of the adage: "The pen is mightier than the sword." The sword in the world war never figured except on dress parade, far from the firing line. The pen, or its successor, the typewriter, on the other hand, was omnipresent and always busy.

For six months during the W. S. S. campaign two stories of from 500 to 1,500 words each were turned out daily by one man, one for the afternoon papers and one for the morning papers, and in addition it was necessary to turn out separate stories each week for each group of foreign language papers, for the labor journals, country papers, trade, educational, religious and technical papers, writing each story so that it would carry its special appeal to the particular group addressed. Of course, it was possible to duplicate many of the stories, or at least parts of them, but an idea of the amount of work entailed in just this one feature of one campaign may be gained when it is realized that the number of distinct stories turned out by one man ran as high as 39 in a single week.

You might ask where the material came from. It was impossible to map out a definite campaign and then go along smoothly. To have the stories such that they would be read by the people and thus induce the readers to buy "baby bonds," it was necessary to develop the news of the activities of the various sub-committees, and when these did not have anything startling to report, to manufacture news that would attract attention. It might be of interest to mention how this was done.

One instance in particular that seems pertinent here concerns the visit of the 319th Infantry band to Pittsburgh in the spring of 1918. They were coming here with Col. Cocheu for a mass meeting of the Mothers of Democracy. Lieut. (later Maj.) Barrett O'Hara, an old Chicago newspaperman, had come on in advance to get a little publicity for the meeting. The writer needed a live story the day O'Hara dropped in to use his typewriter, so it was suggested that as the mass meeting of the mothers would not take place until Sunday and the band and staff was due in the city the day before, it would be a good idea to have a demonstration for the W. S. S.—boost the "baby bonds" and at the same time advertise the mothers' rally.

O'Hara took a chance, like any good newspaper man, and without consulting his commanding officer, the announcement was sent out that night for the following morning's papers, that the 319th band and regimental officers would take part in a W. S. S. parade the following Saturday, to be followed by a concert and mass meeting in W. S. S. headquarters at Smithfield street and Oliver avenue. Now that particular idea was worth five announcements—three in the morning papers and two

in the afternoon papers—but it was necessary to get something different for each announcement. What better than to organize a big parade. The press agent suggested this to the chairman of the sub-committee on demonstrations with the names of the organizations that should be in line—Veterans of Foreign Wars, Home Guard, student regiments from the colleges, Boy Scouts, federal, state, county and city officials; and others as their names might crop up.

The suggestions having met with favor, the press agent glibly went ahead with his second announcement, and in one story he featured the formation of a parade of more than 3,000 paraders. In another he mentioned a new tune, something about what the 319th would do in Berlin—and everything was going fine until late Friday afternoon. Then he discovered that the chairman of the sub-committee on demonstrations, possibly because he had not been mentioned as marshal of the parade, had neglected to invite the announced participants. The press agent got busy with a telephone and learned—

The student regiments were not sufficiently organized to march, and anyhow they hadn't received their uniforms.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars had not been asked and at that late hour could hardly mobilize their forces.

The head of the Boy Scouts would round-up all he could, but as he hadn't been consulted he was uncertain how many he could get.

And so on with the rest of the plans.

Take back the story? Not on your life. The parade took place the following afternoon as scheduled (according to time and line of march) but the only organizations that turned out (also according to program) were the band, Col. Cocheu and his staff, and the police escort. There were 24 Boy Scouts struggling under banners bigger than themselves, instead of the 500 so confidently announced to take part, and there was the Mayor and County Commissioners and Postmaster and a few other officials. But the main point was that the band and regimental officers and police were there, and although it was a small parade, a big crowd lined the sidewalks to cheer them as they passed, and traffic was tied up for half an hour for the band concert on Smithfield street. Concerning the concert, the band forgot all about that particular song about getting to Berlin. Instead they played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and then blared away at "The Old Grey Mare" with a realism reminiscent of a remount depot.

Then there was the mass meeting indoors. Col. Cocheu very obligingly adopted another suggestion, and told how the boys at Camp Lee had cut down on the consumption of pies, candy and cig-

arets in order to invest the money thus saved in war savings stamps. That simple story of sacrifice made a vastly greater impression on the thousands of readers of the Sunday papers than if he had confined his speech to the country's aims in the war, or to a straight appeal to the people to back up the armed forces. Literally, thousands of persons in Western Pennsylvania who had made no purchase of savings stamps, got the habit when they read that story, and as it was carried over the country by the big news agencies, it is wholly believable that it was an inspiration to a young army of dormant patriots.

Just an instance of its effect on one prominent Pittsburgh man. When the campaign started it was announced that if Western Pennsylvania was to buy its quota of these stamps, it would be necessary for each individual in the entire 19 counties making up the district to purchase an average of \$25 worth. This man purchased his quota and then forgot all about the campaign and how essential a part of the government's war financing program it was, until he read Col. Cocheu's speech. Then he had an inspiration. If the troops could sacrifice their pies and candy and invest their savings in "baby bonds," why couldn't he have a little savings fund made up by laying aside an equal amount to what he spent for drinks? No reason whatever; so he went right ahead with that plan of savings, and as he was a fairly liberal drinker, he soon was a member of the Pershing Club, membership in which required the purchase of \$1,000 worth of W. S. S., the limit any individual was permitted to possess. And as he told all of his friends about it, the ultimate result of his reading Col. Cocheu's little speech was the sale of many thousands of dollars worth of these government securities.

Just as Lieut. O'Hara came to the rescue on that occasion, so on another day came a message from a man who said that the German War Veterans' Association had organized a W. S. S. club and were 100 per cent strong! Considering that many of these veterans had fought in the Franco-Prussian war and in the German colonies, their lining-up 100 per cent strong for America and the Allies not only made an interesting piece of real news, but had an undoubted psychological effect on many of the foreign-born residents of the district.

It would be possible to go to wearisome length reciting incidents of this kind, but that is not the writer's purpose. One more incident, however, is worth mentioning. In June of 1918, there was a great W. S. S. drive, and the call went out that every man, woman and child was expected to participate. Why limit the drive to the

(Continued on Page 25)

"Madame"

Whose Rustic Wiles and Ancient Charms Are the Reason for the Writer's Desire to Re-embark for Republique Francaise The Land of Warm Hearts and True Liberty

By E. O. Howell

Former Captain of the 320th Infantry.

YES, I want to go back to France; I want to walk over the fields where we hit the Hun for ten kilos to Meuse on that September a year ago. I want to pay a tribute at the graves of Pete De Coursey and Pat Cronin, for they were men if ever God made one. I want to walk along the Meuse to Brioules and see how swampy that ground is; and wonder if we might have done something different from what we did do. I want to stop just north of Hill 277 and read again the names on those fourteen crosses where Chaplain Wallace laid Prince and Boteler, Stipanovic and Dominic, and the other brave fellows, officers and privates, Protestant and Catholic, Italian and Servian, and American, all in the same plot, all fallen for the same cause. And yes, I want to take another look at Nantillos and get a drink of that cold water at the horse trough, and then the Ravin aux Pierres. I never did know exactly where it was anyway. And I wonder if the Frenchy ever tore up the stone road the Colonel made us build through the field south of Vaux.

Yes, and then I want to see Madame. Why Madame? I suppose you will picture silk hose and ravishing hats, and fetching smiles of the so-called "Gay Parisienne;" really the gay Parisienne is too highly advertised, for you will see fewer clothes, stouter ankles, and more paint on most any American 'white way' than you see over there.

No, Madame, was the nearest thing to home I found in France. She is 72, bent with age and the years of labor in her vineyard, for she is a "cultivatrice."

Her eyes are blue, and her smile—timid and homey. Her knuckles are swollen with the years of washing in the cold water of the community wash house; and her heart—it is of gold.

The night before Thanksgiving after a

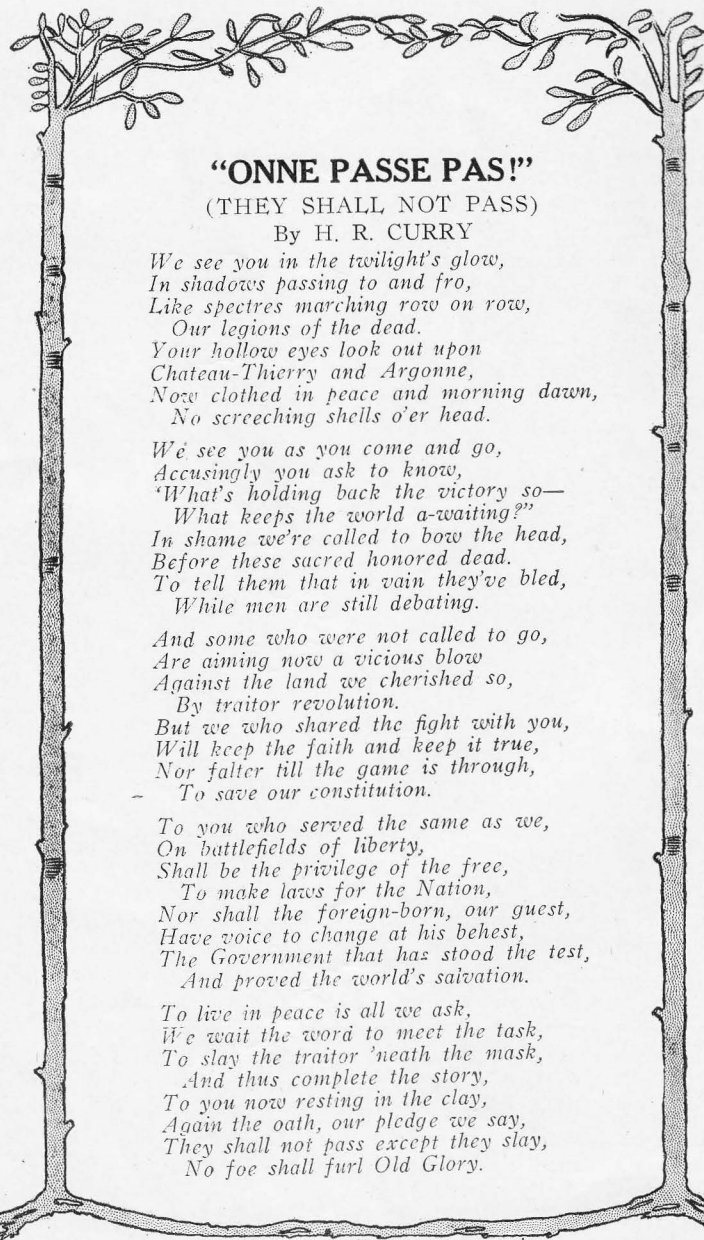
thirty-five kilo hike in the rain and mud, we arrived at Channes; for five kilos the tiny villages settled on the crest of a hill, had been in sight, but to the weary dough-boys it seemed like the Promised Land, al-

Capitaine—tres fatigue—ah oui, and did I hear something about a drop of cognac, ah! maybe I was mistaken, but I felt much better and at once joined the association of adorners of Madame, of which the Sergeant-Major seemed to have already elected himself President, judging by the "wee drops," etc.

The troops billeted, kitchens and stables located and the complaints and grievances of the "Shave-tails" about their own or somebody else's billet, having been ironed out, I returned to Billet 56, "one officer, eight men, two horses." A fire was burning on the hearth and there was a pair of slippers before an easy-chair. O! boy—could my eyes believe me—an easy-chair in a French house, and slippers and a fire, and in a few minutes Madame pattered in from her kitchen bedroom across the hall with a steaming glass of vin blanc avec sucre—ah! that certainly was a comfortable war.

After the long day's work I was soon ready for bed, bade Madame good-night, and prepared to attack the canopied mountain with its two foot feather comforter in the corner. With the O. D. flannel shirt, size 36, three quarters off, the bedroom door burst open and Madame wildly gesticulating and spouting French in double time, rushed to a corner cupboard and produced a favorite piece of bedroom crockery which she tenderly placed in the victrola cabinet at the head of the bed, and then once more the merci beaucoup, bon nuits, etc. And boy, that bed was real.

The next morning while stropping my razor, for I use the old fashioned variety, there was a tap at the door, and there was Madame with a little jug of hot water, and that became a part of her daily schedule. We had our first disagreement that day. She was offended because I insisted on my orderly cleaning my shoes instead of letting her do them. A fairy story Maybe



"ONNE PASSE PAS!"

(THEY SHALL NOT PASS)

By H. R. CURRY

*We see you in the twilight's glow,
In shadows passing to and fro,
Like spectres marching row on row,
Our legions of the dead.
Your hollow eyes look out upon
Chateau-Thierry and Argonne,
Now clothed in peace and morning dawn,
No screeching shells o'er head.*

*We see you as you come and go,
Accusingly you ask to know,
'What's holding back the victory so—
'What keeps the world a-waiting?'
In shame we're called to bow the head,
Before these sacred honored dead.
To tell them that in vain they've bled,
While men are still debating.*

*And some who were not called to go,
Are aiming now a vicious blow
Against the land we cherished so,
By traitor revolution.
But we who shared the fight with you,
Will keep the faith and keep it true,
Nor falter till the game is through,
To save our constitution.*

*To you who served the same as we,
On battlefields of liberty,
Shall be the privilege of the free,
To make laws for the Nation,
Nor shall the foreign-born, our guest,
Have voice to change at his behest,
The Government that has stood the test,
And proved the world's salvation.*

*To live in peace is all we ask,
We wait the word to meet the task,
To slay the traitor 'neath the mask,
And thus complete the story,
To you now resting in the clay,
Again the oath, our pledge we say,
They shall not pass except they slay,
No foe shall furl Old Glory.*

ways in sight but never attained.

The discerning Sergeant-Major, who had preceded us, confided that he had a billet for me, not very pretentious for outward appearances, but more comfortable; and that is how I met Madame. Monsieur Le

“Madame”—Continued

so, but if any of the American soldiers brought back wives like my old Madame, they are lucky; but for Heaven's sake, don't let 'em join the stitch and chatter local, or all will be lost.

A few days later Madame had a particularly excited and rapid flow of French of which I could distinguish nothing but chevaux, and looking through the window at the vista of manure piles, stables and pig pens, I saw a couple of the transport's horses. From the old lady's excitement, I conjured claims and damages, and started out for an interpreter to set us straight.

Was Madame angry? No, not a bit; she had found two horses in a nearby make-shift of a stable, and she had persuaded the driver to bring them over to her stable; she furnished the straw and secured the manure and few centimes a day rent. Certainly she got something out of it, but there was no reason why she should clean the stalls, which she would do if the “mule-skinner” would let her.

It was the rainy season and the Battalion Supply Sergeant could not find a suitable shed or barn in which to split his rations, until Madame offered her combination woodshed and gateway. For the rest of our stay, all rations were split there and Madame usually assisted at the division and cleaned up the mess afterwards. To be sure she often salvaged a few potatoes, a little salt, or a broken can of jam or beans, as well as enough Bull Durham to last her male relatives for the rest of their lives, but that was the result, not the object of Madame's efforts.

We were louzy; for what combat outfit was not at some stage of the game? And shortly after arriving in our winter quarters, we proceeded to de-louze. Company K discovered that Madame had a “furno,” which interpreted signifies a hog-scalding, or hog-feed cooker; with this as a base and a wine barrel on top they had an improvised de-louzer. The Medical Corps call this a Serbian barrel; steam from the cauldron passes through holes in the bottom of the barrel; clothing is then placed in the barrel for twenty minutes to a half hour, and when removed is pretty well de-louzed. Company K's Sanitary Squad also

washed all underwear and clothing to be turned in for salvage, and here Madame came in to her own. When this laundry detail got in operation Madame was there to supervise the job, if there was not enough kindling, if they wanted clothes line, props, or anything else, Madame was the genii who produced. If they were not organized, Madame bossed them around until they were; if privates, coal miner or bookkeeper were unfamiliar with the proper technique of the scrub brush, Madame was there to take it from him and show him how.

Should a trip to Division or Regimental Headquarters get you back too late for mess, it needed only a hint for Madame to produce eggs and fried potatoes, coffee, bread and cheese; and in her cooking, Madame could claim to be the instructor of all French chefs and get away with it.

Madame was a cultivatrice, and had her vineyards on the neighboring hillside and the accompanying wine cellar under the barn, filled with many casks, barrels, hogsheads and bottles of various vintages, consequently it was only proper that a bottle of her five-year-old vin rouge should be a permanent article of my equipment. No matter how many guests I had, or how much they sipped, Madame kept a watchful eye from her room across the hall, and always had another bottle, or a clean glass for the latest caller. And should the Brigade Adjutant call in my absence and sample the hidden bottle of very old cognac, Madame always advised how many drinks he had and how many friends he had with him.

Occasionally Madame would feel particularly friendly and bring out a bottle of her “1893” wine. And let me tell you, sir, that was no small occasion. Madame, herself, must pull the cork and fill the glasses and then we stand and sip to “1893.” Many ah's and smacking lips, and then to the health of Madame. Very formal, of course, but that wine was her most sacred possession, and must be treated accordingly.

Of course, Madame received her petit souvenir, a cake of chocolate, a box of lump sugar, or a jar of stick candy when-

ever we happened near a commissary which had not sold out the day before; and the pleasure she showed and her jealousy to guard them, well repaid us for our own shortened supply.

Unfortunately, I was ordered to another town after three weeks of Madame's ministrations. I left with regret and when I said good-bye I know there was a tear in her eye, and I don't like to think it was on account of the piece of French wall-paper decorated with a few naked females, I left in Madame's hand as a “petit souvenir.”

Yes, I want to go back to France; I suppose the French farmer will chase me off with a shot gun if I cross his fields near Brioules, as it is right that he should, fields are for grain and not idle sight-seers; I suppose the graves of those brave fellows on Hill 277 have been moved to Romagne, where they will have better and perpetual care, as it is right that they should.

I suppose the horse-trough at Nantillos has dried up and the water piped to some fancy priced hotel built to accommodate American sight-seers who made their millions at home during the war as Congress says it is right that they should.

And I suppose if the Frenchy catches me looking for that stone road through his field near Vaux, he will arrest me until I pay my share of the damage. Yes, I think I will be disappointed; will believe that this famous battlefield looks no different than the rolling hills of Chester or Lancaster County. I will curse the high price of souvenirs, wine and food, I will wonder why I ever left the good old U. S. A. to pay twenty francs to sleep in a dugout built after the war to give visitors a thrill, but then I will think of my old Madame, and I will persuade her to take me in for a few days, cook me a few eggs or a rabbit, and give me a little of her wine. And I will find that she has not changed, maybe a little more bent, her blue eyes a little more faded, her knuckles a little more swollen, but still smiling, still cheerful, ready and anxious to serve—the spirit of real France—and I will be content.



How Times Have Changed

In 1775 if You Beat Up Your Officer You Got a Discharge From the Service, but in 1918 You Got a Life Sentence—
the World DO Move

A HUNDRED and forty-five years ago, when a buck could get all the fighting he wanted without first risking his life in D hold of some ex-German liner, they did things differently. It wasn't necessary for him to go to St. Nazaire to eat sand or to go to Calais to part with his Kollapsible Kumfort Kit. If he wanted to fight Germans he could take a crack at the Hessians in Jersey and if he honed for Poilu company he could breeze down Yorktown way—all the so-called unique features of the last war thus proving to be not unique, merely relaxation in enterprise, for in those long-ago days all these things were delivered right at the buck's door.

Immediately succeeding July 4, 1776, a large part of the population of those 13 "free and independent states" believed the "free and independent" part applied chiefly to their contention that the several states were free and independent of each other. They were extremely wary of centralized authority and this led to strange practices and numerous difficulties, including troubles concerning troops.

In Pennsylvania, for example, there was the Pennsylvania Line. We'll leave its exploits for future discussion. Concerning the Militia, there's much material for thought in State Papers concerning it which may be found, among other sources, in the volumes of Pennsylvania Archives.

Today, it is probable that such militia organization would be termed loose, too loose for satisfactory results in time of need. It may have proved itself so in the days of the Revolution. But the articles accepted by the militiaman in those days disclose clearly the value he set upon his liberty—his personal freedom—and the repugnance he had to parting with it.

Of course, as long as there is war there will be armies, and as long as there are armies there will be "discipline." This these first soldiers of an American nation admitted in the following introduction to the "Articles for the Regulation of the Military Association of Pennsylvania:"

"We, the officers and soldiers, engaged in the present association for the defence of American Liberty, being fully sensible that the Strength and Security of any Body of Men, acting together, consists in just regularity, due subordination, and exact obedience to command, without which no individual can have that confidence in the support of those about him, that is so necessary to give firmness and resolution to the whole, Do Voluntarily and Freely, after

consideration of the following articles, adopt the same as the Rules by which we agree and resolve to be Governed in all our Military concerns and operations until the same, or any of them, shall be changed or dissolved by the Assembly, or Provincial Convention, or in their recess by the Committee of Safety, or a happy reconciliation shall take place between Great Britain and the Colonies."—All this in 1775, when independence itself had not been greatly considered.

Of the 34 articles that follow none is more interesting, in comparison with some recent affairs, than the Fourth, which reads:

"Any Officer or Soldier who shall strike his Superior-Officer, or draw, or offer to draw, or shall lift up any Weapon, or offer any violence against him, being in the execution of his office, shall, upon conviction before a Regimental Court Martial, be dismissed, and shall be deemed to be thereby disgraced as unworthy the Company of Freemen." Not a word about 100 years in Leavenworth, you notice! And whether this Article was enforced, it at least illustrates the viewpoint of the times. The next Article provided the same punishment for any commanding officer who should strike any person when on duty.

The First and Sixth Articles emphasize the fact that they surely did do things differently in those days—or else they ignored the regulations as they do today:

"1—If any officer make use of any profane Oath or execration, when on duty, he shall forfeit and pay for each and every such Offence, the sum of Five Shillings. And if a Non-Commission'd Officer or Soldier be thus guilty of cursing or Swearing, he shall forfeit and pay, for each and every such offense, the sum of One Shilling.

"6—Any Officer, non-Commissioned Officer or Soldier, who shall make use of insolent, provoking or indecent language while on duty, shall suffer such censure or fine as shall be inflicted by a Regimental Court Martial, according to the nature of the offence." There couldn't have been any top-kickers in the militia. We know some folk who at the One Shilling rate would have owed the government enough, after the last war, to have paid the bill for the bonus.

However the rules may change, the necessity for the Thirteenth article indicates that even with the Redcoats at the door there were some of the Continentals who

lightened their packs occasionally. In fact, the young gentlemen of our own acquaintance, who, a year or two ago, were guilty of this same deplorable practice, may have inherited the custom from their great-great-grandfathers for whom this article was drafted:

"Every non-Commission'd Officer or Soldier who shall be convicted at a Regimental Court Martial of having sold, carelessly lost, wilfully spoiled or wasted, or having offer'd for Sale any ammunition, arms or accoutrements belonging to this Province, shall be dismissed from such Battalion, Troop or Company, as an unworthy member, and be prosecuted as the Law directs."

In other words you could poke an officer and get your Buzzard—a D. D. anyhow—but the Law would get you if you lightened your roll. And in 1918, going out of the line, do you remember the little thuds along the column as cartridge belts were lightened and the clips hit the side of the road—not to mention the times when such well-known accoutrements as meat cans and tent poles went the same way?

Lately there has been much conversation—some acrid but little to the point—on what way, if any, justice may have at least a small place in courts martial. There may be a suggestion in the following, taken from the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Articles. The officers didn't run the whole works, you may notice by the provision that:

"15—* * * annually there be chosen two Persons, such as are entitled to Vote for Members of Assembly, out of each Company in the respective Battalions, by the non-Commissioned Officers and privates, whose duty and Office shall be for the year following, to set and join with the Officers in Court Martial, which persons so chosen shall be Styled Court Martial Men.

"16—Every General Court Martial shall consist of thirteen Members, Six of whom shall be Commission'd Officers under the Rank of Field Officer and Six Court Martial Men, who shall be drawn by Lott out of the whole Number, and these twelve are to choose a president, who shall be a field Officer and have a Casting Voice.

"17—Every Regimental Court Martial shall be composed of Seven Members, three Officers, three Court Martial Men and a President, who is to be a Captain, and to be chosen by the Six, and also to have a casting Voice.

"18—In all Courts Martial *not less than two-thirds of the Members must agree in*

How Times Have Changed—Continued

every sentence for inflicting penalties, or for disgracing any Associator (militiaman), otherwise he shall be acquitted."

And what do you think of that, Col. Hoosegow, Maj. Soakem, Capt. Tryem and Company? It's a wonder the Revolution was ever won, eh? At least the members of the aforementioned concern will swear this system prolonged the war. Either that, or they'll dig up records to show that men in the Continental Army were flogged. However, this is the way the Pennsylvania Associators did business, when, as Minute Men, they prepared to defend their liberties.

In a sentence, unless the evidence convinced at least a couple of the bucks that punishment was deserved, the accused went free. He couldn't be railroaded, in a Star Chamber session by "Officers Only," to 20 years at Leavenworth for refusing to take part in boxing instruction unless he convinced the slum-eaters he was a bad egg.

There must have been a lack of the hard-guy variety in the Association, for the court martial's power was strictly limited:

"24—No penalty shall be inflicted at the discretion of a Court Martial, other than degrading, cashiering or fining, the fines for the Officers not to exceed three pounds, and the fine for a Non-Commissioned Officer or Soldier, not to exceed twelve Shillings for one fault."

And these fines, the Twenty-fifth Article says, shall be "carefully and properly applied to the relief of the sick, wounded, or necessitous Soldiers belonging to that Battalion * * *"

Why, they probably had such slogans, on that basis, as "Get Fined 'Till It Hurts," and can't you see the big red and blue posters outside Ye Red Lyon Inn proclaiming "Get Fined 'Till It Stops Hurting?"

Public opinion must have been a power then and the Liberties of America (not the License of "This Class" or "That Class") a hallowed expression if dismissal from the service was deemed the severest punishment, for the Twenty-seventh Article reads:

"Any Officer, non commissioned Officer, or other person, who having subscribed these articles, shall refuse to make such concessions, pay such fines, or in any other matter refuse to comply with the judgment of any Court Martial shall be dismissed the Service and held up to the public as unfriendly to the Liberties of America."

All these things were done, of course, before any actual hostilities had begun with the British in Pennsylvania. The Associators were the men who, determined at first to take up arms to defend their rights as Britons, a little later retained their arms to enforce complete separation and independence from the mother country.

Their articles provided that they should,

WAR WORK

Oh, we signed up with the army,
and we sailed across the sea
Quite resolved to Kan the Kaiser
and to Save Democra-cee.
All our sisters and our cousins wept
with pride to see us go
For "She's gone to France, for war
work!" sounds so very nice,
you know.

But when we had crossed the bil-
lows, what, you ask me, was our
lot?

Did we ride on foaming chargers—
did we dodge the shell and
shot—

Briefly, reader, no, we did not. We
had flown to rescue France,
Quite determined to be heroes—and
they'd lured us there to dance!

So—with admirals and generals we
capered 'round the floor,
And with captains, and with col-
onels, till our little feet were
sore;

Though we never rated wound-
stripes, never got a Croix de
Guerre—

When they fought in Tours and
Paris, oh, believe me, we were
there.

Talk not of your Lost Battalions,
and their courage in the fray!
We were only shrinking maidens,
but we dared as much as they.
Every night the clarion summons,
"Lo! a camion at the gate!"
Coaxed us forth in our galoshes to
be jolted to our fate.

Oh, the dust, and oh, the dough-
nuts; oh, the feeble candle's
flare;

Oh, the sixteen hundred soldiers,
fighting for a partner there!

Well, the cruel war is over—we're
in civvies now, at last;

Safe beside the radiator, we can
smile at dangers past—

When with cooks and Lieuts. and
wagoners we bumped about
the floor,

And with M. P.'s in their hob-nails,
till our little feet were sore;

When wild shrieks rose o'er the
carnage as that "cut in"
whistle blew

Ah, we'd signed up with the Army,
and we saw some fighting, too!

—Luella Stewart.

when serving under the jurisdiction of the Continental Congress, submit to the regulations in force with Continental troops. These regulations will be dealt with at another time.

In the summer of 1775 the Committee of Safety, appointed by the Provincial Assembly, was the body charged with preparing Pennsylvania for the defense of the province, should King George determine to send troops to enforce the deci-

sions so hotly contested by the colonists. When the Continental Congress, in July, adopted a scheme for organizing militia, the Safety Committee laid the plan before the assembly.

These lads didn't bother with a 21-23 age limit; they called on "the inhabitants of the united English Colonies in North America" to endorse their plan that "all able-Bodied, effective Men, between 16 and 50 years of age, immediately form themselves into regular Companies of Militia, to consist of one Captain, two Lieutenants, one Ensign, four Sergeants, four Corporals one Clerk, one Drummer, one Fifer, and about sixty-eight Privates." The bucks were to elect the officers.

The Congress recommended that "each soldier be furnished with a good Musket that will carry an ounce Ball, a bayonet, steel ramrod, worm, priming wire, and Brush fitted thereto, a cutting sword or Tomhawk, a Cartridge Box that will contain twenty-three rounds of cartridges, twelve flints, and a knapsack." And then, suppose on Saturday morning, your Tomhawk was rusty or you'd mislaid your worm! But the officer dassn't swear; remember Article 1!

No training camps for these birds, for Congress recommended only that "all the Militia take proper care to acquire Military Skill, and be well prepared for defense by being each man provided with one pound of good Gun Powder, and four pounds of Ball fitted to his Gun."

One-fourth of the Militia were to be organized as Minute Men, ready to march anywhere at any time. Come to think of it, we've shared the same experience—so far as anywhere, anytime and march are concerned—EXCEPT that it also was recommended then that "such of the Minute men as desire it be relieved by new draughts, from the whole body of the Militia, once in four Months." We wonder if that worked out like our seven-day leaves every "four Months."

Remember that all these boys had to equip themselves except a few, too poor to provide their own stuff, for whom provision was to be made.

It was different on the armed boats on the Delaware. The Commodore got \$30 a month and every private \$6, besides chow and also besides Three Pints—a "half of Rum or Beer in proportion."

Three developments of the last war—slackers, conscientious objectors and profiteering—were apparently just as prevalent in the Revolution.

Regarding slackers, the Committee on Safety has this to say: "But the Associators complain, and with great appearance of Reason, that Whilst they are subjected to Expences to accoutre themselves as Sol-

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Among Remembered Haunts

Camp Lee and Petersburg Are Still "Carrying On," Lakewood Is Gone and It Costs 75 Cents to Jitney to the Cantonment, Though the Old Trolley Still Runs.

By Russell L. Stultz

SOLDIERING is not what it used to be. An emphatic statement on the face, perhaps, but should any of the skeptically inclined still retain harrowing visions of "other days," we can but recommend a visit to the nearest army post for the purpose of forever dispelling lingering suspicions. Any camp or barracks will suffice—no particular military establishment need be chosen for the experiment.

Gone, all gone—or nearly all—are the hectic, blatant glories of a war-time era. No longer does a scene of seething, clamorous activity and preparation greet the visitor; rather, an air of staid, almost sleepy calm has apparently replaced the feverish energy of training camp and mobilization centers.

Any camp, as we have said, will satisfy conjecture. Having both inclination and opportunity, supplemented by a goodly measure of curiosity, we recently chose Camp Lee—the birthplace of the "Blue Ridge" Division—for the field of our explorations. And, like the ebony doughboy who unexpectedly captured his first Jerry, "It suttinly was some suphprise!"

When the hosts of the 80th "invade" Richmond in September, each individual will have a chance to experience kindred sensations.

Three names were synonymous in the vocabulary of the 80th—Petersburg, Camp Lee and Hopewell; what the one lacked could usually be had in the other two. It was inevitable that the trio of communities so intimately allied should profit and acquire memories from the association—and just as inevitable that post-Armistice days should reawaken the embers remaining of remembrance.

The season is late spring in Virginia, the month May—a historical date in the calendar of all "Blue Ridge" men. Two years before had seen their departure overseas, one year later had staged their return to the States, a brief interval but one wholly ample to encompass a peaceful revolution in and about Petersburg, which scarcely more than fifty years ago, the "Cockade City," had played the role of Grant's "back-door to Richmond," had lived and suffered the life of a besieged city.

Stepping from the Richmond car—yes, they still run!—at the corner of Sycamore and Bollingbrook streets, we felt ourselves prepared for a transformation, yet

sadly lacked the proper perspective. To be sure, Petersburg's main thoroughfare is still there, but, alas! what an altered and subdued Sycamore welcomes you! The familiar promenade of vivacious Southern sweethearts and trim, jaunty O. D. has stands today as it normally is: a busy center of commerce.

As the reminiscent visitor wanders along its length, he looks and listens for the scenes and sounds of other days. No longer do the sidewalks present a carnival appearance; no longer do the "movies" disgorge their capacity crowds of Uncle Sam's soldiery and feminine companions; no longer do the shops specialize in officers' raiment and *unregulation* caps and puttees for buck-privates. Neither does the harassed civilian have to contend against the last hour rush of husky, jostling males for the over-crowded Camp Lee cars. Oh, yes, the cars still operate, occasionally, but very sedately, with no suggestion of congestion.

A few M. P.'s still patrol the principal streets, but they are rarely dangerous. The few men observed in uniform apparently hold them lightly, since blouses and collars are not always buttoned and hands seek pockets with accustomed readiness.

Notably absent are the hordes of reckless, aggressive jitneurs, with their blatant cries of "Camp Lee and Hopewell cars here!" which formerly challenged O. D. pedestrians and reminded of the necessity for getting back to the cantonment before "taps" and the non-com's "check of quarters." They have vanished—you may traverse whole blocks without desecrating a single representative of the one-time multitudinous clan. True, an insignificant quota of survivors still lingers—living relics of a defunct past—and unhurriedly patrol the once profitable routes. What their ranks lack in number is balanced by the advance in fares; instead of the ancient toll of a quarter, today's civilian who travels to Camp Lee via a "flivver" must be willing to part with a half-dollar or 75 cents. Verily, the jitneur has found compensation in peace!

Long familiar landmarks no longer herald their presence in a thousand ways. One *rendezvous* in particular, the Army and Navy Club, always frequented in the old days, has ceased to welcome the uniformed *habitués* of Sycamore street. The emblem remains—or did—but closed doors speak eloquently of service ended. After a career

that lasted until a few months ago, lack of patronage and support decreed its period of usefulness over. At least one monument, however, continues to dispense hospitality and cheer as of yore. It is the Y. M. C. A. Its open portals still invite entrance, but empty halls and silent shadows breathe unmistakably of other and more glorious associations.

As you clamber aboard an empty Camp Lee car, you marvel at the magic wrought in the space of two short years. Where, oh where, is the clamoring, militant mob of '17 and '18? Only the toll, apparently has survived. Possibly the conductor and motorman were veterans of the old regime, and, if so, what recollections must have been theirs as they leisurely went about the business of transporting the half-dozen passengers campward. And it was Saturday, "rush day!"

Our memory was busily engaged in drawing mental silhouettes as the car lazily progressed through the suburbs into the open country, pictures of certain well-remembered "scenery," which required radical revision as matter-of-fact realities replaced the phantoms of yester-year. A brief halt at Lakemont to disembark a colored "mammy" disclosed that Camp Lee's "Coney Island" had not escaped the general house-cleaning. Rather, so chastened and deserted it seemed, visions of abandoned French villages were the inevitable comparison. The Hippodrome, the dancing pavilion, the bowling alleys and the multitude of similar attractions still stand, tenantless and closed, for gone are the patrons who contributed so freely to their war-time splendors. A boarded door, a broken pane, the straggling undergrowth—all hint more forcefully than any explanation of the decay that has been worked.

Long rows of flaming sign-boards still border each side of the trolley line, memorials to the enterprise of Petersburg and Hopewell merchants during the halcyon period of the 80th. They continue to lure the reader toward the emporiums of Sycamore street and Broadway (its namesake and *not* the original).

The Remount Station, now vacant pens and runways—once alive with braying army mules and blue denimed keepers—told of arrival within the reservation. Somehow, as their sombre isolation is impressed you realize anew that "*l'guerre est*

(Continued on Page 29)

Tales They Tell

FROM AN OLD LETTER HOME

HEADQUARTERS 319TH INFANTRY
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY
FORCES

19th March, 1919.

Cruzy le Chatel, France.

Picture to yourself a small village of possibly five or six hundred inhabitants, situated partly on a steep hill and partly in a deep ravine, with narrow and winding streets, houses of rough hewn stone with roofs of the same material, and over all an atmosphere which involuntarily takes you back to mediaeval times, or even to the Dark Ages. The architecture of the houses of nondescript design, built in rec-

Take out all possible form of amusement and excitement and instead throw in about twenty-nine days of rain each month, and over all sprinkle an odor peculiar to the damp and unsanitary conditions and the smell of rotting manure piles. Place this little village in the Department of Yonne, in old Burgandy in France, and you have Cruzy-le-Chatel.

Now in that little town above described, place about eight or nine hundred U. S. soldiers, distribute them around the town in the barns, stables and houses as best you can; keep them there about three months, with the prospects of having to stay there three months more, when you have every reason to believe that they should be at home, then try to pick out the most homesick, disconsolate one among them all and it is sure to be ME.

(Signed) A. E. F.

Mention of the 159th Brigade recalls to mind some of its members—those quiet, shy young men from the hills, not a few of whom were reputed to be highly educated concerning the technique of moon-shining, despite the hated "revenuer," and to be quite well informed concerning the mysteries of feuds. Their outstanding trait was their quiet manner—never flustered, never noticeably enthusiastic; always quiet of voice and, in many cases, very difficult to pin down to directness in conversation. In other words, their custom was, in many instances, to beat all around the bush before dealing with the object for which the conversation had been begun.

For example, it was said that when, on their native heath, they left their mountain homes to go to the village store for, say, sugar, the conversation would run something like this:

Grocer—"Well, how're you today, friend?"
Customer—"Tolerable, tolerable."
Silence for ten minutes.
Grocer—"Anything new up your way?"
Customer—"Nothing."
Silence for ten minutes.
Grocer—"Nothing at all, eh?"
Customer—"Oh, no. Except, now you mention it, we're a little short of sugar." And then the negotiations began.

All of which leads up to the tale told by one of the men in the 159th concerning his Uncle Jacks, who lived in a mountain cabin with his wife and was mixed up in a feud with the Cowpenny clan. One day Uncle Jacks dropped down into town and called on his friend, Jed, the justice of the peace. After the customary greetings Jed inquired for the news. Wasn't any, he was assured. Silence for a time as the justice signed some papers and Uncle Jacks worked on his eating tobacco.

"Nothing at all, eh?" inquired Jed.

"Nothing," replied Uncle Jacks.

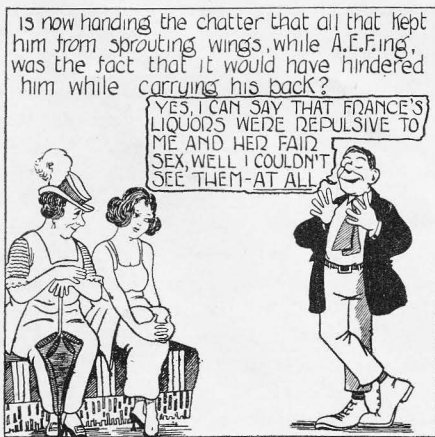
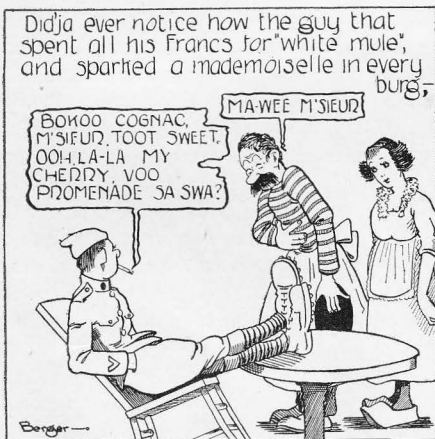
More silence.

"How's everybody?" inquired Jed.

"Tolerable," answered Uncle Jacks. "And since you mention it, there was some galivanting around up there, too.

"The other night just before bedtime while Lizzie was doing the dishes in the kitchen, I was in the other room reading my Testament just before getting ready for bed. Now, you know I never like to be disturbed when I'm reading my Testament. No, sir.

"After a bit Lizzie came in and says, 'Jacks, one o' them Cowpenny boys just put a bullet through the window.' And I says, 'Now, Lizzie, you know I don't like to be bothered when I'm reading my Testa-



tangular form or in the form of an 'L,' but always with the idea of solidarity and age; and a couple of windmills down in the "hollow" pumping water for the town; an old church with tall steeple on the hill; a couple of schoolhouses; small shops and estaminets at frequent intervals and a few hydrants here and there along the streets. Throw in a few nondescript dogs, a few old men and women, and children, and a few rather poor dressed "Mademoiselles" walking around in their wooden shoes which make such a clattering noise on the cobblestones when they walk, and now and then a heavy two-wheeled cart loaded with casks of wine or grain driven by a rustic.



ment.' So she went back to her dishes.

"In a minute she was back and she says, 'Jacks, they just put a bullet through my dishpan and now I can't finish my work.'

"Now, Lizzie," I says, 'you know I don't like to be bothered when I'm reading my Testament, but I'm about through anyway, so I'll see what's going on.'

"Well, Jed, I put my specs in the Testament for a marker, got my gun, turned out the light and went out in the yard to lay around for a while. Yes, sir, I lay around there all night and when daylight came do you know all but four of them Cowpenny boys had got away."

School Days, Again

Many Wounded Eightieth Division Men Attend the Federal Vocational Training School in Pittsburgh and Show True Gratitude for the Privilege

By Walter R. Suppes

IT IS a reasonably fair guess that prior to the World War, the boys who attended the Allegheny Preparatory School, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on the final leg of the journey that would lead to a collegiate education, never gave a thought to the possibility of their Alma Mater ever becoming a school for World War heroes. That is just what has happened to the former Allegheny City institution, and if any of the boys who declined his first Latin nouns, or conjugated the verbs of the classic Roman language in its venerable halls, had been incapacitated to such an extent in the past war that he was unable to follow his trade, occupation, or profession, which before the war was his means of livelihood, he could return to the school of his youth and learn a trade that, figuratively speaking, would help him again to get on his feet.

This hypothetical student would be struck by the great change that has come over the Alma Mater of his preparatory school period. In the curriculum, in the students, in teachers, in the very school building itself, in fact on all sides he would be met by evidences of the newer purpose to which the old school is now being put.

No longer would he hear the gay laughter of the boy students for whom life was just one round after another of Latin prepositions and carefree pleasures. He would receive another jolt when he would glance over the school's curriculum, with courses in woodwork, electricity, shoe repairing, battery charging and repairing, machine shop instruction and others, heading the list of studies. The teachers—their familiar faces, too, would be entirely missing. In their stead he would see F. W. Boland, director of the Federal Vocational Training School; J. W. Fleming, assistant director and twenty other men and six women teachers.

As he makes his way through the building it would not be his earlier boyhood chums that he would greet. He would meet strangers, sober-faced men, some on crutches, many limping, and as many more with either the right or left sleeve hanging empty. He would ask no questions, for he would know that they were the five hundred former service men who had sacrificed some part of their bodies or health in the war with Germany and were being trained by a grateful nation in a chosen trade that would enable them, in time, to again go forth into the world and with



The loving cup presented to the women of the Y. W. C. A.

their own hands earn their living.

The old class rooms, too, would be revealed as completely altered as every other aspect of the school. Excepting a few rooms reserved for recitation purposes, the former Allegheny Preparatory student, on his inspection trip, would see in one a complete machine shop, with lathes, drill presses, grinders, shapers and milling machines of the latest models. In another former recitation room, or study hall, an electrical laboratory would be revealed, with all manner of things electrical strewn about the floor and benches, or fastened to the walls. Other rooms would boast, to the former student, of a complete mechanical drawing equipment; a shoe repairing shop, or a shop for the teaching of woodworking, and so on until the old school would seem more like a wonderful, diversified factory than its former self.

Many divisions of the A. E. F. are represented in the student body of this vocational training school. Former "buddies" of the Eightieth are well to the front and number near the two hundred mark. The Twenty-eighth, also a Pennsylvania division, is well represented. The Fifth Regular Army Division has also many of its former members here, learning the new trade that the government is exchanging for the old one lost through incapacitation. Eight other former A. E. F. divisions are represented and include the First, Seventy-ninth, Thirty-seventh, Thirty-first, Forty-

seventh, Eighty-ninth, Seventy-eighth, Thirty-second, Second and Thirtieth.

These men are all from the state of Pennsylvania. They come from as far East as Scranton and almost all places of Western Pennsylvania have men here. Many are from the locality including Pittsburgh and vicinity.

Trades and courses taught include woodworking, electrical instruction, machine shop instruction, sheet metal working, shoe repairing, mechanical drawing, template making and structural layout, commercial course and battery charging and recharging. Of these courses, machine shop instruction, mechanical drawing and the electrical course are the most popular. The commercial course, woodworking and shoe repairing instruction follow in popularity.

The former service men choose the trade, or course, they desire to follow. Of course previous education and experience have some bearing in this selection, but as a rule the men themselves are the best judges of their own ability. On account of the nature of their disabilities some are forced to try two or three different trades before they finally find the one in which their injury does not interfere too much.

An example of this occurred as the data for this story was being collected. A student entered the director's office, to await his turn to talk with the school's head. He explained briefly that he would have to discontinue the course he was taking in machine shop instruction. He had been wounded in both legs by machine gun bullets and found that he was unable to endure the continual standing demanded in this trade. His case was promptly taken up for consideration, and the next day he was advised he would be placed in a new course.

A large percentage of the wounded soldier-students are of foreign birth, and, according to the directors of the school, are excellent pupils. In addition to the half day of shop or laboratory work, each student must take a half day of academic work, including English, mathematics and drawing. In addition to typewriting and penmanship, the commercial course comprises the following branches of study: arithmetic, English, commercial law and commercial geography.

The men are recommended for training for periods of either six months or a year, depending to a large extent on how badly they are incapacitated. Some recom-

School Days Again—Continued

mended for the six months period are unable to finish in that time and are returned for another period to the school. Others take less than the designated period. Before any student receives a discharge certificate from the school, he takes three months' placement training, which consists of that length of time of actual employment. If he is unable to qualify, he is returned to the school for further training.

Despite the fact that some of the men have had very little education they have proved particularly apt pupils. One former soldier, his right arm missing, had left school when he was in the fourth grade. He is taking the electrical course and has made the greatest advancement of any member of the class. His record is the best in the higher branches of shop mathematics; he is also the best student in algebra; and he heads his class in both practical and theoretical work in his electrical course.

Since September 1, 1919, the Federal Vocational Training School has been con-

ducted in the former home of the Allegheny Preparatory School, this school having been discontinued in 1916. The number of former service men assigned to the vocational training school of this district has steadily increased until it has been found necessary to open an additional school a few doors from the main building. Other courses under the auspices of the same school, are being conducted in the Allegheny High School machine shops.

Vacation periods of 15 days have been set aside for every member of the school and are now being put in force. One-half of the school's registration was given the period from July 20 until August 5—both dates on which the disability pay of the men is due, thus enabling them to leave with their money in their pockets and to return to school on the date that their next half-month's pay is due. The other half of the school's student body has been given the period from August 5 to August 20 for their vacations. As an illustration of the unusual earnestness of these men, it has

been reported to the school that many of them are taking their vacations by working in the particular trade they are learning at the school. This is true, not only of a few, but of a large number of the men.

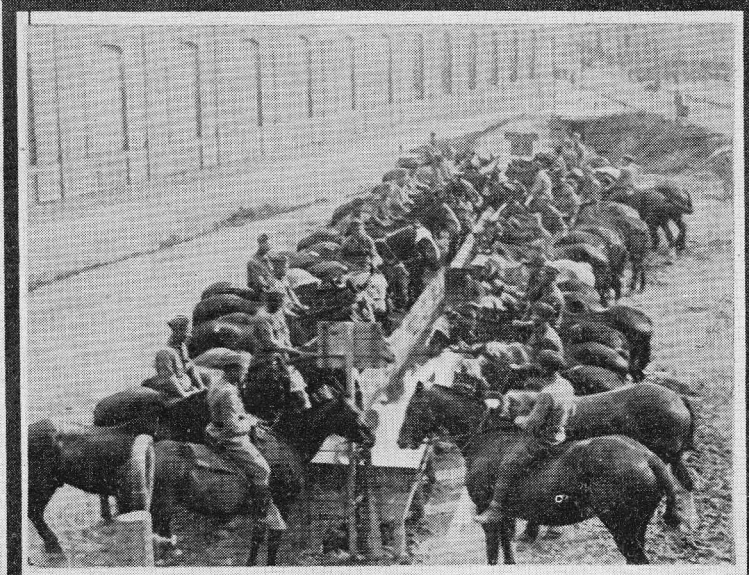
The students of every educational institution generally have a topic that is uppermost in discussion. Harvard men talk football. Yale students discuss, with all degrees of warmth, the absorbing subject of senior societies. The students of the Federal Vocational Training School, also, have a topic, of paramount interest to them. It concerns the recent passage by Congress of the bill which increases their disability allowance from \$80 to \$100 a month. The subject is discussed warmly and with a feeling of considerable satisfaction. It is discussed on the way to school, on the way home and between periods during school hours, for the increase allowance will enable these wounded men now to live comfortably, while undergoing their trade school training.

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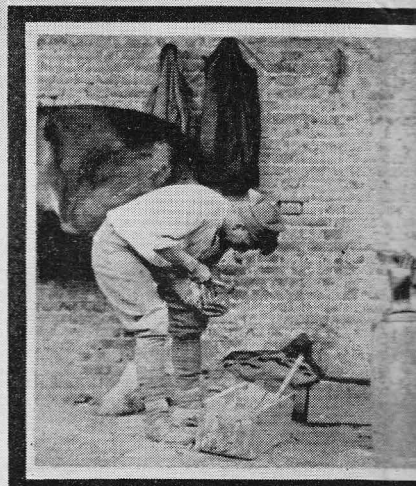


The first 150 wounded men to receive vocational training in Pittsburgh. The Hospitality House of the Y. W. C. A. was their rendezvous after school hours.

This reminds one of Kellys' on a Saturday night, not so many years ago, 'all right, what'll y'have.' 305th Eng. BEAUVAL.



Allay-ooop, old Chevaux, it's only dix more kilos and then you'll get the feed bag tied on. 314th F.A., FRAIGNY.



Old "Dobbin" had to drop in his heels straightened This the Hds Troop 80

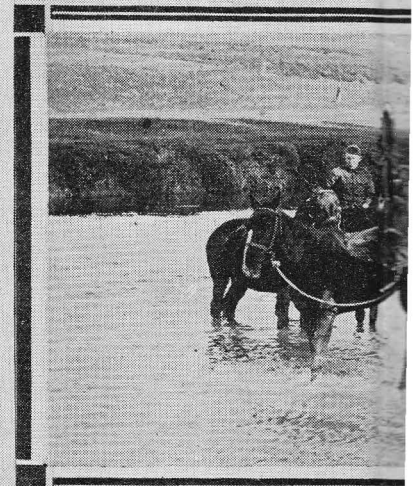
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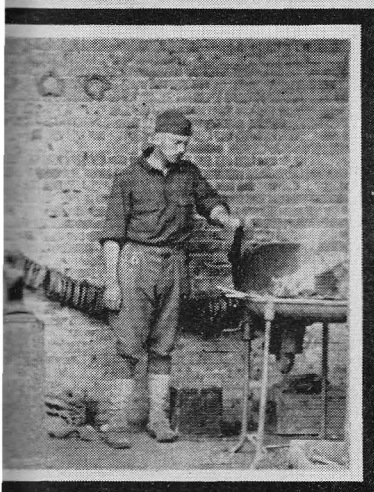
By H. R. C

*They never fell down on a hike,
No matter how heavy the load;
The kind of a soldier you like
To meet anywhere on the road.
When resting they stood in the rain,
With head tied close to a rope;
Just patiently bearing the pain,
Without even the welcome of hope.*

*Past fields of rich waving grain
And rivers that asked them to
drink,
Past thousands of Buddies, now
slain,
Yet all they could do was to think.*



Thats right, hold your h the birdie, steady now, s



... occasionally and get
his "Bootery" was run by
0th Div, BEAUVAL.

E GUERRE

OF WAR)
CURRY

*They saw two legged Buddies of war
Eat Rations they took from a can,
'Till hungry, dejected and sore,
They'd sigh for a mouthful of bran.*

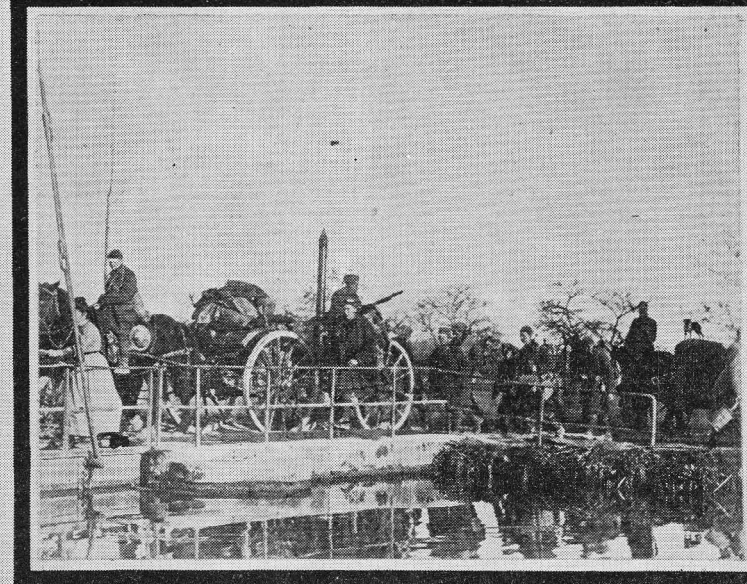
*On through the shell holes of night,
They wearily marched to their
doom;*

*Not hoping to share in the fight,
A glorious, dead hero's, tomb.
Yet faithful, unselfish and brave,
They served, just as loyal as we;
'Till death took the four legged slave,
To the place where all Buddies are,
free.*



heads up and look for
snap" 305th M.P. TRONVILLE.

The Marinello Manicuring Shops had nothing on the
one run by the 305th M.P.'s at BEAUVAL.



For popularity the chevaux, that hauled the Kitchens
had it all over the rest, but they had a trying job,
Keeping out of ruts, in order to prevent the Doughboys'
"slum" from slopping all over the road
Co. F 319th Inf., ECLAON.



Truth About Education in the Army

Do You Know That Over a Hundred Different Courses Are Open Now To the Men in the Regular Army—That There Are More Than 3,000 Classes at Work?

By Colonel R. I. Rees, G. S.

Chief Education and Recreation Branch, U. S. Army.

THAT the Army has developed the most extensive educational institution in the world is now a "fait accompli." The Secretary of War stands at the head of a vast educational organization of 100,000 students, with thousands of instructors, an enormous amount of equipment, hundreds of buildings and the indorsement of the United States government.

The War Department, through the Committee on Education and Special Training, had been signally successful during the war in carrying out, with the co-operation of the schools and colleges, the program of educational and vocational instruction, which was given in the R. O. T. C. and in the S. A. T. C., throughout the country. Further, it achieved gratifying results after the Armistice in the work undertaken through the A. E. F. University in France. These were two striking accomplishments. They not only emphasized what the Army ought to be ready to do in any emergency in the way of furnishing occupationally trained men, but also what it could do when put to the test.

Then followed the publication of the 1919 report of the Division of Psychology, Medical Department of the Army, which emphasized in an unmistakable manner the widespread prevalence of illiteracy. As a typical cross section of the nation, the Army showed that 24 per cent, or one man in every four, could neither read nor write the English language intelligently. A surprisingly large number of these men were totally illiterate.

To help remedy this unfortunate situation and to make full use of recent war experience, the Secretary of War directed the General Staff to institute a system of educational and vocational training in the peace-time Army, convinced that such a training is not only essential for the highest military efficiency, but also an opportunity for greater national service.

With this purpose in view, General Order, o. 109, War Department, 1919, was issued to the service. Education in the Army, it stated, will serve a two-fold purpose, (a), To train technicians and mechanics to meet the Army's needs and to raise the soldier's general intelligence, in order to increase his military efficiency; (b), to fit the soldier for a definite occupation upon his return to civil life.

Tales of a fabulous sort follow in the wake of every projected big undertaking.

Already there are the usual rumors as to what the Army is and is not attempting to do in the field of education. Consequently, it is advisable to state positively a few things that the Army is *not* attempting to do. For example, the War Department is not neglecting the military training in putting across its educational program; the Army takes no recruit and guarantees, irrespective of a man's ability, to make a trade expert in six months or in six years, but on the other hand its instructional system does spell opportunity to the man with mentality, initiative and stick-to-itiveness. It does not compete with the civil schools of the country, as its aim is different from theirs and its student body is in marked contrast to theirs in age, experience and schooling, so that a totally different method of instruction is necessary. Education in the Army is a real military factor. It is not a passing fad, has not been foisted upon the Army by impractical, unmilitary civilian minds and is no mere aesthetic or ethical frill upon the stern business of soldiering, as one Army officer put it. The lovable, loyal, but mechanical and intelligently limited type that Kipling paints for us in his "Soldiers Three" has given way as a military standard to the "Doughboy" whose individual intelligence and initiative, whose ability to "carry on" in the absence of orders, has shown the world what the modern soldier must be. What the Army learned in the World War was that, as General Pershing prophesied, individual ability to fight in the open was the real factor. This individual ability is produced by an all round training, both educational and military. Education, therefore, contributes specifically towards improving the soldier's military efficiency.

Selective service revealed startling figures regarding the prevalence of illiteracy among Americans, native as well as foreign-born. Therefore, the War Department determined that so far as lay in its power, it would eradicate adult illiteracy in the United States. Profiting by the experience of the war and preceding the war so far as our illiterates were concerned, it was decided to segregate such men as soon as enlisted, in order that an intensive course in English might be carried on hand in hand with recruit military instruction.

For this purpose there was organized the Recruit Educational Center. The parent center was Camp Upton, New York, to

which have recently been added five other centers. At Camp Upton, there are gathered 1,800 students representing forty-five racial groups. Almost one-half of these are American-born, coming from every state east of the Mississippi. Classes are graduated every two weeks, after about three months of intensive training, the time element, as elsewhere in the Army, depending entirely upon the soldier's personal initiative and ability. After graduation the men who join their organizations are equipped to read, write and speak the English language. The importance of this teaching on the quality of a soldier's morale and self-respect cannot be exaggerated.

The new soldier upon arrival at the recruit center school is given an intelligence test, on the basis of which he is assigned to a graded class. Half of his school day is devoted to military instruction and half to classroom work. The average recruit finishes the course in four months; more alert men complete it in less time and those of slower mentality take about six months before graduation.

The enlisted men throughout the Army who have finished an elementary education are given voluntary instruction in a variety of educational and vocational subjects. Among such subjects are clerical, commercial, modern languages, and English courses and technical branches in addition to such special courses as are given in particular training centers, and in the special mechanical and scientific arms of the service the following departments of study are taught very generally throughout the Army:

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

Automotive engineering	Music
Electricity	Agriculture
Building trades	Animal transportation
Textile manufacturing	Breeding and care of animals
Highway construction	Metal trades
Topography	Printing
Machine shop practice	Laboratory chemistry
	Power engineering
	Leather
	Office methods

EDUCATIONAL TRAINING

Penmanship	English
Arithmetic	United States history
Geography	General history
Civics	Economics
Higher mathematics	Sciences
	Modern languages

Truth About Education in the Army—Continued

Each of these departments is further subdivided. The agricultural courses include truck gardening, horticulture, agronomy, farm mechanics, farm economics, economic entomology and zoology, and animal husbandry. All courses obviously cannot be offered at all posts, but consistent with its facilities each post will offer the greatest choice possible in educational and vocational training.

From an economic standpoint vocational training in the Army is of practical significance. For example, some men in the Army must have a working knowledge of handling horses. To have a proper knowledge of these animals it is necessary for the men to know, as in the case of food animals, the details and working knowledge of judging, buying, breeding, feeding, care and management. Though motor transportation is largely displacing animal-drawn vehicles, it is certain that for many years to come the Army must maintain a large number of horses and mules. The recent war emergency showed how difficult it was to secure the proper kind of horses and also how comparatively few men taken from civil life were capable of looking after these animals when they were purchased by the Army; therefore, for economic reasons alone, the Army is justified in providing breeding stations at which men in the Army are taught how to breed, raise and properly develop the right kind of horses and other animals that are best adapted to the various forms of Army work.

Many of the camps, especially those with

rifle ranges, have large areas of farm land; this land is being made available for productive farms upon which are being raised food products for the Army horses and mules. The expense item for such a large maintenance in a camp is no small one. At every camp, therefore, where it is practicable to raise food products the Army undertaking is of considerable importance economically.

The method of instruction in the Army schools is an interesting feature and considerably different from that of the civil schools. The vast majority of the enlisted men have even less than an eighth grade preparation. At the same time they are past eighteen years of age, have had more than the ordinary experience of school children and the current school methods are not adapted to their instruction.

During the war and since, the Army has developed, for the purpose of meeting this unique situation, a system known as the "applicatory" method. This method is being used successfully in the basic courses in general education as well as in the technical courses. Men are given jobs or projects to work out under the supervision of competent instructors and the soldier's proficiency is measured not by the time he spends on his work, but by his progress in completing the assigned problem. The personal equation counts for everything in the Army schools and the man with ability is enabled to proceed rapidly and push ahead of less alert associates.

Over a hundred different courses of study

are now available to the man who enlists in the Regular Army, and 3,000 classes are being conducted in these courses. The subjects taught in the different camps vary in number from 10 to 40, and instruction is offered throughout the posts, camps and stations of the United States and in the overseas detachments. Hereafter the man who enters the Army will receive a course of training equivalent to that of a technical training school. At the completion of his term of enlistment he will return to civil life qualified for a definite occupation. Those who seek expert employes will regard the "graduated" Army men as probably the best equipped technically trained men to be had.

This Army school training will, however, do more than merely fit a man into industry; it will make him a better citizen, a broader minded man in every way. It will bring to thoroughly practical industrial training the culture that can reasonably be combined with such training. As the Secretary of War has stated: " * * We are building an Army on a new plan, and propose to make it not merely a military force organized and kept in readiness for the defense of the nation, but a great educational institution into which mothers and fathers of the country will be glad to see their boys go, because, first, of the patriotic spirit which service will engender; second, because of the educational opportunities it will offer, and third, because of the democratic fellowship which association in it will entail."

THE SOLDIER'S COMMANDMENTS

(By Maj. W. E. P. French, U. S. A.)

I. Keep your eyes at the ready, your ears at full cock, and your mouth at the safety notch; for it is your soldierly duty to see and hear clearly; but, as a rule, you should be heard mainly in the sentry challenge or the charging cheer. Obey orders first, and, if still alive, kick afterward, if you have been wronged.

II. Keep your rifle or gun and your accoutrements clean and in good order, and yourself as clean as you can; treat your animals kindly and fairly and your motor or other machine as though it belonged to you and was the only one in the world. Do not waste your ammunition, your gas, your food, your time, nor your opportunity.

III. Never try to fire an empty gun nor at an empty trench; but when you shoot, shoot to kill, and forget not that at close quarters a bayonet beats a bullet.

IV. Tell the truth squarely, face the music, and take your punishment like a man; for a good soldier

won't lie, doesn't sulk, and is no squealer.

V. Remember Edith Cavell, Belgium, Serbia and Lusitania, Louvain and the boats of the Hun, and, remember Teuton savagery, barbarism, and atrocities, steel your heart against ravishers of women, the murderers and mutilators of children and non-combatants, the ruthless destroyers of homes, the Hounds-of-the-Hohenzollern, the bestial Boches.

VI. Be merciful to the women of your foe, and shame them not for you are a man, not a beast, and a woman bore you. And pity and shield the children in your captured territory, for you were once a helpless child, and only a dastard makes war on the weak.

VII. You shall kill in the name and for the sake of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, until Right shall triumph over Might and Victory crown Justice. You shall never desert your Cause, your Country, your Colors, your Corps, your Comrades in Arms, or the Great Alli-

ance of the Liberators. And you shall fight shoulder to shoulder with your Brothers in the League of Liberty, to the end that Despotism, Autocracy and Frightfulness shall perish upon the earth and that Freedom and Democracy shall become the heritage of humankind.

VIII. Fear dishonor, dread defeat, be of good cheer and high courage, and don't shirk work or danger; but fear not death, dread not wounds, suffer in silence, and die game.

IX. Bear in mind that the enemy is your enemy and the enemy of humanity until he is killed or captured; then he is your dead brother or your fellow-soldier beaten and ashamed, whom you should no further humiliate.

X. Do your best to keep your head clear and cool, your body clean and comfortable, and your feet in good shape; for you think with your head, fight with your body, stand on and march with your feet.

Treading Sacred Ground

Boy Scouts Study the European War on the Battlefields—Every Gold Striper Can Serve His Country and Humanity in Particular by Aiding the Boy Scout Movement—Preparedness

By E. S. Martin

THE Boy Scout Movement is just ten years old.

This summer three hundred and one picked boy scouts from as many representative communities of the United States, under the trained and expert leadership of some of the best adult leaders of boys, have been touring England, France and Belgium. Almost all of these scouts are "Eagle Scouts" and during the ten years of the history of the Movement, have advanced from the awkward and hesitant stage of the tenderfoot to the well-equipped, alert, efficient, Eagle Scout.

The history which the men of the 80th and other divisions made in France, has been studied at first hand by these scouts.

At an International Boy Scout Contest—called, in boy scout parlance, a "Jamboree"—these three hundred and one boy scouts competed with boy scouts from thirty-six other nations, and made a highly creditable showing for America.

After the contest they went to France as guests of the French Government and toured the principal French cities and the famous battlefields of the late war.

How many of the 80th Division Veterans' Association could meet the requirements for an Eagle Scout? A glance at this will show at once the high type of citizenship and Americanism, which the Boy Scout Movement is preparing for our country—preparing for service in the time of any emergency, whether in war or peace.

An Eagle Scout Badge is awarded to any First-Class Scout qualifying for 21 merit badges. These 21 merit badges must include first aid, life saving, personal health, public health, cooking, camping, civics, bird study, path finding, pioneering, athletics, and ten others. Among these latter ten may be signaling, stalking, scholarship, printing, seamanship, machinery, forestry, interpreting, first aid to animals, and aviation.



To be a First-Class Scout, a boy must have qualified for the Tenderfoot and the Second-Class ranks.

To be a Tenderfoot, a boy must pass a test in some elementary but fundamental principles of patriotism, pledging allegiance to the flag and to the country and subscribing to the Boy Scout Code of Life. The boy scout idea of living is one pre-eminently of service. He is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, kindly, friendly, courteous, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent.

A scout's honor is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task, when trusted on his honor, he may be directed to hand over his scout badge.

He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due; his scout leader, his home, and parents and country.

He must be prepared to save life, help injured persons and share his home duties. He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day.

He is a friend to all and a brother to every other scout.

He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people, and the weak and helpless. He must not take pay for being helpful or courteous.

He is a friend to animals. He will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

He obeys his parents, scoutmaster, patrol leader, and other duly constituted authorities.

He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks nor grumbles at hardships.

He does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. He may work for pay, but must not receive tips for courtesies or good turns.

He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and to stand up for the right against the coaxing of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him.

He keeps clean in body and thought, stands for clean speech, clean sports, clean habits and travels with a clean crowd.

He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

This big idea is being carried out in all parts of the country. Two hundred and seventy communities of twenty thousand or more population, have duly constituted bodies of men, representing community institutions—churches, Sunday schools, rotary clubs, playgrounds, the Y. M. C. A., public and parochial schools, to give leadership to the boy scouts of their communities. One hundred and six thousand men are giving special voluntary leader-

Treading Sacred Ground—Continued

ship to these boys.

During the war, the government called upon the scouts for many forms of service. When the shortage of black walnuts for gun stocks and aeroplane propellers became alarming, scouts located 5,200 carloads of walnuts. There were also over one hundred carloads of fruit pits collected for masks, and many war garden and war farms were conducted by scouts throughout the country. They are likewise recorded as having distributed



thirty millions pieces of government literature.

Scouts rendered invaluable service to

of America, to which all communications may be addressed, is at 200 Fifth avenue, New York City.

Red Cross, during their war work campaign and through their national organization.

How is this for service?

Men who served their government in time of war, should serve it in time of peace, by acting as scoutmasters of troops of boy scouts.

The National Council of the Boy Scouts

School Days, Again—Continued

(Continued from Page 15)

The first wounded men to receive training in the vicinity of Pittsburgh attended school at Schenley High School. They numbered one hundred and fifty. They were just out of the hospital and barely recovered from their wounds. To many of them life seemed almost a hopeless proposition and there were some of them who were growing a little resentful at the apparent forgetfulness of the people for what these gallant boys had done for them.

In this state the staff of the Hospitality House of the Y. W. C. A., at 4246 Fifth avenue, found these boys. With characteristic vigor they immediately set to work to demonstrate to them that they were not entirely forgotten. Parties and other social events were arranged. The men were encouraged to spend every moment they could spare in the cheerful, pleasant surroundings of the House. By special arrangement the adjoining Y. W. C. A. cafeteria agreed to feed these ex-service men at a minimum cost.

Soon a change was seen in the men. They were taking on a new lease in life. The pleasant surroundings and cheering comfort of these Y. W. C. A. workers was reacting favorably and, as an evidence of how much they appreciated the real mothering of these women, just before the majority of them left the vocational school at Schenley High, they raised, from their government allowances, a collection and purchased a beautiful silver loving cup, presented it to the staff of workers. On it was inscribed "A token of esteem to the ladies of the Hospitality House from the disabled soldiers of the Allegheny Vocational School." On the opposite side of the handsome cup were the engraved names of the following women, whose loving care had helped these men to find themselves:

Mrs. Lillian F. Slocum, Hostess; Miss Lois G. Srodes, Assistant Hostess; Miss Ruth Kesel, Secretary, and Miss Dorothy Harlow, Secretary. The date of the gift, October, 1919, appears below the names.

First steps toward establishing a club in Pittsburgh to care for the disabled soldiers training in vocational schools were taken recently at a meeting of the Carry-On Club of Pittsburgh, in Duff's Business College, Penn avenue and Stanwix street. Representatives from Carnegie Tech, the University of Pittsburgh, the Allegheny Vocational School and Duff's, where more than 1,500 soldiers are now in training, reported favorably on the venture. A special meeting of the general committee will be held soon.

The Carry-On Club has a membership of more than 200, with additions being made daily. The club house they have in view would be a place where soldiers studying here would be enabled to live within the means accorded them by the government. Clubs of this sort have been established in Washington, Philadelphia, New York and other cities, and have met with the approval of the vocational committee of the War Department and heads of the schools.

Talks were made by Dr. J. B. Gold, of the Federal board for vocational training in Pittsburgh; Clarence C. Heddon and R. L. King, representing Tech; Principal P. S. Spangler, representing Duff's, and H. R. Salt, representing the Allegheny school. They declared the majority of soldier-students in their schools indorsed the idea and would assist in the campaign for funds.

Officers of the Carry-On Club, who have been instrumental in pushing the movement, are: President, John C. Leiser; vice president, Joseph Hebets; secretary, Richard C. King; treasurer, Walter S. McCormick; sergeant-at-arms, Donald L. White;

assistant sergeant-at-arms, John Watters, and historian, Christ Meletis. The campaign committee is composed of H. C. Hunter, chairman; Mr. Walters, Mr. Meletis, Richard L. King and Richard C. King.

RECOGNITION FOR THE BLUE RIDGE

Appointment by the president of seven major generals and 22 brigadiers under the new army reorganization bill was recently announced by the war department.

Those appointed major generals were Brigadier Generals *Adelbert Cronkhite*, William H. Hahn, Charles T. Menoher, Charles H. Muir, William H. Wright, Omar Bundy and George W. Read.

Those named brigadier generals are Colonels George B. Duncan, Jesse McI. Carter, William Lassiter, William R. Smith, Robert L. Howes, Grote Hutcheson, Ernest Hinds, Dwight L. Aulteman, Fox Conner, Johnson Hagood, Hanson E. Ely, Walter H. Gorden, Mark L. Hersey, Ulysses G. McAlexander, Fred W. Slayden, Harry H. Bandholtz, Dennis E. Nolan, W. D. Connor, Robert C. Davis, and Malin Craig; Lieutenant Colonels Hugh A. Drum and George Van Horn Moseley.

Assignments announced today included *Colonel Willard A. Holbrook*, to be chief of cavalry with rank of major general; *Colonel Charles S. Farnsworth*, chief of infantry with rank of major general; Major General Frank W. Coe, chief of coast artillery; Major General Charles T. Menoher, chief of air service; Brigadier General Herbert M. Lord, chief of finance, and Colonel Ames A. Fries, chief of chemical war service.

American soldiers going to France and coming back spent on an average of 22 days on a transport.

Evolution of the United States Navy

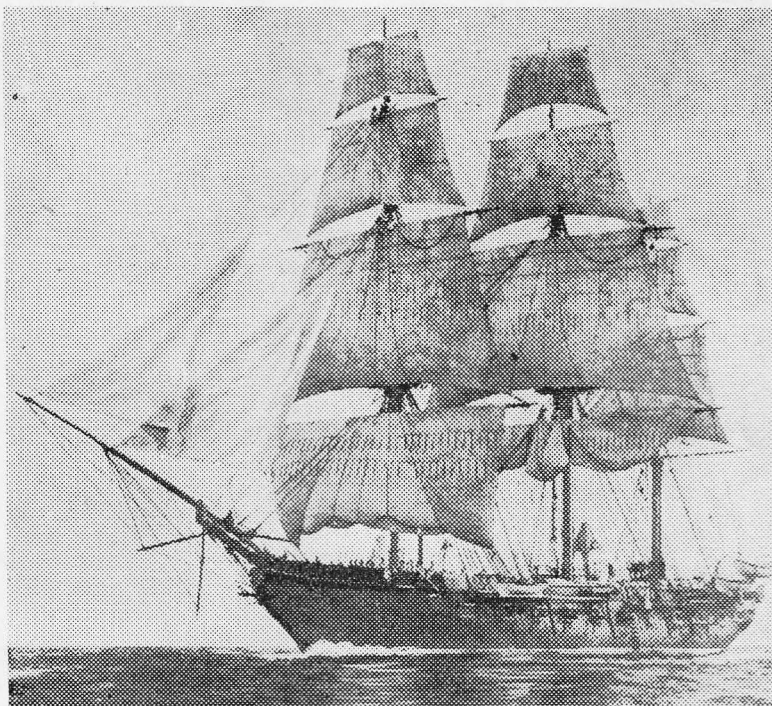
By F. J. G. Reall,

Apprentice Seaman for Yeoman, U. S. N.

WHEN the battleship Maryland was launched at Newport News on March 20th, one of the things brought vividly to the attention of the world by the event was the encouraging growth of the United States Navy since it came into existence way back in 1775. The process by means of which the American Navy, step by step took a foremost position among the great navies of the world makes one of the most interesting pages in the history of human progress, and should prove of intense interest to all red-blooded Americans.

The Maryland, the highest product of human ingenuity in naval architecture, the very crux of battleship construction, is but the result of the years of development of our Navy from the frigates of the Revolution to the present day modern fighting craft. In the beginning the American Navy was superior to any afloat. After the close investment of the city of Boston by Washington in the winter of 1776 had cut off all supplies to the British save such as might reach them by water, the United States Navy was born. It was but a feeble infant, scarcely able to stand alone, yet even from the first merchantmen which was fitted out with guns, the American fighting craft began to show their superiority over their foes. Because then, as now, the Americans manifested the innate Yankee impulse to improve anything which might fall into their hands, and so, profiting by the mistakes of the Britons, the first American fighting ships built were superior in many respects to those of any other.

Not only in constructive methods did the Americans at once manifest evident superiority over the French and British, but also in gunfire, and in maneuvering their vessels. American gunners from the first displayed far greater skill in gun firing, America, to this day retaining her supremacy in this respect. The American ships which were longer than those of the British, were not so broad abeam, however, and, therefore, were more easily maneuvered. In many respects it has been shown that in the battles in which those historic vessels, the Constitution and the



The Frigate Constellation

Constellation, participated, naval tactics and modes of attack and defense very similar to those employed in modern naval battles were used. The Britons at that time preferred close range fighting. That is, they would draw up to the side of their foe, throw out grappling irons and board with drawn cutlasses. The Americans, although new to the game, were already able to correct this mode of procedure, which caused many fatalities on both sides. In other words, they were "wise" to the fact that the most approved way to make war is to do so with the most attendant damage to the other fellow and the least to oneself. Therefore, they preferred to remain as far away from the foe as possible doing fearful execution with their long 24 pounders manipulated by expert gunners.

Nations have since come and gone, but America goes on forever. Other nations have seen this country expand from a thinly settled tract of land along the Atlantic Coast to a mighty nation of over 100,000,000 inhabitants, with representatives in every portion of the globe. These same nations have also seen the United States Navy grow from a handful of cruisers scarcely larger than the lumber schooner of today, which together with some armed merchantmen constituted the navy of 1775, to a formidable Armada, the aggregate tonnage of which in 1919 was little short of 2,500,000. In 1917, three superdreadnaughts, the largest afloat, were constructed, each to be armed with 16 inch

guns. These guns carry over 25 miles. The first men of war built for the United States Navy in the summer of 1775 carried 28 guns which hurled solid shot weighing from 16 to 18 pounds a distance of about 500 yards. This feat was hailed with delight at the time. The 16-inch projectile of today weighs 2,048 pounds and can penetrate 16 inches of steel at a distance of 16 miles.

The three battleships which stand out foremost in American history are the "Constellation," the "Constitution," and the "United States." These three vessels were constructed in —, 1797, following the passing of a bill by the Secretary of War re-establishing the American Navy, which up

to that time had been dis-organized. When the Revolutionary was over and independence achieved, Congress had seen no further use for war vessels, and so had sold all that had been constructed. Indeed, progress in the building of war craft had ceased entirely. The future of the American Navy looked dark indeed.

In 1794, however, Congress, sleeping then as now, awakened to the fact that was every day making itself more apparent, and that was that Great Britain was daily increasing her output of war vessels. In the past year alone more than 20 vessels had been launched from yards in the United Kingdom. America was not slow in making amends, however. The building of six frigates authorized by a special act of Congress. These were to be armed with muzzle loading guns carrying from 20 to 24-pound balls, and having a range not exceeding 500 yards. Only three of the six were built. These three, mentioned above, later achieved great fame and renown for the American nation. They present an interesting contrast both in armament and quarters for the men to the modern fighting ships. The "Constellation" was less than 400 feet in length. She was equipped with 36 guns, firing balls weighing about 24 pounds, which could be hurled effectively a distance of probably 500 yards. At best she could make only 5 or 6 knots an hour. For sleeping quarters the men utilized any spare space about the deck. Any portion of it where a blanket could be spread

Evolution of the United States Navy—Continued

served as a bunk. Seas which swept over the sides of the vessels which were built rather low in the water oft times washed sleepers overboard with them. For food, the men subsisted on anything which, in those days of refrigeratorless larders, retained enough of its original characteristics to be dignified by the name of food. Scurvy, a disease which comes with the absence of green food in menus, was rampant. Yet, the brave men, inspired by the love of their country, fought and died hard.

The "Maryland," America's newest super-dreadnaught, is acknowledged the most formidable fighter that has ever been launched. She is larger than any warship of any other nation and will carry the latest armor and fighting devices. These include eight 16-inch turret guns, (the finest example of a great mass of machinery moved with no apparent effort) in the world; 14 five-inch secondary guns, four three-inch anti-aircraft guns, two 2-inch torpedo tubes and four 6-pound saluting guns. It is a noteworthy fact that the saluting guns on the Maryland are not much lighter than those used in battle by the Constellation.

The men in the American Navy of today are served best food, have the best quarters and are the highest paid of any nation in the world.

Under the pressure of French Spoilations later the Navy was increased, and so on, until when the War of 1812 broke out, with Great Britain, the American Navy consisted of 17 ships, aggregating 15,300 tons, and 5,025 men. As to the matter of facilities, there were none. There were no yards, no docks, indeed, no adequate means of any sort for repairing or refitting.

The British Navy, fresh from the victories of Trafalger and Nile, had, in the North American waters alone, over seven times as many ships as were possessed by the American Navy. Yet within seven months the ships of the United States had reduced three of the most formidable British frigates to wrecks, and taken over 500 merchantmen, a result which astounded the world. The noteworthy fact of these duels was the destructive character of the American fire which literally tore the British ships to pieces, and converted their decks into slaughter houses.

Three prominent factors contributed to the success of American arms on the sea:

1. The American ships and especially the frigates were larger, being over 12 feet longer, and at the same time more easily maneuvered than any ships which had been built up to that time. The American sloop-of-war outclassed those of foreign nations in every respect.

2. The frigates concentrated the power of a ship of the line. They mounted 30 24-pounders in broadsides, mere papper casters in comparison with the huge 14-inchers on

modern fighting craft, but a startling innovation at that time.

3. The American gunners aimed their guns. This may sound strange in these days of precise firing, but it was unusual then. The Americans had been taught from infancy, as their fathers from the back woods, who had harried the Hessians, had been taught, to fire at targets, to use their long cannon as they used their long fowling pieces and to send round shot into the enemies' hulls as they were accustomed with their fowling pieces to bring down birds on the wing.

The British system at that time involved no gun pointing, the carronades had no sights and were laid level, point blank with a range of about 500 yards.

They were fired with the same hope of hitting something which a woman, closing her eyes and aiming a revolver at an intruder cherishes. Usually the sky line was the only thing which suffered. As long as their shot cut up sails and brought down masts, thus impairing motive power, the desired end was attained.

Books by the hundreds have been written about the American Navy, but it seems that no one has been entirely able to impress the public with the real significance of the words. If they could but realize that the Navy is a tradition which has certain standards that have always been lived up to, there would be less difference about serving a term in Uncle Sam's Navy.

That the red-blooded American he-man is awakening to the opportunities and the possibilities that are open to him by enlisting in the navy is evidenced by the huge jump in recruiting statistics since

the cessation of the war. The fact that thousands of ex-soldiers are applying at Navy Recruiting Stations over the country must certainly attest to the fact that having tried one of the two things they have arrived at the conclusion that Uncle Sam is well equipped to take care of them in the Navy.

The Navy has ever been the place for red-blooded men. Such names as John Paul Jones, Jeremiah O'Brien, Decatur, Porter, Farragut, Dewey and Schley attest to the fact that great things may be expected from a navyman. There was a time when a seaman was looked down upon. Now a lad in the uniform of the United States Navy is recognized as a unit in one of the greatest man-making organizations in the world. Their conduct on the submarine infested seas during the war proved their mettle. They are acknowledged not one whit less brave than their comrades who saw service in the trenches of France. Both the Army and Navy contributed equally to the bringing about of a termination of the great conflict. Health, the knowledge and experience which comes only to those who travel in far distant climes, and above all a true knowledge of ones self are the rewards of the navy man.

The other day a Chief Petty Officer who was re-enlisting after eight years, spoke of having urged his son to enter the service.

"I couldn't attend to him right, and I was afraid he would go wrong. So as soon as he was of age I made him join up. Now I know he is all right. If there is any manhood in him, the Navy will bring it out."

The Eightieth ALWAYS Moves—Continued

(Continued from Page 5)

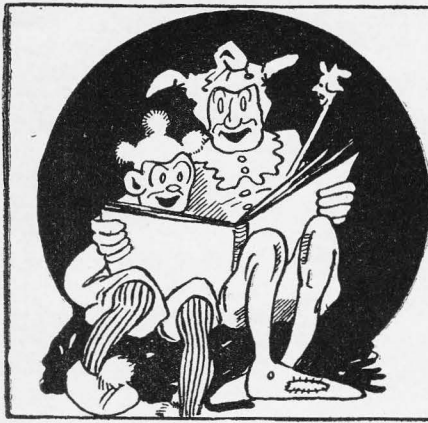
P. Willig, Walter J. Fosenans, Fred Caster, Frank L. McNeely, Donald W. Thomas, C. H. Smith, J. G. Calverly, Walter Brandt, Victor Brennan, Clyde Sippel, H. R. Curry, J. A. Errett, William J. A. Drower, Charles W. Dunlevy, Harry E. Beam, Charles Newmeyer, Alva McDowell, Edgar Eddy, Joe McGregor, C. H. Laundry, George L. McKee, Bernard Ragner, Herb Kuhl, William G. Carson, Richard Carlson, Edmund Dean, Clarence M. Kletty, R. E. Obley, A. L. E. O'Neill, No. 56 Y. M. C. A., Camp Lee, Va.; Harry W. Vogt, C. M. Sloan, Harry W. Klinzing, Edward Eigenbrod, W. G. Fleming, W. T. Downey, E. R. Merry, A. G. Fischer, J. W. Smunsky, Walter Manges, C. McClarren, H. Phisterer, Ed. Roth, F. R. Horn, S. Balton, R. H. Thomas, William A. Hillebrecht, M. J. Gughany, T. J. Leighner, E. C. Heinlein, C. C. Fischer, J. Frew, J. F. Mullen, Harry J. Steeb, D. K. Delaney, J. A. Kiefer, D. C. Hill, Edward Winvod, C. A. Taylor, B. F. Johnston, James E. Blair, C. J. Knell, R. S. Hilliard, A. J. Jacobs, John Helmbrecht, H. W. Wiemann, S. H. Parkins, Joseph G. Johns, M. J. Walsh, Wilbert J. Stewart, O. P. Man-nerberg, Hughes, W. Lindner, George F.

Luty, Dal Verner, Samuel J. Fleming, Geo. Rese for W. Sterling Rese (deceased), C. S. Wentland, Harry C. Hayes, Edward (Lefty) Gallagher, John W. Green, Edward Lubomski, Harry Maffei, Frank L. Duffy, Eugene O'Neill, I. H. Patton, E. O. Hennig, Jr., John R. Kyle, H. E. Bittner, Thomas E. Taylor, P. L. Alter, C. E. McCunn, T. H. Edelblute, A. C. Phillippi, "Snappy" Caldwell, Otto H. Gall ("Slum King"), B. J. Shur, A. Letzkus, C. E. Miller, T. S. Cahall, Kenneth E. Vaughn, "Skeets" Meyers, George J. Klier, O. J. Remney, Leslie W. Herdt, John F. Yount, Fred W. Conner, Edwin Baessler, Clarence (Rip) McMurray.

319TH INFANTRY

Ed. Tully, Louis Diller, Charles G. Weiss, William R. Schaeffer, Cyril A. Madden, F. W. Ehrlichman, S. F. Marshall, G. A. Ashbaugh, J. J. Farley, T. D. Branks, R. I. Nolf, E. R. Frederickson, M. C. Allender, Fred J. Interthal, Ralph A. Blaughter, William G. Bergman, W. E. Hanserman, Joe Keller, C. W. Lehman, Dan O'Donnell, John A. Kuchta, William D. Flanigan, Frank Laklia, J. W. Marlon, John Haberman, Dan Pacifke, Vic. Shaner, John Graves, H. J. Pamler,

(Continued on Page 28)



A PAGE TO WIT

"OUR MAG"—By the Office Boy



BY THE way you guys write in here at headquarters, a body'd think we was carrying on some sort of Correspondence School or Advice to the Lovelorn Bureau or sumthin. Ye Gods, here I am sitting writing an article to fill up this page for our "Mag" with letters piled up—way over my head. Yes Siree—letters to the right of me and letters to the left. I opened about nine hundred and ninety-nine this morning and there's ten hundred and then some here now.

And every one I open either has three bucks it in, from one of you fellows what's paid for next year's dues—button, subscription and year book or else it's a letter from one of you guys what sent your mazuma in a few days ago asking for a receipt or a word of thanks or good cheer or sumthin.

And some of you fellows can get real snippish like, too. Surprising when you think of all the gold brick deals there are in this old 1920th century—that some of you guys could raise such a gum-swizzled fuss over a few bones.

Why just stop to consider what three measly bucks would buy today? Good Lord, you couldn't even buy enough to feel happy on with that much—as I understand it, they're selling the sraight stuff with real kick in it for fifty cents a throw—three bucks—six drinks—why that wouldn't even make you forget your wife or forget your troubles. And yet you send in three dollars to your old outfit, what thinks the world of you—and then raise the roof cause I don't turn in and send you your money's worth by return mail.

Shame on you—why, by gosh, I'm so busy I can't see straight—can't you stop to consider that you and I and the High Mogul here and the Ad Man are not all that goes to make up this 80th Vets. Association.

Why, gee gosh, fellows, we are just one

of a multitude. Why there's seventeen thousand of us—so just imagine seventeen thousand of us loosening up all at once and passing over the "long green." Now can you imagine how busy I am?????

And then to make matters worse a half hundred letters pouring in a day—asking for your receipt—or your button, or your membership card or sumthin.

I promise you I am turning out the orders as fast as I possibly can—lately I've been somewhat held up, on the buttons, for our second batch has not yet arrived. But the boss has telegraphed and I expect to turn out your orders "Tout

Sweet." So in the meantime, have a heart and when you're out in the park, loving your best girl, just think of poor me. Your office boy, at the 80th Vets, working overtime, trying to take care of all these orders.

You know there's an old saying, "Everything comes to him who waits"—and take it from me—you'll get your share—'cause you couldn't get more for three bones anywhere than we're handing out to you fellows here at Headquarters—so keep your shirt on.

Sincerely yours,
THE OFFICE BOY.

P. S.—Tell "Every-Buddy" about Service.

VERY LIGHTS

A PRIVATE STILL

A zealous revenue officer was sent up into a Kentucky district to try to locate several "moonshine" stills which were known to exist.

Meeting a native, the officer said:

"I'll give you \$50 if you take me to a private still."

"Sure I will," was the reply, as he pocketed the money. "Come with me."

For many weary miles over the mountain roads they tramped, until they came into view of army camps. Pointing to a soldier seated on a step inside the square, the native said:

"There you are, sir, my brother Fred, he's been a soldier for ten years, an' he's a private still."—National Republican.

NOTHING ON HIM

"You know," said a lady whose motor car had run down a man, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a great many years."

"Lady," said the man, "you've nothing on me. I've been walking for over 50 years."

EVEN AS YOU AND I

The hungry patron again visited the restaurant and again ordered chicken pie but with this comment: "The undercrust to that pie you gave me yesterday was abominably tough—I hope it is better today." Said the waiter, "There wasn't any undercrust to that pie, sir; it was served on a paper plate and you ate it."

THEIR SPORTIVE MOOD

An Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman were indulging in reminiscences of sporting occasions.

"The closest race I ever saw was a yacht race," said the Englishman, "in which one of the boats that had been recently painted, won by the breadth of the coat of paint."

"The closest race I ever saw," declared the Scotchman, "was one in which a horse, stung by a bee, won by the height of the swelling on his nose."

"The closest race I ever saw," said the Irishman, "is the Scotch."

SHOWING HIS LOVE

"Look here, Rastus."

"Yes, 'Liza."

"I begin t' think yer doesn't love me no more."

"Nonsense, 'Liza; what put that foolish notion in yer haid?"

"Why yer just sit there by the fire and sees me work."

"Why 'Liza, de more I sits by this 'ere fire and sees yer workin' the more I love yer, Honey."

Some men are like cuffs on trousers, of no particular use, and not ornamental either.

One half the world is busy trying to separate the other half from what it has.

"Is your husband a good provider, Dinah?"

"Yassum; he's a good providah all right, but I'se allus skeered dat niggah's gwine to git caught at it."—Houston Chronicle.

How Times Have Changed—Continued

(Continued from Page 11)

diers, and their affairs suffer considerably by the time necessarily employed in acquiring a knowledge of the Military Art, very many of their Country Men, who have not associated, are intirely free from these Inconveniences. They conceive that where the Liberty of all is at stake, every Man should assist in its support, and where the cause is common, and the benefits derived from an opposition are universal, it is not Consonant to Justice or Equity that the Burthens should be partial.

"The Committee, therefore, would Submit it to the Wisdom of the House, whether at this time of general Distress and Danger, some plan should not be devised to oblige the assistance of every member of the Community.

"But as there are some Persons who, from their religious Principles, are scrupulous of the Lawfulness of bearing arms, this Committee, from a tender regard to the consciences of such, would venture to propose, that their Contributions to the Common Cause should be pecuniary, and for that purpose a rate or assessment be laid on their Estates, equivalent to the expence and loss of time incurred by the associators."

And as for profiteers, they called 'em, among other things of somewhat harsher sound, Forestallers. They were all of that if they were like those of the present day.

Joseph Reed, president of the Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (by 1779 we were no longer a province, you know) seems to have been the A. Mitchell Palmer of those days when proclamations concerning the profiteer were deemed necessary. (Mr. Reed fails to mention Bolsheviki May Day plots, however).

Here's the way he handed it out to the papers:

A PROCLAMATION

"Whereas, The forestalling the Markets & engrossing great quantities of Articles of usual Consumption, have a manifest tendency to enhance the prices, odious and punishable by Law; But when such practices are extended to Bread & other necessaries of life, they become distressing and ruinous to the industrious poor & are most heinously criminal. In order, therefore, to prevent as much as possible the inhabitants of this State from unwarily falling into such dangerous & illegal practices, We do hereby make it known, that we have caused prosecutions to be commenced against some

persons Charged with the above offences, and we do strictly charge the Justices of the Peace, Constables & other civil Officers, to make due enquiry into the above offenses; and we do require the faithful inhabitants and subjects of this State to whose knowledge the same may come, to make discovery thereof to the Officers of Justice, in order that the perpetrators may be brought to speedy & condign punishment."

But, as in a more recent time, "speedy & condign punishment" apparently got no further than it does today, because, in another State Paper, dated a couple of weeks later, February 5, 1779, Mr. Reed wrote:

"Agreeable to your (the Assembly's) desire we made deligent enquiry after the forestallers of flour and other provisions in this city (Philadelphia), & caused several suspected persons to be prosecuted; but whether the complaints were not well founded, or from a reluctance in the inhabitants to appear on such prosecutions, the parties were dismissed."

And finally, those who think gasless Sundays an innovation in helping to win wars need read only another passage in this same communication wherein Mr. Reed proposed a goodly tax on "such as all Carriages for pleasure & convenience only."

Pests, Patriots and Press Agents—Continued

(Continued from Page 7)

living? The press agent sent out an announcement one day that every June baby, if given a name that entitled it to the initials "W. S. S.," would be presented with a "baby bond," worth \$5. That looked like discrimination in favor of the Smiths and other families whose surnames began with "S," but it had to be; it was just as impossible to change the name War Savings Stamps as it would be to change the babies' names so that they could meet the conditions of the offer. Several babies in Allegheny County had qualified when toward the end of the month, a very young man appeared at W. S. S. headquarters, and asked about the conditions of the offer. When given the desired information he said, "well, my name is S—, and I sure would like my baby to have one of those baby bonds. Would it be possible to extend the time limit a week or so?"

It was not only possible; it was done, and instead of one extra "baby bond" to award, two were required, one for Woodrow Savings S— and the other for his sister, Winifred S. S—. Two little tots endowed at birth through the press agent's willingness to help along a "story."

It has been stated that where the press agent was the busiest there the greatest results were achieved. In the Pittsburgh

territory, at the end of six months, the returns from letter carriers, school children, Boy Scouts, church workers, members of civic and fraternal and labor organizations, showed that more than 75 per cent of the entire population were investors in these securities ranging from the purchaser of a \$1,000 Pershing Club membership down to the little children who by almost tragic sacrifices managed to save enough to buy a 25 cent thrift stamp. The workers were keyed up to a high pitch of enthusiasm by reading what the others were doing, and when the publicity slowed up during the latter half of the year, sales of these stamps took a big slump.

It was not because the workers or the people at large had suddenly become less patriotic. Not a bit; but without the constant driving of publicity, persistently preaching the necessity for saving and investing in "baby bonds," the general interest dropped or was transferred to other branches of war work.

In closing it might be remarked that the press agents, at least in the Pittsburgh district, were not seekers after bomb proof jobs. Most of them were men who were too old for service or, having volunteered, had been turned down because of physical defects. Others who had been doing publicity work when this country entered the war, gave up their jobs as soon as they

could arrange for others to take over their work, and then enlisted.

A SUGGESTION

The trolley car was crowded,
She couldn't find a seat;
Said the man in front of her,
"Miss, you're standing on my feet!"
Then sweetly she looked down at him,
The darling little elf,
And said, "Beg pardon, but why don't
You stand on them yourself?"

HIS PATRIOTIC EXCUSE

A sailor stood in front of his commander, a gentleman fierce of mien, and with some nasty questions on the tip of his tongue.

"Brown," came the stern demand, "what have you to say?"

"Sir," and the pat answer tripped lightly, "yesterday afternoon I set out to come aboard. Arriving at the railway station, I found I had only a minute to spare."

"Yes," rapped out the commander.

"Just then a band struck up 'The Star-spangled Banner' and I stood at attention and saluted until they had finished."

"Yes."

"Then, sir, by that time the train had gone!"

Alumni Notes

Our attention has been called to several mistakes in the last issue of Service on the Review of Histories, causing our Buddies of 313th F. A. and their sister regiments no end of alarm. The mistake has been brought to the attention of the Editor, who promises a correction for the September issue.

Ernest A. Adams, formerly First Sergeant, Co. A, 317th Inf., is now First Sergeant, Battery C, 56th Artillery, C. A. C., and is stationed at Camp Jackson, S. C.

It is hinted that the announcement of the engagement of Gertrude Elizabeth Tompkins to Howard Scoville Hickcox, carries a real story. It is claimed that Lieut. Hickcox of Co. K, 320th Inf., was known to his friends as a woman hater.

Miss Eleanor May Curry, of Staunton, Va., was married on June 23rd, to Samuel H. Parkins, Jr. Mr. Parkins was a First Lieutenant in the 320th Inf. Mr. and Mrs. Parkins are making their home in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Corporal Frank R. Curtis, formerly of Co. A, 319th Inf., has a new little Red Cross Nurse in his home.

Mr. Lloyd E. Nicholson, formerly with Hdq. Co., 320th Inf., is now located in the Delta Building, Los Angeles, Cal., and offers to extend the glad hand of welcome to any Blue-Ridger who may be traveling in his direction.

Wanted—Information regarding History of Co. D, 305th Ammunition Train. Send to Service Magazine.

General Jamerson, formerly commanding 159th Inf. Brigade, is now in the I. G. Division, Hdq., at San Francisco, Cal.

305th F. S. (Philadelphia)—If you are going to the Reunion get in touch with Thomas F. Doyle, 421 North Twentieth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

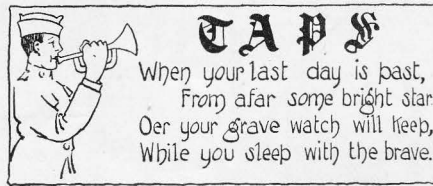
Connellsville, Pa., June 24, 1920.
Service Magazine:—

I have about 50 copies of the company roster of H Company, 319th Infantry, and any member of H Company desiring a copy of same can have one free of charge as long as they last. If you would mention it in Service Magazine I would appreciate it very much, as I am sure members of H Company would like to get in touch with each other but do not know their different addresses. Those wishing a copy of H Company roster will receive same by addressing

RALPH F. SLIGER,
208 E. Francis Ave., Connellsville, Pa.

Mr. Clay Barnard, who served with the 318th Inf. all during the war, is now a contracting painter at Altavista, Va., where he is doing well.

Mr. C. H. Edwards, who served with the 80th Division from its organization in September, 1917, until its demobilization in June, 1919, is now manager of the Altavista Printing Co., Inc., publishers of the Altavista Journal and commercial printers, in his home town of Altavista, Va. Mr. Edwards served with the 159th Inf. Brig. Hdqrs. Detachment.



Sgt. Louis S. Schlernitzauer died at State College, Pa., July 10, 1920, was buried from his parents' home, 85 Eureka street, S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., July 12, 1920. Our late comrade was born at Peru, Indiana, April 24, 1891, served throughout the World War with Co. K, 320th Inf., 80th Div., U. S. A.; was gassed and wounded in the Argonne November 1, 1918, near Immeccourt, France, having fought upon ground familiar to his parents, who came to this country from the Alsace-Lorraine district. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Schlernitzauer; two sisters and two brothers. One of the later served during the war with the navy. The family desires to express their sincere appreciation to the 80th. Div. Veterans' Association and other friends of the family for their tokens of sympathy during the services.

Fred J. Metzler, age 27, was drowned in an irrigation lake on the Hinkle farm, Ross township, near Pittsburgh, Pa., July 5. Mr. Metzler served overseas with the 80th. with the rank of Mechanic of K. Co., 320th. Inf. Funeral services were held at the parents' residence, 26 Ger-shon street, N. S., Pittsburgh.

Thomas Young Davis, son of Dr. J. W. Davis of Partlows, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, was drowned while swimming in the river near Logan, W. Va., July 10, 1920. Comrade Davis served as Regimental Messenger for 315th. Regiment, Field Artillery, 80th. Div. He is survived by his parents and several brothers and sisters.

Earl Wilkinson, formerly of 305th Ammunition Train, died Saturday, July 17, 1920, at his home, 2017 Jane street, S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., from injuries received in an automobile accident July 10, 1920.

Thomas Ephriam Thompson, age 29, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Thompson of Washington Pike, Bridgeville, Pa., was drowned in Lake Erie at Erico Beach, Sunday morning, July 18, 1920. Comrade Thompson served as Sergeant in Company I, 319th, Inf. Reg., 80th. Div., in the World War. Funeral services were conducted by the American Legion.

Mr. Gordon Adams of Crewe, Va., a former member of Co. L, 317th Inf., is now traveling salesman for The Thacher Wagon Co.

Mr. Ernest Mattox of Leesville, Va., who was discharged from Co. L, 317th Inf., on account of the condition of his health just before the Division sailed for France, is being treated in a government sanitarium near Asheville, N. C. His condition is much improved and he expects to receive his release in September.

Mr. C. A. Jacobs, a member of the 80th at its organization in September, 1917, is now agent for the Southern Ry. Co. at Raleigh, N. C.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS,
Pittsburgh Chapter.

July 23, 1920.

80th Div. Veterans' Assoc.,
915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Capt. R. W. Elton—I wish to extend the thanks of the boys at the U. S. Marine, St. Francis, and Tuberculosis Hospitals, for the splendid time your organization gave them at the Blue Ridge picnic, last Saturday, July 17th. The boys talked about it for days afterwards and certainly had a glorious time at the park. Again many thanks for your generosity.

Very sincerely,

LUCY MARION BUCHBINDER,
In charge of recreation, American Red Cross, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. Marine Hospital.

On June 9th, the stork flew over the home of Corporal Miles E. Kanode of 317th Inf., leaving a ten-pound boy.

Wanted, the address of Lieut. Ellison, formerly 314th M. G. Bn. Information requested by E. E. Lester, Reedy, W. Va.

Wanted, the address of Clarence Graff, 320th Field Hospital, 305th Sanitary Train. Last address known, "Squirrel Hill," Pittsburgh, Pa. Information to George C. Gerstenacker, 2457 N. Carlisle street, Philadelphia, Pa.

On Blue Ridge Day, Saturday, July 17, 1920, a five and one-half pound baby girl was born to John Roney, formerly 305th Engineers.

The American Red Cross is anxious to obtain the present addresses of Joe Biegle, formerly of Company M, Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry, and 129 Wharton street, Southside; Boleslaw Kasprzycke, formerly of 849 South Twenty-sixth street, and Zeno Charles Maiser. Frank Havelka, stationed at Quebec and Joseph Goldberger communicate with him. Information to the Red Cross office in the Chamber of Commerce Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lloyd C. Eneix, formerly 318th Inf., has just opened a law office at 602 Board of Trade Building, Wheeling, W. Va., and resides at the University Club, same city, where he will be glad to see any of his old buddies.

La Societi de Stigny, composed of Richmond members of the 2nd Battalion, 318th Infantry, had its summer meeting and supper at the Business Men's Club, Richmond, on Friday, June 25. Five old buddies "enlisted" and a good time was enjoyed by all. All members of this Societi are also members of the Richmond Post, 80th Association and are looking forward to the reunion in September.—J. A. DeVol, 4 N. Rowland street, Richmond, Va.

Deem Robey, formerly Ambulance Co., 305th S. T., recently joined a Pittsburgh (Pa.) post of the V. F. W., sending his application and affidavit by mail. Comrade Robey is with the Merchants' National Bank, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Information Wanted—Will any former buddies of Samuel A. Mandelstein, medical detachment 319th Infantry, who was

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killed in action October 8, 1918, please communicate with Mr. S. S. Kovacs, 243 South Second street, Duquesne, Pa. Any information regarding his army life and incidents pertaining to his death, etc., will be gratefully appreciated.

Information Wanted—Any buddies of Louis C. Schlernitzauer, Co. K, 320th Inf., who died recently, can perform a great service by communicating with his father, F. Schlernitzauer, 85 Eureka Street, South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lawson General Hospital,
 Atlanta, Ga., July 21, 1920.
 80th Div. Veterans' Association,
 Pittsburgh, Pa.

To my buddies of the 318th Field Hospital and Division Surgeon's Office, I am asking "Service" to publish this letter as a means of letting my former buddies know that I am in the service again for one year, and would be glad to hear from any of them that remember me.

Best wishes from a former buddie.
 PVT. WILLIS R. BENNETT,
 Lawson General Hospital, Atlanta, Ga.

TOOT! TOOT!

A deaf but pious English lady visiting a small country town in Scotland went to church, armed with an ear-trumpet. The elders had never seen one, and viewed it with suspicion and uneasiness. After a short consultation one of them went to the lady just before the opening of the service and wagging his finger at her warningly, whispered: "One toot and ye're 'oot."

A young man from our town had gone into a training school as an automobile mechanic. In one of their tests an automobile was taken apart and it was his duty to assemble each part to its respective place. He had done this with the exception of one piece, which was missing and which he could not find. The C. O. told this young fellow that it was up to him to get this piece, so, taking his superior officer at his word, he proceeded to take the missing part from the commanding officer's own car and he was one of four out of a class of 100 who passed the test.—H. H., in San Francisco Chronicle.

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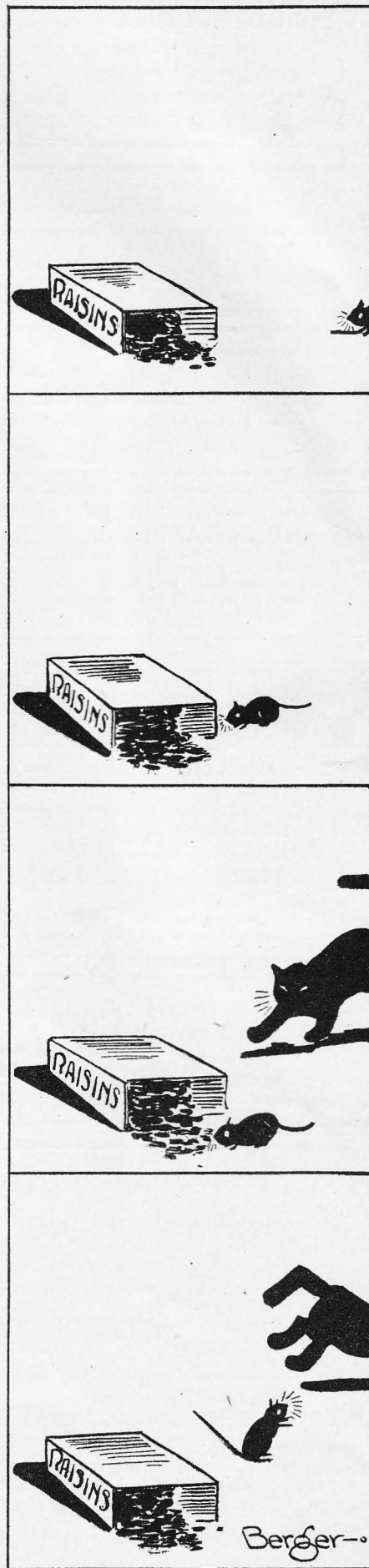
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Among Remembered Haunts

(Continued from Page 12)

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For Health's sake, for Beauty, for comfort and Satisfaction—use vibration.

It opens wide a new broad easy avenue to vigor and zest, to good complexion, to improved hair and scalp.

"La Vida means Life"

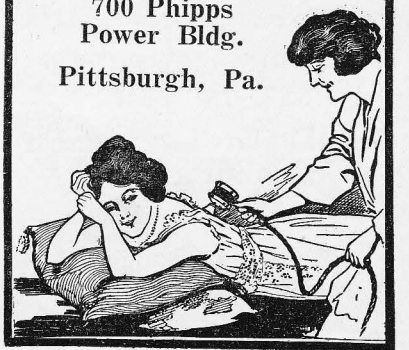
It rests tired nerves; relieves headache, neuralgia, muscle soreness, rheumatism, insomnia.

Start the day with La Vida—it puts zest into your work that lifts you over the little worries, carries you through the big tasks—then makes you feel fit to enjoy the evening's pleasure.

La Vida comes ready to use with three applicators—for face, scalp and body.

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**THE RED DIAMOND**

Twenty-five thousand men who fought abroad with the Fifth Division are still "Carrying On" in civilian ranks as members of the Society of the Fifth.

Headquarters are at Washington. The monthly magazine, The Red Diamond, is making a hit with thousands of subscribers. It's truly keeping liaison with fighting days.

**Twenty Cents a Copy
\$2.00 a Year**

One Dollar for membership for a year.

Write

**208 Ouray Building
Washington, D. C.**

Among Remembered Haunts

of routine and duty had failed to formulate impressions approaching those gained through unbiased civilian eyes. As far as vision can distinguish, solid acres of drab, unpicturesque barracks, models of stereotyped uniformity, unfold and stretch away until lost in the distance.

Straight ahead and parallel with the trolley tracks and concrete road, the former areas of the four infantry regiments—317th, 318th, 319th and 320th—extend from 22nd street, to embrace the haunts of the 305th Engineers and sweep across the junction of the roads at 27th street, continuing on until contact is had with the area once habited by the three Machine Gun battalions. While eyes cannot farther discern the outlines, unflinching memory reminds that the indistinguishable reaches of the horse-shoe mark the quarters of the Depot Brigade and the Officer's Training Camp—both grave-yards of ambitions—and only ceases where Prince George Courthouse begins.

On the extreme right the low-lying wards of Base Hospital merge with the straggling forest as they skirt the Norfolk and Western Railroad and approach the interior limits of the Remount Station. To the left the score or more of squat, uninteresting warehouses indicate the regions of the Camp Quartermaster as they flank the Hopewell road, while on and away the barracks of the 313th, 314th and 315th Field Artillery regiments and 305th Ammunition Train conjure visions of wooden guns which preceded the more practical implements of the Argonne push. A final leap and we find ourselves in the sector occupied by the Negro Engineer battalions and gazing upon the tall, smokeless stacks of Hopewell itself, stacks which only a short time since were tirelessly belching forth the grime and toil of 30,000 workers as they helped to make history in the DuPont plants, and you watch, unrewarded, for the well-known spirals of smoke.

Yet, as you glance in the direction of the "White House on the Hill," where the chiefs of the 80th were only yesterday busy shaping the future heroes of French battlefields, a fleeting glimpse of "Old Glory" as she lazily floats from the Camp Lee flag-staff as of old serves notice to the world that men are still "carrying on" under the starry banner, are still rolling out for reveille, lining up for mess and turning in at taps. The shrill, deadly scream of "H. E.," the midnight alarm of "Gas!" the short, sharp barks of an unfriendly machine-gun, hobnails, "tin derbies," issue "corned willy"—all may be diminishing echoes of an experience now *fini*, yet a salute, a bugle call or an abrupt "Attention!" continue to awake response wherever O. D. is decreed fashionable.

(To be concluded)

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By putting regular sums in the First National Bank at Pittsburgh, and receive

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Service Directory

NOTE—For information on all general matters not mentioned in the Directory below, address Civil Relations Section, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C. If answers, information, or service from any department is unsatisfactory write THE SERVICE MAGAZINE, giving all details. In all cases when seeking aid from Government departments give detailed history of your case.

INSURANCE

You can carry your war-time insurance for five years. After that time it must be converted to the several forms prescribed, i. e., Ordinary Life, 20-payment Life; 30-payment Life; 20-year Endowment; 30-year Endowment or Endowment at age of 62. These policies are issued in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000. Policies may be paid in lump sum or in installments at death, as previously designated by insured. In all cases insurance becomes payable on total disability of insured. 30 days' grace from first of month allowed in which to pay premiums. Beneficiary may be changed upon request. Policies may be reinstated within two years of lapsing upon payment of arrears. Within 18 months of defaulting, insured may renew policy upon payment of but two months' premiums. By addressing Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., you will be given full information, necessary blanks, tables of payments, etc.

GOVERNMENT INSURANCE IS CHEAPER THAN PRIVATE INSURANCE.

ALLOTMENTS

Regarding Class "A" allotments and such of Class "B" allotments as carry a family allowance, address the Allotment Section, Bureau W. R. I. or Class "B" which do not carry family allowance from Government, and for all Class "E" address Zone Finance Officer, Allotment Branch, Washington, D. C. On all allotment matters give this information: 1. Full name, printed. 2. Rank and organization when allotment was made. 3. Army serial number. 4. Name of allottee. 5. Address of allottee, past and present. 6. Kind of allotment (if Class "B" give relationship). 7. Amount of allotment. 8. Total amount deducted from pay to date of discharge. 9. Date allotment became effective. 10. Date of discharge. 11. Future address of enlisted man. 12. Whether person making allotment claimed exemption from compulsory allotment. 13. Has beneficiary received any allotment at all? How much? What month?

COMPENSATION

Compensation is the Government allowance paid to ex-service men for injuries incurred or aggravated in the service and in line of duty in case they were honorably discharged since April 6, 1917. IT IS ENTIRELY SEPARATE FROM ALL BENEFITS OF INSURANCE. Any person suffering disability from military service and wishing to claim compensation, must file claim direct to Bureau War Risk Insurance, Compensation and Insurance Claims Division, or to any representative of the United States Public Health Service. (See locations below.) Two classes of disability are Permanent and Temporary. Temporary disability is handicap which may improve and is compensated in variable forms. Permanent disability compensated at higher proportion with increases for dependents.

LIBERTY BONDS

Bonds purchased under monthly allotment system are obtained from Zone Finance Officer, Bond Section, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C. Where allotments in payment for bonds have been made to private banks or trust companies all further transactions must be made with these agencies direct. Where payment for bonds has been made on payrolls and not completed before discharge bond may be obtained from Zone Finance Officer upon paying him balance in full.

KEEP YOUR BONDS. IF YOU MUST SELL THEM GO TO A REPUTABLE BANK; NOT TO A LIBERTY LOAN PRIVATE AGENCY OR TO INDIVIDUALS.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

Disabled men and women are entitled to compensation from the Government while being given vocational training to prepare them for a trade or profession. For full information address Federal Board for Vocational Training, 200 New Jersey avenue, Washington, D. C.

Knights of Columbus, Y. M. C. A., and Jewish Welfare Board conduct vocational and elementary night and day schools in many cities at low tuition for all veterans. In addition a number of states have made provision to educate veterans and pay them while studying. Write the Adjutant General of your State for information on this. Also write to Bureau Education, Department of Interior, Washington, for bulletin on schools and colleges helping ex-service men.

EMPLOYMENT

For information as to financial aid in buying a farm write Federal Farm Loan Board, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

For information regarding new areas of land opened in the West as claims and for which certain privileges are given veterans, write Commissioner General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

For employment in your home city apply to Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare or Community Service agencies. Professional men will be aided in their chosen work by American Chemical Society, American Institute of Mining Engineers, American Society Civil Engineers, American Society of Automotive Engineers. Those interested in pharmacy address American Pharmaceutical Association for Soldier and Sailor Pharmacists, 1005 Mercantile Library Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ex-soldiers are given preference in civil service. For requirements and all information regarding civil service write United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

CLAIMS

Travel claims, lost baggage claims for reimbursement to Zone Finance Officer, Lemon Building, Washington, D. C.

Back pay claims to Director Finance, discharged Enlisted Men's pay branch, Munitions Building, Washington.

MISCELLANEOUS

Citizenship Papers—District office in your city or to Bureau of Naturalization, Washington, D. C.

Lost Discharges or Service Records—Adjutant General, Building "E," 6th and B streets, Washington, D. C.

Army Clothing or Equipment Due—Fill out certificate published in April issue and forward to nearest Q. M., or army post, or to Director of Storage, Domestic Distribution Branch, Washington, D. C.

Photographs—Fifth Division units and scenes in Luxemburg and Brest, address R. S. Clements, 619 F street, Washington, D. C. Pictures of Fifth at Brest, address Thompson Illustration Co., Petersburg, Va. All war pictures, address Signal Corps, Photographic Section, 18th and Virginia avenue, Washington, D. C. For all pictures ordered from Committee of Public Information, address Signal Corps also.

Discharge Buttons—Nearest recruiting office, bringing your discharge.

To Recover Lost Baggage—Write Pier 2, Claims Department, Hoboken, N. J.

Medical Treatment or Compensation for Disability—Any Army Hospital, or branch of United States Public Health Service, addresses of which are given here:

District No. 1—Boston, Mass., 101 Milk street, 4th floor. Comprising States of Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Rhode Island.

District No. 2—New York, 280 Broadway. Comprising States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

District No. 3—1512 Walnut street, Philadelphia. Pennsylvania and Delaware.

District No. 4—Room 2217, Interior Department, Washington, D. C. District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia.

District No. 5—82½ Edgewood avenue, Atlanta, Ga. North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida.

District No. 6—309 Audubon Building, New Orleans, La. Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

District No. 7—705 Neave Building, 4th and Race, Cincinnati, Ohio. Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky.

District No. 8—512 Garland Building, Chicago, Ill. Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

District No. 9—1006 Century Building, St. Louis, Mo. Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri.

District No. 10—744 Lowry Building, St. Paul, Minn. Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana.

District No. 11—1357 California street, Denver, Col. Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico.

District No. 12—624 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. Arizona, Nevada, and California.

District No. 13—115 White Building, Seattle, Washington. Washington, Idaho, and Oregon.

District No. 14—312 Mason Building, Houston, Texas. Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas.

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