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Services



APRIL

1921

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

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SERVICE MAGAZINE



Published Monthly Under the Direction of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association,
915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Entered as second-class matter October 3, 1919, at the post office at Pittsburgh, Penna., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Vol. II—No. 6

April, 1921

\$2.00 a Year—20c a Copy

Service the eighteenth is not an amendment, so do not confuse it as such. We are not attempting to take anything away from anybody, except the blues and any bitterness caused by "The Great Adventure." We may not be pleasing every one of our readers, but it is our great objective to do so!

If you like "Service," boost it, tell others; if you don't like it, fire away with the brickbats. We are used to everything, and want to build a house anyway.

HOW ABOUT THAT NEW SUB YOU WERE GOING TO GET?

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A few **LINES** by Perger



The National Poet of Tombstone

Being a Truthseeker's Idea of How to Kick Over the Proverbial White-Wash Bucket and Give to Posterity a Semi-Humorous Insight of the Scandalous Activities of Their Ancestors

By Lyle David



HERE is an old saying that has been handed down from the time Socrates drank the Hemlock, thinking it was a new kind of Home Brew—Never speak evil of the dead. Absolutely correct. Give it to them when they are living and can feel the weight of the remarks. No use smearing the dark paint on a man after he has fled this vale of sneers and jeers. Sticks and stones may break his bones, but hard names fail to make him flicker the shade of an eyelash after he has been laid away in the six feet of yellow clay that the Real Estate hounds neglected to corner for their own benefit. Dead men tell no tales. True enough. But a tombstone is enlightening sometimes. If we are ever going to save this country from Bolshevism and Bullrushes, it is time that the government take steps to discover some genius who will be able to condense in a few words on a tombstone; the character and human flummery of the departed, from the cradle to the final plunge into No Man's Land. We have had enough of this sugar coated, sweet, sweet, style of tombstone platitudes. Imagine some widow robbing, Shylockian skinflint lying under a tombstone with such scribbling as this above his moulding bones:

John Skinflint

Born 1872—Died 1920 A. D.

Beloved in life, honored in death, may he come to his just reward which is the due of every good and noble man.

Amen

Appropriate stuff no doubt, but the truth was that he squeezed every dollar until the eagle screamed for mercy and the only noble thing that he ever did in life happened on the day he passed on. That's it—he passed on. Now I don't wish to digress. This is a serious problem and requires much thought. There is no sense in trying to drag the human race up by the hair of the head. What we want to do is to get right down and reform. Reform I say—the insipid, the insane, the incantatory Mother Hubbard habit of praising some numbskull after he is dead. No wonder we are becoming a nation of Daffodils. Is there no Balm in Gilead after all? Let us eliminate this "Born and Died" stuff. It don't make any difference where he was born. He's dead enough now—thank God. What we should place above the old boy's head is something more in harmony with his kind and noble nature. Something

RESURRECTION

By LYLE DAVID

Solemn and sad, the moon on the eastern hills.
 Dreary my heart, with the memory of misspent years.
 Wandering on I come to the home of my youth;
 Ruin and desolation, spiders weave their web about the door.
 O Prodigal Son, you have come back too late, too late!
 Plucking some flowers from the garden, I steal away like a thief in the night.
 The crooked streets are filled with haunting shadows;
 The darkened windows of the houses mock me as I go by;
 Dogs run out, snapping and snarling at my heels;
 How foolish to think that darkness can hide the mark of Cain.
 Leaving the village, I turn south to the low hills.
 Far in the distance the bells of the world proclaim my escape;
 How enraged virtuous people become when cheated of their prey.
 Here in the soft earth I plant the flowers I have brought.
 Now let the rabble come, hot and eager for the sacrifice.
 O fierce Rabbinical Law - - - O Christ upon the Cross;
 How can they harm one who has found his soul again?
 For in the morning a man that cursed God has come at night;
 To kneel and plant spring flowers on his mother's grave.

striking and to the point. Naturally he wants his just dues—everybody does. This little offering ought to fit in right:

Here lies John Skinflint—alas, alack;
 We hope to God, he never comes back.

Note that line: "Hope he never comes back?" There's the whole thing summed up in a nutshell. Nothing more need be said. I claim that its a true outline of the case and that John got his *just dues* according to Hoyle. Yes, sir, I repeat: The government should look into this matter at once. Let us say for example that we appoint a man who will be known as the "National Poet of Tombstones"—poets ought to be made to do something useful anyhow. Now when a man kicks off this immortal soil, the National Poet of Tombstones can stroll around to the grocer or

the sheriff of the town where the late departed lived, and scrape up casual like, a little general information as to the worldly character and ozostomia of the same. After this he will be able to write something more sprightly and elevating with his first hand knowledge of the subject to be immortalized. Of course if he is a trifle doubtful about the facts that he collected, he can strike up a little confab with the widow. Everything will be clear enough when she gets through. A poet holding such a position has got to be conscientious. A true story must be obtained at all hazards.

Just to show those that are still a little uncertain about his value to the country, I will explain the way that the National Poet of Tombstones would go about his work. Say for instance that he was to pay a passing tribute to the memory of the town gossip. Nothing hard or harsh this time. Everything sweet and gentle as befitting the lovely character of the deceased. Something like:

Here lies old Scandlemonger Jane;
 The Devil's loss—an earthly gain.

Nothing brilliant about that little verse I confess, but to the point, to the point. No useless words, no amblyopia ambiguities. Every word is clear, crisp and so simple that a child could understand it. It is just by such miniature works of art as the above, that the National Poet of Tombstones would prove his value to the nation. Now if it happened to be another little lady with a Damascus tongue who followed the same trade, he could chisel on her tombstone, a modest, quiet like, lyrical gem such as:

Beneath this slab, Miss Scandalmonger Nell:

Her body's here, but her soul's in—

Well the other word is not necessary anyhow. All a man has got to do when reading a tombstone like that is to use his brains a little and try and figure it out. Poetry like that has got to be subtle, subtle. It wouldn't do for the average man to understand everything that poet meant. If he did there would a mur— But that's another story. Now we will assume for the sake of variety, that some old henpecked individual has passed away amid the tears and lamentations, usual in such cases. Naturally the widow will desire something consoling hewn on the marble above his beloved head. A brief to the point verse by the National Poet of Tomb-

The National Poet of Tombstone—Continued

stones running something like this ought to hit the spot:

John Henpecked
Born in misery,
Died in pain.
Where shall we find;
His like again.

Or if she has already followed him across the river Styx, some unpretentious line or two like the following would be soothing and strictly within the facts so as to speak:

Here lies old Henpecked, Limping Jones,
He's met her in Hell, by the way he groans.

The main object, the main object of the National Poet of Tombstones would be to tell the truth and shame the devil. Of course there is always a limit to a man telling the truth—but that's neither here nor there. Surely nobody could find fault with a wistful, girlish metered stanza like this:

Read stranger, read this simple scroll;
Here lies a poor old henpecked soul.

Nothing out of the way there, eh? Simple and straightforward to the last degree. The man's whole life is summed up in two lines. I tell you that it is time that we begin hewing a man's biography on his tombstone. Now there is where the National Poet of Tombstones would come in. Convinced now, eh? Why after he had got to work with his fine poetic hand, there would be nothing more to say—or worth saying. But in order to remove all lingering traces of doubt we will test him a little farther. For the sake of enlargement we will admit that Ye Town doctor has passed gracefully away. Generally his tombstone reads:

Doctor Bills

A man who was ever a friend to the poor, a brother to the weak, guide and father to the weary and oppressed. Rest in peace—Thou—etc., etc. Amen.

Fine stuff that, but too long and nine miles off the truth. Now the National Poet of Tombstones, caring nothing but for the facts in the case, would condense it into the usual two lines by saying:

Here lies the form of Doctor Bills;
He took by mistake some Cure All Pills.

Brief eh? And to the point I tell you. No verisimilitude of phrasing with the National Poet of Tombstones. Truth for truth's sake and devil take the hindmost would be such a man's motto. If it happened to be some small town windjammer that had kicked the bucket, he would pen something stately and refreshing like:

The body here, is Big Mouth Sims;
He died while shouting Gospel hymns.

There is no question in my mind but that we need such a man as the National Poet of Tombstones in this country. Schools should be started in every town, city and hamlet in the nation in order to train young poets in the delicate art of condensation in Tombstoneism. Take a man that in life would talk the ear off a horse. Now

if the future tombstone poets were trained in the proper manner, they would remind us of this fellow after he was gone by a beautiful humble line on his tombstone that would read:

Here lies the bones of Chattering Dave;
He talked himself into the grave.

Sometimes the late departed was an army officer or something like that. It is pretty hard to do simple justice to a man like that, but the National Poet of Tombstones would sum up the case with the utmost candor and unswerving devotion to his duty, saying:

Beneath this stone lies Colonel Bonn;
No Rank will help him where he's gone.

One thing about the National Poet of Tombstones, is that he must be above taking a bribe from anybody as an inducement to debase his art by writing something untrue or misleading about the deceased. This goes whether the bribe comes from a relative or a creditor. Every man has his price somebody once said, but like Caesar's wife, the National Poet of Tomb-

IN APRIL

Sure, an' the road was a-windin'
Down beneath the arbutus-pinked
ledge;
An' a-stretchin' out toward the
highway,
By the wind a-trembled gray
hedge.

Sure, an' we two were a-windin'
Thru the road by the wistful
love-ledge;
An' your arms were a-stretchin'
toward me,
I a-trembled worse than the
hedge!

—By Miriam Cassel

stones must be above reproach. Say that a politician took the last long high dive from off this bounding sphere. Here is a ticklish situation. Of course I am not confusing a politician with bribery—that would be superfluous. The point is that nothing must be allowed to remain concealed. A small effort like the following, would speak volumes about such a demise:

Here lies the form of Congressman Bluff;
Please take him Lord, we've had enough.

Certainly a Blue Law reformer would have his claim to immortality recognized the same as any one else. The National Poet of Tombstones, I am sure, would do such a character justice, with some quiet, inoffensive line or so, that every artistic soul deserves. Somewhat in this strain:

Here sleeps a Blue Law advocate;
Gone to meet, his brimstone fate.

I wish to say a word here in my defense. I realize that these are very poor lines. The National Poet of Tombstones would of course be much more able to compose such things as would do credit to his high call-

ing. My mission here—and I consider it a duty that I must fulfill regardless of abuse or censure—is to awaken the people of this country to the crying, urgent need of such an office. Take the lawyer for instance—yes, take him. It has been said that no lawyer in all the history of crime has ever had justice done to his memory.

Sad but true, true. But with the coming of a National Poet of Tombstones all this would be changed. With such a man nothing would be impossible, no task too difficult for his genius. I can see him now in imagination when a lawyer shuffles off, dashing down gleefully—I mean rapidly—some fragrant lyrical euphemism to his memory. Truth to our poet is a solemn duty as I remarked somewhere before. Undoubtedly his verse of appreciation would run rippling and beautiful like:

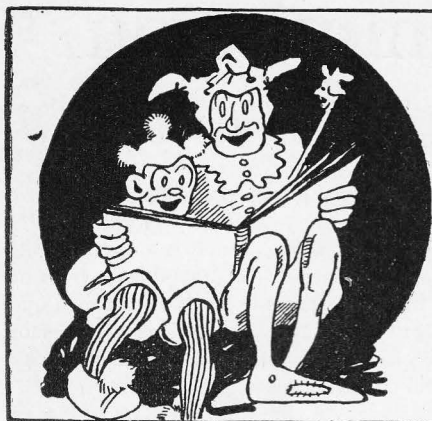
The body here, is one Lawyer Bunn;
When he lost this case, the Devil won.

Much more can be said about this matter, but I think that I have summed up the case as clearly as it was possible for one of my limited knowledge of art to do so. Once that the office of the National Poet of Tombstones is created by an act of Congress, and I hope to see the day that such a boon shall be granted to suffering humanity; why then we can begin to really live and enjoy ourselves as a nation of free people should. It will certainly be a comfort and joy to know that when you are gone from this land of sorrows and vale of tears that your virtues and failings will all be recorded in marble and stone above your unheeding head by one that has looked up all the data in the case from the time that you drew the first breath until they put pennies on your eyes and called in the undertaker. I tell you that the thought of this is comforting, comforting.

In closing it may be well for me to attempt to give you a slight idea of the way and poetic manner that the National Poet of Tombstones would handle the passing of say: a man that was noted—and cursed—for his argumentative temper. Yes, temper is the proper word. Well if he was noted for such a temper the National Poet of Tombstones would sum up the case thuswise:

Here lies the remains of Talkative Krout;
Let him and the Devil argue it out.

Passing in review I might add in a sort of a casual way that the city of Skyhagen, Mich., has employed the service of a tombstone poet for the last few weeks. There have been a few disputes over the merit and propriety of some of his verses, but nothing to amount to very much. The natives vie with each other in doing him honor—he has been on the point of leaving a number of times, but always managed to weather the storm. But a man can't always be lucky. Time will tell.



A PAGE TO WIT

"OUR MAG"---By the Office Boy



D IDJA ever stop to think what a fine magazine this could be if it had thirty thousand readers? eh! And do you realize that thirty thousand would be less than half the number of readers who could, would, and should be reading its live, interesting pages every month, if they just could hear about it and perhaps see a sample copy. We don't want to pry into your affairs, but what do you do with your Service after you have read it each month? Do you throw it away? You can roll it up in an envelope and mail it to any Buddy anywhere in the U. S. for one cent, think of it! for one cent you can perhaps bring some misguided brother who is A. W. O. L. from his outfit, back into the fold, you can do a service to a Buddy that you can only measure by the way you would appreciate receiving a copy of "Service" and news of your association, from him. There are only a few of us left who saw service with the A. E. F. and with the old Blue Ridge Division. Old man Father Time is constantly swinging his scythe. Time is a greater harvester than Jerry's machine guns and H. E.'s ever dreamed of being! So! While we are still moving forward on this mundane sphere, let us keep the Esprit de Corp of our great fighting unit. Let us keep the "Home Fires" of memory burning. Let us strengthen the ties of human sympathy and friendship formed in that "Valley of the Shadow" over there! Let us keep the faith of our Silent Buddies, and dedicate our lives to the noble principles for which they died. Let us be soldiers, now, as then. If our country needs a Moses to lead it to better things, let us be that Moses of progress and forward movement. Let us cleanse from our national life and intercourse with nations of the earth, all selfishness, all hatred, all un-Americanism. Let us strive to again have the faith of our childhood, in our beloved United States. Let us continue to serve

loyalty, in that we shall be protected from enemies from without. But let us work unselfishly to protect us from our greater danger, the enemies that are within. Let us love our presidents, past and present. Let us stand unitedly before all the world as a nation that respects constituted authority. A nation that sees its mistakes and profits by them. Let us get away from being represented and ruled by the minority, away from the prevailing period of intolerance. We have a lot to say and it will take the rest of our lives to say it, and even then it will not be half told. Soldiers

sent into battle bring back that which they were sent to procure. Those who sent us must hear the report of our doings, if they will or not. That is why "Our Mag." should have the support of every man of the 80th. It is your voice in things political and American. It is the voice of the A. E. F. and over there. Let's keep it so. Let's go down the long hike of the future shoulder to shoulder—in tune and in step, the old Blue Ridge step, and having our little say in the grand scheme of things through the columns of Our Mag. What say Buddy, let's go, eh?

VERY LIGHTS

THIS FROM TULSA

Author Unknown

Oh, where can a man find a cap for his knee?

Or a key for a lock of hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of your head what jewels are found?

Who travels on the bridge of your nose?
Could you use in shingling the roof of your mouth,
The nails on the ends of your toes?

Could the crook in your elbow be put in jail?

If so, what did he do?
How can you sharpen your shoulder blades?
I'll be darned if I know, do you?

Could you sit in the shade of the palms of your hands?

Or beat on the drums of your ears?
Does the calf of your leg eat the corn on your toes?
Then why not grow corn on the ears?
—The Marathon Runner.

UNDESERVED CENSURE

With a stormy look on his face, the master of the house waylaid the servant in the kitchen.

"Look here," he began angrily, "how dare you tell my wife what time I came home this morning, after I told you not to?"

The Irish girl eyed him steadily.
"Shure an' Oi didn't," she replied calmly.
"She asked me phwat toime yez came in, an' Oi only towld her that Oi was too busy

getting the breakfast ready to look at the clock."

PERKING WITH THE PERCOLATOR

The sergeant, to hear him talk, was one of the brainiest men Uncle Sam had hired. On pass one Sunday, in a certain town, a young woman he met on the street asked if he cared to go to her house and have a cup of coffee. On arriving he was introduced to her mother, who made excuses in regard to her appearance. She remarked: "I'll go and put on the percolator."

The sergeant said: "Oh, you look all right the way you are."—Chicago Tribune.

TIT FOR TAT

It was in the New York subway, before the signing of the armistice. A very plain young woman sat staring at a youth in civilian clothes. Suddenly she spoke:

"Why aren't you in the army?"
"For the same reason, madam, that you are not in Ziegfeld's Follies—physical disability."

MAKE THEM STICK

I received a letter from a friend in America the other day, and was interested in the unusual method he had of adopted of affixing the stamps. It was explained in the letter postscript, which said: "Please excuse the safety pin; but we are too dry over here to lick stamps."—Sketch (London).

MAYBE HE MEANT IT

Jones—Hell Smith! Tow's the cold?
Smith—Very obstinate.
Jones—How's the wife?
Smith—About the same.

Virginia War History Commission

By Russell L. Stultz

Member-Collaborator Virginia War History Commission

IN the May, 1920, issue of SERVICE MAGAZINE, there appeared over the signature of Dr. Arthur E. McKinley, secretary of the Pennsylvania War History Commission, an illuminative article captioned "Pennsylvania in the World War," in which the writer outlined the fundamental steps officially adopted by the "Keystone State" for the perpetuation of its activities in the recent world conflict. This article, viewed from the distance of one year, possesses added interest, since all efforts directed toward the compilation of permanent historical data and records assume new significance and importance with the elapse of time. The realization of this fact becomes the easier when we pause to recall that our conception of yesterday's history is primarily based upon the perspective of today.

Pennsylvania, however, is not alone among the commonwealths concerned with the orderly and systematic recordation of the part played by its citizens in the late World War. In fact, it remained for Virginia, the "Mother of States," to blaze the trail in an uncharted wilderness and other states have subsequently taken almost the same track.

Just two years ago, in April, 1919, the Virginia War History Commission published the "Virginia Plan," treating the war history in fifteen sections. Later in the same year, Pennsylvania published its war history plan under sixteen sections, and in 1920 California published its "Suggested Outline" in fourteen sections. It would not be fair to say "post hoc ergo propter hoc," but it is just to say that both of these sister states had the "Virginia Plan."

Through the courtesy of the chairman and secretary of the Virginia War History Commission, we have recently been furnished with printed and documentary data which give in splendid detail a description of the "Old Dominion's" plan for issuing a comprehensive survey of the facts associated with her participation in the World War, and of the progress accomplished to date. We are privileged to draw upon this information in the present article and shall employ liberal extracts from the several publications available.

For more than two years an important experiment has been in progress in Virginia. The story of the work of the Virginia War History Commission is in itself a bit of history not without interest. It is a new departure in Virginia and perhaps the first of its character in America, and this attempt to gather promptly the materials for an authentic history of a commonwealth's part in the World War potently demonstrates the growth of the historic conscience among individuals.

Certainly, no glory can survive without a panegyrist, and even great deeds, unheralded, fade into oblivion. The same tomb that covers the body of a hero will bury his renown also unless his fame is kept alive by worthy memorials and by authentic records. First of Virginians, Governor Westmoreland Davis pointed the way to an adequate performance of this duty to our soldiers and to our citizens. In January, 1919, he called to the state capitol, in Richmond, a group of sixteen Virginians and entrusted to them the responsibility of collecting and preparing for publication the data showing Virginia's part in the great struggle.

In the inception of the work, the State Council of National Defense provided the funds needed by the newly-formed War History Commission, and in due time the Legislature of Virginia, recognizing the need and value of this work, made proper appropriations for its conduct.

The commission faced a novel and exacting task. There were no existing precedents for plan or organization. At the outset, however, the commission took two important steps that have increased the efficiency and broadened the scope of its efforts.

The first step was to enlist the aid of men and women of light and leading in Virginia. Confident of a loyal response, the commission called to its ranks state leaders in war, in letters, in law, in education, in religion, in finance and in industry. The second step enlarged the limitations of the work by bringing every section of the state into active connection with the commission. Local branches or committees of three were appointed by the governor in each city and county, and each of these local branches undertook to gather and to collate the available material bearing upon the history of that particular city or county. As the addition of the associate and contributing members had increased the roll of workers to fifty or more, so the commissions issued to the local members increased the total membership to about 400. This notable group of Virginians accepted the call of duty to the state and immediately set about the task of gathering and preparing the materials for the commonwealth's war history. Seldom has there been a more striking instance of loyalty and devotion, and the commission, enlarged and strengthened by these numerous additions, entered upon its work with enthusiasm.

During the war period there were formed throughout Virginia a number of local groups organized for the specific purpose of compiling and preserving the full records of the several military organiza-

tions that went from the state. These were originally composed largely of the relatives and friends of the members of these units and were formed for the double purpose of ministering to the needs of the men and of preserving the story and experiences of the organization as a whole and of its individual personnel.

In most of the counties and cities of Virginia a similar work was undertaken with reference to the volunteers and drafted men represented in the Service Flag of each community. This labor of helpfulness and of authentic preservation of local history was mainly conducted in the several counties through the agency of some patriotic society or club already in existence. The plan of the Service Flag probably reached its fullest development in the case of the churches of all denominations. Throughout Virginia—in common with the entire United States—these service emblems were prominently displayed and in many instances lists of the men in service were posted in the vestibules of the various religious edifices. In addition to this activity, many of the churches located adjacent to the military cantonments kept careful records of their work in connection with soldier welfare, while the various branches of the Red Cross Society functioning in the state preserved valuable statistics relating to their relief activities.

All of the Virginia schools and colleges filed the records of their alumni and students in both military and civilian service, since it was early recognized that the war record of each institution would be subjected to the jealous scrutiny of future alumni and student bodies. In numerous cases definite clipping bureaus were maintained by the institutions with this end in view, and, as a result, a mass of material was secured during the period of hostilities.

The press of the state threw open its columns to all interesting war data and thousands of soldiers' and sailors' letters and first-hand stories of courage and gallantry were published parallel with the daily dispatches relating to military and civilian activities. The publicity thus provided frequently incited individuals to collect all available material in permanent form. In numbers of the counties, patriotic citizens undertook the compilation—and sometimes the publication—of the records of their locality's representation in the service.

Individual soldiers, both officers and enlisted men, realizing of their value to posterity, kept daily diaries of their experiences and impressions while in the service, a number of which have subsequently been published. Perhaps of all the great volume

Part of the Game

How Some Doughboys Enjoyed Their Brief Sojourn at Aix-Les-Bains and the "Changing Dubbin" Period Following the Armistice

By Jack P. Smith



W E had just landed at the town of Florent. The little town was, on the day of our arrival, celebrating the signing of the armistice. People on all sides were rushing hither and thither, letting out cries of joy and satisfaction at the turn the Germans had taken.

That night, for the first time in four long years, one could see lights on all sides, a thing that was out of the question entirely during the war. This, indeed, was a welcome sight, not only to the French inhabitants, but to the soldiers who happened to be billeted there. Each family, it seemed, tried to outdo the other in illuminating their houses. How good it was to be able to walk through the streets at night and be able to see where one was walking instead of feeling your way along expecting at any minute to fall head over heels into some obstruction.

The thing that was uppermost on our minds was: "where do we go from here," and "home."

It was on the same day as the signing of the armistice that I was ordered to report to my commanding officer who was billeted only a short distance down the street. "Hey!" said the orderly, "the captain wants to see you right away, he's sore about something so you had better make it snappy." Now, what could I have done to be put "on the carpet?" I brought back to memory all the little things that occurred in the past week, but try as I might, I could think of nothing that I could be "balled out" for. The only thing to do was to take my medicine.

I went to the building occupied by the captain and on entering I went immediately to the room which the captain had fitted out for his office. One knock on the door was answered by a loud and deep "come in." On entering, I gave the necessary "high sign" and was ordered by the captain to sit down. I had prepared myself for what may come and it was only a matter of waiting to hear what the captain had on me. "Now, sergeant," said the captain, "the war is over and I have been instructed to send several men of the detachment away on a leave of seven days. How would you like to take a little vacation?" "Very much, sir," I replied, "but I am afraid that I cannot accept this invitation owing to the small amount of cash that I now have on hand."

"Never mind that sergeant," replied the captain, "first give me your final answer

whether or not you care to make the trip and we'll talk over the financial end of the matter later."

"Very well," I said, being pleased with the thought of getting away from the every day routine for a few days, "I shall be delighted to make the trip."

"Good. My orders are to send a half dozen of the detachment to Aix Les Bains starting tomorrow and you shall be ready to leave here by ten o'clock in the morning, that is all."

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I will be ready." And saluting, I left the captain in a much better frame of mind than I was in when I reported there.

I had heard a lot about this famous city of Aix Les Bains but wanted to know more about it and I asked every person I could see about the place. None of them seemed to know any more about the place than I did and decided to wait until I got there and find out for myself.

Ten o'clock the next morning found me all "shaved up" and everything ready for the journey to the great resort. We were surprised to find, on our arrival at the railroad, that there were several hundred soldiers about to leave for the same place and we were glad to mingle among them to help kill the monotony of the ride. This would not have been necessary, however, as the route took us through some of the most beautiful spots to be seen anywhere.

The first five days of my stay at Aix Les Bains was a most pleasant one but on the morning of the following day I took sick and went immediately to my hotel where I stayed until the time came to leave on our return trip.

When I finally left the hotel for the depot I had to be assisted by several of my "buddies" who saw to it that I was placed comfortably in the corner of the box car of which I was one-sixtieth part of its contents. After a ride of about twelve hours, the train rattled to a stop on the outskirts of the town of Ancy-Le-Franc where the 80th Division was to have its headquarters. I had more assistance into the town when we came to a few barracks in which the signal corps was to make its home for a while. Up to this time few soldiers had arrived in Ancy-Le-Franc as the division as a whole had not arrived in that area and only the advanced sections were on hand. I dropped into a "bunk" and was rolled up into about at least a dozen blankets for I was about frozen.

That night I tried to call on the doctor but was unable to go so someone notified the doctor to call at the barracks to give me the "once over." He did, and his orders were: take him to the hospital. This was the night before Thanksgiving and I had hoped to be with the outfit for the big "feed" on that day. Such wasn't my luck, however, and I was hustled away to the French Private Hospital a short distance up the street. I had just been taken into the room where I was to be located for an indefinite period when everything became black before me and I knew nothing until I awoke the following morning. On looking around I saw a French sister leaning over me and asking "good schleep?" I told her in as good French that I could master, "that I slept pretty good." My temperature was taken and it was found to be ninety-nine. Temperature was one of the first things I wanted to know although I knew as much about it as the Germans did about fighting, but nevertheless I always felt satisfied after I knew. That same morning the French doctor arrived accompanied by an interpreter who examined the patients in that room and who happened to be Americans. I was very anxious to know what my sickness was and this was the first thing I asked after the doctor examined me. "Pneumonia," replied the interpreter, after being told by the doctor. "And my temperature?" I asked! "Same," was the reply. Every morning the sister would be in the room bright and early and ask: "Good schleep?" "Yes," was my reply, "what's my temperature?" I was told and I was satisfied. Each day I felt an improvement. Christmas was drawing nigh and the old familiar stunt of present buying came to my mind. The fellows in the room with me were a happy crowd, as sick as they were, and we decided to have a good time on Christmas if that was possible. We spoke to the interpreter, who was a happy-go-lucky sort of chap and we explained to him about a Christmas tree, etc. We decided to "chip together" and buy each one of the persons connected with the hospital a present, and that the job of buying them would be up to him. Christmas eve arrived and everything was in readiness for the big fuss. The decorating of the tree was left in the hands of a sergeant, who, before the war, was a window trimmer, in Richmond, before he took up the job of trimming the Germans. We were awake early Christmas

Part of the Game—Continued

morning and lighted the candles on the tree. The presents we had tucked under our pillows and mattresses. At a specified time we told the interpreter to see that every one that worked in the hospital was on hand. The time came and the room presented a rather pleasing appearance with the tree all "dolloed up" and the French people excited and wondering what was going to happen. We lined 'em up inspection like and one by one was handed his or her present. First, the sister, then the doctor, and so on down the line until every one had gotten their present. The interpreter had told them as he handed out the presents that they were from the "Soldats Americain" and after the presentation of the presents, the doctor replied by giving us a speech which lasted about fifteen minutes and which the interpreter translated to us in about a minute and a half. We were promised the finest meal that could be gotten and this also included all the "vin rouge" and "vin blanc" that we cared to have.

It was on December 28th, that an American medical officer called and informed us that we were to be transferred to the American field hospital which had just been put up. The French doctor tried to impress on the officer the fact that it was an unwise move on his part to remove us in the condition we were in, but the officer could not see it in the same light and we were moved about four blocks to the field hospital. There was a decided difference between the two hospitals. The field hospital was merely a portable barracks with plenty of ventilation, with the accent on ventilation.

Instead of beds, we were given a folding cot and a few blankets dyed dark blue which came off at the touch of it. In the morning we looked like darkies with our faces covered with the dye. There was a big difference in the meals also and "slum" was the predominating dish. Two weeks later a major asked me if I would like to go to a hospital where there were "regular nurses" and where the conditions were much better. I said, "any place but this." Next day I got a ride in an ambulance to the town of Laignes where Base Hospital No. 49 was located. It was a rather cold day, and before we were taken to our ward, we had to take a cold shower while standing on a cement floor. I never shook so much in my life as I did then. Completing my shower I was given a pair of pajamas and escorted to my ward. It was a very nice ward, wooden floors and good beds and "regular" blankets. However, the best part of the place were the nurses, who made our stay there as pleasant as they possibly could.

I rather thought I was too comfortable to remain there very long and it was only a short time when I was told that I was to go to Chaumont. I needed a pair of shoes, having left my other pair at Ancy-

Le-Franc, they having been stood on the cold, damp ground for three weeks and when I tried to put them on I may as well have tried to put on a pair of shoes made of cast iron. The orderly dug up several pairs of shoes for me to try on, and after considerable trouble, succeeded in finding a suitable pair.

After tying a large piece of gauze around our heads which covered everything but our eyes, and making us look like a crowd of highwaymen, we left for Chaumont in autos. After a three hours' ride we came to Chatillion, where the driver halted and gave us a chance to limber up our bodies which were becoming stiff from the cold and long ride. The driver was a "good fellow" and gave us a drink of what he had concealed in a bottle under the seat, and of which we are all familiar. A few hours more of continuous bouncing, we came to the large French artillery barracks outside of Chaumont. Here, everything was discarded except what we had on. We were assigned to our wards and checked up, and another examination taken by the "resident physician." The meals could have been improved on but we left it go at that. If you ever saw a closely contested football game, you have a good idea of what the rush to the tables in the mess hall was. Chaumont, being an evacuation hospital center, it was necessary to pass a thorough examination and classed accordingly. At this time I was feeling fine and wanted to get back to my outfit for I wanted by all means to come home with them. However, when I entered the office where the doctors were examining the boys, I was ordered to sit down and the first question asked me was, "How do you feel?" "Fine," says I. "What was the matter with you?" asked the officer, at the same time looking at my report. "I was diagnosed pneumonia," was my answer. The officer looked me over and after a few minutes' thought, said: "You have a very bad case of anemia." Whatever anemia was, I didn't know, and it might as well have been pinintheseatis for all I cared. "As long as you are in France," the officer continued, "you will have anemia. You must get plenty of exercise, good food and plenty of rest. I will have to put you in class 'D' which means that you will be sent back to the states." Well now, I thought (remember, I only thought), to myself, I could have used a little more sleep and lots more to eat but when it comes to getting more exercise in order to make me rid myself of anemia, the next nearest thing would be to hire a gymnasium on my return work out for a stretch of fifteen hours a day with a minute rest each hour.

I was beginning to get tired of being moved around and I told the officer that I would like to either return to my outfit or go back to the states as soon as possible.

"Oh! you'll be on your way to the states within a week," the doctor said. Two days later, I was put on board a Red Cross train bound for, we thought, the boat. We were disappointed in this, however, for, after a two days' ride we landed in Perigueux. It was then about eleven o'clock at night and all the cars were being emptied but ours. "What's the big idea," asked one of the fellows, "when do we get out?" We were soon to find out. An officer opened the door and asked what cases were in this car. We told him, "all 'flu' and pneumonia cases." "Can't be," says the officer, "you are in a car marked in large letters on the outside, 'contagious' and there must be someone in there with a contagious disease." We all began to love the sergeant that assigned us to this car at Chaumont and we were wishing he was in the car. Presently, we were escorted to a ward which was marked "Contagious, keep out." In this place, all locked up, we were for one week until it was found that there was nothing in the way of a contagious disease among us.

We heard all sorts of rumors at this place and none of them authentic. I decided to just wait. A few days later we were ordered to get ourselves in readiness for a trip to Bordeaux. Oh! yes, this is the place from which we will embark, sure enough. I was wishing that the hospital would be close to the city, for I was acquainted, having been in that city for over a month previous to this. I was doomed to disappointment, however, for the hospital center, which was known as Beau Desert was located some distance from the city. Beau Desert wasn't such a very bad place at that. We had plenty of amusement, etc. First, I was in Base Hospital No. 20, then 10, and later 14. When it came to moving, I could teach the April 1st movers a thing or two. I was informed by a buddie that when he gets home, he's going to start a Correspondence School in Moving and he thought this would make him an excellent living, which I agreed with him that it would.

During the days of our stay at Beau Desert, we bought pillow-tops, silk handkerchiefs, and about everything the peddlars had for sale. Many of us took advantage of the merchants that sold eggs and we bought them by the dozen at seven francs per. We took them to the ward and cooked them in our mess kits and had a regular feast each day. After two weeks of this sort of life, I was informed that I was to leave Bordeaux for the United States the following day. I left Bordeaux but not for the states. Instead, I was put on another Red Cross train and sent to Brest. By this time I was completely discouraged with the way I had been shipped

(Continued on Page 28)



The Bonehead and the Bonus

(Another G. A. Fable in O. D. Slang)

By Lew Tennant

THE Boy was a Flat Tire, but his Father had been a Civil War hero and the Home Folks felt a Duty toward the Son.

So when they saw that Sonny was Soft Drink they decided to get him into Politics where Brains doesn't count, but Friendship does. His progress was Rapid. Eventually when he was on the Shady Side of Fifty, he was Elected to the Senate. Here he acquired Dyspepsia and Oratory, and the Habit of pulling a Boner.

Still, he was a Success. He knew a lot of Snappy Stories and voted No on everything he didn't Savvy. He came out for Prohibition and learned to drag the Dear Old Flag into his speeches. He found the Path to the Pork Barrel and began to Understand the Interests. Every Sunday he dropped a Heavy Dollar into the Foreign Mission box and charged it to Advertising. In Washington he wore Tailored Garments but Back Home he mingled with the Boys in his Old Clothes.

When Congress was in Session he seldom Rose from his Seat except to go Out for Another Drink, or to Delay some important Bill.

The only Legislation to his credit was an Act to build a \$500,000 post office in a small burg where they had never seen The Birth of a Nation and there were only 17 people who could read.

But he knew every Voter in the County by his nickname and he Looked something like Bryan, so they thought he was the Goods. And whenever anyone ran against him the Senator dragged out his Papa's War Record and Won in a Walk.

Then the World War came along and the Senator spouted a lot of Hot Air about Preparedness but Voted to cut down the Army and Navy because Taxes were Too High.

WINTER IMAGES

By Miriam Cassell

Wisterial s abloom!
Or is a cluster of icicles
Melting from the vine that is
stiffened
Over the dusk enpurpled wall?

There are insects
Flying around the street lamps!
Or is it the night snow
Frolicing with the wind?

Thoughts of you drift over me!
Or is it windblown fields of snow?
For, again, there trembles in my
heart
The stir of winter-wheat.

When a certain Manufacturer of Tin Lizzies took a Ship load of Dumbbells across to get the Boys out of the Trenches by Christmas, the Senator was Right There. But he Returned in time to take the Stump against an Upstart who had Roosevelt ideas. (The Upstart might have won if he had had a Grandpa with Stonewall Jackson or U. S. Grant, but the Voters found his Uncle Jed had worn the wrong color.)

The Senator was Re-elected and he continued to be a Boob on Everything. He advocated Peace at Any Price, he was too Cowed to Fight and he fought Conscription to the Bitter End. But although he had Help he couldn't stop the War nor could he keep America Out of It. After a time he was Reconciled to the Idea and when the Boys Came Home the Senator sat in the Reviewing Stand and Cheered to Beat Thunder.

Time passed—as they say in the Movies—and the Bonus bill came up in Congress. Of course you'd expect a Dud like the Senator to oppose it, and he Did. He Did. He talked about Commercializing our

Patriotism and all that sort of Rot. He Got Off such Piffle as the Country on the Verge of Panic and that a Cash Bonus would wreck the Market. He sparred for Time while the Veterans Came up for the Third time and cried for Help Now or Never. He succeeded in Blocking the Bill and then Congress adjourned.

About this Time the Senator got a letter from his sister's son, Jim. It seemed that Jim had answered his Country's Call, had left his Plow in the Furrow, shouldered his Musket and Marched Away. And when Jim returned Covered with Glory and Medals, and Limping along with a Cane, he had found his Wife ill, his house Mortgaged to pay Taxes on the Farm, and 40 cent cotton selling at fifteen.

Jim put it Right Up to the Senator, who was his Only Relative, to render a little Financial Assistance. Jim said he'd been Plugging along in Silence, hoping the Bonus bill would pass and give him Another Chance, but now that the Bill was Licked he simply had to come to his Uncle for Help.

Jim pointed out that he'd gone Busted while fighting for his Country at thirty per, whereas the Senator's own Offspring had filled an Easy Birth in Washington during the Conflict and Gotten Wealthy. Not only that, but Offspring had been Paid a Bonus. Jim called to the Senator to Kick In.

The old Bonehead saw the Light.

Jim had hit him in the Pocketbook, which was his Vital Spot. He decided that Somebody did have to Help Jim, but he was determined that he wouldn't. Let Uncle Sam do it. So the Senator went out and Got the Bonus passed so Jim wouldn't Worry him any More.

Moral:—Most any man's Conscience is in Close Touch with his Purse.

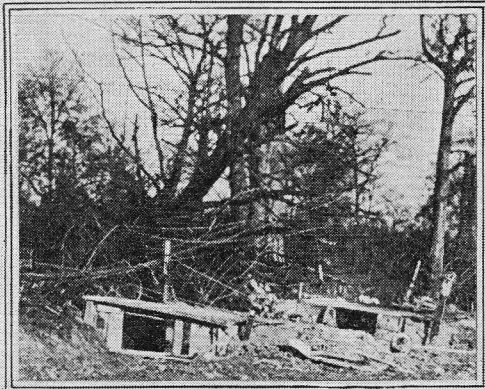
"AS YOU WERE"



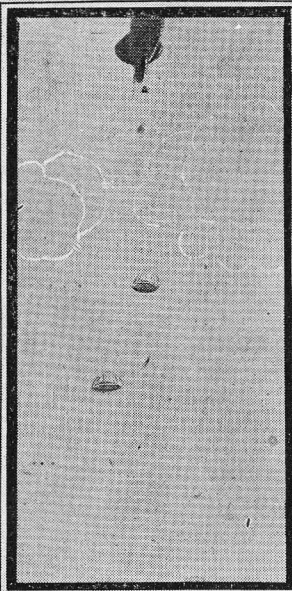
POMME DE TERRS - VIN BLANC - AND A MAM'SELL FOR A K P - DEES SOUS TO A NAPOLEON FRANC - THAT THESE BIRDS ARE M.P.'S - AND A BIG "LIMEY" TUPPENCE ON THE SIDE - THAT THE PAPER IN THAT YANK'S POCKET IS THE "LA VIE PARISIENNE."



FRITZ - TO HANS: "LOOK - HERE COMES THE YANKS - TO TAKE US BACK NOW - I WONDER WHAT THEY'LL MAKE US DO FIRST?" - DONT GET ANXIOUS - FRITZ - FOR YOU'LL BE IN YOUR B.V.D.'S IN A MINUTE - WE YANKS HAVE TO TAKE BEAUCOUP SOUVENIRS BACK - SO HOLD ONTO YOUR PANTS



JOHN DS HOME ON FIFTH AVENUE NEVER LOOKED HALF AS PALATIAL - AS A PETITE "BIVVY" LIKE THIS DID TO THE AVERAGE "YANK" AROUND ABOUT SEPTEMBRE - MEEL NERF DEES WEET.



THIS IS THE ONLY JOB IN THE ARMY THAT THE "DOUGHBOY" DIDN'T CARE TO UNDERTAKE THESE "BABIES" WERE A LITTLE TOO "HIGHBROW" TO SUIT HIM.



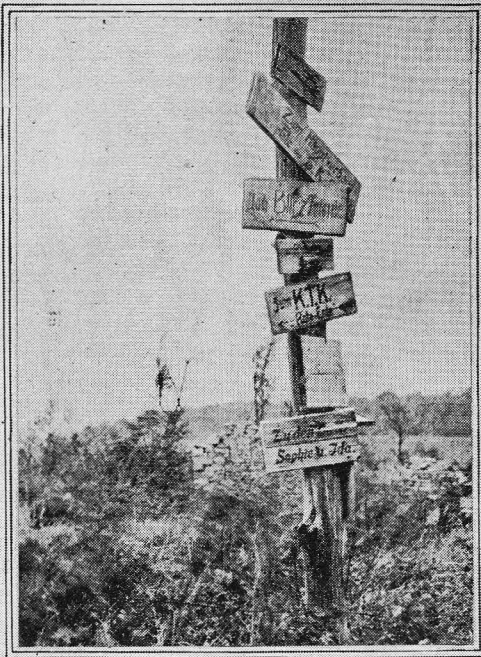
MARCELLE USED TO ENTERTAIN HER GRANDE BEAU - GENE - ON THE BACK STEPS HERE - PICKING FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN WAS THE FAVORITE "INDOOR SPORT" - BUT NOW ALL THAT ONE COULD FIND IN THE GARDEN IS "JERRY" POTATO MASHERS AND EMPTY "CORNERED WILLIE" CANS.



LET ALL THE OLD NIMRODS HAVE THEIR FUN BOASTING ABOUT THE SPORT IN WILD DUCK HUNTING - BUT IF ANYTHING CAN BEAT "GOTHA SNIPING" YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOW THESE GUYS.



Berger



THERE ARE ORNAMENTAL SIGNPOSTS ALONG BROADWAY AND ON MAIN STREET - IN EVERY LITTLE TOWN - TO GUIDE US ON OUR JOURNEY - BUT THESE OLD SIGNS WERE JUST AS "BON" EVEN IF JERRY DID MAKE THEM.

"Merely a Matter of Kilometres" *

In Which the Author Strikes a Reminiscent Mood and Hikes Back Over the Long Weary Way to Stigny

By Russell L. Stultz

THE seventh day had brought rest—even peace, but not of that enduring type associated with normal usage. As the week had dragged its course, we became as one that a most serious mistake had been perpetrated in likening France to Texas. Allowing that the comparison was not unduly exaggerated, we could but mentally decide that the "Lone Star" commonwealth was *some* State and, when it came to grasping the magnitude of the entire forty-eight—why, it was quite beyond our comprehension. A post-war program of "See America First" might be alright—on paper—but as for ourselves—well, one state would provide ample roaming, thank you!

While we were scarcely amateurs in the A. E. F. pastime of "legging it" still, a ponderance of the pre-armistice hiking had been staged under actual war conditions, mainly at night, had been expected and accepted as a matter of course. These circumstances maintaining, scant opportunity was afforded for recalcitrant reflections, such as the week had brought into play.

Sherman's dictum on war ever met with ready agreement. Unquestionably, it would have been hailed as nothing less than uncanny wisdom, had his observation included "peace." As the backward trail exhibited no signs of diminishment, there were those who regretted and growled over the distance they had "pushed Jerry," instead of "finishing the job much earlier in the game."

Reveille awoke us Monday morning to the joyless accompaniment of pattering rain, which had set in early in the night. The omen, in contrast with its welcome significance in "rookie days," carried no delusions. Once more "tin derbys," after two weeks of relegation to the tops of packs, came into vogue with the adoption of slickers and helmets in concession to the weather.

The rain was of that penetrating, de-

pressing variety which we had learned to recognize as exclusively peculiar to France. Never for a moment did it wholly cease. Dinner was had in a drenched and sodden meadow bordering Dommartin-le-Franc, and the rations were equally as bedraggled

measure reconciled, for not even military vengeance would dare decree exposure to such atrocious weather where billets were available for shelter.

Thoroughly soaked and feeling quite in harmony with our disreputable appearance, we stumbled into a miserable little town boasting Blumery as its name. After an endless wait a guide appeared and escorted us through a muddy, odorous farm-yard into a vast old barn. Here the entire company found sufficient space to scatter itself over the ground-floor and hay-filled mow. Instead of the punishment forecasted, we were forbidden to leave the wall-enclosed area—and none cared to. The battalion P. C. was located in an adjacent structure and during the late evening a summary court sat and dealt out its own particular brand of justice.

An agreeable surprise distinguished supper; candy—an unique issue with us—was included in the rations, one tin to a squad. A welfare organization was instantly suspected, but it seemed the quartermasters should have been credited instead.

Because of the inflammable contents of the billet, smoking was banned. In the absence of compensating diversion, we "hit the hay"—this time literally, if you please—at an hour rivaling the proverbial retirement of the feathered tenants to the rafters above. From the basement came the stamp of many hoofs to intrude upon slumber—our transport animals had been indiscriminately stabled under the same roof.

There is probably nothing more disagreeable than a day of chilly rain, unless it is a second of the identical type. While daylight remarked material abatement of the actual downfall, the dismal

"LITTLE THINGS"

BY HENRY R. CURRY

Little bits of sympathy dropped along the way

*Little bits of care in what we do and say
Little smiles of comfort help a man along
Even though a stranger, even though he's wrong.*

*Little bits of patience help a lot you'll find
Though you may be angry, keep on being kind*

*Little hours of waiting before we draw the sword
Show a man's real courage, bring a man's reward.*

*Little wrong impressions, little errors too
Prove the man is human same as me and you*

*Little fleeting moments here on earth to live
Let us then be careful what we take and give.*

*Little words of credit weigh much more than gold
And kindle living fires to warm us from the cold*

*Big things like our troubles, when it's all been said
Are but little items to others closely wed.*

*Little beams of sunshine falling from the sky
Brighten up the corners where the shadows lie*

*Little drops of water sprinkled on the flowers
Fill with fragrant perfume all the golden hours.*

*Little thoughts of gladness in your heart and mine
Soon are merged with nature in the glad sunshine*

*Little acts of kindness scattered on the way
Come like a benediction to close each perfect day.*

as ourselves. There had been a persistent whisper that we would revert to pup-tents during the rest of the hike, in retaliation for real or fancied escapades alleged to have been committed at Brousseval. As the downpour maintained, we were in a

ment of the actual downfall, the dismal

NOTE—This article by Mr. Stultz is the conclusion of a story appearing in the November Service Magazine under the title, "It only moves forward—yet."

"Merely a Matter of Kilometres"—Continued

prospect under foot and over head was not of a nature calculated to breed optimism. To accentuate the depression, several men had developed illness and gave up the struggle to proceed further. As we marched away they lingered behind to await the passage of a chance ambulance—our ranks held no place for weaklings.

Outside the village an hour's delay ensued as we restlessly waited for two other battalions to precede our own. Villiers-aux-Chenes and Beurville were only dreary blurs upon a cheerless landscape, to be replaced later by the towers of the castle which gave Doulevant-le-Chateau its name. Entering the town in time to see members of the First Army, bedecked in all the splendor of new shoulder insignia, lining up for mess, the tardy apportionment of both to ourselves excited the inevitable commentary. Dole of the latter soon followed, however, the edge of a plowed field being the location and corned "willy," biscuits and coffee the menu.

The atrocious condition of the roads had begun to convert the march into a remorseless drag, with an irritated speculation of "How far, oh Lord, how far!" to mark its course. Far off in the distance the spire of a church perpetually signalled, the intervening space rendered deceptive by the character of the terrain. Just when we had given up hopes of ever attaining so baffling a goal, ascent of a gradual elevation showed the rectangular group of stone buildings reposing snugly below, scarce two kilometres away. It was fated to be another of our "one-night stands," styled Colombe-Fosse, as the patronymic was subsequently learned.

Grateful for once that the juniority of our company commander had relegated us to the rear of the column, we fell out as the other organizations tramped on to Columbe-les-Eglises. Headquarters company and our own, it appeared, were the only troops billeted in the town. Through some vagary of fortune, we drew an "apartment" of two rooms supplied with some wonderful conveniences, including a fire-place, table and chairs! With the location additionally enhanced by the kitchen securely moored across the street, the immediate outlook was very, very rosy. Then, too, absence of the battalion staff in another village promised not to be without its compensation—perhaps they would overlook to plague us with their notorious penchant for rest-disturbing mandates.

Supper was above the ordinary, both in quality and quantity—syrup and a quarter of frozen beef had turned up among the rations—but not sufficiently so to dissuade us from seeing an *encore*. A quartet of scouts mutually concentrated upon an unobtrusive domicile that revealed a veritable treasure, an undrained reservoir. We felt almost intruders as the kindly old

madame volubly assured that she would be honored to have as guests "les braves soldats Americain," a sentiment concurred in by her quite amiable soldier son, now home *sur permission*. "Poulet?" "Oui, oui; certainement, messieurs." To be sure there would be chicken, tenderly broiled as only she knew how. The patriarchal *pere*, dozing peacefully in the shadows of the chimney-corner, emerged from his reveries to hospitably greet our entrance as befitted a veteran host, while the good wife fluttered about her preparations. While a plump fowl had substituted for the "fatted calf," the original prodigal could not have been feasted in more sumptuous manner. Our limited vocabulary progressed to an amazing degree—ere long the sprightly *pere* had grasped its drift to the extent of "Goot," to straightway discard his own equivalent *bon* just as we had been guilty of doing the reverse. A plethora of francs that fairly overwhelmed the motherly soul brought down a shower of eternal blessings so evidently sincere as to produce embarrassing, if well-intentioned retreat.



The dripping heavens reopened their flood-gates in the night and by dawn the downpour, instead of exhibiting indications of diminishing, had redoubled in intensity. An early start was necessary in order to bring us to the junction of the roads where the remainder of the battalion from Colombe-les-Eglises would join, without loss of time. A wine-press at the extremity of the town was merrily filling great vats with the substance of *vin rouge* and gave forth a redolent suspicion that hinted brazenly of an interior more aromatic still, as we sniffingly filed by. Plainly, the all-important controversy over the matter of a "2.75 per cent" brew, then agitating America, wasn't interfering with capacity output on our ally's side of the pond.

Once out into the open, the entirely innocent cause of the activity explained itself. On every hill and slope, as far as eye could see, an unbroken expanse of vineyards covered the landscape, to dominate with varying intermissions throughout this and succeeding days. If there were any "bone dry" advocates among our crowd the

dampening fluid of the heavens and the earthly panorama spread on either side must perforce have discouraged the most zealous faith.

Hopes of a let-up in the incessant pluvial demonstration waned with the morning; a more wretched experience had not befallen us since quitting the line. Shoes became deadly soggy, rain-coats, all that the misnomer implied—only helmets afforded any degree of protection and even their duck-like shells invited little rivulets to trickle down necks, to ultimately form contact with the water oozing from "hobs."

Before noon the bridge over the Aube River had been crossed, its passage signaling the discard of "route step" for a travesty of "attention." The summons proved superfluous, however, since our route barely touched the southern fringe, instead of adhering to the main street of Bar. (Here, a few months later, the First Army horse and motor show was to gain the town notoriety.) As we followed the course of the river a heavily laden train emerged from a tunnel and threaded its way around a towering eminence. No misplaced optimism was born—the locomotive was headed northward. A halt opposite Camp Hospital 42 discovered a member of the outfit, who had been admitted only that morning, awaiting treatment there. From a trailing *garçon* copies of the current *Petit Parisien* were secured in exchange for a handful of centimes. Out of the maze of headlines we laboriously deciphered an item telling of Wilson's contemplated emigration to Europe. The news was received with mingled incredulity and derision.

The character of the country had abruptly changed—no longer did the direction lay through the gently rolling provinces which had characterized the early stages of the hike. A constant procession of long and sometimes almost perpendicular hills had begun to vie with the rain in adding to the prevailing discomfiture. Contrary to our preconceived notions regarding French inclines, this particular species seemed to lead nowhere; the ascent of one utterly refuted all natural laws by invariably confront a second, generally more precipitous than its predecessor.

It was after an earnest, if fruitless effort to fathom this phenomena, coincident with a climb more yielding in results, that we halted, "winded," at the summit of a rise extraordinary only for its unprecedented steepness. Conservation of time obligated its double utilization; the ceremony of dinner was enacted while we rested. The day's excursion had been extended—so the glib explanation went—only thirty minutes could be spared for the consumption of food. The period allotted was amply sufficient, the afternoon for the digestive process equally so.

"Merely a Matter of Kilometres"—Continued

The shades of night were prematurely descending as we stumbled, wearied, bedraggled and dispirited up a hill and into the half-deserted dilapidation of St. Usage. The town—if such a conglomeration of crumbling, stone-roofed walls could be so dignified—was devoid of the major portion of its normal population, due, we were informed, to superstitious traditions based upon an epidemic which had devastated the locality a generation previous. Despite the almost eerie silence pervading the desolate streets, we felt in no mood to share in acceptance of the local legends, and with unperturbed serenity went about the business of making a dank and gloomy old chamber habitable. After an hour of search, we were finally rewarded with dry straw and wood and the transformation was speedily accomplished. A soggy supper that corresponded with our own saturated garments had been manufactured from wet rations over sputtering kitchens, unable to find shelter, but a dozen of eggs which rivaled in desirability those of the fabled goose nuuified the sorry mess.

It was Thanksgiving eve—someone with a mind for dates had recalled its significance. We hoped, yet feared, for the past had a known habit of repeating itself. A "Thanksgiving in peace" had been rumored—in fact, vaguely promised—and was generally anticipated. As the hours dragged without contradictory word the figures grouped about the open fire abandoned its inspiration to roll into blankets and tranquilly dream of the morrow's inactivity. The hallucination was short lived; arrival of moving orders shortly after midnight outlined another day of sombre tramping at the dawn.

The only concession to the sacredness of the date was a tardy start, 8:30, instead of the usual program of breaking camp at day-break. As the battalion formed in the straggling lane that sufficed for a street, interested, covetous men watched the village peasants go about the function of slaughtering a fattened swine in the little square—if such the ridiculously inadequate area might be styled. The ceremony was simple in the extreme, for all its apparent importance as surmised from the knot of towns-people present and assisting. The docile creature was led forth amid the chattering and gesticulating offerings of advice, to be summarily despatched with an accurate blow between the eyes with an ax. This preliminary completed, the quivering carcass was cast upon a previously prepared pyre of blazing straw—for the rain had become an uncertain drizzle. A scant quarter-hour was needed for the removal of bristles and the pungent odor of scorched flesh assailed our nostrils as we set out upon the hike that was not to end until 40 kilometres had been left behind.

In preparation for the record-making

jaunt, all men whose hobs had too badly disintegrated under the strain were thinned out and relegated to the trailing ambulance, but in respect for its limited accommodations a second culling was necessary, with a majority of the eligibles sadly disappointed in consequence. A multitude of shoes, barely serviceable at the start, had woefully deteriorated during the interval, too often transforming every step into relentless torture.

The Ource was crossed at Autricourt, and later again at Brion-sur-Ource. Unexpected contact with the little stream awoke pleasant memories—we were invading familiar haunts. Thirty kilometres south, along its course, lay Recey-sur-Ource, for one short week in August headquarters of the regiment. Could it be?—but three months had elapsed since departure—or was it three years?

Somewhere between the two towns we halted half an hour at mid-day for dinner; the affair as scarcely reminiscent of Thanksgiving feasts of other and better days. Any perverse recollections were stolidly squelched in each individual's cup of black coffee and half-full mess-kit of beans—not of the Boston baked variety, please to remember. While duly grateful, the most pronounced dietician will concede that such diet is hardly conducive to reminiscencing.

As we turned our faces down the endless road, clouds that had been glowering ever since morning with ever-increasing insistence opened slowly for the daily drenching. Two hours were spent in traversing a vast forest, dripping from the steady downpour that made walking a task unbelievable. As often as not the trail was a deceptive, miring bog, to be explored and *not* avoided. Charcol burners flitting hither and thither, seemingly oblivious to all discomfort, provided the only relief from the depressing monotony.

Supper time came and went as we made our way across the Seine and through a considerable town in which more fortunate troops had found their billets. The ever-present, ever-remindful precipitation with darkness eventuated into a whipping, even more penetrating sheet of water. Packs became as so much lead, while cartridge belts and rifles galled unmercifully. With the minutes rest grew remorselessly imperative, yet when granted the respite merely added to the misery. Some avowed their steel head-gear had sprung leaks, an impression attributable to its utilization as a foundation when reclining in the sea of mud. Others, more sanely, perhaps, reasoned that it was "a game of exhausting the major's steed, with the odds fifty-fifty." Yet, as the hours dragged the chances in our favor increased proportionately. From time to time, out of the darkness enveloping the head of the column the battalion com-

mander's reassuring affirmation, destined to survive and attain the permanency of a by-word, was wafted back to us: "Only a few more kilometres left!" Each repetition of the message merely confirmed our suspicions that their paucity was artificial.

Every lane must have its turning, however. This specific example came to a not-too-quick termination at 9:00 o'clock that night, after revealing its true length of 25 miles. As the line halted in Poin-con-les Larrey, too unfeeling to be hungry and too exhausted to stand, its members dropped upon the curb or fell to the rough, wet cobble-stones, their damp surface reflecting the illusion of a full moon wherever chancing to come under the rays of a faintly glimmering light. Hunger had been forgotten in the presence of an ever-insistent pressure of bodily fatigue.

Hours later found us billeted, soaked and dog-tired. Announcement that our rations had been compelled to detour and proceed by a longer route, in order to obtain supplies, did not add perceptibly to the apathy. Too weary to be interested in food, all desired was fire and rest—rest such as the pricking hay of some loft or mow afforded, but no mattress of down could have deepened repose.

Some, more fortunate, had secured where a great yawning fire-place made possible the comfort and cheer of crackling flames and the drying of both person and clothing. Neither remained untouched after the hours of pelting rain; packs and equipment had likewise not escaped, for the driving elements had penetrated shelter-halves to soak through the outer folds of blankets and render the whole a sodden, clammy mass.

Long, long into the night, long past the hour when the chimies of a cathedral tolled midnight, we sat in the luxury of silence, reveling in the perfect championship of dying embers. Sometime during the night the kitchens arrived, loaded with rations even wetter than ourselves. A little band of half-dead cooks stumbled upon our refuge, to invite welcome with their pail of syrup and loaf of bread. The sight aroused appetites hitherto dormant. We proceeded to commandeer the supplies, heedless of whom they had been intended to succor. At last we dined, we feasted—paid tribute to the ancient purpose of Thanksgiving. Not until an empty, shining pail remained and the last crumb had vanished were we surfeited. After all, the world, as viewed from the plane of a full stomach, wasn't such a bad old place! Even the morrow's hike assumed a different, more congenial aspect.

Some, revived by the intermission, had ventured out and into the shops in quest of sustenance, there to happen upon a de-

(Continued on Page 30)

"No Exemption"

BY LYLE DAVID

ACTING CHARACTERS

Sanders (An ex-soldier)
Mrs. Sanders (His Wife)
Jennie Sanders (Eight year old daughter)
Mrs. Collins (A washerwoman)
Sloty (A coal dealer)
Skinner (A landlord)
A doctor
A few villagers (men and women)

TIME—THE PRESENT IN ONE ACT

The room is small and miserably furnished. A cheap iron bed stands against the wall, on the right of that is a wash stand on which several bottles of medicine are placed. A large stove is seen in the middle of the room, a pile of coal is lying beside it. A few old fashioned pictures hang on the walls. One is a hunting scene of a fox chase, another the enlarged photo of an American soldier of the War of 1917-18 A. D. In the rear is a door leading into an inner room, directly opposite that on the left is another door that leads into the street. Over the bed are the words in a gilt frame: "God Bless Our Home;" beneath that is a Marriage Certificate suspended by a red cord. A small round table is near the stove, several rickety chairs are scattered about; on the table are seen a coffee pot and a few dishes. Sanders, a tall, thin man of about thirty years of age, stands warming himself beside the stove. His eyes are dark and restless, his cheeks deep sunk and deeply lined. Mrs. Sanders, a frail, haggard eyed woman of about the same age, lies propped up in the bed with pillows, she pours some medicine out of a bottle with her right hand, holding a spoon with her left. Jennie is sitting playing with a cat on a chair near the bed on the left. A window with several broken panes stuffed with rags admits a pale, sickly light. The time is nine o'clock in the morning in the early part of December.

MRS. SANDERS—Well, William, I don't know I am sure. It seems as if everything is again us these days. The doctor has to be paid pretty soon, and how are we going to get the money is beyond me.

(She drinks the medicine with an effort and coughs with her hands pressed to her breast for several moments.)

Mary. My head. Oh, but what's the use.

(He sits down weakly holding his head in his hands.)

MRS. SANDERS—What did they say at the factory yesterday, dear?

SANDERS—*(With utter weariness)*—What did they say. Same old story. Nothing doing. No help wanted today. That's all I hear Mary, day after day—and yet I see several of the fellows that I worked with before the war, and they have some of the best jobs in the plant, too.

Got exempted on industrial reasons and such and such of an excuse.

MRS. SANDERS—But surely you would think that there must be some sort of a job that a man could get. You went to France and done your duty to the country and you didn't ask for any exemption either on account of me and Jennie. Which I'm sure you could have got without any trouble I know.

SANDERS—Oh, yes, there is always jobs for the patriots that shouted the loudest when we marched away. They're holding them, down, too. You couldn't pry them out with a crowbar.

MRS. SANDERS—*(Half tearfully)*—And the rent to meet this month, and the coal bill and everything like that. Dear me I—

SANDERS—*(Desperately)*—Good God, Mary, don't recall those things any more. I've worried myself sick about them now as it is.

(He arises unsteadily from the chair, passes his hands across his eyes in a weary manner, and puts on an old army overcoat much the worse from wear.)

MRS. SANDERS—Where are you going, dear?

SANDERS—*(Buttoning up the coat)*—Hiking again, that's all. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The Boys are Marching, has nothing on me. I've asked, pleaded and begged for work in this town from more people than was numbered in the last census. Even a dugout in France had certain advantages over this kind of life.

(He walks about excitedly, goes to the door of the inner room, opens it, peers in, closes it quickly and comes back to the stove. He stands silent for a moment staring at the fire, then once more passes his hand across his eyes in a dazed manner.)

MRS. SANDERS—*(With sudden alarm)*—What's the matter, dear? Is that old trouble started again?

SANDERS—*(Now recovered)*—Ah yes, yes. What did you say, Mary? Damn it all, but my head feels queer. Funny now, but I thought that I heard an old buddy of mine calling me just then. Heard his voice just as natural. Merely fancy, of course, as he went West in the Argonne in the first bout we had with Jerry. What's that? No, no, I tell you Mary, there ain't no use of looking any more. You can't buy a job.

MRS. SANDERS—*(Entreatingly)*—Don't you go on worrying about this thing William. You're making yourself sick, and what if that old trouble starts again. Remember your nerves are not—

SANDERS—*(Starting towards the door)*—Well, I'll start on my daily rounds again *(He opens the door reeling unsteadily on his feet.)* "A hungry stomach knows no law" *(He laughs foolishly.)* Keep the

home fires burning, Mary; it's a long lane you know. Yes, yes. Alright. Damm it—I—

(He goes out muttering to himself.)

MRS. SANDERS—*(wearily)*—Put on the coffee pot, Jennie. There is still a few grounds left, dear. Things is bound to get better though if papa gets work.

JENNIE—*(in a thin voice)*—Papa ain't had nothing to eat, has he, mamma?

(She arises and puts on the pot, remaining near the stove.)

MRS. SANDERS—*(Weakly falling back on the pillows)*—Everything will come out all right, I tell you, Jennie.

(The door is thrown open and Mrs. Collins comes in. She is a large, good natured woman in the early forties. Her hands are cracked and swollen with much scrubbing. She carries a basket on her arm covered with a white cloth. Seats herself in a chair near the bed, holding the basket on her lap.)

MRS. COLLINS—*(She speaks in an injured tone with fine scorn)*—D'you ever see the like at all Mary. Shure an a body can't live dacint as the Lord intind'd them these days, I tell ye. Such robbers they are, lass. *(She opens the basket and holds up in her hand a piece of meat.)* There now, look at that, will ye, sivinity cints for a wee bit o' meat like that. It's no wonder the people are strivin' these days, lass, with the way thim proffiteers are houndin' a pore body.

(She replaces the meat in the basket with great disgust.)

MRS. SANDERS—Yes, Kate, it's outrageous.

MRS. COLLINS—Outrageous, ye say, lass. Aye 'twould only make a bite or two for me Tim, when he comes home from the factory for his wee bit o' dinner after workin' like a slave for the few pennies he gets, an' to say nothin' o' the six childers we has; that has to have somethin' in their stummicks to keep 'em alive.

MRS. SANDERS—Children must be fed, Kate. They must eat, and there's no two ways about that at all.

MRS. COLLINS—Lord, but it's a hard life for a pore family these day's, Mary, an that's the truth I'm tellin ye. Many the times I seen when Tim an meself first started house keepin with the few sticks o' furniture we has. Many the times I tell ye, I seen the day when ye could go to the market with wan dollar, an' come back with yer basket as full as a tick. Aye, thim were the days, lass.

(She wipes her eyes on the corner of her apron at the recollection.)

MRS. SANDERS—Yet, Kate, it's hard enough now—God knows. But there, Kate, don't let it trouble you so. Things are never as black as they are painted you know.

(During this speech Mrs. Collins has

"No Exemption"—Continued

arisen and is busy around the stove. She bustles about, her misery forgotten for the moment. She pours out some coffee in a tin cup and sets it down on the Stand near Mrs. Sanders' right hands.)

MRS. COLLINS—You're right, lass, you're right says I. There ain't no use o' a body gettin' daft over it at all I guess. 'Twill do no good and that's a fact. There now take a wee drop o' this, it'll do ye good I'm a thinkin'. (She holds out the cup to Mrs. Sanders who takes it and drinks slowly.) But if only the rich would have a bit o' pity on a pore sinner who works from morn till night, year on year; and never gets a day o' rest 'till they up an' dies with roometism or apindesites or something like that. Now take that rat, Skinner. 'There's a man that ain't got as much heart in 'im as a toad, an look at the money he's got. Fairly rollin' in wealth he is an divil a penny he'd give ye if yer tongue was stickin' out the length o' your arm. It's not that I needs any help from the likes o' him mind ye. (She smiles scornfully.) But ye would think he wouldn't be so hard on a pore body that happens to get a bit behin' in their rint now and thin.

(She pours out a cup of coffee for herself and drinks loudly.)

JENNIE—(Playing with the cat)—Mamma, the kittin's hungry. He wants to eat my finger, mamma.

MRS. SANDERS—Yes dear, everything gets hungry at times.

JENNIE—(In a whining tone)—I'm hungry, too, mamma.

MRS. SANDERS—Be patient, child. Papa will be home soon now and bring us something.

(Jennie remains silent, she starts playing again with the cat. Mrs. Collins has laid her cup down and is walking excitedly about the room.)

MRS. COLLINS—There now, look at that, will ye? There's the way it goes. Some people they has so much to fill their bellies that they turn up their nose if their grub ain't served up to them on a silver platter. Now here we are—the three of us, an' that pore animule there; that's all skin an' bones an' ready to die any minute now. Here we are says I, willin' to eat anything that's clain and daint, an' work! God knows we work our fingers to the bone, an' what have we got? Nothin! Half the times we're hungry an' don't know where the next meal is comin' from, and if we get a bit o' meat or a drop o' milk, it's got to go into our own stummicks to keep body an' soul together, let alone feedin' an animule, be it dog or cat, that's starvin' to death in front o' our eyes.

MRS. SANDERS—Now, Kate, don't take on so. Things will all come right I'm sure. If only William could find some work

soon, we can get on our feet and look everybody in the face in a little while. You know God is good to us after all, Kate, if we only trust Him.

(She attempts to speak the last words gaily.)

MRS. COLLINS—(Taking up her basket preparing to depart)—Aye, I hopes ye speak true, lass. But I can't see no way out of it at all, indade I can't, lass. With me old man liable to be laid off now any day, and with work so hard to get too. Lord, but a pore sinner has a devil o' a time these days, I tell ye. God help us, says I.

(She goes out sighing loudly.)

(Pause.)

MRS. SANDERS—Jennie!

JENNIE—What, mamma?

MRS. SANDERS—Look out of the window, dear, and see if papa is coming.

JENNIE—(She goes to the window and standing on her toes looks out into the street. After a pause)—No, mamma, I can't see anybody.

(She remains standing looking out.)

(A rap is heard at the door, which is immediately opened and Skinner comes in. He closes the door behind him softly and stands peering around in the faint light for a moment. He is a little old man of about sixty. His mouth is thin and turned down at the corners. A pair of steel rimmed glasses sit on the ridge of his nose, which is sharp and peaked. One eye is slightly crossed and he holds an ear trumpet in his left hand. His clothes are old and musty looking. He sniffs the air questioningly.)

SKINNER—(Sniffing)—What's 'at I smell? Somethin' burnin'?

MRS. SANDERS—It's only the coffee, Mr. Skinner.

SKINNER—Ah, 'tis ye, yoursel', Mrs. Sanders. Well, good mornin' to ye.

(He peers at the bed in a near-sighted manner.)

MRS. SANDERS—Good morning, Mr. Skinner.

(She sits up in bed and starts combing her hair in a nervous manner.)

SKINNER—(He sits down by the stove and rubs his hands together briskly)—An' have ye the rent, Mrs. Sanders?

MRS. SANDERS—Not today, Mr. Skinner. I'm sorry, I—

SKINNER—(Not hearing)—It's due at 12 noon this day, ye know. The agreement says—(He fumbles in his coat pocket.)

MRS. SANDERS—(A little louder)—We can't pay today, Mr. Skinner. But we will be able in a few—

SKINNER—(He has taken a paper out of his pocket and holds it with his left hand. With his right he puts the ear trumpet in his ear and shouts in a querulous voice)—What's 'at ye say? What 'at?

I can't hear a word.

MRS. SANDERS—(Very loud)—I'm sorry, Mr. Skinner, but we can't pay the rent today sir. But—

(She has grown quite pale.)

SKINNER—(Shrilly, in a rasping voice)—Do ye mean that ye can't pay me my rent? D'you say ye can't pay?

(He arises and comes over to the bed.)

MRS. SANDERS—Not at this moment, Mr. Skinner. We are a little short right now. But in a few days everything will be alright and we can settle up, sir.

(Skinner shakes his clenched fist at Mrs. Sanders, who has fallen back weakly on the bed.)

SKINNER—I got to have my rent, d'you hear? I got to have it, that's all.

MRS. SANDERS—But we are unable to pay now, Mr. Skinner. You know that my husband has been ill and out of work for a couple of months. The government will soon be paying him compensation now, I hope. It's been over a year since he applied, but it takes time with the red tape he told me about. But give us little time, sir, and everything—

SKINNER—(Stubbornly)—Ye signed the agreement, didn't ye?

MRS. SANDERS—(Half in tears)—If you mean the lease, yes sir.

SKINNER—(Suddenly changing his tone and speaking in a whining manner)—I am an old man, I am. The doctor's taking all the money that I earn from by bit of property with this last spell o' sickness I had. I am not made o' money. I got my living to make, same as anybody else. You come an' live under my roof an' don't pay me a cent for what's mine. Beggars couldn't be no worse, an' that's a fac'.

MRS. SANDERS—(Helplessly)—But, Mr. Skinner, how are we going to pay you with no money? Why, we haven't got as much as a penny in the house.

SKINNER—(Flying into a rage. He has dropped the whining tone and screams shrilly)—Ye ain't got no money, eh! A pretty one ye are, my fine lady. D'you think that I care what ye got or ain't got? Am I gonna worry my head off with your troubles, eh? What I want is my rent, d'you understand? Puttin' on that pore mouth don't fool me at all, not at all madame.

(His voice rises to a rasping scream.)

MRS. SANDERS—(Tearfully)—Oh, if I only had the money I would give it to you gladly, Mr. Skinner, gladly sir. Please—

SKINNER—An' when I takes ye in an' let ye live in this fine house, ye promised to pay what I axed for it, which was cheap enough considerin' the money I had to spend on the improvements and sich like. But here's the agreement. Ye can't go back on that, my lady. (He flourishes the paper over his head.) Here's the thing

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in black and white, an' the law is on my side, I warn ye of that.

(*He stops gesticulating for a moment and peers at the paper through his glasses.*)

MRS. SANDERS—Please, Mr. Skinner.

SKINNER—(*Putting the paper back in his pocket, he cackles in an attempt to laugh in a sneering manner*)—But ye can't pull the wool over my eyes like that no longer. Always gaddin' about to dances and theaters and sich foolishness. Ye got money enough for that, eh?

MRS. SANDERS—(*Weeping softly*)—Oh, this is too much, Mr. Skinner. If only—

(*The door is thrown open and the ample figure of Mrs. Collins is seen coming in. She has a dish in her hand in which lies some meat still hot and simmering. Her sleeves are rolled up to the elbow.*)

MRS. COLLINS—(*Coming in rapidly*)—Shure, Mary, an' ye have unwelcome visitors these day's, I'm athinkin'.

SKINNER—(*Bowing to Mrs. Collins with a ludicrous attempt at gallantry*)—Ah, Mrs. Collins, 'tis ye, yoursel', it is. An' lookin' as handsome as ever, I'll take my oath on that, I will. Well, good mornin' to ye, Mrs. Collins, good mornin' to ye.

MRS. COLLINS—Good mornin' to ye, yourself, ye old skinflint. An' bad luck to the likes o' ye, says I. (*To Mrs. Sanders*)—There, lass, 'tis a bit o' meat I brought ye. 'Twill do ye no harm, I'm thinkin'.

(*She holds out the plate to Mrs. Sanders, who takes it, still weeping.*)

SKINNER—(*He has picked up the ear trumpet and placed it to his ear. To Mrs. Collins*)—Eh, what's 'at. What did ye say, my dear Mrs. Collins?

MRS. COLLINS—D'you think that's all I got to do, but keep hollerin' in that tin thing ye got stuck in your ear? What I says I meant.

SKINNER—(*Catching the last words and confusing them*)—Aye, right ye are, Mrs. Collins. 'Tis the rent she's owing me this day.

MRS. SANDERS—Oh, Kate, I don't know what we will do, I'm sure.

SKINNER—(*Endeavoring to speak in a soothing voice*)—But as I was tellin' the madame here when ye come in, Mrs. Collins. As I was sayin' to her, says I: Now, Mrs. Sanders, I said; if ye can't pay the rent this time, d'you think that I, Peter Skinner, a man that never harmed a soul in his life, an' I have lived in this town for the last sixty years, I have; d'you think that I would hound a pore body that happened to get a little behind in their rent, eh?

(*Mrs. Collins stands in the middle of the floor looking scornfully at Skinner during this self confession of virtue. Jennie has crept sleepily in bed beside her*

mother. Mrs. Sanders has dried her tears and is quite composed.)

SKINNER—(*As before*)—No, sir, not me, not Peter Skinner, I tell ye. I want ye to understand that, Mrs. Collins. I wouldn't hound nobody, rent or no rent, if I didn't have to, an' that's the truth, may God help me if it ain't. (*He drops again into a whining tone.*) But I'm a pore old man, Mrs. Collins, an' I got my livin' to make, same as everybody has; an' the agreement says: (*He fumbles in his pocket again and brings out the paper*) Here 'tis—(*He reads slowly*)—Agrees to pay on the—

MRS. COLLINS—Put that bit o' lying sheet back in your pocket, ye old hypocrit'. 'Tis I that knows what ye are, ye baldheaded old sinner—(*To Mrs. Sanders.*) He'll be weepin' crockidile tears next, Mary.

SKINNER—But my dear Mrs. Collins.

MRS. COLLINS—Don't ye dear me, ye hound o' hell, or I'll mash in that bald skull o' yours, I will. Dear me again, now. Just dear me again, says I.

(*She has seized a broom and makes a threatening gesture toward Skinner.*)

SKINNER—(*Stuffing the paper back in his pocket with comical haste*)—Don't ye dare assault me, woman. Don't ye lay a finger on me, I tell ye. I'll have the law on ye for this, I promise ye.

MRS. SANDERS—(*Startled by the unexpected turn of events*)—Kate! Kate! Don't you be doing anything rash now.

SKINNER—You! you sh—

MRS. COLLINS—(*Glaring at Skinner*)—I'll murder ye some day, ye old cock-eyed grave robber. Trying to soft soap around me with your hand rubbin' an' your bowin' an' scrapin'. 'Tis no spring chicken ye have in me, ye hardened old sinner.

SKINNER—I'll have the law on ye, I will, see if I don't—(*He shakes his fist at her warningly.*)—You'll pay dear for this, Mrs. Collins. Ye threatened me, an' here's my witnesses—(*He points a wavering finger at Mrs. Sanders and Jennie, who is now sleeping soundly despite the excitement*)—I'll sue ye for slander an' attempted murder. I can swear to every word under 'oath accordin' to law. (*He has started for the door, which he opens, and stands looking back, still shaking his fist.*)—There's a law in this country that'll protect a pore old man that's feeble an' can't take care o' himsel' any more. I'll have ye in jail for this, Mrs. Collins, so help me God.

(*He goes out shouting loudly.*)

MRS. COLLINS—(*Still holding the broom. She shouts after him*)—Law an' be damned to ye, says I. 'Tis the likes o' ye that ought to be in jail 'till ye rot, ye widow chasing devil.

(*She lays the broom down and goes over to the bed.*)

MRS. SANDERS—Oh Lord, have mercy.

(*Skinner's voice is heard in the distance shouting: I'll have the law. I'll have the law.*)

MRS. COLLINS—Listen to that old robber yellin'. Listen to that old wolf yelpin'.

MRS. SANDERS—This is terrible, Kate. You'll get into all kinds of trouble with that man. Remember, he's rich and—

MRS. COLLINS—Never ye mind now, lass; never ye mind about that at all.

(*She strokes the sick woman's head gently.*)

MRS. SANDERS—But I can't help getting worried over it, Kate. He's such a—

(*A knock is heard at the door and at Mrs. Sanders' request to come in Sloty sticks his head in the door and says in a high pitched voice:*)

SLOTY—How about the coal, Mrs. Sanders? Your bill is nine dollars an' twenty cents. Are yuh gonna pay, huh?

MRS. SANDERS—No—o, Mr. Sloty, I can't pay anything, today, sir. I— Oh Lord help me, what am I going to do now?

SLOTY—(*He has come in and closed the door*)—The bill is overdue now. What 'er ye gonna do about it?

(*Sloty is a small, bandy-legged man, about fifty. His face is sly and crafty looking. He wears a patch over one eye, which gives him the appearance of low cunning. A bag is slung over his shoulder and he carries a shovel in his right hand. He walks over near the stove and stands with his feet wide apart, staring around insolently.*)

MRS. COLLINS—If the devil can't come, he sends one of his imps to torture a pore body.

SLOTY—(*Paying no attention to the remark*)—Well, what yuh think I'm in business for, madame? Charity, eh? (*He addresses Mrs. Sanders, who has fallen back weakly on the bed.*) Coal is expensive these days, my dear woman, an' I can't afford to give it away to every Tom, Dick and Harry that comes around with a cock an' bull story about hard times an' all that 'er kind a junk.

MRS. COLLINS—Open the door an' give me elbow room, somebody. 'Twill be murder that I'll be doin' yet this day, God forgive me.

MRS. SANDERS—If you can only give us a little time, Mr. Sloty, I know that we will pay up everything.

(*She attempts to speak quite calmly.*)

SLOTY—(*Taking the bag from his shoulder and waving the shovel with his right hand*)—This is the third time that I has called an' axed you for what's my due. An' what d'you tell me? Nothing today, Mr. Sloty. I ain't got no money this time, Mr. Sloty. (*He speaks in a high falsetto tone, in an attempt to imitate a woman's voice.*) A new tale of woe every

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time I calls. An' yet yuh keep burnin' up my coal, right in front of my own two eyes.

(He has stopped near the table which he pounds loudly with the palm of his hand to emphasize his remarks.)

MRS. COLLINS—It's but wan eye ye have, ye old villian, an' the good Lord made a mistake when he left ye with that.

SLOTY—*(paying attention to Mrs. Collins for the first time)*—Be careful what yuh say, Mrs. Collins. Be careful, I tell yuh.

(Jennie waking up.)

JENNIE—Mamma, is papa home yet. I thought I heard him talkin'.

MRS. SANDERS—Don't start anything more, Kate. Please don't. *(To Jennie)* No, dear, papa is not home yet.

MRS. COLLINS—*(To Sloty)*—Careful to the likes o' ye? Ha! ha! ha! *(She laughs in a scornful manner.)* Why, I could clain up the alley with a grasshopper like ye with wan hand tied behin' me back, an' the other wan parilized, me fine bucko.

(Sloty has walked over to the pile of coal near the stove and has started shoveling the coal in the bag which he holds open with his left hand. He mutters in a low tone)—What's mine is mine; and there's no two ways about that at all. *(To Mrs. Collins)*—Yes, yuh could do wonders, I guess. *(He scrapes up the last few pieces of coal with his hands and puts it in the bag.)*

MRS. COLLINS—*(In great indignation)*—Holy mother o' Saint Patrick, but d'you see that thafe o' the world down on his hands and knees, scrapin' up the few bits o' coal that a body has to keep the chill off thim this winter day?

SLOTY—A man can't do business on promises, I tell yuh. "Trust an' Go Bust" is my motto, an' I stands by it, I do.

(He stumbles toward the door with the bag on his shoulder.)

MRS. SANDERS—Oh, but you only want to frighten us, Mr. Sloty. Surely you won't take the last bit of coal we—

SLOTY—*(At the door with the bag on his shoulder)*—The bill is nine dollars and I'll throw off the twenty cents if you'll pay me up. But not another cent. I don't trust nobody these days, I'm a tellin' yuh. Not even my own mother, an' that's the truth. Yuh pay me what's comin' to me an' I'm at your service, day or night, it don't make any difference to me. I work hard for what I got an' I ain't gonna let no dead beats get the best of me. No, siree. Let them that's foolish an' wants to give people charity, go right ahead. I got my motto an' I sticks by it. A business to be on top has got to be run close to the mark an' devil take the hindmost. That's the way I look at it an' I ain't takin' nothin' back for nobody.

MRS. COLLINS—*(Vehemently)*—Men

like that ain't got no right to live at all, Mary.

MRS. SANDERS—*(Weeping)*—It it's not one thing, it's another. Troubles never come but they come all at once, it seems, an' when we are least able to bear them, too. It don't make any difference at all, Kate. I've trusted in God and always tried to be a good woman and—

(Mrs. Collins has gone to the window and stands looking out. After a pause:)

MRS. COLLINS—Well, I dunno, I'm shure. It's beyond me, lass.

MRS. SANDERS—When William was over in France, Mr. Sloty was always talking about the duty everybody owed to the soldiers, and now look what he—

MRS. COLLINS—Aye, lass, an' 'tis the likes o' him that shouted so much about being patriotick an' sich like. But now that the war is all over an' your man home an' sick the way he is, pore lad, now that he's home an' not able to lay his hand to a bit o' work; ye see the way sich a two-faced profiteer like that man Sloty will treat ye.

(Pause.)

MRS. COLLINS—Well, I'll be goin', Mary. 'Tis little I c'n be doin' this day with me nerves all upset like with sich creatures. I'll look in for a spell when me old man goes off to work again, I will.

(She goes.)

(For a moment nothing is heard but the low sobbing of the woman on the bed. Then the door opens and Sanders comes in quietly. He walks slowly toward the stove, stands undecided for a brief instant and then sits down in an absent-minded manner on a chair.)

MRS. SANDERS—*(Propping herself up in bed with one arm)*—It's a poor house that you've come back to this morning, William. With the coal all gone, and the rent. Oh, it's no use, William, we—

SANDERS—*(In a dull voice)*—Why are you always hounding me?

(He regards her strangely.)

MRS. SANDERS—*(Catching her breath sharply)*—I hound'you, dear? Why what on earth are you talking about?

(She sits up in bed staring at him.)

SANDERS—*(Speaking half to himself)*—Yes, yes, alright then, if you're not. It's getting dark, I guess. That's the way it is all the time now.

(He mumbles a few words indistinctly.)

MRS. SANDERS—There now, William. Don't let those old thoughts get the best of you.

(She speaks in a soothing voice.)

(Sanders has arisen and walks rapidly around the room. He talks loudly.)

SANDERS—Two years I gave them Two of the best years of my life. And now this is what I get. A dog would be

treated better. I never asked them for charity. No! I was only too glad to get back. Happy to be at work and get the feel of honest things again. To know that I was doing something useful. To really begin to create, achieve something worth while in the world again, after all that slime and dirt, the misery and degradation of those days of hell over there.

MRS. SANDERS—*(Becoming frightened)*—William, William, there is something the matter with you. Why do you act in this strange manner? Talking to yourself like a man bereft of his senses. Come, dear, tell me all about it. Be sure and trust your wife to understand. Tell me, what is the matter, what has happened?

(She arises weakly from the bed and attempts to go over to him.)

SANDERS—*(Paying no attention to her. He sits down again by the stove and speaks in a low anguished voice)*—Two whole years, two whole, beautiful years, I gave them.

MRS. SANDERS—*(Endeavoring to caress him)*—What is it, William? Tell me, I beg of you? Something about work, dear?

SANDERS—Work! Work! H! ha! ha! I've worked long enough. 'Tis time for a rest now. A long, long rest.

(He laughs bitterly.)

MRS. SANDERS—William, I wish I knew what was the matter with you. You are not talking sensible at all. If there is anything wrong dear, and I am sure that there is, won't you tell me and let me help you?

(She strokes his hair softly.)

SANDERS—*(With deep emotion, stretching out his arms)*—If I would have met it in the Argonne, what difference would it have made? One, two—an' it would have been all over.—*(He snaps his fingers twice.)*—That's the way poor old Bell went. Standing, leaning against a French "75" talking, and the next moment I was looking down at his dead body, cut in half like a pig. Just a rush of air by me was all I felt, and there he was—what was left of him lying there—food for the burial squad. Lucky devil, he never knew what hit him. One moment full of life, an' the next—

MRS. SANDERS—Oh—o—o, God help me, this is too much, the man is gone entirely.

(She staggers over to the bed and falls on it, weeping loudly.)

SANDERS—*(As before)*—But that was as it should be. No one was kicking. Some of us had to go. It was no child's game we were playing over there, I tell you. If it hadn't been Bell it would have been someone else. It didn't seem so terrible in those days, just natural, that's all. But the funny part of it was, that he was.

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talking about home when he got it, telling me all about what he was going to do when he got back. That's what makes me think of it now. Talking about home when he got it. Ha! ha! ha!

(He laughs foolishly like a child.)

MRS. SANDERS—*(From the bed)*—Look, William! You have me as nervous as I can be. Such talk as that is—

(She holds up her arms appealingly. She is quivering with excitement.)

SANDERS—*(Arising and going toward the door that leads into the adjoining room. He talks in a sing song voice)*—Where Do We Go From Here, Boys? Damn it all, where do we go? Yes, that's it, Where Do We Go? Who knows? Heaven, Hell, or Hoboken, the old line used to run. Well, Hoboken's out of it now, I guess. Ha! ha! ha! It's either Heaven or Hell these days as sure as two and two makes four, or does it make that many? I'm all at sea, somehow.

(He passes his hand wearily across his forehead and goes slowly into the other room.)

MRS. SANDERS—Don't you dare go in there, William. Don't you go on acting that way.

(She attempts to rise and follow him but falls back weakly on the bed.)

SANDERS—*(His voice comes faintly from the other room)*—I put it here when I come back, I'll swear to that, I will, an' oiled up properly, I tell you, buddy. *(The sound of opening and closing drawers is heard.)*

MRS. COLLINS—*(Peering in)*—How's everything, lass?

MRS. SANDERS—Oh, Kate—my husband, I—

MRS. COLLINS—*(Coming in)*—There ain't nothin' the matter, is there, lass?

MRS. SANDERS—Kate, I'm afraid. William's acting like a man that is out of his senses. If I only knew what the trouble was. But what can I do? This is the first time he has been this way since—

MRS. COLLINS—There now, calm yourself, says I. 'Tis nothin' is the matter with the lad, I'm athinkin'. Mebbe that bit o' shill shock is botherin' him again. Well, who knows? There ain't any o' thim lads as strong as they once was, God help 'em. Now' take that Reily lad I was tellin' ye about the other day. There he was after he come back from France, livin' with his mother in a bit o' shack that wan good breath would blow away any day; an' a foine woman she is too, lass. Gettin' a bit old now, like the rest of us. She must be close on sixty now, if I'm affiggerin' right, but spry—jest as spry and getabout as any woman half her age, considerin' the roomehftism and all the trouble the pore old soul has had in her day. Well, as I was saying about her solger lad, Mike, that went away to the war, he did, an' when

he come back home an' couldn't get no work or nothin' the way things were, ye know. Well, what did the pore devil of a lad do, but up an done for himself jest like that.—*(She makes a motion by drawing her fingers across her throat.)*—Which may the good Lord forgive—the pore, crazy boy.

MRS. SANDERS—Oh, don't say another word, Kate, please don't.

MRS. COLLINS—Aye, 'tis not I that would be sayin' a word about the lad. Not a word, ye understand. 'Tis o' the pore old mother that I'm athinkin' about, I am. 'Twas as foine a broth o' a bouy that I ever laid me own two eyes on, and that's the truth, so God strikes me dead if it ain't. An' what did the coroner say when he laid the lad out? What did he say but: Hmn, another case o' suicide among those returned solgers. I wonder when it's all goin' to be ended, says he. An' thin after the funeral was over what did the assurance company do—bad cess to thim, says I. What did they do but up and say that the lad had done for himself, so that his pore old mother would get the bit o' money that was comin' to him when he was gone. Seein' that he wasn't able to do no more hard work or anything like that. An' now there they are, the devils, tryin' to cheat the old soul out of the assurance money that is comin' to her from the lad.

MRS. SANDERS—This is driving me wild, Kate. Won't you please stop such stories, your—*(Suddenly screaming wildly)* Good God, Kate, look! He's—

(Sanders comes out of the inner room rapidly. He is dressed in the uniform of an American soldier. A small, bronze medal is pinned on his breast, his eyes are blazing with a feverish light. He sinks down on a chair near the table.)

MRS. COLLINS—*(Attempting to be jovial)*—Shure, an' its a foine lad ye are, Mr. Sanders, drest up in yer soldier suit, says I.

SANDERS—*(In a low tone as if speaking to someone at his side)*—It's getting near daylight now, captain.

MRS. SANDERS—*(Appealingly)*—Why it's daylight now, dear. See, the sun—

(She holds out her arms weakly toward the window.)

SANDERS—*(As before)*—And when the barrage lifts—then it's up to us, that's all. If we don't come back what's the difference? A man has to die sometime, captain.

MRS. COLLINS—Shure, an' the man's raving. He's lost his wits entirely, lass.

SANDERS—*(With increasing excitement. In a low whisper to Mrs. Collins)*—What time is it?

MRS. COLLINS—'Tis past noon, I know.

SANDERS—What hour?

MRS. SANDERS—About one o'clock,

dear. Oh, God, but this is terrible.

SANDERS—*(Hoarsely)*—You lie! 'Tis but a minute to the hour. Come on, Bell.

(He arises and peers around the room, shading his eyes with one hand. Then he drops on his right knee and assumes the position of a man listening intently for some sound.)

MRS. SANDERS—*(Screaming)*—My God, Kate, do something, I tell you, he's gone mad, stark mad.

MRS. COLLINS—*(Rushing about)*—I'll get someone, Mary. Indeed I will, lass. Oh, Lord, and such a foine lad he was, too. Help! Help!

(She rushes out, calling loudly for help.)

SANDERS—*(Suddenly leaping to his feet and holding his head in his hands. He cries in terror and pain)*—Good God, it's burning me, captain, burning me up, I tell you. Let me go, you fiends of hell. Give me a breath of air.—*(He struggles wildly as if he was trying to break away from some one that was holding him.)*—Give me just one breath, just a little breath, it's not much I'm asking you. Oh, you hell hounds, you blood suckers, it's only a little thing, just a breath, just— Oh, you devils, to torture me this way. Ah, the fire, the fire! I am suffocating, I'm burning alive.—*(He clutches at his throat and tears it wildly.)*—Down with you, you devils. Down with you, I say. There, there, I am free, FREE—*(He throws his arms exultantly over his head.)*—Free, free. God is good. God is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me lie down in green— Ah, how wonderful to breath the air again. But it's getting dark, old buddy.—*(He whispers.)*—Listen to me:—*(He clutches the air and speaks in a low tense voice.)*—It's dark, Bell, old pal. D'you hear? D'you understand? DARK! I tell you. The light is gone, GONE!

(He bows his head in his hands and weeps passionately.)

JENNIE—*(Waking up and screaming)*—Ah, mamma, mamma, I am afraid.

(Pause.)

(Sanders has staggered toward the door that leads into the other room. He has become quite cool. He peers through the open door muttering to himself in a low tone.)

MRS. SANDERS—*(Despairingly)*—William! My God, don't go in there. Oh, won't nobody come.

SANDERS—*(To an imaginary person at his side)*—The time has come now, old pal. Are you ready? Heads up, then. Damn these barb'd wires. Sh—h—they're coming. GET SET! Buddy—

(He creeps on his hands and knees into the inner room. All is silent for a moment, then the crash of furniture is heard, at intermittent periods wild)

(Continued on Page 29)

Morning Report

The first banquet and reunion of Co. A, 315 M. G. Bn., will be held at the Seventh Avenue Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Saturday, April 9th, at 7:30 p. m. The committee in charge consists of George Daley, Chas. Lynch and Robt. D. Boston, chairman. Those desiring reservations should address Chairman Boston, at 4907 Broad street, Pittsburgh, Pa., or phone 687-R, Fisk.

Comrade A. M. Jackson, Box 636, Worcester, Mass., writes that he is now the agent for "La Vie Parisienne," and that he guarantees deliveries anywhere in America of this old friend of the A. E. F. Anyone interested can secure further information by writing him at the above address.

Detroit, Mich., March 27, 1921.
To the Editor of Service Magazine.

Dear Sir: No doubt there are many members of the 80th Division recuperating in various government hospitals. I am sure many of them are in need of reading matter to help pass away the dreary hours. Many of us would be glad to furnish some comrade with magazines if they knew who they were and where they could be reached. Why not make it your business to find out where these men are and publish names of same in the Service Magazine? Editorial to push the thing along would help considerably. It is a pity that these should be forgotten.

Respectfully, M.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are now sending Service to every hospital in which 80th Division men are confined which has come to our attention. We have received donations to be used in sending Service to those of our buddies who are unable to purchase it for themselves. But there are still many of our comrades who would enjoy the magazine if funds were available to send it to them. Service will thankfully receive any funds for the carrying out of this work, will acknowledge and send a card to the recipient telling him the name of his benefactor.

Altoona, Pa., March 28, 1921.
Editor Service:

Please note my change of address. I do not want to miss this magazine. It is a very interesting paper, but does not come often enough. One who served in the 80th Division could read one every week. It sure tells the real thing; it brings back memories of almost two years ago. We did not like it then but to look back over it, we laugh and say, "Well, I'm glad for the experience." C. A. M.

Invitations were issued yesterday by Mr. and Mrs. William Kennedy Brown of Pittsburgh and Sewickley for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Christine Brown and Robert Colgan Schmertz, Wednesday

evening, April 6, in the First Presbyterian Church of Sewickley. Rev. William O. Campbell, pastor emeritus, will perform the ceremony. Mr. Schmertz served as captain with Co. "I," 317th Infantry, 80th Division.

Comrade H. D. Miller writes that he is now the proud and happy father of a eleven pound baby girl, and wishes the same good fortune to all his old buddies.

Just received word that our friend, Capt. R. B. Handy, Jr., who served with the 80th, in France, has been appointed to succeed Edward H. Hale as director of the V. F. W. service bureau at Washington, D. C., which straightens out the claims of ex-



*Fades the light, and afar
Goeth day, cometh night; and a star
Leadeth all, speedeth all
To their rest.*

Gallihier, Sgt. J. B., Co. B, 18th Inf., at Richmond, Va., March 14, 1921. Killed while performing his duty with Richmond (Va.) Fire Dept. Particulars elsewhere in this issue.

Strasler, Sgt. Major, of Gorman, formerly Battery B, 313th F. A., from effects of gas received in action, on Sunday, February 27, 1921, at 80 So. Martha avenue, Akron, Ohio.

Hess, Private Andres, in France, on August 5, 1918, Private Andres Hess, beloved son of Elizabeth Hess (nee Hammer) and the late John Hess, aged 29 years. Funeral was held from his mother's residence, 834 First street, McKees Rocks, on Wednesday, March 30, at 8:45 a. m. High mass of requiem at St. Mary's R. C. Church at 9:30 o'clock. Military funeral was by Vesle Post, V. F. W.

Elwin, Corp. Jos. T., Co. D, 320th Inf. Military funeral by Observatory Post No. 81, American Legion, Wednesday, April 1, 1921.

Weimer, Peter H., Co. C, 305th Engineers, at White Haven, Pa., March 15, 1921, of tuberculosis contracted in France; Military funeral by Fox-Peale Post, A. L.

Smith, Clyde J., aged 25 years, formerly of Co. C, 320th Inf., on February 9, 1921. Military funeral was held from his former home, 921 West Seventeenth street, Erie, Pa. Comrade Smith died from the effects of an operation for meningitis.

The body of Carl A. Everett, formerly Corporal Co. D, 319th Inf., who was killed on the Arras front August 10, 1918, has been returned to his former home, 2008 Huey street, McKeesport, Pa., where a military funeral was held by J. J. Ward Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

service men. Capt. Elton is to be congratulated upon securing such an able assistant and co-worker.

An ordinance was introduced in city council of Pittsburgh, Pa., at a recent meeting, providing \$12,500 towards the expense of the Second Annual Reunion of the 80th Division Veterans' Association. If the ordinance does not meet with any legal objections from the law department, we have every reason to expect assistance from the city government in our coming Reunion.

There are about one hundred copies of the year book on hand at headquarters. They cost us \$1.25 each to print. We will close them out for one dollar each. Tell your buddy who hasn't received one to send in a buck.

We have also secured several thousand pictures of Camp Lee, printed on heavy gloss paper, suitable for framing. These pictures were made from the original Camp Lee photos taken by Thompson, the Camp Lee photographer, and measure 50x9½ inches. Sent by return mail upon receipt of ten cents (coin or stamps), add two cents to cover cost of mailing. Camp Lee is doomed. Better have a picture.

Replying to several inquiries regarding the 90th Division history, we have just learned from Foreign Service that the "90th" Division Veterans Association is located at 811 Southwestern Life Bldg., Dallas, Texas. Arthur J. Reinhart is the secretary.

We have on hand 300 copies of the Bayonet Souvenir Book of Camp Lee. This beautiful book will be sent upon receipt of \$1.00. Please add five cents in stamps to cover the cost of mailing.

Add to 319th Inf., Machine Gun Co., the name of Nick Entinger, Fairhaven, Mt. Oliver Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Add to 80th Div. Hdq., Col. Earl D. Church, 683 Asylum avenue, Hartford, Conn.

Change William H. Woodward, Hdq. Co., 318th Inf., to read Corporal William H. Woodward, Co. H., 318th Inf., Woodward Apts., Norfolk, Va.

Add to Co. A., 314th Machine Gun Battalion, Pvt. J. F. Vacha, care Peoria Dry Goods Co., 221 S. Adams street, Peoria, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Prescott of 308 Ninth street, Charleroi, Pa., announce the birth of a son, who has been christened Thomas A. Prescott. Comrade Prescott was former-

Morning Report—Continued

ly with 318th Ambulance Co., 305th Sanitary Train.

Roland R. Pothier of Central Falls, formerly an army sergeant, today formally admitted that he killed Maj. Alexander P. Cronkhite, son of Brig. Gen. Adelbert Cronkhite, former commander of the 80th Division, at Camp Lewis, Washington, October 25, 1918. The Federal commissioner before whom he was arraigned accepted a plea of guilty to a charge of involuntary manslaughter.

Maj. Cronkhite, who was in command of a battalion of infantry at Camp Lewis, had marched his men from camp for pistol practice on the day of his death. During the noon hour while the men were at mess the Major walked some yards away behind a clump of bushes and began firing at an old tobacco tin as a target.

On his fifth shot he turned toward some soldiers idling on the ground nearby and called out "did you see that shot?" The men turned toward him, when another shot was heard and they saw Maj. Cronkhite fall. There was a bullet wound under his right armpit.

An army court of inquiry reported the officer had shot himself accidentally, but upon the return of Gen. Cronkhite from France a new investigation was started, the body was exhumed and experts are said to have asserted that the wound could not have been self-inflicted.

Since Pothier was discharged from the army in June, 1919, the Department of Justice has been searching for him. He was arrested here Thursday at the Auburn freight yard of the New Haven Railroad where he was employed as a brakeman.

Federal officers refuse to discuss the case further, but it was understood that Pothier told them his pistol was discharged accidentally while he was cleaning it.

Further arrests are expected, however.

New York, March 24.—Charged with murder in connection with the death of Maj. Alexander P. Cronkhite at Camp Lewis, Washington, on Oct. 25, 1918, Robert Rosenbluth, formerly a captain in the 213th Regiment of Engineers, was arrested here last night.

New York, March 29.—(Special)—Shortly before he was released today in \$25,000 bail in the Federal Court on a charge of having shot and killed Maj. Alexander Cronkhite, son of Brig. Gen. Adelbert Cronkhite at Camp Lewis, Wash., in 1918, Robert Rosenbluth, formerly a captain in the 213th Engineers, sent a telegram to J. W. Sheldon, United States district attorney at Seattle, offering to appear before the Federal grand jury there and waiving his right to immunity.

Mr. Rosenbluth had been arraigned be-

fore United States Commissioner Hitchcock on an amended murder charge. In the new complaint Rosenbluth was directly accused of the shooting.

The life of J. R. Flick, former soldier, ill in St. Francis' Hospital, is being saved through efforts of members of the Federal Board Association of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, composed of former service men, according to a statement at the hospital last night.

Announcement was made at a meeting of 25 members of the association last Friday night that Flick probably would die Saturday morning unless a quantity of pure blood could be transfused to his veins. Every man pleaded to give his blood to aid the sick veteran, who was a stranger to all those at the meeting. The patient was last reported on the road to recovery.

John A. MacLean, Jr., formerly regimental chaplain, who left the regiment at Ravieres on Bourgogne (Yonne) to attend a university in England is now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Morgantown, North Carolina.

Harrisburg, March 17.—(Associated Press).—Battle flags of Pennsylvania military organizations which served in the American army during the World War are being collected here under the direction of Adj. Gen. Frank D. Beary and soon will occupy the places of honor in the State Capitol with those of organizations which represented the state in other wars in which the United States has taken part.

Hermetically sealed glass cases will contain the flags, of which about 50 already have been obtained from various places throughout the country where they were left by the organizations when the men were mustered out of service. Similar cases in the rotunda of the Capitol building now contain scores of flags of Pennsylvania outfits which fought in the Civil War and the Spanish-American War.

Among the organizations whose flags will be placed in the Capitol are the following: Fourth, Sixth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania Infantry, One Hundred and Ninth, One Hundred and Tenth, One Hundred and Eleventh, One Hundred and Twelfth, Three Hundred and Nineteenth, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, First and Second Pennsylvania Field Artillery, One Hundred and Seventh, One Hundred and Eighth, One Hundred and Ninth, Three Hundred and Eleventh Field Artillery; Fifteenth, Fifty-third, One Hundred and Third, Three Hundred and Fourth, Three Hundred and Fifth and Six Hundred and First Engineers; One Hundred and Seventh, One Hundred and Eighth, One Hundred and Ninth, One Hundred and Forty-ninth and Three Hun-

dred and Fifteenth Machine Gun Battalions; One Hundred and Third, Three Hundred and Fifth and Three Hundred and Twentieth Field Signal Battalions and the First Cavalry.

FIELD NOTES FROM THE 315th F. A.
BY C. F. BUSHMAN

Your correspondent is experiencing much difficulty in securing sufficient news items to insure a writeup each month in "Service." Without your assistance and co-operation, it is impossible to give the regiment this monthly writeup. An earnest appeal is made to all former members of the regiment to send all items of interest to C. F. Bushman, Mercer Co., Coaldale, W. Va., on or before the fifth of each month. The time of our annual reunion, to be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., this year, is fast approaching. While there is yet time, suggestions from all as to a regimental reunion is desired. There will be many matters to arrange to make this possible and it will take time to perfect plans. All members of the regiment who are anticipating on attending the reunion, should bear in mind that it will take the united efforts of all to bring this about. It will be necessary to appoint a committee to arrange the details at Pittsburgh. All members who are willing to serve on this arrangement committee will please communicate with me. Particular attention of all members living in Pittsburgh is called to the foregoing.

Leslie Grover, a former 1st lieutenant, Battery B, who was transferred to the cavalry at Leon Springs, Texas, just prior to the regiment's embarkation for overseas, is a warrant officer in the 14th F. A., at Fort Sill, Okla.

First Lieutenant Henry C. Harrison, Jr., formerly radio officer, 2nd Battalion, and later acting regimental personnel officer, is now stationed at Fort Sill, Okla., with Battery B, 14th Field Artillery. On October 15th past, a little daughter came to gladden the home of Lieut. and Mrs. Harrison.

Sidney S. Taliaferro, formerly 1st sergeant, Headquarters Company, is an engineer on the Virginian Railroad out of Princeton, W. Va.

William E. Doerr, formerly sergeant, Personnel Detachment Headquarters Company, has been established with The Ruud Mfg. Co., at Pittsburgh, Pa., since his discharge from the service.

William Bruce, Jr., formerly sergeant, Battery E, is now located at Dodson, Garrett County, Maryland, with the Garrett County Coal and Mining Company. Mr.

Morning Report—Continued

Bruce requests that Charley Clark, W. D. Foster and Tom McWilliams, members of the famous Battery "E" quartette, write to him at once regarding their attendance as a quartette at the Pittsburgh reunion this year.

Edgar C. Banks, formerly private, Battery F, is located at Bluefield, W. Va., an employee of the Norfolk and Western Railway, at the passenger station.

Fred Branson, formerly sergeant, Headquarters Company, located at Bluefield, W. Va., has been in the employ of the Norfolk and Western Railway as a brakeman on the Clinch Valley District since his discharge from the service.

Correction for the Year Book: Page 265, Battery E, 315th F. A., add alphabetically, Bruce, William, Jr., Sergeant, Dodson, Garrett County, Maryland.

Irvin E. Evans, formerly machine gun corporal, Sixth Section, Battery A, is now established in the electric and oxyacetylene welding business at Princeton, W. Va.

Garnett R. Hurt, formerly sergeant, Fourth Section, Battery A, is now traveling for the firm of M. Mose and Sons, of Baltimore, Md., with headquarters at Honaker, Va.

Fred Parker, formerly private, Medical Department, is a fireman on the Virginian Railroad, with headquarters at Princeton, W. Va.

Ben Angrist, formerly private, Battery A, has recently resigned his position with the firm of Sameth and Angrist, at Bluefield, W. Va., and is now managing the Hotel Mullins, at Mullins, W. Va.

Among old army friends recently calling on William Alexander, Bluefield, W. Va., formerly corporal, Headquarters Co., were John K. McCoy, formerly regimental supply sergeant, and Charley Strum, a former mechanic of Battery A.

The writer recently visited former Regimental Sergeant Major Robert A. Lamp-ton and wife, at Bluefield, W. Va., and enjoyed their kind hospitality. Army experiences were again called and many mysteries of Regimental Headquarters were solved.

BOOK REVIEW

"U. S. OFFICIAL PICTURES OF THE WORLD WAR," BY WM. E. MOORE, late captain, U. S. A., G-2-D., G. H. Q., A. E. F., and JAS. C. RUSSELL, distributed by Eames-Luckett Corporation, 64 West Randolph street, Chicago, Ill., has just been received at 80th Headquarters, for review.

This handsome portrait history of America's part in the World War should be in every American home, and especially in the collection of every soldier who participated. The book contains the endorsement of several well qualified to pass upon its merits, pictures of the war cabinet and department heads, a complete and a comprehensive story of the war told in official signal corps photographic reproductions. Photographs made possible only through the heroism of those attached to this most hazardous branch of the service. It is a book you will be proud to show to any visitor to your home and one that will be cherished and handed down from generation to generation. Service unhesitatingly recommends it to its readers.

JOSEPH B. GALLIHER

IN MEMORIAM

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE RICHMOND POST NO. 1, OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

Joseph B. Galliher, a member of Truck Company No. 1, of the Richmond Fire Department, was killed on the afternoon of Sunday, March 13th, 1921, while fighting the fire which destroyed the store of Chas. G. Judgens' Son, at Adams and Broad streets, Richmond, Va. He was not on duty with his company when the call came in, but joined his comrades at the fire, and while on the roof of the adjoining building with his company, was carried down, with four others, four stories under a mass of wreckage when a portion of the wall fell upon them.

Mr. Galliher had lived in Richmond only a short time before the outbreak of the recent war, and soon after the entrance of the United States into the conflict, he went to Camp Lee, Va., where he was inducted into the service and assigned to Company "E" of the 318th Infantry, 80th Division, for duty. He was a natural leader and disciplinarian, and was soon promoted to be a line sergeant, serving in this capacity until his division was sent to France in May, 1918.

While in the Samer Area with the British Army in June, 1918, he was selected as sergeant in charge of the Scouting, Observation and Sniping Section of the First Battalion, a picked group of twenty-five or thirty men attached to Battalion Headquarters for special duty in patrol and scouting work. This group was sent at once to the front lines for a month's training with an English division in order to fit them for the dangerous work in the American sector which would come later on.

Sergeant Galliher and his section, with Lieut. R. Sidney King in command, saw

heavy fighting with the 80th Division from September 26th until the end of the war, being often called upon to do advance guard work, and to precede the attacking troops in a thin line in order to develop enemy positions and prevent surprise fire on the troops following. In such dangerous work a large percentage of his detachment was killed or wounded, but he escaped unharmed and returned to Richmond with his regiment in May, 1919, going at once to Camp Lee where he was honorably discharged.

A life of quiet did not suit this adventurous soldier, and after a few days he made application with the Richmond Fire Department. He was appointed by the Director of Public Safety of the City of Richmond in July, 1919, and served faithfully until his death on March 13th, 1921.

Sergeant Galliher assisted in organizing the local P. C. of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, and was an active and efficient member of the Richmond Post, No. 1, of the American Legion.

As a man, a soldier and a citizen, Joseph B. Galliher left a lasting impression upon those with whom he came in contact, and his many friends and acquaintances here will feel in his death a keen sense of personal loss. As a soldier he was resourceful and daring, and his coolness under fire was always a steady influence upon those around him. He was a popular leader with the men in his detachment and a genial and whole souled comrade at all times. His work with the Richmond Fire Department was of the highest order, and in his brief connection with the department he had become one of the most popular and efficient fireman in the employ of our city.

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED;

FIRST—That the members of Richmond Post, No. 1, of the American Legion, have learned with deep distress of the death of Joseph B. Galliher, a loyal and useful member of our organization, and a man liked and respected by all who knew him.

SECOND—That we respectfully tender to the bereaved family of our deceased comrade our deepest sympathy in their great loss, and trust that the contemplation of his heroic death may bring to them much of comfort and consolation.

THIRD—That certified copies of these resolutions be forwarded as follows: To the family of our deceased comrade; to each of the daily newspapers published in the City of Richmond; to the National Headquarters of the American Legion; to the American Legion Weekly; to the Service Magazine published by the 80th Division Veterans' Association; and, that a copy be spread upon the minutes of the Post.

R. C. DUVAL,
BROCKENBROUGH LAMB,
J. E. DUNFORD,

Committee.

LIFE MEMBERS

80th Division Veterans
Association

- 1 Barrett, Byron B.
 - 2 Beale, Guy O.
 - 3 Dunmore, Morris C.
 - 4 Elton, Reuel W.
 - 5 Freeman, Geo. D., Jr.
 - 6 Garretson, Leland B.
 - 7 Hawes, George P., Jr.
 - 8 Hurley, Patrick J.
 - 9 Inhman, John H.
 - 10 Jones, Percy A.
 - 11 Kaulback, Arthur W.
 - 12 Kean, John
 - 13 Schoble, Frank
 - 14 Marcus, Chapin
 - 15 Miller, Elmer J.
 - 16 Winfield, Harley F.
 - 17 Wise, Jenning C.
 - 18 Williams, Lester J.
 - 19 Zachert, Reinhold E.
 - 20 Little, Ed. H.
 - 21 Burdick, Henry H.
 - 22 Moran, D. P.
 - 23 Towers, J. K.
 - 24 Cox, Robert H.
 - 25 Adams, Stuart C.
 - 26 Dugro, Chas. H.
 - 27 Erff, George
 - 28 Negus, H. V. S.
 - 29 Barry, David A.
 - 30 Rising, Herbert
 - 31 Ackerman, David G.
 - 32 Agate, C. C.
 - 33 Ober, J. H.
 - 34 Hoxsey, T. F.
 - 35 Smith, Warren R.
 - 36 Sands, J. W.
 - 37 Jones, Chas. M.
 - 38 Steele, Wesley C.
 - 39 Howell, John B.
 - 40 Wright, F. W.
 - 41 Symington, W. C.
 - 42 Cella, Rob. H.
 - 43 Stafford, Jas. W.
 - 44 Rhoads, Wm. H.
 - 45 Munsick, Donald B.
 - 46 Knowlton, Phillip B.
 - 47 Ritchie, F. S.
 - 48 Auger, C. L., Jr.
 - 49 Paret, Robert B.
 - 50 Harrison, Maj. J. D.
 - 51 Kinney, Warren
 - 52 Mackie, W. H. C.
 - 53 Fullerton, Donald B.
 - 54 Winters, A., Jr.
 - 55 Cortes, George C.
 - 56 Baldwin, R. A.
 - 57 Burwell, Lester T.
 - 58 Thorne, H. B., Jr.
 - 59 Ellison, J. S., Jr.
 - 60 Herron, C. T.
 - 61 Pitney, Shelton
 - 62 Armstrong, Walter T.
 - 63 Fortescue, Granville
 - 64 Hogan, R. C.
 - 65 Ritchie, John
 - 66 Ferguson, J. W., Jr.
 - 67 Jones, DeWitt C.
 - 68 Hopkins, S. V.
 - 69 Mathai, Jos.
 - 70 Kenney, C. S.
 - 71 Timmins, P. M.
 - 72 Wilbert, Howard G.
 - 73 Fleming, Samuel J.
 - 74 Heiner, John P.
 - 75 Curry, Henry R.
 - 76 Gibson, James G., Rennerdale, Pa.
 - 77 Vanderwater, Wm. C.
- WHO'S NEXT?

Part of the Game—Continued

(Continued from Page 14)

around and I did not care what became of me. At Brest we were given a barracks bag and a full supply of clothing and other necessary articles and advised to keep in close proximity of the hospital as we may be ordered to leave at most any time and that should we not be around when our names are called, we would not get another chance for some time to come. There was no need of them telling us the second time to "stick around" for we hardly went out of the ward, being contented with passing the time there.

Our time finally arrived and we were assigned to the four-stacker, the U. S. S. Agamemnon. Some ship it was, too. We had most splendid weather on our home journey but experienced a little trouble in keeping our steamer chairs which were assigned to us, for no sooner we got out of the chair, when an officer would occupy it, and, of course, we did not order them out of the chairs. Some fellows spoke to the captain of the ship about this and that night signs were posted on each chair reading: "For patients only."

On arriving at New York it is needless to go into detail the reception we received. We were assigned to the Grand Central Hospital. Any of the boys who had the pleasure of being at the Palace, I am sure, will never forget the fine treatment received at the hands of those in charge. One week was all we got at the Palace and we were sent to the nearest camp. I was sent to Camp Dix.

We had some cold weather at the time and the accommodations were none of the best in the base hospital. One or two blankets was the only bedding we had. Two days later found us discharged from the hospital and sent to different barracks to await our discharge.

After waiting in line for several hours we received our precious discharge, together with the sixty iron men, and grabbing our club bag, which we purchased for one dollar, we jumped a jitney which took us to Philadelphia.

Virginia War History Commission—Continued

(Continued from Page 11)

Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and 80th Division War History Commissions. Plans for more practical co-operation in the gathering and assembling of historical data relating to the 80th Division for the use of the War History Commissions of the three states were discussed in a conference of the representatives of the several commissions and the units of the 80th, at which Chairman Arthur Kyle Davis, of the Virginia Commission, presided.

At this meeting, William P. Clark, of the Pennsylvania War History Commission, explained the system of his commission in

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assembling war information and his suggestions for co-operative work among the various military organizations, the history committees of the war units and the State Commissions was accepted as the most practical in serving all interests. This action was of unusual importance, since definite plans were formulated for the exchange of records and data possessing a common interest by the several organizations, whereby the duplication of efforts will be minimized.

RUSSELL L. STULTZ,

Member-Collaborator Va. War History
Commission.

New Market, Va., March 20, 1921.



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Mention Service Magazine

No Exemption—Continued

(Continued from Page 24)

laughter comes through the open door. Then a shout followed by a wild scream and the sound of breaking glass.)

MRS. SANDERS—Mrs. Collins! Mrs. Collins! Help! Help! Oh, merciful God, won't somebody come.

(She has arisen and is stumbling toward the door leading to the street. She moans piteously, beating her hands on her breast. The door opens suddenly and Mrs. Collins, followed by the figures of several men and women crowd into the room.)

MRS. COLLINS—Here we are, Mary. Here we are, lass. Where's your husband? Where's the lad gone to?

MRS. SANDERS—(Pointing toward the door of the inner room)—In there Kate, in there—

(She sinks down on the floor and sobs wildly, then she arises and stands holding herself erect with an effort. Mrs. Collins and a few of the men rush into the inner room excitedly. Mrs. Sanders reels unsteadily on her feet, her eyes have the look of an animal that has been brought to bay with the pack. For a moment nothing is heard except the low whispering of the men in the inner room. Then Mrs. Collins comes out crossing herself.)

MRS. SANDERS—(Holding out her hands imploringly)—Kate! Kate! Tell me! Don't keep nothing from me, Kate. I am his wife, I— Please, God, tell me what it is.

MRS. COLLINS—(Soothingly)—There

now, lass. What's done is done, ye know. 'Tis little we c'n do, lass.

MRS. SANDERS—(Beside herself with terror)—Something's happened, I can feel it.

(She presses her hands to her breast with a convulsive motion.)

MRS. COLLINS—Be strong, Mary. Everything is for the best. What God wills, ye know, can't be undone. It was hard for the lad in this life, lass, an' he—

MRS. SANDERS—(With a piercing scream)—He's done it. Oh, Father in heaven, why have you cursed me like this? Oh no, no, it's not true. It's not true. Say that it is not true, Kate.—(She clutches Mrs. Collins around the neck appealingly, her terror beyond all bounds.)—Only tell me that it is not true. Have pity, Kate, don't tell me that my William done— Oh how happy we were in the old days, how I waited and waited for him to come back, and now— NO! no, it cannot be. Tell me that, Kate. Tell me that he is alright, that everything is alright.—(She starts toward the door of the inner room, reaches the threshold and falls fainting to the floor.)

A WOMAN—(Weeping)—Poor thing. And the condition she was in, too—

MRS. COLLINS—(To a man that has just come in)—Ah, 'tis ye, doctor. Well, 'tis too late, too late, too late.

(She goes to the door of the inner room, stoops and lifts the form of the fainting woman from the floor. The people slowly withdraw, one by one. Mrs. Collins carries the limp form over to the bed. The doctor has gone into the other room. He now comes out and stands looking sorrowfully down at the figure on the bed. Then he stoops over and picks up something bright from the floor, he gazes at it curiously for a moment, then bending over the form of the woman on the bed he pins it on her breast tenderly.)

MRS. COLLINS—(Drying her eyes on the corner of her apron)—'Tis but a little thing doctor.

THE DOCTOR—(With deep emotion, he gazes thoughtfully out of the window)—Yes, Mrs. Collins, just a little piece of bronze, but it's a holy thing now.

(They both bow their heads silently.)

CURTAIN

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Merely a Matter of Kilometres —Continued

(Continued from Page 19)

tachment of marines stationed at the German prison cage outside of town. They shortly returned, to sourly dwell upon the fortunes of war that decreed luxuries for our captives and nothing for the captors—the former, it seemed, had banqueted upon turkey, mince pie and fruit, while we were blundering through the darkness toward that civilization sent to save!

Day dawned and advanced, but not a man was to be seen. The unthinkable, yet wholly logical, had happened: the outfit, from "skipper" and buglers down, had overslept! Verily, the war was at a happy end! Not until the adjutant, tardy himself, awoke to discover no battalion assembled did the calamity take steps to retrieve itself. A mighty tumult startled silent streets and stables into belated activity. Who was responsible for the unheard of blunder? Ah, who! A court of inquiry, perhaps, might decide, yet who cared or dared take the initiative?

Our tale, like the hike, is soon finished. Half of the battalion had pressed on to Bouix the previous night. Somehow, after endless entreaties the other half was rounded up and set out to overtake the two companies awaiting us. Moving orders had taken pains to remind that this was the final leg of the journey, night would see us in Stigny. Only the potent information and an overpowering curiosity to gaze upon the excuse for all our exertions prompted frazzled frames to "stick it through." This time the vision of "only a few kilometres left" was our post battle cry and served as a mighty stimulus.

With characteristic insouciance, however, the "few kilometres" were bent upon making another day of it—indeed, had elastically stretched to fifteen miles ere becoming taut. The first ten kilometres put us in Laignes, with a breathing spell at the end. During subsequent weeks there were those present destined to renew acquaintance with the town through the medium of hospital wards. The third halt brought dinner, or, rather "slum" and tomatoes; the two were inseparably paired. The camouflaged meal was staged along the main road to Chatillon, with the markers chronicling the distance as 17 kilometres. Chatillon, of blessed memory, where we had seen our premier sun rise in the A. E. F. on an August morning following a three-day leap from the British front.

Gigny and Sennevoy varied the afternoon monotony, but not the unceasing rain and resultant mud. We wondered whether boats were used in Stigny, or whether the inhabitants merely had their *sabots* equipped with miniature marine engines. The sequel was in the making.

While human bodies had survived the test with fair success, hob-nailed foot-wear, long imposed upon, was today giving indi-

cations of a general collapse. Scores of shoes were in imminent peril of shedding their bottoms and as many others boldly disclosed bare heels or toes. Recognizing the impending *debauche* in leather goods, cognizance was also taken of the growing murmur among men involuntarily lapsing into youth's bare-foot freedom. Just now, however, none of the vaunted blessings were visible—instead, scaling heels and blistered soles supplied the glory.

The creeping ambulance in the rear was already far too crowded with physically ill to burden with those handicapped from un-serviceable shoes. In lieu of other remedy, the natural solution was ordered: "Catch the first truck and follow as best you may." A Carolina sergeant thus enjoined soon passed us, perched high upon a load of bedding-rolls. Perhaps elated over his early luck, he gaily flashed a left-hand salute as he rolled by. The informal manner of the greeting entailed a host of complicated explanations the next day.

Deviating from the main route at Jully, a long ascent brought us to a straggling wood. Another halt and it lay in the rear. Already, the sinister waste was working its suspicions. Over a second hill and down the decline, signs of habitation began to crop out. Around a bend, hidden, undiscovered, there IT peacefully lay!

Fearful, hardly daring to hope for a negative answer, an idling truck-driver confirmed our worst misgivings. "This jay burg? Stigny, bo." At last! Stigny, the Lost! Stigny in Yonne and the 15th Training Area, the goal of a 150 mile jaunt. No gaping populace, no hovering *garcons* heralded our arrival. Only the reeking stench of decaying manure, the forbidding perspective of filthy, squalid shelters inviting occupancy rose up to still forever the dying chimera.

Yes, Stigny the Lost had us securely within its toils. Four full months of it to offset the phantom "America toot sweet!" Oh, for another tour of the one-night stands, just one more "hitch" of hiking!

The sun had risen upon another day, was actually shining. "All ammunition will be turned in immediately." Ah, "I' guerre est fini! Vive I' guerre!"

RUSSELL L. STULTZ.
(Former Sgt. Inf., U. S. Army.)

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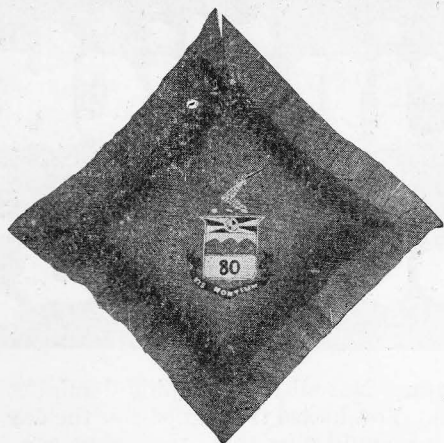
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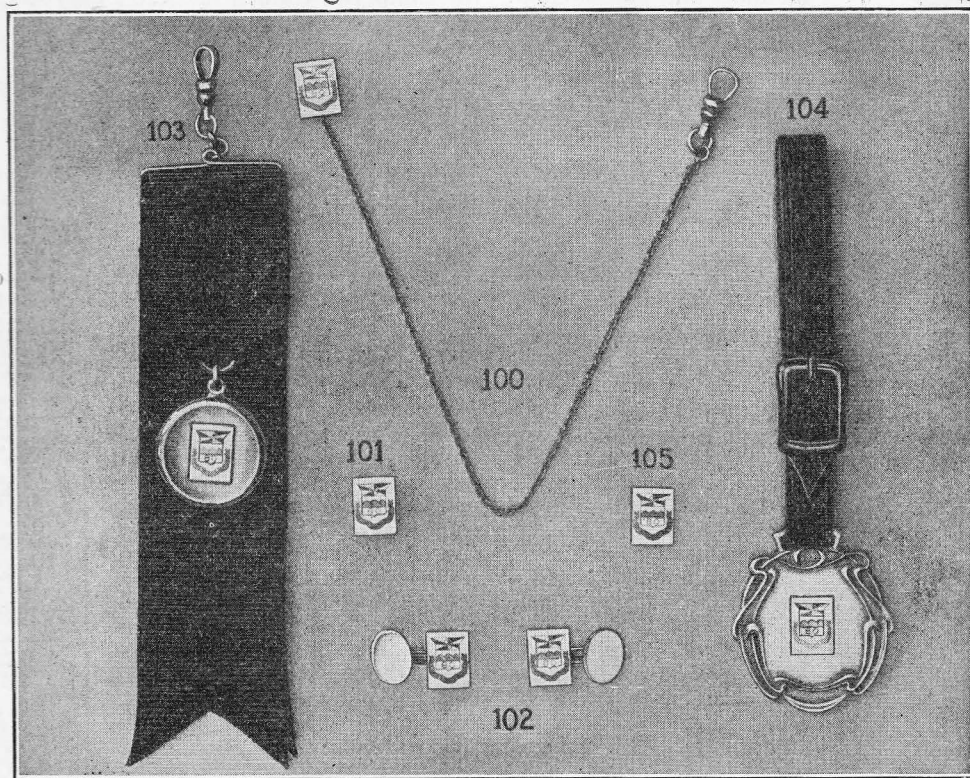
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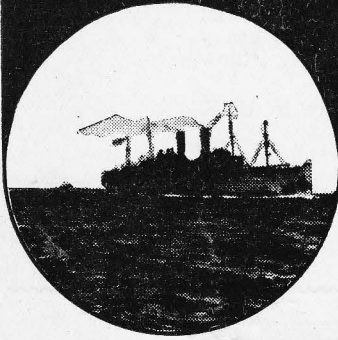
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