

Christmas

Number

The **WORLD** Magazine

'The Blue Ridge Communique'

1918



1921

jack border

FALL IN! -- ATTENTION!
"BLUE RIDGE" EUCHRE and DANCE

AUSPICES

PENNA. AUXILIARY NUMBER 1, EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS
ASSOCIATION

RITTENHOUSE

HIGHLAND AVE. Near Penn Ave. PITTSBURGH, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 20, 1922, 8:30 O'CLOCK

MUSIC BY BOYD'S JAZZ ORCHESTRA

Admission Per Person - 75 Cents, Including War Tax

SPECIAL GUESTS OF HONOR WILL BE PRESENT FOR THE OCCASION

COL. LLOYD M. BRETT, U. S. A. RETIRED

President of The 80th. Division Veterans Association

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE VETERANS ASSOCIATION
AND MANY OTHERS

EVERY BUDDY COME — BRING YOUR FRIENDS AND TELL EVERY GOOD
DANCER AND CARD PLAYER TO BE ON HAND

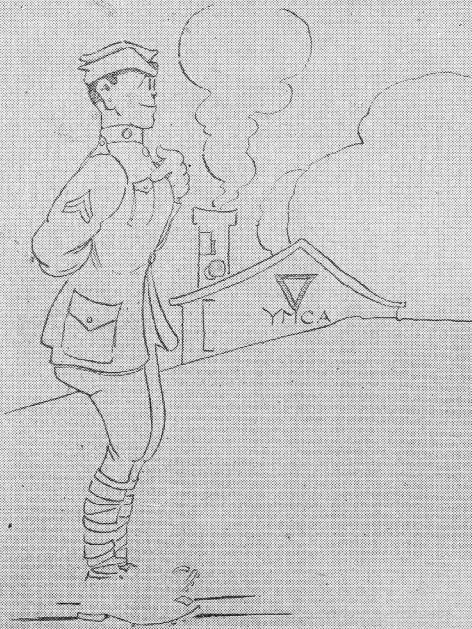
COME — MEET YOUR OLD PALS OF THE ARMY

WELL YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER — I HAD A HUNCH THAT YOU WERE IN A STEW AS TO WHAT TO GET THAT CERTAIN PARTY FOR CHRISTMAS — AND THOUGHT THAT I'D JUST BREAK IN AND SUGGEST — THAT YOU LET THE LITTLE COUPON AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE EXPRESS YOUR SENTIMENT — NEVER THOUGHT OF IT — DID YOU?

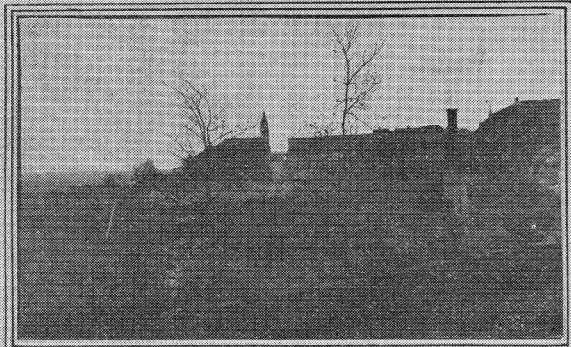


SERVICE MAGAZINE
315 BESSEMER BLDG
PITTSBURGH, PA
DEAR SIR: ENCLOSED FIND \$2.00 - TWO
DOLLARS - PLEASE ENTER A YEAR'S SUB-
SCRIPTION OF 'SERVICE' TO —
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY AND STATE _____

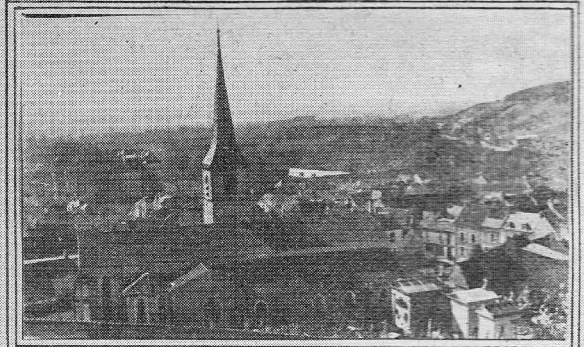
"Y" OF COURSE



La Grande Rue
Senneroy-le-haut



Senneroy-le-haut - Home
of the 314th Machine Guns



Ancy-le-Franc,
Division Headquarters

Snapshots by
Miss Amy W. Greene
'Y' Girl - Division Hdqs.



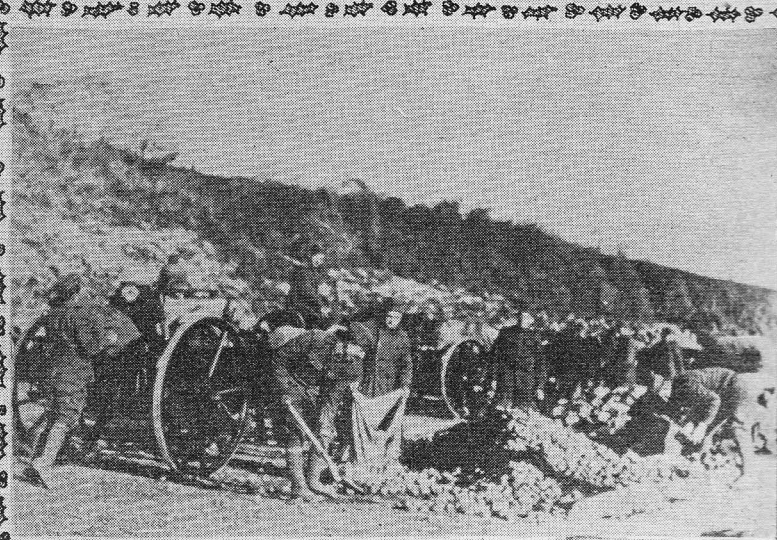
The Kat-Ro-Van minstrels
and a 'Y' girl



Noon concert at
Ancy-le-Franc 320th Band



Some well known
figures around Hdqs.



Only a few more kilos-men-cheer up perhaps you'll get 'issued' the wish-bone or the neck-who knows?



Deal 'murphys' now we know we are going to have a Bum Noel as the Frogs say - for on week days we were dealt out the hyphenated ones

Official 80th Photos

OUR BON NOEL

As pictured by the U.S. Signal Corps.



An Army travels on its stomach said the Mess Sergeant. Gee- Said Emil- the K.P.-I hope we dont get them orders in this mud. Hey, youse Guys- dere's seconds on cream puffs.

A raisin in my rice - Hot dog- that's the Christmas spirit- law-heck- wrong again - it's only a-fly
 note - We know theyre out of season - but this was an old fly Berger



C'mon there-Driver-shore that Cother case out from in under your seat -it's a jam shame to skin the boys out of a spread on Xmas

Our "Unknown" Buddy

By Henry R. Curry

IT was the writer's privilege and good fortune to be present at the most solemn and impressive ceremony that has ever been witnessed in our National Capitol—the burial of our "Unknown Buddy" who gave his life in battle for his country.

Many pictures of the services have been circulated throughout the land by means of our magazines and daily newspapers, but it remains for the veterans themselves to realize the full significance of the occasion, and to feel and understand the great solemnity of the affair.

It was evident that President Harding experienced the saddest moment of his entire life, as did many others who came to pay homage to this "Unknown" as a fitting tribute not only to this hero but the thousands who went to their death in France for the America they loved.

People stood by the thousands in a line that measured its movement in inches per hour, yet they did not weaken or seem to feel it a hardship; it was rather their silent token of respect to pass the bier of this hero who exemplified all that we have given in the great war upon the altar of human sacrifice.

Florists vied with one another in their attempts to create masterpieces of floral beauty as offerings from the Government, the States, various divisional societies, soldier organizations, war workers and individuals.

Each "Gold-Star Mother" whose son is numbered among the "Missing and unaccounted for" could, and perhaps did, feel that this hero of the signal honor and tribute of the entire nation and world, was her boy.

We reproduce herewith a picture of the Eightieth Division's floral replica of the division's insignia. We too have reason to believe that the "Great Unknown" was an Eightieth Buddy, and whether this be true or not matters little, for he was our "Buddy" regardless of created ties of unit or class separation. This brings to mind the spirit that dominated the entire affair, and brought it out as one of the greatest events in the world's history tending perhaps towards the birth of a new world conscience.

It is not hard to figure what was in the hearts and minds of the living Buddies of

this great hero; we may only conjecture the thoughts and feelings of our President, the great statesman of ours and other nations and the hundreds of thousands of civilians assembled there. We know what was in our own hearts, and that it was in keeping with the faith and glory of our service "over there."

In solemn and sacred stillness, amid a

assemblage stood and sang "Nearer My God to Thee," there were few eyes that did not fill with tears, and few hearts that did not overflow with emotion.

There were many heroes there, who also had paid a great price in their devotion to Country. Two of the number present were blinded men of the Eightieth Division. They asked questions and developed through these and their acute sense of touch and contact, an acute mental picture of the occasion. To those of us who are still blessed with light comes the question of their thoughts during the ceremony.

Were they envious of the Unknown? Were they in their innermost contemplations smiling at the spectacle? The blind possibly see things that we of the light fail to see entirely. Were they reading between the lines grasping the real truth of the great words of tribute and promises of faith to be kept with this "Silent Hero" about to be confined to his marble tomb? Did they see a great amphitheatre filled with shamming hypocrites whose fear of earthly scorn had prompted them to attend and shed a few meaningless tears? God forbid that such was the case! And yet; as we see the cold indifference, the promptness in the average individual to cast aside the great war; the spoken advice of supposedly great statesmen to "Forget the war," we cannot censor the blind buddy should his picture of the Arlington ceremony be that of a feigned sincerity. Can a blind man, stumbling and groping his way into the future, shut out from the sunlight, the happy smiles and expressions of gratitude and sympathy of his fellows—unable to see the glorious daybreak or the golden sunset, doomed forever to eternal darkness—can he forget the war? Can the armless and legless wreck of humanity forget the instrument that made him a cripple? God

forbid that any creature shall live upon the face of the earth who shall find in his or her heart the baseness and selfishness to ever forget the war. To forgive our enemies is a divine duty as Americans. It is our duty to ourselves, to the world and to our enemies, and above all of this our duty to God. To forget the war would be

"THE UNKNOWN BUDDY"

By HENRY R. CURRY

*Somebody's son they are laying away;
The Nation unites, a great tribute to pay.
Somebody's son without number or name,
Some unknown hero, just one of the slain;
Somebody's hope, perhaps Somebody's joy,
Some father's pride, and some mother's boy,
Some maiden's husband, lost in the fray,
Some baby's daddy, they're laying away.*

*Somebuddy's Buddy, who served "Overthere";
The Nation unites, a great tribute to share.
Better, Oh Buddy, to lie where you fell;
God's living sermon to wars' seething Hell.
Better, my comrade, if Nations would say,
"This is the last precious life we shall slay."
Better than having some mother, perhaps,
Stand at your tomb with a heart beating taps.*

profusion of God's wonderful flowers, in a great white temple of marble with naught but the clear heavens for a covering, there seemed to be a touch of Divine presence—of some spirit hovering near, watching our feeble and inadequate lamentations. As Miss Rose Ponselé of the Metropolitan Opera Co. sang, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," and later when the vast

Our "Unknown" Buddy

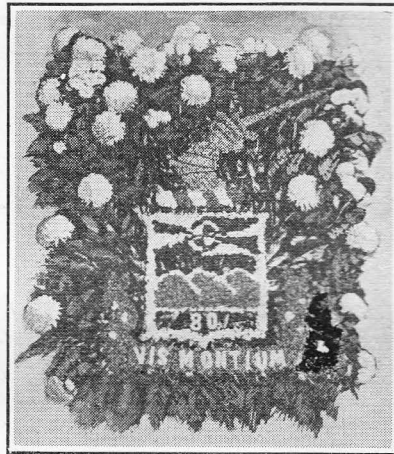
to forget the lessons it has taught; it would mean the casting away of every good thing that could possibly come of it. It would mean the education of the children of the future to throw stones at the blind veteran, to place hurdles for him to fall over. It would mean the unholy demand and preparation for greater future wars. It would mean the eternal damnation of our souls as a nation and as individuals.

There were persons there who no doubt felt their part in the responsibility of the war; men there who could not look at their own hands without seeing the red life-blood stains upon them of this "Unknown Hero." We can understand their desire to forget; we can understand their being continually haunted with the guilt of their own consciences. They have our sympathy. Perhaps the "Unknown" on the Altar of sacrifice knew that his death would prod to life the sleeping conscience of a selfish nation and a selfish world.

Another thought that perhaps was shared by many who were there is this: How limited we are when it comes to doing something really great; something really big before God; something really of tribute to a soul that is no longer in its earthly house. Flowers? No! Great Monuments? No! Great bands, singers, ringing of bells, firing of cannon, attendance of great statesmen, words of a president or a king, or the lavish expenditure of money? No! This fails to measure up to what a blind man must be thinking—what we of the service are thinking, and perhaps what God and what the Souls of our great "Unknown" and "Known" dead must be thinking. And yet how simple, how easily we could do this big thing if we would. How easy it would be to make war impossible if we were willing to make it less profitable to certain classes. How impossible it would be to go to war with another nation if we loved our neighbor as we should.

It is not hard to find the big noble and great thing for us to do as tribute to our "Silent Men of Arms" if we are sincere; if we just wish to do so. November 11th, 1921, is our greatest opportunity to mend our ways.

Here, amid the greatest statesmen of ours and the other nations of the earth, who had just arrived to perform acts and make decisions affecting the lives and destinies of every human creature of this and future generations; amid the silent, respectful sorrow of an entire nation; before



80th Division,
c/o Colonel L. M. Brett,
1301 "K" St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.
Gentlemen:

Acknowledgment is made of the tribute placed by you on the bier of The Unknown American Soldier who lost his life during the World War and whose burial took place November 11, 1921.

The War Department is deeply grateful for this evidence of sympathetic reverence to the spirit of those who made the supreme sacrifice for a great ideal.

Very respectfully,
P. C. HARRIS,
The Adjutant General.

these thousands of buddies who are striving to "carry on"; before these patient, heart-broken heroic mothers, who have been asked to pay such costly tributes to a world ruled by selfishness and greedy ambitions of nations; a world in which war profiteer-

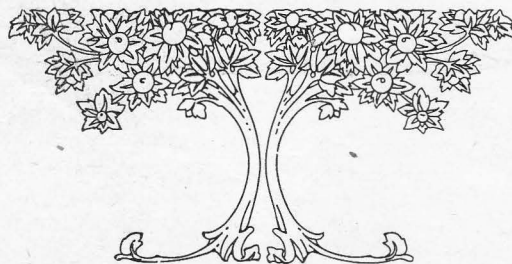
ing has been allowed to become an attractive thing—a fair business proposition in which men of character could stifle their inner conscience and engage without fear of being criticised—amid all this sorrow of an awakened national conscience, we buried our "Unknown."

That every person present received something of the baptism of a new faith—a new hope in the future of mankind, was evident, and let us hope we are not wrong in the conclusion.

The Eightieth Division Veterans' Association met with General Brett before the steps of the Capitol on Thursday morning, November 10th, at 10:10 A. M. At 10:20 A. M. the gathering proceeded to the bier of the "Unknown," where a floral piece was deposited. The association colors were dipped and a salute of several minutes duration was executed.

On the 11th, the Eightieth took its place in the line of divisional societies, preceded by the 42nd and 77th Divisions in order named. Col. Spalding of the 305th Engineers led the procession. Col. Herron, Col. Love, Major Ashby Williams, Captain Hooper and many others who saw service with the 80th were in line. The colors were carried by First Sergeant Sabin Bolton, Co. I, 320th Infantry; Sergeant George Smith, Co. I, 320th Infantry, and Corporal Henry R. Curry, 320th Infantry, M. G. Co. General Brett marched with the Medal of Honor men.

Applause was generally frowned upon as out of place on such a solemn occasion. The 80th's colors received the acclaim of the spectators and emphasized that veterans' associations have the approval of America to "Carry On." Unfortunately, many Divisions were unrepresented in the procession to Arlington National Cemetery—to such missing buddies we can only say that "The Nation expects you to carry on. They expect to see you on every occasion such as this." To those heroic divisions who fought by our side "over there" and who were not represented, we extend the salute of comradeship and the report that our "Unknown Buddy" is home and "All is well."



A Little Visit to the Veterans' Bureau

By Hugh Burr Sant

THE Veterans' Bureau, the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the Vocational Training Department, and practically every other department of our Government at the Capital has, and always will have the criticism of the multitude. They are criticised whether they need it or not, but sometimes they deserve all they get and often more.

It is not the purpose of the writer to hurl brick-bats at the Department; they need the sympathy of their fellow countrymen—they need constructive criticism along with a human understanding of their problems. The consolidation of the departments is perhaps responsible for some of the confusion which is now apparent, but surely not all. The writer will attempt to give a fair, unbiased description of his impressions during an entire morning spent in the Veterans' Bureau Building. He happened to be one of the fortunate ones who had no claim and was not seeking anything on his own behalf, but merely acting as a guide to a blind buddy.

This comrade, blinded by shrapnel while the Division was up with the British at Arras, had been drawing his full compensation up until he was enabled through his friends to enter some gainful occupation. He wanted to learn to run a cigar store. The person who taught him the business received \$100.00 per month. This amount was deducted monthly from the blind man's compensation and paid to his instructor for his services. Several months ago, the blind man decided he had received sufficient instruction, and so notified the Bureau to discontinue paying the instructor and to resume sending him his full compensation. The first part of his request was carried out, but the all-important part of sending the money to the disabled veteran was not.

After several months of waiting, and sending many letters back and forth, the comrade decided to go to Washington during the Armistice Day ceremonies and call upon the Department and see just what was the trouble.

On Thursday, upon his arrival in Washington, he called the official on the telephone with whom he had been corresponding, and was asked to stay over in Washington until Saturday morning, and then call at the Veterans' Bureau Building to have his case adjusted. This he did, and here the writer became interested in the case by complying with his blind buddy's request to take him out to the building.

The visitor is first impressed with the size and beauty of the building, and he marvels at the immense sum that must have been spent to erect this palace of marble and stone dedicated to the welfare of the

disabled soldier. What a contrast as compared to that tent in the muddy shell-torn field in France, shaking under the gusts of wind and rain, as a ration truck stopped its bumping progress to unload wounded picked up at the front.

Entering, a sign directs one to room so-and-so, where he sees a young lady seated at a desk dispensing "Information." The visitors wonder what battle she was wounded in. After receiving a gracious smile and the desired information with directions to go to room number seventeen on the seventh or ninth floor, he gets into an

SHRAPNEL

By C. E. GRUNDISH

I.

Sadly the day swoons into nite
And still sadder the skyscrapers
Frown on the rumble of city life.

A cigaret butt tossed to the gutter
sputters out.
Another dream fades.

Lost in the city's confusing noises
Are the footfalls of a Buddie
Starting his last hike.

For a moment the moon shadows
a picture of A. E. F. days.
It is the last goodbye.

II.

Because those who have returned
From the red-poppied fields of death,
See—
Greener color in the grass,
Depper blue in the sky,
A crushed blossom in the painted
girl of the street,
A madonna in the dago mother,
Gladness in all things—
They are misunderstood.

III.

Hell—
How I long for the free outdoors,
The mud roads and vineyards of
Normandy,
The lines of swinging olive-drab,
The bugles shriek,
The buddies of yesterday,
And the strong odor of beans sweep-
ing from the camp kitchen.

elevator crowded with clerks, is jostled into the corner; looked over by giggling girls and clerks to see what kind of an affliction or souvenir de Guerre he might be carrying around, and finally arrives at the right floor. After searching the entire floor for the number, one finds minutes later that there is no such number in the corridor, but that his destination is through another room, past numerous desks, curious clerks, who somehow all seem to be able-bodied. After inquiring of some young ladies who are busy eating lunch or discussing the latest Movie scandal, the in-

formation is given that the man who made the appointment has gone to Baltimore for the week-end, and that he can only be seen by coming back Monday.

We determined to see someone at once. We were then directed to another mysterious number on another floor. After finding it we saw a fine, handsome six-foot chap, who invited us to be seated, offered us a cigarette, and demanded our claim number. The blind Buddy said he had no such number, whereupon our handsome clerk took on a look of disgust and remarked, "Of course you have a claim number! Every person has a claim number. Always remember your number!" He then called a female assistant and sent her on a search for the papers in the case.

We sat patiently for thirty minutes or more, watching him twirl a cigarette, and finger some Buddy's papers without appearing to get anywhere with them. Finally we politely inquired how much longer we would be expected to wait. He informed us that we must be patient; the young lady was searching for the records in our case—it might take one hour, one day or one week. He could not tell. If we had known our claim number it would have obviated all this search and bother. We were smilingly reminded that the department was used to being criticised. Some chaps even threatened to shoot them! (We could understand why.) "It takes all the patience in the world to deal with these men; some of them are gold bricks; some have just claims, and some who are really worthy we exercise all kinds of patience with them," he continued.

We were getting ready to go "over the top" ourselves; perhaps the other man in the office, who up to this time had been a silent spectator, sought to avoid a scene before the lady clerks, so our interviewer was suddenly called to the Chief's office, and the other man took us in charge. He ushered us out into the hall. At this moment a gong sounded somewhere in the building announcing noon, followed as if automatically by every door flying open. In a moment the halls were filled by a wild mob of rushing clerks—both sexes, who were bent on getting somewhere in as brief a time as possible. Crippled men were literally swept from their crutches; the blind man was shoved over against the wall of the corridor, where we stood before him forming a first line of defense, as it were. We managed a little later to get him into an elevator with our guide and about twenty-five excited clerks. Our guide called the number of the floor he was taking us to. The negro elevator operator informed him in the rudest way imaginable that he wasn't stopping for any per-

(Continued on Page 26)

"Pete" DeCoursey

By Maj. E. D. Howell, Jr.,
(Formerly Captain Co. H, 320th Inf.)

"John (yes, I call the old Top-kick, John Smith that and he calls me Ed.—the War is over you know) that bird Curry has been worrying me to write a story for SERVICE. I know Company H was the best outfit in the A. E. F. and had the most loyal bunch of fellows, but they know all about that, tell me, what shall I write about?"

They said a Company was no better than its First Sergeants. Captains and Lieuts. could come and go but the Top Kick stayed there and was on the job forever. But when it comes to civil life a First Sergeant in one's family, unless it be of the female species, introduces peculiar conditions. You know Smith is with me down on the farm even after we've seen Paree and occasionally I will insinuate a suggestion, (one never orders, directs or commands in civil life), that the barn yard be cleaned out, or that a couple of cords of wood be sawed and split before breakfast and the first thing that sucker wants to know is where will he get the detail. It is so mortifying to realize that I can no longer give him ten men for this or Bupp and Winters for that, that many times to hide my shame from him, have I toiled to midnight spreading the bull or roused myself three hours before reveille to chop a couple of cords of wood for breakfast. Ah—a First Sergeant in one's family is a grave responsibility; their dignity, their position, must be maintained.

But to return to my initial question the aforesaid ex-shave-tail spoke as follows: "I know you are no damn good as a story teller and furthermore you're a bum politician, but why not write about some of the men, Pete DeCoursey for instance."

DeCoursey, the very name brings up all the old memories of the green rookies and nearly as green officers at Camp Lee in the fall of 1917; the miles and kilos of hikes, the screech of shell, the very lights and the horrors and glories of War. Glories of War, yes, with all the hunger, the nerve-racking suspense, the fatigue, there is a pride and a glory that you have known men like DeCoursey, real two-handed men, who were willing to give their life for their country.

I don't remember just when Pete first joined H Company but in retrospect now it seems as though he was the corporal of the first squad from the very beginning of the Company, when we acted as a one night lodging house for the rest of the Regiment—memories of Green Shirt, Cox acting as a pacifier for the drunk with the D. T's and Doc. Sweeney operating on our famous Italian recruit who did not believe in war anyway.

Memories of Sergeant Canada's military

dignity over-awing all the recruits except Pete and Elmer Rigg who guessed (?) his weight. The guessing consisted of Rigg holding Canada on his back while Pete walloped the Sergeant's prominent posterior with a broom, after which the broom disappeared and the only thing visible was Canada's injured feelings.

DeCoursey with his husky voice, his quiet smile, his pervading cheerfulness was an ideal corporal for the first squad in the best Company in the Regiment. Always eager and willing, you could count on him to

"LOOK FOR THE LATCHSTRING

By HENRY R. CURRY

When the holly's in the window,
With the candles peeping forth;
When the air is crisp and scented
With a breath of frozen North;

When the Christmas trees are laden
With their candy, toys and fruits
And gold and silver Angels playing
Christmas Carols on their lutes.

When your heart goes back to
"Somewhere"

As you hear the children play;
To somewhere in the golden past
When you were gay as they;

Then with loving friends around you
And with hearts so good and true,
You enjoyed the Yuletide spirit
Just as these dear children do.

Don't go heaving sighs of sadness,
If you're far away from home;
Or if fate has dealt unkindly
And you're called abroad to roam.

If a stranger in a strange land,
Away from folks you know and
love,
Just you keep right on remembering
That the same God's still above.

Make the best of it—be merry,
Have no fear or slightest doubt
That if you look around you'll find
"Somebuddy's" latchstring out.

come through with a hike, a review, a guard mount or an inspection.

Do you remember how we fought the war on the peanut farm and built miles and miles of trenches for the edification of the engineers. 'Member the squad and platoon competition, the fourth platoon against the first, to get their section of trenches finished first and get home. I remember DeCoursey then jumping in and swinging a pick and urging his squad on so that they usually finished their job before the Vatican Guard.

And then the trip across in the the Duc

de Abruzzi with the stewed rabbit and perfect cleanliness?, and the submarine scare, and our first billet at Le Hamel, with its clear, spring water and the Liana River near by. 'Member the fourth of July field meet when H. Company cleaned up the battalion in spite of the fact that Pop Taylor of G. Company will claim to his dying day that his Company won, and Col. Waldron and his pack-rolling contest and how Gen. Cronkhite kidded Willie when we put his perfect pack on Ippolite, size four foot ten, and it hit his ankles—the Colonel's excuse was that the Army didn't intend to have such small men to fit his packs. Yes in spite of the English ration, that sure was a fine place to fight a war.

Moving from Samer to Boudrecourt H. Company was the only Company to chow, thanks to an attack on a British warehouse engineered by DeCoursey, Smith, Kowalkowski and two other men. Stanley and Pete stood by the warehouse door to lay out the first lime juicer that interfered, while the others were carrying out several cases of corn willie.

And Boudrecourt and our first pay in France with everybody buying champagne and trying out the chalk line before they crawled into the pup tent that night, and then Bavincourt and Willie Waldron chasing us out of the good dry billets to the red clay mud on the hillside, only to have Gen. Brett, bless his old heart, chase us back where it was dry and comfortable again. Our trips to the British line, and our first casualties and the tempering of the men so that they would "come thru" when the time came.

Then our first long box-car ride to Chatillon, the refugees we met on the way and our realization of the "horrors of war"—the peaceful week we spent up in the hills at Mauvilly with the French people who had not been worn out with soldiers, and then the beginning of the real work, the night marches and the camping in the woods and gradually moving closer to the line. The spirits of the tired marchers tuned up every once in a while by De Coursey's husky voice leading off with "We'll nail old glory to the top of the Pole," or McCarty with "Keep your blinds down Mary Ann" or Graham with "One Keg of Beer for the Four of Us."

And particularly that night march to Nancois over a narrow path in the thunder storm, landing in the woods, cold and wet in the early morning—that English rum ration would have gone good then—, and the surfeit supplies the next few days—, the sudden order to be ready to move in one hour and the distributing of these same surplus supplies to the woods and bushes when the packs were rolled. I'll bet the popu-

"Pete" DeCoursey

lace of Nancois-le-petit will hold the memory of the 320th Inf. in awe and reverence till the last hob nail shoe is worn out twenty years hence. The St. Mihiel drive which Schwab and the kitchen fought unsupported, the rest of us being left on the roadside when the trucks ran out because somebody had "gummed the detail."

Then the camions and marches, the cross country run of the Regiment that night at Souilly, the plans, preparations and eagerness of the men for the scrap. Do you remember the Sunday before the "big push" and Chaplain Wallace holding services in the Woods with the Boche plains overhead—and then our last march to Bois-Bourrus.

Now we are on the field of action, here are the forts defending Verdun, here the places where our brave allies, the French poilus held the Boche so that they "did not pass" in those dark days of 1916. We hear the booming of the guns, and see the Very lights and shells at night and know that we are about to be put to test. Will we prove to be men? There is no fear, but an eagerness, a keenness to see what a fight is, our knees may be weak, our nerves touchy but our hearts are stout, as Zirckel said "we are going right." They shelled our woods that night just as we were getting ready to pull out, fortunately for us we were missed for altho L. Company was hit bad, so we had a fair start, the march mostly in single file allayed our fears, we passed artillery, engineer trucks with duckboards and all kinds of material, there was no more shelling and it seemed like our regular night march. Then across the Forges brook and deployed in no-man's land,—this can't be war, no shells, no bullets, no gas—we are all in shape, properly deployed—our barrage begins, a roar of thunder and fire, we nibble a bit of biscuit and a swallow of water, tighten up our belt and wait with nerves taught for the proper minute.

4:30 the front line moves out. The third platoon under Champaign on the left, the fourth platoon under Boteler on the right, supported by the first platoon with Payne and the second with Sergeant Graham. On our left is G. Company with reliable Gorker and we know we'll have to travel to keep up to them. Between the heavy mist and the smoke and dirt of the bursting shells you can see only a few yards in front of you. We cross the wire and hit the

first trench, one Boche outpost with three prisoners and not a man hit yet—but the worst is to come.

On we go following close to our barrage, one of our own guns is firing short and

going back on either side, glad the war is over for them and we know our boys are doing their bit.

We reform our lines before the Bois Sachet and wait 'til the artillery shell the woods according to schedule, the mist has cleared away and the sun is shining. Again we go forward through the woods, we hit the open country and there they are to greet us, machine guns, trench mortars and everything else. Our casualties are heavy many of our best men have fallen, killed or wounded, but the days "objective" is ahead and we must push forward up the fire swept slopes of the hill and into the Bois de Septsarges, we are thirsty, hungry, tired and nerve racked, but the orders are forward.

On the left the First Platoon has filled in a gap in the front line. Cronin has been killed leading his squad in an attack on a machine gun, a brave man. They had been halted at the railroad bank too, had pushed on to the wood, clearing that woods they started across the open. DeCoursey leaped from the woods leading his squad forward and with his face to the enemy met the German bullet. His comrades carried him back to the woods and there during the night his soul passed to his Maker.

I will not recount the next three days when we pushed on to the Meuse or the next two drives ending in the Armistice when H. Company did her bit nobly. Neither will I mention the other brave men of the Company who fell in that bitter period nor those equally brave who came through with body unscathed.

There are many things in the great strife we would like to do over, there are some things we are ashamed of, there are points of decision which we have often questioned, but the memory of men like DeCoursey stays with us always. To me he represents the American soldier at his best, cheerful, willing, never fault-finding, taking care of his men, leading them into action and when the time came giving his life for his Country.

The rest of us can live a half a century and can not leave the record or the monument that he has left in our memory; when things get blue, work is scarce, the children sick and our soul weary, let's think of Pete DeCoursey, smile, lon't kick, keep plugging, and pray God that we will be men.

A Cootie's General Orders

My general orders are:—

1. To take charge of these arms and legs and all other parts of the soldier not in view.
2. To walk up one leg and down the other in a military manner, keeping always on the crawl, observing everything that's eatable in my reach.
3. Report all violations of orders I have been instructed to enforce by the "COOTIE BOARD OF FILTH."
4. To repeat all bites that are less painful to my victims than my own.
5. To quit my work only when the soldier dies.
6. To receive, obey and pass on to the "Cootie" who relieves me, all orders from the other "Cooties," Crabs, Lice and other insects of the "Cootie" family only.
7. To bite no one who is not on or off duty.
8. In case of a bath or change in underwear give the alarm.
9. To allow no one to sleep a dam wink, that I am on.
10. Any place not covered by dirt or perspiration notify other "Cooties."
11. To bite and respect all Officers, all Colors, that are not cased.
12. To be especially busy at night, and during the hours of sleep, bite hell out of all persons in or near a dug-out, and allow no one to pass without a Belly-full of "SOLDIER."

"BY ONE WHO HAD 'EM."
C. B. L., WARD No. 28.

drops one back of us once in a while, we hit the main line of resistance and hear the tat-tat of the Heine machine gun. The Nest is surrounded and put out of action, the twenty odd prisoners sent to the rear, we see other groupings of green uniforms



A Letter From France

By Lieut. Henry Peghaire

(Formerly Liaison Officer, 319th Inf.)

Asnieres (France), le 11 Novembre, 1921.
To the Editor of SERVICE MAGAZINE:

Dear Comrade: You must excuse me if I did not answer sooner to your letter, but I am not going to wait any longer to send you a few lines in memory of the Blue Ridge Division, and in memory of those who died for us and Liberty in 1918. I think that the "Armistice Day" is the best one to send them all my comradeship, and to send to the veterans all my best wishes in the civilian life.

My first word must be to salute General Cronkhite, to whom I was introduced in some old German dug-out near Cuisy; and also General Brett, whom I met in his P. C. of La Chapelle des Malades near Mont-faucon. Perhaps he will remember too, that blue-horizon lieutenant who came there one evening with Lieutenant Watelet before rejoining Col. Love's P. C. in Nantillois.

During the whole year I asked to be transferred to the American Army. I never got any answer—perhaps because I could talk and understand English; and nobody could imagine how glad I was when later I got my transfer to join the 80th Division. I had spent a few weeks before with some officers of the 42nd Division and knew by them that the 80th was one among the best American Divisions. And really, that was true, for it never failed to its watchword, "The 80th Division Always Moves Forward."

Do you remember, good friends of the 80th and specially of the 319th, the fights in Cunel and the Bois des Ogons; how glad we were to push the "Boche" back to his country. I had been nearly four years with our French troops, and all of you know they were wonderful, but I never could think that other men than our French ones could fight as well and give their lives—nearly with pleasure because they knew they were fighting for the best cause—to save the France of Lafayette, and indeed, to save the world. Then we came back to some training area all around Triaucourt, and during a few days we had been working together before going back to the battle in the Argonne forest, and after a few days rest we went up through Le Four de Paris, le Chalade to Apremont, Imecourt, Landres St. Georges, and every day pushed back the Boche a little more till we reached the country near the Beaumont on the Meuse. That was the ninth of November. We were relieved and taken back to some old German camp in the forest before reaching Le Clade, La Neufour and Florent.

And then, on the 11th of November, a few minutes after the last men of the 319th

had arrived in Florent, we heard that "War is over!" "War is over!" "Armistice is signed." Can you imagine the joy of a

"CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE ARMY"

(At Stigny, France, Dec. 25, 1918).

It was Christmas in the Army,
In a town called Stigny, France,
With the old 318th Infantry
With their ragged coats and pants.

The day was dark and gloomy
And the night was ten times
worse;

The billets damp and musty
Like a Philadelphia Hearse.

We sat around the candle-light,
A miserable bunch to see,
A dreaming of our recent fight
For old Democra-cee.

We thought of the Christmas dinner
That the folks were eating at
home,
And longed for scraps that fell in
their laps
Like a poor dog would for a bone.

Oh! Pity the Doughboys at Christ-
mas,
A day when their hearts should
be glad,
For the dinner we get is a corker,
you bet,
I'll tell you folks just what we
had:

We had some roast beef and some
gravy,
The gravy supposed to be brown,
But of course it was white, being
made in the night,
And the color could never be
found.

Next came the cheese and potatoes,
The same that you folks had at
home,
But the spuds wore their coats and
the cheese smelled of goats,
So the fact is we left it alone.

This finished our Christmas dinner
And I'm sure that you will agree
You'd rather eat yours down on all
fours
Than "overthere" eating with me!

NOTE: While the identity of the author of these lines is unknown, it is believed that the guilty party was once a member of the Second Battalion, 318th Inf., since that organization was billeted at Stigny, France, during the winter of 1918-19.

French officer! The Boche obliged to sign an Armistice—to agree to all conditions.

France, France, our dear France! was saved because during the four years we had been fighting with the best of our blood, the best of our souls, waiting for the arrival of the American soldiers, coming here to save us as we did with Lafayette to save them, years and years ago.

Oh, thank you! To all of you American soldiers; and above all, thank you, dear friends of the 80th Division. I used to say to a very good friend of mine, Capt. J. W. Sands, Hdq. Co., of the 319th, that you were a wonderful bunch of men, and indeed, that is true. You have been wonderful fighters, wonderful soldiers whom I always admired, and whom I remember with the best of my heart.

We have been working together in the war; let me ask you to work with us now. You must not think that France is only a place of pleasure. Don't judge the men as foolish people because those you saw in Paris, in Nice, in Bordeaux, Tours, etc. Our women have been wonderful during the war; as nurses in the hospitals, working in the war work houses making shells, guns, rifles, gas, grenades, and everything that we needed so much. Others in the country, with the old, old people or young boys have been working very hard, and we owe them bread, vegetables, wine, etc., etc.—all the supply we had on the front line, as if some of them loved the American soldier and wished to kiss them "tout de suite" on the Boulevard, that is because they knew they were wonderful soldiers who had helped so much their husbands, fathers or brothers. They knew they had been in the battle and did not want them to feel so lonesome in the joy of Peace, being so far from their loved mothers, wives or sisters.

You must be sure that we are working very hard now to save France from her terrible wounds and to replace the loss of our 7,500,000 killed. I think we have been down to the limit of what we could do in the war and in Peace. We must continue to be not only the Allies we were, but the friends we have been since years and years, and I am sure that the Veterans' Association in America can be of the greatest help to us. The American Fighters cannot forget the French soldiers. They have some right to talk and make known to the Government that France and America must always be friends and work together, hand in hand, heart close to heart.

Old friends of the 80th Division, you must excuse my bad English, but you must know that I will never forget you. Let me tell you that I know more of some friends of the 319th with whom I have

(Continued on Page 30)

And We Derided Him

A Mixture of Fact and Fiction

By Russell L. Stultz

(Late Sgt. Inf. U. S. Army)

He was merely a private, only one of the multitude of naturalized Americans of Italian parentage serving with the American Expeditionary Forces in France. To us, his comrades, he was known as an individual only by that most despicable of pseudonyms, "the Wop." In the sight of his fellow-crusaders he was not one wit different from the two score of his country-men who had been merged with our outfit upon the eve of departure for Europe. So modest and self-effacing was he that, when, as a recruit, he stepped into a missing rank none suspected the strain of "heroic stuff" pulsing through his veins. Yet, under the test of that most rigid of crucibles, death, his soul was destined to rival the riven snow.

Joining the regiment at the eleventh-hour replacement six weeks in advance of the eventful "going across," his belated arrival had excluded other than the barest rudiments of military training. His career during the weeks of "back area" preparation and the gradual approach to—at that time—the somewhat remote sector known in a vague sense as "the front" had been of the most mediocre description. Due to his pre-army work in the mines of Pennsylvania requiring largely of muscle and brawn, his knowledge of the English language was, to say the least, meagre. In addition to a woeful absence of the latter, he seemed endowed with a stolidity and indifference not native to his type. Perhaps due to these inherent characteristics, and to others equally dormant, he had not been able to acquire those fundamentals which go to make up the finished infantryman. His density, whether genuine or assumed, speedily became the horror and despair of every officer in the command. Among our own Italian element he was without repute. In a moment of exasperation, some goaded non-com had applied the epithet of ridicule which gave him notoriety—"the Wop"—and from henceforth it clung with a tenacity distinctive of army "nick-names." It may be readily gathered from these sundry attributes that Salvatore Maggorio—his official cognomen, had found the ancient and honorable business of "soldiering" full of thorns, withal a rather tempestuous profession.

Despite the environment that breathed of the realities of fighting, he continued unresponsive to the whys and wherefores of military routine for two whole months, until his immediate commanding officer with the unspoken advice and encouragement of all his subordinates was prepared, even anxious, to "give him up" in disgust. Upon

a certain day a requisition came in for "one physically able private," to be attached to the transport unit of the Battalion. The requisition brought relief; the opportunity to "ship" the misfit had revealed itself and was seized upon with a truly remarkable alacrity.

With his exit disappeared the one non-essential cog in what was rapidly evolving into a well-oiled machine. If his departure occasioned any regrets, they were carefully concealed. At rare intervals we observed him trudging along at his appointed task—one of the most menial—and at even

into a dismal failure; as a man he was about to measure up to the most heroic of qualifications.

His chance came in the first week of the now memorable Argonne, under the very shadows of frowning Montfaucon and the heights above the Meuse. In the interim succeeding his reassignment to the organization he had been shifted again, this time to supply the only remaining vacancy among our detachment of stretcher-bearers. And here he was destined to "find himself." Upon the dawn of a day that will endure as long as memory survives, he accompanied the outfit into the line, now wearing the distinguished brassard of his latest assignment. Not for long was peace permitted him, however, for the sullen Hun that morning started the day with a venomous growl. Ere the "zero hour" had grown cold, he was biting, tearing and shattering with all the viciousness of which his man-made ingenuity was capable. Within two hours of as devilish carnage as human resourcefulness could devise, our sadly depleted ranks were ordered to "dig in." Of the squad which had been trained and instructed in the work of relief, "the Wop" alone remained, at the moment a pitiful, incongruous survivor.

No longer "the Wop" now, but the man whom God had ordained him to be. Through the minutes that were as eternity he had worked unceasingly, tirelessly, absolutely regardless of all personal danger, bent upon the task of succoring the shattered comrades who once had derided and despised him. If any remembrance of bitterness or hate lingered in the supreme moment, it was submerged in the presence of a cleaner motive. As a moaning fragment of shrapnel had found its resting-place in the form of his one remaining assistant, some remnant of the blood that swept his ancient Roman forbears to greatness must have awoken. Seizing the fallen stretcher he dragged it through the shrieking hail of lead and iron to the aid of a poor fellow who was weakly attempting to crawl to the comparative safety of a nearby shell-hole, only to topple over with each movement. "The Wop," as calmly oblivious to the death-dealing holocaust as though it were no more than the feast-day confetti of his own Ghetto, deliberately raised the writhing figure to the canvas and, turning his back upon the storm about him, as deliberately proceeded to drag his burden to the shelter of a neighboring ravine.

The brief halt of an hour to permit a belated barrage to lessen our task had pro-

AND STILL I LIVE

I've been photocopied and stethoscoped and pinched until I'm sore,
I've been questioned and examined
by twenty docs or more,
I think they've diagnosed my case
about every week or so,
And written down LATIN names a
GREEK full blood don't know,
They've taken temperatures and
pulse to see if I've had fever.
If they decide to amputate I suppose
they'll use a cleaver.
They've come and taken blood tests
most every other day,
And asked how tall I thought I was
and what I ought to weigh,
They've hunted rails within my
lungs and murmurs around my
heart,
Then had me cough, then breathe,
then cough by saying stop and
start.
I'm so bound up with adhesive tape
it's hard to get my breath,
Then I've been pricked with needles
that I thought would be my death.
But when they've made more tests
and things and decided what I've
got,
I sure will be a happy boy if I'm
discharged or not.
FOR I HOPE I NEVER HAVE TO
SEE ANOTHER DOC OR PILL!

rarer intervals someone would recall to his neighbor with a commiserating expression his earlier connection with the company. For the average soldier is quick to transform his resentment into a generous sympathy, once he is removed from contact with the immediate object of his intolerance. Any charitable feelings "the Wop" may have aroused were quickly dispelled the week preceding our initial baptism of fire, when he was returned to us, unheralded and unannounced "the Wop" still. Just as his departure had been greeted with satisfaction, so now did his homecoming prove the signal for a concerted groan. As a soldier he had eventuated

(Continued on Page 27)



Letters from an Old File

By Jack P. Smith

LETTER NO. 7 (JAKE TO HENRY)
KAMP GREENLEAF, GA.

Dear Henry:

Well, Hen, how does that look too you too see Kamp Greenleaf, Ga on my writin paper? I guess that aint amakin you any gealus it is, because you have Kamp Lee, and I half Kamp Greenleaf. About the only difrance is that my Kamp has a bigger name. Dont you know why they called Kamp Lee, Kamp Lee? That was because a man by the name off Lee owned the ground what the Kamp is now on and that is why they thought as how that wood be a good idcar too name it off him. Thats what a fellar told me anyhow, I dont know if he is only spoofing me or what he's tryin too do. I dont know about this hear Greenleaf, I cant say if it was named after a fellar with that name or not, but just the same its just what it is. Well, Henry, I gotter tell you about the good time I had on the ride too this Kamp. Some awfully stuff happened and I halfter laff too think off it. Anyhow, I fixed up my business like the recruitin Officer told me too, which much outsider gettin around too the people and tellin them not too forget too send me some things such as smokes and kakes and so forth, which they said they wood do. Thats all the business I had to fix up Henry, and that only took me a koupler hours too do it, so the rest off the time I had all to myself. When the day come too go away, I was down by the station a hour before the trane come in. I wanted too be sure I was on time and that's why I was there so early. I'ts no use for me too tell you about what happened between this town and Philladelphier. We got in Philly and we stayed their in the Railrode yards and from wear I was, I could see Mr. Wm. Penn what stands on top off the City Hall. I'ts not a reel man, Henry, but only a statyou. I could see some other high buildins but I didn't know what they was. We was sure

treated fine, Henry, on our way too the Kamp and when we got to the place called Baltimore, we got some cigaretes and matches and some kakes from a croud off girls what was dressed in white. They had a cross on there hats, Henry so I guess they was nurces. We was in parler cars in the trane and the kolered fellar what worked as janitor in the car, uster make beds outter the seats. When we got too Washington I got a koupler sandwiches but I dont know what kind because I never saw that kinder stuff what was in the sandwich before. I was sure I was agoin ter be able to see the Kapital but we didn't go in the City. They had push buttons in the cars aside off the seats and we was all awonderin what they was used for but none off the fellars wanted too push one off them. Pretty soon, Henry a fellar come in the car and we told him too push one and he did soon the Janitor off the car come in to wear the button was and asked the fellar what was sittin at the seat wear the button was and asked him what he wanted because he pushed the button. He said that he didn't want nothin so the janiter sez to him not too push the button if he don't want nothin. We was in the State off Virginia from seven oklock and that night I got awake and asked the Janiter what State we was in now. He sez why Virginia off course. So I says, my goodness, we was in that state for a koupler hours already so the Janiter says my goodness man, this here am a turrrible big state and no foolin. On tuesday I got up at six o'clock and got myself shaved and fixed up because I thought as how we wood get in Kamp pretty soon and I wanted too look pretty good. We didnt get to Kam as soon as I thought. We got too Bristol, Tenn. at seven oklock, Henry and we got lunch rite at the station. There was a funny thing there, Henry, I was in Tennessee and in Virginia at the same time and I bet you don't know how

the dickens I done it, do you? They had a post stickin up and that was rite between the two states. So I just took hold of the pole and spred my legs apart and by doin that I was in Virginia with my left foot and in Tenesea with my rite foot. It seemed soo funny too me Henry too do that but I did it just the same. The fellars uster laff at me the way I done it, but I didn't care about it. That night we got in too Chatanooga, and we stayed their for three hours. We left their at ten oklock P. M. and arrived at Kamp Greenleaf, Ga. at eleven, oklock. When we got off the train, we was lined up and the fellar took us all around the place for a hour before we stopped. He wouldnter hadder do that at tall because the place wear he took us was only about a squair from the station. I guess he done that too get us goin which he did because the fellars was sore because it was pretty dark and we was walkin into mud holes all the time and I did too which I had a hard time to get offer my shoes. They got us some blankets and a meskit. A fellar took us to a stable and he pointed to one off the stalls and says for me that that wood be my place to bunk. And soon another fellar threwed a bundel off straw into me and said hears your bed, now go too it. I got the bed fixed and started too take my shoes off. Just when I had them off a Serg. or somebody stuck his head inside the door and hollered OUTSIDE! and I put my shoes on krick and went out to see what he wanted. The Serg. said that we was goin for somethin too eat. Well, I got too bed at last after eatin somethin which I dont know what it was, but it was good because I was hungry, and I was asayin, I got too bed at last and I was pretty tired and I thought as how I wood sleep long in the A. M. No sooner was I done thinkin off that part about sleepin long the next A. M. when the darned Serg. sticks his head in the door and

Letters From An Old File

hollers: Dont forget all off youse, everybody up at five oklock tomorrer. The next A. M. the Kaptain come over and talked too us about the war and about us bein such fine fellars what we was and that we should do all what we can too win the war. The Kaptain said for us not too get sore about sleepin in the stable because its the only place what is not filled up and another thing we mayn't be so perticklar about wear we sleep in the army for if we gets too be a Genral we can sleep in a feather bed, so I decided that I wood work myself up too be one off them Genrals and sleep in them kind off beds. After the Kaptain got done talkin, we had some physikal excersizes and then we washed up in a water troff what horses drink out off. Then we had brakfast. After that we hadder go and sine a lot off papers. In the afternoon I got my uneyform which didnt fit me a tall. I was luckier then you because I didnt half too wait soo long for it. I dont know what I am agointer get into and as soon as I do I will write and let you know. This is a pretty nice place as far as I can see but I didnt see the Kamp yet but hope too before long. I got too know a fellar what comes from the North Henry, and his nome is Gantert. He seems too be a pretty nice fellar and he sleeps in the next stable too me. I dont know what his first name is and tomorrer I am gonner ask him what it is. I'm kinder tickled with this place and I'm wonderin what part off the Army is lokated hear for I want too find out as krick as I can what Company I am in. Well Henry, I cant tell the fellars at the Sigar store too send you any more smokes, can I. Anyhow, I don't care because I am in the Army and now we must get them too send some too us both, how about it? Please answer as soon as you can because I always want too know about what you are doin at Kamp Lee. Good by Henry, hope you are feelin in first klass knodition like I am. Good by.

JAKE.

P. S.—I am gonner half my picktures took as soon as I can find out off a fellar what takes picktures and when I half them took, I will send you one off them.

JAKE.

LETTER NO. 7 (HENRY TO JAKE)
KAMP LEE, VA.

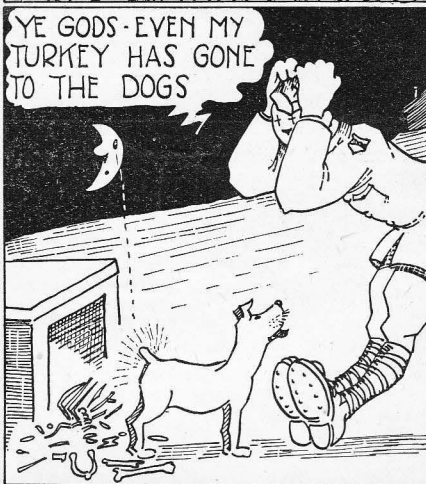
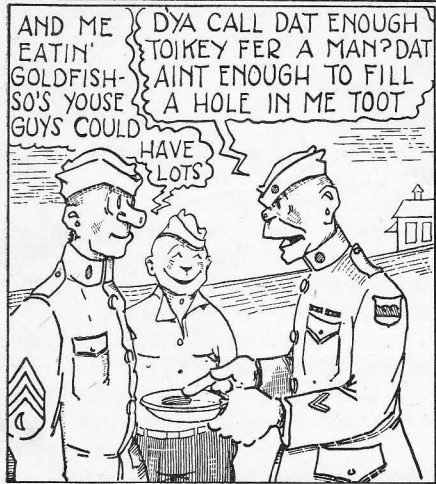
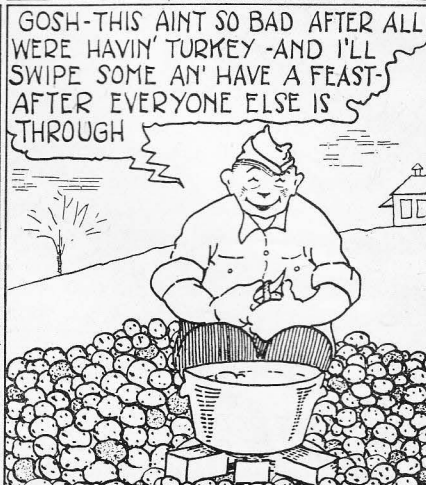
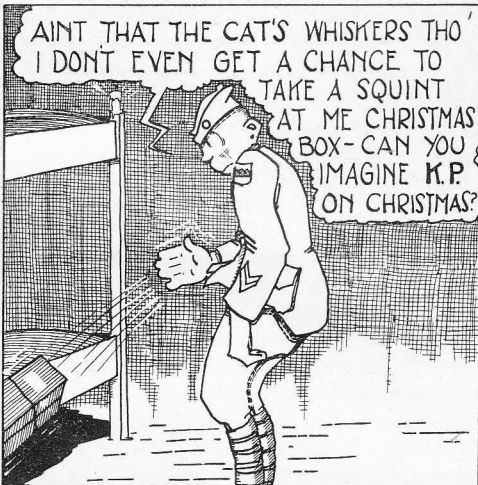
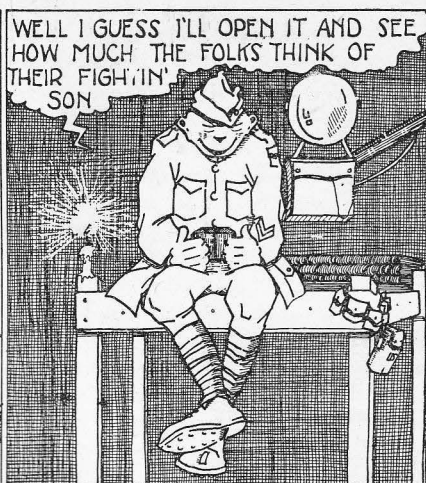
Deer Jake:

Dont get mad Jake this time because I aint goin too rite you a very big letter because when you get it you want too rite too me rite away and if you half to read a long letter you cant do it so I wont rite so much. Another thing, Jake, If I rite a long letter, it will take me two long and I want you to get the letter krick. I wasnt so very much surprised Jake when you told me that you had joined up in the Army because you was always atellin me about

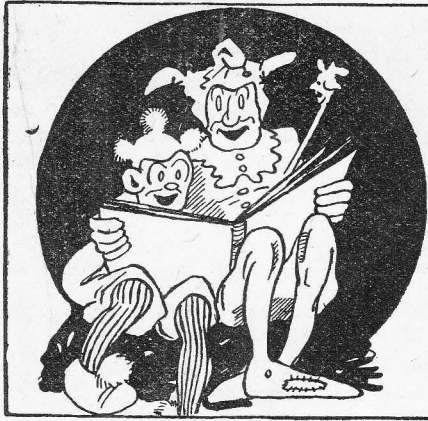
the town bein on the bum and that the people uster look at you all the time when you wood pass them. I think that you done a good thing Jake, because you know that Unkle Sam needs such men like you are and you can do a lot for your Kountry and thats no lie, ether. I am gettin too like Kamp Lee better every day and I guess I woodnt care if I was agoin too be hear all the time wile the war is goin on over in France. Some off the fellars are always taklin about goin too France and they want too go all the time but some how they are hear yet. If I wanted too go so darned bad, Jake, I'd go to work and rite a letter too President Wilson and ask him too rite a letter to Genral Kronkite who is the head Genral around Kamp Lee and if the President says that a fellar should be sent too France he will because hes the hole boss off the Army. I was tole that he was General Pershins boss too, Jake so you can see that what he says goes hear in this hear Army. I got a ballin out the other day from the Sekond luey, Jake for not hollerin "tention" when he was comin into the barricks. Of course it wasn't my falt but I was the only fellar what was near him and he give me the dickins. He said that the next time if I don't mind my business he will tend too me. I dont know what he means by that but I guess it is bad enough. None off the fellars in the Company likes him for a sent and I dont ether, Jake because he wants too be the hole boss. He tells us more what too do then the Kaptain and thats a fack. I am felling pretty fine just now and I hope that I will stay that way fora wile as it is awful to be sick in the Army. This Kamp has a big hospital in it what is called a bace Hospital. I was over too see it and you aughter see the fellars what is in it sick. Every onced in a wile when a fellar gets a little sick the Kaptain sends him too the hospital too get fixed up which he is and pretty soon too because you know they half a lot of Doktors in the place and they know what is rong with a fellar as soon as they see him. I hadder go to the place to have a tooth fixed and you aughter seen how krick they fixed it up. It didn't bother me no more after that because he took it all out off my mouth without braking any off and I thought as how they mightter put some gold in it but they knowed best and took it rite outer my mouth. I asked them if they wood put a gold tooth in whear he took the one out and he said that he wood as soon as he could and he looked in a book and asked me what my name was and he said that I will half too be there next August, which is six months away yet. I am in hot water now Jake about it because you must do what a Offiser says and supposed I was sent too France before August, what wood happen, I'll bet that they woodnt send me back just too half my tooth

fixed which wood cost too much money for the boat trip. Not that I wood care, Jake but I guess it costs too much money just for one tooth. When I was over too the Hospital they woodnt let me go into one off the rooms because the fellars had what they called the fule. What is that anyway, Jake? I never heard off it before in my life. Maby it is another one off them their words what Mr. Webster made up since the war started. It's pretty hot around hear Jake because their is a hole lot off sand in the Kamp. I don't know why it is but it's hear just the same. When the sun shines on it the place gets hot like a oven and I'll bet that you could bake a doughnut on it. I took a little walk outer the Kamp last nite and rite outside I came to a peanut field. I went into it and started too pick off some peanuts. When I had a pocket full, I started to walk outer the field and next thing I knowed, A farmer come runnin after me and hollerin too me too stop which I did. When he gets up to me he asks me what I mean by takin the peanuts outer the field and he said that he had a notion too report me too my Commandin Offiser. I said go rite ahead and report me because I knowed Jake that he didn't know what Kompany I belonged too. He said that I wood half to pay for the peanuts what I took. I asked him how much they was and he said fifteen sents, which I thought was prettie much because I could get a lot more off them for a dime at home and they was roasted at that. Them peanuts what I took from the field hadder be roasted, but I didn't know that Jake. I thought they was all ready too eat, but they wasnt and I tried too eat some and I darned near got sick. I hadder throw them away and their I lost fifteen cents before I knowed it. It was my falt, Jake but I think that the farmer might put a fence around the place or somethin so as the fellars dont get in the field. I know whear a nice big cotton field is and one off these fine days I'm agoin ter get some of them buds and send them too you for a subnear. I'm gettin used too my uneyform now Jake and I dont mind wearin it no more. Last nite at one off them Y. M. buildins I went too see a movey show. It was good Jake. The pickture was about Charlie Chaplain where he hits a koupler fellars in the face with a koupler pies and whear the people what he hits turns around and hits him with a koupler too. It was sure funny and I hafter laff at him. Tonite, in the Y. M. they are goin to ter have a wild west pickture and you can bet that I will be there too see it. Akordin too the hambill, Jake it's a good one, whear Billey Hart is a kow boy and he has a fight with a koupler outlawers. I was K. P. today and when I am one of them I always get more too eat because some is al-

(Continued on Page 28)



jack berger



A PAGE

"OUR MAG"---By the Of



Dear Santa Claus:
There's a big stiff in this office what thinks he can write these "Mag." stories better than I do—yes, he's got a crust to get such an idea into his dome, I admit; and so after getting real sore at the way this guy double-crosses me each month by changing my "write-ups" and making them all crckoo, I told "Pops" Curry I was going to quit.

I'm pretty busy getting ready for Xmas anyhow, and inasmuch as this chap named Clark thinks he's such a good story mechanic, I thought I'd like to lamp a sample in this month's "Mag" but the Editor wouldn't hear of it.

Poor "Pops" has had so much trouble here of late with the dope in "Our Mag" that he was afraid to have this guy write a story for fear it wouldn't go across. You see, he ain't going to take no more chances, for the "Service Mag" stands for high ideals—purity, esteem, character, and general high-class bunk throughout, and because our Cartoonist went kind of frisky one month and thought he was drawing pictures for the Police Gazette—well "Pops" ain't takin no chances with this guy's snappy stories. So "Pops" phones me and says, "Kid, you're all to the mustard! Write a story for the "Mag" or I'll crown you!" So exit friend Clark and here I am.

Now Santa Claus, to show you I ain't harboring any ill feelins for this guy; please send him a nice little package for his Xmas present, for example, a bichloride tablet or some arsenic or carbolic acid—in fact, anything that will do the dirty work fast and snappy suits me.

And dear Santa Claus will you please send our dear boss, "Pops" a wireless code so's he can learn how to send wireless messages to all the Blue-Ridgers what ain't paid their dues for last year yet and who are either out of work (in which case they are excused) or else they have just neglected us, (in which case they ain't).

He wants to be able to talk in code to some of them and not get arrested for violatin the postal laws—he says he has some big plans on, whereby everybuddy who has a wireless set will soon be getting wireless messages, etc. from Hdq. at Pittsburgh. Buddy Wells down in Petersburg is getting a set and most of the hospitals are putting in receiving sets, so it won't be long before General Brett and some of the other big guns can talk to 80th Vets all over the world. "Pops" has gone clean crazy over his wireless set and says that in the next war he's going to try for the Signal Korps. I told him we ought to have a wireless department in SERVICE and he says if the gang wants it we will start it in the next issue, so if any of youse guys

VERY I

Johnny: Did Moses have dyspepsia like what you've got?

Dad: How on earth do I know? Why do you ask such a question?

Johnny: Well our Sunday School teacher says the Lord gave Moses two tablets.
—*London Mail.*

One day little Mary had been very naughty and her mother said to her: "Mary, you must go upstairs and pray for forgiveness for your sins." When the little girl came down after some time her mother asked, "Did you tell God about it?"

"No," replied the child, "but I told Mrs. God and I guess it's all over Heaven by this time."

BEATING THE STYLES

The attorney had pleaded earnestly for the young married woman who had been arrested for speeding her motor car at forty miles per hour through the business district, but could make no visible impression upon the court.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?" asked the judge of the fair prisoner.

"Well, you see, it was this way, your

AS TO FIRE AND FLOOD

Occasion: Visit of His Majesty's Inspector of Schools. Trying to test the mental ability of the children, His Majesty's Inspector wrote upon the blackboard:

"Do not play with matches; remember the fire of London;" and asked the children to invent similar pearls of wisdom of the same type. On returning to the class after inspecting other standards, he found only one boy had genius enough to fulfill the demand, and his effort was: "Do not spit; remember the Flood."—*London Post.*

"Did the laundryman find those cuffs he lost last week?"

"No, John."

"The shirts are no good to me without the cuffs."

"Evidently he figured it that way, too. This week he lost the shirts."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

auto and beaucoup jack, as we used to say. He met my girl and after a few boxes of roses, some candy and a few shows at six dollars a seat, she sent my ring to me with the information that she had made a mistake, was now engaged to the Lieutenant, and could see me no more.

How can I get even with him?

DISAPPOINTED.

Answer: Let her marry him.

Question:

Dear Editor: I am a young girl who was engaged to marry one of the soldiers of your Division. I stole a letter out of his coat one day which was from one of his comrades and it told about my fellow stealing his Buddy's white mule and singing ten verses about some girl or mademoiselle who lived in a town called Bar-le-Duc. My friend won't tell me what he did with the mule nor even sing the song for me. I think I am entitled to an explanation, don't you? A friend of mine told me that you all know the song, so please publish it in your valued magazine.

HEARTBROKEN.

Answer: Dear Brokenheart: Your soldier is a wise guy. Marry him at once or sooner, before some other dame grabs him. White mule is only the French name for the kind of water American soldiers drank while in France. (That is, when we could get it.) It is only a memory now. No, we cannot print the words of the song as you request. We've forgotten the last verse. Our motto is "All or none." Sorry, ask him after the wedding.

EDITOR.

Question:

Dear Editor: My girl is worth \$100,000.00 in her own right, and she is beautiful, an orphan, and anxious for us to get married. Owing to her financial position, I have asked her to wait until I have earned an equal amount of money before we marry. Am I right?

CONSCIENTIOUS.

Answer:

Dear Con: You are correct, but not right, or right but not correct; either way you prefer. Such nobleness is hard to find these days. We congratulate you. Make her wait until you have earned the money. In the meantime, send us her name and address.

Gratefully,

THE EDITOR.

Question:

Dear Editor: I allowed my husband to attend the Reunion in Pittsburgh. Since then, I have learned that you had a lot of pretty girls there for the men to dance with. Is this true?

TRUSTING WIFE.

Answer:

Dear Trusting Wife: Some evil person is misinforming you. Perhaps a female person who wants your noble hero husband for herself. Do not fall into the trap. There

is only one girl in Pittsburg and she belongs to me, and believe me, I had my eye on her all the time. I needn't tell you that soldiers always dance with each other and girls are not even permitted in the hall without dresses. Do not believe all you hear. Think of the bonus promises before election.

EDITOR.

WHY THE HECK DON'T YOU?

Like the roses need a smeller

Like the nightshirt needs a tail,

Like the old maid needs a fellow,

Like the hammer needs a nail,

Like the suspenders need a button,

Like the Oyster needs a stew—

Everybuddy's boosting SERVICE,

So, why the heck don't you?

JOG ON, JEHO SOPHAT

Road gets rougher every mile;

(Cluck!) Jog on, Jehosophat, an' show some style.

Mule's gone lame, an' hens won't lay;

Corn's way down, an' wheat don't pay;

Hogs no better, steers too cheap;

Cow's quit milkin', meat won't keep;

Oats al heated, spuds all froze;

Fruit crop's busted, wind still blows;

Sheep seem puny, an' the hay stack's burned!

Looks some gloomy, I'll admit—

(Cluck!) Jog on, Jehosophat, we ain't down yit.

Coal's in high an' crop's in low;

Rail rates doubled, got no show;

Money's tighter, morals loose;

Bound to git us—whats' the use?

Sun's not shinin' as it should;

Moon ain't lightin' like it could;

Air seems heavy, water punk—

Tests yer metal, show's yer spunk;

No use stoppin' to debate—

(Cluck!) Jog on, Jehosophat, it's gettin' late.

Wheels all wobble; axle's bent;

Dashboard's broken; top all rent;

One shaft splintered, t'other sags;

Seat's all busted; end-gate drags;

May hang t'gether—b'lieve it will;

Careful drivin' 'll make it still;

Road's some better, not so rough—

TROT! Gosh ding ye! That's the stuff;

Old trap's movin' right good speed—

(Cluck!) Jog on, Jehosophat, you're some old steed.

Road's smoothed out 'till it don't seem true—

(Cluck!) Jog on, Jehosophat, you pulled us through.

—Cliff Crawford in "The Gloom Chaser."

The report that twenty some soldiers of the A. E. F. were hanged from the same scaffold may or may not be exaggerated, but this we do know that there were many

(Continued on Page 27)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question:

Dear Editor: I have a dandy chance to go into busniess with my father. He says I must put up half the money. Says he will wait until I get my bonus from the Government before starting the business. What are my prospects?

AMBITIOUS.

Answer: He won't live that long, and we have our doubts about you. Fix it up for your grandchildren.

Question:

Dear Editor: Since being discharged from the army I have not been able to find a steady job, and of course my funds have been conspicuous by their absence; as a result, I have not been able to take my sweetheart to so many shows and social affairs as I used to before the war. My old Second Lieutenant has a high-power

To a Profiteer on Christmas Eve

By Capt. Cornelius C. Vermeule, Jr.,

You are reminded that the same stars that watched over Bethlehem and are watching your joyful celebration tonight shine down upon a field of white, nestling among the hills of the Meuse Valley in France. In this field row upon row of crosses startle one with their radiance in the starlight. Here is gathered all that is mortal of those thirty thousand, who, in the glory of their youth, died that the First American Army might smash its way through the Forest of the Argonne and to Victory with the Armies of our Allies.

This field is but one of many, where Poilu, Tommy and Yank lie in the terrifying stillness and the awful desolation of an abandoned battlefield. It contrasts vividly with the light, the laughter and the happiness of your Christmas Eve. Were your soul to be similarly contrasted with the soul of the Doughboy who fell with his face toward a German machine gun, or the Artilleryman who died in the blast of his own ammunition, following a direct hit on his gun—were such a contrast to be made by One more powerful than Captains of Generals, than Superintendents or Chairmen of Boards, the darkness and stillness would be yours and the radiance and happiness theirs.

The Peace that they earned has proven disappointing to you. Your mills are idle, your dividends are reduced, your millions are not increasing by leaps and bounds, yet your bed is warm, your meals are rich and regular and your motor cars are swift and comfortable.

It was never your good fortune to know the comradeship of well beloved friends gathered in a song on the eve of an advance, to feel the glorious sensation of rest that a pup-tent may offer after a forty kilometer hike or to realize the taste of a cup of hot coffee when the kitchens meet you on the way out of the line.

Nor was it your misfortune, to see those same beloved friends go slithering to the bottom of a shell-hole, with lost semblance of human form, to hold a line of fox-holes on the edge of a wood under the blast of

the drum-fire, as the earth about you opened and shook to the crashing of the nine point twos, or to leave those fox holes at dawn and trudge forward into the Maxim and the minenwerfer.

You have never felt the thrill that comes as the pin of the last grenade is pulled and with it arrives the message that you are to be relieved at midnight. You have never felt the grip of the Fear that leaves your throat parched and your diaphragm sinking and you do not know what it means to conquer that Fear and go on.

Yet you have your mansions, your servants and your motors. You have the envy and while your millions hold, the friendship and the respect of many. Your Youth is gone as is the youth of those who lie under the little crosses. You can only think in millions, in output and in balances. I beg of you compare your balance on the account of Him who gave the cannon and the loom with that of the lad sleeping in the white city under the brow of Montfaucon. I fear you will be staggered with the amount of your indebtedness.

The Rear Guard

By C. C. V.

"You went to Death—and the whisper ran,
As over the gates the horns began,
Splendor of God, we have found a man,
Good bye! Good luck to you!"

When "our" regiment returned to the U. S. in May, 1919, we left behind us a detachment that will forever hold the sectors that we once held. Four hundred and four—they are keeping, today, the watch we kept in those anxious days of toil and nights of pain. In the dreary, treeless wastes of Picardie, along the bank of the Meuse before Verdun and in the bloody reaches of the Argonne Forest, they sleep in peace, where sleep was once a nightmare.

It is the most fervent wish of every one of us that the peace which they so well earned, be not broken by murmurs of discord, of unrest, or turmoil and of disorder arising from this land that they died to protect. Four hundred and four of your fellow-citizens died that the flag on the City Hall in your city might be the American flag of your fathers, that the homes and firesides of your city might remain inviolate, that the farmlands of your neighboring counties might not feel the tread of the heel of an alien invader, that the blast furnaces might continue to roar and the

long trains of coal-trucks might still go rolling to Tidewater.

You turned out on June 5th, 1919, and gave a soul-stirring ovation to your regiment as it marched thru' Pittsburgh. You realized that it was an efficient fighting machine, battle-ried and with a record you might well be proud of. You awakened in the hearts of that regiment a feeling that the sacrifice, the mud, the blood and the agony had not been in vain. But the four hundred and four did not march that day, did not hear the crescendo of cheering as the column swung into Fifth Avenue, did not see the tears in General Brett's eyes as he turned his 320th Infantry Regiment back to the mothers, the wives and the sweethearts who sent them forth.

Above all, it is now your duty as citizens of Pittsburgh to further guarantee that they did not die in vain. They can no longer protect that flag from dishonor either from without the land or within; that burden has become yours.

The torch was thrown, have you caught it?

CORNELIUS C. VERMEULE, JR.,
Capt'n, M. G. Co., 320th Infantry.

(Being a talk delivered in 1920 to a few Pittsburgh Business Men.)

CITY HALL PARK

September 26, 1921.

C. C. VERMEULE,

Broken and old yet twenty-six,
A short day's hike from the Bridgehead Styx.
What matter we show no earthly gain,
When Cause not Purse we tried to maintain.
Three years ago today!

What matter to you who are proud and true,
To the wordly blood some men call blue,
Yet you sneer at the goal we're striving after,
As we choke a sob beneath our laughter.
Does that ease for us the way?

White crosses washed in the autumn rain,
A pure surcease from such earthly pain.
There we left them and there they lie.
Why was it they who were picked to die?
Did they know Life does not pay?

A drink, our Colt and a crack in the dark,
Or another night on a bench in the park?
What matter we helped the line advance.
You have forgotten that job in France,
Three years ago today!



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

KNUPP—Sergeant Murray A. Knupp, Co. A. 305th Engineers was accidentally killed while on a hunting trip with his brother, near Purchase Line, Indiana County, Pa. Comrade Knupp was the Principal of the Twin Rocks School in Cambria County, and made his home with his parents in Indiana County. Funeral services were conducted on November 29th, 1921 by the 80th Division Veterans from the surrounding country and various other Military Organizations.

JORDAN—Sergeant George Jordan, Co. F. 305th Engineers, at his home in Johnstown, Pa. Word was received at Hamilton P. O. of Sergeant Jordan's demise, but the details, or date were not given.

CARTHEW—Private William Carthew, F. Company, 305th Engineers. Killed in action in the Argonne. The body was returned home for internment at his home in Johnstown, the details and date were not given.

HUNTER—Cook Roy Hunter, Company A. 305th Engineers, killed in action in the Argonne. The body was returned home for internment in Johnstown. The details and date were not given.

EVANS—Thomas Evans, Company C. 305th Engineers, killed in action in the Argonne. The body was returned for internment at his home in Johnstown. The details and date were not given.

COCHEU—At Brooklyn, N. Y., November 6, 1921, Catherine Benson Cocheu, mother of Frank S Cocheu, formerly Colonel, 319th Infantry.

POPULO—William Populo, Private, Company M, 319th Infantry, died Sunday, November 6th, from pneumonia. Buried from his home with full military honors.

BERRY—Francis Berry, Company M, 318th Infantry, died in a Pittsburgh hospital several months ago. Further details unavailable at this time.

AGOSTINI—Joseph D. Agostini, formerly of Co. K, 317th Infantry, killed in action in the Argonne. Military Funeral held from his home 1915 Rowan St., Nicetown, Pa., Oct. 24th, in charge of Sergeant Hamilton Fish Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, with Requiem Mass in St. Stephen's Church and internment in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

MOWBRAY—Second Lieutenant Chas. Brown Mowbray, formerly 320th Inf. M. G. Co, killed in action in the Argonne. Funeral was conducted Saturday, September 10, 1921 from his home at Federalsburg, Md.



When motoring through Nazareth, Pa., don't fail to stop at Ritter's Garage and say "Hello, Buddy," to A. R. Lindenmoyer, the proprietor.

Dr. S. A. Rulon, Jr., formerly Capt. Med. Det. 317th Inf., is practicing at 501 Gay St., Phoenixville, Pa.

SERVICE extends the sympathy of every comrade of the Blue Ridge Division to Col. Frank S. Cocheu in the recent loss of his mother, Mrs. Catherine Benson Cocheu.

The address of Capt. Wm. F. Passner, formerly Regimental Surgeon, 305th Engineers, is desired by "SERVICE."

R. M. Russell, who was formerly Sergeant of Co. E, 317th Infantry, is now located at Cedar Bluff, Va., where he is selling and installing Delco light plants. He is now a Daddy and is kept busy doing squads "East and West" with the youngster who is learning how Daddy won the war.

John R. Birkelbach, formerly a private in Co. A, 305th Engineers is now located at 717 Bluefield Ave., Bluefield, W. Va. He is back at his old job as Timekeeper on the Carpenter gang for the N. & W. R. R. Seems to be better satisfied than he was in the Meuse-Argonne dodging G. I. cans.

Arthur S. Beauers, formerly private of Co. E, 317th Inf., known better to his Buddies as "Windy" is now residing in Maxwell, Virginia, where he is spending most of his time assisting his intended who is teaching school. The scholars enjoy his visits and stories of the war.

James F. Brown, who was formerly a Corporal of Co. I, 318th Infantry, is now located at Cedar Bluff, Virginia. He is a bridge Carpenter for the N. & W. R. R., and hopes to meet many of his comrades at Charleston, W. Va., at our next reunion.

"SERVICE" has been fortunate in securing articles on a topic which interests former service men—namely. "Has America forgotten Her Soldiers?" In the development of this subject, questions of "War," "Hating the Hun," "Creating Enmity Through

the use of Propaganda," etc., etc., will be discussed. The articles are being prepared by Rev. Father Francis J. Martin, formerly Chaplain, 80th Division, A. E. F. They are not intended as representing the united views of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, or of any particular group of its members. The idea of the Author is simply to open up several angles of thought for discussion and criticism, whereby we may get closer to facts. The first article will appear in January, 1922 "SERVICE."

EDITOR.

Ex Sgt. Friend from "B" Co., 319th Inf., says that he is so far up in the Maryland Mountains that the "Hoot" owls sleep with the chickens.

W. V. McLaughlin, a member of the Executive Staff of the Reliance Life Ins. Co. of Pittsburgh, Pa., is now the manager of the Lima, Ohio, agency of the same Company. His address is Savings Building, Lima, Ohio.

Clarence Eicher, formerly of Battery C, 313 F. A., has been disabled since his return from the service, suffering from Tuberculosis. He is now living at 532 Second St., Brownsville, Pa., and his old Buddies hope for his rapid recovery.

Lt. H. R. Williams, formerly with Co. "G," 317th Infantry, was elected to the State Assembly from Passiac County, New Jersey, by a large plurality.

Lt. Charles Brown Mowbray, 320th Inf. M. G. Co., who was killed in action in the Argonne was buried Sept. 10th from his former home Federalsburg, Maryland.

Intelligence Reports from the New York sector state that the wedding of Miss Catherine Sayre Comstock and Cornelius Clarkson Vermeule took place at 4:00 P. M. Saturday, December 3rd, 1921—Top kick Larry was there too.

Miss Comstock served overseas two years in the American Red Cross as a hospital and Canteen worker at Eperney, while things were booming and at Paris and Brest after the failure of the Hohenzollern, Gott and Company.

Vermeule's chief claim to fame is that he

Morning Report

made a soldier out of Alfred P. Leyburn, a Virginia gentleman with Pittsburgh ideas.

In addition to the above duty, he commanded the Machine Gun Company, 320th Infantry, and is seen in Pittsburgh in company with Larry Rutherford, several times a year in the thirsty season.

Mrs. Vermeule (the bride) states emphatically that after looking over all the A. E. F. divisions, there was none that could hold a candle to the Eightieth.

You sez her Buddy!

HIGHMONT, PGH., PA.

To Service Magazines—

Enclosed find check for \$50.00, which I wish you would apply to the twenty-five veterans, who would not otherwise have the privilege of enjoying the "Service Magazine."

I have so thoroughly enjoyed reading this live paper that I wish to "pass on" this pleasure to others. Most cordially,

CHRISTINE MILLER CLEMSON.

Oct. 27, 1921.

FROM THE VIRGINIA SECTOR

December, 1921

By RUSSELL L. STULTZ.

Titus A. Zirkle, of Strasburg, Va., who will be remembered by many of the older men as a Private in Company G, 318th Inf., during training days in Camp Lee, is back on his pre-war job of railway postal clerk, running between Strasburg, Va. and Brunswick, Md. Private Zirkle went to France as a replacement several months in advance of the Division.

State Senator John Paul, formerly a captain in the 313th Field Artillery and now of Harrisonburg, Va., delivered a number of public addresses at various points in Virginia last month in support of Colonel Henry W. Anderson, of Richmond, Republican candidate for Governor.

John W. Norvell, one-time Mail-Orderly of Company G, 318th Inf., better known to his comrades as "The Mail Man," has tired of the Kentucky hills and returned to his old haunts at Havaco, West Va. John W. spent a week with the American Legion on the "front line" in Logan county during the near-war in the coal fields last summer and writes that "some of those birds shot closer to me than the Germans ever did," adding: "I haven't regretted my trip yet, but like my French trip, I don't want to try it over anymore."

Col. and Mrs. Peter Murray announce the engagement of their daughter, Frances Jewett, to Capt. Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., son of Major General and Mrs. Samuel D. Sturgis ("of the 80th"—for a few months—we feel justified in adding). General Sturgis was recently transferred from Panama

and promoted to the permanent grade of major general.

S. B. Clark, formerly Mess Sergeant of Company G, 318th Inf., has forsaken Washington and been engaged in touring Southern Virginia for the past month. At last accounts he was in Danville, but expecting to "break camp" on November 24th.

Rion-Bowman Post No. 632, Veterans of Foreign Wars, which has its P. C. in Harrisburg, Va., gave its first annual dance—a benefit affair—on "Armistice Day" night. Almost all of the officers of this post are former 80th Division men.

John R. Crowson, of Justisville, Va., who served with Company H, 318th Inf., wishes news concerning Lt. Col. Jennings C. Wises' history of the Second Battalion, 318th Inf. We understand that a manuscript copy of this history is in the files of the Virginia War History Commission, in Richmond.

J. R. Riddick, formerly one of the most popular Sergeants in Company G, 318th Inf., who is now located in San Jose, Costa Rica, states that "the señoritas of San Jose are nothing but queens" (Please do not crowd, boys; your Uncle Samuel no longer pays your ocean passage). Sgt. Riddick has been absent from the States for two years and does not expect to return before Christmas, 1922.

George R. Chambliss, who was badly wounded in the petit village of Warniforet on Nov. 5, 1918, while serving as a Sergeant in Company G, 318th Inf., now claims Emporia, Va., as his domicile, (at least he was recently detected attending a county fair at that place!).

NOTES OF THE 305TH ENGINEERS

By JACK V. BERGER.

Am in receipt of a letter from "Chiggers" Chesley, and know you fellows will be glad to hear that he is recovering from his long siege of illness, and is "raring to go" back to work again. He is associated in business with "Johnnie" Morgan, in care of the Charleston Electric Co., Charleston, W. Va.

Alexander Morrison, of Warren, Pa., writes in to say that he likes the Engineer Column. Morrison was a Sergeant in "C" Co. Glad to hear from you Morrison, but all that you did was congratulate the Staff, where's the Gossip?

Colonel Kenney said that Campbell McNary dropped in to see him the other day. Gee, but it must be nice to be a Traveling Man.

Captain Packard was also a visitor, of Kenney's arriving in town to witness the

Lehigh-Lafayette Game. I wonder if "Pack" is still "Packing" around that cute little moustache, Babe didn't the "Frog" girls like it?

Parrish, who works with Kenney has been very sick, but from the latest communicate he is marked "DUTY" and is back on the job again.

By the way! how would you fellows like to see a story in SERVICE about the Bethincourt Bridge? Well, Colonel Kenney is writing one now, and well do we know that he knows what to write about, for it was his Company that built it. Renew that Subscription for the Bridge Story will make interesting reading, especially to the Birds who had a shoulder under it.

Ran into "Tommy" Butler in Hazelwood the other night, wasn't "Tommy a darb with his mitts, tho'?"

Saw John Torre, while I was in New York. John is the fellow who played all "them things" in the Band, remember that hickey that he held on his nose, and the music that he could get out of Vin Blink bottles. Torre is still getting the most out of notes, as he is a Demonstrator for The Auto-piano Company.

Also ran into Fred Sonand, who is still under the supervision of the Government Hospital at Fort Jay.

Charlie Scharbo, another one of the "Windjammers" came in to see me the other day. Charlie has ambitions to become a County Detective, and had some papers for me to sign. Good luck, Charlie, but remember if he is an exEngineer don't pinch him.

Colonel Spalding was chosen to lead the 80th Division Delegation at the recent burial of the "Unknown" at Washington, as General Brett had to march with the Congressional Medal of Honor Men. The Colonel has promised to pen something about the old Outfit for SERVICE, here's hoping that he does, for who knows the dope better than he?

Captain Morgan will start to lay the foundation for the next "Shindig" in Charleston just as soon as the Council decides the date, and method of attack. The Council will probably meet sometime in January.

"Pat" Breslin from A. Co., has a brother who owns a drugstore on the North Side. Prescription—Take Woods Run car—shak-en well on way over, mention soldiering with "Pat"—Com Ca—PINT, fineesh ma-lade.

Wonder what ever became of "Jimmie Trigger," looked for his address the other day, nothing doing, can any one oblige me?

Henry Waltz is the proprietor of a drugstore up in Nanty-Glo, Pa. Henry marked me "quarters" and didn't prescribe C. C.'s. Thanks, Henry, will be in to see you again sometime.

Never heard from Dominick—wrote to

Morning Report

Galeton, but no reply. Would like to hear more about that aeroplane.

Jim Welch, the "big water boy" from "F" Company buys me a meal occasionally. Jim is still as goodnatureed as ever and builds skyscrapers for a vocation.

Again, I say, I want letters—all of your local gossip—how in am I going to write news if I don't get any?

Headquarters men will be interested to know that I visited Winder Gordon and Schoolfield McDaniels while in Virginia last year. Visited McDaniels home in Lynchburg and had a fine time. Met Gordon at the hotel in Richmond and he scouted up the "corn."

Arthur Fulton is also in Richmond as advertising manager with the Spotless Company, which is the Sears & Roebuck of the South. Fulton was with the topographical outfit.

While in Roanoke I fought several old battles with "Jimmie" James and Mahlon Board. Also looked for Captain Brent, but I didn't see him.

I wonder if Bob Cohn is putting on Doctor Dippy" or "His Honor, the Judge," to the unsuspecting public anymore.

Got an invitation from the Portage Engineers, of which Tommy Tompkins is a member. Sorry, that I couldn't be with you, Tommy, but was all dated up ahead. Tommy is in the coal business with his brother, ex-Senator Tompkins of Pennsylvania, in that little suburb of Johnstown.

While scouting around Lilly, Pa., in search of Tommy, Bender met E. J. Bearer, also in search of Tommy. Hope that it wasn't legal advice that yop were after E. J. But more than likely it was for a visit to Tommy's cellar.

While in Barnesboro, I kept my eyes peeled for ex-engineers, as if I remember correctly two-thirds of them hailed from that burg, but nary an engineer, with the exception of Jim Scullen, who was roughing up a Coca Cola at the village inn.

Did you know that Ciccarella and Vezanni, both from Headquarters, went back to Fulvy and married their girls. Marcelle is also married and parted from the village. Je nes se par what has become of Georgette and Lucy.

Grandma Gourier writes that those same two fishermen are still on the job under the bridge every day. The girl from Nuits still rides through the burg on a bicycle and all frog drivers still holler "allez oop."

This morning's mail brought in some new dope, and some sad news too, for several of our old Buddies, have answered the final muster. Both Mulhollen and Winter inform me of the sudden death of Murray A. Knupp, one of the most popular non-coms of A Company. Murray, who was a Professor, and Principal of the Twin Rocks School, in Cambria County, came to his

home, in Indiana County, to spend Thanksgiving, and went on a hunting trip with his brother which has been his custom for years. While in pursuit of some rabbits, Ralph Knupp's gun was accidentally discharged killing Murray instantly. Eight or nine cars of his former Buddies left from various points to attend the funeral, which was carried out with full military regulations.

Mulhollen also states that George Jordan, an ex-Sergeant of "F" Company died suddenly. Mulhollen failed to go into details so I am uncertain as to the cause of his death.

The bodies of three of our Buddies who made the supreme sacrifice in our struggle over there, have been returned to Johnstown. They were William Carthew of "F" Company, Roy Hunter of "A" Company and Thomas Evans of "C" Company. They were buried by the members of the 80th and the Menoher Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Oscar Mulhollen motored over to Pittsburgh, to witness the Nebraska-Pitt Game, and also attended a Banquet at McCreery's that evening, but failed to even give me a ring on the phone, smatter Osc, no nickels?

Paul Winter saw Jesse Wike, on a recent visit to Roaring Springs. Jesse was elected Burgess of the Town, and goes into office the first of the year. You can't hold them Engineers down can you? Although the 36th did beat heck out of our team at Tonnere, but I still claim that we were handicapped owing to the lack of Rooters. Didn't see anything of Stonerook or Gates, did you Paul?

Several Local P. C.'s of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association are well under way now. All that you need is a few live members who are willing to abide by the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association, really I am not selfish, but it would tickle me Pink to see an Engineer in all localities get out his trowel and mortar, and lay the foundation. Write to me and I will give you all the dope and assistance that I can.

Well, Curry is on my neck for this copy so that the printer can do his stuff, so Olive Oil until next month.

At the fifth reunion and dinner of the New York Association of Officers of the 80th (Blue Ridge) Division, U. S. A., Lt. Col. Henry H. Burdick, 318th Inf. was elected president. Captain A. N. La Porte, Div. Hdqrs. was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer. Major General Charles S. Farnsworth, U. S. A., spoke on "The organized Reserve." Major General Cronkhite, and General Lloyd M. Brett, were unable to attend. Our correspondent has failed to supply us with a list of those present. However, we know they had a great time.

Captain Renel W. Elton has promised to send us a picture of the group at the table eating gold fish and corned beef.

Norman W. Newman, formerly of Co. "C" 305th F. S. Bn., is now manager of the Electrical Appliance Dept. with Spear and Co., Pgh., Pa.

Joseph Briedanoviski who is in Room A 300, St. Francis Hospital, Pgh., Pa., would like to see or hear from his comrades of Co. "B," 319th Inf., and tell them about his four weeks old baby.

Sicily Island, La., Nov. 28, 1921.

SERVICE MAGAZINE:

I am enclosing my subscription for "SERVICE" for another year. I always delighted to get it, even though it is so long in reaching me; but the news and stories it contains of those days "over there" are never too old to be thoroughly enjoyed. I read every page of the book.

Please change my mailing address from 108 Grand Ave., Clarion, Pa., to Sicily Island, Louisiana. I'll be able to receive the magazine much sooner.

I noticed my name was not in your Year Book for last year. Please add it to the 305th Engineer Train. (Bugler 1st Class).

Yours very truly,

J. WESLEY OGDEN.

The 319th Infantry Machine Gun Co., will hold their annual meeting and reunion dinner at Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., New Year's Eve, Dec. 31st, 1921, at 7 o'clock P. M.

Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 5, 1921.

SERVICE MAGAZINE:

I am in receipt of your letter of a few days past and am glad to know you still remember me a little. It seems as though I have been remembered much more than I have remembered, because I have had several letters and circulars from the 80th Division Veterans' Association in the past two years.

I would have liked to have attended the reunion, but was unable to do so, and I sure would like to see some of the old "Buddies" again. I have not given the outfit the thought that I should since I came home, but I have noticed here in Knoxville that the boys who were in the 30th Division, and that is the division that most all the boys here were in, sure do hold their division sky-high; so I have decided that I was behind the times.

I should boost my division for the good of the old 80th, so I am writing for a sample copy. "Toot Sweet" it south to Knoxville, and I believe I will be a subscriber before long. So here's from one who is all for the 80th and any one who wants to know, ask me! Hoping to get

Morning Report

the SERVICE MAGAZINE on short notice, I am,

An Ex-Eightieth Scout,
ROY E. COLUMBER.

"Y" JUST NEWS

By AMMY GREENE.

Mrs. Cartwright, "Y" girl with the 318th Infantry has married Sergeant Burton of Hdq., 318th Infantry. (These darned sergeants always did have an awful drag!)

Miss Catherine Hopkins, formerly "Y" girl with the 318th Infantry is still in France and at present is illustrating for Vogue.

Miss Elizabeth Arnold, "Y" girl with the 305th Sanitary Train and Ambulance Unit is still in uniform. She may be found at the League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia. Last winter she posed as a canteen worker for the painting of a Red Triangle hut, which the Y. M. C. A. has presented to the French Government.

Miss Elizabeth Snyder of the 305th Sanitary Train was married July 23, 1921 to Sgt. Lewis of the Regular Army. (See previous remarks about Sergeants.)

Miss Ruth McClelland, 320th Infantry, is teaching in Albany, N. Y.

Miss Josephine Hammond, 320th Infantry, is teaching English in one of the Pittsburgh High Schools.

Miss Clara Stoup, 319th Infantry and Miss Edythe Davidson, 319th Infantry are both teaching in Pittsburgh. (Snap out of it kids! we will hear the class in spelling—Let's go.)

Nothing has been heard from Miss Elizabeth Myers of the 305th Ammunition Train since the Division left France.

Miss Constance Crawford of Division Headquarters is engaged in social service in New York City.

Miss Amy Greene of Division Headquarters is doing child welfare work in Worcester, Mass.

Miss Marian Moore, 315th M. G. Bn., was married soon after her return from France to Mr. B. F. Mullen, and is living near West Chester, Pa. She is now the proud mother of twin girls.

Mr. H. A. Eastman, "Y" man with the 319th Infantry was still in Germany at last accounts, directing athletics.

Mr. Lee Worley, "Y" man with the 305th Engineers, after spending a year and a half

in "Y" work at the Fest Halle in Coblenz, returned to America last winter.

Mr. Riley Merritt, "Y" man with the 314th M. G. has returned to his business as an architect in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Allen, "Y" man with the 320th, is living in Chicago, and attended the Division Reunion in Pittsburgh last August.

PENNSYLVANIA AUXILIARY NO. 1. EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION By MISS NAN FERGUSON.

Members of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, have laid plans for a Christmas bazaar to be held in the Penn Armory, Penn avenue, near Shady avenue, December 15th to 24th; for a dance and reception in honor of General Lloyd M. Brett in the Rittenhouse Hotel, January 20th; for the 1922 picnic in West View park, July 11, and for Boyd's orchestra to give a New Year concert for the wounded soldiers in the Marine Hospital. President W. L. Fleming of the auxiliary, named following committee to carry out the plans: Mrs. W. H. Ferguson, chairman; Miss Gertrude Horne, Miss Sue Sellers and L. F. Watt.

W. L. Fleming, President of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association, is more than proud these days. His wife has presented him with another baby girl.

Miss Sus Sellers has gone into the safety razor business and says in the next war we can carry our razor in our hat band.

The Fergusons recently entertained Buddy Wells of Petersburg, Va., who was totally blinded while on the British front by a piece of shrapnel, destroying both eyes. Wells likes us so well in Pittsburgh that he is putting in a wireless set to get our evening concerts.

Mr. John Boyd (the musical moke) is now taking tickets at the Sam. Shubert Vaudeville Theatre.

Don't forget the dance and reception to General Brett and the Executive Committee, January 20th, at the Rittenhouse.

HAD HIS SUSPICIONS

L. Cox was sitting down to his breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in SERVICE MAGAZINE an announcement of his own death. He rang up his friend Jack Beitel.

"Hello, Jack" he said, "Have you seen the announcement of my death in SERVICE?" "Yes," replied Beitel, "Where are you

speaking from?"

The above named buddy is very much alive in spite of our report to the contrary, and is now the proud father of a daughter.

Edgar S. Eddy, formerly Co. F, 320th Inf., is coaching athletics at Grand River Institute, Austinburg, Ohio.

Kent Apperson, formerly Sergeant Medical Detachment, 320th Infantry, is the assistant Horticulturist, Extension Division, Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College and Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.

The address of Walter B. Phipps, formerly Pvt., Battalion Headquarters, 319th Inf., is wanted by SERVICE.

Stewart M. Kinder is now living at Atascadero, California and would be pleased to hear from any of his old buddies of Co. B, M. G. Bn., and 318th Inf. Hdq. Co., T. M. B.

Frank J. Moyer, formerly with the Medical Detachment, 319th Infantry, is still in the service and located at Station Hospital, Fort Slocum, N. Y. He has not forgotten his old Division, and would like to hear from any of his old buddies who care to write.

The Albert G. Baker Post No. 86, Veterans of Foreign Wars, 20th Ward, Pittsburgh, Pa., held their Autumn Reception and Dance in the St. James School Auditorium, South Main Street, East End, Pittsburgh, November 16th, 1921. The veterans worker hard to make it a great success and were rewarded with a large attendance and most enjoyable time. The Post is made up largely of 80th Division men, the majority being from the 320th Infantry. Approximately 60 per cent of its members are from Company A.

From Co. C, M. G. Bn.: Saturday evening, November 5th found a fair gathering of Company C members at the Central Y. M. C. A., Pittsburgh, Pa., in response to the fourth "Get Together" call. At this meeting, business of importance was transacted, including adoption of the constitution and by-laws drawn up by the committee, and also the nomination of officers. This organization will be further known as "Co. C, 315th M. G. Bn." and will consist of the following officers: Commander, Vice-Commander, Adjutant, Quartermaster, and Chaplain. The next regular business meeting will take place Tuesday evening, December 6th, at the Central Y. M. C. A., Seventh Street and Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. At this meeting, the election

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Gagme: A Romance

Or

A Flivver in Frenzied French Fiction

By Burg C. Clark



HE period in which the events here chronicled occurred is far back in the dim past of the year of 1919. A war had been concluded, and Francois, a third class private in the French Army, had once more returned to the home of his fathers in Gagme.

The history of the conflict is now somewhat obscured by the lapse of time, and there may be some who will deny that anything more exciting ever happened in France than tourist parties engaged in verbal passages with hotel-keepers. In order to avoid any controversy, an opinion was secured in advance from the editors of this magazine, who state that they are positive that a war transpired about this time. In best circles, it is well to refer to it as, "The late little unpleasantness over there."

But do not jump to the conclusion from this preamble that a war story is intended. How absurd! Who reads war stories now, and what up-to-date writer would depart from the one original theme which never tires? What is it that makes the moving picture reel; that fills our "best sellers;" that makes the world go around, and the pavement fly up and hit one in the face? What is it that has inspired all great minds, from William Shakespeare to William J. Bryan? The answer is "Love;" Kissing, cooing, cuddling, clawing, cussing, LOVE!

Having now gained the attention of the young lady in the back row, we will proceed with our detective story.

Francois returned to his old home, and also to his sweetheart, Marie Keesmekweek. She was, as the French express it, "Tres Chic," and "Petite." Standing five feet eleven and one-half inches in her stocking feet, she teetered the scales at 195 pounds.

Marie was glad to see him, but sorry that for the next two weeks her dates were all filled with theatre engagements, dances, and dinners. She was extremely proud of appearing with him when he wore his uniform, and Francois blessed the foresight which had led him to spend ten francs for two Croix de Guerres.

Finding her much improved in repartee, etc., since his departure four years before, he expressed his willingness to accept her in marriage.

"You must ask Papa," she demurely replied in the fashion of French damosels, "I've got to see my dress-maker."

Now Papa Keesmekweek was the village

Croesus. Through no fault of his own, he had become immensely rich during the war, as wealth goes in a French village, and as he was fond of putting it, "What I don't own, ain't worth owning."

Francois therefore, failed to plunge into the interview with his usual dash and

"Extravagant, but she's worth it," murmured Francois.

"And, in addition, she always wears the most expensive shoes—genuine hemlock!"

"The best is none too good," whispered Francois.

"Only this week, I installed a new concrete slab down by the creek, where she can wash in comfort the whole year around."

"Modern girls require some conveniences," admitted Francois.

"Besides," continued Papa K. "Her husband will receive half my worldly goods as her dowry, but must in turn, have in his own right, an equal amount."

This was a stunner! If he lived to be twice Papa's age, and followed the precepts of the thrifty French, keeping his wealth always close, and never trusting in banks, he could hardly approximate one-half of Papa's pile.

"What have you to offer?" thundered Papa K.

"I bid five-hundred," then recollecting himself, he hastily added, "I have a house."

"Rubbish!" answered Papa.

"And a passel of Chickens."

"Passel?"

"Two ducks."

"Twaddle!"

"I might get a bonus."

"Never!"

"A goat."

"Bah!"

"A cellar full of Cognac,"

"Umm!"

"One cow."

"Ah, that's more like it. Cows have calves."

"A horse."

"Better and better! But I have more in my front yard than your entire possessions. What's one horse? What's five horses! Is that all?"

"What more do you want, you old Jack-ass!" exclaimed Francois, at last losing his temper.

The answer was swift and unexpected. Papa coiled himself, and executed what is known as the "lash," which consisted of planting two number 10's simultaneously in the region covered by two patches on Francois' trousers.

Francois picked himself up on the other side of the wall. He felt vaguely hurt. After extracting two slivers, he returned homeward somewhat depressed. On his way, he heard the fairy footsteps of Marie,

(Continued on Next Page)

SLACKER JABBERWOCKY

By B. C. CLARK

'Twas Fini and the Slacker's fears
Were calmed and all forgot,
War lists were a thing for sneers
And records but pure rot.

"Beware the Bonus gump my son,
The guys that squawk, the boobs
that squeal,
Beware the wounded Wop and shun
The S. O. L. Vet's deal."

He took his silken hat in hand,
Long time his Congressman he
sought,
Then paused he by a Lobby tree, --
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in grabby thought he stood,
The Bonusgump with feet quite
lame,
Came hobbling through the Slicker
wood,
And parleyed as he came.

One, two! One, two! and through
and through
The Slacker trembled with a sob.
He dropped his roll with shrinking
soul,
And cried, "Oh, Kammerad!"

"Allay! Allay! you crawling Cootie,
My job is done, but Profiteers
Now thrive and preach of Patriot's
duty,
Or wave the flag and shout
"Three Cheers."

'Twas Fini and the Slacker's fears
Were calmed and all forgot,
War lists were a thing for sneers,
And records but pure rot.

swerve. In fact, he swerved more than he dashed.

"Papa," he began, "Mademoiselle Marie has decided that we want to uh-uh-uh- get married."

"I like your nerve!" answered Papa, "You can never support her in the style to which she has been accustomed. Why every year I buy her a new calico gown. Think of that!"

Book Reviews

"With The Red Hand of France," by Monroe Mason and Arthur Furr. Published by The Cornhill Company, Boston, Mass. Cloth, 180 pages, Illustrated, price \$2.00. A well written description of the trials and tribulations of the colored combat members of the A. E. F. How they fought for democracy, gave their all of life and loyalty the same as the white troops; yet felt the sting of racial ostracization. As the 80th was in some of the same territory occupied by the negro troops a number of times and knows something about the color question the book should prove doubly interesting.

"Rhymes in Khaki," by F. B. Camp. Published by the Cornhill Co., Boston, Mass. 65 pages, \$1.50. Good verse; worth reading and particularly interesting to lovers of the "Great Outdoors." Shows how even a war in Europe cannot wean a soldier of the Northland away from his dreams of pine forests and snow fields.

"Songs of a Red Cross Nurse," by Brookes More. Illustrated by J. J. Moynahan. Published by the Cornhill Co., Boston, Mass. 102 pages, price \$1.25. Written in this fine poet's usual bewitching style. One knows a girl better after reading the adventures of "Sweet Maggie McGee" and the Irish better from "Phelim O'Toole."

"History of the Yankee Division," by Harry Benwell. Published by the Cornhill Co., Boston, Mass. Cloth, 272 pages, with section for individual service record. Rostor of the original officers of the Division. Well illustrated. A complete and authentic history of this great division, from here and there and back again. Much of the material, records, orders, etc., were secured from General Pershing and others. Price, \$3.00.

"THREE SOLDIERS," by John Dos Passos. Published by George H. Doran and Company.

What is the truth concerning this book? It is midway between the cordial damnation of the *New York Times* and the enthusiastic praise of the *New Republic*. Truth is generally a mean between two extremes, and such happens to be the case with this book. Dr. Dos Passos is not such a confirmed liar as Coningsby Dawson asserts, nor such a well of truth as Francis Hackett insists. His book is a melange of truth and untruth; it represents his view of the A. E. F., vividly and compellingly. But one man's view of an institution, as varied, as comprehensive, as contradictory as the A. E. F. cannot be 100 per cent correct. And that is where Dos Passos fails; he may have been clearly a part of the life of the Expeditionary Forces, but he did not see all of it. There were cowardly privates, martinet officers,

harsh top sergeants, and bootlick corporals; but did the A. E. F. contain nothing but these? The author has drawn one side of the picture, the most miserable one at that; but it is only one, a fact which should not be forgotten.

Perhaps Mr. Dos Passos did not intend to paint a comprehensive picture of the A. E. F. If his novel is intended to be only a recital of what happened to "Three Soldiers," there is very little ground for condemning it. We all have met Fuselli, Christfield and Andrews; we have listened to their belly-aching, often joined in it. We have all seen incidents of favoritism, of injustice, of unfairness. The incompetent, swell-headed, damp-hool lieutenant is not unknown to us. We have seen the sober, college-bred sergeant saluting an ignorant, drunken captain. We cursed these things in the army; we cuss them yet; and Dos Passos had certainly depicted them with power and passion. He is to be thanked for writing what many of us thought, and for letting the public know that the democracy for which we fought was lamentably absent from the army, maybe necessarily so.

But if Mr. Dos Passos intends that his novel is a clear-cut, comprehensive picture of the A. E. F., he should be put in jail for false pretense. If he insists that his three soldiers are typical, he is libelling our comrades who sleep in sacred soil. We were not all Sir Galahads; we were not all crusading knights in a holy cause; we were not so contented and happy as the recruiting posters would indicate; but we were, on the average, of a much higher type (from the standpoint of morals and patriotism) than the murderous Christfield, the boot-licking Fuselli, and the dreamy, musical Andrews. The average A. E. F. man wouldn't murder his commanding officer as Christfield did, or invite the first sergeant to participate in his amours as Fuselli did, or desert, after an unexpected attack of virtue, the French girl who had given him her all, as Andrews did. No! The average A. E. F. man had better sense and a higher standard of honor. And Dos Passos omits some of the likeable, honest-to-goodness chaps we all had the pleasure of meeting. He omits the officer whose first concern was to see his men housed and fed properly. (Any 80th man can supply the names.) He omits the captain who carried a pack when the private could carry it no longer. He omits the lieutenant who shared his overcoat with a sick corporal. He omits the first sergeant who was strict and demanded discipline, but who was fair and just in all his actions. He omits the corporal who risked his life to save a wounded officer. He omits the privates—God bless 'em; what would the army be without them?—who played the game till the end, who

cussed the army but did their duty, nevertheless, with as light a heart as they could command, and who sang their troubles away on the long, long hike. He omits the thousands of examples of bravery under fire, of endurance and fortitude, of self-sacrifice, now on record with the War Department. Because of this, his book is not an accurate or a just picture of the A. E. F. And if our army had been composed exclusively of Fusellis, Christfields, and men like Andrews, a German general would be military governor of Paris.

Mr. Dos Passos has drawn an arc of the circle, and an interesting one, too. But he has not drawn the whole circle. We may praise him for his skill in drawing his segment, but we must condemn him unmercifully if he claims that his segment is the entire circle. Wholesale condemnation and commendation of this book are both erroneous. The truth is intermediate.

BERNHARD RAGNER.

Gagme: A Romance

(Continued from Preceding Page)

tripping lightly o'er the cobbles three blocks away.

At his gate, a stranger met him. A man with a military bearing, and a distinct "horsey" flavor.

"I am Captain Plug, of the American Remount Section," he announced, "and I would like to pasture a couple of horses in your field for the night. I am establishing a fine business in salvaged nags, and must get them through to the Paris markets in good condition."

"Help yourself," replied Francois, "but don't bother me any more. Can't you see I'm in love?"

He entered the house, and with spirits at lowest ebb, spent the greater part of the night in the cellar.

As the dawn broke, he staggered out, and an expression of amazement spread over his countenance.

Covering his field like a swarm of hungry locusts, were at least one thousand horses!

"That's powerful stuff," he muttered, and closed his eyes. Opening them again, he found the scene as before.

Spying Captain Plug, who was just about to break open a case of horse liniment, he approached rather unsteadily, and spoke.

"Captain, I thought you said a 'couple of horses' last night?"

"Don't know what you're talking about. You're either drunk or in love!" gruffly replied the Captain.

Misfortune never knocks a man down but what she jumps on him with both feet, and Francois felt that she was practicing the Highland Fling.

He was ruined!

(To be Continued Next Month)

Morning Report

(Continued from Page 23)

of officers for the ensuing year will take place. "Fall-in" C Company, and help elect faithful buddies to head this organization the coming year and meet your old buddies and comrades. They certainly will be glad to see you.

We wish to announce that Fred A. Sotz, the notorious Company C bugler, has taken the fatal plunge into the sea of matrimony. The ceremony took place Monday evening, October 24th. We hope that in a few years, Freddy and his Better-Half will convey a little musician around in their arms. This announcement, will, in all probability, prove a great surprise to all of Freddie's army comrades.

In conclusion we extend best wishes for a Merry and Joyous Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. Keep your "blinkers" on SERVICE for further C Company news.

Word has just been received of the marriage of Captain M. H. Landing, formerly of A Co., 317th Infantry, to Miss Marie Davidson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Davidson of Bishopville, Md. The best wishes of A Company go forth to its very well-thought of Captain and his bride.

J. M. Custer, Eastville, Beaver Falls, Pa., is now following the profession of drafting on account of injury to his hearing, received in the service, which prevents him from engaging in his former occupation of telegrapher. He advises that he would like to hear from any of the boys who know him, especially from a buddy by the name of Connors who helped him from Post No. 4 to the First Aid station the night of October 10, 1918; and particularly from Top Kicker Mess, formerly of Company C, 315th M. G. Bn. in order to return a few francs he borrowed at St. Nazaire. (Can you beat that! Act quick, old Top, before his wife finds out that he has money.)

North Main St., Sharon, Mass.
December 2, 1921.

Dear Comrades:

Have just received your letter in regards to SERVICE MAGAZINE. I take notice you furnish sample copies. If you will kindly send me one if you have any to spare, I will be very thankful and later I may subscribe after I get acquainted with it.

I have received many letters from the 80th Division Association and am always pleased to get them, as I often think of all the boys, and look back to the days which always seemed so dull and black for us while we were "over there," trying to do our best to be good, decent clean-living soldiers, even though we were living in mud and had to pack inspection for Major Wise on Saturday mornings. I am also

very glad that I have not been forgotten by my comrades of the 80th Division Association, even though I am a long distance away. As we all know, there was only one *real* division in France, and that of course the "Galloping 80th," and whenever I am asked what outfit I was with, I simply show them my Blue-Ridge pin which I bought before leaving Virginia—a pin which I am very proud of.

In conclusion I want to wish every member and officer of the 80th Division Veterans' Association a very Merry Christmas and prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,

KENNETH L. CROCKER.
(Formerly Buck-Private.)

Providence, R. I., Dec. 1, 1921.

EDITOR, SERVICE MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir:

I am writing, sincerely hoping to get in touch through your association with Mr. J. W. Brown, formerly of Co. B, 318th Infantry, 80th Division. He was a Sergeant while in the A. E. F. We were buddies while in the Convalescent Camp at Beaume, France. He was in charge of the tent that I was in. I surely would be glad to get his address so I could write

to him and renew an old friendship which we made while "over there" together. I am an ex-mudhound out of the 78th Division. Our divisions were close to each other while in the lines. I am an ex-infantryman from the 310th Infantry myself, so I would be very thankful to get in touch with Mr. Brown for old times sake. Sincerely hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

A Buddy,

MARK J. LOUNNEY,
145 Transit St., Providence, R. I.
Providence, R. I.

If any of our readers can furnish us with the address of Sgt. Brown, it will be greatly appreciated both by SERVICE and our Buddy Louney.

CORRECTIONS FOR YEAR BOOK

Add to Co. "B," 315th M. G. Bn. Pvt. James J. Stuart, 446 Wyola St., Pgh., Pa.

Add to Co. K, 317th Infantry, Corporal Ralph M. Kline, 1107 Howard Street, N. S., Pittsburgh, Penna.

Add to 305th Eng. Train, Buler 1st class, J. Wesley Ogden, Sicily Island, La.

A Little Visit to the Veterans' Bureau

(Continued from Page 9)

son on the down trip until he reached the first floor. Our guide replied, "Don't you see who I have here?" pointing to the blind man. The operator answered that he didn't care who he had, and that he knew his orders; all of which caused us to draw our own conclusions about the difference in importance between a blinded veteran who fought for his country and suffered eternal darkness, and a load of healthy, able-bodied clerks in a hurry to get to their lunch.

We finally landed back where we first started from—the desk of the man who had gone to Baltimore for the week-end.

This time the clerks seemed to be able to find the papers on short notice. Our guide discovered that five copies of each letter are always written; one to go to the claimant, one to the man who had been training him, one to the Treasury Department, one to one file and one to another. In this case, three copies of the letter were found with the man's paper's, presumably including the one which should have been sent to the Treasury Department. This was their method of handling a blind man—their excuse for the delay in paying his claim over a period of several months, and this was the general impression the writer

got from his one-half day layover in Washington to assist a blind buddy to find the Government employees who are being paid for service, civility and sympathy, but who seem to take it all as a joke or good thing. We presume for them it is a good thing.

On leaving, a Cabby told us that a man spent several days being passed around the building from one office to another and finally got down to the entrance and dropped dead in the hall of the building. We don't blame him for dropping dead, but he might have picked better company.

THE LITTLE THEATRE

One day a lady noticed a little boy seated on a doorstep. Going up to him she said: "Well, my little chap, how is it you are sitting outside on the doorstep, when I see through the window all the other young folks inside playing games and having a good time? Why aren't you inside joining in the fun?"

"Oh, I'm in this game all right," replied the boy. They're playing at being married, and I'm the baby."

"But what are you doing out here?"

"Waiting to go in. You see, I ain't born yet."

And We Derided Him

(Continued from Page 13)

vided fleeting opportunities to witness the death-defying movements of our lone litter bearer. The impulse of the initial advance had carried us far beyond our first-aid station; somewhere to the rear its over-worked staff must be seeking to reach us. All through the murky morning the dogged form for whose safety we uttered a silent prayer steadily persisted, unaided and unencouraged. For this day the able and living were engrossed only with the business of relentlessly pushing toward the heights which beckoned, and yet defied, with a rumbling, heart-breaking snarl. Out of our ridiculous "bivvies" we had emerged to confront the venom of an enemy now thoroughly aroused. The fallen, alas! must wait, wait, until the greater task in hand had been accomplished. Not always during those hours could be observed "the Wop," intent upon his humanitarian errand. As the swell and back-wash of the conflict carried us back and forth, ever set in the direction of the goal that we knew must be ours, an occasional lift of the sullen veil would reveal a bent figure moving hither and thither among the wounded, never far, in our rear. Our position lay continuously exposed to a perfect hurricane of shrapnel and machine-gun fire, and we could but marvel how he managed to survive. An infrequent interval of comparative calm afforded us with both respite and breathing spell, but these rare moments showed "the Wop" ever moving. In the face of seemingly inevitable death an impression of positive uncanniness began to accompany every glimpse of the hurrying form.

We knew that there could be but one termination and, finally it came as a hissing sliver of shell tore the bloody remnants of the litter from his hands. He went down under the force of the blow, and those of us who had seen agreed it was the end. But no! Out of the smoke and wreckage was perceived a human shape, alive and stumbling uncertainly to its feet. Before our eyes the impossible had come to pass. Surely, he must be injured. Apparently only a bit dazed from the experience, he paused irresolutely, but his indecision was momentary. The strain under which he had been laboring was terrific, and sufficient to exhaust the sturdiest. The man must have been endowed with a stamina and endurance approaching the super-human. Instead of ceasing, after that enforced respite he merely bent to his task with, were it possible, renewed determination. The shell-swept slope was literally strewn with maimed and broken men—the most pitiful of sights that can confront the human gaze. The hellish panorama that revealed itself appeared to react as a stimulant upon the weary Italian rescuer. Twice, from our temporary post along a shallow

ravine, had he been seen to pick up and raise to his shoulders the crumbled bodies of once, proud Americans, stumbling back with them to the only refuge offering, a demolished stone wall. The relentless tongues of hissing death, ever reaching out to destroy, held for him immunity.

But for the impenetrable screen of smoke concealing the heavens, the sun would have indicated mid-day when finally the battalion objective was attained. In the period since the dawn a full thousand men had lived and endured through the allotted span of a life-time. Youth during the brief hours of the morning had passed into a premature maturity. Already our relief was arriving and entering the line. Here and there advance detachments were filtering through to take up and organize the position so dearly won. With the crest in our possession the enemy was stubbornly withdrawing to his next line of resistance, or perhaps preparing for the counter-attack. The daylight relief, however, was already an accomplished fact.

Scarcely half of our original strength, which had so confidently and expectantly awaited the "zero hour," remained to turn their faces toward the backward march. In the aftermath it was discerned our now precious comrade, "the Wop," well-nigh

helpless from his exertions but still striving to stagger along with his inevitable burden. As we came up with him someone relieved his encumbered figure. Straightening stiffly, he awkwardly wiped the back of a bloody palm across features barely recognizable. It was a time for neither compliments or praise. But what mattered! He was no longer "the Wop"—the nobody. A halo enveloped him in our sight as he came plodding back with the skeleton of a once proud organization.

The spell was rudely broken. No officer survived to pay him homage, but a matter-of-fact sergeant elbowed an opening to his side. Grasping a begrimed hand with one equally soiled, he bluntly observed:

"Salvatore, you're a damn fool!"

But Salvatore merely smiled wanly as he replied:

"Bigga fight out dere," indicating the rear with a gesture of the head. "Lotta dead fellars. Looka like somebody gonna beat."

That was all. As the hand was silently released we perceived what had been overlooked in the fullness of the moment. The index finger was missing—cleanly shot away. And we silently pondered over the vagaries of war.

Observations---By Perry Scope

(Continued from Page 18)

times this number of officers that would have been if the vote had been put up to the enlisted man.

A subscriber wrote in to say that our spelling in Service Magazine was something awful, and opined that we couldn't do worse if we tried. All right, how's this? The Ypust is on her vacatoin, ffl

The Ypust is on her vacatoin,

Wgile thse danm keys pslly hude and seej.

Cjoras:

Oy, breng bosk, bting bzck,

Brng bejc my b'Onnie ti my, tp mr;

B(ng b\$xj, b-6ng bicx,

Bjing bozk m% belnio—o mx, oh helk?

The better a man can write, the better can he read. The better he can both read and write, the more money his employer will have to pay him for digging post holes or mining coal. There's a moral to this.

The body of a former Blue Ridger was found on the river bank at Pgh., recently. The authorities found through papers in the pockets of the dead man that he was a member of the 80th, in less than one hour word was being sent to the dead Buddy's relatives.

We asked a son of Italy who buddied with us "Over There," why he paid his dues in the Veteran's Association, with the idea of learning if we were accomplishing anything in the shape of serving him. He replied, "Oh! just because I lika to see the old 80th no die. Soma time my buddy he wanta writa to me he canna find out. I no paya da dues some othera person no paya da dues pretty soon we no hava da association and he no canna get." I'll take him for my man everytime in preference to the chap who is too busy to bother remembering the "Great adventure."

Although Eddie Rickenbacher, "Ace of Aces," denies that he is the real "Ace of Aces" of the A. E. F. and passes the title on to the cootie infested, mud wallowing, hungry and dirty doughboy down there in the trenches who has been picked for cannon fodder with no chance for a D. S. C. even for sacrificing his life. We have an idea that Eddie is the real "ace" after all for having told the truth.

That some officers know a good thing when they see it is indicated by their attempts to get reserve commissions in the 80th Reserve Division. Buck private, Alwuz Inbad, will no doubt say, "Gosh! are they after me again?"

Down W. Va. Way With the Old "315th"

By C. F. BUSHMAN

Reg. Sgt. Major

Down in Southern West Virginia the elaborate artists of nature are decorating the mountains and the valleys with beautiful tints of red, yellow, and gold. Autumn days, in all their glory, are here. "The frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is on the shock."

The whip-poor-will on some lonely knob has ceased his mysterious calling. The squirrels are busy gathering their supplies, preparing for the coming of King Winter, whose reign begins soon. The yelping of dogs some night on a distant ridge is plainly indicative that Mr. Coon or Mr. Opossum is being hard pressed by his adversary. The harvest has been gathered. The weather ideal is dry overhead and on foot. The days are delightful and are reminiscent of such days spent along the French Riviera bringing memories of Nice, Monte Carlo, Menton, and Northern Italy. The nights are cool and one finds wonderful repose under thick woolen blankets. Nights of a million twinkling stars! Everywhere there is peace and quietness. What a contrast it is to the autumn of three years ago when the boys of the three hundred and fifteenth Field Artillery were participating in the greatest battle of all time. Existing in such places that a Dante could not de-

scribe. Shelled and gassed, wet and muddy, lousy and hungry, we shudder when we think of such sinister places like Montfaucon, Cunel, Septsarges, Romange and many other villages and towns in the devastated Argonne.

Days that were wet overhead and on foot. An ocean of mud everywhere. Roads crowded and blocked by all kinds of transportation and rumbling artillery. Sinister cross roads in the distance which we hurried over none too soon. Nights of stygian darkness, light by the flares of belching guns and bursting shells. Roars of thunderous artillery. Flares of brilliant colored rockets in the blackness of night sending out their messages. Such were the days in the Autumn of two years ago. Days and nights of death and misery.

Winding down the mountains we come to Welch down in McDowell County, where we find former Color Sergeant Christodoulou, Sergeants Kyle, Barley, Brewster, Murphy and Honaker and they greet us with a hearty handshake that is indescribable in its sincerity. Comrades of battlefields, billets and camps. Memories of Redon, Bordeaux, Ravieres, and Brest. Days of Camp Lee and Camp Stuart flash through one's memory, and it all makes the

pulse beat quicker and the heart feel better to meet and be with your old comrades once more. Friendships formed in such strenuous times are like those of the old knighthood days cemented by blood. Stories of camp and billet once more are told and many a hearty laugh it to be had. Then the conversation drifts to the boys who are no longer with us and sadness steals over us but we are comforted to know that the spirit still lives and that they are with us. Somehow reunions remind one of Dvorak's Humoresque. A laugh with a tear behind it. The train is whistling for the station and we must part to go our way again and as the train pulls out, a last farewell is waved and we settled down for the journey. And somehow we feel so much better for having been with our old associates and comrades-in-arms.

Letters From an Old File

(Continued from Page 15)

ways left which the Mess Sgt. lets me half. Well, Jake, I hope you like the new Kamp what you are going to and as soon as you get this letter I hope you will rite and tell me all about the trip to it. Good by and good luck too you Jake old boy. Good by.
HENRY.

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A Letter From France

(Continued from Page 12)
been only a few months, than of some officers of my old French regiment, with whom I served over three years.

Capt. Sands has subscribed for me to your Service Magazine, and I used to read it from the first to the last line, loving to be always in connection with you. Every month I receive two or three letters from New York, so that I know what became of many of you. If you can read and understand my bad English, I will be glad to send you sometimes a few lines, talking with you of my beloved France, which is your earned mother country.

I am sure that you are making a wonderful reception to Marshal Foch and will acclaim with all your heart: "Vive la France!" Let me acclaim with all my heart to: "Vive l' Amerique! Vive Armie! Vive la 80th Division" and permit me all; officers, non-commission officers and soldiers to remain.

Yours in comradeship,
Lieutenant Henry Peghaire,
(Formerly Liaison Officer, 319th Infantry.)

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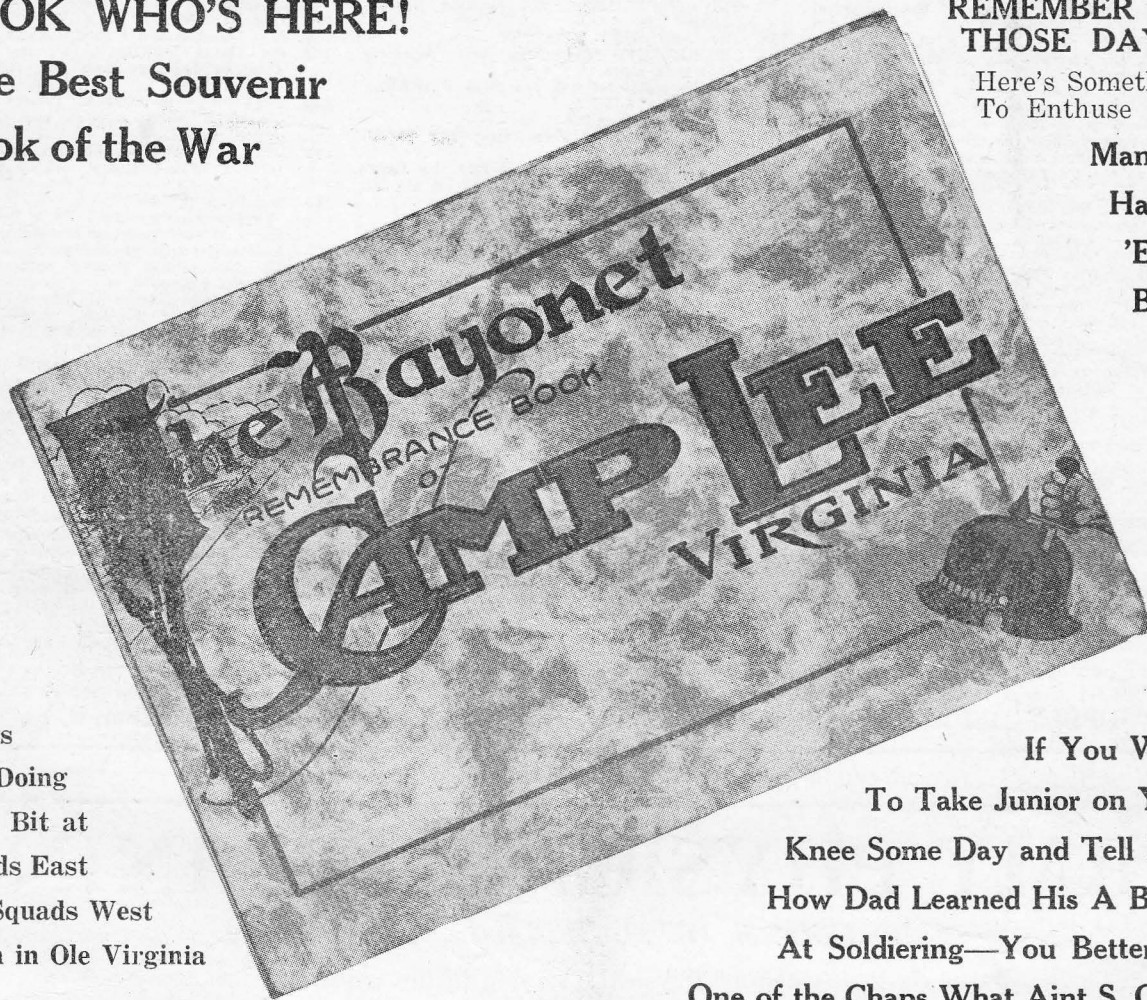
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