

OCT

1921

Service

'THE BLUE RIDGE COMMUNIQUE'



WRITE YOUR BUDDY!

Three short years ago you had just been relieved from duty in the front lines which had been continuous from Sept. 25th, to Oct. 11-12. You remember you moved back for a four-day rest, that is some of us did. The artillery remained in continuous action. You had a short breathing spell—You wrote your first letter home for many long weary days. Some buddies wrote their last letters at this time. Let us honor the occasion by a "Write Your Buddy Week." Sometime during the week of October 16 to 22—Pause in your forgetfulness and write a letter to that Buddy who shared with you in the Great Service.

October Sixteenth to October Twenty-second.

WRITE YOUR BUDDY!

Jack Berger—

Pictures of the Eightieth

THIS is a list of pictures taken at Camp Lee before the Division sailed for France. They are eight inches wide and average thirty-six inches in length and are suitable for framing. The price of each is \$2.00. Order by serial number.

317th Infantry

SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION
117	Colonel George H. Jamerson.
130	Colonel Charles Keller.
4038	Entire Regiment.
4180	Commissioned Officers.
4133	Officers 3rd Battalion.
4037	Headquarters Company.
4053	Machine Gun Company.
4054	Supply Company.
4056	Band.
4044	Medical Detachment.
4260	Company A.
4050	Company C.
4047	Company D.
4240	Company E.
4048	Company F.
4244	Company G.
4052	Company H.
4049	Company I.
4101	Company K.
4055	Company L.
4051	Company M.

318th Infantry

118	Colonel Briant H. Wells.
119	Colonel U. G. Worrilow.
4032	Entire Regiment.
4015	Officers.
4085	Headquarters Company.
4027	Machine Gun Company.
4044	Supply Company.
4127	Supply Co. with Train.
4155	Band.
4012	Company A.
4011	Company B.
4239	Company C.
4225	Company D.
4023	Company E.
4030	Company F.
4017	Company G.
4018	Company H, 1st Plat.
4020	Company H, 2nd Plat.
4021	Company H, 3rd Plat.
4014	Company I.
4010	Company K.
4026	Company M.

319th Infantry

111	Colonel Frank S. Cocheu.
3835	Entire Regiment.
3833	Medical Detachment.
3846	Headquarters Company.
3806	Machine Gun Company.
3860	Supply Company.
3841	Band.
4004	Company A.
3844	Company B.
3847	Company C.
3834	Company D.
4005	Company E.
4106	Company F.
3843	Company G.
3849	Company H.
3842	Company I.
3852	Company K.
4105	Company L.

320th Infantry

SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION
112	Colonel Ora E. Hunt.
114	Colonel E. G. Peyton.
115	Lt. Col. William H. Gordon.
113	Major German H. H. Emory.
3850	Entire Regiment.
4135	Commissioned Officers.
3882	Headquarters Company.
3861	Machine Gun Company.
3898	Supply Company.
v833	Medical Detachment.
4201	Band.
3878	Company A.
4002	Company B.
3894	Company C.
3880	Company D.
3856	Company E.
3892	Company F.
3830	Company G.
3858	Company H.
3886	Company I.
3875	Company K.
4000	Company L.
3884	Company M.

313th Field Artillery

122	Colonel Charles D. Herron.
121	Colonel George P. Hawes.
3867	Entire Regiment.
3871	Commissioned Officers.
3873	Band.
3809	Battery A.
3811	Battery B.
3809	Battery C.
3890	Battery D.
3865	Battery E.
3808	Battery F.

314th Field Artillery

123	Colonel Robert S. Welsh.
3805	Entire Regiment.
3815	Commissioned Officers.
3821	Headquarters Company.
3813	Supply Company.
3822	Band.
3827	Medical Detachment.
3818	Battery B.
3816	Battery C.
3814	Battery D.
3817	Battery E.
3812	Battery F.

315th Field Artillery

124	Colonel Russell P. Reeder.
4169	Entire Regiment.
4059	Commissioned Officers.
4197	Supply Company.
4256	Band.
4215	Medical Detachment.
4193	Battery A.
4167	Battery C.
4137	Battery D.
4195	Battery E.
4185	Battery F.

305th Engineers

SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION
4162	Entire Regiment.

313th Machine Gun Battalion

4178	Entire Battalion.
4173	Battalion Headquarters.
4176	Company A.
4174	Company B.
4175	Company C.

314th Machine Gun Battalion

4158	Entire Battalion.
4170	Commissioned Officers.

315th Machine Gun Battalion

4156	Entire Battalion.
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Headquarters Troop

4153	Entire Troop.
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Field Signal Battalion

4141	Entire Battalion.
4143	Company A.
4147	Company B.
4145	Company C.

305th Ammunition Train

4130	Entire Train.
4132	Commissioned Officers.
4089	Company B.

Sanitary Train

4040	Amb. Cos. 317 318, 319.
4038A	Ambulance Co. 317.
4036	Ambulance Co. 318.
4242	Ambulance Co. 319.
4262	Ambulance Co. 320.

305th Trench Mortar Battery

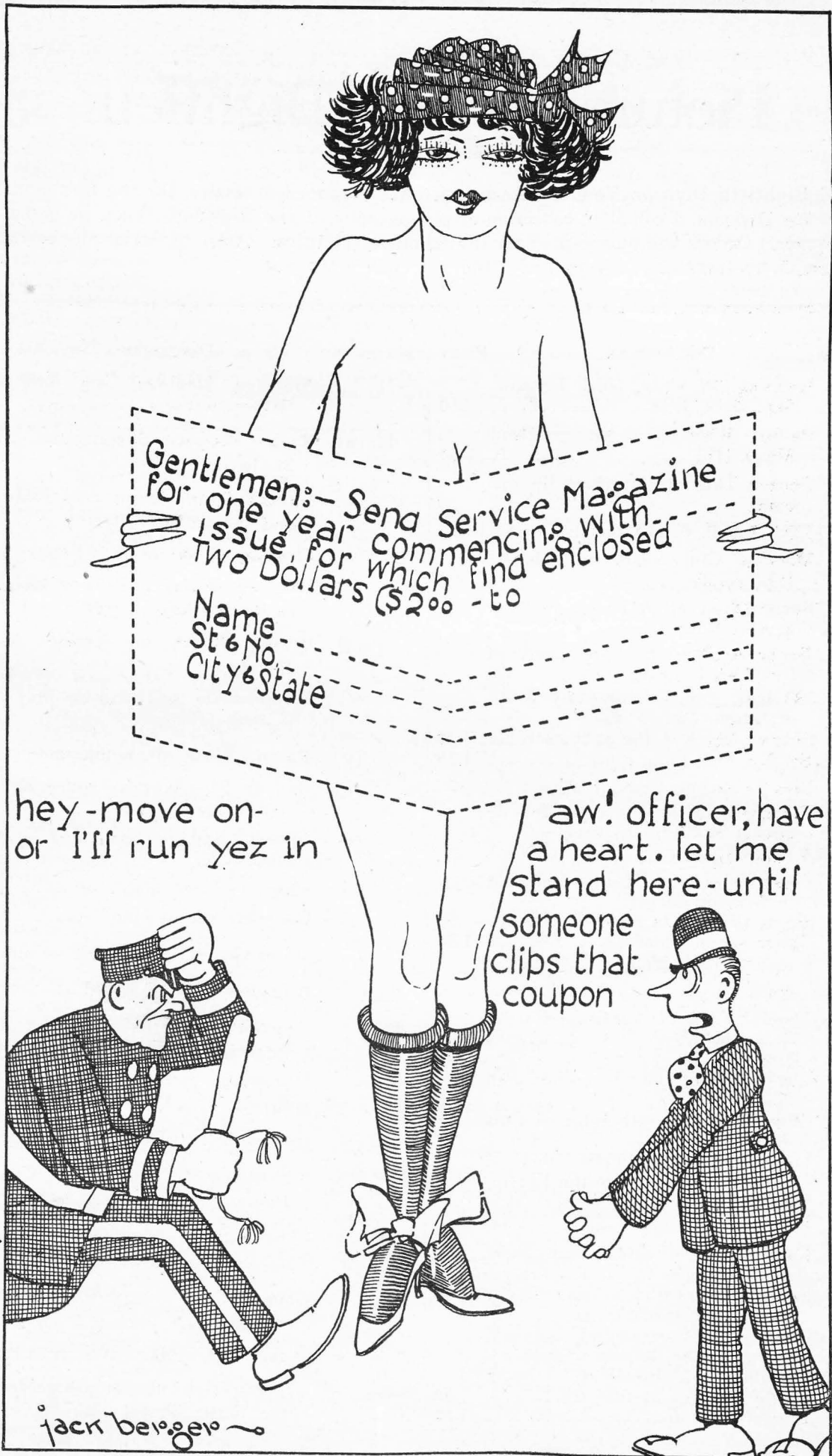
4160	Entire Battery.
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305th Trains

4187	Co. A Mil. Police.
4257	Co. B Mil. Police, (Dismt.).
4219	Co. B Mil. Police, Mounted.
4241	Co. C Supply Train.
4213	Ord. Rep. Unit 305.

Base Hospital Camp Lee


4123	Commissioned Officers.
4125	Non-commissioned Officers.
4122	Nurses.



Pictures of the Eightieth

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

SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
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2	Barbed Wire in Front of Dead Mans Hill50	12 (a)	Ravine Between Sommerance and St. Juvin.	
3	German Dugouts North of Bethincourt50	(b)	General View Ravine Aux Pierres and Woods to North.	
4	320th Inf. P. C. at Gercourt.....	.50	(c)	Close-up of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
5 (a)	Machine Gun Nests in Bois de		(d)	Close-up of Out Post "Fox Holes" in Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(b)	Dannevoux		(e)	Woods North of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(c)	Boche Observation Tower on Danneveux Ridge.		(f)	Sommerance and the Country to the North.	
(d)	Boche Artillery Position Captured by 319th Infantry.		(g)	Ravine North of Sommerance.	
(e)	380 mm. gun Captured by 319th at Danneveux.		(h)	Rau de St. Georges—Alliepont in the Distance.	
	Single picture in the above set....	.50	(i)	Buzancy and the Battlefield North and South.	
	Set No. Five (a to e).....	1.75		Single pictures in this set.....	.50
6 (a)	Bois de Sachet, General View.			Complete set of nine.....	3.00
(b)	Battery of 150's captured in Bois de Sachet by 320th Infantry.		101	Major General Adelbert Cronkhite.	1.00
(c)	A Close Up of One of the 150's.		110	Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett.	1.00
(d)	Close Up of Hun Observation Post in Bois de Sachet.		117	Brigadier General George H. Jamerson	1.00
	Single pictures in this set.....	.50		Following are Panoramic Views of Brest:	
	Entire set of four.....	1.50	7175	General View of Camp Pontanezan	2.00
7	Ruins and Desolation of Bethincourt50	7193	Napoleon's Headquarters at Camp Pontanezan	2.00
8 (a)	General View of Nantillois Battlefield, including Bois des Ogons and Hill 274.		7229	"The Mill" at Pontanezan, largest delousing plant in the world....	2.00
(b)	Close View of "Fox Holes" on Hill 274.		7250	General View of Harbor of Brest..	2.00
(c)	Close View of South Edge of Bois des Ogons.			Following were taken at Camp Lee:	
(d)	Open Ground Between Bois de Ogons and Woods to the North.		3823	West Virginia Day in Camp Lee..	2.00
	Single pictures in this set.....	.50	4217	General View of Camp Lee from the Water Tower	2.00
	Entire set of four.....	1.50			
10 (a)	Nantillois-Cunel Road near Farm de Madelaine.				
(b)	South of Cunel near the Boche trench "de Mamelle"				
(c)	Cunel and Surrounding Country, including the Bois de Rappes.				
(d)	Briuelles-Cunel Road east of Cunel.				
	Single pictures of this set.....	.50			
	Entire set of four.....	1.50			



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SERVICE THE TWENTY-FOURTH, the proud wearer of four service stripes here in the "Home Sector"—has a few new features for the old faithful followers of Blue-Ridge Esprit De Corps, and a Cordial Invitation to Every Buddy to line up for the next twelve kilos into the greatest days of our lives—the days when we served in that Great Service Over There—A pull at the old straps, an inspection of the old canteen and "Aw Right, Let's Go."
 One-Two-Three-Four—One-Two-Three-Four!

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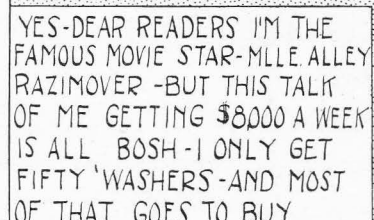
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WRITE YOUR BUDDY

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(Published Under Direction of the Executive Council)



"Soldiering Aboard the Leviathan"

How It Felt to Leave the Homeland for That "Somewhere In France"
—How Many Poor "Bucks" Longed for a Last Look at the Good Old
U. S. A. as They Mused on Their Bunks Way Below the Water Line

By Russell L. Stultz

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



FULL day had elapsed since the hour of embarking. During the interval the anchored "Leviathan" had lain alongside her pier, receiving ammunition, supplies and additional troops. As the earlier arrivals lounged over the rails of the upper decks and gazed at the animated proceedings far below, the uncanny resemblance to a great motion picture drama persisted. Still they came, that hurrying line of burdened olive-drab emerging from the long, low pier to vanish in the vitals of the giant transport. Like Moloch, its appetite seemed to be insatiable. Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, however, all were apparently satisfied that capacity had been attained, for the onward movement of both men and materials abruptly ceased.

Not a minute was lost in getting under way. Heralded by a great blast of whistles, the big boat slowly backed out into the middle of the river, under the guidance of three sturdy tugs, and started on its 3,500 miles across the Atlantic.

That was all. Somehow, this deliberately executed mode of departure was wrong, all wrong. Not one detail conformed to preconceived ideas. Contrary to the fabled routine upon such occasions, nowhere to be seen was the cheering, weeping populace—unheard was the crash of drum and blare of trumpet. Neither were the decks lined with sad-eyed, waving manhood, straining eyes to obtain a last, fateful glimpse of Miss Liberty and the symbolic torch held aloft to either welcome or speed the traveler. Not so; popular fallacies pertaining to embarkation formalities would have sustained a hard jolt, had the public been privileged to observe the unsentimental affair substituted, for "war as it is writ" and "war as it is fit" are two wholly inconsistent conflicts.

Embarkation officials, presumably reasoning that Hun-agents would perceive from afar the illuminating spectacle of some ten or twelve thousand Americans bidding adieu to the Motherland, had calmly provided otherwise. Within the hour of departure all troops were ordered below decks, there to remain chagrined and disappointed until the Statue of Liberty had become but a faint blur in the distance as sighted from off Staten Island.

Not all, however, had been reached by

the asinine decree. A little group, unexpectedly finding themselves overlooked or ignored as they idled under the davits of an overhanging life-boat, boldly decided to remain in concealment. Here, unmolested and unremarked, they stood and raptly gazed as the towering outline of Manhattan's sky-line was left in the rear and the massive liner swept by the island and figure emblematic of France's friendship for her New World ally. A leaden mist and half-hearted drizzle dimmed the inspiring spectacle, but not sufficiently so to chill its spirit as the onlookers shared with their more favored superiors on the deck above the glory of silently chanting "Good-by, Broadway!"

To our left lay the larger Governor's Island, now doubly suggestive and the very antithesis of the more friendly Bedloe's as it receded on the right. The gaunt, forbidding shadows of its fortifications were scarcely visible, their obscurity lending an added emphasis to their sentinel-like mission. Sweeping out into mid-channel, the cluster of little islands dotting New York Bay were soon left behind, to give way to the greater reaches of the ocean as it beckoned eastward and battle-ward.

The preliminary twenty-four hours aboard the one-time "Waterland" had proved even more hectic than had that memorable first day in training camp. From the moment backs were bent before the driving rain and laden figures scurried up the gang-plank into the bowels of the giant ship, things straightway began to happen. While hazily aware that we were voyaging via the largest and fastest ocean liner afloat, few calculated upon the distinction playing so vital a role in the ensuing week's existence. Somehow, advance conceptions of what life aboard a monster troop ship would be like had fallen woefully short of the mark.

We reiterate: "things" proceeded to take place in a manner so bewildering and wholly unanticipated as to create doubt whether it was reality or merely a passing hallucination responsible for the course of events. Without precedent or prescience for our guidance, the minute the gap separating land and ship had been bridged, we forthwith "lost" ourselves and, in more senses than one, remained "at sea" throughout the seven-day voyage.

The experience, as reviewed from the

distance of to-day, demonstrates that just one all-essential item was omitted from the army's exhaustive curriculum "How to soldier though sailing the high seas." The admittedly elaborate system of trenches which we had constructed about camp during the previous winter assumed the character of an open book when likened to the labyrinth of passage-ways and corridors threading this monument to German ingenuity. The almost diabolical intricacy of the scheme aroused an intelligent appreciation of what the much advertised "Hindenburg line" must be, were a similar brand of architecture employed in its construction.

Due to the fact that commissioned officers and "top kickers" embarked by one gang-plank and all other ranks by another route, the two elements were automatically separated at the very time mutual assistance was most desirable. Fortunately, our regiment had been assigned quarters on "F", "G" and "H" decks—the second on a line with the gang-plank, thus facilitating location of the billeting sections—else the initial confusion would have been infinitely greater.

Company commanders were expected to immediately join their commands, not the easiest matter in the world, when few, if any knew their whereabouts. It is a safe bet that no organization was hampered with oversupervision for an interval of some twenty-four hours after coming aboard. The trail between state-rooms proved disconcertingly long and devious; in consequence a majority gave up in despair, to either retrace their steps or become hopelessly bewildered midways of their own quarters and the troop compartments. While one or two more persevering did eventually find their way below, the baffling path was at no time crowded.

As for the men themselves, the business of preliminaries had been happily simplified through distribution of billeting cards simultaneously with arrival on the boat. These indicated, among other things, the berth number allotted, leaving only verification by the figures appearing at the end of each bunk to assure the holder of his rightful dominions. As often as not this little formality required material expansion, owing to inadvertent usurpation of the berth by the inhabitant of a neighboring compartment whose billeting numerals

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happened to be identical with your own, save for the distinguishing letter. Animated argument between the rival claimants generally ended in comparison of the two cards establishing the overlooked discrepancy. Result: vacation by a guy mad "clean through"—already comfortably distributed for the trip and occupancy by the rightful owner of the bunk.

At the moment when chaotic conditions attending the first hour aboard were at their height, a new factor appeared to accentuate the prevailing turmoil. From somewhere above mess call sounded, the message recognized for all its unaccustomed softness as rendered by a navy bugle. Response to the welcome summons, however, was beset with unforeseen obstacles. What had gone before proved scarcely a ripple when measured by the subsequent uproar. Full thirty hours had elapsed since the last "square feed" and no one was in a mood for the grim proceedings called forth by the bugler.

Mess-hall experiences in camp had taught that the shortest route to "chow" was ordinarily the quickest route—but not so this afternoon. With no guide to direction save an instinct which sought the regions from whence had emanated the call, every man intuitively turned toward the upper decks. In anticipation of just such a contingency, company officers had been instructed to lead their respective units to supper, but, for reasons previously explained, they were notably absent.

Ascent of ladders and companion-ways invariably brought the half-famished "chow" seekers short up against the rear of a long line already formed in an-all-too-narrow passage-way. Further progress kitchenward abruptly ceased. Here we "stuck" for nearly two hours as the belligerent mob of rapidly growing hundreds found itself jamming an aisle with four solid lines never designed to accommodate more than two at its greatest capacity.

Ahead, as far as eyes could see, only broad shoulders and impatient, perspiring countenances supplied the scenery. A door interfered, so the "dope" ran, while rearward the increasing pressure of belated arrivals prevented retreat. Intensifying the confusion, hurrying galley-boys bearing odorous boilers of coffee and food continually demanded gangway with their warning challenge of "Hot stuff coming through!" And through "it" they went, somehow, seemingly accomplishing the impossible. In a space where every available inch was choked with men, suggestion of a six-inch lane appeared preposterous, but the combination formed of "hot stuff" and sadly shrunken stomachs confounded every natural law. During subsequent days aboard this favorite sub-

terfuge of the sailor to gain an instant passage among an assemblage of obstructing soldiers rarely failed to win prompt recognition.

Somewhere around 6:00 o'clock, after all had become disgusted, ill-humored and sticky with perspiration, saved from collapsing in their tracks only by reason of the living wedge threatening every second to bring abdomen and spine in more intimate relationship, the head of the line suddenly assumed movement lurched forward through the now opened door. Disaster loomed; the very spontaneity of the action caused the mass to stick tight for a spell in the over-taxed portal. Realization that pressure from the rear would have to slacken perceptibly, if progress were to continue, finally relieved the congestion sufficiently to permit of further advance.

By such tortuous stages the mess-hall was ultimately reached, just when the last hope of entering its elusive precincts had fled. Down two great stairways, four lines of ravenous males poured into the erstwhile concert hall of the erstwhile "Vaterland", the vast hall now transformed to serve several thousand men at a single interval. This night, however, the strains of some heavy Wagnerian favorite had given way to the more satisfying menu of solid American food.

Once arrived, chaos was replaced with methodical, organized system. The four columns split and were hustled by as many lines of "K. P's." who slung "gold-fish" and "spuds" with a speed and skill that required an equally dexterous manipulation of mess gear. Every man behind the tables served a different article of diet. There were neither complaints nor "seconds" if you missed an issue, you were unfortunate, the four lines never halted as their ranks filed by and gave place to others. Cooks and mess-sergeants, company clerks and "top kicks" all fared with their brethren; for a full week the enlisted personnel knew not the meaning of distinctions in the mess line. While the "S. R. O." sign was nowhere visible, it was in vogue, for the long tables were minus seats and meant for the erect position only while dining. At the farther end of the hall vats of boiling, sizzling water awaited for the cleansing dip of messkits. Initial contact with these generally left the owners sadder and wiser for the experience. Having in mind the lukewarm suds of company kitchens, a too precipitate plunge of the hands provoked a surprised howl of pain, while the smarting member emerged minus a cup, fork or whatever implement of mess it had chanced to grasp prior to the revelation.

If the road to food and refreshment had been distinguished by its handicaps, the

recession was about to provide impediments thrice insurmountable. Returning from the mess hall, lines-officially-passed northeast to Stairway No. 4, thence up to Deck "B", thence southwest to Stairway 14, down to "E" Deck, forward to Stairway 10, and down to "G" Deck—our goal. All this we learned gradually during succeeding days—premier acquaintance with the route disclosed, no guide-posts infallibly pointing the way. All officers had been furnished with copies of a little compendium captioned "How to Get to Mess and Back Again" according to Hoyle—for the guidance of themselves and troops. Unhappily, the latter knew nothing of this arrangement, while those entrusted with elucidating its ambiguously worded contents were equally puzzled. In consequence, the majority, as frequently happens, were the sufferers.

The official hand book, after dwelling at length upon certain progressions preliminary to "G" Deck, faithfully completed (?) its mystic instructions by attaching a single concise sentence: "Troops will then proceed by the nearest route to their respective sectors." Marvelously illuminating in its simplicity of expression, yet how woefully inadequate, only the next few hours were to tell. Unfortunately, all the nearest and "shortest routes" were no longer available for traffic. The doors to water-tight compartments, which had remained open during the period of embarkation and loading to expedite passage were now closed, and before each threshold there stood a stern and forbidding sentinel. Thus barred from the only path they knew, a wild search to discover an exit not blocked by cold iron walls and unsympathetic custodians ensued.

It was a genuine predicament—for the early arrivals—it became little short of disaster for those returning later, who urged on by the insistent surge from the rear, were met in front by the advance arrivals striving to get back. The immediate result was a badly jumbled mob. No one was certain in which direction to turn, but every one was positive he wanted to pursue a diametrically opposite direction. For hours the exasperating pantomime went on. Having very much the feel and incentive of caged rats, each individual looked to himself for release, wondering all the while whether his discomfiture was going to resolve itself into a regular aftermath to future excursions mess-ward.

At first by indignant demand, later in chastened tones of hopeful inquiry, the searchers sought to obtain from the stolid guardians of water-tight doors the key to egress. Interrogations, however, were fruitful merely in eliciting gruff advice to "Go the other way." Literal compliance met

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with similar doors and directions. No matter how widely separated the sentinels, each repetition had a habit of yielding the same outcome—always the same vaguely sketched "other way." It was sorry counsel, and even more sorry consolation.

As often as not, the surfeited one, seeking to regain his now hazy quarters, became enmeshed in a line of hungry compatriots headed toward supper, to be irresistibly swept on back into the mess-hall regardless of stubborn resistance. It is a matter of record that one distracted member of the regiment thus passed down the "chow" line four distinct times, and was compelled by the vigilant attendants to unwillingly accept four separate meals, reaching his compartment about 9:00 P. M. in a somewhat dazed condition. Occasions of two and three issues were comparatively frequent.

It may be said, in passing over the harrowing details, that company commanders reported four or five hours later that all of their men had finally reached their compartments. Careful check of bunks, however, would have revealed many unoccupied, for scores, in the mix-up eventually found themselves on the outer decks. There they wisely decided to remain and wearily fell asleep in the first inviting corner, to awaken the next morning refreshed and ready to fare forth in quest of breakfast. To this day, a majority of those who actually succeeded in regaining their compartments that night are unable to succinctly explain just how the return was effected—blind chance and good luck were in most cases responsible.

It was the "Leviathan's" second trip eastward as a transport and, incidentally, destined to stand throughout the war as a record in matter of numbers carried. Two regiments of infantry, a regiment of field artillery, various independent units and some two hundred Red Cross nurses—in all, exactly 11,322 men and women comprised the human cargo slated for the A. E. F. Supplemented by a crew of nearly two thousand, the grand total ran well in excess of 13,000, approximately the equivalent of two full brigades and, by the same calculation, a most desirable prize for an enemy submarine. Every deck, every available foot of space, nook and cranny were choking and overflowing with troops, for this was at a time when an aroused America was responding in earnest to the Allied entreaty: "If you are going to help us, now is the hour!"

Due to the vessel's great speed and the urgent necessity for men, the usual convoy had been dispensed with. Alone, without protecting escort or companion, the superb boat had decided to fly in the face of both Providence and hostile U-Boats by sailing

from Hoboken unhampered and unguarded, relying only upon her trusted fleetness and a mariner's proverbial luck to bring her safely into Brest. It was a gamble, but one justified by the stakes.

Had all this been published among the passengers, a devil-may-care spirit of non-chalance quite probably would have lessened appreciably. As it was extraordinary precautions employed were accepted as merely customary restrictions. No lights were permitted after dark, save in the innermost interior of the ship, and none were allowed on deck after sun-down. Even the striking of a match was prohibited above deck and a thoughtless exhibition of the act was certain to call forth a sharp reprimand from lynx-eyed guards or nervous army officers. To still further minimize the possibility of an untimely flare signaling a vigilant submarine, all matches were collected from the troops after a day or two at sea. *Not* all, however; else the necessary few were surreptitiously concealed or an intermittent coal was nursed into flame, for rarely, if ever, did the cigarette smoker go long without a fire.

If any had come aboard filled with wondrous visions of unbroken days and nights of "bunk fatigue," they were not left long to labor under the delusion. From the hour Ambrose Channel was left, the week of anticipated rest and relaxation straightway faded. That old acquaintance, General Routine, wickedly declined temporary relegation to the background on account of our initial maritime venture, but blithely went about the business of making life miserable. "Detail" was the countersign and very, very few, indeed, failed a personal brush with its literal application. Those who missed guard duty were caught as compartment and latrine orderlies; those who escaped these ignominious tasks were inveigled into a worse fate-to-wit: "K. P.-ing" in the galley. And *none* skipped the daily "Abandon Ship" drill, while an insignificant number were able to contrive excuses for absence from the morning "Setting-Up" exercises.

Even the lucky occupants of state-rooms were obliged to leave their berths and respond to the daily "Officers' Call," for the trio of colonels on the Passenger-List were determined to be something more than mere ornaments. As for top-sergeants, they were allowed few moments to call their own; the company commander's "Man Friday" earned his stateroom concession as he sought to appease his disgruntled "skipper" and at the same time enjoy a friendly game of "craps" with his less favored enlisted brethren in the hold. Company clerks who had hopefully looked forward to several days of freedom from Company Rosters, Morning Reports, Serial Numbers and Regimental Orders, were speedily relieved

of their misapprehensions as they found their regular schedule awaiting and in addition were instructed to report to Personnel Headquarters with their trusty "Coronas" for the purpose of assisting with the May pay-rolls. Only the mess-sergeants, mechanics and buglers were thrilled to discover their jobs gone.

Most remarkable of all, the sea behaved its very best and it was only by a wild stretch of the imagination that anyone could concoct sea-sickness as a pretext for visiting the Sick Bay. When release from other duties afforded an opportunity, the rails were crowded with lines of interested, marveling olive-drab for, be it understood, that "crossing the pond" was a new and virginal experience for all these thousands. Not even occasional remembrance of the unpleasantness awaiting settlement at the end sufficed to rob the voyage of its pristine delights and revelations—nothing of the sophisticated traveler's indifference spoiled enjoyment of the glassy, mirror-like sea as the "Leviathan's" giant screws churned a frothing way through its unmarred blue. True, occasionally a too enthusiastic onlooker who hung far out to obtain a better view would sadly revert to prosaic realities as he tardily discovered his hat taking wings and sailing into space, dismayed, because no longer could a convenient supply room be depended upon to replace the property.

A trio of bands—an artillery and two infantry organizations, had come on board with us and their presence augured a jazzy voyage for all. Early expectations, however, were not confirmed by subsequent events; their musical activities religiously adhered to the upper decks, where only nurses and gallant wearers of the purple dared tread. Here, amid an atmosphere and environment of rigid exclusiveness, the latest in waltz and fox trot was lightly tripped by day and by night to the accompaniment of alternate bands. Here, none lower than commissioned personnel dared intrude, unless on official errand legitimized by a pass, for appointed sentinels barred the stairs. As the vibrant strains were seductively wafted to the listening thousands below, the common verdict agreed with Sherman that "War is hell!"

But do not for a moment assume that diversion was lacking among the less fortunate majority. Two set species of entertainment, if somewhat monotonous, never failed to supply physical recreation. When not busy "setting up," the call to "abandon ship" was always waiting to infuse the necessary excitement. Only the army's "gas alarm" in the dead hours of night can compare with it in measure of thrills. From the time we had crossed the gang-plank, a life-preserver had become an essential

"Soldiering Aboard the Leviathan"

article of each individual's equipment. Woe to he who ventured above deck minus its enshrouding presence! A few did, with results calculated to discourage repetition.

It is usually an intricate proposition for a land-lubber to reconcile the utter inconsistency of nautical terms which "mean what they do not say." So it was with the business of "abandoning ship" in mid-ocean, when in reality we remained aboard. No matter what you were engaged in doing, no matter its importance or your distance from the point of assembly, when the shrill notes of a bugle sounded the alarm you forth-with suspended duties and hastened toward your designated mustering-station. All were required to hurry without running and crowd without pushing, but daily practice soon established a record and succeeded in having all men lined up to "abandon" within eleven minutes from first call. In the bustle of the moment, a few would appear on deck conspicuously short of the indispensable life-preserver, calmly oblivious to its omission in the identical formation for which intended. A doughboy confronting a Hun without rifle and bayonet would not have been subjected to greater embarrassment and reprimand. Once assembly was completed, the necessity for haste terminated; a long wait ensued, eventually followed by announcement that the maneuver was over for that day. While the first two or three summons were obeyed in ignorance of their perfunctory character, daily recurrence finally climaxed the original forebodings of actual danger.

Due to the thousands aboard and the period required for each mess, despite the expedition with which they were accomplished, but two meals daily were served—breakfast beginning at 9:00 A. M. and dinner at 3:00 P. M. And if you were not present and filed in with your compartment, you were simply out of luck until the next meal. No one had a possible chance to enter that mess-hall otherwise, the route leading to and from its locality was entirely too complicated and beset with too many difficulties to invite less than united efforts at navigation. Throughout the period of the trip, semi-daily passage back and forth did little toward improving familiarity with its complex mechanism. The whole process was so absurdly illogical as to defy comprehension.

While the mess-hall was located on a level with our compartment, the prescribed manner of reaching it led up deck and down deck, up deck and down deck, *ad infinitum*. On the return, it was an uninterrupted series of ascents until the outermost limits of the boat deck were attained. There the whole passenger-list assembled as best it could, to remain for several hours until the last man had been fed and await the

signal to go down again. Method, if not system, distinguished the proceedings.

Regardless of whatever other impressions memory may retain of that voyage on the "Leviathan" and their number is legend, the thrill of messing must ever remain among the most enduring. The catalogue of incidents attending the feat would fill a good sized volume. One morning as the line was being rushed through with uncommon dispatch, a modest little Italian was dazedly passed along until he had arrived at the farther end before succeeding in getting his mess-kit in "battle position." Here, Nemesis, in the guise of a belligerent "K. P." awaited him. While desperately striving to annex an orange he was accused of angling for "seconds!"

At night a motion-picture show was staged in the hail where we messed by day. The entertainment would have been twice welcome, had not recollections of the daylight farce accompanying arrival and departure arisen to deter all save the most intrepid from venturing thither a third time. The trip was bad enough by day, but necessary; it was even worse by night, but could be avoided. Likewise with the ship's barber, whose domicile faced on a corridor overlooking the mess-hall. Between calls, a long line of customers invariably lingered outside the door. Due to excessive patronage, it never perceptibly shortened. One of two relays of disappointed waiting, decided hundreds to abandon further efforts toward removal of their hirsute adornments, but scores of the uninitiated always took up the vigil.

Salt water bathing and canteen lines occupied the rest of whatever leisure remained. While the ablutionary regions aboard seldom inveigled the same person twice, they nevertheless never lacked novitiates. A trial at taking a salt water shower with fresh water soap uniformly left the bather stickier and wiser for his experience, since the viscous combination resulting from uniting the two perverse elements was usually discovered too late. However desirable cleanliness might be, it certainly possessed drawbacks under the prevailing conditions.

Some half-dozen or more well-stocked canteens were located at convenient intervals about the decks; their various locations and hours of service were public property almost by the time all had come aboard. Those who had bewailed the fancied absence of opportunity to further disburse their share of National coin instantly ceased regretting, for the means were at hand. Instead, as the days passed comfortable reserves of currency were sadly diminished, even depleted, as the appetite for chocolate bars and Fig Newtons continued unabated. Rather, the situation was reversed and now threatened premature

exhaustion of both supplies and funds. Probably only the limited hours for making purchases averted twin catastrophes.

Long before the time of opening, unnumbered lines formed before the canteen windows, to obstruct passage and overflow on stairways and continue the length of outer decks. Vigorous attempts by irritated officers to disband the voluntary formations always met with the same result—failure. Generally, the hours conflicted with mess schedules but few deserted their places to fall in the mess line. The period allowed for sales never proved sufficient to accommodate more than a scant portion of the customers; when the summary closing of windows announced cessation of business for the day, the lines left stranded showed no contraction. In consequence, those more fortunate and endowed with a commercial instinct thriftily purchased large stocks for resale at a tidy premium to their willing comrades.

Day by day, as we neared European waters the danger from enemy submarines, most active at this season of the year, each hour became increasingly imminent. In mid-ocean reports were received of U-Boats working in the vicinity and the course of the ship was constantly changed. Without convoy, we had doubly courted fate, but as the shores of France approached it looked as though we were going to "get away with it." Still, as the submarine zone was yet to be entered, there was general realization that many a slip lay between us and safety; yet the knowledge created no apparent anxiety.

All breathed easier, however, as an escort of American and French destroyers which had arrived during the night were glimpsed one morning when two days distant from Brest. Somehow, sight of the diminutive watch-dogs, mere cockle-shells in comparison with the "Leviathan's" heroic bulk, as they tossed and careened in the swell caused the crisp morning breeze to take on a new and more friendly tang.

The last night out of Brest, due to arrival of news that a merchant-vessel had been torpedoed in the neighborhood, extraordinary precautions were required and observed. Every man lay in his bunk fully dressed, with life-preserver closely clutched to his bosom, while company officers were stationed with their troops in each compartment. All were waiting for the expected to take place, for a hostile torpedo to strike and rend the vessel asunder, but it never happened. The night passed without the anticipated calamity eventuating and as daylight came and showed the little group of convoys peacefully trailing our flanks; badly shaken confidence was fully restored.

Land was imminent, French land, a war—
(Continued on Page 26)

"Putting a Premium on Slacking"

A Few Observations on Subjects of Interest to the Overseas Veteran

By Jack Sugden

SAY, Buddy, will you ever forget your first glimpse of the line from Blairville, or whatever point it was that you went in with the British around Arras? Forgetting for a moment, the flashes of British Artillery which intermittently furnished Jerry with "iron rations," and turning to the horizon where every now and again a small light started up from the trenches, made a half circle; then fell out in "No Man's Land" where it flickered a second or two and then died out, and if it was your good fortune, or ill fortune, to have gone out on patrol across No Man's Land, your more intimate acquaintance with Jerry's Very Light, stamps it so impressively on your mind that time will never be able to blot it out—hence a few "Very Lights" on Pertinent Questions.

Almost three years have rolled around since the world jazzed with the welcome news of Armistice, and yet Congress but recently declared at an end the state of war which existed with Germany. Using Grandfather's clock redialed by Congress in years, months and days instead of hours, minutes and seconds, a post-mortem of the past is in order.

Patriotism combined with the draft placed in the field the largest army ever collected together under the Stars and Stripes. From every town, city and hamlet, and from every walk of life, Young America went forward to do or die.

Womanhood stepped forward to fill the gaps. She tilled the soil, and produced much-needed food; she donned the overalls and worked in the mill; and in fact, proved beyond all question of doubt that she is entitled to equalrights and franchise. After years of striving for equality, she was suddenly as if over night, ushered into prominence.

No one can deny the fact that the more serious minded fellows who objected to

being married before going overseas, had planned the happy event when they returned. The retention of girls and men who had made big money in these essential occupations and who had served a useful purpose by holding down some soldier's

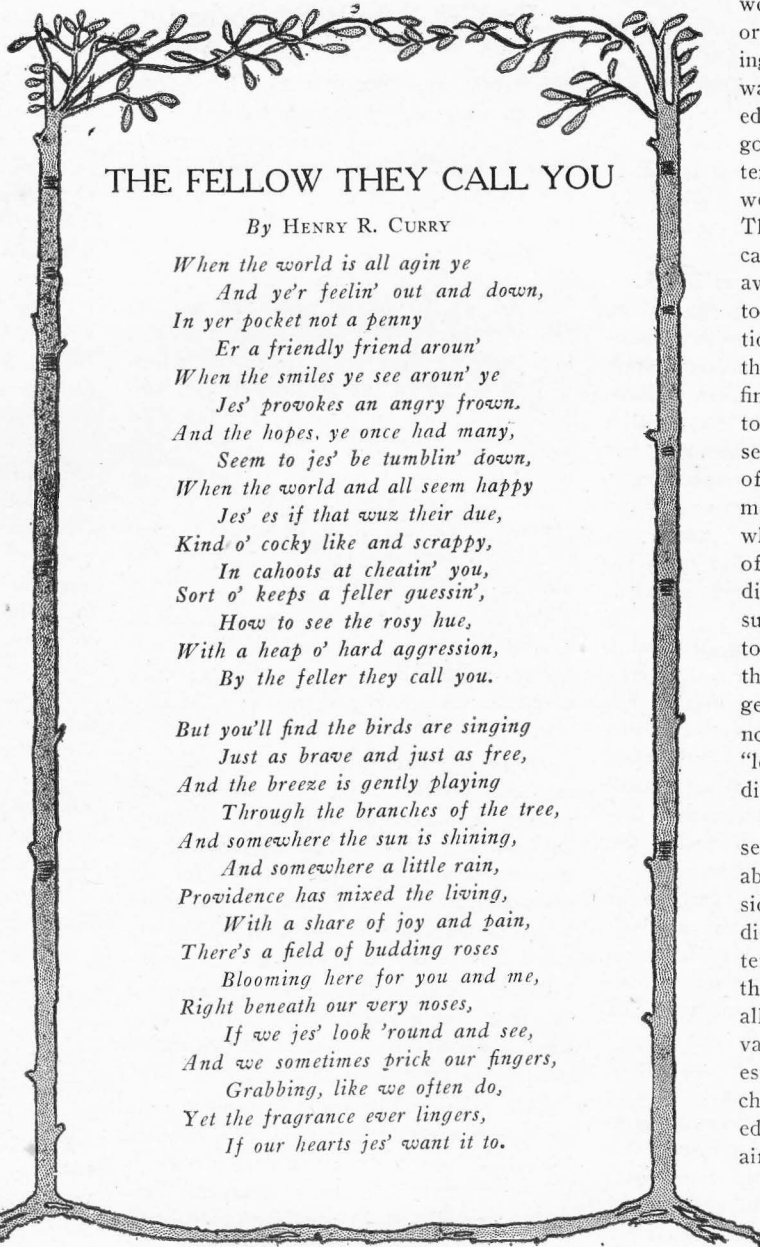
\$1.00 a day, less deductions of allotments, insurance and Liberty Bonds, generally one or two months after it was due, those who remained at home were being paid almost whatever they asked, and few failed to ask a plenty for their patriotic services.

The profits of many companies were so large that every two or three months, besides paying their employes the highest wage scale ever known, handed out bonuses of little bags of gold. Under the cost-plus system, 23,000 new millionaires were created. Do you get that? The crime of mismanagement came like a deluge, sweeping away the millions subscribed to Liberty Bonds by conscientious American citizens, and they could not, or would not, find a remedy. If it was just, to draft a man into military service, and about four million of us are in accord with this method of creating armies, where there was great danger of loss of life and permanent disability, it is only fair to assume that it was equally just, to draft those at home where there was practically no danger, except, the danger we are now facing of meeting their "lean service and fat pure," dispositions.

When history is finally presented and one reads the truth about the fighting on the other side; the privations of the soldiers, the lack of food and water while actually engaged in the line; the effects of gas in all its hideous forms; the advance through shell-torn forests; roads sprayed with machine-gun bullets, paths guarded with rifle fire, and all under airplane observation, assisted with machine guns and bombs, then one wonders how much the scale of justice will be out of

balance when it weighs the chap who remained at home; made his \$10 to \$20 a day, slept in a feather bed at night; ate his fill at his mother's table, motored about in the cool of the evening, and then married

(Continued on Page 24)



THE FELLOW THEY CALL YOU

By HENRY R. CURRY

*When the world is all agin ye
And ye'r feelin' out and down,
In yer pocket not a penny
Er a friendly friend aroun'
When the smiles ye see aroun' ye
Jes' provokes an angry frown.
And the hopes, ye once had many,
Seem to jes' be tumblin' down,
When the world and all seem happy
Jes' es if that wuz their due,
Kind o' cocky like and scrappy,
In cahoots at cheatin' you,
Sort o' keeps a feller guessin',
How to see the rosy hue,
With a heap o' hard aggression,
By the feller they call you.*

*But you'll find the birds are singing
Just as brave and just as free,
And the breeze is gently playing
Through the branches of the tree,
And somewhere the sun is shining,
And somewhere a little rain,
Providence has mixed the living,
With a share of joy and pain,
There's a field of budding roses
Blooming here for you and me,
Right beneath our very noses,
If we jes' look 'round and see,
And we sometimes prick our fingers,
Grabbing, like we often do,
Yet the fragrance ever lingers,
If our hearts jes' want it to.*

job during the trouble over seas, prevented the happiness of many veterans all over the States, and spoiled many scheduled peal of the wedding bells.

Now while the boys were in camp or on the battlefields of Europe getting their

Shall We Be Prepared?

Being the Second of a Series of Articles Concerning the Proposed (U. S. Reserve Army)—This Article Will Show Some Changes From the Original Plans as Previously Published, Insofar as it Concerns The Third Corps Area—While These Details Will No Doubt Be Approved as Set Forth Here, the Fact Remains That They Cannot Be Accepted as Final Until the Penna. Board and the Corps Area Commander Have Both Indicated Their Approval

By Col. Frank S. Cocheu
Chief of Staff, Third Corps Area

HEADQUARTERS THIRD CORPS
AREA

FORT HOWARD, MARYLAND

OCTOBER 1, 1921.

From: The Adjutant

To: All Reserve Officers in the Third
Corps Area.

Subjects Reserve Officers' Letter No. 5.

1. A most important change has taken place within the past few days in connection with the location of the Reserve units because of the fact that instructions have been received from the War Department directing that due provision be made for the maximum distribution of subordinate units of all major combat arms among the several counties of the states concerned. These instructions necessitated a complete redistribution of units, the work of which is about completed.

In general the new plan provides that a Reservist living in any locality will, if eligible, be able to join a local unit of his particular branch, the only exception to this rule being that no provision has been made for cavalry units in Pennsylvania. Should demand seem to warrant organizing Reserve Cavalry units in Pennsylvania the matter will be taken up at a later date.

The following general ideas are to be found in the new plan, the details of which will be published as a matter of information as soon as they have received the approval of the various state boards and of the War Department:

79th Division: The division area consists of Eastern Pennsylvania including York, Adams, Tioga, and Lycoming counties. Based on the 1920 census report, this division area is divided into four equal parts in each of which will be organized one infantry regiment. The division area is then again divided into four parts proportionate in population to the strength of the four classes of artillery that are to be organized, the artillery area nearest Philadelphia being reserved for purposes of the 79th Division. Similarly, the division area is divided into Engineer, Air Service, Med-

ical, Ordnance, Transport and other areas so that while no Reserve unit will be superimposed, so to speak, upon another of the same branch of the service, a unit of any one branch will in all cases be superimposed upon units of every other branch.

80th Division: The entire area of Maryland is divided into two infantry areas in each of which will be organized one infantry regiment. The State is again divided into three artillery areas in one of which will be organized the artillery of the 80th Division, in one the artillery for the 62nd Cavalry Division and in the other a regiment of G. H. Q. Reserve Artillery, Engineer, Air and Medical units will be organized from the State at large as will also the trains and special troops of the 62nd Cavalry Division.

For the above purposes the District of Columbia will be included in the figures for Maryland, thus allowing Reserve units of all branches to be organized in the District of Columbia.

The entire area of Virginia is divided into two infantry areas in each of which will be organized one regiment of infantry. This State is also divided into several engineer areas in order to provide for the divisional and Corps Engineers. All other branches not above enumerated will be organized from the State at large.

99th Division: The area consists of Western Pennsylvania and the method pursued is similar in all respects to that above indicated for the 79th Division.

62nd Cavalry Division: The entire area of Maryland and the District of Columbia is divided into two parts in each of which will be organized a cavalry regiment. Two regiments will also be organized in Virginia. The artillery battalion will be organized as indicated under the 80th Division and the Engineers, Ambulance Company, trains and special troops will be organized from the State at large.

2. The following officers of the Regular Army have been assigned to the duty of

organizing Reserve units and can be found at the places indicated:

79th Division—Colonel Edward Carpenter, Chief of Staff, Schuylkill Arsenal, 2620 Grays Ferry Road, Philadelphia, Pa.

80th Division—Colonel Joseph C. Castner, Chief of Staff, 1014½ Main Street, Richmond, Va.

99th Division—An acting Chief of Staff will probably be at the Arsenal, 40th and Butler Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa., by about October 5th. In the meantime, address mail to Corps Area Headquarters.

62nd Cavalry Division—Lt. Colonel William R. Taylor, Acting Chief of Staff, General Delivery, Hagerstown, Maryland.

3. For the present, and until more officers are made available for the purpose, the Chiefs of Staff above enumerated will look after organization matters pertaining to Corps, Army and G. H. Q. Troops within their respective areas. Detailed information regarding these units will be found in the new plan referred to in paragraph 1.

4. The issuance from these headquarters of several additional Reserve Letters is contemplated. Suggestions regarding subject matter or anything else connected therewith are solicited.

By command of Brigadier General Hodges:

E. R. HOUSEHOLDER,
Acting Adjutant.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

Headquarters 99th Division, Pittsburgh
Infantry

99th Division—Hq. & Hq. Co. 197th Inf. Brig., and 393rd Inf., Allegheny; 394th Inf., Table K; Hq. & Hq. Co. 198th Inf. Brig., Erie; 395th Infantry, Table L; 396th Infantry, Table M.

Artillery

99th Division—Hq. & Hq. Btry. 174th F. A. Brig., Allegheny; 370th F. A., Allegheny; 371st F. A., Allegheny; 324th Am. Tn., Allegheny.

XII Corps (first three field armies)—

Shall We Be Prepared for the Next War?

XIII Corps (second three field armies)—

XIII Corps Arty. Hq., 182nd Arty. Brig. Hq. 394th Arty. 155 mm how, 295th Arty. 155 mm how, 396th Arty. 155 mm how, 433rd Arty. 155 mm guns, 303rd Obsn. Bn., 343rd Am. Tn., 353rd Ord. Co. Maintenance, 503rd A. A. Regt., Table N.

Army (second three field armies)—1 army arty. hq., 1 am. tn., 1 aa arty. brig. hq., 1 arty. regt. a. a., Erie, Crawford, Venango, Warren, Mercer, Forest.

Engineers

99th Division—324th Eng., Allegheny.

Army (second three field armies)—1 army engr. hq., Table O; 1 regt., Table O; 1 regt., Table P; 1 water tank tn., Allegheny; 2 bridge tns. hv., Table O; 1 bridge tn. lt., Table P.

Air Service

99th Division—99th div. air service, Allegheny plus Table K.

XIII Corps (second three field armies)—XIII Corps Air Service Hq., Allegheny plus Table K; 355th Obsn. Squad, Allegheny plus Table K; 356th Obsn. Squad, Allegheny plus Table K; 43d Balloon Group, Allegheny plus Table K; 309th Balloon Co., Allegheny plus Table K; 311th Balloon Co., Allegheny plus Table K; 312th Balloon Co., Allegheny plus Table K; 33d Balloon Park, Allegheny plus Table K; 355th Photo Sec., Allegheny plus Table K; 356th (B) Photo Sec., Allegheny plus Table K; 303d Air Park, Allegheny plus Table K; 83d Communication Sec., Allegheny plus Table K.

Army (second three field armies)—1 communication sec., Tables L and M; 1 airdrome co., Tables L and M; 1 wing hq., Tables L and M; 1 group, pursuit, Tables L and M; 1 group, attack, Tables L and M; 1 obsn. squad, Tables L and M.

Medical

99th Division—324th Med. Regt., Allegheny.

IXII Corps (second three field armies)—XIII Corps Surgeons Office, 343d Regt., Table Q; 407th San. Co., Table Q; 408th San. Co., Table Q; 409th San. Co., Table Q; 407th Amb. Co., Table Q; 408th Amb. Co., Table Q; 409th Amb. Co., Table Q; 407th Hosp. Co., Table Q; 408th Hosp. Co., Table Q; 409th Hosp. Co., Table Q; 343d Med. Sup. Sec., Table Q; 343d Med. Lab. Sec., Table Q; 343d Vet. Co., Table Q.

Army (first three field armies)—1 regt., Table R.

Trains Q. M. C.

99th Division—99th Div. Tns., Allegheny.

MEMORIES

By J. R. GAVIN

It does not seem so long ago,
Back there in France where Poppies grow,
Amid' the roar and crash of guns,
We made our charge against the Huns;
Saw comrades fall their young lives lost;
In sacrifice to war's grim cost;
Machine guns raining Hellish fire—
From brush and wall, from church and spire.

On through the forest of Argonne—
We drove their forces, on and on,
'Till now in peace we soliloquize
Shall war return to greet our eyes?
Shall Hell return with death and mud
To bath the earth with martyr blood?
NO! NO! the war Gods must be chained;
We'll guard the peace that war has gained.

XIII Corps (second three field armies)—XIII Corps Tn. Tq., Allegheny; 309th Motor Trans. Command, Allegheny; 310th Motor Trans. Command, Table K; 311th Motor Trans. Command, Table L; 312th Motor Trans. Command, Table M; 457th Motor Trans. Co. (equipped with passenger cars), Allegheny; 458th Motor Trans. Co., Allegheny; 459th Motor Trans. Co., Allegheny; 460th Motor Trans. Co., Table K; 461st Motor Trans. Co., Table K; 462nd Motor Trans. Co., Table K; 463rd Motor Trans. Co., Table L; 464th Motor Trans. Co., Table L; 465th Motor Trans. Co., Table L; 466th Motor Trans. Co., Table M; 467th Motor Trans. Co., Table M; 468th Motor Trans. Co., Table M; 469th Motor Trans. Co., Table M; 345th Motor Cycle Co., Table K; 346th Motor Cycle Co., Table L; 375th Motor Repair Sec., Table K; 376th Motor Repair Sec., Table L.

Special Troops

99th Division—Sp. Trs. 99th Div., Allegheny.

Army (first three field armies)—1 sp. army trs. hq., Allegheny; 1 army hq. tr., Allegheny; 1 M. P. Bn., Allegheny; 1 service Bn. Q. M. C., Allegheny; 2 service Bns. Q. M. C., Table Q; 1 motor repair bn., Table Q.

Army (second three field armies)—1 ord. co. maintenance, Table Q; 1 ord. co. amm., Table Q; 1 ord. co. depot, Table Q; 1 field remount depot, Table Q; 2 motor repair bns., Table R.

TABLES

TABLE K

Western Pennsylvania: All Bedford, Cumberland, Fayette, Franklin, Fulton, Greene, Perry, Somerset, Washington, Westmoreland.

TABLE L

Western Pennsylvania: All Beaver, Butler, Cameron, Clarion, Clinton, Crawford, Elk, Erie, Forest, Jefferson, Lawrence, McKean, Mercer, Potter, Venango, Warren.

TABLE M

Western Pennsylvania: All Armstrong, Blair, Cambria, Center, Clearfield, Huntington, Indiana, Juniata, Mifflin, Snyder, Union.

TABLE N

Western Pennsylvania: All Armstrong, Beaver, Bedford, Blair, Butler, Cambria, Cameron, Center, Clarion, Clearfield, Clinton, Cumberland, Elk, Fayette, Franklin, Fulton, Greene, Huntington, Indiana, Jefferson, Juniata, Lawrence, McKean, Mifflin, Perry, Potter, Snyder, Somerset, Union, Washington, Westmoreland.

TABLE O

Western Pennsylvania: All Bedford, Blair, Cambria, Cumberland, Fayette, Franklin, Fulton, Greene, Huntington, Somerset, Washington, Westmoreland.

TABLE P

Western Pennsylvania: All Armstrong, Beaver, Butler, Cameron, Center, Clarion, Clearfield, Clinton, Crawford, Elk, Erie, Forest, Indiana, Jefferson, Juniata, Lawrence, McKean, Mercer, Mifflin, Perry, Potter, Snyder, Union, Venango, Warren.

TABLE Q

Western Pennsylvania: All Armstrong, Butler, Cameron, Center, Clarion, Clearfield, Clinton, Crawford, Cumberland, Elk, Erie, Forest, Franklin, Huntington, Jefferson, Juniata, Lawrence, McKean, Mercer, Mifflin, Perry, Potter, Snyder, Union, Venango, Warren.

TABLE R

Western Pennsylvania: All Beaver, Bedford, Blair, Cambria, Fayette, Fulton, Greene, Indiana, Somerset, Washington, Westmoreland.

"VERY LIGHTS"

HOW THINGS DO CHANGE.

In what way? Look at that Second Loot over there. He has his blouse open, shoes dirty, and needs a shave badly. He caught me in about the same condition in 1919, and it was "K. P." for me for a week. Aint it H—1?—*Ex Buck.*

The motorist was at the side of the road engaged in the hot, dirty, and irritating job of changing a tire. A second motorist stopped his car alongside.

"Having trouble with your tires blowing out? inquired the second driver cheerfully. "Hell! No! That's the second best thing they do," replied the motorist.



Letters from an Old File

By Jack P. Smith

LETTER NO. 5 (HENRY TO JAKE)

KAMP LEE, VA.

Dear Jake:

When it comes too bein promp, you are rite on the job, and thats just what I like about you, Jake, because if there is nothin what I like it is prompness. I got your letter what you sent to me a kouple off days ago and I was glad too hear from you. I didnt expect you too rite such a long letter but lots off stuff happened that you hadder rite a big letter, aint Jake? Well Jake, the next day after I saw the show I was on dutie around the barricks which is called quarters. I dont know what it means but its called that anyhow and I dont care much about the meanin off it but I can tell you Jake that anything that has a name in the Army, means that it is work konnekted too it. I hadder kleen all the rooms and outside around the barricks and the wash room and all. That just reminds me about that there space I had in the other letter, where I says that I hadder go out to the — and get washed up. Do you know that I didnt know how to spell the word thats why I left it out but now since I know how too spell it I will tell you. It is Laytreean. Its a high toned word and I guess Mr. Webster just made it up since this Kountry went into this hear war. When a fellar gets on duty in quarters you kant get around so much and you gotter stick around the barricks all the time so in kase you are wanted too do something else that they can find you. I got a big surprize for you Jake. What do you think? I was maid a korperal last nite. It was put on a peace off paper and nailed on a board in the hall, and it says that I was too be a korperal startin this mornin. I feel kinder big now and the top serg game me a koupler stripes too put on my coat which means

that I am a korperal and that all the buck privates will half too doo what Itell them. Thats rite, Jake, Its pretty good too think that I can give orders now and so now I can have my things done by givin the orders. I told you long already that I wood amount too sompin and that I wood soon be an offiser and hear I am with a koupler stripes on my coat and I was just in this hear Kamp Lee only a weak or so. A funny thing happened a wile ago Jake which I wood like too ask you about it and let me know what I should do about it because its very important. Knowin that I have full authorety over bucks, I goes to work and kalls one off them over too me and says for him to go too the Kanteen for somethin for me and I handed him the money. I said it in such a way Jake that it was only millertery the way I said it. I sez, Private Brown, I wants you too go too the Kanteen for me at onced. This fellar Brown looks at me and sez, he sez, What the hell you think I am anyway, go do it yourself, youre not krippled. What do you think off that, Jake for an insult. I dont know what too do about it and please let me know as soon as you can what you wood do if you was me. Whats the use off bein a officer if a person kant have no authority. A lot off the fellars are gealus off me because I am a Korkeral but I dont care what they think and if they aint karefull I will tend too them good and proper, because I can do it with my authorety. Say Jake, them men what are abuildin them buildins aint puttin them numbers on them for what we thought. No sir. I was told that they get so much money for each one that they put up and this way they can easily tell the Government how much they own them.

Its just about ten oklock now Jake. I've bean sittin in the mess hall all nite because I'm tired as the dickins on akount

off what happened this P. M. You see, Jake, it was a little kool and the Kaptain thought that maby a little fire in the stove woodnt hurt any and the fellars says as how hes rite. The Kaptain says that it kant be done because no chimlay is on the roof, and we wood half too put one up first before we can half a fire. The Kaptain says to us that he wants a fellar what is a "rustler" to go to the tin shop and get some tin and a bunch off wire too make the chimlay tite. Well, seein as how this wood be a good chance for me too get in rite with the Kaptain, I says that I will go. Then he says too me, he says—Are you a "rustler" And I sez back too him, yes sir, I'm a "rustler." What is a "rustler" says the Kaptain too me, and I says, I dont know what a "rustler" is but if its somethin good I'm it. The Kaptain laffs a little, but not much, Jake, because Kaptains maynt laff too no kommon soldiers. Anyhow, he says that a "rustler" is a fellar what goes out for sompin and comes back with it. All rite, says I, I will go for what you want. So the Kaptain calls me asside and says that I must go too the place what is called the tin shop. Dont forget, said the Kaptain, dont come back without it. All rite, says I and off I went headin for the tin shop. Well, you know, Jake there is a kouple thousan men what is workin in this hear place makin barricks and puttin other buildins up and I asks one off them wear the tin shop was. How do I know, says he. I guess I muster walked about a kouple miles anyhow and everybody what I asked couldnt tell me nothing about this hear tin shop. I was beginnin too get anxious about it because it woodnt be long before we had mess and I couldnt afford too miss that for nothin. Well, after I walks about a koupler miles father a fellow tole me wear it was and then I went over too the place and goes in and says to a fellar what was

Letters From An Old File

cutting some tin—I sez, howyer, are you the boss? No. I'm not the boss and I woodnt wanner bee, says he. Well, says I, I came hear for some tin and some wire for too fix a smoak stack and I gotter have it at onced. Oh! you do, eh, says he, well and who mite you bee? Me! says I and while I talks too him a kinder mover around a little and shows my Korperal stripes, because I knew that he woodnt get fresh with me when he saw them. I was fooled, Jake, because he just said that I wood have too wate till the boss come back which woodnt be till tomorrer. Oh, is that so, says I, do you know that I am a Korperal and that if I want you too do somethin you will have too do it. I see, says he, your one off them there wise guys what thinks he owns the hole kampf because hes got too be a korperal. What do you think off that, Jake? I dont think he should off said that about me bein the boss off the Kamp, because I'm not, and another thing, Jake, I couldnt bee the boss because you gotter bee a Genral too bee the boss. It's funny that the fellars dont do what I tell them because the paper what I got from the Kaptain says that all the soldiers what isnt Korperal, will half too abay me, but they dont do it, and I cant understan it. Anyhow, I tells the fellar at that tin shop about the Kaptain sayin that I gotter get it and I shant leave without it and I guess that muster skeered him a little and he goes too work and gets it for me. When I got outside it was beginning too get dark and I asked a fellar what time it was and he says laterin that and I didnt know what he ment by that but it looked like I'd half too hurry back or I wodnt get no supper. I thought as how I'd take a short cut and I did. Theres wear the fun began, Jake, it got dark and everybody what I asked didnt know what I was atalkin about when I asked them if they knowed whear my Kompany was. I got back, Jake about half past seven, and I was good and tired because I uster run most off the time and I was hungary and I felt like I could of eat anything. I goes too the Orderly room (Jake, the Orderly room is called Orderly because its awfully orderly in there, and it's wear the Kaptain hangs out) as I was sayin, I goes too the orderly room and knocks at the door and the Kaptain hollers—come in. I opens the door and slutes and says—Sir: Korperal Henry reports with wire and tin for your stove. The Kaptain says too me that I should tell him my name and I did. Say hear, says the Kaptain, next time you report, say your last name and not your first name, dyour understan? Yes sir, says I. The Kaptain says if I got any supper, and then I tole him, sorter krick like that I didnt and I

was hungary. He goes too work and calls a cook out and tells him too make me something good too eat and give him enouff because I was hungary. The cook says yes sir, and off he went and I follered him. He was a littel sore about it but he didnt say nothin too me because I was a korperal and he hadnt darest. This fellar gave me a lot too eat Jake, and I liked it a hole lot. He evens gave me a peace off pie which I bet none off the other fellars got. I wondered why he gave me a peace but after I started too eat it I soon found out why he didnt want too take a chance too eat it himself. I didnt say nothin and I eat it. The fellars got the pipe up allrite and they made a fire. A lot off the fellars uster call me rustler, Jake, because they heard the Kaptain say it too me, but I didnt care what they called me as long as it wasnt any ugly names. I was agoin too go around the camp after I was done eatin but I changed my mind because I was too tired. I went too work and laid on my bed for a wile and then I decided too go in the mess hall and rite a koupler letters and hear I am now, Jake, writin too you.

I'm so darned sleepy that I can hardly keap my eyes open and honest, Jake I wished I was done writin too you because I can hardly sea. I guess I rote too you enough anyhow for this time so if it aint a letter as long as some off them what I rite you mustnt kare, because I dont mean anything by it but its only because I'm sleepy, thats all. Tomaurer is Sunday and I will be out around the Kamp all day and maby I will take a car ride too that place, Hopewell, what I explained too you about in one off the other letters I rote too you. Send me a koupler packs off Lucky Strikes cigarettes, Jake, I'm pretty near run out off them and them are the kind what I like best because they are toasted, and anything what is toasted in always best just like bread, and so forth. Give my best regards too all off the people at home and if some off them aint home no more you neadnt bother tellin them. Well, Jake, so long, sea you later.

HENRY.

JAKE TO HENRY

Dear Henry:

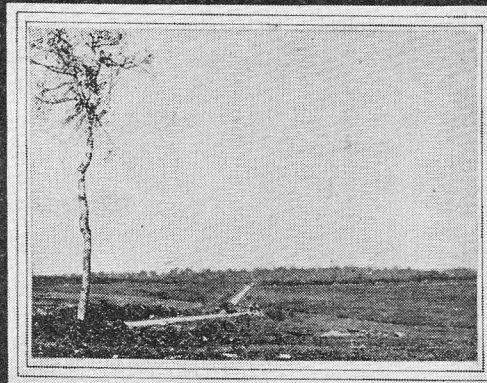
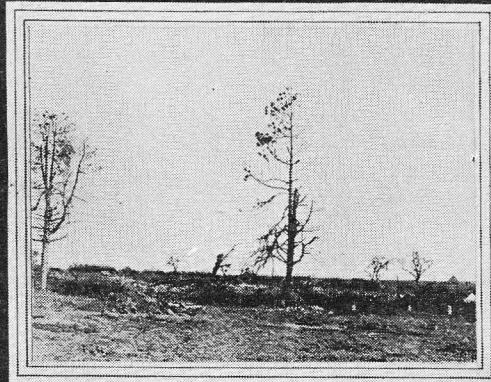
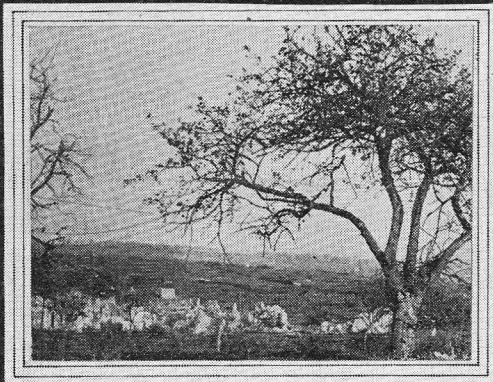
Your letter arrived at the post office just about an our ago and you can see for yourself that I aint lettin no grass grow under my feet befour I write too you. You dont know what fun I half when I get one off your letters because everybody comes around me and asks all kinds off foolish crestions and it makes me laff too think off it. One fellar what hangs up hear says as how you must be a big offiser because it is always Corp. before your name. They dont know what that Korp. means, Henry, because they done know nothin about

Army, but they aint as dum as what they uster bee because I am atellin them a lot off stuff about it because you tole me os much, aint?

I wasnt at tall sirprized too know that you was maid an None-komissioned Offiser, Henry, because they had no other way but too make you one off them. They cant keep a good man down, you bet and thats why they cant keep you down. I was too the City at the beginnin off the weak and I gets some infurmasion about the Army. The fellar that was in charge off the place asks me what branch off the servus I was athinkin about joinin. I was a litle puzzled about what too tell him because I didnt know what branches they had which wood be easy and which I could get promoted like you. He tells me about the Quarter-Master Korps, the Sanartary trane, the Signal Korps, and a kouple of others and I tole him that I guess I wood like too know somethin about the Infantry because I hurd that it was so easy too do. He gets some papers out and gives me them and tells me too take them along and look them over and when I am ready too sine up I should come around and he wood see too it that I was fixed up all O. K. He was an awfull nice fellar, Henry, and I could see that he took an interest in me because he said that I looked like a pretty smart fellar and that he tihinks that I wod be able too handle a job in the Infantry. I said that I wood look the papers over and let him know later about it. I done that Henry because I wanted too ask your idears about it as you can tell me some advise which I will follow out. If you tell me that the Infantry is all O. K. I will join up into it and maby I can come too Kamp Lee and be in your Company because I wod like too half you for my boss because you woodnt be so hard on me I know. Let me know as son as you can about it and whatever you say I will do. I forgot too tell you about the Picknick we had over too the Church a koupler weeks ago. We had a good time but everybody missed you and so did I. They took in about twentie dollers which is pretty good considerin that you wasnt their at tall, too be on the komittie. Pops all the time askin me what I expect too do now that he has no work for me on the farm. I tole him about the Army and he thinks that it is a good idear two, Henry so you will see that it wont be a hard job to get permission to join up. This town aint what it uster bee as a kouple off the fellars what uster hand out at the sigar store went in the Army and they will be in a tank. I dont know what they mean but they rote home and tole the people that they was now in a tank. Maby they are boiler

(Continued on Page 27)

"AS YOU WERE"—U. S. Official Photos—Arranged By Berger



NANTILLOIS-



"OUR MAG"---By the Office Boy



SAY FELLOWS, I've heard tell of a bunch of good stories floatin' around ever since this old Reunion of ours was pulled off, several months ago. Mighty good stories, boys, on some of our Buddies; of the things that happened to them here in this town, and of the things some of these birds tried to pull in this burg, and oh, any number of whoppin' good, snappy stories.

But take it from me, I aint heard tell of anything to near compete with the story on one of the guys who came up from the South to be with us during our Grand Rally.

Well say, when this here fellow wrote in to Headquarters for his credentials, and said he was comin' up for our "Big Do-in's," oh, boy! the whole office force felt mighty blamed puffed up to think a guy would come so far to be in Pittsburgh for our Reunion, but—"the truth will out"—and By Gum this guy kinda double crossed us or himself or somebody. I aint been quite able to figer out who—so I leaves it up to you.

It seems this fellow is a quack doctor of some kind or other, down in his home town—he's some sort of M. D. or D. F. or somethin'—however, his specialty I think, is women. And last winter one of our Pittsburgh belles while wintering in the balmy sunny South—well, she stages a dose of nerves or somethin'—oh, you know, fellows, how these women must have their "nerves"—well, I never found out whether she got this ailment before seeing how blamed good looking Doc is, or whether she really did have a real honest nerve attack.

Anyhow, as the story goes, Doc sure kept her nerves nervin'—yep, he completely bamboozled 'em, so's he could hold her hand in the twilight and gaze wistfully into her eyes and what not!

Oh, you know, fellows, how moonlight

and palm trees get a fellow; remember in Deuval those glorious nights—well, so it was in this case; Doc worked this moonlight and Palm Tree Stuff to a "fare thee well"! But a patient either has to die or get well some time and as there were no "Taps" sounded over this case—well, she returned to Pittsburgh.

Then our outfit comes to the rescue and stages a real live party here in this burg, and when Doc learns about the affair—well, then's where the old spark of love begins to "shimmy" and of course him not being immune to a little live lovin', he pens a note in to headquarters: "Dear Comrades: It certainly gives me great pleasure to be with you during so grand an event." Bull, bull and some more bull, and then he ends up by wanting his credentials, etc., etc., and we poor fish here at Headquarters swallow this note, bait, hook and line, and get real puffed up and rave around about how much one guy thinks of his outfit, that he will travel so far to attend the Reunion, when all the while this old Reprobate has a Skirt on his mind.

And say, fellows, take a tip from me—don't ever kiss a chicken "Good Bye," and then in a course of half a year or so, go huntin' her up—for a lot can happen in half a year—some "peeps" lose their teeth—some lose their hair; but alas, when our friend hit Pittsburgh he found that his little baby had lost her shape—and what does he find holding out the "Welcome" to him, but a crowd! Yes, siree! Two hundred and twenty-five pounds of love, just nigh unto swallowed him whole—and say—does he lose her? Well, just try to ditch one of our Pittsburgh Dames—just try it, I tell you, and find out for yourself how our Pal made out.

Why, after that baby gets her hands on him at the depot, he had about as much chance of attending the Reunion—as a fish out of water.

And not only does she hand him the joyful greetings but she insists on taking him out to "Pa" and "Ma" and "Pa" pats him knowingly on the back and has that "Take

her, my boy" look in his eyes, and "Ma" grabs him around the neck in one of those "Thank God, she's landed a man" hugs, and, say fellows, about all the backbone our friend has left, around this Family Tree, would have insulted a jellyfish.

And Buddies, if this bird thought Pittsburgh was lined with Palm Trees and Balmy breezes, he sure did wake up most powerful fast, and let me tell you that three-day Reunion for Doc was a nightmare—man alive, he lived an eternity in those three days and it served him right, too, for if he thought he could go lovin' one of our demure, sweet little belles and go swappin' kisses in the moonlight and not hear the Wedding Bells—well, he got another think, that's all, and that he really managed to get away is more than I can figer—but fellows, he got away. The Bums' Rush had nothing on the speed with which he staged his departure and he bought a ticket that would take him about as far away from Pittsburgh as the old trains would go.

So in case you ever want to find this bird, don't go huntin' for him around this town, for I'll tell the world—he's not here. Why, he's so darned scared of this place, he shies every time he sees smoke.

Well, boys, put her in "High" and altogether let's go—"Every buddy get a buddy."

Yours till we meet again.

THE OFFICE BOY.

"VERY LIGHTS"

Patrons of a Boston restaurant noticed tacked on the wall a sheet of paper on which was printed in bold characters:

"The umbrella in the stand below belongs to the champion heavyweight fighter of the world. He is coming right back."

Five minutes later umbrella and paper had disappeared. In their place was another notice:

"Umbrella is now in possession of the champion Marathon runner of the world. He is not coming back."



THE BEST STORY OF THE MONTH

Midnight and cold fog. The mouldy iron statues in Bryant Park, around the corner from wealthy, respectable Fifth Avenue, looked upon a hungry, homeless thousand who huddled together on the benches. Under scraggly shrubs dark forms, wrapped in newspapers fished from trash cans, where exhausted job-hunters slept fitfully, dreaming their stomachs were full. The army of the unemployed in bivouac.

On the stroke of twelve a bugle sang out. The shivering thousand stirred to the old summons of "chow call." Then somebody strangely like a sergeant, bawled out "fall in." The quicker ones pinched themselves awake; the others thought it was a dream and reflected that even army food would taste good now.

By rushes of chilled, dragging feet a line formed. In a moment there was a battalion of 700. The buglar and his companions thought to "thin down" to ex-service men only, so they lined up the hungry ones, set the column to marching and weeded out those whose step indicated that they'd never seen service in the ranks. But 700 remained.

Three coppers appeared from somewhere and headed the line of march through the theatrical district to an Eighth Avenue restaurant. The men who would not but believe it was a cruel joke filed in to a meal of roast beef, steak, vegetables, dessert and coffee, all they could eat of it.

The earliest birds were stirring when the last of the ex-service men had sipped his demi-tasse and looked on the world as good for twelve hours at least. To make it better, a Palm Beach, Fla., philanthropist summering in New York, appeared with a package of cigarettes for the also smokeless.

Seven hundred hungry "buddies" had been fed, but a building fund which George Dahlbender Post, the American Legion of New York, had been carefully acquiring and as carefully guarding, was almost a wreck. They had decided to use the money, however, in feeding the fortunate. They announced they would continue the nightly banquets until all the money was gone. They're doing it, and it's almost gone.—*A. L. News Service.*

The Illinois department of the American

Legion will open an old hotel in the "loop" district where lodging, food and clothing will be given the jobless men. With the public responding to the cry to "Say It With a Job," conditions among unemployed service men is improving daily and is much better than that which obtains in the East.—*A. L. News.*

Out of work, arrested on a charge of vagrancy and placed in a convict gang at Glenn Springs, S. C., Thomas M. Keelan, world war veteran, was flogged to death by his guards, according to the American Legion post of Spartansburg, S. C., near the scene of the outrage. A federal investigation has been demanded and two men are being held.—*A. L. News.*

A one-cent-a-mile rate, good in Pullmans over all roads in the territory from the Atlantic to the Mississippi river and from the southern boundary of the New England states to the Ohio, has been granted for delegates and visitors to the national convention of the American Legion at Kansas City, October 31, November 1 and 2, according to announcement made by W. W. Atterbury, vice president of the Pennsylvania railroad and member of the Legion's national executive committee. The rate has been made by the Trunk Line Association of roads.—*A. L. News.*

"Indifference bordering on criminal negligence" characterized treatment of service men of the world war who flocked to Torrington, Wyo., September 2 to settle on newly opened government land, the American Legion's national legislative committee declares here, following its study and report of the land drawing scheme.

For every man who received a farm, 200 were turned away empty handed and disappointed, the report points out. Almost 4,000 former soldiers, sailors and marines, wounded and disabled men among them, came from 36 states of the Union to try for the 203 government farms. In order to get their names in the drawing pot, the young men put up half a million dollars in cash deposits. The majority of the half million went back into the pockets of the 3,797 who were not lucky enough to get a farm.

Governor Carey, of Wyoming, drew the

first card. The winner was a soldier from Pennsylvania, wounded overseas.

"With 200,000 veterans of the world war clamoring for a chance to go on the land and work," the Legion's statement reads, "this government has yet to turn its hand to give them that aid which good common sense, if not gratitude and generosity, would prompt. After all the previous wars in which this country has been engaged, there has been government land in abundance for all who wished to pioneer on it. Only the land hungry veterans of the world war seem to be out of luck."—*A. L. News.*

The body of the unknown American soldier to be brought home from France by General Pershing probably will be selected from the Argonne cemetery at Romagne, where most of the unidentified dead were interred following the fighting in the forest tangles, according to latest information. But two per cent of the war's dead yet remain in France.—*A. L. News.*

"YOU TELL 'EM, BUDDY."

Commander-in-Chief Robert G. Woodside, who was re-elected at the Detroit Encampment of the V. F. W., bears an enviable record of service to his country and is giving to the Veterans of Foreign Wars the same unselfish devotion that won the D. S. C. for him in the Aisne Marne Offensive. Captain Woodside is a veteran of the Philippines, the Boxer Rebellion, and at the time this country entered the World War was a retired Lt. Colonel in the Pennsylvania National Guard. He accepted a commission as captain at the second R. O. T. C., and was assigned to Company M, 38th Infantry, Third Division.

During the Aisne Marne Offensive, when all the other officers of his battalion had been either killed or wounded and surrounded on three sides by the enemy, he gathered his men together, including soldiers who had become lost from their own outfits, and held their position until reinforcements arrived. It was after this battle that his regiment was referred to as "The Rock of the Marne," and for this action he received the Distinguished Service Cross.

During the Meuse Argonne Offensive Captain Woodside was wounded several

Salvage

times. According to War Department figures, the regiment suffered the second largest list of casualties of any organization in France. After recovering from his wounds and returning to his regiment for duty, he was made Regimental Adjutant. He formed in this regiment what is known as the "Rock of the Marne" Post No. 138 V. F. W. This is the largest post in the organization, numbering more than 3,000 men.

Logical Successor of the G. A. R.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars is the logical successor of the G. A. R. and only recently passed legislation that confers full membership upon all members of G. A. R. posts throughout the country who care to become affiliated and the response has been very gratifying.

Other Activities

Among the many other activities of the organization is an Americanization campaign, following out the guiding principle of fealty to country. The following precepts have been recently adopted:

Resolutions adopted by the National Council of Administration Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States at Chicago, Ills., January 16th, 1921:

1. *Resolved*, That this Organization do everything within its power to eliminate the Hyphen in organizations composed of residents or citizens of the United States.

2. *Resolved*, That this organization endeavor to bring about the speaking of the language of our country at all times and in all places within the boundaries of the United States.

3. *Resolved*, That this organization emphatically favor the publication of newspapers in the language of our country and positively discourage as an act of disloyalty the publication of newspapers in the language of any other country or race.

4. *Resolved*, That we use our utmost efforts through legislation and other means to insist that the alien population of this country prepare to become citizens or prepare to leave the country until they change their minds, and furthermore that all aliens who for cause have been refused citizenship be at once deported.

5. *Resolved*, That the above declared principles be spread broadcast by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States in the carrying out of its principles of Americanization.—*V. F. W. News Service*

A LETTER TO FRANCE

My Dear Boy—I do not know what is happening to your body. I cannot learn what is happening to it, from day to day. And boy—I may never know what has happened to it, after it is no longer recognizable in its reclamation to dust.

"At first this was an aching wound, by

night and by day. No one but a mother knows the beauties and the warm, tender life of the little human form. Not in fleshly wise, but with divine love she sees its contours. And the thought of the possible fate of the little body I bathed and clothed and cared for when it was bruised, racked my heart.

"But, dear boy, what has the heart to do with the body after all? I mean heart in the sense of spirit or soul, instead of as the symbol of these. And in my new peace I am writing to you, because I thought you might worry over my pain. That pain is gone—or at least it has become a sweet pain.

"I do not know, my son, what is happening to your body, and I may never know. But in a sense, a most important sense, I feel more at rest than when I was worrying about what was happening to your soul in those days at home when I heard your returning footsteps long after I had gone to bed. No, I was not asleep.

"Peace, for I know now that your soul is right, and saved. I know, dear boy—how shall I say it, for the worst happens only to a few—and yet I will say: I know that even if your soul goes out suddenly, there where you fight, it will go out not into nothingness, but into an eternity of progress; will go out with an impetus of noble earth heroism that will carry it far toward the mountains of the soul world it would be entering.

"The body's life is but a hand's span, dear boy. Eternity is the span of the hand of God—gigantic span. We had to choose, and surely we would not alter our choice.

"A useless soul can make no use of a body, and a useful soul has no use for a body.

"YOUR MOTHER."

—*Editorial from Pgh. Press during the War.*

What the Cleveland (Ohio) *Legionaire* has to say about the Bonus and a few of its enemies, reprinted from issue of Sept. 17, 1921:

"Unless President Harding has been misquoted, he has now definitely taken his stand among the opponents of adjusted compensation for World War veterans.

Platform pledges thus have been thrown to the winds by the leader of the Republican party.

This is just what ex-service men have feared notwithstanding the repeated assurances of such men as Boies Penrose, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee; Senator McCumber, next in rank to Senator Penrose on that committee; Congressman Joseph W. Fordney, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and many other G. O. P. chiefs.

The Republican national platform for 1920, adopted at Chicago, said:

"We hold in imperishable remembrance the valor and patriotism of the soldiers and sailors of America who fought in the great war for human liberty and we pledge ourselves to discharge to the fullest the obligation which a grateful nation justly should fulfill, in appreciation of the services rendered by its defenders on sea and on land.

"Republicans are not ungrateful. Throughout their history they have shown their gratitude toward the nation's defenders. Liberal legislation for the care of the disabled and infirm and their dependents has ever marked Republican policy toward the soldier and sailor of all the wars in which this country has participated."

In a special message to the *Legionaire*, which was published in our national convention number last September and read at the opening of the national convention in Cleveland September 27, 1920, Warren G. Harding, then a candidate for the presidency, said:

"The country never can repay fully its defenders, but speaking as head of the Republican party, I need only mention the party's record in providing for the saviors of the Union as evidence of its realization of your sacrifices in the World War."

Fine words! Five million ex-service men and women believed them. But now they are judging the Harding administration by deeds, not words.

Let us look the facts in the face. Veterans of the World War will not get a square deal from Warren G. Harding, any more than they did from Woodrow Wilson. Andrew W. Mellon is Wall Street's representative in the United States treasury, just as William G. McAdoo and Carter Glass were before him.

What do the professional politicians care about the just desserts of the service men? The war is over!

What do they care that men who served under the Stars and Stripes in France against the Hun are now forced by lack of work to enlist under the yellow banner of Spain for a bonus of \$90 and ninety cents a day to fight the Moors in Africa?

What do they care that men who sacrificed all their chances of business advancement to take up lives of drudgery in malarious army camps at a dollar a day, with mediocre food, now have to sell their services for six months on the auction block, in order to obtain work at all?

No hope can be expected from either of the two old parties which, as Viscount Bryce says in his "Modern Democracies," are the same fluid in two bottles bearing different labels. The struggles between Republicans and Democrats are no longer for principles, merely for power.

Is not the time ripe for the organization
(Continued on Page 27)



Senators are divid-

ed by the Pure Food and Drug act into three solemn and distinct classes, from which there is no escape this side of the Jordan—the “Doers,”

“Talkers” and the “Dreamers.”

The law of caste is inflexible. Occasionally a Dreamer shakes off the Morris chair effect and takes his place bellicose like among the Doers, but history since the founding of the “Saturday Evening Roast” and the passing out of red underwear, has left no trace of a Talker getting any farther ahead than the first ten seats in the “Bald Head” row at the Midnight Frolics.

A Senator is elected by a wild-eyed gang of sane, intelligent voters, while under the soothing influence of Red Fireworks and Pink Oratory. Object: To help in drafting laws for the benefit of the whole people and the glory of the Coal, Steel & Dill Pickle Trust of this fair and buncoed land.

When a Senator is not engaged in O. K.-ing various and sundry laws that would prohibit a man from drinking shellac out of a saucer, or wearing a brown derby in Arizona, he is at work upon the statesman-like task of “franking” free seeds to John Cornstarch of Hoosgow Center, or delivering canned orations on the folly of Bolshivism and Bullrushes.

When a Senator is first elected, he is like a cross-eyed debutante at her first wedding, but after he has been sent back several times to atone for his earlier sins, he becomes a hairless, melancholy-looking individual who believes in “Spiritualism” for the spirits’ sake and that Robert W. Chambers is the only fit study for the true philosopher.

A Senator wears his doubtful honors with all the gay aplomb of a real estate agent selling Hiram Cornstarch a fruit plantation in the middle of a lake.

His preference in clothes runs largely to Broadcloth and B. V. D.’s. In Epicurean fancy, he fairly dotes on soft shell crabs and succotash; generally answers a “Bone Dry” argument with a swig of Grape Juice and Young Scotch, and in his love of real Literature he places “Tarzan of the Apes”

and “Marion Harlan’s Cook Book” among the six best smellers.

On the whole, Senators are rather a delightful study in black and white, with a thin dash of vermilion to lend the proper atmosphere. It is undoubtedly the only body of men in America today that is capable of solving the eternal riddle of “How old is Ann?” and of keeping the June bugs from eating all the gold paint off the Capitol Dome.

LYLE DAVID.

Many a man votes against the things he thinks he wants and thinks he’s voting for them.

It takes a wise Vet to remember all the stories he tells about the war.

You cannot legislate brains into a monkey, patriotism into a slacker, nor appreciation into a war hog profiteer.

Saw the Second Looney who used to harp so much on the subject of saluting and respect due to an officer, jostle several old ladies aside to grab off a side seat in the trolley car.

My ex-girl says that I look great in a uniform, but Bill Stay-at-Home has such a wonderful car.

New slogan for the next generation: “Clothes for women.”

Great men are like great inventions, they only happen every so often.

Keeping your hat on when the National colors pass, is a good way of showing off your war record.

It took a brave Captain to abuse his men and then stay in front of them up the line.

Many of us are still wondering what the darned war was all about anyway.

In seeking employment it is sometimes best to conceal your war record as men have been disqualified for less things than being a soldier.

Never knock a man when he is down and out, he may be your Top Sergeant some day.

If you think that war purifies the world, read history.

If it costs billions of dollars and millions of lives to make the world safe for Democracy, what would it cost to make it a fit place to live in?

Folks no doubt mean alright when they pin black bows of ribbon on the flag and hang it out of the attic window when the body of a neighbor’s boy is returned home for burial, but that does not excuse their

ignorance nor alter the fact that Old Glory needs no hair ribbons to make it sufficiently appreciative of the fellows who died in its defense.

When you see a Vet wearing his army uniform to work in, think of how lucky we are that the Jerries didn’t capture him on our front.

Many a chap will regret those cans of Corned Beef he threw at the “Frogs” as the trains pulled through the little towns before he dies, maybe before the Winter is over.

We learn from many well-known economists that what the country needs is “Liquidation.” Since the Volstead Act went into effect liquidation in the bootlegging industry has been most marked and no doubt the heads of this trust are to be congratulated on their business foresight.

The slacker list will make interesting reading—in the year 2119.

Many family trees of the future will show a missing link along about 1917-18.

One has a suspicion that there were quite a few “unessentials” in “Essential Industries” during the war. Some of them are still there and are apparently waiting for “the next war” to blow over before they come up for air.

Propaganda was a development of the World War. Its use may be good or evil, depending on the brains directing it, and its detection difficult as the poison gases; no one knowing the exact moment of its effect. At present the business situation is growing better and several months ago it was alarming—all of which may, or may not be propaganda. Wanted, a reliable Propaganda Detector.

Every time we hear of a “Conference,” in our imagination we hear the Ivories rattle and some one cry, “Shoot another million for expenses.” The “bones” sure are expensive.

At a time when wages and prices generally are coming down, universities and colleges in some sections are raising tuitions. What is the answer? Ask Edison, perhaps he knows.

You aint noticed any of them spellbinders what said we could run the country when we got back from the war, stepping down in favor of any wounded Vets, have ye? Perhaps none of us were ever expected back when the speeches were being made.

If a certain Blue Ridger don’t soon pay up his dues to the Association and his sub-

(Continued on Page 26)



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

The body of Private John Stephen Dougherty, formerly of 826 Chartiers Ave., McKees Rocks, who was killed in the American advance in the Argonne Forest, Oct. 11, 1918, was buried with full military honors in the St. Mary's cemetery, McKees Rocks, Sunday, Sept. 25, 1921. Services were held in St. Francis De Sales church. Military rites were in charge of Vesle Post No. 418, American Legion. Private Dougherty began service on Feb. 10, 1918, and was assigned to Co. L, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Eightieth Division, with which organization he embarked for France. At the time of his death he was aged 23. Rev. Edward A. Wallace of New York, chaplain of the Eightieth Division came from New York to Pittsburgh to be present at the funeral and assisted Rev. William P. Dunlea of St. Francis' Church, in the mass that was said Saturday and in the services Sunday. The Vesle Post of the American Legion, the post's ladies' auxiliary, the McKees Rocks police department and a chapter of the American Red Cross formed the funeral cortege from the church to the cemetery. Pall bearers were all ex-service men and schoolmates of Private Dougherty. Private Dougherty was a son of Richard P. Daugherty and Mary Kelly Dougherty, and was born and lived all his life in McKees Rocks. Besides his parents he is survived by three sisters, Agnes, Catherine and Margaret, and a brother, Edward.

The funeral of Joseph Finn, son of Mrs. John Finn of Clement St., Mt. Washington, was held Sept. 25, 1921. Services were conducted at St. Mary's of the Mount Catholic church at 3:30 p. m. and burial was in Calvary cemetery. Representatives of various military units of Mt. Washington and other parts of the city attended. Finn was aged 22 and was a member of the Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry. He was killed in action in France. Finn was one of more than 300 young men of his congregation who enlisted.

The only McCandless township soldier to lose his life in the World War, Corp. Phil R. Sarver, son of Mrs. Jane Sarver of Ingomar, was buried with military honors September 25th, 1921, in St. John's Lutheran cemetery, McCandless township. About 1,200 persons attended the services in St. John's church, in charge of Observatory post No. 81, American Legion. The services were conducted by Rev. C. W. Becker, chaplain of Observatory Post, assisted by Rev. Paul G. Klingler of St. John's Church and Rev. W. O. Welday of Franklin Methodist Episcopal Church, Ingomar. Capt. H. C. Muse, a lieutenant of Co. A, Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry, Corp. Sarver's unit, at the time he was killed on Sept. 26, 1918, during the Meuse-Argonne offensive, told of Corp. Sarver's service as a soldier, in the eulogy

(Continued on Page 25.)



Buddy Harold Wells, Petersburg, Va., who was blinded while serving with the Eightieth during the world war, was not receiving enough from the government to keep him. Members of his American Legion post raised \$1,000 in a mass meeting over which the mayor presided. They set him up in business and with their Women's Auxiliary pledged to buy only of the veteran in his tobacco and book shop. Now he has paid off the \$1,000 debt and is making a comfortable living.

Capt. S. C. Hicks, formerly 319th M. G. Co., is now located at Upaway, Paget East, Bermuda.

By a recent order from the War Dept., Col. Frank S. Cocheu, Gen. Staff, is relieved from his present duties at Headquarters Third Corps Area, Fort Howard, Maryland, effective upon the departure of Colonel Frank K. Ferguson, Gen. Staff, and will then report in person to the Commanding General, Third Corps area, for duty as Chief of Staff that Corps Area.

By order of the Secretary of War.

Clinton H. Hart, formerly Co. C, 320th Inf., is now a member of Co. F. 6th Inf., his sentence expires Feb., 1922. He wants to hear from his old Buddies of C. Co. Address him 934 Wright St., Indianapolis, Ind.

An interesting innovation in the publishing of poetry has been made by the Cornhill Publishing Co. of Boston in presenting to the public the first edition of "The Beggar's Vision," a new volume of verse by Brookes More, not only unusually well printed and bound but splendidly illustrated with photogravures from drawings made especially for this edition. In putting this book upon the market, the publishers are watching with keen interest to see just what reception the public will accord a specially illustrated volume of verse, published not as a memorial or a special edition, but merely as an ordinary first printing. Mr. More, the author, is already well known through his two previous books of poetry, "Songs of a Red Cross Nurse," and "The Lover's Rosary." His interest in contemporary American poetry has been marked

by his gift of poetry prizes. The Brookes More prize for 1920 was won by Sara Teasdale.

CORRECTION FOR YEAR BOOK

Add to Headquarters Company, 313 Machine Gun Battalion, Anton F. Reetz, Sgt. Major. 1059 Evergreen Avenue, Millvale, Pa.

Change 1st Lieut. Walter E. Singer, 318th Inf., to read, "Captain. Walter E. Singer, 318th Inf."

Change the following names from Battery B, 314th F. A., page 255, to Battery B, 315th F. A., page 265: Duran B. Myers, Everett O'Neal, Thomas R. Parker, Earl J. Quillen, Lincoln Myers, Jessie J. Palmer, Oscar E. Persinger, Chas. H. Ray, Victor J. Older, Michele Paolo, Winifred Pettit, William Reed.

And those shown under Battery C, 314th F. A., same page, to that of Battery C, 315th F. A., page 263: Henry B. Nease, Samuel O'Connor, Emery E. Pauley, Frank Noe, Samuel Ong (not Ohg), John P. Peel, Oliver B. Ocker, Harry C. Palmer, Wiley Perdue, Elzie Peters, Norman S. Phelps, Gilbert C. Priestly, Lon Peters, Wm. L. Plantz, Oscar H. Ray, Jos. H. Petty, Arthur E. Price, Howard Richard.

We have already had books on the League of Nations by diplomats, by politicians, by novelists, by newspaper men, by officials of the Army and Navy, by financiers and by military strategists, and now the international lawyer enters the lists with the announcement of the publication of "The Isolation Plan" by the Cornhill Publishing Co. William H. Blymyer, the author of the book, which is said to be a comprehensive and practical scheme for maintaining peace in the world, is an expert in international law, and his writings have for some time been much discussed in diplomatic circles.

Grant H. Code, a graduate of Peabody High School, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and of Harvard College, and now an instructor at Harvard, has a one-act play, "The Roast," in the September issue of the Black Cat Magazine, which has resumed publication after a period of suspension caused by high

Morning Report

paper and printing costs. "The Roast" is one of the most gruesome stories ever read. Mr. Code served as 1st Lieut. with the 1st Div. A. E. F.

Clifford A. Campbell, of H. Q. Co. 315 F. A., is now representing the Travelers Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn. He is located at tenth floor, Commonwealth Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

No! "SERVICE Staff" has not gone crazy nor turned Bolshiviki with this issue. Some of our contributors, not to fail to mention the "Office Boy," have had this stuff lying heavy on the chest for some time. Now that it's out of our systems, let's go for a bigger circulation list for the next twelve months. If you cannot see a growing need for SERVICE MAGAZINE, you're hopeless, Buddy, plain hopeless. *Let's stick together, eh?*

IT ISN'T THE TOWN—IT'S YOU

If you want to live in the kind of a town
Like the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new,
It's a knock at yourself when you knock
your town,
It isn't the town—it's you.

Real towns are not made by men afraid
Lest somebody else gets ahead.
When everyone works and nobody shirks
You can raise a town from the dead.
And if, while you make your personal stake
Your neighbor can make one, too,
Your town will be what you want to see.
It isn't the town—it's you.

—Unknown.

Colonel J. C. Castner, D. O. L., arrived in Richmond this morning accompanied by Lieut.-Col. J. P. Robinson and Maj. Tierney, to take preliminary steps toward organization of the Eightieth Division Reserves. He will establish headquarters in Richmond immediately. Colonel Castner is looking for headquarters for the division and expects to establish them here within the next few days. Besides division headquarters he will establish headquarters for a sanitary regiment, an infantry brigade, an engineer's and an artillery regiment. The first step which will be taken by Colonel Castner will be to get in touch with old officers of the Eightieth and look over their records and all available information concerning them.—*From Richmond (Va.) Evening Dispatch, Sept. 5, 1921.*

After reading the above news item, a Buddy wrote the following letter to SERVICE:

Gentlemen—I noticed in this evening's Dispatch that you all intend to reorganize the 80th Division, and i want to tell you right now i won't stand for it, and i don't want to get mixed up in no K. P. job and i want my dollar back what i paid you for dues. if that Colonel Castner wants a headquarters i no a dandy place in Petersburg were all the officers used to have their Headquarters.

i see they are going to look over the officers rekords and want all available information concerning them. Now as i was ackting private first class, i dont want no one monkeying with my reckords for my captain told me if he had a rekord like mine he would a never stayed in no dug out but wood have got a job breaking up duds in the S. O. S. i bet that would have been worsen than K. P. though.

i know lot of Officers and i can tell that cernal all about them and i have all ready told everyone i met about them but i can always think of something i forgot. Tell him not to look at their rekords for they might be put in the jail or brig. or coops if anyone else sees them.

yours affexionately,

JAMES SMITH.

P. S. Why ain't i been getting Service Magazine? i subscribed in france. i moved last year from where i used to live to were i live now. Please print something about me in Service.

J. S.

NOTES FROM THE THREE HUNDRED FIFTEENTH FIELD ARTILLERY

By C. F. BUSHMAN, 315 F. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Concetto Mobitia announced the marriage of their daughter, Francis, to Mr. John G. Floresta, June 19, 1921, at St. Anthony's Church at Johnstown, Pa. The happy couple are now at their home at Tyrone, Pa. Mr. Floresta was a former band sergeant in Headquarters Company, 315th Field Artillery.

Roy Brooks, formerly Private, Motorcycle Driver, Headquarters Co., 315th Field Artillery, has recently moved from Northfork, W. Va., and accepted a position with the Pocahontas Motor Co. at Pocahontas, Va.

Louis C. Yancey, formerly Corporal, Battery Clerk, Battery D, 315th Field Artillery, is established with the Powhatan Coal and Coke Co., at Powhatan, W. Va.

This is a copy of a letter I am sending out to members of our Regiment, in an effort to enlist a 100 per cent membership in the Veterans' Association:

From: C. F. Bushman, Coaldale, Mercer County, West Virginia.

To: Former members of Battery "A," 315th Regiment Field Artillery.
Subject: Battery letter.

(A) The purpose of this letter is to establish some means of keeping in touch with each other in your old organization, and will be confined to your battery only. A similar letter has been sent out to each other organization of your old regiment.

GENERAL ORDERS

(1) Read the attached letters and add a personal letter to the back of those attached.

(2) To write on as near uniform size paper as possible.

(3) Mail all letters to a member of your battery, securing addresses from the regimental history or from the Eightieth Division year book. If you have no forwarding address send these letters to me, I will return promptly with a forwarding address.

(4) Do not keep these letters over 24 hours before forwarding.

(5) Send by first class postage. Place your return address on outside so in case of change it may be returned to you. If returned send it to some other member of your battery.

(6) All letters will be returned to me not later than July 1, 1922.

PERSONAL ORDERS

(1) Tell what you have been doing since your discharge.

(2) Are you married, if so, have you qualified to be called "Daddy"?

(3) Write anything you may think of interest to other members of your battery.

MISCELLANEOUS

(1) All members are urged to support the Eightieth Division Veterans Association, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. Membership initiation fee and dues are \$2, and \$1 per year thereafter. The SERVICE MAGAZINE, containing a write-up of your old regiment each month, is \$2.00 per year. Make all remittances direct to Headquarters as shown in this paragraph.

(2) The third annual reunion of the 80th Division will be held at Charleston, W. Va., in 1922. Watch SERVICE MAGAZINE for dates.

(3) This communication does not obligate you in any way.

Yours fraternally,

C. F. BUSHMAN.

Benjamin J. Scott, formerly Mess Sergeant, Battery F, 315th Field Artillery, is now in the grocery business at Keystone, W. Va.

By RUSSELL L. STULTZ, 318th Inf.

S. B. Clark, formerly Mess Sergeant of Company G, 318 Infantry, is now located at 605 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Wash-

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ington, D. C. "Sam" beat the Eightieth home by a month, owing to his ability to convince General Pershing of his greater usefulness as a citizen than a Mess Sergeant, but he always was lucky.

William B. Warner, formerly Ammunition Sergeant, Battery B, 315th Field Artillery, re-entered the service of the Norfolk and Western Railway Company, at Jaeger, W. Va., after demobilizing.

Forrest E. Peters, formerly a bugler with Company E, 318th Infantry, who recently was appointed a special agent under the Virginia Prohibition Department, with headquarters at Roanoke, Va., has resigned and returned to his former business in Harrisonburg, Va. Mr. Peters remarks that chasing boot-leggers in the Virginia mountains is just as thrilling as trailing "Jerry" in the Argonne—only more so.

Charles L. Amory, at one time Transport Officer of the Third Battalion, 318th Infantry, and later commanding officer of Company G, 318th Infantry, is now billeted at the Hotel Vanderbilt, New York City—a far cry from "a little town called Stigny, France."

Walter E. Flick, of Dayton, Va., formerly a sergeant with Company E, 318th In-

fantry, and later commissioned a lieutenant of infantry, A. E. F., has accepted a position as instructor in History at Shenandoah Collegiate Institute, Dayton, Va. Somebody at S. C. I. is going to hear how real history is made this winter.

Leslie L. Jones, who was Sergeant-Major of the Second Battalion, 318th Infantry, through the Argonne campaign and until the 80th's demobilization in the States, has been confined to "quarters" at 4006 Forest-hill Ave., Richmond, Va., for the past twelve months, due to a nervous breakdown. Sergeant Jones says that the Medico still continues to class him "Totally disabled, temporarily," and that he certainly appreciates that last word. Personally, we believe a petit leave in the Paris Sector would change that "temporarily" to "permanently." The old "gang" wishes him a speedy release from Sick Report.

Through the courtesy of Comrade Bushman, we learn that Arthur D. Gillespie, formerly a private with Company C, 318th Infantry, is now located at Sword's Creek, Va., where he does duty as a painter with the Norfolk & Western Railway. We fancy this is more remunerative than the old pastime of decorating battalion signs.

"TAPS"

The funeral of Lieut. Edmund Howard

Prince, Company G, 320th Infantry, who was killed in action near Montfaucon, France, on September 28th, 1918, was held at Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, Towson, Md., Sunday, September 18th. The body was interred in Prospect Hill Cemetery, at Towson. Lieut. Prince was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund G. Prince, of Ilchester, Md.

The body of Private Simon Benjamin, Company D, 317th Infantry, who was killed in action in France on October 4, 1918, during the Argonne offensive, was buried Sunday, September 25th, in Rosedale Cemetery, Baltimore, Md. The services were held at the funeral parlors of S. Levenson, 1127 East Baltimore St. Private Benjamin was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Benjamin, of Baltimore.

The funeral of Private Earl Howsare, Company D, 319th Infantry, who was killed by a machine gun bullet during the Argonne offensive, was held Sunday, September 25th, at Chaneyville, Md., interment being made in the Methodist Cemetery. The services were in charge of the local American Legion post.

A citation for bravery in action during the Meuse-Argonne offensive has recently
(Continued on Page 29)

LIFE MEMBERS

80th Division Veterans Association

1 Barrett, Byron B.
2 Beale, Guy O.
3 Dunmore, Morris C.
4 Elton, Reuel W.
5 Freeman, Geo. D., Jr.
6 Garretson, Leland B.
7 Hawes, George P., Jr.
8 Hurley, Patrick J.
9 Inhman, John H.
10 Jones, Percy A.
11 Kaulback, Arthur W.
12 Kean, John
13 Schoble, Frank
14 Marcus, Chapin
15 Miller, Elmer J.
16 Winfield, Harley F.
17 Wise, Jennings C.
18 Williams, Lester J.
19 Zachert, Reinhold E.
20 Little, Ed. H.
21 Burdick, Henry H.
22 Moran, D. P.
23 Towers, J. K.
24 Cox, Robert H.
25 Adams, Stuart C.
26 Dugro, Chas. H.
27 Erff, George
28 Negus, H. V. S.
29 Barry, David A.
30 Rising, Herbert
31 Ackerman, David G.
32 Agate, C. C.

33 Ober, J. H.
34 Hoxsey, T. F.
35 Smith, Warren R.
36 Sands, J. W.
37 Jones, Chas. M.
38 Steele, Wesley C.
39 Howell, John B.
40 Wright, F. W.
41 Symington, W. C.
42 Cella, Carlo D.
43 Stafford, Jas. W.
44 Rhoads, Wm. H.
45 Munsick, Donald B.
46 Knowlton, Phillip B.
47 Ritchie, F. S.
48 Auger, C. L., Jr.
49 Paret, Robert B.
50 Harrison, Maj. J. D.
51 Kinney, Warren
52 Mackie, W. H. C.
53 Fullerton, Donald B.
54 Winters, A., Jr.
55 Cortes, George C.
56 Baldwin, R. A.
57 Burwell, Lester T.
58 Thorne, H. B., Jr.
59 Ellison, J. S., Jr.
60 Herron, C. T.
61 Pitney, Shelton
62 Armstrong, Walter T.
63 Fortescue, Granville
64 Hogan, R. C.

65 Ritchie, John
66 Ferguson, J. W., Jr.
67 Jones, DeWitt C.
68 Hopkins, S. V.
69 Mathai, Jos.
70 Kenney, C. S.
71 Timmins, P. M.
72 Wilbert, Howard G.
73 Fleming, Samuel J.
74 Heiner, John P.
75 Curry, Henry R.
76 Gibson, James G.
77 Vandewater, Wm. C.
78 Merrell, C. W.
79 Stewart, Warren T.
80 Kirchner, H. C.
81 Michaelson, John R.
82 Melniker, A. A.
83 Hill, E. D.
84 Shartle, A. J.
85 Amory, Charles M.
86 Thomas, W. G.
87 Brett, Lloyd M.
88 Campbell, Walter M.
89 Reichard, Earl A.
90 Gotwald, Clyde F.
91 Hart, Joseph.
92 Wallace Edw. A.
93—MILJUS, JOHN
94—FAHERTY, ROGER
— Fleming, Wm. L. (Honorary)
NEXT?

"Putting a Premium on Slacking"

(Continued from Page 11)

the sweetheart of a boy over there. The comparison of the two cases tends to make slackers and to throw cold water on patriotism.

The second step in the wrong developments after the mismanagement in the affairs at home took place when the boys returned home. Now instead of turning back the positions to the men, the women were retained. This cheapened the overseas veteran, cheapened his Great Service. Actions are louder than words and your soldier is a man of action. With \$60 in his pocket and unemployment staring him in the face, he started out on a far darker future of peace than he encountered in the past two years of war. The truth about the past made him realize that he wasn't treated right while overseas and now he learns he is not appreciated back home.

With his bonus of \$60.00 he called around at the tailors who used to turn him out the best in the house anywhere from \$30 to \$50, but now he was asking \$85 to \$125. He then called around at the shoe shop where he never paid over \$7.00, to find that prices had advanced 100 per cent. Shirts which never cost over \$1.50 were being sold at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$5.00, and so on with every article on the list of necessities.

True, these prices were not so high to the chap getting \$10.00 per day at his old job, but tell us, if you can, how any man could re-equip himself on \$60.00? Frankly, it could not be done nor was it done by a single one of the four million.

The time to pay a National Bonus was when the boys returned home and needed the aid of the Government, meaning the employer who had sent them away to fight, in readjusting themselves to normal conditions. These men did not ask for alms, since when are well earned wages alms? But they did expect the Government's aid in tiding them over the span between the day of discharge from their jobs as soldiers representing and fighting for everyone who lives in this great country, and the time permanent employment was secured from some other source. It was just as important that the Government see that he secured his position back in civil life as he had when called to the colors, as it was important to the Government to take him away from that job. Only in the case of disability should the rule have been altered, and in those cases the Government should have made ample arrangements. The lads who suffered from wounds or gas, made the sacrifice for the nation, and the nation should feel it an honorable duty to care for its self-sacrificing citizens, are we to judge by their actions? Are these

the folks we were working for on that big job "over there"?

The fact of the matter is, that the United States has become drunk with its own wealth. We have flashed our roll to the world with the usual result. England, France, Belgium and Italy have paid bonuses out of money borrowed from us and now default in paying interest, and taking their cue from our Secretary of the Treasury they suggest that we should feel the great honor of a noble service and cancel the debt. Do you blame them? What does the nation intend to do about the ten billion now on accounts receivable? If it is a case of cancellation, tell us what did we accomplish by sending our Army to Europe? What did we gain outside of a few old German warships which the Navy used as targets on their playgrounds off the Capes?

All we see that we got out of it so far is billions of debt, increased taxes, unemployment, sorrow for the loss of thousands of promising young lives, and the misery of thousands of those wounded and gassed.

Oh yes, the United States can spend thirty-three million feeding Europe's starving children; can send ships laden with food for Russia and come to the aid of China; can make appropriations for a greater Navy; can spend millions for a Merchant Marine rusting at the docks; can create 23,000 new millionaires, but cannot give one penny to the boys who saved America from invasion. Alas, we are too poor—yes, morally poor. How can we expect Young America to rally to the Colors the next time a foreign foe draws us into conflict. Can political propaganda, frenzied waving of the colors, or a President in the White House frame another war cry as inspiring as the one under which we rallied? Can we be fooled the next time into a fight for a principle—after seeing this victory repudiated by our politicians?

The payment of excessive wages in industries during the actual period of the war placed a premium on slacking, gave the slacker his bonus without question or quibble, as Turner E. Campe, vice commander of the Legion for the department of Texas, stated in a recent article on the subject:

"On a train recently coming up from the South the writer had a seat by a man who is perhaps the leading figure in one of the greatest departments of business in America. Incidentally, the conversation turned to the question of labor.

"Know where our present labor trouble started?" inquired the gentleman. "I'll tell you. At least I will give you my idea. It may not coincide with your view, but it is my view and I will give it for what it is worth.

"You can trace most of the difficulty to the inequality of the draft. This government of ours asserted its right to call to arms such of its masculine inhabitants as it considered suitable or necessary for military service.

"That's what we called the draft. A man drafted had to go if found physically qualified. He had no option. The government prescribed what he should wear, what he should do, what he should receive and when it saw fit it called upon him to go into battle to be killed or maimed, or gassed or captured or, possibly come out unscathed, but it's a ten to one shot he wouldn't go over the top many times and come out in the latter condition. For this the government paid \$30.00 a month to the soldier.

"What right did the government assert regarding the man who didn't go to the war, didn't offer his life or his limb? Practically none. Did it fix his pay at \$30.00 per month and found? It did not. It permitted him to remain at home in ease and comfort while the \$30 a month man went to war to protect him.

"And what did the man at home do? I haven't personal knowledge, for I was in France, but I can judge from reports I received and from conditions I found when I returned. The reports were that the men who stayed at home took fullest advantage of the opportunity to boost wages and make demands that at other times would have been so absurd as to be scorned. I heard of no end of strikes for increase of pay, strikes nearly always successful because of the urgent need of the nation for ships, for goods, for war materials. I heard of men-riveters, for instance—who made \$125 per week—four times as much per week as a soldier in France got a month. I heard of waste, riotous extravagance, silk shirts, jazz at home while it was misery and death at the front.

"And what did we find when we came home? The whole industrial structure of the nation was disorganized. There was little talk of the rights of the returned soldier who had offered their lives for the country, but no end of insistence about the rights of men who profited to the fullest degree by staying at home.

"Today you will find the majority of men that are walking the streets looking for work are the same fellows that gave the best two years of their lives in France for the country, they were put at the bottom of the list when they got back and are the first cut when the cut comes. I ask you, Mr. Citizen, in all fairness, have you been perfectly fair and square with this soldier?

"If we have another war I hope we

(Continued on Page 30)

TAPS

(Continued from Page 21.)

which he delivered. Corp. Sarver was born in McCandless township and received his training at Camp Lee, going overseas in May, 1918, and participated in all of the fighting in which his regiment engaged.

Besides his mother he is survived by four brothers, Clyde Sarver, Wade H. Sarver, and Eugene Sarver at home, and Grover C. Sarver of Roanoke, Va., and two sisters, Miss Anna Sarver at home and Mrs. John Hammer of West View.

FINLEY—Killed in action at the battle of the Argonne, November 6, 1918, Ray A. Finley, member of Machine Gun Company, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Eightieth Division, and son of John and Margaret Finley (nee Jacobs), of South Huntington township, near Smithton, Pa. He is survived by his parents, six brothers and five sisters. Funeral services were held at the Barrin Run Church, on Sunday afternoon, September 18, at 2 o'clock. Interment in Barrin Run Cemetery.

HAY—Died of wounds received in action in the Argonne Forest, France, on November 1, 1918, Corp. William Vance Hay, Company E, Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry, Eightieth Division, son of Lewis C. and Emma W. Hay. Military funeral was held Saturday, September 24, at 2 P. M., at Valley Presbyterian Church, Imperial.

HUTH—In action at Argonne Forest, France, on Saturday, Nov. 2, 1918, Corp. Albert A. Huth, son of Fredericka Riebel Huth (nee Pfaff) and the late Herman Huth, aged 26 years. He was a member of Company H, Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry, Eightieth Division of the World War. Funeral Sunday, Sept. 25, 1921, at 2 P. M., from the residence of his mother, No. 20 Keib's way, Sixteenth ward, Southside, Pittsburgh. Services at 3 P. M. in the First United Evangelical Protestant Church, 1720 Jane street, South Side, Pittsburgh. Interment in Zimmerman's Cemetery. Military funeral Sunday afternoon, attended by Uhlman Horne Post, No. 456, V. F. W.; Arthur C. Woesthoff Post, No. 435, V. F. W.; Capt. F. P. Siviter Post, No. 87, V. F. W.; Hill Top Memorial Post No. 438, American Legion and members of the Eightieth Division.

WALER—Killed in action at Meuse River, in Argonne Forest, October 10, 1918, Private Thomas C. Waler of Company G, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Eightieth Division, husband of Elizabeth Marie Waler (nee Miller), in his 29th year. Funeral from the residence of his father-in-law, Henry Miller, 200 Seward street, Duquesne Heights, Sunday, September 18. Services at the G. U. E. P. Church, Shaler St., Duquesne Heights, at 2:30 o'clock. Funeral was in charge of Corporal Diller Post. Interment in Lebanon Cemetery.

Funeral services for Sergt. Edward M. Brown, of Steuben and Felix Streets, Crafton Heights, who was killed in action in the Meuse-Argonne offensive on October 11, 1918 was held from the Crafton Heights Methodist Episcopal Church. Albert G. Baker Post No. 86, Veterans of

Foreign Wars, had charge of the funeral. Sergt. Brown enlisted on September 20, 1917, and was one of the first boys of this district to go into training at Camp Lee, Va. At the time he was killed he was first sergeant of Company A, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Eightieth Division. The services were conducted by the Rev. Miller, of the Crafton Church. Capt. Barlow, former United States chaplain, pronounced the benediction at the grave.

The body of Ellsworth Powell, killed in action with Co. I, Three Hundred and Twenty-sixth Infantry in the Argonne forest Oct. 16, 1918, arrived at the home of his mother, 1401 Sheffield st., North Side. Powell was drafted Sept. 23, 1917, and was aged 26 when he was killed. Military burial was given by former service men. Besides his mother, Powell is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Emma Wetzel and Mrs. Martha Kammlade, both of this city, and a brother, David Powell at home.

Funeral services for Sergt. Albert G. Schwartzmiller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Schwartzmiller of 223 Fingal st., were held Sept. 17, 1921, at 3 P. M., with services in St. Martin's church. Sergt. Schwartzmiller was a member of Co. C, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry. He was killed in the Argonne forest, Oct. 11, 1918. He was employed by the Hostetter Company before entering the military service. Besides his parents he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. B. Ketterman and Sister Philomena, the latter of whom is a member of the Divine Providence order, and one brother, Roy Schwartzmiller. Members of H. O. Diller Post, No. 169, Veterans of Foreign Wars, the ladies' auxiliary of that post and members of the American Legion had charge of the military rites.

Four posts of war veterans united Sept. 18th, 1921, in paying final honors to Private Anthony A. Delbine of Co. D, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, killed in the Meuse-Argonne campaign in France in October, 1918. The body arrived Thursday and was taken to the home of his parents at 124 Mulbery way. Later services were held at St. Philomena's church, Fourteenth and Liberty Sts. Burial was held in St. Mary's Cemetery. Private Delbine entered the service at Camp Lee. He served in the Three Hundred and Fifth ammunition train and was transferred to Co. D, in France. He is survived by his parents and four brothers.

The body of Private P. P. Shuler who was killed in action in the Argonne forest, Oct. 11, 1918, arrived at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shuler of 527 Galveston st., North Side. Private Shuler was a member of the Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Eightieth Division. A military funeral, attended by members of veterans' organizations, was held in his late home at 1:30 P. M., Sept. 18, 1921, and burial was in Mt. Carmel cemetery.

The body of Private Winfield Scott Howells, a member of Co. M, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Eightieth Division, who was killed Sept. 26, 1918, in

the Argonne, has arrived at the home of his mother, Mrs. Catherine Howells, 2119 Carey way, South Side. Private Howells was one of the first South Side men to be drafted. He left for training at Camp Lee, Sept. 27, 1917, and sailed for France May 22, 1918. He is survived by seven brothers and two sisters.

Corporal Stanley Koztowsky, Company I, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, killed in action November 1, 1918. Next of kin, Mrs. Victoria Koztowsky, 3018 Pauouana Street, Herron Hill. Funeral from Immaculate Heart of Mary Catholic Church. Veterans of Foreign Wars in charge of services, Sunday, Sept. 25, 1921.

PRINCE—Killed in action at Montfaucon, France, on September 28, 1918, Lieut. Edmund Howard Prince, Company G, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Eightieth Division, beloved son of Edmund G. and Martha V. Prince, Ilchester, Howard County. Funeral from Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, Towson, Sunday, September 18, 1921, at 3 P. M. Interment in Prospect Hill cemetery, Towson.

BAKER, Paul E., Sgt. Machine Gun Co., 320th Inf. Killed in action near St. Juvin, France. Family notified of early return of body. Notice of funeral in next issue of Service.

Frank B. Cassel, 4038 N. 8th St., Company G, 318th Infantry, 80th Division. Services held Sept. 28, 1921, at his home and interment took place in Doylestown, Pa. The funeral was in charge of Charles E. Hewitt Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. Cassel was drafted in April, 1918, and after training at Camp Lee, Va. went overseas in May. He was killed October 6, 1918 in the fighting at Hill 274 in the Argonne Forest. He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Ella Hartman and a brother, Elwood Cassel. 80th Division Veterans acted as pallbearers.

Elmer Keller, Private Co. D, 319th Infantry, who was killed in action, Sept. 27, 1918, was buried with full military honors by World War Veterans from his late home, Beaver Falls, Pa., Sept. 10, 1921.

MCCARTHY, Private Michael A., Co. C, 315th M. G. Bn., was buried Saturday, September 17th, 1921, with full military services by Chateau Post, V. F. W. Members of Co. C, acted as pallbearers. Requiem High Mass at St. Xavier's R. C. Church, N. S., Pgh., Pa. Interment at North Side Cemetery.

SCHWAB, Private Fred C., Co. C, 315 M. G. Bn., was buried Sunday, Sept. 18th, 1921, from the home of Mrs. Mary Heck. Military escort furnished by Corp. Edward Schmitt Post, V. F. W. Co. C, turned out as a company and acted as pallbearers. Blessing services by Rev. Father Fussenege, at Most Holy Name Catholic Church.

KUHNS, Corporal Alex. H., Co. L, 320th Inf., was buried from the home of his grandmother, Mrs. Kuhns, Oil City, Pa.,

(Continued on Page 30.)

"Soldiering Aboard the Leviathan"

(Continued from Page 10)

ring land. By noon it was reported in the distance and thousands thronged the decks to obtain the first hazy view. Other thousands, unperturbed by a rumor that had circulated for several days, remained below to engage in chase of equally elusive dollars through the medium of two ivory "bones" technically known as "dice." A score or two had succeeded in garnering the bulk of the ship's negotiable wealth expended with the canteens, and now these olive-drab financiers were endeavoring to reduce the distribution to even more limited boundaries.

The battles waged fast and furious; hundreds and occasionally thousands of dollars changed owners by a single throw of the dice. But another, infinitely more portentous tournament was about to be staged. Suddenly, without preface or warning, there came a sharp, ominous "boom" from the forward gun, followed in quick succession by a series of similar reports. The sullen roar instantly transformed the afternoon from one of tranquillity to a thing of living, vibrant peril. Upon the very eve of anchoring, Germany's "Unter-der-See Boote" had found us! The abrupt metamorphosis called forth by the apparition left all save the vigilant gun-crews temporarily at a loss to grasp its significance.

As the echo of the first "boom" died, an infantryman on deck for the purpose of "discovering" land frivolously cried: "Mark number 7!" This was not target-practice, however, but grim, life-and-death business. At the same instant, as the sound carried to the men below, a heavily winning craps-shooter nonchalantly remarked as he lay stretched on his stomach: "Fifty you come eleven!" A like *sang-froid* maintained wherever men congregated. For the brief space of seconds few realized the danger heralded by the barking guns.

When the truth did dawn, it failed to mark a change in the calm, sanguine indifference. It was a running fight, with the "Leviathan" a prime favorite in the race. "Full speed ahead!" was signaled and the big boat made for the still distant harbor. All agreed that, in this instance, "a good run was better than a bad fight." Several conning towers were now visible to the naked eye as the enemy submarines, now detected, boldly took up the chase. Every shot fired from the transport shook her from stern to stern, and left momentary doubt as to whether it was the work of American gunners or that of a fatal torpedo finding its goal.

As the race proceeded in deadly earnest, the agitated foam arose and showered the bows of the protecting convoy, now hanging in the rear as though to ward off pur-

suit. Those above decks watched the premier brush with the Hun in mounting confidence; those below were forbidden to leave their compartments, there to chafe and fume in ignorance of the outcome, or to continue the scarcely less exciting pastime of chasing dollars with dice. To this day, the number of attacking U-Boats and their fate remain a mooted question.

Three factors united in bringing about a conclusion favorable to the pursued—the transport's speed, the accuracy of its gun crews, picked from the best of the navy, and the rapid work of the destroyers. Though the latter claim to have disposed of two of the submarines with depth bombs, the thirteen thousand, or more vitally interested passengers—temporarily

non-combatants, for all their war-like mission, were soon to advance as many different versions of the encounter. All concurred in but one essential: that this, our baptism, was a "great fight."

The thousand and one incidents that had gone to make up a memorable voyage were now scarcely more than a drab prelude; the colorful climax was being staged as we approached Brest with the enemy at our heels. Not until the smooth and decidedly safer waters of the land-locked harbor itself had ended the chase and tendered shelter did the adventure make way for others. It was Europe's welcome to "America's answer," our introduction to the France of romance, of legend, of bloodshed and victory.

Observations---By Perry Scope

(Continued from Page 20)

scription to SERVICE MAGAZINE, I'm going to send the editor a certain Leave-Area photo, taken with my kodak.

Material for Investigators—What become of the Condiment Cans of the late war?

Adjusted compensation should be allowed to profiteers who may have suffered partial disability due to cheering too loudly, strain of the biceps from continuous flag waving, and flat feet caused by carrying around a large roll. In future wars it might be cheaper to pay their relatives \$10,000 to begin with.

Wanted—An alarm clock that will blow reveille.

I hope the fellow who censored my letters Overthere, never meets my girl Overhere.

Pity the poor Railroads.

A service record is a fine thing to have around the house, but few bankers are loaning money on them.

The Bonus Bill is again showing signs of life, "Quick, 'Andy,' the sleeping potion."

Did you vote to have the excess profits tax taken off the big fellow and put on the little fellow?

The Eightieth didn't exactly win the war, but you don't hear any complaints from fellows because they were not transferred to some other division, do you?

If everybuddy who reads this Magazine would show his love for the old division

by getting one new subscriber and that subscriber got one more and the other one got another, etc.; well, we'd soon be paying dividends into the treasury of the Veterans' Association. By the way, that is how all magazines get their circulation, some-buddy who likes it tells their friends.

New definitions for the word Sucker:

One who believes the stories of politicians.

One who believes over one per cent of the things they read.

One who believes half they see.

One who pays good money to see En-trancis X. Bushwa and other notorious characters strutting around in pasteboard palaces, earning two hundred million dollars per week, etc., etc.

Paying for a seat in a theatre, then standing inside the door for one hour starting at the back of another fellow's head.

One who has a vote and stands in a street car hanging onto a strap like a monkey.

Paying one dollar and sixty-five cents for a gallery seat to hear three self-styled stars sing their own praises.

People who pay fifty dollars to see a prize fight, and come around hunting a loan from their friends six months later.

Persons who fall for their gentle touch.

People who go to a world's series.

People who buy bootleggers' whiskey.

Yes; I'm one myself and willing to admit it.

The night watchman at the observatory was new. He was making his rounds and stopped to watch a man peering through a large telescope at the sky. Just then a star fell.

"Man aloive," he exclaimed in amazement, "you're shure a foine shot."—*Rubber Ripples.*

Salvage

(Continued from Page 19)

of a Young Men's Party, of which the ex-service men should be the nucleus?

Shall we let our cause be betrayed again?

Shall we put any faith in a government which ignores its solemn pledges?

Shall we abandon our just claims for financial compensation because, forsooth, all business men concerned in the war must have compensation, because the railroads must get \$500,000,000 from the public purse?

Shall we continue to let the professional politicians betray us as they have done in two successive administrations, Democratic and Republican?

The bodies of thousands of American soldiers killed during the war and returned from overseas are occupying unmarked graves in this country with Congress to blame for the condition, according to reports of the national legislative committee and service division of the American Legion.

Hundreds of letters from gold star parents reciting the Government's failure to furnish grave markers as promised and as required, have been received. Congress, however, has failed to appropriate sufficient funds to carry out the law which provides uniform government headstones for the country's military and naval dead.

"It has been months and months since we wrote the Quartermaster General of the Army asking for a government stone for our boy's grave; we have had no reply," is the tenor of the letters. Between fifteen and twenty thousands such requests are reposing in the files of the Cemeterial Division of the quartermaster general's office, with an average of 100 of them coming in daily.

Funds available for the purchase of the required marble headstones permit the ordering by the War Department of about 3,000, which, even when they are ready, will take care of less than one-tenth of the graves in this country.

WAR RISK CLAIMS ANALYZED

The War Risk Bureau claims show that of all disabilities 44.6% are due to tuberculosis. Of the 99,625 deaths covered by the bureau more than 90% occurred in the army, about 3% in the marine corps and 6% in the navy.

As to permanent total disability 85% occurred in the army, 2% in the marine corps and 13% in the navy. 52% of all the army deaths and 44% of all disabilities occurred among infantry men. 39.3% of claims were due to death in action.

Influenza caused 18,446 deaths; influenza and pneumonia accounted for 95.4% of deaths due to diseases and only 4.6% of the disabilities due to disease. Rheuma-

tism caused 98.5% of the cases of disorder resulting in compensable disability and only 1.5% of the deaths.—*Insurance World*.

Letters From An Old File

(Continued from Page 15)

makers because them fellars makes tanks and so forth. I am sendin you a paper which has your letters printed in and you will be glad too see that it is on the first page an dyour pickture is also in the paper. The Editor says that since he is puttin your letters in the paper that he is sellin about ten more papers every weak and he says that he will be printin your letters every weak without fail. If you keep at it maby soon you can make the Editor pay you for puttin the letters in as it is a big drawin card for the paper and I bet if you woodnt let him put no more letters in the paper half of the people wood not get the paper no more. Well Henry, I ain't got no more too say this time, as you know how it is with a place like this is where not many people live. I wood like too know a little about the Kamp because I like too get an idear what a big Kamp is like. The way I think, Henry, Kamp Lee must be just like a City because it has side walks and everything and rodes and theatres and I dont know all. It mustar bean a smart man what inwented them places. Take good care off yourself Henry, and dont get sick whatever you do for you know what I tole you before in a letter. Everybody sends to you there best wiches and good luck and everything what goes with it. Good by Henry, Good by.

JAKE.

P. S. My folkes sez for me too tell you that you shant forget too send you the fortegraff what you promised them and me because they want too get it put in a frame and stand it on the pieanna.

JAKE.

Mary had a little lamp,
She filled it with benzine,
She went to light her little lamp,
She hasn't since benzine.

—Brown Jug.

THE SAM BROWNE BELT

Some years ago Col. Sam Browne of the British Army in India, designed the article of military equipment that today bears his name and which has recently been adopted for wear by the officers of the United States Army.

The belt was originally designed for the purpose of preventing the leather waist belt from sagging down on the left side when the sabre is worn. This was accomplished by the addition of the shoulder strap passing from the left hip in front

over the right shoulder and again attached to the belt over the left hip in the rear.

The Sam Browne belt was worn by the officers of the A. E. F. in France but was "taboo" on their return to the United States. It is worn by the officers of practically every Army in the world.

"Preparedness means War," cries the paci-fist. It does indeed. It means war—continuous war—on ignorance, poverty and disease. It means unrelenting war on disorder, anarchy and crime. It means war—victorious war—on every evil influence that threatens the free institutions of America and the flag that we hold sacred.

* * *

WHAT'S WEALTH?

Any man is wealthy who has good health, a happy home life, a business or profession in which he is interested and successful, a passion for growth and the ambition to be of service to his fellow-man. He could not get any more out of life if he had a million dollars.—*Central States Life Bulletin*.

* * *

WHAT THE WORLD OWES US

The world's debt to the United States is reported to be estimated by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon as follows:

Approximately \$10,000,000 advanced as war loans; this is due to the United States, chiefly advanced as war loans.

Three billion dollars due to the Government for surplus war materials sold abroad.

Three billion dollars due to American exporters and manufacturers for goods delivered abroad.

Two billion dollars due to American investigators in bonds for foreign governments and in stock of foreign corporations.

This amount is increasing daily, it is said, at the rate of about \$10,000,000 in interest. Prompt payment of interest would give the United States Government and citizens approximately \$1,000,000,000 a year or an amount equal to one-quarter of the total estimated expenditures of the Government for three years.

Approximately one-third of the entire gold supply of the world is in the United States, according to the latest report of the Treasury. Gold within the boundaries of the United States is said to total \$3,001,000,000.—*U. S. Infantry Journal*.

* * *

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UNITED STATES VETERANS BUREAU

The reorganized Veterans' Bureau has established District Offices throughout the country and are now prepared to make awards, grant rehearings to old cases, and quickly handle new cases in their districts, also make first payments on claims, thus eliminating much of the red tape that the ex-service man has had to contend with heretofore.

For the benefit of every Buddy who has business with this board we are printing the list of districts together with the names and addresses of the managers in charge.

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Morning Report

(Continued from Page 23)

been received by Captain R. P. Keezell, Keezletown, Va., who, during the war commanded Company H, 319th Infantry. The citation was granted more than two years by General Lloyd M. Brett, commanding general of the 160th Brigade, but through some oversight did not reach Captain Keezell until a short while ago. The citation follows:

A. E. F., France, May 15, 1919.

Headquarters 160th Brigade

General Orders No. 4.

For meritorious services and extraordinary gallantry in action, the Brigade Commander desires to cite officially the following named officers and men of his command:

Captain Rembrandt P. Keezell, Co. H, 319th Infantry:

"For conspicuous gallantry in action near Imecourt, France, November 1, 1918. Captain Keezell, by gallantly exposing himself, led his company through strong enemy positions at the jump-off and by persistent leadership continued to the first day's objective. He personally conducted the attack of his company at Imecourt, where two hundred prisoners were taken. By leading his company through a flanking machine-gun fire, he succeeded in cutting off and capturing a battery of the enemy's six-inch artillery."

By command of Brigadier-General Brett.

(Signed) WILLIAM C. VANDEWATER,
Captain, Infantry, Adjutant.

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"Putting a Premium on Slacking"

(Continued from Page 24)

handle our affairs differently. I suggest that men who go to war be paid, not on a \$30 a month basis, but according to what they earned as civilians. They should not be reduced to a common wage level because of their patriotism and their willingness to die, or sacrifice body or limb. And when they get back a few appointments in the city, county and state wouldn't be any amiss, without having to go out and fight for what is coming to them.

"For the men who stay at home I would advocate no raise in pay, but instead that their hours of labor, whatever their station or calling, be prescribed by the government, and that slackers be punished as deserters at the front are punished.

"We have erred greatly in putting a premium on the slacker. His head is swelled by reason of the license and latitude given him. You'd think he won the war instead of the boys who went to France

for him. It is not only the labor slacker, but the war profiteer to whom I would apply the brakes.

"I would not penalize a man for patriotism. We sure did that very thing in our late war operations.

"I would not put a premium on profiteering and work dodging and work kiting. We did that in our war period.

"Maybe you think the men in the American Legion do not know these facts. They know them.

"Hear what some of them say about that slogan, 'Make the World Safe for Democracy.' They will tell you we made it safe for draft dodgers, demagogues and work dodgers.

"I think the first thing for us to do now as I see it, is to make America safe for Americanism."

In concluding, let us offer a solution for the bonus. Arrange a registration along the same basis as the selective draft, of

every man and woman, boy and girl over sixteen years, citizen and foreigner who worked while the war was on. Graduate your scale of taxes on basis of amount received in compensation. This would tax the profits of the newly created millionaires and would place the burden of taxation onto the folks who got the money instead of on the four million who didn't. The patriotic citizens would gladly contribute their share and the foreigner who did not return to help his native land would be rendering a service here. Let the Government appropriate the money now when the men need it most, but allow collections to stretch out over a period of five years, so as not to make it a hardship on those who remained back home. Give everyone a card who registers and then impose a heavy fine on all who fail to register. Of course this is only a suggestion and there would be many small points to be ironed out, but it might become a satisfactory conclusion to the much argued Bonus question.

TAPS

(Continued from Page 28.)

Sept. 3, 1921. Funeral in charge of American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars. Corporal Kuhns was killed in action near St. Juvin, Argonne Forest, France, Sat., Nov. 2, 1918.

BOLLINGER, Private Albert V., Hdq. Co., 319th Inf. Killed in action. Was buried from the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bollinger, of Unity Township, Sept. 23, 1921. Services at Pleasant Unity Reformed Church. Military escort by Thos B. Anderson Post, American Legion.

DAUN, Private Edward A., Hdq. Co., 319th Inf. Killed in action in Argonne Forest, Oct. 6, 1918, was buried Sunday, Sept. 25th, 1921, from St. Anthony's Catholic Church. Frank J. Kutcher Post V. F. W. in charge of services.

The funeral of Morris Goldstein, 1425 West Susquehanna avenue, a private, killed in action with the Ambulance Corps of the Eightieth Division, took place Sept. 25th, 1921, under the direction of the George M. Imhoff Post of the American Legion. Services were conducted by

Rabbi Max D. Klein, of Adath Jeeshurun Synagogue, assisted by the Rev. Jacob Beimel.

Sgt. Carl Francis Gehrige, formerly of 240 Oakland Avenue, Pittsburg, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gehrige, of Hannibal, O., was buried with military honors Thursday, Oct. 1st, 1921, in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C. Sergt. Gehrige was a member of Company L, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Eightieth division. He was killed in action in the Argonne forest, September 26, 1918. Besides his parents, Sergt. Gehrige leaves a daughter, Mary Gertrude Gehrige, aged 7, who has been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. George Braunlich, of Marietta, O. Sgt. Gehrige was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, Marietta Lodge, F. & A. M., and was one of the organizers and an active member of the Monroe County Ohio Society of Pittsburg.

The woman bather had got into a hole and she couldn't swim. Nor could the young man on the end of the pier; but when she came up for the first time and he caught sight of her face, he could shriek, and he did. He shrieked:

"Help!"

A burly fisherman sauntered to his side. "Wot's up?" he asked.

"There!" hoarsely cried the young man. "My wife! Drowning! I can't swim! A hundred dollars for you if you can save her."

In a moment the burly fisherman was in the sea. In another he was out of it, with the rescued bather. Thanking his lucky stars, he approached the young man again.

"Well, what about the hundred bones?" he asked.

But if the young man's face had been ashen gray before, now it was dead white, as he gazed upon the features of the recovered dame.

"Y-e-s, I know!" he gasped. "But when I made the offer I thought it was my wife who was drowning; and now—now it turns out it was my wife's mother!"

The burly fisherman pulled a long face. "Just my luck!" he muttered, thrusting his hand into his trousers pocket. "How much do I owe you?"

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A. E. F. BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS

List of Panoramic Photographs of European Battlefields in American Sectors, Also Views in Germany in the Territory Occupied by American Army Along the Rhine. Order by Number.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>8. PARIIS. Place de Concordia.
 9. LENS, Northern France, showing the destroyed coal pits.
 10. LENS. Northern France, showing the city ruins.
 11. ARRAS, the town square of the Cathedral City.
 12. ARRAS, the railroad station plaza.
 13. METZ, the fortified city in the province of Lorraine.
 14. Stolzenfels Castle, on the Rhine, one of the ex-Kaiser's many estates.
 25. American Army Horse Show held at New-weid, on the Rhine, Germany (3d Corps.)
 87. General Pershing addressing the officers and men of the 2d Division at Vallendar, Germany.
 70. COBLENZ, the Rhine, and Old Glory flying from Ehrenbrieststein Fortress; photographed from Fort Asterstein.
 87. COBLENZ from Fort Alexander.
 88. COBLENZ from Fort Alexander, showing up the Rhine Valley.
 95. BENDORF, Germany, headquarters of the 9th U. S. Infantry.
 110. Vallendar, Germany, headquarters of the 23rd U. S. Infantry.
 125. The Valley of the Rhine, from the review field at Vallendar.
 126. Old Glory flying from Ehrenbrieststein Fortress, where the Rhine and Moselle rivers meet, showing the city of Coblenz.
 130. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels addressing the Marines and Soldiers of the 2d Division.
 133. Ehrenbrieststein Fortress, showing the Rhine, and the Stars and Stripes flying from the fortress; photographed from Coblenz.
 139. Carnival and Horse Show of the 3d Army held at Island Park, Coblenz.
 150. ST. MIHIEL, showing the River Meuse, the destroyed bridge, and the town.</p> | <p>153. ST. MIHIEL, looking down Avenue Genl. Pershing and showing the town Square.
 154. Dugouts used by the Germans behind St. Hihiel, rebuilt by American Engineers.
 155. The town of APREMONT.
 157. The town of MONTSEC, showing Montsec on the left.
 158. The town of RICHCOURT.
 159. SEICHEPREY, where the first American fight took place.
 160. The destroyed railroad bridge at FLIREY.
 161. The town of LIMEY.
 162. The town of FLIREY.
 163. French dugouts between Limey and Thiancourt.
 166. THIANCOURT, which fell before the American onslaught September, 1918, in the St. Mihiel salient.
 167. MALANCOURT.
 168. MONTFAUCON, showing the German observation positions captured by the American Army in the Argonne sector.
 170. NANTILLOIS.
 171. VERENNES, showing salvage depot.
 172. Wrecked German ammunition train in the St. Mihiel sector near Jaulny.
 173. JAULNY.
 174. ST. HILLARE, showing barb wire entanglements and swampy territory.
 175. FRESNES-EN-WOEVRE.
 176. ETAIN.
 177. German ammunition dump.
 178. MORAIGNE FARM, formerly a German corps headquarters.
 180. ARGONNE FOREST, showing the concrete dugouts of the German headquarters that resembled a village in the forest.
 181. ARGONNE FOREST, showing artillery positions between Varennes and Foire-de-Paris, captured by the American forces.
 182. THE ARGONNE at Foire-de-Paris, showing the American positions on the right.
 183. THE ARGONNE at Foire-de-Paris, showing wrecked building and 180 degrees of the Argonne territory.</p> | <p>184. ESNES and HILL 304.
 185. MONTZEVILLE.
 186. Anti-tank barrier between Verdun and Etain, concrete posts and cables.
 187. Shell hole in the road between Verdun and Etain.
 188. CLEARMONT.
 189. Les Porochee and Fort Les Porochee on left.
 190. CHATEAU THIERRY, a view from the Chateau looking down the valley of the Marne.
 191. The bridge at Chateau Thierry where the American Army stopped the German advance, 1918.
 192. BELLEAU WOODS, photographed from the interior of the woods looking toward Hill 193.
 193. The town of TORCY.
 1894. View looking toward Lucy le Bocage, showing Belleau Woods on the right.
 195. A close-up view of Belleau Woods, showing the hard-fought ground captured by the American Army.
 196. The destroyed town of Boureshes.
 197. The town of Belleau, showing Belleau Woods on the left and Hill 193 on the right.
 198. A view from the edge of the Belleau Woods looking toward Torcy, Belleau and Hill 193.
 199. The destroyed town of Vaux, near Chateau Thierry, reduced by American artillery fire, at which time over 600 prisoners were captured.
 200. ESSOMES, showing Chateau Thierry and the valley of the Marne River.
 201. One of the entrances to the famous city of VERDUN, defended by the French.
 202. The city of VERDUN, photographed from the Citadel.
 203. RHEIMS, The Cathedral City of France, view from city square showing the famous Rheims Cathedral on the left.
 204. The American Cemetery at Belleau Woods looking toward Chateau Thierry.</p> |
|---|--|---|

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

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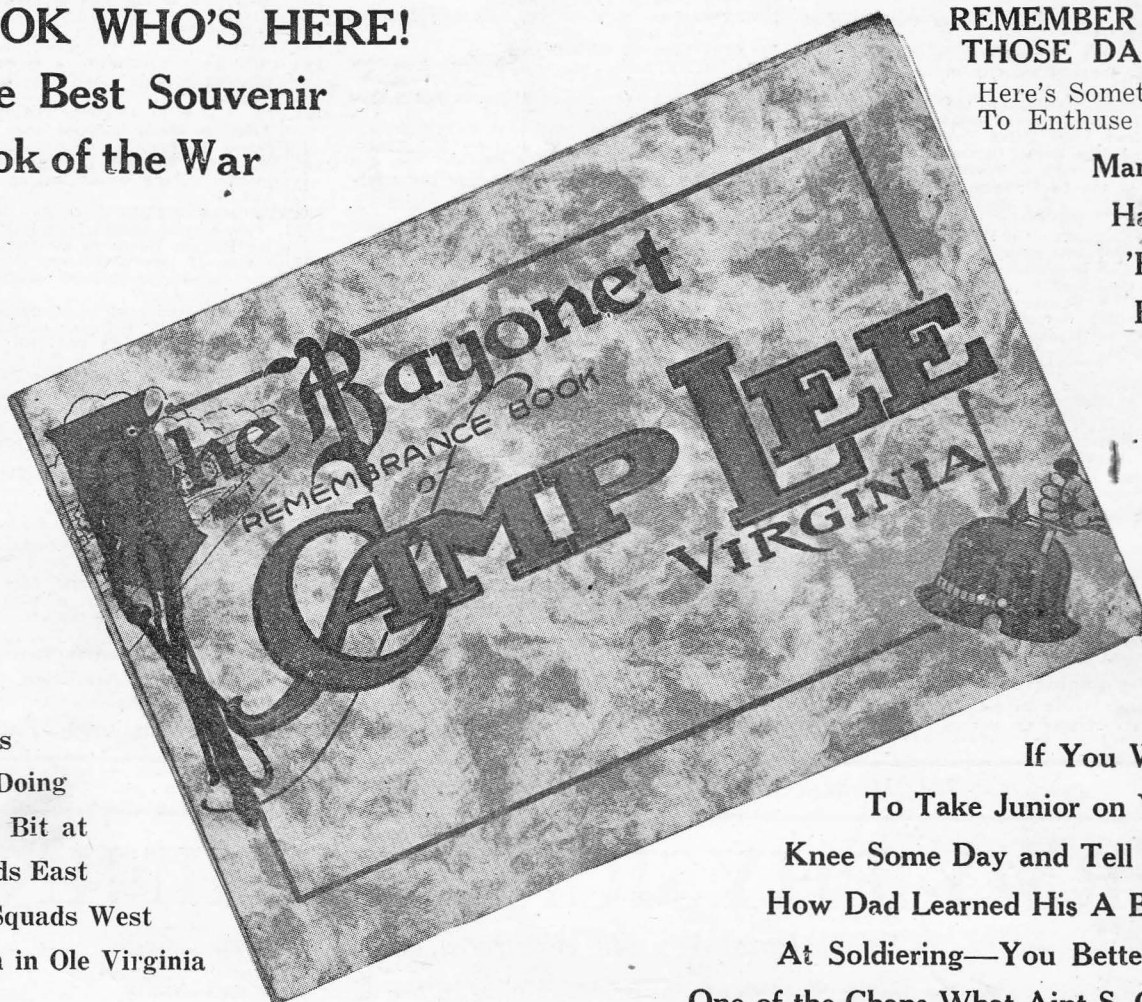
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