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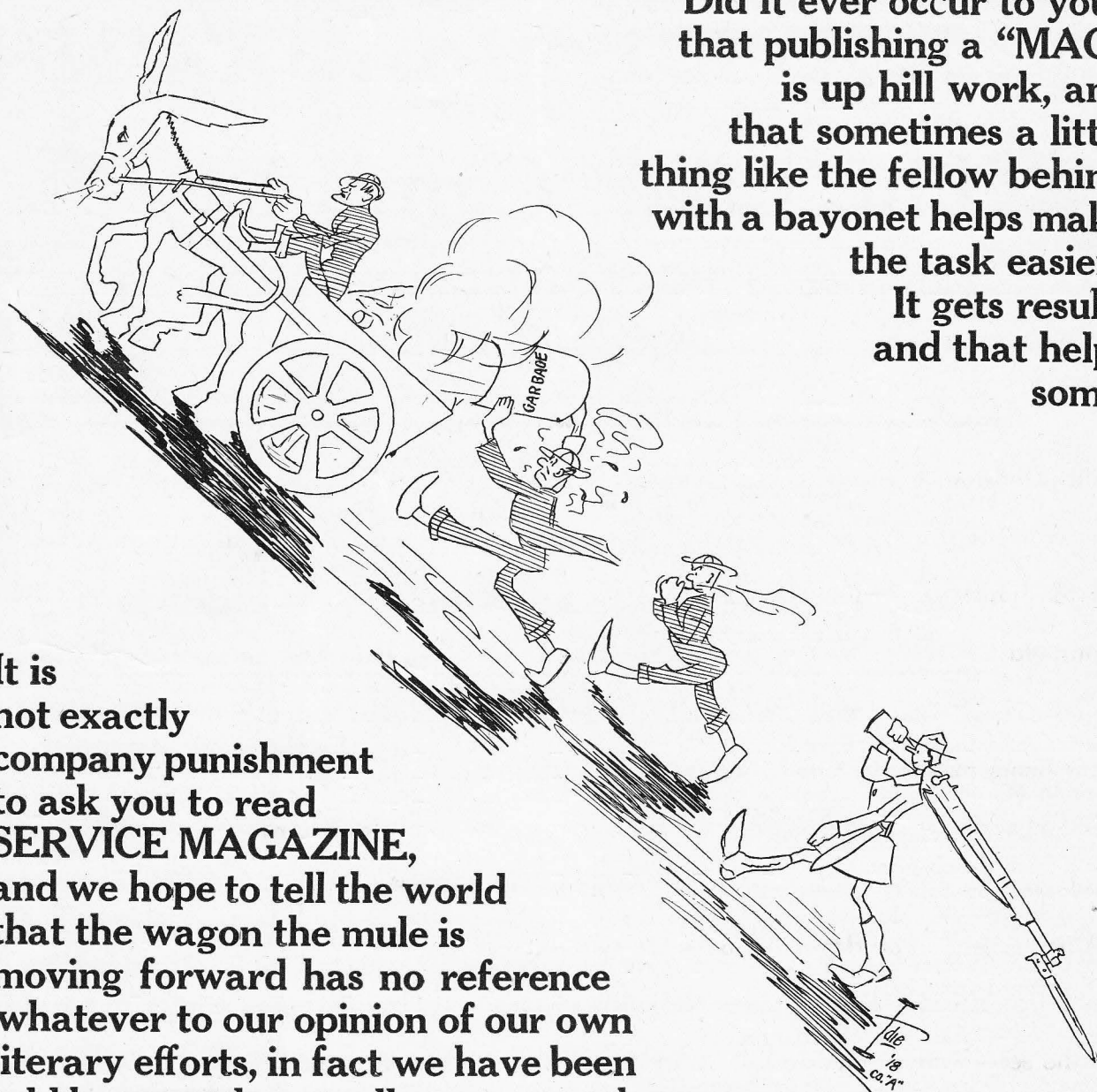
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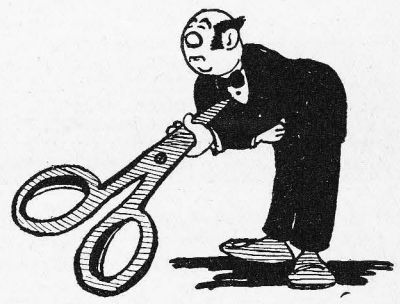
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With the forthcoming Convention at Charleston, W. Va., September 2, 3, 4, will be the annual business meeting of The Veterans' Association, at which time officers will be chosen, Executive Council Members elected by the members attending to represent their individual units, policies and work of the association will be reviewed and action taken at the will of the delegates. To be entitled to participate in the meeting your membership card is all that is necessary.

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HEY BUDDY!! MEET US IN CHARLESTON, W. VA., SEPTEMBER 2, 3, 4—BIG THIRD ANNUAL REUNION 80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOCIATION

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Rheims and the Hindenburg Line

Through The Eyes of an A. E. F. Veteran

By Bernhard Ragner

SINCE the maintenance of peace and the prevention of war are the chief aims of most diplomatic conferences, I suggest in all modesty that they should be staged in an environment and in an atmosphere conducive to this result. When the diplomats gather in the beauty spots of earth, in Spa or San Remo or Cannes, charm and health and comfort everywhere in evidence, they have such a good time, eating, drinking and playing golf, that they sometimes bungle the job they are supposed to put over.

Wherefore I suggest three appropriate places for holding diplomatic conferences in the future, and guarantee that the surroundings will be so expressive of war, its frightfulness and its folly, that the diplomats will forget their golf and their banquets in order to do everything possible to preserve the peace.

Hill No. 108, located near the village of Berry au Bac, for four years the bone of contention between the German and the French armies, would be an ideal place for holding such a conference. No delegate would consciously take a step leading to warfare, if he had to spend his days and his nights in the colossal shell hole in which 800 French poilus lost their lives. Shell holes are not a novelty with me; I have seen hundreds, but never have I seen one so deep or with such a great circumference, as this one on Hill 108. So deep is it that the average person, gazing into its depths, becomes dizzy with fear.

Not far from Berry au Bac is the site of what was once the village of Craonne. This, too, would be an excellent place for a peace conference. You are riding through the devastated territory. Your auto comes to a sudden stop. The chauffeur explains, "We are now passing over the main street of Craonne." Everybody asks, "Where is the village?" Exactly. Where is the village? For you see nothing but masses of stone here and there. That is all that remains of what was

formerly a village of 800 souls. Desolation and death rule supremely, where once the happy children of the village played.

A little distance from Craonne is the cemetery of Craonnelle. The seed sown by the Prussian war-lord has had its terrible

silent crosses would speak of the stupidity and costliness of war! And would any diplomat dare to refuse to listen to their plea?

A quotation from Kipling is with this article. But the thoughtful tourist does not need the sanction of Kipling, or the

kindly warning of a French sign-board, to cause him to be respectful in the presence of the dead. His temporary environment speaks so eloquently compelling him to ponder on the great sacrifice of those who fought that civilization might live. When he reaches the Land of Death, and Death has laid his life-destroying hand on forest and field and human being alike, he asks in anguish, "Is it possible that Man, supposedly built in the image of God, was the instrument that wrought this hell on earth?" Truly, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

Rheims is a two hours' railway ride from the city of Paris. On the way, we pass through territory that was under the constant shell fire of the boche. Deserted villages, ruined houses, innumerable masses of barbed wire, rude barracks abandoned by the soldiers in 1918 now serving as homes, foul-smelling dugouts, mingled with dead forests, rippling brooks and fields already sown with wheat for the autumn harvest—this is the panorama that unfolds before us. As Rheims itself comes into view, the majestic towers of the majestic cathedral dominate the landscape, and we realize we have reached the martyred city, occupied by the Germans for a week in 1914, and bombarded systematically and continually during the balance of the war.

Other pens than mine must attempt the description of its mutilated glory. The cathedral defies the dictionary; words cannot be found to picture its sublimity or describe its beauty.

But to the amateur lover of art, to the person who loves beauty without being able to explain why, the cathedral gives the impression of grandeur, of solid-

LET'S AIM FER SOMETHIN' GOOD

BY HENRY R. CURRY

Let's aim fer somethin' higher than our customary style,
And do a turn fer someone every day;
Let's think about the other feller fer a little while,
And let's forget we're workin' jest fer pay.
It may be hard fer most of us, especially at the first;
It mostly all ' us is with things 'ats new
But I 'spec's we'll git the hang o' it 'n then be none the worse
Fer doin' things fer other fellers too.

It might be good fer us to keep the right hand in the dark
About the things the left one goes and does,
And then to kinder balance 'n to even up the mark,
We'll jest forget the good deed ever wuz.
'Taint my aim ter go philosophizin' to my feller man,
'Cause I s'pose I'm just as bad a man as he;
But I been a thinkin' lately, tryin' ter figger out a plan
That 'ud help him to be 'preciatin' me.

We're jest livin' in our bodies, kinda's if they'd all 'us last,
An' fightin' fer to git rich if we kin.
We're burnin' up our energy, an' gittin' old so fast
We won't live ter enjoy the things we win.
Seems ter me we'd orter plan on somethin' we could take
To that uncertain place we're sure ter go;
A record of the things we've done fer other fellers' sake
To balance up the side o' things we owe.

Let's aim fer somethin' higher than our customary style,
Let's drive our inner selfishness away.
Let's greet each feller brother with a kind an' friendly smile.
Let's be content ter be jest common clay.
We ain't got long ter linger here amid these folks we know;
We can't stay past our time e'n if we would,
So let's be aimin' fer a decent life afore we go:
Let's buckle up an' aim fer somethin' good.

harvest of white crosses, scores and scores of them, each indicating the final resting place of all that is mortal of some French or British soldier. In one corner of the cemetery is a group of black crosses, proving that Death claims German soldiers also as his prey. What a place for a diplomatic conference! How eloquently these

Rheims and The Hindenburg Line

ity, of eternity. Still the structure is only a faint reminder of its former glory. Statues minus heads, or arms or feet, pillars crumbled into fragments, walls held in place by temporary scaffolding, this is the picture presented to the visitor. One portion of the cathedral has miraculously escaped destruction, and mass was being celebrated the Sunday I was there. Begun in the year 400 A. D., the scene of the consecration of many a French King, famed for its treasures of art, tapestries, statues and paintings, all that remains of the cathedral is its shell. To restore it to any semblance of its former beauty will require years and years and years.

It seems that the Boche concentrated his artillery fire upon the cathedral, alleging that the towers were used as observation posts, for the entire neighborhood has been demolished. Postal cards, which could well be labeled "Before and After Taking a Dose of Prussian Militarism," can be purchased there, showing the havoc wrought by the enemy. But Rheims, to use a favorite expression of the orators, is rising from the ruins. Although it is a laborious and difficult undertaking, the work progresses and a substantial start has been made. Before the war, Rheims had a population of 120,000, and of this number, 76,000 have returned to this city of contrasts. For the modern and the medieval rub shoulders with each other on the streets of Rheims, in music and art and architecture. I found an American jazz band of negroes playing and singing "The Sheik of Araby" in a hotel within the shadow of the ancient cathedral where mass had just been sung. The practical, business-like architecture of 1921 competes with the more romantic structures of 1621, such as the Hotel de Ville, for your attention. A few hundred metres away, you find a dreary succession of ruined homes, and then, a house that is typically American, built of wood, com-

It rests with the individual tourist to have respect for the spirit that lies upon all that land of desolation and to walk through it with reverence.

—Ruyard Kipling.

Let your visit be a respectful homage to the memory of the heroes who fell in this place.

—Translation of signs erected in devastated territory by the French government.

fortable and satisfactory; in it, the family that once resided in a mansion finds happiness and peace. Part of Rheims has been re-constructed entirely in wood, and if the French signs on the stores should be removed, the American visitor might well believe he was in some American village. And so great is the demand for labor that hundreds of Spaniards have been imported to do the menial tasks in connection with re-construction. American philanthropy was also at work, for I found Old Glory flying over the American Memorial hospital. The people of Rheims are entering into the reconstruction of their city with vigor and determination, but the thought enters the mind of the visitor, was it necessary that the city be destroyed to evoke these qualities?

And every visitor who comes to Rheims, must see the Hindenburg line. He may not know it, but it has been decided beforehand, and he has no peace of mind until he has paid the necessary 40 francs to the driver of an automobile. After dinner he sets out, and the chauffeur exceeds all the speed limits of France and America, until the battle zone is reached, and then he slows down, for the road is far from perfect. Past Berry au Bac, over the Aisne Canal, which constituted the

front line during four years, the automobile speeds, and at last he announces "La Lingne Hindenburg." And all the adjectives ever expended in describing its strength, the difficulty of capturing it, the possibility of holding out for long periods of time, these adjectives, I say, are true, in the humble opinion of one ex-sergeant. Dug-outs, miles and miles of trenches, support trenches, reserve trenches, block-houses built of stone, barbed wire in unlimited quantities, subterranean passages in all directions, listening posts in no man's land, hidden mines, machine gun emplacements of concrete, large caves for giving aid to the wounded and for storing supplies, in fact, everything that the human mind could devise the Boche had prepared. But it wasn't enough. He lacked a just cause and the morale inspired by such a cause. And so, the Hindenburg line was broken.

But people are living in Berry au Bac once more. Not a single house of 1914 remains, and so the new village is being reconstructed on a new site. It is slow work. Thus far, all the houses are of wood. Even dugouts are used as lodgings. Barracks have been transformed into homes. But the population has returned. They sell wine and postal cards and souvenirs to the tourists. They are trying to reclaim the soil so that it will bear a harvest once more. The church is gone, but the village priest says mass in a small wooden house. Gone too is the city hall, but a shack serves equally as well. Gone forever is the village school house, but the children learn their A B C's in a portable building of wood. So great is the love of these French peasants for their own hearth-stone that they endure the suffering caused by intensely cold winters, they deprive themselves of the comforts which

(Continued on Page 15.)

PRIVATE "S. O. L."

By Jack V. Berger



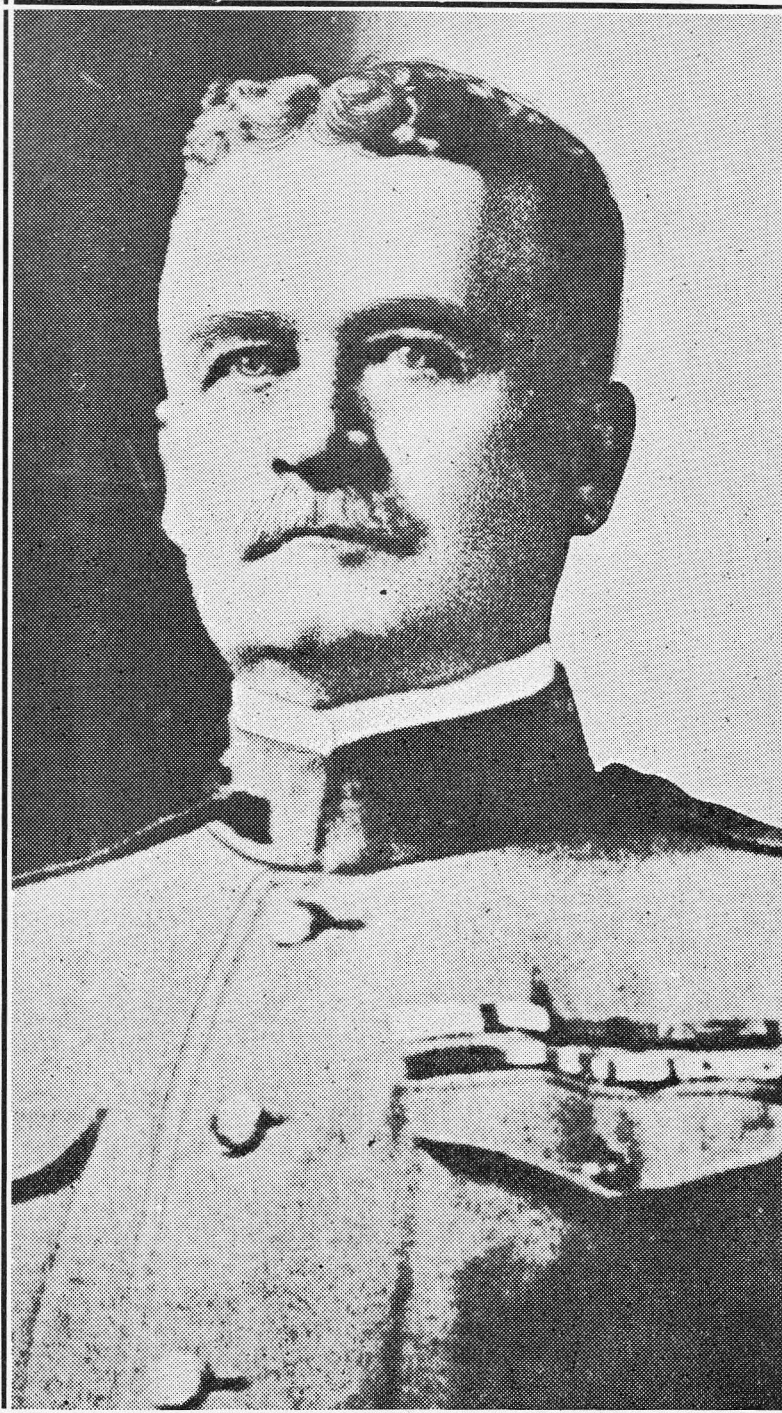
General Brett and the Fighting "80th"

How the Gallant Leader of the 319th and 320th Regiments of Infantry and 315th Machine Gun Battalion Played a Leading Role of the Bitterly Fought Battles of the World War—Facts Presented to Congressional Committee in Effort to Win Merited Rank for General Who Led Pittsburghers Through Decisive Phases of War.

By Jennings C. Wise

[The following statement has been filed with the Military Affairs Committee, House of Representatives, by Lieut. Col. Wise, who appeared before the committee to urge the promotion of Col. Lloyd M. Brett, retired, to his wartime rank of brigadier general. Col. Brett (he is known to "his boys" as "general") commanded the One Hundred and Sixtieth Brigade of Infantry during the World War. The brigade was composed of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth and Three Hundred and Twentieth Regiments of Infantry and the Three Hundred and Fifteenth Machine Gun Battalion.]

The episode which I shall describe herein is one which as a member of the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Infantry Brigade I witnessed in its local aspects without any knowledge of the general operation of which it was a part, but which later as a member of the Historical Section of the General Staff with all the official evidence before me, I took occasion to study in its detailed relation to the major operation of the First American Army initiated on November 1, 1918. The belief which as a witness I formed on the battlefield that the action of the Eightieth Division on November 2 was not only of extraordinary importance, but of exceptional merit, was only confirmed by subsequent studies, which disclosed to me the parts which the several leading actors played therein, and convinced me that the ser-



COLONEL LLOYD M. BRETT, U. S. A., Ret.

vices, on that occasion of Brig Gen. (now Colonel) Lloyd M. Brett, retired, comprise the most striking brilliant independent tactical action of importance on the part of the individual which occurred in the entire American Expeditionary Force, except none.

Acts in Fairness to Brett

The personal admiration and regard of one who served with him, but not under him, in a division in which respect for and devotion to Gen. Brett was universal, and the natural pride of a member of a command in an officer who brought such honor and glory to its standards, alone do not prompt this voluntary testimony on my part. Were I at a time when the question of doing him justice is before Congress to fail to place on record information as to the leading role which he played in at least one event of paramount importance during the war, which information was acquired and verified by me as a non-partisan student of military history, I would feel that I were withholding that which is eminently creditable to the American arms as well as to an able and gallant leader in the division in which I had the honored privilege of serving in combat.

Situation in October, 1918

Briefly, at the end of October, 1918, the situation on the American front west of the Meuse was as follows:

General Brett and the Fighting "80"

Five weeks of desperate fighting and losses that in the retrospect seem appalling, in view of the number of troops actually engaged for so brief a time, had brought the First American Army forward from its position of September 26 about nine miles, through the Argonne Forest, and up against the second withdrawal line of the enemy on a front of about 20 miles, extending westward from the Meuse to the great forest of Burgoyne. Its mission in the general scheme of the Allied offensive remained unchanged—to cut the great east and west Carignan-Sedan-Mezieres Railroad. The completion of its task required a further advance due north in co-operation with the French and British armies operating on its left of more than twice the distance it had already progressed. Thus, a new general and well-prepared offensive was necessary, which was planned to commence on November 1.

According to Gen. Pershing's report, the immediate purpose of the First Army in this offensive was to take Buzancy and the heights of Barricourt, to turn the forest of Grandpre, and to establish contact with the Fourth French Army north of the latter near Boulton-aux-Bois. With this object in view the heights of Barricourt were to be carried with a rush, and the success of their seizure was to be exploited by an advance of the left wing to Boulton-aux-Bois in preparation for an assault on Sedan by a wheel of the entire line to the northeast, with the pivot on the Meuse somewhere in the general neighborhood of Beaumont and Mouzon.

Plan of Battle

The plan of battle called for the simultaneous engagement of three corps west of the Meuse, the Third with the Fifth and Ninetieth Divisions, the Fifth with the Eighty-ninth and Second Divisions and the First with the Eightieth, Seventy-seventh and Seventh-eighth divisions in the front line in the order named from right to left. Seven divisions or about 200,000 American troops were, therefore, brought up late in October and deployed for the attack, with the Thirty-second, First and Forty-second Divisions in addition in close reserve to the three corps respectively. Thus, a serious task fell to the first corps, or the left wing, since Boulton-aux-Bois lay at the northern limit of the dense forest of Burgoyne which was strongly occupied by the enemy. In order to keep abreast with the French in the mad race for Sedan a rapid advance through the great forest was necessary, local success in this quarter being imperative if the general plan of the Allies was to be fully executed and the subsequent operation in contemplation not retarded. The further advance of the center and right wing of the First American Army depended upon the left wing keeping up to schedule.

Task Not Fully Achieved.

In the report of the commander-in-chief, American Expeditionary Forces, November 1 is spoken of as a great success, but it is a fact that the first army as a whole, no where near achieved the task set for it, although the Third Corps, or the right wing had seized Aincreville and Anderanne and the Fifth Corps, or center, had slightly outdistanced the right wing, reaching the Bois de la Folie and taking the heights of Barricourt by an advance of about five miles. On the left, however, the situation had by no means developed favorably, disappointment if not alarm naturally prevailing at general headquarters over the failure to progress in that quarter.

The Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth divisions on the extreme left had made no advance whatever. Opposite them the enemy retained his powerful positions in the Bois des Loges and at Champineulle, respectively.

The Eightieth Division, with the One Hundred and Sixtieth Infantry Brigade in the front line, and the One Hundred and Fifth-ninth Infantry Brigade in reserve in and about Cornay and Chatel Chehery, had attacked on the front St. Juvin-Landres-et-St. Georges. The left regiment of the One Hundred and Sixtieth Infantry Brigade, or the Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, had made but little progress, being held up on a line with Alliepont in front of the Ravin-aux-Pierres, which was a murderous place itself, behind which was a wood strongly held by the enemy. The Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry on the right, however, had pressed forward abreast of the Second Division, which was the left element of the center corps, connecting with it at a point on the Buzancy-Bayonville road, about two miles north of Imecourt and stringing out rearward a distance of about four miles in order to maintain connection with the Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry.

Faced in Two Directions

Thus the One Hundred and Sixtieth Infantry Brigade, or the front line element of the Eightieth Division, greatly attenuated, faced in two directions, while the line of the First Army as a whole was most irregular, the right wing and center being at least four miles in advance of the left wing, with only the thin connecting link of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry. Meantime the enemy had reinforced, rather than weakened his positions in the forest of Burgoyne opposite the left wing.

In this situation obviously no considerable advance by the right and center was possible with their left uncovered and a strong enemy on the immediate flank. Nor could the Fourth French Army be expected to uncover its right flank to the enemy by advancing into or beyond the

Forest of Burgoyne. Thus, it is seen that the severe check which the left wing of the First American Army had received was fraught with the gravest consequences.

Had the solution of the problem confronting the left wing remained to the Army and corps commands, undoubtedly a new effort would have been made in that quarter. Viewed from higher up, such a situation as that described does not disclose the local possibilities that appear to a trained eye on the battle line.

Few Tactical Leaders

Furthermore, in the American Army there were few tactical leaders possessed of sufficient experience to act upon their own initiative. Initiative only discovers itself where there is confidence, while confidence ordinarily is only born of experience. As a general rule our tactical leaders had not yet progressed beyond the rigidly lineal method of progress which was commonly enforced upon them from above by the lineal tactics employed in our general offensives, and since the general plan contemplated that the line of the First Army was to pivot on the Meuse in a half wheel to the right, it would have been only natural had additional pressure on the retarded left been exerted in support of the general plan.

Thus, while no definite plan had formulated itself to overcome the set-back of the first day of the general attack, the exact situation hardly being known at general headquarters, it is quite clear that on the night of November 1 the tactical stage was set for the usual costly frontal attack which the employment of lineal tactics on so broad a front as that of the Allied offensive would have rendered inevitable.

But fortunately, a frontal attack by the left wing did not have to be resorted to in order to clear out the Forest of Burgoyne, in the mad race between the French and Americans for Sedan, with all the delay that a prepared attack in that quarter would have entailed, for close up behind the front line of the Eightieth Division was one of the most practical and experienced soldiers in the American Army in command of the One Hundred and Sixtieth Infantry Brigade, Lloyd M. Brett.

A veteran cavalryman of two wars and innumerable Indian campaigns, wearing on his breast the Congressional Medal of Honor, his preceptions were unclouded by lack of experience on the battlefield. Not only had he been trained on the vast, rolling plains and in the forests of the West to the utilization of terrain for the purpose of magnifying the striking force of small numbers, but he was instinctively aware of the value of wide, sweeping movements. Therefore, in his hands a brigade—even the remnant of a modern brigade—was a powerful force.

General Brett and the Fighting "80"

Before nightfall on November 1 he had perceived that it was impossible for his left regiment, or the Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, which was maintaining contact with the Seventy-seventh Division, to overcome single-handed the resistance of the Ravin-aux-Pierres and to advance beyond Alliepont, but he was even quicker, to see that the leading element of his right regiment, or the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry, which had pressed far beyond Alliepont, might be wheeled sharply to the left and, sweeping in a due westerly direction in rear of the Ravin-aux-Pierres, flank the enemy out of his positions in Champineulle and the Bois-des-Loges opposite the Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry and the Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth divisions.

Made Rapid Decision

Having arrived at an accurate estimate of the situation, he immediately called upon his division commander for the necessary support. Together, it did not take Maj. Gen. Adelbert Cronkhite and Brett very long to act. So soon as the situation was disclosed to the former, his decision was taken independently of the higher commands. With the utmost confidence in Brett's estimate of the situation, he ordered forward the Three Hundred and Seventeenth Infantry from reserve to take over the front of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry in the line abreast of the Second Division, the Three Hundred and Eighteenth Infantry to follow in close support, the Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry to press forward, and the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry to attack squarely toward the left, or west, at the first practicable moment. Thus, on the morning of the second the three regiments of the Eightieth Division in the front line were to advance independently, attacking in two directions at right angles to each other, the attack of the Three Hundred and Seventeenth Infantry toward the north, or Buzancy, to cover the left flank of the center corps, thereby making the further advance of the center and the right wing possible without delay in the prescribed schedule, and the attack of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry to the west to relieve the pressure on the left wing, thus enabling it to come forward into line and catch up with the schedule of the lineal attack of the entire First Army.

The operation was entirely successful. By 4 a. m. on November 2 the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry had delivered its attack under the personal direction of Gen. Brett in exact accordance with the plan of those who designed it, clearing out the wood north of Alliepont, and sweeping westward north and in rear of Champineulle, Three Hundred and Fifteenth Machine Gun Battalion in position on the Immeccourt ridge being utilized to cover

the necessary changes of position and deployment of the infantry units. So soon as the pressure of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry was felt on his left flank the enemy vigorously pressed by the Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry from the south, abandoned Champineulle and the Bois-des-Loges in turn, falling back rapidly in a north-westerly direction through Briquenay to the line Buzancy-Bar-Harricourt, which was already seriously threatened at Buzancy by the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Brigade, which captured the town early on the morning of the third. Before noon the One Hundred and Sixtieth Brigade had taken Verpel and Thenorgues, and soon thereafter the Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth divisions were able to come into line abreast of the Eightieth, having passed through the once formidable positions of Champineulle and the Bois-des-Loges without serious resistance. By nightfall the entire line of the First Army had been rectified and brought up to schedule, so that it now extended from the Meuse near Clery due westward through Sivry-le-Buzancy to Barricourt, the Seventy-eighth, or extreme left division, having been squeezed out of the line. Contact with the French on the left near Germont was complete.

Let us now analyze the operation which has been described.

Tactical Dispositions Perfect

The tactical dispositions which it discloses are seemingly perfect. The fullest possible utilization of the divisional reserves appears to have been made, the same being employed most successfully for a dual purpose. Not only was the center and right helped forward without their being delayed a single hour in their schedule of progression, but by passing the reserves rapidly into the front line to maintain the forward movement it was possible to deliver more quickly a decisive flank attack with troops already in position and familiar with the terrain and position of the enemy, the success of which enabled the left wing to regain its schedule without the cost of a frontal attack. In order to escape from between the left wing and the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry the enemy was compelled to retire toward Briquenay and the northwest instead of being able to re-enforce his rearward positions opposite the center and left wing with the troops withdrawn from Champineulle and the Bois-des-Loges. According to the French it broke the powerful German line. By so doing it compelled the enemy to withdraw from his last prepared defensive position short of the Meuse, or the line Mouson-Sedan.

Therefore, it is not too much to say that the operation described is unique and that it should be carefully preserved for the instruction of our present and future

leaders, and studied by them in all its details.

Praised by Army Chiefs

It is seldom that merit so quickly receives recognition as it did in this case, and gratifying that recognition should have come to those to whom it was so richly due in the form of the immediate commendation of their superiors. Hardly had the corps and Army commanders discovered the miscarriage of their plans for the first day of the general attack when they learned with mingled surprise and delight of what had occurred before daybreak on the second. Perceiving instantly the importance of the action of the Eightieth Division, they hastened to the battlefield in person to commend Gen. Cronkhite and his division, only to learn from the lips of this fine, generous soldier of the part which his veteran subordinate had played.

It was ever thus with Gen. Cronkhite. Those who followed him loved him, and gave him the best that was in them because he took nothing at their expense, seeking only as he did to erect his fame upon their success, and by that very characteristic manifesting one of the most indisputable evidences of large capacity for leadership.

But in spite of Gen. Cronkhite's generosity, and Gen. Brett's undoubted merit, while according the latter his full meed of praise, we must not forget that the superior, being responsible for the failures is also entitled to credit for the successes of his subordinates.

Success Depended Upon Brett

The correct estimate of the situation in the first instance—an instant appreciation of its tactical possibilities may have been Brett's, and it is undoubtedly true that the success attained depended primarily upon the skillfulness of his execution, but the fact remains that Gen. Cronkhite, the tactical leader, being entitled to the benefit of the information and judgment of the subordinate through whom alone he could be advised, is due the fullest credit for his decision. Nor can higher praise be bestowed upon a leader than to say that he is capable of utilizing his assistants to their full capacity. Thus, praise of Gen. Brett is in no sense in derogation of Gen. Cronkhite, but in fact adds to the credit of the latter. And so the superiors of them both, when they came to the battlefield in a spirit of undisguised appreciation, confirmed their gratitude in the following official communications:

"The Army Commander desires that you inform the Commander of the Eightieth Division of the Army Commander's appreciation of his excellent work during the battle today. He desires that you have this information sent to all organizations of (that) Division as far as may be practicable this night. He fully real-

(Continued on Page 31.)

A Letter From France

By Lt. Henri Peghaire

(Formerly Liaison, Officer, 80th, Div.)

IN my last letter I told you of the part taken by the motor transport service in the defence of Verdun in 1916-17 and will now attempt to say something about liaison and the service of the runners.

Many civilians seem to think that a battle can be seen by everyone; that headquarters knows just what is going on every hour and is able to immediately furnish news of all that has happened during the fight. Everyone realizes how anxious Fathers and Mothers are about their sons when a big attack is started. General Headquarters must do all that is possible to keep the public informed and at the same time not disclose anything that will be of service to the enemy, thus we have the "Official Communique." Most of us found the "Communiques" too short. We wanted to have all the particulars and were under the impression that the details were known but were being withheld. The fact of the matter is that it was very difficult issue even two short communiques per day. These few official lines must be correct and their wording given much thought. A small skirmish might be the beginning of a very important battle and the value of a victory or the extent of a defeat could not be determined at once.

No one is more anxious for information during the progress of a battle than the Commander-in-Chief. After he has given his orders and everything has been done to have them executed, there is nothing more than he can do but wait for news from the battlefield. If the offensive progresses well, liaison is better and word gets through to Headquarters from the front quite regularly, but when a big attack is launched by the enemy, ground is lost, troops are obliged to occupy a second position and the fight is on the defensive, often no liaison is possible between certain units and between the new front and the back area. Telephones are put completely out of operation by artillery fire. Visible signaling is not practicable perhaps on account of the position of the enemy and the terrain. There remain the messengers of the air—the aviator and the pigeon. (Some may remember what was accomplished by pigeons at Vaux by Major Reynal.) When there are none of these left the most primitive and yet the most dependable perhaps still exists—the Runner.

Every Company commander has with him his runners to carry news to the Battalion Commander's P. C., who sends it to the brigades and so on. The runner must be a real man; gallant, quick, intelligent, and without fear. When shells are falling about twenty every minute, when the barrage is launched on the road and commu-

ication trenches, the runner leaves the P. C. alone, sometimes a comrade following him at some distance to take his place if he is seriously wounded or killed. If he were

goes his way under bullets and shells. The obstacles that he meets with must be overcome by himself alone.

Let me quote a few lines written by a Colonel at Douonmont in March, 1916:

"On the second of March at 7:00 A. M., there was most heavy shelling with 380, 305, 210, 150 and 105 millimeter guns all over my sector and about three kilometers in depth. The noise was terrifying; the earth seemed to be a volcano—nothing but dust and smoke. Liaison was impossible with the front as well as the back area. All telephone communication was cut off. Runners sent out were wounded or killed. Other runners took their places. This continued until 4:00 P. M. At dusk a first sergeant of our first battalion, though wounded, succeeded in getting through with a brief account of what had taken place. We had been obliged to wait until night before a runner could reach us at all. The first information in detail did not reach us until 7:00 A. M. of the morning of the 3rd and was sent out by a Second Lieutenant. The fight had been terrific but our lines were strongly established south of Douonmont and were holding the Boche. Imagine how anxious we had been during these hours."

It is plain from this that a Colonel can remain for hours and hours without knowing what has happened to his fighting battalions. The same thing happens to the brigade commander who must await news from the Colonel, and the road is long from the Colonel's P. C. to that of the General's.

The adventures of the runners would fill volumes. There was Bugler A—of the 35th Infantry whose rifle was broken in his hand by a fragment of the shell bursting near him. Upon reaching the Colonel's P. C. he delivered his papers and very quietly explained all that had been done—where the battalions were, where the P. C. was located and what had been accomplished by the companies. He had observed and been interested in everything around him and knew what would be useful to his battalion commander. He was a real man and that is the reason why some privates after their officers were killed, became commanders of their comrades.

A runner in the Douonmont-Vaux Sector in April, 1916, was anxiously awaited at the Division P. C. Suddenly he came stumbling in and exclaimed, "My papers, my papers! In my sleeve." As he fell, some one asked, "Are you wounded?" "Papers, papers, quick!" was all he could say but after the papers had been located he said, "Very slight wound, finger blown off—

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ON A PARK BENCH

By
WILLIAM C. VANDEWATER

Hell—What's the use.
I'm nothing but a bum.
The park is full of men like me
That sprawl on every bench.
Their bodies and their souls
Both stink to heaven.
And me, I'm just the same,
And always have been.

No—not always.
Once, when I was there in Hell,
That means the Army;
Once, when it was Autumn,
And the shells was sailing by our
heads,
And from the front, Jerry
Was pup-pup-pupping with his
guns.
And we was lying there,
Our bellies in the mud;
Why once, I acted different.

The Captain crawled out to the
flank

To find their "Nest."
They got him.
One in the head. His body like
a sieve.
God—it was hard to bring that
sucker in.

A hundred eighty pounds they said
he weighed.
I never would a done it,
If I'd thought.
And that's the time I got my one
free ride,
While in the Army.
They took me to the base,
And there I stayed—six months.

To-day, I meets him, see.
All flossied up.
Kid gloves, a cane and spats.
I tries to catch his eye,
But he was talking to a doll,
And when I goes to speak
Here's what he says:
"Yes, yes, I know.
You're all ex-soldiers.
Here's a quarter;
Please don't bother me."
And so I limped away
And threw his damned old quarter
In the sewer.

Ah Hell, it ain't no use;
I always was a bum.

not a real soldier he could crawl into a shell-hole and wait until the shelling was less severe, but he knows that many of his comrades can be killed, wounded and made prisoners if he loses even a minute, so he

"How Do You Serve?"

Means About the Same as "How Do You Do?" What Do You Do For the Other Fellow? Are You Lending a Helping Hand in The Peace Time "Forward Movements?" Do You Do What You Can to Help Your Old Association?

"SERVICE" received a letter some few days ago from Mr. Fay A. Davis, formerly of F Company, Three Hundred and Fifth Sanitary Train, which contains food for thought among the red-blooded, live-wire boosters of the old Eightieth Vets. Association and SERVICE MAGAZINE.

Comrade Davis recently surprised the Staff by sending in (unsolicited) some mighty fine material for publication in the "Morning Report." Of course we thanked this thoughtful buddy for his assistance and gently hinted that he could please us by repeating the dose every month. He went us one better by starting a healthy campaign to build up the Association to the place it should occupy in our after-war affections. Davis has started something worth while. Our hats are off to him. The following letter is self-explanatory:

"Editor of Service,
"915 Bessemer Bldg.,
"Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Dear Comrade:

"In my daily travels I have run across so many of my former A. E. F. pals, who for some reason or other, are not subscribers to SERVICE. Out of curiosity I made an effort to find out the reason. In every letter I wrote to my soldier friends, I always mentioned the good work being done by our little magazine, and every time I ran across any of them, I brought up the subject. And I find the reason is just carelessness or neglect.

"A great many of the fellows from my outfit are scattered around in little country towns and villages. They rarely ever meet any of the fellows to talk things over, and consequently neglect to keep abreast of soldier activities.

"Feeling certain that a number of them would come across with a subscription, if broached with some novel scheme, the old idea of a chain letter occurred to me. I put together a little writeup on Service, and attached to it a half dozen sheets with the name and address of every soldier in my outfit, together with the addresses of any other soldiers I could think of. I sent it on its way with these instructions: First, send a check for two (\$2.00) dollars to 915 Bessemer Bldg.; second, check off your name; third, send the letter along to any Eightieth Division soldier you wish.

"The attached letter is self explanatory, only I didn't intend that my comrade, Mr.

A. R. Lykens, send the check to me.

"Kindly send a sample copy of the March issue of Service to Mr. Lykens as per his request and oblige,

"Yours for Service

"FAY A. DAVIS,

"429 Second Street,
"Braddock, Pa."

Aside from the increased circulation and interest we have already received from this

TWO SONGS

(A Mother Sings)

JOHN T. ACKERSON

I

Chubby face and rippling eyes,
Cooing happily,
How the little gurgling cries
Rend the heart of me!

Sun adown his flaming skies
Sees thee on my heart,
Better he should never rise
Than we, babe, should part!

II

O, eyes like flashing stars
The wondrous bards have sung
Like surf on moonlit bars
From age to age has rung

Your praise, and yet I smile,
And rate you dim beside
Bright eyes beyond a trail,
My soldier's eyes that died.

letter, SERVICE feels the encouragement that such helpful co-operation entails, and firmly believes that if a few hundred Eightieth veterans would adopt Comrade Davis' idea and start a chain letter on its way to their old buddies, we would not need to have any fears for the future of our Association.

Commencing July 1st, all members whose dues expire June 30th, and who renew their active membership in the Association, will receive in addition to their membership cards and other privileges of active membership, SERVICE MAGAZINE for one year.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Council, it was decided to reduce the cost of the combined dues and magazine, by making the dues in the Association \$2.00 per year and include SERVICE MAGAZINE with every membership in the Association. Subscribers whose subscriptions expire at

odd times in the Association year, will be asked to adjust the expiration date of their subscriptions by paying at the rate of 17 cents per month for the period of months between the date of their expiration and the end of the Association year, which is June 30th.

In other words, John Doughboy joined the Association in France—paid his dues one year in advance, or to June 30, 1920. In October 1920 he subscribed to SERVICE MAGAZINE, hence his dues and magazine expire on different dates. He has continued paying his dues and magazine subscription each year since. He now wishes to adjust them to expire at the same time. He knows his dues expire June 30th, but his subscription will not expire until September, a difference of three months, or July, August and September. He owes one year's dues to June 30th of the next year, and by deducting three months that his subscription overlaps, at 17 cents per month, he will only need to pay one dollar and forty-nine cents to place him in good standing to June 30th of the next year for both dues and magazine. From then on, dues and magazine expire at the same date and are not separate.

The time is not far distant when the men of the Eightieth must show their feelings towards their Veterans Association. Your servants at Headquarters have worked hard to make the Eightieth Division Veterans Association the leading organization of its Class; and such it is today. We have made SERVICE the best and most highly commended divisional veterans magazine in the field. It is known from coast to coast; it circulates in practically every state in the Union and in many foreign countries. It should have a circulation of from fifty to seventy-five thousand. If it had such circulation, we would not need to write this article appealing to your loyalty to your old division.

There is no real excuse for any veteran of the Eightieth not getting his SERVICE MAGAZINE and being active in the "Carrying-on" of his association. You may ask "What do I get out of it?" This question was answered in a recent issue of "Service." Boiled down, the answer is—you get out of it in honest ratio what you put into it, both of your loyal interest, co-operation and money. Does it mean anything to you as a "Blue-Ridger" to know that your

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A War "For Officers Only"

When the "Eightieth Division Reserves," Got Back in the "Game" at Camp Meade last month.

By Russell L. Stultz
(Former Sgt. Inf., 80th, Div.)

OVER at Camp Meade, Md., during the last two weeks of the month of July, a miniature "war" was staged that would have gladdened the heart of any cynical buck-private—yea, had he been loafing about the "side-lines," the cockles of his crusty old organ must have warmed and throbbled with riotous joy, for the little conflict we have in mind was one of the sort many of us may often have yearned for and dreamed about, yet without hope of ever witnessing in this life. Believe it or not, but we are about to laud the glory of a war that was planned, promoted and executed "for officers only"—and "fought" by them, if we may ignore a few blotches of issue O. D. employed to embellish the landscape. Yes, buddy, it was a pretty exclusive affair and affords living testimony to the fact that not all miracles are a matter of history.

You will undoubtedly experience a pang of honest sympathy, however, when you learn that the combatants in this particular "war" were drawn from your old "Blue Ridge" Division—the "Gallopers Eightieth," or whatever you choose to proudly dub it. A year or two ago, it will be recalled, as an important link in the General Staff's scheme of defense in event of future emergencies, certain reserve units were formed—at least, technically—and their skeleton organizations designated, among these being the 80th. It was the reserve officers of this division who took fifteen days' vacation last month, upon orders from the War Department, and spent the interval at Camp Meade "polishing up" the experience and knowledge acquired while holidaying with the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

There used to be an old song before the late war which stressed the wail that "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier." In the words of another song of the present day, "Them Days Are Over," for the encampment of the Eightieth Division at Meade sent back 120 reserve officers to civil life who, in their own records as given in while there, disprove the statement. The period of training closed on July 29th, after having been in progress since July 16th. Every day during the encampment, the officers upon whom the Government will rely to a great extent in any future war worked out problem after problem regarding the tactical unit with which they would have to deal in case of actual conflict.

A state of warfare existed between Maryland, on one side, and Virginia and the District of Columbia on the other, theoretically, during the height of the terrain exercises. One force, designated the "Red Army," (no reflections intended, we are sure), was assumed to be composed of Maryland troops, while the opposing

guns—all played an important part in the spectacular attack and must have recalled the hectic days of old to the peace-loving participants.

The engagement started with an intelligence plane dropping a message at the battalion headquarters, advising that the enemy was concentrating for an attack 1000 meters southwest of Hill 55. The battalion commander two minutes later requested an artillery concentration in that vicinity. The intelligence plane then returned over the enemy and harassed him with machine-gun fire, just as he used to do "Over There." The enemy attack immediately began, with a platoon, company and battalion headquarters of our forces picking up the enemy assault and notifying their respective commanders.

From a clump of bushes to the left of the observing 80th Division officers a red rocket flew into the air, calling for a machine-gun barrage. Troops commenced firing, and then for more than an hour the hills around Camp Meade rang with every kind of fire that could possibly be employed, with smoking shells screeching overhead, burning grass on the ground beneath, the drone of aeroplanes with their rattling machine-gun fire above, the fire of mortars from secluded positions and the distant rumbling of the heavy artillery, with its accompanying deadening sounds as their shells exploded in their front, the days of the "late unpleasantness" must have vividly recurred to those who had seen active service abroad.

The training outlined for the officers of the 80th Division reserve began with the handling of the division as in actual combat, and down through the various units with which each of the officers would be connected during hostilities. Throughout the period of training the actual work in the field was supplemented by conferences. Those regarding the organization of an infantry division, field and administrative work, duties of the division commander and staff, and division quartermaster and division ordnance officer were held during the first week of the exercises. Lectures were also used as a feature of the course, the proper employment of machine-guns being one of the first. These lectures were given by Regular Army experts.

Among the most interesting demonstrations scheduled for the last week was one by the Tank Corps, showing tanks in action and how they are controlled by radio—a little innovation the 80th failed to have in

TO DEATH

By
JOHN T. ACKERSON

Your black calaboose adorning
There are right good friends of
mine,
While I yet "stand to" with
morning,
Sample yet lips like old wine.

Was it sporting, Man of Darkness,
All these royal lads should die?
Felling them in hateful starkness
With the pimps of time to lie?

Answer me! I call you coward,
Striking only from behind!
Tyrant, never leading forward,
Seeking but to maim and blind!

Hark! The whistles call in warn-
ing,
Bayonets upward, comrades
mine!
Here's at Death, his menace scorn-
ing!
On! Then dust, or janes and
wine!

force, known as the "Blue Army," embraced Virginia and District of Columbia troops. According to the imaginary situation existing, the "Red" forces were understood to be concentrating at Baltimore, while the main army of the "Blues" was concentrating at Washington. The "Blue" forces were considered superior to the "Reds" in training and equipment.

For political reasons, the "Blue" army decided to invade the "Red" territory and the First "Blue" Division, with the One Hundred and First Field Artillery and the First Squadron of the First Cavalry attached, were ordered to seize valuable military stores located at Camp Meade. For more than a week, the theoretical battle raged, reaching its climax on July 25th with an actual demonstration with live ammunition and a battalion in combat. Aeroplanes, infantry rifles, machine-guns, automatic rifles, trench mortars, 37-millimetre

A War "For Officers Only"

the Argonne. Just as of old, however, moving picture were shown, which Lieut. Colonel Davis obtained from the Germans, depicting infantry going through a barrage, battle scenes around Soissons and Rheims, German and Turkish troops in Palestine and other phases of the war. Colonel Davis also gave an illustrated lecture on General Allenby's campaign in Palestine and Syria.

Perhaps in order that the 120 reserve officers of the 80th might feel entirely at home after a couple of years absence from their old environment, Colonel George H. Jamerson, formerly Brigadier General, commanding the 159th Infantry Brigade, who is chief of staff of the 80th Division reserve, was detailed for duty at Camp Meade. His aids were Lieut. Colonel J. P. Robinson, Major J. H. Tierney, Adjutant; Major H. A. Musham, Assistant Adjutant; and Major William Korst, Quartermaster.

Brigadier General Lassiter, chief of training of the United States Army, was among the high officers visiting the 80th Division camp, he inspecting the encampment and accompanying the officers during their morning problem. General Lassiter, in speaking to the officers, outlined the work of the three components of the United States military forces—the Regular Army, the National Guard and the Organized Reserves. A splendid beginning has been made, he declared, in organizing the 27 divisions, and 30,000 reserve officers have been assigned or attached to outfits out of a total number of reserve officers of 67,000. York has also started on the assignment of non-commissioned officers and enlisted men, he stated, so if any of you belligerently inclined N. C. O.'s or bucks are craving another acquaintance with the old pup tent, your Uncle Samuel is prepared to accommodate you "toot sweet." General Lassiter asked the 80th Division reserve officers to take interest in and co-operate in the activities of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the Citizens' Military Training Camp, the latter of which are now in progress throughout the country.

Those participating in the encampment who once sojourned at Camp Lee must have been impressed with its striking similarity in at least several respects. The social features were not neglected, but instead of the officers commuting to Petersburg and Richmond for their week-ends, they spent them in Baltimore and Washington, where, in many a club and hostelry, the exploits of the 80th were retold with vigor and vividness. An 80th Division dance was given at Camp Meade on the night of July 27th, special trains being operated from Baltimore and Washington to accommodate the young ladies from those points who were guests.

The men represented in the officer personnel of the 80th at Meade came from practically every walk of life, ranging from an iron-moulder to the heads of departments in colleges. In the present personnel of the 80th Division reserve, however, there are officers who saw service in nineteen different divisions during the World War, irrespective of those who were attached to other organizations or who were unassigned; still, they are "Blue Ridgers" now, for all their cosmopolitan affiliations in the past.

The civil occupations of these reserve officers is interesting. Lawyers lead the list, there being a total of eleven represented in the 80th Division. The other professions in which they are represented are three from real estate, two accountants, three auditors, three teachers, four insurance men, six clerks, three dentists, six salesmen, three civil engineers, five physicians, three electrical engineers and two detective sergeants. In the list of occupations where one man only is a representative, there are a forest ranger, a truck farmer, a student, a mechanical engineer, section chief, Bureau of Pensions, an ordnance tool maker, a chauffeur, traffic inspector, a high school principal, a publisher, an advertising man, a newspaper reporter, a clergyman, a valuation railway engineer, an examiner of the United States Shipping Board, a bridge and highway engineer, a dairyman, an oil operator, a commercial agent, a member of the postal service, a public lecturer, a builder, a banker, a moulder, a president of a large building corporation, a plate printer, a breeder of live stock, a statistician and a merchant.

After two weeks of training, the members of the division reserve returned to civilian pursuits much better men, mentally and physically. Practically everything that could be done was done for their comfort and convenience at Camp Meade. They have slept again, however, on the narrow iron cots; have heard the familiar call of "I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up" early in the morning practised by a blatant bugler; have eaten the old army "chow" again; have rubbed elbows with their fellow-men and benefitted therefrom—in fact, have discarded their "civvies" for khaki and lived the life of a soldier, just as completely as they did in '17. The spirit of the army is in the man, the spirit that isn't easily submerged, therefore he doesn't greatly mind the little details attending his evolution from a peacefully-appearing citizen into a full-fledged *soldat*.

Prior to departing from Camp Meade, the reserve officers drew up resolutions to the War Department, praising the work of the Regular Army officers who compose the staff of the division and who acted as

instructors during the camp, after having taken courses in their special line of duties at Forts Leavenworth, Benning and Sill.

RUSSEL L. STULTZ,

Former Sgt. Inf., U. S. Army.

New Market, Va.,

August 4, 1922.

A Letter From France

(Continued from page 10)

look for my comrade he may be wounded." Just then a Chasseur rushed in with his head covered with blood. The first runner saw him and remarked, "I am glad he is here, I thought he was killed. A shell exploded between us. I saw many soldiers killed or wounded. I threw myself down next to some sand bags. I am glad that my papers got through." The Division Commander wanted to send him to the field hospital. "No, General, I want to get back with my comrades, let me only write a few words first." This is what he wrote:

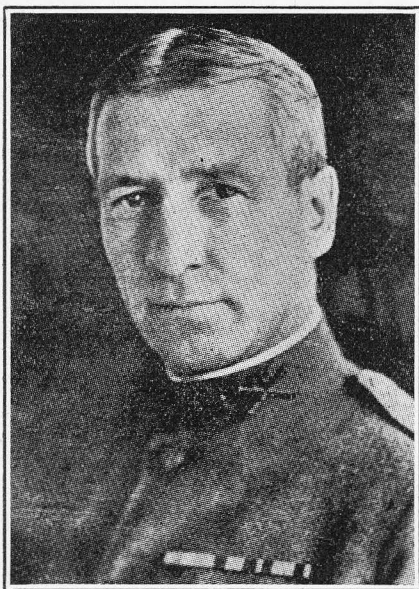
"My dear wife and loved children:—I am always in perfect health. Everything all right. Nothing new. Many kisses" —.

Another runner once came to a great General who had distinguished himself in Africa. "The Colonel told me to be quick. The news is very important, read the message at once!" The shelling was so heavy that everyone was amazed that he had been able to cross through the barrage, and the General, who saw that he was slightly wounded, gave him the Croix de Guerre. "Thank you, General, but I am not alone," the runner said and he called to his friend who had accompanied him. The General presented him with the cross also. "You are two gallant men whom we should kneel before in thanks" said the General extending his hand. The runner did not know what to say and he gave his left hand. "Excuse me, General, but the right one is covered with mud and blood." "Never mind," replied the General, and he took both hands in a most hearty handshake.

How many of them did not reach the P. C.'s? How many were killed, how many were thrown down half-buried and wounded, and how many died alone, somewhere on the road, lost in the fields or fallen down in a communication trench? No one can help the runner after he has left the P. C. He is alone. No one is near him to encourage him. During a fight, everyone does his duty but is encouraged by his neighbors, but a runner braves all dangers for the sake of his comrades who are depending upon him to carry the message through that may save them. We cannot forget that this is the highest type of bravery and individual sacrifice.

All Aboard for Charleston

BUDDIES, Charleston, West Virginia, invites you to come and spend the week-end—Saturday, Sunday and Labor Day, as guests of the 155th Field Artillery Brigade. Once more we will assemble to fight over in retrospect the hectic battles of "Vin Blanc" and "Vin Rouge." We will perhaps hear again the strains of "Hinkey Dinkey Parley Vous." The battles of Aix-les-Bains, Chaminoix, Valse-les-Bains, Uriage-les-Bains and the



COL. ROBERT S. WELSH

Comdg. 314 F. A. Killed by Shell Fire Nov. 5, 1918, Montigny, France.

Riviere will be gone over again where ever the vets foregather. Mention may be made of Nantillois, Cuisy, Bethincourt, St. Mihiel, Bois des Ogons and a few other never-to-be-forgotten land marks, which now seem to be part of a terrible dream we once experienced. The old "Skipper" may put in his appearance; perhaps a few Second Lieuts. will get up courage enough to come along, since most of them are forgiven for being Second Lieuts. and perhaps one or two old Top Kicks may blow in to mingle with the old outfit. To all such—timid or otherwise—we can offer this information in advance: "Shooting irons will be left at home or checked!" The "Forward" progress of the 80th has not alone been confined to "Moving Forward" in battle—the spirit of the 80th has eliminated, practically all grievances of warrior days and a feeling of true comradeship prevails.

To you who read these lines, member of the 80th Division Veterans Association or non-member of the peace-time 80th, we urge that you make every effort to get a pass from the new Commander-in-Chief, if you are so fortunate as to have one, and

hie your own way to Charleston, W. Va. Don't kick if she want's to come along too, we don't blame her, and she can talk over affairs with the other attending Commander-in-Chiefs.

Many of your old soldier Buddies who attended the reunions at Richmond and Pittsburgh have answered the final roll-call. As the years move on, one by one, and group by group, we will take our journeys "Westward" and the same fate awaits the 80th Division Veterans Association that is now overtaking the G. A. R. and the C. V. Slowly and surely the ranks will be thinned out, until folks will point to a tottering old man as the last remain-

"FOR I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE ARMY"

By

BEAS L. McLANNON

(Private 318 M. G. Co., Patient at Walter Reed Hospital.)

Guess my lot has been a hard one;
Life at times seems mighty blue.
Catch myself so often dreaming of
The War and France—of you.
Life at "Reed" can't last forever;
Soon a day will come, with pride
I shall come home to you, mother;
To the welcome fireside.

I am soon to leave the army,
Back once more to civil life;
With a badge of loyal duty,
With an Angel for my wife.
So be patient while you're waiting,
Just be glad and hope and smile;
For I'm going to leave the army
And be with you for a while.

ing survivor of the Fighting 80th, Blue-Ridge Division of the World War of 1917-18. Not pleasant to think about, to be sure, but today, while life is still just ahead—while we may still bring some measure of good fellowship and cheer to each other—while we may again live over the comradeship of the army—while we may renew those undying friendships born of the battlefield and face the future together at least united in a fraternal spirit of brotherhood; today, let us each do his small part in making the reunions of our 80th Division Veterans Association worth while. When we return to our homes, let us endeavor to remember about our dues and subscription to *SERVICE MAGAZINE*. It cannot continue without your support, nor will any organization long survive the non-interest of its members. It is yours to command and yours to call upon for service along many lines. You may not, as yet, have found need for its records, its files, and its ability to get certain information for you, but the record of the

Association's past accomplishments speaks for its necessity for the welfare of all Blue-Ridgers.

So, while we are greeting our old Buddies at the reunion, let us remember that reunions cost money and hard, tedious work upon some few good fellows whose only reward can possibly be, your enjoyment of that which they have attempted to please you with. And remember, you are one of us—that cannot be changed. The future influence of your Association depends upon you as an individual member to do your own little "bit" and then help show the uninterested comrade that associations and reunions are really worth while.

Comrades Stutler, Morgan, Chesley, Shaefer, Hays, Roller, Jackson and many others have sacrificed much in time and labor and at some financial loss to make the Third Annual Reunion possible in spite of the adverse conditions in the country. Let us remember this—our full enjoyment of their efforts and our loyalty to the 80th Division Veterans Association is the only way in which we can hope to repay them.

Everything possible has been done to provide for your comfort both at Pittsburgh and at the Reunion City. Come and bring your family. Spend a week-end with your "Old Pals of the Army," and pass the good word along. The slogan is, "On to Charleston, September 2, 3, 4!"



BRIG. GEN. GORDON G. HEINER
Com. 155th Artillery Brigade

Doctor—"Here I bring with me the oldest man in our city. He is over eighty, and his occupation is chimney sweep."

Professor—"Nothing wonderful about him. We all know that smoked meat keeps longer than any other."

Why We Need an 80th Division P. C. at Bluefield

By C. F. Bushman



LUEFIELD, W. Va., is the metropolis of the Clinch Valley, Pocahontas, Elkhorn, Tug River, Thacker, Williamson, and Kenova Coal fields. The small towns and the cities that are within this district are so close and so well connected by railway and good roads that it may be said that it is all one large city. During the war the Eightieth Division was built up of men from this section. Not only did they muster in the Artillery but in the Infantry, Engineers, and in every branch of service. Nearly all of these men have returned to this section of the country since demobilization. Since 1919 Richmond and Norfolk have organized Eightieth Division P. C.'s. A glance at a map will convince anyone that it is a long step from Pittsburg to those points. Entirely too far without an Eightieth Division post. "Buddies" of my old regiment have requested me upon several different occasions to organize a Regimental Club or association. I have not done this for several reasons. I have always believed that The Eightieth Division Veteran Association should receive first consideration along the lines of organization. If we have a Regimental organization in this section what about the buddy who lives next door who was in a machine gun company? And the other one who was with the 305th Engineers and so on?

A local post of the 80th Division Veterans Association in this city would take in every "Buddy" regardless of what unit he served with in our division. It is the only sane and safe way to keep the boys in this section together. To organize a post here it will require an application of fifteen members of the 80th Division Veterans Association. I have fifteen members who will sign the application for this charter. We need not worry about a building or anything else until we are organized. Then we can grow and spread out as the increasing membership will permit. Local dues, in addition to your association dues, need not be but a small sum. This amount will be used in keeping you in touch with us. Once or twice a year we can have a banquet and fight the war over and plan as a post to attend the annual reunion. Subsidiary P. C.'s, seems to me, the only medium that is worth while to promote and hold interest in the Division Association. Aggressive steps along these lines must be undertaken and pushed forward with the same determination that made the 80th Division one of the best combat divisions in the A. E. F.

The Eightieth Division Veteran Association is not a political or a military machine. It was formed upon the greatest thing in life and that is friendship. Without friendship we would indeed be poor. And when I think of friendship I always think of what is said in the preface to our constitution and by-laws,

"Men cannot pass through great crises, fighting side by side, without creating close bonds of friendships. These men, having been thrown constantly together, sharing danger and hardship formed friendships as strong as those of Knighthood Days, 'cemented by the blood of the parties.'"

Some of you will say "I am too busy" to be interested in these things. But—it takes

busy people to do things.

Action is what we want down here and we are going to have both "action-rear" and "action-front" and when the caissons go "rollin' along" again the Eightieth Division P. C. at Bluefield will be a fact. I am going to talk Bluefield P. C. to you at the reunion as long as I am able to. When I am not able to I will make signs and have a comrade to talk for me. I will be on hand to greet you at Charleston and to tell you how D—D glad I am to see you. And don't forget the Three Fifteen Headquarters at The Kanawha Hotel. Step right up and sign your name on the roster of The Bluefield Post of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association, Bluefield, W. Va.

Rheims and the Hindenburg Line

(Continued from Page 6.)

might be theirs in "a cleaner, greener land" within the borders of France, and why? Because

Be it ever so humble

There's no place like home.

And it is hard to imagine anything more humble than the wooden shacks at Berry au Bac.

Tourists frequently remark, "When you see one battlefield, you have seen them all." This dictum is in the main correct. For the battlefields are nothing but a suc-

cession of destroyed villages, deserted dug-outs, shell holes by the thousand, uninviting and ugly trenches, and over it all hovers the Spirit of Death. It was the dismal of failure of diplomacy that sent the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—Conquest, War, Famine and Death—galloping over the beautiful valleys and hills of France, rendering them desolate and grim. What hell can be adequate for the men who gave the signal to the Horsemen? To prevent a recurrence of this catastrophe, I suggest that future diplomatic conferences be held in the devastated regions. Then, perhaps, the diplomats will realize how much depends on their prudent, statesmanlike action.

"EVERYBUDDY"

"EVERYWHERE"

Please fill out the following questionnaire and mail it to Editor, Service Magazine, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. This information is desired for your regimental column in "Service" magazine. Your old "Buddy" wants to know what you have been doing, where you are now located, and how the world has served you since leaving "That man's Army."

Name -----

Organization -----

Address -----

Since leaving the service of Uncle Sam I have been engaged in the following occupation or business -----

Have you married?----- When?----- If so, have you quali-

fied to be called "Daddy"?----- Can you still sing "Hinkey Dinkey

Parley Vous?"----- Note here anything else of interest to your old

"Buddy" -----

Slum-ber

A Journey in Retrospect to the Days When—Well You Ought to Know —if You Took That Boat Ride—

By Fay A. Davis

"Hey, Fatty! closeup dere, close up! roared a Bowery sergeant at a R. R. buck-private called Sam. "This chow-line gits me goat. You guys romp in here like a bunch of hungry, howling coyotes and den holds up da whole procession polishin' up yer gab. And da next gent what rattles his messkit is goin' right over-board with the fishes. Git me right, soldiers! I ain't spillin' me wind' fer the highfalutin gram-mar dat's in it."

"Whaddasay to dat, fellows?" piped a crying-balloon voice from the rear. "All-together-boys"—and the chorus answered, Som-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-me - - - -!" (but it's verboten here)

Now harsh words very often affect ones appetite; but not so you could notice it with Sam. When the mess-officer at the head of the stairs bawled, "Co. E., 319th, front and center," Sam fell in. Usurping some of the talent of the esteemed Mr. Sales, he hurriedly camouflaged his appearance by putting his pipe in his face so that he excited neither notice nor interest. The Port Vue phantom got away with it good until the lynx-eyed shavetail lamped his collar ornament.

"To what company do you belong?" demanded the shavetail in an insolent, over-bearing way as he yanked Sam out of the line.

"Why, what company is this?" queried Sam surprised-like, grinning all the while.

"Well! what company do you think it is?" prodded the officer dryly, frowning at the culprit.

"I thought this was my company," answered Sam timidly.

"What d'ye mean, your company, with that caduceus on your collar! snapped the stern officer sarcastically. "Get at the end of the line and don't let me catch you working that gag again."

From then on the cards were carefully stacked to nab mushroom nomads of the milk-can variety, who take too seriously, that saying of Napoleon's about a soldier's stomach. Sam's initial appearance as a protege of Steve Brodie had been nipped in the bud, and relegated to the salvage pile. Paying no heed to the clamor of hoots and jeers, he beat a hasty retreat for the rear, and finally wormed into the line down in the bowels of the boat somewhere. Some two hours later, he shuffled back to the place where he had been forcibly evicted, and after getting this close to the aroma of the food again, it was going to take a fighting man fighting mad to get him to sassing a sergeant. This was

a time for strategy and mighty well did Sam know it.

Now Sam was built like the Mayor of Plain View Hills, only he had been city weened. Temperamentally, he was jovial and contented and thought more of a chew of tobacco than a fish does of water. A magnetic personality was his, and when he laughed, which was on the slightest provocation, you laughed with him and discovered it was good for what ailed ye. Ob-

toothed curry comb.

Sam responded readily to the insistent demand of the Bowery sergeant to "close up"; spat a c.c. of tobacco juice on the floor of the S. S. Mercury; righted his life-belt to feign indifference; and was non-committal with the hors d'combat sergeant.

"Be-e-e-e-eans! be-e-e-eans on No. 5!" bellowed an ex-dairy lunch waiter in true Carolinian lingo.

"Slum-m-m-m-m-m-m on No. 1!" roared another shirtless dispenser of army fodder as he dished out the last to the gink in front of Sam.

"Java! java on No. 6!" impatiently piped a swarthy Dago as he mopped great gobs of perspiration from his brow. "Hustle up dem gold-brickin' K. P.'s."

"Hey, dere Sarge! 'needs a strong man on dis here slum," moaned a frail K. P. from the kitchen-door struggling hopelessly with a 10 gal. vat of steaming slum.

"Put da hooks to dat slum," scowled the obnoxious sergeant, glaring eagerly up and down the mess-line with a look of murderous rage on his mug, and finally pointing to Sam.

"Gee whiz, Sarge! I ain't eat yet!" complained Sam mournfully.

"Eat me eye!" snarled the angry sergeant. "Git on dat slum bucket and be mighty quick about it. What are y' standin' there gapin' at? Guys what don't work on dis barge, don't eat." "And dat goes for all of youse guys," he cautioned, wheeling suddenly on the star chowhound who could not suppress his boisterous guffaw at the sight of somebody being made the goat. "And da next guy what puts up a poor mouth when I ask him to do a little sumpin' is due fer a hitch in the hoose-gow."

Staring blankly for a moment as though embraced by a vision of the day when he would get his discharge, Sam grumblingly laid his messkit to one side to give a be-grudging lift. After scurrying about here and there, replenishing the big inroads made on the chow by the famished soldiers, Sam plainly saw the job was intended for a hod-carrier. As fast as they filled one stall, another was empty. Sweating like a bull-finch, and with the appetite of a caterpillar, he was as thirsty as a camel. All the while, Sam was patiently watching for an opening, and the minute the sergeant turned his back, he grabbed up his messkit and busted into the line again.

(Continued on Page 29.)

AMONG THE DREAMERS

By
C. E. GRUNDISH

I stand on the bridge in the big city,

The river, lined with factories and workshops, simmers beneath me.

Over the edge of the factories and workshops loom the skyscrapers reaching far into the evening dusk.

The blast furnaces vomiting forth fire and smoke lure my mind back to other evenings—to other days,

Visions of star-shells, barb wire and hell.

Once more I am ramming the cold steel of the bayonet through the hearts of gray-clad fighters.

Again the heavy drone of marching men rumbles through my brain.

The whistle of a traffic cop brings me back to the reality of things.

The river lined with factories and workshops, simmers on—but the blast furnaces are dark and silent.

I tip the ashes from my cigarette and join the evermoving throng of city life—

Glad to be alive,

Glad to be one of the city's dreamers.

viously well versed on the seams of life, he was no mollycoddle but an idealist; he chafed at discipline, opposed work in any shape or form, and was his mother's star boarder (avant la guerre). The 3-Rs of army life were acquired during his first week in Camp Lee, when he hurriedly volunteered upon the sergeant's request for a good man with a thorough knowledge of Veterinary Surgery, and the Sarge put him to cleaning a cranky mule with a buck-



“Henry Goes to College”

By Jack P. Smith

[Editors Note—Readers of SERVICE Magazine will welcome further adventures of “Henry” from the pen of Comrade Smith, Service has received many inquiries concerning the series of letters from “Jake to Henry,” by the same writer.]

NOW that this hear War is all over a fellar has got to get on the job and think up something what he expects to do to make a livin so that he aint got to go around the streets and be askin the people for help like a lot of them has to do and as this here is the case with me, I decides that it is best that I think up something what I could take up what would be easy and at the same time make a lot of money outer it. Well, it didn't take me long to come to an agreement with myself and I decides what it woodn't be such a bad idear to make one of them Kiropracktors outer myself for I was hearing a lotta good things about them whear they was fixin up a lotta ex soldiers and makin them well and I decides that I was gonna learn this business. The funny thing about thinkin up somethin to take up was that it costs money and youse fellars know darned well that we couldnt do any savin in the Army and we couldnt do hardly anything with the sixty dollars what we got after we got out for I got rid of all of that the first day after I got out. But gettin back to what I was atalkin about. I fineally decided to go to Kollege whear they learn you to be a Kiropractic. This wouldnt be so very hard for me because I knowed somethin about Docktors work because when I was in the Army I went to see the Docktor every morning and the only thing what they had to do was to give me a koupler pills no matter what was the matter with me. I set down and rote a koupler letters to places whear

they teech Kiropractic and pretty soon I gets a lot a books and letters telling me all about this business and what it cost and all. I knowed they wouldnt forget to send the price with the letter for that is the main thing I guess with them. The books said as what a fellar would half to go to school for eighteen mos, and then if he is good enough they will give him a deplomar what shows he is a gradyouate and then all hes got too do is get a Office and start in. Of course you gotta buy a koupler hundred dollars worth off things what is needed and a sine to hang outside would cost a lot to.

Well, too get back too what I was agoin to tell you. I picked out the skool what looked the best too me and then I went too the place which was a big buildin with the name off the Kollege on a large sine in front. I went and rung the bell and a Lady come out and I told her I wanted to see the boss and she sorter smiled like and says for me too come in which I did. She tells me too sit down as the man would be in in a few minutes. I guess I musta waited a koupler hours before he come in and when he did he shakes hands with me as if he knowed me for a long wile only he didnt and he asks me what he could do for me. I tells him that I'm the fellar what rote too him about coming too the Kollege and learnin too be one off them there Kiropracktors. Oh yes, sez he, I remember you. Then he tells me all about how they run the Kollege and after he is all done he tells me about the price so too make sure that I know. I gives him to understand that I would come to his Kollege and then I gave him a roll of notes big enough to choke a elephant for which he gives me a reseat.

He says that bein that this is Friday I should start on Monday and in the meantime I could get a good look at the City which was strange too me. I said as how

that would be O. K. to me and I says good by and he says good by to me. On Monday, I gets to Kollege in good time. The boss says to me that the timekeeper would look after me so he calls the timekeeper in which happened too be a nice young girl. She looks into a book and then she says to me that my number would be thirteen which I didn't like a hole lot and she takes me to a time klock and shows me how to handle it and ring in and ring out every day just like the ex Soldiers are doin what lost out on there jobs when they got back from France and had to get a job in a facktory and make half the money what they was amakin before the war. The timekeeper says to me she says, will you buy your books now? and she gives me such a nice smile just like the Army nurces uster do to me and I couldnt say anything but yes. She goes to work and gets me five books which I thought was too many but I didnt want too tell them that and I hadda pay a lot off good money for them too. I just took them and said nothing. I takes a look at them books and they was called Anatomy, Symptomatology and a lot off other names which takes too much room up to tell you hear. I figures out to myself that if I get all the stuff what is in them books I'm going to be a darned smart fellar and no foolin. I tells the timekeeper this and she laffs at me and says Oh, that aint nothin yet. You gotta get a lot off more books every six months too learn from. All right says I, if I must then I must. Its no use arguin with them. After that she says come with me and I will take you too your class room and show you where you will sit. When we gets there I sees a lot off fellars foolin and kidin one another and I knowed right aways that these fellars was in the Army by the ways they was acting. I looks around the room and sees a pretty big crowd off people which was also going too

"Henry Goes to College"

b. Kiropracktors like myself and then I was given seat No. thirteen just like my klock number. I didn't want to be in no first row, but beings as how this no. was in the first row I had to take it and say nathing, sort off Army style. Then a bell rung and a stilish lookin Gent comes in and goes too the black board and says that if theres any new people whats come in this morning they will please stand up which I did and I looked foolish enough, anyhow I felt that way. Then the teacher asks me my name and I tells him then he says to the people if they are glad that I am with them and they says absolutely which I guess means sure. Then I sits down and the teacher starts asking questions about the skeleton what I new nothin off and I was afraid as how he might make me feel cheap and ask me something which I couldnt answer but I got fooled because he skipped me and he didn't bother me at tall. He was a nice fellar. Most off the fellars didnt know nothin no matter what the teacher asked them. I guess its so hard to remember. Then the bell rung and another teacher come in but he was different from the other one for he was strick and he soon told the fellars whear too get off at. He balls a lot off the fellars out what was lueys and Kaptains in France and I hadda laff to think off such a thing. I was told that the teacher was a sekond luey at the trainin Kamps durin the War

which accounts for him bein so strick. When it come ten o'clock we had recess just like we did when I was a kid only we didn't run out and play all kinds off games but instead all the fellars went too the smokin room and I notice most off them wareing gold and silver servous buttons which was a sure sine that they was in the Army. I heard one fellar telling the gang how many Huns he captured and then another one would tell how he saved a lots fellars lifes and every body had a story too tell. I just sit and listened too them for even if I did kapture a lot off huns and was wunded and got a metal and all I ain't agoin to brag about it. Soon the bell rung and I was glad too for I was agettin tired off hearin that stuff. Up we went to the class room and then another teacher come and asked a lot off questions and he forgets himself and asks me a question something about Leucocytes but as I was a new student I couldn't tell him and he says alright and asks the next fellar.

I was glad when the morning was over and when it was I went right home and took a rest for them there studies sure was gettin on my nerves. I had to get back at 1:30 for practkial work. This I didn't mind so much for it didn't need any studyin. All we done was to get a bench about five foot long which had a sort off

plug stickin out on top. This plug had a spring on it and when you press on it it come right back. They use this so that you get used too addjusting the spine. Its a good idear only they make a fellar do it too long. One hole hour we was at this and then he says rest, just like they sed in the Army. Then we would set around and wait for him to say lets go. When we started again, half off the fellars set on a small seat and the other half took turns of runnin there hands up and down there backs. I thought at first that they was atryin to tickle them but I found out afterwards that they was supposed too find the lokation off the vertebras. After they done this for a hour the bell rung again which ment that Skool was over for the day and we had nothin too do until the next mornin at nine o'clock.

But anyhow, even if this is a tough thing too learn, I'm agoin to stick too it for I know that its a lot off money in it. Most off them Kiropracktors charge \$1.50 for only one adjustment but I'm going to do it cheaper then that. I made my prices already and anyone that wants to be fixed up I will do it for them for only a dollar. I can make lots off money because at that rate I can make maby a hundred dollars per day if I get enough kustomers.

Yours till we meat again,

HENRY.

How Do You Serve?

(Continued from page 11)

Association has continued "Moving Forward" to the present time without once stooping to the "Service Record" begging so common to many so-called veterans' publications. A clean record can only be maintained so long as you and every one of us who owes allegiance to the old Eightieth does his bit in a financial as well as interest in its welfare manner.

The inclusion of dues and magazine both for \$2.00 per year to former Blue-Ridgers is in the nature of an experiment. The Executive Council, elected by the men who attend the yearly reunions, has faith in you and believes that you will appreciate their confidence in your loyalty and interest in the Eightieth Division Veterans Association. If you are one of the men who was promised dues and magazine all for \$1. per year over in France, and you are still sore because some overly-enthusiastic person told you we were going to do the impossible—please remember that intentions were good; that we were novices in the publishing game; that things and prices look different and are different after we don the old civvies and the war is over. Sentiment does not go far in paying printer's bills, office rent, etc.

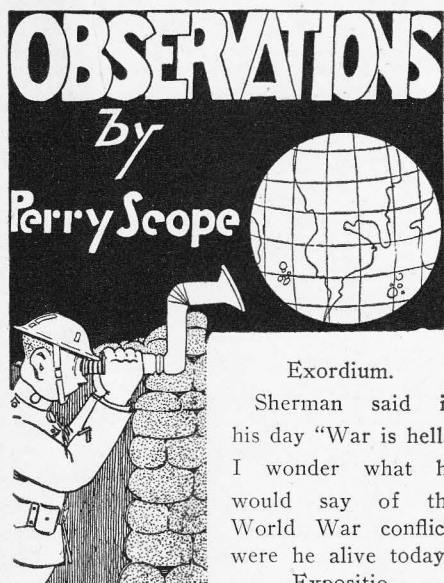
Do you realize that some of America's real writers have contributed their work gratuitous to SERVICE?—Why- Well, because they (some of them) were Blue-Ridgers themselves; others just wish to show their appreciation of a real clean magazine that is published by and for ex-service men, and wish to help it "Move Forward." There are many subscribers to SERVICE who did not have the good fortune to serve with the Eightieth. They go along year after year paying their subscriptions and paying tribute to your organization—we are ashamed to admit that some of our own buddies are not so keen about the record of the Eightieth and the future of its Veterans Association.

There will be an Eightieth Division Veterans' Association only so long as you help make it possible. At the present time it belongs to and is being run by the enlisted man. We have had no interference from the commissioned officers of our old division. They have earned our respect and gratitude by their helpful advice, co-operation, and hearty support, yet maintaining always a "Let the men boss their own organization" attitude. They have evidenced an attitude of feeling honored to belong to the organization whose destinies are governed over by the men of the ranks. If our organization should cease to function, you

may be sure that there will still and always be an "80th Division Veterans Association," but in which perhaps the enlisted man may not be invited to membership. Perhaps we have stated the case too frankly to suit some of our readers, but facts are facts and the conclusion is evident.

Comrade Davis has taken the initial step in the "Forward Movement" to a bigger and better Veterans Association. Local Posts of the 80th Division Veterans Association are being formed to keep up interest and furnish closer liaison between the Blue-Ridgers in the various cities and towns. Comrade Schoble who was totally blinded by sharpnel while serving with the Eightieth "overthere" started the "Life Membership" campaign at a dinner held by the "New York Association of Officers of the Eightieth Division." Today, the list has grown to 110 members, each of whom has paid into the treasury of the Association twenty-five dollars to cover their dues for life. They have paid the regular \$2.00 per year subscription to SERVICE MAGAZINE in addition to this. The idea is not selfish or to save themselves money, but to help place the Eightieth Division Veterans Association upon a solid and substantial foundation whereby it may be able to weather the storms of initial indifference and until the

(Continued on Page 29)



Exordium.

Sherman said in his day "War is hell." I wonder what he would say of the World War conflict, were he alive today?

Expositio.

In the early part of 1912 a conflict began in the Balkan States, which continued until the year of 1912. Little did we know then that that was the kindling wood gathered for a greater conflict, in which the world's greatest countries were to take a part. The stage was all set, everything was in favor of the villain, for he had seen to that in the previous forty years, having created a monstrous army. He was now ready for the goal: "World dominion."

Causa.

In the year of 1914 the psychological moment had at last arrived, the match had been set to the kindling wood, and "hell on earth" was now in process, the world was shocked when they learned that the devil made a complete metamorphosis and was now guiding the armies of the "Entente nations," against the Allied armies which was later formed to give battle to the "devil under disguise." Forty millions of human beings lost their lives. Some killed in battle, some the victims of disease, others died from starvation and still others were put through a living death by means of cruelty. But the greatest price was paid by the heroic Belgian women who met the devil at his worst. Thus the expression of that famous American general Sherman, "War is hell."

Contrarium.

What a beautiful world this would have been if such a thing as a World War had never occurred. In its stead there might have been an Inter-nation agreement, with a better understanding of its peoples, which would make possible a heavenly earth to be enjoyed by all. Whereas, if you cast your eyes about this room you will see limbless men, and men otherwise suffering from the horrors of war.

Simile.

History as passed down to us proves that wars have been going on from time immemorial but it fails to register any such wholesale destruction as the one we have just gone through. History also tells us of international sporting events which

were held in those days and were conducted to prove their superiority. If we must have wars to prove who is superior in strength, why not conduct them in a boxing contest fashion? Let the referee's announcement be something like this: Ladies and Gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you on our left that terrorizing brute from Prussia who has such victims on his list as France, England, Belgium, Russia, and Italy. On our right, folks, is none other than the clean cut athlete who stands for no bluff—"Uncle Sam, the kid himself." Referee shakes gong and the fight is on, "now it is over and you know who won."

Examplum.

"You say this could never be." Why not? Did not the French tennis champion, Mlle. Lenglen, come to our shores to add more glory to her fame? She, of course, met with defeat, but there was no war over it. Is it not true? Did we not have an international boxing event last year? You know the result, but we didn't have

war on account of it. I think that is sufficient to prove that "war is hell" and without a question unnecessary.

Testimonium.

That wars were in fashion in the past, gives no reason why wars should be the fashion in the future. Wake up! you of a civilized world, and correct your mistakes, for if you don't act now, rightly and wisely, you have no right to claim you are civilized. Instead, you are going back to the dark ages and to the primitive life of the past.

Conclusio.

If it were possible for those who commanded great armies in the past to return today, they surely would not have praise for us for having wars to settle our international differences. They would argue that we should have profited by their mistakes. When those words, "War is hell," were uttered, they should have encouraged us to go forward, not backward, and to settle our disputes with better methods than war. Profit ye future generations by our mistakes!

Blue Ridge Paragraphs

By FAY A. DAVIS

On June 24th, Robert C. Stoughton was married at Swedesboro, N. J., in St. Joseph's Church, to Miss Rosalie Monahan. The newlyweds will make their home at 228 Queen St., Phila., Pa.

Well, here is the best of luck to you, old boy, and may you be a General in the next (?) war. Bob was the pivot man in my squad. I wonder if Bob remembers the time we slept together in the hay-mow at Chauvirey-le-Vieil, or the night he and I were in the kitchen helping Estelle to master a little English, and the M. P. gave us the "bums rush." I wonder if the old boy still remembers the voyage a-la-40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux from Bordeaux to Vitrey-Vernois, and the bottle of vin rouge he bought enroute from a poor, old lady with a spearmint wrapper. Them was the happy days!

I once heard a Colonel who was inspecting a company of soldiers remark, that he could not understand, for the life of him, why the authorities were so careless about the clothes they issued an enlisted man, and so scrupulously exacting after he got into them. Me, too! Them was my sentiments when Sgt. Kirk presented me with a cap 4 sizes too large; but being only a dirty, lousy buck, my thinks didn't register on the army barometer, so I had to grin and bear it.

The standing joke of the U. S. Army—a soldier's pay book. All I ever drew on mine was a receipt, which the Major scrawled across one of the pages, for a 3

in 1 stab in the arm. Once the Major gave them out at retreat, and the sergeant took them up next morning at reveille. That was the only time we were allowed to keep them over night.

I received the newsiest letter that has come my way in many moons. Comrade Howard Weston of Gallitzin, Pa., is the author. Weston was married a month after his discharge from the army, to Miss Carlson, whom we remember as the charming little lady who came to visit Howard at Camp Lee, the week we left for France. Howard is the proud father of a baby girl, and is sitting astride the world, imbued with the brand of happiness that makes one feel that it wasn't such a bad war after all. Just listen to this, fellows—

Dear Friend:—

Several months ago you sent me a list of 317 F. H. men, together with a short letter. Very glad to hear from you, Fay, and join with you in saying that SERVICE is the best of any of the magazines that I have seen. To my mind, better than the *American Legion Weekly*. I subscribed to SERVICE when it first started, and still get it—will renew my subscription when it expires—also belong to the 80th Division Association—so I checked my name on the list as per your request, and forwarded the list to Arch R. Lykens, Martinsburg, Pa.

When in Altoona sometime ago, I met Arch, and spent a pleasant hour talking over things in general, and particularly recalling the days we spent in 317 F. H.

Blue Ridge Paragraphs

I think we covered everything, as far as we could in the time we were together, from the days at Camp Lee to the end at Dix. Not forgetting the battle of Ouge, the ascent and descent of Moret; the retreat; and Whistler's immortal reply to the Major when the company halted in the woods on the march back to Chauvirey-le-Vieil. Before I go further, Fay, inquire in your column some time and see if any one has forgotten Christmas at Gland (although you were at Arthonnay then, I guess). I would like to ask Henry Myers if he remembers climbing up the ladder that night in the barber shop billet, also if Slupowsky remembers it.

At the time I met Arch Lykens, he was a candidate for the job of postmaster at his home town, Martinsburg, but I have not heard whether or not he got it. He is engaged now in the insurance business there.

That same afternoon, as I was getting on the train, I met another old comrade, Gomersall. But as he was after another train, I only talked with him for a moment—long enough to find out that he had been located in Johnstown and was a chiropractor, but he figured on moving to Altoona.

I heard from Schwenk a few months ago. He is located in Philadelphia, still married and much overjoyed over an addition to his family—I forgot whether he said a boy or girl.

Another member of old 317 F. H., Meyer Slupowsky. Meyer used to sell me goods, and I would see him in Gallitzin about every two months. However, he has changed houses, and I believe he does not come through here, at least I have not seen him for about six months. At that time he was with the New York Hat and Cap Co. Meyer is happily married to the girl from Petersburg—the one you remember whose people had a store near the street car depot. They live somewhere in the East End, Pgh., and also have a third member of the family. This girl's sister is also married, to a man living in one of the towns in the north of the county. That is Cambria County.

And still another member stopped off here between trains one day—our big cook, Gehlman. I don't know what he is doing now.

While in Johnstown one day, I saw Schwartz and McGahey—the former is in the department store of Schwartz Bros., Johnstown, Pa., and McGahey, as of old, in the coal business.

Hershberger had been in Bethlehem, Pa., but wrote me that he intended mov-

ing to Johnstown. Hersh is married, also.

I hear from Earl Kirk once in a while. He is still in the Grove City Bank, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, unmarried.

Well, Fay, we are living in Gallitzin, and would be glad indeed to have you stop and see us any time that you are out this way, both yourself and Mrs. Davis, for I believe that you are married, also.

With best regards to yourself and Mrs. Davis, and wishing you success and happiness, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
Howard Weston.

There was a time when we thought the boys went to church in Petersburg because they enjoyed the preaching, but we later discovered their faithfulness to be due to the fact, that it was the only legitimate way of breaking through the upper crust of Virginia society.

Finis Dunn, formerly Pvt. F. A. 4th Div., who was seriously gassed in the Argonne, has almost completely recovered, and only recently graduated from Bethany College with a degree in Scientific Farming. He has landed a temporary position with the Census Dept. of the Gov., and intends to earn enough money to take a graduate course at State College.

Edwin F. Ploeger, formerly Pvt. 110th Inf. 28th Div., underwent a very successful operation at the Passavant hospital for the removal of a piece of shrapnel from his kidney. Ploeger was wounded in the fighting at Belleau Woods, and after many months in the hospitals in France, he was invalided back to The States and mustered out of the service. It wasn't long until his health began to fail, and after consulting some of his buddies with experience in the Veterans Bureau hospitals, he finally decided to go to a regular institution. Dr. Luther was the attending surgeon.

The American officer who started that "Good Luck" chain letter has sure kicked up a rumpus. Last month I received a copy via Meadville from my old pal, Augie Delp. A day or so after receiving it, I ran across this in "A Line O' Type Or Two" in the *Pittsburgh Post*—

"Good Luck" Chain Letters

From eleven different sources we have received the chain letter now going the rounds, which reads:

"Copy this and send it to nine people

whom you wish good luck. The chain was started by an American officer and should go three times around the world. Do not break the chain, for whoever does will have BAD LUCK.

"Do it within twenty-four hours and count nine days and you will have some great good fortune. Let's all go 'Smiling Through' 1922."

Just why we should annoy nine times eleven, or ninety-nine, friends with the letter does not appear to us, so the chain is broken so far as we are concerned.

And this from the *Stars and Stripes*—
Postal Officials Try To Stop Chain Letter. The Postmaster General is one who will not forward the latest chain letter. Postal officials are able to check most chain letters, but the only recourse the Post Office Dept. has against this recent chain where sent under seal is an appeal to the common sense of people not to clutter up the mails with such matter. Thousands of dollars are wasted yearly on the so-called "lucky" chain letters.

Notwithstanding this however, I didn't like the idea of jinxes and goblins hovering around my knapsack, so I followed instructions, tacked on the clipping from "A Line O' Type Or Two," and shipped the original on to Arch R. Lykens.

Two of my brothers, William and Ira, both of whom were A. E. F. men, the former with the 535th Engineers and the later with the Lakeside Hospital Unit, have received "Good Luck" Chain Letters within the last week. Both letters, however, were from entirely different sources than the one which I received.

Chain "Prayer" Letters are strictly forbidden by the Postal authorities. According to the latest Post Office bulletin, a large number of Chain "Prayer" Letters were found in the mails last week. These are unmailable and when detected are withdrawn and destroyed.

Twenty-eighth Division Veteran Again Proves His Heroism—Edwin F. Ploeger, Formerly Pvt. 110th Inf. 28th Div., was married at Greensburg in the United Presbyterian Church on Saturday, May 28th, to Miss Nell James of 5302 Coral St., Pgh., Pa. The Rev. H. A. Redell officiated. There were no attendants, and the happy couple left immediately for a short honeymoon on the Great Lakes.

Notice is hereby given to all 317 F. H. men to have their messkits shined up spick and span for the "BIG SHOW" at Charlestown, W. Va.



A PAGE TO WIT

"OUR MAG"---By the Office Boy



By the time youse read this I 'spose yrrs. truley will be hikeing 30 kilos. per day loaded down with an extra pair of shoe strings and a can of dubbin fer equipment tryin' to make the big doins in Charleytown, Wet Virginia. Onct I git there all will be pie if the Reunion Comm. onley holds a park bench or chicken coop in reserve fer a ex-champagner like myself, and say—youse gotta hand it to that Charleston bunch fer hard work and pep. Some of them big bums of business barons what is sore cause we finished the war before they made their 50th million wouldn't give a nikel to see Solomon hold a reunion of his wives let alone encouragin a gang of dollar profiteers git together and talk over them trips to Paree and Nice et cetterer which they figger the A. E. F. spent most of their time at when they wuzzent shootin craps while waitin fer Liberty Bonds to win the war, which all goes to prove that bein a Reunion Committee is worsen bein a K. P. Some of us guys git the habit of takin things fer granted which worked O. K. when U. Sam looked after us and paid the bill but N. G. when we think a reunion just happens without no effort or expense and the millions of other birds are payin dues (which they aint) so why should we bother with such trifling details and what do we care if Bill Jones who was in the same outfit as us is a member or not. We see him every day and he borrows "Our Mag," and goes to the big doin's but we fergit that mebbie the "Bill Jones'" and six others in the squad has all' got the same idea of takin the Association fer granted—not that Bill aint a good scout but nobuddy ever tipped him off that he's holdin up the procession by being out of step.

But gosh! I aint no preacher and the Boss says I couldn't qualify as even a preacher's son with my limited vocaberlery which don't worry me as I never seen no car by that name anyway.

Say, did youse guys hear General Brett's

message off the wireless on Tuesday Evg. the 15th? The first I knowed about it I was loafin in one of the cigar stores where the guy don't know nothin about the war and I keep him misinformed as much as posserble with stories about what Jack Persh. said to me and what I said to him when he asked me what I thought he ought to do next. Well as I started out to tell you, I was spendin a pleasant evg. as this guy has one of these here loud squeekers which gives baseball scores and such and all of a sudden I heard it say "Blah-blah-blah-blah-meowr! spzwixyzz-schreeeeek-screeeech-blam! This is KDKA, the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company at East Pittsburgh, Pa. We will now broadcast a message from General Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. A. Retired, President of the

80th Division Veterans Association," (which is us). Gosh! I was never so surprised in my life, exceptin maybe when I got my discharged from the Army, and when the General starts boostin the 80th Division an our Reunion, I busted two buttons on my shirt, an I said to the cigar guy "see that! Him and me wuz old pals, many is the time he has talked to me when we wuz holdin inspections," and the guy give me two ten cent cigars an told me to tell the General to drop in any time an he would fix him up with a box of El Ropos which I bet is fifty centers at least. The General said we orter all come to the reunion so I got the dubbin and shoe strings right away. Hoping you did the same,

THE OFFICE BOY.

VERY LIGHTS

TAPS FOR THIS GUY

Sgt.: "Did you deliver the paper to the major?"

Rook: "Yes, but ther ain't no use writin' him nothin'. He can't read. He's blind."

Sgt.: "Whatta ya mean, the major's blind?"

Rook: "Well, twict he ast me where was my hat and alla time it was right on my head. He's blind as a bat."—*The Douglas County Legionnaire.*

WISE CRACKS

BY A CORRESPONDENT

Never give up. The lowly flivver is frequently rattled, but it keeps forging ahead just the same.

A scientist says that the human ear can detect a tone of 25,000 vibrations. This is no news to most married men.

Do you know that although you talk of buttoning up your coat you never do? You always button it down.

Those who make a loud noise get their names on the front pages, but the world is

run by those who keep still and saw wood.

In the old days a man had to pass an examination before being admitted to the bar, and even now he has to knock three times on the back door.

Keep smiling; you can't get on your feet by getting on your ear.

You can always tell a good actress—but you can't tell her much.

It is no longer correct to say: "Have a little drink." The English is all right but the joke is in poor taste.

A QUESTION OF LENGTH

A small woman traveling with her son—a boy very large for his age—handed the conductor a half-fare ticket and a whole-fare one. The conductor scrutinized the boy critically, and said:

"But, madam, I can't pass this boy on a half-fare ticket. He is very large and has on long pants."

"Very well," replied the woman, "if that is the basis for your decision, use the whole ticket for him and the half for me."



PVT. JOHN W. CAMERON

Cameron, John W., formerly Pvt. Supply Company, 313th F. A., died December 20, 1921, at his home in Elmo, West Virginia. He is survived by his father, John N. Cameron, Sr., of Elmo, W. Va.

The following message from General Brett was broadcasted by wireless from The Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company Station, KDKA, at East Pittsburgh, Pa., Tuesday evening, August 15th. Any Blue-Ridgers who were "listen-in" are requested to drop a card to 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., and advise how they received it.

"To the Members of the 155th Field Artillery Brigade, located among the hills of West Virginia and members of other units of the Division scattered throughout every State in the Union and Foreign Countries:

"My Comrades, I greet you, no longer as one of your leaders upon the field of battle, but as the leader of your great peace-time organization, the 80th Division Veterans Association.

"Our organization is not of the military—it is of the heart. Its purpose is to cherish memories of a loyal service to high ideals and a Patriot's duty to his Country. In all the broad lexicon of human thought and deed there is no greater thing than comradeship and friendship. Time cannot wither the green of our experience in "The Great Adventure," nor shall we ever forget the brave comrades who marched at our side and who paid the supreme price of devotion to their country and its citizens.

"In these troublesome hours of civil strife, selfish interests may appear to flourish for a time, but it is to you, my comrades, that America must turn for the solution. You have in your keeping the destiny of our great Nation. It is you who must continue to be the soldier and patriot, and as you continue your useful lives as men who love your Country, you will jealously safe-guard its future, to the end that justice and equality shall continue to prevail. You will keep the faith with our "Silent Men of Arms" and you will be proud and worthy of the name "Buddy" earned upon the battlefield where men show their true colors and where souls feel something of a baptism of a new faith and understanding. So tonight, from the great broadcasting station of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company at East Pittsburgh, Pa., upon the eve of our third annual reunion of the men of the 80th Division, A. E. F., I send to you my warmest greetings and express the hope

that from the mountain tops of your state, from the valleys and plains of our beloved Country you will again assemble as you did in 1917 and 1918, this time to renew the friendships of other days with your comrades at Charleston, W. Va., September 2, 3 and 4.

"In conclusion it gives me great honor to salute the best division that ever faced an enemy."

(Signed) LLOYD M. BRETT,
U. S. Army, Retired.

313th F. A.

Alexander T. Graham, formerly Private, Battery C., 313th F. A. has been receiving treatment for wounds incurred in France. He is at present living at 3761 Cresson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

John F. Hedrick, former horseshoer in the Supply Co., 313th F. A. is now working at Rainelle, W. Va.,

314th F. A.

Just a few reminders: How many of the boys of F. Battery remember Sergeant Purtum holding a Medical Inspection at 10:30 P. M., while in Redon?

Ask former Regimental Supply Sergeant Ridge what he thinks of that picture of himself taken at Redon.

Joe Fellin of that great telephone squad of Headquarters Co. is now living in Philadelphia at 1213 Dauphin St.

How many of the former Medical Detachment men remember how sweetly Tigner sang "Copper on the Corner" at Redon?

Wouldn't that canal at Redon look good to some of us birds that don't get a chance at a "swimmin' hole," especially when the temperature is around ninety degrees?

Do any of the A or C Battery men remember the midnight ride at Argentenay? Maybe some of the officers do! Just to freshen our memory, will some one who was at that party please let us know who went through the door on horseback?

Wonder if Sergeant Walsh of the Medical Detachment remembers the day U-manic showed him the automatic that was empty of shells—up at Nantillois?

Does Frohme of the Medical Detachment remember those large red beans that would not stay down at Camp de Meucon after a

big Sunday in Vannes? Do Sergeant Taylor and Jackson and Westfall and a few others remember the Medical Detachment machine gun that Major Kane ordered dismantled near Romagne?

Does any 314th F. A. man remember the dances held at Lezinnes? The ribbons to designate whose dance it was? The girls with two left feet, or the Jazz band from Pacy that took the place of the 314th Band?

SHRAPNEL FROM THE 315TH FIELD ARTILLERY

By C. F. BUSHMAN

James W. Roberts, formerly Captain and Regimental Adjutant, 315th F. A., writes from his home "Sunny Side" 2600 Duke Street, Alexandria, Virginia, and states that he has an invitation from Billy Paul, formerly Lieutenant, Battery B., 315th F. A., to his wedding at Philadelphia, Pa., September 16th. Captain Roberts says that he still lives in single blessedness (?) therefore being in the same class as your correspondent. Although your writer has passed through many vicissitudes of life and is growing bald-headed, he still has his teeth and corn cob pipe.

Felix Barley, formerly Sergeant, Battery "F," 315th F. A., of Welch, W. Va., recently returned from Pittsburg, Pa., with his newly married wife. Congratulations Sergeant and we went look for you at the reunion.

Robert Counts, formerly Regimental Supply Sergeant, Supply Company, 315th F. A., a recent visitor in Bluefield, W. Va., states that a little girl came to his home about five months ago. Bob is traveling for a firm out of Cincinnati, O., and is selling dynamite. It is not necessary to request him to leave his sample case at the hotel before calling on his 'old buddies.'

Morning Report

Bob will bring his samples to the reunion at Charleston; so look out boys and do not be alarmed around the 315th Headquarters.

"WHO REMEMBERS?"

Cafe bouille D'or at Verneil le Chetif (Sarthe).

When Daddy Moxham and party brought that pig back from Hopewell, Va., one night in a taxi-cab.

Shoe dubbin, cooties, G. I. Cans, Pay-d-a-y. Back Home.

When Bob Nelson, premier Clarinetist, took that window, sash, and all out while performing an acrobatic stunt at Aisy during a regimental party.

The guy that said that he was going to have his mess-kit gold plated and framed when he got out of "that man's army."

Madame Journa at Redon and her six o'clock closing time.

"As the Cassions go rollin' along."

When Sergeant Cook's horse fell asleep at Muzillac and dismounted and disengaged said equestrian.

When Lampton went A. W. O. L. at Redon and why.

The beautiful June days at Camp Grand Neuve, near Bordeaux when Marshall Cognac introduced two Captains of the host, Mon. Vin Rouge et Vin Blanc. 'Tis said they still "carry on" over there.

Why the band did not play one evening at a wedding near Brigade Headquarters at Ravieres (Yonne).

"Three Soldiers, D'Artgnan, and the poetic Sergeant who reminded us of Francis Villon."

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams."

When Christine Miller sang for the Artillery boys at Camp Lee and was given many barrages of applause.

Doc Ivey and his CC pills. And the night beneath the walls of the Prince's palace at Monoca when the stars twinkled at the moon and winked at the sun.

"Who in the hell won the war."

On page 21 of the April 1292 issue of "Service" is shown a group picture of the Finance Department of the 80th division, A. E. F. 1918-1919. We note that No. 1,

middle row, is marked 'unknown' but be this old soldier well. He is no other than one Floyd E. Foster, PFC, (Later Sergeant) Personal Detachment, 315th Field Artillery. He was last heard of at Hatfield, Minge' oCounty, W. Va.

What Captain Stras said one Christmas evening at Ravieres in regards to tearing the town down.

What Billy Doerr said to Chester Ray one night while returning from Brigade Headquarters.

The guy in the regiment who couldn't get a pair of shoes.

Robert B. Mesmer, formerly Regimental Sergeant Major, Brigade Headquarters, 155th Field Artillery, is with the Slab Fork Coal Co., Slab Fork, Raleigh County, W. Va.

Robert M. Kyle, formerly Sergeant Battery F, 315th Field Artillery, is now established with The Crawford, Stull and Co., Accountants and Auditors, at Roanoke, Virginia.

Herbert R. Mann, formerly Band Sergeant, Headquarters Company, 315th Field Artillery, has moved from Hinton, W. Va., to Chicago, Ill. and is located at 1808 Prairie Avenue. He is studying music in Chicago and expects to take three years of it.

Charlie M. Linkeus, formerly Pfc., Battery F., and at times Cook in various detachments of the 315th Field Artillery, is now running a street car, instead of a G. I. can at Bluefield, W. Va.

Edwin R. Davis, formerly Pfc., Battery A., 315th Field Artillery, is established with The Cox Department store at Bluefield, W. Va.

A recent letter from Mr. Andrew Edmiston, Jr., Commander of The American Legion, Department of West Virginia, Weston, W. Va., states that he will include a reunion notice of the 80th Div., in the next bulletin from department headquarters. He also states, "I certainly wish you fellows all the success in the world with your organization, as I have a great many friends that were in the 80th division, and I have a great deal of respect for your organization as I know what its overseas record is."

Hon. Howard Sutherland, United States Senator from West Va., is again a candidate for renomination. He has served on Finance, Military Affairs, and Mines and Mining Committees. He has always stood

by the ex-service man and he is vitally interested in their welfare.

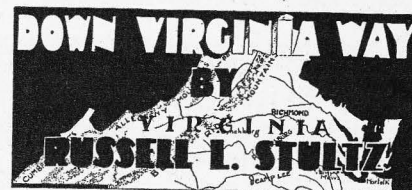
Our third annual reunion is close at hand. There is no comparison to make with the interest being displayed by "Buddies" in this section, this year. Indications point to the largest attendance from this section than ever before. Perhaps when the 80th division men assemble here on the night of September 1st to entrain for the reunion we will organize an Eightieth Division Post at Bluefield, W. Va. Something should be done to effect a permanent organization in this section. It is a long distance from Hamilton P. C. to Richmond and Norfolk. Every "Buddy" interested in this organization should write to us at Bluefield. The organization could take in everything from Roanoke, Va., to Kenova, W. Va., with the Clinch Valley (Norton to Bluefield) thrown in for good measure.

The 315th Field Artillery Headquarters will be located at The Kanawha Hotel at Charleston during the reunion. Be sure to call on Lampton, Angrist and Co. at these Headquarters. We will have a lot to interest you. And if you attend the state convention of The American Legion at Bluefield, W. Va., September 14, 15, 16, you will find another headquarters at The Commercial Hotel in that city for Eightieth Division veterans.

317TH INFANTRY

Mr. Clarence W. Taylor, formerly Mess. Sgt., Company A., 317th Infantry, later Cook at Brigade Headquarters, 159th Infantry, is at present employed as carpenter with The Hancock Co., Contractors, who are building a fourteen story hotel at Bluefield, W. Va. In September Mr. Taylor will resume his theological studies, in his senior year, at Emery and Henry, near Bristol, Tenn.

Ollie N. Shadeed, former private in B. Company, 317th Infantry is living at Laeger, W. Va., and expects to be "all present and accounted for" at Charleston this year.



BY RUSSELL L. STULTZ

Harry L. Alverson, who served in France as a First Lieutenant, 318th Infantry, with Companies E., F. and G., of that Regiment, and who is now a representative of the Travelers' Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn., spent several days on business last

Morning Report

month in the Valley of Virginia and, incidentally renewed acquaintance with some of his old Second Battalion comrades.

Recent issues of *The Stars and Stripes* (Washington, D. C.,) have contained installments of an important series of articles entitled "Army Operations of the United States Engineer Units," adapted from the Historical Report of the Chief Engineer, A. E. F. The articles are of interest to 80th Division men because of the references to the 305th Engineers.

J. D. Yowell, formerly a member of Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, is now residing at his old home town of Peola Mills, Va., where he is engaged in farming and selling the pesky little "flivvers" that we are indebted to Henry for originating.

Major (formerly Colonel) Charles Keller, who commanded the 317th Infantry Regiment in France and was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his admirable handling of that unit in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, is now in command of the Provisional Infantry Regiment composed of young men from the Third Army Corps Area who are engaged in taking the Citizens' Military Training Course at Camp Meade, Md. The camp, which embraces 2,000 youths who are anxious to learn the intricacies of "squads right," opened in July and will continue until August.

R. P. Keezell, who served with the 80th as Captain of Company H., 319th Infantry, is located in Harrisonburg, Va., where he holds down the job of Circulation Manager of the *Daily News-Record*, which is controlled by his father, former State Senator Geo. B. Keezell.

We have been advised, indirectly, of the publication of Lieut. Col. Jennings C. Wise's "History of the 2nd Battalion, 318th Infantry," which was written while that unit was still stationed in France. Can any comrade supply us with definite information?

J. R. Riddick, formerly Sergeant, Company G., 318th Infantry, who has been domiciled in Central America for the past two and a half years and who is now manager of the Costa Rican branch of the Republic Tobacco Company, with headquarters at San Jose, C. R., writes that he does not expect to get back to the States before June of next year. Business, senoritas and such thing, y' know, fellers! He always was lucky, anyway.

We wonder just how many members of Company F., 305th Engineers, are aware of the fact that their former 2nd Lieut.

John Tyler Ellis, of Virginia, is a grandson of President John Tyler? Well, he is, and he also has two sisters and two other brothers, all of whom served in France during the "late unpleasantness." Lieut. Ellis is now engaged with his brother, Corp. Munford Ellis, Battery B., 60th Coast Artillery, in the feed business in Virginia, and you wouldn't know the "second looie" from the "corp" now.

Ray B. Coffman, of Edinburg, Va., who wore the Blue Ridge insignia as a Sergeant, Headquarters Company, 313th Field Artillery, has been holding down a pretty warm job this summer as catcher for the Woodstock club of the Shenandoah Valley Baseball League, which embraces eight cities and towns of the Valley of Virginia, and he knows considerably about stopping the pill, too. Sgt. (better known as "Mossy") Coffman is an old ball player and caught for his Regimental nine while in France. Sgt. Charles J. Borum, formerly of Company G, 318th Infantry, also an old-war-time backstop, who caught for the 2nd Battalion; 318th Infantry team at Camp Lee, may be seen donning the big mitt occasionally for his home-town team of Strasburg, Va., in the same league. They love the "umps" like a brother!

Colonel George H. Jamerson, former Brigadier-General commanding the 159th Infantry Brigade, and now an officer of the Regular Army, was stationed at Camp Meade, Md., during the last half of July, in the capacity of chief of staff of the 80th Division Reserves, when 102 reserve officers of the division were encamped there for a period of two weeks and engaged in tactical and field problems of warfare.

What has happened with "La Societe de Stignie," which was formed in Richmond, Va., a year or two ago and embraced members of the Second Battalion, 318th Infantry? The organization, which derived its illustrious cognomen from the petit ville of Stigny, France, where the Second Battalion was billeted during the winter of 1918-19, flourished for some months but now appears to be as dormant as Stigny ever was at its worst. Why not snap into it, fellers, and transform the corpse into a live, honest-to-Gawd "Blue Ridge-Charleston Reunion Club"? Com-
pre-? Then, "Let's go!"

Capt. Reuel W. Elton, formerly Personnel Officer of the 318th Infantry and now Adjutant General of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, in a letter to the writer a few weeks ago, in which he referred to his recent trip to France, called attention to a matter that we trust may receive favorable consideration at the Charleston Reunion next month. Capt. Elton says: "I wished

many times during my trip that I could have had a group of the old 80th with me, and I was impressed with the fact that our Divisional Association should in some manner arrange to erect at least one 80th Division marker at some spot which was critical in the history of the Division. A number of other Divisions have already placed markers in France, and I believe we owe it to the old Blue Ridge. I suggested this matter at a recent meeting of the New York Officers of the 80th Division and it was received very favorably."

A. W. Wetsel, who was a Corporal, Company B, 318th Infantry, for several months at Camp Lee, and later Advertising Manager of "The Bayonet," is president and manager of the Wetsel Seed Co., Inc. of Harrisonburg, Va. Arlie is also an enthusiastic Rotarian.

The Captain Robert Y. Conrad Post of the American Legion, of Winchester, Va., which embraces many 80th Division men, has announced to the world its intention of winning the capital prize of \$500 offered by the National Headquarters of the Legion in a nation-wide Membership Contest now in progress. The Winchester post recently dedicated its new \$40,000 clubhouse, and declare they need the big purse to "keep it a-going and furnish water for the post swimming-pool."

Who has the address of Private Harry L. ("Big Boy") Laughlin, one-time member of Company G, 318th Infantry, who was the largest man in the Regiment and who once dusted the back of Captain "Jack" Crum, of Company F, 318th Infantry, in a wrestling bout at Camp Lee? Captain Crum declared at the time that "it was the first time he was ever thrown in his life," and we can believe it, because he was "some man." Captain Crum was later killed in action in France and Private Laughlin was gassed.

State Senator John Paul, of Harrisonburg, Va., who commanded a battery of the 313th Field Artillery during the war, was named Republican candidate for Congress from the Seventh Virginia District by a G. O. P. convention at Luray, Va., on July 20th. Regardless of the result of the November elections, it is expected that Captain Paul will shortly take a seat in the House of Representatives, owing to his contest against the Democratic incumbent, growing out of the Congressional election of November, 1920, having recently been decided in his favor by a committee of the House.

Members of the 80th hailing from Maryland—and there were quite a number of "Terrapin-backs," including both officers

Morning Report

and enlisted men, who promenaded through France under the Blue Ridge banners—were among the thousands disappointed last month when the Maryland Court of Appeals declared the State's bonus measure enacted by the last Legislature to be unconstitutional. The decision was based solely upon the grounds that the State Legislature is without authority to enact a general law carrying a referendum to the electorate of the State. Representatives of the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars, who were instrumental in securing passage of the original measure, have commenced work upon another bonus law which will be without the referendum feature for submission to the next session of the Maryland Legislature.

The fact that our sister commonwealth of West Virginia, which is going to play host to the 80th in September, is merely a "rib" of "Old Virginny, and the further fact that Charleston and the Kanawha Valley were settled by emigrants from the Valley of Virginia, has influenced a lot of us guys from south of Mason and Dixon's line to expect a double measure of hospitality when we hike up there among the hills and reunite with the big boys from the Field Artillery who used to grin and taunt us as we slipped along and "cussed" the mud of "Sunny France." We're betting upon three whole days and nights of perfect sun-and-moonshine. Com-
pre?

Recent reports from Newport News, where the "Leviathan" is being "policed up" by more than 2,000 men, state that the big boat will be ready for return to the trans-Atlantic passenger service next June. We're hoping that date will just about suit the 80th's little pilgrimage to Francaise—the land of *vin blanc*, town criers and many memories. Now, don't all you guys sprain your wrists writing in for reservations, because your much-ridiculed Uncle isn't going to give you a free ride the next time you embark on a joy trip.

Correction: In the installment of official orders published in the July issue of SERVICE under the caption of "The Blue Ridge News," credit for copies of these was erroneously given Comrade C. F. Bushman. Mr. Boyd B. Stutler, of Charleston, West Va., should have been credited with the information, and we apologize for the slip-up. We are indebted to Comrade Stutler, who served with the 314th Field Artillery, for much valuable data pertaining to that organization.

If publicity and promises count for anything, Virginia and the 317th and 318th Infantry will be well represented at the Charleston Reunion next month. As a

result of bulletins we have sent out to a number of Virginia papers, many delinquent buddies have been reminded of the big "shindig" in West Virginia and report they are busily engaged in begging, borrowing or stealing the necessary francs. The Virginia Department of the American Legion has also been requested to mention the affair in the next department bulletin to posts, so if some of the boys miss the time of their lives they can't "pass the buck" on to lack of information. The "40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux" express still runs, old man, and that route will get you to Charleston just as well as any other. Anyway, no matter how you travel the kilometres, you want to "pack your troubles in your old kit bag," round up all good Blue Ridgers and hie yourself to Charleston. All the old gang's going to be there with bells on, and if you're A. W. O. L., you can blame yourself for missing a heluva *bon* time. All together: "Let's go!" Charleston is the place, and September 2-3-4 the date. Shake it up!

Listen, you snobs who get tired and sick of wondering why you don't read some "real" news in the "Morning Report:" We get just as sick of wasting paper in the effort to camouflage your blamed stinginess with the ink, so if you wish to experience the thrill of seeing your bashful name in print, you'd better snap into it and slip us a few details from your post-bellum biography. How in thunder do you expect to keep a "Morning Report" reporting unless there's something to report? You Company Clerks, who used to chase the Skipper out of a nice, warm bunk on Sunday mornings, just to secure his magical signature on that frazzled old "M. R." didn't you acquire enough of the habit then to fall in the way of it at least once a month? Cut out that "stall," for the love o' Mike, and slip us some honest-to-Gawd "dope," or we're going to take a vacation to Paree!

Pittsburgh, Pa.
August 4, 1922.

Editor, SERVICE:

I read Lt. Peghaire's article in the last issue of SERVICE, "Familiar Ground," and thought I would send in a little dope on the same lines. I know that this will be familiar ground for a lot of the gang.

It was the last lap of our journey after the Armistice after stopping at La Chalade for a while and getting cleaned up a little, we started on our way, making daily stops to turn in, and getting away with the sun again each morning. We left La Chalade Nov. 18th, and finished at Arrans Nov. 29th. It seemed that all we did was unroll packs, pitch tents, strike tents, and roll packs. So the night we sighted Arrans we breathed a sigh of relief as we had

heard that we would be billeted here for a while, but when we arrived in the village, we were told that L. Co only would be stationed there and that our M. Co. billets were about two hundred yards farther on then the gang howled some more of course. After we got started again we found out that it was an "army" two hundred yards. But we finally arrived—that is, what was left of us, (It looked like about a Platoon and a half) and were filed into a large roomy barn which was clean (sort of a change). Then the Lieutenant came in and addressed his small, sleepy, disgusted audience on the merits of not having fallen out of the column and sticking to the finish. But this did not help us in the least; in fact, I believe half of the fellows were asleep and did not hear it. All the farther I got was to take off my shoes and turn in. In the morning when I got up I could not get them on, my feet were so swollen. I had to borrow a pair. Next day the stragglers started to come back with tales of riding in trucks and of visiting kitchens along the route and good feeds, which only made the gang that had stuck, more peeved than before. After a week or so at this place it was decided to transfer some of the Co. to a nearby farm where the Intelligence Section were located, so our Platoon (The fourth) drew the assignment and it was not bad. We had a fairly good billet with a nice big Boche prisoner for a companion, he worked on the farm. There was nothing much doing outside of the regular routine of drilling and for recreation we had a field meet. Then came Christmas and preparations for something extra in the eating line and believe me, we had it. The menu was something like this:—Roast Pork—Creamed Peas—Mashed Potatoes—Bread and Butter—Coffee and Pudding, and lots of it. Then we had a few of our famous three minute baths for a diversion. Then came moving orders to a new area and we packed up our troubles once more and——hiked again.

P. S. The Adj. and his horse accompanied us.

J. R. GAVIN,
Co. M. 318th Inf.

319TH INFANTRY

A recent social event in Columbia, Tenn., was the marriage of Jesse Roffe Wike, who was formerly attached to 319th F. H. with Capt. Luce as his dental assistant, to Miss Lelia Barr Anderson, prominent society belle of the southern city. Mr. Wike is now engaged in the insurance, real estate and brokerage business as junior member of the firm of Lorenz and Wike of Roaring Springs, Pa.

Former 319th Inf. Lieutenant John C. Dekle of 304 F St., Tampa, Florida, on

Morning Report

Sunday, July 30th became the daddy of a daughter, who has been named Mary French Dekle. Congratulations, Lieutenant, you are now on the ration detail.

Harry M. Rolnick, formerly of Co. F, 319th F. H. is in business at 2024 West Pratt St., Baltimore, Md., as Pharmacist. (Line up with your prescriptions for snake bite).

Jos. M. Clerc, formerly of Company A, 319th Infantry, paid a visit to France and brought Madame Clerc home with him. He now reports the arrival of Master Raymond J. Clerc. Says the baby cries in half English and half French which makes it all the more interesting. Comrade Clerc is in the jewelry business at Rochester, Pa.

320TH INFANTRY

W. N. Calkins, former First Lieutenant of Co. M, 320th Infantry is located at El Dorado, Kansas, where he has Law offices. Says he would give his right eye to be at the reunion but doesn't expect to make it. Better come Lieut. You might pick up a "case" or two during the wet season in West Virginia.

Ex-Captain George C. Little of Co. B, 320th Infantry is the Boy's Work Secretary of the Canon City, Colorado, Y. M. C. A.

Co. F, 305 M. S. T.

The F Company members seem to be located in many parts of the country. While on a motor trip down East, I was fortunate enough to find and spend a little time with the following A. E. F. Buddies:

Tom Deeds, one of our former mechanics, lives near Birdsboro and is working at the Carpenter trade. Although he was hard to find we made the time fly for a few hours after we met.

He states that he has seen Paul Trocasso, Edw. Bentz, Tommy Byrne and Willie Wain recently and they are all doing well.

I went from his town to Emerald (near Slatington) and met Claude Kern who is an electric welder for the National Zinc Co., at Palmerton. He is married now and has a fine home but nothing running around the house but the hedge.

On my way to Philadelphia, I stopped at Green Lane and hunted up our old cook, Steve Kulp, who is making cigars now ("El Producto") He is also doing fine. So fellows, when you smoke an "El Producto" think of old Steve. Expected to hunt up all the F Company men in Philadelphia but discovered when I arrived that I had forgotten the list with their addresses, so will hope to see them all at the Reunion in Charleston.

JULIUS V. POTE,
Bakers Summit, Pa.

NOTES ON THE 305TH ENGINEERS

The dirty names that we called you gang last month did the trick for as we sit here, reminiscing we have beaucoup scandal to dole out this issue.

LET'S GO!

'Aleck' Morrison from up in Warren comes across with the following, Morrison says that he is going to follow up Colonel Kenney's story of the Bethincourt Bridge with a hot tale on 'Post War Road Work, huh! Aleck was a Sergeant, takes us Bucks to tell *how to make little ones out of big ones*, but come ahead Aleck, we will let you spill the sad yarn.

Morrison ran into John Haberlin the old assistant to Supply Sgt. Wilt of C. Co., Corporal John is married now and collecting his pay up in Greenville, Pa. Haberlin sees Hisker and Samuels quite often. They are both in the Automobile game.

'Bill' Liberty from the Train is farming a few miles out of Warren and Fred is working out in the Oil Fields of Oklahoma.

'Aleck' ran into Sgt. McLaughlin of Gallitzen, recently, and Mack is bemoaning his fate because he can't find a nice 'Loidy' to sweep out his billet and prepare his mess for him. We advise Mack to get in touch with Beatrice Fairfax and learn the ropes from her, but of course some nice little girl might read this and act on her own hook, for their benefit J. P. McLaughlin lives in Gallitzen, Pa., and has the prettiest black eyes and curly hair. We will be sprouting wings and packing a bow and quiver soon.

Morrison also chirps that 'Chick' McGuigan and H. A. Mooney had better sound off with a letter to him as he has been stalking the Mail Carrier for months *in hopes*, Mooney is reported as about to do the thing, and really we think that he should confide in some of his old mates.

Thanks 'Aleck' for the Photos, they almost brought tears, especially the ones snapped at the Musketry School at Hallingham, we had a gang there from Headquarters ourself, and also shared what Ollie Christianson didn't want.

'Skipper' Fred G. Rockwell, the old Captain of F. Co. sends in this. 'Rocky' is with The Oklahoma Geological Survey, in Norman, Okla., and, expects to get over to Charleston for the doings in September.

Henry G. Buckingham is living at the Cliff Hotel in San Francisco at present? 'Buck' visited Oscar Bohlin in Boston and Herman Maier in New York recently.

John G. Menke is in the Oil game in

northern Texas, he has had quite a tough time of lately, owing to the gas that he swallowed, but is on his feet again and feeling fine.

A. W. Yereance is spending the Summer within commuting distance of New York, address him at Sayville, Long Island.

William P. Welch and Andrew Schmidtberg of F. Co., are both in Government Hospitals at this writing. Schmidtberg is in Ward 5 U. S. Hospital. Fox Hills, Staten Island, New York. Suppose that some of you fellows cheer him up with a letter.

'Bill' Grunow is at 125 East 91st Street New York.

'Chigger' Chesley the old C. O. of Hdq's. Detachment sends in a nice long letter. He is with the Charleston Electrical Supply Co., and is busy on the financial end of the coming Reunion.

Chesley is planning a little FEED, the way that we had it here last year, so you Headquarters Babies can send him your TWO BUCKS now, if you intend to gormandize. Two bucks will cover it all and it's worth two hundred and two to get the old gang together, isn't it?

Johnny Morgan writes that they are having tough digging, trying to scare up the funds, but we know the Engineers, *Hold her Newt*, we will pull through some way.

'Bob' Levis, our old Adjutant sends in a long letter from Newark, Del.

'Bob' and Mrs. 'Bob' are living at 108 West Main Street and the key is always hanging out to the Engineers.

Ha, Ha, 'Bob' comes in with a 'Scoop!'

Colonel Kenney's engagement has been announced to a young lady from Rochester New York, no wonder we haven't had that bridge story.

Must be good hunting up in New York, first 'Bob' Levis and now Col. Caleb. These darned officers always did have all the luck.

Captain McBride is Consulting Engineer for the Portland Cement Association in Philadelphia.

Captain Packard is with the Weston Dodson Co., Inc. in Baltimore and intends to match up with Sarazen soon.

'Jack' Schlessinger is in the Government Service on Wharves and Docks with Hdq's. in Baltimore. He sees Levis once in awhile when he goes up to dig out the Cheseapeake and Delaware Canal.

Morning Report

'Eddie' Stuart is traveling out of Towson, Maryland, for the Black and Decker Co.

We saw quite a few of the old timers at the Picnic here last month. Mahlon Board, the little Runner from Hdq's is here from Roanoke, Va. with the McClintick-Marshall Co. He and his wife are living in Wilkinsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. McCarren were there. John isn't Bugling anymore. He is in the Tire Business on the North Side, Pgh., Pa.

Schwinnigen from A Co. was down from Kittanning he is running a Crane for a Construction Co. there and a Chandler car for himself. Swinny took a trip to North Dakota recently and claims that the Kelly-Springfield ad is the 'bunk.'

Boose from A. Co. won seven dolls—four balloons—and a box of Cracker Jack for the Junior Boose. He is living at Princeton Place, East Liberty, and is catching the 7 G. M. every morning for the Westinghouse Company.

Henry Cannon came in for a few minutes.

Bultmann from D. Co. is going to Charleston in his car and will have a few seats empty for any Engineers that would like to change tires with him. He has a Decorating Business at 1413 Potomac Ave, Dormont, Pa.

Farrell of D Co. is motoring to Atlantic City with his 'Sweetie'; wonder who the Chaperon is?

Letter in from Kemper, the old A Co. Sergeant. Kemper is with the N. S. State Highway Commission, in Asheville, N. C., and wants to hear from you all.

Had a couple with 'Bill' Truxell the big Plumber from E Co., the other day. He has a shop on Market Street here, and is doing fine.

We thank you for the good work, let's keep it up. All right—dress up that line—squads right—hutch—here we come—
Charleston.

"QUICK WATSON! THE CATWHISKER"

The Blue-Ridgers are not behind the times when it comes to following the newest lines in business. Comrades Hobaugh and Storey (Former 30f F. S. members) are proprietors of the Radio Electric Supply Co., of Ford City, Pa. They are both

going to Charleston and turn loose the "Radio Bug" which is reputed to be even more dangerous than the cootie. Comrade Stoddard, a former member of the 305th Engineers is Manager of the Electrical City Radio Co., of 539 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa., and treated his old buddies to a radio concert at West View Park, July 11th, on the occasion of the 80th picnic. We suspect that Capt. John R. Morgan, Ex-305 Engineer, of the Charleston Electric & Supply Co., when he finds time to spare from the duties of Finance Chairman of the Charleston Reunion Committee, could also tell you how to invest the bonus (when was it we last heard that word?) in some up-to-date wireless equipment. Wonder how many others are guilty? How about starting a Blue-Ridge Radio Post with the ether as a meeting place. What's that? Who was it back there in the rear rank who said "Chloroform!"

Donald MacPhail, formerly of Co. C, 305th F. S. Bn. is now superintendent of the Logan Island Creek Coal Co. of Crites, W. Va. He expects to see George Mays, Bob Orth, and many more of his old buddies in Charleston.

Ex-Captain Gerald P. Hayes of Headquarters, 80th Division, is a member of the Law Firm of McMahon, McMahon & Hayes, 425 East Water St., Milwaukee.

The McGrail-Coyne Post 223, V. F. W., of Pittsburgh, which has a large membership of Blue-Ridgers, recently held a very successful opening meeting and smoker at their new headquarters in the Oakland Police Station Building, Pittsburgh. Comrade Hellenbrecht was in charge of the decorations, Con. Hooper passed out the smokes, King, Lott, Nagel and Huston were busy all week putting the rooms in shape. The boys congratulated Capt. Logal for his artistic work. Commander Saitor of the Bell-Hoid-Murry Post obligated the new members. Marlie Joyce is greatly pleased with the new quarters as he now has a permanent office. Commander Cannon called on the members for speeches, and a very enjoyable time was had. The Post is planning a dance for the near future.

SERVICE STAR LEGION

Thursday night, August 3rd, at the U. S. Hospital, Parkview, Pa., East Liberty Chapter of the Service Star Legion, arranged with all hospitals in Greater Pittsburgh to permit all wounded veterans to attend an outing at the above institution. The patriotic women of the town of Blaw Knox donated home-made cakes and pies, Crafton Service Star Legion supplied ice-cream, Arbuckles & Co. the coffee, Nirella's

Orchestra the music, Douglass Trucking Co. the transportation, and the supper was furnished by the East Liberty Chapter, Service Star Legion. Many other individuals and concerns donated articles to make the evening one of the most enjoyable that has been given to the wounded veterans.

THE JAFFE STORE

713 Virginia Street, Charleston, W. Va.,
Aug. 16, 1922.

Editor SERVICE,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate it if you would insert in your forthcoming issue that I am now located at the above address.

During convention week my store will be headquarters for the Headquarters Company of the 313th Field Artillery, my old outfit. I will also extend the glad hand to all of my old buddies of the 80th Division.

Wishing you much success, I am,
Cordially yours,

LOUIS JAFFE,
Supply Sgt., Headquarters Co.,
313th Field Artillery, 80th Division.

PENNA. AUXILIARY NO. 1

September 26th is a date that all 80th men will remember for all time to come. It is a date to be remembered this year as the evening set by the Auxiliary for the Boat Excursion and dance. Get your tickets early and prepare for a barrage of fun on the steamer leaving Pittsburgh that evening for a short trip down the Ohio.

The following news item was clipped from *The All American*, official publication of the 82nd Division Vets Association.

"Robert Hall, formerly with the 80th Division before he was promoted to the 82nd, appeared for Memorial Day parade with an 80th Division insignia on his shoulder. He was promptly placed in the center of the column where he would not show.

[Editors Note:—The center of the column is the proper place for the back bone—The 82nd, is to be congratulated.]

SANDY MCGREGOR DIES

Sandy McGregor, the Bag-Piper who entertained the members of the Division in the Lobby of the Fort Pitt Hotel last year during the reunion on the occasion of the banquet and dance died August 27th, 1922.

His head resting on the bundle of newspapers which he invariably carried and his beloved bagpipe clutched in his arms. Sandy was found lying in the shrubbery on the outskirts of Kennywood Park late Wednesday afternoon, July 26th, by Special Officer H. C. Crouse, who, seeing that the
(Continued on next Page.)

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Morning Report

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

aged man was in a serious condition, had him removed to the Homestead hospital, where he died at 4:10 o'clock, July 27th. The report to the coroner's office says that Sandy died of broncho-pneumonia.

Coroner's deputies learned that McGregor had not been seen since Saturday, when he went to the park to give one of his unsolicited but always welcome entertainments. It is supposed that Sandy, becoming ill, lay down in the shade of the bushes to rest and that he had remained there until he was found. When found, the aged Scotchman was so weak he could scarcely speak. Exposure is believed to have brought on the ailment directly responsible for his death.

Sandy McGregor was a character familiar to thousands in the Pittsburgh district, as well as in other parts of the world. Although he was by nature a globe-trotter, he made Pittsburgh his headquarters, and was seen more here than in other cities. When informed of Sandy's death, George W. Busch, foreman of the machine shop of the Homestead Steel Works of the Carnegie Steel Company, recalled that he had seen Sandy in Reno, Nev., on July 4, 1910, at the Johnson-Jeffries fight, that he had seen him in San Francisco the same year and later had seen him in Mexico.

For the past two years Sandy had had a room at 3 Market street, Pittsburgh, Pa. He left his rooming house Thursday, saying he was going to Kennywood Park, and did not return.

Sandy was a familiar figure on the ing with papers and his bagpipe in his arms, he wandered about the streets giving impromptu concerts at any time of day or night that he could assemble a gathering that expressed a willingness to pass the hat. In this way he collected enough money to eke out an existence.

Sandy was probably best known as the man who never missed a parade. No matter what the nature of the procession, Sandy could always be depended upon to appear in time to choose a prominent place

(Continued on next Page.)

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Blue Ridge



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and
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Morning Report

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

in the column, and he would trudge gaily
along, nonchalantly playing his own march-
ing accompaniment on his bagpipe and ap-
parently oblivious of all other music. Sandy
streets of Pittsburgh and adjacent bor-
oughs. With a bundle of newspapers
strapped to his back and his pockets bulg-
seemed to be possessed of the idea that
it was his inherent duty to appear in every
parade that came along.

Sandy was also to be seen often in the
amusement parks about the city. He made
it a point to follow the crowd to any and
every place where anything out of the
ordinary was happening. Picnics, golf
tournaments and all other public gather-
ings were his especial delight, and he
missed very few of them. And at each
such gathering he seemed to feel that it
was his duty to give a special entertain-
ment on his bagpipe.

At his rooming house it was said that
he came to America from Scotland twenty
years ago after his wife had eloped with
another man. It is said that he has two
sons and a sister living in Scotland, but
that he has no relatives in this country.

Williams, Brown & Earle of 918 Chest-
nut St., Philadelphia, Pa. have written us
as follows:

"Sometime ago, we received a request
from a young man whom we believe to be
connected with the 80th Division desiring
three pictures framed by us. We accepted
the three pictures and made up beautiful
frames, but have been unable to get in
touch with the party for over two years.
They would be of value to anyone con-
nected with the Division or ambulance
companies mentioned below—total cost of
these frames \$19.75.

Size of picture: 21x12 inches—319th
Ambulance Co. of 305th Sanitary Train,
Marigne, France, May, 1919; 42x12 inches
—318th Ambulance Co. of 305th Sanitary
Train; 60x11 inches—Picture of Camp Lee,
Va., 80th Division being reviewed by Maj.
Gen. Cronkhite and Staff, March 30, 1918."

Any member who is desirous of securing
the above is advised to communicate with
this firm.

The Fourth Annual Reunion of the 35th
Division will be held Sept. 25, 26, and 27,
1922, at Wichita, Kansas.

CORRECTION

The boat schedule from Pittsburgh to
Charleston published last month on Page
28 of SERVICE should read "The boat
leaves Pittsburgh every Tuesday at 4:00
P. M., and arrives in Charleston Thursday
evening."

How Do You Serve?

(Continued from Page 18.)

veteran can adjust himself and find employ-
ment, etc.

What Comrades Schoble and Davis and
many other loyal Blue-Ridgers have done
for their Veterans Association, you can do
if you will. Find out whether your bud-
dies in your own company are supporting
the Association and if not, why not. We
have spent thousands of dollars for pos-
tage, printing, filing, zoning, checking our
records, return postage, etc., on letters we
have sent, chasing some of your globe-trot-
ters half way around the world. We aim
to keep this magazine circulating with its
monthly news, its "Morning Report" so full
of interest to you old "Bunkie" who likes
to know what the bunch is doing, and its
articles and stories which are of real his-
torical value as well as being entertaining.

We are asking you if the Chain-Letter
idea doesn't give you something to think
about. We've been thinking for a long
time now—How about some "Let's Go!!"
stuff?

Slum—ber

(Continued from Page 16)

"Hey, soldier! git outta dat line," some-
body yelled. "Git at the end of da line
there you, fatty. Hey, fatty! snap outta
dat. Don't give him nuthin' there Mac—
he snuck in da line," were the noisy re-
monstrances that flew thick and fast from
those treading upon his heels.

Turning a deaf ear to the heated prattle,
Sam held the newly acquired objective in
the mess-line. Passing on through the
coveted turnstile, he held out the bowl of
his messkit, and just as the waiter on stall
No. 1 was in the act of slamming a dipper
full of slum into it, he spied it was dirty.

"What the h'll are you trying to pull
off here, soldier!" "No seconds," snapped
the waiter with a perceptible curl of his
upper lip.

"But-t-t-t," stammered Sam, nervously
executing "eyes right" to see if the ser-
geant was wise, and at the same time, ex-
tending his messkit to the measly waiter
for further inspection. And it just dawned
upon Sam, as an illuminating after-thought,
that he had forgotten to wash his messkit
the night before, because his top-kicker
usually picked the details from among those
who got through eating first, and Sam's
dirty messkit was always a good alibi for
saying, he had just finished eating, and was
about to wash it. The impulse of Sam's
predicament becomes more apparent when
we analyze the principal characteristic of
this variety of food called "slum"—its color
—a color which resembles a cross between
roof paint and the contents of a pool-room
cuspidor.

The waiter took it gingerly-like and gave
it the double O. "Bum stall, old pard," he
said curtly, handing it back to Sam. "No
seconds today."

Sam vehemently denied he had eaten, but the words choked in his throat, and he finally turned on the surly waiter and said, his voice scarcely audible, "You poor simp! I - - -"

"Hey, dere! whaddah'll's holdin' up dat line!" bellowed the infuriated 3-striper from the rear. "Close up dere, men, close up!"

A moment later a hand clutched Sam's shoulder from behind, and he was on the verge of pleading with sergeant for one

more chance, when he recognized Bill Whosis. By this time everything was topsyturvy. The deafening rattle of messkits rent the air which was heavy, and stifling, and filled with a sort of stagnation akin to ocean vessels. The star chowhound made a mad dash up the stairs, three steps at a time, and rounded the corner on high. All hatchways were choked with struggling soldiers. Sam sat up in bed rubbing the sleepers from his eyes. "What's wrong?" "What's the matter?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothin' much," replied Bill. "Time fer cakes, dat's all. Better c'mon now Sam; dat's the last call."

Gee whiz! fellows, I'm glad it was only a dream! exclaimed Sam joyfully, as he snatched his messkit from beneath his pillow and made sure it was clean. "Gangway, men, for a soldier!" hollered Sam with a triumphal smile, as he made a clean sweep for the nearest hatchway with his life belt dangling behind him.

FAY A. DAVIS.

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 Branch Offices.

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Va., Odd Fellows Hall Bldg.

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319th Officers Hold Reunion

ICE water to room 300 please. Send some ice water to room 316 right away. More ice water to room 300 please. Will you please send some ice water to 306. Room 300 would like to have some ice water. This is a fairly good illustration of what was going on continuously at the Racquet Club, Washington, D. C., from about 4 P. M. June 9th to 5 P. M. June 11th.

Had the telephone operator not been wise she would no doubt have thought that the entire third floor had been converted into a menagerie where some circus trainer was frantically striving to keep alive and comfortable his collection of polar animals.

However, upon investigation it was discovered that it was only a bunch of former officers of the 319th Infantry vainly trying to cool their fevered brows and quench their burning thirst. For they were fighting again the battles of '17 and '18. They had assembled thirty strong, in answer to the call of "Town Majors" Gordon, Obear, Cruit and the Cogswells, for their third annual reunion and banquet.

The forces were directed from the Racquet Club on 16th St. where headquarters had been established, and where practically the entire bunch were billeted.

The regiment was well represented, there being one or more present from practically every organization.

The 160th Brigade was represented by General Brett, now president of the 80th division veterans association, who honored us with his presence at the banquet.

The regiment was represented by its father and commander Colonel Frank Cocheu.

Others conspicuously present were; Hugh Obear, Erskine Gordon, "Parson" Hooper, "Doc" Connolly, Fred Hickman, "Crab"

Keezell, "Mittag" Noone, Charlie Muse, Rowland Jenkins, Byron Barrett, Percy Jones, Ralph Cogswell, Teddy Cogswell, "Commodore" Cruit, Abe. O'Conner, Bill Johnson, Severn Miller, Charlie Merrill, Doc St Clair, Charlie Highley, George Hodson, Mike Hogan, Jim Hudnall, Paul (Rutan) "Tilly" (Teghman) Carl Heflin, Doc Carroll, Steve Hopkins, and Charlie Herr. Machine gun and H'dq Co's. were the only ones who failed to answer the roll call.

Outstanding features of the reunion were the banquet held Saturday night, and a boat ride down the Potomac river Sunday morning.

The banquet which was held at the Racquet Club under the management of majors Obear and Gordon was the crowning event of the gathering. It was an elaborate spread where "seconds" could not be handled, and where Josephus Daniels and his grape juice artists would have smacked their lips in envy.

The principal speakers of the occasion were General Brett and Colonel Cocheu, whose very interesting talks were thoroughly enjoyed by all. Though unable to be present personally, we were given a few pertinent instructions in how to run a regiment, etc., by Colonel Aloe, in the person of Abe O'Conner, after which an exhibition of clog dancing was given by Severn Miller.

A motion picture, showing the activities of the several divisions in France was shown during the banquet and thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by all present.

Sunday morning after much labor and swearing on the part of the officers in charge, the gang was rounded up and taken for a yacht ride down the Potomac, under the command of "Commodore"

Cruit, who succeeded in returning his ship to port without a single casualty of a serious nature. It is not known just how he succeeded in obtaining the yacht, and although no questions were asked, it is believed that he merely asserted his authority as a former second lieutenant, and simply commandeered the only one which seemed to be available, with the exception of the Mayflower. Of course he could have taken that but he thought that Warren might want to take a cruise that afternoon and he didn't like to inconvenience him.

Needless to mention the fact that the usual amount of craps were shot, and some of the fellows actually played poker. The writer who was among those present even suspicions that the 18th amendment was not strictly observed, since on several occasions he believes that he smelt something that could not come in the one half of one percent class.

Many bloody battles were fought continuously during the three days. The Bois de Jure was penetrated many times, the Bois de Ogons recaptured, and the towns of Dunnevaux, Immeccourt and many others were re-entered over and over, after hard and bitter fighting. In fact it surely must have been a great war as it seems to grow bloodier and fiercer each year.

The gang dispersed on Sunday evening and each expressed himself as entirely satisfied and well repaid for his efforts to be present. It was unanimously agreed that the reunion was a success in every respect, and an even larger and more enthusiastic attendance is expected next year. It will be held in New York city about the same time under the direction of Mike Hogan and others from that section.

By R. P. KEEZELL,

Formerly Capt. 319th Inf.

Gen. Brett and the Fighting 80th.

(Continued from Page 9)

izes the striking blow (the) Division has delivered to the enemy this date.

"The Corps Commander is particularly pleased with the persistent, intelligent work accomplished by your Division today. He is further desirous that his congratulations and appreciation reach Gen. Lloyd M. Brett, commanding your brigade, which has borne the brunt of the burden."

Others Share Credit

It should here be added to their credit that Col. William H. Waldron, Chief of Staff, and Col. J. E. Barnes, G-3, contributed much to the success of the operation described. The ready skill with which they translated the will of their superiors into

instant action was rare indeed, and can only be appreciated by those familiar with the confused conditions of the battlefield.

On November 18 Gen. Cronkhite was promoted to the command of the Sixth Corps. But Gen. Brett was not rewarded, though repeatedly recommended for promotion in France by two division commanders and his corps and Army commanders. On the contrary, returning to the United States in command of his gallant brigade, upon it being mustered out of the service, he was demoted to the grade of colonel in the Regular Army, which grade he had held since 1914, and in that grade was soon retired after over 40 years of gallant, faithful and efficient service. So far as it appears on the record the one reason which has ever been officially assigned for what amounts to little less than an affront to a soldier with his record, is that it was not the policy of the War Department to promote an officer to the

grade of brigadier general who had less than a year to serve before retirement. Such a reason is absurd indeed, in view of the fact that Gen. Brett was at the time he was recommended for promotion in France, already a brigadier general, having served as such for two years.

WARM, ISN'T IT?

A man "buted in" at a waiting line before the railroad ticket window at New York, and the men who were in a hurry glowered.

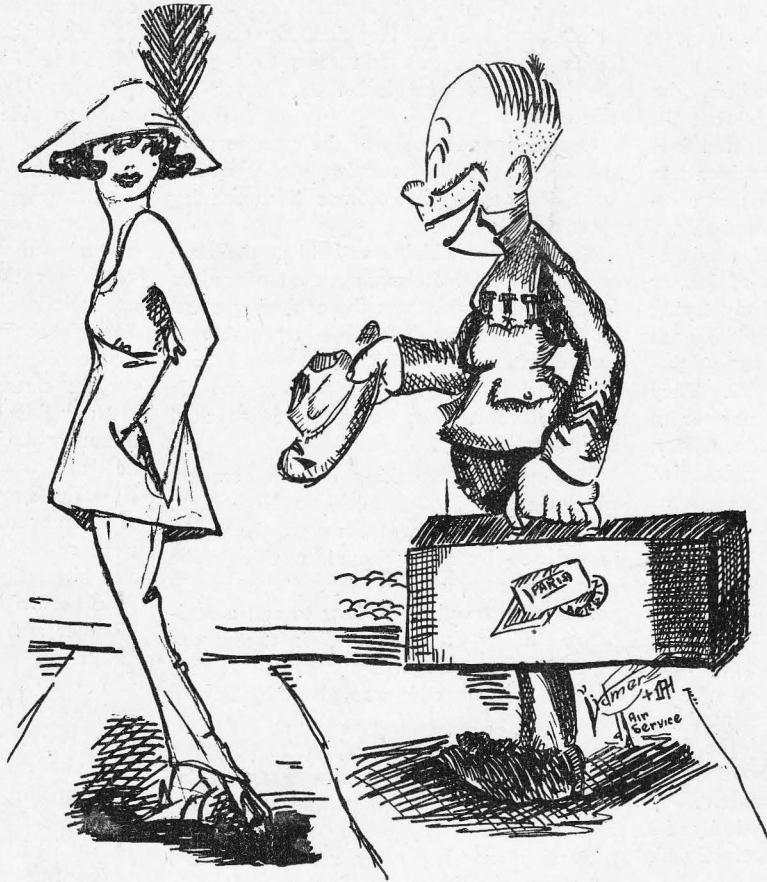
"I want a ticket for Boston," said the man, and he put fifty cents under the wicket.

"You can't go to Boston for fifty cents," returned the ticket seller.

"Well, then," asked the man, "where can I go for fifty cents?"

And each of the fourteen men in that waiting line told him where he could go.

HEY - BUDDY!



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Come To Charleston, And Meet Your Old Pals Of The Army.