



OFFICIAL 80TH (BLUE RIDGE) DIVISION
COMMUNIQUE

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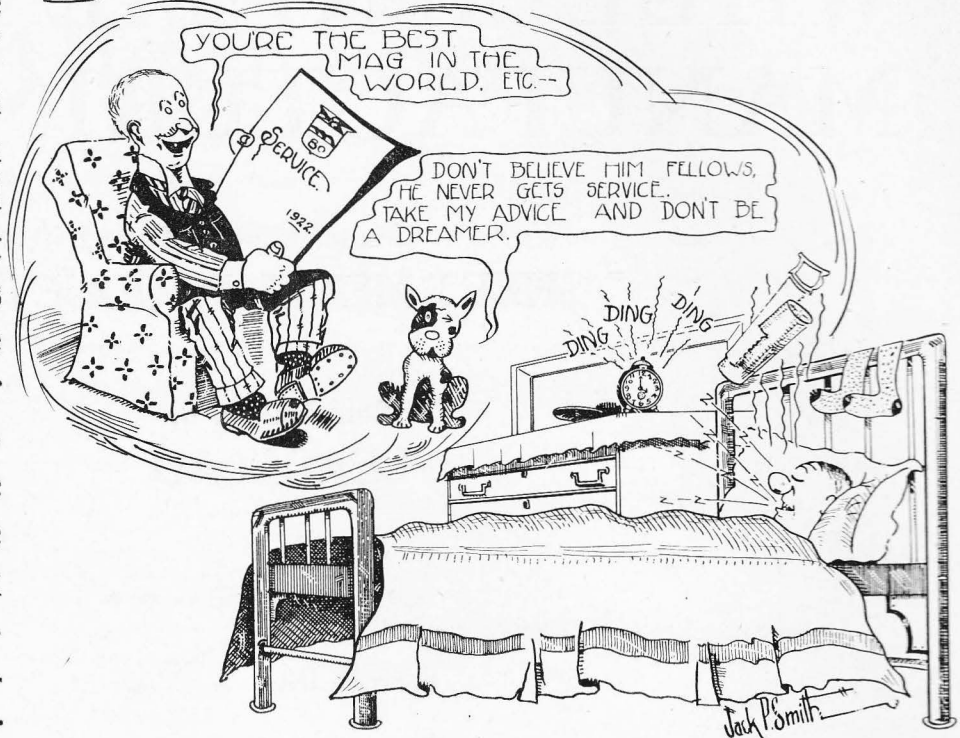
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When you pick up that current issue of the old "Mag" and look in vain for some news from your old outfit and you wonder just what your Old Pals of the Army are doing and your mind starts reminiscing on strange happenings some time ago 'way back there in that Somewhere in France— Does it ever occur

DON'T DREAM ABOUT IT.



to you that perhaps you may be somewhat to blame for your disappointment—You may be one of the many vets of the Grand Old 80th who is just selfishly dreaming about it all. Why not let the rest of us in on your memories of "Over There"—You only had one pair of eyes, you know—The Division had many thousands of pairs—Legs and ears were also in the same proportion. You were only in one place at a time—others were having their joys and their sorrows under the same, yet different, circumstances and surroundings. Why not exchange a few stories with your comrades of "The Great Adventure"? Why not be a good buddy and re-up for life with these comrades who earned your everlasting remembrance over there? We don't ask much help from you, except your attention and interest in what we are striving to do for the veterans of the Fine Old 80th. Why not quit dreaming about it and sign up for "The Best Soldier Magazine in America"? You will eventually.

Why Not Toot Sweet.
Today—Merci.

COUPON


Comrades:

Having formed a favorable opinion of THE SERVICE MAGAZINE—and being desirous of seeing "Our Mag" continue its field of usefulness, I am enclosing my subscription of \$2.00 for a year's liaison with my old pals of the army.


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1923-1924

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Published under direction of the
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The objects of this Association are: Patriotic, Historical and Fraternal, and to uphold the Constitution of the United States of America, to foster and perpetuate true Americanism, to preserve and strengthen comradeship among its members, to assist worthy comrades and to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the World War.

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THE 80th DIVISION "ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD"

What Shall We Do With the Rehabilitated?

A Short Review of the Disabled Veteran's Problem in Getting Himself Back to Normalcy

By Burg C. Clark

IT HAS been frequently stated that the "War revolutionized industry," and it is no doubt true that increased production, resulted in new and more efficient methods under the stress of the emergency that confronted all industry during this trying time. It also revolutionized employment in industry, particularly with regard to women. Firms that before the war carried but perhaps a dozen female employes on their rolls discovered through necessity that the places of the men who had gone away to carry a rifle on the Western Front, could and must be filled by women. In some cases the agreeable discovery was made that the position was filled more efficiently, and the half dozen women employes was increased by thousands, the firm going to the opposite extreme. If the job was not done better, there was no question but that it could be done cheaper, even though two filled the place left vacant by one. This development did not end with the war. The returning soldiers found "Tillie the Toiler" firmly entrenched with little inclination on her part or that of her boss to alter conditions, and in fact the soldier did not have any immediate desire to change the established order that had grown up in his absence.

"The Great Adventure," if it had done nothing more for him, had brought him to a certain fatalism which prevented his attaching the same importance to any one job that he had thought so important before. In the short space of a few months he had changed from a spectator on the side-lines to an active participant in a conflict that a year before he had not the remotest idea would ever touch his life or occupation. In the face of death, jobs receded to one of the minor things in life, and after the war, the knowledge that one had "come back" overshadowed any other consideration that the future might hold. A broadening of the perspective of life had transpired, and the old "rut" was viewed from a new angle which sometimes strengthened the determination to blaze a new trail.

The disabled man after his long wearisome experience in hospitals, welcomed the government's announcement that he would be "re-habilitated." The old job was closed to him, perhaps due to the loss of a leg or an arm. A new vista was opened

before him with the magic word "Education." Few persons are satisfied with their record in this respect. Whether their advantages have been few or many, there is always the feeling that a second opportunity would result in a different story. The government had provided the opportunity and there was a universal desire to get started. Many false starts were made that took months to straighten out, before the man felt himself on the right track and naturally he was the greatest sufferer, though sometimes not the one responsible. It took some of them a year or two to cut through the red tape, establish a legitimate claim, and enter on their training.

Five years have passed since the close of the war, and our government is now releasing many of these disabled men who have completed their course of study as being "re-habilitated." There is yet a duty that remains, not alone on the government's part but upon the part of every employer and every able-bodied citizen, before the word will have a meaning. Education is only a means to an end, and the end in this case is the establishing of the man in a self-supporting position in the community, which is not only a benefit to himself, but to the community and his employer.

Many of the courses pursued have by necessity been those fitting the disabled man for office and commercial work such as accounting, office managing, stenography, etc., due to the nature of his disability. "Tillie the Toiler" is still employed, earning the wherewith for her hope chest, and it tickles the Boss's vanity to be complimented on his force of good-looking girls in the office. He hates to lose 'em, and who can blame him? But they will get married, and there is nothing else to do but call up the Typewriting Company or Business College and order another flapper. Their salary check doesn't look so big, and besides, the office ought to maintain a certain refined ornamental effect to get the full worth of the mahogany furniture and the plush carpet. It is rather disconcerting for the best customer's cake-eating representative to be greeted by a lame young husky who wears an ugly bayonet scar on his cheek and a D. S. C. ribbon on his lapel. It sort of throws a monkey-wrench into the representative's reputation for being a great "kiddier of the help," and he might

leave abruptly without placing an order. Efficient but not ornamental, as it were, and it keeps the boss reminded that perhaps the war isn't quite over yet, statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

He also has a sneaking idea that the aforesaid husky is an object of his charity and the government's miserable failure; for, putting aside the fact that the brute appears to do his work in good shape, why in heck didn't the government give him a political job and avoid disrupting private industry's ornamental and satisfactory organization?

All of which would indicate that "re-habilitation" is somewhat of a painful process for the disabled man as well as a certain type of employer, for which we are thankful that there are not any more than there are; which is a plenty, judging from the accounts of many most vitally concerned—the disabled man.

The term "disabled man" is perhaps responsible for this attitude in some cases, it being overlooked that the disability is not occupational insofar as his present qualifications are concerned.

There is need for another revolution in industry, which will result in a square deal and an equal chance for the man who is responsible for our industries being able to function, rather than paying a war indemnity as is the case in Germany.

The problem is simple—instead of calling the Typewriting Company or the Employment Bureau, call the U. S. Veterans' Bureau in your city or town and you will not find a labor shortage if you are sincere and have a bonafide opening. If there is no district office of the Veterans' Bureau in your town, get in touch with a soldier's organization, any of which will be only too glad to co-operate. After you have located the right man, don't regard yourself as a philanthropist. Either he is doing the work you are paying him for, or you are doing both him and yourself an injustice by retaining him on any other terms than those which apply to every employe in your establishment. He does not want to be considered an object of charity nor does he want sympathy to have an influence on his status or future promotion. A square deal, equal opportunity, and the chance to prove he is no longer a "disabled man" to the satisfaction of his employer and himself—all he asks or expects.

When a Buddy Meets a Buddy

NORFOLK, Va., the city of a thousand ships and fifty thousand warm hearts—made more than good on every advance promise to the Veterans! So much so that it was with sincere regret that many of the visitors found the week far too short and the day of departure arrived entirely too quickly. To entertain a city full of visitors, who have their own ideas of what cities should or should not be, keep them happy for a week and have them anything but anxious to break away and go back home—is the writer's idea of a city more than making good. To be sure — the Eightieth Division Veterans were not strangers. We were not far from home—in fact we were back in the home state of our Division's birth—back where we learned the first lessons of Squads East and West—back where we were so graciously taken into the hearts and homes of the good people of Virginia. There may be differences of feelings between men from various sections of our country, but there is nothing but true comradeship between these men from the Blue Ridge states who fought, bled and died together in the greatest of all wars—I include those who died together, who fought and died at our side, because they are still of our ranks — still marching on, enshrined forever in our hearts—and we pride ourselves in that they are ever present at our reunions—our inspiration and our discipline. The people of Norfolk have seen much of the soldier and sailor—they have seen him at his best and often at his worst.

They have met him always with respect and friendship when his conduct warranted.

Quoting a common expression of the A. E. F. they were "Fed up" on soldiers,—to ask them to entertain such

a large body of ex-service men was in itself looked upon with some misgivings as to the wisdom of such a course.

But Norfolk perhaps surprised herself in the hearty response of everyone in doing the thing right. For her soldiers — her country's soldiers, and let us hope she has, as we all believe, done a great thing for the city of Norfolk.

We cannot personally thank everyone—though that is in our hearts to do so—but we trust that the renewed pledges of our

undying friendship for each other and for our buddies who claim Norfolk-Portsmouth and vicinity as their home will include the good people who so willingly contributed to the success of the best Reunion we have ever known.

MINUTES OF PRELIMINARY BUSI-

ness President Brett explained that the purpose of the preliminary meeting was to bring the various committees together and prepare for final reports and expediting the business of the final meeting to be held in Shrine Temple, 9:30 A. M. to 12:00 M., Wednesday, August 29th.

The Recording Secretary was requested to make a count of the representatives present at the business meeting from all units, and it was found that members were present from practically every unit in the division, with the 317th Infantry leading, closely followed by the 318th Infantry.

Letters of regret on inability to be present were read from General Farnsworth, Colonel Cocheu, William C. Vandewater, John T. Morgan and others.

No reports of committees were available at this time excepting that of Comrade Russell L. Stultz, Chairman of History Committee, who reported that the principal details of preparing the Divisional History for Publication had been accomplished and that the subject of ways and means for financing the project occupied the committee at present. All members of the History Committee and others interested were requested to meet in the Committee Room, Shrine Temple, Wednesday morning before the final business meeting, for the purpose of preparing a complete report for this meeting.

The minutes of the business meeting held at the Third Annual Reunion of the 80th Division Veterans' Association in Charleston, W. Va., in 1922, were read by the Recording Secretary and it was voted that they be approved and stand as read.

A beautiful bouquet was at this point presented to the 80th Division Veter-

ans' Association and President Brett by a committee representing the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, headed by Mrs. Gordon, chairman.

Comrade Frank Schoble, Jr., of the 318th Infantry, addressed the members assembled on Life Membership in the 80th Division Veterans' Association, stating that the Division had 179 Life Members and that there were three means of increasing membership and scope of activities—1st, by

WEST CAMP NO. 6

June 8, 1918

By L. L. J.

*Little round tents all stuck in the sand;
Many a smiling Waac;
Tall, thin guns all hid in a wood
To drive the raider back.*

*A swim in the Manche, and a stroll
up the beach
By the walls of old Calais;
At four o'clock a steaming pot
Of bloody English "tay."*

*A steaming, burning pot o' tay,
With sugar and with cream;
And golden butter from Devonshire;
And strawberry jam supreme!*

NESS MEETING, FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION, EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION, HELD IN THE SHRINE TEMPLE, NORFOLK, VA., TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1923.

Meeting was called to order at 10:00 A. M. by General Lloyd M. Brett, President, 80th Division Veterans' Association.

Invocation was pronounced by Rev. Thomas W. Hooper, Division Chaplain.

When a Buddy Meets a Buddy

taking out Life Membership and urging other Comrades to do so; 2nd, by forming Unit P. C.'s of every unit in the division which has fifteen or more paid up members in the Association; and 3rd, by establishing and forming Local Posts de Commande of the Association in any town where fifteen or more active members of the 80th Division Association resided, which could bring the Blue-Ridgers together in each community for the purpose of good-fellowship and fraternalism as expressed in our By-Laws under "Purpose of this Association." At the conclusion of his remarks the following members signified their desire to become Life Members:

Herman R. Furr
Edward G. Maxwell
Leon M. Bazile
Richard C. Cruitt
Charles R. Herr
William B. Lee, Jr.
Roy R. Sensenich
Roy L. Ott
Edward B. Truitt
W. A. Alley
John P. DeBacker
Cornelius C. Vermeule
Geo. W. Brittingham
Edward F. Sullivan
Evan J. Tibbott
William R. Mendenhall
J. C. Whitmore

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned at 11:30 P. M. to meet again Wednesday, August 29th at 9:30 A. M. at same place.

* * *

MINUTES OF REGULAR BUSINESS MEETING, FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION, EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION, HELD IN THE SHRINE TEMPLE, NORFOLK, VA., WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29, 1923.

Final Business meeting of the 80th Division Veterans' Association was called to order 10:00 A. M., Wednesday, August 29, 1923, by the President, General Lloyd M. Brett.

Invocation was pronounced by Rev. Thomas W. Hooper, Division Chaplain.

Financial Report of the Association for the past year was read by Recording Secretary, prepared by Edward R. Burt and Company, Certified Public Accountants. It was regularly moved and seconded and unanimously voted by the members assembled that the report as read, be adopted and approved.

Report of By-Laws Committee was presented by Chairman John E. Sugden, Jr., recommending the following amendments:

"ARTICLE II, Paragraph 3.—Active members shall be credited to the Units in which they served, and in the case

of members having service in more than one unit, he shall be privileged to name unit to which he desires his membership to be credited.

"ARTICLE II, Paragraph 4.—There shall be maintained a National Headquarters of the Association to be known as 'Hamilton P. C. 80th Division Vet-

HERE IS WHY YOU HAD A GOOD TIME

OUR 1923 ROLL OF HONOR
Fourth Annual Reunion
Committee
Norfolk, Va., 1923

HERMAN R. FURR
DR. H. R. SEELINGER
J. CARL PECK
J. B. WITHERS
R. J. THROCKMORTON
E. B. TRUITT
PERCY A. JONES
EDWARD MAXWELL
BALLARD PRESTON
H. L. LINDSAY
W. J. COOPER
R. J. ALFRIEND
W. H. COX
J. B. MOORE
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A. M. BROWNLEY
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E. E. THOMAS
EDWARD SAUNDERS
W. H. MILES
R. C. HAMLET
GEO. V. FITZPATRICK
K. R. FEREBEE
A. JACK DAVIS
PAT MURRAY
MR. AND MRS. BENNETT
UNCLE BILL WICHARD
POTENTATE HOHMAN

And many, many others whose names we do not know, but whose services will be remembered.

erans' Association,' located by direction of the Executive Council and operated under the Council's supervision and direction. Its duties shall be to maintain a National Headquarters, preserve the records and other property of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, keep so far as possible, a correct file of the names and addresses of former members of the 80th Division, N. A. and A. E. F., publish THE SERVICE MAGAZINE—

Official Blue-Ridge Communique, and to notify every former Blue-Ridger of the place and date of each Annual Reunion insofar as is within the ability of said Association National Headquarters.

"ARTICLE II, Paragraph 5.—There shall be local or community P. C. Charters granted by the Executive Council for any town or community, upon the written application of fifteen (15) or more Active Members of the Association, and each such Local or community P. C. shall be privileged to carry on for the fraternal and social benefit of such members of the community, but must conform to the by-laws of the Association and operate within the scope of its Constitution, otherwise making its own rules and regulations, charging or not charging Local P. C. dues, etc., as it sees fit; nor shall it commit the 80th Division Veterans' Association to any policy, party, or political faction, not endorsed or adopted by the 80th Division Veterans' Association.

"ARTICLE II, Paragraph 6.—There shall be Unit P. C. Charters granted to every unit of the 80th Division having fifteen (15) or more Active Members of the Association, whose privilege it shall be to preserve the identity of their former company or unit, and elect a delegate to the National Conventions, such delegates to elect their representatives on the Executive Council at the yearly conventions hereafter. It shall be the duty of each Unit P. C. to elect a Secretary and other officers they may choose. The Secretary shall keep a record of the members of his unit, assist in the collection of the annual yearly dues of the members and pay same promptly to the Association Treasurer. Such unit P. C.'s shall conform in all other respects to the rules governing Local or Community P. C.'s. P. C.'s may have inactive or honorary members but must maintain an active membership list of at least fifteen (15) members. The majority vote of Active Members of any P. C. shall govern its action and the majority vote of Active Members present at any meeting shall be legal provided ample notice of such meeting has been sent to all active members in writing, (except at yearly conventions when such notice shall be construed as having been sent).

"ARTICLE II, Paragraph 7.—Dues: Active Membership dues in the Association shall be \$1.00 per year, payable in advance.

"ARTICLE II, Paragraph 8. — Life Active Membership shall cost \$25.00. SERVICE MAGAZINE will be forwarded at

(Continued on Page 13)

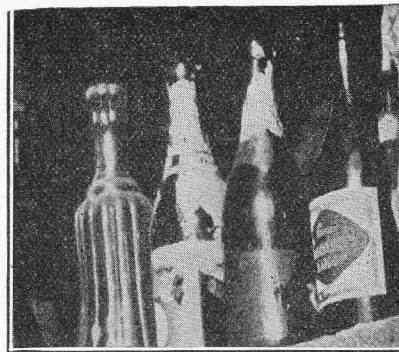
The 315th Field Artillery in Action at Norfolk

Read It and Weep If You Were Not There

By C. F. Bushman

INTENSIVE preparations having been made weeks before to billet the regiment en masse in the city of the fourth annual reunion of the Eightieth Division, the zero hour was declared at nine o'clock, Monday, August 27th, and the opening barrage of the regiment's participation in the great event was fired by the West Virginia delegation which arrived in the city at that time and who were met at the Norfolk Terminal Station by the Regimental Supply Officer, Captain Carl S. Tranberger. After the party had exchanged hearty greetings with "Tranny" they were escorted to the Shrine Temple where they registered with "Pops" Curry and then to the Monticello Hotel where a Regimental P. C. was established on the fourth floor, the position being defined as 437 plus 439. A bed check being immediately taken by the Top Kickers disclosed the fact that some of the personnel from Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia had already oriented themselves and were holding the terrain with much vigor. The old Saxon salutation "What hail!" was written on the door to Regimental Headquarters, the key thrown in Elizabeth River, rations were ordered and things were scarcely "on the way" when a loud knock sounded from without and from the cards sent in, it was evident that Privates Johnny Walker and Tom Scotch had lost no time in reporting to the command. In the name of "Auld Lang Syne" they were told to enter and the reception accorded them was pathetic in the extreme. About this time Tranberger made a statement. "Comrades, here I am feeling like seven hundred dollars. I am a cootie and I have vowed to scratch all week. Let us reconnoiter our positions and get a lay of the land before settling down here for the week," and so accordingly the party ventured forth to Ocean View to take a sounding of the bay and to conduct such other scientific investigation to ascertain if the water was of the proper temperature and deep enough for the use of the 155 MM Howitzers in their barrage. It was not found suitable and later Virginia Beach was chosen. The Army and Naval bases were then inspected and the comments were as many as amusing. Everything went along smoothly until the Regimental Souvenir Hound (he still lives) said that he wanted an anchor chain to take back to the hills of West Virginia, so that he could keep his coon dog at home, and he was only consoled after Topkick Greenlee emphatic-

ally stated that he would direct the mayor of the city to mail him one after the reunion got out of his system. A hasty retreat was made to Regimental Headquarters where Lieut. Wrenn, Bob Kyle, and five hundred others (the figures were given out by the secretary) were found killing the boche by the thousands. It is no mystery at all how that many of the personnel got in the two rooms when we remember that the 40 hommes et 8 chevaux on the P. L. & M. and the P. & O. over in "Sunny" France will very comfortably quarter even more. Many a hair raising tale was re-



A FEW CASUALS

counted and the regiment's sojourn in France was gone over day by day. At this session many of the regiment's former officers met for the first time former enlisted men and on common ground things were discussed with a zeal and understanding not found elsewhere. It was as though the curtain which veils the past had been suddenly thrust aside. It was just a world of reminiscences the charm of which is only known to those who can say, "I was there." While the author was trying to sweep the cobwebs aside and recover the details of the last pay day, Captain Revell somehow managed to gain the floor and told several Italian dialect narratives which provoked such intense laughter that it was feared that serious damage to the foundations of the hotel had resulted. And be it known that Fosque never fails to bring the bacon home when there are any yarns to spin. So much discussion ensued at this time regarding the popularity of the banana, so much in evidence in the city, that a committee headed by Frank Slowitsky (Do not omit the first syllable) was appointed and in the meantime a Regimental Banana contest was inaugurat-

ed lasting late that night until 3:30 A. M. It developed that after the luscious fruit had been plucked the stalks were piled in neat Army style down on Granby street which resulted in various band leaders using them as batons henceforth. The findings of the Banana Committee was laconic and to the point, the Chairman stating: "Never have we seen bananas in such an abundance than here and their popularity is only too obvious. If the banana is such a criterion of these happy days, the committee begs to call the regiment's attention to "Pickles." There are 57 known varieties in Pittsburgh and we recommend that a "Pickle Contest" be held in the Snooky City at our 1924 Reunion. The recommendation was placed in the hands of the Pickle Committee. While some one in the party was talking about the nice bath tubs in the Hotel Ste Anne, on Rue Ste Anne, Paris, Captain Revell stated that he was leaving for a tour of France next summer while Lieut. Wrenn said that he was going to Italy in November to study Italian architecture. And it is hoped that the writer will be favored with some material and sketches of old familiar ground, for SERVICE MAGAZINE. Events come over as fast as any of those Austrian "77's" ever did, and in the meantime Walter McNaughton, one time Bugler of Battery "A" won the soubriquet of "Shiek" while Gunner Angrist won immortal fame out at Virginia Beach while digging a gun emplacement. Headquarters was honored with the presence of Stutler and Stultz on frequent occasions and late one night they got our outfit mixed up in a snake dance down on Main Street, resulting in the snake's death the following morning. It seemed as though the order of things were reversed. At night no one would sleep and during the day there was no time. A payday in Redon could not have been more hilarious. When some degree of quietness seemed to reign, out of the stillness came "Hail! Hail! the Gang's all Here," "We won't get home 'till Morning," "Say, Buddy, gimme those bones." And bang went another barrage. And not unlike tenting on the old camp ground the Bands were out on the parade ground early in the morning greeting us with such old favorites as "The Old Grey Mare," "As the Caissons Go Rollin' Along," "Madelon," "Pack up Your Troubles," and many others including various reveille marches which brought back to us cherished memories of our association as "Buddies of Yesterday."

The 315th Field Artillery in Action at Norfolk

In some unaccountable manner the Master of Ceremonies moved swiftly across the checker board of Nights and Days, establishing a checkmate Thursday, the red letter day of the reunion. At ten A. M. memorial services took place in the Shrine Temple—a wonderful tribute to our Buddies who have passed out, and as some writer whom I do not recall justly says:

Passing out of the Shadow
 Into a purer light,
 Stepping behind a curtain
 Getting a clearer sight;
 Laying aside the burden,
 This weary mortal coil;
 Done with the world's vexations
 Done with its tears and toil.

That afternoon the regiment participated in the parade. After a brief breathing spell the regimental smoker was called for at The Hotel Fairfax at 6:30 P. M. It was largely attended and Colonel William H. Sands presided as Toastmaster. There it was announced with much cheering that Colonel Brett had been elected as Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, while our former Division Commander, General Cronkhite, had been elected to succeed him as President of our Veterans' Association, and that Pittsburgh would welcome us again at the fifth annual reunion. It was brought out that over two hundred members of the regiment were affiliated with the association among whom were five life members. Plans were then outlined which will doubtless bring all members of the regiment, belonging to the division association, into "The 315th Field Artillery Post." The following committees were appointed: Membership—T. C. Kindle, Robert Kyle, W. W. Thomason; Flags: Colonel William H. Sands, Carl S. Tranberger, Jas. W. Roberts; Pittsburgh Reunion: All Pittsburghers headed by T. C. Kindle, Dr. McCain, Wm. E. Doerr, John Vathetta.

MINUTES OF THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF BLUEFIELD POST, No. 3, EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION, HELD AT THE HOTEL FAIRFAX, NORFOLK, VA., 6:30 P. M., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1923.

The Founder and President of the Post, Comrade C. F. Bushman, called the meeting to order at 6:30 P. M. In opening the meeting the President said:

"Comrades, it is more than good for us to be here together at this fourth annual reunion of the Grand old Eightieth Division. The Grim Reaper has entered on the ledger of time more than five years since our departure from these very shores for 'Overthere.' And since our return from the blood drenched soil of France, we have met again each year at reunions. Rich-

mond, Pittsburgh and Charleston have long since passed into the valley of memories. This evening as we are assembled around this festive board, in Norfolk, Virginia, who will say that in retrospect that we are not again in France with the comrades we left there who but sleep and await the great reveille. Yesterday afternoon, while out at Virginia Beach, I heard a group of comrades discussing in what direction lay France, and to my mind came these beautiful words of John Daniel Logan,

"O land of beauty, faith and valiant deed
 Thou'rt dear as mine own land, since sanctuaried
 'Neath thy green mold beloved comrades lie;
 Their dust and holy sacrifice sanctify
 Thy hills and vales, there they sweetly rest,
 Claspt close, O France, to thy soft, throbbing breast,
 Farewell, but oft in spirit I'll come back,
 And dwell with them in my heart's bivouac."

"Now before we wax too eloquent, and before responses are made, let us despatch the necessary business at hand and so accordingly I call upon the Secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting."

WHEREUPON, It was regularly moved, seconded and carried, "That the minutes of the initial meeting of the Post, held in Room 341, Hotel Kanawha, Charleston, W. Va., September 3rd, 1922, be dispensed with, and that all moneys, etc., as accounted for, be accepted and recorded as written."

A general discussion then ensued regarding the changing of the name of the Post to that of "The 315th Field Artillery Post." It being argued pro and con that inasmuch as the majority of the members of the Post were former members of the 315th Field Artillery, and that such a change would not be detrimental in any way to the welfare of the Post, and that such a change would not prevent any member of the Division Association from becoming a member of the Post by paying the prescribed dues.

WHEREUPON, It was regularly moved, seconded, carried, and unanimously voted "That the wording of item (a) Article 1, of the Post constitution be changed to read 'The name of this P. C. shall be 'The 315th Field Artillery Post,' the word 'Bluefield,' being stricken out."

Comrade Tranberger then spoke at length and proposed that inasmuch as the Post was without an Honorary President, that the name of Colonel William H. Sands be submitted for the office.

WHEREUPON, It was regularly moved, seconded and carried, "That Colonel William H. Sands be nominated as Honorary President of The 315th Field Artillery Post for the term ending December 31st, 1923,

and that an election in the regular manner be made."

Colonel William H. Sands was then unanimously elected to fill the original vacancy as Honorary President of the Post for the term ending December 31st, 1923.

General discussion and responses by those present followed. The Secretary was then directed to see that SERVICE MAGAZINE containing the minutes of the meeting and the reunion news be sent to all members of the 315th Field Artillery who attended the reunion. A complete list of those attending the reunion is not available. Many did not register, and the list below gives nearly all who were in action: S. S. Taliaferro, O. Wieneke, Wm. H. Sands, Jr., L. Fosque Revell, C. F. Bushman, C. W. Clay, R. S. Baird, Fred Branson, W. J. Diltz, F. McGinnis, H. H. Wrenn, Jas. W. Roberts, Albert U. Walter, Fred Parker, T. C. Kindle, Dr. H. R. Connell, Carl Tranberger, O. C. Greenlee, R. H. Powell, C. Dickens, Ben Angrist, E. R. Mullins, A. A. Rowsey, F. B. Slowitzky, D. E. Seldomridge, W. McNamee, E. S. White, P. F. Donnelly, C. C. Smith, J. C. Vance, C. C. Washington, H. W. Whittington, R. H. Kyle, E. C. Banks, J. W. Word, R. Wayman, G. A. Mahone, Jno. F. Duffy, Larry Dunn.

There being no further business on hand the meeting was adjourned sine die at 10:30 P. M.

Friday most of the Three Fifteeners had departed for their various homes and what remained of the regiment was badly scattered but they held their ground. Captain Roberts and Lieut. Albert U. Walter came down from Baltimore and it is regretted their reception was also a farewell. The regiment wishes to go on record by thanking everyone connected with the great reunion accorded the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the 80th Division.

We will not be opposed to return there in 1926. As Pittsburgh looms up as our next reunion city, plans should be made to billet at The Fort Pitt Hotel and some manner of financing a regimental Headquarters undertaken. The boys of the 315th F. A. in Pittsburgh at the second annual reunion wanted a regimental organization and experience has taught us such an organization merits the undertaking. There will be an election of officers in the Post in January, 1924, and only those who are willing to make a few personal sacrifices and devote some time to the Post should be nominated for the office. The coming year has many problems and whether or not we will build The 315th Field Artillery Post into a supporting column of our divisional association rests upon each individual. I have already pledged myself and the question is "How about you?"

Finis.

When a Buddy Meets a Buddy

(Continued from Page 10)

an additional charge of \$1.00 per year to Life Members.

"ARTICLE II, Paragraph 9. — The SERVICE MAGAZINE shall be furnished to all members who desire it upon payment of \$2.00 per year extra, in addition to yearly dues.

"ARTICLE II, Paragraph 10.—The Registration Fee of \$1.00 collected at our Annual Reunions shall be applied to the credit of the member as his annual dues, and to the credit of a Life Member to his subscription for SERVICE MAGAZINE.

(Signed)

JOHN E. SUGDEN, JR.
H. R. SEELINGER,
J. C. SMITH,
A. M. BROWNLEY,
C. A. MADDEN,

Committee.

It was regularly moved and seconded and unanimously voted that the recommendations of the By-Laws Committee as set forth above be adopted and written into the By-Laws to become effective at once.

Application was presented by forty-seven signers, members of the Association in the Philadelphia District asking that a charter be issued by the Association for the formation and recognition of Philadelphia Local Post No. 2, 80th Division Veterans' Association. It was unanimously voted that the charter be granted.

Resident Secretary Henry R. Curry presented a report of the activities and work accomplished by National Headquarters of the Association during the year, speaking briefly on the growth and activity of the membership in various districts forming Local and Unit P. C.'s for the purpose of greater co-operation and liaison with the Association; the need of individual effort in increasing both ordinary and Life Membership in the organization if the ideals and purposes for its foundation are to be realized and perpetuated.

At the termination of his remarks, it was suggested by Comrade Sullivan that blank applications for charters for the purpose of organizing local or unit P. C.'s be sent to any district where there are 15 or more Active Members of the Association.

A telegram from Hon. Westmoreland Davis, War-Governor of Virginia, was presented, reading as follows:

"Disappointed not to be with you. Greetings to the gallant 80th. May this Reunion be as joyous as their achievements for Country have been great."

(Signed) WESTMORELAND DAVIS.

Comrade Myers, of Philadelphia, offered the suggestion that in addition to increasing activities toward organizing local posts, that Ladies' Auxiliaries for such posts be

also formed. His remarks met with general approval.

Comrade Schoble, of Wyncote, Pa., made a plea that by the time of the next Reunion, we have a total of 1,000 Life Members, which if succeeded in, would be of unestimable benefit, financially and morally in the continuance of the organization.

Major General Adlebert Cronkhite, U. S. A. Retired, was at this point given a rousing welcome by the assemblage, lasting several minutes.

President Brett announced that the meeting was open for nomination and election of officers for the coming year, and turned the Chair over to Chaplain Hooper.

A Committee from the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States headed by Comrade Charles McDermott, Jr., expressed the greetings of that organization to the 80th Division Veterans' Association, speaking on the spirit of comradeship and the desire of the V. of F. W. to co-operate in every way with our divisional organization.

The State Commander of the 91st Division presented the compliments of his organization.

General Brett addressed the meeting, nominating Maj. General Adlebert Cronkhite, U. S. A. Retired, for President of the Association for 1923. His nomination was regularly seconded, the nominations for this office closed, and a vote taken which unanimously elected General Cronkhite as President of the 80th Division Veterans' Association for the year 1924.

It was regularly moved and seconded and unanimously voted that General Brett be elected to the position of Honorary President of the Association for the year 1924, and a standing vote of thanks was tendered him for his services as President over a period of three consecutive terms.

It was regularly moved and seconded and unanimously voted, electing Frank Schoble, Jr., of the 318th Infantry to office of Vice President.

It was regularly moved and seconded and unanimously voted electing Lt. Col. Charles Keller, formerly of 317th Infantry, to the office of Vice President.

It was regularly moved and seconded and unanimously voted electing Comrade Herman R. Furr, formerly of 314th Machine Gun Battalion, to the office of Vice President.

It was regularly moved and seconded and unanimously voted electing Comrade Miles Stahlman, formerly of Division Headquarters, to the office of Recording Secretary.

It was regularly moved and seconded and unanimously voted electing Comrade Rev. Theodore Beck, formerly of 320th Infantry, to the office of Division Chaplain.

The following were regularly elected to

serve on the Executive Council:

Dr. H. R. Seelinger, 317th Inf.
Oscar L. Winfield, 318th Inf.
Thos. W. Hooper, 319th Inf.
Daniel Fackiner, 320th Inf.
D. B. Fullerton, 313th F. A.
Louis Nicholson, 314th F. A.
C. F. Bushman, 315th F. A.
John T. Morgan, 305th Eng.
John P. DeBacker, Trains & Miscel. Units,
E. J. Tibbott, Jr., Trains & Miscel. Units.
W. J. Cousins, Machine-Gun Battalions.
B. K. Myers, Machine Gun Battalions.

The Office of Division Historian was voted to be added to the list of elective Association Officers and Comrade Russell L. Stultz was unanimously elected as Division Historian.

The Office of Judge-Advocate General was voted to be added to the list of elective Association Officers and Comrade D. Paulson Foster was unanimously elected Judge-Advocate General.

Chairman Stultz of the History Committee presented a report showing that remarkable progress had been accomplished in assembling material for the Divisional History and it remained for the Association to designate and organize means of publication. It was regularly moved and seconded and unanimously carried that the Division Historian and History Committee be empowered and authorized to circularize all members of the division in an attempt to collect funds from members for the purpose of publication on the advance subscription plan as soon as possible; the details of such campaign to be decided upon by the History Committee and Division Historian.

A vote of thanks was extended Comrade Carlo D. Cella and the New York Association of Officers for the financial aid tendered in underwriting preliminary expense in assembling the history material.

Chairman Boyd B. Stutler of the Convention Committee presented an invitation from the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce signed by President Humphries, inviting the Association to hold their 1924 Reunion and Convention in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

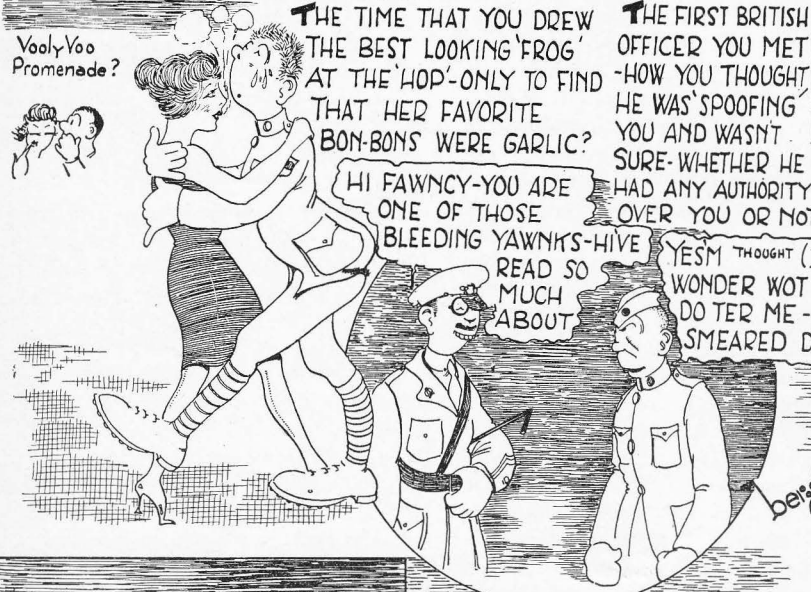
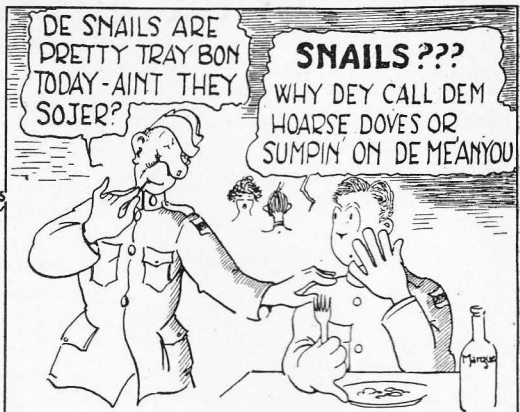
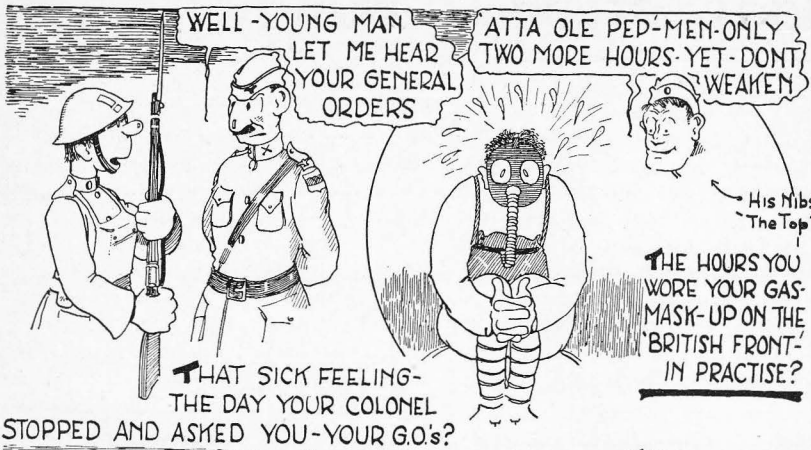
It was regularly moved and seconded and unanimously carried that this invitation be accepted, date for next reunion to be decided upon by the Executive Council.

Mrs. Steed, formerly of the Red Cross Canteen at Dijon, made a brief address of greeting to the assembled members.

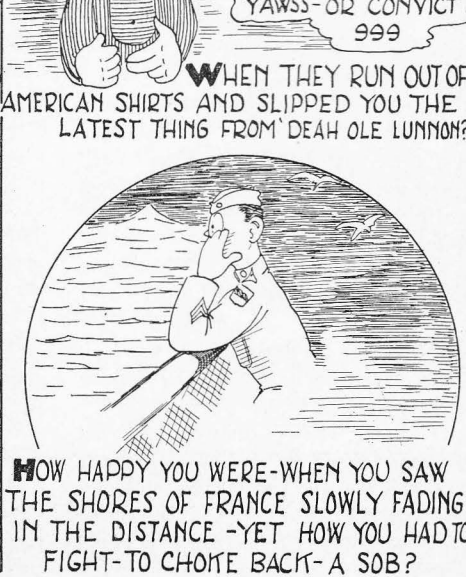
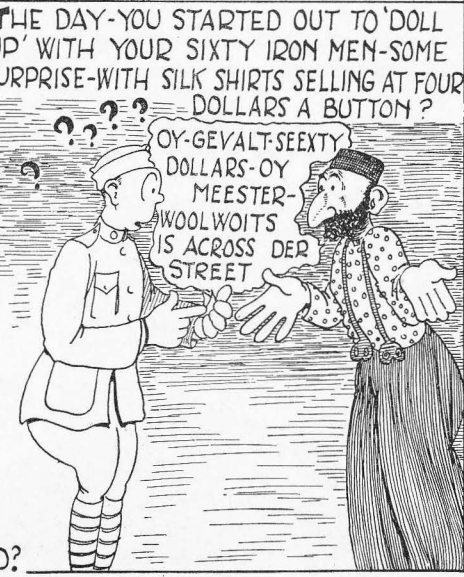
It was unanimously voted that a committee consisting of General Cronkhite, Frank Schoble, Jr., General Lloyd M. Brett, and Herman R. Furr, present the greeting and appreciation of the Association to the Assemblies of the V. of F. W. and the V. of F. W. Ladies Auxiliary.

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WILL YOU EVER FORGET?—Cartoon By Jack V. Berger.



THE TIME THE REAL FRIENDLY GAFFER TIPPED YOU OFF THAT YOU WERE DEVOURING SNAILS-WHEN YOU WERE REALLY ENJOYING THEM AND WONDERING -JUST WHAT PART OF THE CHICKEN THEY WERE?



That Fourth Reunion

As Seen By—Russell L. Stultz

BON jour, Monsieur le Presidente Cronkhite!" Our new-old comrade has come into his own again, and its "Bon chance!" the 80th wishes him.

Norfolk welcomed the "invaders" with open arms, and when they had "captured" the city, they decided there was nothing to do but hold it. Everybody was willing.

"Pittsburgh, 1924." Let's make it unanimous when we return to the "Smoky City" next year, boys. Their Chamber of Commerce is discriminating in its invitations and when it asks you, it wants you.

"The best Reunion we ever had. It's a regular town." That sums up the feelings of Blue Ridgers toward Norfolk and correctly expresses the sentiments of every man who spent the week of August 26-31 on Hampton Roads. There were about 2,000 80th Division Veterans present, and to the last son-of-a-gun they congratulated themselves upon being there.

"The greatest of all Reunions, and too much cannot be said of the hospitality of Norfolk and Portsmouth," so declared our own General Brett, new Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and retiring President of the Division Association, when he anticipated our honest-to-goodness opinion.

Estimates upon the entire number of visitors in the city during the joint Encampment-Reunion range all the way from 15,000 to 20,000. Officials of Norfolk unite in declaring it the "biggest week in the history of the town," while the figures of both Public Service corporations and the U. S. Postoffice show the largest receipts ever known for a like period. Some little spenders, eh?

Whatever the number in attendance, anyone who had the experience — and who didn't? — of promenading down Granby street any afternoon or night knows that the usually easy saunter was a man's-size job. Our friends, the custodians of the traffic, merely smiled tolerantly and proceeded to simplify the problem by halting both street-cars and taxis until they could progress without danger of being submerged.

It was really a five-cornered affair, as anyone who belongs to either of the quintet of organizations will remind you. Representatives from every state in the Union, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, the Canal Zone, Canada, the Philippines

and France were present for the joint powwow of the 80th, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Woman's Auxiliary of the V. F. W., the Royal Military Order of the Cootie and the 38th ("Rock of the Marne") Infantry. Boy, did we omit anybody?

Decorations, did you say? They were there, galore, and it was generally agreed that Norfolk established a mark rarely equalled in colorful welcome. A sum of \$8,000 was applied toward dressing the city in a manner befitting its prestige, and the results achieved indicated unmistakably that it had been expended judiciously. Practically every street was decked in flags of America and her Allies and the insignia of the 80th and V. F. W. were not overlooked.

Any visitor who ambled along Granby street without commenting upon the lavish display of color enshrouding its length and breadth must have been either color-blind or "too happy for words." The spirit of the city as evidenced by its profuse decorations was present in reality as well.

"They have come, they have conquered. Norfolk is theirs. And she is a willing captive." Such was the language employed by the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot* on the morning following the opening of the great convention. Best of all, she meant it and expressed the sentiments of the great seaport town whose admiration and sympathies have been warmed through a century and a half by reason of the conspicuous role she has played in every military and naval campaign in our history.

"Hop in, Buddy," invitations were carried by hundreds of private automobiles, and hop in, the buddies did. We know of two visiting Blue Ridgers who made up for countless kilometers of hiking in France, one hospitable citizen of Norfolk placing himself and car at their beck and call until they became apprehensive lest an ingenious taxi-driver was masquerading and awaiting an opportune moment to read his meter.

We must not fail to mention the wonderful publicity given by the three Norfolk papers both during and before the convention. Entire pages were devoted to the proceedings and doings of the veterans, and if anyone escaped the shot of the staff photographers, it was their own fault. The big events of the weeks were featured by full-page headlines, while hundreds of pictures were published. Probably the three most photographed men in Norfolk were Major General Cronkhite, Brigadier Gen-

eral Brett and Capt. R. W. Elton, formerly of the 318th Infantry and now Adjutant General of the V. F. W.

With one morning and two afternoon papers, each of the latter issuing three or four editions daily, it required strenuous policing-up about the hotel lobbies in order to permit gangway. The *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*, which has for its city editor a member of the V. F. W., issued a pink-covered "Cootie" extra, and the "Cooties" were not alone in "scratching for it." While the *Virginia-Pilot* boasted an 80th Div. Vet. by the name of Edw. Maxwell, who saw to it that the Blue-Ridgers were not neglected.

Miss Grace Kearns, a former Norfolk girl and now of New York, who sang for the boys in France, won the heart of every veteran and received a tremendous ovation when she appeared on the stage at the opening session of the joint convention in the city armory and sang "Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny." The boys showed in emphatic terms that they hadn't forgotten the meaning of "encore" and Miss Kearns was forced to respond with "Oh, My Laddie."

Another conspicuous visitor at the opening session was "Peggy," the old English sheep dog, who also saw service in the World War. "Peggy" was under the guidance of her master, Richard J. Jones, of Norfolk, and her canine smile betokened that she was delighted just to be around a lot of uniforms again.

Buddies were everywhere seen slapping each other on the back, pulling that "Are you married yet?" stuff and reminding each other of all sorts of things that happened on—well, any day in 1917, 1918 or 1919.

For many, it was their first reunion, but judging from the expressions of "see you in Pittsburgh next year" that were heard upon every side, it will not be their last. Probably more new, yet strangely old and familiar faces, were noted among the crowd than at any previous Divisional gathering. It's a good habit, buddy; get into it and save yourself regrets.

While those in O. D. and khaki predominated, if we omit the white and blue-clad jackies from the battle-ship fleet in Hampton Roads, the man who appeared in "civvies" was in no wise abashed. Time and again, he demonstrated the truth that "clothes cannot hide a soldier." Whether garbed in issued O. D. or tailored "cits,"

That Fourth Reunion

the spirit of the 80th and the old days clamored within him.

The Norfolk Boy Scouts had their hands full taking care of all the duties assigned them, but they discharged them right nobly. All of the Scout troops in the city were on duty at the registration headquarters, convention halls, dug-outs, hotels and elsewhere, working overtime delivering messages, running errands, acting as ushers, directing visitors how and where to go and doing the "heavy work" in general. Each scout wore a badge reading "Ask Me," and ask him they did.

It would be difficult, indeed, to decide upon the most decorated "vet" in attendance. There were hundreds of men to be seen wearing four foreign service stripes on their sleeves and the ribbons of many campaigns upon their breasts. Here and there mingled an old-timer literally plastered with service badges and decorations, speaking eloquently of the Spanish-American War, the Philippine Insurrection, the Boxer Rebellion, the Mexican Border campaign and the World War.

Both American and Foreign distinguished service medals and decorations were liberally represented. A. D. S. C. attracted no attention whatsoever, while there were D. S. M.'s, Croix de Guerres, the Navy Cross, the Legion d'Honneur and others. Those who could not boast of such claims of distinction were consoled with the official Reunion and Encampment badges and the unofficial insignia upon sale.

The arrangements provided by the Reunion committees rendered it easy for the visitors to get their bearings. Large streamers suspended across Granby street indicated the location of the Housing Committee, the Navy Y. M. C. A., and both the 80th Division and V. F. W. Registration Headquarters.

General Brett, retiring President of the 80th Division Association and newly-elected Commander-in-Chief of the V. F. W., and General Cronkhite, our newly-elected President, received a remarkable ovation as they walked down the center aisle of the city armory and took seats on the platform just prior to the opening of the joint session Monday morning.

An unusually large number of veterans traveled to Norfolk by automobile, many stopping at the camps opened on the beaches for the occasion while in the city. This time, however, the tents were pitched voluntarily and no military calls rudely dis-

turbed belated slumberers.

A novel feature of the entertainment provided embraced four "Dug-outs" located at convenient points in the city. These havens of refuge were camouflaged in a realistic manner, with the inscription "Abri" appearing above the low entrance, and the artist demonstrated his right to membership in the brotherhood of veterans. Within, pretty girls dispensed cold drinks gratis and served Smithfield ham and other viands at a price and in so hospitable manner that you yearned to hug 'em. Boy Scouts assisted the mam'selles in manning the friendly reminders of more serious days.

Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, wartime commander of the Blue Ridge Division, came into his own again when he was chosen by acclamation to succeed General Brett as President of the Division Association. The former chieftan, who was present throughout Reunion week, proved himself as good a mixer as he is a fighter, and wherever he found himself a group of his former men speedily formed.

Norfolk was not alone in extending the glad hand of welcome to the visiting veterans. Portsmouth, the thriving city just across the Elizabeth River, did itself proud in numerous ways. Besides being dressed in colors that betokened its active interest, the municipality sent a delegation of several thousand citizens to Norfolk Tuesday morning, and the visitors paraded through the city, many in cars and floats, as a reminder that Portsmouth was scheduled to entertain the veterans that afternoon.

No Blue Ridger in Norfolk received a more hearty and spontaneous greeting than did Lieut. Frank Schoble, Jr., who was blinded in action while leading a platoon of Company K, 318th Infantry, during the first phase of the Argonne offensive. Lieut. Schoble is one of the best loved men in the 80th and he has proven himself a willing and tireless worker in behalf of the Division Association. We, as General Brett once said, need more Schobles.

Battle banners of the 80th that had weathered the Pittsburgh and Charleston Reunions were once more brought into use, being suspended across the Norfolk streets and about Reunion Headquarters. As historic names, Bethincourt, Nantillois, Sommauthe, Landres-St. Georges, Buzancy and others—names forever memorable in the achievements of the 80th—met the gaze of the visitor, lasting impressions of battle-scarred days and scenes were recalled with a rush.

Private Elmer Goyer, of Pittsburgh, who served with Company E, 318th Infantry,

and who bears the proud distinction of being the smallest soldier who fought with the A. E. F., was a familiar figure about Norfolk. While Elmer is petit and would pass easily for a Boy Scout, those who soldiered with him unite in declaring that he lacked nothing save size. The *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch* seized an opportunity to emphasize Comrade Goyer's brevity in inches by photographing him in the company of a six-footer. He weighed 87 pounds at enlistment.

Fully 50,000 people lined the streets Thursday to witness the parade of 12,000 veterans and soldiers, sailors and marines from the warships and military posts about Hampton Roads. Accompanied by the martial music of more than 20 bands and drum and bugle corps, for one hour and fifteen minutes the men of the 80th, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the 116th Infantry, Virginia National Guard, and members of the present-day military and naval forces passed in unbroken ranks before the reviewing stand on City Hall avenue.

Ocean View, Virginia Beach and the various resorts about Norfolk, attracted thousands of visitors each afternoon and night. Warm weather and the murmuring waves formed a combination that could not be denied, particularly when many recalled the assurance of Mayor Drinkwater, of Virginia Beach, that "your conscience would be your guide" in the matter of bathing costumes. Others, still remindful of their last experience on the "briny deep," contented themselves with enjoying the amusement parks.

The 80th Division Registration Bureau and convention hall were located in the Masonic Temple, on Free Mason street, under the most efficient management of that genial dispenser of welcome—and other necessities—Lt. A. M. Brownley, ably assisted by Mrs. Bennett (who has earned for herself a Life Membership in the "80th Reunion Club." The Pittsburgh office boy had better look to his laurels. If Virginia can boast of a finer chap than "Uncle Bill Wichard"—we would like to see him trotted out.

The Hotel Fairfax had the honor of housing 80th Division Reunion Headquarters, and here "Pops" Curry and his staff (including radio) kept open house to all comers in a suite on the second floor. Incidentally, General Cronkhite, Colonel Keller, of the 317th Infantry; Lieut. Schoble and others of the great and near-great were billeted here during their sojourn in Norfolk; in fact, the register of the Fairfax may be said to have constituted a

That Fourth Reunion

working edition of "Who's Who in the 80th."

Hundreds of other Blue Ridgers were domiciled in the Monticello, the Norfolk, the Southland, Neddo (page Comrades Stutler, Stahlman, Frye and Graham!) and in numerous private homes, hotel accommodations being taxed far beyond their capacity.

General Cronkhite was tendered one of the most remarkable ovations accorded any individual during the reunion-encampment when he entered the Division convention hall Wednesday morning. Observing his entrance, General Brett halted the meeting and said: "Boys, there's our former chief!" It was the signal for nine roof-raising yells, and the 80th Division commander showed plainly that he was touched by the unexpected reception. As the demonstration subsided, he smiled in acknowledgment and remarked that he "didn't know they thought so much of him."

The 80th Division dance in the auditorium of Shrine Temple Monday night opened the week's festivities with a dash and vim that continued through to Saturday. The large hall was crowded to capacity, the congestion being so great at times as to interfere with the dancing and many were unable to gain admission. Downstairs, punch was served during the evening by a force of obliging ebony-hued caterers. An invasion by the "Cooties" was one of the evening's incidents. For all of which we can thank Comrade Percy Jones.

"The most attractive decorations I have ever seen arranged for a convention." That is what General Brett said of the appearance presented by the Norfolk streets, gay with red, white and blue bunting, the insignia of the various organizations, and tights and floral wreaths. "With the exception, perhaps of Pennsylvania Avenue," the General added, "Norfolk is better decorated than was any part of Washington during the Shrine convention early this summer."

Among the new faces seen during the week was that of Colonel Charles Keller, holder of the D. S. M. and war-time commander of the 317th Infantry, who is now attached to the Army War College, in Washington. The Colonel, while enjoying his premier Reunion, early demonstrated his ability as a "reg'lar feller" and the boys reciprocated by electing him a Vice President of the Division Association. Colonel Keller is rightly proud of his old regiment, and the numerals "317" insured a hearty reception.

Norfolk's "moistness," probably due to the proximity of the Atlantic and the "rum fleet," was universally commented upon (and frequently experienced in a way that left pleasant memories). In fact, the good city amply upholds the prestige and reputation befitting it as one of our great seaports. Some of the boys "toted their own" presumably not aware of the extent and volume of Hampton Roads.

Col. Charles Borland, Director of Public Safety and a veteran himself, a few days prior to the convention wrote Chief of Police Guynn suggesting that the police exercise discretion in handling the crowds, and for the members of the force to appreciate the fact that the veterans were guests of the city of Norfolk. Anyone who was present knows that Comrade Borland's suggestion was adopted en toto. As one buddy expressed it, "They were the best ol' police ever!"

Hundreds of delegates visited the naval activities around Hampton Roads, the chief attraction being the Naval Base. The aerodrome and the different types of planes drawn up at the air station were objects of especial interest. Crowds strolled through the grounds daily, and from all accounts exceeded in numbers by far anything on record.

General Brett kept his word to "his boys." He said that nothing could keep him away from the Reunion and, like the good soldier he is, he saw to it that nothing did. While the General has been called to a wider field of service, the 80th has not lost him, for he personally assured us of what everyone already knows: that he will be as loyal a worker in the ranks as at the helm.

Two regular Reunion attendants, and two of the 80th's warmest friends and admirers, were present from Pittsburgh in the persons of Miss Sue Sellers and Miss Horne, of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1. The 80th is proud of them, and they're proud of the 80th. Told us so.

The display of World War photographs belonging to James A. Spencer, of the 305th Engineers, attracted much attention in the windows of a Granby street shop. While these views depicted incidents in the overseas career of the 80th, the interest was not confined to Blue Ridgers alone.

Westmoreland Davis, war Governor of Virginia and a frequent visitor at Camp Lee in training days, sent the Division Association a telegram from his home at Leesburg, Va., expressing regret over his inability to be present. The message read:

"Disappointed not to be with you. Greetings to the gallant Eightieth. May this reunion be as joyous as the achievements for your country have been great."

A. V. F. W. extra was published by the *Bridgeport (Conn.) Telegram* Saturday, August 25th, and sent to Norfolk for free distribution among the veterans. A most complimentary article described the 80th's part in the convention.

At least fifteen or twenty musical organizations were in the city during the week, many of the V. F. W. posts bringing their bands and drum and bugle corps. By day and by night, the visiting musicians made merry, mixing stirring war-time favorites with the more modern "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and other popular airs. They were easily the most joyously welcomed visitors in Norfolk.

The various fraternal, civic and veterans' bodies kept open house during the week, the facilities of their halls and club-rooms being thrown open to visiting members.

Lieut. Schoble's eloquent appeal for life-members of the Division Association at Tuesday's business session resulted in 22 "recruits" signing up for "life-terms." The 318th Infantry hero's appeal was repeated at a subsequent session by special request.

The hospitality of the city of Portsmouth was extended to the veterans Tuesday afternoon, several thousand availing themselves of the opportunity to view the historic town across the Elizabeth River. A chartered boat carried the visitors across the river, where they were met by private machines and conveyed through the city. The Navy Yard was an attraction to many from the inland states, and hundreds inspected the destroyers and other naval craft docked at the yard, sailors acting as guides.

The visit to Portsmouth reached a climax in the Naval Hospital grounds, where a monster watermelon feast was tendered all comers. While Ringgold's Band, from Scranton, Pa., dispensed music, 500 melons were consumed and the entertainment committee was obliged to order another 200 before every demand was satisfied. Following the "feed," the visitors were escorted through the Naval Hospital. (Page "Cy" Madden, boy!)

Most fittingly, General Cronkhite was nominated by General Brett for the post of President of the 80th Division Association. In concluding his remarks, General Brett said: "There is not a man in the Eightieth

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Division whose heart does not warm at mention of the name of Cronkhite." It was the signal for a burst of applause, and the crowd jumped to its feet to proclaim their approval of the nomination.

For the first time at any Reunion, three 80th Division chaplains were present. These were Chaplains William Byrd Lee, Jr., 319th Infantry, of Berkeley, Va.; Theodore Beck, 320th Infantry, of Williamsport, Pa.; and Father Edward A. Wallace, 320th Infantry, of Manhattan Beach, N. Y. Many expressions of regret were heard over the absence of the familiar face of Rev. Arthur H. Brown, of Weehawken, N. J., senior Divisional Chaplain and formerly Chaplain of the 318th Infantry.

The Royal Military Order of the Cootie was present in force, their fantastic costumes, elongated red fezzes, metal insignia and unbroken merry-making demonstrating their right to "start something" whenever and wherever the spirit decreed. Their mascot, a billy-goat, frequently contributed to the festivities of the occasion as he was led protestingly about the Norfolk streets.

One of the notable outcomes of the Division Reunion was the formation Thursday of the 317th Infantry Association, when 150 former members of that regiment met in the Masonic Temple immediately after the parade. Colonel Charles Keller, of Washington, war-time commander of the 317th, was elected President and Lieut. Carl T. Hatch, of Baltimore, who was wounded in action, was chosen Secretary-Treasurer. "Let's go, 317!"

Although by all rules of the game, Johnstown, Pa., should have the edge on Norfolk when it comes to flooding contests, five of the latter city's fire fighters took all the liquid that the visiting water-throwers could offer Thursday night in front of the Norfolk City Hall, and after seven minutes of combat before an immense crowd, the judges pronounced the contest a draw. The spectators lined the sidewalks and filled the middle of the street, most of them getting sprayed from time to time as the battle waged.

Two of the long-distance Blue Ridgers in attendance were Lieut. Kendricks, of Wyoming, formerly of the 319th Infantry, and Capt. C. C. Griffin, of Fort Leavenworth, Kans., formerly of the 318th Infantry, who came East especially for the Reunion. They didn't regret it.

All honors for distance, however, go to Comrade F. H. Jordan, of 319th Inf. Hq. Co., who came all the way from California to mingle with his old buddies. The 80th

is mighty proud of him, and of the spirit he showed when he traveled from the Pacific to the Atlantic to be with us.

President Calvin Coolidge, who had been extended an invitation to be the guest of Norfolk during Reunion week, was prevented from accepting because of the pressure of official duties and the 30-day period of official mourning for the late President Harding. General Hines, Director of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau, was present as the President's representative.

The Norfolk papers, for several days immediately preceding the Reunion, carried articles descriptive of the military operations of the 80th, these being furnished by the Division History Committee. Numerous photographs of 80th Division activities in France were also reproduced.

Two squadrons of Martin bombers from Langley Field hovered over the city during the parade Thursday afternoon, adding a touch of realism to the event. This time, however, no warning cry of "Boche!" interrupted the aerial spectacle.

The Reunion program this year was issued jointly with the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the publication being in the form of a special edition of *Foreign Service* with photographs and accounts of the members of the Norfolk committees who worked so hard to insure the week the magnificent success it proved to be.

Thursday night was officially observed as "Veterans' Night" at Ocean View, the beach and park being turned over to the visitors, and in consequence Ocean View registered its largest crowd of the season. Free tickets to all park amusements were previously issued and the buddies and buddy-ettes who crowded the Dips, the Carousel, the Old Mill, House of Joy, Flying Aeroplanes, Dodgem and other thrills calculated to turn even an old-timer's hair gray, spoke vociferous appreciation.

Father Edward A. Wallace, formerly Chaplain, 320th Infantry, was late in arriving, but he came all the way from Manhattan Beach, N. Y., to officiate at the Memorial Mass held in the Norfolk Cathedral Friday morning, and every Blue Ridger was both proud and happy to greet his big, warm-hearted comrade again. Every time we meet Father Wallace, our admiration for the sons of Erin grows by leaps and bounds.

A number of veterans took advantage of the opportunity to use the special launches provided and visit the battle-ship fleet stationed in Hampton Roads, and many others

who did not, glimpsed the grim grey war-dogs while crossing over the harbor. However, perhaps few knew that the battle-ships had been ordered to Norfolk by the Secretary of the Navy for this particular occasion.

The social activities of the week were inaugurated Monday evening by a reception tendered by Norfolk Post No. 632, V. F. W., in the balcony of the Monticello Hotel to all visiting 80th Division and V. F. W. members. Light refreshments were served as an additional attraction. The officer at the end of the receiving line was Capt. J. C. Peck, Senior V. C. of Norfolk Post, and formerly of the 319th Infantry.

Mr. Stockton, of the Virginia War History Commission, was present during the last two days of the Reunion in the interests of obtaining historical material for the Commission and announcing its recently published volume, "Virginians of Distinguished Service in the World War."

A feature of the week was the Unit banquets staged by members of the 317th Infantry, 313th, 314th and 315th Field Artillery Regiments. These were informal affairs, hastily arranged on the spur of the moment, else the attendance would doubtless have been much larger. However, it strikes us that this innovation in 80th Division Reunions is one worthy of being repeated more extensively next year.

The Woman's Drum and Bugle Corps, from Atlantic City, was very much in evidence and attracted perhaps more attention than any other musical organization in the city. To it, incidentally, is due a large measure of credit for the V. F. W.'s decision to hold their 1924 Encampment at the New Jersey resort. You couldn't keep 'em down.

Medals and decorations awarded General Adelbert Cronkhite and General L. M. Brett by their own and foreign governments, which were on display in the window of Flickinger's jewelry store during Reunion week, drew much attention from both visitors and citizens. The jeweled sword presented to General Cronkhite by the State of Virginia when he returned from France with the 80th, held the interest of many. Comrade Percy Jones is located with this firm.

General Brett was the principal speaker Wednesday afternoon at the dedication of the Westover Oak as a living memorial to the Norfolk boys who died in service during the World War. Rain fell while the General was speaking, but it failed to

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dampen the fire of true patriotism he uttered in lauding the women of Norfolk for making the memorial possible. General Brett, at the conclusion of his remarks, placed a large wreath upon the tablet beneath the tree as a tribute from the men of the 80th Division.

Greetings from the Ninety-first Division were extended by a delegation of Californians present at Wednesday's business session. The introduction of the visitors who conveyed the good wishes of the Pacific Coast outfit was enthusiastically received.

Among the late Reunion arrivals was Col. Frank S. Cocheu, formerly Commanding Officer, 319th Infantry, and now Chief of Staff, Third Corps Area, who reached Norfolk Thursday from Baltimore. The 319th was well represented and Colonel Cocheu was kept busy exchanging greetings with the men of his old regiment. Do it again next year, Colonel.

Old Madame Rumor, once a well-known character in the A. E. F., paid a fleeting visit to the Reunion, when a Norfolk paper published a photograph of Elsie Janis with the statement that "Captain Elsie" would appear in Norfolk during the week. Unfortunately, however, the report remained a report. Remember the time when she and the General danced?

A special postal cancellation was authorized by Postmaster-General New, a member of the V. F. W., for use in stamping all mail leaving Norfolk during the period of the Reunion. The cancellation read: "V. F. W. ENCAMPMENT & 80TH DIVISION REUNION; NORFOLK, AUG. 27-31."

Dr. Theodore Beck, of Williamsport, Pa., formerly Chaplain of the 319th Infantry, who was wounded in France while conducting a funeral and who was elected Chaplain of the Division Association to succeed Capt. Thomas W. Hooper, has found time since returning to the States to secure his degree of LL.D. and mix a bit in politics. Anyone who heard Dr. Beck speak at the Division Memorial services Thursday morning experienced a reconsecration of the old spirit of comradeship.

While all business sessions of the several organizations convening in Norfolk were held separately, the entertainment features of the week were staged jointly. The program worked out *tres bon*, save for the fact that those "vets" who were affiliated with more than one body were hard put to "fall in" at all formations.

The police patrols, determined to keep pace with the rest of the city in extending hospitality, adopted the "Hop In, Buddy!" invitations for their Black Marias. If anyone made the sad error of accepting the polite summons extended by the minions of the law, the fact became one of the dark secrets of Reunion week.

One of our live-wire buddies from West Virginia, who helped to make the Charleston Reunion a success, was represented in Norfolk in the person of "Fats," the big boy from the Field Artillery. "Fats" is a true son of the 80th and he conscientiously practices that good old French phrase of *bon temps*, just as he practiced being a good cook in other days.

No quartet of Reunion visitors were in greater demand than General Cronkrite, General Brett, Colonel Keller and Lieut. Frank Schoble, Jr., as speakers and their presence in town reminded Norfolk that the 80th can do a lot of things besides fighting. One wise buddy delivered himself of the observation that 'twas an easy and logical step from army commands to oratory, but anyone who's tried it out knows better.

One of the bright spots in Wednesday's business session was the application of forty-one men from Philadelphia for a charter for Philadelphia Post No. 2 of the Division Association. The charter was enthusiastically granted and a number of additional names were added during the meeting. Let's make certain who's going to be next.

One erstwhile veteran, bearing a German name and hailing from Mississippi, found to his sorrow and expense that it doesn't pay to impersonate an honest-to-goodness doughboy. Carl, after several days spent right royally, divided between the role of a Marine and a mademoiselle, was brought back to earth when he was arrested upon the charge of wearing veterans' insignia unlawfully. Result: A visit to the station-house and a fine of twenty bucks and cost, not to mention the loss of his V. F. W. badge, the "Cootie" emblem, a Mississippi war ribbon and a host of other insignia. Too bad, Carl.

The by-laws of the Division Association were amended to provide for two new offices, those of Historian and Judge-Advocate, R. L. Stultz, of New Market, Va., being elected to the former post and Judge D. Paulson Foster, of Pittsburgh, to the latter. Let's hope we shan't come in conflict while checking up on G. G. M.'s.

Anyone who mourns the loss of General

Brett to the V. F. W. will kindly remember that he still belongs to the 80th. The General was previously chosen Honorary President of the Division Association, therefore he's a Blue Ridger still, first, last and always.

Norfolk's cordial spirit of welcome was strikingly exemplified by the large number of visiting veterans who were entertained at the regular weekly luncheons of the Rotary, Kiwanis, Civitan, Lions and Red Deer clubs held at the Hotel Fairfax. In addition to entertaining visiting members of their organizations, numerous Blue Ridders and others were welcomed as honor guests.

Among the military units participating in Thursday's parade was the 116th Infantry, a Virginia National Guard regiment of the 29th Division, which had arrived at Camp Trinkle, Virginia Beach, during the week for its regular hitch at the army game. Numbered in the 116th's ranks was Major Robert T. Barton, of Winchester, late of the 313th F. A., who now commands the Third Battalion of that organization—and likes it.

Many of the boys visited the beaches, as one of 'em explained, "to get wet externally." Internal libations were available at all hours, both day and night, without the necessity of forming "beach parties." True, they weren't scheduled on the official program, but the lure of Princess Anne "corn" wasn't to be denied. "Ain't nature grand?"

Naval officials of high rank, who were in Norfolk during the week, reminded dough-boys and leather-necks that gobs can be vets, too. Among those present who command a high rating in the nautical Blue Book were Rear Admiral Roger Welles, commandant of the Fifth Naval district; Rear Admiral W. A. Moffatt, chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics; and Rear Admiral Henry J. Zeigemeier, commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard. Mess-boys were likewise seen as well as "heard!"

Capt. Thomas W. Hooper, of the 319th Infantry, known throughout the A. E. F. as the "Fightin' Parson," went A. W. O. L. from his pastorate at Culpeper, Va., and thereby maintained an unblemished Reunion record. It does a hard-boiled old sinner good, just to sit and watch Cap'n. "Tom" handle a gavel at a business session.

Eightieth Division battle flags, loaned by the State of Virginia for the occasion played their part in the parade and spoke again of dying, mud-encrusted heroes who gave them immortal glory on a war-torn soil.

(Continued on Page 31)



A PAGE TO WIT

"OUR MAG"---By the Office Boy



YOUS betcher I wuz there! Not even the police can keep me away from an 80th Div. reyonnian. This wuz me forth an I thought the last but Doc Seelinger sez to me, sezze, "Speakin' as a member of the perfession, I am very sorry to state yous will doubtless recover on acct. of your cast-iron stomnick an the 13th amendment to your constitootion an I recommend quiet an arrest fer yous with solitary confinement as long as possorable fer the benefit of all concerned" wich I thought wuz mighty kind of him an still think. sinse I aint seen no bill nor reason to change my mind, but beelieve me, I aint goin to never eat no more of them southern wattermellons.

Of course none of yous guys knowed me sinse I traveled in cog neeter, just like the Prince of Whales, on acct. of not wantin to pay no board bills no more than I haf to. The Boss sez to me afore I left, boy, if I hadder reputaotion like yous, I would use an alias when I hit Norfolk, fer some of the guys you been makin cracks about in that colume of yours will sure be pleased to meetcher, so I sez to him sezzi, I am goin among refined southern gentlemen I will have yous remember an besides I woodent use no alias if it wuz the last weppon in the world an I am allus safe in refined society with yous when I have them brass knucklers and that blackjack I allus use durin elections in Pittsburg.

I got by too without usin no alias but I did use a phoney name fer safety furst, wich I dont regret as the furst feller I bumps up again is a guy I owed ten francs to wich I didnt remember. I just give him one of them Virginia Spot stares an sez nice an perlight, Par compree, Jenny see Pa, Muh bookoo muh lad, allay toot sweet, avey vous cooinyak? Non? Bah! Blooey! Blam! Car-rrr-amba, Sac-rrr-remento, Cuspidor-rrr-o! an he faded thinkin no doubt I wuz one of them hard boiled Spanish eggs, wich dont fool.

Talker bout somethin doin ever minit.

Fer too sents I wood just as lief be a Norfolkian or Hampton Roadster fer the rest of my days if they is as-live as they wuz when they carried me away. Gosh! didja lookit the dekorations, perades, smokers, bands, cooties, an ah? The soldiers an Gobs an Marines an Auxiliariers buddied around together just like brother K. P.'s an wuz the most peaseable fightin men yous ever seen. Coarse I didnt git no sleep nor no buddy else but the Boss said frum past experience he could not prevent me makin it up without firin me.

Didjer lamp all the Lady Auxiliariers of the 80th an V. F. W.? Some class, huh? But these here Reyounians is gittin more dangerous fer a single guy ever year when

you consider the high cost of cigaretts and other nessesities of modern materamoney.

When a guy sez ter me wuz yous ever in Paris I got a snappy come back now by sayin never herd of that town can yous have as good time there as Norfolk, an I tells him what he missed this year or what part of it I can remember wich is kinder uncertain in spots, an speekin of the latter, I goes into a resterant down there an not wishin to eat no fish wich I hear is brain food, I orders somethin on the meenyoun called Virginia Spots, wich I figgers is a liquid, and the sillies brunged around a fish just to kid me I guess on account of me beein thirsty.

Hopeing yous are the same,

—THE OFFICE BOY.

Very Lights

DATES OF WORLD TRAGEDIES

The saxophone was invented in 1846.
Jazz started in 1915.

Short skirts were kicked out in 1922.

"Yes, We Have No Bananas" was written in 1923.—*Connecticut Enquirer*.

SOME PROBLEM

"Pa," began Jimmy, "it says here in the book, 'A man is known by the company he keeps.'"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, if a good man keeps company with a bad man, is the good man bad because he keeps company with the bad man, or is the bad man good because he keeps company with the good man?"

"Why-er-of-course. Hark! Isn't that your mother calling for you to go to bed?"

TRY AND GET IT

She was in a telephone booth and had just put in a toll call. She wept bitterly

as she pulled down on the hook to attract Central's attention.

"Hello?" came Central's clear voice.

"H-hello," she sobbed. "I w-want my money back. Harold w-wouldn't speak to me."

TIMES DON'T CHANGE

Teacher (intent on the lesson): "And vast swarms of flies descended on the land, and came into the houses of the Egyptians, and covered their clothing, their tables, and all their food, but there were no flies on the children of Israel."

Boy: "Please, ma'am, there ain't now, either."

Old, Colored Mammy: Ise wants a ticket fo' Florence.

Ticket Agent (after ten minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides): Where the devil is Florence?

Old Colored Mammy: Settin' over dar on de bench.—*Princeton Tiger*.

The Debut of "General Tonic"

By Fay A. Davis

ONE of the most bungling misfits of the World War's hodge-podge was the quaint camp of Cochin Chinese situated in the woods near Souilly. To combatant troops, these pigmy, toothless, citrine-skinned followers of Confucious need no introduction, for almost every soldier who constituted an integral part of that hazardous expedition to the "front," rode at least some part of the long, tiresome journey in a French or English truck driven by one of these makeshift soldiers from the Far East. The strange, mystic land of silhouetted antiquity and the blossoming poppy was their habitat. Transplanted in Flanders for the duration of the war, they imparted a weird, oriental touch to the gruesome scenes of waste and wanton devastation. Although far removed from their colorful and exotic, native land, the fields about them were abundant with a species of the commercial flower they knew so well, the scarlet poppy, the heretofore detestable flower that was destined to rise from the meanest obscurity to play a role so tragic as to win forever a warm spot in the heart of the A. E. F.

At the outbreak of the World War, Japan, having aligned herself with the Triple Entente, was naturally expected to "sweeten the pot" with her "ante," but holding a "trump card," as it were, she was adverse to "showing her hand" in the presence of England, a nation that has systematically dictated the balance of international power since the days when Japan was an infinitesimal tadpole in the Pacific. Always reputed to be a mercenary nation, she was not in the mood of jeopardizing the cream of her man-power without getting something in return. Knowing only too well from past experiences, that it was useless to waste time dickering with England, and taking it for granted that France, in dire straits for men, and hard pressed for money, munitions and raw materials, would be easy prey for her thirsty colonial aggrandizement, she politely suggested to France with due diplomacy, that she was in a position to place half million trained and equipped soldiers in the field against Germany at once, if France would in return, relinquish her hold on French Cochin, China. France, although rich in colonial possessions, wasn't observing any bargain day and flatly refused the proffer. But France needed soldiers and needed them badly. As a last resort, she conscripted the Cochin Chinese and put them in the trenches; but like most of the man-power from the French colonial possessions, Algiers, Tunis, etc., they did not fill the bill. Unfortunately for France, they possessed no natural aptitude for fighting where in-

human, barbarous and guerrilla methods were frowned upon. Moreover, the French equipment was equally as strange to them as the battle-field chores they were expected to perform. They never learned to use the French gas-mask, and once they got comfortably settled in a shell-hole or dugout, it required the persuasion of a hand-grenade to bring them out. About all the equipment the poor chink took a fancy to was the French helmet, which sat on his head like a flower-pot, giving her ears the appearance of toadstools sprouting from beneath. Numberless attempts at adapting them to some kind of work were of no avail. The French spent a lot of time and energy to place them to some advantage. They were given the choice of many things to do, but they hadn't the knack, the technique, the knowledge with which to do them. And in many cases, the French themselves were not so well versed in the knowledge, and their method left much to be desired in the best ways of imparting it. Finally it was found, just as the circle of adaption seemed exhausted, that the remotest accomplishment of which they would have been suspected was the very game in which they were the pioneers—operating a motor driven vehicle.

By the time the Yanks arrived in France, practically all French motor vehicles transporting troops to the "front" were driven by these same chinks. And it was no lazy man's job, remember, for sometimes their machines never stopped for days and nights at a stretch.

In spiral puttees that beggars description, his Adam's apple protruding above the frayed collar of a discarded French blouse as to give one the impression that the weight of the helmet might have something to do with it, the chink who led our caravan presented a forlorn sight there on the seat of a mud splattered truck with the strap of the helmet carefully tucked under his chin to hold it on. His puny yellow face, pale lavender lips, and black beady eyes reminded one of a pet sunflower that is just going to seed. This strange fellow had many long, weary hours of wakefulness. He couldn't talk to any one; but he had an eye for business. He was not long in getting on friendly terms with the Yankee soldiers, despite his lingual handicap, and it all came about in this way:

By chance, some incognito buck-private discovered that this chink usually had a copious supply of "wet goods" parked under the seat of his truck, which he had no scrupulous objections to selling if the price was right. Just think of it. There at your billet door was a refuge from the approaching winter's chill and needless

to say, that buck-private lost no time in wildly advertising his timely discovery. Business began to pick up immediately. A modest supply was available for distribution and delivery. All transactions were C. O. D., and the Chambre de Commerce de Nancy francs put in their appearance as soon as the crafty Yank ascertained the presence of three miniature stars burnt in the cork. What could have been more delightful? Rural delivery; open stock to pick from; no gauntlet of hostile M. P.'s to run; and you were temporarily relieved of that ordeal of guzzling chlorinated slop from the lister bag. Business grew by leaps and bounds. Customers found rejuvenation in every bottle. There was gaiety and romance drifting aimlessly without an oar and as the merry imbibers began to see things in France they never saw before, many a charming toast was drunk to the health of Mr. Hennessey. Then up sprang a bleary-eyed corporal on the limber of a caisson shouting frantically, "Hey, comrades! I fear we are forgetting our 3-star friend, the chink." "Three big cheers for 'General Tonic'," which munificent handle, in lieu of a better one, the bibulous corporal tacked on the timid chink. From then on no one dared speak disrespectfully of that chink and his strange "no checkee, no washee" warble in the presence of Yankee soldiers. And be it noted that this unexpected source of stimulation, to be sure, constituted the initial introduction of the bootlegger to the A. E. F.

A SUGGESTION

Speaking of that song "Yes, We Have No Bananas," for no reason whatever, if the fruit-stand vendor can sing of his wares, why can't others warble about their particular graft? It would be a good idea for a cafe to put a singer out in front, who could yodel something like this:

"Our liver and bacon
Are right in the makin',

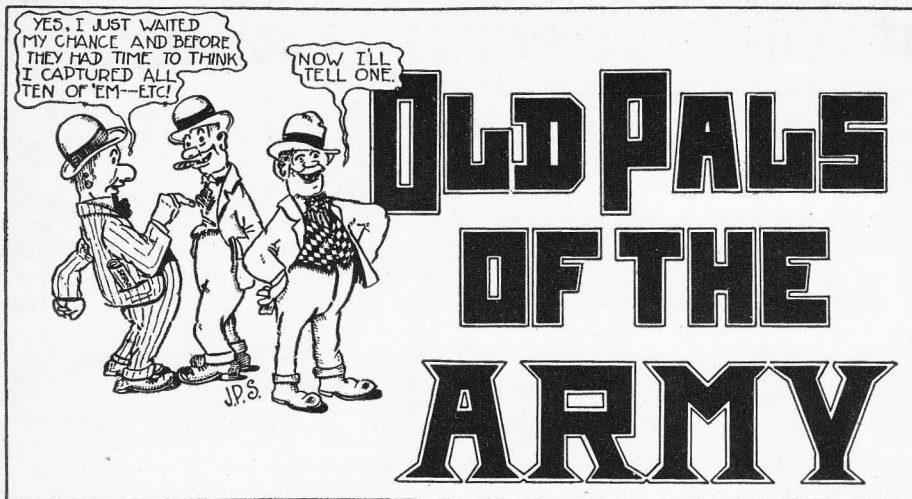
The liver's the wurst you can find.
We've got nice fresh hammie,
It's cooked by old Mammie;

She's dirty, and stone-deaf, and blind.
Our butter is better,
She'll walk if you let'er,

So strong that you can't make it mind.
Our sausage is pony,
It's worse than bologny.

It's been for a week in the grind;
But No!, we have lots of victuals,
We have lots of victuals today."

—Douglas Co. Legionnaire



Camp Fire Tales

The Ghost Watch

By W. A. Smith



ERGEANT Kovelenco is responsible for the tale, as I heard it one evening in an old stone barrack over in France. It was during the time we were waiting more or less impatiently for the powers that be to order our return to our native land. When we were wont to gather in groups around the fire when the day was done and discuss our past experiences in other climes and lands. This was especially true when the Majors edict, or the absence of payday had temporarily closed the cafes to us.

Strange tales were told those nights by the dim candle and fire light, the speaker's face was oftentimes only dimly visible to the listening group. Only the voice of the speaker told unconsciously what part of God's country he held most dear. Perhaps it was the soft drawl of one of the lads from Virginia, or maybe the lad from Boston betrayed his birthplace in the way he rolled his R's, or perhaps they were "wise woids" of a lad from New York or Pennsylvania, or again it might be the tale came in halting English that told of a foreign birth or parentage. All were brothers then, and all had their chance at fire-side oratory.

One evening the talk drifted to ghosts. Perhaps it was because that day we had dug up parts of the skeleton of a man, in the stone quarry where we had been working for the past few weeks, getting out stone to repair the roads. Perhaps it was the dim ghostly light and the stillness of the night. At any rate a silence had settled over the group, when Kovelenco, whose checkered experience had included service in the Russian army, spoke up:

"You know, boys, one night when I was on guard in the Russian army, I was as badly scared as I ever was in my life. We were in camp," he continued, when he saw he had the attention of the bunch. "In

the Russian army camps they have a little building especially to put men in that die in camp. If a soldier happens to die, they put him in this little building for three days and post a guard over the place. One night I was on guard duty and it happened there was a man in the dead house and I was assigned to that post. My second turn on duty came about three o'clock in the morning. Everything was quiet about camp, and my nerves were rather tense as I paced back and forth and thought about my spooky job of guarding a dead man. It was in the summertime and a light breeze had sprung up since I had been on duty before. As I passed by the open door something impelled me to stop a moment and look inside and see if all was well. The building contained only one room, and it was bare except for the bier that held the body of the dead man who was covered with a white sheet. There was no light in the room except for a candle at the foot of the corpse, which gave forth a sickly, fluttering light. Everything was quiet and motionless as I looked in, and I was about to resume my monotonous tramp, when all of a sudden the sheet raised up as though the corpse was attempting to get up. My heart almost stopped beating, and I could feel the hair raise on the back of my neck. I could not move or take my eyes from the sheet-draped figure. As I stood there spellbound the sheet settled back into place, and then the spell that held me broke and I yelled loudly for the corporal of the guard. The other guards took up the cry, but it seemed centuries before I heard his approaching footsteps.

"He was somewhat inclined to laugh at my nervousness when he heard my story. And with him there I thought perhaps I had been seeing things. But I persuaded him to stay a while and watch with me. As

we became quiet again the courage his presence had given me began to ooze away, and I could feel the goose-pimples on my skin. We stood and watched the corpse through the open door. Neither of us had ventured in, for in spite of his scoffing, he seemed to have no desire to investigate. As we watched, I thought I detected a slight movement of the sheet, and I turned to the corporal to see if he had seen it too, or if my nerves were getting the best of me. In the dim light I could see his face turn an ashy grey, and a look of horror and fright settle down upon him. My gaze followed his and I saw the sheet move slowly upwards several inches and almost immediately settle back into place. The candle flickered and almost went out. I felt the cold sweat on my forehead. Suddenly the corporal gave a yell and started to run from the spot. But I was too quick for him. I did not dare leave my post, and I didn't mean to be left alone with a dead man that persisted in moving around. So I grabbed him and held him fast. Both of us were yelling now, and the corporal was struggling to get away from me, and I was holding on for dear life. The commotion soon brought a number of officers and men to the spot to see what the trouble was. The dead man, however, did not seem to be disturbed by numbers for the sheet continued to move about occasionally. Grizzled officers were for the moment unnerved by the strange uncanny sight. The wind was blowing stronger now, and suddenly the candle went out. Someone ordered a light brought, and they went in and found the corpse cold and stiff.

It remained for the company detective to solve the mystery. He found that there was a small window open in the rear of the building that caused a draft to blow through when the door was open. The body happened to be placed just right so the wind would gather under the sheet during the gentle gusts, and raise it up. When the breeze would die down, the sheet would settle back into place. But for all that, they put a double guard on the place, and I was glad when morning came.

There was silence for a minute, when he had finished. Then Jazz Robinson drawled, "Say, I reckon that would be one heluva place to put a man. Now wouldn't it?"

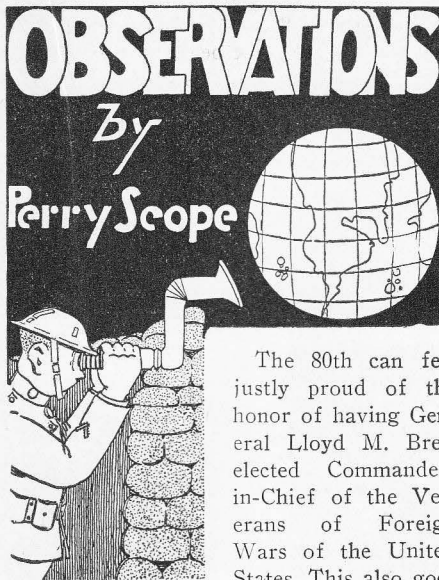
"LETTER FROM A CAPTAIN TO ONE OF HIS MEN"

Arkansas City, Kansas,
August 21, 1923.

Dear Friend George:

Am taking time to drop you a line while the spirit moves. You know when the temperature has been around 110 for about a month a feller doesn't feel overburdened with pep. That is just the kind of weather we have been up against with the added discomfort of dry weather. Don't know when we had a rain last, but it probably

(Continued on Page 32)



The 80th can feel justly proud of the honor of having General Lloyd M. Brett elected Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. This also goes with the reverse English, for the Vets have honored themselves in electing this true gentleman and Soldier as their Commander.

Many of the old habitual office-holding politicians are squirming in their swivel-chairs—perhaps conscience has found a new place to attack.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world—including those who call General Cronkhite crazy for wanting those responsible for the murder of his only son brought to trial.

Soldiers who have fought for their country should not be expected to come home and dig down into their own pockets to hire legal talent to force the courts of justice to function properly.

The American people are to be congratulated upon their good judgment and understanding at soldier Reunions. The soldiers as a rule reciprocate in good behavior and a generous boost for their hosts and the convention city.

Several cities that got all puffy-faced with patriotism after "We won the War," and rechristened some of their boulevards and theatres after General Pershing are now changing back to the old names. Vernon Castle is the latest war hero to lose his boulevard memorial in one of our Southern cities. It's going to take longer for time to erase certain names from the memory of some Buddies we know fairly well.

Election day in America is when a few misguided citizens, who think they are good citizens, and who prove it by exercising their franchise as voters, go to the polls and vote for one or two hand-picked candidates who have it all pre-arranged as to what job the loser will get from the winner. As they hurl their eleventh hour hatred at each other through the local press, one can

detect a deep guffaw from the villain hiding behind the ballot box—truly, civilization is a wonderful thing. Ain't Nature Grand?

Getting jealous of the other Nations hogging the limelight, Spain has at last entered the arena of those nations discontented with what they have, and who are contented with being discontented.

The Democracy Barber Shop is still doing business at the old stand.

Now that we have recovered consciousness, we must admit it was the greatest and best reunion yet.

Norfolk can give some of our other cities which claim to be progressive a few pointers on making a convention successful.

The cooties lived up to their reputation by keeping everyone awake all night and all the week.

The politicians are once more beginning to show a "big brother" attitude toward the former soldier. Of course, it is only a matter of appreciation and disinterested motives!

Remember the type of officer who made a practice of informing the enlisted man, "You're not supposed to think—I'm here to do your thinking for you?" He is no doubt running for a political job these days.

It is not only the politician who insults the intelligence of the former soldier and the ordinary citizen. Some of our writers who perhaps trained in the propagandist schools during the war have never discovered that others besides themselves have their share of "horse sense" which prevents their swallowing wild statements merely because they appear in print. "McClure's Magazine" for September prints an article entitled, "America Disarmed," by Herbert B. Mayer, giving an account of the present unpreparedness of our military and Naval forces. The Editor states, "McClure's publishes the article in the belief that it will come as startling news to every reader." One paragraph assuredly will—listen to this and note how ignorant you are:

"We found out, too, that our one major engagement—the Argonne—was a massacre of untrained men, who died in clusters, some of them so ignorant of the art of war that they had loaded their cartridges in the rifles with the bullets pointing toward themselves. Well informed military authorities estimate that with trained troops the Argonne could have been won in a week; as it was that deadly killing of our men lasted over a month. That it was lack of training which caused the heavy losses in

new divisions was indicated by the experience of older divisions, trained to the limit, which at a minimum of casualties conquered ground even more difficult than that which had bled the new organizations white."

Oh, ain't we dumb! As dumb as they come—and then some. He should have added that some were so untrained that they didn't know what a condiment can was for and as likely as not would drop a hand-grenade into a dugout full of poor defenseless Germans who were engaged in the harmless pastime of oiling their machine-guns. We were so untrained that we even had an idea that the war would be over by Thanksgiving when the French figured on four more years, but it seems that we should have finished it in a week, and saved unnecessary expense.

One hundred twenty-five thousand wounded ex-service men of France will get government jobs as a result of a bill passed by the French senate reserving certain positions for war wounded.

Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 1.—A \$50,000 fire believed to have been of an incendiary origin, last night destroyed the Liberty Theater and one of the large barracks buildings here.

MORTALITY IN CIVIL WAR

The battle of our Civil war having the highest mortality rate was Gettysburg—"the high tide of the rebellion"—where 55 men were killed out of every 1,000 engaged. Mortality rates in some other important battles were: First Bull Run, 40.7; second Bull Run, 45.4; Antietam, 39.7; Chickamauga, 47.6; Fredericksburg, 18.1; Wilderness, 31.2; Spottsylvania, 44.3.

SOLDIERS ALLOWED MID-DAY NAP

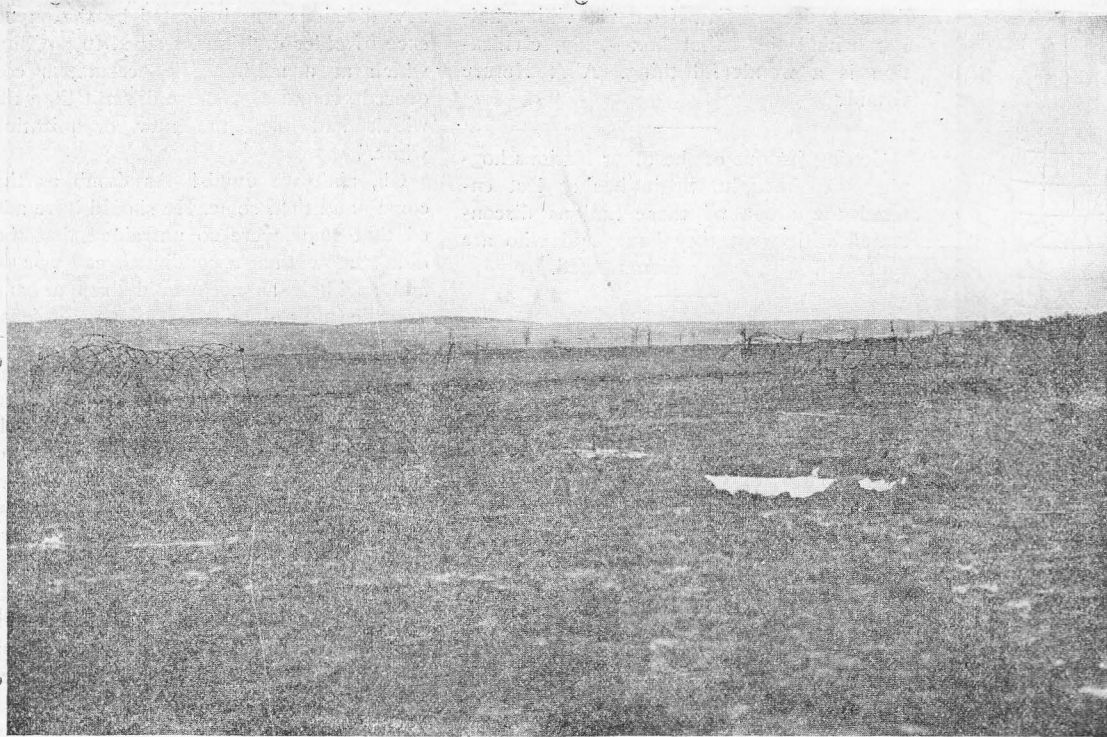
In peace times soldiers in the Italian army are allowed two hours in the middle of the day for a nap.

INVENTED FIXED AMMUNITION

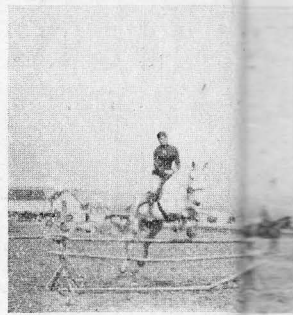
It is to Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, whose reign began in 1611, that history gives credit for the invention of fixed ammunition. In his cartridges the bullets and the charge were united in a paper case. It was not, however, until 1850 that the first successful metallic cartridge was patented by an American.

NO SUCH LUCK

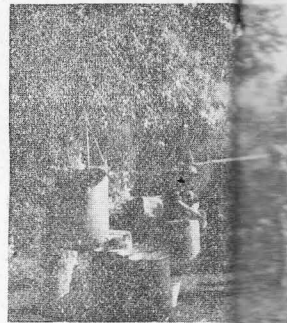
A famous British general possessed of literary leanings, in the course of an address in Edinburgh some years ago, had occasion to remark that he had kissed the "muses." The printer, thinking he could more accurately estimate the probabilities, made it appear that the gallant soldier had kissed the "nurses." In his letter of correction, almost in a spirit of regret, the general made it clear that he had had no such luck!



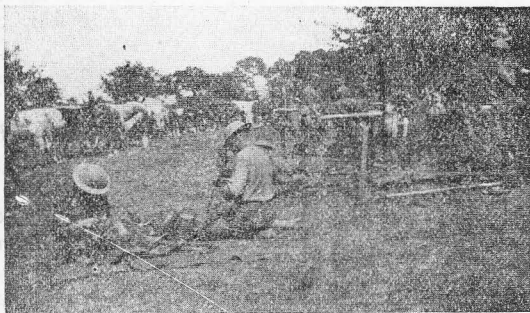
VIEW TO NORTH FROM 1ST BN. O. P. ABOVE ROMAGNE-CUNEL ROAD



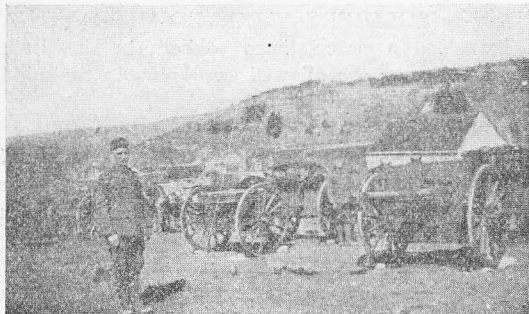
313TH F. IN



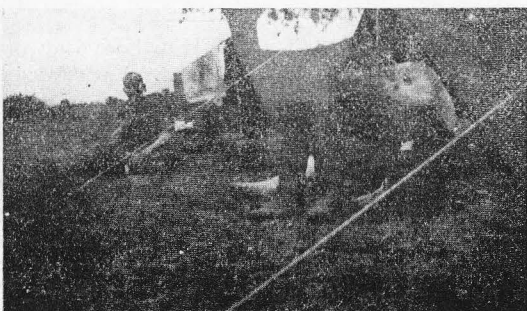
THE OLD LIS



MENDING THE HARNESS



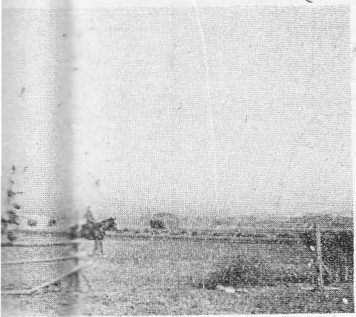
OUT OF ACTION



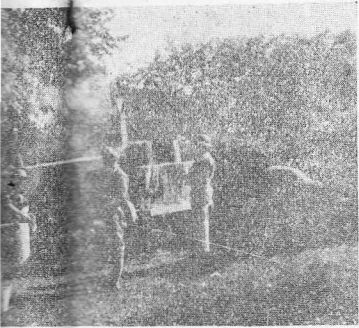
ANOTHER DAY IN



VALLEY OF THE MEUS



H. F. ... IN CAMP



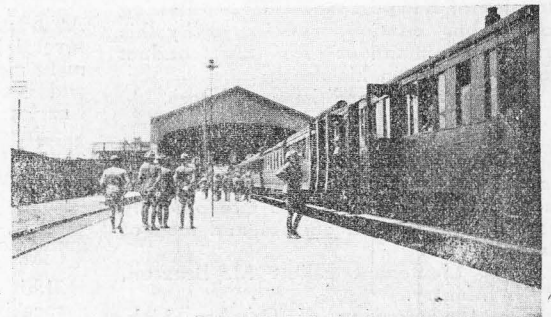
THE OLD LISTER BAG



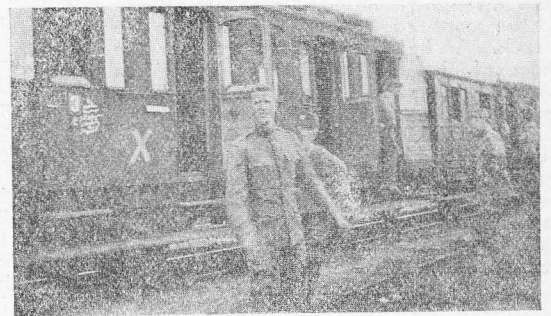
INTERIOR OF CHURCH AT CUNEL



THE MEUSE NEAR STENAY



NO ONE ALLOWED TO LEAVE CARS



A TOURIST TRAIN IN FRANCE



ALL ABOARD FOR "SOMEWHERE"



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

BRAXTON—Elliott M., Jr., formerly First Lieutenant Co. C, 319th Infantry, 80th Division. Funeral services for Lieutenant Elliott M. Braxton, Jr., of Newport News, Virginia, who was killed in action in France near Cunel, in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, on October 11, 1918, were held from the Braxton residence at Fredericksburg, Va., August 22nd. His body was not identified until recently, he being carried as one of the "Unknown," whose last resting place was where he had fallen in battle. Full Military Honors were accorded at his funeral by the Braxton-Perkins Post, American Legion; The Bowen-Franklin Post, named in his honor, and members of Battery D, Hampton. Former Army officers served as pall bearers. Rev. E. T. Wellford, of Newport News, officiated at the religious services and interment was made in the family plot at Fredericksburg, Va. He is survived by his father, E. M. Braxton, a prominent attorney of Newport News. The following posthumous citation was issued by his Brigade Commander for his conduct which resulted in his death:

"American Expeditionary Forces,
"France, May 15, 1919

"201—Braxton, Elliott M.

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

"First Lieutenant Elliott M. Braxton, 319th Infantry.

"On the morning of October 11th, 1918, when the company had been cut in two by having the artillery barrages pass through, Lieutenant Braxton collected the scattered units left and took up the attack. As he led his company over the crest of the hill which led down into Cunel, his command came under annihilating machine gun fire, and while attempting to lead his men forward under this, he fell mortally wounded, dying almost instantly. Lieutenant Braxton by his coolness and courage, stopped his panic stricken men, leading them forward in the advance and filling the gap in the attacking line.

"By command of Brigadier General Brett.

"William C. Vandewater, Captain, Infantry, Adjutant.

"Signed—L. M. BRETT, Commanding."

MUSCHLITZ—Harry W., formerly of Battery A, 315th F. A., of Newark, N. J., was instantly killed Saturday morning, August 18th, at the East Plant of the New Jersey Zinc Company, at Palmerton, Pa., when the iron pipe which he was placing in position in the construction department of the plant came in contact with an electric wire carrying high voltage. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Muschlitz of Newark, with whom he lived. Besides the parents, he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Karl W. Peters, of Philadelphia; Miss Ethel L. Muschlitz, at home and a brother,

(Continued on Page 46)



The next reunion of the old 80th will be featured by Local and Unit P. C.'s of the Association turning out in force judging from present indications. Philadelphia Local P. C. No. 2 was well represented at Norfolk, presenting an application for a charter signed by forty-seven former Blue Ridgers, and this does not begin to represent the membership of the post which is growing by leaps and bounds as the 80th men in Philadelphia and surrounding towns learn of the movement. A meeting of the Post was held September 21st in St. James Guild Hall, 2210 Samson St., Philadelphia, and the next issue of *SERVICE* will contain an account of this Get-Together.

The 317th Infantry promises to have a Regimental P. C. that will be hard to beat. At a meeting held during the Reunion, several hundred members of the old regiment met in the Shrine Temple in Norfolk and started the "ball rolling." Colonel Charles Keller, of the Army Staff College, Washington, D. C., would like to hear from any of the 317th men who were so unfortunate as to be unable to attend the meeting, and who are interested in making 317th's P. C. the leading regimental organization.

315th F. A. is going to give the 317th a race in this respect and Comrade C. F. Bushman, 615 Princeton Ave., Bluefield, W. Va., has announced that the organization is well under way and preparing for a big barrage.

William A. Smith, care of City Engineer's Office, Petersburg, Va., and a number of other buddies in Petersburg are preparing for a meeting to form a Local P. C. in that city.

The leading Local P. C. from point of accomplishing results, is Norfolk P. C. No. 1, the first Post de Command organized, which has the honor and record of handling the entire work of putting across the most successful National Reunion of the Division yet held.

Unit P. C.'s of Co. I, 320th Infantry and Company E, 320th Infantry, are thoroughly organized and promise "something doing" every day for the coming year.

It only takes fifteen Active Members to form either a Local or Unit P. C., with no strings attached to its individual activities. The way to "Move Forward" is to appoint yourself temporary secretary, write to Hamilton P. C. for an application for a Charter, and get the Buddies to sign on the dotted line. It doesn't cost a cent and it will draw dividends that are worth while in the Corporation of Comradeship.

DOWN VIRGINIA WAY

The fourth annual reunion of the 80th

Division, at Norfolk, has passed into history, but its memories will live so long as Blue Ridge traditions survive.

Virginia members of the 80th were, as was to be expected, well represented at the big get-together, the 318th Infantry leading with 200 men, closely followed by the 317th.

Herbert C. King, formerly Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, and later commissioned in France, is manager this season of the Memorial Methodist Episcopal baseball club, of Petersburg, and is reputed to have one of the best amateur teams in the state. Manager King and Manager Earl Vaughan, of Matoaca Methodist Episcopal, a rival club, of Petersburg, are both contesting for a trip to the World's Series in the Famous Fans Contest being conducted by the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

The sympathies of all comrades of his old regiment go to Sergeant and Mrs. Ray B. Coffman, of Edinburg, Va., who lost their infant son, John Nicholas Coffman, Jr., on August 27th. Sergeant Coffman served throughout the career of the 80th with the 313th Field Artillery.

A marriage of interest to former members of the 318th Infantry took place in Harrisonburg, Va., August 22nd, when Miss Vera Viola Hammer became the bride of Joseph H. Senger, late Private, Company M, 318th Infantry. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. F. Gruver, D.D., pastor of the Harrisonburg United Brethren Church, in the presence of a few intimate friends. Following a brief wedding trip by automobile (fmi hiking), Mr. and Mrs. Senger are at home at Spring Creek. Congratulations, Joe.

The resignation of Lieut. Col. Ashby Williams, formerly of the 320th Infantry, in the Officers' Reserve Corps, has been accepted by the President of the United States by reason of physical disability incurred during the war. Col. Williams, who is a native of Roanoke, Va., is now engaged in the practice of law in Washington.

Lieut. Wilson T. Ballard, who served with the 305th Engineers' last month was awarded the cash prize of \$250.00 offered by the Mortgage Guarantee Co., of Baltimore, Md., for the best trade mark submitted in a contest conducted by them. Lieut. Ballard resides at Ruxton, Baltimore county, Md.

Col. Ephraim G. Peyton, formerly of the 320th Infantry, will be one of the principal assistants next year to Col. W. M. Fassett, commandant of the Infantry Specialist School at Fort Benning, Ga. Programs of training for the courses of 1923-24 have been completed by the Chief of Infantry,

Morning Report

approved by the War Department and forwarded to the Commandant to be carried out.

Otis E. Rainier, late Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, is now located at 620 West 29th Street, Norfolk, Va., where he is engaged in the insurance business. Comrade Rainier was among those who welcomed his old pals to Norfolk during the Reunion and extended them true Southern hospitality.

Major Fred C. Cooke, formerly of the 305th Ammunition Train, and now a member of the editorial staff of the *Washington Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., was among those helping to swell the ranks of 80th Division officers in attendance upon the Reunion. Let us hope that Norfolk has persuaded the Major to contract the Reunion "habit."

Sergeant Junius R. Riddick, of Company G, 318th Infantry, who has been representing the British-American Tobacco Company in Central and South America since leaving the service, in June, 1919, spent the month of June at his old home in Petersburg, Va., returning directly to San Jose, Costa Rica, where he is at present located. "June" has been stationed in Jamaica, the Canal Zone, Venezuela and Costa Rica during the past three years and now parleys Spanish quite as handily as he once did dough-boy French.

George W. Brittingham, formerly of Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, has succeeded William B. Gould as Adjutant of Norfolk Post No. 392, Veterans of Foreign Wars. Comrade Brittingham played an active part in the joint Reunion and Encampment and extended the glad hand to all his former buddies. His address is P. O. Box 1392, Norfolk, Va.

Leslie L. Jones, formerly 1st Sergeant, Company F, 318th Infantry, who was awarded the D. S. C. for distinguished conduct in action during the Meuse-Argonne offensive, was a new face among the Blue Ridgers renewing "auld" acquaintances at Norfolk last month. Sergeant Jones has spent several years in various Government hospitals undergoing medical treatment and is now a patient in a hospital in New York.

Sergeant Samuel M. Clanton, of Company G, 318th Infantry, who did several "hitches" in the Regular Army prior to the late unpleasantness, located in Petersburg, Va. Sam has married since leaving the service and is the proud dad of two youngsters who aren't a bit afraid of a one-time hard-boiled "sarge." Comrade Clanton's native bailiwick is Charlotte, N. C., but life at Lee transformed him from a "Tar Heel" into a Blue Ridger.

Lt. Col. Charles Sweeney, who commanded the Second Battalion, and later the First Battalion, 318th Infantry, and who was advanced from the grade of Major as a result of the splendid handling of his Battalion in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, now holds the rank of Field Marshal in the Czecho-Slovakian army, according to information reaching us while in Norfolk. Colonel Sweeney, a West Pointer and a born soldier, has actively participated in practically every war and campaign staged since his graduation from the

U. S. Military Academy. Prior to America's entry into the World War, he held a commission in the French Foreign Legion. Following the Armistice, he went to Poland and joined in that country's war against Russia, being awarded the grade of Brigadier-General. Later, he served in Turkey, during the war which ended in Greece's overwhelming defeat.

Mervin J. Stickley, formerly Private, Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, and Mrs. Stickley, who have been residing near Petersburg, Va., for several years, removed last month to Edinburg, Va., R. F. D. 1.

Howard F. Clem, a former member of the reveille chorus of Company G, 318th Infantry, is now located at Cumberland, Md., where he holds a position with the construction department of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Comrade Clem missed both the Charleston and Norfolk reunions, but sent a telegram of regret and good wishes to his buddies while assembled in the Hampton Roads city last month.

Lieut. Wilson T. Ballard, of the 305th Engineers, now residing at Ruxton, Baltimore county, Md., attended the opening day of the Reunion, his first since the Richmond gathering in 1920, and left the manuscript of his "History of the 305th Engineers." Lieut. Ballard, much to the regret of all, was forced to abbreviate his stay in Norfolk as a result of plans previously made for accompanying a friend on a motoring trip to Fort Leavenworth, Kans.—just a voluntary visit, you know.

Clarence M. Spitzer, formerly Corporal, Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, is another of the Blue Ridge boys permanently domiciled in Norfolk, who was present to welcome his one-time buddies. Comrade Spitzer is proprietor of a tobacco store and handles every brand other than "Wild Woodbines."

Fenno F. Heath, Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, who was commissioned while in France and who revisited his old outfit during its sojourn at Mayet, is now residing at Hampton, Va. Comrade Heath crossed over Hampton Roads for a day during the Reunion, remaining long enough to recall some hectic experiences and leave the information that Mrs. Heath, and not the "top kick," now checks up the A. W. O. L.'s. It, incidentally, marked his initial gathering of the gang.

Lieut. Col. J. P. Robinson has succeeded Col. G. H. Jamerson as chief of staff, 80th Division Reserve, with headquarters at Seventh and Franklin Streets, Richmond, Va. Major James H. Tierney is executive officer of the Division. Col. Jamerson, it will be recalled, commanded the 159th Infantry Brigade overseas, with the grade of Brigadier General.

Winnie C. Forrest, Pvt. 1cl, Company G, 318th Infantry, is another of the boys who has joined the growing ranks of benedicts, but he stole away from the "missus" long enough to drop into Norfolk and sing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

Basil M. Wood, Sergeant, Company E, 318th Infantry, is engaged in the trucking business at Fentress, Va., near enough

to Norfolk to permit him to spend Reunion week with the boys.

Sylvester E. Geiger, of Onancock, Va., who was dental assistant to Capt. John S. Allen, Second Battalion, 318th Infantry, crossed over Chesapeake Bay during the week and mingled again with the old crowd that used to play "Doc's" forceps for a hitch on Sick Report. "Doc," besides being a specialist in teeth, is a darn good fellow.

William B. Lawson, formerly Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, has forsaken Virginia for the Capitol City, according to reports reaching us last month. Perhaps Barnes is busy trying to ascertain why he had a monopoly in handling "G" Company's fatigue details a few years ago. Boy, he was good at it!

Lawrence Parker, ex-Sergeant, Company E, 318th Infantry, is another hard-boiled N. C. O. who has succumbed to feminine wiles. Sergeant Parker is domiciled in Norfolk and he chaperoned several of his old buddies who came down for the annual shindig. Ask him how he kept 'em confined to quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Kinghan, of New Market, Va., are receiving congratulations upon the arrival last month of a lusty young recruit. Neil served during the war with Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, being wounded in action during the Argonne offensive.

Capt. C. C. Griffin, of Fort Leavenworth, Kans., formerly C. O. of Company G, 318th Infantry, and later of Company I, same regiment, accompanied by Mrs. Griffin and two children, has been spending a 60-day furlough with relatives in the South and East. He contributed much to the pleasure of his old outfits by putting in two days at Norfolk, incidentally registering his first Reunion.

Walter A. Flick, of Dayton, Va., ex-Sergeant, Company E, 318th Infantry, and later commissioned and assigned to Company A, same regiment, likewise contracted the Reunion habit this year, and if we're any judge of human nature, the germ will stick. He's an alumnus of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., and this month will take up work preparatory to receiving his M. A. degree from that institution. We'd like to tell you more about this man Flick, but we're going to leave it for another issue. However, it's safe to say that he's married.

Edward D. Bull, another ex-Corporal of Company G, 318th Infantry, who is engaged in the ice business at Newport News, went A. W. O. L. for a day in Norfolk and promised to return Thursday for the parade. In the absence of a better explanation, we shall have to attribute Ed's prevarication to the sudden demand for ice during Reunion week.

Chrystal Brown, who will be remembered by the 80th as Community song leader at Camp Lee, spent six weeks in July and August at Massanetta Springs, Va., where he conducted the music in connection with the Presbyterian Summer School at that place.

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The unexpected pleasure of a letter tells us that Fitzhugh L. Conway, former 1st Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, and later commissioned in France, is now connected with the Carolina Cocoa-Cola Bottling Co., with offices at Lancaster, S. C. The best o' luck'n everything, old top!

Capt. Fred. G. Rockwell, formerly C. O. of Company F, 305th Engineers, who was a Reunion visitor, is located at Pikesville, Ky., where he is General Manager of the Big Sandy Company, Inc.

Herbert L. Bryant, of Petersburg, ex-Mechanic, Company G, 318th Infantry, killed two birds with the same ticket when he chose to take his vacation at Ocean View during Reunion week.

Chaplain and Captain Wm. Byrd Lee, Jr., of Berkeley, Va., who served with the 319th Infantry, was another recruit to the Blue Ridge clan in Norfolk. Chaplain Lee, who was formerly stationed at Blacksburg, Va., is now pastor of St. Bride's Episcopal Church, at Berkeley.

Leon M. Bazile, formerly Corporal, 320th Infantry, of Ashland, Va., has been connected for several years with the Office of the Attorney-General of Virginia and is located in the State Library Building, in Richmond. Comrade Bazile missed the Pittsburgh and Charleston conventions, but he wiped out old scores by showing up at Norfolk.

Harvey B. Booth, of Petersburg, who served as a Sergeant with Company G, 318th Infantry, until commissioned in France, is now located in North Carolina, where he is managing a large farm.

318TH INFANTRY

Comrades of E. B. Truitt, formerly Sergeant, 318th Infantry Machine Gun Co., Adjutant of Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association, sympathize deeply with him over the loss of his father, Dr. Elijah Filmore Truitt, which occurred during our reunion, in which activities Comrade Truitt played so important a part in making a success. Dr. Truitt was prominent for thirty-six years in the religious, social and civic life of Norfolk and vicinity, but for the past seven years had been in ill health. He was the senior member of the Truitt and Sons Drug Company, which is one of the largest Drug concerns in the South, operating a chain of drug stores.

Corporal John J. Beitel, Company M, 318th Infantry, will have some fond remembrances of his recent trip to the Reunion, and will also have several questions to answer, viz: How about that Cootie Parade at 3:00 A. M.? Where did you meet all those wild—well, you know, but we don't want to expose any of your personal affairs. Who was your anti-prohibition friend and where does he live? We'll have to hand it to you for good taste, both in beauty and liquid refreshments. Perhaps he will answer some of the above questions if you will write him at 4657 Gangwish St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Comrade Russell L. Stultz, Division Historian, is suffering from an accident which occurred just before he left for home after the reunion. While bathing at Buckroe

Beach he stepped on a nail and for a while was threatened with tetanus but is now recovering, for which every member of the division is sincerely thankful. Don't have any more accidents old man, or we'll all have heart-failure, as we've found only one Stultz in the division so far.

E. A. Lakin, formerly Lieutenant in the 318th Infantry, and now President of the Hagerstown Lumber Company, Hagerstown, Md., offered some very good suggestions in connection with the Reunion, for which we are taking this opportunity to thank him.

319TH INFANTRY COMPANY A REUNION

Company A, 319th Infantry, will hold its first annual reunion in Pittsburgh on Saturday night, October 27th. All former members are invited to attend. Keep this date open and arrange to be present. Further details will be announced later.

Walter S. Carrol, former Regimental Supply Sgt., 319th Infantry, is now in the Men's Furnishing Business in Carnegie, Pa., having moved his business from Warren, Ohio. His address is 110 East Main St., Carnegie, Pa., and he would be glad to see or hear from any of his old comrades.

Dwight H. Fee, SERVICE's representative in Egypt, who has been connected with the American Mission at Cairo, Egypt, for the past three years will return to his home in Canonsburg, Pa., very shortly. He left Egypt, August 10th, and is making a tour of the Battle Sector of the 80th in France before returning. Our readers can expect an account of their old "Stamping Grounds" before long.

Joseph Krakover, formerly of 319th Hq., is a representative for the New York Life Insurance Co., with offices at 504 Metropolitan Bldg., Akron, Ohio.

Rudolph Kohs, a former 319th man who was transferred to the regular army before the division sailed for France is now a private in 196th Co., 8th Regiment, U.S.M.C., located at Port Au Prince, Rep. of Haiti.

Charles H. McCutcheon, formerly of Co. H, 319th Infantry, was married August 18th to Miss Cora L. Day of Prosperity, Pa. Here's wishing you additional Prosperity and happiness.

Capt. Charles Rossire, Jr., spent two weeks at the Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Camp Dix, N. J., this year, and while there met many former 80th officers, among whom were Carlo D. Cella, Fred Hickman, Comrade Dillingham of the 320th, Grunow of the 305th Engineers and Vermeule of the 320 M. G. Looks like the 80th was still able to "move forward."

First Lt. Alfred P. Leyburn is now employed as a United States Bank Examiner and is located at room 605, 79 W. Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.

Sgt. William McKinley Summerville is employed at the printing plant of the Pittsburgh Post and Sun.

John Viazanko, of Co. G, 320th Inf., made a trip to Florida and other Southern cities recently with a party of friends.

Only three members of G Company were in attendance at the Reunion in Norfolk. They were: George J. Klier, Louis F. May, and Martin E. Mullin, all of Pittsburgh, Pa. May got to be quite a popular man among the Southern Belles and made quite a hit with the good looking girls in the restaurants. He is still single—go get him, girls. It will no doubt keep him busy handling his correspondence from now on. He also says he will never go to another reunion with Klier. He has too many friends, for it took him two hours to get a city square in Norfolk.

Ex-Capt. A. N. Gorker, of G Company, in a letter to Comrade George Klier, prior to the reunion in Norfolk expressed his deep regret at not being able to attend the reunion. He assured us that he will be on the job next year in Pittsburgh. In his letter he wants the boys to know that he is still carrying a pack. Evidently he did not get enough of it in the Army. He is competing with Joe Atkinson, to see who will retire first from the government service as Mail Carrier. He would like to hear from the men of the old outfit. Address him at 202 W. Linden Ave., Arkansas City, Kansas.

314TH F. A.

Louis G. Nicholson, of Wheeling, W. Va., was elected this year as the representative of the 314th on the Executive Council of the Division's Association. No happier choice could have been made for Louis is a most active worker and the 314th is assured of real representation.

Benjamin D. Tillar, former member of Battery C, 314th F. A., is proprietor of the Tillar-Harris Hardware Co., of North Emporis, Virginia.

The following letter from Comrade Hill is the kind of stuff welcomed for "Morning Report." How about some of you other buddies following suit?

Rayville, Louisiana,
August 11, 1923.

To Editor of the SERVICE MAGAZINE,
80th Division
Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
My Dear Comrade:—

Not having seen anything lately from the Medical Detachment of the 314th F. A., I shall in my humble way pen you a few lines from down in Louisiana, where the Magnolias bloom and the Mockingbird sings continuously.

I have recently graduated as a Doctor of Pharmacy from the Atlanta College of Pharmacy and am located in the above town as Manager of the Jones Pharmacy.

Now this town of Rayville is noted for it is the domicile of Captain J. C. Sartor, who pursues the even tenor of his way, reaping a bountiful harvest from his profession, also I am just 35 miles by good roads from Major Kelly, and we take a great delight in visiting him in his home at Oak Grove, for in that section of the state the Moonshines bright all the time, but, much to our regret, the Major has moved to New Orleans, where he is now Resident Surgeon at the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital. His address is above hospital, Tulane Avenue and Elk Place, New Orleans, La., and he asked that I write all the boys to drop in and see him when they came through the city and that he would be glad to have a line from them all.

Morning Report

Major Kelly said that he had to move because Captain Sartor expected him to keep him up, or in other words that he had to do all the contributing, as it was impossible for Capt. Graves, Lieut. Faherty, Bob Parrett, Sandy Williams, Vermont; Capt. Brown, Capt. Fiske and the other officers were so far away that Capt. Sartor could not reach them for a little game.

Sergeant O. U. McKnight took his Master of Arts Degree at the Louisiana State University in 1920 and is now Principal of one of the largest High Schools in the state at Nobel, Louisiana, and by the way, the Sergeant has also taken unto himself a wife—got her up in Kentucky and is now daddy of a fine boy who is 10 months of age.

The many friends of Major Lester J. Williams, Medical Corps, Sanitary Trains of the 80th Division, will be glad to know that he was recently honored by being elected President of the Louisiana State Medical Society, the greatest gift from the Medical Profession of the state.

Major Kelly and Captain Sartor attended the National meeting of the American Legion at New Orleans, last October and reported a wonderful time but were surprised to find but few members of the 80th Division present. They met with Capt. Gipson, Dental Corps, who resides in Nebraska, and they had some time. Capt. Gipson had brought some corn liquor from his state and it was hard to decide whether it was better than that which is made here. Captain Sartor never did render his opinion until it was all gone. Major Kelly and Captain Sartor never fail to write prescriptions for any of the buddies that need the SPIRITS, so come down and visit us, we will show you a good time.

Best wishes from all. Why don't Sgt. Walsh write the Major, in reply to his letter from the city.

WILLIAM D. HILL.

Private 1st Class, Medical Detachment,
314th F. A., 80th Div. A. E. F.

Everett Neff, 604 North 8th street, Richmond, Va., formerly of 315th F. A., sent his regards to all the old buddies at Norfolk, and expects to be present in Pittsburgh next year if at all possible.

305TH ENGINEERS

Charles E. Gerber, former Sgt. Co. D, 305th Engineers is still living at Foxburg, Pa., and reports that he has a fine cook that can beat Mess Sergeants Wagner and Ellis to a frazzle. If they don't believe it he invites 'em to come up an' try one of her meals. He also is the proud daddy of a fine nine months old baby girl who keeps him busy at "guard duty." Comrade Gerber was unable to get to Norfolk this year but promises to make Pittsburgh next year without fail, and in the meantime is looking for more A. M. Report to appear for Co. D, in the magazine. Hope some one takes the hint and shoots it to us.

Skipper John Morgan, of Charleston, was unable to attend the Reunion and tried to duck the detail as the Engineers' representative on the Executive Council, but the Engineers wouldn't hear to it and re-elected him anyway, even if he was A. W. O. L.

305TH MOTOR SP. TN.

Ex.-Corporal Hammon has changed his address to 710 N. Market St., Frederick,

Md., where the old E Company gang will find him if they are ever down that way.

The Motor Supply Train was represented at Norfolk by former Corporal Harry R. Haig, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Ex-Sgt. J. A. McKeown, of Philadelphia, Pa.; former Corporal J. W. Halle, of Newport News, Va., who acted as Standard Bearer for the unit in the parade; Ex-Sgt. John W. Farrell, of Phoebus, Va.; Ex-Sgt. L. M. Chitty, of Norfolk; Ex-Sgt. W. K. Tilton, of Bulaski, Va.; First Lieut. Owen F. Keeler and wife, of Bedford, Virginia; B. C. Clark, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and former Corporal Roy E. Sensenich, of Irwin, Pa.

305TH AMMUNITION TRAIN

Edwin G. Balinger, former Regimental Sgt., 305th Ammunition Train, headquarters detachment, is a member of the firm of Williams, Myers and Quiggle, Attorneys in the Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

R. J. Benson, of Co. C, 305th Ammunition Train, has not recovered from his trip to Norfolk yet. Bob says it is tough to be married, especially when in Norfolk. "What did you say, Sailor?" Benson also spent a week at New York and Atlantic City before returning. He has gotten to be quite a prosperous business man, and is now running the Keystone Transfer Company, and would like to hear from any of his old buddies at any time at 316 Edmond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

GENERAL

Former Pvt. Wilbur C. McCullough, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is requested to communicate with former Sgt. J. E. Parker, North Emporia, Va.

Members of the 80th were greatly disappointed that illness prevented Mrs. G. T. W. Kern and daughter, of Richmond, Va., from attending the Reunion, as many look forward to greeting these staunch friends of the Division at each annual reunion.

Major General C. S. Farnsworth, Inspector General of the Army, sent the following message to his old buddies of the 80th: "Greetings and heartiest best wishes to the members of the Old Eightieth. I very much regret that I cannot be with you. I assure you of my continuing admiration and affection for the fine soldiers of our Division."

We were all disappointed, General, but hope to have better luck at Pittsburgh next year.

AN INVITATION

Post 285 of the V. F. W. is a gang of fellows who work downtown in Pittsburgh and get together every Tuesday at the Hotel Henry at 12:15 P. M. to chew over the war, baseball, box fights, booze, or any other important matter and digest that along with a good meal. Sometimes they try to sing; sometimes there's a speaker—but always there is, and will be, a most cordial welcome to you men of the 80th whether you're from Pittsburgh or Moundsville; a V. F. W. or a B. V. D. We want you to drop in and crush a bun with us. We want to know you and you might want to know a few of us. Post 285 has supplied the V. F. W. with two National Commanders, "Bob" Woodside and General Brett,

and is rather proud of that, but it will be still more proud if it can be to the visiting V. F. W. and the 80th Buddies a source of pleasure for a few pleasant hours over the festive beans.

This invitation cannot be made too strong. It's a welcome we want you to take advantage of.

Yours for fewer and better wars,
Post 285.

PENNA. AUX. No. 1, E. D. V. A.

Penna. Aux. No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association will hold the regular monthly meeting in the Assembly Room, Fulton Building, Thursday evening, October 4th. All members are urgently requested to attend this meeting as election of officers for the coming year will be in order.

The Reunion at Norfolk, Va., which has just come to a close was pronounced the best one yet, but wait until next year!

The following ladies of our Auxiliary attended this Reunion and shared in the warm hospitality of our Southern friends as everything possible was done to show each and every one a good time: Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Larkin, Mrs. Ferrar, Mrs. Rauch, Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Nan Ferguson, Miss Sue Sellers, Miss Gertrude Horne.

The two Misses Dewberry from Petersburg, Va., were also there and are anxiously waiting to pay Pittsburgh a visit next year.

Members please take heed and attend next meeting to make your selection of officers for next year as you all know there is a great amount of work to be done in connection with our Reunion and this is to be the greatest one held so far.—G. H.

COMPANY I, 320TH INF. "P. C."

Out of seventy-one men who registered from 320th Inf. at the convention in Norfolk, Va., Co. I claimed eight delegates. Sabin Bolton, Pres; Jack Sugden, Secy.-Treas.; Lt. Samuel A. Johnston, Arlie Gontz, Dutch Morcum, Watts, of Charlotte, N. C.; Sharkey Herron and Benj. S. Shephardson, of Attleboro, Mass. Not so bad, eh? "Let's go, I Co." is the slogan of the boys whether in war or in peace time. One of our officers who has been "A. W. O. L." for the past five years turned up at the fourth reunion, Lt. Samuel A. Johnston, nicknamed "The Gentleman Lieutenant," is now located with the Swedish Tobacco Monopoly, of number eleven Broadway, New York City, while he claims Bedford, Va., as his home town, he states he will attend "Co. I P. C.'s" next banquet in Pittsburgh, Pa., and we can assure him a hot time and a warm welcome.

If Co. I P. C. ever decides to establish a ladies' auxiliary we know of two ladies who will make loyal members—Mrs. Arlie Gontz and Mrs. Dutch Morcum. These commanding officers attended the reunion with their worse halves and we believe they enjoyed it, eh?

We sure had a wonderful time, fellows. Believe me, that Norfolk bunch knows how to entertain.

We have our chance again next year and it's up to us to do the honors. Remember we put that big Divisional banquet across during the last Pittsburgh reunion and I believe we can arrange something nice for the next one. What say, fellows?

"Let's go I Co."

Morning Report

Moffett R. Walker, formerly a member of Headquarters Detachment, 159th Infantry Brigade, who is now a bookkeeper with Gill Bros. Company, Inc., Wholesale Grocers, of Petersburg, spent a day in Norfolk, his first Reunion since Richmond. Comrade Walker has enrolled in the matrimonial ranks and resides at 115 North Jefferson street, Petersburg.

320TH INFANTRY COMPANY E, UNIT P. C.

Those present and accounted for at the 80th Reunion at Norfolk were Walter L. Turner, Jr., East Falls Church, Va.; James R. Woodson, Martinsville, Va.; Edward Winwood, Jr., Pittsburgh; Andrew B. Mann, Pittsburgh; Dan J. Fackiner, Pittsburgh, and Clarence E. McGowen, of Vandergrift, Pa.

Lieut. Walter L. Turner's present address is Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va.

J. M. Maitland, who has not been heard from for several months, is requested to report to Company Headquarters on his next stay in Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Winwood, Jr., motored to Norfolk and on the return trip stopped off and again became acquainted with Washington, Richmond and Petersburg.

Albert J. Albrecht recently changed from bachelor to benedict. The Company offers its congratulations, Albert.

For the benefit of those desiring to obtain a copy of Col. Ashby Williams' book, containing the history of "E" Company, with that of the 320th Infantry, same can be had by writing Col. Williams, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

If you have moved, or Company Headquarters does not have your present address, don't fail to notify Andrew G. Downing, Secretary-Treasurer, Veterans' Association of "E" Co., 320th Infantry, Fidelity Title & Trust Co., Pittsburgh.

Lieut. W. W. Martin's address is now The Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association, Richmond, Va.

Capt. Anson T. McCook's present address is 50 State Street, Hartford, Conn. The above addresses are in answer to several inquiries by members of the Company.

One of the latest additions to E Company's P. C. is G. F. Malick, who is located at 646 Dueber Ave., Canton, Ohio, who has taken out Active Membership. Comrade Malick advises that he met Norman Falls, of the old third Platoon, the other day and they had a little private reunion.

HEADQUARTERS CO. 320TH INF.
Headquarters Company, 320th Infantry, was represented at the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Division at Norfolk this year by the following old timers: L. S. Nottingham, R. S. Hilliard, J. E. Blair, L. McNany, W. Coleman, J. P. Larkin, Edw. Baessler, David Thomas and Kenneth Ferevee. The Trench Mortar and One Pounder Platoons were without representation. At a couple of informal gatherings held in the Captain's room and on the street corner, those present discussed the probable

formation of a permanent organization. A line from those interested in the formation of a Company P. C. will be appreciated by the tentative committee. Address all communications to J. E. Blair, care of 80th Division Veterans' Association, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bernhard Ragner, SERVICE's European editor, was married at Estampes, France, August 20th, to Mlle. Jeanne Montegut, daughter of M. and Mme. Joseph Montegut. Mlle. Marguerite Mailhes, an aunt of the bride was bridesmaid, while Frank Cassans, of the American Consulate at Bordeaux, a college classmate of the groom, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Ragner left for the Pyrenees for their honeymoon.

The bride, a graduate of the Universities of Bordeaux and Paris, was professor of letters at the college in Roubaix during the past year. Comrade Ragner is a graduate of Ohio Northern University and also of Bordeaux University. He is the City Editor of the Chicago Tribune, European Edition, published in Paris. Readers of SERVICE and his comrades of the 160th Brigade extend their congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple.

James Langan, of Wykoff, Minn., formerly Sgt. Co. D, 320th Infantry, is doing fine in business at his home town. His comrades extend their sympathy to him on the recent loss of his mother.

George W. McFarland is pursuing agriculture, assisting his father at Latrobe, Pa. He states he sees Wano, Moff and Wallbaum, of D Company, frequently.

Comrades Smith and Williams, formerly of I Company, 320th, have been visited recently by Comrade H. A. Gano, of D Company. They are undergoing treatment in the National Soldiers Home at Dayton, Ohio.

Charles Wentlund, formerly of Co. A, 320th Infantry is now living at 75 S. 19th St., S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., and has a position at No. 2 Police Station. He was married last April.

320TH MACHINE GUN CO.

C. C. Vermeule, Jr., formerly Captain of Machine Gun Co., spent several very enjoyable days at Norfolk during the Reunion. Skipper Vermeule is setting a good example for the former members of the "Pittsburgh Peps," attending the reunions and giving time and loyal co-operation to the association.

Corporal H. R. Curry was the only other 320th M. G. Co. representative at the Reunion. His corps was as busy as a soldier with "bookoo cooties" and about as hard to find—always on the move.

Sgt. Miester, who is Cashier of the Lutz & Schram Pickle and Preserving Co. in Pittsburgh, was a recent visitor at Headquarters. He reports just returning from a long Eastern business trip.

Top Kicker Larry Rutherford, who sells Fords down in Little Washington, Pa. (The home of the W. & J. Football Team) broke into print recently when Henry Ford paid a visit to the town and left without paying his board bill. Larry received a wire from "Hen." and paid the bill, sav-

ing the Flivver King from perhaps going to jail.

Red Schwartz, who used to wield a mean "Knife" over a fresh hind quarter of beef at Grizelles, is now selling Barber Supplies for the Najrauer Co. in Pittsburgh.

While we have it in mind, why don't some of you 320th Machine Gunners send in some dope for this column?

Cook Ernest Howard, who has not been seen since the old outfit was mustered out at Camp Sherman, is living at Greensburg, Pa., where he is reported to be the capable manager of "Sellcroft Farm," owned by Mrs. John S. Sell.

Frank Welty, who numbered every member of the Co. among his friends, was married several months ago to Miss Grace Lohr, of Mutual, Pa. His address is Welty, Pa.

Sgt. Brickey Williams was a recent visitor to Hamilton P. C.—just dropped in to say hello. Was headed for South America, so he stated.

Former Mess Sgt. Bill Confer is now selling meat for a Pittsburgh Meat concern. We heard that Bill was married, but haven't had the rumor confirmed.

Corporal Reed Fowler, who starred with the 320th M. G. Football Team at Camp Lee, is married and works for Uncle Sam in the Pittsburgh Post Office.

A letter from Comrade George B. Lyons, who was assigned to Company G, 318th Infantry, as a replacement, and later transferred to Battery A, 314th Field Artillery, states that he is now at Rehabilitation Centre No. 2, Federal Park, Md. Comrade Lyons will be glad to hear from any of his former buddies.

Eugene W. Bare, of Lexington, Va., who served with the Medical Corps, 317th Infantry, and later in the Division Surgeon's Office, made the long trip to Norfolk in his car. Although obliged to return in the midst of Reunion festivities, he left behind him a promise to form a local P. C. at Lexington.

Another new Reunion attendant this year was E. G. Baling, formerly Regimental Sergeant, 305th Ammunition Train, who is now located at 818 Munsey Bldg., Washington, D. C. Comrade Baling, following the Armistice, spent two years in Austria with the American Food Commission.

Paul Meador, ex—"top kick," Company G, 318th Infantry, is another Blue Ridger who has been lured back to the vicinity of Camp Lee, he is now located in Petersburg. Paul, by the way, was married several years ago.

First Lt. R. T. Crowder, formerly Co. D, 315th M. G. Bn., and now located at 911 Commerce Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., was another long-distance traveler to Norfolk. The new-old faces observed during Reunion week show that ties born of blood and fire are not severed, but grow with the years. Comrade Crowder lined up for Life Membership, just to prove he means business.

That Fourth Reunion

(Continued from Page 19)

But five short years ago, it was, that precious life-blood paid for those proud flags.

Anyone who believes that old-timer, "Pops" Curry, has lost the ancient and honorable art of "bawlin' out" an "enemy," would have been quickly disillusioned had he "listened" in on the house 'phone at the Fairfax one A. M. during Reunion week. Boy, he had 'em eatin' out of his hand! And all because some grouchy "bird" was complaining over lack of sleep.

Col. Charles B. Borland, Norfolk's director of public safety, and a veteran himself, by the way, was the recipient of beaucoup congratulations for the safe, sane and sensible manner in which the traffic cops handled the big crowds. When it's recalled that quite a number of Colonel "Charlie's" lads used to rate a mean O. D. in the old days, his beautiful "system" stands revealed in all its nakedness.

When the V. F. W. finished a good job by naming General Brett, of the 80th, as their next C. O., they established a precedent, since it marked the first instance where a General has ever been chosen to head a National veterans' organization. Wait for an *encore* at San Francisco.

Norfolk, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia led in the race for cities having the biggest delegations of Blue Ridgers in attendance. The Keystone towns conceded the Hampton Roads metropolis a winner—in many ways, and it was *dead easy* to toast the victor. Comrade Bushman, of the 315th F. A., doesn't hail from either of the three burgs, but he stands ready to confirm our opinion.

Norfolk's historic mace, given to the Borough of Norfolk early in the 18th Century by Gov. Dinwiddie on behalf of the King of England, was carried in the parade by a special detail of white-gloved policemen, by special authority of the city officials. That mace was a veteran before these United States ever donned their fighting togs.

At least two 80th Division men were prominent in the councils of the V. F. W. long before they acquired our General. These were and are Capt. R. W. Elton, Adjutant-General, and Capt. R. B. Handy, Inspector-General, both of the 318th Infantry.

A detachment from the Naval Base Band made everyone cheerful during the 80th's business sessions, while Montagna's Band did the honors for the Blue Ridgers during the dance and parade. Several of Montagna's musicians were members of 80th Division bands in France, therefore it came

easy for 'em to jump from "Bananas" to "Dixie."

Privates hob-nobbed with generals, and vice versa, during the meetings of the Fourth Annual Reunion. Generals Cronkhite and Brett announced in both words and actions that the days of superior officers had been salvaged and that we were all "just plain buddies of the 80th. If you don't believe it, drop into Pittsburgh next autumn and try it for yourself.

Miles C. Stahlman, of the "Smoky City," newly-elected Recording Secretary, was a member of the advance detachment that preceded the 80th to France, ostensibly to pave the way for our reception. The fact that they didn't, but played around Brest instead, wasn't their fault, but we can't ever forgive them for those extra few days of—well, what?

One of the most striking tableaux witnessed at the City Armory was the greeting between two Civil War veterans. When Arthur Colona, of Warwick county, Va., wearing the garb of the Confederacy and a survivor of the "Merrimac," shook hands with J. W. Stebbins, Past Department Commander of Virginia and North Carolina, G. A. R., he forged another link in the bond of comradeship.

A number of 80th Division men came to Norfolk fresh from Camp Meade, where they had spent several weeks in learning the latest fashions in warfare while training with the 80th Reserve Division. They said they enjoyed it, too, and they must have, else they wouldn't have gone. Yep, they went voluntarily.

Bugler Howard J. Wells, known to the 80th as "Buddy" Wells, who was blinded in action while serving with Company C, 318th Infantry, on the British front, August 9, 1918, shared with that other sightless Blue Ridger, Lieut. Frank Schoble, Jr., also of the 318th Infantry, the honors of Norfolk during Reunion week. Our indomitable buddy is still "carrying on" in Petersburg, Va., where he conducts a cigar business at the Hotel Petersburg, and he has set an example for his comrades by never missing a Reunion. Bravo, buddy!

Cooties, the world over, are known to be keen little hunters. What they seek, they generally find. And they gave a demonstration of their keenness Wednesday night when, at a signal of distress, they began to "scratch" and located small Max Unger in the City Armory, enjoying a forbidden smoker. Max, attended by a band, was escorted home with full honors to his distracted parents.

About the only thing the Norfolk street-fakirs didn't have on sale was cork-screws. And my, how badly they were needed! Presumably, however, they were concealed in some of those colorful hat and arm-bands, or trick canes, because they showed up at the most unexpected moments.

Among the particularly happy outcomes of the week was the election of Dr. Harry R. Seelinger, a wearer of the D. S. C., and formerly a "medico" in the 317th Infantry, as the representative of that unit on the Division Executive Council. Dr. Seelinger's decoration was on display with those of Generals Cronkhite and Brett in a Granby street jeweler's window.

Greetings from the Veterans of Foreign Wars to the 80th were extended at Wednesday's meeting by a delegation headed by Commander Arthur L. Lake, of Providence, R. I., National Sergeant-at-Arms, and Col. Charles McDermott, Jr., of Norfolk, Commander of the Department of Virginia. The mere fact that Commander Lake hails from a little state doesn't prevent him from being a big man.

The oldest veteran in the United States had quite as good a time in Norfolk during Reunion-Encampment week as did the youngest and most snappy, although he can recall five wars in which American arms featured. He was Comrade Charles D. Tibbitt, of the National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va., who is 93 years old, and who fought in the Mexican War of 1848. Comrade Tibbitt occupied a place on the stage at the joint session in the Armory Monday. He was above the age limit in the Civil War, and says that's something for us youngsters to think about. Oui!

Buddies from the North had a good chance to learn, during the parade Thursday that a negro band can make "some moosic." We doubt if they ever heard the "Star Spangled Banner" played with such harmony, martial time, syncopation and gusto, as the black boys of Excelsior Band gave to it.

In the selection of General Frank T. Hines as his personal representative in Norfolk, General Pershing made a popular choice. Perhaps no man in the service of the veterans today is more widely known or better liked than the head of the U. S. Veterans Bureau. And he's bald, too!

"Mother" (Mrs. Emma C.) Steed, of Washington, who was a canteen worker in Dijon during the war, called at Wednesday's meeting of the 80th, "just to say 'Hello,'" as she phrased it. "Mother"

That Fourth Reunion

Steed received the usual Blue Ridge reception.

There was very little doubt among the men gathered in Norfolk that a veterans' adjusted compensation bill will be enacted at the approaching session of Congress. This, the year before the Presidential election, is reputed to be the "psychological year." Meaning—what?

One of the most gratifying features of the Reunion was the marked increase in attendance of former officers, a lack remarked upon at Charleston last year. Among the new faces observed were those of Cols. Cocheu and Keller, Major Fred B. Cook, Capt. J. C. Peck, Wm. H. Sands, C. C. Vermeule, Jr., C. Ryman Herr, C. C. Griffin, F. G. Rockwell, Chaplains Wm. Byrd Lee, Jr., and Theodore N. Beck, Lieuts. Wilson T. Ballard, Percy A. Jones, Herman R. Furr, A. M. Brownley, Henry R. Seelinger and several score others whose names have played us a trick.

Major General C. S. Farnsworth, Chief of Infantry, U. S. Army, one-time Commanding General of the 159th Brigade, and later Commanding General of the 37th (Ohio) Division, wired greetings to the 80th and said that he would be present at the next Reunion. There were many other similar letters and telegrams. Hope they mean it.

One of the Reunion photographs showed General Brett shaking hands with Lieut. S. S. S. McNeil, of the Clan McNeil, who hails from South Africa and who served with the British Army. Lieut. McNeil served during the week as personal aide to Col. C. D. Davidson, General Encampment Chairman, and his gaily-colored Scotch kilties attracted much attention—and not a little admiration.

This year's Reunion badge was of unique design and was the object of much favorable comment. Suspended from the usual identification blank by a strip of red, white and blue ribbon, the official badge consisted of a triple combination made up of the Divisional insignia, in colors, followed by a crab, native of Norfolk waters, and completed by the Seal of the City of Norfolk—in short, it was a *beaucoup* decoration.

Among the speakers at Monday's joint session were Governor E. Lee Trinkle, of Virginia; General Hines, Director of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau; Congressman Joseph T. Deal, Col. T. L. Huston, Commander-in-Chief of the V. F. W.; Capt. J. A. McFarland, Commander of the Disabled American Veterans; Watson B. Miller, National Vice-Commander of the American Legion; Mrs. Kate E. Hutcheson, President of the Woman's Auxiliary of the V. F. W.;

Miss Rebecca Horn, of the Spanish-American War Nurses' Association; J. Rouch, of the Spanish-American War Veterans' Association; Hon. W. H. Venable, representing Mayor Roper, of Norfolk, and—but

why continue? They were introduced by Col. Davidson, Encampment Chairman.

Thanks to Miss Mary Stapleton, able secretary to Norfolk's City Manager, the
(Continued on Page 33)

Old Pals of the Army

(Continued from Page 22)

has been two months ago. However, we have had cooler weather the last few days and the weather man says it is here to stay. Deep sighs of relief and more power to the weather man, may his tribe increase.

Was glad to hear that the list I sent was of some use to you. Sure would like to be there and call the roll from that list and have one answer here. But won't have the pleasure of attending myself, so will just have to use my imagination. However, I have plenty of that to draw on so won't be so bad off.

I was glad to hear that some of the boys were still enough interested in me to want to know what I was doing to earn my hard tack and slum. Well, George, I am one of these fellers that you are always bawling out for not leaving you a letter or for leaving your letter in some one else's box. In other words, a Mail Carrier. You would have thought that I would have gotten enough pack carrying in the army, wouldn't you? Well, I feel that way about it myself sometimes, but it's just got to be outside work for me. I'd smother in an office. I have had opportunities for inside work but just don't like it. Guess it's just a case of too much army life.

The magazine you sent arrived today. I want to thank you for it as it has proven to be very interesting as far as I have gone. The Cronkhite Case especially appealed to me. Surely there can be no shadow of doubt but that his son was murdered. Is it conceivable that the government that we fought for, that we call our government, can be honest American government with the stain of this on its hands. Now add to this the facts in the escape of Bergdoll and what is the conclusion? Mine is that part of our Government is American and part is something evidently most un-American. And that part should be thrown out by force. Will the veterans do it? Here's hoping. My sympathy sure goes to General Cronkhite—he has been wronged as no traitor deserves to be. Now, why can't the world be told about it? Seems to me that would be a fine undertaking for any Service organization. I know that this case has been in the papers but I mean that it should be brought before the public so that it would be talked by all, then someone would lose some sleep. And we would see justice done.

The article by Captain Vermule was also

very interesting. It struck me as an article which brought the truth home to you and at the same time entertained you. Its logic was indisputable and if those in power could be made to see the point I believe as the Captain, that an evil could be stopped and turned into a blessing.

Well, George, I have wandered on here, forcing my opinions on you long enough, believe it is time to give you a rest. Tell all the boys you see hello for me and to write when they are not too lazy.

Trust this finds you ail in good health and that you have a fine time at the reunion if you go and that as usual I must ask you to express my regrets and tell them all hello for me.

"Your old Skipper,"

—“A. N. G.”

CAMP LEE—AS IT IS TODAY

How does Camp Lee look now? This is a question, no doubt, many of us have asked ourselves.

For the benefit of those who have not seen Camp Lee since leaving there five years ago; will tell what I saw when I visited the old place about the first of July.

The water tank, towering above the open field, seems higher than ever; standing guard over the place that once had so many guards. The only houses left standing in this part of the camp are the Post-office and the White House, or Division Headquarters—the postoffice being used as an office for one of the many salvage companies and the White House as a residence. A small building here and there are the only ones left except on the extreme end where there were about two hundred barracks still standing.

As for the drill grounds, they have grown up with weeds and bushes, forever blotting out the prints of hobnails.

All told, Camp Lee is fast assuming her pre-war appearance and the ex-Blue Ridger passing by would hardly recognize the place.

With this present day picture of Camp Lee before us would it not be well to again bring before the members of the 80th Division, a suggestion, made some time ago, that a suitable monument, or marker, be placed at Camp Lee.

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key to the city (and it was considerable of a key) was delivered to General Brett and Colonel Huston at the opening session. Came mighty near not being done, but Miss Stapleton did a mighty good job of it, just the same, and the door was opened wide. Stayed that way, too.

Memorial services for Sir Ardent Spirits, listed among the casualties of 1919, but who was very much in evidence during the week in the person of a live ghost, were held Wednesday night. Borne upon the shoulders of four stalwart mourners, the resurrected remains of the famous deceased were carried through the down-town streets behind a band which played the solemn notes of a funeral dirge. Following the bier (or beer) were hundreds of waiting friends, and the mourners grew with each city block. Many a saddened eye was wiped as the 2x4 bar, on which were hung bottles of fabled family lineage, passed along the street, to halt at the end of City Hall Avenue, the mourners, with hats doffed and heads hung, following. John Barleycorn had registered a protest.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon and three other delegates from the Woman's Auxiliary of the V. F. W., were introduced at Tuesday's business session and presented the 80th with a huge basket of flowers as they extended the greetings of their organization and wished the Blue Ridgers continued success in their undertakings. More cheers and glad hands.

General Cronkhite remarked at the opening meeting Monday that he felt as though he owned Norfolk. Governor Trinkle informed the General that he owned Virginia and Virginia felt as though she owned him. So there!

One of the most coveted points of vantage in Norfolk during the week was the second floor balcony of the Hotel Monticello. All hours of the day and night saw

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the balcony crowded with people watching the lively proceedings in the great lobby below. Constantly shifting throngs—for no one seemed to want to "stay put"—a transient band or drum corps; an impromptu dance; a "scratch" by the Cooties; a female impersonator from Brooklyn; Datus, the "wild man" from Indianapolis; a "wild" Chinaman from St. Paul; Generals and Buck-privates, resplendent in their medals; ladies, magnificently brave in their "war paint"—these, and many other usual and unusual sights, caught and held the roving eye of the onlooker.

Virginia's Lieutenant-Governor, Junius E. West, of Suffolk, was among those who didn't speak at the opening session. He came to Norfolk to pay his official and individual respects to the nation's veterans.

Another Blue Ridger observed marching with the Virginia National Guard in Thursday's parade was Lt. Col. Wm. H. Sands, of Norfolk, late Captain, 315th F. A. He's also Commander of Norfolk Post, V. F. W., and had a lot to do in making the week a success.

The Reunion window of the big department store of Miller, Rhoads & Swartz, on Main Street, with its central figure of a life-size doughboy, stood out conspicuously among Norfolk's numerous window decorations. Souvenir cards, bearing photographs of the window, were presented by the store to all visitors.

A delegation of Blue Ridgers, composed of Generals Cronkhite and Brett and Lieuts. Furr and Schoble, was appointed at Wednesday's session to convey the greetings of the 80th to the Veterans of Foreign Wars and to the Woman's Auxiliary of the V. F. W. They did it—and received a royal reception, such as only "vets" know how to give.

Many of the visitors to the Norfolk Naval Base, still remindful of the tragic disaster to the Army dirigible, "Roma," which came down at Norfolk in February, 1922, with a loss of 34 lives, asked officials

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to be directed to the scene of the disaster. It is now occupied by the municipal terminals.

A crowd that jammed the huge auditorium to the doors enjoyed the smoker at the City Armory Wednesday night. Eight of the best boxing matches ever staged in the city kept the boys on the jump continuously. The girls of the Jimmy Hodges Company gave a snappy performance after the bouts were finished, and it was in the wee, sma' hours of the morning when the big stag broke up. Cigarettes and soft drinks were distributed throughout the audience during the affair, while three bands added materially to its success. It was all of that, and the girls were "there."

Anyone who went away from Norfolk minus a "heluva good time" is a bad liar. Recommends himself for the Ananias Club. In addition to the special entertainment provided, the Tri-State Fair and an important series between the Norfolk and Wilson, N. C., clubs for the pennant of the Virginia League were incidents on the week's program.

Women delegates and visitors to the number of more than one thousand were among those who stormed Norfolk. "Buddy-ettes" were every-where—even "scratching" with the Cooties. So many more come than were expected that accommodations became a problem. Hereafter, buddy will have to worry over the price of more than one ticket. One skeptical, distraught vet, survivor of many battles and as many Reunions, sadly lamented as he asked, "How can I stand it, when the whole, blamed family wants to come?"

General Brett, who had just retired as President of the Division Association, was elected C-in-C. of the V. F. W. on the first ballot in a field of three candidates. On the first count he received 354 votes, while General "Jack" Dunn, of Massachusetts, got 121, and Judge-Advocate General Robert S. Allyn, of New York, polled 120.

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One of the greatest crowds that ever flocked to the Ghent Club, in Norfolk, was present Friday night at the military ball given for the visitors at the various veterans' conventions assembled in the city. The music started at 9:00, and within thirty minutes the 750 people that are permitted in the building under the fire ordinance had been admitted. Fifteen minutes more, and the street was lined with people waiting for others to leave so that they could enter and dance.

A solution of what promised to be an intricate problem was found by starting an overflow dance at the City Armory. This greatly relieved the situation for the time being, but by 10 o'clock a crowd had again assembled at the club doors. The situation was again improved when the orchestra leader requested those who were not dancing to please leave and make room for new arrivals. Everybody danced, even though they did have to "line up."

The first military mass in the history of St. Mary's Catholic Church, of Norfolk, was observed Friday morning when Rev. Father Edward A. Wallace, former Chaplain of the 320th Infantry, celebrated high mass for the repose of the dead of the Blue Ridge Division.

Norfolk got the best advertising in its history on the cards which were sent back home by the veterans, according to officials of that city. Only one card, so far as came to his attention, declared L. W. Harding, assistant superintendent of mails, knocked the town, all others boosting Norfolk to the skies. They must still censor "soldier's mail" at Norfolk.

Five miles of natural grown evergreens were used in decorating the Norfolk streets during Reunion week. The evergreens formed one of the most attractive features of the decorations, which excelled any ever seen in Norfolk. Despite the heat, the evergreens retained their color until Friday.

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According to figures given out, 106,000 fares were collected Thursday by the Virginia Railway Company, on its Norfolk lines. Blame it on Ocean View and Virginia Beach. The ferry offices announced that 43,400 pedestrians and 2,600 vehicles were transported across the Elizabeth River from Portsmouth Thursday. Evidently "vets" have recovered from their apathy toward the briny deep. Figures don't lie.

A remarkable demonstration was staged by the V. F. W. delegates at the City Armory Friday morning upon the entrance of the 80th Division committee delegated with conveying the greetings of that organization. Lieut. Schoble, who spoke for the 80th, was frequently interrupted by the cheers that greeted his words. "The service we gave in the war should be only the beginning of our service to our country," he declared.

Everybody at the Monticello Hotel and in an area for several blocks around knew when the Indianapolis delegation reached town Sunday night. Their "mascot," Datus, "Moro head-hunter, with rings in his nose and ears, hair standing in the most approved South Sea fashion, did it. In his black make-up and savage paraphernalia of heavy brass anklets, bracelets, chains and war-club, the "wild man" broke from his keepers on arrival of the C. & O. boat and all but overpowered a half-dozen police after a wild chase down Granby street before he was finally subdued and captured. His yells and brandished club chilled the blood of hundreds until it was learned that he was tame enough after a bath.

The fire-works at Ocean View Thursday night furnished an indescribable riot of color and were reminiscent of the rockets and Verry lights of days but more dangerous, but scarcely less hectic. Everything "came over" but our old friend, Jerry.

"If that man doesn't get out of that bathroom—" was the unfinished threat of

*"A little in front o' the
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Gen. Adelbert Cronkhite early one morning at the Fairfax as he removed traces of lather from his face with a napkin. "If I hadn't had breakfast in my room," explained the General, "I wouldn't have been able to shave." There had been a mix-up in assigning rooms and the bathroom which had been reserved for General Cronkhite was in possession of the occupant of another room.

Those two visitors from "gay Paree" were the envy of more vets than can be easily counted. The fact that they were straight from "Over There" conjured all sorts of prohibited visions and resulted in endless speculation.

The gobs of the Hampton Roads Naval Training Station gave evidence that water is their natural element by holding their weekly dress parade Wednesday afternoon, in spite of an almost continuous drizzle. Several hundred veterans braved typical French weather to witness the exhibition of how 1,400 sailors can execute "Squads right" and the usual "steps," and their snappy work showed they were "there with the goods."

Not many were present to enjoy the hospitality extended by the ladies of the Knights of Columbus, following Friday morning's military mass, but those who were included all ranks, from General down, and they gave a practical demonstration of how rapidly ginger ale and sandwiches can disappear. Something carried the General away before he was through.

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Speaking of ginger ale, reminds us that Asa Candler, of the Cocoa-Cola Company, donated 60,000 bottles of soft drinks for use in quenching the thirst of the visitors. If you failed to get your ration, it was because you were too busy to enter a "Dug-Out" and let 'em pour it down.

A committee of ladies from the Woman's Auxiliary of the V. F. W. visited the various military, naval and veterans' hospitals about Norfolk and carried great loads of the flowers which were presented to various officers of the Auxiliary during its sessions. The sum of \$200 was also voted to give a smoker to the inmates of the Public Health Service Hospital at Norfolk.


The Cooties were everywhere — except where they ought to have been, in bed. From the moment of the arrival of the first, until the departure of the last, they "scratched" and did about everything that a dignified Cootie isn't supposed to do. Those candidates who were led through the city streets via the ball and chain route will tell you that it's a "turrrible life."

Rain failed to alter orders at Fortress Monroe Wednesday, and the troops stationed at the Fortress were put through a special dress parade for the visitors while Jupiter Pluvius was doing his worst. With rain filling the musical instruments, and the parade grounds resembling a French barn-yard, the officers declared they would not dissappoint the 400 "vets" present—and they didn't. The boys "took their medicine," while the old-timers did likewise.

Nantillois, about which the 80th did some of its hardest fighting, has been largely rebuilt, according to Lieut. Harvey L. Lindsay, of Norfolk, late of the 315th Machine Gun Battalion, who recently returned from a trip over the 80th Division territory in France. The outlines of Nantillois are unchanged, he said, but where there were once shapeless piles of stone, there are now rows of tile-roofed cottages. Buzzancy, which the 317th Infantry captured at

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a later date, is now a thriving town, said Comrade Lindsay.

Not many veterans finished shaking hands in time to attend the dedicatory exercises at the Tri-State Fair and Exposition grounds Monday. While a twenty-piece band softly played "The Gold Striped March," Col. Huston, C-in-C. of the V. F. W., dedicated the new grounds to clean sports. The 80th was represented by Col. Robert Starr Allyn, while Governor Trinkle, of Virginia, and his staff, added dignity to the ceremony.

Francis Byrd, of Norfolk, easily won the individual high score in the track meet held at the Tri-State Fair grounds Tuesday, while Comrades Trout and Mitchell, of Altoona, Pa., won second and third places. The base-ball game between the National Capitol Post team, of Washington, and the American Legion team, of Norfolk, was called off because of the non-appearance of the former.

General Cronkhite called around to pay his respects to Norfolk's city manager, but in the absence of that official, Miss Mary Stapleton, his secretary, did the honors of the municipality. Nicely, too.

The band of Altoona Post No. 3, Veterans of Foreign Wars, accompanied by a large delegation, called at the offices of the *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch* Wednesday morning and serenaded the office force in appreciation of that paper's generous manner of covering Reunion week. Everybody—but the musicians—suspended work.

Gen. Brett met up with another old Indian fighter in Master Sergeant Charles Hert, of Philadelphia. Hearing that the General had also matched wits with the Sioux, he rounded him up and said that he wanted to talk over old days on the plains. They captured a whole army of Redskins and did everything but scalp 'em.

Every unit in the 80th was represented at the Reunion. Straight down the list

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CONDENSED STATEMENT
OF CONDITION

THE COMMERCIAL BANK MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

RESOURCES

At the Close of Business

JUNE 30, 1923

Loans and Discounts	\$642,738.18
Overdrafts	2,532.50
Bonds and Securities	19,362.00
U. S. Bonds	2,400.62
Furniture & Fixtures	18,393.25
Due from Banks	36,824.50
Cash	59,770.88

\$782,021.93

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$100,000.00
Surplus & Undivided Profits	10,691.88
Cashier's Checks	2,086.33
Certified Checks	587.00
Re-Discounts	17,581.98
Deposits	
Certificates \$	62,742.24
Savings	114,955.73
Checking	473,376.77
	651,074.74

\$782,021.93

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they went—infantry, artillery, machine-gun battalions, engineers, signal battalion, trains n'everything.

"He was on duty twenty-four hours a day," said General Cronkhite of Miles C. Stahlman, of Pittsburgh, who was among those "present and accounted for." Comrade Stahlman, then a Sergeant-Major at Division Headquarters was one of the men most instrumental in the formation of the Division Association. To him and his sidekick, Sergeant Sweeney, were dictated many of the orders which sent the 80th into action.

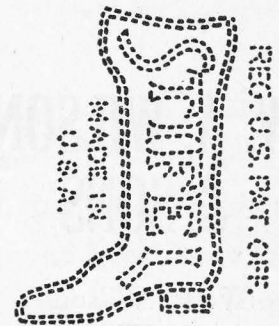
"Respect for authority, obedience to the law, honor to the flag,"—these were the keynotes of the address of welcome delivered by Governor Trinkle, of Virginia, at the joint opening session at the City Armory Monday. There was more—but you read it in the papers.

The feminine contingent in Norfolk were guests at a theatre party at the Academy of Music Thursday night, when Jimmy Hodges' Minstrels strove to make everyone happy and forget the little differences that inevitably grew out of their business sessions.

Mayor Albert L. Roper, of Norfolk, declared a half-holiday Thursday, in order that everyone might have an opportunity to see the boys "do their stuff" in the big parade. The Mayor of Portsmouth did likewise, and in consequence Portsmouth resembled a deserted village.

Every official, organization and anyone else in Norfolk who contributed toward putting the Reunion across, was thanked, felicitated and wished bon chance at Thursday's session of the 80th. There were so many that Chairman "Tom" Hooper had to be prompted occasionally, but everybody was eventually reached and remembered.

The Smith & Welton window on Granby street, presenting a set symbolic of Lib-



It's the cloth in the garment
that gives the wear

Look for the boot on the
back



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erty and voicing a welcome to all veterans, caused many thousands to stop and inspect it. The artist, Mr. Bevan, knows his "lines."

Secretary Curry tells one on General Brett, who wanted to make certain he was the first Blue Ridger to register for the Reunion. "I met General Brett on my way down from Pittsburgh," explained H. R. "He gave me a dollar bill and said: "That's my registration fee. I'm not going to be able to get to Norfolk until Sunday morning, but you slip around as soon as registration begins and see that my name is the first to get on the list. Don't let anybody get ahead of me."

Among four busy "past" Lieutenants in Norfolk during the week were H. R. Furr, A. M. Brownley, Percy A. Jones and Dr. H. R. Seelinger, of the local 80th Division Committee. They didn't "pass the buck," either.

Several acropplanes dropped paper "T. N. T." over the cities about Hampton Roads prior to Reunion week as a feature of the scheme to advertise that event. No casualties were reported, however, until the 80th hit town.

Luckily, Miss Mary Farrell, star of the "Jimmy Hodges Company," didn't attempt to make good her promise to kiss the first vet who arrived in Norfolk. Only her sin of omission when she appeared at the stag party at the Armory Wednesday night prevented the Armistice from being violated—and a lot of heads from being broken. We hate to contemplate the front-line rush that might have been.

All necessary to start a parade in the down-town section of Norfolk was for a band to strike up a tune and begin marching. Hundreds immediately fell in behind the music and the fun was on. Fun was king, and all Norfolk and her thousands of visitors reveled in the freedom permitted. Some were on crutches, and some

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Deposits:

June 30, 1922	- - - -	4,608,517.20	Dec. 29, 1922	- - - -	4,939,460.80
Sept. 15, 1922	- - - -	4,718,858.07	April 3, 1923	- - - -	5,187,536.34
June 30, 1923	- - - -	5,282,144.17			

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were limping along on canes, but all were "there." And for every five men there was a woman or girl, and all were hilariously happy as they sang "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

Pittsburgh's sheriff, Capt. Robert G. ("Bob") Woodside, former C.-in-C. of the V. F. W., headed the law and order committee formed of veterans by Col. C. B. Borland, Director of Public Safety, for the purpose of assisting the authorities in maintaining discipline during Reunion week. Lieut. Furr represented the 80th, but he neglected to lead the committee around to certain rightly popular rendezvous, so it had no opportunity to function.

The Cooties were "doing their stuff" in Norfolk Monday night—and every night—while Norfolk, highly diverted, looked on and applauded. Thousands were on hand for the widely-heralded Cootie Snake-dance on City Hall Avenue, and surged around unmindful of the orders and efforts of a dozen perspiring, gesticulating traffic cops, who were waging an uphill fight to keep things moving.

Nine thirty o'clock came, and a burst of red flare, casting lurid shadows over the faces of the spectators, announced the arrival of the Cooties. Down the Avenue they marched, several hundred strong, lady Cooties as well as male, in a sinuous, cheering, shouting, singing line, snakily weaving their way through the crowd, and on. All the while the bands played lustily; the spectators cheered themselves hoarse; and everybody was happy.

Several of the Norfolk papers persistently referred to the 80th as the "Blue and Gray Division." We haven't decided yet whether they've recognized a Blue Ridger, or not, but we're sure they'll know the difference by the time we gather by Hampton Roads again.

With flags flying, uniforms reflecting the radiance of thousands of medals and bands blaring the triumphant notes of the battle—
(Continued on Page 44)

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hymn, "Over There," the parade passed through Norfolk's streets. The crowds could, like the old blind French veteran back in 1917, say: "The Americans have come!"

Following behind their buddies, came the wounded men, who had offered and given of their best. Some sightless, unable to see the tears which dropped from an eye here and there; some crippled, but proudly following the flag; some maimed, that a sleeve hung limp; some apparently all there, but with a battle scar more deep and dangerous than those more evident, they marched, and they still "carried on."

Being a "Buddy" was the only rank worth a tinker's dam in Norfolk Reunion week. Generals, colonels, majors, captains, and even the over-worked second "looies" are things of the past. No longer are they members of the "hard-boiled" gang that made things hum "over there." They're all buddies, to be whanged and slapped on the back at will.

It was Bugler A. T. Hollinger, of Bridgeport, Conn., who sounded calls for ex-President Wilson in France and who blew "taps" at the funeral of President Harding in Washington, acclaimed champion bugler of America, who sounded the tribute to the late President at the opening meeting at the Armory Monday morning.

Said the *Norfolk Post*: "We call for hats off to the most democratic army officer we've ever seen—Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett. A man who refuses to ride in the car of honor with the marshal of the parade, choosing rather to don his insignia of retired Colonel and march with the boys, is something you seldom see. Yet people have been asking why the boys of the 80th Division loved him!"

The historic "Corona," upon which was written the order that put the first ("Lost Battalion, 308th Infantry, in the pocket in the Argonne in November, 1918, and which was used by the 77th Division in writing many of its most important orders, was on display in the window of the Office Sales & Service Co., Inc., 124 West Tazewell street, Norfolk, during Reunion week. The

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veteran machine, showing numerous battle scars, is the property of a Norfolk physician (Rehabilitation, you know!).

Norfolk restauranters said they had an unparalleled demand for Smithfield ham. Practically every other man who entered wanted to partake of the viand that made Smithfield famous, while the third usually inquired for, or about, Lynnhaven oysters. Yes, the boys had chased 'em to their native haunts.

Somebody let out a blood-curdling yell on Granby street, in front of the Monticello Hotel, at exactly 12:01 A. M. Monday, and it echoed through respectable streets which had every right to expect to be deserted soon. The yell, issuing from a pair of leather lungs, was taken up by other pairs of lungs, just as lusty, and in a moment was born down the street in a strong, ever-growing roar. It was the informal announcement that Reunion week had been opened, and there was no doubt that the warriors of other days were about to launch their long-awaited "attack."

One of the Pennsylvania bands serenaded the offices of the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot* just before the paper went to press, and doubtless would have been there yet, but for the fact that the "boss" pleaded that the telegraph editor couldn't get the big story that was "breaking" on the wire and listen to the joyous strains, too. Just think! There might have been no paper that morning, and no one would have known what the vets were doing!

There was a mad scramble Friday for trains and hotels leaving the city. Everything was forgotten, save tickets and pocket-books. "See you next year in Pittsburgh; s'long, Buddy!" was the extent of the average farewell. A few buddies, who had overlooked the detail of reserving accommodations, mournfully lingered, like Rome in its ashes. Yes, 'twas a grand and glorious week, where top kicks and mess sergeants were "wall flowers" and had nothing on the lowliest Buck.

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Morning Report

315TH F. A. NOTES

Any 80th Division Veteran desiring to become a member of the 315th Field Artillery Post can do so by sending his paid up 80th Div. Veterans' Ass'n. membership card, with one dollar to C. F. Bushman, 615 Princeton Ave., Bluefield, W. Va.

The new hotel, "The West Virginian," located at Bluefield, W. Va., was designed by Mahood and Van Dusen, Architects of Bluefield, W. Va. Lieut. Mahood was with the 305th Eng. 80th. Div.

TAPS

(Continued from Page 26)

Allen B. Muschlitz, also at home. He was a member of the Slatington Post of the American Legion. Interment was made at Union Cemetery, Slatington, Pa.

LACKNER—Edmund P., formerly of the 319th Infantry Machine Gun Company, 80th Division, died at his home recently at 5262 Carnegie Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. He leaves his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Lackner; three sisters, Mrs. L. J. Teinaugle, Miss Margaret Lackner, and Mrs. J. L. Fitzgerald. He was a member of St. Augustine's Catholic Church. Military funeral was held in charge of the W. Ralph McNulty Post 214, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

KEYS—Harry, aged 30, of Latrobe Pa., died July 20th in the U. S. Veterans' Hospital, West Haven, Conn., from tuberculosis which developed after an attack of pneumonia suffered while in training at Camp Lee, preparatory to going overseas.

STILES—Hubert N., formerly Sergeant, Co. H, 317th Infantry, died suddenly April 4, 1923, from injuries sustained in an accident while working at his occupation as Conductor on the C., C. & O. R. R. Comrade Stiles was a true soldier, a good Christian and beloved by all who knew him. He is survived by many who will cherish his memory.

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Ablly written and edited by Thomas H. Westlake, Esq., formerly Captain 320th Infantry, 80th Div. A. E. F.

Copies have been distributed free to the members of the Regiment. Relatives, Friends and others who may be interested may secure copies by addressing remittance of \$2.75 to Thomas H. Westlake, custodian, 320th Inf., Regiment History Fund, 617 Cuyahoga Bldg., Cleveland, O.

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When a Buddy Meets a Buddy

(Continued from Page 13)

Chairman Thomas W. Hooper, of the Resolutions Committee, presented the following resolution which was unanimously adopted and ordered printed in the minutes of the meeting and the daily papers:

"BE IT RESOLVED: That the 80th Division Veterans' Association desires to put on record an expression of its deep and sincere appreciation of the generous hospitality, so evident at this, its Fourth Annual National Reunion, on the part of our many friends in the State of Virginia, particularly in the city of Norfolk.

"While our hearty thanks go out to all the people of the city, we desire to make especial mention of the following:

"Khedive Temple, Mystic Shrine; The Norfolk Council, Boy Scouts of America; The Mayor, Council, City Manager, and other Officials of the City of Norfolk; The Chamber of Commerce; The Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Civitians and Red Deer Clubs; Central Labor Union; Norfolk Real Estate and Stock Exchange; Electric Contractor's Association; *"The Virginia Pilot," "Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch," "Norfolk Post," "Portsmouth Star,"* Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Knights of Columbus; St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church and attending clergy; The Norfolk Tidewater Association; Hotel Men's Association; Retail Merchant's Association; Retail Grocer's Association; Tidewater Automobile Association; Traveler's Protective Association; Hampton Roads Maritime Exchange; Builder's and Contractor's Exchange; The Ways and Means Committee and the Encampment Committee of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, and the United States Navy for the excellent music furnished by the detachment from the Naval Base."

(Signed) THOMAS W. HOOPER,
Chairman, Resolution Committee,
80th Division Veterans' Association.

Letters and communications to the meeting were read from absent members.

There being no further business, meeting adjourned at 12:30 P. M.

JOHN E. SUGDEN, JR.,
Recording Secretary.

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