

December-January

1923-1924

THE SERVICE

MAGAZINE

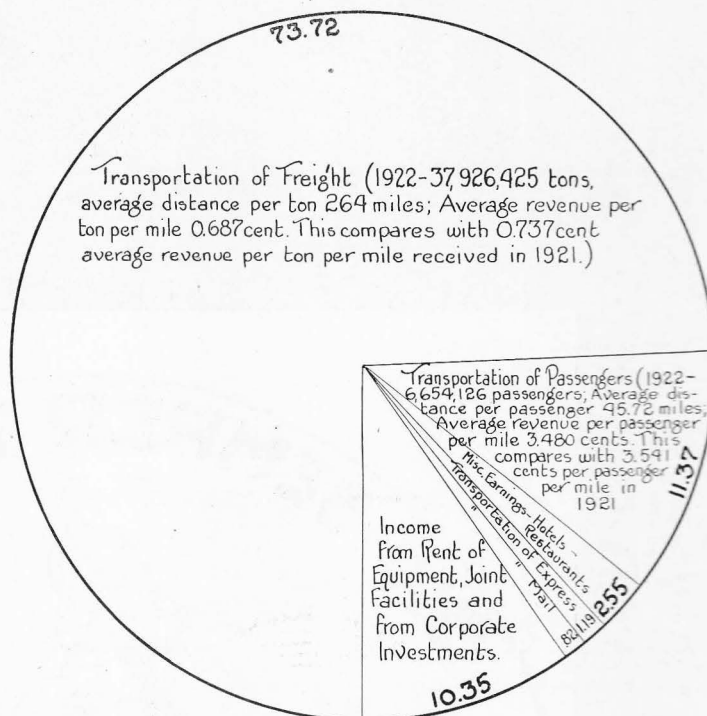
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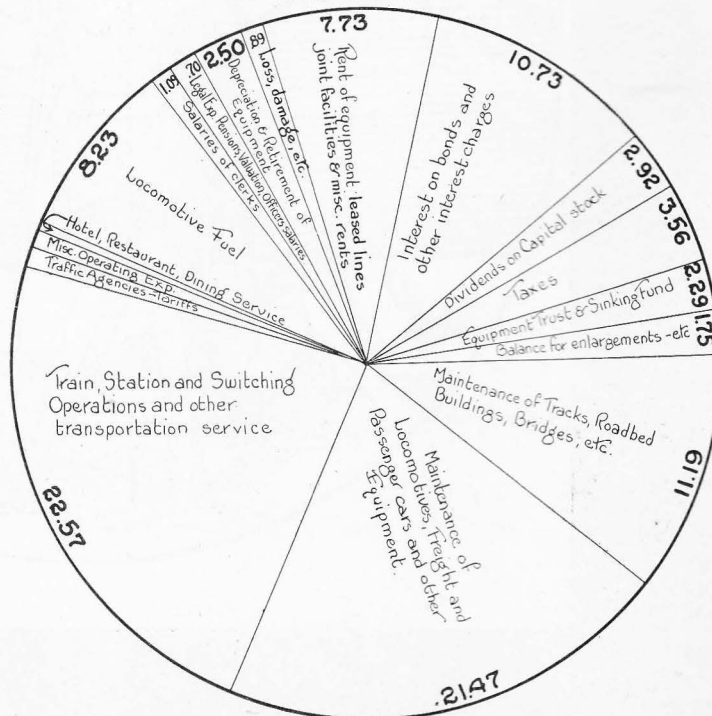
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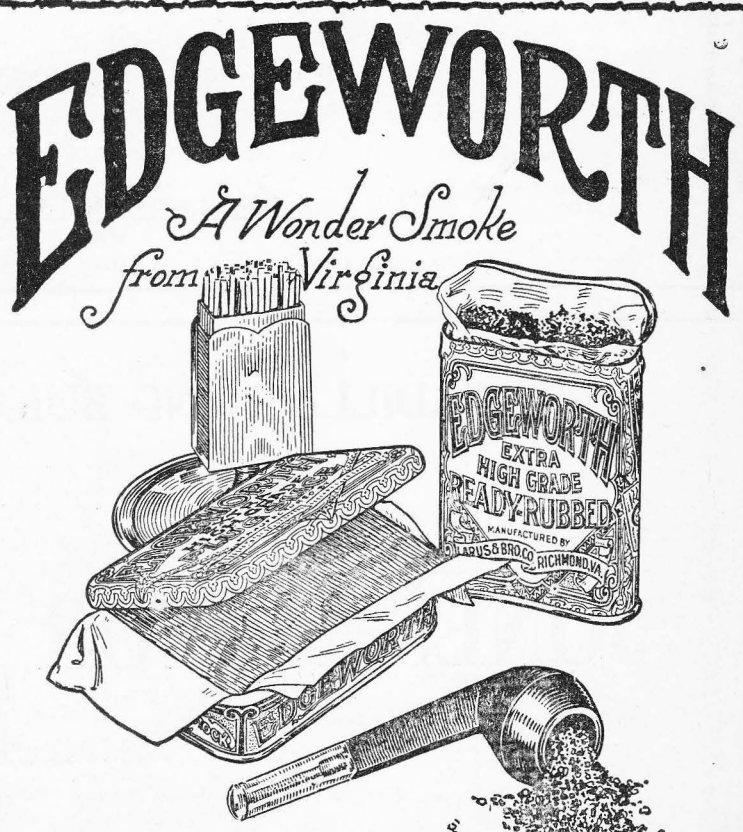
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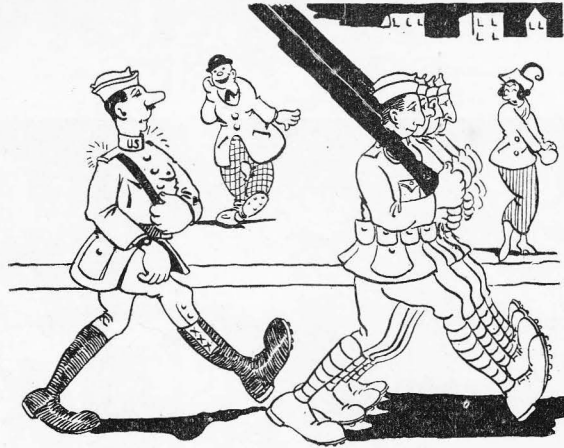
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The SERVICE MAGAZINE



The Official Bi-Monthly Communique of the 80th (Blue Ridge) Division Veterans' Association—
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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 Virginia Did With Gold Star Flag

A NOT too keen observer could not but notice the quick cooling off of the warm war-time enthusiasm shortly after the Armistice was signed. Many a returned soldier looked in vain for the expected welcome due to his late return. To these poor chaps we have extended our sympathy and endeavored to paint a memory picture of the wonderful welcome the earlier arrivals received, poor consolation to be sure, but could we expect people to go on being grateful forever, especially after the war was over and our faces had already been turned to the things of the future? What if the community flag pole was rusting away—it had served its purpose. What if the names of the lads who had served "over-there" were carried away by the wind and picked off the tablets by mischievous boys, had they not served their purpose in keeping up the community war spirit and appeasing our hunger for sugar in our coffee? What if the old gold star flag—sewn together by trembling hands of dear mothers who would never see their boys again, was allowed to flap and tear itself to shreds in the wind and rain—the war was over—the committees had demobilized themselves and gone back to their own selfish lives again. Community meetings and community mutual sympathy were all right in war time, but we could now climb back into our own little worlds and watch the neighborhood activities from behind the curtains.

And so—many gold star flags spent their short lives in a hopeless battle with the elements and the indifference of their sponsors. In happy contrast to this we have a glowing picture of how one gold star flag was created by loving hands and how it has found a place of honor for all time in the hearts of the good people of Virginia, where friendships are true, hearts are warm, and where "Welcome" has a southern emphasis on every letter of the word. A brief history of this Gold Star Flag and the exercises attendant to its final disposition are herewith reprinted from *The Richmond Times Dispatch* with full permission of the publishers.

Emblematic of great veneration and love for Virginia's 2,000 heroes, who laid down their lives for a cause, symbolic of the imperishable splendor of their name and fame, is the gold star, emblazoned in the banner of those soldiers who did not return, which will from now on be the chief star in the diadem of the Mother of States." Governor E. Lee Trinkle, said in his address at the encasement of the Gold Star Flag of the Service Legion in the State Museum.

"And now this banner is at rest, as are

the lads it symbolizes; and, to the generations to come, may it serve to remind them of the valor of the heroic sons of Virginia, who gave their lives in the World War for the cause of freedom," Mrs. G. T. W. Kern, president of the Service Legion, said in her history of the Gold Star Flag.



MRS. G. T. W. KERN.



Following the address of Mrs. Kern, the mahogany case, in which the flag was placed, was then closed by A. C. Beshears, of the Marine Recruiting Station, and locked by Mrs. Kern. Members of the Service Legion then came forward and placed white flowers in the silver vase at the foot of the case. "Taps" concluded the service.

Brigadier-General W. W. Sale, Adjutant-General of Virginia, presided at the exercises and introduced the speakers. He spoke of the Service Legion as a group of women who had ever been faithful to every demand made upon them and expressed his hope that some day a monument would be erected to the heroic women of the World War.

C. T. McDonald and J. W. DeGraff, of the Navy Recruiting Station, held the Service Legion United States Flag to the right of the Gold Star Flag. A. C. Beshears and John Weckstrom, of the Marine Recruiting Station, held the Virginia flag, used by Ex-Governor Stuart in President Wilson's inaugural parade, to the left of the flag. The bugler was R. L. Cavan, of the Marine Recruiting Station.

Parents of the Gold Star men were especial guests of the Service Legion, and representatives of civic, patriotic, historical and military organizations were present.

Governor Trinkle said, in part:

"We are gathered together, my friends, to pay a double tribute. A tribute of honor to Virginia's dead in the World War; a tribute of homage to those no less noble women of Virginia now enrolled in that organization known as the Service Legion.

"It is altogether fitting that the unblemished record of spotless honor left by Virginia's more than 2,000, who passed in camp and field, should be embalmed in loving memory by the women of this grand old Commonwealth and guarded forever by the State.

"It is an inheritance of glory of which the nation itself is proud; it is a page of history, written in the night of war, in letters of living flame.

"In the 29th, 80th, and Rainbow Divisions, the Virginia troops were brigaded. Many saw service in the artillery and in air squadrons, units being represented in every branch of the great armies.

"Where the regiments of freedom advanced, the lines of the Hun gave way. Always in the van were the Virginians, sons of freedom, fighting for the democracy of the world.

"Emblematic of our great veneration and love for those 1,700 heroes who laid down their lives for a cause, symbolic of the imperishable splendor of their name and fame, we, today, dedicate and conse-

(Continued on Page 30)

80th Decorations and Citations

By RUSSELL L. STULTZ, Historian

In this issue of SERVICE appears a detailed statement summarizing all known American and Foreign decorations and citations awarded units of the 80th Division for participation in the World War.

The American awards, totaling seven classes, embrace the Distinguished Service Medal, the Distinguished Service Cross, citations by General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, War Department Division and Brigade Headquarters, and Certificates of Meritorious Service. Of these, all except the latter class of citations carried decorations or the silver star. The Meritorious Service Citation Certificates (so called "Citation" Certificates) were in no sense based on anything in orders, and carried no additional award.

These certificates (totaling about 4,000) were issued by General Headquarters, A. E. F., and bore General Pershing's engraved signature. They, while constituting a form of recognition, did not convey any citation, any decoration, or medal, or the right to wear any article of insignia or anything whatever on the uniform to indicate the award. They were, in reality, merely a special form of recognition published by a demobilized Headquarters (mostly for men who had been recommended for a Distinguished Service Medal and disapproved for that decoration) and the War Department cannot now do anything toward reviving them, and does not intend, apparently, to ever take any action toward authorizing any medal or star to replace them. The mere fact of such awards has, however, been noted on the men's individual service records.

Of the total of 49 decorations awarded members of the 80th by foreign countries, 32 were given by the French Government, nine by the Italian Government, four by Great Britain, two by Belgium, two by Montenegro and two by the Republic of Panama. The foreign medals consisted of thirteen distinct types of decorations, two of which embraced three classes each. These were distributed by the several nations as follows:

- FRANCE
 Legion of Honor (Commander)..... 1
 Legion of Honor (Knight)..... 3
 Legion of Honor (Officer)..... 2
 Order of the Black Star (Officer)..... 1
 Croix de Guerre (with Palm)..... 9
 Croix de Guerre (with Bronze Star).... 1
 Croix de Guerre (with Gilt Star).....11
 Medaille Militaire 5
- GREAT BRITAIN:
 Order of St. Michael & St. George
 (Knight Commander) 1
 Distinguished Conduct Medal 1

to forward his name and organization, accompanied by a copy of the citation, to the Division Historian for inclusion. This cooperation is essential, in order to insure a complete and accurate record, and it is hoped that every individual possessing a foreign medal will communicate the fact at once.

The problem of checking the foreign awards is most difficult, inasmuch as the records of the War Department in this respect are not complete. The Department's card files are accurate, but instances exist where men were actually presented with decorations without the knowledge or authority of the War Department or General Headquarters, A.E.F., this occurring particularly in cases where the man's organization was demobilized prior to the presentation. As an illustration of the incompleteness of the Department's records with regards to foreign decorations, the Division History Committee has been able to supply no less than six awards missing from the Department's files. There is no inhibition in the Constitution or law which prohibits a civilian, even though the decoration was awarded for military service, from accepting it and, in consequence of this fact, it is probable that foreign awards for World War service will continue indefinitely.

Organization	DSM.	DSC.	GHQ. AEF.	War Dept.	Div.	Brig.	Ctf. of		
							M. S.	For.	Total
Division Hdqrs.	9	1	2	..	12	..	4	6	34
Hdqrs. Troop	2	1	3
*314th M. G. Bn.
*305th Mil. Police
*305th Mot. Sup. Trn.
305th Fld. Sig. Bn.	2	3	5	..	1	..	11
305th Engineers	2	1	2	..	1	..	1	..	7
*305th Engr. Trn.
155th F. A. Brg. Hdqrs. ..	1	1	4	6
313th F. A.	2	2	22	26
314th F. A.	4	..	26	30
315th F. A.	7	4	..	25	36
*305th Am. Trn.
305th Tr. Mor. Btry.	2	2
305th Mo. Or. Rp. Shp.	7	..	7
159th Inf. Brg. Hdqrs.	2	2	1	5
317th Infantry	1	12	3	10	1	..	5	10	42
318th Infantry	11	8	3	2	..	6	7	37
313th M. G. Bn.	1	1	1	..	3
160th Inf. Brg. Hdqrs.	1	2	2	5
319th Infantry	2	17	6	4	2	98	2	15	146
320th Infantry	1	12	5	1	3	153	5	10	190
315th M. G. Bn.	1	1	16	18
305th San. Trn.
*317th Amb. Co.
*318th Amb. Co.
*319th Amb. Co.	1	..	2	1	..	4
320th Amb. Co.	1	..	1
French Mil. Mission	1	2	3
RECAPITULATION...	20	59	41	31	35	344	34	52	616

*No Awards Credited to these Units.

- Military Medal 2
- BELGIUM:
 Order of the Crown (Chevalier)..... 1
 Croix de Guerre 1
- ITALY:
 Italian War Cross 9
- MONTENEGRO:
 Prince Danilo I de Montenegro (Commander, 3rd Class), 1
 Medaille pour la Zele (Silver) 1
- PANAMA:
 Medal "La Solidaridad" (2nd Class).... 2
- Total52

It is believed, however, that a number of omissions occur in the foregoing list and, in view of this circumstance, any member of the Division who holds a decoration presented by a foreign government is urged

The "Summary of Decorations and Citations" published in this issue lists a total of 616 awards, credited to members of the 80th Division or to members of the French military Mission attached. A recapitulation of the eight classes of decorations and citations reckoned shows the following distribution of honors:

- Distinguished Service Medal..... 20
 Distinguished Service Cross..... 59
 General Headquarters, A. E. F., Citations 41
 War Department Citations 31
 Divisional Citations 35
 Brigade Citations344
 Certificates of Meritorious Service..... 34
 Foreign Decorations 52
- Total.....616

80th Decorations and Citations

Of the total, three awards were made to members of the French Military Mission attached to the 80th Division, these comprising one Distinguished Service Medal and two Divisional Citations. The War Department records are now being rechecked with the object of ascertaining whether or not additional members of the French Mission received awards for service with the 80th.

A number of interesting facts have been gleaned during the compilation of the Divisional decorations and citations, foremost among these being the unexpectedly gratifying number discovered. When the task of assembling the Divisional awards was instituted, it was believed that a maximum of 300 individual citations would mark the highest possible number. However, while the total exclusive of Brigade citations fell short of this figure, amounting to 272, the comparatively large number of officers and men cited by the 155th Field Artillery Brigade and the 160th Infantry Brigade in orders swelled the total to more than double the quantity originally anticipated. The citations by these two Brigades incidentally has enabled the 80th to present a showing that corresponds favorably with other combat Divisions.

Diligent search and inquiry among its former personnel has confirmed the War Department's conclusion that no citation orders were issued by the 159th Infantry Brigade; however, a number of Regimental recommendations for honors were published and, although these were never acted upon by the Brigade, practically all individuals so recommended were cited by other headquarters or authority.

One of the unusual circumstances brought to light while tabulating the figures is the fact that seven units of the Division are at present credited with no citations whatsoever, these being the 314th (Divisional) Machine Gun Battalion, the 305th Military Police, the 305th Motor Supply Train, the 305th Engineer Train, the 305th Ammunition Train and the 317th and 318th Ambulance Companies of the 305th Sanitary Train.

The organizations comprising the Field Artillery Brigade and the two Infantry Brigades are credited with approximately 90 per cent of the total awards, the Infantry Brigades alone having received more than 72 per cent of the entire number. This high ratio results in the main, however, by fact of the numerous citations issued by the 160th Brigade.

Another fact worthy of mention is the comparative standing of the four Infantry Regiments, excluding Brigade citations, in the matter of awards:

319th Infantry	48
317th Infantry	42

318th Infantry	37
320th Infantry	37

Total.....164

It will thus be observed that honors were unusually evenly distributed. Due to no Brigade citations having been issued by the 159th Brigade, the awards by Brigade Headquarters cannot be properly reckoned in attempting an accurate analysis.

The figures employed in the above tables and in the Divisional summary should not be construed as applying to individuals so cited, as in a number of instances duplication of awards exist, a single individual occasionally being credited with several citations. As an illustration, both General Cronkhite and General Brett were awarded four distinct citations, including foreign decorations, while numerous other officers and enlisted men of the Division were cited by two and three separate headquarters. The totals, however, must be calculated upon the number of awards, and not upon the basis of individuals, since frequently a man received several honors in recognition of the same act.

The archives of the War Department to-day contain the names of a number of members of the 80th who were recommended for the Distinguished Service Medal or the Distinguished Service Cross. While it is barely possible that a few additional awards will be published by the Department covering service in the World War, the bulk of these recommendations have either been rejected or will never be acted upon favorably. Within recent months the list of 80th Division awards has been substantially increased by the issuance of additional Distinguished Service Crosses and War Department Citations, these being based upon existent recommendations heretofore "in suspense." However, April 6th, last, witnessed the expiration of the time limit fixed by law for the receipt and approval of recommendations by the Decorations Board, therefore it is but reasonable to predict that the total of citations credited to the 80th Division will stand for all time substantially as it is now published, unless, and in the extreme improbability of, Congress should extend the period of limitation.

Continuing the program instituted in the last issue of SERVICE, the awards of the Distinguished Service Medal are followed this month by the citations of the Distinguished Service Cross, and these will be followed, in order, by Foreign Decorations and Citations by General Headquarters, A. E. F., War Department, Division and Brigade Headquarters, concluding with the Certificates of Meritorious Service. Every member of the Division is urged to scan these lists as they appear and acquaint us

with any errors or omissions that may come to their attention.

ADDITIONS TO D.S.M.'S.

Two important additions to the awards of the Distinguished Service Medal, published in the October-November number of SERVICE, have been discovered. Both of these awards were omitted in the War Department's decorations credited to the 80th Division, a discrepancy in the case of Colonel Keller that is difficult to understand when it is recalled that he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal shortly after the Armistice, while still in command of the 317th Infantry.

The question of properly crediting the holders of the D. S. M. resolves itself into a complicated problem, in view of the fact that certain officers who were awarded that decoration also had service with other Divisions or Headquarters than the 80th. This circumstance has resulted in the Department indexing such individuals under what is known as the "Miscellaneous Files," consequently no specific Division or Headquarters is credited with any of them. Such a policy is pursued in the case of Colonels John B. Barnes, George R. Spalding, Thomas L. Rhoads, James M. Love, Robert S. Welsh, and others, who had the bulk of their war service with the 80th, and the injustice of such an arbitrary classification is readily apparent.

On the other hand, the name of Colonel Harry C. Williams, Field Artillery, U. S. A., who commanded the 320th Field Artillery, 82nd Division, in support of the 80th and 82nd Divisions during the Meuse-Argonne offensive, is credited exclusively to the 80th, whereas this Division has no legitimate claim to the award. In the event such a method of classification were rigidly adhered to, it would be permissible for the 80th to likewise include the awards of the D. S. M. made to Major General Charles S. Farnsworth, Brigadiers General Briant H. Wells, Wilds P. Richardson and C. C. Herron, Lieu. Colonel Stephen D. Clark, and others, who at one time had service with the Division. The absurdity of such a contention being manifest, it is felt that the 80th must properly limit its credits along lines the justice and validity of which will be generally recognized.

The additional awards of the D. S. M. follow:

"CHARLES KELLER, Colonel, 317th Infantry, U. S. Army—He took command of a regiment at a critical moment, after two unsuccessful assaults had been made by the Brigade. He reorganized the regiment under fire and made possible the taking and holding of the Bois des Ogons, thereby displaying the highest order of leadership and exhibiting the masterful

80th Decorations and Citations

qualities of a commander. Address: Care of The Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C., Entered the Military service from Texas."

"MICHEL, GOUDCHAUX, Captain, French Army—For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services as commander of the French Mission with the 80th Division and the IX Army Corps of the American Expeditionary Forces. Home address: France."

Corrections in, and additions to, the awards of the Distinguished Service Cross published in this issue of SERVICE are invited. In order that the Division's list of decorations and citations may be absolutely complete, the holder of any citation not included in this or subsequent issues is requested to furnish the History Committee with a copy of same.

AWARDS OF THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

(For Extraordinary Heroism in Action)

Jozef Adamski, Corp., Co. C, 320th Inf.; George J. Allman, Corp., Co. A, 305th Engrs.; William R. Arrants, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps, 317th Inf.; Edward Bann, Pvt., Co. M, 318th Inf.; *Walter I. Barnhart, Sgt., Co. I, 320th Inf.; John N. Berg, Corp., Co. C, 317th Inf.; Ferdinand F. Blume, Corp., Co. C, 319th Inf.; James O. Booth, Cook, Co. I, 319th Inf.; Manley Bradley, Sgt., Co. D, 317th Inf.; Edward Chaney, Pvt., Co. C, 317th Inf.; Theodore L. Cogswell, 1st Lieut., Co. F, 319th Inf.; William H. Craig, Corp., Btry. F, 313th F. A.; *Joseph M. Davidson, 1st Lieut., Co. C, 318th Inf.; Charles K. Dillingham, 2nd Lieut., 318th Inf.; *Daniel Dugan, Jr., 1st Lieut., Co. D, 317th Inf.; *Frederick A. Egler, Sgt., Co. M, 320th Inf.; *German H. H. Emory, Major, 320th Inf.; Joseph F. Esser, Corp., Co. H, 319th Inf.; Gordon D. Flanagan, Pvt., Btry. A, 313th F. A.; *George M. Free, Sgt., Co. C, 320th Inf.; George J. Fries, Jr., Pvt., Med. Det., 319th Inf.; Erskine Gordon, Capt., 319th Inf.; Carl T. Hatch, 2nd Lieut., 317th Inf.; Charles C. Highley, 1st Lieut., 319th Inf.; Charles Ryman Herr, 1st Lieut., 319th Inf.; Samuel Hill, Pvt. 1st Cl., Co. E, 320th Inf.; *Albert A. Huth, Corp., Co. H, 319th Inf.; James T. Jenkins, Sgt., Co. G, 317th Inf.; William T. Johnson, Sgt., Co. A, 318th Inf.; Charles G. Jones, Corp., Co. F, 318th Inf.; George J. Klier, Pvt. 1st Cl., Co. G, 320th Inf.; *Floyd C. Lambing, Pvt., Co. A, 320th Inf.; Vivian S. Lawrence, Jr., Corp., Amb. Co. 319th, 305th San. Trn.; George W. McFarland, Corp., Co. D, 320th Inf.; Alexander MacWilliam, 1st Sgt., 313th M. G. Bn.; *Harry B. Miles, Pvt., Co. B, 318th Inf.; Raymond V. Neelon, 1st Sgt., Co. F, 319th Inf.; John Pamaranski, Corp., Co.

B, 320th Inf.; Charley N. Parcell, Pvt., Co. D, 317th Inf.; Hugh C. Parker, 1st Lieut., 320th Inf.; Walter B. Phipps, Pvt., Hdqrs. Co., 319th Inf.; Clements R. Pulono, Pvt., Co. C, 319th Inf.; *Harry Rogers, 2nd Lieut., 318 Inf.; Charles C. Rossire, Jr., Capt., Co. F, 319th Inf.; *Alexander Rodgers, Jr., 1st Lieut., Hdqrs. Co., 319th Inf.; Roy H. Sakrison, 1st Lieut., Hdqrs, 80th Division; Ignacio Scialabba, Corp., Co. K, 319th Inf.; Harry R. Seelinger, 1st Lieut., Med. Det., 317th Inf.; Albert J. Shartle, 1st Lieut., 315th M. G. Bn.; Isadore Solomon, Sgt., Co. G, 317th Inf.; *Jens L. Stevenson, Corp., Co. F, 319th Inf.; William P. Tienor, Pvt., Co. D, 318th Inf.; Carl Tuftin, Pvt., Co. D, 318th Inf.; *James A. Turner, 1st Lieut., 318th Inf.; *Andrew F. Vogel, Sgt., Co. C, 320th Inf.; Ray E. Watson, 2nd Lieut., 317th Inf.; Jess White, Corp., Co. D, 317th Inf.; Jennings C. Wise, Lieut. Col., 318th Inf.; *Richard F. Woodward, 1st Lieut., 319th Inf.

*Indicates deceased; posthumous awards.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS (For Extraordinary Heroism in Action) TEXT OF AWARDS:

IV—AWARDS OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

By direction of the President, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved July 9, 1918 (Bul. 43, W. D., 1918), the distinguished service cross was awarded by the commanding general, American Expeditionary Forces, for extraordinary heroism in action in France, to the following named officers and enlisted men of the American Expeditionary Forces:

JOZEF ADAMSKI, Corporal, Company C, 320th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Bois des Ogons, France, October 9, 1918. Rushing ahead of his advancing lines exposed to heavy enemy fire, Corp. Adamski discovered a trail which was not being covered by enemy fire and through which men could pass in safety. He returned with this valuable information to his company commander, his action permitting his company to safely pass through the zone. Residence at enlistment: 3549 Mulberry Alley, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FRANK ALLMAN, Corporal, Company A, 305th Engineers—For extraordinary heroism in action at Beaumont, France, November 5, 1918. Corp. Allman and a comrade were severely wounded by the explosion of a shell. He administered first aid to his companion, himself refusing medical attention. He then carried the wounded man through the heavily shelled town to a dressing station. Although again wounded by machine-gun fire, he continued to assist the man, refusing medical at-

tention until his comrade had been attended to. Residence at enlistment: Big Stone Gap, Va.

WILLIAM R. ARRANTS, First Lieutenant, Medical Corps, 317th Infantry—For repeated acts of extraordinary heroism in action in the Bois de la Cote Lemont, France, September 28, 1918, and near Nantillois, France, October 5, 1918. He, with his battalion aid unit, accompanied his battalion into action in the Bois de la Cote Lemont and promptly opened his aid station within 100 yards of the front line, where he worked all night under continuous fire giving aid to the wounded. When there was a shortage of stretcher bearers he assisted in bringing in the wounded. Under intense fire he undertook to locate the ambulance dressing station and personally directed the evacuation of wounded to it. In the attack from the Bois de Fay, October 5, he again went with the attacking troops and opened a first-aid station in an old cellar with no cover. Under an intense barrage of shrapnel and high explosive shells, he performed the most devoted service in attending the wounded, working continuously for nine hours until his unit had been ordered to retire. Residence at appointment: Decatur, Tenn.

EDWARD BANN, Private, Company M, 318th Infantry—For Extraordinary heroism in action in the Bois des Ogons, France, October 4, 1918. He was acting as a stretcher bearer with another soldier, who was shot by a sniper. Going out under fire from the sniper, he captured the latter with the aid of another man. While taking his prisoner to the rear he found a wounded man, whom he carried to the aid station under heavy fire while his companion went on with the prisoner. Upon returning from the aid station he continued his work of rescuing the wounded. Residence at enlistment: 511 Sturgeon Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN N. BERG, Corporal, Company C, 317th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Sommauthe, France, November 4, 1918. He led his squad under heavy machine-gun fire in an attack on a machine-gun nest, capturing two machine guns killing the gunners and driving off the remainder of the crews. With his squad he held the position for one hour, until the arrival of the rest of his company. Residence at enlistment: Crosby, Pa.

FERDINAND F. BLUME, Corporal, Company C, 319th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action on the west bank of the Meuse, France, September 26, 1918. While his platoon was being held up by wire and other obstacles and the fire of the enemy threatened to annihilate it, he

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Cities With Histories

From Pittsburgh Gazette Times—(Full Permission)

PETERSBURG, Va.—A visit to a city like Petersburg suggests the idea that some day municipal governments may create city historians. Such an official would be charged with the duties of preserving old landmarks, setting right disputed points of tradition, establishing antiquarian museums and inspiring in the city a regard for its picturesque past.

Cities are slowly realizing that their history has commercial value. It is known, for instance, that tourists, especially automobile travelers, who stop in a town over night, ask what there is to see.

Increasing travel, especially by automobile, is bringing tourists into towns that have had fewer casual visitors. These towns are finding that the public expects them to be interesting in some fashion. Places that have historic pasts are beginning to dust them off and put them in shape for the enjoyment of strangers.

Petersburg, a gold mine of the picturesque, partly appreciated and, as everywhere else, partly neglected. Petersburg has been a stage for famous folk of three centuries, notably Captain John Smith, Pocahontas, Daniel Boone, Washington, Lafayette, Aaron Burr, Jefferson Davis, Lincoln and Lee.

Petersburg might claim fame on the score of being the town where George Washington is known to have departed from his policy of truthfulness at any price.

The story is that Washington was being feted at the Golden Ball Tavern in Petersburg. He was weary of the attention which his going and coming everywhere attracted, and he purposely announced his hour of leaving town in a way which would mislead the people bent on doing him honor. He said of the incident:

"Having suffered very much by the dust yesterday, and finding that parties of horses and a number of other gentlemen were intending to attend me part of the way today, I caused their inquiries respecting the time of my setting out to be answered that I should endeavor to do it before 8 o'clock, but did it a little after 5, by which means I avoided the inconvenience above mentioned."

Petersburg has a fund of stories about famous Americans. A century and more ago it was a cosmopolitan type of city, one of the most important of the early American communities, a place to be included in a tour by a distinguished visitor such as Lafayette.

Aaron Burr lived in one of the Petersburg taverns at the height of his career. John Daley Burk, the brilliant young Irish-

man, who wrote one of the most famous histories of Virginia, was attracted to Petersburg and became one of a remarkable little group of intellectuals at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century.

This Virginia town was a center of colonial trade and culture. It has also figured in history because of its strategic location. In 1645 one of the first colonial forts was built near the banks of the Appomattox River, where Petersburg was to stand. Petersburg got its name from old Peter Jones, who built a trading station near this fort about 1675 and traded with the Indians. After almost two and a half centuries his station, a stone building, is still used as a warehouse.

When a stranger in Petersburg meets an old inhabitant, he is sure to be asked eagerly: "Have you seen Blandford?" As a result of this spontaneous press agent work on the part of Petersburg citizens, few visitors leave town without seeing Blandford, and the fame of old Blandford Church and its historic graveyard steadily increases.

Five minutes ride from the center of town you may come upon a little colonial brick chapel, overgrown with English ivy. About the little church is a neatly kept lawn, dotted with old and crumbling tombstones. This is Blandford. It is a bit of colonial Virginia. Legends on the stones tell of men and women born in England, Scotland and Ireland who came to Virginia before the Revolutionary War.

The chapel was abandoned as old in 1800. The dead of three more wars were to be added to the Revolutionary heroes in the churchyard, and one of the hottest battles of the Civil War was to be fought close enough to the church to damage its walls and break the old gravestones. After that siege, 25,000 Confederate dead were laid to rest in Blandford Cemetery, and the chapel was left a picturesque ruin of the war, with ivy growing over its broken walls. About 20 years ago the chapel was carefully restored and painted and its vines trimmed.

One corner of the Blandford churchyard holds the body of the only British officer ever buried abroad before the recent World War. England, it seems, had always the policy of bringing all her officers home for burial. But in the Revolution Gen. William Phillips was taken ill with fever while Petersburg was a center of fighting. Cannon balls were falling around Bollingbrook Mansion, where the general lay, and he was removed to the basement for safety. The old colored cook, Molly, was accidentally killed by a ball.

Phillips died and was buried at Bland-

ford. But because local sentiment was so strong against him, that it is said that old Molly was buried over his grave, so that his body might not be found and desecrated.

When steps were taken to remove the general to England, the body could not be located. Shortly before the recent war, however, the British government was reminded of the strange fact that an English general lay under American sod, and another request for the missing officer was sent. But Phillips lay in an unmarked and forgotten grave. A fire in 1843 had destroyed the oldest records of the churchyard and the story of old Molly was vague tradition. It was finally agreed that the general must remain in Blandford, and the D. A. R. put up a stone to his memory, close by the church.

The McRae shaft, called the most warlike monument in America, is in this cemetery. This shaft was erected to the Petersburg men who went to Canada to fight in the War of 1812. A bronze war eagle surmounts the stone, and on one side is carved the order of the War Department in 1813, praising the little band of volunteers and regretting that their term of enlistment was over. The order states that they "have for 12 months borne hardship and privations of military life in the midst of an inhospitable wilderness with a cheerfulness and alacrity which have never been surpassed."

The enclosure about the monument is decorated with sabers, flint lock muskets, ammunition boxes, laurel wreaths, battle axes and the American shield.

Hopewell, Va.—A new chapter is being written in the dramatic history of Hopewell. Most of us remember Hopewell as the great guncotton town of the war, a town of wood and tar paper, like an overgrown mining camp. Hopewell sprang up in six months on a Virginia cornfield and gained fame as a city of 45,000 people, dedicated by the DuPonts to the making of one single article of destruction for the war.

One of the most remarkable land booms in American history took place here. A typical story is that of a drunken man with \$500 in his pocket who attended one of the sales of lots. He paid out one-fourth cash on land, as long as his money lasted. Next day he was sober and penniless. A week later he had sold his holdings for \$11,000.

When the firing in Europe ceased, Hopewell was daily turning out 1,500,000 pounds of the explosive used in making smokeless powder. The order came to stop work as

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Who Won the War?

By IMA KNUT

I HAVE read with disgust the outpourings of my two feeble-minded contemporaries, Professor Percival Grubb and Miss Minne Wurfer which recently appeared in *SERVICE MAGAZINE*. Nothing so weak and impotent has appeared in print, in my retentive memory, unless it were the Congressional Record, or the speeches and comments of some of our outstanding mis-leaders in Washington recently, but this must be expected from such descendants of the Cimex Lectorarius. Professor Grubb's great work on "Zymology as Applied to Our Modern Civilization" will find a place among our best sellers, as should Miss Wurfer's "Cake Eating With Cannibals," but when such Morons attempt to speak authoritatively on the subject "Who Won the War," it is time for our readers to start writing to their Congressmen.

"The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword" and a check will make either look sick providing it is placed in the itching palms of the right persons—(We suggest the treasurer of this magazine), but none of these were entirely responsible for the war's successful conclusion. Those who remember the fifty-foot letters emblazoned in electric lights across the mammoth sign boards that walled in our towns and cities during those trying days of 1917 and 1918, when our households remained in darkness during heatless-meatless-wheatless and lightless nights, will recall that in addition to advertising all the best known brands of soap, cigarettes, collars, etc., some bore the inspiring words, "Soup will Sink the Subs," "Bums Will Bust Our Bonds," "Fuss Will Stop the Muss," "Cash Will Cut A Slash," "Dollars Will Dig a Dug-out," "Fight or Buy a Farm," "Slop Will Save a Wop," and those equally impressive slogans—"Give 'till it hurts," "We are behind you boys"—and "Nothing is too good for the soldiers."

In whose versatile brain were these masterpieces of colloquial thought and expression originated? Not only these but the profusely illustrated articles in the Sunday supplements which gave first hand experiences of the writer on the Western Front, proving beyond a doubt for all time that our boys were having the big holiday of a lifetime in Sunny France? Could a Grubb or Wurfer exercise an imagination so beneficial to humanity as this? The Writer, while wishing to belittle no one's honest effort ventures the opinion that they could not. Only the absurdity of their claims regarding the part played by the Doughnut Machine and the Slicker could ever make the author break his golden silence on one of the mysteries of the late lamented, slight unpleasantness overseas. He would not at-

tempt to claim full credit for this practical application of applied psychology, but only wants a just recognition made of the fact that such methods were, and will continue to be effective, regardless of the subject or principle involved. The manufacturing, if we may term it such, of thousands upon thousands of slogans, articles and "human interest" stories for use in winning the war was an enormous and nerve-wracking task. Think of the disadvantages and hardship of working in a twenty-story office building in Chicago and writing an account of how the writer accompanied the brave American Doughboys over the top during the Battle of Bordeaux. Night after night the whole office force of some five hundred "essential industry" men worked until six o'clock amid the crash of typewriters and the blue haze of cigar smoke pouring over maps and drawing vivid pictures of brave officers with drawn swords leading their men in valliant charges behind the streaming banners of our beloved country into the teeth of the enemy. Service on the battlefield itself could not have resulted in greater fatigue. Some of the veteran's themselves have stated confidentially to me that it even "made them tired" when they read such accounts. What greater proof of the effectiveness of the talent of my force could be asked? What a satisfaction it must have been to you, dear reader, to know that the American Army was the best paid, the best dressed, the best fed, and the best manicured Army in the world. How it must have cheered you to know that every Doughboy had turkey for Thanksgiving and toys for Christmas. Ah, one may talk of super-dreadnaughts and super-financiers; super this and super that, but superlatives expressed in print can never be depreciated, for such is the food that forms the firm and substantial basis of that great power, Public Opinion, for we believe what we read, and if you are an exception, I am afraid this article is wasted.

I will digress here for a moment to give a brief account of my peculiar training for this great work which meant so much to our country in winning the war. Even as a school-boy, my talents were recognized by my little school fellows, and many a successful and plausible excuse to explain their absence at that delightful pastime "hookey," was accepted by our teacher as the truth and nothing but the truth, from the parental pen. For this worthy service, I of course thus early insisted on proper remuneration, and accumulated quite a store of marbles and other articles of juvenile commerce. After leaving school, I became connected with an oil concern, and

to this I attribute the turning point in my career. My mental faculties improved and developed at this occupation to a point almost beyond belief. Given several reams of paper and a supply of maps of little known sections of our great country I could not only discover, but portray a condition of such wealth and opportunity in the middle of Death Valley or some other desolate and hard to reach spot that a squad of police was necessary each morning to keep order in the crowd of widows and orphans who clamored at my door tearfully begging me to invest their money. It was with great reluctance that I sacrificed myself on the altar of freedom by leaving this auspicious start of a career that so many of our leaders in business point to with pride as a page in their personal history which proves that "a penny saved is a penny earned" providing the saver will accept a beautifully engraved certificate in lieu thereof.

I gave up everything excepting three chauffeurs, a butler, and my English valet, and established myself as simply as possible in a villa overlooking the lake. Rising at 9:00 A. M. every morning I motored to my suite of offices in the Bonanza Building, where I labored, dictating to four stenographers simultaneously. Special wires, reaching out to every publication in the nation grew hot with the volume and contents of my news from the front as did some of the reading and thinking public. From the financial standpoint, I will only remark that even to the present time I still firmly believe that taxes on incomes resulting from such patriotic service to our country should be remitted in recognition of a nation's gratitude. (I have just written my congressman to this effect).

Modesty and space forbids my giving many of the details of my varied activities; however, I will relate a few of my innovations which gained the widest practice among our best minds of the age.

One of my discoveries was what is editorially known as giving the news a "slant," or in other words, while apparently presenting a fair and unprejudiced view of both sides of a question, in reality presenting the matter in a manner conforming to your own opinion or bank account. I was very successful in this practice, so much so, indeed, that some of the foremost editors of widely read papers have become cross-eyed and are unable to recognize a straight story when they see it.

When the hostilities suddenly terminated, no one was more surprised and shocked than myself. Personally I believed that our brave boys should have continued fighting until they reached Berlin, and in

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any event, their leaders should have had foresight enough to inform our best financial circles a few months in advance as to the exact date they intended to cease firing as it left us in a very embarrassing position. Many of our small manufacturers, through government financing, etc., had extended their plants until they covered acres and acres of what was formerly fertile farm lands and beautiful residential sections. By instituting condemnation proceedings, the narrow-minded owners had been ousted for the common good, and contracts approximating millions of dollars were yet to be filled when the startling news arrived that the cowardly Hun had surrendered. It wasn't the fault of these manufacturers that the war was over, anyone could plainly see, and realizing the injustice and hardship of their position, I came forward with the slogan "Get Yours While the Getting is Good." The various associations at once saw the wisdom of my suggestion that the liquidation of these war contracts be pressed at Washington without delay, and while I was prepared for a storm of protest to descend upon our able legislators and aspersions to be made such as "Raiders of the Treasury," "Prostituting Patriotism," etc., due to my logical and fair presentation of the matter before the public and judicious use of publicity funds at my disposal; necessary legislation was approved and executed with great smoothness, with no suggestion of a protest.

In order to maintain the morale of our forces it was of course necessary to inspire a self confidence and belief in the indomitable courage and superiority of our soldiers over anything that history has produced, and the slogans "Nothing is too good for the soldiers," and "When you return, the country is yours," while having a perfectly legitimate use at a certain period were unfortunately used by unscrupulous politicians and cranks as having a continued meaning after the ending of the war, and it has necessitated great expense to combat this fallacious idea before it gained too great a support. As a close student of ancient classic authors, I remembered that undisputed truth of that great Roman writer, Delirium, who said, "Depreciation of the value of a commodity or service is the true basis of economic bargaining by creating a reasonable doubt of its worth in the mind of the possessor." Following my suggestion it became evident almost over night by reading the headlines of the front pages of our daily papers that the aftermath of war was one of widespread crime and immorality chiefly attributable to the former service man. Such headlines as, "Ex-Soldier Kills His Mother-in-Law," "Bold Daylight Robbery—Former Soldier Sus-

pected," "Discharged Sailor Takes Bath in Booze," "Gunman Who Won D. S. C. in France is Bumped Off By Members His Old Gang in New York After Series of Brutal Holdups and Murders," etc., etc. It was quite apparent that vagrancy and radicalism were running wild among the so-called heroes of our late unpleasantness, and as a matter of self-protection the former service man put the soft pedal on his experience overseas. Some who were so foolish as to venture about in uniform on Armistice Day, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, were greeted with comments such as "Why Don't You Go to Work?" "Will You Ever get over being a Bum?" and like comments, until a more reasonable realization came to a great majority of the less ignorant ones that "soldier" was synonymous with "Sucker." This was as it should be, as while they may have had a slight influence in winning the war, mere brawn is, after all, only the tool of brains that direct its application, and the downfall of Rome offers a valuable lesson in the mistake of aggrandizing military service, after the successful culmination of the initial objective.

While the creation of this state of mind undoubtedly saved the nation from plunging into a wild orgy of economic and political re-adjustment such as exhausted the country after the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, my work was not finished for there remained the pressing problem brought to a climax by the sentimental demands of the public resulting from unexpected misinterpretation of my famous slogan "Everything for the disabled." Thousands of dollars would undoubtedly have been spent by our over-generous nation upon men primarily suffering from mental aberration due to the fact that some of their less fortunate civil companions were holding down their positions while they were enjoying the privilege of travel and education at government expense, and who had become so efficient in their work that their employers hesitated to again cause them to make further sacrifice in favor of one whose lives contained a page that was an unknown quantity so far as their future conduct was concerned. The employer therefore informed them that in his consideration they were physically unable to occupy the position formerly held, as a sympathetic and humane method of encouraging them to exercise the broad training they had received for the greater benefit of the community at large.

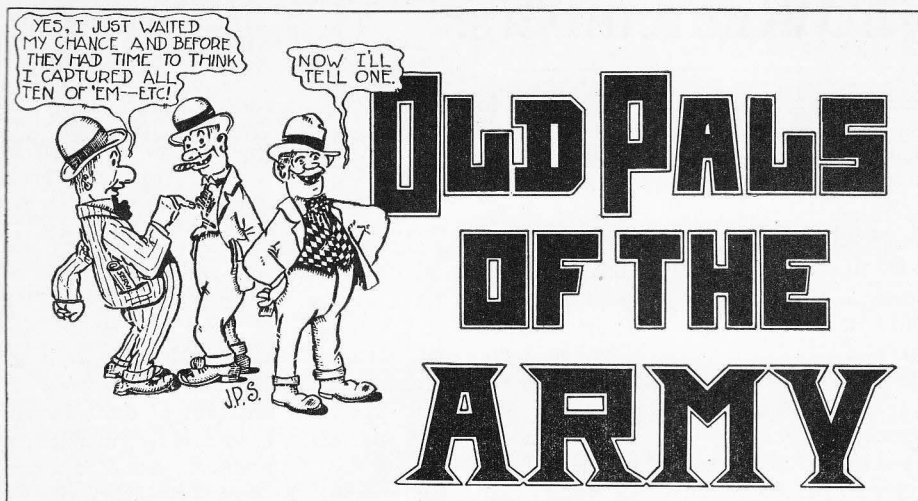
Instead of acknowledging the justice and propriety of this conclusion they imagined that their service had been of some physical handicap to them and presented disability claims to the disgust of all right thinking patriots. An immediate and feasi-

ble plan of correcting this misapprehension occurred to my fertile brain, and I devised a system of questions and regulations that have met great approval in practice. The popularity of questionnaires has never diminished in official circles so far as I have been able to ascertain. My system was this: if the list of questions I prepared could not all be answered by the alleged disabled man, the examiner was justified in rating the man as a mental abnormality whose condition was not the result of service. If by any chance they were all answered, it was only a matter of a few days before the relatives of the man would themselves be convinced that he had gone crazy. The violence of his language alone after reading my questionnaire sometimes justified the examiner in calling the police and having him confined to a padded cell.

This method has been most successful and if medical attention finally were necessary, the expense fell upon a widely distributed number of community institutions, rather than upon our already overburdened national exchequer. By the publication of astounding figures from time to time, for it must be admitted that high rentals and salaries in times of prosperity react to the diminution of appropriations made by our legislators, it was easy to convince the most skeptical that generosity has always been the keynote in the administration of public funds for the benefit of worthy constituents.

If unexpected opposition among our less intelligent writers and thinkers occurred on any of the many projects fathered by myself and associates, I found that a ready remedy was at hand by labeling their efforts as "propaganda." The mere mention of this term in connection with their article usually sufficed to stir up a blast of such well-merited condemnation that the movement was strangled at its birth, but if it did not, there remained the terms "Reds—Bolsheviks, Traitors, Agitators, Wall Street Wolves" and many similar epithets at my command which squelched their shrieks and resulted in their ostracism, financial ruin and disappearance from public notice.

The best proof of the effectiveness of any new discovery is its lasting qualities, and who today makes any use of the doughnut machine? On the other hand, my Bureau has continued to flourish in the commercial and political life of our great nation, and I find a greater field opening each day. My output is now close to five thousand tons of literature a month, and all that I will here say as to the source of much of your information and foundation of views on public questions, is to remark, dear reader, "You'd be surprised!"



Who Remembers?

THE cheap, flimsy money in circulation in some of the enemy occupied towns of France that was guaranteed to be good only in the municipality that issued it?

After tidying up the ragged edges of an American dollar bill, the average doughboy was as slow as the "seven-year itch" in parting with it for grapes and cheese, and receiving in change a hand full of waste paper, slugs, washers and cart-wheels. The seat of the trouble wasn't in the scarcity of money, no, by crackie, there was an abundance of it, but the distressful thing about it was that the darn stuff was liable to spoil on your hands. When you had the occasion to drop into a beer emporium and the barkeeper slipped you an Algerian ten centimes piece, or a German "beaver-board" mark, or an Austrian "pants button," it was up to you to stick with that gent until you spent that money, as he was the only person who would honor it. His line of reasoning was, I suppose, the confidence displayed by you in accepting the stuff would naturally be emulated by him when you returned it.

Of the flotsam and jetsam of currency going the rounds in France, the most ludicrous was, perhaps, the calico notes issued by the Germans. The well known variegated cardboard money, issued in small denominations, and of every shape, color and size imaginable, also came in for its share of ridicule.

War has always been an acid test of money, not only as regards its purchasing power and stability, due to the uncertainty of exchange, but the extent of its ability to defy that arch agent of destruction—"wear and tear." The World War was certainly no exception. Strange as it may seem, the latter adjunct, its staying qualities, was of vital importance to the American doughboy.

Galloping dominoes, non-stop card games, the shock of rash betting, overtax-

ing its elasticity, and dry-rot in the wallets of tight-fisted fellows are only a few of the mutilating factors, each and every one of which contributed its share of disintegration.

A dollar bill that withstood an evening of "seben come leben" looked as limp and helpless as the blotter in the village post-office. One that survived the grind of a game of "Black Jack" of several days duration appeared as wan and haggard as its suddenly rich custodian. A Chambre de Commerce franc that ran the gauntlet of a grueling penny ante game invariably lost its plumage entirely.

But we should not lose sight of the fact that United States currency is the best made money in the world. It is more than equal to any reasonable test to which you can put it and that's saying a lot. Perhaps some of you itinerant fellows, in your promenades along the highways and byways of some "petite vil" where you were given the "bum's rush" from the Paris, Lyon & Mediterranean express for lack of funds, have casually observed a "vin rouge" soaked doughboy in the act of demonstrating the indestructibility of U. S. paper money to a motley gathering of awe-stricken "frogs." Shirt sleeves to his elbows, spits on his hands, and with all the pomp and ceremony of a "hocus pocus" magician, he grasped one end of a dollar bill in either hand and performed a veritable "tug of war" to show that the bill could not be torn. With one end of the bill in his right hand and the other between his clenched teeth, it still remained intact, in spite of several vicious jerks in an attempt to dismember it. Again holding the bill lengthwise in full view of the audience, he creased it down through the center and appeared to make it permanent with his finger nails. By simply crumpling the bill in his outstretched hand, the crease magically disappeared. Finally, he held the center of the bill over the

flame of a lighted match for an instant (He was careful to use a trick sulphur match and not the one a gentleman in the audience gave him) and to the consternation of every one present, it didn't ignite. At this juncture, in the curbstome vaudeville, the curtain was rung down until such time as another generous "frog" came forward and bought a round of drinks.

Hanging over the guard-rail of the *Mercury*, bound for France, watching the little clusters of phosphorescent bodies that shone in the water at night? There were some in the crowd who attributed the phenomena to the reaction of the fungus to salt water and thereby setting free the phosphorus. But some enterprising soldier, who was a bit skeptical of the explanation offered, smeared the back of a hard-tack biscuit with a wet match and cast it upon the water. While watching intently for his far-fetched experiment to produce the same radiant glow, a sharp gust of wind made off with his hat. He afterwards admitted, quite sorrowfully, though, that the only thing of real value that had been proven by his experiment was the fact, that the Supply Sergeant wasn't setting free any hats for booby analysis.

The many mirth provoking difficulties in the way of snatching a good night's rest in the "roustabout" billet at Fromerville? In spite of the general belief that a soldier's life was all salmon and sadness—and as far as my observation goes, I am inclined to believe, with a full measure of respect, that the atmosphere "Over There" was not all palatable—there were, times, apart from the anxiety and care and pride of maintaining our courage, when little incidents turned up to kindle the soldier's sense of humor into jovial laughter.

And it so came about that on the night following the shelling of the village, two belligerent rats opened up hostilities over a hardtack biscuit upon the chest of one Pvt. Tony Accica. And Tony of the genuine lynx-eyed, spaghetti-fed type of Italian, who is easily led to anger when his sense of privacy is violated, had a mean awakening from a peaceful slumber. Mad as a wet hen, he raised himself on his elbow and with unsteady hand noiselessly fished his can of bully-beef from the haversack. With the true aim of one who is not yet out of the arms of Morpheus, he waled it pell-mell at the fleeing rats. "Comma back some more—me fix'n," gruffly mumbled Tony to himself.

With a metallic bang that resounded through the billet, the iron ration landed flush on Cy Henry's helmet on the very last bunk of the lower tier.

Cy sat up in bed with a start. The darkness was impenetrable.

"My God! that was a close shave," he exclaimed with a sigh of relief, thinking a German "dud" had struck the foot of

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his bunk. "Me for a dug-out—I'm not takin' any more chances."

The In-Spool Emergency Kit or "housewife" handed you by some Red Cross girl with this cheerful and ever truthful remark, "A stitch in time saves nine." And this, as near as I can recall it, was the formula that accompanied same: Thimble serves as handle for removing cover. To thread needle, draw thread down across split end, or loop thread tightly over finger and run head of needle along finger until it engages the thread. For pins remove lower spool. To repack, raise disk slightly and pass thread (straight across) beneath disk—leave heads of needles exposed—replace thimble on needle holder and replace cover. If needles become buried in cushion, remove cushion and unroll.

Lady Hookem who ran the palmist shop on one of the least pretentious thoroughfares of turbulent Hopewell? A typical though diminutive rough pine board shack sat high on locust stilts. Mutely bartering the wares within like the conventional "three balls" of the pawnbroker, a large plaster of Paris hand hung limply over the entrance. Some one in the crowd, recalling his first week in Camp Lee, laughingly remarked, that a fellow could have used one that size to good advantage in holding his own in the chow-line with ravenous Lithuanians, Assyrians, Albanians and wops in general. Once within, the palmist's seance powers were truly extraordinary. Just as a prelude to her omniscient powers, she would come out of a simple elimination test with your christian name on the end of her tongue as easily as falling off a log, and all the assistance she required of the subject was that he be a firm believer in the power of suggestion, at least, to the extent of informing her (repeatedly) by a nod of the head whether she was right or wrong. A fleeting glance at the cord on your sombrero betrayed your branch of service; the vegetable deposits on your shirt front gave an inkling of your table manners; your ears wigwagged your nationality; the linear displacement of your dubbed war-dogs foretold the extent of your understanding; and from the general appearance of your right lunch purveyor, it was evident that you had been either gainfully employed or painfully annoyed at that archaic heritage that takes up so damn much of our time called—WORK. And mind you, for the paltry sum of fifty cents in advance, she could tell you your wants and your desires; your faults and your virtues; your successes and your failures; your rank; the number on your dog-tags; when, where,

how and why you were in love; where in the shadows lurked the M. P.; and last but not least—where to get a drink.

Now there comes a time in everybody's life when your good (?) friend, in an attempt to fix things for you, stirs up a mild furore, and ruction by talking out of season. And it so happened that one night there came such a time to Lady Hookem, when a pugnacious soldier, hailing from the oasis of the Smoky City, jockeyed his way in. Although his name wasn't emblazoned on any of the pugilistic calendars, he had all the indications of a tough guy who packed a wallop. He was of that vintage of pugs who suffer in obscurity with a cauliflower ear and the sinister appearance of many livid scars on the face. He immediately arranged an interview with the redoubtable palmist and right in the most interesting part of a seance, lo and behold! he recognized in Lady Hookem and her flowing gown of greenish serpents and red-fire spitting dragons, none other, than Maggie O'Sullivan from Brady Street, an old friend of his. Having unearthed an hermetically sealed "blind pig" and partaken liberally of a demijohn without the palmist's aid, his feeling for excitement of any kind was "running in high." A real fight was in prospect, angling as he was to display his prowess at the slightest provocation, but when no one cheerfully volunteered himself whole-heartedly to the task of "crowning" him, it was advisable to forego the encounter and resentment only smoldered. The thrill of meeting an old friend so far away from home, had a salutary effect on him, and he took it upon himself to make of it an evening of jollification. He fairly craved excitement, and his manner was so convincing, that even the boldest of the crowd was a bit timid about standing sponsor for the plausibility of the palmist's predictions, either in substance or form. However, when informed that there was an astonishing dearth of good wrestlers in the crowd, our unpopular comrade-in-arms became highly indignant, wherefore, upon his departure, he tore the plaster of Paris hand from its fastenings in a huff and made off with it as a souvenir of a drunken revel.

The patent buttons distributed among the soldiers by the Red Cross? Made of powdered gypsum with a dull finish and practically indestructible, they filled a long felt want in that they required no polishing. The brisk demand for these "life savers" on the eve of inspection, raised them to a plane within a stone throw of legal tender and they were recognized everywhere in the A. E. F. as current exchange. They were sweet pickings for the "sloppy-weather" type of soldier after he had been fre-

quently reprimanded for temporarily installing the "issued" kind with diaper pins and tenpenny nails.

The grotesque brooms of antique French design the soldier used to "police up" the rain-gullied and manure-soaked streets of rural French villages? Made of willow switches gathered about a hickory stick and fastened securely with hemp or tough grass, they answered the purpose well. If you have never seen one of those brooms and your curiosity is aroused, it might be well to say of the broom, that it is a carbon copy of the ones the witches ride on in the Mother Goose Rhymes.

WORD PICTURE

By H. S. KATES,

Formerly Med. Dept. 320

Time—early October, 1918, about 9:30 P. M.

Place—Bivvy or semi-dugout constructed inside of trench formerly forming part of the German defensive in the Argonne sector, lying directly across a small valley from Quisy, France.

In a well constructed bivvy—or room built into the bank forming one part of the trench, lighted by a number of burning candles stuck to the plank walls, on bunks and floor, are several groups of men, some playing cards or rolling dice on the floor, several sitting on inverted steel helmets, with backs to the wall, are writing, while others are reclining on the tier bunks with chicken wire springs, trying to enjoy a few minutes sleep before some envious person rudely wakes them. A small group is seated around a peculiar can shaped stove which is aglow with a roaring wood fire, engaged in the usual occupation of swapping stories or exchanging rumors. Overhead, swinging from the steel "I" beams and hanging on the walls are various articles of the men's equipment, cartridge belts, bandolieres, rifles, masks, helmets, etc. A blue haze of tobacco smoke permeates the room. Several near the door are attempting a song, more nearby are whistling an accompaniment—the whole atmosphere of the room indicating a general good feeling at the realization that they are in a dry billet, protected from the dark cold rainy blustery night outside.

Someone remarks about pitying the guard and the 317th who had recently relieved them in the lines, and who are occupying the forward positions that night. The speaker hardly finishes before a heavy hob-nailed shoe hurtles through the air, barely missing his head and crashes against the wall, dropping on to a pile of messkits with a loud clatter, causing those drowsing to spring to their feet in a hasty effort to secure misplaced gas masks.

Who Remembers?

"Aw, dry up! Wanta queer it? Doncha know this is the 'Gallop in' 80th' and we can't be sure of even one night? Like as not we will be ordered out now to police up the trenches. Wait until tomorrow—then crow."

Suddenly a heavy gust of wind enters through the doorway carrying with it a shower of cold rain and a mud splashed and water drenched mail orderly, who hastily slams the door shut barely in time to save the flickering candles. Games, sleep, everything is forgotten in the mad rush to reach the orderly, and as soon as the mail is distributed, all is quiet again for a few minutes, with an occasional remark about home. Those who didn't get any mail hastily resume their games.

Then—whistles outside!

"What's that?"

Sergeant enters dripping with water, carrying orders to report at once in the ravine with full equipment, where hot coffee will be served.

"Aw, have a heart, Serge—a night like this? Whatsa big idea? Officers want this billet, huh?"

"Nope—orders, fellows—we're movin' at once. Can't help it. Report immediately!"

"Now, where's that bird who pitied the guard? Jumpin' codfish, wisht we was in some other outfit than the 'Gallop in' 80th' just for tonight, so we could know how it seems to get a good night's sleep. Why the devil didn't they wait until morning?"

"Aw, close yer trap!" If the 80th didn't do the dirty work we'd be held ten years more. Must be the "Old Man's" orders and he knows what he's doin'. Brett's alright—he doesn't give any such crazy orders unless he has a mighty good reason. Come on, fellers, before the coffee's gone!"

"Holy cats, it's dark out and wow! it's cold enough to freeze a brass monkey. Hey! you up there, gimme a hand out of this danged mudhole! Why don't they put steps up these Jerry trenches?"

From out of the darkness comes a perfect volley of German, French, Spanish, Italian and probably "Mah Jong" curses, as a lad of foreign birth, slips on the muddy parapet and falls back into the trench, missing the narrow duck board and landing in a half foot of water and muddy slime.

"Someone tell that bird to shut up! How can I climb out of this pig pen laughin' at him?"

"Wow, but this hill's slippery—like ice. Where the devil did Jack go? There he is over there in a shell hole. Hey, Jack, whatsa big idea?—tryin' to dodge the coffee?"

"No, dam it—someone forgot to hang the red lantern on this cussed shell hole

and I skated into it. Gimme a hand."

"Oh boy! Those kitchens sure look good and I can smell that coffee way up here. Come on, shake a leg or we won't get there in time. Better put the skid chains on or you'll land in that shell hole full of mustard gas water."

Everywhere are men splashing around in the mud trying to protect their coffee, bread and hot stew from the downpouring rain, and trying to find a dry place to sit to eat it. Long columns of drenched men standing in the downpour with open mess kits wait in line before each kitchen, which is only indicated in the intense dark by occasional sparks from the chimney, the shooting flames as a huge drum of stew or coffee is lifted from the opening, and the glow from the doors glistening on the wet oozy mud.

"Hey, buddy, where's the mess kit water?"

"Ain't none—hold 'em in the rain—that'll wash 'em. "Whatcha think this is? Childs?"

"Where in hell did that bird Jack go again? Well, I'll be a son of a cockroach—Jack come out of that line—that ain't our outfit!"

"Shut up—I'm starved, and there ain't no seconds in our line. Come on over and get another handout—but close yer trap or you'll spoil it!"

"Dam that whistle! Want us to fall in and I aint had half enough. Wish I had the kaiser by the nose so's I could make him wallow in this mud fer five minutes. Where's our outfit? Down by the spring? Whatsa idea? That mud down there's knee deep—must wanta go swimmin'. Those officers sure have a fine idea of how to win a war.

Down by the spring the men are floundering around in the mud trying to form a line. Everyone is drenched to the skin and splashed with mud and the wind has whipped up so that the rain is driving at them almost on a straight line.

Fifteen minutes pass then half an hour.

"Why are we standing here? Why don't we move?" Let's Go!"

"Quit kickin'—you been in this outfit long enough to know we allus stand an hour before we get steam to move."

"Hell, won't be no steam—I'll be a cake of ice if we stand here much longer. I'm so damned cold now my bandolier is spitting all my cartridges—got St. Vitus Dance or somethin'."

Eventually the long dark column of men starts, winding along the hillside, following an old abandoned narrow gauge railroad formerly serving the Germans in handling trench supplies. It is so intensely dark and the wind is so strong that the men passing along single file hold on to the slicker of

the one in front to keep from slipping on the narrow path and landing in the valley below. Rain and mud—and getting worse.

Occasionally someone slips and falls headlong in the mud, but unconsciously manages to keep his rifle from striking ground. The only sound outside of the howling wind and swishing rain is the slosh of hundreds of feet in the mud, panting breath and muffled curses as some unfortunately barely recovers his balance in time to save himself from getting a mud bath.

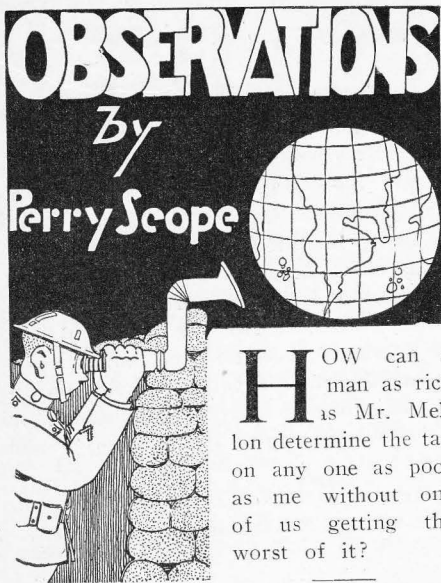
Finally the column passes along the brow of a hill and comes out onto a wide windswept road instantly meeting difficulty in the several inches of sticky mud. Away off in the distance can be seen the flashes of artillery as the side exchange long range shell—but the night seems strangely silently. Stumbling and slipping through the mud the men find the road leads up to what appears in the faint light reflected by the distant flashes to be a clump of trees or bushes. Suddenly a blinding flash occurs followed instantly by a deafening and ear splitting crash. The flash momentarily shows a huge navy gun mounted on a freight car and carefully hidden by camouflage. More blinding flashes and deafening concussions as the rest of the battery lets go. The flashes light up the surrounding country while on the brow of a hill directly in front of the guns can be seen the ruins of Montfaucon looking grim and ghostly in the flashes. In the intermittent flashes can be seen long columns of men transports, guns of all sizes, horses and trucks plowing through, with the infantry trying to weave itself around the rolling wheels and kicking horses. The barrage has begun. As far as can be seen are other flashes, and now the steady noise is deafening. Orders cannot be heard and the men are trying desperately to follow the road. Occasionally several men blinded by the flashes and with lowered heads to avoid the cutting wind, stumble into the horses on the road causing them to jump to one side, nearly precipitating the moving gun carriages into the deep ditch alongside. Cracking of whips, creaking of harness, squeals of frightened mules, and roar of heavy artillery.

"Gosh, if Jerry should plant a "G. I." can here now—sure would make some rumpus." Hey, Jack, where you goin'—the column turned off this way—there they go through that field."

"Field my eye—it's an ocean! Look out or you'll go in up to your neck like that bird over there."

The now distant light of the camouflaged battery barely lights up the ground now, while overhead, in between the heavy con-

(Continued on Page 31)



HOW can a man as rich as Mr. Mellon determine the tax on any one as poor as me without one of us getting the worst of it?

Mr. Coolidge says so little and says so little when he does say a little, and Mr. Mellon talks so darned much about his wonderful ideas for reducing us to our proper level of reduction, that it keeps us studying our almanacs to know who is really the president of our country.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars in Allegheny county will hold their annual military Ball at the Wm. Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., January 23, 1924, Commander-in-chief, General Lloyd M. Brett, will be on hand with his honest handclasp of welcome to "his boys."

Announcement has been made that the government has completed the task of tabulating and consigning to each state its quota of the more than a million war relics and trophies. A bill now before congress calls for distribution of these relics which range from empty rifle shell to huge howitzers—trench mortars, etc., etc.

Long years ago, oppression drove lovers of freedom from the soil of Europe to this new world, Greeks, French, Italians, Germans, Scandinavians, Poles, Slaves, Lithuanians, Jews, Russians, Turks, Japs, and a few others came to the great melting pot, and melted all over us. And now, if we want a little freedom, we will have to go back to Europe to get it.

If big business keeps teaching the masses how they pull off their stuff, some day the shoe is going to be on the other foot.

Over one hundred dead German soldiers were found recently postured in life like attitudes in a tunnel between La Mort Homme and Bethencourt—scared to death, we suppose, as the 80th swept by.

Germany is paying war pensions to 1,537,000 soldiers who fought against us in the World War, Great Britain is pen-

sioning 1,170,000, Canada 45,000, Australia 76,000, and the United States 157,000. The next half century will feel the fire kindled by the mad kaiser of Potsdam and the other forces that make wars possible.

The greatest war ship in the world is named the West Virginia. Somehow they just can't seem to keep Blue-Ridge Territory from being out front, can they.

Wonder if they will be digging up our bodies three thousand years hence? Wonder if King "Tut" ever had any Cooties.

Gosh! wouldn't the fur fly if "Teddy" was still with us and taking his usual slam at those who get too fresh.

We note with much gratification that Director Hines is taking the bull by the horns in his effort to make the vets' bureau function properly. The soldier is going to get 100 per cent provided by the citizens of our country for the care of the disabled according to every present indication. Gee! what a blow to our Bolsheviki tendencies. In this connection we observed some real progress when at a recent meeting of Pennsylvania congressman held in Pittsburgh by the V. F. W. at which time the representatives saw with their own eyes several hundred disabled buddies who stated their cases frankly and gave the lie to reports that all our disabled are getting proper care and attention.

The congressmen were much impressed and promised their full support to having mistakes rectified and necessary legislation enacted or correction in present methods adopted where needed. In this connection the 80th Division Veterans' Association, which participated in the meeting offered the following suggestions—many of which found favor and will be heard from later.

The following matters developed through compensation claims, etc., appear worthy of further investigation.

PROOF:

The burden of proving a claim appears to be entirely upon the disabled man, and through such assistance he can obtain from welfare agencies, veterans' organizations, etc., and in a case of a man disabled in a hospital it is often a physical impossibility for him to enlist the aid of those who could furnish the most assistance. Some of them are spending much needed personal funds traveling to doctors, comrades and organizations for affidavits when their condition to an ordinary observer seems to be such that they should be in beds in hospitals at the time with the mental strain of substantiating their case removed if they are to recover. Some of the so-called mental cases seem to have been developed after the war as a result of their contact with the veteran's bureau over a period of three or four years in

vain attempts to furnish conclusive evidence which on the face appears to hang on the whims, prejudices, and personal opinion of the Veterans' Bureau representative who deals with them.

TIME LIMIT:

Some action should be taken to discover whether the medical authorities are agreed that only tubercular and mental cases, which develop within three years after the discharge from the army, and providing the man has filed a claim in this time, should be considered. Can a time limit of any kind be properly applied to disabilities such as rheumatism, etc. In spite of the publicity given the matter, many men neglected to file claims although they were slightly disabled at the time. Since that, perhaps the disability has assumed serious proportions and their chances of getting around this ruling are very poor.

RECORDS:

At the time the Army was demobilized, complete records were required to be turned in by Companies, Regiments, Brigades and Divisions. A company's records consisted of the Service Record of each man, which contained his transfers, etc., to other outfits and hospitals; record of wounds, etc. Morning report which gave the various stations of the company, and the available details if a man was wounded or transferred to a hospital or another outfit. Sick report which gave date, serial number, and disposition of a man's sickness after he was examined by the doctor of the company or regiment. Personnel record which showed his occupation in civil life, his knowledge of vocations, his mental rating, etc. These records do not seem to be available now. If they were filed by divisions, regiments and down to companies in fire-proof building with a force to locate them immediately, many questions of dates of disability, periods in hospitals, details of wounds in action and whether the man was confined to quarters on account of various disabilities could be settled by the Veterans' Bureau from official records without necessity of the man securing affidavits from company Commanders who conscientiously entered the details in their records but are now unable after a period of five years to remember the details connected with each individual among the 250 in their company. In the majority of cases of men who were in service with any division it is now almost impossible for them to locate the names or addresses of comrades who served with them and personally knew of their disability. The 80th Division Veterans' Association, formed in France in May, 1919, has spent thousands of dollars during its existence in an endeavor to maintain live addresses of the men who returned with the division, and locate addresses of men who returned as

(Continued on Page 29)

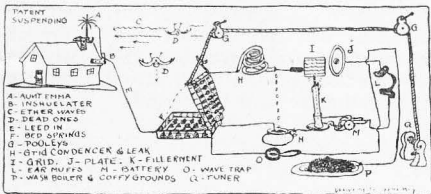


A PAGE TO WIT

"OUR MAG"---By the Office Boy



WELL, the boss says to me—snap into it kid and get out something up-to-date—if youse expects to hold down yer job you've gotta keep up with the times." So I started lookin' around fer a subject and my kid sister says ter me, "Why don't youse draw a pitcher of yer radio set what yer



buildin'," so it struk me as bein' a good idear so I'm drawin it fer youse to look at. If youse had paid yes dues as promptly as I've been askin' youse to I'd have had a raze by now and maybe I could have bout some store stuff—but bein' as I'm still on me old basis I had a make the set outa junk an stuff what I could find—Well, I will now explane the hookup—Take any old umbreller and tie it to the chimney this makes a good "Aunt Emma." B. is the inshuelater which can be made outa a old rubber boot nailed to the roof. F. is inductanse made out of some old bed springs. G. is a set of awning pulleys to varry the inductanse. I. is a winding spool. H. is the condenser, made out of an old still showing the leak from the grid, and Ma's old grid, and a dinner plate—be

careful when you drill the plate cause I busted six before I got one drilled. The candle heats the grid and causes the elections to jump over onto the cold plate. They then go to the ear muff head fones and the battery charges them. I hadda use a wash boiler lid full of coffee grounds fer a ground because we aint got inside water at our house. I tried it out and used up two dozen candles but didn't heer anything yet. The boss said I needed a wave trap to ketch the waves, so I put in a rat trap and am gonna try it out to-night. Will let you know in the next issue of Our Mag if I get California or Cuba. They are calling me Marconi and Radio Ralph around hear now—some class to me

Yers,

THE OFFICE BOY.

Very Lights

YOU TELL HIM, SISTER

Traffic Cop—"Say, you! Didn't you see me wave at you?"

Rural Belle—"Yes, you fresh thing, and if Henry was here you wouldn't dare do it."

PERTINENT QUERY

"Mama, when people are in mourning, do they wear black night-gowns?"

"Why of course not."

"Well, don't they feel just as bad in the night as they do in the daytime?"

A certain criminal was arrested and photographed six different times in as many different postures—the photograph were distributed to police departments in other cities for future reference—Shortly after a report came back from a small town constable—stating that five of them had been arrested and they had a pretty good clue on the sixth and would have him in the lockup soon.

DIPLOMACY

Hubby—"Of course, dear, it's only a rough idea of mine but do you think it's possible that there's such a thing as a printer's error in that cookery manual of yours?"—*London Opinion.*

MY! MY!

Detective—You can't remember on what night this happened?

Lady—No, I was so excited at the time. I only remember I was in my bath.

Detective—Say no more, lady—I have it—it was Saturday night.

CO-OPERATION

Doctor: Have you taken every precaution to prevent spread of contagion in the family?"

Rastus: "Abso-lutely, doctah, we've eben bought a sanitary cup an' we all drink from it!"—*Joplin Magazine.*

AND SO WOULD YOU

Englishman (in poker game)—"Well, I'll wager a bally pound on this."

Cleveland Jones (holding four aces)—"Ah dunno much about yo' ol' English money, but I'll bump yo' a couple of tons."



A FRIENDLY LITTLE ARGUMENT ON THE BOK PEACE PLAN



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

BROWER—Clarence, formerly First Lieutenant 315th F. A., died suddenly following an operation for appendicitis, in Florida. His home was in Federalsburg, Maryland, but he had gone to Florida to become manager of a Fruit Canning Industry, where his death occurred in November. A telegram to Federalsburg announcing the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Brower was followed the same day by one telling of the father's death. He served with his regiment at Camp Lee and during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

ANDREWS—Clarence D., formerly Sergeant Co. G, 319th Infantry, died on November 3, 1922, from effects of his service during the war. His father, C. N. Andrews, resides at 341 Reeder St., Easton, Pa.

DAVIS—Clayton H., formerly Pvt. 1st Class, Co. A, 320th Infantry, died November 3, 1923. Information furnished by Mrs. W. H. Davis, New Salem, Pa.

BRINKER—Frank, Corporal, Company A, 320th Infantry, died January 25th, 1924, at Tuberculosis Hospital, Bedford Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Corporal Brinker was gassed overseas while serving with the American Expeditionary Forces and has been a "T. B." patient at its Pittsburgh hospital for many months. He was buried from his former home, Greensburg, Pa.

HOLDEN—Lawrence, formerly Bugler Company G, 320th Infantry. Was buried with full military honors by Ralph McNulty Post No. 214, Veterans of Foreign Wars of the North Side., December 15, 1923. Death was caused by pneumonia. Funeral services were conducted from the home of his sister.



"DOWN VIRGINIA WAY"
By RUSSELL L. STULTZ
318th Inf., New Market, Va.

John Multerer, Corporal, Headquarters Company, 318th Inf., attached to 3rd Battalion Headquarters, is now located at Rosslyn, Va., and is a member of the firm of Multerer Bros., manufacturers of concrete blocks. Comrade Multerer was recommended by Major H. H. Burdick for a D. S. M. in recognition of the efficient manner in which he handled the message center of his Battalion during the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

Lt. Col. W. H. Waldron, formerly Colonel, General Staff Corps and Chief of Staff of the 80th Division, is now Secretary of the U. S. Infantry Association, with headquarters in the Infantry Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Christmas greeting signed "Mr. and Mrs. Rondo A. Westbrook, Jackson, Miss.," convey at the same time our first tidings of the promotion of Captain Westbrook to the ranks of the benedicts. Captain Westbrook commanded Company G, 318th Inf., for several months while the 80th was stationed in the Ancy-le-Franc and Le Mans Areas. The belated congratulations of his old comrades-in-arms are warmly extended.

Our old friend and America's biggest steamship, the *Leviathan*, has returned to the limelight. The former A. E. F. transport on November 26 established a new world's record for west-bound navigation between Cherbourg, France, and New York, when she cut the time to 5 days, 7 hours and 20 minutes, breaking by 13 minutes the previous record held by the Cunarder, *Mauretania*. Quite an improvement over the old schedules, eh?

Major C. Fred Cook, of the Washington (D. C.) *Evening Star*, was recently appointed Chief of Staff of the 29th National Guard Division by Major General Anton Stephan, commanding general of that unit. Major Cook served with the

305th Ammunition Train during the war.

Roger A. Kline, formerly of Company L, 318th Infantry, and Miss Emma E. Larrick, both members of prominent Frederick county (Va.) families, were married November 28th at the home of the bride's uncle, E. O. Larrick, at Middletown, Va. The bride is a daughter of J. B. Larrick, of Washington, while Comrade Kline is a son of H. B. Kline, chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Frederick county. Mr. and Mrs. Kline will reside at Middletown, Va., where he is engaged in business.

C. C. Johnson, who served overseas with the 317th Infantry, is now located at Hampton, Va.

Blue Ridgers who attended the Memorial exercises at the Capitol Theatre, Charleston, W. Va., during the third annual reunion, will regret to learn that the play-house was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of November 15th, with a loss estimated at \$150,000. It is announced that the theatre will be rebuilt.

Among the names of 80th Division men which will appear on the American Legion Memorial now being erected in Harrisonburg, Va., are those of Sgt. Charles E. Heishman, of Headquarters Co., 318th Infantry, and Private, 1st Class, Harry W. Wise, of Company G, 318th Infantry. Comrade Heishman was killed in action and comrade Wise died in service in France.

George M. Rowe, of the 318th Machine Gun Company, is residing at 37 Union St., Greenville, Pa.

A press dispatch from Philadelphia under date of December 18th states that 1st Lieut. Frank Schoble, Jr., blind veteran of the 318th Infantry, and now a senior at the University of Pennsylvania, has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, the highest scholastic honor a student can receive. Lieut. Schoble, following the loss of his sight, mastered the Braille system of read-



Morning Report

ing by touch and re-entered the University in the fall of 1921, having left in 1909.- He is a member of the institution's debating team.

Mrs. Bertie W. Roller, of Washington, D. C., has announced the engagement of her daughter, Mrs. Alberta Roller Stacks, to Mr. John W. Darley, of Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Stacks is a daughter of the late P. S. Roller, of Mt. Jackson, Va., and a niece of the late General John E. Roller and Colonel O. B. Roller, of Harrisonburg, Va., Mr. Darley, who is a mechanical engineer and a member of the Maryland bar, served in France as a Captain in the 80th Division. No date has been set for the wedding.

Lieut. James S. Hudnall, formerly of Company H, 319th Infantry, is now located at Sunny Side, Cumberland County, Va.

Captain W. P. Hazlegrove, who commanded Headquarters Troop, 80th Division, in France, and is now a prominent attorney of Roanoke, Va., was elected director of the Roanoke branch of the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League, a National organization with headquarters in New York City, according to an Associated Press dispatch dated December 27th. The Roanoke unit of the Anti-Bonus League was organized by a group of local World War veterans.

The comrades of Moffett R. Walker, of Headquarters Detachment, 159th Infantry Brigade, who now resides at Colonial Heights, Petersburg, Va., will learn with much regret that his parents, Mr and Mrs. J. A. Walker, and two sisters were the victims of an accident at Cedar Level, Prince George county, Va., December 24th, in which all four persons narrowly escaped death. The accident resulted when the automobile occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Walker and their daughters was struck by an electric car while they were crossing the tracks of the Petersburg, Hopewell and City Point Railway. Both of his parents were badly injured, but his sisters escaped with minor hurts.

H. F. Clem, formerly a member of Company G, 318th Infantry, who holds a position with the construction department of the Western Union Telegraph Co., is stationed temporarily at Meyersdale, Pa.

The magazine section of the November 11th edition of the New York Times contained a two-part, double-page, illustrated article entitled "Five Years After, on the Old Front Line," and written by two A. E. F. Sergeants of the 42nd and 80th Divisions. That part contributed by the ex-Blue Ridger bespeaks the handiwork of Sgt. Bernhard Ragner, who now is a member of the editorial staff of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune.

Sergeant-Major Mesmer, Hdqrs. 155th Field Artillery Brigade, formerly of Berryville, Va., was married recently and is now located at Slab Fork, W. Va. We regret that we have no particulars.

December proved a colorful month in the post bellum career of our space-filler, the *Leviathan*. Following the action of the British Postoffice on December 15th in choosing the pride of the American mer-

chant marine to be the representative of Santa Claus and transport the English Christmas mail to the United States, the *Leviathan* two days later substituted her usual ship's bells for wedding chimes, when the marriage of a German fraulein to a Los Angeles, Calif., manufacturer was solemnized on board. The voyage of the "Christmas ship" reached a climax on December 21st, when she struck a mud bank off Staten Island and remained there for seven hours before being refloated. The *Leviathan* was trying to break her previous world's record at the time.

The December 14th issue of the *American Legion Weekly* says: "Lt. Col. Charles Sweeny, wartime battalion commander in the 318th Infantry, is now a field marshal in the Czecho-Slovakian Army. After the Armistice he served as brigadier general in the Polish Army, taking part in the Russian campaigns." Lt. Col. Sweeny, a graduate of West Point, participated in various Mexican, Central and South American revolutions prior to the World War. When the war started in 1914, he was residing in Paris and enlisted in the French Foreign Legion, winning a commission from the ranks and several decoration for bravery. When America entered the war, Captain Sweeny came to this country and was commissioned a Major in the United States Army. He commanded the 2nd Battalion and later, the 1st Battalion, 318th Infantry, in France, being promoted to the grade of Lt. Col. and cited in orders for his efficient service. What a story he could write!

General Lloyd M. Brett, now Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, is back in harness again, following a short interval since his retirement from the active service upon attaining the age limit. By direction of President Coolidge, the General was recently assigned to active duty as Adjutant General of the District of Columbia Militia. General Brett held the same post some years ago, under General Harries, and was regarded as one of the most efficient officers who ever discharged that duty.

Lieut. Col. Herman J. Koehler, master of the sword at West Point and father of physical training in the United States Army, was retired December 14, at the age of 64. As director of physical training for the army during the World War, it is estimated that Colonel Koehler personally instructed at least 200,000 officers and men, including the 80th Division at Camp Lee.

A press dispatch dated January 2, stated that alleged activities of Paxton Hibbon, of New York City, captain in the Officers' Reserve Corps, who is charged with being associated "with enemies of the Government," is being investigated by a special board of Reserve Officers, of which Major C. C. Vermeule, Jr., of East Orange, N. J., formerly of the 320th Infantry, is a member.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip H. Warner, of Staunton, Va., announce the marriage of their daughter, Pauline Elizabeth, to Lieut. Walter Lee Turner, Jr., on Tuesday morning, January 1, the Rev. Ernest Woolf, D.D., pastor of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, South, officiating. Only

members of the bride's immediate family were present. Lieut. Turner, whose home is at East Falls Church, Va., is a member of the faculty of the Staunton Military Academy. He is a veteran of the World War, having been severely wounded in the Meuse-Argonne offensive while serving with Company E, 320th Infantry.

Announcement was made January 3 of the appointment of Captain John Paul, of Harrisonburg, Va., to the office of Legislative Deputy of the Virginia Department, Veterans of Foreign Wars. Captain Paul, who is a member of Rion-Bowman Post No. 632, V. F. W., served overseas as a Captain and Regimental Adjutant of the 313th Field Artillery, and has had a brilliant career as lawyer, State Senator and Congressman.

The United States Supreme Court on January 7 granted the motion of the Government to advance for hearing February 25 the case of Roland R. Pothier to determine whether the Federal Government had jurisdiction over Camp Lewis, Wash., in October, 1918, when Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, son of Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, was killed there. Although indicted for murder in the Federal Court for Western Washington, Pothier was released by the Circuit Court, which held that Camp Lewis was not exclusively within Federal jurisdiction.

Dispatches from Paris early in January stated that, as a result of the excessive rainfall, the region about Verdun, Mezieres, Sedan and much of the territory embraced by the Meuse-Argonne offensive was flooded. Thus history repeats itself.

M. W. Strother, a former member of the division is now the Assistant Secretary of the Security Storage Company, Main and Belvidere Sts., Richmond, Va.

H. H. Carter, former Pvt. Co. C, 318th Infantry is now connected with the Seward Stock Farms of Petersburg, Va.

Lieut. Col. James L. Montague, formerly Major, commanding the third battalion 319th Infantry and at present a Major in the Virginia National Guard, is Agricultural Agent for Montgomery County with headquarters at Christiansburg, Va.

Walter H. Dickey, Mess Sergeant, Company H, 317th Infantry, is located at Christiansburg, Va., as a partner in the Haymaker & Dickey Grocery Company.

Sam Spradling, Barber, Company H, 317th Infantry, is now in the Barber business at Christiansburg, Va.

Fletcher Surface, formerly of Co. H, 317th Infantry, is connected with the Delco Light Company with headquarters at Riner, Va.

John Douffas, formerly of Company A, 305th Engineers, and cook in the officer's mess, is manager of the Grill at the Elks Home in Roanoke, Va.

Edward A. Rhoades, Jr., former Sergeant of K Company, 318th Infantry, is a Captain in the Virginia National Guard, commanding Battery H, 246th (60th Va.) Artillery, stationed at Christiansburg, Va.

Morning Report

Roades is connected with the Norfolk & Western Railway with headquarters at Roanoke.

Ernest R. Arrington, ex-corporal of Co. K, 318th Infantry, is in business with his father at Blacksburg, Va.

Claude R. Wood of Company K, 318th Infantry—Intelligence Section, Third Battalion, is practicing Law at Dillwyn, Va.

Charles Wood, former member of K Co., 318th, is Postmaster, Merchant and a very busy married man at Wingana, Va.

William T. (Skipper) Lee, Sergeant, K Co., 318th, is connected with the Mansfield Tire and Rubber Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

William L. Johnson, former Corporal of Co. K, 318th Infantry, completely lost his voice in November, 1923. He will be remembered by many as the south-paw who pitched for the Third Battalion baseball team when the 318th was in the Le-Mans area. Johnson was gassed in the Argonne. He would be glad to hear from any of the buddies. His address is 18 N. Rowland St., Richmond, Va.

Donald L. Scroggins, Corporal of Co. K, 318th, is following the accounting profession at Parkersburg, W. Va.

Charles W. Crush, formerly Corporal, 314th Machine Gun Battalion is now a Second Lieutenant in the Virginia National Guard. Crush was elected Commonwealth Attorney for Montgomery County a short while ago. His address is Christiansburg, Va.

H. C. Jones, formerly Colonel, 318th Infantry is now in the Grain and Hay, Receiving and Exporting Business, conducting the firm of H. C. Jones & Co., Inc., 507-9-11-13-15, Chamber of Commerce, Baltimore, Md.

NORFOLK-PORTSMOUTH POST NO. 1 80TH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSN.

J. B. Withers was elected commander of Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1, Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, at the December meeting of the post at Shrine Temple. J. C. Smith was elected vice commander; E. B. Truitt, adjutant, and W. A. Buckling, finance officer.

Dr. Harry R. Seelinger, retiring commander, was given a rising vote of thanks by the large contingent of veterans who attended the session as evidence of appreciation for his efforts during the past fiscal year, which closed last night.

Commander Withers predicted greater interest among the men of the Eightieth—the Blue Ridge Division—during the coming year in his acceptance speech. He announced definitely that at least one meeting would be held each month. He also said that efforts would be made to get every Eightieth Division veteran who resided in this vicinity to join the post, and expressed the hope that the members would take as active a part in peace time as in the war. The entire membership pledged co-operation.

W. R. Whichard, of Shrine Temple, was presented a pair of gold cuff links by the post as a token of appreciation for his kindness to the men of the Eightieth dur-

ing the annual reunion of the entire outfit. The links were embossed with the Shrine monogram.

A collection was taken with which fruits will be purchased and sent to the veterans at the Marine Hospital on Christmas Day. It also was planned to send personal greetings to the disabled men.

After disposal of the business before the post, the members fell in for mess call, which in addition to the "eats" included the famous "Norfolk Punch" the ingredients of which are a closely guarded Post secret. "Uncle Billy" Whichard announced that he had been promoted from "Uncle" to "Grandpa" recently through the arrival of a grandchild and that hereafter he wanted this rank respected. Comrade J. B. Withers, the new Commander of the Post who was a First Lieutenant in B Company, 317th Infantry, and as Officer for the First Battalion, disclosed the reason for his not being seen out at night. He stated that he was home with his wife and he did not think a newly-married man should stay out. This was the reason he missed the 317th Dinner, but he hopes to be able to exercise a little more freedom in the future now that he is a Post Officer. E. S. Merrill, former Lieutenant 318th Infantry says he is going to turn over a new leaf and attend the 80th meetings. Hope you do Lieutenant, as all are glad to see you.

The last time A. M. Brownley was seen on New Years' Eve, he was headed down Granby Street in an auto. Where were you going Lieutenant, and how did you get that way?

Percy A. Jones, former Lieutenant 319th Supply Co. is talking of opening a repair shop for watches and clocks. Go to it old scout—the gang wishes you the best of luck.

Captain J. Carl Peck, 319th Infantry, was the speaker at the Elks Memorial service, the last of November.

Take a slant at the following. If you know of any Veteran organizations in Virginia that are struggling along without a Blue-Ridger officially connected with 'em let us know:

Captain J. Carl Peck was elected commander of Norfolk Post 392, V. F. W. on December 20th, succeeding Col. Wm. S. Sands, 315th F. A. Dr. H. R. Seelinger formerly of 317th Inf. was elected Post Surgeon. J. C. Smith was elected Commander of Portsmouth Post 37, American Legion of Portsmouth, Va. He was a member of Battery B, 314th F. A. A. B. Hill, E Co. 317th Inf. was elected Commander of Portsmouth Post 993, V. F. W., Portsmouth, Va. Dr. H. R. Seelinger, A. B. Hill, and J. B. Diehl of 317th Infantry with George W. Brittingham of 318th Infantry were over to Craddock, Va. and helped the National Officer to institute Craddock Post 1119, V. F. W. J. B. Diehl put on the floor work. Dr. Seelinger is Chief of Staff of the Department of Virginia. He was also recently elected Senior Vice-Commander of Norfolk Pup Tent No. 1, Military Order of the Cooties. George W. Brittingham is Adjutant of Norfolk Post 392, V. F. W., J. B. Moore formerly Bugler of C. H. 317th Inf., Post Bugler, J. B. Diehl, formerly Corporal, A. Company 317th Infantry is Sergeant-Major of the post, and J. C. Leesnitzer, formerly Lieutenant, Division Headquarters is Quartermaster-Sergeant. J. B. Moore has also signed up as a bugler in

the V. F. W. Cootie Drum Corps.

Captain J. Carl Peck, Lt. P. A. Jones, and Lt. A. M. Brownley have signed up in the Organized Reserve Corps and requested to be assigned to the 80th Division.

PHILADELPHIA POST NO. 2, 80TH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSN.

The November meeting of Post No. 2, Philadelphia, went over with a "Bang," and from our first meeting which was attended by a score or more to our last which brought out over 125, enthusiasm continued to run high. We have a live Post in Philadelphia and when you consider that our eligible men number less than 600 over a radius of three or four counties, 125 is a pretty good average. If we continue at our present pace we expect to sign up the A. W. O. L.'s before the winter is over. This is a good record for the rest of the P. C.'s to shoot at—try and beat it!

Lieutenant Frank Schoble, Jr., Commander of the Post is a live wire of the first order. He attends the meetings regularly and is instrumental in spreading good cheer among the boys.

Hereafter the regular monthly meeting of the Post will be held in the Big Brother House, 22 South Van Pelt St. (22nd and Chestnut Sts.) the third Thursday of each month. The use of the meeting room is given gratis and the members of the post are sincerely appreciative of the favor.

Bernard K. Meyers, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee is one Comrade that stops at nothing. He is on the go all the time, and has furnished "eats" and entertainment at our last two meetings. He begs, borrows and—well the stealing end of it is personal.

Divisional Adjutant Jones, who is in the law business, is Chairman of the Membership Committee and much of the success of the post is due to his untiring efforts.

Post No. 2 had a large delegation at the Norfolk Reunion and gave a luncheon to General Cronkhite at the Fairfax Hotel.

At the meeting of Philadelphia Post No. 2 on November 15th, it was decided to have each individual report the activities of the members of his outfit in the Morning Report of SERVICE. Evan J. Tibbot, Jr., was given the assignment for the "Whiz-Bang's Hiredling"—319th Field Hospital. At the October meeting 319th F. H. was represented by Chesty Heil, Bill Zinzer, Dutch and Tibbot. At the November meeting, only the latter two reported. At this same meeting it was learned that Comrade Harry Mays was critically ill, but we are now glad to report him out of danger.

GENERAL INFORMATION, 319TH F. H.

Can anyone imagine former Army "Bucks" being indifferent to "Chow"!!! Such has been the case at the last two meetings of Philadelphia Post. This is no reflection on the chow served or upon the Mess Sergeant, otherwise known as Myers of the Entertainment Committee, but merely goes to prove that everyone welcomed the opportunity to talk over old times.

As we said before, it was necessary to issue repeated calls to the Mess Hall. In passing, it might be worth while to mention that Bill Sadler has not been present at either of the last two meetings. Washington may have been "First in War, First

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in Peace," etc., but Bill was always "First in the Mess Line" unless detailed to bury dead horses (of some other outfit!).

We have tried repeatedly to get Tom Moorhead out the to Post Meetings. When he does come, let us hope he will bring along his bugle. Some Sage said that laughter aided the digestion.

The following comrades have married since leaving the service: Charlie Roop, Jas. Herbert Lownes, Theo. (Ted) Moyne (who, by the way, is in California) Ambrose F. Wargo, (who now has three girls on his hands) Harry Skirm, Andy Gushen, Joe O'Leary, McCorkle, and Lewis. Lewis, Tibbott and Schaub attended the Norfolk Reunion. The latter is now a third degree Cootie.

Alex. Skeath and Clark Miller are maintaining Drug Stores in Philadelphia. Powdermaker is as fat as ever. "Chuck" Connor is about to answer the call of wedding bells for the second time. "Chuck" always was a snappy soldier. Santee graduated last June from the Dental Department of the University of Pennsylvania. Dutch is now connected with the firm of Frank Schoble, Hat Manufacturer. Guess he doesn't have to worry about a new issue now. Joe Savage is still connected with the Philadelphia Police Force. He is Secretary to the Lieutenant of the Fifth Police District. Rex Powers is also a minion of the Law, being on duty with the Motor Cycle Squad of this city. He is a real M. P. too—helped catch some bandits a short time ago.

Any information concerning 319th F. H. men will be greatly appreciated if sent to Evan J. Tibbott, Jr., 6708 Woodland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., or direct to SERVICE Magazine.

320TH F. H., ETC.

George Rosenfelder, 320th F. H. is still pushing the "Suds" over the mahogany at 17th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia. George is a benedict now and is all wrapped up in married life.

Quite a few boys of the 320th F. H. can be seen getting their shoes all full of brass at Rosenfelder's Estaminet. Among them are: Archie McDonald, Jake Coffman, Schmidt, Duane, Sullivan, McPhillips, Gustenacker, and "Speed" Kennedy. If they are not there, George can tell you where to find them, providing they don't owe you money.

George Kuhn and Tommy Kendricks must belong to the "Hen-pecked Husbands' Association"—Since joining the Martyr's Ranks they have become dormant. Nobody seems to know where they are.

Fuhrman and Green of 320th Ambulance are regular attendants at all meetings of Philadelphia Post No. 2. They also went to Norfolk together.

Bill O'Brien, 320th F. H. was also present at Norfolk. How he ever got away from Wifie and the two kids at Gallitzen, Pa., Bill alone knows.

Henry Logue and Sullivan turned up at Norfolk. "Henny" spent a great deal of his time over at Hampton Roads helping Curtis Moore fill "prescriptions." He said Moore kept the best "medicine" in the safe, and if he had stuck around a little

longer he would have known the combination better than Curtis.

"Ferd" Wagner, is manager of a South Broad St. Dancing Academy in Philadelphia and is running a big house. No rough stuff tolerated but his buddies are always assured a good time whenever they drop in.

305TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION NOTES

At the first Smoker held by Philadelphia Post No. 2, 80th Division Veterans' Association, the 305th F. S. B. was represented by the following: C. Kouba, Co. A., R. Brass, Co. A., W. Bickel, Co. A. W. Crowley, Co. A., D. F. Obertauffer, Co. B., F. Doyle, Co. B., W. Rearscheid, Co. B., H. McCloskey, Co. C., John A. Canning, Co. C.

Captain H. G. Kelly, former Commander of Co. C, recently returned to Philadelphia from Columbia, South America.

Lieutenant Ring of Co. A is representing Swift & Co., in Philadelphia.

Comrades were sorry to learn that Ross H. Peoples of Co. C was electrocuted in Pittsburgh last summer while working with high tension wires.

All former 305th F. S. Bn. men in Philadelphia extend their buddies their best wishes for the new year.

PITTSBURGH POST NO. 3, 80TH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSN.

A meeting of the Charter Members of Pittsburgh Post No. 3, will be held in the Bessemer Building in Pittsburgh on Friday evening, January 25th, for the purpose of accepting their charter from the Secretary of the Association. An account of the meeting will be in next issue of SERVICE. All Blue-Ridgers in the Pittsburgh District who desire to join the post—and by the way, it doesn't cost anything if you are an Active Member of the 80th Vets. Association, are requested to send their names to T. H. Edelblute, c/o T. H. Edelblute Co., Wabash Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., and they will be notified of the place and time of the next regular meeting.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., LOCAL POST NO. 4

Charleston was assured of a post of the Veterans' association of the 80th Division when a meeting was held on Sunday, Dec. 23, 1923, and the necessary 15 names were signed to the charter application. No other business was conducted at the initial meeting pending the approval of the application for a charter by Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, of Baltimore, Maryland, president of the association.

A meeting during the next month will be held for the election of officers, drafting of by-laws and all other business necessary to completing the organization of the local post.

The charter application will be held open for several days at the store of Louis Jaffe in Virginia street, where all former members of the division who wish to become charter members of the local post may sign it. All those who served with the division either in France or while it was stationed at Camp Lee are eligible for membership in the veterans' association,

and it is hoped that large number of names can be attached to the application which will be sent in within the next few days.

Anyone who is unable to call and sign the application is asked to communicate with Frank Graham, box 1219, Charleston, Va.

No fee is required at this time and the organizers are anxious to obtain enough names to beat the record of a post recently started at Philadelphia where 100 appeared on the charter.

Veterans who signed the application for the charter are Mark Beazley, J. L. Jenkins, Boyd B. Stutler, John T. Morgan, Louis Jaffe, D. Frank Graham, Paul S. Ricketts, C. A. Foster, Montgomery, John Ennis, F. W. Wagner, Dr. M. Mendeloff, Paul T. Sheaffer, Roland W. Clay, Don Frazier, Charles W. Chester, G. K. Hayes.

The Division was formed from men of West Virginia, Virginia and Western Pennsylvania principally. Officers and reinforcements came from nearly every state in the union. Members of the artillery regiments, the 313th, 314th and 315th, were mostly West Virginians, several hundred of whom were from Kanawha county.

John Brawley, for whom the John Brawley American Legion post of Charleston was named, was a member of the 80th. Among Charleston men who served with the Blue Ridge division were Robert Payne, John Morgan, Mose Dolinsky, Charles Hager. Boyd Stutler, Ed Savage, Louis Jaffe, Don Frazier, Ben Boirarsky, Dan Popp, Mark Beazley, John Ennis, Roscoe Mendenhall and Okie Jones.

J. K. Anderson is an honorary member. He was elected to that position at the Charleston reunion.

OHIO POST

80TH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSN.

All former members of the 80th Division living in the State of Ohio are requested to write to C. D. Ackerman, 1410 Ridgewood Ave., Lakewood Sta., Cleveland, Ohio, with the purpose in view of arranging for a meeting of the Ohio members of the Association and other 80th buddies in this state to form an Ohio Post of the Association. There will be little or no expense connected with the matter and it will enable the Ohio Blue-Ridgers to get-together occasionally for a good time and let their friends know that Ohio had some fine soldiers who weren't in the 37th division. All that is required to have the Executive Council issue a Charter is 15 or more active members sign an application, and we surely won't admit that Ohio can't produce 15 members of the Association. Pass the word on to your buddies and send us their names and addresses in addition to your own and let's get ready to gallop with the rest of the "Galloping Eightieth."

NOTES FROM THE 315TH FIELD ARTILLERY POST

By C. F. BUSHMAN

In a recent issue of the National Geographic magazine, Melville Chapter, the author of "East of Constantinople" and other stories of travel, describes a seven weeks' voyage in a Canadian canoe from St. Malo, though Brittany and the Chateau country to Paris, which covers a section of France very familiar to many former Eightieth Division Veterans, who fought

(Continued on Page 26)



VILLERS, FRANCE



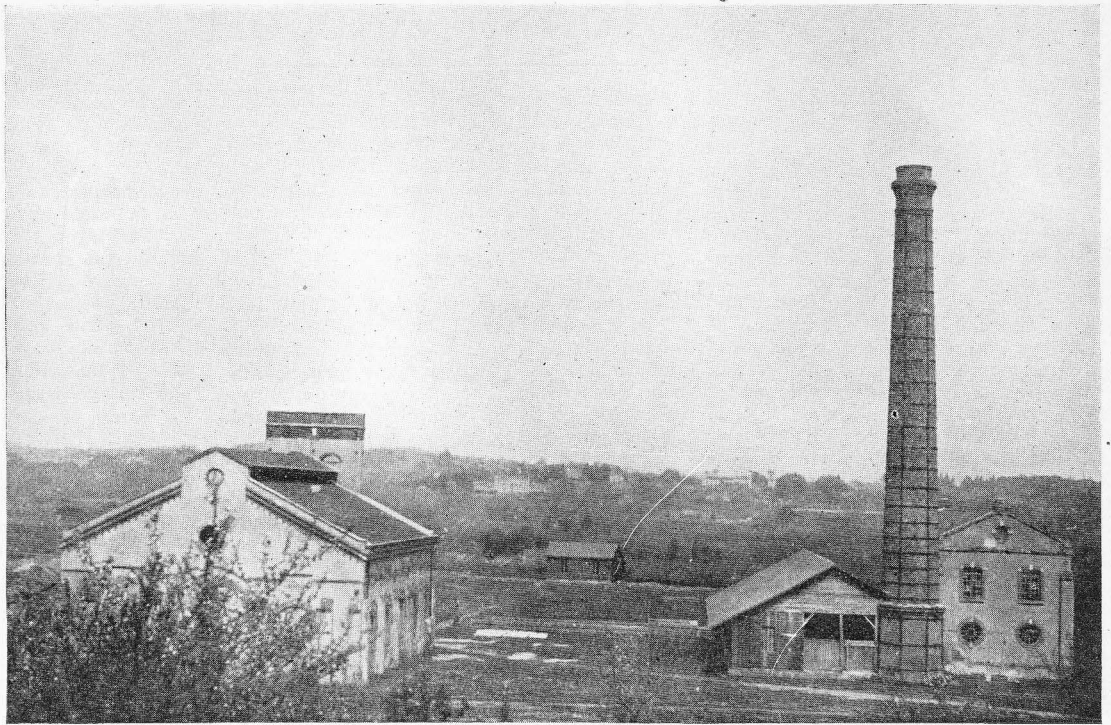
313th F. A. R.



3-Inch Gun in Full Recoil—313th Field Artillery, France, 1918



A. Regimental P. C. at Mouzay



First Battalion Billets, 313th F. A., at St. Nicholas, France



How You Looked When You Hit Camp Lee, Va.



313th F. A. Regimental Headquarters at Argenteuil, France

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(Continued from Page 23)

many a bloodless and otherwise battle there in the mid-season of 1918. The article is generously illustrated with photographic pictures which recall many fond memories of La Belle, France. In the journey from Redon to Nantes the author says, "We found that the countryside still fondly recalled the passage of American troops in 1918—how they had swam in the canal, and had given the children little packages of chewing gum, and had strangely delighted in cosuming cow-fodder. This last detail was related to us by a farmer, who added "Most vigorous young men those, M'sieu! Wonderful stomachs! How could they ever digest that stuff was the wonder of the countryside." And he pointed to one of those fine fields of Indian corn which in France are cultivated exclusively as cattle food. "Why, that's easy! we confided: "All Americans eat that" and we described the manner of preparing and dispatching an ear of corn. Suddenly a light broke on the listener's face: "Oh" he exclaimed, "I understand! Then one doesn't eat it, cob and all, like the cow; one just picks at it, as it were an artichoke, n'est-ce-pas?"

Yes, many pleasant days were spent along these idyllic streams in Brittany rich in history and romance. And Redon and Vannes are but memories to us. Remember those ham and eggs and how difficult they were to obtain? Old Izaak Walton was indeed unfortunate not to have spent some of his philosophical fishing days along the canal at Redon. It is but yesterday that we walked along its green clad banks and watched with much interest the boats going through the locks, or perhaps we were too occupied down at the water's edge, washing clothes, to note the pastoral beauty of the terrain.

After much research, the writer has unearthed the old caisson song. You are admonished to paste it in your hat for future reference. You can't always depend on your memory, especially at reunions, and if you have the words handy the song will take care of itself. In the event you cannot see the words, age taken into consideration, any Pittsburgh Policeman will be glad to read them for you. Ask Pops Curry. All together now!!!! Harmony, Front!!!!

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,

As the caissons go rollin' along,
Up and down, in and out, countermarch
and left about,

As the caissons go rollin' along.

Chorus:

For it's hi! hi! hee! Field Artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong
For where'er you go you will always know
That the caissons go rolling along.

In the storm, in the night, action left or
action right,

As the caissons go rollin' along,
Limber front, limber rear, prepare to
mount your cannoner,

As the caissons go rollin' along.

After second Chorus:

(Vin blanc tenor and cognac Basses)
(Moonlight pedal—For use in Pittsburgh
only)

Battery halt!

On November 20th, the Northfork-Elkhorn Post No. 1101, Veterans of Foreign

Wars held a meeting in the High School auditorium at Northfork for the purpose of electing officers and organization.

Dr. Harlow R. Connell, formerly Lieutenant, later Captain, Medical Department, 315th Field Artillery, was elected Commander, and James C. Cooney, formerly PFC, Battery F, made quartermaster.

In accordance with article V, the 315th Field Artillery Post Constitution and By-Laws, the following named members were nominated for office, for the term ending Dec. 31, 1924, there being no opposition and will doubtless be elected as they stand.

For President, James W. Roberts.

For Honorary President, Carl S. Tranberger.

For Vice President, Robert A. Lampton.

For Resident Secretary, C. F. Bushman.

For Post Surgeon, Dr. Harlow R. Connell.

For Post Chaplain, W. W. Thomason.

For Post Bugler, Walter McNamee.

For Color Bearer, Ben Angrist and R. S. Baird.

For Sergeant-at-arms, T. C. Kindle.

For members of executive council, H. A. Goodykoontz, Alex. B. Mahood, Jas. C. Cooney.

Any member of the regiment or division can become a member of the 315th Field Artillery Post, 80th Div. Veterans' Assn., by sending his up-to-date membership card (June 30, 1924) and one dollar to the writer at 615 Princeton Ave., Bluefield, W. Va. We need you boys, come on!!! We are already on the map. Help us spread.

A few excerpts from an old note book used by the writer at Camp Lee, Va. 1917-18. Jan. 28, 1918. Heard Christine Miller at the 314th Y. M. C. A. this evening. Some of her songs were: "Goodbye Pittsburgh, Hello France," "There's a Long, Long Trail," "Over There," "Where Do We Go From Here," "I Love You," "Come Out Mr. Sunshine," "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," "Cuddledo," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "The Little Grey Home in the West." After these many years, we often wonder if this famous singer ever knew of the wonderful inspiration she gave us and how we often thought of her when toiling through the mud in the Argonne. The boys of the 155th Field Artillery Brigade want her to sing for them at the Pittsburgh reunion. Many of them have told me that they would walk to Pittsburgh from these East River mountains just to hear her sing.

The writer sends out an S. O. S. message for news items. His little old Ford is stalled on a steep hill and he is out of gas and unless aforesaid material is forthcoming, he will write 5,000 words of Hinky Dinkey Parley vous songs for the next issue unless the censor nips his plan.

"E" CO., 320TH INFANTRY P. C.

The beginning of 1924 ought to remind the members of the Veterans' Association of "E" Co., 320th Infantry, of its annual banquet and reunion, which will be staged again at the Fort Pitt Hotel during March, the date to be announced later. All previous records for attendance were broken last year, but this year it is predicted that even 1923's record will be eclipsed. Any

former soldier, who was at any time connected with "E" Co., is eligible for membership. It will do thee good to renew old acquaintances with your buddies, and to again see some of the faces which you haven't seen since the days of "chow" and squads right. We hope to have a couple prominent speakers at this year's reunion, and there will be the usual good "eats," plenty of jazz, for which our reunions are noted, and probably some entertainers. Notification cards will be sent out in a short time, and if you are not on the list, make it your business to see that you are.

Lieut. Walter Lee Turner, Jr., was married on January 2, 1924, to Miss Pauline Elizabeth Werner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Werner, of Staunton, Va. Lieut. Turner is connected with the Staunton Military Academy at Staunton, Va.

Thomas F. Lang, who will be remembered as one of the ex-mess sergeants of "E" Company, has broken camp in Pittsburgh, and now heading for Los Angeles, Cal. It is with much regret we learn of Lang's exit, for he was one of the big boosters in the "E" Co. organization. Our best wishes will be with him always.

COMPANY I, 320TH INFANTRY UNIT P. C.

80TH DIVISION VETERANS' ASS'N. PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT:

Company I, 320th Infantry P. C. will hold its 5th Annual Reunion and Banquet Saturday evening, March 5th, 1924, at the Fort Pitt Hotel. Arrangements have not as yet been completed as SERVICE Magazine goes to press, so that any change in date will be communicated to the members by mail and published in the daily papers.

Comrade John A. Heininger, formerly Sgt. Company I, 320th Infantry, whose former address is 317 Graber Avenue, Hollidaysburg, Pa., is in the Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. His address there is Ward 5, Naval Hospital, League Island, Philadelphia, Pa. Philadelphia Local Post No. 2 is expending every effort to make things comfortable for our comrade while he is confined to the hospital and we suggest that the members drop him a letter or if in Philadelphia pay him a visit.

W. L. Walls, of 48 Highland Avenue, E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa., former Cook of I Company, is now the proud daddy of a baby boy born January 4th, 1924—How do we know? Well when a fellow starts handing out expensive cigars at Hamilton P. C. we give him the third degree.

317TH INFANTRY UNIT P. C., 80TH DIVISION VETERANS' ASS'N.

Here's a little incident related by one of the former officers of the 317th. We are withholding his name until he gets a brick-proof dugout constructed and has his tin helmet adjusted:

PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS?

We reported to the Major before leaving for the Division train which was to take one officer and one sergeant from every company to the School at Langres.

"Are you taking your orderlies with you?" "Yes, sir." "Right, take them as far as you can, there was nothing in the orders for or against." So off we started on top of our baggage for the railhead at Saumer.

Morning Report

Safely wedged in a French coach awaiting a delightful trip which was to last three days we awaited the start. In came the head of the Officer in Command of Train. "Four orderlies from Battalion, 317th Inf., mixed in with sergeants." "Send them home." No response.

Picking me out because he knew my name, he bellowed, ".....send your orderly home!" "Sure," I answered, "send him home yourself if you want to." And sat tight. Eddie went along and had a grand time, except for the week he was confined to barracks for general fighting or roughhouse.

The old train ambled along, skirted Paris, and rumbled down the Valley of the Marne. From the windows we could see the little crosses here and there showing where men had dropped during the First Battle of the Marne.

Late at night, almost midnight, we reached our destination by rail. Some hours late, nobody to order us around, a whole trainload of tired dusty travellers.

As we piled out on the platform, naturally we grouped together, twelve in our group. Suddenly it came to me, the words of one of the Famous Travelling Circus. "If you ever go to Langres to School, remember there is an inclined railway, and if you are wise you won't climb that mountain on foot."

"Come on everybody," I shouted and the twelve climbed into a little car behind the station, almost filling the rear. Up, up, up, we went. The Lord knew where we were going, but we were on the way. The rest walked. Maybe someone will tell the story of that night as they experienced it.

We wandered around the town in the pitch darkness for some time and finally gravitated into the Hotel de La Post. Where upon there was a good deal of jabbering and no headway. However, my job was done. We had arrived. Sooner or later the matter would straighten itself out, at any rate we had "cover."

After a bit, in disgust, someone growled, "Here, let the old guy try, he claims he can talk French." So I stepped up to the desk with my "famous smile."

"Bon soir, Madam, C'm't allez vous." "Repondez s'il vous plait"

"Merci." "Et cetera."

"Tres been, Monsieur, merci."

"Madam, avez-vous chambres pour les soldats American?"

"Ah, Oui, Monsieur."

"Donnez moi, s'il vous plait, une chambre pour trois officiers, une chambre pour quatre soldats, et une chambre pour quatre sergants, ou une chambre pour huit?"

"Oui oui, Monsieur."

"Et pour moi, Madam, s'il vous plait, une chambre sole?"

"Oui, oui, oui! Monsieur!"

Could I talk French. I'll say I could.

Three officers in one room, four sergants in another, four orderlies in the third, and me myself in the fourth by myself.

Parlez-vous Francais? Oui oui, ah oui.

Miss Nannie Bennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Bennett of Gretna, Va., and Mr. Walter P. Cocke of near Toshes, Va., were married Wednesday evening, November 28, 1923, at the home of Rev. A. F. Ramsey of Chalk Level, Va. Miss Bennett is a popular Gretna High School Teacher, and Mr. Cocke a successful farmer. Members of the 317th will remember

Comrade Cocke as serving with Headquarters Co., 317th Infantry at Camp Lee, and later with the Supply Company of the 317th, with which outfit he returned from France. The happy couple will make their home in Gretna, Va., for the present.

V. Petrocelli, former Private, Co. I, 317th Inf. is proprietor of a Confectionery and Stationery Store, 301 Kensington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

W. Howard Weston, former Pvt. 1st Cl., 317th Inf. Field Hospital, 305th Sanitary Train, has announced that he is now the daddy of a future reader of SERVICE, Howard Weston, Jr., who arrived on Aug. 18th, 1923. Attaboy, our subscription list is showing a healthy growth. We'll have to organize a "Sons of Veterans" league. Weston is proprietor of Weston's Department Store, Gallitzin, Pa.

C. R. Bryant, formerly of 317th Supply Co., is connected with Harvey & Wood, General Merchandise Store, Bryant, Va.

Lt. M. H. Landing, formerly Company A, 317th Infantry, is now located in Wilmington, Delaware, Post Office Box 849. He was unable to attend the reunion at Norfolk on account of his wife's illness.

Lt. H. H. Seelinger, Medical Detachment, is Chairman of the Memorial Committee of the Veterans' of Foreign Wars. He had charge of the Memorial Service on last Armistice Day, at which Captain J. Carl Peck of the 317th Infantry, who is Senior Vice-Commander of the Norfolk Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, made the main address.

At the meeting of N. P. No. 1, 80th Division, the following organizations were represented: 317th, 318th, 319th and 320th Infantries, 314 Field Artillery, 314th Machine Gun and Division Headquarters.

Lt. Colin F. Burch, 1st Lt., Company H, 317th Infantry, collided with what he claims was a boot-legging automobile in southern Maryland. Lt. Burch was badly done up and looked more like a returned soldier than he did a peaceful citizen of Maryland.

Lt. William G. Helfrich, Company H, 317th Infantry, is a representative at the Maryland Legislature from Catonsville. Lt. Helfrich states his main object will be to introduce a bill requiring the Chamberlain Metal Weather Strips to be placed on all windows and doors in every house in Maryland. This looks like team-work between Lt. Helfrich and Lt. Burch.

A former member of the 317th Infantry recently dropped in to see Lt. Burns, K Company, who is Governor Ritchie's Secretary, and discovered on the wall a picture of the First-Aid Station at Nantillois where he had received first-aid; also a picture showing the entire 317th Regiment, taken in France before they returned to this country. The 317th stands right high in Maryland.

Frank Swidart, Company L, 317th Infantry, now located in Warsaw, Indiana, hopes next year will show a much larger attendance of the 317th. The 317th, at the last reunion, was very close to the top

in members attending. Next year we expect to gratify Swibart's wish.

B. F. Fenner, Company A, 317th Inf., is stock clerk for the Richmond Paper Co., Richmond, Va.

PENNSYLVANIA AUXILIARY NO. 1, 80TH DIVISION VETERANS' ASS'N.

The regular monthly meeting of Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, was held in the Fulton Building Assembly Room, Pittsburgh, Thursday, January 3rd, and was well attended.

Miss Sue Sellers, Secretary-Treasurer and Miss Gertrude Horne, Asst. Secretary-Treasurer were honored on this occasion by the members for their untiring devotion to the interests of the Auxiliary. Miss Sellers was presented a beautiful wrist watch and Miss Horne a ring.

Presentation speech was made by President William L. Fleming.

President Fleming also spoke on the coming Reunion of the Division in Pittsburgh and stated that he hoped the Auxiliary would be able to exceed their 1921 record in assisting towards its success.

The members were greatly pleased with the work done by Mrs. Ferguson in connection with preparing Christmas boxes for the disabled men in the hospitals. Miss Nancy Ann Ferguson was instrumental in obtaining eleven Christmas trees and decorations for the Marine Hospital in Pittsburgh. Several of the members volunteered to visit the hospitals and disabled men whenever they had the opportunity.

Luncheon and refreshments were served and several recitations and selections of music were enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. L. Zeigler of the Auxiliary has been visiting in Los Angeles, California, for some time. Mrs. Hanne Gelder DeRoy is planning a trip to California, and expects to leave about February 12th.

Mr. F. Schlernitzauer of the Auxiliary has been seriously ill since last July at his home, 85 Eureka St., S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The next regular meeting of Pennsylvania Auxiliary will be held Thursday evening, February 7th, in the Assembly Room, Fulton Building, Pittsburgh.

318TH M. G. CO.

The following is a letter from Buddy F. M. Stutts of 53 Thornwell St., Clinton, S. C. When he can do this well from his locality, some of the other buddies who are in communities where comrades are more plentiful ought to be able to furnish a few notes for Morning Report. How about it?

Dear M. G. Buddies:

It has been on my heart to write a few lines to you who are far away, and this is my New Year Resolution: Not to forget my buddies of the old days. What is yours?

Two years ago I sent personal letters to all of you; many answered. Later printed cards were sent to you; some answered. This year, due to press of business, I sent remembrance cards and almost received no answers. What next year? Are we going to forget?

"Christmas Thoughts," from buddy H. R. Curry, was the most prized folder received.

Do you know what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina? "It's a h... of a long time between drinks." Or at least so we

Morning Report

were told. Well, so it is with SERVICE." It's a long time between publications—probably because you and I do not give them the dope. SERVICE is mighty full of news these days, even though the 318 M. G. is seldom mentioned.

I know we are "there" with the stuff for the M. G. Co. stood 20th in the list of eligibles. Inf. Hdq. stood ahead of us, fifth place. Good for us!

W. J. Morrison is Superintendent of the Employment Dept., McClintock Marshall Const. Co., Whitaker, Pa. You guys looking for a job look him up.

A letter from Buddy L. D. Lockhart informs us that he has moved to Baltimore, Md., address: 103 Charles Ave., Hamilton, Baltimore, Md. Working for the Consolidated Gas & Electric Co. He too is married.

Buddy W. E. Harcum is his own boss, operating the Acme Taxi Co. and making a good living from it.

Our heavy weight Fergy (Ferguson) writes that though he has not completed a "squad" yet he has a darn good front rank—including himself.

A real letter, brim full of news, came from Frank B. Russell, 350 Liberty St., Baton Rouge, La. He reiterates the "Old" days around Christmas in Verdunnet. And who can forget! Says that Piazzo, the "Jew," is living in Vicksburg, Miss.

In mentioning the fact that I am superintendent of a Sunday School of nearly 400 members here, buddy R. E. Brock writes that he too is Superintendent of a Sunday School of 370—and probably more now. Who else is in the philanthropic work?

Last year I surprised my wife with a new Ford Touring car. On Sept. 21 last she "surprised" me with a seven-pound, blue-eyed girl. Dudley, Brock and I can combine with Ferguson and complete a full squad. You guessed it, that's why I was not at the Norfolk Reunion. And now Pittsburgh is a long way off.

At last report Frank Webb was store manager for the Fairmont—Towsville Coal Co. of Fairmont, W. Va. He is anxious to hear from the old boys.

Haven't corresponded with Sgt. Ives just recently but the last heard from him he was still "batching it" in a big six-room house—alone. Hope by now he has "risen from the Ranks" as Horatio Alger put it. Guess you lucky fellows saw him when in the City of Oysters.

Last but not least, Captain Cuthbert requests that you send me letters and I shall print them and send them around. Let's keep together, fellows, it only takes a little time and a two-cent stamp.

Yours in fond memory,

F. M. Sturts.

319TH INFANTRY

Frank C. Boardman formerly Pvt. 1st Cl., Co. F. 319th Infantry, is in business as Merchandise Broker, 17 Steuben St., Albany, N. Y., and resides at 10 So. Lake Ave., Albany. He reports that Fred Abele and Clarence Perrault, who was wounded November 1st by machine gun are both living in Albany. Cy Madden of Headquarters recently paid him a visit and he hopes to see some of the other buddies follow his example whenever they are in Albany.

Rudolph Kohs formerly of A Com-

pany 319th Inf. is still in the service and recently returned from Port au Prince, Haiti. He is taking a four month's course in the Cooks and Bakers School at Parris Island, S. C. Would be glad to hear from any of the old buddies. Address him at P. O. Box 54, Main Station, Parris Island, S. C.

320TH INFANTRY G Company Notes

A temporary committee has been appointed to make plans for the first annual reunion of Company G, 320th Infantry to be held March 8, 1924, Hotel Chatham, Pittsburgh, Pa. The Committee is as follows:

E. Y. Dobson (Chairman), George J. Klier, Harry Page, Patrick Callahan, Frank Vogtley, John Pryle, John Huber, Frank Moritz, John McConn.

All right G Company—LET'S GO! and put this reunion over in the same old style that you used to put everything else across.

Here's some real news, fellows:

Ex-Private Geo. J. Klier of G Company announces that he is the proud papa of a big bouncing baby boy, who was born December 27, 1923. That's the stuff—Congratulations, George. A bonus will now be right in order George says. The wife and baby are both doing fine. George now has two children, a boy and girl.

Edward L. Zisterer, who was a Sergeant in Company G, and went across with the outfit but was later made a first Lieutenant and assigned to the 4th Division, serving with this Division in the last drive in the Argonne, is now living at 132 Bausman St., Mt. Oliver, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Former Corporal E. S. Beauchat of Company "G" 320th Infantry is now connected with the Prudential Life Insurance Company, at Titusville, Pa. His home address is 313 N. Petroleum Street, Titusville, Pa., where he will be glad to hear from any of his "Buddies" of the company at any time.

Former Sergeant Howard L. Shamburg, is now married and living in Titusville, Pa. Go to it Howard, that's the way we all got our start in the game. "Let's hear from you."

Ex-Corporal Fred L. Spangler, is also married and living in Oil City, Pa., address care of Arlington Hotel. Go to it Fred. They talk about single blessedness, but married life has single life beat a mile. How about it?

Ex-Private First Class Harold J. Bowman, whom we all had pictured in the company as the man of "Big business," has tired of life in the old keystone state, and stepped out to St. Petersburg, Fla., where he is now running a big hotel. "Well, Harold, we sure got to hand it to you," but we feel lost by not hearing from you, but we will see you in Florida when we get our bonus.

A letter has been received by Comrade R. D. Newman from Andrew Hesidence, saying that he is now located at U. S. V. Hospital No. 92, Jefferson Barracks, Mo. "Andy" states that he is having quite a lot of trouble with his throat, and to make matters worse, Mrs. Hesidence has also been sick. Best wishes for a speedy recovery, and best regards from all the boys of old "G" company.

The following letter from Comrade John P. Viazanko of G. Company, who is connected with the H. C. Frick Coke Company, Adah, Pa., shows the plan being followed by one live member of the outfit:

Dear Old Pal:

Just received your letter. Glad to hear from you and thanks for Lt. Cannon's address. I wrote to him today.

You want a little dope about myself, so here goes:

I am located at a little one horse town, next to Greene County on the Monongahela River. About the only thing moving here is the river. I am still my own boss (That is, I still am single), work for the H. C. F. C. Co. as Supply clerk. Am doing pretty fair. Working every day. Health not bad, so what's the use of kicking.

Do you ever run across old Pryle? and where is Pat Clifford?

Will do my best to be at the meeting if you can pull it through.

Wishing you a happy and prosperous new year I remain.

Your old Pal,

JOHN P. VIAZANKO.

P. S. Wrote to a couple of the gang attached copy.

Would be a good idea if you wrote to the ones you have addresses and have each one write at least three friends.

Dear Pal:

Upon investigation I find that G Co. is very poorly represented in the 80th Division Veterans' Association, and very few get their monthly magazine, SERVICE. Do you belong, and do you get the magazine? You surely want to know what the old gang is doing from time to time. Remember how we "stuck up" for "The best Company" in the outfit while in service? Are we going to let the others get ahead of us now? You surely are still proud of the fact that we had the best gang in the whole division, and why not stick together now. Do you know that the next reunion is to be held in Pittsburgh this summer? Now for old time's sake, get in touch with Geo. Klier, McKees Rocks, Pa., or the 80th Division Veterans' Association, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. SERVICE magazine is \$2.00 per year, and dues to the Association are \$1.00 a year. Geo. Klier is figuring on holding a reunion for G Co. men sometime this winter. Will you be there?

Now get busy and send in the three bones and keep in touch with the gang. Wishing you a happy and prosperous new year I remain.

Your old pal,

JOHN P. VIAZANKO.

320TH INFANTRY 80TH DIVISION QUARTET

The buddies of the division who have had the privilege of listening to the quartet mentioned below will be interested in the following letter from one of the members:

Dear Comrades:

I was formerly Supply Sergeant of Company "M," 320th Infantry, and sang tenor in the 80th Division Quartet. I am counting on the magazine keeping me in liaison (as your coupon states) with my old pals of the army. Up to the present I have only managed to keep in personal touch with the other three members of

Morning Report

the quartet, who are still all in Pittsburgh.

Our bass singer, Wm. J. Seiferth, formerly Company Clerk of our Company, just recently took unto himself a wife, so that makes all of the former quartet benedicts. Harry Long, formerly Sergeant, is now working for the Pennsylvania Railroad in Pittsburgh. Harry sang second tenor. Our baritone singer, Herman H. Hendel, formerly a corporal in our company, owns and operates the Liberty Incandescent light store, 703 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. As for myself, I am connected with the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company in Akron.

Quite frequently I journey back to Pittsburgh (via my Trembling Chevrolet) and on each trip the quartet manages to get together and review doings of the past, present and future (mostly past), reminiscing our trips to Paris, Aix Le Baine, Tours, etc., towns that we sang in while in France, etc.

I am counting on being in Pittsburgh during the entire period of the re-union next summer, and have no doubt our old quartet will be found singing here and there.

Extending to you my best wishes for the continuation of SERVICE for years to come, and my regards to all my old comrades, and assuring you that I am looking forward already to our re-union next summer, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
M. S. METCALFE, JR.
1939 Goodyear Ave.,
Akron, Ohio.

COMPANY D NOTES

H. A. Gano of D Company who is at present with the S. R. Jones Co., 30 Marion St., Dayton, Ohio, would like to have the addresses of Lieutenant Preston, and Major Williams. Also he would be glad to hear from any of the buddies of D. Company.

COMPANY L NOTES

First Sgt. Ernest B. Greuel of Company L, formerly connected with Harbison Walker Refractories Co., at 818 Marine Trust Building, New York, N. Y., is now located at 1342 Fuller Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

COMPANY B NOTES

B. N. Ivanovich formerly of Company B, 320th Infantry, is now proprietor of the

Bell Phone, 0540 Hemlock
Residence, 2503-M Lafayette

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305TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION

After the gas and smoke had cleared away following the recent 305th Field Signal Battalion reunion in Pittsburgh, it developed that the following men were AWOL, at roll call.

The worst part of it is that our former esteemed Lieutenant, J. Russell Snyder, was among the missing. Communiques addressed to the men listed below were returned unclaimed and your committee is anxious to get their correct map references to complete our mailing list for the next "blow out" now proposed in April.

We trust that by publishing this list through the courtesy of SERVICE, information as to the whereabouts of the wayward members will be forthcoming. It

(Continued on Page 40)

Observations—By Perry Scope

(Continued from Page 18)

casuals of other divisions and is constantly furnishing other organizations and men with such addresses who desire to communicate with their comrades in disability cases, but other divisions which have not maintained an organization can not now hope to rectify this condition and their members must depend upon their memories, personal diaries, and the little information seemingly available in the War Department.

PHYSICIANS' STATEMENTS:

Statements of leading private physicians and surgeons, licensed by the State to practice, and recognized leaders in their profession regarding the condition of veterans, appear to have little weight in a case until some one of the underpaid and in some cases under-experienced doctors it would seem have passed their opinion, which if opposed to that of the private physicians, regardless of their number and standing, is the basis for the future action of the bureau. Clinics held by leading doctors in hospitals and their decision in cases do not receive any more consideration according to statements of organizations in position to know. A man who goes to the expense of being examined by a number of doctors and getting them to make sworn affidavits must be subjected

to further examination of a Veterans' Bureau doctor and after months of worry and endeavor finds that it is the latter's opinion that the disability does not exist, regardless of what the rest of the medical profession states.

DR. EGAN'S SON

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, former minister to Denmark, who died recently, was not as widely known to Pittsburghers as is his son, "Jerry." The latter was a captain of one of the companies of the Third Battalion of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry.

Jerry Egan was the central figure in a rather humorous incident, involving a brigadier general of the British Army, according to his boys of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth. The Eightieth Division was hooked up with the British fighting forces for their initiation into active warfare.

It so happened that the Blue Ridge boys received an order to move toward the American sector on July 4th. There was much confusion following the order. The high-ranking British officer referred to was in charge of the work of getting the Yanks on their way. Captain Egan was working under his instructions.

The Britisher, it appears, riled the Americans by making them load and unload their equipment finally became as "sore" as his fighters. His temper getting the best of him, Egan shouted to the general:

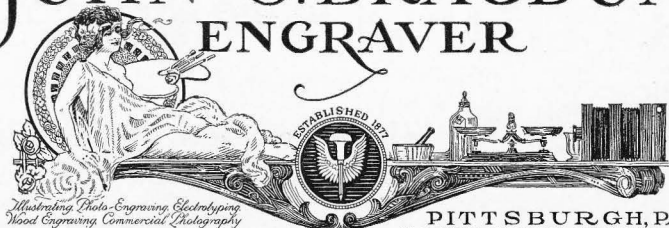
"Sir—I'd have you know that this is a bad day to rile us American!"

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What Virginia Did With the Gold Star Flag

(Continued from Page 8)

crate afresh our everlasting memory to this golden star.

"Today we lift this banner of our dead, within whose silken folds gleaming like a lamp of gold, is set the Star of Life. Life immortal, life imperishable, life everlasting. The life that heroes live beyond earth's grave, the last great victory over time and death.

"Let us remember that this emblem of gold guides us through bright fields of honor into the Valhalla of those heroic sleepers who we have lost a while, but who we will greet again."

"Our women expressed in smiles our joy and thankfulness over the return of our victorious legions passing in review before their commanders for the last time and acclaimed by their own proud people during the home-coming celebrations—that was our expression of joy, and sweet it was," Mrs. Kern said.

"The great Gold Star Flag lifted high by the noble living buddies, a guard of honor composed of the Red Cross nurses—women who guarded the symbol of the dead as they had shared the last earthly moments of many of our boys—received our blossoms heavy with tears; so was our grief given expression.

"The Gold Star Flag passed to stand again against the altar during the memorial services held in the City Auditorium at Richmond, Sunday, June 29, 1919. This altar was erected by Virginia women, and on each side of the Gold Star Flag were the be-ribboned standards of the regiments composed principally of sons of the Old Dominion.

"On Armistice Day, November 11, 1919, in the hall of the House of Delegates, this sacred banner was presented to the Commonwealth of Virginia, Corporal Joseph Allen, one of Virginia's distinguished service men, making the presentation to the Governor on behalf of the woman's committee.

"And now this banner is at rest, as are the lads it symbolizes; and to the generations to come may it serve to remind them of the valor of the heroic sons of Virginia who gave their lives in the World War for cause of freedom.

"For this permanent home of the Gold Star Flag, the Service Legion is indebted to His Excellency, E. Lee Trinkle, Governor of Virginia."

Mrs. Kern received the following telegram from General Cronkhite: "I wish to express to you as the president of the Service Legion, my sincere regret that unavoidable obligations prevent my presence at the memorial exercises at the State Museum tomorrow to pay homage to my

former comrades of the Eightieth Division. I shall be with you in a spirit of reverence."

Cities With Histories

(Continued from Page 12)

soon as possible, and in a month the 45,000 population dropped to 3,000. Hopewell was part of the war and nothing more, people said. The DuPont company started work at once to dispose of all materials and machinery that could be salvaged.

Experts looking at the deserted city, built at a cost of \$45,000,000, shook their heads and pronounced it permanently and totally defunct.

You must recall some of this in order to understand Hopewell as it is now. About three years ago an enterprising trunk manufacturer bought some of the machinery that was being carted away and set up a factory. Other manufacturers followed, and today eight plants are busy making artificial silk, china, pulp, tools and other articles. The city has a population of 10,000. One plant alone employs 3,200 persons.

In one section of Hopewell are rows of streets lined with well kept homes, such as you find in any attractive suburb. This is "A" village, where officials of the gun-cotton plant once lived. Most of the houses built here were of permanent construction

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followed with pride the splendid achievements of the

EIGHTIETH DIVISION

on the battle line in France

and

wishes all success to the members of that division in the activities of peaceful labor in the United States.

The News Leader Goes Into Nearly Every Home in Richmond—Every Afternoon.

and were more pretentious than the homes for the factory workers.

You leave this quarter and come to another, entirely different section. Here you pass hundreds of gray and black tar paper bungalows. This is one of the villages where the workers and their families were housed. Whole blocks of these houses have been bought by the new factories, to be rented to their employes, and these homes are being remodeled. Red, green or brown shingling is laid over the tar paper; wooden underpinning is replaced by brick; interiors are sealed. The bungalows already had electricity and up-to-date sanitation.

A number of warehouses and shops have been taken over by the new industries. One warehouse is pointed out as a place where spools for textile mills are being made by a young American ace. He had once worked in a textile plant, and he had learned that dogwood makes the most satisfactory spools for such a plant. When he left the air service he took this warehouse and began shipping in carloads of dogwood to turn his knowledge into money.

Across the way from the aviator's plant is another shop belonging to a business man. This manufacturer had invented a dishwashing machine and decided to buy his own plant and make it himself.

In still another corner of this patchwork city you see a row of tumbledown and deserted wooden shacks on the bank of the Appomattox River. It was a squatters' corner in the boom days. Workers who could not find cottages were permitted to build their own shacks here and pay \$3 a month ground rent, until they could make better arrangements. This land still belongs to the Eppes family, the original owners of Hopewell.

Who Remembers?

(Continued from Page 17)

cussions can be heard an occasional peculiar hollow wobbling sound of gas shells interspersed with the deeper hum of the heavies passing far to the rear. Strange, none seems to be falling near-by. Finally the column of men in single file passes along a little knoll of ground, which in the now faint light of the artillery flashes appears to be the parapet of an abandoned trench. Only once is the odd sucking sound of moving feet interrupted, when one man, missing his foot hold, slips into the trench half filled with water with shouted warnings to those following.

"Say, when do we get there? Oughtta be in Berlin by this time. What time is it anyway?"

"Don't know—must be near morning.

Someone started rumor we were headed for lines to relieve 317 or 318 near Nantillois. Oughtta be there now, unless Jerry took the damned town with him. Gee, they've stopped! Now, what? Wonder where Noah is with his ark—this cussed flood is getting worse!"

"There's 'O. D.' over there! Hey, 'O. D.,' where are we?"

"Don't know any more than you do, but they've stopped with orders to make themselves comfortable 'till morning."

"Comfortable, hell! They otta furnish bathing suits with heaters in 'em!"

"Aw, can the chatter, you birds. If you'll stop kickin' a minute and come over—there's a dug out over here we can get into. Watch your step, though, or you'll drown in that trench!"

"How can we get over—it's full of water and everything else and I can't swim?"

"Gwan up there about twenty feet—there's a duck board across. Wait'll I light a match."

"Hey, you bums, put out that light! Want to have Jerry blow us up?"

"Now, follow me—taint much of a dug-out and it's leaking like a sieve, but it's out of the wind anyway."

Now the half dozen men, who took a chance on the slipping duck board are sliding down a narrow communicating trench which because of its elevation is drained

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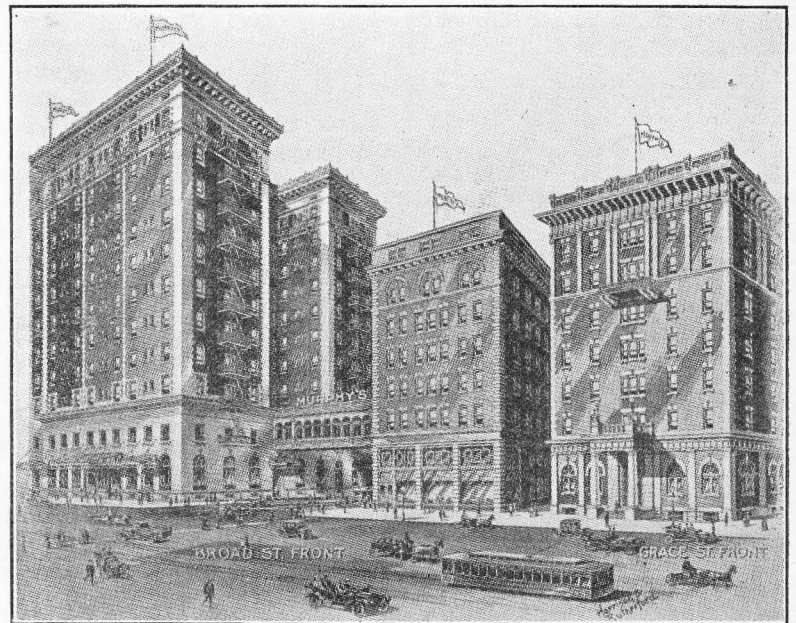
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of water, but is very slippery, and eventually crawl into the half blown-in entrance of a dugout. Someone passes a candle up to "O.D." who leads the way. A shell must have fallen at one time directly over the narrow passageway, as it is badly blown in, and the men are forced to crawl through a narrow opening about ten feet long. Finally a clear passage is reached, and the men start down a wet slippery wooden stairway, leading to a faintly lit passageway twenty feet below. From the sides and roof water steadily drips, but it is much warmer in there than out in the open and the men stop kicking for a minute. Finally the bottom is reached and there are some dozen or so other infantry standing around with a few half burned candles. The walls of the dugout are lined with heavy plank but water and mud oozes between the cracks, and the floor is covered with a half inch or so of muddy water and dirty straw. Several are smoking, and the dark heavy atmosphere, together with the men's overheated steaming bodies and breath, seem to make the dull light of the few candles only enhance the surrounding gloom.

"Yeh—make yerself comfortable! Can't be done."

"Aw, shut up and sit down. You won't drown if you sit on your helmet—'sonly an inch deep."

"Hey, you birds that just came in—shut up—we wanna sleep."

"Sleep, hell. I wasn't raised in a pig pen and I'm not used to sleeping in this stuff like some guys are."

"Who said that? Show me the guy!"

"Oh, pipe down! Say, Jack, got any more candles?"

"No, that's the last and it wont last more than twenty minutes, so you'd better get set before it goes out."

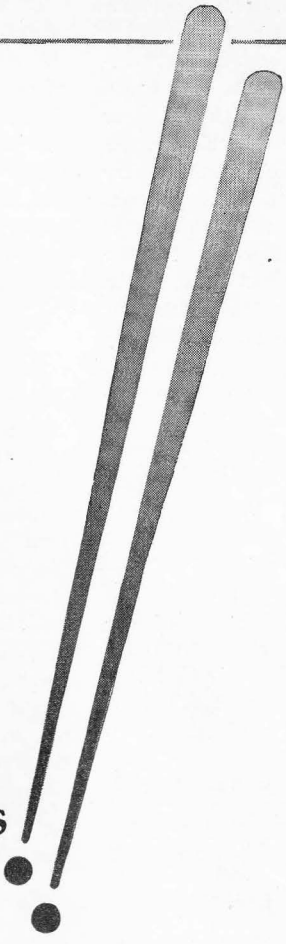
Finally all the men are seated on inverted steel helmets, which afford at least some protection, although precarious, and are endeavoring to snatch a few winks of sleep between the drops of water that persist in running down their necks.

Some fall asleep and finally all is quiet. Eventually the inevitable happens, and one of the men, losing his balance rolls over into the mud, the inverted steel helmet taking advantage of his semi-consciousness. Shouts of men up and down the narrow dark passage way to shut up and go to sleep.

"Say, Bobby, wonder where we go tomorrow?"

"Don't know, don't care—if they want me they've got to find me, thassal!"

An occasional snore indicates that someone has mastered the art of sleeping while balanced on a trench helmet, when suddenly one man, who was fortunate enough to find a dry spot at one end of the dugout where it turned at right angles, and was stretched out trying to enjoy a little sleep,



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jumped to his feet with a blood curdling yell.

"What's the matter over there? Jerry comin'?"

"No, some damned rat or something ran across my face!"

"Aw, shucks, that's nothin'. He wont hurt you. He don't like mud and your all mud so he wont bit you. Shut up and go to sleep."

"Awright, fellows, guess he's gone. Good night."

"Good night."

80th Decorations and Citations

(Continued from Page 11)

made his way through the wire to the German trenches, from which position he bombed the enemy from their trenches. He thus saved the lives of many of his comrades, and enabled them to take the trenches with a minimum of casualties. Residence at enlistment: 605 Farragut Street, Millvale, Pa.

JAMES O. BOOTH, Cook, Company I, 319th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Sivry-sur-Meuse, France, September 26-28, 1918. He displayed exceptional courage when, under heavy shell fire and in an exposed position, he constantly made coffee for the battalion and carried it to the lines. On another occasion he assisted in the evacuation of the wounded, carrying them over a half mile under severe fire to the battalion first-aid station. Residence at enlistment: Monongahela Avenue, Glassport, Pa.

MANLEY BRADLEY, Sergeant, Company D, 317th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Nantillois, France, October 5, 1918. He was wounded in the head while leading his platoon across a valley swept by machine-gun fire, but he

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80th Decorations and Citations

continued to lead his men on to their objective, refusing to report to the dressing station until he was ordered to do so. Residence at enlistment: Montebello, Va.

EDWARD CHANEY, Private, Company C, 317th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Sommauthe, France, November 4, 1918. He crawled in front of the line under heavy machine-gun fire and carried a wounded soldier to safety. Residence at enlistment, Smith, Va.

CHARLES K. DILLINGHAM, Second Lieutenant, 318th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Nantillois, France, October 6, 1918. On duty as battalion intelligence officer, twice he volunteered and led a patrol through woods known to be occupied by hostile machine guns. Working his way through artillery and machine-gun fire, he succeeded in ascertaining the position of units on the right and left of his own. Throughout the action around Nantillois and the Bois des Ogons this officer was a constant inspiration to his men by his devotion to duty and disregard of personal safety. Residence at appointment: 330 West Denval Street, Germantown, Pa.

JOSEPH F. ESSER, Corporal, Company H, 319th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action at Imecourt, France, November 1, 1918. When his company was held up by enemy machine-gun fire, Corpl. Esser, having no rifle grenades, searched about with disregard for his own safety until he found two, with which he boldly attacked the enemy, causing the surrender of 200 Germans. Home address: Michael Esser (father), Springdale, Pa. Residence at enlistment: Colfax Avenue, Springdale, Pa.

GEORGE J. FRIES, Jr., Private, Medical Detachment, 319th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Cunel, France, October 11, 1918. For two days and nights he worked incessantly as the only first-aid man with two companies in the front line. On several occasions he went out in front of our lines under heavy enemy fire to aid wounded men and to help bring them back to our line, his pack

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A HISTORY OF 320TH INFANTRY
 Battle maps—Photos, General orders, Citations, Casualty lists, etc., etc.
 Ably 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.

80th Decorations and Citations

and equipment being badly torn by pieces of shrapnel. Residence at enlistment: 406 Spencer Avenue, Carrick, Pa.

ERSKINE GORDON, Captain, 319th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Gricourt, France, September 26-27, 1918. After the assaulting companies had passed over three machine-gun nests, which, not having been destroyed, opened heavy and effective fire, he reorganized scattered elements of his own company and two others and fearlessly exposing himself to the fire of these guns, as well as that of our own artillery, personally led an attack on three nests and captured them, with 50 prisoners. Residence at appointment: 412 Fifth Street, N. W., Washington, D.C.

CARL T. HATCH, Second Lieutenant, 317th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Nantillois, France, October 4, 1918. Seriously wounded in both knees while leading his platoon against German machine-gun nests, Lieut. Hatch declined to be evacuated, but remained in command of his platoon for nine hours until it was relieved. Residence at appointment: Cecil Apartments, Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Md.

CHARLES RYMAN HERR, First Lieutenant, 319th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action in the Bois des Ogons, France, October 4-6, 1918. Suffering from the effects of mustard gas, he refused to leave his platoon, and later, when his company commander was killed, took command of the company. Under the inspiration of his personal bravery his command overcame the most determined resistance and succeeded in getting a foothold in the Bois des Ogons while it was under flanking fire from machine guns and artillery. He personally visited his outposts under a heavy artillery and machine-gun barrage, inspiring confidence, which enabled his men to maintain their position at a critical time. Residence at appointment: Flemington, N. J.

CHARLES C. HIGHLEY, First Lieutenant, 319th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Imecourt, France, No-

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vember 1, 1918. In the face of heavy machine-gun fire, Lieut. Highley personally led his platoon, or elements thereof, against several enemy machine gun nests, putting out of action and capturing 15 guns with 50 prisoners. Later in the day he led a squad of men in an attack on a battery of enemy field pieces seen coming out of a wood south of Sivry and succeeded in capturing the three pieces of artillery, together with 55 prisoners and 27 horses. Home address: George N. Highley. Conshohocken, Pa. Residence at appointment: Conshohocken, Pa.

SAMUEL HILL, Private, first class, Company E, 320th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Bethincourt, France, September 26, 1918. Assisted by three comrades, he volunteered and went to the aid of a platoon which was held up by machine-gun fire. Although under constant fire by the enemy, he flanked the stronghold, and by effective use of his automatic rifle killed two officers and three enlisted men and captured the gun. Residence at enlistment: R. F. D. No. 2, Apollo, Pa.

JAMES T. JENKINS, Sergeant, Company G, 317th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Nantillois, France, October 5, 1918. Patrolling by himself in front of the line, he came upon a machine-gun emplacement manned by a German officer and three men. He wounded the officer and one soldier by rifle fire, captured the other two men, and took them, with the machine gun, to the rear. Residence at enlistment: Buena Vista, Va.

WILLIAM T. JOHNSON, Sergeant, Company A, 318th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Bois du Fays, France, October 5, 1918. While leading a patrol, Sergt. Johnson encountered terrific machine-gun fire, which forced him to order his patrol to cover. He then advanced alone, working his way to the nest, which he destroyed, thereby permitting the patrol to continue its operation. Later the same day he braved the perils of an extremely heavy barrage to bring to safety a

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wounded comrade who was lying 300 yards in advance of the lines. Residence at enlistment: Waverly, Va.

CHARLES G. JONES, Corporal, Company F, 318th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Bois des Ogons, France, October 4-5, 1918. Making his way through a heavy barrage, he brought valuable information as to the enemy's position to his company commander. He then returned to the enemy's position, showing absolute disregard for his own personal danger and brought back two wounded men who had fallen there. Home address: Abraham L. Jones (father), 500 North Seventh Street, Hopewell, Va.

GEORGE J. KLIER, Private, first class, Company G, 320th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Verdun, France, October 11, 1918. While his platoon was being forced back he remained to bind up the wounds of a comrade, although he himself was suffering from a painful wound. He then refused to be taken to the rear until all the others had been evacuated. Residence at enlistment: 4222 Milgate Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

VIVIAN S. LAWRENCE, Jr., Corporal, Ambulance Company 319th, 305th Sanitary Train—For extraordinary heroism in action near Gercourt, France, September 29th, 1918. While he was passing along the roads leading to Septsarges, near Gercourt, in an ambulance, a large shell fell among a group of Infantry soldiers near by, severely wounding five of them. He stopped the ambulance and rendered efficient first aid, through concentrated shell fire. He then loaded the patients in the ambulance and removed them from the shelled area. Residence at enlistment: Churchland, Va.

GEORGE W. McFARLAND, Corporal, Company D, 320th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Briculles, France, September 28, 1918. When the Germans counter-attacked with a superior number in the Bois de Donovan, Corpl. McFarland went from post to post under intense machine-gun and artillery fire, collecting all

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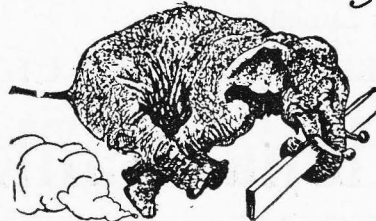
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available rifle grenades in the platoon. Although he was seriously wounded by a machine-gun bullet, he continued on duty until his platoon was relieved several hours later. Residence at enlistment: Latrobe, Pa.

ALEXANDER MACWILLIAM, First Sergeant, 313th Machine Gun Battalion—For extraordinary heroism in action near Nantillois, France, October 4-5, 1918. Concealing the fact that he was severely wounded, he remained on duty until the afternoon of the following day. While in this condition, he went to the aid of a wounded comrade and brought him to a place of safety, his route being subjected to a concentrated artillery bombardment. Residence at enlistment: 808 French Street, Erie, Pa.

RAYMOND V. NEELON, First Sergeant, Company F, 319th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Imecourt, France, November 1, 1918. Taking command of two platoons after their commanders had become casualties, he attacked a machine-gun nest, taking two guns and 146 prisoners. Later, after repulsing two strong counter-attacks, he alone crawled out and captured a prisoner with a machine gun, which he at once set up to strengthen his position. Residence at enlistment: Village Street, Midway, Mass.

JOHN PAMARANSKI, Corporal, Company B, 320th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Bois des Ogons, France, October 10, 1918. When his platoon was held up by enemy machine gun, which had caused many casualties in the platoon, Corporal Pamaranski advanced to within bombing distance of the gun, killed one and captured two of the enemy, together with the machine gun. Residence at enlistment: 2906 Mulberry Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHARLEY N. PARCELL, Private, Company D, 317th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Nantillois, France, October 5, 1918. Carrying messages for the platoon commander to squad leaders, under heavy enemy fire, Private Parcell

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greatly aided the advance of his platoon. Although twice wounded in the face by shrapnel, he continued his duties until ordered to the dressing station. Residence at enlistment: R. F. D. No. 3, Rocky Mount, Va.

HUGH C. PARKER, First Lieutenant, 320th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Bois des Ogons, France, October 10, 1918. While his platoon was being held up by machine-gun fire, and the casualties were becoming very heavy, Lieutenant Parker crawled forward to within bombing distance of the enemy, and, by killing one and capturing two of the enemy with their machine guns, he enabled his platoon to continue its advance. Residence at appointment: Mount Landing, Va.

WALTER B. PHIPPS, Private, Headquarters Company, 319th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Vilosnes, France, September 27-28, 1918. For two days and two nights he repeatedly exposed himself to heavy shell fire in directing and maintaining the battalion relay runner service. He rendered valuable service in carrying messages over fire-swept areas, directing wounded soldiers to the first-aid station, and locating a new aid station when severe bombardment necessitated its removal. Residence at enlistment: Clintwood, Va.

CLEMENTS R. PULONO, Private Company C, 319th Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near Cunel, France, October 11, 1918. Seeing the enemy mounting a gun, which, when operated, would sweep his platoon at close range, Pvt. Pulono shot the gunner just as he was about to open fire. He also shot another German who attempted to fire the gun, after which he charged the position and captured the remainder of the crew. Home address: Francesco Virgrobe (friend), 250 Addison Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Residence at enlistment: 250 Addison Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Continued in Next Issue)

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Morning Report*(Continued from Page 29)*

should be sent to A. M. Crawford, 575 East End Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Let's get the next reunion going, men, so that we will have a real 'bang up time.' Here are the men we have failed to locate:

J. Russell Snyder, Edward R. Miller, Ralph W. Musser, Jos. H. Edwards, Joseph P. Moyer, Archie Henry, James P. Dunbar, Henry B. Casto, Jules J. Thobois, G. Lavini, Thomas H. Cox, J. E. Brown, Alfred Murray, Harry R. Fest, Herman R. Jordan, Ernest E. Herzig, George T. Cain, John F. Withrow, Henry W. Dreher, John L. Martin, Louis Myerson, A. J. Mulligan, John J. McHugh, Mathew Slater, Elmer J. Titus, Fred Odell.

Now if any of you birds listed above should see your name gracing this page, lets hear from you. If any one is "holed up" somewhere fearing that a certain French Mademoiselle, who inspected us at Camp Genicart on three successive evenings might be looking for him at the next reunion, then put your fears away and come along, for we understand from the War Department that this young Lady's claim has been refused by the Allied Reparation Committee, it having been developed by Gen. Foch that the said maiden had turned professional and all amateur claims were barred. This should make you breathe easier.

Hurry up, 'fellows,' let's go.
A. M. CRAWFORD,
Secretary.

Ralph G. Swavely, one of the original members of Company B, 305th F. S. B., is now married and in the Electrical Contracting business at 525 Bingham St., Reading, Pa. He would be glad to hear from some of the members of the old outfit.

Willis Buckingham, former Sgt. 1st Cl., 305th F. S. Bn., is now a member of the firm of Buckingham Bros., Builders, Pitman, N. J.

**313TH FIELD ARTILLERY,
Battery E**

Harry A. Dailey is conducting a drug store on the public square, Martinsburg, W. Va. He has the hand of welcome extended at all times for any Blue-Ridger, and is particularly anxious to meet up with any of E Battery. The Ex-Sergeant has a skeleton squad of two at his command. Not so bad, eh? Harry was formerly in the drug business at Norfolk, Va.

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Morning Report

Any member of E Battery knowing the address of John P. Miskimins, is requested to communicate with Samuel Evans, 1629 Mill St., Wilksburg, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Edgar F. Keyser is up again. "Snipey" has jumped from a busted Corporal to the Captaincy of a fire-fighting squadron at Martinsburg, W. Va.

W. S. (Booze) Clower is at Moorefield, W. Va. "Booze" is still receiving bids on that two Sou piano at the "Mad House" of Any-Le-Libre.

George Hamm is very busy at the mines at McCartney, Pa. Hamm's Christmas Greeting card was not signed by "Mr. & Mrs." so the fat boy must be single yet.

Our old comrade, Dudley Miller is conducting a coal and feed store at Martinsburg, W. Va. "Dud" was married recently so keep your eye on SERVICE for future developments.

Bower, W. Va., is the home of Ex-Corp. L. W. Frame, the boy with the trained ears. As was expected some "Sweet woman" has fallen for "Hawkshaw's" long legs and slick hair.

Henry J. Frey is at Taylor, Pa., near Scranton.

Fred G. Lewis is at Martinsburg, W. Va. Fred has been married for some time, but has no other income tax exemptions.

Ex-Private McKinney V. Bennett is living at Blairsville, Pa.

John C. Shauholtz has finally pried himself from the "sticks" and moved to Winchester, Va.

James E. Rimmey is located back in the Mountains near Pleasant Gap, Pa.

P. W. Barrett of E Battery and Hdq. Co. is married and living at New Brighton, Pa.

Ex-Private N. L. Enders is looking for a couple of Soap Salesman. Any 80th man who can still sell like he fought needs no further recommendation.

314TH F. A. SUPPLY CO.

Here's a letter from an old buddy that is straight to the point:
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Morning Report

It's not that I want to always be breaking into print, but merely because, in perusing SERVICE from month to month and noting a sad lack of real "gossipy" news concerning the civil activities of the boys of the "ranking regiment" of the 153th F. A. Brigade, in their various walks of life, I for one, have felt a little ashamed, and I take the liberty of asking that this letter be published under the heading of "314th F. T. Supply Co."

"The Veterans' Association is going to be just what its members make it, and its official organ SERVICE is going to be just what the Association makes it. It is my personal belief that the memories of those days "overthere" will become dearer and closer to us all as the years go by, and it behooves each of us to do his own individual bit toward perpetuating the friendships born of that peculiarly thrilling, if sometimes harrowing, environment of Army life.

"Personally, I have no 'axe' to grind in making this poor attempt at an appeal for furthering the principles upon which the very organization of the Association are founded, but a fellow is missing something by not 'falling-in' and identifying himself with the Association if he is eligible. And this suggests the thought that of the four million men under arms during the war, there are but about 40,000 eligible for membership, and if you are looking for anything more 'exclusive' than that for an organization whose membership carries a closer personal appeal, just stop looking and 'fall-in'!

"I had occasion to be in Richmond on business recently and I called Smitherman, former Wagoner, Supply Co., 314th F. A. He was able to give me a news item concerning one Basil L. Jackson, former Corporal, same outfit, who has joined the order of benedicts and is now located at Norfolk, Va., connected with the Royal Silver Mfg. Co. Smitherman is also located at Norfolk and is in the Sales organization of the Burrough's Adding Machine Co. It was good to hear from both of these buddies.

"Being in Washington the other day, I looked up former Lieutenant Newton K. Fox of the Supply Company and was his guest at luncheon, where we had a very pleasant, though all-to-short visit. Then later, in stopping off at Baltimore, I saw Captain J. Hambleton Ober, and spent a couple of hours with him. It was with no difficulty whatsoever, that the "Skipper" exacted a promise from me to come back, for it was a decided pleasure to see him,

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Morning Report

and besides, there were so many things that the limited time did not permit us to discuss. Both Captain Ober and Lt. Fox wish to be remembered to all of the boys.

Yours in Comradeship,
W. R. KENNEDY.

313TH M. G. BN.

In the last issue of SERVICE we stated that Clifford H. Furness was connected with the Girard Oil Company, 1300 Widener Building, Philadelphia. This was in error as Comrade Furness is the Secretary-Treasurer of the Paragon Petroleum Company, 1103 Widener Building, Philadelphia, Pa., and any of the buddies of his old outfit can reach him at the latter address.

314TH M. G. BN.

Robert M. Hall, formerly First Lieutenant Company B, 314th Machine Gun Battalion, a member of the New York Officers' Association of the division recently paid Hamilton P. C. a visit while in Pittsburgh. He is connected with the New York Office of the National Tube Company.

305TH AMMUNITION TRAIN
Company D Notes

Melvin A. Kern, formerly of Company D, since leaving the service has been in a number of government hospitals but is now recovered from his disabilities to some extent. He would be glad to hear from the members of Company D. His address is Aberdeen Hotel, 9th and Locust St., Kansas City, Mo.

Gabby Lloyd, former Wagoner of D Company was the star hurler on the Stony Jones Baseball Team, during the past season at Smithton, Pa. Gabby worked in the Appalachian League during the 1922 season down Tennessee way.

Abe Lefkowitz, also an ex-wagoner, is in the Men's Furnishing Business at 214 North Center St., Pottsville, Pa. "Lefky" would be glad to hear from any of the boys. He reports meeting George Bergman in Philadelphia last summer. George is still single, which also goes for "Lefky." He also met N. Gross at Atlantic City and after much handshaking they dug up a few shells and carried them up the beech for old time's sake.

We hear that Bugler Chudewitz is on the Police Force in Pittsburgh, Pa. Chudy ought to make a good Cop—he was a good soldier.

Phones, 240 and 241

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Who Remembers?

What become of the Captain's "Police Dog?"

The stone barracks we run into at Sten-aye about the time the Armistice was signed?

The night private Kerns on guard duty halted the Lister Bag?

The first pair of Cooties, which could give us some lessons on the art of multiplication?

The big feed we had at Camp Lee, Virginia, the night before we pulled out for France?

The Saturday midnight roll-calls at Brain?

The morning of September 26, 1918, when we thought H--L, broke loose in the Argonne?

The night at Muecon, when the two Jerry prisoners got away and they turned us all out to try and round them up?

The day at Muecon when Loomis guarding prisoners, took them out and brought them back at night full of Vin Rouge and Cognac, also carrying a good load of the same himself?

305TH MOTOR SUPPLY TRAIN

The Division historian needs more "dope" on the History of the Motor Supply Train. Here's your chance to become a historian. Dig up the old records in your possession and prepare a brief outline, giving dates and location, etc., of your company and send to 915 Bessemer Building, where it will be combined with that of other company's and sent to Historian Stultz. Don't wait for "George" to do it or be afraid that you are writing something we already have. Each Company had a different history and if you want your outfit given the recognition it deserves get busy before the History goes to press. While you are about it, contribute something for this column about yourself and buddies. The M. S. T. Reporters seem to be taking life easy these days—must be sleeping in one of the Major's dugouts. Come up for air occasionally, and appoint yourself to send in a little gossip.

305TH ENGINEERS

Ex-Corporal Harvey Laidig of Company F, 305th Engineers, who was former-

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ly located at Jeannette, Pa., has purchased a large farm and is "going in business for himself" at Lurgan, Franklin County, Pa. He was doing Carpenter work at Jeannette, but was seized with the longing to "get behind the plow."

Frank Gilbert, former Sgt. 1st Class, Company D, 305th Engineers, surprised us the other day by dropping us a little letter to let us know he is still "alive and kicking." He is living at Boswell, Pa.

Nothing has been heard from Jack Berger, formerly of the band, since he got married. What's the matter, Jack, has the wife installed censorship regulations?

Better get busy Engineers or Colonel Spalding will detail the outfit to picks and shovels at Wilson Dam, Alabama, where he now is, for not sending in more "dope" for Morning Report.

Carroll L. Shaw, formerly 1st Lieutenant of C Company, 305th Engineers is now a puffed-up papa. The little rascal will have to go some to fill his Daddy's Sam Browne, but the chances are that the next war is twenty-five years away, anyhow. The Shaws now live at 2151 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Charles S. Rollings, who lives at 516 Cornelia Avenue, Chicago, is the center member of the new firm of "Barclay, Rollings and Company," 79 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. He was a Lieutenant in C Company and likewise is married. He says he has.....hopes. All Engineers will wish these two the best of luck in their new ventures—one is raising a family and the other is raising an Engineering-Accounting firm.

A. W. Yereance, former Captain of C Company is living at 68 Scotland Road, South Orange, N. J. The address sounds good, but we suspect that "Scotch" is getting scarce.

305TH SANITARY TRAIN

James J. Deighan of East Pittsburgh, formerly a Corporal in the 305th Sanitary Train, 80th Division, was recently appointed State Adjutant of the Department of Pennsylvania, American Legion, with headquarters in Philadelphia, Pa. He took up his new duties December 1, 1923, with the best wishes of all his comrades.

Joseph Hartman, formerly Private 1st

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Class, 320th Field Hospital, 305th Sanitary Train, is now located at 2245 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. He is trying to establish a claim for compensation and would like to get in touch with Major Wm. D. Scott, 300 C Street, Fredericksburg, Va., and Sergeant Wm. J. Mull, 114 N. 2nd St., Jeannette, Pa. These comrades are requested to write him as soon as possible, or communicate with Evan J. Tibbott, 6708 Woodland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., Chairman Welfare Committee, Philadelphia Post No. 2, 80th Division Veterans' Association. Comrade Hartman was a former resident of Pittsburgh.

DISABLED COMRADES

James S. Gregg, formerly Sgt. Q. M. C. Detachment, 80th Division Headquarters, is suffering from a serious disability in the Marine Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., having tuberculosis of the bone in his hip, and Henry Stoner, formerly of Signal Detachment, Hq. Co., 315th Field Artillery, is in the West Penn Hospital in Pittsburgh for treatment of cancer of the intestines, brought on by army service. Both of these comrades would appreciate seeing or hearing from any of the buddies of the division.

INFORMATION WANTED

The 80th Division Veterans' Association Historian desires information for the forthcoming Divisional History as follows: Name and address of Topographical Officers of 155th Field Artillery Brigade, and any information concerning maps of this unit. Also the same information about the 305th Engineer Regiment. Address Russell L. Stultz, Historian, New Market, Va.

LOCAL POST COLORS

The following has been received from 315th Field Artillery Post, 80th Division Veterans' Association:

"We note in the last issue of SERVICE that the Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1, brings up the question of Post Colors. A good set of colors will cost anywhere from a hundred up, depending on how elaborate they are, but Hamilton P. C. should make a ruling on the standard size, etc. We believe that a standard should be set on the flag proposition because it is just a matter of time until all subsidiary posts in the Association will have a set of colors and they should be uniform."

The Association would like to hear from others on this subject with any suggestions or ideas they have about this matter.

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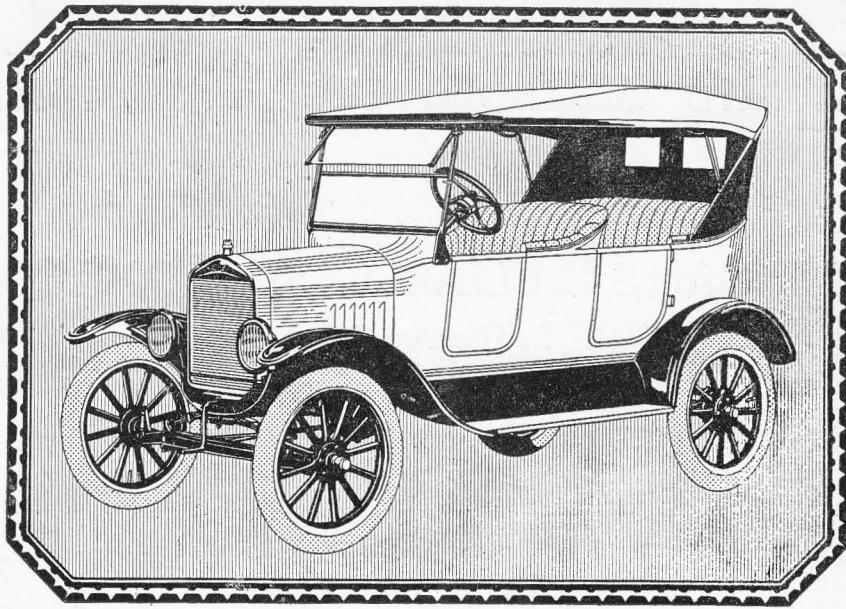
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