



# THE SERVICE

MAGAZINE



## Greetings

To the many friends and supporters of Service Magazine and to all 80th Division Veterans the Association extends its sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.



# Professional and Business Directory of the Members of the 80th



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*Some have given their time to the promotion of the service, while others have given their financial assistance. Can we have your support one way or the other?*

## SERVICE MAGAZINE

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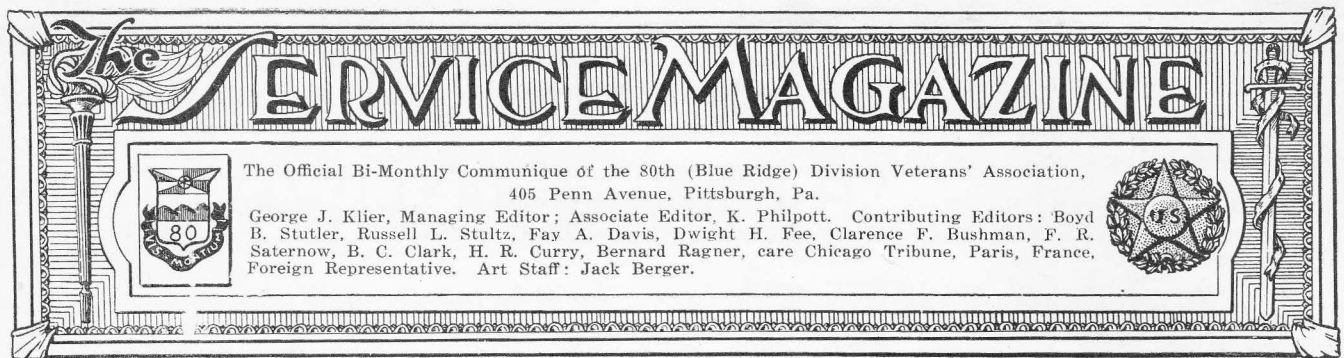
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The objects of this Association are: Patriotic, Historical and Fraternal, and to uphold the Constitution of the United States of America, to foster and perpetuate true Americanism, to preserve and strengthen comradeship among its members, to assist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

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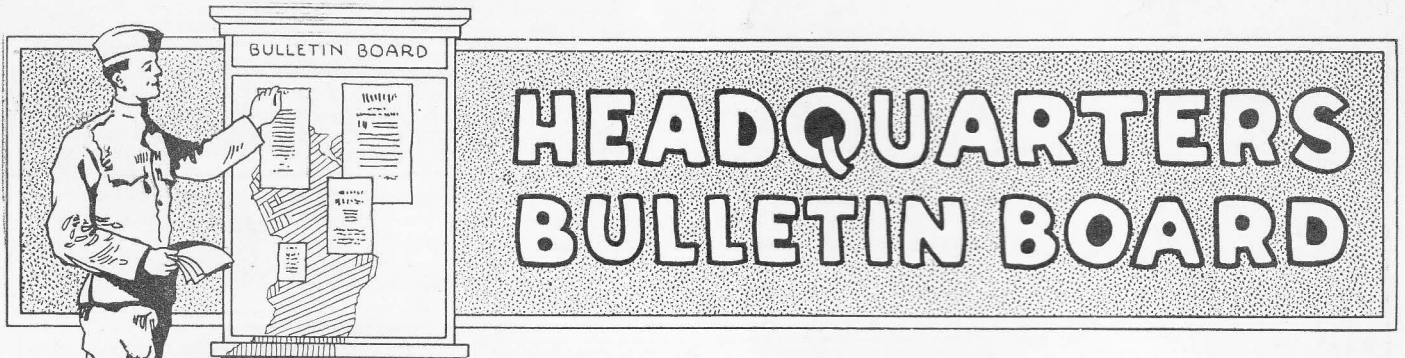
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**"THE 80th DIVISION ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD"**



The following editorial appeared in the Altoona Tribune November 17, 1927:

### BLIND WAR HERO AT ALTOONA

The recent visit to Altoona of Lieutenant Frank Schoble, Jr., blinded hero of the Eightieth Division, recalls the great and favorable impression which this modest young soldier made on the leading personages of Europe, especially the British Royal family, as well as among our veterans here. The English and French newspapers all had much to say concerning Mr. Schoble's modest demeanor and genial manners, and told how the King and Queen of England drew him out of the crowd of Legionnaires at Windsor Castle and engaged in a long and friendly conversation with him, during which the King put his arm around the young soldier as a token of friendly esteem. Everywhere he went Mr. Schoble received special attentions, as he was admired as a man who had triumphed over painful physical handicaps and taken life as it came to him without complaint. A French General who met Mr. Schoble at one of the formal receptions during the convention in Paris stated that he considered the young Eightieth Division veteran as "the ideal American soldier". Always the life of every group he was with, Mr. Schoble's sunniness and cheer made him one of the bright spots of the never-to-be-forgotten Legion pilgrimage of 1927. Perhaps the only shadow which clouded the trip was the news of General Brett's death, which reached the Eightieth Division veterans while they were in London. Few division commanders were more beloved than this rugged old veteran of the Indian, Spanish and World Wars, and his passing during the activities abroad was generally regretted. Altoona veterans who belonged to the "Eightieth" were surely members of an outstanding outfit, as with General Lloyd M. Brett at its head and an intrepid young hero like Lieutenant Schoble as one of its officers, it is a guarantee that down to the rank and file all were imbued with a fine degree of patriotism, courage and military ideals.

H. W. S.

### PAY TRIBUTE TO GENERAL BRETT

More than six hundred members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars assembled for their annual Banquet held November 10 at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., halted the gayety of the gathering to stand in one minute of perfect silence as a tribute to General Lloyd M. Brett, who died recently at Washington. The center chair at the speakers' table was also draped to his loving memory. Gen-

eral Brett had participated in every Armistice Day parade held in Pittsburgh, and took keen delight in leading the men of the Eightieth. He was Past Commander-in-Chief of the above-named organization.

The following letter was received at headquarters:

656 North Prairie Avenue,  
Galesburg, Ill.,  
November 19, 1927.

My dear Mr. Klier:

I can't refrain from sending just a word or two along with my check in payment of my Life Membership in the association, to tell you how fine I thought the "In Memoriam" number of "Service Magazine" was. Little did we think that night in the Pittsburgh Station that the first issue of the magazine following that wonderful Reunion would be in memory of the man that we were bidding "Godspeed". How thankful I am that I did get to this last reunion. I shall always carry with me so many memories of General Brett as I saw him during those days. What I started out to do was to congratulate you for the fineness of the September-October issue of "Service", and to wish you all kinds of success during the months to come—and I know that you will have it.

Cordially yours,  
Ruth M. McClelland.

### IMPORTANT

Adjusted compensation is based on the service rendered to the government during the war. For those whose service was entirely domestic a maximum of \$500 is provided as the base on which to determine the amount of insurance possible. For those who obtained the maximum foreign service \$625 is the limit of the base, the home service being figured at \$1 a day and foreign service at \$1.25 a day. The number of days of domestic service and the number of foreign service are taken into account and that sum, plus 4 per cent compounded annually for twenty years, determines the amount of insurance that can be bought for the veteran by the government and presented to him.

If the veteran does not apply for the insurance before January 1, his dependents can get not more than the \$500 if he saw domestic service alone or \$625 if he had maximum foreign service, whereas the adjusted compensation certificate he would be entitled to otherwise might be twice those amounts. If application is made, the full amount of the policy is payable to the beneficiaries.

Get in touch with your local Veterans' Post immediately for application.

# "They Said It Was Thanksgiving"

What Did You Call It Some Nine Years Ago, Buddy? Sure, in 1918

(By Russell L. Stultz)

Anniversaries, like birthdays, are noted chiefly for their increasing frequency with the years. As the interval separating their visitation diminishes, so likewise is their significance dimmed and relegated to memory's dusty recesses. Few individuals, however, fail to carry certain indelible recollections of events or incidents that have been bequeathed us as a heritage from out of the past—fresh, untarnished leaves from the book of time that serve to link our yesterdays with the present and preserve to us still brilliant pictures of days and scenes when life was vibrant and unmarred by retrospect.

No matter the nature of our experiences or the manner of our marking, each of us clings to some fragment of life's kaleidoscopic offerings that is beyond price and the power of the years to efface. How often are memory's dormant chambers stirred, to open and quicken as they respond to some fleeting reminder of the past and beckon us live anew those phantom echoes that parade before us, to roll back the mounting years and shatter our contentment! Whether born of travail or of gladness, thus do these inescapable memories confront and confound us, inevitably lifting the veil and re-enacting some episode that challenges forgetfulness and the ravages of time's indubitable toll.

Just such a surge of awakened recollection was called into being upon the eve of our day of national Thanksgiving, bidding us retrace our unpracticed steps amid the highways and byways of yesterday and into that realm wherein unnumbered hosts fought and suffered and died, that a stricken world might again rejoice and be grateful for the blessings of peace.

Ah, surely, it cannot be that nine winters and nine summers have come and gone since hostile guns were sheathed and dearly bought peace descended upon the battle-ravished and maimed reaches of the Argonne! Yet, we must believe, when man's measure of time proclaims that nine years have intervened since that eventful November day when a merciful Armistice succeeded so many months of futile waste and destruction to give voice to universal Thanksgiving. It is so that history relates, but history fails to record the details of that devious, grueling process by which a victorious American army was moved from its stilled battle front far back into districts undisturbed and unmolested by the grim hands of war, there to spend long, drab months of tedious, desolate waiting for the command that led to embarkation and home.

If history neglects to chronicle the progress of that prosaic, rearward movement, memory serves to supply the omission and clothe it with unadorned realism. And that realism breathes naught of victory or of glory, for while the Armistice marked the end of hostilities, it did NOT usher in that period of rest and inactivity visioned and yearned for by the too-optimistic victors. Reckoned among some hundreds of thousands of American soldiers illy prepared for disillusionment, were a generous proportion of the personnel of the 80th

Division, who were about to delve deeply into the intricate and unknown workings of peace.

While the last shot had been fired the lowering of the final curtain upon the drama of the war brought little variation in the accustomed routine of the Blue Ridders. Scarcely yet convinced that "La guerre est finie" was an established fact rather than merely another meaningless rumor, few, if any, foresaw an immediate future quite so strenuous as that decreed by high command. The luxury of a five-day rest period in the la Chalade area under the grateful warmth of lingering autumn sun had done much to encourage the Division's favorable opinion of the word Armistice—so much, in fact, that the prospect of our entrapment at the nearby rail-head was confidently, even rashly, discussed when the intermission abruptly terminated in march orders. What actually awaited was all too soon revealed.

The story of that twelve-day forced march southward to winter billets in the Ancy-le-Franc area and its monotonous succession of "one-night stands" has become an epic in the annals of a Division long previously styled the "Galloping 80th". Certainly, it is not our intent here to picture that painful shattering of the virtues of peace, for who that participated, burdened with the last articles of "full field equipment", after weeks of arduous duty in the lines, has failed to retain lively memories of each kilo of that grueling 240-kilometre hike through rain and mud and snow? No longer amenable to that oft-iterated explanation, "c'est la guerre", the Division could but grumble and murmur and wonder what lay at the end of the unending road. For such is the custom of an army after its battles are won.

A "Thanksgiving in peace" had been a magic goal to spur onward the A. E. F.'s last great push of the war. Miraculously enough, the enemy's collapse had been brought about in time to convert prediction and prophecy into fulfillment. Ten days on the march, an infantry battalion of the 80th in the interim had learned well, however, that peace is capable of a multitude of unsatisfactory interpretations. Just as the shades of night were descending on the evening of November 27, 1918, with their promise of ending the discomforts of the chill and rainy day, the unit stumbled into the desolate, unkempt little village of St. Usage, in the Department of Aube. Wearied, dispirited and bedraggled, with an equally bedraggled supper, due to sodden rations, in prospect, the men were indifferent to their cheerless surroundings and moved silently to the unforbidding shelters arranged for by the billeting detail. It was Thanksgiving eve in France.

All day the battalion had concerned itself with but a single thought—would rumor materialize and ordain the morrow a day of rest and Thanksgiving in fact? Such had been hopefully whispered and anticipated through the length of the column—but rumor was known for a fickle messenger.

"Taps" brought neither confirmation nor denial. The battalion slept, for

physical exhaustion had no place for argument over the morrow's uncertainties. Only the hapless guard had opportunity for conjecture. As the hours dragged, in each company headquarters, however, the sleepers stirred restlessly with each intrusion, for the occupants from out of their experience were heavy with forebodings.

The entry of a cursing, sleepy runner shortly after the hour of midnight dispelled the last vestige of doubt. By the pale flicker of a candle stub he delivered a penciled scrawl that denoted "moving orders" and another day of dismal tramping with the dawn. "You're a heluva fine prophet", the disgusted first sergeant hurled after him, as he went about his mission of spreading gloom.

All too soon came reveille and the dawn, the breaking day gloomy and heavy with the threat of impending rain. Followed the hurried, meager breakfast of the march, insufficient and unsatisfactory but long since recognized as more sustaining than palatable. As the battalion formed in the narrow, ancient street preparatory to moving off, all eyes centered upon a group of French peasants engaged in slaughtering a hog in the town square. Here, indeed, was a Thanksgiving feast in the making—its importance was evident as the crowd of villagers grew in number and noise. The poor animal, perviously killed with an accurate blow upon its head, was cast upon a pyre of burning straw. The pungent odor of roast pig assailed a thousand nostrils, and as many tongues "watered". Tantalized and reluctant, the column turned its back upon the scene and marched out upon the open road. Not until full 40 kilos had been left behind, was the hike to end; for Thanksgiving had been reserved the longest and most trying march of the entire journey southward.

A thirty-minute halt at mid-day for the noon mess inspired ironical comparison with the festive repasts of Thanksgiving tradition. While sentiment and memories were inescapable, they could not flourish and become happy in the presence of the cup of black coffee and scanty serving of burned beans thrust at each individual by the harassed cooks. Someone far down the line, still unsubdued by reality, sought to remind his buddies that "the menyou mighta been worse if we was less starved". It was a philosophy more difficult than beans of digestion, and his unappreciative companions their own brand of thought—"It's a bum Thanksgivin' feed, ain't it?"—more suitable for the occasion.

As the column resumed its dreary march the overhanging clouds that had withheld their threat since morning, lowered and gave forth their daily drenching. Shortening with maddening slowness, the afternoon increased in depression during two hours spent in traversing a vast forest, its somber depths broken only by the steady foliage of rain upon the still, heavy foliage and the glimpse of charcoal burners scurrying hither and thither. Seemingly oblivious to all discomfort, they re-

sembled nothing so much as sinister, gnome-like figures of a world akin to stealth and shadow, these flitting inhabitants of the dripping wood as they paused and peered out at the invaders of their gloomy domain.

Supper-time came and passed, unheeded, as the battalion made its lagging way through a considerable town in which more fortunate troops had found billets, taunting the dripping, miserable figures with unanswered, derisive comment upon their choice of outfits. From one doorway came a jeering reminder, "You're in the army now, fellers; Thanksgivin' ain't what it used to be!"

By now the steady, disagreeable drizzle had developed into an uninterrupted, relentless downpour of that penetrating, depressing type encountered only in France in 1918. The bleak November evening deepened rapidly into darkness, but its arrival was no signal for the long-delayed halt. Hours before, the men had become soaked, their slickers, porous from exposure to the rain, no longer shedding water; their heavy packs were wet, leaden burdens that galled and tortured with each step; only the crowns of heads, protected by helmets, were dry; rivulets ran from the rims of the metal hats, down backs and limbs to join the contents of saturated shoes, there adding to misery.

Murmurings grew with the resumption of the march after each rest period. For hours the battalion commander had radiated assurance and encouragement from his position at the head of the column to the disgruntled, exhausted troops, dragging dispiritedly in the rear. Ever and anon, had gone down the line his heartening message—"Pass the word back that only a few more kilometers are left"—stimulating and reviving fading hopes of shelter and relief. Doubting and unconvinced as the march continued, a few abandoned further effort to occupy their place in ranks, dropping silently by the muddy roadside as they succumbed to exhaustion.

Finally, at 9 o'clock, when movement had become mechanical and physical endurance was approaching its limit, the battalion entered Poincon. Too weary to voice interest in the returning prospect of billets, the men sank listlessly upon the rough cobble-stones as the column came to a halt. But the battalion had attained its objective at last.

The word passed quickly—"Here's where us guys stop and live happy fer the rest o' the night". Apathy vanished and gave way to life and movement. Groaning and clattering, the column regained its feet and shuffled off. As each darkened gate or doorway yawned, groups fell out and stumbled into whatever habitation offered, cursing and kicking as shins collided with unseen objects.

The space of an hour saw the battalion billeted. Hunger had become secondary before the pressure of bodily fatigue. Announcement that supper would be omitted because of delay in arrival of kitchens and ration limbers, aroused little resentment. All craved was rest—rest such as the pricking hay of some loft or stable afforded, but even hay was a luxury in Poincon; more often the sleeper sprawled flatly upon the cold, unpliant flagstones of long-deserted buildings.

More lucky than their comrades, the

half-dozen members of a company headquarters detachment discovered themselves in the midst of a room boasting a great fireplace. "Yeh, all the comforts of home, but it takes wood to start a fire". Thus spoke stark realism. For fuel was more easily discussed than obtainable. Still, there were sundry and secret methods of procuring it, if necessity had no qualms. Ere long a flicker of flame spread and leaped merrily, radiating warmth and cheer. As the heat grew, soggy clothes and equipment steamed and dried; blouses and breeches were shed, and human bodies reveled in the restored ease and content.

Long, long into the night, long after the chimes of the village church had sounded midnight, sat the figures around the fire, luxuriating in the present and unworried by the inevitable morrow. One by one they fell silent, drowsed and slept fitfully—Thanksgiving, after all, might be worse. And it was about to become so.

#### "ARMISTICE DAY"

It is their day—the glorious dead  
Who on the field of battle shed  
Their blood that this war-stricken earth  
Through sacrifice might find re-birth  
And thrive anew! No more there comes  
The bugle's call or roll of drums  
To bid them wake or face the dawn  
On Meuse hillside or thick Argonne.  
No screaming shell! No grim attack!  
No vanquished foeman reeling back!

Content they rest, for well they know  
On every hearth the peace fires glow;  
Bright fires whose cheery flames foretell  
The end of hate, and war's mad hell;  
They know that mothers smile again  
O'er happy sons, tomorrow's men.  
They know no ravaged daughters cry  
Their shame and grief to drab French  
sky.  
Serene they dream while nations lay  
Wreaths on their graves—it is THEIR  
day.

Sgt. Fred S. Wertenbach.  
28th Division, A. E. F.

A door opened and closed loudly. The sleepers stirred, awakened, and wondered. The dripping form of one of the cooks emerged out of the dark and stood revealed in the dimmed circle of firelight, a familiar article of refreshment suspended from either hand. Without preface, he spat forth bitter disgust and indignation:

"Say, whatcha reckon? One o' them marine guys guardin' a lotta Jerry prisoners outside o' town just told me they fed the whole damn crowd turkey an' mince pie today! My Gawd, ain't that rubbin' it in, though? Say, I wish I was dead or in that prison camp."

Recovering speech, his auditors became equally expressive in voicing their own reactions to the insulting news. But the cook was intent upon a more congenial and urgent business.

"Say, somebody gimme a corkscrew", he begged. "I gotta ferget all about this here Thanksgivin' before I can rock myself to sleep. Hey, there, hit'er easy, you onery dog robber! That stuff costs real money here. What you think it is, coffee?"

Once again peace and charity reigned over the room.

#### VETERANS DEDICATE GERMAN CANNON

A German cannon gun captured in Argonne field was dedicated to the community of the sixteenth military zone by Albert G. Baker Post 86, Veterans of Foreign Wars. It has been erected on the grounds of the Thaddeus Stevens School, South Main and Mill streets, West End. A parade preceded the dedication.

Addresses by several prominent men, two solos and music furnished by the Langley High School Band featured the program.

Judge D. Paulson Foster, president of the 80th Division Veterans Association, was master of ceremonies. The invocation was given by Rev. Alden J. Green, chaplain, United States Army, who also delivered the dedicatory address. He spoke of the field piece as a monument to American stamina and courage; of the Thaddeus Stevens School as a monument to American statesmanship, and of the nearby Samuel P. Langley High School as a monument to American genius and achievement, particularly in the field of aviation.

The cannon was unveiled by Sergeant Frank L. McNulty, formerly of Company A, 320th Infantry.

The opening address was given by John F. O'Toole, who spoke of the manliness and courage of the boys of the West End and the surrounding districts, and pleaded that the cannon should be a reminder, not of war, but of the need for peace, the world united under the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

Harold M. Irons, assistant city solicitor, who accepted it as a symbol not of war, but of the need of peace, and as a symbol, not to destroy, but to preserve. Other speakers were Mr. Wallace, a prominent Civil War veteran, and Comrade John Bingham, president State Veterans of Foreign Wars' Commander, who organized the post seven years ago.

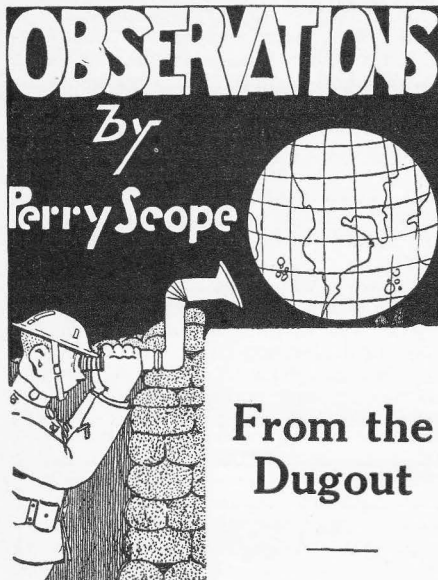
The benediction was given by Rev. Thomas P. Gillen, pastor of St. James' Church, West End. Miss Margaret McCarthy and Mr. Jerry Rubin sang solos. The Langley High School Band, under the direction of Mr. N. R. Rankin, played three selections and furnished music for the community singing of "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

The post was reorganized December 17, 1920, and given the name of Albert G. Baker Post 86.

The present officers of the post are: Past commander, Edward Townsend; commander, William H. Berghammer; senior vice commander, Matthew T. McMuldrow; junior vice commander, Fred Askins; quartermaster, Thomas Kushnak; adjutant, Ray A. Kelly; chaplain, Jeremiah Madden, and trustees, Edward Townsend, Norman Fischer and Edwin J. Baessler.

Since the reorganization of the post, it has buried seventeen comrades, two of whom were members, one honorary. It has adjusted numerous claims for compensation and insurance.

Of the boys from this military zone who went to France, twenty-two gave their lives for their country. First among these was Albert G. Baker, Co. "A," 320th Infantry, for whom the post was named.



## From the Dugout

According to reports there are a lot of former soldiers who "do not choose" to apply for adjusted compensation, or else they want someone to beg them to take a paid-up 20-year endowment insurance policy in case of 80th vets, averaging anywhere from \$1,000 to \$1,500. It seems that quite a few thousand have so far neglected to apply for adjusted compensation, and as usual, a kind and beneficent government has fixed a time limit on its debt payment. After January 1, 1928, it is officially stated no more applications will be accepted for the so-called bonus. Most civil obligations are not outlawed until seven years have elapsed, but it is evident that our generous statesmen have decided otherwise regarding "those heroes for whom nothing is TOO good" and notice has been issued that you will have to "snap it up". It looks very much as though the term, "Adjusted Compensation", really means "bonus", after all in the minds of the officials. If you have patriotic scruples about this after-war increase in your bloated wages of war, let us suggest that you name a disabled buddy, a war orphan, or even your old 80th Association as beneficiary and file your application before the first of the year. This will clean your hands of the tainted gelt and you can still feel you are on as high a plane as the gentlemen who worked for a dollar a year or were the heads of war industries that lost millions on account of unfinished government contracts (?). Write to your nearest Veterans' Bureau office for an application and fill out according to instructions, or write to the Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C. If you prefer, take it up with 80th Division Headquarters and we will see that you get the form. Fill it out, stick a stamp on the envelope and drop it-in the mail. We know this is a lot of work for possibly a thousand bucks, but it might be worth trying this once, and in the next war have it more distinctly understood that you are taking a trip to foreign lands in lieu of a college education. Oh, yes, Major, if you were ever so low as to have had some service as a Captain or Lieutenant, we believe they allow credit and compensation for such a period of service. Of course, if you were a natural born, full-fledged Major when the late squabble started it's your own fault and you don't deserve any sym-

pathy or simoleons, so they say. (Yeah? Perhaps you did serve in a Major offensive.)

Remember the superior officer, (oh, my, how superior!) who used to retort to the phrase, "I think—" by saying "I \* xyz, blankety-blank, etc. "You're not in the army to 'think' but to obey orders, and I'll do your thinking for you". Several hundred thousand ex-bucks know how General Mitchell, former Chief of the Air Service; Rear Admiral Magruder and General Summerall must have felt when the expression of their thoughts back-fired in a like manner.

We are reading lots of articles these days written by Bill Hohenzolleren. Hindenburg and other notables of Deutschland and appearing in American weeklies. They are all more or less interesting, although evidently well advised by propaganda specialists. No worse than the bunk some of the allied leaders have spread; nevertheless, if any mistakes were made the other fellow made them, in all instances.

A revival of interest seems to have taken place in the late war. Moving pictures, stage productions and stories are no longer passed up by the public because they use the World War as a basis for their plots. After another ten years have elapsed some will admit that America had a small part in it.

It's terrible how George Washington, Ben Franklin and other early American heroes are being found out these days to have been "regular guys", even if they did wear wigs and use powder puffs. One never knows when or where these modern authors are going to dig up scandal. Just frinstance, we could mention a number of respected Blue-Ridgers who haven't paid their subscriptions and take a crack at some of these alleged Service Magazine authors, such as Lean A. Gainster, but what is the use? We'll wait until they're where they can't start a counter-barrage.

"Was your old man in comfortable circumstances when he died?"

"No 'e was 'alf way under a train."—Western Christian Advocate.

### Cheer for Doctor

"Why so sad, doctor?"

"A patient of mine has died today."

"Never mind, perhaps he would have died anyway."

### The Meanest

The meanest man today is the husband who'll shave the back of his wife's neck with the razor she's used to sharpen a pencil.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Germany's Doubt

Germany already has accomplished miracles. It has stabilized its currency at practically the pre-war figure. It has so far made its payments of war reparations under the Dawes plan. It has cut down its unemployment to less than half a million compared to Great Britain's million. It has resumed its old in-

dustrial way. Its cities once more look bright and busy.

But much of Germany's future and Europe's future for peace or war hinges upon the political contest between the monarchists and the republicans. The monarchy made the war. The republic is liquidating its aftermath.

The United States, Great Britain and especially France, can do much to help the young republic. If the way is made easier for the average German, if Germany is assisted to some measure of prosperity, the republic will be founded on a firm basis. This is not true as yet.

### Gentle Pacifist

"Hey, there, feller! What you'all runnin' for?"

"I'se gwine t' stop a big fight."

"Who-all's fightin'?"

"Jes me an' another feller."—Bison.

### E-z-2 Du

Nick—Does your wife care for housework?

Knox—She likes to do nothing better.

### Job Filled

"Any previous newspaper experience?"

"No, but I was editor of my college paper."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, we've got an editor."—Judge.

### Guaranteed to Shrink

Mr. Pewee—Why did you get me such big shirts? These are four sizes too large for me.

His Wife—They cost just the same as your size and I wasn't going to let a strange clerk know I married such a little shrimp as you.—Hardware World.

### A REAL ARMADA OF PEACE

As news comes from Paris of 26,000 American veterans of the World War marching through the streets on a mission of memory and peace, the thought of such a host's crossing the ocean on such a pilgrimage must grip the heart and stimulate imagination. There never was anything like it in history. Here are peace forces almost as large as the German army of occupation in France back in 1871. The legionaires who conceived the pilgrimage, to visit the graves of the Americans left "over there," and to promote international good will, showed a fineness of spirit that must grow in appreciation. The thousands who are carrying out the great undertaking reflect glory upon their country.

To the everlasting credit of the Legion, it never once wavered in its determination to make that journey. To the fears when differences over the debt question were acute, it made one answer: "We owe it to the memory of our fallen comrades, and we have faith in the Friendship of France." The Lindbergh aerial triumph helped promote good will; but none can doubt the abiding friendship of veterans of the countries, as they exchange greetings and mingle again. Disciplined as they are, their expressions are no mere emotions of the moment; they come from the heart.—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, 9-20-'27.

## DO YOU STILL BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS AFTER 1918?

Remember General Cronkhite's statement issued during the early part of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, when he said, or words to that effect, that if the 80th socked 'em again the war would be over by Christmas? We don't know whether he and Santa sorta had a conference and decided to reward all good little boys in this manner or not, but anyway it was one of the promises that came true. Now, how about the others? There was that nice little promenade back to the Fifteenth Training Area—"only thirty kill-o's to go and then you can pack up your vanity case and go home." Visions of the old fireside and the home folks, Christmas trees, pumpkin pie and all the rest! Boy, that listened good, but this was one of the main reasons the Rumor Staff lost its standing with the A. E. F.

Just pause and recollect the fireside and Christmas tree, and other fixings you enjoyed in 1918. Let's see, Oh, yeah, I was in an old mill outside of Chatillion-sur-Seine. It was a very old mill, so old that the interior was decorated by nature with a nice slimy moss that threatened to skid one into the mill-pond below every time one got near a hole in the wall, once a window. Where was the Yule log and the cheerful blaze? In the field kitchen below. Try and get near it and the Mess Sergeant reopened hostilities. It was raining. Oh, quite as a matter of habit, and a nice damp fog gave a "white Christmas" setting. The cooks were all down with the flu, so the K. P.'s were demonstrating what an injustice had been done when they were only made K. P.'s. They should have had the opportunity to poison some officer's mess.

The Supply Sergeant had gone A. W. O. L., ostensibly in search of "oofs," fowls or whatnot the thrifty French farmer might have flying around the parlor. He must have found something that could not be transported back to the company. The K. P.'s "carried on." Engine oil camouflaged as coffee, a well-known Ptomaine Brand of canned beans, and a mixture of prunes and rice appeared on the highly engraved menu. This last mixture looked like a disaster in the Mississippi Valley and was eaten with the eyes shut and loud smacks, or were they gags (?) of appreciation. After the meal the goodly assemblage sang hymns—at the Mess Sergeant, the army and other popular institutions. Some one compared the aforesaid sergeant to Scrooge, but he said he didn't need any flattering nicknames, but preferred the good old comrade term of "Kooniyak," and wished he had some. So said we all, and started to praise the skipper who had restricted us to the old mill. Some one produced a home paper that stated the A. E. F. was to eat turkey on Thanksgiving. As the editor would say, "they ate it up,"—that is, the star reporter's story on what might have been.

The evening was spent conjecturing as to what was coming in everyone's Christmas package, if any. It is necessary to jump ahead a few months to state how their dreams were realized. One buddy who really got his package in good condition found that it had been prepared through the Paris branch of an American Store and contained such treats as several packages of Bull Durham, one or two cans of "bloody" jam,

## Armistice Day, 1927

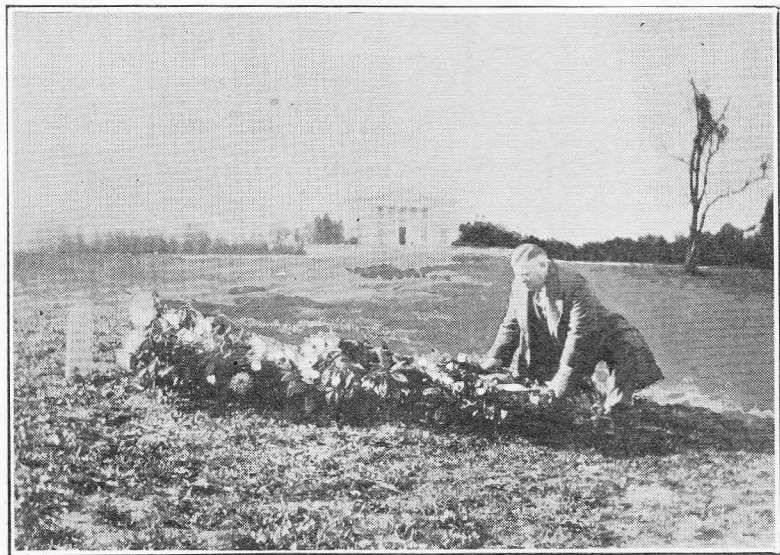
The glory of that epochal day, unsullied by the passage of almost a decade, the feeling of thankfulness still stirring human hearts as the mind dwelt on the fateful dawn of peace that ended the greatest war the world has ever known, this great country gave itself up on November 11 to celebration of the wonderful event as never before.

Marching legions in Pittsburgh, the fragments of once mighty fighting units, gave testimony to the day. For several hours, in one of the most impressive displays that city has ever seen, veterans of the World War, numbering among them countless of the Eightieth division, swung down Fifth avenue and along the other city streets to pass be-

in more impressive array each year.

They who were back of the lines cannot forget how French mesdames, those grim-visaged Spartan women who carried on unceasingly through their years of hell, broke down and wept at the glad-some tidings. They cannot forget the little French tots who thronged about them, shouting and screaming, "Finis Le Guerre!" There is much that memory will retain, while life stirs and blood pulsates.

And they who kept the fires burning brightly back home, they, too, cannot forget. The thrill of uniformed men, the music of marching feet, on Armistice day, recreate yesteryear, the time when America's young manhood went forth to battle, the time when a nation, inspired



J. J. Madden, Commander of the Gen. Lloyd M. Brett Post, Pittsburgh, Pa., placing wreath on Gen. Brett's grave, Arlington cemetery, Armistice Day, November 11, 1927

fore the reviewing stand in which Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, in Pittsburgh to attend the unveiling of a memorial to her illustrious war-president husband, sat among other celebrities.

That the Armistice day celebration of the future will be on a greater scope as time rolls on seems inevitable. The heroes of 1917-18 cannot forget the gray, misty morning that ushered in peace; they cannot forget how tensely they waited for the last shrieking shell, the last whining bullet, to come to rest. They cannot forget how dreams of home, prior to that day just a phantom, a longed hoped-for heaven, crystalized and became certain of fulfillment. They will rally more and more as times goes on,

to sacrifice, placed its offering of youth and strength and resources on the altar of war. They who waited through the long months of dread and suspense for word from loved ones in the battle's glare, can never forget.

Another Armistice day has vanished! The dead sleep peacefully in foreign soil or here in the land they loved. But these celebrations that are gone will be overshadowed by the ones yet to come, for each year, it seems, while a grateful world pays homage, the testimonials to our hero dead on that day, voiced and expressed, perhaps, partially in tribute to the living, are annually growing broader and far more widespread in their impressiveness.

some "Frog" cigarettes and a couple pieces of soap. The blanket order had drawn a blank, although the good people at home had good intentions. Of course there were the usual Christmas games, kissing under the mistletoe and such and just before the trusting tots retired to their downy couches amid the slimy moss, some one sang a carol or two and received a horseshoe on the heel of a hobnailed shoe with all best

wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

Well, perhaps it could have been worse and in some cases might have been better. Anyway, "Ain't it a Grand and Glorious Feeling," now even if we do have to do a little Christmas shoplifting, dodge bill collectors for a month or two, wear a hot necktie and smile while puffing at the wife's bargain selection of El Ropos.





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

**MURPHY, Wilbur J.**—Formerly Private, First-Class, Company G, 320th Infantry, was killed in an automobile accident on Sunday, November 6, 1927, at Detroit, Mich. He was a native of Pittsburgh, and six months ago he went to Detroit to enter the paint business. Funeral was held from the home of his sister, Mrs. J. G. Maloy, 1226 Goe Avenue, Northside, Pittsburgh, Pa., Thursday morning, November 10, with High Mass of Requiem at St. Cyril's Catholic Church. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Estella T. Murphy; one son, Wilbur, Jr., aged seven years; his mother; two brothers, John and Frank, and one sister, Mrs. J. G. Maloy, all of Pittsburgh.

**JUART, Roy S.**—Formerly Private Battery E, 313th F. A., died in the Indiana hospital. Death was due to diabetes, superinduced by injuries sustained during the hostilities in France. Mr. Juart was a resident of Indiana for eighteen years, most of which time he spent at the plumbing business, being connected with the firm of A. T. Taylor and Son. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of New Kensington, the American Legion, and the Fraternal Order of Eagles. He leaves his widow and two sons, William, aged 6, and Paul, aged 4; his parents and one sister, Mrs. J. L. Seeberger, of Columbus, Ohio. Funeral services were conducted from his late residence, 785 Maple Street, Indiana, Pa.

**SCHARF, Peter.**—Formerly Private, First-Class, Company H, 320th Infantry, was killed in the gas tank explosion in Pittsburgh. Mr. Scharf was one of the welders of the Riter-Conley men who was working on the Equitable Gas Company's huge storage tank which blew up at 8:43 a. m., Monday morning, November 14, 1927. He was a member of St. James' church of Sewickley, and the Ambridge Elks' Club. He leaves his father, Joseph Scharf, of 268 Beaver street, Leetsdale; his widow, Mrs. Mattie Stonebracker Scharf, of Broad street; six sisters, Mrs. Lucia Lorah, of Blawnox; Miss Helen Scharf, of Leetsdale; Mrs. Mary Walker, of Dormont; Mrs. Lawrence Donley, of the North Side, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Russell Herringer, of Coraopolis, and Miss Matilda Scharf, of Leetsdale; and five brothers, Theodore, of Gary, Ind.; Fritz, of Natrona Heights; William, of East Liverpool, Ohio; Joseph, of Blawnox, and Adam, of Leetsdale. Funeral was held from his late residence, 422 Broad street, Sewickley, Pa., on Friday, December 9, 1927, at 8:30 a. m., with High Mass of Requiem at St. James' Roman Catholic Church at 9 a. m. He was

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#### GENERAL LLOYD M. BRETT POST

On Friday, November 18th, our regular business meeting was sidetracked because we had a very prominent and distinguished guest present, Congressman Stephen G. Porter, a friend of the 80th Division.

Mr. Porter was taken into the post as an honorary member, and he came to Pittsburgh for that purpose. No doubt you know that it was Mr. Porter that fought so hard for our departed General Lloyd M. Brett, to have his wartime rank of Brigadier General restored to him. It was through Mr. Porter's efforts that we got the battle monument at Nantillois, and during the time that members of the division were in Washington to pay their respects to the General, his office was turned over to us. There are many more things he has done for the 80th too numerous to mention.

Congressman Porter gave a brief address telling about what he has been doing in Washington during his career as a congressman. He told of his trips to foreign countries on missions of many kinds for our government. He talked of the war, the soldier and the public. He told of some of our foreign affairs; what has been done and what is being done on many international questions. It was certainly a rare treat to listen to him,—just like the man he is, a wonderful speaker.

We also entertained the Ladies' Auxiliary that night, and they certainly turned out in full force. The showing was so good that we have invited them to attend our next meeting. We had a feed, and the ladies furnished the cake. Some cook, boys!

Hon. D. Paulson Foster, President of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, Dr. Metzger, a friend of Congressman Porter and Past Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars; Mrs. Gordon, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, and Mr. E. F. Daume also gave short addresses.

The next meeting will be held Friday, December 16th. Don't forget the date, boys. We are entertaining the Auxiliary again; and, believe me, if you are not there you will certainly miss a good time and good eats.

R. P. Loeffler, Adjutant,  
4620 Baum Boulevard,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1

A very interesting meeting of the post was held at the Far East Restaurant, and after a chicken supper the meeting was called and Comrade A. P. Burgess told of his trip to France, and all enjoyed it.

A. P. Burgess, who will be remembered as the officer who shipped the division overseas, is an Alternate Cheminot National Society of the 40 and 8. He also is Grande Chief De Gare Passe of the Grande Vorture of Va.

J. B. (Short Circuit) Moore is the best alibi finder in the post. He claimed he could not get to the meeting, as he now lives at Edgewater, and can not get in town until 8 p. m. That is what you get, Joe, for living with the elite.

John B. Diehl was elected Captain General of Grice Commandery, Knight Templar, which is the largest in the state.

Mrs. P. A. Jones, wife of Lieutenant P. A. Jones, who underwent a very serious operation in a hospital in Boston, is recovering and will soon be able to return home.

Captain J. Carl Peck is recovering and is able to be out. We all are glad to see you out, Captain, and hope you will be able to get to our meetings.

W. W. Jordan, Commander of Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1, notified the gang that the next meeting of the post would be held December 13, and we would have an oriental dinner. "Oh, you Jordan! Let's go!"

Mrs. Florence Jordan, mother of W. W. Jordan, visited in England and several of the countries on the continent, and reported a fine trip.

The State Encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of Virginia will be held next summer in Petersburg, Va. With Comrade A. B. Hill, of the 317th Infantry, as State Commander, and John B. Diehl, of the 317th Infantry, as Grand Commander of the Cooties, things ought to move along in great style.

Edward Saunders, 314th M. G., is now back in the city and manager of the Federal Clothing Company after an absence of over a year. Welcome back, Ed! Glad you are looking so good!

Dr. H. R. Seelinger said it made him feel bad to hear of the good time at the reunion this year, and he hoped the date for the next reunion would not conflict with the National Encampment of the V. F. W., as he wanted to attend both. He being Surgeon General of the National Organization.

J. D. Wamack, one-time Top Kick of "A" Company, 317th Infantry, is located with the Farmers Mfg. Company, and works out of Norfolk.

A. M. Brownley said while he could not be at the reunion, his shirt was in Pittsburgh. What do you mean, A. M.?

J. B. Moore said he would have to resign as the sheik of the post in favor of R. C. Hamlit, as he can not get invited to any midnight bathing parties.

You can't keep the 80th down as well demonstrated on November 11th, when Sergeant-Major John Montague, Ex. 318th Infantry, led the 111th F. A. band. Some band, John.

#### PHILADELPHIA POST No. 2

The November 16th meeting was taken up mostly by entertainment. Our only business was the nomination of officers for 1928. As all members chosen have proved themselves capable in the past, there was no opposition, and we are all looking forward to a very prosperous year under their leadership. Incidentally, the first five members mentioned are all life members of the 80th Division Veterans' Association. Officers nominated are as follows:

Commander—Elmer R. Leddon, 320th Med.

Senior Vice-Commander—Russell W. Mahon, 320th Med.

Junior Vice-Commander—Albert C. Markert, 305th Am. Trn.

Adjutant—William H. Graham, 313th F. A.

Finance Officer—Howard F. Brock, 317th Med.

Sergeant-at-Arms—George F. Bauer, 314th F. A.

Executive Council—(Ten are chosen from the following): Rodney T. Bonsall, William C. Galleher, George Guille, William Fox, Evan Tibbott, Frank Mayer, Fred Haussmann, John Canning, Lawrence Fisher, Stanley Lichtenstein, William Pfeifer, Lewis Strouse, Harry McCloskey and Otto Leinhauser.

Post Bugle Corps turned out in uniform and held a parade to welcome home the post members, Sam Millinghausen, L. Lichtenstein, F. Haussmann, F. Schoble, Jr., and the only lady of the auxiliary to make the journey to France, Mrs. S. Millinghausen.

Harry McCloskey, 305th F. S.Bn., now Scout Master, had his troop entertained with a show, written by himself.

The boys were really clever and took their parts very well, proving what a good scout master they have in Harry.

The Ladies' Auxiliary had their rooms and the tables very nicely decorated and furnished a nice luncheon.

The Ladies' Auxiliary card party and dance was a very splendid affair from start to finish. It was held in one of the finest halls in the city, with a good orchestra and snappy master of ceremonies. Everyone had an enjoyable time.

Too much credit cannot be given Mrs. W. C. Galleher, Committee Chairman, and her fair and faithful committee, Mrs. G. Burton, Mrs. S. Millinghausen, Mrs. D. Dunseth, Mrs. A. Markert, Mrs. Foggerty, Mrs. H. Brock and Mrs. G. Guille.

#### Who is Who in Philadelphia

Comrade Sam Millinghausen, former Pill Roller in the 314th F. A., just re-

turned from France with his wife. He gave an interesting talk on his trip, and was given a royal hand.

Maxwell Cochran, Paul Beck, P. T. Wysocki, Bill Cousins, George Burton, John Laughlin and S. Sokolove were welcome strangers to our meeting.

Bill Pfeifer, 313th F. A., though busy day and night so that the ladies may be well supplied in the best silk hosiery, is always on hand for meetings.

Attendance swells more meetings than ever excuses did. Let us have more Bill Pfeifers and less Sam Excuses.

Thanks to Comrade Bill Fox we have a number of catchy signs for the Bugle Corps.

Members of the Philadelphia Post certainly are busy. Junior Vice-Commander Evan Tibbott reported late to meeting, and said, "Night work", then didn't come to the dance. All right, Evan. "Night work!"

Senior Vice-Commander George Guille couldn't make meetings, as the Mrs. wished to attend the auxiliary meeting, but the night of the dance Guille and Company just closed their Franklin Agency and came, bringing a number of friends.

Harry McCloskey on hand at meeting to boost 80th claim to Nantillois, and again attending dance with party of four.

Frank Mayer, our 250-pound feather-weight cymbal player, his wife and party were out in force. (No doubt to guard the cake Mr. and Mrs. won in the grand march.)

Mrs. Mayer is chairlady of the Christmas Bazaar this year. May it be the best yet.

Bugle Corps Leader Markert, Drummer Dunseth, their wives, sister and sister's children (seven, I believe), certainly helped to make the dance a success.

Thanks to Warren Rareshide, our meetings have taken on an added dignity at his suggestion. Everyone now salutes on rising to address the chair, and at the close of the meetings taps are blown while members stand at attention.

Sergeant Bill Galleher was master of ceremonies at the dance, and he surely had the folks stepping, as we imagine he did when top kick in the 318th, and he still has his tin whistle.

Dr. Frederick Poole, Post Chaplain, and his wife, president of the Ladies' Auxiliary, formerly Miss S. E. Arnold, Y. M. C. A. worker, led the grand march in fine style.

John Canning, 305th F. S. Bn., is now sending signals via the base drum.

The Ladies' Auxiliary think so well of our Post Finance Officer, Elmer Leddon, they appointed him to handle receipts at the door the night of the dance.

Post Adjutant Rus Mahon, his wife, mother, aunt, cousin and uncle made a nice showing, and Rus sure had a night of it, but being a regular adjutant, opened shop to collect dues from several delinquent members.

Larry Fisher, 313th F. A., a Post Bugler, is stepping out and has joined the Houston Post, A. S. Corps. Don't forget the 80th!

Captain Leinhauser, Chief Daddie of the Post Junior League, has promised to take us all to the zoo. We wonder why?

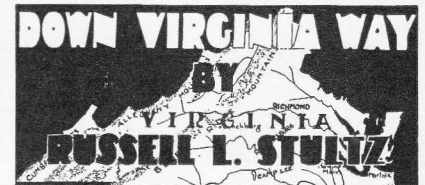
B. K. Myers, our snappy Market street clothier, was all for forming a debating team and challenging the 79th to a duel.

Paging Frank Schoble, Jr., and Stanley Lichtenstein.

With George Bauers, Lew Strouse and Bill Fox, Philadelphia Post surely has its quota of sign painters, incidentally, all through, blow a mean bugle.

We needed more tin hats for our November meeting and no action was taken, but leave it to Leddon, Pfeifer and Graham. They got them and Lew Strouse painted them. That was real action.

Bill Fox, 314th F. A. entertainer, reports another daughter in the family. Congratulations!



#### DOWN VIRGINIA WAY

"Here, There and Everywhere"

We have a sneakin' suspicion the present is goin' to be a cruel, cruel winter for some o' them Blue Ridgers who spent the autumn re-enacting the A. E. F. Sure, buddy, Patee's a great li'l ol' town—but still located on the wrong side of the Atlantic.

\* \* \*

Major Walker H. Adams, ex. 317th Infantry, was recently elected to the executive committee of the Lynchburg, (Va.) chapter of the V. M. I. Alumni Association. There are quite a few 80th Division veterans listed in that outfit.

\* \* \*

Seems that a considerable number of pay-roll signers in the late *guerre* haven't fully shared in this "unprecedented prosperity" the politicians are emphasizing so elaborately. Anyway, Director Hines, of the Veterans' Bureau, reports that \$81,222,454 had been loaned to 882,029 World War veterans on their adjusted service certificates up to October 31. Don't ask us another—we're busy exercising our thoughts.

\* \* \*

One of the first acts of Frank T. Strayer, recently elected National Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, was to

(Continued on Page 11)

## TAPS

(Continued from Page 9)

buried with full military honors by the local post of the American Legion.

**QUIRK, Harry.**—Formerly cook of Battery E, 313th F. A., died in the hospital at Martinsburg, W. Va., November 9, 1927, from injuries received in a fall from a tank on which he was working. A military funeral was given him by Berkley Post No. 14, assisted by the National Guards and a number of his battery comrades.

**RANKIN, William B.**—Formerly Private, Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, died at his home, 1809 Montier street, Wilksburg, Pa., on Wednesday morning, December 7, at 8:16 a. m. He was 32 years of age. He has been very seriously ill for the past four months, and his death was due to cancer. Comrade Rankin was engaged in the plumbing business since his return from France, and had built himself a wonderful reputation as a general contractor and builder. Funeral services were held from his home on Friday afternoon, December 9, 1927, at 2 p. m. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Sue Rankin; two children, William A. Rankin, Jr., aged 4; Geraldine, aged 2; mother and two sisters, Mrs. G. W. Hunter and Mrs. Walter Linn, of Wilksburg. Interment was made in Woodlawn Cemetery.

## DOWN VIRGINIA WAY

(Continued from Page 10)

order all department, county council and post charters and colors draped for a period of thirty days in respect for the late General Lloyd M. Brett, a Past Commander-in-Chief of the V. F. W. Thus other organizations take cognizance of the passing of the 80th's dead chieftain.

\* \* \*

The army "is not cluttered with religious dissensions", although there are 28 denominations represented in the Chaplain's Corps, providing "abundant variety" in religious expressions. Colonel John T. Axton, chief of the chaplains, says in his annual report. Well, well, no one need hesitate to enlist these days—the time when one chaplain served a dozen faiths and as many races is apparently over.

\* \* \*

Lt. Col. Jennings C. Wise, ex-318th Infantry, is now a member of the law firm of Kerr, Wise & Shippe, with offices in the Transportation Building, Washington, D. C. The 80th Division is well represented among the legal fraternity of the country. Their fighting careers did not end with the Armistice.

\* \* \*

Yep, Mess Sergeants were a part of the late army. Proof? Just ask Comrade H. M. Clements, ex-313th F. A., who was general chairman of the American Legion's "Armistice Day" celebration in Harrisonburg, Va., this year. More recently "Hapeco" has been gunnin' for some mean guy who "swiped" his Detroit-model coupe—but he should worry, with Henry back in the business of makin' 'em again.

\* \* \*

The 80th reported a squad or more present on the occasion of the meeting of the executive council, Department of Virginia, V. F. W., in Richmond, November 13. Comrade A. B. Hill, ex-

317th Infantry, is the incumbent C. O. of the Department, which will stage its 1928 encampment in Petersburg. The name sounds "kinda" familiar, eh?

\* \* \*

The story is told by an officer who served with the late General Lloyd M. Brett in France of a private who tramped to Brigade Headquarters from his regiment, ten miles distant, to "see the General". Upon being asked his reason, the soldier explained that he wanted to borrow five francs from General Brett and that he was one officer in the world who would lend it to him. We don't vouch for the story, but it's one that can be readily believed by anyone who knew the General.

## "K"

There are thoughts that are drear and thoughts that are dear

Of the days that have long passed away,

But none shine so clear, and none bring such cheer

As the memories of Company K.

Through the jungle and maze of my work-day gaze

As I sit by my fireside today

Every ember that strays from the burning log's blaze

Forms that mystical letter called "K."

As I sit in the gloom that pervades all the room,

And think of those souls far away,

That we once called our own, then I'm no more alone,

But commune with the spirits of "K".

And the crash and the roar of the battle once more

Shakes my soul, as my lips strive to pray.

In the battle's red blast it is this I would ask:

To be worthy of Company "K"

To be known as their friend, and thus 'till the end

To be with them in the fray.

'Till all troubles shall mend, and cruel wars shall end

To soldiers with Company "K".

And if then, at last, Heaven's portal I pass,

As I soar through the milky-way,

As I knock at that portal to angels immortal,

I will sing of the glories of "K".

Frank N. Thompson,

Bordentown, N. J.

Company K, 320th Infantry.

Colonel Lindbergh, who needs no further advertising, spent several days in November hunting in the Valley of Virginia. After bagging his game he called it a day by flying from Timberville to Richmond with Governor Byrd, his host, for supper. The Colonel was some years behind the first A. E. F. in visiting Europe, because of his youth, but he wasted no time after starting.

\* \* \*

Front and center, all you souvenir hounds! How about donating some of the stuff the wife's "sore" about to the 80th Division Memorial Shrine in Petersburg? Let's make it a real museum, worthy and representative of the 80th. The Shrine was authorized on the occasion of the 1926 reunion, and the

city of Petersburg has set aside quarters for our objects d'war. More than a gesture is required, however, to convert it into a reality.

\* \* \*

Newspaper dispatches from Paris several weeks ago indicated that Lt. Col. Charles Sweeny, ex-318th Infantry and then some, spoke right tartly to the American Ambassador when the latter refused him passports to America. The Colonel, who has his peace-time billet in Paris, and who spent four years in the services of France and the United States during the war, will not permit officialdom to bar the way when he gets ready to visit America. His present observations upon the "ingratitude of republics" would doubtless make real literature.

\* \* \*

The recent strike of cadets at Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, prompted widespread comment and criticism by former alumni. Among those condemning the action of the cadet body was Lt. Col. Jennings C. Wise, former commandant of the corps and an officer of the 318th Infantry, who was quoted by the Richmond "News-Leader" of November 10 as saying that students who participated in the strike "should be denied diplomas of graduation and refused recommendations for commissions in the regular army, reserve corps and militia." "When a **soldat** lays down his gun and walks out the army doesn't call it striking—and his pay is less, instead of more, when he resumes his job."

\* \* \*

Too much Patee this session, eh? Well, it's no fault of ours, buddy, that the National Council of Administration of the Veterans of Foreign Wars executed a "Bout Face" at its meeting in Kansas City, October 20. Yeh, they voted to abandon the organization's proposed pilgrimage to the city by the Seine next year, explaining that such a jaunt would follow too closely upon the heels of the Legion's A. E. F. formation this year. It is to laugh! Why, 'most anybody who's ever been there **apres la guerre** will tell you once a year is too long between—er—ah—visits! C'mon, V. F. W.—let's have a better excuse.

## Major German H. H. Emory Lauded

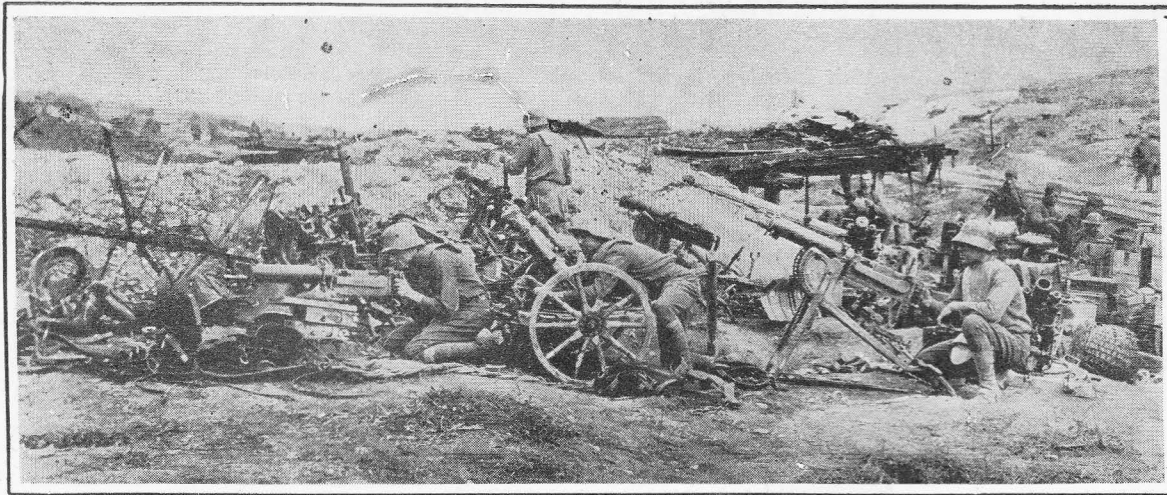
The following letter from W. Howard Haynes, of Cleveland, Ohio, to the editor of the Baltimore "Sun", under date of October 25, is well worthy of reproduction; it will recall to many the gallant, chivalrous figure of one of the 80th Division's outstanding heroes—the late Major German H. H. Emory, of Baltimore, who was killed in action in November, 1918, while leading a battalion of the 320th Infantry:

"To the Editor of the 'Sun'—Sir:

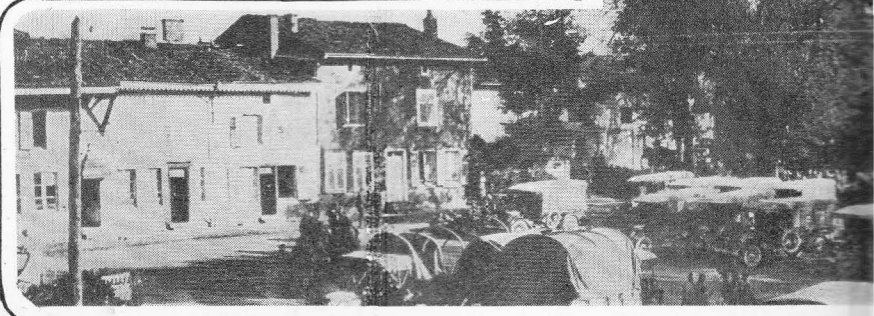
"The coming of Armistice Day and the recent story anent the disobedience of orders by a certain famous American general then in the British lines, which resulted in a glorious chapter hitherto unknown in connection with United States arms in the World War, recalls a story of Major German H. H. Emory, of similar heroic nature, depicting that intrepid Baltimorean, who lost his life for his country, in a light perhaps not heard about by those who did not know him at the front.

"My friend, Capt. Thomas H. Westlake, of Cleveland, now an able lawyer,

(Continued on Page 14)



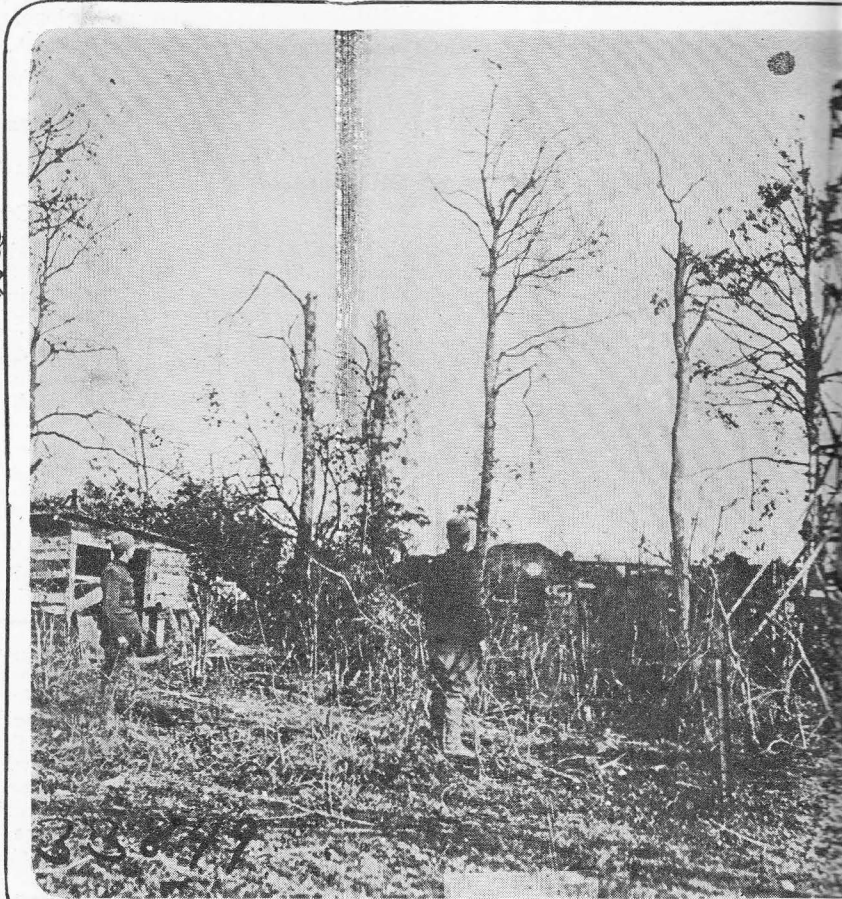
Paradise Found - for the souvenir hunter. A collection of German guns and supplies captured by the 80th Division and stored at Bethincourt.



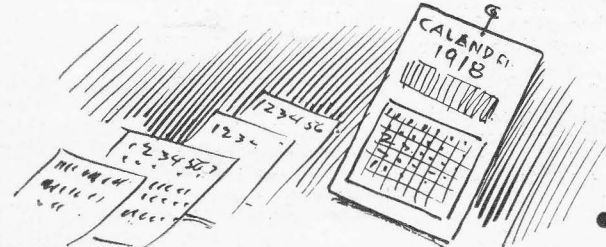
Triancourt where an 80th Division P.C. was established 20 minutes of ten ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

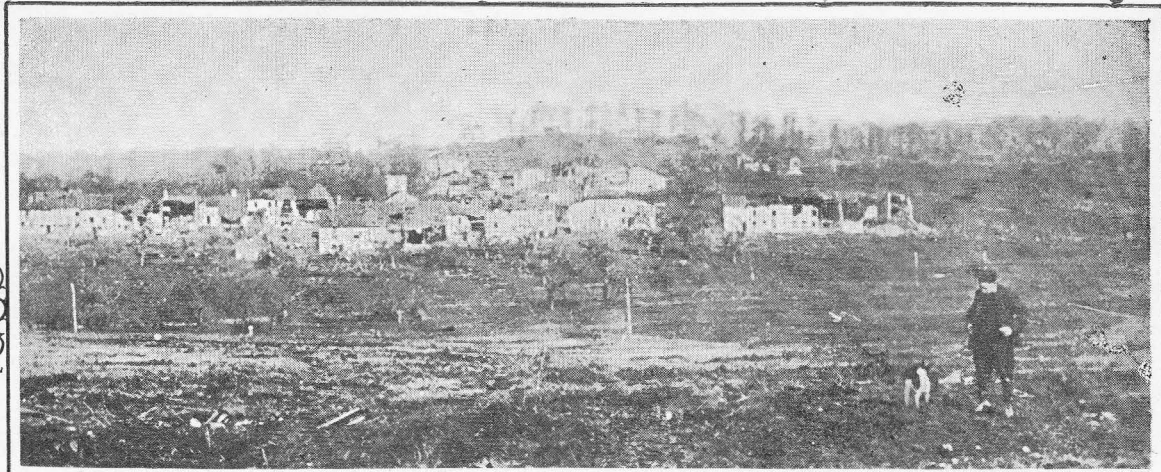
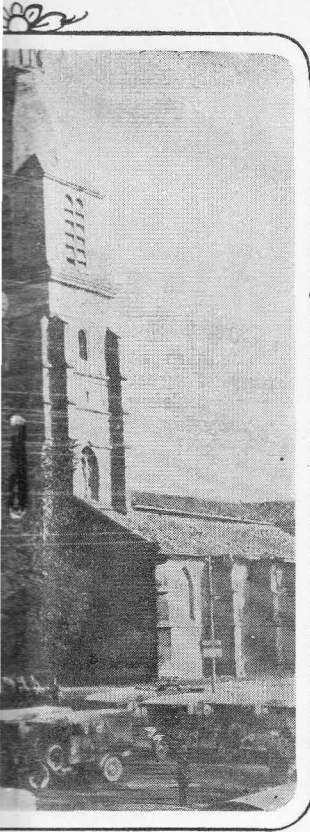


Some German signs of other times.



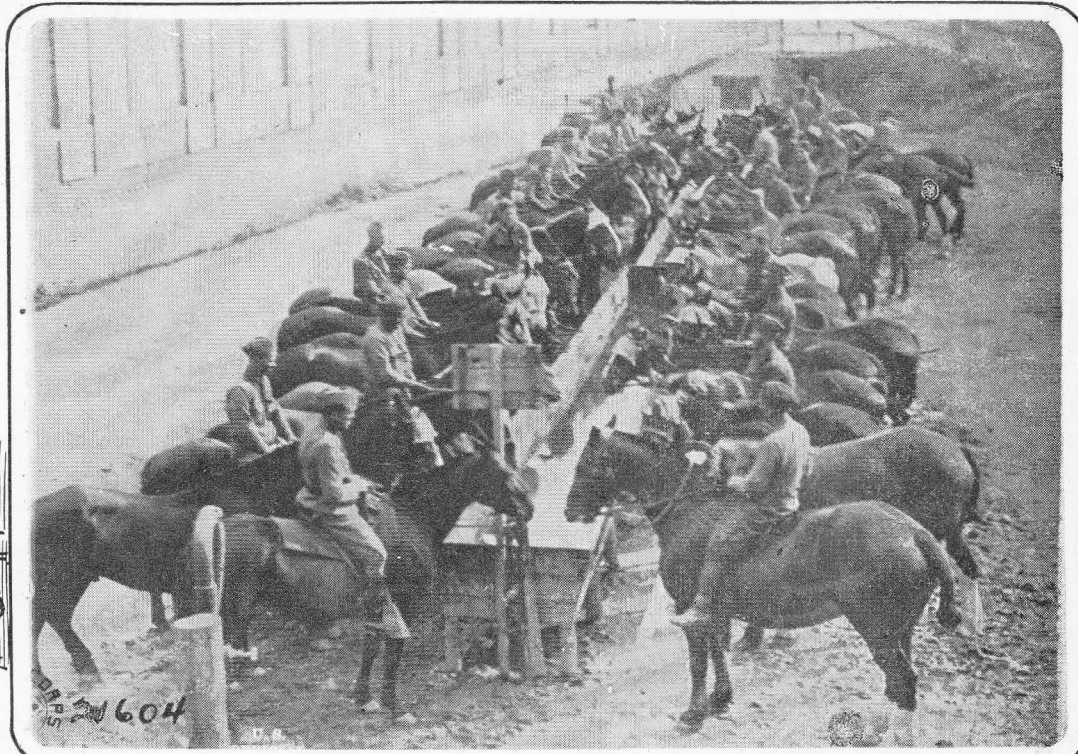
German observation tower in the territory captured 80th. Division around Cunel. The tower does not do what hit it but the two doughboys do - an allied





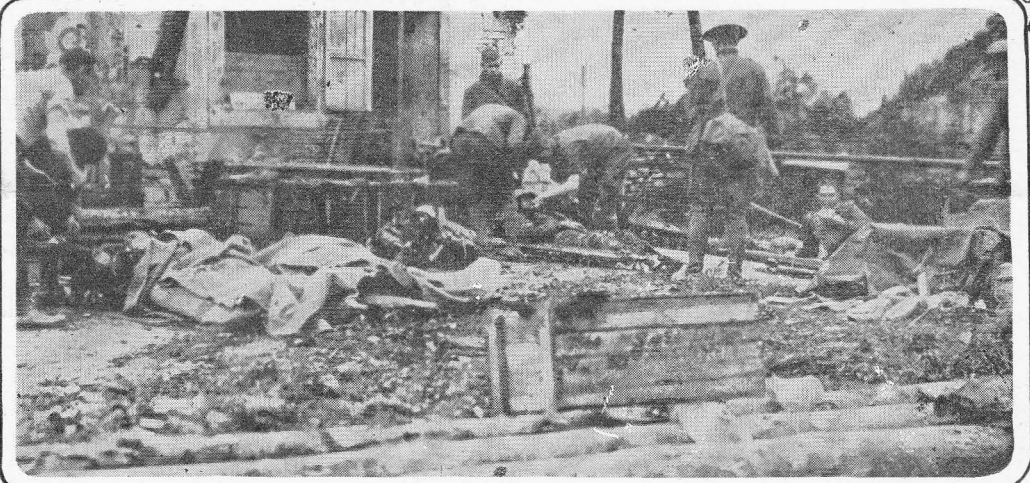
Looking north from the curiel - Nantillois Road to Bois de Foret. The dog and the doughboy in the foreground are examining the spot where they had "dug in" a month or so before.

shed, as it looked at



At least the mounts of the 305th Engineer Train have acquired politeness from their association with French horses - Its "you first Alphonse" but Gaston on the

other side of the trough will not drink until —!



Advance dressing station at Gercourt for the 80th Division during the Argonne drive.



ured by the  
ot yet know  
d barrage

### Major German H. H. Emory Lauded (Continued from Page 11)

told me the story today. He was then the Regimental Intelligence Officer of the 320th Infantry, in which Major Emory was battalion commander. The two had trained together at Fort Myer, Va., and then at Camp Lee, Va., and they became fast friends, Westlake always believing that he had something unusual in him because of the fact that he had volunteered at the age of 40, with a wife and three children dependent upon him.

"The story of Emory's death," said Captain Westlake, "is so well known that his leading of his battalion with drawn revolver as all his men faced a withering machine-gun fire, is an oft-told tale. He realized his position, as we had gone over the ground together two days before the advance, and when the zero hour came he determined not to permit his men to retire and thus retard the whole movement, and so stepped to the front only to lose his own life. But the example was enough, and the German position was turned, the day was won and the regiment saw its last day of real fighting.

"But the point out is that German Emory had courage enough to do more than that. He deliberately told his superiors time and again that his men were not fit, because of fatigue and hunger, to make further attacks in the early advances in the Meuse-Argonne, and practically refused to do so. Of course, he did not literally refuse, but his commanding officer knew his worth and his love for his men and acceded more than once to his suggestion. This required real nerve to face an old army colonel who could have had him removed, but he did it and won the point. Emory was a real soldier. He hated more than anything else, however, to be away from his wife and children."

"W. Howard Haynes.

"Cleveland, October 25, 1927."

Thus do the name and deeds of brave men live after them.

### Camp Lee Becomes Game Preserve

Peace has come to Camp Lee at last. An Associated Press dispatch from Richmond under date of November 24 recites the last step marking establishment of the former 80th Division cantonment as a game sanctuary, where neither shot nor gun will be permitted to violate the refuge of the feathered inhabitants. Here is the story as told by the A. P.:

"The contract has been signed whereby the 8,000 acres that was Camp Lee will become a State and Federal game sanctuary. The countryside that was once bristling with guns and echoing the sound of mimic warfare will not be disturbed now by even so much as a hunter's gun.

"The Camp Lee site will be an excellent place for the Game and Inland Fisheries Commission to attempt the natural breeding of game. The cost of importing quail from Mexico has been very heavy, even though satisfactory.

"A thorough investigation of the land will be made shortly by M. D. Hart, secretary of the commission, who will spend five days there with assistants and some bird dogs. There will be no shooting, but it is expected that an estimate will be obtainable of the number of coveys on the place.

"The property was applied for as a State game sanctuary last spring, but it was not until November 1 that W. M. Jardine, United States Secretary of Agriculture, finally signed the contract making what is known as the Lee National Forest into a game preserve.

"The contract has just been received by Major A. Willis Robertson, chairman of the Game and Inland Fisheries Commission, for signing. It is made effective as of October 17, 1927."

\* \* \*

### Speaking of Memorials

There are monuments of stone and tablets of bronze and other enduring methods of honoring and perpetuating the lives and deeds of those who achieved greatness or endeared themselves to their fellow-men. Both of these, and more, did our dead General, Lloyd M. Brett, become in the eyes and thoughts of his friends and comrades. Let us, therefore, unite in preserving to ourselves and to posterity the story of that most splendid of all monuments to Lloyd M. Brett—the 80th Division. Such a memorial would be the History of the Division, a memorial that would endure and serve to keep his gallant name and achievements alive in the memories of those he loved best—"his boys". Now, as never before, let us join together and make possible the attainment of this truly fitting monument and the General's great peace-time objective. Dedicated to him and to his deeds, it would, indeed, form a worthy memorial to one who has left us a noble heritage.

\* \* \*

We have received the announcement of the marriage of George Carter Richwine to Miss Madeline Conti, of West Point, Va. Mr. Richwine was associated for a number of years in the practice of law with our late comrade, R. Allen Ammons, at Richmond, Va. Comrade Ammons was responsible for much of the preliminary work in organizing our Association in France, and was responsible for the great success of our first reunion, held in Richmond, Va. Mr. Richwine gave freely of his time and talents during the preparation for the reunion, and assisted greatly in many ways during the reunion period. His generous interest on behalf of the 80th Division has never been forgotten, and we all join in wishing every success and happiness to him in his new venture.

### Company "F"—317th Infantry

Congratulations are in order! Just recently Walter L. Campbell, former private in Company F, 317th Infantry, was married to Daisy Warner Harvey, of Garland, Pa. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. T. Davison at high noon in the manse at Youngsville. They were attended by Donald Warner and Miss Mabel Flasher, of Garland. Following the ceremony, the bridal party enjoyed a wedding breakfast at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Warner. Mr. Campbell is the son of Mrs. Percy Campbell, of Clarendon, and is with the Tiona Refining Company. After an automobile trip the young couple went to their new home in Clarendon, where royal welcomes were given them by their Clarendon friends. The 80th Division extends hearty congratulations to Comrade Campbell and his lovely bride, and wish them all the success and happiness this world can afford.

### Company "A"—318th Infantry

We have received the announcement of the marriage of Proctor V. Gresham, formerly of Company A, 318th Infantry, to Margaret Alta Emrich, of Petersburg, Va. The members of the 80th Division extend hearty congratulations for success and happiness.

### Reunion of Company "A"—320th Infantry

Veterans of Company A, 320th Infantry, held a most enjoyable reunion at Greensburg, Pa., on Saturday, August 27. The Boosters' Club, an advertising organization of Greensburg, very kindly gave the boys the use of their lodge for the affair at the request of Comrade Robert F. Wertz, one of its members. Albert F. Utz, a former Company A man, assisted in the dinner arrangements. The committee in charge was composed of Robert F. Long, John Errett and Robert F. Wertz.

The boys began to arrive at the place of "assembly" early in the afternoon, and many were the happy greetings and renewing of war-time friendships, for every "soldat" present had the pleasure of meeting "buddies" he had not seen since the war. The afternoon was taken up with various "formations", as the comrades re-lived the days of Camp Lee and France, and not the least among the "spinners of yarns" was "Jerry" Madden, who, with his ready wit, kept the boys in a humorous mood at all times. Several times the boys were required to do "right dress" in front of the camera, and they are now patiently waiting to see what kind of an "outfit" they look like in "civilized" clothes. How about it, Zimowski?

Among the events of the afternoon was a quoit tournament, "pulled off" by some of the men from different localities. The Greensburg and Pittsburgh boys split even by winning one game apiece, then the Pittsburgh "sharks" won a game from the Reynoldsville "champs".

Needless to say the afternoon passed away all too rapidly, and the boys were obliged to let many memorable incidents of other days remain untold, for all appetites had become whetted up to the highest pitch, and when "Bugler" Errett blew "Mess Call" it did not take the bunch very long to find their way into the dining room.

Well, everything appeared to be in readiness for an enjoyable "feed", but after a careful scrutiny it was discovered that one man in particular was needed to give the old-time spirit to the affair. Just as we had about given up all hopes, and were considering plans to send out a searching party, who should step in but our old "top kick", Joe Dougherty! And what a rousing welcome he received! After greetings were over and he was fully convinced that there existed no "animosity" by any of the boys toward him, growing out of the assignment of "details", etc., in former days, the crowd seated themselves around the tables groaning under the weight of good things, and Comrade Zimowski took charge. At his request, all bowed their heads for a moment in memory of our departed comrades, after which we did justice to the many good things set before us.

An enjoyable program of songs and readings was given by Messrs. James Brown, of Wilmerding, and his brother, M. R. Brown, of Turtle Creek. There

were also Victrola numbers and impromptu speeches, mingled with "anecdotes" by the boys. While the K. P.'s cleared away the dishes, etc., the boys enjoyed some informal conversations, then Ccmrade Zimowski called them to order, and an organization was formed, with the following officers being elected: President, Robert H. Long; Vice-President, John Errett; Secretary-Treasurer, Keys Murphy, all of Greensburg. The following committee was appointed to arrange for future reunions: Stanely Zimowski, Fred J. Trees, Robert F. Wertz, all of Jeannette, Pa., and Joseph G. Dougherty and Frank L. McNulty, both of Pittsburgh. Plans were made to have a get-together in Pittsburgh on September 3rd of all the boys who would attend the 80th Division Reunion.

As to whether we had a good time or not, there is no better proof than the fact that quite a large number of boys are anxious to know how soon we are going to have another one.

Company A men present were: Fred J. Askin, Edwin Black, Nick Broker, George C. Brown, Meyer Cohen, Richard Deemer, Joseph G. Dougherty, Samuel Daniels, Peter Dorzuk, John A. Errett, Benjamin D. Elpern, Samuel J. Fleming, Samuel Gower, Wilkes H. Glaus, Harry Hugus, John Houghton, August Hintemeier, William C. Karns, Robert H. Long, G. E. Long, Jerry J. Madden, Martin L. Manion, Keys Murphy, T. P. McDonald, Frank L. McNulty, Orrin Neiswonger, Jack Pallitto, Lewis Prioretto, George L. Smith, Galon Smith, Louis H. Stair, Melvin Shaw, Fred J. Trees, Robert F. Wertz and Stanley Zimowski.

Guests were: James Brown, M. R. Brown, W. K. Wertz, Evans Walton, Joe W. Walton, Jr., Charles W. Moonly and F. R. Fisher, the last named two being 80th Division men.

We regretted very much that the following boys who sent in reservations could not be present: Lloyd Beatty, William A. Douglas, Casey Kobosky, Andrew M. Klein, J. A. Karnes and Charles Ridenour. We hope to greet them at our next "doings".

Keys Murphy, Secretary.

504 Alexander Street, Greensburg, Pa.

**Company "E"—320th Infantry**

John McKiven was seen "touring" the streets of Pittsburgh the other day. John reports a little hard sledding so far as work is concerned, and requests any of the outfit who may know of any job he might pick up to so advise him through General Delivery, Pittsburgh Post Office.

Bill Waters passed through town the other day and talked with the Company Secretary over the phone. With his usual pep and best "Bond Salesman manner", he got talking about E Company's 1928 Reunion. Bill was on his way to Kansas City, where he is assuming new duties as an officer with an old-established bond house. His parting words were that he wanted to be remembered to all of the boys, and to assure them that he was going to do his best to answer "Present" when the crowd gets together next Spring.

Mention has been made of the Company Reunion for 1928. A start has been made already to plan that affair, and if the preliminary plans of the committee work out as they have been out-

**CORRECTION**

**Decorations and Citations Awarded Members of 80th Division, A. E. F., as Run in July-August Issue of "Service"**

In the summary of "Decorations and Citations Awarded Members of the 80th Division, A. E. F.", appearing on pages 35, 57 and 59 of the July-August issue of "Service Magazine", the name of Captain I. D. Brent, Company E, 305th Engineers, was inadvertently omitted from the roll of citations by G. H. Q., A. E. F., and of Meritorious Services Citation Certificates. His name should be included under both classes of citations. The omission is regretted and the Division Historian will be grateful for any further corrections that readers may bring to his attention.

lined, old E Company will have a reunion none will forget. Nuf Ced! The committee is not in a position to divulge its plans, but merely ask that you respond promptly when notices are sent about the affair. And, by the way,—if the Company Secretary does not have your correct address, please send it to him now. Write H. W. Ludwig, 1407 Mellon Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Buddy Karnes was laid up in the West Penn Hospital for several months. George had his leg broken several days before the last Company Reunion. Now we know the only kind of a reason that would keep our far-famed Cook's Helper from being on deck at a reunion.

Jimmy Maitland writes from Philadelphia. He is in the sales game again, working through Eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland and the District of Columbia. Good luck, Top Kicker; may the orders roll in.

Word comes that Lt. Col. Williams recently had his eyes operated on, in an endeavor to correct the eye condition he has suffered with practically since leaving the army. His eyes are reported as much improved, and his general condition far better than when he was last visiting here in Pittsburgh.

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**Company "G"—320th Infantry**

Paul B. Allen, formerly Supply Sergeant of Company G, 320th Infantry, was heard from recently at Box No. 65, North Charlotte, N. C. The report states that he is now happily married. We would all like to know how you have been doing, Paul, during the past eight years since demobilization.

Thomas P. Kelly, formerly a private in Company G, 320th Infantry, is located at No. 153 Virginia Avenue, Mt. Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa. Tom reports that he has been on the sick list for over five years, and has not been able to take any kind of employment during that time. He sends his greetings to all the men of the company. He was wounded in the first drive.

Vincent Theide, formerly private, first class, in Company G, 320th Infan-

try, was heard from during the tenth anniversary celebration, held in Pittsburgh recently. He is located at St. Vincent Archabbey, Beatty, Pa., where he is serving as a brother. The above institution trains young men studying for the priesthood. He should be addressed as Brother Vincent.

Roger Mueller, formerly First Lieutenant in Company G, 320th Infantry, is connected with the Davidson's store, one of Iowa's largest home furnishing houses, at Waterloo, Ia. His address is 631 Campbell Avenue, Waterloo, Ia. He sends his best regards to all the boys, and says that he will be pleased to hear from them at any time.

Andrew (Mess Line) Hesidence is again quartering at the winter dugout at the United States Veterans' Hospital at Fort Bayard, N. M. He stated in his last letter that the trip to Pittsburgh did not do him any harm, and he arrived back at the hospital feeling top-notch. His only regret seemed to be that he was not able to spend more time here with the boys. He also stated in his letter that the disabled men in the hospitals can travel on the railroads for half fare while on furlough. Andy is still trying to figure out what Frenchman got his barber tools at St. Nazaire.

Tangier, Va.,  
November 8, 1927.

Mr. George J. Klier,  
McKees Rocks, Pa.  
Dear Comrade Klier:

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that I am still living and doing fine. My thoughts are always with my old comrades of Company G, 320th Infantry. I regret very much that I have not had the pleasure of meeting my Company G buddies since our parting in 1919, and some of them before that date. Since then many of them have passed away, among them one of my dear comrades, John Fordyce. Saw his death notice in one of the issues of "The Service Magazine".

I did intend very much to attend the annual banquet of the company, held during the Tenth Anniversary Celebration in Pittsburgh, but I happened to be traveling at that time, which prevented me from having the pleasure of being with the boys. Anyway, I expect to be at the next one. If you should see Dobson, Rhein, Burke, Newman or any of my old friends give them best regards, and tell them I would like very much to see them.

With kindest regards and best wishes of luck to you, I am,

Yours in comradeship,  
Chas. N. Parks.

Note.—Comrade Chas. N. Parks is connected with the firm of H. P. Parks & Son, dealers in Fancy Groceries, General Merchandise, Hardware and Ship Chandlery, at Tangier, Va. Charlie is a real booster for the 80th, and has always been active in the association.

**Company "M"—320th Infantry**

Herman J. Schoos, formerly of Company M, 320th Infantry, is connected with the Graybar Electric Company, 37 Water Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. He just recently started liaison with his old buddies of the 80th by signing up in the Association. His home address is 3324

Glenmawr Avenue, Corliss Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**320th Machine Gun Company**

William J. Ritchie, formerly private, 320th Infantry Machine Gun Company, and who gained fame during the Tenth Anniversary Celebration here in Pittsburgh for his ability as an artist and painter, is now located at 629 Spruce Street, New Castle, Pa. He is connected with the Dan's Place Chain of Stores.

Alfred P. Leyburn, formerly First Lieutenant, 320th Infantry Machine Gun Company, is now located at 715 Federal Reserve Bank Building, Cleveland, Ohio. He is connected there with the treasury department in the office of the Chief National Bank Examiner.

Henry R. (Pops) Curry, formerly Corporal, 320th Infantry Machine Gun Company, is located at 2337 Benson Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. The boys in the outfit would like to hear from you, Pops. Let's go, with some of that old-time machine gun pep!

**320th Y. M. C. A. Notes**

Mrs. Harriet Day McClelland, the widow of Dr. Thomas McClelland, for many years president of Knox College, died at her home, 656 North Prairie Street, Galesburg, Ill., November 29, 1927. Mrs. McClelland had been in frail health for some time, but she had been seriously ill from complications due to advancing age for only about a week. With her at the time of her death were her daughter, Miss Ruth McClelland, and her son, Kellogg Day McClelland, and his wife. Another son, Bruce McClelland, was summoned from Arizona. Mrs. McClelland, throughout her residence in Galesburg, was a member of the Fort-nightly Club, and active in its work up to the present year. She was very active in work connected with Knox College and in church and civic affairs. She was a member of the Central Congregational Church, and had taken particularly active parts in the Sunday School and in the Woman's Missionary Society. She was the teacher of a class of college girls from 1900 to 1911, and shortly after became teacher of the Martha Hastings Read Bible Class, the woman's class of Central church, continuing in that capacity for more than ten years. She was also president of the Women's Missionary Society of the church at various times, and president of the Central West Branch of the state association. The 80th Division extends deep sympathy to Miss Ruth McClelland in her recent bereavement.

**Company "K"—320th Infantry**

During the reunion a Company K organization was formed, and we held our first smoker on Saturday evening, November 19, at the Hotel Henry. We did not have a very large turnout, but considering the fact that it is a new organization and that our mailing list was far from being complete, we believe it was a great success. The following members were present:

Frank Kaib, Harry Pleins, George Fadda, Sam Gaydell, Albert Reamer, Henry Hunter, Mark Byrne, Tom Aitken, Bill Boehmer, Jerry Schober, Bob Daume, Charles Campbell, Dick Loeffler, Frank Dingfelder, Ralph Thomas, Red

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1 lb., 2 lb., 3 lb. and 5 lb.



McKenna, William Hornberger, Charles Williams, C. Rectenwald. Jimmy Keny and Harry Shearer.

There were a few strange faces there, men most of us have not seen since the outfit was discharged. Charley Williams came up from Steubenville, Ohio, and he said he will never miss another one. Tom Aitken came down from Colver, Pa. He is mine foreman for the Ebensburg Coal Company. George Fodda came in from Nemacolin, Pa., wherever that is. Jerry Schober was there, and I noticed that he still parts his hair in the middle. Mark Byrne came in about the time the party was over; said he fell asleep and did not wake up in time; poor excuse, Mark. Captain Thompson, Gene Herron and Elmer Schaffer sent in their reservations, but did not show up; maybe they fell asleep, also. Dingfelter and Rectenwald, the two aces of the Yellow Cab Co. were present, they have brought down more pedestrians than Rickenbacher did Germans. Frank Kaib and Jimmy Kenny the two smiling midgets from the North Side had frant seats. Our old Top Kick Hunter, the Co. clerk, Harry Pleins, and Supply Sgt. Boehmer were on hand telling stories, and oh what story tellers they are. Our worst cook, Sam Gaydell, was there also. Sam, you know, was a butcher before entering the army, when he got in the army they made a cook out of him; now that he is out of the army he is saying it with flowers. He is with a florist on Troy Hill. Red McKenna came out but he did not have much to say; you know Red has only been married a short time and perhaps he is still afraid to talk. The curse of the Company, Bugler Thomas, was there early; they always have to be early; remember how early in the morning he would get started? Al Reamer was there and he is still looking for that finger he lost in France. Sharrer came in disguised; he has a growth on his upper lip; hope it is not permanent, Harry. Chas. Campbell, the man behind the Pennsylvania R. R., he has twenty years behind it, was also present, and of course our old friend Bob Daume was there; he was pretty busy all evening trying to get names and correct addresses of our old comrades. Bob discovered that a lot of the boys he thought had succumbed at the battle of Viny Rouge are still alive. We also had a visitor. Regimental Sgt. Major Taylor was there; that guy worries me, when he is around I cannot keep my eyes off him; he keeps on shaking his head all the time and I am always looking for it to fall off.

We have not yet decided when the next affair will be held, but when it does come off we expect every member that was present at this one to be on hand and we want him to bring a Buddy along, a real turnout is what we want the next time. We would like to hear from many of our old comrades; drop us a line and let us know how you are and what you are doing, what is wrong with Monessen? Let us hear from you.

Here is hoping we see them all at the next doins, yours for fewer and better wars.  
R. P. Loeffler,

4620 Baum Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Co. F, 305th Ammunition Train in Mercer County, Penna.

By Lean A. Gainster

Sebastian Sponberger, one of Company F's privations from the cradle to the grave, had the ill luck to have his wife, of a year or so, sojourning in the beautiful environs of Buhl Horsepistol Sharon, Penna., a short time ago. What's that? Well, perhaps; but it was hunting season and the birds would be playing safe, don't you know. For 'tis understood, in England, STORKS are protected by law. Of course, if I get the real dope I'll drop U awl a fish line and give you ginks the dirt.

Prescott Heckman, Sharon, Penna., one of those sweet birds that Uncle Sam found it necessary to organize to special squad for their particular benefit, they being so well versed in I. D. R. matters. Let me Stink what was it they called those squads? Oh, my yes, AWKWARD. Prescott had the misfortune to run his FLIVVER into an Auto in Greenville, Penna., and then to make the formage more tying he got into an argument with a Penn. State Hi-way Patrol Officer, the consequences being Prescott was insolent, the Officer was peeved, then Prescott was searched, the outcome being he changed his boarding place, as a quart of that liquid which corresponds to that animal of the long-eared variety, Pas Blanche, as the FROGS would put it, was resting quite contently in the back seat of the Ford. They say bad luck comes in bunches like ARMY STRAWBERRIES.

Run across Henry Stitt, one-time proud wearer of two stripes on his right arm, other day. Gosh! that's all wrong; should have said that red head sure was hitting the ball. While I was watching his dust cloud disappear on the horizon, I nearly jumped out of my Florsheims when I heard someone shout "Get your chin up in the air!" and low and behold! there was our old "Mule-skinner DeLuxe, Jim Struble, taking his lady out for a buggy ride a la Ford.

Saw a gink do the "jay walking" stunt the other day, and upon a second look saw that it was none other than Tony Monaco, of Farrell, Pa., one of the six proud premier draftees from the third district, Mercer County, and Charter Member of the 313th Machine Gun Battalion.

If we believe what we see in the papers, Charles B. Kidd, with his wife and son, Charles Allen, have been sojourning much of the summer in and around Conneaut Lake Park, Pa. Charlie always did like that vacation stuff. Didn't he break the ice for Company F and take his before Uncle Sam was ready to let him off.

Don't know what I would do if it wasn't for the papers to keep track of these Arabs. See a list of the Volunteer Firemen of Farrell, Pa.; among those listed: Dave Aubrey, one of Doc Brown's 305th Am. Train Pill detail; Big John (Fats) Yersky and John (Black Jack) Sposito. Black Jack is also a Motor Cop on the police force.

Arthur Guy Empey, who claimed service with the LIMES, and is author of "Over the Top," and numerous other

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short stories in War and Battle Stories, gets the fur-coated smoking set for the best answer to what A. E. F. stood for. His answer being "After England Failed."

It is coming to light now after ten long years that the Y. M. C. A. in the next war are to take over the doughnut industry from the Salvation Army, as they wasted too much space in the last seance. The "Y" intends to eliminate the holes. More power to 'em. Again the eternal triangle. And the villain still preserves her. While the "Y" is taking over, why don't they reorganize and make an outfit and call it the I. L. S. T.? What? Oh, goodness me! Kindly excuse it. That means IN LIEU OF SHAVE TAILS. And on the other hand she had a wart.

Just prior to Turkey Day, Pat McCann, Company F's medal man, and if I'm not Miss Tooken, the regiment's only, was seen traversing a certain alley in Sharon, Pa. Oh, yes, "Within the Law"; Pat was coming from work. You bet, real work; imagine that, will you! Pat could get out of more work in The Honorable Woodrow's Selected Gang than the average. Still as shy as ever, and an "Old Maid of the Male Sex;" don't know what ta'ell they call them Arabs, but guess you'll know what I mean. Pat claims the only friend he had during the La Guerre was a Mr. Hennessey, of the three stars; kindly do not mistake the rank. KNOT GENERAL.

Saw in the WAR STORIES MAGAZINE of recent issue that a certain being, who answers to the moniker of George M. Bogren, and gets his U. S. Mail at 554 Randolph Street, Pomona, California, and 'tis understood he might have a F. E. Male there, also. Claims he also ran in the last disturbance and would be glad to hear from any 80th WET-RUN who happens to remember him through past favors imparted or debts long over due. He didn't say to what conglomeration he adhered, but he's Ho-Kay 'slong as he helped make these United States safe for the Democrats.

Found an address. Don't seem much, but neither does an empty bottle marked "GOLDEN WEDDING RYE," nevertheless there are the memories. A gang of rough necks, 100 per cent. Pas Bon, seated on the terra firma of Le Republic Francaise, near a couple of wooden shacks that came under the

jurisdiction of one Major Babcock, commandant of Mesves Base Hospital Center, an officer, and I'm yet to find a person that didn't say "And A Man," First Lieutenant of 80th Infantry, Division, the date being during the month of May, 1919. The cause of the meeting—two little red patches that this gang of hoot-luns had refused to wear. Did this Looy lay down the law? Why ask me? You know he did, and he went one better. He told them that he was not afraid of any man in the outfit, and if there was one man that thought he was going to hand him something, just take off his coat and his would soon follow. For this was to be "Man To Man". His words were right to the point, and when the gang answered that they understood that they had done what, in time of war, was known as Mutiny, they meant it, every man jack of them, and they weren't kidding, for once. That man could bawl a guy out and make him like it whether he wanted to or not. No wonder he led his infantry company from September 25 till November 8 as commanding officer in the absence of a Captain. If ever a man earned his two bars in the line that gentleman did, but when I saw him last he still wore the little silver bar. His address then was 6186 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, and the address, I found, is of a Captain Harry D. Payne, 1600 Washington Avenue, Houston, Texas. Can any one straighten out my mystery for me?

C. Larkin Flanagan,—guess he must be a Swede,—Lieutenant First Infantry, 80th Division, last address care National City Company, Chicago, Illinois. Who knows his whereabouts, including his present standing (parental and otherwise)?

Here's hoping that you all enjoy a "HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR, NOT FORGETTING SANTA CLAUS AND HIS WIFE, MERRY XMAS."

BOOST THE ASSOCIATION AND SERVICE.

Company "D"—305th Ammunition Train Well, Gang:

Aren't you guys ashamed of yourselves for not coming to the reunion? Those that did show up had a good time. Haverty showed up in a new Jordan, with friend wife and dorg. Gillen drove in from Altoona, but I couldn't see what

(Continued on Page 20)

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| 34—Steele, Wesley C.      | 75—Miljus, John K.         | 132—Smith, Joseph C.        | 189—Miskiewicz, B.          |
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|                           | 84—Satterer, William *     | 141—Esser, Joseph F.        | 198—Thompson, William L.    |
|                           | 85—Richardson, William E.  | 142—Hobson, George F.       | 199—Bonsall, Rodney T.      |
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|                           | 89—Simon, David M.         | 146—Crowder, Robert Thomas  | 203—McClelland, Miss Ruth   |
|                           | 90—Rothwell, Thomas Albert | 147—Alfred, Richard J.      | 204—Thomas, M. J.           |
|                           | 91—Bushman, Clarence F.    | 148—Koch, Louis J.          | 205—McClaren, H. A.         |
|                           | 92—Clark, Burg C.          | 149—Alley, W. A.            | 206—Markert, Albert C.      |
|                           | 93—Hooper, Thomas W.       | 150—Sensenich, Roy R.       | 207—Mahon, Russell W.       |
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|                           | 95—Maisch, William         | 152—Bazile, Leon M.         | 209—Maag, Frederick C.      |
|                           | 96—Jamerson, George H.     | 153—Maxwell, Edward G.      | 210—Macaulay, Dr. Alex. M.  |
|                           | 97—Mahood, Alex. B.        | 154—Furr, Herman R.         | 211—Wettengel, Jas. G.      |
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### MORNING REPORT

(Continued from Page 18)

make of car he had. Oh, no, I was sober. Andy Sholin also drove in. (Notice how all these birds have cars?) Mike O'Neil, Welfer, Harry Jacobs and myself were also at the affair.

Oran Males and Jake Crissman nearly came, but they were afraid of the cops. I don't think they are bootlegging. Got a letter from Sidney Stahlman. You may not remember him. He's the bird that directed the cooking of the fancy meals we used to get. (Don't get mad, Sid.)

Heard from Frank Zepnick. He's in business in Elizabeth town. He's coming out for mayor of his town next Inspection Day. Frank Johnson is in McVeytown, manicuring bees, and he sure has some swell honey—not the female variety. Irwin Reeling is in Dover, Pa., married and happy—(something unusual for a married man). John Beck was catching ball for Fairmont, W. Va. Doc Simpson is still in Wilkinsburg, and he's now selling Washing Machines. Guess he feels sorry for the women, after the experience he's had doing the family wash along the old canal in Brain. Charlie Welling is still among those present. Gosh! he's nearly as fat as I am.

Would like to hear from you birds here and there, as my wife promises to help with the correspondence. She will reward all those who write with a good recipe on how to make home brew, or donate a good formula on how to reduce, both free of all taxes.

M. H. Levine.

415 Grove Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### 305th Engineers

W. R. Current, formerly Private First-Class, Company F, 305th Engineers, is now located at 840 Eighth Street, Huntington, West Virginia.

### Missing

Woody, Corydon Alfred, formerly of the 305th Engineers, 80th Division, is among the missing. He is about 38 years of age, has dark hair and eyes, and was last heard from in London, England, on January 21, 1921. Any information as to his whereabouts should be communicated to Mrs. Ava E. King, Westfield, Pa. There are no records on

file at headquarters of the above-named man.

### 315th Machine Gun Battalion

Dunlap, Chester, E., formerly Private First Class, Company C, 315th Machine Gun Battalion, is now connected with the Steel Scaffolding Company, Evansville, Indiana, where he is employed as the Eastern Representative for the above company. On a recent visit to Pittsburgh on business he paid a visit to 80th headquarters. He stated that he is married and has a daughter, Beverly Jane, 4 years old. He is located at 213 South Eighteenth Street, Cochocton, Ohio, where he will be glad to hear from any of the boys of the old outfit.

### 155th Field Artillery Brigade

Edgar O. Smith, formerly member of Brigade Headquarters, 155th Field Artillery, reported at headquarters in Pittsburgh recently, after being called to the U. S. Veterans' Bureau for an examination. He also reported being in an automobile accident recently near his home, when his car overturned, seriously injuring himself, his wife and baby. He showed marked signs of his injuries, having had some thirty stitches put in his head. He was also a candidate for constable in the election held in November of this year. He is now located in Framington, Pa., where he is trying to regain his health.

### 313th Field Artillery

Louis Jaffe, of Charleston, W. Va., a member of the R. O. C., has been spending two weeks each summer for the past three years in training camp. Last August he spent his time in Camp Jeffersonville, Indiana, and Camp Knox, Kentucky, and while at Camp Knox the mess was served a la mess kit style. A pleasing sight at that, to see a line-up of Sam Browns at the kitchen.

Cook Alvis Miller and Mess Sergeant Rodes are in the restaurant business. Miller is at Gauley Ridge, West Virginia, and Rodes is at Oak Hill, West Virginia. Funny how some of these boys took their army training seriously, but then it is not compulsory to eat with them now. Miller was married recently, and Rodes expects to be soon.

Tom Lindley and Ernest Rapp are still in Minden, West Virginia.

Ex-Sergeant Homer Hudson is located at Montgomery, West Virginia,

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where he is working for the C. & O. Railroad. Hudson named his son Thomas Wayne,—the Wayne for Captain George Wayne Anderson, who was killed in action the morning of November 1 at Grand Carree Farm.

Montgomery is also the home town of Count Foster, who is working for the Appalacian Power Company. Foster is married and has two children.

Zeth McVey is located at Ansted, West Virginia, where he is working for the C. & O. Railroad as conductor. McVey has no bad effects from his wound received at Hill 281.

Virgil Trevey is with the United Cigar Company at Troy, New York. He was formerly connected with the same company at Charleston, West Virginia, where Lawrence McLaughlin is located, working for the New York Central Railroad.

Nate Thompson, of the regimental band, is in the music business at Oak Hill, West Virginia.

Dave Solof is at Huntington, West Virginia. Dave has escaped the matrimonial ranks, but is acting rather suspicious lately.

"Crap Shootin'" Rinkus is at Charleston. Rinkus' love for the little cubes has died down some, but he sure did fondle 'em on pay-days in 1918.

**Battery E**

Harry Dailey is still in the drug store "on the square" at Martinsburg, West Virginia. The drug store business is slowing up some, due to so many of the regular customers dying off. Dailey took a Sunday trip to Beckley Springs a short time, and visited with Gilbert Whitford, Cecil DeGrange and Lewis Buzzard. Harry's two boys, Jimmy and Bobby, and the wife are well and happy.

Irvin A. Ambrose, of Largent, West Virginia, was in Martinsburg on Armistice Day, and took part in the parade in the afternoon, and attended the blow-out given by Berkley Post No. 14 in the evening. Ambrose is still as thin as the "before" in a cod-liver oil ad.

Ed Romer, the "Suit Case Simpson" of Battery E, is in the hardware business in Martinsburg. Ed had a wonderful pair of "dogs". He would stand in the rear rank and they would protrude through the front rank.

Paul A. Olsen, of Philadelphia, has not been heard from for some time, although many efforts have been made to locate him. Anyone knowing anything about him will be thanked if he sends the information to Samuel G. Evans, 1629 Mill Street, Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.

This news hound made a trip to Newfoundland, Pennsylvania, near Scranton, to visit with Roger G. Fahringer, over the Thanksgiving week-end, at which time the Kaiser and German Army were subjected to a barrage of shrapnel, H. E.'s gas, and what-not. The war is getting bloodier and bloodier as the years go by. A few kind words were said for the "Bull of the Woods", George D. Ermentront,—very few.

Fahringer is cashier of the First National Bank of Newfoundland, which is thriving under his management; the deposits have more than trebled during the 18 months of its existence. His versatility is shown in his new home, which he designed himself, and which sets pace in that fine little village in northeastern Pennsylvania.

Rog has added further proof to the fact that an artillery man knows how to pick the women. He is also finding out that two can live as cheaply as one but only half as long.

Captain Francis Crandall is back in Westfield, New York, after several years in Cleveland, Ohio. Crandall is in the banking business.

Samuel G. Evans.

**Miscellaneous**

Harry A. Kinley, ex-corporal of Company E, 318th Infantry, has been transferred from the Cleveland office to the Toledo office of the Westinghouse Lamp Company, where he is district sales manager for the Southern Michigan and Northwestern Ohio district. Kinley was formerly of Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.

John Stark, of Company E, 318th Infantry, is with the Wilkinsburg borough fire department. Starky is getting rather fat, which is peculiar to the boys on such hard jobs.

Bill Duff, of Wilkinsburg, made the trip with the 2nd A. E. F., and reports a good time. Bill states that most of the battle-torn towns are rebuilt, and are not so easy to recognize. Duff is a Company E man, 318th Infantry. He is engaged in business in Pittsburgh. He also dabbles in politics and was recently elected Judge of Elections in Wilkinsburg.

Louis Limbacher, of Company H, 318th Infantry, was married this summer and took a wedding trip through New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Limbacher lives at Braddock, Pennsylvania.

Ellsworth "Doc" Simpson, of the 305th Ammunition train, is an electrical appliance salesman for a Pittsburgh concern. Simpson is married and has one child. His home is in Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.

**Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1**

At the regular meeting of the Auxiliary, held Thursday evening, December 1, the following were elected officers for the ensuing term: President, Miss Gertrude Horne; vice-president, Mrs. A. H. Kornfelder; secretary-treasurer, Miss Clara Ubinger; assistant secretary-treasurer, Miss Marie Geltzheiser; executive council, Mrs. W. A. Gordon, Mrs. J. F. Brown, Mrs. E. S. Upstill, Mrs. Alice Harger, Mrs. J. C. Bender, Mrs. John Larkin, Miss Marie Geltzheiser, Mrs. Mary Coll and Mrs. Bernice Baker.

The Auxilaury donated beautiful handkerchiefs for the Christmas Boxes which are being prepared by the Veterans' Hospital Committee, and which will be sent to more than 400 Disabled Veterans now in the different hospitals in Allegheny County. Pennsylvania Auxiliary is a part of the above-named committee.

On October 18 the Eighth Anniversary

of the organization of the Auxiliary was celebrated with a banquet at Webster Hall. It was a very successful affair, and every one present had a wonderful time. The banquet was attended by a large number of the Auxiliary members, and the men of the 80th and their friends.

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On October 28 they entertained the Disabled Veterans of the Marine Hospital, Pittsburgh, with a very much enjoyed Hallowe'en Party. Meetings are held every first Thursday each month at Room 529 Court House, Pittsburgh, Pa. All relatives of the 80th Division men are cordially invited to attend.

#### 319th Infantry

I. E. Helfman, formerly private, Supply Company, 319th Infantry, who recently joined up with his old buddies in the association, is in the wholesale fruits

and produce business at 80 South Railroad street, Sharon, Pa.

Jas. G. Wettengel, formerly corporal, Company A, 319th Infantry, is with A. C. Wettengel & Son, Investment Brokers, 1210 Peoples' Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. He is one of a number of the members of the 80th Division who are prominent in the Pittsburgh business world today. He recently signed up as a life member in the association. He is to be congratulated upon his wonderful spirit

in helping to keep the association ever 'moving forward,' and we hope numbers of 319th Infantry men will follow his footsteps.

#### 317th Infantry

Dr. Alex M. Macaulay, formerly captain, 317th Infantry, is a prominent physician and surgeon, and is living at Great Falls, Montana. Dr. Macaulay recently signed up as a life member of the association. He is connected with the Anaconda Copper Mining Company of the above named city.

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### GEN. BRETT CARRIES SECRETS OF HIS INDIAN CAMPAIGN HERO- ISMS TO GRAVE

By Wm. E. Lytle, Jr., Staff Correspondent  
Pittsburgh Press

Forty years ago and more Lieut. Lloyd M. Brett rode with the "Army of the West" in campaigns that veered from the blizzard-swept plains of Montana to the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, where cavalry columns plodded through a dreary land, tortured by thirst.

Lieut. Brett fought Indians hard, but did not hate them. Rather he respected them in a way that can never be understood by those who stayed back East.

At the time of the Reunion, Gen. Brett, aged 71, stood in his room in the Fort Pitt Hotel and spoke in the calm, careful sentences of a college lecturer. The events he described tingled with drama, but the General talked unhurriedly.

Many years ago as a young cavalry officer he was sent with a small command to investigate the murder of three buffalo hunters on Sheep mountain, north of the Yellowstone river.

The troopers traveled hard and fast. They reached the place where the war party was before sundown.

Friendly Cheyenne scouts circled the rolling country swiftly, while the night lowered its black curtain from the mountain peaks.

The Cheyennes galloped their ponies to where the young officer, not long out of West Point, was waiting. They brought him the information that the command was surrounded by hostiles.

It was just such a setting as the Custer fight, where Gen. George A. Custer and 264 officers and men were killed on the Little Big Horn river.

The time was only three or four years after the death of Custer and his men. The place was only a few hundred miles to the north, in the same kind of country.

Hundreds of the hostiles were gathering, hidden in the mountain valleys. The young officer felt in his own mind that the possibility of himself and his men becoming the central figures in another massacre was too close for comfort.

The handful of cavalymen trotted back upon a knoll. It was one of those humps which thrusts up from the prairie, to which there is no parallel in the East. It is as if nature had cast the ground in high waves, and frozen it in that mold. It was upon such a knoll that Custer made his last stand.

The troopers hobbled the horses for a living barricade. They huddled together on top of the bare knoll.

The Cheyennes reported the hostile cordon was complete. The savages were creeping in with the night, hundreds and hundreds of them.

A storm came up at midnight, one of

those fierce storms typical of the Montana mountains. At one place, the enemy drew back in a gully and made a fire. The cavalymen crouched against the warm bodies of their horses, not daring to show a light.

At the point where the Indians gathered around the fire, a narrow breach split the cordon. The Cheyennes found it. While the storm made the country a black and sightless immensity, the troopers went through the gap and rode for the fort.

"We made a sneak," said General Brett that day in the hotel.

"We approached the fort on the second day, and I saw a solitary figure coming out to meet us. He was a young buck chief whom I knew very well. He had fought against Custer, and I had become acquainted with him after the surrender of Rain-in-the-Face and his band.

"I talked to him in the sign language and asked him what he was doing out there.

"I have come to die with you," he said. "I have told you this to show you that an Indian has a heart.

"Some of the noblest men I have ever met were Indians untouched by the bad habits of the white men."

Gen. Brett was the winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor. It was awarded to him "for most distinguished gallantry in action against hostile Sioux Indians near O'Fallon's creek, Montana, April 1, 1880, by fearless exposure and dashing bravery, cutting off the Indians' pony heard and greatly crippling the hostiles."

Only a very few men in the Army of

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the United States have won the Medal of Honor. It is the highest decoration the nation has to bestow on brave men.

With that modesty which was one of his most distinguishing characteristics Gen. Brett died without ever describing that affair.

He referred to it as "a wild, harum-scarum affair."

Gen. Brett rode after Geronimo, the great Apache war chief, in the southwest.

"I started out once with 56 troopers. After ten days I had eight men and eight horses left. The rest had dropped out from exhaustion. I have seen the men with their tongues swollen from thirst, until they couldn't close their mouths."

The General described how the rock formation of the southwest would cut the heaviest boots to ribbons in a few days. The troop of the Second Cavalry, of which Brett was First Lieutenant, was hard on the heels of Geronimo, in a far-flung army cordon, when Capt. Henry W. Lawton's troop captured the Indian chief. Lawton, then a General commanding a division was killed in the Philippines, fighting Aguineldo. A sharpshooter's bullet struck him down at the battle of San Mateo, December 19, 1899.

"I have campaigned in Montana when the thermometer was 58 degrees below zero," the General said.

One night in Montana when a blizzard beat down upon the command, Lieut. Brett spent the night shaking his men, forcing them to keep awake. If any had fallen asleep for long he would have frozen to death.

"I have ridden for five days with a wagon train through one herd of buffalo, without reaching the end of the herd.

"In the spring of 1880, I saw buffalo hides stacked up along the Yellowstone river like cordwood. The white hunters killed them for the pelts only. For years, the skeletons of buffalo covered the plains.

"It is hard for people now to understand the life in the isolated posts. The bunks were two iron trestles with three boards connecting them. The bed sack was filled with straw. The army posts were built of cottonwood. That wood shrinks. It would draw together until you could see through the cracks in the walls. The wind blew in those cracks."

Gen. Brett was beloved, not only by the men who served under him in the World War, but by thousands of other Pittsburghers, business leaders, and fathers and mothers of soldiers.

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The 80th Division Veterans' Association is sponsoring the distribution of the Official Source Records which are being distributed in seven De Luxe sections. It is possible for every Blue Ridger and friend of the 80th Division who secures a set at this time to have his own individual record and didicatory page of the set bear the insignia and official seal of the Division and at a much lower price than during the later public distribution. The Executive Council has endorsed the Official Source Records and highly recommends the set to every veteran as a collection of all the facts relating to the war that is beyond anything yet produced. Those who want future generations to learn the real story of the war should by all means add the Official Source Records to their library, and help this Association to get the public informed as to the truth of the World War.

For information write to

**80th Division Headquarters**

405 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Attention Mr. R. S. Lowndes.