



THE  
**SERVICE**  
MAGAZINE

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Number 2



BUSINESS SECTION, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.



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

# THE CAT'S MEOW

By H. M. SUTHERLAND

**F**IRST time me and Buck and Little Abe heard about our transfer to that Cat-Stealin' brigade of the Chemical Warfare Service was when the shavey in charge of our detachment called us over to the office one mornin' and handed us our papers. If I'd 'a' had a suspicion that we was headed for the sort of a catastrophe that we busted into, which included the biggest blowup that the provost marshal, old T.N.T. hisself, ever staged, I'd 'a' been A.W.O.L. from there tute de suite, or sooner.

You see, me and Buck and Abe wasn't overly anxious to make a change just then because at that time we was attached to a supply outfit back in rest billet at Candas and ever'thing was slidin' along to the merry-merry. What I mean, we was livin' on the fat of the land, us bein' stationed at the railhead that way and havin' first grab at the rations when they come up for the division—ham, oatmeal, dates, strawberry jam and tea. We was in trainin' in the British sector along the Somme front, goin' to four o'clock teas, and teachin' a outfit of Anzacs how to shoot crap, all of which was a satin-lined luxury to what we'd been havin', and also what was to come.

Moreover, we'd been spendin' a pleasant evenin' or so over at a nearby burg called Beauval, and this order tellin' us to report to the lieut's office, comin' as it did the mornin' after an unusually joyous little soiree over there, didn't sound so good to me, but I didn't say nothin' to the boys about it. From lookin' at their faces I was pretty sure the idea was unanimous anyhow.

I ain't sure yet whether or not that shavetail had anything on us. He didn't give us time to find out.

"You three men," he says without any preliminaries, "will report for duty to Lieutenant Marquand of the Chemical Warfare Service at Samar today. Your transfers came through this morning. Here are some papers you will present upon your arrival there."

We sort of looked at each other wonderin' what it was all about, and then we marched out. On reachin' the street Little Abe comes to a halt.

"What I want to know," he says slowly, "is which is why, what, when, how much, and whereabouts?"

"You can search me," replied Buck, gazin' thoughtfully at the papers in his hand. "I've seen some of them C.W.S. birds goin' around and stickin' signs up over mud holes sayin'. 'DANGEROUS—DO NOT DRINK.' Maybe they wants us to do the tastin' and see how dangerous 'tis."

"That let's Abe out," I informs him. "He ain't tasted water since he landed. But c'est la guerre, as these French people say! Come on! Let's go over to this here Samer place and see what we're slated for."

We rolled our packs, hopped a passin' lorry, and landed in Samar in time to answer mess call for dinner.

This shavey which our lieut. had called Marquand had his office in a warehouse down near the railroad tracks not far from the mairie, and out in a little orchard behind it these Chemical Warfare boys had set up a spiffy camp. They

was strong on regulations, and the squad tents was laid out just so, neat as a old maid's boudoir. Them boys was out to win the war—you could tell that without half lookin'—and the way they snapped into squads east and west, even when goin' to mess, would 'a' put a combat unit on perpetual fatigue duty.

Finally we drifted over all set to hear the bad news, and ten minutes later we was hung onto the craziest detail that was ever organized in that man's army.

Lieutenant Marquand gazes over our papers and then proceeds to give us the once-over. He's a well setup gazabo, carryin' around with him a sort of a grin that has us doin' the same thing even though we don't have an idea what it's all about. He sizes us up both ways from the jack and then tells us to take a seat.

"You there men," he began, doin' his best to cover up his grin, "come to me highly recommended for special service, the nature of which I will acquaint you with in a few minutes. Your commanding officer at Candas and I were talking the other day and I was telling him about some unusual work that I must have done within the next few days, and he informed me that he had the very men I wanted, so we put your transfers through."

"Now, I will explain the nature of this detail in which you three men will be exclusively engaged for the next three days. From time to time you may be called on to do the same sort of work as long as the necessity arises. We are a unit of the Chemical Warfare Service, and it might as well be known now that, although we are supposed to do a special work here, we are not equipped for it. The work of this unit consists largely in testing the drinking water wherever the division is quartered, and we are supposed to have chemicals with which to do this. The only chemical we have is chlorinated lime which helps to purify the water, but does not tell us whether or not the spring or well has been poisoned."

"In order to get a certain test of the water we have found it necessary to use an old but simple method. We take a sample of the water, give it to a cat and watch the results. But we have no cats, and that is your job—procuring for us the necessary number of cats to make the tests when the division moves up the lines in a couple of weeks. The S.O.S. should furnish these cats, and I have put in a requisition for them, but it would be foolish to expect them to come through on time. Six months from now I will probably receive a thousand cats, but I need twenty-five right now. As an incentive to you, I have arranged that if the twenty-five cats are secured by next Saturday afternoon, you three men will receive a ten-day pass to Paris. This is Wednesday. That gives you three days."

Sweet spirits of nitre! That was what we had been lookin' for ever since we'd hit the lines. If there was twenty-five cats in that country they might as well come in and surrender, because with a pass to Paris hingin' on the issue they wouldn't have no more chance than a Mexican hairless pup on a polar expedition.

"You might as well know also," continues the lieut, "that cats are getting rather scarce over here. Other units have been gathering in the strays until it is almost impossible to keep them in sufficient quantities. We have used rabbits, but there seems to be no more to be had. Now you men have carte blanche—get them any way you can, but get them. And luck to you!" He turned back to his work and we trooped outside holdin' our breath. With on accord we stopped at the end of the company street.

"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" calls Little Abe as if he expected them twenty-five cats to march up in company formation and surrender unconditionally.

"Pass to Paris!" whistles Buck, voicin' the thing that was keepin' me plum interested in the business before us. "And all that stands betwixt us and it is twenty-five tom cats and their better-halves. Let's go!"

"How do you catch cats anyhow?" I wants to know, tryin' to figure out a plan of campaign. I had a hunch we was stackin' up ag'inst somethin' with a catch in it—besides the cat catchin'.

"There's somethin' they call cat-nip," opines Buck, reachin' for his sack of smokin'. "Mebbe we can work somethin' outta that."

"We'll get a dog and let him do the work for us," suggests Little Abe hopefully.

"Dead cats ain't in the contract," I points out. "They've got to be alive so's they can taste that water."

It was Buck who had the brilliant idea this time. Usually it was Little Abe, him bein' full of ideas most of the time, and nine out of ten of 'em havin' a kick-back that landed us in the brig or put us on some sort of a fatigue detail for a couple of weeks. Me and Buck had spent more time tryin' to help Abe get us all out of trouble than we did winnin' the war anyhow. But I'm forgettin' Buck's bright idea.

"The answer," says Buck, drawin' a deep inhale, "is fish."

"Oh, I see," says Abe sarcastic. "Cat-fish? I didn't know they would catch cats."

"Ever' day is Friday as far as cats is concerned," Buck explains. "We'll get some fish, put 'em in the back end of the truck, let 'em get ripe, then back up in some alley and hold the sack open."

Me and Abe both sam the light pronto, and the more I thought about that plan the more I figgered it would work. Buck's head was good for somethin' besides balancin' a cocky overseas cap and causin' them m'amselles in the vin shops even to forget how to shortchange you. He evermore could make love to 'em—as long as they kept the bubble water down to five francs a bottle.

Havin' convinced Little Abe that Buck's plan was a cat-getter, we got busy and located our flivver truck. Abe confiscated an old chicken coop made out of slats, and we patched it up and loaded it on the rear. Lieutenant Marquand furnished us with another long crate to deposit our daily catch in, and he suggested that we keep it in our squad tent at the end of company street. I had a sneakin' idea they was somethin' back of that grin of his when he said that, but I

didn't get the full benefit of what it was until I tried to sleep in that tent with a half a crate full of tom cats, each one singin' the "Jailhouse Blues" in a different key simultaneous. But that's gettin' too far ahead.

Along late that afternoon we located what we was lookin' for. An old frog fisherman down on the river was also the proprietor of a little fish shop that made me wish I had brought my gas mask along with me. For ten francs we bought half a keg of fish which was be-ginnin' to get mellow, and while I was dickerin' with that old buch of chin-whiskers, Buck slipped cat No. 1, which was asleep in the window, under his coat and ducked.

That night me and Buck and Abe sat in a blackjack game and cleaned up a flock of francs which we knew we was goin' to need when we got to Paris. That outfit had just been paid off and there was beaucoup francs all around us. We thinned 'em down some and then headed for our tent, stoppin' by the truck to see that all was well with our fish. I'll say it was! We caught three more cats, and another one got away, makin' four on hand before we had even got started.

Early the next mornin' we got down to the business of earnin' that pass to Paris. Huh! Before we got through we had earned an honorable discharge, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Only that wasn't what we got.

We had to drive that flivver at top speed all the time, almost runnin' over a couple of kids and a woman, in order to keep out of reach of the smell of that keg in the rear. After a little investigatin' we found a alley down near the railroad that looked promisin' and we backed up into it.

Our cat trap was simple, consistin' of a small tarpaulin spread over the up-rights, and nailed to the truck bed on each side. The rear curtain we just kept raised, figgerin' on droppin' and holdin' it down when one of our victims got inside and then one of us was to crawl inside and sack him. With ev'rthing all set we backed off for a hundred feet or so and awaited developments.

In about ten minutes I saw the first tabby wander on the scene. She came through a hole under the fence, took one sniff of the atmosphere, and made a dash for the truck. By the time she got her head into that keg, Abe had her by the other end, and before she knew what was happenin' she was lookin' through the cars, plum lonesome and puzzled.

We took it turn about goin' into the truck after 'em, and it was just my luck to draw a one-eyed, Bolshevik, fightin' fool. What I mean, he had carvin' tools that was meant for business ever' day, and he ripped me up high, wide and handsome before I could turn loose. Finally I smothered him with my tunic and dumped him inside with the others.

But we had another bad actor in that coop, a sort of a burnt brown brindle which squared off to old one-eyed Cyclops, and for about three rounds it was the niftiest scrap I ever saw. Abe was bettin' on old Cyclops, only he named him Von Hindenburg, and Buck was backin' the brindle, callin' him Foch. I held the stakes and acted as referee, but the fight was a draw, each one backin' into a neutral corner and refusin' to come out. But 'twas easy to see that the truce between 'em was liable to be busted any minute.

When we figured that 'twasn't no use

in stickin' around that alley any more, we counted noses and found that we had nabbed seven in less than an hour's time.

"Seven—come eleven, countin' the four we've got at home," says Abe. "If we keep this up, we won't need but a couple of days to corral the whole business."

But Abe was countin' his pullets too early. In the next three hours we visited four fine lookin' alleys, and we just caught three more cats. We got more that afternoon, and when it got dark—the time when they always took their promenades—we didn't see hide nor hair of one. Which brought us to the sad conclusion that that was all there was—there wasn't no more. But we had fifteen—ten to go. Not so bad, eh!"

Little Abe fished out his old chuck-a-luck board that night and we was gettin' ready to call on the C.W.S. boys again and see if we couldn't separate 'em from a few more soap wrappers for our trip to Paris, but there was two or three things that made us change our minds about that and decide to keep the home fires burnin' that night.

First place, if you'd stick your head outside the tent you could hear women and kids in five-six directions callin' their cats to come home to supper, and some of our little pets started to answer in a mournful yowl. Then too, old Von Hindenburg and Foch called off their truce and locked horns for another bout which wasn't my idea of a peaceful occasion.

I sashayed out to the kitchen and borrowed a hunk of mutton off the cook, and with this we sort of eased 'em off temporarily. Tryin' to chaperone fifteen cats in the same coop, all of 'em havin' different ideas at the same time, wasn't my idea of a soft snap nohow. All told we was as busy as a one-armed paper-hanger with a flea under his shirt.

Just before taps was sounded Lieutenant Marquand paid us a visit at the tent, and he was tickled pink when he saw our lineup of felonious misdemeanors, each of 'em lookin' mad enough to spit in a bulldog's eye. The louie informs us that the passes will be signed by Major McAlpin on the followin' Sunday mornin', provided we got the cats. The major had promised to be on hand about ten o'clock to inspect our catch, and then we'd have to deliver them to headquarters, so that they could be shipped up to the front with the rest of the division's equipment.

"That gives you tomorrow and next day," continues the lieut, "to get the other ten, but from the looks of things I'd say you won't have need of that much time. But you get the cats ready and I'll see that you get your passes in time to catch the Sunday afternoon express for Paris."

"Sir!" butts in Little Abe. "Do we have to have twenty-five? Cats are gettin' scarcer than pet skunks around here."

"Those are the major's orders," replies the lieut, grinnin'. "You'll have to make it twenty-five."

We drew straws to see who was goin' to mount guard over them cats that night, to keep Von Hindenburg and Foch from disturbin' the peace and dignity of the community, and Little Abe was it. They must 'a' give a lot of trouble that night because the next mornin' he was as sore as a couple of pups and only one bone between 'em. I know I heard a couple of ruckuses before I got off to sleep, and I don't know how many happened after that.

Buck buttonholes a truck driver the next mornin' after breakfast and gets

from him the information that there is a smaller town some three-four kilometers down the river, and we decide to see what luck we could have there. So Abe backed the flivver up to rear of our tent and we loaded the cats aboard and took 'em with us, bein' sort of leery of leavin' 'em in camp with all fifteen of them ex-owners on the still hunt. That flivver was carryin' its full tonnage when we got cats, fish keg, ourselves and ever'thing else on it, and the engine was spittin' like old Von Hindy, hissself, when we hit this little village.

By this time the fish was givin' off a smell that wasn't anyways close to bein' perfume, and when stopped in the Place de Victoire there was three cats trailin' us like we was that pie-eyed piper I ust to read about when I was in school. We tolled 'em off into a alley and brought 'em into the fold, and late that afternoon when we had cleaned that burg by a house-to-house canvass, we had eight more which brought our total up to twenty-three. Only two to go, and a whole day to do it in! Boy, we all shook hands and split a bottle of Triple Sec in celebration of victory. But we was rakin' in the pot before the show-down.

On arrivin' back at Samar we found that old Von Hindy had just about put one of the newcomers hors de combat, but we got him out, painted him with iodine and marked him "duty" anyhow. Finally he come around all right, and then me and Buck matched to see who was it that night. I won, but I didn't win much because that danged chorus kept me awake too. They'd had enough of each other's company and they was tellin' the world about it. How them ex-owners didn't hear that bedlam I ain't yet been able to understand! Buck doggone near smothered 'em to death coverin' 'em with blankets, tryin' to muffle 'em down, but all the good that done was to make 'em madder.

Seems like I hadn't more'n closed my eyes until Foch and old Von Hindy hit the high C of a steam calliope with a busted boiler simultaneous and them other battles they'd been havin' wasn't nothin' but love-taps compared to the mixup that followed. When we got 'em separated at last, and got Foch outside, we decided to build an addition on to the coop for him, which we did, and reveille sounded before we got the job finished. By that time I'd had enough of them danged cats to last me for the rest of my natural life. Little Abe expressed my feelin's exactly.

"I wish I was a through freight," he said viciously, "and ever' dam one of them cats was glued to the rails."

That mornin' after breakfast when we went out to the flivver that keg of fish was too far gone for us to associate with it any longer.

"Let's put it in the cage with the cats," suggested Buck, "and chloroform 'em for a while."

"But we've got to keep them cats company," I objects, "and they're bad enough as is."

But we just had to get rid of them fish some way or the other and not lose any time about it. Finally we had to use our gas masks to get 'em down to the river and dump 'em in. Next thing we do is to call on Whiskers who kept the fish shop, but he was out of fish—not even a smell left. That had us worried some, but there ain't nothin' to do but go cat huntin' without bait.

(To be continued)

# An 80th Division Doughboy Padre at the Chinese Front

On the Yellow Sea  
China  
April 5, 1933.

George J. Klier, Editor  
Service Magazine,  
413 Plaza Building,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear friend George:

No doubt by now you must have my letter written to you in India. Since then we have covered another few thousand miles and we are now homeward bound. I would like to give you a detailed account of my wanderings but I am afraid it would bore you to death.

I cannot resist the impulses, however, of sending you an account of a very remarkable experience we had since leaving Shanghai.

My Padre's Corner has been neglected since starting this trip around the world but I can assure you there will be no dearth of material for the next few years, unless you decide on rejecting my manuscripts.

Our first port of call in China was Hong Kong. Here we found a thoroughly up-to-date British Colony, a powerful Naval Base and a beautiful harbor. Victoria City, the Capital of Hong Kong, is very much westernized, and you would never dream you were in the Far East if it were not for the heavy Chinese population. I shall omit any detail of Hong Kong and hurry on the Shanghai where we found three distinct cities in one.

Shanghai, as you may know, is located on the Wangpoo River, about thirteen miles from Woosung, the famous port of which town the Japs annihilated a year ago. Our ship anchored in the Yangtsi, opposite Woosung, and we made up a landing party to take in the sights of Shanghai. Another busy, up-to-date part of Shanghai, known as the International Settlement, was our landing place. Busy and congested are no words to describe the streets of Shanghai. They are cluttered with all kinds of vehicles, including the famous rickshaw, and make the traffic problem in New York an easy one by comparison. There is a large part of the city, known as the French Concession, which would remind you of France. Needless to remark there is a strong French influence here in the Orient and La Belle France looks out well for her colonials.

The most interesting part of all to me was the Chinese City, Chapei—horribly ruined and razed to the ground by the Japanese about a year ago. The ruins brought me back in memory to France of War days. Destruction everywhere! The Chinese are slow in reconstructing the city as conditions are not so good at the present time.

The atmosphere here is filled with rumors of trouble and no one knows from day to day what is going to happen. The Wangpoo River doesn't look very peaceful as we passed six Japanese destroyers, one Chinese gunboat, and a large Italian and English armored cruiser, on our way up the Yangtsi River. Our stay in Shanghai was all too short and after seeing the sights we made back to the ship about three o'clock in the morning. The Yangtsi River, while officially known as the blue river, is about as near blue in color as black is near white. It is an immense river over three thousands miles long and near its

mouth in the Yellow Sea a gorgeous dirty mud color.

Two days' sail from Shanghai brought us to Ching Wang Too, a northern Chinese Port on the Gulf of Chihli. Around this port there have been recent outbreaks between the Chinese and Japanese. We noticed three Japanese destroyers at anchor. I went with a landing party to do some sightseeing and when we hit Ching Wang Too, I received a great thrill on seeing newly dug trenches and barbed wire in the vicinity. A British cruiser was tied up to the dock and later we learned that it had recently been ordered to this port as several Chinese pirates had captured four British Naval Officers. They were at mess at the time the bandits boarded the vessel. At this writing the Japanese are in pursuit of the pirates. We left Ching Wang Too by train for Peking, now known as Peiping, a distance of about two hundred miles. We stopped off at Tientsin about an hour and drove around the city. We found it most interesting with its cosmopolitan population of French, Russian, Chinese, Italian and American colonies.

I dropped into the headquarters of the 15th American Infantry stationed at Tientsin and made a few inquiries about our doughboys so far from home. They have about eight hundred enlisted men stationed in the city proper. They were glad to see a former doughboy and so recently arrived from God's country. They all voiced the same old sentiments that there was only one real land in which to live and they were longing for the days when they would no longer be in exile. It brought me back to our own experiences during the hectic days of '17 and '18. I didn't neglect to pay a fruitful visit to their canteen and took on a supply of American tobacco and cigars.

Back again to the station in rickshaws and headed for Peking, which we reached about 6:00 o'clock that evening. It would take a volume to describe my impressions of Peking, so I won't go into detail. Suffice to say that we spent four of the most interesting days of our lives in doing the big town. We saw Chinese life in all its glory and squalor in Peking. It is a maze of contradictions. The most magnificent memorials of the Golden Age of China and I couldn't help thinking of how the Great have fallen in visiting its many palaces, temples and museums. Emperors and nobility must have lived in the most regal splendor in past ages at the expense of their subjects. What a contrast when you see the hovels of the poor today in Peking. Notwithstanding their poverty and misery we found the Chinese most happy, contented with their lot, and busy at their work. They are great tradesmen and farmers. Strange to say I didn't see one Chinese laundry nor one chop suey restaurant. The truth is the Chinese here in China never heard of chop suey. I put away a meal of Chinese food and "ye gods and little fishes," what a meal! They usually serve about fifteen to twenty courses. Soup to nuts would never describe the Chinese menu. Chicken and fish in every conceivable shape and form—bird's nest soup, shark's fins, fried lizard, almond scented tea, hot wine, no bread and a hot towel before and after eating will give you some idea of what surrounds a Chinese meal. Oh, yes! Al-

most forgot to tell you. This was my first experience trying to wrestle with a pair of chop sticks.

Nearly all the first class powers have legations here in Peking and we got a thrill in seeing the grand old stars and stripes waving in the breeze over our legation in this city. A few companies of American Marines are located here and do they live as gentlemen? They don't know what a mess-kit looks like and as for living quarters and Chinese servants? You would hardly believe me if I were to tell you that the great majority of them are happy and contented and do not want to come home—quite a difference to the doughboys in Tientsin.

I regretted our short stay in Peking, but Uncle Sam sent us an urgent invitation to return to the ship forthwith, and of course we complied "toot-sweet." On returning by train to our supposed destination at Ching Wang Too we got an exciting message at Tientsin that owing to the possibility of hostilities opening up any time in the vicinity of Ching Wang Too, we were directed to return to another port further south, where we would meet our ship. Boy! You should hear the rumors that started around. It brought back memories of other days. It gave me a real thrill to be back again in the war zone, and the disappointment that we were not going to hear the cannon or see a bombardment between the Chinese and Japanese was felt all around. We did see a most strange sight, however, "believe it or not," Japanese and Chinese troops entraining at the same station in Tientsin. You have to keep in mind that war was not officially declared by either country, hence the proximity of both. I need scarcely tell you that there were some hard looks exchanged.

We saw thousands of refugees coming from the Manchurian frontier, heavily loaded with packs, etc. It took me back fifteen years in my life to other days.

An hour's train ride brought us to Tankow on the Yellow Sea, where we met our good ship, and after a good night's sleep far away from cannons, machine guns, and Very Lights, "then came the dawn."

(Signed) PADRE,  
In Chinese Waters on our way to  
Yokohama.

*Don't Fail to Read*

## The Great Crusade

By Colonel Jennings C. Wise

~ ~ ~

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# IT WAS PART OF THE GAME

By J. S. DOUGLAS, JR., Capt. of Infantry, A. E. F.

(Continued from Jan.-Feb. issue)

CAPT. MASON, being on the dance committee, got dressed in a hurry, and dashed into town for a last look at the decorations, and to make sure everything had been done for the convenience of the guests. One look was enough. Lt. Wayne, of Virginia, and Lt. Wiggins, of Pennsylvania, the latter after the war to win a coveted place on one of America's greatest all-American football teams, had done a great job. The long ballroom of the Petersburg Country Club was ideally suited for such an occasion, and on this moonlit evening of early May, with the weather man smiling down in approval, it would be possible to handle the expected overflow by serving a continuous supper in the terraced gardens, thus relieving the congestion for dancing.

Regimental colors and trophies were to be found everywhere, as were also, of course, the stars and stripes. The exposed rafters of the beautiful colonial ballroom were effectively screened by the colors of our various allies. The British and French being placed at the posts of honor alongside the stars and stripes, as a compliment to the presence of officers of those governments. These massed colors were guarded by a selected non-commissioned officer of each of the armies. The window and floor decorations were ferns and roses in profusion.

Promptly at nine, Jim Mason appeared in his mother's suite at the hotel, and was greeted by a three-cornered hug. "Marvelous," said Jim. "To think that our entire party of women, even though you're only three, could actually be ready ahead of time."

"Yes," said Harriet, "we were all just that excited about the evening. Will our big soldier escorts be on time, you reckon?"

"Undoubtedly," said Jim. "As a matter of fact I saw Kingman entering a florist shop a few moments ago, as I drove down Sycamore Street. Hope he guesses right as to the color of your very pretty frock—I never seem able to with my love affairs." "Kid," turning to Eliza, "you need have no fears. Your handsome Princeton man has yet to be caught in a social error. Watch your step, though, he's rated as dangerous by the maids of this section."

"When will you be going on?" said Mrs. Mason.

"About nine-thirty," answered Jim.

"Not the dance, son; I mean when do you sail?"

"It won't be long, mother. No one seems to actually know. Fresh troops are badly needed at the front, and all agree we are ready. I am afraid your visit here will be goodbye, as no further leaves will be granted."

Mrs. Mason tried hard to smile, but could not hide the dim tears forming in her understanding eyes; eyes that had followed this only son's every moment since babyhood.

A rap on the door indicated new arrivals. Both girls dashed for the nearest mirror for a final inspection of coiffures. Their action was justified, it was none other than the dashing lieutenants, each presenting an elaborate looking box to their respective partners.

The wrappers were hastily torn off. "How wonderful," said the girls in unison. Harriet, it seems, was to wear violets and orchids, and Eliza, sweet-peas and lilies of the valley.

"Mother," said Jim, "I am sure you all are going to like Henrietta Jones. She is a most delightful person, and perhaps one of the reasons I haven't been home oftener. Try not hold that against her, though, and I'll bring her up just as soon as the receiving line formalities are over. I must dash on over to the club now, as she is about due."

As Jim arose to leave, Harriet said, "Brother, I want to see you just a minute," leading the way into her room and closing the door, with apologies to the others. "Isn't there something wrong? I've watched you three in there tonight, and the outward gaiety appears to me to be somewhat forced. Is it imagination on my part, or can you tell me? I know all of you want to go over, so it couldn't be that."

Jim reflected a moment and said, "Sis, you're a keen observer. There is something wrong, but the trouble is just the reverse. Five of us, all the closest of friends, are afraid we are to be left behind." He briefly outlined the official happenings upon which this fear was based.

"Don't worry tonight," she said, "I'll see what can be done when we reach home tomorrow night. You know we have a lot of influential friends, and surely they will be glad to help."

"That's fine of you, Sis; ordinarily I'd not object; but everyone says it's a case of personal spite, and not because we are less efficient than other officers of our rank and experience. I haven't given up hope, so, as you suggest, let's forget it tonight, at least. Well, I must go, and I'd suggest you all leave soon."

Little did Capt. Mason know that something favorable was to happen, and happen that very night.

The ball was a brilliant success. Colonel Harlow, the new regimental commander, who had just arrived that afternoon, led the grand march with Mrs. Harlow. Four German figures were led by Capt. Mason and the beautiful Henrietta Jones, during the evening. An innovation was introduced for these figures. The march music being played by the regimental band from one end of the ballroom, and at the "break," the jazz music was supplied by a famous colored orchestra.

The intermission found Harriet Mason with Major Goode, the Division Inspector—he had been quite attentive during the evening. They strolled to a table in the garden for refreshments.

"Well, young lady, I hope you are having a good time," ventured the Major.

"That doesn't begin to describe it," said Harriet. "A better time than I should, perhaps. I am worried about my brother."

"I am sorry," replied the major; "is there anything I can do—what is the nature of the trouble?"

Harriet did not answer at once. Knowing little or nothing of military matters, she wondered whether it would be proper to divulge even the little information she did possess. Finally she contrived to

say, "Brother is afraid he will not sail with the division. He is afraid he will lose his company, or something—and he is simply devoted to both the officers and the men. Am afraid I am not sufficiently well versed in your army matters to explain it more intelligently."

"No ones troubles, even your nice brother's, are to be allowed to interfere with this grand party," said the Major. Tell Capt. Mason to report to me in the morning at 8:30. I'll be glad to go over it with him."

Then others arrived at the table and a general conversation took place—mostly about the success of the party. Henrietta invited Mrs. Mason and the girls to have lunch with her when passing through Richmond the following day—an invitation that was promptly accepted.

The dancing continued until two a. m., and many were the regrets that so wonderful an evening must come to a close.

"I'll drop by the hotel, mother, for a good-night," said Jim, "just as soon as I deliver my fair partner to her chaperon on the train."

He returned to the hotel suite to find that Kingman and Cain had ordered a most elaborate late supper, considering what had already been consumed during the evening. It was well after three before the gathering broke up.

Kingman, sensing that Capt. Mason might want a few moments alone with his family, said, "Come on, Cain, we'll wait for Captain Jim in the lobby."

After they had gone, Harriet told of her conversation with Major Goode. "You probably shouldn't have mentioned it, Sis," said Jim. "However, I have nothing to lose, and it may even be my only opportunity to get the true facts to the general's attention. You bet I'll be there."

"This is probably the only chance for your son to ever have the opportunity of becoming a hero," said Jim, turning to his mother, "so wish me luck. If I succeed it means across with the outfit. Otherwise I'll fight the war in the depot brigade; it is well understood, getting out of it is almost impossible."

Promptly at 8:30 on the following morning, Captain Mason was admitted to the office of the division inspector. The clicking of the captain's heels and the hand salute would have done credit to an honor man from West Point.

"Sir, Captain Mason reports as directed." Major Goode was alone.

"Good morning, Mason," he said. "It is nice of you to be so prompt, as the entire staff must accompany the general on the inspection at nine. Sit down, please. I understand there are certain matters down at your regiment causing you some concern. You may discuss them with me quite informally. Before you begin, though, I want to say what a nice time I had at your party, and how nice it was to meet your charming family. With relatives like that, there couldn't be anything seriously wrong with you, I imagine," said the major smiling. "Go ahead, please; what's it all about?"

(To be continued)

# An History of the 305th Motor Supply Train Eightieth Division, U. S. A.

(Note) The writer must be pardoned for referring more often to incidents affecting Company "C," which he commanded, than to those other Companies comprising the remainder of this much-traveled Train. Records are very incomplete, and so much time has elapsed since the last truck was turned in, that it is very hard to reconstruct the chain of events as they occurred.

According to the records in my possession, the Train was originally formed around a nucleus of recruits from the Depot Brigade, together with transferred men from the 319th and 320th Infantry. These men, with officers from the various training Camps, gradually increased in numbers until the six full companies were complete, and at the time of departure from Camp Lee, the following officers were in command:

Commanding Officer, Capt. Jeremiah O'Mahoney.  
 Adjutant, Lt. Henry C. McKenna.  
 Surgeon, Capt. Lester J. Williams.  
 Dentist, Lt. M. C. Islar.  
 Supply Officer, Lt. J. R. Michelson.  
 A Company Com'dg, Lt. Hugo B. Grant.  
 Junior, Lt. Leonard S. Gilliam.  
 B Company Com'dg, Lt. Owen F. Keeler.  
 Junior, Lt. John B. Gardner.  
 C Company Com'dg, Lt. Lucien C. Lowndes.  
 Junior, Lt. James N. Stannard.  
 D Company Com'dg, Lt. Conrad F. Crome.  
 Junior, Lt. James Marcus Bosley.  
 E Company Com'dg, Lt. George H. Stuckey.  
 Junior, None.  
 F Company Com'dg, Lt. T. D. Sunny.  
 Junior, Lt. Roy I. Moran.

All during the Spring of 1918, drills, practice marches and inspections were kept up on a rigid schedule, until shortly before leaving Camp Lee in May, when the packing of materials and equipment took up most of the day's work. The expectancy of immediate departure had been hanging over the whole camp for weeks, and finally when First Call sounded at mid-night of May 24th, everything was in readiness for the move forward. Roll Call of Company "C" showed one officer and seventy-six men, and a copy of the Divisional embarkation tables gives the strength of the Train as fifteen officers and four hundred and eighty enlisted men.

Lieutenant James N. Stannard, Junior officer of "C" Company, had left several weeks earlier, enroute for France, with a detachment of officers representing each organization of the Eightieth Division to act as billeting officers for the Division; these officers rejoined us on our arrival at Brest.

About 1 A. M. on May 25th the march began and our destination, City Point, Virginia, was reached at six in the morning after a monotonous tramp over concrete roads from Camp Lee. Here we

embarked on a river steamer, arriving at Newport News at 2 P. M., where the battalion was formed and marched to the Transport Huron (formerly the Crown Prinz Friederich der Gross). Saturday evening was spent in getting settled on board, and on the following day, Sunday, May 26th, at 4:30 P. M. the Huron slowly pulled away to join the sister ships of the convoy somewhere off the Jersey Coast.

Until the morning of the 30th there was no rough weather, and the storm which started that morning lasted only until nightfall; while some other days were decidedly unpleasant, this was the only real storm of the trip.

On the morning of June 3rd, when gun practice was held, all transports took turns at firing and towing targets. Off to port the Mongolia, probably the fastest ship of the convoy, steamed ahead, closely followed by the Mercury, which shortly afterward developed engine trouble of some sort and remained behind, guarded by our one destroyed.

Off to starboard sailed the Tenadores, and still further away the Siboney and Americus (or America) brought up the rear. If I remember correctly, the armament of the Huron consisted of two five-inch rifles forward and two aft.

The roar of Klaxon horns awakened us at 4 A. M. on the morning of June 6th. All on board hurried to assigned places at boats or rafts waiting for further orders, and while no one seemed to know whether or not submarines had been sighted, everyone, apparently, decided to come on deck anyway. The subs failed to put in an appearance, however, and later in the day after we had been told officially that we would land at Brest, we sighted a group of about a dozen sub-chasers sent out from Brest to convoy us into port. They were very welcome; in fact, I never in my life remember any sight that gave me keener pleasure.

The Huron reached Brest on the 8th of June, having been thirteen days enroute. Some time was spent on ship-board, as the transport, being heavily loaded, had to be lightened before docking and fully three days were spent unloading freight. According to one diary in my possession "there was six hundred thousand tons of beef" on board which had to be removed and stored at Brest.

The overland march to Pontenezan Barracks began on the morning of June 11th and this old relic of the Napoleonic Wars was reached early in the afternoon. It was here also that we spent the night of the 11th. Then on the morning of the 12th, back again to Brest over the same road where we entrained on one of the famous "Forty and Eight" trains with destination unknown. Very few stops were made, and for ninety hours we progressed over perhaps the worst track in the world. I have unsuccessfully tried to trace our route on this trip, but our course took us practically straight across France almost to the border of Alsace.

At about 4 A. M. on June 15th our Troop train pulled into La Ferte sur Amance, Haute Marne, a town of only a

few scattered houses, and later in the day we commenced the twenty kilo march to Gourgeon, Haute Saone, at which place under full pack we arrived at about 7 P. M. The night was spent in a meadow which resembled a lake the next morning.

Gourgeon needs no introduction! A counterpart of hundreds of other small towns in France with women and old men trying to carry on the work left unfinished by the active men long since at the Front. A collection of gray walls and cobbles, the usual central square where the people gathered to chatter over the Town Crier's news.

The following day, June 16th, saw the Battalion billeted about in stables and houses all over town. Four of the companies were located comparatively near to Headquarters, with "C" and "D" Companies living in an abandoned mill about one-half mile from Main Street.

(Note) "From this point on, those members of the 305th who read this, must remember that the information I have regarding companies other than "C" is very vague, but as nearly as possible I will try to trace their wanderings until finally we all came together again at Pompeiere."

Some days prior to July 5th, the day following the historic Ball Game, I was directed to report to the Commanding Officer of the Train, when I was informed that Company "C" was to be temporarily assigned to another Division for Supply Train duty, and on July 5th, sealed orders were delivered to me. We left at 10 A. M. July 5th in trucks and reached Jussey, Haute Saone, sometime in the afternoon. This place was remembered afterward for its very excellent beer. As usual, Gardiner was responsible for this assertion.

The night of the 5th was spent on a train, and at 9 A. M. we pulled into Bourmont, Haute Marne, to immediately go on duty with the 37th Division—Ohio National Guard, then under command of Major-General Farnsworth, late of the 80th Division. This work with the 37th consisted largely of delivering rations and supplies to their various units scattered throughout the surrounding villages.

All this preliminary work was excellent training for the Company, and gave it a foretaste of the more serious conditions that lay before it.

On July 13th, orders came to take Company "C" to Meuse, for some time the rail-head of the 83rd Ohio, who were pulling out about this time to make room for the 91st Pacific Coast Division. We helped the 91st move into this area, and were then, on the 18th, ordered to Montigny-le-Roi, a few kilometers from Meuse, to continue our work with this Division which consisted chiefly of delivering clothing and food to their respective units.

About twenty-three trucks were being used at this time, and these had been turned over to the 91st pending the arrival of their own supply train, which had failed to put in an appearance.

(To be continued)





### BRIG. GEN. BURGESS, ENGINEER, IS DEAD

Brig. Gen. Harry Burgess, former commander of the 305th Engineers, 80th Division, for the period preceding the last phase of the Argonne Drive and former Governor of the Panama Canal Zone, who took part in designing the Muscle Shoals power development and was a former member of the Mississippi River Commission, died March 18, 1933. He retired from the Governorship in September because of ill health. Since Oct. 30, he had been a patient at the Army and Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Ark. He was 61 years old.

His widow, the former Miss Mary Lillington McKoy, of Wilmington, N. C., whom he married in 1912, took the body to Washington for burial at Arlington National Cemetery.

General Burgess, a member of the Engineer Corps, was born in Starkville, Miss., on Feb. 22, 1872. He studied at Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College and was graduated from West Point in 1895. He taught engineering there from 1898 to 1900. He served with the American Expeditionary Force in France from 1917 to 1919. From 1924 to 1928 he was engineer in charge of maintenance of the Panama Canal. In 1928 he was made Governor of the Canal Zone.

**SULLIVAN, JOHN F.**, formerly of Company A, 320th Infantry, died on February 20, 1933, at his home at 3428 Allendale St., Pittsburgh, Pa. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Addie Sullivan. Interment in St. Mary's Cemetery, Pittsburgh.

**IRVINE, RALPH W.**, formerly Private of Machine Gun Company, 319th Infantry, died in the St. Francis Hospital on March 4, 1933.

**HOGSHED, J. W.**, formerly Corporal, Company G, 317th Infantry, died at his home in Washington, D. C.

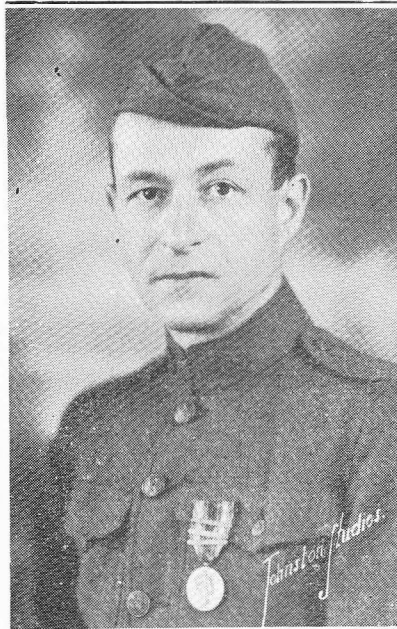
**MANIGAY, LOUIS**, formerly of Company E, 305th Engineers, died suddenly at New York, March 1, 1933. Military funeral was held at his home, 734 Boquet St., McKees Rocks, Pa. Interment in St. Mary's Cemetery.

**CONLEY, BERTRAM B.**, formerly Corporal of Battery C, 314th Field Artillery, died instantly when the car which he was driving collided with a street car near Canton, Ohio, on Sunday, March 19, 1933. Two sisters driving with Mr. Conley were killed also. Services were conducted in the First Christian Church, Earl Francis Post, A. L., of Moundsville, were in charge of the funeral. Interment was in Mt. Rose Cemetery, Moundsville.

**CHEWNING, HENRY C.**, formerly Private, Company A, 318th Infantry, died at the University Hospital, Charlottesville, Va., on March 9, 1933. Military funeral was given the deceased. Allen Flannigan and Jesse B. Lumsden represented.

(Continued on Page 10)

### DEATH CLAIMS JUDGE FOSTER



Judge D. Paulson Foster of Allegheny County Court, died Thursday, April 20, 1933, at his home, Washington Avenue, Carnegie, Pa.

Judge Foster was formerly Private in the 305th Field Signal Battalion, 80th Division.

Stricken with influenza several months ago, the jurist rallied, but his physical condition again dropped when pleurisy developed a short time ago. He gradually became weaker until death overcame his frail constitution.

#### Known for War Work

Known widely in the district for his military activity during the war, he also gained praise for his conscientious handling of the Juvenile Court work. He was assigned to this phase of the bench shortly after his appointment by Governor William C. Sproul in 1920.

He was born in Carnegie in 1887, the son of C. A. and Elizabeth P. Foster. After attending public and high schools in Carnegie, he entered Shadyside Academy, from which he was graduated.

Following graduation from Princeton University in 1912, he studied law in the offices of Patterson, Sterret and Atcheson in Pittsburgh, and was graduated from the University of Pittsburgh law school in 1915.

He practiced until 1918, when he went to war as a private in the Eightieth Division. He went to France and served for the duration of the conflict as a doughboy.

#### Appointed to Bench

His appointment to the bench was made shortly after his return to fill the vacancy caused by the election of Judge James B. Drew to the Common Pleas bench. Judge Foster was the youngest judge in the state when he took the oath.

Prior to his appointment he was commander of Carnegie Post 82, American Legion. He had been the post's delegate to the Allegheny County Legion committee.

#### Other Activities

He was past commander of General Lloyd M. Brett Post, Eightieth Division, and in 1927 was named National Commander of the Eightieth Division Vet-

### MAJ. GEN. SAMUEL D. STURGIS DIES

Veteran of Spanish and World Wars Dies After Long Illness at Age of 72.

Funeral for Maj. Gen. Samuel D. Sturgis, 72, U. S. A., retired former commanding general of the Panama Canal Department and commander of the Eightieth Division during part of the period while the Division was located in the 15th Training Area following the Armistice, was held in Arlington Cemetery. Gen. Sturgis died recently at Walter Rein Hospital following an extended illness.

Pallbearers included Maj. Gen. Chas. G. Treat, Maj. Gen. V. F. Cheatham, Maj. Gen. Robert Callan, Maj. Gen. C. W. Kennedy, Brig. Gen. James T. Kerr, Brig. Gen. George McIver, Col. Richard T. Ellis, Col. Earl MacFarland, Col. Edward B. Clark.

Gen. Sturgis was born in St. Louis, Mo. He was the son of Maj. Gen. Samuel D. Sturgis, who served in the Union forces during the Civil War.

Gen. Sturgis was graduated from West Point and was commissioned a second lieutenant in 1884. He was promoted through the Army to and including major general. He served in the Spanish War and in the Philippine Insurrection.

With the outbreak of the World War he organized and commanded the Eighty-seventh Division at Camp Pike, Ark., and went to France in November, 1917. After the armistice he commanded the Eightieth Division in France. Upon his return he was assigned to the command of the Panama Canal Department and was commanding general of the Third Corps Area at Baltimore when retired for age Aug. 1, 1925.

Gen. Sturgis is survived by his wife, Mrs. Bertha B. Sturgis, the former Bertha Tracy Bement, of St. Paul, Minn. Also surviving are three children, Lieut. Samuel D., U. S. A.; Robert B., and Mrs. Elizabeth T. S. Murrill.

He was a member of Albert G. Baker Post 86, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Judge Foster was a member of the Carnegie United Presbyterian Church and of several Masonic organizations including the Consistory and the Shrine.

Surviving are his parents and a brother, Case A. Foster, Jr.

With his associates of County Court and other judges acting as honorary pallbearers, general services for Judge Foster were held at his home on Sunday, April 23, at 3:00 P. M. The body was escorted to Chartiers Cemetery for burial by a military guard of honor from the 80th Division and Carnegie Post of the American Legion and Albert G. Baker Post No. 86, V. F. W.

The honorary pallbearers included President Judge Richard A. Kennedy of County Court; Associate Judge Samuel J. McKim, Sara M. Soffel, M. A. Musmanno and Benjamin Lencher of County Court; Supreme Court Judge James B. Drew and Judges Elder W. Marshall, James H. Gray, Thomas Marshall, James R. Macfarlane, George V. Moore, Sylvester J. Snee, and H. H. Rowand of Common Pleas Court.

The active pallbearers were John Carroll, Felix Snowden, John Dilworth, St. Clair Childs, Charles Jones and Lawrence D. Blair.



## Philadelphia Post No. 2



Commander Tibbott inaugurates a new class of members into the Post. All fathers of past or present Post members are now entitled to participate in all Post activities, except voting on questions pertaining to the National Association and shall not be subject to the payment of dues.

Thursday, May 18th, will be an open house meeting, a short business session, entertainment and luncheon, an old-fashioned get-together of the Veteran, Mother, Dad, Sister, Brother, Wife, Cousin, Children or what have you (maybe a sweetheart). All are welcome and no charge to anyone.

Sunday, May 28th, our Annual Me-

## TAPS

(Continued from Page 9)

sented Company A as active pallbearers. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Natalie D. Chewning.

**VEES, MARTIN E.**, formerly Sergeant in charge of special detail of Battery E, 314th Field Artillery, died instantly when he was struck by an automobile while crossing a street in Wheeling, W. Va., on March 11, 1933. The deceased who had been a patient at the U. S. Veterans Hospital, Aspinwall, for the past couple of years, was to have returned within a couple of days for further treatment after a ninety-day furlough. Funeral was in charge of the 80th Division. Pallbearers were E. P. Burke, R. J. Faland, T. R. Null, S. J. Bellville, Frank A. Glover, all of Battery E, and Martin J. Lane and S. A. Voight, of C Battery. Requiem High Mass was solemnized in the Immaculate Conception Church. Interment was in the Mt. Calvary Cemetery, Wheeling.

**VACHA, JOSEPH**, formerly of the 314th Machine Gun Battalion, died at St. Francis Hospital, Peoria, Illinois. Mr.

Memorial Services in the Richardson Memorial Church! Frank Schoble, Jr., is in charge of the speakers for the evening. Bring the family and invite your friends to the service. You will not be disappointed.

Memorial Day, May 30th, we decorate and hold services at the graves of our departed. Be with us this year and see the impressive ceremony your Post holds.

Poppy Sales during week preceding Memorial Day will again be in charge of Wm. Mulvihill, 237 W. Seymour St., Phila. Have your family, friends and business associates wear the official 80th Division Poppy, made by disabled veterans in hospitals. Price 10 cents each. No order will be too small or too large to forward you.

Past National Commander Bonsall advises us that Aug. 3rd, 4th and 5th have been chosen as time of National Convention in Huntington, W. Va., some 500 odd miles from here. Rather a long hitch-hike, but we'll be seeing you.

Remembering our disabled comrades in hospitals is one thing we pride ourselves on doing best. So again on Good Friday we journeyed to the Naval and Coatesville Hospitals to distribute Easter Eggs to the men and donated a large number

Vacha resided at 1101 East Virginia Avenue, and was advertising manager of the Peoria Dry Goods Company. He was considered one of the outstanding advertising men in Peoria and in the organization of the Interstate Department Stores, operators of the Peoria Dry Goods Company and other stores throughout the United States. He often had been consulted in advertising projects of other stores of the chain. Mr. Vacha was a member of the Sacred Heart Church, the 80th Division Veterans' Association, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Order of Alhambra, and the K. of C. Surviving are his widow and two children, Joyce, 12 years old, and Joan, 7 years old. His parents and several brothers and sisters in Cleveland and Los Angeles also survive.

World War veteran collector wishes to buy for cash all A.E.F. mail envelopes and post cards. Also domestic camp and navy postal material of 1917-1919. Please submit for price. Safarid, 7147 Manse St., Forest Hills, Long Island, N. Y.

of magazines and puzzles to the Hospitals.

Have you forgotten anything? Your Post and National Association dues, your subscription to Service, for instance!

Rome was not built in a day and a new boss in the White House for two months, plus beer, has not placed all 80th men in positions where they can pay dues and it is right up to the more fortunate of the comrades to do a little more than their share, so we may carry on. Say, for instance, you received an appeal, "Brother, can you spare a dime?" Don't cast it aside. Make it a Buck! Carry on!

How about that picnic in June, a day in the country, bathing and the old ball game, may help to reduce the waistline of some of you old timers.

## Who's Who in Philadelphia

Like the birds and bees, the old timers are with us again with the spring and we were glad to see Paul Wysicki, Sam Coplin, Bill Rhoads, Warren Rareshide and Bob Crawford. Then I might mention Sgt. Bill Galleher but Bill is rather a good regular, nevertheless he runs home too early.

Dr. Poole, our Post Chaplain, and Stanley Lichtenstein were also out in April after quite a long absence.

But the real gang is that 313 F. A. bunch with Lew Strouse, Frank Haenle, Bill Pfeifer, Paul Eitle, Bill Rhoads, Jim Delaney, Jack Edmonds, Jim Coleman and the writer present in April. Not so bad! But we always did think 313th the pick of the Division.

Bill Mulvihill, who ran his truck to Harrisonburg last year, says a run to Huntington Aug. 3rd, 4th and 5th is in order. Make your reservations early as capacity is limited.

Does our Adjutant Jim Kilgannon swing a mean pen when writing the minutes? That dig, on the playing of taps by Post Buglers, Capt. Otto Leinhauser and Pill Roller Rus Mahon, was cruel, though we who had to listen, agree was darn well deserved.

The sympathy of the Post is extended to Jim Delaney upon the death of his beloved wife.

Frank Schoble, Jr., Sam Millinghausen, Jim Delaney and the writer journeyed to Camden to hear National Commander Johnson of the Legion, tell South Jersey what the Legion was all about. And can he tell them!

Incidentally we met Commander Johnson, and also our own Boyd Stuttler, National Commander of the 80th.

We are informed that John Wilson, 315th F. A., a patient for some time in the Naval Hospital, later transferred to Diagnostic Hospital at Washington, is now at Mt. Alto Hospital undergoing treatment. We wish him the best of luck and a rapid recovery.

Sam Zuber, a patient at Naval Hospital for a long time and often visited by members of this Post, has passed

away, leaving a young daughter in care of her grandmother. Sam Millinghausen is acting for her with the Veterans' Bureau, and the Ladies' Auxiliary looking after her immediate needs.

Our congratulations to Charlie O'Neill, of the 80th, now Commander Philadelphia County Council V. F. W. There has been more constructive activity in this body during his administration than there had been in years.

Frank Roach has a new Essex but Elmer Leddon tells him if he gets a rope he will see Frank arrive in Huntington in time for the reunion.

Fred Haussmann has already reserved a seat with Rodney Bonsall. Then surely our Commander will go and he may have Paul Beck for company for Beck surely cannot ride de luxe on the truck.

### Pennsylvania Auxiliary of Philadelphia Post No. 2

Depression or no depression, we carry on, and though our attendance isn't as large as we might wish, the spirit is there and with the coming of nice weather and the closing of school we are looking forward to more of our young mothers and their children being with us.

Our President, Mrs. Kilgannon, who is recovering from a broken ankle received in a fall recently, was back on the job, and we believe such loyal spirit deserves our support and the success of her administration.

Mrs. Frank Mayer, a Past President of our Auxiliary, after a long absence due to illness, is again back with us, working hard as in the past, and we are glad to have her with us.

We understand Mrs. Wilson's husband has been transferred to Mt. Alto Hospital and she is there with him. We missed one of our most active ladies at our April meeting.

Our Welfare Chairlady, Mrs. Fred'k Poole, a delegate of the D. A. R. at their convention in Washington, was also missed, but she had Dr. Poole, Post Chaplain, attend to say a few words in reference to Memorial Services.

Our sympathy to Mr. Delaney on the death of his dear wife.

Mrs. Donner, Larry Fisher's cousin, has joined the regulars and never misses a meeting, but one should have at least one of the family in the 80th meetings and Larry's night job prevents his attending the Post meetings.

Mrs. Eitle continues to attend regularly and bring along her too young daughters. How we wish other mothers would follow her example.

Mrs. Mahon, our Post President, and Mrs. Tibbott, Jr., Secretary, are fortunate in having someone care for their children and neither would think of missing a meeting.

Again we joined with the Post and gave each 80th patient in the Naval and Coatesville Hospitals, Easter eggs and a supply of magazines, playing cards and jig-saw puzzles.

Our after-meeting luncheons continue

to be a big success, everyone staying for this social hour.

Mrs. Donner and the writer accompanied some of the Post members on a trip to Camden to hear National Commander Johnson of the Legion, address the South Jersey Legionnaires.

An open house will be held on May 18th with an entertainment and luncheon. No charge is being made for the children. Come and enjoy a night with the 80th.

MARTHA MILLINGHAUSEN,  
Corresponding Secretary.

### Gen. Lloyd M. Brett Post

At the meeting held in the Mayfair Hotel, Friday, April 21, 1933, the following resolution was adopted:

#### RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, Death has taken from our midst our beloved Comrade and Friend, Judge D. Paulson Foster, and

WHEREAS, He earned our respect and admiration, serving bravely and faithfully as a soldier in the ranks of the 80th Division. In the years following the World War he has been a guiding spirit and loyal comrade in the activities of our Veterans' Association in the capacities of Post Commander, National Commander and Executive Council Member. As Judge in our Allegheny County Court we have been proud of his outstanding service to our community and all of its citizens. His career and life have ever been a source of inspiration, typifying the finest ideals of the Veterans of the 80th Division.

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, That the General Lloyd M. Brett Post, 80th Division Veterans' Association, at its monthly meeting this 21st day of April, 1933, express its deep sense of loss and sorrow and extend to Judge Foster's relatives the sincere sympathy of all 80th Division members in this hour of bereavement.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That a copy of this resolution be sent to the parents of Judge Foster; also that it be inscribed in the minutes of our meeting and published in the "Service Magazine" of the 80th Division Veterans' Association.

Unanimously Adopted:

GENERAL LLOYD M. BRETT POST,  
R. P. LOEFFLER,

ATTEST: CHARLES R. HALEY,  
Adjutant & Quartermaster.  
April 21, 1933.

### 317th Infantry

Stephen T. Early, formerly Lieutenant, 317th Infantry, is President Roosevelt's executive secretary.

### 318th Infantry

#### Company A

Our former Supply Sergeant Percy O. Grant is a patient at the Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va. Percy, we hope the treatments will be successful and that you will soon be marked "Duty."

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Henry C. Chewning, Trevilians,

Va., upon the death of her beloved husband, Henry (our buddy). Mrs. Chewning is seeking affidavits from all who can recall of Henry's illness while in France to prove her claim.



Remember:

The Stars and Stripes, official newspaper of the A. E. F.?

The following poem if you want to call it that appeared in one of its issues: Why is it that from yonder tower

The Colonel's lamp is burning still, Though it is past the midnight hour

And all's serene o'er vale and hill?

'Tis not the wisdom of the sages,

Nor army lore his mind enchants;

An earthlier task his mind engages;

He's sewing buttons on his pants.

The old K. P. yell?

Heads up, hot stuff coming through.

It's an old saying that "Wonders never cease," and although I had several things happen to me while in the army that made me believe more and more that the old saying was more truth than poetry, one of the little incidents that occurred while I was in Base Hospital No. 64, at Rimecourt is as follows:

I had been away from the outfit for about two weeks and had been at 64 for about a week. We knew that there was Hell going on up at the front, but as far as the old division and regiment were concerned I hadn't been able to find out until one night a new group of wounded was brought in. The lights were shaded on account of enemy air raids, so of course we did not get a chance to look the new arrivals over, but as some of them passed my cot, one of them mentioned Carnegie, and when I heard it sure made me sit up and take notice and I could hardly wait until daylight to find out who it was, and when I did we each had one good old-fashioned visit with plenty to tell each other. It was none other than "Baldy," although his mail come addressed to Baldwin, Alexander V. "Baldy" had been shot in the wrist, I believe, and also had some mustard burns. He did not stay long but was sent to another hospital, and after that was sent to the 81st Div., but after some delay was sent back to the old gang, and I was there to help greet him.

Our old friend Kearney has turned to writing and the following story was run in the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph during the week the picture "The Big Drive" was being shown in Pittsburgh. It is called "My Best War Story."

I will never forget the morning of September 26, 1918, while I was a member of Headquarters Company, 319th Infantry, trench mortar battery, on the Verdun sector of the front line, to which our regiment had been assigned. It had been trench warfare up to then. This was the beginning of open warfare.

A barrage had been going over continuously from about midnight. We were in a trench awaiting the zero hour. Men huddled about me, some praying, some showing elation they did not feel.

About 6 a. m. we got the order to advance. We were in skirmish formation. A fog began to rise almost like a blan-

ket. I could see the man on either side of me. Then the barrage began hitting quite a few of our men. It was impossible to signal the artillery on account of the fog.

Never having been in such a position before, I didn't know just what to do, so I jumped into what I thought was a shell hole. Imagine my surprise when I fell about 15 feet. It was a phony entrance to a German dugout. The fall knocked the breath out of me.

I could hear somebody talking in guttural tones. They ran out the other end of the dugout, and I don't blame them for running, if they were as scared as I.

That's real good, "Chuck," in fact Charlie took a prize with the story. Maybe I can get you to help me with the company news. Am surely running out of news as far as the company is concerned, but will try to give a little gossip or what have you, and by that time may-

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be some of the old gang will come to the rescue with some news occasionally.

### 320TH INFANTRY

#### Medical Detach.

Russ Mahon has changed his address from 204 Champlost St. to 5722 N. Howard St., Philadelphia.

The many friends of Dr. M. W. Pilgram, of Aspinwall, Pa., will be glad to hear that he has fully recovered from his recent illness.

#### Company C

Frank Totino, of 7728 Hamilton Ave., Pittsburgh, started on a strange pilgrimage to his own grave in France recently. His trip will carry him to the military cemetery of Romagne where lie the bodies of hundreds of his war buddies, victims of German shellfire and machine guns in Argonne forest. Frank will carry with him a photograph of a white cross that bears the name of "Frank Totino." But he wasn't killed scaling the misty heights of the dread Argonne. Instead, he lay wounded for days; and he believes a comrade was buried under his name. Relatives told Mr. Totino he had been carried on government dispatches as killed, and buried in France. He learned the location of the grave and obtained a photo of the cross over the mound bearing his name.

It is to Caulonia, Italy, the country in which he was born, Mr. Totino plans to go first to visit his parents. From his birthplace he will leave for France and on the fifteenth anniversary of the war, on the exact dates on which his "fatal" experiences occurred will make his pilgrimage to the cemetery and to the Argonne battlefield.

Chas. P. Hodge, of Greenville, Pa., visited Headquarters while in Pittsburgh on business recently.

## E COMPANY 320 INFANTRY

The annual reunion and banquet of E Company will be held in the Norse Room of the Fort Pitt Hotel on May 6, 1933, at 6:30 P. M.

Members are urged to attend. The cost this year is only \$1.00, and the dinner and entertainment will be worth much more. The old time comradeship is much in evidence at these affairs. Many members have an unbroken record of attendance at the reunions and wouldn't miss one under any consideration.

We are to have the honor of General Cronkhite's presence and Judge Ralph H. Smith is to address the membership on "Peace Time Soldiering."

Lieutenant W. W. Martin is motoring over from Richmond, Va., and at Baltimore is being joined by Lieutenant Joe Tydings and Captain Fred Maag, of F Company. This will be the first time these latter two officers have been with us, and we anticipate showing them the real quality of Company E hospitality.

Any F Company man is welcome to join E Company on this occasion. We would like a goodly number of Captain Maag's old command to turn out to greet

him. So pass the word around. Have the F Company men phone or write to the undersigned secretary so that we may know how many reservations to make.

Notices have been mailed to all E Company men on the roll. If you are out of contact with Company headquarters advise the Secretary of your correct address, as you are missing some mighty good reunions.

Remember the time and place. Send your dues in now. There will be a big turnout of men you haven't seen in years, and they would like to see you.

H. W. LUDWIG, Secretary,  
1407 Mellon Street,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### Company F

Captain Maag expects to motor on to Pittsburgh to attend Company E's Annual Reunion to be held at the Fort Pitt Hotel, (Norse Room), Saturday evening, May 6, 1933, at 6:30 P. M.

All F Company men are cordially invited to attend—to meet Captain Maag and join in the old comradeship.

Dinner will be served at the above noted hour for which an assessment of \$1.00 per plate is being made. If you can attend the dinner, kindly phone or write your reservations to E Company's Secretary, H. W. Ludwig, 1407 Mellon Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., Phone EM-erson 0524.

Captain Maag is anxious to meet his men. Come to this Reunion, even if you have to break a half-dozen other engagements.

#### Company G

Private John Ojezenasz was decorated with the Order of the Purple Heart at ceremonies held recently in Scottdale Armory, under the auspices of the Service Company of the 110th Infantry.

#### Company I

Jack Sugden is in receipt of a Certificate of Capacity from the 3rd Corps Area of the U. S. Army, notifying him that when a vacancy arises and at the completion of his five-year term as a Captain he will be commissioned a Major in the 99th Division Reserves. Attorney Sugden was commissioned a Captain more than four years ago, so by early Spring of 1933 if a vacancy arises he should be wearing a gold leaf, emblematic of Majorship.

#### Company K

R. P. Loeffler, Commander of the Brett Post, is now residing at 118 Craft Avenue, Pittsburgh.

#### FLASHES FROM WASHINGTON

By Capt. J. S. Douglas, Jr.

Arlington National Cemetery received another gallant soldier on the afternoon of March 9, in the burial there of Major General Samuel J. Sturgis, retired, a former commander of the Eightieth. The writer assumed the responsibility of representing the Division, as it was feared that there was not sufficient time to permit appropriate action by the Association. Full military honors were accorded. The Second Battalion, Sixteenth Field Artillery, acting as escort. It was a very impressive ceremony, the cortege forming at the West gates of the ceme-

tery, where the flag-draped casket was placed upon the traditional caisson, followed by the officer's charger draped in mourning with the boots reversed in the stirrups. The funeral was largely attended and included many former associates and a few of the classmates of the deceased. You may recall that General Sturgis commanded our division during the trying period of training following shortly after the Armistice, when most of you were rather more interested in "When do we go home?"

Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, our greatest advocate and authority on lighter-than-air craft, went down with his ship, so to speak, in the tragic crash of the giant Akron. The entire nation joins in sympathetic mourning with the Navy in the loss of this majestic ship and its gallant crew. Several investigations are under way or contemplated, including the Navy's own Court of Inquiry and a joint Committee of the House and Senate. The real cause of the crash may never be known. I have seen this monarch of the skies over this vicinity a number of times, launching and taking-aboard its five scouting planes. It is hard to realize that only small bits of wreckage have been found after a most intensive search. Apparently they have not been built sufficiently strong as yet to withstand the ravages of the storms, and must be built with speed enough to dodge them. Her sister ship, the Macon, has just had her initial trial flight; it was highly successful in good weather.

The War Department will soon undertake extensive maneuvers at its large reservation at Camp Knox, Kentucky, the Air Force cooperating with ground troops in various problems. The efficiency of the present anti-aircraft equipment will be particularly studied. The Air Force has developed a bombing sight which is claimed to be very efficient, even at high altitudes.

Army personnel is considerably up in the air as a result of rumors that from 2,000 to 3,000 officers are to be retired, placed on half pay furloughs or otherwise eliminated, and that around 18,000 enlisted men are to be dropped, under one or more of the various economy plans of the administration. Veterans' appropriations will be practically cut in half. Authorities and politicians are apparently agreed that far too many veterans have been drawing compensations of various sorts to which they were not entitled. I believe that each of us knows of such cases in our various communities; combined, they would amount to a huge sum, and I for one believe that the Government would be on the right track in a re-examination of many such cases, if not all of them: certainly the ones built on slim or border-line evidence.

The Japs are still going. Where?

Yes! we have BEER—such as it is.

NEWS FROM MIDDLETOWN, PA.  
By Charles Lutz  
313th Machine Gun Battalion  
Company D

Blaine Nornhold resides at Middletown, Pa. He is married and has three lovely children. Just recently Blaine returned from the Veterans Hospital. We hope that you are enjoying good health now, Blaine, and that little Sunny has fully recovered from the snake-bite he recently received.

### 305th Ammunition Train

Sylvester K. Ulrich, ex-wagoner of Company C, also resides in Middletown, Pa. He is still single and is employed by the Gobshall Draying Company.

### 305th Trench Mortar

George Grundon, another Middletown resident, is employed by the Bethlehem Steel Company. He, too, is married and is the father of two children.

Benjamin H. Dobson, formerly Corporal, is in the tinning and plumbing business in Middletown, and finds enough time to belong to the American Legion Drum & Bugle Corps.

### 320th Infantry

John J. Boughter, formerly Sergeant of Company A, resides in Royaltin, Pa. He is married, has two pretty children, and is employed at the Middletown Air Depot. He is a great hunter and fisherman.

### WHEELING SECTOR

Quite a few familiar 80th Division faces are numbered among the ranks of the R. F. C. projects in this section working for \$1.80 per day and glad to get it. Almost as bad as the days gone by, getting up at 5 a. m. to the tune of an alarm clock instead of bugle to ride in a counterpart of an army truck. Some in the general comparison yearn for the old Camp days.

Terry Garrison of E. Btry. has not been heard from in his Ohio location for a long time and his many friends and 80th comrades are wondering just why.

Fourteen years ago the many members of 314th F. A. were enjoying a wonderful time in the LEMANS area, playing baseball, etc., no clothing, food, or lodging to worry about. The regiment eliminating baseball league was a thriller, B Btry. winning from E Btry. in the finals 5 to 2. C. Btry. members in a game of their own ran out of players as they found out that stone in place of bases just wasn't the proper thing to slide into. E Btry. had a mushball league that for rivalry just couldn't be surpassed and woe to the umpire in a close decision. No kidding, fellows, didn't we have fun?

Deserving Comrades in this sector are very down-hearted over the prospect of having their disability allowance discontinued or reduced which, plus little or no earning income, is not tres bon. They advance the fact that if the non-fighting element of our country expect them to bear arms and endanger their lives when the structure of our nation is threatened then our welfare should be insured in times of need. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!

Wear your 80th Division label button and, those who are able, rally to the support of our Association in a financial way in these times of stress. As time passes by we will value our organization more and more and if once disbanded it will probably be only a memory with no yearly reunions to talk over the old dangers and fun.

We are glad to hear that our former cook, Preston E. Burkholder, will soon be marked for "Kitchen Duty" again. "Cracker" has been suffering from an infected hand. His home is at New Market, Va.

A recent report from Waverly, Va., the home of "Rough Stuff" Sergeant William T. Johnson, says that "Rough Stuff" is making plans to attend our reunion at Huntington, W. Va., this year. Great, the gang will be glad to see you, Sergeant.

Fellows, start corresponding with your buddy. Tell him about our coming reunion to be held at Huntington, W. Va. Remember, we are going to have real "Beer" along with our other refreshments.

Company A and Company B held a reunion recently at Washington D. C. Company B was represented by our good friend Capt. James S. Douglas and

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James E. Farrar represented Company A. The party was most enjoyable.

Fellows, we want news of any description regarding any of our former buddies for our Morning Report column. Now if we don't get it, we are going to expose some of you fellows with all the dirt and scandal we can dig up.

How about a few notes from you, George M. Rhyner, 2217 Doty St., Oshkosh, Wis.? Your buddies in the East are anxious to hear from you.

It's always in order to remind you that "Our Association needs you, so pay up your dues and renew your subscriptions to our Service Magazine.

JAMES E. FARRAR.

**Company D**

L. S. Mizelle, formerly of Askewville, and now of Windsor, N. C., is Register of Deeds of Bertie County. Mr. Mizelle is a great booster for "The Service Magazine." He claims he thoroughly enjoys every issue.

**313TH FIELD ARTILLERY**

Our thanks to Sam Evans for his kind boost to yours truly, but we were especially thankful for his pinch-hitting while we were loafing in Florida.

Of course I just hate to pat 313th on the back but ask me, are they active in Philadelphia Post?

Lew Strouse, Senior Vice Commander, is also Membership Chairman and though Lew has a new job that is keeping him busy early and late we of 313th expect him to put the membership job across.

Frank Haenle, Junior Vice Commander, as Welfare Officer in our estimation arrived on Good Friday for, on that day, Frank, accompanied by Bill Pfeifer, Jim Delaney and the writer (please note only 313th men) journeyed to the Coatesville Veterans' Hospital with magazines, jigsaw puzzles and Easter eggs for the boys. We met Mrs. Stratton and the Recreation Aids and the Hospital was as good as ours. Well, we were even treated to darn good cerry pie and I have been going to Veterans' Hospitals for years and darned if I ever received pie before. Yes, sir, Frank has arrived and to think he is a Granddaddy, no kiddin.

Larry Fisher, Post Historian, had his

scrapbook on display at the April meeting and needless to say Larry has done a nice job.

Then we have Bill Pfeifer, John Edmonds, Jim Delaney and the writer on the executive council and Paul Eitle, Jim Coleman, Bob Crawford and Bill Rhoades to be relied on to attend our meetings.

**Company C**

We extend to Charles Adler our deep sympathy on the death of his beloved mother, Mrs. Josephine Adler. When the death of her late husband, less than two years ago, removed from the community of Haverstraw one of its most philanthropic citizens, Mrs. Adler, along with her family, carried out his work along these lines. The work was done unostentatiously and unadvertised, but proved of great help to local residents. Mrs. Adler is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Bernard Friedman, and Miss Bertha Adler; two sons, Leo and Charles Adler, and two granddaughters, Muriel and Helene Adler, all of Haverstraw.

**305TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION**

**Headquarters**

Not so long ago the question was raised, What has become of Pat. Naughton? Can it be possible, since there has been so many inquiries as to the whereabouts of Pat, that he has slipped to the great beyond, without anyone knowing, or has he simply detached himself from his former buddies of the 80th Division?

If, by any chance, any one knows the present whereabouts of Pat, would appreciate a line for he has a host of friends here in Pittsburgh and throughout the Western states and Florida, and they are anxious to know if Pat is still living.

Do you remember our old friend Harry Ginzer? Tried to clean the first shipment of mules to arrive in Camp Lee with a 12-foot pole, and was chased onto the roof of the stable by the mule? Those were the happy days. Incidentally, Harry is working for the A. & P. stores and doing very well. O. K., Harry!

Ran across Fritz Hornberger the other day. He is always inquiring about someone or other and wants everyone to know he still considers that the best friends he ever had, or ever will have, are members of the 80th, especially the 315th Mach. Gun Bn. I believe we all feel that

way about it. They are friendships that can never be re-made—those that were formed in the days of the war. That is why we should, if at all possible, attend more conventions than we do.

On the subject of conventions, received a card recently from Frank Mayer, of Greenville. If my memory serves me rightly Frank has attended every convention of the 80th, and is looking forward to this coming convention, hoping to see these old familiar faces again. We'll be seeing you, Frank!

Jigger Splane! There's a character with a heart as big as a house. Sorry to say Jigger's passed on to the great beyond recently. Died of pneumonia. Remember how Jiggers used to love to tell the story about the time when he was a cook on the boat, when the boat was sinking. Who could ever forget it?

Haven't seen Morris Sweeney recently. What's the trouble, Morris? Your old friend Fritz Hornberger was asking for you. Talked about the boxing bouts you and Jiggers used to put on for the boys in Camp.

Let's hope that the "Mashors Orderly" (as Sammy Brown would say) has had the pleasure of seeing his bank open again. Sammy certainly was in a bad way recently when one of his banks failed to open. Things are going to be brighter in the future, Sammy!

Met Bill Wampler, of McKeesport, recently. Bill is in the Radio and Electrical Appliance business and doing very well. Is quite an active member in the different Veterans' posts. Wants to be remembered to all the boys, especially Charlie Hollis.

Haven't seen Charlie Hollis recently. Last time I saw Charlie he was with the American Railway Express. Oh, yes, married, and has two children. O. K., Shar-lee.

Most any day you can meet our good friend, Red Thompson, in Pittsburgh. He will be glad to meet any of the boys, and talk of old times. Red has been cornerman at Sixth Avenue and Bigelow Boulevard for years. Remember when Red rounded up the boys after receiving their first pay in France? The boys ran Red ragged, but it was lots of fun.

**C Company**

The former members of the 80th Division, who enjoy music, will be pleasant-

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ly entertained if they turn the dials of their radio some evening to Station WWSW. They will recognize instantly the brilliant piano playing of no other than our old friend Fred W. Lotz. During training in camp it was a source of pleasure to attend the many concerts given by Fred in camp and Richmond. Good luck to you, Fred!

#### D Company

Another gifted member who has been heard both in concert and radio, is our good friend Earl Truxell. Remember the many concerts given by Earl and Fred Lotz in camp and in France? The memory lingers on!

H. J. KENDALL.

#### MORNING REPORT

Would appreciate the following addresses:

Walter Bergy, Philadelphia — 315th Mach. Gun Bn. Medical.

Anthony Willey, Pittsburgh—315th Mach. Gun Bn. Medical.

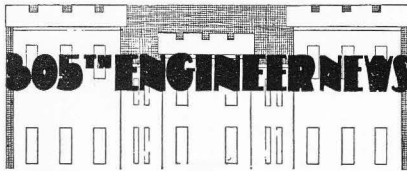
Patrick Naughton—315th Mach. Gun Bn. Headquarters.

McNamara, Pittsburgh—315th Mach. Gun Bn., C Company.

Frank Mess, Allison Park — 315th Mach. Gun Bn., C Company.

Regenauer, Oklahoma — 315th Mach. Gun Bn., Medical.

H. J. KENDALL.



Dr. H. A. Nelson, of Mount Jewett, has been appointed Associate Surgeon of the Community Hospital in Kane, according to an announcement made by the Board of Directors of the Hospital.

For more than two years Dr. Nelson has been assistant surgeon at the Community Hospital and had, therefore, a wide and thorough experience in the practice of surgery during his association with Dr. Blair Mosser, chief of the Hospital.

His appointment as an associate Surgeon is in recognition of his ability and experience in this specialized branch of medicine.

This splendid appointment will in no way interfere with Dr. Nelson's large practice in Mt. Jewett or his residence.

Dr. Nelson is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh and his splendid

educational background has been followed by wide experience.

He has practiced his profession in Mt. Jewett for two and one-half years and during that time has gained wide and deserved recognition for his outstanding skill.

#### 305th Motor Supply Train

By A. L. Langdon

Geo. Bogren is back in Warren, Pa., after several years in California. He is planning on opening a Meat Market in the very near future. You fellows of A Company, M.P., will remember Bogy and his onion sandwich.

Hear Mike Pasquarett is back in town again. Hope to see him within the next few days.

Sergeant Bill Simonsen is still in Warren and would be glad to hear from any of the boys.

Cecil Courtney, "Old Cec" of the round face and congenial smile, works for the Warren Wholesale Company.

George Wolfe, our old mule skinner, works for the Masterson Transfer Company in Warren.

Saw Bruce Dimmick, top kick of Company A, over at Coudersport not long ago. Remember "the Best Girl in the World"?

Any of the members going through Warren, one of God's most beautiful cities, will be welcome if they stop at the First National Bank and ask for Art Langdon. Art wishes to send his regards to Captain Cella. Wonder if the Captain remembers Langdon's leave to Paris that he obtained from Colonel Tobey?

#### HERE AND THERE

G. A. Cannon is assistant cashier of the Merchants & Mechanics Savings Bank of Norfolk, Va.

I. M. Holland has changed his address to 128 Jefferson Avenue, Washington, Pa.

James C. Cooney, of Elkhorn, W. Va., is busy rounding up members for the Association. His efforts have not been in vain.

Father Wallace, Chaplain of the 80th Division Veterans Association, is making

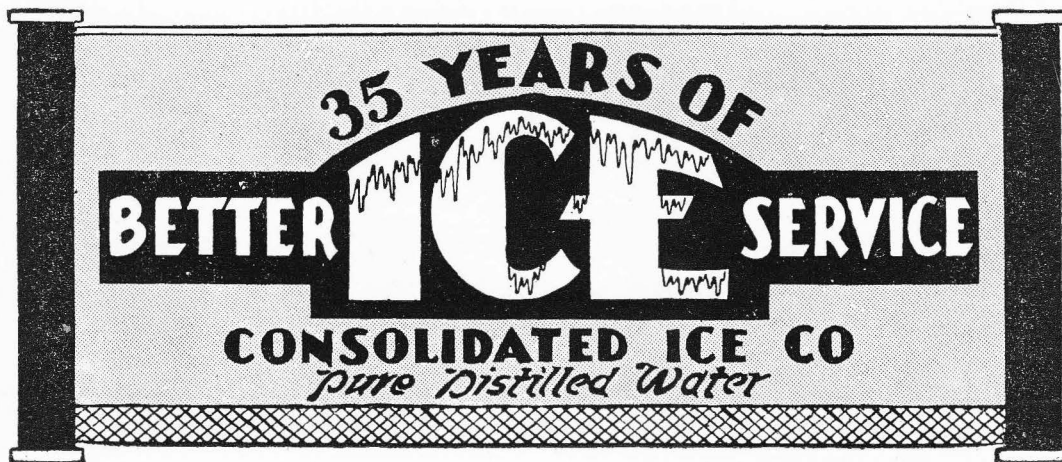
a tour of the world. If there is anyone who deserves just such a trip it is our dear Padre. Read "An 80th Division Doughboy Padre at the Chinese Front" in this issue.

H. M. Sutherland, member of the Virginia Legislature, and formerly Private, Supply Company, 318th Infantry, 80th Division, is a writer of short stories, one of which, "The Cat's Meow," starts in this issue of "Service Magazine."

The Leviathan, which we all regard so affectionately as somewhat of a national idol when she grandly ferried thousands of American doughboys across the Atlantic during the War, may be retired to anchorage at Solomon's Island, off the Maryland coast, with other outmoded American ships, to rust slowly away unless her adopted country again needs her for war.

THE VETERAN, a magazine published in the interests of the veterans and every organization that patriotically has upheld the American Flag here and "Over There," claims to be the oldest service man's magazine in the United States. We dispute this question claiming that THE SERVICE MAGAZINE, published and owned by the 80th Division Veterans Association in the interests of its members, is older than The Veteran. Our magazine was entered as second-class matter October 3, 1919, at the Post Office at Pittsburgh, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE VETERAN, we note, was entered as of March 11, 1920. "Service Magazine" had six teeth when "The Veteran" was born.

Another war between France and Germany within the next three or five years was predicted by E. L. Klingstein, former Commander of the Rockingham Post, American Legion, and Rion-Bowman Post, V. F. W., who with Mrs. Klingstein, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Friddle and Miss Maxine Birch have returned from a six-weeks trip through the two countries. Messrs. Klingstein and Friddle were members of the American Expeditionary Forces and visited the battle scenes of 1917-18. They said the French towns and villages, around which they fought and which were destroyed by German shells, have been rebuilt. They declared France is more prosperous than America and while motoring through Paris and the cities and towns of Northern France they saw only two beggars and were told there were no bread lines in that country.



**PLAN TO ATTEND THE**  
**14th Annual**  
**National Convention**

*of the*

**80th DIVISION**

**Huntington, West Virginia**



**AUGUST 3, 4 and 5**