

34

THE SERVICE MAGAZINE

VOL 15

NO 1



JUST A REMINDER
TO INCLUDE YOUR
OLD OUTFIT IN THE
NEW DEAL...
WHEN PAYING YOUR
DUES - SEE IF YOU
CANT PERSUADE SOME
OTHER BUDDIE TO
DO THE SAME

New Years Number



Professional and Business Directory of the Members of the 80th



Subscribed to in the Spirit of Co-operation Rather Than Advertising

LET YOUR BUDDIES KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING

ATTORNEYS

Cella, Carlo D., 70 Pine St., 60 Wall Tower, New York City.

Peterson, A. R., 10 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

McFall, Wm. B., St. Nicholas Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Shulgold, Jacob, 965 Union Trust Bldg. Atlantic 3896.

CIGARS AND CIGARETTES

Scher, Mike, 903 East Broad, Richmond, Va.

FLOUR AND FEED MILLERS

Stultz, Russell L., C. M. Stultz & Son, Flour and Feed Millers and Dealers in Grain and Feeds, Wholesale and Retail, New Market, Virginia.

LANDSCAPE GARDENER

Frishkorn, H. A., Nurseryman and Landscape Gardener, 800 Lapish Road, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Telephone Linden 6966-4724.

DRUGGIST

McKee, Mayne W., Cor East and Royal Sts., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

INSURANCE

Schoble, Frank Jr., Insurance, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

Lichtenthaler, H. P., Freehold Real Estate Co., 311 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Court 5800.

"OUR MEMORIAL PARK"

On May 30th, 1933—Memorial Day—a portion of Beautiful ALLEGHENY COUNTY MEMORIAL PARK was dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, as the

OFFICIAL BURIAL GROUND

FOR THE

EIGHTIETH
Veterans



DIVISION
Association

One of the duties every man owes his family is the provision—IN ADVANCE OF NEED—of a suitable final resting place. YOU should investigate this matter immediately. Send for free Booklet and full information regarding the 80th Division Section. Address NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, 80TH DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION, 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., or

ALLEGHENY COUNTY MEMORIAL PARK

Law & Finance Building

Atlantic 9847

Pittsburgh, Pa.



Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Pittsburgh, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Volume 15, No. 1

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1934

\$2.00 Per Year

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.

OFFICERS 1933-34

National Commander

E. G. PEYTON
Ft. Benning, Ga.

Honorary Commander

ADELBERT CRONKHITE
Maj.-Gen. U. S. A. Retired
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Vice Commanders

GEO. J. KLIER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

H. A. McCLAREN
Summit, Va.

VAN DYKE CLARK
Huntington, W. Va.

Chaplain

REV. EDW. A. WALLACE
Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

Historian

RUSSELL L. STULTZ
New Market, Virginia

Judge Advocate

H. W. FITCHETT
Huntington, W. Va.

Recording Secretary

DAN J. FACKINER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Color Sergeant

O. K. FRY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Headquarters Bulletin Board	4
Headquarters Company 320th Infantry Banquet	4
Our Commander's Page	5
Bernhard Ragner Invites His Buddies to Gay Paree	6
The Padre Off for Gibraltar on Globe Encircling Trip	8
A Sad, Sad Story	10
Do Not Forget the 80th Division.....	12
My Greatest Thrill	12
Taps	13
Morning Report	13

OFFICERS 1933-34

Executive Council

C. D. ACKERMAN
317th Infantry
Lakewood, Ohio

W. J. BLACKBURN
318th Infantry
Calvin, Virginia

ROBERT D. NEWMAN
319th Infantry
Crafton, Pa.

SAMUEL J. FLEMING
320th Infantry
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WM. G. PFEIFFER
313th Field Artillery
Philadelphia, Pa.

HENRY E. NEUMANN
314th Field Artillery
Wheeling, W. Va.

JOHN VACHETTA
315th Field Artillery
Braddock, Pa.

A. J. RAY
313th Machine Gun Bn.,
Crafton, Pa.

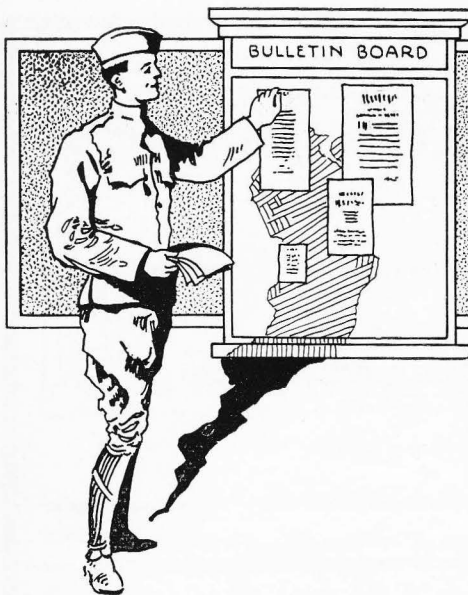
FRANCIS ROLLER
314th Machine Gun Bn.
Charleston, W. Va.

CHARLES W. CHESLEY
305th Engineers
Charleston, W. Va.

STANLEY RHYDDERCH
305th Ammunition Train
Kingston, Pa.

CHARLES POLLARD
Division Headquarters
Petersburg, Va.

"THE 80th DIVISION ONLY MOVES FORWARD"



HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN BOARD

THE PENNSYLVANIA BONUS

National Headquarters in the Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, has been quite a busy rendezvous for the Veterans of the 80th Division who were residents of Pennsylvania at the time of their entry into the service.

Our staff augmented by a number of willing volunteer workers distributed about twelve thousand bonus applications, and if there is any Pennsylvania Veteran who has not received his bonus application write to us at Headquarters and we shall be glad to forward the same.

The 80th Division Veterans Association took an active part in the fight to secure this bonus and every 80th man who benefits thereby should not forget his divisional association in the payment of his dues when he receives his check in April.

Veterans entitled to compensation under the act which was signed by the governor of Pennsylvania on January 5, 1934, are those individuals who were legal residents of Pennsylvania at the time of their entry into the service, who performed full and honorable service and who were members of the military

FATHER WALLACE PAYS SURPRISE VISIT TO HEADQUARTERS

On the afternoon of February 13th the telephone bell in the 80th Division Headquarters office rang. When answered a little meek Irish voice asked, "Is this the 80th Division office?" Much to the surprise of everyone the voice with the Irish brogue belonged to none other than our beloved Father Wallace, who was visiting friends in Pittsburgh.

After much telephoning we notified as many 80th Division veterans as possible, and the Padre met quite a few of the old-timers when he arrived at Headquarters at 4:00 P. M. From then until train time the war was fought once more. In the evening at the dinner given in his honor in the Plaza Restaurant, Father Wallace entertained the guests with pictures and a recital of his many experiences in his trip around the world. Here's hoping that the Padre finds many excuses to pay surprise visits to Pittsburgh, and he will find a cordial welcome awaiting him each and every time.

forces of The United States in the following wars on the dates shown:

War with Spain, April 21, 1898, to August 13, 1898.

China Relief Expedition, Philippine Islands or Guam, April 21, 1898, to July 4, 1902.

World War, April 6, 1917, to November 11, 1918.

Persons discharged for alienage or under other than honorable conditions and conscientious objectors are not eligible.

Compensation is payable to any veteran serving during the above periods who had at least sixty days' service which began prior to or during the periods listed. This service shall be "computed on the basis of ten dollars for every month and major fraction thereof of active service" . . . "until his separation from the service" . . . but no veteran shall be entitled to receive more than two hundred dollars. The "compensation of a veteran who died in active military service during any one of the periods set forth shall be two hundred dollars."

No allowance shall be made: for inactive duty; to individuals who received

more than the regular pay and allowance of their grade; or to those who received a similar payment from any other State.

Application shall be made personally by the veteran or "in case of death or mental incompetency" . . . "by such representative of the veteran as The Adjutant General shall by regulation prescribe."

Dependents shall be considered in the following order: surviving unremarried widow; surviving minor child or children; surviving mother or surviving father.

Sums payable under this act are not subject to attachment, levy or seizure and are exempt from State taxation.

"Any person who charges or collects or attempts to charge or collect either directly or indirectly any fee or other compensation for assisting" to make out an application or claim may be fined \$500.00, imprisoned for one year or both.

"The decision of The Adjutant General as to payment or non-payment of compensation or eligibility therefore shall be in all things final."

"Whoever knowingly makes any false or fraudulent statement" may be fined \$1,000.00 or imprisoned for five years, or both.

Headquarters Company 320th Infantry Banquet

The Place—Fort Pitt Hotel.

The Date—Feb. 17, 1934.

The Time—2:00 P. M.—till ?

The Event—The 10th Annual Reunion of Headquarters Company, 320th Infantry.

One of the greatest outpourings of ex-soldats to gather at a company reunion were in attendance at the Fort Pitt Hotel.

The festivities started around 2:00 P. M. in Rooms 865, 866, 867 and 868 with the usual pastimes of the soldier. We had the galloping dominoes, the old game of stud and plenty of the newly legalized elixir of life.

The One Pounders, members of the band, and Cooks vied with each other in their claims as to who won the war in Headquarters Company.

At 7:30 P. M., Mess Call sounded and when the count was made seventy-seven former members of the outfit answered yo.

A most fitting tribute to those comrades who had gone West was paid to each with the calling of his name, the distant Taps of the Bugle, and the dropping of a white carnation upon a Bier.

Our beloved war-time leader, General Cronkhite, the "Old Man" to most of us, honored us with his presence for a short time, a previous engagement preventing him from remaining all evening.

The speaker of the evening, a life-long friend of the soldier boy, was none other

than Judge Joseph Richardson, newly appointed Judge of County Court, but still "Joe" to us.

After the speakers came the business session and to show you that the Headquarters crowd appreciated the efforts of their officers, the officers were unanimously elected for the year of 1934. They are: John H. Freese, President; Harry H. Couch, Vice President; James E. Blair, Secretary, and Samuel H. Stover, Treasurer.

The outstanding event of the evening was the forming of the Headquarters Company into a Post of the 80th Division Veterans Association. The action was unanimous and the Post will be known as Headquarters Company, 320th Infantry, Post No. 21, and (believe you me) these other so-called active Posts had better step on the gas for from all of the enthusiasm surrounding the forming of this Post, the Schoble Loyalty Cup and any other prize available is in danger of being carried off by this live-wire outfit from Headquarters.

After the meeting adjourned all retired to the 8th floor where hostilities were resumed and when yours truly left at an early hour A. M., things were still going strong.

Watch for details about the Corn Roast to be given at Joe Harris' farm near New Kensington next September 1st!

CHRIST C. KRAMER.

OUR COMMANDER'S PAGE

Colonel E. G. Peyton, National Commander Eightieth Division Veterans Association



COL. E. G. PEYTON

There is some confusion in the minds of our veterans as to time for payment of their dues to the association, but that matter is clarified if we will all remember that all dues and memberships, except life memberships, expire with the old year. However, our Veterans Association is saved from complete destruction and death on December 31st of each year by the few existing life memberships and by the enthusiastic members who are prompt in paying their new annual dues before the departure of the old year. I urge that the entire membership keep this in mind and that we spare the Resident Secretary the time and expense of sending us reminders.

In this connection, I want to add that there are entirely too few subscriptions to Service. It is embarrassing to admit even at this advanced stage of our 80th Division Recovery Effort that only a paltry five per cent of our potential membership are interested in the Association's magazine. It is our constant endeavor to put more life, zest and human interest into our magazine, and it is believed that our readers and members can contribute to this effort by making contributions to the Morning Report. Tell us where you are, how you weathered the depression, what you are doing now, how many children have arrived; in fact, when we turn to the Morning Report let's assure our comrades that they will find late news of other comrades. A most important item of greatest interest and value to our comrades would be, "I WILL ATTEND THE NEXT REUNION AND I EXPECT TO SEE YOU THEN AND THERE."

I quote again extracts from the National Defense Resolution adopted during the 14th Annual Reunion of our Veterans Association at Huntington, West Virginia, on August 4, 1933, viz:

"NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED: That the 80th Division Veterans Association increase its efforts to safeguard our National Defense Act by protesting against all ill-advised piece-meal legislation that adversely affects adequate defense measures and other peace-time operations of that Act, and that a Military Affairs Committee of three members be appointed within the Advisory Council to study, report upon and make recommendations concerning such legislation.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the 80th Division Veterans Association seek the cooperation of all local civic and fraternal bodies within its sphere of influence by requesting each to appoint a similar Military Affairs Committee for like purposes, with the conviction that no greater civic duty can be performed by this association and other civic and fraternal bodies than lessening the jeopardies to life and limb of fellow citizens, who may be called upon for military duty in the next emergency and sparing their homes the bereavement and mourning which neglects and weakening of our National Defense Act will surely cause."

The last paragraph of the above resolution contains a specific directive to seek the assistance of civic and fraternal bodies in maintaining the effectiveness of our National Defense Act by appointing in each a Military Affairs Committee to study and report upon legislation affecting it. This interest by civic and fraternal bodies is easily aroused when it is pointed out to them that National Defense is a matter of local concern of prime importance, in that neglects of our National Defense Act will place in jeopardy lives of local citizens, and will surround local homes with sorrow and bereavement.

The 80th Division was originally composed of men from Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia and of officers from

many states. Due to replacements in France and emigrations from home states since the Armistice, the sphere of influence of the 80th Division Veterans Association practically covers the entire United States. I urge, therefore, that every veteran of the 80th Division who is a member of civic and fraternal bodies throughout the United States take upon himself the duty of operating the provisions of the last paragraph of the resolution quoted above.

Throughout Pennsylvania particularly, I urge full cooperation with The National Defense Committee of the Pennsylvania Department of the Reserve Officers Association of the United States, with Headquarters at 1500 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Their efforts are directed along similar lines as indicated by the following extracts issued in a Bulletin from their Headquarters, viz:

1. Despite today's seething unrest near home, in Europe and in Far East, certain misguided peace advocates are now planning a vigorous renewal of their effort to further weaken and destroy the Defense Forces of this Nation, which in reality are our safeguards of peace.

2. Thoughtful, patriotic citizens of all walks of life are aware of the grave danger involved and would gladly assist in combating these pacifist zealots, if but shown how they can lend their help effectively.

3. a. Pennsylvania can do its full share in this situation, with a voice so powerful that it shall be heard respectfully by all our representatives in Congress—simply through an immediate and carefully organized effort along the following lines in every Congressional district of our State:

b. Department National Defense Committee—men in all R. O. A. Chapters will immediately contact every patriotic, civic and service group (including D. A. R., Loyal Legion, Veteran Groups, etc.) in their several Congressional districts and urge them each to name an outstanding representative to a proposed "Council for National Defense," (there to be one such "Council" in every Congressional district) scheduling the named representative to meet at a conveniently early date to effect a permanent, working organization with the election of capable and thoroughly interested President, Vice President and Secretary-Treasurer.

The needless loss of life in France brought about through ignorance, lack of adequate training and through other errors which our National Defense Act will correct, if it is not destroyed through false economies, is very forcibly pictured in the following extracts from a Literary Digest issued only a few years after the war, viz:

"Ignorance of 'open warfare' tactics, lack of training in scout and Indian methods of fighting, for which American soldiers were supposed to be famous, resulted in the death of fifty per cent of the American soldiers killed in the great war. So announced Major General George H. Harries, Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the World War, at a recent banquet in a western state. In the National Bulletin of the order, calling attention to the fact that General Harries' estimate has been questioned in several quarters, publishes a statement from the General 'giving his authority for his declaration'. His statement, says General Harries, was that:

"Not less than fifty per cent of those of ours who were killed in action or died of wounds were wastefully sacrificed because of inadequate training or no training at all." The minimum figures used have as their basis countless conferences with combat officers, of our own army and of the French and British forces, who commanded troops in action, and with other officers whose duty it was to observe; the service of all of whom was of such character that they might not righteously be accused of figure-juggling.

"As Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the World War it has been my pleasurable duty to address thousands of officers during the past two years, and almost invariably making the statement you criticize. Hearers of my summing-up of testimony range from the platoon lead-

ers, who personally lead their men, up to and including General Pershing. Not even once was their suggestion that the averment was other than conservative. At times there was protest which declared my stated minimum to be too low."

What is adequate National Defense? Let's turn to the veterans of the World War for the answer, based on their personal experiences on the battlefield of France. Their answer is contained in the National Defense Resolution which our delegates adopted at the Chicago National Convention which is in part as follows:

"An adequate National Defense requires:

1. A regular army of 14,000 officers and 165,000 enlisted men.

2. A National Guard of 210,000 enlisted men, with proportionate officers, and with adequate provisions for forty-eight weekly drills and fifteen days annual training.

3. A Reserve Corps of 120,000 officers (the minimum number to meet initial mobilization) with a cycle of training so arranged each year as to maintain a standard of reasonably efficient training throughout the Corps and with provision for the training of at least 20,000 reserve officers for the next fiscal year.

4. A Reserve Officers Training Corps in each qualified school and college desiring it, so as to provide the necessary source of supply for the Officers Reserve Corps with the restoration of the six weeks annual camp for the advanced courses students.

5. Citizens Military Training Camps for not less than 50,000 youths per year for one month.

1. A treaty navy and men to man it."

I urge that every 80th Division Veteran receiving this copy of Service send it to another 80th Division Veteran, with this indorsement:

PLEASE:

1. READ.
2. QUALIFY FOR 1934 MEMBERSHIP.
3. MAIL TO ANOTHER 80TH DIVISION VETERAN.
4. AND OBLIGE,

E. G. PEYTON,
National Commander.

Bernhard Ragner Invites His Buddies to Gay Paree

SERVICE MAGAZINE has just come into port, and it is with pleasure that I have read it from page to page, item to item. I recall the sermon which Colonel Peyton delivered to us in Saint Marc (near Dijon) in August of 1918, and in it he predicted what has come to pass; namely, that our one-time commander has now become our co-worker for the good of the 80th Division Veterans Association.

As I recall his remarks, he said: "Today—1918—I am your commander, and I expect you to obey. When the war is over, when you invite me to attend the reunion in Pittsburgh, it is you who will command and I shall obey." But the reality is even better,—he and his one-time soldiers are cooperating together, and each is glad to obey the other when it is required.

For years you have carried my name on your mast-head as your "foreign representative," and I am ashamed of the fact that I have been representing you so little. Anyhow, I hope to do better in the future; this letter is the beginning. In the meantime, please change my address; it is the Hotel Continental, Paris. I left The Chicago Tribune (where I was managing editor) in 1929 to go into business (publicity) for myself, and have been getting along rather well since. I was in America and visited McKeesport with my Franco-American family in 1932, and was glad to greet some of the Blue Ridge boys then.

However, I invite all Blue Ridgers—from General Cronkhite—up or down—to call upon me in Paris when they come to the French capital. If they desire, I shall be glad to serve as "guide, interpreter and friend" . . . and no fees asked. I have lived in Paris for twelve years (what a difference from those three-day leaves we used to have) and I believe I know the city. So, I can help Blue Ridgers to explore it from Montparnasse to Montmartre.

When I was soldiering under General Brett and Colonel Peyton back in 1918, I never thought the day would come when I would sit down at the same table with General Pershing. And yet, this has happened a score of times. Oh, I don't say that General Pershing and I were alone (once there were three hundred other veterans) but I have come to know the General, and the fact that I had only three chevrons on my sleeve while he had four stars on his shoulder has cut no ice in our post-war encounters. General Pershing comes so often to Paris that he is practically a Parisian, and Paris Post of the Legion is always glad to welcome him.

By the way, another Blue Ridger (and the only one, except myself) is in Paris, namely, Major Clifford V. Church. He was Judge Advocate General, if I remember correctly, for the 80th Division Headquarters. Colonel Hugh Bayne, also a Judge Advocate, formerly resided in Paris, has struck the home trail. Major Church is a successful Paris lawyer and has a French wife and Franco-American kiddies. Well, Major Church and yours truly are both members of the Executive Committee of the Paris Post, American Legion, as the result we meet quite often, and as we shake hands we use the old watchword, "The 80th Division . . . Only Moves Forward." So, both Major Church and I send our cordial "friendships" (what a noble French word which our English lacks) to any buddies who may read these lines.

Perhaps some of the comrades have noticed my interviews, in the American Legion Monthly, with General Gouraud and Marshal Petain.

The A. E. F. boys who remained behind, because of French wives, are having a hard time of it here in France. During the period of prosperity, everything went joyfully; but now, with the dollar dropping, with work getting scarcer, some of the boys are having a hard struggle to make ends meet. And yet, by comradeship, the luckier comrades have helped the others in a practical way. Perhaps there are other 80th boys living in France, but I don't know of them; if there are won't they please write me?

I fear this letter is getting too long-winded and so I shall bring it to a close. I send my best regards to all my wartime comrades, especially those of Co. L, 320th Infantry, and the Headquarters Detachment, 160th Infantry Brigade. I noticed Sergeant Amrich's name in the November-December number and was glad to learn that he is in the printing business.

I hope all Blue Ridgers passing through Paris will look me up. It will be a pleasure to show them the sights, and to fight the war all over again. This year the Battle Monuments Commission will dedicate the patriotic shrines which have been erected on the battlefields, and we expect some of the comrades to come across for the ceremonies.

Remember me to Jack Berger. Write, fellows! Yours truly would appreciate hearing from you.

BERNHARD RAGNER.

"OVER THE TOP WITH THE 80TH"

A stirring epic of the World War by Private Rush S. Young, of Company B, 318th Infantry. Training at Camp Lee, parades in Richmond, dodging torpedoes and the stirring events in France. This book was written from a daily diary and French Headquarters maps. Contains maps of all the 80th Division Sectors and 75 Official Photographs of action. Such familiar places at Beauval, Saulty, Tronville, Esnes, Montfaucon, Cuisy, Gercourt, Nantillois, Bois-des-Ogons, Bois-du-Fays, Pretz, Sommaisne, etc., are shown.

Handsomely bound in cloth, size 8½ x 11 inches. A book you will enjoy reading and in years to come very valuable to all veterans. All branches are represented in photographs. Price \$1.35 postpaid. Make money order or check payable to

RUSH S. YOUNG

1430 Belmont Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

100 SPECIAL Autographed copies printed on the finest Woodgrain Finish paper, bound in blue cover. Price \$2.00 Postpaid.

Buddie Do You Know Any of These Men?

If So, Write Them and Bid Them Welcome to the 80th Division Veterans Association

NATIONAL COMMANDER PEYTON issued a request through the American Legion Monthly to have 80th Division Veterans not in contact with National Headquarters to send him their names with the result that a large number of the Veterans of the 80th who did not know that we had maintained a divisional organization for the past fourteen years.

Commander Peyton was extremely gratified with the response and trust that each will see his way clear to become an active member of the 80th Division Veterans Association.

If any of our readers should see the name of a former buddy in the following list of replies we will furnish his address and you can urge him to become an active member.

The following men replied to Commander Peyton's request:

Frank M. Harvin—Med. Corp., 318th Inf.
Wm. C. Staton—Co. K, 317th Inf.
Fred S. Melsheimer—M. G. Co., 319th Inf.
Roy W. Kraupa—Co. M, 317th Inf.
R. H. Hawkins—S. Co., 317th Inf.
George J. Hamilla—Co. B, 320th Inf.
John E. Pentleton—Co. C, 318th Inf.
Joseph Drillock—Co. C, 320th Inf.
Carlos Parramore—Co. I, 320th Inf.
Wm. M. Brinkley—Co. B, 318th Inf.
Clayton A. Klein—305th M. S. Tr.
Robert K. Newell—Co. D, 305th Am. Tr.
John L. Myers—Co. L, 318th Inf.
Arthur H. Carlson—Co. C, 317th Inf.
De Monte Whiting—Co. L, 319th Inf.
Charles L. Lottridge—Co. K, 320th Inf.
Joseph A. Lavin—B. D., 314th F. A.
Gaston Quignon—
Thos. E. Walton—Hdqs. Co., 315th F. A.
Luke C. Shaw—Co. I, 319th Inf.
Julian L. Kinard—D. Hdqs. Co., 315th F. A.
Owen C. Tucker—Co. B, 318th M. G. B.
Frank J. Eberhart—Co. C, 320th Inf.
R. H. Herman—B. D., 314th F. A.
John S. Prince—Co. M, 317th Inf.
George Flaherty—
Allen Shoenberger—B. F., 313th F. A.
Clyde J. Spiker—B. A., 314th F. A.
Frank Miller—305th Am. Tr.
S. A. Smith—B. B., 314th F. A.
Cary D. Hillman—Co. H, 317th Inf.
Fanell W. Wunderle—Co. M, 319th Inf.
Walter H. Thomas—B. C, 314th F. A.
J. N. Munson—Co. D, 313th M. G. Bat.
Frank J. Ronan—320th Inf.
Tom McFarland—Co. I, 319th Inf.
Elmer Damon—Inf. Hdqs. Co., 319th Inf.
James E. Pugh—B. D, 313th F. A.
Chester A. Baldwin—Hdqs. Co., 319th Inf.
George Findley—A. E. D., 301.
Lawrence H. Swauger—Co. H, 320th Inf.
Clabe B. Adams—Co. B, 313th M. G.
Dominico Mussino—Co. M, 318th Inf.
Arthur C. Nickolls—Co. B, 320th Inf.
Daniel M. Freedline—Co. F, 319th Inf.
Andrew Lembo—Co. F, 319th Inf.
Thomas A. Peek—M. G. Co., 317th Inf.
Francis Milewski—Co. D, 320th Inf.
James M. Ellis—Co. L, 318th Inf.
Carson E. Lynn—M. G. Co., 320th Inf.
Sidney R. Quinn—M. G. Co., 317th Inf.
Fred J. Johnson—315th F. A.
Frank J. Little—Hdqs. Co., 315th F. A.
Joseph L. Keyser—Co. K, 317th Inf.
Hubert A. Ashby—

Bush Pope—Co. F, 305th Eng.
Martin P. Clawson—305th Am. Tr., 155 F. A. B.
Lee Merritt—Sanitary Squad 20.
Robert L. Gross—Co. K, 317th Inf.
Wm. Reese—Co. L, 320th Inf.
Frederick J. Wright—Co. D, 305th Am. Tr.
J. C. Snee—319th Inf.
Paul N. Arrington—Co. E, 318th Inf.
Clifton L. Whittle—Co. B, 314th M. G. Bn.
H. H. Griffith—Co. B, 305th Am. Tr.
Homer Walkup—313th F. A., Battery D.
C. A. Madden—
B. H. Tanner—Supply Co., 320th Inf.
Walter Kasprezsky—Hdqs. Co., 319th Inf.
A. R. Backhaus—Co. A, 320th Inf.
Merrill B. Hutchison—Hdqs. Co., 320th Inf.
Irvin A. Ambrose—Btry. E, 313th F. A.
Harry E. Davis—Co. E, 319th Inf.
R. E. Williams—Co. L, 317th Inf.
Alvin Booty—M. G. Co., 319th Inf.
Clay C. Bankston—M. G. Co., 319th Inf.
Philip Blanchard—M. G. Co., 319th Inf.
Albert L. Singer—Co. K, 317th Inf.
George Dalton—Btry. C, 315th F. A.
Oscar W. Schoeberlein—Co. L, 320th Inf.
Frederick J. Wright—Co. D, 305th Am. Tr.
Ernest Santee—Co. E, 320th Inf.
R. E. Zachert—Chaplain, 318th Inf.
John W. Murphy—305th Engrs., 315th F. A., 314th F. A.
Russell B. Poe—Co. D, 318th Inf.
John S. Shelton—Co. E, 319th Inf.
John J. Malloy—Co. E, 320th Inf.
A. B. Snyder—Co. A, 314th M. G. Bn.
Roy E. Pepper—Hdqs. Co., 314th F. A.
Andrew M. Parsell—Co. B, 317th Inf.
Oscar Owen—Co. B, 320th Inf.
L. J. Authenrieth—Co. B, 315th M. G. Bn.
H. O. Morgan—318th Ambulance Co.
A. D. Heil—Btry. C, 314th F. A.
F. D. Carr—313th F. A.
J. McElhaney—Co. G, 317th Inf.
Walton E. Rounds—Co. F, 305th Engrs.
G. G. Woody—Co. E, 320th Inf.
Joseph Keller—Hdqs. Co., 319th Inf.
Edward P. Basove—Co. B, 313th M. G. Bn.
D. C. Spence—80th Div., M. P. Co.
Harry L. Scott—Co. M, 317th Inf.
J. F. Clark—Hdqs. Co., 315th F. A.
Daniel E. McClarren—Battery F, 314th F. A.
Joseph Scott—Co. L, 320th Inf. & Battery F, 314th F. A.
H. O. Morgan—318th Ambulance Co.
Walter Sedosky—Co. G, 317th Inf.
B. F. Long—318th M. G. B.
Domenico Peduzzi—Co. M, 320th Inf.
Frank P. Leureka—Hdqs. Detach., 305th Engrs.
Charles R. Bash—Co. B, 305th Engrs.
Philip P. Monohem—Co. L, 319th Inf.
Walter W. Jenkins—
John F. Russell—Co. E, 317th Inf.
Charles F. Address—Co. A, 320th Inf.
H. P. Schauerman—Co. B, 313th M. G. Bn.
Franklin I. Bottenhorn—Co. A, 319th Inf.
Robert L. Roose—Co. C, 305th F. S. Bn.
Clarence H. Oliver—Co. C, 305th F. S. Bn.
L. H. Nederlander—Co. A & F, 305th Engrs.

Arthur Carl Hessel—Co. A, 318th Inf.
Wm. A. Vollmer—Co. G, 318th Inf.
George A. Bates—Co. C, 305th F. S. Bn.
Raymond Sabin—Co. A, 320th Inf.
Paul R. Moyer—Medical Detachment, 80th Military Police Co.
D. C. Dettor—Co. M, 317th Inf.
Logan L. Farr—314th Hdqs. Co., F. A.
Day French—314th Hdqs. Co., F. A.
Anton Dahl—Co. C, 317th Inf.
J. E. Miller—314th F. A.
Raymond L. Eldridge—Co. A, 313th M. G. Bn.
Wardon S. Donaldson—Co. D, 305th Engrs.
Raymond G. Ditzler—Co. E, 305th Am. Tr.
George A. Mays—Co. E, 305th Am. Tr.
Fred W. Shirey—Co. C, 313th M. G. Bn.
Albert S. Addison—Co. E, 317th Inf.
James H. McCracken—Co. A, 305th Engrs.
Wm. D. Boesch, Jr.—Btry. E, 314th Reg.
Herman S. Runon—Co. B, 318th Inf.
Stanley B. Boyle—Co. A, 319th Inf.
Paul L. Abbott—318th Am. Co., 305th San. Tr.
Ernest McAllister—Co. B, 320th Inf.
J. C. Polcyn—Co. A, 319th Inf.
William Theodore Troetschel—319th Inf.
Milton J. Ball—Co. M, 318th Inf.
Burl Z. Redman—318th Inf., M. G. Co.
Forrest E. Peters—Co. E, 318th Inf.
E. L. Beard—Co. M, 320th Inf.
William G. Garman—Co. B, 305th Amm. Tr.
William F. Schaenfeld—313th F. A., Btry. C.
William J. Richards—Co. M, 319th Inf.
John Pamaranski—
George L. Phillips—319th F. Hospital, 305th S. Tr.
Warren A. Gibbs—
Isaac Caluer—Co. L, 320th Inf.
Joseph Schwentner—Co. E, 319th Inf.
Alvin Booty—319th M. G. Co.
Jesse C. Reed—Hdqs. Co., 319th Inf.
Leland B. Reynerson—Co. E, 319th Inf.
Walter M. Fuller—Supply Co., 318th Inf.

Gen. Cronkhite Compliments Rush Young on His Book

3234 Perrysville Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
November 24, 1933.

My Dear Young:

Please express to my Comrades of the Eightieth my very deep and sincere appreciation of "OVER THE TOP WITH THE 80TH." It is a detailed narrative of the real fighting man's experiences in language which will appeal to him, as it does to his loved ones, so many years after the conclusion of the great struggle, in which the members of the Gallant Eightieth earned and received the highest official rating of any National Army Division.

Again thanking you for your most exceptional effort, I am,

Most sincerely yours,
ADELBERT CRONKHITE,
Major General, Retired,
War Commander, 80th Division.

The Padre Off for Gibraltar on Globe Encircling Trip

FAREWELL! Madeira, land of Sunshine and Flowers. The gods were unkind to you in one respect only in placing you so far off the beaten path where your beauties lie hidden. We count ourselves fortunate in having succumbed to the siren voice which allured us to your beautiful shores. Our stay was all too short but fraught with the happiest of memories. The sparkling lights along the shore line gradually faded into the obscurity of night and we were heading in a northeasterly course for the continent of Europe.

During the next thirty-six hours we had ample time to swap stories of our experiences while ashore at Funchal, the capital of Madeira. There was not a discordant note and all agreed that our first port of call since we left the good old U.S.A. augured well for the sights and places ahead of us. A new supply of knick-knacks and what-nots soon came into sight and the old saying that "A fool and his money are soon parted," had a practical demonstration when some of us had displayed the so-called bargains we purchased ashore. Everything from a souvenir post-card to a rocking chair made up the collection and of course very few forgot to take on a generous supply of liquid sunshine for private consumption, notwithstanding the orders from the bridge that this was strictly taboo. The old familiar ditty-box of the salty seaman was brought into requisition and the hope-chest received its first consignment of treasure. Glorious sunshine and a placid sea were welcome adjuncts to the pleasure of our short sail between Madeira and the mainland.

Our sailing schedule assured us that within thirty-six hours after leaving Funchal we would be in sight of the coast of Spain and our good old skipper did not disappoint us. Very early on the second morning, to be exact about six A. M., we were up and out on deck to catch a first glimpse of the world-famed Rock of Gibraltar. Before experiencing this thrill we were fortunate in having at our side an old salty and well-posted officer who had sailed the Seven Seas and gave us the layout of the land ahead. To our port side he pointed out the famous Cape Trafalgar at the western entrance to the Strait of Gibraltar, where the celebrated naval battle was fought in October, 1805, by the British against the combined fleets of France and Spain. In this famous battle Lord Nelson was mortally wounded but before dying gave his well-known advice and slogan to every man of the British Fleet, "England expects that every man will do his duty." An imposing monument commemorating this victory and dear to the heart of every Britisher was erected in Trafalgar Square, London.

We next passed on our port coming towards the Strait the small town of Tarifa, known as the most southern town of Europe and interesting from the fact that we are indebted to this seaport for our word "Tariff." In the old days of Spanish preeminence a tax was collected by this town from every ship entering the famous Strait. We could see plainly old towers, and embattled walls with a lighthouse and fortress from the ship's deck.

Nothing further interested us along

the Spanish shore until we came in plain view of the Key to the Mediterranean, one of the great wonders of the ancient and modern world, The ROCK itself. No words of mine can begin to describe the thrill and emotion which one feels as he beholds that gigantic monster of Mother Earth raising its massive granite head out of the sea. There it was in all its glory and grandeur, the fear and dread of the ancients but the joy and admiration of us moderns. Its massive proportions are not fully appreciated until closely studied. It is located at the very extreme tip of the southern end of Spain and by all natural laws forms an integral part of the Spanish Peninsula. The deck of the ship was crowded, everyone looking for a vantage position to view the huge rock in its glorious setting. Emotions are subtle things to describe in words; they can be felt only; they are too deep for utterance. Wonder was written on every face especially those beholding Gibraltar for the first time.

During the night a stiff northwesterly breeze came up and raised a choppy sea. The skipper used more than ordinary precaution in bringing our big steel hulk to a safe anchorage in Algeciras Bay, where we dropped anchor out in mid-stream. We had taken on a British pilot an hour previously somewhere outside the Strait and the next port formality was an exchange of ship's papers which was effected with difficulty owing to the seas running high. Rain soon added to our discomfort and old man rumor soon began his dirty work by circulating all kinds of wild reports around the ship. Dark forebodings of quarantine and possible confinement to ship for at least twenty-four hours until a British doctor came aboard to examine a few cases of slight illness, was the thought that bothered us. Who was due for liberty ashore and who must remain on duty while in port caused no small amount of heart aches among the crew. A certain percentage of officer personnel and enlisted men of the crew alternated at every port in making up the usual landing party, but every one that could be possibly excused from duty was keyed up to the highest pitch with the desire to go ashore, rain or no rain.

It was my good fortune, not having any particular duty aboard ship, to be put in charge of a sight-seeing party of forty-five men. We lost no time in getting everything into shipshape and Bristol fashion before shoving off for shore. The high winds and choppy seas had now reached the proportions of a small hurricane, but the drizzling and blinding rain made things look bad for our plan for sightseeing. None of us will ever forget the drenching we got even equipped as we were with the usual navy slicker. Rubbers, with the American gob, are taboo by some unwritten law of the seas and as for an umbrella, well! that would simply be unpardonable if a gob were to be caught using one.

A small and dirty local tender manned by a motley crew of Gibraltar hybrids brought us ashore and landed us at a quay about twenty minutes' walk from the town. The ubiquitous huckster was on hand as usual, notwithstanding the heavy rain, to take us places and see things, but a previous arrangement had

two fair-sized busses awaiting us. Naturally, our first desire was to visit the mightiest and most strategic fortress in the world. There it loomed up before us like some prehistoric leviathan in a crouching position.

Our first big surprise on landing on the mainland was to discover that what we had thought to be an island from the deck of the ship turned out to be a long, rocky promontory connected with Spain by a long causeway or isthmus nearly two miles in length. This long neck of land is neutral territory and has been so constructed and undermined that it could be made impassable or destroyed in case of hostilities.

To our very great surprise we learned also that instead of Gibraltar being the small rendezvous for British Troops only, as we had supposed, there was a town of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants at its base. Gibraltar has the status of a British Crown Colony and has the distinction of being one of the smallest of the crown colonies in the British Commonwealth, being only two square miles in area. It is ruled by a Governor appointed by the king, and this executive combines both that of governor of the colony and commander-in-chief of the British Forces stationed there. The streets of the town are narrow and crooked in general and many of them run uphill as far as the military reservation.

The population is a cosmopolitan one as one might expect, being principally Spanish and Italian. We noticed a sprinkling of Moors, Algerians and Moroccans, easily known by their colorful flowing dress of the desert and swarthy complexions. I made so bold as to try and hold a short conversation in French with a handsome sheik lately arrived from Algeria and clad in the most attractive style of the desert, flowing purple robe and immaculate white tarboosh with the picturesque black and gold cord encircling his brow. He was most courteous and obliging and seemed to enjoy the informal way we greeted him. He reminded me very much of what I thought Othello, the noble Moor, might look like.

I don't propose to tire you with a long and extended discourse on the history of Gibraltar, as that goes away back into the dawn of antiquity, but every school boy expects you to tell him at least the origin of the country's name. The ancient Greeks knew the famous Rock as Calpe, but in 711 A. D. historians tell us when the Moors took possession of it they gave it the name of Jebel-al-Tarik after its Arab conqueror. The ancients regarded Gibraltar as one of the famous Pillars of Hercules, while the second is supposed to have been located on the opposite shore of the strait, fifteen miles distant at what is now known as Ceuta in Moroccan Africa. Ceuta can be seen plainly on a clear day from Gibraltar. To be more exact, Point Europa on the European side and Cape Ceuta on the African side of the Strait mark the traditional spots. The ancients tell us that these classical pillars were erected by Proenician mariners to mark the limits of navigation, because beyond this point they dared not sail, fearing that they would fall off the supposed flat earth into space.

Gibraltar has changed hands at least six different times since its occupation by the Moors. In 1704 it was taken from the Spanish by the British, who have remained in possession of it ever since. It has undergone many vicissitudes of attack but its impregnable position has rendered it immune and unconquerable in the past. Present-day writers are cautious in predicting what might happen if it were to undergo a siege with the present powerful implements of war.

Under a pouring rain we made our way up a very steep hill until we reached the entrance of the fortress. Here we were met by a British sentry who enquired the nature of our visit and when he learned that we were American visitors just bent on a sightseeing jaunt he immediately turned us over to the officer of the day who in turn appointed an orderly to show us around the fortifications. We learned very shortly that there were parts of the huge fort strictly private and closed to all visitors excepting those having a very special pass which we did not rate. We ascended a very steep and serpentine path leading up hill to what are known as the rock galleries. These are tunnels cut right through the solid rock and every fifty or a hundred yards you come to openings in the rock where ancient looking cannon jut out over a parapet. From these vantage points you get a most glorious panorama of the surrounding terrain. Even raining as it was we could distinctly see Morocco in Africa across the Strait. The Bay of Gibraltar at our feet looked like a little fish pond. Six miles across the bay, looking towards the West, we could see the town of Algeciras and to the North, the city of La Linea, both located in Spain.

All sides of the big Rock are honey-combed with cannon. The modern batteries and guns are not visible and we were cautious enough not to ask embarrassing questions of our guide as to their number, location, caliber, accuracy, etc., and confined our inquiries to generalities. The guide showed on his part a very tactful reserve which we commented upon after leaving the reservation. He gave us one hour of his time and trouble and, believe it or not, politely declined to accept a gratuity from us. He did, however, say he would not refuse a package of American cigarettes if we could spare them. Needless to say he had a supply for the next week.

The young British soldier pointed out to us below the naval base and dry docks, the officers' quarters and the enlisted men's barracks. Looking down from a dizzy height on the side of the fortification we could see many buildings within the limits of the reservation not visible from the town proper. These were the officers' quarters and barracks of which he spoke. We saw many fine macadam roads within the military post and were shown the reservoir which supplied water to the entire town. At this point I might say that as much as we regretted the heavy rain then falling, the sentry assured us that it meant a God-send to the inhabitants as the water supply was at its lowest and rain was more precious at that moment than gold. Fuel, being entirely an importation, was another commodity that was scarce, precious and high-priced. We saw vendors outside the military post selling coal and coke by the pound instead of by the ton.

Before leaving the fortress we visited an ancient Moorish Castle perched high

upon the side of the rock. This, the sentry explained to us, was the last stronghold of a famous Arab chieftain and the building, now in ruins and unoccupied, is regarded by the Moors as the oldest relic of their civilization now extant in Spain.

On the very top of the Rock one can see a semaphore station and weather observatory. The nozzle of two huge cannon can also be seen at the very top even with the naked eye. I was more inquisitive than my sightseeing party and asked what the soldiers did for recreation who were stationed at the top, fourteen hundred feet above the sea level. Again, believe it or not as you choose, he seriously declared that there were living quarters atop of that fort in the skies to house hundreds of men, and a field large enough to play soccer. Never hoping to penetrate those sacred and forbidden precincts I must make an act of faith in the veracity of my fellow man and accept the astounding piece of information at its face value. What I did accept literally was that another pastime of the soldiers was monkey-chasing since I saw with my own eyes many of the playful little imps climbing up and down the sides of the rocks, oblivious of the staring and amused globe-trotters. I asked with a little misgiving about the number of men stationed at the Rock and was told without any hesitation that there were approximately three thousand soldiers, exclusive of the number of officers. At the naval base he ventured the guess that there were at least six hundred seamen or British sailors. My next inquiry was, "How much longer he had to spend at this foreign station." His answer was wreathed in smiles. "Oh! boy, three months more and I'll be on my way home." It was six years since he had seen Merry England and he was finishing up his first and last enlistment, he said. I asked him, "How did Gibraltar compare with other foreign British Stations, such as Aden, Singapore, India, etc.?" He shot back a quick reply, "Give me 'Gib' every time, closer to home." The English Tommy invariably spoke of home as "Blighty" as in war days. He always referred to away from home as "Out here." I asked the dimensions of the famous fortress; he gave me the official figures which may give you an idea of the immensity of the greatest and strongest fortification in the world; its length is over two and a half miles; at the widest point, three-quarters of a mile and its height at its greatest elevation is fourteen hundred and thirty-nine feet. The sides, facing north and west, are so precipitous that they could not be scaled and smaller forts and batteries protect the base of the Rock on all sides.

We left the military reservation after two of the most interesting hours of sightseeing and fully satisfied that the world-renowned "Key to the Mediterranean" was without a peer and that it would take nothing less than an earthquake to disturb or even move its mighty Cyclopean foundations. It is no exaggeration or flight of the poetic imagination to predict that generations yet unborn shall behold this mighty wonder of the world in awe and admiration as the ancients did in ages past and as we do today. Modern engines of Mars are always ready, like Jove, to hurl their fiendish thunderbolts of molten steel upon the enemy who would dare to come within their range of fire. Its past history boasts of enduring a siege of nearly four

years while the beleaguered garrison bravely withstood the onslaughts that warfare in the eighteenth century could devise. How this mighty fortress might withstand the engines of modern warfare and high explosives is beyond my imagination to conceive.

No more of the bellicose chatter, so back down the hill we come to more peaceful topics. A little window-shopping along the main street, the cynosure of all eyes on account of our foreign uniform and Yankee gait; then a mad scramble in the rain which fell continuously all day. We were tired, hungry and drenched but still unsatisfied until we could say that we had been on Spanish territory. We decided on penetrating into the Spanish lines for a few kilometers and directed our bus driver, in the choicest Castilian idiom, to drive us to the nearest town in Spain. A two-kilometer jaunt brought us to La Linea, just the other side of the neutral territory or No Man's Land, and there we were requested to produce our passports, which none of us had. After a little palavering and exchange of American cigarettes, frontier formalities were waived, permitting us to make a thirty-minute excursion into the heart of the unimposing city of La Linea. We espied what looked like a bull ring with the imposing title of "Corrida de Toros" on the exterior. One look inside reassured us we were in the right place. It was empty at the time so several of us put on an impromptu version of a bull fight *a l'Americain* with a few American football tactics thrown in to amuse a few Spanish toreadors watching us from the side lines. A quick return to the frontier, where we thanked the Spanish officials for their courtesy in permitting us even this short visit to Spain, and then over the two-mile stretch of neutral territory brought us back to the walled town of Gibraltar. We were somewhat amused to learn that Gibraltar, being under military supervision, is locked up every night at 10 P. M. and opened up again at 6 A. M. No ingress nor egress is permitted to the civilian population after or before these hours.

During our sightseeing expedition both in the forenoon and afternoon, the wind had reached the proportion of a young typhoon and gave us something to worry about in getting back to ship that evening. Our fears were somewhat allayed on returning to the town quay to find that our own ship's motor launch had been put over the side during our absence ashore and was to bring us back to ship. At 6 P. M. we bade good-bye to Gibraltar after a hectic day of sightseeing but one that we shall never forget. We shipped water all the way back and once we got outside the breakwater the launch, towing about thirty more sailors returning from liberty, tossed like a cork. A forty-five-minute sail bucking strong headwinds all the way brought us safely to the lee side of our big steel cruiser and she never looked so good to me before as on that storm-tossed Bay of Gibraltar. It was a red-letter day to go down in our ship's diary but we thoroughly enjoyed every minute on shore. So long, Big Rock, we cannot see you in the dark but we know you're there. The lights are barely visible from deck, but a big beacon flashing on our port tells us to keep clear and head a straight course for the channel.

Adios, Spain and Gibraltar, we'll be seeing you in Monte Carlo.

PADRE.

LITTLE STORIES OF THE GREAT WAR

A SAD, SAD STORY

By FRANK FLOYD, 305th Engineers

CHAUGHEY is a little village sitting on the top of the highest hill in all the Department of Meuse. The village is built entirely of stone. Even the roofs are covered with small slabs and shale-like pieces placed in the same fashion as tiles or slates. Everything about the town is quiet and inactive, a fitting condition to blend with the chilly stone surroundings. The inactivity is a natural circumstance, for, having climbed the hill to the village, the residents remain tired and slow moving until they again go down into the valley, acquiring acceleration in the descent.

When Company Z of the 95th Engineers came out of the Somme Sector for a rest, Chaughey was the town assigned to it for billet purposes. The trip was started in 40-8 cars, but the last twenty miles of the journey, including the hill-climb, were made on foot. It was the third week of August, and as the weather was very hot, the marching was done at night.

By the time the company reached Chaughey Hill the men were very tired. At times the column broke, due to straggling. The captain found it difficult to keep the company even in a semblance of "Route Step." The most frequent straggler was Private Lutz of the third platoon.

Private "Sneezy" Lutz was round-shouldered, so he had difficulty keeping his pack on his back. He was inclined to be careless in attending to the many small details connected with soldiering, and was particularly shiftless in the rolling of his pack. As a result of this, he not only had to carry the pack, but, en-route, he had to make frequent stops to gather up the articles that worked out or slid down as he plodded along. The trip up Chaughey Hill was a heavy drain on the fast-fading energy of Private Lutz.

Back in Pipersville, Pa., Lutz had eked out an existence as the town auto-mechanic. If a flivver developed jitters or if a farm engine showed symptoms of asthma the owner would send for Sneezy and Lutz would come post haste. Walking? Never. Running? Why consider anything so foolish? Sneezy rode. The struggle-buggy that sat at the door of "LUTZ'S GARAGE" had to do duty whether the trip be ten yards or ten miles. Sneezy never walked. Walking was all right for horses, but for a motor mechanic—well. Walking, as far as Sneezy was concerned, was a lost art.

Picture, if you can, Private Lutz on a dark, rainy night trudging up that steep, muddy hill fourteen miles long. His blanket roll had slipped ten inches below its proper place in the haversack. The bottom of the roll was flapping open. He must stop every few yards to retrieve a sock or a tent pin or a shoe. Something was forever working out of the

bottom of that roll. When all of his pockets had been filled, when his rifle had fallen in the mud for the fourth time, when he was carrying in his hands—his tent poles, his mess-kit lid, condiment can, safety razor, bacon can, and three tent pins—it was then that the gas alarm sounded. The marching column came to a halt.

Sneezy had no choice to make. All his possessions had to be dropped. There he stood, ankle deep in oozy mire, miscellaneous equipment strewn all around him, shaking tobacco, bread crumbs, etc., out of his gas mask. All things considered, Sneezy made pretty good time. He had the mask in place in about two minutes, then started groping and feeling for the articles that lay on the road. Before he had accomplished much the cry "No Gas" was passed down the column. The alarm had been merely a scare. Poor Private Lutz. He stood erect to remove the mask, and, as he did so, he felt the strain on his shoulder straps easing. His blanket roll, hollowed by the loss of the small articles which had been working out, had collapsed. The entire roll slipped from the haversack straps and lay spread open in the mud.

While gathering his spattered belongings Lutz made a mighty resolve. He would end pack-carrying for Z Company forever. He would "salvage" a truck.

* * * *

When the A.E.F. landed in France the supply of motor trucks sent with them was only sufficient for the needs of the material handlers at the ports. Good American trucks were not available for use in the forward areas until later. Many of the combat divisions, therefore, were issued trucks of foreign manufacture. Of the foreign trucks the most numerous were British lorries named "A.E.Co.Ltd."

These lorries were built to resist shrapnel. There was a heavy guard in front of the radiator. The upper and lower radiator tanks were made of cast iron. The hood, cowl and such parts as are usually punched from sheet steel of rather light gauge, were made from very heavy material. The wheels were of heavy cast steel with solid rubber tires.

All of this rugged outer structure tended to give the vehicle an appearance denoting strength, dependability and all the attributes to be found in a good, serviceable truck. Mechanically, the "A.E.Co.Ltd." was a wash-out. You could load it and start for anywhere, but your chances of arriving at your destination with your cargo were very slim indeed.

Most machines that are lemons have some vulnerable part, some chronic breaker, which lets you down on the road. All that is necessary to operate such a machine with success is that you carry with you a duplicate of the offending piece. Not so with the "A.E.Co.Ltd." Its points of weakness were so numerous that the next part to break defied prophecy.

At every rail-head or distributing point several of these trucks lay *hors-de-combat*. Scattered hither and yon over the entire war zone were many others, each abandoned when it had ceased to do its work.

Now Sneezy knew his automobiles. Quite frequently, when a traffic jam had occurred on a much-travelled road, and when his squad of engineers had been rushed to the point to remove the obstruction, Sneezy had found a faulty "A.E.Co.Ltd." to be the cause of the tie-up. He had also observed that on no two occasions were the breakdowns alike.

Lying in his billet in Chaughey with nothing to do until Retreat, Sneezy cogitated. His plans began to take shape. A lorry would haul all the packs. The load would not be too severe. He would drive the lorry himself. He would nurse it along. He would gather a supply of the more treacherous parts from the derelicts along the roadsides. Sneezy Lutz would be the hero of Z Company.

The project was too heavy for one man to swing, so Sneezy called his two buddies, Joe Pierce and Punch McKee, into his plans. Joe and Punch were Sneezy's "Yes Men." Conferences were held, plans were formulated, but nothing could be done until the company would return to the line. Back in the line the work would be assigned by the "task system" with no formations to stand, and so "the committee" would have plenty of leisure to hunt for lorries.

The tentative plan was this—Find a lorry with a good engine and some minor defect. Get the necessary repair parts from another lorry. Repair the one truck using parts from the other and bring the completed lorry to company headquarters to wait for the next hike.

The plan was very simple. All three of the committee were constantly alert to take advantage of any circumstance which might further the project.

Early in September Z Company started to get busy. There were many stops in forests, in towns, night work, no spare time, and no lorries anywhere. During the entire month the only trucks encountered were "camions." The camions (French army trucks) were either American Whites driven by Chinese or Italian Fiats driven by Frenchmen. Each of these makes was trouble-free and the possibility of "salvage" was nil.

With the coming of October the entire picture changed. The company was living in dug-outs on a hill a few miles behind Cuisey. The road and wire work was assigned in six-hour tasks. By proper planning, reasonable diligence, and not too much shell interruption, a group could finish its task in about four hours. The truck project was no longer a secret. All of the men cooperated to get the truck men away early each day.

A search for broken-down lorries was,

of course, the first step. On the evening of the first day three trucks were reported within working distance. Joe Pierce had the best report. There was nothing apparently wrong with Joe's truck. It was almost new. The only reason that he had not brought it home with him was that it would not run. Punch had also found a very good lorry. The engine ran fine, but the front axle was bent and the wheels were thrown so far out of line that it was impossible to steer it. Sneezy, leader of the band, had found a lorry, but after hearing of the success of Joe and Punch, did not think very highly of his find. The claw into which the starting crank is inserted had been split. It was just a trifle, but a mountain of iron would have to be moved before the broken piece could be replaced.

In pow-wow assembled the three decided that on the following day they would go down to Joe's truck and start it.

Joe's truck was in a field off the Malancourt road about four miles from the dug-outs. As soon as the "task" of the next day was completed our truck experts hastened down to Malancourt and tackled the job of starting the "brand new lorry."

In the six weeks that the scheme had been brewing a small supply of tools had been gathered. The equipment was far from complete, but Sneezy said that they had tools enough to "get by." Sneezy assigned work to Punch and to Joe and then proceeded to get busy himself. There were no non-coms on this job. Everybody worked and with diligence too. They worked systematically. The spark plugs were cleaned and adjusted, the timing checked, the carburetor thoroughly examined; in short, everything in the line of tuning up was done to the engine. When all was re-assembled Sneezy waved his assistants aside and stepped to the front of the truck to crank it. He displayed so much confidence that the other two jeered at him. Each wanted to bet a mess-kit full of francs that the crate would not start. They had underrated Sneezy. A snappy spin of the crank and the motor roared.

They let it run a while to warm up, then they idled it, then they listened for knocks. They checked the oil level. They carried water to completely fill the radiator. They shut the motor down. Then they started it again. There was nothing else to do now but to take a ride.

The gasoline tank had enough petrol in it for present requirements so the boys decided to cruise around a little bit and then drive back to the dug-outs. All climbed aboard. Sneezy was at the wheel. He set the gearshift lever, he cautiously engaged the clutch. The engine ran, the drive shaft rumbled, but the lorry did not move. A rear axle was broken. The boys were out of luck.

There were axles in the other trucks, but tools for such heavy work were not to be had. The day's work was just another bust.

Wearily they started to plod back to the dugouts, but the trip home that night did not seem long. As soon as they were under way discussion and debate started. By the time all points were settled and a plan of procedure was determined they had traversed the entire four miles and were home.

The points discussed on the road were these: Punch's truck lay at the crossroads in Bethincourt. It was the easiest to get to. It was the hardest to fix. Sneezy's truck was over behind Malancourt on the road to Montzeville. On it the big cast iron radiator and the heavy steel guard had to be removed. The same work had to be done to one of the other trucks to get a good cranking claw from it. This meant more work than changing the front axle of Punch's truck, but tools sufficient for the radiator job were at hand, and there were none to do the axle job. Punch's truck was therefore eliminated.

On the morrow, undaunted by the reverses encountered at Malancourt, our heroes set forth on the Montzeville road to repair another truck. The journey was six miles. Fortune smiled on them. They flagged a ride on a bread truck. Thumbing a ride had not at that time come into general practice. In those days you flagged. Having arrived, Sneezy announced that no more eleventh-hour disappointments were on the schedule. He was going to inspect this truck. Sneezy's inspection was all that was accomplished that day.

The rear axle housing was blocked with stones and pieces of wood, and then the earth was dug from beneath the hind wheels, leaving them free to turn. The engine had an exposed fly-wheel. This was luck. Wheels, brakes, gears, axles, engine—all were tested by turning and feeling. This was laborious work. When Sneezy finally said "She seems to be O. K.," all three sat down thoroughly exhausted.

Two more days were spent wrestling with the big cast iron radiators. The needed piece was taken from Joe's truck. The various parts removed while delving for it were left lying on the ground. There was no danger of them blowing away. The piece that was sought weighed less than two pounds. The parts removed and abandoned totalled probably six hundred. At length the job was completed and the boys rode home in triumph.

Sneezy had some difficulty selling the captain on the pack-hauling idea, but, being as the truck was "on hand," the captain decided to let it stay for the time being. He stipulated, however, that it might be necessary at any time for him to order them to abandon it.

Z Company was elated. No more packs to carry.

Every day Sneezy and Joe would go down to the little glen where the lorry was parked. They tinkered with it. They tuned it up. They cleaned it. While these operations were going on Punch was not idle. He and a couple of volunteers were busy providing fuel.

At intervals of about a mile along all of the highways small holes were dug in the embankments at the roadside to hold gasoline cans. Each hole was just the right size to receive a square-bottomed five-gallon can. A crew with a small tank-truck patrolled the roads, examining these cans, refilling them, or replacing with a full can in cases where both fuel and container had been removed. This can service was for emergency fuel replacement. The driver of any army vehicle could help himself. There was no check-up attempted for no one could foresee that there could be

any improper use or desire for gasoline in the arena of battle.

Punch and his helpers walked many weary miles before the tank of the lorry was filled. They had to keep the entire project screened from suspicion, so it was impractical to take more than one can from one district. We must state, in fairness to these pilferers, that they carried with them on their raids a proper respect for their country's needs and for the welfare of their motorized comrades. They did not take gasoline from any cache unless there was a full can in each of the adjoining caches. The long intervals between cans, plus the desirability of keeping their zones of operation scattered, plus the ethical point of avoiding a gas depletion in any one zone, made the fueling of the truck a job of no small proportions. Driving the lorry to the gasoline was concerned but was voted down. The expected use to be had from the lorry was based on hope rather than on faith, and so it was agreed that the lorry be driven only when the company hiked.

In four or five days all preparations were complete. The A.E.Co.Ltd. lay in the little glen all groomed and ready to receive its first load of packs.

On the morning of October tenth the first sergeant announced to the company that the division would be relieved on the twelfth and that the company would turn out in full marching order to hike to a rest billet. Private Lutz also had an announcement to make. He said, "Any of youse that don' wanna roll a pack can bundle your junk in a shelter-half and throw it in the lorry."

Shortly after noon of the same day a lieutenant of the Q.M. department and three Motor Transport corporals rode up the hill in a topless touring car. Some one of the party spied the lorry. They stopped, and came over to the glen.

The Z company boys did not like the looks of the newcomers. They were "bomb-proof" guys. Somehow things didn't look just right.

The lieutenant walked around the lorry. He said, "Try her, Smitty." Smitty fussed around in a very knowing manner. He, too, apparently knew his lorries. He was not long making his appraisal.

"She's O.K., Sir."

"Take her to Bar-le-Duc."

Smitty departed at once. The S.O.S. gang went back to their car on the road and had disappeared over the top of the hill before the astounded Z company men had time to realize what had happened.

* * * *

A good soldier takes his heart-aches as does a child. His disappointments, even though trivial, cut deeply. The depths of despair are sounded, but a kind Providence shortens the period of anguish. Some new interest looms. Enthusiasm rises like a rocket.

It is the twelfth of October, just after daybreak. Company Z swings into the Montzeville road carrying full equipment. A rest camp twenty miles to the rear is its destination. Is anybody downhearted? Is anyone complaining? Listen—there's a song starting down in the third platoon. Punch and Sneezy and Joe are in full voice and the gang is coming along with—"OH BOY, OH JOY, WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?"

Do Not Forget the 80th Division Veterans Association When You Receive Your Pennsylvania State Bonus

MANY of our 80th Division Veterans often wonder why the Headquarters Staff is constantly urging the payment of dues. If no one paid dues our organization would necessarily become defunct as has been the case in all too many veterans organizations.

In that event there is no central driving power in the name of the 80th Division to work for the benefit and welfare of the individual members who compose our great War Division.

In this connection we came across one of the finest samples of an appeal for dues in a letter sent out to the members of the Pittsburgh Police and Fire Veterans of Foreign Drum and Bugle Corps. Many of our members are also members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of The United States, and the relations between the 80th Division Veterans Association and the V. F. W. have always been very warm and cordial.

We are taking the liberty to quote verbatim from this dues notice which was sent out by the Commander and Adjutant of the Post, with the request that each 80th Division Veteran from the state of Pennsylvania please remember that practically the same reasons advanced by our comrades of the V. F. W.

hold good with those men who served with the 80th Division as a good sound reason for the payment of your current dues as an active member of the 80th Division Veterans Association.

Dear Comrade:

The V. F. W. is a rather old organization, which has as a background quite a number of the outstanding events of American history. That background as well as the aims and accomplishments of the Order are things of which every member may well be proud.

It is a well known fact that at the close of every War the masses of men released from the Army desired above all to return to civil life and forgetfulness. For most it was difficult to remove the memory of war; the ghastly soul-searing, mind-wrecking horrors. To some, who were and are the human wreckage left as a result of that carnage, memory is a grisly spectre that stalks their every waking hour, and haunts their sleep.

We, who may still carry on, can probably forget War and all its attending misery, but it is the sacred duty of each veteran to be ever mindful of those who can never forget; who fill veteran hospitals, who walk about, men broken on the wheel of War, who lie in bed for months on end, and who must depend upon you, the active veteran, to carry on the fight against selfish interests that would relegate him into the lap of charity. The V. F. W. Committee at Washington, D. C., are waging a valiant fight for the repeal of the National Economy Act. This fight is against a well-financed and well-organized group, and is costing the V. F. W. a tidy sum.

Sometime ago, an orphanage was established at Eaton Rapids, Mich., to care for the orphans of veterans. This home entails a large expenditure when you consider feeding, clothing, housing and educating One Hundred and Thirty children.

A V. F. W. Committee, for years, struggled and fought a most heart-breaking fight to procure from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania a bonus, which you will receive very soon. This fight also required the expenditure of a large sum of money. The dues paid by members is the sole source of revenue for your organization. This money is not a gift of the Gods, but the dues over which the Officers of a post at times spend many a worry-filled hour, so if you are in arrears, why not catch up? If you have not paid 1934 dues now is the opportune time to do so since your Post needs to carry on, and your dues at this time will be a world of encouragement.

Yours in Comradeship,

THOMAS MORRISON,
Commander.

Attest:
H. L. COX.

In connection with the foregoing it must always be kept in mind that any veteran who really cannot afford to pay his dues is not expected to make any sacrifice, but on the other hand, any veteran of the 80th who can afford to pay the nominal dues required to maintain his standing as an active member should in justice to those distressed veterans **PAY HIS 1934 DUES AT ONCE!**

My Greatest Thrill

By FRANCIS M. STUTTS, 318th M. G. Co.

READING the war-time stories of our comrades inspires me to put on paper a description of what was, to me, the most exciting incident in the many adventures of the 318th M. G. Company.

This biggest thrill occurred at about 3:00 P. M. on the afternoon of September 26th, 1918. We had left the Bois de Sully at night on the evening of the 23rd and had advanced through Verdun to a little town named Nichevillers. We had been in the general vicinity for eight days, and had experienced plenty of shelling, a generous supply of German gas, and had our attempt at sleep continuously thwarted by the belching of our own guns, paying back the enemy for the gifts they had been dropping on us.

Remember, fellows, marching through the famous city which made such a noble stand and which gave the Crown Prince, son of the Kaiser, the impressive name of "the Clown Prince?"

This afternoon we were surrounded by every war hazard imaginable, and in addition there was on hand at every side the evidence of destruction—dead men, wounded men, overturned machine guns, concealed gun emplacements. There was no thought of danger. Excitement was running too high.

Just in front of us were four French guns. Every time one of those "big boys" coughed we could feel the concussion. From left and right, front and rear came those shells,—on their way screaming death to all in their path.

Suddenly distress lights began to pierce the sky from the far horizon. The fellows were in distress on several fronts.

The entire company was busy watching a "dog-fight." A German plane and an American plane were high overhead, jockeying and maneuvering for position, and each bent on the destruction of the other. After a fine exhibition of aerial battle, the German plane came crashing down enveloped in flames, and leaving in its wake a trail of dense black smoke. It fell beyond a hill just out of our range of sight. The victor headed back behind our lines and was soon lost to view.

While we were still pitched high over the exciting plane fight, and were scanning the skies for a possible chance at seeing another one, we were shocked to see a German plane creep suddenly out of a white fleecy cloud and come swinging straight down at our artillery of observation balloons. With incredible speed he reached the first balloon. The observers jumped! Before their parachutes had opened, the big gas bag was in flames. The German aviator "leveled off" at once, and flying parallel to the ground burned three more of our balloons in one-two-three order. Apparently the men in the luckless observation balloons made a safe descent, it was an unwritten law not to shoot a balloonist in his hapless flight. I never saw that law broken.

At this point a Frenchman in a combat plane appeared out of nowhere and the German turned and rushed for safety behind his own lines. The German plane

was too swift for the Frenchman, so after a few miles of a losing race the Frenchman returned, leaving the German to retreat to his home port in safety.

In less than one half an hour we had seen an American victory in combat and a successful German balloon raid. Now on the hillside lay many still forms, paying the supreme sacrifice for their country. Sad—yes, very, but one could hardly help being thrilled with pride at the way those brave aviators met their fate. I'll never forget that day. Do you remember, Buddy?

MRS. CRONKHITE ELECTED FIRST PRESIDENT V. F. W. AUXILIARY

The Robert D. Fleming Post No. 2454, Veterans of Foreign Wars, of Bellevue, Pa., composed largely of 80th Division veterans, sponsoring a joint meeting on the evening of January 31st, for the purpose of instituting the newly organized Ladies Auxiliary of the Post and installing the Auxiliary officers for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Gertrude Horne Cronkhite was elected and installed as the first president.

The instituting ceremonies and installation of officers was presided over by Mrs. Genevieve Schaaf, president of the Allegheny County Council Ladies Auxiliary, assisted by her staff of State and County officers. The officers installed in addition to president were: Senior Vice President, Mrs. Jenne Shaney; Junior Vice President, Mrs. Kathryn Moody; Secretary, Mrs. Theresa Easley; Treasurer, Mrs. Marie Warriner; Chaplain, Mrs. Beatrice Carter; Conductress, Mrs. Catherine McGowan; Guard, Mrs. Bertha Thompson; Historian, Mrs. Jean White;

Patriotic Instructor, Mrs. Lillian Murphy; Musician, Mrs. Ella Holzhauser; Trustee, Mrs. Adeline Maund; Color Bearers, Miss Isabella Murphy, Miss Helen Murphy, Mrs. Irene Schoemaker, Mrs. Alma Richardson.

Among the distinguished visitors were Major General Adelbert Cronkhite and Mrs. J. K. Kearney, President of Pennsylvania Auxiliary.

The following State and County officers of the Auxiliary were present: Margaret A. Armstrong, past national president; Ida May Stanford, past departmental president; Genevieve R. Schaaf, department treasurer; Amelia C. Kane, department guard; Ellen N. Walters, department patriotic instructor; Myrtle M. Beyers, assistant department conductress; and Jessie Arnfield, past county council president.

The following officials of the Veterans of Foreign Wars were present, each delivering a short talk: Past National Commander-in-Chief, Robert G. Woodside; Junior Department Commander, Joseph M. Stack; Past Department Commander, John L. Bingham; Allegheny County Commander, Frank O. Gangwisch; Commanders of the 30th, 32nd, and 33rd Districts, Department of Pennsylvania, F. L. McGowan, V. C. Schaaf, and I. Kalson; Past County Commanders, A. E. Schwenke and A. L. Yahres.



AMES, EDWARD RAYMOND, formerly member of Company B, 320th Infantry, died on Tuesday, January 6, 1934, at his home in East End, Pgh., Pa. Funeral services were held at H. Samson's, 537 Neville St., Thursday, January 8, 1934.

GRANKAWISH, MARTIN, formerly member of Supply Company, 319th Infantry, died at the U. S. Veterans Hospital, Aspinwall, Pa., November 6, 1933. Full military honors were afforded this comrade by Vesle Post No. 418, Veterans of Foreign Wars of McKees Rocks, Pa. Interment was held in a local cemetery.

WILLIAMS, LINSLEY R., formerly member of 80th Division Hdqs. Staff, died at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research on January 8, 1934. Dr. Williams served on General Cronkhite's Staff during his stay at Camp Lee and also with the division in France. His contact with the regiments and regimental surgeons was in the capacity of Intelligence Officer.

P. LUDEBUEHL & SON
SHOES AND HOSIERY
 Penn and Frankstown
"WE'VE FITTED FEET OVER FIFTY YEARS"



80th Division Headquarters

Colonel Edmund A. Buchanan has been confined to the Letterman General Hospital at San Francisco for some time, but we are glad to report that he is improving and we trust that it will be only a matter of a short time until his complete recovery. Colonel Buchanan is an active member of the 80th Division Veterans Association.

PHILADELPHIA POST NO. 2

The following are the new officers for the year 1934:

- Jim Kilgannon—Commander.
- Paul Eitle—Sr. Vice Commander.
- Frank Haenle—Jr. Vice Commander.
- Rodney Bonsall—Finance Officer.
- Tom Doyle—Adjutant.
- Frank Mayer—Sgt. at Arms.

Executive Council—Russ Mahon, Bill Pfeifer, Bill Graham, Otto Leinhauser, Fred Haussmann, Frank Schoble, Jack Edmonds, Clarence Saltiel, Sam Millinghausen, Evan Tibbott.

Marking and counting ballots must have been considered a strenuous job for the faithful were treated to nothing less than an oyster supper.

Owing to the absence of Commander Tibbott at the January meeting, Sr. Vice Commander Strouse conducted the session and received reports from the appointed chairmen. The reports must have been favorable because every chairman except one was reappointed to fulfill the duties for the ensuing year. The other committee man had to decline reappointment because the duties would interfere with his work.

Jim Kilgannon delivered an inaugural speech seventeen pages long, and the plea through every page was for the members to support their Post and National Association by paying their dues. Bill Pfeifer was appointed Membership Chairman, by our worthy Commander, and it was proposed that the active members be divided into two teams, to work on increasing the active membership of the Post.

There was quite a few comments about the dates for the National Reunion this year, and after quite a lengthy discussion the Post decided that Comrade Pfeifer, being a member of the National Executive Council, should let Headquar-

ters know the opinions existing down this way.

Comrade Pfeifer is listed as representing 313th F. A., but he is really representing Philadelphia Post, and any information received by or requested of him, is brought before Post membership for their approval.

BILL GRAHAM.

Who Is Who In Philadelphia

Introducing Jim Kilgannon, Battery A, 314th F. A., as Post Commander for 1934. We know little or nothing of Jim's record as a soldier, but Battery A though well enough of him to elect him as President of their Association. Jim handled his job as Adjutant last year with remarkable ability, and if his barrage upon taking the chair is any criterion we may look forward to a very successful year.

Rodney Bonsall was unanimously elected Finance Officer. However, that is hardly news because that is just a lifetime job for Rod.

Sam Millinghausen was elected to the Executive Council.

Tom Doyle, of the Signal Btn., is our new Adjutant.

Glad to see Elmer Seddon with us at the January meeting. Elmer is living away out in the sticks and can hardly make the trip in one day.

We miss Frank Schoble and Bill Gal-leher. We know that Frank is under the doctor's care, but would like to know what excuse Bill has.

How about a Post Life Membership with part of that Penna. State Bonus?

The Philadelphia Post extends its sympathy to Larry Fisher upon the loss of his Mother, and Rodney Bonsall in his recent bereavement over the death of his Father.

Executive Council sessions hereafter will not be devoted solely to business but will assume a social get-together atmosphere. There is even rumors that refreshments will be served.

Russ Mahon believes this idea will induce more of our members to attend.

We welcome Paul Eitle, Senior Vice Commander, Clarence Saltiel, Jack Ed-

monds and Sam Millinghausen to the Executive Council.

We were sorry that Post Commander Tibbott was unable to attend his closing meeting. Evan worked hard during his administration and has the sincere thanks of the Post for his untiring efforts.

Fred Haussmann, 319th Inf., and Capt. Leinhauser, M. Gn. Co., were absent at our last meeting, therefore, we have nothing to report for those particular companies. We missed you fellows!

We will try to increase our active membership by dividing our Post into two teams, both striving to gain the most members. The defeated team will hold a party for the victors after the contest is over.

We were sorry to learn that Dr. Poole is still ill, but we are glad to hear he is returning soon.

We continue to hear good reports of Charlie O'Neill, Senior Vice Commander, Dept. of Penna., V. F. W., and look for him to be State Commander before the year is over.

Many fellows will be turning to veteran organizations for aid in filing their Pennsylvania Bonus applications. Whether it be the V. F. W., Legion, or 80th, we are glad to assist all we can in helping any veteran get his bonus. We only ask in return that whatever veteran organization you happen to be a member of "Try to support that association."

BILL GRAHAM.

318TH INFANTRY

COMPANY A

Comrades, now that we are well into the new year let us all think about our National Association and if possible pay our 1934 dues.

Send your correct address to Headquarters or 3204 Fendall Ave. We want to know all the news—so we can keep

PHOTO ENGRAVING HALFTONES ZINC ETCHINGS COLOR PLATES COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY ADVERTISING ART ROBERT RAWSTHORNE CO. EIGHTH AND PENN. PITTSBURGH, PA.

HEINEMAN for BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE No. 1 Diamond Market—Main Floor PITTSBURGH, PA. Atlantic 1608

our buddies informed as to where you are, have been, and what you are doing.

ATTENTION! Capt. Earl C. Shively, Lt. Henry E. McWane and Lt. Guy A. Dirom—you have been neglecting our column for a long time—we are expecting some news from you for our next issue of "Service."

Met Russell B. Crump, of Charles City, Va., recently on one of his trips to Richmond. He asked about the old gang and requested me to give them his very best wishes.

Harry Westerman has changed his address from Pittsburgh, Pa., to Bolivar, Pa. Harry would like to hear from some of his buddies.

Our old pal Wm. A. Bucking, Norfolk, Va., gave us a shock by writing. Glad to hear from you, Bill; now don't forget we are in existence.

Howard M. Sanford lives in Petersburg, Va. How about some news from the Petersburg boys, Mack?

L. H. (Tall) Jackson, Sanford, N. C., is still doing farm duty. Jack, we are anxious to hear the news from the sunny south.

Dropped in to see Ceril G. Wood, Ashland, Va., recently. He is always glad to reminisce over old times.

J. L. Gerlacker, 5208 Conduct Road, Washington, D. C., is still with the railroad. John, how about contacting our Washington boys and signing them up for the Association again?

Let us try to make every member active in the Association this year. JAMES E. FARRAR.

320TH INFANTRY

General Ora E. Hunt, first colonel of the 320th Infantry, is on the retired list of the army and is living at 443 Kentucky Avenue, Berkeley, California.

COMPANY G

The members of Company "G" extend their sympathy to Oscar J. Remmy in the hours of his bereavement through the loss of his wife who died January 18th, 1934, at their home, 120 Bailey Avenue, Mt. Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Carlton (Lucky) Leonard is again on his usual sojourn to the warm summer climate of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, for the winter months. When he returns to Chincoteague, Virginia, about April 1st he will again take up his task of commanding the fishing tug for the catch of another season's work. He is and always was one of the 80th most ardent boosters. Good luck to you and the wife, Lucky.

Lt. William C. Cannon is still located at Monticello, Mississippi, where, we suppose, he is still engaged in trapping possums for the "Good" old possum pie. How about it, Bill?

Capt. A. N. Gorker is now located at R. F. D. No. 1, Arkansas City, Kansas.

We have not heard from the Captain for quite some time. A few lines would be greatly appreciated.

William C. Robinson, better known to the company members as "Bobby," is now located at 424 Parklyn Street, Overbrook, Pittsburgh, Pa. He will be glad to hear from any of the boys. Bobby is still nursing a "War Disability."

John Loeffert, the smallest man of the company, who served as the company mail clerk, is recuperating from a disability incurred in service. He is located on a small farm at R. F. D. No. 1, Allison Park, Pa. John will long be remembered for his "Sunny Smiles" and his very pleasant disposition. Drop him a line, fellows.

GEO. J. KLIER.

COMPANY I

Preliminary meeting in connection with I Company annual Banquet will be held in February. All wishing to attend communicate with Jack Sugden, Oliver Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wanted! A few officers at the next annual banquet. Page: Lts. Titus, Lukens, Vanderwater, Parkman, and McNulty.

Some of the old-timers who were missing last year try to make an effort to attend. We hope to see Murray, Dinan, Shaffer, Chet and Jitney Johnson, Marcum, Cassidy, Brown, Wolf, Smith, Baur, Eddy, Hinch, Hardt, Hildebrand, Kelly, Kilgar, Jarvis and Rhea to help put our annual get-together over with a bang.

Everyone bring a Buddy this year. Let's make it one of the best we have ever had.

Jack Sugden has just been elected president of the Steel City Gas Coal Company. Happy tidings, Jack! You're just the boy who can handle "de sitjeation."

Here's hoping for a speed recovery for Lowlor who has been confined to the Veterans Hospital at Aspinwall.

HUGHES.

318TH MACHINE GUN CO.

Dear Buddy:

You fellows have surely extended the hand of charity to us who have been down and out. I did not have the money to pay my dues or subscription to "Service," so you kept me on the list. May the Lord bless and prosper you. I am enclosing \$3.00 for my dues and subscription.

Imagine my joy at sight of an article in the last issue telling us we are going to get our Pennsylvania Bonus. Buddy, do you think they will eliminate me because I am not there to get it? If so, and my presence demands it, I will borrow the fare to come up and be there in person. Another thing, I tithe my income, whatever it be, and will give 10% to charity—when I get my Pennsylvania Bonus. It will not be amiss if I give half to my own Institution which has given me work, and half to my Eightieth Division Association, will it? I promise that. Please let me know my status. I worked in Braddock and can get Mr. Alfred Rosenbloom to vouch for

me. Fact, the Braddock folk have my name on a memorial, now turned green, on Library Street, but it is spelled terribly wrong. Braddock ought to have my name down on the books. I still have my "goodbye" ribbon, given me the day we went away.

I am going to try and write something for our paper and enclose it. If not will send it soon. Something about the war, some incident. I surely enjoy our mag. and it is getting better every issue. How I wish the 318th would contribute.

FRANCIS M. STUTTS.

Sgt. Judson C. Dale is located in Washington, D. C.

Andrew C. Scarmack still lives at Farrell, Pa., and reports a family of two boys and two girls.

Comrade Harry S. Perrine writes from Erie, Pa., and says that Ed. Ley is now living in Warren, Pa., Ed. Miller in Erie, Pa., and Harry Bain in Jackson Center, Pa.

John Ruyak has been with the Braddock Trust Company for many years.

Frank B. Russell has been living in Baton Rouge, La., for the past thirteen years and writes that upon a visit to Vicksburg, Miss. (his old home town) he saw Piazza who runs a combination grocery store and meat market.

Just learned that Jimmy Cooke died in Norfolk, Va., about a year ago.

Sgt. Ernest J. Wright is confined to his home on account of illness. Wishing you a speedy recovery, Jimmy.

FRANCIS M. STUTTS.

315TH M. G. BATTALION

It has been proposed to form a Pittsburgh Club of the members of the 315th M. G. Bn. who reside in Pittsburgh or vicinity and if there are any members of our outfit desiring to participate in such an organization write me at 93 Broadhead Avenue, Crafton Station, Pgh., Pa., and I shall set a time and place to meet to expedite such an organization.

Phillip J. Kinder would like to hear from some of his former buddies, particularly Harry Rifley, Charles Murphy, Harold Ochs, and Lt. Kercher. Write him at P. O. Box 162, Atascadero, California.

A. J. RAY.

313TH FIELD ARTILLERY

We were all glad to welcome Alex Hornkohl, former medical man, who visited Philly not so long ago. He is the same Hornkohl as of old and promises to join our "happy family" again when not traveling for the Sherman Paper Products Corp.

Harley Halstead, another Medic, is with the Peterson Drug Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Aaron T. Coggins (just another Medic)

is located with the Buick Motor Company, Flint, Mich.

Charles Green, 1st Sgt., B Battery, is in the Personnel Dept., Reo Motor Company, Lansing, Mich.

Dr. Samuel W. Donaldson (another former member of that "great contingent") can be located at St. Joseph Hospital, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Lew Strouse, of C Battery and Hdqs. Co., finished his term as Senior Vice Commander by conducting the January meeting and inducting the new Post Commander.

Jim Coleman gave us a pleasant surprise by putting in his appearance at our January meeting. Come again, Jim! Seemed like old times to have you.

Our sympathy to Larry Fisher of B Battery in the loss of his Mother.

Bill Pfeifer of C Battery and 313th member of the National Executive Council, has been appointed Post Membership chairman, and knowing Bill we can expect results, that is, if he is given proper cooperation.

BILL GRAHAM.

Just a few items to help Lt. Bill Graham fill his 313th column. Bill has been very liberal in keeping this delinquent correspondent's name in print and we are grateful. He also gets a vote of thanks from his other 313th comrades for helping them keep in touch with each other.

Samuel G. Jr. is one big reason we can give for our failing in contributing to the column—because—the little feller reigns supreme in the Evans domicile.

Met Capt. Crandall a short time ago in Wilksburg. The Captain has been the vice president of the Wilksburg Bank for the past two and a half years. He is married, and is the daddy of two fine youngsters, a boy four and a girl three.

Otto Jenson is the Postmaster at Sorum, S. D.; he is also in charge of the general store in that town. Jenson reports that he is raising sheep and hopes to get thirty cents per pound for wool this year. Two years ago the top price was nine cents a pound, seems like mighty good "farmers relief."

Hershman is still living in San Francisco, California. He left Pittsburgh in 1920, due to ill health, and has remained in the west since that time.

Met George Hubert and his family after the Armistice Day Parade and they invited me to lunch at their home. Of course—I accepted and after eating a delicious lunch prepared by Mrs. Hubert, George and I fought the war over again.

Norbert Enders, the soap manufacturer, may be seen hurrying about Pittsburgh almost any time. He is an active worker in veteran affairs. He is living at Wexford, a few miles north of Pittsburgh.

Last summer while visiting George Hamm at his home in Clearfield County, I met John Harry. We decided to drop in on our old comrade, John Gemerick,

who also lives in Clearfield County. We had a regular E Battery reunion. Harry is employed at the silk mill at Clearfield and has a boy thirteen years old. George is the proud papa of two children, a boy eight years old and a girl ten.

SAMUEL EVANS.

305TH MOTOR SUPPLY TRAIN

COMPANY E

Joe Gormley, ex-Corporal and Permanent Acting Sergeant of the Guard of E Company, is employed as Auditor at the Penn-Lincoln Hotel, Wilksburg, Pa.

It seems that our news last issue with regard to Harold Kritschgau, of Scottsdale, was just so much baloney. He has transferred from the meat business to the position of Justice of the Peace. Any ex-truck driver of the train who drives down the middle of the road with his ten-ton oil can without regard to other drivers will receive a warm welcome at the Squire's office.

Prof. Ira D. Garard, former Sgt. of E Co., who was transferred to the Gas Defense Service while the big show was in progress, is now an instructor at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J. The Professor is a Chemistry expert and can give you the dope on Vitamins and what not.

305TH ENGINEERS

The Military Order of the Carabao, an organization originating in the Philippine Islands immediately after the Insurrection, held its annual dinner in Washington on February 10, 1934. Colonel George R. Spalding, former colonel 305th Engineers, officiated at this dinner as the Gamboling Carabao. We are not familiar with the requirements of this office, but we feel sure that the duties, whatever they are, were well performed.

314TH HDQT. CO. F. A.

Anyone who served in the 80th Div., 314th Hdqt. Co., F. A., in actual service or knew Day French in France is requested to contact Comrade Day French, Deerfield, Ohio.

Liberty Engraving Co.
OPERATING DAY AND NIGHT

ENGRAVERS
HALF TONES COLOR PLATES
ZINC ETCHINGS
COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY



ARTISTS and
ILLUSTRATORS
POST-GAZETTE
BUILDING
PITTSBURGH

Phones. GRant 1654 or 1655

“SERVICE”

. will forever “carry on” as one of the Sacred Words of the war; like Buddy, Bunky and a host of others that were born, or acquired a new significance from the war, it will have a very special meaning to all who served, here on the “Home Sector” and “Over There.” There is no measuring of honest Service, Service that comes from the heart of loyalty, needs no special stage, nor scenic effects! Nor does it go, for long, unappreciated. There will ever be jealous hearts to scoff at the fruits of our labors, mean and selfish souls, who begrudge “Everybuddy” his well earned place upon the tablet of honor, men who want the word “Service” to be forgotten, as it applies to the World War.

SERVICE MAGAZINE, published by the 80th Division Veterans’ Association at Pittsburgh, Pa., has been called “The Best Soldier Publication in America.” We are not content with just that! We desire to “carry on” with special emphasis on the word “Service” and the name “Buddy”—we want to keep liaison with “Everybuddy” who can feel unashamed of his war record. “Service” is a regular bi-monthly communique of events past, present and future. Its pages contain the best reminiscences of the days in Camp and “Over There.” Its stories are priceless in value, first, because they are true pen pictures of a great Service, and secondly, because they now carry the mellowness of time. “Everybuddy,” mother, dad, brother and sister, whose hearts were fighting in the great battle of keeping the Faith, supplying the Confidence and Moral Courage of their boys “Over There”—watching and waiting, hoping and praying, will enjoy the SERVICE MAGAZINE.

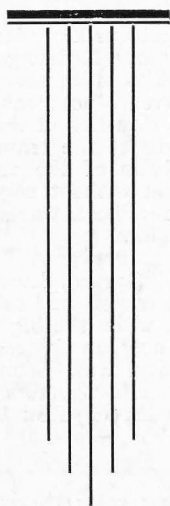
SERVICE is owned and published by the 80th Division Veterans’ Association, costs \$2.00 a year, and is worth it.

Write for a sample copy—and then, when you are convinced—help to increase its usefulness and circulation.

“Everybuddy Get a Buddy”

Service Magazine

“Official Blue Ridge Communique”



413 Plaza Bldg.
Pittsburgh, Pa.