

The Service Magazine



The
Official
Publication
Of The

..... 80th
DIVISION
VETERANS
ASSOCIATION

1966



REUNION EDITION

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The SERVICE MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF 80th DIVISION VETERANS

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REUNION EDITION — 1966

Commander's Message



RUSSELL H. DUNCOMBE
NATIONAL COMMANDER

This has been a year of never-to-be forgotten memories of meetings with the different 80th Division Post groups. The honor of serving this Association as Commander has been heart-warming and wonderful. Both Mrs. Duncombe and I have shared a year of memorable visits. Among these have been visits to Philadelphia Post No. 2, Greater Reading Post No. 32, Cincinnati Post No. 34 and Cleveland Post No. 35. Between writing this message and convention time your Commander expects to visit Richmond and Harrisonburg, Virginia, as well as Indianapolis and Pittsburgh. Attendance as an honored guest has been at banquets of the 702nd Tank Battalion (ETO) in Erie, the 305th Ammunition Train (AEF), Sharon, Pa., the 313th Field Artillery (AEF), Martinsburg, W. Va., American Legion Post No. 285, Waterford, Pa., American Legion Post

No. 773, Millcreek (Erie), Pa., and Barracks No. 121, Veterans of World War I, Erie.

Some doubt crossed my mind regarding the forward movement of the 80th Division when my election to this high office came about; however, the marvelous ability of our Convention Committee this year will, I think, offset any lack on my part.

Permit me at this time to express my sincere thanks to all my officers, the Convention Committee, the National Auxiliary, and every one of my comrades. I will attempt to express in person, at Cleveland, just how much this year has meant to me.

RUSSELL H. DUNCOMBE

Cleveland—Your 1966 Host

With the valuable experience of holding a previous annual reunion and convention, Cleveland Blue Riders hope to excel the highly successful affair staged in their city in 1962.

Getting off to an early start the 14-man committee has worked assiduously to produce an impressive program guaranteed to provide a thrilling time for the 80th vets attending the 47th consecutive gathering this year. A full schedule of interesting events has already been prepared by Chairman Joe Coniglio and his able staff, including several new features, the details of which have not as yet been fully publicized. Nevertheless, just two months before the main attraction is to take place many of the varied arrangements are well under way, all designed for your entertainment and pleasure.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3

8:00-10:00 a.m.—Breakfast for Pick-Carter overnight guests—Pan-Am. Coffee Shop.
1:00 p.m.—Official opening of Convention Headquarters and Registration Desk—North Mezzanine.
7:00 p.m.—National Auxiliary Executive Comm. Meeting—Harvest Rm.—Mezzanine
8:00 p.m.—Registration Desk closes.
9:00 p.m.—National Commander's Reception Party—Grand Ballroom—Mezzanine. Door prize to be awarded.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4

- 8:00-10:00 a.m.—Breakfast for Pick-Carter overnight guests—Pan American Coffee Shop.
- 9:30 a.m.—Business Meeting of National Auxiliary—Spanish Room—Mezzanine.
- 10:00 a.m.—Registration Desk opens—North Mezzanine.
- 11:00 a.m.—Official Opening of Convention with welcome by city officials, followed by Annual Memorial Service—National Association and Auxiliary—Lorenzo Carter Room—Center Mezzanine.
- 12:00 noon—Unit Luncheons (as individually arranged).
- 1:30 p.m.—Presentation of trophy by National Commander and National Auxiliary President—(Event for which award is made to be announced.)
- 2:00 p.m.—Walking sightseeing tour of Cleveland.
- 6:00 p.m.—Dinner for Past National Commanders—North Georgian Room—Mezzanine.
- 8:00 p.m.—Registration Desk closes.
- 9:00 p.m.—Dugout Party—Crystal Room—Lower Level. Door prize to be awarded.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5

- 8:00-10:00 a.m.—Breakfast for Pick-Carter overnight guests—Pan American Coffee Shop.
- 10:00 a.m.—Registration Desk opens—North Mezzanine.
- 10:00 a.m.—National Auxiliary Business Meeting—Spanish Room—Mezzanine.
- 10:30 a.m.—National Association Business Meeting—Grand Ballroom—Mezzanine.
- 12:00 noon—Unit Luncheons (as individually arranged).
- 1:00 p.m.—Depart for East 9th St. Boat Pier.
- 2:00 p.m.—Showboat leaves promptly for a 3-hour ride on Lake Erie—Boat Prize.
- 5:00 p.m.—Disembarkation from Showboat.
- 8:00 p.m.—Registration Desk closes.
- 9:00 p.m.—Unit Parties in various hospitality rooms. (Locations will be listed on bulletin board.)
- 9:00 p.m.—Host's Reunion and Convention Party—Cleveland Post No. 35—(Location to be announced.)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6

- 8:00-10:00 a.m.—Breakfast for Pick-Carter overnight guests—Pan Am. Coffee Shop.
- 10:00 a.m.—Registration Desk opens—North Mezzanine.
- 10:00 a.m.—National Auxiliary Business Meeting—Spanish Room—Mezzanine.
- 10:00 a.m.—National Association Annual Meeting followed by Election of Officers—Grand Ballroom—Mezzanine.
- 12:00 noon—Unit Luncheons (as individually arranged).
- 1:00 p.m.—National Auxiliary Installation Luncheon—English Room—Mezzanine.
- 2:30 p.m.—Meeting of National Executive Council—El Rancho Room—Mezzanine.

- 5:00 p.m.—Final closing of Registration Desk.
- 6:30 p.m.—Private Reception for National Officers and Distinguished Guests. (Location to be announced.)
- 7:00 p.m.—Annual Banquet—Grand Ballroom—Mezzanine.
- Door prize to be awarded.
- 9:00 p.m.—Annual Dance—Grand Ballroom—Music by Lou Elgart and his orchestra.
- 12:00 p.m.—Grand Prize Drawing.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7

Religious services at selected churches for all faiths. Consult bulletin board.

Note:—All indoor activities take place in the Pick-Carter Hotel.

And please remember to register promptly upon arrival; co-operate by wearing your official Convention Badge, secure your banquet tickets early, and participate actively in the business meetings and social functions. By doing so you will demonstrate to the committee your thanks for a job well done.

This Is Cleveland

Our 47th Annual Convention and Reunion will be held most fittingly in a city founded by a war veteran with vision and intelligence. After the Revolutionary War, General Moses Cleaveland (he spelled it with two a's), headed up a company that undertook to develop northeastern Ohio. The General chose the present site of Cleveland for an important town in July 1796. The first town, naturally, was named for the General but later the first "a" was dropped.

Cleveland grew in four distinct stages. First it was a frontier village for thirty years. Next it was a manufacturing and business center for northern Ohio as a result of the opening of a canal to the Ohio River in 1832. The third stage began in Civil War times when iron ore from Lake Superior, and coal from Ohio and Pennsylvania were made into iron and steel, which in turn went into machinery, railroad equipment, farm implements, ships, hardware and countless other items. It is interesting to note that many of present day Cleveland's most important plants were started during those war years by ambitious, skilled mechanics, engineers and business men who came to this new area from the eastern States. As the great middle west was settled, Cleveland's steel mills, factories and foundries expanded to meet the demand from the new farms and growing cities.

Take an airplane and fly high over Lake Erie. We would see, stretching out below us for nearly 45 miles along the shore and ten miles inland, the city of Greater Cleveland—a metropolitan area of well over 1,976,000 souls. Of this amount some 986,500 folks live in the city proper. Cleveland is the eighth largest U.S. city. There is a half-mile wide, low flat valley in the center of the city and this is filled with steel mills, oil refineries and other heavy industry. Most of the city is on a level plain, stretching for miles east and west 60 to

80 feet above Lake Erie. Many suburbs away from the lake are from 100 to 300 feet higher.

Who settled it? Originally New Englanders. Later came the Irish and Germans to work on the Ohio Canal. Some entered into their own types of business. Industries expanded after 1860 as a result of the Civil War. (Lamentably wars mean boom times at the cost of human lives, and the Civil War has the highest casualty index of any American war.) Thousands came from what is now Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Italy. Many enlisted in the Union Army and Ohio's war record is one to be proud of. These people all made Cleveland their home. Their descendants, plus thousands from Ohio and neighboring states and Negroes from the South, form a typical cross section of America. That these people, all with varied racial backgrounds, can live and work together in an American city is demonstrated by a unique chain of 23 cultural gardens unlike any others in the world and which have been built and sponsored by the many nationality groups that comprise Cleveland's population. The purpose is to foster and to build up an international brotherhood and amity among the city's cosmopolitan populace.

Cleveland's industry is based upon the production of iron and steel and the precision manufacture and fabrication of all manner of items made of iron, steel, copper, brass and aluminum. The automobile and major household appliance firms turn to this city for sheet metal and for the enamel and finishes both industries use. Cleveland is second only to the city of Cincinnati in the manufacture of machine tools and industrial equipment. Cleveland is also famous for making various electrical control apparatuses. Such a diversified scale of manufactured products has an annual value of over five billion dollars and is increasing all the time. Truly it serves the industrial heart of America.

To back up this tremendous industrial growth is a must, and Cleveland has that in abundance. Eight railroads and the American Great Lakes Fleet make the Port of Cleveland within the reach of foreign trade through the St. Lawrence Seaway. Indeed, it is this very excellent transportation system and facilities which make Cleveland one of the nation's greatest industrial centers.

While predominantly an industrial city, Greater Cleveland is surrounded by a rich and prosperous agriculture. It is noted for its excellent horticultural products. Within its borders is one of the country's major centers of the nursery industry from which ornamental plants, shrubs and flowers are shipped to all parts of the nation. Here in this area there is the largest concentration—over 400 acres of glass devoted to the production of tomatoes, leaf lettuce and lesser amounts of watercress, cucumbers and radishes with a selling figure well over the 15 million-dollar mark annually.

Cleveland is known as a progressive and independent city and rightly so. It has the usual Mayor-Council form of government, but with a very big difference. Clevelanders have the annoying habit of voting for candidates and slates on the basis of individual reputations and issues rather than on the basis of political party labels. Would that more of us would do so!

In this space age, please note that this city has one of the largest municipal airports in the world. Recent expansion of its Hopkins Airport enables it to service all modern aircraft. In addition, like so many other modern cities, Cleveland has a Downtown airport suitable for executive-type airplanes and commuter service for businessmen.

Space does not permit us to list the many, many attractions this city has to offer. Ask at your hotel or moted, or phone the Convention and Visitors Bureau for information, then start at The Mall, a world-famous attraction consisting of a "T"-shaped tract of land of 104 acres right in the heart of the city. Or join one of the tours being arranged for us by our own Reunion Committee.

Cleveland, said a wise man, is one city that people coming from other sections of the country find it easy to become established in, and one which inspires the loyalty of those who have adopted it.

By John A. Linder,
305 Medical Bn., ETO,
West Fairview, Pa.

(This writer is indebted to the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce; the Convention and Visitors Bureau and the Cleveland Transit System for source material.)

My First Visit To See "Jerry"

It was 12:50 p.m. when the 12 officers and 30 men from our battalion left headquarters at Fieffes in busses and 4:20 p.m. when we arrived at our final debarking point, some eight miles nearer the front. At this place we had our first sight of the Allied artillery in action. Nestled in the hills which afford most wonderful advantages from a tactical standpoint, there are numerous batteries of four-point-sixes, six-point-nines and three-point-nines which carry on a desultory fire daily.

From there we started on the hike toward our adversary. During this march he was gracious enough to place his shells aimed at our artillery in such places as not to interfere with our progress. At one point we were to pass he kept up a fire at regular intervals of about one minute, until we were within 50 yards of the center of his bombardment, when the fire came to a complete halt until we were well beyond that point. This gave us the feeling of comfort we needed at that time, for our load was heavy enough to keep us hot under the collar without having the added load of nervous excitement.

Our next stop was at the headquarters of the reserve battalion and here we met some jolly fine English officers who treated us quite royally. After refreshments and a good rest, we again took up the march over hills, down dales and through trenches. Our guide had been accustomed to a quite different route over the hill and was therefore not familiar with the course in the trenches through which he led us. In consequence of this we had the unhappy experience of being led, stumbling and staggering, over a very rough shellhole terrain in the dark, and also of being taken more than a mile out of our way. In commenting on guides, the captain of the English company I was later attached to, stated that the great trouble with men who are going over the routes is that they are always going along with their heads between their legs, and do not get any idea as to the condition of the terrain.

My immediate commander, Captain MacVeigh, and I, together with the seven men from our company, arrived at the headquarters of "A" Co., 9th West Riding Regiment, Duke of Wellingtons, at about 10 p.m., after we left the party at the 9th Battalion headquarters, which was to join the other companies. Here we met Captain Dacre of "A" company, and Lieutenant Clarke who was in charge of the reserve platoon billeted in dugouts near company headquarters. And of course I must not forget Thompson, the captain's batman, and the man who never failed to keep us well supplied with tea and other necessities of trench life.

At 1 a.m. Lieutenant Clarke was to go out with 12 of his men on a reconnoitering patrol, so we decided that it would be best for us to go up to the front line (line of observation) at that time. At 12:45 the lieutenant hustled around the holes in the ground where the men were resting, routed them out, tolled them off, gave them instructions as to their mission, disposition, etc., and hurriedly inspected them to see that all men who were delegated to throw bombs actually had bombs and that all had loaded rifles. The men were all volunteers and were quite eager to be on their way. Later in speaking to the British colonel in charge of the battalion about the volunteer system for obtaining men for patrols, I learned that they do not look with favor upon that method, for it is usually the case that the same men volunteer for all of them and thus there are always a few men who do not get any of that work. I must say that the "get up and get to it spirit" these men had made me feel that I too should join them, but upon caution from my immediate commander that there may be objection from higher up, I dispelled all thought of such a mission. We "carried on" and soon found ourselves in the front line. The sector occupied by "A" Company is quite a wooded one and I did not realize I was in the observa-

tion line until Captain Dacre—Skipper, they call him—stated that that point is as far forward as we might well advance at that time. To get there in the alternating moonlight and clouded darkness, we had gone directly out over the top and through the woods and I can assure you there is a strange feeling for the novice when advancing under such conditions. However, it is really surprising how quickly one grasps the spirit of the whole thing and forgets about his own personal safety, that is from the standpoint of the quitter.

Having seen the patrol well on its way, a new situation presented itself to us. Captain Dacre had received word from his outpost number one on the right of his sector that their Lewis gun was being annoyed by an automatic of Jerry's. The captain had a fair idea where the enemy gun was situated, and was estimating the situation when my captain and I joined him in the front line on the left. He immediately ordered a squad to start their rifle grenades on a point 150 yards forward of the front line on the right. We three, together with a British sergeant, occupied a shellhole 25 yards in advance of the front line on the left and immediately opened up with rifle grenades on the same spot. In a short time, after there had been about 30 rifle grenades concentrated on this point, the Boche automatic became silent.

Our next move was to inspect the observation posts. The one on the left of the sector was about 75 yards beyond the observation line and was formerly a continuous trench, but is now barricaded so that there is a section about 25 yards long with loopholes through the sand bags to allow for enfilading the part of the trench not occupied. There is a sentry squad there and their only communication with the main system of trenches is over the top. Here we found conditions very similar to situations we had in the States when we had our play trenches. There were the sentinels on guard, men resting nearby, niches for bombs, the fire step, etc., and particularly noticeable lack of timidity of the men. There was a good supply of bombs and small arms ammunition handy at all times. Right here I might state that Lieutenant Clarke mentioned that it is hard to get the men to think of their rifles when there are bombs close at hand.

When we got back to the front line we found three platoons on duty there. There were posts for Lewis gunners, rifle grenadiers and riflemen, but they were subject to change from time to time, though two of the machine-gunners had fixed posts so as to allow for the protection of crossfire. These men in the front line had been up there for six days and were quite satisfied that the morrow would bring them relief.

By the time we had returned from the outposts to the observation line the reconnoitering

patrol had come back, but not as a successful unit. This same group had been out the night before and went about 150 yards without meeting a soul, but it seems Jerry must have had an idea he could trap them by waiting until a more favorable time, and he did. The patrol got out about 75 yards and was immediately opened up on by two of the Boche's machineguns using crossfire on them. They all managed to get back, but not without having two men shot through the legs and one shot through the shoulder. The stretcher bearers soon had them well on their way to the dressing station and, I dare say, to "Blighly."

After our travels, meetings and partings, inspections and excitement in general, we were quite prepared for a short time at rest in the captain's dugout, for it was now drawing near to daybreak and the continuous "putt-putt-putt" of the machineguns, the "whiz-z-z-bang" of Fritz's heavier defensive weapon and the "plunk-bloumb" of his "Tuck-Emmas," as the British call his trench mortars, was gradually dying away with the darkness of the night.

The first morning in the trenches was spent quietly, for there was nothing of much consequence transpiring; the ration parties were on the job getting the meals up to the men and though I did not accompany any of them up to the lines, I felt confident that they proceeded with utmost caution and that they did not fail to use the communication trench where one existed.

A trench mortar of the battery directly to our rear was quite active all day. Occasionally the enemy would be especially annoyed at it and would retaliate with a rapid burst of his mortars and whizz-bangs. We were stirred-up quite a bit about supper time, our first day in, with a very unexpected outpouring of his whizz-bangs and heavy trench mortars. When the first one exploded, not many yards behind where a number of men of the reserve platoon were resting, I looked around and saw a great scurrying for dugouts. Needless to state that before many more explosions had spent themselves, in spite of the speed at which they came, I was among the number seeking cover.

This same day was a rather pleasant one for the aviators and they did not fail to take advantage of it. Strange to state however, there was not a single German plane to appear while I was at the front. There were over 20 Allied planes in the air at one time and I was particularly interested in a party of 12 of them which sailed back for several miles over the German lines. There were numerous signal lights dropped and I presume they must have been for the information of the artillery, for there was an unusual number of singing shells passing some distance overhead and into German territory. The enemy's heavy bombardment of antiaircraft shells ap-

parently did not affect the operations in the least, as their fire went far amiss.

Typed at Rubempre, France on
August 3, 1918, by James K. Towers,
Co. L, 318th Inf., AEF, York, Pa.

TAPS-

- ALEXANDER, W. C.**, (315th Fld. Art.)
February 2, 1966, Harrisburg, Pa.
- BERNEY, Charles S.**, (320th Inf.)
Unknown Date, 1966, Philadelphia, Pa.
- CAMERON, John M.**, (Co. M, 318th Inf.)
April 7, 1966, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- DALY, William A.**, (305th Am. Tr. & MP)
March 26, 1966, Philadelphia, Pa.
- DUNCAN, John C.**, (Co. H, 319th Inf.)
April 7, 1966, Tarentum, Pa.
- DUNMORE, Morris C.**, (Co. E, 315 MG Bn.)
February, 1966, New Kensington, Pa.
- GAYAUX, Louis M.**, (Medical Corps)
May 9, 1966, Tarentum, Pa.
- HARRIS, Thomas**, (Co. H, 319th Inf.)
February 4, 1966, New Kensington, Pa.
- JOHNSON, Louis A.**, (305th Am. Tr.)
April 24, 1966, Washington, D.C.
- LETSCHER, Charles D.**, (Co. G, 305th Am. Tr.)
December 30, 1965, Sharon, Pa.
- MATA, Raymond**, (Co. E, 319th Inf.)
May 11, 1966, Williamstown, W. Va.
- ROTHROCK, W. W.**, (Co. H, 319th Inf.)
August 4, 1965, Morrisdale, Pa.
- VAUGHAN, J. F.**, (Co. H, 319th Inf.)
January 25, 1966, Altoona, Pa.
- VOLTZ, Charles J.**, (Co. B, 305th Engrs.)
May 11, 1966, Altoona, Pa.
(Note: All served with the AEF)

LOUIS A. JOHNSON

One of the 80th's most distinguished members, Louis A. Johnson of Clarksburg, W. Va., died at the age of 75 on April 24 in the Washington Hospital Center. He served in the World War I 80th as a captain in the 305th Ammunition Train.

He achieved national prominence as National Commander of the American Legion (1932-33), was Assistant Secretary of War (1937-40) and Secretary of Defense in President Truman's cabinet (1949-50). During World War II he served as President Franklin D. Roosevelt's special emissary to India.

Johnson received his law degree from the University of Virginia in 1912 and was the senior member of the law firm of Steptoe and Johnson with offices in Charleston, Clarksburg and Washington. Although considered a controversial figure the Washington Post eulogized him editorially as "an engaging man of substantial ability and bravery who was capable of vast kindnesses. Whatever the ultimate judgment on his role, no one can doubt that he served his country with great devotion."

Surviving are his widow and two daughters. Interment was in Elkview Masonic Cemetery at Clarksburg.

MORNING REPORT

Our old drinking playmate, Associate Member **Frank A. Nahill** (3d Art. Corps, AEF), 12013 Sewell Rd., Philadelphia, a great admirer of **Father Ed Wallace**, takes pen in hand to express his sentimental reaction upon reading the article about the old padre in the Winter Edition. . . . And while we're on that tack we might mention that **Father Ed** (HQ, 320 AEF), 215 Exeter St., Brooklyn, N. Y., received a number of cards of felicitation on the occasion of his 81st birthday. He would like to acknowledge these thoughtful remembrances from many of his 80th pals, but in many instances they did not include their full name and/or address. To those persons he wishes to take this opportunity of extending his blessing and thanking them. . . . **Thomas Sibenik** (Div. HQ, ETO), 51 Hempstead Ave., Pittsburgh, is to be congratulated on a fine job of editing and publishing a quarterly bulletin chronicling the various activities of personnel from the Adjutant General's Section.

Youthful-looking **Elmer E. Leddon** (Med. Det., 320 AEF), 2017 Corinthian Ave., Abington, Pa., retired from active business on January 1. Long active in Legion circles Elmer now anticipates devoting some of his boundless energy to 80th affairs. . . . A victim of emphysema, **Edward (Rookie) Clendaniel** (317 Fld. Hosp., AEF), 204 Belkfield Ave., Havertown, Pa., is coming along nicely with treatment but does not relish that part requiring him to relinquish the dozen or so expensive cigars he smoked a day. . . . A presentation of the Army Commendation Medal was made to **Louis B. Engelke** (80th MP Plat., ETO), 307 W. Hathaway Drive, San Antonio, Texas., for his efforts in behalf of the Army Reserve Program in San Antonio. He is a Lt. Col. in the Army Reserve and serves as a public information officer.

David T. Tharp, 120 Offutt St., Cumberland, Md., who served as a mechanic in Bty. F, 315 FA, AEF, would like to hear from some of the buddies with whom he soldiered at Camp Lee and in France. . . . West Virginians **Earl E. Mace**, of Leatherbark, and **J. A. Ferrell** of Point Pleasant, already have their reservations at Cleveland and will provide the nucleus for a gathering of old buddies from Co. B, 317th Inf., AEF. . . . **PNC Edward J. M. Patrick** of Hato Rey, Puerto Rico, had a most enjoyable visit recently with **Lucy** and **Dick Fleisher** of Jenkintown, Pa. Both of these esteemed comrades served in the G-2 section of Div. HQ, ETO.

Our sincere condolences go to **J. Hoffman** (Co. E, 319 AEF), 309 Giffin Ave., Pittsburgh, on the loss of his wife last year. . . . Wandering **Elmer J. Titus** (Co. A, 305 Fld. Sig. Bn., AEF), Birmingham, Mich., is now spending a few months in Europe but promises to be back in time for the convention in August. . . . According to an article in the Columbus (O.) Dispatch, **Dr. James Penrod** (Hq. Bty., 314

FA, ETO) of Portales, N. M., is currently compiling a dictionary of superstitions involving various folk remedies. Battery mate **Albert Dyar**, 19 Montrose Ave., Athens, Ohio, had the pleasure of looking up the professor a few years ago and will tell us all about it in Cleveland.

Leslie L. Jones (Co. F, 318 AEF), 3203 Floyd Ave., Richmond, Va., spent the winter months substituting for a French teacher at the Woodbery Forest School in Woodbery Forest, Va. . . . En route from North Carolina to California **Henry E. Jebram** (Co. B, 318 AEF) of Long Beach, Calif., was taken from the train at Pittsburgh and hospitalized with a severe coronary attack. Mrs. Jebram notified National Headquarters at Latrobe of this unfortunate incident and **PNC Tony Ray** visited Comrade Jebram and made himself available for any assistance that might be needed. . . . Joining the collector's field, **Carl C. Ferritto** (HQ, 1st Bn., 319 ETO), 28766 Alton Ave., Wickliffe, Ohio, is interested in acquiring political campaign buttons and similar items. He is particularly interested in compiling a collection of 80th Division Reunion and Convention badges, which he proposes framing and exhibiting at future annual conventions. So, if you don't attach any great sentimental value to any of these you may have in your possession, send them on to Carl and assist him in this undertaking.

J. K. Towers (Co. L, 318 AEF), 1515 E. Market St., York, Pa., objects strenuously to the use of the address "Comrade" in our Association, feeling that the term has some diabolical connotation with the extremest elements and suggests the substitution of the designation "Compatriot." Well now, 'way back in 1957 Service made a survey of its readers as to whether the present term should be discontinued for similar reasons. The overwhelming response was to retain the present designation. . . . Regretting that he will be unable to get to the Cleveland reunion, **Rush S. Young** (Co. B, 318 AEF), 3728 Grim Ave., San Diego, Calif., sends good luck and best wishes to all his buddies, and if they ever get out his way to stop in and say hello. . . . After a 22-year delay, **Ray Fong** (Hq. Co., 3d Bn., 317 ETO) our prolific new writer from College City, Calif., received his Bronze Star Medal for wiping out an enemy machine gun nest during the Battle of the Bulge. Ray also has a Purple Heart, Combat Infantry Badge and several campaign medals.

Representing the 80th Division Veterans Association at the Erie Barracks No. 121, Veterans of WW I annual memorial service, **National Commander Duncombe**, along with other veteran organization leaders, lighted a candle at the ceremony honoring the dead of World War I. . . . We just learned recently that old buddy **Emery Thompson** 317 Fld. Hosp., AEF) 920 5th Ave., Elizabeth, Pa., is no longer the postmaster there, having re-

tired some years ago. . . . Kenneth, the oldest son of Mr. & Mrs. William Bryant (Co. H, 319 ETO), Clermont, Ky., is being discharged from the U.S. Air Force in June. Another son, David, graduates from high school in May and will enter the Navy in August.

RE: THE BRIDGE TO FRANCE

REBUTTAL AND REACTION

Gentlemen:

Please refer to your Spring Edition—Page 4—"The Bridge to France." I quote from the 4th paragraph: "As far as can be learned the Leviathan was the only ship in this group on which an attack by enemy submarines was attempted." This statement is, I feel, not correct. With the 315th MG Bn. I was on the Zeelandia, mentioned in the third paragraph. There were about eight troopships in the convoy, and about five destroyers had joined us.

A very vicious attack was made on this convoy by a pack of enemy subs. I was below decks taking a salt water shower, and so was Major T. A. Rothwell, our C.O. We heard heavy concussions against the side of our vessel. I threw on my clothes and climbed the ladder to the deck. We had four 5-inch guns, of which three had been brought to bear, and they were all firing, as were the others in the convoy. An ammunition ship hastily left us at a sharp right angle. Our destroyers were circling and dropping depth bombs, which was what we had felt while taking the shower.

This attack was off Belle Isle, and we could see the land in the distance. One of our guns on the Zeelandia appeared to make a direct hit on a sub conning tower, and our men (all on deck) cheered mightily. It was like being at a big football game, in a way. As I recall this was about May 30, 1918 also.

The attack was pressed home by the enemy and lasted at least for an hour. None of our convoy was hit; they had all zigzagged like mad, but we saw several torpedoes streak past us. After it was over I returned to my stateroom and found my wife's picture on the floor, the glass broken. The concussion of our 5-inch guns had blown the picture off the wall.

Recall blew and all went below decks. In about 30 minutes another attack was launched, but this one did not last long. I feel sure that any member of the 315th MG Bn. will verify this story.

R. J. Alfriend,
315th MG Bn., AEF,
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Bob:

I rarely am moved to write a "Letter to the Editor," but in the cause of accuracy and to prove that I absorb every bit of your brain-child—"The Service Magazine"—I submit the following for what it may be worth.

In the article "Do You Remember," detailing the return of the 80th from France, it is stated

in naming the ships bringing the division back "the Mobile and the Troy, it is assumed were US Cruisers." I don't know about the Troy, but as one of the tourists on the Mobile may I state that this noble vessel was originally the Hamburg-American Liner "Cleveland."

The history of the 320th Infantry has, incidentally, a very interesting passage regarding this part of the Regiment's—and Division's—tour of France. That portion reads: "May 16th the entire Regiment was assembled for the last time on foreign soil at Pontanezen, the great embarkation camp at Brest. Here baths were taken (please note that we wound up clean), clothing and equipment issued, money exchanged (?) and inspections made. Final clearance papers were issued May 20th and that morning all companies of the Regiment boarded the USS Mobile, in pre-war days the steamship Cleveland of the Hamburg-American Line. At 4 P.M. the vessel weighed anchor and with 216 officers, 133 nurses and warworkers, and 4,768 other passengers aboard (that's us) started the trans-Atlantic"

I could give you some interesting highlights of that voyage, but will let this suffice and say, "Congratulations for a swell publication."

Elmer R. Leddon,
Med. Det., 320 Inf., AEF,
Abington, Pa.

—o—

I always enjoy reading the Service Magazine and especially the Spring Issue just received with the article "Do You Remember? The Bridge To France," and about the fire drills, etc., and who wants to tell one. The following might interest some of the comrades:

On returning from France on the ship Mobile we had several of those drills and one stands out quite laughable in a sense, but sorry it had to happen to my buddy Pfc. Ben Bailey, a telegrapher in our company. As you are aware we all had to find our raft number after the alarm bell rang. Bailey was with me and was afraid he would not be able to find our number. I told him to just follow me, but somehow or other he got lost going around in circles and up and down steps. I did not see any more of him for several days, and when he finally showed up he remarked that I was a poor friend and buddy; that he had just served three days in the brig for violation of rules; that he had gotten lost from me on the drill routine and headed up the wrong steps right into the arms of an officer, who asked him where he was going. His reply was, "I'll be damned if I know," and for this he was sent below to the brig. I think my good friend Don MacPhail remembers this incident. I always enjoy his remarks in the writeup.

A. L. Dabney,
Co. C, 305 Fld. Sig. Bn.,
AEF, Richmond, Va.



Hunting for "seam squirrels." Cpls. V. C. Vessey and P. L. Black, Co. C, 305th Field Signal Bn., Saulty, France. August 10, 1918. (U.S. Signal Corps Photo)

Pediculosis Anyone?

Good morning, students. Let us begin this lecture on the simple premise that the 80th Division of the A.E.F. era was lousy—and I really mean lousy. Now just hold on there a darn minute; I see that you are beginning to get red around the collar, your face is flushed, your fists are clenched and you've half-risen from your chair in righteous anger. Now, please sit back and relax and let me hasten to explain that what we are about to discuss as today's subject is not the unquestioned fighting ability of the World War I 80th, but its association with those long-forgotten, pesky, obnoxious perversities of nature—known in doughboy circles as "Cooties." Ah! That's better. I see you're actually beginning to smile a little.

While it is appreciated that the cootie is not a proper topic for conversation in polite society, we wish at this time, however, to clear up a number of myths concerning these despicable creatures and their modus operandi. The cootie is simply a louse, and those so infected are known in medical terminology as having pediculosis. This little devil comes in three attractive varieties—the body (*pediculus corporis*), pubic (*pediculus pubis*) and head (*pediculus capitis*) louse.

Some authorities claim that the body louse is a separate and distinct entity, and that there is another relative called the clothing (*pediculus vestimenti*) louse. I am inclined to disagree, holding that they are one and the same, commuting back and forth to work so to speak.

You veterans of World War I consorted with the most common or garden variety, the body (or if you prefer, the clothing) louse. The domain of the pubic louse was the genitals and the head louse infected the scalp. As a rule these gentry do not mingle socially, being somewhat clannish by nature. However, the head louse has been known, on occasion, to emigrate to the cilia. (Yes, Jones? What's the cilia? That's the eyelashes, you dope.) A few doughs possibly acquired two of the species, and heaven forbid that anyone had all three at the same time. If so, please apply immediately for your Purple Heart or Oak Leaf Cluster.

Where did they originate? No one seems to know exactly, but it is generally agreed that the Germans got them from Russian prisoners, and Jerry in turn gave them to the Americans; sort of a Tinker to Evers to Chance combination. The louse was considered the chief transmitter of typhus fever and trench fever, and so a matter of grave

concern to the Medical Corps. During the war numerous treatments with various chemicals were tested, all claiming to be efficacious, but generally with no noticeable results. The standard GI treatment was a preliminary soaking with a mixture of soft soap and kerosene, followed by a rinsing under a very, very hot shower. During this time the clothing of the victim was put into a tank-like delousing machine, where it was subjected to steam pressure of 215 degrees for about 45 minutes. When the uniform was retrieved it looked rather like the burlap from a sack of wet oats. Remember? These may not have fit, but they were clean! Frequent open-air inspections were subsequently made by the Medics in order to appraise the results of their administrations, much to the delight of the French, who thought this was some kind of voodoo ritual. The chest, abdomen and buttocks were examined for evidence of scratch marks, and the genitals and pate were probed for signs of nits. Those who passed were given a sound slap on the rump—others were segregated as pariahs not deemed fit to associate with their purged comrades. Final treatment and inspections took place at the debarkation camp at Brest, and those not getting a clean bill of health were threatened with being kept over there forever and ever and ever, ad infinitum.

O.K., you may stop scratching now. Class dismissed!

By Dr. E. D. Storey,
HQ, F. H. Section, AEF,
Kumquat, Ga.

A Mascot Named "Cootie"

During the height of the Muese-Argonne Offensive, a dog belonging to some member of a German regiment sought refuge in an abandoned dugout, within the shadow of Dead Man's Hill. Sometime during the day a scared and cowering dog gave birth to five female puppies. She later left the dugout during a lull in the battle, perhaps in search of food in the desolate and shell-torn area, and is thought to have been killed in some intensive counter-fire.

Men of the 314th Field Artillery knew of the dog and when she failed to return the puppies were adopted by members of the Headquarters Company. One of the dogs was christened "Cootie" by Ralph Core, who played the French horn in the regimental band. Three of Cootie's sisters died within a few days. When the regiment was ordered to another area the two dogs presented a problem and they were offered to a French family, but Core refused to surrender his four-footed friend.

Cootie remained with the Regiment, becoming a member of the 314th FA. When the company moved on across France, Cootie was always carried by one of the men. Core often toted her in the bell of his French horn. She was pampered by the cooks and KPs, and

a soldier gave up his blanket to make a uniform coat for her, on which the insignia of the Blue Ridge division and service stripes were sewn. Cootie was unquestionably one of the best dressed, and just a little spoiled, mascot in the A.E.F.

Things were going smoothly for Cootie until the regiment was ordered to the embarkation center near Le Mans. The greater part of the regiment hailed from various parts of West Virginia, and they wanted to bring Cootie home with them. Core soon discovered there was a lot of red tape to unwind before he could get permission to take the mascot on shipboard. He sought help from the Captain and assent was finally given, just before the outfit was scheduled to sail from Brest on the USS Zeppelin.

Demobilized at Camp Lee, Cootie entrained for Wheeling and was on hand a few days later at the celebration staged in honor of the 314th. In fact, Cootie viewed the proceeding from the reviewing stand in the arms of General Cronkhite, who commanded the division.

Core brought her home to St. Marys where she became a familiar sight on the streets of that city. Described as a light tan-colored dog, somewhat resembling the general appearance of the Pomeranian family, she would follow Ralph's father downtown every day. When she died of old age, Mr. Core made certain she was buried with honors in the Old Cemetery. For many years a little American flag has marked her grave, an esteemed member of the 80th Division and honored resident of St. Marys.

Adapted from an article in
the St. Marys (W. Va.) Oracle.
Contributed by G. Robert Powell,
HQ, 318th Inf., ETO,
St. Marys, W. Va.

A Doughboy Reminisces

1. We passed through Calais to the Flanders front at night, witnessing a barrage of bombs falling from some German planes, which accomplished limited results. We marched along to Fruges where we were billeted in a huge barn in this pleasant village, no doubt the establishment of a very prominent citizen as it had a fine house attached to it. This complex resembled a vast fort of great strength. From here I walked several times down to Paris Plage, a seashore resort, passing through the ancient and venerable city of Etaples, noted for its attractive, centuries-old architecture. Overhead at the time were the German planes with their characteristic broken hum, and in the same sky were a number of Allied planes with their well-known continuous drone. Great fields of poppies, made famous by Colonel John McCrae's immortal poem "In Flanders Fields," were to be seen everywhere.

2. We had come in the previous night passing through ruined villages where nothing of tangible value seemed to remain. The road was passable only to those traveling by foot. A burial detail was formed to get information from the bodies of English soldiers killed in the big March push of the Germans. Oddly enough, at the time, there was no offensive odor. Dead men were lying about in various grotesque positions and we secured what information we could. A real tragedy to me was the reading of a Yorkshire girl's letter in which she spoke of the wild wind and the poetry of the countryside, concluding with her faith that he would return. Later we passed along to the very high, almost mountainous ridge of the Ancre River, where there were positioned soldiers with many types of guns. The depth of the valley was great, it seemed like about 600 feet, and some two miles off one could see the flash of the Germans firing.

3. The 318th Regiment was in the most dangerous place in the battle line, close to Amiens. This was at the point where the enemy would have torn through to the English Channel in 1914, if they had had the men to do it, in a desperate effort to separate the French and British Armies. The British used some 3,000 tanks to win the battle of the Somme in August 1918. Company A was bivouacked along their route, and we watched them flooding over the whole countryside in a movement taking about eight hours.

4. Let us give a cheer to the French, who really won the war in the first month of fighting in 1918. I quote General Ludendorf, an acknowledged great general. Speaking of the Battle of the Marne he said: "Der Wendepunkt"—the turning point. One month after crossing the Belgian border there began the great Battle of the Marne, which lasted five days (September 5th-10th.) Advancing with the recklessness of a gambler they made some half-dozen mistakes, and finally left a thirty-mile hole in their line in front of Paris. Through that hole the French charged and the Germans fell back fifty miles. From there they stayed for four years until the Americans came and swept them back. They still call it "The Miracle of the Marne."

By Thomas H. Anderson,
Co. A, 318th Inf., AEF,
Statesville, N. C.

OUTFIT REUNIONS AND NEWS

305th Ammo Train, AEF

The annual reunion of the 305th Ammunition Train, WW I, will be held on Saturday, September 17, 1966, at the Shenango Inn, Sharon, Pa., with a dinner at 6:00 P.M. Those interested should contact Louis Goldberg, 1032 Parkview Drive, New Kensington, Pa.

Bty. E, 313th FA, AEF

Battery E, 313th Field Artillery will gather at Martinsburg, W. Va., on September 23, 24 & 25 for the ninth reunion of the outfit. Among those expected to attend are Charley Hershman of San Francisco and Captain Robert Barton of Richmond, Va. Headquarters will be at the Shenandoah Hotel. The Commander of the battery is Thomas J. Walsh, Kingston, Pa.

313th MG Bn., AEF

The Annual Memorial Day observance was held by the 313th Machine Gun Battalion on Sunday, May 29th, at the grave of Frank V. Steinfeld in Erie Cemetery. The group was escorted by the all-girls Keystone Drum and Bugle Corps. Dave Willett, District Commander of the American Legion, made the principal address at the ceremony.

Co. H, 31th Inf. Assn., AEF

The annual reunion of Co. H will again be held at Kennywood Park, Pa., on Sunday, July 31. The group will assemble at the main pavilion at 2 P.M. Dinner at 5 P.M. in the main dining hall, preceded by a short business session.

We regret to report the deaths of four Co. H comrades since our last reunion: W. W. Rothrock, J. F. Vaughan, Thomas Harris and John C. Duncan. Only the death of Comrade Duncan was reported in time for someone to represent Co. H at the viewing. Thanks to Comrades Chestnut and McGraw for acting on our behalf. Comrade Duncan was a member of the V.F.W., Veterans of WW I and American Legion, who combined to conduct full military rites at the funeral. Letters of condolence were sent to the families of our deceased comrades.

At this writing Comrade Lewis (Babe) Adams is a heart patient in Memorial Hospital, Danville, Pa. Comrade Cameron Massie underwent surgery at the VA Hospital in Kecoughton, Va. Get well cards were sent to these comrades. Samuel Cowan of Jacksonville, Fla., while visiting a daughter in Pittsburg, met with quite a few of his Co. H comrades to renew and review old memories. Comrade Raymond Drury writes that he has retired from the U.S. Customs Office in Pittsburgh and now lives in Huntingdon, W. Va. He is enjoying good health and sends regards to all Co. H comrades. It was nice to hear from Comrade Henry W. Dexter, South Fork, Ark., via Service Magazine. Best regards from the Co. H gang, Hen! Thanks to Comrades Wm. David of Norfolk, Va., and George Russell, Altoona, Pa., for keeping us informed of the news in their areas.

Two dates to remember: Kennywood Park, Sunday, July 31, and the 80th Division Reunion at Cleveland, August 3-6th, incl.

Reported by Roy W. Painter, Pres., and John G. Rainey, Sec.

Germany—After 20 Years

When we finished our four-day tour of Omaha Beach, Normandy, Brittany, the Chateau Country and the Loire River areas, I took the famous "Blue Bird Express" from Paris to Brussels; spent a night there and took a bus the next morning to Luxembourg and on to Bastogne. I visited the cemetery at Hamm near Luxembourg City and the beautiful memorial erected near Bastogne, now called "la Ville des Noisettes" (nuts), and then I went back to Brussels. Half an hour of flying time by the French Caravelle jet, we landed at Amsterdam Airport. The interesting thing about this airport was that one girl who made all of the announcements made each one over the loudspeaker in eight different languages. An hour later, due to the short runway they have in Bremen, we took an English Viscount with four turbo-props Rolls Royce engines to Bremen, which was a comfortable hour of flying time.

During the Army of Occupation days back in 1945 and '46, Bremen was like my second home for I had spent over a year there. I flew over Bremen quite a lot because my job in the Army of Occupation was as a courier. The Haus des Reich, former Nazi Naval Headquarters, was our Bremen Port Command Headquarters then. When our plane circled around the airport waiting for instructions to land, it banked from one side to another and as I looked down on both sides of the plane I was already lost. It just didn't look like the Bremen of 20 years ago.

I was supposed to be in Bremen on Saturday and the women folk at the in-laws' family had their hair dressed pretty and were supposed to meet my plane that day; instead, I landed there on Friday. I took a taxi to the in-laws' house, but no one was at home. The neighbors saw me get out of the taxi and as I didn't have any German marks to pay the fare, one of the neighbors who remembered me very well paid it for me. Within minutes there were more than 20 neighbors gathered around, shaking hands with me just like I was a long-lost friend. The reason they remembered me so well was that in 1963, my wife and four of my seven daughters went back to Bremen for a two-month vacation and they all talked about me.

On that afternoon I went to the main part of the city and reserved a whole Chinese restaurant, The Shanghai, and rounded up all of my relatives, about forty in all, and had a nice dinner together. The price compared to ours is very high, but who cares when it occurs only once in 20 years.

One of my wife's brother-in-law called Winselman, who served in the German Merchant Marine, was a loud-mouth. He took me for a walk in the city and every Hermann and Hans that he knew he had to call my attention to. My wife's other brother-in-law, Richard Merks, who fought against us in the Normandy Cam-

paign, was captured and wasn't released until after I went home after the war. But as soon as we met he called me King. My wife's uncle, who fought on the Russian front, lost his right leg and with a body full of scars from hand grenades is drawing a 60% disability pension, which is less than my 10%, or \$21.00 in German marks. He had just drawn 20-year's pension in advance to pay for his house, which we cannot do here, and he also gets free transportation anywhere in Germany. While he was a Russian prisoner they would haul several truck loads of them each day to work in the farms from morning to night, and all they had to eat was one slice of bread and five potatoes. He used to weigh 160 pounds, but when he was released he weighed only one hundred.

During the week I spent in Bremen, while walking around the main business section of the town where there used to be nothing but ruins, now 20 years later, I couldn't find a single broken brick in the entire city. Near the Haus des Reich, where the American consul office was built, they named this whole block Kennedy Plaze. The Haus des Reich during the occupation days employed more than 2,000 German workers. Most of the office girls speak three different languages. I used to take pictures for the boys and girls from the ages of five to ten and now, when they saw and recognized me, they introduced me to their children.

One night while with my loud-mouth brother-in-law, we were having a few drinks in Anni Hammermann's beer keller. He was telling everyone in the place that I was an invasion soldier who came back to France to celebrate the 20th anniversary of D-Day. Minutes later a middle-aged man came over to our table and asked politely if he could join us for a drink, and in his hand he had two jugs of beer. He offered me one of the jugs and said there were many Americans stationed in Germany. But most of them were down in Heidelberg. He said also that there was an Air Force group stationed in Bremerhaven. All of whom he said were young kids, just like all of the German soldiers now in the service who were born right after the end of the war. He asked me if I participated in the Ardennes Campaign. I told him that I was with our 80th Division, 3rd U.S. Army, and I was there. Then he said the Germans would have succeeded if they had more gasoline for their Tiger tanks. He said that I must admit their Tiger tanks were far more superior than our Sherman tanks, and even without gasoline, their tanks would have succeeded if General Patton hadn't come up north as fast as he did. This man was a former SS lieutenant who served with General Dietrich's 6th Panzer Army as tank commander. He also lost one of his legs and was drawing a 60% pension. We had about an hour of talking and beer-drinking and then I told him if I were

in his position having lost one leg I'd have drawn a 100% pension, which is about \$300 a month. Then he said the reason for the Americans winning the war was because they are capitalists. An American corporal will draw more pay than a German lieutenant. He also saw me another day at a butcher shop buying a piece of ten-pound rolled roast. He said the German people work for about 100 marks a week, which is about \$25.00 in American money. Most of the small businesses in Germany open from 9 to 12 noon; close for three hours for lunch and open again from 3 till 6. They all seem to be well-fed and they all seem to be happy. No one here works on Saturday afternoon or Sunday. While you take over here, if a businessman like me owns a grocery business, he works seven days a week and twelve hours a day. At the end of the year after income tax is paid, what has he got to show for it?

My wife's nephew told me that the German people worked very hard after the end of the war to rebuild Germany. He said, "Twenty years ago you knew what Bremen, as well as the whole of Germany, looked like, and you can see what it looks like now. All in all we are not lazy people." He is an architect and earns top wages of 1,000 marks a month, which is \$250.00, and lives in a government apartment for \$25.00 rent a month. In this country the same apartment would cost \$250.00 per month. Most of the houses that were bombed out near my in-laws' residence have been rebuilt by the government and given back for nothing to the people owning them previously.

A business tycoon like Herr Horton, who lives in Duessdorf and owns a chain of department stores all over Europe, made himself nearly a billion dollars right after the end of the war up until now. He controls the interest in the Volkswagen Auto Manufacturing Co. and in all of the Nord Deutsche banks in Germany. He also owns three private jets and several Rolls Royces. His stores during the Christmas season will sometimes take in a million dollars a day per store. The reason I know this is because my wife's uncle works there and with the loss of one leg all he can do is answer the telephone.

And that's how Germany is like today—after twenty years.

By Raymond Fong,
Hq. Co., 3rd Bn., 317th ETO,
College City, Calif.

THE LETTER BOX

Dear Bob:

Unless things change drastically—like the Air Force organizes a "Blue Beret" group and grabs mighty old ex-infantrymen in the Air Force—my family and I will be attending the reunion in Cleveland. I already have my reservations at the Pick-Carter and the Witz-

galls are raring to go. I only hope that Co. A and the 1st Bn. of the 318th are represented well. Looking forward to seeing the gang and the Henry Moyers again.

I'm presently on a four-day leave to use up some of the 12 days which I will lose if I don't use it before June 30. The rest is doing me good now that the meningococemia outbreak is over here at Lackland AFB. My crew and I were knee-deep in the situation at the hospital, but the whole thing was not as bad as the newspapers made it out to be. We confirmed eight cases by isolating the organism, and eleven others were diagnosed mainly on the clinical symptoms alone. All other suspect cases were in reality upper respiratory infections. Well it's over, and I'm putting my leave to work on the division history.

Things are still slow regarding the history since I have only my off-duty time to work on it . . . but it's perking along. I am still hearing from Co. Cameron (CT 317), Col. McHugh (CT) 318), Col. Lewis (CT317), Col. Fisher (CT 317), Col. Shattuck (CT 318), Col. Luckett (CT 318), but nothing from the 319th commanders. Numerous others in lower echelons have taken time to write. . . . and I am still working .

Of course, here is always faithful Ed Naughton, and his letters are of great inspiration to me. I recently turned to Ed for his help on reviewing that portion of the manuscript that is complete. I sent him (1) Foreword, (2) Chapter One (July 1944), and (3) Chapter Two (August 1944). I also sent along the battle maps and route maps.

I had one whale of an afternoon recently with Col. Harry McHugh (CT 318) who was shot up on the Moselle on 13 Sept. '44. I taped the whole conversation that lasted some two hours. He doesn't go in for heroics, but the story he tells raises the hair on one's neck. His story matches Lt. Col. Herte (Hq 318) who was taken prisoner the same night. I would give anything to interview Col. Cameron and Col. Davidson in person. I would like to accumulate any and all information on the deaths of General Searby (Div. Arty. CO on 14 Sept. '44); Lt. Col. Boydson (CO 2nd Bn. 317 on 21 Jan. '45); Col. McVickar (CO 318 on 14 Jan. '45); Lt. Col. Lindell (CO 1st Bn. 318 and 18 Aug. '44); Lt. Col. J. P. Woods (CO 2nd Bn. 318 on 16 Apr. '45); Lt. Col. Snowden (CO 3rd Bn. 318 on 6 Sept. '44), and Lt. Col. Douglass (CO 2nd Bn. 319 on 7 Oct. '44).

Fred L. Witzgall,
Co. A, 318th Inf., ETO,
San Antonio, Texas

Gentlemen:

I always read the Service Magazine with interest. Was certainly glad to see the article from the booklet by my friend Col. Charles Francois. I have long kept in contact with

Paul de Pommery of Ville-au-Val, who is mentioned on p. 9. He was most helpful during 1944. Jacquier, of Millery (p. 10), was also most helpful all the way as was Dennis du Jardin, who after days in France went to Nancy, joined the French Army, and came back and gave me a paper. He had had himself assigned not to the American Army, but to me personally and he stayed with me during the war.

The FFIs Jean and Pierre Brass (p. 10) were sent into enemy territory (volunteers) by me. Last year they had a big Province celebration and their sister sent me newspaper clippings showing Paul de Pommery speaking. I have their headstone on my four reels of the war area (taken in 1960 over the same route as covered in my book, "Enroute to the Redoubt"). All gathered to do honor to the two brothers. Their sister, Mrs. Hugqon, has kept in touch with me now these 22 years, and I with her and her husband. Both of the Brass men were shot in the back.

Col. Ralph E. Pearson,
318th Inf., ETO,
Austin, Texas

Dear Rush:

Re: your interesting letter in the Spring Edition of Service Magazine. Your name is synonymous with the 80th Division and I, being a Life Member of the Association, have gone a long way with you in thoughts and recollections of our service and fine organization.

Nantillois—what memories! My introduction to it was through the door of the Colonel's dugout looking out over Hill 274, near the Bois des Osons, where all hell was raining down as I was directed to my position up in the line with the Stokes Mortar Platoon and Lt. Hicks. My arrival here with Lts. Niven and Schoble came after we had attended special courses in Stokes Mortar and One-Pounders at Clamecy. Enroute to Nantillois from Clamecy I was fortunate to have had Frank Schoble as a guide during our 48-hour "French Leave" in Paris. Before the war Frank had been in Paris and knew his way around. Of course the Folies and Marqueroy's Restaurant were given top billing.

For Schoble in later years, it was always a sad reunion with his men, for he lost both eyes in this early action. As you know however, his fine buoyant American spirit carried him through a good number of years as a faithful attendant at our Division reunions. This in spite of his pain-wracked body, which was the cause of his early passing.

Your remarks about the sad state of disrepair of the 80th Division Memorial at Nantillois has caused me to wonder about the graves of the men we knew who lost their lives there, and the shameful disrespect shown for them. My diary shows some of the men who lost their lives in this sector. They were Lts. Klemmer, Culbertson, Croker, Hort, Bebout and Neubauer; also Capt. Crum. And

mentioning Capt. Crum—there was a hard-hitting, skilled soldier who really never had the chance to show his skill, for he was felled by a sniper's bullet the minute he raised up for the attack. I recall our training at the First Officers Training Camp at Fort Myer, Va., where he and Major Sweeney were used as instructors because of their experience with the British and French before the U.S. got into the war. They really put us through the mill.

As we think of the Division's good work in the Verdun and Arqonne drives one cannot help reflect upon the excellent training we, as raw civilians, had for some 16 months prior to Nantillois. No small part of this was in the battlefield indoctrination with the British in the Artois Sector around Albert, between Arras and Amiens. One of my duties was to prepare a report for Headquarters. I typed it in my quarters in the area but we pulled up stakes before I turned it in. I feel, historically and of general interest, it is worth a review by the Service Magazine and am sending it to them. (It is included elsewhere in this edition.—ED.) The action in that area was under command of our Capt. Lincoln MacVeagh, a soldier and gentlemen of the first order.

As for the War Memorial neglect, this is a matter of first importance for the Annual Reunion at Cleveland.

J. K. Towers,
C. I. and Hq. Co.,
318th Infantry, AEF,
York, Pa.

Dear Comrade:

I was glad to receive your letter of Apr. 15 about our 80th Division, A.E.F.

We wonder where 48 years went—I sure don't feel it. I have no ills—still very active. I retired nearly four years ago after about 20 years with the U.S. Government. I was born in Erie, Pa., and my parents passed away when I was very young. So, I decided to do what Horace Greeley said: "Go West, young man," and I found the grass much greener at my trade and music. I still play saxophone and clarinet in dance bands and have been pro and semi-pro for 40 years.

I can't recall Mr. Duncombe in Erie since I haven't lived there in over 40 years. I have relations and friends there that I hear from. Somehow I just lost track of the 80th Division. I read of our reunion in the Legion Magazine or I still wouldn't know. I decided to write to Carl Ferrito, and so here we are and I have been a lost sheep over the years.

I was in the 313th F.A. Band and have not heard from many of the members since our discharge at Camp Lee in 1919, but I still hear from three. I wonder how many of our band boys are still alive. I presume some of the boys are so lame and ill they can't write. I would be glad to do so to cheer them up and reminisce.

PICK - CARTER HOTEL

Cleveland, Ohio

47th Annual Reunion - Convention
August 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1966



I must say your dues are very reasonable. Had I known where you were I'd joined years ago. Now that we have met I believe three of my buddies would want to become members of our Association and receive the Service Magazine, so we all can know what's going on after seven silent cycles. Joe Dobie, formerly of Grove City, Pa., was cornetist with Merle Evans Ringling Circus Band. I always see him in late fall at the Shrine-sponsored circus. Benjamin Fahrner of Montross, Va., is quite a religious man and was a chaplain in the American Legion. Charles Weiss was in the car rental business in Erie, Pa. All were good musicians but they quit 20 or more years ago, but not me. I still play for Eagles Clubs and Shrine. Many have to give up because of poor health; some too much booze and women (ha!).

I have enclosed a money order for \$4.00 for two year's membership in our 80th Association. I hope the other boys will do the same as we really owe it. I presume you have members from the 80th in both World Wars.

Fred Uhlman,
515 W. 11th St., Apt.209,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Bob:

The information on Chief Boston in the last issue was a pleasant surprise, as I had no idea he was wandering the vast caverns of the Pentagon these days. Last week when I was in Washington I cornered him and we had quite a reunion.

Chief looks very much the same, and is in fine physical shape despite the daily "paper" battles. He says he's ready to coach an 80th Division Association football team whenever eleven veterans report for practice! He expects to be at the reunion with sign-up list in hand. Incidentally Chief is the only member of the 314th FA Bn. still in the service as far as I know.

I plan to make the Cleveland reunion and hope to see a lot of the 314th FA men there. Mike Heneghan and Dick Schalliol will be coming along with me.

Daniel J. Minchan, Jr.
Ann Arbor, Mich.