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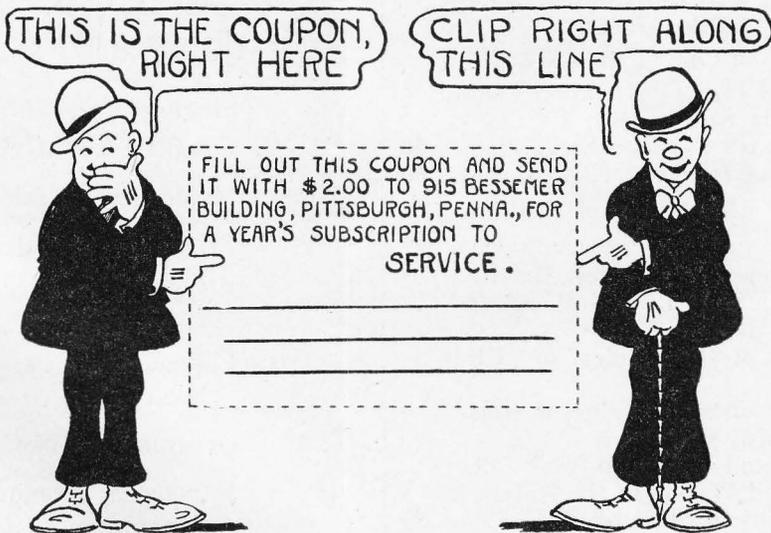
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# SNAP INTO IT

This coupon on the bottom of this page assures you a whole year's interesting reading, with beaucoup topics of live news for the ex-service man who is anxious to preserve a picture of the greatest days of his entire life. Things happened thick and fast in the army, too fast for the human eye and brain to grasp a clear and lasting conception of them; there are thousands of photos, histories, and rosters, and innumerable thrilling stories that are worthy of preservation. It is but fitting that these records of the greatest war in all history should be handed down to future America. You don't have to belong to the Eightieth Division to appreciate and enjoy reading SERVICE MAGAZINE; its mission is to serve in retaining that desired thread of connection between your present status and those glorious days when you wore the "O. D." and served your country overseas. Better cut out the A. W. O. L. and fill out the enclosed coupon and send to 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., along with dix francs, or \$2.00 American Jack, and SERVICE will start serving you.



# Pictures of the Eightieth

**T**HE Eightieth Division Veterans Association has arranged to secure, for the former members of the Division, a complete collection of photographs of the Eightieth taken at home and in France. Orders will be accepted for the following pictures. Order by serial number and title of photograph, to facilitate delivery and avoid any chance of error.

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(b)			(e)	Woods North of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(c)	Boche Observation Tower on Dannevoux Ridge.		(f)	Sommerance and the Country to the North.	
(d)	Boche Artillery Position Captured by 319th Infantry.		(g)	Ravine North of Sommerance.	
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# The Service Magazine

Published Monthly Under the Direction of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association,  
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APRIL, 1920

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## “SERVICE THE SEVENTH”

The best is yet to come. Promises that former commanders would write for SERVICE are about to be fulfilled. General Cronkhite will have at least two stories, one on the life at Camp Lee, the other on the life abroad. Col. Waldron, whose reputation as an expert on tactics was established long before the war, has been asked to write on “The Tactical Significance of the Eightieth’s Maneuvers.” Now that General Brett has retired, he is expected to become a regular contributor and write on everything from “Razing the Redskin” to “Harrassing Huns.” Slip the word along to non-subscribers that there’s only one place they can read these articles—in SERVICE.

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"COM'ON IN—"



BIG DOIN'S, "BUDDIE"  
MOTOR SQUAD  
~ GARDEN ~

COME AND MEET YOUR  
OLD "PALS".

APRIL 10<sup>th</sup>

Berger

# Where the G. A. R. Loses Out

## The Reputed Laurels of the G. A. R. Regarding War Stories Apparently Are Doomed as Blue Ridge Hosts Prepare to Foregather

A-ten-shun! Also, 'shun and Actung!

Listen all ye bucks, shavetails, generals and all others who were directly or indirectly connected with the Blue Ridge Division. This month YOU will have an opportunity to enjoy yourself more than you have since the day you got that li'l, old discharge sheet.

Of course, that is saying a lot, but nevertheless it's true, why all this effusion? Just

this: Get it and if you don't agree with what we say just mark us down as worse than some top-kicker you may have known. That's fair enough isn't it? Well, let's go.

On Saturday, April 10, afternoon and evening, the Blue Ridgers will hold a get-together meeting at Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh. The affair will be the most pretentious for the men of the division since the farewell at Camp Sherman. The picnic last summer will suffer total eclipse.

Here are just a few of the things the division will put on for your benefit: The hall will be divided into sections so each company can have its own P. C. Here you will be able to meet your old bunkie and find out what he's been doing since putting on civies. When you get tired fat chewing, you take your girl out on the floor for a dance. If you haven't got one there will be Y. M. C. A. girls who will kindly oblige all the ex-heroes.

Then there will be a great collection of pictures of the Places 'where we used to was' together with a collection of war trophies that you can show the family, explaining that someone copped yours.

The Pittsburgh Post will help along with some 'Smile' pictures. These movies of jokes at home were taken while the gang was in Frances, and you may be able to pick out some of your own friends and relatives. A film that is said to be the real goods, 'Victory Day,' showing the armistice celebration in Pittsburgh, also will be run off.

The ante to the whole works for those of the gang who hold membership cards in the veterans' association is O, in other words nothing. For those that don't hold

### CLIP THIS OUT AND PASTE IT IN YOUR NEW EASTER BONNET

**Thursday, April 8, 8 p. m.**—Government official nine-reel movie, "Pennsylvania's Own in the World War." See yourself as the Signal Corps saw you. Tickets on sale at Mellor's Music Store.

**Saturday, April 10, Afternoon and Evening**—Get-Together meeting of the Eightieth Vets at Motor Square Garden. See all the old gang, dance, EAT, look at photographs of scenes where we "fit and bled" and hear Cronkhite and Brett tell us what great guys we are. See daily papers for further info.

**Sunday, April 11, 11 a. m.**—"Father Ed" Wallace, of the 320th, and three other chaplains of the division will hold a memorial service at St. Paul's Cathedral, Fifth avenue and Craig street.

Snap out of it and into it! Pass the word along!

membership cards it will be 50 cents.

Now don't think that you can't get away to attend. Here's a few of the oldtimers who are coming up: Gen. Cronkhite, from Fortress Monroe, Va.; Col. (according to the powers-that-be, but General according to the Doughboys), Brett, who will hop the train at Washington on the Potomac; Col. George D. Freeman, of the 318th who now registers in the Windy City; Col. Harry C. Jones, of the 318th, grabbing a rattler at Baltimore; Capt. William C. Vandewater, of the 320th, who is coming from where Mr. W. Wilson used to teach school; Capt. John McBride, of the 318th, who liked the army so well that he stayed in it and is now attached to the Third Division at Camp Pike, State of Slow Trains; Maj. Charles M. Jones, the divisional adjutant, who is to breeze in from the Sleepy City, and last, but by no means least, Father Ed' Wallace the general, all-around good guy of the 320th.

If these fellows can break away and go to the expense of coming to Pittsburgh to attend, you should be able to afford the trip.

Yes, we will eat. The ladies of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association, are going to provide the chow, goldfish, corned bill, slum quinine jam and hardtack barred.

The day after the get-together meeting, at 11 A. M., at St. Paul's Cathedral, Fifth avenue and Craig street. No one will have to be urged to attend.

On Thursday evening, April 8, the government official nine-reel movie, "Pennsylvania's Own in the World War," will be shown at Carnegie Music Hall. The pic-

ture made such a hit when shown here a few weeks ago, and so many of the gang got in late with requests for tickets, that it was decided to play a return date. Tickets are now on sale at Mellor's Music Store, 604 Wood Street. Better hop in there today if you don't want to be Certainly Out of Luck.

Little remains to be said concerning the war movie, since hundreds of former mem-

bers of the division already have seen it. For those whose requests for tickets were received too late last time, however, the necessity of quick action this time is more than apparent.

The probability is that many more features for the Saturday meeting will be included in the program than are enumerated here. Arrangements for the reunion will be made up to the last minute in an attempt to provide everything the former soldier's heart may desire.

Every day more assurances of their presence are being received from former officers and soldiers from the three original states and the others, about the only declination coming from General Pershing, who has a previous engagement for the tenth.

Remember that your folks are invited, as well as yourself, and that this will give you an opportunity to show how chummy you were with everybody from your puppet partner to the general himself—the chance to offer some sort of proof—at least substantiation—for some of those tales; a full fledged opportunity to achieve that ambition "to get back home and out-lie the G. A. R."

The memorial service on the 11th should bring out a great lot of men. Those who knew Father Wallace will attend for that reason alone for the chance to see him and because he is conducting the service. The men who lost their own particular buddies will have sufficient reason to be present, aside from all others. For the rest, the memory of the lads they fought beside should be enough to claim an hour of their time. The service is to be non-sectarian.

# The Veteran---An Interpretation

## Memories of War's Experiences Are Challenge to Continued Service, Division's Former Chaplain Says—The Past a Basis for Future, Unselfed Effort

By Arthur H. Brown

HE returned soldier is an enigma to his relatives and friends. They do not know how to place him. He is strangely silent about his experiences. At times he becomes exceedingly restless. Some of his old interests fail to hold him any longer. His general outlook on life seems different. But to explain exactly wherein he is changed and why is quite beyond them. We would attempt to put such perplexed people in the way of understanding him by interpreting to some degree his mind and spirit.

To begin with, they must always remember that a great chapter in his life is closed, a chapter full of amazing things new and strange. There is always something that stirs a man when across some rare experience of his life the time comes when he must write the words "It is finished." We felt it on Graduation Day at college, and there were some who dimly sensed it on being mustered out of the service.

Each paragraph in that great chapter of adventure has its own peculiar claim to attention and will be read and reread by the returned soldier with a growing interest. We venture to say that this will be done, not despite the disagreeable but by very reason of it. In coming years his hardships will be his boast, the material of his pride. That there was much endurance within him will be a matter of unending congratulation between a man and himself. The shadows, no less than the lights, will go to the making of that picture which will forever hold his fascinated gaze.

It is an unforgettable thing to have been chased into Brest harbor, for instance, with a submarine at your heels; to have been one among thirteen thousand others aboard that giant of the deep well-named *Leviathan*, the special object of Germany's destructive hate, and to have been the interested spectator of a running fight, when every shot fired from the deck of the transport shook her from stern to stern and left you in momentary doubt as to whether it was the work of American gunners or that of a fatal torpedo that had reached its mark.

It is an unforgettable thing to the lover of white sheets and frequent baths, those long months when the best he knew was a bed of straw, with cattle his nearest neighbors and rats and lesser creatures living on terms entirely too intimate to suit his taste. Bairnsfather, the English cartoon-

ist, hits off most admirably the average farmstead in Northern France when he says, "It is a set of ramshackle buildings around a rectangular smell." By such description it is easily recognized.

It is an unforgettable thing, the mode of travel. Those sidedor pullmans for instance, devoid of any springs to ease the jar that threatened to dislocate one's bones as often as joints came in the track! One doughboy to reassure his parents wrote home that he was touring France in a "Chevaux 8," the sign that appears on every box-car, and means eight horses. Their relief of mind was instant, for they pictured their dear boy speeding over the smoothest of roads in all the cushioned comfort of a limousine.

Unforgettable too, that other method of travel, over the hobnail route on the ankle express. Especially those hikes at night through mud and rain which came as inevitably as September in the calendar, with stops every two minutes to get untangled from a passing transport or for some other more mysterious reason. Even now the very thought of it throws one into a state of mild exhaustion. Endless columns of marching men who have long since lapsed into silence and are only holding on by grim determination! The morrow all unknown, but the threatening growl of an enemy plane overhead suggesting some of the possibilities that same morrow might hold for them!

Unforgettable is one's first air-raid. Fourth of July celebrations pale before the splendor of it. First there is heard in the darkness the easily-detected purr of a German motor. Then from the four quarters of the horizon giant search-lights flash into being and with their long spectral arms begin to sweep the heavens for their foe. Presently they find him and hold him fixed beneath their concentrated gazes—a tiny and most innocent looking object poised there in mid-air, but, oh, so deadly in effect. Anti-air-craft guns now add to the brilliancy of the spectacle but accomplish little besides. Hope rises, however, as one hears the hum of Allied planes mounting to the attack. A few moments later the course of tracer bullets can be followed through the night as they seek the enemy's petrol tank. This penetrated, the bombing-plane, enveloped in flames, comes down in headlong and disastrous flight to earth.

Unforgettable those tragic hours at the

front which beggar all description! Awful they were, but glorious! Not knowing at what moment an impetuous minister of death, a bursting shell, might lay one low, but yet a duty to be done that forbade all thought of self! Manhood is a bigger word in my vocabulary since I was privileged to be a witness of their valor.

Unforgettable for quite other reasons was the period which followed the signing of the Armistice. As days of waiting dragged into weeks and weeks into weary months, "hope deferred made the heart sick." With no great purpose lying back of the dull routine, no tremendous need, no day of impending battle, it was enough to make a man exclaim, "War is bad enough, but peace is worse."

And now it is all over. It is just a memory, but it is a great memory. The returned soldier is glad that it is only a memory, but is stirred beyond all utterance to have been permitted to play a part, albeit a humble part, in so tremendous a drama. While in the midst of it, he could not always understand nor appreciate its significance. He was like the bell-ringer in the tower, too near the brazen metal to hear aught but the clash and clang of jarring sounds. There is harmony only as heard from afar. As this great event recedes into the past, he begins to perceive that he helped to ring in a new and better era for mankind.

But he has no intention of talking everlastingly about it. He doesn't propose thus early in life to fall into his anecdote. That would soon pall on the stoutest of his hearers. Of course, he will speak of it now and then. One cannot cut out a great period in one's past and lay it away among forgotten things; nor would it be desirable to do so. But he will discuss the past only in so far as memory will help to feed enterprise, for his face is not turned backward but forward and if occasionally he does cast a glance over his shoulder, it will be but to hasten his step.

What inspiration there may be in a great past, he is well able to judge, for he has been in a land and among a people that could boast of one. France is just saturated with the past. On every hand in old chateaux mellowed by the touch of centuries, in beautiful cathedrals wrapped in the mystery of the Middle Ages, other days looked down upon him and spoke of fine achievement. It stirred him mightily to find himself walking the very highways

# The Veteran---An Interpretation—Continued

that once beat to the tread of Caesar's own legions, or to be housed in barracks as at Pontanezen, the very barracks which were once peopled with the brave soldiers of Napoleon. It is a tremendous thing to have such a background as this in a nation's life and such a background in one's own life as the recent war affords us. Dull must he be and spiritless who cannot nourish the more peaceful, prosperous foreground of the present with the incentive, the fresh ideas and the great purposes which the rugged, mountain-like background of the last three years' experience is capable of yielding.

And yet while the American soldier has felt the inspiration of the past, he has also been made keenly aware of its peril. He realized that in certain ways the past was too much with them on the other side. How he wearied of old houses built to stand the stress of two centuries and looking, every one of them, as if they had more than fulfilled their allotted time! How he longed for the sight of something modern! How provoking it was to see the people jog on contentedly behind some outworn tradition, some age-old custom, which, if brought to the trial of reason, could not justify itself!

This is illustrated by an incident that happened in a village where some Americans were billeted. The mayor requested

that in case of fire the soldiers should assist in manning hose and pump. To this the colonel readily agreed; even went so far as to appoint a special detail for the purpose. The lieutenant in command thought a little practice would be a wise precaution. But the mayor would not listen to the idea. "We cannot allow that," he said in ill-concealed astonishment. "We cannot allow that. The hose hasn't been used for twenty years. It is old and rotten, and if you go to fooling with it, it might burst."

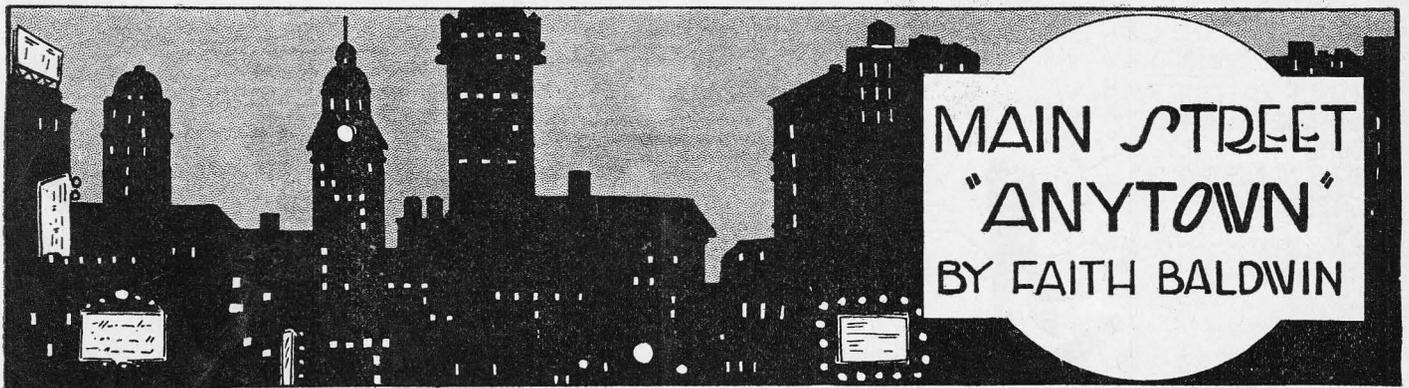
The peril of the past is that one may anchor to it rather than draw incentive from it. It was the American's proud boast not so much to inherit history as to make it. All very fine to be sure; but better yet is it to inherit an honorable past and then to make it only the prelude of still finer achievement. The returned soldier has such a past now, and heaven forbid that it should be anything other than an inspiration and a challenge as he faces new problems and new opportunities.

It is too early for him to go into retirement and live on his past reputation, so far as unselfish effort is concerned. He cannot say "I've done my part." Having once acted greatly is only an added reason for continuing so to do. In other words, his experience in the army, now that his campaigning is over, is to be regarded as

only a fine kind of preparation for some very effective work here at home. Let us consider the reasonableness of this statement.

In the first place, we have got in this nation a body of men, four million strong, bound together by ties unusually tenacious. There is no cement which unites man to man, quite so powerful as to have passed side by side through some tremendous experience. Instantly we think of some of the friendships we made, which had their birth on the painful hike or under the same pup-tent or amid the common peril of the battle-field. After a turn at the front we looked on other members of our company or battalion with a peculiar feeling, a sense of oneness, as much as to say, "You, too, were there." And this same feeling, although in lesser degree, we now feel toward every man who wore without dishonoring it, the uniform of this country.

Closely akin to this comradeship, this fraternity in arms, is the spirit of co-operation, the ability to work together, that has been developed in this great host of young men. That new driver who halted his supply wagon squarely in front of the reviewing officer and held up all the rest of the transport, while he attempted to light a cigarette, failed of his purpose, but he received his first valuable lesson in the  
(Continued on Page 24)



Oh, the long, drab stretch of Main Street, Main Street, Anytown,  
It has the bravest bearing—tho' to strangers it might seem,  
A simple street, a rural street, on which tall trees look down,  
But to us its way is golden with the beauty of a Dream.

There's a Jim's drug store on the corner, Tony's news stand just  
beyond,

'Cross the way our Hotel Eagle, with its five-year-old garage,  
Up the street Judge Roger's big, white house, below the skating  
pond.

Well, Main Street's just the av'rage, if you take it by and  
large!

Yet by way of little Main Street—Main Street, Anytown—

One hundred boys went off to France, and one was Tony's  
son;

And one, he was young Rogers, and as they marched on down,

The Judge and Tony were agreed the war was good as won!

And on Main Street, little Main Street, they came marching  
home again,

The trees were gay with banners, and we folks turned out, full  
force

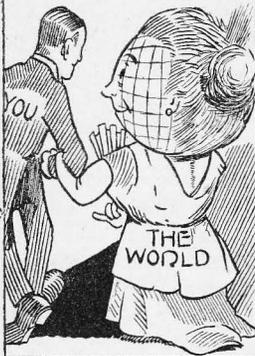
To line the curb of Main Street,—which to Broadway is a lane—  
But the chap who was to make the speech had shouted him-  
self hoarse!

But there were those among us whose strong cheers were choked  
with pain,

To watch the Judge and Tony stand, the white hand in the  
brown,

For there were gaps in that long line which trod home-soil again,  
And boys we could not welcome Home, to Main Street, Any-  
town.  
—FAITH BALDWIN

OUR PICTURES MAKE THIS POSSIBLE.



*Fashion Facts—*

**R**ED NOSES ARE NOT BEING WORN THIS SEASON, OWING TO THE SCARCITY OF BAY-RUM AND TOILET WATERS AT THE BARBER SUPPLY HOUSES. OTHER NATIONS HAVE NOT ADOPTED THIS STYLE YET, BUT OUR NOTED 'MERMEN' IS IN 'BLIGHTY' NOW, DOING HIS BEST-TRYING TO LOCATE HIS OTHER LAMP..

EVERY TIME I GO OUT A GANG FOLLOWS ME. THIS BEAK'S GOTTA BE CAMOUFLAGED



*JOLLYGOOD, CAL.*

THREE GOOD REASONS WHY 'ROWAN OAR,' THE HANDSOME 'MOVIE' LEADING MAN DOESN'T ANSWER ALL OF THE LETTERS, HE RECEIVES FROM LOVESICK DAMSELS



*TENNYSCOURT, FRANCE.*

**T**HIS PICTURE IS VERY VALUABLE FOR THE REASON THAT IT IS ONE OF FEW PLACES THAT DURING THE WAR DID NOT HAVE A BOMB PROOF DUG-OUT FOR OFFICERS

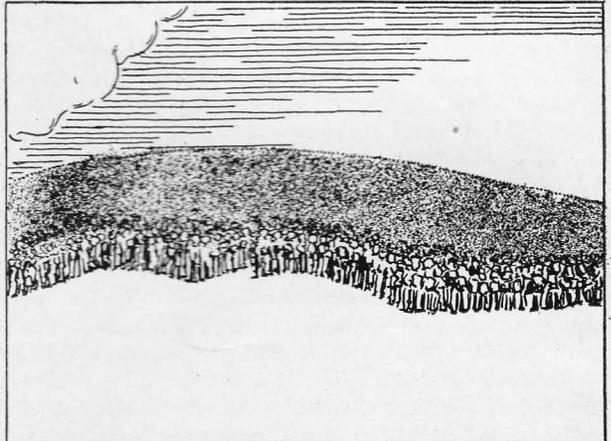
Note—THIS MOUNTAIN IS SO STEEP, THAT NO HUMAN BEING HAS EVER CLIMBED IT.



*GOSHINGTON, P.C.*

**A** FEW OF THE ASPIRANTS FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.

THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN AT AN ENORMOUS EXPENSE AS SEVENTEEN CITY SQUARES WERE REQUIRED TO HOLD THEM.



*Smart Styles— BARE-US, FRANCE.*

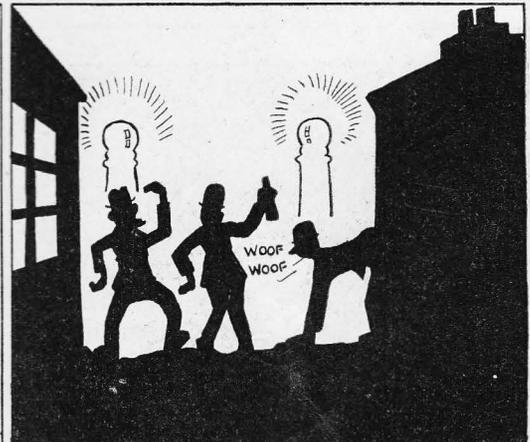
**A**TENDING THE ANNUAL SHOWING AT 'LE PRINTEMPS' OUR PHOTOGRAPHER FOUND THAT THEY HAVE SOME WONDERFUL THINGS IN PARASOLS.



*HAVE ANY, CUBA.*

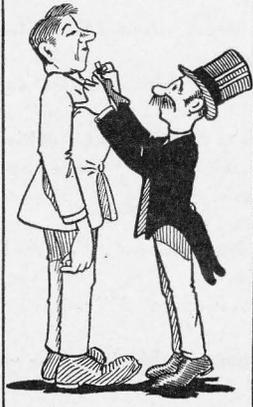
**T**HOUSANDS OF POOR 'WORN-OUT' MUNITION WORKERS AND LANDLORDS ARE FLOCKING HERE HOPING TO FIND HEALTH AND SPIRITS.

SCENE - ANY STREET ANY NIGHT.



*BUSTUM, MASS.*

**H**ERO DECORATED. ALTHOUGH NOT PHYSICALLY ABLE TO ENTER THE SERVICE, JOE GOOF, SERVED FAITHFULLY AT HOME UNTIL HE BROKE HIS JAW, PRONOUNCING THE NAMES OF BATTLE-GROUNDS, FOR THE FOLKS WHO FOLLOWED 'THE YANKS' WITH PUSH-PIN MAPS.



**ANIMATED CARTOON**



WHAT, AGAIN?



Berger

# Where All Your Questions Are Answered

## Do Problems Connected With Your Army Experience Still Pester You? The War Department's Information Bureau Stands Ready to Solve Them

By Lieut.-Col. Mathew C. Smith  
General Staff, in Charge of Re-employment for Former Service Men.

IS THERE a soldier, sailor or marine—officer or enlisted man—who has not heard of the Service and Information Branch of the Office of the Assistant to the Secretary of War?

If so, and this means you, please read on. This is the office established primarily to get jobs for fighting men, but it goes farther than this. It is ready and willing to transact any business which any former service man may have with any government department, where the business arises out of his military or naval service, and where through misunderstanding or ignorance or lack of attention to his letters he does not think he is getting a square deal.

This office is at your service—

If you need a job and don't know where to go to apply;

If you are entitled to vocational training;

If your allotment is still hanging fire;

If you want to know anything about your insurance or compensation;

If you wish medical treatment for illness or injury caused by your service;

If your Liberty Bonds are undelivered;

If your discharge papers are lost or stolen;

If back pay or mileage is coming to you; Or anything else.

Quoting a bulletin from this office, "You may rest assured that a careful and painstaking effort will be made, if you write and tell your troubles to the Office of the Assistant to the Secretary of War."

If you are in doubt about anything; or if you feel that you have been overlooked, do not hesitate to write, and remember that the address is "Service and Information Branch, Council of National Defense Building, Washington, D. C."

March rounded out exactly one year's work of the War Department in this direction. From the very beginning it was evident that no single agency, governmental or otherwise, could hope to solve such a problem as readjusting 4,000,000 men in civil life. The assistance of every existing agency and the co-operation of the general public was needed, and as in every other great national crisis, was immediately forthcoming.

However, it was soon found that there was a great deal of confusion and duplication of effort. In order to insure the confidence and co-operation of both the

service men themselves and the employers it was obvious that the support and supervision of some agency was necessitated.

The War Department took the initiative and established such an agency. This furnished the much needed co-ordination and provided the supervision and stimulation necessary to keep up the work and give governmental sanction and encouragement to those engaged in solving the problem of readjustment.

Today we have a nation-wide machinery with more than 2,000 bureaus finding jobs for soldiers and sailors and finding men to fill them. The United States has been divided into three districts, with offices in New York, Indianapolis and San Francisco, and to each district was assigned a sufficient number of offices to cover its territory. Daily reports reach our central office in Washington, which give indications of how the work is progressing.

Some idea of the magnitude and difficulty of the task which has confronted us in reabsorbing the nation's fighting men into peace-time industry may be gained from a year's figures. Reports from all of the 48 states and the District of Columbia show 1,299,365 men have applied for employment in twelve months at the various bureaus. Of these 919,754 have been placed at work, or 71 per cent of all seeking employment.

It is estimated that about 75 per cent of all the men went back to their former positions and found employment without asking assistance.

One might question this statement inasmuch as I have already said that 1,299,365 men have applied for employment, or approximately one-third of all those demobilized. But it must be remembered that many of these 1,299,365 men are repeaters. That is, they secured positions on returning, but not being satisfied have again been placed by the bureau; in some cases even two, three or four times. We never give up until the man is satisfied.

Many returned from the service more anxious to advance, to change their positions, they had before the war, to take increased responsibilities—they were hesitant about accepting their old jobs.

But rather than remain idle and wait until just what they were looking for turned up, they went to work at anything they could get. They are now registering at

the employment bureaus and are receiving careful attention. It is to fulfill the ambitions of these men that we now exist. However, I feel that the time has come when I may safely say the problem is well on the way toward solution, and that in a comparatively short time all, or practically all, of the men will have been satisfactorily placed.

A few people professed anxiety as to what would be the attitude of the returned soldier towards some of the "isms" that have recently sprung up. There was never the slightest cause for apprehension.

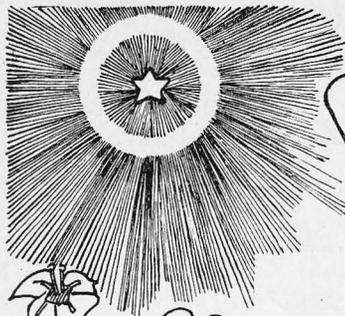
Our returned soldiers have commanded the respect of all thinking persons by the attitude they have taken toward these advocates of anarchy. They will have nothing to do with this treason. And call it what they may—Bolshevism, I. W. W.ism, Radicalism, or any other kind of ism—on the final analysis it is treason, pure and simple.

Any one who might have harbored a doubt in his mind as to the loyalty of ex-service men under any and all conditions to our government should have been present at the American Legion Convention in Minneapolis. He would there have seen what would have wiped out in a single moment all such doubts he might have entertained. These young men, mere boys in years, have developed into thinking, responsible American citizens with a patriotism and loyalty to their government which I have never seen equalled in any organization or any assembly of men before.

If any one still has any doubt in his mind, I would advise that he go to any veterans' post meeting and say something against the government, advocating anarchy, bolshevism or any other form of destruction. He will then quickly find that the ex-service men have not yet forgotten the art of fighting.

To get back to our work. Last summer when the department was still immersed in the tremendous task of assisting the discharged service man back to civil pursuits it was found that there were many soldiers who did not need a job, but did require our help in solving their individual problems. For instance, the disabled men. The government has provided abundant relief for them. In many cases the men do not know of this relief or they do not

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# "JUST AWAY"

BY HIR. CURRY.

I CANNOT SAY, I WILL NOT SAY—  
THAT HE IS DEAD, BUT JUST AWAY,  
AND THAT HIS GOLDEN WORDS OF CHEER  
WILL LINGER EVER IN MY EAR,  
TO COMFORT ME ALONG THE WAY,  
THE SAME SWEET ROADS OF YESTERDAY.

I CANNOT SAY, I WILL NOT SAY—  
THAT HE IS DEAD, BUT JUST AWAY,  
AWAY FROM EARTHLY CARES AND FEAR,  
BUT STILL AND ALL HIS SOUL IS NEAR,  
AND WALKS BESIDE ME DOWN THE WAY,  
JUST AS HE DID ON YESTERDAY.

I CANNOT SAY, I WILL NOT SAY—  
THAT HE IS DEAD, BUT JUST AWAY,  
FOR IN MY HEART HE REIGNS THE SAME,  
AS JUST BEFORE THE REAPER CAME,  
AND THOUGH MY LONELY HEART IS SAD,  
HIS MEMORY LIVES TO MAKE ME GLAD.

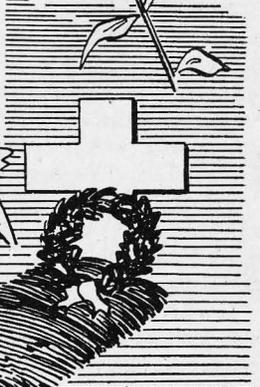
I CANNOT SAY, I WILL NOT SAY—  
THAT HE IS DEAD, BUT JUST AWAY,  
AWAY FROM EARTHLY STRIFE AND PAIN,  
YET LEAVING ALL THE JOY REMAIN—  
OF HIS SWEET PRESENCE, HERE BELOW,  
THAT MADE US PROUD TO LOVE HIM SO.

I CANNOT SAY, I WILL NOT SAY—  
THAT HE IS DEAD, BUT JUST AWAY,  
I SAW HIM GIRD HIS ARMOUR ON,  
YET IN MY HEART HE IS NOT GONE,  
HIS SOUL IS WED TO MINE, FOR AYE,  
HE IS NOT DEAD, BUT JUST AWAY.

WITH APOLOGIES TO  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



Berger.



# Nerve In Blighty

## It's Very Serious to Borrow a Plane and to go Hun-Hunting On Your Own—the Punishment for Conscientious Objectors is Lighter—But This Youth Took a Chance

By George B. Heffernan

Chaperoned by a non-com and two armed privates, a tall, ungainly, inoffensive appearing youth in the service of Uncle Sam, stalked into the headquarters' hut of the American Air Service Camp at Codford, Milts, England, in the closing days of the late argument between one Wilhelm and the rest of the world—mainly—upon the question of whether the cosmic all should have one boss or several. He was one of that unfortunate lot of Yanks whose zone of war was within the boundaries of B. S. No. 3, S.O.S., A.E.F., popularly known among the Tommies as Blighty.

His left coat sleeve was embellished by two gold service chevrons. Up near his shoulder on the right sleeve was the insignia of a Sergeant-First-Class. Not a bad looking fellow, one might observe upon giving him the once-over. He had a simple, child-like countenance and big, frank, baby-blue eyes. He was altogether neat in his dress and barring a certain slouching of the shoulders and movements that lacked the grace perhaps of a devotee of Terpsichore he had all the earmarks of a soldier. But he was a general prisoner that day—a high ranking non-com in disgrace and his facial expression occasionally reflected the bitter consciousness of the fact.

If First Lieutenant Swivel Chair, Adjutant of the Camp, had any sentimental tendencies that day they failed to reveal themselves when he received the report on the prisoner before him who was soon safely stowed away in the guard house, there to wonder why things had to be so, for the only offense of Sergeant-First-Class Allen, the most respected and efficient non-com in his squadron was his almost insane desire to serve his country where he thought it needed him most—over at the front in France. But the rules of warfare are rigid. Punishment for infractions of them must be certain and sure. The soldier may propose but the military god disposes and the jug was the disposition handed down on this soldier's proposal that carried with it an attempt at consummation.

Too much red-blooded Americanism coursed through the veins of Sergeant-First-Class Walter E. Allen. Only dire results, however, could follow his decision to hop off to the front in a British airplane that he wasn't authorized to hop off with or borrow in any way, shape or form. And he did hop off one day, bound by air for the great adventure that he craved to play

a master part in. It little mattered that he had no gun mounted on his cowl. He could ride this bird of the air through the ozone and if he died in the attempt his survivors at least would have the consolation that his was an heroic effort although it was in violation of all that was sacred and holy in the military—the Articles of War.

A psychological analysis of this youth is easy. What boy who is a boy doesn't thrill at the prospect of serving the flag of his country, actively? How many of our American grown-ups inspired in their youth by reading of the adventures of the nation's great heroes haven't taken up improvised arms and vigorously assaulted the creations of their imaginative genius?

Allen was a mere boy, scarcely past the age of nineteen, to the day that he stole a British Avro and started off to cross the English channel from an airdrome on the south coast of England, off to the front to help keep the Germans running, until, majestically he would ride into the very heart of Berlin on his air charger, land perhaps just outside the Imperial Palace, demand the surrender of the German Kaiser and then hop back with him to his command, to be acclaimed by his comrades and superiors as the war's greatest hero, and forgiven for his indiscretion. Sergeant York would look like a piker today had that British Avro not failed its pilot.

During the latter part of October, 1918, the Hun was well started on his trip home. London papers that reached the airdrome to which Sergeant-First-Class Allen's heroic leanings were confined told daily of the continued retreat of the enemy. Day by day the people of the world waited to hear the joyous news that peace was again restored to the world. In a little home in California, a sergeant's mother hung on the word "Peace," slept little and thirsted much for the news that would tell her her boy would have done his bit without having paid the sacrifice supreme.

Over in England, that boy, denied after a year's service in the A.E.F. the privilege of fighting for his country in France, was moved by desperation to take drastic action before Jerry should finally throw up his hands. He had come across to fight, not to boss a peaceful flight of mechanics at a training school for pilots. He could fly. He had taken every opportunity afforded to control a machine in the air. He had never

taken one off the ground, nor had he landed one but he had studied day by day until he had the courage or a conviction that he was perfectly competent as a pilot. He would steal his way to the front and his plans were carefully laid.

The following day, while British and American officers with the training squadron were at mess a few miles away from the airdrome, Allen's great opportunity was at hand. He was boss of things around "A" hangar for an hour or so and shortly after the tender bearing the officers had showed its rear to the airdrome, Allen was in an Avro, running up an engine preparatory to making the most daring effort of his young life.

"Contact," called the mechanic at the propellor, perfectly oblivious to the fact that the Sergeant at the controls intended to do anything other than test the engine of the machine. "Contact," cried back Allen and the mechanic's single twist of the propellor brought instant ignition and the engine of the machine was roaring with apparent anxiety to be off.

Toning down his motor, Allen looked out of the cockpit and ordered the blocks taken from the wheels. Two obedient mechanics did his bidding, then stood awed while Allen taxied down the field and took the air as gracefully as any bird of flight. Circling the field he gained height and then was off up the channel for Hastings to cross from there to Dunkirk and then on to the front.

It was five hours later that anxious British and American officers responsible for the conduct of this non-commissioned officer and for the property that he had absconded with in a most dramatic manner learned his whereabouts. A telephone call from a point some thirty miles distant told the adjutant of the airdrome that Allen was safe, had had a forced landing and wanted a pilot with some needed tools with which to make needed repairs to his motor. He wished to give himself up for he could not go on with his motor missing. He had not damaged the machine. It was one of those perfectly natural imperfections that all motors will spring on the most wary of pilots and mechanics after some use in the air.

Allen's immediate commander set out with another pilot to bring back the stolen machine and the culprit. He had little difficulty in locating Allen and the machine.

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# Mines, and the Men That Lay Them

Those of Gold and Silver Aren't to Be Compared With Those  
Of Steel and Explosive When it Comes to Exciting  
Interest, According to Navy Belief

By Lieut.-Com. Benjamin Perlman  
United States Navy

THERE are mines and there are mines. Some have been real gold mine bonanzas, some have made men rich, some have wrecked fortunes, others of a different character have curbed the piratical Hun submarine, and still others have dealt destruction to both foe and friend. Gold, silver, copper and coal mines have created stampedes of men only too willing; but the other type that lay lurking submerged in "Old Ocean's Grey," created an enterprise for which one could hardly expect many applicants.

Nevertheless, it was not a backward crowd that undertook the gigantic task of laying miles upon miles of deadly, sensitive mines across the breadth of the North Sea. This navy task was unheard of and astounding. But in spite of the inexperience and the hazards in handling the precarious, instantaneously obliterating T. N. T. powder, the "Navy's Suicide Fleet" was not only not timid, but rather very eager to plant the submarine trap. The same organization undertook to clean up the "dirty work" when the occasion for the submerged curtain of Death had passed; as a clean and clear body of water was needed for peace time commerce.

However, I do not intend to recount the details of this mine task, of the bitter salty seas; of the unending hours of labor, or of the devotion of the men; or to explain the intricacies of

the mine's mechanism, habits and moods. These are very well set forth in a number of writings, some of which every person should read, such as the interesting illustrated articles that recently appeared in the National Geographic Magazine and the U. S. Naval Institute, written by those who lived the stories. I am going to put down several incidents as they were related by some of the boys at the Navy Recruiting

Office, when they had nothing better to do than reminisce over their sea experiences.

"Do you know," said a chief quartermaster, "that when you looked at a chart of the waters around the British Isles, or of the French coast, or along the Mediterranean shores, all you saw were red hatched cross lines, meaning dangerous mine areas. Why, it would give you the shivers to lay

a course anywhere over them. But we got used to it and actually were amused at what appeared to be fake mine areas, when one day as we were getting ready to go from Malta to Venice, up the Adriatic, right through the red lines, we caught the radio news that a transport that morning had struck a mine and that all hands had been lost in less than a minute, right off the heel of Italy. Oh, boy, we were no longer amused! A few lines might be inaccurate, but that sketched red area meant touch-not. Believe me, the skipper and the navigator did some fine calculating as to how they were going to go around that heel, what time of the day, what speed, and how far off shore.

"Well, we made it fine. All day and night we made the course exact to an inch. The gang on deck kept a good eye for the floating egg shells. But we didn't see any. We passed through the places where the red lines on the chart were thickest, especially near Brindisi and the

## A BALLAD OF DANNY DEEVER

(With apologies to R. K.)

Dedicated to any protege of De Wolf Hopper in the Congress of the United States, who can extemporize in Kipling this verse as "food for filibuster" against the Army pay bill.

"Where's all the 'C. O.'s goin' to?"  
said Files-on-Parade.

"They're gittin' out, they're gittin' out," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes 'em look so blue, so blue?" said Files-on-Parade.

"They're dreadin' how to pay their bills," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're bustin' an' a-pluckin' 'em in orders every day;

Their rank, respect an' spirit they are takin' it away;

O! they're gettin' into "civies" for to earn a decent pay.

An' the officers are a-quittin' in the Army.

"What makes the 'Old Man' act so glum?" said Files-on-Parade.

"E's been across—as got a wound," the Color-Sergeant said.

"How comes the 'stripling' ranks 'in so?" said Files-on-Parade.

"Selected —'s 'emergency,'" the Color-Sergeant said.

For the reg'ars o' the Army they are changin' 'em around;

An' pretty soon the best o' them

When the Congress of the Country would treat 'em like a hound.

won't be so easy found;

An' the officers are resignin' from the Army.

"An' what's the "shave-tail" goin' to do?" said Files-on-Parade.

"E's in Class Three—an' classified," the Color-Sergeant said.

"If I was 'im—I'd go on strike," said Files-on-Parade.

"E asks for bread—an' gits a stone," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're livin' on a dollar that's half-rations on its face;

An' they're got to pay insurance for the family at their place;

An' edicate their children in a damnable disgrace.

So the officers are transferrin' out the Army.

"Who was it saved Democracy?" said Files-on-Parade.

"A thin red line of 'eroes," the Color-Sergeant said.

"Crusadin' for Humanity?" said Files-on-Parade.

"An' now its 'Sammy Atkins,'" the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're done with all the fightin', the politicians say—

Demobilize the Army, for in Peace

—it doesn't pay;

Ho! they're bitin' at the hand that was a-shieldin'—yesterday.

An' the officers are a-leavin' o' the Army.

Notes by the author: C. O.'s—commissioned officers. Civies—civilian clothes. Bustin'—demoting. Shavetail—second lieutenant. Emergency—temporary commission. Class No. 3, classified—War Department demotion board. Old Man—commanding officer.

# Mines and the Men That Lay Them—Continued

islands off Dalmatia. We passed the pretty hilly scenery from Spalato up to Pola, and were finally in the swept waters leading to Venice. And just then it happened.

"Right dead ahead was a mine bobbing up and down. We swung out and stopped about 300 yards away from it. The gunner got the automatic Lewis rifle busy and peppered the water all around the mine; but not a bullet hit, as far as we could make out. Then the engineer officer who came on the scene to find out why his trusty engines had been made to stop, thought he could do better.

"'Captain,' he proposed, 'let me get a rifle and I'll bet I hit it from the stern.'

"So aft he went, and, by jove, you could hear a metallic gong sound when the bullet struck. We all thought that the force of the blow would rock the mine and make it go off; but that was a foolish notion. While the gunner made the water spout all around the mine, the engineer got in several good hits and the old mine slowly disappeared below the surface. I guess the water got in through the holes and destroyed the mine's buoyancy.

"Well, the skipper was glad it was out of the road and that he again was under way for Venice. What do you think was his version of the target practice? He said the engineer officer went aft to shoot and as he took aim, the roll of the ship made him lose his balance, and the gun went off as he tripped and his eyes were shut. Gee, some skippers are hard to please."

"Well, Shorty, that's a good story," conceded the chief gunner's mate. "Did I ever tell you the experience we had on a destroyer along the Atlantic coast just after we got into the war? Well, listen.

"You remember, the summer before, there was a civilian cruise on the Rhode Island, New Jersey and the Maine, I think, down at New York. Well, one day, our destroyer went alongside the Rhode Island and took a bunch of the civilians in gob uniforms, together with a lot of dumb mines and gear. We took the boys down the bay, explained the engines and firerooms, the torpedoes and all that stuff; and then we proceeded to show them how to lay mines. We planted the mines in a number of places and marked them with buoys.

"The next trick came the following day. We took the same men down the bay and followed the movements of an airplane overhead. You see, when the airplane sighted a mine, the pilot would make several circles and thus mark the spot. Our destroyer then came along and picked up the mine.

"The aviator was clever and found all we had planted; but when we came to pick up the last one we couldn't find the buoy that marked the spot. We moved around

for several hours and finally gave it up. It was getting dark and foggy, so we stood over to the Ambrose Channel, and all that night hung on right to a red gas buoy; for the shoals were near. At daylight we got back into port and put the civilian gobs back on board the Rhode Island. I believe the commander on the Rhode Island was sore as the deuce, because we came back without the last mine.

"A year later, when we were in the war, we happened to be making the run down the coast from New York to Base 2, where the fleet was. When off Atlantic City, somebody sang out, 'Mine 'hoi.' Sure enough, there was the death ball on the starboard bow. The skipper stopped the ship about 200 yards from the mine. We all thought that some smart Heinie had already got over to this side and planted a few of his cans to frighten the shipping over here.

"The executive officer got a rifle and went up on the foc'stle for some target practice. After a few shots he got the range and then he landed a number of hits, about every second one. Of course, we thought that was good shooting, for the mine kept bobbing up and down, and the ship wasn't exactly steady even if the sea was fairly smooth. We expected the mine to go off any moment and to see what kind of a roar and geyser it would make. But the dern old thing wouldn't go off.

"Finally the skipper allows how it would be better to go over and take a look. With the ship? No, no, not so you could notice it.

"Get a crew together and pull over. You haven't hit it at all; and we can't wait all day.'

"The news spread fast. Before the Exec. got down the deck to the whale boat, it had been swung out, volunteer crew in, and the boat lowered to the level of the main deck. Some one threw in an extra line, in case it would be needed.

"I don't know whether the Exec. was mad at the skipper or not. No, I guess he wasn't. He knew the skipper had only kidded him about the firing. However, the Exec. jumped into the boat and took charge of the tiller himself. And away they pulled.

"As I said, it wasn't rough, but then again it wasn't calm either. You could see from the ship how the boat pulled up to within a few yards of the mine to take a look, then fell back off. From deck we could see the boat and the mine tossing about with each wave, and expected to witness a catastrophe any moment.

"According to the coxswain, the Exec. was funny. 'Now, fellows,' he said, 'have you all made your last will and testament? You know, if she goes off, none of us will ever know it.' Every one actually laughed. 'That's the spirit. Only don't accidentally

pull a crab at the psychological moment or hit it with an oar. When I say Stern All, you back like hell.'

"The stroke oar said the only thing he regretted was that he hadn't finished his letter on board to his sweetheart. Some one replied that his lady friend wouldn't care.

"The boat circled the mine and then the crew noticed a wide grin on the Exec's face.

"Well, boys, never mind. There's no danger. The darn thing is an American mine and has an old rotten mooring line covered with sea grass, and there are the letters N. J. painted on it. N. J. Can anyone guess the answer? Well, let's grab a hold of it and tow it back to the ship.'

"So they fished in the slippery mooring line, which was securely tied to the mine, while the boat bumped up against the mine again and again. When all ready, they towed their prize back to the ship. We watched the performance with consternation. Soon the boat came alongside.

"'Captain,' sang out the Exec. triumphantly, 'do you want to take it on board. It isn't alive at all.'

"With a sigh of relief, we hoisted in the mine, then the boat. When the skipper inspected the mine he burst into laughter.

"N. J.—New Jersey. Say that's the same old mine we planted a year ago off New York, isn't it?'

"Well, would you believe it, that con-founded mine had floated around for a year. No telling how many hundred miles it had traveled all by itself, probably unseen by any shipping.

"We opened the mine, and a shower of steam came out. The skipper said that was due to the fact that the small amount of water that had soaked in had become heated by the hot rifle bullets. There were over a dozen pieces of bent lead lying at the bottom, and some sticking in the shell opposite to the holes through which they had passed through on the other side.

"The skipper said the joke was coming later. So we were on our way again. That evening we arrived at the base. We signalled the New Jersey, 'We have mines for you.'

"Gee, the crowd on the New Jersey must have been excited.

"'Many thanks. Will send boat and party of men over tonight,' was their reply.

"You know, when a battlegon goes to sending a boat and a party of men to fetch anything from a destroyer, they must surely have been expecting something good.

"By Jove, the gunner come over also. But, oh boy, when the gang saw that it was only an old wreck we brought in, they were sore as H's. Well, we gave them the merry ha ha; and they had to take the joker back to their ship with them."



## Monk—Orderly and Artist Extraordinaire

**D**O YOU remember Monk? That's not his real name, but those who knew him at all, in Camp Lee or in France, will recognize this Chicago product, this cosmopolite with the famous nose, no matter how great the effort at concealing his identity. Mere mention of his nose is sufficient. He was fond of comparing it with Caesar's. It was his contention that none but the really great were so completely equipped, proboscically speaking.

Monk possessed natural talent in drawing, wood carving and modeling. All his comrades are familiar with the canes he carried, the handle always a carved image of his own Roman features or those of some other celebrity. To use a common expression, he "featured" his nose in these exhibitions of his craftsmanship.

It was at Camp Lee that his first work along these lines, after his entrance into the army, attracted the attention of his comrades. Although a private, to the end of the story, Monk hesitated not at all to attack division headquarters from the front, storm General Cronkhite's office and pose the division commander for a drawing which later was used on the title page of *The Bayonet's* pictorial supplement. It was a good specimen of pen-and-ink work.

Overseas, Monk had a hard time finding a job that suited him. At last he heard that one of the orderlies had resigned, so he stated his case, somewhat after this fashion, to the bereaved lieutenant:

"Lieutenant, you know I've been looking around for a long while for the kind of a job I'd like. Now I've made up my mind that acting as your orderly is just about the place for me. What do you say?" The officer got him assigned and from that time Monk was happy. He was quite skillful at evading the drill, which had worried him so much, and he made himself familiar, in more than one sense, with the officers' mess.

There is no question that he was the most efficient hand in the regiment so far as "salvage" was concerned. His officer

probably had more eggs and other provender of the sort than any other person in the unit, including the colonel. The lieutenant's canteen was always filled, no matter who tried to keep his orderly away from the watercart. And his officer always had a ration of "eating tobacco."

Sometimes when apparently the last bit of plug had disappeared and an acute shortage seemed imminent, Monk would come to the rescue. It was at such times that the lieutenant would gaze lovingly at the big, new square, with never a niche in it, and remark with gusto: "Ah-h-h! And they say BREAD is the staff of life!"

These occurrences evened up for the times that Monk put his charge's bedding roll on the wrong battalion transport and the lieutenant shivered for three days before the missing blankets could be found.

No matter how low the spirits of his companions, Monk was ever prepared with some humorous or semi-humorous—or hardly humorous—entertainment.

Sometimes these took the form of a soliloquy, his favorite one being: "And now there's the stars. I wonder who sets them out each night. I sympathize with the lad who has to shine them up and hang them out. Why, it takes me a half hour to do that to the lieutenant's leggings. It must be a hurry-up job, too. Why, if he starts at retreat he's no more than done when he has to take them in again—I don't see how he finishes by reveille."

This is a condensation. Actually, Monk would drawl along for an hour on each subject he discussed. Perhaps while he was soliloquizing he would be fashioning a handful of moist clay into an imagine of some of his associates—or of some who were, he said, "his kind." The whole list, both ways from Pershing was included in his private exhibitions, Wilson's profile being a favorite since it somewhat resembled his own.

Before the war, this had been no mere pastime for Monk. His means of livelihood depended partly on his skill with pen-

knife and his long restless fingers.

His method was to invade an office building or a college town fraternity house, to unloose a hundred thousand words on the tenants and to draw their portraits, very rapidly, for a consideration. In this way he not only made money, but he was able to travel all over the United States, and, he said, over much of Europe. One of his soliloquies was based on the number of "crowned heads" he had drawn.

Enterprise in providing for the lieutenant was Monk's middle name. He seemed to have room in his pack for things innumerable, most of them collected on his "salvaging" expeditions. One extraordinarily dark night as the company was toiling through Nantillois he became quite agitated by stumbling over what appeared to be a box or a dornick, beside which lay some sort of a container. Investigation showed that the box was a homogeneous mass of prunes, pretty well rained on and perhaps gassed a bit, but undeniably prunes. There they lay, all alone, beside the road. The container beside them was half full of molasses.

Monk made his discovery during a "blow," so that he had time to fill one of his water bottles with the molasses. As many prunes as he could carry he stuffed into his pockets and his tin hat. Thereupon he notified some of his companions of his find.

It was apparent that something was the matter with the prunes. Otherwise they would not have been discarded. A week of bullybeef goes a long way, though, toward overcoming niceties of appetite and also works up considerable desire for other forms of nourishment. Consequently a casual rub against a muddy trousers leg was deemed sufficient preparation of the dainty. Whether Monk prepared his officer's meal the same way he did not disclose. Daylight showed the reason why the tidbits had been abandoned. They were inhabited

(Continued on Page 28)

# "La Guerre Est Fini"

By William C. Vandewater

THE field telephone rings. The Adjutant takes the receiver from its hook and places it to his ear. "Hello, Hayes. This is Hamilton 7 on the 'phone. You move to the rear at daybreak." "\_\_\_\_\_?" "No, this is only a warning message, you'll get your orders later."

The adjutant hangs up and looks at his sergeant-major. "We pull out at daybreak, Sergeant," he says, "I hope to God the orders come in before midnight."

It is eight at night, raining as usual and the mud is a foot deep in every street and cowpath in the little town of Sommauthe. The Brigade P. C. is in the wine cellar of the priest's house, not so much because of any danger from stray shells as from the fact that in wet weather a roof is desirable, and one highly ventilated by H. E. is not always waterproof. One of the regiments of the brigade is quartered in the village on filthy German straw; one out in pup tents on the side of a water-soaked hill some three kilometers away; and the machine gun battalion has found rest near a little woods, whereabouts unknown, except to the tired runner who has come in to report at dusk and is rather doubtful as to his ability to find the place in the dark.

All roads leading to the front and rear are knee deep in mud and packed solid for miles with moving troops, ammunition and ration trucks, artillery and horse and mule transport. A motorcycle has as much chance on them as the proverbial snowball, so it is a case of "runners out" with orders to the units.

Then, hours of waiting in the close-smelling, candle-lit cave, with continual calls to division as to when orders may be expected and no reply except that the brigade must surely move by daybreak. Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock, and still no orders. If the movement is to take place on time, as it must, there will be plenty of work for the rest of the night; much consulting of maps to see how the units may join for their journey; what roads they can use and over what trails heavy regimental transport can fight its way without sinking out of sight in the sticky white mud.

Finally, at one, a shouting is heard. "Helylo, Hayes." "Where's the Hayes P. C.?" There is a reply from a waiting guard, a mumble of inarticulate conversation, and into the room tramps the division courier, mud from head to foot, with the long-awaited orders.

Then an hour of frenzied work while the brigade orders are being drawn—orders complicated by the fact that only certain roads may be used, and these only in certain directions; that if a regimental

transport can't get through a path in the woods, it will have to start two hours earlier, and that columns of troops moving to the front must be avoided.

Finally, the orders are drawn and the sergeant-major strikes them off on the typewriter. Then the brigade officers silently get into their trench coats and start out in the downpour with the feeling that somewhere in the inky blackness they may have good fortune to find the units for which they are searching.

But the orders are out, and at daybreak the staff straggles back to eat a hasty breakfast in the growing dawn. The general sets out in his car and with him the adjutant, thankful that he doesn't have to hike all that day, but may catch a wink or so of sleep during the movement. One officer is moving with the brigade detachment, and the others are in side cars rushing ahead to arrange for billeting the troops for the night.

Everything seems to be working smoothly; the rain is slacking and two of the units have reached their meeting place and dovetailed into line on the minute. The adjutant closes his eyes. The car stops. Trouble ahead. A truck in a ditch and across the road, and for five kilometers traffic stops and congests while the car is unloaded and thrown over the bank into a neighboring field. A couple of shells on that closely packed road and it would have been blocked for hours. But no shells come.

The column draws on, on past captured Bosche pillboxes, past captured guns and ammunition and stores, and on past the wet soggy bodies that have been missed by the searching parties and have lain for days unburied.

The way seems unending to the heavily-laden troops as they wade along the sticky muddy road, and darkness is coming on when the village of St. Juvin is reached—St. Juvin that had seen such hard fighting only a week before and now lies deserted and destroyed; quiet with the quiet of desolation, piles of debris and rubbish; a few roofless homes and the shell-torn church, with St. Juvin himself in tarnished gilt and gold leaning forward at a precarious and grotesque angle, still standing guard over the ruins of his deserted parish.

Out of the misty rubble, that once was the village square, emerges a muddy officer.

"There's a wooden shack, bacy of the M. P. headquarters, that only has a few holes in it, for the general, and a leanto alongside, where the rest of us will bunk. The rain seems to be coming from the right direction."

The general is settled; the men quartered wherever they can find shelter in the

broken village, and a meal eaten of "bully beef" and crackers, washed down with "coffee." Guards and guides are posted and the staff settles itself for a bit of sleep before the orders for the next day's march arrive from the division.

The adjutant is awakened by a flashlight playing full in his face. He sits up and sees an aide from division, with orders for the next day's march; a dripping, tired aide, who has been riding in the mud and rain for three hours.

It's after two o'clock. The adjutant reads the orders and looks out into the blackness. No use hunting a sergeant on a night like this, besides, "Let the poor devil sleep." He places a Corona on his knees and slowly clicks off the necessary orders for the movement, then out in the rain in search of the regimental runners. After a seemingly endless search, during which he falls into two cellars and trips profanely over innumerable wires, the runners are found and dispatched.

As he comes back, the dawn is breaking and there is little use of his crawling into his wet blankets. The cooks are up and a cup of good hot coffee appears to make up for all discomforts.

Another day of mud and rain; another night broken by orders and dispatches. The brigade moves back, back down through Chatel Chehery; down through the Bois de Apremont; down into the Argonne proper; retraces its route of only 10 days before, but retraces it with half its members gone, with companies that look like platoons, and with non-coms in command of them; back past the beautiful church of La Chalade, and then out over the hills and down a valley to where nestles a tiny village that shows but slight trace of war.

The church bells are ringing. Frenchman and women are standing in groups and talking excitedly or rushing madly about waving flags.

"La guerre est fini," "La guerre est fini," they shout.

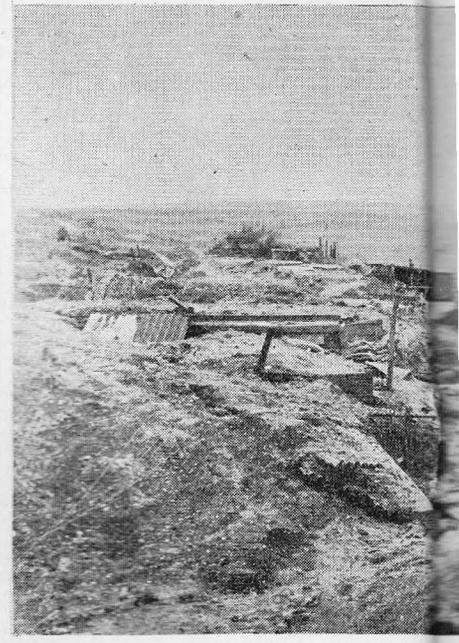
Up the narrow street in silence comes the head of the column; the men marching in the ruts on both sides of the road, their rifles slung over their backs. They are stooped forward under the weight of their packs and look straight ahead as they pull their boots and puttees out of the sticky mess, by courtesy called a road. An M. P., flushed with the importance of his message, rushes toward them:

"Say, buddies, do you know the Armistice has been signed?" he shouts.

A soldier looks up.

"The Hell you say. How are the billets?"

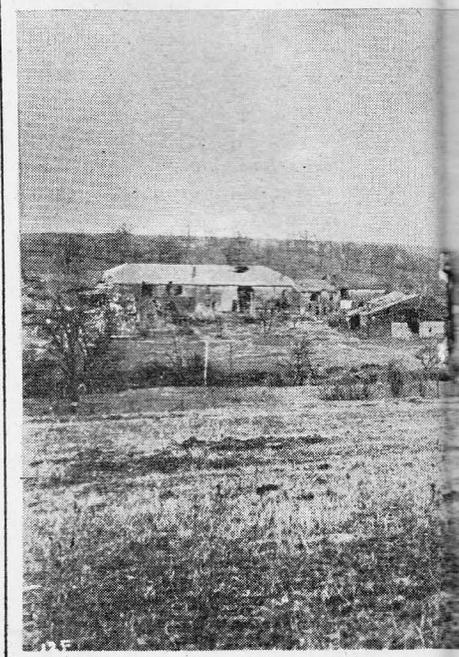
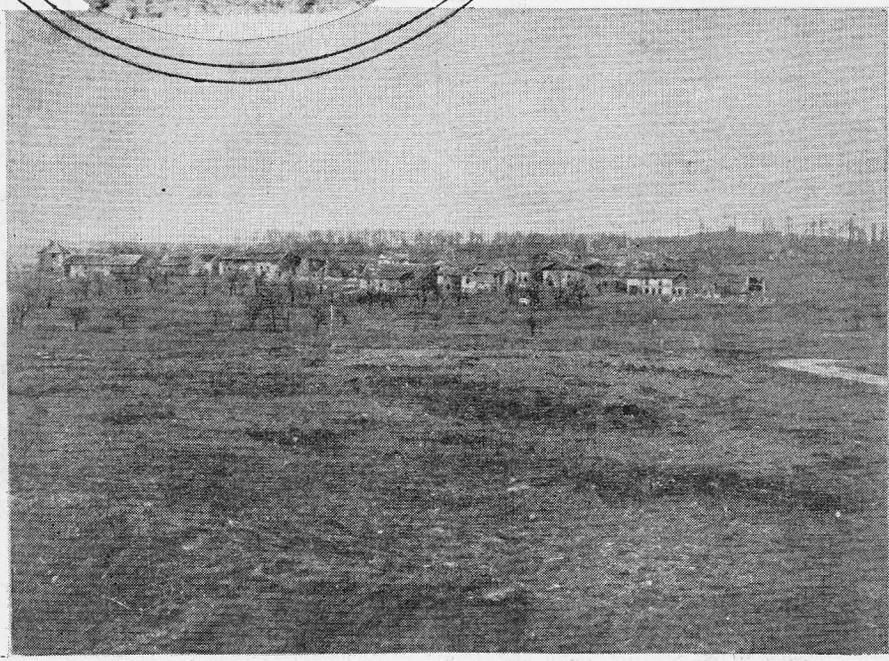
And down the column as though in echo sounds the cry, "The Hell you say. When do we eat?"



BUZANCY, THE HEAD-  
QUARTERS OF THE GERMAN  
"ARGONNE GROUP" COM-  
MANDED. CAPTURED BY  
THE 317TH INFANTRY ON  
THE NIGHT OF NOV. 2, 1918.

"CLOSEUP" OF "FOX-HOLES"  
DUG BY THE OUTPOSTS  
OF THE 160TH BRIGADE  
BETWEEN SOMMERANCE  
AND ST JUVIN BEFORE  
THE "JUMP-OFF", NOV 1ST.

CAN YOU EVER FORGET THE  
281? IT WAS JUST NORTH  
IT WAS HERE THAT THE GA  
THE "HUN IN L

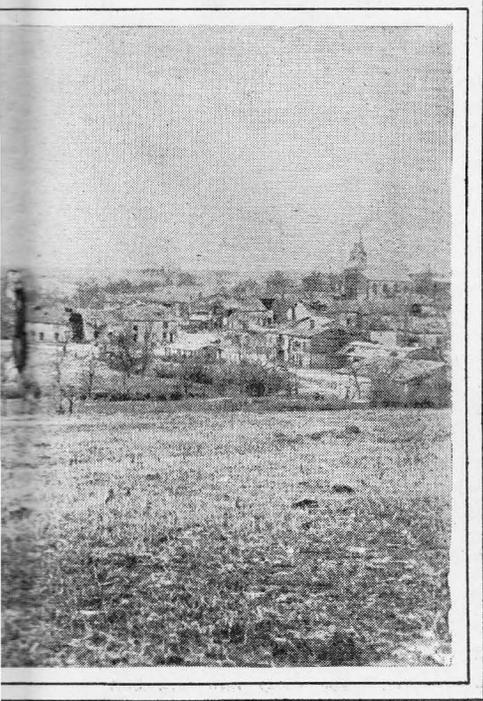


CUMEL, WITH THE BOIS DES RAPPES IN THE DISTANCE  
THE 319TH HAD A "HAND TO HAND" FIGHT  
THROUGH HERE

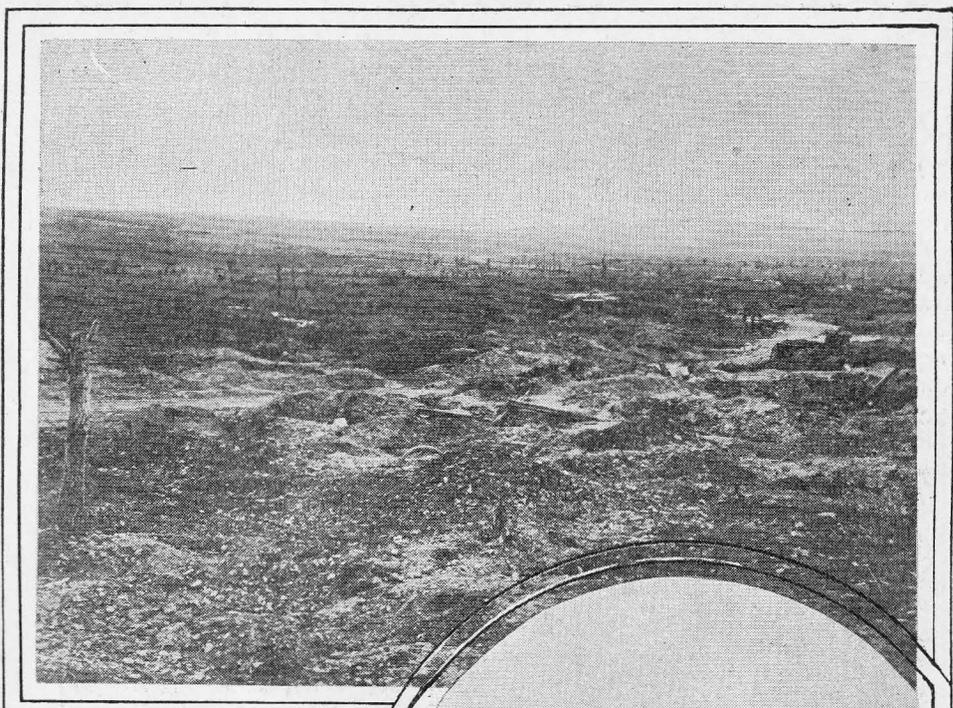
A VIEW OF SOMMERANCE,  
319TH "STEPPED OFF" ON  
NOVEMBER 1ST "BO



THE SLOPES OF OLD "HILL" NORTH OF BETHINCOURT, AND GALLANT 320TH BEARDED "HIS DEN"



HERE, WHERE THE HEROIC 320TH WAS FOUND ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 27TH FOR IMMECCOURT."



THOUSANDS OF MEN WERE KILLED ON THIS BATTLE — THIS IS THE BATTLEFIELD GROUND. BETHINCOURT, WITH "DEAD MAN'S HILL" IN THE DISTANCE.



ARMORED "PILL-BOX" OF THE REVOLVING TYPE AT BETHINCOURT. A GOOD "WHIP" AND A "MILLS" PUT A TO-LET SIGN ON THIS ONE.



THE 320TH P.C. AT GERECOURT. IT WAS AN OLD "BOCHE" ARTILLERY POSITION. ALL OPERATIONS ON SEPTEMBER 27TH WERE GUIDED FROM HERE.

# Getting in Step With the Boy Scouts

By M. R. Piper

**B**EFORE the war may be a few of us knew about Boy Scouts. Maybe we had seen them setting out on a Saturday hike or escorting some G. A. R. veterans somewhere. Possibly we had noticed them operating singly, helping an old lady across the street, helping somebody repair a tire, chopping somebody's kindling. But it wasn't until we became a nation at war that most of us began to realize Boy Scouts as such. Whenever and wherever

being "in service!" If ever anybody was in service during the period of the war it was those same gallant, little chaps in khaki, the Boy Scouts of America. Salutes in order! All honor to them!

But it behooves one to look a bit deeper. Service and organization and spirit such as those Boy Scouts manifested during the war wasn't born overnight. The same thing on a less conspicuous scale had been going on among us for a number of years,

be able to take care of himself and others, under all circumstances and even in the face of serious emergency. It means all round training, eye and ear, hand and foot, co-ordination of mind and muscle. Possibly the scout himself may not know it, but this program of his, progressing all the time as it does, in complexity and seriousness, is also teaching him resourcefulness, self-reliance, thoroughness. Through the patrol and troop system he is also being developed in group loyalty, genuine democracy, respect for discipline, law and order.

It is to be noted that the major part of the scout program is devoted to *outdoor activities*. Scouting is not a parlor plant. It is a tonic and vigorous as the west wind itself. Boys are led by it to get out into the open, to delve into woodcraft mysteries, to prefer fresh air and sunshine on the long, long trail, to cigarettes and ice cream soda and loafing on the street corners and in saloons. Physical fitness is very definitely marked for the scout's goal. He is encouraged to overcome physical disabilities, to form sane, wholesome, right habits of living, and incidentally to eschew the other kind, though the emphasis here as elsewhere in scouting is on the positive rather than the negative side.

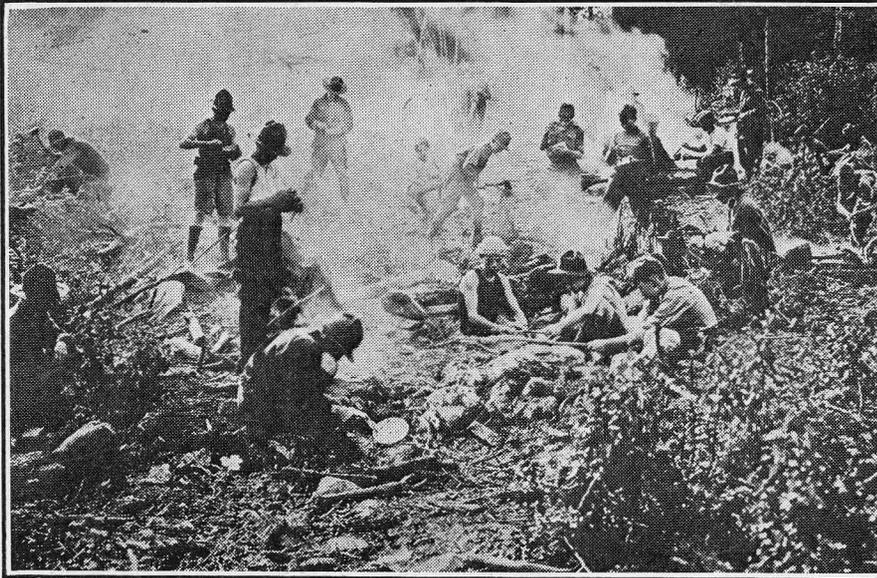
The record of the selective draft boards shows that 30 per cent of the young men examined were pronounced physically unfit for overseas service. The greater part of these disabilities were preventable ones and could have been overcome if discovered and treated earlier. If these young men had been scouts the chances are the record would have been different. One hundred per cent physical fitness is the scout standard. Public health and personal health are an important part of its training work, and special Merit Badges are offered for proficiency in these subjects. In the year 1919, 4,899 first class scouts qualified for the badge in public health, 4,950 for the badge in personal health. Draw your own conclusions as to the significance of these items.

But fine as the scout program is, it is vitalized by something even finer, a moral code, which seems to the writer the finest pronouncement of the sort since the Sermon on the Mount.

Take the scout oath alone, to which every tenderfoot must subscribe on entering the movement, and which with the law, every first class scout must prove he has embedded in his daily life and conduct.

On my honor I will do my best—

1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law;
2. To help other people at all times;



The inborn love of the great outdoors finds expression in all Boy Scout activities. The best that is in him finds development while communing with Nature.

a job was to be done that had to do with war winning, the comfort and welfare of our boys in service, or patriotic morale generally, there were the Scouts, on the spot ready for action, organized for service, of the Class A variety, efficient, cheerful, loyal, "prepared" to help at every angle.

They sold millions of dollars worth of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, operated thousands of war gardens, located thousands of black walnut trees, collected tons of gas mask material, distributed millions of pieces of patriotic literature, discovered and reported wireless outfits, held themselves ready for coast defense service. They served gallantly the Red Cross, the American Library Association, the War Community Service, the Y. M. C. A., Y. M. H. A., and many other societies and institutions helping on the good work. They guarded airplanes, served as orderlies, clerks and messengers at camps and in hospitals, collected magazines, distributed soup, directed traffic in patriotic parades, served as ushers at patriotic meetings, contributed band music at recruiting stations, made themselves responsible for community flags. Talk about

since 1910 to be exact, for this last February was the Boy Scouts' tenth birthday. They have had ten years' practice in "Being Prepared."

The more one delves into the scout movement the more one is impressed by the high vision, the almost incredible wisdom and foresight, the profound knowledge of boys exhibited by its founders. It is based upon that soundest principle of pedagogy, called *power through interest*. Scouting is made up of things boys like to do, hiking, camping, swimming, building things, finding out things, exploring unknown woods and marking trails in them, setting up tents, making bridges, tying knots, surveying, building camp fires, cooking camp eats, mastering the compass, investigating the ways of woodland creatures, hunting them with camera instead of gun, studying stars and trees, learning first aid so to be ready to use it when the emergency comes, practicing signalling, setting up signal towers. These and many other practical, fascinating, outdoor recreations—activities go to make up scouting and to make scouts the all round efficient men in the making that they are.

To "be prepared" means to the scout to

# Getting in Step with the Boy Scouts—Continued

3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

Read it over. Think it over. See if anything greater could be crowded into so few words.

The scout law is worth a much longer discourse than we can give it here. But notice a few points only.

Here is the third law:

**A SCOUT IS HELPFUL**—He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day.

Rather takes the breath away, doesn't it? In the year 1919, 38 scouts were awarded medals by the National Court of Honor for conspicuous bravery and efficiency in the saving of life at personal risk. Since 1911 304 medals have been in all awarded for this cause. In several cases the scouts themselves lost their own lives in saving that of others. As for the helping of injured persons, there are thousands of stories of scout service rendered along this line. A cleverly improvised tourniquet, a bandage made of a shirt, has saved lives. A knowledge of how to render artificial respiration has prevented many a water accident from being fatal. On occasions of train wreck, cyclone, or such disasters as the munition plant explosion at Morgantown, scouts have proved again and again that they can be safely trusted to keep the first part of the third law.

Then there is that sharing in the home duties and the doing of the daily good turn, no less important and perhaps considerably harder to live up to than the occasional, more spectacular emergency service, but watch a real scout, in his every day round. You will find the law is operative here too in many cases.

According to the law, a scout's honor is to be trusted, he must perform "exactly a given task;" he must take no tips for service rendered, he is especially kind to the "weak and helpless." He is "a friend to all." "His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks nor grumbles at hardships." "He keeps clean in body and mind, stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd."

As for the supposedly typical soldier virtue, Courage, listen to the tenth law.

**A SCOUT IS BRAVE**—He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him.

Moral as well as physical courage you see. And that pithy last sentence. One likes to go back and say it over, "Defeat does not down him." There is your Yankee grit for you. The law is self-imposed. It grows for the most part from

within out rather than the other way about, though the influence and example of the scoutmaster, who himself keeps the law, he desires his boys to keep, is incalculable. Over a million and a half boys have passed through the scout movement in its ten years of existence in America. Who shall say what power this great oath and law have operated upon these lads? Who shall say how much greater and better an America we might have in the years to come if every American boy were a Boy Scout of America, practicing the

If you haven't time to serve this way, you can assist by organizing a troop, finding leaders for it and serving it in an advisory capacity as a member of a troop committee. Membership in local councils is also open to those anxious to do a good turn to scouting. Paid positions as scout executive or assistant scout executive are also to be had where there is a first class local council and official scout headquarters in operation. The right kind of man with the right kind of experience for this post is always in demand.



Can any ex-service man doubt the advantage of this early training? Democracy need have no fears with her sons trained in this manner, and the boys like it.

scout program, keeping himself "physically strong, mentally awake, morally straight" through the impulsion of the scout oath and law?

The scout movement is in great need of more leaders. There is a splendid opportunity here for every veteran to go on serving America by conserving her boy power. Perhaps working with boys is going to re-light that vital spark which somehow went out when you slipped back into civilian life. It will take you outdoors again, bring you in contact with human nature, *au naturel*, bring back that lost sense of comradeship, revive that something which you have been missing, which is the sense of being vitally needed somewhere, putting over a big job in a big cause to the best of your ability.

You can serve actively as leader of a troop, in the capacity of scoutmaster or assistant scoutmaster. You can help scoutmasters already commissioned by serving as instructors in signalling, map-making, pioneering, engineering, or any of the many subjects in which your recent experience in the A. E. F. makes you particularly proficient. Such help is greatly needed and will be heartily appreciated.

Anyway, get in step somewhere with the Boy Scouts. They need you and maybe you need them even more. It has been known to work that way.

Smith: "Who are you working for now?"

Jones: "Same people—wife and five children."

He—Most girls, I have found, don't appreciate real music.

Second He—Why do you say that?

He—Well, you may pick beautiful strains on a mandolin for an hour, and she won't even look out of the window, but just one honk of a horn—out she comes!—*London Blighty*.

He was a Southern colonel making his first trip north. He arrived at New York aboard one of the coast liners, and the ship-news reporters sought him out for an interview.

"What," asked one of the reporters, "do you think of the war?"

"Well, suh," answered the Southerner. "Ah have always maintained that Lee made a mistake when he surrendered."—*Home Sector*.

# The Road to Hoboken

By Ex-Sgt. Russell L. Stultz

(Concluded from Last Month)

Already we have passed the junction that had been expected to lead us to the nearest embarkation port and are headed northward. General realization of a destination only too apparent instantly became evident. For reasons wholly unaccountable the assumed prolongation of the journey acted as a mighty stimulant—but the changed atmosphere was soon to explain itself. Hoboken bound, eh? Oh, boy! me for a taste of Broadway, kid. Always have wanted to see what the bright lights look like. Perhaps Gotham 'll take notice when we hit it.

And that moment no human being could have persuaded a man aboard that we were not due for a week or two in one of the army camps around New York, with daily leave in town, "while waiting for the boat, you know." As a matter of fact, passenger lists plainly read: "Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J." with no suggestion of a proviso for the anticipated lay-over. Why, even an officer from embarkation headquarters itself had been sent down to aid in the preparation of records, in order to avoid the possibility of an error that might detain us at the gang-plank! Fortunately—or unfortunately—such information was not distributed broadcast in advance.

An abrupt stop—no one seems to know why. Where in thunder *are* we, anyhow? Say, that's Richmond over yonder to the left, isn't it? Surely, we are not going to miss it, too. Well, I'll be hanged! The place must be quarantined, else I guess they think we're dangerous. But compensation is at hand—*now* we understand the reason! Down the straggling road a group of white-capped and gowned Red Cross volunteers come racing breathlessly toward the halted train. "Must think there's been a wreck," someone suggests. Nothing of the sort; as the vanguard reaches the cars, we perceive their errand—one of scarcely lesser mercy. Hully gee! chewing-gum, chocolate, cigarettes and postcards! Guess I'll see about that little censorship matter, won't I? For among the last admonitions before entraining had been a warning against promiscuous dispatching of messages enroute revealing our departure, and right here was an unlooked-for opportunity to get ahead of the looming specter of military regulation of a most cherished privilege—unrestricted correspondence. With no intent to disclose forbidden information, messages are hastily scrawled preparing the recipient for a still more momentous announcement, addressed and passed to feminine hands.

From the rear of the train a voice of authority rumbles: "No messages will be

mailed from these cars!" What's eatin' the major, anyway? Oh, well, I didn't really want to write any, merely wanted to show the girls they are appreciated. Upon second thought: Say, what right had he to "butt in," I'd like to know? Isn't that what we stopped for? Well, I'm going to slip a few cards right out under his nose—the deed's done! And the laughing-eyed miss promises to post them "pussonally." "Good-luck to you, Mr. Soldier!" she gaily cries, as she flits to another window. "Mister!" Where in blazes have I heard that before? Say, buddy, that kid mustn't be in the army, for all her uniform. What you guys grinnin' at? Can't a fellow be called "Mister" once in a while, for all his military titles? It sounds a blamed sight better than corp or sarge.

With an admonitory shriek of its siren, the locomotive loudly gets under way again. A few miles and we gain momentum; the rushing breeze fanned through the open windows proves refreshingly grateful, for the slanting rays of the sun are uncomfortably warm and cannot be avoided. A slight diminution in speed, and we roll through sleepy Fredericksburg and across the muddy Rappahannock. The station seems occupied by an abnormal crowd—its augmented ranks prompts a facetious "native son" to solemnly proffer an explanation: "Looks like the cap wired 'em I was coming through."

The minutes pass and the Marine barracks and the Potomac at Quantico spread into view. Another unannounced halt affords an opportunity for the ever-ready chaff and badinage. A cook inaugurates the eruption. "What do you think you're doing here? Building canoes for us to cross over in?" "Naw, these here tubs are to carry the Kaiser and any Dutchmen you get to America. Think you'll need 'em? Guess you won't keep us busy." The voice of the erstwhile Marine was aggravatingly taunting, too much so to be ignored; a perfect storm of jeers greeted his sally: "Say, pardner, if *that's* the game, just build a plenty of 'em, for this old outfit's goin' to need a heluvalot. Wanta come along and count the scalps? Looks to me like you guys are tryin' to do some long-distance scrappin'. If I hung around this joint long, I'd grow web feet and wade across. Well, when you get tired playin', just follow the crowd, boys. So long." As we pull out of the cantonment, a mocking cry is hurled after us: "Don't let the whales get you, children!" and we have no come-back. The infantry and Marines—oh, yes, how they *do* love one another!

Stops no longer provide a diversion, the journey is on in earnest. The flying landscape, however, shows that we are making

speed, for all its lifeless monotone. Scrub oaks, pine brushwood, last year's sagegrass, with an occasional clearing or settlement, so the miles flit uneventfully by. At last we are about to quit Virginia. Passing over a long bridge, we skirt Alexandria just as the flaming sun disappears over Arlington. Is it imagination that discerns in it something akin to a halo? "Bout time for retreat, fellows," a matter-of-fact comrade interrupts the reverie. And no sooner has the echo died than from somewhere down the length of the train floats the familiar call; it merely awakens resentment. "Wish I had that wind-jammer a minute" expresses common sentiment.

The tall, white dome of the Capitol rises in the distance, just in time to reflect a final gleam from the no longer visible sun. Into a yawning tunnel we go, a minute's halt in the murky twilight and out into the maelstrom of Potomac Yards, there to rest indefinitely. The possibility of supper is suggested, only to be as quickly discarded at remembrance of dry and unpalatable sandwiches awaiting consumption. Guards are summarily posted to prevent exit from the coaches, but not too numerous or watchful to interfere with the surreptitious approach of fruit and postcard vendors. In the descending dusk their lurking forms scurry hither and thither plying a flourishing trade, always avoiding detection, for both purchaser and seller wisely know that such practices are not countenanced.

In the last few moments of daylight, messages destined to puzzle and worry their recipients are again scribbled and entrusted to the hands of perhaps a sympathetic yardsman or some inquisitive, exploring urchin who, made volubly willing through distribution of sundry coins, hies away to do your bidding, accumulating both cards and riches as he recedes. (Strangely enough, we were later to learn that almost without exception these chance communications were delivered).

The reason for our wait finally became circulated—a talkative engineman had gone out of his way to volunteer information. It seemed that other troop trains were abroad and headed southward, while train crews must also be changed in Washington for the final leg of the journey. How long do we wait? "Oh, an hour or two, perhaps." Our informant's source of intelligence proved reliable.

Scarce had the rumor become known when the first of the trains rushed by, leaving only a flash of O. D. and muffled yells in their wake. Others, however, appeared not so urgent and pulled up along our own restless, singing section. The tumult straightway subsided, in the pres-

# The Road to Hoboken—Continued

ence of an undoubted relaxation. "Where from, buddy?" "Fort Slocum." "And yourself?" "Where to?" "Oh, somewheres in Georgia." Another case of Yanks marching through Georgia, eh? What outfit, if you aren't ashamed?" "— Regiment, National Guard." "What you goin' South for, son, your health? Take it from me they'll starve you to death down there!" "Done been done kid, where to yourself?" "Don't know and care less, the boss doesn't let us into all his little secrets, but you're on the wrong train if you guys are figurin' on fightin'. Better swap over." "Aw, we'll be over in time to bury you, don't worry." "Bet you blokes have signed up in the Q. M.!" "Guess you think you're smart, Alfonso, but you'll lose some of your edge. Give Patee the once-over for me, and don't run yourself to death chasin' Jerry!" With a parting rejoinder, they vanish in the night. A second train replaces them, and soon a third. The ensuing colloquy duplicates its predecessor, with pertinent variation. All of the moving troops are from Northern camps, intended to fill in regular army units or to finish training in the South.

During the two-hour halt we had begun to gather a glimmering of the immensity of the project in which we were involved. As the train moved out of the yards a fitful quiet settled down, broken only where kindred spirits had sought companionship in cards or conversation. We had annexed a second engine before leaving Washington and now the pair of moguls were fairly hurling us through space and into Maryland. Baltimore became but a questioning sparkle out of the night as we hurried past the suburbs. Shortly before midnight the lights of Wilmington loomed into being, for an instant drew our interest and were left behind. Once familiar land-marks by day were now nothing more than phantom-shaped mile-stones.

The first pause after leaving the Potomac occurred at Philadelphia, when an unexplained intermission of ten minutes allowed us to get our bearings. A few spectral representatives of those denizens peculiar to nocturnal hours were seen shadowily skulking amid the gloom of the station, some more bold even approaching the cars and warily soliciting "hand-outs." As we crossed the Delaware and skirted the industrial district, clamorous with its wartime industry, the Quaker City left an impression absurdly contradictory to its fabled tranquility.

Under the stress of a constantly changing program, sleep was somehow proving rather impossible save for the lucky few blissfully oblivious to their surroundings. Fatigued bodies which might otherwise have superinduced slumber but for the ever-remindful emptiness of stomachs, found

themselves unable to coax reposeful solace. The lone pair of sandwiches had long since failed to perceptibly shrink a growing vacuum. The poignant spectacle of a foresighted individual luxuriously munching an orange or a banana could be only enviously observed, and his ironical reference to "dining car in the rear, fellows" was not calculated to add to contentment. Once, during the "wee, sma'" hours a mess-sergeant was detected napping—a friendly dash of ice-water brought him to his feet with a surprised roar. "Who did it? Just show the guy to me!" Direful vengeance lurked in his now wide-awake eyes.

The night eventually ended, as such nights always do. A facetiously disposed bugler was "on the job" with reveille as dawn found us amid the awakening hills of New Jersey. The budding, populous countryside with its hushed serenity quickly revived ebbing spirits. Well-kept farms, pleasing hamlets and modern, important towns formed an unbroken procession. At frequent intervals common-place farm-yard scenes afforded an excuse for abnormal amusement.

Near the hour when breakfast should have been, but wasn't, a company of motion-picture artists bent upon filming the undisturbed landscape halted their proceedings long enough to wave us "bon voyage"—all save the practical camera man, who continued to grind off scenery and caught our train broadside as we trespassed upon his line of vision. We wondered afterward whether he had destroyed the film or whether we had through force of circumstances been precipitated into a "movie" production.

From daylight until reaching the scheduled destination some hours later, our progress through Jersey assumed the aspects of a triumphal journey. It seemed that no town or village was too insignificant to supply its delegation of applauding, waving citizens. How impulsively friendly these Northerners were! And the feminine element, true to the mythical lure of "brass buttons," apparently predominated among the personnel of improvised reception committees, but the noticeable absence of masculine enthusiasts merely confirmed that already known—their men-folks had preceded us. Each flag-draped factory window held its own little group of eager, noisy humanity.

For all our months of preparation amid purely martial environment, we had never known a like display of patriotism and national colors. One among us spoke for all when prompted to exclaim thus: "Say, if these folks welcome a guy like this now, what do you think they'll hand us when we come back with real sob stuff!" And the genuine spontaneity of their greetings appeared truly marvelous when we recalled

that our casual passage was no more than an incident to people located along the route leading to America's main port of embarkation and, in consequence, hourly accustomed to the phenomenon of troop trains.

Before 9:00 o'clock the ever-increasing frequency of trains traveling parallel with our own indicated that we were arrived in the land of the commuter. Scarce had the hour gone, when, presto! a new element had entered into the panorama. From out of the morning mist to the right a glimpse of uncertain green abruptly revealed itself, now visible, now obscured, to as suddenly reappear and resolve into the western fringe of New York Bay. No sooner had the proximity of the ocean become known than a scramble ensued to observe. Probably animated by the same species of feeling that is reputed to have stirred Columbus upon sighting land some centuries before, numbers for the first time in their lives experienced the sensation of gazing upon salt water. The thrill grew as a final mile or two of shore was skirted before the slowly diminishing speed of the train brought it to a full halt. Across the maze of tracks, out into the fog-blanketed reaches of the bay searching, expectant eyes discovered—or conjured—the traditional outlines of Bedloe's Island, with its crowning glory of Bartholdi's "Liberty," while others saw or fancied the less familiar contour of "Black Tom."

"What burg's this, Jack?" the query was addressed to a signaling trackman. All knew, but his verdict was awaited none the less breathlessly.

"Jersey City, hugh? Well, who'd thought it; here and didn't know it! And how far's Hoboken, Mister?"

"Oh, just over there," accompanied by a wave of the hand that might have indicated anywhere.

Still, it was comforting to have our surmise confirmed—or was it? While pondering over the bit of information, a peremptory "Outside with packs!" summarily dissipated any lingering doubts. It could mean but one thing: we were getting somewhere at last! The formation under the train-shed was a rather disreputable affair, in the light of much-instilled discipline; and barely was it accomplished when, off we raced across the intervening tracks and around the corner, just as untold thousands had done before and were destined to do after us. Pedestrians appeared less surprised—and doubtless were—than we, ourselves. Somehow, this performance did not at all conform to our pictured ideas of arrival in Manhattan.

The route was fortunately short, else a few insecurely adjusted packs might have found themselves separated from their hurrying owners. Just as a chilly, half-hearted drizzle of rain began to make itself

## The Road to Hoboken—Continued

felt, we scurried under the precarious shelter of an over-crowded ferry shed, for it appeared that a whole battalion of artillerymen had preceded us. The army's unwritten rule of "first come, first served" continued in vogue, as those on the rear of the column learned, when "standing room only" in the rain remained the sole accommodation. Waiting for your boat, when burdened with a packfull, back-full of undesired property is considerably more irksome than the proverbial interval between trains.

Right then and there, the phantasy—delightful while it lasted—of a week or two "loafing" around New York took bodily flight in the overhanging mist. No one told us, no one needed to, for verbal enlightenment was quite unnecessary in the face of material verification so eloquently afforded by sight of half a score or more of camouflaged liners at the Hoboken piers. A more expeditious departure had been planned for us. If the realization bred disappointment, it was concealed for no evidence of the reluctance lurked in the cheerful acceptance of the inevitable. Rather, as the minutes merged into an hour without further progress, the all-impatient "Let's go!" established the utter concert of unanimity.

The approach of noon found us restlessly and hungrily "marking time." For once no one seemed to have a plausible explanation for the lengthening delay. It has always been a mystery to us how civilians succeeded in ruthless violation of the most rigid military mandates that sometime puzzle an initiated "old timer" to get around, but here, within the very edge of the restricted zone we found their representatives, always energetically on the alert and always unmolested, just as we had discovered their fellows at Washington and elsewhere.

Venders of chocolate, pop-corn and post cards appeared even more at home as they slipped and squeezed their way in and out of the jam than did those legitimately there—and doubtless were. Cards and pictorial folders of New York were prime favorites and the supply, no matter how near exhaustion, was always replenished. American currency, as we realized the imminence of embarkation, suddenly became useless, burdensome, and it flowed as the legendary milk and honey. "Here, boy, a dollar if you'll promise to drop these cards in the nearest letter-box" was apparently no more than normal compensation, since its bestowal induced only the minimum of alacrity. In anticipation of precisely such opportunities, everyone was liberally supplied with postage stamps, for it must be remembered that this was in the days before the magic legend of "Soldiers' Mail" had become the olive-drab sesame for us.

Once a passenger ferry leaving an adjacent slip gave a shrill salute, perhaps to focus attention upon the girl outlined upon the bridge, draperies fluttering and white handkerchief waving friendly greeting. The answering salutation must have proved embarrassing, for she instantly disappeared below. As harbor craft and factory buildings were sounding the dinner hour, we moved off.

The boat was much too crowded to provide shelter for more than a few hundred, but few heeded the dripping, nasty rain. Through the littered water of the harbor we churned a foaming trail, the big, unwieldy tub making remarkable progress for all its awkward bulk. Gigantic, unshapely objects that had been discerned during occasional rifts in the fog now began to assume the majestic proportions of two, three, and even four-funneled liners, all decked in the most hideous of war-paints. From that moment we acquired a spirit of properly sympathetic belligerency. Despite an infinitesimal knowledge of nautical terms, swearing activity on part of the lighter's crew aroused us to prepare for the impending docking. The forewarning came a bit too late—the feat was an accomplished fact before all had managed to squirm into their "harness," consequently it was carried off in their arms.

The beckoning gang-plank was mighty narrow, even more steep, and entirely too wet and slippery for a secure foot-hold, but it had to be navigated, and "on the jump." The process was further complicated by an overhanging rope which had a habit of entangling rifle barrels as we skidded under and upward. The practical expedient of a push from the rear and a lift from above simplified matters, however, and made short shift of emptying the ferry of its thousand or more occupants. The procedure was so marvelously swift that none had time to absorb the surrounding scenery, but instinct informed us that we were racing down an endless pier along a towering transport.

Around a protruding corner and into a yawning interior, each man blindly chased the man ahead and vanished in the semi-gloom. Once inside, the haste was at an end; the inevitable wait for the remainder to come up before units could be assembled and resume something of their normal order ensued. Here, surrounded on every side by immense piles of food-stuffs—mainly sugar and flour—awaiting, like ourselves, export, we permitted ourselves to ponder over an irony calculated to satisfy the eye but not to appease hunger. The army continued its methodical functioning, however, regardless of this perverse omission. First, a roll-call, followed by an individual check, was necessary in order to establish the certainty that no man had become lost or separated in the shuffle.

If, in the preceding twenty-four hours the wheels of an infant war-machine had moved sufficiently rapidly to silence the most bellicose individual, the attendant slowing up during the next period must have created considerable anxiety. Exactly four hours were required to traverse the few yards intervening between us and the gang-plank, for we had reached the "parting of the ways" when every step forward meant the unraveling of miles of "red tape." By 2 o'clock we progressed to the point of extricating ourselves from the repository of raw food-stuffs—or "waiting room," as we had dubbed it on the spur of the moment—only to complete a circle or two and find ourselves at last within easy range of the gang-plank—that bridge between France and America, destined to bear the imprints of more hobnails than any other in the world. How far away it was in reality, we never suspected.

As another pause was ordered, we gazed full upon the monstrous bulk alongside that so completely excluded daylight and whatever might lay beyond. The very immensity of its hull seemed to detract from every object within the shadow. Slowly, realization dawned that this colossal thing must be none other than that supreme pride of German shipbuilders, born the Vaterland, and now America's matchless transport, the Leviathan, which, through rumor, we had heard was at Hoboken. And then of course we knew that we were "at ease" on the pier of that one-time Hamburg-American Packetfahrt Aktien Gesellschaft, now merely an avenue to the route that had the Fatherland itself for its ultimate destination.

For all the tangible evidence looming over us, it seemed rather impossible that we had been elected to come from a Southern camp and occupy berths upon this most desirable of all troop-carriers. So utterly at variance was the fancied elevation with memories of past "second bests" that it was a trifle hard to credit so unexpected a change in our fortunes.

Had there been no other recognized object in instilling into us the fundamentals of "marking time," the preliminary training would have been warranted for the execution required that interminable afternoon, for that is literally what we did. The movement is simple enough with only a rifle to hamper you, but imagine four hours of it under "full field" regalia. Move an inch, half step, another inch, halt! The minutes became days and the days lengthened into weeks. Had not something happened at this particular point to vary the monotony, a month would have been the next logical evolution.

Red Cross workers on duty at the Hoboken piers presumably, however, had had enough experience to accurately gauge the

(Continued on Page 27)



# A PAGE TO WIT

## "OUR MAG"—By the Office Boy



To you the subscribers of our magazine—who take a copy of "Service" in hand each month and commence to give it the "Once Over" from the First Page on through to the Grand Finale—I'm writing this article especially for you.

Maybe you don't realize what this same magazine that you're subscribing for and talking so much about and lauding to the skies, has meant to us here in the office of the 80th Vets. Association.

Why, man alive, that magazine stands for more in our eyes, than the twelve volumes of Shakespeare meant to the "Old Boy" himself. Why there's been more real honest debates—arguments—gas wasted and Bullshéviki let loose, setting up this our magazine, than any real politician ever put over, trying to gain votes.

Why from the day our cover is voted upon and thrashed out and drawn up—life is just one darned round of ideas and Blarney—until finally in comes the finished product from the printer.

You've never met our Office Force, have you? Well let me tell you boy—this is Some Office Force that we've got down here. And the ideas of the whole crew combined into one—would make an Army Stew look like a French Pastry.

Why there's no two ideas in common and the only reason why any one of the force succeeds in putting his idea to the front, is 'cause he has talked the others to death.

So when you look at our "Mag." and see the color scheme of black and white, or pink and green, or rose and blue—I want you to know that there's been more time and energy and lingo consumed in arriving at this decision in color, than any "shirt-reader" in the Army ever put on "shirt-reading."

So if you happen to have been a "shirt-reader" you alone can appreciate the strength of this last paragraph.

Then there's the finding of a suitable subject for each month such as George Wash. for February and Emerald Green for

March and Roses for June, etc., etc. Just as it was Beans for Breakfast and Beans for Dinner and Beans for Supper in the Army.

And this finding a suitable subject for each month, is not as easy as it is cracked up to be. Almost as hopeless at times as when Saturday (bath-day) would roll around in the Army and there was no place or time to observe the day fittingly.

And now since I've been telling you of the outside cover—I naturally think of our Artist, the guy who makes up this said cover. Besides being an artist, he's SOME CARTOONIST. Why, man alive, he draws cartoons about as fast as he draws breath. And he's some deep breather.

All you've got to do is give him an idea and presto ! ! !—it's right before your eyes in "black on white," and drawing cartoons is not by any means all that this cartoonist can draw. Why, he no sooner gets seated at the drawing board until the windows on the other side of the street are filled with blondes and brunettes, tall and small, thick and thin, in fact that man has a certain something about himself that draws the women to him, like that Overseas Karo used to draw the yellow jackets, and flies.

Of course, there's no argument, you've got to admit in this paragraph, but where the argument comes in, is herewith—When

the cartoonist comes into the front office and shows off the finished product of his brain, to the Typist and the Filest and the General Manager and the Advertising Man—well—here's where the argument comes in.

Now none of these said people are able to draw a blamed thing 'cepting their pay envelopes at the end of each month, but Lord, it's surprising what a lot they've got to holler about, regarding the work and labor of our Cartoonist.

Why man the big fight "Over-There" hain't got nuthin', on what goes on inside this here office, at times.

Gee, I just now over-heard the Boss say that if every one of you guys what subscribed for Service would make a big effort towards getting another fellow to subscribe—we'd have a real, live magazine, in the near future that would make the best of 'em, sit up and take notice.

So for the "Love-of-Mike" get busy, "you all," for I needs this job of mine worser'n you can imagine—let's put across a big drive for our magazine such as the 80th was used to putting across "Over-There" against the Jerries.

Well, there goes the buzzer and the Big Chief is calling me—so I'll tell you more about our Office Force sometime later.

Sincerely yours,

THE OFFICE BOY.

## VERY LIGHTS

Explaining why some men re-enlist for foreign service.

Near Beer.

"What's the cause of Bingle's unusual cheerfulness?"

"He tells me that his wife's doctor has ordered her to cut out meat and sugar."

Wealthy Patient—Oh, doctor, I have such a bad cold. I can't go to the office this morning. Can't you do something for it?

Ex-Army Medico (just out)—Get out of

here! Don't you see I'm busy? There isn't anything the matter with you, you gold brick.—*Home Sector.*

Doughboy at leave area, dancing with American war worker. Say! You're a mighty fine dancer."

The Lady, "Yes?"

Doughboy, "Give me your name and address and I'll look you up when we get back to the States."

The Lady, "All right! I'm Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, of New York."

Doughboy, "That's right 'Chicken,' fly high!"

# The Veteran---An Interpretation---Continued

(Continued from Page 7)

superior claims of the group to the personal whims of the individual. By some such similar experience four million men have learned to work together, have come to see that the slip-up of one means detriment to many, or, as Kipling put it, "the strength of the wolf is the pack and the strength of the pack is the wolf."

Another thing to be remarked is that this comradeship, this great co-operating body, once known as the A. E. F., is made up of America's best manhood. By the selective draft the finest specimens of our nation's youth were brought together to constitute our fighting hosts. They are men of sound body, abounding health, keenness of mind, the men who beyond a doubt will play a most conspicuous part in our national life for a generation to come. The only objection likely to be raised to the above characterization is regarding the reference to "keenness of mind," but anyone who has experienced the mental exhilaration of contact with a foreign world will come stoutly to its defence.

The returned soldier is no longer provincial. His thought-world has widened its dimensions. France and England and Germany are more to him than mere names upon a variegated map. They now have content. Verdun stands for something very definite to him, for he has been there and knows what it is like; while Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne, though words of foreign origin, will take their place in American history alongside of Monmouth and Yorktown, Antietam and Gettysburg.

But a greater benefit has come to him than merely the broadening of his horizon. Living for months among a people other than his own, whose customs were strange to him, and whose language he could not speak, led inevitably to comparison and contrast, which are the very foundation of sound thinking.

You may be sure that America never suffered in his estimation. At no time was there any danger of his being weaned. With the blindness of love, the United States was his standard of perfection, and such being the case, his very logical conclusion was that what wasn't American, wasn't good. By such reasoning most of France and French ways came under condemnation.

"I don't know exactly what we've been fighting for," said a homesick soldier as he swept his hand contemptuously over one of those bits of rural loveliness which abound in central France; "surely not for these hills. Why, I'd have given them to the Germans and at the same time apologized for doing it."

Under the stress of war and under con-

ditions akin to exile, he had learned to prize things American. We rarely know how to value our privileges until our right to them is challenged and we must fight if we would maintain them. So the returned soldier comes back not simply trained by a severe teacher in comradeship and co-operation, but, what is no less important, with his patriotism intensified and made intelligent.

A group of soldiers, as their ship approached the harbor of New York, agreed among themselves that as they passed the Statue of Liberty they would give her three rousing cheers. But when they came abreast that heroic figure, symbolic of all that is best in this Westland of ours, there was not one of them who could command his voice.

Here is the situation, then. Four million of our choicest young men, under the stress of war, have been initiated into the spirit of comradeship and the meaning of co-operation, and have come back thoughtful citizens, proud of their heritage as Americans. How much occasion for hopefulness lies in this fact, and how much of security against the double peril that confronts us in the persons of the stand-patter and the radical.

On a certain May morning, when the straining eyes of hundreds of men in the prow of a transport caught through the mist the dim outline of the American coast, a sense of proud possession came over them. They thought of many things.

They thought of the land of all their hopes and of the exile which for very love of her they had borne. They thought

of her freedom purchased and maintained at so great a cost. They thought of the wisdom of her laws and the beneficence of her institutions. They thought of her past, so little to be ashamed of, so much to glory in. They thought of that heroic breed of fighting men, the founders and defenders of her greatness, especially of their own companions who had fallen doing valiant battle for the right.

Then they thought of her future, of the glad tomorrow so big with promise and yet not without its menace, too. They thought of the men with little vision or none at all, men who could, if possible, impede the wheels of progress and undo the efforts of fighting millions through four years of fearful war. They thought of the hostile element in our population, who, in their petty meanness, cannot think in terms beyond their narrow selves, cannot rise in any sense to the greatness of these changing times.

And as they thought of these things there came to them the solemn determination to continue the fight, to spread democracy, to "smite the wrongs that vex the groaning earth," and, God helping them, to hand on to generations yet to be the great inheritance undefiled.

## Nerve in Blighty

(Continued from Page 11)

But in landing near them he had not used the best of judgment and crashed—crashed where the boy they wouldn't let fly had made a perfect landing. Allen worked all night on the two machines. The next day he was back on the airdrome, a prisoner, awaiting general court-martial. The Air Ministry had been notified and headquarters of the American Air Service in London demanded immediate and severe punishment. Allen must be held up as an example to others who might attempt his trick. There must be no sympathy shown for him. He must take the terrible consequences of his well-intended actions. There was no such case on record in the A. E. F. It must be the last as well as the first of its kind.

That's why Allen stalked into American Air Service Headquarters at Codford, Wilts, England, in the closing days of the world war. A boy with the guts of a Goliath, a true American but a soldier who defied the laws of his service to do his bit, he must submit to the disgrace of incarceration while back home Federal authorities were busy running down young men evading military service, and among them there were those who were happy that their lot in the war was service miles removed from the din of battle.

### THE TANK TRAP



Mr. P. I. O'Neer prepares a snare to safeguard his—er—cellar.

# Alumni Notes

Information has just been received that the history of the 313th Field Artillery is almost ready for delivery.

An outline of the history of the 320th Infantry Regiment has been forwarded to this office by Captain Thomas H. Westlake, who is in charge of the publication. This outline, together with photographs, battle sector maps, excerpts from official bulletins or memo relating to war time activities, citations, etc., is to be published in book form and will be mailed to each member of the regiment. The book has been delayed in publication, but the finished product will well repay each recipient for his "watchful waiting."

## GOING BACK TO FRANCE

If I were going back to France the first thing I would do after arriving there would be to charter a box car and equip it with a good camping outfit, then I would start out to see the country in a first-class manner. You may think that this would be a joke, but the French freight trains make better time than the passengers. Also you have the privilege of side tracking your private car while you are seeing the town. You can't do this if you travel by passenger. All you have to do is to bill your car for a certain place, not forgetting to mark the places you want to stop over at. In this manner you can travel all over France, and the cost will be very little and you will have more comfort than is possible if you travel first class on a passenger train. Nearly everyone wants to gamble at Monte Carlo, but if you want to go in for gambling my advice is to get a lot of experience before you try it there. Many persons go there to try their luck and are always sorry that they went. If you are not a professional gambler, don't go there for that purpose.

If you want to see the fronts where you fought, there is some little town where you can park your car. Then for five or ten francs you can hire a taxi for the trip to that particular sector.

To those who have a thirst for strong drinks, they can stock up before they make the initial start. And there is a nice buffet at every large sized gare. Yes, there is no call to be thirsty.

When you decide to go over don't book for Brest or Bordeaux, go to La Havre or Cherbourg.

I have had beaucoup trips through France, and if I was going back to tour the country, this would be my method of travel.

Yours for seeing the old scenes of conflict,

JAMES W. PARSONS,  
Formerly 313 F. A.

All members of Co. G, 318th Infantry, who would like to get the old outfit together again for a reunion or a "get-to-

gether," are requested to write to Russell L. Stultz, at New Market, Va., at the earliest possible date.

As this copy of Service goes to press two companies of the 320th Infantry are holding reunions on the same night and in the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburg. Many out-of-town members of each organization will be present.

In an early issue of Service we are to have a story by one of our own members on Camp Lee as it appears today. Remember the corn fields?

According to our constitution and by-laws the first annual meeting of our association will be held the first week in October, 1920. Where would you like to have that meeting and what suggestions have you to offer for a reunion in connection with the meeting?

Wanted—The home address of Private Samuel D. Berman, Battery B, 55 C. A. C. George R. Morris, of Saltville, Va., has a photograph of this soldier's grave and he would like to send it to the relatives of Berman if they can be located.

80TH DIVISION BROADWAY GOSSIP  
Place—New York Press Club.

Time—Sunday evening, January 25.  
Great Scott! Look who's here! Well! Holy Smokes! Heard you were dead and buried, Padre. Not much, Doc! Where are you hanging out these days? Right across the park, 299 Broadway. Whatya doing, Doc? The same old thing, mending teeth, Padre. Whatya got on this evening? Nothing! Take supper with me. Sure thing, Doc, I'm on. (Fifteen minutes later Luctiow's Restaurant, 14th street). What's on your mind, Doc? Not much, Padre! Just trying to recall where I saw you last



**TAPS**  
When your last day is past,  
From afar some bright star  
O'er your grave watch will keep,  
While you sleep with the brave.

Service will publish all obituary notices of division members that come to the attention of the editors. Please assist us in paying our buddies this last tribute under taps.

**JOHN KENNY**  
Aged 26, Co. C, 315 M. G. Bn.  
Died at Punxsutawney Hospital,  
February 27, 1920, from effects of  
gas received in action in France.

in France. Let's see I got ya—right outside Nixeville in that beautiful rich muddy French Rest Camp. Holy Rollers! who'd a thunk I'd ever run into you here in New York. Yes! I do recall you saying at one time that you lived in this here burg, but one chance in a thousand of ever running into an old pal. What d'ya know? Let's have it. Ran into Harry Sabastan a few days ago on Broadway. You remember Harry, don't you, captain in good old Company D's 320th. Hand all healed up, looks pretty fine and fit as a fiddle. Say, Padre! What became of our good old C. O., Colonel Peyton? Didn't you hear the good news, Doc? Town Topics duly announced that on October 15, 1919, Mrs. Bertha Stillman, of New York, became the bride of Colonel Ephrem G. Peyton, former commanding officer of the 320th Infantry, 80th Division. By Jove! News to me! More power to him and all kinds of good luck. What became of that prince of soldiers—General Brett? Prince! you said it. Up till February 22 or so he was C. O. at Fort Meyer, Va. On that date I understand he retired to private life. What happened to Colonel Cochu, later General Cochu. Don't know, Padre! Haven't heard a thing about him only he's another man I'll take my hat off to. Say Doc! Remember Freddie Maag, of Baltimore—one of the finest captains in the 80th. I'm dead sore on him. Blew into New York a few weeks ago and then out again—Toot sweet! Compree Freddie! Across the East River you'll find an 80th Division H. Q. Remember our old friend Doc. Holton, 320th Medico? The next time you get to Phillie call him up and ask him when it is coming off. Say Padre! Where do you get all this dope? Why, Doc! I have an 80th Divisional Runner reporting at my headquarters once a month, with all the news of our old pals and the doings of the 80th Division Veterans' Association. What d'ya call it. "Service!" I'm on. Great Scott! Doc! What time have you got. 11:30 p. m., and I got to get to the Bronx. Wow!! Some hike! Good night, Padre! Good night, Doc. Call you up tomorrow. DR. F. P. (M. R. C.)

## SCHRAEDER-DODSWORTH

Miss Thora D. Dodsworth was married to Karl F. Schraeder. Schraeder was a member of Co. B, 313th M. G. Bn., and had the pleasure of sounding Reveille each morning for the company; he has now sounded Taps over his bachelor career.

John A. Marty, known as "White Spot," a runner from Co. B, 313th M. G. Bn., is keeping in trim for the next war by doing 32 miles on the road twice a week. We hope his training has no connection with the announcement that he is to be married in June.

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Are Answered

(Continued from Page 9)

know how to go about getting it. Our  
problem is to bring the information to the  
men and have them reach the government  
agents who can give them the help they  
need.

In this it is necessary to work through  
those who have contact with the men. The  
welfare, civic and fraternal agencies have  
this contact, and if brought into co-opera-  
tion with the federal agencies they make  
the connecting link between the two.

As an illustration of what I have said,  
some ex-enlisted men do not yet generally  
realize that the Public Health Service is  
at their disposal. Our field representatives  
are engaged in a nation-wide effort to  
reach cases of disability and illness which  
have resulted from war conditions. The  
Public Health Service has branched out in  
every state in the Union, as have our own  
activities, and our joint work with them  
is solving many problems for the ex-sol-  
dier who needs medical aid.

Similarly, we are working with the fed-  
eral representatives in getting action on  
delayed cases of vocational training for  
other men. We are now in position to  
take up individual applications through our  
various employment bureaus, and we can  
practically promise prompt action to every  
enlisted man still in need of help of this  
character. He has only to apply to the  
nearest employment bureau for returning  
soldiers, sailors and marines. War risk  
problems of soldiers and sailors are now  
handled by these bureaus as well. Our  
representatives also go after Liberty Bond  
troubles and adjust them properly.

In many important cities and towns rep-  
resentatives of the Legion and civic and  
welfare organizations have been formed  
recently into permanent committees meet-  
ing regularly with officers of the Public  
Health Service, Federal Board for Voca-  
tional Training, Bureau of War Risk In-  
surance and other government agencies,  
with the idea of uniting their efforts for  
the nation's fighting men. When all these  
organizations work independently there is  
bound to be confusion. With a union of  
endeavor it is expected that the soldier  
who needs government aid will get the max-  
imum of assistance in the promptest man-  
ner possible. These committees are being  
organized wherever necessary.

As I have said, we found the job too  
big for any one organization right from  
the start, but all sorts of welfare bodies  
joined in cheerfully and enthusiastically,  
and the country itself accepted the situa-  
tion loyally. That has done it. Unemploy-  
ment is no more than it was in pre-war  
days. Every one has seemed to hold it  
a privilege to take into civil life the men  
who have fought to defend the country.

Back to

**“Home  
Sweet  
Home”**

—and to

**Pickering's**

for the

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## SOMETHING TO SELL

Whether you are aware of it or not, each individual one of us has something to sell. We sell ourselves, our ability to please and create favor with our fellow creatures. So long as the ingenuity of the human mind is the impelling force behind each "Something to Sell," we must be on the alert for polish that may hide the real value. We can all afford to buy a certain amount of experience, which does not follow that we should buy a man's wares just because he is a good salesman. Service Magazine has something to sell. It has over twenty thousand readers who look to it for guidance and opinion on things for sale. We cannot reach into the open market and pick the right articles for their individual needs. But we can tell them your story of the merits of your goods through the pages of this magazine.

Service is published by an association of world war veterans who are united with the binding ties of service together upon the battlefields of war. If you have a message for them, say it through the medium of their own publication. If you have "Something to Sell" to them, tell them so through the fairest and surest way to invite their reciprocity. In all advertising there are two predominant factors. First, a direct and truthful description of your, "Something to Sell," and, secondly, putting it across through the pages of your prospects' favorite periodical.

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SERVICE IS MY AIM  
**JACK A. ELTON**  
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## The Road to Hoboken

(Continued from Page 22)

limits of even infantrymen's endurance, for just at the point when wobbly knees were beginning to threaten collapse a vociferous uproar was heard to issue from a distant quarter of the pier. Well-nigh incredulous ears took notice in a manner surprising—the fervency of that yell could denote but one thing, "chow."

As legs straightened and necks were craned to locate its proximity, we made a most pleasant discovery: instead of the customary "line-up," this "chow line" was shattering all precedents and coming to us. And, instead of some sour and burly male admonishing you to "shake it up," down either side of our column came feminine volunteers trundling perambulators laden with hot coffee and buns, the like of which we did not believe were still being made. Salvation doesn't often approach on four-wheeled vehicles, but this particular exception certainly found a whole pier full willing and anxious to attest to its practicability. The first real food in twenty-four hours straightway assumed all the characteristics of ancient manna.

Back and forth along the line the freshly replenished supply of coffee and buns made its rounds until its distributors were assured that all had "seconds" and "thirds." The transformation wrought in spirits and attitude caused the objects of solicitude to take on a new lease of life. Each time the exponents of Red Cross generosity hove in sight, the welcoming din rose to such heights that finally a disgruntled embarkation official felt called upon to administer a pointed reprimand by way of warning that all cheering was "taboo."

To properly demonstrate a healthy indifference toward him and the world in general at that moment, we retaliated with a series of yells that could have left nothing to be desired in the way of enthusiasm. He retired in confusion—of a dignified sort—while the girls and their helpers responded again and again, until our gratitude was stifled with buns.

The intermission had accounted for almost an hour. Without prefatory notice, a sudden break in the line showed a single file of men scurrying up the gang-plank as a monotonous chant of surnames and given names preceded them. Our wait was at an end; the line constantly tightened and moved forward—"left by file," and up you went. Once preliminaries had been completed, quick work was being made of the proceedings, for all the hours of dalliance.

You dare not stumble or procrastinate—"Shake it up there; what d'you think this is—a little pleasure cruise?" So, all that sleepless toil over passenger-lists had its culmination in a short, sharp call of names—the product of days living its usefulness in almost as many minutes! "C'mon there, you! Do you want somebody to carry you?" Man, that was the C. C. talking.

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Has selected for showing in this part of the country the most interesting scenes, taken of the activities of the 80th, 42nd, 28th, 29th, 77th and other divisions, showing these fighting "Yanks" smashing through the Argonne, St. Mihiel, Chateau-Thierry, capturing the Kremheild-Stellung, capturing Bazancy, Vaux, Fleville, St. Juvin, St. George, Grand-Pre, Montfaucon, Cuisy, Bois Des Ogons, Chatel Chehery, Sommerance, Immeacourt, Exermont and many scenes in Picardy. This nine-reel picture, ASSEMBLED BY THE ONLY moving picture historian in the United States,

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"Best Pictures of the War," Richmond, Va., "News-Leader;" "Many Vivid Scenes of Actual Warfare," "Pittsburgh Post;" "Packed House Saw This Splendid Record," "Pittsburgh Gazette-Times;" "Thrilled a Capacity House," "The Pittsburgh Leader;" Shows Actual Conditions Over There," "Johnstown Democrat." Approved and endorsed by Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Your town will pack them in to see this great picture.

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## Greenhow - Johnston Film Company

301 Travelers Building  
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and mad at that! Thus the ever-diminishing column dwindles; a slowing up at the rail; "Jones" is the check, a glance of verification from the captain and the sequel, "Henry R.;" through the pouring rain you simulate "double time" and disappear within the cavernous opening awaiting you. No sooner inside than someone shoves two cards toward you, gives you a vigorous whirl and you are sent stumbling down the dimly lighted passage after the figure ahead.

Oh yes, you are aboard, good and plenty, rifle, pack and all, and still clinging to the cards, ignorant of their significance, as you have been instructed. The first chapter has been closed. And the little bridge which separates you from America is so beset with tape that nothing short of another passenger list can carry you across again.

## Monk

(Continued from Page 14)

by prior claimants who apparently had asserted their rights successfully. Even this discovery failed to affect the appetites of the rank and file.

Monk's most celebrated exploit had taken place a week or two previously. The second night of the drive was spent in the woods (and the rain) just north of the church at Gercourt. (You know, just to the left of the forks of the road. It was just before a resumption of the attack was ordered.) One of the sergeants had been ordered to round up his own, and, in the mud and under the dripping trees, he was doing his best. Unexpectedly he stumbled over two forms, somewhat apart from the others.

The greeting he received was couched in terms universal. The voice was Monk's. "All right, Monk," he replied. "Out of it. And say—who's that with you?"

"Oh, him?" was Monk's rejoinder. "One of the fellows caught him and led him around a while, but he had to go on, so he left him for me to guard. He's a Jerry, but the fellow who caught him said he was a nice fellow. So as it was pretty cold and dark, we just bunked down together to keep warm. I'll just let him sleep till I find out where we're going."

### The Martial Muse Lays the Sword Aside for the Pen in Order to Explain His Ability.

I went to join the army,

But found my shots were duds,

They did not make me general;

They set me peeling spuds.

I needed relaxation,

And took to writing verse.

There may be better things to do,

But I know lots are worse.

"I wish now," said the lecturer, "to tax your memory."

A wail in the audience: "Has it come to that?"—Answers.



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119 Federal St., N. S., Pittsburgh.

**RED CHEVRON  
ECHOES**  
BY "TIN DERBY"

The War Department authorizes publication of the following information:

The following General Officers will be retained after March 15 in their respective ranks:

**Generals**

John J. Pershing  
Peyton C. March

**Lieut. Generals**  
Hunter Liggett  
Robert L. Bullard

**Major Generals**

Leonard Wood  
John F. Morrison

Charles G. Morton  
Joseph T. Dickman

Chase W. Kennedy  
R. J. Kernan

Frank McIntyre  
George W. Burr

William G. Haan  
Henry Jervy

Jas. W. McAndrew  
Peter C. Harris

J. L. Chamberlain  
Enoch H. Crowder

Harry L. Rogers  
M. W. Ireland

C. C. Williams  
Geo. O. Squier

Jesse McI. Carter  
Frank W. Coe

William J. Snow  
Chas. T. Menoher

Lansing H. Beach  
Edw. M. Lewis

Wm. L. Sibert  
C. P. Summerall

Jas. G. Harbord  
Wm. M. Wright

John L. Hines  
Henry T. Allen

Wm. S. Graves  
Grote Hutcheson

S. D. Sturgis  
C. R. Edwards

C. R. Krauthoff  
Walter D. McCaw

NOTE: These lists are not in the order of relative rank.

The following General Officers have been ordered reduced to the rank designated, effective March 15th:

**Maj. Generals**  
Chas. H. Muir  
Chas. J. Bailey  
Wm. S. McNair  
Chas. S. Farnsworth  
Ernest Hinds  
Clement A. F. Flagler  
William H. Hay  
Robert L. Howze

**Brig. Generals**  
B. A. Poore  
Arthur Johnson  
Willis P. Richardson  
Francis C. Marshall  
Raymond P. Davis  
Andrew Hero, Jr.  
Andrew Moses  
Frank R. McCoy

**Reduced to**  
Brig., Gen.  
Colonel  
" "  
" "

**Reduced to**  
Colonel  
" "  
" "

**Reduced to**  
Lieut. Col.  
Major

**CITATIONS**  
By direction of the President, under the provisions of the Act of Congress, approved July 9, 1918 (Bul. No. 43, W. D. 1918) the DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS is awarded posthumously to the following named officers:

FIRST LIEUTENANT JOHN LYON (Deceased), Machine Gun Company, 116th Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action near Samogneux, France, October 15, 1918. During the attack on the Bois De La Grande Montagne, Lieutenant Lyon left a place of comparative safety to cross an open space, exposed to direct observation and fire from the enemy, to attempt to rescue a wounded officer. He and two men who accompanied him were

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The man who waits to begin to save until he is thirty or forty, seldom begins at all. The qualities of character that kept him from saving when young grow stronger with the years.

The easiest time you will ever have to learn the saving habit is now, before you are a day older, before you have foolishly spent another cent.

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killed in this attempt. Emergency address: Frank Lyon, Colorado Building, Washington, D. C.

SECOND LIEUTENANT GORDON L. SCHENCK (Deceased), Company C, 308th Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action in the Argonne Forest near Binarville, France, October 3 to 7, 1918. While his battalion was surrounded by the enemy Lieutenant Schenck by his heroic conduct, while repulsing frequent enemy attacks, inspired his command. Fearlessly exposing himself to fire, he seized his rifle and ran to the top of a bank in front of his company's position, where he was able to throw hand grenades at the enemy, until killed by an enemy shell. Next of kin: Charles N. Schenck, 113 Cambridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Distinguished Service Cross is awarded the following officers and men:

SECOND LIEUTENANT HOWARD E. PELLEGROM, 339th Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action at Bolshiozerka, Russia, April 2, 1919. Lieutenant Pellegrom exposed himself to direct enemy observation and fire to go forward 200 yards in advance of our lines and drag a wounded medical attendant to a place of safety. Emergency address: B. Pellegrom, 421 Columbus avenue, Grand Haven, Mich.

SERGEANT HENRY W. GREENE (1210066), Company C, 107th Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action south of Ronssoy, France, September 28, 1918. Sergeant Greene left the shelter of a trench and went forward some thirty-five yards and assisted a wounded soldier to shelter. This act was performed shortly after daybreak at a time when the location of the wounded man and the trench were being swept by hostile fire. Emergency address: George W. Greene, Covington, Ky.

CORPORAL JOHN McCLAVE GRANGER (1212111), Company M, 107th Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action near Bony, France, September 29, 1918. He crossed an area exposed to heavy fire to deliver a message and while in the act of delivering his message his left leg was torn off by a shell. He refused assistance and shouted words of encouragement to members of his platoon in action. Emergency address: Mrs. John McClave Granger, 535 West 135th street, New York City, N. Y.

SERGEANT LOUIS CAPPADOCIA (550861), Company F, 38th Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action near Moulins, France, July 15, 1918. Sergeant Cappadocia led his platoon successfully against enemy machine guns that were harassing the company from the flank. After being wounded in the chin by a machine gun bullet he refused to be evacuated and went forward with his platoon in the counter attack. Emergency address: Mrs. Mary Cappadocia, 254 West 37th street, New York City.

The contemplated extension of the army's vocational system to include courses in agriculture and animal husbandry will be put into partial operation at once. An army school that will teach enlisted men how to raise cows, pigs and chickens and to train them in the general duties of farm management is to be started at Charleston, South Carolina, under the direction of Dr. E. M. Ranck, Development Expert in Animal Husbandry, who will act in the capacity of civilian adviser to the commanding general of the Southeastern Department. Dr. Ranck is known throughout the southeastern states as a former State Veterinarian of Mississippi, and was an important factor in the eradication of the tick in that state.

#### DEATH IN AMERICAN FORCES IN GERMANY

##### Died of Disease

Paul Hill, Private, Company G, 5th Infantry. Died at Coblenz, Germany, of bronchial pneumonia, March 11, 1920.

Emergency address: Mrs. Minnie Kirby, R. F. D. No. 3, Lake City, S. D. Home address: Same.

##### Died of Accident

Warwick D. Cogswell, Private, Company F, 5th Infantry. Died at Coblenz, Germany, of accident, March 6, 1920.

Emergency address: Mrs. Rosie Cogswell, R. F. D. No. 2, Mount Pleasant, Tex. Home address: Same.

The Graves Registration Service, Office of the Quartermaster General, announces that the bodies of American soldier dead allowed to remain in France will be buried either in cemeteries in care of the American government or in French cemeteries where the nearest relative of the deceased so desires. In the cases of those to be left in the French cemeteries the relative will be required to assume the future care of the grave and the responsibility of payment for the perpetual concession, i. e., the permanent burial place of the soldier, or any other charges in connection with the maintenance of the grave.

The government will bear the expense of transferring the bodies of those to remain in permanent French cemeteries. The object of moving or transferring these bodies from where they are now, will be to concentrate them in American cemeteries, to be selected, so as to simplify the matter of future care and maintenance. In the event the bodies are not to remain in French cemeteries, they will be concentrated in American cemeteries, the government bearing the entire expense in the latter case. This policy in no wise effects the present scheme of the return to the United States of bodies where requests for such action have been placed with the Graves Registration Service, Office of the Quartermaster General.

## WORLD WAR PICTURES

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Pictures mean memories—just imagine, a few years hence, when that old camp has ceased to be, and most of your share in the "big show" is forgotten, how nice it will be to turn to your album and live over again those good old days in camp and "Over There." Many of your old buddies will have been forgotten unless you have something more than your memory on which to depend. Remember, every picture means something to you, so start your collection now.

Did you see the list of front line pictures in the February issue of this magazine?

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 101 Divisional Hdq. and Hostess-house, Camp Lee, Va.       | 152 Red Cross Canteen, Dijon.   |
| 102 Regimental Hdq. 305th Engineers, Camp Lee, Va.         | 153 Red Cross Train, Is-sur Tille.  |
| 103 Theater and Library, Camp Lee, Va.                     | 154 Red Cross Ambulance, Larmajel.  |
| 104 Guard Mount, Camp Lee, Va.                             | 155 Viaduct looking through 50 Archways, Chaumont.  |
| 105 Rifle Range, 100, 200, 300 Yards, Camp Lee, Va.        | 156 Viaduct, side view, Chaumont.   |
| 106 Rifle Range, 500, 600 Yards, Camp Lee, Va.             | 157 Passing in Review before Gen. Pershing.   |
| 107 Remount Station, Panoramic, Camp Lee, Va.              | 158 Genls. Pershing, Sturgis, Senator Kuhn.   |
| 108 Remount Station, Panoramic, Camp Lee, Va.              | 159 Gen. Pershing Inspecting 80th Division.   |
| 109 Remount Station, Panoramic, Camp Lee, Va.              | 160 Divisional Colors Being Decorated by General Pershing.  |
| 111 Our Home Barracks, Camp Lee, Va.                       | 161 Alps Mountains at Colox.  |
| 112—Camouflage at Trenches, Camp Lee Va.                   | 162 Station Show Cat, Tooth, Aix Les Bains.   |
| 113 Bridge Built by 305 Engineers, Camp Lee, Va.           | 163 Natural Hot and Cold Water from Same Mountain, Aix Les Bains.   |
| 114 Trenches, Camp Lee, Va.                                | 164 The Conge, Aix Les Bains.   |
| 115 Prince George Court House, Panorama, Camp Lee, Va.     | 165 Stairway to Swimming Pool Bathhouse, Aix Les Bains.   |
| 116 Prince George Court House, Panorama, Camp Lee, Va.     | 166 Interior Bathhouse, Aix Les Bains.  |
| 117 U. S. S. "Mercury" Leaving Newport News.               | 167 Casino, Y. M. C. A., Harry K. Thaw lost 1,000,000 Francs in the Casino in one Evening, Aix Les Bains.   |
| 118 U. S. S. "Von Steuben," Overseas Bound.                | 168 Mountain Railroad, Mount Revard, Aix Les Bains.   |
| 119 Preparing Chow, Pontanezen, Brest.                     | 169 Train Descending Mount Revard, Aix Les Bains.   |
| 120 Carnival, Bologne.                                     | 170 Above the Clouds, Mt. Revard, Aix Les Bains.  |
| 121 Dirigible over Brest.                                  | 171 Captured Boche "Subs," Cannes.  |
| 122 Camped in "Pup-Tents," at Benzinghen.                  | 172 Roman Baths, over 2,000 Years Old, Nice.  |
| 123 South Gate and Citadel, Verdun.                        | 173 The Oldest Church in France.  |
| 124 Camouflage in the Argonne.                             | 174 Shrine, seen along all French highways.   |
| 125 Castle High-Point-German O. P., Montfaucon.            | 175 General Chonkhite at Le Mans.   |
| 126 Transport Moving Up, Buzancy.                          | 176 Troops on Parade, La Mans.  |
| 127 Band Concert, 11-11-18, Le Mort, Homme.                | 177 Equipment Display, Le Mans.   |
| 128 Ruins, Boche occupied town 6 days in 1915, Sommeilles. | 178 A. E. C. Inspection, A Perfect Layout, Le Mans.   |
| 129 Ruins of Church  | 179 Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, Le Mans.  |
| 130 Marne Canal.   | 180 De-Cootfeizer, Le Mans.   |
| 131 Ruined Church and Cemetry, Built 1093, Sermaize.       | 181 Old Wall Around Le Mans, built about 52 A. D.   |
| 132 Community Washhouse, Pargny.                           | 182 The Plastered Statue on Cathedral, Le Mans.   |
| 133 City Hall and School, Villers-En-Lieu.                 | 183 Equipment Display, 320th Inf.   |
| 134 Cathedral, Wassy.                                      | 184 U. S. S. "Sidney," Camouflaged.   |
| 135 Camouflaged U. S. Ammunition Truck.                    | 185 U. S. S. "Great Northern," at Dock, Brest.  |
| 136 Travelling De-Cootfeizer, Nuits.                       | 186 Railroad Yards and Wall, Brest.   |
| 137 Engineer Band Regimental H.D.Q., Fulvy.                | 187 Roman Baths, Pontanezen, Brest.   |
| 138 Wearing "Flu" Masks.                                   | 188 The Old Chateau, Brest.   |
| 139 1st Batt. Headquarters Billet, Fulvy                   | 189 Leviathan, Emperor, Princess Victoria, Brest Harbor.  |
| 140 Interior Y. M. C. A., Fulvy.                           | 190 U. S. S. "Oklahoma," showing Big Guns, Brest Harbor.  |
| 141 Hanging Old Man Vin Blane, Chas-signelles.             | 191 Y. M. C. A. Cafeteria, Brest Harbor.  |
| 142 Graves of Pvts. Meader, Bell, Gavin, Ancy.             | 192 American Gun Tractor, Brest Harbor.   |
| 143 Graves of Pvts. Hall and Selles, Ancy.                 | 193 Retreat, Pontanezen, Brest Harbor.  |
| 144 American Bathhouse Tents, Paey.                        | 194 The Lighthouse, Brest Harbor.   |
| 145 Village Pond, Chateau and Washhouse, Argentaill.       | 195 Castle of the Kings, First Wing built in the 13th Century. Castle from which Marie Antoinette escaped, also the Home of Henry IV and Catherine, the Poisoner Blois. |
| 146 Old Fireplace, Castle Rochefort, Cree.                 | 196 Ancient Roman Gateway, Built 250 B. C., Tours.  |
| 147 Front Entrance, Castle Rochefort, Cree.                | 197 Statue Joan of Arc, Orleans.  |
| 148 The Old Gateway, Built 12th Century, Noyos.            | 198 Battery C, 315 Artillery, 4 Pictures, 5c each.  |
| 149 Y. M. C. A. Truck, Stegny.                             | 199 Football Team, 305th Engineers.   |
| 150 Church in which St. Valentine is Buried, Griselles.    | 200 Headquarters Dept., 305 Engineers.  |
| 151 Entrance to St. Valentine's Tomb, Griselles.           |   |

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# Pictures of the Eightieth--Continued

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8027	D Co. (Caps)	1.50
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F826	Co. C.	1.50
F827	Co. D.	1.50
F828	Co. E.	1.50
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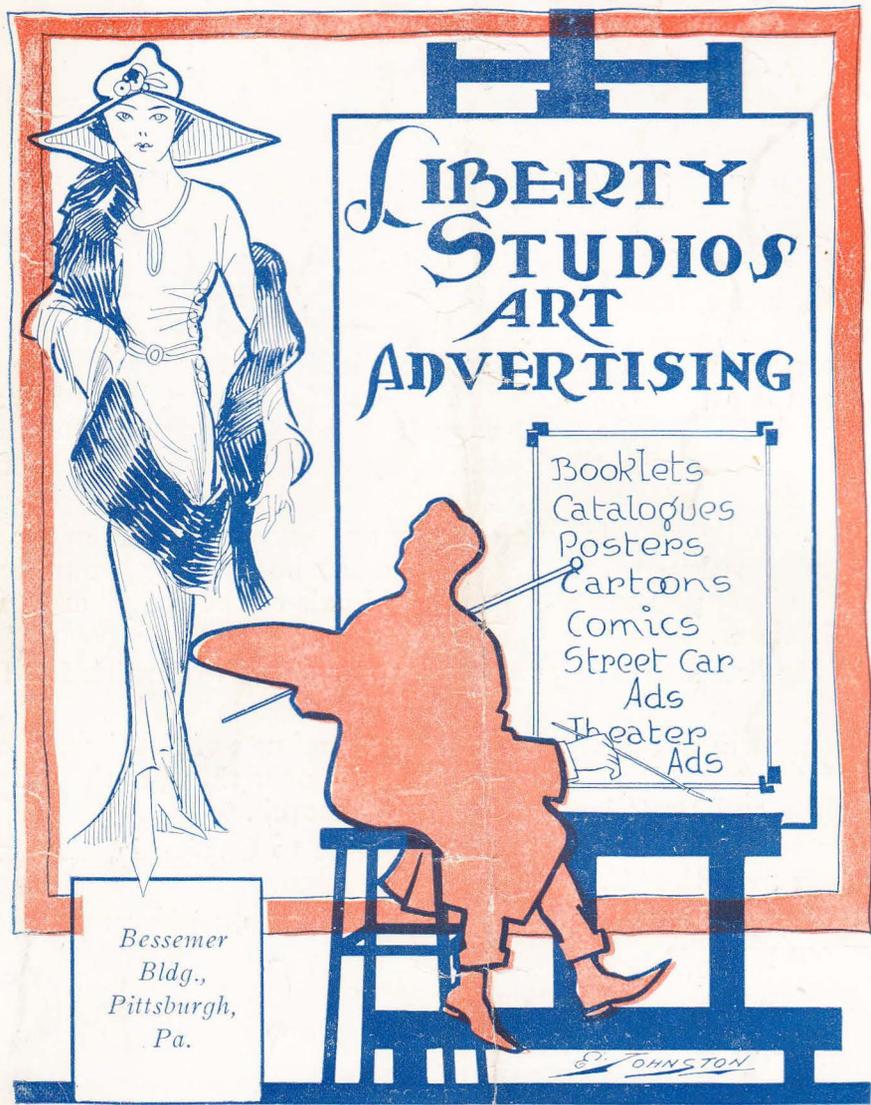
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