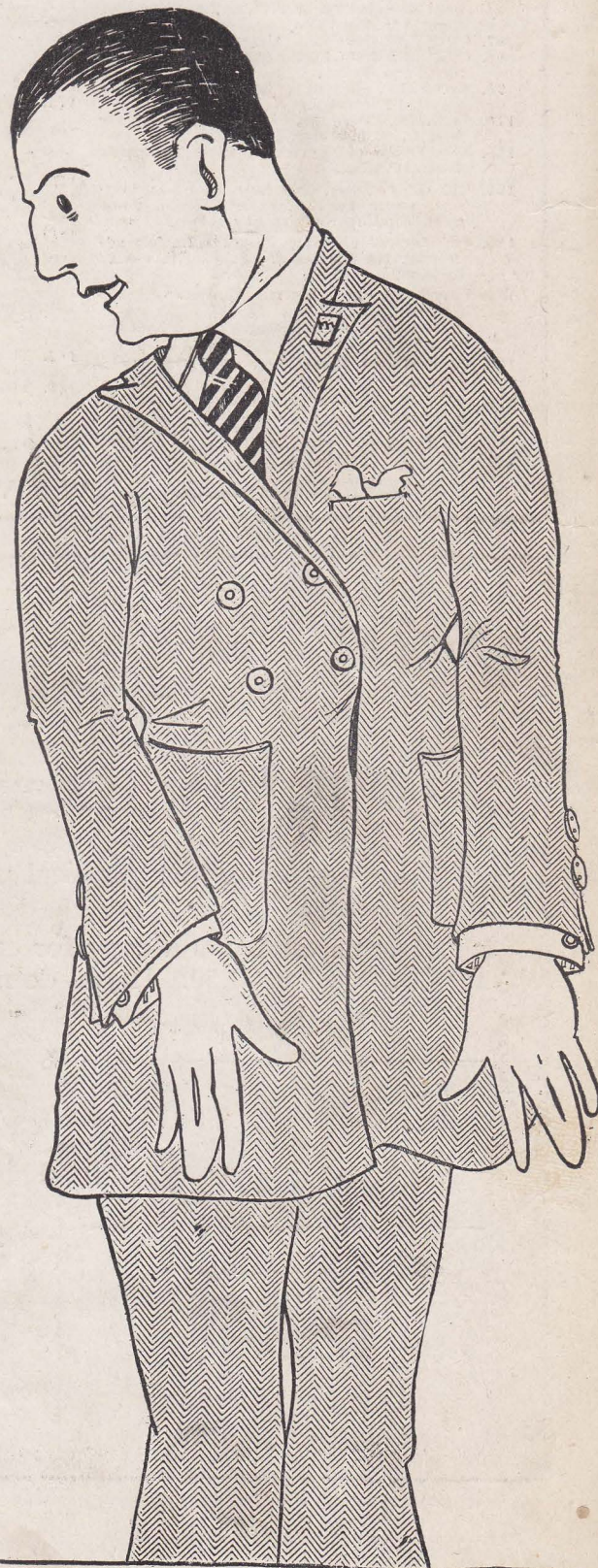
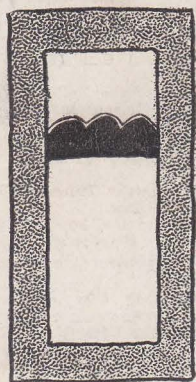


Service

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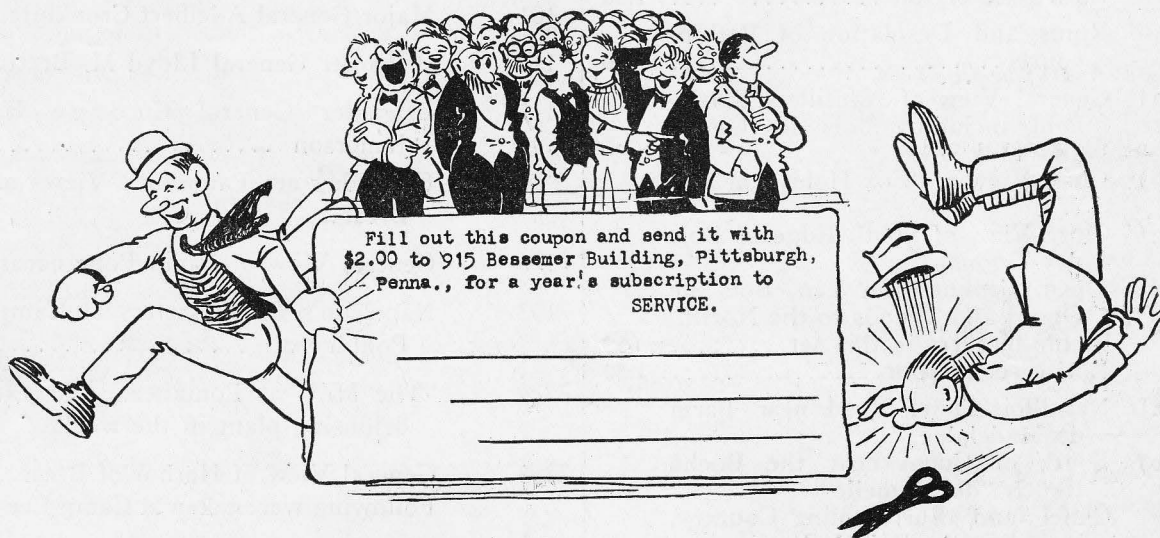
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By

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 Russell L. Stultz, Walter R. Suppes, Lyle David and Jack V. Berger.
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The unavoidable delay in getting out the Year Book has made it necessary to combine the December and January numbers of Service. We have made an effort to serve you with a most interesting number in this combined issue. The Staff wishes to thank you for your patience in helping us to meet the many difficulties that beset a new publication and to assist us further in securing new subscribers, advertising, and material for publication. And, while you are still at attention, allow us to wish you, Dear Reader, a Merry Xmas and a Happy-Prosperous New Year.

SERVICE MAGAZINE

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When Ex-Corporal Hutch Received a Copy of La Vie Parisienne—By Berger

Among Remembered Haunts

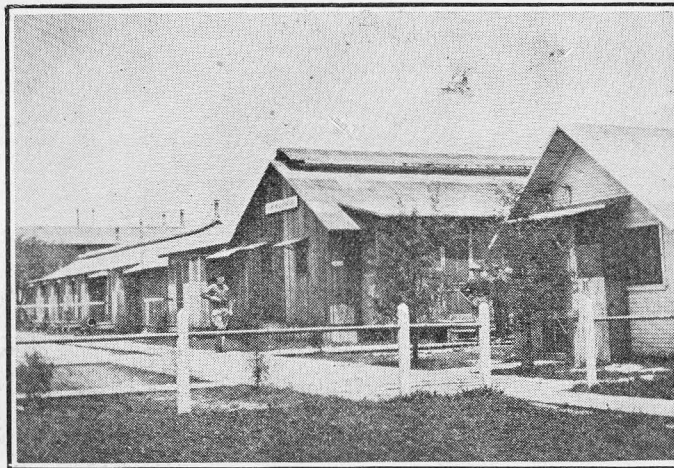
(Continued from August)

By Russell L. Stultz

DESPITE a multitude of rumors circulated at frequent intervals sadly chronicling its abandonment, Camp Lee is still Camp Lee—officially, at least—and not the salvaged military post we have so often seen described. Yet, to-day's transient visitor will find it shorn of its one time dash and glory, woefully lacking in police and polish and even more conspicuously depleted of its familiar, crowded, hurrying population of khaki-clad males. For *l'guerre* has been finished these two years and peace and quiet have come to reign where such characteristics were never known before. Now that "it's over Over There," no longer does the necessity exist for those multifarious activities which were but a detail of the routine in Blue Ridge days.

From that memorable day in November, 1918, when an opportune Armistice summarily halted the world's greatest military drama, a singular silence and calm has distinguished the environment of our cantonments. Camp Lee, after passing through all the vicissitudes of the post-bellum period and narrowly escaping the fate meted out to dozens of similar training-camps, to-day is a unit of the permanent military establishment, although not fully garrisoned and its ultimate disposition still in the balance. Commanded until last September by Major-General Omar Bundy, who led the Second Division at Chateau-Thierry, it has, since the demobilization of our war-time army, been engaged in adapting itself to peace-time conditions. That the evolution has been complete requires but a visit to verify.

Two infantry regiments of the regular army, supplemented by various and sundry motor transport, quartermaster, medical and ordnance detachments, constitute the garrison of today. These regiments were formed about the time the overseas units of the 80th Division were returning to Camp Lee in June, 1919, for debomilization. Originally composed in the main of one



Camp Headquarters Where the 80th Was in the Making

year re-enlistments from the 80th of men who were captivated by the pictures of a thirty-day furlough with pay and the colorful attractions of Uncle Sam's peacetime army, but few of these additions now remain, their enlistment period having expired in June or July of this year. Perhaps a half dozen would be a fair estimate of the number thus gained from each company of the demobilized units. Their ranks, however, have been replaced by recruits fresh from the shops, factories and farms, who succumbed either to the magic tales recited by veterans of the A. E. F. or to the more real and material advantages offered by recruiting officers.

In strength and personnel, these regiments are but skeletons of the powerful war-time organizations, a company rarely embracing more than 50 or 60 men and bearing close resemblance to our former platoons. Camp Lee, in the days immediately subsequent to the return of the American Expeditionary Forces, was a great demobilization center for officers and enlisted men resident in Virginia and adjacent states and each combat unit and casual detachment invariably contributed its quota of re-enlistments. A few months ago it was not unusual to observe scores of men wearing one, two or three gold chevrons on their left sleeve, but these, too, in a majority of instances, have gone the ways of their comrades and returned to their

former homes and avocations.

While but scant time was available for the re-discovery of familiar nooks and haunts, anyone of the thousands of survivors of the Blue Ridge Division who visited Lee during the 1st Annual Reunion in Richmond last September must have remarked upon the absence of once-accustomed sights and sounds. For it was here that the now battle-scarred veterans were "born and bred," so to speak, where they exchanged the habiliments of peace for the accoutrements of war, where many of those

who survived were destined one year later to again resume the garb and vestments of peace and citizenship. Scant—all too scant opportunity was afforded for any prolonged exploration of the scenes made memorable in training days, and, because of a desire to compensate for that insufficiency, the writer has once more returned to that great, gaunt reminder of a nation in arms, now lying quiescent beside the Hopewell Road.

For Camp Lee lies a-slumbering. True, it is "still on the map," but 'tis not the Camp Lee so many thousands of us learned to know and to, almost, love. To all practical purposes, the vast military cantonment has lapsed into a Rip Van Winklian lethargy which perhaps no earthly trumpet will ever again disturb. The hundreds of acres of soil so feverishly reclaimed from the peanut, corn and potato in the summer of 1917, for many months to resound with the tramp of tens of thousands of untutored, hesitant feet, are apparently awaiting the command which will consign them to their virgin state and once more invite the mule and plow. Gone, perhaps forever, is the enthralling spectacle of America's citizen soldiery in the making, the living demonstration of a people transformed into warriors. Only a lonely echo of the grandeur of other, more hectic and determined days remain to whisper of the rapidly vanishing past.



Rookies Arriving at Camp Lee, September, 1917

Among Remembered Haunts—Continued

Those of you who have had the satisfaction of observing the reservation recently are doubtless familiar with its reputation for "excitement." Oh yes, Camp Lee is extremely exciting—just about as much so as a kindergarten party or an expurgated session of the Clover Dale Sewing Circle. Perhaps—certainly we should like to think—we caught the cantonment at a disadvantage, since our little call was staged under a mid-day sun distinctly peculiar to Camp Lee and at a time when its depleted population was enjoying its noon hour siesta. While no fan-fare of trumpets heralded the return of this particular "prodigal son," a pair of wheezy bugles did sound "mess call" but the refrain was not taken up by more remote sections of the camp, neither did the mess line scramble of our imagination and memory ensue.

To tell the shocking truth, mess-kits and mess-lines are slightly out of fashion in our Uncle Samuel's peace-time military establishments. The once adequate—or inadequate, as you choose—"mess gear" has given way to the more refined implements of china-ware and procelain and, instead of "falling in for chow" you calmly, slowly, even deliberately, if you wish, saunter in to your accustomed place in the dining-hall (plain English for mess-hall) and as deliberately proceed with the business in hand. A tentative peek through an open window even contemplated recording the absence of such permanent fixtures as "K. P.'s" But, alas! our vision was a bit premature—it has been found impossible to dispense with these very necessary appendages to company kitchens. Mess sergeants, cooks and "K. P.'s," how often has the average "buck" blamed and condemned the whole trio for his unsatisfactory "three squares a day!" But for the omission of one or two non-essentials, such as napkins and finger-bowls, however, we might, without any alarming stretch of the imagination, have fancied ourself looking upon the interior of a modest restaurant, with both service and menu quite up to the standard maintained by the real thing. No, my dear Alphonso, the days of miracles are not yet departed.

No longer hampered by camp regulations, no longer disturbed by inconvenient calls or formations, our explorations led us whither desire willed, quite free to renew "auld acquaintances" and discover anew company streets and barracks and drill grounds where we had been transformed from a gawky "rookie" to the finished product—this time, however, in real "civvies" and *not* the imaginary equivalent so often dreamed of and conjured in fancy during the days when "loose-legs" were not in style. The novelty of the role would have proven embarrassing, had there been more uniforms in evidence, but for all the lack we probably experienced the identical sen-

sation that so many civilians must have known whenever in the past they found and realized themselves uncomfortably conspicuous amid a gathering of soldiers or sailors, that unmistakable feeling that they were somehow out of place and accordingly objects of remark and criticism.

To-day's visitor at Camp Lee—or any army post—if expectant of observing scenes and scenery reminiscent of his training days, should be prepared for a series of revealing surprises since "soldierin' ain't what it used to be." No. We awoke to that illuminating fact in the initial moments of our little pilgrimage. While not precisely saddened by the discovery, we were—well, perhaps a bit disconcerted. From the minute we set foot within the reservation until our departure some hours later, such a bewildering succession of transformations greeted us that it was difficult to conceive of so many changes worked within a period of three years. "Seeing is believing," however, and, withal, a very dependable authority.

Anyone who expects to see the cantonment via the trolley is, we fear, scheduled for speedy disappointment. Entering by this route, we had anticipated traveling the length of the line and, after having skirted the areas once occupied by the 160th Brigade and the Machine Gun Battalions, descend in the territory of the old Depot Brigade. Our plans, however, were abruptly altered when we got off instead at the cross-roads at 27th street, for the wholly obvious reason that the trolley no longer operates beyond the 27th street stop.

Our first disillusionment thus came in the very incipency of our call. A second quickly followed as we crossed to the little canteen on the corner, where the boys of the 319th Infantry, Division Headquarters and the Base Hospital were wont to purchase soft drinks and smokes before making the nightly visit to Petersburg. A closed door and boarded windows gave forth unmistakable evidence of desertion. Something akin to a sigh escaped as we turned away and focused our gaze upon the old familiar land-marks centering about the cross-roads. The Liberty Theatre, the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, the Knights of Columbus hall, American Library Association building, the camp postoffice and telegraph—all are still there and one or two are still doing duty, clustered as of yore about the square forming the toe of the

horse-shoe, but none breathed of their one-time merriment and activity.

Bent upon discovering some relic of the past, a dozen steps brought us to the entrance of the Liberty Theatre, where, in 1917-18, unnumbered thousands were in the habit of foregathering and exchanging "Smileage" for tickets. And later, in the half-hour period immediately preceding the overture and curtain, these same thousands,



Le Bayonet Ecole

at the behest and example of "Father" Driscoll, the War Camp Community song leader, very seriously went about the business of opening leathern lungs and defiantly "Canning the Kaiser" or similarly "murdering" "Good-by, Broadway! Hello, France!" or whatever the evening's favorite chanced to be. This particular afternoon, however, flaming bulletin-boards outside the doors announced that Ethel Clayton, of film fame, would be the stellar attraction of tonight's program. Upon the occasion of the last performance we had attended, two years before, Miss Catherine Miller had sung a vibrant, never-to-be-forgotten farewell to "her boys." The open door invited entry, but inspection showed the great auditorium empty, with a few flickering electric bulbs at the foot of the stage casting strange, phantom-like shadows about the dim interior, and over the endless rows of uncomfortable, straight-backed benches where once, night after night, a solid sea of olive drab had sat and absorbed the drama or comedy unfolded for their entertainment and had applauded to the echo.

Shedding our memories as we emerged into the open, the same spirit of adventure inclined us toward the A. L. A. library, that modest yellow structure which occupies the little triangle formed by the intersecting roads and which was the gift of the American Library Association and the American public to the men of Camp Lee. Here the closed and locked doors of the canteen were duplicated and denied admission. Unshaded windows, however, revealed rows upon rows of dusty, multi-

Among Remembered Haunts—Continued

hued volumes reposing upon equally dusty shelves—mute, yet eloquent witnesses to the days when their pages were as a refuge and a treasure for the intellectuals and near-intellectuals of "that man's army." If they could but speak a language other than that of their printed text, what stories, what tragedy, what romance might not they unfold! Subsequently, we learned that many of the volumes had been removed and allotted to the several Service Clubs located about the cantonment.

That earlier glimpse of a company mess-hall in operation just now returned to remind in a most poignant manner that our own stomach was in a receptive mood. With but a single objective in mind, the Hostess House, a couple of hundred yards carried us to that square, white building near the crest of the hill which is both the pride and glory of Camp Lee. Ever a haven for the home-sick and the "home folks," it stands as a practical, tangible expression of the Y. W. C. A.'s tribute to the American army, for every important camp and cantonment has—or once had—its own individual Hostess House, a monument destined to endure in memory as infinitely more fitting than granite or bronze.

Only to-day, however, the Hostess House at Camp Lee is no longer known by its old designation; as the visitor approaches he beholds the same familiar outlines but the legend over the entrance has been altered to read "Camp Lee Service Club." Re-

gallant O. D. escorts, only the figure of an old darkey busily sweeping indicated occupancy. Pausing long enough to open a door and mumble "Howdy boss!" he continued his menial labors quite oblivious to interruptions. Despite the warm autumn day, a bright wood fire crackled in the wide, open fire-place as of yore, lending the same homely, cheerful atmosphere to the cool, darkened interior that we knew and loved so well. The same luxurious chairs and lounges were ranged about the room and before the fire, the same tea-tables stood in their accustomed places—apparently the same potted flowers and plants refreshed and decorated the little nooks and corners, some of the same magazines and books, perhaps, were scattered about just as left by the careless reader. Delighted with finally discovering a not alien environment, we mused: "Here, at least, the renovating hand of peace has not yet reached!" only to learn later that preliminary observations are not always conclusive.

A lady secretary idled behind the Information Desk and smilingly informed us that lunch might be had, "providing we weren't too critical." Once again we wended our way to the cafeteria at the extreme southern end, procured a waiter and napkin and lined up—alone!—for whatever the menu held. Two men in uniform, camouflaged with caps and aprons, grinned amiably in response to our request for "chow" and proffered the only food in sight — sandwiches, oranges and cream—adding, by way of apology, that "it was past the hour." But it proved all sufficient, our hunger had somehow vanished in the presence of familiar surroundings.

Engaging in conversation, we were informed that visitors at the Hostess House nowadays were few, that most of the men on duty came from distant localities and preferred Petersburg or Richmond for diversions and that only enlisted men now were employed about the building. Our informants themselves were, we further learned, "one year men" whose terms of enlistment expired during the following month. In reply to the interrogation whether they planned "to sign-up for another hitch," they answered in concert: "No more army for me! Just watch this boy hit it for the home town." And they said it with an enthusiasm which carried conviction.

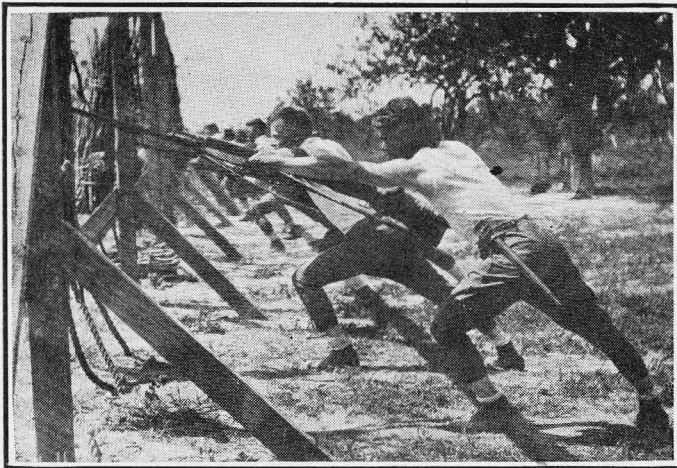
Through force of habit, we moved to pay

the cashier—only the cash-register remained. Peace, after all, it seemed, had reached and penetrated the Hostess House. Corroboration was had upon every side. Although but an hour past noon, the old noon hour "rush" was not in evidence; but for the four of us—the secretary, the soldier-waiters and ourself—the great room was deserted. Where once the clink of china and the chatter of hundreds of diners had prevailed and muffled lesser sounds, now only the occasional fall of a burning ember dispelled the painful silence. Memory has a trick of recalling the past and forming comparisons with the present. So it was as we reclined in an arm-chair and gazed into the leaping, hungry flames, easily slipping back through the years and seeing pictures of gay things and sad, of days when others had done as we were doing, when the Hostess House was a rendezvous and its fire-place home for the heart-sick and lonely.

Miutes later, as we lingered upon the outer steps and strove to attune our rambling thoughts with the realities of the present, an unlooked-for spectacle brought both head and feet sharply back to earth. A little party of seven men marched silently past, soon to disappear through the door of one of the long rows of low buildings, comprising Camp Headquarters. Four of the number were quite obviously raw recruits, all still wearing civilian clothes which bore evident traces of long usage, while the inmates appeared quite as bedraggled and unkempt. An important-looking sergeant led the detail, escorted by a corporal and a private whose self-consciousness betrayed their newness to the task. Not so very different, do you say? from the procedure when you and I were members of a seemingly endless column which for hours crawled forward from the station, eventually—after an eternity of waiting—to wind up and disintegrate in front of the "White House" crowning the summit of the hill.

Curious to learn more of present-day mustering method, we sauntered across to headquarters. Directly over the doorway through which the recruiting party had gone, a large American flag waved lazily. Almost immediately the quarters were recognized as having once housed the Camp War Risk Insurance officer, but today an unpretentious inscription announced their conversion to a "U. S. Army Recruiting Station." Within, a monotonous voice was administering the oath of allegiance.

During the afternoon, while we were exchanging reminiscences with a pal who had re-enlisted and unexpectedly discovered on duty in the old 318th Infantry canteen, our sergeant of the recruiting detail appeared on the scene. Proceeding without preliminaries to express his opinion of the calibre of material being secured for the army, he caustically relieved himself in a



Getting Atmosphere for Jerry

ardless of the little technicality of names, it will never cease to be the 'Hostess House' in the hearts and minds of those who partook of its hospitality during the days when America's young armies were in the making. For here it was that men in uniform were accustomed to meet their sweet hearts, their feminine relatives and friends, to sup and chat and hear the latest news from home and, later, to bid brave farewells.

Instead of finding the long piazzas crowded with laughing, girlish forms and

Among Remembered Haunts—Continued

manner not wholly complimentary to his recruits, concluding with the rather far-fetched statement that "they didn't enlist until half-starved and half-naked." Congratulating ourselves that we were not yet in either category, we had hoped to escape a personal invitation to "sign up" but, true to professional instinct, the non-com casually inquired whether we would be interested in a "second hitch" and doubtless derided us for a weakling when we hastily exhibited strong indications of shyness. In reality, we felt an irresistible inclination to throw up our hands and yell: "No compree, sergeant!"

The infantry sections of Camp Lee today are occupied only from 22nd to 27th streets, that immediate area originally tenanted by the 317th and 318th Regiments and the 305th Engineers, and within these restricted limits many unused barracks are to be seen. At the time of which we write the men of the 43rd Infantry were housed in the 317th Infantry zone, while those of the 62nd Infantry were domiciled in the former barracks of the 305th Engineers and the 1st and 3rd Battalions of the 318th Infantry. The regimental and battalion headquarters staffs of these organizations and their respective medical units are quartered in the same buildings which once were occupied by their predecessors of "Blue Ridge" memory.

Soldiering, as we have said, certainly isn't what it used to be. In offices formerly reserved for grouchy colonels and important majors, now are usurped by regimental and battalion non-coms and artistic signs without the doors inform us that "Sergeant-Major Blank" or Color-Sergeant Black" or, perchance, "Corporal Brown," reign within. In short, headquarters non-coms now possess real rank and quarters befitting their dignity. Today, however, no colors or regimental standards were observed where once they had proudly stood with a vigilant sentinel hard by to enforce tribute and respect from both soldiers and civilians. In fact, the total absence of guards throughout the cantonment could not but be remarked by one who had "walked post" and "done his trick" in fair weather and foul over countless days and nights. Whether actually omitted, or merely overlooked, we cannot say, but certainly the familiar challenge of the sentinel was not heard halting the suspicious and the unsuspecting.

Another, even more radical innovation has been introduced since our own crap-shooting, K. P.-ing, guard-walking regime terminated. After vainly racking a foggy brain to determine the factor responsible for the improved personal appearance of the enlisted men, the answer came with a sudden rush of comprehension. Reluctantly conceding their superiority over the 1917-18 "brand," closer scrutiny disclosed all—

or nearly all—habited in snug-fitting tailored uniforms and *not* issue O. D. A second glance revealed many nonchalantly wearing barracks-caps, while those who retained the old wide-brimmed *chapeau* did so with the aid of the once-prohibited leather strap—and we perceived no one "taking names," either! Looking further, we detected not a few leather puttees concealing unshapely calves; all others were confined within the wrapped puttee of overseas fame and origin. Occasionally a "rookie" clad from head to heel in issue garb appeared to mar the otherwise unbroken symphony of fit and fabric. With complete realization of the transformation that had been worked came the decision that the 1920 style of Supply Sergeant must be a pretty human sort of guy, blissfully free from the jeers and groans which invariably greeted his fellows whenever engaged in handing out "double-breasted" drawers and like misfits.

No, "soldierin' ain't what it used to be." Oh yes, the army still clings to a few old customs like reveille and retreat, but they are about all that remain of its fabled glories. Why—and 'tis no exaggeration, gentle reader—you are just as likely to see the colonel or the major's wife and children promenading along the cement highways and company streets as you are to see the colonel or major themselves; certainly their families were in predominance upon this particular day. Where once only the hob-nailed tread of full-grown male feet were known, you may now see youngsters of tender years playing and gamboling, even clambering up and down fire-escapes in utter disregard of their forbidden and perilous nature. Not so many moons ago, you ruminate, their lives amid this environment, when motor trucks and mule teams were more numerous, would scarcely have been considered desirable risks by insurance underwriters. Hardly so, since the lives and limbs of their big O. D. brothers sometimes had escapes that varied the monotony of existence in the "home sector."

As you tramp by a row of quarters formerly inhabited by officers, wondering all the while whether or not it's all a foolish dream, the sound of a victrola or, perchance, a baby grand, brazenly reeling off the latest "jazz" adds colorful confirmation to the seemingly impossible metamorphosis. Suddenly, from a be-curtained window a woman's head appears and she calls to a little child—obviously her own—who is playing in the company street across the way. To the rear are glimpsed various articles of lingerie never seen in supply room or listed on an "Individual Equipment" form. For peace has come to Camp Lee and in its wake as strange a revolution as man has rarely known.

Once again we reiterate: "Soldiering is *not* what is used to be!" Why a glance

about the company areas actually surprised *green grass* growing, even flourishing! Here, where before only shifting sand or sticky clay had prevailed, quite sufficiently bare and undecorated to disclose a vagrant cigarette "butt" or charred match, a miracle, indeed, had been wrought. Just how the transformation was coaxed, when no amount of fatigue and persuasion upon our part was productive of results, remains an unexplained puzzle. Perhaps—who knows?—the plots of sturdy sod came after the soil had a breathing respite from the daily contact with 80th Division hobs.

Like an ever-changing drama, the scene shifts to a fire-break separating two rows of barracks, where an impromptu baseball game is being staged. The participants are apparently utterly indifferent to the presence of unprotected windows at both ends of the improvised diamond. The crash of shattered glass, followed by a derisive yell, conjures certain vivid memories of a time when such a disaster foretold the loss of "two bits" by the unfortunate responsible—providing he could be identified!

Meditating over these and sundry kaleidoscopic innovations, we find ourselves opposite a company street all fenced and sodded. Fairly amazed at the extraordinary sight, we interestedly peer through a convenient window. Within the barracks, an even more bewildering spectacle meets our expectant eyes. Marvel of marvels! but no, it is no passing illusion. Lounging chairs, billiard tables, a victrola and other articles of furniture are grouped about the room. Firm in the conviction that these quarters must be no less than a haven of refuge for weary and sophisticated officers, we examine the sign attached near the entrance of the barracks and learn—almost incredulously—that we have been viewing merely the living quarters of an infantry company! So, after all, the "old-timers" didn't exaggerate in their enticing word pictures of our peace-time army.

Only now, however, it is more generally—and accurately—referred to as the "new army" where, as current postmarks tell us, "You Learn as You Earn." And it was amid the home of this new army, which is "carrying-on" where the old army left off, that we had been privileged to ramble. The new army is even younger than the one which marched down the road and out of camp to civilian life in the summer and autumn of 1919, and it is putting its faith in study as well as in policing and drill. True, it may spend its mornings mastering the nomenclature of the rifle and the school of the soldier, but it spends its afternoons—from 1 until 4—studying wireless telephony and telegraphy, automobile mechanics, stenography, chemistry, carpentering, masonry, printing, music, plumbing, or any of dozens of other professions and trades which you may elect. Thus it is

Among Remembered Haunts—Continued

that the enlisted man, upon the expiration of his enlistment, is discharged a *skilled* worker, prepared to adequately cope with the great problem of living and earning in competition with his fellow-men. Today, wherever an important army post is maintained, the army school system, while still in its formative stages, functions and points to the day when army educational dreams may come true and remove in an effectual manner the ancient barrier and objections to military enlistments.

Yet, these are not the only considerations held forth for the man who would see service in the "new army." Heretofore, matrimonial alliances and family ambitions have, in the vast majority of cases, had to be deferred during the period of enlistment, partly due to the insufficient army pay and partly to the absence of accommodations for maintaining a household. Happily, however, these embarrassments and obstacles to marriage while in the service have been removed by the far-sighted policy of a paternal government. As a result, today, in many cantonments it is no uncommon sight to observe whole rows of barracks which have been converted into comfortable living quarters and given over to the occupancy of enlisted men and their families. And you are just as likely to see Mr. and Mrs. Buck Private and their progeny promenading along the company streets as we saw Madame Colonel at Camp Lee. Commutation of rations and quarters are allowed in such instances in these extras, supplemented by "thirty per" and the odds and ends which can be contrived by feminine hands out of issue O. D. and the various sundries distributed by the Quartermaster and Ordnance branches, make life for the doughboy withal fairly cosy and congenial. Certainly, with partners equally versed in home affairs and duties, the bugaboos of Equal Suffrage and H. C. L. are reduced to a minimum of contention and worry.

Our little holiday was drawing rapidly to

an end and with its approach we were perforce obliged to depart from the "realms of the living"—that immediate territory lying between 22d and 27th streets—for the "kingdom of the dead"—i. e. all that remainder of the camp located without these limits—if we were to make good our ambition to visit the entire cantonment. An hour of methodical rambling took us far beyond 27th street, down through the 319th and 320th Infantry areas, on through the now untenanted domicile of the machine gun battalions—that region where so many impatiently "marked time" during that first, hot week of June, 1919, while chafing and waiting for that coveted bit of parchment which discharged and made "privates" of us all. On, on, we went, into the precincts once occupied by the training battalions of the 155th Depot Brigade, on through the quarters of the Reserve Officers' Training School, where, alas! many a youthful, hopeful was destined to disappointment and return to the ranks. And on beyond the confines of the cantonment known to "Blue Ridge" boys we wandered among row after row of barracks occupying soil which had been naught but virgin forest during our regime. On, on, they stretched, to the very outskirts of Prince George Courthouse—and all had been constructed during the feverish days succeeding the 80th's departure for a career overseas.

Today, the endless rows of long, double-storied, many-windowed buildings stand vacant and silent, end-to-end, they hold their lonely alignment, their blank windows standing out in company formation, their doors closed with a look of finality and draped with signs which speak only of things which do not exist.

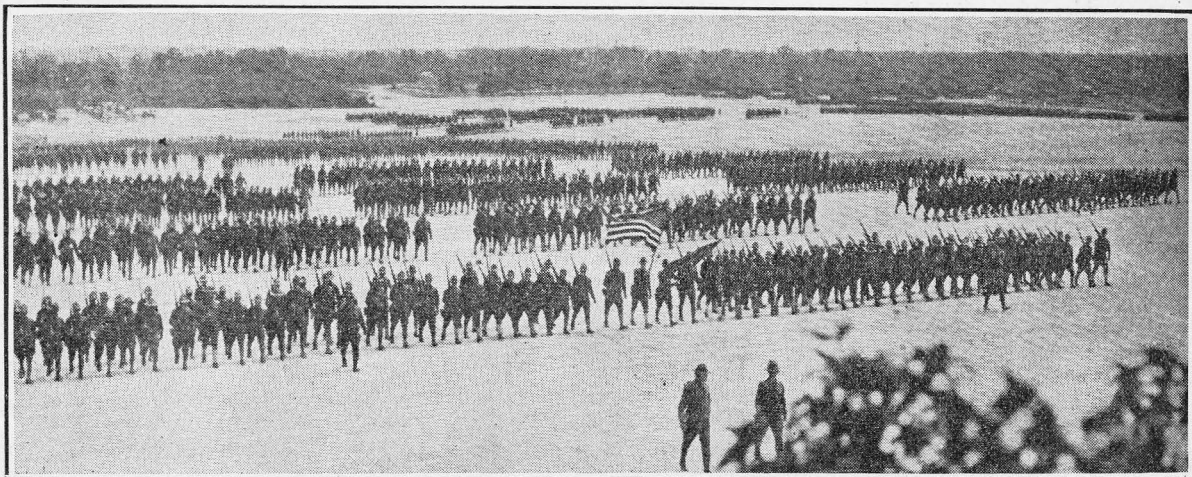
"Headquarters Company" has long since passed into the records of the War Department, and so has "B" Company and all the others, leaving occasionally their lettered boards behind them. There are other and newer, unfamiliar signs adorning the buildings, however, signs which tell of the

absence of skipper, top kick and company clerk from the Orderly Room and which read "No Civilians Allowed—Building Closed—Keep Out!" The barber and tailor no longer ply their shears where familiar, weather-beaten signs continue to advertise their once-crowded shops; the regimental canteens and their blatant, mechanical musical instruments have long since ceased to attract pay-day customers and dollars; and no steamy odor of brewing slum and coffee lingers in the air about the door ways where doughboy mess lines once waited, always "rarin' to go."

The veteran who knew Lee in its roaring infancy, coming back to it thus, might well have exclaimed: "How strange the old place seems!" As it is at Camp Lee, so it is at many of the seventeen other wartime cantonments. True, not all of them are so nearly deserted, but all of them are but specters of their ancient glory. Only Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" can supply the atmosphere which pervades their empty, silent streets and, as the veteran walks down the old road of many memories through the highways and byways of his old cantonment he pinches himself to make certain that he and the recruit who lined up with the first contingents for roll-call and clothing issues are one and the same.

Returning, we threaded all those acres of woodland and sage-brush bordering the Hopewell edge of the camp which once were given over to the various phases of intensive training completing our education preparatory to active service. Here we nosed among the maze of trenches constructed with the very sweat and blood of infantry and engineers, under the vigilant guidance of practical French and British instructors, during that never-to-be-forgotten winter of 1917-18. Over yonder the labyrinth of tangled, broken, rusting barbed-wire stands a decaying monument to our charges with bayonets "on guard"

(Continued on Page 29)



Pass in Review, Any Day in Spring of 1918—Camp Lee, Va.

On a Tour of Inspection With Gen. Brett

HAVING been honored and elected to the position of Resident Secretary of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, I accepted the position 'till such time as a successor could be named to replace Captain Reuel W. Elton, who had accepted the post as Adjutant General of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and held the position until I could again call a meeting of the executive council which took place at Hamilton P. C., Saturday, November 13th, at which time Mr. H. R. Curry was named as the Resident Secretary and Manager of Service Magazine. Mr. Curry served as corporal with 320th Infantry Machine Gun Co.

I have never in all my career felt a greater honor than that of serving our Division Veterans' Association as its President, and I feel that in this capacity I can best serve the spirit and needs of our organization. After our business meeting on November 13th, which was attended by the following officers of the Association: Col. Lloyd M. Brett, R. Allen Ammons, Charles M. Jones, Frederick Hickman, Miles Stahlman, John P. Heiner, Cyril A. Madden, Jack V. Berger and Reuel W. Elton, we adjourned to Memorial Hall where a great reception was held. The following extract from the Pittsburgh Gazette Times gives a clear idea of what followed.

"Impressed with the thoughts of an armistice-tide of two years ago, more than 500 men and women, members of the 80th Division Veterans' Association or of the organization's Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, last night at a reception in Memorial Hall welcomed Brig. Gen. Lloyd M. Brett, former commander of the One Hundred and Sixtieth Infantry Brigade. Gen Brett comes to Pittsburgh as the president of the Veterans' Association and to direct from its headquarters, 915 Bessemer Building, a campaign to enroll as members every man ever affiliated with the Eightieth Division. And more than that:

"I shall not consider my work finished," he declared, 'until fitting memorials shall have been erected, both in this country and in France—especially along the Meuse—where the men of this division trained and fought.

"Anything that I can do to carry on what the gallant men of this division began will be small enough appreciation for what they achieved and the honors you have accorded me.

"In this division, when it was organized at Camp Lee, were men of many nationalities, of many tongues. When it was demobilized it was an organization whose men spoke one language and honored one flag. Its only purpose today is to band together these men and to fulfill the ideals, the aspirations, for which they fought. We

owe this to those we left in France, to the wounded (some of whom were sitting in front of him) and to their mothers, wives and sweethearts who sacrificed so much that their work might be accomplished.'

"Regarded by many of the men as the 'reason' why they were not among those left in France, the General deprecatingly acknowledged the praise spoken of him by others who made addresses. Among these were Maj. W. H. Davis, Reuel W. Elton, former resident secretary of the association and now national adjutant of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Robert G. Woodside, national commander of the same society.

"Capt. Elton urged the men to enroll as members of the division association for the value of comradeship which would increase as the years pass. Capt. Woodside,



a member of the Third Division, which fought beside the Eightieth along the Meuse, recalled incidents of the fighting which took place on the ground covered by both units.

"H. J. Wilbert, president of the auxiliary, presided. The program included solos by John McPoland, whose songs of trench life were composed by himself; Mrs. R. Sheldon Lee, Howard Wilbert, Miss Anne J. Fleming, Miss Helen Heiner and Harry Klaus. Readings were given by Mrs. O. E. Lysle and Miss Margaret Hutchinson. W. H. Fleming was in charge of arrangements.'

A campaign for new members was instituted with a vim, many veterans who returned as casualties took advantage of their first opportunity to join the Veterans' Association which had been started in France after their separation from their unit. Several names were added to the fast growing list of "life memberships," which experienced a great spurt at the banquet of the New York Society of Officers of the 80th Division, held in New York City Ar-

mistice Day, at which time over fifty new life members were enrolled at \$25.00 apiece.

My next visit to Pittsburgh was upon invitation of the Pittsburgh Builders' Exchange to speak at their eleventh annual banquet at Hotel Schenley, at which time I spoke on "Reminiscences and Anticipation," before an audience of over 500 people, many of whom had worn the insignia of the 80th. The next day at the invitation of the American Legion Allegheny County Committee, I was asked to go to Ellwood City, Pa., to attend the unveiling of a beautiful memorial tablet. The following account from the New Castle, Pa., "News," gives a clear account of the day's observations:

"To say that the unveiling of the Memorial Tablet held here Saturday, December 11, was successful would be but to use a hackneyed phrase that illy describes the beautiful solemnity of an occasion that is without precedent in the history of the city.

"It was an epochal event for Ellwood and one that will live in the hearts and lives of those present down through the corridors of time.

C. A. MARTIN GIVES HISTORY

"Opening the services, C. A. Martin, chairman of the tablet committee, gave a short history of the tablet. He told how the idea had originated in April 1919, and how the committees had worked since that time with a fitting memorial in view. Concluding his remarks he introduced General Lloyd M. Brett, speaker of the day.

"General Brett's address was peculiarly fitting to the occasion. Standing with bared head in the waning sunshine of a chilly winter afternoon he spoke in a manner that will be remembered in the years to come. He reminded the thousands of his auditors of the heterogeneous mass of humanity that had come to the army as civilians, how they had been whipped into shape in a remarkably short time, had gone overseas and how in the bloody engagements over there had upheld the best traditions of American Democracy.

'BEST ARMY IN THE WORLD'

"The United States army was the best army that ever trod a battlefield, said General Brett and coming from this veteran of 45 years' military experience the compliment was a high one. A tinge of sadness entered into the general's address when he reminded the crowd of the 'men who never returned, those men who fell with their faces to the foe and who now repose peacefully 'neath Flander's Field. May their sleep be sweet and may we who were of them be as worthy to answer the last Great Roll Call as they were.'

"Concluding, General Brett said, 'the peo-

(Continued on Page 27)

Touring in France

France Welcomes Tourists—Special Organizations—French Government Interested in Touring Development—French People Would Be Happy to Receive American Veterans of the Great War.

By G. de la Jarrie

FRANCE has lost none of her urbanity.

The terrible calamities that befell her have not changed her character of charming hostess, receiving her visitors joyfully. She does all she possibly can to be agreeable, in fact everything she is doing, tends to this result.

This assertion is fully proved by the establishment of the "Office National du Tourisme (French National Touring Office), by the law of April, 1919, and revised in September of the same year.

This office constituting a department of the French Ministry of Public Works is officially in charge of all questions concerning Touring in France.

On the other hand we have the united efforts of corporations, syndicates and all organizations connected with the "French National Touring Office."

The Union, under the name of "French Company of Touring," has for board of directors all the general managers of the large railway and steamship companies of France, the presidents of hotel associations and of the Syndicate of French Traveling Agencies.

The French National Touring Office aids these associations in the accomplishment of their work by officially and legally insuring rapid execution of measures for the improvement of transport conditions and the sojourn of tourists in France.

This co-operation must necessarily result in greater touring facilities due to constant improvements. Already the desire to please the tourists has borne fruit, as numerous American visitors attest gladly. The testimony comes not only from individuals but from groups.

The tour of the "Knights of Columbus" or rather their pious pilgrimage, proclaims triumphantly the possibility of visiting France in comfort and at conditions not too expensive.

The appreciation of the "Knights of Columbus," their eulogies of France, so wounded and withal eternally young and charming, caused other groups to plan tours.

American Industrial and Commercial Associations and the World of Finance appreciate the usefulness of a visit to France.

On the other side of the frontier, in Canada, preparations are in progress for a big tour in the spring of 1921 and for another in the autumn.

Why then, should the American Veterans

of the Great War not also wish to make a pilgrimage to the sacred places that witnessed their heroism?

The facts quoted above should certainly suffice to dissipate all fears and doubts as to touring in France. Nevertheless, quoting an American personality, only recently returned from France, might not be superfluous.

What better testimony could there be, than that of Dr. Hibben, president of

ble huts are erected to offer passing hospitality to those who wish to make their pilgrimage less hurried and more contemplative at any part of the battlefields.

As pertains to means of transport, they are again normal. The railroads that, during the war, had suffered from traffic too intensive, have been restored and are in pre-war condition, so much appreciated by foreign travellers.

In the invaded regions, all railways and parts of them, destroyed by the Germans, have been repaired and one travels easily and without too much fatigue by automobile in these regions.

After the signing of the Armistice France went to work resolutely at her reconstruction, giving and continuing to give proof of splendid energy and courage, expressing spirit and faith even in the darkest hours.

Every day brings the news that reconstruction goes on steadily, without considering or regretting the enormous sacrifices the people have to consent to.

Industrial and agricultural regions and mining fields are like the Phoenix rising from his ashes. Where the obus has passed destructively, sowing death and desolation, new fields of labor are seen. From day to day harvests come into their own, and life takes the place of death. Fields are covered with verdure and flowers and trees bear leaves and flowers and fruits. Birds sing again while the husbandman tills the soil. Already, in some places on the line of the heroic struggle, the traveler might not know that he is standing on the soil, witness of the Great Drama, were it not for the ruins that mark the passage of barbarism.

And besides, we see, here and there, vast spaces, carrying white crosses, lined up like heroic divisions guarding the frontier, and waving above them, the stars and stripes.

They are the fields of rest of the American soldiers fallen on French soil for the defense of Right.

Flowers cover the graves, for the French country folk take care of them, better than any league could do:

Soldiers of an illustrious race
Sleep, well vow you remembrance.
Time will never dim the trace
Of your glorious deeds in France.

Outside of these sacred pilgrimages, there are multitudes of interesting places

A REVELATION

By C. E. GRUNDISH

Somewhere in France—
The mirthful cafe is brilliantly
lighted,
Around the tables sit the joyous
crowd—
The populous—that mass of human
driftwood
To whom all poets are fools.
I sit alone:
Carelessly smoking a cigarette,
Pensively studying the red stuff in
my glass,
(Outside, the moon dips behind
sober clouds)
The orchestra pours dreamy music
Thru the wine-sweet air,
Across the table, deep sunken
In the cushioned canope,
Lounge a girl—a girl of somber
France,
And in her deep weird brown eyes,
I read Life's tragedy.

Princeton University, just back from visiting the region of the "Great Battles": Rheims, Chateau-Thierry, Verdun, Saint-Quentin! He says in part:

"Contrary to the opinion held by many American tourists after a post-bellum visit to France, the French people, as a nation, are not venting their ill will toward us in a systematic gouging of American travelers.

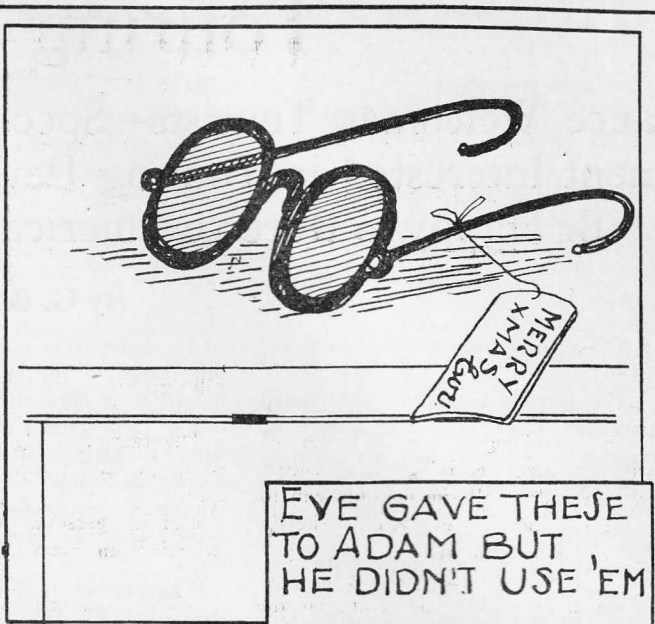
"We found everything in France very reasonable in price—in most cases cheaper than in this country—and saw nothing of any reputed desire on the part of shopkeepers deliberately to cheat Americans in trades, etc."

Of course in the devastated zone and even near it, the tourist must not expect to find establishments of modern luxury, but he will find comfort and kindness, even solicitude and understanding, for in or nearby places of special interest comforta-

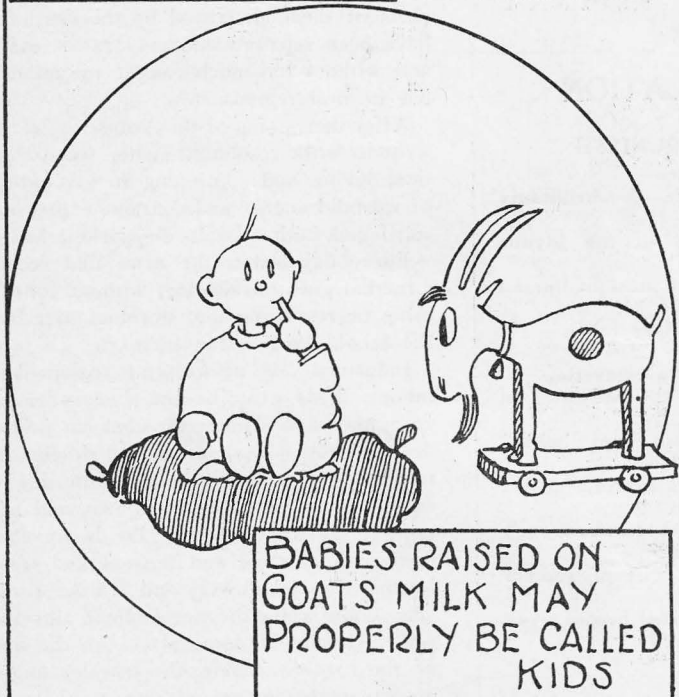
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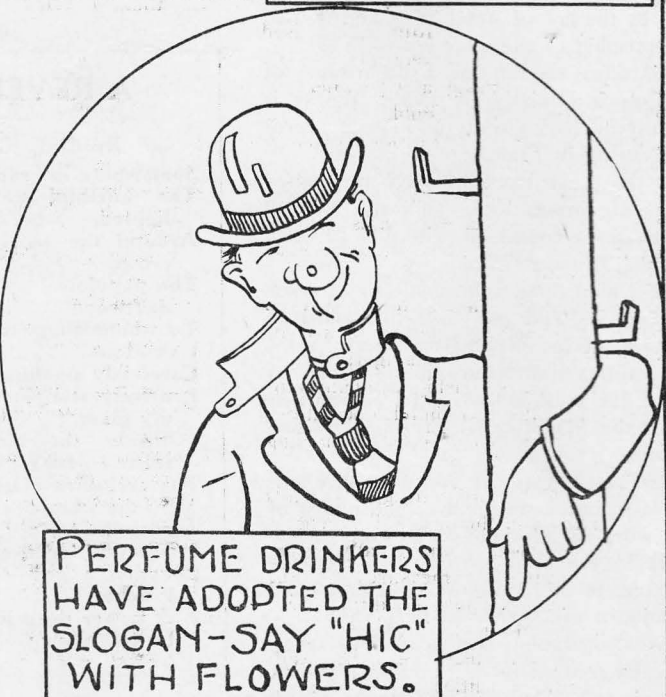
W.J. BRYAN NEVER WEARS PAJAMAS ON THE STREET



EYE GAVE THESE TO ADAM BUT HE DIDN'T USE 'EM



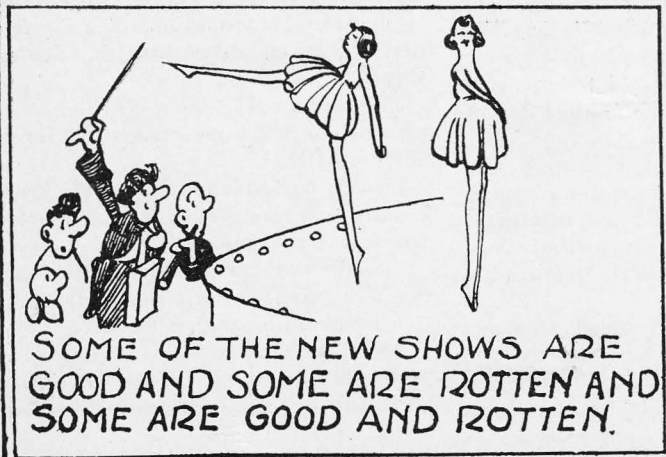
BABIES RAISED ON GOATS MILK MAY PROPERLY BE CALLED KIDS



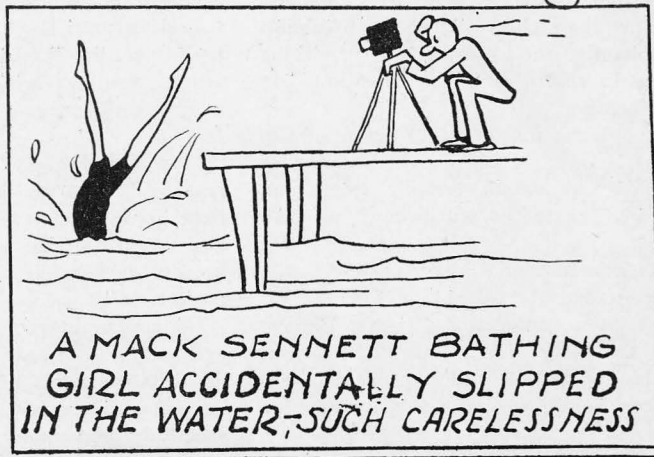
PERFUME DRINKERS HAVE ADOPTED THE SLOGAN-SAY "HIC" WITH FLOWERS.

"NOTHING NEW"

Berger



SOME OF THE NEW SHOWS ARE GOOD AND SOME ARE ROTTEN AND SOME ARE GOOD AND ROTTEN.



A MACK SENNETT BATHING GIRL ACCIDENTALLY SLIPPED IN THE WATER—SUCH CARELESSNESS

Touring in France—Continued

(Continued from Page 11)

to visit, interesting as well from a general point of view as from one commercial and industrial. France is rich in mineral, vegetable and industrial productions. On an area, not bigger than Texas, lives a dense population of 40 million inhabitants, loving profoundly their native land with tenacity and fervor unparalleled.

Though the agricultural element is big; and small, almost familial industries are numerous, industry and manufacture on a big scale are prominent.

"Petite Industrie" and "Petit métier" merit well the attention of the psychologist, for in them reside and persist the roots of a conservatism, that constitutes economical France and protects her from revolutionary tendencies.

As to "Grande Industrie" it also is interesting, though in a different way; above all: metallurgy and textile industries, and mechanical construction.

The French Touring Company will gladly arrange itineraries for parties desirous to come and see with their own eyes what would interest them most.

Visitors will be cordially welcomed by all the French people, but especially so by the inhabitants of the regions where the Americans fought.

When the A. E. F. came, France professed the faith she had in this "Elite of youth" and understood that with them had arrived final Victory. Discipline, courage, calmness, initiative, all factors indispensable to success, were united under the starred flag.

The words of General Pershing at Lafayette's tomb had their echo in all French hearts. They will never be forgotten, and to prove it I will only have to quote the words coming from the mayor of a small village in the Vosges and posted as welcome to the American soldiers.

I reproduce them with joy, on account of their touching simplicity and sincerity:

AMERICAN SOLDIERS, SALUTE!

"The Saint Benoit inhabitants are very glad to see you.

"You are coming from a great remote country only in order to shield our beloved France and the Liberty of the world.

"We understand the beauty and the greatness of your sacrifice. America is powerful and wealthy, but you are above all a noble and sublime people.

"Washington's children, you may be proud.

"You are glorifying your country forever!

"Tell your mothers, your sisters, and your betrothed, that the French women, smiling through their tears, admire you with a maternal heart—you have come to avenge their beloved sons who died for their native land's sake. We are deeply grateful to you.

"American brothers, good luck!"

THE SAINT BENOIT PEOPLE

There exists in spite of superficial differences, a great affinity between our two races. We noticed that on the firing line. Americans and French mock and are indignant over the same things, as: an act of unreasonable authority, pretense without motive, false superiority, brutality against the weak, etc.

Such profound similarities in character guarantee a serious and sure friendship.

Americans, better than any other people, are able to understand France. Samuel Adams said in 1778: "France is our natural ally," which was an accurate vision of the future, for, if the two civilizations progressed differently, their relation in the ideal has never ceased to exist.

Before any statesman did so, citizens of the two republics marked the basis of their fraternity.

They are like two sisters completing, without envying each other.

It seems that the ocean, separating them, has become a big Franco-American lake on which the ships navigating between our two countries form the links conducting our evolutions to the same end in view.

In the cruel onslaughts of the "Great War" the 80th Division has often been at

the place of honor.

Under the command of Major General Adalbert Cronkhite, the "Blue Ridge Division"—317th-320th Regiments, wrote glorious history on the folds of their flag. Those who witnessed their heroism, had the profound impression, that victory was with them.

What a proud joy it would be for the glorious veterans to go over the ground of their sacrifices!

What a sublime consolation it would be for their courageous wives, who passed in patient anguish the long hours of the struggle!

What powerful lessons there would be for their sons, their children, to see and know what their fathers suffered to save the liberty of a menaced world!

Merville, Doullens, Arras, Ayette, the region where the rage of the Hun showed itself most terrible and savage! What chaos, what desolation in these parts of Picardy, barely two hours from Paris!

And those prairies of Picardy! Hauts de Meuse, Verdun, Saint-Mihiel, that saw your exploits!

And the whole succession of glorious names that come to mind: Mort-Homme, Behincourt, Montfaucon, and many others, the whole girdle of Verdun, the Thermopyles of the Gallic soil, where, as in the Bois-des-Corbeaux, at the Cote-de-l'oie your heroism and resolute resistance have turned the tide!

And the visit is not finished yet.

At the extremity of this plateau, which for a long time to come will show the marks of the fierceness of the epic battles, there is the devastated place where once was the village of Bethincourt, while to the east, on the other side of the river flowing toward the village are seen the desolate slopes of Mort-Homme.

Then there is Montfaucon, the township so picturesquely situated on the summit of a hill which was formidably organized by the Germans as an observatory, from which they dominated and held under the fire of their batteries the whole region, and which your division captured by storm on September 26th, 1918.

France would be happy, veteran soldiers of the War of Right against Evil, to have you undertake this great pilgrimage.

Through the French National Touring Office she would be glad to put you in touch with the French Company of Touring, which will arrange for your transportation and sojourn, in fact, organize everything pertaining to your travelling and stopovers in France in the most comfortable and economical manner possible.

And there is no doubt that the French Government will deem it a pleasurable duty to receive you, you who came with so much enthusiasm to offer and to give your generous blood.

I WONDER WHY?



The Truth of the Matter

Being the Efforts of a True 80th Divisioner to Secure Full Recognition for the Men of His Command and the Success Achieved.

By Capt. Chas. C. Rossire, Jr., 319th Inf.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 9, 1920.

From—Chas. C. Rossire, Jr.,

To—The Adjutant General of the Army.

SUBJECT—Error in Position of 80th Division Front Line on November 1, 1918, as Shown in General Pershing's Report."

1. I would like to call attention to an apparent error in General Pershing's report of January 16, 1919, as to the location of the front line of the 80th Division on the night of November 1st, 1918. From the map accompanying his report it would appear that while the 2nd Division reached the day's objective, the right of the 80th Division rested on Imecourt.

2. As a matter of fact two companies of the 319th Infantry, 80th Division reached the day's objective at 5:30 P. M. November 1, 1918 in liaison with the 2nd Division and maintained that position until ordered to withdraw to the vicinity of Imecourt.

3. The facts are as follows: The 160th Brigade, 80th Division attacked at 5:42 A. M. November 1st with the 319th Infantry on the right. The 2nd Battalion, 319th Infantry was the attacking Battalion with H Co. supported by F Co. on the right of the regimental sector and E Co. supported by G Co. on the left.

Upon reaching a line approximately K 9588—F 0085, F Co., which I commanded, leapfrogged H Co. Passing to the east of Imecourt, F Co., after being held up for some little time by heavy machine gun fire from a series of short trenches east of Imecourt, succeeded in capturing 209 prisoners, including a battalion staff, about 25 machine guns and several field pieces. After passing Imecourt, F Co. was held up for nearly an hour due to our barrage being held up and an enemy counter barrage falling on Hill 198. After reaching the summit of Hill 198 where the division sector swung off to the east, F Co. again encountered heavy machine gun fire which, by a flanking movement by the right platoon was finally silenced. H Co. succeeded in passing around the barrage and was joined by F Co. just before reaching the Sivry Les Buzancy-Bayonville et Chennery road. At this point, I conferred with Capt. Keezell, commanding H Co. As E and G Cos., 319th Infantry, had apparently not come up, F Co.'s left flank was unprotected. It was decided to divide the regimental sector and to proceed to the day's objective, F Co. on the left and H Co. in liaison with the 2nd Division on the right.

After reorganizing, the advance was continued. Lt. Col. James L. Montague (then Major) commanding the 2nd Battalion, came up shortly thereafter and directed that we proceed to objective and F Co. take up a position covering the flank as the left of the regiment had been unable to get beyond Imecourt.

The day's objective was reached about 5:30 P. M. November 1, 1918, and F Co. with 35 men took up a position along the line A 0637 to A 0838. H Co., with about the same number of men, was along the approximate line A 0941—A 1445 in touch with the liaison group between the 80th and 2nd Division which was near the Fme de Parades. Liaison during the night was maintained between F and H Co. by patrols. Two enemy attempts early in the evening to filter around the left of F Co. were unsuccessful and one prisoner and a machine gun were captured. This was set up to strengthen the position and cover the road fork at A-0637. Early in the morning two prisoners were captured by an F Co. patrol between F and H Companies.

4. This position was held until 1 P. M. November 2nd, when F Co., upon receiving order, moved forward about 800 yards to the summit of hill which had been the day's objective. Enemy machine gun fire from the Fme de La Bergerie made it necessary to remain on the reverse slope of the hill. Enemy shells continued to fall on this position until orders were received to withdraw to Imecourt about 9:30 P. M. November 2, 1918.

5. From these facts it will be seen that F and H Companies of the 319th Inf., 80th Division, reached the day's objective in liaison with the 2nd Division by 5:30 P. M. November 1st, 1918. Verification of the above facts may be obtained from Capt. Rembrandt P. Keezell, Keezelton, Va., who formerly commanded H Co., Lt. Col. James L. Montague, Christiansburg, Va., formerly commanding 2nd Bn., 319th Inf., which Company was part of the liaison group between the 80th and 2nd Divisions.

6. Map referred to is Buzancy 60 group de Canevas de Tir-4 me Edition—Tirage due 16 September, 1918.

6. Quote field messages carbon copies of which are in my possession as follows:
From Hallibut (C. O. 2nd Bn., 319th Inf.)
At Imecourt.
Date—1-11-18.
Hour—2:12 P. M.
No 15.

How Sent—Buzzer.

To—Haddie One (C. O. 319th Inf.)

K 8899—K 9099—E 9800—A 0001.

Germans have counter attacked through A 0010 between me and the division on our right. The division on my right is on ridge east of Sivry. Companies H and F advance abreast of division on my right but I have lost contact with them.

MONTAGUE.

From—C. O. Co. F. Haddie (319th Inf.)

At—A 0838.

Date—2-11-18.

Hour—7:10 A. M. No. —

How Sent—Runner.

To—C. O. Co. 2, HADDIE (319th Inf.)

My line extends from road fork A 0637 to A 0838. Have Bosch M. G. and automatic covering both roads. Seems to be 700 to 800 yards between F and H Co. I have but 35 men. Do not fear attack but feel we should have a couple of squads between my right and H left. Have sufficient ammunition and some grenades. Suggest Capt. Gordon establish outposts between us.

(Signed), ROSSIRE.

From—C. O. Co. F.

At—A 0838.

Date—11-2-18.

Hour—7:45 A. M. No.—

How Sent—Runner.

To—C. O. Halibut (2nd Bn., 319th Inf.)

Friendly artillery firing on us. Will have to retire 200 yards in rear of present position.

(Signed), ROSSIRE.

From—C. O. Co. F.

At—A 0837.

Date—2-11-18.

Hour—12 Noon. No.—

How Sent—Runner.

To—C. O. Co. H.

Just received message Montague to proceed to 1st day's objective and stick there. Harold (159th Bge.) has taken over mission of Hayes (160th Bge.). Will move out at 1 P. M. My left will be on right of road at A 0341 and my left about A 0945. Rations will be sent up as soon as they arrive.

(Signed), ROSSIRE.

From—C. O. Co. F.

At—A 0837.

Date—2-11-18.

Hour—12:15 P. M. No. 3.

How Sent—Runner.

To—C. O. Halibut (2nd Bn. 319th Inf.)

Message received. Will move out at 1

The Truth of the Matter—Continued

P. M. Hove notified Co. H. Troops have passed over Cote 278 on our left. My left will be on road at A 0341 and my right about A 0945. Need water as well as rations.

(Signed), ROSSIRE."

Also quote extract from F. O. No. 22, 160th Bge.—A. M., 2nd Nov., 1918.

"3 (F) The two companies of the 319th Inf. now on or near the second objective N. E. of Sivry will be used for combat liaison with the 2nd Division."

CHAS. C. ROSSIRE, JR.,
Formerly Capt. 319th Inf.
Operations Officer.

That the letter of Charles C. Rossire, formerly Captain Co. F, 319th Infantry, 80th Division, to the A. G. of the Army, is correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

That Companies F and H, 319th infantry, did reach the line specified in Captain Rossire's letter on the afternoon of November 1, 1918, and that I was personally with these companies when they were advancing a few yards south of Sivry Les Buzancy-Bayonville et Chennery road, and gave orders to Captain Keezell to continue to the day's objective.

That Co. E, 319th Infantry, and one platoon commanded by Second Lieut. Hopkins, deceased, Co. K, 319th Infantry, covered the western flank of the regimental sector along the Immeccourt-Sivry road from 5 P. M. November 1, to 6 A. M. November 2, 1918.

That on the morning of November 2, patrol of the 319th Infantry, which I sent out, reached the towns of Verpel and Thenorges in advance of any other American troops.

JAMES L. MONTAGUE,
Formerly Major Commanding
2nd Bn., 319th Inf.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 11th day of October, 1920.

PAUL FOSTER,
Notary Public.

My commission expires January 15th, 1924.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 14, 1920.

From R. P. Keezell.

Re: Chas. C. Rossire, Jr.

SUBJECT: Verification of Facts Relative to Position of 80th Division on November 1, 1918.

1. I hereby certify that the facts as set forth in your attached letter to the Adjutant General, relative to the position of Co.'s F and H, 319th Infantry, on the evening and throughout the night of November 1, 1918, and the morning of November 2, are correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

2. The objective, described as "Objective of Exploitation" in attack order, which was final objective for first day, was reached by Cos. F and H about 5:30 P. M., November 1, 1918, and this position was held until about noon of the following day, November 2, when ordered to withdraw to Immeccourt.

3. Co. H, commanded by me, was in constant liaison with the 2nd Division on my immediate right throughout the engagement of November 1, and until ordered to withdraw about noon November 2.

R. P. KEEZELL,

Formerly Capt. 319th Infantry.

WAR DEPARTMENT

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

Washington, Nov. 16, 1920.

In reply—370.2 (Misc. Div.)

Refer to CCW*AMSi—158

Mr. Chas. C. Rossire, Jr.,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—

Your letter of November 8, 1920, regarding position of the right of the 80th Division line on November 1st, 1918, has been received and its contents noted. A copy of this letter has been placed on file in the Historical Branch, War Plans Division, General Staff, for future reference.

Very respectfully

P. C. HARRIS,

The Adjutant General,
B. S. C.

November 8, 1920.

The Adjutant General,

War Department,

Washington, D. C.

CCR:HM

Dear Sir:—

Yours of November 3rd, file 370.2 (Misc. Div.) CCW-CCD-158, received.

I note that General Pershing's report of January 16th, 1919, was superseded by a final report, dated September 1st, 1919.

I further note that the map accompanying the final report shows the right of the 80th Division line for November 1st as resting on Buzancy-Bayonville road. This information is more nearly, but is not absolutely correct. I am in a position to know, as the left of my Company rested on the above mentioned road. At that time, as stated in mine of September 9th, I was commanding "F" Company, 319th Infantry, and Company "H" was on my right. The right of "H" Company was near the Fme-de Parades in liaison with the 2nd Division.

You will note from the map that the right of the 80th Division was, therefore, considerably north and east of the position given.

Very truly yours,

CHAS. C. ROSSIRE.

WAR DEPARTMENT

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

Washington, Nov. 3, 1920.

In reply 370.2 (Misc. Div.) refer to CCW-CCB-158.

Mr. Chas. C. Rossire, Jr.,
2844 Wisconsin Avenue,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—

Your letter of September 9, 1920, with inclosures, has been received. In reply I beg to state that General Pershing's report of January 16, 1919, which was cabled to the United States on November 20, 1918, has been superseded by final report dated September 1, 1919. The map accompanying this last report shows the right of the 80th Division line for November 1 as resting on the Buzancy-Bayonville road.

Very truly yours,

P. C. HARRIS,

The Adjutant General,
B. S. C.

THE CYCLE

Coming home from the Wars I lay my sword away with much thanksgiving

Hoping that I may never have to take it out again.

Battles I said to my wife are glorious deeds to read about, but to fight them is quite another thing.

To see a whole field of dead men brings a sorrow to a man's heart and gray hairs to his head before his time:

They who shout loudest of fighting the enemy are warriors with words only:

At the first roll of the drum they find a safe haven among the women and old men.

Posing before the children as mighty heroes who would battle the foe valiantly if they only could get away.

Happy to be home again I put on my old coat and drive my team afield with loud shouts and laughter.

At evening I sit smoking quietly and listen to the idle chatter of my children at play:

Food in the larder, coal in the bin, what more should a man want?

Evenly the days run along bringing tranquility and peace to my heart, happiness and comfort in my old age.

Lost in contemplation I have forgotten that I ever learned the art of killing a man.

It was only yesterday that seeing a group of boys playing with wooden guns and swords:

That a pain came in to my heart and made me know that I can—Never Forget.

—Lyle David

LOOK AT DAT SHAVETAII FILLIN' HIS DOG-ROBBER'S POCKETS

DAT SUCKER WOULD ROB AN ORPHANAGE

C'MON SHAKE IT UP AND GET YOUR TWO GUM DROPS

BON NOEL M'SIEUR

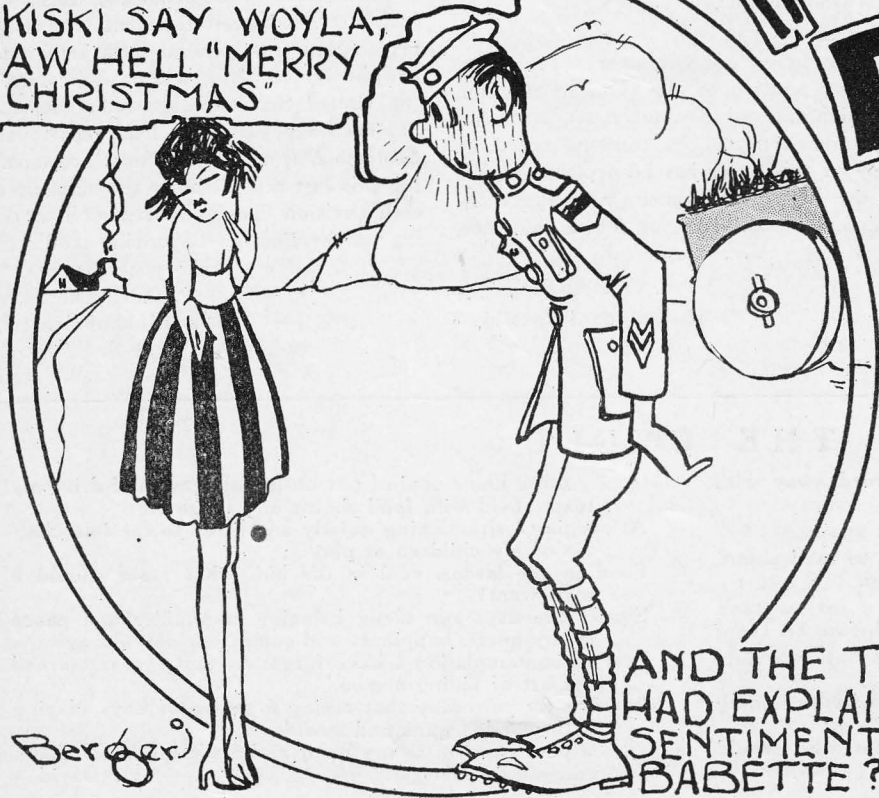
NO FRONTS AND BURIAL SQUAD



MEMBER THE CONFECTION RATION, BROTHER, SOME SPREAD? -AND THE WISHED WHEN YOU THAT YOU

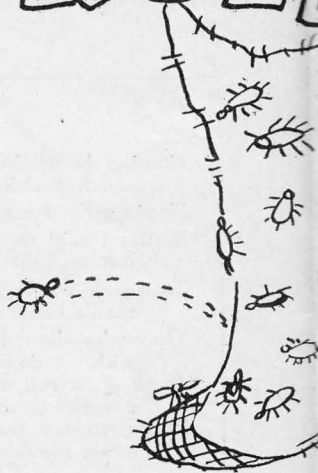
MY CHERRY, VOOLY VOO BOKOO COM BIEN KISKI SAY WOYLAT AW HELL "MERRY CHRISTMAS"

REMEMBER BROT



AND THE TIME YOU HAD EXPLAINING YOUR SENTIMENT TO PETITE BABBETTE?

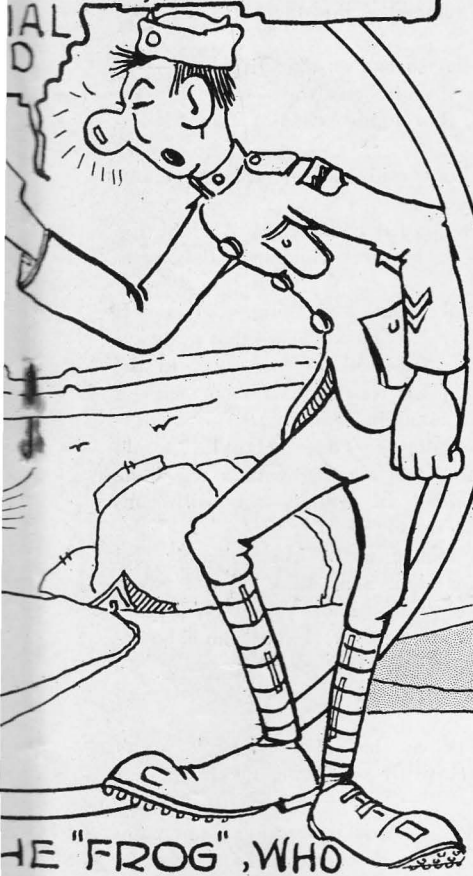
Berger



FROG'S GONNA SAY
LIKE DAT TO ME
LIVE, SO CALL DE

AW, DIS IS A HELL
OF A CHRISTMAS

AW-CHEER UP, RAGS,
THE OFFICERS WILL
ALL GET "TIGHT" AND
WE'LL HAVE
A "JAKE" TIME



AND THE CO.
CALAMITY JANE
WHO KICKED
EVEN ON
CHRISTMAS?

HE "FROG", WHO
YOU A MERRY XMAS
YOU WERE "COGNACED UP"
YOU WANTED TO LICK?

BER
HER!!?

-AND YOUR CHRISTMAS
BOX WHICH HAD CANDY-
SHAVING CREAM
AND TOOTH PASTE
ALL SMASHED TO-
GETHER?

-AND WHAT
PRIVATE YTCH
GOT IN HIS
SOCK, WHEN HE
HUNG IT UP AT
BUZANCY?



You Never Can Tell

By Helen F. Price

INTROSPECTION

By HELEN F. PRICE

It is Christmas: The New Year is at hand. You stand with your foot on the bottom step of the ladder of time; your eyes on the distant goal, the bowl of your hopes and resolutions clasped firmly in your hands.

As you ascend will your feet stumble? Will you spill some if not all of the precious fluid?

Or will the year's end find you safe at the top—with your bowl still full to overflowing—ready to resume your journey with a larger and more costly vessel?

Vivian Van Alstrum answered the signal on the telephone switchboard before her.

"Mr. Hanklin?—Just a minute, I'll connect you with the floor clerk—I think he is in his room."

The blond haired girl in the next seat glanced over to Vivian and drawled:

"Say dearie, that Mr. Hanklin must be some swell—he has the biggest suite here, not to mention a private secretary and a valet. Have you seen him yet?"

"No I haven't Mable," she answered quietly, then turning to the phone. "Not in his room?—Shall I have him paged?"—"All right, tell the party to wait." Vivian motioned to a bell boy who sauntered leisurely over, with a laconic "Well who'd they want?"

"Page Mr. Hanklin, please, Willy."

For the next fifteen minutes the two girls were both busy with phone calls, and Mable had no opportunity for further comment, then suddenly a masculine voice exclaimed, "Well bless my soul if it isn't Vivian!"—She looked up in surprise—frowned a bit and looked puzzled—then the light of recognition slowly dawned in her eyes—

"Why its Jim—Monty Jim—but—" He held out his hand over the top of the desk and shook hers warmly. "Well who in the world would have expected to see you here! Back in France I somehow got the impression that at home you were one of the idle rich."

"Well I was, but—excuse me just a minute Jim—Yes? Styvesent 4395? Yes—Haylo—yes—four th-r-ree nine fife Styvesent,—yes—there's your party Miss—fifth booth."

Jim smiled down at her. "But you don't seem particularly idle or very rich just now—how did it happen?"

Vivian hesitated just a minute, then with the utmost candor she explained—"You see there were a good many fortunes made during the war—profiteering, speculating and the like—but has it ever occurred to you, that there is always the same amount of money in circulation, so that for every fortune made, some one else has been gouged out of, or lost, their share? Dad played the stocks and lost, that's all—and what I took up for a cure for that idleness you just spoke of, in the sake of humanity and to aid my country—came as a life saver to me—my training as a telephone girl in France, was the only thing I knew how to do, in the way of earning an honest living when our financial bubble was pricked."

"You a telephone girl in a city hotel—and you were the biggest snob in the company, now weren't you Vivian?" He chuckled.

"I'm afraid I was—just a minute—Yes?—That call for Mr. Hanklin? Yes I'm having him paged—just a minute"—She called

to the boy who had again returned to the bench—"Say Willy, why didn't you report on that call—couldn't you locate him?"

"Sure" said Willy disgustedly—"He's the guy you're talking to." Vivian uttered a little gasp of shocked surprise, as she glanced at Jim—a stockily built, rather homely, but decidedly pleasant looking young man. "You—Mr. Hanklin?—Why—Yes, Yes, here's your party—second booth Mr. Hanklin."

Jim turned and entered the designated cubby hole, and swung the door shut. Vivian sat in speechless surprise, until her thoughts were dispelled by a voice at her elbow.

"Well I'll be darned!—you knew him well enough to call him Jim, and didn't know who he was—what's the idea, deary?"

"That's France in War time, Mable—you wouldn't understand," and then at some recollection, she smiled softly to herself.

Ten minutes later Jim was again leaning over the desk. Vivian looked up at him and smiled. "You gave me the shock of my life, Jim—all those weeks in France I thought—" Here she broke off and he prompted—

"Thought what?"

"Oh well," she answered, "I might just as well tell you, its a good joke on me anyway—you see you weren't any too prepossessing in your privatee's uniform, and you nick-name "Monty Jim" smacked strangely of the Bowery—and you'd picked up the most ungodly amount of army slang—and so when you tried to be more than, just friendly—I thought you were fresh—and though, one always tried to have a certain amount of comaraderie with the boys over there, still one never really knew who or what they were at home—and—well—you see—I—" Here she stopped in embarrassment, unable to finish.

But with a laugh Jim finished for her. "You didn't exactly want to come and enter a taxi with an escort, and have the

driver say—"Why, hello there, Viv—how are you, remember the day we—etc., isn't that it?"

"Well not so bad as that Jim—but—"

"That's the idea any way—isn't it?" He persisted, thoroughly enjoying her discomfort.

"Well I'm afraid it is—" She reluctantly admitted.

Here he leaned confidently over the top of the desk, his eyes dancing with amusement.

"I'll tell you something, Vivian—It doesn't pay to be snobbish—that's always been my motto—and anyway—how in the world **COULD** one be snobbish with a name like Hanklin—and just to prove it—Mr. Montgomery James Hanklin would like to dine this evening with a telephone girl, provided of course, she will condescend to do so!"

Vivian looked up at him solemnly and raising her right hand said, "Jim, I swear that my days of snobbery and condescension are over forever, I most humbly accept. If you—Yes. Yes—Ring one—Two Court—Alright here's your party—go ahead."

Which proves that lines and hooks aren't found exclusively on fishing tackle!

The city of Paris is waging a campaign against the rats that swarmed in from the trenches after the war. To expedite matters they are offering a reward of 5 cents for each dead rat on condition that each deceased rodent is delivered to the nearest police station.

One genius appeared with an assortment of tails. When asked for the whole animal he explained that he had invented a capsule which exploded after the rat swallowed it, destroying everything but the tail. The police swallowed the tale, and paid the reward. After this artist had turned in about one thousand tails someone discovered that no rat had ever worn them. They were made of string covered with rubber—long fibre cotton frictioned and skim-coated. The man was arrested and when the police raided his home they found two thousand ready-to-wear tails.

THOSE FEMALE BILL COLLECTORS

"There's a woman collector to see you, sir," said the office boy.

"Tell him to call at my house and get my wife," snapped the absent-minded business man.

"There is something mysterious about the word 'psychic.'"

"Yes; but to me the most mysterious thing about it is the way they spell it."—*Passing Show.*

What's Wrong With Us?

By Wm. M. Hobson

FOLLOWING every great war, the people engaged in it pass through a period of moral darkness. Life in the higher ranges gives way. The supports loosen and the slump becomes perceptible to all good men. Historians explain this as the breakdown of the moral sense. Such periods are always marked by a lowering of ideals, a loosening up of personal restraints, a display of callousness, an abandon of modesty, a recklessness as to chastity, a neglect of God, and a defiance of moral law.

We are now passing through an age of moral breakdown. It is the heritage of the world war. Everywhere men are beginning to see it. All good men have for many months felt its influence. What can be done with it? How can we work our way out of it? Shall we settle into a pessimism? Shall we declare for a foolish optimism and call those who tell us what is on in the world Jeremiahs? Wise men will caution patience and faith and steadiness until this darkness is past.

We must understand how a moral situation that registers a breakdown manifests itself.

It reveals itself by various evidences that the people are slipping back both mentally and materially into a medievalism. In the field of the secular life the following characteristics are recorded:

Racial prejudices appear and clamor for recognition.

Religious intolerance suddenly asserts itself with a bigotry that leads to persecution.

Nationalism in petty people rises to imperial proportions.

International credits are shattered and break down.

International communication is affected and largely suspended.

International trade shows reversion toward primitive forms.

Domestic trade reveals a breakdown of the established standard of prices.

International industry becomes disturbed, being limited to national lines.

Domestic industry becomes abnormal, wages cease to be based upon skill and intelligence.

The reign of universal good-will is broken, and suspicion and prejudice and threatenings and hatred appear to mar the tranquility that once prevailed.

While on the social side the following manifestations are being noted:

There is an evident return to an imitation of savage styles in music and in art.

One dancing craze after another sweeps the country.

Men take pleasure in glorifying the physical prowess.

Brutality groomed to a degree of re-

spectability once again seeks to command regard and a place of honor.

The scientific spirit that seeks to follow the way of reason over the pathway of reality is blinded by an inexplicable influence.

Superstitions that had once been driven out as unworthy the consideration of man return and gain recognition.

Men awakening to the drift realize that the spirit of the Dark Ages is seeking a place of power. They see that magic is again accepted as a reality. They hear the rumors that Satan worship has been established in the black mass. They learn that the influence of witchcraft is being exerted. Then these same men come to know that humanity is facing the past. They come to the consciousness that something has happened to the human spirit. A reversal of forces is changing the front of progress. A shift of gear has wrought mightily on the machinery of the universe. Something has happened that staggers the intellect. It is for the moment a recrudescence of the old pagan life which was forsaken when man walked out of the forests and jungles in the days before civili-

LLOYD M. BRETT

BY H. R. CURRY

*I didn't get a chance to fight the Indians in the West;
But I read the thrilling stories and in fact I liked 'em best.
I wuzn't born quite soon enough to go to war with Spain,
But I allus had a hankering for war to come again;
When it did I'd quite fergotten my ambitions of before—
I'd got settled down to business not expecting any war—
'Cept the war of making money on the rise and fall of wheat—
And I'd lost the youthful hankering fer hiking in my feet,
But they needed me and so I went and joined the A. E. F.;
And now I'm back as fit as e'r except a trifle deaf,
An' I'm jest a little nervous at some strange or sudden noise,
And it's allus mostly noticeable when I'm where there is boys,
And I'm older in experience and things I'll ne'er forget,
Since I did a little soldiering with Lloyd M. Brett.*

*Since it had to be, I'm mighty glad we had an Indian War,
And I'm also mighty thankful that Spanish one was o'er.
And I'm mighty glad that some of the Lieutenants of that day—
Lived to know the proper methods in a military way,
And I'm thankful for the Indian and the crafty way he knew—
How to slip up past the sentinels and get his forces through,
And I'm thankful for the teaching and the way that we wuz drilled,
How to creep right up upon 'em almost safe from being killed;
'Course we had some young Lieutenants, and younger Captains too,
But it took the good Old Timers fer to tell 'em how to do;
I'll admit that when I left for France I had a little fear—
That I'd never live to see the day when I'd be sitting here,
But I'm proud and mighty thankful and I never will forget,
That I soldiered with a soldier name o' Lloyd M. Brett.*

zation laid its hand upon him.

For instance, there is now manifest a marked perversion of the pleasurable instincts. Most all the pleasures that the Creator intends man shall take a delight in are being commercialized. Man is under the impression that even the religious instincts should be turned into some kind of financial expression. Money in the realm of devout faith becomes the acid test. Furthermore, it is also true that we have come to find entertainment by the dramatic presentation of our vices. The triangle play catches the multitude as it portrays the undermining of the most sacred relations known to man by intrigues, deception, and betrayal. There is no possible tragedy in human life today that is not repeatedly produced for the entertainment of the public. The people seem to crave the strongest stimulant to arouse their pleasurable instincts. There is a very evident breaking down of the moral of the people, everywhere. There must follow a sane return to the every day discipline of our ordinary life as followed before the war. All responsibility does not lie at the door of business, there is much to be adjusted in our inner selves.

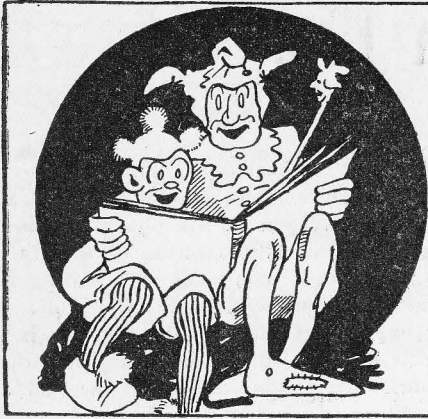
"While business is rapidly putting itself on a basis which promises much in the next few years, we are personally finding it a little difficult to adjust ourselves. We are asking just what are going to be the controlling factors in our lives from now on. We have seen intense patriotism; we have seen unpardonable profiteering; we have seen gigantic tasks accomplished, and we have seen wilful waste. Our emotions have been given some pretty severe handling and now when there appears to be an opportunity to get them under control again, we have forgotten how the trick was done.

At least until such time as we grow accustomed to handling our own emotions once more, let us think about three words; three words that are going to be written large in the future scheme of things—Work, Tolerance and Faith.

Let us work harder. Nothing great has ever been accomplished without work. The easy paths always lead downwards.

Let us be more tolerant—of other people, of other methods, of other nations, of other religions. The mind does not stand still. It must grow, either narrower or broader, and a narrow, ingrowing mind is about as unfortunate for the man himself as it is for those with whom he comes in contact.

And above all, let us have more faith. More faith in ourselves in these United States of ours, in our business, in the decency and common sense of our fellow men." —Public Service Monthly.



A PAGE TO WIT

“OUR MAG”—By the Office Boy



GEE Wiz fellers, didja think you was out of luck again cause you didn't get your December Mag. nor your January Mag. nor your Christmas and Happy New Year number of Our Mag. huh! didja? Well here we are just like a couple of twin cooties on the same shirt. And we hope that this double-header number will prove as interesting as the afore mentioned cooties. Well fellers them thair guys what didn't get the “year book” are sure out of luck alrighty, ‘cause everybody says that the book is great and many an Old Buddy what got Christmas cards from some old Pal got the cards due to the fact that he found his old buddies address in the Co. Roster in the “year book,” you gotta hand it to us for forethought when it comes to such things. Our only regret was that we couldn't see money enough to pay for the expense required to get out a complete roster with every buddies name and address, but it is like half a loaf and better than none at all eh? what? And if you fellers will just stick and boost the old Vets association all you can and get everybuddy to join whats eligible, we can put out a history and Roster that will make all the Carnegie Libraries holler for more buildings. Oh! yes! we got a new boss now, the old boss who was Captain Elton got promoted to Adjutant General of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in New York. And the Executive Council met and elected our old ad man to the job of Resident Secretary, his name don't appear to be so well known as Roosevelt or Pershing or some of those other great names, but it has a flavor of Irish' about it and maybe will get him by with the printing, campaign for new members, Reunion and other problems that seem to be the favorite topics of bosses. They “mugged” him one time at the Pittsburgh Sun cause he had a poem or something in their paper and they wanted to show their readers the kind of nuts that wast good ink writing poems. And I borrowed the cut so's you fellers could recognize the new resident secretary,



HENRY R. CURRY,
Resident Secretary
Formerly Corporal 320th M. G. Co.

and if any of you fellers what was in his squad feel like sending him a bomb, for the love o' Mike do it when I'm not around, time it so it will arrive after office hours cause me and “Shorty” and the Filist and Riley of Co. M, 320, are young and don't want no flowers cause flowers is hard to digest and we don't want to (die-gest) yet. Well I gotta get busy and send out some more “year books” to you fellers what change your address every month. We are all out of the Oct. magazine due to so many of the bunch coming back for seconds. There are only a few copies of the year book left so if you have any buddies what want to get a copy better tell 'em to toot sweet with a dollar for a copy—or if they subscribe to Service for a year we will throw one in free while they last. But when Our Mag. is a little late fellers don't put over such a deadly barrage as we had last year, remember we are not Sears-Roebuck with a few thousand clerks, in fact we are just three of us, and doing the best we can, we may be a little late at making our objective at times, but we always get there. If you fellers will work hard to get some new subscribers to Service and persuade other Buddies to pay their dues as we do to try and serve you, we will all have a glorious, happy and prosperous New Year. “Everybuddy” get a Buddy!”

Faithfully,
THE OFFICE BOY.

VERY LIGHTS

Kerrigan went on a trip to South America, and while there bought a present for O'Brien in the shape of a pretty Spanish parrot, which was shipped to O'Brien. When he got back home he said to O'Brien: “Dinny, did ye get the foin parrot Oi sent ye?”
“Oi did that, Kerrigan, and Oi wants to tell ye that I never put me teeth into a tougher bird in me loife!”

A certain pastor makes it a point to welcome any strangers cordially, and one evening after the completion of the service he hurried down the aisle to station himself at the door.

A Swedish girl was one of the strangers in the congregation. She was employed as

a domestic in one of the fashionable homes, and the minister, noting that she was a stranger, stretched out his hand. He welcomed her to the church and expressed the hope that she would be a regular attendant. Finally he said that if she would be at home some evening during the week he would call.

“T'ank you,” she murmured bashfully, “but Ay have a fella.”

Get an old can;
Then get a little oil.
Take a piece of wire and make a little coil.
Now take a piece of tin,
And a little piece of board—
Put it all together and
You'll have a little Ford.

LIVE TOPICS OF TO-DAY The RATIONAL -by- CASKET Co.



HOBUCKEN
N.C.
EXPLOSION IN
BIG HOT-DOG
FACTORY—
CAUSES FALL
IN THE PRICE
OF WOMEN'S
BATH-ROBES



SUMLEGH
ILL.
SHORTAGE
OFFUEL CAUSES
SUFFERING
AMONG THE
LOWER CLASS,
MEN HIGHER UP
LOOKING FOR
A CHANGE



KOLDAZELL
-ALASKA-
WORKER
UNCOVERS
HISTORIC
BONES



CELLERFILLED
KAN.
THREE X RIVER
OYERFLOWS—
THE SURROUND-
ING TERRITORY
AND THE
INTERIOR
COMPLETELY
-FLOODED-



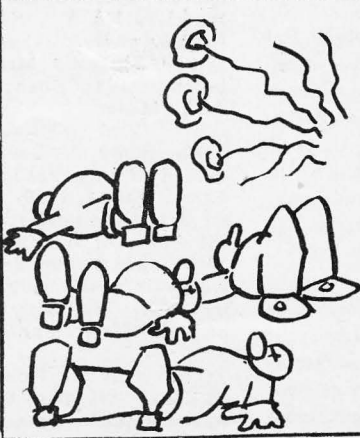
BELLYFULL,
-CHINA-
BUM LUNG-THE
NOTORIOUS CRIM-
INAL - BURNS
NECK OFF —
MAN REFUSES
TO ACCEPT HIS
SHIRT —



OMELETE
-OHIO-
NOTED
BILLIARD
EXPERT
DISPLAYS
GREAT
SKILL



BIFF STEW
- KENTUCKY -
MAGNIFICENT
RESTAURANT OPENS
ITS DOORS TO PUBLIC



BED SLATZ
IND.
GARTER BREAKS
SOCK FALLS
SIX DEAD
OF AYPHYXIATION
— . —
EXTRA

BARNEY G.

Morning Report

ECHOES FROM THE 315TH FIELD ARTILLERY

By Former Regimental Sergeecant-Major Clarence F. Bushman.

Your representative on the Executive Council would like to hear from all members of the regiment in regards to our Veterans' Association and receive suggestions regarding our next annual reunion. He has undertaken to give the old regiment a write-up each month in "Service" and requests your earnest co-operation and assistance. All members of the band are requested to write to him so that plans may be formulated for the band at the reunion in Pittsburgh, Pa., September, 1921. Members of the various quartettes are also requested to write. Just two years ago about this time our regiment was billeted in and around Ravieres, Aisy and Etivey, in the Department of Bourgogne. After our band concert and Retreat the long, dull evenings were made cheerful in cafe and billet by the Battery "A" quartette. Among some of the songs we remember are: "As The Caissons Go Rollin' Along," "Henry Clay," "Spinning Parties," "Then We'll Come Back To You," and many others. The following items will be of interest to all.

William F. Woestehoff, (Corporal) formerly regimental and company clerk, Headquarters Company, has been elected as assistant secretary of The Pittsburgh Trust Co., at Pittsburgh, Pa., to succeed A. P. Martin.

Joseph Crockett, (Bn. Sgt. Maj.) who was transferred to the Officers' Training School at Camp Lee and later to Camp Green, S. C., where he was commissioned a captain, is now practicing law at Welch, West Virginia.

William E. Kirk, (Corporal) formerly regimental mail clerk, is now farming at Hogsett, W. Va. He has just gathered in a thousand bushels of corn from his farm and says that the farm is "The Life."

William C. Alexander, (Corporal) formerly Headquarters Company, is now located at Bluefield, W. Va., where he conducted the leading florist shop. Billy was gassed at the front and sailed home on the U. S. S. Great Northern which sunk just off the coast around New York. He and many others were rescued and says that he had an awful time of it.

E. C. Mullins, (Corporal) Ordnance Detachment who was transferred from the regiment at Redon and Warren B. Lusk, (Corporal) Supply Company, who was transferred to the Fourth Division from Camp Lee, are now seen as brakemen on

passenger runs on the Pocahontas Division, Norfolk and Western Railway.

Ben Angrist, (Pvt. 1st class) formerly Battery "A," is now traveling for the firm of Angrist and Sameth out of Bluefield, West Virginia.

Nicholas Christoulodou, (Color Sergeant) Headquarters Company, is the genial proprietor of the Crystal Cafe at Welch, West Virginia.

David R. Cooke, (Sergeant) formerly



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

George A. Dougherty, formerly Co. E, 320th Infantry, who died in France. Funeral services from his former home, 141 Hazelwood avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Military funeral services for Private Patrick A. Darcy, aged 28, son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Darcy, 320 Hawkins avenue, North Braddock, and who died February 7, 1919, in France after suffering three wounds in action, will be held at 10 o'clock this morning in St. Brendan's Roman Catholic Church, Braddock. Interment will take place in the Braddock Catholic Cemetery.

Private Darcy served as a member of Company C, 319th Infantry. Today's services will be in charge of Post No. 99, American Legion, and George A. Flynn Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

The body of Corp. Howard A. Buente, member of Co. M, 320th Infantry, 80th Division, who lost his life in action in France August 14, 1918, near Arras, reached his former home, 7319 Race street, yesterday. Corp. Buente left Pittsburgh for Camp Lee October 5, 1917. He was a member of Homewood Lodge 635, Free and Accepted Masons, and Homewood Commandery No. 377, Knights of Malta. His Pittsburgh relatives are his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Buente; a brother, J. H. Buente, and a sister, Mrs. A. L. Miller.

The body of Corp. Robert C. Klaus, who died in a base hospital at Ancy-Le-Franc, Feb. 1, 1919, of pneumonia, reached Braddock yesterday. It was taken to the home of his father, Nicholas Klaus, 16 Orchard street, Braddock. The funeral, which is to be private, will be held tomorrow. The body will be interred in St. Joseph's Roman Catholic cemetery.

The body of Robert H. Davidson, a corporal of the 80th Division, who was wounded in the Argonne forest Sept.

(Continued on Page 27)

regimental clerk, has accepted a position as manager of the Commercial Hotel at Bluefield, W. Va. He says that he can always billet any of his old Eightieth Division friends.

James F. Ferrell, (Sergeant) formerly with the Personnel Detachment, Headquarters Company, who was transferred to the camp hospital at Camp de Meucou while the regiment was on the range there, is now practicing law at Williamson, W. Va.

Joseph G. Bowman, (Pvt. 1st class) formerly with Battery F Detail, is now located at Davy, W. Va., and is employed as linesman for the Norfolk and Western Railway.

Your correspondent has seen the following members of the regimental band recently. Clyde Honaker, Charles F. Kirby, John Floresta, Joseph MaCaro and Herbert Mann. They have all expressed their willingness to bring their instruments to the next reunion providing the others will.

Walter W. Thomason, (Sergeant) Battery "B," has been recently promoted to freight conductor on the Pocahontas Division of the Norfolk and Western Railway.

Harlow R. Connell, (1st Lieutenant) Medical Department, is now taking a post-graduate course in medicine at New York City. He is located at Elkhorn, W. Va. "Doc" is the only former officer of our regiment in this section of the state.

Among others located at Welch, W. Va., are Robert Kyle (Sgt.), Battery F, now an accountant; Felix Barley (Sgt.), Battery F, with The First National Bank, and Herman Bruster (1st Sgt.), Battery D, now in the grocery business.

1000 W. Mosher Street,
Baltimore, Md.
December 10, 1920.

Editor—

"Service Magazine,"

80th Division Veterans' Association,
915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dear Sir:

Allow me to extend to you, and to your able associates, my sincere congratulations on the publication of the "Eightieth Division Year Book." It is indeed a volume worthy of bearing the insignia of the Division that always moves forward.

I note that you are preparing a large and complete history of the 80th Division. May I, therefore, in the interest of historical accuracy, be permitted to offer the following constructive criticism?

On page 137 of the "Year Book" the

Morning Report—Continued

text of the "Report on Operations" contains a serious error of omission which I, in the absence of my Battalion Commander, endeavored to have corrected when the report was first published in France. I enclose herewith a copy of the letter which I wrote at that time.

On page 119 of the "Year Book" the above mentioned error is reflected and is added to by the editor's assumption that the "elements of two companies," referred to under "10 October" in the "Report on Operation" as having "filtered through the woods south of CUNEL," were composed entirely of men from the 319th Infantry. Three platoons of Company "A," 320th Infantry, together with certain troops of the 319th Infantry (I understand about one company) composed the "elements" referred to.

For a very accurate and detailed account of the part played by the assaulting units of the 320th Infantry in our "Second Drive" I refer you to "Experiences of the Great War," by Lieut. Col. Ashby Williams who commanded the front line battalion during that operation.

Extending to you the Greetings of the Season, and wishing "Service" every success for the coming year, I am

Very truly yours,

CHARLES R. PRESTON.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BATTALION,
320TH INFANTRY
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY
FORCES

MOLESME, France, March 7, 1919.

FROM: Battalion Intelligence Officer,
1st Bn., 320th Infantry.

TO: Commanding General, 80th Division.
(Through Military Channels.)

SUBJECT: "Report on Operations, Sept.
9-Nov. 11, 1918," Hdq. 80th
Div.

1. It is desired to bring to the attention of the Division Commander an apparent unintentional omission on pages 13 and 14 of the "Report on Operations" of the 80th Division, which makes no mention of the 320th Infantry in the action of October 9, 1918.

2. During the night of 7/8 October the 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry, moved up from the support position in trenches des ARTISANS and took over from the 319th Infantry the front line in the BOIS des OGONS of the right half of the division sector, extending from the road running approximately north and south through the BOIS des OGONS to the eastern boundary of the division sector, and established liaison with the 4th Division on our right and the 319th Infantry on our left.

3. At 3:30 P. M., Oct. 9, 1918, after a brief artillery preparation the 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry, formed in rear of the bar-

rage and advanced out of the BOIS des OGONS, co-operating with the 319th Infantry on the left. The advance of the right of the 320th Infantry was for a time held up by machine gun fire coming from the edge of the BOIS des FAYS, but when darkness fell our front line had reached a position with our left resting on the LA VILLE aux BOIS FME. and our right extending about 400 meters into the BOIS de FAYS. The 3rd Battalion, 320th Infantry, moved up in support just south and east of the BOIS des OGONS. During the night of Oct. 9/10, 1918, that portion of the BOIS de FAYS lying within our sector was mopped up, and at 3:00 A. M. on October 10, our front line advanced through the BOIS de MALAUMONT and occupied a position along the CUNEL-BRIEULLES road from G 0548 to about G 1149.

CHARLES R. PRESTON,

1st Lieut., 320th Infantry.

General Brett, president of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, who was recently retired from the U. S. Army, has authorized us to announce that he will devote as much time as possible to the activities and social affairs of his men, and will make every effort to be present at recruiting rallies, company and battalion reunions and banquets, at which his presence may be desired. The fondest hope of our president is that our organization shall live and prosper in increased membership. To that end let us all again follow this peerless leader whom we all love and cherish.

La Societe de Stigny, composed of Richmond members of the 2nd Battalion, 318th Infantry, held its regular quarterly meeting and dinner at Maxime's, Nov. 29th. All the old regulars of the Society were lined up at mess. After the dinner the meeting adjourned to Keith's Vaudeville Theater.

VICTORY MEDALS

The War Department has just issued a new ruling which affects the majority of men of the 80th Division. Heretofore credit for offensive sector clasps have only been given to men who served with the 320th Infantry, 315th Machine Gun Battalion and 305th Engineers for the St. Mehiel offensive. By the new ruling, every man who served as a member of the 80th, on the St. Mehiel sector, is entitled to an offensive sector clasp for this engagement. This gives the members of the 80th who served in Artois, St. Mehiel and Meuse-Argonne, three clasps, two offensive and one defensive. Any man who has already received his Victory Medal and who is entitled to and has not received an offensive sector clasp for St. Mehiel, can secure same by returning his Victory Medal to his nearest recruiting station, where they will exchange

it for one in conformity with the new ruling. This will be welcome news to many members of our division who fought in the great bloodless battle of the packs—one of the hardest experiences of the entire war.

HOW TO KILL AN ASSOCIATION

1. Don't come to headquarters—nor to any affairs they hold for you.

2. If you do come, come late and act grouchy.

3. If the weather doesn't suit you, blame it on the staff at headquarters.

4. Expect it to run as smoothly with three or four people doing the work as a division did with 30,000.

5. Never accept office or commission of any kind, as it is easier to criticize than to do things.

6. Nevertheless, get sore if you are not appointed on a committee, but if you are, do not attend the committee meetings.

7. If asked by the chairman to give your opinion regarding some important matter, tell him you have nothing to say. After the meeting tell everyone how things ought to be done.

8. Do nothing more than is absolutely necessary, but when other members roll up their sleeves and willingly, unselfishly, use their ability to help matters along, howl that the association is run by a clique.

9. Hold back your dues as long as possible, or don't pay at all.

10. Don't bother about getting new members. "Let George do it!"

11. Don't subscribe to the magazine, as that would keep the association alive and assist in getting advertisers.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Dr. Frank O. Hood, Capt. D. C. U. S. A. R., 5119 Jenkins Arcade Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., has recently been appointed special doctor of dentistry to Class "C" Veterans of Pittsburgh district. Any man of the above class who requires dental attention should report to Dr. Hood at once for treatment. Service is free to men of Class "C."

We are in receipt of Company F, 319th Infantry history and will review this excellent edition in a later issue. We are advised that all members who have not received copies can secure same by addressing their orders to C. R. Herr, Flemington, N. J., or to Darrall Crossland, 223 E. Main St., Uniontown, Pa.

Major Robert J. Halpin is now with the Infantry School at Camp Benning, Columbus, Ga.

The second annual banquet of the 319th Infantry Machine Gun Company took place at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa..

Morning Report—Continued

Saturday night, January 1st, 1921. Notice was received too late for publication in Year Book and November Magazine.

Wanted information regarding Corporal John J. McKee, Co. A, 320th Infantry, killed October 10, 1918. Information to

FRANK P. DINGES,
7051 Bennett Street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"SERVICE,"
915 Bessemer Bldg.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.:

Gentlemen:—

Hear my howl! I have not received my "Service" Magazine for November and I am lost without it. I only wish it were issued every week.

Also, I have not received my 80th Division Year Book. Where, oh, where are they? It is a good thing I don't live in Pittsburgh, I would haunt those diggin's.

But some of these cold days I expect to take a day off and come to Pittsburgh and I will drop in.

In the meantime, please hurry my "Service" for November and December and my Year Book.

Yours for a better Bonus,
H. A. C.

Reading, Pa., Dec. 10th, 1920.

To the Editor,
"SERVICE,"

80th Div. Vets. Association:—

Dear Sir:—

In the Year Book just issued by the 80th Division Veterans Association, and under the heading: "A Brief History of the 80th Division," you mention that the 305th Field Signal Battalion was composed of men selected from the draft area.

In reply wish to state that the 305th Field Signal Battalion was being organized in Philadelphia quite some time before the first draft took effect. I myself enlisted in this outfit June 26th, 1917, and at that time the Battalion needed about seventy-five more men to bring it up to its full strength.

What we enlisted in was really the 3rd Field Signal Reserve Corps and our orders, which were sent to us told us to be in readiness to report at Little Silver, New Jersey, then a signal corps training camp.

However, I was in the Reserve from the time I enlisted in June until I got orders stating that we had been changed to the 305th Field Signal Reserve Corps and that instead of going to Little Silver, N. J., we were to report to Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., October 12th, 1917.

Each man in the outfit went to camp unattached and we only met each other after arriving at the camp and reporting at Division Headquarters.

Of course, we did not have a full quota of men in Camp Lee and it was necessary

to get men who had some idea of signal work from the Infantry Regiments to fill our Battalion.

I trust that you will take care of this matter and that a change will be made on your next mention of the 305th Field Signal Battalion.

Yours respectfully,
JACK P. SMITH,
Formerly Section Chief, Co. B, 305th F. S. B., later Signal Master 160th Brigade Hdq., 80th Division.

Gentlemen:—

Carl Clark, Pvt. Co. I, 29th Inf., home address, Warford, W. Va., R-4-137665, commenced a course in civil engineering at West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va., September 21, 1920, under the direction of this board. On the evening of October 22 he left his rooming place with no apparent preparation or notice of departure and was last seen at 11 o'clock that night by his roommate to whom he stated he would return home in about an hour.

The University has communicated with all of Mr. Clark's near relatives and friends, but no clue has been discovered as to his whereabouts. His record as a student and his conduct were most satisfactory and no reason can be found for the belief that he was the victim of foul play or accident.

The Federal Board will most heartily appreciate co-operation on the part of the "Service Magazine" in attempting to locate Mr. Clark, or for any additional information which may be available concerning him.

Yours very truly,
R. T. FISHER,
Assistant Director for
Vocational Rehabilitation.

Lester C. Parks, formerly of Headquarters Co., 318th Infantry, was married Dec. 5th, 1920, to Lola E. Thorns. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Langhorn of the M. E. church.

The second annual ball of Allegheny County Central Committee V. F. W. will be held Friday evening, Feb. 4, 1921, at the Wm. Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa. Military guests are requested to wear uniform.

The third reunion and dinner of the New York Association of Officers of the 80th Division, U. S. A., was held November 11th, 1920, at the Hotel Brevoort, New York City, with the following guests of honor and speakers present: Col. Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. A. (retired); Col. C. D. Herron, U. S. A.; Major John Harrison, Capt. William Clark, and Capt. Reuel W. Elton. Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, U. S. A., was scheduled to appear as the principal speaker of the evening, but instead duty called him to Pittsburgh, Pa.,

to attend the Armistice Day celebration in that city. The officers of the association are: President, Major Shelton Pitney, New York; secretary and treasurer, Capt. C. C. Agate, Newark, N. J.; and chairman of Dinner Committee, Capt. A. M. La Porte, New York.

The second annual reunion and banquet of Co. I, 320th Infantry, will be held Saturday evening, February 5th, 1921, at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa.

As the preliminary announcement goes to press it is a little too early to give all the details, but this much is assured. Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett will be our honored guest, and has promised to do all in his power to promote the happiness of the occasion. He further adds that he is heartily in sympathy with such gatherings and the motives which prompt them that he wishes every unit would keep up its organization and keep strong and enduring the ties formed during the war. We can also count on Lieut. Edw. C. Lukens, whose article on the Argonne Cemetery and France as he found it last summer, appeared in last month's "Service" Year Book. Better be on hand. He might have a message for you from Marie.

And Oh Boy, the menu. It will knock your eye out. Everything but canned tomatoes and rice. Elastic belts will be issued by the supply sergeant. The Fort Pitt Hotel will furnish the entrenching tools so come prepared to dig into a big feed. Mark up the date in Red Ink and let nothing stand in your way from being on hand to greet your old buddy and from swapping a few stories of Over There.

The following committee is working up a program full of entertainment, so that a wonderful evening is guaranteed.

General chairman, Sabin Bolton; George Smith, Chick Dinan, Jack Sugden, Jack Rhea, Clyde Beistel, I. K. Feather, Arlie Gortz, Eugene J. Baur, Leslie W. Herdt, Howard Gaiser, Walter I. Barnhart, Herbert Steinhauser, Paul V. Speer, Edw. C. Lukens.

Watch the daily papers for later developments.

The first reunion and banquet of 2nd Lieutenants from the officers' training camp at La Valbonne, Ain, France, took place at the Hotel Chatham, Saturday evening, Dec. 4th, 1920. The 80th Division was represented by P. V. Speer, George Wright, W. E. (Red) Colligan, Blair Baylor, Al. Mattern, D. C. Hill, Jack Snyder, W. H. Kiefer, R. E. Daume, J. H. McKee, T. H. Edelblute, George W. Crawford, John Miller.

After a most pleasant evening of

(Continued on Next Page)

American Legion Notes

Indianapolis, Ind.—Encouraged by the fact that twelve states are paying bonuses to the veterans of the World War members of the American Legion and other ex-service men are preparing to make new efforts for beneficial legislation before several state legislatures.

Iowa Legionnaires are pushing a bill to award veterans of that state \$15 a month for each month of service and in Connecticut the former service men are fighting for a flat-rate bonus of \$100. In Michigan, the Legion members are in favor of a bill, giving \$15 for each month of service, with a maximum of \$250.

State legislatures of California, Oklahoma, Maryland and Missouri also are expected to consider compensation bills, and further efforts for a bonus may also be made in Alabama, Delaware and Tennessee, where previous bills failed of enactment.

Tucumcari, N. M.—Protest at the pardoning by the Governor of New Mexico of sixteen Villista bandits, who have been serving penitentiary sentences in connection with the raid on Columbus, N. M., by the bandit chieftain, was expressed in a recent resolution of the Quay County Post of the American Legion here.

"We regret that the Governor has taken this action in regard to these self-confessed murderers who are guilty of attacking and burning a defenseless town in our own state," the resolution states, "and of killing American soldiers and civilians, both men and women."

"We indignantly protest against the action of the Governor and request that these pardons be not effective."

Indianapolis, Ind.—Thousands of members of the American Legion are assisting the police in combatting the crime wave which has engulfed the larger cities all over the country, according to reports received at Legion National Headquarters here.

In New York, where the orgy of murder is at its worst, Legion State Headquarters promptly offered to put 5,000 veterans on the streets to aid the police. A number of Legion members have aided in eliminating hold-ups in the shopping district by serving as guards in large retail stores and wholesale houses.

Five hundred Legionnaires in St. Louis are assisting the police in patrolling the city and rounding up suspicious characters. St. Paul Legion members have proposed the formation of a network of Legion patrols, each to be communicable with others.

The Legion's activity does not imply an imputation that the police are deficient, Legion leaders have pointed out. Legion members realize that an abnormal situation exists and, in conformity with the Ameri-

can Legion constitution, are preparing to fight for law and order in every city and town where the criminal element has defied the authorities.

New York—Closer relations between the American Legion and Organized Labor are promised as a result of letters exchanged between F. W. Galbraith, Jr., National Commander of the Legion, and Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor.

Mr. Galbraith's letter defined the purpose of the Legion and emphasized its neutrality in politics as a body while in no way infringing on the personal freedom of its members. In reply, Mr. Gompers explained the effort of the A. F. of L. to make life brighter for its members and to encourage them to "perform the obligations they owe to our country and fellowmen."

Mr. Gompers said that he had aided

members of trade unions to understand the Legion's purposes and that, on several occasions, resolutions presented in labor meetings had been tabled or defeated because of information he had provided in relation to the work of the Legion. The National Commander replied to this letter by saying that there was nothing in the declaration of the A. F. L. to which the Legion could object and that the Legion subscribes to every word of its sentiment.

Following the action of the United Service Post of the American Legion in Bronx County, N. Y., which sent representatives to Washington to fight the passage of the proposed "blue laws" by Congress, other posts in all five boroughs of New York have put themselves on record against the proposed legislation. In New Jersey, Hubert Rocke Post, of Teaneck, expressed a similar sentiment.

Morning Report—Continued

(Continued from Preceding Page)
reminiscences a permanent organization was formed with W. E. Colligan elected president and Lieut. Herb Cotton, secretary.

INFORMATION WANTED

Concerning Franklin E. Mitchell, Co. C, 319th Infantry, reported as wounded October 11, 1918, died from wounds October 11, 1918, later reported as returned to U. S. with casuals, May 14, 1919. Any person able to give his family any definite information as to whether he is living or dead, where he is buried if dead, or his whereabouts if living, will confer a great favor upon his relatives. Please write to his sister

MRS. LILLIAN DANFORTH,
R. F. D. No. 3,
Cambridge Springs, Pa.

Wanted—Address of Edward Rhoades of Virginia. Information to 80th Division Headquarters, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wanted—Addresses of the relatives of Wm. S. Welsher (deceased), formerly of Co. I, 320th Infantry, and Allen J. Wampler, formerly 320th Infantry, who formerly resided at McKeesport, Pa. Information to E. C. Lukens, Haverford, Pa.

Information concerning Private Clarence D. Kendrick, gassed with Battery B, 26th Division, later assigned to Co. D, 319th Infantry, from Base Hospital No. 15. Wrote home February 8 and 9th stating he was awaiting transportation back to base hospital and then was to go home.

Telegram received March 9th announcing his death on February 19, 1919, at Field Hospital No. 317. Report received later that his body was transferred from cemetery at Ancy Le Franc to some larger one. Any information whatever concerning him will be thankfully received by his sorrowing relatives. Please write to his sister,

MISS ALICE L. KENDRICK,
146 Main Street,
Worcester, Mass.

Name—Francis Noel Murphy, (also known as Francis Noel Carro). Enlisted June 29, 1904, at Schenectady, N. Y. Age at enlistment 21½. Discharged July 11, 1910. Served with the 15th Regiment Cavalry, Troop K, Sergeant January 7, 1906. Height, 5 feet 6 inches. Hair, dark brown. Disappeared, January 26, 1917.

Please forward any information regarding this man to Post No. 412, V. F. W., 548 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CORRECTIONS FOR YEARBOOK ROSTER

Starr, Roscoe, Corp., Willis, W. Va., from Co. F, 305 Ammunition Train, to Headquarters Detachment, 80th Division.

Barton, Thomas C., from corporal to captain, Co. M, 317th Infantry, address as listed.

Callahan, John L., 319 F. H., 305 Sanitary Train, 5120 Second Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Change Private Robert D. Newman, Headquarters Co., 319th Infantry, to read Corporal Robert D. Newman.



SALVAGE

EIGHTIETH DIVISION YEAR BOOK IS OUT

Valuable Data Concerning Famed Organization

Martinsburg members of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association received by mail from the association's headquarters at Pittsburgh their copies of the Eightieth Division Year Book. The year book combines the special volume with the November issue of "Service," the association's magazine.

The book is especially valuable to veterans of the Eightieth Division, of which the 313th Field Artillery was a unit, since it gives the names and latest addresses of all members of the famous "Blue Ridge" organization who enrolled as members of the association.

The year book gives a fairly complete account of the activities of the 155th Field Artillery Brigade, of which the 314th and 313th Field Artillery regiments were units, while the brigade was working with its own division, and in a brief paragraph pays a splendid tribute to the fighting of the artillery brigade while it was covering the operations of other divisions.

Final figures on army casualties in the World war are contained in the annual report of Surgeon General Ireland, showing 34,249 killed and 224,089 wounded.

The proportion of killed to wounded is about the same as in the Civil war, although mortality from gunshot wounds in the World war was only 8.26 per cent as compared with 13.6 per cent in the Civil war. The report said this indicated that improved surgical and sanitary methods in the recent war has saved the lives of 35.4 per cent of all American soldiers wounded.

Of every 1,000 men sent to France, 110 were admitted to hospitals as the result of battle casualties, the report says, and nearly seven men out of every 1,000 died as the result of wounds. Infantry losses were heaviest, 215.6 out of every 1,000 men of that arm being wounded and 12.77 killed. The signal corps was next with 52.22 wounded and 3.13 killed per 1,000.

Deaths from wounds totaled 13,691, or slightly more than 6 per cent, while 158,585 of the wounded, or 70.7 per cent were returned to duty, the remainder being invalided home for treatment or discharge. Shell wounds were by far the most deadly, the report said, adding that no American soldier lost both arms and both legs in the World war or both legs or both arms and one other extremity. Eleven lost both legs at the thigh; one, both legs at the knee; nine, both legs below the knee; one, both feet; three, one arm above the elbow, with one leg at the thigh.

More than 4,400 soldiers lost a part of one or more extremities, 66 lost the sight of both eyes, 44 lost the partial sight of

both eyes and 644 lost one eye or the sight of one eye.

The following declaration of principles is from a recent issue of the U. S. Infantry Journal.

WHERE WE STAND!

Universal Military Training—First, last and Always!

D—day has arrived and H—hour is at hand. It is time for plain talk. The objective is in plain sight. We have got to take it or back down.

By this token, the Infantry Journal goes over the top for a decision.

We don't propose to argue. Universal Military Training is a clean-cut issue of fact.

War is not a matter of choice—as we know from our own experience.

When the bell rings, we must either fight or not.

If we don't fight, we pay.

If we do fight, we have got to win—or pay.

To win, we must be prepared to fight as soldiers—not as a mob.

This means training. Untrained men are nothing but food for slaughter.

Why fight at all?

Do our liberties mean anything to us?

Are we going to fight for them, buy them, or let them pass?

The principle of Universal Military Training is a plain matter of mutual obligation. In emergency, the country has the right to demand military service of every able-bodied man. Conversely, every able-bodied man has the right to demand military training by the country.

We don't get something for nothing in this world.

National protection is a two-edged principle that cuts both ways. It's a simple matter of *quid pro quo*. If the Country has a call on the citizen to protect it, the citizen has an equal call on the Country to protect him. Military training is the best protection the Country can give him.

It takes time and money for this training. War takes both. War costs lives. Military training saves lives.

Which do we prefer?

What is the objection to military training?

Do we not believe in making our young men physically strong? Do we not advocate gymnasiums, physical culture and prophylactic medicine?

Do we not desire our young men to be mentally and morally clean? Do we not advocate religious and educational training?

Are we afraid to have them rub shoulders with each other in disciplined, democratic teamwork?

Do we not want a strong, upstanding, clean and orderly citizenry? All of this is what universal military training means.

Actually what would it cost?

Six months of each young man's time—no handicap since the obligation is universal.

It would be an inconvenience at most.

It is an inconvenience to pay taxes but the Country must be supported.

It is an inconvenience to have to fight for the Country but it must be protected.

We don't want war. We want to keep out of war if it is humanly and honorably possible to do so.

Unpreparedness has never yet kept us out of war. Preparedness may do so.

Until someone produces a guarantee against war, we are for the next best thing—Preparedness, spelled with three words, Universal Military Training.

We are convinced that the majority of thinking American citizens believe with us.

We propose to convince the rest of them.

During the war, the great mass of people were continuously purchasing Government Securities. They did not confine their purchases to the Liberty Loans, but purchased thrift stamps as well as \$5.00 Treasury Stamps.

This form of saving has almost disappeared, except through the schools; yet the incentive is now even greater for the purpose of thrift than during the war when all classes of industry were at their height. It seems to me that at this time people should be induced to save, and especially to purchase small Government Securities.

The Treasury Department is now offering \$1.00 Treasury Stamps and \$25.00 Saving Certificates. The \$25.00 certificates are similar in design and terms to the \$1,000 and \$100 Treasury Certificates which will also be offered, all of which mature January 1st, 1926.

As the security market becomes more settled Treasury Savings Securities bearing interest at 4 per cent compounded quarterly, exempt from state and local taxes and from normal federal income tax and redeemable substantially on demand, should prove increasingly attractive.

These Treasury Certificates will be on sale at the banks after January 1st.

Three hundred volumes covering the field of American activities in the World War have been received through the medium of the American Legion Weekly as a start of a complete Legion war library, which will be established in a room at National Headquarters. The collection of books includes volumes dealing with the history of units from companies to divisions. It contains the products of hand presses in French and German print shops as well as more ambitious output of leading New York publishers.

LIFE MEMBERS

80th Division Veterans
Association

- 1 Barrett, Byron B.
- 2 Beale, Guy O.
- 3 Dunmore, Morris C.
- 4 Elton, Reuel W.
- 5 Freeman, Geo. D., Jr.
- 6 Garretson, Leland B.
- 7 Hawes, George P., Jr.
- 8 Hurley, Patrick J.
- 9 Inhman, John H.
- 10 Jones, Percy A.
- 11 Kaulback, Arthur W.
- 12 Kean, John
- 13 Schoble, Frank
- 14 Marcus, Chapin
- 15 Miller, Elmer J.
- 16 Winfield, Harley F.
- 17 Wise, Jennings C.
- 18 Williams, Lester J.
- 19 Zachert, Reinhold E.
- 20 Little, Ed. H.
- 21 Burdick, Henry H.
- 22 Moran, D. P.
- 23 Towers, J. K.
- 24 Cox, Robert H.
- 25 Adams, Stuart C.
- 26 Dugro, Chas. H.
- 27 Erff, George
- 28 Negus, H. V. S.
- 29 Barry, David A.
- 30 Rising, Herbert
- 31 Ackerman, David G.
- 32 Agate, C. C.
- 33 Ober, J. H.
- 34 Hoxsey, T. F.
- 35 Smith, Warren R.
- 36 Sands, J. W.
- 37 Jones, Chas. M.
- 38 Steele, Wesley C.
- 39 Howell, John B.
- 40 Wright, F. W.
- 41 Symington, W. C.
- 42 Cella, Rob. H.
- 43 Stafford, Jas. W.
- 44 Rhoads, Wm. H.
- 45 Munsick, Donald B.
- 46 Knowlton, Phillip B.
- 47 Ritchie, F. S.
- 48 Auger, C. L., Jr.
- 49 Paret, Robert B.
- 50 Harrison, Maj. J. D.
- 51 Kinney, Warren
- 52 Mackie, W. H. C.
- 53 Fullerton, Donald B.
- 54 Winters, A., Jr.
- 55 Cortes, George C.
- 56 Baldwin, R. A.
- 57 Burwell, Lester T.
- 58 Thorne, H. B., Jr.
- 59 Ellison, J. S., Jr.
- 60 Herron, C. T.
- 61 Pitney, Shelton
- 62 Armstrong, Walter T.
- 63 Fortescue, Granville
- 64 Hogan, R. C.
- 65 Ritchie, John
- 66 Ferguson, J. W., Jr.
- 67 Jones, DeWitt C.
- 68 Hopkins, S. V.
- 69 Mathai, Jos.
- 70 Kenney, C. S.
- 71 Timmins, P. M.
- 72 Wilbert, Howard G.
- 73 Fleming, Samuel J.
- 74 Heiner, John P.
- 75 Curry, Henry R.

WHO'S NEXT?

On a Tour of Inspection With Gen. Brett

(Continued from Page 10)

ple of this country will not be satisfied until such tablets as this find places in every community in the land and until monuments shall be erected 'over there' commemorating the heroic work of the American armies. To you who remain I would say that while we are basking in the sunshine of peace we must not lose the iron from our blood, or the fighting fibre from our hearts.' At the conclusion General Brett was greeted with a wave after wave of applause, not the kind that greets the ordinary public speaker, but an ovation from the hearts of people whose emotions had been touched by the spark of devotion and patriotism.

JUDGE S. P. EMERY SPEAKS

"Judge S. Plummer Emery of New Castle was then introduced and in a short address expressed his deep appreciation of being present, and eulogized the memory of the men who had sacrificed their all.

"Chairman Martin then called the Gold Star mothers who were to unveil the tablet.

"Words would hardly be appropriate to picture the wave of emotion that must have surged through the hearts of these mothers as they released the flags covering the tablet. For them it was reminiscent of the boys they had given in the Great Cause, for them it marked the last mark of homage paid to their heroic dead. It was originally intended that the eight Gold Star mothers of Ellwood were to officiate but only three were present. These three were Mrs. Lloyd S. Randolph, mother of J. Wilbur Randolph, in whose honor the Ellwood post of the American Legion was named; Mrs. Ferdinand Buquo and Mrs. Samuel D. Boggs.

TABLET A WORK OF ART

"The tablet itself is a masterpiece of the bronze worker's art. It is 6x9 feet, weighing about 1,000 pounds. On it are inscribed the names of 712 Ellwood City boys with a star denoting those who died. On each of the four corners is a bas relief work showing the different branches of service. Down the sides are Liberty torches, while around the tablet is a scroll effect. On the top of the tablet are the following words: 'To honor those who went from Ellwood City in answer to our Country's Call and who served in the World War.' The stone on which it is mounted is taken from property owned by the heirs of George Washington. The stone was presented by David J. Jones of Ellwood City."

My next visit will no doubt be to attend the banquet and second annual reunion of Co. I, 320th Infantry, to be held in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 5th, 1921, at the Fort Pitt Hotel.

I want to urge upon every man of our old Division the importance of keeping alive the spirit of our days together in

the great adventure. The day is surely coming for each of us when we will know the keenest hunger for liaison with old buddies of our warrior days, and it behooves us to stick together, forget our unit rivalries and work with but one thought in mind, to achieve a one hundred per cent. membership of every soul who, at any time, was connected with our Division, and to move steadily "forward," and keep, what we already have, "The best Divisional Society that has come out of the A. E. F."

To this end let me urge you to dedicate your activities, that we may keep forever green the greatest moments of our entire lives, and permit me to wish you all a most happy and prosperous New Year.

TAPS

(Continued from Page 22)

Steel Co. Besides his parents, he leaves four sisters, Mrs. W. Worten, Mrs. A. Gross and Carolina and Jennie Davidson, and four brothers, James, Albert, William and Elmer Davidson, all of Pittsburgh. He will be given a military funeral Sunday afternoon by McNulty and Gene Magee posts, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

The body of Patrick J. Flanagan, aged 28, who died in Ancy-le-Franc, Feb. 22, 1919, has just arrived at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Alice Alter, 134 South Twenty-first street. Private Flanagan was a wagoner in Company B, 305th ammunition train. He was a member of Holy Cross Catholic Church. He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Edward Dugan, and three brothers, H. J., Christopher and John Flanagan. Lincoln Post, American Legion, will have charge of the funeral services. Burial will be made in St. George's Cemetery.

Frederick C. Quessinberry, formerly Corporal M. G. Co., 317th Inf., of Willis, W. Va., was killed, being hit by a truck near Welch, W. Va., on Nov. 25, 1920.

George A. Dougherty, formerly Co. E, 320th Inf., who died in France, has just been returned to the United States. Funeral from former home, 141 Hazelwood Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

William Harold McWilliams, Corporal Co. C, 305th Signal Bn., at Driftwood, Pa., Dec. 9, 1920. While out with a hunting club, he was accidentally shot, only living one hour after the accident. He was buried from his home on Sunday, Dec. 11, 1920. He served with the 80th Div. for 22 months.

Reuben Rehng of Marianna, Pa., a former member of the Co. E, 320th Inf., was killed in the mine at the above place by a piece of falling slate. He was killed on the 15th of December and buried on Sunday, Dec. 19, with full military honors. 28, 1918, and died in the Pontigny hospital, Oct. 29, in France, arrived yesterday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Davidson, 3608 Fleetwood street. Before entering the service Davidson was employed by the Carnegie

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"Pittsburgh Post;" "Packed House
Saw This Splendid Record," "Pitts-
burgh Gazette-Times;" "Thrilled a
Capacity House," "The Pittsburgh
Leader;" Shows Actual Conditions
Over There," "Johnstown Demo-
crat."

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EXHIBIT B

FINANCIAL STATEMENT 80th DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

October 15th, 1920

ASSETS

Cash Bank Balance, Pittsburgh Trust Co.	
80th Div. Vet. Assoc. (Regular Account)	\$5,756.98
80th Div. Vet. Assoc. (Relief Fund)	1,392.15
	<hr/>
	\$7,149.13
Furniture and Fixtures \$2,197.29	
J. W. Black (Loan).....	46.83
	<hr/>
	\$9,393.25
Net Operations June 1, 1919 to Oct. 15, 1920.....	\$9,393.25

(See Exhibit C.)

EXHIBIT C

80th DIVISION VETERANS OPERATING STATEMENT

From June 1, 1919 to October 15, 1920

REVENUE	
Membership Dues	\$30,418.70
MAGAZINES	
Photographer Orders.....	\$ 1,075.62
Service Supply Dept..	1,974.74
Magazine Subscription	10,665.47
Magazine Advertising.	1,724.35
	<hr/>
	\$15,440.18

LESS: CHARGES	
Magazine Cost.....	\$11,954.03
Photographer Orders.	937.83
Service Supply Dept...	2,018.80
Magazine Subscriptions	122.60
Magazine Contributions	31.00
Magazine Salaries.....	7,293.03
	<hr/>
	\$22,357.29

Magazine Loss	\$ 6,917.11
Year Book Expense...	\$19,326.36
Year Book Income....	16,962.50
	<hr/>
	\$ 2,363.86

Penna. Aux. No. 1 80th Div.	\$ 3,478.49
Less Exp. (Sched. 3).	3,081.68
	<hr/>
	396.81
	<hr/>
	\$ 9,280.97

\$30,815.51

OTHER INCOME	
Office Rent	\$ 4.00
Office Expenses.....	40.72
Army Phys. Training.	43.50
Interest	724.17
Miscellaneous	4.87
	<hr/>
	\$ 817.26

80th Div. Vet. Assoc. Relief Fund	\$ 1,392.15
Reunion Expense	25.00
	<hr/>
	Excess of Revenue of Expenses \$ 9,393.25

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OTHER EXPENSES

Office Salaries.....	\$ 5,708.32	
" Expense	2,711.58	
" Rent	1,719.79	
" Supplies	772.98	
	<hr/>	
	\$10,912.67	
Traveling Expense...	\$ 283.55	
Council Meeting	449.77	
Army Phys. Training.	48.16	
Reunion Expense....	2,678.55	
Miscellaneous	3.00	
	<hr/>	
	\$ 3,463.03	
		33,049.92
		<hr/>
		23,656.67

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Among Remembered Haunts

(Continued from Page 9)

and at "high port." A little distance beyond there are observed the high board barriers which had to be scaled in record time, with bayonets ever ready (and where, too often, O. D. breeches met with premature ruin!). Here, we happen upon the spot where we were initiated in the mysteries of the O. F. grenade and the proper way to hurl them; to the right, we perceive the burrowed, torn ground where once we learned the most approved manner of seeking shelter in a manufactured shell-hole.

Continuing our progress, we chance upon an isolated building which is instantly recalled as the Gas House, where we were introduced to the fabled horrors of tear gas and other poisonous vapors, through which each and all had to pass satisfactorily ere they were deemed fit to embark upon the "Great Adventure." Here and there, on every side, are seen rows of ludicrous, tattered figures, suspended in mid-air, approached over shallow trenches and low-hung wire. They are the "bayonet runs," and the ragged, grinning dummies of "Heinie" still sway gently in the afternoon breeze, the same, much-abused objects of our instilled wrath and more vengeful bayonets, now punctured, in many instances, almost beyond recognition.

All—trenches, barriers, barbed-wire entanglements, dug-outs, shell-holes and dummies—all are found practically as we last saw them, only the broken wire and caved-in, crumbling trenches now seem pitifully inadequate when we attempt to reconcile them with the real thing, while the shallow shell-holes which were occupied "by the numbers" are hard to harmonize with those subsequently tenanted with numbers and without count.

The galaxy of mementoes unconsciously aroused a feeling closely akin to sadness as we hastened our footsteps back toward the high ground dominated by Camp Headquarters, back to that little section of the cantonment which yet lives and is "carrying on." Rounding the corner of a silent, insignificant building which once housed the Camp Lee "Bayonet," a sunken and unused tennis court whispers eloquently of a life that had its moments of play.

Our objective lies immediately ahead, however, and soon we were overlooking that great expanse of packed, trodden soil which stretches away in the distance to connect with the maneuvering-ground of the 155th Field Artillery Brigade and which once denoted the drill-fields of the 317th and 318th Infantry regiments. Only today, the panorama unfolded before us bears but scant resemblance to the picture carried away a-day in May, to be remembered and anticipated until our return. Unbelievable as the transformation may appear to those who choked and struggled with its pene-

(Continued on Next Page)

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Among Remembered Haunts

(Continued from Preceding Page)

trating wintry sands and snow, who scorched and cursed under its hot sun and winds, the whole area is now—or was—covered with a sea of autumn-colored grass, waving and ankle-high. Half expectantly, we gazed out over the transfigured acres in search of a herd of lonely cows! Strive as hard as we might, it was quite impossible to absorb the almost pastoral scene and conjure visions of "company front" and "double time," to the monotonous accompaniment of martial music, as we were wont to do in that half-hour period preceding lunch when the Colonel, and occasionally the C. G., wished to personally verify our progress. Basing our deductions upon the revelation thus unveiled, we could but echo: "Soldierin' sure ain't what it used to be!"

All things, no matter how pleasant, must come to an end, and so with our excursion into the past. Reluctantly, we turned our back upon memory-making scenes and faced toward the trolley which was to carry us into the living present. Not without a final reminder of other days, however, were we to be allowed to depart. Traversing the wide, open area which marks the lower extremity of the infantry domain, a forgotten, yet familiar sight, projects itself directly in our path. It is the old band-stand of the 317th Regiment where once, on holidays and Sunday afternoons, olive-drab musicians had been accustomed to dispense airs both solemn and gay. Earlier we had searched for the rendezvous of the 318th Infantry band, to find the structure which had been reared with so much labor and patience now razed and its location unmarked from the remainder of the fire-break.

Emerging upon the cement road hard by a regimental "Y. M. C. A.," we plan to enter and linger while awaiting the Petersburg car. Expectations fail to materialize for, facing the lower edge of the roof, a large sign proclaims: "Vocational School of Languages—French and Spanish Classes." *Oui, oui, nous comprenez!*

Pacing back and forth to while away the moments, the solitude is abruptly, rudely broken by a shrill, hideous sound of which there is no other quite like. Yet, somehow, the noise is strangely reminiscent—it is the siren of a fire truck! Simultaneously with remembrance, the great red engine goes roaring by, forever shrieking its warning message and demanding gangway.

But now it is succeeded by a lesser, even more familiar whistle—that of the trolley. As we clamber up the steps, the conductor, in the same, expressionless voice of old, yells: "'Board!" and we're off. Not, however, before the clear, vibrant notes of a bugle are heard sounding that most beloved of calls: "Retreat." Ah, yes, the army is still "carrying-on" but, we know and those who come after us will know that, for all

the vestments of the past which linger and maintain, 'tis not the same old army that we knew, that we derided and ridiculed—and sometimes cursed—but for all, will never cease to cherish its traditions and its teachings through the days and years which are vouchsafed us and ours.

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Pictures of the Eightieth

THIS is a list of pictures taken at Camp Lee before the Division sailed for France. They are eight inches wide and average thirty-six inches in length and are suitable for framing. The price of each is \$1.00. Order by serial number.

317th Infantry

SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION
117	Colonel George H. Jamerson.
130	Colonel Charles Keller.
4038	Entire Regiment.
4180	Commissioned Officers.
4133	Officers 3rd Battalion.
4037	Headquarters Company.
4053	Machine Gun Company.
4054	Supply Company.
4056	Band.
4044	Medical Detachment.
4260	Company A.
4050	Company C.
4047	Company D.
4240	Company E.
4048	Company F.
4244	Company G.
4052	Company H.
4049	Company I.
4101	Company K.
4055	Company L.
4051	Company M.

318th Infantry

118	Colonel Briant H. Wells.
119	Colonel U. G. Worriow.
4032	Entire Regiment.
4015	Officers.
4085	Headquarters Company.
4027	Machine Gun Company.
4044	Supply Company.
4127	Supply Co. with Train.
4155	Band.
4012	Company A.
4011	Company B.
4239	Company C.
4225	Company D.
4023	Company E.
4030	Company F.
4017	Company G.
4018	Company H, 1st Plat.
4020	Company H, 2nd Plat.
4021	Company H, 3rd Plat.
4014	Company I.
4010	Company K.
4026	Company M.

319th Infantry

111	Colonel Frank S. Cocheu.
3835	Entire Regiment.
3833	Medical Detachment.
3846	Headquarters Company.
3896	Machine Gun Company.
3860	Supply Company.
3841	Band.
4004	Company A.
3844	Company B.
3847	Company C.
3834	Company D.
4005	Company E.
4106	Company F.
3843	Company G.
3849	Company H.
3842	Company I.
3852	Company K.
4105	Company L.

320th Infantry

SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION
112	Colonel Ora E. Hunt.
114	Colonel E. G. Peyton.
115	Lt. Col. William H. Gordon.
113	Major German H. H. Emory.
3850	Entire Regiment.
4135	Commissioned Officers.
3882	Headquarters Company.
3861	Machine Gun Company.
3898	Supply Company.
v833	Medical Detachment.
4201	Band.
3878	Company A.
4002	Company B.
3894	Company C.
3880	Company D.
3856	Company E.
3892	Company F.
3830	Company G.
3858	Company H.
3886	Company I.
3875	Company K.
4000	Company L.
3884	Company M.

313th Field Artillery

122	Colonel Charles D. Herron.
121	Colonel George P. Hawes.
3867	Entire Regiment.
3871	Commissioned Officers.
3873	Band.
3869	Battery A.
3811	Battery B.
3809	Battery C.
3890	Battery D.
3865	Battery E.
3808	Battery F.

314th Field Artillery

123	Colonel Robert S. Welsh.
3805	Entire Regiment.
3815	Commissioned Officers.
3821	Headquarters Company.
3813	Supply Company.
3822	Band.
3827	Medical Detachment.
3818	Battery B.
3816	Battery C.
3814	Battery D.
3817	Battery E.
3812	Battery F.

315th Field Artillery

124	Colonel Russell P. Reeder.
4169	Entire Regiment.
4059	Commissioned Officers.
4197	Supply Company.
4256	Band.
4215	Medical Detachment.
4193	Battery A.
4167	Battery C.
4137	Battery D.
4195	Battery E.
4185	Battery F.

305th Engineers

SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION
4162	Entire Regiment.

313th Machine Gun Battalion

4178	Entire Battalion.
4173	Battalion Headquarters.
4176	Company A.
4174	Company B.
4175	Company C.

314th Machine Gun Battalion

4158	Entire Battalion.
4170	Commissioned Officers.

315th Machine Gun Battalion

4156	Entire Battalion.
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Headquarters Troop

4153	Entire Troop.
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Field Signal Battalion

4141	Entire Battalion.
4143	Company A.
4147	Company B.
4145	Company C.

305th Ammunition Train

4130	Entire Train.
4132	Commissioned Officers.
4089	Company B.

Sanitary Train

4040	Amb. Cos. 317 318, 319.
4038A	Ambulance Co. 317.
4036	Ambulance Co. 318.
4242	Ambulance Co. 319.
4262	Ambulance Co. 320.

305th Trench Mortar Battery

4160	Entire Battery.
------	-----------------

305th Trains

4187	Co. A Mil. Police.
4257	Co. B Mil. Police, (Dismt.).
4219	Co. B Mil. Police, Mounted.
4241	Co. C Supply Train.
4213	Ord. Rep. Unit 305.

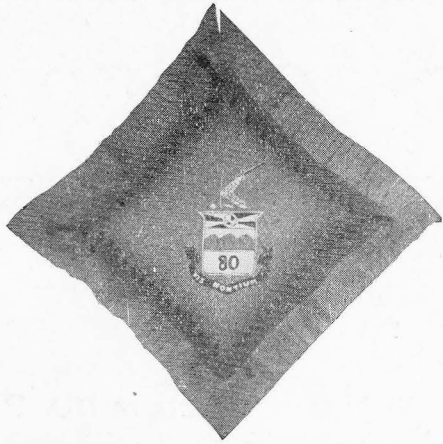
Base Hospital Camp Lee

4123	Commissioned Officers.
4125	Non-commissioned Officers.
4122	Nurses.

Pictures of the Eightieth---Continued

THE following Panoramic Photographs were all taken in France, are about eight inches wide and average between three and four feet in length. Order by serial number and title.

317th Infantry			320th Infantry			305th Field Signal Battalion		
Serial No.	Title	Price.	Serial No.	Title	Price.	Serial No.	Title	Price.
1197	Regimental	\$2.00	F816	G Co.	1.50	8010	C Co.	\$1.50
1220	Hdq. Co.	2.00	F817	H Co.	1.50	8011	D Co. (Helmets)	1.50
1232	Sup. Co.	2.00	F818	I Co.	1.50	8012	D Co. (Caps)	1.50
1221	M. G. Co.	2.00	F819	K Co.	1.50	305th Field Signal Battalion		
1198	A Co.	2.00	F820	L Co.	1.50	8013	Regimental (Large)	2.00
1199	B Co.	2.00	F821	M Co.	1.50	8014	Regimental (Small)	1.50
1200	C Co.	2.00	320th Infantry			8015	Officers	1.50
1201	Co. C (3rd Pl.)	2.00	1196	Regimental	2.00	8016	A Co.	1.50
1202	D Co.	2.00	8038	M. G. Co.	1.50	8017	B Co.	1.50
1203	E Co.	2.00	8001	I Co.	1.50	8018	C Co.	1.50
1204	F Co.	2.00	8002	K Co. (Helmets)	1.50	8019	1st and 2nd Sec. Co. C.	1.50
1205	G Co.	2.00	8003	K Co. (Caps)	1.50	305th Motor Supply Train		
1206	H Co.	2.00	8004	L Co.	1.50	8020	B Co.	1.50
1207	I Co.	2.00	8005	M Co.	1.50	8021	D Co.	1.50
1219	K Co.	2.00	313th Field Artillery			8022	E Co.	1.50
1209	L Co.	2.00	1189	Regimental	2.00	8023	F Co.	1.50
1210	M Co.	2.00	1181	Reg. Detach.	2.00	305th Ammunition Train		
1222	Hdq. Pl.	2.00	1191	Officers	2.00	8024	A Co.	1.50
1223	1 Pound Pd.	2.00	1211	Officers	2.00	8025	B Co.	1.50
1224	Pioneer Pl.	2.00	1190	Hdq. Co.	2.00	8026	D Co. (Helmets)	1.50
1225	Officers 2nd Bn.	2.00	1186	Sup. Co.	2.00	8027	D Co. (Caps)	1.50
1226	Band	2.00	1214	A Battery	2.00	8028	E Co.	1.50
1227	Signal Pl.	2.00	1179	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00	8029	G Co.	1.50
1228	Sappers and Bombers Pl.	2.00	1212	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00	8030	Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Large)	2.00
1229	Baseball Team Sup. Co.	2.00	1213	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00	8031	Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Small)	1.50
1230	Baseball Team M. G. Co.	2.00	1185	B Battery	2.00	305th Engineers		
318th Infantry			1192	C Battery	2.00	F822	Hdq. Detch.	1.50
1173	Officers	2.00	1193	D Battery	2.00	F823	Officers	1.50
1177	Hdq. Co.	2.00	1194	E Battery	2.00	F824	Co. A.	1.50
1216	Hdq. Detch.	2.00	1195	F Battery	2.00	F825	Co. B.	1.50
1175	Sup. Co.	2.00	1180	N. C. O. Hdq. Co.	2.00	F826	Co. C.	1.50
1168	M. G. Co.	2.00	1182	1st Bn. Detch.	2.00	F827	Co. D.	1.50
1178	A Co.	2.00	1183	2nd Bn. Detch.	2.00	F828	Co. E.	1.50
1174	B Co.	2.00	1184	Band	2.00	F829	Co. F.	1.50
F801	C Co.	1.50	314th Field Artillery			F830	Officers 1st Bn.	1.50
F802	D Co.	1.50	1156	Hdq. Co.	2.00	F831	Officers 2nd Bn.	1.50
F803	E Co.	1.50	1187	Hdq. Co.	2.00	305th Sanitary Train		
F804	F Co.	1.50	1231	Hdq. Detch.	2.00	8032	317th Ambulance Co.	1.50
F805	G Co.	1.50	1188	A Battery	2.00	8033	318th Ambulance Co.	1.50
F806	H Co.	1.50	315th Field Artillery			8034	319th Ambulance Co.	1.50
1215	I Co.	2.00	1158	Regimental	2.00	8035	320th Ambulance Co.	1.50
1172	K Co.	2.00	1167	Officers	2.00	8036	Hdq. Ambulance Section.	1.50
1170	L Co.	2.00	1165	Hdq. Co.	2.00	Miscellaneous		
1171	M Co.	2.00	1166	Sup. Co.	2.00	8037	Hdq. Troop 80th Division	1.50
1176	Med. Detch.	2.00	1159	A Battery	2.00	8039	M. P. Co., 80th Division	1.50
319th Infantry			1160	B Battery	2.00	8040	Market Place at Economy	1.50
F807	Hdq. Co.	1.50	1161	C Battery	2.00	1217	Signal Detach. 80th Div.	2.00
F808	Sup. Co.	1.50	1162	D Battery	2.00	1218	305th M. V. Section	2.00
F809	M. G. Co.	1.50	1163	E Battery	2.00	313th Machine Gun Battalion		
F810	A Co.	1.50	1164	F Battery	2.00	8006	Hdq. Detch. (Helmets)	1.50
F811	B Co.	1.50	313th Machine Gun Battalion			8007	Hdq. Detch. (Caps)	1.50
F812	C Co.	1.50	8006	Hdq. Detch. (Helmets)	1.50	8008	A Co.	1.50
F813	D Co.	1.50	8007	Hdq. Detch. (Caps)	1.50	8009	B Co.	1.50
F814	E Co.	1.50	313th Machine Gun Battalion					
F815	F Co.	1.50						



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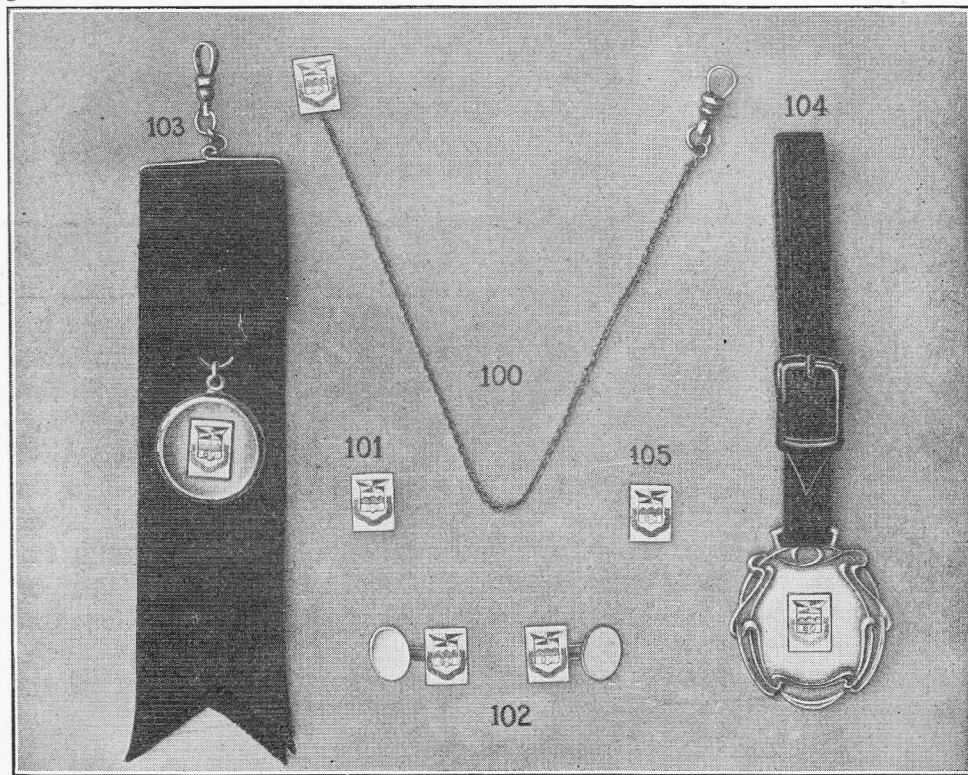
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Service to our Community, State and Nation.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION framed the Sweet Bill which increased compensation to America's war disabled; it framed the bill which allows the service men in hospitals to travel to and from home for one cent a mile; the Darrow Bill, calling for an increase of \$20 on the monthly allowance to disabled men taking vocational training, was passed on tracks laid by the American Legion; the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, carrying an appropriation of \$46,000,000 to the Public Health Service for the hospitalization and care of the disabled men discharged from the service and now suffering from a return of their disabilities, was studied out and fought through Congress on facts gathered by the American Legion's Legislative Committee; and the National Compensation Bill, which passed the House of Representatives, was introduced by Mr. Fordney at the request of the Legion's Legislative Committee.

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American Legion,
431 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh.