

# THE SERVICE MAGAZINE

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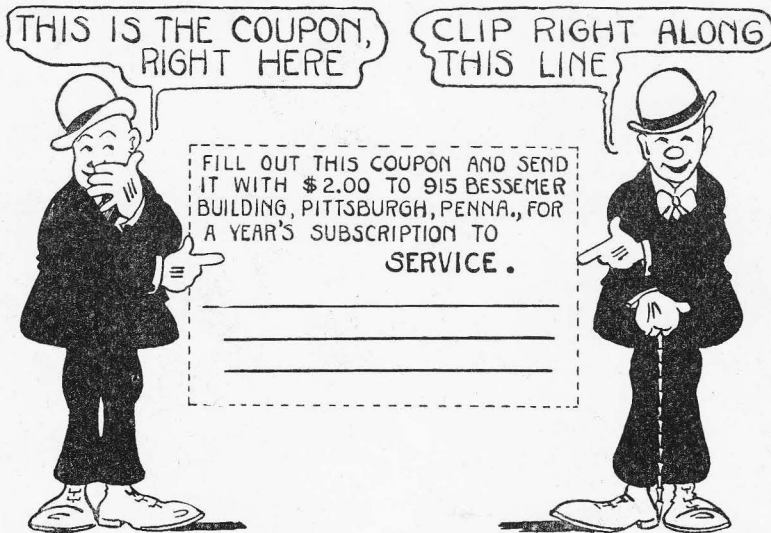
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THE RELIEF





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SERVICE MAGAZINE,  
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Pa

# The Service Magazine

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THAT JUST HOLDS  
UNTIL SOME OTHER  
"KAISER BILL"  
GETS FRESH.

LAND SAKES! PAW, I  
HATE TO HEAR OUR  
ALBERT TALK  
THAT WAY



Berger

Jan. 1—Resolved: Never again to remove these "Civvies"—(Signed) A. E. F.



# What a Former Judge-Advocate Thinks of Courts-Martial

## Less Than Forty Men of the Millions Who Served Were Executed by Order of General Court-martial and None of These for a Purely Military Offense

By Barratt O'Hara

Formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois and During the War a Major in the Judge Advocate General's Department

**F**ORTY American soldiers, or possibly a few less, were executed during the period of the recent hostilities by order of general court-martial. In each instance the same extreme penalty would have been inflicted by any civil court in any of the states of the union, except those in which the death penalty is by law prohibited.

The offenses charged and proved were not of a strictly military nature, being in practically all the cases either murder or brutal assault upon women. When the size of the American army during the war period is considered, together with the unusual conditions obtaining, that less than two score of the millions wearing the American uniform committed offenses calling for the forfeiture of their lives will stand as a permanent record of deportment for which no member of that great force now almost disbanded will ever be called upon to make excuse.

No large city in America can show such a low percentage of serious crime during a similar period, and this despite the fact that its population for the most part was leading normal lives and was not in possession of fire-arms and other agencies of destruction with which a quick passion might almost instinctively have been converted into tragedy.

In all other wars in history there has been much execution by order of drum-head court-martial for sleeping at post of duty, desertion and similar offenses of strictly a military nature. This proneness to resort to the extreme penalty was manifest in the American navy as well as the American army until a comparatively recent date. A typical case occurred during President Tyler's administration. A stripling of a boy, a member of the crew of the man-o'-war Somers, then on cruise, having read a lurid book of pirate tales, indulged in some idle chatter on the general subject of pirates. Kid stuff; nothing else. The ordinary chaff that most American boys of that age sprout about pirates, Indians and

cow-boys. Nevertheless the master of the man-o'-war put the youngster in irons and had him before a court-martial for contemplating piracy. A brief session of the court, a finding of guilt and the speedy execution of the boy from the mainyard's arms. When it was too late an investigation proved conclusively the dreadful blunder of the entire transaction.

So common were these blunders, and worse, at an earlier as well as a much later date that a distrust of military justice has always lurked in the minds of our civilian population. Whereas the civil law aims at the protection of the individual, affording him the advantages of every technicality and chance rather than forfeit either his liberty or his life to frightful mistake, the military law is directed entirely to the protection of the whole, leaving the chances of mistake to fall unrelieved upon the shoulders of the individual. Without entering upon a discussion of the different state of affairs existing among a civilian population and a large army of fighting men in the territory of hostilities, and the necessity of different forms of administering justice, it is difficult to approve the former practice of dispatching men from the drum-head to the firing squad for offenses not of the first nature of criminality and with only the phrase, "exigencies of the service," to excuse them. Such, at least, was the conclusion of the administration during the recent hostilities, and no soldier, sailor or marine was permitted to be executed unless his guilt was unmistakably established and his offense one that would have merited death before a civil tribunal.

The service man, and his family, may have more cause for thankfulness on this score than they will realize unless they have opportunity of examining the piles of court-martial records forwarded to Washington and either the findings disapproved or the sentences mitigated. There come to mind at this moment some twenty or thirty findings of "guilty as charged"

that came from one southern camp in little more than a month's time, and this long before the first sailings of the national army for overseas, with the sentence in each case: "To be shot by musketry until dead." What, pray, were the serious offenses charged? What crimes so heinous that the courts-martial and the commanding general adjudged death as the only punishment capable of exculpating them? Desertion! Desertion from a red-mud southern camp, long before the setting of the date for overseas service, and for periods of absence ranging from eleven to forty-nine days! It is needless to add that the sentences were all mitigated, in one instance to confinement at the soldier's station for thirty days. Every service man will recall how frequent A. W. O. L. was during the early days of the mobilization. A chap got lonesome to see the family, or to have a few more hours with the girl he left behind, tried to get a pass, couldn't, took French leave, carelessly let ten days elapse and, presto! he was no longer A. W. O. L., but technically a full-fledged deserter, liable, if he fell under the jurisdiction of this grim court-martial in the southern camp mentioned, "to be shot by musketry until dead."

It is easy to picture to what tragical lengths the thing might have run if the administration had not, at the very inception, put its foot firmly down on careless and promiscuous death sentences. Of course, this sort of danger would never have come to the men of the 80th division for the obvious reason that the proceedings of a court-martial must go to the commanding general for review before either execution or transmission to Washington, and the administration policy of the Blue Ridge division was always one of good common-sense. The first officer of the judge advocate general's staff that the writer ever knew was Col. Hunt, the first judge advocate of the Eightieth division. A better or a fairer man never lived. During his term of service as division judge



# What a Former Judge-Advocate Thinks of Courts-Martial

advocate he reviewed the proceedings of the courts-martial and, acting for the commanding general, mapped out the policy of justice tempered with humanity and measured with common-sense that served as the Eightieth's model.

It was Col. Hunt who, when a vacancy occurred in his office, refused to accept a hand-picked lawyer, without previous military experience, and make him a major forthwith. Col. Hunt insisted on an open and fair examination for all available soldiers of legal experience. A second lieutenant stood at the head of the applicants taking the examination, and was awarded the majority. This officer had served in the Spanish-American war, afterwards practicing his profession in Baltimore. At the outbreak of hostilities in 1917, although way past the draft age, he shut up his office and again put on the uniform. He was not too proud or self-centered to go as a "shave-tail." That such a man would render better service as a judge advocate than one who steered carefully away from anything that looked military until lured in by special privileges and high rank was so apparent to Col. Hunt that he willingly risked the making of powerful enemies on this clear-cut issue of merit. To the circumstance that he made this fight, and won it, the Eightieth division and the judge advocate general's department owe the

service and accomplishments of Major (later Lt. Col.) Church.

Nothing was proved more conclusively during the recent hostilities than the folly of ushering men into the service with high rank. Unfortunately, for a long time after the beginning of the war, the lowest rank in the judge advocate general's department was that of major. Many of these appointments went to civilian lawyers, highly estimable gentlemen but without the slightest conception either of the army itself or the men who went to compose it. Never having done a day's work in the ranks, or been under the rigid self-restraint of junior officers, they were ill-equipped to understand the habits, let alone the motives, of the soldiers whose cases came before them for review. One can imagine a certain type of lawyer (although for the writer as a lawyer to admit that there is such a type is mortifying!) approving a sentence of "shot by musketry until dead" for an absence without leave on this side for eleven days, but it is positively beyond the furthestmost range of the wildest imagination to picture any such approval coming from a man who had ever served as a private or even a "shave tail."

The policy of the administration in practically abolishing the death penalty for exclusively military offenses was one of the really important developments of the war

that at the time went largely unnoticed because of the greater interest in other matters more immediately vital. Undoubtedly it will be a forerunner of other reforms calculated to establish the positive and inalienable rights of soldiers on a little surer ground even in times of actual war. A soldier willingly gives up many of the privileges of civilians, but some of the fundamentals he should retain. Among these is the right of the fullest and fairest trial possible when his life is the stake at issue. And at the very best, a court-martial is only a make-shift.

## His Failed

Young Woman (soulfully)—Life is one grand, sweet song.

Old Bach (dolefully)—Yes, but some of us have very poor voices.—*Boston Transcript*.

## Stranger Than Fiction

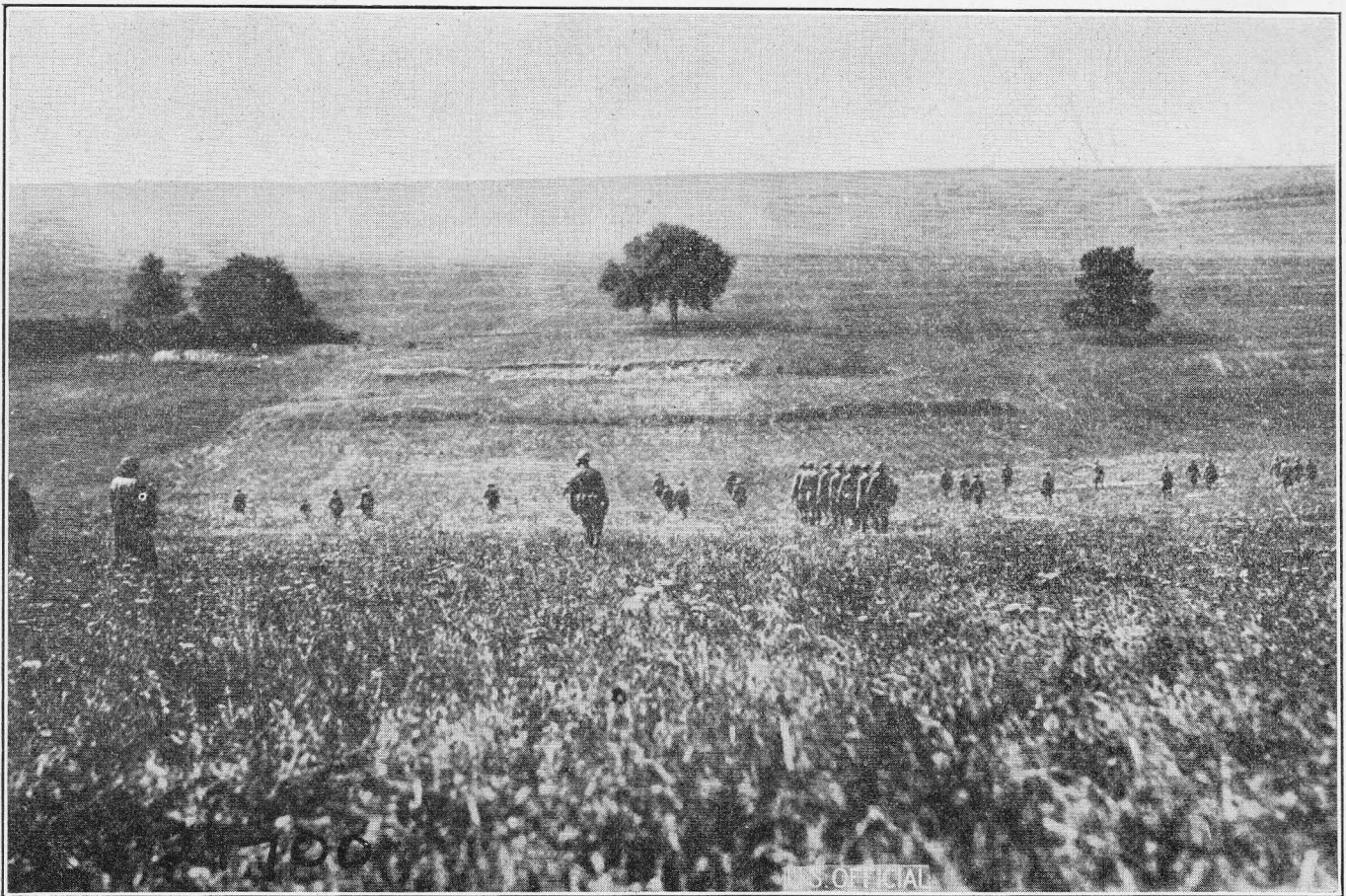
Muggins—Scribbler has abandoned fiction. He is now writing advertisements.

Huggins—What d'ye mean, abandoned fiction?—*Philadelphia Record*.

## The Human Lottery

Mrs. Dearborn—Did you ever win a prize in a lottery?

Mrs. Wabash—Why, of course. I'm getting alimony.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



Ask Any Doughboy What This Formation Means



# The Historical Significance of Rougemont and Its Environs

By Arthur H. Brown  
Former United States Army Chaplain.

**I**N the southern extremity of the former Fifteenth American Army Training Area, just off the old Roman road to Marseilles, lies Rougemont. Unlike more modern towns which prefer to nestle in the valleys, this little village of four hundred people, dating back to mediaeval times, stands out conspicuous on a hilltop. It is a reminder of those distant days when in elevation there was safety. On entering from the west, one notices an ancient tower at the head of the street. This, with its duplicate in another part and here and there a bit of ruined wall, tells the broken story of what was once a fortified town.

History reports that in 1105, three hundred years before the adventurous voyage of Columbus, a convent was here established. The inhabitants still point out portions of the original buildings, but interest centers about the twelfth century Gothic church, built in the era of the Crusades. This shows everywhere, within and without, the marks of venerable age. In recent time, part of the west front collapsed, but reverent hands have since restored it. Beneath the stone-paved aisles, lie buried the remains of rich seigniors, as well as faithful priests. In the center aisle one tablet bears the date of 1569. Others, long since effaced by the tramp of worshippers, are doubtless of far older origin.

From the eastern limit of the village, one can discern at a distance of two kilometers, the shattered tower of what was once a chateau. Here lived the feudal lord who ruled that region. An underground passage, still to be traced, connected the two points. This assured him the shelter of the fortified town when in peril from roving bands that lived on plunder or hostile knights who exercised their private right to wage war on ill-defended neighbors.

## CHATEAU DE ROCHEFORT

Between Cry and Asnieres there stands another relic of the past, a typical feudal castle, built for defensive purposes on a high rock. It was inaccessible on three sides. From this strategic point, the owner plainly commanded the situation.

It belonged to one of the oldest and noblest families in Burgundy, that of La Guich, a family which boasted among its members chamberlains and counselors of

kings and, in the case of Jean-Francois (1619), a Marshal of France.

The structure is too far gone for present habitation, but enough remains for the imagination to play upon, and to complete the picture of what in its balmy days, it must have been. As if to aid one in

this attempt, luxuriant vines have overgrown much of its walls and concealed in part the defacement of time.

## CHATEAU DE CLERMONT- TONNERRE

From an artistic standpoint, the finest thing within the former area is the chateau at Ancy-le-Franc, built in 1546-78, on the site of an 11th century structure. Architecturally as well as in point of time, it belongs to the Italian Renaissance, when art had its rebirth. It has been maintained in a state of good repair and is occupied today by a descendant of the Clermont-Tonnerre family for whom it was originally reared.

Outwardly, it is severely simple in design, standing four-square in the midst of generous grounds and giving little suggestion of the varied beauty and richness of its interior. An enumeration of some of the things that await the visitor when he steps inside will best convey a notion of the treat ahead.

The galleries which run by three sides of the chateau display rare paintings. One known as the Gallery of Sacrifices is decorated with black and white panels representing the sacrifices of the ancients; another, the Gallery of Pharsale, contains frescoes in grey canien picturing the several episodes in the Battle of Pharsale, as well as a much prized portrait of Louis XIII which hangs there in remembrance of a visit he paid to the castle; the third, the Gallery of Medes, is adorned with medallions of Jason, the Medes, and the Golden Fleece.

All the rooms are superb, but certain of them deserve special mention. The dining room is furnished in the style of the First Empire. The sideboard contains a Sevres dinner service, given by Charles X to his minister, the Marquis de Clermont-Tonnerre. The Chamber of the Guard is decorated with the coat of arms of Henry III who intended to stay in the castle on his return from Poland. Armor and antique weapons are here displayed, as well as medals and decorations which through successive generations have been bestowed upon the family. The blue and gold drawing room is decorated in the style of the early 18th century. The gold leaf applied is valued at 80,000 francs. The little chapel is perhaps the most remarkable object of interest. Everything is harmoniously related and helps to produce a rich effect. Skillfully carved panels and rare paintings claim special attention.

## The Time Has Come

**The time has come for you and me,  
To make our daily toil agree,  
With codes that govern o'er the  
land,**

**Discarding every selfish stand,  
Nor be the blind, unseeing tool,  
The puppet of some false misrule.  
That weaves a golden age, of ease,  
In theories framed to tempt and  
please.**

**The time has come, I must decide  
These issues that in life abide,  
For man can ne'er be staunch and  
true**

**Who counts his masters up to two,  
Or tries to rule men as a mass  
By edicts made to suit one class,  
Intolerant of all things that be,  
Which pay no tribute share to me.**

**The time has come when I must  
choose,  
My country's broad, unselfish  
views,**

**And bear allegiance, brave and true,  
Unmindful of the selfish few  
Who cloak themselves in labor's  
mask**

**To win support for what they ask,  
And profit by disloyal creed,  
Which knows no God but self and  
greed.**

**The time has come for you and me  
To get together and agree;  
To shun each wrong unholy creed  
Of class distinction, born in greed.  
No selfish interest shall prevail  
My country's future to assail.**

**And though I may have cause to  
fight,  
Two wrongs ne'er yet have made  
one right.**

—H. R. CURRY.



# More Stars for the Eightieth

## Blue Ridge Members Out for Permanent and Higher Rank for Cronkhite and Brett

Now that the Regular Army is getting back to a peace-time footing, with its attendant readjustments, members of the divisions of a year and more ago are showing a lively interest in the fate of their former commanders. Since peace has come news of the former division, brigade and regimental commanders comes only occasionally, only briefly, to those who such a short time ago had a vital interest in them.

And some of the news isn't easily understood. For example, when one hears that Maj. Gen. Adelbert Cronkhite, who commanded the Eightieth Division in camp and in action, and later commanded an army corps, is now a brigadier, it's difficult to square this with the reports that other officers of lesser rank, with less service and less experience, retain their rank as Major Generals.

Of course, in the readjustment of so gigantic an organization as the American army there were certain to be a number of apparent injustices, discrepancies which usually are corrected as soon as discovered. Now that the members of the Eightieth are aware of this particular situation, they have called the attention of the War Department to Gen. Cronkhite's case. And the War Department surely will listen to the earnest request that the general's service, ability and experience be recognized in the only way possible—to restore to him the rank he held during that stirring period when to wear the two stars was to wear also the responsibility for 27,000 lives. Naturally, the General has nothing to do with the movement. It's a service of appreciation for his service to the division.

Virginians of the division already are active in Gen. Cronkhite's behalf, and Pennsylvanians of the unit will not permit them to hold the lead, they say. In fact, the men from the Keystone state intend to go their comrades of the Old Dominion one better. They have announced that they're out to see that Col. Lloyd M. Brett, now in charge of the Third Cavalry at Ft. Meyer, Va., again becomes a brigadier, and this in the comparatively short period before he retires.

Appended is part of the correspondence concerning Gen. Cronkhite, with the reasons recommending his promotion. And all this and more will the 160th Infantry Brigade indorse as heartily as the men from Virginia. They are anxious to aid to their uttermost.

They know there was a reason why the division could stay in the line as long as it did; why it could go in three times with no diminution of morale; why its casualties weren't nearer the top of the list; and

a good many other whys. They know that division headquarters had a great deal to do with it.

And they know, too, that Gen. Brett had a hand in these things, so far as the 160th Brigade was concerned. In a brigade where



GEN. ADELBERT CRONKHITE

dislike for officers—unusual, where there was a greater bond between men and officers than in many a unit, they know who—officer or man—would have won a popularity contest.

With or without verification, they ascribed to him more virtues than any one man—even Gen. Brett—could possess in this world. They didn't know how much he knew of trench warfare, but nothing could dissuade them that an officer who could drag a Congressional Medal of Honor out of Indian fighting couldn't do as well or better in chasing Germans out of a woods. To them his name was magic, his presence the breath of life. He could do no wrong. And they seem to feel pretty much the same way about it now.

They all had some favorite in platoon, company or battalion, and arguments were numerous as to who was the "best," but there was never any argument when Gen. Brett's name was mentioned.

The following correspondence explains the measures taken thus far to obtain the promotions. Col. Wise is writing to Reuel W. Elton, secretary of the Eightieth's Veteran Association:

My Dear Captain:

At noon today I saw the Secretary of War in person, and said to him:

Mr. Secretary:

A very pleasant duty has devolved

upon me and I wish to thank you for this opportunity to discharge it.

On behalf of the ten thousand or more officers and men of the National Army from Virginia who served in the 80th Division, I present to you, without the knowledge of Gen. Cronkhite, their voluntary testimony to his extraordinary services. I also wish to express to you their high appreciation of the officer whom you placed in command of them. It is their desire that you give this document your personal consideration, and cause it to be filed, if proper, with his record in the archives of the War Department.

The Secretary was much pleased. When I mentioned the name of Gen. Cronkhite, he exclaimed, "Good," and when I had finished my remarks he invited me to be seated, drew from his bookcase Frederick Palmer's book "On the War," and read me that portion dealing with Gen. Cronkhite and the 80th Division. He asked me various questions about Gen. Cronkhite and our men, in whom he expressed keen interest on account of his early Virginia connection.

I took occasion to say that, in my opinion, Gen. Cronkhite had inspired a greater feeling of devotion among his troops than any other officer with whom I have come in contact; I stressed the point that the usual boast as to losses had been discounted by him from the first; that he was inspired with a high sense of responsibility in the welfare of the men under his command, and that he was always conscious of the trust which had been committed to him by the people who had sent forth these troops.

I told him that, at a time when so many men broke down under the strain and novelty of circumstances, nothing was able to disturb the equilibrium of our General; and I said that we could not understand or accept, without bringing to the personal attention of the Secretary of War, the policy which had brought about so anomalous a situation as that in which Gen. Cronkhite was now placed.

I also stated the fact that we were not relying upon our own opinions as to the merits of Gen. Cronkhite, which, through affection, might be biased, but that, in taking this action, we had in mind the contemporaneous record of his services in the commendatory orders and communications of Gen. Cronkhite's superiors.

After spending the better part of half an hour with Mr. Baker, I called on Col. Waldron and Col. Bryan H. Wells, and read to them a copy of the document. Col. Waldron had been informed in advance of



## More Stars for the Eightieth

my proposed action, and had approved of it. They both agreed that that action was well considered and timely.

Having discharged this office and made my report to you, I remain subject to your further suggestions.

To the Honorable Secretary of War:

We, the undersigned committee of field officers, representing what we believe to be the unanimous view of ten thousand or more Virginians who served during the late war in the Eightieth Division, and acting entirely without the knowledge of Gen. Cronkhite, take this means of presenting to you our voluntary testimonial of his services to our people and our State. In so doing we feel that we are but performing a duty which devolves upon us.

From the official preliminary history of the Eightieth Division is quoted the following extract which, at the time it was written, received the unqualified indorsement of the Division:

Maj. Gen. Adelbert Cronkhite was born in the State of New York, January 5, 1861. Being the son of an army officer, it was not unnatural that he should have made the profession of

arms his own profession.

Upon being graduated with distinction from the United States Military Academy in 1882, he was assigned to the Artillery and served continuously in that branch of the service until the beginning of the Great War.

In March, 1917, he was appointed Brigadier General in the Regular Army and assigned to the important post of Artillery Commander, and later Military Governor of the Panama Canal Zone, which he administered with marked ability.

After a military career extending over forty-one years, including the Spanish-American and Indian Wars, and having highly merited every honor which the Army had bestowed upon him, it was natural that one with his ripe experience and proven ability should have been selected to organize and command one of the twelve National Army Divisions. Widely known in the service, and recognized as a soldier of no ordinary ability, he soon gathered about him a most efficient and effective staff.

Gen. Cronkhite proved from the first

energy and foresight, and a human sympathy that he possessed more than mere ability as a soldier—even more than marked character as a man. He soon gave evidences of an extraordinary pathy so broad that he entered into the life of his command in a way that made him the living soul of it.

Virginians, West Virginians and Pennsylvanians he understood equally well, and he appealed to each in a way that fostered the most friendly rivalry within his command without engendering those sectional antagonisms that are so useless, and are yet so ready to develop under an unwise encouragement.

Under his guidance the most harmonious relations were established and always maintained within the division among its diverse elements in such an effective way that what might have proved to be disadvantageous was made to yield much of value.

The officers and men of the 80th Division never for a moment doubted their commander, for whom their respect and

(Continued on Page 23)



When the government photographer, during the Meuse-Argonne struggle, asked Gen. Lloyd M. Brett to pose, the general characteristically announced that he would—if his runners were included and here they are. The general's familiar figure may be seen in the center of the group.



# Government Compensation and War Risk Insurance

By R. W. EMERSON

Assistant Director War Risk Insurance Bureau

THE Bureau of War Risk Insurance is notified by the Army and Navy of all deaths and disabilities occurring while men are in the service. These notifications are treated as potential claims, and every effort is made by the Bureau to ascertain whether or not an award should be made in these cases. Sometimes relatives cannot be found, and frequently communications are received definitely stating that no claims will be made.

Up to December 1, 1919, the Bureau had received for consideration, 323,340 claims for compensation, and 128,952 claims for insurance.

Of the compensation claims, approximately 138,000 have been approved. Approximately 22,000 disability claims have been disallowed because after thorough investigation it was found the claimants were not entitled to compensation benefits at the time. In more than 72,000 death cases considered as compensation cases it has been definitely established that there are no dependent relatives entitled at the present time to receive compensation benefits. On November 30, 1919, 90,615 compensation claims were classified as pending.

The large number of compensation claims listed as "pending" should not lead to the assumption that the Bureau is dilatory in the adjustment of these claims, for the reason that in a large measure they do not represent actual claims.

Director R. G. Cholmeley-Jones recently made the situation clear in this way:

"When a man is discharged from the service and when it is found by his record that he was disabled in active service in line of duty, either by wounds or disease, the Bureau immediately sends to the man proper forms for him to execute and send back to the Bureau so that it can put him under an immediate physical examination, as a result of which is determined his disability. Thousands of men never respond to the Bureau's request for information. The Bureau, however, holds all these cases as potential claims, upon the theory that each man may eventually make a claim for compensation. Until the Bureau is able to get replies from the men, it is obviously impossible to handle their cases.

"The statement that there are pending 90,615 compensation claims might lead one to believe that these are actual claims and not potential claims, and that these claims have not been settled by the Bureau. This is absolutely misleading. The Compensation and Claims Division of the Bureau has made and is making remarkable strides. Claims are being settled with great speed. In some cases only a few hours have been required for examinations, awards and issuance of checks."

Of insurance claims, which are entirely separate and distinct from compensation claims, the Bureau had up to December

1, 1919, approved 121,000. There were, on that date, approximately 6,500 classified as pending. The pending claims largely represent claimants whose present address is unknown, or who are residing in foreign countries, cases in which information is awaiting concerning survivors in the permitted class, and cases awaiting appointment of guardians.

There have been about 1,300 cases in which no beneficiary could be found entitled to receive the payment of insurance, but which technically are included among claims pending for the reason that the claimants may be discovered or may show up.

## THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN COMPENSATION AND INSURANCE

Few people appear to realize that War Risk Insurance is entirely separate from compensation. When a member of the military or naval forces bought War Risk Insurance he purchased yearly renewable term life insurance with the provision, without an additional premium, that the insurance shall mature and become payable to the insured himself in the event of his becoming totally or permanently disabled. Compensation is paid for death or disability resulting from injuries or disease incurred in active service in the line of duty, regardless of whether or not a man purchased insurance.

Compensation for disability is paid from the date of the disabled man's discharge

(Continued on Page 23)

## BE PATIENT WITH HIM

Be patient with him, who has just returned  
From fields where strange new rules are learned,  
Look not upon him, in cold contempt,  
You who have served, from the fray exempt,  
Help him return to his place again  
Beside you there, in the ranks of men,  
Be patient with him, for just awhile,  
Help him to learn again, to smile.

Be patient with him, who has just returned  
Full of the hope, that his work has earned,  
Give heed to the scars his chances wear,  
And unclosed wounds from "Over-there"  
He'll meet the crisis, and stand the test,  
When called upon for his loyal best,  
Nor shun a duty, nor Augean tasks,  
Be patient awhile, is all he asks.

Be patient with him, he has earned your praise,  
In Hell-born struggles of warrior days,  
He drew the brevet to fight, and die,  
Now give him a hand, as you see him try,  
Remember the scars he is called to wear,  
Might have been yours, had you been there,  
Scars that patience and time may heal,  
Give him a chance, and an honest deal.

Don't turn him down, 'cause his face is sad,  
And nerves are poor, and his eyes are bad,  
Don't let him think that his faith has lied,  
And like broken tools, he is cast aside,  
You, who are leading the ranks of men,  
Give him his chance at the game again,  
Be patient awhile, 'til his wounds can mend,  
He's given more, than your purse can spend.

—H. R. CURRY.



# When Marriage was a Fad

## And Young People Fell in Love with Officers' Uniforms and Chummy Roadsters

By Helen Fisher

I SEATED myself with a sigh of resignation in the seat of the suburban train, and settled myself for the hour's ride. I tried to interest myself in a magazine, but somehow couldn't; then at the next stop two young privates got on and took the seat in front of me.

They were good-looking youngsters, in their early twenties, and were keeping up a running line of talk, gossip and banter, so I shamelessly decided to listen.

"Say, Bill, how's Marjorie?"

"Hum, it's plain to see that you just got back to town this morning; she's applied for a divorce."

The young chap with the pilot's wings on his coat looked surprised. "You don't say so? No, I'd not heard of it; what's the matter? Has she decided that she loves you after all?" he teased.

His friend flushed and answered, "No, I've only been home about a week myself. I guess she's just got tired of Sam's lieutenant's bars and wants something bigger," he answered rather bitterly.

"Oh, say now, Bill, you don't really think that's why Marj turned you down?"

"Sure it is, Slim; she didn't like the looks of my manly figure in issue clothes. She wanted a fashion-plate for a husband. If Sam Goodrich had gotten his lieutenantcy by working for it like an honest-to-gosh HE MAN, he'd be a second rate private right this minute."

"He'll soon be a second-hand husband, Bill, so you should worry, and come to think of it, I'm not surprised after all at your news. She'd only known him two weeks before they were married. In my opinion," he mused, "I believe when the war broke out Dan Cupid shed his bow and arrow, also his wings, and got himself a machine gun and a Liberty Motor, for he sure got in some quick action and covered a heap of ground."

"By the way, Slim, speaking of Cupid, didn't I hear something about your having a girl down in Texas?"

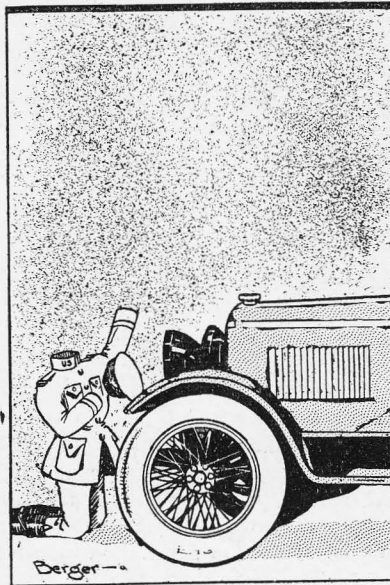
"Perhaps you did, Bill."

"Why, what's wrong, Slim? You were never much of a ladies' man, and I had an idea that when you'd fall, you'd fall hard and permanently."

Every time the young doughboy called his friend "Slim" I had to smile, for evidently it was a pre-war nickname. He was about as husky a looking young chap as I'd ever set my two eyes on.

"Well, Bill, I'd always had a notion something like that myself, though I'd had kind of a hunch I'd never even fall that

once. But when I got to camp, why every fellow had some girl's picture tacked in the top of his trunk, pasted in the back of his wrist watch, or tucked away in the wallet in his breast pocket. Well, to tell the truth, I felt kind of out of it—this get-



ting married or being engaged seemed to be the latest fad; everybody was doing it.

"The next week," he continued, "I met a little girl with blue eyes and a bunch of brown curly hair, and a darned good looking roadster. Say, Bill, I'd missed my car in camp more than I'd missed Sunday breakfast in bed, and that car looked mighty good to me. Well, the long and short of it was that in two weeks we were engaged. Things went on fine for about two months, then the armistice was signed. Right here let me tell you something: You could pick out lots of the young men who'd been married since the war began, without half trying. They were the sickest looking bunch of fellows you ever saw. Most of them were flat up against the wall, facing the realization that here they were, with no job, no money, and a wife to support, not to mention those who had 'litle juniors' to think of, too."

Here he slipped his hat to one side and scratched his light brown hair. "Well, say, Bill, looking at those men got me to thinking a bit myself, and I realized I was up against my own private little stone wall. I started taking stock, and this is how it summed up: I'd half of last month's pay in my pocket, a letter from Dad with a P. S. saying: 'Can't you write just one letter home without asking for money?

It would be such a pleasant surprise,' and as I was a senior at college when I enlisted, I'd received no little note from any patriotic employer saying, 'Your job is waiting for your return.' So it amounted to this: either I had to stay in Texas, get a job and work until I'd saved enough money to marry Betsy, or else go back home and earn enough to go back for her.

"And then right there," he continued vehemently, "is where I got the biggest jolt of my life. I realized I didn't care enough for her to stay in Texas, I hated the blooming place, and I knew if I came east I'd never go back for her.

"Say!" Here he took off his hat, ran his fingers through his hair and heaved a prodigious sigh. "I never hope to be so worried again in my young life. Why, man, I was sick. I couldn't eat or sleep; I didn't go to see her for a week; said I'd a cold and was afraid I was getting the 'flu.' I felt like a dog, I knew I didn't love her, and yet I wanted to play fair, for I knew she was madly in love with me—simply idolized me, in fact."

Here he paused and thought awhile and then went on with a grin. "At the end of the time I went to see her and do you know, Bill, when I got there I found she'd been twice as worried and upset as I had been—idolize me?" And he chuckled. "Why all the other girls in her set were either engaged or married—they'd had to give up their cabarets, bridges, teas, etc., so they'd taken up the latest fad with a vengeance—and had all gone on a man hunt for uniforms. Love me? Why, all she wanted was to 'be in style!'"

### Fifty-Fifty

The wife of a military man advertised for a girl to do general housework. The notice was responded to by a particularly neat and competent young colored woman. The details were soon settled—number in the family, hours for meals, days out, no laundry, how often the drawing room had to be dusted, when the silver had to be cleaned, etc.

"What wages do you expect?" asked the housewife.

"Ah couldn't wo'k fo' less 'an \$50 a month," replied the candidate.

"But, Mandy, that's impossible. My husband is only a first lieutenant, and we can't afford to pay such wages."

"That's too bad," replied the maid. "But, yo' see, mah husband he's a lieutenant, too, and Ah mus' have that much to keep him goin'."—*Exchange.*





## What They Did When They Got Out

**C**HANCE had thrown three old cronies together. On three-day leaves to Paris, they met up in the wash-room of a Red Cross dormitory where they were primping after a luxurious sleep between the white sheets of a one-franc-a-night bed, from which they had been aroused but once by M. P. searchers for elusive A. W. O. Ls. It was only natural that they should club together for the remainder of the vacation and no power could have prevented the conversation from getting around to that all-absorbing topic: "What are you going to do when you get out?"

The sergeant, who was down from Coblenz, said he didn't know but he was sure he wasn't going back to his old job in the railroad offices.

"Guess I can get my place back all right," he said, "though some girl's working it now. But no more inside jobs for me. I ain't conceited or nothin' but after going through this thing as top kick in an infantry outfit, a fellow don't feel like going back to pushin' a pen. Seems like this ought to fit a fellow for something bigger, though I ain't sure just what."

"You said a mouthful," put in the corporal. "I think a fellow gets something out of this army game that he couldn't get anywhere else. You can take it from me, I'm not going back to newspaper work. It's all right, but I'm figuring on branching out a bit."

"I think I'll try salesmanship. I figure I wouldn't be satisfied unless I was on the move all the time and being on the road wouldn't have any inconveniences after

hiking all over France and back. They tell me a lot of big concerns are taking on army men for field work. Me for that."

"Of course I'm not an officer like you birds," said the buck, "but just the same I am off school teaching for life. Think I'll study medicine or dentistry so if there's another war I'll cinch a commission right off the bat."

They all agreed on that one point—they weren't going back to their old jobs. So, now that it's been a year since the war ended and nearly everybody has returned to civil life, it is interesting to note that—

The sergeant is clerking for the railroad.

The corporal is doing "leg" work on a newspaper.

And the private is teaching school.

So there you are.

## Languorous, Lassitudinous Luther

I wonder what happened to Pvt. Luther ("Snowball") Handel. I haven't seen him since the day his outfit left for the front, but I am sure he had better luck than to get in the way of anything that would do him bodily harm. Every time I go into a big office building I look for Luther, for he used to be an "elevator corporal" in New York—that is, he had charge of a squad of them. He was not a common operator; he was a "starter." His job, so he said, was to handle traffic and see that passengers got on the express or local, depending on where they were going. He wore a uniform, bearing appropriate insignia, distinctive from that of his men.

I gathered from what Luther said that his was a responsible position, and I was rather astounded that the draft should have taken him away from it and left the movement of those eight elevators in the hands of some older and less capable person. But then, many a good man was called on to divert his talents from peaceful pursuits

during the recent unpleasantness.

That Luther was a good man is apparent from his record, having drilled only once after reaching camp. It takes a good man to get by that way. First he was made an orderly, and when somebody gyped him out of that job after he got overseas, he developed certain physical defects which kept him in the hospital most of the time. There was something the matter with his back which made it an impossibility for him to carry a gun, let alone hike and do other mussy things connected with active warfare.

And his trouble did not respond to treatment. It would get well enough to permit him to do K. P. or light work around the wards, but it got worse if there seemed a possibility that he might be discharged and marked "Duty." He sometimes expressed the fear that he might never be the same again until he shook the soil of France from off his II-EE's. I heard him say that

(Continued on Page 22)

## Our Deserted Villas

The year 1918 will go down in history as a record-breaker for the number of Americans touring Europe. Residents of the United States swarmed over France, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Great Britain. Some of them even had the temerity to venture into Germany, though it was during war time and a long way to go.

Most of the members of this personally-conducted tour were men. A comparatively small number of the opposite sex saw the sights, too. Some went only for the ride and were consequently disappointed. But all agreed that the scenery, or that part of it that the Germans hadn't pawed over, was great. They were especially impressed with the large number of ancient castles, chateaux and villas that dotted the landscape.

Almost every town had its deserted villa, they found, though England called them castles and France termed them chateaux.

(Continued on Page 22)



Beating the Sword into the Ploughshare (with modern improvements)

THE TOPY SAID "FALL OUT AND REST"-HUH! SOME REST A BIRD CAN GRAB WID A IRON LID ON DE TOP OF HIS DOME AND A BUNDLE ON HIS FRAME DAT WOULD MAKE OLE ATLAS LOOK LIKE A PIKER.

SOME OF THE FELLERS BEEFED A LOT ABOUT THE HARDSHIP OF SPORTING AROUND IN A TIM BENNY-BUT BUH-LIEVE ME I ENVY THE WISE RURAL HICK, THAT HAS HIS CONVERTED INTO A CATCH ALL FOR THE DAILY "OOF"-THAT MAKE A SWELL GARNISH FOR THE FRIED GRUNT THESE COLD MORNINGS. ESPECIALLY WHEN WE, CITY GUYS GET SHELL SHOCK EVERY TIME THE GROCER SAYS \$1.10 A DOZEN.

CLUCK  
CLUCK

IF DE GOVERNMENT BUYS DESE BROGANS BY DE HUNDRED WEIGHT IT'LL BE BANKRUPT FOR TWENTY YEARS.

BREATHES THERE A MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD, WHO NEVER TO HIMSELF, HATH SAID, "DUMMIE THOSE HOB-NAILS". BUT BEATRICE FAIRFAX ANSWERED THIS THUSLY  
Dear Miss Fairfax :- How can I hold my horse when out with my girl, as my hands are usually busy?  
An Ex-Yank.

Com Ca

THAT MAKES THE SEVENTH TIME I'VE TRIED TO WRAP THAT LEGGIN-ITS A CINCH. THAT "JOB" WAS NEVER IN THE ARMY OR HIS REP WOULD HAVE BEEN KNOCKED-CUCKOO.

WE ALL TOOK A CRACK AT THE OLD WRAPPED PUTTEE, BUT SOME OF THE BROADER MINDED BIRDS HAVE USED THEM TO GOOD ADVANTAGE. F'RIINSTANCE LEM E. BEE OF SAW MILL RUN, WHO IS USING HIS'N TO LIMBER UP HIS BLOODED CAYUSE FOR THE GRAND HANDICAP, THIS COMIN' SPRING.

YES, SIREE, DOBBIN WITH THOSE THERE LEGGINS ON THEM SHANKS OF YOURN, YOU MIGHT BE MISTOOKEN FER DAN PATCH.

Lem's Leggins

S'NUF TO GET A CHAPLAIN'S GOAT - IN THE FIRST PLACE A GUY NEEDS A SHOE HORN TO GET INTO THESE DARNED BREECHES AND THEM EVERY TIME YOU SMILE - BLOOEY GOES A BUTTON

THE NEW CLOTHES BAG.

MAW, WHERE'S MY CLEAN COLLARS?

USE YOUR EYES! THEYRE IN THE NEW CLOTHES BAG ON THE INSIDE OF YOUR DOOR

Berger



# Speeding the Motor Truck Train

## How the War Camp Community Service Helped the Army Drivers in Their Trans-continental Trip

**T**HREE thousand miles of brand-new history and of good times—it was these bits of achievement that the dusty Transcontinental Motor Convoy of the U. S. Army Motor Transport Corps whirled into San Francisco. For the first time in history a motor transport train with full war equipment had attempted a continuous journey of 3,000 miles in 60 days. And had accomplished it.

In a procession three miles long, the motor convoy had rumbled from Washington, D. C., to the Pacific coast. It was the heaviest motor train ever assembled by any army—over sixty trucks, with numerous other vehicles, including five staff observation and reconnaissance passenger cars, and a complement of motor cycles, ambulances, tank trucks, mobile field kitchen, mobile repair shops, and anti-aircraft defense equipment. The trucks carried not only their own supplies to last the entire journey but also supply and repair units and a full complement of men and officers. The personnel numbered 250.

The convoy started on July 7th and reached its journey's end on September 6. But it's a lot easier to say this than to realize the dust and fatigue and potential monotony of such a remarkable trip.

"Potential monotony"—and "potential" only—because of a request made by the War Department. The Department asked through Brig.-Gen. Drake, Chief of the Motor Transport Corps, that War Camp



Community Service provide the men with laundry, bathing, and recreational facilities from Washington to Frisco.

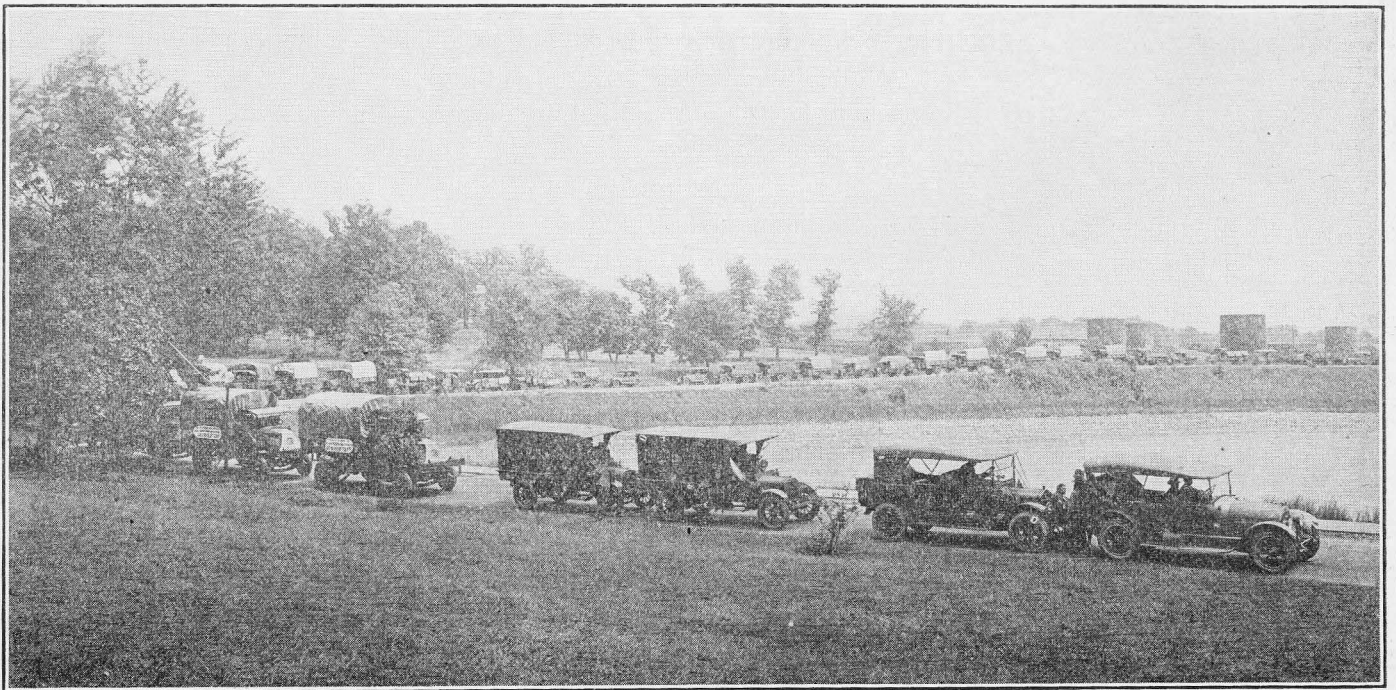
A word to the W. C. C. S. is sufficient. A searchlight finger of hospitality preceded the convoy, going before it from town to town and from state to state, so that always just ahead of the men there waited a community with flags flying and shower baths ready and supper cooked and theatre tickets on hand and dance hall open, to greet the travelers at the end of each per-

fectly wearisome day. Cheering crowds were as frequent as club facilities, a gala air as shower-baths.

On the day after it started, the convoy was cheered by a group of people from the city government and the State Highway Association at Gettysburg, as it swung into the Lincoln Highway. At Chambersburg, Pa., where the train made its first stop, the canteen committee had been rushing preparations to such good effect that there were comforts and entertainment in readiness. Over 100 men used the showers and shaving facilities; all of them took a turn at the piano, phonograph, or pool tables; 225 wrote cards and 67 wrote letters; and the whole personnel managed to get away with 12 gallons of ice cream, in addition to the gifts of cigars and cigarettes.

There was one shining example of on-the-spot service. A Captain came to the committee during the evening with a request for a banner to be put on his medical car, with the words "Enlist in the Medical Department." When the car rolled onward next morning it bore a really beautiful six-foot banner neatly lettered.

On through Pittsburgh the convoy went, escorted in that city by a truck load of cheering sailors, and pounded across Ohio with an escort of State representatives, through Chicago Heights, and so on to Clinton, where it entered Iowa. Cedar Rapids and Marshalltown greeted the men and then they reached Jefferson.





## Speeding the Motor Truck Train

They reached Jefferson on the evening of July 25th, hot and dusty and uncommonly fagged. In a jiffy they had been taken to the "shower room"—which had not begun to exist until the committee in charge had been informed of the approach of the convoy—and from there to dinner at the Country Club, from there to a two-hour band concert given by the Goodyear Band which was traveling with the convoy, and from there to THE dance.

They still speak of it, the townspeople and the convoy, as THE dance. A street was roped off, while a brilliant shaft from the convoy's searchlight played upon the courthouse, the lawn, and the dancers. At 11:00 P. M., the band played the national anthem and as everyone stood at attention the searchlight turned its full strength upon an American flag flying from the top of the highest building in town and projected against the night sky with startling clearness and beauty.

When the convoy pulled out the next morning one of the large trucks had across it a banner with the complimentary inscription: "Jefferson, Iowa, the Sunniest Spot on the Lincoln Highway."

Across the bridge into Omaha went the motor train. Mayor Smith greeted Lieut.-Col. McClure, its commander, to the Gate City of the West and a truckful of W. C. C. S. girls escorted the convoy into the city. There was a dance later, and a good night's sleep, and then—Nebraska was left hull down and Wyoming came into view.

Met by a cavalry escort and mounted band, the convoy was escorted into Cheyenne amid the din of whistles, cheers, and wailing sirens straight to Frontier Park. In the Park there was a Wild West Show,



full of thrills—wild-horse races, steer-roping, bull-dogging 'n' everything. After the show came dinner—and such a dinner!—at Fort Russell, and a dance at post headquarters.

Then—on to Ogden, the first stop in Utah, where a milestone—engraved with the date and the number of miles traveled—was dedicated in honor of the convoy. Thousands of people streamed out of Salt Lake City next day to greet the convoy as it neared the city line, and the advance of the train through the city was turned into a parade with motor cars full of city officials and fifty decorated trucks representing local agencies. The local truck dealers presented to Lieut.-Col. McClure

a small motor truck built of flowers. During the evening there were supper, dancing, and swimming at Saltair Park for the men and a dinner-dance and reception for the officers at the Hotel Utah.

There were six stops in Nevada—Ely, Eureka, Austin, Westgate, Fallon, and Carson City—each of them a bright spot on the map for the men of the convoy. Perhaps the community of Ely did the most unusual thing of all; in anticipation of the convoy's arrival its committee secured \$2,000 to buy and put into shape a permanent public camping ground supplied with shower baths and with cool, clear drinking water.

On Labor Day the convoy entered California. Trucks filled with boys and girls from Sacramento greeted the men at the State line and escorted them four miles to a great barbecue prepared by the Placerville committee. Imagine, at the end of a motor-harassed day, a big feast of roast beef, mutton, pork, green corn, plenty of milk and hot coffee, and fruits of all kinds.

The rest of the trip wasn't a trip at all. It was a triumphal procession. When the convoy reached Placerville it found a banquet and a street roped off for dancing. At Sacramento it received another ovation and royal entertainment, with a committee of welcome made up of officials from the city government and the Chamber of Commerce. In the evening the Willys-Overland Co. gave a banquet to the personnel and presented as favors booklets containing a roster of the officers and men. During the banquet there was vaudeville, and after the banquet there was a dance for the men at the Fair Grounds and another for the officers at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club.

Through Stockton and Oakland the convoy rumbled, greeted like returning con-

(Continued on Page 19)





## “JERRY ON A RAID”

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling and  
Grantland Rice)

“What’s all this cannonading mean?”

Said Jerry on a raid.

“The Yankee troops are in the lines,”

The Prussian leader said.

“What makes them shoot so fast, so fast?”

Said Jerry on a raid.

“They must have beaucoup ammunish,”

The Prussian leader said.

For they banged and banged the German lines

You could hear the Kaiser say,

“I’ve never heard such awful swats

Since Wagner used to play.”

(And Honus was some bombardier, believe me, in  
his day.)

“What means that khaki line out there?”

Said Jerry on a raid.

“The Yanks are coming after us,”

The Prussian leader said.

“What makes them shoot so straight, so straight?”

Said Jerry on a raid.

“They’re used to working piece-work, sir,”

The Prussian leader said.

“I have fought against the British Guard,

And Uncle Sam’s Marine,

But take a tip, Bill, beat it quick,

Here comes the Three-Nineteen.

The Kaiser grasped his glasses,

And his hair is turning gray,

He takes one look—“By gosh, you’re right,

The front wave’s Company ‘A;’

It’s me for home and mother,

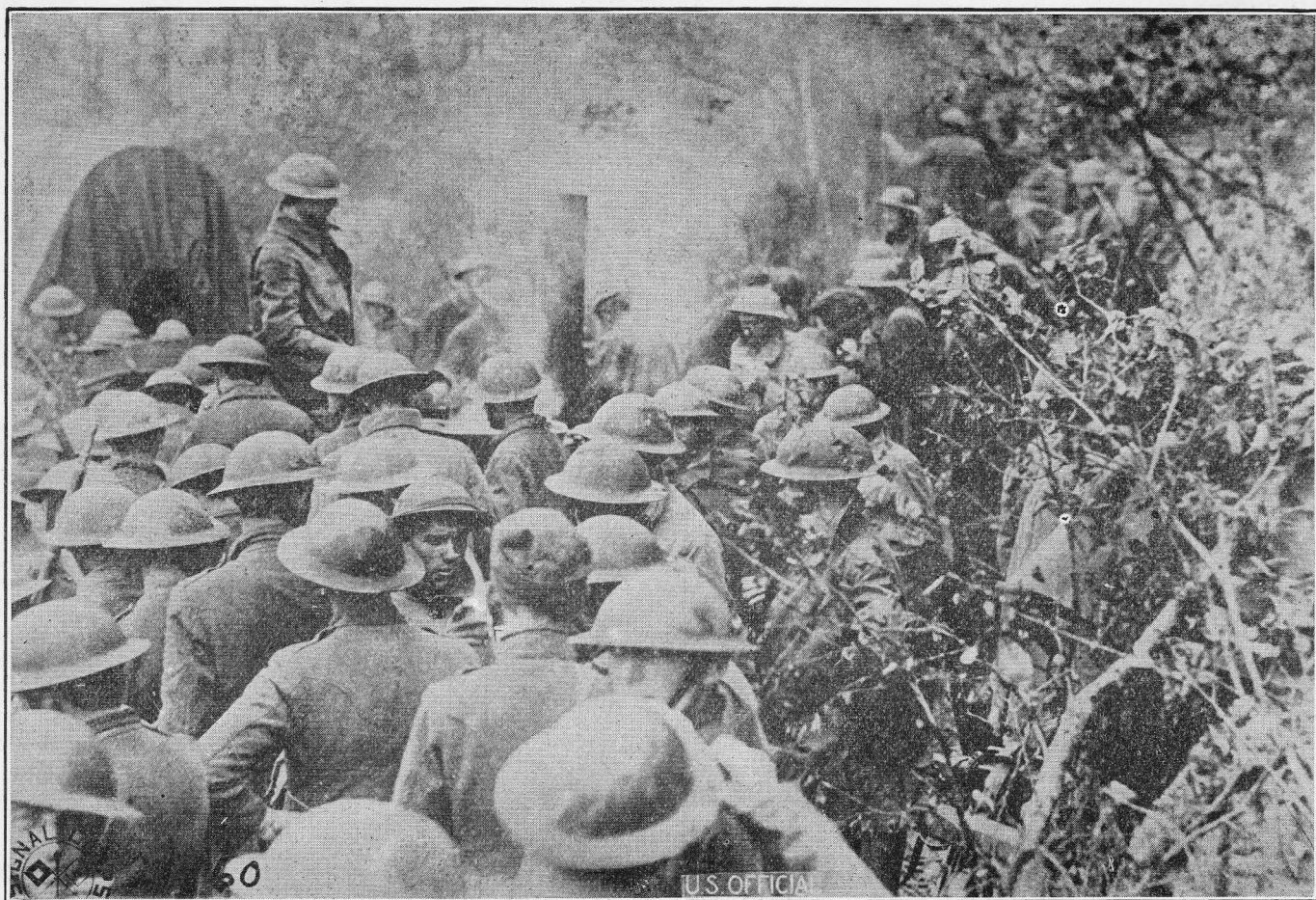
I see I’m out of it,

So help me, Pete, I saw six men

That used to play for ‘Pitt.’”

Cruzy le Chatel, France, 1918.

F. J. M.



The Tin Hats May Mean Shells in the Offing—or That It’s Raining. Neither Circum-  
stance Is Allowed to Interfere With the Chow Issue



# On With the Dance

By Faith Baldwin

**N**OW that the girls of Long Island have danced their last with the hundreds and thousands of strangers in khaki who made the friendliest, and most welcome, invasion possible of this territory, they are beginning to wonder if their own home-town men, back now, and clad in "civies" would not make even more interesting partners for fox-trot and one-step and waltz! And so, those girls who were organized under the War Camp Community Service of Nassau-Queens, to act as hostesses and partners for the boys of the Long Island camps, are coming to that organization now, and asking, "Please, must we stop dancing?"

And the head of the Girls' Division put on her thinking-cap and said, "Certainly not!"

And this is the plan that has already worked out successfully in one town, and is under way in many others.

In the war-days, a boy's uniform was his pass. And now that uniforms are no longer "being worn" to any extent, a substitute for that khaki-ticket had to be found. And we found it, in every town, under the splendid name of the American Legion. And immediately the movement started to hold monthly, or bi-monthly, American Legion-Community Service girls dances, in as many Long Island towns as possible.

A dance of this sort is a strictly community affair, and one in which the entire town may be interested. For it is not a dance for strange boys and home girls, but for the *home boys* and home girls. And it is bound to be the very highest type of dance possible, as well as one at which both boys and girls may have a tremendously good time. In order to take in the community, it has been worked out that all the girls attending the dance need not be members of the Community Service group; nor need every man be a member of the American Legion. But the outside girls must come through the Community Service Club, and the outside men through the American Legion Post, as guests. In that way undesirable young people are excluded; and at the same time, and by the same token, no nice girl or boy need be left out. If a boy wants to bring a girl who is a non-member of the Community Service Club, all he needs to do is to have her identified and invited by one of the chaperons of the girls' group. And in the same way, if a girl wants to bring a man, his invitation must come through the American Legion. And in that way every man on the floor is vouched for, by as fine an organization as the country has ever known, while every girl is sponsored by a group of women and girls who have earned a right to be called "war veterans" too, by reason of their

faithful and sacrificial service to the boys.

In every town where the American Legion-Community Service dances are talked of, there are, no doubt, different problems. And as these are community dances, each community should work out those problems as they see fit. The question of regulations arising, it would seem best to have in each community willing to sponsor such dances, a joint committee of American Legion boys, Community Service girls, and their respective leaders, meet and determine just what those regulations shall be.

As far as the financing of the dances is concerned, War Camp Community Service has been able to help with that end of it; and still had funds, which, for a limited period of time, may be used for this purpose. If, after a time, the dance grows so important to the young people who enjoy it, there is no reason why it should not be placed on a practical self-supporting basis, without losing its high standards or the championship of the representative and interested townspeople.

**American Legion-Community Service dances have been carried on successfully in the communities of Long Island for some time. They are proving a valuable help in restoring the returned service man to his normal home and social life. There's no reason why every community in the land couldn't adopt a similar plan. The ex-service man won't be the only one helped, either. The community service girls, or those who act in their places, will benefit and the community itself will receive a big rate of interest in any investment it may make in a plan that will bring the measure of joy and contentment that these dances are almost certain to bring to its young people. Specific information regarding the general manner in which these dances have been successfully conducted elsewhere may be secured from J. E. Covey, Girls' Division, War Camp Community Service, Mineola, New York.**

It is up to the girls to prove to their own home-town boys that they are not going to forget their uniforms. To give the men a parade, and a day, or even a week of celebration is not enough. We should let them know that although they are back at the old jobs, and in the sober garb of a citizen again, we, their towns, have not ceased to identify them with the uniform which, worn for our sakes, has now been laid, victoriously and in honor, aside.

And it's time, too, that the boys got back into normal home and social life again. It isn't as easy for them as most people think. They are, in one sense, strangers in their homes, for they have traveled a road we cannot conceive of; and they have gone a long way from us, not only in miles. In camp, and Over There, home stood for so much to them all. And now they're back, and home is just the same every day, dear place as before, but without the glamor of distance and longing. And so, they have to adjust themselves; and we think that American Legion-Community Service dances is one way to help them to do it, one very pleasant way to break the ice.

Any person or persons interested in dances of this sort for his or her, or their, community may, regardless of whether in the community there is an organized group of Community Service girls or not, obtain all information and help possible by communicating with J. E. Covey, Girls' Division, War Camp Community Service, Mineola, New York.

FAITH BALDWIN.

## Wanted a Job

Representative Sumners, of Texas, seldom tells an old story. So when, recently, he told an exceedingly antiquated yarn, several friends who were with him were greatly surprised. One man in the crowd, however, laughed uproariously at the old story.

After the crowd had dispersed one of Sumner's friends asked him why it was that he spun such an archaic tale.

"I knew there was a fellow in that crowd who wanted a job," Sumner explained, "and I could not exactly determine which one it was. Now I know. It was the man who laughed."—*Washington Star*.

## Didn't Dodge

Corp. Jones of the One Hundred and Fifty-second Depot Brigade was sneaking off behind the company barracks to avoid work when he stumbled on a stranger, and the following conversation took place:

Stranger—Say, who are you?

Jones—Why, who are you?

Stranger—I'm Dodgin, the new sergeant.

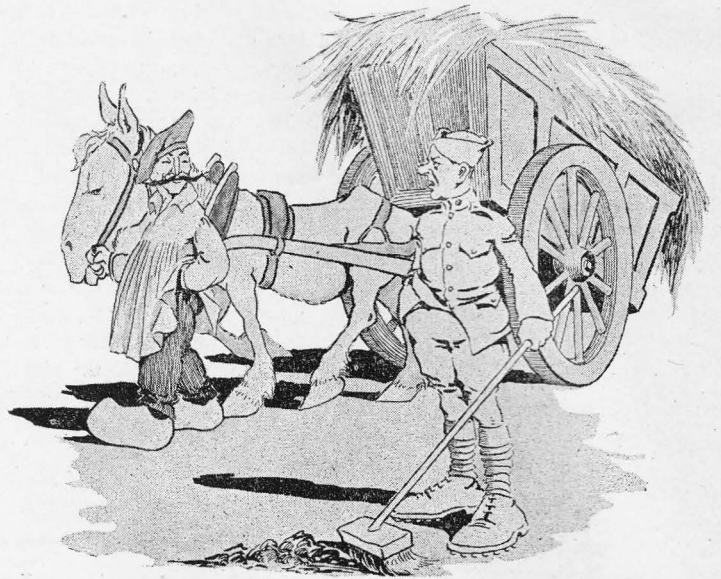
Jones—So am I. Come on, let's smoke.  
—*American Legion*.



# Two Pages from Memory's



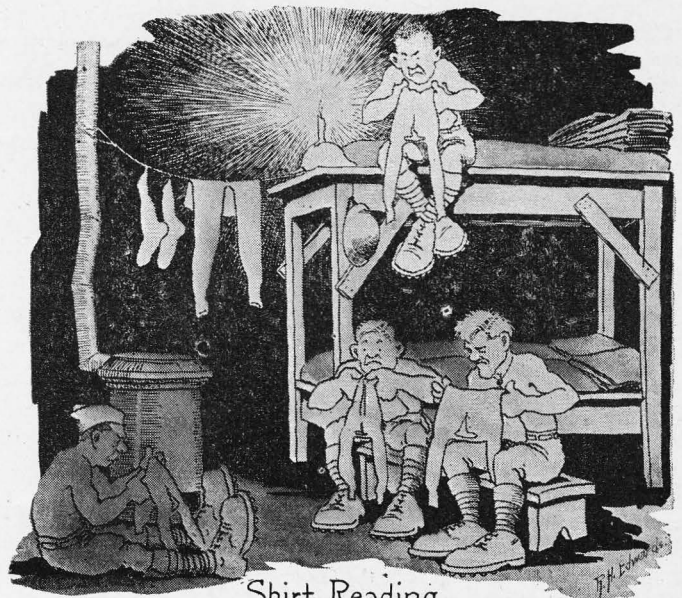
" I Could Just Die Dancing; Couldn't **YOU** ?"  
" Oh, No! I Imagine There Are Much Pleasanter  
Ways Than Being Trampled To Death! "



" B'jour M'sieur! "  
" Aw, Go To !! Will Yuh? "



Bill, This A. E. F. Is Goin' Tuh Make A 10,000 Dollar  
Mistake If I Gotta Hike Much Further.



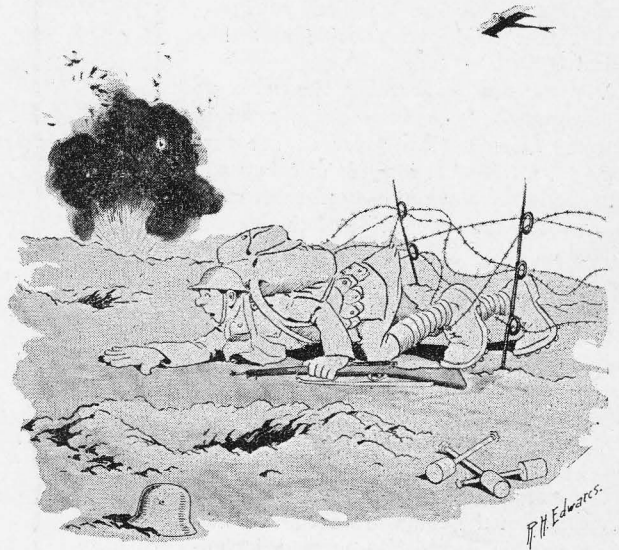
Shirt Reading  
The Chief Indoor Sport In The A. E. F.



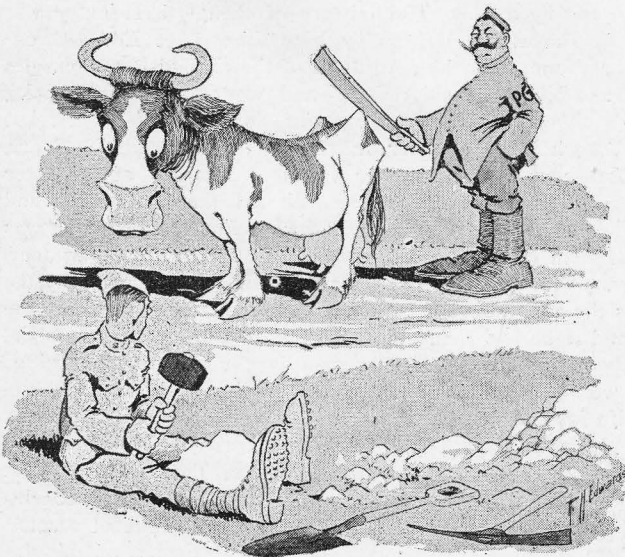
# Sketchbook—By Russell H. Edwards



"Vous Come Wiz Me Bébe?"



Hereafter, We Will Believe Less History Than Ever,  
Now That We Have Seen It Made.



Say! Who The H— Won The War Anyway?



And Just Think How We Used To Condemn That Country



# Histories and Rosters Published by Units of the Blue Ridge Division

In the History of Company K, 317th Infantry, there is recorded about everything that could be recorded concerning a company. The company's commander, Captain Arthur F. Shaw, who compiled the work, has overlooked no piece of information that might be valuable in a historical record.

A word first concerning the make-up of the book. It is folio size, bound in medium weight brown paper of fine texture. The divisional insignia in colors and "317" and "K" between crossed rifles mark the front cover. The inside of the book is printed on fine white paper, giving the general effect of a handsome publication.

Photographs, including two full pages, one of Major Walker H. Adams of the Third Battalion, 317th Infantry, the other of Captain Shaw, introduce one to the pages of the book. Other photos of this group include a complete company picture and group pictures of officers, sergeants and corporals.

A roster of the company's members with an individual history of each man, including his home address, follows. Forty-seven pages are required to present this valuable list of names and information.

Following in close order are: a Brief Record of Events, the List of Stations in the A. E. F., the Killed in Action, the Wounded in Action, Recommendations for Award of D. S. C., Recommendation to Officers' Reserve, Bulletins and Orders, Range Qualifications, List of Nicknames and—guess we'd better begin another paragraph.

Pictures, names and deeds of the company thespians follow on the heels of the list of usual and unusual nicknames. Bits of Humor by Private Richard L. Van Horn occupy a page or two of laughs; then the company's roster at different periods of its experience; a full page devoted to a stirring poem entitled "When the Eightieth Comes Home," written by Charles Hall Davis; more photos, then four chapters of the company's history overseas, prepared by Captain Shaw, Corporal Millard F. Starnes and Private Richard L. Van Horn.

"A Short History of the Battalion," is the title of the booklet which recounts the deeds of the First Battalion of the 320th Infantry. It is written by First Lieut. Leon Schwartz. This is not our first encounter with works by this author. Back in the old camp days at Lee, Lieut. Schwartz favored the Camp Lee Bayonet with the kind of contributions that make one member of the staff hesitate in his work and say to the others—in case of the Bayonet, the other—"Listen to this."

Lieut. Schwartz's battalion history is

## SEND IN YOUR UNIT HISTORY

**SERVICE** will publish each month a brief review of the separate unit histories and rosters of the Eightieth Division. In order to be sure that your company, battalion or regimental published war record receives its notice, mail a copy of your unit publication to **SERVICE, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Penna.**

clearly and entertainingly set forth. He appeared to view the whole proceedings in the light that it was a necessary hell but not so necessary that there wasn't an occasional opportunity for fun. In the brief space allowed in the limited number of pages he has covered thoroughly the actions and experiences of this battalion which did such noble work in the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

A short preface reveals the booklet's purpose—to afford the men on account, in preservable form, of the major events of the battalion's overseas' service. It is appropriately dedicated to the Mothers of the Soldiers.

The booklet was printed in Paris by our old friend, Grande Imprimerie de Troyes at 126 rue Thiers, which no doubt accounts for its "un-American" typography and binding.

The History of Company F, 305th Engineers, is an unusually humorous account of an organization's overseas service. Its author, Sergeant Frank T. Floyd, has the happy faculty of locating a laugh in every twist and turn of the company's adventures. Particularly amusing is the author's comic sense of exaggeration and if he had as much fun during the twelve-month or so that he spent in France as we had reading the history, it was a gay life for Floyd. Anyway "F" stands for fun, and Floyd only took advantage of his opportunity.

War, of course, has its serious moments and the versatile sergeant-author was faithful in the recording of them.

One rather expects good things to come in neatly bound packages and one is not disappointed in the manner in which this history is done up for the reader's use.

It is printed on a fine grade of paper and is bound in an attractive red cover with the regimental insignia and the book's title in white—the combination being the colors of the Engineers.

It is appropriately prefaced and dedicated respectfully—to Captain Fred Gore Rockwell, the company's commander. A full page half-tone of the captain is the volume's frontispiece. Other interesting features are a table of contents, a series of photos showing the final few days at Camp Lee and numerous little pen sketches illustrating some of Company F's causes for happiness. The pages are also profusely illustrated with excellent half-tone scenes of France, and there are included full page photos of each platoon. The illustrations are by Corporal Emory Harris and the photography is the work of Sergeant John J. Jordan.

Copies of this meritorious history can be secured from Frank G. Fleckenstein, 72 K Street, Johnstown, Pa., for \$1.65 postpaid. Additional copies may be secured for \$1.00 each postpaid.

Every member of the Third Battalion, 317th Infantry, received from Chaplain Andrew C. Aston a pamphlet containing the battalion roster with the home addresses of the men. The pamphlet is dedicated to the memory of the men of the battalion who died in France.

A page is devoted to the Honor Roll list, with company and rank designations. In a foreword the author expresses the hope that the pamphlet will be the "Tie That Binds" long and splendid friendships.

The History of the 317th Infantry was written by First Lieutenant Edley Craig-hill, Adjutant of the Second Battalion. Its chief fault—and we all, including books, have our faults—is not in the spirit but rather in the letter. Printed in Tours, Monsieur (printer) was shy of the letter "C" and substituted the letter "G," and for our well-known English comma he was forced, no doubt by the same circumstance, to use the semi-colon. Typographically the effect "ain't what it might be," but only the fastidious and near-sighted will complain.

The account is a very frank record of the regiment's fighting. Unfortunate circumstances surrounded the attack of Oct. 4-6 by the regiment and the author simply and truthfully states the facts and the reader naturally draws his own conclusions. It is an unusually faithful account throughout of the experiences of this famous regiment of the Blue Ridge Division.

In the preface the author asks forbear—  
(Continued on Next Page)

## Speeding the Motor Truck Train

(Continued from Page 13)

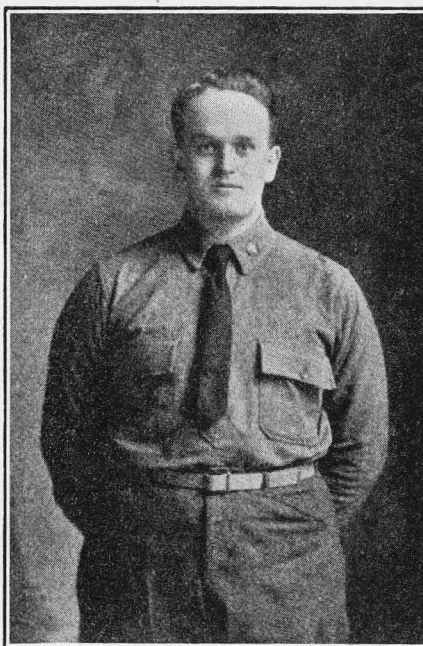
querors. And at ten in the morning of September 6th it reached San Francisco where the whistles and bells tore the welkin open in an effort to express a little of the city's cordiality. The acclaim nearly rivaled that with which the city had greeted her returned service men, newly home from France. Truck loads of War Camp Community Service singers, flags, and crowds made the city festive till late at night. And no pair of ear-drums within miles and miles could fail to be aware that the Army Transport Motor Convoy had completed its record run.

Before the convoy started, its purposes, as announced by the War Department, were to procure recruits for the Motor Transport Corps or any other branch of the U. S. Army; to show the public the development of the motor vehicle for military purposes, a principal factor in winning the war; and to form the War Department's contribution to the Good Roads Movement and so help the building of transcontinental highways as a military and economic asset.

Good Roads Day was celebrated in many states through which the convoy passed. It is planned, too, that the President shall dedicate a stone in front of the White House, the spot to be the starting point of all national highways in this country and to have on its surface, etched in gold, the map of the United States and the national highways now or later authorized.

In its extraordinary and triumphant journey, the Motor Convoy demonstrated ably all three things which it set out to demonstrate. And it demonstrated a fourth, as proved by a letter of thanks from Lieut.-Col. McClure—"The service rendered by War Camp Community Service very

materially strengthened the general morale of the personnel, which contributed to the successful completion of the expedition, and I am sure that each of us will remember the service rendered by the War Camp Community Service among the bright spots of our arduous journey from coast to coast. I again wish to assure you of our grateful appreciation."



Private Albert B. Squires, Med. Detachment, 319th Infantry, is still carried on our records as "Missing in Action." Any person having information regarding this soldier kindly communicate with his mother, Mrs. Lottie M. Squires, No. 600 W. Washington St., Corry, Pa., or send information to 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Histories and Rosters of Blue Ridge Division

(Continued from Preceding Page)

ance in the matter of criticism if separate units of the regiment feel in any sense that they've been slighted, for the account deals purposely with regimental affairs and not with smaller units. The story is dedicated to the men of the regiment who gave their lives and to the regiment's commander, Colonel Charles Keller.

Two plates, one of the Nantillois-Bois de Osons Offensive and the other of the Meuse-Argonne Attack of Nov. 1-6, illustrate the fore part of the book. A roster of the regiment's officers precedes the opening chapter of the history. The regiment's Honor Roll is the book's final chapter.

The Overseas Diary of Company G, 317th Infantry, is in the form that its title suggests. Who kept the diary is not revealed and this certainly not from the fact that the chronicler has anything to be ashamed of.

It is written in abbreviated diary style but the writer had a sense of humor and flashes of wit is the seasoning that makes this company history interesting reading in addition to its value as a historical record.

The booklet was presented to the men of the company by their officers who returned from France with them.

Its concluding pages contain a complete company roster with each man's home address. The joy of the book's pages is summed up, in a small cartoon, on the back cover. The sketchy figures of a doughboy, wearing a broad grin, a German helmet dangling from his pack, strides, with no regulation step, towards the edge of the cover for the precipitate leap that lands him—home!

### "PAL O' MINE"

'Tis hard to leave you lying there, pal o' mine;  
It seems so desolate and bare, pal o' mine.  
We fought together the best we knew,  
But one had to go and it was you,  
It's hard to leave you, now 'tis through, pal o' mine.

The symbol above you is quite enough, pal o' mine,  
To show the world your kind of stuff, pal o' mine.  
And though your eyes may never see  
The home-land of our liberty,  
The victor's wreath belongs to thee, pal o' mine.

I will ne'er forget the day, pal o' mine,  
Nor the price you had to pay, pal o' mine.  
Through long vigil of the night  
How you bravely met the fight,  
Till life faded from your sight, pal o' mine.

In that valley called the "West," pal o' mine,  
Tell them how we stood the test, pal o' mine,  
When you fell we carried on,

Through the Meuse and great Argonne,  
Till the foe was whipped and gone, pal o' mine.

Taps has sounded over you, pal o' mine;  
We're still passing in review, pal o' mine.  
But we'll ne'er forget the place,  
Nor that upturned dying face,  
That urged us on to win the race, pal o' mine.

Sleep you on in peaceful slumber, pal o' mine,  
God has registered your number, pal o' mine;  
Sleep until you hear the call,  
For us one and for us all,  
To assemble in His hall, Pal o' mine.

Nations sing sad requiems, pal o' mine.  
Peace lives as your diadem, pal o' mine.  
Garlands green your tomb shall wear,  
Till that great day over there,  
When life's final trumpets blare, pal o' mine.

—H. R. CURRY.



# To My Comrades in the Service

By CAPTAIN HOPWOOD, Royal Navy

Now these are the laws of the navy,  
Unwritten and varied they be;  
And he who is wise will observe them.  
Going down in his ship to the sea.

As naught may outrun the destroyer,  
So it is with the law and its grip;  
For the strength of the ship is the service,  
And the strength of the service the ship.

Take heed what you say of your rulers,  
Be your words spoken softly or plain,  
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter  
And so you shall hear it again.

If you labor from morn' until even',  
And meet with reproof for your toil,  
'Tis well; that the gun may be humbled,  
The compressor must check the recoil.

On the strength of one link of the cable  
Dependeth the might of the chain,  
Who knowest when thou mayest be tested?  
So live, that thou bearest the strain.

When a ship that is tired returneth  
With the signs of the sea showing plain  
Men place her in dock for a reason  
And her speed she reneweth again;

So shall ye, lest perchance ye grow weary,  
In the uttermost parts of the sea,  
Pray for leave, for the good of the service,  
As much, and as oft as can be.

Count not upon certain promotions,  
But rather to gain it aspire,  
Though the sighted line and on the target  
There cometh perchance the missfire.

Cans't follow the track of the dolphin,  
Or tell where the sea-swallow roam;  
Where leviathan taketh his pastime,  
What ocean he calleth his home?

So it is with the words of thy rulers,  
And the orders these words shall convey;  
Every law is as naught beside this one,  
"Thou shalt not criticize, but obey."

Says the wise, "How know I their purpose" ?  
And he acts without wherefore or why;  
Stays the fool but one moment to question,  
And the chance of his life passes by.

Do they growl it is well: be thou silent  
So that work goeth forward amain;  
Lo the gun throws her shot to a hair's  
breadth  
And shouteth,—yet none shall complain.

Do they growl and the work be retarded,  
It is ill spoken whatever their rank,  
The half-loaded gun also shouteth,  
But can it pierce armor with blank?

Doth the paintwork make war with the  
funnels,  
Do the decks to the big guns complain;  
Nay, they know that some soap or a  
scraper  
Unites them as brothers again.

So ye, being heads of departments,  
Do you growl with a smile on your lips,  
Lest ye strive and in anger be parted,  
And lessen the might of your ship.

If you win through an African jungle,  
Unmentioned at home in the press,  
Heed it not; no one seeth the piston,  
But it driveth the ship none the less.

Dost deem that thy vessel needs gilding?  
And the dockyard forbears to supply,  
Put thy hand in thy pocket and gild her  
There are those who have risen thereby.

Dost think in a moment of anger,  
'Tis well with thy seniors to fight?  
They prosper who burn in the morning  
The letters they wrote over night

And many are shelved and forgotten,  
With nothing to thank for their fate,  
But that on a half sheet of foolscap,  
A fool had "The honor to state."

If the fairway be crowded with shipping  
Beating homeward the harbor to win,  
It is meet that, lest any should suffer,  
The steamers pass cautiously in.

So thou, when thou nearest promotion,  
And the cap that is gilded high,  
Give heed to thy words and thine actions,  
Lest others be wearied thereby.

It is well for the losers to worry,  
Take thy fate as it comes with a smile,  
And shouldst thou arrive safe in the harbor,  
They may envy, but may not revile.

Uncharted the rocks that surround thee,  
Take heed that the channels thou learn,  
Lest thy name serve to buoy for another,  
That shoal the courts-martial return.

Though a Harveyized belt may protect her,  
The ship bears the scar on her side,  
It is well if the court shall acquit thee,  
It were best hadst thou never been tried.

As the wave rises clear at the hawse-pipe,  
Washes aft and is lost in the wake,  
So shalt thou drop astern all unheeded,  
Such time as these laws ye forsake.

Take heed in your manner of speaking  
That the language ye use may be sound;  
In the list of the words of thy choosing  
Let impossible never be found.

(This poem is memorized and recited by  
James McCarthy, C. B. M., U. S. N. (Ret.).  
Some of the verses were added by Mc-  
Carthy.)

## The Piano in England

A piano is unknown in England among certain classes, according to an amusing story told by Mr. Joseph H. Moore, of Sewickley, Pennsylvania. A piano was being moved into an English farmhouse, and a country yokel who was standing by was asked to help. Afterward the yokel reported to one of his mates: "Say, Bill! yu never seed such a thing as the mons brought here! There's a 'nogany box, with a flop in front, and when yu open it, there's scores of black and white teeth a-guzzling at yer—an' you only got to gi'e um a dong on the chops an' they'll yowl like a bull!"—*Ladies Home Journal*.

## But Not the University

Mrs. Edwin was showing Selmo, the new Swedish maid, "the ropes." This, she said, "is my son's room. He is in Yale."

"Ya?" Selma's face lit up with sympathetic understanding. "My brudder ban there, too."

"Is that so? What year?"

"Ach, he ban got no year, da jodge yust say, 'You, Axel, sixty days in yail.'"—*Truth Seeker*.

# THE "BIRD" IN THE BEAM

"Zonk—zonk!"

Two sickening thuds and terrific reports which made the wood beside us reverberate like a thousand drums.

"No. 5 light going to show out, sir," said the telephonist at my elbow.

"Zumm - um, zumm-um, zumm-um," droned the Hun twin engine, as the Gotha drew closer.

For the past half an hour we had been "standing by" for an air raid, and were now waiting for orders to open fire.

A shaft of light springs out of the blackness in front of us and begins a systematic search over the space whence comes this intolerable humming.

The Hun seemed so close over the top of us that one would think it impossible to miss him, especially as the beam of light had a diameter of 1,000 feet at a height of a few miles.

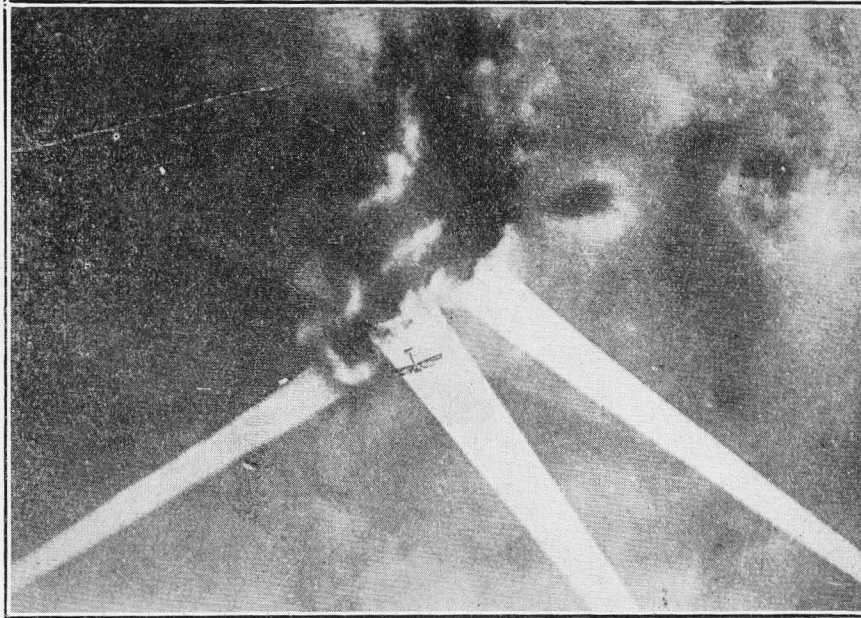
Another shaft of light shoots up on our left. It touches something white, and immediately the two beams cross. There—at their intersection, in the circle of brilliant light—is the Hun, looking like a great silver gnat.

"Engage the 'bird' in the beam, sir," says the telephonist, repeating the order from Control.

"Height-finder," I shout.

"Nine thousand, sir," he replies.

"Now, then, on the plotter. What's the



fuze?" I ask.

The plotter man read along the 9,000 line, with the help of an electric torch, while his mate keeps "on" the "bird" over the sights.

"Fuze 12, sir."

I turn round to the guns. "Fuze 12—Left 4."

The sergeants repeat the order, and on hearing the loaders shout "12 in" I roar, "Gun fire."

Immediately two flashes and deafening reports. Others follow in twos in given succession, and for a few seconds I can see nothing for the blinding flashes.

Then I pick up the "bird" shining in the beam.

Now there are a series of bursts in the beam, but below and behind the "bird."

"Stop! One move down," I shout.

"Fuze 14, sir," says the man on the

plotter.

When I had first opened fire the target was opposite the guns and going away to the left. My burst had been "short" and "low." (Imagine yourself pheasant shooting and think what you would do automatically and without any calculation—that is what the "Archie" officer has to put into words and figures.) I wait for the bursts with my eyes to the binocular and fixed on the "bird."

On burst just in front now another, but closer.

The next one blots him out. He dips over on one wing—then, before he can right himself, there is another burst a little below.

He seems to jump.

Another burst, below his tail.

*That is where we want them—he would be helpless without his tail.*

But in spite of all this he still keeps going, although he seems a bit unsteady. We keep blazing away until he is out of range, and then I report a probable hit to Control.

*The whole shoot lasts one and a half minutes.*

Later we hear of a damaged Gotha showing distress signals at sea, 30 miles away.

Innumerable inquiries, and then (two weeks later) the section is credited with having brought down another Hun.

"ARCH" in the Daily Mail.

## COMPARING BITS

I thought I'd done my bit "over there"—  
Played the game the best I knew and square,  
Fought and starved and kept a going on,  
After every ounce of fighting strength was gone,  
Marching step by step on naught but nerve,  
That a soldier's duty I would rightly serve,  
Knowing that e'er victory's sun had set,  
Man would count it done and soon forget,  
And I thought that when the end had come,  
I would stand content with what I'd done,  
Yet, somehow, like guilty soul, I grieve  
When I see a Buddy's empty sleeve.

Somehow things I did while over there  
Seem so commonplace like, and so bare,  
Just like little chores that didn't mount  
A whole lot in the vital things that count;  
Yet I sometimes would bemoan my fate,  
Being called to fight in wars of hate;  
What right had a nation, I would ask,  
To be setting subjects to such task?  
Now it seems I didn't do so much,  
When I think of empty sleeves and such,  
Somehow I don't feel as I'd been square  
When I think of crosses "over there."

—H. R. CURRY.



## Our Deserted Villas

(Continued from Page 10)

Great structures of stone, with towers and battlements protruding up or out, surrounded by high walls and deep moats with no water in them—they held a glamour of romance for the sightseers.

They say plumed knights used to sally forth on their steeds to rescue damsels in distress or wage war for the right—always for the right, you remember, and never for the love of a good scrap. Oh, no!

Our own United States, somehow, seemed miserably modern and lacking in good old historic scenery, such as castles or chateaux, or villas, for instance.

When the tourists returned they found that their own, their native land, had its historic ruins. Every town that laid claim to any distinction at all had a tall, gaunt pile of brick and stone and masonry whose towers and bottlements protruded up or out and whose general scheme of architecture was of the Dyspeptic School. Strange, they'd never noticed them before. Where once upon a time correctly curried steeds in fantastic livery used to sally forth daily, drawing gaily-colored chariots and conveying emissaries of the Lord of the Manor to parley with the people; where was heard the hum of voices, the laughter of happy people—now all is silent and dead. Rude boards cover the windows. Weeds have obliterated the prettily-manicured lawn

where the name of the Lord of the Manor had been etched in whitened letters. Deserted! I'll say.

But, you protest, we have no old castles or chateaux or villas.

No! I was referring to the breweries.

## Change of Address

Members of the 80th Division Veterans' Association or subscribers to SERVICE who have changed or contemplate a change in address, please fill out accompanying coupon with your new address and forward it to the association headquarters, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

80TH DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION  
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## Languorous, Lassitudinous Luther

(Continued from Page 10)

he guessed he'd get them to send him home.

So it was a cruel surprise to Luther to find that he was to be returned to duty and permitted to accompany his brethren of a certain machine gun battalion up to the front, there to do his bit for democracy. He just couldn't believe it. When assured that he was to become a regular combatant fighting man, he just went out and disappeared. Twelve hours later military police found him wandering along the road a few kilos out. They gently but firmly, as M. P. will, impressed him with the fact that the bugle was calling and he must go to fight the foe.

When the division went out our hero was perched alongside the driver of a truck, his trusty rifle, which he had not seen for many a week, at his side, throwing a kiss to the mademoiselles who had come out to see "The Original Americans" off. Ah, there was a brave man! If forced to fight he would fight, he would, and he didn't care who knew it.

So I think it's safe to predict that Luther came through all right and that he's back corping the elevators again.—W. P. S.

## FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE WESTERN FRONT



Although the A. E. F. set a record for cleanliness, Saturday morning inspections may have had something to do with it. You may be sure this is division headquarters. Look at the tin basin, the MAGAZINE and RUSSET SHOES!!

# More Stars for the Eightieth

(Continued from Page 7)

loyal attachment was only enhanced by their experience of his leadership in battle. They were conscious at all times that his interests were but their own, and in him they reposed the most implicit faith. Upon such facts it was that the character, and the discipline, and finally the record of the division were based.

After a preliminary visit to France during the winter of 1917-18, Gen. Cronkhite arrived in France in May, 1918, in command of the Eightieth Division. Throughout the following summer he led the division most successfully on the British front while it was attached to the Third British Army. Both he and the division were highly commended for their services in connection with the operations of that army in Picardy and Artois. It was well known at the time, in strict obedience to orders, that Gen. Cronkhite consistently declined to expose the troops under his command to unnecessary losses, although had he done so he would have attained a measure of credit in the public mind.

Late in August the division was transferred to the Fifth Corps, First American Army, and took part in the St. Mihiel campaign.

On September 26, it took part in the great American attack while attached to the Third Corps, First Army, and was the only division of the First Army to obtain the objective set for that attack, which it did on September 27-29. Having completed its task with the utmost success, capturing the important positions of Bethincourt and Dannevoux, it was withdrawn from the front line to reserve.

So well organized, disciplined and led was the Eightieth Division that it was available for further use in the attack of October 4, when it was called upon to assault the Bois de Ogons between two divisions which had had been unable to advance. On this occasion it stormed the third German line of defense at a point against which three other divisions had been hurled in vain.

Having completed its second task it was withdrawn from the line on October 14, with the understanding that it was to have thirty days to rest and reconstitute as reserve of the First Corps, but instead of thirty days it was given about ten and on November 1, re-entered the line.

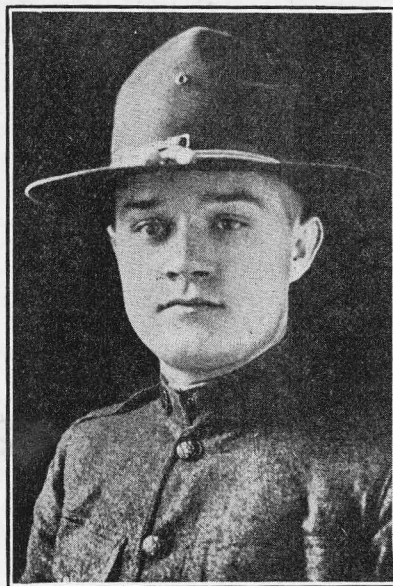
In the great attack of that day it broke the German line between St. Juvin and St. Georges. The other two divisions of the First Corps on its left were unable to advance.

Acting solely upon his own initiative General Cronkhite, with prompt decision and exceptional skill organized a flank attack which cleared the front of the entire First Corps and enabled it to move forward on November 2. For this action he was per-

sonally thanked at the time by the army and corps commanders who also commended General Cronkhite and the division for their action on this occasion in published orders. The independent action of General Cronkhite on this occasion was, in the opinion of many, the most brilliant operation of a division commander in the Meuse-Argonne campaign. The more that is known of it, we believe the more highly will it be appreciated.

The Eightieth Division, under General Cronkhite's leadership, fought its way to the neighborhood of Sedan where it was relieved upon the intervention of the Armistice, having been the only division of the A. E. F. to be employed three times during the 10 weeks of the Meuse-Argonne campaign. The fact that it could be used in the front line in three different attacks during so brief a period is, in itself, a tribute to, as well as the most convincing evidence of, the ability of its commanding general.

And yet, with a large number of prisoners and an enormous amount of captured material to its credit, so splendidly was the division handled that its losses were smaller than those of many other divisions, the time of whose services in the front line cannot be compared with that of the Eightieth Division. There was not a man in the division who did not know this fact was due in a large measure to the great ability



Corporal Edward Schaijer, Serial Number 1,829,244, Company "C," 320th Infantry, was reported missing in action on October 11, 1918. If anyone can furnish additional data concerning Corporal Schaijer please notify the 80th Division Veterans Association headquarters or Mr. George R. Riott, 260 38th Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

and skill of the division commander. They knew that he could accomplish the tasks assigned him without unnecessary losses; it became the boast of the division that excessive losses were not countenanced by its commander, who invariably demanded a satisfactory explanation of his subordinates when their casualties appeared to be excessive.

The principle which actuated him was one well calculated to insure the devotion and respect of his men. It is impossible to estimate the debt the people of Virginia owe General Cronkhite for this reason, if for no other.

Shortly after the Armistice, in recognition of his success as a division commander, General Cronkhite was advanced to the command of the Ninth Corps which he successfully organized. So soon as he accomplished that task he was transferred to the command of the Sixth Corps at Luxembourg where the situation was a delicate one, being selected, it was believed, by reason of his proven ability, wide experience and tact; and so, in many ways, he was contemporaneously commanded and rewarded for the services which he rendered in the A. E. F.

When the A. E. F. was reduced and the Sixth Corps was broken up, General Cronkhite, at his own request, was reassigned to the command of the Eightieth Division though he might have returned to the United States as a corps commander without command. When the division was mustered out in June, General Cronkhite was placed in command of Camp Stuart, Va.

Soon thereafter he was demoted to the grade of Brigadier-General, C. A., which office he held at the outbreak of the War, though scores of his juniors in the Regular Army and in the A. E. F. are retained as major generals.

Some of these general officers who now rank General Cronkhite, are believed by us to have been field officers when he was already a major general; many of them never exercised tactical command as such; still others never saw service in France. These are facts which we neither attempt to criticise nor to explain.

The truth is, however, that they are the cause of great concern to the people of Virginia and the men who served in the Eightieth Division, who are unable to reconcile the present status of General Cronkhite with the splendid services for which they are indebted to him.

It is our ardent hope that, upon the first practicable occasion, the conditions referred to may be corrected in such a way as to evidence an appreciation of the services of an officer of the Army, of which services those who served under him are so well appraised.

Ex-Lieut. Col. Jennings C. Wise, N. A.  
Ex-Major Armistead M. Dobie, N. A.  
Ex-Major Norborne Berkeley, N. A.





# SALVAGE

## In Wholesale Lots

She was very important and very stout. Her jewelry was plentiful, and though it was a hot day she wore her newest sables. She was choosing the most ornate tea and dinner services the big store had to offer, for she had made up her mind to figure as a society hostess. She was, therefore, ordering everything by the dozen, plates, dishes, spoons, forks, etc., when she caught sight of a pair of sugar tongs.

"What are these?" she asked.

"Sugar tongs, ma'am."

"Well, send me four dozen," she ordered.

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

## His Reason.

"What brought you here, my poor man?" asked the prison visitor.

"Just a little absent-mindedness," replied the visitor.

"How was that?"

"I forgot to scratch the monogram off a watch before I pawned it."

J. J. McG.

## A Jonah Thought

Gen. Leonard Wood said at a dinner in Washington:

"The front was a merry place, a grimly merry place. I wasn't long at the front, but I was long enough to see that.

"I remember a motto that I saw scrawled over the entrance of a very dangerously situated dugout. It said:

"When you're down, think of Jonah. He came out all right."—*Washington Star.*

## Under Suspicion

"Say," said the irate visitor, "you had something about me in your paper that has gotta be corrected."

"If the item was wrong," the editor smoothly replied, "we shall cheerfully do as you request."

"I told one of your reporters I saw a beautiful goldfinch perching on a twig just outside the window of my bedroom—"

"Well —"

"And when the item came out in the paper it read 'Gold fish.'"

"That isn't so bad."

"Oh, isn't it, though? Well, ever since it was in the paper friends of mine have

been hanging about our house thinking I have a private supply of something to drink in my cellar."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

## Not Taking Chances.

"Why don't you get out and hustle? Hard work never killed anybody," remarked the philosophical gentleman to whom Rastus applied for a little charity.

"You're mistaken dar, boss," replied Rastus; "I'se lost four wives dat way already."

J. J. McG.

## Near Father

Mr. Younghusband—Here is a letter from your father, asking us to economize!

Mrs. Younghusband—I'm not surprised. He told me the other day we were living far beyond his means.—*Cartoons Magazine.*

## Sleeping Lawmakers

Bacon—You know the Englishman does everything with his hat on.

Egbert—Well, he doesn't sleep that way, does he?

Sure. In the House of Parliament.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

## The Old Firm

Billy and Henry hadn't met for a long time, when quite unexpectedly they came across each other in the street. Noticing that his friend was looking downcast, Bill clapped him on the back and said:

"Hallo, Henry. How are yer gettin' on? Still workin' for the same people?"

"Yes," was Henry's sad reply. "Wife, mother-in-law and 10 kids."—*Cleveland Press.*

## A Real Calamity

It was in the Argonne. A regiment of colored Pioneers from Dixie who had been inducted into the service had just received a batch of mail. But neither Jefferson Madison Monroe nor his particular sidekick, Washington Jones, was manifesting any great elation. In fact, they both looked decidedly in the dumps.

"Wash," mourned Jefferson, "I'se the hard luckin'est nigger what was ever. I done just got a letter from mah gal and she's gone and went and married another."

"Oh man, man," wailed Wash. "You don't know what hard luck am. Me, I just got a letter from de draf' board what says I'm exempt!"—*Home Sector.*

## Lessons in Politeness

"I am very glad, George," said his mother, "to see that you are polite enough to offer the oranges to your little sister."

"Yes," responded George, "'cause then she's got to be polite, too, and take the little one."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

## The Right Dope

The Army slum architect has been the victim of many a caustic word, but the following advertisement, taken from a Western paper, is the most unkindest cut of all:

"Wanted—Five blacksmiths and three plumbers. Ex-Army cooks especially wanted."—*Home Sector.*

## Horrors Of Prohibition

"What are you going to do with all that home-made *creme de jass* you worked out with sugar and corn-meal and so forth?"

"That's the question!" said Uncle Bill Bottletop. "What are we goin' to do with it? We can't drink it and it's too expensive to be thrown away."—*Literary Digest.*

## The Sovereign Remedy

At a training camp in Georgia, a recruit of two weeks' experience was on his first trick of guard. His post was a water tank. His orders were to call the corporal of the guard if the tank should overflow.

All was quiet until one a. m., when the camp was aroused by a shrill call:

"Corporal of the guard—Number Six—bring a cork!"—*Home Sector.*

## Aggrieved.

"Mother, am I really the image of you, or was that lady that called on you just tryin' to hurt my feelings?"

J. J. McG.

The discharged soldier hastened gladly home to see his wife. He found her polishing the kitchen stove, and slipped quietly up and put his arms around her.

"Two quarts of milk and a pint of cream tomorrow," she said without looking up.—*American Legion Weekly.*

# Members of the Association Whose Addresses Are Lost.

## Can You Help us Locate These Men? We'd Appreciate it. Address Communications 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pearce, Clellan, Am. Co. 320, 305th San. Tr.  
Pearce, David C., Amb. Co. 320, 305th San. Tr.  
Peck, Josiah Co., F. & S. Un. Chap. Co., 319th Inf.  
Peck, Thomas A., Machine Gun Co., 317th Inf.  
Penn, Norman E., Co. G, 318th Inf.  
Peterson, Joseph E., Co. E, 305th Eng.  
Pickhardt, Ernest J., Mech. Hdq. Co., 313th F. A.  
Porter, McNeal, Amb. Co. 320, 305th San. Tr.  
Posey, Walter E., Am. Co. 320, San. Tr.  
Primarano, Dominic, Machine Gun Co., 318th Inf.  
Pullano, Clemente R., Co. C, 319th Inf.  
Pyne, Robert D., Wag. Sup. Co., 315th F. A.

Rains, Presley A., Co. C, 317th Inf.  
Raney, Herbert E., Co. G, 318th Inf.  
Ranir, Joseph, Co. B, 319th Inf.  
Ravey, Michael M., Co. A, 319th Inf.  
Ravito, Sebastiano, Co. F, 319th Inf.  
Rayborn, Bert, Co. E, 317th Inf.  
Recinella, Fedele, Co. L, 318th Inf.  
Reed, Elmore, Machine Gun Co.  
Reed, Homer C., Co. A, 314th Mach. Gun Bat.  
Reese, George J.,  
Regan, Patrick J., Co. G, 305th Amm. Tr.  
Renfor, Walter,  
Rentz, John B., Amb. Co. 320, 305th San. Tr.  
Repass, Ivan R., Co. 305th Eng.  
Rhodes, Jasper M., Co. A, 305th Eng.  
Rider, Wm. E., Co. C, 305th F. S. B.  
Rishel, Edw. E., Co. C, 305th F. S. B.  
Robidoux, Victor L., Co. F, 320th Inf.  
Robinson, Joseph D., Hdq. Co., 313th F. A.  
Rockney, Clarence B., Batt. D, 315th F. A.  
Rogers, Carlisle H., Co. A, 305th Eng.  
Rosenthal, Patrick J., Co. A, 317th Inf.  
Rosser, Sam, Batt. E, 315th F. A.  
Ruane, Edward F., Co. E, 314th F. A.  
Rupert, Edson, Hdq. Co., 319th Inf.  
Russa, Frank, Co. K, 318th Inf.  
Rutan, Paul J., F. & S. Un. Chap., 319th Inf.

Sadler, Carrol J., Co. E, 305th Eng.  
St. John, Rex E., Co. E, 320th Inf.  
Sands, Ord L., Co. C, Med. Det., 319th Inf.  
Seneski, Charles, Co. I, 319th Inf.  
Sapko, Geo., Co. M, 320th Inf.  
Sarasin, Ralph H., Co. E, 305th Eng.  
Saunders, Charles A., Amb. Co. 317, 305th S. T.  
Saunders, Charles G., Co. E, 305th Eng.  
Savekis, John, Co. E, 317th Inf.  
Scarpo, Augrieli, Co. L, 318th Inf.  
Schouch, Rudolph N., Co. E, 305th Eng.  
Schingenga, Titus, Co. A, 317th Inf.  
Schlesinger, Jacob, Co. L, 319th Inf.  
Schmidlin, Leo., 316 S. Pvt.  
Schmidt, John E., Co. C, 315th M. G. B.  
Schoenfeld, William F., Battery C, 313th F. A.  
Schoening, John E., Co. E, 305th Amm. Tr.  
Schoenwalder, Frank L., Sgt. Mess. Train Co., 305th Eng.  
Schumacher, John, Co. A, 317th Inf.  
Scott, Frederick L., Wag. Supply Co., 313th F. A.

Scott, Ray C., Mech. Supply Co., 317th Inf.  
Scott, Wilson, Co. K, 318th Inf.  
Seacrist, Lester F., Bug. Co. B, 313th M. G. B.  
Sebroskie, John, Co. I, 317th Inf.  
Semitses, John D., 317th Inf.  
Sergentis, Jucxapas, Co. A, 314th M. G. B.  
Seroni, Giovanni B., Co. L, 319th Inf.  
Sexton, James L., Co. E, 317th Inf.  
Shanfelt, Thomas A., Co. E, 305th Eng.  
Sharpe, John J., Co. C, 305th Eng.  
Shell, Edward B., Co. B, 217th Inf.  
Shellenberger, Thomas R., Co. E, 305th Eng.  
Sherman, William C., Co. E, 305th Eng.  
Sherne, Adolph G., Co. F, 305th Eng.  
Shiffman, Benjamin, Co. H, 319th Inf.  
Shindlecker, Robt. G., Co. D, 315th M. G. B.  
Shuler, William R., Co. E, 305th Amm. Tr.  
Shultz, Archie F., Co. I, 319th Inf.  
Siegel, Morris, Q. M. C. Salvage Co. No. 15, Q. M. C.  
Silverman, Nathan, Co. B, 318th Inf.  
Silvey, Earl E., Co. 319, 305th San. Tr.  
Simeran, John, 305th M. O. R. S.  
Simmons, Claude B., Battery B, 313th F. A.  
Simpkins, Ellis, Co. C, 319th Inf.  
Sims, James H., Co. M, 317th Inf.  
Skeel, Kenneth S., Bat. E, 315th F. A.  
Slack, Rudolph, Wag. Supply Co., 319th Inf.  
Slowikowski, Mike, Co. E, 320th Inf.  
Smith, Albert P., Co. F, 319th Inf.  
Smith, Jesse N., Sgt. Amb. Co. 319, 305th San. Tr.  
Smith, John, 1 cl. Co. Hdq., 318th Inf.  
Smith, Joseph S., Co. I, 319th Inf.  
Smith, Thomas H., Co. E, 305th Eng.  
Smith, William, Bat. E, 315th F. A.  
Smith, William G., Sup. Co., 320th Inf.  
Spangler, Arthur J., Bat. D, 315th F. A.  
Spenalle, Joseph, 2438069, A, 305th Mot. Sup. Tr.  
Spinoso, Joseph, Co. F, 319th Inf.  
Spitzner, Wentzel, Co. B, 319th Inf.  
Sprinkle, Luther C., Bat. F, 315th F. A.  
Stafford, Wm. I., Co. A, 318th Inf.  
Staley, Clement B., Co. Supply, 319th Inf.  
Stanczski, Louis, Co. E, 319th Inf.  
Starkey, Hugh V., Co. E, 314th F. A.  
Steele, John H., Amb. Co., 319, 305th San. Tr.  
Steen, William, Co. F, 320th Inf.  
Stemple, Leonard R., Co. F, 305th Amm. Tr.  
Stenberg, Chester H., Co. E, 320th Inf.  
Stephenson, Thomas, Co. L, 319th Inf.  
Stevens, George T., Co. F, 319th Inf.  
Street, Oliver G., Co. E, 319th Inf.  
Streight, Raymond, Co. B, 319th Inf.  
Stroud, Clarence C., Co. B, 315th F. A.  
Stump, Henry T., Co. A, 313th M. G. B.  
Sturgeon, Robert, Pvt., B. G., 317th Inf.  
Stutz, Walter J., Pvt. 1-C Co. E, 305th Eng.  
Suchocki, alter, Co. D, 305th Eng.  
Sulkowski, John, Co. L, 319th Inf.  
Sullivan, Edward F. X., F. Hospt. 320, 305 San. Tr.

Tamer, Geo., Co. L, 320th Inf.  
Tanner, Benj. H., Wag. Sup. Co., 320th Inf.

Taylor, Matt., Co. C, 305th Eng.  
Teating, Vincenzo, Co. D, 305th Amm. Tr.  
Thompson, Homer, Co. A, 315th M. G. B.  
Thompson, Wilbur N., Musn. Hdq. Co., 313th F. A.  
Thorsberg, Alphonso M., Co. C, 305th F. S. B.  
Tick, Louis, Co. C, 315th M. G. B.  
Tomeo, Angelo, Co. L, 319th Inf.  
Tosti, Emiljo, Mus. 3rd Cl. Band Co., 305th Eng.  
Treece, Jesse G., Co. E, 305th Eng.  
Trekauskas, William, M. G. Co., 317th Inf.  
Tucker, Arthur C., Co. E, 320th Inf.  
Tull, Walter, Sgt. Co. K, 318th Inf.  
Twaddle, David S., Co. A, 305th Eng.  
Tweeten, Oleo., Co., 305th Eng.

Ulrich, John F., Co. A, 317th Inf.

Vaccaro, Joseph, Co. G, 318th Inf.  
Varney, Sidney W., Co. C, 317th Inf.  
Vesanni, Alvero, Cook. Hdq. Detch., 305th Eng.  
Vinson, Grover G., Co. M, 319th Inf.  
Vogel, Jos. H., Co. C, 305th F. S. B.  
Vorhes, Howard H., Co. B, 319th Inf.

Wade, Riley M., Co. A, 317th Inf.  
Waggoman, Adolph, Co. A, 318th Inf.  
Walker, John C., Supply Co., 313th F. A.  
Ward, James O., Co. E, 319th Inf.  
Watson, Francis J., Co. B, 319th Inf.  
Wayman, Roscoe, Bat. F. A., 315th F. A.  
Weber, Ernst A., Hosp. 317, 305th San. Tr.  
Weber, Harry P., 305 S. Park St.  
Weikle, Charles C., Co. I, 317th Inf.  
West, Thomas, Bat. E, 313th F. A.  
Westberg, Oscar A. E., Co. A, 318th Inf.  
Wheeler, John, Co. A, 319th Inf.  
White, David, Co. A, 305th Eng.  
White, Frank C., Co. V, 313th M. G. B.  
Whitehurst, Herman E., Co. F, 305th Eng.  
Whitenack, Henry T., Pvt. 1-C.  
Whittington, Louis E., Co. F, 317th Inf.  
Wiggons, Julius R., Co. B, 314th M. G. B.  
Williams, Bert, Supply Co., 313th F. A.  
Williams, Perry D., Co. E, 314th F. A.  
Williams, William C., M. P. Co.  
Willis, John, Amb. Co. 319, 305th San. Tr.  
Wilson, Andrew S., Co. E, 319th Inf.  
Wilson, Fred W., Co. E, 314th F. A.  
Winnebrenner, Morris S., Co. A, 315th F. A.  
Wise, Barney D., Amb. Co., 319, 305th San. Tr.  
Withrow, Bertram L., Co. C, 305th F. S. B.  
Wolf, Eddie, 305th M. O. R. S.  
Wright, Frederick J., Co. D, 305th Amm. Tr.  
Wright, Jno. B., Co. A, 318th Inf.  
Wright, William T., Co. B, 318th Inf.  
Wylondek, John, Batt. B, 313th F. A.

Young, Willie, Co. Hdq. Trps., 80th Div.

Zdyber, Valentine, Co. D, 319th Inf.  
Zekovich, Matija, Co. C, 317th Inf.  
Ziegler, Robt. R., Co. I, 318th Inf.  
Zinn, Carl W., Co. M, 318th Inf.  
Zulli, Phillip, Co. M, 320th Inf.



# Pictures of the Eightieth

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

SERIAL No.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	SERIAL No.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
1	Jumping Off Place, 160th Brigade, Sept. 26th, 1918.....	.50	11	Armored Machine Gun Nest at Bethincourt .....	.50
2	Barbed Wire in Front of Dead Man's Hill .....	.50	12 (a)	Ravine Between Sommerance and St. Juvin.	
3	German Dugouts North of Bethincourt .....	.50	(b)	General View Ravine Aux Pierres and Woods to North.	
4	320th Inf. P. C. at Gercourt.....	.50	(c)	Close-up of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
5 (a)	Machine Gun Nests in Bois de		(d)	Close-up of Out Post "Fox Holes" in Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(b)	Dannevoux .....		(e)	Woods North of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(c)	Boche Observation Tower on Dannevoux Ridge.		(f)	Sommerance and the Country to the North.	
(d)	Boche Artillery Position Captured 319th Infantry.		(g)	Ravine North of Sommerance.	
(e)	380 mm. gun Captured by 319th at Dannevoux.		(h)	Rau de St. Georges—Alliepont in the Distance.	
	Single picture in the above set....	.50	(i)	Buzancy and the Battlefield North and South.	
	Entire set of five.....	1.75		Single pictures in this set.....	.50
6 (a)	Bois de Sachet, General View.			Complete set of nine.....	3.00
(b)	Battery of 150's captured in Bois de Sachet by 320th Infantry.		101	Major General Adelbert Cronkhite.	1.00
(c)	A Close Up of One of the 150's.		110	Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett.	1.00
(d)	Close Up of Hun Observation Post in Bois de Sachet.		117	Brigadier General George H. Jamerson .....	1.00
	Single pictures in this set.....	.50		Following are Panoramic Views of Brest:	
	Entire set of four.....	1.50	7175	General View of Camp Pontanzean	1.25
7	Ruins and Desolation of Bethincourt .....	.50	7193	Napoleon's Headquarters at Camp Pontanzean .....	1.25
8 (a)	General View of Nantillois Battlefield, including Bois des Ogons and Hill 274.		7229	"The Mill" at Pontanzean, largest delousing plant in the world....	1.00
(b)	Close View of "Fox Holes" on Hill 274.		7250	General View of Harbor of Brest..	1.25
(c)	Close View of South Edge of Bois des Ogons.			Following were taken at Camp Lee:	
(d)	Open Ground Between Bois de Ogons and Woods to the North.		3823	West Virginia Day in Camp Lee..	1.00
	Single pictures in this set.....	.50	4217	General View of Camp Lee from the Water Tower .....	1.00
	Entire set of four.....	1.50			
10 (a)	Nantillois-Cunel Road near Farm de Madelaine.				
(b)	South of Cunel near the Boche trench "de Mamelle."				
(c)	Cunel and Surrounding Country, including the Bois de Rappes.				
(d)	Briculles-Cunel Road east of Cunel.				
	Single pictures of this set.....	.50			
	Entire set of four.....	1.50			

# Pictures of the Eightieth---Continued

**T**HIS 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. Worrilow.
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.
3808	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.

4158	Entire Battalion.
4170	Commissioned Officers.

## 315th Machine Gun Battalion

4156	Entire Battalion.
------	-------------------

## Headquarters Troop

4153	Entire Troop.
------	---------------

## 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

Serial No.	Title	Price.
1197	Regimental	\$2.00
1220	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1232	Sup. Co.	2.00
1221	M. G. Co.	2.00
1198	A Co.	2.00
1199	B Co.	2.00
1200	C Co.	2.00
1202	D Co.	2.00
1203	E Co.	2.00
1204	F Co.	2.00
1205	G Co.	2.00
1206	H Co.	2.00
1207	I Co.	2.00
1219	K Co.	2.00
1209	L Co.	2.00
1210	M Co.	2.00
1222	Hdq. Pl.	2.00
1223	1 Pound Pl.	2.00
1224	Pioneer Pl.	2.00
1225	Officers 2nd Bn.	2.00
1226	Band	2.00
1227	Signal Pl.	2.00
1228	Sappers and Bombers Pl.	2.00
1229	Baseball Team Sup. Co.	2.00
1230	Baseball Team M. G. Co.	2.00

## 318th Infantry

1173	Officers	2.00
1177	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1216	Hdq. Detch.	2.00
1175	Sup. Co.	2.00
1168	M. G. Co.	2.00
1178	A Co.	2.00
1174	B Co.	2.00
F801	C Co.	1.50
F802	D Co.	1.50
G803	E Co.	1.50
F804	F Co.	1.50
F805	G Co.	1.50
F806	H Co.	1.50
1215	I Co.	2.00
1172	K Co.	2.00
1170	L Co.	2.00
1171	M Co.	2.00
1176	Med. Detch.	2.00

## 319th Infantry

F807	Hdq. Co.	1.50
F808	Sup. Co.	1.50
F809	M. G. Co.	1.50
F810	A Co.	1.50
F811	B Co.	1.50
F812	C Co.	1.50
F813	D Co.	1.50
F814	E Co.	1.50
F815	F Co.	1.50

Serial No.	Title	Price.
F816	G Co.	1.50
F817	H Co.	1.50
F818	I Co.	1.50
F819	K Co.	1.50
F820	L Co.	1.50
F821	M Co.	1.50

## 320th Infantry

1196	Regimental	2.00
8038	M. G. Co.	1.50
8001	I Co.	1.50
8002	K Co. (Helmets)	1.50
8003	K Co. (Caps)	1.50
8004	L Co.	1.50
8005	M Co.	7.50

## 313th Field Artillery

1189	Regimental	2.00
1191	Officers	2.00
1211	Officers	2.00
1190	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1186	Sup. Co.	2.00
1214	A Battery	2.00
1179	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00
1212	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00
1213	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00
1185	B Battery	2.00
1192	C Battery	2.00
1193	D Battery	2.00
1194	E Battery	2.00
1195	F Battery	2.00
1180	N. C. O. Hdq. Co.	2.00
1182	1st Bn. Detch.	2.00
1183	2nd Bn. Detch.	2.00
1184	Band	2.00

## 314th Field Artillery

1156	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1187	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1231	Hdq. Detch.	2.00
1188	A Battery	2.00
1158	Regimental	2.00
1167	Officers	2.00
1166	Sup. Co.	2.00

## 315th Field Artillery

1159	A Battery	2.00
1160	B Battery	2.00
1161	C Battery	2.00
1162	D Battery	2.00
1194	E Battery	2.00
1165	F Battery	2.00

## 313th Machine Gun Battalion

8006	Hdq. Detch. (Helmets)	1.50
8007	Hdq. Detch. (Caps)	1.50
8008	A Co.	1.50
8009	B Co.	1.50

Serial No.	Title	Price.
8010	C Co.	\$1.50
8011	D Co. (Helmets)	1.50
8012	D Co. (Caps)	1.50

## 305th Field Signal Battalion

8013	Regimental (Large)	2.00
8014	Regimental (Small)	1.50
8015	Officers	1.50
8016	A Co.	1.50
8017	B Co.	1.50
8018	C Co.	1.50
8019	1st and 2nd Sec. Co. C.	1.50

## 305th Motor Supply Train

8020	B Co.	1.50
8021	D Co.	1.50
8022	E Co.	1.50
8023	F Co.	1.50

## 305th Ammunition Train

8024	A Co.	1.50
8025	B Co.	1.50
8026	D Co. (Helmets)	1.50
8027	D Co. (Caps)	1.50
8028	E Co.	1.50
8029	G Co.	1.50
8030	Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Large)	2.00
8031	Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Small)	1.50

## 305th Engineers

F822	Hdq. Detch	1.50
F823	Officers	1.50
F824	Co. A.	1.50
F825	Co. B.	1.50
F826	Co. C.	1.50
F827	Co. D.	1.50
F828	Co. E.	1.50
F829	Co. F.	1.50
F830	Officers 1st Bn.	1.50
F831	Officers 2nd Bn.	1.50

## 305th Sanitary Train

8032	317th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8033	318th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8034	319th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8035	320th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8036	Hdq. Ambulance Section.	1.50

## Miscellaneous

8037	Hdq. Troop 80th Division	1.50
8039	M. P. Co., 80th Division.	1.50
8040	Market Place at Economy	1.50
1217	Signal Detachment 80th Div.	2.00
1218	305th M. V. Section (View)	2.00

# Alumni Notes

About 300 friends of the American Legion braved the zero weather of December 17 to attend the Eightieth Division night exercises in Motor Square Garden during the Legion's get-together week. The big auditorium was tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, and beaucoup pretty members of the fair sex were there to put flowers in your coat. In addition, there were vaudeville acts and Izzy Cerrone's American Legion Band, which played for the dances, reminding you of the never-to-be-forgotten times in the leave areas of Southern France, because it was so different. Almost, you wished you were back there. The military wedding gave every promise of escaping a terrible end in the divorce court, since it failed to take place. A telegram from Elsie Janis said she was sorry she couldn't be present and that she sent her love to her buddies. The telegram also announced that she could be seen at the movie around the corner. Mayor Babcock, also scheduled for a speech, failed to arrive. Members of the 160th Brigade were disappointed by the absence of Gen. Lloyd M. Brett. In explanation, the following letter from him, dated Dec. 12, at Ft. Meyer, Va., was read:

"I have endeavored to see my way clear to being present on the occasion, which would afford me the greatest pleasure, but many pressing duties hold me here, and I request that you greet the men of my old brigade for me. Tell them that words cannot express my affection for them, nor the pride I feel in having commanded them in the fierce fighting over there—the best brigade that ever trod a battlefield."

\* \* \*

On Saturday evening, December 27, the members of Machine Gun Company, 319th Infantry, met in the rooms of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, for their first annual reunion.

From north, south, east and west they answered the call sent out by "Billy" Nixon, former Mess Sergeant, and many a warm greeting passed between old pals who had not seen one another since returning from "over there."

Captain Huston, of Warsaw, Ohio, and "Top" Sergeant Burton, of Chicago, were among the notables present.

A permanent organization was effected, and the following officers elected:

Honorary president, Robert K. Morrow; vice president, Paul J. Barthol; secretary-treasurer, Samuel G. Alter.

Meetings will be held on the Saturday evening following Christmas and will be followed by "big eats." This is to be an annual event and will furnish an opportunity for the boys to get together and revive old memories. All 319th Machine Gunners, take notice.

\* \* \*

Charles P. Hodge, formerly corporal in

## TO MUSICIAN LYND SAY

Best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year from the boys of the 305th Engineers Band.

(Signed) JACK V. BEYER,  
Company Clerk.

Company C, 1st Bn., 320th Infantry, was married to Miss Mabel Esther Linn on Wednesday, the 10th of December, 1919.

\* \* \*

History of the 314th F. A. is on the press and should be ready for distribution in the near future.

\* \* \*

History of the 318th Infantry has been printed and is being held up by the binders. Date of delivery not known.

\* \* \*

Copies of History of Company "F," 305th Engineers, can be secured through this office. Price \$1.65 each.

\* \* \*

The History of the 2nd Bn., 318th Infantry, written by Lt. Col. Jennings C. Wise and used as material for lectures to the Battalion while in the 15th Training Area, France, will be published in book form, suitably illustrated, providing the demand is great enough to make the book pay for itself.

\* \* \*

Hyman Herr, formerly Captain Company "F," 319th Infantry, has been presented with a Croix de Guerre with a star, by the French Government.

\* \* \*

William Welsher, Company "I," 320th Infantry, was reported wounded in action and evacuated to hospital. Later reported to have died. Definite information is requested by his cousin, Miss Eleanor Booth, 115 Locust Street, Carnegie, Pa.

\* \* \*

Col. Jennings C. Wise, recently appointed to the Board of Central Adjustment of the War Department, has been appointed a member of the War Department Claims Board and placed in charge of both the

Claims Board Transportation Service and the Claims Board Construction Division for which he is directly responsible to the Secretary of War.

\* \* \*

In the Marine Hospital in Baltimore recently some interesting facts were learned about the military career of Private Charles N. Parcell, of the 317th Infantry. He had applied to the hospital for the treatment of a wound received in the Meuse-Argonne offensive and when his record was checked up by hospital authorities it was disclosed that Parcell was no make-believe hero. He had been awarded four war medals from three different governments with the strong possibility of receiving the fifth—the Congressional Medal of Honor. Parcell's other decorations are the Distinguished Service Cross, French Medaille Militaire, French Croix de Guerre and the Italian Cross of War. Each decoration is for a separate deed of valor during action. Parcell was a dispatch runner.

\* \* \*

Leonard H. Geis, of Company "M," 320th Infantry, died November 30 in a hotel in New York City. Geis' home was in Pittsburgh, where he lived at 330 Ella Street.

(Continued on page 31)

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# News, Notes and New Things

## Equipment and Clothing for Discharged Soldiers

The following is published in response to numerous inquiries received from former members of the division:

The War Department authorizes publication of this announcement from the office, Director of Storage, Supplies Division.

The following articles of clothing and equipment may be permanently retained by

enlisted men upon honorable discharge:

One overseas cap (for all enlisted men who have had service overseas) or one hat and one hat cord for all other enlisted men; one olive drab shirt; one service coat and ornaments; one pair breeches; one pair shoes; one pair leggings; one waist belt; one poncho; one overcoat; two suits underwear; four pairs stockings; one pair gloves; one gas mask and helmet (if issued overseas); one barrack bag; three scarlet chevrons.

Any enlisted man who served in the United States Army during the present war and who was honorably discharged or furloughed to the Reserve since April 6, 1917, and who has restored to the government any of the above articles, or to whom for any reason they were never issued, may make application for such articles to the Supplies Division, Office of the Director of Storage, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C., and similar clothing and uniform in kind and value as near as may be, will be returned to him. The application should state sizes required and will be accompanied by affidavit made before any civil or military officer authorized to administer oaths, setting forth the soldier's record of services since April 6, 1917; the date and place of his discharge or furlough to the Reserve; the articles and kind of clothing restored to the government, whether cotton, O. D., or woolen, O. D., and certifying that none of the articles applied for were retained by him at the time of his discharge or furlough to the Reserve, or if retained, that they have been restored to the government since that time.

Officers and enlisted men who have returned the gas mask or helmet may make similar application for these articles and they may be issued if available.

The second number of THE SERVICE MAGAZINE, published monthly under the direction of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, has made its debut in

the land, and is a mighty good "ad" for the ability of the editors. Chock-a-block with interesting reading for former wearers of the O. D., leavened with humor and attractively typed, the magazine cannot but appeal to a large percentage of veterans.

The editorial staff takes cognizance of the stumbling blocks that beset the path of a new publication by announcing it is starting off on a long hike, with full packs, but expresses the conviction that its objective will be reached ultimately through carrying out the significance of its name—"SERVICE."

"SERVICE" has gotten away to a good start, and "The Stars and Stripes" wishes it every success. It has set itself a high standard and need only maintain it to hold the interest, not alone of the Eightieth vets, but a host of others who did their bit in France.—*The Stars and Stripes*.

The publication of the history of the 313th Field Artillery has been delayed by the printers' strike in New York. The book is now on the press, however, and should be ready for delivery early in February.

Greenville County, South Carolina, has authorized the distribution of a handsome bronze medal to every man from the county who served in any military or naval capacity during the World War. Gold-star medals are authorized for the families of men who died in the service.

The governor of Colorado has promised full co-operation to the board and capital managers of the American Legion in the campaign for a legislative appropriation of \$500,000 for the erection of a memorial building in Denver. The state assembly has already authorized the expenditure of \$50,000 for the building of a memorial shaft. Former service men oppose this kind of memorial. They want enough money to erect a building which will serve, not only a sentimental, but a practical purpose as well.

The Daughters of the American Revolution in Memphis recently raised \$10,000 for the erection of a "Sacrifice Cross" in honor of the men killed in the World War. Members of the American Legion in the same city are planning a campaign to raise \$250,000 for a memorial building.

The memorial drive in South Carolina for \$400,000 will be extended until the convening of the forthcoming general assembly. The state assembly appropriated \$100,000 to be augmented by \$400,000 to come from popular subscription. The proposed memorial will be in the form of

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## News, Notes and New Things

a historical museum on the campus of the University of South Carolina at Columbia.

In the recent annual report of the adjutant general it was shown that 15,384 American soldiers received decorations from foreign governments for their unusual services in the World War.

A complete list of government positions that are unfilled may be had by writing to the United States Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., for the book entitled "Opportunities for Government Employment."

There is an extensive list of these positions open and some pay as high as \$195 a month and board. Generally the employment is in the navy yards, ordnance plants and various governmental operations throughout all parts of the country. In addition to unskilled labor there is a demand for carpenters, machinists, electricians, painters, engineers, stevedores, tool-makers, blacksmiths, firemen, surveyors and other skilled workers.

All these positions require a civil service examination. According to the law former service men are given the preference over all applicants.

## Government Compensation and War Risk Insurance

(Continued from Page 8)

from the service. Compensation for death is paid from the date of death. As indicated above, compensation is *not* payable unless the death or disability results from injuries or disease incurred in active service in the line of duty.

*Insurance* while in force is payable to the beneficiary (within the permitted class) named by the insured, at the latter's death from any cause at any time; or to the *insured himself* only in the event of his total and permanent disability at any time, from any cause, and from the date of incurring such total and permanent disability.

*Compensation* is payable not only for total and permanent disability resulting from injuries or disease incurred in active service in the line of duty, but also for temporary total disability, and for temporary and permanent partial disability so incurred. The law provides that no compensation shall be paid in cases where disability is rated at less than 10%.

Men who hold War Risk Insurance policies and who become entitled while in the service to payments of insurance for total and permanent disability will, in addition to their insurance money, receive "compensation" after discharge, if their total and permanent disability was the re-

sult of injuries or disease incurred in active service in the line of duty.

When one carries a War Risk Insurance policy and becomes totally and permanently disabled through physical or mental infirmities due to old age, or through sickness or injury incurred either in or out of the service, he becomes eligible to receive monthly payments of insurance at the rate of \$5.75 per \$1,000 of insurance carried, during total and permanent disability so long as he lives. Every former service man who keeps up his government insurance not only protects his loved ones in the event of his death, but protects himself as well against possible total permanent disability resulting from illness or accident in youth or old age.

## Alumni Notes

(Continued from page 29)

The soldiers of the Eightieth Division now confined in public institutions from sickness and injuries received in service should be transferred to military hospitals, was the contention at a recent meeting of the Auxiliary in the auditorium of the Chamber of Commerce Building. A committee was appointed to take up with the proper authorities the question of removing the soldiers to military hospitals.

A musical entertainment was held and motion pictures were shown of the division after its return from France. The pictures were taken in New York, Pittsburgh, Camp Dix and other places. Many of the members of the 319th and 320th infantries were "spotted" by their relatives.

The Auxiliary, at a meeting in the Bessemer Building, appointed a committee of mothers and fathers to arrange for a banquet and get-together meeting of the several thousand Western Pennsylvania boys who served in the Blue Ridge Division.

The banquet will be held in February in Memorial Hall. The committee of arrangements is as follows:

Mrs. Mary E. McGinnis, president of the

association, general chairman; Mrs. W. A. Gordon, chairman; Mrs. Hannah De Roy, Mrs. C. Donahoe, Mrs. Charles Henry, Mrs. S. J. Meyers, Mrs. J. F. Brown, Mrs. William Sellers, Mrs. M. Little, Mrs. Winifred Larkin, Mrs. Mary E. Coll, Mrs. Richard Harris, Mrs. C. T. Milligan, Mrs. J. C. Bender, Mrs. J. C. Hague, Mrs. Walter Lloyd, Mrs. M. Ferrar, Capt. Reuel W. Elton, H. J. Wilbert, William Fleming and Miles Little.

In Motor Square Garden on Wednesday evening, December 17, the mothers of the Eightieth Division were hostesses to their sons in the American Legion "Get-together."

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## NEW WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

☐ The Treasury Department announces the new issue of War Savings Stamps and Certificates for 1920.

☐ The 25-cent stamp will be the same as heretofore; the \$5.00 stamp will bear the likeness of George Washington and will be carmine in color.

☐ The Treasury Department also announces the issue of certificates in the denomination of \$100 and \$1000. The certificates will be printed of the series of 1918 and 1919 as well, which will not be placed on sale, but which can be secured in exchange for stamps purchased during 1918 and 1919.

☐ All \$100 and \$1000 certificates on and after January 1, 1920, will be redeemable on demand at the Federal Reserve Bank, or the Division of Loans and Currency of the Treasury Department. Post-offices will require the usual 10 days' notice covering the redemption of \$100 certificates, or certificates of less value.

☐ \$5 War Savings Stamps in January will cost \$4.12 and increase one cent in purchase price each month thereafter.

☐ \$100 Treasury Savings Certificates will be sold at \$82.40 in January and increase at the rate of \$.20 a month up to and including December next.

☐ \$1000 Treasury Savings Certificates will be sold at \$824 in January and will increase at the rate of \$2.00 per month up to and including December next.

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