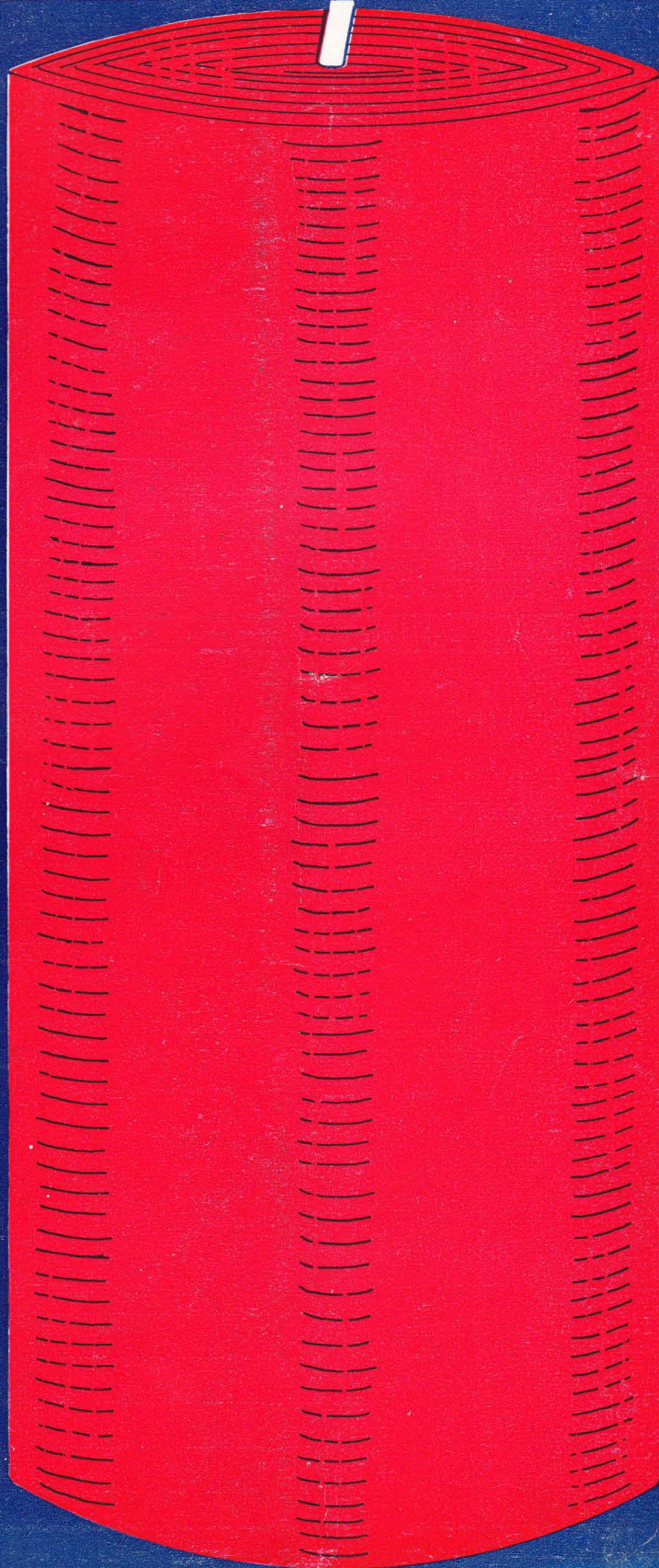


SERVICE

JULY

20¢



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In September the "80th Division Year Book" will be published. It will contain a roster of the members of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, giving addresses and arranged according to organization. There will be battle maps, official U. S. Government war photos, a brief history of the 80th (Blue Ridge) Division and other surprises—over 300 pages and bound with the Division Insignia in colors on a khaki cover. It cannot be printed for less than \$1.00 a copy and the edition will be limited to the number of orders received. The paper shortage makes this necessary! This will be the only division roster published during the year. It will be your greatest souvenir of the entire war—and will cost \$1.00.

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WALTER R. SUPPES, Associate Editor
GUY T. VISKNISKKI, Associate Editor
HARRY R. CURRY, Advertising Manager
REUEL W. ELTON, General Manager
JACK V. BERGER, Artist and Cartoonist

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FOREWORD

SERVICE has been criticized for its lack of editorial policy! To which SERVICE rises to reply that *SERVICE* is the policy of SERVICE, to the end that liberty and justice shall not perish from our national life; that we may be ever grateful to the All-Wise Providence that watches over all; that we may continue to *serve* our country better, and mankind in general; that we may carry forward into the hopeful future the sacred memory of those who unselfishly gave their lives in the glorious past, and to *serve*, as civilians, God and Country, Mankind and the Virtues of Loyalty and Honor as loyally now—as then.

THAT ALONE IS THE POLICY OF
SERVICE MAGAZINE

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Coming
 "THE
 PICNIC
 BEE"



He will
 billet in your
 Bonnet "Blue Ridge Day" Sat
 July 17th at West View Park
 "C'mon In, Buddie!"

Berger.

Reunions, Picnics and Histories

Three Things to Remember---the Pittsburgh Picnic July 17, The Richmond Reunion September 4, 5 and 6, and to Get Your Unit's History, Three More Being Published.

PICNIC time is with us once more. With a year to "think it over" since discharge from the army, indications now point to even a greater attendance at the Division picnic to be held at West View Park, Pittsburgh, July 17, than the record-breaking crowd of last year.

And then, September 4, 5 and 6 at Richmond will take place the Division reunion with the opportunity to go back to Petersburg and Camp Lee, with a sigh of relief that the uniform is absent, and that passes are not dependent on top sergeants' opinions of what does or what does not constitute "well policed hair and beard."

All the attractions and inducements that made the last gathering at Kennywood worth while will be there this year, chiefly the opportunity to fight it over again.

In Western Pennsylvania, the annual "battles of West View" will grow in importance and significance as the years whiz by. Even now, if you think a moment, you can see yourself going out there in 1970, the old O. D. hanging a trifle slack and, perhaps, the puttees held up with garters. White whiskers will be the proper chin decoration, with here and there a lad in grogans. Some of those canes that were lugged all over France for no reason at all, may come in handy then, and the lies that have been told of the historical association of these same sticks will be multiplied ten-fold; yea, an hundred fold.

But uniforms, canes and whiskers aren't specified as equipment C for this year's picnic.

Needless to say, there'll be a band and the division quartet, which made such a hit last year. If the weather's as good as it was last July, there should be a record crowd.

As for Richmond, the city which six decades ago was out gunning for Yanks, preparations are under way already to make the reunion one grand, glorious time for every member of the division—Northern or Southern.

Arrangements aren't complete, early preparations show the cost to visitors will be held to the minimum. It is planned to eliminate the use of hotels wherever possible and to "billet" free all the division members who take the trip. Of course, any one will be privileged to sleep where he chooses, but the unattached birds who yearn for at least one more night on a government cot in a squad room will be accommodated at the armory, or elsewhere, and to those who take their wives or

women relatives, it is expected that homes will provide entertainment.

On the Saturday of the stay there will be an excursion to Camp Lee in order that what's left of "The First Five Per Cent" may say "That's where I pulled weeds" and where the other ninety-five per cent can retort. "You may have pulled 'em, but I massaged that field—with my hobnails."

For those from a distance, an effort is being made to procure reduced train fare. The verdict on this, with further information concerning the details of the reunion, will be published in the August SERVICE.

An Eightieth Division post is being formed in Richmond, another in Lynchburg, and still others will be formed throughout the state. J. C. Peck of the 319th Infantry, R. A. Ammons of the 317th, Richard P. Williams of the 317th and Robert T. Barton of the 313th Field Artillery are among those who are making arrangements.

* * *

And, speaking of reunions, leads one to think of the purpose they serve and the associations they preserve. The details of the past accomplishments of the various units are set forth no more attractively anywhere than in three unit histories that have been received at this office.

To take up the Three Hundred and Eighteenth first—because it was the first received—it consists of nearly 200 pages of the most intimate history of the division, with maps and photographs, and in addition a number of drawings illustrating the bunk arrangements on the transports and other familiar scenes which were not photographed—at least in connection with particular units—for obvious reasons.

Particular attention is paid to the mess north of Nantillois the first week in October, 1918, when, for one reason and another—explained in the history—things were none too pleasant for anybody concerned; where, in fact, tragedy occurred. To quote, concerning the attack of October 4.

"The barrage table was changed at the last minute with resultant misunderstanding and the attack was 20 minutes late in starting. The barrage was actually laid down at 5:35 a. m. and some 15 minutes later the Hun put down a counter-barrage which made our own barrage seem like the effort of a small boy."

The unit then advanced. In spite of inevitable misunderstandings due to lack of orders, maps and personal reconnaissances, the Second Battalion went over the

top in good order, and advancing nearly two kilometers, succeeded in pushing their two leading companies into the Bois des Ogons. This proved to be an impossible place to hold for the following reasons: First—The 317th was unsuccessful in getting off on schedule time and left our right flank in the air; Second—The Third Division on our left also failed to advance as expected, leaving our left in the air; Third—The exposure of our right and left flanks made it necessary to throw our strong detachments from the support battalion to cover these gaps and involved then in attack much earlier than should have been necessary; Fourth—The failure of the flanking units to advance resulted in the two advance companies of the Second (attacking) battalion being fired upon by machine guns from both flanks as well as front and in addition, left them at the apex of a triangle, enabling the Boche to concentrate on them with his artillery. The inevitable result was that the advance elements of these two companies suffered heavy losses within the first two hours of fighting...."

Sergeant F. McLaughlin and Henry Peck drew the sketches for the book. Rosters include the names of the men who sailed for France, together with the names of killed, wounded and missing. The book sold for \$2, is published by The William Byrd Press, Inc. Richmond, Va.

* * * *

Perhaps the most complete account of the history of any unit of the Eightieth Division—and surely the most elaborately presented—is "A History of the 313th Field Artillery, U. S. A."

Besides containing one of the two of three most informative maps of the Meuse Argonne engagement, from an Eightieth Division standpoint, that yet has come to the attention of "Service," the book contains photographs—heretofore unpublished—which pick up many angles of the fighting which the official pictures missed, and each of which will bring vivid recollection to the mind of every Blue Ridge veteran.

In addition to a most detailed story of the movements and activities of the regiment, the history contains chapters on anecdotes, a war diary, copies of letters, orders and citations, a regimental roster, batteries, a complete casualty list, and the Regimental picture.

The foreword is by Captain John Pau

(Continued on Page 15)

"Believe It or Not!"

Here's One Viewpoint of the Peace Time Army to Which You May Have Given Little Thought—Think It Over; After All, You Know, It is Actually YOUR Army

By Capt. GERAL EGAN,
Ex-Major, 319th Infantry.

THE point I want to bring out in the lines that follow is that the maintenance of the Army at its authorized strength in peacetime is not a duty imposed solely on the military establishment but is a matter of national responsibility—an obligation which rests upon every citizen concerned with the stability and security of American institutions.

The recruiting problem—for after all the maintenance of the military establishment depends almost entirely on the quantity and quality of recruits—is vital to every American who has decided for himself the question as to whether he wishes America to be defended or defenseless.

To the man who still believes in the feeble flutterings of the Dove of Peace, who is a follower of the "Turn the other cheek school," who thinks that "good will to men" chanted in chorus is sufficient protection for American institutions, there is no recruiting problem because his view of government does not include an Army.

But to the citizen who knows that Right is Right unless Right carries a punch in either hand, the necessity for adequate defense is apparent.

The World War came in what had been termed "the most enlightened and Christian century of civilization" and its coming banished the inspiring peace palaces, trusting advocates of international love and the well-padded payroll of propagandists.

The palaces will probably be rebuilt and their spires will glitter again in the sunshine, the propagandists will probably flourish, and the names of philanthropists—some vulgar souls would call it "the sucker-list"—will again be hailed as the apostles of peace after they have spread out a certain amount of dollars in all their pristine and unspent beauty.

But how many of us really believe that there are no more wars to come, that there will never be another reason for Americans to "fall in," that it is safe to let our defenses decay? How many of us, in the light of recent events within our own country, are certain that the necessity for trained troops to quell domestic disturbances is a thing of the past? That man

Other articles on conditions in the peacetime army, paralleled or contrasted with the army of bayonets, bully and bull; fight, fatigue and frolic, familiar to the readers of this magazine, will follow, in succeeding numbers. The purpose of all of them may be summed up in a note received from Capt. Egan, in conjunction with this article. Capt. Egan is one of the Eightieth members who didn't take a discharge. He is now attached to the Judge Advocate General's department at Washington. His note: "At the extreme risk of having the well-known raspberry thrust upon me by the gang, I wish—in the words of Capt. Josiah Peck, 319th Infantry, Jurist, Literateur, Tobacco-chewer and Soldier—'to submit an observation or two' on the question of recruiting for the Army. These observations are made in all sincerity and candor and are prompted solely by a desire that our crowd take a sane and fair view of this phase of military activity."

must be the most cheerful of optimists who is convinced that the development of brotherly love and neighborly feeling can now be entirely trusted to protect the lives and property of Americans.

In all sanity we know that the country must have an Army—no matter what our opinions may be as to its proper size, present usefulness and peacetime value to the nation. Congress determines the size of the Army. Our own opinions of the present Army, its regulations and its activities have no bearing on the broad question of national defense. The fact is that the country must have an Army and that its strength must be maintained by voluntary enlistments.

If it is a good Army with high morale and battalions at full strength it is a national asset. If it is a poor Army, feeble in spirit and weak in numbers it is a national liability. In either case the responsibility must be borne by the vast body of Americans and cannot be entirely centered on the military establishment itself.

Congress has, however, authorized an Army of 280,000 men and, taken as a whole, Congress is finished with the military question. The usual Congressional attitude is that the matter of securing 280,000 men is a duty which rests solely upon the Army. It is true that certain individual Representatives are keenly inter-

ested in military matters, but the vast majority have other interests which they consider more important and little constructive assistance is given by them.

Aside from few exceptional communities, the same apathetic attitude is found throughout the entire country except where apathy gives way to open hostility. When Congress provides for an Army of 280,000 men to patrol the border, do overseas duty and man the garrisons of the United States for protection against domestic unrest, it is an interesting item of news to most Americans. How many consider the question as to where the 280,000 men are coming from? What is the problem which the Recruiting Service of the Army is called on to solve and which it has been solving with but little assistance from a majority of Americans.

In many places recruiting parties are greeted with open antagonism. Some years ago, the steel men at Gary, Indiana, complained bitterly that Army recruiters were taking their workmen. They wanted the recruiting parties withdrawn. Yet when recently the strikers threatened, there were loud cries from these same steel men for the Regular Army. Quite recently, too, a coal operator advised that the Army be recruited by luring "lounge-lizards and tramps" into its ranks and staying away from the coal regions. Yet during the recent coal strike, I do not believe that this same operator would have welcomed a detachment of lounge-lizards to protect his property.

The farmer insists that recruiters shall not take men from agricultural pursuits, manufacturers would deny the right of the Army to take their men and the same opposition is met on almost every side. They beg and protest with all sorts of letters, resolutions and appeals to Congressmen.

Suppose farmers, workmen and all other classes seeking to restrain recruiting activities were made exempt, where would the Army come from? Nowhere, unless from the unemployed.

And how could the Army keep its self-respect if its recruits came from such questionable sources?

Believe It or Not—Continued

It can be said frankly that the men charged with the responsibility for recruiting the Army have no intention of playing favorites, that the development of the military establishment to its fullest capability is its chief concern, that they are determined to make the Army a vital part of the national organism and that they are convinced that the only way to have a self-respecting efficient military establishment is to secure the very best material available.

Seriously, I consider it the duty of every man who has seen service and who knows, in spite of his growls and lamentations, that the Army has many good points, to put the proposition up to the round-shouldered, half-baked youths that he meets. How many men in the 80th Division can honestly say that they have been injured by their Army experience except in a financial way? When all the grievances are analyzed, how real are they?

I am convinced—thoroughly and disinterestedly—that the Army, as it is at present developing, offers a greater opportunity for physical, moral and mental development than half the high schools and colleges in the country.

Every one of us know a half dozen young fellows who really need what the Army alone can give them—appetite, color in their cheeks, square shoulders, association with varied types of men, a well-balanced, well-regulated life and the development of initiative, and an understanding of responsibility.

Look around and you cannot fail to see any number of aimless youths dragging their lives away in some occupation useful neither to themselves or to the country. Every day they become more stooped, more devoid of ambition, and they lose hope for the ultimate success in life. They are rarely in the open, they gain nothing, neither money, health, ability or hope.

Put one of these men in the Army and what are his chances for improvement?

There is no question that he will be better physically—there are about four million recent witnesses to this fact.

He can certainly improve himself mentally, and this brings him to a new phase of Army activities which should be brought home to every thinking man. The Army is actually operating an educational and vocational system, which really educates and teaches skilled trade. To those of us who were victims of the feeble efforts to establish schools in France after the Armistice, this statement will seem humorous. All of us realize that those schools originating in the A. E. F. were of the most temporary and makeshift character and simply an expedient to keep a certain percentage of our soldiers interested during a trying period between the Armistice

and the coming home.

If anybody has crabbed about the Army I have. If any of these bad points have escaped me and my loud criticism, I hope somebody will point them out. This should qualify me as a witness for the good things that the Army is doing, among these is the new educational, vocational and Americanization program.

I don't ask anybody to take my word for what the Army is doing along educational lines. If there is any doubt about it, read the report of committees representing Chicago citizens which visited Camp Grant recently and made a report on the educational work. The committee consisted of Charles D. Lowry, a district superintendent of schools in Chicago; Henry F. Cooke, secretary of the Religious Education Association, and Leslie Lobingier, secretary of the Commission on Religious Education of the Chicago Church Federation. The report was as follows:

"Your committee appointed to visit and report upon the value of the work in vocational education now being carried on among the enlisted men at Camp Grant, begs to submit the following report:

"We made a visit to the camp on Wednesday, February 18, and inspected the work of the classes being conducted in the following schools: Electrical, agricultural, stenography and typewriting, drafting and blue-print reading, music, tailoring, plumbing, carpentering, Americanization, school for cooks and chefs, automobile school, and the 'basic courses.' The so-called basic courses include citizenship, English, development and organization of industry, science, civics, history and general literature. The theater school and physical culture directors school we were unable to visit. It should be stated that plans are already under way to supplement the number of courses offered very extensively.

"Your committee desires heartily to endorse these efforts being made in the field of vocational education and to emphasize the following commendable points:

- "1. The work is purely voluntary.
- "2. Special provision has been made for illiterate and backward men, and in their case alone is the educational work compulsory.
- "3. Both the academic and the industrial phases of education are emphasized neither being stressed at the expense of the other.
- "4. The method is not one of narrow trade speculation. The period of six hours devoted each day to educational purposes is divided as follows: (a) Shop work, 3 hours; (b) class in practical problems growing out of the shop work, 1 hour; (c) basic course in citizenship, 2 hours.
- "5. There is an intimate connection and this connection is evident to the mind of

the soldier-student, between the vocational training and the Army work itself.

"6. Capable instructors are being secured from the trades themselves.

"7. The aim of those who have this work in charge is first to make good citizens and secondly to make good soldiers. As one instructor expressed it, "The aim is to train men so effectively that at the end of their three years in the Army, they cannot afford to reenlist."

"8. The emphasis is placed on moral purpose. This is particularly evident in the courses in citizenship. The aim is to develop the soldier's initiative and to aid him to a right understanding and interpretation of social relations."

The report was adopted unanimously at a meeting of the board of trustees of the Chicago Church Federation on March 1.

The Chicago Association of Commerce also went on record as favoring the educational and vocational work at Camp Grant following investigation through its Army and Navy Committee.

The educational opportunities supplied by the Army for illiterates and non-English speaking men can be seen at their best at the recruit educational center at Camp Upton, N. Y.

The business of the Camp Upton Unit is to make Americans.

The men are made to talk English to each other, and, as far as possible, nothing but English. In fact, English is the only common tongue, and the diversity of races made the work easier, because, if they couldn't understand English, neither could all of them understand each other in any other language. They eat at the same table; they sleep on adjoining bunks; they meet on the drill field and repeat lessons in the classroom. They learn military discipline, the rudiments of drill, and English all at once, and are drawn together in a common bond. As soon as they acquire the language sufficiently, the men are transferred to fitting units for regular training and from that time they are treated precisely like everyone else.

There are more than 1,000 men in the Camp Upton class-room. Including native-born Americans, they represent 47 nationalities. Of the graduates, most have gone into one or another of the vocational schools of the Army; when their period of enlistment is over they will be trained and expert workers. But that is not all. The men who went to Camp Upton illiterate and uninformed will leave it citizens, fit to take their places in the national life. They will have received a special trade training in addition to their education in English. Best of all, they will have caught a cadence even more important than

(Continued on Page 26)

1776 Declaration of Independence 1920



(Adopted by the Congress of the United

States, July 4, 1776, at Philadelphia, Pa.

When in the Course of human events, it becomes bands which have connected them with another, and rate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature to the opinions of mankind requires that they should ration.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security—Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our People, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our Legislature.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the mercileless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare is the undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration, and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which, would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts, and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

JOHN HANCOCK.

New Hampshire
JOSIAH BARTLETT,
WM. WHIPPLE,
MATTHEW THORNTON.

Massachusetts Bay.
SAM'L ADAMS,
JOHN ADAMS,
ROBT. TREAT PAINE,
ELBRIDGE GERRY.

New York.
WM. FLOYD,
PHIL. LIVINGSTON,
FRANS. LEWIS,
LEWIS MORRIS.

New Jersey.
RICHD. STOCKTON,
JNO. WITHERSPOON,

FRAS. HOPKINSON,
JOHN HART,
AERA. CLARK.

Rhode Island.
STEPH. HOPKINS,
WILLIAM ELLERY.

Connecticut.
ROGER SHERMAN,
SAM'EL HUNTINGTON,
WM. WILLIAMS,
OLIVER WOLCOTT

Maryland.
SAMUEL CHASE,
WM. PACA,
THOS. STONE,
CHARLES CARROLL,
of Carrollton.

Virginia.
GEORGE WYTHE,
RICHARD HENRY LEE,
TH. JEFFERSON,
BENJA. HARRISON,
THOS. NELSON, Jr.,
FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE,
CARTER BRAXTON.

Georgia.
BUTTON GWINETT,
LYMAN HALL,
GEO. WALTON.

Pennsylvania.
ROBT. MORRIS,
BENJAMIN RUSH,
BENJA. FRANKLIN,
JOHN MORTON,

GEO. CLYMER
JAS. SMITH,
GEO. TAYLOR,
JAMES WILSON,
GEO. ROSS.

Delaware.
CAESAR RODNEY,
GEO. READ,
THO. M'KEAN.

North Carolina.
WM. HOOPER,
JOSEPH HEWES,
JOHN PENN.

South Carolina.
EDWARD RUTLEDGE,
THOS. HEYWARD, Junr.,
THOMAS LYNCH, Junr.,
ARTHUR MIDDLETON,

Note.—The Declaration of Independence as above reproduced is in the spelling and punctuation of the original document, which is preserved in the State Department at Washington.

The Tales They Tell

Fuedists From the Hills Contributed No Little Part to the Eightieth's Personnel and It's Success—And It's Much More Satisfactory to Have Them With You Than "Agin" You

Alexander Clemson was his monicker, according to the parson's record and the family Bible. That, by the way, was as near as he ever got to the straight and narrow path, although his folks lived on one of the nicest streets and he was very fond of his mother, who was, like all mothers, a good woman. Early he earned the nickname of "Casey," which does not sound radical, but when first applied connoted extreme wickedness. As the suit and cloak merchant on the Hill, in Pittsburgh, remarked concerning a well known college athlete, who sells "pants" for the merchant on Saturdays:

"Marmaduke DeVere? I'll tell you what is it. Tough boy! Tough boy!!

Well, Casey was tough, with, even for "them days," an enormous capacity for red liquor, and a queer penchant for collecting red lanterns and bringing them home, when under the gin's influence.

When his number came out in the draft, off he went to Camp Lee. That was after the Eightieth had gone across, and Lee was an infantry replacement depot. This is not a story of Casey's misdeeds in the Army. He was a model soldier, and came home with a corporal's stripes. But in his rookie days he committed a few faux pas that drew the usual K. P. and wood chopping details.

The first occasion found him and another buck on a two-man detail to cut wood for officer's quarters. Casey had never done an honest lick of work in his life, and of course, could not be expected to know much about the art of wood-chopping. Consequently the other fellow did the work, while Casey pattered around, carrying an armload of sticks now and then. The real hewer of wood got tired of the job about the middle of the afternoon, and besides he wanted to go into Petersburg to see his folks. He threw down the axe, and went to town. Casey was faithful to the last, however, and fiddled around, even though he did not make any headway towards making the big pieces little ones.

Even that palled. And Casey entered the sanctum sanctorum of the shavetails, and stated his case—"he'd been working on the woodpile all day, and did the lieutenant think there was enough wood?" The lieutenant looked out the window.

"Holy Gee, did you do all that?"

"Yes, sir." (Casey early became, "strong on the "sir").

"What are those other two fellows doing out there?"

Casey peered out the window. Two bucks evidently had stopped to "light up."

"Oh, they're picking up the chips, sir." This, tres nonchalantly.

"Huh," this from the loot'nant. "Well, that's very good, and that'll be quite enough. Thanks."

Casey saluted smartly, clicked his heels, did an "about face" and strode out.

That night, in the Y. M. C. A., he wrote his mother, he was "picking up," and things were going much better.

Casey's prize experience, though, was when he was transferred to the Supply Company, and given a mule to curry, water, harness and care for, all for his own. Now, if there was anything in mortal life Casey feared, it was a horse or a mule. He not only knew not the slightest of the technique involved in grooming the critter, but he didn't intend ever to learn. Then one day they gave him blue denims (they weren't an inoculation, as he at first suspected) and handed him over to the tender mercies of a hard-boiled stable sergeant. A mule was assigned to him, and he went to it. His job involved hitching the animal to a cart, and transferring tin cans, smashed flat, et cetera, hither and yon about the peanut field landscape.

Casey toiled for an hour, with none to show him the intricacies of the stunt, in harnessing his mule to the cart. The mule, thank fortune, was rookie-broke, and stood for a lot that many a one of the little beasts would have resented with a lightning-like stroke straight from the hip. Minutes passed, and the perspiration oozed from Casey's every pore, and dripped in streams from his chin.

Finally, Casey completed the harnessing. Holding the shafts of the cart up with one hand, he managed to back the mule squarely beneath them, with the offer, and with the saddle of the harness in the place where the belly-band ought to have been, contrived to strap the shafts in a position where they would not fall down. In triumph, Casey seized the lines and was about to mount to the box.

"What ah you doin' thah?"

Casey turned, to find the Southern drawl proceeded from an officer, mounted on a prancing charger.

"Just hitchin' up, sir." Casey stammered as he replied.

The officer dismounted, tied his horse to the corral fence, and walking to Casey's mule, began to unbuckle straps.

"What's the matter?" Casey forgot military courtesy. He was terror-stricken.

"Captain, sir, don't bother that mule, for the love of hell. It's took me three whole hours to get him hitched up!"

One lesson wasn't enough, and it required three whole months for Casey to learn that Pete could be hitched in merely three whole minutes.

Do you recall Varennes—after the third push in the Meuse country? Did you chance to be in the 159th Brigade outfit, traveling rearward just before the Armistice, which came upon a detachment of Negro soldiers laboring to get the railroad fixed up? As the unit from the Eightieth trudged along one young man from well south of the M. & D. line remarked to his buddy, "I wonder where those birds are from. I swear that big one looks just like a Nawth Ca'leenian. Hey, George," he called to the ebony toiler, "Where you from?" "Boss," replied the budding rail-roader, "I suah is hopin' 'at befoah long I'se goin' to be fum France!"

Speaking of feudists in the ranks reminds one of the experience of a certain captain who was censoring letters. Most of them he gave only a cursory glance, but in one he was about to seal his own name, Miller, caught his eye and he started to read what the private had to say about him. The context apparently indicated that the private's family had a feud with a family named Miller and one enlightening part of the misisve ran something like this:

"Our captain's name is Miller. I wouldn't be surprised if he was kin of them Millers over on Cabin Creek and maybe of the ones on Lost Mountain that took a shot at Uncle Hank last spring. They been mean since I got their boy Hugh, so you better carry my little gun. This rifle the army give me ain't as good as my little gun, but I'll keep it close and keep my eye on this Captain Miller, so don't worry about me. You know I always was good at getting the first shot."

THOSE FEMALE BILL COLLECTORS

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

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

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

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

Canine Veterans' Association

Rover Kennel No. 2 Organizes, Elects Officers, and Hears Some Valuable Reports and Information

By Arthur O. Mar

AFTER watching the great showing made by Rover Kennel Number One of the Canine Veterans' Association in the Memorial Day Parade, it did

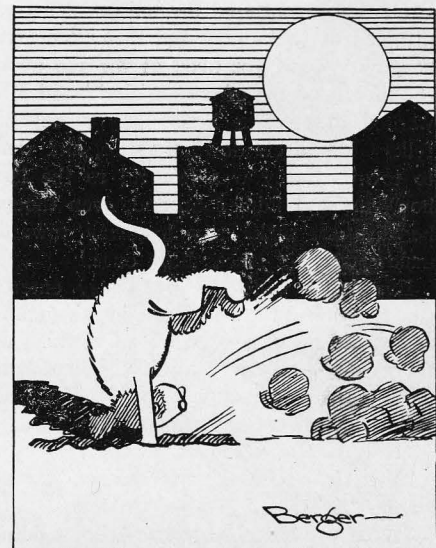


not take long for the balance of the Canine War Veterans to realize the value of getting their own contemplated organization under way. "Old Scout," who had seen many a scrap before going over seas with his master to help whip the "Jerry's," called a preliminary meeting to take place the following Sunday, in the yard back of the City Hotel. This place being selected principally for the fact that "Little Jeff" resided there with the head cook Tony who had learned the art of camouflaging, "gold fish," and "Corned Willie," Overseas. And also because the Hostelry promised "beaucoup" refreshments in the shape of bones and other choice scraps, "Old Pal" was assigned the duty of bringing together all the dogs from the neighborhood, who had seen service, and who could show their honorable discharge, with the result that the meeting was called to order with the following named, battle scarred heroes, present: "Old Scout," who was elected to Captain, "Old Pal," who was elected First Lieut., "Little Jeff" who was elected Mess Sergeant, "Teddy," who was elected Company Clerk, "Prince," who was elected Sergeant, and "Bullits," who was made Corporal, on the strength of his having stopped eight or ten machine gun bullets, and was still able to tell about it. After the elections were completed and the usual inspection of command, followed by a fine pan of gravy from the kitchen "Captain Scout," called for remarks under "Good of the Order" and "Lt. Pal" told the following sad story:

"Comrades and Fellow Veterans of the late war. As you are aware, I was detailed by our most honorable Captain to assemble all brothers who served with us, to attend this meeting, I have failed because two of our noble comrades have "Gone West," I refer to Comrades, "Fritz" and "Major," Comrade "Fritz," as you all may know, was born in Germany; he fought

nobly with the Boche Army, until our brave masters entered the war, and took us over with them. One dark night on the Arras Front, in the Artois Sector, my Master was sent out on a working party. He took me along, or rather, he discovered me with him after he reached the German wires, and had started to cut them. He whispered to me to keep real quiet, which I did. Very soon, who comes through the wires wagging his tail, and saying Kammerad, but "Little Fritz." Well, as soon as he saw what a nice man my Master was, he said he did not want to be a Boche dog any more and asked us if he could join our Army? We decided that it would be best to let the Colonel be the judge of that point, so we brought him back with us, and the Colonel, after hearing the story, assigned "Little Fritz," to the "320th Infantry Supply Company," and there he remained for the balance of the war. Many a Belgian hare was stolen or a chicken turned up "A. W. O. L.," and poor "Little Fritz" was always picked by the angry Frenchman, as the guilty party, but rather than betray a comrade, "Fritz" would bow his head in shame and take the full measure of blame. One day, after several of the men had finished a fried rabbit dinner, cooked on an improvised fire down at the picket line, "Fritz" was arrested and brought before the Town Major for trial. He was accused of stealing and eating a particularly fine specimen of Belgian hare. "Fritz" could not deny the theft without directing suspicion to the boys at the stables, so he, being unable to pay the fifty francs demanded by the owner of the stolen property, decided to face the impending firing squad as bravely as possible. Right then and there "Fritz" found his truest friend in the army, Private Timmony who had always had a kindly word for little "Fritz," now gave material evidence of his real friendship by drawing from his pocket some paper money, with which he paid the Frenchman and exacted a promise from the Town Major to allow him to adopt "Fritz" and bring him to America. They were stationed in the ancient village of Griselles-in Cote d'or, Department, where "Fritz" enjoyed great popularity, so much so, that Mademoiselle Germaine made him a very pretty and warm "O. D." blanket with gold service stripes and his Blue Ridge Division Insignia sewed on. He was the proudest dog on the entire boat coming across. There were some girls on the upper decks who

coaxed "Fritz" up to their quarters, by tempting him with candy and baby talk. (You know how they "vamp" us dogs to entice us to desert our masters). Well; when "Fritz" could get away, he came down to his Master, Private Timmony, who was sleeping way down below the water line, and as soon as he saw "Fritz" he noticed that his pretty coat was missing. "Fritz" tried to take his master up there to show him who had stolen his coat, but the guards wouldnt let him make a very thorough search and I don't believe he ever did find that pretty blanket that Mademoiselle Germaine spent hours in making. Well, we all got home about June you remember and it was not very long before poor "Fritz" had to "Go West." You see he liked America right away, and wanted to get the lay of the land, so he took a walk one day last summer and while he was walking along thinking how much nicer America is than Germany, he met a slacker dog who had been living high at the home of a "profiteer" and who had gone mad because he could not have a place set for him at the family table. Well he saw "Little Fritz," walking along, and "Fritz" knowing that the Armistice had been signed, was not looking for any trouble or a renewal of hostilities, so he didn't pay much attention until the slacker dog came up and bit him and gave him the hydrophobia. When Private Timmony heard about it he could hardly keep back the tears. He ran and got the best doctors in the city and they did everything they could to save his life but it was no use, so to ease his sufferings, they electrocuted



Canine Veteran's Association—Continued

him, and that's why he is not here today. The recital of this tale brought tears to the eyes of every member of the Kennel.

I have one more report to make continued "Lieut. Pal." It concerns our old friend "Major," who has also gone to his great reward in dog heaven, Private "Major" had been suffering for several months with toothache due to having to eat so much "hard tack" overseas. And after getting mustered out of the service, it seems his master was too poor to take him to a dentist to have his teeth attended to. Well, poor old "Major" just layed down in back of his master's kitchen stove on some old Jerry blankets and suffered in silence. During the recent cold weather when the thermometer was down to zero, poor "Major" could stand the pain no longer, so he bid his life long friend Sergeant "Prince" good-bye and departed this mundane sphere. Sergeant "Prince" had made repeated efforts to interest some of the dog hospitals in his friend's case, without avail, and now that the end had come to him, he thought folks would at least be interested in seeing that he received a fitting and decent military burial. However it seemed that the weather was too hot for "Major's" old friends to come out to his funeral, and there were some rumors of a disease epidemic, and none of them seemed inclined to take a chance. Sergeant "Prince" realized that he alone must be the one to observe in a fitting manner the last sad rites of the fallen veteran. He had prevailed upon his master to carry the remains out to the back yard and lay them under the old pear tree, (where we all have had so much fun chasing our enemy cats), after which, Sergeant "Prince" began looking around for a suitable box, but as he could find nothing suitable, he decided that "Major" should have a real war-time funeral, like so many of our masters had to be satisfied with, so straight-way "Prince" dug a grave under the old pear tree and lined it with the blanket "Major" had slept his last sleep on, and then after considerable hard pulling with his teeth, he managed to get the body across the ground, and gently lowered it to the last resting place. After filling the grave with soil which he pawed into it, he gave forth several long, slow wails to represent taps and then a series of short sharp barks as a musketry salute, and went sadly home to nurse his sore and bleeding paws, that had sadly suffered from digging the hard dry ground, and that accounts for me being unable to have these two loyal Buddies here at this meeting.

Captain "Scout," I recommend Sergeant "Prince" for a D. S. C., a Croix de Guerre, with Palms, and that he receive the commendation and gratitude of every member of Rover Kennel No. 2 Canine Veterans

Association." A vote was then taken and carried by the unanimous consent of all present. After which every dog stated that it takes a veteran to appreciate a veteran, (which isn't such bad reasoning after all). Several other topics were brought up for discussion. One such, dealing with the latest order from the tax collector, stating that every dog caught without his 1920 license would be court martialed and shot to death. "Little Comrade Bullits," who had been a very intent but silent listener to the affairs of the meeting, stated that some action should be taken by the Kennel towards getting exemption for all dogs with an overseas record. Comrade "Mutt," suggested that inasmuch as we all did our bit over there



and were now kept fairly busy keeping the street free of enemy cats who were always lurking around waiting for the chance to rob people's bird cages, we should be granted licenses even if our masters were too forgetful to procure them for us. The matter was finally laid on the table for one month, to give the members a chance to take it up with their masters who have such good friends in Congress. Corporal "Teddy" asked for and received the privilege of the yard, and after thanking Lieut. "Pal," Sergeant "Prince," Corporal "Bullits," and Mess Sergeant "Jeff," for their most interesting and valued remarks, not forgetting to mention the pan of gravy "Jeff" had procured and which, as he stated, lent inspiration to the meeting, he proceeded to tell some interesting news he had learned from his master that very day: to wit:

The "Eightieth Division Veterans Association" of which his master had been a most active member is going to have on Saturday, July 17, a big picnic at West View Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., with music, dancing, singing by the 80th Division Quartette, games of all kinds, including a

big baseball game, real French dolls, and all the fine fellows who used to give us whole cans full of "bully beef," and who used to let us sleep with them in their little "Pup-tents," are going to be present, and beaucoup refreshments." This speech was here interrupted by a chorus of happy barks, and after Capt. "Scout" had restored order by rapping on the kitchen door with his tail, it was decided that Rover Kennel No. 2 would attend in a body and renew old friendships. Special admonition was given by Captain "Scout" to beware of the dog tax man, and the "Animal Rescue Leagues" Automobile, which had formed the habit of giving forced auto rides to all dogs who had forgotten to put their collars and tags on. Captain "Scout's" rapping on the kitchen door was not without its reward for at this juncture "Jeff's" Master, Tony, opened the door and set out a fine large pan of chicken bones which event closed the first and very successful meeting of Rover Kennel No. 2 Canine Veterans Association. Selah.

Three darkey doughboys were discussing decorations during a little smoker in the mess hall in Coblenz one evening.

The biggest and brawniest of the three confessed to a secret hankering for "this here cross they call the Craw dee Gaire."

"Huh!" snorted another in deep contempt, "you all don't know crosses. Give me this Distinguished Service Cross. There's a cross for a life-sized man."

A heated altercation ensued, and they appealed to the third darkey for help. He thought very hard for a minute and then said solemnly, "I think I'd like dis Cross de Ocean, 'bout the best of 'em all."
—*Rubber Ripples.*

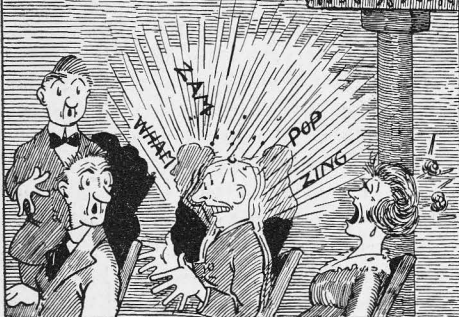
"The sounds of battle have been stilled these many months," declaimed the orator. "No longer do the shells shriek, the bullets whistle, the machine guns spit out the rat-tat-tat—"

"And you might add," interposed the ex-soldier, "that our peace-time slumbers are not exactly disturbed by the popping of corks."
—*Home Sector.*

When he first came to see her
He showed a timid heart,
And when the lights were low
They sat this far apart.
But when this love grew warmer,
And they learned the joy of a kiss,
They knocked out the spaces
ANDSATUPCLOSELIKE/THIS.

Out in the yard on a hot day the foreman found a laborer who under the lee of a lumber pile was fast asleep. With a stern smile the boss said: "Slape on, an' be darned. While ye slape ye've got a job. Whin ye wake up ye'er out of wurrk."
—*Rubber Ripples.*

ANDY THE AVIATOR BEING A LITTLE OUT OF TRIM, SINCE GETTING DISCHARGED FROM THE BOMBING SQUADRON SPENDS HIS FOURTH IN A "MOVIE" BALCONY TRYING HIS "EYE" WITH PENNY TORPEDOES AND A BALD HEAD FOR HIS OBJECTIVE.

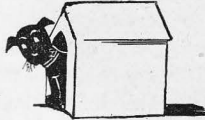


GEE, DOC, I'M A SICK BABY I'M SURE NEED A LARGE DOSE OF MEDICINE

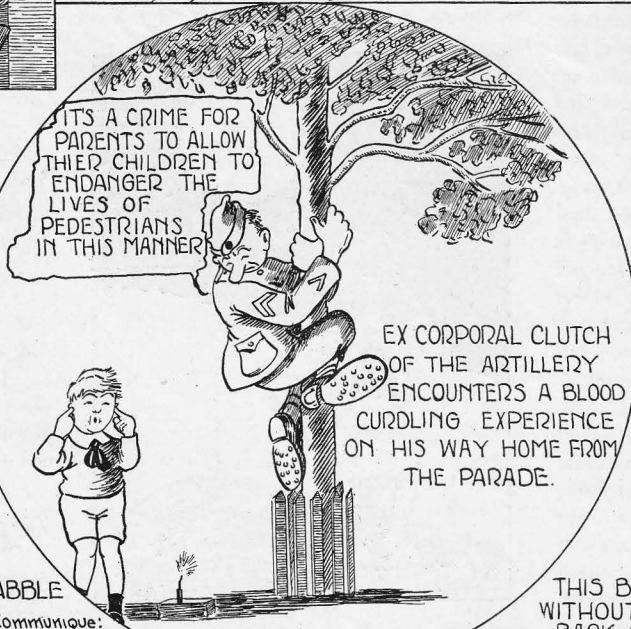
SAY, MIKE, DO I LOOK SICK ENOUGH?

IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN A SICK BOOK AS BIG AS AN ENCYCLOPEDIA TO ENTER ALL THE NAMES OF THE INVALIDS AROUND THIS BURG ON THE FOURTH. SEVEN DOCTORS CONTRACTED WRITERS' CRAMP AND ONE BOUGHT HIS WIFE A CASTLE IN SWITZERLAND FROM THE RECEIPTS OF THE DAY.

COMON TA-HELLY VOO?



GRENADIER GRIMES ATTENDED THE BALL GAME AND LOST HIS SOUVENIR "MILLS" DURING A SQUABBLE OVER A RAW DECISION Hospital Communique: Umpire Boltuh is getting along nicely



IT'S A CRIME FOR PARENTS TO ALLOW THEIR CHILDREN TO ENDANGER THE LIVES OF PEDESTRIANS IN THIS MANNER

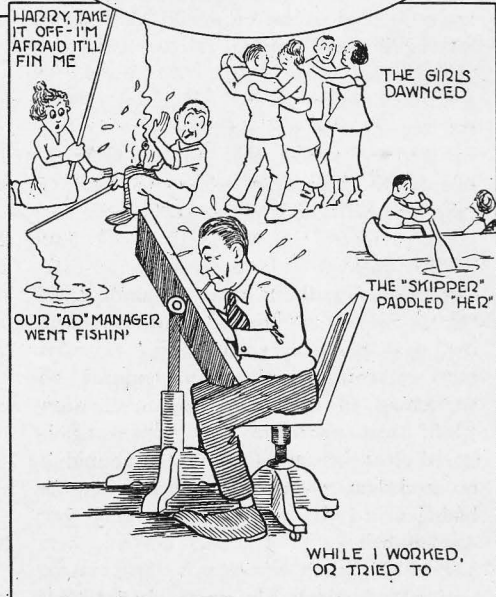
EX CORPORAL CLUTCH OF THE ARTILLERY ENCOUNTERS A BLOOD CURDLING EXPERIENCE ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE PARADE.



THIS BIRD WENT THROUGH FIVE BATTLES WITHOUT A SCRATCH ONLY TO COME BACK AND GET HIS WITH A SKYROCKET



THEY'RE BEGINNING TO APPRECIATE WHAT US SOJERS DID, NOW OOH! LOOK HERE'S DAVE'S NAME RIGHT ON THE FRONT PAGE



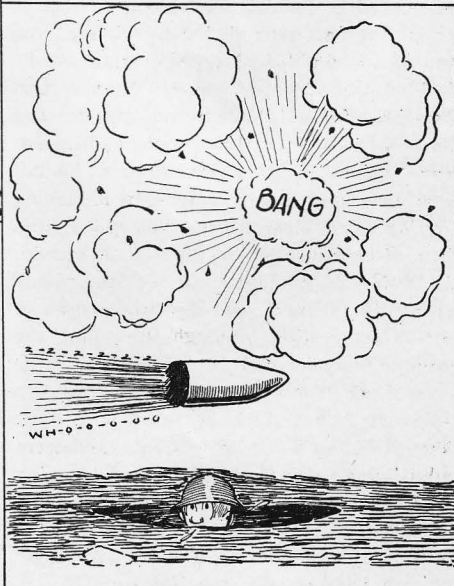
HARRY, TAKE IT OFF- I'M AFRAID IT'LL FIN ME

THE GIRLS DANCED

OUR "AD" MANAGER WENT FISHIN'

THE "SKIPPER" PADDLED "HER"

WHILE I WORKED, OR TRIED TO



EX-DOUGHBOY DAVE WAS PLACED ON THE REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE OF THE SALESMANS' ANNUAL SHINDIG AND DIDN'T LEARN UNTIL LATER THAT IT WAS A POLITE WAY OF ASKING HIM TO DO K.P. DUTY

OF COURSE I AINT KNOCKIN' BUT THE WHOLE OUTFIT'S HAVING A GOOD TIME AND I'M RESTRICTED TO "REGIMENTAL AREA" FOR NOT HAVING MY WORK "FINE"

WE SURE CELEBRATED TWO YEARS AGO ON THE FOURTH, DIDN'T WE, BUDDIE, D'YA 'MEMBER?

Berger

Diggin' In on the Home Sector

This Typewriter Fiend, an Undersized Chap, Insisted on Staying With a Machine Gun Outfit in the War Because, He Said, the Noise Reminded Him of His Beloved Remingwood

By Walter S. Reuben



ON November 11, 1918, when the signing of the Armistice brought peace and good will to this odd old world of ours I was sure that my "diggin' in" days had become a very welcome past. Not so, however. I have never ceased diggin' in since then and am still diligently engaged in it but with varying results.

Following the Armistice my diggin' in took two definite stages or periods. The first period, extending from the day of the Armistice to my discharge from the army—and navy forever!—consisted mainly of diggin' into mess line, diggin' out for reveille, diggin' down to the corner cafe for the top sergeant and a thousand and one other diggin' ins and outs, that, to mention, would only stretch this article three times around the globe and end up by wrapping it around Pike's Peak for anchorage.

The second period of my diggin' in followed my discharge from my second lieutenant's platoon and extends up to the present time, and, from all indications, will continue indefinitely, as my health is good.

At the beginning I entered upon this latter stage with all the joy of a caterpillar crawling down the back of a lady's low cut dress. Grinning from ear to ear, I picked up my shovel, which in this case was a typewriter, and to mix the metaphor, began to saw wood. It wasn't long until I began to sense that to learn again the proper sawing of wood, with my figurative saw, the typewriter, was not going to be the easy task that I had imagined it. Speaking generally, I was making too large a percentage of sawdust, without producing a large enough quantity of kindling wood, and at a tremendous cost of wear and tear on the delicate mechanism of my typewriter.

In order that the dear reader may place himself in my position, although God forbid, I will explain how easy, before I joined the Army, had been my task of diggin' in against the onslaughts of starvation, unemployment, overdue rent, long standing laundry bills and other attacking forces.

I was, and I say this without a blush, the swiftest typist in the Middle Atlantic States, and I was as accurate as I was

speedy. I took to typewriting like a duck takes to quacking. It was as easy for me to produce in excess of two hundred accurately typewritten words each minute of the day as it is for the average human being to eat three square, or even oddly shaped, meals a day. So infatuated was I with my typing profession that often, in the days before the war, I have sat up till past midnight copying Webster's Unabridged Dictionary in order to give expression to my intense desire for typing. Naturally, being so rarely gifted I always held a fine position and was usually the best paid man in my line in the organization. I also received many bonuses in recognition of my invaluable services to the company that employed me.

In face of this pre-war efficiency I have discovered that I am a helpless boob when it comes to diggin' in in the Home Sector. I do too much measuring and stepping off, too much spitting on my hands and am continually mopping my brow. When I do get down to diggin' in I dig poorly. I throw too much dirt in the air and do not pack enough in front of me for my protection. As I work I make the noise of a steam shovel and get the results of a toy spade.

I began my diggin' in in the Home Sector with my old company—Smith & Sons, manufacturers of dog harness. Furiously I began to dig, like the concern's proxy customers dig for bones, for I was ambitious. I had been a corporal in the army and set out to be a captain in industry. I typed with the thundering tread of an advancing army and each day I produced reams of neatly and accurately typewritten letters, statements and reports.

But one day there came an unexpected setback. I had my nose to the keyboard. Like a hound dog ferreting out a fox's trail, my trusty digits were pouncing on the letters and figures and punctuation marks, and letters and reports were falling from the typewriter with the rapidity and precision of wheat shocks from the reaper.

No human is mechanically perfect. The trusty little digit of my left hand failed to receive properly the message that my brain forwarded to it and instead of writing the figure 9, as it had been directed, it typed a 2 and the difference of those figures, multiplied a thousand times, represents the loss in profits the company

was forced to take. The copy I was writing was meant for circularization and sent as a price quotation to every wholesaler, dealer and jobber in the country that dealt in dog harness.

As a result of this mistake I was the target for a heavy barrage of questions and inquiries from headquarters. I withstood the fire temporarily by diggin' deeper, but it grew too hot and I was forced to retire and seek a new position. In retiring I threw away my shovel and from this point I have been forced to do my digging with my hands.

I gave up typing, although not without a struggle, and took up truck farming. Beans, potatoes, tomatoes, cabbages, eggplants and their brethren soon became my comrades and with their help I have made fair headway diggin' in. But there still remains that strong desire for expression as a typist—to earn my decorations in the Home Sector strafing the keyboard. It manifests itself often in the most unusual manner and unexpected times.

I may be in the field gathering eggplants for the next day's markets. I'll come across an eggplant larger than any other. Instinctively I'll sit down before the large fruit and begin pecking away at it as in the old days when I used to peck away at the typewriter. My speed on the eggplant will increase just as it did under the same conditions in my typewriting period. Soon the constant hammering on the soft surface of the eggplant weakens it, my jabbing fingers sink within and in another minute the fruit is torn to shreds.

This same feeling, this same uncontrollable desire, often asserts itself to my annoyance in the tomato patch. I'll be engaged in picking the large, luscious fruit from the heavily laden vines when my eyes will light on a beautiful, big specimen that has outgrown anything discovered that day. It's the signal for my typewriting desire to make itself manifest and, making a seat of the peach basket that I am carrying, I'll sit before the handsome fruit and slowly, but with increasing speed, begin pecking away at the tomato.

And that's the way it goes. The largest head of cabbage, the finest head of cauliflower, the biggest potato—all dug to a thousand bits. It's that instinct for "diggin' in" on the Home Sector, acquired on the Western Front, combined with my great desire for expression as a typist.

Silent Men of Arms

Col. Rhoads' Address Reminds One That the Only Nation That Has Never Suffered Defeat Is Virtually the Only One That Never Had a Huge Standing Army

By Lieutenant Col. T. L. Rhoades,
Former Chief Surgeon, Eightieth Division.

SILENTLY, the Men of Arms, lying here beneath the sod, salute you!

These patriot citizens of our community, having responded to the call of the nation in distress, at different stages of its history, gave their all, and were finally borne to their last shelter on this hallowed ground. Their martial bodies lie at rest facing the flag, and the good they have done lives after them.

Their spirits, rising through thin blades of grass, are caught up by the breeze and wafted over us, mantling us with a sense of exalted reverence for their service to mankind, and of adoration for the deeds of valor that brought honor to them and to us. The eminence of their achievement thrills us with an humble glow of pride, and inspires us with a desire to live as they did.

Our paternal government, in tribute to the sacred service of these heroic benefactors to the state, and realizing the influence on character arising from respectful veneration of the patriot dead, has set aside a day when industry may pause and reflect, and when we may gather together to pay fitting homage to the builders and protectors of the nation, and to consecrate ourselves anew to the service we owe to our fellow men.

What form shall that service take, and what the qualities we should emulate from our soldier and sailor dead, so that we, like them, may leave behind an influence that will be an impulse to future generations for world betterment, and increase the store of world happiness.

In a democracy such as ours—peace loving, and with its object centered in pursuits that are not akin to those of war—there is fortunately not developed among us a class that stands aloof under the profession of arms. The bulwark of our national defense is the citizen soldiery. The warrior of our nation is the civilian temporarily under arms. There is then no special martial quality or military virtue bred in us, or that distinguishes the high minded civilian from the soldier in uniform. When the battle cry of the Republic is sounded in a call to arms, the qualities that make for responsible manhood and womanhood in civil life are the same that transform the tranquil citizen to the arm-bearing militant, and to the ardent

Col. Rhoads served with the Eightieth Division at Camp Lee and in combat in France, later becoming chief surgeon of the First Army, A. E. F. A native of Boyertown, Pa., a city which, each year observes Memorial Day with marked devotion, he was chosen to deliver the Decoration Day address there. Many men of that vicinity were in the Eightieth and many others in various other organizations. Col. Rhoads' address, which provides more food for thought than the average patriotic speech, is printed herewith.

war-worker at the loom or at the front.

The impelling force that makes the citizen rush to the Nation's defense arises from traits of character—vision, wisdom, love of freedom, home and country, devotion to principle, loyalty to ideals—developed and nurtured in a land made free by sacrifice, sustained by established justice, and based on a clear conception of the fundamental provisions of the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution. To this force, garbed in the armor of a righteous war, is due the success that has attended the nation in all its conflicts with the hosts of the oppressor,—a success in each case that has meant victory not only for the passing moment, but a victory that offered hope to all the world, and for all future time.

The chronology of these conflicts I need not name. I need not recount the early struggles of our forefathers, distinguished with the shedding of their martyr blood, that the tyranny of foreign rule in this fair land should end at Bunker Hill, and not be carried down through the corridor of the ages. I need not recall the four years of civil strife, that burst with explosive violence at Sumpter, reached its zenith at Gettysburg, and gave its final gasp at Appomatox, to test whether the nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to equality, might endure. I need not recall the fervor that carried our people to the aid of a sister republic in contest with foreign inquisition, and ended forever Spanish misrule on this continent. I need not remind you of the events still fresh in memory of the marvelous response to the appealing cry of stricken Europe, and of the willing sacrifices and deeds of valor by the men and women of this country, at home and abroad, to halt the incubus of

slaughter and vandalism let loose by a rapacious empire.

These heroic acts were but the manifestations of those traits and qualities that characterize the True American, in or out of uniform. The only difference is, that under the stress of dangers and terrors of war, the qualities of lofty idealism—those qualities that make the True American seek to measure the sword of right against that of might, that make him forget his own hurts or his empty sleeve to give succor to his comrade, and that send him on ap-

parently impossible missions of justice, willing to die if necessary in their execution—these qualities become emphasized and predominant, and a source of energy that makes the weakest among us a formidable adversary against the foe.

These are then the distinctive qualities we should emulate from our soldier and sailor dead, and cherish to our hearts in our daily life.

Love of freedom—the quality inherited from the early Colonial days of hardship and struggle and self-denial, that was chastened in the crucible of civil strife, and that developed into the irresistible force which rolled the hordes of vandalism back across the Rhine.

Loyalty to high principle—the rungs in the ladder of character up which we may climb to ideals that have their pinnacle in the sky.

Devotion to Country — Our Country, whose laws are framed by "We, the People." The vast experiment that was initiated by the framers of the Constitution in allotting to its citizens the privileges of administering the affairs of a continent under the form of a democratic republic, has been so marvelously successful that each of us has reason to hold deep and heartfelt devotion to the land we live in. You and I, as individuals, enjoy the opportunity for prosperity and contentment and happiness unknown to the annals of history. We live serenely in a haven of refuge, we breathe the free air of liberty, and we walk with heads erect on soil that is our own. We thrive, we prosper, we raise our families in security; our hearts are kept warm in the fireside glow of domestic content.

(Continued on Page 26)

Atlantic City---"Leave Area"

Ex-Service Men Will Be Swarming to the Famous Seaside Resort This Summer

By Frederick Hickman
Formerly 319th Infantry.

IT remained for the Atlantic City Post of the American Legion to register the knockout blow to old General H. C. L. and make it possible for Legionnaires to have a vacation that will long be remembered.

Some time ago Bill Fisher, formerly top sergeant Co. C. 23rd Engineers, presented to the Atlantic City Post, of which he is a member, the idea of having a Summer Camp in the famous resort where ex-service men could be accommodated for a nominal sum and enjoy the pleasure of living under canvas and at the same time be able to take advantage of the wonderful bathing, the boating, the dancing on the piers, the shows at the numerous theatres and the many other diversions that the place provides on the same basis as the man who spends a princely fortune each week to stop at the magnificent beach front hotels. The idea was not to make money for the local post but to be the means of doing a good turn for their comrades of cities less fortunately located.

The proposition appealed to the members and they authorized a committee to go ahead with the scheme. The committee has had many difficulties to surmount, but has overcome them all. The city fathers led by Mayor Edward Bader promptly fell in line with the undertaking and granted

This Camp was primarily intended for Legionnaires, but all ex-service men will be accommodated, the only requirement being that non-members of the legion must show their discharge papers.

permission to use a plot of ground owned by the city, as the camp site. The City engineer will lay out the camp and it will therefore be a model of its kind.

The site chosen faces a city park used for an athletic field where daily contests of base-ball are waged. It is only a stone's throw from the Atlantic City Yatch Club's beautiful home, the scene of many activities during the summer season. Not far away rise in picturesque array the masts of the fishing vessels and pleasure yachts that make their harbor in Gardner's Basin. The famous 5 mile boardwalk has its beginning near the camp site and a fifteen minute walk along this unique highway brings one to the very center of things.

Some day when Legionnaires wend their way to the City-by-the-Sea the local posts will be able to entertain them in a magnificent home to be erected this fall by the city as a tribute to the men who served from Atlantic.

It is fitting that the first camp should be called after the National Commander and Camp D'Olier will be popular from coast to coast.

To purchase the material and operate the camp requires considerable financing and the local committeemen have patriotically undertaken this responsibility.

They have planned so that the camp will just meet the expenses and they will feel rewarded if the many men who come have a good time. The camp will open July 1st, and the capacity will be limited to two hundred men at one time and no man can engage to stay longer than two weeks. This will make it possible to serve many more men than if an indefinite stay were allowed. The fee charged will be \$5 for one week and \$10 for two weeks. A canteen will be operated in connection with the camp where men may purchase light lunches, tobacco, souvenirs and other necessities.

It will be necessary for men to make reservations in advance and to mail their names, address and name of their local post, together with a check or money order for one-half of the board, to Mr. James Butler, 1512 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J., who is chairman of the committee in charge.

No M. P.'s. No. k. p. No reveille, no taps. Oh boy!

Reunions, Picnics and Histories—Continued

(Continued from Page 5)

The story itself, covering the history of the regiment and its units from their formation in August 1917, up to the landing at Newport News in June, 1919, and demobilization, is told in narrative form. The movements of the different units in battle, are explained, the reasons set forth, mistakes are not glossed over but are brought out and the blame placed; the heroism of those who played a hero's part is told—it explains the "inner workings," that part of the business of war so little understood by the man in the ranks and of which he has always wanted to know.

The book is more than the history of one regiment—it should prove abundantly interesting to every man who served in the Eightieth. Indeed since the artillery mentions the infantry units it backed up, the story is suggested to any veteran as an interesting account of the part every out-

fit played, the trials faced, the problems met and the victory won.

The book is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, of New York, where it may be purchased.

The 313th Field Artillery's History, though perhaps less pretentious than that of its sister regiment, leaves little to be desired. For the members of the 313th, its rosters and addresses of members, its casualty lists, its pictures of the Redon training area, as well as of the front, and countless other intimate features have a story all their own. To the infantry veteran of the Eightieth—or of several other divisions which the 313th and the other artillery regiments supported—its war diary informs him of the net results, day by day, that he helped to accomplish—with the artillery's assistance.

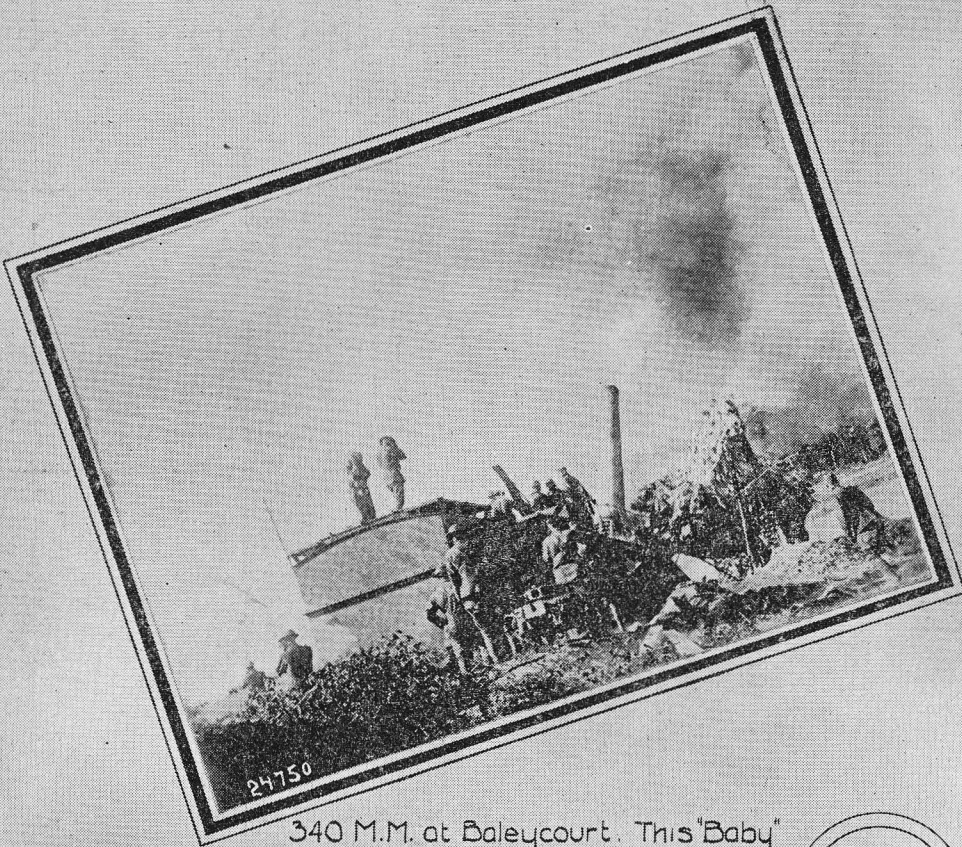
There are one or two things in the book that make one pause a bit—for example, the casual remark, "One gun blew up, due to defective ammunition." One can think

of that when he reads nowadays in the papers of steel companies settling for a financial fraction of their contracts for defective ammunition. Do these same companies belong to the United States Chamber of Commerce which calls the soldiers asking a bonus a gang of treasury looters?

The 313th had, among its advantages, the leadership of Colonel Welch, a real soldier who went to a soldier's death six days before the armistice.

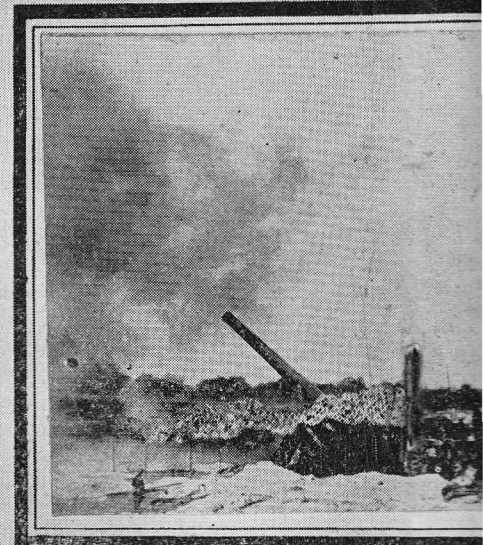
One picture in the history is devoted to D Battery which, after successive competitions defeated F Battery of the 3rd Field Artillery, reputed the best in speed contests, and captured that unit's rank as the fastest in the First Army.

All in all, it's a book to be proud of, and with its lists of citations and official commendations should spur to action those units of the division which so far have failed to record the activities in which we all shared.



340 M.M. at Baleycourt. This "Baby" made four direct hits at 30 Kilos

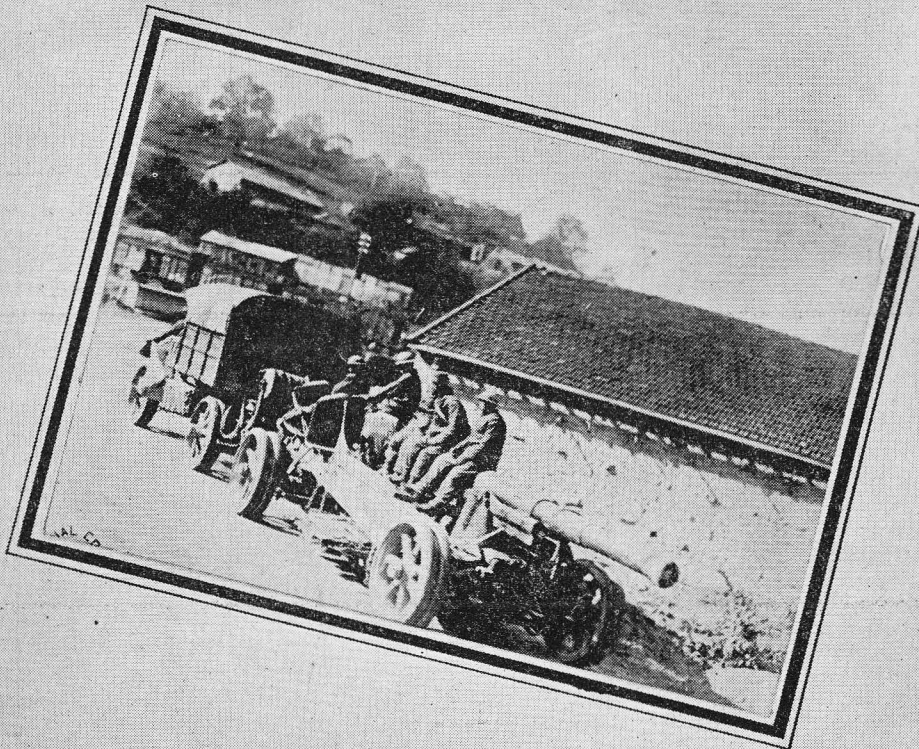
U.S.
Signal Corps



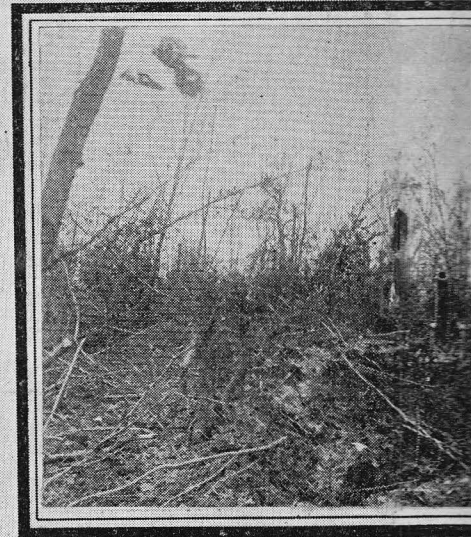
To 'Jerry' with compliments. 155 M.M.



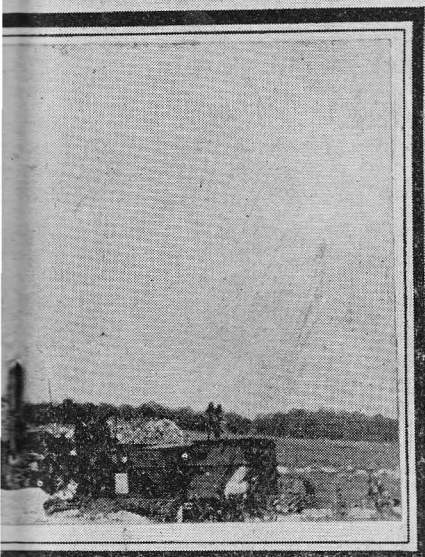
'Katro-Sees Frog' Artillery getting to work



Taking a wounded "vet" back to a dressing station. 155 M.M. hit by shell at Landres-St. Georges.



One of Frau Krupp's products. Shellholes in the first verse of the poem. Montfaucon, C.



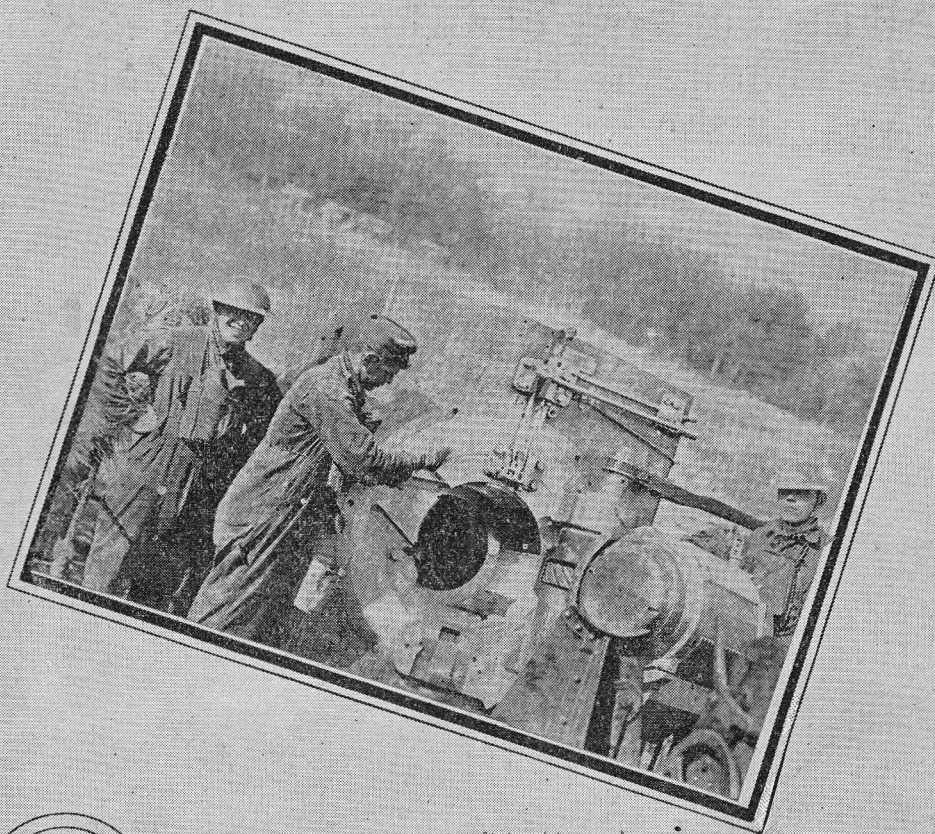
s 155 M.M. Baleycourt-Meuse.



ting the range at Bethincourt.

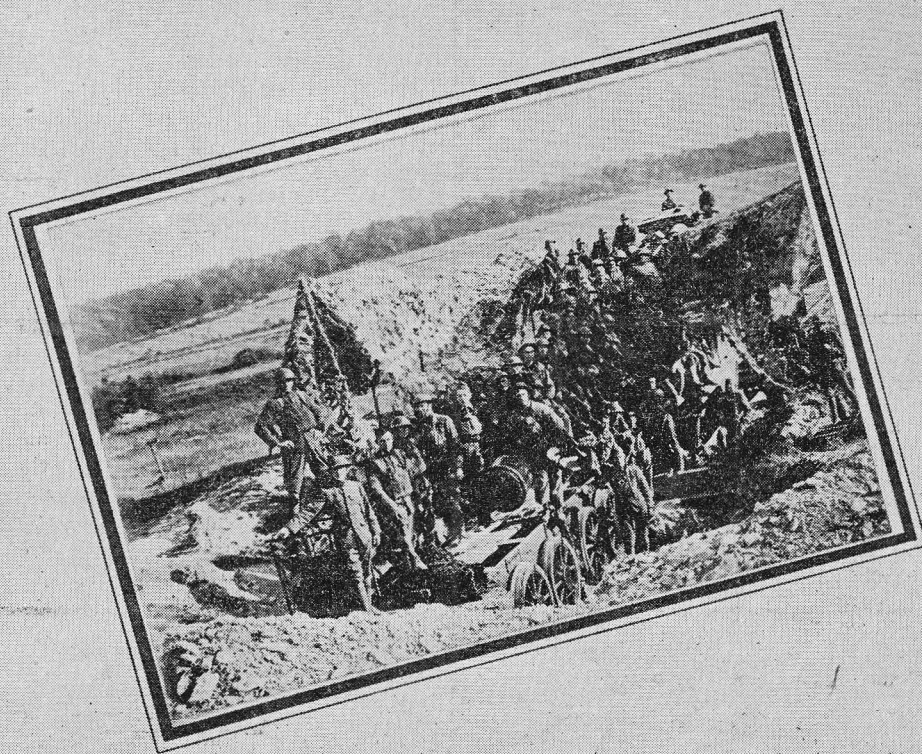


ducts, that kept us seeking
se of the Argonne Bout.
con, Oct 4, 1918.



Currying up the old "War Horse" after a
hard afternoon's work. Baleycourt.

Official
Photos



Usually this "gat" was manned by 20 men, but on the
'push' to Buzancy it took 120 to do the trick.
Baleycourt.

It's Not Over Yet

In All the Sincerity of a Heart Full of Revulsion Against War, Col. Thompson Declares That Combat Must Go On--- Against the Parasite Politician Who Can't Make Peace

By Col. Joseph H. Thompson,
Late of the 111th Infantry.

WORDS are such poor vehicles for condolence or sympathy to those who have a dear one sleeping in France. You do not know just how poor words are until called upon on an occasion like this and asked to say something that in some way may be a tribute to the courage and fortitude of those departed lads and the manner in which they gave their all. The memory of them marching off to war is better than any comforting thing I can say or do.

Another reason I am glad to be here this afternoon is that so many of the boys from the 111th Infantry came from here, not because they were better than any other outfit, but just because they were our own boys, from our own division. All of the boys of the 28th Division are my boys. I am proud of them, because I have been a boy with them.

I do not propose to take your time in attempting to speak words of comfort to you. I am going to tell you some of the things about the soldier, as someone who observed them at first hand, not by someone who was told about them. I know perhaps as intimately as anyone the life of the soldier—his words, his actions, his whole environment, and what he thought of the folks back home.

I am going to take you with me this afternoon for a little while through the bursting shells and the rain of machine-gun bullets, that you may know something of the thoughts that permeated the minds of your boys.

As far as I am personally concerned, with whatever influence I have, either by spoken word, by written word or by personal contact, I am going to forever oppose war with all my heart and all my soul. You have perhaps all heard the expression attributed to General Sherman that "War is hell." Well, if Sherman were describing the recent war, he would have said it is a thousand hells. I do not care how much you have read about it, what your boys have told you or what you have conceived in your imagination, it all pales into insignificance before what war really is.

I remember what an English captain once said to us, a group of about fifty officers nearly all from Pennsylvania, New York and Michigan. This captain had been in the front line about three and a half

In all that has been said against war and against the political maneuvering about peace, there is no one who has voiced so truly and emphatically the sentiment of the men who fought the battles and endured the hardships as Col. Thompson, of Beaver Falls, Pa. This article he has based on a speech he delivered at the presentation of French memorials to relatives of American soldier dead. His article is no output of a swivel chair Congressman—it is one ardent, fiery, vehement protest war—all war—and against the politicians to whom peace apparently means little.

years. He said:

"You men are mostly from the same part of the country. You have learned to love each other as only those in war can. You are in battle going forward; in the front line and one of your buddies falls wounded. He cries out to you that he is hurt: "For God's sake, stop this flow of blood; for God's sake, give me a drink of water." You would say that is a simple thing to do; of course you can stop and give him water or first aid. But you can't. I will tell you why you can't do it. If you were permitted to stop for a moment, men on the right and left of you would falter. Inside of ten seconds your entire line would stop, and then the second and third lines would stop, and the great American Army would fail. No, you can't stop—you must go on and on. If the wounded man lives until the stretcher bearers come up, it is well; if he cannot, it is war."

I wonder if I can bring that home to you. If your brother or your father is wounded, if he cannot get assistance in a few minutes his life will be the penalty. What would you say if you were prevented from going to his aid in those few vital minutes, if you must gaze helplessly on him as he falls stricken, knowing that you may never see him alive again? You must press on in war, with dead and dying all around you. For that reason I am going to oppose with all my might and main—war.

Sometimes I wonder if we do not forget; if the expression used today that "republics forget" may not be true. Let us examine our own condition and ask ourselves the question, "Was the whole thing worth while?"

You all know the causes for which we

entered the war. No nation ever went forth to war with higher or nobler purposes. Everybody worked. The women of the land gave their time and their efforts that the boys might be comfortable. And they were splendid boys.

I don't know of any that compare with them. I have seen them advance. I have never seen them driven back. I have seen them face danger, shoulder to shoulder, and fight. I ask myself the question, "Is it worth while?" How much better off today is the world than before the war began? In my humble judgment it is worse today than when the war

began, a great deal worse. The mothers, the fathers, and the boys have made splendid sacrifices. The boys went forward willingly, facing death, not once or twice, but many times. Then came the armistice.

The scene changes. The politician takes hold of it. For months they have parleyed with this subject, down in Washington.

I am not going to take sides and inject myself into this matter. If the treaty was a good thing, it ought to have been passed. If it is a poor thing, it should have been killed long ago. I venture to say that you could have taken many men from this nation, hard-headed business men, sent them to Washington, and this whole matter could have been cleaned up in two or three months. But no, no; the politician took hold of it and he is playing his game. And the soldiers, marines and sailors who went over beyond have suffered.

We are meeting here this afternoon in order that the testimonial of the French Government may be given to the next of kin. It is a splendid thing. But what in the devil has our Government done for us? Not a darn thing. They met yesterday and said they would put off this bonus, would leave it to the soldiers. Every single thing intended for the soldier they have put off. All they are concerned about is whether they shall return to Washington.

I am minded of an old captain of a life-saving crew who had the proud record of saving every life from fifty ships lost on the rocks. When one ship was dashed on the rocks in a heavy and perilous sea and there did not appear to be a chance in a thousand that the crew could reach the victims, some of his crew objected. They said a rescue was impossible; they could

It's Not Over Yet—Continued

not live in that storm; they would not return. I shall never forget the captain's reply—"Boys, we don't have to return. We don't have to return."

Ninety-five percent of everything that is done in Washington is not for you or for the boys. It is, "How can I return? What is the best game of politics for me?" I hope with all my heart that the people of this great state, this great nation, the fathers and mothers, those who gave their all before and during the war, will press this question until civic decency prevails.

Oh, that some great tidal wave would come and wash the whole shooting match into the Potomac! We would be better off.

I was disgusted beyond measure when I heard that this bonus to the boys had been postponed. I have heard some people unkind enough to say, "Well, I would not want to sell my services for a grant." Well, George Washington did not take that position. General Haig has been knighted and granted enough money to keep him comfortably the rest of his life. Nobody said he has sold his services. General Foch, Admirals Schley and Dewey and General Grant got a bonus. Did they sell their souls?

I think there is nothing under the sun today, too good for the American doughboy, and when I say that I mean the enlisted personnel of the American Army, Marines and Navy.

I received a letter a few weeks ago from one of my own boys. He had been struck by fragments of a shell in the right eye and lost the sight. He was otherwise injured. He had lain in No Man's Land for forty-eight hours; was taken to the Russian border, being kept in a prison camp there for six months. His mother died of grief when he went to war. His father died. He received a cablegram announcing his father's death on his arrival in New York. He has a sister and three others to keep. He wrote me a letter and he said, "If you don't come to see me, I will commit suicide; I cannot stand it any longer."

I immediately went to Washington. He told me his story. Said the doctors examined him weekly. He is allowed partial disability, \$85 a month, and was told as soon as the emergency was over, he would be dismissed from the service. He said to

me, "I wish to God that I had been killed and never brought to America." I saw at least twenty other boys from the Twenty-eighth Division in just as bad plight in mind and body.

They wonder what is going to happen to them. The thing is not over yet. There is a whole lot of work to be done. And while I stand for the bonus to the boys, my

suffered the burns of gas. It is an easy matter for them to declare war. They are the men who are busiest getting swivel chair jobs for their relatives.

Ask the fathers and the mothers, if they want war again? See what they say. Not one of them want it. They have suffered, suffered terribly.

Something must be done to avert war.

We are considering now the formation of a League of Nations. What does the League of Nations mean? A great many people believe it is something far removed from them; something they cannot comprehend. It is the simplest thing in the world.

I might illustrate it in this manner. Suppose there are two men holding opposite views which bring them close to a conflict, but by virtue of some great moral force over them they defer it. They must go to this tribunal—call it what you chose—submit their grievance; then wait until it has been decided. By that time they have had an opportunity to look at the matter calmly. Time heals many things. The chances are, a hundred to one, they would not want to fight.

I don't think a League of Nations will be a panacea for all war. I think it is a step in the right direction. I believe ninety-five percent of the fathers and mothers today would say, "Let us have a League of Nations, with reservations or without them as you choose, but let us have something that in some way will avoid war." Every one of them would want it and they ought to have it.

You may say it is an idle dream. You do not know whereof you speak. I'll tell you something I saw, not something I was told, to support it. Within forty-five minutes after the signing of the armistice, our boys and the Germans had crossed the

intervening space between the two lines. The Germans were giving our boys beer. Our boys were giving them soap. Do you think those men could not have gotten together? Yes, indeed, they could, because they knew the hell of war.

These men who are playing politics do not know anything about it. It is a good thing to belong to a party, whether you are Republican or Democrat, but every once in a while you should be Americans.

We cannot draw a line about our shores

HELLO, BUDDY!

*Hello Buddy; how dee do?
Been a year since I've seen you.
Gosh it seems like yesterday
We said good bye and marched away,
Off to that "Somewhere" in France,
Who thought then we had a chance
To come back here and meet today,
Smile and hear each other say
Hello Buddy?*

*Hello Buddy; how dee do?
How's the world been treating you?
Gosh, old man you're looking fine,
Not so thin as up the line
When we staged that final drive—
But aint it great to be alive
To come back here and meet today,
Smile and hear each other say
Hello Buddy?*

*Hello Buddy; how dee do?
I've been thinking lots of you,
How you played your soldier share
Always clean and on the square,
And I find me now and then—
Seeking you in other men,
Yet I cannot smile and say
As I do with you today—
Hello Buddy?*

*Hello Buddy; how dee do?
Something's happened twixt us two,
Something makes a glad heart-beat
Every time we chance to meet,
And adown the coming years
N'r a song shall greet my ears
Half so welcome as the way,
You and I can meet and say—
Hello Buddy?*

—Henry Robert Curry.

first thought and my first effort will be to see to it that the boys who cannot take care of themselves will be helped by the government. Shame on a nation who will let these men suffer while men down there are playing politics. Let the fathers and mothers take up their cause.

It is the easiest thing in the world for those men down in Washington to wave Old Glory. What does war mean to them? Not a thing. Few of them ever saw a shell burst, the whirr of a machine gun bullet or

It's Not Over Yet—Continued

and not take part in the world's affairs. We have committed ourselves, in my judgment. Today the world is hanging in the balance. I have been all over France and Belgium. I know a great deal of Austria and Germany. I have been through the British Isles. The world is hanging in the balance; all calling, "Come over and help us."

What are they doing down there? Playing politics, trying to get back again. And I ask the question, "Are our affairs to be left to that class of men?" Why, we would be in war again today but for the helplessness of the European nations. They are all bankrupt and cannot afford war. They must take some other means to get rid of their spleen. And while we are fooling around, Germany is preparing and some day she will be ready again.

The German is a splendid soldier. If anybody tells you the German cannot fight, it is because he was not over there. The Americans excel the German in individuality. The American is better in single-handed combat, in initiative, but as soldiers, in command of their officers, the German is a good soldier.

I wish you could have seen those Germans come forward in the Argonne forest. You could have realized what their soldier's training had made them. They displayed splendid military qualities under the intense fire with which they were met. They built little fox holes just the size of their bodies, and there sought cover. That is one of the weaknesses of the American soldier. He won't dig; you can't get him to dig. I want to tell you, if we have war again, it will be very necessary to teach the whole nation how to use the pick and shovel.

I would like to tell you some things about the boys. Some people have said that the soldier was rough; that he did not use language fit for the home or for the Sunday School. Well, they have confused the character and conduct of the boys with the mode of life that was thrust upon him for the time. Beneath that rough exterior was a heart wonderful.

Many stirring tales could be told of the conduct of the boys in France, not alone of their heroism and sacrifice, but of unselfishness and devotion to comrades and to the folks back home. I have seen boys give half of their iron ration, which they were supposed to eat only on command of their officers, to their buddies who had eaten their own ration in an emergency. That is the religion of the front line.

I have seen your boys go over the top many times. I have never known them to go over that they did not offer up a little prayer for the folks back home, for father and mother. You were their thought. I remember a boy brought in one day to Dr. Snowwhite of Pittsburgh. "Have I a chance

to live?" he asked, and the doctor replied that he had not. The boy then said, "There is a letter from mother in my pocket with her picture. There is also a letter and picture from my little girl. Some day, if you have a chance, will you write to them? Tell them I was not afraid to die." And he passed on, paying the supreme penalty.

There was another boy, the biggest mis-

THE BOSS

By the Office Boy

When things go easy, he just sarn-
ters round

At ten o'clock or so; then reads his
mail,

Dictates some half a dozen letters
to the girl,

Tosses us each a word, or maybe
two,

Looks at the papers, lights a good
cigar,

'Phones to a friend, and then goes
out to lunch.

And I go home and say to maw—
"Gee whizz!

I hate to work. I wish I was the
boss!"

But my, when things go wrong!
Maybe a strike,

Or prices down, or some bank goes
and busts,—

Then ain't he Johnny-on-the-spot at
eight!

Then he don't have no time to read
the news,

Nor eat no lunch, but keeps us all
a-jump.

Then he shoots letters at the girl till
she

Gets flustery red spots on her
cheeks; and makes

Even old Chief Clerk hustle; you
know him,

That fat one, with the sort of
double chin.

And me—why, I'm greased light-
ning when he calls.

And when night comes, then he
looks kind er pale

And anxious like, and yet so full of
fight,

I get a sort of aching in my throat
Like something choked me, when I
look at him.

And I go home and say to maw—
"Gee whizz!

Bizness is tough. I'm glad I ain't
the Boss!"

John J. McGrenra.

chief in my battalion. He was always up to tricks and was hard to control. On July 30th we came in contact, for the first time, with the Prussian Guard; took the first and second trenches. This boy killed two Germans. We lost 1,100 men that afternoon, so you know we were doing some fighting. We were bombed that night. I cannot describe to you what it means to be under a bombing plane. One bomb fell in the midst of a platoon and

wiped it out entirely. It was frightful—carnage everywhere, arms and legs in trees. This boy was placed on my blanket. The doctor told him he had no chance to live, with his left arm blown off, his sides badly lacerated. He said to me, "Major, I've been a pretty bad boy and given you a lot of trouble, haven't I?" I tried to comfort him, and said, "No, you have not been." "Didn't I fight pretty well yesterday?" he asked. Finally he said, "You know mother. Tell her I am not afraid to die." That was the message from the most mischievous boy in my battalion. Those boys were not rough—not as people have described it. That was their life. And the most important incidents in their lives were letters from back home, which were eagerly looked for. A letter belonged to everybody.

Don't sob; just hold your heads a little higher, because the world owes you a debt of gratitude that it can never repay. You have watched that little boy and taught him to say the Lord's Prayer. Pridefully you saw him grow, and you wondered what he would grow to be. Then the war came, and you watched him march off, offering everything in a glorious cause asking nothing in return.

They wanted to come back whole or not at all. I have heard the boys say a thousand times, "I hope if I get it that I get it good. It will be all over then and I will not be a cripple." Perhaps that was the thought of your boy. Think of him in that light.

I wonder how many of you today regret that your boy died that the world might be saved; not alone for your country, but the entire world. If you think of him in that light, you will have no regret.

Oh, that this spirit of your boy might permeate the whole nation. The soldier and that for which he stood would not be soon forgotten. This spirit would take it out of the hands of the selfish politician; put it into the hands of the fathers and mothers who have made the real sacrifice.

The war is not over. It is on, and will go on. This practical politician, this man who is a parasite, we must oppose with all hearts, our strength and our votes. I do not care what a man is, Republican, Democrat or Prohibitionist, if you put the right kind of man in office, he will do the right thing. In place of voting blindly in the future, let us go forward with all our hearts, all our minds and vote for Americans.

Think of your boy as he marched away to martial music, erect in status, strong in body, clear in eye. Your own flesh, unselfishly marching away to maké the world a better place to live in.

"With a sunny smile and a wave of
the hand,

He wandered into the unknown land,
And left us standing wondering there.
Since he lingers it must be fair."

The Call of the Boy Scouts

Every Veteran Can Serve, in Helping the Boy Scouts Move Forward, by Becoming Scoutmasters and Feed That Irrestible Longing for the Great Outdoors

By M. R. Piper

Scouting is democratic. It aims not to run your boy into one groove but to help each to develop into the fullest manhood of which he is capable (an individual in the highest sense of the word, with recognized responsibility to himself and society.

Scouting is democratic in that it knows no bounds of class or creed or race. It speaks the universal language of world boyhood. It is the great melting pot of American youth.

The end and aim of Scouting is good citizenship, to make men "physically strong, mentally awake, morally straight."

That is what Scouting is and what Scouting means. Is it not a cause worth promoting and working for, with all your might?

There are 396,008 boys in Scouting. There are 10,000,000 other boys of Scout age out of it. Think of it, you friends of boyhood! 10,000,000 boys, men in the making; needing only leadership to mould them into citizenship of the finest sort, waiting your leadership. Scouting is the process of making real men out of real boys, by a real program which works. Scouting is a happy, wholesome, worthwhile, outdoor school. Scouting is a huge, splendidly organized game, with all the fine zest of competition, the finer zest of cooperation, the keen testing of mind and muscle, the essential good sportsmanship game, only it is a constructive game, a progressive game. It gets somewhere.

Scouting is more than a game. It teaches signalling and first aid and fire fighting and outdoor cookery and a host of other useful and important things. It teaches also self-reliance and helpfulness, courage and courtesy, loyalty and reverence, patriotism and honor, and other kindred qualities of good repute. Scouting is non-sectarian, though its ideals are in accord with those of the church, and it is based upon a pledged allegiance to the service of God, the brotherhood of man.

There are now 396,008 Boy Scouts of America. There are more coming on and in, all the time. There is no trouble about getting the boys; Scouting gets them and keeps them. It is as catching as measles, as tenacious as a crab. Once a Scout, always a Scout is more than a slogan. It is a truth.

Frequently some men are heard to say: "I wish there had been Boy Scouts when I was a boy. I'd like to have had their

chance of having a real gang and doing the things they do in the outdoors."

Why cry over spilled milk? No one is too old to be a Scout. There are 15,942 men serving as Scoutmasters, and 18,694 hold commissions as Assistant Scoutmas-

ters. For each of the 17,683 troops organized there is a committee of three men whose duty is to back up the Scoutmaster and assist the troop in every possible manner.

There is a crying need for more leaders, as there are thousands of boys waiting to get into troops. If you wish you had been a Scout, you can at least lead the boys now to be Scouts. It will do you a lot of good yet, and also do the boys a great amount of good.

There is nothing in life so full of genuine satisfaction as to be of service to and hold the whole-souled admiration of 32 youngsters.

France is planting trees sent by the American Forestry Association on the battle fields where American soldiers gave their lives.

An appropriation of \$25,000, with which to purchase service medals for Virginians who participated in the late war, is provided for in a bill introduced in the Legislature of that State by Delegate Boschen. The measure also provides for the creation of a commission of five upon a suitable design.

Sentiment in the American Legion in New York, indicates that the Manhattan Doughboy favors a useful building that can be devoted to civic affairs, as a war memorial, rather than the usual type monument.

The French newspapers have been poking much fun at America for its rigid enforcement of the prohibition measure, but some of them are advocating temporary total abstinence from wine drinking to bring down the price to within reasonable limits.

The price of wine, which varied between 10 and 15 francs a hundred litres previous to the war, now hovers between 100 and 120 francs. This is the price paid to the vineyards. Various brokers levy a percentage of profit and the cost of transportation from Southern and Eastern France also is added, bringing the price of wine per quart to one franc 40 centimes or one franc 50 centimes, instead of 40 centimes as before the war. This applies to the ordinary red wine, which before the war was the common beverage of the French workingman.

TONY'S FOURTH

By H. R. CURRY

**Meester Tony Spinnelli
Came onea day from Italy,
Came to settlea here for life,
Brought his Rosy as his wife,
And a bundle snowy white,
Younga Tony was their delight,
Meester Tony geta da work,
Worka like the Dev'—he nevera
shirk.**

**Every year on Fourth July
Meester Tony think he die,
Littlea Tony somatimes play
Shooting fireworks 'crossa de way,
Put a flag right outa the door,
Italy's flag no doa no more,
So I smile and somatimes say,
"Tony be greata man somaday.**

**Then my Tony coma home ona day
To his mother Rose and say,
"Me grown up—me bigga da man
Smart justa likea de American,
Me go worka run a shop for de
'Barb',
No digga de ditch, it too damn
hard."**

**Me no wanta him Barb for "Wop,"
Tony makea him better a "Cop."**

**When a dis country gonea to war,
Gosh, that a makea my Tony sore;
He comea marching home a onea
day**

**With uniform toa go away,
Closea hisa shop and go toa war,
Tony no comea back noa more;
Me and my Rosa havea to cry,
Every time ona Fourth-July.**

**Somaday maybe in disa land
Everybody willa understand,
That the "Wop" who digga da dirt
Has a soul that cana be hurt,
Hasa da heart that too cana cry
On disa great day in July
And a son who dies as true
For de old Red, White and Blue.**

A Sunday Night on the P., L. & M.

Being the Adventures of Nine Doughboys Enjoying the French Chemin de Fer, Dijon to Ancy-le-France

By Russell L. Stultz

Former Sgt. Inf., U. S. A.

OUR week-end in Dijon *sur permission* had been a somewhat colorful affair and now, filled with *beau-coup fatigue* from a twenty-four hour brush with the bright lights of a French provincial city, we were Northward bound. Northward in this particular instance meant homeward, or rather, billet-ward—two words analogous in A. E. F. vocabulary in the spring of 1919.

The long summer and autumn of hiking, mud and hell which, contrary to general expectations, had not terminated with the Armistice, were now but little more than bad night-mares. True, occasionally the entrance in the "wee sma' hours" of some bibulous comrade who had imbibed too generously of that exhilarating nectar which only a native can concoct would disturb slumbers and call forth a hobnail "barrage." Aside from these necessary periods of belligerency, however, everything withal had been peaceful. Of course we assume that all our readers are in some degree familiar with that doughboy abomination, the "rest area;" amidst the somewhat doubtful ease of these surroundings, we had languished at Stingny (Yonne) through what shall go down in history as the "longest winter on record."

Considering these and sundry other things of a kindred nature, we were quite primed to "cut loose" when March brought spring and that coveted privilege of "Armee Americaine Permission." It was our premier experiment with French week-ends and, as we have said, the gay and feverish existence had soon palled upon our untutored persons. So much so, in fact, that as Sunday afternoon arrived we found ourselves actually longing for the peaceful solitude of our own little manger, where only the "cootie" and the stamping below of equally ravenous *chevaux* agitated the business of repose. Perhaps finished francs may have contributed.

We repeat: we were billet-ward bound, if not in so luxurious a compartment as we had hopefully journeyed southward in the day before when a reckless quintet of pleasure-seekers arbitrarily commandeered a whole *premiere classe* section and lay blissfully contemplating the horrors of "40 hommes and 8 chevaux." Nevertheless, we were fairly comfortable in our second class compartment, despite the fact that nine were occupying space originally intended for but eight. Indeed, we scarcely grumbled at the imposition!

Our little group, upon inspection, proved

to be a rather heterogeneous assortment of A. E. F. gentlemen, but a purely typical one. A diminutive Italian private, of a musical (?) turn, a North Carolina mess-sergeant, a brawny Kansan sergeant from the 89th Division, a Russian-born bugler, who had formerly cut breeches (*not regulation*) out in Chicago, a quiet Swede from Wisconsin, a replacement corporal out of the Engineers, a friendly sergeant from the Third Division and the rest "just non-coms." A few of the party were volubly reminiscent of the previous night and required strenuous persuasion before they could be induced to accompany us.

The formality of disposing ourselves for the four hour ride had barely been completed when complications of an unexpected variety precipitated themselves in the person of an anything but obsequious train-master. A call for tickets developed the fact that two of our number were short of the necessary credentials. Production of the coming-down slips failed to dissipate his insistence, and it seemed for a time that the return trip was scheduled for an indefinite postponement. Nine voices united in reminding him of our amity, our alliance and long *entente cordiale* and ended in calling upon his patriotism to allow the journey to proceed. The now thoroughly determined official remained adamant to all our blandishments and merely shrugged a pair of easily workable shoulders. At last he delivered his ultimatum; having previously declined to accept a pair of travel orders from the Third Division representative: the francs or the M. P. In the absence of anyone indicating a donation of the former, he executed a ceremonious exit, leaving behind plain evidence of his opinion of all Americans and our own delegation in particular.

Returning shortly with his quondam friend, he of the red brassard, the indignant Latin reiterated his grievance with a dramatic fervor that excited our admiration and impelled each individual to yearn for the requisite four francs. The M. P. arbiter was a tolerant sort and heeded our chorus of explanations with a sympathetic ear. Following its completion a heated colloquy between gesticulating Frenchman and soothing American dispenser of justice ensued. The latter's intercession was vainless. Turning to us, he reminded that he quite appreciated the embarrassing circumstances but, since the official was on his own train, there appeared no other alternative than to "come across"

or "beat it."

The last suggestion was manifestly preposterous; desperate situations require desperate remedies, and right then and there we launched a collection in the hopes or uncarthing an impossible sum, namely *quatre francs*. It came, in centimes, cinq sous, cinquante centimes and about every denomination and shape imaginable. Checking the total, we tendered the conglomeration of the coin with a "*Voila!*" Only a half-franc note that would have passed as legal tender in nothing short of a dice-juggling contest was rejected. The source of indignation this time, however, was happily reversed. With an out-turning of palms and a triumphant "Feeneesh, m'sieur!" we proclaimed to the world the bankruptcy of all doughboys. Reluctantly, but apparently convinced of our insolvency, the collector of tickets reciprocated with a civil "Merci, messieurs" and rewarded the two delinquents with penciled memorandum setting forth their inalienable prerogative to proceed without further halt or hindrance until they should reach their journey's end. The little affair had required something like fifteen minutes to arrange, leaving the participants somewhat breathless and fearful lest those beckoning billets would not loom up in time for bugler to demonstrate his lung power at the usual time and place.

Preceded by a harsh scream from its siren, a grating of wheels and an unlady-like bound, the space of half an hour, all went well, until our Italian developed a sudden inclination to display his rather doubtful terpsichorean accomplishments. Our aisle of hob-nails afford the sole pavillion available, therefore when his exuberance demanded physical definition, we ungratefully proceeded to banish both demonstration and demonstrator in their incipency. This was effected by ejecting the offender into the corridor, where he straightway settled himself to the business of tuning his vocal cords. We were in no need for such unseemingly hilarity—all joyousness had been left behind—and the necessity arose for ways and means to combat his fugitive spirits. A dash of cold water through a broken panel of the door produced the desired result.

For an unbroken interval, blessed peace reigned, in the end to be violated by an outburst of discussion even more portentous with lurking possibilities. At a point some thirty kilometers removed from Dijon, our living exponent of Kansas, who

A Sunday Night on the P., L. & M.—Continued

had come to the outfit as a postbellum addition, all unexpectedly developed a boastful humor and challenged anyone to dispute that his old division had not won the war. Now, in the presence of our cosmopolitan personnel, this vaunt was as fuel poured upon smoldering embers and accomplished an identical flare-up. First, the Carolinian, aroused by the murmurings of brewing strife from a state of legarthic quiescence, accepted the gage of battle and clashed to the hilt with the upholder of Western superiority. Since both contestants were members of National Army units of conceded reputation, honors appeared about evenly divided until our recently aquired bugler decided to substitute his passive interest with a more active brand. With a vigor surprising in one who had but lately been plying a peaceful needle, he rushed to the assistance of the 89th, doubtless reasoning that all things and people from west of the Ohio were of a color.

Apparently imbued by motives of fair play, a loyal native of "Dixie" discounted the odds by coming to the succor of his Southern compatriot in no uncertain tone. As the minutes fled on the wings of miles, argument and figures were hurled back and forth with a reckless disregard for logic or accuracy. Each charge and countercharge invited the addition of reinforcements to one or the other factions, until the verbal clash threatened to speedily culminate in a more realistic conflict. Through all the uproar he of the Third Division had contented himself with a strictly neutral role. A chance disparaging statement by an apostle of Kansas superlativeness transformed the pacific witness into a seething volcano. The eruption was opportune and, coming at a stage when all participants were perilously short of both ammunition and breath, we could but listen in silence to his unlooked for intermission. And, since the Regular Army's mouthpiece was utterly indiscriminating in his championship of his own unit's overwhelming supremacy among all the A. E. F., the astonished audience was about to find a basis for agreement in face of the common enemy.

Fortified and reinvigorated by the interruption, we were on the verge of re-opening hostilities when through the shattered door there protruded the tousled head of the little Italian. Forgotten and ignored he had been, while the wordy battle raged, but his initial declaration was of a positiveness calculated to settle, once and for all, the issue being debated. "You all wrong, all wrong," came the perturbing information. "Italiano army win the war; Americans come too late, Oostria quit first, rest easy. Diaz win war, see?"

Confronted by this bit of information, we marveled at its source and then did the

only logical thing—dismissed our differences with a roar and ended by admitting the recalcitrant to the compartment.

Peace restored again, a rising impatience over the slowness of all French trains followed in natural sequence. While debating the problematical number of kilometers remaining, a short halt settled the conjecture. Brushing the mist from the windows, for an intermittent rain had set in soon after leaving Dijon, a palely flickering sta-

with second class accommodations perhaps had put all of us on "edge," regardless of the prospect having offered no apparent hardship earlier in the evening. In any event, it seemed impossible for any prolonged unanimity to prevail among us as we took up the cudgels anew. Scarce had the train gotten under way when the burning question of the moment resolved itself into whether we should, or should not alight at the next, our home station, or proceed to the second, where division headquarters were located. Since our Third Division companion had Paris as his goal and a second had joined the Italian in fitful dreams, there remained but six to share in the momentous decision. It was but inevitable that our original alignment should adhere, this time, however, to result in an equal division.

While heatedly debating the pros and cons, everyone save the disinterested sergeant overlooked a brief stop, and he grimly failed to enlighten us that we had arrived at Nuits until the town was receding in the darkness. All argument summarily ceased as realization of its incongruous outcome dawned upon us, yet those who had contended for Ancy felt justification. Just then the Italian who had usurped the aisle in lieu of something more restful stirred at our feet and awoke with a yell of terror. Upon being rebuked for such unseemly conduct, he agitatedly insisted that he had had a wonderful dream. Pressed for details, John recited a vision that would have reflected credit upon the imaginative creator of fiction.

It seemed that we were on the ocean, at last bound for the States, so the phantasy went, when only a day out of New York a German U-Boat had attacked and sunk our transport, afterward scouring the waters and swallowing alive the survivors. At the moment the monster was in the act of seizing him, the Italian's panic had culminated in the abrupt awakening. Derisively reminding him that the last enemy submarine had stopped operations months before, we pointed out the utter inconsistency of the chronicled hallucination. No matter of scoffing, however, was successful in establishing its absurdity and throughout the remaining miles he sat brooding over his fancied escape from horrible destruction.

As the train pulled up at Ancy-le-Franc, the final vestige of querulousness disappeared. After all, the fretful paroxysms had been but surface petulance, of that character found wherever a group of seared and chafing men congregated. Donning slickers in preparation for the hike, we stumbled out into the rain and darkness. Barely an hour intervened before "taps," with seven kilometers of mud to be traversed. We could make it—in fact, we *must*; no dissenting voice was raised in discord.

Dan McGann Has His Say

Said Dan McGann to a foreign man who worked at the self-same bench;

"Let me tell you this," and for emphasis he flourished a heavy wrench,

"Don't talk to me of the bourgeois, don't open your mouth to speak Of your Socialists or your anarchists, don't mention the Bolsheevk.

For I've had enough of this foreign stuff, I'm sick as a man can be Of the speech of hate and I'm telling you straight this is the land for me.

"If you want to brag, just take that flag, and boast of its field of blue, An' praise the dead an' the blood they shed for the peace o' the likes o' you.

I'll hear no more," and he waves once more his wrench in a forceful way,

"O' the cunning creed o' some Russian breed! I stand for the U. S. A.

I'm done with your fads, and your wild-eyed lads; don't flourish your rag o' red

Where I can see or at night there'll be tall candles around your bed.

"So tip your hat to a flag like that. Thank God for its stripes an' stars;

Thank God you're here where the roads are clear, away from your kings and czars.

I can't just say what I feel today, for I'm not a talking man;

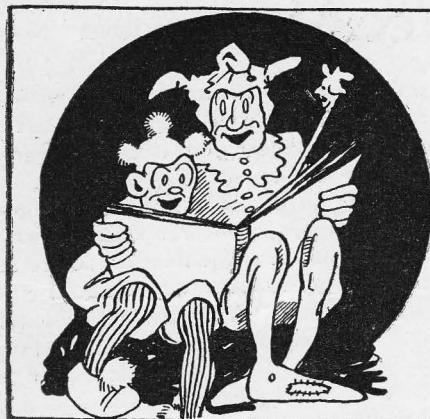
But first an' last I'm standin' fast for all that's American.

So don't you speak of the Bolsheevk, it's sick of that stuff I am, One God, one flag, is the creed I brag; I'm boostin' Uncle Sam."

—Exchange.

tion lamp revealed the *gare* at Mont Bard—only one stop short of our destination. Certainly the homeward jaunt, aided by an improvised diversion, hadn't been so wearisome, after all.

The return of concord must have been premature, for no sooner had someone suggested that we continue on to Ancy-le-Franc, instead of detraining at Nuits-sous-Ravieres, when a negative chorus greeted the proposal. A four-hour train journey



A PAGE TO WIT

"OUR MAG"—By the Office Boy

SAY you'd be surprised if you'd see our offices. Yes Siree! Just downright surprised if you'd get inside our offices and let your glimmers roam around careless like and take in all the sights. Why Lordy I can't begin to give you the real, strong Gas Attack that is due this change of scenery here and to let you know just what this spring house cleaning of ours has all done to improve the Headquarters, and WORK—?—man alive—that Ad man of ours and that Cartoon Fellow sure did pass the buck to and fro while hanging up all the pictures brought in from that Reception Affair we held some time ago.

But right here before you gets a wild idea into your head that our High Mogul had anything to do with the hanging of these pictures—I gotto disillusion you. Honest Injun between you and me—he's the best little Boss that ever bossed, he'd go flitten around real busy like accomplishing nothing and if any of you fellows had happened in, you could have listened to him rave about how WE (get that "WE") are so busy hanging pictures, when all the while it was our Cartoonist who hung every blamed picture on the wall. And it was a shame too—for there's our Ad Fellow what has a perfect sixty-eight waist line and you'd think would welcome an opportunity such as this one to reduce to some Annette Kellerman proportions—and would have crawled to the top of that step ladder willingly—but no—darned if our Cartoonist isn't made the goat as per usual and what with his string bean profile and bay window what is purely imaginary—there he trots up and down, first hanging the Cathedral at Rheims and then almost loosing his balance in the Argonne Forest and once when the hammer slipped the Typist and I could have sworn he was saying his prayers—but no, on further investigation we discovered that he had hung the Toul Sector upside down.

Speaking of our Typist—let me tell you boys shes some typist. She can work those keys faster than any machine gun ever shot off the pills. I calls her "Shorty" cause she's one of those people that sort

of cling close to the ground, as it were and spread out around the roots and she really shouldn't get so blamed sore at me for calling her "Shorty" at that, for if she'd just stop to consider that all sweet things come in small packages—she would realize that I don't mean any offense by the name.

And everyone in this whole outfit down here loves her and by George, I'd like to see the guy what wouldn't, cause she's got an even disposition and what's more she's blamed easy on the eyes.

Now by that I don't mean that she's one of these dolled up, painted Stenogs, that you find in most offices—with a pair of lamps that seem to be tied to revolving wheels cause there so confounded nervous like, all the time, and put the blinkers on every blamed "John" they see, from the Window Cleaner on up to the "High Mogul" himself. No Siree!! Our Shorty is no gum chewing, powdered baby of the "Vamp" Class, with the silk hosiery and pumps when the thermometer registers ten

below zero—and who looks hard enough to withstand a whole Jerry Attack by herself—No!!! Our Stenog is none of this—she's one of the girls that are a gift from God.

Her rosey cheeks are all her own—her skin is as clear as a new born babe and her glossy, black hair depicts the Raven's Wing and rarest of all her charms, she is one of the very few girls left in this day and age who has not lost that womanly allurements of a good wholesome blush.

Yes, Fellows, our typist is one of the few in the business world who still has been able to hold her own regardless of the worldly surroundings and hard knocks of office life.

I could write lots more, but enough—come in and see for yourself for I gotta get busy addressing the letters to you fellows what still owe us next year's dues.

Yours,

THE OFFICE BOY.

VERY LIGHTS

NO PLACE FOR A LADY

Two doughboys, sight-seeing in Paris, ran into each other in the Place de la Concorde. "Have you seen the Louvre?" one asked of the other, pronouncing it "Loover."

"No, I ain't made that yet. That's where they've got all them fine pictures, ain't it?"

"Yep, and it's some place, and some pictures. Be sure and make it. But," he advised, "don't take a dame with you. There's a lot of rough stuff up on the second floor."

A colored veteran just back from the other side when questioned about an iron cross he was wearing, explained:

"Boss, it was an extra decoration. De Kaiser hisself sent it to me by a special messenger what dropt daid jus' befo' he give it to me."—*Rubber Ripples.*

A man down in Parkville put his hand in a mule's mouth to see how many teeth the mule had. The mule closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had, and the curiosity of both man and mule was satisfied. We like to see everybody pleased.

The man who fails is not the man who has no gifts, no chance, no pull, no encouragement, no training; it is the man who quits. Next time you feel down and out, remember that nobody fails but the man who quits.

Right here and now's the place to start. There's work a plenty, do your part. This minute, waiting at your door. Are opportunities galore, With wisdom, gather in your store.

A woman got into a jitney. The engine started with a jerk, and the flivver began to race madly along, narrowly missing lamp posts, street cars, policemen, etc. Becoming frightened, the woman called to the driver:

"Please be careful; this is the first time I ever rode in a jitney."

The chauffeur replied reassuringly: "That's all right, ma'am. This is the first time I ever drove one."

Cavalry Sergeant—"I told you never to approach a horse from the rear without speaking to them. First thing you know they'll kick you in the head and we'll have a bunch of lame horses on hand."

Alumni Notes

Practically the entire enlisted personnel of the 38th Infantry turned out to bid farewell to their commanding officer, Col. E. G. Peyton, who has been assigned to recruiting duty at Jackson, Miss. The affair, which was originally intended as one of the weekly camp dances given at the Enlisted Men's Club, was converted into a farewell entertainment to the colonel and Mrs. Peyton as soon as it was learned that they were to leave.

Club and company funds were drawn on and plenty of ice cream, cake and other refreshments were served. Nearly 100 Little Rock young women, chaperoned by Misses Elizabeth Winter and Marion Spencer, camp hostesses, were present. Music was furnished by the orchestra of the Seventh Infantry. Lieut. Col. Sheppard B. Philpot will succeed Colonel Peyton as commander of the regiment.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Weire Rangeley announce the marriage of their daughter, Virginia, to Mr. Edward A. Roades, Jr., May 14, 1920, at Christiansburg, Va.

The second dinner of the 80th Division Officers' Association of New York City was held May 28, 1920, at the D. K. E. Clubhouse, No. 30 West 44th street, New York.

The following named officers were present: General Adelbert Cronkhite, who came all the way from Fortress Monroe, Va.; Lieut. Col. G. W. Knight, Maj. L. B. Garretson, Maj. H. A. C. DeRubio, Capt. Pitney, Tweddle, Timmins, Nowakowski, Thomas, LaPorte, F. W. Wright, John Kean, Vermeule, Gard and Agate; Maj. Harrison, Granville, Fortesque, and C. M. Jones, Lieut. Thorn, Scudder, Weissblatt, Stewart, Richardson and Russell B. Page.

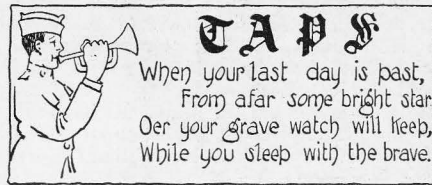
Maj. Fortesque was appointed publicity agent of the association and November 11 selected for the next dinner. General Cronkhite entertained with a very interesting and witty talk.

William L. Hickey, who is now serving as brakeman of the Lower Division, and formerly of the 80th, has enlisted as a benedict. Bill and his "C. O." have the best wishes of Service and the bunch.

Capt. C. C. Griffin, formerly commanding officer of Cos. "G" and "I," 318th Inf., who until recently has been stationed at the Disciplinary Barracks, Fort Leavenworth, Kans., has been transferred to Camp Lewis, Wash. Capt. Griffin, prior to reporting to his new assignment, spent a few days renewing acquaintances at Camp Lee and in Petersburg.

Lieut. Col. Jennings C. Wise, who formerly commanded the Second Battalion, 318th Inf., and who is now on duty in Washington, addressed the April meeting of the Virginia War History Commission in Richmond. Former Division Commander, Gen. Adelbert Cronkhite, was likewise in attendance upon the Commission's meeting, of which he is an advisory member.

Secretary of War Baker on May 1 paid an official visit to Camp Lee and inspected the cantonment with Gen. Omar Bundy, its Commanding Officer. Secretary Baker's last previous visit to Camp Lee was in the autumn of 1917, while the 80th Division was in training there for overseas service.



Herman L. Hoffman, Co. G., 319th, Infantry, who resided with his parents at 102 Wabash Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Died June 17th, 1920, from the affects of wounds received in action, in the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

Funeral services were conducted at St. Martins Church, of which Mr. Hoffman was a member.

The pall-bearers being boyhood friends who had also served in the A. E. F.

Jay Jackson, Sergeant Major 320th, Infantry Regiment, 80th Division, who died in France, November 9, 1918, of pneumonia, was the son of former District Attorney, R. H. Jackson, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Word has just been received that the body has been shipped to Pittsburgh, Pa., for interment. A military funeral is planned. Sergeant Major Jackson served through the first two phases of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and was on his way up for the third and last offensive, when stricken ill with pneumonia.

Albert Clark Brown, Sergeant, 1st class, Co. B, 305th, Engineers, 80th Division, was killed in an explosion of gas in Mine No. 3, of the Glenside Coal Company, at Starford, Indiana County, Pa. Mr. Brown was honorably discharged from military service, June 12, 1919, after one year spent in France. Deceased is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Brown, of Patton, Pa., and several brothers and sisters.

Rosario Damorio of Oakdale, Pa., who served in two wars, was killed June 8th, 1920, while at work, on the Panhandle Railroad, near Oakdale, Pa. Mr. Damorio served in the Italian Army during the war between Turkey and Italy in 1911 and 1912, and came to this country and took out citizenship papers. When the war broke out with Germany, Damorio responded to the call and served throughout the world war as a member of the 80th Division, U. S. A.

John S. Watters, Private 1st class, Machine Gun Co., 320th, Inf. regiment, 80th, Division, U. S. A., died June 4th, 1920, at the U. S. P. H. Hospital No. 46, Deming, N. M., from affects of gas received in action. Mr. Watters served throughout the entire campaign of the 80th, earning three battle stars, he saw action with the British E. F. in the Artois sector, with the French Colonial Troops at St. Mehiel, and three engagements with the American First Army in the Argonne. Funeral services were conducted at the Central Reformed Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, June 11th, 1920, the pall-bearers being all members of his company.

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

Arthur L. Quicke, formerly a Sergeant in Company "G," 318th Inf., who was wounded at Nantillois on October 4, 1918, is now located at 511 Fifth avenue, New York City, where he is associated with the British-American Tobacco Co.

At the "American Day" exercises in Petersburg, Va., May 1, a military parade and motion pictures of the 80th Division's activities in France were features.

Capt. R. P. Williams, Jr., former Operations Officer of the 318th Inf., is now a member of the faculty of the Episcopal High School, at Alexandria, Va.

Among former members of Company "G," 318th Inf., who have deserted a life of single blessedness for the thrills of conjugal partnership are: First Sergt. Paul Meador, of Baltimore, Md.; Corp. Elijah H. Ayers, of Bedford County, Va.; Corp. C. C. Kramer, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sergt. George P. Neatrou and Mech. Raymond Biggs, of Petersburg, Va., and Pvt. Max M. Schuster, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Junius R. Riddick, formerly a sergeant in Company "G," 318th Inf., is now stationed at Ancon, Canal Zone, Panama, where he is resident manager of the Panama Depot of the British-American Tobacco Company.

Your attention is called to a change from the last issue in the Service Directory, in that, the Civil Relations Section, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C., is now handling the work formerly stated as being handled by the Assistant Secretary of War, Service and Information Branch, Council of National Defense, Washington, D. C.

Service takes delight in welcoming to the journalistic field a publication, that from first impressions, bids fair to a long and useful life. It has not yet had its baptismal ceremony and therefore is nameless at present. The National Tube Co., at McKeesport, Pa., is sponsor for the new journal, and the editor is that old "Pal of the Army," Sergt. Bernard Ragner, formerly Headquarters, 160th Brigade. Truly the 80th do move.

The following officers of the 80th are now on recruiting service: Gerald Egan, Capt. Inf., A. G. O., Room 64; Ephraim G. Peyton, Major Inf., Jackson, Miss.; Ulysses G. Worrilow, Ret. Lt. Col., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Nashville, Tenn.,

June 16, 1920.

To My Buddies of the Signal Branch:

I am asking Service to publish this letter as a means of reaching you all at one time with a message of best wishes and remembrances from an "Old Buddie." Will be mighty glad to hear from any of you again.

Sincerely,

J. F. Scott (Scotty)

309 American National Bank,
Nashville, Tenn.

The first reunion of officers of the 319th Inf. was held at Atlantic City May 29, 1920. The following faces appeared around the festive board at the Traymore: Hugh Obear, Frederick Hickman, Erskine Gordon, Rembrandt Keezell, Paul J. Rutan, Dr. E. F. Connolly, Dr. James E. Wilson,

Alumni Notes—Continued

George Tilghman, Charles Highley, Austin Braun, Hynes Sparks, Theodore Cogswell, C. W. Heflin, George Hodson, Charles E. Merrill, Richard Stockton, W. H. Johnson, Charles Anderson, F. W. Morrell, Charles G. Hunter, Otho Ridgeley, C. L. Auger, Jr., Charles H. Muse, S. A. Miller, J. O'Neill, James Gibson, Emmett Everitt, Raymond Jenkins, A. L. Philpotts, J. S. Hudnall, Thomas O'Connor, Thomas Carr, Dr. George Kiner, Dr. H. R. Carroll, Percy A. Jones. Plans were laid for another reunion next year.

Regrets were received from those unable to attend, notably from General Brett and Cols. Cochen and Love. Most of the members stayed over Sunday and Monday (Memorial Day) and enjoyed the diversions of the seaside resort.

The following is a complete list of Unit histories of the 80th Division, published to date, so far as is known by Service, together with their authors and publishers:

317th Inf. Regiment (published in France). Lieut. Edberg Craighill, 200 Woodland avenue, Lynchburg, Va.

317th Inf. Co. G. (Author or publisher

unknown). Copy received from L. Curson Eldred, 2 Waverly place, Milwaukee, Wis.

317th Inf., Co. K, Capt. Arthur F. Shaw, 400 Houseman Building, Grand Rapids, Mich. Published by White Printing Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

318th Regiment Inf., Capt. Richard P. Williams, Jr., Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va. Published by William Byrd Press, Richmond, Va.

318th Inf., Co. D, Capt. V. R. Smith, Scottsdale, Pa.

318th Ambulance Co., G. V. Chambers, 2441 Montrose street, Philadelphia, Pa.

319th Inf. Regiment, Capt. Josiah C. Peck, National Bank of Commerce Building, Norfolk, Va.

Company "L," 320th Inf. Regiment, Capt. H. Parkman, Jr., 30 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, Mass.

First Battalion, 320th Inf., Leon Schwartz, 524 Prospect street, Nanticoke, Pa. (France)

305th Eng. Co. "F," Sergt. Frank Floyd, 807 James street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

313th Field Artillery, Capt. Thomas I. Crowell, Jr. (Thos. Crowell & Co., New York).

314th Field Artillery Regiment, Capt. J.

Hambleton Ober, 1101 St. Paul street, Baltimore, Md.

Supply Co., 314th F. A., Wag. R. J. Roberts, 326 S. 8th street, Cambridge, Ohio.

There are still 148,000 barrack bags, 6,000 trunks and boxes and thousands of non-descript pieces of unclaimed baggage at the Salvage Depot on Governors Island. If you lost any baggage while in the service, send description at once to Knights of Columbus, 105 West 40th street, New York City.

WRITE: THAT'S ALL
Write and tell us all the news,
Happy, sad, or full of blues.
Little things that happen surely
Will amuse when you feel poorly.
Have you bought a new straw hat?
Even write and tell us that.
Write us anything you choose,
Anything you write is news.
—From Rubber Ripples.

Tell your friends to subscribe to Service, it will help them keep their patriotism on straight. Finnee.

Silent Men of Arms—Continued

(Continued from Page 14)

Truly we have cause to be thankful that the God of Nations has not led us to a land of serfdom, like the children of Israel and other European and Asiatic peoples, but has spread to view these towering hills and smiling valleys, and said, "This land is yours; develop it, guard it, love it."

And yet today we hear much of a spirit of unrest, of public agitations of discord, and even of threatened destruction of our basic governmental institutions.

In order to understand the meaning of this state of mind among a portion of our population, we must realize that our country is passing through the crisis of a reconstruction period, leading to normal condition, following the upheaval of a great war.

During this period of readjustment in our social and industrial life, attended with its lesser restraint, there are bound to appear those disturbing elements of society that ever confuse liberty with license,—those unwholesome products of our national melting pot.

There are some persons among us,—some of them citizens—who revel with steeped consciences in a wicked lust for greed of gain, disregarding the privileges and obligations of their American birthright under the constitution, and trampling under foot the needs of the unfortunate, and the creed of the brotherhood of man. And there are others—many of them aliens, not citizens and not natives—who flare up with an instinct for base passion and wrecking, inflammable agents of discord and destruction, seeking to over-

throw the most cherished ideals of our country, while they accept and enjoy its hospitality.

Both these undesirable classes need stern curbing, and both must be made to understand that the welcoming hand of the nation's tolerance is likewise the hand of square-dealing and firm justice. When this paradise country opened its gates to the victims of oppression, on its threshold was inscribed the legend: "To promote the general welfare." But a paradise can maintain no shadowed pit for birds of prey, or for the carrion creature that fouls its own nest.

Let us, however, not be alarmed at the presence of this lesser and base part of our population. Let us remember that every great and lasting project of thoughtful action, like that of the American Republic, has had its tragic hindrances and its mad minds to deal with. Let us not forget that the great movement of Christianity had its Judas Iscariots and its crucifiers, and it lives; that our country from its birth has had its Benedict Arnolds and its quota of traitors; and that even our own community has been called upon to turn a deaf ear to the preachings of disloyalty and sedition, when our men and women were striving to their utmost to defeat an enemy pledged to destroy every ideal our country stands for. Yet our country has grown to greatness, and our community has pledged its answer and its honor with the lives of these men whose memory we entwine with flowers today.

Let us then take up the standard of these heroic dead, and be guided by their star of glorified purpose, in our daily life, meet-

ing our tasks unflinchingly, boldly, and with unqualified devotion; so that future generations in winding their way up this marmoreal slope, will pause, and point to the green mounds harboring the remains of you and me, and say: "There lies a sainted person who achieved the grandeur of noble womanhood," and "There lies a man."

Believe It or Not

(Continued from Page 7)

the cadence of the drill field—the cadence of American life.

There is one thing that can be vouched for—it is that the heads of the General Recruiting Service have repeatedly issued instructions that truth about the Army shall be the basis of all recruiting efforts. If occasionally in some exuberant Recruiting Officer there appears a tendency toward exaggeration, it is promptly suppressed.

The 80th Division has done its best as far as actual warfare goes but the members of that organization should not and, I feel, that they will not allow their interest in an adequate Army to die as soon as they discard their uniforms.

A particularly nasty Boche machine gunner having used up all of his ammunition, jumped up and yelled, "Kamerad," and held up his hands.

"Don't shoot," he cried, "I have a wife and two children!"

"You're a liar!" yelled back a Yank. "You've got a widow and two orphans!"—*Rubber Ripples.*

Red Chevron Echoes

Those entitled to the Victory medal under the latest instructions issued by the War Department are as follows: "All officers, contract surgeons and enlisted men who served on active duty in the Army of the United States at any time between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, and whose service was honorable; also to any officer or enlisted man who entered the service subsequent to November 11, 1918, and served as a member of the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia or European Russia and whose service was honorable." Members of the Students' Army Training Corps are entitled to the medal as are men who were cadets at West Point during the war.

The navy puts the frills on dishonorable discharges. At Charlestown Navy Yard they marched the victims, at bayonets' points, to the gate—the bum's rush.

Pennsylvania's new guard is to have a company of tanks. The army ought to realize that the crop is scarcer now.

A bill in Congress would retire all blinded lieutenants as captains. There are two, Lieut. Schoble, 316th Infantry, and Lieut. Day, 146th Infantry.

The K. of C. has announced it will use its \$7,000,000 war balance for educational work among service men.

The navy will have to get some more hills for the gobs to go over. In the last six months of 1919 4,666 beat it. They average 700 a month. Thousands of officers resigned. Low pay is blamed. This was before the new increase in pay.

The rush of European young women who became engaged to American soldiers abroad has necessitated installation of special meeting places at Ellis Island. Eighteen marriages were performed in one day. Of 3,709 wives, France sent 2,295; Britain, 1,101; 15 other nations sent the rest.

The Fifth Regiment of Marines, of Belleau Wood fame, which was demobilized

Keeping Up With the Procession

Statistics show the per capita wealth of Pittsburgh to be \$2,138.00. The next greatest per capita wealth is that of Cleveland with \$1,342.00.

Are you keeping up with the procession?

If not, it's time you began saving. We offer 4% interest on savings accounts.

PITTSBURGH TRUST COMPANY
Member of Federal Reserve System
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$4,000,000.00
323 Fourth Avenue

Mention Service Magazine when answering advertisements

Your 80th Division



Insignia 6 1/2 x 8 1/2

Hand painted in colors on "O. D." stock—handsomely executed and suitable for framing. Makes a worthy addition to your den that you will be proud to show your friends. A real painting by a real artist—Price, \$1.75.

Order through "Supply Department," SERVICE MAGAZINE
915 BESSEMER BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

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COMIC CARICATURES FOR YOUR DEN

Send your photo to Berger and he will draw a 12x8 cartoon showing you going over the top, peeling spuds, and many other situations you will never experience again, humorous scenes from over there reproduced exactly as you saw them, by one of your old buddies. Get in shape with a cartoon of your days in the A. E. F. Send photo or idea of what you want with one dollar and the service artist will do the rest.

LIBERTY STUDIOS
JACK V. BERGER, MGR.

916 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mention Service Magazine when answering advertisements

ACTUAL PHOTOS OF WAR SCENES

Over 30 Photographic Reproductions of events "over there," showing all the horrors and hardships of war as it is known by those who helped break the famous Hindenburg Line, printed on real photographic paper, each group being 9x11 to 11x13 1-2 inches in size. The entire collection

AT LESS THAN 10c EACH

Scenes that every soldier is familiar with and talking about, a historic collection that will be valued by every member of the family, suitable for framing, and worthy of a prominent place in every American home. These actual photographic reproductions will help make clear the things and places you are telling about. Be first in your city to own a collection at our special price.

Price \$3.00 for the complete collection of 34 photographic reproductions, which includes the 9x11 photographs of a gas attack, free. The edition is limited on account of only a small amount being imported by an ex-service man

FRED EHRET, Publisher, 900 N. Tucker St., Nevada, Mo.



FREE—FREE—FREE

This actual photograph of a gas attack taken by an officer in a front line German trench, is given free to those ordering a set of photographic reproductions of war scenes size 9x11, suitable for framing. Edition limited.

REAL ACTION PICTURES OF THE World War

THE "GREENHOW JOHNSTON"
NINE REEL OFFICIAL U. S.
GOV'T PICTURES OF THE
AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS
TAKEN IN ACTION

By the U. S. Signal Corps Men
Who, Equipped with Both Rifle
and Camera, Made These Re-
markable Records of American
Valor

See the 1st, 28th, 42d, 80th and
Other Divisions Going Over the
Top. See Our Men at Very,
Rambecourt, Exermont, St. Polo,
Buzancy, Vaux Essey, Haumont,
Thiacourt, Etc.

THESE ARE NOT POSED
THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY
GENUINE

Shown to Packed Houses Wherever Exhibited

"Best Pictures of the War," Rich-
mond, Va., "News-Leader;" "Many
Vivid Scenes of Actual Warfare,"
"Pittsburgh Post;" "Packed House
Saw This Splendid Record," "Pitts-
burgh Gazette-Times;" "Thrilled a
Capacity House," "The Pittsburgh
Leader;" Shows Actual Conditions
Over There," "Johnstown Demo-
crat."

Approved and Endorsed by
80th DIV. VETERANS ASS'N,
THE AMERICAN LEGION
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U. S. VETERANS OF FOREIGN
WARS.

With these organizations we
have perfected arrangements
whereby their posts are showing
this remarkable film on a PROFIT
SHARING plan.

ARRANGE YOUR BOOKINGS
NOW.

Greenhow - Johnston
Film Company
301 Travelers Building
RICHMOND, VA.

Mention Service Magazine when answering
Advertisements.

last August, is to be immediately reorgan-
ized according to advises from Marine
Corps Headquarters.

Only men who have served in the Ma-
rine Corps or the Army will be accepted
for duty with the Fifth Marines, and Ma-
rine recruiting officers will be notified to
make a special effort to get into touch
with former Fifth Regiment men.

Pittsburgh Council has been asked to
erect on the North Side a memorial hall,
with accommodations for all veterans' or-
ganizations on the site of Old City Hall
there.

Senator Wadsworth was authorized to
alter army legislation to provide for a
separate unit of 10,000 Indians. Sniping
officers, attention.

The Yanks on the Rhine are under dis-
tinct American command, not Foch's, Pres-
ident Wilson announces.

A state machine gun company in Ken-
tucky was ordered out following an alarm
of night riding in the tobacco district.

Senator Harding, Ohio, before his nomi-
nation for President, proposed a mil-
lion-dollar appropriation for erection of
war memorials, bearing slain soldiers'
names, in all county seats.

The army's 15,000 pairs of shoes next
year will cost \$5,500,000, or about \$7.50 a
pair.

A Philadelphia mob stoned a deputy
evicting the parents of a wounded soldier.

The Sixteenth Infantry, N. G. P., will
hold a reunion this summer at Oil City, Pa.

A Rodin statue, originally designed to
commemorate the defense of Paris in 1871,
is to be the French memorial at Verdun.

Eighteen months and 12 operations after
he had been wounded, a piece of uniform
was found in the leg of Corp. Andrew
Repman, Oil City, Pa., 112th Infantry.

Pittsburgh Sea Scouts may get a couple
of Navy whaleboats for their aquatic drill.
The Pittsburgh Red Cross is seeking the
addresses of Luigi Propeggio, ex-23rd F.
A., Camp Merritt; J. D. Calhoun, ex-307th
Supply Train; J. A. Moore, ex-122nd Engi-
neers.

G. B. McGovern, ex-agent of the Voca-
tional Training Board, charges the board
rushed discharged soldiers into jobs with-
out training them first, thus denying them
the chance to get better places.

The \$30,000 subscribed in England for a
memorial to the work of the American
Navy has been brought to America to be
placed in custody of Secretary Daniels.

The Dauphin County (Pa.) court refuses
citizenship to aliens who took advantage
of the draft law exemption to subjects of
other countries.

Ten thousand soldiers have already set-
tled down as farmers on Government land
grants in Canada, of this number fully
fifty per cent are Americans, according to
John Wardrop of the industrial and re-
sources department of the Canadian Na-
tional Railway.

It took nearly 200 well placed shots from
a Portuguese gunboat to sink an American

MARNE MEN

Marne Day, Thursday, July
15th, the anniversary of the Sec-
ond Battle of the Marne, will
mark the opening of the first
annual convention of the Society
of the Third Division (Regu-
lars) at Chicago, Illinois.

July 15th is designated as
Marne Day, the day on which
the Third Division stopped the
onrush of the Hun in the vicin-
ity of Chateau Thierry and
helped materially to make the
Second Battle of the Marne the
Gettysburg of the World War.

This day commemorates one
of the brightest pages in the his-
tory of the American Army, in
which the Third Division, the
Marne Division, secured immor-
tal fame and made good the
statement of its commander,
Major General Joseph T. Dick-
man, who when asked by the
commander of the French Corps
if he thought his troops would
stand, replied, "Nous resterons
la" (We will remain there).

The Society of the Third Di-
vision was organized while the
Marnemen were guarding the
Rhine and has nearly 35,000
members scattered in all parts of
the United States. Branch So-
cieties have been organized in
many of the larger cities. Na-
tional headquarters are located
in the Board of Commerce
Building, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Plans for the reception and
entertainment of the thousands
of overseas veterans of the
Third Division are being rushed
to completion. The Division
Society is anxious to hear from
all Third Division men who are
not yet enrolled as members.

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concrete ship, which took fire in its cargo of coal, and endangered other shipping in the harbor of Lisbon. The astonishing total of 189 shells were fired into the 3,000 ton stone hull before it listed and went down in the deep waters at the mouth of the Tagus river.

Citizens of enemy countries, who had filed first papers before the United States entered the war, are being naturalized now. Their applications were held up during hostilities.

British veterans in the Pittsburgh district are organizing. There are said to be 1,000 of them.

Geneva College held services in memory of Lieut. M. J. McCreary, class of 1914, killed in the Aisne-Marne defensive while with the Fourth Infantry.

About 500 Pennsylvanians attended the 28th Division's reunion at Augusta, Ga., former training camp.

G. H. Stewart, Utica, O., a shell-shock patient at Park View Army Hospital, ended his life in the Allegheny River as his mother looked on, helpless to prevent him.

Troy Hill, Pittsburgh, unveiled a memorial to its five sons killed in the war and the 294 who returned.

Commander E. W. Coil, formerly of Ohio, is reported planning a wedding trip for the trans-Atlantic voyage of a new dirigible. "Wait till they're up in the air, boys."

The Secretary of War directs that the War Department will furnish to state fairs an exhibit consisting of tanks, mobile field artillery material, small arms and personal equipment, similar to that sent out last year, providing all expenses are assumed by the representatives of the fairs and that no objection is made to recruiting.

Football is compulsory in the French army.

California has 204 American Legion posts.

Nearly 6,000 Filipinos have served in the American navy.

Soldiers over 30 years of age were considered old in the A. E. F.

Pigeons to the number of 7,672 were used by the A. E. F. in France.

Thirty-five hundred war orphans were adopted by the A. E. F. in Europe.

American Legion posts are to be developed in Belgium, Italy and Spain.

At a distance up to 150 miles, the noise of shell and bomb explosions on the battle front in France and Belgium was heard in the eastern part of England.

Of the three and one-half million men who were in the military and naval service of the United States, 2,758,542 had been furnished by the selective service organization.

Brooklyn, N. Y., has an American Legion post composed entirely of Masons.

Two minutes of silence will be observed by people of England and Scotland each year on Armistice Day

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You can not perhaps always have a professional masseur at your call—but you can have your La Vida Electric Vibrator.

La Vida will brighten you up for the evening. It makes the day's cares forgotten, clears the hours ahead for full rested enjoyment.

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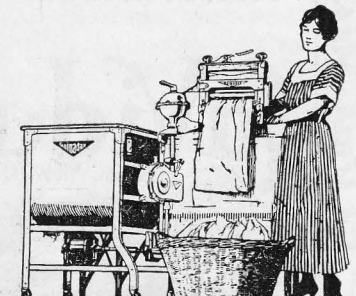
Deposits and withdrawals can be made by mail, and we shall be glad to supply full particulars.

The Savings Department is open daily until 5 P. M., and on Saturdays until 9 P. M., for the convenience of depositors.

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THE RED DIAMOND

Twenty-five thousand men who fought abroad with the Fifth Division are still "Carrying On" in civilian ranks as members of the Society of the Fifth.

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One dollar for the magazine for a year.

Two dollars for a membership for a year.

Write

208 Ouray Building
Washington, D. C.

Service Directory

NOTE—For information on all general matters not mentioned in the Directory below, address Civil Relations Section, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C. If answers, information, or service from any department is unsatisfactory write THE SERVICE MAGAZINE, giving all details. In all cases when seeking aid from Government departments give detailed history of your case.

INSURANCE

You can carry your war-time insurance for five years. After that time it must be converted to the several forms prescribed, i. e., Ordinary Life, 20-payment Life; 30-payment Life; 20-year Endowment; 30-year Endowment or Endowment at age of 62. These policies are issued in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000. Policies may be paid in lump sum or in installments at death, as previously designated by insured. In all cases insurance becomes payable on total disability of insured. 30 days' grace from first of month allowed in which to pay premiums. Beneficiary may be changed upon request. Policies may be reinstated within two years of lapsing upon payment of arrears. Within 18 months of defaulting, insured may renew policy upon payment of but two months' premiums. By addressing Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., you will be given full information, necessary blanks, tables of payments, etc.

GOVERNMENT INSURANCE IS CHEAPER THAN PRIVATE INSURANCE.

ALLOTMENTS

Regarding Class "A" allotments and such of Class "B" allotments as carry a family allowance, address the Allotment Section, Bureau W. R. I. or Class "B" which do not carry family allowance from Government, and for all Class "E" address Zone Finance Officer, Allotment Branch, Washington, D. C. On all allotment matters give this information: 1. Full name, printed. 2. Rank and organization when allotment was made. 3. Army serial number. 4. Name of allottee. 5. Address of allottee, past and present. 6. Kind of allotment (if Class "B" give relationship). 7. Amount of allotment. 8. Total amount deducted from pay to date of discharge. 9. Date allotment became effective. 10. Date of discharge. 11. Future address of enlisted man. 12. Whether person making allotment claimed exemption from compulsory allotment. 13. Has beneficiary received any allotment at all? How much? What month?

COMPENSATION

Compensation is the Government allowance paid to ex-service men for injuries incurred or aggravated in the service and in line of duty in case they were honorably discharged since April 6, 1917. IT IS ENTIRELY SEPARATE FROM ALL BENEFITS OF INSURANCE. Any person suffering disability from military service and wishing to claim compensation, must file claim direct to Bureau War Risk Insurance, Compensation and Insurance Claims Division, or to any representative of the United States Public Health Service. (See locations below.) Two classes of disability are Permanent and Temporary. Temporary disability is handicap which may improve and is compensated in variable forms. Permanent disability compensated at higher proportion with increases for dependents.

LIBERTY BONDS

Bonds purchased under monthly allotment system are obtained from Zone Finance Officer, Bond Section, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C. Where allotments in payment for bonds have been made to private banks or trust companies all further transactions must be made with these agencies direct. Where payment for bonds has been made on payrolls and not completed before discharge bond may be obtained from Zone Finance Officer upon paying him balance in full.

KEEP YOUR BONDS. IF YOU MUST SELL THEM GO TO A REPUTABLE BANK; NOT TO A LIBERTY LOAN PRIVATE AGENCY OR TO INDIVIDUALS.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

Disabled men and women are entitled to compensation from the Government while being given vocational training to prepare them for a trade or profession. For full information address Federal Board for Vocational Training, 200 New Jersey avenue, Washington, D. C.

Knights of Columbus, Y. M. C. A., and Jewish Welfare Board conduct vocational and elementary night and day schools in many cities at low tuition for all veterans. In addition a number of states have made provision to educate veterans and pay them while studying. Write the Adjutant General of your State for information on this. Also write to Bureau Education, Department of Interior, Washington, for bulletin on schools and colleges helping ex-service men.

EMPLOYMENT

For information as to financial aid in buying a farm write Federal Farm Loan Board, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

For information regarding new areas of land opened in the West as claims and for which certain privileges are given veterans, write Commissioner General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

For employment in your home city apply to Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare or Community Service agencies. Professional men will be aided in their chosen work by American Chemical Society, American Institute of Mining Engineers, American Society Civil Engineers, American Society of Automotive Engineers. Those interested in pharmacy address American Pharmaceutical Association for Soldier and Sailor Pharmacists, 1005 Mercantile Library Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ex-soldiers are given preference in civil service. For requirements and all information regarding civil service write United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

CLAIMS

Travel claims, lost baggage claims for reimbursement to Zone Finance Officer, Lemon Building, Washington, D. C.

Back pay claims to Director Finance, discharged Enlisted Men's pay branch, Munitions Building, Washington.

MISCELLANEOUS

Citizenship Papers—District office in your city or to Bureau of Naturalization, Washington, D. C.

Lost Discharges or Service Records—Adjutant General, Building "E," 6th and B streets, Washington, D. C.

Army Clothing or Equipment Due—Fill out certificate published in April issue and forward to nearest Q. M., or army post, or to Director of Storage, Domestic Distribution Branch, Washington, D. C.

Photographs—Fifth Division units and scenes in Luxemburg and Brest, address R. S. Clements, 619 F street, Washington, D. C. Pictures of Fifth at Brest, address Thompson Illustragraph Co., Petersburg, Va. All war pictures, address Signal Corps, Photographic Section, 18th and Virginia avenue, Washington, D. C. For all pictures ordered from Committee of Public Information, address Signal Corps also.

Discharge Buttons—Nearest recruiting office, bringing your discharge.

To Recover Lost Baggage—Write Pier 2, Claims Department, Hoboken, N. J.

Medical Treatment or Compensation for Disability—Any Army Hospital, or branch of United States Public Health Service, addresses of which are given here:

District No. 1—Boston, Mass., 101 Milk street, 4th floor. Comprising States of Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Rhode Island.

District No. 2—New York, 280 Broadway. Comprising States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

District No. 3—1512 Walnut street, Philadelphia. Pennsylvania and Delaware.

District No. 4—Room 2217, Interior Department, Washington, D. C. District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia.

District No. 5—82½ Edgewood avenue, Atlanta, Ga. North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida.

District No. 6—309 Audubon Building, New Orleans, La. Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

District No. 7—705 Neave Building, 4th and Race, Cincinnati, Ohio. Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky.

District No. 8—512 Garland Building, Chicago, Ill. Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

District No. 9—1006 Century Building, St. Louis, Mo. Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri.

District No. 10—744 Lowry Building, St. Paul, Minn. Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana.

District No. 11—1357 California street, Denver, Col. Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico.

District No. 12—624 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. Arizona, Nevada, and California.

District No. 13—115 White Building, Seattle, Washington. Washington, Idaho, and Oregon.

District No. 14—312 Mason Building, Houston, Texas. Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas.

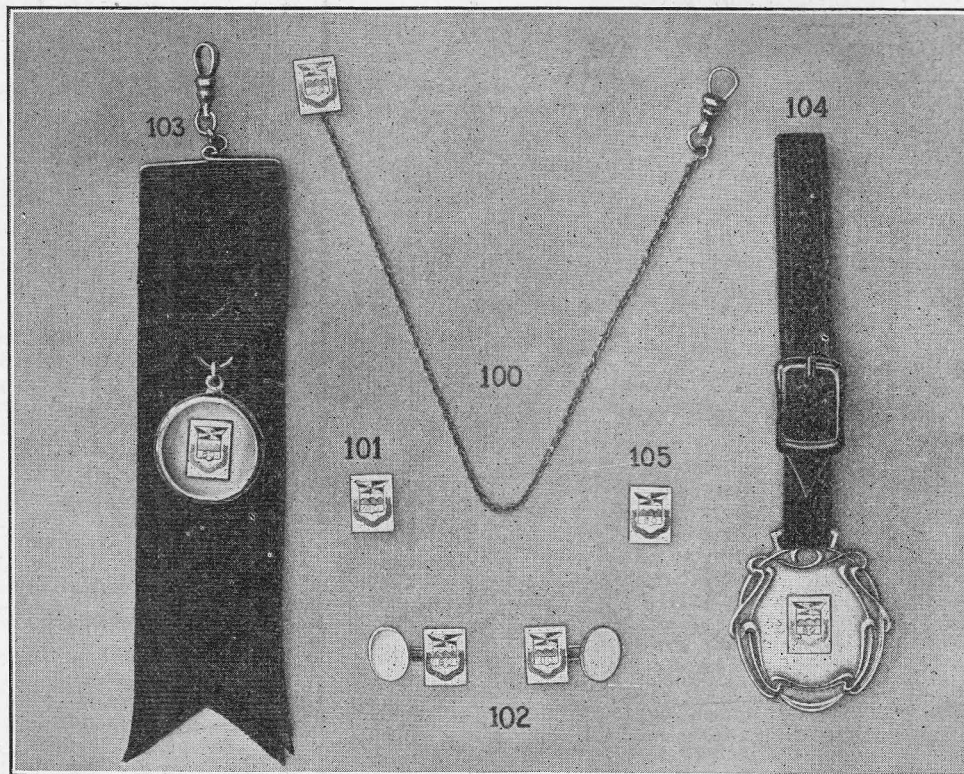
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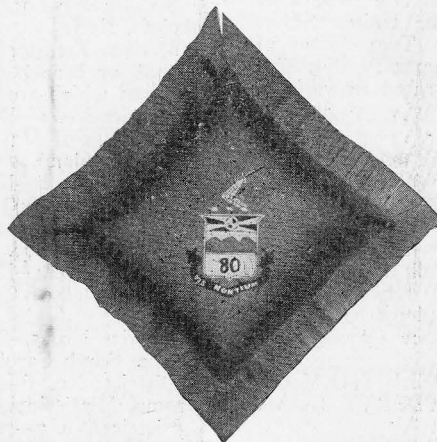
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Salvation Army Calls for Volunteers



THE PEOPLES INSTITUTE

"If the Salvation Army ever asks my aid I'll certainly respond."

All of us, meaning the millions of men who served in the army during the war, made this declaration after having been the recipients of real Salvation Army service both at home and abroad.

Now, here's our chance. The Salvation Army is issuing a call for volunteers. The little organization is calling upon former service men to take a big part in raising \$500,000 in Pittsburgh and Allegheny County.

The major portion of the sum is to be used in the erection of the People's Institute; the remainder is to go for the maintenance of the various Salvation Army institutions now being operated in the Pittsburgh District.

The wealthy and those of moderate means have their clubs. The Salvation, seeing the great need, wants to give a similar institution to the man of slender means. It wants to build a modern community center in Pittsburgh—a place where men may spend their idle hours in a wholesome way. This is the idea of the People's Institute.

The success of the effort depends upon the ability to get volunteer workers to solicit funds. Former service men are asked to come to the aid of the S. A.

The dates of the appeal are to be some time in July. If you are willing to roll up your sleeves and work for the Salvation Army for a day or so, please write to Colonel William Evans, 203 Bowman Building, Pittsburgh.



Saturday, July 17th

AT

West View Park

Will Be Observed as "Blue Ridge Day" in Pittsburgh, Pa., When the

PENNSYLVANIA AUXILIARY NO. 1
80TH DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

Will Hold Their

Second Annual Picnic

For the 80th Division Veterans and Their Friends.

You remember the picnic last year, don't you, Buddy? When all park records for attendance fell before the mighty onslaught of the 80th Vets., who welcomed the chance to meet their "Old Pals of the Army," this year there will be beaucoup reminiscences of other days to talk about after a year in the "civies."

Come and bring the whole family—fun for all. DANCING, BOATING, BASEBALL, BAND-CONCERTS AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

COME ON IN BUDDY!

SATURDAY, JULY 17