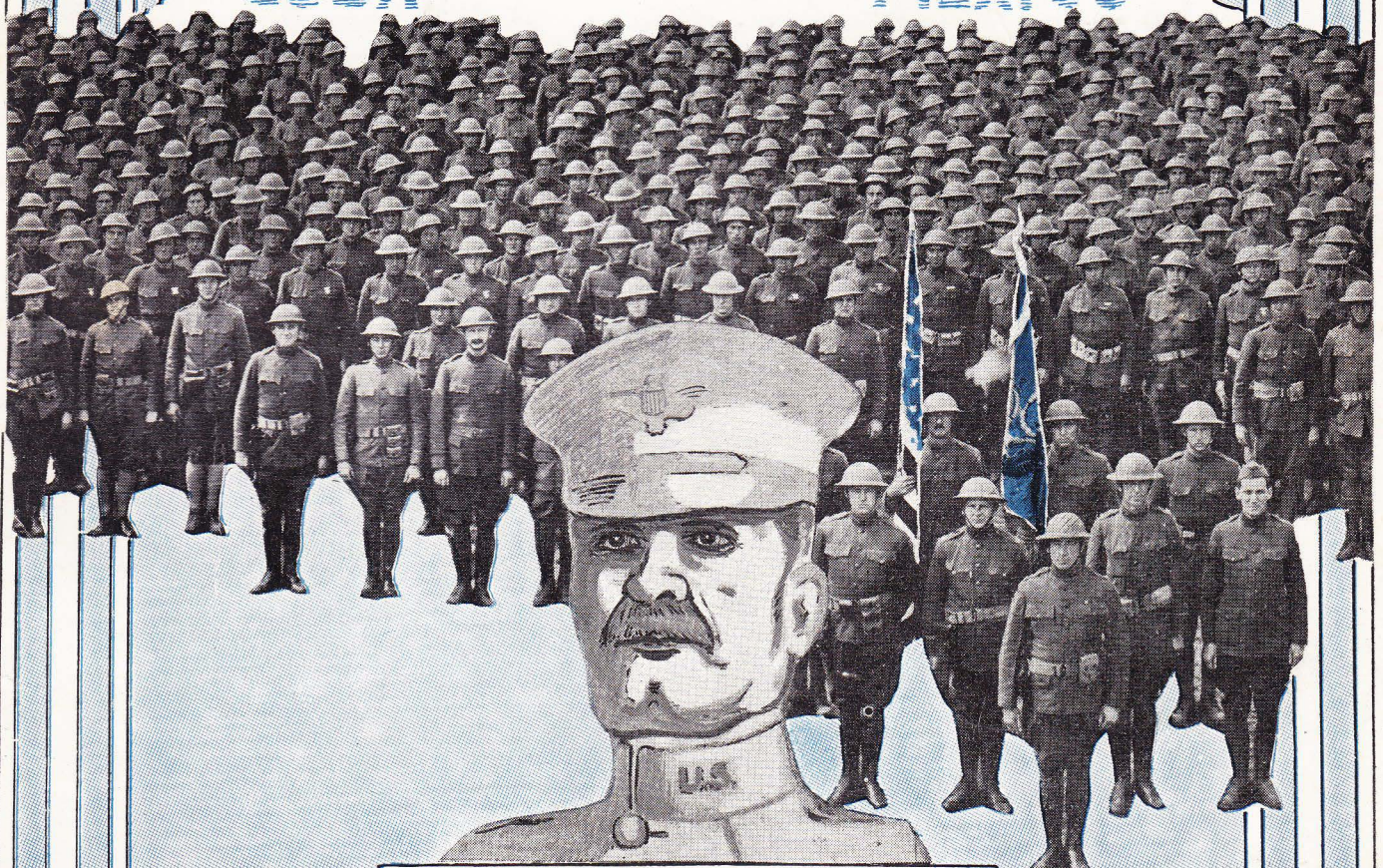


THE **SERVICE** MAGAZINE

MARCH

20 CENTS

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CUBA INDIAN WARS MEXICO



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Pittsburgh, Pa.

From: Hamilton P. C., 80th Division Veterans Association.

To: All members and former members 80th Division.

Subject: A. W. O. L.

1. It has come to the attention of this P. C. that a number of members of this command have been guilty of the charge of being A. W. O. L. from the list of regular subscribers to Service Magazine; this is a very serious offense, and must be stopped at once. Any member found A. W. O. L. from Service Magazine shall be deemed guilty of overlooking a good thing, and during the continuance of such offense, shall forfeit the privilege of enjoying the live, interesting stories of the glorious days spent overseas wearing the O. D. and making history in the greatest war the world has ever known; they shall further be deprived of the privilege of receiving reproductions of the many thousands of war photos taken by the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army, which are owned by the government and which will appear from time to time in this Magazine. They will also find themselves uninformed in matters of great interest to the ex-service man.

2. You will take whatever steps may be necessary to bring these, our fellow members, to a full realization of their error, and have them reply by indorsement hereon as to their willingness to come into the fold.

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enclose herewith \$2.00 for one year's subscription to  
Service Magazine.

Signed.....

# Pictures of the Eightieth

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

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4	320th Inf. P. C. at Gercourt.....	.50	(c)	Close-up of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
5 (a)	Machine Gun Nests in Bois de		(d)	Close-up of Out Post "Fox Holes" in Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(b)	Dannevoux .....		(e)	Woods North of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(c)	Boche Observation Tower on Dannevoix Ridge.		(f)	Sommerance and the Country to the North.	
(d)	Boche Artillery Position Captured by 319th Infantry.		(g)	Ravine North of Sommerance.	
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(b)	South of Cunel near the Boche trench "de Mamelle."				
(c)	Cunel and Surrounding Country, including the Bois de Rappes.				
(d)	Brieulles-Cunel Road east of Cunel.				
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## “SERVICE THE SIXTH”

The day has come when divisional affairs mean more to the average veteran than they did a short six months ago. Reunions, motion pictures and the like are claiming the attention of as great a proportion of the men as a year ago were vehemently announcing that they never again wished to be reminded of the army or anything connected with it. Soldier legislation, while not yet enacted, is on the program at Washington. There is only one way in which you can get accurate information on all these things—especially on those things which concern your own division. That is through SERVICE. If there are questions which SERVICE hasn't touched upon yet, write a letter. If you believe there are certain things the division should attend to, do the same thing. Remember that it is your division; that you're proud of it and that it is up to you personally to take a hand and help make it the best of any of the divisional organizations. And remember, too, that in a year or two more you'll think more of it than you do now. In all this SERVICE will help as the clearing house for all your activities.

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WHY, AINT YOU HEARD  
DE NEWS, MISTER? DE  
80TH DIVISIONS' HOLDING  
A GET-TOGETHER ON APRIL  
10th WITH EVERY BODY  
FROM K.P.'S TO GENERALS  
PRESENT. IT'S GWINE TO  
BE SOME AFFAID, BOSS.

WHAT'S THE  
IDEA OF THE  
CLEANUP, SAM,  
AUTO SHOW  
OR RINGLING  
BROS?



# Sir Harry Lauder to the Eightieth

## Scotland's New Laureate Has a Word, an Inspiring and Personal, Word for the Blue Ridge—Remember, He Says, the War Didn't End Your Obligation to Serve Your Country

Harry Lauder, whose message to the Eightieth Division appears in the opposite column, apparently is one of the few, the very few, whose unselfish interest in the men who fought the war didn't end with the cessation of hostilities.

What Sir Harry did in war time is generally known. In Britain he toured the country with his kiltie bands, obtaining thousands of recruits and helping awaken the people to the need for unified and maximum effort.

His subscriptions to war loans were said to be enormous and, after his son, John Lauder, an officer in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders was killed on the western front, near where the Eightieth first went into the line in the British sector, he tried to enlist in a combat outfit himself.

Rejected, he directed every ounce of his effort to war work at home—when he wasn't singing to the soldiers in home hospitals or in the line under shell fire.

Here in America he brought solemn warning of the vital need of every ounce of energy for one purpose—to win the war. Many an American community, a little slow to awake to the pressing need, was jarred out of its complacency by Harry Lauder when he shifted from the role of entertainer to that of prophet and exhorter.

Perhaps there were others as sincere, as earnest. But how many have retained their interest, their earnestness?

As every Yank knows, Britain didn't provide for her soldiers as America did for hers. And among Britain's—and the world's finest soldiers—were the Jocks, kilted, or e'en in breeks. Sir Harry is fond of telling how, from a population of four and a half million or so, his own Scotland sent out 900,000 men, a fifth of the whole.

Without decrying our own effort, such a proportion maintained here would have meant an American army of over 20,000,000 men. No wonder he's proud of his wee nation, no wonder the sight of the wounded drifting back from the Western front stirred him to do his utmost.

And now, his interest and zeal unflagging, he's still working for the Jocks, the wounded ones, some of them undoubtedly men with whom members of the Eightieth fraternized a couple of years ago. His own funds thrown into the campaign for the aid of Scottish wounded, he's still pushing his drive for more, taking contributions at his performances and through the sale of his books, his photographs and by mail. Any Blue Ridge man can contribute via this magazine.

Not that Scotland has anything more desirable than America— if she had, perhaps such

(Continued on Page 29)

War Veterans of the Eightieth Division.

You are of the real manhood of your country and the real men and women love you—they love you for your worth. All of you are men who have given your lives to your country. It is due to no action of yours that you are not sleeping under one of the white crosses in France or Flanders.

That you are spared does not free you from your obligation but increases it. You owe your life to your country in peace as well as in war.

You have a deeper conception of patriotic duty than the stay-at-homes—or you would not have gone—and they would not have stayed.

You have learned the value of discipline, organization and efficiency. Bring your sense of duty and your hard-won knowledge to bear on the vast problems facing America.

You know the need of discipline. Work with the men to whom you have given the responsibility of guidance. Remember, it is easier to criticize than to co-operate.

Organize yourselves for the close study of political and industrial problems. Give those in control the benefit of your study and your ideas.

Don't be impatient to the point of irritation, nor patient to the point of stagnation.

Keep thinking and keep working, but don't work altogether for yourselves.

The country depends upon you. You were willing to die for others. Be willing to live for others.

Your organization is a strong organization. It deserves to be.

Let it have the unbounded admiration and respect of true Americans. It deserves to have. If you would keep this place and respect, don't be led into playing a selfish game, or a game designed by ambitious leaders.

Play the game at home in America as you played the game for America under the gas clouds in the Argonne.

You may be among the rulers of this country for the next 20 years, if you rule well and wisely and fairly. And above all, if you rule yourselves.

This is my message to you. Send it along the line.

This is a bonnie world we're living in and it is up to you and men like you to keep it bonnie.

HARRY LAUDER.



*Harry Lauder*



# What the Doughboy Did for Me

Singing in Pink Satin Dress and Gum Boots on Stage Inches Deep in Mud is New York Actress' Idea of Good Time— Provided the Audience Consists of Home-sick Soldiers

By Carroll McComas

No, I don't rate my friends in khaki as a sort of sublimated patent medicine—but this is an honest-to-goodness testimonial all right. Why, I feel as if nowadays my name ought to appear this way on programs—"Carrol McComas, Remodeled by the A. E. F." And I wish that some of the boys who salvaged perfectly good telephones and pool tables for my act could know that besides doing a few other little odd jobs in France and Germany, they made over one actress.

To begin with, the Doughboy taught me how to have a good time—me, a New York actress. Sounds sort of queer doesn't it, especially as I always thought I had led sort of a charmed life, it was so full of fun. I remember when I told some boys up in Gondrecourt that I was having the time of my life, they sang in mournful chorus—"If this is your idea of a wonderful time, please take me home," but a moment later they said they didn't mean it, that the habit of being grouchy about everything had just sort of gotten them.

And it was through driving away such blues that I learned what having a good time means. When I went up in the Verdun sector—it was just before Christmas—and found that I was the first girl who had been there; when I found the men lonesome, and grouchy, and blue—and then discovered that by the end of my first song I could have them laughing, and singing, and whistling with me, oh then I knew what joy was! I thought I was having the greatest experience of my life—that it could never happen again. But it did—every night I was over there.

Perhaps some of you remember me—I hope you do. For the rest I'll explain that I went over with the Y. M. C. A. as an entertainer, after eight months of waiting with my trunk packed, explaining to my friends and manager that I couldn't accept an engagement because I had one with the

A. E. F. I began to fear after a while that they weren't going to want my services at all, but after heartbreaking months of waiting, the day finally came when I arrived in France and found the greatest applause in the world—the Doughboy's smile.

They tried to make up for my not having been under fire (those Doughboys were anything if not obliging), by taking me out around Dead Man's Hill and throwing



(This garb isn't the soldier's idea of how to dress, according to Miss McComas).

a few concussion bombs for my edification. Then at Cheppy, as though the tragedy of the shell wracked town were not enough for one to know of war, they laid down a barrage for me. As one of them quite casually explained, it was the only first class show they knew how to put on.

A pink satin gown and rubber boots—fetching costume for an actress, isn't it? I'd gladly have exchanged the dress for a fur coat, but the Doughboys who made up the audience—this was at Toul as I remember—wouldn't hear of it. They were sick of uniforms and storm clothes, as was I, and they wanted to see "regular clothes."

I had to temporize to the extent of wearing the rubber boots as the mud was ankle deep on the stage, but I clung to the pink satin gown, trying hard not to shiver as I sang and whistled and did my part in our little play, and incidentally learned about clothes and audiences from the A. E. F.

You see, the kind of audiences I knew were the ones back in the States—especially New York ones. I knew just about how long their laughter would last, and how fast their minds worked when they came to the theater (a little late) to see the show I was playing in. I knew that the box parties, intent on going somewhere to dance after the show had to have something very pointed to interest them, and I figured that half the women who encored my songs at matinees did it because they wanted to copy my frocks. Oh, I knew my audiences.

But at Toul I woke up and found that I didn't know anything about audiences at all. There were no jaded playgoers there, no people in a hurry to go somewhere else. There was a crowd of men out in front who had come to be amused, and they were prepared to stay as long as the show lasted. Not only that, but they had so long been performers in what they called "The big scrap," that even a show became a sort of co-operative affair. So.

I learned to play with them, instead of for them, and I often wonder if any of them I was supposed to be entertaining got as much out of it as I did.

Then about clothes. I wish that every American girl could hear the Doughboy on the subject of clothes before she selects her spring wardrobe. "I don't care what your show is so long as your dress is pink or blue," "I hope they lose the pattern for those uniforms and never find anything like it again," and "Why don't you always wear frilly things around your neck?" are only typical of the Doughboy's fashion comments. Their verdict in favor of



# What the Doughboy Did for Me---Continued

fluffy, ruffly things seemed to be unanimous. In spite of regulations they wanted us to discard our uniforms, and wear soft, pretty dresses that reminded them more of the girls back home. It's had a big effect on me; I don't suppose I'll ever wear a strictly tailor-made again. Whenever I dress a part in the future, I'll be thinking of those returned Doughboys out in front, and I'll be dressed just as they thought I looked nicest over in France. Even if credit isn't given them in the programs, you can mark it down for me, that my gowns were designed by Doughboy and Company, Strictly American.

And here's a confession—something I did for some of you. Whenever I saw a chap out in front who looked so homesick that he wished there was a nice wooden cross over him, I'd swear he was essential to the success of my act, and get him to come up on the stage and represent a window or chair or something. The other fellows would guy him unmercifully, of course, and he'd grin sheepishly and stick it out—hating me perhaps, but at any rate thinking about something other than how homesick he was.

And food, Oh, what I learned about food! But so did you—I needn't talk about it. Why, one time when I was desperate enough to rush out and gnaw the tent pegs, one rainy morning in Verdun, a big red-haired private (perhaps because my hair is reddish too) asked me to a party. He cooked flap-jacks for me in the broken doorway of a crumbling building. Good? Well, you ought to know.

And "I learned about love from you." No, I'm not going to brag about how many

proposals I had, and what Colonel This and Major That said to me. On the contrary, it's my proudest boast that I didn't have but one proposal all the time I was gone, and that came in a letter from a man in the States. But I learned how American men stick to their girls back home; I felt just like a lady Mormon somehow—I seemed to be a composite picture of all the

the girls back home, and then how I longed to be in Lynchburg, Brownsville, or somewhere like that, saying good-night to a service flag, while my soldier sweetheart talked about me to a cold, wet, lonesome girl entertainer over in France.

Does it make you squirm a little bit, and get hot around the collar when you hear welfare workers who were in France speak of "Doing their bit?" I don't wonder, because if they are all like me, they ought rather to get down on their knees and thank the kind providence that gave them a chance to know the Doughboys and share their experiences.

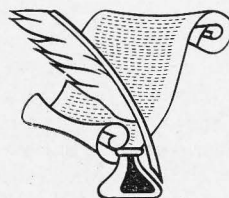
I didn't know that any of the Doughboys ever knew how much working for them had meant to me, but just as I left, I found that the all-wise Doughboy knew even that. Whenever the boys didn't know the words to my songs or when the songs were pitched too high, I had called out to them to "Whistle it." Well, when I was leaving Coblenz—leaving for home I mean—my eyes were so full of tears and my voice so choked with sobs that I couldn't even look at some of them who were seeing me off. All I could do was try to hide my blurry eyes behind my coat collar and clutch the little gold identification disk they had given me. I was spoiling whatever good impression I

might have made before, and that they would mark me down as just stupid when I left with a barely mumbled "Good-bye." But as I turned away, the lusty voices who had been such a happy part of my chorus called to me in voices almost as choked as my own, "Whistle it, Carroll."



It's frilly, fluffy things that appeal to the soldiers.

women in the U. S. A. I looked like everybody's wife or sweetheart, and nowadays when I walk up Fifth avenue, every time I pass a woman, I say to myself, "Oh lady, lady—you don't know it, but probably I'm your double." The only time over there that I regretted being where I was, was when the fellows talked about







## “WAGLITH”—Whose Gift was a Sense of Humor

By James B. Wharton

**W**AGLITH was his name—that is, all the name I ever heard he had—and he looked like a cross between a Chinaman and an Iroquois Indian. Stranger still, he had a lively sense of humor.

He had joined us in a draft just two days before we sailed for France. I saw little of him until our traveling was finished and we had landed and reached our training area in the north of France, not far from St. Omer, in the province of Pas de Calais.

There we were attached to the English Army and that meant English rations, which didn't much resemble American grub. We decided then and there that the British Tommy must have a very small capacity for the partaking of food. Waglith didn't thrive on cheese, maconchoe, tea and jam. He lost about thirty pounds, which left little more than a shadow of the old Waglith. It was then, strangely enough, that I first took definite notice of him, for I really thought the poor fellow was pining away to his death.

But soon no one had time to think of getting sick or dying, except to die by sudden death that came in the form of flying steel. For after endless hiking over the white, dusty roads of France we had met the Boche on the south bank of the Marne. Then commenced a tiresome, galling month of hiking and fighting at the heels of the retreating Germans, all the way from Chateau Thierry to Fismes, on the Vesle River, where the Boche column stopped, turned and struck back hard.

And the wonder of it is that during that long month Waglith dragged along at the tail end of the platoon, tired, dirty, haggard, pale and thin, footsore and complaining, but paradoxically, cheerful.

“The Doc gimme C. C.’s yesterday for a blister on my big toe,” he would say to anyone who wasn't too tired to hear him, as he limped along the dusty road.

It was in the Argonne the Boche first

registered on him. If they hadn't we would have said he surely bore a charmed life, for we had been through much since the 14th of that last July and few of us had escaped a wound. The platoon was crawling up the side of a wooded hill and as it reached the top a machine-gun tapped off.

Rat-tat-tat-tat and psst-pss-psst-pss sounded about our ears like the buzzing of flies.

Waglith felt a kick on the top of his head, put his hand to it and felt the blood.

“My God,” he murmured aloud. “Maybe

I'm dead an' don' know it.”

At the bottom of the hill, in an improvised first aid station, consisting of an enlarged shell hole covered over with shelter halves and Boche blankets I parted from him, for all time, I suppose. Although one can never tell—our paths may cross again. He wasn't hurt to any extent; the wound had proved to be merely a scalp wound.

He gave me his last cigarettes, a half-filled pack of “Sweet Caps,” saying:

“Take these, Buddy, I'll git plenty where I'm goin' to an' you'll need 'em here.”

## The Schoolmaster

**H**E was a Pennsylvania boy, somewhere around 21, and taught school before the siren call of the artillery claimed him. He achieved his corporality at Ft. Myer. Before he came to our tent we were seven bucks, everybody equal, and a non-com seemed rather high in the military scale. But when he came we said he wasn't at all like a regular corporal; he was so good-natured, kind-hearted and democratic.

On the boat going across, one day he was corporal of the guard hunting a detail. Most of the available material for guard duty were thinking of the rolling deep, lying on their bunks and measuring the distance to the door every time there came a high sea and matters seemed to reach a climax, and all strongly opposed to meals and details. He caught me feeling pretty good (it was one of my off-days) and after profuse apologies for being compelled to hook me on guard duty, stuck me on Post No. 20, at the door of the officers' quarters, for an hour and a half, during which time I sawed the air with my right arm till it was ready to come unscrewed, and heaved a sigh of relief when my time was up. But ye gods, the gentle corporal forgot where he had left me and I sawed the air with salutes for

another hour and a half. So when 5 p. m. came he recalled the “lost battalion” and cut me loose.

When we got to our “quiet” sector some of his folks subscribed to a home paper for him, and by some error the printed label on the wrapper read “Capt.” instead of “Cpl.” and the funny part about it was that just when he started getting the papers, because of some reorganization process in the company, he got busted back to a buck again, but still the “Capt.” papers kept coming with every mail.

When we started on a long overland hike to another sector the dismounted fellows were supposed to walk, but our gentle-souled ex-corporal decided there was room in the top of the field wagon for a passenger, so he crawled through the rear-curtains and squeezed up on top of the baggage and had it easy for 30 kilos. But when he was discovered at the end of the day, they were so impressed with his ingenuity that the C. O., as a mark of his appreciation, gave him permission to try his hand grooming four mules caked with mud.

He took life easily, which is a prime requisite for a good soldier.

And he was cited in Division Orders for bravery, either at St. Mihiel or the Argonne, I forget which.



# Ring Champs and War Veterans

## Dempsey Isn't the Only Fighter in the List of Title-Holders Since 1729 Who Fought Elsewhere Than the Front When There Was a War on, Records Show

By Barratt O'Hara

American Legion posts have been condemning Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight boxing champion, because he worked in a shipyard when other young fellows were doing some real fighting across seas.

This raises an interesting question: How many of Dempsey's predecessors in the world's title did any honest-to-goodness battling in either army or navy?

Answer: Nary a one!

James Figg was the first recognized champion of the world. He began his reign in 1729. He was an Englishman, and all of his successors until 1860 were Englishmen. During these one hundred thirty-one years the armies and navy of Great Britain were at times engaged in some pretty tolerably hot fighting. There was practically no time when England was not in some war, big or little. Yet the champions kept right on "fighting"—and not a single champ thought for a moment of lining up with his countrymen where the fighting was serious and the menace of death and maiming ever present.

Thomas Cribb, twenty-third champion in line from Figg, might have qualified as a service man. If so, he was one refreshing exception up to 1863. Cribb, when a boy, enlisted in the British navy and served several years as a sailor. It was some years later that he took up boxing. His first important bout was with Bill Rich-



mond, an American negro. Cribb came off the victor. This was in 1805. Three years later the former sailor was crowned champion. In 1810 he was rushed into a match with Thomas Molineaux, a big black from Virginia, who had come to London heralded as "the champion of America." Mo-

Former Major O'Hara, who contributed to an earlier number of **SERVICE** an article on military courts martial, will be remembered by numberless members of the division. It was he who as an officer in the 319th Infantry suggested the celebration on the birthday of Robert E. Lee, and who also was responsible for the organization of the Mothers of Democracy. He also was in charge of The Bayonet for a time. Before taking up the practice of law and his election as lieutenant governor of Illinois Major O'Hara was engaged in newspaper work in Chicago, where he wrote one of the few authoritative books on pugilism, "From Figg to Johnson." His article here deals with the tendency of the professional pugilist to be somewhere else when the rules are laid down by Mars rather than by the lamented Marquis of Queensberry.

lineaux gave the champion a frightful lacing. In the twenty-eighth round he pounded him to a pulp, and Cribb could not answer to the call of time for the next round. Under the rules, the American was victor, and champion of the world. But a little trickery was resorted to by Cribb's seconds, and some five minutes were stolen for the recuperation of their man. This five minute period sufficed to bring Cribb to himself. Later the tide of battle changed, and Molineaux was beaten.

But Cribb's name is worth remembering by service men, for if there is a single refreshing exception to the champs who passed up the service stuff Cribb is that exception.

In 1860 Tom Heenan, an American white man, fought a draw with Tom Sayers, the champion. Sayers later retired, and Heenan was proclaimed the world's champion, the first American to break England's long hold on the title. Heenan was a gallant and popular fellow in those days. Yet Heenan passed up entirely the Civil War in the United States that was draining the best blood of both North and South. While other young chaps in America were following Lee or Grant into real scraps, Heenan went over to England and risked his title in a bout with Tom King, the Eng-

lish champion. This was in December of 1863. Despite the fact that Heenan was not at home fighting real battles, his popularity in England was not at all affected. He was the favorite in the bout, and it is said thousands of pounds were wagered on his chances. But Tom King required only thirty-five minutes to take his measure.

Tom King's name, too, is worth remembering. His early youth he spent in the navy of his country. While he saw no fighting that I know of, he did wear a uniform and was there subject to calls of danger.

John L. Sullivan was too young—a babe almost in arms—for the American civil war. He was too old and out of condition for the War with Spain.

Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Jefferies all kept out of the Spanish-American war. Yet one year after our boys were fighting and dying in Cuba, Fitzsimmons and Jefferies pulled off their world's championship affair at Coney Island.

The only boxer of prominence who afterwards rose to a championship, that I can recall at this moment who got into the War with Spain was Battling Nelson. He was very much a kid then, away too young to qualify. But he lied like a hero, got mustered into a Dakota volunteer regiment as a buck private, and did his bit. Carl Morris, the heavyweight from Oklahoma, did a



turn in the Philippines. He saw some sharp fighting with the natives.

I have set forth the above facts, merely for the information of such of my old comrades as may be interested in pugilism's war record. No criticism of the art of self-defense is intended.



# America to Honor Poilu

## Gift of Statue Marking First Battle of Marne to Be Made to France in Same Spirit She Gave Us "The Dough-boy," Otherwise Known as the Statue of Liberty

By Walter R. Suppes

America is going to present to the French Republic a war memorial to commemorate the historic stand made by Joffre's Army in September, 1914, on the River Marne and such a project should have a deep appeal for every American dough-boy, including the former members of the Blue Ridge Division, whose fighting in 1918 helped prevent the nullification of France's earlier sacrifices.

From his own experience every American soldier who faced the deadly Boche shellfire can easily conjure in his mind the task that faced the brave band of poilus at the first Battle of the Marne. If they had failed, difficult as the task of the American Army was, it would have been infinitely worse.

The Marne Statue will commemorate as long as man endures on this plane the deeds of the French soldier at the Marne. It will also represent the sentiment of a grateful Democracy—the sentiment of its soldiers, its civilians, its children. It will prove a bond of friendship, too, that only understanding bred of mutual anxiety and suffering could bring into being.

America's gift to France! A gift that shall not have the bareness of a gift without the giver, for every American, young and old, rich and poor, is invited to participate in the free-will offering for the \$250,000 necessary to pay for the colossal statue to be erected in the ruined village of Meaux on the banks of the famous Marne. This plan has been adopted instead of allowing a few of the nation's rich to pay

for the gift.

It was in the same spirit in 1885 that France made her memorable gift to America—"Liberty Enlightening the World," more popularly known as the Statue of Liberty, in New York Harbor. The statue was conceived by Bartholdi, the famous French sculptor.

The centimes of 100,000 French boys and girls, men and women for the most part of the poorer class, paid our beloved "Liberty's" voyage to America and deposited her on Bedloe's Island. With a deep sense of gratitude America accepted the gift from the French people and ever since has cherished it as almost as much a part of the country as the glorious Stars and Stripes.

A splendid opportunity has now returned to the present

that every American should take an active part in the giving of this gift. Governor William C. Sproul has consented to act as



generation to repay the French for their generosity in 1885. The occasion of the gift was the One Hundredth anniversary of American Independence and with their enthusiastic liberty-loving natures, the French people, young and old, could not permit its passing without recognizing it in some noble and generous manner.

The national committee, recently appointed and which will supervise the construction and erection of the Marne Monument, is particularly desirous

honorary chairman for Pennsylvania and has given the project his hearty endorsement. The project involves an obligation that every true-blooded American owes to every Frenchman.

This gift that America has decided to present to France is being made by Frederick MacMonnies, America's most famous sculptor. Mr. MacMonnies has produced many famous statues, including that of Nathan Hale in City Hall Park, New York, and a heroic statue of George Washington at Princeton, New Jersey. Mr. MacMonnies received his early art training in Paris and France and is unusually well qualified to

(Continued on Next Page)



# America to Honor Poilu—Continued

undertake the commission to design the Marne Statue.

The final design of the statue has not been determined. It will be colossal, about the same measurements as the Statue of Liberty, and will have as its dominant figure a woman. Grouped about her there will be individual figures representing the countries of the Allies.

The statue will mark the spot on French soil which means so much to the entire world, now marked by a little white cross standing in the market place of Meaux, on the street that leads down to the bridge crossing the river.

The village folk say this cross marks the high point of the German advance on that history-making day six years ago, September 6, 1914. Somewhere in the vicinity the MacMonnies Statue will be placed.

Marcel Knecht, distinguished Frenchman and member of the French High Commission to America, recently sailed from New York to aid in the selection of the exact

**What is being done about a memorial in your town? Many cities and wards of cities have erected memorial tablets and the like to the memories of those who failed to return. Fewer municipalities have erected large buildings or unusually impressive shafts. If your locality has not taken definite steps toward such action, what are your views on the subject? Surely the men for whose exploits the memorials are built should express their opinions. Write us your ideas. Do you incline to the club-house idea, or do you think a marble shaft more appropriate. Do you favor community buildings and the like? The districts that have not yet adopted plans are anxious to have all the worth-while opinions that are available. Let's have yours.**

location for the statue. Marshall Foch and Marshal Joffre, the latter having commanded the gallant Frenchmen when they stopped the Germans at this point to be commemorated, will accompany M. Knecht on his mission to Meaux.

The French government has formally accepted the tender of the gift to the French people. M. Pichon, while Minister of Foreign Affairs, expressed when the project was brought to his attention the people's gratefulness for America's remembrance. The new French cabinet, recently installed by France's newly elected president, Paul Deschanel, is in hearty sympathy with the project.

March 22 to 27 are the five days that have been set aside for the collection of the great free-will offering that will pay for the Marne Statue. During this week every American can dedicate some sum of money and his enthusiasm to a project that will do much toward cementing the already close relations of the world's two great Sister Republics.

## Blue Ridge Men—Front and Center

Preparations for the first reception and bazaar of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association are shaping up so well that an unusually large attendance and an unusually pleasant time are forecast for April 10, when the affair is to be held at Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh. The entertainment will be held afternoon and evening, in order that the fullest opportunity possible may be provided the veterans and their friends for innumerable reunions.

Many men from the more distant parts of the three states from which the division was largely drawn are planning to attend. As representatives of these states, the Governors of Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia have been invited, and in addition, invitations have been extended to all the Congressmen and Senators who helped in the movement to have Col. Lloyd M. Brett made a brigadier general in the Regular Army.

One or two days before the big reunion, that is, on the eighth or ninth of April, the motion picture depicting the division's activities in France will be shown again, probably at Carnegie Music Hall. So great was the demand for tickets when the picture was shown February 20 that hundreds failed to obtain reservations. So fast did the tickets go that none remained to be placed on sale at a downtown music store, as is customary. Checks, money orders and cash, which flowed into the office of the Veterans' Association, had to be returned.

For the benefit of those who failed to see

the picture, it may be said that it is well worth while. Although most of the nine reels are devoted to the Eightieth Division, there are shots—including one particularly good battle action picture of the Twenty-eighth, the Forty-second and one or two other divisions also are represented.

The final arrangements for the showing of the picture will be announced in the daily papers and in the next issue of SERVICE. If the demand is as great as it was at the first showing it will be necessary to seek reservations as early as possible, certainly no later than the first date on which the time of the show is announced.

The exhibition of photographs planned for the Motor Square Garden reunion unquestionably will be the largest and most complete yet gathered and displayed by any divisional association. The pictures, ranging from the postcard size to those several feet long, will tell the story of the division from its organization at Camp Lee to its return to America. Opportunity will be given for the selection of pictures which veterans may wish to purchase. This applies to the official photographs taken by the Army Signal Corps and to those taken by commercial photographers. In both cases enlargements in various finishes may be obtained. Most of the government photographs,  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  inches, sell for 15 cents apiece. The photographs in larger sizes and finished more elaborately, cost proportionately higher prices.

Other articles, such as pillow tops with the divisional insignia, will be on exhibit also.

Besides these actual services there will be plenty of entertainment novelties to prevent time going slowly.

One feature which has not been finally determined upon is the project of holding a subscription dinner for all those who wish to attend and at which all the distinguished visitors would be guests. It will be served, if it is held, somewhere near Motor Square Garden, so that those present during the afternoon and evening may attend conveniently, as well as those who do not arrive until early evening.

More and more assurances are being received from unit commanders that they will attend, many officers, as well as men, coming from points as far distant as New England, some planning to come in parties.

One opportunity the reunion will furnish is the chance for arranging for gathering of companies and platoons in order that arrangements may be made for future dinners. Several companies now have such arrangements under way and expect to make the final arrangements when many of the members are found together for the first time in a long while.

Father E. A. Wallace, former chaplain of the 320th Infantry, writes that he intends "to move all the powers of heaven and earth and even get so desperate as to go A. W. O. L." to get to the reunion.

There will be booths of various kinds and music of several varieties, together with dancing. Inasmuch as no request has been made that former soldiers attend in uniform, the dancing floor need not suffer from hobnails.



# ---Wha Ha'e wi' Wallace Bled

## Not in Scotia's Ancient Strife, but with "Father Ed," of the 320th, Endeared to the Doughboy of Whatever Creed, Whether as Chaplain or Frontline Campaigner

"Oh! Memory! What recollections are stored up in thy archives!" The truth contained in these words I have never doubted for a moment but the past few months have given me a keener realization of what pleasures are stored up in that treasure house—the memory.

After fighting the battles of Paris, Le Mans, Brest, etc., in the land of the Poilu, it was a decided relief, upon being discharged from Uncle Sam's service, to be assigned by my Ecclesiastical G. H. Q. to the quiet sector of Coney Island.

"It's a long way to Tipperary" and just as long from France to Coney, (with all due respect and apologies to the author of the favorite war ballad of our British Tommies, so often heard on the dusty roads of Old Picardy and Artois in the days gone by.)

In being assigned to duty in this sector I was given the assurance that this area was usually a quiet one, especially during the winter, and that ordinarily no undue activities need be expected before Spring.

To my great surprise and astonishment I beheld with my own eyes last week, while safely entrenched at a respectable distance from the point of attack, several huge assaulting waves, preceded by a barrage of ocean mist, go over the top of the land's first line of defense—a massive sea wall—laying low and scattering in every direction every movable object. It was simply an unexpected assault on our land forces and there was no chance for a counter-attack. We landlubbers were plainly licked.

Even a massive ocean liner trying its hardest to buffet the angry waves succeeded against great odds in making only a few kilometers advance onto the Shoals of Rockaway, where it lies today, pounded by the ocean waves—a hopeless wreck.

Try as I may to escape them, in my little kingdom of isolation, the memories of Argonne days haunt me. If I but look out from my study window upon the briny deep, I unconsciously revert to the days when we sailed the mighty main together as brothers-in-arms, to conquer a haughty foe. The sight of the homeward bound liners I particularly like as they remind me of the day we pulled up anchor, saw Brest fade away in the distance, crossed the big pond with one all absorbing thought of soon beholding God's country once again after our enforced stay abroad.

Don't you get an additional thrill when you think of the day we steamed up New York harbor amidst the shrill of shrieking

whistles and didn't we feel much akin to our general friend Caesar when returning in triumph to Rome? If we didn't exclaim in words, we felt in sentiment the impulse to cry out, "We came, we saw, we conquered." Perhaps some of our more emotional or classically inclined pals felt that indescribable something tugging at our heart strings which sent our whole frame quivering and which made our friend Sir Walter Scott ask in indignant tones, under perhaps similar circumstances:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said:  
This is my own, my native land?"

Whose heart within him ne'er hath burned  
As Home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

To be very frank with you, dear Pals, I was more prosaically inclined than today, as my memory reverted neither to Caesar nor Sir Walter but I sure did feel very much like our ancient friend and fellow mariner, Columbus, when he first put his foot on this continent. Like you, I also have the greatest respect and admiration for Christopher ever since we crossed the great divide together. One of my regrets in life, however, is that our famous explorer friend hadn't the pleasure of sailing the seas in either the "Duca Degli Abbruzzi" or its sister, the "Re d'Italia," two of his country's famous war transports. He would have requisitioned them at once for his fleet. "Oh! memories that bless and burn" mostly burn in this case.

Will you ever forget the secret joy you felt when you saw your favorite K. O. and his assistants getting the regulation army hair cut on the way over? To be candid with you, I, personally, felt much like our Biblical friend Samson when he was shorn of his locks as that "Wallyo" scalped me.

To revert to home again, although trying to pursue the even tenor of my way as a simple little country "Padre," the spirit of Mars is everywhere around me. A glance across the bay from Coney brings me face to face with four of the big fortresses guarding the entrance to our big town: Hamilton and Wadsworth on approaching the Narrows, while Hancock at Sandy Hook and Tilden at Rockaway, show their huge 12-inchers pointing threateningly out to sea.

To add more realism to the warlike atmosphere we have that Oh, so familiar sound from above, which conjures up memories of Jerry's nightly visits. This time, however, we have the assurance that our aerial friends are not carrying iron rations

but are only on peaceful missions bent.

A vestige of that characteristically American impulse of not taking cover, which so bewildered our Tommy and Poilu friends, still clings to me and prompts me to rush to the door or window to see our aviator friends going through a few loop the loops or other aerial gyrations. Aeroplanes, hydroplanes and an occasional dirigible hold the supremacy of the air around Coney with nobody daring to dispute their sway.

Far be it from me to attempt to be reminiscent, particularly in war-like matters, without a due mention of our twin brother—the always popular "gob." He is a factor not to be underrated, spoken lightly of nor overlooked when speaking of things nautical or bellicose. Does anyone know a gob who ever had a 24-hour shore leave in the big town that didn't visit Coney Island, even if he had to go A. W. O. L. on the head of it?

The famous Atlantic watering place whose fame rivals that of "Gay Paree," is a mecca or rendezvous for the good natured gob when his ship comes in. Within our sector to the rear of us we boast of a Naval Base of no mean size, where many an ex-gob will tell you was fought the famous battle of Bensonhurst, eclipsed in fame only by the more celebrated battles of Pelham Bay and the Great Lakes Training Station.

Can you blame me for being militarily reminiscent under such circumstances and in such surroundings. Airdromes and hangers around us, Aeroplanes and hydroplanes above us, and the sea in front of us.

Give me the wings of a dove and I shall fly to Pittsburgh or some rest area where these trappings and accoutrements of war shall not pursue me.

### Overdone Defense

The visitor to the lawyer's office stood in amazement.

"I say, old man!" he exclaimed. "Whatever has happened to you? Had a motor smash or what?"

The lawyer shook his head wearily as he gingerly touched his bruised and bandaged face.

"No. You remember the case the other day when I defended a man charged with assault? Well, I made a strong plea for him on the ground that he was a fool rather than a criminal."

"Yes, but—"

"I did it so well that he was acquitted and he waited for me outside the court."—*Literary Digest.*



# First and Last---Brest

## The Most Longed-for City, Whether You Were Sailing East, U-boat Pursued, or Were Fighting and Hiking All Four Points of the Compass—Longed for Until You Arrived

By Arthur H. Brown  
Eightieth Division Chaplain.

For most American soldiers Brest was the Alpha and the Omega of their stay in France. As such its hold upon the remembrance is tenacious. The beginning and the end of a rare experience are alike unforgettable.

The first recollection which the name arouses is not that of the city itself, but of the curious red sails of the Breton fishermen who in pursuit of their hazardous calling venture out into the Atlantic far beyond the sight of shore. To voyagers, who for days had steamed through vast waters with what possible danger lurking beneath the wave they knew not but could surmise, the sight of those little craft, token as they were of approaching land, meant well-nigh as much as did the sprig of green to Columbus. Were they not also nearing a new and strange world?

But if they interpreted the presence of those peaceful fishing boats to mean that the sea held no more of peril for them, they were reading into the story something that did not belong there. The supreme adventure of one voyage, at least, still lay ahead; namely, to be chased into Brest harbor with a submarine at their heels. The swish of water which marked its wake presented the plainest evidence of a hostile presence.

It is a stirring memory to have been one among thirteen thousand others aboard that giant of the deep well named "Leviathan," the special object of Germany's destructive hate, and to have been the interested spectator of a running fight, when every shot fired from the deck of the huge transport shook her from stem to stern and left one in momentary doubt as to whether it was the work of American gunners or that of a fatal torpedo that had reached its mark. If Brest with its landlocked bay had no other claim upon our grateful recollection than the shelter it gave a hunted ship, this alone would be enough to establish it there forever.

That adventure disposed of, the men turned with whetted appetites to others which they knew inevitably awaited them. As they steamed into the smoother and decidedly safer waters of the great harbor, some one started the familiar song: "Good-bye, Broadway! Hello, France!" and a hundred willing voices took it up.

The first glimpse France gave them of herself was an attractive one, beginning

Mr. Brown, who was the Eightieth's divisional chaplain in France, as most of us know, had unusual facilities to visit and inspect thoroughly the towns in and about which the Blue Ridge men were billeted after the armistice. Few of the men in the division had the time and the opportunities afforded him for this purpose. Consequently his articles on the historical significance of the districts often acquaint one for the first time with accounts of the tragedies, dramas and comedies enacted in these ancient towns long before Christopher Columbus charted the course for the Leviathan and her sister transports. He has promised more articles on historical and other topics. To get time for this service he has to go A. W. O. L. from his job as pastor of a congregation at Weehawken, N. J. His articles are enjoyed the more because of it.

with the jutting cape which suggested an arm thrown around them in welcome; then the high cliffs which fell precipitous to the water's edge; beyond that the narrows, much like our own New York gateway; thence broadening out into a spacious harbor where the vessels of half the world might ride at anchor.

Those who knew their history recalled with interest that it was here in 1805 that Napoleon gathered his fleet for the invasion of England, an invasion which the brilliancy of the greatest sea-fighter of all time, Lord Nelson, made impossible. What a jumble of international relationships history reveals!

Brest itself is a "city set upon a hill," but scarcely to give light in the Biblical sense. Not even a Frenchman would have wanted the Americans to judge of his country by what they saw at Brest. Seaport towns are notoriously wicked and Brest apparently has no ambition to be exceptional in this respect.

It is a city of some eighty thousand, built on a kind of high tableland, approached from the shore by steps and steep winding roads (these latter are especially well re-

membered), but so crowded that it has spilled over on the water-front below where, during the days of the American invasion, docks and jetties, ships and storehouses, trains and trucks, combined to present a scene of ceaseless activity.

One touch of home which warmed the hearts of some "Sammies" freshly arrived, came in the guise of some small French boys who with lusty voices and in surprisingly good English sang "Hail, hail! The gang's all here!" and on to the very end of that American classic. French grownups as well as children, made it plain by the cordial manner of their welcome how glad they were that "the gang" was "here," and the men themselves, mindful of the gauntlet which they had so recently run, felt like being congratulated that "the gang" was "all here."

A truly attractive feature of Brest, and noticeable at once, is its cosmopolitan character. This is probably more true in peace than we knew it in war when commerce in the ordinary sense was almost at a standstill. But even in those days French, English and Yankee, blackman and Algerian were to be seen on the streets, a strange conglomeration to an unaccustomed eye. A large French hospital accounted for the number of pallid-faced and crippled soldiers who made their slow way along the walks.

One place of real charm and the favorite haunt of the unindustrious is the magnificent promenade which tops the ramparts and affords one a magnificent view of the roadstead where a half-dozen transports used to lie at anchor while tugs and barges plied to and from the shore with their precious soldier-cargo.

Surprisingly little of the historic remains in Brest, but if you are looking around for a touch of real antiquity you will find it in the gray battlements and towers of the 13th Century chateau, built on a rocky escarpment at one end of the ramparts. There is a guide to take you through this grim vestige of a brutal age if like another Dante you wish to visit the infernal regions.

With lighted lantern he leads you through dark narrow passages, in places so low that you must stoop; down steep ladders into damp dungeons where unhappy

(Continued on Page 31)



SAY, SARGE, PUT ME DOWN FOR A BLOUSE, SLICKER AND A PAIR OF DOGS

AIN'T IT FUNNY HOW A BIRD ONCE STEPPED UP TO THE OLD SUPPLY SERGEANT AND ORDERED ANY 'RAG' ON THE Q.M. SLIP, REGARDLESS OF THE FACT, THAT HE ONLY SPORTED 'DEES SOO' AND A NAPOLEON FRANC, WHILE NOW, ALTHOUGH TOILING EVERY DAY, HE HAS TO BACK UP TO HIS CELLMATE AND HAVE HER REINFORCE HIS JEANS, IN ORDER TO PRESERVE HIS MODESTY.

DOGGONE, IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, AMY I'D GO TO AFRICA, WHERE I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WEAR CLOTHES

HEY, ORDERLY, DE COLONEL'S WANTIN' YOU

AW-RIGHT-WHATS DE BIG RUSH? TAKE IT COOL

AIN'T IT FUNNY HOW A GAFFER COULD WASTE ALL SORTS OF TIME TO GET TO HEADQUARTERS, WHILE THE OLD MAN WAS CHAMPING THE BIT, WAITING TO SEND A MESSAGE TO G.I.—BUT NOW WHEN HIS "PETITE BÉBE" ORDERS HIM FRONT AND CENTER—TOUT DE SUITE—HE BREAKS ALL LAWS OF NAVIGATION, TO REPORT FOR DUTY?

MORE JUICE

THIS IS REAL 'DEP' WEATHER

AIN'T IT FUNNY HOW AN OLD WAR HORSE USED TO RAVE ABOUT THE SNAPPY WINTER MORNINGS OVER IN FROGLAND, AND THE WORST MUD PUDDLE SEEMED LIKE AN OSTERMOOD TO HIM, AND NOW AT HOME, ALL DOLLED UP IN FLEECE-LINED "LINGERIE" HE SUFFERS FROM CHILBLAINS, AND FROSTBITTEN EARS WHEN RIDING TO THE OFFICE IN THE TROLLEY CARS THAT ARE MANNED BY "SNAPPING TURTLES" WHO ARE DEAF TO ALL PLEAS.

IT'S A CRIME NOT TO HAVE HEAT IN THESE CARS—WHY I'VE BEEN SICK FOR A WEEK, WITH A COLD

AIN'T IT FUNNY HOW A GUY COULD BLOW INTO A TOWN OVER THERE, AND IN A DAY'S TIME COULD WIN THE HEART OF THE PRETTIEST COGNAC DISPENSER IN THE RADIUS OF "SANK" KILOS, ALTHOUGH HIS KNOWLEDGE OF "FROG" CONSISTED OF, "VOOLY VOO PROMENADE AVEC MWA?" AND NOW IN HIS HOME TOWN WHERE EVERYONE "PARLEYS" THE SAME LINGO, HE SWALLOWS HIS TONGUE EVERY TIME HE GOES TO SEE THE LASS, WHO, HE HAS KNOWN SINCE SHE WAS SPORTING PIGTAILS?

WELL, ASK ME

EMILY, ER-ER I'M GOIN' TO ASK YOU TO-ER-ER



# The Ex-Soldier's Responsibility

## War's Experiences Fit Veterans as Exponents of Life's Highest Ideals; Clothe Them With Opportunities to Stand for Finer Things; to Show Young Folk Things Worth While

By Faith Baldwin

Some time ago I said to a man whom I have known from infancy, "Why don't you join a veterans' organization?" And he, shrugging the shoulders which had recently appeared in the seaworthy attire of Uncle Sam's "gob," remarked vaguely, "Oh—I don't know—what's the use?"

That was in the Biggest City, and the man one who had any number of outside interests, and a tremendous amount of social life. Out here, however, on Long Island, from which I write this, the rural towns and villages are finding that such organizations are supplying a place in the men's social life which has up to now been sadly needed. And we who look on are beginning to think that any banding together of the men who fought for us is, going to wield a great power for good, in peace as well as war. With the finest boys of the community eligible for membership, it stands to reason that their fellowship can count for something very big and fine in their own town.

So much for that. Now for the Returned Soldier.

He is not the same man who went from his town, a khaki-clad figure, marching with other men, similarly attired. He has come back; and whether he is outwardly the same Tom, Dick or Harry whom we knew so well and who pulled our taffy-colored or brown or black braids painfully and impersonally in the Third Grade, who debated solemnly with us the actual amount of guilt accrued by Warren Hastings or the Free Silver Question when we had both reached the rare intellectual height of high school, or the boy who called on us some time in '17 to tell us he was going to war, he is not the same.

He may be as ready for a joke as he always was, as care-free, as amusing, but nevertheless he is a man who has been to War; who has seen and heard things which we cannot even vaguely guess; and who has returned to us knowing that his experience is one that he can never share; never most remotely hint at.

He has, I think, a clearer vision, a better sense of proportion, a wider, keener sense of values. No man can breathe the air of sudden and violent death for weeks and months, no man can view the impartiality of that Angel of the Darker Drink, without having his problems and his prejudices reduced for him to a certain simplicity of fact and action by the great common denominator.

Many of the readers of SERVICE were familiar with Miss Baldwin's writings long before this magazine was founded. Miss Baldwin, who has contributed both verse and prose to SERVICE, while constantly busy in war work about New York, still found time to keep up her writing for the popular magazines, some of which undoubtedly found their way into the hands of the soldiers from Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia while serving in France. Through Miss Baldwin's kindness, SERVICE'S clientele may expect more of her entertaining articles in succeeding issues.

It must be difficult for that man to come home to the petty outlooks and the narrow horizons, the things not worth while and the trivialities of safety. He is no doubt, in many cases, inarticulate. But he knows—he knows. And he can teach us so much, this returned soldier, if only he will.

It may be in one community that the social activities of the young people are at a deadlock, a standstill; it may be that in a large sense they do not even exist. Here

### The Tank Trap



He forgot to inspect barracks before he left—and the cellar unlocked.

is one place where the returned soldier, with his comrades in peace, may help.

Whether it is this problem, or the graver problems of insufficient representation in our government which confronts the man back from the war, it lies within his power to remedy this neglect or that evil.

We are good enough to fight for, he thought that when he went away. There may be times when he questions it now that he has returned. But I do not believe that, after all, in his heart, he seriously doubts it. Therefore, if we were good enough to risk life and limb and youth for in 1917, we are good enough in 1920 to fight for still.

It is the returned soldier who is best fitted to apply himself to the less exhilarating task of cleaning up the mental, moral and political dust-heaps of his community; who best can help the younger boy to his chance; who, together with the fine-spirited splendid girls of his town, can regulate the social amusements of the young people.

He is the very best we have; he stands out to us as the man we staked our freedom on, not a great while since; he typifies for us the most unswerving purpose, the highest ideals, the broadest, cleanest viewpoints. It would be a pity if he should not bring his knowledge and his qualities of leadership to bear upon the everyday encounters of life as it is lived at home.

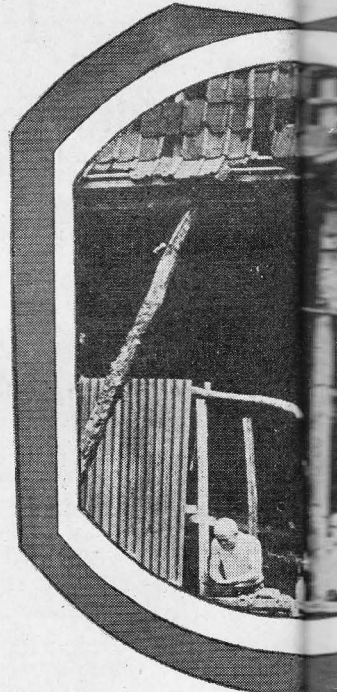
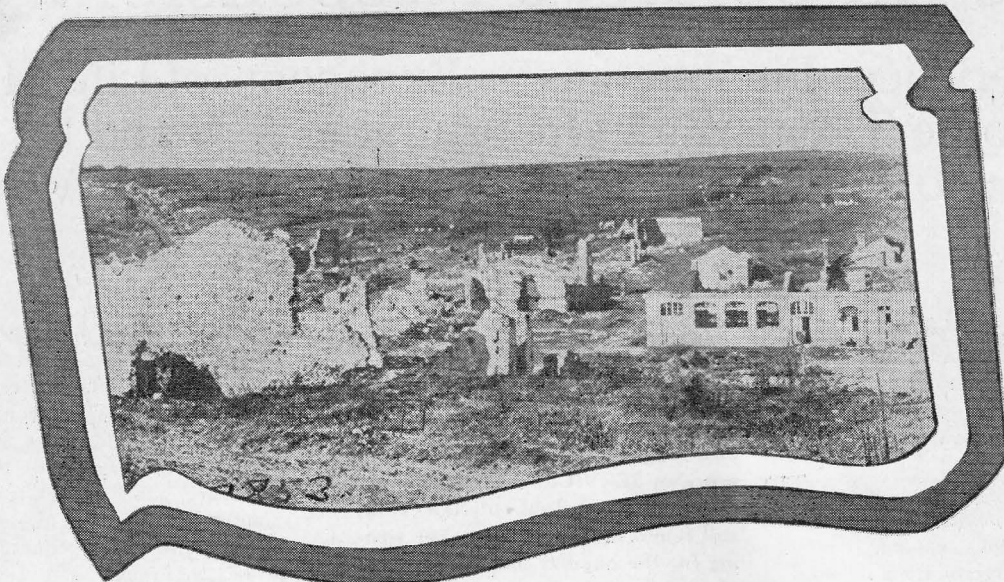
We owe him so much. It lies with him to make us owe him yet more. And if he has saved us from a very specific danger, he is still, in a measure, responsible for us. We are not out of the woods yet; the Red Flag threatens and insidious propaganda is still undermining the foundations of our national life.

If he cannot fight these with, and for us, by bayonet thrust or bullet, he has other weapons at his command; there is no one more surely armed.

It is up to the American people to look to the returned soldier for help, for guidance, for support; and it is as inevitably up to the soldier to realize this and to respond to the American need as wholeheartedly and inspiringly as he responded to the need of a war-ridden, suffering world.

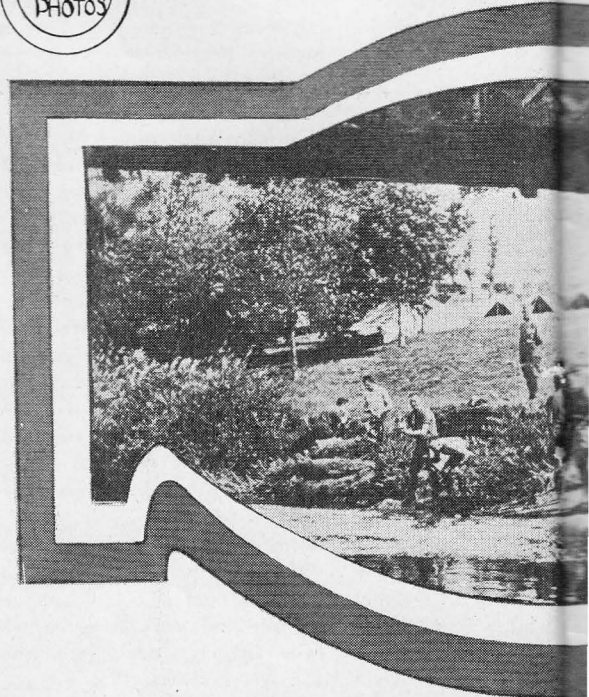
And it was Theodore Roosevelt who said, "Until this country has been made a fit place for everyone to live in, it is not a fit place for any of us to live in."

*I do not think that now or ever the soldiers of America will fail us.*



WHY KICK, WHEN YOU CANT RESIDE IN JUST THE LOCALITY YOU DESIRE, DONT YOU REMEMBER? WHEN A FOX-HOLE IN THIS BURG LOOKED LIKE A MANSION ON FIFTH AVE? (NANTILLOIS.)

WHEN YOUR LAND RENT-DONT GO WITH THE "FILIGREE" DID YOU "CUSHAYED" AND SHELL OUT



OUR "NATIONAL PASTIME"

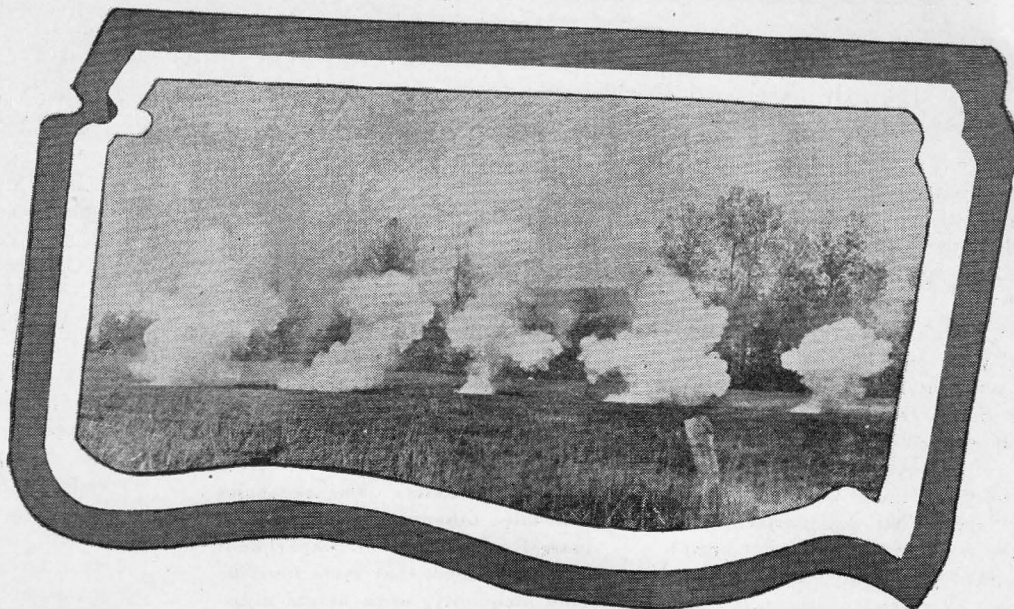
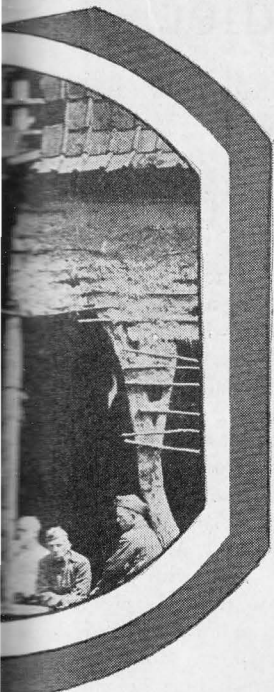
(ST. JUVIN)



SAY, WHEN YOU'RE LATHERING ON THE THESE COLD MORNINGS D'YOU, EVER SHAVE "BY EAR" WITH "SWIFT'S PRIC

NO WONDER SOME OF US ARE PLANNING ALREADY TO RETURN AND DRINK IN SOME OF THE WONDERFUL "SCENERY". (SGT. HUGHEY 305TH ENGRS)(BUZANCY)





LORD RAISES THE  
LD - JUST THINK OF  
PLEXES IN WHICH  
"SUNNY" FRANCE  
WITH A SMILE.

SOME GUYS GROWL BECAUSE THEY HAVE TO DO  
A LITTLE HEAVY WORK FOR \$33.00 PER WEEK -  
AND IN FRANCE, THEY WENT TO "WORK" BEHIND ONE  
OF THESE AT \$33.00 A MONTH, MINUS ALLOTMENTS  
AND INSURANCE.

(ST. GEORGES.)

(305TH M.P. CO.  
BEAUVAIL.)



(TRONVILLE.)



LIGHT HOUSE  
KEEPING  
A-LA-ARMY-

(SAMED?)

SUDS IN A WARM BATHROOM,  
RECALL HOW YOU USED TO  
"DE" AND A SHELLSHOCKED BLADE?

THREE OF THE REASONS - WE  
STOPPED OUR "WAR CRY"  
"WE WANT TO GO HOME" AT LEAST,  
TEMPORARILY.

(SMITH COLLEGE UNIT - VARENNE)



# Don't Raise Your Boy to Be a Brigadier

If Colonel Brett Couldn't Have the Single Star What Chance Is There for Anybody Else?  
Doughboys' and Pershing's Recommendations Count Equally With  
War Department—One Round Cipher

Lloyd M. Brett, of whom you may have heard in the last three years, retired from the United States Army February 22, having reached the age of 64. And he retired as a colonel.

Of course it isn't for the civilian or civilian soldier, who spent at the most perhaps only two years in the army, to judge of the fitness of an officer for promotion. Those who entered the armed forces of their country after April 6, 1917, did so for only one purpose—there was a particular job to be done. That task finished, their need for the war army and the war army's need for them apparently became passe. And with no experience in the peace-time establishments how can their opinion concerning the fitness now of an officer for promotion be counted seriously!

The case of Colonel Brett, however, has convinced a certain section of demobilized warriors of one thing: "You've got to be mighty good to be a brigadier general in the American army in peace time. It almost makes one think that if Germany could have had enough generals possessing the requirements of an American peace-time brigadier the war would still be going on.

Col. Brett apparently, in the eyes of the War Department, doesn't possess these qualifications. At any rate, despite everything that could be done he was retired as a colonel of cavalry and not as a brigadier of infantry, in which capacity there are at least 7,000 men, ranging from the buck who was familiar with the hoosegow to the highest officers in his brigade alone, willing to make oath that he had few if any peers in his particular line. Most of them will go stronger than that any time it's required.

But, as has been remarked, the civilian-soldier can have no criticism of the peace time army's regulations and decisions. He can have no conception of the countless considerations which bear on the rulings of the Powers That Be in governing the country's armed forces. He admits his inability to understand and his lack of familiarity with conditions.

But what puzzles him, as he humbly proclaims his own deficiency in these matters, is why such officers as commanders of divisions, corps, armies and even the commanding general of the entire A. E. F. should be put in his own class. Their recommendations that Col. Brett be promoted apparently met with the same response that met the recommendation of the men of the colonel's own One Hundred and Sixtieth Brigade. A glance at the appended brief summary of Col. Brett's long army service will show how many and from what high army sources came these suggestions

Speaking of service, it is with a great deal of disappointment that SERVICE has to announce Col. Brett's retirement without the recognition, we, the Eightieth, believe he is entitled to. A strong attempt was made to have the colonel promoted to one of the four vacant posts of brigadier general before he ended his long period of active service to his country. The vacancies were filled otherwise. We have no quarrel with the War Department but it does seem that there must be some inequality, some actual injustice in a system which penalizes a man of the type of Col. Brett. It would be futile now to essay to tell why the colonel deserved his promotion. Every man who served under him, with thousands of others as well, knows why; SERVICE'S cover this month is accurate. It is enough for the present to say that no matter how he fares under the War Department's rulings, his kindness, his humanity, his justness, his serene steadfastness despite a thousand tribulations that would have soured a lesser man—all those virtues are combined by the men who served with him into their very ideal of a true gentleman. And in the years to come there are thousands of homes where children yet unborn will benefit by the association, no matter how distant, their fathers and grandfathers had with him who, in their tales of the great war, will always be remembered as GENERAL Brett.

that his ability be recognized. Gen. Cronhite, the corps commanders, Gen. Liggett and Gen. Pershing himself are numbered among them. United States Senators, Congressmen and others have done their best but the War Department refused to listen.

First they said that a certain law forbade promotion of colonels to be generals unless the colonels had at least a year to serve. That's true, except in cases where the retirement is for age or disability—and it was for age that Col. Brett retired, a clear exception to the law. Then it was said he was far down the list of colonels. But it was never denied that he was able, that he was a natural leader, that he was saving of his men, that he accomplished the tasks given him. "He's one of the best officers we have," was the

comment at the War Department, and yet he couldn't be promoted.

And so it comes back to the belief that you MUST be good to be a brigadier. Take a glance at this record, which begins with the award of the Congressional Medal of Honor. How many brigadiers in America, in the world, can top it:

Served in the Sioux Campaign, in Montana, under General Nelson A. Miles, then Colonel, 5th Infantry, from 1879 until the surrender of Sitting Bull, and the last hostile band near Poplar River, Montana, January, 1881. He then went with his troop (A, 2nd Cavalry) 250 miles further into the uninhabited west and was part of the Garrison of Fort Maginnis, Montana, for four years, during which time he participated in the Cree Campaign, and assisted in making that remote section safe for settlers.

Served under General George Crook in the Geronimo Apache Campaign, 1885-6 and was mentioned in orders for great energy which determination displayed in the pursuit of the hostiles during which they were forced to abandon their stolen horses and take to the mountains on foot, where the pursuit was still vigorously pressed. He served more than 16 years on the frontier.

In the Campaign of Santiago de Cuba, he was appointed the Provost Marshall General of General Shafter's Army, and was later selected to command the one hundred picked men to represent the American Army at the surrender of the Spanish troops and the city of Santiago de Cuba.

He was recommended for substantial consideration for gallantry displayed by him in the pressure of the enemy and under fire at the battle of El Caney, July 1st.

As a Field Officer of Volunteers, he participated in the Philippines Insurrection and commanded in skirmishes against Moros in Mindanao in 1900.

After nearly five (5) years as Adjutant General and Instructor of the Militia of the District of Columbia, General George H. Harries, Commending, expressed himself in writing as follows: "You have had many predecessors as Adjutant General and some of them have been of the best, but no one has rendered such uncommonly useful service as you have. No one has given more freely of himself, capable at every point, whether in the office or in the field, as an officer and a gentleman in the highest sense of that combined term, loyal friend whom I shall always hold in the highest esteem, you have filled every expectation."

His normal detail as Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park was twice

(Continued on Page 29)



# Liberalized War Risk Insurance

## Do You Know How the Sweet Act Has Made Compensation More Generous, and Your Insurance Policy More Desirable Than Ever? Here's the Official Explanation of It All

By R. W. Emerson

Assistant Director of The Bureau of War Risk Insurance

The War Risk Insurance Act, which became a law in October, 1917, was essentially war legislation, its object and purpose being to take care of our soldiers, sailors and marines, their wives, children and those dependent upon them, while the war was in progress. Someone has said that this was the first time in the history of a nation that legislation of this character had been enacted prior to the close of a war. The war being over it was found that new legislation was necessary to make the War Risk Insurance meet the immediate demands and needs of the disabled soldiers, sailors and marines and their dependents, and out of this demand grew the passage by Congress of a Bill introduced by Honorable Burton E. Sweet, a Representative in Congress from Iowa, to amend and modify the War Risk Insurance Act. This Bill passed the House of Representatives on September 13, 1919; it passed the Senate in December, 1919, and it was approved by the President on December 24, 1919, thereby becoming at once a law and a Christmas gift to the thousands of dependents of ex-service men to whom benefit is due under the Government insurance plan. In other words, a law has been passed one of the outstanding results of which is the disbursement of eighty million dollars more a year in compensation for disabled ex-service men.

The provisions of this amendment to the War Risk Act should be of as much vital interest to every ex-service man, whether he may be awaiting with increased but vague anticipation the continued receipt of his monthly compensation check the amount of which has been re-adjusted in conformity with this law, or whether, with his own interest in such legislation as remote as his interest in spring styles among the inhabitants of Mars, his desire is to increase his store of material with which to cheer some other ex-service man who has been pondering dispiritedly over the impossibilities of an inadequate Government insurance allowance.

If, therefore, you are interested for your own or another's sake, let yourself learn how and when ex-service men benefit under this amendment, commonly known while pending in Congress as the "Sweet Bill."

Heretofore, a single man who was temporarily totally disabled drew \$30 per month while suffering from such disability. Under the Sweet Bill he will draw \$80 per month; if he is married \$90 per month,

**Remember, if you have dropped your insurance you can re-instate it easily until July 1. All you have to do is to send payment for two months and then continue paying the premiums as they become due monthly—six or seven dollars if you had a \$10,000 policy. It is the duty every former service man owes his loved ones to be familiar with every feature of such legislation as this. In case information concerning some specific question is not included in this article on the Sweet Act write—at once—to this office. Your inquiries will be answered officially.**

with \$5 additional for each child up to two; provision also made for dependent parents, in the amount of \$10 additional for each dependent parent.

It might be well to explain carefully just what temporary total, temporary partial, permanent total and permanent partial disability designate within the interpretation of the War Risk Insurance Act.

A temporary total disability is one in which the disabled soldier is unable to work at present, but with proper medical treatment, etc., probably will regain his health and be restored to usefulness.

A temporary partial disability is one in which, although the claimant is handicapped temporarily from following substantially a gainful occupation, yet he may be able to do some work, and the Government desires to assist him during this period.

A permanent total disability is one which renders it reasonably certain that the disabled soldier will never be able to follow substantially any gainful occupation, and in such event he is eligible to receive the benefits of any insurance for which he may have applied while in the service, provided, of course, the same is in force.

A permanent partial injury is one where the soldier has suffered an anatomical loss, a functional loss, or such disability as is of so permanent a nature that it always will interfere to some degree with his ability to earn a livelihood.

If a man is permanently and totally disabled, he is entitled under the Sweet Bill

to \$100 per month so long as he lives, and in addition thereto, the benefits of any insurance for which he may have applied while in the army.

Under permanent ratings, the single man and the married man with dependents, fare alike, in order that future marital condition may not be affected.

All permanent partial ratings are figured on the basis of \$100 per month; thus a man single or married suffering with a 38 per cent permanent partial disability would draw \$38 per month as long as he lived, while a single man suffering with a 38 per cent temporary partial disability would receive \$30.40 per month as long as he was partially disabled. A married man with a wife and one child suffering from a temporary partial disability of 38 per cent would receive \$36.10, while so disabled. Below is given the scale of amounts under the Sweet Bill, as follows:

### TEMPORARY TOTAL DISABILITY

- (a) If the disabled person has neither wife nor child living, \$80 per month.
- (b) If he has a wife, but no child, \$90 per month.
- (c) If he has a wife and one child living, \$95 per month.
- (d) If he has a wife and two or more children living, \$100.
- (e) If he has no wife, but one child living, \$90 with \$5 for each additional child.
- (f) If he has a mother or father, either or both dependent on him for support, then, in addition to the above amounts, \$10 for each parent so dependent.

### TEMPORARY PARTIAL DISABILITY

If while the disability is rated as partial and temporary, the monthly compensation shall be a percentage of the compensation that would be payable for his total and temporary disability, equal to degree of the reduction in earning capacity resulting from the disability; but no compensation shall be payable for a reduction in earning capacity rated at less than 10 per cent.

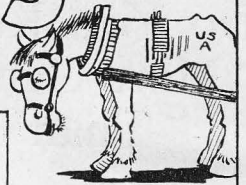
### PERMANENT TOTAL DISABILITY

If while the disability is rated as total and permanent, the rate of compensation shall be \$100 per month, provided, however, that the loss of both feet or both hands, or the sight of both eyes, or the loss of one foot and one hand, or one foot and the sight of one eye, or becoming helpless and per-

(Continued on Page 24)

# "OUR FOUR LEGGED BUDDIES"

BY H. R. CURRY.



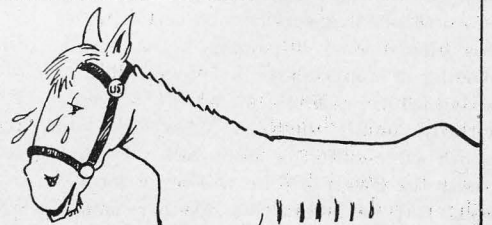
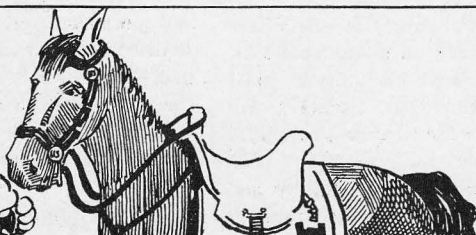
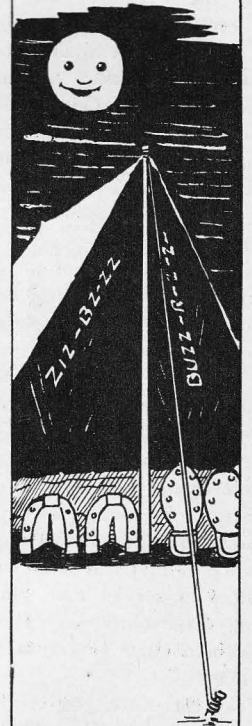
Guess you've all heard of old Gasoline,  
Who A. E. F'd with the Three Eighteen,  
'Twas up with the British, 'bout May er June,  
We were interduced to this crazy loon,  
Nobody 'd ride him, the boys all swore,  
And I couldn't blame em fer being sore;  
He looked like a hatrack, so bony 'n thin,  
With long shaggy whiskers adornin' his chin.  
He stood with his knees bendin' in like an x,  
And blind as a bat, but they made him some specks.

Well! he drifted along, never ugly er mean,  
A pullin' the transport fer Three Eighteen;  
Till a fellow as homely 'n shaggy 'n thin,  
Said he wasn't so bad, 'twas the shape he was in.  
So he offered to prove that most any old horse  
Could shine with the others, when put through a course.  
He set out to prove it, and in 'bout a week  
He had him so chipper an' shiny an' sleek  
That the rest of the stable came off their high airs  
When nobody took any notice of theirs.

I know this Yank loved the old plug Gasoline,  
Fer always where one was, the other was seen;  
He'd lay down beside him to sleep on the road,  
And hollered when others would add to his load.  
If he stumbled the driver 'd look underneath;  
He trimmed up his mane, 'n he polished his teeth.  
His hoofs were all manicured, shiny and bright—  
This chap knew a horse and he treated him right;  
And times when the forage was shy on the hay,  
He's emptied his bed-sack and gave it away.

Up there, where the shellin' was frightful and bad,  
Old Gasoline traveled as cheerful and glad  
As any of us who wore suits of O. D.,  
And serving his country, as bravely as we.  
In shell holes and out, through the hell of the night,  
These Buddies served loyally all through the fight,  
And when it was over, back there at the show,  
He patiently stood in the wind and the snow  
Watching the medals get pinned on the few,  
Let's not forget to award him one too.

More than 9,000,000 horses used in the World War were killed or died from wounds or disease, according to Ernest H. Baynes, naturalist.







# A PAGE TO WIT

"I have called to see why your daughter Emmeline hasn't attended school lately," said the village school mistress, as she stood at the cottage door.

"Cause I think she's larned enough," retorted Emmeline's mother shortly.

"Why," exclaimed the distributor of learning, "she's only passed through two classes yet!"

"Ain't that enough?" shrilled the woman. "I dunno what eddification is a-comin' to! When I was young, if a gel only unnerstood the elemens of distraction, provision and replenishing, an' the common dominter, an' knew all the rivers an' their obituaries, the currents and dormitories, the provinces an' umpires, we was reckoned to have eddification enough to see us through."

Mess Sergeant (as Captain enters mess hall) "attention!"

"Rest," said the captain, at which Private Barney, who was doing his third straight hitch at "K. P." replied to his companion in crime, "Rest—hell, ye'll git no rest in this army."

"The fact that I am a good musician," said the woman, "was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago."

"How was that?" asked the young lady who sang.

"Well, when the water struck our house my husband got on the folding bed and floated down the street till rescued."

"And what did you do?"

"Why, I accompanied him on the piano."

The witness for the defense was being cross-examined. In answer to a question put by counsel, instead of speaking, he nodded his head.

Whereupon the court stenographer, who was not looking at the witness, demanded: "Answer that question."

The witness replied: "I did answer it; I nodded my head."

"Yes," was the retort, "I heard it rattle, but could not tell whether it was up and down or from side to side."

When she heard that there were some soldiers of a Highland regiment still in the local military hospital Mrs. McTavish got

excited, and insisted on her hostess taking her to see them.

With an air of great resolution to be a "breath of the dear auld hame," the good woman sailed into the ward and planked herself down beside a bed.

"Whaur de ye come frae?" she cooed to the battered hero who lay there. "Are ye frae the north or frae the south? Did ye furst see the licht o' day in Auld Reekie, or wis ye born in Auchtermuchty? Hae ye a lass? Gie me the address of yer faither and mither, laddie, and I'll send them a scrape o' the pen this verra night!"

"Blowed if I know what ye'r talkin' abaht," replied the soldier. "But me old dad lives at four-five-free Befnal Green road, good old London tahn. But if yer can't write plainer than yer talk, lidy, 'Eaving 'elp 'em!"

General Washington Lee was the most boastful darcy in the regiment. All the way across on the transport he had been telling the world what he was going to do to the German army. Naturally, when the outfit finally arrived in the front lines his companions looked for him to produce. But Wash appeared to be in no hurry.

"Yo' all so brave, why don' yo' go out an' git some of dem Jummans lak yo' said?" sneered one.

"Ah's gwine. Ah's gwine. Gimme time," responded George.

He peeked cautiously over the top. Seeing no activity from the German line, he crawled over and finally stood erect.

"Come on, 'Jummans," he quavered.

Then he waited. Silence reigned supreme.

"Come on, yo' cowards!" he shouted, feeling safe at last. "Come on out heah and meet yo' master. Come on, show me somethin', Ah'm waitin'."

At that moment a German artilleryman dropped a shell within a dozen yards of Wash. The explosion blew him unhurt back into his own trench.

"What yo' got ter say now?" taunted a companion.

Wash considered.

"Well," he retorted, "no matter what yo' say about dem Jummans, yo' gotta admit they suah gives yo' service when yo' ask fo' it"—*The Home Sector*.

A farmer walked into the little general store in the village with a firm and decided step.

"I want," said he, "that tub of margarine, and that lot of bacon, and all the other foodstuffs."

"Good gracious," said the recently be-reaved widow who kept the shop, "whatever do you want with all them things, Mr. Giles?"

"I dunno," replied the worthy farmer, "but you know I'm the executor of your husband's will and Lawyer Styles said I was to be sure and carry out all the provisions!"

"Are you an American soldier?"

"I am."

"Then I wish to surrender 300 men."

"I'll take 50 of you. The rest of you can whack yourself up among my pals."

Captain Al Waddell relates a wierd experience he encountered "over there." It was during mess and the orderly officer, glaring down the long table, demanded if there were any complaints about the food. Private Jones rose slowly and extended his cup:

"Taste this sir," he said.

The officer took a sip, hesitated a moment and said scathingly:

"Very excellent soup, I call it."

"Yes, sir," agreed Jones, "but the corporal says it's tea, and the cook served it as coffee, and just now I found a toothbrush in it, sir"—*Los Angeles Times*.

"Didn't you shudder, Rastus, as you cut down those Germans' man after man?"

"Man after man? Yessah, when that live man got after this man ah shuddah'd three miles."

A groom was brought in to help the butler and he was very anxious to do everything just right. He asked a dear old lady if she'd have some peas, and she put her big bell-mouthed ear trumpet to her ear to hear him.

"Heavens!" said the groom to himself. "This is a new wrinkle to me; but if she wants 'em that way I'd better let her have 'em." And he poured into the ear trumpet a generous supply of peas.

# The Road to Hoboken

Maybe You Went to Some Other Port, But the Chances Are You Shared the Experiences Recounted Here—Surely You Recall How You Mailed That Forbidden Post Card

By Ex-Sgt. Russell L. Stultz

Naught save the disordered litter of company streets remained to betoken the recent enactment of one of life's most acute dramas. All through the night, when tossing, dreamless bodies hearkened, the interminable puffing of rumbling engines whispered loudly of troop trains being shifted and "made-up." In the days immediately preceding, we had grown accustomed to the familiar warning as other units departed in assumed secrecy and headed toward "an Atlantic port." Nightly repetition of these preparations had excited only an impatient wonder when our transportation would be arranged—an ever-present interrogation that at last had brought its answer. The final chapter of Book One was being written and now the fresh, unsoiled pages were awaiting the sequel. Few, if any, however, in the most fantastic creations of their imaginations had progressed to the point of visioning the climax staged a year later amid the very scenes and atmosphere in which the prelude and early chapters had their being.

The remorseless trend of events during these hours of quivering darkness had been crowded with plot and characters too genuine for other than living, human actors to impersonate. As the first vague glimmer of dawn appeared in the east to proclaim the approach of another day, it likewise admonished those who had rashly ventured to spend one last night in town with loved ones that reveille must find them accounted for. Neither official pronouncements nor vigilant M. P.'s had been able to penetrate the defiant mask of Q. M. C. hat-cord and collar-ornaments trusted to deceive the most skeptical observer. And, as drowsy-eyed buglers were hurriedly donning clothes preparatory to sounding the first odious morning call, to the accompaniment of suspiciously pungent odors emanating from the regions of the kitchen, the vanguard of the venturesome slipped noiselessly in.

Reveille, breakfast—of eggs, ham and cereals, in official recognition of a concededly historical meal—all followed in logical, pre-ordered sequence. Notwithstanding the air of high-strung festivity that strove hard to prevail, a certain subdued undercurrent of sober realization pervaded the mess-hall gathering. Somehow every foot and wall of barracks, long home, began to assume a quality of new and deeper friendliness than months of

perfunctory habitation had ever involved. Few among the "outfit" had not at some stage of his "rookie" career bitterly condemned the cantonment and all it signified to eternal perdition, probably wishing himself with rebellious loathing "somewhere in France"—anywhere to escape the endless round of detail and duty. Uninterrupted weeks of tedious routine could not be expected to maintain patiently built-up morale forever. And this morning, as thoughts lingered over the chimerical romance of yesterday, some of the thousand and one incidents which had gone to make training at least endurable were recalled in tumultuous confusion—indeed, were often remembered with a whimsical, tolerant regret difficult of analysis.

As we went about tasks became prosaic through mechanical iteration, the eleventh-hour details incident to departure evoked a new interest and degree of willingness impossible to harmonize with recent attitudes. Even the business of dismantling bunks, rolling packs and policing the company area seemed shrouded in a rare dignity hitherto foreign to their distasteful character. Hours that had once been unbelievably stretched began to contract in a manner equally preposterous. The advance of recall an hour sounded no welcome note. Miraculously, none were ready for its premature arrival. Much remained to be done, and it must be done quickly. The interior of barracks already scrupulously clean, the streets must be left likewise. Company wood-piles were assaulted with an energy surprising in men so lately loath to visit its inveigling precincts.

The "C. C.," burdened with an inexplicable "grouch," however, found nothing to pass his scrutinizing inspection—"that wood-pile must be policed again, and the performance repeated, if need be, before any one eats." No mandate of the League of Nations could have secured more instant, industrious action. Of course every gnarled and twisted timer had been made to emerge from mutinous disorder and conform to the decreed alignment, but "if he insists that each piece must be handled all over again, handled they shall be," for all our inability to "fathom such nonsensical waste of good time." The admonition passed to each new recruit, "Don't argue with the captain, son," had borne fruit.

The aggravatingly light lunch of sandwiches which necessity had substituted in

lieu of the mid-day meal was consumed without the aid of "mess-gear," for the "barracks must be vacated and ready for inspection by the brigade commander before we leave," so the justification ran. A second pair of sandwiches, prepared in the diaphanous manner known only to the true mess-sergeant, and concealing equally transparent slices of cold meat was issued for supper. Surely, he would have "had a heart," had he but realized the prolonged interval which was to elapse ere another "feed" graced our gnawing stomachs.

"Re-roll packs, and shake it up!" Oh, Lord! Won't some one call up the S. P. C. A., or whoever it is that interferes with murder? The third time today, and *me* just plannin' to slip around the corner and console me girl over the long-distance! The next thing and somebody about this joint is going to have to pay for a nice little funeral—well, you'll see.

For all the tirade of grumbling and disgust, the bit of by-play carried no significance, not even that of fancied wrongs. When nerves are at abnormal tension there must be a spill-way. As the order was being executed, an impatient exclamation of chagrin would announce the failure to replace all articles within the freshly dismantled roll. "How come they won't go back?" the query was bandied back and forth. Perhaps due to over-anxious haste, perhaps to negligent arrangement, realization of the supposed futility of further effort would result in the elimination of some item responsible for refusal of already strained pack-straps to meet. For regulation inexorably held that all must be neat.

With no choice or lee-way in the matter of salvaging the surplus contents, since no one knew at what unexpected moment a "show-down" would disclose the omission of even a shoe-lace, some surreptitiously included keep-sake or memento of civilian days must be discarded. But not until the cheerfully given services of a near-by comrade had been invoked in one final, tremendous struggle to restore the offending object from whence it came could the attempt be admitted ineffectual—and then, as frequently happened, the united pressure would accomplish its replacement.

And then again, and more rarely, when convinced that additional expansion of the straps was quite impossible, the disconcerted owner was left no other alternative than a hurried visit to the near-by "Y" where a



# The Road to Hoboken—Continued

waiting mail-pouch would speed the article to the "home folks."

Strangely, the old friendly resort bore an air of reproachful isolation this morning akin to the aftermath from some momentous tragedy, so pronounced was the contrast with Sunday's surcharged atmosphere. But was it only yesterday that a seething, quivering tempest had ruthlessly destroyed its wonted tranquillity? After a week's operation, quarantine restrictions had now disappeared—officially as well as physically—perhaps in frank acknowledgement of their ineffectualness. Absence of military restraint instantly became known and remarked among the small circle of hovering civilians, and now occasional couples, happy in this brief respite, had sought the comparative solitude of the cool and shadowy "Y."

The inexorable exigencies of man-made war must not be retarded by the individual. "Outside!" Well, let the "top" rave; many the day his over-worked lungs might rest before another opportunity. And out we came, with mocking cries, to assemble in the company street in that bewildering passenger-list order that held no consideration for wonted place or accustomed formation. Fall In!—Count Off!" Gracious! Someone must be in a hurry to leave, else why all this unseemly haste? Well, we're agreeable; packs had never before felt so heavy—or perhaps we were only realizing what a deal of property a vigilant supply-sergeant had "wished" upon us. "All canteens filled?" Yes, yes, filled to overflowing—anything to hasten the release of these mountainous loads breaking our backs. "Unslung packs!" Thankee, captain—and much obliged for not bothering to inquire whether our cartridge belts are stuffed with peace-time ammunition (cigarettes and matches)! My, but that was a narrow escape! "Police the barracks and street!" Say, did we hear aright? Surely, we unearthed the last offending "butt," the last charred match on the previous round—why, even a collection of pins had been formed. Police what? Well, we'll do it once more, but never again, old top.

"Outside!" Say, that was quick work—barely time to slip that pop bottle in the drain pipe, but whatever became of that everlasting cork? Another false alarm—merely a little inspection of packs. Oh, Lord! that left strap is choking me.

"Jackson, Smith, Brown, Jones, reroll those packs, and double-time—five minutes to you!" Have a heart, cap, won't you; why, it can't be done in less than thirty—and me displaying all my dirty linen here in public. Oh, murder the guy who prates of patriotism!

"And you, Private Jacobs, may follow suit, since you find it so very amusing." Come right in, son, the water's fine.

"Company, attention!" "Sergeant, take

that man's name for going to sleep in ranks."

Down the full length of the company street, overflowing into our neighboring regiment's domain, 247 fully accoutered men "snap to it." For the column was three short of maximum strength; only the day before the trio had been dropped and hied away to the ever-waiting Depot Brigade—the "human salvage dump," some one had facetiously termed its personnel. "Flat feet, bum heart and weak eyes"—at least so had a fault-finding "medico" diagnosed their respective overseas impediments.

The uncommon clamor awoke the adjacent area from its noon-hour languor, for its occupants were scheduled to tarry a week longer before following. Out of the barracks they piled, attracted by the abnormal stir and a desire to witness the "fun." "At rest!" came the command, just in time to permit our diminutive Italian bugler, now No. 3 in the rear rank, to scathingly comment: "Yes, heap fun, bigga show, no pay!" From windows and doors, ever desirable points of observation, came a chorus of regretful exclamations: "Wish we were going with you;" "Just our hard luck," "We'll beat you across yet," and kindred phrases. Just as spontaneously, there was hurled back a stream of derisive unbelief: "Aw, shut up; you're a liar; Wanta trade places? Bet they couldn't drag you away! Guess you won't go A. W. O. L. any."

One o'clock—the hour to move. Ah, there goes assembly. "Squads right, column right, march!" So, we're actually off at last! Out into the road we manœuvre, uncertainly seeking the step while adjusting ourselves to the incubus of cumbersome packs. Instantaneously, a belated regret for our rash insistence in adding to their authorized bulk made itself convincingly manifest. Unexpectedly some one orders halt—another detachment must precede us. We join the rear of the column and move off—the third section is formed, Supply, G, H, and I companies—our own outfit second in line. A full thousand men are "shaking the dust" of the camp from their feet, and by the same unerring process assimilating a goodly portion of its substance. The free-flowing perspiration coaxed forth by a warm May sun quickly merges with the rising cloud created by our progress, the sticky combination resembling facial irrigation projects. A creeping motor-car filled with interested spectators opportunely provides a momentary rest-place for company desk and service records which had been delegated to an already over-burdened corporal and detail, since those precious chattels must ever accompany the wake of an army. At last the cross roads is reached. "Column right!" again, and we turn down the hot asphalt road toward the railroad and

waiting train, now in full view. Past the Hostess House, Post Office, "K. C." Hall and the Library Theater—all well remembered landmarks—we blaze a dusty trail. Another brief halt, while the units are reformed and final instructions are issued, permits a welcome breathing spell and a final survey of familiar surroundings. Here and there the civilian occupant of an escorting automobile seize the interval to bid the thousandth farewell.

The first objective—the station—is attained. Yes, there is the long line of coaches, calmly beckoning possession. Well, we're ready for them. A shrilly-yelled command and each unit is assigned its allotment of space, fifty men to the car. A hundred yards further up the track we move; up and inside. "Three men and packs to each pair of seats!" How dare they, when we expected nothing less than Pullman berths. How about our rifles, mister? Well, we consoled, the journey must be short, with no sleeping accommodations provided. Guards, did you say? And what for, in the name of Moses! D'you think anybody wants to miss this little joy-ride? Oh, just a precaution, you know. Well, let 'em guard away; I'm here for keeps. "All aboard?" To be sure—at least the coaches are plumb full. Let 'er go! Go where, ho? Oh, any old place away from here; it gets on my nerves. So the changing dialogue goes on. From nowhere a soldier's wife appears, eagerly searching each window for her corporal-husband. Ah, there he is! A box of fruit and supper—lucky dog! Yet—well, somebody's gotta fight wars, ain't they? Glad I'm working in single harness, though. Warningly, the screaming release of pent-up air tells of impending movement. We're off! Say, conductor, where does this here jitney stop? Sealed orders, hey? Funny business, don't you think?

Look! there's the water-tank and flag-pole; we're leaving them behind! Yes, but we're headed for the land where they wash in cham. Well, lead us to it, ho! What in thunder's wrong? Surely, they're going to take us through town? Why, I promised that kid I'd wave at her. But, no; we detour and pass it in the rear. She'll soon be looking for another uniform. What's that—just you dare say it again, you hatchet-faced pup! Guess you're jealous, huh? Well, don't worry about your beauty leaving any broken hearts!

(To Be Concluded Next Month)

"Where are you going?" asked the returned hero's mother, as he strode toward the door, a vicious look on his face.

"To find the man who sent me this letter suggesting that I take a course in physical culture," was the savage response as the door slammed.

# Liberalized War Risk Insurance—Continued

(Continued from Page 19)

manently bedridden, shall be deemed to be total permanent disability; provided further, that for double total permanent disability, the rate of compensation shall be \$200.

## PERMANENT PARTIAL DISABILITY

If and while the disability is rated as partial and permanent, the monthly compensation shall be a percentage of the compensation that would be payable for his total permanent disability equal to the degree of the reduction in earning capacity resulting from the disability, but no compensation shall be payable for a reduction in earning capacity rated at less than 10 per cent.

In addition if the disabled person is so helpless as to be in constant need of a nurse or attendant, such additional sum shall be paid, but not exceeding \$20 per month, as the director may deem reasonable.

In addition to the compensation above provided, the injured person shall be furnished by the United States such reasonable governmental medical, surgical and hospital service, and with such supplies including wheeled chairs, artificial limbs, trusses and similar appliances as the director may determine to be useful and reasonably necessary.

The compensation feature of the Sweet Bill is retroactive, to April 6, 1917, and all awards previously made will be immediately amended on that basis, i. e., a single man who was discharged December, 1918, during which time he has been receiving \$30, will receive a check very shortly covering the difference between \$30 per month and \$80 per month, or \$50 for the time he has been receiving a temporary total award. If he has been drawing a temporary partial or a permanent partial award he will receive the difference of what he should have drawn under the new Sweet Bill for the entire period. Every ex-service man who has been drawing compensation from the Bureau will very shortly receive a check covering this back compensation, and his future compensation will be in accordance with the aforementioned figures.

## INSURANCE BENEFITS

And now as to insurance under the Sweet Bill. The features under the original act to which chief objection was raised were the limitation of the permitted class, and the fact that converted insurance was not payable in a lump sum. Both of these phases have been taken care of by the Sweet Bill.

This bill provides that the Bureau of War Risk Insurance may make provisions in the contract for converted insurance for optional settlements to be selected by the insured, whereby such insurance may be

made payable either in one sum or in installments of thirty-six months or more. This means that you may, under converted insurance contracts now, say just how you desire your insurance paid to your beneficiary, whether in a lump sum, or thirty-six installments or more.

The permitted class of beneficiaries under the Sweet Bill also is enlarged to include, in addition to the persons enumerated, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, brothers-in-laws and sisters-in-law of the insured.

This section of the Sweet Bill broadens the scope of War Risk Insurance Act to a great extent. Under its provisions the permitted class of dependent beneficiaries is enlarged so as to include, not only fathers and mothers by adoption, but also persons who stood in loco parentis to a man at any time prior to his enlistment or induction into service, for the period of not less than one year prior to October 6, 1917.

It is also provided that if no person within the permitted class of beneficiaries survives the insured, then there shall be paid to the estate of the insured the monthly installments payable and applicable under the provisions of Article 4 of the War Risk Insurance Act.

While the permitted class under this legislation is amended to include as beneficiaries of government insurance, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, brothers-in-law, and sisters-in-law of the insured, it should, however, be borne in mind that all the insurance claims now being paid by the War Risk Insurance Bureau in the usual monthly installments, will continue up to and including the second calendar month after the passage of the Sweet Bill. After the third month, all insurance claims made upon the Bureau of War Risk Insurance will be revised wherever necessary to conform to the provisions of this section of the Sweet Bill.

Under the provisions of Section 14 of the Sweet Bill, where no one in the permitted class of beneficiaries survives the insured, the insurance will be paid to the estate of the insured in monthly installments.

## INSURANCE ACT.

One of the most liberal features of the entire bill is contained in Section 17, which states that the Bureau may make provisions in policies for converted insurance only, that the insured may elect that payment of the insurance be made to a beneficiary in a lump sum, or in thirty-six or more monthly installments, at his option.

When, however, the insured has not selected the manner of payment of the insurance to the beneficiary, the Bureau may provide for the payment of the insurance in thirty-six or more monthly installments, except when the beneficiary elects to receive payment of insurance in installments extending over a longer period of time

than thirty-six months. The beneficiary can elect to receive payment of the insurance in installments, extending over a longer period of time than thirty-six months, even though the insured has elected that payment be made to the beneficiary in a lump sum or in thirty-six or more monthly installments.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that the Bureau is doing everything possible to offer such advantageous insurance that no ex-service man can afford to be without it.

Do you ever stop to think that you might be unable to stand the physical examination necessary today to secure life insurance with a commercial company, and do you know that the contract of converted Government Insurance policies contains the following outstanding features?

**Incontestability clause.**

No limitation as to occupation, travel, residence or military service.

Permanent and total disability clause operating as a pension at any age, provided you become disabled as to be unable to follow any substantially gainful occupation—\$57.50 per month for life.

Proceeds of policy are exempt from all taxation. This means that if you were to receive \$10,000 from the government this money would be free from taxation.

The insurance premiums are payable monthly. This makes it a very desirable way indeed of paying your insurance and most liberal.

**Loans**—Converted policies have a loan value—94 per cent of cash value. This means you always can borrow money on your insurance.

No overhead expense—cost of administration borne by appropriation from Congress.

Your money pays for actual cost only.

**Resources**—You have the entire resources of the United States Government.

Let me add as my final statement that former service men may under a new ruling of the Bureau, announced by the Director, Cholmely-Jones, on January 29, 1920, reinstate their War Risk Insurance at any time before July 1, 1920.

Applicants will be reinstated regardless of how long their policies have elapsed or how long the former service men have been discharged, provided two monthly premiums accompany the application and the applicant is in as good health as he was when his policy was issued.

In announcing the new ruling, the Bureau issued the following statement:

"The new ruling is the most important liberalization of War Risk Insurance since the passage of the Sweet Bill, and is designed for the special benefit of service men who failed to reinstate their insurance prior to the new law and who have been discharged more than 18 months. Men who have been discharged less than 18 months may still reinstate their lapsed term insurance at any time within 18 months following the month of discharge by complying with the same conditions."



# Alumni Notes

William G. Brown, (Private 1st class, Co. B, 305th Engineers, 80th Div.) died suddenly Sept. 19, 1919. He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Roselle V. Brown, and two brothers, R. Garland and Edmond P. Brown, of Alexandria, Va. Mr. Brown returned from overseas June 11, 1919, after having previously been reported as killed in action. He was exceedingly popular among his friends and in Alexandria, Va., where he resided with his mother at 1602 King street.

Captain R. W. Perkins (Battery B, 313th Field Artillery) is now in the office of the Military Government of Santo Domingo.

To the anxious subscribers who are patiently waiting for the history of the 318th Inf., we will quote a letter recently received from the publishers which explains the delay:

"It really is a shame that the books have not been mailed out as yet. We received the entire edition from the bindery the latter part of January, and have been so badly crippled with the influenza epidemic this month, that we have been unable to get them mailed. We expect to mail every copy during the coming week.

THE WM. BYRD PRESS, Inc.  
Richmond, Va.

Boyd B. Stutler (314th Field Artillery) has just received an appointment to the position of printing and stationery clerk, to succeed Major John C. Bond, resigned, according to an announcement from the Secretary of State Houston G. Young, of Charleston. Mr. Stutler spent several years in the newspaper field, being editor and owner of the Grantsville News, published at Grantsville, of which city he is a former mayor, having been elected to the office at the age of 21 years.

History of Ambulance Co. 318, is now completed and ready for distribution. We are informed that it contains a roster of all members, and covers the movements of the company from the time it was organized in Oglethorpe, Georgia, until it was disbanded at Camp Dix, N. J. The price is a dollar forty (\$1.40) and copies can be secured from G. V. Chambers, 2441 Montrose street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Chas. Adler (Bat. C, 313th F. A.) requests us to announce that his address is 15 Broadway, Haverstraw, N. Y., and not 15 Broadway, New York City.

Roger A. Kline (formerly with Personnel Section 318th Inf.) is conducting several stores at Vancluse, Va., and in addition finds time to look after the postoffice and the railroad.



Buddies never forget. The above photograph of Milton F. Wentworth, who died February 13, 1920, at Sparrows Point, was sent to SERVICE by his former pal and buddy, Julius V. Pote, who says in part: "He was a true blue pal and comrade, a friend of whom any soldier could well feel proud. Kindly publish his photo in SERVICE and send the bill to me."

SERVICE has no bill to send for such announcements, it is the aim of the magazine to pay whatever tribute is within its power to our comrades who have answered the last retreat.

For meritorious services and extraordinary gallantry in action, the Brigade Commander desires to cite officially the following named officers and men of his command:

Private David Preece, Medical Detachment, 319th Infantry.

Private Edward H. Reese, Medical Detachment, 319th Infantry.

On October 8th, 1918, the above named Private David Preece, Medical Detachment, 319th Inf., attached to Co. I, 319th Inf., for duty, near Nantillois, France, under extremely heavy shell fire, did voluntarily leave his post and assist the Medical Department men assigned to Co. K, 319th Inf. in the care and evacuation of wounded, remaining for several hours exposed to terrific shellfire. The conduct of this man during the whole period from Sept. 26th, 1918 to Oct. 10th, 1918, while in the line was of extraordinary courage and faithfulness to duty.

By command of

BRIGADIER GEN. BRETT.

Wm. C. Vandewater,  
Captain Infantry, Adjutant.

On Oct. 8th, 1918, Private Edward H. Reese, Medical Dept. 319th Inf. (killed in action Oct. 10th, 1918), attached to Co. I, 319th Inf. for duty near Nantillois, France,

did under extremely heavy fire, voluntarily leave his post and assist the medical department men assigned to Co. K, 319th Inf. in the care and evacuation of their wounded, remaining for several hours exposed to terrific shellfire. The conduct of this man during the whole period from Sept. 26, 1918, to Oct. 10th, 1918, while in the lines, was of extraordinary courage and faithfulness to duty.

By command of

BRIGADIER GEN. BRETT,

Wm. C. Vandewater,  
Captain Infantry, Adjutant.

Corp. Malachi P. Tiernan, of Oakland, known throughout that district as "Perce," who was a member of Company K, Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry, has received a letter from Capt. Thomas W. Hooper, of Culpepper, Va., to which was attached a citation order of the One Hundred and Sixtieth Brigade, which Col. Lloyd M. Brett commanded.

Corp. Tiernan was a company runner. With Private George W. Paugh, another runner, he was assigned to take a message to another company in the line of action. Starting on the mission the boys encountered 10 Germans.

Tiernan fell on his stomach, drew his gun and started to fire into the bushes. One of the Jerries could speak English, and he immediately shouted. "Don't shoot, Kamerad!" The Germans were marched back to his company headquarters and Tiernan then went out and delivered the message. He believes his pal was killed later.

Corp. Tiernan's brother, James L. Tiernan, was a member of Company L, of the same regiment.

Capt. Hoover sent this note with the citation:

The enclosed citation has just come into my hands. You were recommended for it a long time ago. I congratulate you and thank you again for your splendid service."

Private Paugh also was cited by Col. Brett. Capt. Hooper, not knowing the whereabouts of Paugh's family, sent his citation to Tiernan with the wish that an attempt be made to locate the family. This will be done.

Tiernan's citation reads as follows:

"General Orders No. 4.

"For meritorious services and extraordinary gallantry in action, the Brigade Commander desires to cite officially the following named officers and men of his command:

"Corp. Malachi P. Tiernan, Company K, Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry.

"While in action as runner and carrying a message, he, with another runner, cap-

(Continued on Next Page)

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## Alumni Notes—Continued

(Continued from Preceding Page)

tured to prisoners and reported them to the Company.

"By command of  
"BRIG. GEN. BRETT."

The first reunion and banquet of officers and men of Co. I, 320th Infantry, will take place at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Saturday evening, March 27th, at 8:30 o'clock.

Only the men whose names appeared on the Company roster at the time the division was mustered out of service were mailed invitations, but it is the desire of the committee in charge to have every man who was ever a member of I Co. present, whether transferred to some other outfit or wounded and returned home a casual.

As this announcement goes to press it is a little too early to give all the details, this much is certain, however, that there will be nothing on the menu that will even suggest the slum handed out by those hash artists of the A. E. F. It is even rumored that beef has been tabooed for fear it might be Bully.

Never mind your pack; all you have to carry is that old time appetite. The Fort Pitt Hotel will furnish the entrenching tools, so come prepared to dig into a big feed. A lot of after dinner speaking and yarns about "Over There" does not naturally mean that you need your gas mask for at the most it will not amount to more than hot air.

As our objective might not be reached until the wee sma hours, all out-of-town men desiring to stay over should at once communicate with General Chairman Calvin Bolton, 339 Collins avenue, so that proper arrangements can be made, as should all others not having received an invitation. Anyone who can provide sleeping accommodations for a former Buddie should either notify S. Bolton or anyone of the general committee, George Smith, Clyde Beistel, G. W. Murray, I. K. Feather, of Jack Sugden.

Let us make that old saying, "Let's Go I Company," a reality by going over the top with 100 per cent attendance at the zero hour, March 27th, 8:30 P. M.

ATTENTION:—Do not forget April 10th, at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Request for Information—Wanted, the address of Major Gillespie, formerly of the 80th Div., also address of any of the nurses who were in Base Hospital No. 49 at Laignes, Dept. Cote d'Or, or any person who can give information about Private McCluskey, who died at this hospital Dec. 25th, 1918. The information is desired by his father, Henry McCluskey, Box 46, Morgan, Pa. Any information will be appreciated at the above address.

If you have lost a buddies address, and you would like to drop him a few words of greeting, and say how dee do occasionally, just ask "Service," and if he can be located we will furnish the address.

Clarence W. Merrell, formerly First Lieut. 318th Infantry, assigned to Company "G," is now located at 935 Grove avenue, Irvington, N. J. It will be recalled that Lieut. Merrell was seriously wounded by shrapnel in the Aveluy Woods, Picardy Sector, while the 80th Division was brigaded with the British army, in August, 1918.

Henry F. Cabell, of "Stoneleigh Court," Washington, D. C., former 1st Lieut. 318th Infantry, and commanding officer of Company "G," who was transferred to the Army of Occupation, in Luxembourg, several months before the Division returned to the States, came back almost identical with his old outfit but with the rank of Captain.

The meanest man in the Eightieth has just been found. He did not tell his friends how good Service Magazine is.

Due to the fact that thousands had to be turned away at the recent showing of the U. S. Signal Corps Official Moving Pictures of the 80th Division's part in the world war, Service Magazine has again arranged with the Pennsylvania Auxiliary of the 80th Division Veterans' association, for a return engagement of this wonderful film, at Carnegie Music Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., the evening of Thursday, April 8.

This showing followed by the reception and bazaar, to be held Saturday afternoon and evening, April 10th, at Motor Square Garden. Thousands of our own Eightieth Division Veterans and their friends were unable to get in to see the last showing of the film. The public sale will, no doubt, be large for this return showing. Watch for date of opening of advance sale of seats to be held at Mellor's music store box office, Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa., as positively no seats will be sold from Division Headquarters.

At a dinner held recently in the East another Eightieth Division organization was formed, to be known as the "New York Association of Officers of the Eightieth Division. Major Shelton Pitney (313 F. F.) was elected President, and Capt. C. C. Agate (305 Am. Train), Secretary. Capt. Wm. G. Thomas (Artillery) was elected with these two to the dinner committee. Short speeches, anecdotes, tales of France, conquests of the Boulevards and the Riviera, together with considerable music and

(Continued on Next Page)





## TAPS

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

### RAYMOND HAL FULTON

Aged 25 years.  
821 Fairdale Street.

Died Monday, February 9, 1920, at the Allegheny General Hospital. He served overseas as a member of Company M, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Blue Ridge Division.

### BROWN, WM. G.,

Private 1st Class, Co. 3, 305th Engineers.

Died September 19, 1919. He resided with his mother at Alexandria, Va.

### DRISCOLL, CHRISTOPHER A.

Private Co. H, 320th Inf.

353 Grove St., McKees Rocks, Pa. Died at Debarkation Hospital No. 3, New York.

### FISH, PAUL

Formerly with I Company, 319th Inf. Funeral services were held at the family home, Creighton, Pa.

### GAFFRON, CARL J.

Formerly of M. G. Company 319th Infantry.

Funeral services were held at the family home Wesley Ave., McKeesport, Pa., Friday, February 20th.

### HUDDLESTON, FRANCIS M.

Private Co. F, 317th Inf.

R. F. D. No. 1, Goodview, Va. From Tuberculosis contracted while serving Overseas.

### NIES, NORWOOD H.

Corporal, Headquarters Co. 320th Infantry.

802 Gearing Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. From effects of gas received in action Overthere.

### RESE, STERLING W.

Co. H 320th Inf.

17 South Harrison Ave., Bellevue, Pa.

SHEPPARD, LIEUT. EUSTACE MORROW  
319th Infantry.

WENTWORTH, CORPORAL MILTON F.

Co. F 305th Motor Supply Train Who resided at Coudersport, Pa. Died February 13, 1920, at Sparrows Point.

### POWERS, CARL V.

Colburn, Va.

Formerly Co. B 317th Infantry.

Died December, 1919

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.

good fellowship, were enjoyed. Another get together and dinner will be held about the middle of May, at which time from 50 to 75 are expected to be present. Among those in attendance were Major H. A. C. De Rubio, Major Leland B. Garretson, Capt. John Kean, Capt. Paul B. Barringer, Jr., Lt. James R. W. Stanton, Lt. Douglas A. McBurney, Lt. Russell M. Page, Lt. Robt. S. Casler, Lt. Herbert S. Burling, Lt. Paul P. Crosbie, Lt. Stuart C. Adams, Capt. H. L. Maynard, Jr., Lt. David A. Barry, Jr., Capt. Francis T. Tweddell, Lt. Robt. P. Luchars, Lt. Geo. B. Cordes, Capt. Eugene L. Scudder, Lt. Thompson, M. Barker, Capt. A. M. La Porte, Lt. Henry Holloway, Major John D. Harrison, Capt. C. C. Verneule, Jr., Major Guy T. Viskniskki, Major Chas. M. Jones of Philadelphia, and Lt. Robt. Klie, of Columbus, Ohio. Service Magazine was read and appreciated by all present.

First Lt. Frank Scholle, Jr., formerly of the 318th Inf., is now at the Red Cross Institute for the Bland, Baltimore, Md., and would be pleased to have his friends call upon or write to him.

Wanted—A copy of the picture taken of the 319th Inf. in the shape of the division insignia shield. The picture is desired for the files and records of 80th Div. Headquarters.

Wanted—Brave man, one who is not afraid to get married, to participate in wedding at Motor Square Garden, Saturday, April 10th. Prizes and other inducements will be offered. Come on now, James, speak to her. And say, girls, don't forget it's Leap Year!

Millard F. Ulrich, formerly 1st Lieut. Company G, 318th Infantry, who was transferred to the American Evacuation Centre at Le Mans about the time the Division was leaving that area for Brest, returned to the United States recently wearing a captain's bars.

Sgt. Arthur L. Quicke, of Petersburg, Va., who was severely wounded by shell fire at Nantillois on the morning of October 4, 1918, has recently been discharged from the service, after more than a year in various hospitals in this country and France. Mr. Quicke is associated with the British-American Tobacco Co. in civilian life, but is known to his old comrades as a member of Company G, 318th Infantry.

Former Mess-Sgt. Samuel B. Clarke, of Company G, 318th Infantry, is now located at 413 Thirteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C., where he represents the International Correspondence Schools, of Scranton, Pa.

Cecil Holston, former Supply Sgt. of Company G, 318th Infantry, is now located

at Buckroe Beach, Va., where he is a partner in the firm of Holston, Lewis, & Gordon, Inc., packers and shippers of fresh fish.

Hugh E. Clougherty, before discharge a Corporal in Company G and F, respectively, 318th Infantry, whose home address is Strasburg, Va., is now back at his former position as station agent for the Southern Railway, at New Market, Va.

Captain Harry Wilson, who came to the 80th Division from the Fifth Division, while the former was stationed in the Le Mans Area, and was assigned as commanding officer of Company G, 318th Infantry, is again in the service, this time as an enlisted man. His present address is Sgt. 1st cal. Harry Wilson, 1616 South Fifth St., Terre Haute, Ind., where he is engaged in recruiting service.

Fitzhigh L. Conway, formerly 1st Sgt. Company G, 318th Infantry, who was commissioned a 2nd Lieut. of Infantry at the Army Candidates' School, Langres, France, is now located at 43 West Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

General Farnsworth, who was formerly Brigadier General of the 159th Brigade, 80th Div., and who was promoted to General Commanding the Thirty-seventh Div., is now residing at Steubenville, Ohio.

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crossing the Hindenberg line, cap-  
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liquid fire, gas attacks, air battles  
with the Bosh, the big guns shelling  
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unless you were there yourself. You  
will see the Doughboys taking  
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nery, Sommerance, Immeccourt, St.  
Meheil, Chateau-Thierry, Exermont,  
with many scents in Picardy. Many  
of the camera-men paid the su-  
preme price to get these negatives.

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## Red Chevron Echoes

By "TIN DERBY"

**A**N advertisement of the "Winton Six"  
automobiles in the January number  
of the "Red Book" features a testi-  
monial from General Adelbert Cronkhite,  
wherein he tells of his "Winton Six" limou-  
sine traversing 15,000 miles without a mo-  
ment's delay. And we who followed him  
on foot can corroborate the statement, for  
it rarely faltered.

And now we are warned by men of  
science that the cootie is a serious menace  
to health. If they had ever come in inti-  
mate contact with a battalion of the little  
varmints, we feel their belated advice would  
include a few words anent their devastating  
influence upon a doughboy's peace of mind!

The "Philadelphia Inquirer" tells us that  
the El Paso (Texas) Post of the American  
Legion has appropriated \$25 to be wagered  
on Carpentier in his coming fight with Jack  
Dempsey. "Evidently the Post thinks it  
safer to place its money on a fighter it  
knows." And yet, there are those who  
vociferously insist that "l' guerre est fini"!

The recent Allied call upon Holland for  
our old acquaintance, the Kaiser, recalls  
poignant memories among those who prom-  
ised to bring him back home as a souvenir.  
We wonder whether his peace-time extra-  
dition will be effected with more ease than  
our own attempts to round him up?

A recent press dispatch from Paris tells  
us of a concerted move on foot in the land  
of vin blanc to Americanize all French  
inns. And all this time we had been per-  
fectly confident that no resort in all the  
length and breadth of the A. E. F. had es-  
caped our civilizing (?) influence!

One of the recent Congressional investi-  
gations aimed at the distribution of war  
honors disclosed some interesting informa-  
tion. Among the number of D. S. M.'s  
awarded, it seems that but three of all the  
hundreds went to enlisted men, while chap-  
lains came out of the fray with thirty-three  
and civilians even better, having thirty-four  
to their credit. It would seem from the fig-  
ures revealed that our erstwhile terror, the  
colonel, was remembered most generously  
of all.

The American Legion has been requested  
through its several departments to assume  
responsibility for distribution to every man  
and woman who saw service in France a  
booklet issued by the French Government.

(Continued on Next Page)

Back to

# "Home Sweet Home"

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# "Home-Sweet Home" Outfit!

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**INVESTMENT BONDS**  
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Advertisements.

Headquarters of the various branches are preparing these lists and are desirous to hear from all who served on French soil during the war. Strangely enough, the dispatch failed to state whether "parlez-vous Francaise" or good old United States is going to be employed in the booklet's text. Can it be another "Souvenir de France"!

Sir Harry Lauder  
To the Eightieth

(Continued from Page 5)  
exertions by private citizens mightn't be necessary—it may be that many an American can take a big lesson from Sir Harry.

At any rate, he hasn't forgotten there was a war; he hasn't forgotten what the war was about; he hasn't forgotten that duty to the wounded and needy didn't cease when the fighting did, and above all he hasn't lost, as pretty much the rest of the world seems to have lost, the high purpose, the unselfish ambition, which during part of the war seemed to have possessed such a great proportion of the Allied Peoples.

Don't Raise Your Boy To Be  
a Brigadier.

(Continued from Page 18)  
extended at the personal request of Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, so that he served more than six years there on administrative and executive duty of the greatest importance.

Served on the Mexican Border in 1916 in command of a Cavalry Brigade.

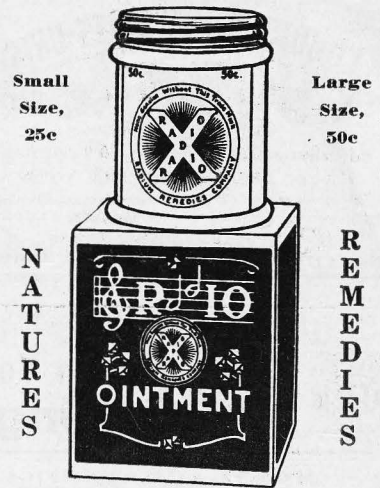
Appointed Brigadier General, National Army, August 5, 1917, and assigned to the 80th Division at Camp Lee, Virginia.

He organized the 160th Infantry Brigade and commanded it during the entire life of the unit. He was repeatedly recommended for promotion to the grade of Major General before the departure of the Division for overseas and while serving in the A. E. F. Such a recommendation was made on four different occasions by Lt. Gen. Liggets, Army Commander. Among the distinguished officers to so recommend are Maj. Gen. Dickman, Corps Commander; Maj. Gen. Head, Corps Commander and Maj. Gen. Cronkhite, Division Commander.

In January, 1919, he was recommended for promotion to the grade of Brigadier General in the permanent establishment by Major General Sturgis, Division Commander; Major General Wright, Corps Commander, and Lt. Gen. Liggett, Commanding First Army, and in the following month he was recommended by General Pershing, Commanding the A. E. F., for promotion to the grade of Brigadier General of the Regular Army before retirement as a recognition for splendid services rendered in France in actual command of troops. This recom-

(Continued on Next Page)

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mentation was later repeated by General Pershing.

Colonel Brett was cited in Field Orders by the Corps Commander on November 2, 1918, during the most successful stage of the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne, in which his Brigade played a conspicuous part. He was cited in orders by his Division Commander.

Awarded the Distinguished Service Medal—the citation reading: "He commanded the 160th Infantry Brigade with particular efficiency in the markedly successful operations resulting in the occupation of the Dannevoix Sector in October 1918. In the activities near Imecourt and Buzancy. In November, his Brigade broke the enemy's resistance, due to his masterful ability and brilliant leadership these operations proved a crowning success."

Foreign decorations: France, Officer of the Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre with Palm. The citation from the French government reads: "Commanding the 160th Brigade, made his brigade a choice unit through which he broke the strong resistance of the enemy in October and November, 1918."

He holds the medal of Honor of the United States: the citation reading: "For most distinguished gallantry in action against hostile Sioux Indians near O'Fallon's Creek, Montana, April 1, 1880, by fearless exposure and dashing bravery, cutting off the Indians Pony herd and greatly crippling the hostiles while 2nd Lient., 2nd Cavalry."

### TRYING TO FORGET

(By G. W. E.)

*They tell us that the war is o'er,  
Of it they're tired, sick and sore  
And never want to hear it more.  
They're sick of war-time giving:  
They say away with war-time stuff  
Dry up you boys, we've had enough  
Forget, "Let's go," and "treat 'em  
rough  
And dig in for your living.*

*Some folks who used to wave the  
flag  
And pose around, and boast and brag  
Seem now to want to place a gag  
Upon things patriotic.  
They're clipping coupons every day  
On money that they gave away  
To help your Uncle win the fray  
And turn the winning trick.*

*I'm glad for being overthere  
Where men could learn to give and  
bear,  
Full measure of a patriotic share,  
Without some selfish reason.  
I'm glad the future men to be  
Can look upon the likes of me  
With no thought of antipathy  
That I am out of season.*



### 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.

Headquarters are at Washington. The monthly magazine, The Red Diamond, is making a hit with thousands of subscribers. It's truly keeping liaison with fighting days.

One dollar for the magazine for a year.

Two dollars for a membership for a year.

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Patronize, When Possible, Those  
Who Cater to You,  
AND MENTION SERVICE



## First and Last—Brest

(Continued from Page 13)

creatures, the objects of their lord's displeasure, used to languish, dungeons with walls impenetrable to any light from without or any cry from within; and finally, as a kind of climax of horrors, he shows you the trap or well where the bodies of wretched victims were shot down into the bay and thence swept out to sea. It is only a place of curiosity now, but once the scene of fiendish cruelty when "man's inhumanity to man made countless thousands mourn."

But on first landing there was little or no time to notice these things. A three mile hike had to be made. It sounds insignificant enough but one of the things memory yields up without effort is that same hike under heavy packs for that brief but agonizing stretch. After all miles are a poor gauge of distance. The Indians were more sensible in measuring it by so many hours or so many suns. By the foot-rule, as we have said, it was only three miles but it was uphill all the way with about six suns blazing in the sky at once. But one was sustained by the relieving thought that it was to a Rest Camp they were headed. However, the two strenuous days spent there moved one to inquire "What's in a name?"

Pontanezen Barracks, as the place was called, had its own interesting tradition. Although most of the troops lived in tents pitched on the surrounding hills, the barracks proper were within high thick walls. Originally a convent where quiet nuns pursued their undisturbed devotions, during the Napoleonic wars it was taken over by Bonaparte for the quartering of his men. Entering its gates was like blotting out the last hundred years of history. One whose mind was full of what once had been, found no difficulty in peopling the place with the soldiery of another day, nor would he have been greatly surprised to have seen, suddenly rounding the corner, the "little Corporal" himself, who for the sake of a great name knocked half the world to pieces. At one point the walls still bear the marks of bullet-holes. It was the place of execution where many a poor man fell before the firing squad, a miserable victim to wars beyond a peasant's comprehension.

A year later when troops began to pour into Brest a second time, westward bound, it was a new and startlingly fine camp that greeted them. Grown now to amazing dimensions, it was capable of accomodating with ease eighty thousand soldiers, a vast tented city full of happy men.

We shall think of Brest not unkindly for she was the earliest to greet us, young adventurers eager for the fray, and the last to bid us adieu when war-weary but with our object accomplished we set our faces homeward.

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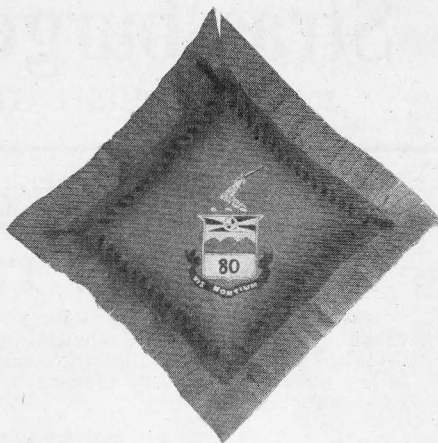
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These are extra fine Pillows, made of heavy felt, the official insignia is correctly patterned in three colors, blue, gray and red, and the entire design is sewed on a background of navy blue or "O. D."

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# **ATTENTION!**

## **“Week-End Passes”**

Will be granted to the personnel of this command, to attend the First Reception and Bazar of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, to be held in the Pittsburgh, Pa., Leave Area, Saturday afternoon and evening, April 10, 1920.

First class coaches will be furnished by all railroads running to the Area. You need not bring your heavy pack as accommodations will be furnished for all. Tell the “R. T. O.” you want a week-end ticket. Bring your dancing shoes and your Mademoiselle. However, there are beaucoup, tres-bien demoiselles at the Area, and you may dance yourself to death.

Among other attractions, you will see a War Exposition of Souvenirs, Exhibit of Official Signal Corps Pictures, Company Pictures, taken at Camp Lee and Overseas. Moving Pictures of “Smiles,” loaned expressly for this occasion by the Pittsburgh Post; movies of the picnic of the 80th Vets last year, Fortune Tellers, Military Wedding, (if some brave, battle scarred hero can be found), a Grand March, 80th Div. Band, Orchestra and many other divertissements too numerous to mention.

Come and spend the week-end with “Old Pals of the Army,” meet Generals Cronkhite, Brett and everybody. Ask the “C. O.” to give you a pass, and get started toute de suite. The 80th Div. War Pictures will be shown again on the 8th or 9th. Compre?

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