

THE

SERVICE

MAGAZINE

MAY 1920

20 CENTS



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By

S. O. S.

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Pictures of the Eightieth

THE 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.

SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
1	Jumping Off Place, 160th Brigade, Sept. 26th, 1918.....	.50	11	Armored Machine Gun Nest at Bethincourt50
2	Barbed Wire in Front of Dead Man's Hill50	12 (a)	Ravine Between Sommerance and St. Juvin.	
3	German Dugouts North of Bethincourt50	(b)	General View Ravine Aux Pierres and Woods to North.	
4	320th Inf. P. C. at Gercourt.....	.50	(c)	Close-up of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
5 (a)	Machine Gun Nests in Bois de		(d)	Close-up of Out Post "Fox Holes" in Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(b)	Dannevoux		(e)	Woods North of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(c)	Boche Observation Tower on Dannevoux Ridge.		(f)	Sommerance and the Country to the North.	
(d)	Boche Artillery Position Captured by 319th Infantry.		(g)	Ravine North of Sommerance.	
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7	Ruins and Desolation of Bethincourt50	7193	Napoleon's Headquarters at Camp Pontanzean	1.25
8 (a)	General View of Nantillois Battlefield, including Bois des Ogons and Hill 274.		7229	"The Mill" at Pontanzean, largest delousing plant in the world....	1.00
(b)	Close View of "Fox Holes" on Hill 274.		7250	General View of Harbor of Brest..	1.25
(c)	Close View of South Edge of Bois des Ogons.			Following were taken at Camp Lee:	
(d)	Open Ground Between Bois de Ogons and Woods to the North.		3823	West Virginia Day in Camp Lee..	1.00
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10 (a)	Nantillois-Cunel Road near Farm de Madelaine.				
(b)	South of Cunel near the Boche trench "de Mamelle"				
(c)	Cunel and Surrounding Country, including the Bois de Rappes.				
(d)	Brieulles-Cunel Road east of Cunel.				
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The Service Magazine

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MAY, 1920

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When You Read of May Day Plots, Recall Another May

There are two months that stand out far above the other ten for the bulk of the Eightieth men. One is September, with its memorable 26th, the other is May.

It was in May, 1918, that the division sailed, that it got its first glimpse of France. It was in May, 1919, that it sailed from France and landed on home soil. Somehow, it seems a long while ago to those Mays and to the year before, when war had been declared only a month. How long it must seem to the soldiers of the other nations to the May six years ago when war was said to be impossible!

And so, this month, SERVICE strives to present a recollection-stirring article or two of those days. In the months to come it expects to present, though not in straight narrative form, tales of the divisions's experiences during the same months two and three years ago. Watch for battle-maps of your old bailiwicks.

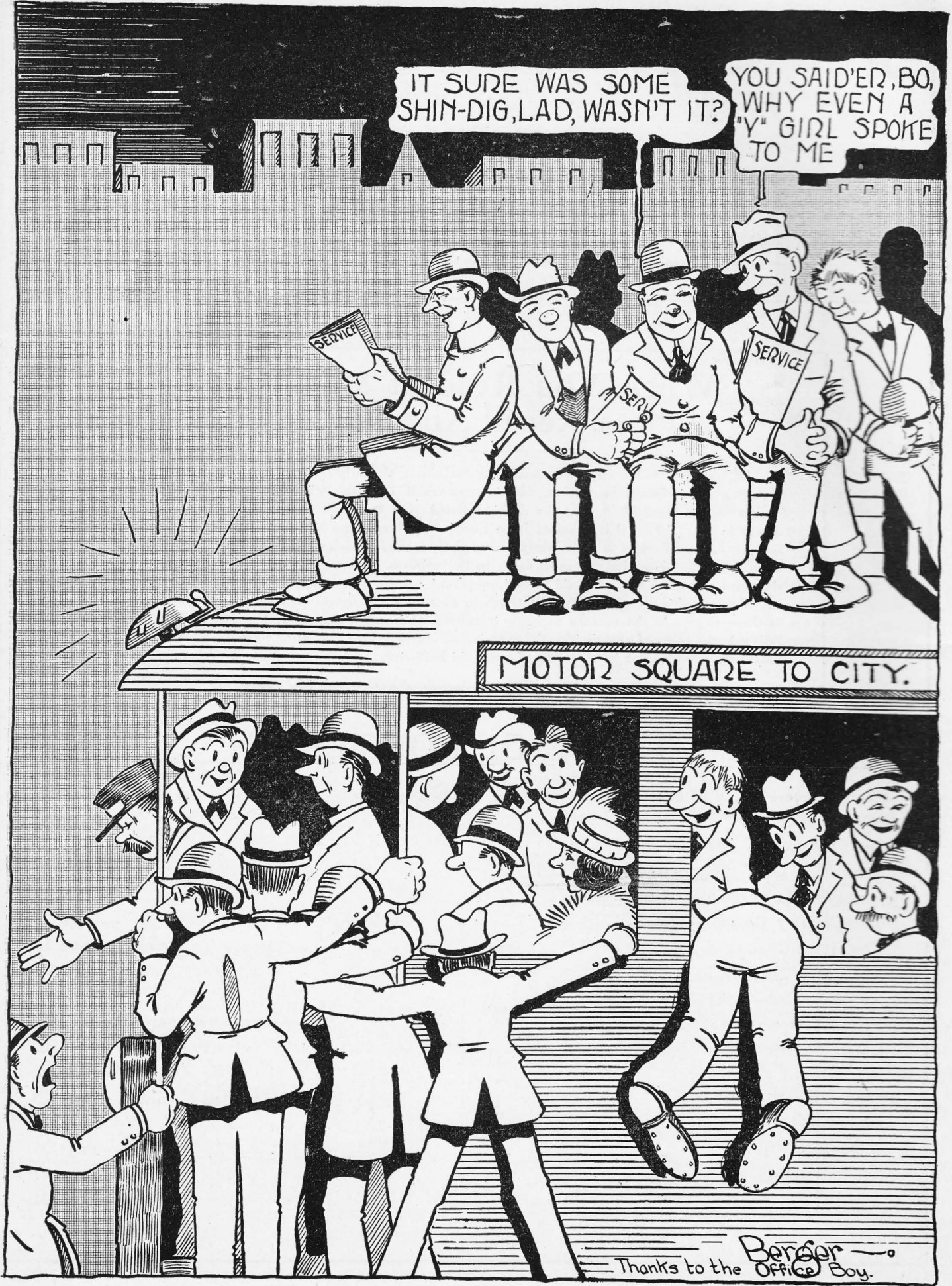
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THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

IT SURE WAS SOME SHIN-DIG, LAD, WASN'T IT?

YOU SAID'ER, BO, WHY EVEN A "Y" GIRL SPOKE TO ME



MOTOR SQUARE TO CITY.

Thanks to the Berger Office Boy.

"On To Richmond"

This Was the Cry From the North 55 Years Ago ---"Let Them Come," Answered Virginia, Then, and Now---for the Reunion

The success of the division reception in Motor Square Garden last month, by far the most pretentious affair of any veterans' organization in the Eightieth's territory, is not to be wasted. Already plans are being made to hold the annual reunion this year in late September or early October, this time in Virginia, with Richmond as headquarters.

The project was taken up by the association's executive council the day after the Pittsburgh celebration at the behest not only of the Virginians themselves but also at the request of Pennsylvanians and West Virginians who are anxious for a look at their old training ground and its environs, with the assurance that they will have opportunity at the same time to mingle with the friends they made in camp.

On the committee in charge of the reunion are R. Allen Ammons, of Richmond; Ribert T. Barton, of Winchester, and Richard P. Williams, Jr., of Alexandria, with more members yet to be named.

Detailed arrangements are being worked out now, with the assurance that Richmond is anxious to entertain the veterans of the organization, with their friends, and that Petersburg itself and even the somewhat subdued Hopewell are preparing even now to get out the mat with "Welcome" on it.

Some of the bucks who didn't get enough of barrack life are proposing that unused barracks at Camp Lee be utilized as free hotels for the visitors and that competitive drills be staged by representatives of the various units just to see who has become the rustiest in military affairs.

Others have suggested that the opportunity be grasped for erection and dedication of a marker of some sort on the camp grounds, so that in 1970 they may take their grandchildren out the concrete road from Petersburg and "behold with pride."

In fact, more suggestions have been made than are to be disposed of easily. That's why the committee is to be enlarged.

* * *

Another decision by the executive council was the direction that the division history be prepared without delay and that a committee be named at once for its compilation. Association members apparently favor a thoroughly complete history, attractively put together and printed, to one of a less desirable grade, and this preference will be kept in mind by the committee. The committee to be named will include

several officers and men whose homes or stations are near Washington, so that collection of data will be expedited. It is proposed to have the book illustrated with maps accurately marked and with photographs. A member of each unit will be named on the committee.

* * *

What's your opinion of organizing local P. C.'s? That is, do you think it worth while to organize in each town from which the Eightieth was drawn a post of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association? Or do you believe it sufficient to join a post of the American Legion or of the Veterans of Foreign Wars or both? Or would you suggest organizing Eightieth Division posts of either of these organizations? The subject was discussed by the executive council but no action taken. You're the one that should decide. Let's have your views.

* * *

As for the reception itself little remains to be said. As everybody who attended the celebration or saw the daily newspapers knows, Motor Square Garden was thronged. The occasion was deemed of sufficient importance by the papers to play it on page 1, with large heads and, better still, with photographs of General Brett and other visiting officers. The general left town next day after a pleasant evening spent chiefly with his former adjutant, ex-cook and a couple of bucks that blew along with the party. Both he and Father Wallace were swamped with old acquaintances at the reception.

* * *

The memorial service conducted by Father Wallace in the Cathedral showed the lads who came back had not forgotten the ones they left overseas. The cathedral was more than filled by a congregation that knew no creed as, with all the dignity and solemnity of the Catholic ritual, the serv-

ice was conducted. The division colors were used.

A week after the division landed it would have been difficult indeed to have had the men turn out. They were "through" with the army, etc., etc. It's much different now, and in a few years nine-tenths of them will turn out when there's a real occasion for it—and in uniform if it's requested. That's the chief value in holding together the organization at this time. It will be that much more valuable then.

* * *

The approach of Memorial Day has brought up for the first time since the welcome home celebrations of a year ago, the question of parading. The general attitude seems to be, "Well, I don't like it. I'm not strong for a hike, but since this isn't for myself, since it's for the fellows who didn't come back, I guess it's as little as I can do." And as a result the Eightieth apparently will be well represented in the Memorial Day processions in all the various towns. IT IS a Memorial Day for the Eightieth. Remember May 30, 1918 and 1919?

For the most part, Eightieth men will fall in with the posts of the Legion or the Veterans of Foreign Wars. They can have special places if they wish, however.

In Pittsburgh the general assembly place will be at Federal and Ohio streets, with the line of march over Federal street and out Fifth Avenue to Memorial Hall. It is probable that Admiral Sims will be the chief speaker, with other addresses by representatives of the various organizations. Pittsburgh is to celebrate Monday, although in some places Saturday will be observed, since Memorial Day falls on Sabbath.

Just remember, if you're debating whether to take part, that you owe at least that day to the fellows who weren't as fortunate as yourself. Wouldn't they have done it for you?

JUST THIS—AND THE BATTLE OF LIFE IS WON

1.
The rooms were full of lilacs! Petals of gold sunlight
Blown thru the casement by some impish breezes, lay
Upon the breakfast dishes. * * * Fondly she kissed him—
Full-spirited he crossed the threshold of the day.

2.
The rooms were full of goldenrod of lighted candles!
The eager cuckoo sang his six notes of delight.
The silver laid, she lingered by the door, and laughed
Too, as he bounded cross the threshold of the night.

MIRIAM GASSEL.

221 Tioga street, Johnstown, Pa.

He That Loseth His Life —

Memorial Day, New with Significance to America's Millions, Brings an Illustration of the Biblical Paradox— And Comfort to Saddened Hearts

By the Rev. Arthur H. Brown
Former Division Chaplain.

MONTHS ago the surviving members of the 80th were welcomed home as only a proud and happy people can welcome victorious soldiers. And now, with the approach of another Memorial Day, we give our last thought and our best to those of the Blue Ridge Division for whom there was no glad return. They were as eager as any of us to be found once more in the dear haunts of happier days, but on some scarred hill in France they had "a rendezvous with death," and needs must stay to keep it.

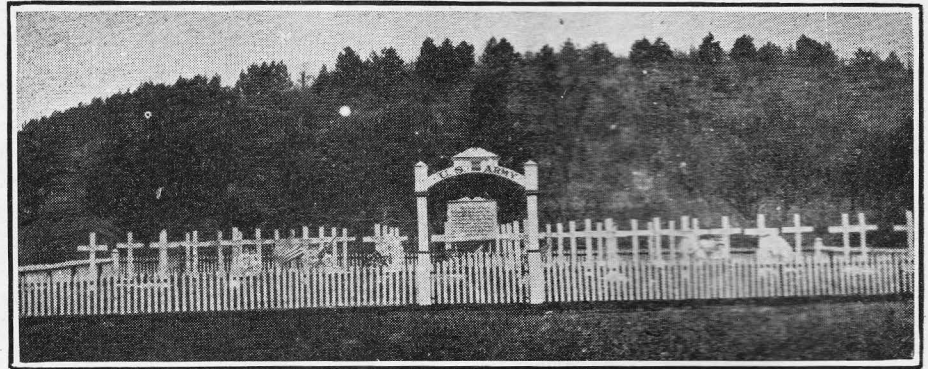
By no words of ours can we hope to honor these men. Their own deeds are their sufficient praise. But in commemorating them we benefit ourselves; in drinking from the wells of memory and admiration we gather strength to uphold the blazing torch which they passed to us with their dying hands.

We never can forget them, never forget the comradeship of many a long month through hardship and through common peril, a comradeship which started in the training camps in America and came to such an abrupt and most unkindly close on the battlefields of the Old World.

How shall we think of them, these brothers in arms who have fallen, and in what terms shall we express our thought? Swift comes the answer in language familiar but arresting: "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." So spoke One who beyond every other knew and made known the heart of God, the meaning of life and the secret holdings of the future.

In this great saying of Jesus the word "life" does double duty. There is, as we know, one kind of life that is dependent on a good digestion, a strong heart beat, and circumstances ample enough to meet the demands of both. Then there is another kind of life more intangible but not less real, made up of worthy thoughts, high affections and noble purposes. The distinction needs but to be stated to be understood.

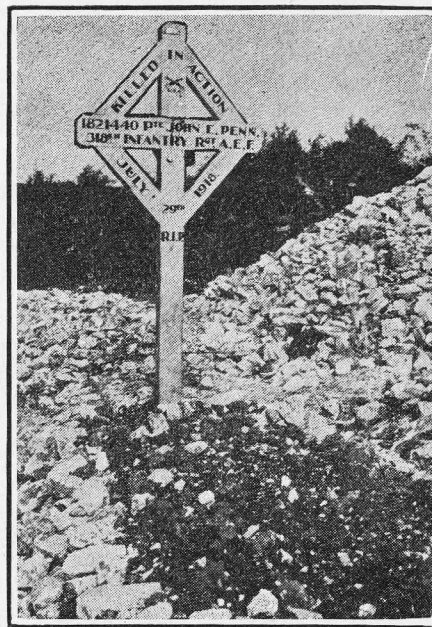
A wealthy lord who could judge a good dinner far better than he could judge a good mind, once called on Oliver Goldsmith. He was quite astonished at the poverty of Goldsmith's dwelling. "Why, Goldsmith lives in an attic," said he to his friends. His words were repeated to the poet by some breeder of ill-will. "Go, tell



The Blue Ridge Cemetery at Ancy-Le-Franc

that man," he indignantly replied, "that his soul lives in an attic."

These two kinds of life are not always antagonistic. Plenty of instances might be cited of their happy blending, of prosperous men most comfortably situated, whose success no one begrudges because it was not purchased at the price of their finer selves. But now and again do some of us come to the cross-roads where we must part company with one or the other; when "we must pay with our bodies for our souls' desire," or else, to reverse the fine phrase of Roosevelt, we must pay with our souls for our bodies' desire. Then it is that "he that findeth his life shall lose



One of the first Graves Near Arras

it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

In the experience of the soldier, especially in the experience of those whom we now commemorate, we have our best illustration of this paradoxical truth. On the very day that one of them went to camp he began to lose his life. He lost his employment through which comes self-expression. He lost the comforts of home and the friends and pleasures which go with it. He lost his independence, his self-initiative, and instead he had to follow the beck and call of someone else without a question. Then he was stored in the hold of a vessel more as you would treat baggage than a man. On the other side he was housed in old barns and thrown into the society of cattle. The process continued as he neared the front. His equipment was reduced to the barest necessity—one blanket and iron rations. The blanket too was sometimes dropped as an encumbrance, and in muddy holes, footsore, wet and miserable, he waited for the morning that seemed to linger in its coming, the morning which for him perhaps would mean the end of all things earthly. There had been going on all the time a loss of life, the deprivation of so much that makes existence pleasant, a loss made complete in many an instance by the coming of a bursting shell.

But in this account there were assets as well as liabilities for the man who held his honor higher than his ease. In losing his life, he was by the great law of compensation finding his life. It started when he joined the army. At once his horizon began to broaden. He was taken out of himself and compelled to think in terms of

He That Loseth His Life——Continued

the state, of the nation, of the world. He learned the lesson of team-work, saw in the army how the welfare of all must needs be the concern of each and the welfare of each the concern of all. His patriotism was heightened. Forced to fight for the principles he believed in, love of country naturally increased. Many an illusion dropped from him. The hypocrisies of life became evident, and at the same time the realities grew plain. Thoughtfulness, courage, patience took possession of his soul. In short, if you add both sides of the ledger and strike a balance, you will find that, by all odds, he is a bigger and a better man for the experience. In losing his life he found it.

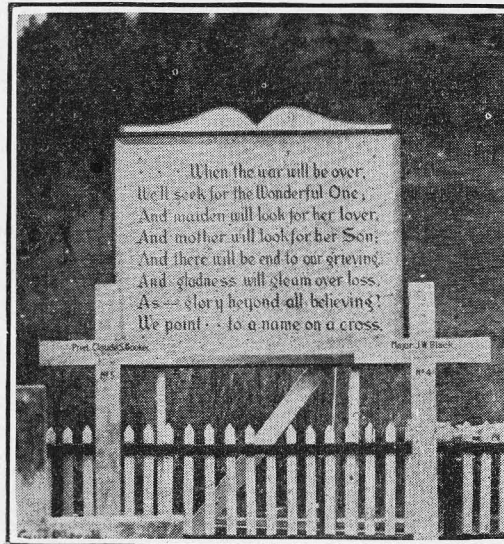
Coningsby Dawson wrote a book called "The Glory of the Trenches." One who has seen the bloody, muddy mess is tempted to smile at the strange phraseology. One saw anything but glory lying around. But it was there. It was all in the souls of men. Said a soldier, "The greatest moments of my moral life have just been lived." Many a man with death stalking abroad and all hell let loose, found his life in the deepest, truest sense.

But what of those who paid the price extreme? Have they found their life in losing it? I do not doubt it; for we that have seen men die, have caught through their torn and bleeding bodies the gleam of white souls and we have known that even in death they triumphed.

They say that soldiers almost without exception believe in immortality. I think that is true and can well understand it. It passes credulity when that fine-spirited comrade of yours, full of the joy of life and the appreciation of all things good and true, is struck down by some cruel engine of death—it passes all credulity that the bloody bit of mangled clay at your feet is all that remains of what, but a moment before, was an animated and inspiring presence at your side. Ah, no! It cannot be! "Virtue threads paths which end not with the grave.

No bar of endless night exiles the brave."

That is what makes the resurrection of Jesus so reasonable. Had it been Judas,



Officer and Private

we might seriously question it. But of Jesus, and of any man who shares in varying degree the Master's spirit, it is rightly said, "The grave cannot hold him."

But they were so young to die! They had not a fair chance at life in the sweeping range of its fine possibilities, cut down as they were in the vigor of early manhood, in the very May-morn of youth by the outrage of unnatural war! God forbid that it should ever happen again! But speaking from their side, I am not so sure that some of them at least did not live long lives. For how should we measure life, by quantity or by quality, by calendar or by character, by years spent or by work done? Edison insists that by all proper reckoning he is one hundred and twenty years of age, for by long hours and intense labor he has accomplished an amount of work equivalent to that.

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—

In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Yes, in point of years they did die young. But they lived intensely, though they lived not long; and who shall say that in emo-

tion in high thought, in aim, in achievement, some of them did not live out the full measure of their days?

By words like these we make no attempt to beguile from their grief those on whose service flag a star has flashed into gold. It were idle to attempt it. Their grief is great, quite beyond our poor imagining. But we want such to understand that never did we soldiers forget the heavy burden that was borne by those left on this side the dividing sea, those who lived during many a trying month in a state of anxious uncertainty until finally, in not a few cases, their worst forebodings came true.

"Ah, if beside the dead slumbered the pain!

Ah, if the hearts that bled slept with the slain!

But no, war will not have it so."

But be sure that shamefully brutal and indifferent as war itself is to all the finer feelings, yet there were those mixed up in it who really cared when men they had known and associated with dropped out.

At the front we could pay only the scanty tribute of a simple prayer, as we committed to the care of the great Mother of us all the mangled bodies of her sons. But under more peaceful circumstances it was different. I think of our little cemetery just outside the town of Ancey-le-Franc, where half a hundred of our American boys have made their bivouac. It is a beautiful spot on the slope of a hill where vineyard and blowing wheat-field speak only of life. There we would bear them flag-draped to their honorable rest, and taps lingeringly played would bring the earthly story to a close. Today at the end of each grave there stands, properly inscribed, a white cross, emblem of sacrifice and hope, and in the background we caused to be placed this sentiment from a poem of Robert Service:

"And then when the war will be over,
We'll seek for the Wonderful One;
And maiden will look for her lover,
And mother will look for her Son;
And there will be end to our grieving,
And gladness will gleam over loss,
As—glory beyond all believing!
We point—to a name on a cross."

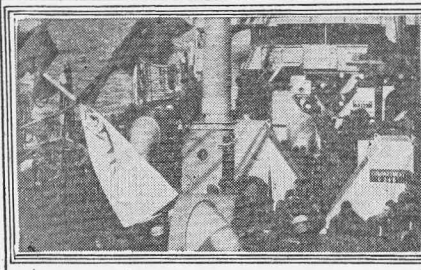
NIGHT BOMBING William C. Vandewater.

It isn't so much the sound of the bomb
Nor the terrible crash and blinding flash
Nor the splinters whizzing by;
It's that awful doubt when the Bosche is about
And his motors hum on high.

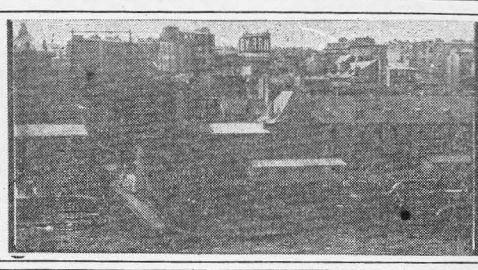
With the clouds so thin that the moon shines bright
And the roads stretch white as bone,
When there's never a spark in the billets dark
You may hear his engine drone,
You may hear them sigh, as they travel by,
With their constant endless moan.

When the searchlights catch them against the sky
And machine guns and Archies play,
Then as tho' alive, they turn and dive
Into the darkened way.
Then—a blinding flash, a terrible crash,
And billets dance and sway.

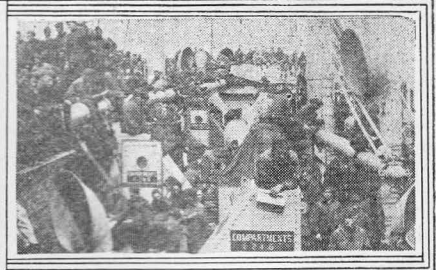
COMIN' AND GOIN'



HOMeward BOUND



BREST



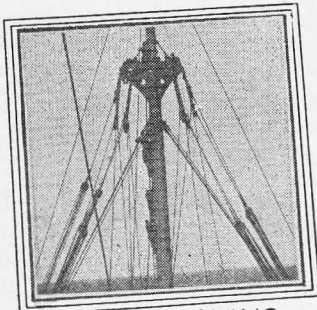
WATCHFUL WAITING



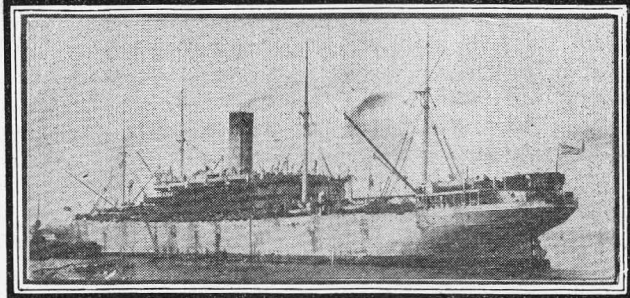
YOU MAY BE GONE FOR A LONG, LONG TIME, BUT WE WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU CITY POINT, VA.



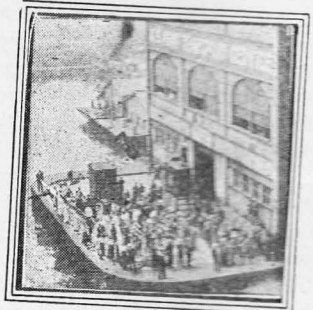
HOWDY DO, BILL-GEE, BUT YOU'RE LOOKING GREAT—HERE'S BABY, HASN'T SHE GROWN?—NEW YORK



LOOKING FOR "MISS LIBERTY" TWO DAYS OUT FROM FRANCE



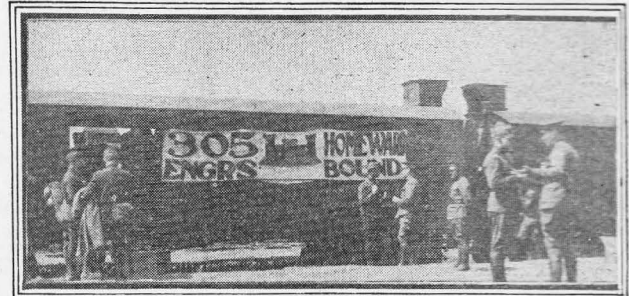
"OUR OBJECTIVE"—THE U.S.S. TROY IN THE HARBOR AT BREST.



"A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN" HOBOKEN PIER #4



NEARING THE END OF THAT LONG, LONG TRAIL — PIER #7 BREST



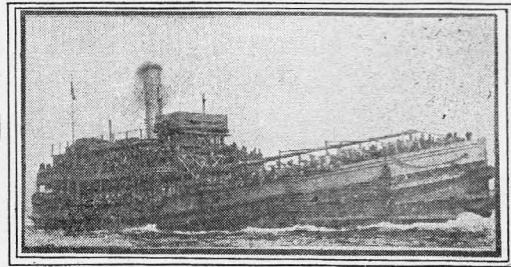
NO PULLMAN EVER LOOKED SO GOOD LE MANS



ARE WE DOWNHEARTED, BOYS? RED CHEVRON, DISCHARGE, AND ALL TRAINS RUNNING—WOW!



GENERAL PERSHING DECORATING OUR COLORS



WHAT,—SEASICK ALREADY? NO, ONLY A LITTLE DIZZY FERRY AT BREST

Pennsylvania in the World War

How Keystone State Is Recording the Deeds of All Its Sons in the War—Remember It Wants YOUR Story

By Dr. Albert E. McKinley

Secretary, Pennsylvania War History Commission.

AT LEAST three hundred and twenty-five thousand Pennsylvanians entered the military and naval forces of the United States and of the Allies during the World War. They were represented in every division of the Army and upon hundreds of vessels of the Navy; they entered hospital work, or engaged in the overseas activities of the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations. There was probably no form of combatant or relief work in which Pennsylvanians did not play an honorable part.

Behind the lines in the cities and towns, in the valleys and on the sides of our mountains, Pennsylvanians worked to support and equip those who went to the front. Without the output of our factories, the product of our mines and the service of our transportation systems the War could not have been won.

Pennsylvanians are justly proud of the heroic deeds performed by our fellow-citizens who entered the Army and Navy, and yet how few of us know the facts of this service, or the wonderful exertions, the

discouraging privations, the indomitable perseverance shown by our Pennsylvania men and women. Not one person in a thousand who was not actually in the A. E. F. would be able to trace on a map of England and France the location of our camps, the routes of our armies, or even the position of Pennsylvania troops in the fighting line. If the people of the State are to realize what their citizens accomplished on land and sea, they must have presented to them in clear historical form the principal actions and activities in which their State was represented.

In 1918 the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense and Committee of Public Safety appointed a volunteer body, known as the Pennsylvania War History Commission, to take steps toward the preservation and compilation of information relating to the State's participation in the World War. In 1919 the State Legislature provided for a Commission of Public Welfare, among the duties of which was that of collecting and compiling historical information relating to "the deeds, records and achievements of soldiers, sailors, marines and of citi-

zens and organizations of the Commonwealth active during the war with Germany and Austria." In pursuance of this statute the War History Commission has continued its work.

The Pennsylvania War History Commission, all the members of which, except the Secretary, give their services gratuitously, is composed of persons who have long been associated with historical activities in the Commonwealth. The officers are: Governor William C. Sproul, Chairman; General C. Bowman Dougherty, Vice-Chairman; Albert E. McKinley, Secretary; Dr. Thomas Lynch Montgomery, State Librarian, Curator. The other members are: Former Attorney General Hampton L. Carson; Dr. George P. Donehoo, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission; the Reverend Henry T. Drumgoole, Historian of the Catholic War Work Council; Dr. John W. Jordon, Librarian, Historical Society of Pennsylvania; Professor John Bach McMaster; Mr. John E. Potter, Treasurer, Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania; Colonel H. M. M. Richards,

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THE COUNTRY COUSIN

My cousin Alfred Williams, he
Ain't had advantages like me—
(My mamma says not to say "ain't"
Buhcause it gives my speech a taint).
My cousin Alfred—he don't know
A thing about th' latest show,
Nor any of the latest jokes,
Buhcause he isn't city folks!
But he knows lots of things to say—
One of 'em rattles on this way:

"What's your name?
Puddin' Tame!
Where you goin'?
Down the lane!"

An' one is where you hafta say:
"I saw a woolly worm today."
An' then he says, "I one it," then
You say, "I two it," then again
He says, "I three it"—an' you go
Right on ahead, till first you know
You say "I eight it!" Soon's you've spoke
You see that minute where's the joke!

He's got another, too. He'll say,
"I went down street the other day,"
And then your answer's, "Just like me!"
An' you keep sayin' that, you see,
To ever'thing he says, an' so
He keeps on tellin' where he'd go,
Until he says, real quiet like,
"I saw a donkey on the pike."
An' then the joke is, don't you see?
You've got to answer, "Just like me!"

My cousin Alfred Williams, he
Is all the time a-catchin' me
With jokes I never heard at all,
But papa says he can recall,
For papa, one time, where he grew
To be a boy was country, too!
But cousin Alfred's jokes is smart—
I'm goin' to learn them all by heart;
An' best of all the lot o' his
Is what I say that this one is:

"Where've you been?
In my skin—I'll jump out
An' you jump in!"

—JOHN J. MCGRENRA

The Home-Coming in 1865

Welcome Home Methods in 1865 Weren't Much Different From Those of 1919, Apparently—and the "Boys" Pretty Much Alike

By George T. Fleming

THE homecoming of the soldiers in the Civil War of 1861-65 was a continuous affair for many months. It began in the late summer of 1864 and continued until January, 1866. The reason is to be found in the varying dates of the expiration of the terms of service of the many organization.

The first volunteers were called by President Lincoln April 15, 1861; 75,000 asked for, 91,816 furnished, who were enlisted for a term of three months only. Naturally all these troops were not organized and mustered into the service of the United States on the same day. They were all in the field within two weeks after the call was issued and were all infantry organizations, of which Pennsylvania furnished 25 regiments, numbering 20,175, the state's quota, 12,500.

These men's service was over by the middle of August, and while they were in the field there had been two calls in Pennsylvania, a state and a presidential, and a period of feverish enlistment all over the North. The first call was by Governor Andrew G. Curtin in accordance with act of Assembly May 15, 1861, authorizing the enlistment for three years of 13 regiments of infantry, one of cavalry and one of artillery to be called the "Reserve Volunteer Corps of the Commonwealth." This is the language of the act. On the rosters of the army of the Potomac this body of troops was known simply as the "Pennsylvania Reserves," forming a division, first of three brigades, later two brigades by the withdrawal of some of the infantry regiments to other fields.

These 15 regiments were recruited, organized, armed, equipped and mustered into the service of the state during May, 1861, and into the service of the United States, July 22, 1861. They were reserves for two months only; henceforth active in all the field operations in the campaigns about Washington, and in Virginia. Their term of service was construed to have begun with their muster into the state service, and this brought the reserves home in the early summer of 1864, and consequent receptions and gala days all over the state for the return of what the people of the time were glad to call their boys.

In May, 1861, President Lincoln called for 500,000 volunteers, which call was approved by the acts of Congress of date July 22, 25 and August 6, 1861. Under this call 700,680 men were raised, of whom

657,868 enlisted for three years. These troops and those organized under the President's call of July 7, 1862, for 300,000 men for three years, formed the great majority of the home comers from July, 1864, to January, 1866. Many organizations "veteranized," that is a majority of the men re-enlisted for three years more. Those whose terms had expired were mustered out, and those re-enlisting came home along on their "veteran furlough" of 30 days. These re-enlistments began in the fall of 1864, and continued throughout the succeeding winter. The veteran organizations were kept up to the minimum quota by new recruits, by drafted men and their substitutes and by the transfer from other organizations of all men whose term of service did not expire with the original enlistments and who were too few in number to maintain their old organization, dropping below the minimum strength then permissible.

The troops' home returning in the fall and summer of 1864 were given full and appropriate welcome as they came from time to time and their receptions were in the main similar to those accorded their comrades who came back at the end of hostilities.

The breaking up of the vast armies in the field and the many organizations in garrisons, and those engaged in holding and keeping open lines of communication, required time and was accomplished slowly. General Lee, commander in chief of the Confederate armies, surrendered his main army at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. It was two months before any of the troops of Grant's army of the Potomac could be mustered out. As for the Confederates, they simply dispersed, many men tramping home hundreds of miles; singly, in groups and squads—some weeks on their home journey. The railroads of the South had been destroyed except those in the field operations kept open by armed forces for purely military purposes. The country felt the strain of the conflict and the then small nation in comparison with today was poor; an enormous debt had accrued. The railroads were poorly equipped with inadequate motive power and cars of all kinds. In consequence whole regiments were taken to and brought from the front in cattle cars, and the weather while it often made ice, cut none.

All of the army of the Potomac and Sherman's army marched to Washington.

The tedious delay that ensued was very trying to the rank and file, for, the fighting over, the men were more than anxious to get home. Many took French leave to their lasting regret. When the different organizations retaining their army discipline and arrangement by brigades and divisions reached their allotted camps about Washington, the men killed time while the laborious process of preparing and certifying the muster out rolls was in execution. Seven copies of the rolls were executed on the large blanks furnished by the government. This irksome task finished, farewell orders were issued and farewells said, and in many cases this was a pathetic scene, often several regiments had been brigaded together for the entire period of their service, and soldierly ties were strong and tender. The anomaly in words here is only a seeming one as any veteran can testify.

The Pennsylvania regiments detained about Washington were mostly mustered in their camps there, and then ordered to the most convenient Pennsylvania camp for final pay and disbandment. Of the camps about Pittsburgh that at Braddock, first known as Camp Copeland, later as Camp Reynolds, was the largest, and here many of the Pittsburgh organizations dispersed. This camp was at what is now Copeland Station on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Along in May the news of the day was interspersed with items telling of preparations of the individual organizations to leave Washington for home. These items fluctuated by announcements to contradictions winding up with the sure-enough statement that the boys were en route. There were also many items of receptions, parades, speeches, banquets and other ceremonies of a public character, attendant upon the local welcome of the "returning brave" as distinguished from the "unreturning brave" by the period orators of the times. "Old City Hall," in the Diamond, the hall in the second story of the market house nearer Wood street—a building demolished in 1915, was used as a place of rendezvous for all troops passing through Pittsburgh and was never closed, day or night, for over four years. To this hall, the men were marched in squads, companies, battalions and regiments as they arrived, so that it was, for months, an almost daily scene to see long lines of stacked arms on Market street, slung with the accompanying accoutrements and under proper guard while the boys were "sub-

The Home-Coming in 1865—Continued

sisted" in the hall. "Subsistence" was the newspaper term given the big feed furnished which never lessened or deteriorated. This was furnished by the Pittsburgh Subsistence Committee from donations from the patriotic people of the community. The bronze tablet on the present market house on this site attests the hundreds of thousands who were subsisted there. The same statements are painted on panels at the right and left of the stage in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Hall in Pittsburgh. The expense of this service was vast, but it was cheerfully raised and Pittsburgh has ever been proud of its subsistence committee, and the whole souled and generous manner in which its operations were maintained. Naturally the greatest period of its activity was while the Western troops were on their way home from Washington in 1865 for frequently several regiments were in bed at a time—skeleton regiments only, of several hundred men—for only those men whose terms had expired or were to expire were sent home immediately; the others were organized into provisional regiments and retained, for troops were kept at different points in the South for a year, an army on the Rio Grande, under General Phil. Sheridan, while the French occupied Mexico.

The reporters of the Pittsburgh newspapers were fully alive to the opportunities of the period of the home-coming, and faithfully chronicled the items the events

furnished. At first these ran to spreads; then gradually were given less space and finally came to mere mention—a line or two, for there developed monotony—even in the stories of the home-comings and the news stories ceased to vary. The same oratory fitted all the troops. One scarcely looked for humor in the daily accounts, but it sometimes developed—perhaps unconsciously. One statement has remained uncontroverted. In the return of our 155th Volunteers one fact was brought out clearly by a news gatherer; he said the regiment on its arrival paraded only surviving members.

There was the same consideration shown to and the same interest taken in the Western troops as in our local organizations. The Western troops were only "subsisted." There was no oratory, set banquets or parades. The men marched from the old frame shed at Liberty and Grant streets, then the passenger depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to the City Hall, and after their feed, to the Federal street station of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, now the Fort Wayne Route of the Pennsylvania system. The railroad bridge at Eleventh street was not completed, the Panhandle road not opened through and no trains crossed either the Allegheny or Monongahela Rivers.

Western regiments passed through Pittsburgh daily in June. The welcome to each was the same—subsistence and God speed

home. Many Confederate veterans passed through Pittsburgh en route to their homes in the Southwest, but few of these were field troops. They were mainly from Delaware Prison, Fort Lafayette, in New York Harbor. Of these only the sick were first sent home, and some of these were compelled to remain over here, being unable to proceed. They were sent to the hospital in the old Murray mansion on Second avenue, afterward the First Homeopathic Hospital. Afterward men with families were discharged and toward the end of the summer all prisoners. The transportation problem forbade wholesale discharges. These men, although they had been armed enemies, were accorded kindness and humane treatment here. This incident was related to the writer hereof at the Gettysburg reunion of the Blue and the Gray on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, in 1913. It was originally told years ago on the stump in Missouri by a former Confederate during a heated campaign in a plea for better feeling. He said:

"Coming home from the war in 1865, six dirty rebels landed in Pittsburgh. Some kind women met us at the train. They said, 'Come with us, soldiers.' We were amazed, but one of us found breath to exclaim, 'We are rebels.' 'That makes no difference,' replied the lady. 'You are men and you are tired and hungry.' We were marched to a large hall over the market and there sat down to the first square meal we had seen in many months. Tears came into our eyes and I for one had a new heart and a new feeling for anything Yankee. I said then and I say now, 'God bless Pittsburgh.'"

The days on which any of our local organizations were entertained were real gala days in Pittsburgh. One of the first to return was the 155th Regiment, which was made up of seven companies from Allegheny County, two from Clarion and one from Armstrong. The men reached Camp Reynolds on the night of June 5, 1865. The demonstration and public ceremonies in their honor were arranged by Mayor James Lowry, Jr. The ranks of this depleted organization had been increased during its last year by the transfer of the veterans and recruits of the 62d Regiment and the addition of many other recruits and numbers of conscripted men. These to the number of 360 were left behind at Arlington, Va., and 326 men reached Pittsburgh. Most infantry regiments then were ten company organizations; some 12. Our 102d Regiment had 12, but all cavalry regiments were of three battalions of four companies each.

The program as arranged for the 155th's reception was carried out on June 6. The regiment arrived in the city by special train. The 26th Michigan Infantry ar-

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"THE HOMECOMING"

I saw the joyous welcome given
Our boys just home from France.
It was a glorious vision
That in memory still enchants.
My wandering thoughts strayed over
seas
To see again the foe's attack,
And when t'was o'er rude crosses rise
To tell of boys who'll not come back.

I saw the sturdy columns swing
In rapid, rhythmic cadence by;
The welcoming cheers of greeting
heard,
That arose unto the sky.
My gaze rests firmly on each form,
On stony pave, their hobnails clack,
Entranced I sit until I think
Of some still there who'll not come
back.

Into each youthful face I gaze
And mark the earnest thoughtful
tone;
I said, "How joyed are we to call
These boyish heroes all our own."

I note how lithe and strong they are,
How each one lightly bears his pack,
And then I sigh, for well I know
That all, alas! have not come back.

A friend comes up his face aglow,
Our hands are twined in firmest
clasp;
I watch his features furtively
As mutually we break our grasp.
I know that far across the sea
His saddened thoughts must go—
alack!
They center on a little mound,
Where lies his boy who won't come
back.

L'Envoi.

"In Flanders' Fields the poppies blow,"
Our reverence must never slack:
On France's ravished soil there sleep
Our loving boys who've not come
back.

—GEORGE T. FLEMING

The Tales They Tell

Did You Ever Kid the General or the King of Montenegro? It Can Be Done the Captain Says, Under Certain Conditions.

By Ex-Captain B.

NOW that it's all over and one need worry no longer about lese majesty, the Articles of War, military courtesy, state secrets, the brig, courtmartial, or any of the other little pestifications of the life militaire, it is possible to relate a few incidents which, in the days we were "Always Moving Forward," it were wiser to speak of in select company only.

One of these tales goes back to the days before we had learned the precise meaning of the division's motto; to the time when "The Eightieth Division Always Moves Forward" was merely an inspiring slogan; to that historic period before one learned that, in truth, the division was ALWAYS moving—even if it were forward—and that the moving thereof ran true to the custom of May 1—that is, one moved himself and his "household" effects, though at the rate of 25 kilometres a day and for one-night stands only.

Do you recall how Maj. Kohler, the Army's physical expert, came to Camp Lee a short time before the division sailed—in May, 1918, just two years ago to be exact. And do you remember how the camp, on one of those days, was swept by a gale of cheering, a gale that swept from one end of the horseshoe to the other in something less than five minutes flat? Well, here's how it came about.

Lieutenant ——— was a young attache at a headquarters, and a very conscientious and hardworking attache at that. One morning as he toiled with the papers on his desk he was electrified by a code message which, even without his code book, he saw at a glance was the order to sail. To properly decipher it about two hours would be required, and as he was about to set himself to the task he received an unexpected order to take out on the drill field, for exercise by Major Kohler, a detachment of men who knew virtually nothing of infantry drill, having been assigned to clerical work. The Lieutenant hadn't thought of infantry drill since he had left training camp with his shiny bars and his commission. Rusty was no name for it.

He had little time to hesitate and, thrusting the code message into his pocket, in a few minutes was marching at the head of his platoon to the drill ground where Major Kohler on his sounding-board peacetal awaited him. In his panic, only one idea had suggested itself to the lieutenant and that was that he might possibly get

by if he took with him an I. D. R. and read the commands to his men.

As he strode along at the head of his column, marching in squad formation, he took a hurried glance at the little, blue-bound volume, the cause of so many tribulations to him and to others. Luck was with him. He had found the place where the oracle dealt with the command, "Take Distance." He read something like this, "Being in column of squads the first command is: 'Squads Right or Left as the case may be, 'March!'"

The Lieutenant took his cue. E'en though he had forgotten the words of the various commands his parade-ground manner and his drill-field voice stood by him in his perplexity. As he marked time, smartly, while his column passed, he roared: "Squads right or left as the case may be, March!" A "veteran" or two saved his life at this juncture by doing squads right in order to face the major, rather than present their backs to him.

As every infantryman knows, one "veteran" or two isn't enough to save the day when it comes to "Take Distance." Reading from his I. D. R., the lieutenant struggled with the commands, but the evolution flooied, it was a dud, a fizzer—in other words, it went blah.

The major was furious. The lieutenant sought to explain. The major told him a few. The lieutenant got fussed. The major continued and then the lieutenant spilled the beans.

All along he had been worrying lest that coded message fall from his pocket. Well he knew it was supposed to be confidential—absolutely secret. It had him all ker-cited. But he might as well have printed it in *The Bayonet*.

In his explanation to the major—when the major stopped long enough to let him explain—he sought to show that his shortcomings as a drillmaster were due exclusively to untrained troops and to the terrible weight of responsibility under which he was staggering—in fact, he told the major, right here in his pocket he had the orders for the outfit to sail. The cat was out of the bag, the beans were spilled, the stuff was off.

A buck private, one of the kind with abnormally long ears, was within hearing distance. You know the rest. In five minutes the camp was aflame with it. Roar after roar of cheers went up. It started at the drill ground and one way traversed

the engineers, the 159th Brigade, the trains, the artillery. The other way it galvanized the 160th Brigade, the machine gunners and even the depot brigade and the O. T. C. got a thrill and joined in the ruckus.

The noise grew so loud that General Cronkhite grew concerned. "Find out what that infernal noise is," he directed. "Sir," replied an aide, "the men say the order has been received for the division to go overseas."

"Stuff," answered the general. "How's it come I don't know anything about it?"

Further inquiry disclosed that the telegram had been received, who had received it, how it had become noised about, and the rest of the whole, sad story. Before Lieutenant ——— had returned from his drill-field Hades, the orders for his court-martial had been written, and promptly after dismissing his detachment he found himself confined to quarters while headquarters debated how to punish him. In the end, though, like many an offender of lesser rank, he escaped trial through the sailing of the division, and journeyed along, a much subdued young man.

Do you recall a little town called Staineville—it's the first turn to your left after you leave the train at Ligny-en-Barrois? Into Staineville one morning, an hour or so before dawn during the period when it was a crime to be seen outside a woods in daylight, marched one of the regiments. It wasn't until then that a mix-up in orders was discovered and the tired hikers learned that they were NOT booked for billets in Staineville, but were listed for another village, just 15 kilometres away. Regiment blamed division for the mess and cholera began to rise. You know how it is after a night's hiking without a Cam-u-el.

Then somebody discovered that Division Headquarters was in the town and the natural decision followed: That, if the regiment couldn't sleep for lack of billets, headquarters should stay awake for the same reason—that is, because the regiment—not headquarters—had not a single barn or haymow to its name. So the visitors began to sing. That is, they said they were singing. They did make a lot of noise.

It so happened that General Cronkhite was billeted on the second floor of a house just across the street. The singing annoyed him. He awoke. Up went his window.

The Tales They Tell—Continued

"Stop that noise," he shouted.

This was what the serenaders had joyfully anticipated, although they did not know the general himself was anywhere about. They were not trying to martyr him personally, had no knowledge he was near, but were out to "get" headquarters, which to them was a sort of glittering generality.

"Stop it!" repeated the general, beginning to feel the draft through his pajamas. It was a raw morning. A barber-shop chord, as only a group of doughboys can render it (render is the word), dissipated as its renderers hailed through the darkness this welcome victim.

"Who the blankety blank are you?" they inquired.

"I'm General Cronkhite," the voice answered through the dark.

A jeering howl went up from the street. A dozen voices shouted greetings, for every man in the street thought it the same old gag that every one adopted, in some degree, under cover of darkness. Above the chorus, one strident voice could be heard:

"Oh, is that you, Gen.? Well, if you're General Cronkhite, I'm General Pershing, so go on back to your ——— bed."

"Come on down, Gen.?" shouted another voice. "I'm Secretary Baker and I'd like to bum a cigaret."

The general took the last heckler at his word—whether or not he intended to supply the fag—and hastened downstairs, flashlight in hand. The darkness in the street outside was intense and not even the spark from a cigaret showed. The door opened and the flashlight sent a beam clear across the road. An alert young officer was on the job in an instant.

"Hey, you blankety-dash, triple asterisked, penultimate aunt of a dehydrated lollipop, put out that light! PUT OUT THAT LIGHT!! Sergeant, get that simp's name and DOUSE THAT DOUBLE-DASHED GLIM!"

The general threw up his hands in disgust, slammed the door and went back to bed, if not to sleep.

To the credit of the general, be it said, he enjoys telling these stories himself—NOW.

Once upon a time—all good stories begin that way and this is a good story about a very good officer of the Eightieth Division, NOT a second lieutenant. Once upon a time there foregathered in Paris five young men, to wit: (1), the officer mentioned above; (2), an American sergeant in the French army; (3), an American, a private in the French army; (4), a Canadian lieutenant, and (5), an American Second Looie. The grades ranged from private to little below colonel. It doesn't pay to be too definite. Most of them were of wealthy families, and, one way and another, were

well supplied so far as financial needs were concerned, which meant, of course, that they were also supplied with all Paris had to offer.

One evening as they sat in the cafe of a pretentious hotel they saw, over in one corner, a major general of the Montenegrin army. The Montenegrin army was not there; perhaps he had been assigned to special duty or had been denied a furlough. At any rate the equinet, knowing the King was staying at the hotel, conceived the idea of buying for the major general large quantities of licker and, when he had been surfeited, to persuade him to introduce the party to the king.

They went to work, being for the most part old hands at the game anyway, and so far as the major general was concerned, his table became a bun counter, the cafe a skate rink, the whole establishment a pickle factory. About midnight he reached the stage where his objections began to try his own tricks—in other words, they were dissipating. About 1 in the morning he reached the point where he would promise anything. And at 2, with six reefs in the lee binnacle and a bone in his teeth, he actually performed.

It was at this time that it occurred to some of the quintet that it might be wise to have some excuse—since there was no reason—for calling upon the king.

"Oh," remarked one of the party (it sounds like a second lieutenant, don't you think?) "any of these wops will fall for a pack of cigarets." That sounded reasonable to the rest, so they bought every package in the hotel, chiefly cheap ones. Their arms filled with the packages they started out to see the monarch. Other frills for their presentation occurred to them en route.

"Let's give him the salutes of the various nations we represent," suggested one.

"Let's kow-tow when we see him," was another bright scheme.

By this time, the major general leading the way, they had reached the door of the king's suite. With the grand manner he threw open the door, and the five, cigarets and all, marched in. There before them stood a figure, bemedalled and beuniformed, their very idea of what a king should be. His tunic of red, his trousers of blue, his gold lace by the yard or peck (depending on whether you use linear or dry measure) the very rows of decorations glistening and lying (you know what I mean) upon his heaving bosom, all, singly and collectively, bespoke royalty. The five intruders saluted, each after his own custom. The object of their attention never batted an eye.

"Now, then, fellows," whispered the life of the party, "kowtow."

All five, without the numbers and with-

out further command, executed the order "Kneel." Cigarets spilling from their arms, they bumped their heads upon the floor in what they supposed, or didn't care, was the Montenegrin style.

"O, King," began one of the five, as he bumped his head again. "O, King, we are the bearers of precious gifts. We, as representatives of our various countries, come bearing these tokens as evidences of the admiration, the respect, the love we, your allies in this vast struggle, hold for your highness. Pray accept these gifts as we humbly pay our homage before your royal feet."

The figure to whom all this was addressed at last came to life.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I thank you, but I am not the king; I am the king's attendant."

At this the five scrambled to their feet, dropping more of their precious gifts and demanding that the king be produced.

"No, gentlemen," replied the attendant, who was nothing if not diplomatic. "The king is asleep in the royal chamber. Cannot you return in the morning, when I know he would be glad to receive you?"

That, it appeared, wouldn't do at all. They wanted to see the king, that's what they'd come for and that's what they wanted to do. Had not they precious gifts for him as the evidence of the admiration, the respect, and—

Oh, yes, he admitted they had, but it just wasn't done at that hour, and so the curtain was rung down upon a scene in which five young gentlemen were being gently but firmly shoved out through the door of the king's ante chamber, into the gloomy and chilly hall.

If you were in the 319th Infantry you may remember Hogan, the big Irishman who drove one of the company's kitchens. The shells had been dropping frequently as the column, in full pack, approached Nantillois. As the detachment started down the slope there, the smell of gas become stronger, and, eventually, the alarm was sounded. A minute's halt and then the column, masks on, started forward again, panting, swearing and gasping from the exertion.

At the alarm Hogan had promptly investigated the space about his seat on the kitchen, but his mask was gone. He was out of luck, apparently, for there actually was gas abroad.

After a half hour of agony in a gas mask somebody approached Hogan, who had gone on with his driving, and in a muffled voice inquired, "For the love of Pete, hasn't that gas gone yet?" And Hogan, taking a couple of sniffs through his unprotected and turned up nose replied, "Sorry, boys, but you'd better keep 'em on about 10 minutes yet. I still smell it."

Neptunis Rex---Long Live the King

One Thing the Doughboy Missed by Not "Crossing the Line" —But Suppose the War Had Been South of the Equator

NEPTUNE, the only king who never dies, had the time of his life. Three hundred and thirteen officers and men of the United States Navy on the good ship Cincinnati, crossed the Equator at longitude 126.01' 30" East, and fully 270 had to be initiated into the "solemn mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep." Like the man who tried the rheumatism cures, every one of the landlubbers, pollywogs, and sea-lawyers was "done good."

It was the proudest day that Neptunis Rex ever experienced. He said so himself, and he behaved with the dignity and pomp that befit his majestic rule, as he declared by all the mermaids, sea serpents, whales, sharks, dolphins, skates, eels, suckers, lobsters, crabs, pollywogs, and jelly-fish, that he was the only King who could ever take possession of the United States Navy. And by the selfsame creatures of the deep he swore solemnly that none but he and Uncle Sam should ever have the right to boss that Navy.

Whereat the duly initiated members of his Royal Domain cheered him lustily and declared everlasting allegiance.

Let it be said at once that it was a spectacle worth traveling thousands of miles to see, the most elaborate initiation of the kind ever produced. For, be it known, Neptune does not recognize as a thirty-third degree member of his domain any one who has not crossed the line on a warship.

The preparations for Neptune's visit began formally; one day out from Olongapo, when "Fore Top," the official representative of His Majesty, Neptunis Rex, received a wireless message to organize the members of the Royal Domain on the ship and prepare for the initiation ceremonies.

Thereafter, every day (while the ship was at sea) mysterious proclamations were posted at the scuttlebutt telling the landlubbers, pollywogs, and sea lawyers of the terrible things that would happen to them when they crossed the line. Dire penalties were provided for any who might try to hide, and long extracts from the Revised Status were posted prescribing the punishments to be inflicted upon the willing and unwilling.

There was decided uneasiness among the youngsters on board, and it should be remembered that many of the crew are just above or below the age of twenty-one, having come almost green to the vessel from the Training Station, when the following wireless was received by His Majesty's official representative on the Cincinnati, "Fore

Top":

"Have ready upon my arrival the following articles: Three hundred gallons of coal tar, 50 gallons of varnish, 300 pounds of sulphur, four sets of razors, complete; 18 brushes, four sets of fine rib saws, four surgical knives, two large meat axes, and 15 pairs of handcuffs."

Orders were given also for sharpening the claws and appetites of the Royal Bears. A day or so later came orders prescribing the ducking chair was to be so high that four "flipflaps" would be turned by the victims before hitting the water in the Royal tank. Six powerful electric batteries were also ordered. The bears were not to have any food for fifty-seven hours preceding the crossing of the Line.

Marvelous yarns were spun at all the mess tables of the severity of the initiation, all of which got on the nerves of the youngsters.

Another directed:

"I understand there are two naval reserve men on board, and if such is the case you will report to me at once, as there is a special provision for such animals in the regulations of the ceremonies of initiation of the royal realm."

Many were the grins among the crew that greeted the naval reserves that day, and some ventured respectfully to ask if they had seen the message and had noticed that orders were also issued to the royal doctors to have their pills and goggle water mixed in accordance with the regulations, and the barbers to use the proper per cent of coal tar, oil, molasses and India ink for their lather. The next day Neptune ordered a special oven constructed to roast the naval reserve men, and then they would know how it felt.

Other proclamations provided for towing recalcitrants in the sea from the hawse pipes for from four to five hours, according to the degree of the offense of the victim:

Then came "brainstorms" from His Majesty, telling how the policemen were to act, ordering that their "clubs be stuffed with grate bars" and such, and providing how the hair would be clipped. Forthwith it was remarkable how dozens of men rushed to the ship's barber and had their hair clipped close. "I ain't goin' to have none of that coal tar and grease in mine," said a signal boy.

A windsail supplies air to the officers' quarters, and the messenger boy of the Executive Officer asked him if it was true that the members of the crew were to be shot down that canvas tube.

So the proclamations grew in number

and with them increased the power of the yarns. The royal electrician was ordered to test the batteries and the royal boatswain was told to prepare his towlines and to co-operate with the royal diver to see that the towing was properly done, and finally came the last message from Neptune on the day before the line was reached. It approved all that had been done.

Old Nep. howled with joy because the bears were hungry, the knives and razors were sharpened, the lather had been mixed just right, the electric batteries were sizzling, the drop into the tank had been put up to 8 feet.

Whereupon "Fore Top" issued this final order:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 23

All loyal subjects will at once make their final reports to me in detail. Report the names of the pollywogs, landlubbers, and sea-lawyers whose names have been entered on the books for severe punishment.

Good-bye and good luck to the poor rookies who will come under your notice tomorrow! Deal in a befitting manner with them all. See to it especially that the naval reserves get theirs. FORE TOP. O.R.O.H.G.M.N.R.R.D.

The names of about a dozen well known sea-lawyers of the ship were posted immediately upon the scuttlebutt and the naval reserve men "got theirs" later.

On September 20 this order was published to the ship:

U. S. S. CINCINNATI.
At Sea, Lat. 1° 30' N., Long. 12° 02' E
Order.

1—Official notification has been received that his Majesty Neptunis Rex will visit this ship in state at 9 a. m. September 21.

2—His Majesty will be received with due ceremony at the time appointed. At 8:45 a. m., the divisions will be called to quarters, after which "all hands will be called to muster" to receive His Majesty in a manner befitting his high rank. The boatswain's mate and eight side boys will attend the side. When His Majesty reaches the poop deck the officers and crew will salute, the bugler will sound four ruffles and the royal standard of Neptune will be hoisted at the fore.

3—After the official reception the royal ceremonies of initiation will begin.

4—All ceremonies will be conducted in an orderly manner, in keeping with the time honored traditions of the naval service.

W. H. BOOTH,
Lieutenant, U. S. Navy,
Executive Officer.

Approved:

F. H. BRUMBY,
Commander U. S. Navy,
Commanding.

SUBPOENA
DOMAINS OF NEPTUNIS REX

Neptunis Rex---Long Live the King---Continued

RULER OF THE RAGING MAIN
To: John Jones, Seaman, U. S. Navy:
YOU LANDLUBBER, POLLYWOG,
AND SEA-LAWYER:

You are hereby notified that the good ship Cincinnati, on which you are serving, will tomorrow enter the Holy Domain of which I am the ruler. As no landlubber, pollywog, or sea-lawyer can enter my domain or become one of my royal subjects unless he undergoes an initiation as prescribed by me, you will, when the ceremonies commence, present yourself for the initiation, and if you show that you are worthy, you will become a member of my Royal Realm and be subject to my orders in all seas on which you may be.

And herein fail not, under penalty of being given as food for sharks, whales, pollywogs, or eternal incarceration in Davy Jones Locker.

WITNESS: Fore Top, Official Representative on board the good ship Cincinnati, of His Majesty, Neptunis Rex, Ruler of the Raging Main, this 20th day of September.

NEPTUNIS REX,
Ruler of the Raging Main.

A wireless message was sent to the Cincinnati that His Majesty's secretary and orderly would come on board on the evening of September 20 to make final preparations for the ruler's visit the next morning. The call for hammocks was sounded about 8:30 o'clock that evening and while the men were aft the officer of the deck, Lieutenant C. D. Fry, heard a pistol shot across the bows of the ship followed by:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said the officer of the deck, giving the accepted greeting of an officer.

"What ship is that? Where are you from, and whither are you bound?" came a voice.

"The U. S. S. Cincinnati, from Olongo, P. O., Philippines, bound through the domains of His Majesty, Neptunis Rex, for Australia," shouted Fry through a megaphone.

"Heave to; I want to come aboard!"

"Aye, aye, sir, come aboard."

Thereupon two men in fantastic dress popped over the starboard bow and made their way aft. Mr. Booth, the Executive Officer, had been notified that Neptune's secretary, "Main Top Bowline," was on board, and went forward to receive them.

Captain Brumby was notified and appeared on the poop deck. Soon with bugles sounding attention, Main Top Bowline and his orderly emerged through the main deck with Mr. Booth. The secretary and his assistant were in full dress, their swallow-tails of bright red, chintz accentuated by enormous Negro minstrel collars and by ties of pink that flowed out to their shoulders. Their faces were Indian red with various splashes of paint that suggested mermaids and sea serpents. Main Top Bowline had a pair of binoculars made

from black bottles capped by rubber pieces that fit the eyes on the sighting apparatus of the guns.

Mr. Booth presented the secretary to the captain while the officers and dozens of the crew gathered around. The secretary said Neptune would come aboard at 9 a. m. the next day and would be prepared to take possession of the ship and exercise due authority. He complimented the captain on the appearance of his "fine ship."

Captain Brumby straightened himself to his full height and said: "Mr. Secretary, Main Top Bowline: It gives me great pleasure to welcome you to this ship and to receive the notification of the contemplated visit tomorrow of His Majesty Neptunis Rex. I beg of you to convey to him the expression of my highest esteem and to say to him that we shall pay him the distinguished honors that belong to his rank, and shall obey gladly his august commands. If you will proceed with me to my cabin we will discuss the details of the ceremony."

Then the captain and the visitors disappeared down the captain's gangway and a bottle of grape juice was opened and the health of Neptune toasted. The captain told Main Top Bowline he had been a member of Neptune's Domain for many years, but had not met Main Top Bowline before. Main Top Bowline said he had been in his Majesty's service only ten years, and he had had the pleasure of meeting the Executive Officer, Mr. Booth, on the battleship Virginia in 1908, when he was going around the world with the great battle fleet.

Full particulars of the ship were requested to be reported to Neptune and then the secretary left and called on the wardroom. He personally served subpoenas on the officers and asked especially for the naval reserve lieutenant. Then the visitors were escorted forward and they disappeared.

The next morning all hands were up bright and early. Word was sent throughout the ship to wear no arms at quarters. But everyone must put on his cleanest uniform. "Quarters" sounded and the men assembled at their usual stations. The officers reported that their divisions were all present or accounted for. Then came the bugle call for general muster on the poop deck. All hands were marched aft and the officers took their proper stations with a large space vacant about the captain, and a passage along the starboard side. A wait of several minutes followed after Mr. Booth had gone forward to receive Neptune. This was due, it was reported afterward unofficially to getting Amphitrite, Neptune's wife, up the gangway with all her toggery in good condition. Not being used to skirts, it was quite

a job. At the entrance to the deck eight-side boys and the boatswain's mates were stationed.

Suddenly a great blast from the bugles announced the approach. Then the shrill boatswain's whistles smote the ears. The word "Salute" rang out, and every man stood at attention, while Neptune and his wife, preceded by two pages, stepped on the poop. At that moment a red flag, 18 feet by 12, with a white sea serpent on it that would have made any Chinese dragon run to cover, was raised to the fore. His Majesty and consort and their court of 30 persons in stately step trod the deck to greet Captain Brumby. Neptune swung his trident proudly, and as he came to a full stop he said:

"Sir—I have come today to your ship to exercise the full command that pertains to the rule of my domain, there come to initiate the landlubbers and pollywogs on this vessel, You will relinquish command to me and I expect that full honors will be paid to my rank. I am honoring this ship of the Asiatic Fleet especially because I have heard of the fine officers and men she carries. I shall now proceed to your cabin after which the ceremonies of the royal initiation will proceed."

Captain Brumby bowed profoundly and the irreverent in the crew set up a howl of laughter as they saw the make-up of Neptune and Amphitrite and their party. Neptune and Amphitrite and the two pages went below with the captain. The others remained on deck.

There were the secretaries that had come aboard the night before and next to them were the two royal doctors, in long swallow-tails and with tall hats and looked like the head gear of Corean High Priests, only there were skulls and cross bones on them for ornament. The doctors carried dress suitcases. One was labeled "Dr. Flip" and the other "Dr. Soak 'em." The cases contained the surgical instruments and medicines.

Then came the Royal Counsellors with enormous law books. The lawyers wore the wigs of English practitioners and long black robes. Two "high cops" in chintz followed and then there was a large squad of policemen each with a badge numbered 23, with stuffed clubs, followed by the barbers, a dozen black bears, and a lot of retainers.

Neptune wore a scarlet robe, embroidered with sea serpents, a golden fringe around the edges. His face and arms and legs were a beautiful mahogany color. A great beard of yellow hung over his fat belly. Amphitrite was in white. She wore a sea green flat hat.

"My!" said one of the seamen who had "don't she look just as if she came straight cruised many a time along the Bowery,

(Continued on Page 22)

SO YOU GIRLS WORK FOR "SERVICE" WELL BABY, SIGN ME UP FOR TEN SUBSCRIPTIONS



THE "SERVICE" BOOTH HAD 'EM ALL FLOCKING AROUND 'TIS A FACT WHY SOME BIRDS SUBSCRIBED UNDER HALF A DOZEN DIFFERENT NAMES

HELLO, CAP, OLD THING STILL IN THAT MAN'S ARMY, HUH?



OH, BOY, WASN'T IT A "TRAYS BEANS" FEELING WHEN YOU MET YOUR OLD C.O. AND DIDN'T HAVE TO SNAP INTO IT, SAY BO, COULDN'T YOU HEAR THE BIRDIES SINGING?

THE MAMA-SELLES FROM BAR-LE-DUC - PARLEZ VOUS

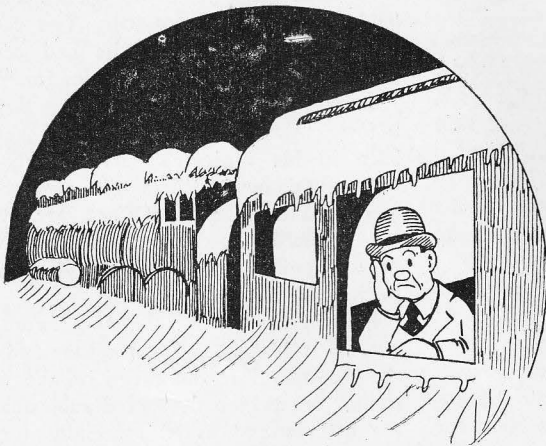


OUR OWN 80th QUARTETTE SANG OLD FAVORITES, THE GIRLS WANTED TO KNOW, WHY THEY ONLY HUMMED THE LAST OF THIS - SH-H!

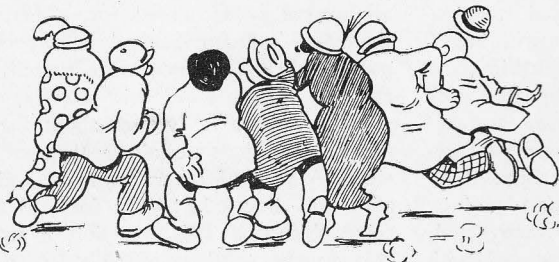
SAY, LOOK ME IN DE LAMPS AND TELL ME - AINT YOU DE BIRD DAT LET ME LATHER UP WID DAT



IT CERTAINLY DID ONE'S OLD HEART GOOD TO RUN INTO AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE

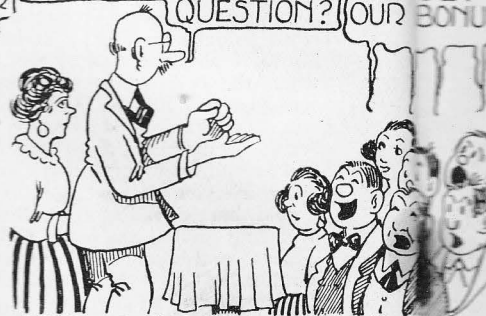


EX-PRIVATE SMITH OF ALASKA SENDS HIS REGRETS, HE WRITES THAT HE IS STARTING NOW WITH BEAUCOUP SNOW-SHOES SO AS NOT TO MISS THE NEXT "DOINGS"



A "CHOW LINE" HADN'T A THING ON THAT BUNCH WHEN THE DOORS OPENED TO ORDER MONDAY M

NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - WE HAVE HERE MME. BOOBA - SHE KNOWS EVERYTHING - IS THERE ANYONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO ASK HER A QUESTION?



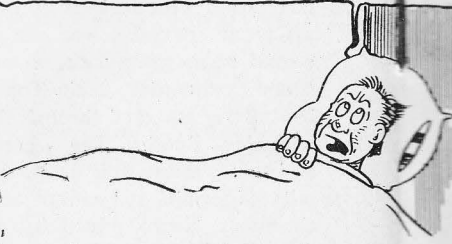
THE FORTUNE TELLER HAD HER HANDS FULL AND NOT WANTING TO REVEAL ANY GOVERNMENT "SECRETS" LAID OFF THE BONUS QUESTION

HE'S BEEN CELLAR-BR



SOME OF OUR VIRGINIA COMR CAME "LOADED" FOR BEAR AN FOUND PLENTY WILLING TO THE "LOAD" AMIDSHIP

* 3306 BATTLEGROUND OF T
* 41144 "COGNAC MILL" AT LIGN
* 711 "REST CAMP" AT CALAIS
* 0000 "MAD HOUSE" AT BRE
* 1234 "JAM DUMP" AT CHAUM



ENJOYING A NIGHTS REST AFTER THE "SHINDIG" TRY TO REMEMBER THE NUM OF THE PHOTOS YOU ARE TO ORDER MONDAY M

THE RECEPTION

OH, BOY, SHE SURE COULD HOP WHY IRENE CASTLE'S NOT IN IT WITH HER?



NOW LISTEN, JOHN, I WANT YOU TO INTRODUCE ME TO THE GENERAL I AM SURE THAT HE'D BE DELIGHTED



OH, YES SURE

OH, GEORGE, I DONT BELIEVE YOU HAVE SHAVED THIS WEEK



SOME BIRDS, DAWNED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE DISCARDING THE "HOBS"-AND SOME MUST OF THOUGHT IT WAS A WRESTLING MATCH WITH NO HOLDS BARRED-BUT AT THAT IT WAS A "SHAKING" SUCCESS

SURE THE GENERAL WOULD REMEMBER JOHN HE WAS NUMBER THREE-READ RANK

THE MOVIES WERE WONDERFUL AND DARK-SSH!

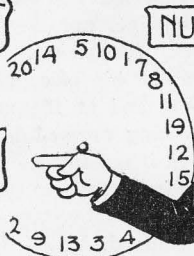
SAY, JIM, DOES IT SAY ANYTHING IN "SERVICE" ABOUT THE OCTOBER REUNION?

OH, BABY, WONT I KNOCK 'EM DEAD IN HOPE WELL-WATCH ME.

MAN ITS CHUCK FULL OF IT AND BELIEVE ME I'LL BE THERE



I WONDER IF THEY HAVE M.P.'S AT REUNIONS.



NUMBER SIX WINS



PICK 'EM OUT, BOYS, BLONDE, BRUNETTE AND AUBURN BABIES

ONE GOOD FEATURE WAS THE FACT THAT IF A FELLOW DIDN'T HAVE A "DOLL" TO BRING HE COULD WIN ONE AT THE PADDLE WHEEL FOR A BERRIE OR TWO, WHICH WAS PROBABLY THE CHEAPEST IN THE LONG RUN.



PROHIBITION ISN'T THE WORST THING IN THE WORLD-I CAN SEE BETTER WHEN I'M SOBER

Weren't the decorations lovely, Fellows?
Berger

Lloyd M. Brett--An Appreciation

By Major C. Fred Cook

(Major Cook was the original Brigade Adjutant of the 160th Infantry Brigade, serving as such until just prior to the departure of the 80th Division for overseas, when he was elevated to the command of the 305th Ammunition Train)

THE 80th Division, and, particularly, the 160th Infantry Brigade, know Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett as a brilliant soldier, a forceful leader and a real man. He organized the brigade, consisting of the 319th Infantry, the 320th Infantry and the 315th Machine Gun Battalion, at Camp Lee, and while doing that full-size job, also commanded the division during the absence of General Cronkhite on an observation trip of three months in France. It took a long time, naturally, for the draftees from Pittsburgh and the other sections of Western Pennsylvania to get a line on the individual who later led them so valiantly in action, but in the end they rated him 100 per cent plus, as everyone who ever served with him has done—and that brings me to the point of this little story. It has occurred to me that the readers of SERVICE might be interested in some side lights on the very finest soldier I ever knew, as observed prior to the World War and in the early days of the 160th Infantry Brigade.

In the war with Spain the writer was a first lieutenant of National Guard of the District of Columbia. Lloyd M. Brett was a captain of the 2d Cavalry, and commanded the only troops sent to Cuba, with mounts. He returned to Montauk Point on the transport with part of our outfit, and was assigned to Fort Meyer, just across the Potomac River from Washington. For two successive years a squadron of cavalry, commanded by Captain Brett, constituted part of the regular troops that participated in the summer camps and maneuvers of the District National Guard. We grew to know this cavalryman pretty well. Incidentally he commanded and trained the prize troop, sent to represent the army in the Madison Square Garden exhibitions, in New York City, year after year. The drills his troop gave in the riding hall at Fort Myer were witnessed by notables from all parts of the world, and by other distinguished visitors to the National Capital.

In view of the foregoing, great was the rejoicing in Washington when General Harries, commanding the Guard, secured from the War Department the assignment of Major Brett as Adjutant General of the District of Columbia Militia. Our law provided for the assignment of an officer of the regular army as adjutant general of the militia for a term of four years, he being commissioned by the President of the United States as such, with militia rank of lieutenant colonel. Col. Brett served in the capacity indicated for more than five years, a year longer than the allotted term,

at the earnest request of the Commanding General. It is conceded that he did more for the Guard here in Washington than any other individual ever did. He drafted the reorganization law that made the brigade conform in organization to the regular army. When he was about to depart General Harries tendered him a review on the White Lot. At the conclusion of the ceremony the troops were formed into a hollow square and Col. Brett was literally showered with tokens of appreciation, including chests of silverware, cut glass and swords. Every member of the command to the last private in the rear rank of the far-off company, white and colored, insisted on contributing. Then, the various organizations, as such, added other tokens.

It is a perfectly reasonable assumption that no man ever earned and held the love of the entire membership of so large an organization more completely than did Lloyd M. Brett, in this instance. But let it be perfectly clear that his affectionate regard was not attained by the sacrifice of discipline, nor anything that could mean lack of efficiency. Adjutant General Brett was in his office at headquarters all day long, and at the armories every evening. Nothing escaped his eagle eye any more than it did in the neighborhood of Avenue B, from 27th to 30th streets, Camp Lee, near Petersburg, twenty-two miles south of Richmond, Va., from September, 1917, to May, 1918. When the A. G. hove in sight everybody spruced up, believe me! In camp, he was up before reveille, and was circulating through the company streets while the setting-up exercises were in order. I will cite one instance to show there was no let-up in discipline.

In those days the District National Guard was a leader in rifle practice. It was accustomed to sweep the field at Sea Girt and come home every year after year with the Hilton trophy and most of the other famous prizes. We had many expert shots, who, however, did not size up so satisfactorily in the strictly soldiering game. One of the finest shots was a first sergeant, who neglected his company duties in order to spend all his spare time on the rifle range. An elaborate ceremony was staged in the drill hall one evening, with many dignitaries present, to witness the presentation by the Secretary of War, of rifle practice prizes and decorations to the winners. The troops were formed in line, in close column. Adjutant General Brett walked along the front, giving them the final "once-over." Suddenly he halted, and stood rooted to the spot. For what seemed an interminable period his gaze traveled through several hundred feet of interven-

ing space to the non-com. in question, posted in rear of the right flank of his company, cap awry, belt twisted and blouse bunched up. He had evidently jumped into uniform in a hurry. Then in that famous Brett baritone, slowly but distinctly, and seeming as though it would carry the distance of a Big Bertha shell and hit the center of the target as unerringly as did the bullets from the rifle of the party addressed, was heard:

"First—S-e-r-g-e-a-n-t—Blank, you—look—like—H-e-l-l!"

That bon mot is historic in the National Guard of the District of Columbia. It is only one of many. And I am sure that First Sergeant "Blank" loves and honors General Brett equally as much as do the rest of us.

Fully as well, do I recall another similar incident on the drill field at Camp Lee one bright sunshiny morning, just before recall sounded at 11:30 o'clock. A "looney," with silver bars, was plainly guilty of slouching in front of his platoon. The offense was so plain that it attracted that same eagle eye of the brigade commander, far off on the other side of the drill field. It seems that this lieutenant should have known better for he was an old regular. He had attended the first Officers' Training Camp and came out a sub-altern. General Brett gave him a dressing down he never will forget, and concluded:

"It's just what I expected of you; scratch through that thin veneer and out comes the aroma of the barracks!"

Thereafter the officer so admonished proved one of the best in the brigade. He earned promotion, and I have reason to know that he was, and is, one of the most ardent admirers of General Brett among the entire eight thousand who composed the 160th Infantry Brigade.

Returning from France General Brett, after a brief service back at old Camp Lee, was reduced to his regular rank of colonel, assigned to the 3d Cavalry, and as commandant at Fort Myer. There, the story was repeated. During a service of only four or five months he so endeared himself to everybody at the post that a spontaneous farewell party was arranged. It proved a noteworthy event, being held Saturday evening, February 21, last, the day prior to General Brett's transfer to the retired list. Testimonials were presented and many beautiful words spoken. Verily, the youth of Western Pennsylvania were fortunate in having such a man to organize and lead them in the World War. Perhaps the words that describe him best are:

Lloyd M. Brett, officer and gentleman.

THE REPLICCA

BY H.R. CURRY

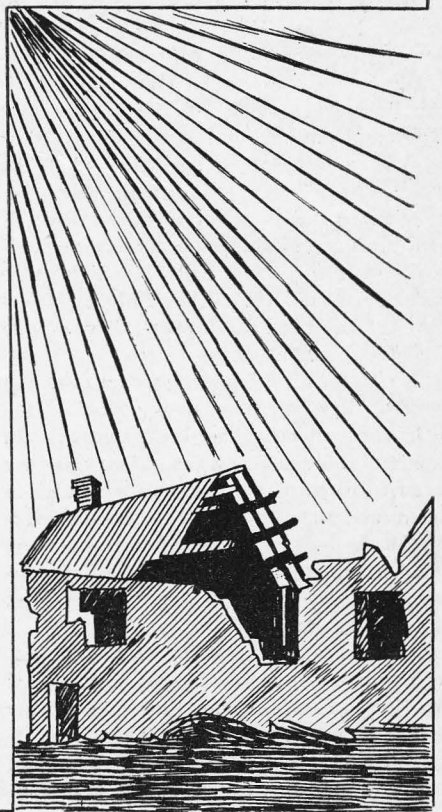
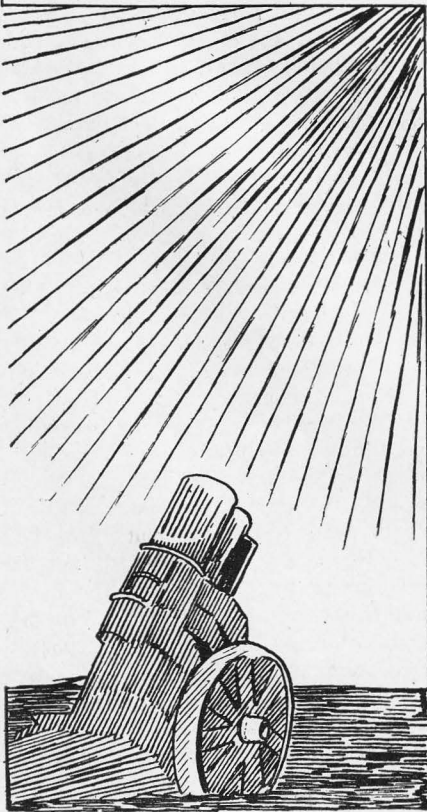
*In Flanders field and Argonne's wooded
slope,
There stands God's symbol of eternal
hope;
To mark each resting place of martyred
son;
No greater glory could be gained nor
won,
Than this replica of the Master's cross,
And Heavenly glory for the earthly loss.*

*In blood-washed valleys where the hero
fell,
Sounds no monster with it's warning
knell,
Nor clatter of man's instruments of
death,
For God has cooled them, with His peace-
ful breath;
That there shall be no disturbing sound,
Where these, our sleeping sons abound.*

*In Flanders field where bright red pop-
pies blow
Between these silent crosses row on
row,
Living sermons to man's selfish greed
Now the glory of death's leveling creed
While bitter hearts that war has taught
to weep,
Bathe these sacred tombs with tribute
deep.*

*In Flanders field and Argonne's wooded
slope,
There stands God's symbol of eternal
hope;
Now bathed in crystals of the morning
dew,
Where man has fallen, stands a cross'
to view;
Radiant with the halo of His Heavenly
kiss,
What more of glory can man add to
this?*

*That I might live, not as a vassal slave,
Their all of joy in earthly life they gave,
O God I pray that on some Argonne
slope
When life is o'er, I'll wear this cross
of hope
As worthily achieved as buddies over
there,
This glorious replica, my hope, my
prayer.*



"One Year Elapses"

The Old Program Line Might Well Apply to the Overseas Experience of Many a Veteran and the Folks at Home

By Russell L. Stultz

None among the most guileless of Mr. Twain's "Innocents Abroad" had anything on a certain contingent of olive-drab "hero candidates" as they disconsolately echoed "Good-by, Broadway, Hello, France!" and silently, secretly slipped out of "an Atlantic port" one wet and foggy afternoon in May, 1918. All imbued with the spirit of martyrs, few, if any, looked with favor upon the prospect of unnecessary sacrifices to the much-rumored, much-advertised voracity of the wicked Fatherland. France, hitherto remote, had suddenly shed its vague enticement and held forth decided indications of early and intimate acquaintance. America, until now palpitating and present, became enshrouded in a misty halo.

The time and scene shift, a year has intervened. The month is May—three days short of June, to be exact—the year 1919 and the vessel the good ship "Maui." As she busily plows her way down the Atlantic Coast, the churning waves are forever chanting: "Oo la la! Home toot sweet!" The most stupid doughboy aboard is sufficiently versed in *Francaise* to identify the unmistakable language of the pulsing chorus.

Oh yes, the final entry is about to be inserted in the Morning Report! But ten days before, after establishing a record for speedy loading of which both crew and passengers were—for different reasons—vastly proud, the former Hawaiian-American liner had pulled out of the harbor at Brest and steamed westward. If impulses to fling a last defiant challenge of "Who won the war!" were significantly repressed, restrictions did not prevent a multitude of soulful *au revoirs* from being unceremoniously wafted toward Belle Isle lighthouse and all it stood for. While little of bitterness characterized the farewell, it was none the less spontaneous.

Ten days of crowded, stormy, slummy torment they had been, days devoid of the little thrills which had kept some eleven thousand individuals on the *qui vive* as they fared forth to promenade and battle. Then the ceaseless search for Unter-der-See-Bootes had occupied eyes by day and punctuated dreams by night, too often confused with the rattle of dice and the clank of good American silver.

The return voyage, however, had not been without its compensations, though few care for the substitution. Unusual for the season, the first four days out of Brest were four days of turbulent, undignified seas that had played havoc with four thousand reinforced stomachs. Long accus-

tomed to the horrors of "corned-willy" and "gold-fish," they had been considered immune from internal combustion, but the marine-diet combination of too-much-slug and too-much-sea for breakfast proved as disastrous to digestive apparatus as had the Argonne to Jerry. Consequently, literal application of that little French phrase, *mal du mer*, involuntarily became generally fashionable, with long lines clustered about the rail vainly striving to satisfy the hungry fishes. This was *one* occasion when Sam Brownes and hob-nails sought a level—temporarily, at least—the familiar warning, "For Officers Only," had lost its traditional efficacy.

A single extenuating circumstance stood out in bold relief. Owing to the overcrowded condition of the accommodations, that night-mare of the land-lubber, "Abandon Ship," after one bewildering trial, had reluctantly been omitted. No seas that rolled over the bow were of sufficient volume to shake implicit faith in the skill of the trained seamen and a fighting man's proverbial luck. If there had existed intentions of continuing the formality, the speedily-acquired habit of communing with the denizens of the deep spared few superiors disposed to put it into execution.

On and on, ever westward, we had come. Verily, only a few more kilometres remained. True, our homeward progress had finally marred the division's hitherto unblemished motto, but who greatly worried! No longer moving forward, its well-oiled machinery, now reversed, was industriously engaged in "back tracking," but *not too* industriously for those who had gone the whole way.

As the Western coast was approached, the only sail observed was a diminutive British trawler off the Banks of Newfoundland. Proudly displaying the Union Jack, the little craft impudently slipped across our bows, waving a friendly salute as she passed. Somehow, the sight reacted as a tonic—the very frailty of the boat convinced us that we were within, or very near, the three-mile limit. And that meant America!

The course soon veered, deviated from its westward goal to head southward. Every man began to exhibit voluble "salt wisdom." Pity the guy too dense to realize that drifting sea-weed betokened proximity to land. Why, that sign had not been known to fail since 1492! Certainly another day would find a haven in which to anchor and stretch racked limbs.

The last days of May, had arrived, were

about to give way to June. Utterly indifferent to the lure of the many harbors dotting the coast, the transport imperturbably plowed her way toward the South and warmer climes. Native Southerners, for all their long exile, were quick to scent the subtle, balmy breath of "Dixie." Contrary to confident assertions by the crew that we were destined to land at Hoboken, that the "little old Maui" had never been known to seek other than an East River pier, she calmly established a precedent by pointing her nose in the direction of the Virginia capes. There were those aboard who merely smiled in answer to the prevailing "dope," for had not "Bulletin No. 124," published upon the eve of embarkation at Brest, stated that our brigade, in recognition of its original personnel, would proceed to Newport News? All of which only goes to show that even a "gob" will get his "wires" twisted occasionally! While we were heading southward, however, other units of the division were putting in at New York, Boston and Philadelphia. After all, what mattered the locality, so long as U. S. A. was its last name!

Dawn broke with a low-hanging misty grayness. To the initiated it heralded but one thing, terra firma. The morning mess was scarcely finished, yet an undercurrent of thinly suppressed expectation marked the swarming decks. Something like four thousand pairs of eyes were strained to conjure up the Virginia coast, to first lay sight upon the edifying spectacle. The *finale* was about to be staged on the same soil that had witnessed the *prologue*. In the interim before illusion became reality there were those who permitted themselves to wonder whether the sequel would be in keeping with past glories—as they were already learning to speak of experience but recently alluded to by less kindly epithets. Fortunately, for peace of minds, the suspense was of short duration.

From the region of the boat deck a thousand voices suddenly united in a simultaneous yell. *That* noise could signify but a single thing—land! It was no false alarm. Sure enough, just off the star-board a dim, almost imperceptible outline, gradually assumed definite shape, at times wholly obscured but known to be always there, for all its hazy profile. As the low-lying sand dunes of the coast revealed themselves, the last vestige of uncertainty fled.

Four thousand throats took up the refrain, to be passed on and re-echoed from the very bowels of the ship, followed by a wild tumble to daylight and the upper decks. Oh, shades of C. Columbus! Could

“One Year Elapses”—Continued

he have sensed the same measure of thrill? It was a serenade such as France had never known—no, not even when the November Armistice was announced (for that little formality had been omitted in our outfit!). It was the home-coming chorus of weary Americans returning to the land of their fathers.

The ensuing hours—or were they years?—dragged with unparalleled slowness. Eyes were oblivious to all save the over-growing contour of the shore, now in plain view for the whole world—*our* world—to gaze upon and to drink in with great, deep gulps of satisfaction. Mature men exhibited shameless, breathless eagerness to discover anew a land of which they had heard so much and seen nothing for a few days more than a year. Rescued when upon the verge of discarding his paternal American in favor of *parlex-vous Francaise*, he characteristically began to figure that his redemption should be made the excuse for a little demonstration. And so had the advance

tales reaching us in that abode of the delouser and inspector—the Le Mans area—promised. In fact, all those glowing epistles which somehow, had managed to find us—belatedly, true, but still arriving—dilated upon the wonderful reception awaiting “the brave boys, God bless ‘em!” When memory, however, had an unflinching habit of recalling the gloomy, sinister roar of fog sirens and harbor craft that had so diffidently remarked the giant “Leviathan’s” departure a year earlier, it required considerable imagination to conceive of homage bestowed upon our comparatively diminutive caravel.

A school of sharks, bearing incongruous resemblance to swimming horses as they reared and leaped toward the approaching vessel, temporarily distracted attention from the shore. Hungrily searching the sea for garbage and refuse, they boldly ventured to the very sides, only to turn and rush madly away in twos and threes upon attaining their goal, as though bent upon

a record-making race. A few, more daring, lingered, trailing behind, and finally disappeared to rejoin their fellows in the distance.

The call for an early mess passed generally unheeded. One meal, more or less, of ship’s stew and cabbage didn’t greatly matter in view of the entrancing panorama unfolding itself. Red chevron feasts were already mentally looming to discount the doubtful loss.

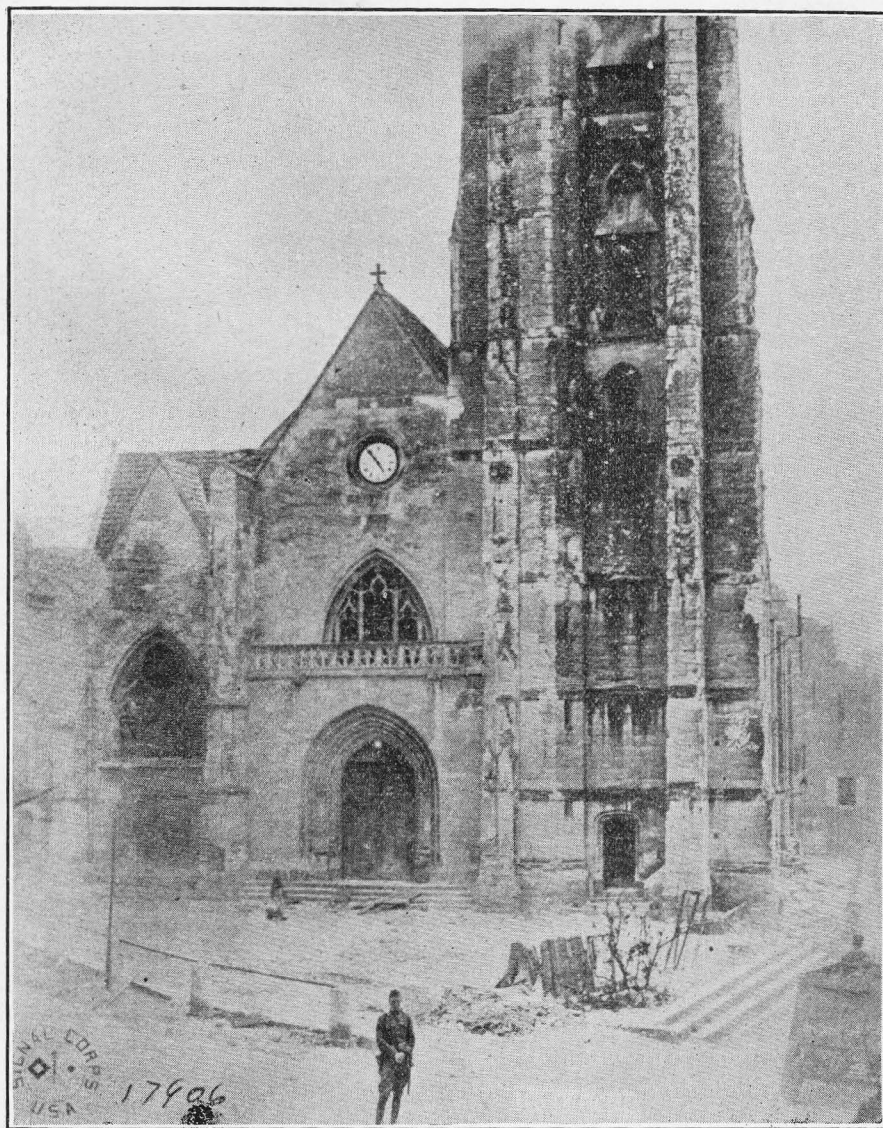
That ubiquitous harbor official, the pilot, met us far out. His little cutter, seemingly threatened with imminent destruction as it bounced and careened over the waves, never wavered from its course. Straight onward it came, soon to be anchored fast; almost in the same operation he had clambered up the swinging ladder and assumed direction of the transport. “Taking on the pilot” suddenly became a spectacle of most engrossing interest. We wanted to shake his hand, but decided to desist and not interfere with his control of the wheel!

Gliding between the old-familiar lights of Capes Charles and Henry, we unerringly slipped into Hampton Roads as the glare of a mid-day sun blazed its warm welcome. The vanguard of the “Welcome Home” brigade had followed fast upon the heels of the pilot, were now vying with ourselves in the wild insanity of waving and cheering. No, the Governor of Virginia was not among the party, but the sea of fluttering white dresses which almost concealed the deck of the puffing, important little tug amply compensated for his absence. Soon a second delegation arrived and joined the first, the two escorting us in a manner befitting “prodigal sons.”

On and on we came, now more slowly, on past the greyhound sleuths of the Atlantic battle fleet. Themselves but recently returned from their vigil in European waters, they were now lying quiescent, already free from the hideous war-time camouflage of Josephian colors. The rows of gazing, interested sailors gave forth a round of hearty yells, while from a deck the strains of a marine band completed the setting.

Past the grim outlines of frowning Monroe, itself a vivid reminder of eternal vigilance; past the more distant Chamberlin, an almost equally known land-mark—since destroyed—the “Maui” proceeded in triumphal progress to its pier. From the moment we had come within the protecting shadows of Henry and Charles, no doubt remained to mar or disturb the trend of home-coming meditations; the 27th day of May at Newport News was about to join a select list of “red-letter” days in our career.

A new, strangely unfamiliar command had been withheld for this occasion, a command instantly understood and obeyed for



Exterior View Cathedral at Chateau Thierry, July 24, 1918

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Neptunis Rex---Long Live the King—Continued

(Continued from Page 15)

from the Bowery and Hester street? How are ye, Amph.?"

A clout on the head by a royal policeman made him "shorten his chin sail."

Before Neptune reappeared Dr. Flip went up to Dr. Taylor, the ship's surgeon, to pay his professional respects. Dr. Flip said he was of the old school and a graduate of the Royal College of the Doldrums, class of Umpdy-umpdy-ump-ump." He was strong, he said, on the use of leeches and bleeding.

Then came Neptune on deck again; and the party, followed by the officers and men, went forward for the initiation. Neptune mounted his throne on a platform.

A big tank had been erected on the forward main deck. The bears slipped over the sides as the retainers filled the tank with water.

Drs. Flip and Soak-'em unloaded their saws, knives, teeth-extractors, and many bottles of vile looking medicine. The lawyers opened their books to certain pages of the "Revised Statutes," chiefly paragraph 4-II-44; the barbers sharpened their enormous razors, "Made in Yarmany;" the policemen drew up in line, the orderlies rolled up a barrel of lather, made of oatmeal and water, and another barrel of "tonic" to be used in enormous squirt guns. It was Neptunjs dope for the unruly.

Then Neptune, with a flourish of his trident and settling his guilt crown well back on his head, as Amphitrite nestled to his side, asked if all preparations had been completed.

"Yes, your Majesty," replied Main Top Bowline.

"Then let the initiations proceed. Bring forward as the first victims those Naval Reserve men. They shall have special attention."

The first victim mounted the steps to the howls of 312 spectators. Dr. Flip sounded his lungs, examined his teeth, felt his arms and legs, made him wiggle his fingers, and then said:

"Your Majesty, a very bad case. 'E's got a ingrowin' brain!"

"What do you prescribe?"

"Well, your Majesty, we have here medicines for the cure of spavin, sore throat, chilblains, diphtheria, eczema, measles, neuralgia, heartburn—"

"Never mind the rest," said the King. "What is the treatment?"

"The same for all, sire," was the response. "A good shave, an injection in the arm of my 'dope' (composed of molasses and water), some powder on his head and a ducking in the briny seas."

"Very good!" replied His Majesty.

Then the trouble began. A pill as big as a horse chestnut and made of dough, quinine, and other vile ingredients was forced down the victim's throat. The

squirt gun hit him full in the face, and a lotion was rubbed in his hair. Then he was forced into the chair and shaved. A question was asked of him; and, as he opened his mouth to reply a great paint brush of lather was thrust into it. Then came the order to pull out the plug from the chair and drop him over backward into the tank. Well, that flight and that ducking!! Here descriptive powers fail.

Then came a roll call of the officers. They had to produce certificates of crossing the line before or be initiated. The crew assembled in long lines. One by one they went up the ladders. Drs. Flip and Soak-'em received them. Elaborate examinations were made of their conditions.

"My, my, sire!" Dr. Flip would shout. 'E's got valvular contraction of the eyelids."

Then would come a dose of dope, a rub of hair oil, a shave and a toss over into the tank to the hungry bears. Souse, souse, souse, again would follow, and when the victim came to the surface each time he would send up a stream of water from his mouth that resembled the spouting of a whale. Those who were waiting for their ducking would shout with the members of Neptune's party.

"Pass 'em up quick!" shouted Neptune.

Dr. Flip could diagnose a case as "fatty degeneration of the shinbone, sire," and the usual remedy would be prescribed. Over went the victim into the tank. Dr. Flipp would then announce a case: "Palpitation of the hair, sire. You can see for yourself how it is shaking."

"Let him have the prescribed treatment," was the order.

Dr. Flip then announced a case of "folderols in the right ear, sire." "Soak it to him good!" was the command.

Dr. Flip then had a case of "tickdylleros." Similar treatment. All diseases looked alike to Neptune.

"Bunions!" was the next report of Dr. Flip.

"Poultice his hair good. It draws 'em up. Then saw off his legs at the knee," was the remedy. Drs. Flip and Soak-'em brought out their saws with vile looking teeth. The two doctors sawed away.

"By cracky, sire, I can't cut it off," reported Dr. Flip.

"Give him an extra dousing," ordered His Majesty.

Dr. Flip next reported a case of toothache.

"What do the Revised Statutes say?" asked Neptune.

"Beg pardon, sire," said Dr. Flip. "That is in the pharmacopodia."

"Well what does the form—whatever it is—say?" roared Neptune. "Gargle, sire," said Dr. Flip; "the fumes kill the pain."

The victim got the gargle treatment.

"Mullygrubs in his back, sire," was the next from Dr. Flip.

A lambasting with the stuffed clubs was the extra treatment for that, in addition to the ducking.

The initiation ceremonies were kept boiling all the time. Occasionally a sea-lawyer, one with an established reputation, would come up. He was asked if he wanted to argue the case. Not one did. "Give it to him good!" Neptune would shout. And they did. The rest of the crew understood the significance of the extra ducking and howls of glee resulted.

The ceremonies were almost over when there came the unforeseen. A victim came up with a peculiar glitter in his eye. Dr. Flip saw it and diagnosed the case as "extremis mortuis of the right eye." The diagnosis was correct, for, catching Dr. Flip in a favorable position, the victim toppled Dr. Flip himself over into the tank.

"Flip is taking a flap!" shouted the crowd. The bears fell upon Dr. Flip, thinking he was a new arrival, and he got such a sousing as few who had preceded him had received. He lost his glasses, but when he clambered back upon the platform, he called out: "Next case!" as if nothing unusual had happened.

So hour after hour the initiation went on until the last man had been rounded up, and Neptune pronounced the day's work well done. Neptune then returned to the fo'c'sle for refreshments and remained there until darkness. Then a barrel filled with oakum and oil and tar was set on fire and put afloat. It sailed away into the night. It was "Neptune's Boat," and he was going back to his Royal Domains.

After he had gone, certificates duly signed and embellished with mermaids and sea serpents and star-fish and ropes, with an octopus for background, and a picture of Neptune rising from the sea at the top, and with the ship's seal affixed to bits of red, white and blue ribbon, were presented to all hands. Never again will any man who can show one of them have to take a dousing and barbering with suitable medical treatment when crossing the line.

The certificates read:

DOMAIN OF NEPTUNIS REX
RULER OF THE RAGING MAIN

To all sailors wherever ye may be, and to all Mermaids, Sea serpents, Whales, Sharks, Porpoises, Dolphins, Skates, Eels, Suckers, Lobsters, Crabs, Pollywogs, and other living things of the sea.

GREETING: Know ye that on this 21st day of September, in Latitude 00° 00' 00" and Longitude 126° 01' 30" E., there appeared within the limits of our Royal Domain the

U. S. S. CINCINNATI
bound southward.

BE IT REMEMBERED

That the vessel and Officers and

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Pennsylvania in the World War—Continued

(Continued from Page 9)

President, Lebanon County Historical Society; William H. Staake, Associate Judge, Common Pleas Court No. 5; William H. Stevenson, President, Pennsylvania Historical Commission; Christopher Wren, Secretary, Wyoming Historical Society.

Since its organization, the Commission has bent its energies solely to the gathering of historical information relating to the State's participation in the War. It has as yet made no plans for the compilation or publication of a history. The Commission believes that all possible encouragement should be given to the collection and preservation of war historical material; because if such data are not now preserved and cared for they will soon be lost or destroyed.

In its work the Commission has been greatly aided by newspapers, by County War History Committees, by local historical societies, by posts of the American Legion, and by many other organizations and individuals who have volunteered to assist in the collection and preservation of war data.

There are two classes of information concerning military and naval history which the Commission desires to obtain.

1. A brief statement of the service record of each person who entered the Army or Navy of the United States or the service of any of the Allies. A blank has been prepared for this purpose and copies will be sent to any person who desires to deposit with the Commission a record of the war service of any individual. These blanks call for some information, particularly the name of the father and the mother's maiden name, which can not be obtained from the office of the Adjutant General of the Army, and which will be very valuable in future years to identify persons who were in the service. The blanks are essential for a record of those who entered the service of the Allies. The Commission is anxious to secure photographs, letters, diaries, newspaper clippings and other material relating to the individuals in the service. About ten per cent. of the reports thus far received are accompanied by photographs; and about five per cent have letters or similar material. Such facts have never before been preserved for the activities of individuals in any previous war; they will, when deposited in the Memorial Archives of the State, furnish a body of invaluable information for future historians and an honorable record for the relatives and descendants of those who helped to win the World War.

These service records will be arranged by counties and by localities in each county, so that local historians and the relatives of service men may in the future easily find the information desired.

2. A narrative history of each military

and naval unit in which Pennsylvanians were represented in considerable numbers. Much of this information will have to be obtained from the respective offices of the Army and Navy in Washington. Very brief summaries of the actions of the larger units have already been prepared, but it is impossible to get information as to when, if ever, the detailed narrative of the operations of regiments and battalions will be prepared.

It is thus highly desirable that the officers and men of units composed partly of Pennsylvanians should preserve and compile the records of their units. The War History Commission wishes to encourage all serious historical enterprises among the service men. It urges that the work be undertaken as soon as possible in order that documents be not lost or memories clouded and confused. Particularly should such histories be compiled for the units of the 28th, 37th, 42nd, 79th, 80th, 83rd and 92nd Divisions, none of the records of which are now available in the State. By a fortunate circumstance a considerable body of duplicate records of the 28th Division is now in the custody of the Adjutant General of the State; but records of other units are woefully lacking.

The War History Commission, as the official custodian of the State's Memorial War Archives, will welcome the deposition or loan of any documents, narratives, diaries, division newspapers and other material relating to the Pennsylvania units. If the originals can not be obtained, copies at least should be placed in the Archives.

Detailed personal narratives, such as those which have recently appeared in *SERVICE* and elsewhere, should by all means be prepared at once. If immediate publication is not desired, copies should be placed on file with the War History Commission.

In addition to the military and naval rec-

"BLINDED BY GAS"

Like the clear blue half-hid in tint
and line

Of fanciful, old Persian draperies,
Your eyes looked ever thru gay
traceries

Of the dreams that your soul would
design.

No longer can your soul flash tur-
quoise light!

But I look in past ruins and cloudy
gas,

"Where thankful women, chil-
dren point your paths,
Burning candles that you know not
night."

—MIRIAM CASSEL

ords and narratives mentioned above, the Commission has been directed to secure records of the civilian activities in the State during the War. Much progress has already been made in this work, thanks to the co-operation of County War History Committees and other individuals. Many of the records of the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense and Committee of Public Safety have been deposited with the Commission. A large number of narratives of industrial plants have been received, often with photographs, showing the steps in the manufacture of ordnance, munitions and other war supplies. Facts have been obtained concerning the draft, the Liberty Loan Campaigns, welfare drives, the food supply, the food and fuel administrations, transportation systems and war work carried on by the Red Cross, by churches, clubs, schools, chambers of commerce and by other organizations.

The Memorial War Archives will be a perpetual monument to the part which Pennsylvania played in the World War. They will be a source for study and information by all future historians of our Commonwealth.

The History of Pennsylvania in the World War which will eventually be compiled under the direction of the Commission will be an inspiration to patriotic endeavor and to community co-operation in the years to come.

Every service man is requested to help in making this record complete and truthful by aiding the War History Commission in securing the kinds of information mentioned above.

The Secretary will gladly welcome suggestions and assistance; and will give receipts for all material given or loaned to the Commission. The address of the Commission is 1300 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

Neptunus Rex—

Long Live the King

(Continued from Page 22)

Crew thereof have been inspected and passed on by Ourselves and others who may be honored with his Presence that

JOHN JONES

having been found worthy to be numbered as one of OUR TRUSTY SHELLBACKS, has been gathered to our fold and duly initiated into the SOLEMN MYSTERIES OF THE ANCIENT ORDER OF THE DEEP.

BE IT UNDERSTOOD: That by virtue of the power vested in me I do hereby command all my subjects to show due honor and respect to him whenever he may enter OUR REALM.

DISOBEY THIS ORDER UNDER PENALTY OF OUR ROYAL DISPLEASURE.

Given under our hand and seal this 21st day of September.

NEPTUNUS REX.

DAVY JONES,

His Majesty's Scribe.

(Seal of the U. S. S. Cincinnati.)

The Home Coming 1865—Continued

(Continued from Page 11)

rived about the same time and the men were glad to join the marching column to City Hall. An excellent brass band, the account states, preceded the procession, followed by the Mayor's police marching abreast, then the Mayor and speakers in a barouche, then the regiment whose gaudy French Zouave uniforms gave them a handsome appearance. The procession stopped in front of the Monongahela House at Smithfield and Water streets, where the soldiers were addressed by Mayor Lowry, who extended them a cordial welcome, and at the conclusion of his remarks proposed three cheers for the 155th and the 26th Michigan, which were lustily given by the immense crowd present. John M. Kirkpatrick, subsequently Judge of our Common Pleas Court, was Pittsburgh's peerless orator of the war days, and was the orator of the day. His address was eloquent; pathetic at times. He was followed by former Governor William F. Johnston, of Pennsylvania. Other speakers were Judge Wilson McCandless of the United States District Court, Gen. J. Bowman Sweitzer, who had commanded the 62d Pennsylvania after the death of the lamented Col. Daniel W. Black, in action; Col. Edward J. Allen, who was the first colonel of the 155th; Thomas M. Marshall, a wonderful orator; the Rev. Dr. John Douglass, and James Park, Jr. After the speeches, which were delivered from the balcony of the Monongahela House, the returned veterans marched to City Hall, where "they partook of a very elegant repast," prepared by Pittsburgh's leading caterer. The menu on this occasion was something far out of the ordinary.

In response to demands of the diners and the many spectators, the festivities were enlivened by the Regimental Glee Club singing the popular war songs. Col. and Brevet Major General Alfred L. Pearson of the 155th led the singing. The regimental buglers blew the well known calls from the platform and the various company drummers played martial airs and altogether there was much noise, and enthusiasm galore.

After the meal the column was reformed and marched to the West Common or the Northside—now the West Park, where Gen. Pearson put his command through various movements and evolutions winding up with the bewildering bayonet exercises and the zouave tactics. Along the line of march every window was occupied; every balcony filled. The cables of the original Sixth street suspension bridge afforded fine roosting places for the small boys who had turned out en masse and who were in their element; more so than when a circus came to town. The enumeration of how many "played hook" from school that

day was never completed. The next day the 155th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry passed into history.

This was a typical reception and was followed by more. Altogether similar. Pittsburgh's five companies of the 61st Veteran Volunteers got here July 3 in the afternoon, Saturday. The 102d veterans, the next day at 10 a. m. The receptions to both were elaborate. The parade especially so, as it was part of the celebration of the Fourth on Monday.

So the boys come home daily, weekly, and finally all were again citizens as of yore.

The feeling of the populace at the time has its best exposition in the popular song of the period once everywhere sung and shouted:

"When Johnny comes marching home again,

Hurrah, hurrah!

We'll give him a hearty welcome then,

Hurrah, hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,

The ladies they will all turn out,

(Chorus)

"And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

"The old church bell will peel with joy,

Hurrah, hurrah!

To welcome home our darling boy,

Hurrah, hurrah!

The village lads and lassies say

With roses they will strew the way,

And we'll all feel gay, etc."

This last effect we observe was "truly rural"—but some of the boys under certain mental conditions invoked by the welcome for a while could not pronounce these words as they are spelt.

SONG OF THE "CHEVAUX HUIT"

Bumpin' over the roadbed in the gray of an achin' dawn,
Cluttered and cramped and crowded, all of the "Van Blink" gone,
Lyin' on straw in the corner that transport mules have used,
I'm S. O. L. in the Army. My Gawd ain't I been abused?

Bill's got his feet in my stomach; Jerry is snorin' for ten,
The "Loot" lives fine in a first class coach and never visits the men.
I've the thirst of a dying camel and can't find my ganteen;
Wait till I tell the folks at home all the horrors I've seen.

Well, here comes a big "Frog" station and me for some "Cafe Chaud."
"What do you mean we don't stop here? Three kilomeets down the road?"
"Can't get out on the platform—must keep my feet in the door?"
"Hell, you'se guys are important. Say, listen, 'Who won the War?'"

I'd sure be a fightin' soldier, if they'd only treat me right,
But how can you feel like fightin' when they "ride" you day and night?
Oh, it's fine to cheer "Old Glory" when they throw her on the screens,
But its different in a box car when you're livin' on cold beans.

William C. Vandewater.

"One Year Elapses"—Continued

(Continued from Page 21)

all its foreign phraseology. "Prepare to disembark!" The summons had been anticipated—only the executionary mandate was needed to consummate the ceremony. For once no laggard required supplementary admonition, every man knew his role and impatiently chafed in fear of delay.

As the vessel brushed the dock, a waiting gang-plank swung up to bridge the interval. At last that gap which had started at Hoboken, to expand and lengthen into near 7,000 miles of sea and untold kilometres of muck and mud, had receded and vanished! No decree, no order nor bulletin had encompassed so much in so brief a period of time.

Over the side and down the incline, a double-line of wide-eyed, begrimed and burdened figures skidded and ran into the long shed, now buzzing with crowded, expectant humanity straining at the detaining ropes and bravely shouting greetings from

every flag-bedecked nook and corner. Not too quickly to escape the offerings of practiced Red Cross workers, however, was the debarkation accomplished. The last in France, the first in America, their living record had sped us and met us.

The halt within the pier to permit of reorganization and assemblage afforded a happy breathing-space. As mutual recognitions ensued between those waiting and those awaited, only the sorely tried barriers prevented the "army" from being "swamped." A few, more fortunate than the multitude, had secured coveted permits, now all-potent in the hands of silver-chevroned troop movement officials as they sought out and escorted the principals to the lines of tautened ropes.

It was the sequel; in its fulfillment the "days that were" became evanescent phantoms, to ultimately give way and be replaced by the simple glory of honest emotions. From henceforth memory must supply the thrill.

Webb Stairs Dictionary of the A. E. F.

By Azue Where

- Army—Institution where everything you do is wrong.
Beuff—Sometimes called a cow.
Bois—Place where soldiers hide during the day.
Blighty—A soldier's only hope.
Blimp—Name of a floating sausage.
Bloody-buger—Name of officers used by the British Tommies.
Birry—Best home a soldier ever had at one time.
Coffeterie—Something to trade for eggs and cognac.
Com-bien—How much.
Chow—Army mess.
Casual—Sick or disabled soldier.
Casual-Kitchen—Place where he has to work.
Canteen—Place to hide in during retreat.
Cootie—A soldier's closest friend.
Cootieizer—A cootie's worst enemy.
Camion—Limousine for Chinese soldiers to ride on.
Chemin de fer—A French railroad.
Chevaux—A horse.
Chevaux-Mort—A dead horse.
Chevaux-Malade—A sick horse.
Cushy—A job in the S. O. S.
C. C.—They work while you sleep.
Corn-Willie—Army name for corned beef.
Corned Beef—Packers' name for horse meat in cans.
Du-Lait—Cow's milk.
Du pain—Bread.
Duds—Things that save soldiers' lives.
Discharge—What you get for winning the war.
Doughnuts—A back home magazine dream.
Doughboys—Army laborours.
Delouser—Place where soldiers lose their closest friends.
Dubonnet—Out of stock during the war.
Dong-dong-dong-dong—Gas, gas, gabroffib, ma-ma-ma.
Enlist—Never again.
Eglise—Name of a church.
Ennui—How you feel after six months' service.
Entrain—Getting into a cattle car.
Embark—Getting on a cattle boat.
Embarkation—The act of embarking.
Embarkation Center—Les mans area.
Finger-off—A near blighty.
Four o'clock—Time to stop the war and have tea—(British Custom).
Finish—French answer to Cognac.
Gob—A sea-going man-o-war.
Gare—Place to erect sign boards and posters.
"Gone West"—A dead soldier.
Goff—What you have to stand to be a soldier.
Hobbies—Name of army shoes.
Hard-bread—Box of crackers made out of cement.
Hot-seat—Game played for amusement of the officers.
Iodine—Army paint.
Iron-rations—Four ounces of tea and a bag of pebbles.
Iron-rations—What the artillery sent to Jerry.
Inspections—Parade and otherwise—Decisions of the officers.
Infirmary—Army drug store without drugs.
Jerry—Grey-backs (two-legged).
Join—Cause for regret.
Jumping-off Place—Where you kissed yourself good-bye.
Jam—Legal tender for Vin rouge.
Kitchen-police—Where you got enough to eat.
Lyster bag—Disinfectant carriers.
Leave Area—A dream.
Limber—Machine gun carts good to sleep in.
Lights Out—Jerry over head.
Line—Something you felt but couldn't see.
Lorrie—British name for a truck.
Mill—Same as delouser.
Mad-house—Same as mill only worse.
Mechanician—Engineer on a railroad.
Mess—As the name implies.
Money—A handful of cigar coupons.
Night—Time to pack up and move somewhere.
Never again—A soldier's motto.
Oofs—Hen fruit.
Oui-Oui—Yes! Yes!
Oo La La—Ask her yourself.
Old Sergeant-Major—British game of chawnce.
Observation Balloon—Floating cigar.
P. C.—Place of conspiracy—against doughboys.
Pont—A bridge.
Poulet—A chicken—(good to eat).
Palmers—Name of British crackers—good for soldiers.
Pelmanism—Mental chow.
Pay Day—A French tickler.
Postage Stamp—Funny red doodad indigenous to upper right hand corner of civilian mail; tastes like goldfish when licked.
Question—Who won the war?
R. T. O.—Fellow who stamps your girl's picture instead of your pass.
Rue—A street—or streak of mud.
Rations—What you are supposed to get to eat.
Red Chevron—Proof you are a free man.
Rolling Pin—Domestic dud thrown in matrimonial marriage.
S. O. S.—The fellows who ate candy.
Shave Tails—I hate to tell you.
Straffing—A desire to travel.
Sniff-Sniff—All clear.
Shelter-half—Spelled wrong means half shelter.
Service—A good thing to subscribe to.
Sidewalk—Elevated strip of pavement parallel to street; installed for persons with inexplicable antipathy for mud.
Sheets—White cloths put between blankets to make the cooties think they are in a snowfield and freeze to death.
Shimmy—Dance carrying all the sensations of riding on a French road in a motor truck.
Sugar—A substance taking the place of the K. P.'s thumb.
Trottor—A railroad track.
Tombeau—A grave.
Toot Sweet—Right away.
Trench—A gutter up the line.
Underwear—Cootie incubator.
Very-light—Cartridges shot from hand cannons.
Vest—Undershirt for a coat.
Vin blanc—A memory.
Vin Rouge—Another memory.
Wack—A female British war worker—good to look at.
War—See Sherman, Gen. William T., or any doughboy.
Wren—The same as Wack—good for the eyes.
White Mule—Elixer of life.
Who Won the War—Foolish question often asked of soldiers.
X—Letter used to make the French language hard to learn.
"Y"—A place to play checkers in.
Zig Zag—Too much white mule.
Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Krupp—Duck fast.
Zip-Zip-Zip-Zip—Put that light out.



A PAGE TO WIT

“OUR MAG”—By the Office Boy



Since the last time I started to tell you about “OUR MAG,” this Office Force has undergone a wild state of affairs, to say the least.

You see, we staged a big “Shin-dig” out at Motor Square Gardens, and though I had done some serious thinking, to the effect that getting prepared for a “Big-Noise” was uprising enough—Lordy, man, it haint got a thing on what getting over such a great time does to an Office Force.

You’d be surprised what a lot of good advice you get handed over, after such an affair, and all I got to say is—“Did you every try to pull a big doings for about five or six thousand friends in your life?” I ask you again, “Didja?” Well, if you’ve never pulled any such doings—try it once—before you go wasting any GAS over how it should have been done—after it’s over.

But then we haven’t had so many “I told you so’s” to take care of at that—everyone had a peach of a time—met lots of old Pals that they hadn’t seen since the “BIG FIGHT” and last, but not least—got introduced to “Service.”

And you know who “Service” is, dontja? Why “Service” is our dear old “MAG,” and it may seem mighty strange to you to learn that some of the Old Pals of the Army had never seen or heard of “OUR MAG,” but it’s true, brother, too true, as a matter of fact.

And, gosh, you should have seen the old boys’ eyes bulge at the sight of “Service.” They grabbed onto the sample copies as if the pages held Liberty Bonds, and the subscriptions have come in so strong that between you and me and the old discarded Bar, on the corner—I’m about nerved up to the point of asking the BOSS for a raise—cause he’s so blamed tickled and proud and puffed up over how our old “MAG” went “Over the Top”—that he’s just nigh unto bustin.

Notes have been pouring in from all parts of the country, singing praises unto “Service,” and as one of our subscribers

up in New Jersey has told us that he holds his “Service” copies as being his best souvenirs of the War.

But now enough of all this—I’m forgetting my promise—for I’ve been introducing you to the “Office Force,” and due to the effect of our big celebration almost forgot to continue on with my story.

In the last issue of “OUR MAG” I was telling you about our Cartoonist, and I ended up by explaining to you, just where the arguments arise, when he shows the efforts of his day’s labor to the front office and of how the Typist and the Filest and the General Manager and the Advertising Man pass judgment on all his work.

But I will say this, in the course of a little while the Typist and the Filest and the General Manager can be brought around to seeing some real art in the cartoons, but not so with our Advertising Man.

Our Ad. Man is about as set and determined in his arguments as a Jerry 55. Argue??? Why that man could play the devil all his life on this old Mother Earth of ours and then go right up and argue St. Peter into believing that he, our Ad. Man, is one of the twelve Apostles and therefore is entitled to a front seat in the Golden Row.

Argue??? Why that man should have had a seat at the Peace Table, and between him and Woodrow there might have been some interesting reading in the daily papers about the league of nations and what not. And the funny part about it all is that this Ad. fellow is built on and along the

same lines as his arguments are based upon.

Unusual type this fellow; one day you’d swear by all the stars that he’s positively dead from the neck up, and then again he shows a little spark of real human intelligence and you’ve got to admit that he’s not altogether hopeless.

But aside from this insatiable mania he seems to have towards a good argument—this fellow is true blue insofar as his ideas of good, clean business methods are concerned. He argues, it is true, but for argument’s sake alone, because he derives a keen sense of delight in getting a rise out of this whole office force regardless of whether he is in the right or wrong. Get him started on his ideas of life and the rights and wrongs of good, clean living and the rights and wrongs of good, honest business methods, and you will readily see that beneath the mask there rings a true blue nature.

And when you stop to consider that the old boy is actually rolling in the adds and you give a casual glance through “Service” and see that he is quite a hand at poetry, too, you’ve really got to admit that there must be a lot of ground for good hopes where the signs of life are so evident.

Well, here comes the Postman with another batch of subscriptions. Gee, you fellers are great little producers once you get started. Promising more next month, I remain as ever,

Faithfully yours,
THE OFFICE BOY.

VERY LIGHTS

The Sweet Young Thing, “had just sent over a deadly barrage to her future cellmate. And after returning the ring, deplored the fact that she could not return his chocolates.

“Well, I can return the cigars you sent me for Xmas,” flared back the he member of the fracas.

“Oh! you can eh? You haven’t smoked the cigars I gave you for Xmas?”

“Well! I did smoke one of them, and I

was saving the balance to send to my old lieutenant.”

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally, one of the men, himself an author, said to the other: “No John, you can’t appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself.”

“No,” retorted John, “and I never laid an egg, but I’m a better judge of an omelet than any hen.”

Alumni Notes

The following regrets were received from some of our old Pals of the Army during our recent Bazaar and Reception held at Pittsburgh, Pa.:

"Wheeling, W. Va.
"Owing to previous engagement of long standing I regret that I will be unable to attend. It would have been a great pleasure for me to have had the opportunity of meeting again the men of the Blue Ridge Division, which under the leadership of Generals Cronkrite and Brett did such splendid work during the Meuse Argonne Offensive. I trust you will express my sincere regrets at not being able to be present."
"PERSHING."

"Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Co. B, 305th Field Signal Battalion, Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, Pa. Tried hard, but could not make it, best regards to the boys."
"TOM LAYDEN."

"Hartford, Conn.
"Sorry I cannot be present for the Rodeo events, my best to all the old crowd, especially three one eight."
"EDWARD H. LITTLE."
"Camp Sherman,
"Chillicothe, Ohio."

"Previous engagements make it impossible for me to attend, my sincere regrets and best wishes for a successful reunion."
"S. O. STURGIS,
"Maj. Gen., U. S. A.,
"Commanding."

"Fort Monroe, Va.
"I must apologize most sincerely for my failure to attend the 80th reception in Pittsburgh, as I had promised to do. I am more sorry than I can tell you that I was unable to be with you and my old friends in the 80th, and I can assure you that only dire necessity caused by absence. Mrs. Cronkrite being so ill I could not leave her at the time. I hope that nothing may prevent my presence in the future, so long as I may be alive to attend."
"Very truly yours,
"ADELBERT CRONKITE"

We are glad to welcome among our "Exchanges" the first issue of "The Flash" the publication of the Association of the "78th" Division.

Mr. Henry Gurney Atha announces the marriage of his daughter Margaret Montie to Mr. Edward Mathews Crane on Saturday, the eighth of May, at four o'clock in the afternoon at Trinity Cathedral, Newark, N. J.

Ted Crane was Battalion Adjutant of the 3rd Battalion 318th Infantry.

QUIET WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mason Lacy, the latter formerly Miss Bertha Jeannette Stigall, will spend their honeymoon in the North. Their wedding took place very quietly at the home of Dr. and Mrs. John Jefferson Stigall, 1403 North Avenue, in Richmond on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Waite, of Barton Heights Baptist Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy will be at home after April 20 at 2212 Park Avenue, Richmond. Mr. Lacy was Sergeant in Co. "I" 318th Infantry.

ARE YOU WORKING WITH OR AGAINST YOUR ORGANIZATION

A drayman one hot afternoon, tugged and lugged and pulled at an enormous box in a doorway, but it was too heavy for him. A muscular, well-dressed chap came to the drayman's aid.

"Here, let me help you, friend," he said, and like diplomats working for peace, the two fell upon the box, and lugged and pulled and tugged at it with all their might, but the box did not budge.

"We cannot budge it here," said the drayman, after five minutes' exhaustive work.

"She is too heavy for us," said the well-dressed chap. "We'll never get her in that door."

"Get her in," roared the drayman. Why you fool, I am trying to get her out."

Following is an extract from a full column article which appeared in the Wellsburg, W. Va. Herald, on April 16th, under the caption, "Pershing Pays War Tribute to Women and 80th Division."

"Before an assembly of 1,200 persons, more than half of whom are members of Wheeling Post, No. 1, American Legion, General John J. Pershing with words of praise paid a glowing and beautiful tribute to the members of the organization in general and the Eightieth Division in particular as fighters and men in the great World War."

An editorial in a city newspaper, after an event has taken place, is quite likely to reflect the real opinion of the organization and its hopes and activities, as held by the daily press and for that reason we are glad to be able to reprint the following editorial from April 11th issue of the Pittsburgh Sunday Post.

ENJOYABLE AND PROFITABLE REUNION.

The reunion here yesterday and last evening of veterans of the Eightieth, or "Blue Ridge," division was alike enjoyable and profitable not only to the members, but to the entire community. With the dancing, feasting and merrymaking generally, there also was a review of the experiences of the famous fighting organization that added to the pride in America's part in the winning of the struggle and renewed thought of the high ideals for which our forces fought. Thus, as always, is shown the value of organizations of veterans. In addition to the pleasure and helpfulness the comrades find in meeting again, they help to preserve and to emphasize generally the lessons of a struggle.

This community, which contributed so many members to the Eightieth, naturally

has a particular interest in anything relating to the division. The success of the first large meeting of the veterans since demobilization adds to the pride in the organization.

The following members of this Division are now at U. S. Disciplinary Barracks, Fort. Leavenworth, Kansas. (They are all on duty, however, and are not guests of Uncle Sam on account of any G. C. M.): Lieut. Col. S. Whipple, formerly

"Mighty Glad"

To see old pals of the Army at my store, and it's a pleasure to give them high grade Suits at a saving of many dollars. You'll be surprised at the quality and workmanship. No need of overalls when you can get your clothing issue here—at right prices.

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World War

A NINE REEL FILM
NOT POSED BUT ACTUAL
BATTLE SCENES

Activities of 80th, 42nd, 28th, 29th, 77th and other divisions, showing these fighting "Yanks" smashing through the Argonne, St. Mihiel, Chateau-Thierry, capturing the Kremheild-Stellung, capturing Buzancy, Vaux, Fleville, St. Juvin, St. George, Grand-Pre, Montfaucon, Cuisy, Bois Des Ogons, Chatel Chehery, Sommerance, Immeourt, Exermont and many scenes in Picardy.

**Shown to Packed Houses
Wherever Exhibited**

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

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Alumni Notes

assistant chief of Staff 80th Division; Lieut. Col. C. M. Mitchell, formerly 218th Infantry; Capt. Chas. I. Griffin, 318th Infantry; Lieut. Bob. Higgins, 318th Infantry (all American football end, 1919); Lieut. John H. Cochran, 318th Infantry.

The report of the Surgeon General U. S. Army, to the Secretary of War, for 1919, states on page 386, Vol. I, that the "88th" Division was organized at Camp Lee.

That great organization of super-trained fighters, the always reliable, firm as the mountains, supremely organized, non-advertising 80th Division that first saw the light of day at Camp Lee, is thus passed into oblivion by being shorn of its birth-right. What is there now—left to posterity of this glorious band of warriors? Once the pride of the North and South, sturdy inheritors of the Gray and the Blue; once the pillar of strength and the moving avalanche of the First Army, in the movement against the German horde; once the Division that never failed to win its objective, and the only division that was called upon three times to hurl itself against the enemy in the battle of the Argonne, and won each time; once the Model of Esprit for the A. E. F., and the cleanest and smartest division in France; once the division that stood highest in morale and in the care of its sick and wounded, and got the best inspection record in the training area before returning home; now shorn of its glory and prowess, and cast into oblivion by one fell swoop, by robbing it of its nativity. O, Great King of Esculapians, whose statistics were kept low by the fulness of strength and clean living of the Blue Ridge division, why hast thou denied us our birth certificate?

COL. T. L. RHODES,
M. C.
Camp Dix, N. J.

IN OUR MAIL BOX
Service Magazine,
Dear Service:—

I was a private in E Company from April 22nd, 1918 to June 2, 1919, when I was discharged, and I would like to hear from some of the boys of old Co. E. I am a member of the 80th Division Veterans Association and a subscriber to Service Magazine. Please publish this in the magazine and perhaps some of my old buddies will see it and write to me.

Respectfully,
CHARLES A. McCONNELL,
Midland, Pa.

Daniel J. Fray (Sergeant First Class, 305th Field Signal Battalion,) writes that he has a complete history of Co. "C," 305 F. S. Bn., in typewritten form and will have copies made and sent to all comrades who are interested in same, at actual expense of copying. Address 2548 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following is a copy of a letter recently forwarded to Mrs. German H. H. Emery, widow of Major German H. H. Emery, killed in the Argonne:
"Mrs. German H. H. Emery,
48 West Biddle Street,
Baltimore, Md.

My Dear Mrs. Emery—
At the regular monthly meeting of this Post the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it is desired by Post No. 8, Department of Maryland, The American Legion, heretofore known as "Headquart-

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PITTSBURGH

R. V. B.
CHOCOLATES

There is no finer way of expressing one's esteem for a friend than the sending of a box of Reymers.

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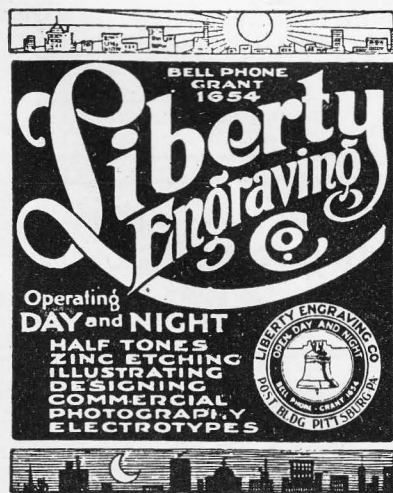
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Trade!"**
Patronize, When Possible, Those
Who Cater to You,
AND MENTION SERVICE

Mention Service Magazine when answering
Advertisements.

Alumni Notes

ers Post," to adopt a permanent name:

And whereas, the Post desires to perpetuate, as a memorial, the name of a distinguished citizen of Maryland, Major German H. H. Emery, 320th Infantry, U. S. A., who was killed in action near St. Juvin, France, on November 1st, 1918.

Now, therefore be it unanimously resolved that the name of this Post shall hereafter be "German H. H. Emery Post,"

And be it further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to Mrs. German H. H. Emery, the widow of Major Emery.

Very respectfully yours,
KENNETH M. BURNS,
Adj. German H. H. Emery,
Post No. 8. Formerly
1st Lieut. Co. "K"
317th Infantry.

539 Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

The first reunion and banquet of the members of the Second Battalion, 318th Infantry was held at Rueger's Hotel, Richmond, Va., on Thursday evening, March 25th. Fifteen former members of the Battalion were present and spent a very enjoyable evening, after which it was decided to form a permanent organization for local men of the Battalion. The following committee was elected to draw up plans for the same: Leslie L. Jones, Clarke W. Roper and John A. DeVol. All former members living in or around Richmond are requested to communicate with the above committee, who will also be glad to see any out of town members visiting Richmond.

The following were present at the first meeting: John Bowers, Isaac W. Crump, John A. DeVol, James A. Evans, George W. Hines, Floyd Jarvis, Leslie L. Jones, Morris Lutts, Raymond Mills, John E. Napier, Rufus A. Price, Clarke W. Roper, J. E. Townes, Earl W. Tyler and Garland C. Wilson.

Frank Schoble, Jr., former First Lieut. 318th Infantry, has been discharged from the Red Cross Institute for the Blind and is now at his home in Wyncote, Pa., where he would be pleased to receive his former pals.

Richmond, Va.

Dear Service:—

Inclosed find notice of the first meeting of "Blue Ridge" men at Richmond, Va.

It started from a couple of buddies meeting on a street corner and "Do You Remember" and "Why Not," the idea is a social reunion of those who spent a year or more in the same happy family Over There. We are also very much interested in forming a local post of the 80th Division Association at Richmond.

With best wishes for the continued success of Service, I am, very truly,

JOHN A. DeVOL,
(Co. "H" 318th Infantry)
4 N. Rowland street,
Richmond, Va.

New Millport, Pa.

To the Boys of the Eightieth Division:—

I had a brother Ivan K. Sloppy, who was a member of Co. "M," 319th Infantry. The Government reported him missing in action October 10th, and afterwards as having died from wounds October 27th. His parents were nearly frantic and were unable to find out anything concerning his death or his belongings; also a misunderstanding as to where he fell and where he was buried. Is it possible to get in touch with anyone in your association who can



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JACK A. ELTON

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

The statement of ownership, management, etc. of Service Magazine published monthly at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1920, in the State of Pennsylvania, County of Allegheny. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Reuel W. Elton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of the Service Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, 80th Division Veterans Association, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Editor, Dwight H. Fee; Managing Editor, Reuel W. Elton; Business Managers, none.

2. That the owners are: 80th Division Veterans Association, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Brig. Gen. Adelbert Cronkrite, U. S. A., president, Fort. Monroe, Va.; Col. Wm. H. Waldron, G. S., U. S. A., vice president, 350 War Dept., Washington, D. C.; Frederick Hickman, secretary, Real Estate and Law Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.; Reuel W. Elton, resident secretary and treasurer, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh.

R. W. ELTON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1920.

Signed by
S. E. GREEN.

(My commission expires 4-1-23)

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When you receive your pay envelope the first thing is to make a straight line for the savings department of your bank and deposit the amount you have planned for that purpose.

After that you can safely plan your spending on the basis of what is left.

We offer 4% on savings accounts.

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323 Fourth Avenue

Alumni Notes

give any information concerning his fall or burial during the Argonne fight? Kindly do all you can to relieve an aching heart.
Yours in appreciation,
OREL J. SLOPPY.

Editor Service Magazine:—

Dear Sir:—

I would like to know through our magazine the present address of George D. Johnson, formerly a wagoner in 319th Ambulance Co., 80th Division. Any information as to his whereabouts will be appreciated by one of his former "buddies."

Answer: The information you request is

MR. GEORGE JOHNSON,
2629 N. Marshall St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Service Magazine—

Dear Sirs:—J

I am requested by the parents and relatives of Private Elmer Keller of Co. D, 319th Infantry, who was wounded in action September 27th, 1918, in the Argonne by shell fire, and was reported as having died later in a hospital. The parents of this Buddie would like to get in touch with anyone who was near him, or can give any last statements from him regarding his parents, etc. Any information regarding this matter will be greatly appreciated. Please communicate with Ex-Private of Co. G, 319th Infantry.

CHAS. G. WEISS,
1507 Second Avenue,
Beaver Falls, Pa.

This magazine is your magazine and wants to publish the material that is interesting to you. If your organization is not getting its share of space, the only reason is that you are not sending in material. Get busy—write an article or persuade others in your old outfit to revive your unit spirit. And if you can gladden some dear mother's aching heart with a last message from her noble son who is resting Overthere. Do It Now; You owe it to that silent Buddie!

Dr. John Stafford Allen, better known to his friends of the 318th Inf. as "Doc," was married on April 6 to Miss Gladys Thayer Chase at Providence, R. I.

Col. Joe Thompson, ex-110th Infantry, addressing an American Legion memorial service, took a severe crack at wars in general and a more severe punch at conniving politicians of all nations and parties, particularly at Washington, who kill any form of a League of Nations and delay real peace for their own personal glorification.

The War Department has decided to abandon Park View Hospital, Pittsburgh, transferring the patients elsewhere.

W. D. Tucker, Spanish War Veterans officer at Canton, O., published the death notice of W. H. Koontz, another veteran, then got flags to drape the comrade's casket. Reaching Koontz's home he found him in the mess line. A twisted telephone message is blamed.

Brig. W. W. Harts, alleged sponsor of Hard Boiled Smith and his crew, has been on the pan before a House committee at Washington. He denies all charges, says the prisoners always distorted the truth and says he did a good job and is quite proud of it. All together, fellows, Oh, ———

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The Maryland Senate defeated the state soldier bonus bill.

The Y. W. C. A. and Red Cross are operating rest huts at the American cemeteries at Chateau Thierry, Fere-en-Tardenois, Romagne, and Bony. They provide all sorts of assistance, but not overnight accommodations.

T. B. Miller, American Legion official, urged before a House committee, that all immigration be stopped until all aliens in the country have been Americanized. He said the Russian Soviet was financing Reds sent here to try to wreck the government.

Sergt. J. F. O'Brien, ex-First Division, home from the Rhine, says the Yanks there have Riley buffaloed. He drew \$78, exchanged into marks (normal value 23 cents) at a penny a mark. The doughboys, he says, spend their week-ends autoing, and at the best restaurants and hotels.

The present enlisted strength of the National Guard is 42,606, the authorized strength, 179,145. It is 24 per cent recruited. Pennsylvania ultimately will have 13,273; Ohio, 13,052.



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

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

KERSHNER, RUSSELL T.
Formerly 28th Division, died recently at his home in Wilkinsburg, Pa., from sleeping sickness. Mr. Kershner earned a commission as Second Lieut. during the late war.

LEWIS, RONALD D.
Formerly of One Hundred and Ninth Ambulance Corps, 28th Division, died at the Pittsburgh Hospital from effects of gas received in action in the Argonne Oct., 1918. Interment took place in Allegheny Cemetery.

McCLUAN, HOWARD
1337 Grotto Street
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Formerly Co. F, 319th Inf., from effects of gas received in action. V. F. W. services were conducted by Trees-Carlisle Post, V. F. W., Saturday, May 1, 1920.

McCUE, WALTER
Formerly runner "D" Co., 305th Eng., known as "Sleepy," was killed recently by a fall of slate.

SHERWOOD, CHARLES HILRY
Sergeant Co. I, 318 Inf., 80th Division, U. S. N. A. Died at the home of his mother, Ocean View, Va., from result of wounds received in action Nov. 4, 1918. He was buried with full military honors at Cedar Grove Cemetery.

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- 1—Red Cross Nurses—City Point, Va.
- 2—On the James.
- 3—On Board the "Huron."
- 4—Our Convoy.
- 5—Mess at Pontenazen.
- 6—On our way to Calais.
- 7—Rest Camp—Calais.
- 8—Forty Hommes—Samer.
- 9—Passed by the Censor.
- 10—Beauval.
- 11—Camp near Albert.
- 12—Barber in the Front Lines.
- 13—Ruins at Henecourt.
- 14—Damaged by Shell Fire, near Warloy.
- 15—Dugouts—Senlis.
- 16—Ruins—Senlis.
- 17—Bure-Les-Templiers.
- 18—Camouflaged in Woods near Ippicourt.
- 19—Ruins—Verdun.
- 20—Filling Water at Germonville.
- 21—Waiting for Material—Co. "B" Bridge, Bethincourt, (Under Shell Fire)
- 22—Co. "B" Bridge Finished 1 hour and 35 minutes later.
- 23—Ruins at Bethincourt.
- 24—Transport Jam—Bethincourt.
- 25—Hill "304," near Bethincourt.
- 26—Captured Jerry Guns and Hindenburg Line.
- 27—First American Plane downed at Bethincourt.
- 28—Jerry Concrete Dugout—Cuisy.
- 29—Dead "Hun."
- 30—French Tank going into action—Montfaucon.
- 31—Jerry O. P. at Montfaucon.
- 32—Church, Montfaucon, from which the Crown Prince viewed the opening of the offensive on Verdun.
- 33—Fourteen Horses Killed by One Shell.
- 34—Camouflaged Road in the Argonne.
- 35—Camp Monhovon.
- 36—Fleville.
- 37—Constructing Bridge Under Shell Fire, at St. Georges.
- 38—First Transport to Cross Bridge at St. Georges.
- 39—American Tank in Tank Trap, near St. Georges.
- 40—Making an Advance, Over the Top, near Sommerance.
- 41—Battleground, Immeecourt, showing Shells Exploding.
- 42—Jerry Prisoners at St. Georges.
- 43—Jerry Cannon Captured in a. m. of Nov. 1 and used on the Boche in afternoon.
- 44—Soldiers Home—Buzancy.
- 45—Going to the Front.
- 46—O. V. Balloon being moved up.
- 47—Railroad and Bridge Destroyed by Retreating Germans.
- 48—Railroad Cars Blown Up by Retreating Germans.
- 49—Jerry Ammunition Truck.
- 50—9-2 Jerry "Dud" at Beaumont.
- 51—American Anti-Air Guns in Shell Hole near the Meuse River.
- 52—Cannon that is claimed to have Fired the Last Shot.
- 53—Ruins at Grandpre.
- 54—Tree Cut Down by Shell Fire—Grandpre.
- 55—Ruined Church—Grandpre.
- 56—Woods near Grandpre—showing effects of Barrage.
- 57—Cemetery—American and French Graves—Chatel Chehery.
- 58—Dugout, Camp Monhovon, Argonne Forest.
- 59—Ruins—Sommelle.
- 60—Sermalze-Les-Bains.
- 61—Ruins—Old Church—Sermalze.
- 62—German Chateau—Regtl. Hdqrs.—Villers-en-Lien.
- 63—Regtl. Hdqrs.—Voilecomte.
- 64—Square—Sommevoire.
- 65—Ration Dump—Levigny.
- 66—Street Scene—Nuisement.
- 67—Thanksgiving Dinner on the Hike.
- 68—Your Billet—Gye-Sur-Seine.
- 69—Last Day of Hike, near Aisy.
- 70—Cootie Hunt—Aisy.
- 71—Barracks—Aisy.
- 72—Fulvy.
- 73—Q. M. Dump—Cuisy.
- 74—Regtl. Hdqrs.—Fulvy.
- 75—Cemetery—Ancy.
- 76—Down the Canal—Raveler.
- 77—German Field Kitchen.
- 78—Railroad Cut, near Nuits.
- 79—Stone Quarry, La Innos.
- 80—Pershing Decorating Engineer Columns.
- 81—Pershing Inspecting 80th Division.
- 82—Pershing's Hdqrs.—(Army Hdqrs.)—Chaumont.
- 83—Second Battalion Leaving Nuits.
- 84—Homeward Bound.
- 85—LeMans—What We Saw on Every Corner.
- 86—General Cronkhite Views Engineers at LeMans.
- 87—General Cronkhite Decorated by French at Brest.
- 88—View of Brest Harbor.
- 89—Jerry Prisoner Camp, Brest.
- 90—Embarking at Brest.
- 91—Ferry on way to U. S. S. Troy.
- 92—U. S. S. Troy—Transport.
- 93—On Board the Troy.
- 94—Sports on the Troy.
- 95—Overseas Bound.
- 96—Reception Committee, New York Harbor.
- 97—Mayor's Boat Meets the Troy.
- 98—Landing.
- 99—Discharged—Camp Dix.
- 100—Officers Group, or Fort at Brest.

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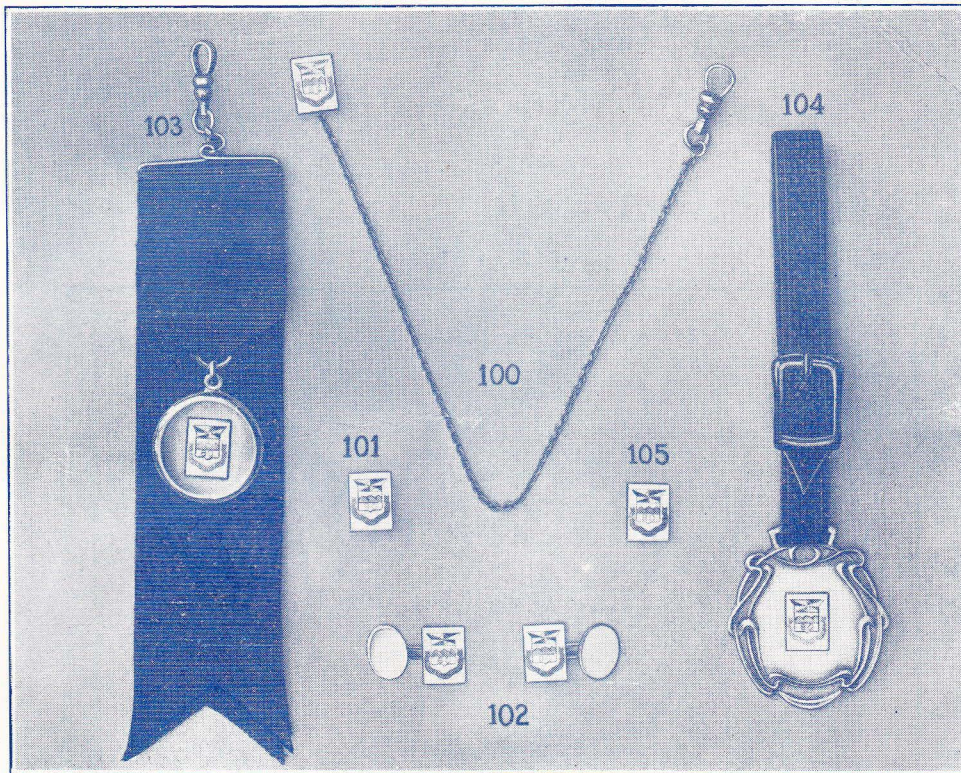
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