

The Service

Magazine



October
20¢

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These photographs were taken in February, March and April, 1919, immediately following the Armistice. They are eight inches wide and from three to four feet in length. Order by number. Send Check or Money Order to

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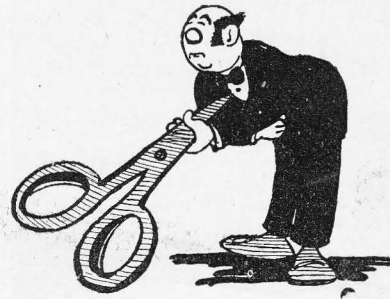
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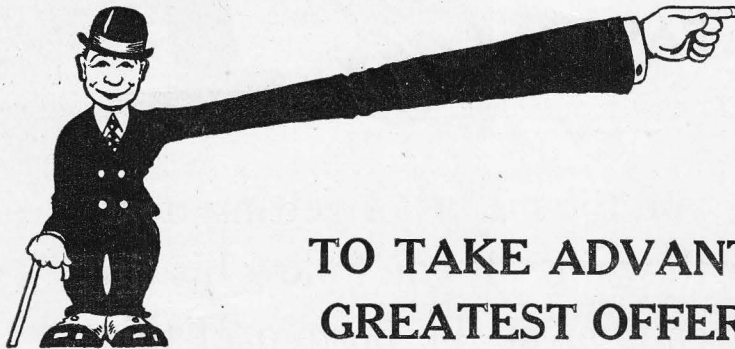
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OCTOBER 15



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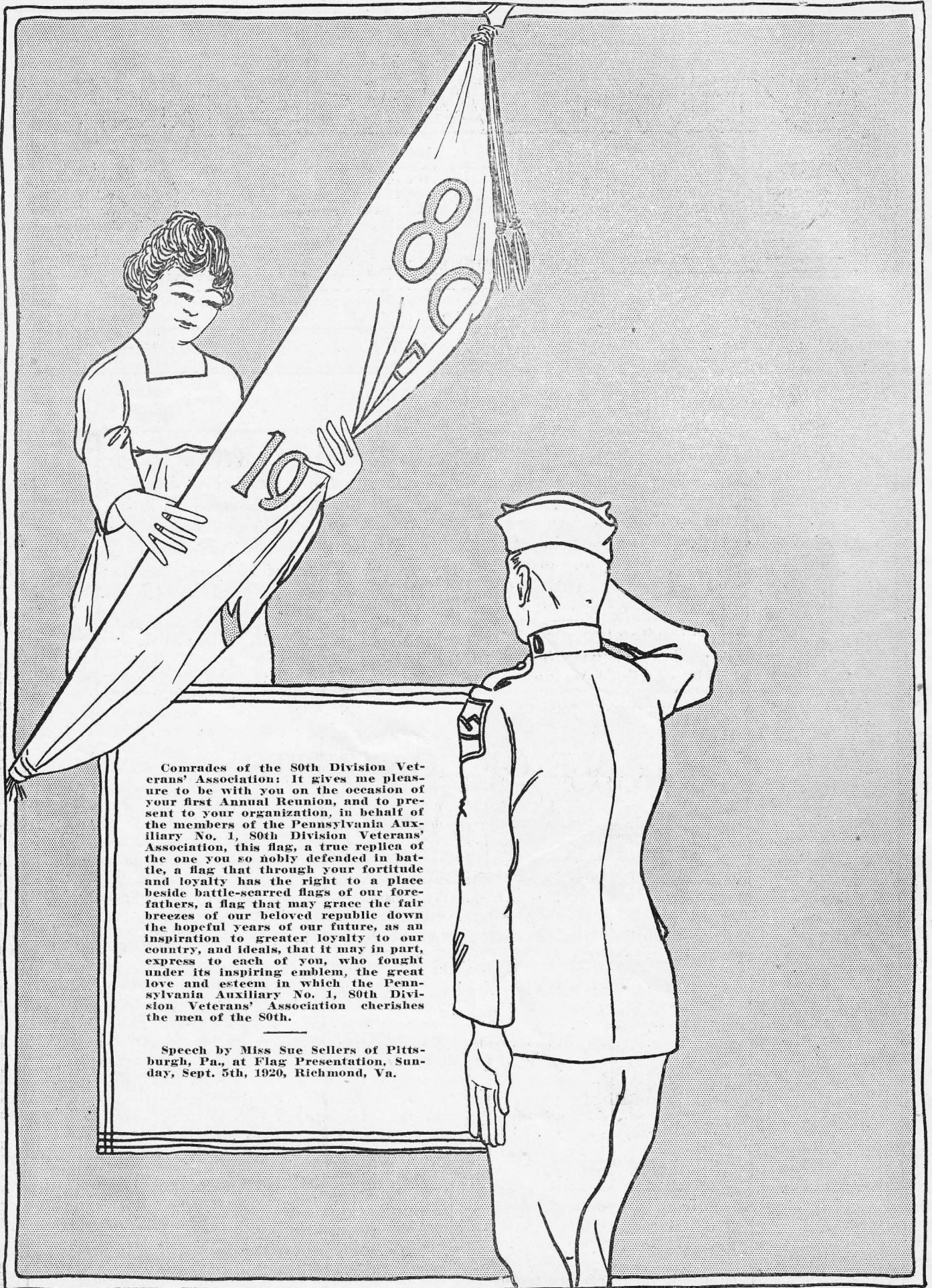
ONE THING IS CERTAIN

Whatever may befall my country politically, I am satisfied of this: "Loyal hearts will continue to beat, willing hands will ever serve, and in affairs of state wise council will step in at the eleventh hour and lead us rightfully into the path of our destiny, and should we seemingly falter, 'twill not be for long." The A. E. F. carries on with the "Spirit of 76" and other was a standing army of fortitude and loyalty, still ready, still in the service of justice and humanity.

THAT THIS SPIRIT OF SERVICE MAY CARRY-ON IN OUR CIVIL LIFE IS THE OBJECTIVE OF SERVICE MAGAZINE.

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Comrades of the 80th Division Veterans' Association: It gives me pleasure to be with you on the occasion of your first Annual Reunion, and to present to your organization, in behalf of the members of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association, this flag, a true replica of the one you so nobly defended in battle, a flag that through your fortitude and loyalty has the right to a place beside battle-scarred flags of our forefathers, a flag that may grace the fair breezes of our beloved republic down the hopeful years of our future, as an inspiration to greater loyalty to our country, and ideals, that it may in part, express to each of you, who fought under its inspiring emblem, the great love and esteem in which the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association cherishes the men of the 80th.

Speech by Miss Sue Sellers of Pittsburgh, Pa., at Flag Presentation, Sunday, Sept. 5th, 1920, Richmond, Va.

The Reunion Worth While

The Hundreds Who Went to Richmond Proved the High Degree of The Eightieth Esprit—Let Next Year's Reunion at Pittsburgh Be Even Stronger Testimony



AS it worth while?

Far more important to the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association than a mere statement of the number present or the business accomplished, is the outstanding fact that the Richmond reunion was a success—that it was worth while and that every indication is that future reunions will be even more profitable.

The Eightieth may well take deep satisfaction from this. News dispatches have told of reunions held by other divisions—of how 500 were present some evening, or how a "boat load" went on an afternoon to some park for its celebration. It is impossible to ascertain exactly how many Blue Ridge men attended the Eightieth's three-day affair, for virtually the only ones who registered had come a great distance. There were hundreds who failed to sign at headquarters—perhaps 1,500. And there were more than that who did register. The numbers, compared with those of other divisions shows the esprit de corps which—from September 5, 1917, the day the first men arrived at Camp Lee—strengthened the whole division throughout its life.

And it wasn't only the men who turned out. The officers were there, too. One regiment, in particular, was well represented, for in the front row of the City Auditorium at one of the sessions sat its two former colonels, its lieutenant colonel, four former battalion commanders and its chaplain. In fact, so strongly was the regiment represented that hints of "steam rolling" were made—but proved unfounded. And most of this unit had come a long way.

A corps of information givers manned a booth in the new Broad Street Station to welcome the arriving veterans, who proceeded first to the armory, where, if they wished, they were assigned to homes for lodging. In the other armory, a block away, were the long tables where the most substantial of meals were served for 35 cents—a service appreciated by hundreds. The menu—and price—put to shame some of the Broad street restaurateurs, whose prices were higher than those of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Pittsburgh—higher perhaps than any city in the country, except Norfolk, where they say they're fifty per cent worse. They weren't put up especially for the conventions of the Legion and the Eightieth, however.

And, should it not be mentioned elsewhere, the division owes a lot to R. Allen

Among the visitors at the recent Reunion was Private James P. Funk, of the 160th Infantry Brigade Headquarters detachment, who was blinded by a German shell at the treacherous water hole in Cuisy, where the units of the 160th Brigade were in abandoned enemy trenches on the hill overlooking the village.

On their way to procure water for the detachment, Funk and his comrade, Private Miller, found themselves under a heavy shell bombardment, but continued on their mission, and it was while returning, according to witnesses, that a shell landed directly between them.

Later it was learned that Private Funk was in a hospital, through letters written to his outfit by a Red Cross nurse. Nothing was ever learned of the fate of Private Miller. At least (none of the men of his organization had knowledge of it when they were discharged at Camp Dix.

They were both willing soldiers and blamed good fellows.—J. P. M.

Ammons of Richmond—ex-317th Infantry—for the preparations that were made.

The excursion to Camp Lee was held Saturday, and this unquestionably was the high spot of the whole affair. Back to Camp Lee . . . The memories it brought

No wrecked jitneys dotted the roadside, as of yore, on the journey from Petersburg, as private motor cars and government trucks carried the veterans back to the cantonment, past the transformer station where one did his trick on guard during spy scares. No groups of walking soldiers held up the procession of automobiles. The barracks didn't show up clean and tidy in all the pride of recent construction. Goldsmith, had he lived a little later, might have obtained points for his "Deserted Village" from the scene that met the eye of the returning vet.

To those who, two years and 364 days before, had formed the van of the tens of thousands who afterward passed through the camp in war time, the picture was desolating. A new crop of weeds has covered the old drill fields—a new crop, but never in a thousand years will it be as dense as the growth personally removed by those early arrivals who, fresh from office, farm and mill, blistered their hands—as the sun blistered their faces—in plucking peanut vines and plain, everyday weeds.

Avenue A, with its warehouses, theater, "Y," K. C. and the rest, is still a good thoroughfare. But Avenue B—shades of Captain Blank! Do you remember on Friday afternoons—or was it, in your company, Saturdays mornings—and on days too wet to drill, how the gang with its picks and shovels and rakes and brooms leveled the bank overhanging Avenue B and made the curve of the water table a perfect arc. And how the very pages of "Company Discipline" curled up and quivered—sometimes scorched—if a match or defunct chew were permitted to rest there more than five minutes?

All gone. All gone. Avenue B now stretches away in sinuous fashion, writhing from one side to the other. The beaten track is half its former width. It twists to one side till thrown back on its course by a barrier of tall, dusty weeds, and then swings to the other side, to be turned back again by another barrier, just as tall and just as dusty.

So it winds down toward the depot brigade, between the files of barracks on one side and officers' quarters and ex-regimental headquarters on the other. The buildings share the general air of depression, their unpainted walls blackening in the sun and rain, a board loose here and there projecting from the side or roof, as a bony arm from a skeleton.

There may be a thousand soldiers in camp now—infantry and artillery. But what could a battalion do in polishing up the camp when, as the men of the Eightieth know, it required unstinting service by 50,000 soldiers a year or two ago to keep it shined and bright.

At one barracks a half dozen men from the company which had called it home stood silent, lost in retrospection, until along came a former major, once their company commander. Their reunion over, they stood him up, knee deep in weeds, before his old orderly room, and took his picture—a captain who twenty months before was the personification of all that stood for neatness and appearance, and who would have called out the guard if those weeds had been there then. And, as the group lingered, their old mess sergeant came along and they snapped his picture on his old kitchen steps. There were many such groups. Scant three years older in years than when they first saw the camp, but how much older in experience. It wasn't the same old boisterous crew.

The women of Petersburg had packed lunch boxes for the men, and in the bar-

The Reunion Worth While—Continued

racks once occupied by D Company and the Machine Gun Company of the 319th Infantry—you know, cat-a-cornered from the Liberty Theater—these boxes were placed on the tables in the mess halls.

Captain Julien Addison of D Company was there, but Captain Perry Houston of the Machine Gunners wasn't, and so missed seeing some of the "old blind aunts." (You tell 'em, A Company.)

The men welcomed Cronkhite and Waldron and Brett and Spalding and Peyton and Peterson and the rest, but, among others, they missed Father Wallace.

Sunday the memorial service was held, and Chaplain Arthur Brown delivered the address. It made one think when he said, in effect, "If our dead could speak to us they would say: 'We were of no different mold than the other men of the division. Simply, it fell to our part, rather than yours, to give our lives. And since we cannot take up again our work on earth, it becomes your duty to help put into effect and keep in effect, those things for which we all were fighting when and in whose cause we gave our lives.'"

Monday came the parade. Fortunately no one attempted squads right or left, as the case may be. The men fell in by regiments in column of squads and, with one "blow," marched to the Auditorium. Few were uniformed, but all were provided with paper overseas caps, with the division insignia on the side. The men kept step, assisted by the bands, and with General Brett—in civies—at the head, hitting 130 paces to the minute, passed before Gov. Westmoreland Davis and General Cronkhite. Gov. Davis and his two uniformed aides were at salute to the colors when the line stopped for a rest, and the three of them "held it," as the colors halted, until somebody shouted "Rest!" And no one remembered to give eyes right as the column passed the general. Also, about one person in each thousand on the curb removed his hat when the flag went past, and unquestionably there were a lot of ex-service men there who should have known better. But the war's over, you know.

Monday afternoon Gov. Davis addressed the crowd and paid a real tribute to the division. He had been urged to send troops into the coal fields to preserve order. He didn't. He said he'd looked over the field and there had found many men wearing the uniform of the Eightieth. From that time, he said, he knew no troops were needed to assure respect for the law.

At night the ball was held, closing the convention.

If you missed this reunion you'll be eager to attend the next—1921 in Pittsburgh. If you went to the reunion you'll be especially eager to attend.

Perhaps before the next gathering Camp Lee will be only a memory. Some action

must be taken, for the hastily constructed buildings must be repaired or torn down. It's likely they'll be junked, and that in another year or two all that will remain will be peanut fields—and more weeds.

Do you believe it would be advisable to set up there, on the site where the division was organized, trained and equipped, materially and morally, a marker of granite or marble? This and many other ques-



Col. Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. A., Retired, President 80th Division Veterans' Asso.

tions will be decided at the next reunion. Prepare to attend and have a voice in the decisions.

The following units of the 80th were represented at the Reunion with the number of men who registered from each unit shown:

Division Headquarters, 21; Headquarters Troop, 14; 80th Div. M. P. Co., 13; 159th Brigade Hdq., 5; 317th Inf. Hdq., 40; 317th M. G. Co., 17; 317th Supply Co., 4; Med. Unit, 8; 317th Inf., Co. A, 18; 317th Inf., Co. B, 15; 317th Inf., Co. C, 15; 317th Inf., Co. D, 21; 317th Inf., Co. E, 17; 317th Inf., Co. F, 29; 317th Inf., Co. G, 17; 317th Inf., Co. H, 23; 317th

Inf., Co. I, 20; 317th Inf., Co. K, 3; 317th Inf., Co. L, 14; 317th Inf., Co. M, 25; Miscel., 5.

318th Inf. Headquarters, 45; 318th M. G. Co., 12; 318th Supply, 14; 318th Med., 9; 318th Inf., Co. A, 35; 318th Inf., Co. B, 44; 318th Inf., Co. C, 4; 318th Inf., Co. D, 35; 318th Inf., Co. E, 20; 318th Inf., Co. F, 26; 318th Inf., Co. G, 13; 318th Inf., Co. H, 14; 318th Inf., Co. I, 33; 318th Inf., Co. K, 12; 318th Inf., Co. L, 27; 318th Inf., Co. M, 26; Miscel., 3.

160th Brigade Hdq., 3; 319th Inf. Hdq., 14; 319th M. G. Co., 6; 319th Supply Co., 4; 319th Med. Unit, 3; 319th Inf., Co. A, 5; 319th Inf., Co. B, 6; 319th Inf., Co. C, 3; 319th Inf., Co. D, 1; 319th Inf., Co. E, 5; 319th Inf., Co. F, 7; 319th Inf., Co. G, 8; 319th Inf., Co. H, 11; 319th Inf., Co. I, 9; 319th Inf., Co. K, 5; 319th Inf., Co. L, 4; 319th Inf., Co. M, 7; Miscel., 11.

320th Hdq. Co., 14; 320th M. G. Co., 7; 320th Supply Co., 2; 320th Medical, 2; 320th Inf., Co. A, 4; 320th Inf., Co. B, 10; 320th Inf., Co. C, 1; 320th Inf., Co. D, 8; 320th Inf., Co. E, 5; 320th Inf., Co. F, 6; 320th Inf., Co. G, 5; 320th Inf., Co. I, 9; 320th Inf., Co. K, 8; 320th Inf., Co. L, 4; 320th Inf., Co. M, 18; 320th 2nd Bn., 2; Miscel., 3.

Hdq. Div. 155th F. A. Brigade, 4; 313th F. A., 54; 314th F. A., 39; 315th F. A., 42; 313th B. G. Bn., 25; 314th M. G. Bn., 36; 315th M. G. Bn., 22; 305th ng., 81; 305th Sanitary Train, 82; 305th F. S. Bn., 22; 305th Trench Mortar, 7; 305th Ammunition Train, 21; 305th Motor Supply Train, 14; Base Hospital, Camp Lee, 7; Guests, 81; Y. M. C. A., 6. Total, 1,479.

The minutes of the convention, with the new constitution and by-laws follow:

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA,

September 4, 1920, 10:30 A. M.

The preliminary meeting of the convention called to order by Allan Ammons, Chairman of the Publicity Committee of the convention who welcomed the association to Richmond and explained the work to be accomplished at this convention.

Mr. Hugh Obear was unanimously elected chairman of the convention.

Mr. H. G. Florin was unanimously elected as Secretary of the convention.

The following committees were appointed and they were urged to have reports ready to submit for the formal meeting to be held in the City Auditorium, Monday, September 6th, at 10:30 A. M.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

H. G. Florin, Penna., 319th Infantry; E. S. Merrill, Virginia; A. M. Dobie, Virginia, Div. Hdq.; Miles Stahlman, Penna., 320th Infantry; E. Gordon, 319th Inf.; W. C. Smith, 319th Inf.; — McVeigh, W.

(Continued on Page 25)

"I Pledge Allegiance to My Flag"

And in the Boy Scouts They Strive to Instill a Spirit That Makes Allegiance Count for More Than Mere Saluting of the Colors. Are You Helping in the Work?

By Geoffrey F. Morgan

ALL sensible people regard patriotism as an essential quality of good citizenship. In the same way all sensible people want our boys and girls to be instructed in this desirable virtue. When it comes to defining just what is meant by patriotism, however, and to deciding just how it shall best be taught to boys and girls, there is no such satisfactory agreement.

Dr. Johnson said that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel. He meant by this that many actions which could not be justified or excused on any other grounds were explained as being acts of patriotism.

During the war, for instance, it was quite common for some ignorant or vicious person who had denounced the President or the government to be dragged through the streets, and forced to choose whether he would kiss the flag or be thrown into the river. Under the circumstances, the man would usually kiss the flag, whereupon the mob would disperse, feeling satisfied that justice had been done and that the flag had been properly honored.

As a matter of fact, this sort of action had no value whatever except to serve as a warning to others to keep their mouths shut. Surely the flag is not honored by the compulsory kisses of traitors, and surely the wrong-doer does not love it any more after kissing it than he does before. Mob violence is to be condemned, moreover, for the simple fact that it violates the very essence of our liberty, which says that every man is entitled to a fair trial, and that no punishment shall be inflicted except by due process of law.

This matter of making a traitor kiss the flag is rather an extreme case, however. Most of us believe in employing more sensible means of teaching boys to be patriotic. Among the commonest methods, of

course, are requiring them to salute the flag and to repeat the pledge which I have quoted as the title of this paper. This is well enough as far as it goes. The chief difficulty, however, is that it makes no effort to define just what is meant by "al-

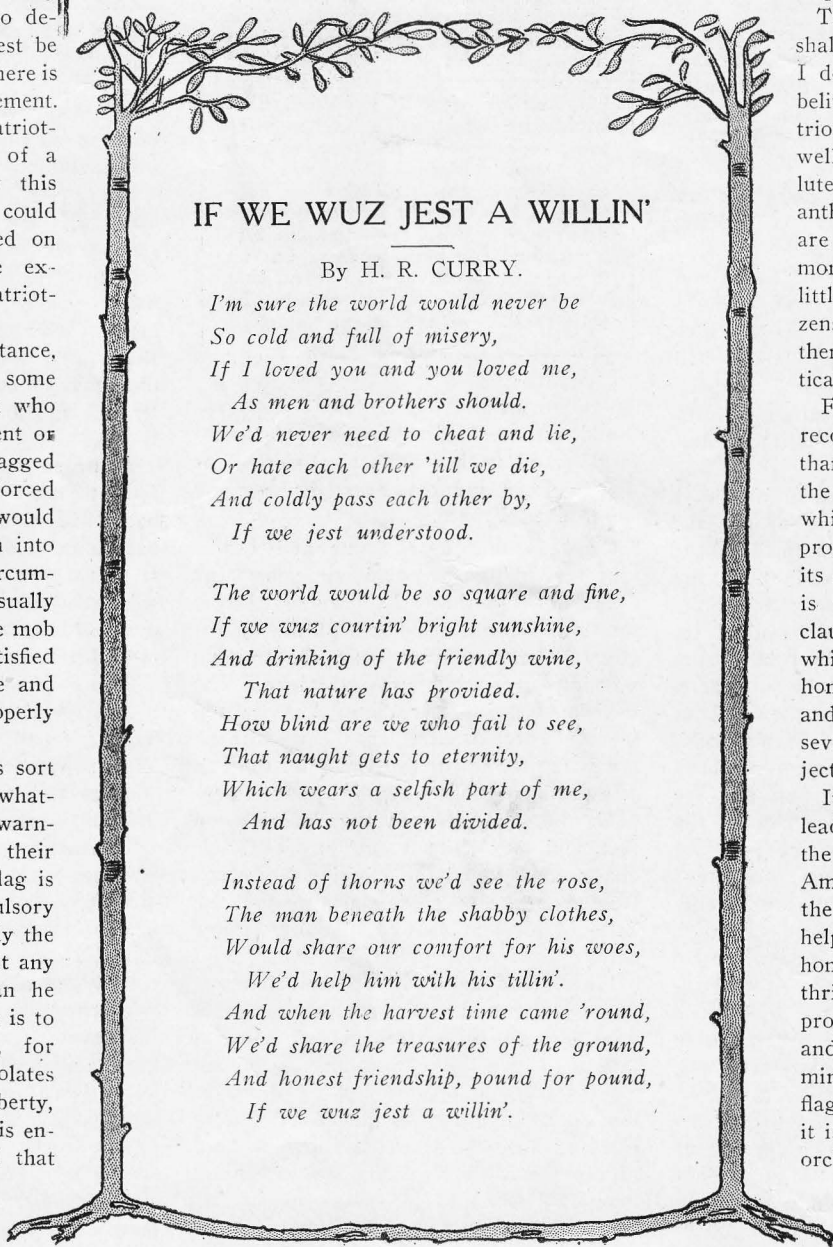
played, or saluting when the flag goes by, or repeating a stereotyped pledge are all exercises of little worth unless they are backed up by concrete actions, and unless the high purpose which is thus expressed finds expression in actual service to the Republic.

There is some danger that I shall be misunderstood in this. I do not mean for a minute to belittle or decry any proper patriotic form or ceremony. It is well and proper that pupils salute the flag and stand for the anthem. The point is that these are merely forms and ceremonies and they will avail very little in the way of good citizenship unless we reinforce them with concrete and practical conduct.

Few educational forces have recognized these facts better than the organization known as the Boy Scouts of America, which has included a definite program of patriotic teaching in its scheme of boy training. This is indicated in the very first clause of the Scout oath, in which the boy promises on his honor to do his duty to God and his country, and there are several ways in which the subject is approached.

It is the belief of the Scout leaders that patriotism involves the teaching of certain virtues. Among these are respect for the law, kindness to animals, helpfulness to others, loyalty to home and church and country, thrift in the preservation of property, courtesy to the aged and cleanliness in body and mind. What is a salute to the flag worth if the boy who gives it is willing to break fences, rob orchards, tell vile stories, or abuse his mother? Standing up for the flag is well enough, but what we need today is to teach

boys to stand up when a woman enters the car. Lifting one's hat to the bunting is commendable, but the boy should also lift his hat to the veteran (Continued on Page 29)



IF WE WUZ JEST A WILLIN'

By H. R. CURRY.

*I'm sure the world would never be
So cold and full of misery,
If I loved you and you loved me,
As men and brothers should.
We'd never need to cheat and lie,
Or hate each other 'till we die,
And coldly pass each other by,
If we jest understood.*

*The world would be so square and fine,
If we wuz courtin' bright sunshine,
And drinking of the friendly wine,
That nature has provided.
How blind are we who fail to see,
That naught gets to eternity,
Which wears a selfish part of me,
And has not been divided.*

*Instead of thorns we'd see the rose,
The man beneath the shabby clothes,
Would share our comfort for his woes,
We'd help him with his tillin'.
And when the harvest time came 'round,
We'd share the treasures of the ground,
And honest friendship, pound for pound,
If we wuz jest a willin'.*

legiance," or to indicate any definite way in which the boy may honor his country

Patriotism, after all, is not so much a matter of words as of actions. Standing up when the "Star-Spangled Banner" is

One of Them D----- "Y" Men

A Story By a Man, a Preacher By the Way, Who Made Good as a "Y" Worker—The Men He Served Sing His Praises as A Regular Guy in Billets or Line



EXPERIENCES of the Summer of 1918 in France will ever remain in my mind as a buoyant memory. Not that what I saw and heard and did differed much from that a million more were experiencing, but to feel that I had a part in the great enterprise—that is the amount of it. I would not exchange those months for any like number of years in my life.

France was not new to me, I had known it before; American men were not new to me, I had never known many other kinds; soldiers were not new to me, I had always known soldiers.

But the France I had known was not the fighting, suffering, sacrificing, dying France of two years ago; the Yankee boys in their twenties who were my bone and flesh had never before been strangers in a strange land marching to a world's Calvary; and the soldiers with whom I had bivouacked in days of peace had not been the men of determined purpose, lofty ideals and steadfast face whom we knew in Lorraine.

I feel somehow as the clouds lift that I know something about it—about the trenches, for I have lived in them; about the dugouts, for I have made them my home, my protecting bulwark; about the phosgene gas, for I have breathed it; about the barbed wires, for I have surveyed them by the mile, by the solid acre, and felt glad that they were there; about the deep shell holes in No Man's Land, strewn with the debris of war, for I have hidden in them; about the fleas and the cooties, for I have had them; about the rats; the big rats, the Lorraine rats, the trench and dugout rats, those ubiquitous rats—I never slept a night for seventy days but they kept vigil, revelled, caroused. And why not? when a man sleeps in a rat hole and 15 feet beneath the ground invades his habitat, should the host leave because his guest has come? We went to the rat and he taught us—his secret was, keep the head down; we learned it.

My first war experience was in the Atlantic ocean when the Hun discovered us in transit and sunk us one moon-light night so quickly that we left the ship in "dishabille." He made a thorough job of us and the last I saw of our stately ship—she threw up her prow high in the air and sunk swiftly. It was one o'clock A. M. and we waited an hour amid the flotsam of the wreck. Then a British destroyer came to us, picked us up and landed us the following morning on an island where we

The writer of this article is one of the "Y" men whose services apparently were satisfactory. At any rate, the men of the battalion he served are outspoken in their praise. Where they went, he went, although he had left at home more dependents, probably, than any of his doughboys had. As the pastor of one of the large churches of his denomination, he had a good job at home. But he couldn't resist the impulse to do something. Perhaps his lack of orthodoxy helped him. In his pastoral duties he has been more concerned with true religion than strict adherence to usage and, to satisfy a new parishioner's conscience, has been known to perform a baptism in other fashion than that prescribed for him, because he felt it was the result, not the form, that counted most. At all events, he was—and is—a real man.

got warmed and fed. The Red Cross found us too—God bless the Red Cross! they served us hot tea and furnished us woolen socks and sweaters. Bye and bye we reached France.

Good fortune favored me and I was sent first thing to a training camp near Chaumont. In the early morning when it was still I heard the boom of the distant guns. The men were busy, the training was intensive, the hours were long. The Division was just over from America and the "Y" organization was being formed. I was the second or third man on the job. The military police at the station were glad to see me, to see any American in fact, and they pointed out the "Y" headquarters. I found the Division Secretary, handed him my credentials, visited the Zone Major and showed him my "yellow permit," and made myself at home.

I was scheduled as a "religious director." I had a vague idea of what that meant; I was to have some oversight of spiritual things, to give the men as much good advice as I found opportunity, to preach to them occasionally. (In fact, I left America with about 50 very carefully prepared manuscripts which dealt with spiritual things. Them the Huns sunk in the Atlantic. It was just as well—I had no more use for sermons in the A. E. F. than I had for a box mattress. But at the time I was somewhat distressed. I still remembered that I was a "religious director.")

Said the Division Secretary, "I am mighty glad you are here. There are

50,000 men in this district, I have a warehouse full of provisions, there are continuous clamors for our supplies, the soldiers offer to man the canteens, but we have no one to run the trucks." I replied, "I run a machine at home, I can run one in France. Show me the truck."

The fact was I had never looked inside a truck in my life. I simply went on the theory that a truck's machinery was something like that of a Buick. I soon learned that all machines are not alike.

This army truck proved to have been built in England for the Russian army. I looked for the self starter—trucks, Russian army trucks, have no self starters. I said, "I'll turn the engine over." I threw 180 pounds of weight on the crank, it was frozen tight. I knew now why no one was using it! This machine had never been built to use! It was made for the army! But I pried it loose, turned it over, listened to the great engine—it purred like a kitten. I got in and lived there for two weeks.

I began about day-light unloading freight cars, filling warehouses, hauling tobacco and candy and cakes to the various battalions. I drove without lights at night. It was a new experience, a good one. It was free from care. If I had ever fretted over a busy pastorate it was forgotten now. I ate like an American soldier.

If any Yankee boy in that Division "had it in" for the "Y" I never suspected it. They greeted me like a long lost brother. They pounced down on the truck loads of supplies and made them disappear like the morning mist. The supplies had come from America, that was enough.

"I knew now something of the duties of a "religious director." Sunday came, a car load of tobacco was on the siding, the authorities said it must be unloaded immediately and it was.

When evening came 500 men gathered in the town theater, we had five reels of very tame American pictures and I preached to them for about 15 minutes. I believe they liked it, they said they did, they looked the part. It was not a very formal speech I made, but it was about practical righteousness, I think a little better speech than any I had lost in the Atlantic.

We very soon organized a good "Y" in this Division. Thirty men and three American girls were sent to us from Paris. Our canteens were well scattered and were very good. Why should they not be? We were on the main lines of communication from Paris. There were excellent mac-

One of Them D----- "Y" Men—Continued

adam roads in all directions. We had abundant supplies. We put up tents all over the area and had moving pictures at night. The war was 60 miles away. The men secretaries of the "Y" were mature men, mostly professional men at home, ministers, doctors, lawyers, professors, business men. The chief of police in a Michigan city had charge of our supplies and he made them move. And the American girls who joined our Division—I need scarcely write about them. An American girl in France was like an oasis in the Sahara.

Frankly, I believe that any complaint against that "Y" squad and the service they rendered in that intensive training camp, must be unjust. They worked hard, did their very best and were efficient. In later days and on their front line positions, with roadways congested with army trucks, and railways moving cars irregularly, the "Y" under shot and shell and gas had not an equal opportunity. The prices of supplies were officially printed and never varied. There were no outrageous charges. There were few complaints.

I spent three weeks in this training area and then came our orders to move to the front. All was confusion for a day or two. Trucks ran continually day and night from battalion headquarters to the nearest railhead. The army truck-drivers had not slept for 30 hours. I volunteered to drive a commissary truck and did so for a time. And then, while the Division moved by train, I drove my Russian "pet" overland and reached the trenches a full week before the men.

The army on the march gave us an unusual opportunity. When they left the railroad they marched for several days before reaching their positions on the line. This furnished an opportunity for a running canteen. I filled my truck with the accustomed supplies and drove out to meet them. Did I receive an ovation? Had I been the president of the U. S. A. they might have been more respectful but scarcely more enthusiastic. I found the commanding officer and asked the privilege of opening canteen immediately. "No," he said, "if that canteen is ever opened here we will not get started again on the march." Meantime the lines had formed, about 1,000 men, I think, had gathered around the truck. My partner was getting the curtains down. I brought back the official orders—no canteen here. We fastened the curtains back in place. What the men said about the Y. M. C. A. ought never to be repeated. I felt like an escaped convict.

We cranked up and were about to leave when an orderly arrived and said the officer in charge would be glad if we would follow them up and open canteen that evening when they put up for the night by

the shore of a little lake. A few hours later we watched our men file by with their heavy packs. Two hours afterward we followed them and reached the lake just as they made camp. There were two "Y" men of us, and a soldier or two who volunteered to help.

The men formed two long lines and we sold out our entire truck load as fast as we could hand things out. We had all kinds of tobacco, several kinds of cakes, candy, soap, shaving and toilet supplies, handkerchiefs, towels, a dozen other things. They cleaned us out. There was nothing left. I looked up and down the lines, they were just as long as when the sale began three hours before. Some had been around once, some twice, some three times—some not at all. We pulled down the curtains, the lines disbanded, broke. I still was standing on the running board.

The men gathered about the car and found they could push it. One gang would push it up the road and another back it down again. It was all good natured—we had done all we could for them. Mess had been served while we sold out.

One of the men, a young corporal, brought me back his tin filled with "red horse," a bacon sandwich and a cup of coffee. The next time I saw him he was lying beside the barbed wire waiting to go over the top. I slipped him a box of cigars and a few French cakes.

The men marched two hours more and before noon the next day came to a permanent "Y" canteen just behind the lines. I never served with this outfit, but as I watched them I knew they had been doing it for some time. It was a good canteen in a fine French building.

One item I remember. It was about mid-night. The canteen had been open all day from six A. M. The two secretaries in charge had served more than fifteen hours, they were sweeping out and the door was closed and locked. At that time a new contingent arrived—they were engineers. The captain saw the red triangle and knocked on the door. The secretary in charge opened the door and said, "The Canteen is closed for the night." The door was closed and the sweeping continued. But the captain was determined. He pounded loud and said several things.

Finally he threatened the blankety blank secretary that if he did not open the door he would force it open and what he would do to him and his supplies was volumes.

And this is what impressed me—it was so unmilitary, so different from the normal army tales; the secretary, a big Scotch American of about 40 years, opened the door rather suddenly, shoved his big fist in the captain's eye and said most emphatically, "If you don't get to H— out of that door way, and stop pounding, I'll knock your block off." The sample al-

ready freely tendered seemed enough, the captain retired.

And then the men arrived, they were tired out with a long march. They sat down on the ground outside the canteen. The big Scotchman saw them and put the coffee pot back on the stove. He threw a log in the fire place and opened the door. The boys crowded in, sat down in all available chairs and on the floor. They drank the coffee, smoked, talked, sang—slept until daylight. The captain came in, too. He said he had seen the "Y. M. C. A." before—it had never been like this!

We were on the line now—it was an even month since reaching France. I was in charge of a supply regiment—the two battalions in front line positions. There were two of us. We ran into the line each night with our supplies, left them in charge of the sergeant major for distribution, and came out again before morning.

One line was entered through a long camouflaged tunnel with an open space or two within easy and direct fire of the enemy; the other entrance ran over the brow of a hill and directly overlooked the German barbed wires. I had personally the latter route.

It was about one A. M. when under cover of darkness we came up that hill. We had entered the line and were pulling out. I was with the ammunition train and we dragged a moving kitchen after us. No one but a Yankee soldier would ever dream of putting a moving tin kitchen in a line like that! But it was there and it fell the job of the ammunition train to pull it out.

Have you ever heard one travel? It rattles, groans, roars. You can hear it coming for a half mile. Did the Germans hear it? Sure they did. They started up flares on every side. We held the wheels, muffled them somewhat—it was no use. The thing was made for noise, it could not be silenced. At the brow of the hill there was a cross road. They got us there. I had heard machine guns before but never from this end. They rained bullets on us like bees buzzing overhead. I felt I could reach up and catch them. I knew my end had come, but got down on the road, flat down. It is surprising how near one can come to mother earth when the stringent law of necessity demands it. There they were, about five hundred yards away. There were three machine guns—we could see them spit fire. Then the guns opened up. I do not know how many batteries were in the vicinity but for two hours they made the night hideous and we ran between their fires. Their flashes lit up the night. The air was filled with dust and smoke and gas.

I never exactly enjoyed living in the ar-

(Continued on Page 29)

Discipline and Victory

Here's the View of an Ex-officer on the Subject? Are You of the Same Belief, or Do You Feel There's Entirely Too Much So-called Discipline?



AS discipline, so-called, an incapable feature of military service? Why cannot an army win victory and glory without the pill beneath the sugar coating?

These questions, asked often during months of World War service, have been recalled of late as the press spread broadcast the story of the triumphant advance into Poland by the undisciplined Bolshevik hordes. A writer in a recent issue of THE SERVICE MAGAZINE also brought the questions up in an interesting historical article on the discipline of Revolutionary soldiers.

One answer, perhaps not, however, a conclusive one may be found in the retreat of the Russian Reds from Poland even more quickly than they had advanced, without the capture of Warsaw, their objective, and pursued by Polish divisions re-organized and re-trained under French officers, veterans of the World War. Another answer, though still not a conclusive one, may be found, keeping in mind the articles of discipline of the Pennsylvania Line in the Revolution, in the achievements of those same troops toward hastening American independence.

It took the colonies ONLY eight years to win their freedom. Perhaps freedom, like the mail, was slow coming in those days, merely as a matter of a more sluggish civilization. Then again the delay in victory may have been influenced by the way in which the war was conducted. It might even have been connected with the want of that discipline which American troops 160 years later submitted to though murmuring, in fighting the Kaiser so victoriously.

No better picture of the American army in Revolutionary days can be found than in the writings of the commander-in-chief himself, Gen. Washington. He was never complimentary in expressing his opinion of the system the states and the Continental Congress used to supply him with troops. In 1780, for instance, toward the close of the war, he was to have had 41,000 regular troops. The states sent 21,000 regulars and 5,800 militia. The regulars were good so far as they went—and they were under a stricter discipline than the other troops—but the militia, with few exceptions, caused more trouble than they did good, according to Washington, and he would have entirely dispensed with them, if he could, during hostilities. The militia, it should be distinctly understood,

What Is Your Opinion?

Several months ago there appeared in SERVICE an article called "How Times Have Changed," dealing with courtmartial and other regulations adopted by the Pennsylvania militia early in the Revolutionary War, when privates had representation on the trial boards, and enjoyed other safeguards of justice. It was published with the thought that it might elicit other views on the question. This article, by an officer who always had at heart the best interest of his men and who repeatedly used his wits to save them from consequences of the inevitable foolish order from "higher up", takes up the necessity of discipline. But can discipline be retained, under a more "democratic system than the present military regulations provide? Let's hear from the champions of "liberty".

was in no sense what is the national guard of today.

These troops were enlisted for only a few months at a time—a weak point avoided in the late war by enlisting for the emergency—and not only consumed most of their enlistment in arriving and departing from camp and in acquiring a useless smattering of training, but also generally refused to re-enlist for another three or six months, occasioning great expense without yielding any results.

"Such a dearth of public spirit and such want of virtue, such stock-jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind or another in this great change of military arrangement I never saw before and I pray God's mercy that I may never witness again," wrote the Father of His Country, concerning the tricks of the militia to avoid further service. That was in 1775 with the war just starting.

Gen. Schuyler the same year, commenting on the same conduct, said: "If Job had been a general in my situation, his memory had not been so famous for patience," and handed his resignation to Congress. Incidentally he records the quick recovery of 300 New Englanders on sick report, who, when given their discharge, became well in double-time, and, rather than wait a few days to cross Lake George, began a 200-mile hike cross-country to their homes. If the Atlantic had been in the way, what not might they have done, O,

unworthy descendants who were content to await a troop-ship for transportation.

In 1776 Washington penned an extended letter to Congress on the dangers and evils of the short-term militia system of raising troops. But 5,300 of his troops then were Continentals or regulars.

"To bring men to be well acquainted with the duties of a soldier requires time. To bring them under proper discipline and subordination not only requires time, but is a work of great difficulty, and this army, where there is so little distinction between the officers and soldiers, requires an uncommon degree of attention. To expect, then, the same service from raw and undisciplined recruits as from veteran soldiers is to expect what never did and never will happen." This was Washington's opinion, is still the opinion of army leaders whose observation of means to victory has been close and intelligent.

After the defeat in the battle of Long Island the same year, the Commander-in-Chief wrote again to Congress:

"The militia, instead of calling forth their utmost efforts to a brave and manly opposition in order to repair our losses, are dismayed, intractable and impatient to return. Great numbers of them have gone off—in some instances almost whole regiments, by half ones, and by companies at a time."

No doubt they were exercising that freedom of action for which they believed they were fighting, and which they safeguarded by writing into their "Articles for the Regulation of the Military Association."

This circumstance of itself, independent of others, when fronted by a well-appointed enemy superior in number to our whole collected force, would be sufficiently disagreeable," Gen Washington continued, "but when their example has infected another part of the army, when their want of discipline and refusal of almost every kind of restraint and government have produced a like conduct but too common to the whole, and entire disregard of that order and subordination necessary to the well-doing of an army, and which had been inculcated before, as well as the nature of our military establishment would admit, our condition becomes still more alarming."

Two weeks later Washington reported to Congress the British had occupied New York, his first line troops retreating "with

Discipline and Victory—Continued

the utmost precipitation," and two brigades placed in support "flying in every direction and in the greatest confusion." "On the appearance of a small party of the enemy, not more than 60 or 70, their disorder increased, and they ran away in the greatest confusion without firing a shot."

Pershing did not report anything of the kind to Congress. He didn't have to. Pershing insisted on discipline, and it is possible that his troops, being disciplined, thereby ended the World War in 18 months instead of eight years.

The Articles of Regulation adopted by the Pennsylvania troops in 1774 were based on the theory that every man was intensely a patriot, determined to do or die to win liberty, and so devoted to his duty the penalty of dismissal was a worse shame than death itself.

"A soldier reasoned with upon the goodness of the cause he is engaged in and the inestimable rights he is contending for, hears you with patience and acknowledges the truth of your observations," Washington told Congress in 1775, "but adds that it is of no more importance to him than others."

And so the Revolutionary buck refused to re-up without a generous bounty. The nation, it seems, will pay a bounty, or a bonus, gladly, while the danger lasts. The politicians admit it. Nowadays we think it unpatriotic to demand a bonus during the crisis. The Revolutionary "hero" wasn't so squeamish. Of course, he was a patriot. His politicians, no doubt, assured him he was—during the war.

One might continue indefinitely to cite Washington on the shortcomings of the troops supplied him during those dark days. In 1879 the "patriots" grew so tired of fighting for freedom that it was necessary to draft men. The draft was not the just and logical system it was in the World War. The word draft won its evil connotation in those days of the nation's babyhood. Men were pressed into service only when Congress demanded them. Deserters were rounded up and returned as part of the quota. Even deserters from the British army were sent to Washington by the states as their allotment. Washington soon recommended the discontinuance of conscription as a method of filling the ranks, as then operated. He believed in equal selection for service, however, writing the President of Congress in 1779:

"The advantage of a well-digested, general, and uniform system for levying and bringing them (drafts) to the Army at a particular time to serve to a fixed period is obvious.

In 1780 occurred the battle of Camden, lost by the precipitous flight of the Virginia levies before the charge of the British troops. Firing but one volley, they

threw down their arms and fled, leaving a great gap in the left of the American line, through which the British advanced to take the stouter-hearted Americans in flank. More than one-third of the Continentals who remained to fight, were killed and wounded, and a heroic regiment of trained Maryland militia was virtually annihilated.

On August 26, 1780, August Greene, who commanded a detachment sent to cover a foraging party near the enemy's lines, wrote Washington as follows:

"There have been committed some of the most horrid acts of plunder by some of the Pennsylvania line that have disgraced the American arms during the war. The instances of plunder and violence are equal anything committed by the Hessians." And then asked permission to execute, in sight of the remainder of his troops, as a disciplinary warning, two of the looters who had been caught red-handed.

And the Father of His Country, without a trial, was constrained to order the summary execution of the guilty pair. It is difficult to believe the painful necessity sprang from anything else than lack of discipline.

On January 1, 1781, came the famous mutiny of the Pennsylvania Line. The mutineers killed several of their officers and marched toward Philadelphia, to demand pay and supplies, which Congress had neglected to provide and indeed, as the war dragged on, was unable to provide. Pennsylvania's quota, six regiments, was dissolved to quiet the mutiny—and the war still not finished. Admiration of Washington is bound to increase, as one considers the difficulties such as these with which he had to contend. He was a great man because he could attain victory in eight years, under such circumstances.

What should constitute the standards of discipline?

It of necessity involves absolute obedience to higher authority, on up to the commander-in-chief, for a general who cannot rely on his troops never wins a battle. Absolute obedience may be gained through a variety of minor methods. Close order drill is one. It is well known that a soldier capable of a snappy salute is more trustworthy and more alert than one who cannot salute properly. That may be the sole *raison d'être* for the salute, but it is a good one.

Whatever may be the means employed to the end of discipline, there should never be one that is undemocratic or un-American. To beat Prussia, Prussian military efficiency had to be met with Prussian military efficiency, but that did not necessarily involve a Prussian cast of mind on the part of higher military authority in the American army, although it might imply even some disciplinary measures in use

in the Prussian army. Discernment is required to know what may safely and properly be used for American purposes. In the World War, ordinarily such a judgment was exercised. At least there was always the best intention in the world on the part of officers, to play the game and get the job done, but to do it in a military and American fashion.

Many mistake the court-martial as a tool of Prussianism. They confuse in their minds "justice," as an abstract virtue, with the justice meted out with slow and pondered solemnity in our civil courts, according to the English common law. The prime aim of a court-martial is to attain discipline. It must act quickly. It has little to do with the crimes and civil suits with which a civil court deals.

A court-martial is concerned with the abstract quality "justice," however, even more than a civil court, for, without that justice, the army's means to victory and peace cannot be attained. Soldiers who fail to get a square deal will be insubordinate. Injustice as a rule results from faulty courts, rather than faulty fundamental law. The Army's law, of course, is a "made" set of rules designed to produce the perfect soldier. It is not a custom like the civil courts' law. The average soldier sooner or later breaks some of the rules, because he is not perfect. Doing so he probably commits no crime and in civil life, would suffer no disgrace for the act which in the army is an offense against discipline.

These differences it is wise to keep in mind when those with deep-seated prejudices and little knowledge of facts air their views. Usually they don't know the game. A war veteran does. He knows enough to set the ignorant right. He ought not to hesitate to set them right. He ought to be interested enough, too, to urge a democratic discipline in the Army; for the Army after all is his Army, the American citizen's Army, and so long as it exists he should be interested in its welfare in peace as in war. He ought to come down hard on the "birds" who want a Soviet army.

An army can be democratic, but someone must be boss. We idealize our political equality and pretend it prevails throughout our social order, when as a matter of truth there are ascending degrees of authority throughout. If there were not, no progress could result. Division of authority brings confusion and ruin. Strong central authority yields efficiency and quick returns. Discipline is vital to speedy victory. Hear as a final witness the Father of His Country:

"In an army so unstable as ours order and economy have been impracticable. * * * There is every reason to believe that the war has been protracted on this account."

My A. E. F.

A Hail and Farewell Before the Gallant Adventure Faded

By Frances Newbold Noyes.

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Y A. E. F., you are the best thing that ever happened to me in my life and I want to tell you so. You were the most wonderful playmate—the truest comrade—that a lucky girl ever had, and I can't let you go without talking to you just once more. I can't realize that I have lost you—that all the world has lost you—that in such a little while you will have passed like a dream in the night; you, so vivid, that you seemed eternal, so alive that it seemed that you could never die, swinging along with that incredible blending of dignity and impudence, a flash of white teeth and shining eyes lighting up your lean young face, singing and swearing in the same breath; never too weary to swagger a little—and God knows that sometimes you were mortally weary; never too bitter to find a jest—and sometimes, my A. E. F., you were bitter; never too rough to fail in gentleness—and there were times when no Sunday school in the universe would have awarded you a diploma. But no more gallant figure ever swung through the ages than you in your bright youth and your drab khaki; you, with the dreams of an old world and the vision of a new behind you.

How can you be just a memory, who were more alive than Life itself? You were more friend than any friend that I have ever had, dearer than any love, the comrade that we go seeking all our lives. When you saw me standing there by the road down which you were striding, your hand came out to me quicker than thought, and you swung me along with you, small and breathless and a little frightened, because you were so big that I was wondering whether I could keep up with you, or whether I mightn't be only a bother, after all.

But you swore that it was easier to walk with my hand in yours; you never laughed when I took three steps to your one; you never let me go. You made me feel that I was your pal, and your slave, and your goddess—and it's a lucky girl who has even one man to make her feel that. I had a thousand!

There were very few things that we didn't try together. I've served you everything from soup to doughnuts; sold you everything from cigarettes to postage stamps. I've given you everything from ice cream to good advice—and my heart;

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Frances Newbold Noyes, daughter of Frank B. Noyes, editor of the Washington (D. C.) Star and President of The Associated Press, served with the American Expeditionary Forces as a girl worker with the Young Men's Christian Association. Her beautiful tribute to the A. E. F. from the standpoint of a "Y" girl appeared in McClure's, the editors of which have kindly granted permission to republish Miss Noyes' article. No former member of the A. E. F. can read it without a thrill as he recalls incidents that should ever be fresh in his memory; all Americans can gain from it a new angle to view conditions and people as they really were "over there."

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I've hiked hundreds of miles with you, and danced, I verily believe, thousands; I've sung every song that you ever sang, from the days when we passionately demanded, "Where do we go from here, boys?" to the days when we even more passionately queried, "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm?" And when we sang, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" I didn't substitute "deuce," either. I've ridden with you in side-cars and trucks, freight cars and river-boats, busses and airplanes; I've played auction and pinocle, pitch and poker with you, and I've even shot craps. I've ruined innumerable perfectly good games, in spite of the fact that I am able to reason fluently with that adamant young creature, Phoebe Five, and fully understand that four aces beat two pair; but if a fellow has to cut out any language more fervent than "Gee," and can't play for even a quarter of a centime it takes away some of the first fine careless rapture of the game, doesn't it? And I can pay no higher tribute to your splendid chivalry and superb mendacity, my A. E. F., than by saying that never, never did you fail to make me feel that the party would have been a dismal failure without me.

I have been in hospitals with you when you were dying, and I had to smile at you; and when I thought that I was dying, I had to smile at myself—and that was a good deal the easier of the two. I've written your letters for you, when you hadn't any fingers to write with or when you hadn't any words; when you had been so brave that you couldn't tell them about it, or when you had been so weak. I think that I have looked at seven hundred and eighty thousand photographs that you carried with you, and once in a while the lady has been so devastatingly plain that I've barely been able to murmur a feeble "Hasn't she got a nice straight look

in her eyes?" and the baby has been so fantastically ugly that I've just managed to gasp heartily, but ambiguously, "Well, that is a "baby!" But oh, I've loved them all.

I have taught you my French, and you have taught me yours—and they're both very good languages. I may also state that though the Alexandrines of Racine and Corneille, those companions of my childhood, may grow dimmer and dimmer with age, I firmly expect to go down to my grave saying, "*Beaucoup francs*" and "*Co ne fait rien*" and "*Pas compris*." "*Ah, oui*," my A. E. F. we are citizens of the same far country and speakers of the same tongue—I'll say we are!

You've taught me more than your language, my A. E. F. You've taught me that there is nothing better than the average man—the man who is building bridges in Oregon and planting corn in Iowa, driving a truck in Newark or an engine in Nebraska; that whether he has a cattle ranch in Texas or a hardware store in Tennessee, he is of the stuff of which heroes and comrades are made—because he is the A. E. F.—he is you.

I don't idolize you, for all that I love you; well, well do I know your faults—did you ever hide them? Intolerant, arrogant, overconfident, taking for granted that the best is none too good for you; too swift to draw conclusions, too slow to relinquish them; sure that if things are not done as you would do them, they must be done wrong; reckless of consequences to yourself and others—no saint, my A. E. F. But you are the average American, and you are more generous, more chivalrous, more humorous and gentle and gallant and strong and fine than any knight of Arthur's court—and a little maid whose comrade you were for so many weary months will love and honor you until she dies. Because you did something for her that she can never repay—no, not though she served you all her life with the hands and feet and heart and head that were so eager to help you. You took the world that she lived in—her little, narrow, pretty world, full of furs and frills and flowers and foolish, pleasant things—you took her little world and made it safe for democracy.

Democracy! We learned that the railroad engineer was as good a fellow as the railroad magnate; that the railroad magnate is just as good a fellow as the engineer. Because we weren't snobs, were we, my A. E. F.? We weren't snobbish even

My A. E. F.—Continued

about the upper classes; they were all right when you got to know them. You see, they were that vague generality, Humanity, and you learned how ridiculously unimportant were the great accidents of birth and fortune. Why, the only man that we ever knew who could be cheerful and K. P. at the same time was a Harvard graduate whose income ran into higher mathematics!

And because I've loved you so—because we were such pals—I want you to come back to me just once, my A. E. F., before you leave me forever. I've such a lot of things to say.

We've had some wonderful talks, haven't we? In the little room at G. H. Q., with the gay curtains that we were making for the "gas school" turning its dreariness to brightness and the bitter night outside held at bay by the roaring little stove; the Argonne that you had left behind you a few hours ago, tearing through the mud and rain on your motorcycle, seemed very far away, but its shadow was in your weary young eyes and on your strained young face. In an hour you must be off again with your dispatches through that hateful night—and you must ride without lights. Oh, my A. E. F., sitting there in the shabby room with your tired head in your shaking hands and the thought of that black ride to shake you further—you'll never know how I longed to give you lights! And I knelt before the little stove, making the coffee that was to give you warmth, broiling the steak that was to give you strength, and praying—I who am not much given to prayer. I think that someone must have heard it, too, because when you left there were the lights of laughter in your eyes, and your hands were steadied to endurance, and you were whistling under your breath—a reckless, haunting, absurd little tune that I had danced to half a dozen times. But I cried myself to sleep that night, my A. E. F., because I couldn't bear to think of you, so young, so heart-breakingly young and so mortally tired, going whistling back through the darkness into that hell.

Do you remember the walks that we used to take back to my billet—a mile and a half through the rain and mud? Yet, how we used to laugh and chatter! All the years that were gone to talk about—all the years to come, if whatever gods may be were merciful—we planned a new world there in the rain and mud. Sometimes your face would be grim enough, and you would announce with bitterness and conviction that you hadn't studied integral calculus for five years to break rocks in the road for five months; and that when those blankety-blank shave-tails drove by, spattering your blue overalls with that everlasting mud, you felt so like a Bolshevik that you could learn Russian in

six lessons. But five minutes later the narrow street would be ringing with your laughter!

I remember, too, the first time that you came into my little blue and gold sitting-room in that land of blue and gold that you had been given to play in. The sitting-room was my present to you; for many months I kept it full of flowers for you—there were chocolates for you to eat and cigarettes for you to smoke and magazines for you to look at. In the afternoon there was tea, and in the evening there were little cups of black coffee, and always, always there was a very small person who loved you, and never got tired of hearing of your dreams, the happy ones and the broken ones, too; we mended a good many of them between us, you and I—sometimes with laughter, and sometimes with tears.

That first day when you came in it was tea time. You stood in the doorway, so tall that you almost had to stoop, and looked into the gay, kind little room, gleaming with its open fire and rose-colored flowers, its soft lights and its singing kettle, and after a long while you said, "Gee!" But you said it as though it were a prayer, and there were tears in your eyes—and I understood, my A. E. F. It had been long and long since you had seen a little fire or rosy flowers—a long, dark time since you had heard a kettle singing—and you had wondered too often whether you would ever see or hear them again.

You were from Fall Center, Kansas, you told me, and how we did talk, my A. E. F. And when we pushed back the coffee cups I thought how terrifyingly far you had traveled from that little Kansas town, and wondered what you were going to take back to it—whether you would help it with your new knowledge or hurt it with intolerance. Because it is largely in your strong young hands that the fate of the Fall Centers lies—and through them the fate of America—and through America the fate of the world. Somewhat of a responsibility, isn't it? And you look down on those brown hands of yours with an incredulous and deprecatory smile.

Before you go away from us forever—before you wave farewell to us around that last corner—you have a call to make and a tale to tell. Day in and day out, night in and night out, in far-off France you have dreamed of the incredible day when you would come up the village street through the Summer twilight, and see the lamp shining in the window of the little house, and clear the porch hung with honeysuckle in one bound, and the narrow threshold in another, and enter into the land of Heart's Desire. Small matter if the village street be called Broadway or Main Street or Orchard Lane—for you the

twilight was always sweet with flowers, and the lamp was always shining in the window.

And when you've gotten your breath—when the wonder of it all has ebbed enough to let you find words again, what are you going to tell them, my A. E. F.? There are so many things they want to know. They have been waiting, bewildered—dazed by all the words and all the books and all the papers, until you came back to tell them what had really happened. On your words hang all the law and the prophets! There is not one of them that they will not believe. What of the war? Of the French, of the British, of the Germans? Of the Y and the Red Cross? Of the officers and of the men? Tell them, my A. E. F.!

What of the war? I've been back here such a short time that I haven't yet been able to realize how much of it America has forgotten—how incredibly much of it she never knew. To us, my A. E. F., even though months had passed, it was still the realest thing in the world—far more real than the lovely, shadowy, silvery figure of Peace that had stolen quietly in to take its place. We were still living in the ruin and wreck that it had left behind; how could we forget it? Its red hand was on us still—holding back the trains on which we traveled, turning us from the destinations where we would go, hurling us into strange and hated places, doling out to us the same detested meat and drink that its savage hospitality had offered us of old, lashing us on to keep rifles bright, our bayonets sharp, driving our feet to the old drills, turning our tired faces to new problems. It wasn't very easy to forget it—its fingers were still at our throats. But the things which were daily bread to us were dust and ashes to the ones who love us best.

There's no denying it; as far as they are concerned the war is dead. Perhaps that's just as well, and the sane and right and normal. While it was alive, it was even more alive for many of them than it was for us; we mustn't forget that. For them it had all the terrible intensity of a nightmare, instead of being the deadly, commonplace horror that it was for us. After all, it's just as well that there are a great many things that they have forgotten—a great many that they'll never have to forget, because they never knew them. Even if they *do* think that Belleau wood is a part of the Argonne Forest, it isn't going to shake the progress of the world! Let them forget the War that you fought, my A. E. F., but never, never while you have words to speak and breath with which to speak them, let them forget why it was you fought it.

Sometimes it almost seems that they are forgetting even that. You forget that all

My A. E. F.—Continued

men might share your hard-won heritage of freedom and liberty—and because you loved her dearly, for a little space you left the lovely lady with the torch, so that she might lift it even higher when she welcomed you home.

There are some who tell us that we have done our task, that we must draw aside—that the torch is shining for us alone, and not for all mankind. I think that they are trying to cheat us of the very fruits of our victory—the glory of helping a tired and broken world to its feet. There are some of them—and I hold them a trifle lower than Benedict Arnold—who wish to take the laurels that you have brought them, and twist and warp and strain them into an ugly political weapon. They say (and it is strange hearing for us, my A. E. F.,) that America must play safe.

Play safe! We had forgotten that that was considered policy. With us it meant shame and dishonor and an ugly death while day was breaking for the world—what if it should mean that for America? Oh, tell them, tell them, those blind ones, that you, who have fought to give a weary world peace, will fight to keep it! You are a soldier, my A. E. F., and you dare not “play safe.”

What of those friends who fought by our side—what account are you going to give of them? Let's take the two that you knew best—Tommy Atkins and Jacques Poilu. Since I'm talking to you and not to the Peace Conference, I'm not going to pretend that your face lights up at the mention of these gentlemen, or that a burst of lyric enthusiasm wells from your fervent heart to your fervent lips. It doesn't. They have fallen victim to your most animated and unwarranted catch-words. You don't have to tell me what you say about them—I know it only too well. What I want you to tell the breathless little group sitting on the back porch or in the front parlor is what you *think* about them. Only, most dear and most heedless, do a little thinking first. You can, when you put your mind to it.

Tommy first. Of course, you never really did see much of him. Your principal grievance against him was that you had a very disagreeable time coming over in his ships, and that when you got to Winchester (or its equivalent) the only fatted calf that he offered to the American prodigal was what you bitterly paraphrased as “jam and tay,” substituted for breakfast, dinner and supper. Alas, poor Tommy, he gave you the best that he had—and he went short even on that, so that you might come over on those reviled ships of his. The real difficulty was that you thought that you had met Tommy before, under very unpleasant circumstances, indeed; and you pranced over to meet him again with a mind that was about as open

as a safe with a forgotten combination, and a traveling equipment of a chip on either shoulder. It was true that you had met some one who was using his name before—a heavily disguised, blustering, tyrannical individual, introduced to you as Mr. Atkins by a smooth-spoken, ingratiating old party known as German Propaganda.

The first time you met him you were a very small, freckle-faced, bored little boy, sitting on a hard bench and reading the letter of introduction that German Propaganda had written to you, in a little book called “History of the U. S. A.” He took great pains to state what a wicked and unprincipled fellow Tommy has been, and how he tried to steal from you everything that you held dearest; and while he professed faint hopes that the scalawag might have reformed, he managed to stress the crime a good deal more than the reformation. But he didn't tell you that George III, the old Prussian who started the Revolutionary War, was so German that he could hardly speak English; that the War was so unpopular in England that they had to hire Hessians to fight it; that all her greatest men railed against it, in and out of season. He was very discreet about these facts, wasn't he? And the next time that he introduced his Mr. Atkins was only a few years ago, and he was almost in tears over his dreadful conduct. He gave us fair warning that the unscrupulous wretch had subsidized our press and bribed the casual observer and corrupted our officials to such an extent that it was impossible to believe a word that they said, and he assured us that the fairy tales that they were indulging in ament wicked Belgium and degenerate France would make the blood of an honest German run cold. And it was this purely fictitious Tommy that you went to meet—only he isn't the one that the little group listening in the twilight are waiting to hear about. They want to hear about the real one—the one who got up in the gray light of a London dawn to give you so passionate a welcome that it fairly took your breath away—the one that you found later with his back against a ruined wall in France, fighting, fighting, bloody and broken and white to the lips, but managing, somehow, to throw a little, stiff, tortured grin, and managing, too, by his own grit and the grace of God, to carry on. If you ran into him in France, that is how you saw him—and if you didn't, don't pass on any picturesque gossip that you will make a little more picturesque in passing. Some one might believe it! But you might tell them about Tommy's younger brothers, the Australians, the Canadians, the New Zealanders and the South Africans—you loved them like your own, didn't you, Yank? You'll tell the world you did.

How about Jacques Poilu? You had another name for him, and you used it with more energy than discretion. For a good many months you made his own land echo with your complaints as to the devious ways of the “frog.” He got in your way when you were driving; he wrung every *sou* that you possessed from your feeble and reluctant fingers; his offspring made life a burden to you with their clamors for “ceegarets” and “chooengom;” his feminine relatives pursued you tirelessly, unsolicited victims of your fatal fascination. All very, very harrowing! I used to try conscientiously to reconcile this pathetic picture of the martyred young exile with the A. E. F. that I saw before my puzzled eyes, a vivid figure of mischief and resourcefulness and recklessness and sheer, heart-warming charm, playing endless games of balls and marbles in the little parks and narrow streets with the enchanted children, listening with beautiful deference to the incomprehensible tales of the old grandmothers in the doorways, flirting assiduously and debonairly with the velvet-eyed girls, bargaining and chaffing and swapping stories with Jacques himself. True, he got in your way when you were driving—but at the rate at which you went it was a little difficult to keep out of your way, My A. E. F. True, he cheated you often, but in that land which we are firmly convinced is God's country, your own people cheated you quite as energetically—I saw them do it. And his children begged shamelessly from you—but you taught them to do it, and filled their eager little hands in spite of any and all protests, and did your level best to spoil them forever. True, the maidens of the land fell victim to your charm—but you asserted it brazenly, my dear, and seemed to take a melancholy satisfaction in the results. Was all this just an optical illusion on my part? Sometimes I used to feel that one of us must be the victim of a hallucination—because surely no one in his sane senses would continue to lavish affection and attention on the object of his disparagement! Perhaps I was just dreaming that I hardly ever saw you without some Gallic mite perched on your shoulder or clinging to your hand or trotting at your side—dreaming that you were everlastingly polishing those boots of yours so that pretty Marie Adelaide Therese could see her face in them—dreaming that you steadily persisted in breaking every rule of the canteen in order to purchase cigarettes and chocolates for “them frog guys that hadn't any of their own”—dreaming that you would linger time and again to tell me of the adored and adoring landlady—“Honest, she treats me like a prince; believe me, if I was her own kid, she couldn't treat me better. I want to get her a present; you tell me what she'd like, Petite.” Why, the

My A. E. F.—Continued

very nickname that you gave me was borrowed from France—and I loved it—and you—and her. I wasn't dreaming; but I'm thinking that perhaps sometimes you were, my A. E. F.

I haven't much to say about the Germans, largely because I find that when I try to talk about them I lose my voice and my temper and my sense of humor. Of course, when you paid them a visit last Fall, you found that you were pretty nearly comfortable for the first time in many weary months, and it rather went to your head. You found yourself wondering whether people who offered you the best bed in the place with guttural noises of welcome and hospitality could be demons incarnate, and somehow you counted it for righteousness to them that there wasn't any shell hole in the side of the house. But it didn't take them long for the first glow to wear off, and before many moons had passed you had pounced on the illuminating discovery that when even the most inspired demon has the choice between being affable or being shot down, he'll jolly well be affable. And if you'll just tell your breathless listeners some of the things that you told me about the individuals that you soberly referred to as "those damned Dutch—excuse me, lady," I'll be perfectly contented. Perfectly.

About the "Y" and the Red Cross and the other organizations that went over there to help you, I do want to talk to you—and if you are inclined to feel resentful of anything that I may say, I want you to remember, my A. E. F., that it's because I love you so that I can't bear to have you either ungrateful or ungracious, that I am saying it—and because I am afraid that you will have to own that you have been both. To save my life I can't understand your attitude toward us who so longed to help you; who worked their fingers to the bone, morning, noon and night, to give you a little comfort and as little happiness. I am speaking now of "us" as organizations, not as individuals.

On the individual girl you lavished such a wealth of gratitude and praise that you left her humbled and bewildered and a little intoxicated; but on the organization of which she was a symbol, you have heaped unceasing criticism and unstinted blame. I myself happen to be a "Y" girl; and I have never ceased to be proud and glad of that fact. The only thing that I was prouder of than the triangle on my sleeve was the U. S. on my collar! So this isn't an apology on my part—it's an accusation. I dare wager that the only organization over there for which you have a good word to say is the one that you saw the least of—the one that, in nine cases out of ten, you never saw at all. The Salvation Army with its tiny band

and complex duties, did splendid work; but no more splendid work than was done by the other organizations that were woven into the very fabric of your daily lives. I say that advisedly.

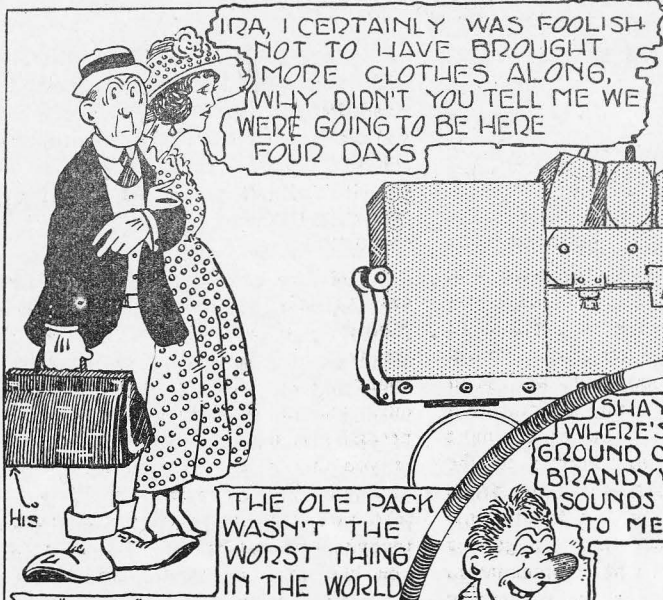
Look up, for example, the number of "Y" workers killed, wounded, cited and decorated for bravery in trying desperately to help you who were so heedless of their help; where will you find, amongst your own ranks, a non-combatant outfit with such a record? Many a combatant one might glory in it! You were almost invariably lamentably ungenerous to the men who, under no pressure of the draft, had given up fine positions safe at home to come over and slave and drudge for you who found no word of commendation for them. If they were unflaggingly cheerful, you dismissed it as "sunshine-stuff" and "taffy"; if they were occasionally human and irritable, you rent the heavens above and the earth with your outraged cries, and tore to the "Y" for paper so that you could write home at once to Aunt Minnie and tell her to get back that fifty cents that she gave to the misguided organization in September.

I honestly do blush for you. You would take everything that I gave you—every mortal thing—and apparently thought that by accepting our gifts you canceled your debt. We, you assured us complacently, were merely the instruments of the American people, kindly selected by them to see that their contributions reached you safely. Well, we happened to be the American people ourselves, and besides giving you our money, we gave you our time and strength and our hearts and our lives—and some of us were absurd enough to wonder why it was that you did not go down on your knees to us—not to us, the individuals, amongst whom there were those who were faint-hearted and dishonest and bad-tempered and incompetent, because we happened to be human beings—but to us as an organization, because time and time again we were all the happiness and all the comfort and all the refuge from despair that you had. I have never been in one "Y" hut (and I have been in many; we had two thousand for you!) that was not crowded to the doors. Tell me—tell me, my A. E. F., how could you take so much and give so little? For you took, day after day, and night after night, our services and our shelter, our light and our warmth, everything from baseballs to BIBLES; books and vaudevilles; magazines and movies; writing paper and music—and every single thing you took for granted. If you never used the "Y", then all that I am saying is not for you; but cross your heart and hope to die, my A. E. F., didn't you use it constantly? If there were times when we weren't with you, it was because,

alas! we couldn't be everywhere—and when you seemed to need us most, there was often no way to get to you. Surely you must have realized that when the army couldn't even get your corned beef up to you it wouldn't permit us to bring you chocolates!

I want you to tell Aunt Minnie, who gave us fifty cents for you, and Dad and Mother, who gave us five dollars, and little Bobby, who gave us a nickel, the truth about us—for their sake as much as for ours, and most of all, for Truth's. You needn't soften it down or touch it up a bit. If you discovered a "Y" man who was a thorough and consistent grouch, or one who charged *cing centimes* more than you thought was justifiable, tell them the whole horrible tale; but in the name of justice and fair play and common decency, my A. E. F., tell them about the other times—the hundreds and hundreds of other times when the "Y" was all that you had and when you used it mercilessly. If I am speaking only of the "Y", it is because I know it best and because it gave me the joy of being with you for many months, and so I am eternally grateful to it; but I want you to tell them the truth about every organization over there that stretched out a hand to you—because, by and large, it makes as beautiful a story as even the most exciting audience could care to hear. And for my sake, because I was a "Y" girl, and because we loved each other, please go out of your way to tell them about every place that you found us, from the God-forsaken little mud-hole where we had laboriously rigged up a movie machine and dug up a stove to burn for you, and hot chocolate in a tin can and a wheezy talking machine to sing about the little gray home, and where we were duly exultant that we could get so much, and pretty sad that it was so little—to the incredible loveliness of the leave-areas, where we took the most wonderful casinos set in the most wonderful scenery in the world, and flung the doors wide and asked you to come in and play with us—to see the best shows and hear the best singing and eat the best food that could be found—to dance on the best floors to the best music that you ever heard—and with the best dancers, too, though they did wear flowered aprons and had to run back to the canteen between times to give you the ice cream. I can't believe that if you were ever our guests at one of our seven-day house parties—and at my house we used to entertain over three thousand a week—I don't believe that you could help getting a little hot and uncomfortable when you remembered some of the things that you have said about us. Because you swore that you had never had such a wonderful time, and that you would never,

(Continued on Page 26)



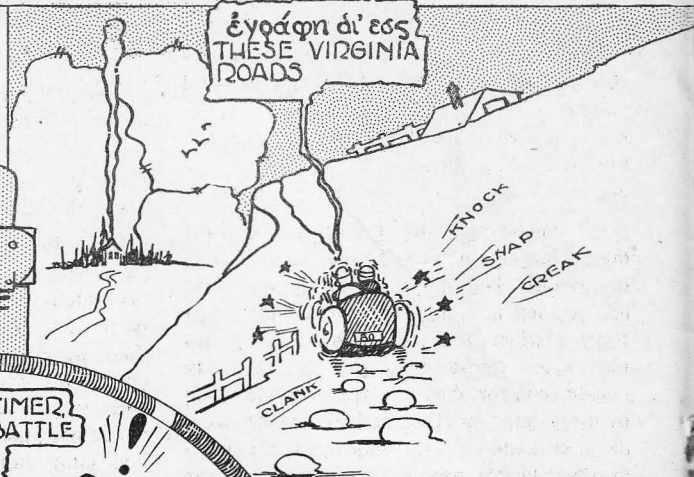
IRA, I CERTAINLY WAS FOOLISH NOT TO HAVE BROUGHT MORE CLOTHES ALONG, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WE WERE GOING TO BE HERE FOUR DAYS

THE OLE PACK WASN'T THE WORST THING IN THE WORLD TO "TOTE" AROUND - FOR CONFIRMATION OF THIS STATEMENT - ADDRESS MR I. FELL ERIE, PA.



SAY, MATEY I'M LED TO UNDER STAND DAT YOUSE IS PASS-IN' OUT FLOPS FOR THE NIGHT COULD YOUSE OBLIGE A POOR SHIPLESS WATER DOG WID AN OSTERMOOR SA SOIR?

THE GOBS MUSTA HAD A REUNION TOO, FOR THE WOODS WERE FULL OF 'EM



Εγώ ειναι δι' εος THESE VIRGINIA ROADS

CLANK KNOCK SHAP CREAK



SHAY, OLE, TIMER, WHERE'S DIS BATTLE GROUND CALLED BRANDYWINE, SOUNDS GOOD TO ME?

ONE BIRD WAS ANXIOUS TO VISIT THE BATTLE-FIELD AT BRANDYWINE AND WANTED TO LAY ODDS THAT IT WAS A THREE STAR GENERAL, WHO TURNED THE TRICK

'TIS SAID THAT THE SECOND HAND AUTO DEALERS, IN RICHMOND HAD A POW'FUL GOOD WEEK - S'NO WONDER AS VERY FEW OF THE BOY'S, WHO BRAVED THE RED CLAY FROM ALEXANDRIA DOWN, HAD STRENGTH TO DRIVE BACK

John Smith 318 Infantry



Registration Badge - Ex Corp Curry 320 M.E.C. WHAT IT TOOK TO GET IN OR OUT OF THE GRAND BALL



FIDO, COME HERE ADEN'T YOU ALL 'SHAMED OF YO'SEF CHASING A BLACK CAT?

SOME OF THE FOLKS ARE SO STRONG FOR COLOR DISTINCTION THAT THEY WONT EAT BLACKBERRIES

Berger

REHASHING



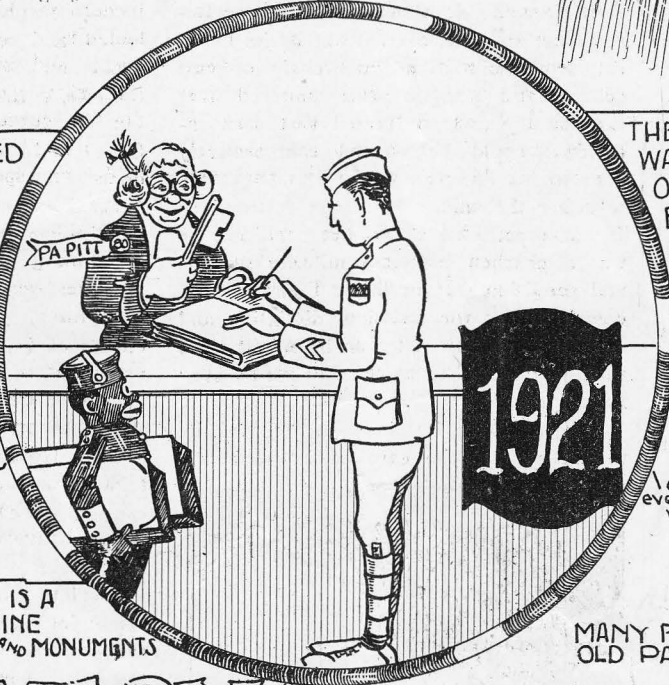
OH SAVE ME SOMEONE, THERE'S A BEAR

CAPITOL SQUARE WAS A POPULAR PLACE FOR THE YOUNG VETS, THE POOR VISITING DAMSELS MISTOOK THE SQUIRRELS FOR WILD BEASTS - OH GERALDINE, ONE EGG MADE SEVEN RESCUES IN ONE MORNING.

By Jack V. Berger



EX-CORPORAL CURRY PROVED THAT HE CAN DO OTHER THINGS BESIDES WRITING POEMS AND HELPING TO GET OUT A MAGAZINE - HE NIPPED A BUMS' RUSH IN THE BUD AND KEPT THE PIKERS FROM THE DANCE AT THE BALL



THE CAMOUFLAGED CONSTABLE WAS THE BUGBEAR OF ALL OF THE BOYS MOTORING BACK, AND THEY HAVE RESOLVED TO CARRY A TOOL BOX FULL OF MILLS' GRENADES TO HEAVE AT SUSPICIOUS LOOKING HAYSTACKS ON THE NEXT TRIP



NOT AS HIGH AS THE SINGER TOWER, BUT JUST AS WIDE



RICHMOND IS A CITY OF FINE BUILDINGS & NO MONUMENTS

I couldn't even see them



MANY FELLOWS WHEN MEETING OLD PALS WERE TOO FULL FOR WORDS

THE REUNION



I'VE SEEN EVERY CELEBRITY NOW, BUT BABE RUTH AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

GEE, BUT THERE'S A LOT OF HAS-BEENS IN THIS TOWN

YASSA GENMEN YASSA



PORTER COME UP HERE AND TIE ME IN

MY GAWD WE MUSTA HIT CUMBERLAND

HEY, PORTER, GO UP AND TELL THAT ENGINEER IF HE BUMPS THAT WAY AGAIN I HOPE HE CHOKES

RICHMOND IS SAID TO HAVE A SCULPTORS' UNION ALLOWING THEM TO WORK IN THREE EIGHT HOUR SHIFTS WITH TEN MINUTES FOR LUNCH AND A PERMIT TO BUY COCA COLA ON SUNDAY

THE 12:05 ON THE B&O FROM WASHINGTON MUST BE THE "TRAINING SHIP" FOR YOUNG ENGINEERS, FOR WE WERE UNCONCIOUS HALF THE TRIP TO PITTSBURGH, FROM KNOCKING OUR "HATRACKS" AGAINST THE ROOF AND THE FLOOR.

The War Is Over

About the Best Evidence Is the Announcement That the War Department's Work for the Wounded Is Finished—It's All Up to The War Risk Insurance Bureau Now



ANNOUNCEMENT has been authorized at the War Department that the work of the War Department in caring for the American soldier victims of the World War is practically finished.

The vast army of 4,000,000 has been demobilized, but many discharged soldiers will request hospital treatment and many others at some future time will need treatment for conditions resulting from their military service.

"The care of these discharged soldiers, however," the Department declared in an official statement, "does not devolve upon the War department, but by law is placed in the hands of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, which is a branch of the Treasury Department. This Bureau maintains numerous government hospitals throughout the country for the care of former service men, some of these institutions having been taken over by the United States Public Health Service from the Army when they were no longer needed for military purposes."

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance, it was explained, also cares for many veterans in civil hospitals throughout the country.

"The fact that the War Department is not responsible for care of discharged soldiers," the department declared, "is not generally appreciated by the public, and much correspondence regarding the hospital treatment of individual discharged soldiers is received by the Surgeon General of the Army. All communications with respect to the treatment or medical care of men who have been discharged from the Army should be directed to the Director of War Risk Insurance in Washington."

In connection with its announcement that the War Department has practically finished its part of the task of caring for these victims of the World War, the department, for the first time, in an officially prepared statement, has presented to the country a detailed statement as to what has been done.

"A year and a half ago," this official statement read, "this country was deeply moved by the spectacle of streams of wounded soldiers returning from overseas to the military hospitals in the United States. To the mass of humanity crippled as a result of shell and bullets were added

many others disabled by disease or ordinary accidents in this country and abroad. The primary duty of caring for these men (and women, for some nurses were similarly situated) devolved upon the War Department and was carried out by its medical department in a great chain of vast general and base hospitals scattered over the country and so located that each individual could be treated comparatively near to his home.

"After the soldier had been restored as far as practicable to normal condition he was discharged from the military service, and provision was made by Congress that compensation for existing disability and any further treatment that he might need should be furnished by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance.

"The military hospitals constructed by the Army for the care of its sick and

tion consistent with the nature of the disability of the sick or injured soldier, by the employment of all known measures of modern medical and surgical management, including physiotherapy (thermo-electrohydro and mechano-thera) massage, calisthenics, gymnastics, military drill and the like, curative mental and manual work (in wards, shops, schools, gardens and fields) and sports and games in and out of doors.

"While conceived with a view to rehabilitating the wounded, reconstruction activities were promptly broadened so that all military personnel became entitled to such benefits, whether suffering from the effects of injury or disease. In addition, vocational education courses were provided in the hospitals with a view to occupying the minds of the inmates and giving them a start in the lines of work they might take up under the Federal Board of Vocational Education after discharge from the Army.

"Certain military hospitals specialized in particular lines of reconstruction work, some for medical cases, some for bone surgery, some for amputations, some for the blind, some for speech defects, some for facial injuries.

"In the carrying out of the hospitalization plans of the War Department the reconstruction service especially has come in for a large share of praise. Physicians and surgeons who were specialists in these lines were in charge. Male and female technicians, skilled in the numerous arts and crafts, were secured as assistants for this highly specialized work.

"This work was divided into two sections, occupational therapy and physiotherapy. The occupational work included the following features, and at its height employed the number of aids indicated after each feature:

"Work with textiles (knitting, weaving, etc.)—1,090.

"Reed, cane and fibre work—683.

"Wood working (carving, etc.)—254.

"Leather work, cardboard and binding, etc.—1,090.

"Applied and fine arts—94.

"Metal work—39.

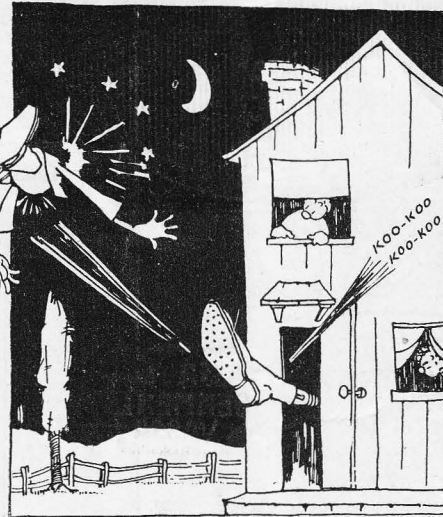
"Work in plastic materials—41.

"Jewelry—545.

"Mechanical drawing—26.

"Unclassified—362.

"Total handicrafts—3,724."



"LIGHTS OUT"

wounded were vast institutions, ranging from 1,000 to 4,000 beds each, many of them being far larger than any existing civil hospitals in this country. They carried out the usual types of hospital treatment, were equipped with the most up-to-date appliances and were provided with a high-grade personnel, including many of the best specialists in the United States.

"About the time of the Armistice the medical department instituted what was called a 'Reconstruction Service.' Physical reconstruction, as applied to military hospitals, may be defined as the 'continued treatment' carried to the fullest degree of maximum physical and functional restora-

A Club House as a Memorial

Army and Navy Club Plans to Make \$3,000,000 Home a Memorial To the 3,500 Officers Who Were Killed During the War



HE country's leading architects will be asked to submit competitive drawings of the \$3,000,000 clubhouse the Army and Navy Club of America is to build in New York in memory of the 3,500 officers who died in the war. The memorial will be a national one, dedicated to the commissioned men in all branches of the service who made the supreme sacrifice.

Charles Dana Gibson, Edwin Howland Blashfield, Henry Bacon and Benjamin Morris, with Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, president of the club, form the committee appointed to select the design for the building.

Notable contributions have been made to American art and architecture by members of the committee on design. Edwin Howland Blashfield decorated the great central dome of the Library of Congress. His war posters attracted international attention. His most recent important work was the design for the government's certificate of honor issued for every man who died or was wounded in service during the war.

The impressive Lincoln Memorial at Washington was designed by Henry Bacon. He formerly was a member of the firm of McKim, Mead & White. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the National Academy of Design.

Benjamin Morris was the architect for the Junius Spencer Morgan Memorial at Hartford, the Westchester County Court House at White Plains and is the designer of the new Cunard Building at 25 Broadway, New York. He is president of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects.

Charles Dana Gibson is known throughout the world as an illustrator. He has a wide personal acquaintance among artists

and architects. "Life" was recently purchased by Mr. Gibson and he is now its publisher.

The new clubhouse will be centrally located and will serve not only as a monument to the men who died, but also as a home for living officers, active or retired, in the army, navy or state militia. Civilians interested in the nation's defense are also eligible for associate membership.

The committee on design will decide the rules governing the competitive drawings the club will request of all the leading architects. Only tentative plans have been decided on, but interesting features of the new building are included in these.

The memorial feature will probably take the form of a central court or hall, with bronze paneled walls, where the names of those who made the supreme sacrifice will be engraved.

The present clubhouse at 18 Gramercy Park has long been unsuited for entertaining the hundreds of officers who annually come to New York. During the war members found it very inadequate. Naval officers of this and the other allied countries were entertained at the New York Yacht Club, but army officers in New York during those trying days found hotels overcrowded and themselves without a home to which they could go for suitable accommodations.

Since the war the need has been even more emphasized. The moderate pay of our military leaders has made the cost of stopping at hotels almost prohibitive.

In the new clubhouse there will be at least 400 bedrooms. A large dormitory furnished with cots will also be provided for use on special occasions when the city is crowded with service men.

There also will be a large assembly hall

and small rooms for meetings of patriotic societies. Women friends of members, or women relatives of the deceased men, will find a dining room and reception room for their exclusive use. Other features to be found in a modern clubhouse will be included in the plans.

The club recently broadened its scope so as to include in its membership all officers, ex-officers and all commissioned men with the allied armies during the war, numbering approximately 200,000.

Among the men recently elected to life membership are: Henry P. Davison, who is chairman of the civilian committee; Vincent Astor, lieutenant in the navy during the war; Elmer A. Sperry, inventor of the gyroscope; J. P. Morgan, Arthur Curtis James, Charles H. Sabin, Brig. Gen. Guy E. Tripp, Brig. Gen. Samuel McRoberts and others of equal prominence.

Announcement is made by the club of the resignation of Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske as president and of the election of Brig. Gen. William J. Nicholson, former commander of the 157th Brigade, 79th Division, as his successor. General Nicholson was vice president of the club.

Admiral Fiske resigned because of his removal to Washington, where he has made his home. He will, however, continue an active worker in the club's movement to erect the clubhouse. He is chairman of the committee on design. As an expression of their esteem, the board of governors unanimously elected Admiral Fiske honorary president for life.

Gen. Nicholson retired from service following the demobilization of the troops at Camp Upton, where he was commander. In France he was awarded the D. S. C. "for exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services."

TO OUR OFFICERS—PASSED ON

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The following poem by Margaret E. Sangster was written for the Army and Navy Club of America as a tribute to the American officers who died in the World War. The Club plans to establish in New York City a \$3,000,000 clubhouse as a memorial to these officers.

They are not dead, not really, they are living—
Leading their columns, as they led before,
Leading their comrades up to Heaven's door
They are not dead, not they! Why, they are giving
Strength, as they gave it on the battle line,
Courage to do the hardest task, and fine
Manhood to meet the test. * * *

They were our best—
They, and the ones they led into the fight!
They were the ones who challenged terror's night,
They were the men who won, at last, to rest. * * *

They are not dead, not really; they are striving,
Just as they did no earth, across the way;
And we must show them that we are reviving,
Visions of all they suffered—yesterday.

We who are left must keep their spirit glowing,
We who are left must keep their memory clear,
We who are left must feel that they are knowing—
We who are left must feel that they can hear!

(Reprinted from New York Times, Sept. 13, 1920)

Through the Nation's "Vaccine Plant"

Where "The Ammo" Used By the Medical Corps in Firing Its Anti-Typhoid "Shots" Was Made—Twenty-six "Ammo Makers" Producing, in Eight Months, \$6,000,000 Worth of the Fluid

REMEMBER in nineteen hundred and seventeen—to paraphrase the army song in which the old grey mare stands sponsored as the heroine—when you received your initial jab of typhoid and paratyphoid vaccines? He who doesn't recall either served his country in a munition works or brought to the service a skin the toughness of which was the envy of his comrades and the dismay of the German high explosives.

Regardless of your memory on the topic—we won't say dear reader, for what ex-service man is accustomed to such manner of address—this tale will reveal to you many interesting facts in connection with the mysterious fluid that was injected behind your back almost as soon as you were accepted for service. The account will also disclose to the reader a remarkable devotion to duty on the part of a few over a couple dozen privates first class, of the medical corps, and the huge service this little band contributed toward maintaining the wonderful record of health in the American Army during the war and afterward.

Let former First Class Private George W. Wagoner, Jr., of Johnstown, Penna., himself formerly a member of the Vaccine Laboratory of the Medical Corps, at Washington, D. C., and at present a medical student in the University of Pennsylvania, conduct you through the Vaccine Laboratory of war times and point out to you the high spots, low spots and spotlessness.

"Every man—and the women, too—who saw active service doubtless must remember the time they received their injections of typhoid and paratyphoid vaccines. Those who entered the service in '17 will have a more distinct recollection of the event, or rather series of events, than those who came into the service in the spring and summer of 1918. To the superficial observer it looked like a case of first come first served, for the early recruits each received six "shots," and often more, given at ten-day intervals, while later on the "treatment" consisted of but a single "shot" for immunization. This attenuation of the dose was due solely to the progress made in the preparation of the vaccine.

"Medical authorities accredit the use of this vaccine as the sole cause which prevented a repetition of the wholesale sickness from typhoid fever which characterized the American forces during the Spanish-American War and other wars. Despite the enormous saving of life accompan-

ied by the use of the vaccine and the increased security given the men from its use, it was doubtless the rare individual who, receiving the treatment, gave a second thought to it after the swelling in his arm had gone down, and asked himself what the stuff was, how it worked, who made it and how.

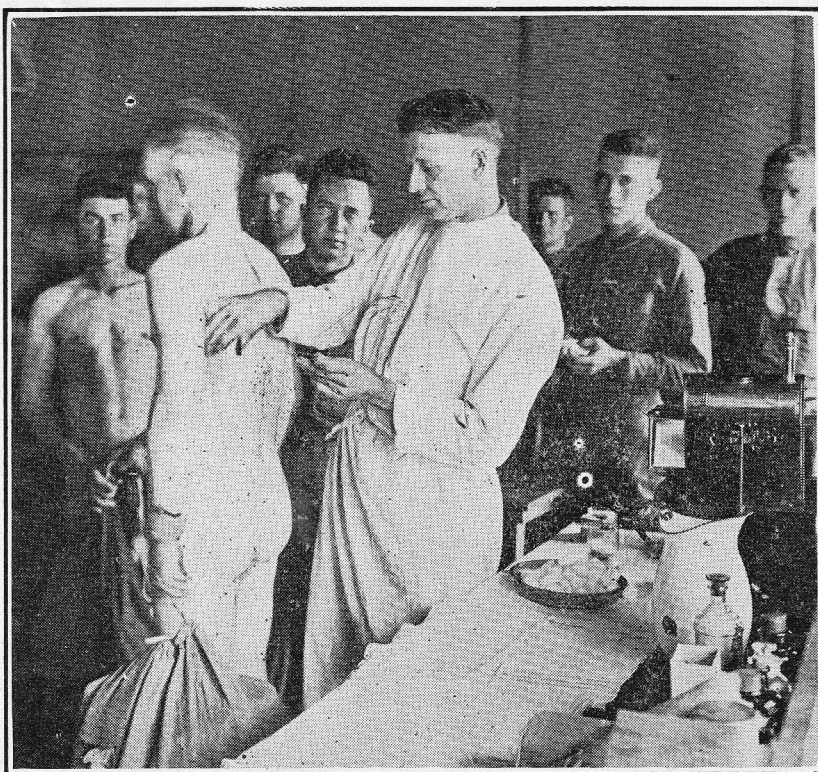
"Like all things used in the army, some one made it. It was created by the sweat of some few individuals laboring in a small laboratory lost in the midst of the National Capital, its existence known to probably less than five hundred people in the entire country. This highly essential work was without a press agent, hence it received little publicity. Like many essential things it was made, with infinite patience and skill and at the expense of many a heart-sigh from the men, trained and assigned to this work, who were eating their hearts' out wishing that they might be with their buddies overseas. Their only recompense and support in this work lay in the knowledge that by their work the service men of the United States were being saved from the ravages of typhoid fever, so common to all previous wars.

"During the early days of the war one

hundred and seventy men were selected from overseas units stationed at Camp Crane and transferred to the Army Medical School at Washington, D. C. The selection was made on the basis of the previous college training these men had had in chemistry and bacteriology. The majority of candidates chosen had been medical students or had been preparing to enter medical schools throughout the land.

"Upon their arrival in Washington these men were given an intensive course of six weeks in chemistry and bacteriology. The course was simply a weeding out process. At the end of this period twenty men were selected and assigned to the Vaccine Laboratory."

"This new allotment brought the personnel of the laboratory staff up to 28 men, one first lieutenant, one second lieutenant and 26 first class privates. The first lieutenant in charge had previously been associated in the bacteriology department of an eastern medical school. The second lieutenant, before receiving his commission, had been in the employe of the Washington Rapid Transit Company. Of the enlisted personnel all but one was a college man; several of them had studied abroad;



Administering the "Shot," Camp Lee, Va.

Through the Nation's "Vaccine Plant"—Continued

a number of them held degrees, one holding a Ph. D. Before leaving the laboratory every ounce of the vaccine came directly under the supervision of two men who had devoted their entire lives and energies toward the perfection of vaccine. These men were Colonels Russell and Whitman of the Medical Corps.

"The men assigned to the Vaccine Laboratory were not quartered in barracks. They were allowed 1.25 a day ration money and allowance for quarters at a rate that fluctuated between \$20.00 and \$25.00 a month. These amounts were just sufficient to cover bare living expenses in Washington.

"There were no regular working hours. They usually extended from 2:00 or 3:00 A. M. until 4:00 or 5:00 P. M. The work was tedious, hot and exacting. Extreme care was always exercised to keep everything in a sterile condition. The small rooms in which the vaccine was prepared were thoroughly washed with a formalin preparation twice each day. When work was begun the doors were closed and kept so until the day's work was finished. This resulted in the temperature of the room reaching 100 degrees to 118 degrees Fahrenheit, with no air circulating. Talking was forbidden to prevent contamination of the product from the breath. Before beginning the work for the day the men were required to bath thoroughly. They then dressed themselves in sandals, sterilized white gowns and rubber skull caps. Sterilized rubber gloves were worn on the hands and the arms were washed in order to render them as nearly aseptic as possible. The heat of the room, naturally, caused everyone to perspire freely and as they moved about a slim trail of water followed them, like the wet trail that marks the movement of a person who has just emerged from a tank of water. This everlasting perspiring for such long hours soon reduced every member of the staff down to the point, almost, where only skin, bones and his intelligence remained.

"A peculiar effect of this unnatural mode of living was noticed by its reaction on the temperament of the individual, many growing grouchy, surly and ill-tempered; others taking it as a matter of philosophy and resigning themselves to their Fate.

"In the eight months between April and November, 1918, the commercial value of the vaccine shipped from the laboratory to the various medical supply bases and cantonments reached an approximate figure of \$6,000,000. This amount represented about 65% of the total made, the remaining 35% having been discarded as impure and hence unfit for use. Figuring on the basis of 25 privates engaged in the work for eight months of 30 days each, which gives 240 work days, the average daily value of the product they made was approximately

\$25,000, or at the rate of \$1,000 a day for each private. Another of the inequalities of war, for the worker received \$1.10 a day for his time and effort.

"A break in the 'monotony' of making typhoid vaccine came occasionally with orders to prepare vaccines for combating pneumonia, gonorrhoea, influenza and other diseases.

"Each new draft call was reflected in the laboratory by the increased activity. It meant the preparation of large amounts of vaccine and every member of the staff would tighten his belt and bend down to the task of preparing the fluid that has been recognized as necessary for the soldier's well-being. In addition to making all the vaccine for our own army, navy and marine corps, some was also shipped to the British and French forces. Later a laboratory was established at Brest but it had hardly begun to function when the war came to an end.

"A description of the making of the typhoid and paratyphoid vaccines, in terms understandable to the layman, will at least give the former service man an idea of what the injection consisted of.

"There were two methods of manufacture. The 'saline' or old method consisted in growing the bacteria on artificial culture media, composed of ager-ager (dead sea-weed) and beef extract. Holb flasks were filled with this preparation and due to the presence of the lager, it solidified

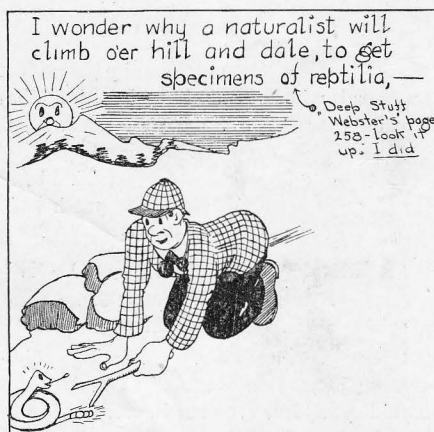
when cooled, giving the appearance of smooth, firm gelatine.

"Stock cultures were taken and salt suspensions made of them, and by means of cotton swabs these were painted over the surface of the ager. The flasks were then plugged with cotton and placed in an incubator where they were maintained at a constant temperature for 18 to 24 hours. In this time the bacteria grew rapidly, covering the entire surface with a thick heavy growth. This growth was scrapped loose by means of a bent wire and washed out of the flasks into larger flasks. These large flasks were then stoppered, and placed in a water bath for one hour, with the water at 57 degrees Centigrade, in order to kill the bacteria.

"The proper mixing of these various solutions or rather suspensions of dead bacteria completed the manufacture of the vaccine. The next step was to place the vaccine in small glass compounds, or containers, sealing them and packing them in sawdust and shipping them out to the cantonments and hospitals.

"Later the 'Lipo' method was devised and perfected. It differed principally in the manner in which the bacteria was separated from the salt solution. The suspension, containing the bacteria, was passed through a steam centrifuge, revolving at the rate of 40,000 revolutions per minute. When removed from the centrifuge the bacteria resembled cammenbert cheese. The living bacteria was then placed in an electric oven, where it was dried and at the same time killed. When removed from the oven the bacteria was in large crown crusts. After weighing them, they were placed in large, thick-walled glass jars, containing many steel ball-bearings. The jars then were placed on a revolving shelf which caused the ball-bearings to grind the crust into minute particles. The grinding process was continued for twenty-four hours, after which the necessary oils were added, then the grinding renewed. When the two ingredients were thoroughly mixed, the contents were removed from the jars, placed in containers, and sealed, packed and shipped, thus completing the final stage of the vaccine's preparation for use among the country's armed forces.

"The reading of this account of the manufacture of the typhoid vaccine may prove tedious. If so, the reader can then judge the magnitude of the tedium that accompanied its actual manufacture for a period of eight months without a let-up. But, on the other hand, we, too, received our reward. There were no decorations, medals or citation. But there was a solid conviction that no other group of as many men grew and slaughtered quite as many bacteria as we did that sanguine winter in Washington, under the very shadow of the Nation's law-making buildings."



Tales They Tell

MY SQUAD AND I



MORNING it was, early morning. All through the dark and gruesome night we had been running, where to we knew not, nor did we care. What concerned us most was "When do we eat?" and "When do we sleep?" for if ever men were hungry and tired, we were, but it would soon be morning, and by the great welcome daylight we could get our bearings, see just where we had spent the long night and then find cover for the day. Before the cold, gray dawn had fully arrived we had pitched our shelter tents in the underbrush beneath the trees. A few elected to remain in the open, but had followed the soldier's wise precaution and fully camouflaged their tents with foliage. Here we received our rations, one can of corned beef to be divided between two men, a box of hard bread a piece—food for the entire day. But it was a banquet to us hungry soldiers of misfortune. Most of us fell asleep and remained so for the greater part of the day, which passed as an hour. The "Front" was exceptionally quiet.

It tried to rain, to add to our misery, while we slumbered lazily in the underbrush. Presently night was again upon us. It seemed darker than any previous night had ever been. A general restlessness among the men was quite noticeable. What was this night with its groans and shrieks, its flashing signal lights, its continual pounding of the heavies and the rattle of musketry and machine guns, going to bring to us?

Presently the Captain called us together and gave us our orders. When he told us the great Meuse Argonne offensive was to begin at daybreak we forgot our military discipline for the moment and answered him with three rousing cheers, and I believe he was almost eager to join in with us. At 11 o'clock we were to move into "No-Man's Land" and there wait the zero hour. Having two more hours to pass, we returned to our tents and prepared as best we could for the great battle of the morrow. But those cheers, those fatal cheers, brought down on us the fire of the enemy, and we lost many brave men as a result of our own folly. But we learned a greater respect for discipline. We soon changed our position, giving first aid and comfort to our unfortunate buddies who had been injured, and at 11 o'clock we started out on the great adventure that was to be the last for all but myself. We sat by the side of a road, my squad and I, wondering what the future held for us and how many of us would be left to see the close of another day. One buddy gave me a gold locket and chain to be sent home in case he was killed; another gave me a letter for the same purpose. How well I remember that

little note, that last message from a hero going to his death. I had written it for him that very day, as he was unable to write—unable to write, but able and willing to die for his country. This was the note just as he asked me to write it:

"My dear, dear Mother:—

"If you receive this I have been killed, Mother, dear. I am not afraid to die. With me now life is treacherous and cruel, death is an opportunity. My dear Mother only I can understand. I am ready to die and willing. Forever farewell."

Our little conversation might have been more pleasant, but it conformed to the surroundings, and bidding each other farewell and good-luck, we parted to perform our various missions. Near us lay Le Mort Homme, "Dead Man's Hill." Our destiny lay beyond.

I was assigned to Lieut. Boetler, in charge of the automatic rifles. He fell at noon, a brave leader, well loved by his men, his death so sudden that we could hardly realize it at the time. Lieut. Champagne had no runner, so I went with him. We managed to pull through the day, but in the morning he and I were wounded. His wounds proved fatal. I was able to make my way to the first aid station, and on the way I saw lying in the rain one of the members of my squad, his rifle under him, a clip of cartridges near his hand. Brave lad, he had fought to the end, and he died with a smile, just a common Dough-Boy to be left out there. It was mighty hard to come away and leave him.

Yes, buddies, it was there by the side of the road where "My Squad and I" bade one another farewell. Forever it was, for I alone lived through the day.

E. M.,
320th Inf.

"REMINISCENCES AND SO ON"

By SGT. GEO. CANFIELD,
B. Bat., 313, F. A.

Batter-y, "Attention." "Aiming point—Church steeple in Redon." Oh, boy, how would you like to be in Redon or St. Nicolas now? What about a little trip down to "Dinny Moore's" on the corner? While watering the chevants might get a schooner of beer if you'll use your "bean." Don't mention it these hot, sultry days, child. Whatja mean? And all this was (just two years ago) very real, indeed.

Much can transpire in that time, however. That year alone will stand out by itself for quite a bunch of us, won't it?

What with extensive drilling and maneuvering, slipping through the guard illegitimately and "parlez-voing Francaise avec joli melle's," we managed to get through the days somehow. Oh, Bo. Then the morning of parting. Going to Meucon the "champ de Tir" overland. I mean the

march through the country. Stayed at Musillac one night, didn't we? Where is "Ham" of "B," he knows.

Oh, those undustless days. I marched rearward, I mean, in the rear of the column, and have been coughing up French dust ever since. Well, the fourth day we passed through Vannes, and that eve, begorra, we arrived at our destination. 'Member, too, those F. A. outfits we saw and criticized as "hard lookin'?" Horses with long tails and manes. And everything didn't look as good to us as we did ourselves. Strange to 'member, isn't it? Well, all the horses couldn't have Ralph's to pet 'em, and all outfits didn't have C. W.'s for top kicks, and they didn't have our personnel, either. Eh, "Scul!"

Say, we got plenty of real, honest-to-goodness firing there at Meucon, too. Made a record for speed, accuracy 'n everything by qualifying for real bizness in about four weeks. Cose, fellers, I'm talkin' 'bout the "She is Willing Regiment, 313 F. A." Use yer bean. Y'ought knowed it.) In the meantime, though, we made a flying trip or two to Vannes on pass and mingled round and about the homes of Melle's, Champagne and Vin-Rouge. I wanta fergit it, don't you, Comrade? Vannes is a fine place now. She ort to be. She got our francs, for which we received in return something on our shoulders we would have to reach way out to touch next morning. Just a few, not all would do that, would they, B, C and D of B?

Hun prisoners? Yas, right at Camp Meucon. Boys, when I sot my two eyes on 'em I thought there wasn't many left to fight. Um, ignorance is bliss sometimes, I knew afterward that was just a handful to do the dirty work at that place, such as vivisection and berrying the dead hoses and so on, and on so.

Let's see, wait a minute, H-a-l-t. Who was it went to sleep on one of the carriages the night we entrained for the unknown with a small quart bottle of cognac as a bosom friend. I dis-'member ho 'twas now. Lieut. Creakem came along, found both, promptly broke bottle and woke its friend up to tell him the horrid news. Have a heart. Just think of it. A man starting out to face death in all its forms and to have his friend, whom he loves, taken out of his arms and murdered. What about it?

With material n' chevaux n' everything loaded on Etat-Unis, or something, and we, "The Personnel," ensconced in "Ho Hommes en 8 chevaux," we started for the unknown to do something. We learned later the unknown was spelt this way, "St. Mihiel." Say, Donell, 'member how you kept us giggling like school boys with your yarns and jokes and tales, n'everything?

(Continued on Page 27)

Alumni Notes

The following citation was received by Joseph Keller, Hdq. 319th Inf.:

Private Joseph Kellar, Headquarters Co. 319th Inf. Near Nantillois, France, on the night of October 4th, 1918, and the morning of October 5th. Displayed exceptional courage in passing through the German lines under machine gun and heavy shell fire to assist in the rescuing of wounded men throughout the morning, although nearly exhausted himself.

By command of Brigadier Gen. Brett.
WM. C. VANDEWATER,
Captain Infantry Adjutant.

The Misses Florence and Marion Clements of Petersburg, Va. have returned to their home in the South after a very pleasant vacation at the home of A. J. Sismour, 849 Reserve Street, Millvale, Pa.

Wanted—Information as to the whereabouts of August E. Stinner, formerly of Company G, 318th Infantry. Stinner disappeared from his home No. 315 Mill Street, Braddock, Pa., one year ago, after leaving for a visit to Pittsburgh to purchase glasses. Any information will be greatly appreciated by Mary M. Stinner at the above address.

Mr. U. Mayo Burton, First Sergeant Hdq. Co. 318th Inf., and Mrs. Edna B. Cartwright, Y. M. C. A. worker attached to 318th Inf. in France, were married Thursday, September 16th at Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Wanted—The parents of Toy Spangler, former member Co. I, 320th Inf., to get into communication with Mr. Jack Sugden, 425 N. Fairmont Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., who has information of deep interest for them.

Miss Bessie Leonard, "The Dough-boy Girl" spent a week at the Davis Theatre, Pittsburgh, recently and sent her regards to the 80th Headquarters and the 320th quartette.

Miss S. Kathryn Banner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Banner of 188 South Ninth Street, and Dr. William Satterer of 796 South Orange Avenue, will be married October 2nd, in New York. There will be no attendants. Dr. Satterer was formerly a Captain in the Division Surgeons Office.

Arthur B. Gary, who is in the Union Printers home at Colorado Springs, Colo., wishes us to correct the statement in a recent issue of Service that he was gassed in France. His confinement at the home is due to pulmonary disease.

E. B. Greuel, care Harbison Walker Refractories Co., 1987-208 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill., wants to hear from all former members of the 80th who are living in Chicago, and states that he has something of interest for them.

Veterans of the A. E. F. you of the 80th division at Chaumont, do you remember Gertrude Dallas, tall and pretty, and possessed of a voice like liquid honey?

Do you recall when she sang to you "over there" during the great struggle and helped make the old world look brighter? Well, boys, Miss Gertrude is the star in Ralph Dunbar's revival of the comic opera,

"Robin Hood." She is now singing the role of "Alan-a-Dale" and is making a decided hit.

When professional performers were requested to enlist for work in the war zone, Miss Dallas threw up her engagement and went over. She stayed the better part of a year and sang in camps and in hospitals. She gave the boys just what they liked, the old time songs like "Annie Laurie," "Old Black Joe," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "On the Banks of the Wabash," "My Old Kentucky Home" and others of a like nature, interspersed with snatches of opera and some classical hits. The old songs, however, made the greatest hits, especially in the



ROBERT SUISE (Bobby)

It will probably interest many members of the division who knew Robert SuiSe (Bobby), the mascot of the 80th Division M. P. Co., in France, to know that Bobby is working in Paris and that a short time ago he attempted to stow-away on a ship coming to the States, but was found shortly before the ship sailed. Bobby declares that he will keep on trying.

hospitals where so many of the boys, seriously wounded, were fighting for their lives.

In one of the hospitals Miss Dallas was known as "that angel with the golden voice." This appreciation was given her by a wounded and homesick farmer boy from Muncie, Indiana, "Hap" Moody, by name.

Mr. and Mrs. William Montgomery Lee announce the marriage of their daughter Ileana Frances, to Walter A. Flick, Monday, August 23rd, 1920, at Fairfield, Virginia. Mr. Flick served overseas with the 318th Inf., going abroad with E Co., later being commissioned Second Lieutenant and returned with A Co.

Dr. Wm. A. Shelton announces the opening of his office, 605 Walnut Street, Knoxville, Tenn., and that he is limiting his practice to general surgery.

Service is now able to furnish Victory Medal applications to "Enlisted Men,"

(Continued on Page 27)



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

James Gibson, formerly Company A, 320th Infantry, who was a patient in one of the local hospitals, suffering from gas and shell shock received in action, was found dead recently in the hospital. Funeral services were held at his former home at 121 Furley street, W. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Roy W. Charles, formerly Private Hdq. Co., 320th Inf., who resided at 823 Sandusky street, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Oscar V. Anderson, formerly Private Co. A, 318th Infantry, formerly of Clinton, Ill.

Harry E. Brassell, Private Co. A, 313th M. G. Bn., formerly 3432 Ligonier street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The body of Corporal George McShane, Company D, 319th Infantry, killed in action, has been returned to Homestead, his former home, where the largest funeral in the history of the town was held, business houses closed and all flags were flown at half-mast. The military services were conducted by the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion.

Eugene Frederick Reinehr, formerly Co. F, 318th Inf., died August 23rd. Funeral service at the home of his parents, 127 First avenue, Tarentum, Pa.

The body of Wesley C. Barger, Co. I, 320th Inf., killed in action, has been returned to America for burial. The Jones-Conner Post No. 402, American Legion, of East Brady, Pa., has charge of the funeral.

William Jameson, Co. B, 319th Inf., was killed shortly after returning to work after being released from the hospital, where he had recovered from injuries received in the service. Funeral services were held at Connellsville, Pa., attended by many friends and former companions.

James J. Kiernan, Battery B, 313th F. A., died suddenly at his home, 111 E. Lippincott street, Philadelphia, Pa., August 23rd, 1920. Military funeral conducted from his former home, comrades from his own battery acting as pall-bearers.

Charles Sarcinella, formerly Private Co. F, 305th Eng., at his home, Farrell, Pa., after a three weeks' illness due to gas received in action. Services were in charge of Farrell Post, American Legion.

Samuel R. Colhouer, formerly Corporal Co. A, 319th Inf., who died of pneumonia at Tours, France, October 19, 1918, was buried at Mt. Lebanon Cemetery, South Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa., at sunset Monday evening, September 27, 1920. Corporal Colhouer was one of the original 5 percent who went to Camp Lee, Va., waiving exemption. He is survived by his wife and two small children.



A PAGE TO WIT

"OUR MAG"—By the Office Boy



THAT sure was a nice bunch of bunk they handed out to you fellows, in the last issue of *SERVICE*, regarding me.

Of course they had to go and spill the beans about my marriage and every thing and for the life of me, I can't figure out why they had to give me away.

For to tell you the truth, it was unnecessary, a body'd think that now that I was married—I'd be a thing of the past here at Headquarters. But let me tell you it's going to take a heap sight more than marriage for me to go back on the old outfit.

I'm still an 80th Veter, marriage or no marriage and you can count on me root-in' strong for you all, 'till the last breath be in me and I'd like to see anyone pull anything raw on the Outfit, while I got my health!!!

And though I didn't happen to be a "Buddy" and a "Pal" with you fellows, while you were over in the big Fight, let me tell you—I've fought enough real, live Battles right down here at Headquarters, to give me the right, to wear a Blue Ridge uniform and all the buttons and trimmings made.

So I'm a "Buddy" of yours just the same and when you think of me just think of your old ex office boy and Pal of 80th Vets and just leave my marriage out of the bargain, and forget all this line of crepe that they handed out strong in last month's "Mag."

In my place they have a mighty fine little English (?) fellow, by the name of Reilly and take it from me, he's some lad.

Of course, Reilly is no self-made man and can never hope to pin the laurels unto his own manly shoulders, for having elevated himself to this position at Headquarters, for as a matter of fact, Reilly owes his whole career to his wife's uncle.

Yes, sure thing, Reilly is married. Yes, indeed!!! Why, by gosh, for further proof, I must say he has a little 80th Veter

about six months to the good, who can gurgle Gen. Brett and yoddle Gen. Cronkite.

Yes, a coming army all in himself, so you see it's up to Reilly to make good and if his wife's uncle just stays on the job, Reilly will be a wonder.

Now this might seem pretty deep stuff, I'm handing out to you—so I'd better make myself clear. You see it's this way, Reilly and his wife and his little 80th Veter all live in the same house with his wife's uncle and all you got to do is blow into Headquarters and listen to Reilly tell of his home life, for a period of ten minutes, to get a straight line of dope on just who's who (?) under the Reilly roof.

But Reilly's a good fellow and a better worker than I ever could hope to have been, so as far as things being slow and gloomy down at Headquarters due to my absence—well it's all wrong I tell you, All Wrong!!! for Reilly has the edge on me, when it comes to parley vousing frog, with the old vets that's A. E. F.'d with the 80th, take it from me.

Oh, by the way, I was most favorably impressed with the results of our reunion

held recently, in Richmond. Though unable to be with you, I surely felt the loss of not being able to do so, far more than I can ever hope to make clear, in writing.

However, I just wore tracks to the old Headquarters each and every day, patiently awaiting the return of those, who were fortunate enough to attend and from all I've gathered in, I reckon as how, the 80th sure did "paint the town red" and that all the old Buddies were lit up, in their "Sunday go to meetin's" and had a rip snortin good time.

I gave three hurrahs all by myself here in Headquarters, for our newly elected President and, gee, I've been wearin' the smile that won't come off—ever since I heard the good news.

Looking over our newly elected officers and extending a hearty handshake to each and every one and knowing them all, as I do, I guess this old Outfit won't up and do things this coming year, that will make the best of 'em, sit up and take notice, with such a worthy backing as our newly formed Executive Council.

Ever yours,
THE OFFICE BOY.

VERY LIGHTS

The college graduate was looking for a position of some sort. Entering an office, he asked to see the manager, and while waiting he said to the office boy:

"Do you suppose there is any opening here for a college graduate?"

"Dere will be," was the reply, "if de boss don't raise me salary to t'ree dollars a week, by to-morrow night."

A furrier was selling a coat to a woman customer. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "Guarantee this to be genuine skunk fur that will wear for years."

"But suppose I get it wet in the rain?" asked the woman. "What effect will the water have on it? What will happen to it then? Won't it spoil?"

"Madam," answered the furrier, "I have only one answer: Did you ever hear of a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

The "unprepared" speaker arose before the audience. He was to speak on the

lives of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Being somewhat forgetful he had pinned their names on the inside of his coat on the right.

"Dear friends," said he, "I am about to speak of three great men whose names are indelibly printed on our minds; no true American can forget them."

Then opening the left side of his coat instead of the right, and peeping in he said: "I speak of Hart, Shaffner and Marx."

The young bride, after serving to her husband a dinner that was only fair, said as the dessert of mince pie was brought on:

"I intended, dear, to have some sponge cake, too, but it has been a total failure."

"How was that?" the husband asked in a disappointed tone, for he was fond of sponge cake.

"The druggist," she explained, "sent me the wrong kind of sponges."

The Reunion Worth While—Continued

(Continued from Page 6)

Virginia, 313th Field Artillery.

It was suggested that Regimental Units should be designated throughout. It was moved and seconded and carried that a nominating committee shall consist of three members from each Infantry Brigade, three from the Artillery Brigade and three from the Division at large. The following committee was elected by the members present:

Mr. Charles N. Jones, Divisions Headquarters; Cyril Madden, 160th Brigade Infantry; Wm. C. Vandewater, 160th Brigade Infantry; E. H. Niles, 159th F. A. Brigade; Joseph L. Montague, 160th Brigade Infantry; W. M. Whittle, 314th Machine Gun Bat.; A. R. Peterson, 159th Brigade; Powell Glass, 159th Inf. Brigade; G. O. Santee, 159th F. A. Brigade; John Paul, 155th F. A. Brigade; Walter A. Williams, 155th F. A. Brigade; Edward A. Bubel, 305th Engineers.

A motion was made, seconded and carried, that an auditing committee of three be elected to audit the accounts of the association for the passed year. The following committee was selected to serve:

Leroy Hutzler, chairman; Robert T. Barton, Paul Damphoff.

A resolutions committee was appointed by the chairman as follows:

Messrs. Dashiell, Forsythe and Barton.

RICHMOND CITY AUDITORIUM,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
September 6, 1920.

Mr. Hugh Obear, regularly elected chairman of the convention, having been called to Washington, requested Rev. Thomas Hooper to preside in his absence. Rev. Hooper presiding, explains manner of the appointment and election of committees and reasons therefore.

The report of the committee on Constitution and By-Laws was made by E. Gordon with a full explanation thereof.

A motion was made and carried that the Constitution and By-Laws be taken up article by article.

Article (1) was adopted as read.

Article (2) was read and a motion made and carried that it be stricken out in entirety.

Article (3) was read and a motion made and lost that "associate member" be substituted for the words "inactive member." Article (3) was then adopted as originally reported.

Article (4) was read and a motion made and carried that the Honorary President shall be elected for one (1) year and article as amended, was then adopted.

Article (5) was read and after considerable debate, a motion was made and carried that the article be stricken out and the following amendment be adopted.

"The Executive Council shall consist of the presiding officers of the association and of twelve (12) members as follows:

There shall be one (1) member to represent each regiment of Infantry, Field Artillery and Engineers and there shall be (4) members at large to represent the other units of the division, no two of such members to represent the same unit.

The representative of each regiment and other units shall be elected by those active members at each annual convention. Their term of office shall be one (1) year, and they shall be eligible for re-election." This article was then adopted as article (4) of the Constitution.

Article (6) was read and motion made and carried that this article be adopted as read.

The By-Laws were then read article by article.

Article (1) was adopted as read.

Article (2) was adopted as read.

Article (3) was amended to read as follows:

"Duties of the Secretary shall be to keep all records pertaining to the association and to perform all other duties of his office. He shall collect all dues and other monies of the association and regularly account for the same to the Executive Council at least once a year or whenever he may be called upon so to do. He shall disburse monies of the association only under the direction of the Executive Council. He shall give bond in the sum of Fifty Thousand (\$50,000.00) Dollars for the faithful discharge of his duties, the premium of which is to be borne by the association."

Article (4) was amended to read "necessary traveling expenses." It was further amended to "fix such bond or bonds as may be necessary." Article as amended, was then adopted.

Article (5) was adopted as read.

Article (6). A motion was made and carried to strike article (6) from the By-Laws as read.

Article (7) was adopted.

The report of the Nominating Committee was read and a motion made and carried to accept the report of this committee as presented.

President, Brigadier-General Lloyd M. Brett.

Vice Presidents, First, Stephen Clark, New York; Second, R. Allen Amons, Virginia; Third, Charles H. Jones, Pennsylvania.

Secretary, Miles Stahlman, Pennsylvania.

Chaplain, Arthur Brown, Weehawken, N. J.

Executive Council, Russell Stultz, Virginia; Randolph Macon, Virginia; Edward Rhoads, Virginia; Isaac N. Feathers, Penna.; Jack V. Berger, Penna.; Cyril Madden, Penna.; C. F. Bushman, W. Vir-

ginia; Harold Marshall, W. Virginia; John Heiner, W. Virginia; Frederick Hickman, of New Jersey, delegate at large; John Paul, Virginia, delegate at large; A. R. Peterson, Illinois, delegate at large.

Above officers were unanimously elected to serve for a term of one (1) year.

A motion was made and carried that Major-General Cronkhite be elected the Honorary President to serve at the will of the association.

An invitation from Mayor Babcock, of Pittsburgh, of the State of Pennsylvania, inviting the annual convention of 1921 to Pittsburgh was read. A motion was made and unanimously carried to hold the second annual convention in Pittsburgh. A motion was then made and carried that the convention of 1920 be adjourned.

H. G. FLORIN, Secretary.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS CONSTITUTION PREAMBLE AS ADOPTED BY CONVENTION

We, honorably discharged soldiers who have served with the Eightieth Division at any time as soldier, welfare worker or accredited news correspondent, do unite to establish a permanent organization known as the Eightieth Division Veterans Association.

ARTICLE 1.

The objects of this Association are: Patriotic, Historical and Fraternal, and to uphold the Constitution of the United States of America, to foster and perpetuate true Americanism, to preserve and strengthen comradeship among its members, to assist worthy comrades and to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the World War.

ARTICLE 2.

MEMBERSHIP.

The Association shall consist of the following classes of membership:

- (1) Active.
- (2) Inactive.
- (3) Honorary.

Any Officer or Enlisted Man or any honorably discharged person who has served with the Eightieth Division at any time as Officer, Enlisted Man, Welfare Worker, or accredited News Correspondent, shall, upon payment of the initiation fee and dues, become an ACTIVE MEMBER in this Association, with full voting power, and shall receive all official communications pertaining to the Association.

Any Officer or Enlisted Man, or any honorably discharged person who has served with the Eightieth Division at any time as Officer, Enlisted Man, Welfare Worker, or as accredited News Correspondent is, by virtue of his or her service, an INACTIVE MEMBER of the Associa-

The Reunion Worth While—Continued

tion, but will not be eligible to vote in Association meetings or to receive the regular communications sent to active members.

Persons who may have conferred a lasting benefit upon the Association, who are ineligible to inactive membership may be elected HONORARY MEMBERS of the Association by a majority vote of those Active Members present at the regular annual meeting.

ARTICLE 3.

The Officers of the Association shall be a President, three (3) Vice Presidents, a Secretary, and a Chaplain. The President, or the Vice President acting in his place, shall be ex-officio member of the Executive Council and shall have a vote in the Council. These officers shall serve without compensation and shall be elected at the Annual Meeting of the Association. The officers so elected shall perform the duties usually pertaining to their respective offices. No person shall hold any office in the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association unless he is an Active Member in good standing.

There may be an Honorary President elected at any Annual Convention to serve for a period of one (1) year.

ARTICLE 4.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

The Executive Council shall consist of the President, or Vice President acting in his place, and twelve (12) members as follows: There shall be one (1) member to represent each regiment of Infantry, Field Artillery and Engineers and there shall be four (4) members at large to represent the other units of the Division, no two of such members to represent the same unit.

The representatives of each regiment and other units shall be elected by those active members at each annual convention, their term of office one (1) year and they shall be eligible for re-election.

ARTICLE 5.

ELECTIONS.

The Officers and Executive Council shall be elected by majority vote, at the first annual meeting September 6th, 1920, and thereafter at each annual Convention by majority vote of active members present.

ARTICLE 6.

This Constitution may be amended at any Convention by a three-fourths vote.

BY-LAWS

1. DUTIES OF PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings. He shall be ex-officio Chairman of the Executive Council, and as such shall be entitled to vote on all questions which may come before said Council for consideration. He shall perform such other duties as the By-Laws of the Association may require and as may be incident to his office.

2. DUTIES OF VICE PRESIDENTS.

In event of the absence of the President at any meeting the Senior Vice President shall take the place and perform the duties of the President. The person first elected to office of Vice President shall be deemed to be the Senior Vice President.

3. DUTIES OF THE SECRETARY.

The duties of the Secretary shall be to keep all records pertaining to the Association and to perform all other duties of his office. He shall collect all dues and other monies of the Association and regularly account for the same to the Executive Council at least once a year or whenever he may be called upon so to do. He shall disburse monies of the Association only under direction of the Executive Council. He shall give bond in the sum of Fifty Thousand (\$50,000.00) Dollars for the faithful discharge of his duties, the premium of which is to be borne by the Association.

4. DUTIES OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

The Executive Council shall meet at least once every year. Special meetings may be held on call of the President, provided written notice of at least ten days be given.

The Executive Committee shall be vested with general powers of administration of the Association. It shall determine any question concerning membership in the Association. It shall fix dues and all other charges of members. It shall authorize the expenditure, investment and disposition of all funds of the Association. It shall cause to be audited the books and accounts of the Secretary at least once every year, and make a report of such audit at each annual convention. It shall have the power to appoint and employ such administrative officers and employees, not provided for in the constitution, as may be deemed advisable for the welfare of the Association and fix such bond or bonds as it may deem advisable. It shall have the power to appoint such sub-committees as it may deem advisable, and in general to do and perform any and all things necessary for the due and proper administration of the affairs of the Association. It shall report to each annual convention the general condition of the Association and the work performed during the year. Necessary traveling expenses incident to attendance of Council Meetings shall be defrayed by the Association.

5. ANNUAL MEETING.

One meeting of the Association shall be held each calendar year, the time and place of the next annual meeting to be fixed at the convention.

Order of business shall be as follows:

- (a) Opening of meeting.
- (b) Report of Executive Council.
- (c) Appointment of Committees.
- (d) Unfinished business.

(e) New business.

(f) Reports of Committees.

(g) Election and installation of
Of Officers.

(h) Selections of time and place
for next Annual Meeting.

(i) Adjournment.

These By-Laws may be amended at any annual convention by a majority vote.

My A. E. F.—Continued

(Continued from Page 15)

never forget it. Have you forgotten, my A. E. F.?

It's getting late—but lets sit here for a minute longer, with no words at all. It's so quiet in the little street, it makes our terrible and beautiful adventure seem like a dream. The honeysuckle and the locust smell sweeter even than our memories of them, and the lights are coming out one by one in the little houses, and tired people are coming home to rest. Some one is cutting the grass next door, and the little girls skipping rope look like white butterflies, and far down the street a woman is calling, "Johnny—Johnny—supper-time!"

Oh, America, how we have learned to love you, we thought that we might have lost you forever! Well do we know, too, that in your quiet streets lie adventures more thrilling than any we have ever had—romances more wonderful than any we have dreamed. For in your quiet streets lies the future.

All the lights are shining in the windows, and the last one is lighted in the west—the evening star. Do you remember the rhyme that we used to say when we were little? Give me your hand, my A. E. F., and we'll wish on the first star in the darkness before you go.

"Star light, star bright,

Very first star I've seen tonight,

Wish I may, wish I might

Have the wish I wish tonight."

I wish, my A. E. F., that you may give to America, before you leave her, your deathless courage and imperishable strength, your ringing laughter and your beautiful gentleness, your splendid enthusiasm and your eternal youth. I wish that you may give her your soul.

And so farewell to you, my A. E. F. Turn once more to wave to me at the crossroads—even though my eyes cannot see you for the foolish tears, my heart sees you well—tall and splendid in your khaki, waving farewell to me with the exultant laugh of yours—eager to be off, eager to be away. When you have turned the corner, I see you still—I will see you always. So I will smile, too, and be glad that you have come and glad that you have gone—still young and unbroken and triumphant.

Best comrade and truest lover and dearest playmate—hail and farewell, my A. E. F.

Tales They Tell—Continued

(Continued from Page 22)

We detained at last, but before we did that we could hear distant rumbling as if 'twas thunder and see glares and flashes, and I hugged myself and whispered to me buddie: "B'lieve gonna storm, lightnin' and thunder." Wal, now, it was an awful storm. First one I was ever in. Yep, we were there in a few days, but that is another short chapter.

"THE GOOD SHIP SIBONEY"

The U. S. Siboney, a transport ship,
Had just returned from her maiden trip,
Where she had sailed to a sunny clime,
Leaving her human freight behind.
Then she started back to Hampton Road
To pick up another anxious load,
Willing and ready, both brave and gay
The 313th Co., Blue Ridge F. A.
We hurried aboard, soon on our way,
The 25th day of the month of May.
We fed the fishes with nothing to say,
And stood "Sub" drills two hours a day.
I dreaded the shout from the sailors lip,
"All hands get ready, abandon ship."
On, on, we sailed without meat or bread,
I thought at times I would sure drop dead;
For morning mess some one would shout,
"You will all eat beans, or do without."
On we sailed through the day and night;
Full of expectancy, fear and fright.
But land we saw and none too soon,
I think it was the ninth of June.
We disembarked about ten o'clock,
All in a hurry to quit the dock.
Old terra-firma felt mighty good,
For at last we knew upon what we stood.
We passed through torment and smiles
galore,
And soon were quartered at Rest Camp
four;
There we stayed for a week and a day,
'Till orders came to move away.
I'll tell you the destiny later on,
Unless you have guessed it was old Redon.
GEO. CANFIELD,
Sgt. Bat. B, 313 F. A.

Alumni Notes—Continued

(Continued from Page 23)

"Officers," and "Next of Kin." All that is required to secure your Victory Medal, is to fill out the certificate and take it to your nearest army recruiting station together with your discharge papers, and the medal will be mailed to your home address.

Mr. and Mrs. William McMichael announce the marriage of their daughter, Mae to Mr. Frank Thomas Patillo, which took place Saturday, August 14th, 1920, at Colorado Springs, Colo. At home after September 15th, at 3007 Wellborn St., Dallas, Texas.

Sgt. Earl Shaw, formerly with Paymaster at Division Hdq., recently married a Red Cross nurse that saw ten months service in France. They are now living at Fargo, N. D.

The following named "Y. M. C. A." girls attended the First Annual Reunion of the 80th Div. Veterans' Association at Rich-

LET'S GO!!! to
BONGIOVANNI'S GARDENS
THE GREATEST ROADHOUSE ON EARTH
For a Good Dinner—Refined Entertainment—Dancing
AT WILDWOOD, ON BUTLER SHORT LINE
Special Car Leaves for Pittsburgh at 1:15 A. M.

COMIC CARICATURES FOR YOUR DEN

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

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Insignia
6 1/2 x 8 1/2

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

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Reversing the Sand Glass

Some people apparently live on the theory that they can, when they wish, reverse the glass and let the sands of life run the other way. What you should do, and what you should save in 1920, can never be done or saved again.

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PICTURES OF
THE
World War**

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

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

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

**THESE ARE NOT POSED
THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY
GENUINE**

**Shown to Packed Houses
Wherever Exhibited**

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

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80th DIV. VETERANS ASS'N,
THE AMERICAN LEGION
and the
U. S. VETERANS OF FOREIGN
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Alumni Notes—Continued
(Continued from Preceding Page)

mond: Miss Edyth Davidson, New Castle,
Pa.; Miss Constance Crawford, Summit,
N. J.; Miss Amy W. Greene, Worcester,
Mass.; Miss Ruth M. McClelland, New
York, N. Y.; Miss Jane Singer, Pgh., Pa.;
and Miss Elizabeth Arnold, Ardmore, Pa.

John L. Brown, formerly of Co. E, 318th
Inf., is now located with W. D. Seely and
Son, Grocers, Norfolk, Va., and would like
to hear from his old friends of the army.

Members of Co. I, 320th Inf., will be
pleased to know that J. Burton Elder was
recently discharged from a New York hospi-
tal, where he has been confined since his
return from France. Private Elder was
severely wounded with Shrapnel in the Ar-
gonne Forest, September 29th. Drop our
old Buddy a line at his home address,
Church Street, Du Bois, Pa.. Contributed
by Jack Sugden.

IMPORTANT—When addressing head-
quarters be sure to state your old organ-
ization. This will assure you getting a
prompt reply to your communication, and
greatly simplify the handling of the
records at the office.

Lt. Col. Jennings C. Wise, 80th Division,
formerly of Richmond, Va., has located
permanently in Washington, D. C., where
he served during the past year after re-
signing from the army, as a member of
the Board of Contract Adjustment, and
later as Special Member of the War De-
partment Claims Board for the Claims
Board Transportation Service and the
Claims Board Construction Division of the
Army. Col. Wise will resume the general
practice of law as General Council in
Washington of the New York law firm of
Munn, Anderson and Munn.

All former members of the 305th F. S.
Bn., who reside in Philadelphia and vicini-
ty, and who desire a re-union, communi-
cate with Warren W. Rareshide, 2533 Ox-
ford St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The following letter was received at
Hamilton P. C., from Mrs. G. T. W. Kern,
Chairman Woman's Committee, First Re-
union 80th Div. Veterans' Association,
Richmond, Va., Sept. 4, 5, 6, 1920:

Richmond, Va., Sept. 20, 1920.
To the Officers and Members of
80th Division Veterans' Asso.
Friends:—

How can I express the warm heart-glow
your beautiful remembrance in the candle-
sticks has given me

"Service" was our watchword as the
80th moved forward, so, by the candlelight
of mutual affection, let us ever move for-
ward in service for our Country and for
Civilization.

From my heart I thank you for this
beautiful expression of your affection.
Come back and find them burning for you.
Your friend,

M. E. KERN.
MRS. G. T. KERN.

Editor's Note—The Reunion Committee
on behalf of the Division presented Mrs.
Kern a pair of Silver Candlesticks with
the Division Emblem thereon.

Forty-six old buddies of the 80th
joined the Veterans' Association during
the week of Sept. 12th to 18th, due to
some moral suasion on the part of our
live wire members. **HOW MANY DID
YOU PERSUADE?**



**The Dawn of Better Health
Radio-X Healing Pads**

Are producing remarkable results
in the treatment of Tuberculosis,
Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Weak-
ened Nerves, and in many cases of
Blindness sight has been restored.
Thousands testify to the curative
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"I Pledge Allegiance to My Flag"

(Continued from Page 7)

who fought for it. No boy who teases a blind man, or scolds and nags his mother, or wantonly destroys property, or ill-treats animals, or even litters up the highway or disturbs the peace, has any right to be called a patriotic citizen, no matter how zealous he may be, in pledging allegiance to his flag!

The Scout movement has therefore placed a considerable emphasis on the performance of these homely virtues and made membership in the organization practically dependent on their performance. "The great aim of the Boy Scouts," says the official handbook, "is to make every Boy Scout a better citizen. It aims to teach him physically. . . It seeks to develop him by observation and the knowing of things far and near. . . It teaches him chivalry and unselfishness, duty, charity, thrift and loyalty, so that he may always be a true gentleman, seeking to give sympathy, help, encouragement and good cheer to those about him. It teaches him patriotism by telling him about the country he lives in, her history and her army and navy, in order that he may become a good citizen and do those things which every good citizen ought to do to make the community and land he lives in the best community and land in the world."

The motto of the Boy Scouts is "Be Prepared," and the rule of its life is "Do a good turn daily." Scouts are taught to wear the badges reversed, or to tie a knot in their handkerchief until they have per-

formed each day some act of kindness and unselfishness that may be reckoned as a "good turn." Nor are the necessary tasks of the home counted in this category. It is not a good turn to do the chores around the house, because that is a regular household duty. If, on the other hand, a boy volunteers to help a widow get her coal in or to lead a blind man across the street; if he pushes the baby carriage up the hill for a tired mother, or picks up broken glass in the road, or quiets a restless horse, or lifts a package off the car, or gets a thirsty dog a drink, or shows a stranger the right road, then he can justly claim to have done a good turn, and then, too, he can fairly be said to have the stuff of patriotism.

The Scout conception of patriotism, in short, is the ideal of service. If you have ever seen Scouts assisting the Grand Army veterans at an encampment, or guiding strangers at a great convention, or helping to hold the lines for a parade or demonstration, or performing similar acts of useful service, you have had a glimpse of patriots in action. The country will never be saved by lip service. The old maxim that we learn to do by doing is as true of patriotism as of everything else, and the Scout movement is performing a huge service to the country today because it is helping to put the emphasis where it belongs, and to train boys to pledge their allegiance to their flag, and to the Republic for which it stands, by deeds rather than by words.

One of Them D—— "Y" Men

(Continued from Page 9)

tillery district. I never knew when the shells might come. I slept at times in the bomb proof dug outs and had mental reservations about their being bomb proof. I got accustomed to dodging shells until every time one whistled I did the "low bridge" flat on the ground. But we did a fair job there so long as we had supplies. The men realized the difficulties of the situation and never knocked the "Y" while we took the same risks as they did.

After a month of this artillery district I moved into the line. My canteen was on the barbed wire as near the front as was reasonable, within two hundred yards of the German trenches. There was one point above me where we could hear the Huns talk. I liked the front. It was safe. Our trenches were elegant, deep. We kept quiet and our heads down. There was a continuous shooting, but it was over us. Sometimes a shell struck near, but the two lines of trenches were so close together that the artillery could not safely shell one without taking a chance of getting their own men instead.

My canteen was scarcely a success here.

We could not get supplies. Now and again something would come through. One morning I got sixteen boxes of plug tobacco. It was all gone before noon. But the "Y" was not out of a job. The chaplain and I bunked together in the same dugout. The doctor and his assistant were also with us. With the chaplain I made the rounds of the combat groups. With the doctors I served with the wounded.

May I stop here to make one observation. Time and again I have visited the combat groups. They were away forward at the outposts. The chaplain and I went together through the various guards from post to post. We found from ten to fifteen men at a post. One or two stood guard and the rest loitered about, generally shooting dice or playing cards. We held short services in these groups. It was the best preaching I have ever done.

We seated ourselves, the few men gathered about, the chaplain said: "Men, there are no advantages of a church out here so we have brought it to you." Then we would talk back and forth for a few minutes and invariably have prayer. Generally the men removed their helmets—it was

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**One of Them D—— "Y"
Men—Continued**

(Continued from Preceding Page)

scarcely a military procedure. They always invited us back and brought us as far as their orders permitted on our way to the next post.

I have preached to young men for some years in America, I have never at any time found them over zealous as sermon tasters. I have never talked with them when they were more serious or ready to listen than on the lines in France.

Young men are the same whether in peace or in war. If their hearts are light it does not signify that the more serious things of life have lost their appeal. It is my experience that their hearts are generally warm.

Of course, a soldier knocks. He is a chronic kicker. He knocks the commissary, he knocks the medical department, if he is from the infantry he knocks the artillery, and vice versa. But he never means much by his knocking, it is a kind of pastime, it travels with the uniform. He knows you do not believe him and he comes home to forget it.

And then there were days when we served the wounded, and nights when they kept coming in, stretcher after stretcher. At times they filled our dugouts and were laid outside waiting their turn to be carried back. I think never one came into my line that he did not receive some attention from the "Y" man. There was always coffee for the wounded, chewing gum and tobacco if he were allowed by the doctor to have it. We received his valuables, wrapped them in safe packages and left them with the regimental chaplain. The "Y" supplies were free for the battle front. During one period of three days I was able to serve the men with more than 1,000 boxes of cigarets and almost an equal number of boxes of small cakes. We always saved a supply for the wounded.

One morning about four o'clock our front began to move. The "Y" moved too. We closed the canteen up, sent our stuff back to headquarters save a few things we could carry with us, and attached ourselves to the first aid dressing station. They were dreadful nights and days which followed. We helped carry in the wounded, went out over the shell holes in hunt for some unfortunate one who might be lying there unconscious, rendered what little kindness we could to men who were wounded, dying.

No one complained of his lot then. If one wants to learn men best let him associate with them when they suffer.

But the clouds began breaking, the front was moving, regularly, steadily our men swept forward, German prisoners came through, they were glad. We knew the morale was broken, the end was near.

One evening when all was quiet and about fifty men were gathered on a grassy

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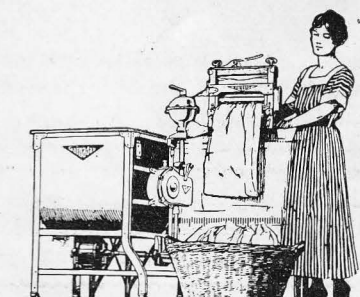
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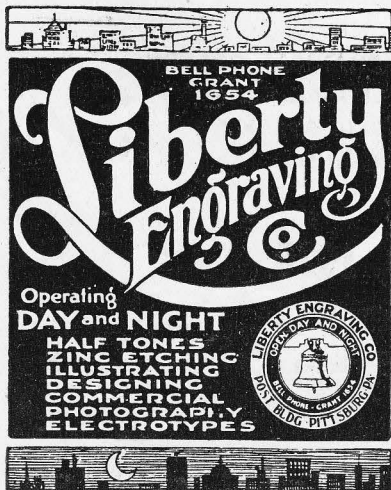
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**One of Them D—— "Y"
Men—Continued**

slope behind a trench and a barbed wire, the chaplain said: "The "Y" man is going back to America soon. If any one would like to send word to his friends through him he will be glad to take it." There was not a man there who was not homesick. They came up in a body and gave me their home addresses with a mother's name, a sweetheart's name, a friend's name. Going home! I felt again like a criminal. What business had one to go home while the boys in O. D. still had to stay on! But my time was up. A truck came in one night and took me out. When I reached America the first thing I did in New York was to seat myself at a telephone and call up mothers, sisters, friends. And then I went home and wrote letters sending full and good reports.

On the evening to which I refer the major stopped me and said: "You are starting home this evening. Tell me, what is your impression of the army?" I answered, "The thing that has impressed me most is the entre you give to a civilian. I came as a stranger, you have made me feel at home, taken me into your dugouts, seated me at your mess table, devised work for me when my canteen ran out." No, I have no complaints to make against the army. If my canteen failed it was not their fault. They furnished me quarters, men, transportation. And when they knocked the "Y," as they sometimes did, it was the "Y" in general and not my part in it.

Do I feel the "Y" made good in France? Yes, I do. Perhaps it did not fully measure up to expectations, it was not perfectly efficient—but it made good. It was a gigantic proposition, which grew like Jonah's Gourd in a night to keep pace with the magic growth of the army. It attempted the impossible—to furnish canteen supplies to a fighting army, in motion, over shell torn roads, jammed with military transportation.

In its personnel were men of all kinds, almost all of whom were there with a determined purpose to serve. There were some who did not make good, could not make good anywhere. No organization discovers a misfit sooner than an army. But I knew many of these men, I knew they were strong men at home and they were rendering through the Y. M. C. A. the only real service they were capable of. Many received no salary, some received expenses in France and \$100 a month sent to their families at home. Many made sacrifices to join the army. There were a few fortune seekers who would see the front, view the great fight—they were few. I am not certain I know any. But I do know some who suffered, were shell-shocked, gassed, wounded. And I know of some who sleep tonight beneath the crosses of Lorraine. Insincere men, worthless men, fortune seekers do not offer their lives willingly.

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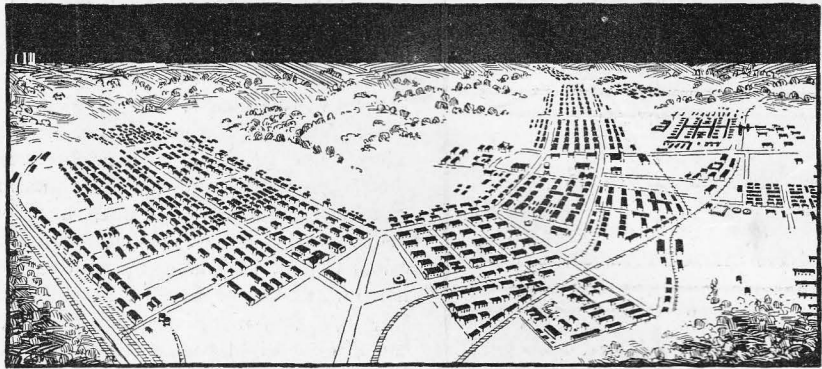
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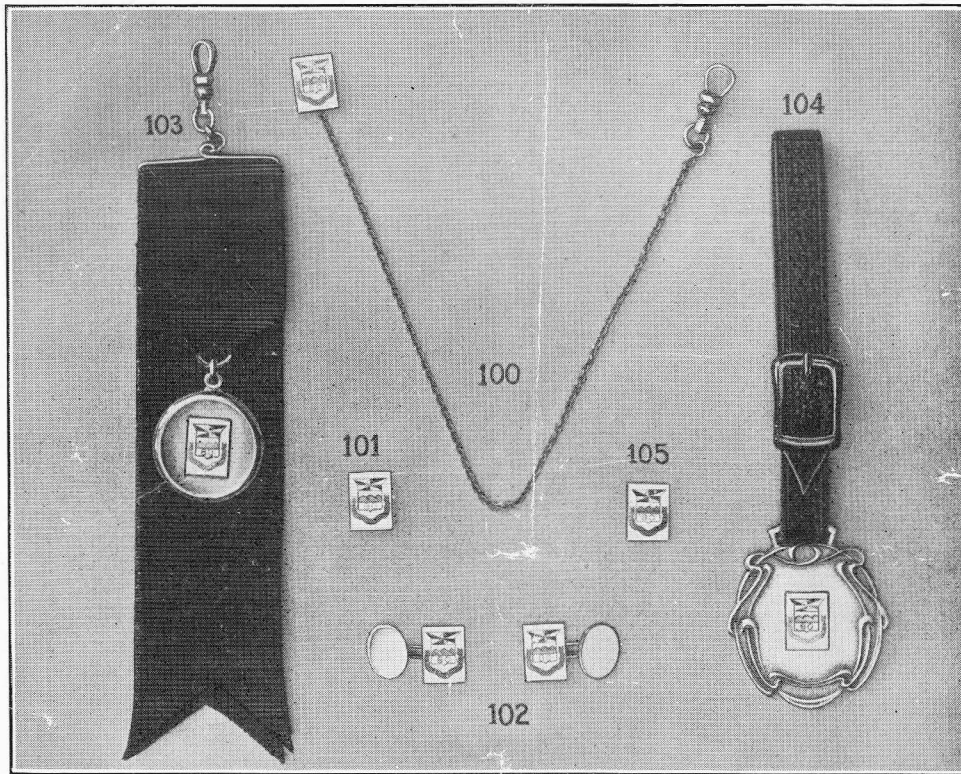
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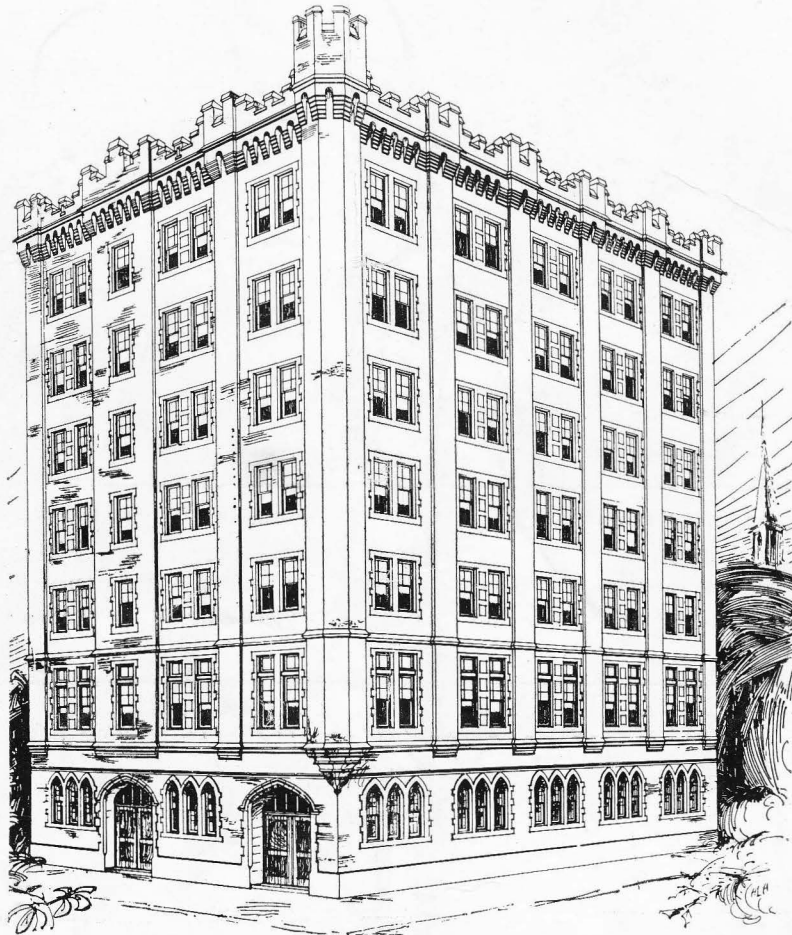
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