

the
SERVICE
magazine



Aug

1921

A. E. F. BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS

List of Panoramic Photographs of European Battlefields in American Sectors, Also Views in Germany in the Territory Occupied by American Army Along the Rhine. Order by Number.

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- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>8. PARIS, Place de Concordia.
9. LENS, Northern France, showing the destroyed coal pits.
10. LENS, Northern France, showing the city ruins.
11. ARRAS, the town square of the Cathedral City.
12. ARRAS, the railroad station plaza.
13. METZ, the fortified city in the province of Lorraine.
14. Stolzenfels Castle, on the Rhine, one of the ex-Kaiser's many estates.
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204. The American Cemetery at Belleau Woods looking toward Chateau Thierry.</p> |
|--|--|---|

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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COMPENSATION

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

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VOCATIONAL TRAINING

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

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

EMPLOYMENT

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

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

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

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

CLAIMS

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS

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

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

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

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

Discharge Buttons—Nearest recruiting office, bringing your discharge.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

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

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


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

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



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SERVICE wishes to thank "Everybuddy" who took part or assisted in making the Second Reunion of the 80th Division Veterans' Association the greatest individual Divisional Reunion ever held. There was one spirit prevalent throughout the entire four days. It was "Hello Buddy." There is one united spirit towards all who so graciously assisted in our success—it is "Our Gratitude and Loyalty."

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REUNION WHIZ - BANGS

By Jack V. Berger

A new way to
put a watch
in Soak



Ooh-La La-Mon
Bon Capitan



He watched her movement when she was under the Shower - Her hands slowly crept over her face - Ye Gods her dial was broken

Captain Pill has been saving up for two years to go back for Suzanne - only to attend the Reunion and find that his Dog-robber has been married to her since last Bastille day



SHY ONE - Aren't those fellows horrid look how they stare?

SPRY ONE - Oh I dont mind - mine are pure Italian Silk.



"That's a Hell of a note" said 'Ziggy' Boyd as his Gallant Band struck up 'Aint we got Fun' in the Key of G.

Jack V. Berger

Putting It Over

Minutes of Annual Business Meeting of Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, Held in Pitt Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., on August 5th, 1921, 10:30 A. M.



THE President of the Association, Gen. L. M. Brett, General Chairman of the Reunion Committee, presided.

The Mayor of Pittsburgh made a short address of welcome to the 80th Division Veterans and friends, presenting them with the keys of the city, after which the meeting was called to order by the Chairman.

A report of the Resident Secretary, Mr. H. R. Curry, was then read, also a financial statement of the past year's business, which had been approved by the auditing committee and which was so reported at the meeting.

A motion was then made and carried unanimously that Mr. W. L. Fleming be elected an Honorary Member of the 80th Division Veterans Association.

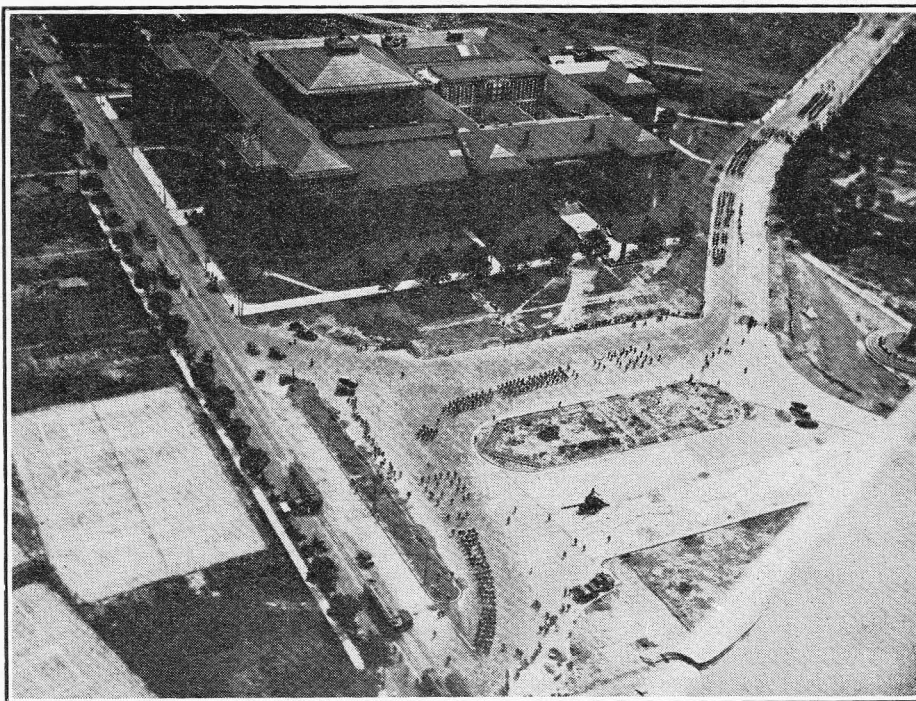
A motion was then made and carried that a vote of thanks be extended to the Mayor of Pittsburgh, the City Council, the Chamber of Commerce and all of the people of Pittsburgh, Pa. who helped make this Reunion possible.

The report of the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws was made by Rev. Thomas Hooper and it was decided to take up only those articles which the Committee proposed be amended, as follows:

CONSTITUTION

Article II was read and a motion made and carried that in the second paragraph the words "Anyone at present an officer or enlisted man and" be substituted for the words "Any Officer or Enlisted Men or"; also that in the third paragraph the words "Anyone at present an officer or enlisted man and" be substituted for the words "Any Officer or Enlisted Man or." Article as amended was then adopted.

Article III was read and a motion made and carried that the word "Recording" be



Taken by Pittsburgh Press Staff Photographer
AIRPLANE VIEW OF 80TH DIVISION PARADE ENTERING SCHENLEY PARK AUGUST SIXTH.

inserted before the word "Secretary," the first sentence then reading "The Officers of the Association shall be a President, three (3) Vice Presidents, a Recording Secretary and a Chaplain. Article as amended was then adopted.

BY LAWS

A motion was made and carried that a new article be inserted in the By-Laws to be known as Article III, reading as follows:

IT SHALL BE THE DUTY OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY TO RECORD THE MINUTES OF THE MEETINGS OF THE ASSOCIATION AND OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL." This article was then adopted, to be known as Article III of By-Laws.

A motion was then made and carried that Article III of the original By-Laws be changed to read "Article IV;" also that the heading of this Article read "DUTIES OF THE RESIDENT SECRETARY" instead of "DUTIES OF THE SECRETARY"; and also that the sum of the bond read "Ten Thousand (\$10,000.00) Dollars" instead of "Fifty Thousand (\$50,000.00) Dollars." This Article was then adopted as amended, to be known as Article IV. A motion was then made and car-

ried that Article IV of the original By Laws be changed to read "Article V." also that the words "a Resident Secretary and" be added in sixth sentence, second paragraph, between the words "employed" and "such." Article as amended was then adopted.

A motion was then made and carried that a new article be inserted in the By Laws to be known as Article VI, reading as follows: "THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL SHALL AUTHORIZE CHARTERS TO LOCAL POSTS OF THE EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS'

ASSOCIATION UPON THE WRITTEN APPLICATION OF FIFTEEN MEMBERS OF THE EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION ADDRESSED TO THE SECRETARY OF SAID COUNCIL. EACH SUCH SEPARATE POST OR P. C. SHALL IN ALL RESPECTS COMFORM TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION SO FAR AS IT MAY BE APPLICABLE, AND EACH SHALL ADOPT A NAME. SUCH POST OR P. C. SHALL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR AND PAY TO THE ASSOCIATION, THE YEARLY ASSOCIATION DUES OF EACH MEMBER, BUT MAY ESTABLISH SUCH DUES FOR ITS OWN ORGANIZATION AS MAY BE NECESSARY. This article was then adopted, to be known as Article VI of the By-Laws.

A motion was then made and carried that Article V. of the original By-Laws be changed to read "ARTICLE VII" and Article as amended was adopted.

The report of the Nominating Committee was then read and after discussion a motion was made and carried to accept

(Continued on Next Page)

Putting It Over

(Continued from Preceding Page)

the report of this Committee as presented, thus:—

PRESIDENT: Brig. Gen. Lloyd M. Brett.

VICE PRESIDENTS: First, Stephen C. Clark, New York, 80th Division Headquarters; Second, Reuel W. Elton, 318th Infantry; Third, Chas. M. Jones, 80th Division Headquarters.

RECORDING SECRETARY, John E. Sugden, Jr., 320th Infantry.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL:
A. R. Peterson, 317th Infantry.

Russell A. Stultz, 318th Infantry.

Cyril A. Madden, 319th Infantry.

Isaac N. Feathers, 320th Infantry.

John P. Heiner, 313th Field Artillery.

Boyd B. Stutler, 314 Field Artillery.

C. F. Bushman, 315th Field Artillery.

Jack V. Berger, 305th Engineers.

Michael J. Clark, 305th Ammunition Train.

Robert D. Boston, 315th Machine Gun Battalion.

Wm. C. Vandewater, 160th Brigade Headquarters.

Frederick Hickman, 319th Infantry.

Above members of Executive Council were elected to serve for a term of One (1) year.

An invitation from Governor Morgan of the State of West Virginia inviting the Annual Convention of 1922 to Charleston, was then read. A motion was then made and unanimously carried to hold the next Reunion of the 80th Division Veterans' Association in the city of Charleston, W. Va., at a date to be fixed by the Executive Council.

A motion was then made and carried that the Convention of 1921 be adjourned.

M. C. STAHLMAN
Secretary

MINUTES OF PRELIMINARY BUSINESS OF EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION, HELD ON FOURTH FLOOR MOOSE TEMPLE, PITTSBURGH, PENN., ON AUGUST 4TH, 1921, 2:30 P. M.

At the call of the President, a preliminary business meeting was held in Moose

Temple on August 4th, at 2:30 P. M. for the purpose of electing a By-Laws Committee, an Auditing Committee and a Nominating Committee.

President Brett called the meeting to order, stating if there were no objections the three committees would be elected as follows:—

On the By-Laws and Auditing Committees one member from each organization;

A. J. Yost, 305th Engineers.

Captain Niles, 313th Field Artillery.

John McCrea, 314th Field Artillery.

Dr. McCain, 315th Field Artillery.

S. A. Mackay, 313th M. G. Battalion.

Sgt. R. D. Boston, 315th M. G. Battalion.

S. D. Oberlauffer, 305th Field Signal Battalion.

Sgt. Illig, Division Headquarters Troops.

AUDITING COMMITTEE:

Sgt. Bragg, 319th Infantry.

W. P. Hawthorne, 320th Infantry.

Frank Floyd, 305th Engineers.

John W. Foley, 313th Field Artillery.

W. C. Davies, 314th Field Artillery.

S. McElroy, 315th Field Artillery.

Donald Martin, 315th M. G. Battalion.

Ed. Miller, 305th Field Signal Battalion.

Sgt. Foye, Division Headquarters Troops.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE:

J. Cogswell, C. Friedl, 319th Infantry.

Frazier, King, 320th Infantry.

Sgt. Flecherstein, J. V. McCann, 305th Engineers.

John Nash, P. Murphy, 313th Field Artillery.

Boyd B. Stutler, W. C. Willis, 314th Field Artillery.

B. Angrist, Dr. Connell, 315th Field Artillery.

H. Auerbach, 315th M. G. Battalion.

H. Rehlin, Div. Headquarters Troops.

Each Regiment and smaller unit of the Division was brought before the meeting for nominations on the above nam-

ed three committees, the units named above being the only ones responding. The Chairman stated if any of the units which were not represented on these committees would suggest a member of their organization to the Secretary after the meeting they would be placed on record on these committees.

The Chairman then requested the three committees thus formed to meet in the same room at 5:00 P. M. this date.

There being no further business to come

(Continued on Next Page)

When the Song Comes Back to My Heart

BY HENRY R. CURRY.

*When the song comes back to my heart, my dear,
And the joy comes back in my song,
When I've learned to live in a world of peace
And unlearned the things of wrong,
When my hands are washed of the stain of blood
And my mind of the cruel fray,
Will you take me back to your heart of love,
When I've driven these ghosts away?*

*Will you sit with me on the same old log,
Where we used to sit and coo,
Will you let me tell the terrible truth,
Of what soldiers have to do,
Will you share with me of the bitter tears
That never will seem to dry,
Will you help remember throughout the years
These Buddies who had to die?*

*Will you walk with me down these peaceful years
That their noble lives have bought,
Will you help to sing in the requiem, due praise
For the Good they've wrought,
Will you help to soften the bitter thoughts
That haunt through the night and day,
Will you take me back to your heart of love
And teach me again to pray?*

*There are cries that echo throughout the years;
There are tears that never dry,
There are wounds to the heart that naught can heal
No matter what e'er we try,
There are tender souls that the world knows not,
There are hearts that are born to break,
And crosses the victors must share and bear
Of the wars that they undertake.*

On the Nominating Committee, two members from each Regiment and one member from each of the smaller units.

There being no objections, this ruling was adopted.

The President then requested nominations for these committees, and on motions, duly seconded and carried, the following persons were elected to serve on the Committees named:

BY-LAWS COMMITTEE

Captain Hooper, 319th Infantry.

John Hebbert, 320th Infantry.

Putting It Over

(Continued from Preceding Page)

before the meeting at this time, the meeting adjourned at 3:10 P. M.

80th DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

M. C. STAHLMAN,

Secretary, Reunion Committee.

Speech of Col. Lloyd M. Brett, retired, accepting his re-election as President of the 80th Division Veterans Association.

"When I was elected in Richmond, Virginia, I was satisfied that the greatest honor in my life had come to me and it seems to me that so great an honor as being president of this division; the greatest combat division of the A. E. F. should pass down, because there are not enough years to honor those who shall live to stand at the head of this association, but as it seems to be your wish that I shall serve another year, I pledge myself as I pledged last year, to be your servant to the best of my ability. I shall have no object except the single object of furthering the best interests of our Veterans Association.

"I feel, and I so stated to a great many citizens, that I think that this reunion is the very best thing that could happen to all of us, because we come together to renew and make stronger, the ties made in the camp; in the British Sector, and on the terrible battlefields of the Meuse-Argonne. To see the greetings between the different members is more than compensation for any work which has been done by any of us during the year, and especially during the past two months to make this reunion a success. A gathering together of our individual members and seeing them group together in little company organizations holding their little assemblies and their dinners, if nothing else took place, that would more than repay us.

"I predict that as the years go by, our organization will become stronger and stronger. I think already that we can see daylight. But we must have your individual support. As I said before, the individual touch; one member, two members with members will do more than all the letters that we can send out from headquarters.

"And so, with the distinct understanding that I have your united support, I accept again the great honor that you tend me as president of the 80th Division Veterans Association."

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS CONSTITUTION

PREAMBLE

As Adopted By Convention
Pittsburgh, Pa. August 5-1921

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 I.

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 II.

Membership

The Association shall consist of the following classes of membership:

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

Anyone at present an officer or enlisted man and 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.

Anyone at present an officer or enlisted man and 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 Association, 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 III.

The Officers of the Association shall be a President, three (3) Vice Presidents, a Recording Secretary, and a Chaplain. The President, or the Vice President acting in his place, shall be ex-officio member of charters to local posts of the Eightieth 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 IV.

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 V.

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 VI.

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

BY-LAWS

I. 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 considera-

tion. He shall perform such other duties as the By-Laws of the Association may require and as may be incident to his office.

II. 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. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to record the minutes of the meetings of the Association and of the Executive Council.

IV. Duties of the Resident 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 Ten Thousand (10,000.00) Dollars for the faithful discharge of his duties, the premium of which is to be borne by the Association.

V. 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 a Resident Secretary and 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.

6. The Executive Council shall authorize charters to local posts of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association upon the written application of fifteen members of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association addressed to the Secretary of said Council. Each such separate Post or P. C. shall in all respects conform to the Constitution of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association so far as it may be applicable, and each shall adopt a name. Such Post or P. C. shall be responsible for and pay to the Association, the yearly Association dues of each member, but may establish such dues for its own organization as may be necessary.

VII. 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 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.

(Continued on Page 29)

History of Camp Lee

Memorandum of Argument for the Retention of Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., Before the Military Affairs Committee, United States House of Representatives

By Jennings C. Wise

Everything possible to save Camp Lee was done by Petersburg business men and a number of leading business men of Richmond, the 80th Division Veteran's Association and many others. Col. Jennings C. Wise was retained as counsel in the effort to save the camp. He laid the advantages of Camp Lee before the authorities at Washington, while many trips were made by Secretary Martin, of the Petersburg Chamber of Commerce, and business men, to Washington, with the hope of impressing the authorities.

Camp Lee practically is deserted at the present time. There are only about fifty men at the camp and these are engaged in shipping the vast stores in the warehouses to the army base at Norfolk. The last regular troops at the camp were transferred over a month ago to Camp Meade, Md. The buildings are now guarded by civilian watchmen.

Orders to advertise the buildings at the camp for sale are expected with the completion of removing the supplies from the warehouses.

There was talk several months ago of converting the camp site into an industrial or residential section, and since it is definitely known that the camp will be abandoned for good, this talk has been revived and some action may follow.

WHEN, in March, 1917, it appeared that the Virginia Volunteers were to be mobilized, the cities of Richmond, Norfolk, Lynchburg, Roanoke and Petersburg each offered to provide the necessary land and facilities for a State encampment in Virginia.

Near Petersburg there was a large property known as Lakemont which was owned by a stock company controlled by Mr. John L. Vaughan. Possessing peculiar advantages as a camp site, its availability was forcefully presented to the Governor and Adjutant General of Virginia by the Chamber of Commerce of Petersburg, and on March 22, 1917, at a joint meeting of the Common Council and Board of Alderman of the city appropriated \$20,000 to be expended for the purchase of water mains and other facilities that might become necessary for the development of the proposed site, which site was forthwith approved by the Adjutant General of Virginia.

March 25, 1917, the Secretary of War issued an order reorganizing the military service of the United States into six military departments instead of four, to become effective May 1st, and on April 4th assurances were given the War Department that the facilities hitherto required by the

Adjutant General of Virginia for a State Camp at Lakemont would be provided by the citizens of the locality.

Upon the declaration of war on April 6, 1917, the immediate location of a camp within the Department of the Southeast for the Virginia troops became imperative. A careful inspection of the proposed site of Lakemont was made on April 19th, and on April 24th the Department Commander decided to accept the same. Work thereon in accordance with the plans previously drawn by the Adjutant General of Virginia and agreed upon by the Chamber of Commerce of Petersburg, was forthwith commenced.

The plans for the development of the Lakemont tract as a Departmental State Camp were soon set aside by an agreement with the War Department under which it was to become one of the sixteen cantonment sites selected for the National Army, and on June 5, 1917, the Chamber of Commerce of Petersburg and Mr. John L. Vaughan entered into a contract subject to the approval of the Department Commander, with the Board of Officers appointed by the former to select the cantonment sites of the Department of the Southeast, providing among other things for the leasing of not less than

4,500 acres of land for a cantonment site, 1,500 acres for maneuver purposes, and two target ranges. Contracts were negotiated at the same time with various local companies for the provision by them of the necessary railway, lighting and water facilities. All of these contracts were approved June 7, 1917, by the Department Commander.

After work had commenced and a considerable outlay upon the performance of these contracts had been made, the Secretary of War revoked the decision under which Lakemont had been selected as one of the cantonment sites. June 14th, however, the revocation was rescinded, and June 18th Messrs Rinehart & Dennis were awarded a contract by the Secretary of War for the construction of the cantonment on a cost plus basis, the profit to the contractors to be limited to \$250,000.00. Work was commenced June 21st with a force of 14,000 men.

On June 23d it was resolved by the Board of Governors of the Chamber of Commerce of Petersburg to enter into an agreement superseding the agreement of June 5th, under which the Government now leased two tracts of land, one containing 5,000 acres at a yearly rental of \$15 per acre, and the other approximately 3,000

History of Camp Lee

acres at a yearly rental of \$7.50 per acre, and two tracts to be used for target ranges. In addition to these tracts on July 25th it became necessary for the Government to lease from the Chamber of Commerce and Mr. J. L. Vaughan ninety-eight acres of land in and about Lakemont for a remount station, and on November 15th, the same parties entered into a supplementary agreement with the War Department under which the Government leased 1,500 acres of land, being part of the tract of 3,000 acres hitherto acquired as a target range, and providing for the annulment of certain provisions of the former lease.

In order to carry out its various undertakings with the Government, it became necessary for the Chamber of Commerce of Petersburg to organize the United States Camp, Inc., with a privately subscribed capital of over \$400,000.00, with which more than 3,000 acres of the land leased to the Government was purchased by the corporation.

On July 15th the War Department officially designated the cantonment at Petersburg as "Camp Lee," in honor of the great Confederate Commander.

Until August 17th it had been planned to mobilize the drafted troops of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia at Camp Lee, but on that date it was announced that about 47,000 men of Virginia, West Virginia and Western Pennsylvania to be formed into the 80th Division of the National Army were to be trained there, the first twenty-five hundred of whom arrived August 25th. Major General Adelbert Cronkhite arrived at Camp Lee from the Canal Zone where he had been military Governor and assumed command of the 80th Division on September 9th, and on December 5th Camp Lee was inspected and the 80th Division reviewed by the Secretary of War.

Throughout the War, Camp Lee was in full and active occupation and use and is generally admitted to have been one of the most successful and satisfactory of the sixteen National Army Cantonments. No adverse criticism whatever of its physical characteristics, the pre-vailing climate,

the military plant, its military adaptability, or the available transportation facilities is known to have been made by any authority, whereas, on the contrary, Camp Lee has been repeatedly commended. (See the various reports of Department and Camp Commanders.)

The leases under which the Government originally took possession of the various tracts comprising the Camp Lee reserva-

ernment in the event of war. Accordingly, all but 1,600 acres of the tract of 7,196.94 acres comprising Camp Lee, was purchased outright by the Government at a cost of \$753,198.78, the remaining acres being condemned under the Act of July 2, 1917 as amended April 11, 1918.

Camp Lee Described

Camp Lee is the largest of the sixteen National Army cantonments in housing capacity. It is situated on an elevated and naturally well drained plateau 175 feet above mean tide. Bounded on the north by the Appomattox River, its western limit is two miles east of the city of Petersburg, Va. As originally laid out it embraced 5,300 acres exclusive of a rifle range of 3,600 acres, or a total of 8,900 acres, of which 7,196.94 acres are now in possession of the Government.

The Camp is connected with the cities of Petersburg and Hopewell, the latter four miles distant, by a concrete road, and by the electric line of the Petersburg, Hopewell and City Point Railway Co., which has a double track running through the camp from north to south, and a branch line from east to west, while the Hopewell line of the same company traverses the property paralleling the concrete highway from Petersburg to Hopewell. It is also served by the double track line of the Norfolk and Western Railway from Petersburg to Hopewell with which it is connected by single track spur which leaves the Hopewell line four miles east of Petersburg and crossing the Camp from northeast to southwest, joins the main line of the Norfolk & Western Railway between Petersburg and Norfolk at Poe. Its internal railway communications and facilities are extensive and excellent in all respects.

Camp Lee is 7 miles from the deep water landing of City Point on

the James, 20 miles from Richmond, 80 miles from Norfolk, 136 miles from Washington, 436 miles from Pittsburgh, and 602 miles from Cincinnati. Its transportation facilities are virtually those of Petersburg, which will be considered later. By the expenditure of a comparatively small sum of money, docks could be erected on the Appomattox River contiguous to the

(Continued on Page 28)

THE GUNS

WM. C. VANDEWATER

*Caissons a rumbling along the Arras Road.
Trace chains clanking, as the guns go by.
Over to the eastward, in the darkness 'fore the dawn,
Star shells lighting up the storm black sky.*

*Caissons a rumbling, here and there a silhouette
Cut to distinctness in the darkness of the night.
Over to the eastward the guns set up their howling,
Barking and snapping and belching gobs of light.*

*Caissons a rumbling and moving on in silence.
Here and there an order, a short, sharp command,
Ringing thru the vacuum of the grim and gloomy blackness
That lies like a blanket, before one's hand.*

*Caissons a rumbling, miles and miles and miles of them,
Each caisson creaking, with its heavy load,
Cannoncer's a bouncing, as they sway upon their places
And move thru the darkness, up the broad white road.*

*Caissons a rumbling, headed toward the flashes
That show themselves each moment, on the eastern swy.*

*Caissons a rumbling and trace chains clanking
And wheel brakes grinding, as the guns go by.*

tion, expired July 1, 1919. When on March 20, 1919, the Secretary of War directed that the title to the land of the fourteen cantonments still being leased by the Government, be acquired, he was not alone actuated in the purchase of Camp Lee by the desire to secure to the Government the ownership of a reservation for present use. Camp Lee was deemed by him to be essential to the military needs of the Gov-

"His Outfit"

How "Shorty" From Little Old New Yoik, Found "That Something" Which Exists Between Men Who Fought and Wrought and Who, Like "Slippy McGee," Learned That the Sun Sometimes Shines Outside of Manhattan.

By E. W. Donaldson

THE lieutenant sitting at the table leaned back in his chair with a sigh of exasperation. There was a faint smile around his mouth but it was of a baffling nature, ironical, it might almost be said. Wearily, he put the question again.

"Now, what is your FIRST name. Haven't you got a first name or haven't you sense enough to know it?"

"Shorty McNabb shuffled uneasy feet and glanced sideways, uncertain whether to grin over the matter or start something. Somehow, starting something in this army he had gotten entangled with, was different from mixing up a jam on the water front. The officer sitting at the table had all the ear marks of a person of authority. Shorty feared authority; he decided to face the issue.

"Shorty!"

"Is that your name or are you trying to get funny?" The officer was beginning to show little white lines around the mouth now.

"Cap'n, that's the only name I ever had. Swear to Gawd."

"Mark him down as Shorty!" barked the lieutenant. "Hereafter, when addressing officers, say" Sir, "and not Captain. What's your address?"

"Toity-toid street."

"How do you spell it?"

This was too much for Shorty, he burst into a loud guffaw. "Yer don't spell it, yer writes it. Two trees, see? Toity-toid. Then as an afterthought, he added, "Sir."

It finally devolved that he "hung out" around Thirty-third street and lived in a rather hazy location which he described as "around town;" that his parentage and nationality were even more vague in his mind, having lost the first, and, with them, all record of the latter at a tender age, if he ever passed through an age of tenderness.

Shorty, in passing out of the recruiting office, likewise passed out of record as an individual. Providing that sickness or accident hadn't singled him out, he was one of the drab mob out there daily on the plains of the camp, learning to further suppress the individual.

The division embarked and in all probability, Shorty sailed out into the misty expanse he had so often regarded with a care-

less glance from the water front, one tiny blot of white in the hundreds of faces that looked after the blotch of lights that marked the receding Mother City. "Good Bye, old Noo Yoik," he might have said, but more likely still, he was shooting the cubes in some secluded cubby hole of the deck and experiencing remorse only when the aces played him thumbs down.

The division, still the problematical as to destination, bearer of Shorty McNabb,

mow, talked also of this front line. Vaguely, he wondered what a front line was. Since leaving New York, he had run constantly on new things; new sayings, new people. He had always thought New York to be the museum of the known world, where everything worth knowing or seeing, was common knowledge. He searched his memory for some key to this front line and found it wanting. At the best, he imagined a big field with a rope stretched across it from one end to the other and soldiers fighting across it, but he would see soon, they were going over the hill where this storm was holding a continuous performance.

The rumble grew more substantial. They were marching up a bleak road, passing now and then, through heaps of cluttered stones and tottering walls. The noise became a series of distinct bumps and thumps. They passed the first big gun; noted it, commented and passed on, satisfied. The first trench, a curiosity for a minute, and then the first night.

The days became choked with new impressions. The senses of sight and hearing grew groggy under the strain of strange emotions. Still no field with the clothes line. Shorty ignored the war and lived only for the satisfying of that one desire. He hoped he wouldn't get his pill before he treated his eyes to that one sight. Finally his pride as a proficient New Yorker fell. As they sat in the trench one evening he turned to his buddies and blurted it out:

"Say gimme the straight on this front line. Wot t'ell is it anyway?"

"Why you poor boob, you're settin' on it."

That was an awful blow. Unpardonable ignorance and how they had laughed. His shame was somewhat forgotten in worrying over this ding blasted cold he had caught lying out there in that hole the other night when the raid was pulled off. He coughed with a distorted face.

"Gas!" the medico said, "just a touch of it. Send him to the rear for a rest."

Once more Shorty emerged from the mass and became an integrate particle. He discovered that he was to be known as a casual, and took great pride in this strange sounding title. He had seen hundreds of majors, captains and swarms of loots., but he outranked them all for exclusiveness.

"FORGET THE WAR"

BY (LIEUT.) MALCOLM HUMPHREY

"Forget the war!" The loud cry starts
From empty lips and shallow hearts.

"Since life is short, come and be gay,
Forget the past—live for today.

What of the dead? Lo, they are dead;
More pleasant paths we choose to tread."

And so they leave the war behind;
What care they for the maimed and blind?

But many eyes are dim and wet,
Who lost their all, can they forget?

Will not the broken, too, retain
Always the memory and the pain?

They chose to give—and paid the price
In choosing greater sacrifice.

To them you owe our freedom's debt.
Brothers, WILL YOU SO SOON
FORGET?

began to blaze its way with empty tin cans in apparently aimless wanderings over the country noted for its light wines and frivolity. A thunder storm which waxed ominous by night and waned to a monotonous rumble by day, began to be heard just over the eastern horizon where it remained, just out of sight, an insistent, disturbing sound.

The boys began to talk of the front line; front line, front line, always front line. Shorty, lounging in the straw of the hay

"His Outfit"

They did things to his chest with a telephone receiver and treated him as a ranking casual deserved. A good looking skirt to listen tolerantly to the story of the raid and how he got his. No promenading up and down a field with someone counting every step you took. It sure was a cushy job back here.

A vague sense of worry began to haunt his mind. One day it slipped out as the M. D. was tapping his chest.

"Say Doc!" Then realizing that the man was a bearer of the belt of reverence, "Sir, I mean. Wot's the chance of my flying the coop?"

There was an uneasy look on Shorty's face and the Captain soothed him with vagaries. "We'll have orders for you tomorrow. We're sending you up front."

The nurse standing near stifled a womanly desire to cry but the glad light that flashed up in Shorty's eyes, made her want to throw her arms around his neck. Poor, heroic, motherless boy. Eager to face that hell again. America would win with lads like that in the lines.

But Shorty; visions of the old gang, his buddies around the little table with a bottle of red ink and a song in full roar. Back with Buck Lemiski, his buddy. The Loot would probably shake hands with him in front of the entire company when he reappeared. The first emotion that had ever tied him to anything more permanent than a street corner, rose in his heart and brought deep breaths from his healing chest. After twenty years on the streets he had a home and that home was his outfit.

The blow fell and crushed hope, joy and peace with its shattering impact.

"Your division has just been replaced fully and we're forced to allot you to another. I'm sorry," the officer added as he saw the pain shoot across the boy's face.

Blank rage seized on the returning hero as he boarded the P. L. M. bound northward. Not only had they deprived him of his rightful home, an outfit he had suffered for, but they were disgracing him, insulting a New Yorker by shoving him in with a bunch of country yaps and rubes from down south some place; Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia, wherever these cities were. Niggers, long haired wild men from the mountains; snake eaters and half civilized heathen who had never seen a two story building until they got in the army.

"My Gawd!" he gasped, and the three Poilus riding in the compartment looked at him wonderingly: "what if they're niggers." That's where they kept most of the blacks, in this city of Virginia. A fellow had told him about it in a Bowery cafe one night. He had heard a lot of fellows who could read telling about stories in the city

papers, where the wild men from the west end of this same city, hung people to telephone poles and danced around their bodies like cannibals. Throwing a New Yorker in with a pagan bunch like that. He looked out of the little window at the landscape, bleary with rain and considered deserting their cock-eyed army right now. No, damned if he would. He'd join up with these yaps and show them what a regular soldier was like. Green horns, boobs. Oh boy! Wonder what his old outfit was doing now. Buck and Looie and Sheeny. Good old scouts. Good old division.

A week later, Shorty, tongue in cheek, wrote a letter to Buck:

"Der Buk—You no wat they done to me they shove me in wit this outfit. They aint niggers but theys all from virginia and pa. and the rest of virginia they calls west. they aint cityes like noo yoik theys states like noo yoik. The niggers didnt come along and the virginia fellos dont like them, neether dose the west virginia guys. The pa fellos dont neether they is all wite like you an me an bigger. This is a good outfit onley they is one better hey. maybe i will git woondid agen an come back none of these guys has been to noo yoik."

The gang hung around the little fire, hugging its warmth as the evening chill drew on. It was in the woods, the line of pup tents stretching away beneath the trees and the champing horses tied along the picket line nearby.

"Better put the fire out, it's getting dark and Jerry will be dropping a pill." Big Sam Norton from Flatbush, sovrein state of West Virginia, rose and started kicking the embers around.

"Gittin' yer wind up again, huh? 'Fraid of a little lump of iron. Wait 'til your outfit's been in as many scraps as mine and you'll go out and hunt trouble."

Big Sam turned quickly and glared at the new guy who had been attached to the outfit. For almost a week they had been taking covert sneers and jibes from this interloper and their easy going dispositions were beginning to rankle.

"I bin wounded onct and if this yellow streak division ever gets nerve enough to go up front, I'll try for another."

"Why wait?" said Big Sam. He gave a burning ember a vicious kick and sent it spinning into the dark corner where the voice was running on. There was a howl of pain and a hurried scuffle. Shorty jumped to his feet eyes blazing and came at Big Sam. A stream of gutter language spurted from his mouth.

There were three thumps in quick succession. Big Sam took them on his stomach and gave little gasps as the air jerked out of him. It took him that long to get his

swing started. The blow took Shorty full in the face and the big fist seemed to spread with smashing force from forehead to chin. He went down with a quick choke and lay stretched out.

Shorty wrote another letter to Buck and the officer grinned as he read the following item. He had been expecting it:

"He hits me onct an i dies quick an long. he shook hans wit me after an we is buddies an hes a dam good scout an the other guys is ok ar you doin any fitin we ar goin in sune."

They went in. It was weeks later but the hell of Nantillois and Mt. Faucon made up for the wait. Three times they battered the line and Shorty saw it bend back slowly toward the river against the determined onslaughts. They beat back the square heads, creeping and crawling forward. Lying in the shallow hole one day, Shorty told Big Sam, "well, I notices we always moves forward." From the untutored brain came the thought that later became the slogan, "The Eightieth always moves forward." When they had retired back to the quietness of the woods he rested with Big Sam under a piece of corrugated iron and he heard them saying it. It gave him a thrill to think that he had helped.

He noted the names of the towns as they went forward in the next push; laughed as he walked along the crowded road with his buddy, Big Sam from West Virginia. Big Sam and other fellows from these states of Virginia and Pennsylvania had been telling him some wonderful yarns. Big, open fields, green mountains, clean healthy cities and towns. It must be a fairyland, this South, if what they told was true. Walking along the road Big Sam and he framed up a deal and shook hands on it.

They leapfrogged the battallion ahead and started on. It was early morning and the fields were lazy and quiet with the fall weather and the retreat of the beaten Hun. They topped a hill and saw the far flung stretch of woods and hills ahead. There was an old sign post still standing at the cross roads, it was leaning at a crazy angle so that Shorty was forced to stop an instant to spell out the name of the town. "Sommauthe." That was a funny name for a town, or was it Sammouthe or Sam-Sam something or Sa—

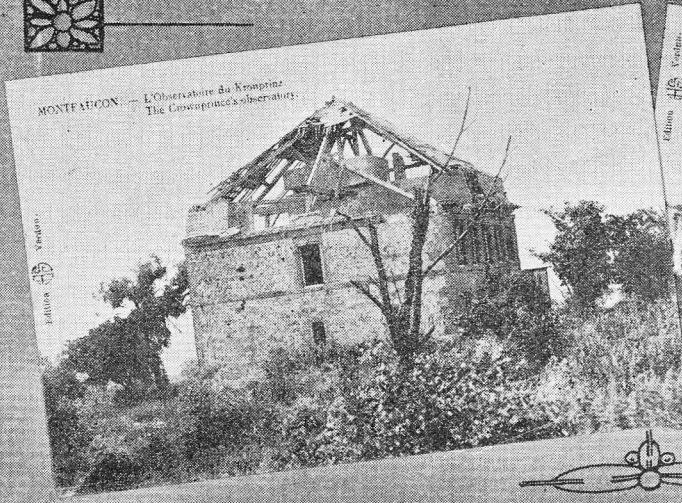
He heard someone talking and opened his eyes.

"How do you feel now?"

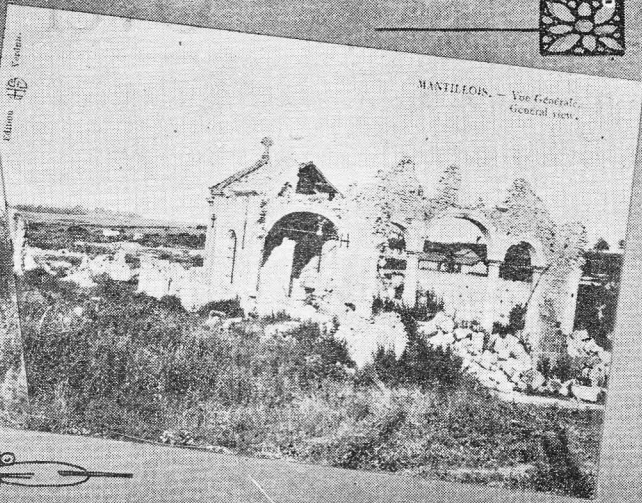
An army physician was bending over him grinning. "Awright," spoke Shorty from force of habit. "Where am I doc?" Then realizing that the man bore the ensignia of rank, he added quickly, "Sir!"

"You were wounded at Sommauthe and

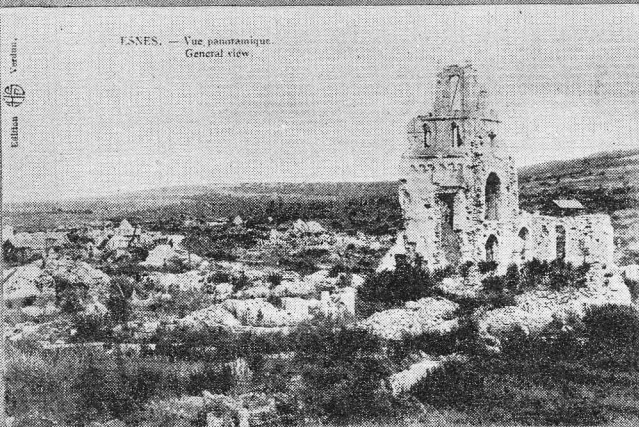
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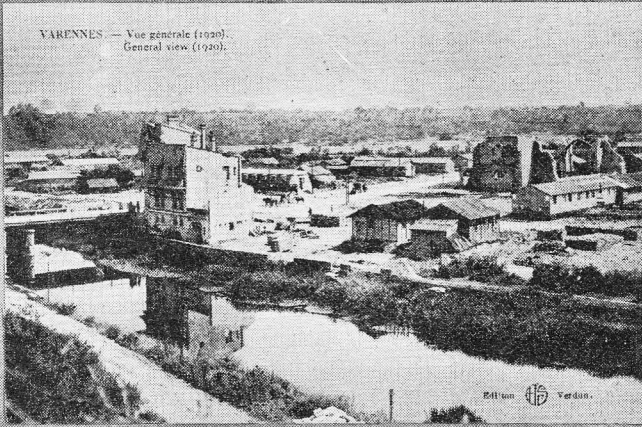
MONTFAUCON. — L'Observatoire du Kronprinz.
The Governor's observatory.



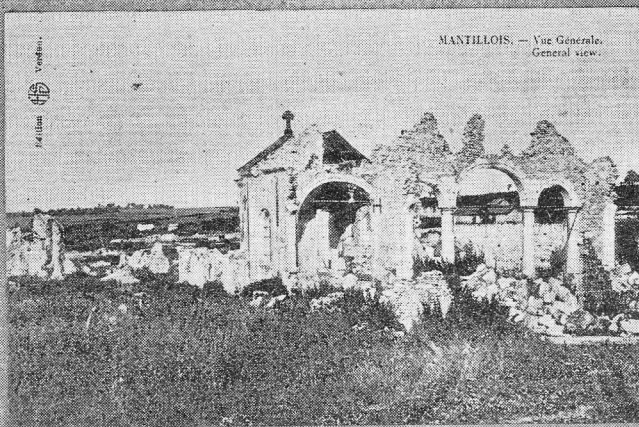
MANTILLOIS. — Vue Générale.
General view.



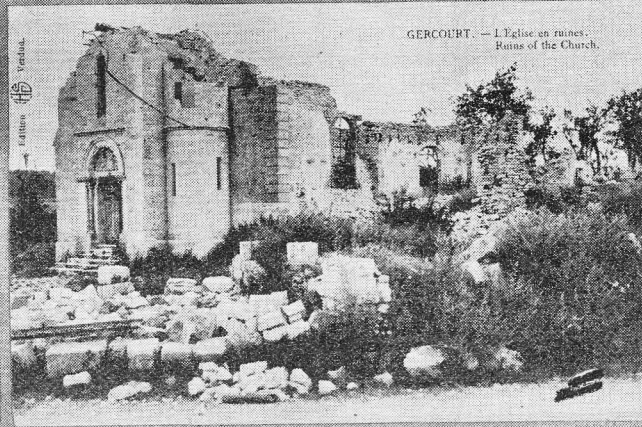
ESNES. — Vue panoramique.
General view.



VARENNES. — Vue générale (1920).
General view (1920).



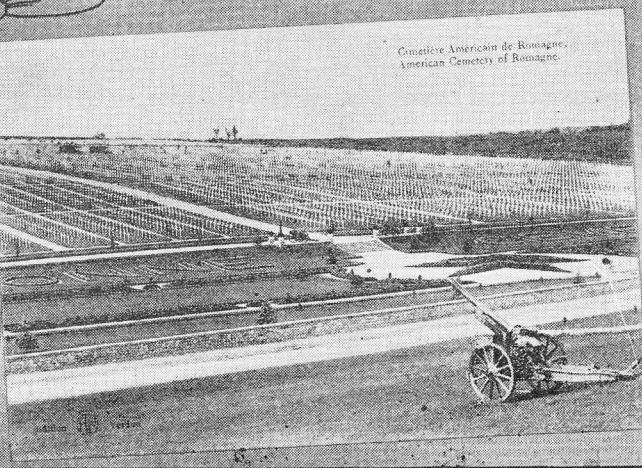
MANTILLOIS. — Vue Générale.
General view.



GERCOERT. — L'Eglise en ruines.
Ruins of the Church.



Le Mort-Homme.
The Dead Man.



Cimetière Américain de Romagne.
American Cemetery of Romagne.

"Over There"

Service Magazine Is Fortunate in Having a First Hand Report on Conditions of the Old Stamping Ground From Its Former Editor.

Mr. Fee's Story Gives a Comprehensive Estimate of Expense Incurred in Seeing the Battle Fields

By Dwight H. Fee

"NANTILLOIS De-mande Une Marraine," pleads the streamer across the road as one enters the village which, three years ago, was the center of so many activities of the Eightieth Division. And, surely, if any town needs a godmother, it is Nantillois.

Three years have made little difference to the village. Some of the debris that once littered the streets has been removed and the people are making a brave effort to work their farms. But houses cannot be rebuilt and fields tilled at the same time so, it seems, it is the building that is delayed while the crops are grown.

As in so many other villages, the people are living in shacks, in cellars, in elephant-iron huts and even in the shelters dug along the road side and roofed with corrugated iron—the bivvies large enough to hold a squad, but too little protected to be classed as dugouts.

Beside the ruins of the church is a small tar-papered hut with a cross on top—apparently the cure has returned. Beside the concrete dugout which once sheltered the fire-eating officers of both sides is stretched the sign asking for a "marraine." Nantillois apparently got the "marraine" idea from the French cities, such as Lille and Arras which have been "adopted" by English cities like Manchester, which supply helps in money and other ways.

On a cloudy evening, with the darkness gathering slowly but relentlessly, it doesn't take much imagination to re-people those roads and hillsides. The road to the left, which led to the dressing station, in fancy seems again to be stirring with the cast which played its part in the season of 1918. There, for example, stumble the two lads whose faces are burned with gas. And, following, is carried another who "got it" down by the church.

It was a little later at night that Pape, who found a box of prunes—discarded because of their many inhabitants—provided a banquet for an entire platoon, halted along the way to await orders.

And then, toward the town from Montfaucon, come the little groups, trudging along in artillery formation, to take their

Mr. Dwight H. Fee, Hdq., 319 Infantry, formerly Editor of Service Magazine, has just completed a tour of England and the battlefields of France. His interesting and authoritative article which we are here able to present to our readers was forwarded from Alexandria, Egypt. Mr. and Mrs. Fee are now engaged in work for the American Mission, Cairo, Egypt, and SERVICE is fortunate in having this loyal "Blue Ridger" among its contributors.

chances with the gas and its accompaniments at the bottom of the hill—and farther north. The trench to the south of the dressing-station road has been filled in and crops are growing, but the scrubby bushes still flourish on the uncultivated hillside to the northwest, and across the brook the half completed trench still cuts across the slope—a resting place for many a one before he went on into the woods.

Most of these fields are being worked. The wire lies in heaps at the edge of the cultivated ground, the rusted angle-irons or stakes still clinging to it. Sometimes these stakes and wire are found doing duty as fences. The woods that meant so much to the 80th and to the 5th, as well as other divisions, shows few signs of war. Here, in the Bois de Ogons is a tree denuded of its branches, and there is one splintered and shivered, but the rest are as green as ever, and one no longer walks into a pocket of gas.

The fields about Madeleine Farm have been plowed and the wheat is ripening rapidly: the hay has been cut. There isn't a trace of the little clusters of graves.

At Cunel a few houses have been repaired but the place unquestionably is so little changed that anybody from the Third Battalion of the 319th could recognize the spot where he crouched for shelter from bombs and machine gun fire on that memorable night when, despite their losses, the men of those companies cut their way back to the division, bringing their prisoners with them.

* * * * *

So much for the fields over which the 80th bucked its way in the second and costliest phase of its operations along the Meuse. It is from Montfaucon, the height familiar as a land mark to half a million

Americans, that one gets a general idea of the field of battle.

The town lies a more complete wreck than when its top and forward slope was crowded with American and French observation posts. The ragged walls, the lone reminder that a building had occupied the site, have been pulled down. Even the place where the Fourth (or was it the Third) Division had such a wonderful Y canteen,

with everything from Camels to eating tobacco, is absolutely level.

The cemetery, where the anti-aircraft machine gun used to stutter, shows the terrific mauling it received from both sides. The hole where the 319th's observation squad was "housed" is now a depression, as are most of the other underground shelters. In fact these places apparently have been caved in intentionally, preparatory to filling them up.

The grass is growing high over all these spots, and even in the huge holes left by the explosions of airplane bombs, the green is making its appearance.

The church is being rebuilt, but only a start has been made. The house used by the Crown Prince as his observation post remains standing—battered, it is true, but nevertheless the "best" house in the town.

That is, it's the best of the old houses. The finest place in the whole district is a wood and tar paper shed on the forward brow of the hill where dinner or lunch may be purchased. It is operated by one of the tourist bureaus, though any one may stop. English is spoken, but the folk aren't native Montfauconniers. Six hundred of the town's 1,000 dwellers are back but they huddle at the foot of the hill, tilling their fields and preparing to build a new town—but not on top the hill.

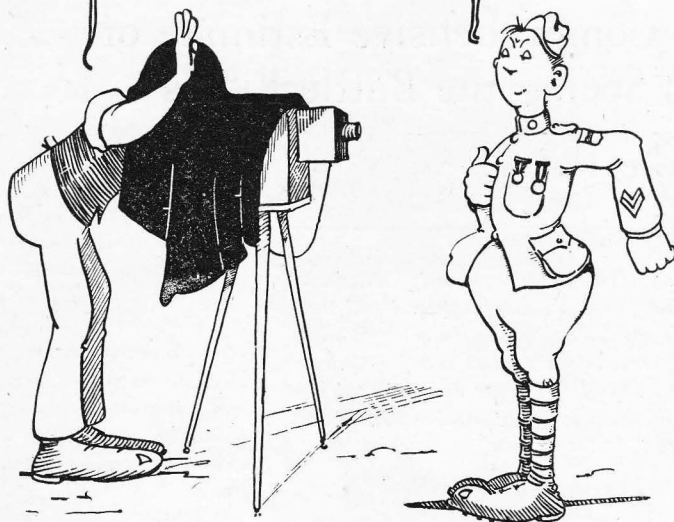
The whole summit has been acquired by the Beaux Art and, according to the plan, is to remain just as it is a war memorial—with the one exception, that the church is to be rebuilt.

From the observation platform at the restaurant one may gaze off to Dead Man's Hill, where the 80th launched its attack, and on to the wooded hills whence came the German shells which cost so heavily.

(Continued on Page 26)

HOLD STILL-LAD-UNTIL I GET YOUR FOCUS

DAT AINT NO FOCUS-PARTNER -DATS A "FROG" KROY DE GEER

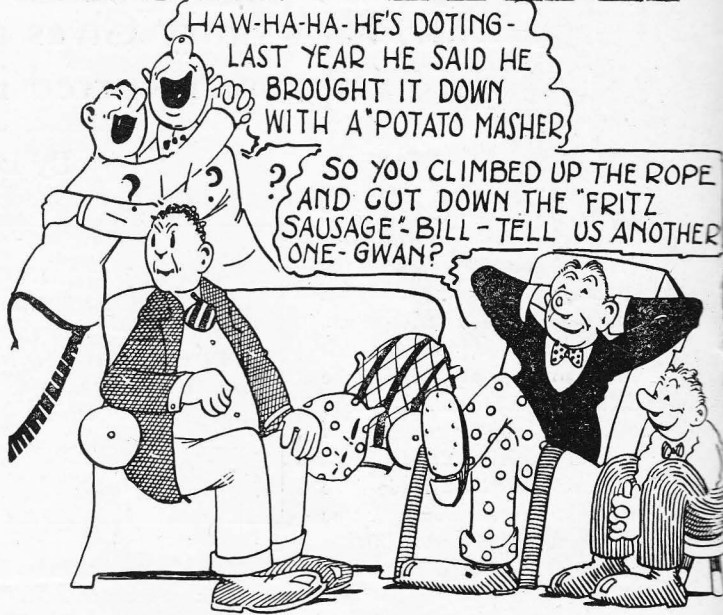


SEVEN PHOTOGRAPHERS FLOPPED FROM SHEER EXHAUSTION DURING THE CONVENTION-FOR THE BOYS WORKED THEM FAST ONE BUCK EVEN POSED AS CUPID -BUT GOT PINCHED -BECAUSE HIS WINGS DIDN'T COVER THE "LAW"

NOW THAT I

HAW-HA-HA-HE'S DOTING- LAST YEAR HE SAID HE BROUGHT IT DOWN WITH A "POTATO MASHER"

? SO YOU CLIMBED UP THE ROPE AND GOT DOWN THE "FRITZ SAUSAGE" -BILL - TELL US ANOTHER ONE - GWAN?

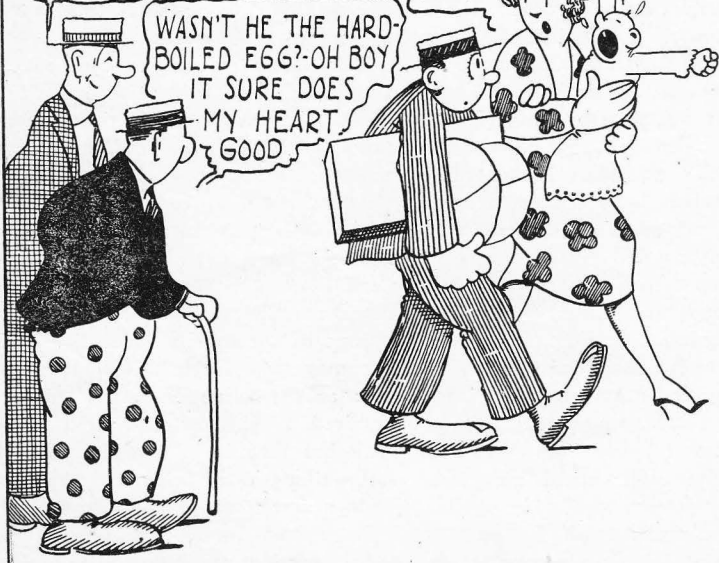


THE "LOUNGE" RANG WITH BLOOD-CURDLING TALES- CHIEFLY ABOUT "WHITE MULE" AND "VIN BLINK"- BEING SO FULL OF HIS SUBJECT MANY A MAN OPENED HIS HEART

I WISHED THAT ON THE BUM-I GAVE HIM THE "KNOCK DOWN" TO HER

YOU BRUTE-TRYING TO DESERT ME TO SEE YOUR PALS WAIT UNTIL I GET YOU HOME

WASN'T HE THE HARD-BOILED EGG?-OH BOY IT SURE DOES MY HEART GOOD



A FEW BIRDS 'GOT THE THRILL OF THEIR LIVES WHEN THEY LAMPED THEIR OLD TIME "DUTY DISPENSERS" DOING A LONG HITCH WITH SOME FEMALE BOILER-MAKER

IF I KEEP ON AT THIS RATE I'LL GET THERE IN TIME TO SEE MY SON GRADUATE FROM COLLEGE



ONE BABY-I BLUSH - FOR HE WAS AN ENGINEER- JUST CAME IN FOR THE PARADE -SO HE CHANGED THE EXIT -POCKETBOOK- CHARLEY WAS LAST SEEN PLYING THROUGH PORTAGE

IT'S ALL OVER"



YES - JIM IS BACK CARRYING THE WASHING FOR HIS WIFE - AND WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE SLIM - HE IS ETC-ETC

HONK HONK
SHURE I'M A MOOSE - DIDN'T I FIGHT IN THE 'MOOSE' ARGONNE?'



SERGEANT - I'VE GOT A DUDE HERE WOT'S GOT A CARD ON HIM SAYING THAT HE IS A MOOSE FOR FOUR DAYS - HE MUSTA THOT HE WAS A CAMEL GOIN' ON A LONG JOURNEY FOR HE SURE PACKS A LOAD

YOU CAN'T TELL A MAN BY HIS BADGE - HAD THIS GUY HAVE SPORTED A "CORK" LEG AND A "SLOW" GAIT - HE WOULD HAVE PROBABLY BEEN TAKEN FOR A GIN RICKEY

WE HAVE CONVINCED EVERYONE EXCEPT THE AUTOMOBILISTS THAT "WE ALWAYS MOVE FORWARD" FOR THEM - IT WAS FOUR DAYS OF MISERY - AS THE MIDDLE OF THE BUSIEST CROSSING WAS USUALLY OUR MEETING PLACE



HOT DOG! HERE COMES ONE NOW

THE BOSS WANTS A CARTOON - SOMETHING FUNNY - HOW IN HECK CAN I DRAW SOMETHING FUNNY - WHEN I'M LONESOME YEH LONESOME FOR I WONT SEE MY OLD PALS AGAIN - UNTIL NEXT YEAR IN CHARLESTON



ER - DID YOU NOTICE HOW SOME GINKS HUNG AROUND THE "CAVE OF THE WINDS" AT WEST VIEW PARK? MAIN - FOR MY PART I THINK IT WAS A WASTE OF TIME - SO BEEN LONG AS THE DRESSMAKERS SAY - "MAN WANTS LITTLE HERE BELOW" AS THEY SNIP TWO MORE INCHES OFF THIS YEAR'S STYLES

SEEING ONE'S PALS AGAIN IS MORE THAN AMPLER COMPENSATION FOR ALL OF OUR EFFORTS - TRUSTING THAT YOU ENJOYED YOURSELVES AS MUCH AS WE DID.
We remain *The Staff*

Jack V. Berger

When Yank Meets Tommy on the Western Front

"Say, Guy," and "Giving Them th' Once Over" Too Deep for British Subaltern—Americans Brigaded With the British "Make a Holler" About Tea and Get "Corfee" Instead

By Harold A. Littledale

Of the British Tank Corps.

I SAW him first at a base camp. It was night and we were breaking a journey to certain training grounds for battle practice. I was one of a long line filing into a mess hall to be served and he was one of a long filing out, his mess-tin filled with hot soup. Had it not been for the light that streamed from the open door I would have put him down as a New Zealander, but the cord and tassels on his hat clearly indicated the nationality and as he passed me I shouted:

"Are you from the States?"

"Sure," he replied, and moved on.

"So am I," I flung back at him, for just then my line stumbled forward and I was pushed along past him, and as I mounted the step at the open door I heard a voice—his voice—cry:

"Say, guy,"

I think he must have stopped and stepped out of his line, but I could not wait, for in the army it is an unwritten law that he who steps out of mess queue must rejoin it at the end. And when I came out, my mess tin filled with the tea he had scorned, for we had a choice between tea and bean soup—he had vanished.

I saw him again a few months later driving a light engine, behind which were a string of cars filled with our wounded, but I could not stop, and he could not stop or greet me with his quaint, "Say, guy."

The winter came and gave way to spring, but I saw nothing of him. Then, one summer day, when we were lying-up in a wood in the forward area and I was standing outside my tank with the young officer who commands it, he came up with several of his comrades and a sergeant. Had I been alone doubtless he would have greeted me with a cheery, "Say, guy—" but the presence of the officer caused him to leave matters in the hands of the sergeant, who saluted and said:

"Would you mind if we gave the wagon the once-over, sir?"

The officer, whose college education did not include American slang, looked at him. "What's that?" he inquired.

"We'd just like to give the wagon the once-over."

The young officer's brow crumpled up.

"I don't quite understand, sergeant."

"Wal, me an' the boys would just like to give the wagon the once-over."

He spoke with a freedom that would have brought reproof had his uniform been khaki instead of olive drab.

To the officer the words were without meaning, and he turned to me.

"What does he want?" he asked.

"He'd like to look over the bus, sir."

"Oh!" The subaltern turned again to the sergeant, "Certainly," he assented. "There's no objection to your giving the wagon the—what is it you call it—the once around?"

"The once-over," corrected the sergeant.

"Yes, yes, the once-over, by all means," And his smiling eyes turned to me and he said, "Carry on."

With a movement of my head I drew the personally conducted tour to my side, and, opening a door, invited them to enter, warning them not to strike their heads, for, contrary to the general impression, tanks are not padded inside. I jumped in first and the sergeant followed more slowly, though, for he was not accustomed to it. Two others I let in at the door and the three who remained I admitted at another door, for while there is elbow room in a tank when men are at their proper stations, it is more like a football scrimmage when seven or eight men try to see the same thing at once. And so I showed them the engine and the controls and the gauges and the guns, and at least they left remarking that it was "some bird."

The next night he came again, for he had handled Holt tractors in California and was deeply interested.

"And are you all from the West?" I asked.

"No," he said, "we're mostly from Pittsburgh, and all sorts; why our fourth platoon is like a bit of the Eytalian army."

"And yourself?"

"Oh, I come from just outside Pittsburgh, but I spent a couple of years on the Coast when I was a kid."

I smiled a little at that, for he did not look more than twenty-one. I was surprised, though, to learn that he was married and had a business of his own, manufacturing a blow-lamp. These lamps he had made for the British navy, "before

the war," which I found meant before the United States entered the war; now he was turning them out for the United States navy.

"The wife's running the business," he said, "and things are going big." Then after a pause:

"When do you think it will end?"

"What, the war?"

"Yap."

"December, 1919."

"H-o-l-y- S-m-o-k-e!"

"Surprise you—"

"Say, they're betting in our crowd that it'll be over in September."

"Next September?"

"Yap."

"Well, I'll take some of that money."

He remained silent, then:

"But why December, 1919?"

"Well, it's too long a story to say why I think it will go into next year, and not into the year following. Supposing we let it go at that. Well, it means a spring offensive, and because good weather is fighting weather, that means fighting right up to December, for you must remember that the battle of Cambrai began on November 20 last year, and Jerry staged a counter attack on the 26th."

He looked at me.

"Wal," he rejoined, "all I can say is you're a nice little crepe hanger."

GETTING DOWN TO "DOUGH"

Then we fell to "talking shop," discussing the difference between his drill and ours.

"How do they feed you?" I asked after a while.

"Wal, we're gettin' English rations now."

"Really! I suppose that's because you're brigaded with us."

"Yap."

"And how do you get along with tea?"

"Tea!" His face took on a broad grin. "Say, guy, we put up an awful holler about it. Now they give us corfee—at least they call it corfee."

I laughed hugely at that.

"And pay?"

"Wal, a 'buck' private gets \$33 a month. I'm a first private—what you'd call a lance corporal—and get a little more, but I've

(Continued on Page 29)



Letters from an Old File

By Jack P. Smith

LETTER NO. 3—HENRY TO JAKE

Dear Jake:—

I got your letter from the male man today and I was glad to hear from you. You didn't wate so long this time before you rote the letter and I am glad two because I always want to get a letter from you prettie krick. Some of the fellars hear in this barricks gets morn ten lettars a day. Honest, Jake, youd bee suphized if youd sea how busy some of them fellars are kept readin the lettars that they get from the people. A lot of the fellars gets two lettars a day from there best girls and thats not kountin all the other stuff that is cent too them. A fellar got a big box yesterday and it was filled with kakes and he gives us all one off them. That was prettie nice for him to do that and I am goin to have my fokes bake me some stuff and send it to me and I will give it out to the other fellars. I dont want to give it out to the fellars just to stand in with them, Jake, because I dont. Only that shows frendship. The Kaptain says as how we should work together and help oneanother because we was agoin to be together for a long time and he says that we should be like one familie. Thats rite, Jake what he says because if we dont agree on nothin, why how in the dickens can we agree on how we will be alickin the Germans. This here Kaptain off ours nose what he is 'a talkin about because he is a smart fellar. He gradyouaited from a koupler kolleges and got a paper too show for it to. Well Jake, I got my uneyform at last. Gee! its a dandy. The pants are a little long but thats allrite I never did like short pants. I have a heck of a time gettin my leggans on in the morning in time too get outside for revelea. I guess you dont know what this revelea is, do you Jake? I'll tell you; Well, revelea, is when

somebody blows a whistel at half past five A. M. and we gotter jump up krick as we kan and dress krickeren that and be outside of the barricks till five forty five to have our names called which is called roll-call. Then when we are standin outside, along komes a koupler off fellars what are blowin horns like if they are in a payraid only no body is in it and they go on the other side of the rode and turn around and stand their awile and then I guess they get tired of standin so long so they start to blow the horns again. I dont know the name off the peaces thay play because I never hurd them befour. Well after they get done playin the sekond peace, they walks back to the barricks and thats all there is too it. But talkin about gettin dressed in the mornin for this here revelea. Half off the time the string that is in the leggans tairs and I get all skeered because mabie I kant make it out in time to answer my name when the sargent calls it to me. A koupler times this happens just when I am in an aufel hurrie but I always manaiage to get there on time. I guess youll want me tell you about the hole uneyform, so I'll tell you: The hat what I got lookes like the hats them cowboys wears that go travelin with the sirkus. I have a nice blue peace of rope rapped around it where hangs two things what they calls akorns. I dont get the idear of them akorns but it means sompin you kan bet. Now, on the kollar I have too buttons maid off brass and one has a number on it and the other has a pickture of a koupler guns. I have a nice pare of shoes, Jake, and they are brown, like the ones I uster ware at home only these aint so pointie. I like them a lote because I wont get no more korns like I uster get in them other shoes. I got a nice reglar army shirt too just like we uster sea the soldiers ware in our town. I kant

get away to have my picktures taken until saturday and then I will send you some as soon as I do. The teleygraff shool is comin along fine, Jake, and I am beginnin to get my old stride back. Some off the fellars wont ever be no good as an operator because they kant get nothin into there heads. Idontsea how some fellars kan be so dumb. Maby they dont want too know nothin but they will be sorrie when we get over to France because they will be shot to peaces before they know it. Just now, Jake, we are helpin to fix up the Kamp. You know this is a new place and it was nothin but a forist but since we fellars got hear, we go out every day with picks and shovels and dig around all day so as to make streets and other rodes. I dont mind that so much, Jake, but I'm not used to it but what kan a fellar do? I kant say nothin because I'm not the boss but maby I will bee some day and tahn I will see too it that things go diferant around hear. I hurd that next weak we are agoin to start to drill. I wonder who is agoin to teech us. I wish I wooder gone to a milletary skool wear they lurn drillin and maby I kould get a job drillin them fellars, just like I got the job as teacher at the teley-graff skool. They aint sendin so awfull many fellars to this Kamp no more. I dont know exackly why but somethin must be rong. I dont like the place so much as I uster and I guess thats why no more is comin in. The fellars that are abeing sent to the trainin Kamp dont wanter kome hear so the government lets them pick out any place that thay want to go. When I kame to Kamp, Jake, I didnt have no pick wear I kould go too but they just cent me. I meet a fellar hear today who sez he knows you. Do you know him, Jake? I dont know for sure if it is Himmelburger or Mildenburger but anyhow it's a burger at

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“OUR MAG”---By the Office Boy



SAY Fellows, are you over it yet? Honest Injun can you look me in the eye and say that you are back to earth and feelin O. K. after the

Big Fling? Well, here's one little baby that is still feelin' a shade to the weary; yes, I just feel as if sleep and rest had parted company with me for good and all. For I'll tell the world it was a grand and glorious affair. Join me, fellows, wasn't it some WHALE of a Reunion?

From the time that the old Band started to show signs of life on Thursday morning, up at Headquarters—well from then on I just had my both feet on high gear and my feelin's were keyed sky high until the finish.

The way you Buddies rolled in from all ports is what sure did tickle me most—the Reunion would have gone A. W. O. L. if you fellows hadn't shown the true blue spirit of the EIGHTIETH and packed your troubles in your old kit bag and trailed into Pittsburgh as you did. Another thing which thrilled me through and through was the way this old Burg of mine turned loose it's hospitality and came across with the glad hand and extended a ready welcome to you all. It surely seemed too good to be true and my old chest broadened out many inches when I stopped to realize that it was my own home town that was showing all this marked appreciation for our old outfit. Gee the whole office force was thrilled and overjoyed to know that the City was strong for us.

Why Buddies the way the business houses were decorated and the way the banners were floating across the streets was enough to move the most hardened hearted and pretty soon the whole town realized that the 80th VETS were VETTING good and strong and from then on things began to hum.

On Thursday we passed out the GLAD HAND to all our Buddies and kind of hung around the Headquarters listening to

the Blue Ridge Band and by midnight we were pretty near ready to call it a day after passing the Buck to and fro and seeing that all our Pals had a bunk to sleep on.

Then on Friday morning we had a business meeting in the Pitt Theatre and, Buddies, wasn't it some meeting though. Can't you close your eyes and see that chubby little moonfaced spaghetti eater by the name John Vachetta of the 315th Field Artillery—well can't you just see him bouncing all over that chair, giving us a line of dope on “Vy iss a Vice President anyhow?” From all that I could gather Vachetta thinks a Vice President of an organization has about as much show and chance as a snow ball in the lower regions. Well, just to get his goat, we elected three Vice Presidents of our outfit—which goes to prove, that we don't fool or stand for any gaff from anyone, so we just elected Vice Pres's to our hearts content.

After the business meetin' we all headed towards the picnic at West View Park and joy of joys what a picnic it was! Say Pals, ain't you glad you didn't take your wives and sweathearts to the picnic grove? The way that Sports Manager named Schulgold of the 313th gets the women, oh say—well, isn't he a bearcat the way

he vamps 'em though? Good Lord, I saw them short and tall, fat and thin, blonde and otherwise, standing around with their hearts in their mouths and the total gist of all I could gather in, amounted to just this, “Oh my dear, isn't he simply grand?” To you fellows, who have never had the pleasure of meeting Schulgold and who have never lamped him with your own orbs—I must add that Jake is the answer to—“Why do girls leave home?”

And then on Saturday, gosh what a full day we did live on Saturday, and what a day it was, too, with the sun shining down in all its glory and the town packed with folks to see the parade, and the streets all roped off for us—Gee, what a thriller it was, when the parade passed by. It sure was great wasn't it???

Then in the afternoon we gave our old pal John Miljus of the 320th the glad hand out at Forbes Field and to show our appreciation we presented him with a silver loving cup, also a life membership in the outfit: Beings as how Miljus is our star ball player with the Brooklyn Nationals, we has to give him the glad tidings when he hits this burg.

Well, Buddies we ended up Saturday with
(Continued on Next Page)

VERY LIGHTS

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE

A detachment of Buffalo Division artillerymen was being moved on a truck one dark rainy night, packed in like sardines, with all their miscellaneous equipment including a few limbers. As the truck was descending a long dangerous hill with no lights showing, the driver heard a frantic call.

“Stop dat truck! Stop dat truck!”

He at once applied the brakes and after a long slide came to a stop. Climbing down he walked around to find out the cause of the sudden outcry.

“Capt'n” he was greeted, “you all had done better take Private Smiff off'n dis year

wagon. He just done tried to knife Private Brown.”

“Yassuh,” broke in Private Brown, “Ah doan' think a man's a gen'leman dat'll draw a knife on another man.”

“An' ah doan' think a man's a gen'leman dat'll kick another man on de shins, nohow.” was the reply of Private Smiff.

“Here is a letter it would hardly do for us to publish,” said the patent medicine quack. “A man writes: ‘I have just taken the first bottle of your medicine’”—

“Well?” said his partner.

“There it breaks off short, and is signed in another handwriting, ‘Per Executor.’”

"Our Mag"---By the Office Boy

(Continued from Preceding Page)

a Ball at the Fort Pitt Hotel, and say, on the level, haven't we a bunch of good looking girls in this old smoky city, EH WHAT???. And wasn't it some Hop too?? Why everybody turned loose in their Sunday-go-to-meetin's even old friend John Barleycorn was in evidence now and again.

Well Pals, all good things must needs come to an end sooner or later, and though our reunion was a howling success from start to finish, it sure was blamed near time that the finish came to pass. Our wives and husbands, so to speak, were getting pretty well fed up, on this staying at the office business and beings as how we started to work for this affair, five or six weeks before we pulled it off—well boys, five or six weeks leave of absence from ones chief cook and soul mate is quite an accomplishment. EH WHAT??

For example, there's our old buddy Bill Fleming—well of course everyone around this burg knows Fleming but for the sake of youse guys what didn't attend the reunion I must needs say, that Bill has been to date, one of the big squeezes in the Pennsylvania Anxiliary No. 1, but from now on, Fleming has been unanimously elected through his good work and sincere interest in our association,—well, we elected him to honorary membership—some distinction, 'eh What?

But let me tell you, fellows, Fleming

earned it—his interest in us has been way beyond the average—he not only gave all his time and efforts, but he completely severed his home ties, by working day and night.

And when I say that Fleming worked nights—well buddies thats where my story begins.

For this night work of Fleming's not only helped make him an honorary member of our outfit—but good Lord men, it nearly made him one of our Casuals.

For Bill is married, and buddies he worked this "Had to be down at Headquarters" stuff to a queens eye—Lordy meet him fellows and learn a few pointers—for I give you my word, the man's good. My advice to any of you who are contemplating the double harness is, to have a heart-to-heart talk with Fleming and get the secret, whereby he gets away with this evening stuff.

Fleming not only worked hard and late, but the other night he fell asleep in one of those places—oh you know one of those places, you had a long French name for on the other side—Well Bill was so dog-gone tired, he just couldn't even enjoy himself so he fell sound asleep—yes, just knocked unconscious, and when he woke up, he couldn't remember just where he had parked his car and my gosh, Oh Gee! By Gum! he had the whole outfit out hunting for it—and when they finally did locate the bus there was a nice red card

tied to it—inviting the said Bill Fleming to attend a hearing in the Police Court at nine bells A. M.

But fellows, as I said before, it was getting nigh onto high time, the reunion was over for Fleming's hold on good luck was weakening and it looked pretty much as if the house of Fleming was about to stage a riot.

But give him credit buddies, Bill not only got by at home, but he worked hard towards putting across one of the greatest reunions, that ever happened.

Well now youse guys, wake up and every-buddy get a buddy.

Yrres till Niagara Falls,
THE OFFICE BOY.

(Continued)

P. S.

Now don't mistake the P. for a B—Some of youse guys what lives out in the tall timber, ought to snap into it, and wake up to the fact that we don't fool, and we are an alive, active, progressive outfit, and after lamping the swell doin's what this gang around headquarters staged for your special benefit, seems to me the least thing youse could do, would be to come to life, think of your dues, think of Our Mag, and "Everybuddy get a buddy." That hain't asking much for youse to do for your old outfit.

Kin we depend on you?

Yours,

T. O. B.

LIFE MEMBERS

80th Division Veterans Association

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 Barrett, Byron B. | 32 Agate, C. C. | 63 Fortescue, Granville |
| 2 Beale, Guy O. | 33 Ober, J. H. | 64 Hogan, R. C. |
| 3 Dunmore, Morris C. | 34 Hoxsey, T. F. | 65 Ritchis, John |
| 4 Elton, Reuel W. | 35 Smith, Warren R. | 66 Ferguson, J. W., Jr. |
| 5 Freeman, Geo. D., Jr. | 36 Sands, J. W. | 67 Jones, DeWitt C. |
| 6 Garretson, Leland B. | 37 Jones, Chas. M. | 68 Hopkins, S. V. |
| 7 Hawes, George P., Jr. | 38 Steele, Wesley C. | 69 Mathai, Jos. |
| 8 Hurley, Patrick J. | 39 Howell, John B. | 70 Kenney, C. S. |
| 9 Inhman, John H. | 40 Wright, F. W. | 71 Timmins, P. M. |
| 10 Jones, Percy A. | 41 Symington, W. C. | 72 Wilbert, Howard G. |
| 11 Kaulback, Arthur W. | 42 Cella, Carlo D. | 73 Fleming, Samuel J. |
| 12 Kean, John | 43 Stafford, Jas. W. | 74 Heiner, John P. |
| 13 Schoble, Frank | 44 Rhoads, Wm. H. | 75 Curry, Henry R. |
| 14 Marcus, Chapin | 45 Munsick, Donald B. | 76 Gibson, James G. |
| 15 Miller, Elmer J. | 46 Knowlton, Phillip B. | 77 Vandewater, Wm. C. |
| 16 Winfield, Harley F. | 47 Ritchie, F. S. | 78 Merrell, C. W. |
| 17 Wise, Jennings C. | 48 Auger, C. L., Jr. | 79 Stewart, Warren T. |
| 18 Williams, Lester J. | 49 Paret, Robert B. | 80 Kirchner, H. C. |
| 19 Zachert, Reinhold E. | 50 Harrison, Maj. J. D. | 81 Michaelson, John R. |
| 20 Little, Ed. H. | 51 Kinney, Warren | 82 Melniker, A. A. |
| 21 Burdick, Henry H. | 52 Mackie, W. H. C. | 83 Hill, E. D. |
| 22 Moran, D. P. | 53 Fullerton, Donald B. | 84 Shartle, A. J. |
| 23 Towers, J. K. | 54 Winters, A., Jr. | 85 Amory, Charles M. |
| 24 Cox, Robert H. | 55 Cortes, George C. | 86 Thomas, W. G. |
| 25 Adams, Stuart C. | 56 Baldwin, R. A. | 87 Brett, Lloyd M. |
| 26 Dugro, Chas. H. | 57 Burwell, Lester T. | 88 Campbell, Walter M. |
| 27 Erf, George | 58 Thorne, H. B., Jr. | 89 Reichard, Earl A. |
| 28 Negus, H. V. S. | 59 Ellison, J. S., Jr. | 90 Gotwald, Clyde F. |
| 29 Barry, David A. | 60 Herron, C. T. | 91 Hart, Joseph |
| 30 Rising, Herbert | 61 Pitney, Shelton | 92 Wallace, Edw. A. |
| 31 Ackerman, David G. | 62 Armstrong, Walter T. | — Fleming, Wm. L. (Honorary) |

NEXT?



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

RICHARD.— In France, Oct. 29, 1918. **GEORGE F.**, son of Peter and the late Annie Richard, aged 29. Relatives and friends, also Holstine and McDaid Post, No. 383, Veterans of Foreign Wars, are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 8:30 A. M., from the residence of his sister, Mrs. Thomas Krauss, 1344 N. 29th st. Solemn Requiem mass at 10 A. M., St. Ludwig's church, 28th and Master sts. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

GODSEY, ALVIN E., formerly Hdq. Co. 313 F. A., killed by auto accident at Glen Jean, W. Va.

Howell, Thomas, formerly Co. K, 319 Inf. Funeral from home of relatives, McChain Stop, near Finleyville, Pa.

George F. Richard, 1344 N. 29th st., Battery C, 313th Field Artillery. Requiem mass will be celebrated in St. Ludwig's Church, 28th and Master sts., and interment will be in Holy Cross Cemetery.

Private Willie Richardson, (1817240), Co. B, 317th Infantry, who died from wounds received in action Oct. 2, 1918, in the Meuse Argonne, was buried at his home in Tom's Creek, Va., July 24, 1921.

Robert Nelson, formerly Assistant Band Leader, Headquarters Company, 315th Field Artillery, later transferred to Headquarters Company, 12th Infantry, at Newport News, Virginia in June 1919, was accidentally injured at Fort Monroe, Virginia on November 9th, 1919, and died November 10th, 1919, at Post Hospital, Fort Monroe, Virginia. He was buried at Superior, Wisconsin.

CORRECTIONS FOR YEAR BOOK

313 M. G. Bn. Richardson, W. G. 1st, Lieut.

Change Delbert G. Metzler to read Delbert C. Metzler, Co. A. 319th, Inf.

Add to 319th F. H. Chas. F. F. Manuel, 191 W. Huntingdon St., Phila., Pa.

Change John J. Benson, Co. L. 318th, Inf. to Valley Stream, Box 351, New York.

Change Prvt. D. L. Atwell, Co. H. 318th, Inf. to read Corp. D. L. Atwell.

Change Walter M. Bralley from Co. A. 320th, to Co. A. 305 Eng.

Correct Medical Dept—314 M. G. Bn. in Y. B. by changing Dixon, Geo. C., to Dixon Geo. G., 1st Lt. M. C. and Johnson J. Hamilton, to Johnson J. Hamilton, Sgt.—Add Gill, Stanley B., Pvt., and list will be complete.



Captain Warren M. Fiske, formerly of Battery E, 314th Field Artillery, 80th Division, disappeared in January, 1921 and was last heard of in the vicinity of Philadelphia, about February 23, 1921. He disappeared suddenly as the result of a nervous breakdown as he was suffering from tuberculosis brought on by gas poisoning while serving with the 80th Division in France. His parents are naturally greatly worried over their inability to locate him and request such assistance as the members of the 80th may be able to give in the matter.

Any former officers of the 80th Division who may be located in or near Philadelphia are requested to get in touch with Capt. Fiske's parents at No. 7 Pickett St., Marblehead, Mass.

Col. E. G. Peyton is now acting as Instructor of the Infantry School, U. S. A. Camp Benning, Georgia, having been transferred from the General Service Schools, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.

All former members of Division Headquarters Detachment will please communicate with Mr. Henry Welker, No. 624 Alexandrine Ave., West, Detroit, Michigan, who is desirous of arranging a Banquet some time this Fall or Winter. Toot-Sweet get busy and drop your old friend Welker a line, telling him when and where it would best suit you, and Welk'll do the rest.

Ex Corporal D. L. Atwell has recently purchased a one half interest in a Dry-goods & Gen'l Mdse Store at Ceres, Va. The new firm's name will be Atwell & Duncan.

The Emerson G. Woelfel Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, was organized at a meeting of employes of The Gazette Times and The Chronicle Telegraph. Capt. Robert G. Woodside, national commander of the organization, instituted the post and administered the obligation to the members, and J. L. Bingham, county chairman, directed the work of organization.

The post was named in honor of Emerson G. Woelfel, a member of Company A. Fifty-eighth Infantry, an employe of The Gazette Times, killed in action during the

Meuse-Argonne campaign.

Officers elected were: Commander, Sydney A. Weinschenk; a wounded Veteran of the 80th, Div., senior vice commander, William E. Rodgers; junior vice commander, John C. Labanz; quartermaster, Albert E. Beckman; chaplain, Charles W. Danziger; trustees, Albert H. Fulton, Carl J. Sullivan and Clarence E. Grundish.

Erasmus Wilson, the "Quiet Observer" of The Gazette Times, and Charles W. Danziger, managing editor of The Gazette Times and The Chronicle Telegraph, were elected honorary members.

Other members of the post are Francis Mechlin, Harry C. Moreland, Russell M. McCoy, Anthony R. Wagner, Clarence J. Crowley, William F. Callahan, W. I. Grundish, J. P. Mulholland, Raymond A. Wittman, Albert E. Beckman, Louis Cron, Charles J. Miller, James M. Kennoy, Franklin Kennoy, John C. Steigerwald, George P. Kraeling, Henry Troetschel, Thomas L. Anderson, Walter C. Colligan and Albert Kohler.

A meeting place has been provided on the third floor of The Gazette Times Building and meetings will be held the first and third Mondays of each month.

Wanted address of Capt. Stephen F. Jackson, formerly Co. E. 317th, Inf., information to Walter W. Harris, Elk Garden, Mineral Co. West, Va.

Will any person having any knowledge of the death of Lt. Donald S. Stoplet, formerly 313th F. A. Killed at Ammo, Dump. Oct. 8-1918—communicate with Mr. J. F. Leevers, c/o Burrz-Bras-Wyt metals Co. First Nat. Bank Bldg, Pgh., Pa.

Dwight H. Fee, widely known Pittsburgh newspaperman, and Mrs. Fee, who sailed several weeks ago to take up in Egypt publicity work for the United Presbyterian missions, are now stationed at the American Mission in Cairo, according to a letter written by Mr. Fee to a friend here and dated June 23.

The Fees journeyed in England and Scotland, May 19 to June 1, traveling from Southampton to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Falkir, Ayr, London, and by way of Folke-

(Continued on Next Page)

Morning Report

(Continued from Preceding Page)

stone to Bologne, and the first two weeks in June passed through Arras, Paris, Verdun, Metz, Strasbourg, Mulhouse, Basle, Geneva, Lyons and Marseilles, taking passage there to Egypt on the Sphinx of a French line.

Mr. Fee speaks of the riots in Egypt, of the multi-colored dress of the people, and adds that though the fleas are not so big as those of France, "there are a million more."

Mr. Fee writes he and Mrs. Fee later will go to Cairo.

Wanted address of Miss Ada Brantz, formerly 2102 East Broad St., Richmond, Va. Information to Service.

Private Thomas J. Fallon, Med., Dept. 48th, Infantry Camp Harry J. Jones, Douglas, Arizona, would like to hear from some of his old Buddies of 318th, Med. Det.

NOTES FROM THE THREE HUNDRED FIFTEENTH F. A.

By C. F. Bushman
COALDALE, W. VA.

The writer wants the present addresses of the following former members of the 315th Field Artillery, viz: Charles C. Lewis, Top Kick, Battery B. Fenton L. Morris, Sergeant, and Joseph H. Sattes, Corporal Battery A., Letters recently written them have been returned from addresses given in Year book.

Thomas F. McWilliams, formerly Scout, Corporal, Battery E. 315th F. A. is Vice President of The Atlantic Fuel and Steamship Co., S. A. at Habana, Cuba. He will leave Cuba for his home in Brooklyn, N. Y. in July and has promised to attend the reunion at Pittsburgh. Other members of the Battery "E" quartet please note.

Lloyd C. Stark, former Major 2nd Battalion, 315th, F. A., since leaving the service has re-entered the nursery business with the firm of Stark Bros, Nurseries and Orchards Company, at Louisiana, Missouri. He has recently set out a large orchard.

Wm. C. Alexander, formerly Corporal, Headquarters Company, 315th, F. A., recently sold his florist establishment and has been engaged to manage the Recreation Parlor, a new establishment at Bluefield, W. Va.

Ott F. Knaizl, formerly Sergeant, Band Section, Headquarters Company, 315th, F. A., has recently moved from Chicago, Ill., and is now located at 4424 Washington St., Gary, Indiana.

Arthur L. Stras, formerly Captain, Battery B, and later acting Commanding Officer, 1st Battalion, 315th F. A., was a recent visitor in Bluefield, W. Va.

FROM VIRGINIA SECTOR

By RUSSELL L. STULTZ
New Market, Va.

Cecil Holston, formerly Supply Sgt. Company "G", 318th Inf., is now connected with the Buckroe Beach Hotel, Buckroe Beach, Va., and would be glad to meet any old comrades who come down to Hampton Roads for a periodical reminder of that little jaunt to and from Brest.

H. E. Clougherty, formerly a Corporal assigned to Companies "G" and "F", 318th Inf., has recently been transferred from Rectortown, Va., to Timberville, Va., where he is agent for the Southern Railway.

J. W. Norvell, formerly Mail-Orderly of Company "C", 318th, Inf., is now located at Majestic, Ky., which he advises reminds him of France, with a man's life no safer.

A recent issue of the Richmond "Times-Dispatch," known to every man stationed at Camp Lee, published a roster of World War heroes who were alumni of the Virginia Military Institute. Among the number most prominently mentioned was Lieut. Col. Jennings C. Wise, formerly commandant of V. M. I. cadets, who succeeded Major Charles Sweeney as commanding officer of the Second Battalion, 318th, Inf., and served in this capacity until after the Armistice. A photograph of Lieut. Col. Wise, who is now located in Washington, was also published.

Russell L. Stultz, formerly a Sergeant with Company "G", 318th, Inf., is among the applicants for appointment as Postmaster at New Market, Va., Comrade Stultz is the only ex-service man listed among the several applicants and he is being strongly endorsed.

The Virginia War History Commission has just distributed a 32-page check-list, reprinted from the July, 1921, issue of the "Virginia Magazine of History and Biography," of military publications and documents relating to the activities of Virginians in the World War and now a part of the files of the War History Commission. Several pages are devoted to listing publications pertaining to the 80th Division, while many more relate to Camp Lee.

Following a personal investigation by Attorney-General Daugherty, the proceedings by the Government against Capt. Robert Rosenbluth, of New York, in connection with the death of Major Alexander

Cronkhite at Camp Lee, Wash., in October, 1918, have been dropped. The case against Sgt., Roland Pothier, of Providence, R. I., who was charged with complicity, also was dismissed. Major Cronkhite was the only son of Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, war-time commander of the 80th Division and now Commanding the Panama Canal Zone.

Senator John Paul, of Harrisonburg, Va. formerly a captain in the 313th Field Artillery, was a prominent figure in the proceedings of the Republican State Convention at Norfolk, Va., on July 14th, at which time Colonel Henry W. Anderson, of Richmond, formerly head of the American Red Cross Mission to the Balkan States, was nominated for Governor of Virginia.

Abandonment of Camps Meade, Md., Devens, Mass., Sherman, Ohio, Grant, Ill., Pike, Ark., Jackson, S. C., and Bragg, N. C., was announced on July 26th by Secretary of War John W. Weeks. Camps to be retained are Dix, N. J., Travis, Texas, Lewis, Wash., and Knox, Ky., A small force of regulars, the Secretary stated, would be retained at Camp Meade, Md., but the great majority would be moved to Camp Dix, N. J.

Announcement has been made of the purchase by the Ravenstein Realty Company, Inc., of Petersburg, Va. of practically the entire "B" Village, Hopewell, and a large section of "A" Village, City Point. The transaction involves approximately \$100,000. Over 100 dwelling-houses and over 75 acres of land are included in the "B" Village tract, several hundred yards of which adjoin the Appomattox River. This section will be improved and converted into a park and amusement centre. Both villages were erected during the war by the DuPont Company for housing its employees at the Hopewell munitions plant.

REGRETS

Many telegrams were received from Buddies who found it impossible to get to the Convention.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

80th Div., Association, Pittsburgh, Penn. Sorry I couldn't be with you boys on account of my engagements. Remember me to all the boys.

JOHN A. JACOBSON, BAND MASTER
305th ENGRS. BAND

LYNCHBURG, VA.

JAMES E. BLAIR
CARE WM. PENN HOTEL, Pgh., Penn.

Regret that it will be impossible to mingle with the old gang this year, how-

(Continued on Next Page)

Morning Report

(Continued from Preceding Page)

ever, it is impossible to get away at this time. Please convey to all the fellows of my company my very best regards and tell them how sorry I am not to be there.

L. S. Nottingham.

COLUMBIA, S. CAROLINA

Regret I cannot be present. Regards to the bunch and best wishes for successful reunion; special regards to all my old Buddies of the 318th.

J. L. Douglas Jr., Capt. 11th, Inf.

RICHMOND, VA., 1027A Aug. 4, 1921.

General Lloyd M. Brett

Pres. 80 Division Veteran Assn. in Convention Assembled Moose Temple or Chatham Hotel Pittsburgh, Pa.

Greetings and Best Wishes. Regret I cannot be with you. Mrs. G. T. W. KERN

RICHMOND, VA.

General Lloyd M. Brett

President, 80 Division Veterans Association 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Penn.

On account of Business matters I am unable to attend second annual reunion. Richmond and Petersburg Delegations leaving tonight. Best wishes for most successful reunion. Count on me for hearty cooperation and support in whatever the Association may undertake for coming year.

R. ALLEN AMMONS

ELDORADO, KANS.

Former Members Co. M. 320th, Inf.

Sorry I cannot be with you. Best wishes to everyone

W. N. CALKINS

NEWMARKET, VA.

H. R. CURRY

915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Penn.

Unable to attend reunion. Am sorry. Hope Eightieth will continue to move forward. Best wishes for success. Please convey regrets to General Brett and Executive Council. Best personal regards.

R. L. STULTZ

The many friends of Jas. C. Scott of Redlands, California, formerly Corp. G. Co., 317th Infantry, will regret to hear that he has been placed in a sanitarium at Camp Kearny, California.

During the 80th Div., reunion we learned of the marriage of Fay A. Davis, formerly Pvt., 1st class 305th San. Tr., which took place April 4, 1921 to Miss Nancy D. Crosby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Crosby of Braddock, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis received many wedding gifts among which was a beautiful "Pyrex dish and Silver Container" from August Delp of Meadville, Pa. formerly

Pvt. 1st class 305th San. Tr., now district Attorney of Crawford County.

Mrs. Davis was equal to the occasion and with the abandon of a Buck Pvt. on K. P. duty, initiated the dish with a mess of macaroni and cheese.

Edward O'Neill, formerly Battery B. 314th F. A. wishes to hear from his old Buddies. Please write him care of his mother Mrs. E. O'Neill 2141 N. Clarion St. Phila. Pa.

THAT AUTOMOBILE

Charles A. Weter, Private Co. F, 320th Infantry, residing at Knox Post Office, Clarion County, Pa., was the lucky registrant winning the new five-passenger Ford touring car. He reported with registration card No. 1667, the number drawn at the Grand Ball, Fort Pitt Hotel, Aug. 6th, and flivvered back to Knox in style. "Bucks Only" is buddy Weter's motto and he intends to hit the high spots this fall in the Knox Sector.

His Outfit

(Continued from Page 13)

carried back here. You're all right now.

The officer turned and said something to an orderly and then turned back to Shorty's cot. "By the way," he grinned, "the war's over."

"The hell with the war, where's my outfit?" demanded Shorty.

He was wounded worse than he thought. The leg was stubborn and kept him limping until his patience was almost gone. Weakly he watched the Stars and Stripes and almost had constriction of the heart when the fellows read the list of sailings. Finally it came and bitter anguish tore at his soul.

"Eightieth sailed from Brest."

Gone! Alone in France. He pictured the waving, cheering mob on the transport as she moved slowly out of the harbor and wondered if any of them thought of him. Wonder if Big Sam was missing him.

Weeks wore while he chaffed under the desire to leave this hated place. The division would be broken up and discharged. The parade—he had hoped to be in that parade as it marched down the street in this beautiful town of Richmond they told him of. The cheering thousands and the proud moment. Lost!

The transport carrying the casualties slipped out into the ocean and started on the long trip. Shorty sat on the aft deck, smoked and hated the army. What a hell of a homecoming. Alone.

As he sat there mooning in his accustomed loafing place while the liner raced for home, words from the gang playing black jack back of the life boat came to his ears. A familiar word. It set his heart throbbing. Someone had said "Eightieth Division." He sat up and listened eagerly. Maybe there was a buddy on board after all.

"Yeh, I know all about that gang. Three humps on their shoulder. Rum bunch, half niggers and wild men. Calls themselves the Blue Ridge, or sumpin."

Shorty rose stealthily and with clenched fists and blazing eyes, started around the

corner of the life boat. The gang was dealing a hand.

"Who said that about the Eightieth?" His voice was quivering with anger.

The dealer looked up. It was Buck.

"Shorty!" he yelled; "Old Shorty!"

"Wus that you said that about the Blue Ridge?" demanded Shorty more with curiosity than anger, now that he saw his old buddy.

"I said it. Wot's wrong with it?"

"It's a dam lie, that's all."

"Well, you're a liar, then," said Buck easily, "you wrote me that in a letter."

"Aw shut up," exclaimed one of the other players, "Want in the game?" he asked Shorty.

Day after day, Buck and Shorty sat in the bow and watched the ship climb the never ending hill. Always in the bowl, yet the steady throb of the engines had a cheering sound. It meant motion in the right direction.

"We're landing in Noo Yoik, I hear," said Buck one day. Won't the old gang be glad to mitt us again."

"I'm ditchin' Noo Yoik," said Shorty quietly.

Buck almost fell off the seat in amazement. "Ditchin' Noo Yoik? Where ya goin' to?"

"Goin down in West Virginia an git a job wit Big Sam, friend of mine in the Eightieth. Goin to make my home there. Noo Yoik's too dam small."

The boys made war pets out of their guns. One was called "The Carolina Rose," another "The Kentucky Wonder," another "The Dutch Cleanser."

If it's kick you want—turn around.

Fun is the clown's mask until the curtain falls.

The newest religious fad, Be saved now, drop coin here.

Letters From An Old File

(Continued from Page 19)

the end of it so maby that way you kan tell if you know him. He says how you and him uster have lots of fun together when you was youngones and how he uster punch the life outer you. Did he do that, Jake? Of course, that was when you was young but its differant now, because you got much bigger and maby now you kould handel him like nuthin. Tomaurer we are gonner have inspektion at ten o'clock and we must all be their for it. We must fix our beds and put all the stuff out on it so the Kaptain kan sea what we got so maby he might want it. I hope he don't want anything what I got because I don't have much and another thing, Jake, I only have enough stuff which I was tole by a feller to keep only for them there inspektion. After the inspektion, I will put it in a box and keep it till next Saturday. All the fellars art agoin to do this. I bought a new meskit and I have it shined up like the dickons and I am gonner never eat out off it but will keep it for them inspektion which is awfully strick. The Kaptain don't stand for nothin, I'll tell you. I never saw one of them yet but I kan tell you better after it is all over. I'm in this hear Kamp over a month, now, Jake. You woodn't think it, wood you? But I am and believe me, I am learnin prettie fast, and I'll soon know as much as the rest off them fellars. Some korperal just kame to the barricks and says as how a very impotent messege kame to headquarters about bein transfurred but he didnt know what else it said. I wish I would be cent away from this place. I'll bet its lots of better places than this, in this hear Kountry. A fellar with the edgeworkation what I have autghtenter be out adiggin up the rodes all day long because I am more vallable then that. Everybody is kickin about the Kamp now, Jake and it looks like the government gotter do sompin or them fellars might go out on a strike. Not that I wood, Jake, but them fellars are bad aktors and its no tellin what thay might do. I am ritein this letter in the mess hall and I kan look rite out off the winder and see over to wear the offisers sleep. A kouple off them are komin over this way now and my Kaptain is with them. I wonder if he is gonner tell us sompin. Hes komin in now, and hes askin for the top sergant. Hes talkin to the sergant now and the sergant seams all exsited and is blown his wistel. You know when he blows that there wistel, it means that you must go outside or go in the mess hall, and as I am here I am agointer sit rite wear I am and maby I kan rite to you a little while the Kaptain is talkin. All the fellars are komin in the mess hall and everybodys wonderin whats

up. After the fellars stopped komin in, the Kaptain asks if all the fellars are their and the sergant says yes. The Kaptain says, gemmen, he says, I have impotent news for some of the men and I dont know if you are agoin to be sorrie or glad but anyhow I kant help for it and we must do what we are tole wile we are in the Army. This order, sez the Kaptain, is from headquarters and it says that twentie men must be transfurred to another Kamp. The Kaptain asks us to raise our hands who all wood like to go to another kamp and everybody put up there hands and so did I. I put my hand up extrer high so he wood see mine and maby get picked the first. He laffs at us and sez as how he dont blame us because he dont like the place but he said that he will half too stay their for a wile anyhow. He goes to work and looks on the paper and says for everybody to listen so that we know if our names is kalled. He starts to kall the names and he kalled a lot off them and I was beginnin too get worried because he didnt kall my name and I wanted so bad too bee on the list. But after he kalled a few more names he kalled mine and I was so excited that I forgot and hollered out HERE! and the Kaptain looks at me and all the fellars started too laff at me but it was only a mistake, Jake and the Kaptain didnt say anything about it and I'm glad he didnt because you know I kant afford too be kourt marcheled at this time as I'd hafter stay in this Kamp. After he got done he folds up the papers and says everybody is excused exceptin the fellars what names he kalled. When all them fellars that wasnt agoin got out, the Kaptain says too us: Youse men will be transfurred to Kamp Lee, which is near Petersburg, Virginia and youse will get reddy till tomorrow at noon. The Kaptain went out and the fellars got atalkin with one another and talked about how this hear Kamp Lee is. I never hurd off Kamp Lee and I didnt know whear Petersburg was, but we didnt kare just as long as we was agoin for sure. I kant rite no more tonite Jake because I am so nurvous since I got this good news that I kant write that you will understand what it is. I wont be abel to rite too you anymore untill I get too this here Kamp Lee and then I'll tell you all about it and also about whear it is and all. Tell everybody around town about me bein transfurred so as they will know. Give my best too all my friends and dont forget too say somethin too the fellars onced in a wile about me runnin short on smokes and so forth.

Henry

LETTER NO. 3 (JAKE TO HENRY)

Dear Henry:—

I always go too the Post Offise for Pops mail, Henry, and while I was their this A. M. I thought as how I wood sea if no

letter was their for me from you. The fellar that runs the place says "Thats rite, Jake, hears one from you, I guess its from your frend, Henry whats in the Army. Thats rite, says I, when I seas the hand writin which I knowed rite away, was yourn, and I starts to open it and the P. M. sez, he sez, what has he got too say, is he O. K.? Howen the dickens do I know, sez I, before I look in the letter? Every time I gets a letter Henry, everybody looks at me like I've been the only one too get a letter for a koupler weeks or so, but I'm not, Henry, because Pop gets sometimes maby two or three in a week. What gets me sore, Henry, is when they ask me all about what is in the letters what I get, and I dont think it is rite for them too ask me because they are private, aint they, Henry? I dont mind atellin them what you have too say after I am done readin it but I'm darned if I want them too be ahingin over my sholders and areadin the letter like I kought some of them adoin. I wont stan for it, sosiree. So you have the uneyform on now, and I'd like too sea hown the world you look in it. I'm kinder gealus off you now because you have a uneyform and I dont, but never mind, Henry, I'm not awarein the uneyform yet but I kan tell you that I'm not agointer keap awarein the overhalls much longer because I'm gettin the blews around here and dont you be sirprized if you sea my name in the paper about me ajoinin the Army, like you did and bein sent too one of them their trainin Kamps. Talkin about that their revelea, I dont think I wood like it so awful much but I guess I can get uced too it in a fue days just like you did. Them fellars what blow the horns like you was atellin me about, must bee called burglars, them fellars get up early in the mornin and blow the horns so as to make you get awake. I think it is funny that the Government does anything like that because I bet the fellars get mad when they get awake and here them horns. Why dont they get somebody too call all the men, whats still sleepin and maby the fellars woodnt get so mad. Thats a good idear about them inspections what you got, and if I was you, Henry, I'd go to work and tell the other fellars about it and maby they wood do what you are adoin. You was atellin me about goin to this here Kamp Lee whats down in the South, Gee! That will be good but I wont be able too get letters from you so krick, will I, Henry? You know Kamp Lea is pretty darned far from here and maby it will take you a hole weak till you get their. But I woodnt care if I was you because it is a darned nice place. I know a fellar what was in Kamp Lee onced and I asked him all about it and he tells me it is the best Kamp in

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"Over There"

(Continued from Page 15)

The light railway which ran on toward Nantillois, past the windmill, has been lifted, but the windmill still is at work. Perhaps it doesn't miss the airplane which lay for weeks on the hillside nearby.

Of course the shattered tanks, the telephone and buzzer wires, the salvage heaps and the other impedimenta have disappeared long ago—disappeared with the rolling kitchens and ration parties which dotted this same slope and valley; vanished with the guns that had barked from every clump of trees and bushes.

In some ways it was a misfortune that the trip had to be made in the dusk. One couldn't see as far as he liked or spare the time to revisit the foxholes far from the road. But for those who are familiar with the ground, at least one trip should be made as darkness gathers.

It was then, as everybody knows, that the day's business began—that the columns and groups began filtering on to the north to take up their positions or to carry up supplies; that the weary men up front began to look over their shoulders for the relief which might come up that night. Somehow, memories crowd faster as the dusk grows deeper. And the area to the right of the Nantillois-Cunel road is a great place for memory.

Turning to the left at Cunel, it isn't long—only a few minutes—until one sees the slope above Romagne. There is perfect silence, perfect peace. The crosses stand so white and so precisely aligned that it seems almost they are standing at attention for retreat.

The illusion grows as the flag, which has been floating at half staff, flutters up to the top before it comes down for the night, and one instinctively listens for the bugle, ready to come to attention. But no bugle blows retreat.

No one is admitted to the cemetery now unless for some especial reason. Along the road a high burlap screen has been stretched to shield the work of the Graves Registration details. The railroad runs straight to the cemetery and here, in stout tents are the mortuaries where the bodies are loaded onto trains to begin the journey home.

Everything seems to be done decently, and even among the men who have been long at the task there seems to be a realization of the solemnity of their occupation.

It is not in the size of the cemetery, in the number of crosses, that the burying ground acquires its impressiveness. Recollection alone is sufficient to overwhelm one almost. It seems, with every grave and every cross exactly like its neighbor, that one is back in cantonment when at sunset

the entire command, every man, clad in the same uniform, each his rifle at the same position, stands rigid, elbow to elbow, in long lines as retreat rings out—Braxton, Huntman, Young, Caldwell, Zischau and all the rest who now lay there at Romagne on that gentle slope.

Is there a single argument for the removal of these bodies? To those who heard the oft-repeated "If I get it, I want to lay where I fall," there is one and only one. And that is the case where return means comfort to some mother. But no politician's raucous raving, though he shout all day, can answer one moment's contemplation of the almost unbelievably quiet peacefulness of the scene. Tranquility absolute.

After the noise and confusion of battle, after the awful enervation of exhaustion, after the terrible strain of days and nights of all that war means—here on the slope they wrested from a strong and determined foe, when all America's ideals were so high that now, from the pit, they seem a distant peak, these lads are at rest. It would be well if all the bickering politicians at home could be marched along the road from Cunel to Romagne, halted and forced to gaze for five minutes at that hillside. If that didn't purge their shriveled souls they'd be hopeless.

Leaving isn't easy. They were such fine lads. But they can't be lonely; there are so many. And perhaps it's just as well they don't know how far below their own standards and beliefs are those of some of their home-folks.

Into and out of Dun, the road winds past the markers set up by the Fifth Division to commemorate the valor of its men. The shafts are in good shape and the German machine guns that flank each one remain untampered with. A perfect road leads down to Vilosnes, across the river from which the 80th won its spurs by its quick arrival on its objective. Across the river, too, stretches the road along which the ambulance drivers so casually took enormous risks, and over the hill lies Dannevoux, sleeping peacefully in the valley which once was raked by truly murderous fire from the east side of the river.

Tucked away under the trees are the barracks where the German soldiers had lived and from which they had been seen to flee.

Farther, and on the west side of the river, Le Mort Homme bulks up, now surmounted by a memorial to a French division.

Between Sivry and Verdun, especially if the route lies through Damvillers, are miles and miles of battlefields untouched since the war. The wire is still in position, the trenches crumbling but unfilled;

the lorry drivers' bivvies still showing along the road side; torn up fields. Except for the rust, it seems that wire parties must have been out last night. No one need fear he might miss a sight of a real battle area.

And Saulty, up between Doullens and Arras. We can't forget Saulty.

The little town sleeps away peacefully in the sun. Now and then, infrequently, some one walks along the street. The cure comes riding along on his bicycle. He's been away to see some one who is sick. He turns in to the little house next the church and opens the gate which rings the door bell. He remembers Chaplain Wallace, who bunked with him, but he can't speak English.

Saulty is all dressed up. In fact all the little villages are much nicer looking. The houses are neatly whitewashed, the roofs are repaired and the old familiar front yard "scenery" has disappeared. Along the lane that leads from the church, through the trees, to "Saulty dump," one passes the stone entrance to the chateau, where Tommy and Yank and Mademoiselle carved their initials and names.

Here are some of the inscriptions cut in the soft stone gateway:

"Joe Loepinto, A. E. F., Pittsburgh, Pa."

"David E. Williams, Shawnee, O."

"Guy E. Pittard, Hq. Co., 319th, Home-
stead."

"Jesse L. Getz, North Girard, Erie
County, Pa., July 1918."

"P. S. Marvin, Pittsburgh."

"W. E. Flickinger, Vandergrift,"

La Bazeque Farm also basks contentedly in the shade of its fine old trees, and the buildings are eloquent of the work that has been done on them in the last three years. Trenches through the wood and scattered wire are grim reminders that not so long ago there was the fear that the German might again sweep even that far west.

Yes, things were different then, and it's only three years ago. There is no O. D. in the color scheme around Saulty. A couple of French soldiers sitting in the estaminet beside the station merely glance up to see who is entering. Vin rouge is demi-franc a glass, says Madame. There aren't any Tommies singing "Good By-ee." There are no tanks under the trees, no pipers playing in the woods, no kilted Jocks falling out for rest along the main Arras-Doullens road, no obliging lorry drivers to offer a lift. And no M. P.'s with their long swords. On the train is a Frenchman who had spent 18 years in Seattle and another who had been attached to the works at Chaumont. But it was a great

(Continued on Next Page)

"Over There"

(Continued from Preceding Page)

life, eh? * * * * *

Do you remember that hot afternoon in June when we pulled into Samer from Calais and thought we were out in the middle of the big woods? The day the 319th hiked to Desvres?

It's not much of a ride on the train. One gets off at the station near cement factory in Desvres. Since the attic is no longer used to house soldiers the place seems to be running overtime. Right by the gate was where What's his name fell unconscious rather than drop out of ranks on a hike.

The row where the first battalion had its headquarters is absolutely unchanged, but the children no longer ask for un pennie. Dufrennes still keep the little shop farther down on the left hand side, just before you come to the church. But oh, how Mamselle has changed. Her sergeant came back from the war, even if her brother and brother-in-law didn't. She has a baby and her husband runs the store.

Desvres has erected a handsome monument to the scores of its sons who were killed in the war. The town was hard hit.

It wasn't a fair day, so the little tents weren't up, there were no farm girls leading geese with a string, or old men selling calves, but somehow, in the evening, one almost expected to find the band ready to play down in the square. They've built a sort of box around the hydrant there.

There should be hobnail marks on those cobbles but there aren't. The picture show isn't in the alley any more, but the Cafe du Centre and the Hotel du Cygne are still on the job. The Cygne serves a good meal and is getting new wall paper.

They've taken down the horsemeat sign from the butcher shop up toward the station. Horsemeat is said to cost twice as much as beef now.

The proprietor of the Cygne says prices are very high for food and clothes and that taxes are awful. It's easily believable.

He said he sold vin rouge for 3 or 4 francs and it used to be half that. It can be bought for 1 and 1/2. Hail and farewell Desvres.

* * * * *

What does it cost to meander around France? Whatever you please.

Unquestionably the best way is for a party of, say, four to go together. In that way, the four of you have a stateroom to yourself on the boat. If you hire an automobile, it quarters the expense. If the four get into one compartment in a train, it's unlikely that more will enter.

The price of the steamer ticket depends on the line and the accommodations. Second class is sufficiently luxurious for any one who was in the A. E. F., and you don't have to wear evening clothes for dinner.

It will cost from something over a hundred to a hundred and fifty apiece, each way, though four fellows could travel third class, save money and still have better fare than on the troopships—and on the big liners be comfortable. Say seven dollars for deck chair, rug and tips.

Even in Paris an excellent room for two may be obtained for, say, 16 francs, and probably less if you shop around, but much more if you go to a large hotel. Baths cost extra but they're obtainable, and you'll find elevators and plenty of electric lights. Excellent meals are served for 6 to 12 francs. If you visit Arras, there are many hotels, and, there is the British Y, for relatives of slain soldiers (the British aren't taking their dead home) and the Salvation Army who may take you in at a moderate rate, and who certainly will give you any assistance you need. They're working 12 hours a day, 7 days a week to rebuild Arras, but they've got a terrible job. They need the money from the Germans in order to get going.

You can go to Saulty and Doullens and Bouquemaision and Vimy and Lens and nearly any where you wish by train from Arras. The difficulty now is that around the small towns there generally is but one train each way a day.

The trains are excellent and run on time. Second class is cheaper than first and that seems about the only difference. Third class often is crowded and they don't have cushions on the seats.

Undoubtedly the best thing is to go to a central point and hire a bicycle or automobile. The automobile will cost from 2 to 3 francs a kilometre, no matter how many are in the party. Gasoline is very expensive. A couple of francs for a Carte Taride of the district supplies an excellent road map, with the distances indicated, so you can't be gipped on mileage.

Most hotels add 10 per cent to your bill for tips. It's the best plan and does away with the rows of itching palms. It covers everything and saves you money in the end. It's next to impossible to buy American tobacco. Find out what the import limit is, and then bring it.

Your breakfast—rolls and cafe au lait, chocolate or tea—will cost 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 francs.

On trains, the further you ride, the less the cost per kilometre.

If you inquire of the French Bureau of Touring (Tourisme) they'll draft you a regular itinerary, supply names of hotels, times of trains and everything else, neatly typewritten and free. They have an office in N. Y., London, Paris etc. You can buy tickets straight through, with a hundred stopovers, from the American Express and Cooks. For a franc you can reserve a seat on the train. The tourist tickets are good for 60 days to six months.

The kind you buy at the station aren't.

For those with only a general interest in the battlefields the tourist agencies have splendid trips at, all considered, moderate cost.

But, to see the tiny billet towns, some particular woods or field, go to a central place, such as Verdun, then shop around until you get the lowest price you can on an automobile, take your road map and show the driver exactly where you want to go and make him go there.

Here's a budget to cover some of Eightieth's stamping grounds. This is 2nd class all the way through for two persons.

First Day: Boulogne to Desvres (2nd class) (50 minutes)	7
Hotel at Desvres (for 2) including supper and breakfast	38
Second Day: Desvres to Boulogne	7
Boulogne to Arras (via St. Pol) (4 hrs., 20 min.) including meals	37
Hotel at Arras 4 days	210
Train fares to 80th's towns (Auto tour to Vimy, 80)	60
Sixth Day: Train to Paris (13 hours)	54
Hotel 4 days (Auto tours, 3, 150)	250
Tenth Day: Train to Verdun (5 hours)	90
Auto (Dannevoux and Romagne, Cuisy) (no charge for stopping)	350
Hotel (1 night)	20
Meals (scan your bill)	
Meals (scan your bill) (high price good)	80
Eleventh: Night-train to Paris	90
Hotel day and night	60
Thirteenth Day: Train to port	90
Hotel 1 night	50
Fourteenth Day: Sail	1403

This doesn't include souvenirs, taxi fares, porters' tips or anything besides tea to drink. It means stopping at clean, comfortable hotels with good service and excellent meals, but with not more than 75, or so rooms. If you take a trunk, ship it to Paris as a base. Don't bring around more than a suitcase. In other words two persons can, if they choose, get by comfortably, if they're not extravagant, for two weeks, visit many places the 80th did around Boulogne, Arras and the Meuse, for \$200 all told, as long as the rate of exchange makes the franc worth 8 or 9 cents. With \$300 for steamer expenses, that's a months vacation for two for \$500.

THE VIRTUES OF A BLUE RIDGER

- To brag little.
- To Show well.
- To crow gently.
- To pay up.
- To Boost "Service"
- To help others hear about it.
- To be ever proud of my division.

History of Camp Lee

(Continued From Page 11)

Camp for use by transports and the direct shipment of troops.

Designed to accommodate 61,000 men within the Camp, there have been erected over 3,000 buildings, including many permanent and semi-permanent structures arranged in the shape of a horseshoe which is about one-third of a mile wide and five miles around. In the construction of the Camp, approximately 55,000,000 feet of lumber and 6,000,000 square feet of wall board were used, the roof area of the buildings alone totalling 450 acres. Over 500,000 panes of glass, 380 miles of electric wire, and 30,000 incandescent lamps were also employed in its construction. The Company barracks, sixteen for each regiment, are 43x140 feet, two stories high, and heated by coal heaters. The hospital buildings cover 52 acres, with two and a half files of connecting corridors, and contains accommodations for 1,000 patients, being heated from a central plant by eight 150 h. p. boilers. These buildings are the only semi-permanent (stuccoed and hollow tile) hospitals erected for the National Army, and lend themselves readily to continued use.

There are twelve Y. M. C. A. buildings, three large Knights of Columbus buildings, and a large Hostess House which was erected by the Young Women's Christian Association, a Camp theater 120x140 feet, with a seating capacity of 3,000, a Camp library building, twenty-one post exchange buildings, ten storage warehouses each 60x170 feet, a Camp bakery with a daily capacity of 45,000 pounds of bread, a laundry 200 feet square which cost approximately a quarter of a million dollars, and demount structures providing shelter for 20,000 animals.

The Camp contains a concrete reservoir with a storage capacity of 300,000 gallons. By means of fifteen miles of water mains, the City of Petersburg furnishes the Camp with 3,000,000 gallons of filtered and chlorinated water per day. The waste from the Camp is carried off by thirty-five miles of sewer pipes. Three thoroughly equipped stations provide fire protection. There are over six miles of concrete roads in the Camp.

The cost of construction of Camp Lee was reported by the Chief of Construction, in June, 1919, to have been \$18,609,300 to date, to which must be added the ultimate cost of the land, or approximately \$900,000.00, and at least \$1,650,000 which has been expended upon permanent improvements by the City of Petersburg, the railway companies, and various welfare organizations, so that the Camp represents a total investment of not less than \$21,139,300.

Transportation Facilities

Camp Lee and the city of Petersburg are located at the head of navigation on the Appomattox River about 12 miles above City Point, at which place the Appomattox flows into the James, possessing the great advantage of having both adequate water power for power developments, and deep water navigation to the sea, besides unexcelled railroad facilities.

At City Point, which is seven miles from the center of Camp Lee, and connected with it by electric and steam railroads, and a concrete highway, there is wharfage on the James River for ocean-going transports. From City Point to Hampton Roads it is but 80 miles by the James River. Troops may be quickly transferred from Camp Lee to Hampton Roads for trans-shipment, or embarked direct for an overseas or coastal destination on large transports. In this respect Camp Lee is almost unique.

Camp Lee (Petersburg) is the junction point of the Norfolk & Western Railway, which runs east and west from the Middle Western States through the West Virginia and Virginia coal fields to the Atlantic Coast Line and the Seaboard Air Line Railroads, which are north and south trunk-line connections with the principal cities of the Eastern, Northern, Southeastern and Gulf States. By virtue of these north and south trunk lines, it also possesses the additional east and west facilities afforded by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway at Richmond, and the Virginian Railway at Alberta, 38 miles south on the Seaboard Air Line, and at Jarratt, 30 miles south on the Atlantic Coast Line. Within a radius of 50 miles, the railroads operating through Petersburg also connect with the

Southern Railway on the north at Richmond, on the south at Emporia, on the east at Waverly, and on the west at Burkeville. Actually, therefore, Camp Lee is served by all three of the great north and south trunk-line railroads operating along the Atlantic seaboard, and possesses the combined east and west railroad transportation facilities afforded by the Norfolk & Western Railway, the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, and the Virginian Railway—the three most important deepwater terminal railroads in the United States. No other point in the entire United States possesses such diversified water and rail transportation facilities, or is so perfectly connected by direct communication with North Atlantic, Middle Atlantic, South Atlantic and middle western points, and with a great port as well. In respect to transportation facilities its situation is truly unique.

The economies of fuel supply are to be considered in comparing Camp Lee with more northern cantonments, with respect to the actual quantity of coal required, the cost of coal per ton, and the transportation facilities available, for the supply. In connection with the last item, it is to be noted that the subsidiary lines of the Virginian Railway, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and the Norfolk & Western Railway supply the Petersburg area by a direct haul from the coal fields lying to the west without crossing or in any way conflicting with the intricate system of railway communications in the region of the Upper Chesapeake.

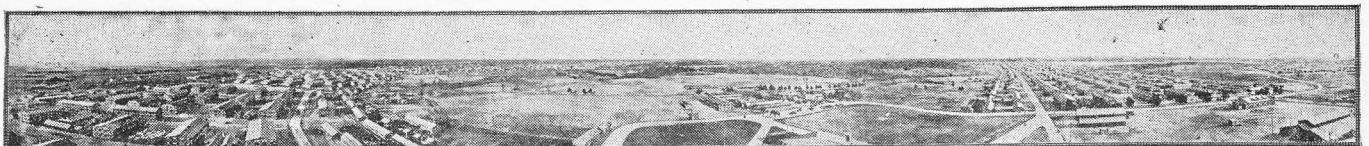
Climatic and Health Conditions

The climatic and natural health conditions of Camp Lee are excellent. Serious storms rarely occur in this section and the long, hard winters of the North are unknown. While snow frequently falls in winter it rarely remains on the ground longer than 48 hours. The mean summer temperature is about 75 degrees Fahrenheit, the nights being comparatively cool.

There are but few days in the year when outdoor training can not be carried on. The light, porous soil is peculiarly well adapted to a camp site, the ground being subject to use for drill purposes in the

(Continued on Next Page)

CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA



This great panoramic picture of the old Camp, printed on heavy gloss paper, suitable for framing, measures 4 feet 3 inches by 9 1/4 inches. The old Camp is doomed. Part of it may be preserved as a memorial. But now is your last chance to get one of these wonderful pictures for less than the cost of making them. Sent rolled upon receipt of 12 cents to cover cost of mailing and wrapping, coin or stamps, as many as you want—but, hurry.

SERVICE SUPPLY DEPT., 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

History of Camp Lee

(Continued from Preceding Page)

worst weather and when outdoor exercises are prohibited elsewhere. Thus, for training purposes, this Camp possesses a marked advantage over many others, the training season there being considerably longer than in the more northern States. The temperature in summer is also more suitable for strenuous exercise than farther south. The health conditions of Camp Lee throughout the war were unexcelled by any other camp or cantonment. It will be recalled that at this point General Grant was able in 1864 to carry on a winter campaign.

A record of twenty years yields the following data:

Average annual temperature:
Mean 57°.
Highest 103°.
Lowest 1°.

Average annual per cent of humidity, 72.

Average annual per cent rainfall (inches), 45.85.

Average annual snowfall (inches), 15.6.

Average number of rainy days a year, 105.

It is to be noted that the average number of rainy days per year at Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York during the same period were 131, 129 and 132 respectively, and that, therefore, Camp Lee possesses a distinct climate advantage over Camp Meade, and other northern cantonments, not only in the comparative length of the training season, but in the number of days available for training during any given period.

The Army Reorganization Plan and the Proposed Abandonment of Camp Lee under the Nine Area Scheme

In view of the facts hereinbefore presented, why, let it be inquired, is it proposed that Camp Lee be abandoned?

By the Act of June 3, 1916, providing for the National Defense it was required that the Army be organized so far as practicable into brigades, divisions and army corps, and whenever the President should deem it expedient, into armies, and that for purposes of administration, training and tactical control, the continental area of the United States be divided on a basis of military population into corps areas, each corps area to contain at least one division of the National Guard or Organized Reserves, and such other troops as the President might direct. The number of corps areas to be created was not specified but it is plain that it was intended that it should not exceed the number of divisions of State troops which could be raised and maintained.

Pursuant to the Act of June 3, 1916, the Secretary of War by and with the advice of the General Staff divided the country into nine corps areas, the territory allotted to each being alleged to have been determined on the basis of a population that will fur-

nish in peace time by voluntary enlistment one division of Organized Militia, and in time of war by voluntary enlistment and draft one full corps of six divisions each or a total of nine areas of fifty-four divisions. During the time of peace it is proposed that the State troops, or militia and the reserve units of citizen soldiers which may be organized within these areas, be trained by Regular troops allotted to each area as a nucleus or cadres for the National Army of nine corps which is to come into being upon the emergency of

war. Each of the nine corps areas is to have what is known as a Corps Training Center, and at these training centers the military activities of the corps areas such as annual encampments for State troops, Reserve Officers' Training Camps, etc., are to be concentrated as much as possible for the sake of economy. The divisions of Federal troops to be utilized for training purposes at these centers are also to provide mobile garrisons for the respective areas.

(Continued in September Issue)

When Yank Meets Tommy on the Western Front

(Continued from Page 18)

got a Liberty Bond and \$10,000 worth of insurance, so it only comes to about \$20 a month."

"Oh! they pay you monthly?"

"Monthly, naw! We haven't been paid for two months. How about yourself?"

"We get pay about every ten days."

"Say, that's some talk."

"Oh, it isn't very much, but it comes pretty regularly."

"Wal, a little's more'n nawthin'," and he laughed.

"How about cigarettes?"

"Wal, every week we get a ration of a couple of packs of 'Red Hussar' or 'Trumpeter,' and—I forget all their funny names—but they're English cigarettes, an' I don't like 'em. I'd give a dollar right now for a pack of 'Camels,'"

"I've got an American," and I threw over a packet that had been sent to me from an American Canteen in Paris.

"I'll try one, I guess the British have got some sort of cigarette, ain't they?"

"Yes, 'Woodbines' They sell ten for three cents, American money,"

We both laughed.

At last he straightened his field service cap and rose to go.

"I've got to be in by nine," he said. "Any one'd think we were a bunch of kids, I guess. We can't get anything to drink, only soft stuff."

"What?" I interpolated.

"Sure thing! Why it's a crime to be served with beer or wine or whiskey."

"And you can't go into an estamnet?" My tone was one of amazement.

"Yep, but only to drink soft stuff—coffee and things like that. And, as I was saying, they put us to bed at nine o'clock. We get up at 5:30, though. Seems to me it gets earlier every week—used to be 6:30, then 6, now I wonder the Frenchies round

here don't kick at that horn of ours going in the middle of the night!"

He began to move off.

"Well, good-by and come again," I said.

"Sure, so long." He held out his hand and I clasped it.

"What's your name?" he asked.

I told him.

"And yours?"

He looked at me and smiled.

"My name," he repeated, "Wal, it may seem queer to you, but it's—Schmidt!"

Putting It Over

(Continued From Page 9)

INVITATION FOR NEXT REUNION

August 3, 1921.

Eightieth Division Veterans' Association,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Gentlemen:

Permit me to extend to you my very best wishes for a most pleasant and profitable reunion.

On behalf of the people of West Virginia, I most cordially invite you to come to Charleston, our Capitol City, for your 1922 reunion. Charleston is a beautiful city and I assure you that we will do our utmost to entertain you.

Again wishing you a very enjoyable meeting, I am,

Very Sincerely Yours,

E. F. MORGAN

Governor

EFM:N

State of West Virginia.

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Letters From An Old File

(Continued From Page 25)

the Kountry, exceptin a few others and its just as good as them. I wonder will them people what is in the old Kamp send this letter to you, I hope so because I dont want you too think that I didnt rite too you. I guess you will rite too me before you get this letter and them again maby you will get it before you rite too me about gettin their at that Kamp. I gotter stop ritin now, Henry, I'm darned sorrey that I kant rite more too you but honest, I kant think of nothing too say what you wood like too here, so I will half too stop. Dont forget too rite a big letter to me this time, because I guess you half lots too let me know about. Good by, Henry.

JAKE

OFFICE BOY—"Please sir, Boss, May I be excused from coming down to the Office this morning?"

BOSS—"What is the trouble?"

OFFICE BOY—"Well sir, I haven't yet got home yesterday."

Two buddies, one an artist and the other an oilwell driller had been seeing the sights of Paris and after frequent stops for refreshments finally arrived in the exhibition gallery of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. The artist led his friend from picture to picture, giving expert criticism and explaining in detail the intentions of each painter. Noticing that his friend stopped unusually long in front of a seascape of the Normandy coast he was delighted with this evidence of his friend's interest in art.

"Well, old man, I can just tell you what

HELLO, GOLD STRIPER!

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your thoughts are," the artist said, "You see the rolling rushing waves breaking in mountains of foam and it recalls the day of our landing at Brest."

"Aw, you're all wrong buddy," replied his friend, "I was just wondering if we could get another beer around this dump."

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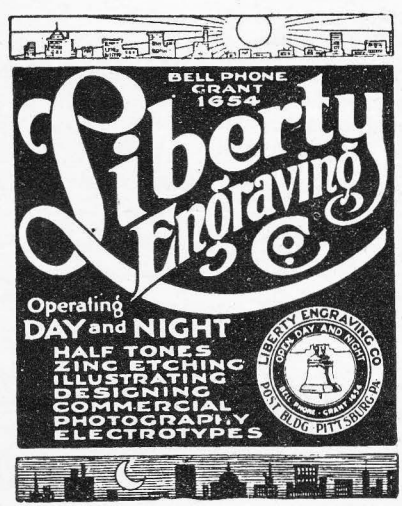
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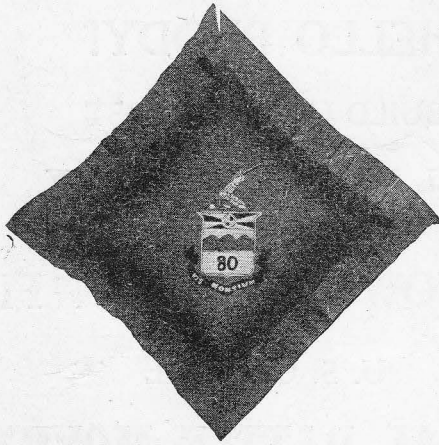
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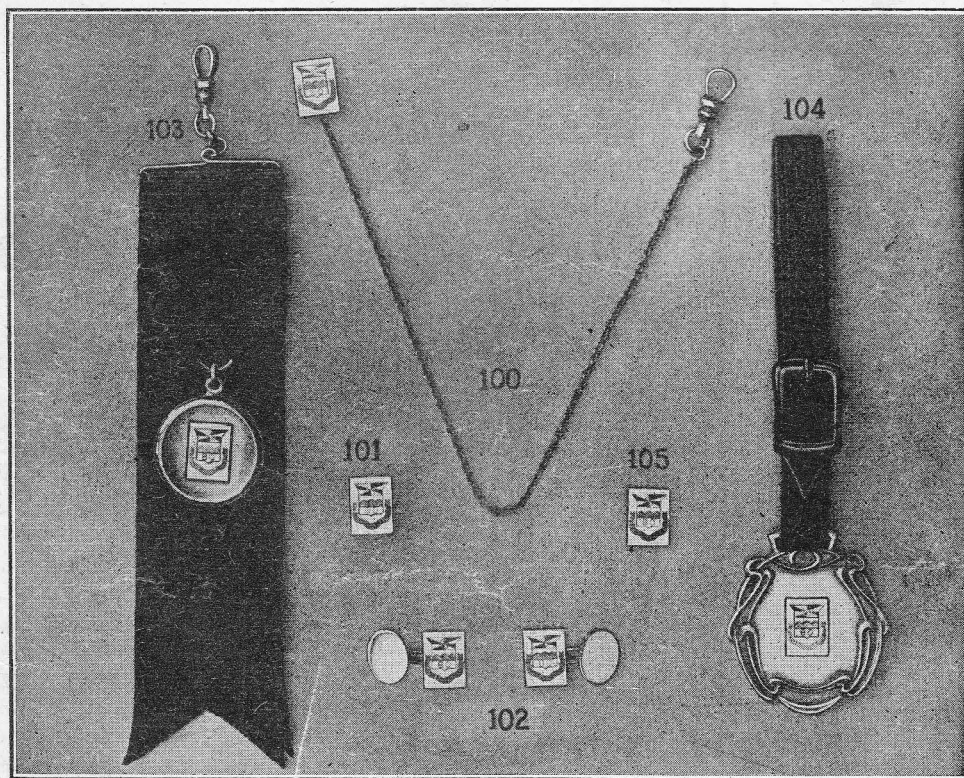
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