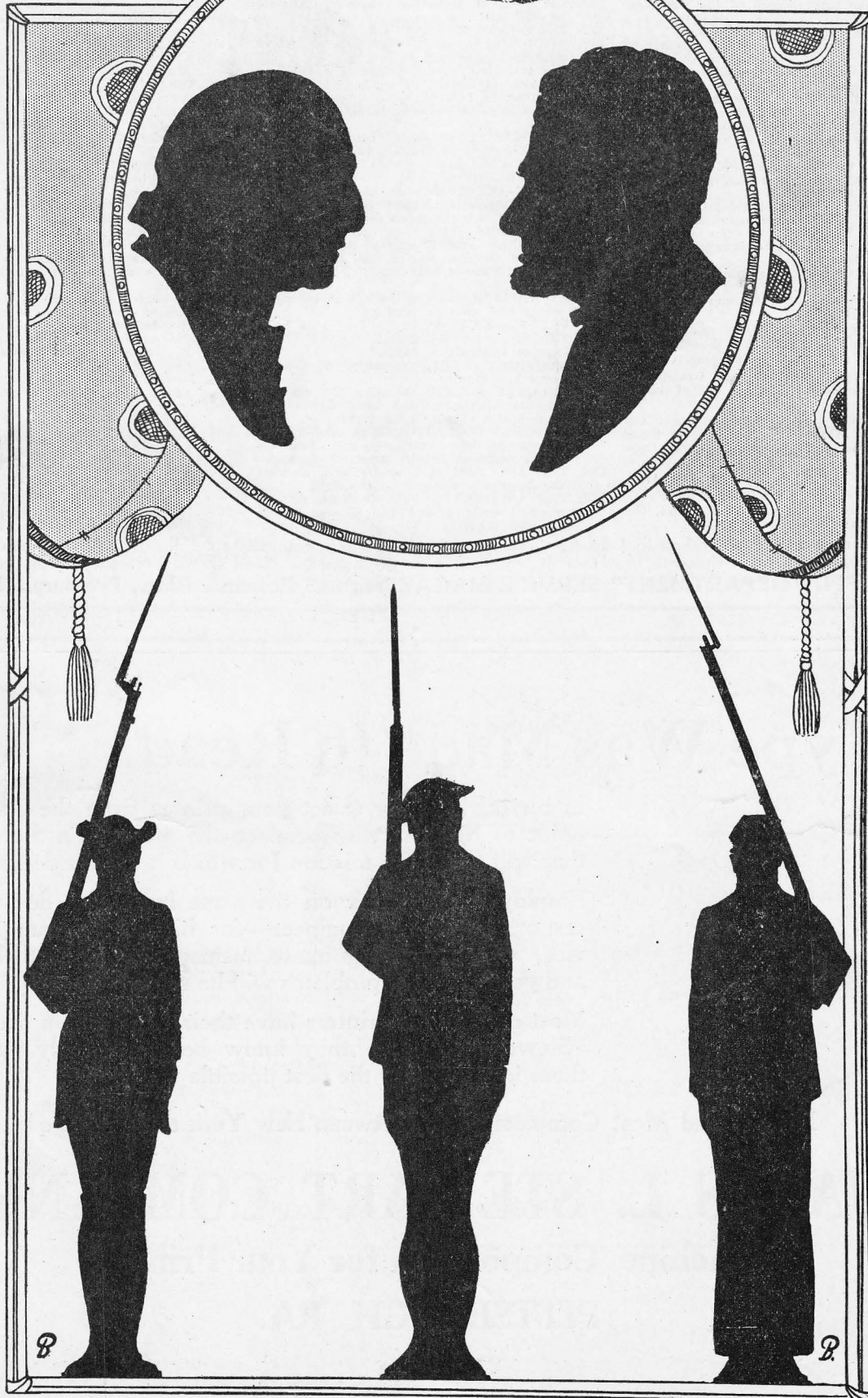


SERVICE

FEBRUARY

1921



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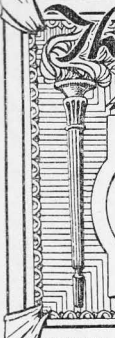
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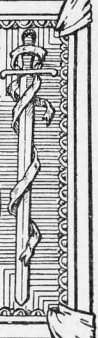
Pictures of the Eightieth

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

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2	Barbed Wire in Front of Dead Man's Hill50	12 (a)	Ravine Between Sommerance and St. Juvin.	
3	German Dugouts North of Bethincourt50	(b)	General View Ravine Aux Pierres and Woods to North.	
4	320th Inf. P. C. at Gercourt.....	.50	(c)	Close-up of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
5 (a)	Machine Gun Nests in Bois de Dannevoux		(d)	Close-up of Out Post "Fox Holes" in Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(b)			(e)	Woods North of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(c)	Boche Observation Tower on Dannevoux Ridge.		(f)	Sommerance and the Country to the North.	
(d)	Boche Artillery Position Captured by 319th Infantry.		(g)	Ravine North of Sommerance.	
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(b)	South of Cunel near the Boche trench "de Mamelle"				
(c)	Cunel and Surrounding Country, including the Bois de Rappes.				
(d)	Brieulles-Cunel Road east of Cunel.				
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The SERVICE MAGAZINE



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Service is planning some special feature articles for the near future—we are already swamped with orders for back numbers—we can furnish these issues from January, 1920, to date (with the exception of October, 1920). Evidently some thousands of 80th vets are just waking up, or perhaps just learning about Service. There is only one way to be sure of getting satisfaction for that inner longing for that something you miss every day of your life—help the other chap to find it by telling him about “Our Mag.”

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SERVICE MAGAZINE.

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THE VALENTINE

The Last Long Mile

How the 1-5-9 Brigade Knocked a Hole in Their Company Funds While the Much Mooted Question of What to Wear Was Being Discussed by Hdq.

By Russell L. Stultz

IT WAS the day after debarkation. Three nonest metls and full tenty-four hours already lay behind. And less than another week promised long-awaited release from close-fittong "O. D. wool" to hte unaccustomed freedom of loose-legged "cits." Certainly the immediate prospect was, to say the least, one of entrancing possibilities. For all its brevity the interval had not been devoid of action. Strangely enough, the era of peace and quiet expected to date from the moment of arrival in the States had been mainly conspicuous through its absence.

A long line of Q. M. C. trucks had met us outside the pier, surprised all by taking on our packs, and blazed a dusty way to Camp Stuart, leaving behind a feeling closely akin to the ethereal upon finding ourselves thus suddenly divested of hitherto inseparable burdens. The march through Newport News assumed all the ear-marks of a triumphal procession—one calculated to bring a lump to the throat and a mist to the eyes. Down the shaded avenue, gay with flags and bunting, through the Victory Arch into the main street, every step flanked with cheering holiday throngs, we traversed the intervening two miles to the barracks. Despite the fact that other units of "native sons" had preceded our own scarcely a week, no diminution of enthusiasm marked the reception. Harking back to another May-day, the physical transformation achieved by a year of victory took on something of the psychological—something of a glory not wholly attributable to gratitude of successful arms. Slowly realization dawned that part of the welcome might be intended for ourselves alone!

The afternoon sun beat down with a vigor doubly oppressive to those acutely sensitive from months of habitation in that mis-named region labeled "sunny France." A brief halt in the residential section proved the signal for a concerted, if unorganized onslaught by sympathetic women and children urging ice-cool refreshment. Heedless of the existence of negatory regulations, more mindful still of the lukewarm contents of canteens, the well-meaning attentions could not be ignored without serious risk of offense. Perhaps our thankfulness for being upon familiar soil again had not resolved itself into the demonstrative exhibition anticipated, at least there were those along the route who, frankly curious at the lack of visible emotions, bluntly

queried: "Why don't you smile?" We held no answer to the riddle.

Our contingent was a full regiment, save for two companies following by another boat. The vanguard of the division, had remained our unbroken record—the first in France, the first in America. If there had attached a pardonable pride in the preliminary distinction, certainly it was no less in volume and sincerity as it repeated itself under other skies amid more congenial environment.

Arrival at the barracks was an occasion worthy of greater consideration than it received. Events, *not* their significance, happened to be the all-impelling motive. Investigation of the interior disclosed real cots, with real straw and bed-sacks for conversion into real beds. Two years before, these self-same luxuries had proved nothing less than instruments of excruciating torture, but in the interim a potent influence had worked unbelievable magic with the point of view.

A concert of purpose, having for its stimulus a single object—the "home folks"—could manifest itself in only one word: telegrams! No search for office or operator was necessary—a thoughtful institution had provided for just such a contingency. The messenger, pockets bulging with forms, stood ready at your elbow, a living advertisement of the service he represented. Exchanging dollars for yellow blanks forthwith became a most popular diversion. Where, as frequently transpired, the medium of barter was absent an ever convenient "C. O. D." sufficed to legitimize the transaction. For once, assurance reigned that a "collect" message would evoke no grumbles at the other end.

Rapidly crystallizing visions of a night of unbroken slumbers were not left long to permeate our receptive frames. Supper, while in the nature of a revelation, soon demonstrated its unworthiness as a forecast of subsequent developments. Instead of the anticipated orgy of sleep, other and less benevolent plans had been outlined for our premier "at home." Although Battalion P. C. had straightway passed into oblivion upon stepping ashore, a thoroughly capable silver-chevrons alibi appeared from nowhere, apparently, and proceeded to function with well-oiled machinery. One seemingly innocent little phrase; "Your command will delouse to-night at 12:15 o'clock," or words of similar import, had hurled the 1919 model grenade.

"Cooties? Delouse? Midnight? Aw, hell!" 'Twas a pity that those so recently busy bemoaning the army's "loss of pep" after the Armistice could not have happened by and salvaged their delusions—the time and place were ideally propitious. Perfectly good American dollars which had fattened a thrifty ship's-tailor in return for altering and pressing Brest-issued O. D.'s went a-glimmering. At the idetnical moment when restored equilibrium was computing security by a margin of some three thousand-odd miles, ghosts thought harmless began to stir and promenade.

Stigny, Mayet, Brest—and now Newport News! "Why, this old shirt has already been through the mill nine hundred and ninty-nine times. And just take a look at the buttons, won't you! So, we gotta repeat the performance again before we're fit to mingle with the quality, eh? Wonder if they've got one of these contraptions rigged up back home? Just mention cootie to me a week from now, mister, and watch what happens!!!" It was true—scrubbed, inspected and passed until our epidermus shone like wax, we had scarcely figured upon a fresh chapter of cootie-hunts launched on this side.

The American "mill," for all its unsavory reputation abroad, proved itself a more systematic and thorough-going machine than had its exiled namesake. Instead of "soap, water and towel" in the prescribed three counts, no handicapping cadence interfered to prematurely limit the ablatory routine. By dawn the whole outfit had dropped blankets, shed clothing, passed the array of "medicos," bathed and returned to the starting-point, there to find steaming, shrunk garments awaiting recognition by sad-eyed owners. Passive, ill-concealed indignation had replaced the recent pride in possession; no joy attended the involuntary evolution, repetition was resignedly expected at the next stop.

Two days that were no more than a bewildering succession of seconds, minutes and hours remained to prevent life from degenerating into a thing of smugly-satisfied ease. Old "General Inspection" again was abroad in the land. From dawn till dawn, details, requisitions and inspections dogged waking footsteps and sleeping hours. C. O.'s and their over-worked staffs of Supply sergeants and Company clerks swore and raved. "Just where do *we* come in?" It was the old, oft-repeated voicing of fabled imposition, now resurrected for

The Last Long Mile—Continued

its final *encore*. "This man's army is going to be the death of somebody yet!" Strangely enough, however, the vehement assertions knowingly exchanged by grizzled custodians of supply and orderly-rooms lacked the confident tone of yesteryear.

One eye open while the other dozed became the only certain way of avoiding complications. If any thought to dilate upon the remarkable similarity existing between embarkation and debarkation atmosphere, their ruminations were incipiently squelched by an ever-ready "Outside!" As the hours took their toll of sweat and growls, the gap between the land of "red chevron" vistas lessened with provoking, well-nigh imperceptible leisureliness. Once more, "check, check" came into its own as the one accepted pass-word. Intervals marking "chow time" were converted into an open season for the all-embracing cry, "Fall out! Fall in!" Somehow, between breaths battered Coronas pilfered time to add choice vocabularies with a steady barrage tagged "Draw this" or "Turn in that." Twenty-four hours after renewing acquaintance with "God's country," "silver chevroned" stock was quoted at a mighty premium in the estimation of those accustomed to deprecating its role of "home-fire burners." They could certainly make life a lively game for guys who had hitherto doubted their ability to do anything useful!

In all the maelstrom of red-tape, a providentially-provided mess supplied the lone bright ray. That creation of military thrift and economy, Company Funds, in numerous instances had returned to the states fairly intact—not through intent of their custodians, but rather due to absence of opportunities to expend them abroad. An unvarying army regulation decrees that all surplus moneys thus accumulated shall revert to the public treasury upon disintegration of the parent organization. Obviously, but few days intervened before this disposition must become unavoidable. Equally apparent was the necessity for expeditious action, if the harsh climax were to be forestalled. Both instrument and means for accomplishing its circumvention, however, were now accessible. Phone and delivery wagon furnished the connecting link—long deferred dividends, principal and all, after months of jealous guarding disappeared in the common pool.

Instead of the customary line-up for stew and spuds; we sat thrice daily to the choicest that shop and field were capable of producing. Menus heretofore conjectured became common-place realities. Ham and eggs, pie and cake, cream and ices—all united in testifying to the utter harmony reigning in kitchens and mess-halls, to appetites undamaged by regular charges of corned willy and slum. No adding-machine was needed to compute government balances—dollars and cents had shrunk into

figures pitifully insignificant for one-time fat funds. As belts expanded from the fruits of the assault, the shades of Argonne "grub" sought everlasting oblivion.

The day was the 29th of May. Straggling units of the Blue and Gray division, which had arrived in advance of our own, gaily filed out of camp to entrain for Baltimore and Northern homes. The sight merely intensified the impatience of those left behind. From nowhere in particular, there sprang rumor of a spectacular parade planned to feature Memorial Day in Richmond on the morrow, always a memorable occasion in the former capital of the Confederacy. So long as the affair meant no additional delay in demobilization, no one seriously opposed the proposal. After all, it was a culmination perhaps due the old town which had proudly watched us pass through the successive stages from hesitant recruits to confident, reliant veterans and—well, deep down in their hearts not a few were frankly agreeable to the idea of swinging down main street and drinking in the sweet incense of applauding multitudes, for "the good Lord knows we haven't been fed up on the stuff since leaving these parts."

The decision to "show us off" precipitated a tangle so involved as to threaten abandonment of Richmond promenading through a period of twenty-four fluctuating hours. Custom, it seemed, as applied in debarkation centres ordained that none should proceed hence without previous exchange of woolens for khaki. High command, of both gold and silver chevron brand, clashed in verbal conflict. For one whole day the wordy battle raged. With representatives of the gold espousing overseas O. D. as the only suitable garb for overseas men and silver-striped emissaries equally contentions for summer-time dress of khaki, a hopeless deadlock loomed. While rank and file were barred from participation in the negotiations, rival clans appeared and heatedly debated the pros and cons of the mooted question.

Three times that day was O. D. designated as the winning uniform, to be as often recalled and superseded by khaki, in the end to see a grudging compromise effected. By the arrangement, however, cotton khaki, due to geographical distribution, came out an overwhelming victor. It was a happy settlement, with khaki raiment allotted to all hailing from the East and South and overseas habiliments retained by the minority going North and West. The adjustment accomplished even more—won for all a clean shirt and two changes of summer linen, besides effectually stilling soulful laments dedicated to once-brave blouses only yesterday rescued from the clutches of the "cootie mill." Gone were the relics of other days—now resplendent in the glories of fresh, unsoiled issue, "this

man's army just rared for some place to go." Just fancy a holiday in Dijon in such togs—oh, boy! But a single item lingered to spoil the effect; battle-scarred hobs declined to be salvaged, quite determined to give service through "the last long mile."

In tribute to the general "dolling-up," camp restrictions that evening were relaxed sufficiently to allow a few hours in the town. Here the more fortunate were "kidnapped" by waiting friends or relatives and carried off to laden banquet-boards, while others scarcely less lucky found their measure of cheer and comfort within hospitable "Y" or Community halls. Patriotic feminine toes proved "unhyphenated" patriotism as they unflinchingly felt the tread of piercing hob-nails in awkward one-step or the latest *dansant*.

The start for Richmond and the last lap of the journey was not surrounded by wholly auspicious circumstances. Somehow, reveille at the unearthly hour of 2:00 savored strongly of an epoch presumably ditched at Brest. Initial impressions of debarkation beds had certainly gone astray—in three nights since landing we had obtained possibly six hours acquaintance with the elusive objects. Evidently they were ornamental, but not especially useful; at least grim experience had taught us so. As though not content with the wierd time for departure, troop movement officials charged with supplying transportation failed to provide a sufficient number of seats. In consequence, an old-fashioned *chevaux* jam ensued.

Southern units of the Blue and Gray division were scheduled to supplement our own in making this a colorful Memorial Day in doubly honoring Southern heroes. As we left the ocean in five long sections and sped inland through the early morning hours, two crowded little boats bearing our compatriots were plowing a slow and tortuous way to the Fall of the James.

Dawn found us racing through historic Williamsburg, very much as another May dawn had revealed the New Jersey hills in 1918. Here, however, the simile abruptly ended. No awakening country-side arose to dispel the morning gloom. Sleeping towns that flitted by in the silent spectral shadows were hardly more than unsketched silhouettes, unmarked by human sound. Daylight came a welcome intermission from the endless landscape of swamp and forest, here and there touched with a late spring frost. It was the last long kilometre, with—who knew what?—waiting at the end.

THEY LIKE IT

Maud—Can anything be worse than a man who will get sentimental in spite of all you can do?

Edith—Yes; a man who won't.—Boston Transcript.

Does It Pay to Fraternize?

Can You Forget the Buddies of Other Days, and Would You if You Could? The Tie That Binds Men Who Wrought, Fought, and A. E. F.'d Together in the "Great Adventure"

By Henry R. Curry



MUCH has been written for and against fraternalism—the affirmative side of the question appears overwhelmingly convincing when we look upon the progress of mankind throughout the ages.

What great nation of people has arisen in all history that has not owed its success and being to the united, harmonious efforts of mankind? Good or bad (as the structure may have proved to be), its ultimate success was due to the constant co-operation, the sameness of effort, and the oneness of mind of the men who labored for its success.

Too true, there always have been good and bad fraternities—selfish banding together of classes—and yet these have always fallen before the unselfish ones that, out of necessity, have been formed to oppose them. It is their certain, eventual fate. Man's tendencies remain selfish only when he elects to live apart from the society of his brother man, or in the words of the poet, Sam Walter Foss:

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

The last two lines are the conclusions reached by all men, after they have tried and become disgusted with their own selfishness. It is then that man sees the real worthiness of life in close communion with God and his fellowman. It is then, that man learns to look upon the faults of another, with feelings of charity. It is then that he realizes that the only just and workable legislation, is that which benefits all the great brotherhood of mankind.

True, what is apparently good and workable in one community may not prove adequate and practicable in another. It remains for man to adjust himself to the conditions bearing upon and having to do with his and his fellows' best interests, that

failures.

The greatest and noblest work of man is to assist his fellowman, to assist those who are in daily contact with him, as well as those who live in distant fields, but whose problems are, likewise, the ever-present problems of life.

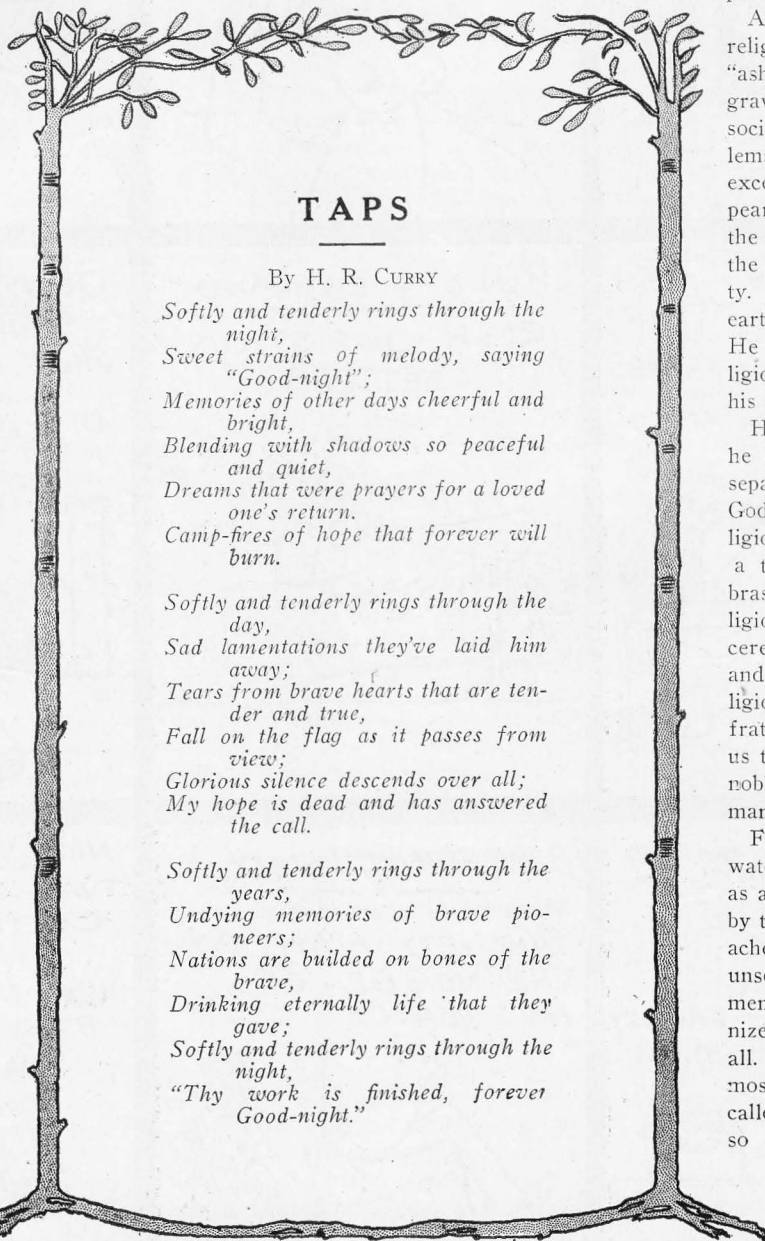
After all, mankind has but one religion, one ultimate goal. From "ashes to ashes," from cradle to grave, whatever the station of society one may hold, his problems are very much the same, except that the climate may appear different for a while, yet in the end, comes the great leveler, the unfailing destroyer of falsity. Here man stands shorn of earthly scepter and kingly crown. He is face to face with the religion of God, face to face with his record of life among men.

He has lived his religion, or he has not. The two are inseparable—man's religion to God, and to his fellowman. Religion without fraternity is but a tinkling cymbal of sounding brass. Without fraternity, religion soon becomes an idle ceremony, a meaningless habit, and a waste of time. But religion with, or religion of, the fraternity of mankind inspires us to the highest aims and most noble purposes to which the human soul is capable of aspiring.

Freedom and fraternity are watchwords. They come to us as a priceless heritage purchased by the blood and tears, the heartaches and sufferings, of a noble unselfish ancestry of patriotic men and women, who fraternized for the common good of all. In this aftermath of the most terrible and cruel and uncalled for war of all times, when so many new fraternities are taking their first steps in their swaddling clothes, when there are

so many great wrongs to be righted, so many sacred memories to perpetuate, so many true friendships of those dark days over there, to be kept alive, fail to fill the place we have rightfully

(Continued on Page 18)



TAPS

By H. R. CURRY

*Softly and tenderly rings through the night,
Sweet strains of melody, saying
"Good-night";
Memories of other days cheerful and bright,
Blending with shadows so peaceful and quiet,
Dreams that were prayers for a loved one's return.
Camp-fires of hope that forever will burn.*

*Softly and tenderly rings through the day,
Sad lamentations they've laid him away;
Tears from brave hearts that are tender and true,
Fall on the flag as it passes from view;
Glorious silence descends over all;
My hope is dead and has answered the call.*

*Softly and tenderly rings through the years,
Undying memories of brave pioneers;
Nations are builded on bones of the brave,
Drinking eternally life that they gave;
Softly and tenderly rings through the night,
"Thy work is finished, forever
Good-night."*

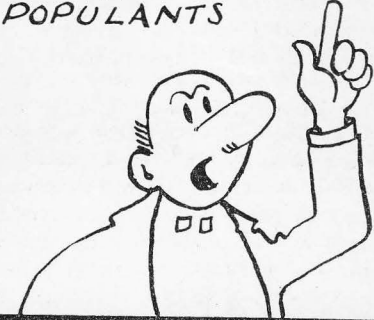
a full measure of peace, prosperity and happiness may be apportioned alike to all. The society that has not incorporated the "live and let live" policy in its code of principles will sink into the grave of buried

The Hot Dog Film Co., inc. Presents
 Topics of To-morrow - PASSED BY THE
 selected by the Literary Colic WASH.-BOARD.

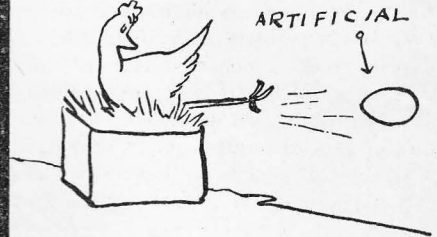
FLEES IN FATHER'S PANTS
 WASH-OUT - CONN.
 GIRL ELOPES WITH
 GLASS BLOWER



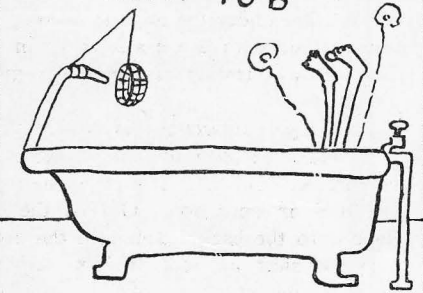
SPLINT-MICH
 THIS TOWN HAS
 JUST OVERSUBSCRIBED
 THE FIFTH LIBERTY
 LOAN
 MAYOR MAYNOT
 CONGRATULATES THE
 POPULANTS



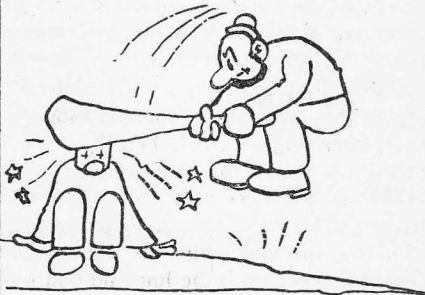
HOTTERNELL - AFRICA
 CHICKEN REFUSES TO
 BECOME A BRICK-LAYER



BROWNDERBY - KY.
 MR. THIN AZELL LOST
 WHEN HE FORGETS TO
 PUT STOPPER IN
 BATH-TUB



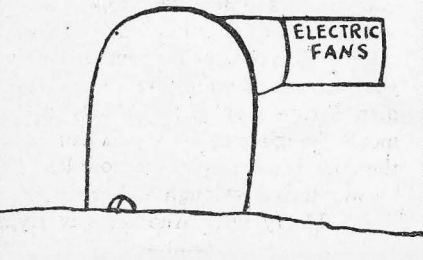
BULL - ENGLAND
 IRISH QUESTION
 SETTLED



QUINCES - ILL
 EIGHTIETH VET. GETS
 SHOT IN THE MIDDLE
 OF BUSINESS
 DISTRICT



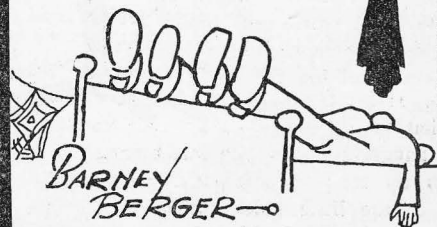
OWATTADUMMP
 - ICELAND -
 ESKIMOS WALK OUT
 IN STRIKE - BIG
 ELECTRIC FAN FACTORY
 CLOSES ITS WINDOWS



BAWLFORMER - MD.
 WOMAN - WHO
 BURNED MAN - ON
 THE VERGE OF
 HYS TERICS



NEW YORK CITY -
 TWO FAMOUS
 CARTOONISTS DRAW
 "THEIR LAST"
 WIN PRIZE GIVEN
 BY NATIONAL
 CASKET CO



Forward---Halt!

In Which a Former A. E. F.'r Opens His Heart—Admits That the Fair Sex, When they Parlez Vouz Americaine, and Are Tending Bar at an Overseas Hot Chocolate Stand, Can Warm the Heart of the Most Confirmed Followers of Bachelor Life

By Edward W. Donaldson

UP into the lines in August and from then on, that bewildering confusion of sudden moves and disregard of regular hours that, sooner or later gets a man into an apathy of dull hopelessness where time, dates and all thoughts of the future are buried under the shadow of years of war; miserable to think of. The first bursts of sunshine that break out when a comrade reverently suggests "when we get back," die lower and lower until one day you find yourself saying "if we get back."

The old United States dims in memory until it becomes a hazy idea of a big continent lying far beyond the horizon; cities, lights, homes, while you are writing your "harder to keep cheerful" letters in a bleak billêt on the rainy afternoon during a rest period out of the lines. Civilian life is gone. You try to imagine yourself in a white collar and blue serge and that is gone too. The old army has got you; the war has got you. Life is a stereotyped succession of drab uniforms, long weary mess lines, dreaded anticipations of sudden calls out into the bleak morning hours and you want something and want it darn hard. It's intangible, it's baffling. You imagine it's the ice cream the fellows are always talking about—or maybe pie. Maybe it's that persistent desire to stay someplace for a long time. Any old place at all. A stable, chicken coop or out in the open fields in a pup, just so they let you get settled once and quit yelling "all out" at ungodly hours on rainy nights.

What is it anyway. If for once, you could only think of it, or get some idea of what it was, half this gnawing at the heart would vanish. But you can't. You think and your buddy helps you think and you hear the fellows complaining about little trifles and you know that underneath they've all got the same hovering, haunting desire that flits around in your mind vanishes like a shadow just as you are about to lay hands on it. You get up, light a cig., stretch and moan restlessly "Oh Lord, why don't they move us out of this hole. If I only had ——" You almost had it that time. Then you go over and join the gang discussing the latest rumor.

On the road under a pack. Up there lying in the little hole talking of desolate things with your buddy when evening settles down and night brings its uncertain-

ties. Back again for a rest and a clean-up, wishing you were back up there again where they'd at least let you alone. You've stopped worrying about the DESIRE but it's part of your life now. Some day you'll meet it face to face and whatever it is you're going to have seconds.

Then along comes your buddy, gives you a friendly kick that almost breaks your leg. "Hey," he yells. "Canteen down the CHEMIN." You rise up hastily from the old stone wall and throw away the writing desk for a canteen is an oasis in a long desert. One-two-THREE-four, down the road you go, swinging your arms and dressing up on your buddy for the old army has got you even if there are no officers in sight. What's the difference if you did hike 20 last night.

The town—somewhat depleted by a few random shots and destitute of original inhabitants. Still it looks pretty good. You dodge the M. P. by a detour and ask the first Q. M. guy where it is.

"Right on up the street to where the Rue Royal turns off. Turn in at the shop with the red lion sign. That's her."

Up the middle of the street you go wondering what outfit all these guys belong to. There's the red lion, you turn in.

There's someone behind the counter dipping out chocolate to the line and you gape at her like a kid at the circus. She smiles as she dips and with the smile goes words. Good old American words that fall like music on your starved soul. Je's, ain't she a looker. You could stand there and gape at her and listen for a week but the line moves up and your tin cup or tin can is out there at the end of your arm and you almost drop it as she gives you YOUR smile and says—Lord, she's speaking to you—YOU.

"You're not located in this town, are you?"

"No'm," you splutter. "I—I'm—" but the line has shoved you past and the next guy is getting his chocolate with smile. You turn angrily at being hustled and discover it's your buddy. He's standing there now with his mouth gaping open like a fish and a simple, insane cross between a smile and a leer on his homely mug. He thinks he's making a hit with her. For the love of Pete—he's getting fresh and is evidently going to start a conversation with the girl. You feel it your duty to drag him out by

the neck, but that's useless for he has already been shoved on and turns to glare at the guy who shoved him. Serves him right for getting overly fresh with an American girl, far from home and unprotected. He walks over and breaks into a red fire burst of trench language against gutter rats who would push a fellow out of the road when a lady was trying to carry on a conversation with him. He suddenly discovers he's within earshot of a lady who understands that stuff and concludes with a couple of dams and a few hells but suddenly breaks into a radiant smile when he thinks she has glanced his way. He disgusts you and you try to maneuver around where you can hide him and see the dream at the same time. He maneuvers. You maneuver.

Gradually you both have been jostled over into the corner and some tall guys are cutting off the view. Pushing and squirring you land in the street together with some big hulking brutes who, by their actions, are under the impression they have made a hit with a certain party in blue. The army certainly dragged the gutters clean.

Suddenly a discovery is made. There is a rear entrance and it is being well patronized. In fact, a sort of merry-go-round is in operation. Out of the front door, into the back. You join the procession and shift up, foot by foot. Up there ahead some ignorant yokel is yapping at her and trying to buck the line. Numbers win and he is urged on much against his will. You turn around to protest against the shoving from the rear and discover your buddy is stepping on your heels. Well, you're glad he's near for he'll see this time who the girl favors. You thought he was a pretty good scout up in the lines but back here in civilization he's plainly impossible. Wait until he hears your line.

Meanwhile you run over some possible topics in your mind so as not to be caught napping this time. The folks back home would have been amused at you that time. You with your ball room manners and your aplomb standing there like a cigar Indian before that girl, probably with your mouth hanging open if you can judge by the poor ijjawat up there now looking like he was trying to laugh and cry at the same time. Hurry up! Another guy trying to

(Continued on Page 28)

"Passing the Buck"

In Which the Writer Takes an Impersonal View of General High Cost of Things in Semi-Humorous Manner, But Which Is More or Less True

By Hugh Burr Sant

QUEER how like army days, some traits stick to individuals; for instance, that great old system of "passing the buck." Not necessarily as cartoonists have pictured it, but as is evident to the casual observer anywhere and everywhere in this glorious land of free verse and grape juice drinkers, the system is as ancient as "who won the war," which started, I believe, about the time when Mr. Adam and his charming bride exchanged stone hatchet scars upon each others heads. But to get back to modern days of parlor Bolshevism and frenzied "high-cost-of-things." Mr. Grocer passes the buck to the jobber; he in turn passes it on to the growers and planters' association; they pass it on to the General "High-cost-of-things" needed on the farm or range, and lay stress on the fact that binder twine has gone up skumpty eight cents per foot, hence the necessary increase on the price of oeffs (eggs).

The amalgamated association of stove polish makers has struck and demanded an increase of two and a half cents per day. This has led to a corresponding increase in the price of stoves, as it would be unfair to not uphold the dignity of the afore-said stoves. Why should we sell coal at the old price, remarks the dealer, when the value of the receptacle in which it is burned has taken a jump. Thus it goes on. The landlord reads in the papers that you went out on strike and won a 10 per cent. increase. If your labor is worth 10 per cent. more

why isn't that also true of the house you live in, up she goes. Then you strike for another ten, and General "High-cost-of-things" reaches for it, using the same illogical arguments to deprive you of it, that you used in obtaining it.

Back there in the childhood days when

we passed the buck to let the other fellow take a beating for our own sins, we learned the great game of "passing the buck." What ancient and generally discarded figures of speech as such ones as, "I did it," "I alone am guilty," "It is my fault," "I am wrong," "It is unfair to the other fellow," "My own selfishness is running away with my duty." This neglect and often entire elimination of the lawful rights of others, an unwillingness to play the game in the old fashioned way, where conscience was at least able, occasionally, to register a rebuking kick in the seat of our greed and

or more steps down the ladder of bank accounts than yourself, but in an honest analysis of the true cause and effect, not as the other fellow sees it, not from his profit and loss tabulations, but directly, as it pertains to and is influenced by your own actions and mode of living. It was rife in the army. The best thing we can say in its favor is that it was the rottenest thing in the entire service.

There are heroes, or should we call them by the more impressive name of martyrs, who made the great sacrifice because the world passed the buck of an ancient hatred, an impassioned ambition of selfish greed, upon their shoulders. Time has always been man's inheritance, the loathsome thing of hate and meanness, that comes passing down through the ages; the vile criminal, or unclean things the other chap didn't want to do himself. My hat is off to the chap who found it his duty to say, "Come on boys, follow me." And every last one of them did. Many of them received posthumous crosses for it, but I'd rather be where they are today, with an ineffaceable record of glory to my credit for not passing the buck, than wear all earthly plaudits, that come to those who find it easy to follow such practices and unload the burdens of life upon the shoulders of a weak brother or sister. Which reminds me, with all Christ's enemies, none has yet risen who has had front enough to accuse Him of ever passing the buck to anyone. "High-cost-of-things." Bah! its just "Passing the Buck."

Porter (knocking on sleeping room door): "Didn't you want to be called at 7 A. M.?"
Guest: "Yes."

Porter: "Well, it is only 5 now, so you have two hours more to sleep." —

Picking her way daintily through the locomotive plant, a young woman visitor viewed the huge operations with awe. Finally she turned to the young man showing her thru and asked:

"What is that big thing over there?"

"That's a locomotive boiler," he said. She puckered her brows.

"And what do they boil locomotives for?"

"To make the locomotive tender," and the young man never cracked a smile.



where we often, at least made pretense of atoning for some of our wrongs, is, to my mind, the one and only cause of our present state of public and private affairs. The solution lies, not in aggravating such wrongs by passing them onto the shoulders of the first meek-minded man who is one

SUNNY FRANCE

Now this cruel war is over and we've laid aside our hates,
And we've crossed the bounding billows to our loved United States,
And we sleep in thin Pajamas, not our sweaters, socks and pants,
As we think about those billets, where we froze in sunny France.

When I sit all snug and cozy and it isn't any dream,
When I hear the radiator hissing merrily with steam,
When the house is warm and cozy here's an idea I'll advance,
I recall that heating system that we had in sunny France.

When I watch the open fireplace eating up the seasoned logs,
I recall those snappy sticks we cut from sodden Argonne Bogs,
When I hear the fire crackle and I watch it jump and dance,
I recall those smoky bonfires that we froze beside in France.

When I read the evening sport news and the copper market spurts,
I recall those army days when all we read was undershirts;
When it tells of burglar hunting it oft puts me in a trance,
For I think about those cootie hunts I used to stage in France.

When I get into my bed at night beneath the quilted spread
That tucks in at the bottom and reaches to the head,
Whether others help me warm it or I sleep alone by chance,
I will never miss that pup tent that I froze beneath in France.

Arising in the morning from a decent Christian bed,
With teeth that do not chatter till they loosen in my head,
I dip into the shower bath and think there is a chance,
To laugh at those old bucket baths we used to take in France.

When I'm shaving in the morning and the running water steams,
I think of shaving frozen beards as old fantastic dreams,
But when I see that shaving pot there isn't any chance,
I'll forget that mug of yellow ice beneath my bed in France.

Upon a balmy afternoon I take a promenade,
Around a downtown district or a shady boulevard,
And I view these nifty Stetsons that greet me at every glance,
I recall that iron bonnet that I used to wear in France.

When I hear an auto coming a rumbling down the street,
And he sounds his warning claxon lest danger he should meet,
I will draw up quite abruptly and I think there is a chance,
That I'll fumble for that gas mask I used to pack in France.

When I wonder down old Broadway and I'm loaded down with booze,
And I step across the gutter and get mud upon my shoes,
I will never get excited and start to rave and prance,
For in mud I used to eat and sleep in ice-cold sunny France.

When I'm out among the white lights and out to knock 'em dead,
And hear the elevateds go a rumbling over head;
I will dive into a gin mill and never take a chance,
For they sound so much like Bombers that we used to hear in France.

Now I've told my little story and I'll bet my words are true,
It's been the lot with most of us no doubt the same with you,
But now the war is over and we're out of army pants,
We'll enjoy these recollections of the days we spent in France.

By Mackell & Long, 6th & 7th Baloon Co.

The Truth of the Matter

Being the Efforts of Those Who Were in a Position to Know the Exact Accurate Historical Facts Concerning the Movements of the Eightieth in the A. E. F.

BY CHAS. C. ROSSIRE, JR.

80th Division Association,
915 Bessemer Building,
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Gentlemen:

I have been much interested in reading the Report of Operations as given in the 80th Division Year Book. I have noted, however, several discrepancies which I believe should be corrected.

On page 129 under the heading "The Attack 26th September." This report states "by midnight of 26-27 the 2nd Battalion of the 319th Infantry had reached the Army Objective with its right flank resting on the Meuse. The 1st and 3rd Battalions which had been brought up from support were held up by fire from Bois des Mairiaux and dug in north and northwest of Bois de Jure."

Also under the heading "27th September" it reads as follows:

"Under Corps orders (telephone instructions 3rd Army Corps, 4:30 a. m., 27th September) to renew the attack orders were issued complying accordingly. The attack was not launched in force until afternoon due to the difficulties of making necessary arrangements. After artillery preparation and barrage which lifted at 1 p. m. the troops of the 160th Brigade attacked and advanced to the Army objective."

This is certainly misleading. The fact is that all three battalions reached the heights above the Meuse by midnight 26-27. I do not understand how this error could have been made but you may recall some correspondence sent you by Col. Cocheu in this regard.

I am pleased to hand you herewith a copy of my Operations Report dated October 18th, 1918, which covers the operations of the 319th Infantry up to that date. This report will clearly show that the 319th Infantry reached the objective on the date scheduled.

You are at perfect liberty to print any or all of this information including the Operations Report referred to.

Yours very truly,

CHAS. C. ROSSIRE, JR.

HEADQUARTERS 319th INFANTRY
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY
FORCES

October 18, 1918

Report of Operations, 319th Infantry
September 26th to October 12th, 1918

1. Hostile Situation at Beginning of the Operations.

The enemy was holding the front from the Meuse to Malancourt exclusively probably with but one division. His units are reported as weak, discouraged, in poor morale and afraid of Americans. Relies largely on long range artillery and machine gun nests to hold his position. No enemy reinforcements were reported during the operations.

2. Information Received of Enemy During Operations.

Retired across the Meuse and blew up bridges at Velognes and Sivry on September 26th and later blew up dumps at Velognes.

Opposite Montfaucon the enemy was reported on October 8th as evacuating Villers Devant Dun, Cunel and Brielles. Villers Devant Dun and Brielles set on fire October 8th. Transport seen leaving N. W. on the Villers Doulon road.

3. Enemy Movements, Action and Changes During Operations.

Enemy withdrew slowly along entire front leaving machine gun nests to hold up an attack while they withdrew pieces and heavy artillery. No counter-attacks. Heavy artillery fire at all times from N. and N. E. of Meuse and heights N. and E. of Cunel.

4. Maps Illustrating Above.

See two maps attached.

5. Our Own Situation at Beginning of Operations.

In bivouac Bois de Borrus on September 25th.

Took up position on forward slope of Le Mort Homme night of 25th-26th September.

On October resting in old German trenches S. of Cuisy.

6. Changes Movements and Action During Operations.

At 5:30 a. m., 26th September, following our own barrage, left trenches on Le Mort Homme and attacked in general direction of Mezieres in column of battalions in order 1st, 2nd, 3rd. The 1st Battalion had attached Machine Gun Co., 319th Infantry, 2-1-lb. guns, 3-3 inch Trench Mortars and 2 supporting guns of the 313th Field Artillery.

The 2nd Battalion was supported by Co. C, 315th M. G. Battalion and 1-1-lb. gun, and the 3rd Battalion which was also the brigade reserve, had attached Co. D, 315th M. G. Battalion. The attacking line crossed the Rau de Forges on ruined bridge and at

6:15 a. m. moved forward following the barrage. The battalion was disposed in depth, two companies (each in two echelons) in the first and two in the second line. The attacking companies were followed by two platoons as moppers up. A dense fog made liaison difficult. Little resistance met with until Gercourt Cuisy road was reached when machine gun fire from Bois Sache and Bois Jure was encountered. Woods were protected by several bands of wire. Leading companies moved by the flank and support companies passed through to northern edge of woods to Corps Objective, which was reached at 12:30 p. m. Held up until dark by machine gun nests in Rav. Coulees and Corbillon. Attack continued after dark, two battalions in line and one in support. Attacked through Dannevous, the support battalion coming up in center. The Army Objective was reached at 11:30 p. m. and position consolidated along heights S. of Meuse in the Bois Dannevous and Mariaux and along railroad embankment along W. bank of Meuse. Position held under heavy flanking artillery fire from across Meuse until relieved by 129th Infantry on the night of 28th-29th September. Regimental P. C. was at 8486. Upon relief regiment marched to Bois de Montfaucon remaining in support of the 79th Division until 5:30 p. m., 29th September. Was then withdrawn to old German trenches S. of Cuisy and rested there until the morning of 4th October.

Orders were received at 9:00 a. m. to move out in support of 159th Brigade who were to attack in the direction of Cunel. Battalions moved out in the following order, 2nd Battalion (with M. G. Co., Trench Mortar and 1-lb. Gun platoons), 3rd Battalion, 1st Battalion.

The 2nd Battalion took up a position in rear of Hill 295, the 3rd Battalion from Hill 267 and 271 and the 1st Battalion in the Trench des Artisans. At 4:45 p. m. the 2nd Battalion was ordered to report to C. O., 318th Infantry and at 5:00 p. m. order to attack the Bois des Ogons, passing through the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 318th Infantry. The 2nd Battalion moved forward at 7:15 p. m., passing through gas and heavy machine gun fire from both flanks attempted an enveloping movement on the right by two companies while the other two companies with one company of 317th Infantry attacked from the front. Heavy artillery fire and machine gun fire made the advance impossible and the battalion rested to S. edge of woods

The Truth of the Matter—Continued

and entrenched. Held position until 10:00 a. m. 5th Oct. when they were forced by heavy artillery fire to retire to ravine S. of Hill 267 where they reorganized.

At 5:45 p. m. following a rolling barrage they again attacked and at 10:00 p. m. had reached the center of the Bois des Ogons where they dug in, sending patrols to N. edge of woods. At 7:30 a. m., 6th Oct., attack was again launched and after suffering severe casualties the battalion was forced to entrench along N. edge of woods. Patrols sent forward were met by heavy machine gun fire from trenches N. of Fme. de la Madeleine. Position was ordered organized and battalion was relieved at midnight by the 3rd Battalion with Co. 315th M. G. Battalion. The Trench Mortars and 1-lb guns remained in position. The 1st Battalion moved up into support position along line Hill 267-261. The 2nd Battalion moved back to trenches S. of Cuisy for rest. Front line ran through N. edge of woods from G-0227 to G-1533—two companies in front line, one in support and one in reserve. Regimental P. C. moved from dug-out to Nantillois. Orders received 6:00 p. m. that 3rd Battalion would withdraw to left of sector and one battalion, 320th Infantry, would occupy right half. Relief completed by daybreak with the following losses: One officer and five men killed, 26 wounded caused by heavy artillery fire.

Command of sector passed to C. G., 160th Brigade noon 7th Oct. Our front line being lightly held by automatic rifles, a few bombers and riflemen protected on left flank by machine guns. Patrols sent out during morning reported enemy movement along edge of Bois de Cunel and Ville Aux Bois Fme. Trench mortars and 1-lb. guns being exhausted were ordered to retire after dark to trenches S. of Cuisy.

Orders received 10:50 p. m. that 5th Corps would attack at 8:30 a. m., 8th Oct. and to be prepared to attack in accordance with F. O. 17 and also to keep close liaison with brigade on our left. 3rd Battalion ordered to attack at 3:30 p. m., 9th Oct. in direction of Cunel supported by 1st Battalion, Co. A sent out to Hill 261 as liaison group between our left and right of 30th Infantry. One platoon of machine guns attached to Co. A. Barrage started at 3:15 p. m. and was followed by 3rd Battalion. 1st Battalion moved up into support and was held up by machine gun fire from flanks and forced to dig in near Fme. de la Madeleine. 3rd Battalion finally reached Cunel after dark and took 61 prisoners but as troops on left and right did not keep up, its flanks were exposed. After suffering casualties of five killed, 36 wounded and 40 missing, they retired to position occupied by 1st Battalion to reorganize. 1st Battalion advanced along line G-O 140-0243-0544-0545 in touch with 320th Infantry on right in Bois de Malumont.

Orders received to attack at 7:00 a. m., Oct. 10th, following barrage which was laid along Cunel Brieculles road from 7:00 to 7:45 a. m. 3rd Battalion being exhausted it was leap-frogged by 1st Battalion, supported by 2nd Battalion, 320th Infantry. Our barrage fell short on C and D Companies causing casualties of 4 killed and 29 wounded. On account of heavy artillery fire and failure of brigade on our left to advance, was unable to proceed. Position was held during the day. New orders to attack at 7:00 a. m., 11th Oct., and front line advanced to line G-0048-0347-0548-0749. This position was held until relieved by 160th Infantry night of 11th-12th Oct. Relief completed by daylight and troops moved to Bois de Cunel.

7. Information Received of Neighboring Units.

Oct. 8th-17th, corps on our right N. of Consenvoye Mallenville Fme., Bois de Hautmont and center of Bois de Caures.

Oct. 9th, corps on our left reported as holding Trench Mamelie Rav. de Vadavdrise and Cote de Marie. 3rd Division ridge 500 meters S. of Cunel.

Oct. 10th, 30th Infantry along N. edge Bois de Cunel.

8. Orders Received.

- F. O. No. 16—80th Div., Sept. 24th
- F. O. No. 16—160th Bge., Sept. 23rd
- F. O. No. 15—160th Bge., Sept. 28th
- F. O. No. IP—159th Bge., Oct. 3rd
- F. O. No. 18—80th Div., Oct. 7.
- F. O. No. 17—160th Bge., Oct. 8th
- F. O. No. 24—3rd Corps, Oct. 8th
- F. O. No. 19—80th Div., Oct. 8th
- F. O. No. 20—80th Div., Oct. 9th
- F. O. No. 21—80th Div., Oct. 10th
- F. O. No. 18—160th Bge., Oct. 11th

9. Action During Operations on Orders Issued and Received.

See paragraph No. 6.

10. Result of Action, Both Own and Enemy.

Army objective gained on Sept. 26th in front of Velognes. Line advanced in front of Cunel to point 300 yards S. of Cunel-Brieculles road and held until relieved on night of 11th-12th Oct.

Enemy forced to retire across Meuse to heights N. of Velognes and to heights N. of Cunel.

11. Maps Illustrating Above.

See map under paragraph No. 4.

12. Remarks.

In attack of Sept. 26th to 29th, three towns captured, Bethincourt, Gercourt and Dannevous, also 973 prisoners, 72 machine guns, 4-77 mm. field pieces, 3-6 inch guns, one large Howitzer (about 16-inch), one wireless station and quantities of maps and papers.

Total casualties 49 killed, 184 wounded, including four officers. Attack of Oct. 4th to 12th—61 prisoners taken.

Total casualties, killed, seven officers and 33 men. Wounded, 13 officers and 434 men.

CHAS. C. ROSSIRE, JR.

Capt. 319th Inf.

The writer has read with great interest and a certain disappointment Col. Waldron's account of the operations of the division in France. There was, no doubt, enough honor for all; but for the sake of accuracy and for the benefit of future generations, several corrections ought to be made in the account.

From our days in Camp Lee, it seemed that there was some sort of suspicion of the 3rd Battalion, 319th Infantry, which the writer has never yet been able to understand. Certainly, the credit for the part that this battalion took in the fighting has not been given it.

I understand that an article has already been written showing that all three battalions of the 319th Infantry reached the objective on the night of Sept. 26th, and not simply the 2nd Battalion. As captain of the carrying company of the regiment during that engagement, I know that to be a fact.

As to the engagement in the Bois des Ogons, not only was there, as Col. Waldron says, misinformation on the part of the corps as to the positions of the divisions on our right and left in the initial stages of the engagement, but there was also misinformation when the 3rd Battalion, 319th Infantry was thrown in, although the writer, before the attack, gave the C. O. of 319th Infantry the correct location of the 30th Regiment on our left. As a matter of fact, the advance was an impossible proposition. Col. Waldron states that two battalions of the 319th Infantry moved forward in that attack. None of us in the 3rd Battalion was ever able to find that other battalion. The 30th Regiment remained in the woods to the west of the Fme de la Madeleine, and the advance was made by the 3rd Battalion, 319th Infantry. The company in front of K Company moved to the right of the sector, leaving K Company exposed to heavy fire from in front of our own sector and from in front of the 30th. This made it impossible for K Company to proceed. During the night, the other three companies went into Cunel but had to retire. They retired, however, not to the La Ville aux Bois Fme., but to their original position in the Bois des Ogons. This was unknown to the captain of K Company, who therefore dug in for the night in the field north of the Fme de la Madeleine, hooking up with the 320th on the right and with A Company, 319th Infantry on the left, who in turn were hooked up with the 30th. Credit should be given for holding the front in this sector

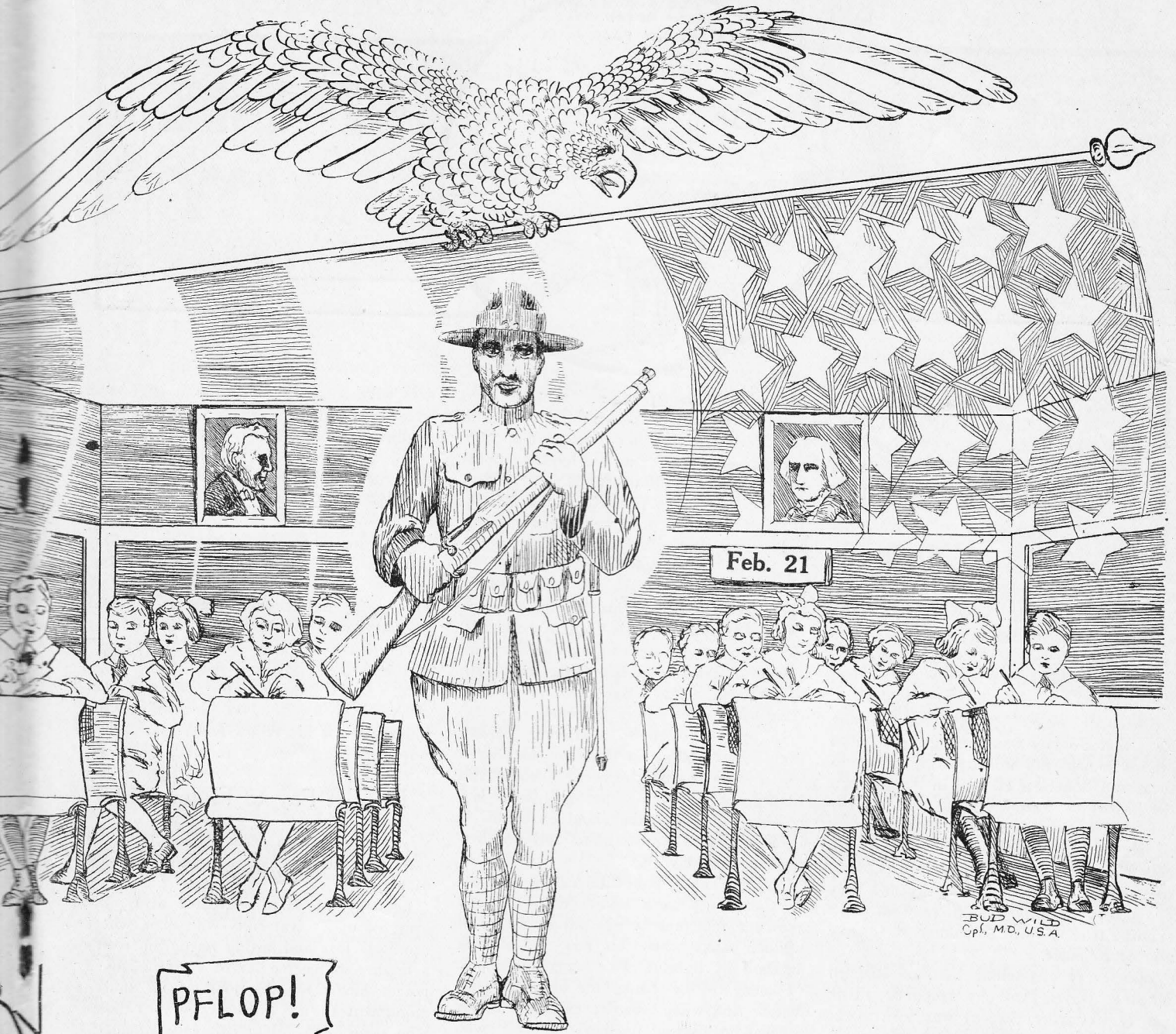
(Continued on Page 26)



Yes, but youotta see the Ham!



THE SERGEANT AND SALUTED WITH "AS YOU WERE" SA THE SERGEANT



BUD WILD
Cpl., MD., USA

PFLOP!



NT CLIMBED FROM THE RIVER
 WITH MIGHT AND MAIN
 SAID THE CAPTAIN HARSHLY
 IT JUMPED IN AGAIN! BURCHIT





IT WAS "Sweeney of the Foreign Legion," it was "Sweeney of the Tanks"—now the cables say it's Brig. Gen. Sweeney of the gallant Polish Army, just a year after one of the fightingest Americans of modern times, a modern D'Artagnon, sailed out of New York for one more scrap where the scrapping was good—despite the fact that in September, 1919, when he left us for the last time, Sweeney probably was a veteran of more wars, wounds and decorations than any other living American. For whatever else he is, he's always "Sweeney of the U. S. A."

Somebody ought to have warned the Reds that Sweeney was coming. Just what he has helped the Polish Army to do to them will doubtless be told in detail when the history of Europe's latest war is written. But even at cabled rates, he is "mentioned" in dispatches as "one of the most gallant fighters in the Polish forces," and the rank he has earned in one year's time is another indication that Sweeney has been running true to form as soldier of fortune and of romance.

Like every best-selling hero of Richard Harding Davis, Anthony Hope or Justin Hartly McCarthy, Sweeney was born to the purple—which, according to the American definition, means that he was born a millionaire's son. His father was a former President of the Federal Smelting and Refining Company, in Spokane, Washington. But Harvard and polo and a desk in father's office were not good enough for Sweeney. He insisted on being sent to West Point.

Then, after leaving, there wasn't any war in these States. So it was over the Mexican border for Sweeney. He threw himself gallantly into the fight for the ill-fated Madero. With Lady Adventure still luring him, he went on to Central and South America, where some country is always obliging with a tidy war. For the side in which he believed, Sweeney fought, and no wound could discourage him from looking for more.

He was one of the first Americans to enlist in the French Foreign Legion at the

beginning of the great war. He was travelling in the French provinces in Africa at the time, and—another spur if one were needed—his wife and the mother of his two attractive children was born a Belgian girl. He was the first American fighting for France to be promoted, being made a Lieutenant and given the cross of the Legion of Honor when, single-handed, he captured a machine gun and six Germans and saved the life of his commanding officer. Later he won his Captain's commission—the only American outside the Lafayette Escadrille to hold this rank with the French army. His men adopted as their battle cry "Suivez Sweeney!"

In 1915 he wrote to a friend: "I have been so wound up in bandages that writing was impossible. received a bullet full in the chest, piercing the right lung and coming out below the shoulder blade. I decided 'No dying for mine' and was better the next day."

But no better indication of his 100 per cent efficiency as a soldier can be found than the fact that he was put in charge of sixteen tanks when this new and terrible method of fighting was being developed. "Sweeney of the Tanks" he became forthwith. And when America entered the war it was Ambassador Sharp himself who asked the French government to lend Sweeney to his own country and his country's armies.

Then—this is the joke on Sweeney and an even bigger joke on some nameless red tape artist—this war-scarred, war-decorated veteran actually was assigned to a training camp as a rookie! However, the mistake was soon remedied, and as a Major in the United States Army he taught officers trench fighting at Fort Myer, Va. Assigned to the 80th Division he again went overseas and won his promotion as a Lieutenant Colonel in the fighting in the Argonne.

"Sweeney not only led his own battalion," a World man wrote; "he saw that the others were up with his. His own duty was not enough; he helped pull everybody along. Sometimes he seemed a half dozen men to the men under him. His last or-

ders were to go to a hospital in Paris and have a wound of large dimensions in his diaphragm attended to."

But wounds and war crosses—he has almost as many decorations as scars—do nothing to cool the fighting blood of Sweeney of the U. S. A. Being Sweeney, of course, he went back to Europe last autumn to help the Poles in their struggle for independence. Being Sweeney, of course, he has fought with exceptional gallantry and won his command.

Yet just you try to "tell it to Sweeney" that he's done anything out of the ordinary. As he himself put it, when he was in New York, "I'm no bloomin' hero." But that's for his fellow-Americans to decide—and the verdict is unanimous!

Does It Pay to Fraternize?

(Continued from Page 9)

earned in the ranks of the great fraternity of man.

Let us stay in the greater army, the army of man's fraternity with man, where brotherly love and lasting friendship forms a mighty united barrier of fraternalism, a potent factor for the good of all, and a monument to the glorious lives of those who sleep in the silent fraternity of death.

In the winter of our recollections, let us meet upon the common ground of equality, where man rises only in the hearts of his fellows, by unselfishness and service for the good of all.

There are still great battles ahead—greedy, selfish monsters to destroy; bitterness and hate to remove; wrongs and sufferings to alleviate, before the world can be safe for democracy, or democracy safe for the world.

Let us stay in service; let us emulate these great men, our brothers, and our buddies, who have shown such unselfish devotion to the cause of freedom and the fraternity of mankind. To quote the immortal Longfellow:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

When Sorrow Came to the A. E. F.

How the News of Colonel Roosevelt's Death Was Received by American Doughboys "Permissionairing" in Aix-les-Bains

By Russell L. Stultz



VERY American in service with the A. E. F. in Europe January of 1919 must have recalled in recent days with what mingled memories and emotions he learned of the passing of the greatest exponent of Americanism, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, for it is ordinarily such incidents as these that stamp their most indelible impression upon man when in exile. It is only as one of a long series of episodes marking the progress toward our present position of national unity and strength, however, that we speak of Roosevelt's death as an incident—in fact, few events of this generation have placed a more permanent mark upon our collective existence than has his career.

Only a few short days have intervened since the second anniversary of his mortal end. The occasion itself perhaps created scarcely a ripple in our individual affairs, for whether you loved or frankly disagreed with the living personification of the man, it matters not. But, if you are a normal being, however, you cannot but revere and cherish the memory of one who stood and fought with his last breath for the best that life holds—yes, even in seasons when the American public did not value their privileges of citizenship quite so dearly as they have a habit of doing today!

It happened that we had been reading of the almost Spartan manner in which Colonel Roosevelt heard of the death of his own son, Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, in France, in 1918, when we recalled with poignant vividness the circumstances surrounding the brief announcement which came to us one morning in January, 1919, carrying tidings of the parent's end. Scarce two months had elapsed since the conclusion of the armistice suspending hostilities when we learned with sorrow so genuine and sincere as to approach personal grief that our own, lovable, virile "T. R." had gone the way of all flesh. The shock was so keen that it became a blow and among those of our men who had known him individually it seemed beyond realization that he, so amazingly alive but yesterday, had been stricken at the moment when we so badly needed his counsel and advice. "Who?" they asked one another, "will fight our battles and speak for us when we return to the states?" And there were some wholly incredulous, so unbelievably had they been stunned.

Hundreds of kilometres removed from

scenes of dirty, gory strife, was very sweet and dear to us that pleasant January day as we lingered in Aix-les-Bains, merely one of several thousand American "permissionaires" who had been sent to the Savoie leave area for a brief seven days following the cessation of hostilities. Nature has a known habit of speedily forgetting the unpleasant things of life, and perhaps it was wholly congenial environment at the moment which brought about that sensation of dismayed unbelief. In France, you quickly adopt the custom of depending upon the newspapers instead of bulletin-boards and telegraph wires for the bulk of your news, and it was not until near noon of January 7 that the three American and English editions of the Paris papers of that date arrived in Aix with their bare dispatch reporting Colonel Roosevelt's death at Sagamore Hill on the previous day. But it was enough—and more—for the American soldier to realize that he had forever lost one of his best friends.

Always in demand, not for the news they gave so much as for the fact that they permitted a continuation of the practice acquired in the states, this morning the limited supply of papers vanished within the hour they had been placed upon sale at the Casino. Where they went appeared a mystery, for upon every side were clamoring doughboys who had failed to secure a copy of either "Herald," "Tribune" or "Daily Mail." Those who had been more fortunate, however, were generous and shared with pals. There, in great, staring headlines entirely across the front page, were spread the unhappy tidings for the whole world to read and sorrow over. The intelligence circulated to every quarter of the city, as only news of an auspicious character so quickly becomes known. Soon a throng of olive-drab had assembled in and about the building—which had been converted into a Y. M. C. A.—all intent upon and discussing the few formal sentences that the cables had brought from America. It was a subdued gathering, however, one strangely sober and thoughtful for all its eager interest. About the halls and lobbies there prevailed an atmosphere of admiration and reverence that could not be attributed to mere sentiment alone. There were those immersed in their own memories, those commenting upon the political changes that might ensue and still others exchanging sober reminiscences of the "T. R." of by-gone days.

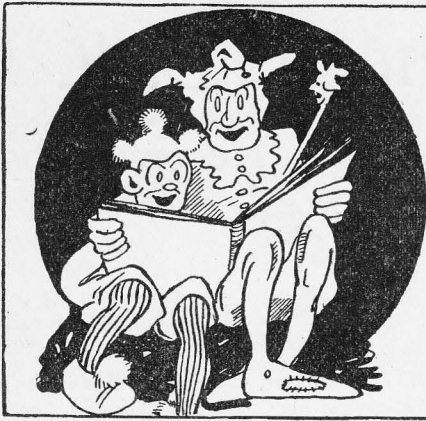
The noon hour, ever memorable in military circles, had proven no exception here in Aix-les-Bains, the original American leave area, for all the counter attractions. Today, however, there was heard no challenging echo of "When do we eat!" no evidence of fear of the ubiquitous "maitre d'hotel," or some wrathful "madame," indignant at her tardy diners. As men slowly emerged into the street or wended their way toward hotels and villas, other impressions besides that peculiarly masculine characteristic of hunger were foremost. And, as we mingled with the life of Aix we experienced the unexpected consciousness that we were not alone in our loss, for French papers had borne to the inhabitants the same blow that our own sheets had conveyed to us.

The discovery, while a surprise, was still a pleasant solace. Few, if any, of us had fully understood before that in Roosevelt's death there had passed an international figure, almost as well known—and perhaps better appreciated—abroad than he had been to us, his native countrymen. We had found the French philosophic, ever stolid in their own grief, but here was a revelation to find them earnestly sympathetic; to hear them warmly, intimately mourning for one known to them only by his life and deeds in tone and accents that left no doubt.

And as we went our way, proud of the American who had trod the "long, long trail," proud of ourselves and, moreover, proud of the land that gave us birth, there were those who communed in the language of that other friend and admirer, who later was impelled to speak thus of Great Heart:

Concerning Brave Captains
Our age hath made known
For all men to honour,
One standeth alone,
Of whom, o'er both oceans
Both people may say:
"Our realm is diminished
With Great Heart away."

The Turn Verein hall at San Angelo, Tex., lost its unpleasant name when it was leased recently by members of the local post of the American Legion and remodelled into a modern opera house at a cost of \$5,000. The first attraction, a local talent minstrel show, earned \$1,539. High class shows will be booked for the theater by the post.



A PAGE TO WIT

"OUR MAG"—By the Office Boy



GEE, gosh fellers, that was some barrage you all put over on us just because the magazine was a little bit late in going to press, but then we don't blame you much for your howl when we stop to figure what a great little old mag she really is, why if it wasn't for this little old monthly how in the world would you fellers out there at Criders Corners and you fellers up at Nome, Alaska, and the gink what lives at Shanghai, China, and the guy what's in darkest Russia know what's goin' on in the world and what yer old buddies are doing? Nothing! I says, and you can take it from me that if I had served with the old 80th, and if what I hear youse guys what comes into the office spill about your divisions war record was actually true, I'd be so darned anxious to see the old Vets' Association stay out front among the Societies of Veterans that I'd be sending new "subs." every couple a days. Why you fellers must be a bunch of pikers when it comes to selling goods. Gee, I wish the boss ud let me and "Shorty" and the Fileist and Reilly go out canvassing fer about a week and I bet you we'd run this old circulation up a thousand er two every day. Gosh! when I thinks that out of the sixty thousand er so guys what wore the 80th colors less than half of them has ever heard of Service and thousands have never even seen it, it makes me tired and here we are all with a brand new addressing machine that runs with electricity, and a stencil cutting machine so that your stencil can now be cut as soon as you send in that customary two bucks. And me all "rarin' to go" and a measly couple a hundred "subs." a week blowin' in from you fellers what could be sending 'em in by the hundreds every day if you just wanted to help keep your association alive. And from what has happened to some of the other Veterans' Associations I think you'd better "snap into it," while the snapin's good. 'Course you have done your "bit," if you have paid your dues and your year's subscription to Service, but honest, brother,

there are so many of the old bunch that thought they wanted to forget the war and all its associations that when they got that little old red chevron they plumb forgot to leave any forwarding address and they have been A. W. O. L., as the cartoonist would say, ever since, and of course they aint hep to what they're missing. I may not count for much around headquarters, jes' being the office boy, and my opinions may not go far, but if the daily scenes around here when a couple of old Blue Ridgers get together are any indication of what's in store for their grandchildren, I'm of the opinion that about all that will be talked about among the old bucks will be La geurre, interspersed (I heard a lieutenant say that once) with come bien, cognac, vin ordinaire, bon jour, come on ta helle voo and some more queer lingo what me and

Shorty and the filist are sick and tired of trying to figure out, and if I'm any judge you'd better keep yer old works runnin' 'cause my dad says he wishes they'd had a mag published by his old division what was in the Spanish-American war. But they ain't never had none so he reads the ones I take home frum hear and he likes it lots. I just heard the boss say that President Brett, the big boss of the association, was coming pretty soon to lay plans for the big convention which will be held here in Pittsburgh next summer. Gee! then I'll see all you vet's what's keepin' the old works running and me in hopes of addressing the wrappers for a magazine with sixty thousand circulation, and that's what it would have if "Everybuddy 'd get a Buddy."

Hopefully yours,

THE OFFICE BOY.

VERY LIGHTS

"Now, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a green hand who had just been put on the job, "keep your eyes open. When you see a train coming, throw down your tools and jump off the tracks. Run like blazes!"

"Sure!" said Thomas, and began to swing his pick.

In a few minutes the express came whirling along. Thomas threw down his pick and started up the track ahead of the train as fast as he could. The train overtook him and tossed him into a ditch. Badly shaken up, he was taken to the hospital, where the foreman visited him.

"You blithering idiot!" said the foreman. "Didn't I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn't you run up the side of the hill?"

"Up the soide of the hill, is it, sor?" said Thomas through his bandages on his face. "Up the soide of the hill. By the powers, I cannot bate it on the level, let alone runnin' up-hill!"

When David Garrick could not find a coin he had dropped he declared in disgust that he believed it had gone to the devil, where-

upon Foote remarked, "Trust you, Davy, for making a guinea go further than anybody else."

And when Evarts was asked if he thought it possible that Washington had really been strong enough to throw a silver dollar over the Natural Bridge, he answered, "Why not; a dollar went so much further in Washington's time than it does now."

When John Hay had the question put to him as to his belief in Washington's strength of arm he is reported to have answered, "Why should not Washington have thrown a dollar over the Natural Bridge? He threw a sovereign across the Atlantic."

INSTINCT, MY BOY, INSTINCT

"I am quite sure I shall be seasick," the timid passenger declared, catching at the jacket of a hurrying sailor as the ship was leaving dock. "You are familiar with the sea—will you tell me what to do in case of an attack?"

"You won't need nobody to tell you what to do," the old salt assured him, "you'll do it!"

Morning Report

A benefit dance will be held under auspices of Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association, at Moose Temple, Pittsburgh, Pa., Thursday, February 3rd, 1921, at 8:30 P. M. Music by 80th Division Orchestra. Modern and old fashioned dancing. The first 80th affair of the season.

A marriage of interest to former members of 159th Brigade Headquarters detachment was solemnized in Charlottesville, Va., on Dec. 22nd, when Mr. Moffett Miller Robson Walker, of Petersburg, Va., and Miss Lottie Blanche Crenshaw, of Profit, Va., were united in wedlock. Mr. and Mrs. Walker are now at home to their friends in Petersburg, Va. The affair was the culmination of a romance which began while the groom was in training at Camp Lee. Mr. Walker served for a year overseas, being attached to the 159th Brigade Headquarters.

S. B. Clark, formerly mess sergeant of Company "G," 318th Infantry, is now located in Norfolk, Va., with the Nansemond Industrial Corporation and may be addressed in their care at No. 4, Arcade Building.

Preston E. Burkholder and Miss Mary Osborne, both of New Market, Va., were united in marriage on Dec. 22nd, the ceremony taking place at New Market. Mr. Burkholder served overseas as a cook with Company "A," 318th Infantry.

Paul Meador, formerly "Top kick" of Company "G," 318th Infantry, is located at Fernandina, Florida, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Christ C. Kramer, of 4836 Lytle street, Pittsburgh, Pa., announce the birth of a daughter, on Dec. 11th. The little one has been christened Thelma Grace. Mr. Kramer was formerly a corporal of Company "G," 318th Infantry.

HARRISONBURG, VA., Dec. 27, 1920.—Congressman T. W. Harrison, of Winchester, Va., has been served with a notice that his election as representative from the 7th Virginia District to the Sixty-seventh Congress would be formally contested by Captain John Paul, Mr. Harrison's Republican opponent in the November elections. The notice of contest follows the tabulating of evidence secured by Republican investigators and attorneys throughout the ten counties and three cities comprising the 7th Virginia District.

Captain Paul in his notice of contest says:

"I assure you that all I ask for is to hold you to compliance with the election laws provided in our Constitution and En-

abling Acts, which laws were enacted for the special benefit and interest of you and your party. And I charge that you and your party friends carried the election by the violation of these laws and by wrongful and fraudulent conduct. I charge that if there had been a fair, honest and lawful election, that I would have received a large majority of votes over you in the district, and I further charge that if the unlawful

and void votes that were cast for you were deducted from the alleged vote that you received, that I would be elected over you."

Continuing, Captain Paul cites 30 instances of irregularities, the most important of which claims that in two counties alone from 800 to 1200 persons who voted the Democratic ticket were allowed to vote without having paid their poll taxes or without having properly registered as required under the Virginia elections laws.

On the face of the final returns, Congressman Harrison, the present Democratic incumbent, was elected over Captain Paul by a majority of 448, out of a total vote of 25,994. The Republican contestant, in challenging the returns, declares that he would have been elected by 1,000 majority, but for the fraudulent practices permitted.

Captain Paul has a brilliant overseas record, having served in France with the 313th Field Artillery of the 80th (Blue Ridge) Division. Enlisting in the early days of the war, he was commissioned from the first Reserve Officers' Training Camp, at Fort Myer, Va. He is also an honor graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and was once a star football player of the University of Virginia. Prior to the war, Captain Paul was a prominent member of the Harrisonburg (Va.) bar. He is at present a member of the Virginia State Senate, having been elected by an overwhelming majority over his Democratic opponent in November, 1919, shortly after returning from France. He is one of the founders of the local post of the American Legion and a member of the Executive Council of the 80th Division Veterans' Association.

R. L. STULTZ.

Mr. Hugh E. Clougherty, of Strasburg, Va., who served for a year overseas with Companies "F" and "G," 318th Infantry, has been transferred from New Market, Va., to Rectortown, Va., where he is agent for the Southern Railway Co.

BURSTS FROM THE THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH FIELD ARTILLERY

By Former Regimental Sergeant Major Bushman

Each member of our old regiment should take it upon himself to secure as many applications as possible for membership in the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association and to get all of the boys to subscribe to The "Service" Magazine. I believe that a good many members, who still hold their "yellow" membership card do not realize that this card expired on June 30, 1920, past, and that it would only require the sum of one dollar to pay up their membership dues until June 30, 1921. Those mem-



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

Ballard Lee, private, 2nd Division band, who was the first enlisted man from Virginia to lose his life in the world war, was buried at Lemont Cemetery, Danville, Va., with full military honors, the American Legion Post of Danville having charge of the funeral. Private Lee's body arrived from overseas Jan. 10, 1921.

The body of Albert J. Linkhauer, aged 28, a cook in the Machine Gun Company of the 319th Infantry, who died in France February 26, 1919, of pneumonia and influenza, was returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Linkhauer, 233 Peter street, Duquesne. A military funeral was held from St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Duquesne.

In France, on October 17, 1918, Corporal Clarence T. Walther of Company C, 320th Infantry, 80th Division, son of Edward T. and Emma M. Deckler Walther, in his 27th year. Funeral from the family residence, 512 Boggs avenue, Mt. Washington, on Friday, December 31, at 9 a. m. Interment in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

The body of Private Harry W. Wise, who served overseas with Company "G," 318th Infantry, and which arrived at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Wise, Bridgewater, Va., on Jan. 6th, was buried Sunday afternoon, Jan. 9th, at St. Michael's Reformed Church, at Mt. Crawford, Va. The funeral services were in charge of Rockingham (Va.) Post of the American Legion, and were attended by about fifty members. Private Wise died of pneumonia on Feb. 6, 1919, at the field hospital at Glands (Yonne), France, interment being made in the 80th Division Cemetery at Ancy-le-France. During his period of service in the army he won recognition for his courage and marksmanship.

Funeral services for Battalion Sergeant Major Jay A. Jackson, 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry, 80th Division, a son of Attorney R. H. Jackson and Elizabeth McCrea Jackson, were held in the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Continued on Page 26)

Morning Report—Continued

bers who are delinquent are urgently requested to send the required amount to the resident secretary at Pittsburgh. In a good many instances circulars sent out to various members of our regiment have been returned to the writer marked "uncalled for." Any change of address should be forwarded to our headquarters so that you may receive your magazine and any mail sent to you promptly. The Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, formed in France to perpetuate the undying friendships formed among the soldiers of our division, cannot and will not perish. It will take the co-operation and enthusiasm of all and at all times to prevent any such disaster. It is well to bear in mind that no organization can long survive an indifference or a disinterested membership. The committeemen, appointed in the membership campaign, are earnestly requested to give a few minutes of their valuable time each day to the interest of the association. They should explain to all former members of our division in their territory, whether or not such members were overseas, the purposes and benefits of the veterans' association. Where the committeemen are members of the American Legion, or the Veterans of Foreign Wars, or any other ex-service men's organization, they should attend such meetings and carry to these meetings the esprit de corps of our division, a spirit that carried the Eightieth Division through the west front second to none. The spirit of the men of our division was brought to Camp Lee, where under discipline and regulation it was moulded to form a great and terrible war machine, as the Imperial German Government will attest. Not only has this spirit gone through countless generations, dating back even before the birth of our own beloved republic, but it was at Jamestown, Valley Forge, Gettysburg, San Juan Hill, and it was with us in Flanders and in the Argonne and it is still here and with us. We will face many serious problems, as in the past, in the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, but they will be met with in the same spirit, the spirit that wins, the spirit that always goes forward, and our slogan in this membership campaign can only be one word and that is "Success."

An inquiry, in the form of a circular letter, was sent to each member of the regimental band to ascertain their wishes in attending the reunion at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, September 3rd, 4th, and 5th, 1921. But few responses have been received as yet. All members who have not yet answered this communication will please write their regimental representative, at once, stating their wishes and views in the matter. As soon as all of these replies are in they will be consolidated

and another circular letter will be forwarded to each member apprising them of results. Any one knowing of the addresses or whereabouts of John C. Berry and James Giordano will please notify the writer. These letters were returned from the addresses given in the regimental history marked "Unknown."

According to an item appearing in a recent issue of the Bluefield Telegraph, the War Department, at Washington, has announced that the headquarters of the Third Corps area of the army will be maintained at Camp Meade, Maryland. Camp Lee, Va., will be abandoned and salvaged.

ECHOES FROM 313th F. A.

WHO REMEMBERS?

The last time "Bill" Whiteman was made cook?

When "Darius" Lewis was lost in Argentiul?

The chicken supper WE were given by three NON-COMS of the supply company?

When the battery clerk was not in for a pass or leave?

Where "Oss" Golden and "Harvey" Clendenen got wood for their fire?

The man that made LOVE to Major Baggs?

Where "Lamont Joe" got his new cloths?

When "Harvey Clendenen" was on special duty in Argentiul?

What happened when "Smoothy" Bean burned his undershirt?

Why "Coe" Adkison and "Bern" Manfred called each other KNEES?

The mess sergeant that used to say "RUN STEW" in his sleep?

When "Shorty" Donald tried to jump out of the attic window in Mouzay?

Short and Dirty?

What happened to "Major" Shanholtzer on Decoration Day going over on the good ship Siboney?

That panic stricken expression on the face of the ordnance sergeant when the supply sergeants attempted to draw saddle soap or neats foot oil?

Who cleaned up the barracks in Camp Lee the day the battery was discharged?

The day Charlie Green, Ralph Bentz, Jimmy McMillin, and Pat went sight-seeing in Paris?

The party somebody had on the ten francs they borrowed from "Smoothy" Bean?

The chairs that came to the orderly room one night?

CLEOPATRA,
Battery "B," 313th F. A.

Mr. Clyde Shearer, formerly corporal, Battery C, desires to know the present whereabouts of Carl C. Pettard, formerly

Company E, 350th Infantry, and last heard of at Camp Dodge. Any of his friends are requested to write to Mr. Shearer at Chesapeake, Kanawha County, W. Va.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Trent announced the marriage of their daughter, Vienna, to Mr. Robert Hill Counts on Wednesday, the 22nd of December, 1920, at Williamson, W. Va.

In a fire at Charleston, W. Va., which started at 2:30 p. m., Jan. 3rd, West Virginia's state capitol building was completely destroyed. Practically all state records were destroyed. In a recent communication from Hon. John J. Cornwell, governor of West Virginia, it was stated that the flags of our brigade, the 313, 314 and 315th

The War Department, at Washington, has recently announced that Majors W. Tidball, coast artillery corps, and J. F. Barnes, field artillery, were promoted to lieutenant colonels. Both of these splendid officers were formerly in command of the 315th Field Artillery.

Your correspondent desires to hear from all former members of the regiment and requests that they send all items of interest concerning members of the 315th.

Edgar F. Chandler, formerly a corporal of Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, and Miss Adelaide Garcia Miller, of Washington, D. C., were married on Dec. 30th in Old St. John's Church, Philadelphia. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Joseph H. Amies, an uncle of the bride, in the presence of a few intimate relatives. Mrs. Chandler is a daughter of the late Judge Andrew Miller, of Philadelphia, while Mr. Chandler is a native of Rockingham County, Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler are now at home to their friends at Rutlands Court, Washington, D. C.

314th FIELD ARTILLERY VETERANS' FORM CLUB

All Soldiers of the Regiment Are Eligible To Membership in the New Organization

On Saturday evening, January 12th, the salutation was "Hello Paw Paw," "Hello Bill," "Hello Patcheye," "Hello Messkit," and a host of others.

That's the way the 150 Wheeling veterans of the 314th Field Artillery greeted each other as they met in the American Legion quarters and formed a permanent organization for friendship and brotherhood.

H. V. Starkey was elected temporary president, and Raymond J. Falland, temporary secretary of the club. A permanent

Morning Report—Continued

committee of nine members was elected to draft a constitution and by-laws this week and its chairman will inform the veterans by postal and through the news papers the date of the general meeting.

By an unanimous rising vote taken after Mr. Starkey had called the meeting to order, it was decided that the club would be independent of other organizations.

The committee on permanent organization is as follows: Henry Neuman, Martin Lane, Terry Garrison, E. P. Burke, Raymond J. Falland, John Stumpp, Jacob Underdunk, Bernard Helfer and T. Nicholson.

Besides framing a constitution, the general committee will have the heavy task of planning just what kind of an organization the members want. Also a meeting place, and the important part of the finances to make it a success. The 314th club in the main is organized by Wheeling men, and the good, patriotic people of this city will be requested to get back of the soldiers and to help the boys the undertaking.

At the meeting last evening, the American Legion was given a vote of thanks for providing a meeting place for the first meeting. Any man who ever belonged to the 314th Regiment, is eligible to belong to the club. Many of its members are already members of the American Legion. There will be no rivalry between the two organizations.

The men told jokes and sang songs, but with more zest than they did in the army. Terry Garrison and John Stumpp were the comedians and they gave all present a jolly time. Later adjournment was made to a room on the fourth floor of the Schenck Building, where the first business of the club was transacted. Before adjournment, the club elected S. P. Christian, an honorary member. As publicity man he went with the troops to Camp Lee in 1917 and met them upon their return at Newport News, Va., after the successful conclusion of the world war.

A vote of thanks was given by the veterans by Miss Gussie Pollock for several boxes of fine Pollock tobies, and to Alex Bolton for cigarettes, which were greatly enjoyed during the meeting.

PERMANENT OFFICERS ELECTED

The executive committee met Tuesday, January 18th, and set Saturday, January 22nd, for another meeting of the men.

The meeting last Saturday, the 22nd, proved that the organization has the fullest support of the men, as this meeting showed even a greater attendance than the first.

The permanent organization of the 314th F. A. Veterans' Association was partially effected at this meeting, which was held in the Ohio County criminal court room. The following officers were elected for the term of one year:

President, Bernard Helfer; vice president, Martin J. Lane; financial secretary,

Raymond J. Falland; recording secretary, J. G. Stromp.

A publicity committee was named, the members of which are Terry Garrison and Lawrence A. Fitzpatrick.

The trustees of the association will be elected at the first regular meeting to be held in the criminal court room Friday evening, January 28th.

The draft of a constitution and by-laws prepared by the organization committee was presented and approved.

The committee was instructed to proceed at once to secure club rooms and expected to secure and fit up quarters for the association within 30 days.

The entrance fee in the association was fixed at two dollars, with dues at fifty cents each month. Every man who served with the 314th Field Artillery either in Camp Lee or in France is eligible to membership, and we are hoping that every eligible man will join up with us and make this a 100 per cent. organization, for we are going to be a real live organization.

The members to date consist chiefly of 314th veterans of Wheeling, Benwood, McMechen and Moundsville. However, practically every section in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Virginia and several other states were represented in the personnel of the regiment. An effort will be made to secure the enrollment of the entire personnel in the 314th Association.

Regular meetings of the association will be held once a month, the dates of the meeting will be announced later. All men are invited to call in and see us as soon as our club rooms are secured.

H. V. Starkey, formerly of 314th Artillery is manager of the American Legion, Post No. 1, located at 1130 Market street, Wheeling, W. Va.

The second annual reunion and banquet of Company I, 320th Infantry, 80th Division, will take place Saturday evening, February 5, at the Fort Pitt Hotel. The speakers include the honor guest, Brig-Gen. Lloyd M. Brett, commander of the 160th Brigade in France, and Lieut. Edward C. Lukens, who but recently returned from France. The memorial to the fallen comrades will be conducted by Chaplain Miller of Riverside Penitentiary, a former army chaplain.

It is the earnest desire of the committee to have every former member of the old outfit present. This includes all former members transferred to other units and the replacements received in the line. General Chairman Sabin Bolton, 339 Collins avenue, together with the committee, is hard at work planning a program full of entertainment and surprises.

Mr. William F. Dennen, formerly corporal, Battery C, and Gas N. C. O., with

the 2nd Battalion, is now located at Pocahtontas, Va.

The second annual ball of Allegheny County Central Committee V. F. W. will be held Friday evening, Feb. 4, 1921, at the Wm. Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa. Military guests are requested to wear uniform. This is going to be one of the largest attended social affairs of the year judging from the demand for reservations and tickets.

Uhlman Horne Post 456, V. F. W., will hold their second annual reception and dance at G. B. U. Hall, Arlington avenue and Brownsville road, Mt. Oliver, Pittsburgh, Monday evening, Feb. 7th, 1921. Harnson-Wollins singing novelty orchestra.

Miss Ella Urban, of Chest Springs, principle of the Edgewood schools, and William H. J. Blackburn of 720 Kennedy avenue, Johnstown, Pa., were married at St. Columbus Catholic Church by Rev. John N. Codori. They were attended by Margaret Blackburn, sister of the bridegroom and W. J. Stoker, an uncle. Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn left on a wedding trip in the east and upon their return will make their home in Johnstown. Mr. Blackburn served in France as sergeant with Headquarters Co., 318th Infantry, 80th Division. He is employed as civil engineer with G. M. Stoker, First National Bank Building, Johnstown, Pa.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Dr. Frank O. Hood, Capt. D. C. U. S. A. R., 5119 Jenkins Arcade Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., has recently been appointed special doctor of dentistry to Class "C" Veterans of Pittsburgh district. Any man of the above class who requires dental attention should report to Dr. Hood at once for treatment. Service is free to men of Class "C."

E. G. Butler, formerly 317th Infantry, 80th Division, was married Dec. 20, 1920, to Annie Mae Atkins. The bride and groom are home to their friends at 708 Claiborn street, Danville, Va.

Woodward Franzheim, formerly an officer in the 320th Infantry, is living here, but his name and address is missing in the year book.

Bugler Carroll, Co. F, 319th Infantry, is living at Elm Grove and I understand he has taken unto himself a wife, will someone corroborate this through these columns.

Walter C. Smith, formerly commanding officer of Co. G, 319th Infantry, later promoted to major in command of the 1st Bn., 319th Infantry, is back home in Wheeling

Morning Report—Continued

and is working hard, but instead of looking down the line and yelling, "Sgt. Scott, button up your blouse and try to look like a soldier, you'r out for inspection, you'r not in the kitchen telling the cooks how to make HASH," he is still looking down the line yet, but it is through a transit, for you know he is a civil engineer.

Wm. Braden, Co. E, 319th Infantry, is living on Jacob street, Wheeling, and is in the ice cream business, and is cussing this cold weather and wishing he were down at the equator where they want something cold all the time.

Cyril A. Madden, Co. E, 319th Infantry, has been appointed manager of the Wheeling Agency, International Time Recording Co., with headquarters at The Rogers, Wheeling, W. Va.

CORRECTIONS FOR YEAR BOOK

Change Lester C. Parks, Hdq. 319th Inf., Juntieville, Va., to Lester C. Parks, Justiceville, Va.

Correct Leonard S. Gilliam, Co. B., 305 M. S. T. to Capt. Leonard S. Gilliam.

Change Maj. Edward H. Little from Hdq. 317th Inf., to Hdq. 318th Inf.

The name of "John Paul, 504 South Macon St., Harrisonburg, Va.," appearing under "80th Division Hdqrs.," should read: "Captain John Paul, 504 South Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.," and should appear under "Battery D, 313th Field Artillery."

Sgt. William L. Sledd, appearing under "80th Division Hdqrs.," should be changed to read "Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry."

The names of Corp. Dressler B. Dietrich and Privates Robert L. Callis and Bruno Miadi, which appear under "80th Division Hdqrs.," should be changed to "Company G, 318th Infantry."

Corp. William R. Voltz, 4700 Sylvan Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., should be changed from "Company F, 318th Infantry," to "Company G, 318th Infantry."

Corp. Russell L. Stultz, New Market, Va., which appears under "Company G, 318th Infantry," should be changed to read "Sgt. Russell L. Stultz, New Market, Va.," same organization.

Ad to 320th Inf. Hdq., Chaplain Theodore Beck, 504 Park Ave., Williamsport, Pa.

Carl E. Johnson (page 285), Wilcox, Pa., to Carl E. Johnson, Johnsonburg, Pa., and add Clarence E. Johnson, R. F. D. 46-A, Wilcox, Pa.

Ad the name of Walter S. Wilson, pvt. 1st class, 80th Div., Military Police, Keltville, Forest Co., Pa.

Change Barkley, Pvt. 1st class Rufus A., Box 48, Fairchance, Pa., to read Barkley, Pvt. first class Rufus O., Box 723, F. T. & T. Bldg., Uniontown, Pa. (Page 195.)

Change Ralph G. Snavely, 80th M. P., to Ralph G. Snavely, 305 Sig. Bn., Co. B., 6 South 6th St., Reading, Pa.

Change Harry Schmidt, wagoner, 315 F. A. Supply Co., to read Harry Schmidt, wagoner, 313 F. A. Supply Co.

Change J. Herbert Kissinger, 80th Div., M. P., to read J. Herbert Kissinger, corp., 305 Field Sig. Bn., 243 Jameson Place, Reading, Pa.

Change Jacob N. Stevens, corp., Battery B, 315 F. A., to read 313, F. A., Battery B.

Ad to Headquarters 320th Infantry the name of Colonel E. G. Peyton, 320th Inf., address 38th Infantry, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

The address of Roy O. Waller, formerly 2nd lieutenant, Company "G," 318th Infantry, has been changed from Republican Grove, Va., to "care Neihart Silver Mines, Neihart, Montana."

Change Robins, Harold S., 1 McKee Ave., Monesson, Pa., to read Robins, Harold S., Band Corp., 1 McKee Ave., Monesson, Pa.

Ernest W. Grubb, formerly 1st lieu., 318th Inf., assigned to Cos. "E" and "G" is now located at Abingdon, Va., where he is farm agent for Washington County, Va.

G. W. Blankenship is cashier and director of the new Bank of St. Charles, St. Charles, Va., which opened its doors Dec. 1st, 1920.

Mr. J. F. Vacha has just been appointed advertising manager of the Peoria Dry Goods Co., at Peoria, Ill. Mr. Vacha has had wide experience in the advertising field. Mr. Vacha was a machine gunner with the 80th Division in France.

A correction of statement appearing in the Dec.-Jan. issue of Service: Mr. William F. Woestehoff (corporal), formerly regimental and company clerk, Hdq. Co., was recently elected secretary and treasurer of the Terminal Trust Co., at Pittsburgh, Pa., succeeding A. P. Martin, who was elected assistant secretary of the Pittsburgh Trust Co.

"READ IT AND WEEP"

CAMP LEE ORDERED ABANDONED BY CORPS

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Headquarters of the Third Corps area of the army will be maintained at Campe Meade, Md., it was learned yesterday at the War Department. Camp Lee, Va., will be abandoned and salvaged.

Major General Adelbert Cronkite is commander of the Third Corps area.

THE PENDULUM

The politician knowing little grows voluble,
 The philosopher knowing many things remains silent.
 One lives in the full wisdom of well spent years,
 The other rides to power on the bent backs of the people.
 Blinded with a little brief authority the politician sneers at
 the philosopher's wisdom;
 Lost in contemplation the philosopher has forgotten the
 other's existence.
 White hair, sunken cheeks, tottering frame the philosopher
 grows old;
 No food in the larder, no coal in the bin, books cannot be
 eaten,
 A few more years of struggle, the last breath and then the
 unknown grave.

Now with the politician the end is different:
 When such a man dies as befitting his rank he is buried with
 all due pomp and ceremony.
 People come and place great wreaths upon his grave and in-
 spired sermons are delivered over his honored bones;
 He is called a great statesman, a second Lincoln, the savior
 of a nation.
 The rabble mourn his passing and the school children are
 asked to save their pennies to erect a monument to
 his memory.
 Time laughs cynically at all this and passes slowly on to the
 next decade
 Where the philosopher's wisdom is being taught to men and
 women who as little children saved their pennies
 To erect a monument to a Blind Man. —Lyle David.

Morning Report—Continued

BY LEON M. BAZILE

Second Assistant Attorney General of
Virginia

On page 327 of the Eightieth Division Year Book under the caption "9 October" purporting to be the official Report on Operation of the Eightieth Division occurs this statement:

"xxx At 3:30 p. m. after 15 minutes artillery fire *two battalions of the 319th Infantry* formed up in rear of the barrage and advanced following it closely in liaison with the right of the 3rd Division and the left of the 4th Division xxx" (Italics supplied).

This statement is so grossly at variance with the real facts, in the interest of the truth of history it cannot be permitted to pass unchallenged.

When the Report on Operations reached the headquarters of the 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry, at Molesme in the spring of 1919, on reading the statement above quoted I called the attention of Lieut. Charles R. Preston, the battalion intelligence officer, to it and in returning the Report on Operations he attached to it the following communication:

Headquarters, 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry
American Expeditionary Forces
Moslème, France, March 7, 1919
From: Battalion Intelligence Officer, 1st Bn., 320th Infantry.
To: Commanding General, 80th Division (through military channels).
Subject: "Report on Operations, September 9-November 11, 1918," Hq. (80th Div.)

1. It is desired to bring to the attention of the division commander an apparent unintentional omission on pages 13 and 14 of the "Report on Operations" of the 80th Division, which makes no mention of the 320th Infantry in the action of October 9, 1918.

2. "During the night of 7-8 October the 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry, moved up from the support position in Trench des Artisans and took over from the 319th Infantry, the front line in the Bois des Ogons the right half of the division sector, extending from the road running approximately north and south through the Bois des Ogons to the eastern boundary of the Division sector and established liaison with the 4th Division on our right and the 319th Infantry on our left.

"3. At 3:30 p. m., Oct. 9, 1918, after a brief artillery preparation the 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry, formed in rear of the barrage and advanced out of the Bois des Ogons, co-operating with the 319th Infantry on the left. The advance of the right of the 320th Infantry was for a time held up by machine gun fire coming from the edge of the Bois de Fays, but when darkness fell our front line had reached a posi-

tion with our left resting on the La Ville aux Bois Fme. and our right extending about 400 meters into the Bois de Fays. The 3rd Battalion, 320th Infantry, moved up in support just south and east of the Bois des Ogons. During the night of October 9-10th, 1918, that portion of the Bois de Fays lying within our sector was mopped up, and at 3:00 a. m. on October 10th, our front line advanced through the Bois de Malaumont and occupied a position along the Cunel-Brieulles road from G-0548 to about G-1149."

(Signed) CHARLES R. PRESTON.

1st Lieut., 320th Infantry

For some unknown reason, however, no attention appears to have been given Lieut. Preston's communication, the truth which can be established by every surviving member of the 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry who participated in the operations of October 9-12th, 1918.

Moreover, the field messages of the 320th Infantry, the 319th Infantry and the 160th Brigade Headquarters establish the accuracy of the statements contained in Lieut. Preston's report and disapprove the statement quoted at the beginning of this letter from the Report on Operations.

In a message from Hays I (160th Brigade) sent from its P. C. on October 7th to C. O. Haddie (319th Infantry) and signed "Brett" is found the following:

"2. You will arrange for guides to bring Heston forward to take position on the right of the Haddie Battalion now in the support one. Make the move early in the morning of the 8th so as to be under cover of works in the Bois de Ogons by dark.

"Note:

"After Heston has arrived in support zone you will move your front line battalion contract to the west so Heston occupies eastern half of division sector and Haddie will occupy western half of division sector."

"Heston" was the name of the 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry, and "Henty," which occurs frequently in the messages of the 80th Division, was the 320th Infantry.

In a message sent from Hayes (Brigade) to Henty (320th Infantry) at 9:20 p. m., October 8th, and signed "Blunt," it is said:

"Unless directed differently by higher authority Henty will have right Eastern-half of sector."

In field order No. 1, issued by Colonel Love, commanding the 319th Infantry, on October 8, 1918, he says:

"3. Henty will attack on the right and the 320th Infantry on the left."

And again:

"Combat liaison with the 319th Infantry on the right will be maintained by the 320th Infantry. x x x"

In a message sent from C. G. Hayes at P. C., October 8, 1918, at 11:10 p. m. to C. O. Henty, General Brett said:

"The 5th Corps attacks at 8:30 a. m. You will hold your command in constant readiness to attack from "H" hour keeping close touch with the enemy and reporting to this P. C. any indications of hostile withdrawal on your front. The attack will be ordered from this P. C. and when made will conform with the provisions of F. O. No. 17. x x x"

The field order issued by the C. O., 320th Infantry, which was delivered to the commander of the 1st Battalion on the night of the 8th of October, contained the following:

"2. On "D" day at "H" hour this regiment will attack side by side with Haddie, following a rolling barrage which will move forward at H plus 15 minutes at the rate of 100 meters in ten (10) minutes.

"3. (a) Heston and Machine Gun Company Hickey, Major Williams commanding, the assaulting troops.

"(b) Hem with Machine Gun Company, Henty, Major Emory commanding, the support, will at H plus 15 minutes keep liaison with and follow Heston in such formation and such support position as will minimize losses from long range artillery fire expected from the north east.

"(c) Heyman, Major Holt commanding, the reserve, will maintain liaison with and follow Hem in such formation and at such support distance as will minimize casualties."

In order that the code designations may be understood it should be stated that "Heston" was the 1st Battalion, "Heyman" the 2nd Battalion and "Hem" the 3rd Battalion of the 320th Infantry, and "Hickey" the 315th Machine Gun Battalion.

On the morning of the 9th of October, the following message was sent from Brigade:

"Standing barrage will start at H-15. Barrage will commence to roll at H hour. H hour will be notified later.

At about 2:30 p. m. of the 9th, the following message was received at the headquarters of the 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry, from regimental headquarters:

"H hour is 3:30 p. m."

To those who went through the hell of the afternoon of October 9, 1918, it is not surprising that but few messages were sent that afternoon between the battalion and regimental headquarters. There were some messages exchanged between the headquarters of the 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry, and some of the company commanders, but unfortunately I have not copies of these messages. However, at 6:55 p. m., October 9, 1918, Major Williams, commanding the 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry, sent the following message to Colonel Peyton from a trench about G-0936:

"Your message received. At 5:45 our

(Continued on Page 28)

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The Truth of the Matter

(Continued from Page 15)

for that night to A and K Companies, 319th Infantry.

As to the engagement on Nov. 1st, no battalion attacked the woods in front of the 320th from the east. The commanding general, 160th Brigade, sent the order, I am informed, through the commanding officer, 319th Infantry, for the 3rd Battalion, 319th Infantry, which I at that time commanded, to make that attack. As a matter of fact, that order has never yet reached me. That is the reason the attack was not made. It would have been a beautiful piece of tactics and one easily executed from my position as support battalion in the 319th sector. It is true that the battalion did later become engaged at the front, but that was not the reason for not attacking the woods in front of the 320th Infantry.

Capt. Rossire has already had corrected that part of the account which told of the objective reached. His article in Service giving the correspondence on that subject is perfectly correct, except that the affidavit of Maj. Montague again does not give the 3rd Battalion credit for what it did. He states that his battalion, with one platoon of K Company held the left of the regimental sector along the Imecourt-Sivry road. As a matter of fact, when the two companies of his battalion that advanced to the neighborhood of Sivry had left Imecourt, the Germans attempted a bit of a counter attack. The whole of the 3rd Battalion was thrown out around Imecourt and along the Imecourt-Sivry road to protect the left flank of those two companies. They held this position all during the night of Nov. 1 and 2.

The attack of Nov. 2nd, on the woods

TAPS

(Continued from Page 21)

Sergeant Jackson died of pneumonia November 9, 1918. His body arrived in Pittsburgh and was taken to the residence of his sister, Mrs. William D. Morris, Jr., and later taken to the church. The services were conducted by Rev. Maitland Alexander, pastor of the church, and a military funeral in which the 80th Division Veterans' Association, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion participated.

Casterino, of Co. B, 319th Infantry, died at Marine Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., during the past month. Funeral services were held from his former home at 710 High street, Sharpsburg, Pa.

Beveridge, Private Floyd L., 317th Infantry, at France, Sept. 27, 1918, from wounds received in action. Funeral services from the home of his brother, Charles Beveridge, 44 Grant avenue, Etna, Pa., Sunday, Jan. 14, 1921.

Sawhill, Corporal Sterry, Co. E, 319th Infantry, died from wounds received in battle, at France, Sept. 1918. Interment at Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

Corporal John Fordyce, formerly of Co. G, 320th Infantry, died at Atlantic City, N. J., where he was spending two weeks as the guest of the Salvation Army, after being confined to the hospital for a year and a half due to the exposure "over there." Wm. Fleming of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, met the remains upon their arrival at Pittsburgh and assisted in the funeral arrangements. Funeral services were held from his late residence, 2308 Primrose street, Pittsburgh.

The body of Clarence E. Elliott, the only soldier from West Middlesex who gave his life in the world war, arrived in that town and was taken to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott.

Private Elliott, who was 25 years old, contracted pneumonia in France and died three months after the signing of the armistice. He was returning from the Argonne front when taken ill.

He was a member of the 305th Ammunition Train at Camp Lee, and went overseas with his outfit May 25, 1918. After the armistice was signed he was assigned to the 223rd Military Police.

The funeral was held Friday and members of Elliott's company acted as pallbearers. Business suspended in the town as a mark of respect.

northwest of Imecourt was made chiefly, if not entirely, by the 3rd Battalion, 319th Infantry. By Capt. Rossier's statement, two companies of the 2nd Battalion were held in Sivry until that night, and if the other two companies of the battalion were in the advance of Nov. 2nd, I did not see them. It was the 3rd Battalion that immediately sent out the patrols.

It is not the intention of these corrections to take any glory from a single man, but in the interests of truth they should be made.

THOMAS W. HOOPER.

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Morning Report

(Continued from Page 25)

line was about G-0940. My intention if the Cunel Briculles Road can be reached in the dark to consolidate there for the night and to push a line of outposts well to the front. Final decision will depend upon results and further information as to people on our right flank."

At 5:35 p. m. of the 9th, Major Williams had sent the following message to Colonel Peyton:

"My right front held up by M. G's. at the edge of Bois de Fays. Trench mortar and 1 one-pounder now getting into position. If I can reach Cunel-Briculles Road I will consolidate there for the night unless otherwise ordered."

At 11:55 p. m. of the 9th, Major Emory, in a message to Colonel Peyton, said:

"Position of companies of Hem and M. G. Company is south and E. of Bois de Ogons. Am awaiting word from Major Williams who is just north of Bois de Ogons that he has moved forward. x x x"

Finally there is this message from Major Williams at Heston P. C. 0936, sent at 1:35 a. m., October 10, 1918, to Colonel Peyton:

"My present front line extends as shown on attached map. At 3:30 a. m. I will advance going through the Bois de Malau-mont with a view of coming abreast of Haddie on the left and consolidating. x x x"

These documents, it is respectfully submitted, conclusively establish the fact beyond all dispute that the 320th Infantry participated in the attack of October 9, 1918, occupying the right half of the division sector, and that the statement quoted from the Report on Operations of the 80th Division at the beginning of this paper is untrue.

In the interest of the truth this report should be corrected and made to conform with the real facts of the matter.

LEON M. BAZILE.

IMAGINE

Here are a few of the difficulties of the English language:

- A flock of ships is called a fleet.
- A fleet of sheep is called a flock.
- A flock of girls is called a bevy.
- A bevy of wolves is called a pack.
- A pack of thieves is called a gang.
- A gang of angels is called a host.
- A host of porpoises is called a shoal.
- A shoal of buffaloes is called a herd.
- A herd of children is called a troop.
- A troop of patridges is called a covey.
- A covey of beauties is called a galaxy.
- A galaxy of ruffians is called a horde.
- A horde of rubbish is called a heap.
- A heap of oxen is called a drove.
- A drove of blackguards is called a mob.
- A mob of whales is called a school.
- A school of worshippers is called a congregation.

—Pittsburgh, First.

Forward—Halt!

(Continued from Page 11)

start something. Don't this gang of rubes and hicks know how to treat a white girl? Lord, she's pretty. Funny you never met any like that back in the states. "Shake a leg buddy." The guy in front of you turns and gives you a withering glare. Another candidate for the nut house.

You arrive. The guy who has just been served shows a tendency to linger but you gently shoulder him out of the way and hold out your cup. The smile dawns on her face and a slow, warm thrill of joy trickles through your system. What were you going to say? Oh yes, "Haven't I met you some place before?" Lord no! That will never do. That's the way you pick up a girl on the streets back in the U. S. You are smiling. She is smiling. The guys are pushing in the rear. Something must be said darn quick. Ah—ha, she is speaking—she recognizes your distinction even beneath the O. D. The pearls of English are dropping from her lips. She is evidently going to refer to your appearance a few minutes before and you will gallantly assure her it was not for the chocolate you repeated but for a sight of her beaut—

"You are not located in this town, are you?" You are impelled clear into the street as the pressure overcomes your resistance.

Poor nuts. Look at them back in there, smirking and leering at her and she hands the same dose of smile to each one regardless. They all look alike to her and she probably has some guy on the string who was needed at home. The hell with women.

Well good night! Your buddy again. And him with the nerve to brace her again. Standing there now smirking like a Chessy cat at her and—for the love of sufferin' cats—trying to talk to her. Thank goodness they pushed him out of the way before he made a blooming fool of himself.

You both stand there and smile a superior smile at the boobs who are probably on their tenth or twelfth round, doped stupid with chocolate and not brains enough to see she's as liberal with her smiles as Jerry with his iron. Let's go.

At the billet. The gang foolishly playing African golf and a bigger show than P. T. ever dreamed of within striking distance.

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You arrive with a yell. "Hey! American skirt—twelve kilos—Swell looker—Smile—Talks to ya."

"Hey, she talks American, Huh?"

Troops are on the road at an early hour next morning. Reports have already spread that there are three of them today. One of the fellows in another billet claims to know her and—

You and your buddy decide to go along. The fellows might not find the right place y' know. Anyway, cup 'o hot chocolate not half bad in the morning y' know.

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The Distinguished Service Cross recently awarded to Mr. Herman C. Craven of Hernando, for extraordinary heroism in action near Apremont, France, was fittingly presented to him recently.

Through the efforts of Mr. H. G. Johnson, commander of the American Legion post at Hernando, Mississippi, arrangements were completed for a formal presentation with a representative of the army present. Lieutenant Colonel E. G. Peyton, the army recruiting officer for Mississippi, a native Mississippian and the recipient of the Medal of Honor, was invited by the American Legion to make an address at the presentation of the Distinguished Service Cross and to represent the army. Lieutenant-Colonel Peyton was born in Copiah County, near Hazelhurst, and is the son of Chancellor and Mrs. E. G. Peyton, and a grandson of the late Chief Justice E. G. Peyton of Mississippi. Col. Peyton's mother, who was born in Madison County, gained marked distinction in her efforts towards founding that great girls' college at Columbus, the Mississippi State College for Women. During the late World War Lieutenant-Colonel Peyton served as Colonel of Infantry in command of the 320th Infantry, 80th Division. He organized and trained this regiment, fought with his regiment during certain sectors with the British, through the St. Mihiel and finally through the longest of all the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Later he was transferred to the 3rd Regular Army Division and placed in command of the 18th Infantry, where he was serving at the time of his transfer to general recruiting service and with station at Jackson.

Victory buttons are now being sold throughout the country by dealers without presentation of discharge papers or any other credentials of real service. Anyone, even a dyed-in-the-wool disloyalist who has spent years in attempting to overthrow the government, can now, upon payment of a dollar, become a veteran of the World War and share in the outward glory that belongs to the wearers of the button. No easier method was ever devised for making slackers patriots or for restoring a stricken conscience.

The shame of this rests with the government. It created the Victory button, which has now been desecrated. The die has been sold to an Eastern concern without any conditions attached as to sales. It has since been farmed out to jewelry and military shops throughout the country. The matter of the Victory button is purely a question for the ex-service men and Congress, though public opinion will back the veterans in restoring by whatever means they see fit the glory of the Victory button. Until the government passes legislation making it a misdemeanor for other than war veterans to wear the emblem,

little can be done to stop its widespread sale.—Minneapolis-Journal.

THE WORKLESS SOLDIER

In these days of idleness priority ought to be shown the soldiers.

Any man who is idle is to be pitied these days, or any days. These days in especial, for they come suddenly on the top of full-pursed, big-waged, prosperous overtime days, and the average workman has not learned to save. He is confronted with distress and near-disaster. He has laid little by. It has been silk shirts or their equivalent that he has been prodigally buying. He has not learned to do without. He will have to learn it now. Seven lean years—or months—coming on top of seven fat ditto find him all unprepared.

But if he be a soldier he is liable to turn to bitterness. He harks back a couple of years when he was fighting along for \$30 a month. He was a hero then. He is outcast now.

No one will give him a job. Nobody cares for his heroism. The unemployed soldier has a tough time of it nowadays; a good deal tougher than the ordinary man because of the memories that are his; because maybe of his wounds; because of a touch of the gassing that still stays with him, or the hint of weakened constitution or broken health, or a bit of a cough or some trace of ill health which reminds him that things are not just as they used to be.

The widespread unemployment is an economical necessity which most of us are wholly powerless to offset or remedy. The best we can do is to look hopefully forward and to bid the unemployed do likewise. We may berate these unemployed a little for their lack of providence. They were the foolish virgins in the days when the bridegroom tarried. They let their oil run out. They were not conservative and thrifty. Their present plight may be a bit of their own fault. If they had bought a few less silk shirts and sundries they would have rather more for bread and coal now.

But in the case of the soldier there is no such tendency to scold. The soldier is sui generis. He ought to be treated so in this new era of unemployment. There ought to be some especial effort made to bring the soldier and the job together. There ought to be a soldiers' employment bureau, or some branch of a public organization whose business it should be to see that the well-meaning soldier is given first chance at the jobs that are all too few to go round.

More important just now than bonus agitation seems to us to be this matter of getting work for the soldiers. Who is there to take hold of it? And what is one to say to the soldier who, working briskly a few weeks ago, is now doing nothing because he can get nothing to do?—The Reading Herald-Telegram.

"FIGHTING PARSON" OF 319TH THINKS OF BOYS ON CHRISTMAS

However former members of K Company, 319th Infantry fared in this distribution of Santa's largesse, there is one thing they shared in common and cherish especially—a Christmas card bearing the foregoing verse written by himself, from their former captain, the Rev. Thomas W. Hooper, the "Fighting Parson," of Culpepper, Va., just to show he was thinking of them.

Capt. Hooper, who a part of the time while along the Meuse exercised the post of Major, is remembered especially for several things, chief of which to the home folks of Blue Ridge veterans, is the fact that it was a brief cable to The Gazette Times from him in May, 1919, which furnished the first authentic news of the division's embarkment at Brest for home.

After the war, Capt. Hooper went back to the Baptist Church at Culpepper. His mind, from the following letter isn't centered entirely on pastoral duties exclusively at home:

Culpepper, Va., Dec. 20, 1920.

Editor of The Gazette Times:

I am sending you the enclosed card, not because I think there is any merit in it, but because I wrote it to the men of Company K, 319th Infantry, of which I had the honor to be captain. I have the addresses only of those men who came back with the company from France, and am therefore unable to reach many of them with the card. I am asking if you will be good enough to publish the little poem just to show the men that I am thinking about them. If every member of the 160th Brigade feels himself addressed, I shall be very glad. With all the wishes of the season for yourself,

Cordially yours,

THOMAS W. HOOPER.

Captain of K Company Sends Own Verse to Veterans of Former Command

As I remember—and with swelling pride—The clear-toned voice in which your answer came,

When all the world played but a losing game

In making safe those rights the Huns denied,

To stand right nobly loyal at my side And bare your breast to bullet, shell and flame;

And as I think upon the Master's Name, Whose birth we honor at this Christmas tide.

The wondrous life He lived, the death He died

To give us freedom from sin's galling chain,

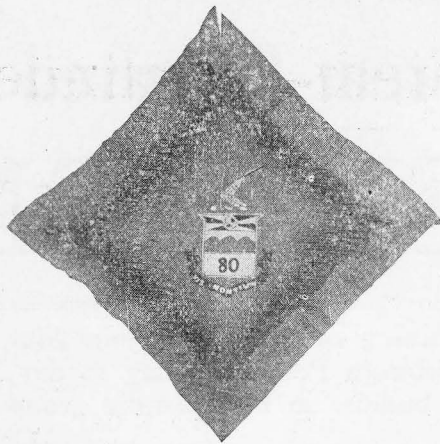
A priceless pardon and a son's full right—The Elder Brother and the Crucified; To you, brave heroes all, I call again, Stand with me in the large, noble fight.

—Thomas W. Hooper.

Pictures of the Eightieth--Continued

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1232	Sup. Co.	2.00	F818	I Co.	1.50	8012	D Co. (Caps)	1.50
1221	M. G. Co.	2.00	F819	K Co.	1.50	305th Field Signal Battalion		
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1206	H Co.	2.00	8004	L Co.	1.50	8020	B Co.	1.50
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1210	M Co.	2.00	1181	Reg. Detach.	2.00	305th Ammunition Train		
1222	Hdq. Pl.	2.00	1191	Officers	2.00	8024	A Co.	1.50
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F804	F Co.	1.50	1231	Hdq. Detch.	2.00	8032	317th Ambulance Co.	1.50
F805	G Co.	1.50	1188	A Battery	2.00	8033	318th Ambulance Co.	1.50
F806	H Co.	1.50	315th Field Artillery			8034	319th Ambulance Co.	1.50
1215	I Co.	2.00	1158	Regimental	2.00	8035	320th Ambulance Co.	1.50
1172	K Co.	2.00	1167	Officers	2.00	8036	Hdq. Ambulance Section.	1.50
1170	L Co.	2.00	1165	Hdq. Co.	2.00	Miscellaneous		
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F808	Sup. Co.	1.50	1162	D Battery	2.00	1218	305th M. V. Section.	2.00
F809	M. G. Co.	1.50	1163	E Battery	2.00			
F810	A Co.	1.50	1164	F Battery	2.00			
F811	B Co.	1.50	313th Machine Gun Battalion					
F812	C Co.	1.50	8006	Hdq. Detch. (Helmets)	1.50			
F813	D Co.	1.50	8007	Hdq. Detch. (Caps)	1.50			
F814	E Co.	1.50	8008	A Co.	1.50			
F815	F Co.	1.50	8009	B Co.	1.50			



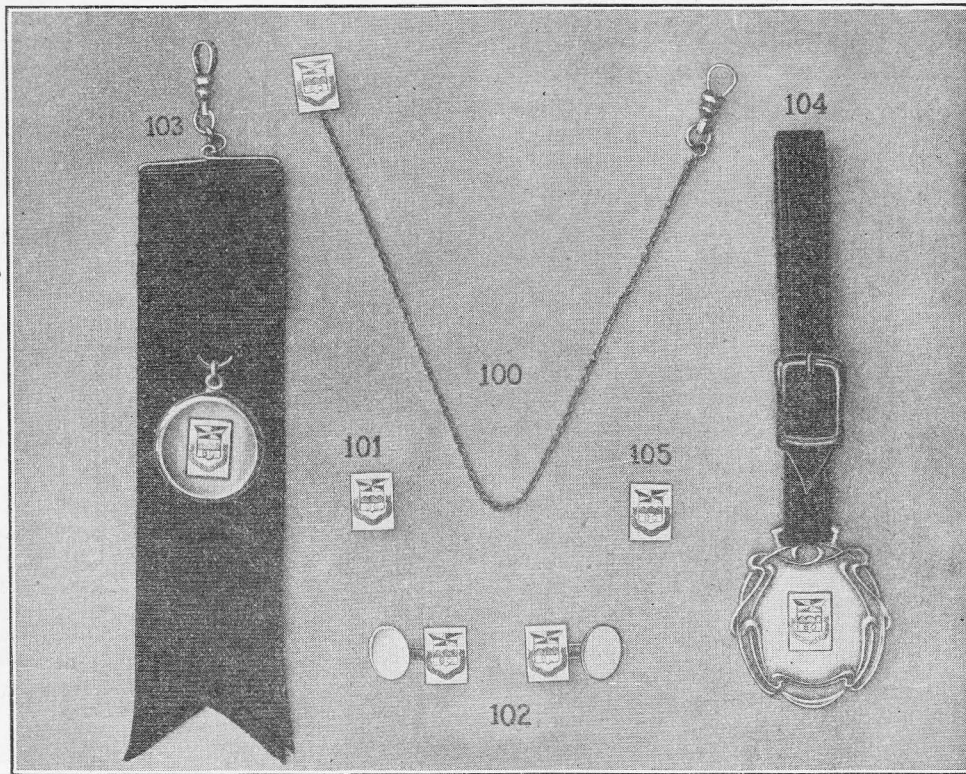
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