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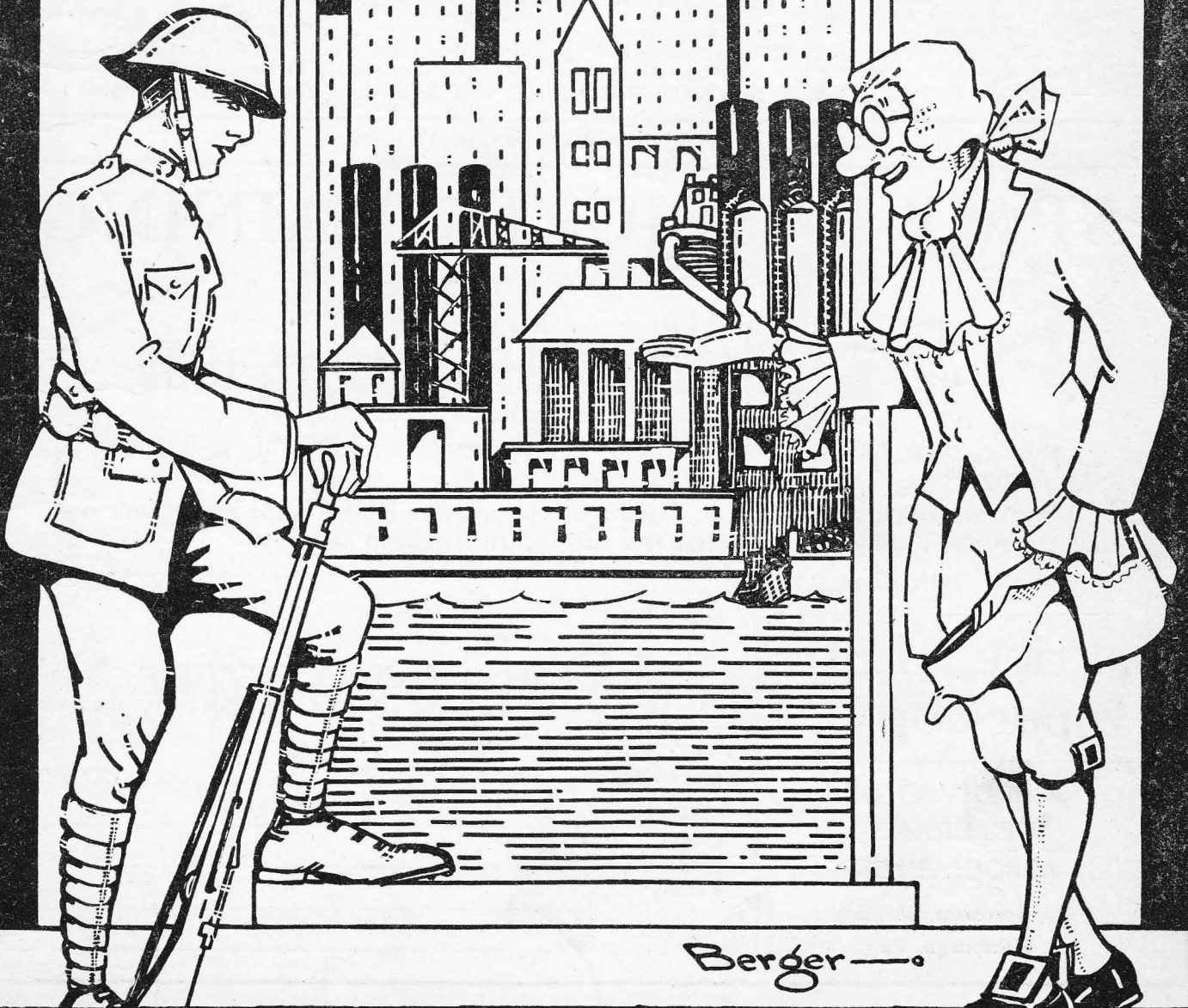
Magazine

# SERVICE

JULY

1921

## Welcome 80th



## A. E. F. BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS

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| <p>8. PAINS, Place de Concordia.<br/>9. LENS, Northern France, showing the destroyed coal pits.<br/>10. LENS, Northern France, showing the city ruins.<br/>11. ARRAS, the town square of the Cathedral City.<br/>12. ARRAS, the railroad station plaza.<br/>13. METZ, the fortified city in the province of Lorraine.<br/>14. Stolzenfels Castle, on the Rhine, one of the ex-Kaiser's many estates.<br/>25. American Army Horse Show held at New-weid, on the Rhine, Germany (3d Corps.)<br/>37. General Pershing addressing the officers and men of the 2d Division at Vallendar, Germany.<br/>70. COBLENZ, the Rhine, and Old Glory flying from Ehrenbrietstein Fortress; photographed from Fort Asterstein.<br/>87. COBLENZ from Fort Alexander.<br/>88. COBLENZ from Fort Alexander, showing up the Rhine Valley.<br/>95. BENDORF, Germany, headquarters of the 9th U. S. Infantry.<br/>110. Vallendar, Germany, headquarters of the 23rd U. S. Infantry.<br/>126. The Valley of the Rhine, from the review field at Vallendar.<br/>126. Old Glory flying from Ehrenbreitstein Fortress, where the Rhine and Moselle rivers meet, showing the city of Coblenz.<br/>130. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels addressing the Marines and Soldiers of the 2d Division.<br/>133. Ehrenbreitstein Fortress, showing the Rhine, and the Stars and Stripes flying from the fortress; photographed from Coblenz.<br/>139. Carnival and Horse Show of the 3d Army held at Island Park, Coblenz.<br/>150. ST. MIHIEL, showing the River Meuse, the destroyed bridge, and the town.</p> | <p>153. ST. MIHIEL, looking down Avenue Genl. Pershing and showing the town Square.<br/>154. Dugouts used by the Germans behind St. Hihiel, rebuilt by American Engineers.<br/>155. The town of APREMONT.<br/>157. The town of MONTSEC, showing Montsec on the left.<br/>158. The town of RICHECOURT.<br/>159. SEICHEPREY, where the first American fight took place.<br/>160. The destroyed railroad bridge at FLIREY.<br/>161. The town of LIMEY.<br/>162. The town of FLIREY.<br/>163. French dugouts between Limey and Thiancourt.<br/>166. THIANCOURT, which fell before the American onslaught September, 1918, in the St. Mihiel salient.<br/>167. MALANCOURT.<br/>168. MONTFAUCON, showing the German observation positions captured by the American Army in the Argonne sector.<br/>170. NANTILLOIS.<br/>171. VERENNES, showing salvage depot.<br/>172. Wrecked German ammunition train in the St. Mihiel sector near Jaulny.<br/>173. JAULNY.<br/>174. ST. HILLARE, showing barb wire entanglements and swampy territory.<br/>175. FRESNES-EN-WOEVRE.<br/>176. ETAIN.<br/>177. German ammunition dump.<br/>178. MORAINNE FARM, formerly a German corps headquarters.<br/>180. ARGONNE FOREST, showing the concrete dugouts of the German headquarters that resembled a village in the forest.<br/>181. ARGONNE FOREST, showing artillery positions between Varennes and Foire-de-Paris, captured by the American forces.<br/>182. THE ARGONNE at Foire-de-Paris, showing the American positions on the right.<br/>183. THE ARGONNE at Foire-de-Paris, showing wrecked building and 180 degrees of the Argonne territory.</p> | <p>184. ESNES and HILL 304.<br/>185. MONTZEVILLE.<br/>186. Anti-tank barrier between Verdun and Etain, concrete posts and cables.<br/>187. Shell hole in the road between Verdun and Etain.<br/>188. CLEARMONT.<br/>189. Les Poroches and Fort Les Poroches on left.<br/>190. CHATEAU THIERRY, a view from the Chateau looking down the valley of the Marne.<br/>191. The bridge at Chateau Thierry where the American Army stopped the German advance, 1918.<br/>192. BELLEAU WOODS, photographed from the interior of the woods looking toward Hill 193.<br/>193. The town of TORCY.<br/>1894. View looking toward Lucy le Bocage, showing Belleau Woods on the right.<br/>195. A close-up view of Belleau Woods, showing the hard-fought ground captured by the American Army.<br/>196. The destroyed town of Bouresbes.<br/>197. The town of Belleau, showing Belleau Woods on the left and Hill 193 on the right.<br/>198. A view from the edge of the Belleau Woods looking toward Torcy, Belleau and Hill 193.<br/>199. The destroyed town of Vaux, near Chateau Thierry, reduced by American artillery fire, at which time over 600 prisoners were captured.<br/>200. ESSOMES, showing Chateau Thierry and the valley of the Marne River.<br/>201. One of the entrances to the famous city of VERDUN, defended by the French.<br/>202. The city of VERDUN, photographed from the Citadel.<br/>203. RHEIMS, The Cathedral City of France, view from city square showing the famous Rheims Cathedral on the left.<br/>204. The American Cemetery at Belleau Woods looking toward Chateau Thierry.</p> |
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These photographs were taken in February, March and April, 1919, immediately following the Armistice. They are eight inches wide and from three to four feet in length. Order by number. Send Check or Money Order to "SUPPLY DEPARTMENT" SERVICE MAGAZINE, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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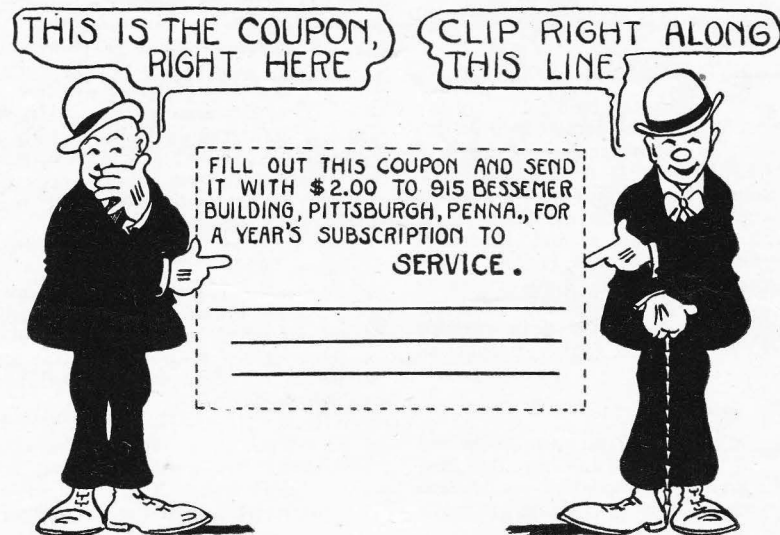
By \_\_\_\_\_

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You can carry your war-time insurance for five years. After that time it must be converted to the several forms prescribed, i. e., Ordinary Life, 20-payment Life; 30-payment Life; 20-year Endowment; 30-year Endowment or Endowment at age of 62. These policies are issued in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000. Policies may be paid in lump sum or in installments at death, as previously designated by insured. In all cases insurance becomes payable on total disability of insured. 30 days' grace from first of month allowed in which to pay premiums. Beneficiary may be changed upon request. Policies may be reinstated within two years of lapsing upon payment of arrears. Within 18 months of defaulting, insured may renew policy upon payment of but two months' premiums. By addressing Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., you will be given full information, necessary blanks, tables of payments, etc.

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Regarding Class "A" allotments and such of Class "B" allotments as carry a family allowance, address the Allotment Section, Bureau W. R. I. or Class "B" which do not carry family allowance from Government, and for all Class "E" address Zone Finance Officer, Allotment Branch, Washington, D. C. On all allotment matters give this information: 1. Full name, printed. 2. Rank and organization when allotment was made. 3. Army serial number. 4. Name of allottee. 5. Address of allottee, past and present. 6. Kind of allotment (if Class "B" give relationship). 7. Amount of allotment. 8. Total amount deducted from pay to date of discharge. 9. Date allotment became effective. 10. Date of discharge. 11. Future address of enlisted man. 12. Whether person making allotment claimed exemption from compulsory allotment. 13. Has beneficiary received any allotment at all? How much? What month?

## COMPENSATION

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

## LIBERTY BONDS

Bonds purchased under monthly allotment system are obtained from Zone Finance Officer, Bond Section, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C. Where allotments in payment for bonds have been made to private banks or trust companies all further transactions must be made with these agencies direct. Where payment for bonds has been made on payrolls and not completed before discharge bond may be obtained from Zone Finance Officer upon paying him balance in full.

**KEEP YOUR BONDS. IF YOU MUST SELL THEM GO TO A REPUTABLE BANK; NOT TO A LIBERTY LOAN PRIVATE AGENCY OR TO INDIVIDUALS.**

## VOCATIONAL TRAINING

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

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

## EMPLOYMENT

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

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

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

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

## CLAIMS

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

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

## MISCELLANEOUS

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

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

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

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

*Discharge Buttons*—Nearest recruiting office, bringing your discharge.

*To Recover Lost Baggage*—Write Pier 2, Claims Department, Hoboken, N. J.

*Medical Treatment or Compensation for Disability*—Any Army Hospital, or branch of United States Public Health Service, addresses of which are given here:

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

District No. 2—New York, 280 Broadway. Comprising States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

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

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


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

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



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Russell L. Stultz, Walter R. Suppes, Lyle David and Jack V. Berger.  
Henry R. Curry, General Manager.



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SERVICE the Twenty-first has something to say concerning the Bonus and a few other things—But we want you to say something for SERVICE at the coming reunion. Tell your Buddy what you think of "Our Mag," and make him come across with that little old sub. Dues are due and we believe SERVICE has earned your loyal support and membership in the old outfit. Cut out the A. W. O. L. and

"EVERY-BUDDY GET A BUDDY"

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COMING—Next issue of SERVICE—Great Story of the Battlefields of France, today, by Dwight H. Fee, former Editor of SERVICE and the Camp Lee BAYONET. Don't miss it, get your subscription in early.

AS YOU WILL BE — BY BERGER



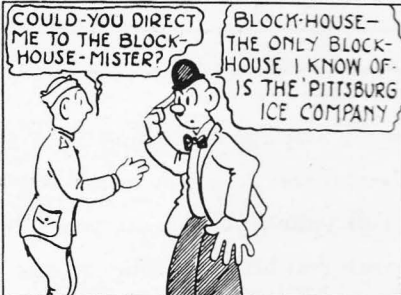
HOW WOULD THIS KIND OF A RECEPTION DO BOYS-WE WONT PROMISE-BUT WE'LL TRY?



WALKER'S SCENTED SOAP IS WELL KNOWN IN PITTSBURG-YOUR NOSE KNOWS WHEN YOU ARE NEAR THEIR PLANT



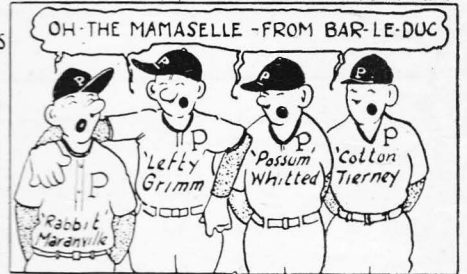
THE BOYS FROM VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA WILL FIND A ROUSING WELCOME AWAITING THEM-ILL WEAR A RED ROSE-BOYS



DONT ASK A NATIVE FOR THE BLOCK-HOUSE-TRY SOME VISITOR FROM PODUNK-IOWA-HE IS MORE LIKELY TO KNOW



PERHAPS WE CAN PERSUADE MAYOR E.V. TO HAVE A PETITE SLIDE DURING YOUR STAY



AND-WE KNOW-YOU WONT MISS HEARING OUR FAMOUS BASEBALL QUARTETTE-THEY ARE A HOWLING SUCCESS

Berger  
Guess where I'm going? -Correct they're playing some ball-eh

# Pittsburg, Pa



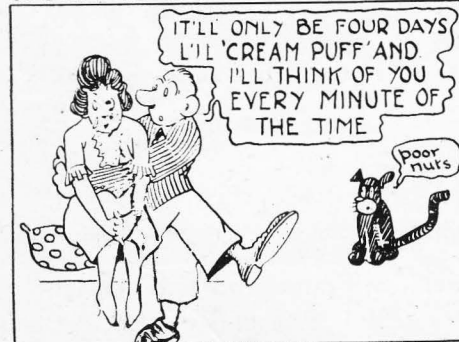
IF MACK SENNETT EYER VISITED OAKMONT HE'D TURN GREEN WITH ENVY-COMPRE? SO DONT FAIL TO VISIT OUR 'BAR HARBOR'



AND OUR PARKS-OH BABY-WELL TAKE MY ADVYCE AND TRY'EM



OUR 'PIRATES' HAVE PROMISED TO LICK THE 'DODGERS' EVEN IF MILJUS-THE OLD 'BLUE RIDGER' -DOES THE HURLING



WE KNOW IT WILL BE TOUGH ON HER-BUT WHY NOT BRING HER ALONG?



FROM PRESENT INDICATIONS THE WEATHER WILL BE FAIR-PROBABLY A FULL MOON-MAYBE A COUPLA MOONS

**BULLETIN**

The Pittsburg Police have promised to make it as agreeable and Army like as possible-they are being instructed by three former 'back-area' MPs and are making rapid progress - The Town Crier of Nuits-sur-Raviers sends his regrets. The Editor - wishes to announce that a hand painted insignia will be given free to all wives - who present their husbands with triplets between now and the Reunion - Contest starts-Wed June 15 at 2o'clock -Flashlights will be distributed in case of a fog - Any fellow bringing two girls please stop at the Office and ask for Berger.

# HERE WE ARE AGAIN



## PITTSBURGH WELCOMES YOU ALL

**W**ELL; here we are again, or will be shortly after this issue of SERVICE gets off the press. And what a glorious here we are it will be, nothing strange in the being on the job business, for the "Old Eightieth" has a fairly first class reputation for being on the job, and especially when there is something doing, and there will be a plenty doing at the Second Annual Convention of the "Blue Ridge Division," or we miss our guess. What with a program such as has been drafted and which is expected to be crowded into four short days. We can't for the life of us figure where anyone is going to find a dull moment during the entire stay in Pittsburgh.

The Convention Committee has requested everyone to get in early Thursday morning, who can conveniently do so. Upon arriving in Pittsburgh you will no doubt be met by a committee at the Railroad station and will be given directions to Registration Headquarters which will be at Moose Temple in the six hundred block on Penn Ave., near Sixth St. You will then proceed to the main auditorium on the second floor where you may register AND secure your convention badge, registration certificate, L. O. O. M. courtesy card, program, etc. We expect to arrange free sightseeing busses to carry the delegates to the principle points of interest in and around Pittsburgh. There will be individual "get togethers," and banquets of company units, and we expect to arrange a boat excursion up the Monongahela river as far as McKeesport, Pa., past fifteen miles of the world's greatest steel mills, in the evening the great Greenhow Johnstone nine-reel moving picture of the 80th Division, taken in action "Overthere" by the U. S. Signal Corps, will be shown at the Moose Temple Auditorium. Friday morning will be devoted to registration of late arrivals and a short business session after which the delegates will move out to West View Park for the afternoon and evening, as guest of Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association.

There will be games, dancing, boating, water sports, etc., not to mention the great amusement devices and park attractions, second to none in the country. Saturday

morning a short parade from downtown to Schenley park and Pittsburgh's billion dollar art and civic center. Where you will see the great Carnegie Library, and Museum, Carnegie Tech Schools, University of Pittsburgh, Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall, Syria Mosque, the Masonic Temple, Pittsburgh Athletic Club, University Club, the Armory of the 28th or Keystone Division, the Cathedral, Forbes Field, etc. A lunch will be served at the conclusion of the parade, and a special section of the grandstand at the ball park, will be reserved for delegates. The game for this day will be between the Pittsburgh Pirates, who look like sure Pennant winners in the race this year, and the Brooklyn (Trolley dodgers). Manager Wilber Robinson of the latter team has promised to allow our old Buddy Johnny Miljus to pitch this game if possible. Saturday evening there will be a grand ball at the Fort Pitt Hotel, to which the Governors of the three states have been invited to join with the city and county officials and other prominent citizens as our honored guests.

Sunday morning there will be a memorial service in many of the churches throughout the city, followed by a Union memorial service in the afternoon at Memorial Hall, at which the committee is hopeful of securing the assistance of the following friends and comrades: Mrs. Christine Miller Clemson, The Eightieth Division Quartette, Rev. Chaplain Arthur Brown, (who was senior chaplain of the division), Rev. Father Edward Wallace, beloved by the members of 320th and Rev. Beck of the same regiment, who gave such gallant services though himself a casual.

After the conclusion of this tribute to our "Silent Buddies" there will be many opportunities for visiting with buddies, attractions at West View and Kennywood Parks. Boat Excursions on the river, Moonlight if the moon gets out in time, Band Concerts at Schenley Park, and fun a plenty until train time.

This is a brief outline of the general programme. There may be many changes or deviations as circumstances determine. The committee is hard at work endeavoring to give you the best time possible, money is not so freely acquired as during our "O.D." days, so come prepared to ap-

preciate work done, for your enjoyment, under many difficulties, but come and be in your old place in your old unit, in your old Division, and bring along that spirit of good fellowship that helped make the 80th one of General Pershing's greatest "shock" divisions. The Railroads have granted a rate of one way and one-half, for the round trip in all territory outside of Pennsylvania. Credential blanks must be shown when purchasing tickets. They are now ready at headquarters; if you have not received yours, write for it at once, and the Resident Secretary will mail them to you. Comrade Ammons will have some at Richmond, Va., for late comers, as will Comrades Stultz at New Market, Va., Bushman at Coaldale, W. Va., Cook at Washington, D. C., care of The Evening Star, Jos. L. Roth at Wheeling, W. Va., Furr at Norfolk, Va., and Elton at 32 Union Square, New York. But don't delay, do it today "Toot sweet."

The Railroads were unable to grant a special rate in Pennsylvania, without throwing the same privilege open to the general public, so buddies from the Keystone State who must buy tickets in Pennsylvania, are out of luck so far as reduced fare is concerned. But we've done the best we could and this hardship should not materially affect the Forward movement of the old Eightieth. So let's go Everybuddy, "Pack up your Troubles" once more and come smiling into Pittsburgh and spend a week end with your Old Pals of the Army.

### "MAKES ME GLAD"

*Could I pause here on my way,  
See that not far distant day  
As we journeyed to the fray.*

*"Overthere."*

*Hear those silent Buddies Speak,  
See the courage on each cheek,  
Know they've found what all men seek.*

*"Overthere."*

*Should one comrade left to sow,  
E'r forget these things we know,  
E'r forget the debt we owe.*

*I'd be sad.*

*But to clasp a Buddy's hand,  
Keeping liaison o'r the land,  
Like two pals who understand.*

*Makes me glad. H. R. Curry.*

# "On The Elsie Janis Circuit"

## What the Little Girl With the Big Smile Did for the A. E. F.

By Russell L. Stultz

**T**ODAY, while resting securely behind the bulwarks of the "home sector," that line from "Bobbie" Burns, having to do with forgetting "auld acquaintance" persists in recurring think our canny Scotchman antedated Miss Elsie Janis' reign in the A. E. F. by a safe period of years, but he surely must have had in mind her counterpart when reminding us of neglected friendships. Somehow, as from the safety of our civilian status we chance to reminiscene over "The Big Show" or delightedly chuckle at a Red Chevron glimpse of "Elsie Janis and Her Gang," certain well-defined memories of the days when we were privileged to live these graphic bits of life 'right off the reel' make us as happy to witness their perpetuation.

Any normal member of the American Expeditionary Forces will tell you that his first eight weeks abroad were the worst, in point of adjusting himself to his new environment. So it happened that after nearly two months in France training with the British south of Calais—two months characterized by nothing more exciting than gas and bayonet instruction by "Tommy" sergeant-majors, a somewhat unexpected review of the Brigade by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught and, of course, the usual nightly bomb forays by Boche planes—we had become a bit stale. Perhaps that's expressing our state of mental outlook rather mildly, but we'll agree to let it go at that.

And right here, at the crucial moment is where Miss Janis appears upon the scene-accurately speaking, we should have said platform. Our little story might well be captioned, "When Broadway Came to France," but we prefer to give our headline to the only feminine member of the A. E. F.—at least so far as we have been able to discover. And, furthermore, the recital isn't fiction but plain, harsh fact. It is exceedingly doubtful if any of us knew of Miss Janis' presence in France, until a certain evening during the second half of July, when we were adjudged sufficiently hardened to bear the news—not that the A. E. F. had any fixed policy aimed at American citizens, but it was just naturally bent upon discouraging personalities and publicity. Indeed, we reluctantly fear that an infinitesimal minority among the personnel had neglected to educate themselves concerning Miss Janis' very-much-alive existence until this particular July day to which we have reference. Not so any longer, however, since the im-

pressions created that evening resulted in ignorance giving way before the realization that she was wholly real and wonderful entirety.

At the time of her visit, none of her audience knew of the yards of "red tape" that had been severed ere Miss Janis had succeeded in penetrating that jealously guarded region technically described as the "British front." As for ourselves, among the most insignificant of Allied reinforcements, the simple combination of regulation

neville this evening at 6:00 o'clock." That was not all—not even an illuminatory paragraph as to how she proposed going about it. And, viewed from the distance of something more than two and a half years, we feel justified in confessing now that we were a wee bit skeptical of her ability to "put it across" without the—so it appeared to us—very essential paraphernalia and background which we had been taught were part and parcel of *all* successful Broadway artists. Why, we hadn't even seen the advance man—nor had he plastered the coldy depressing walls of our "renovated and reclaimed" stable-billets with that glorious riot of color and action *always* associated with the real stars. Neither had the master-hand of Miss Janis' press-agent been detected in the discouragingly prosaic language of the company bulletin board—somehow it was all wrong, ridiculously, absurdly preposterous to imagine an "honest-to-Gawd" show without the "fixins." Surely, it was quite as plausible to presume a fighting American Force in France without a uniform (although we have since been informed that it was done—but we still retain our private prerogative of differing)!

Thus *unprepared*, we washed our mess-kits, supper having been advanced thirty minutes as a concession to the occasion, and repaired to the market place in Bonneville. "Good village," the name, literally interpreted, signifies, but until Miss Janis' arrival we had remained woefully unconvinced of any super-attraction after two weeks' enforced acquaintance. It's located in the Department of the Somme, unknown kilometers south of Calais and west of Albert and a few less removed from those funny substitutes the French persist in clinging to for railroads—but *not so far* away, if you please, to miss the thrill of the ever-inquisitive, venturesome oft unchaperoned—Bertha. Should any of you post-bellum pilgrims have a mind to look it up when "seeing the A. E. F. with Cook" or some equally able "personally conducted" party next summer, we feel morally certain that you will find it intact, the same somnolent, placid Bonneville we left and just as it has dreamed and languished these many centuries. And perhaps some important American-speaking native will volubly tell you of that day when "tout les braves soldats Americain" foregathered in the market-place to hear "ze tres charmant Mees Elsee Janees. And in the event he was one of the "petit garcons" drawn thither himself upon that particular occasion, he will doubtless lend a dash of added color to his recital—but all this is

### "Among the Dreamers"

By C. E. GRUNDISH

I stand, among the dreamers, on the  
bridge of the big city.

The oily Ohio, lined with factories  
and workshops, simmers beneath me.

Over the tops of the factories and  
workshops loom the skyscrapers,  
reaching far into the evening dusk.

The blast furnaces, vomiting fire  
and smoke, lure my mind  
back to other evenings—

Evenings of star-shells, barb-wire  
and hell.

Once more I am ramming the  
cold steel of the bayonet  
through the hearts of gray-clad fighters.

Again the heavy drone of marching  
men rumbles through  
my brain.

The whistle of a traffic cop brings  
me back to the reality of things.

The oily Ohio, lined with factories  
and workshops, simmers on,  
But the blast furnaces are dark  
and silent.

I tip the ashes from my cigarette  
and join the ever-moving  
throng of city life.

Glad to be alive.  
Glad to be one of the city's  
dreamers.

open the magical portals. So that it would have seemed utterly illogical to have believed that one of her name and fame had found the bars guarded, but such is one of the inexplicable vagaries of twentieth century warfare. That her assault upon the most cherished of British military traditions had become an accomplished fact, we learned at "retreat," when a terse regimental memorandum informed us in language deadly laconic: Miss Elsie Janis will entertain the members "O. D." and "chevaux 8" had sufficed to of the Regiment in the square at Bon-



## On the Elsie Janis Circuit—Continued

anticipating the future, and we were pledged to stick to the past.

Perhaps we should remark that our little market-place was fairly pretentious, as market-places in villages of Bonneville's status go, and capable of accomodating several thousand people, when crowded in close formation. Its existence and ample dimensions is undoubtedly the reason we were among the chosen to hear Miss Janis. The weather, while in no wise different or worse than usual, had been anything but auspicious for outdoor entertainments and we were fearful that so unique an attraction would at the last moment be canceled. For once, however, the miracle happened right in our midst—as the magical hour of six o'clock approached the half hearted drizzle obligingly ceased and a lowering sun peeped out from a rift in the clouds. The definite cessation of rain came about in the nick of time to influence a host of the undecided to journey forth and seek the square and soon a mass of jostling, curious olive-drab occupied every foot available, with adjacent walls and windows the preferred points of vantage. Unfortunately—for themselves—the commercial-minded towns-people had not progressed to the stage of realizing the wonderful financial possibilities in these grand-stand locations. Our own battalion personnel had been augmented by another battalion of the regiment, marched over from a neighboring town to the cadence of "one, two, three, four!" and of course our own galaxy of regimental musicians, noisily important, were present in all their glory. Save for the hastily improvised platform awaiting the entertainer, all was set. Even the "S. R. O." sign had been securely hidden.

During the interval of assembling, a coltish aviator from a near-by British aerodome had appeared from nowhere and gone about enlivening the crowd in his own characteristically-British fashion. For a full half hour he executed about every manœuvre and trick in his repertoire for our especial benefit. At the imminent peril of his neck and machine, he proceeded to excite the natives by playing hide-and-seek with their age-old chimneys and the tall cathedral spire. Such diving and gliding we had hitherto believed impossible in other than an American. And of necessity the rumor straightway spread that none other than Elsie Janis, herself, was one of the two occupants of the plane and meant to astonish us by arriving in this strictly modern conveyance. It would have been just like her. While conjecture and craning necks were busy with the spectacle, a two-starred car hove into view from the direction of Beauval—rushed upon us, and stop-

ped. A little murmur of expectancy greeted its halt. None other than the "evening headliner" stepped smilingly from the machine. And then we knew that we were at last "on the map"—and by the same index upon "the Elsie Janis Circuit!"

To be sure her mother and our own General C. ——— were among her entourage, but their presence created scarcely a ripple. The ear-splitting welcome was *all* for Miss Janis, as much as we admired those so evidently in her good favor. Sure of herself and even more sure of her audience, she clambored—no, we mean stepped gracefully upon the platform and gave us a wondrous curtsy. More yells and applause, also more craning of necks from those on the outskirts of the crowd. By gosh! A real, alive American girl at last, and no mistake! The mouldering forms of some highly respected citizens, now gone but still reposing in the cemetery hard by must have horrifiedly writhed at the resounding tumult. With a naive apology for her costume—which, by the way, looked perfectly alright to our uncritical eyes, the entertainment was "on." And very much on, until the finish. After a witty monologue or two, without further ado she handed us that A. E. F. "master-piece," "When Yankee-Doodle Learns to Parlez-Vous Francaise." It happened to prove our premier acquaintance with the then Broadway favorite, but for all the limited conversational skill acquired in a period of two months few failed to appreciate and respond to the sentiment. And to acknowledge in thundering sounds intended for "encores." Twice was it repeated, "In ze proper way, in order that we might hum it, As Miss Janis explained. It might be added that it became quite sufficiently "fixed" for this purpose, as subsequent hikes could testify.

Then came that other, "Over There," a bit of travesty on the original, but one wholly in keeping with the time and place. We weren't satisfied until there had been several repetitions and, withal, I think we joined her in singing it with more spirit and feeling than had ever attended the original song in the days of War Camp Community "sings" at the Liberty Theatre "over here." Right then we decided—even before General Pershing, I hope—that Elsie Janis was worth a whole A. E. F.—in fact, she could have announced herself our "top" without a discordant "kick," but such things don't seem to happen in army life. There were a number of other quite as successful "hits" on the program, but we sha'n't enumerate them here—it would be like resurrecting a "don't open" chamber in memory's mansion.

We know of not less than a full two thousand regretful veterans to-day, or all

of us who modestly declined Miss Janis' invitation to dance with her. Yes, she asked every one, and she meant it, too. Perhaps we were seized with a sudden fit of that old malady, "stage fright," or perhaps it was the fear of what "hobs" and awkwardly-fitting uniform might do, but we neglected to display ourselves before that crowd. It would have been a thrilling tale in after years for wide-eyed grandchildren's ears, had we not passed it by. All, save a brave lad from the Transport—at least, we thought of him as one of the valorous, until he had accepted the opportunity and executed a clog or two, then we knew that the gent was more familiar with his feet than with his mules. Of course the always-present "hobs" may have proved an impediment but, if so, the obstacle was overcome. And when Miss Janis unexpectedly did a "cartwheel," with General C. ——— and her mother looking on, Mr. Buck Private of the Transport, in no wise abashed by the performance, followed suit, "hobs" and all. Yes, and he landed on his feet, too! Oh, yes, he really danced with her—and probably on her.

So swiftly had the minutes flown that we were loath to hear that this marvelous bit of transplanted America must quit and amuse yet another market-square of waiting doughboys before she would hark to "recall." Was it too far to go with her? Oh, way over to Douleens, or some place, miles and kilometres away. We sighed regretfully, for we just knew those guys wouldn't appreciate it like we could" Just one more song, then. But before she took all our joy with her, she shocked and tickled us by daring to poke a bit of fun at no less a personage than our own Commanding General. And in the presence of enlisted men, too! Why, it was inconceivable, unheard of! Here's where somebody has a nice little "G. C. M." "Oh, don't you worry about Elsie, buddy she's not afraid of stars and such things." The information was reassuring, yet too big for immediate digestion. To tell the truth, not until we recently read the confirmation of her own "expeditionary force" of one, sometimes known by other less military terms, did we thoroughly grasp the revelation.

And as she rushed away as she came, a salute was wafted back to us, and on the wings of three words that sounded suspiciously like "As you were!" dispelled our dreams. And this minute someone is whimsically declaring: "That's just like Elsie Janis!"

RUSSELL L. STULTZ,  
(Former Sgt. Inf. U. S. Army)

Fellow down south says he killed a snake with 147 rattles. A Ford-snake probably.

# Their Armistice Day

By Helen F. Price



WHEN she was nineteen and he just twenty-one, as their friendship began to ripen into love—they quarreled.

It commenced with the most trivial arguments. One word not only led to another, but to quite a few, until, when they parted, hot resentment surged in the breast of each. When on the following day they chanced to meet they both looked the other way. Now neither one had the slightest intention of this being a permanent state of affairs, but both having a certain amount of pride, which, by the way, happened to be a goodly portion, each one definitely decided that the other should speak first. But neither did, so that gradually, as time went by, it grew to be the permanent and accepted condition between them.

For five years they secretly regretted the estrangement, and wondered if——? And then the war broke out and caught them up in the cyclone of its unexpected events and whirled them off to Europe.

It was a lovely November morning one year after the Armistice had been signed. The sun was just coming up over the water's edge and cast a rosy glow over the creamy whiteness of the chalk cliffs at Dover. The same sun also caught the creamy whiteness of a young girl's cheeks and heightened the rosy glow already there. The girl clad in a neat Y. M. C. A. uniform, crossed the platform to board the waiting train and entered one of the first-class compartments, settling herself comfortably in a seat next to the window. A few minutes later a fussy, middle aged couple, entered and took the two seats opposite. They deposited their luggage on the remaining seat at their side, and finally, after much moving about, rattling of newspapers and murmured conversation, subsided into quietness.

The young girl stifled a yawn, opened her book, tried to read, and yawned again. Finally, giving up to drowsiness, she leaned her head against the window jamb, pulled her hat down until only the end of her little chin was visible, and dozed so soundly that she did not hear the fourth occupant of the coach, a young American officer, enter. He held a morning newspaper in his hand, and wanting to be as near the light as possible, took the seat next to the sleeping girl.

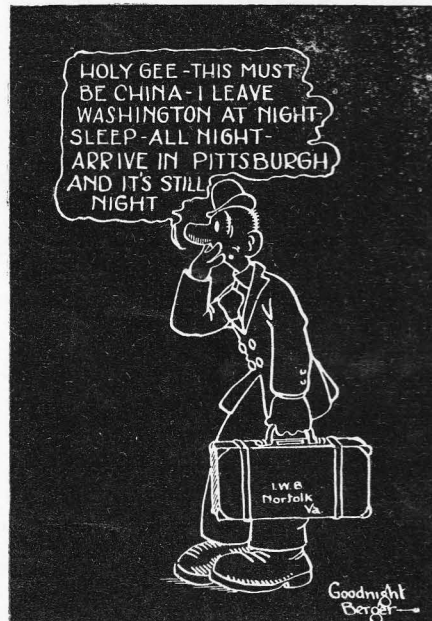
The train pulled out, then sped through the quiet English country side, with all its winter beauty totally lost upon the occupants of this particular coach.

Two stops from Dover the fussy couple alighted. The young girl stirred slightly at the disturbance of their exit, but did

not rouse, and soon drifted off again in fitful slumber. The young man was comfortably settled and deeply interested in the article he was reading so did not move.

Presently the girl opened her eyes sleepily, and catching sight of a pair of army boots on the floor next to her own trim little service shoes, raised the brim of her hat to investigate the owner of the boots. As she caught sight of the young man's face, the sleepiness entirely left her eyes and a look of intense surprise replaced it. She pushed the hat back cautiously so as not to disturb the man, and gazed about the compartment, only to discover that they two were now its sole occupants.

She moved slowly around until she faced the window, and pulled her hat down on



the side towards the still absorbed young man and gazed out at the passing landscape with unseeing eyes, which slowly began to dance with amusement, while the dimple at the corner of her firm little mouth twitched. She reached in her pocket, extracted therefrom a stub of a pencil, tore a corner from the page of the magazine she had been reading, and scribbled on it. Then with her face still averted, she slid the scrap of paper onto the middle of the page he was perusing.

The astonished young man picked up the scrap of paper, and to his utter surprise read,

"Shall we declare peace too? It's Armistice Day you know."

He turned towards the girl at his side, frowned at her back and hesitatingly said, "I beg your pardon! I don't quite understand."

With a laugh she wheeled around and exclaimed in delight, "There, Jim Elderige, after all these years I HAVE succeeded in making you speak to me first!"

"Well, Jane Torrence! Who would—where did—I DIDN'T speak to you first. I spoke to a perfectly strange back," he said, grinning at her teasingly. "And when you handed me the note you knew perfectly well to whom you handed it, so, technically, you spoke first."

"Not at all. I —— Good heavens, Jim! we're starting off precisely where we stopped seven years ago. But, nevertheless you *did* speak first."

"Well, there seems to be room for argument Jane. I'm afraid with this start it won't be a permanent peace. How about calling it "Our Armistice Day," and until we reach London at least, let's not have another open break; for it's been so long since we've talked, and I've so many things to say and ask."

"Very well," Jane agreed. "I'll try my best to be diplomatic for at least an hour and a half."

In spite of the fact that they had so much to say they said nothing. They were so close and yet so very, very far apart.

Finally Jane looked shyly up at him.

"Do you know, I really haven't the slightest idea what we quarreled about."

Jim laughed back.

"Neither have I," he answered. "You started arguing about something or other and I disagreed——"

"No," Jane interrupted, shaking her head violently. "It wasn't that way at all. *You* started the argument and I knew you were wrong, but like all men you were right on general principles and I didn't have the slightest idea what I was talking about."

"Well, you probably didn't," Jim interrupted. "Wasn't it something about politics? And I ask you, Jane, what did you know about politics at nineteen?"

His tone was friendly and full of banter, but, nevertheless, full of conviction.

"Oh, just a little bit more about it than you did at twenty-one." she was quick to retort.

"Oh, well, he began, when Jane, with a quick little motion, slipped her hand over his mouth and stopped the speech.

He was very conscious of the soft warmth of her hand there against his lips, and, raising his own hand to hers, he removed it, giving it a little pat as he did so and assuring her,

"All right, no more arguments. It's Armistice Day. I'll remember."

They chatted then on quite safe and sane

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# A Visit from The General

## In Which the President of the 80th Division Veterans' Association Pays His Respects to Some of His Boys

By Bernard Ragner

"TO dream the old dreams over,"—the dreams of Samer and Bethincourt and Molesme—"is a luxury divine" which was enjoyed by the Blue Ridgers of McKeesport, Pa., on Flag Day, June 14. For on that day, a community celebration of Flag Day was held, with General (we will never get accustomed to calling him Colonel, for to us he will always be General) Lloyd M. Brett, as the guest of honor and principal speaker. Over

However, let's start at the beginning. The idea of having a community celebration of Flag Day in McKeesport germinated in a dozen minds at the same time, and ere long, committees had been appointed by McKeesport Lodge 136, B. P. O. Elks, and Burt Foster Post 361, American Legion, to take charge. This post has a large proportion of Blue Ridgers in its membership, fellows like Clarence Johnson (sergeant major, 320th Inf.), Hugh

Washington, he wrote:

*"I want to thank you also for giving me the opportunity of again greeting so many of the Blue Ridge Boys and so many delightful people of your city. It is a day I shall always remember with the greatest pleasure. Please remember me most kindly to my friends in your hospitable city."*

It was the first time McKeesport had ever entertained a general and we decided to do it in real style. Two of his boys acted as uniformed aides (Hugh Cunningham and the writer); he was brought to McKeesport by automobile, but Costello, his faithful chauffeur, was no longer at the wheel; he was entertained at a dinner with viands that never graced even a general's mess in France; he had an escort of a hundred ex-service men and a thousand civilians, and over three thousand heard him speak at the patriotic exercises at the technical high school. "I haven't come here to make a speech," he said, "I have come to meet my boys." In reality; he did both; he met his boys and he made his speech. He pictured America going into war; he described the magnitude of her effort; he portrayed the heroism of the boys who now sleep in Flanders Fields; and he told, with pardonable pride, of the part his brigade had played in the conflict. With tender pathos, he told of the sacrifices that had been made, and in ringing tones demanded that "his boys," and all other genuine Americans, be true to the principles for which the hero dead had given their all. A soldier's speech; a patriotic speech; a speech that any man would be proud to make, and the better citizen for the hearing.

After the address, his two aides (for the day) had to protect him from the attack that was launched upon him. In close order; in open order; in disorder, every kind of order, they came. "I was with 320." "My boy served under you." "315th Machine Gun." "My brother was in your brigade." "My outfit was 319th,"—and so on, the battle cries rang out. Yet, the General was equal to the occasion. A smile; a word of appreciation; a hearty hand-clasp; a reminiscence of the Argonne, and as one man expressed it, "I know now why his boys would go through hell for him." What an expression of comradeship it was! Ex-bucks shaking hands with the ex-general on the basis of equality, that of Amer-

(Continued on Page 30)



"THE GRAND OLD MAN OF THE 80th,"  
With Some of His Boys, Derry, Pa., May 30, 1921.

5,000 persons assisted—in the admirable phrase of the French—in the ceremonies; the former Commanding General of the 160th Infantry Brigade met hundreds of his boys and many of their fathers and mothers, and once more it was demonstrated that "The Eightieth Division (and its individual members) only move forward." Some of the boys wanted the general to ride in an automobile, but he said "No." I'm a dough-boy and I'll march with my boys." And march he did, even though one of the hills was as steep as any of those encountered in the famous St. Mihiel hike enjoyed (?) by the 320th Infantry about three years ago. General Brett modestly denies being an orator but his performance on this occasion proved the contrary, his two splendid addresses being greeted with the plaudits they deserved. But the big thing wasn't the parade or the speech; no, it was the comradeship manifested at this reunion between the General and the McKeesport members of the Eightieth.

Cunningham, (lieutenant, 315th M. G.), Gregg Haughey, (sergeant, 320th Headquarters), William P. Wampler, (sergeant major, 315th M. G.), Bill McKee (sergeant 305th Engineers) and the writer, (sergeant, 160th Infantry Brigade headquarters). Who will deliver the principal speech?" they asked us, and with one voice we replied, "General Brett." "Fine, superfine," they told us, "but can you persuade the general?" "Leave it to us," we responded—and the rest is history.

When General Brett graciously accepted our invitation, we decided it was up to us. We had to make the celebration a success—for the General's sake, if no other. Everybody got to work; a barrage of publicity was put over; committees were appointed to take care of every detail, with the result that the celebration was the biggest and best ever held in McKeesport. But what pleased us most was not the plaudits of the public, nor the commendation of the daily press, but the sincere thanks of the general. From his home in

# The Gas Attack

## Grab Your Mask, Buddy, Grab Your Mask!

By Lew Tennant



SPORTY second looey in Chicago was robbed of 100 bucks by a woman bandit.

What's the difference, the girls would have gotten it anyway.

Grover Cleveland Bergdoll writes to his mother for some American magazines. Wonder if she sent him SERVICE?

### OLIVER AND THE EDISON TEST

Chances are Thomas Edison hadn't the faintest idea what he had started when he invented his now famous illiteracy test for college graduates.

Take, for example, the case of Ex-Sergeant Oliver Underwood and Bolivar Butterworth, the well-known creamery king.

Oliver, recently graduated from vocational training school, applied at the creamery for a job. Ushered into Mr. Butterworth's presence he tersely stated his qualifications.

"I want to learn the business," he said. "I am willing to begin at the bottom and work up. Besides my general education I specialized in training in laboratory work and understand the theory of testing milk and cream for butter fat content and all that sort of thing. I also specialized in mathematics and took a course in bookkeeping in addition to my regular studies. Last summer I went out on a farm and worked in a dairy to learn that end of the business and gain a producers' viewpoint."

He paused for breath.

"And I'm not afraid of work. My shrapnel wound won't interfere with my doing a full day's labor. I can unload five gallon milk cans off a truck eight hours a day without a murmur."

He glanced up hopefully. Mr. Butterworth regarded him with approval. Here was a fine young man, to be sure, a clean, intelligent, straightforward chap that anyone would be glad to have in his business. And Mr. Butterworth needed men. He could use Oliver in the testing room, the shipping department or the office.

"Fill out this questionnaire," he said, handing Oliver the Edison test. Mr. Edison says any college man ought to be able to answer everyone of these questions. If you get half of them right you are hired. I'm going out to lunch and I'll be back in an hour."

He left Oliver at his desk with the test. Oliver glanced over the questions.

"What is the highest mountain in Siam?" he read, "Who invented cigaret holders?" "Was Shakespeare a blonde or a brunette?" "How is aspirin made?" "Who

is the most famous maker of jews harps?"

With a little cry Oliver fell back in his chair, the fountain pen slipping from his nerveless fingers.

"Great Scott!" he groaned, "they never taught me this at school, and I never learned it on the farm. I know all about milk and cream and butter and cheese and bookkeeping, but I haven't the slightest idea who invented hair nets, or what there is in orange phosphate or why a canary bird is yellow instead of green."

Sadly he folded his paper, screwed the top on his fountain pen and departed. He went to work for an automobile concern and sold seven touring cars, a sedan and a limousine the first day.

Poor ignorant Oliver!

### GIRLS YOU HAVE KNOWN

1—The girl who can't pass by a mirror without stopping to powder her nose.

2—The girl who has to sit in a loge at the movie.

3—The girl who can't make up her mind at the soda fountain.

4—The girl who calls up the office and says, "Is this you, Charlie?"

5—The girl who wants you to meet her mother.

6—The girl who screams when a pistol is fired on the stage.

7—The girl who tells you that next Wednesday is her birthday.

8—The girl who wants you to write something in her autograph album.

9—The girl who wants you to teach her to drive your car.

10—And the girl who "doesn't believe in kissing a fellow unless you're engaged."

### AN ARMY ANTHOLOGY

By Lew Tennant

#### THE COLONEL

The Colonel rose from the ranks. He says that he was commissioned for distinguished service in the Phillipine campaigns.

He never misses an opportunity to tell how he came to get that ugly wound across his throat. He vividly pictures the surprise attack by the Moros, the bloody battle there in the jungle, the hand-to-hand combat with the head-hunter and the vicious slash of the bolo.

"Even as I fell bleeding to the ground," says the Colonel, "I shot the great brute through the heart just as he would have chopped my head off with another stroke of his bloody blade!"

And the Colonel's wife never cracks a smile.

But she knows that the Old Man came by his "badge of courage" in a saloon brawl with a professional gambler who caught him cheating at cards.

#### THE MAJOR

The Major felt sorry for the Adjutant. "Poor chap," he said, "never suspects that his wife is carrying on an affair with Captain B—. It's a damn shame, but I can't see how a chap can be so blind. Why he doesn't get wise to the situation is more than I can see."

Last night the Major returned unexpectedly from the city. As he came up the walk he saw his wife kiss someone good-bye.

It was the Adjutant.

#### THE MEDICO

He is a mighty popular man. Especially since the 18th Amendment went into effect.

He can mix a good cocktail.

His wife is very attractive.

And he always loses at poker.

So he's very popular.

But when any of us get sick we send to the city for a doctor.

#### THE YOUNGEST LIEUTENANT

His father used to be the Colonel of the Regiment.

When he was a youngster old Sergeant Jim Haley taught him to handle a rifle, to blow a bugle and box, and to ride any horse in the outfit.

Old Jim loved him like a son.

And when he joined the Regiment after graduating from West Point, (a fine figure of a man in his new uniform) old Jim wanted to rush up and put his arms about the boy and tell him how proud he was of "the little Colonel." But he didn't. He stood at attention and saluted.

But the kid just looked foolish and put out his hand.

"Aw, Jim!" he said, and we knew we were going to like him very much.

#### CORPORAL TOM

Old Corporal Tom Milligan won the D. S. C. long, long ago for saving the Captain's life in battle.

But he never wears his cross.

He says if the people at Washington had known what a worthless mutt the Captain was they would never have given him a medal.

So he feels that he doesn't deserve it.

#### WOULDN'T YOU?

I'd like to see the Frenchmen

Get a slice of German land,

And cut the Heinie's army

To a "little German Band."

# "The Deserted Farm"

By Henry Curry

There the little brook goes rippling—  
 In the same old merry way;  
 Through the same fields where the farmer—  
 Used to gather in the hay;  
 Where he used to come in springtime—  
 With his sack so full of seeds.  
 And in fall he'd reap a plenty—  
 'Nough to cover all his needs;  
 And the house was warm and cheerful—  
 And the folks was cheerful too;  
 As they sat around the fire—  
 When the daily work was through,  
 And they used to read the bible—  
 Just afore they went to bed—  
 And they never put the light out—  
 'Till the evening prayer was said.

There they lived content and happy—  
 Never fearin' or afraid,  
 But that God would stand beside them.  
 And the mortgage would be paid,  
 And the misses did the housework—  
 Made the sausage, souse, and jam;  
 Milked the cows and churned the butter—  
 Smoked the pork and cured the ham,  
 Helped to shock the corn at harvest—  
 Put the lard and fruit away;  
 Never rested 'till 'twas over—  
 And the barn was full of hay;  
 Then when winter winds was sniffin'—  
 'Round the corner of the house,  
 She'd be sewin' for the children—  
 Making, breeches, shirt or blouse.

And the farmer had a purpose—  
 Leastwise that's what he'd say,  
 When he took part of the profits—  
 And each year laid them away,  
 To give John an edication—  
 Like them city fellers gets,  
 And the wife she sided with him—  
 'Thout a semblance of regrets,  
 And sister Susan promised that—  
 When John had gone to school,  
 She'd just work a little harder—  
 Than her customary rule,  
 That's the spirit that was in them—  
 And they worked and saw it through,  
 And it made them all the happier—  
 As such things are apt to do.

Still the little brook goes rippling—  
 In the same old merry way,  
 Through the same fields where the farmer—  
 Used to gather in the hay;  
 But the long familiar footsteps—  
 As he came to sow the seeds,  
 Are missing from the furrows—  
 That are busy growing weeds;  
 And the house has lost its chimney—  
 And the windows and the door,  
 And the things that made it cheerful—  
 When I mentioned it before,  
 There it stands just as they left it—  
 When they went to town to live—  
 Fersakin' all the happiness—  
 The old place used to give.

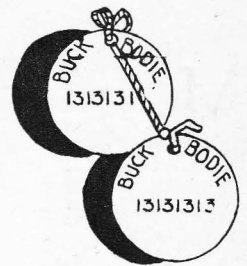
And they say that John's successful—  
 As a business man in town,  
 While the old home with its memories—  
 Is slowly tumbling down,  
 And the old friends are forgotten—  
 That are living hereabouts,  
 City folks may be the truer—  
 But for me, I have my doubts,  
 And I'm sure they ain't as happy—  
 As they were when livin' here,  
 Breathin' perfume of the roses—  
 And the lilacs every year,  
 And a swiggin' apple-cider—  
 As they rested on the sod,  
 Hearin' nature's happy song-birds—  
 Singin' praises to their God.

Course 'taint none of my business—  
 If folks want to move away,  
 And go chasin' after money—  
 'Stead of gathering the hay,  
 Or be slaves to city fashion—  
 Climbing socially ahead,  
 Yet, I can't exactly figure—  
 What it brings them when they're dead,  
 Fer my part I'll stick to farmin'  
 In the same old-fashioned way,  
 Where a man with God and nature—  
 Holds communion every day,  
 Where the furrows of your conscience—  
 Bear the fruit of honest deeds,  
 'Stead of lyin' there neglected—  
 Growing selfishness and weeds.



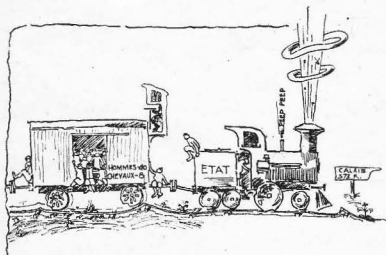
# I'LL SAY WE DO.

BY HUGH BURR SANT

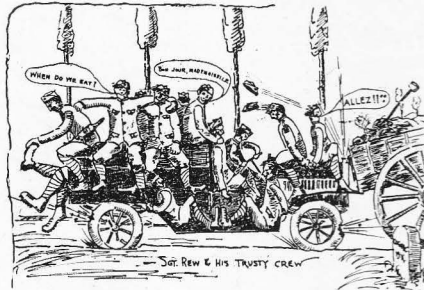


**R**EMEMBER how the crowds stood and cheered as we entrained for our training camps. And how everyone wanted to buy a wrist watch, a comfort kit, a trench mirror, a bible, a bottle of courage, etc., for us just before we left. And how the governors of the states came to camp and told us they were back of us. And that we were the best fed, best clothed, best paid army men on earth. And that we were fighting for liberty and democracy for the richest country on earth, to crush a monster that threatened the peace and prosperity, liberty and happiness of mankind.

And remember how we trained for six months (intensive training) in the old worn out rags they told us to wear to camp. And how we hiked, squads east and west, for weeks and weeks, with the soles flapping and falling off our feet. And the



blisters we got, not to mention what we got for presuming to get blisters. And how we manicured a Virginia county on our hands and knees, pulling out the weeds and stumps with our lily-white hands, 'till they were all calloused and sometimes bleeding. And remember how they treated with scorn the un-enlightened boobs who did not believe in vaccination. And how we got our teeth pryed out with miniature crowbars, and came back to our bunks looking as if we'd been through a sausage-grinder. And how they jabbed that old needle through our arms, sometimes breaking it off against a muscle or bone. And how the doctors laughed. And how we stood for hours in the hot southern sun, waiting 'till some Secretary of War or something got through talking over college days with some of the officers. And how the Skipper used to make us plow through the thin ice on the roads and into the freezing water up to our knees, when there was

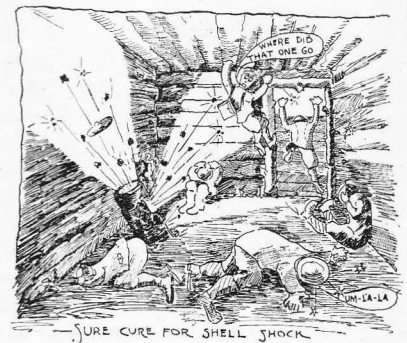


plenty of room on the side of the road to give "column half left," etc. And remember that famous indoor sport of the officers picking out some poor, weak, thin-skinned mamma's boy and making him put the gloves on with Killlem McCluskey, with secret instructions to "Killlem" to send the "weak SISTER" over to the "In for Mary," and how mamma's hero usually went over with a couple of human crutches and a broken nose or minus a few pearly white teeth, eh, remember? And how the poor boob who tried to use table manners always got empty slum bowls and coffee pitchers. And remember that first day at K. P. And the hard-boiled mess sergeant, and the scowling cooks, and the inspections, when the officers would run their finger nails down the creases in the pans and find a speck of grease, and make you spend a whole week in the kitchen, or a Saturday and Sunday on the wood pile. And when someone else put coffee grounds in the bone garbage can and you had to sift them all out with your fingers. And how you got company punishment for calling a buck private a "gentleman," when you should have called him "Private Blank." And remember the wooden guns you had to make to drill with, and the misfit uniform, and the too big or too little hob-



nailed shoes you had to wear. And being out of luck when they handed out a few furloughs. And how you felt when you saw the other fellows who had cleaned up in a crap game (gambling) going home with their suit cases and you couldn't go because you were broke and had promised someone you wouldn't gamble. And how some of the officers were human beings (God bless 'em), and loaned you the fare, and how grateful you felt, and how it hurt when you saw him get knocked off. And how the tears just wouldn't come when another officer got his, and how you tried to be big enough to forgive him some of his abuse towards you, but you just couldn't make a success out of feeling overly sorry for him.

And say, do you remember how Congress was going to increase our pay so we would be as well paid as some of the poorer countries' soldiers, that were fighting on our side. And how we waited, and waited and fought all the time we were waiting, like a pack of young hells or something. And how we made Jerry holler "quits" and "Kammerade." And how the Senators and Congressmen, and Diplomats and Advisors, and Presidents and Premiers, and Kings and Queens, and Jacks, and a couple of aces, got busy and stopped the war after it was all over, and patched up some



kind of a truce, and started hiking us all over Frogland. And still we waited.

And finally, it was forgotten that we were worth an increase in pay, because the danger was passed and what was the use. However, the poor clerks, who had slung ink down at Washington and had sacrificed

(Continued on Page 27)

# Echos From The Dugout

By Lyle David

"MY boy," said the editor, after he had borrowed the usual cigar and sat smoking at my expense. "Do you believe in signs?"

"I do," I answered religiously.

"Good sign, or bad signs?" he questioned, fixing me with his editorial eye.

"Both," I said diplomatically.

"Enough," he shouted loudly, arising and tossing me a bunch of letters, "you'll do. Now here are a flock of letters from our subscribers who have written in their appreciation and criticism of the magazine pro and con. How it should be run; what they like about it; the few things they—ah hem—disprove of, etc., etc. Now get to work on the bunch and (here he lowered his voice to a whisper and gave me a knowing wink) select a few of the good ones, you know; the kind that are called the "bouquets" and print them in the next issue of SERVICE. No brickbats though, remember that."

"But I am a truthful man," I remonstrated weakly.

"Of course, of course," he reared merrily; slapping me on the back and tapping my hip pocket gently like with his left hand; feeling for the forbidden juice. "You are a man after my own heart. Oh ha ha ha, oh he he he, ho ho ho." Here-with he went off into a paroxysm of laughter, rolling around on the floor and kicking up his heels in a perfect frenzy of mirth.

I left him then without another word. My fine sense of dishonesty had been touched and I repaired without delay to my rusty typewriter and arranged the "Bouquets" as per request in the following order. Read carefully brethren, lest you should miss a word of these beautiful testimonials that show so clearly the writer's deep devotion. I am sure that it is needless to say that SERVICE is indeed proud and happy that it has been able in its poor way to inspire in the breast of its readers such sentiments.

Editor Service Mag—

I would love to write for your magazine if you will have me. I have a perfectly darling style, and have wrote many little pieces for the magazines. The horrid editors sent them all back but its all because they got mad at me for something. Would your old soldier readers like a nice little story about; "Nellie and Her Lord," or I

could change it to "Her Lord and Nellie."

Fondly yours,

MISS LUCIS GIGGLEGIGGLE.

Mr. Editor,

Kind Sir:

Oh how sweet SERVICE is this month. I love these beau-ti-ful pictures that Mr. Berger draws. Is he married? I do so love handsome artists. I read SERVICE every month, I never miss a word. A friend of mine lends me her copy when she gets through. Lovingly

CLARA CLARINET.

Editor Service:

The Mag's all right. I ain't kickin'. Enclosed find a dollar and fifty cents—its all I got. Send a year's subscription to Blue Nose Sullivan of Weirton, W. Va. I swore to get even with that wife beater some day—readin SERVICE will do it.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Dere Editor—Your dammed magazine is no good. I nerver read it since a buddy of mine what use to take it moved away. None of yer writers kin write. There aint no good English in the hole thing. Take my name off the prescription list—take it off.

BILL BULLTONGUE.

Editor Service—

You Crook!

Yes I owe the seventy cents but—try and collect it? Go ahead and try and get it? I got your bill and a copy of that fly paper you call a magazine, and I light me pipe with the whole shebang.

"BILL"—that all.

John Editor—

Say you big ink bottle; cut out sending me that mangy sheet. Its rotten; so are you; so is the whole gang of you widow robbing blackjacker. *Cut it out.*

HENRY HARDTACK.

Editor Service Magazine—

dere Sir

Don't send anymore of them crazy books to my adress. My son Jake, who was in the War somewhere, sat up two days and nights reading yer best copy. We said he was tryin to find out what it was all about and I lost two Jersey heifers on account of him not milkin them 'till Sat night.

Deer Editor;

FARMER GOOSEBERRY.

R. F. D., No. 3.

Say for why in hell you dont put my daughters name in yer paper? I written

you that my Emily had got married to one of them solger fellers and here you go and leave her marriage certificate out of your book. I got a wife, three daughters and seven Holstein cows, and by G— I want my Emily's name in your paper when she up and gets married.

Offeeshunly,

JOHN HAYRACK.

Editor Service:—

I love your magazine. It's so good to start a fire with in the morning: It burns so beautiful like.

P. S.—Somebody ought to start a little fire and burn up the whole gang of you dog robbers.

## WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS

John Rapp and Mary Rapper were married this afternoon at the Little Church around the Drugstore. The bride made a lovely showing, being dressed in a flowing gown of reformed bathtowels; with a bright red dash of peppermint drops running swiftly around the lower edge. She wore a handsome neckless of 77 millimeter shells and carried a large boquet of briasse eggplants in her left hand. With her eyebrows painted with the usual shoe blacking and her feet turned in at the proper marriage angle, she was as perfect a vision of loveliness that one could wish to see. The groom was attired in the customary black and as he is now out of a job the marriage should prove a howling success. Mrs. Henpeck:

Well I see by your letter that you want me back again. You make me laff. You gotta lot of nerve askin me to come back and live with you and my dere mother-in-law. What's the matter now huh? Yer getting hungry I guess thats why. I'm kept yer hole family in bread and butter and yer old man in booze money for the last ten years. Now I'm through—you understand? Through! Go ahead and sue me if you want a divorcee. You can get that outta me easy enough—you got everything else. When I think of the time that frowsy milk drinkin lap hound of yours bit a hunk outta my leg and you left me there on the floor bleeding like a hog while you grabbed up that short tailed misfit and started off to the hospital to have his mouth sterilized, I see red and—cant write no more. Goodbye forever,

JOHN HENPECKEKD.





We are not sure what kind of a tree this is - but we are sure that these lads are under the tree - not up it - for they are 80th Boys

Sn-h did the Topkick get his detail yet?



Engineers take Fulvy - 16 men shot - Colonel Spalding saves others by closing up all of the Estaminets



Sniper

Hello-Blue Diggers-Everywhere-  
The 2nd Annual Reunion Will  
be held in Pittsburgh  
Aug 4-5-6 and 7th  
Snap into  
it!



Orders - from G-whiz - Dubbin on the right - Officers will issue smoked glasses to all enlisted men as we will make a Fourteen day march along the P.L and M. Railroad

special communique - Grover C. Birdog - sojourning in the Berkshires - Government Agents not on his trail in Florida Swamps



U.S. SIGNAL  
-CORPS-  
OFFICIAL  
PHOTOS



G.O. 2 L. - All second Lieutenants desiring 'Bon Ami' - for their 'Baby Pins' will apply at the nearest dump. K.C. cigarettes distributed at Mess - sick call at 9:30

Not that it is any of my business - Lieutenant - but I thought that you should know - Private Hicks is wig waggin' your Mam'sella to meet him at the Canal tonight

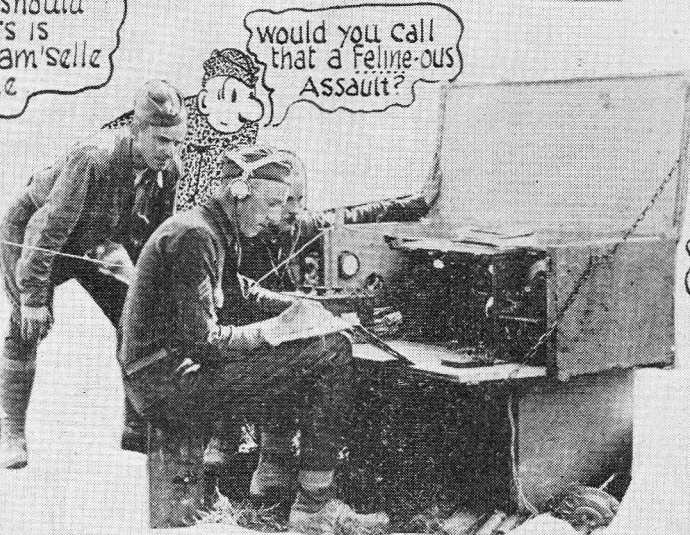
would you call that a Feline-ous Assault?

you say not to let her lose her Equilibrium - Sir - I dont think I ever saw one of those things - Major - for my wife never wore those fancy trimmings - but if she starts to lose anything I'll stop until she can fix it.

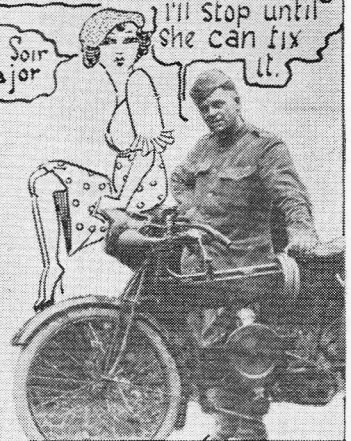
Bon Soir Major



Bergar -



Extra - World's Champion Pugilist wins D.S.C. in the Shipyard - by saving a fellow-worker from a ferocious cat.





CARTOONS WITH APOLOGIES—By Berger

WHERE'S YER MAW, POLLY?  
GETTING READY TO ATTEND THE REUNION PAW

ANOTHER SEWING CIRCLE GATHERING-I SPOSE-WOMAN I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF THIS  
POO! POO! PAW!

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL PAW WHAT REUNION IT WAS?  
WHY-GAL-HE'D GET IN WITH HIS OLD FRIENDS AND WE WOULDN'T SEE HIM FOR A WEEK  
HO-HO-SO-IT'S THE BLUE RIDGE AFFAIR-SUFFRN SNAKES-I'LL HAVE TO SNAP INTO IT

ER-JAKE SHULGOLD-HAS SENT FOR ME TO APPEAR IN A LAWSUIT SO I'M LEAVIN' FER PITTSBURG  
WHERE TO-PAW?

CAN'T YOU GO TO THE 80<sup>TH</sup> DIVISION REUNION WITH ME, JIGGS?  
I'D LIKE TO-BUT MAGGIE WONT LET ME

LEAVE IT TO ME-I'LL HAVE YOU HITTING THE CUSHIONS FOR PITTSBURG TONIGHT  
NO WONDER YOU GOT THE DSC COLONEL

AND THE POOR DEVIL LIVED THROUGH THE ARGONNE BATTLES TO COME HOME AND MEET HIS FATE THIS WAY

WELL-COLONEL-WHAT DID SHE SAY?  
FRANKLY SPEAKING-JIGGS-I DONT THINK SHE CARES TO HAVE YOU GO

MUTT-OLD DEAR-I'M LEAVING YOU FOR A FEW DAYS AS I'M GOING TO THE 80<sup>TH</sup>'S REUNION IN PITTSBURG  
WHY-YOU POOR FISH YOU HAVEN'T THE FARE TO YONKERS

IT MAKES ME LAUGH TO THINK OF YOU WRITING TO GENERAL BRETT FOR A TICKET TO PITTSBURG  
HE'LL SEND IT-I'M SURE HE WILL

WELL OPEN IT-YOU SAP. IT'S LIKELY A HOT NOTE GIVING YOU THE RAZZ FOR HAVING SO MUCH NERVE  
THERE DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT THE GENERAL WOULD ANSWER MY LETTER?

IT SAYS- DEAR JEFF- ENCLOSED YOU WILL FIND TICKET TO PITTSBURG AM VERY PLEASED THAT YOU CAN ATTEND-AND WILL CHARTER A BRASS BAND TO MEET YOU SINCERELY LLOYD M. BRETT

WHERE YA GOIN WITH THE GRIP KRAZY?  
CAN IT BE TROO THAT Y'HAVEN'T HEARD THE NOOSE OFFICA DUB?  
THEM'S THE CASE KRAZY

WHY I'M INVITED BY SECT. CURRY TO ATTEND THE BLUE RIDGE REUNION  
DO TELL

OH DEAH ME-I DO HATE TO LEAVE WITHOUT BIDDING 'IGNATZ MICE' ADOO OOO-OO

OOH-HOW I MISS HIS PAWTING BLESSING

MAKE HASTE-YOUNG MAN AND DEAL ME OUT A TICKET TO PITTSBURG-I'M IN A GREAT RUSH AS I HAVE TO ATTEND A CONFERENCE OF STEEL MAGNATES  
STOO LATE-SIR I SOLD THE LAST PITTSBURG TICKET AN HOUR AGO

WHAT D'YA MEAN YOU SOLD THE LAST TICKET TO PITTSBURG-WHO BOUGHT IT-GET IT BACK-THAT GUY-IS GIRDER-THE STEEL KING  
IT'S SOLD TO A PARTY OF FIFTEEN FOR THE REUNION OF THE 80<sup>TH</sup> VETS

YA L'IL SIMP-YER FIRED FOR THE LAST TIME -THE IDEA OF SELLING ONE TICKET TO A PARTY OF FIFTEEN 'SOUTRAGEOUS-EXPLAIN YERSELF'

OH-THAT'S EASY-I'M THE PARTY-I'LL BE FIFTEEN MY NEXT BIRTHDAY- I GOTTA GO AND VISIT FRIENDS THAT I MET-WHEN OUR BOSS WALT HOBAN-WAS IN THE DEPOT BRIGADE AT CAMP LEE

Berger  
WITH APOLOGIES TO THE WHOLE WORKS



## Letters from an Old File

By Jack P. Smith

LETTER NO. 2.—HENRY TO JAKE

DEAR JAKE:

I come pretty nearly bein disappointed today when the fellar what goes for the mail brought a lot of boxes and letters to the barracks and started to call out the names of the fellows what had sompin comin to them. I thought sure that I would get nothin but I was falled because he soon hollered out my name and I hollers—HERE! and he hands me a letter and rite away I could tell it was from you because I can tell exactly how you rite. You make such funny g's and J's that I no rite away when I get a letter from you. Well, Jake, how'd you like my letter anyhow? I guess you muster liked it because I sure tole you about everything I knowd of. A hole lot of stuff happens in this hear Kamp every day and maby if I wood get a dickshunairy I could rite a book about it and get some money scillin the books. If you would ask Bill, over two the store, praps he would be morn willin to sell them and I would see to it that he got somethin for doin it.

Well Jake, as I wuz sayin, lots of thngs happen here all the time and I have some more to tell you. You know that big fellar I wuz tellin you about who had charge of the kitchen pollece? well, I was tole that he isthe mess Sergeant. This fellar has three stripes on his sleeve and they are so nice and white too. Some of the boys tole me that he washes these stripes every week so they will look nice when he goes two town. I ain't workin for this fellar no more because him and me had a fall out together and I tole him eggsackly whear to head in at. He said to me that if I don't do what he sez he would sea to it that I was put in the god house. I was so darn mad that I didn't care whear I got to so I just gave him a peace of my mind just as I tole you I would do sooner or later. They took me off that job now and gave

me a new one. It is called quarters. Thats a funny name Jake, ain't it and I'll bet some people think that it means to gambel, because it has the same name as a twenty-five sent peace but its not gamblin because its against the law to dew that and no fellar would ever think ofgamblin in the Army. Certainly not. I'll tell you what it is. I got to get up at six o'clock and there are three off us and we gotter clean all of the rumes and fix all around so it looks nice. It's a good job Jake, because I don't have to do no dish washin or any other kinder out door work. I can sit around pretty much and that the kinder job I like.

Well Jake, cinsie I rote the last time I got. Now don't git skeered Jake, because it ain't the kinderfer shot you think. Thats only some more of that their army talk what I am picken up. We hadder take our shirts off and get in line and the dockter come along and jammed a needle in my arm wear my mussel is and then he pulled it out off my arm and it starts to hurt like blew blazes. One of the fellers fell over and we doused some water in his face. I guess he was skeered Jake, but he fell over before the doctor touched him. He shoulder waited till he was fixed up, aint? Its a big name thay call this hear opperasion. I don't know for sure how it is spelt, but I think it is spelt like this—inockyaulaysion. Thats an awful big word Jake, ain't it now? I'll soon have a good edgyoukation because they have so many big words in this here man's army. I couldn't hardly sleep that night because my arm got stiff like a board. Some of the fellers got pretty darn sick but them was mostly fellers what couldn't stand nothin. What will them guys do Jake when we get over to France and some big fat Germ-man bounces on him.

My arm is O. K. now Jake and I will be agettin another one of them shots before long. We gotter get three of them before the Government is satisfied that we wont

get no sickness like the small pox and mumps and other things what are katchin. I am a grate fellar for ketchin sicknesses like them too I just mentioned too you. Onced I kaught a bad kase of mezels only by goin around too sea a fellar fore a few minutes. Yes Jake, the Government is sure strickt about these things because they kant afford to have no one get sick. When we are done gettin shot we will get vacksyouated. I'm not afraid of this Jake because I got it a koupler times when I was a kid and I didn't git skeered than and I dont want to git skeered now especially that I am a soldure with a Government uneyform on. Well Jake to get down to brass tacks again. We got a Libertie Tatre hear and it is a grate big place. Why I was tole that it can put a koupler thousan people in it and than have rume for a koupler thousan more, if they wanted two. Its just like a reglar place you sea inthe City. They put big picktures up in frunt of the place and it tells you what is goin to be in their that night. The pickture that is up now Jake is about a kouple girls what have tites on and they are kickin high up in the air and I guess them girls must be the koreus because they are all in a row and all adoin the same thing. It only kosts fiftie cents to get in and I am agoin to buy my ticket as soon as I get done writin too you. I saw one of them their girl shows onced and beleive me Jake it was a hum diner because all the girls had such prettie shapes and all and they would laff to me and one sung a song about a fellow she wanted to love her and she looked rite at me and I got kinder read in my face because every body was alockin at me and somebody turns a lite on me which looked like one of them their surch lites what was on top of the buildins in New York to keep the Enemie away. I got awful nurvus because I never had any of them their show girls make up to me but

## Letters From An Old File—Continued

they generaly pick out the fellar that looks the best too them Jake. You know them people are vise kreaturees and they can soon pick out the one that looks good to them. I don't want no bowkays Jake but its the onest trueth and if you don't believe me you go to work and ask some off the fellows over at the sigar store. You aughter sea all the officers what is lokated in this Kamp. Them fellars sure dress up swell but I guess they must because they have a hole lot of authority and the funny part off it Jake we gotter do whatever they say and no matter if we don't like it or not. We mayent talk back too them because we wood get ourselves in a lot of trouble and we don't want to get in no truble right away, wood you Jake? I wish I was an officer Jake because they don't hafter do nothin but walk around and have good times and we gotter do the work. That ain't fare, is it? If I was one of them officers I wood have better rules around this place and I wood have a better place. I no I kould run the place better but its no use sayin something about it because they wouldn't give me a chance at the job. I guess I gotter get some body too put a good word in for me and maby I can get hold of one of them soft jobs. I wood like too be one off them fellars what are called Generals. I guess I kant get to be one of them but I will be satisfied if I only get to be a kurnel. Do you no how a fellar can tell what an officer is when he seas one? If you don't I will tell you. When I say that Jake, I don't mean for you to go and tell him what he is, because he might get you pinched or something. I mean to tell what rank he is. Well, a brigadeer General has a nice star which he pins on his sholder. A kurnel has a eagle on a pin. A Kaptain has two bars which he carries around with him, and a 1st Lieu—but what's the use of explainin about them, fellows what aint got much of a repatation but you take a first lueie and a sekond luey—they fellars are the most important off all. The first luey has a silver bar which looks just like the pin you bought for your Mom for a Xmas present and the sekond luey has a pin two only his is the only one that is maid of gold. Them fellars with the gold pins got a good job Jake, the only thing they must do is to walk around and ball out the other fellars. Ball out—, Jake, means to get a calin down. Say Jake. I'll tell you what happened last night. While I was awalkin down the rode lookin around at the sites, I happened to pass a fellar that I didn't notise and when I was passed this fellar turns around and calls me over to wear he was and sez—do you know what I am? Now, Jake, as I tole you befour, never tell an officer what he is ut only tell him what rank he has, so I thought of this rite away and says,— yes sir. You are a general. He

sez to me, he sez, dont you know that you must salute an officer when you sea one? So I sez, yes sir but I didnt sea you in time. The general looks at me for a wile and then he says, look hear young fellar, sez he, you want to watch out for yourself, because your gonner meet up with one of them their sekond lueys some day and your gonner get balled out for not slutin. I sez, yes sir, and off I went. He was a pretty nice fellar Jake and I was lucky that he was because I dont want no ballin out, not from a general anyhow. In fack, Jake I dont want no ballin out from no officer because its gonner spoil my chances from being one of them sergants like the fellar we got in the Kompany what kooks for us. I saw a nice pare of stripes in town in one of the windows and if I am promoted I will buy them kind because you can sea them so easy. I got another letter today Jake, but not from you. It was from my Mom and she sez that the old burg is on the bum ever since I left. You know that a person can tell rite away as soon as a poplar fellar gets away from a place. I don't want to have all the kredet for bein the most poplar fellar in the town but you must addmitt that I wasnt a back number, and especially when it come to bein rite with the ladies. I wouldnt kare Jake what the people say about you because you aint in the Army. What I tell you is stick on the farm so as we soldiers will get enough too eat, because if we don't get enough to eat we kant fight, and that's no kiddin. You wanter know if I aint goin to France yet. Oh no, Jake. We wont go for a wile because we aint got no unction and no gun and we didnt start to drill yet. Maby we will start to get our stuff in a few days and then we will start to drill than I guess we will go to France because I was told that they need us awfully bad. Tell your Mom not to send me no night gound because these fellars don't ware them around the kamp. I dont know why but I guess its because the fellars wood make fun off them. I almost forgot to tell you that I got a koupler packs of smokes and a few plugs of tobacker. I guess them are from the fellars that chiped together at the sigar store, aint, Jake? Now wait a minute Jake, all the fellars are runnin down the steps hollerin about sompthin whats goin on down stares. I'll half too go and sea too what it is because I dont want to miss nothin especially if they are givin out somethin. Just wait a minut. Well, Jaks, that space that I have there means that it was five minuts till I got started writin again. I got good news for you. What do you think? A hole lot of big boxes just come in and they are full of big boxes just come in and they are full of uniforms for us. I'm glad Jake, because now I can have my piktures took

tomorrow as soon as I get the unction on and I can send it to you so you have it to put in the paper. We are gonner have skool tonite for about an over as the Kaptain says that we are goin to learn to telegraph. Well, when it comes to telegraphin, I'm goin to be rite up with the rest of them because you know I uster hang around the station and help the Agent carrie the baggage and he showed me a lot about telegraphin.

Say Jake, I'm not agoin to send you this letter tonight because I want to tell you about the telegraph praktice and other stuff that we are goin to learn. I'll just put this letter in my kloset until tomorrow and than I will send it to you after I tell you about tonite.

That line means that I didn't rite the rest of the letter last nite because I wanted to tell you what was goin on at the skool. Well, Jake, about even thirtie P. M. last nite, the sergant blowed his wistle and hollered—MESS HALL, telegraph praktice. We all was anxious to get at it and we goes down in a hurry. When we gets down, the Kaptain was their and after we was all in a seat, the Kaptain says— Now men, he sez, all of youse must know sompthing about telegraphie because it will come in handie in France. He calls out for a fellar that knows sompthin about the stuff and I rases my hand and the Kaptain says for me to come up to him, which I did in a hurry because I didn't want no other fellar to get the idear that he Kould telegraph and beet me too it. The Kaptain says to me that I should sit down at a telegraph machine which he had their and sent to the fellows. None of them knowed the alpherbet and I was wonderin how in the dickens they was agoin ter put it down on the paper. It was no use for me to tell the Kaptain that because he knowed best, because he was the Kaptain so I sits down and starts to send some stuff what I kopied out of a paper. I was away from it so darned long Jake that I kinder forgot what some of the letters was and I got some of them rong but I just made one of them their interrogation marks which means that it was a mistake and so no body was the wiser. We was doin this for an hour and then the Kaptain says that it was enough for the night and that I was to be the reglar teacher every nite. That's a pretty good repatation, don't you think Jake because I'll bet any money that the Kaptain likes me and will make me a Sergant pretty soon. I was kinder tired after all that prakticin and I decided not to go off but I went rite to bed feelin pretty darned good, I can tell you. Well, Jake, Wait until you get a letter from me again because it is agoin to be a hum dinger as it will tell you more about the skool and the unctions and I guess a lot of other

## Letters From an Old File—Continued

stuff that is agoin on around this here Kamp.

Give my best regards to everybody at your house, Jake and tell them all to rite to me. Don't forget to tell everybody you sea that they should get the paper next weak so that they can reed my letter that you are agoin to give to the editor.

HENRY.

LETTER NO. 2 (Jake to Henry)

Dear Henry:—

Hell low, Henry, I see where you are sure in for a lot of stuff since you are goin to get a uneyform and all ekripment and that you are the teecher in that telley-graff skool. You must have a pull or something like it or you wouldn't bee as poplar as you are with the head fellars around their. I don't blaim you, Henry for wantin to be an offiser or a sergeant because you will have it soft pickin and everybody will look up to you as a person with authority and all. I guess when you get to be one of these fellars you wont rite to me no more because you might think that you mayant asosheate with komon people like me. I hope not Henry, because you know that we was always old buddies hear in hte old town and I kant afford to lose you. And another thing, Henry. Supposen you would be lucky enough not to be shot and killed after you get to France than you know that you wood come back and what wood happen? Dont you know that if you stop writin you w'u't be so poplar anymore, and thats no kidin either. I guess that you won't like them other fellars after they are made an offiser because you kouldnt do it. I am glad to know Henry that you are gettin up in the Army. Hooder think that you would be a teecher over all them other men at Kamp. I didnt for sure but a fellow kant tell any more by the looks of a fellow no matter how dumb he looks, aint I rite, Henry?

Talkin about them fellars that you are ateachin to telleygraff. I think that you are a little foolish about tellin them all you know about it, even if it aint much because you wont get no reglar pay for it and look at all the time you lost at the ralerode station tryin to get them dots and dashes into your head. Why them operators all along the rode wont let you kome to the tower anymore because they are afraid that a fellar might learn something. If you want to learn something about it you will have to come akross with some cash before they will evens give you a kopy of the alpherbet, and thats no kidin ether. I tride it onced and the operator says that he wont bother with no student till he pays him fiftie dollars. That's an outrage, Henry because I can get a lot of information about it if I rite to one of them elektreekal stores and I only half

to spend too sents for a stamp. I'll bet some of them there fellars are lawyers and all but they aint asayin nothin for feer that the Kaptain might make them tell the other fellars about it. Of kourse Henry, I don't want to tell you what you should do because you are the fellar thats adoin it and not me, only I just want to put you wise about a few things. I showed the letter you cent me to the editor and he says as how it will be a big drawin card for his paper every week and that if you want he will make you his korrespondent at Kamp and pay you a few dollars a month for it. He says that I should tell you about and you should let me know so he can put it in the paper that you are going to be the korrespondent. Your about the luckiest fellow I saw in a long wile Henry, because everything is comin your way, aint it? I'm glad, Henry especially because I am considerin you my best friend and its an honor to be associatin with a fellar like you whats gettin ahead so fast in the Army. Some of the fellars at the sigar store are awfully gealous of you Henry because all your letters are bein put in the paper and you are gettin along so fine. One of them said as how you was too dumb to get ahead and that you was agoin to be a buck privat all the time. Don't mind what them fellars says because I am always stockin up for you. I don't know whats goin to become of this hear town Henry because it is so dead that the chickens are gettin the blews of it and wont lay half of the time. Tim, the fellar that has the sigar store aint makin no money because nobody spends any money and he gotter have all the lites lit in the night because the fellars come around and play cards but don't spend nothin. There is goner be a festible over to the church next saturday and I wished you was home for it. We always had a good time at it and they wanted to put you on the komeitti but you cant because you are in the Army. I'm gettin the blues around hear two Henry and I don't know like one of them aristekratic places

where everybody is rich. We aint adoin much on the farm now, Henry because Pop cant sell the stuff we put out because nobody got no money to buy it. Pop said as how I better look for another job so as to help get money to support the familey but whear can I get a job, anyhow. Hardly no place is workin and them places that are aworkin have all girls doin the work. I had a dreme last nite about the Army, Henry. It was about me, where I was sent to a Kamp just like you was and I liked it a hole lot only I didnt like the drillin and other duties and that kitchen poleece you was atellin me about, but outsider that it wasn't a bad place. I wonder if my dream will come true. You know that the people klaim that dreams kome true but as none of my dream never come true, I dont have no faith in them. You know I dreamed onced that I was rich and had a koupled automobeeles but I didn't Henry, because I only dreamed it and it never kome true.

My kid brother Josh is always aplayin soldier and he says as how he is you and he takes a stick and makes believe that he is ashootin some body and he hollars B-O-O-M and all which means, Henry that it is a gun. I hafter laff at him lots of times the way he makes beleave about him bein a soldier. Nobody can tell praps someday he will be a big fellar in the Army. I hope you like your uneyform, Henry, and that you get your picktures took soon as you can and sent me one. I want to sea how you look in it. Maby you don't look the same and maby I wont know you in it but I guess I will if I look at your face, aint Henry? Dont forget not to put a chew in your mouth when you have your picktures took because it wont look nice to put it in the paper. Mom and everybody gives you there best regards, Henry and wishes you a lot of luck which I do myself. Dont do anything that you shouldnt do because you wont get promoted or nothin and then you will lose your repertasion around hear. Good by Henry.

JAKE.

## "Another O. D. Fable in Slang"

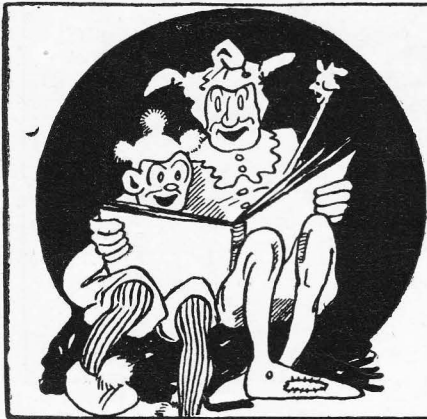
By "Azú Were"

Once upon a time there was a hard hearted old banker who took a special delight in fore-closing the mortgage he held on other peoples property, and they called him "Old Hiram Hardecastle" and he grew rich and skinny and skinny and rich.

And one day there came about a situation in the community that was out of the ordinary and the politicians started looking around for their man. It seems

that a gang of laborers had been hired to build a wall to prevent a great flood from rushing down on the town and destroying the citizens and their property. So a large force of men were hired, but as it was no time to heckle about wages, the men agreed to go to work and do the job, leaving the settlement of the wage question to the fairness and honesty of the politicians.

(Continued on Page 27)



# A PAGE TO WIT

## "OUR MAG"---By the Office Boy



**G**EE Wizz, youse guys ought to see how we wuz workin' last week gettin' out them reunion notices, and the Boss maid us send one to every eightieth vetter what we had an address of, and bulieve me if youse think it's a cinch sending out twenty-five thousand notices and folding them and putting inserts in them and sealing them and zoning them and tying them in bundles and putting them in mail sacks and delivering them into the main postoffice, all in four and a half days, just you try it once. And say fellers, we had some chickens in from a correspondence business college and some of em couldn't write worth shucks, but gee you could have got an eye full of femanine charm if you wuz here, the Boss ketched me a couple uv times with me mind off me work and on something else, and he give me the blackest looks, but we made him wurk too and he wuz the only won what couldn't stand the pace and he had to go away on a fishin' trip over the 4th, and we all gave him the laugh when he got back cause he didn't catch anything but sunburn and he looked like youse guys did when youse got back from your vacation abroad. But now that you know all about the dues you owe and the price of "SERVICE" and the Camp Lee pictures what we are selling like hot-cakes for ten cents and two cent to cover postage, (I wonder why the Boss doesn't say twelve cents and be done with it,) and you know all about our great Service Supply Department, and the great reunion and the good time we are trying to arrange for you, and how the railroads are going to give you a rate of one way and a half for the round trip, only it doesn't apply to youse fellows what fought for your country and live in Pennsylvania. But the old 80th has some real friends in Pittsburgh and if the Supply Sergeant doesn't fall off the horse and break the captain's hair tonic we'll show you some real doins in a real town and that ain't

casting any slurs towards the equator either. But gosh! with the printers on strike and the reunion and the heat and the yearly notices to twenty-five thousand 80th vettors what aint paid their dues for 1921-1922, and the money pilling up so fast that me and the boss and Shorty and the filist are all looking for new jobs, cause

if you fellows don't stick to the old works, why there just won't be any old works and that aint a parisienne pipe dream neither. So better "Everybuddy get a Buddy," and "TOOT SWEET" Merci Beaucoup.

Yours,

the Office Boy.

## VERY LIGHTS

### SOUNDS LIKE OUR FRENCH

One of our boys in O. D. who originated in Sunny Italy, was bemoaning his susceptability to mal de mere, on his way home from France, and remarked feelingly to one of his buddies.

Cross'em de ocesch three times. Catch'em sick every time.—*W. S. A.*

Teacher: "Tommy, give me a word containing the word fascinate."

Tommy: "My mother has a dress with ten buttons but she is so fat she can only fasten eight."

"Lloyd, you must stop using such dreadful language," said his mother. "Where in the world did you learn it?"

"Why, mother," replied the boy, "Shakespeare uses it."

"Well, then," said the mother, "don't play with him any more!"

Advice to one of the graduating classes at Yale to those contemplating marriage:

"Marry young."

"Treat 'em rough."

"Tell 'em nothin'!"

Mrs. Jones was getting dinner ready when in came little Fred with a happy smile on his face.

"What has mammy's darling been doing this morning?" asked his mother.

"I have been playing Postman," replied little Fred.

"Postman!" exclaimed his mother. "How

could you do that when you had no letters?"

"Oh, but I had," replied Fred. "I was looking in your trunk up in your room and I found a packet of letters tied 'round with a ribbon, and I posted one under every door in the street."

"What are you laughing about?"

"Now that peace is here I'm thinking of the poor guys who got married to escape the draft."

### BUT THEY BARK

Have you ever noticed how polite the trees are? They always bough before leaving.

### SAFETY FIRST

Jud Tunkins says the most valuable sense of humor is the kind that enables a person to see instantly what it isn't safe to laugh at.

### THE NEW RECIPE

Lady—"You say your father was injured in an explosion? How did it happen?"

Child—"Well, mother says it was too much yeast, but father says it was too little sugar."

### STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN

He (cautiously)—"Would you say 'Yes' if I asked you to marry me?"

She (still more cautiously)—"Would you ask me to marry you if I said I would say 'Yes' if you asked me to marry you?"



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

Sgt. Roy Taylor, of near Madison, a member of Co. A, 320th infantry, died from gunshot wounds in France, November 16, 1918, seven days after the armistice was signed. His body arrived recently from overseas to his old home.

Private (first class) Claire Burdette Gallup, of the 80th M. P. Co., 80th Division, who died in France at the Laignes Camp Hospital, was buried at Colegrove, Pa., with full military honors, June 19th, Bucktail Post No. 338 of Smethport, Pa., taking charge of the services.

On Wednesday, June 29, 1921, at 9:20 p. m., Lieut. Henry Walter Brunner, son of Mary and the late Henry Brunner, aged 28 years. Member of Company K, Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry, Eightieth Division.

Funeral services at the family residence, 158 Kendall avenue, Bellevue, Pa., on Saturday, July 2, at 2 p. m. Members of Stuckrath Lodge No. 430, F. & A. M., and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

Military funeral will be held over the remains of Private 1st class, James Francis M'Cluskey, born September 3, 1895, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry McCluskey of Morgan, Pa., who died in Laignes, France, December 25, 1918, a member of Headquarters Troop, Eightieth Division.

Solemn requiem high mass will be held at St. Agatha's Roman Catholic Church, Bridgeville, Pa., Saturday, June 18, at 10 a. m., daylight saving time. American Legion Post No. 54 will have charge of the funeral. The following organizations are invited to participate: Local Union No. 2147, U. M. W. of A., members of Division 27, A. O. H.; members of A. O. H. County Board; Chartiers Council No. 875, Knights of Columbus; Fort Pitt General Assembly Knights of Columbus, and friends of the family are cordially invited to attend.

Services for Fred. W. Gertler, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Machine Gun Company, who died of pneumonia in a base hospital at Laignes, France, were held from the home of his mother, Mrs. Minnie Gertler, 27 Miltenberger street. Comrade Gertler was given full military honors, being buried by the members of his own company, who turned out in a body. The grave salute was fired by McGrail-Coyne Post, V. F. W., and a military escort was furnished by Observatory Post, American Legion. Burial was in Oakland Cemetery.

Wellsburg people were pained to learn yesterday of the death of David Ardmore, a veteran of the 314th Field Artillery, and a prominent young man of the town. The decedent passed away in a Steubenville hospital as the result of an accident which he sustained in the La Belle Coke plant north of Follansbee, when he was fatally burned by electricity. The

*(Continued on Page 28)*



Individual unit banquets and luncheons are evidently the thing for the coming Second Annual Reunion and Convention of the 80th Division Veterans' Association judging from reports of those already arranged for. The latest unit to report, is H. Co. 320. Comrade Schmidt advises that their supper will be held Sat. Eve., Aug. 6, at a hotel to be announced later. Every unit should select some live wire from among its members and arrange for an iner-reunion in which a closer contact can be had with former "Bunkies." Many of the 80th units have already formed permanent organizations of their old outfit, such as "Co. I, 320th, Inf. Veterans' Club," etc. This is the logical thing for every outfit to do. While an organization of this kind may meet only once a year at some central point for a banquet and get together to chat over old times, or perhaps to pay last tributes to a departed member, the contact is of a more personal nature, and many of the problems facing the veteran can be freely discussed and thrashed out. Suggestions and recommendations can be forwarded to the 80th Division Veterans' Association, and by having thriving active children to advise and co-operate with it and which will be then in a position to better reciprocate, the future of both is assured, you will the better, represent your headquarters and they will be of real service to you. General Brett is very desirous that every unit of the 80th fall in line with a little vets' association of their own. The Convention will be an ideal opportunity for such work among the individual members.

The New York Public Library has made a request for a complete file of Service Magazine for their files. We immediately felt the compliment and sent all back numbers we had on hand, however we were short the Oct. 1920, and March 1921 issues. So any buddy who has an extra one of either of these issues will confer a favor on the entire Division by mailing same to SERVICE.—Editor.

Ferdinand Born, formerly Co. B, 305 Eng., who resides at R. F. D. No. 1, Reedsville, W. Va., reports the arrival of a son on Oct. 16, 1920, who has been named

Robt. Elmer Born. Congratulations now in order.

Friends of Raymond A. Pequignot, formerly 320 M. G. and Hdq. Co.s, will be surprised to learn of his recent marriage to Miss Cecile C. Blair, of Akron, Ohio., which took place May 26th, 1921. Comrade Pequignot, who distinguished himself in the service as a genial comrade and first rate checker player, is now residing at 1085 Jefferson Ave., Akron, Ohio, where he will be pleased to welcome any old Pals, who happen to fall off the rattlers at the rubber city.

A romance of the World War culminated in the marriage at Tours, France, on June 13, of J. M. Clerc, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Clerc, 305 Kelly Ave., Wilkesburg, and Miss Odette Bourreau of Tours. The bridegroom is a jeweler of Rochester. He sailed from New York city, May 12, for Tours, where the wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents. They will return here about July 4. The young couple first met while Mr. Clerc was stationed at Tours, after the signing of the armistice, attached to the signal corps 80th Div., in charge of the photographic laboratory.

Sgt. Henry Lycoe, formerly 320 M. G. Co., is the proud father of a baby girl, born June 1st, 1921. Sgt. Lycoe is now residing at Homestead, Pa.

Col. Frank S. Cochen, former commanding officer of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry Regiment of the Eightieth Division, which was made up of enlisted men from the Pgh. district, will be stationed in that city after August. He has been assigned to organize the reserve forces, which are to be organized in accordance with the provisions of the national defense act, passed in 1920.

Several National, State and City Libraries have requested complete files of Service Magazine. We are short the issues of Oct., 1920 and March, 1921. Any buddy who has extra copies of these issues can confer a lasting favor on the Association by sending them in to SERVICE.

## Morning Report—Continued

### CORRECTION FOR YEAR BOOK

Change Everett S. Neff, Pvt. 1st Class, Battery F, 315 F. A. from R. F. D. No. 1, Sistersville, W. Va., to read 717 Morgan St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Add to Battery A. 314 F. A., Avery E. Gaskins, Box 368, Salem, W. Va.

Add to Co. B. 320th Inf., Corp. P. J. Killmyer, 135 Marena St., Pgh., Pa.

Change address of Pvt. 1st Class, John P. Ferguson, Hdq. Co. 320th Inf., to St. Francis Hospital, Pgh., Pa. Visiting buddies always welcome.

Wanted—Address of Aida Branch, formerly of 2101 East Broad St., Richmond, Va., information to Div. Hdq., Service Magazine.

Thos. A. Carr, formerly Capt. 319th, Inf. M. G. Co., was married June 28th, 1921, to Miss Gertrude C. Kringe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kringe, Sr., of Freeland, Pa. Now at home at 35 East Broad St., Hazelton, Pa.

Lt. Alfred Leyburn, formerly 320 M. G., and who distinguished himself as instructor at Grenade School at Camp Lee, later with Co. H 320, and who gave excellent service assisting Capt. Vermeule in the M. G. Company's front line operations, was recently appointed as U. S. Bank examiner and is spending some time in Pgh., Pa., where most of the old "Pittsburgh Peps" are located.

Private, 1st class, James D. Swaney, Hdq. Co., 320th Inf., is now at V. S. P. H. S. Hospital No. 2, at Perryville, Md., and wants to hear from his old Buddies.

It looked like old times to see the 320 M. G. lined up in company front at the funeral service for Freddy Gertler, and many were the glad hand shakes and warm welcomes of these old buddies who served in the best drilled company in the old division, at least that's what they claim.

Big Bill Fleming, that hustler who does things for the 80th in the name of Penna. Atx. No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association, was on the job recently and after

securing the services of a chaplain to preach a funeral service, he suddenly bobbed up at the cemetery with his car to take the chaplain home.

Old top kick Larry Rutherford, of 320 M. G., was also on hand with a Ford limousine and that ain't all he had. You've gotta hand it to Larry.

The 314 F. A. Vets were recently presented with a handsome banner by Ladies' Relief Corp. Aux. to Holiday Post G. A. R. The presentation was made shortly before the big fourth of July parade, and was carried in the event by the members of this unit. Mrs. Cankle was speaker for the ladies, while Sgt. R. E. "Terry" Garrison did the honors for 314. Joseph L. Roth, who is one of the live wires in the 314 Vets.' Asso., plans to have this banner carried by his outfit at the short parade to be held in Pgh., Pa., in connection with the Second Annual Reunion of the 80th Vets.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight H. Fee are now paying a visit to the Battle fields of the Western front, and the former editor of The Camp Lee Bayonet and Service Magazine (not to mention several of the big city dailies, such as the Pittsburgh Gazette Times, etc.), writes that he is preparing a story of the battle fields today, for the readers of Service Magazine, and written in Mr. Fee's fascinating manner, we can look forward to a real treat. Mr. and Mrs. Fee are now connected with the American Mission at Cairo, Egypt, where they will be located for the next four years.

BALTIMORE, MD., June 22, 1921.  
SERVICE MAGAZINE,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen—

In a recent issue of your esteemed Magazine I noticed a suggestion that many members of the old Division would like to secure phonographic records of the old war songs sung by the famous 80th Div. Quartette. I am also of this opinion, and have taken the matter up with the Remington Phonograph Corp. which controls the Olympic Disc Record Corporation, 1666 Broadway, New York, and in which I am

financially interested. Their reply to my communication requests that the manager of the 80th Div. Quartette communicates with Mr. John Fletcher, Recording Manager, care Olympic Disc Corporation, at the above address.

I feel certain that every veteran of the 80th will be pleased to have records of this great quartette. I'd like to hear from more members of the 80th, on the subject. Service Magazine will gladly print your opinions. Sincerely yours,

COLIN T. BURCH,  
Formerly 317th Inf.

"VETERANS OF 'I' COMPANY"  
320th Infantry, 20th Division  
Fellow Comrades—

Our old 80th Division will soon advance on Pittsburgh for the Second Annual Reunion, August 4, 5, 6, 7th.

We have some "Inside Dope" on the big doings, Sports, Picnic, Parade, Ball Game, Dance and Reception, and Memorial Services.

Let us start right off the bat and save up a few "Iron Men" "\$" and blow into town on a "Real Furlough" and pal around with your buddies you have not seen since we were mustered out.

Now, boys, you know how "I" Company excelled when in the service and your Annual Banquets and Reunions are the talk of the other outfits, so let us during the Division Reunion show them what "I" Company, "Lets Go" really means.

Here are the punches we are going to deliver: "Parade and Company Banquet."

Saturday morning, Aug. 6th, the Divisional Parade will be held, so Fall In and let "I" Company shine, by having the largest and snappiest Company in line. The parade will end in Schenley Park where lunch will be served. Then to the Ball Game to see the Pirates play Brooklyn.

After the ball game we will answer Mess Call by gathering at Schenley Hotel where once again good fellowship will hold sway, with music, songs and stories of the past, so get the old spirit and be on hand

(Continued on Page 26)

## CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA



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

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



June 21, 1921.

Chairman of Committee on Military Affairs,  
House of Representatives,  
Washington, D. C.

Sir:—

The Legislative Committee of the Veterans of Foreign Wars has studied very carefully House Bill H. R.-5309 authorizing the President of the United States by, and with the consent of the Senate to appoint Colonel Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. A. Retired, to the position and rank of Brigadier General, U. S. A. Retired; the committee has also studied very carefully numerous documents and papers pertaining to the ability and services rendered by Colonel Brett. They note with interest the recommendation for such promotion from General Pershing, Lieut. General H. Liggett, General Peyton C. Marsh, General George Bell, Jr., Major General Dickman, Major General W. M. Wright and numerous others.

The committee has noted the remarkable records and the numerous recommendations made in Colonel Brett's case for Brigadier General. He is a graduate of the United States Military Academy and was extremely active and a well versed officer up to the very minute of February 22, 1920. He served in numerous Indian Campaigns in the early '80's and for his conspicuous bravery was awarded the Medal of Honor besides numerous citations. He was cited for brevet during the Campaign at Santiago in 1898. His services further continued in active field forces in 1899 in the Philippines and against the Moros in Mindanac in 1900. The versatility of his service is shown in the fact that he has served as Provost Marshal General of the army and later as Adjutant General of the District of Columbia Militia. In 1914 he was recommended for promotion to Brigadier General of Volunteers by Major General Wood. He was recommended to detail on the General Staff in 1915 and in 1916 he was placed in command of a cavalry brigade on the Mexican Border. During the recent war he commanded an infantry brigade in the Meuse Argonne having been appointed a Brigadier General of the National army and assigned to the 80th Division in August 1917 and during such services he was recommended repeatedly for the rank

of Major General and as mentioned before in February 1919 he was recommended for Brigadier General of the Regular army before retirement for the recognition of his splendid services. This was followed up by a telegram from General Pershing from the War Department on December 20, 1919.

We find that he is an officer of the Legion of Honor, holds the decoration of the Croix de Guerre avec Palm.

We could from the records continue with numerous other recommendations and incidents, but I believe that the files in his case in the War Department will be more than sufficient to substantiate the recommendation that we make that this bill be reported out favorably at the earliest opportunity. Respectfully yours,

EDWIN S. BETHLEHEM, JR.,  
Chairman.

#### FROM THE STARS AND STRIPES

"The eleventh hour attack of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States against the soldiers adjusted compensation bill at a time when the bill is assured of early and favorable action in Congress will prove as futile as the facts and figures in the Chamber's pamphlet on the subject are erratic," declared Richard Seelye Jones, editor of *The Stars and Stripes*, veterans' newspaper and strong supporter of the bill today. "The Chamber's effort to scare the business men of America with visions of heavy taxation or national bankruptcy are not worthy of the organization. They are best answered by the Finance Committee of the Senate, which reports that 'the general assumption that the enactment of this bill into law will immediately call upon the backs of an already excessively tax burdened public an immense additional liability, is unwarranted.'"

"The Finance Committee studied the bill in detail before making that report. The Chamber has taken the minority report of a single member, since discredited by his constituents, Ex-Senator Thomas of Colorado, and treated it seriously. The Chamber's document is wholly at fault in referring to a 'cash bonus or its equivalent in certificates.' The Adjusted Service Certificate plan is not equivalent to cash. It is not even similar. It is an endowment policy of insurance and has nothing in com-

mon with the cash feature. I am surprised at an able organization like the U. S. Chamber of Commerce deliberately confusing the issue by declaring these two plans 'equivalent.' No business man will swallow such nonsense if he gives any thought to the facts. The Senators and the late National Commander of The American Legion, Col. Galbraith, discussed this at length and agreed that the certificate plan was the best for the veterans and for the country and that it would be urged as the choice which the veterans should make.

"There is also reason to doubt the soundness of the argument that the payment of compensation to the ex-service men would be bad for the country, at this time," continued Jones. "Many authorities will hold that it would be a much needed stimulus, and that the home and farm aid features of the bill would increase productive effort, while the cash feature would be a healthy tonic to the consuming market. The statistics quoted by the Chamber are exceedingly erratic, and the opinions voiced are those of members of the previous administration, voiced by ex-Secretary of the Treasury Houston a year and more ago. Secretary Mellon is said to hold very different views, as does Senator McCumber and others who have been at pains to get the facts. The Chamber's document is made up of more guess work than facts. It is surprising that a commercial body should sponsor such a hodge podge of misleading data."

"I have no doubt that The American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and other organizations of veterans will meet these misleading efforts and answer them in detail. I also have no doubt that business men and Chambers of Commerce throughout the United States will be slow to respond to the U. S. Chamber's appeal for a propaganda of resolutions against the adjusted compensation bill based on any such evidence as that submitted in the Chamber's booklet. Veterans will at least ask every commercial organization to read the report of the Finance Committee of the Senate and learn the facts before rushing into the subject half-informed.

"In every state where the adjusted compensation, or bonus question has been put to a vote, the public has overwhelmingly



## Salvage—Continued

indorsed it. Business men have been as anxious as laboring men or any other Americans to meet the fair obligation of this nation to those who suffered serious financial setbacks by reason of their war service. The U. S. Chamber itself does not question the absolute justice of the adjusted compensation bill, but seeks to becloud the issue with an alarmist campaign of national poverty, unjustified by any facts. The attack is based on erratic data, ill-timed, and destined, I believe, to be entirely futile."

### V. F. W. COMMANDER DENOUNCES THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE STAND ON SOLDIERS' ADJUSTED COMPENSATION BILL

I read with a great deal of amused interest the "swan song" of the money interests and howl of the profiteers. The United States Chamber of Commerce has spoken in its final and exhausted effort to kill the so-called Soldiers' Adjusted Compensation Bill which WILL pass Congress very shortly. It is truly surprising to see the ingratitude that is shown in the whole attitude of this association's remarks; ingratitude for the boys and men who went out and stood the brunt of the battle and hardships in the field so that these self-same men for whom the United States Chamber of Commerce speaks and also their families might continue to live and enjoy their traditional freedom from oppression that was then threatening the Nation.

The Chamber of Commerce has flooded the Congress and all parts of the Country with its booklet of some size and of quite some cost (the cost of getting out this publication and mailing it could have done much towards the relief of the men), in an attempt to belittle the ex-service man and the work that he has accomplished; and an endeavor is made to hide behind the cloak of a sympathy seeker and a few expressions about "aiding the disabled men." It is regretted that some of our bigger representative bodies attempt to commercialize the plight of the disabled man.

Ingratitude appears to be written all through this pamphlet. The Chamber seems, in a guise, to bemoan the cost of helping the disabled. It seems to think that it is necessary and with propriety for it (the Chamber of Commerce) to build up and exhibit to the public large figures of what the Government is spending on allotments made to the dependents called in service, on death and disability compensation, on the hospitalizing the wounded, and on their rehabilitation.

The Chamber also takes occasion to tabulate a set of benefits that were enacted for the ex-service men, undoubtedly with

an endeavor to show that a sufficiency of relief was given for the ex-service men. Some of these that they mention are:—suspension of legal proceedings, of attachment of property, eviction, foreclosure, sale of property, for taxes, and forfeiture of right to public land. Isn't it a pity that the Chamber must resort to such small measures.

It would be interesting indeed for this self same Chamber of Commerce to tell the country just what it has done constructively or otherwise, for the benefit of the ex-service men and the disabled soldiers. Just where in the records has it or any of its representatives appeared at hearings and spoken in behalf of the passage in beneficial legislation of the disabled soldiers? And in this I take cognizance of a letter dated May 19, 1921, to the various members of Congress which was used as a blind to kill the "bonus" legislation. Has it done anything at all on the "Sweet Bill" or the various land and homestead bills which are "a lasting benefit"? I don't recall any of their representatives doing anything actively, in the name of their national organization in the matter of hospitalization program, nor does my memory recall any publicity in this respect in behalf of such relief by the Chamber.

However, at this time when it appears, as a result of the demand throughout the country of citizens in general that the Adjusted Compensation Bill will be enacted into a law, the United States Chamber of Commerce comes out using a belated sympathy for the disabled as a mask to kill this present measure.

Does the United States Chamber of Commerce really and sincerely believe that it can scare the average business man throughout the country with a lot of figures that do not tally with the ones submitted by the Senate Finance Committee through its experts?

I am curious to know just how many "conscientious" (?) profiteers are behind this Chamber's actions. It will be interesting to hear just what the United States Chamber of Commerce did to protect the Government and the taxpayers from paying enormous prices for food and supplies during the war. It could not haggle about this or else there would be trouble from within. It could not even haggle about the immense salaries that were being paid to those who stayed at home—but about playing fair and keeping the country's promises to the men who offered their lives and sacrificed their business, the Chamber can come out and haggle with the 31-page dissertation. Introspection sometimes is a very good thing. It also would be well for the United States Chamber to check its figures and deductions before they publish such statements.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States are quite sure that Congress and the country is truly cognizant of the fact that this Adjusted Compensation Bill that they are about to authorize will cost but a very small fraction of what would have been the cost should the war have continued a month or two longer. The soldiers upon whom the country showered all manners of promises ask but fair treatment; and I am sure there isn't a bit of doubt but what Congress and the citizens will see that they get it.

ROBERT G. WOODSIDE,  
*Commander in Chief.*

Veterans of Foreign Wars of the  
United States.

June 23, 1921.

### FROM AMERICAN FARM BUREAU FEDERATION

July 2, 1921.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—Organized farmers' interests represented by the American Farm Bureau Federation today went on record as favoring the legislative program of the American Legion for relief of wounded and disabled war veterans. The executive committee of the Farm Bureau Federation, which claims more than 1,000,000 members, presented to Congress resolutions calling for the following action on behalf of service men:

Consolidation of the three ex-service men's bureaus—the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Vocational Training Board, and the United States Public Health Service.

A permanent hospital building program.

Decentralization of the work of the War Risk Bureau.

Extension of benefits of vocational training.

Retirement with pay for disabled emergency officers of the world war.

The action of the Farm Bureau Federation followed an appeal to J. R. Howard, president of the organization, by the late Colonel F. W. Galbraith, Mr., as national commander of the American Legion, just before his tragic death in an automobile accident.

Colonel Galbraith's letter follows:

"Two years ago the bands stopped playing, the battled flags were furled. Then, too quickly, America forgot. Last January, the American Legion brought to your attention the shocking conditions surrounding the rehabilitation of the disabled veterans of the World War. Press and people were aroused. United again with the old spirit of '17 they demanded redress of injustice. Congress met and considered five bills designed to improve the condition of the disabled. These bills were the result of

(Continued on Page 29)

## Morning Report—Continued

(Continued from Page 23)

to help make the Reunion a success as well as make your own Company stand out above the rest.

"A word for those out-of-town"—Special rates on railroads, so get together the attending the reunion, so get together the "Iron Men" "\$" for your railroad fare and leave the rest to the members of "I" Co.

Final arrangements will be made and mailed you later, so just "Hold That Pivot, Dress Up and Be Prepared to Advance."

S. BOLTON, *President.*

330 Collins Ave., E. E.

G. T. SMITH, *Sec. & Treas.*

347 Melwood St., E. E.

TURTLE CREEK, PA., June 21, 1921.

Comrades—

Just a few lines today in the hope that they may be instrumental in bringing about the several objects I have in view. My "SERVICE" arrived today. I have been waiting patiently for it. Needless to say I derive considerable pleasure, benefit and amusement from its pages. I am growing fonder of it with each issue. It seems to have a way, just all its own, in winning a place in one's affections. Several of the boys have or are about to send in their subscriptions due to the fact that I have tried to show them what they are missing. To be rough and candid with those men who have allowed their membership to lapse—you're just foolish. Line up get behind this Association. There is no better division. Have you noticed the per-

centage of war pictures printed here, there and elsewhere, that show ground covered by the 80th? Somehow the members are permitting their ill humor occasioned by conditions that have and are still growing out of the war to influence their attitude toward the association *and through it*, their treatment of their comrade. I know you are not satisfied with most things that have come to pass and *if you are, I am not*. This is not the new order I dreamed of at Nantillois or any other front. It is not a world "Made safe for democracy"—Made safe for big business is nearer the truth. There are several rather healthy wars going on today. One that interests most of us a very great lot, right here at home. A wage war. You spent two valuable years in the service and now business goes down in this country. While in war stricken Europe it is building up. Europe's former unemployed, especially in Germany, are now working. We have accumulated about five million. Why? Possibly mismanagement. You *can't* better this brand of patriotism by dropping out of the association. But a powerful association can better it. You men are real patriots. Most of these *big little boys* were busy counting their immense earnings while you were up to your ears in a hell of mud, your teeth chattering, and your fingers bent like bird claws as the result of rain and cold. They are still shouting and will have their names before the public until the devil gathers them to a just reward. You have "Shut up," that won't do. Get together and use your strength through your or-

ganization. You want a bonus. I do too. Just because you do. We will get it after we have begged long enough. You could afford your life for "Uncle." My "Buddy" gave his with a smile at Buzancy. But the senate can't see its way clear. Sometimes I feel as though I would like to hurt some one with my two hands. You know what I mean—I may be wrong, but present conditions make me so bitter at times that "I can taste it." You see I know how you feel. But you will feel better after you begin to read SERVICE again. Now you boys of A Co., 317, don't you fail. Most of you are in the South and perhaps think you come in at the small end because headquarters are here. Well that amounts to nothing. I have been in that little smothering hot office once or twice. Promised them an ad, I failed to get. How about every member trying for an ad. Choke one out of your merchant and then stand back of him and his business. "Your little two bits and my little bit" don't go far toward running this show. Ads; keep up the papers and magazines. *Get one! I'll get mine if I have to hold him up for it.* Any A Co. boy who hasn't the money for the magazine, let me know. I haven't much, but I have enough to put you on the list, "Buddy of mine." Some of you were in Pittsburgh and failed to look me up. You hurt me then. Some of you paid me a very stingy visit. I appreciate that. Then you returned to the city for a length of time and didn't call. I deplore that. I have sent letters and cards

(Continued on Next Page)

### LIFE MEMBERS

#### 80th Division Veterans Association

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

NEXT?

## I'll Say We Do—Continued

(Continued from Page 14)

their chance of seeing some real G. I. Cans and H. E. Shells complete their joyful greetings to our picnickers who had taken a joyride on the ocean to France, must be taken care of and these favorite sons and daughters waited not in vain. But you remember how it was changed to a Bonus Bill instead of what they had been calling it—"The Adjusted Compensation Bill for Enlisted Men," or words to that effect. And remember how the U. S. Chamber of Commerce got behind the Liberty Bond issues and had great banquets every day. And how they stood at the old brass rail and discussed our brave lads over there, and chuckled as they banked the dividends on their steel and munition stock. And remember the papers we got "over there." And our own Stars and Stripes" that wasn't afraid to tell us the truth. And how we felt when we read about the thousands of millionaires the

war had made. And how after reading this news we silently contemplated that gun stuck into the blood stained earth. And the crossed bayonet and the helmet with the bullet hole through the center. And that little mound of mud that our buddy had won. And how we bitterly smiled and done a heap of thinking. And got home and saw the chap who got exempted on account of a scar he received in an appendicitis operation, riding down the main stem of the town in his car. And how graciously he smiled at you, and next day asked you if you were going to wear your uniform all the rest of your life! Remember?

And how you got your old job back. And the firm spent five hundred dollars advertising the fact that they had actually re-employed a low down bum of an ex-soldier. And then how the efficiency expert who covered himself with glory selling L. B.s noticed you were a trifle too nervous to hold the old job. And how he laid you off. And you are still waiting and

waiting. And how you sometimes envy the fellow that "Went West." And how they were going to let you run the country when we got back, eh? You bet your life they will and when the time comes to run it, we will give as clean and loyal service here as we did in the Argonne, and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce will sit up on its hind legs and like the system.

The little chap running to school is the boy that is going to remember just the same as we remember the Civil War and Spanish American vets.

The Senators and Profiteers who are obstructing the adjusted compensation today, will be swallowed up in obscurity tomorrow when the Spokesman of the A. E. F. gets his orders and "goes over the top." No one seems to know his name just yet, but he's here in America. And he's getting all primed for a finish fight. And we won't forget our friends for we know them. And we know who our enemies are, don't we, old-timer? I'LL SAY WE DO!

## "Another O. D. Fable in Slang"—Continued

(Continued from Page 20)

So it came to pass that the great dam or wall was built and most of the members of the community worked faithfully in selling their cement and rocks and sand to the politicians to build the dam with, and did wax exceedingly rich by so doing, thereby showing the wisdom of owning stock in a quarry when a great flood is expected.

So it came to pass that the dam being finished, and the great destroying flood averted, that there was no longer any need for the workers so they were discharged and given pieces of paper to show that they had not eaten any of the sand, nor smuggled away any of the rocks or bags of cement in their dinner buckets. Many tried to eat the paper or use it as a passport to another job, but as their work, inhaling so much cement dust and sleeping on the ground, had caused most of them to be afflicted with expectitus, they were out of luck and nobody seemed to want to be bothered with them.

So it came to pass that they came knocking at the politicians' door and asking about that adjusted pay they were to get. And the politicians greeted them with scornful words, saying "Whence come you here seeking filthy lucre for such noble deeds in saving the community from great disaster? What manner of men are you who seek pay for great and noble service to your fellow man?"

And it came to pass that the laborers bowed their heads meekly and renewed their search for honest toil, but finding it not, they who had not committed suicide

or died of hunger and exposure, again repaired to the door of the politician and saw great rejoicing and flag waving and the great statesmen sitting at the festive board, eating and drinking and clipping coupons from their quarry and cement stocks. And the ungrateful laborers again asked for the bones from their table, but once more the politicians put them off with words of mingled praise and scorn, but no bones. "Give us bones! Give us bones!" was the plea of the lowly workers. "Give them another fancy discharge paper and a medal," saith the politicians. "We must do something," saith "Old John Moneybags," "or they will assault us and steal our coupons." "Yea, we can no longer face them," saith another. "We have promised them so much, if they would build the dam." "What shall we do?," they cried in unison. "Oh! lets call upon "Old Hiram" to handle the situation."

So it came to pass that Hiram, who was much feared for his great wealth and power, did size up the situation and did make a speech unto the boobs, telling them they should be ashamed of themselves for expecting to be adequately repaid for service to humanity. And that if they insisted upon being paid, the politicians would immediately raise the cost of living so that in a short time it would all be taken away from them and they would be poorer than before.

Thus, it came to pass that the boobs took flight at these words and were never heard of again. And in a few short years the politicians withered and died and many took trips up "salt river." And a new set of politicians took their places and found

means to pay the widows and the orphans of the boobs who had died from Expectitus—and the few remaining survivors who were too unpatriotic to give their services for a song and who begrudged the quarry and cement owners their profits.

Verily it is a long lane that has no turning and even a worm can be taught to take his turn at the wheel of events. Moral—"Don't be too sure of a boob, especially when there are millions of him.—Selah.

## Morning Report—Contd.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

to many. A few answered. Was '17 in the war? Well Adams—one wouldn't know it from its members and the magazine is theirs. This is a long letter "Of just a few lines," but Mr. Editor, you put it in, "17" is entitled to the space and Ernest, you write me some day when you can't think of anything else to do. I will appreciate it. The following men living in this county owe me a letter: Elmer E. Blyston and Patrick Healy. What's the matter with you two lads? Floyd L. Veveridge was buried here with military honors. I attended the funeral of Herman T. Anderson from Carey Ave., Braddock. How about the Reunion? Better come! Look me up. I will have bed for a couple of you. Let me know in time. Regards to all members,  
CREE,

304 McMasters Ave., Turtle Creek, Pa.  
P. S.—Paid Dallymeyer a visit last Sunday. He has a cozy home at Haysville. He and his "Dandy Little Wife" will make you feel at home. Oh! boy but he has changed. The influence of a loving wife, I guess.

Enclosed find check for dues.

# Their Armistice Day—Continued

(Continued from Page 10)

topics, about the folks back home, the part each had played in the war, and the fact that they hadn't changed so very much. Then Jane's eyes caught sight of his paper.

"What's your idea of the peace conference at Versailles anyways?" she asked.

"They're a bunch of old women that's what I think," Jim answered disgustedly.

Instantly the light of combat flared in Jane's eyes.

"Why old? With your opinion of women and politics I should think "women" would be sufficient to convey your contempt."

"Good heavens, Jane, I didn't coin the phrase. It's as old as the hills."

"Yes; but did it ever occur to you how very, very often it is applied to men? Seems to me they must have a great tendency to the traits that call for such a comparison or it wouldn't be applicable so often."

"Oh, I———" Here he broke off and smiled down at her piquant little face and into the blue of her eyes that looked out from under the brim of her service hat.

"Jane," he continued, "I've decided that the only way to get along with you is not to argue with you. One should just love you."

"Indeed?" she smiled back. "Because you think that mentally I'm not intelligent enough to bother arguing with, or because you are afraid of getting the worst of the argument? Besides every man I ever knew, but one has just one argument for a woman when she doesn't agree with him. He simply states flatly, "You don't know what you're talking about," and then no matter how much she says after that, he considers that he has already refuted anything she might say."

Jim decided that she was really far prettier than she had been as a girl of nineteen, so letting the challenge go by unheeded, he answered,

"If they all looked as attractive when they argue as you do, Jane, I'd say let them argue their adorable little heads off."

"And if they did come off it wouldn't matter much to men like you. You'd shrug your shoulders and say, "Well, there wasn't very much in them after all."

She was astonishingly appealing when that light of mischief danced in her eyes, and he found himself regretting more than ever that they had quarreled so many years ago. But these thoughts of his were interrupted as he felt the brakes grind against the wheels and realized the train had already pulled into Charing Cross.

In the hurry of getting their few belongings together, the conversation was wholly about coats, bags and station guards, but just as the train gave a final jerk and stopped, he turned to help her to alight.

"Jane," he said, "Our Armistice Day is over now. How about a permanent peace, with the object of a double alliance for a basis of future discussion?"

"One very good reason, Jim. Look! there it is! Excuse me a second."

To Jim's astonished eyes, Jane sped down the platform and into the arms of a young British officer, presently turning to take a small child from the arms of a waiting nurse maid. Then the three hurried back to where Jim still stood.

Scarcely concealing the amusement that lurked in the depths of her expressive eyes, Jane announced,

"My reason, Jim. You see I have already entered into a triple alliance with England."

## TAPS—Contd.

(Continued from Page 22)

unfortunate young man was rushed to an emergency hospital and later was taken to the Ohio Valley Hospital in Steubenville where he expired. He served with distinction as a gunner in the Argonne Forest being assigned to Battery A., of the 314th regiment.

### TRIPLE FUNERAL HELD

Funeral services over the bodies of Corp. Walter Barent, One Hundred and Eleventh Infantry; Boleslav J. Skovronski, Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry; and B. Roman Milkiski, Three Hundred and Eighteenth Infantry, were held simultaneously in the Polish Catholic Church, Natrona. Members of Harrison Township Post No. 48, American Legion, accompanied the bodies to the Polish Catholic Cemetery, Freeport road.

Services over the body of Clifford Hazlett, formerly of the One Hundred and Eleventh Infantry, killed in action in July, 1918, at Fismette, were held in the home of his father, Archie Hazlett, on Bakerstown road, near Tarentum. Interment was in Mount Airy Cemetery. The funeral was attended by members of Post No. 85, American Legion.

Wm. L. Gallagher, formerly Co. K., 319th Infantry, died November 15, 1918, Base Hospital No. 52. Body arrived in Pittsburgh Thursday, June 23, 1921. He was buried Sunday, June 26, 1921, from his former home, 55 Eureka Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

R. N. Reling, killed in coal mine, Marianna, Pa., December 14, 1920. word received July 8th, 1921, from his father, Axel Reling, Box 341, Marianna, Pa.



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**Salvage—Contd.**

(Continued from Page 25)

months of study. They were approved by government experts and by congressional committees. Nevertheless, the legislative log-jam of the dying days of the Sixty-Sixth Congress prevented all but one of these bills from passing. We are back where we started, except that the hearts of the maimed are heavier. The legislation embodied in the four bills that failed must go through this session of Congress. The people will it. President Harding has repeatedly declared publicly and privately that he thoroughly approves. He named a committee to study the situation and to report directly to him. The committee's report endorsed the Legion's legislative program. President Harding embodied these recommendations in his message to Congress. Congress must now be pressed to act. The bands have stopped playing; the battle flags are furled, in their places are crutches and the wan, weary faces. For humanity's sake and to answer the promptings in your own heart—help."

Buck says:

"Secretary of the Treasury Mellon is quoted as having said that he cannot see this measuring of our patriotic service with money. Mr. Mellon has been measuring his service with money long enough to become one of America's richest men. And he is still ambitious enough to grab a political plum when he sees it. Verily Barnum was right. We do like to be hum bugged. If we get a bonus we'll have to pay for it in increased cost of living, Well! he ought to know.

**NO CHANCE**

Returning home from the dentist's, where he had gone to have a loose tooth drawn, little Raymond reported as follows: "The doctor told me 'fore he began that if I cried or screamed it would cost me a dollar, but if I was a good boy it would be only fifty cents."

"Did you scream?" his mother asked.

"How could I?" answered Raymond.

"You only gave me fifty cents."

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# A Visit From the General—Continued

(Continued from Page 11)

and somehow or other, somebody had gotten citizenship and service with the Blue Ridge division.

Following the ceremonies, a reception was tendered General Brett at the Elks' Temple. Scores of McKeesport's leading citizens were there; the old boys of the G. A. R. had come to greet the general; but best of all were the boys of General Brett's own outfit—the 160th Infantry Brigade. They had plenty of subjects for conversation; it was sprinkled with anecdotes of the front-line trenches near Arras, tales of the hotly-contested advance through the Argonne, memories of that post-armistice hike to the Ancy-le-Franc district, tribulations of the rumor-infested period of December and January, and then the joys of the home-coming. And the general knew many of the boys.

"You don't know me, general," said Frank Puzo, ex-320th Infantry.

"I don't?" queried the general. "Are you sure of it? This is Puzo, I am sure!"

And so it was. The McKeesport Daily News said of Puzo that he had come into quite intimate contact with the general. Naturally! Puzo was the general's barber at Camp Lee!

"You don't know me," said Bill Wampler (315th M. G.).

"I don't know your name," said the general, "but how is the 315th Machine Gun Battalion?"

And so the evening passed away. Speeches; reminiscences; stories about the General, revealing him as the gentleman and soldier that he is; with some spicy A. E. F. music (by the A. E. F. Four of Pittsburgh) to season the mental food. Oh yes, we forgot; there were sandwiches, and pop.

## A TRIP TO THE BATTLEFIELDS

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ten some real—never mind; it wasn't *vin rouge* or cognac, but something real good anyhow. The general made a great speech on "By-Products of the War." The worst feature of it was that we were all so entranced with his eloquence that we forgot to take any notes. It was a thoughtful, personal appeal, this speech, to the boys to maintain, in civil life, the same high standards shown in their army careers.

"Better than honor and glory and history's iron pen,

Is the thought of duty done, and love of fellow men."

That was the gist of it: duty; service to your fellow men; and the by-products of the war will all be good. But some of the boys made speeches too; and some new stories concerning the general were related: how he "bawled out" a medical major who had refused permission to a wounded man to ride in the ambulance; how he helped a soldier ("wounded" by *vin rouge*) to his billet and how that fellow never went inside a cafe again; and how—well it'll take too much space just now; but the stories were good, all of them, and revealed the true nobility of our former commander.

It was time for taps when the party broke up, after everybody had shaken the general's hand again. Naturally, his two aides accompanied him to Pittsburgh; and as we said good-bye and good night (with promises to meet at the reunion) I thought of the words which Robert W. Service puts in the mouth of a Canadian Colonel:

"Then I think of the boys I commanded—I always called them 'My Boys.'

Tested in many a battle, I knew their sorrows and joys,

And I loved them all like a father, with more than a father's pride."

Surely, if they are true of anybody, they are true of General Brett.

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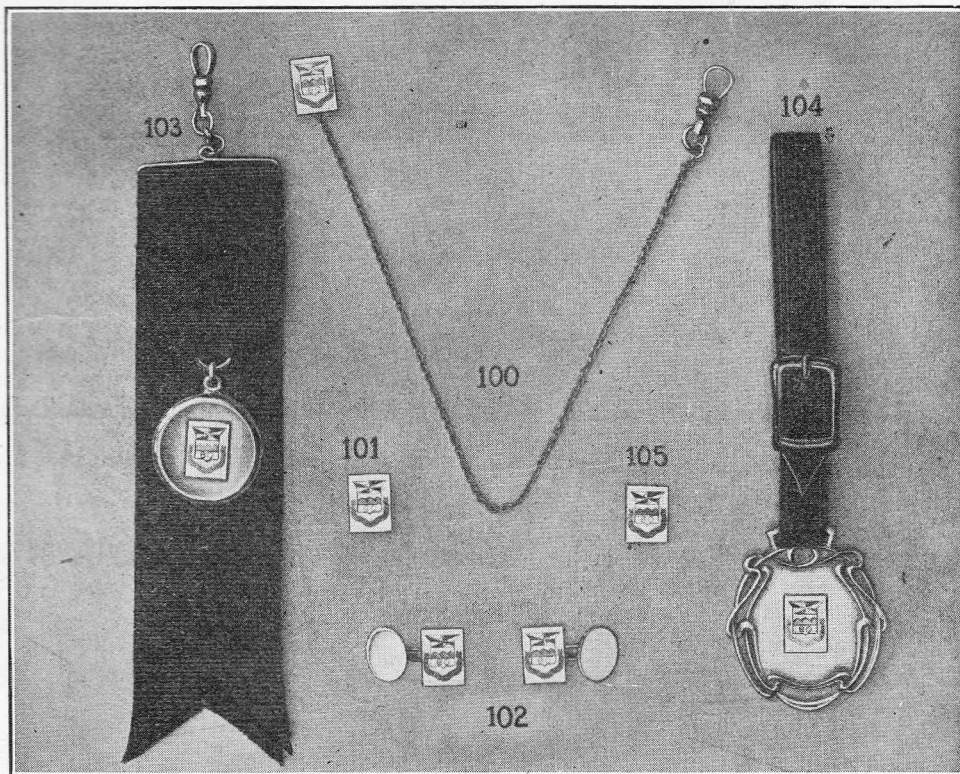
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**Price \$1.00**

No. 102—Gold-plated insignia cuff links for soft shirts—extremely dressy.

**Price per Set \$3.00**

No. 103—Stylish Silk Fob, for dress up affairs, with handsome gold-filled me-

dallion. Division insignia super-mounted in actual colors; will make a beautiful gift to any veteran.

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No. 104—Genuine all leather watch fob with heavy metal medallion and gold-plated insignia super mounted; will stand every day wear.

**Price \$1.50**

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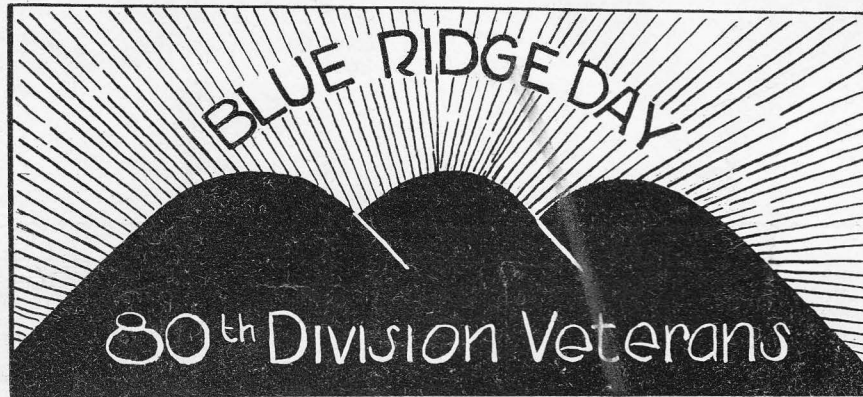
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