

SERVICE

June

1921



Berger — Apologies to J.C.L.

A. E. F. BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS

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

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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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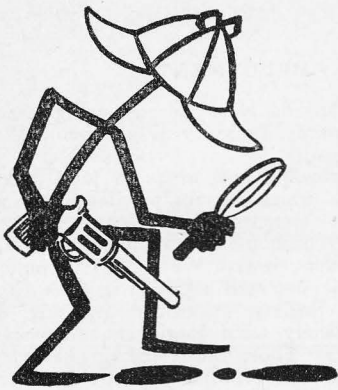
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Regarding Class "A" allotments and such of Class "B" allotments as carry a family allowance, address the Allotment Section, Bureau W. R. I. or Class "B" which do not carry family allowance from Government, and for all Class "E" address Zone Finance 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.

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

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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, Leron 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.

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

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


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

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

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



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

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



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EDITORIAL STAFF
Col. Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. A., Retired.
Russell L. Stultz, Walter R. Suppes, Lyle David and Jack V. Berger.
Henry R. Curry, General Manager.

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SERVICE is intended to serve you in every way possible. You are its editor and critic. You may not always agree with the viewpoint of the writers of the stories in Service, but we must remember that Service is a mart for the exchange of thought centered on the same subjects but wherein each of its contributors sees from a different angle.

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COMING—SECOND BLUE RIDGE REUNION, PITTSBURGH, PA., AUG. 4-5-6-7

Announcing Service's GREATEST THRILL Contest

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2nd. Prize :- Hand Painted Cork-screw. Given by Pussy-foot Johnson

3rd. Prize :- Life Subscription to Savie-Parisienne - donated by Lord Saturday-the KNIGHT of the BATH



Ike Witt of Chicago sends this - Some thrill-Ike-but who ever heard of C.C. pills in the Army - preposterous



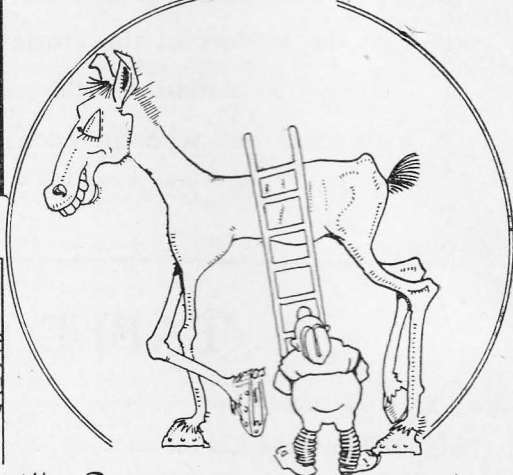
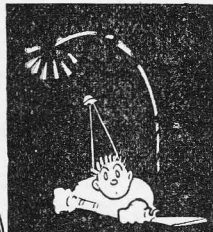
Tom Katt, of Ipswich says his greatest was when he got his first pay in Francs - Took all the thrill out of it tho' when he found it took 873 of them to buy a hunk of Chocolat Menier-



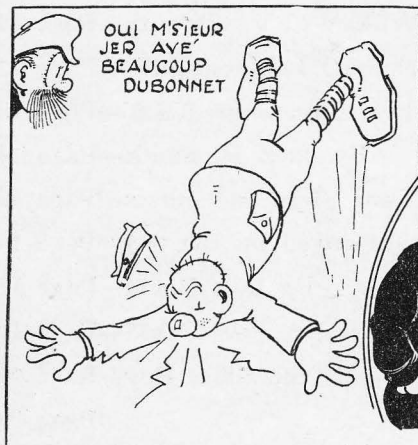
Harry Neck of Podunk - Iowa says his came the day he swiped his Sergeant's Tunic and put it over the Limey at the M.C.O.'s canteen



Benny Fishel got his when the Queen Bee of Ancy - pulled the 'Frog Flirt' on him - but someone wised her that he made a Killing at Crap and she ditched him when the roll was Finee



Willie Stick - Says he had the thrill of his career when he joined the mounted troop - He knows now why they call it a Steeple-chase for the jockeys are evidently all Steeplejacks



Mort Tallity - from Round Corners W. Va. says his thrill happened when a Frog answered to the affirmative at a request for the much touted Dubonnet



Tim Tation - from Oshkosh - says Bringing up old thrills always reminds him of his voyage who says water didnt hold a kick - eh - Tim?



Roland Snap from Joise/ says his came about in passing his 'Dude' Captain with the Swell-est dame in Bar-Le-Duc

"Blue Ridge" - "Front and Center"

Setting The Stage For The Second Annual Reunion Of The 80th Div. Veterans At Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 4, 5, 6, 7

By COL. LLOYD M. BRETT

GETTING in shape for a divisional revue loses much of the war time pomp and splendour, in the passing of a division from active duty in the front line to the quiet, peaceful home sector, but what is lost in military esprit de corp, is more than made up for in the "Less Majesty" way in which Mr. Buck Private can grasp his old General by the hand and look him in the eye as an equal in the ranks of good citizenry, and in the pure joy of meeting again with our Buddies. Man does not live only in the present and future for, as we dream, look backwards, mingle again with the friends and problems of other days, we are living in our hearts and minds those great moments of our individual lives that stand out pre-eminently as a part of us.

There is no greater gathering in the world than the gathering together of war veterans. They have something to think about, something to talk about, something to glory about, and some one to see, here the friendships of the battlefield are renewed, (No! not renewed), realized; here we go back that we may better carry into the future that undying love of each other that is born from the womb of service and suffering, bloodshed and misery and where brotherhood and fraternity meet and conquer our cold selfishness.

General Brett has spent a busy month in Pittsburgh, Pa., appointing committees, enlisting the support of civic bodies and friends of the division, and with the result that all signs point to a convention worth while, August 4, 5, 6, and 7. Here is the tentative program for the four days.

THURSDAY, AUG. 4.

Registration, appointment of Committees, reception and housing, individual unit reunions and luncheons, sight-seeing trips through the great steel manufacturing district, moving pictures, boat excursions National League baseball game between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, etc., etc.

FRIDAY, AUG. 5.

Business Session, election of officers, etc., mammoth Blue-Ridge picnic at West View Park, Afternoon and evening: ball games, athletic sports, boating, water games, dan-

trip to Carnegie Museum and Art gallery, Soldiers Memorial hall, and general sight seeing through Pittsburgh's Billion dollar art center. Sat. evening, grand ball.

SUNDAY, AUG. 7.

A. M.: Services in various churches for the dead of the division. Afternoon: United Memorial services by the 80th Div. Vets. Association at Memorial Hall. Evening: Concerts in city and amusement parks, boat excursions, farewells, etc. Midnight: "Dismissed."

The committee in charge promises you the best time you ever had. There will be, sight seeing through the great Pittsburgh steel and electrical districts, boat excursions on the beautiful Ohio and Monongahela rivers, a visit to the old Fort Pitt, where Washington caught his first view of the famous point, views of the city from Mount Washington, up the famous incline planes, a picnic at beautiful West View Park, the greatest amusement park in Pennsylvania, baseball game between 159th and 160th brigades, athletic contests, and water sports, dancing, a short parade to Pittsburgh's billion dollar art center, the great Carnegie Library and Museum, Schenley Park, Forbes Field where the Pittsburgh Nationals play Philadelphia and Brooklyn, and our Buddy Miljus may pitch one of the games, movies of the division in action, grand ball, memorial service etc., etc.

You may never again enjoy the advantages that are promised with this trip to the "workshop of the world," so paste the date in your old derby and pack that "O. D." to Pittsburgh, Pa. The transportation committee

is busily engaged and expects to announce reduced rates on all the railroads. A vacation in Pittsburgh is an education in and of itself. See Pittsburgh! The town that built the gates for the Pan-

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

By HENRY R. CURRY

*When I have eaten humble crust,
Cleansed my soul of passion's lust,
Quenched the fires of jealous hate,
And learned to fear not any fate
That curses me or comes to bless—
Then I've earned my happiness.*

*When I've bravely met each task,
Worn no subterfuge or mask;
Shared a brother's feast and glee,
Shared his sorrows just as free,
Loved the man beneath the dress—
Then I've earned my happiness.*

*When I've learned to live each day
In the straight God-fearing way,
Seeing good in everything,
That the day may hold or bring;
Quickly meeting with redress,
Barriers of your happiness.*

*When I've driven from mine eye,
Selfish notes that therein lie;
Learned to bear without lament,
All things in God's firmament;
Earned the right to His caress—
Then, my right to happiness.*

*When I've learned that, "Joy of giving,"
Is what keeps the world a-living;
When I've wooed and won the "Three"—
"Faith," and "Hope," and "Charity,"
Made my goal, no more nor less—
Than "The right to happiness."*

ing, amusements, etc., etc.

SATURDAY, AUG. 6.

A. M. Short parade to Forbes Field, (Pittsburgh vs. Brooklyn), (Committee will attempt to induce Brooklyn management to pitch our Blue-Ridge Buddy, Miljus in this game). Picnic in Schenley Park,

(Continued on Page 30)

H. R. 5309

If you believe your old outfit and your old Buddies deserve recognition for their work with the A. E. F., if you believe the Government should recognize a life-time of loyal unselfish Service in many wars such as our former Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett has given to the Service—read this article

EDITOR'S NOTE—*In responses to the many inquiries concerning the efforts of congressman Porter and many other friends of the 80th, to promote Col. Lloyd M. Brett U. S. A. (retired) to his war time rank of Brig. Gen. Service herewith publishes the bill as introduced by Mr. Porter together with other interesting facts in the matter. If you believe in the passage of this bill write your representative in congress at once.*

67th Congress, 1st session.
H. R. 5309.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

April 26, 1921.

Mr. Porter introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs and ordered to be printed.

GENERAL, OF THE ARMIES WASHINGTON

To Whom It May Concern:

The services of Colonel Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. Army, retired, have been of very high order. His efficiency throughout has always been far above the average. During the World War he served with great ability, and, before his retirement, I recommended that he be promoted to the grade of Brigadier General, but the law made this impossible. I hope to see him receive this well merited advance.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING.

A BILL,

For the promotion of Colonel Lloyd M. Brett, United States Army,
Retired.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States

of America in Congress assembled, that the President be and he is hereby, authorized to appoint, by and with the consent of the Senate, Colonel Lloyd M. Brett, United States Army, retired, to the position and rank of brigadier general on the retired list, in recognition of his many years of meritorious service in the higher command of military forces of the United States both in this country and on foreign soil, especially during the recent war in which he served with special distinction.

The synopsis of the record of Colonel Lloyd M. Brett, United States Army, retired, from the date of his graduation from the United States Military Academy, June 13, 1879, until retirement for age February 22, 1920, as contained in the following statements, extracts from official orders, records, letters, etc., herewith, will show the promotion asked for to be deserved.



R. H. 5309—Continued

He served more than sixteen years on the frontier and took part in many Indian campaigns. During the period of his service he was awarded the Medal of Honor, the citation reading "For most distinguished gallantry in action against hostile Sioux Indians near O'Fallon's Creek, Montana, April 1st, 1880, by fearless exposure and dashing bravery, cutting off the Indian pony herd and greatly crippling the hostiles. while 2nd Lieut., 2nd Cavalry."

His next conspicuous Indian Service is mentioned in Field Orders No. 12, Department, Ariz., at the close of the Geronimo Campaign, the citation stating:

"The hostiles were vigorously pursued through the Dragoon, Caesura and Santa Theresa Mts., by Lieut Brett who displayed great energy and determination, making one forced march of 26 hours without halt, and going 18 hours more without water during the intense heat of the summer.

His next opportunity for exceptional service occurred in the Santiago Campaign where he was cited for a brevet, for gallantry in battle: was appointed about July 4, 1898, to the difficult and trying position of Provost Marshal General of the Army, and commanded the 100 picked men who represented the American Army at the surrender of Santiago.

In the summing up reports of this campaign he was mentioned by General Shafter for having performed "most arduous and valuable services," and was especially recommended by General Lawton "for substantial consideration for gallantry displayed by him in the presence of the enemy and under fire at the battle of El Caney, July 1st."

"When, therefore, a little later officers were elected for Field Officers of volunteers for service in the Philippines in 1899, Captain Brett was commissioned a Major in the 51st Infantry, U. S. V., and later promoted to Lieut Colonel. In this service he participated in skirmishes against Moros in Mindanae in 1900.

Colonel Brett was next assigned to duty of a different character—that of Adjutant General, District of Columbia Militia, and at the conclusion of five years service Brig. General Harries, Commanding District of Columbia Militia, spoke of his service in the superlative terms as follows: (See letter on file War Department.)

"You have had many predecessors as Adjutant General and some of them have been of the best, but no one has rendered such uncommonly useful service as you have; no one has given so freely of himself, capable at every point whether in the office or in the field, an officer and a gentleman in the highest sense of that combined term loyal friend whom I shall

always hold in the highest esteem, you have more than filled every expectation."

From 1910 to 1916 he filled the less spectacular though no less important post of Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, his normal detail there having been extended at the earnest request of the Secretary of the Interior.

"From Hon. Franklin M. Lane, Secretary of the Interior to Hon. Benedict Crowell, Acting Secretary of War.

"I know that it does a man in the army no good to have a civilian speak a word for him because the civilian knows nothing about military affairs, but I have been interested for several years in Colonel, L. M. Brett, who is superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park as I feel a little responsible as to his non-promotion because I urged and pleaded that he should stay in that position in our Park when he had decided to go back into the regular work of the army two or three times. He is so thoroughly loyal to the army that it was a difficult thing for me to get him to stay and he only did stay because at that time it appeared that he could do a large public duty by keeping the highwaymen out of Yellowstone than by leaving that post and going to some other post.

"Now I am writing you to ask if you will not be good enough to see that his services in connection with the Park do not stand in his way of getting promotion that might come to him. I never saw a more soldier-like man or one who by tradition and attitude is more of a soldier."

Department of the Interior,
October 15, 1916.

MY DEAR COLONEL BRETT:

The time is approaching when you will sever your connection with Yellowstone National Park under orders from the War Department, to command troops on the Mexican Border. Under arrangements between the War Department and the Interior Department, Fort Yellowstone is to be abandoned and the control of the park is to be taken over by a civilian administration in accordance with the new policies governing the management of the national parks.

I want to take this occasion to tell you how deeply I regret that we are to lose your services. You have commanded Fort Yellowstone and acted as superintendent of the park for more than six years, and you have performed your duties with a degree of efficiency that compels the admiration of all of the officers of this Department who have come in contact with you. I feel sure that the high officers of the War Department and of the Army must also have recognized the executive ability, tact, and diplomacy that you exer-

cised in managing the park, as well as your capacity for operating Fort Yellowstone in a strictly military manner and in accordance with the best traditions of the Army.

I want you to know, also, that we in the Interior Department fully realize that you have made a personal sacrifice while serving your present position. The duties of superintendent of the park require the expenditure of considerable personal funds in the entertainment of visitors; also, your long service in the park has necessarily made it somewhat difficult for you to keep in close contact with your Army associates. However, I can not escape the feeling that you will leave the park vastly better equipped for duties in the higher grades of the Army because of your experience in your present big executive position than would have been the case had you never been assigned to the park.

On behalf of Secretary Lane, I hereby extend to you the thanks of the Department for your splendid, unselfish service as superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, and to this I add my own warmest regards and best wishes for the success of your future activities in the military profession.

Cordially yours,

STEPHEN T. MATHER.

1903—Recommended for detail on General Staff by Brig. Gen. George B. Davis, Judge Advocate General, U. S. Army, and Joseph C. Breckenridge, Inspector General.

1914—Recommended by Major General Leonard Wood for promotion to Brig. General of Volunteers.

1915—Recommended for detail on the General Staff by Board of General Officers convened March 19, 1914, to select officers for detail on the General Staff.

In 1916 he was placed in command of a cavalry brigade on the border, an advance in duties and responsibilities, but not advance in rank or pay.

—
"Twenty-fourth February, 1921.

FROM: Brigadier-General Geo. Bell, Jr.
Commanding 6th Division.

TO: Colonel Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. Army, Retired.

SUBJECT: Services of Colonel Lloyd M. Brett.

1. It having come to my attention that your efficiency report from October 1917 to December 1917, when you served under my command as Commander Cavalry Brigade at El Paso, has not been found, would state that it should have shown "excellent service as a Brigade Commander,

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The Wound Stripe

By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Major Granville Fortescue, 314 Field Artillery, has written this story exclusively for SERVICE MAGAZINE, a worthy companion story to his, "Duty of Comradeship," which appeared previously.



HE soldier who has won his wound stripe knows he is not really forgotten. He realizes that most of our good people want to put the war behind them. God knows, the soldier who has been wounded wants to put those hideous—yet somehow glorious—days behind him also. No hero poses for him. What if he does have a feeling, satisfactory—and—and—tinged with something sacred. But this feeling is deep hidden. It must not be brought out to be mumbled over.

Nevertheless, it is there, and the soldier who has been wounded knows that, instead of being forgotten, he is marked among his fellows as long as he lives.

Often his thoughts drift back to the time when he won his wound stripe, but, odd though it may seem, these thoughts dwell more on those days in hospital than on the nights of battle. In hospital he had more time to think.

In hospital! I can see it all now from the beginning. The first taste—and smell—of a steaming, white-china bowlful of milk toast. The smiling, sweet-faced nurse who fed it to me. At once the nightmare of the front faded. Then the mattress—with springs—and sheets! Milk-toast, a mattress, sheets what more could paradise offer?

Could that other aspect of war be real? That month of steady unremitting battle, that month of trudging through field and forest, eating unending tins of tasteless beef, drinking uncounted cups of black, unsweetened coffee, sleeping short uncomfortable hours in damp dug-out, undrained "bivvy" or rain-soaked shell hole—and fighting!

Not picture fighting—but struggling wolf like through the forest, crawling under a withering flame of machine gun bullets, searching for a murderous hidden foe in those fastnesses from whence a ceaseless blast of death spews forth; a month of the details of battle, movement, rations, ammunition, casualties, these are the military terms that spell the agony of conflict. Blood and mud, such are the basic elements of battle.

After a month's fighting, blood and mud have so obliterated all other thoughts they become a circumscribing habit of mind—more, we expect nothing beyond them, they compass our existence. Translated then,

suddenly, to this sweet, clean and soothing environment, soul and body relax from the tension of killing, and war takes on a new aspect.

Some might call the hospital area the City of Tragedy, except our wounded refuse to be tragic. So the name, though journalistic, is hardly accurate. Cheerful-

LYONS TO MARSEILLES

Over France I've travelled, by auto
and by rail.
I've hoofed it thru the sticky mud
and hiked it up the trail.
I've motored round the landscape in
autos trim and neat
And pounded o'er the roadbed in
cars marked "cheveaux huit;"
I've been on several journeys over
which my memory fails
But one there is that lingers—from
Lyons to Marseilles.

Coming from the transport every-
thing was new;
I used to love the dinky cars, the
funny foreign crew;
Great it was to watch them and to
see the fruit girls scoot.
When the "wagons" started moving
at the brakeman's whizzed toot;
But all of that's now commonplace
and very quickly pales
When I recall a journey—from Ly-
ons to Marseilles.

Oh, being I'm a doughboy, I know
what French mud means,
And oftentimes we've travelled,
packed in like tinned sardines;
And going "premiere classe," it
happened unto me
To occupy compartments with maids
from gay Paree
And tho some of them were clever
and "tres petite" females,
My memory keeps reverting to—from
Lyons to Marseilles.

Oh, I'm a doughboy—and yet some-
how I know
That the fates are always present,
and just waiting for to show
Some poor benighted "soldat" the
acme of true bliss,
As when entering a compartment,
he encounters a charming miss:
It's an episode to treasure, and his
memory always hails
The girl who travelled with him—
from Lyons to Marseilles.

—Wm. C. Vandewater.

ness *per contra*, exudes from surgeon, nurse, orderly and patient.

Let me describe some of my neighbours as I remember them. Directly across the aisle centering the long board building, stretched on a white enamel cot, well tucked in under a grey blanket, is Kennon, Lieutenant aviator. We swung together side by side in our stretchers on the

train journey here. His wound is a hole through his abdomen, side to side. (Luckily it missed all vital organs) and this would seem to be the least item in Kennon's thoughts. He will talk all day of 'pursuit groups,' observation machines, bombing planes, the relative qualities of the "Spad" and the "Nieuport" as 'chase planes,' the confidence begetting hum of the "Liberty" when she was hitting on all twelve cylinders—but about his wound, or any heroism involved in its acquirement, nothing.

Nurses, being female, display a weakness for aviators, so Kennon draws perhaps a double allowance of sympathy and care when his wounds are dressed. None of us others grudge him this, and he seems all unconscious of it. To lie all day and night groved in bed with no surcease save the painful visits of the surgeon to change the dressings, must plumb even the depthless wells of youth's best nature. But Kennon seems to prove the contrary. He has only one worry recurrent with each day of still sunshine—"another flying day lost."

In the next cot I picture "Shorty." His solid frame was literally plastered with shrapnell. The surgeon spends a full half hour probing Shorty's wounds each time they are dressed. And so many drainage tubes protude from various sections of his body that they give him the appearance of a sea urchin. Yet he positively burbles. And the range of his burbling includes all subjects—from the relative literary value of the works of "Dick" Davis and O. Henry to the future of professional baseball. Sometimes Shorty pauses to sing.

Contrast lay in the cot adjoining Shorty's. For days I did not see his face, though the surgeon twice worked over his eyes, heavy bandages covering his head and hiding the havoc of the mustard gas. He lies very quiet this victim of gas, for over a week he spoke no word, but now while Miss Bo Peep (the name was current with this most efficient little nurse when I arrived in the hospital) feeds him, he answers her solitudes as best he can. What thoughts think you are his? Terror? A havoc in his frame? How he must wonder about our ward, our convalescent quarantine, and its nightly sing-song, our open debates upon government ownership of railroads and telegraph, our piquant discussion of scandals in the movie world!

Let me see how I recall the scene. The double row of cots, the surgeons, and the enamel rolling table piled with gauze, bottles of Deakin solution, scissors, cotton, the O. D. orderlies, the soft coming and going of the soothing nurses in the grey uniforms and spotless white aprons, cuffs,

The Wound Stripe—Continued

collars and caps, with sacred Red Crosses over their foreheads. And Miss Bo Peep, where is she now, I wonder?

I shall end my catalog of patients with Mack, for somehow Mack symbolizes Young America, the best of it, in this war. Mack hails from a middle western State, Aged perhaps twenty-three, his is the generation to whom we must surrender our country. And what a joyous generation it is! Mack pillows the stump of his slow-healing right arm when he rests, and when he walks he limps from a clean hole through his left thigh. But are his spirits dashed at the loss of his right arm? Has he lost one atom of that distinctive ingredient of Young America-pep? Not a sign of such loss appears in his loquacious perambulations up and down the ward. By his own confession his is a spirit unconfined. Here is his favorite couplet:

"I'm a wild little prairie flower,
I grow wilder every hour.
Nobody cares to cultivate me,
I'm wild, I'm wild!"

Mack is up now, and the score of ways he makes himself useful to the rest of us, proves that behind his rampant 'Joi de vivre' dwells an unselfish consideration of others, a kindness we sometimes failed to credit to our humour loving lieutenants. Hospital life brings out new aspects of character, and here men reveal themselves in lights unsuspected in camp and field. Perhaps in hospital even Majors seem less ogre-like to their subordinates.

Our lives were sharply divided into minor and major episodes; of the minor episodes the most engrossing were meals and mails. Our meals were classified according to artillery terminology as 'lights' and 'heavys.' Those favored individuals whose convalescence or condition demanded milk and eggs and such diet, being 'lights,' while the rest of us, considered strong enough to stomach the army rations, varied by the ingenuity of the individual cook, were classified as 'heavys.' It is a curious instance of the inconsistency of our human make-up that the lights envied the heavys and the heavys the lights. I have seen a convalescing medical case stealthily exchange a plate of scrambled eggs for a brace of hot cakes smothered in syrup.

The amount of thought we of the hospital gave to the matter of eating, convinces me that the physiologist who advanced the theory that man is "but the development of the protozoan expanding for food" was possibly on the right track.

Yet, after all, these materialistic cravings were not the most prominent manifestations in our minds. There was a thought, or a hope, I should say, whose root sinks infinitely deeper into our consciousness. The hope of a letter. Good friends,

if you only knew what a surge of emotion swelled in our hearts when we received letters there in the hospital, I am sure you would have written to us even more often than you did. We were, I fear, rather a noisy chattering crew for invalids. You see a wound, so often only affects a limb, and leaves the wounded one otherwise as vigorous in mind and body as before he was touched. And so after the first inconvenience of the surgeon's care have become matters of routine, the old spirits crowd back. And the ward at times was noisy. But let the mail orderly enter—a hush



MAJ. GEN. ADELBERT CRONKHITE

Has been ordered to Panama to assume command of the military forces there, which will place him in command of all the military defenses of the canal. The order detaching General Cronkhite from command of the Third Army Corps, with headquarters at Fort Howard, arrived Thursday from the Secretary of War. For the present Maj. Gen. H. F. Hodges, who has been General Cronkhite's second in command, will be the commander of the Third Army Corps.

came over all. The most acrimonious debates are suddenly silenced. The most interesting tales of leave in Nice are interrupted. Books are laid aside. Those who are up gather round the mail orderly as he reads the roll of the fortunates. It is as if we held our breath, I think, and our hearts, too, as we watched him skim through the pile of envelopes. How intently our thoughts ranged back to you, so far away, during those few minutes. And if an envelope, or perhaps two, in well-loved writing was tossed upon our beds, how wonderful the moments that followed. In contrast, how poignant our disappoint-

ment when no letter came.

Three cots away from me, and across the aisle, lay a youngster—Denton. He was badly hurt. I watched him, some half dozen times during these visits of the mail orderly, and no letter came for him. In the beginning he asked once or twice "Are you sure there are no letters for me?" But "No" was the only answer. Now he asks no more. Though he keeps his eyes tight closed, I am afraid I sometimes see the tears there.

The most important ward event is when one of us was ordered to the operating room. The surgeons who shaped our destinies were all powerful—their judgments were awesome as decrees of fate. And when you are ordered under the X-ray, what a throng of speculations fill your mind! What will the plate show? The bone badly knitting? Fragments of powdered shell? Or a condition that demands prompt work with the surgeon's knife?

It is a severe test of nerve when one is carefully bundled on the stretcher and carried out to the brilliant cleanliness of the operating room. The sympathy of the whole ward follows that stretcher. But when you come back, giving off the atmosphere of ether, what a reception you hold, as soon as the nurse will permit it. And how you joke over the old leg or arm, now thrown in the discard.

Night—the mystery hours—was our time for thought. When the lights were dimmed above the long ranks of gray blanketed cots, we drop readily to sleep. But we dream largely and poignantly. That wakes us, or a restless turn in bed may shoot pain through a wound, bringing us out of sleep with a start. At such times a cigarette was sublime solace. The match flares a moment, like a will-o'-the-wisp, then dies, leaving the cigarette end glowing in the darkness. We think then, and our thoughts are our own.

I awoke one night, I remember, conscious of a light moving through the shadows down the ward. A nurse and orderly came, silent and swift, then stopped at Denton's cot. They lighted a candle-end that stood on his night stand. Denton tossed and muttered on his cot, while the two figures busied themselves, ghost-like, above him. What they were doing, I could not see. But I heard the whisper—"oxygen." The sound of a door closing—the surgeon appeared, casting a wavering shadow before him. A moment and he was clad in his operating apron, the white enamelled table with its burden of bottles, lint and scissors, rolled after him down the aisle, at the foot of Denton's cot, surgeon, nurse and orderly halted.

(Continued on Page 29)

Are We Getting The By-Products Which We Expected From The War?

By DANIEL L. MARSH, D.D.

(Dr. Marsh is the Superintendent of The Methodist Episcopal Church Union of Pittsburgh and the Pastor of Smithfield Street Methodist Episcopal Church. He served with the A. E. F., and is at the present time the Chaplain of the Downtown Post of the American Legion. At a recent meeting of the Auxiliary of the 80th Division he delivered an address on "Keeping alive the Ideals which came into being during the war." We have asked him to furnish us the gist of what he said for this Magazine.—Editor.)



SAW a cartoon the other day which impressed me very profoundly. It represented a boat which was marked "Civilization," stranded upon dry sands, and written into the waves of the sands was the word "Materialism." Seated in the stranded boat of Civilization was humanity, dejected and limp and helpless,—the picture of despair. Away out one could see the ocean whose waves made up the word "Idealism." The only label or legend

on the cartoon was "Ebb Tide." It was a terrific representation of conditions as they are. During the war idealism was at full tide and the boat of civilization rode its waves majestically but since the war the tide has ebbed and left civilization stranded upon the dry sands of the crassest materialism. Way out yonder, almost out of sight, is the Ocean of Idealism. The tide has truly ebbed. But it will flow again just as sure as there is a God. The tide will sweep in from the great Ocean of Idealism, and it will carry everything before it.

I think it would be a good thing for the soldier boys themselves to remember the beautiful idealism which they manifested during the war. Anybody that imagines that our soldiers just rose en masse and threw themselves into that awful conflict merely for spite, or hate, or revenge, or for material profit, or for the trade advantage of the privileged few, simply does

not know the spirit of our fellows in olive drab. They went into the war with the spirit of the crusaders of old. Whether they then or since agreed with President Wilson in his general policies, they all believed that he had accurately expressed America's reason for entering into the War, namely: "We fight to make the world safe for democracy." They really looked upon America as possessing a Messianic mission. They were ready to suffer all manner of hardships and to die if need be in order that America might not fumble her destiny as the Messiah of nations.

There is a woods in France that in the French language is called "Le Bois de Rouge" which means the Woods of Red. They call it that because in the Autumn time when the frosts come the leaves turn red. But the leaves and grass of that woods have been made red with something else than the Autumn frosts. It is terrible to think that our boys should have poured

UP WITH THE RATIONS

*Hovering of darkness and coverlids of dawn—
Up with the rations, where the boys have gone!
Creaking and crying the limbers rattle on—
Up with the rations—but the roads are gone!*

*"Which is the road to take?"
"How many miles to make?"
Never a nerve to shake—
On with the game?"*

*Shriek of the whining shell,
Bursting with flares of Hell,
Lighting the road so well,
Thank it the same!*

*Crooning of aeroplane, hovering o'er you—
(Mind you, the infantry made it before you!)*

*"Come build this bridge again—
Cut through this field of grain—
Work and forget the rain
Hustle those men!"*

*"Here, take this overcoat;
Cover that wounded blote,
Pull it around his throat—
He's kickin' in."*

*How the mud oozes and clings to the ration cart
Clinches the rim of the tires till they hold!
How the mules fret at the load when the wagon starts
Stretching the traces from lashes that scold!*

*"God, What a fierce barrage!
There goes a team at large!
Where's that transport sarge?
Finding a hole?"*

*Never a chance to run for cover
This is the way he puts them over—*

*Hitch on two other pairs
"Bring on that set o' spares!
Pull off them murdered mares!
And fix that pole!"*

*"Now—one at a crack as I give you the sign,
Dig into her ribs and shoot for the line!
O'er find yourself drivin' a limber in Hell
And bawl up my dope on the drops of the shell!"*

*Close enough now, for a shot from a gunner's nest
To warn you that Fritz is sniping out there—
Close enough now, for a whisper to give you rest
To last you awhile, with never a care!"*

* * * * *

"Sir, your rations are delivered!"

* * * * *

*Oh, it's welcome to the dawn, lad,
When the night is long,
For here's an empty cart, lad,
That sings a lively song!*

*Who would be part of the transport on a far flung battle-line,
With never a thrill of battle, with never a lip to whine?*

*But, oh, there's a song in a limber
That stirs to the blood, my lad,
And swinging along with the rations,
Is never one-half so bad,
For the glare and the gleam of the star shell
And a teamster's gay "giddap"
Hold enough for the life of a soldier
For the blood of a nervy chap
And a lad lives too close to his God, my lad,
And, low, his heart is true,
For it takes a person of hearts, my lad,
To get the rations through!*

J. PALMER CUMMING, R.S.S., 305th Infantry.

Are We Getting The By-Products Which We Expected From The War?—Continued

out their blood for a great ideal, and then have the world so soon forget the spiritual conception of life and turn to the meanest sort of materialism.

There was no better way by which to get the Yank's point of view on this subject than to ask him what he thought would be the by products of the war. I was started on this quest by Colonel E. J. Atkisson of the Gas Regiment. I met him first at La Ville aux Bois on the evening of Memorial Day, 1918. I was making an address there. The Colonel was present. Immediately the soul of each went toward the other. We were friends from the first. The next day the Colonel sent a "runner" to me with the following message:

"My dear Doctor Marsh:—

"Will you take lunch with me today at Regimental Headquarters? If convenient for you to come, I shall send the car to La Ville aux Bois at 12:10.

"Sincerely,

E. J. ATKISSON."

Of course I accepted. I never saw a commander to whom his men were more devoted than this excellent gentleman's men were to him. And no wonder! He was so much more than a mere soldier; he was a Man.

Colonel Atkisson and I sat at the table a long time after we had finished the meal, talking. We talked of many things, but finally we got onto the By-Products of the War. Then an orderly appeared at the door and said the Colonel's men were ready to fire some new trench mortars with which they were experimenting. The Colonel and I arose and went out to the trenches where the battery was located. The Colonel's meticulous study of the whole arrangement revealed another secret of success. Soon there was a terrific explosion which made the very earth tremble beneath our feet like a child trembles at the fierce barking of a huge dog. Careful observations were made all around. I supposed that the Colonel had by this time completely forgotten our conversation, when he came back to my side, and said:

"It would be mighty interesting to know what the soldiers generally believe will be the by-products of this war for, believe me, whenever two million red-blooded young men begin to feel that certain things should result at home, they are pretty sure to bring them to pass. If you inquire, you will find that they have their minds made up as to what these by-products should be."

That was enough of an inspiration to me. From that day on I inquired of many American soldiers, both *en masse* in public meetings and of individuals, what they thought would be the by-products of the war. The most interesting was this, that

while they sometimes named material results, such as the air-planes that the Government could put to commercial uses, the merchant marine, the development of the nitrogen and potash business in the United States, and improved production of materials yet nearly always the by-products of which they dreamed were idealistic.

For instance, in public meetings such answers as the following would be given over and over:

"A new America will result. The war is a great leveler. In it the sons of rich and poor, high and low, educated and uneducated, capitalist and laborer, are freely mingling, wearing the same clothes, receiving the same treatment, and fighting for the same cause. We'll all understand each other better hereafter."

"Sectional lines will disappear. Here we are from city and farm, from North and South, and East and West, native-born and foreigners, and the old prejudices are melting away under the heat of war."

"A new value will be given to American citizenship. Voters will prize the ballot more. There will not be so much fifty-fifty Americanism."

"A tendency toward government ownership of public utilities."

"Woman suffrage."

"Prohibition of the liquor traffic."

"Economic emancipation of women."

"International knowledge;" "international understanding;" "International liberty."

"A new appreciation of home."

"A bringing of the Church and the people together" "a substituting of reality for form in the Church."

"A new attitude towards money: henceforth it will be used to serve others rather than hoarded for self."

"There will be a new standard of success; instead of money being the standard of true success in life, it will be service; for we are over here not to make money, but to serve."

What the main product of the war was to be everybody understood. President Wilson had phrased that for the fighters. It was idealistic. What the by-products were to be they were phrasing for themselves, and they were idealistic also. Not only did I learn this by oral questionnaires in public meetings, but also by conversations with the boys individually. Two or three typical incidents will suffice for illustration:

"Where is your home in America?" I asked a doughboy with whom I was walking along the road.

"In Baltimore," he replied; "it used to be the gateway to the South; but it won't be after the War."

"Why not?"

"Because there won't be any fence to

have a gate in!"

One evening Lieutenant Fisk and I were riding in a Ford car along an old highway of France. The car sped swiftly along the road which was bordered by the narrow strips of ground which constitute the farms, vari-lined, interspersed with woods and rows of stately trees, their branches clasping hands and nodding knowingly to one another whenever the breeze whispered secrets to them, and dotted through all the varying tints of green was the blood-red poppy of France. It was the kind of an evening to make serious conversation easy. The Ford was driven a distance of forty miles towards the glorious sunset. The sun appeared like a great bowl of molten gold that had run out over the edges and spilled all over the filmy clouds until they looked like golden lace. By imperceptible shadings it blended off into ember sheen, and that into lavender, and that into a purple haze that hung in peace on the horizon. The clouds piled up in the South had taken on a reddish hue, as though they were reflecting the sea of blood that had been poured out in the North. As the car rolled on enfolded in this glorious sunset glow, I turned toward Lieutenant Fisk, and said:

"What do you consider will be the greatest by-product of the War?"

"Men!" answered the Lieutenant with emphasis: "Men! A new development of manhood. The making of bigger men. My thought has been expressed by a sort of blank-verse poem written by some Englishman. It struck me so favorably that I memorized it. Listen to it." And then in a well-modulated voice the Lieutenant repeated the following lines:

"You rail at the War, do you?
Did you know that the War had struck
with a fist
A nation of clerks, and turned them to
men?"

Vast millions have ceased to whimper
Over the coffee at breakfast;
Have ceased from cowardice and from
industrial bondage.

And now the mother gives the son
She feared to release for a night's ad-
venture.

And the man that cried 'Safety first!
And life is so real that men are willing
to lose it."

Leads the charge from the trenches,

One day I was sitting alone in my narrow little office at "the Hut," writing. Somebody was playing Dvork's "Humoreske" on the piano in the auditorium. It was the first warm and clear spring day. Therefore I had the window open, and

(Continued on Page 24)



Letters from an Old File

By JACK P. SMITH

HENRY'S LETTER TO JAKE

Dear Jake:

Well, Jake old Boy, here I am at last in the trainin Kamp whear all the fellers was cent two too be maid Soldiers out, off. Good-night Jake but you aught'r sea how many fellers are hear in this Kamp. I'll bet you most off a doller that their must be at least a million off them in this place because every place I walk I bump into somebody. I don't know when I am gonner get a unction but I hope it will be soon because I have my sute to whear I uster where on Sundays and holydays. I'm sorry Jake that you have so many of your family to support because mabie you coulder bean put in the same Kompany as me and then we coulder had lots of fun and all. Anyhow, I am here. I arrived here about eleven o'clock last night and thear muster bean about a koupler thousand fellers in the same trane because all the cars was filled up and all of us took a sutekase with us to carrie all the things that we need such as a toothbrush, kome, finger nale file and all that kinder stuff because I heard that the Government dont give this kinder stuff away for nuthin. Well Jake, after we got off of the trane, we was made to walk about too miles up the rode until we come too a big buildin. Here we stood around for a long time and some men come out of the buildin all dressed up in soldier unctions and I, guess they was Officers because they gave all the orders to the other fellows that was dressed in unctions only not such fancie ones. We had to stay until they checked us up and saw too it that all of us was on hand because you know Jake, that some of the fellers that was on the trane got sore because they was maid to go to Kamp and they said that they wasn't agoin two stick it out. But that was allrite because nobody was absent.

Pretty soon, they called my name out and told me to stand with a bunch of fellers that was picked out and when I got in the bunch, we started to go down the rode again with our sutekeses. Everybody was tired because we was on the go for a long time Jake, and we was anxious two get to bed. After we walked for about twentie minuts, we come two a building what they call barricks. These barricks was build of wood, Jake, and it was two storys high. We went inside and their, in one corner was piled up to the sealin a lot of kots where we had to sleep on. The feller that had charge of the place, (I guess he muster been the janitor, because he knowed the place so good) devided us up and I was put in a room with about fiftie other men. We hadder get our cots and fix them in place and after that was done, we was maid to get in line for a koupler blankets and other things that they was goin to hand out. I got three blankets and a muskit which you use to eat of. It was a funny thing and I couldnt see how in the world the beans was agoin to get would stay on the flat plate. You aughter see the funnie cup we got two. It was made of allumeenum. Well, I got what I was supposed to get and I beats it back to where my bed was and puts the muskit under the bed and fixes my bed. I didn't have any pillar like I uster have at home, and if I woder knowed that I wooder brought one along. I forget two bring a night gowen along too, Jake. Gee! I forgot a whole lot of stuff but I was so darned excited that I forgot what was agoin on and couldnt think what I was adoin. Well, I gets into bed and pretty soon I was sleepin. It semed like I was sleepin only a little while when somebody hollered—outside—! I didn't know what they was talkin about but I sees the other fellows dressin them-

selves and I thought as ho I better do the same. You know, I uster stay in bed and make Mom call me for a long while at home but I wasn't home Jake, and their was no tellin that I might get Kaught-marshsheld and evens though I didn't know what it was I didn't want to take any chances with it. I hurries out of my bed and dressed as kyickly as I kould because I didn't want to be the last one to see what was doin. When I got dressed, I went down stares and a fellow was there in a unction and he tells me to—shake it up, and honest Jake, I didn't have anything ith me to shake up that I knowed of and I didn't know what he was talking about. Soon he sez, get out side with yer, and be krick about it. That was what he meant I guess when he sez, shake it up. I wasn't use to the way the fellers talked in the Army and I maid up my mind that I wood try and buy a book which wood show me how to talk the way they do in the Army. When I got outside, I sa a lot of the fellers standing in a row and a soldier was standing in front of them with a bunch of papers in his hand. I guess he muster been waitin for me because as soon as I gets in line he starts to tell us to cut out the talkin and komenses to call out the fellars names. When he gets dope callin all the names he says that we gotter get to work rite away. One of the fellars in the crowd yells out that he wanted to go home and that he had a job their in his old mans grocerie store and he didn't want to luse it and mabie he might luse his best girl if he don't get around to sea her on pot nite. The feller who was the boss gets sore and tells this fellar that he better shut up his mouth and do as he sez or he will get in trouble. This boss

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To Save Camp Lee

What Has Been Done—What Is Being Done—And How You Can Lend Your Assistance

By JO LANE STERN, *Adjutant General, State of Virginia*

If Camp Lee becomes a memorial of the World War, it will not only preserve to posterity the great name of the 80th, "Blue-Ridge" Division, but will afford ample space upon this sacred ground of our fore-fathers for fitting monuments and tributes to the heroes of 61-65, and will be brought to a successful conclusion due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. G. T. W. Kern of Richmond, the members of Virginia's many clubs, societies and welfare organizations, and to Adj. Gen. Jo Lane Stern, and many others. Mr. Stern's article voices the spirit of every man who served with the 80th. His article, the editorial from the Richmond Times Dispatch, and a clipping from Norfolk Ledger Dispatch, give a clear insight into what has been accomplished to date. What you can do to assist is simple. "Write your Representative in Congress."



AT the beginning of the War the people of Petersburg requested the Governor of Virginia to select a State mobilization camp near that city. The present Adjutant General, then Inspector General, in inspecting the camp site for State purposes, discovered that it was large enough for a Government camp ground, and suggested to the Petersburg authorities that they might well make the effort to have the War Department inspect the site for that purpose. Inspections were made, resulting in Camp Lee being established at Petersburg, and instead of the National Guard contingent from Virginia of about eight thousand men, that camp had at one time present about seventy thousand men being prepared for overseas duty.

It is generally conceded that Camp Lee was among the best, if not the best site, in the Union, for a camp. A large number of officers who were on duty there, and who had visited other camps were decidedly of that opinion.

In the makeup of the nine Corps Areas established after the War by the War Department, Virginia, with Pennsylvania and Maryland, and the District of Columbia, were put into the 3rd Area, and among other things as a result of that sub-division of the country, Camp Meade, Maryland, being near the center of the Area, it is understood will probably be the point at which troops from those States and the District of Columbia, will assemble ordinarily for military purposes.

In the Eightieth Division, and throughout the country generally, there is quite a sentiment in favor of retaining Camp Lee, or a part of it, for Government and State purposes, and this matter has been taken up by the women of Virginia with a view of having at least the ground around Headquarters Hostess House, the flag pole, etc., reserved and dedicated to the memory of the Eightieth Division, and the men of that Division who sacrificed their lives in defense of their country. This idea has met with very general approval, and there is entire accord between the State of Virginia, the City of Petersburg, and this organization of women to bring about this very much desired result.

Many promises have been made by members of Congress, and others in authority, to assist in this effort, and it is hoped that very soon some action may be taken along this line.

A CAMP LEE MEMORIAL

Richmond is not unmindful of the danger that Camp Lee, cradle of our own gallant 80th Division, training ground of those thousands of sons of Virginia, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, who there served apprenticeship in war, will be obliterated. It sought its preservation as a military camp on the part of the federal government, but failed in attainment of that project through adverse decision of the War Department. But hope has not been abandoned that the federal government can be persuaded to set aside a small acreage in the central part of the camp as a permanent memorial to the men who trained there, and to the men who died. Early in the next session of Congress a bill to such an end will be introduced. Local organizations, including the American Legion and the Colonial Dames, have endorsed the movement. General Lloyd M. Brett and Major Amstead Dobie are enthusiastically backing it, and with the assistance of the veterans of the 80th and the influence of Virginia's senators and representatives, one of whom is expected to prepare and sponsor the measure, it is believed that the federal government will not hesitate in granting the request for this small memorial tract.

Upon favorable action by Congress, the sacred ground will be placed in the perpetual custody of the 80th Division Veter-

ans Association and the women of the states which sent their sons to Camp Lee will erect an imposing monument to the members of the Division who died in the line of duty. It is an altogether praiseworthy and patriotic enterprise, and Richmond and Virginia we are sure, will promptly range themselves behind it, bringing all their influence to bear on Congress for its favorable consideration. Not to do so would be little short of disloyal to the 80th, its honored living and its sacred dead.

In this connection it may be said that even if the states should obtain a portion of Camp Lee as a training ground for its National Guards, it will not interfere in any way with the memorial project, which will include only that central portion of the Camp on which were located the headquarters, foreign mission quarters, flag-staff area and hostess house.—*Richmond Times Dispatch.*

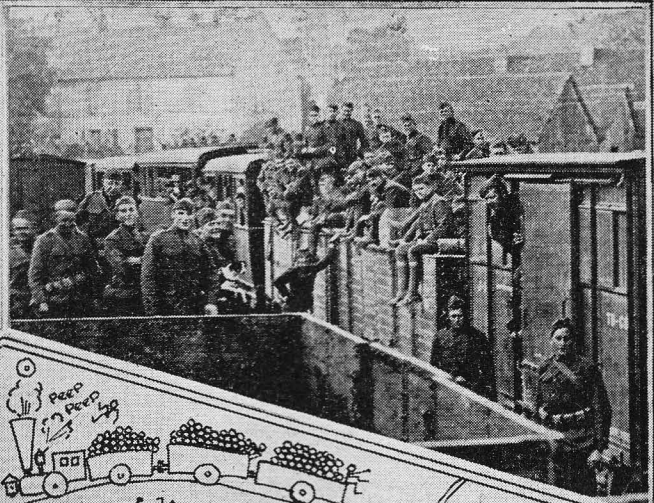
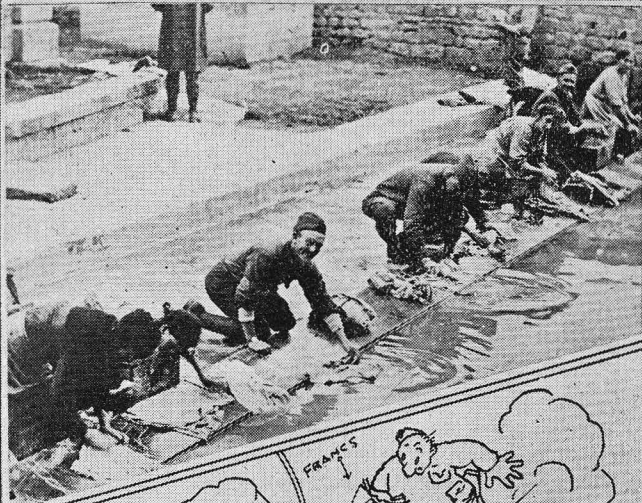
Pointing to its great military and strategic value the newly organized Norfolk post of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association last night adopted resolutions urging the retention by the war department of Camp Lee. It also called on headquarters of the association at Pittsburgh, Pa., and various posts of the organization to unite in an appeal to their congressmen and senators to work for the retention of the camp by the War Department.

Memorial hall or auditorium in Norfolk also was endorsed by the veterans, who called upon the municipality to expedite the work of building such a structure as a memorial to those from this city who served in the armed forces of the United States during the world war. Appointment of a committee to cooperate with the various civic and other organizations in the city who are behind the auditorium movement was authorized.

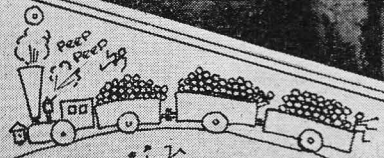
Though the abandonment of Camp Lee was ordered some months ago, the camp has not yet been dismantled and the cities of Petersburg and Richmond are leading in a fight to have the camp retained. It was at Camp Lee that the Eightieth Division also known as the Blue Ridge division, was organized and trained. The retention of Camp Lee in consequence, for the veterans of the Eightieth division has a sentimental value. It is this in addition to the real value of the camp to the United States

(Continued on Page 30)

"AS YOU WERE"—U. S. Official Photos—Arranged by Berger



Wont these guys
Come in handy
for Some Movie
trotting Wife?
We have their
names &
Girls.



Karont
Hommes-et weat
Chevaux—in other
Words a Helluva
squeeze on
the Shoe-
Box-Express

Lookout
General—the
Suckers gonna
kiss you



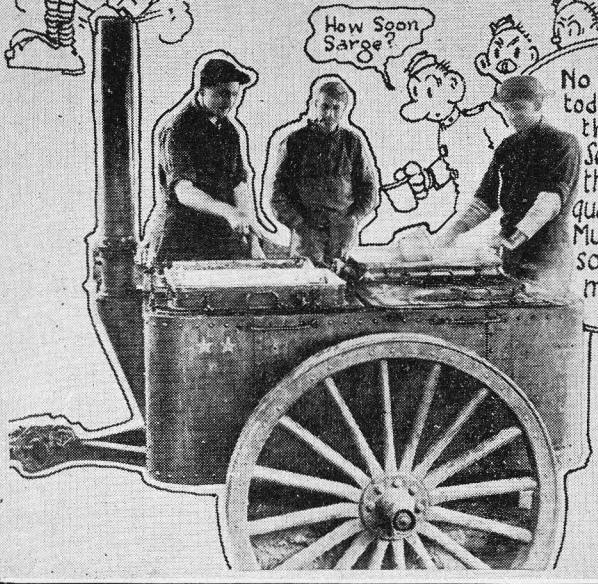
I belong to the
Replacements
Fellows but Berger
Stuck me in here
to fill up space

Who said our
Generals didnt
have a hard time
in the war? It is said
that 1482869 "Frog"
Officials swapped
spits with
"Blackjack"

U.S.
Official
Photos

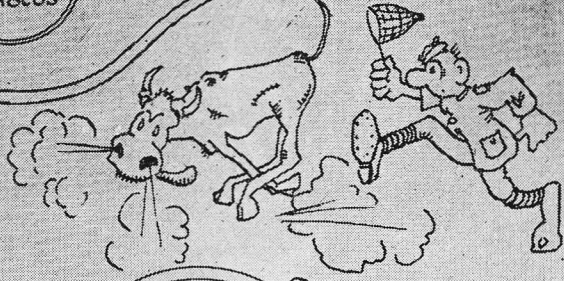
Everything at attention
but the face—Awright
Wipe off that smile

Dya tink Jerry
Could See the
Smoke if I got
off now—really
I'm very
uncomf table

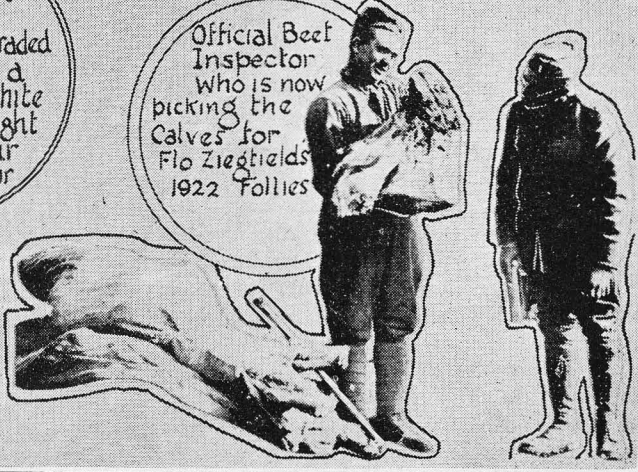


How Soon
Sarge?

No Beans
today Fellers
the Mess
Sergeant traded
them for a
quart of White
Mule last night
so set your
mouths for
Slum.



Official Beet
Inspector
who is now
picking the
Calves for
Flo Ziegfelds
1922 Follies



Reminiscences of a "Rookie"

By LYLE DAVID

O Johnny lay your bayonet down,
Your bayonet down, your bayonet down!
O Johnny lay your bayonet down
For its Christmas in the morning.

Its funny the way the Xmas spirit gets into a man, who has spent his spare moments for months past; swearing by the Nine Bulls of Bullisburg to wreak eternal vengeance on the enemy, that has been musing up his dugout regularly every morning by sending over a dozen or so Jack Johnson's as a daily reminder that the Kaiser was still doing business at the old stand.

There are only three red letter days in a man's life that finds him at peace with all the world. There may be a few that I have overlooked, but those golden hours linger forever in his memory. One is the day he puts on his first pair of long trousers (Be silent ye critics who have forgotten this thrill). The second is the glorious day when they call in the undertaker for his beloved mother-in-law; and the third: when he wakes up Xmas morning and fondles lovingly the sturdy neck of the "Little Brown Jug."

Let him who has never known these supreme moments of unalloyed bliss retire sorrowfully within the gloomy portals of a Prohibition pagoda, and there arrayed in the proper sackcloth and ashes he can bemoan his barren life and content his mind with a revised copy of the Blue Laws, and the Seventh Passionate Passage of the 18th Amendment.

The Rookie squad, which I have always been proud-at-times to have been a member; was the most sentimental body of men ever gathered in one dugout. From Asmud Husumumamak, down to little Antonio Stilleto; the squad exuded sentiment from every pore. Was a tear to be shed over a fallen buddy that some Jerry had picked off with a machine gun? Cock Eyed Mac-Dougall would beat his breast wildly and weep copiously out of his one good eye like an old lady at a marriage ceremony. Had a stray French cur been scattered about the landscape by the loving touch of a six inch shell? Big tender hearted Olof Voekerat would gather up the remains reverently, and bury them with loud lamentation and a deep throaty groan like a man on which the cares and tribulations of this life weighed him down to the depths of human misery from which there is no escape this side of Jordan.

Now if Olof happened to be fortunate enough to find the mangled remains of the dog's tail, his sentiment was beautiful to behold. He would set to work and dig a grave deep enough to bury a horse in; and then kneeling down over the edge of

the young tunnel, he would lower the tail slowly—with the aid of a long rope, to its final resting place; all the time mumbling some strange gibberish and calling hoarsely on the seventeen God's of Dogdom to witness this act. It was always a sad and melancholy scene and many idle tears were shed by the whole squad at such moments.

I could never figure out just why Olof went to all this trouble about a dog's tail; until one day after he had joyously returned from borrowing a hundred francs off the Colonel, on the plea that he never felt very enthusiastic about fighting the enemy nohow, just because he happened to

JAMIE O

By LYLE DAVID

I met him aye one day in June;
A bonnie lad was Jamie O.
A dilly, daffy, gay gasoon;
Was my braw laddie Jamie O.

His coat was old, his feet was bare;
No boots he own'd, did Jamie O,
But oh the sunlight on his hair;
My ain true lover Jamie O.

He cocked his bonnet on one side;
And said: weel lass, ye take my ee'
No one would make a fairer bride;
Frae Bonnie Doon, tae Paisley.

He kist me once sae tenderly;
The birds were singing soft and low,
Come lass, he said and live wi' me;
Come, share a Heiland pladdie O.

His speech was aye sae leal and true,
That day we wed, for weal or woe;
What could a poor weak lassie do;
Wi' such a jolly rover O?

Proud Kings can play their haughty part,
No king want I, but Jamie O
For he's the lord O' all my heart;
My bonnie Highland laddie O.

get mixed up in a war but when he had money on him he told the Col. he could crush the whole damn German army, cause he figured out he was battling for that cash in his pocket, and it never needed no declaration of war for him to chaw a man's ear off for less.

He was feeling in high spirits that day and was shuffling with Big Lip Fellinditch over in the corner of the dugout; kicking Fellinditch playfully on the shins and banging his head against the wall in that gentle way of his that he always used to show his affection for a member of the Squad; when in an unguarded moment I slipped on the toe-hold, and dragging him off the yelping form of Fellinditch, led him out-

side in the trench and put the question: Olof I said kindly, "I realize that you are a man of much sentiment and senselessness, and its not for me to say anything at this time in criticism of your Christian feelings. Not a word you understand? But what in heaven is the idea of this dog's tail pathos? Now I appreciate I went on easily watching him closely so he didn't up and crown me while I wasn't looking—"I appreciate your kindness of heart in burying the remains of a poor friendless critter who's only misfortune was due to the fact that he absent minded like got in the way of a nine ton Heine shell—but why the wailing over the tail part? How come?"

"Hell's Bells" he answered, his voice husky with suppressed emotion, "a dog's a dog aint he?"

"He is," I agreed suspiciously.

"And a dog without a tail Hells Bells, what is he then my friend?"

"Tailless," I answered sadly.

"Right my boy," he muttered brokenly laying his hand on my shoulder heavy like—"but your answer covers only part of the question. For a dog without his tail, be it wolf hound or lap dog, is to my mind one of the saddest tragedies of life. With his tail a dog expresses his joy, sorrow, happiness, anger, love, hate, anticipation, and disgust. He wags it joyously when he beholds his lord and master staggering home after a hard days work at the ball game. He thumps it violently on the floor when he sees you reach for the juicy part of a ham bone—and eat all the meat off yourself—and he drops it sorrowfully between his legs and resigns himself to his fate, just after you have bounced a brick off his ear because he friendly and innocent like started to dog your footsteps to the corner saloon. And so Hell's Bells a man may lose his trousers and only find himself arrested for disturbing the peace: a woman may come in a poor second on her divorce case, but so long as the alimony is paid regular she can manage to keep up with the latest undressed styles but when a dog is cut off sudden like from the rear part of his anatomy he is poor, poor, indeed and all the joy and laughter is stilled forever in the land of Goshen."

Hereupon he burst into tears and falling heavily on my shoulder, sobbed as if his heart would break. I stood it calmly for awhile; holding up his two hundred and ten pounds of surplus baggage as gracefully as possible under the circumstances. But just after he had given vent to a particular long drawn wail of dog sympathy, in which he attempted to use my shirt for a handkerchief, I stepped aside careless like and let him sink ponderously to the

Reminiscences of A "Rookie"—Continued

ground, where he lay and sobbed loudly until he had exhausted enough sentiment to bury all the dogs in France.

But, as I was saying about the Xmas spirit and how it gets under a man's hide and all that sort of stuff. Well, it's funny the way it works sometimes. I remember the first Xmas the Rookie squad spent in the trenches. The Jerries had been kind of quiet all along the sector for about a week, and when we rolled out of our blankets Xmas morning everything was as sweet and peaceful as a Sunday afternoon in Philadelphia.

We rubbed the sleep out of our eyes and cracked a few jokes together like men will on such an occasion; about Santa Clause and Henry's "Peace Ship" and things like that, until Big Lip Fellinditch who had appointed himself dog robber—at the squads suggestion—got out the coffee pot and started to warm over the coffee grounds we had been saving up for Xmas festivals ever since we had waylaid the Col's cook on his way to the line; relieving him gently—by the aid of the butt end of a Springfield,—of a pound or so of the best Brazilian chicory.

We were sitting there watching Big Lip holding a couple of sawed off candles under the pot, and figuring out the time it would take to come to boil, or the candles burn down when little Antonio Stilleto dragged out his accordion that he had been carrying around with him ever since we had come up on the line; and after a couple of flourishes or so in order to get it tuned up to the proper octave, he started off on as pretty a piece of classical music as one could wish to hear.

Well, we sat there around the pot and listened to the music with peace in our hearts and good will toward every man in the army from a private down. Cock Eyed MacDougall said proud like that he never missed his Xmas morning music no matter if he had to go out and collar a grind-organ man to play him something soothing in honor of the day. Cock Eyed said he was gently reared and brought up that way anyhow; as his old man always got his bagpipe out on Xmas morning when Cock Eye was a kid; and never let up reeling off the auld Scotch tunes until the neighbors sent in a hurry call for the police (figuring out by all the howling and squealing that was coming from the house that somebody was being murdered) and he had got as drunk and bellicose as every decent Scotchman considered it his religious duty to be so, on auld "Nick's" day.

The thing went on that way for awhile, with Stilleto who was one of the best two handed, open faced, self winding accordion players; that ever frisked a German prisoner for his watch and chain; pounding out all the old favorites from the opera's of "Pilson" and "Profanity," and us sit-

ting there enjoying the music and taking turns in giving Fellenditch a couple of belts on the jaw, if he happened to let the candles burn down, or we thought the pot was too darn slow in coming to a boil; when Stilleto just after he had finished up the third Romanic from the libelous of Annhauser Busch, stopped all of a sudden and said that he was getting d— tired playing good music to a gang of unappreciative horse-thiefs who understood classical stuff as much as a mule does roller skates: and war or no war he said that he was going over to the German lines and play a few Xmas selections on his accordeon to the blond lads from Berlin that would do more for the Peace of the World than Bryan ever did for Free Silver.

Now that kind of hurt our fellows a little, being as the squad had always been proud like over the deep appreciation and yearning that we showed for good music: and we arose as one man and would have crushed him to earth, if Tin Ear Prosockilski hadn't up just then with the light of battle in his eye and begged us to remain calm.

"Bums," he said softly. "Let the Wop go. If Stilleto is tired of living any longer with all his sins on his head and is kind of desirous of committing suicide, where is the man in the squad that would begrudge him that pleasure? Let him go over with the Heines if he yearns for their company—when they give him the "Iron Cross Rub-down" it will save us the trouble of burying him anyhow, and his old woman can collect the ten thousand kopeck from the government which makes him worth a helluva lot more dead than alive to my way of figuring."

That kind of appeased us somewhat and we let Stilleto live contenting ourselves with joking and kidding him about how natural he would look when the Jerries began to cut him into souvenirs to send to the folks back home. But he was determined to pay them a visit in honor of the day as by this time he was to chuck full of the Xmas spirit that our lovely little emaginative pictures of how the Sausage guzzlers would knock him for a row of chicken coops the moment he stuck his head above the trench, only made him more obstinate and so we gave it up; bid him a long lingering farewell, turned his pockets inside out to see if we could pick up a few honest dollars and then gave him the Bums Rush out of the door into the trench, and left him to his fate. After he had picked himself out of the mud and beat it on up the trench, we sat around waiting for the opening gun of the fireworks, and making a few light hearted and joyous wagers with the money we took off him regarding the time it would take, between the moment he started his Xmas spirit climb out of the trench,

and the nine-hundred and ninety bullets that would greet his appearance according to the rules and regulations of brotherly love.

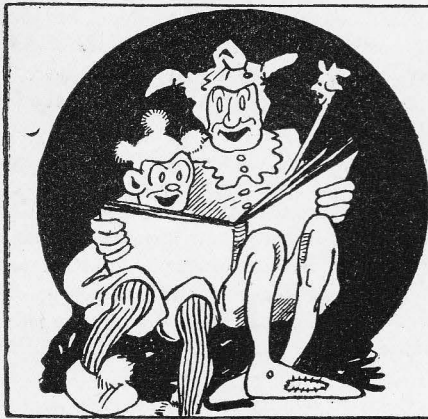
We must have been sitting around waiting to hear the glad news for an hour or so and there hadn't been a sound of a Wizz Bang or nothing to break the holy calm of the morning; when Cock Eyed MacDougall jumped up sudden like and said that if Stilleto wasn't dead by this time he ought to be and that he was going out and give the poor devil a decent Christian burial no matter what happened. We all agreed that Cock Eyed was right and prepared to start out a searching party at once; as by this time we were beginning to feel kind of ashamed of how we had acted up with Stilleto when he proposed paying a little friendly call on the Germans; and Olof who was always slow to anger, but when he got all het up—as every man in the squad knew to his regret; he would tear down the heavens to avenge a friend that had been wronged.

He rose up now and declared loudly that little Antonio Stilleto had been treated in a shameful manner, and it was up to the squad to square ourselves the best way we knew how, or by the eternal Gods' Olof went on to say, he would tear us singly and collectively limb from limb. He went on and called us a gang of the lowest browed cutthroats and unhung scoundrels that God had ever infested the earth with. Little Antonio had been the apple of his eye he said and if anything had happened to the lad, it was up to us to make out our wills and polish up our dog tags so the burial squad would know who we were when they tried to identify the remains.

Hereupon he became violent and catching sight of Fellinditch who was peacefully gnawing on a loaf of bread over in one corner of the dugout he started blaming Big Lip for the whole thing and grabbing a Springfield would have brained him right then are there, if Fellinditch hadn't—seeing him coming made a wild leap through the door and started up the trench howling and yelping like a man who was being pursued by the Nine Demons of Hell.

By and by we got Olof calmed down somewhat and loading up our gats with fresh ammunition in case we happened to run into a little German surprise party; we crawled out into the trench and began to look around carefully for some sign of Stilleto's remains. Well we hunted high and low for an hour or two but couldn't find anything suspicious that we could identify as the purulent carcass of Tony, and getting kind of tired and discouraged with crawling about on our hands and knees, we rested ourselves for a spell and held a consultation.

(Continued on Page 28)



A PAGE TO WIT

"OUR MAG"—By the Office Boy



AW GWAN wid ya. I didn't want to make youse guys mad when I wrote that stuff last month about the bonus. I wuz jest foolin' about it, youse fellows knows I'm all fer the 80th so what you wanta send those letters to the boss about me knocking the boneus. Gee wiz—me knock the bonus? What you think I am a U. S. Senator er something like that. Nix buddies—San fairy Ann, as the boss says, I don't care how much they hand out to youse fellars, cause I knows youse deserve some kinda remooneration fer being cootie incubators, and speaking about incubators you'd oughter see how this gang is kept scratching to keep up with things hear at headquarters. Gee wiz with all these committee meetins and Reunion plans, and dues comin in by the oily boids what know their bizness. And all crowded inter one room since the landlord raised our rent. Jest when we was afraid we couldn't raise it—along comes the landlord and he says, "I'm gonna raize it fer ya." Gee I bet that was a big load offen the Boss's shoulders. And say howda ya like Our Mag now? Gee wiz I tink its got a classy bunch of writers don't you? I took one home wid me and me mother almost laughed herself sick at some of Berger's cartoons and some of the "Very Lights," like what's down in the bottom corner of this page. Shorty and me never could figger out why they call em very lights—why don't they call them Very Dark's and be done with it. Cause most of that stuff is so dark ya can't see it leastwise I can't see the joke. And didja read that story about the "National Poet of Tombstones"—Gosh! I don't believe a word uv it at all—People wooden stann fer a guy goin' around puttin' stuff like that on people's tomb stonés, wood they? But say fellars I herd the Boss dictatin' a letter to Shorty to be sent to President Brett, and he said (I mean the boss) said that the fellars was doin fine gettin' lots uv new members

and subscribers to Service and they wuz sendin them in by the half dozens, course we didn't say all uv 'em wuz doin it, but he said thair wuz sum reel live wyars what wuz helpin' out kinda noble like and wuz puttin it all over the kind uv guys what don't do nothin but knock everything and everybody. Gee I pulled a good 1 at home last night, me muther says, "do you want some more meet," and I says "Silver plays," and she didn't give me the meet but she give me a cuff on the ears. She says, "Don't you come handin any of that high falutin French talk on me," Gee wiz, hows a fellar ever gon to lurn any landwidges if he ain't allowed to talk em? I got a letter last week from a guy what says he likes the office boy page, gee I think he must be a shell shocked case escaped frum sum asylum. He said, "Dear Office Boy" and then he hands me a lott uv mush stuff—guess he thinks Ima girl—but me muther hasn't dressed me that way fer many years. I rote right back and I sez, "Dear Subscriber:—I ain't that kinduva a goil, Da I what used to edit this page quit and got married—but wuzit yure bizness any-stuff you lyikes to read, and doant ya go

way—so long as you gets the kinduv handin me no bokays—If ya want to do somethin worth while fer yer old division, why get bizz and dig up some nu guys what ain't paid thair dues er joined the association. And you'll be doin somethin bettern' sayin it with flowers to a por office boy what don't no much and admits it." Gee when he gets that letter I betcha he'll think a jerry G. I. can has dropped down on his bungalow. I seen some of the other Vets Mags. whats layin on the bosses desk and bulieve me bo thair ain't none uv them what cin hold a candil to are little old mag. I'm expectin to see you all at the reunion here in Pittsburgh, August 4, 5, 6—sow be sure to come an then youse kin see wair we all carries on. Thay can't stop this old 80th gang we're so fer ahead uv them all now that they find corn stalks 6 feet high growin in our dust. And its because youse guys has a good motto.

"Everybuddy get a buddy"

Moar next time,

Yours,

THE OFFICE BOY.

Very Lights

A certain buck private in the engineers, who had, it seems, dreamed of selecting a nice quiet place in which to die, should he be fortunate enough to reach the land of freedom and home brew again, went out one night while his outfit was ossifying in one of those little French villages to try to drown his sorrow in the fiery concoction known to the sophisticated as white mule. Having absorbed rather more than he could comfortably carry, he was assisted to his billet by a couple of obliging buddies, and deposited carefully on his bunk, apparently dead to the world. In a short time however, the doleful strains of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" sung by lusty voices, brought him back to earth

and the sense that he was trop malade.

Oh, take me out and let me die. He requested of no one in particular. When someone heartlessly inquired why he couldn't die there, he replied.

Oh, H—I. There's so much noise in here that a man couldn't die in a hundred years. —W. S. A.

Willie: "Paw, does bigamy mean that a man has one wife too many?"

Pa: "Not necessarily, my son. A man can have one wife too many and not be a bigamist."

Ma: "Willie, you come upstairs with me and I'll teach you to keep your mouth shut."



CORRECTIONS FOR THE ROSTER

Lt. H. A. Daly, Co. H, 320th Inf., now with 10th Infantry, 1st Lt., Camp Dix, N. J.
F. C. Rush, Co. G. 319 Inf., 57 Roberts St., Crafton, Pa.

Chas A. Saunders, from Fork Union, Va., to Box No. 1417, Richmond, Va.

John L. Graves, from 1926 Prytania St., to 3316 Prytania st., New Orleans, La.

Edw. N. Spryer, Co. M. 320 Inf., 516 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Change Oliver K. Fry, Pvt. 1st Class, from Hdq. Co., 319th Inf., to read Co. M., 319th Infantry. Address 354 N. Craig St., Pgh., Pa.

Change John L. Graves to read: Corp. John L. Graves, 3316 Prytania St., New Orleans, La., Co. B, 318th Inf.

EDITOR SERVICE MAGAZINE,

Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Comrade: Go to it, you're doing fine. Our Mag is something that the old 80th can be proud of. And I have yet to see an exservice man's magazine that has anything on it.

I would like to drop a hint to the boys about how to "get a Buddy." It's very simple. Just hand him your Mag after you've read it. It seldom fails to bring home the bacon, accompanied by thanks for putting him wise to what is going on.

Enclosed you will find a couple that actually happened. If you can use them you're welcome.

Yours for continued success,

W. A. SMITH.

Sgt. Harry C. Long, Co. M., 320th Inf., who will be remembered as the golden voiced tenor of the 80th Div. Quartette, has joined the grand army benedicts and is now taking orders from Mrs. Long. The happy event took place, April 20th, 1921. The bride was formerly Miss Helen Beck of Dormont, Pa.

Henry C. McKenna, lawyer and ex-army lieutenant was named by Mayor Peters of Boston, to the Soldiers Relief Commissionership, formerly held by the late John E. Gilman. The Mayor feels confident of favorable Civil Service action on the appointment, and at an early date, because of the unsettled condition of the department's

affairs.

Mr. McKenna makes his home at 36 Hancock st., West End, and is a brother of James McKenna, who holds a responsible Federal State Department post at present.

Lieut. McKenna was graduated from Boston English High School, from Boston College in 1902, and from Georgetown University Law School in 1908. He attended the 1916 Plattsburgh Camp and enlisted in the 1917 officers' training camp at that reservation, receiving his commission in



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

Maj. Joseph L. Hanley, who died recently at his home, 3614 Robert Gillham road, was a veteran of three wars. He served as a lieutenant colonel under Brig. Gen. John W. Ruckman of the 4th Missouri infantry at Laredo Tex., for several months in 1916-17. He also served in the Spanish-American War.

When the United States entered the World War, he was stationed on the Mexican border under the late General Funston, who was in command of all the forces on the border at that time. He was attached to the 80th Division, and appointed a major in the inspector general's department, October 1, 1917, and served throughout the war as an officer in that department. He first saw service in France soon after he was appointed major, as an inspector at headquarters, central department.

Major Hanley for years was a member of the national guard, having been inspector general in the state of Missouri with the rank of brigadier general. While in France he was severely gassed, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

Maurice Mazer, 1928 Wallace Street, Phila., died in Philadelphia on April 6th, 1921. He was originally a member of company "H," 320th Inf., and was sent to the Officers Training Camp about the first of October 1918, later being commissioned a 2nd Lieut.

The doctor who had attended Mazer had operated on the nose to relieve ailments caused by being gassed in France.

August, 1917.

Assigned to Camp Lee, Va., he went overseas in 1918 with the 305th Motor Supply Train, first as supply officer, later as adjutant. Thereafter he was with the 80th Division, A. E. F.

The salary of the position is \$5,000.

E. B. Crouse, Musician, Hdq. Co. 314 F. A. sent in three new members and subscribers to Service Magazine, and his personal check for the entire amount, the kind of music that helps the old organization carry on with that forward movement.

Reply to inquiry in Service: The address of Lt. W. P. Hazelgrove, who took pictures of several units of the 80th, is Terry Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

82 pages of pictures of everybody and everything, taken at Camp Lee, in the great, "Bayonet Souvenir book of Camp Lee, Va." Remember this book was not completed before our units left for France.

(Continued on Next Page)

Funeral services were conducted by the Laurence E. Delaney Post No. 26 and interment was made at Mt. Sinai Cemetery, Philadelphia.

John Larents, Formerly Pvt. Co. F. 319th, Inf., died April 21, 1921 at Homestead Hospital, Homestead Pa. He was buried April 23, 1921 in Homestead, by Pvt. John Naujokatis Post No. 373, V. F. W.

Joseph M. Davidson, (Jody) formerly Lieut. 318th. Inf. Co. D., who was instantly killed about 4 P. M. Nov. 5, 1918. by sniper's bullet in forehead, while advancing at La Polka Farm, near Sommanthe, France. Was carried to his last resting place in Arlington National Cemetery while a class mate flew not twenty feet above and dropped garlands of flowers on the casket and open grave.

William Jenkins formerly with G. Co. 318 Inf. and later transferred to I Co. 18th Inf., and who was killed in action, was buried from the Bethlehem church, Bina, Va., of which he was a member. After the services the service flag of the church with it's one gold star, was presented to the mother of comrade Jenkins.

Funeral services for Sergt. Leonard Clair Kinkead, formerly of Company E, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, were held in his home in Vandergrift and were in charge of the Vandergrift American Legion Post. Kinkead left Camp Lee May 18, 1918, and served with his regiment until March 14, 1919, when he died at Chamoinox, France.

William Greger, aged 26, veteran of the world war, died at his home, 313 First street, Woodvale. He is survived by his parents. An infant son died three months ago. He was a member of the Eightieth Division and served with the United States forces in France. Veterans of Foreign Wars conducted the military burial.

Morning Report—Continued

Many buddies ordered them sent home and have theirs. If you missed getting one you had better toot sweet—it will never be reproduced and the last count showed one-hundred on hand. Now or never. Price is \$1.05 including postage.

Information of great importance at Headquarters for Private 1st Class, Co. D., 305 Eng. Collins Scott. Anyone having this Buddy's address please send it in.

Dear Editor: Why not arrange with one of the Graphophone Companies to make records of the 80th Division A. E. F. Quartette. I'm sure every member of the 80th, would be mighty proud to have at least one or two of the old songs sung by this quartette for future years.

Yours truly,
B. B. C.

We're willing 'eh buddies?

Some of the newspapers want the "28th," and the "80th," to express an opinion about the Knox peace resolution. What's the use? Most of us are kept busy expressing our opinions about hard hearted landlords, and still busy with the question of "When do we eat?"

What a glorious day the Blue-Ridgers could have at Forbes Field, Aug. 6th, if the Manager of the Brooklyn Nationals would pitch our old friend Miljus against the Pittsburgh Pirates, and woe to the 80th Veteran who rooted for the home team. Convention Committee take notice.

Gosh! And we used to think the French Flappers wore short skirts.

Julius D. Berg who served with the A. E. F. in the rank of Sergeant has recently published a book called, "War Poems and Others" which sells for fifty cents. Comrade Berg has total permanent disability rating but is anxious to sell his book on its merits, and offers to return the purchase price to any dissatisfied purchasers. His address is Julius S. Berg, 887 Forest Ave., New York City.

The Pittsburgh Chapter American Red Cross, wants addresses of the following named men: Mathew Warren Connor, 164th, F. A. 89th, Div., Charles Henrick, 111th Inf., Hdq. Co. (last known address) 203 57th St., Pittsburgh, Pa., Wm. J. Sloan, Co. L. 320th Inf. (last address) 3500 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., Michael Scanlon, 113th Aero Squadron—Information care of Miss Florence McIlvaine, American Red Cross, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CUTCHINS—VAUGHAN

General and Mrs. C. C. Vaughan, Jr., of

Franklin, Va., announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Miss Sarah Penelope Vaughan to Mr. Clifford Armstrong Cutchins, Jr., also of Franklin. Mr. Cutchins was a member of 80th Division Headquarters.

SERVICE desires the address of W. H. C. Mackie. Information to 915 Bessemer Bldg, Pgh., Pa.

50 x 9½ picture of Camp Lee, Va., at less than the cost of printing. While they last, ten cents each. Mailed anywhere—add two cents to cover cost of mailing—you'll be glad to show it to your grand children. Camp Lee is doomed. So are you—to disappointment, if you don't have a picture of the old horseshoe camp.

Artist Berger does not claim any attempt



MAJ. CHAS. M. JONES,
Vice President of the 80th Division
Veterans Association, was married Saturday, April 9, to Miss Esther Kunkle.
At home at the Wyneva Apartments,
Germantown, Pa.

to start a new fashion with the fair sex, by his cover design on the May issue. He says, "Let 'em alone, they'll think of it soon enough."

Mrs. Prescott Lyon of Locust place, Sewickley, will entertain with a luncheon Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Elizabeth Woodwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Woodwell of Penn avenue, whose marriage to Curtis Whittelsey McGraw, son of Mr. and Mrs. James McGraw of Madison, N. J., will take place next Saturday in Calvary Church. Sharing honors with Miss Wodwell at the luncheon will be Mrs. William Thaw, Jr. Mrs. John Woodwell of Penn avenue will give the

rehearsal dinner in the golf club next Friday evening.

Add to Co. M. 320th Inf., Mechanic Edw. N. Spryer, 516 Bessemer Bldg., Pgh., Pa.

Change Chas. A. Saunders from Folk Union, Va., to Box 1417, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Edward Marion Kenly, announces the marriage of her daughter Dorothy to Captain John McBride, U. S. A., on Thursday, May 26, 1921, at Claiborne, Md. At home at Camp Pike, Ark., after July 1st.

Lt. H. A. Daly formerly with H. Co. 320 is now 1st Lieut with 16th Infantry, Camp Dix, N. J.

Wayne M. McGiffin, formerly Co. E. 320th, Inf., and later with Div. Hdq. at Railhead, is the proud father of a boy, born Sat., April 30th. Congratulations are in order at 530 Howard Ave., Bellevue, Pa.

Lt. Col. E. G. Peyton, who commanded 320 during its entire period in the lines, is now stationed at Ft. Leavenworth, Kas.

Mr. Julius V. Pote, formerly Corp., Co. F. 305 M. S. T. will be married June 6th to Miss Gussie Sanders of Altoona Pa. after which the bride and groom have arranged for a three or four weeks auto trip, intending to camp wherever night overtakes them.

Wanted—Address of Lt. Otto Ridgely, Co. G, 319th, Inf. Information to Francis C. Rush, 57 Roberts St., Crafton, Pgh., Pa.

Harry Deale, formerly Co. B., 318th Inf., now of Brokenburg, Va., wants to hear from some of his old buddies.

James A. Lynch of Erie, Pa., formerly member of Co. D, 313 Machine Gun Battalion was married to Miss Alice Craig of Jamestown, N. Y. Tuesday, May 3rd, 1921.

A correction—On page 21 of the May issue of Service, it was stated that Charles R. Preston could furnish copies of the History of the first Battalion, 320th Inf. This is a mistake as Comrade Preston advises that all copies have been disposed of.

13 officers of the 320th Inf. Reg. had a little "get together" party in Baltimore, on April 2nd, as the guests of E. McClure Rouzer. After certain distinguished gentlemen had been removed as casualties Mr. Rouzer was selected as chairman of the "get together" movement of the Officers of the 320th Inf., and Frank N. Thompson of Bortentown was chosen Secretary. We are endeavoring to get a complete list of names and addresses of all officers of the

Morning Report—Continued

320th Inf. so that copy can be published and placed in the hands of every interested man and it is suggested that every officer that served in the 320th Inf. drop a line to Lieut. E. McClure Rouzer, Maryland Casualty Tower Building, Baltimore, Md., giving his last address.

The fourth reunion and dinner of the New York Association of Officers of the 80th, ("Blue Ridge") Division, U. S. A. was held Friday, May 20, 1921, at Hotel Brevont, New York City. The guests of honor and chief speaker was Major E. A. Buchanan, formerly 159th Inf., Brigade Hdq. and acting chief of staff of 80th Div. Fifty members were present. Letters of regret were read from General Cronkhite, Gen. Brett, Cols. Waldron, Foreman, Rhoads and Spalding. The assemblage moved to attend the coming 80th Div. Reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 4, 5 and 6, as largely as possible. Captain Reuel W. Elton, former Resident*Sec'y of the 80th Vets. Association, who is now Adjutant General of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the U. S. A., delivered a talk on the coming reunion. Lieut. Frank Schoble, who was blinded in action, gave an interesting address. Major C. V. Church, judge advocate department, U. S. A., was also present.

The next reunion dinner of the society was set for Nov. 11, 1921, Armistice Day. Capt. A. N. La Porte, 25 W. 45th st., N. Y. is secretary and treasurer, Major John D. Harrison (317th Inf.) is president.

The dinner committee consists of Major Robt. H. Cox (314 M. G. B.) Capt. C. D. Cella (Div. Hdq.) Capt. H. S. V. Negrin (305 San. Train) Capt. W. G. Thomas (313 M. G. B.) and Capt. C. C. Agate (305 Ammo Train). Major H. A. C. DeRubio is A. P. M.

This letter was sent out recently by the 319th M. G. Club.

Dear Comrade: In December, 1919, thirty-six former members of the M. G. Co., 319th Infantry got together and organized the 319th M. G. Club. All former members of the company are members of the Club. An annual Reunion was provided for which is to be held on the Saturday night following Christmas of each year. At the 2nd Reunion held in Pittsburgh on January 1, 1921, there were sixty present.

At the last Reunion it was decided that each member of the Company should be furnished with a Company Roster which we have attempted to make as complete as available information permitted and which has been enclosed under this cover. A fee of \$1.50 donated by each one present has made this Roster possible. It was further decided at that time that our Company should march as a unit in the parade to be held on the occasion of the 80th Division

Reunion to be held in Pittsburgh on the 4th, 5th and 6th of August. (No uniforms.)

A committee appointed by Mr. Morrow, as authorized by the Club, the duty of which is to inform other members of any deaths within our ranks obtain as far as possible attendance by other members at such funerals and to do what in their judgment is proper as representative of the Company on such occasions, follows:

Chairman, Campbell; Pirt, Entinger, Jefferies, Meindell, Barthol, Morgan, Straw, Schneider, Yourd, Nelson, Nixon, Bruehl, Wenger, Bryan.

Don't forget the 80th Division Reunion August 4, 5, and 6, and the Company Reunion on Dec. 31, 1921.

William Harrison McLean, formerly Headquarters Company, 313 F. A., who is now connected with the Peoples Hardware & Furniture Co., of Thomas, W. Va., where he holds the position of Vice President and Secretary, was married May 11th, 1921, to Miss Elizabeth Veronica Casey, daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. P. T. Casey of Thomas, W. Va.

At a meeting of the Maj. John Baird Atwood Post No. 285, Veterans of Foreign Wars, in the Chamber of Commerce Building yesterday afternoon. Col. Lloyd M. Brett was elected an active member of the post. He gave a short talk on the Veterans of Foreign Wars' organization and on the work of the soldiers in France.

Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett, commanding officer of the 160th Brigade of the 80th Division in the World War, has been invited to be the principal speaker at McKeesport's celebration of Flag Day, June 14, when a war cannon is to be dedicated by Corporal Burt Foster post of the American Legion. The cannon is to be placed on the Technical High School grounds. The post has named a committee to get temporary club rooms.

SHRAPNEL FROM THE 315TH FIELD ARTILLERY

By C. F. BUSHMAN

Dr. Joseph C. Edgar, formerly Major, Commanding Medical Department, resumed his practice at Oakmont, Pa., after mustering out. Recently he was badly injured in an automobile accident and spent six weeks in a hospital. He is now able to get around and states that his two little girls, one eight and the other one four, keep him quite occupied when he is not busy dispensing pills.

Mr. Grant Powers, Marine Corps Artist, formerly with the "Fifth" Regiment Marines, 2nd Division, has recently returned from France where he has been for the

past year sketching and map-making for the Marine Corps. He has collected many sketches of spots not only famous in A. E. F. history, but in 80th Division history as well. Some of these sketches are appearing in The Stars and Strips. In a recent communication from Mr. Powers he stated that he intended to sell a number of these original drawings in colour, 30 inches by 40 inches, which would make excellent decorations for a club room, den or library, or a private collection of war souvenirs. He intends soon to publish a book of verse and drawings and states that "The Blue Ridge Division" will not be forgotten. Anyone interested in sketches of spots so dear to the veterans of the 80th Division should communicate with Mr. Powers at Swarthmore, Pa.

A few additional copies of The 315th Field Artillery History are still available at \$3.50 each from the publisher, Kohn and Pollock, Inc., Baltimore, Md.

Harry B. Dabney, formerly Private, 7th Section, Battery C, now located at Gallipolis Ferry, W. Va. and Kerr Blain, formerly Corporal, Telephone Detail, Battery C, now located at Hogsett, W. Va., are engaged in farming.

Otis L. Guernsey, formerly Major, Commanding 2nd Battalion, has been Assistant to the Director of Purchases of the The General Chemical Company, at New York City, since his discharge from the service.

Charles Harmon, formerly Driver, Headquarters Company, is now located at Pt. Pleasant, W. Va. It is wondered if Charley can still imitate those various fowls of a French barnyard.

A bill of much interest to ex-service men has been introduced in the Senate by Strong of Kansas, (H. R. 2335) exempting honorably discharged service men from payment of the income tax to an amount not exceeding \$5,000.00.

J. Wallace Calvert, formerly Corporal, Band Section, Headquarters Company, now hangs out a shingle as "Dramatic Instructor" at Hanover, Illinois.

James A. Hrudicka, formerly Band Leader, Headquarters Company, is now established with the firm of Hrudicka Brothers, Tailors, Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Hrudicka's father recently died after an operation. On March 8th a little daughter came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hrudicka.

The publication in SERVICE of this song of the Battery "A" has been requested by various members of the regiment. It will be remembered that this song was to the

tune of "Then I'll Come Back to You."
 When the job is finished we came over
 here to do,
 Then we'll come back to you;
 And the three hundred and fifteenth ar-
 tillery will be a happy crew
 When we'll come back to you.
 But first we'll be inspected by the army
 and by corps,
 By division and by regiment and Lord
 knows how many more;
 And when they're through inspecting, if
 there's not another war,
 Then we'll come back to you.
 When corps inspects our billets and finds
 them very neat,
 Then we'll come back to you.
 When division finds the cooks know how to
 take care of the meat,
 Then we'll come back to you.
 When brigade has seen our haversacks and
 regiment our hats,
 And battalions squinted down our guns
 and the B. C.'s lamp our "gats;"
 When the doctors put our garments through
 the cootie killing vats,
 Then we'll come back to you.
 When every soldier has two pair of able
 bodied shoes,
 Then we'll come back to you.
 When all the papers in the land forget to
 write war news,
 Then we'll come back to you.
 When every soldier in the place has got
 a feather bed.
 With linen sheets and comforts and a
 pillow for his head;
 When all the cooties in La belle France are
 dead,
 Then we'll come back to you.
 When revellie's at 8 o'clock and taps blow
 at night,
 Then we'll come back to you.
 When a man receives a medal every time
 that he gets tight,
 Then we'll come back to you.
 When they start serving turkey and plum
 pudding in the mess,
 And a man can just be comfortable and
 not bother with his dress,
 When they don't mind if you're absent
 from formations more or less,
 Then we'll come back to you.

What memories does this song bring
 back to you? In the Fifteenth training
 area, in the ancient valley of Yonne, this
 song in cafe and billet cheered and amused
 us in the long, long days spent in those
 quaint villages of Ravieres, Aisy, and Eti-
 vey. In looking back again to those days,
 when we thought that we would never
 get to port of embargation, we are as-
 tonished at the rapid flight of time. What
 was but "Yesterday" will soon be a matter
 of three years ago. And thusly are we
 reminded that we are traveling down that
 Long, Long Trail, at a rapid rate of speed,
 and that the friendships of those days,
 ever dear to us, become still dearer as time
 dims our memories of the great 'adventure.'

It brings to mind these pathetic lines of the
 poet Moore.

When I remember all,
 The friends so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather
 I feel like one who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed.
 Are you keeping in touch with that old
 'Buddy' of 'Yesterday?' With that old
 'Buddie' that gave you his last franc, the
 last drop of water from his canteen, a
 'hump' when you were out-of-luck, who
 shared his blankets and cooties with you,
 and who camouflaged you when the occa-
 sion arose? While we keep faith with the
 brave that we left overseas, let us not
 break faith with, nor forget those incom-
 parable 'Buddies' that were with us 'Yes-
 terday' and who meant so much to us in
 the days of long ago.

R. H. 5309

(Continued from Page 9)
 Cavalry."

2. Your Brigade was well handled, in
 a fine state of discipline and I have known
 of no one who was more entitled to recog-
 nition and promotion than you were,
 after a splendid record of forty years' ser-
 vice. I regretted exceedingly your loss
 from this Brigade and did all in my power
 to keep you at El Paso. I hope you may
 be successful in your efforts to obtain
 what, in my estimation, you are justly
 entitled to in the way of promotion.

3. At this time it affords me much
 pleasure to testify to the fine work of
 your Infantry Brigade in action on the
 bank of the Meuse in the Meuse-Argonne
 Offensive for, while in command of the
 Thirty-third United States Division, on
 the firing line, after we had taken the
 Bois de Forges, I saw you at your P. C.
 and what was accomplished by your Bri-
 gade in driving the Germans back.

GEO. BELL, JR.

In August, 1917, he was appointed Brig-
 adier General, National Army, and assigned
 to the 80th (Cronkhites) Division at Camp
 Lee, Virginia. In this position the reports
 show that he fully sustained the high
 reputation already earned and the testi-
 monials and narration of his services in
 the World War are only briefly referred to
 as they would make this memoranduum too
 long if written in full.

Suffice to say that he was recommended
 for promotion to Major General by Major
 General Reed, Corps Commander, and re-
 peatedly so by his Division Commander
 (Cronkhite), also by Major General Dick-
 man, Commanding Corps, and Lieut. Gen-
 eral Liggett, Commanding 1st Army. All
 this before the Armistice was signed.

The efficiency reports of Colonel for the

World War period on file in the War
 Department give him the highest rating.
 The report of Major General Adelbert
 Cronkhite, Commanding 80th Division
 from September, 1917, to December, 1918,
 and from April 1, 1919, to June, 1919,
 states on the report submitted by him to
 the War Department on November 19,
 1919, that in physical energy, endurance,
 judgment and common-sense, attention to
 duty, initiative, organizing ability, and
 capacity for command, Colonel Brett is
 superior, which is the highest rating given.
 As to performance of duty as a brigade
 commander, General Cronkhite further
 states: "He performed his duties so ex-
 cellently as to indicate conclusively his
 fitness for higher command. A most ex-
 cellent officer in every way, personal and
 professional. Commanding his brigade
 throughout the operations of the 80th Divi-
 sion in a manner leaving nothing to be
 desired. Recommended repeatedly for ad-
 vancement to rank of Major General,
 which he justly earned by his exceptional
 service before, during and after the war;
 which was simply a repetition of his life
 record as an officer in the Army of the
 United States."

Major General Samuel Sturgis, who
 joined the Division after the Armistice
 was signed, succeeded General Cronkhite,
 who had been advanced to the command of
 the 6th Corps, states on Colonel Brett's
 efficiency report under Performance of
 Duty "with marked efficiency," and under
 General Estimate "Good Personality. Phy-
 sically and mentally active. Well qualified.
 Forceful and quietly fearless. A thorough-
 ly dependable brigade commander."

General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff,
 places himself on record in a letter to the
 Secretary of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary
 No. 1, 80th Division, in answer to a plea
 for Colonel Brett's promotion to the grade
 of brigadier general before retirement:
 "Dear Miss Sellers:

I have your telegram of January 27th,
 1920, and would say that Colonel Brett is
 one of the very best officers in the army.
 The only thing that would prevent con-
 sideration of his name for Brigadier Gen-
 eral, is the fact that he has such a short
 time to serve.

Congress, many years ago, passed a law
 which in substance stated that no officer
 appointed Brigadier General should be
 allowed to retire until he had served one
 year. This for the purpose of preventing
 the retired list from being filled up with
 men appointed to that grade and then re-
 tired before giving any return to the gov-
 ernment for the extra pay and rank given.

While this law does not forbid the Pres-
 ident appointing an officer who is to be
 retired for age, yet the sense of the law
 is clearly that it is expected that officers
 who are appointed should serve one year.
 This has been the policy of the War De-
 partment for years, and should Colonel
 Brett not be appointed Brigadier General,

it will be no reflection whatever upon him. He is one of the very best officers in the Army.

Very truly yours,
(Sgd.) P. C. MARCII,
General Chief of Staff

W. D.

Jan. 29, 1920.

On the early morning of November 2, 1918, the Army Commander, Lieutenant General Hunter Liggett, sent the following message to the Commanding General 80th Division, after he had received the information that the division led by Brigadier General Brett's Brigade had battered down the resistance of the enemy and driven him in headlong flight toward his own borders.

"The Army Commander desires that you inform the Commander of Hamilton (80th Division) of the Army Commander's appreciation of his excellent work during the battle of today. He desires that you have this information sent to all organizations of that unit as may be practicable tonight. He fully realizes the striking blow your unit has delivered today.

(Signed) DRUM."

At about the same hour of the night of November 2, 1918, the Corps Commander, Major General Dickman, sent the following message:

"The Corps Commander is particularly pleased with the persistent intelligent work accomplished by your unit today. He is further desirous that his congratulations and appreciation reach General L. M. Brett, commanding your brigade which has borne the brunt of the burden.

(Sgd.) CORPS."

In January, 1919, after sufficient time had elapsed to correctly estimate the war services of general officers, the following endorsements were placed upon an application by General Brett for advancement to the grade of Brigadier General Permanent establishment.

"First Endorsement

Headquarters 80th Division, A. E. F.
FROM: 17 January 1919 to the Commanding General First Army Corps, American A. F.

1. Forwarded strongly recommending favorable action. General Brett's record of military service herein presented speaks for itself and merits recognition and reward his present capacity for command, and his high efficiency are shown in his daily activities and the condition of his brigade. Returning from the battlefield to a training area, his interest has never flagged, but has maintained a marked aggressiveness that has been an example to the men, and accentuated his fine soldierly qualities. I believe he is qualified in every respect for appointment as Brigadier General of the permanent establishment, and that his service emphatically supports his claim to consideration.

(Signed) S. D. STURGIS,
Major General."

SECOND ENDORSEMENT

Hq. 1st Army Corps American A. F. 20 January 1919 to Commanding General 1st Army American E. F.

1. Forwarded—Approved.
2. General Brett is active mentally and physically.

(Signed) W. M. WRIGHT,
Major General, U. S. A.
Commanding.

"THIRD ENDORSEMENT"

Hq. 1st Army Am. E. F. FRANCE, 30 Jan. 1919 to the C. in C. G. H. Q. Forwarded. General Brett has been known to the undersigned for many years. He has rendered exceptional and noteworthy services in the A. E. F. as Brigadier General in the 80th Division. In this capacity General Brett has commanded his brigade in the Meuse-Argonne operations with excellent results. General Brett's appointments as Brigadier General in the permanent establishment is strongly recommended.

(Signed) H. LIGGETT,

Lieutenant General, U. S. A.

In February, 1919, General John J. Pershing, U. S. Army, in a letter to the War Department, recommended General Brett for promotion to the rank of Brigadier General, Regular Army, before retirement as a recognition for splendid services rendered in France in actual command of troops.

On December 20, 1919, General Pershing sent the following telegram to the War Department from Chicago:

"In recognition of his long continued and distinguished service, I recommend that Colonel Lloyd M. Brett, be promoted to grade of Brigadier General before his retirement."

In a letter to the Commander in Chief G. H. Q., 14 November 1918, Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, Commanding 80th Division, states:

"I not only consider General Brett at the present time fitted for advancement to the rank of Major General, but I have so recommended him upon every occasion when requests for recommendation for promotion were directed to be furnished by me.

Aside from frequent recommendations made by me while this Division was in service in the United States, I am enclosing herewith copies of recommendations made under date of July 3, August 28 and September 9, 1918, also my letter of November 6, 1918.

The continuity and reputation of this particular recommendation would indicate that it was my fixed opinion that General Brett was well qualified in every respect for promotion to the rank of Major General. His performance of duty as a Brigadier General both in the United States and during service with the Division in allied territory has only confirmed this conviction, and I must repeat again that I know of no officer better qualified nor more worthy of promotion, and I again urgently recommend that he be advanced

to the rank of Major General."

Colonel Brett was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. The citation states "For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services." He commanded the 160th Infantry Brigade with particular efficiency in the markedly successful operations, resulting in the occupation of the Donnevoux Sector in October, 1918. In the actions near Immeccourt and Buzaney, in November, his brigade broke the enemy's resistance. Due to his masterful ability and brilliant leadership these operations proved a crowning success.

Foreign decorations—France: Officer of the Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre with Palm. The citation from the French Government reads "Commanding the 160th Brigade, made of his Brigade a choice unit through which he broke the stubborn resistance of the enemy in October and November, 1918."

He is now the President of the Veterans Association, 80th Division. Elected unanimously to this office by the officers and men with whom he was so closely associated during the entire life of the Division.

Are We Getting The By-Products Which We Expected From The War?

(Continued from Page 13)

was enjoying the mellow spring breeze. I was in fine fettle, inspired to more rapid writing by the taste of spring and the well-played "Humoreske." Having finished a paragraph, I straightened up in my chair and thought: "I hope nobody comes in to interrupt me this afternoon." In less than a minute a Private passed through the end of the "office," going from the auditorium to the library. Sub-consciously I heard him hesitate, and then was conscious that he had stopped. As I looked up, the Private said:

"Well, I guess I'll be leaving you in a day or two."

"Is that so?" I answered, "to go where?"

"I don't know for sure, but from some hints that the Captain has thrown out I think we are going up to the British front."

"You are to be congratulated," I said. "How long have you been at Chaumont??"

"Four months here. I enlisted before war was actually declared; but after it seemed inevitable. Isn't it funny, but at first I was in favor of Germany? I'm Irish. I never liked England very well. I always was for the under dog. I believed that all the other nations were jumping onto Germany. Then the 'Lusitania' was sunk, and I thought Germany should be punished for such a devilish deed. Shortly after that my cousin who lives in Canada came to see us. His right hand had been cut off at the wrist. He told us that he and seven other Canadian soldiers had been captured by the Germans. They killed the other seven

right before my cousin's own eyes, and then cut off his right hand. I had heard of such acts being perpetrated by Germany before, but I did not believe them. Now I had to believe. Then our Government revealed that the things we prize most were imperiled. This decided me. My home is in Portland, Oregon. I am the only child of my father and mother. I was a student in a Business College. I convinced my father that I must enlist, and the two of us made mother see it in the right light. Now we're going up to the front. I would like to see them before I go over."

There was a homesick look in his face like the wistfulness in the face of a young soldier's widow when she sees "the boys" marching by, and a homesick yearning in his voice like the piteous bleating of a lamb that has lost its mother.

"Would you like to go home?" I questioned.

"Oh, gee-whiz, Doc, I'd be willing to cross the Atlantic in a tub, submarines or no submarines, to get back home."

"So, then, you are sorry you enlisted?"

He immediately pulled himself together. He shook off his homesickness as a young lion "shakes the dew-drop from its mane." I saw that same fete performed by many other American soldiers more than once. I never ceased to wonder at it.

"No, sir; I would not go back today if I had the chance. I don't want to go back until it's over over here. I'm on a job that's worth the while. It's the biggest thing I ever undertook; and if I live to be a hundred years old I'll never again have as big a job. I'm glad I'm here. If I were back home again, and knew all I know now, I'd enlist right away. It is worth while, not only for the sake of the cause, but army life has made a new man of me."

"How do you mean 'a new man'?"

"I mean both physically and morally. You can't imagine the physical transformation that I've undergone in the last year. And morally! Well, the change is even greater; for I was living a fast life, believe me!"

He seriously shook his head, and bit his lip as the memory of a shameful past loomed up on the landscape of his retrospection like some ugly and revolting dunghill on a velvet lawn.

"Yes, sir;" he continued, "I was going to the devil fast. But not once have I broken over in the more than a year that I've been in the army. I'm anxious to get back home. I never appreciated America before. But I don't want to go back till this thing is settled, and then if I am still alive to go back, I will be a better man than when I came away."

"Well, good-bye and God bless you," I said, as I gave him my hand. He returned the handshake, and walked away whistling: "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, And smile, smile, smile, While you've a lucifer to light your fag, Smile, boys, that's the style. What's the use of worrying?"

It never was worth while, So Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag And smile, smile, smile."

The main Y. M. C. A. hut at General Headquarters was a great rendezvous for the boys. There were the offices, the kitchen, canteen, lunch room, writing and game room, auditorium, and library and reading room. There were always a number of men around but in the evenings every part of the hut was packed. One evening I passed from the auditorium where a noisy throng was enjoying a "home talent" vaudeville into the quiet reading room, which was also filled to capacity.

I noticed in particular one soldier who was intently reading in a book, the print of which was small. I looked again, and saw that the soldier was reading poetry. Now, whenever I see a man reading poetry I am likely to stop, as though I had been punched in the heart—which, indeed, is the truth. I looked at this man. There was nothing about him to distinguish him from a hundred others sitting around there. His face was weather beaten his hands were calloused. I put my hand on the lad's shoulder and said:

"Hello, Buddy! What are you reading?"

He cordially returned the salutation, and held the book up for me to see. It was Tennyson's "Idylls of the King!" He was reading at that place in "The Passing of Arthur" where the following lines are found:

"I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever winds blow loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard
lawns

And bowery hollows crowned with summer
sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous
wound."

When I had finished reading the passage, I said to him:

"You evidently like poetry?"

"Yes, very much."

"Are you a college man?" I inquired.

He hesitated a moment, and there came into his eyes that look that I have seen come into the eyes of an animal when one places before it some tempting bait which it greatly wants, but which it half-suspects you are offering it to lure it into some trap so he hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"Yes, I am a University graduate. Why?"

"O, I was just idly curious to know, that was all. Why were you slow to answer my question?"

He answered my question by asking another, in true Yankee style: "What is your College?"

"Northwestern University, and Boston University," I replied.

"Are you a 'Phi Beta Kappa' man?" he went on.

"Yes, why do you ask?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you why I was slow about saying that I am a college man: it seems like so long since I was in the University, though it was only 1910 that I graduated. But it seems so long ago. I had worked hard. I also won Phi Beta Kappa honors. I attached so much importance to my degrees and my honors. I went out to Colorado and entered upon a business career. I can truthfully say that I was succeeding. But as I look back now it all seems selfish. A college education is very likely to make a man self-centered, unless he has an abnormally big human heart. We have two cursed aristocracies arising in America. One is the aristocracy of education; I belonged to that cast. The other is the aristocracy of money: I was fast getting into that cast. They are both selfish, undemocratic and un-American. I was completely wrapped up in the cloak of self-interest.

"Then the war came on. For once in my life I did an unselfish thing. I enlisted purely for the sake of the cause. I enlisted as a private. I am a Corporal now; but that does not mean much. The old life all seems so hollow now. The old impassable gulfs which I used to think were fixed between different groups of men I now find were nothing more than mirages in the thin atmosphere of imagination created by the shining of the hot sun of ambition upon the burning sands of selfishness. But here I have learned that whether a man had lived on the boulevard or in the slums, whether he was a laborer or a capitalist, whether he was rich or poor, high or low, educated or uneducated, that a man's a man 'For a' that, and a' that

And twice as muckle's a' that."

And that is the reason why I hesitated to say that I was a college man,—simply because I used to think that the world ought to get down on its knees before me on account of my education or money. But my mingling with other men in this war, seeing reality for the first time in my life, has taught me not to depend upon the old artificialities for honor. As Lowell says: 'New occasions teach new duties,' and one of the duties taught me by these new conditions is to break down the artificial barriers which we have been erecting between different groups of people in America. This I consider to be truly worth while; for it is Truth.

"As Lowell says again:

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses while the coward stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified."

"Good!" I cried, when he had finished. "That is the very doctrine the Church has been preaching for lo! these many years."

"Yes, sir," he said "and I for one am per-

fectly willing and glad to admit that it is only because of the persistent proclamation of these eternal truths by the Church that they are alive today in spite of all the selfishness of the world."

"Bully for you, Buddy, you are a man after my own heart."

"And I can say the same for you," he responded cordially. "Say doesn't it seem funny over here how we used to think that the Phi Beta Kappa key was necessary to unlock the door of intellectual comradeship?"

"Too true with many," I admitted "but remember that our stimulating conversation of this evening has grown out of my discovering you reading Tennyson's 'Idyll's of the King.'"

As we remembered our self-introduction to each other, and the bent of the conversation that had followed, we both laughed. Then bidding him "Bonsoir," as the French say, I remarked:

"But you are on the right track, my friend. We are both on the same scent. And, to quote Tennyson once more:

"I follow up the quest
Despite of Day and Night and Death and Hell."

Letters From An Old File

(Continued from Page 14)

was sure sore, Jake and I could see that he knowed what he was talking about and I thought as how it would be better for me to do as he sez when he tells me to do sompin. He looks on a paper and sez that all the men what names he calls will fall out. I knowed what he meant when he sez fall out, as I was getting a little wize to some of the talk. H didn't mean that we should fall, Jake, but only wanted us to step out of the line. That was only Armie talk. The boss hollars—Kitchen pollece! and he calls out a bunch of names and soon my name was called. Now what do you think of that Jake? I was home their tring to get a job on the pollece fource and they wouldn't give me a job at it and these people gives me a job at it without takin and examination or nothin. We was marched away and we went into the barricks and back of the bar. It looked something like the bar-rume at old man Gabreals place only Jake, it wasnt and when we was all back the fellar sezz, you will do what this man sez. He points to a big fat fellar that had a aprun on and had a big butcher nife in his hand. He looked like a bad actor Jake, and believe me, I didn't want to pick no argument with him. Not that I was afrade to fight him, but you know how it is, a fellar don't want to get so fresh in a strange place. Mabie when I am their a few days I will net be so strange and if this fellar tells me sompin that I dont like I will tell him a thing or too. He hands me a pare of overalls and sez for me to put them on and pitch in I puts them on and he goes over to a place

where all the pans and other dirty dishes was and tells me to get a skrubin brush and sope and wash all those things. Goodnite Jake, I didn't know whear to start because it was so much but he was the boss in that place and I as maid to do what he sez. I had a notion to tell him that I wasn't picket to wash dishes but I thought I better wait and mabie I would tell him later. The day passed alright and I got them all washed and when I was done with that he tells me to get the bucket and scrub the floore. By the time I was done with this it was seven bells and then he sez that I was done for the day and that I should be their at half passed five in the mornin. Gosh darnit but I was mad but i didn't say nothin. I went to where my bed was and took off the overall and went down and washed up for I thought as how I might take a walk around the kamp and sea what the place looks like. After I was ready I goes down the road and looks around. It wasnt such a bad place Jake, considerin that it was built in thirtie days only the rodes was ayfull. I goes up on the rode and seas a nice buildin with a big grass lawn in front and a big flag poll with an American flag on it. I saw too fellars dressed up like soldiers standing around the poll and they was aguardin the flag. I kouldnt sea any cents in doin that, Jake, because who would want to take a chance and steal the American flag where a bunch of soldiers was around all the time. I guess they knowed what they was adoin anyhow for they had the flag guared allrite. I gues up further and had just passed the flag when one of the gards yells—halt! I looks around and hear the fellar was lookin rite at me. He tells me to come over and when I gets over he tells me if I don't know that I must take my hat off when I pass the flag. I sez no. For Jake, you know as well as I do that if I hadder take off my hat at home every time I saw a American flag I woodenter hadder buy no hats because everybody had a flag hangin outer the windows. Well, this guy tells me to walk back and pass the place again and don't not forget to take my hat off. I goes back without any abjectiun because these fellars ment business because Jake, you shoulder seen the big guns they had, and I guess they was told two shoot any man that woodnt do what they told them. I done what they told me and I muster done it rite for I wasnt called back no more. I saw a lot of fellars in this place but I kouldnt see anybody that was from my home town. I thought as how I would look all around and mabie I would geet to sea somebody I knowed. I was just agoin too give it up for a bad job when I heard somebody call out—hey Henry! I looks around and who do you think it was, Jake? Why it was old man Brown's boy, Pete. You know his old man has the blacksmith shop down on kountry lain rode. Well I can tell you that I was glad to sea somebody I knowed be-

cause I would sure that I wooder got home-sick if I wooder staid hear much longer without knowin nobody. I asked Pete where he was alivin and he points to a buildin not far away. He sez for me to come over to his place and talk things over. We goes over and when we gets in the buildin all the fellars looks at me like I was one of the big fellars, only I wasn't but they keeps lookin at me and that gets my goat, don't it get yours Jake when a bunch of fellars wood keep alokin at you all the time. We set on Petes bed and talked about everything that we could think of and we uster talk about the Army because we was both green about it and Pete said as how we could buy a book two about how to get along in the Army. When it come ten oklock, I tells Pete that I must go because I tells him that I must be one of them kitchen pollece in the mornin and I must be on the job at half past five. I hurries down the rode and it was awful dark and I was out and when I got to the-room where I slept I turned on the lites so as I could sea what I was adoin. No sooner I had the lites lit Jake, some feller comes running up the steeps and sez—who the devil lit them lites? I did, sez I, well, put them out right away, dont you know its after nine oklock? So I had to go to work and put them lites out and I hadder nawful time gettin to bed. I think that was a mean trick to make a fellar go to bed without having any lite at all because the goverment woodenter minded a little thing like that, I'll bet. Everything was quite in the room because everybody was asleepin and when I tried to get in bed I kouldnt fix the blankets. When I looked, hear the darn things was turned kleen around and I had to go to work and take all the stuff of the bed and fix it over again. I kant understand it how this koulder happened but I guess I done it when I maid the bed. The next morning a feller calls me and tells me too get rite up and get down in the kitchen as krick as krick as i can because I was kitchen pollece. I was sore, Jake, because all the other fellows was asleepin yet and it maid me mad too think that I hadder get up before them. It was no use too start a argument because I didn't know anything about Army rules. It was about five minutes of six when I gets into the kitchen and the big fellar gives me a callin down for not gettin on the job on time but I didn't say nothin Jake but mabie I might soon. I was maid help to make the meals for all the other fellows that was in the building and I can tell you Jake it was no sinch. I got threw with the sekond day alright and believe me I was glad two. This is a pretty nice place, and it is awfull nice whether just now. It is a little hot and we didn't start to drill yet and I hope we don't for a while because I was told after we start to drill we will be at all the time. Tell the fellars that hangs up at Tims sigar store to chip

together and cent me a coupler packs of cigaretes and a fue plugs of tobacker. Tell your folkes that I sent my best regards and tell them to rite to me onced in a wile. Don't you forget to rite too me, Jake, because I guess their wont be many aritin to me now that I am in the Army. So long Jake, old boy, and don't forget to write me a awful long letter.

your old frend,

HENRY.

JAKE TO HENRY

Dear Henry:

I received your letter from the trainin Kamp Henry this morning and believe me I was awfully glad to here from you. I showed the letter to all the folks at home and I took it down to the editor of the Mornin Call and he says that he will print it next Saturday. When the paper is printed I will send you one of them. Maybe if I ask him he will print all the letters in the paper that you could send me except if you have some seekrit news in them and of course then I will not give it to him.

So you are in the Kamp. Gee! I can't hardly believe it because I was so used to bein around you all the time. Mom says to me today that she misses you so much because you uster come around and krack off a lot of funny jokes and all. Everybody in town was askin me if i got a letter from you and every time somebody sees me they ask me what you have to say. So I have decided to carry the letter with me and let them read it. You don't care, do you, Henry? You know you was a very popular fellow around hear and they all want to know how you are gettin along.

Everybody is beginnin to look at me so, Henry, ever since you went away. I don't know what it is about but it looks like its because I am not in the Army like you Henry. A lot of the people thinks that I aughter be in the Army like you Henry, but you know that Pop kneeds me on the farm and cant spair me. I guess I can do my bit for this country just the same as if I would of went to trainin Kamp because you know blamed well Henry that you gotter eat. I wouldn't of minded Henry, if I wouder got in the Army providin I coulder got around where you was situated. So their is a lot of fellows in that there Kamp. Well, I guess their must bee

because I was readin in the Call where all the fellows was bein sent to Kamp and maby their is morn a million in that place by this time. I'll bet Henry you are havin an awful time tryin to sleep without no piller. If you want me too, Henry I will send you one down for we have a lot of extra ones that aint workin and we could easily spair one. I'll ask Mom about it. When Mom red your letter and saw that you forgot to take a night gowne along she said that she was agoin to make you one up and she tells me to ask you how high you are so she will know how long to make it. It's pretty darned mean to go away from home like that in a hurry and forget so much stuff but I know you couldnt help it because I know how awful excited you was just before you left. Remember how you cride to us when the trane started to leave the station and how you tride to say sompthing but couldnt because a lump or something was in your throwt? Gee wasnt that an awful time around there. Everybody was crying. Did you notice how the fellows on the trane was acryin. I dont know why they was doin it but I guess because they was levin home for the first time and they was getting home sick before they left. That is an awful feelin, Henry, that Homesick stuff, because I know. I went to the City onced and by heck I had to come home in two days because I was always acryin. Well, Henry, I guess you aint thinkin about agoin to France, are you? I hope not because I got a letter from a fellow that is in France and he tells me it is an awful place exceptin Paris and even that is awful, but I guess he means awfull full of wild women.. They tell me that so many of them are wild that the fellows that are their are gettin wild too. You see Henry, if you go over their you are liable to get shot or woounded and then we would get awfully worried about you. It takes a long time for a letter to come from France and maby if you was their you wouldnt have so much time to write and then we would think that you was wounded or maby evens killed or sompthin. I hope you dont hafter go anyho, Henry old boy. Say henry, that fellow that has charge of the Kitchen poleece must sure be a hard nut to crack but I know that you wont stand for any of his stuff because you are build different than that. How about it Henry? Now Henry, do you mean to sit down and

write to me and tell me that that their Kamp was build in thirty days? And it has enough houses their to hold a million fellows? Say Henry, I'll bet you are rong because I don't believe it could be done. I'll bet that they was abuilding that Kamp for maby twenty years just like the Germans was getting ready for the war only nobody knowed it. Don't you think that maybe I am right. You go to work and ask somebody about it. That muster been funny about when the Soldiers made you go back and take your hat off when you pass the flag. I would laffed if I coulder seen you. So you seen Pete Brown? What does he look like. Has he got a uniform on yet? If he has I'll bet he looks funny in it because he is so confounded pigeon toed. I kinded think you would look funny too Henry because you know you are so awfully fat. I don't want you to get sore at me for saying this kinder stuff to you because it dozen mean anything. What's the matter with them people that they don't have the lights lit after nine o'clock? Maby they have the daylight savings around their and you know the government was the first ones to start this so they must live up to their reputasion. Anyhow that fellow mighter left you keep them lights lit until you was undressed ready for bed. If that wouder been me I believe I wouder give him a peace of my mind for gettin so god ldarned fresh. I was atalkin to a fellow that was in the Army onced and he told me all about the tricks that they played on one another. Say Henry, that just reminds me, maby when you found all your covers on your bed turned around and tristed up that it was one of them jokes he was tellin me about. If I was you Henry I'd lay for the fellows that was adoin it and maby you will get a chance to play a joke on him. I am going over to Tims Cigar store tonight and tell the fellows that they should send you some stuff. I dont know of no more to write to you today Henry because you know this is an awful slow place and nothin ever happens around hear. Last night their was a small fire in the Town hall but the brigade from the Hope fire department soon had the fire out. Them fellows sure knows how to fight fires dont they? Well Henry, I know that you will always have a lot to rite to me so dont you forget to tell me all that is goin on around Kamp so that I can give the letter to the editor

CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA



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so he can put it in the paper. I'll bet you will get popular as the dickens because you was always a drawin card with the ladies, how about it? Don't forget to write to me soon because I can hardly wait for your letters. I hope you get a uniform soon then you can have your picture taken and then we could have that put in the paper too. Well Henry, old boy, good luck to you. Mom tells me to tell you not to get careless about the prayermeetings because you was always a regular around the church hear. Good bye.

JAKE.

Reminiscences of a "Rookie"

(Continued from Page 18)

Well, we sat there resting our backs again the side of the trench and getting madder and madder all the time on account of Stiletto playing us such a low down trick as going off and dying in some d— hole where we couldn't find him; when we heard a great sound of hollering, singing and goes on over the German trench what was only about fifty yards over from ours, and the sound of somebody playing the "Irish Washerwoman" to them bunch of Jerries as sure as Abe Lincoln is dead said Tin Ear Prosockilski "s damm funny how it comes that they didn't carve him up on general principles by this time, but I guess the accordion saved his scalp. Still, there might be something in this Xmas spirit stuff at that. Lets go over and mix with them bums while the mixings good.

The proposition sounded good to the squad and we agreed without a moments hesitation to take a chance and test out the Xmas spirit to the limit. Still we started out careful like to find how the wind blew before we began the march across No Mans Land by using as clever a little bit of stategy that one could wish to see.

We got hold of Fellinditch who had joined us when he saw that Olaf was calmed down and hoisting him on our shoulders we held his head up above the trench for a while, figuring out that if the Germans saw Big Lips head up there and didn't take a couple of pot luck shots at him, why it was perfectly safe for us to go on over and wish them a merry Xmas and an unhappy New Year.

Nothing happened, however, and we felt kind of sore at seeing good strategy like that going to waste, but we swallowed our dissatisfaction and climbing out of the trench started over toward the German lines where we could hear them hollering, shouting and acting like a lot of wild men at a burlesque show.

They greeted us like long lost rich relations and done there best to make us feel at home. Sure enough Stilletto was there, playing on his accordion, while about twenty or thirty big footed, flaxen haired, Kaiser's Hockers, were dancing and cutting up to the sound of the music in a way that would bring enduring fame and glory

to the German Empire. It was inspiring and the squad entered into the spirit of the thing at once. Olof, Cock Eyed Mac-Dougall, Fellinditch and Asmud Husumumamak started kicking their heels together, cutting pigeon wings and stepping off hoe-down in a way that done the whole squad proud. Of course a few little disputes arose, but nothing that called for a declaration of hostilities. Asmud began shuffling playfully with a big mule jawed Heinie who happened to have on a pair of bright leather boots; and Asmud who always had a weakness for such things, up and threw the Jerry to the ground one time when he thought we wasn't looking his way; and started pulling the D— things off him. We interfered of course as the Jerry kept a yelling and howling as if he was going to be murdered; so all we could do was pull Asmud away and let the dance go on.

The Germans had a lot of good old Berlin beer and rot gut whiskey on hand, and so about sundown: we were so overflowing with the Xmas spirit that if anyone had mentioned war to us we would have killed him on the spot. Fellinditch said that a man cant hate another guy that up and got drunk with him nohow. Big Lip was right. We all swore solemnly that the Germans were as fine a body of men that ever goose stepped down the Unter de Linden; and the Jerries hugged us effusively, smoked our cigarettes and declared loudly with tears in their eyes that they loved us like brothers and if we hungered after the Kaiser's scalp why we only had to speak the word and the head-piece was ours.

It was a touching scene to get a glimpse of six and a half foot Asmud Husumumamax, weeping and protesting his undying love and friendship on the shoulders of a small undersized Heinie, who was so ore eyed drunk and helpless that he thought he was on dress parade before the Kaiser; and kept saluting Asmud everytime he opened his mouth to repeat over and over again his great and violent love.

Well, the show broke up after it got too dark to see each other plainly and we returned back to our own lines as heavenly happy and filled with the good old Xmas spirit that we couldn't remember our own names. The Heines bid us a fond and tearful farewell and when we got to our dugout and turned in we concluded that as

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far as the Rookie squad went the War was over and Peace on Earth Good Will to Man was an accomplished fact.

We slept the sleep of the just that night and when we woke up the next morning, we found Stilleto singing and playing on his accordian like a man in which the spirit of Xmas can never die. After he seen we was awake, he up and started for the door shouting over his shoulder that he was going to go over again and pay our friends the Germans another visit before he ate breakfast, being as they had treated him so fine, he felt it his duty to pay them another call for friendship's sake anyhow. Well I don't know what happened after that, being as it all started so sudden-like. Stilleto hadn't been gone over a minute and a half, when it seemed as if the whole earth rose up and hit us in the face. Part of the dugout caved in and piling out into the trench, we come across Stilleto crawling towards us on his hands and knees, with part of his left ear shot off and his accordian which he was dragging along behind him, as full of holes as a piece of Swiss Cheese.

It seems according to what Stilleto told us after we had got him fixed up a little that he had gone and jumped up on the edge of the trench, flourishing and playing his accordian just as friendly and as full of love for all mankind as he had the day before, when the Heinies spotting him opened up a whole flock of Wizz Bangs, machine guns, gas shells, and such like in his direction; that blew him about a hundred feet back into the trench, and thats all he knew until we pick him up in a half dazed condition and brought him to.

So there you are! How are you going to figure things like that out, anyhow? Felinditch said later after he had though it all over carefully: that Christmas is alright and should be respected and enjoyed as far as it goes, but you can't depend on what a bunch of Heinies will up and do the day after nohow.

The Wounded Stripe

(Continued from Page 11)

I caught a glimpse of Denton's face, the hair dank on his forehead, the eyes cavernous. He lifted his thin body on the mattress, and reached one bone-like arm out

of the sheets. The nurse put her strong arm behind him. He spoke, loudly.

"This way, Major, yes, sir. Fine, thank you, sir. All ready now, men. Wait for the whistle, Ready—now—now—over we go, over we—Go on, go on, give 'em Hell—Don't mind me, dont mind me"—

His voice died. Hoarse mutterings rasped his throat. The head with its dank hair rested on the nurses' shoulder. Gently she laid the head back on the pillow. Gently she straightened the thin body under the sheets.

I could see the surgeon making the last tests. Presently he turned from the cot. The sign he gave the nurse was unnecessary. She and the orderly were already busy. At a whispered call, two stretcher bearers moved down the aisle, tenderly

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the body was laid on the stretcher and the little, pathetic procession tiptoed out of the ward. The candle-end sputtered and burnt out.

Morning came with the gentle winter rain darkening our ward as the news of the night was passed from cot to cot. The eyes that turned towards the scene of tragedy spoke thoughtfulness. Then the mail orderly entered. Shuffling his precious package of envelopes, he called off:

"Lieutenant Denton, Lieutenant Denton, Lieutenant Denton, Captain Smith, Denton, Denton—"

When he had finished the nurse brought me the letters. There were ten in all—from the postmarks long delayed in coming. I studied the hand-writing; five envelopes were addressed in thick, angular, school-girl writing, and five showed the thin trembling hand of an older woman. As I sat thinking, with these missives on my blanket before me, I heard above the pattering of the rain, the plaintive notes of "Taps." The trumpets were playing Denton into his soldier's grave.

Forget all that! Surely it is only that our good people have put it out of mind a little, the wounded are the Nation's honored wards.

To Save Camp Lee

(Continued from Page 15)

that prompted the local organization to act.

Officers were elected at the smoker, which tion of the strategic and high military was held in the assembly room of the Central Y. M. C. A., as follows: President, E. S. Merrill secretary, Herman R. Furr, and treasurer, W. H. Woodard.

Committees were named as follows: To arrange for the next meeting, date of which is to be fixed—J. C. Smith, E. Saunders and J. Carl Peck; committee on by-laws—Herman R. Furr, G. W. Brittingham and T. P. Wilson.

Plans for organizing a party of local veterans to go to Pittsburgh and attend the annual reunion of the Blue Ridge Division on August 4, 5, and 6 were discussed and the appointment of a committee to make arrangements for a car, special rates and to look after other details incident to such a trip was authorized.

In the absence of President Merrill, J. Carl Peck presided. He addressed the gathering as did also Herman Furr, of the 314th machine gun battalion, and E. Saunders and T. A. W. Gilliam of the 313th field artillery.

Stories of experiences in camp and overseas were exchanged, songs were sung, smokes of various sorts and refreshments were enjoyed. The attendance was good and throughout the evening the boys "made it snappy."—*Norfolk Ledger Dispatch.*

"Blue Ridge" — "Front and Center"

(Continued from Page 7)

ama Canal and the rails you rode upon over in France, and help the following Convention Committee make this the greatest Divisional reunion ever held:

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Housing Committee—Geo. T. Smith, *Chairman*.

Publicity Committee—Mr. McFarland, *Chairman*. (*Gazette Times*).

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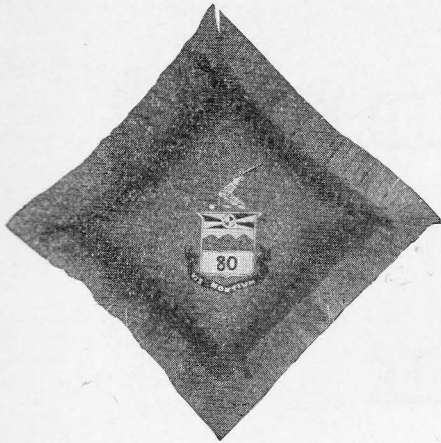
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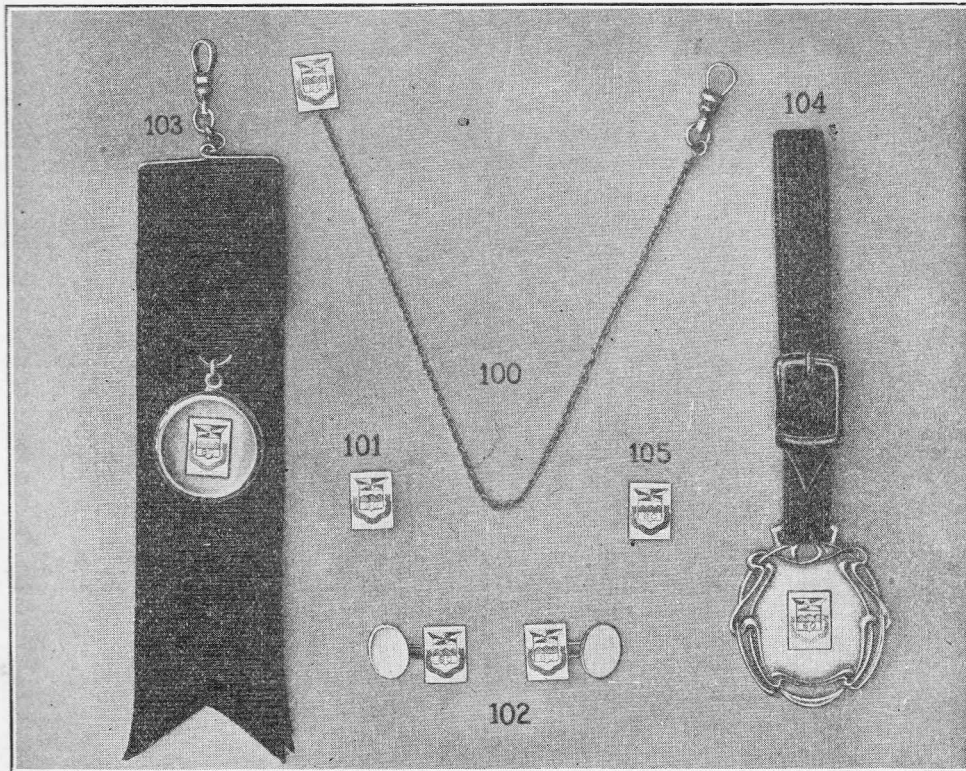
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