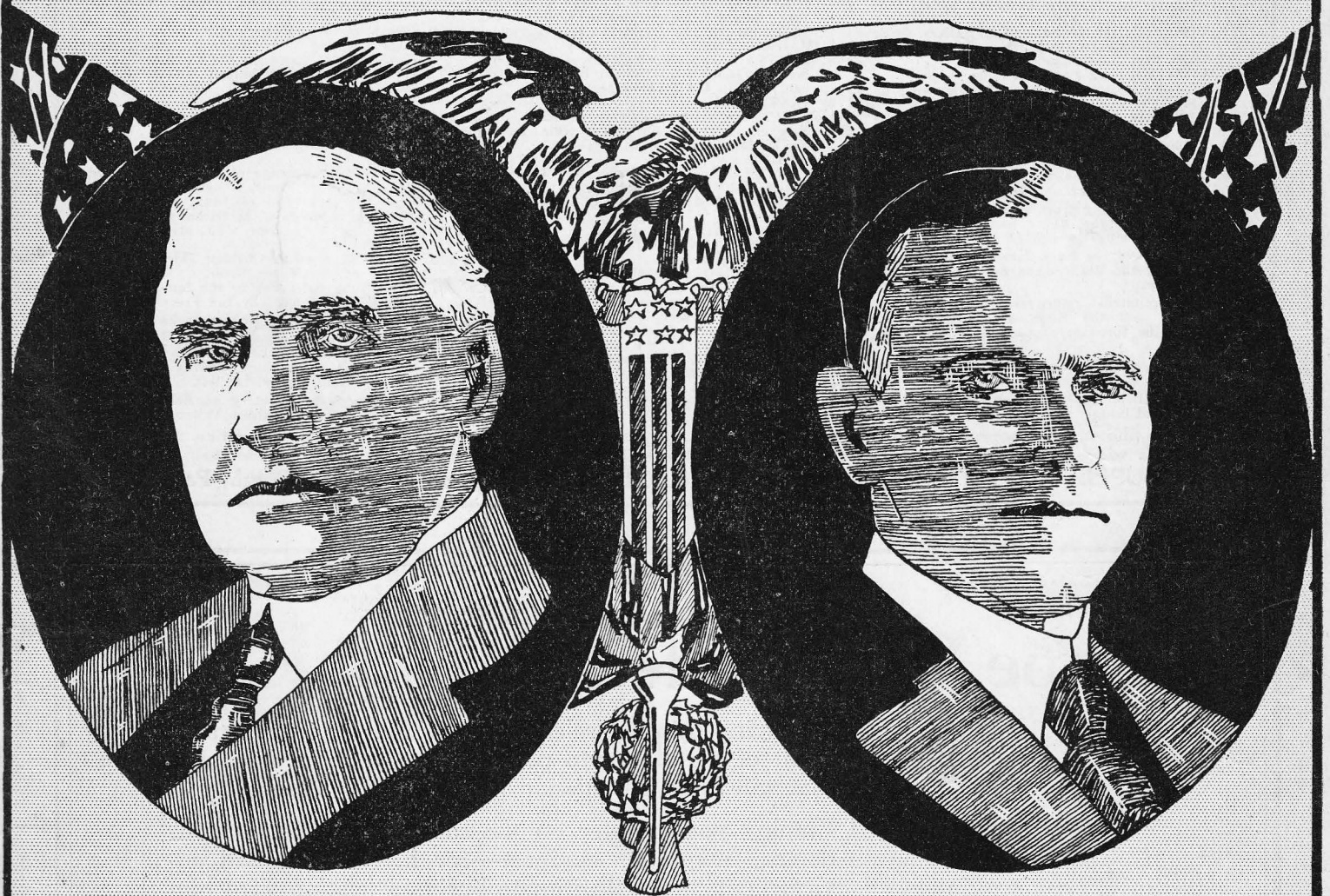


SERVICE

MARCH

1921



A. E. F. BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS

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

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| 8. PARIS. Place de Concordia. | 153. ST. MIHIEL, looking down Avenue Genl. Pershing and showing the town Square. | 184. ESNES and HILL 304. |
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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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Let's get five thousand more subscribers this month—what' you say?

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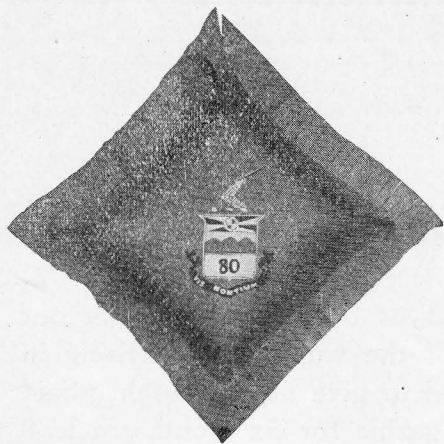
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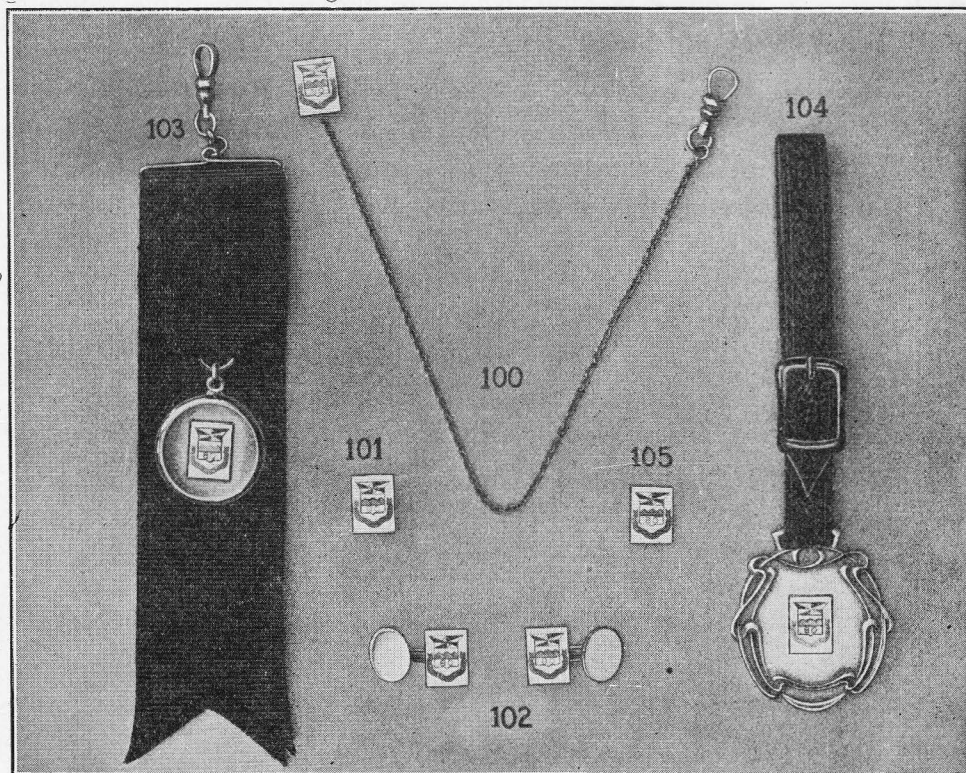
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915 BESSEMER BLDG., PITTSBURGH, PA.

The **SERVICE MAGAZINE**

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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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March, 1921

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You don't have to be a Jack London or an Irving Cobb to write for Service.

Any of the thousand little and big incidents that you met with over there in the Great Adventure would prove interesting reading to the readers of Service Magazine.

Snap into it—tell us what you are doing, what they are doing, for and to the ex-service man in your home town. Remember, it is "Our Mag," and you are one of its editorial staff. Can we depend upon you?

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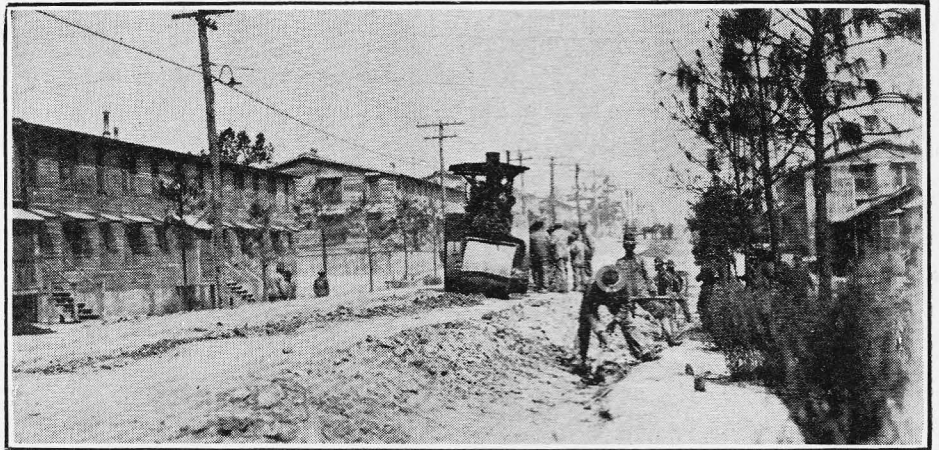
A Monument Worth While

Shall Camp Lee, the School Where We Learned the Glory of Unselfish Service to Our Flag and Country, the Sacred Battle Ground of Our Fathers, the Camp That Gave to the A. E. F. the Great Fighting Units of the 80th Div. Be Preserved or Not? You Can Decide.



COMING IN—LEE 1917

CAMP LEE is doomed, sentenced to the cruel ax of the Salvagers. Sentiment counts for naught in the decision of the war department to abandon forever this one time home of the thousands of O. D. warriors who timidly entered its portals, later to leave fearless with the businesslike step of the soldier. Soon the hammers will knock to pieces the buildings where you helped write history. The sacred blood-stained ground of our forefathers will again become a desolate waste with here and there a patch of scrubby pine trees, or perchance some enterprising son of Old Virginia will attempt to coax tobacco and cotton from the sands of Lee. It remained for one true friend of the 80th to view this impending doom with all its cold indifference to senti-



WHEN ROAD BUILDING WAS PART OF THE GAME



A TYPICAL CAMP LEE MESS HALL

ment and to start publicity for the preservation of at least a part of our old camping ground as a permanent park and memorial. Mrs. G. T. W. Kern of Richmond, Va., writes as follows regarding her activities in this matter:

"Reading with keen distress the decision of the war department to 'scrap' Camp Lee I felt some action must be taken to preserve a part of it at least. With this in view I wrote a letter to our newspapers calling upon all the patriotic organizations in the name of history to make an effort to

secure the center portion of Camp Lee, that is the headquarters or White House, foreign mission quarters, flag staff area and hostess house, making it a memorial park.

"The next step was to call Vice President Allen Ammons, of the 80th Division Veterans Association and also Vice Commander of the local American Legion Post, who approved, as also Commander Calvin Satterfield of the post.

"As chairman of the Richmond League of Women Voters, I called an executive committee meeting which endorsed the move and letters were sent to our representatives in Washington, also a telegram to the State committee in session at the University of Virginia which promptly endorsed and sent same to Washington.

"Communicating with His Excellency, Governor Westmoreland Davis, I found he had appointed a committee, composed of three, to inquire into the possible use of Camp Lee for National Guard purposes,

A Monument Worth While—Continued

Adj. General Joe Lane Stern having had this use under consideration for some time, and Col. Leroy Hodges was also a member of this committee.

"Letters to the Petersburg and Richmond Chamber of Commerce, letters to the Secretary of War, his assistant, former officers at Camp Lee, and in answer to a letter to your own President General Lloyd M. Brett, a wonderful response came in appreciation and approval to secure this plot of ground. The exact amount needed can be secured through the courtesy of the Adj. General of Virginia, General Joe Lane Stern.

"The local press has aided and will, I feel sure, give further space.

"Major Amstead Dobie, aide to General Cronkhite, and Mr. John Stewart Bryan have expressed approval and when General Cronkhite returns to this country a similar request will be made of him.

"All have responded with interest and willingness to co-operate, but I am told a



FULL FLEDGED MEMBERS OF THE "K. P."



305 AMMO TRAIN AREA—WHERE PRIDE WAS PARAMOUNT

bill will have to be introduced in Congress and to this end I respectfully request the 80th Division Veterans Association to prepare the same at once and present to Senators Glass or Swanson and our Congressmen that proper steps may be taken at once to make this memorial possible. When this bill is introduced I think I can safely say every patriotic organization here will endorse it (the Colonial Dames having already done this).

"It seems best from a number of viewpoints that the 80th Division Veterans Association should be custodian of this memorial park. One is, this Division was composed of the sons of the North and of the South training together to give battle to a common foe upon ground over which their fathers were opposing forces.

"Then the women of the three states, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Virginia, would raise the necessary funds to erect thereon an imposing monument to those of the 80th who sleep in Flanders Field

and those who sleep the soldier's sleep, yet did not have a chance to fight.

"Would not the 80th be proud to have a Mecca of such import?

"Would not this memorial of 1917-1920, linked to the Crater area of 1861-1865, be an objective worthy of the division which 'ever moves forward'?

"To gather around your camp fires once a year, lads, meeting your buddies and telling the story over again?

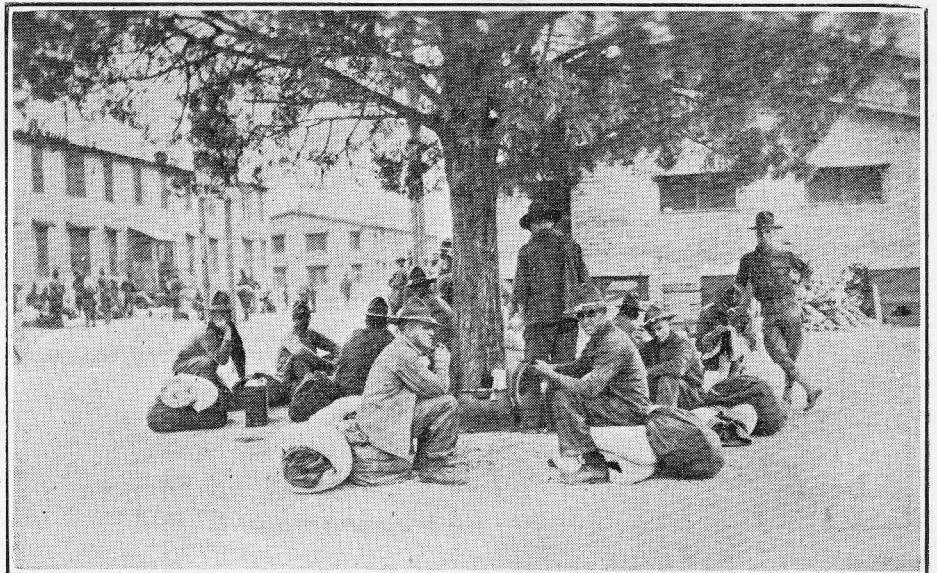
"In union there is strength. 'The strength of the mountains' of the 80th will lift high the torch of memories at your memorial shrine.

"Greetings and best wishes from a friend of the 80th. "Sincerely,

"MRS. G. T. W. KERN."

We have gathered together a few of the

(Continued on Page 26)



MOVING DAY—WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

DID'JA GET
YER CAN OF
DUBBIN,
CURLY?

YEP - ALL I LEFT WAS
A COUPL'A "SEAM SQUIRRELS"
AND THEY ARE ON THE
SICK BOOK AND
CANT STAND
THE HIKE

HOLY GEE - LADY - I T'OT
YER SAID IT WAS ONLY
A SMALL LOAD

MOVING IN 1917-18.



Berger — 21

"Who said Sherman was right?"

Holidaying in the A. E. F.

Wherein a Group of Sophisticated Doughboys "Discover" France Via the Once-Coveted "Armee Americaine Permission" and Establish G. H. Q. at Aix-les-Bains.

By Russell L. Stultz

PRELUDE

NOT until our division had finished its allotted portion of the task incident to breaking up German opposition in the Argonne and pushing "Kultur" back beyond the Meuse, to its Fatherland, did the term "permissionaire" hold more significance for us than did a whole host of equally mysterious French phrases. Hitherto there had been vague and unconfirmed rumors of a mythical region unmarred by rain, by murky days and endless kilometres of floundering in oozing, enveloping mud but few, if any, believed of its actual existence short of the U. S. A. or Heaven.

Three months with the British in Picardy had meant only the hardest of training, several preliminary contacts with the "Boche" in his home lair, the Hindenburg line, and grimly determined, if vain efforts to reconcile our appetites and stomachs to the horrors of Australian or Argentine "bully," sandwiched between hard bread that must have caused its maker a repentant shudder. An unexpected transfer, via the tortuous process of "40 hommes and 8 chevaux," to the environs of the "American sector" late in August, with a fleeting midnight glimpse of a Bertha-shy Paris had to that date proven our nearest approach to the fabled "Armee Americaine Permission." Several weeks of intensive training in the most modern and approved methods of offensive warfare had been followed by St. Mihiel, of salient fame, succeeded in rapid sequence by three trips "up" in the Argonne and the final offensive of the conflict. After the November armistice had been formally concluded, we found ourselves definitely turning our faces southward and incidentally embarking upon a gruelling, heart-rending march of ten days to our winter quarters in Yonne. A hike of 150 miles through the most wretched weather imaginable had brought us to a

point sufficiently distant from the one-time "line" to warrant the designation of "training area." And here we halted, gasping from the rapidity of the whole thing and marveling whether France had anything left to offer out of her varied and apparently

accompanied by an entirely new sense of appreciation for that much-abused military haven, "rest area"—a term long warmly loathed in the "best" A. E. F. circles. A French lane, however, is not one whit different from its American brethren, once

the turning-point has been attained. This fact was adequately, if inadvertently demonstrated when our superiors were instructed by others even more superior to choose their quota of "permissionaires" for one of those perennial excursions that were eventually destined to make our European exile something more than a horrid night-mare. Nine skeptical and badly sophisticated infantrymen, each with a belligerent "show-me" expression permanently embellishing his features were, all unknown to themselves, at the moment about to be granted a full week's respite from everything military save "O. D." and the memory. Our immediate company commander happened to be neither better nor worse than the average, but he happily exercised a judicious amount of tact in arriving at his selection for, when the process of elimination had finally decided "who's who" the score stood in favor of a mess-sergeant, two duty sergeants, two corporals, a bugler (our least despised "wind-jammer"), a cook, an ex-sergeant (who should never have been "busted" and remained "sergeant" still, for all his reduction) and one lone "buck." The assortment was certainly heterogeneous enough to quell the most persistent whisper of favoritism.

Scarcely had our designation become "company property" through the medium of the bulletin board when we became the object of an all too-critical solicitude upon the part of our comrades—some openly envious, others politely dubious and still more "joy-killers" of the most pronounced type. The variegated assortment of comments our impending departure had aroused well-nigh ruined

When We Started to Parley-voov

BY HENRY R. CURRY

*Oh! we'll never forget the A. E. F.,
Nor the trip to Aix Les Bains;
Nor the cannon roar that left us deaf;
Nor the hikes in the mud and rains.
For we've traveled many a weary mile,
And did all that soldiers do.
But we'll never forget how it made them smile
When we started to parley vous.*

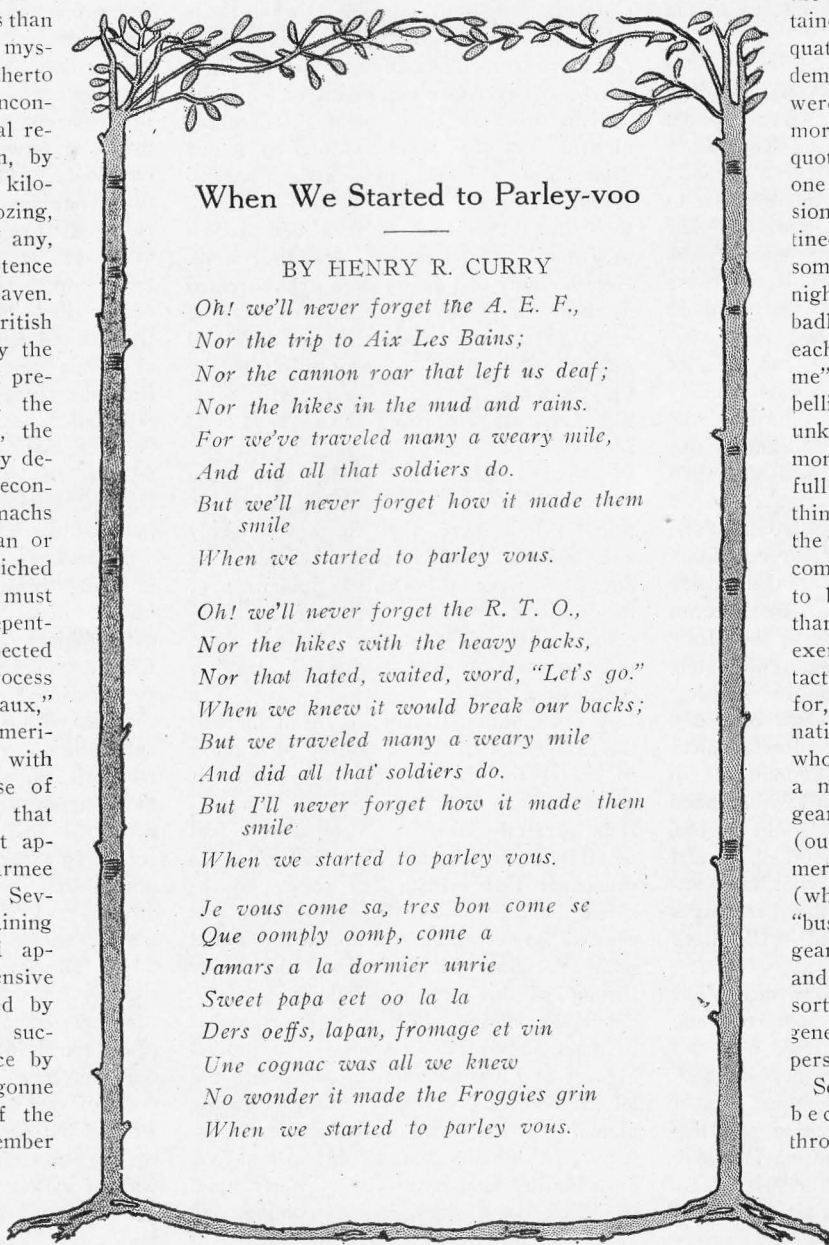
*Oh! we'll never forget the R. T. O.,
Nor the hikes with the heavy packs,
Nor that hated, waited, word, "Let's go."
When we knew it would break our backs;
But we traveled many a weary mile
And did all that soldiers do.
But I'll never forget how it made them smile
When we started to parley vous.*

*Je vous come sa, tres bon come se
Que oompfy oomp, come a
Jamars a la dormier unrie
Sweet papa ect oo la la
Ders oefts, lapan, fromage et vin
Une cognac was all we knew
No wonder it made the Froggies grin
When we started to parley vous.*

inexhaustible repertoire of experiences.

PART I

A winter month in billets had witnessed the passage—if not the celebration—of Christmas and the last days of December,



Holidaying in the A. E. F.—Continued

if, indeed, they did not eliminate any anticipatory thrills that the announcement may have stirred within us. Numerous calls to the orderly-room and a round of physical examinations had woefully failed to add materially to our peace of mind. The arrival of that most memorable of all events in army annals, pay-day, upon the eve of departure proved not wholly sufficient to eradicate the doubts and misgivings occasioned by a preliminary order to "roll packs and be ready by reveille." Literal compliance with the injunction had meant the loss of a night's repose. This uncomfortable reality and a subsequent wait of several hours, only at the end to be gently informed that "you will not leave until afternoon" did little to reconcile us to the inevitable.

The last day of the year had been scheduled for the start of our "Class A, duty status leave." December never seemed grayer than on the eve of the New Year. Our growing skepticism had been partially relieved by eleventh-hour instructions to leave behind rifles and side-arms, but the prospect of an eight-kilometre hike to the railway station, burdened with otherwise "full field equipment," had succeeded in effectually dampening the last vestige of enthusiasm. Surely, this was no manner of style becoming conquerors upon holiday bent. And through it all had persisted the reminder that we were as ignorant of our destination as when we had headed toward that somewhat ephemeral sector described in general parlance as "the front." The last circumstance as a factor for grumbling consideration disappeared, however, when we lined up to receive from the adjutant those yellow squares of paper so plentifully adorned with information—and ultimately to be supplied with even more. Aix-les-Bains! Ah, the name somehow echoed a familiar ring. Oh yes, a dozen voices simultaneously recalled its prominence in pre-war days as a resort that had beckoned the elite of America, some by the casino, others by virtue of its baths. Well, it must be fashionable and desirable, if it had managed to attract some of the personages known to us, we decided, and—well, "Let's go!"

But we were merely on our way. The issuance of travel rations upon reaching the "gare" convinced all that we were not yet prepared to discard our mess-kits. A tedious wait of five hours, minus supper save the surreptitious munching of "biscuits," while the several contingents were being assembled from the various centers of the division culminated in a troop movement surrounded by much of the mystery and secrecy attached to similar operations prior to the Armistice. When, however, we observed some 1,200 "buddies" being put through a kindred process we calmly resigned ourselves to any eventuality, re-

gaining the old "sang froid" in the presence of our fellows. And the coaches of the "troisieme classe" variety, less only an occasional window or door, in which we finally entrained, served to increase a growing impression that perhaps, after all, we were headed toward the resumption of our proper dignity and estate as bona fide Americans.

Leave trains in the days of the A. E. F., when routed southward over the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean line, had a habit of making both speed and time, for all the obsolete equipment used. The presence of nine husky men, supplemented by all their paraphernalia, in a third-class compartment is not especially conducive to peaceful slumbers, but "sans faire rien" when those self-same nine husky individuals have other and more momentous affairs to occupy their minds. Why waste the hours in painfully striving to coax sleep when seven whole blissful days of it were awaiting us at our destination? Those two little "bones," fondly referred to as "papa's darlin's," were just achin' to be shaken, and shaken they must, and would be. And they were. How lovingly and gently they were caressed in those dimly-lighted, drunkenly lurching cars, oft to coyly careen to some dark and magic corner, there to await discovery by the crooning, lynx-eyed searcher! Why, the shame of permitting those "beau-coup francs" to pass unchallenged! To the victor ever belongs the spoils, and those devious "side-lines" are certainly no exception. While there were those who sadly and disconsolately awaited the dawn of day, there were others calmly jubilant over the outlook and the circle of garishly-colored French bank-notes belted about their person, but ever willing to "stake" a centimeless "pal."

A brief midnight halt at Dijon marked the first break in the monotony of a night of travel for the minority who found it monotonous. Our compartment, for reasons perfectly obvious to ourselves, had woefully lacked the means for affording its occupants that measure of solace vouchsafed the others. A slight diversion was created, however, when a homeward-bound *poilu* detached himself from the noisy throng of his waiting fellows grouped about the station platform and proceeded to make urgent, if vain efforts to propell himself and his abundant property into the all too-restricted confines of our erstwhile domain. Perhaps we were heartless, perhaps just human, but all his persuasive, gesticulating eloquence was as water upon the back of a duck in overcoming our gentle but firm refusal. We endeavored to explain the natural limitations of our "six by four" abode and the theory that ten's a crowd, but our vocabulary was rapidly approaching exhaustion and must have eventually succeeded, had not the train at

the moment warned by its drunken lurch of impending movement. The engineman's decision was our saviour, for the rapid-fire exchange of both words and gestures had proved an unconvincing purveyor of our simple logic. Man's inveterate curiosity "to see," compelling lowered windows, had been the original invitation as interpreted by the itinerant Frenchman, but for all his erroneous construction of our action we might have accepted his presence had not the really alarming dimensions of his impedimenta occupied the immediate center of our perspective. Not until we had annexed a full glimpse of this bewildering array of equipment had we ever breathed a prayer of thanksgiving over the diminutive proportions of our own encumbrance—the contrast was certainly in favor of the roving doughboy as moving van is to push cart, by way of comparison. It was readily apparent that some of us would of necessity have to vanish, were this newcomer and his belongings permitted to usurp our quarters, so we had uncharitably resolved to remain adamant in the face of all overtures. As we groaningly rumbled away into the night the last flickering glare of the dimly-burning petrol lamp disclosed the excited figure of our Nemesis hurling anathema upon everything American—at least the tenor of his picturesque language revealed an attitude unmistakable.

Lyons, for all its reputed attractions, and a score of lesser communes were as but startled, flashing memories as we steadily pursued our way through the darkly quiescent shadows. A perfect sunrise found us hurrying through the awakening hills and valleys of a foreign unsuspected world, geographically located in southeastern France. Those who had been able to coax an occasional delusion of slumber, for all the uninviting environment of painfully cushionless seats, forbore their dreams of romantic conquest as the splendor of the morning invaded each nook and corner and caused badly scattered, much-battered senses to assume some semblance of their normal relationship to daily tasks. It was at this period that hitherto unappreciated travel rations began to demand attention. Their failure to surfeit our clamoring appetites is but an ancient story. As if by preconcerted arrangement, eight pairs of eyes turned in the direction from whence ominous sounds indicated the labored repose of our lordly mess-sergeant. While we had but properly suspected him of possessing something above the ordinary in the way of rations, not until a famished cook had betrayed his monarch did we know that somewhere there would materialize a tin of choice American jam. Therefore we considered our subsequent "investigations" in the strictest "line of duty." A slumbering male is never bothered with hunger and, really, we felt entitled to some

Holidaying in the A. E. F.—Continued

form of compensation for our proximity to those outrageous slumbers. After all, the feast was merely the price of his undisturbed ramblings in the regions of Nod, hence our rightful due. Here our proverbial "enemy" lay helpless, a prey to our tender mercies, and all we demanded was—his breakfast. The fates that hover over magnanimous doughboys must have decreed that we were to escape the crushing weight of a mighty mess-sergeant's wrath, for he remained oblivious to all our machinations and consented to return to affairs earthly only when we had rudely shattered some vagrant dream upon arrival at our destination, a matter of hours later.

A rapid succession of changing landscapes, interspersed with scenery approaching the sublime and hitherto conjectured as possible but not probable, caused the memorable New Year's dawn to merge into late forenoon, all too rapidly. A brief halt of our "doughboy special" as we were approaching the environs of Aix-les-Bains afforded a much-needed opportunity for a general "policing-up." Numerous miniature water-falls came leaping and cascading out of the precipitous cliffs above, descending beneath the tracks to meet and form a whirling brook in the peaceful valley below. The normal American soldier, through both inheritance and training, is not one whit behind his civilian brethren and takes an especial pride in his personal appearance. Speedily hundreds of olive-drab clad boys were boisterously engaged in removing traces of the night's journey and regaining their pink freshness. The scene bore closer resemblance to a group of care-free youngsters employed at sport than to a dignified party of the A. E. F., and the little knot of natives who had congregated gaped in open-mouthed amazement at the strange antics of "les brave soldats American," whose pent-up enthusiasm could not for long resist the temptation to play.

A shrill blast of the whistle—as French locomotive whistles have a habit of shrilling—accompanied by the unannounced start of the train, peremptorily interrupted the ablutions and caused a lively chase for those caught at the extreme rear. As though by the hand of some subtle magic the entire crowd had discarded its gloomily pessimistic demeanor of the previous evening and eventuated into a bunch of rollicking, happy school boys, imbued with but a single idea, pleasure. Perhaps every man comprising the contingent had formed a different definition for a "leave area," the majority, it is reasonable to conclude, figuring there existed close kindredship with a certain other "area" of haunted memories. The atmosphere of doubts and misgivings, however, almost vanished as the roaring engine with a prolonged shriek of its siren emerged from one of the innumerable tun-

nels characterizing the P. L. and M. at this point and began skirting the very edges of magnificent Lac du Bourget. A thing of rare beauty spread its satiny surface out before us, and more than a thousand men could but gaze in admiring silence upon the placid waters of France's largest lake, marveling at the rugged cliffs rising almost perpendicular from its western shores.

A final series of blood-curdling blasts from the ubiquitous siren warned us of our momentary arrival. As the long column of French coaches pulled into the "gare," a rush for the windows ensued, followed by a wild scramble to determine the lucky individuals who were to occupy these positions of vantage. The order to detrain was accompanied by that inevitable confusion incident to locating and adjusting packs, for it is not always readily possible to identify these man-made burdens without the presence of some distinctive marking. (True, we had been carefully checked and labeled when leaving the States, but a year brings forth a multitude of changes.) When some thoughtful official issued the pronouncement that all travel rations remaining were to be "ditched," vociferous shouts of approbation arose from every section of the train, while other more skeptical souls, still unconvinced and unbelieving that we had at last "come into our own," resolutely declined to salvage their unconsumed store of "corned Willie" and "biscuits"—a precaution, however, which subsequently proved happily unnecessary.

Upon descending from the coaches we lost some of our joyous expectancy as we confronted a substantial aggregation of our arch-enemy, the Military Police. Whether rightly or wrongly, these scions of military law and order have ever been the object of each particular infantryman's especial resentment and their appearance has rarely failed to elicit remarks not wholly calculated to promote amicable relations and understanding between the two clans. Whether any legitimate basis for this attitude exists, it is not our mission to say. Perhaps this controversy, like a multitude of others arising out of America's participation in the war, will be definitely and satisfactorily settled by the future historian who knew neither doughboy nor M. P. We do know, however, that but a single instance of friction occurred between us during the entire period we were in Aix-les-Bains. While there were those who asserted their belief that "these were a different brand of M. P." their treatment and bearing was uniformly courteous and considerate, with the result that our men returned to their organizations with an entirely new respect for this much-abused and misunderstood arm of the service.

PART II

While we had no picked band of negro

musicians to herald our triumphant appearance with a thunder of drums and fanfare of trumpets, unlike the vanguard of "permissionaires" who had "discovered" Aix one short year before, we realized that we had "arrived"—in fact, very much "arrived"—for all the absence of martial airs. Neither were we enthused by a certain stirring refrain, once well and favorably known in A. E. F. circles by virtue of its sentiment, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" that had announced the coming of our predecessors. It may be remarked right here, however, that, despite the very next line in the song and our lack of dramatic accompaniment, the "gang"—"our gang"—was already beginning to care immensely about being here, cared so much, indeed, that ere the first seven hours had elapsed every one of us had decided that he could easily pass seven weeks in Aix instead of the scant seven days allowed him.

The American army's far-famed discipline remained in operation until the very moment we were figuratively handed the "keys of the city" and had entered our hotels. And even then we were to learn that a fatherly interest and regard for our conduct and well-being continued throughout our stay. Our arrival was simultaneous with the noon hour and the hurried passage of pedestrians en route to lunch added nothing to our peace of mind (and stomachs!) as we heard the familiar command, "Fall in!" A tired Pennsylvanian was prompted to caustically comment: "So *this* is what a leave area means. Wish I hadn't come!" which was not meant. An equally disgruntled comrade silenced him with frigid advice: "Oh, shut up, Bill; you're always grumbling. Guess you were expecting something soft." And if Bill were actually guilty of seeking a life of luxurious ease, his expectations were much nearer realization than probably either suspected. The wait in line for once, however, was very short, the formation having been called for the purpose of marching from the station to the American Provost-Marshal's office, two or three blocks distant. As we moved off, some erstwhile wag gave utterance to the ever-familiar query: "When do we eat?" This time the miracle happened—there was no answering echo. Upon arrival in the vicinity of the A. P. M.'s traditional realm we came full upon several of his red-banded attaches—educationally bent, we were shortly to learn.

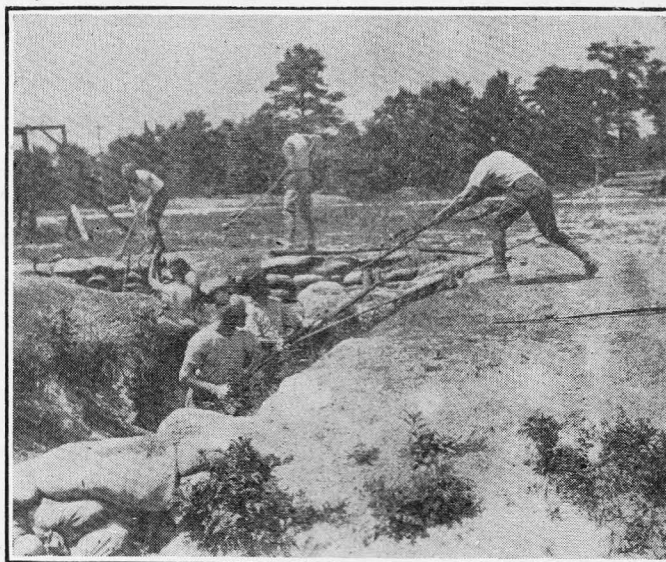
During the interval of the halt, one of these emissaries proceeded back and forth along the line of soldiers, explaining the restrictions and privileges surrounding members of the A. E. F. while within the jurisdiction of the leave area. They were remarkably liberal, to our relief and surprise, but nevertheless the idea of a lecture from an enlisted man did not meet with

Holidaying in the A. E. F.—Continued

particular enthusiasm. It was quickly evident from the sing-song manner of his recitation that this detail was merely a part of his daily routine and frequent repetitions had enabled him to memorize the regulations. Ending with a final warning respecting our personal conduct, he succeeded in evoking a chorus of sarcasm: "Guess he thinks we're fresh from the States"—"Our Uncle Samuel has been coddling us, oh yes!" The doughboy on pleasure bent felt eminently able to take care of himself and to remember his traditions, precisely as he had months before when the "coddling process" was in full blast. Dictation was simply not in his vocabulary, and any semblance of it was resented accordingly.

The A. P. M.'s office was located in a commodious vacant structure which in other days had done service as a garage, the American post office likewise occupying a section of the building. Upon entering the column divided into two lines for the formality of registering, the corps of clerks speedily finishing the business of stamping our "permissions." The last stage, however, proved the most pleasant lap of all, for it opened the way to our hotels (wonder of wonders!) and "eats." The scheme of assigning living quarters to 1,200 men was wondrously simple, a form of lottery being the instrument employed, therefore eliminating all complaint of favoritism. Of course we were not so wise at the moment, but we discovered during the seven days that we *might* have drawn a room in the magnificent hotels "Splendid-Royal and Excelsior" instead of the modest but comfortably five-story hostelry actually allotted us.

Upon emerging from the building an unassuming sign, reading "American Ice Cream and Cake—Marlborough Tea Rooms," thrilled us as no "zero hour" wake had ever succeeded in stirring dormant pulses. For the moment the ever increasing irritation and chafing of packs were forgotten—our burdens became marvelously endurable. The "you've got to show me" element still clung tenaciously to its religion, but it was apparent from the multitude of delighted exclamations that it was rapidly losing prestige. More than one reminiscent youth could be heard confiding to his "buddy" the last time "he had tasted honest-to-Gawd ice cream," and generally the interim had been sufficiently long to arouse anticipatory memories within the most nonchalant breast. Until this moment few of us had believed that such an essentially American luxury was obtainable in all the length and breadth of France, for, as one of yesterday's husky farmers reasoned, "had he not spent a year over here without laying eyes on a decent cow?"—an argument which no amount of logic could supplant. Whether concocted from the product of our four-footed friend, or



LEARNING TRENCH FIGHTING

from condensed milk, its source didn't interest us enough to bother with wondering.

As we reached the street each man in line clutched his hotel reservation—in army parlance, "meal ticket"—with a tenacity born of hope. If their real value had been thoroughly understood, it is doubtful whether anything short of a free berth to the States could have induced the holder to relinquish his title to the precious bit of pasteboard. As a medium of exchange it certainly ranked with the choicest coin ever minted. Without it, one was indeed "out of luck." While but few among our party, in common with the rank and file of the A. E. F., had not at one time or another criticised Uncle Sam for a hard and exacting task-master, we were upon the verge of making a new and almost bewildering discovery—that nothing is too good for "his boys" when off duty. For the best in Aix-les-Bains—and the best was not to be despised—had been provided for our recreation and comfort. All of the one hundred or more hotels were requisitioned by the A. E. F. for the use of the army when the area was chosen as the first military vacation spot in France for its overseas troops—something we suddenly felt righteously thankful for. There was no parallel to our amazement when we awoke to find ourselves ensconced in luxurious suites formerly occupied in pre-war days by millionaires and the scions of princely houses—the "town major" assuredly must have been a "buck" in masquerade when he decided to billet American doughboys here! There appeared no other explanation for it.

Since some five or six thousand men, from as many different combat units, were permitted in Aix-les-Bains continuously during the height of the "olive-drab season," it will be readily understood that

frequently members of each contingent had to be distributed among several or more hotels. A friendly M. P. had previously admonished us that all who wished to be billeted together should line up accordingly, a precaution which caused us to feel exceedingly lucky when we learned that all of our little group of nine had been allotted reservations at the same hostelry. Guides were furnished for the individual resorts and the long column split up into dozens of small sections, all filled with the spirit of "Where do we go from here?" A scant hundred yards sufficed to bring us to our own domicile, an unpretentious but substantial structure of five stories facing upon the rue du Docteur Garrod, shortly after the noon hour. Expectancy was mingled with an anxious wonder whether we were too late for lunch. (Already the brief space of an hour had relegated "mess" to the A. P. M.'s salvage dump and substituted the elaborate civilized equivalent in its stead!) Within the lobby, where we acceded to "madame's" request for a second registration our anxiety was relieved by the announcement that dinner would be served within the hour. Derisive, challenging eyes sought those of our mess-sergeant, but he had vanished.

A pert little maid appeared to show us to our quarters, somewhere above, and not even the toilsome climb up four long flights of stone stairs was able to dampen our kindling eagerness or remark the absence of elevators (for only the more modern of French hotels are equipped with this convenience). It is not the easiest matter in the world, however, even under the most exciting conditions imaginable, to navigate a quartet of stairs encumbered with an infantryman's impedimenta, so we were willing enough to desist when she indicated our rooms. We hesitated upon the

Holidaying in the A. E. F.—Continued

threshold of the chamber and peeked in, like intruders violating a forbidden privacy. What bit of Old World fairyland was this? Surely, our imaginations were playing us a trick and matter-of-fact reality would prove the vision but a dream. A glimpse of white enameled beds, snowy linen and—yes, real pillows! And there were electric light bulbs, a dresser, an immense lounging chair—even a table!—met our incredulous gaze. Why, *this* was not France at all—not *the France* that we had come to know! Of course, we pondered, the maid must have made a mistake; *this* room was not to be defiled by such as we. "Non, Non," she smilingly assured us, "No. 67, there is no mistake, messieurs." The wonderfully pleasing sensation of once again coming into comforts and conveniences once familiar but now strangely foreign proved staggering to confident doughboy "sang-froid," and the little made-moiselle must have been puzzled by the blank expressions illuminating our countenances. It was then and there that we loudly decided seven days were going to be too short, far too short, for us in this place. With a mighty sigh of relief and contentment, unslung packs were deliberately tossed to the farthest extremity of the room—there to remain undisturbed and forgotten during the entire period of our leave.

No one who has visited this resort of European royalty and American wealth in ante-bellum days can appreciate what it meant to us in those days of victory and relaxation. It is, indeed, doubtful whether any other of the numerous leave centers opened up in France for the recreation of members of the American Expeditionary Forces holds that distinctive charm and atmosphere so peculiar to Aix-les-Bains and all Savoie. Located at the very foothills of the French Alps, at the approach to the world-renowned "lake district" of Europe which in the days prior to August, 1914, was the mecca for innumerable tourists, it remained for a pilgrimage of war-weary individuals to derive the fullest measure of enjoyment from its multitudinous attractions. If it had come to be

known as a "playground de luxe" to pre-war seekers of diversion and pleasure, then it was, indeed, destined to figure as a "bit o' Heaven" for those of us who had tasted of hell. Two more widely divergent extremes are rarely met with in the same country, and this trait is one of the singular fascinations of France. We shall not attempt an analysis, since it is largely a matter of individual perspective and psychology. Perhaps — who knows? — the charm of our environment may have assumed exaggerated proportions in our sight, so long unaccustomed to the luxury of beauty, but in any event we were satisfied. And, since satisfaction is the acme of all human existence, nothing was left to be desired.

Our two windows faced toward the east and stately Mont Revard, with its snow-clad summit in plain view. For minute after minute we stood at "attention," absorbing the magnificent Alpine scenery and gazing upon the new "sector" that had so unexpectedly been thrown open to us. Yet only a few hours before we had been filled with misgivings/ The scores of white stone hotels distinguishing the panorama before us resembled marble palaces shining like dignified monuments against the mountain's background. As we silently drank in the superb grandeur of the spectacle unfolded before us, a bit of our own Riley's matchless philosophy recurred to mind:

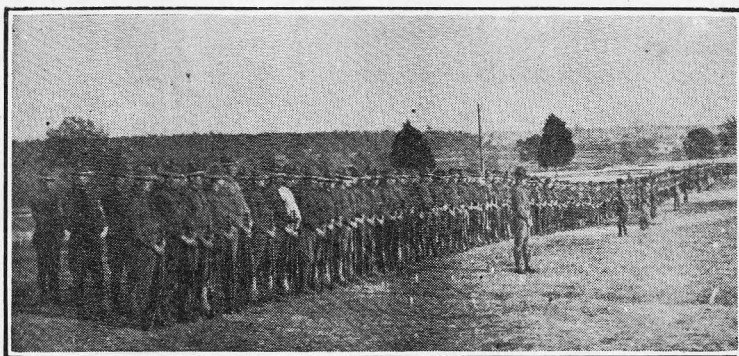
"Let us forget our fears
And put by our foolish tears
And through all the coming years
Just be glad."

Surely, two years of hide-bound discipline had not brought about sentimental musing! As we tarried in the warm sunshine, unmindful of the fact that New Year's Day is generally supposed to mean blazing fires and heavy coats, we were forcefully reminded that the salubrious climate is one of the most delightful attractions of Aix. Hundreds of hot sulphur water springs, bubbling forth from almost everywhere, appear to exert a moderating effect upon the temperature and, although snow-capped peaks were in evidence upon every side the weather was strangely

reminiscent of early spring in the States. Sturdy ever-greens shading the streets and lawns made us half-expectant of seeing blossoming flowers—and they are not an uncommon spectacle in early December, we subsequently learned.

Our reveries were rudely interrupted by the harsh jangle of a bell, somewhere in the lower regions. Dinner and no bugle! It was inconceivable, but nevertheless almost an accomplished fact. The business of "policing-up" was but the work of seconds, and finished, we sallied forth to discover the intricacies of a French dining room. Only those who have lived the experience can know the delights and thrills of that meal. For many the front line had held no such embarrassments; actually, we were fearful of our inability to correctly handle silver and china again! The same spirit that had prevailed to a victorious conclusion through weeks and months of mud and slush and rain proceeded to reassert itself, however, and henceforth all was well—or almost so. If some entertained an inclination to salute the obsequious "maitre d'hotel," they wisely concealed the instinct of habit from their watchful fellows. And if a few were observed fingering the dishes as gingerly as though they had been new-born infants, preoccupied comrades hearkened not.

Anyone who had been anticipating an array of foreign viands was pleasantly surprised to find mainly the plain, substantial food we had for months been craving. Much of it, of course, was attractively camouflaged, but even our ravenous appetites were able to penetrate the disguises. It was evident to all that our quartermasters had wisely dropped a few practical suggestions to the French chefs. Course followed course in such rapid succession that most of the new arrivals merely resigned themselves to the not-too-tender mercies of unsympathetic waiters, without a murmur of protest. Could it be possible that these were the same men who less than a week before had been contemplating lynching their mess-sergeants? Certainly civilization was already working its subtle influence. Both the appointments and cuisine were well-nigh perfect—indeed, as near perfection as faultless servants could make them—and we were as but wax in their facile hands. More than one hungry doughboy yearned to "encore du pain tout de suite," yet refrained from voicing his request. The insignia of many different units was already represented in that dining hall before our entrance and, since the bulk of these men had a few days' "edge" on our arrival and acted as "to the manner born," they must have observed with amusement the vain efforts to conceal our own raw self-consciousness. Yet, ere the week had elapsed we were conducting ourselves like "old-timers" and



PARADE REST

Holidaying in the A. E. F.—Continued

smiling knowingly upon new "permissionaires." Any lasting impressions of that initial meal in Aix-les-Bains are so confused with remembrances of prodigious efforts to recall what we once knew of correct table etiquette that the latter idea obtruded to the exclusion of more material things.

While if not exactly relieved to see the last course disappear, we were certainly thankful that the affair had reached an end. Furthermore, occasional remarks dropped by various of the diners had served to arouse our interest until we were impatient for an opportunity to obtain a glimpse of other phases of this most exhilarating adventure. Our exit from the room was accomplished in the most approved doughboy fashion and without mishap—a feat fairly remarkable when the combination of hob-nails and polished floors is reckoned with. So far, so good, and while it was generally concluded that none of our party had executed any particularly brilliant manoeuvre, all were agreed that our formal advent into the "social" life of the A. E. F. had been attended without irretrievable blunder. One absent-minded corporal, however, was discovered to have stowed a napkin in the pocket of his blouse, presumably recalling the scarcity of towels in our billeting area, but this could be returned at the next meal. The culprit would stoutly insist that he was the victim of a practical joke but we, having in mind certain previous lapses of memory, refused to be convinced.

As we emerged into the quiet street, brightened with mid-afternoon sun, we were confronted by a charming little stone villa across the way bearing in modest type above the iron gateway the simple legend: "Villa Wilson." Surely, a year and a half of the A. E. F. was doing much to Americanize this one-time stronghold of European aristocracy! We were later, however, to come upon still other evidences of similar tributes paid to the ruler of the great Ally across the Atlantic—in Dijon, in Paris, in Nice, at Brest and elsewhere in succeeding months these examples of French gratitude characteristically expressing itself bade us greeting. Latin temperament inclines toward the perpetuation of its public heroes through the dedication of boulevards, monuments and like institutions—unlike our American custom—while the individual yet lives and is acclaimed by the masses. Perhaps—who shall say?—this habit of bestowing "bouquets" for public service rendered before the object of the honor passes to other worlds is more commendatory than our own belated method of recognition.

Shortly after our arrival we had been handed a folder of information distributed by the Municipal Committee of Publicity. Reference to the text apprised us in bold

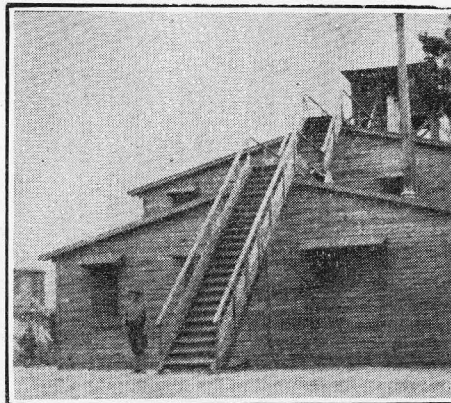
type that we were now the guests of the "Pearl of Savoie—the most beautiful tourist resort of the French Alps." Already, for all our brief sojourn, we had assumed as much and felt in sympathy with the extravagant claim advanced. Only a few hours earlier, while skimming through the incomparably beautiful country of the province of Savoy, under the fairest of French skies and amid the snow-capped ranges of the Republic's most sublime mountains, we had been absorbing the vista of rocky skyscrapers higher than any Broadway or Fifth Avenue can boast. Someone had drawn our attention to the resemblance of that immediate locality to the picturesque Palisades overhanging the Hudson River, so familiar to travelers arriving in New York from the West. Nestled here among the foothills of the Alps, so quiet and calm it lay, it seemed to have escaped all the scars and scares of war. Yet we knew that it was here that France's world-renowned "Blue Devils" had pursued their peace-time activities, under the most favorable possible environment—and knowing, understood.

Aix-les-Bains, prior to the outbreak of hostilities in 1914, had a native population slightly in excess of 8,000, the influx of visitors during the summer season frequently trebling the normal figures. While tourists had practically disappeared with the advent of war the loss—in both population and revenue—had been liberally discounted since the arrival of the first contingent of American "permissionaires," on February 16, 1918, a year before our own pilgrimage. And within the month following our most reluctant of departures billeted, a little formality of more than ordinary significance occurred upon the occasion of the first anniversary of the opening of the leave area. The event was commemorated at a joint meeting of officials of the commune and representatives of the American army, throughout which mutual felicitations were the dominant note. Emphasis was placed upon the pleasant vacations for the fighting doughboys, which

had proven so instrumental in bringing about a stauncher and more sympathetic friendship between the real France and America. Citizens of Aix told of the genuine pleasure they had experienced in entertaining the visiting soldiers in their homes, and of their gentlemanliness there, which had endeared them quite as much as had their earlier heroism at Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel, in the Argonne and elsewhere. On the other hand the civilians were cordially thanked for extending the visiting Amexes "not only hospitality, but the companionship of high ideals and the friendship of ladies and gentlemen." It seems that the pioneer group of pre-Armistice "permissionaires" had been welcomed with the open arms born of gratitude and, as a result, many of the men when leaving declared that their respite from military routine afforded them a new understanding and appreciation of France and the French. In one brief, yet colorful year, our own regretful adieus were destined to echo a similar sentiment.

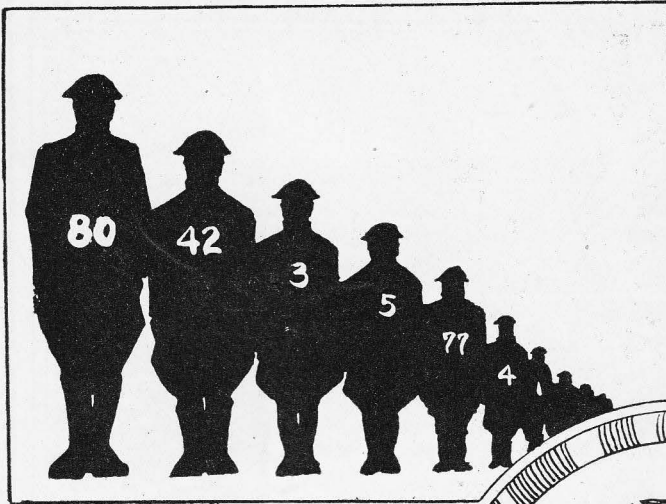
PART III

On this January afternoon, as we eagerly sought our way from the friendly calm of the little avenue to the cheery bustle of the main thoroughfares, we began to annex something of the spirit of inquisitive explorers. For lack of definite objective, our hastening progress soon led us through the commercial atmosphere of the Avenue de la Gare into the rue du Casino. Apparently this was "l'heure du promenade," if we might judge from the appearance of the crowded streets, conveying their impression of a more than peace-time population. Strangely enough, the intermingling of multi-colored uniforms with the more sombre garb of a mourning people blended in almost perfect harmony, so long had we been accustomed to the contrast born of war. It was difficult, however, to reconcile our presence here with the material token of the mourners' uncomplaining grief, so illy did it suffice to explain the air of subdued festivity and gladness which seemed to pervade and radiate from the moving throngs. Upon every side each countenance bore a smile in keeping with the lively, gesticulating chatter, yet animated features such as these scarcely reflected the outward evidence of sorrow. Frankly puzzled, we merged with the passers-by; their spirit was contagious and we deliberately invited an explanation for inconsistency so palpable as this. Here and there the excited tones of a girl engaged in intimate, absorbing conversation with her but recently returned "fiance-soldat" attracted smiling, sympathetic glances. Frequently a maimed soldier on crutches, or supported by cheerful, laughing comrades from the local "militaire hospital"



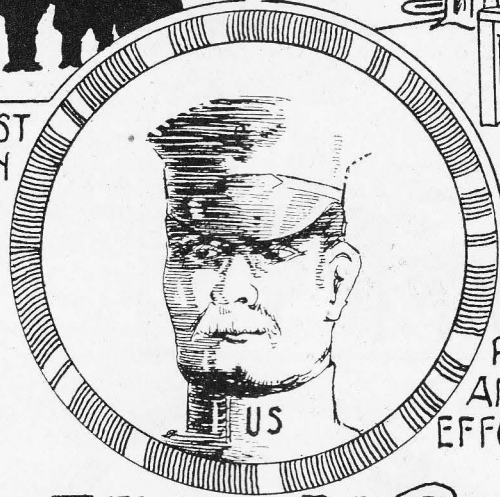
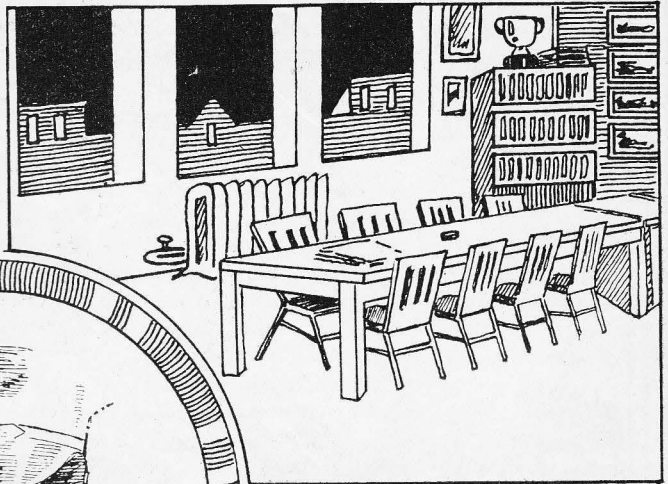
THE LOOKOUT

(Continued on Page 24)



THE 80th IS THE LARGEST DIVISIONAL ASSOCIATION IN EXISTENCE TODAY

YOUR OFFICE IS HERE AND SHOULD BE USED AS A REAL "MEETING PLACE" FOR OUT OF TOWN BUDDIES. "POPS" CURRY IS HERE TO SERVE YOU.

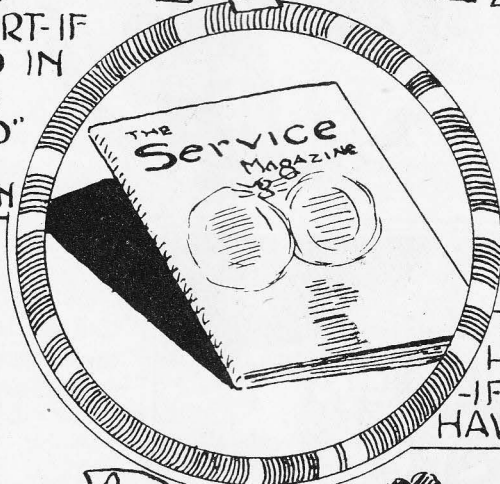


OUR BELOVED LEADER GEN. BRETT IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE 80th AND IS MAKING A GREAT EFFORT TO BUILD IT UP



DO YOU KNOW THAT

SERVICE LACKS SUPPORT-IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN HER CAREER-TRY TO SECURE A SMALL "AD" FROM SOME OF YOUR LIVE WIRE BUSINESS MEN

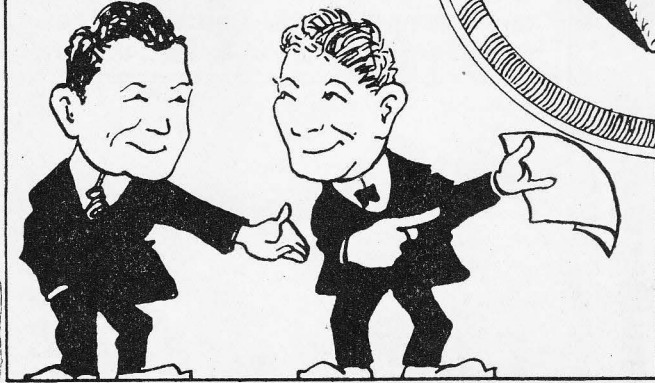


EVERY-BUDDY GET A BUDDY

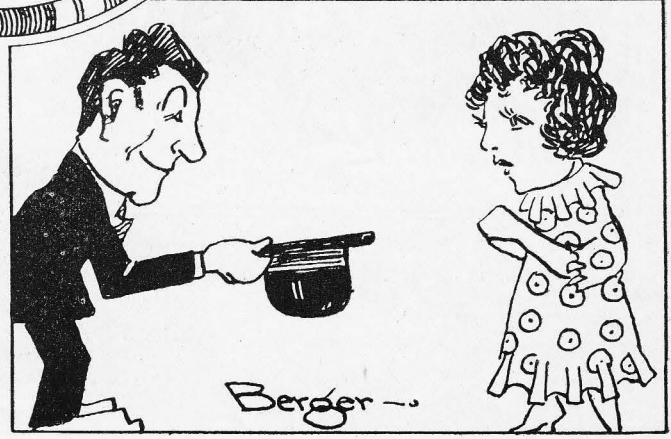
THAT'S THE "MAG" AND IT WITH DUES AND INITIATION FEE ONLY COSTS \$4.00

FINE I'LL SIGN UP NOW.

AT LEAST ONE THIRD OF THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS HAVE FAILED TO RENEW -IF YOU KNOW ANY OF THEM HAVE 'EM CALL AROUND



IF EVERY MEMBER "SIGNED UP" ONE MORE MEMBER -WE WOULD HAVE A "BOMBPROOF" ORGANIZATION FOR LIFE THINK IT OVER-"BUDDY" WE NEED YOU



Berger

After every "Push" the cripples and wornouts were gathered up and sent back to a "Rest Camp" - Here's hoping your Feed Bag is always full - old Pal.



"The roads were always covered with -that endless chain of supplies -and a whispered curse from his "Shinner" -was often as soothing as a pat on the nose - for he knew.

U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

"TRUE



PALS"

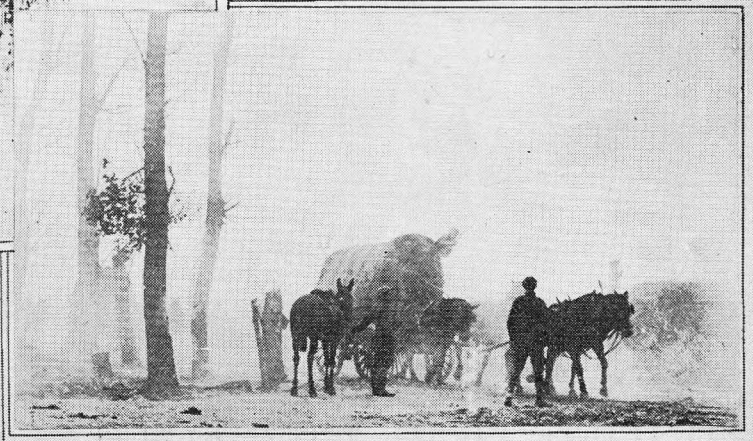
80th DIVISION PHOTOS



I am sure that the "Just ten more Kilos-Boys" from the lanky M.P. at the Crossroads was as sweet to him -as to the pack burdened troops

They seemed to know that the tired Dough-boy depended on them for his Chow and Doo Low and many were they -that fell in the effort.

Berger



The Higher Meaning of Riley's Poetry



HERE are poets and poets, and of the making of many books there is no end. Not all of the stuff that passes for poetry is worthy of the name, and many of the books in circulation are not worth the paper on which they are written. However, when a man comes among us who is able to give expression to the universal because the universal is within him, and who is able to link life and ideas together in a truly poetic way, we are glad to greet him and that type of poetry. And when a book is written which calls our attention to the deeper and higher meaning of the poet's work, we are glad to give that book a place in our minds and in our homes. Such a poet was James Whitcomb Riley, and such a book is one just out entitled "The Faith of the People's Poet," written by Daniel L. Marsh of Pittsburgh, Pa., and published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, Indiana.

The following two paragraphs quoted from this book give Dr. Marsh's purpose in the writing of it:

"Riley does not have a relatively large number of poems that are on religious subjects, as such; and yet one will often come upon a line or a half dozen lines of wondrously rich religious value, apparently dropped incidentally into the middle of some nature or narrative poem which one is perusing, as a man once found a pearl of great price in a field which he was cultivating for another purpose.

"I have felt that it would be worth while to dig these pearls out and string them together—and that is what I have attempted to do in the following chapters. I have found so much of help and inspiration and joy in these literary-religious pearls that I have collected them for others. I have sought to gather them all up. Therefore, everything that Riley says about God or Christ, or sin and its forgiveness, or immortality, or patriotism will be found in the following chapters."

The figure of speech used by Dr. Marsh in speaking of these gems that he has taken from Riley as literary-religious pearls and his statement that he is stringing them for us recalls to our mind an illustration used by the old Greek philosopher, Xanthes. Xanthes was insisting upon the necessity of a leading idea which would bind together the different periods of an orator and in order to do so he told the following story:

"A philosopher, of those who professed to be followers of Aristotle, was questioned one day by one of his disciples, who said to him:

"Master, I have followed religiously your lesson on the art of speaking; tell

me, I beg of you, what do you understand by the words "leading idea"?"

"Do you think it indispensable to a discourse?"

"What is the nature of it, what is its object?"

"At this moment a little child was passing; on his bare neck a necklace of thin iridescent shells was clasped.

"The philosopher by a sign called to the young boy and offered to him a small piece of money.

"Give me this," said he, pointing to the ornament.

"My necklace?" asked the child in surprise.

"Yes, your necklace."

"The child passed it over his head and offered it with a questioning look.

"Suddenly jerking the string of beads in opposite directions the learned man broke the cord which held the pearly shells.

"They slipped down all along the broken thread and were spread out over the ground in a dazzling disorder.

"The child and the disciple beheld without understanding.

"The philosopher allowed them to reflect for a moment, then turning toward the child:

"Pick them up," said he. "I return them to you."

"Then, if I keep the piece of money, have I the right to take back my shells?"

"Over the face of the old sage there passes a smile of success, and, turning toward the pupil:

"This child," said he, "has just answered you:

"Bound by the thread which held them together these shells formed a necklace; the thread once broken, they are only shells, whose usefulness no longer exists, no matter how many they may number.

"It is, thanks to this thread, that they become an ornament; it is, thanks to it also that, saved from the chance movements of the crowd, they escape destruction.

"The leading idea is this invisible thread, binding together the ideas which, without it, would only present an ordinary interest, and would have no chance to instil conviction into the mind of those whom we wish to persuade."

To the ordinary reader the wonderful things written by James Whitcomb Riley are just so many scattered shells of beautiful words and beautiful thoughts; but Dr. Marsh has strung them together for us on the string of a main idea, and he has thus formed a necklace which all lovers of the beautiful and the true must delight to have. This "string" of Dr. Marsh's is, combined with the quotations from Riley, a simply and directly stated system of Christian doctrine and of Christian ethics.

The first chapter of the book is devoted to the study of Riley as a poet—not only as a poet, but as *the poet of the people*. He is the typical American poet:

"Superficial people," says Dr. Marsh, "think that Riley's verses are intensely local; they dismiss them as provincial. But they are no more provincial than are the poems of honey-lipped Theocritus who sang at the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus sixteen hundred years before Riley sang among the farmsteads of Indiana."

His universality of appeal, his "whimsical humor that is the common chuckle of humanity," his knowledge of human nature, his simplicity, his ability to interest us in things wholesome and helpful, his great popularity with the mass of American people make him in very truth the people's poet.

The second chapter of this book is entitled "The Faith of James Whitcomb Riley." It is really an introduction to the rest of the book.

The third chapter deals with Riley as the poet of nature, showing how he teaches us to see; teaches us what to see; and teaches us to see more than we see. His remarkable power of observation and his wide knowledge of natural history is simply astounding. He enjoyed all of the "unwrit poetry by the acre," and listened even when he could "hear nothin' but the silence." He was a great lover of nature. He delighted to nestle like a drowsy child and doze in June's "downy lap of clover bloom," and he heard the lily blow "a bugle-call of fragrance o'er the glade." Riley is in deep sympathy with all of nature's moods, and he feels that nature is in sympathy with him. Dr. Marsh says:

"Every farmer should thank Riley for taking the drudgery out of farm work; for calling attention to the inconspicuous beauties which the prosaic toilsomeness of country life has too often failed to perceive."

But the city man as well as the country-born-and-bred will rejoice in these wonderful descriptions of Riley's in poetry.

The fourth chapter deals with the doctrine of God in Riley's rhymes. Here Dr. Marsh says:

"If we go through James Whitcomb Riley's poetry to discover what he believed concerning God, we shall be as refreshed in spirit as though bland but bracing breezes had blown upon us from the hills of Heaven; we shall be as comforted as a fearful child is comforted when its mother croons to it and cuddles it in the dark and silent night. We can group practically all he says about God under four headings: (1) An unquestioning belief in the existence of a personal and imminent God; (2) a firm faith in an overruling Divine Providence; (3) confi-

The Higher Meaning of Riley's Poetry—Continued

dence that God hears and answers prayer; (4) the foregoing rest upon the conviction that God is good and merciful."

Many quotations are given to set forth these different ideas of Riley's about God. They are all good. For instance take this one about his confidence in God's ability to run the universe:

"Some One's runnin' this concern
That's got nothin' else to learn;
If He's willin', we'll pull through—
Say good-by er howdy-do!"

The fifth chapter deals with the Christ in Riley's rhymes and is really a Christmas meditation. The heart of it all is summed up in a Christmas carol which the poet, not a great while before his death, sent to Dr. Marsh. It is as follows: "Christ used to be like you and me,

When just a lad in Galilee—
So when we pray, on Christmas Day,
He favors first the prayers we say;
Then waste no tear, but pray with cheer,
This gladdest day of all the year:

"O Brother mine of birth Divine,
Upon this natal day of Thine
Bear with our stress of happiness
Nor count our reverence less
Because with glee and jubilee
Our hearts go singing up to Thee."

The sixth chapter is "The Cross in Riley's Rhymes" which is a Passion Week meditation. It is a development by quotation and comment which winds up with "The Christ" written by Mr. Riley:

"Father!" (so The Word) He cried—
'Son of Thine, and yet denied;
By My brothers dragged and tried,
Scoffed and scourged, and crucified,
With a thief on either side—
Brothers mine, alike belied,
Arms of mercy open wide,
Father! Father! So He died."

The subject of the seventh chapter is "Sin." Mr. Riley's poetry records the common moral judgment of mankind concerning the fact of sin; thus he is quoted as saying:

"We are not always glad when we smile!—
But the conscience is quick to record,
All the sorrow and sin
We are hiding within
Is plain in the sight of the Lord."

The chapter develops the idea that it is sin which banishes peace, and fills the world with wars and bloodshed, and that withers youth and maidenhood; and, as Riley says in his quaint phrase, "sinners allus suffers some." Dr. Marsh shows how remorse of conscience is one of the elements in the penalty for sin; quoting generously from Riley's long narrative poem, "George Mullen's Confession," and quoting in full his true-to-human-nature but whimsically humorous poem called "My Conscience." But he shows that the most serious element in the penalty for sin is the fact that to use Riley's phrase from another poem, the sinner "insults his God." This chapter ends with a number of quotations and a racy comment concerning the forgiveness of sin.

The eighth chapter is somewhat longer than the last two and is entitled "Riley's Doctrine of Immortality." The chapter is so replete with a collection of the choicest writings of Riley and with a plain, simple, yet forceful presentation of the Christian doctrine of immortality by Dr. Marsh that we hesitate to quote from it here lest we do it an injustice. The chapter should be read in its entirety for its message of comfort to those who have lost loved ones, and for its stimulation to those whose lives have grown sordid and dull; for this question is, as Dr. Marsh says, "the ubiquitous, irrepensible question."

The next chapter is entitled "Practical Religion: Humble Service." This chapter has been described by a sympathetic reviewer as "the greatest thing in the book." It starts out with the representation of humility as the proof of a man's greatness. The plea is made for the old-fashioned people who were unselfish and loved their neighbors as themselves.

"They was God's people, Uncle says,
An' gloried in His name,
An' worked, without no selfishness,
An' loved their neighbors same
As they was kin."

Love is next set forth in all our complex social relationships. Empty sham is rebuked.

"I've thought a power on men and things—
As my uncle ust to say—

And ef folks don't work as they pray, I jings!

W'y, they ain't no use to pray!"

Character and happiness are shown to be by-products of humble Christian service—the kind of service that gives hands and feet to the Gospel.

The last chapter is on patriotism, and would probably make the greatest appeal to any of the readers of this magazine. In a striking manner the author develops the idea of the Messianic mission of America. He describes it

"To furnish hospice for Freedom; to guard the idea of Liberty as the never-sleeping dragon of mythology guarded the gardens of the Hesperides. And if America is the Messiah of Nations it is under divine compulsion to make the world safe for Liberty."

Then follow glowing descriptions of "the dear old flag" and of the soldiers "who blazed with courage to defend it, regardless of the shell and shot, who plunged with dauntless pride into the crimson sea of carnage" for the ideals of our country. A picture is presented of those who stayed at home but nevertheless sacrificed for that which our country holds most dear. The chapter closes with a plea that in the times of peace and quietness we shall not forget that America is the "messiah of nations."

"We must make good," says Dr. Marsh. "But while we live and fight for our ideals of democracy we must not forget God. Israel was an 'elect race'; but Israel fumbled its destiny in the 'hour of visitation.' We must hold with tenacity to the forces which are eternal, spiritual. We must not forget God! So Mr. Riley would teach us; for at the end of his long poem in praise of Liberty, he says:

'And with Thy praise, we breathe a prayer
That God who leaves You in our care
May favor us from this day on
With Thy dear presence—till the dawn
Of Heaven, breaking on Thy face,
Lights up Thy first abiding place.'

We commend the book as worth while anyone's reading for the new and fresh interpretation that it gives us of the People's Poet, and also for the message which breathes through it.—The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

TO THE CHURCH OF LA CHALADE IN THE ARGONNE

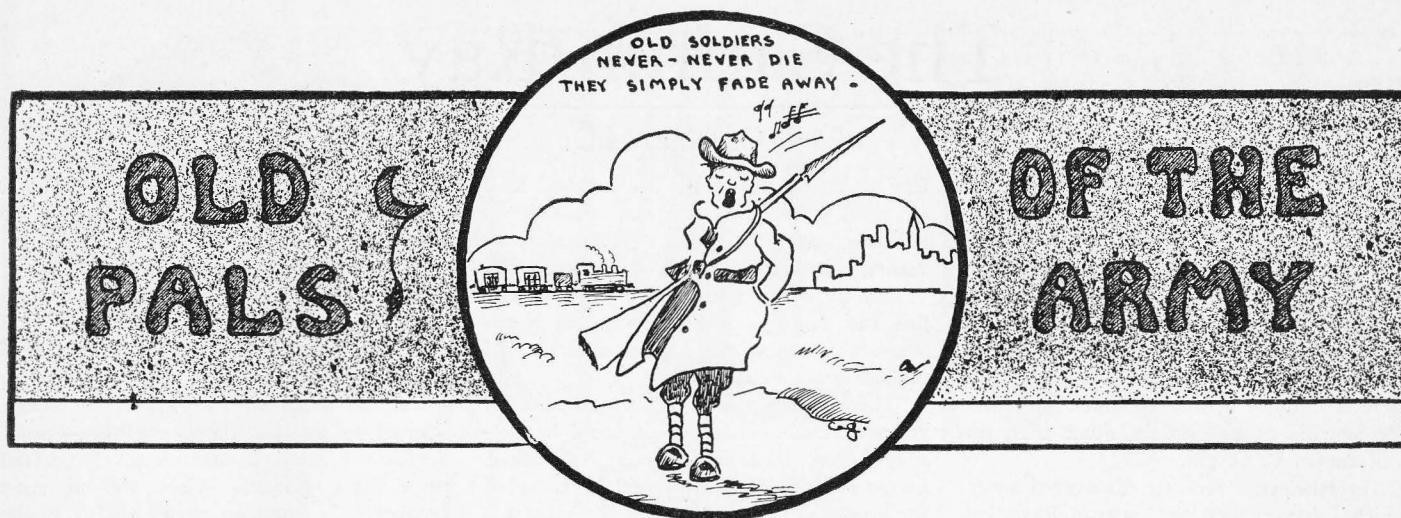
By WILLIAM C. VANDERWATER

Here in the days when hearts were young,
When life as pure and simple hearts were good,
A band of noble churchmen, in His name,
Upraised thy walls within this mighty wood.

Thy noble tower and thy glorious nave
And windows rare of richly colored glass,
Have heard thru ages long, in deep refrain
Sweet peaceful songs along thy cloisters pass.

And yet today there is no peace for thee;
Bold guns have belched destruction far and wide,
Gone are the hours of never ending calm,
Wide are the gaping holes within thy side.

Ruin and death have marked thee for their own
And yet around thy debris proudly glance,
To where the simple wooden crosses show,
A thousand graves of those who died for France.



Queer Birds

By Miss Fisher

YESTERDAY I was walking down Main Street in our small town—it is really hardly necessary to add the “small town,” for did you ever hear of a Main Street in anything BUT a small town? Or for that matter, a small town that DID NOT have a Main Street? No matter how near the “City” mark the population will reach, as long as there IS

a Main Street it will remain a “small town,” though our particular Main Street is flanked by Washington Street on one side and Lincoln Street on the other. But even this exalted company won’t overcome the small town flavor of “Main Street.” As Harry Lee Wilson says, “There are a few big cities, but most of the world is made up of ‘small towns,’ and people are pretty

much the same all over the world.”

As I said before, while walking down Main Street I thought I’d drop into one of the Greek shoe shine parlors and get a highly decorative polish on a pair of rather dilapidated shoes. I climbed to the seat and perched my shoes on the braces.

(Continued on Next Page)

ON MAIN STREET

He was against the Bonus.
He considered it nothing but an attempt
To raid the Treasury
And wouldn't belong to any organization that fostered it.
It was graft and self interest
And against the common good.
A soldier was a soldier. ;
It was his duty to serve his country.
Why should he ask for pay?

But then—
He had been an Officer for Thirty years
And was drawing retirement pay.
What was the war to him,
But recall to duty
And promotion
And ten per cent extra for foreign-service.

He was against the Bonus.
Of course the soldiers were heroes
And all that—but then
Didn't they get their clothes and food
In addition to their Thirty Dollars a month?
And didn't the Government look after them
And let them take out Insurance
While they were in the Army?
And besides what with the high cost of living
Where were all the taxes going to end?

Why he had done his bit in the War.
Hadn't he gone into an essential industry
And worked and slaved
So that the boys over there
Could keep on fighting?
And did he get a Bonus?
No indeed—he didn't.
Why the Government had come along
And taxed him forty per cent
On his excess profits.
What would you think of that for justice?

So I walked down the street;
And there I met Bill and Jack and Tom.

And Tom was worrying because
There was a new baby coming.
He guessed things would work out all right,
But his lungs had sort of been bothering him
Since he got back
And he didn't seem to be able
To hold a steady job;
Of course he'd been away three years
And the wife had had to use the savings.
But never mind
Things would come out all right.

And Jack—why he had been a lawyer
In our little town,
And he had a pretty good practice;
But he enlisted;
And was away over two years
And when he came back there was a young chap there
Who seemed to have gobbled his business.
Of course things were looking up,
But it was slow work.

And Bill—he had only been away
For a couple of months,
But he owned a little store
And sold it before he went.
For who thought the War would end so soon?
And since then
Why he hadn't really got settled,
But he had a pretty good job now,
And if that petered out
Al Parker had promised to send him out on the road
Next month.
And then, I walked back up Main Street.

—WILLIAM C. VANDEWATER.

The Saffron Ray

By I. O. Dine, M.D.

KNOWING as I do the skepticism of the public regarding scientific discoveries, I present this paper upon the cure of shell-shock, with no little trepidation.

I have no doubt that I shall be viewed with suspicion by the army physicians. I have found that the army doctor is prone to look askance at any treatment, whether for neuritis or pneumonia, other than the well-known C. C. pill.

Nevertheless, I recently discovered a ray, which I have called the Saffron Ray, that will absolutely and positively cure shell-shock. This malady being a disease of the brain affected few officers in the late war, and no second lieutenants whatever. It is most prevalent among sensitive men, and is known to the world of medicine as a distortion of the memory cells of the small brain, or cerebellum. Now my ray destroys these cells, just as the Violet Ray destroys certain cells, and the cathode and X-ray.

After a patient is treated with the Saffron Ray he forgets everything. The ray destroys his memory. Having forgotten the war he no longer has shell-shock. Simple, is it not?

I explained the theory of the Saffron

Ray to a body of army doctors and as I expected there was a great amount of heckling, and one could easily detect the feeling of distrust in my audience. One of the questions put to me was, "And if this ray destroys the memory, will it not leave the mind of the patient a blank?" I replied in the affirmative.

"Then if the patient is left an idiot by your treatment what benefit could he possibly derive from it?" I was next asked. I answered: "The patient will be cured of shell-shock, of course." Still the man was not satisfied. "But if he is left an idiot what good will it do him to be cured of shell-shock?"

I will quote no more of this meeting. What I have already set down will suffice to show the reader how utterly hopeless it was to convince so antagonistic and narrow-minded a body of men.

Nor is this the first time I have clashed with the doctors upon the merits of a scientific discovery. Several years ago I evolved the theory of grafting the glands of a monkey into a human being to renew the patient's youth. My first experiment was a colonel in the regulars who had quite lost his 'peper,' as the saying goes, and could no longer enjoy his liquor. The

experiment was a success. The colonel became quite spry. Too spry. In fact, he tried to hang by his tail from the flag pole on a 10-story building.

But I was not discouraged, and though ridiculed I tried again. This time upon a U. S. Senator. The first gland reduced his age twenty years.

But the Senator, who was nearly sixty, wanted to be still more youthful. So I performed another operation. I grafted three more glands. When the old man recovered he used to crawl on his hands and knees and cry "Da-da!" He is still in the Senate, and though his mind is that of a mere brat of six months, he manages to take an active part in the affairs of the House. He is at present opposing the soldiers' and sailors' bonus, I believe.

But to return to the Saffron Ray. I was so confident that the ray would do all that I claimed for it, would absolutely destroy memory, that I tested it upon myself. And I proved it a success. Unfortunately, of course, I cannot now remember the formula for the ray, nor how I came to discover it. I cannot remember anything.

I can't even remember why they put me in this padded cell!

Queer Birds—Continued

(Continued from Preceding Page)

(With my skirt the present length—or rather shortness—it's no longer necessary for the boy to slip in place the bicycle trouser holders to keep it out of harm's way.)

While waiting my turn my eyes wandered around the room, and I could hear the click of the billiard balls in the pool room in the back of the shoe shine parlor, which brazenly displayed the name "Palace" on its dirty windows. Finally my attention was caught by a poster calling for recruits for the U. S. A.

It's odd how quickly one forgets what at one time was the all-absorbing interest of the day. That poster recalled the World War to me for the first time in days. And isn't it so with most of us? In small towns or cities—I mean those who have not actually been through it themselves—and even with them I believe there are days of complete forgetfulness. Even the every day reminders have become so commonplace that they cease to be reminders. A khaki shirt is now a khaki shirt and no longer an ex-army blouse in our eyes.

The young Greek was finishing the shoes of the "gent" next to me, and my thoughts

were called back from the preambling the army poster has sent them on by the snap of his polishing rag in the characteristic flourish over the final shine. It was strangely reminiscent of an occasional distant rifle shot. I then looked at the boy more carefully, and to be sure he had on a rather soiled, rather worn, but unmistakable Red Cross army sweater covering up a khaki army shirt. When I had first come in he was merely a young "Greek shoe shiner."

As with most people, when the boys had once resumed their "cits" clothes, I soon forgot the possibility that any of the boys I met during my every day round of business or pleasure had ever been over and "seen it through."

Becoming curious I asked him, "Were you ever in France?"

"Sure," was his laconic answer flashed up at me with a grin. Then his grin broadened into a full smile and he added: "Wish I had a dime for every muddy shoe I saw in Brest."

"I doubt if Rockefeller himself would turn down an offer like that," I laughed back.

"How'd you like the French?" I next inquired.

"Say, them French is funny birds, ain't they?" he answered as he industriously continued dabbing some polish on the tip of my left shoe.

That sentence sounded as though it had a story behind it, so I asked:

"Funny? In what way?"

And to my delight he continued—

"Well, one day before me an' my outfit shoved off fur home a bunch of us guys wanted some extra eats—somethin' sort of solid like ham an' eggs. I remarked that wantin' and gettin' were two different things—the coffee was easy—but did any one in the bunch know how to ask for eggs? No one did. Then one of the non-coms breezed over an' said, 'Come on an' I'll show youse.' We all trailed over to one of them little coffee houses and the non-com he walks right up to one of them female Frenchies and said, 'Woof! Woof! Woof!' She nodded and says that 'may we' stuff they always gets off when they means 'I get you, Steve.' Then all of us went over an' set at one of them side tables, and I'll be darned if in ten minutes she hadn't brung back a plate of eggs, pointing to something spelled 'ouef' on the

(Continued on Page 28)



A PAGE TO WIT

I'll Say We Do

By Hugh Burr Sant

Remember that first view of French people, and how disappointed you were because they didn't come up to your mental picture of how they would look, and how you looked with disgust at their railroad equipment and compared the cars with Lyndora, and Crestline, and other Pullman favorites back home, and how you thought to yourself, "Gee, no wonder they can't win the war"; when you saw how queer their soldiers dressed and the funny little pistols they carried, and how you hated rest camps, and your first pay, and the first trip to the Estaminet and the junk

stuff they called Vin Blanc and Vin Rouge, and sitting around in the dark and hearing the Tommies throw the bull and blame the Portuguese for the recent enemy successes, and one of them asking us "When are you Yanks going to start to fight," and how soon he found out; and remember the M. P. who stopped the fight and chased the Tommies one way and us the other? And remember the lime juice and the cheese and jam, and the yellow jackets, and sitting down on the road with the pigs to eat it, and carrying water from the town pump, and holding your tent down from the inside during a rain storm, and running out on the road in your pajamas

to watch Jerry bomb Boulonge and Etaphes, and then remember the trenches at Saulty and La Bizique Farm, and learning to dig in, and the tanks, and air battles, and the first trip in the front line, and how your ideas changed about lots of things? And remember the shows in the old barn, and setting up stoves, and hunting dugouts, and places to flop, and stealing each other's equipment, and hitting the frogs with boxes of hard tack as we rode by on the 40 hommes and what heroes we'd be when we got out? And how grateful the country would be and how we were going to go into business and forget the war? Remember, Buddy? I'll say we do!

VERY LIGHTS

A Boche machine gunner having used up all of his ammunition, jumped up and yelled, "Kamerad," and held up his hands. "Don't shoot," he cried, "I have a wife and two children!"

"You're a liar!" yelled back a Yank. "You've got a widow and two orphans!"—Rubber Ripples.

AN UNRESERVED FRONT

A mud-spattered doughboy slouched into the "Y" hut where an entertainment was in progress and slumped into a front seat.

Firm, kindly, and efficient, a Y. M. C. A. man approached him, saying: "Sorry, buddy, but the entire front section is reserved for officers."

Wearily the youth rose.

"All right," he drawled, "but the one I just got back from wasn't."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

Recruit Hamilton, passing brigade headquarters one sweltering day in 1918, saw an officer tugging in a doorway with an enormous packing case filled with records and other "impedimenta," as the Q. M. would say. He volunteered his aid.

After five minutes of tugging and pulling and sweat, the officer allowed they

couldn't even budge it.

"She's too heavy for us; we'll never get her in that door," agreed Hamilton.

"Get her in?" roared the captain. "You blasted bimp, I'm trying to get her out."

Down in Camp McClellan, Ala., a captain was lecturing a bunch of prospective noncoms on the intricacies of the salute.

"And remember," he cautioned, "never salute an officer while you are running. If you are running, come down to a walk, salute, and then continue running."

The laziest man in the outfit exhibited his first signs of interest.

"I reckon," he suggested, "that even if we don't see no officer we better stay on the safe side and stop running just the same, hadn't we?"

The big rookie, scared nearly out of his wits, had gone to the hospital for some trifling ailment and was driving the orderly mad by a battery of nervous questions.

"What's that for?" he finally asked, pointing to the letters M.D., U.S.A., on his blanket.

"Oh, that?" said the orderly carelessly. "That don't mean nothing much. It just

means, 'Many die, you shall also.'"—*Aerial Age*.

STRANGE ANATOMY

"It is wrong to write jokes about the French soldiers' pants," said a sympathetic young lady. "They are red and flamboyant, but they cover as brave and tender hearts as ever beat."

(From the *Chicago Tribune*.)

The French having sent some lads to London to knock the block off the English chivalry, the English retaliate by sending girls to Paris to make the Parisian beauty look faded. Prize English chorus beauties are being exhibited as "the loveliest girls in England, and therefore the most beautiful in the world," and Parisian ladies arise in the theater and knock the show.

We wish these two nations would live in peace. They have no controversy worth mentioning. All the great prize fighters are Americans. All the beautiful women are Americans.

All beauty is American. We are modest. It's a gift. Complexions? They are self-starters. Grace? They got it from the dryads. Features? If there had been an American girl in the court of Menelaus, Troy would be a flourishing manufacturing city today.

Morning Report

Monthly Bulletin of the Three Hundred Fifteenth Field Artillery

By Regt'l Sgt. Maj. Bushman

On Saturday, January 8th, the first four men drafted in the recent World War from Bluefield, West Virginia, consisting of Ben Angrist, William C. Alexander, Charley Strum, and Fred Branson, held their reunion in the apartments of William C. Alexander at Bluefield. Refreshments were served and all went away happy. The reunion brought back the old days of 1917-19. This was also the first original Three Hundred and Fifteenth Field Artillery as each one of the four men were of the first to be mustered in this regiment.

No doubt many have read the article appearing in the December-January issue of SERVICE regarding the new ruling of the War Department relative to the clasp for the St. Mihiel offensive. This particularly applies to the majority of our regiment. All members of the Three Hundred and Fifteenth Field Artillery, whose discharge bears the notation, "St. Mihiel offensive, September 12-16, 1918 (Corps Reserve)," who have not yet received this clasp are entitled to the same on their Victory Medal. Discharge papers and Victory Medal should be sent to the nearest recruiting officer, under registered letter, for correction.

A bill proposing to tax bachelors twenty-five dollars per year has just been introduced before the legislature in West Virginia.

Much of interest concerning the activities of the 155th Field Artillery Brigade, while on the West front with the 90th Division, will be found in their divisional history just published. Their division historian, Major George Wythe, pays much tribute to the good work of our brigade while with their division in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. It is profusely illustrated with photographs recalling many scenes of particular interest to former members of the brigade.

Floyd E. Foster, formerly regimental clerk and runner, Headquarters Company, is now located at Hatfield, Mingo County, West Virginia, where he is chief bookkeeper with the Chattaroy Coal Company.

Raymond J. Metzgar, formerly Musician First Class, Band Section, Headquarters Company, is now following his profession at Huntington, W. Va. It is rumored that Mr. Metzgar will soon become a benedict.

William A. B. Paul, formerly Second Lieutenant, Battery B, who was transferred to the 67th Field Artillery at

Mouzey (Meuse), is now established with the Barber Asphalt Paving Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Many ex-service men will be given the opportunity this year, through the present income tax, to pay for their subsistence while in the army and also for the guns and ammunition they used in driving back the "Hun"! Spectacles are not needed by ex-service men to see that both State and National legislation is badly needed to overcome many injustices. Their hope lies in a one hundred per cent organization.

It has been persistently rumored that Robert Nelson, formerly Assistant Band



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

A military funeral was held recently in Pittsburgh, Pa., over the body of Private Harry A. Elman, a former member of Co. I, 320th Inf., who was wounded in France September 28, 1918, and died eight days later in a French military hospital. The funeral was in charge of Downtown Post No. 231, American Legion, and Co. I, 320th Inf., assisted by the bugle and drum corps from Homestead Post No. 60, American Legion. Joseph I. Stone had charge of the military arrangements, assisted by Lt. Jack Sugden, Lt. Homer Dunn, Sgt. S. Bolton, Sgt. Geo. Smith and others. The services were held in House of David Synagogue, attended by over 5,000 friends and neighbors. American, Hebrew and other flags were much in evidence.

Phillip Heiman, Co. G, 320th Inf., 2910 Clay street, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., who died in France, was buried during February from the home of his parents in Pittsburgh.

The body of Pvt. John L. Maloy, Co. A, 315th M. G. Bn., was buried January 10, 1921, at Morrisdale Cemetery. His home was in Hawk Run, Clearfield County, Pa. Fourteen 80th veterans attended the military funeral.

Karl O. Mischler, aged 30, a veteran of the World War, having served as first sergeant in Co. C, 313th M. G. Bn., 80th Div., A. E. F., passed away at his home in Erie, Pa., Saturday, February 12, following an illness of three weeks from spinal meningitis. Besides a bride of 16 months, he is survived by his mother, father and four sisters. Deceased was a popular and well-liked young man, being employed as a conductor by the Buffalo & Lake Erie Traction Co. for 8 years, and his untimely death has caused a deep sorrow among a wide circle of friends.

Leader, Band Section, Headquarters Company, who was later transferred to the 12th Infantry at Camp Stuart, Virginia, had been accidentally killed. The matter was taken up with the Adjutant General's office and in reply it was stated that Robert Nelson was admitted to the Post Hospital at Fort Monroe, Virginia, on November 9, 1919, of fracture of the skull, where he died the following day. He was buried at Superior, Wisconsin. He was a veteran of the Spanish-American War and was serving his sixth enlistment at the time of his unfortunate death.

Owing to a typographical error, that part of the article in the February issue of SERVICE, concerning the fire which destroyed the State capitol building at Charleston, West Va., was unfinished. The uncompleted sentence should have read, "In a recent communication from Hon. John J. Cornwell, Governor of West Va., it was stated that the flags of our brigade, the 313, 314, 315th regiments of Field Artillery, were in the capitol annex building, in the Department of Archives and History, and were therefore, undisturbed by the fire.

Wilber R. Gregg, formerly Sergeant-Bugler, Band Section, Headquarters Company, is now teaching histology in The Des Moines Still College of Osteopathy, at Des Moines, Iowa.

John G. Steele, formerly Cook, Battery F, who was discharged at Camp Lee, Virginia prior to the regiment's embarkation for overseas, is now located at Falls Mill, Virginia.

Corrections for Year Book. Page 259, strike out Hann, Herbert R., Mus., 1404 Fourth Ave., Huiton, W. Va. The correct name and address will be found on 6th line from bottom of column. Tobinhold, Adam M., Maj., 29 N. 4th St., Hamburg, Pa., should read "Robinhold." Page 255, Palmer, Jesse J., Sup. Sgt., Freeman, W. Va., should be in Battery B, 315th F. A. and address corrected to read, 1010 6th St., S. E., Roanoke, Va.

Your regimental representative desires to know the present address of Ernest P. Demme, formerly regimental Sergeant Major, who left the regiment at Redon just shortly before the overland hike to Camp de Meucon.

Change Pvt. Edwin B. Carter, 172 W. Main St., Danville, Va., to Corp. Edwin B. Carter, same address.

Harry G. Perrine, formerly Battery Clerk, Battery F, is now Purchasing Agent for The Central Pocahontas Coal Co., Crystal

Morning Report—Continued

Block Coal and Coke Co., and The Crystal Block Mining Co., with offices at Welch, West Va.

SECOND ANNUAL REUNION OF CO. I, 320TH INFANTRY, A HUGE SUCCESS

Almost 100 former members of Co. I, 320th Infantry, attended the second annual reunion and banquet, Saturday evening, February 5th, at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa.



GEORGE T. SMITH
Secy., Co. I, 320th Association.

The guests of honor included General Lloyd M. Brett, Captain Wm. C. Vandewater, 1st Lieut. Edward C. Lukens, and Chaplain C. M. Miller.

The banquet hall was fittingly decorated with American flags and bunting while each place was marked with a copy of SERVICE Magazine, the official 8th Division Magazine.

A great cheer lasting for several minutes greeted General Brett as he entered the banquet hall. After an invocation by Chaplain Miller of the Western Penitentiary the boys settled down to a meal resembling in many respects that famous Christmas dinner at Camp Lee. As one glanced around it was hard to realize that these were the same fellows who had been in France. Then, if one fellow got a piece of potato more than another in his slum there was liable to be a murder, now, well—speaking in economic terms of the day everyone was back on pre-war basis.

Chaplain Miller seems to be an adopted buddy with us. His ability to tell stories, preach the Gospel and touch on the sacred

memories of our pals, resting under their little green pup tents in France, has won a place in our hearts.

Just at this time a telegram arrived from Captain H. Parkman.

Boston Mass., Feb. 5th, 1921
S. Bolton, Co. I, 320th Inf.,
Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sorry I cannot be with you. Better luck next year. Best wishes to all.

H. PARKMAN.

Lieut. Lukens who recently returned from France told of conditions as he found them in traveling back over the territory covered by Co. I. He said:

"You can hardly realize that you're in the same place in going back over the roads and towns so familiar two years ago. Nor can you picture Magdelene Farm, and many other battle areas now wheat fields. Imagine, if you can, riding over some of those roads in an automobile where two years ago to have stood upright would have been to count the burial squad.

"Why," he said, "if a tire would have blown out just at that moment I would have dived into a ditch. The people of France," he added, "still have that strong feeling of mingled admiration and friendship for America. You only realize the price paid when you see fifty crippled soldiers over there for every one you see here."

In the two days spent in the Argonne Cemetery he took photographs of all Co. I men's graves he was able to locate and sent them to their nearest relative. As we predicted, he had a message from Marie Louisa to one of the boys. Oh, yes, they still have the same Vim Blune left.

The general's address included a fine compliment to Co. I, the coming reunion of the division in Pittsburgh next August; and a carry on plea. The general said in part, "I feel particularly close to Co. I, 320th Infantry, as many of my personnel came from this company. My right arm as it were, rested in Wm. C. Vandewater, whom I took from this company. I also received Patsy McFarland as sergeant brigade troops and we might add Joe Kujawsky, who looked after the general's mess."

After a most interesting talk he urged each one to live the kind of a life as would make us as worthy to answer the last great roll call as the buddies we left sleeping in France.

Captain Vandewater, who came all the way from Princeton, N. J., for the reunion, expressed his appreciation of being back with Co. I again and assured us that he would look forward with great pleasure to the annual reunion each year.

Now in order to insure an annual reunion an organization was effected with Sabin Bolton being elected President and George Smith Secretary.

Nor did the program simply include speaking, for Homer Dunn, whose sweet tenor voice was so much appreciated in Camp Lee, led the singing and also sang several selections, and Harry Hays, the company commander, entertained both with songs and clog dancing.

Sergeant Hicks Garey was the happiest man there. Last year when Co. I had its first reunion Hicks was lying in a hospital with wounds received in action. This year when he arrived at the Fort Pitt he was



SARVIN BOLTON
Pres. Co. I, 320th Association.

given an ovation second only to General Brett's.

Ike Feathers ably held down the position of toastmaster and Sabin Bolton was chairman of the committee on arrangements.

JACK SUGDEN.

Fieldon F. McElroy, formerly Supply Sergeant, Battery A, is located at Williamson, West Va., where he is Assistant Cashier of The National Bank of Commerce.

CORRECTION FOR YEAR BOOK

Add Henry V. Reagan, Pvt. Co. G, 318th Infantry, 5148 Glenwood Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Add to Battery A & F, 314th Field Artillery, First Lt. Aaron A. Melniker, Bergoff Bldg., Bayonne, N. J.

Change Harry M. Liem, Pvt. 1st Cl., 80th Division Military Police, to read Co. A, 305th Field Signal Battalion, Bingham Lake, Minn.

(Continued on Page 27)

Holidaying in the A. E. F.—Continued

(Continued from Page 14)

would prove the signal for a little demonstration by passing friends. More often than not a high decoration for bravery or conspicuous gallantry adorned his breast, while not infrequently the individual would be seen wearing two or three such honors. Indeed, the "Medaille Militaire" and the "Legion d'Honneur" appeared to be vying for numerical superiority with imitations of the Iron Cross of Germany displayed in the windows of commercial-minded shopkeepers, but here the smile ended abruptly. We fighters of another nation could not but respect and venerate these coveted emblems of valor, the cost in blood and anguish of which we well know. And the more maimed and butchered the object of attention, the more exuberant seemed his indomitable enthusiasm. Four years of hell leagued with the most relentless and perfect military machine the world has known had not been able to crush the "poilu's" native vivacity and humor.

Having no particular destination before us, our feet took us at will through the unusual experience of clean and populous streets—the nearest approach to genuine American pavements we had discovered since that rather misty afternoon when we had so unceremoniously slipped away from the pier at Hoboken. Oh, it was good, unbelievably good, just to mingle and rub elbows with civilians again, even though their tongue and customs were still somewhat alien. The unfamiliar luxury of well-supplied shops and the life of the avenues engaged our interest, all heedless of the flight of time. Our wandering had unconsciously carried us hither and thither, until now we found ourselves on the Avenue du petit Port, almost to the western extremity of the town, before we were aware of the lateness of the hour. Slowly retracing our steps by another route, we had not proceeded many blocks before the unexpected apparition of a large American flag draped over a cafe window beckoned us to halt. The emblem of home, for all its novel environment, looked so brave and inviting three thousand miles removed that we accepted without argument the challenge to enter and investigate its antecedents. While the atmosphere within was distinctly foreign, the expansive smile of "monsieur-le proprietaire" promised a hospitable reception. We were hardly prepared, however, for the instant greeting of "Welcome, my friends," in good old United States. The average French cafe or restaurant is ordinarily a congenial sort of rendezvous, but the presence of an affable proprietor with whom we could converse intelligently, without the necessity of the inevitable "par compree, m'sieur," caused this particular resort to assume manifold attractions.

Mutual confidences were soon established over the clinking goblets of beer, mine host explaining that he had formerly served in one of the large hotels specializing in English and American visitors. He added deprecatingly—by way of apology for his own presence—that he had but recently been demobilized, due to a severe wound. "Monsieur" proved an entirely willing conversationalist and in our quest for information we interrogated him to our heart's content. The acute curiosity that consumed all was too insistent to remain long unvoiced—would he reveal the reason for such apparent gayety we had observed among the civilian populace, here, in the midst of a people with the best of its manhood dead or grievously branded for all life? Our new-found friend, with a pitying smile and an expressive gesture of his hands, hastened to remind us: "C'est ne l'guerre fini? Why, indeed, should we not celebrate our victory and be glad? For four years we have not smiled. And are not 'les brave soldats Americain' now our guests?" Why not, indeed! we could but weakly echo, ashamed of our lack of perception and earlier failure to fathom smiles where only tears had been expected. The magnificent "esprit du corps" which we now beheld in this Frenchman and had witnessed in unbroken front alike among the highest and most humble of his countrymen silenced us by its very inspiration—perhaps never adequately understood until this moment. We permitted ourselves for a fleeting moment to conjecture our own American attitude under similar pressure. After all, we brought the remembrance to mind, France is France and America is America; and when this distinction is properly comprehended, there can be no parallel. And we took our departure, feeling that "monsieur" had provided us with a philosophy that would endure—at least in memory—through all life.

The peremptory insistence by one of our number that he must have another word with the proprietor halted our little group on the curb. He returned with a quizzical look and, assuming the role of guide, announced that we were "bound for the best place in old Aix." We failed to figure out any satisfactory substitute for the dinner known to be waiting but, nothing loath to discover so promising an abode, we protestingly followed the mysterious route that presaged all the "ear-marks" or a hot trail. At least a kilometre must have been left behind before we brought up short in front of a modest, yet dignified structure displaying the legend, "Marlborough Tea Rooms." The appearance of the sign recalled with a rush what had been forgotten in the fullness of the afternoon. One of our erstwhile seekers-of-diversion, whose memory failed to fathom its significance and who had never become wholly

reconciled to practical contact with Britain's favorite beverage, for all our association with "Tommy" and his habits in Picardy, mutinied on the threshold, stubbornly declaring, "None o' your bloody English tay for mine!" Our anticipations, however, were based upon something better and we propelled the recalcitrant along, unwilling and unconvinced.

The room in which we found ourselves was a surprise, but merely the first of a series. Judging from the number and cosmopolitan character of its occupants, we gathered that we had, indeed, struck a popular rendezvous. Every branch and grade of the A. E. F., from brigadier to buck, appeared to be represented about the tables. Seating ourselves, a corporal, whose knowledge of French was several degrees above nil, was deputized to place our order. A tall and very "svelte" blonde approached and he, to whose lot it had fallen, mustered his best "parlez-vous Francaise" to inquire: "Do you have ice cream?" We were making fair progress toward getting our bearings, but when the girl unhesitatingly replied: "Certainly; how many, please?" in as perfect English as cultured Boston itself could boast of, we could but tear open our mouths and gape. "And will you wish cake?" the vision continued. Were wonders never to cease? And was this really the end of a New Year's Day in France? Apparently something was seriously wrong with our mental apparatus. Certain that all of us were destined to awake on the morrow in a world of billets and bugles, someone succeeded in recovering to the extent of an affirmative nod. (Days later we cursed him for his stupidity!) Her exit was the signal for a heated discussion—of what nationality was the "mademoiselle" who handled our language so fluently? About every solution, from French to Chinese, was advanced. We were resolved, when she returned with our order to establish once and for all the status of this puzzling girl, domiciled in an old French town yet so thoroughly conversant with our tongue and customs. "Are you a native?" the question blurtedly greeted her entrance. "Oh, no indeed!" came the startled response. The North Carolinian on the right, with the confidence of a five-year-old, risked a guess: "I have it; you are an American!" only to get a negative shake of the head. "Try again, please," she encouraged. "Then you are English," a corporal ventured, and she assured him that he had won. A hazy memory of "Marlborough" resurrected from school-day history had been the basis for his surmise.

When our confidence had returned sufficiently to tell her of our argument, she was vastly amused and marveled that we had not guessed correctly at first. She

Holidaying in the A. E. F.—Continued

was such an institution here, she explained, that she had believed all American soldiers were familiar with her history. Our Bohemian acquaintance, for all its inauspicious launching, promised to make good progress, until the girl suggested that our cream was rapidly disappearing, for the room was warm. Upon the culmination of a year of waiting, we had promptly forgotten it! Once tasted, however, there was no satisfying abnormal appetites. Perhaps because we really craved the luxury, perhaps partially as an excuse for having the pretty English girl hovering about us, not until we had consumed four plates of the frozen dainty were we content to feel surfeited. And through it all, our ministering goddess evinced not the slightest amazement over our alarming capacity, to which nonchalant acceptance we attributed the frequency of doughboy patrons. Between the repeated catering to our wants, she related to us bits of the establishment's history and told of her decision to specialize in ice cream and cake. Naively confiding that she had heard much of our native "weakness" for these confections, she acknowledged that it had been in no wise exaggerated. Coming to Aix-les-Bains shortly after the leave area was opened to American soldiers, she had found no lack of customers. "Why, this winter is proving my best season," the charming representative of commercial Britain declared, adding, by way of explanation, that "since the Armistice many more infantrymen have been among the 'permissionaires' and they form my best trade." We doubted not; living corroboration of her assertion was afforded by the little groups about the numerous tables. Rarely had there been an order for tea, despite the fact that we could detect no relationship between the aromatic beverage and its "bloody" substitute of British quartermaster issue. And as we feasted and observed, we could not prevent a feel of wondrous satisfaction at the vision of certain friends at home, shivering and grumbling in zero temperature! The law of compensation after all, it seemed, had *not* ceased to function.

Loath to take our departure from amid so congenial an atmosphere, we lingered in common with others, until no legitimate excuse remained for tarrying longer. Not one indicated willingness to assume the initiative; he who had been most lukewarm upon entry was now most voluble in praise—indeed, had proven quite equal to a cup of his particular abhorrence, "tay." While luxuriating in a final cigarette and debating the next "move," one of those—to our untutored minds—intricate pieces of mechanism, a twenty-four hour clock, from its recess high up in the wall proceeded to sound twenty-one times. A rueful laugh at the fate of the first dinner we had planned greeted the echo. Well,

who are we, to lament over such ordinary affairs? Certainly the alibi provided ample recompense! The fellow who originally figured that twenty-one o'clock and 9:00 P. M. are synonymous must have been something of a genius in his way, we decided, as we contemplatively filed out into the street and night-life of Aix-les-Bains. After all, the A. E. F. was a pretty good old army.

There was no necessity to pledge ourselves to return and renew acquaintance on the morrow. In the days that all too swiftly followed, seldom one passed without its visit to the home-like establishment of the amiable English girl on the Avenue Marie, where she so charmingly welcomed her guests and catered to their "weakness." And ere the unbidden hour for leave-taking arrived, we had acquired the role of regular frequenters of the hospitable resort, with the calm certainty of privileged habitués, rather than our actual guise of transient doughboys on holiday bent. In the checkered years that are to come, not one among the thousands who "invaded" Aix-les-Bains during the regime of the A. E. F. can do other than treasure a kindly memory for the "Marlborough" and what it stood for.

Our allusion to the "night-life" of Aix was, perhaps, a bit premature, for we were destined to find that nothing approaching this condition—as the term is generally interpreted—was permitted to maintain here. A variety of reasons were advanced for its absence. It was suggested that this stronghold of the Savoyards was too insignificant to attract the unfortunate creatures who haunted Paris, Lyons and the other large centers; again, that the process of purification was of recent origin and had been completed for the benefit of visiting "permissionaires." Experience teaches that the latter would seem to afford the more plausible theory. Whatever the cause, omission of the somewhat doubtful pleasures that had been anticipated soon became known. Two of our party who had ELEVEN—Service—10900

detached themselves upon leaving the tea rooms with the avowed object of "making a night of it" were unexpectedly prompt in following us to our quarters, disgustedly announcing confirmation of earlier rumors.

The remainder of our now diminished group, recalling that something infinitely superior to bed-sacks and billets awaited occupancy, felt a common impulse to turn homeward and hotelward, quite content to muse over the day's events and revel in the glories of a perfect night. Verily, the New Year had dawned in a manner wonderfully auspicious. The war, the seething maelstrom of the front with its inferno-like bedlam, ruthless carnage and unbelievable havoc, had for the once ceased to be more than a distant mirage; we were at

the moment akin to that rarest of all individuals—a satisfied soldier. Our progress, for all its stimulant, by unspoken agreement was slow and we dallied, reluctant to break the spell of the starry heavens. Our entrance upon the Avenue de la Gare was simultaneous with the outpouring from a cinematograph, inconspicuously stowed away among the shops and hotels. Eager for comparisons, we approached nearer the exit. Anyone who has observed an audience emerge from an American "movie" theater—and who has not?—can but remark at the contrast after an opportunity to view its French counterpart. For the parallel ends at the doors. Later, numerous visits permitted scrutiny of both the institution and its devotees, ultimately resulting in the conclusion that the French motion-picture public is even more enthusiastic than the most rabid "fan" among us. One main point of distinction, however, is the utter seriousness with which the average Frenchman accepts his diversion. In matter of preferences he—so far as we were able to analyze—elects the dramatic and for whole minutes he will sit and solemnly absorb a plot flashed upon the screen which would in America mean the most instant disaster for a film promoter. In cabaret or cafe, whenever the sudden recession of the lights heralds a picture, all extraneous movement and sound practically cease and attention is concentrated upon film. It is the *attitude* assumed toward the whole thing which impels the wonderment. Flashing Latin temperament, ever capable of metamorphosis, is hard to reconcile with our own.

Not for frivolous youth alone is the "movie" in France intended. On this particular night the elderly element predominated among the departing audience, and we were enabled to gather from the random conversation that the attraction of the evening had exceeded expectations. Verily, what a Golconda for some pioneer among our resourceful countrymen! As the crowd dispersed, we examined the program outlined on the modest bulletin board. For a headliner we found the "Arrival of President Wilson at Brest" featured. In comedy a French impersonation of "Charlie Chaplin" was the offering, while the remainder of the program embraced a tragedy with local setting and a contemporary visit of President Poincaré to Alsace-Lorraine. The pictures were fairly representative but withal of a mediocre character, viewed through our "super-production" eyes! For our life we couldn't fathom the display of interest exhibited; and settled it by deciding—as we had oft done before—that our inexplicable allies apparently were just as thorough in enjoying their periods of relaxation as they had been in conducting the war.

A scant half-dozen blocks brought us

LIFE MEMBERS

80th Division Veterans
Association

- 1 Barrett, Byron B.
 - 2 Beale, Guy O.
 - 3 Dunmore, Morris C.
 - 4 Elton, Reuel W.
 - 5 Freeman, Geo. D., Jr.
 - 6 Garretson, Leland B.
 - 7 Hawes, George P., Jr.
 - 8 Hurley, Patrick J.
 - 9 Inhman, John H.
 - 10 Jones, Percy A.
 - 11 Kaulback, Arthur W.
 - 12 Kean, John
 - 13 Schoble, Frank
 - 14 Marcus, Chapin
 - 15 Miller, Elmer J.
 - 16 Winfield, Harley F.
 - 17 Wise, Jenning C.
 - 18 Williams, Lester J.
 - 19 Zachert, Reinhold E.
 - 20 Little, Ed. H.
 - 21 Burdick, Henry H.
 - 22 Moran, D. P.
 - 23 Towers, J. K.
 - 24 Cox, Robert H.
 - 25 Adams, Stuart C.
 - 26 Dugro, Chas. H.
 - 27 Erff, George
 - 28 Negus, H. V. S.
 - 29 Barry, David A.
 - 30 Rising, Herbert
 - 31 Ackerman, David G.
 - 32 Agate, C. C.
 - 33 Ober, J. H.
 - 34 Hoxsey, T. F.
 - 35 Smith, Warren R.
 - 36 Sands, J. W.
 - 37 Jones, Chas. M.
 - 38 Steele, Wesley C.
 - 39 Howell, John B.
 - 40 Wright, F. W.
 - 41 Symington, W. C.
 - 42 Cella, Rob. H.
 - 43 Stafford, Jas. W.
 - 44 Rhoads, Wm. H.
 - 45 Munsick, Donald B.
 - 46 Knowlton, Phillip B.
 - 47 Ritchie, F. S.
 - 48 Auger, C. L., Jr.
 - 49 Paret, Robert B.
 - 50 Harrison, Maj. J. D.
 - 51 Kinney, Warren
 - 52 Mackie, W. H. C.
 - 53 Fullerton, Donald B.
 - 54 Winters, A., Jr.
 - 55 Cortes, George C.
 - 56 Baldwin, R. A.
 - 57 Burwell, Lester T.
 - 58 Thorne, H. B., Jr.
 - 59 Ellison, J. S., Jr.
 - 60 Herron, C. T.
 - 61 Pitney, Shelton
 - 62 Armstrong, Walter T.
 - 63 Fortescue, Granville
 - 64 Hogan, R. C.
 - 65 Ritchie, John
 - 66 Ferguson, J. W., Jr.
 - 67 Jones, DeWitt C.
 - 68 Hopkins, S. V.
 - 69 Mathai, Jos.
 - 70 Kenney, C. S.
 - 71 Timmins, P. M.
 - 72 Wilbert, Howard G.
 - 73 Fleming, Samuel J.
 - 74 Heiner, John P.
 - 75 Curry, Henry R.
 - 76 Gibson, James G., Rennerdale, Pa.
- WHO'S NEXT?

Holidaying in the A. E. F.

—Continued

back into our own tranquil area—back to the friendly shadows of the five-story walls we were already calling home. The night was still young, but already much of the residential section of Aix was in that semi-darkness presaging retirement. Sharply we awoke to the realization that that unaccustomed movement of hob-nails over cobble stones and asphalt had left us weary—"dog-tired." Visions of real pillows and white sheets loomed up to quicken our steps up seemingly endless stairs. Ah, here was our landing at last! "No. 67!" Across the threshold of the beckoning door awaited requital for puppets. Clumsily, hands that were long familiar only with candles fumbled for the switch. Flooded in artificial light, the chamber assumed an aspect even more inviting than the mid-afternoon sun had revealed. Yes, the bed was still there. Half fearfully, we had been prepared to find it removed and the regulation sheaf of straw substituted. With a yell of ecstasy we gleefully threw ourselves upon the snowy, yielding object. Just to revel in the luxuriating confusion of soft pillows and crackling linen. A few minutes of reckless gamboling wrought havoc among the white coverlets. We should worry—and cared less! The business of disrobing this time was no farce, but it was completed with a celerity incredible for men who more often than not had been accustomed to dispensing with this little formality when coaxing slumber. A spectre of pitiless, relentless, slimy mud evoked a momentary shudder as we slid down between the cool sheets with prodigious sighs—the sighs of a human who has come into his creature comforts again. It was preposterous, a crime, to defile such as these. While ruminating over the enigmatical ways of peace, peace itself intervened and terminated all foolish cogitations.

(To be continued)

A Monument Worth While

—Continued

(Continued from Page 7)

actual photos taken during our sojourn at Camp Lee. Perhaps it will recall to the readers of SERVICE days that were big in the pages of retrospection, days that can never return, but which will forever be glorious reminders of loyal service. It's a long way to Tipperary, and a long way to the scenes of our Argonne adventures. But it isn't so far to Lee and the idea of preserving to posterity, at least the cradle of the 80th, is worth while. If you favor this project write your representative in Congress, write to the war department, and write to 80th Division Headquarters and give your opinion. Do it now while

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Mention Service Magazine

the doing is good, or a la Francaise "Toot
sweet."

Gen. Lloyd M. Brett.

Dear Sir:

The Board of the Colonial Dames So-
ciety of America in the State of Virginia
wishes to endorse the movement launched
by Mrs. G. T. W. Kern of Richmond, Va.,
asking that the central portion of Camp
Lee be preserved as a memorial park of the
period of 1917-1920.

Very sincerely yours,

PAGE O. BRYAN,

Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. George Bryan,
926 Park Ave., Richmond, Va.



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119 Federal St., N. S., Pgh., Pa.

Mention Service Magazine

Morning Report—Continued

(Continued from Page 23)

Add to Medical Detachment 317th Infantry, Pvt. 1st Cl., Isaac G. Johnson, care of Fort Blackmore, Fort Blackmore, Va.

Add to 320th Infantry, Hdq., Chaplain Theodore Beck, 504 Park Ave., Williamsport, Pa.

Add to 314th Machine Gun Battalion, Co. A, First Lt. Herman R. Furr, 323 Law Bldg., Norfolk, Va.

Change Corp. Lloyd E. Nicholson, from Division Hdq. to 320th Hdq., 219 N. Fairmount Ave., E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Add to Co. A, 318th Infantry, Pvt. Iver H. Hanson, care of Luther College, Decora, Iowa.

Wanted information concerning whereabouts of Bernard Bayer, formerly Co. M, 318th Inf., missing from home for about 8 months. Information to Mary L. Bayer, 1028 Warrington Ave., S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wanted information regarding pictures taken by Lt. Hazelgrove after the Armistice was signed. Information to 80th Div. Hdq.

Arrivals—William J. Dahill, Jr., arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Dahill, 112 Boylston St., Bradford, Pa. Bill used to be with Headquarters 317th Inf.

“Major-General Adelbert Cronkhite, for-

mer commander of the 80th Div. and now in command of the Third Army Corps Area, with headquarters in Baltimore, recently returned from South America, where he accompanied Secretary of State Colby as military aide.”

Sgt. Major Jas. W. Swoger, formerly 319th Inf., recently suffered the loss of his parents.

Information wanted—Wanted the address of W. H. C. Mackie. Reply to 80th Div. Veterans' Association.

Edwin F. A. Morgan, formerly Capt. Hdq. Co., 313th F. A., announces that he has become associated with the firm of Marbury, Gosnell & Williams, in the general practice of law, 701 Maryland Trust Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

Arrivals—Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Sherry announce the arrival of Edward Sherry. The proud father, who was known in the army as Corporal Sherry, Co. F, 320th Inf., is hoping that Edward will never have to wear the old chevrons.

W. E. Smith, formerly Supply Co., 319th Inf., last known address R. F. D. No. 1, Weedville, Pa. Please communicate with W. C. Taylor, Sewickley, Pa.

Change Thos. S. Eader, Jr., Pvt. 1st Class, Co. L, 318th Inf., 1338 Quincy St., N. W., Washington, D. C., to 601 West Market St., York, Penna.

A. W. B., Box 44, wants to hear from his old buddies of Co. H, 318th Inf.

Change Walter A. Flick from Box 71, Dayton, Ohio, to Box 71, Dayton, Va.

Change Corporal Wm. J. Bender to read, Sgt. Wm. J. Bender.

Wanted — The address of Horseshoer Lenord Armson of Co. F, 305th Ammunition Train; also Horseshoer Shalor of the same company. The address of the former Co. Commander of Co. B, 305th Engineers on or about September 30th, 1917, at Camp Lee. Any information regarding the above named parties will be thankfully

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- "H" Hour—9-26-18—near Bethincourt.
 Bridge constructed under shell fire over the Forges River.
 Ruins—Bethincourt.
 Transport Jam — 9-28-18—Bethincourt.
 Hill "304"—"No Man's Land"—near Bethincourt.
 Hindenburg Line and German Guns. First Am. Plane downed—Gercourt.
 Jerry Concrete Dugout—Cusy.
 French Tank Going Into Action—Montfaucon.
 Jerry O. P. at Montfaucon.
 14 Horses Killed by shell fire—Cusy.
 Camouflaged Road—Argonne Forest.
 Under shell fire—St. Georges.
 Am. Tank in Trap—St. Georges.
 "Over the Top"—11-1-18 Sommerce.
 600 German Prisoners—St. Georges.
 Railroad and Bridge Destroyed by Retreating Germans.
 O. V. Balloon moving up.
 9-2—"Dud" at Beaumont.
 Am. Anti-Aircraft Gun in shell hole near Muese River.

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Morning Report—Continued

(Continued from Preceding Page)
 received by Lewis J. Haas, Allport, Pa.

News was received by relatives of Robert P. Nevin, Jr., a former overseas Y. M. C. A. worker, of his marriage to Miss Mae Wade, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Nevin will make their home at Wichita Falls, Texas, where Mr. Nevin located after his return from France.

Mr. Nevin is a son of the late Colonel Robert R. Nevin (formerly of Sewickley) and brother of Ethelbert Nevin, the composer.

Queer Birds—Continued

(Continued from Page 20)
 billy-fare. What that was I ain't figured out yet, unless it was the bread she brung with the coffee."

Here he gave a final flourishing crack to the rag.

"Now if he'd a crowed like a rooster or cackled like a hen there'd have been some sense to it—but barking like a dog to get eggs—"

He shook his head dubiously.
 "Them French sure is queer birds."

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For a miserable hour the new squad had been drilled by the sergeant, and then this army product remarked sweetly to the men:

"When I was a child I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday school one day and listened to a talk on the beauties of charity I was softened enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said:

"Don't cry, Bertie, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back."

"And believe me, you lob-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling-pins, that day has come."

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Pictures of the Eightieth

THIS is a list of pictures taken at Camp Lee before the Division sailed for France. They are eight inches wide and average thirty-six inches in length and are suitable for framing. The price of each is \$2.00. Order by serial number.

317th Infantry

SERIAL No.	DESCRIPTION
117	Colonel George H. Jamerson.
130	Colonel Charles Keller.
4038	Entire Regiment.
4180	Commissioned Officers.
4133	Officers 3rd Battalion.
4037	Headquarters Company.
4053	Machine Gun Company.
4054	Supply Company.
4056	Band.
4044	Medical Detachment.
4260	Company A.
4050	Company C.
4047	Company D.
4240	Company E.
4048	Company F.
4244	Company G.
4052	Company H.
4049	Company I.
4101	Company K.
4055	Company L.
4051	Company M.

318th Infantry

118	Colonel Briant H. Wells.
119	Colonel U. G. Worrilow.
4032	Entire Regiment.
4015	Officers.
4085	Headquarters Company.
4027	Machine Gun Company.
4044	Supply Company.
4127	Supply Co. with Train.
4155	Band.
4012	Company A.
4011	Company B.
4239	Company C.
4225	Company D.
4023	Company E.
4030	Company F.
4017	Company G.
4018	Company H, 1st Plat.
4020	Company H, 2nd Plat.
4021	Company H, 3rd Plat.
4014	Company I.
4010	Company K.
4026	Company M.

319th Infantry

111	Colonel Frank S. Cocheu.
3835	Entire Regiment.
3833	Medical Detachment.
3846	Headquarters Company.
3896	Machine Gun Company.
3860	Supply Company.
3841	Band.
4004	Company A.
3844	Company B.
3847	Company C.
3834	Company D.
4005	Company E.
4106	Company F.
3843	Company G.
3849	Company H.
3842	Company I.
3852	Company K.
4105	Company L.

320th Infantry

SERIAL No.	DESCRIPTION
112	Colonel Ora E. Hunt.
114	Colonel E. G. Peyton.
115	Lt. Col. William H. Gordon.
113	Major German H. H. Emory.
3850	Entire Regiment.
4135	Commissioned Officers.
3882	Headquarters Company.
3861	Machine Gun Company.
3898	Supply Company.
v833	Medical Detachment.
4201	Band.
3878	Company A.
4002	Company B.
3894	Company C.
3880	Company D.
3856	Company E.
3892	Company F.
3830	Company G.
3858	Company H.
3886	Company I.
3875	Company K.
4000	Company L.
3884	Company M.

313th Field Artillery

122	Colonel Charles D. Herron.
121	Colonel George P. Hawes.
3867	Entire Regiment.
3871	Commissioned Officers.
3873	Band.
3869	Battery A.
3811	Battery B.
3809	Battery C.
3890	Battery D.
3865	Battery E.
3808	Battery F.

314th Field Artillery

123	Colonel Robert S. Welsh.
3805	Entire Regiment.
3815	Commissioned Officers.
3821	Headquarters Company.
3813	Supply Company.
3822	Band.
3827	Medical Detachment.
3818	Battery B.
3816	Battery C.
3814	Battery D.
3817	Battery E.
3812	Battery F.

315th Field Artillery

124	Colonel Russell P. Reeder.
4169	Entire Regiment.
4059	Commissioned Officers.
4197	Supply Company.
4256	Band.
4215	Medical Detachment.
4193	Battery A.
4167	Battery C.
4137	Battery D.
4195	Battery E.
4185	Battery F.

305th Engineers

SERIAL No.	DESCRIPTION
4162	Entire Regiment.

313th Machine Gun Battalion

4178	Entire Battalion.
4173	Battalion Headquarters.
4176	Company A.
4174	Company B.
4175	Company C.

314th Machine Gun Battalion

4158	Entire Battalion.
4170	Commissioned Officers.

315th Machine Gun Battalion

4156	Entire Battalion.
------	-------------------

Headquarters Troop

4153	Entire Troop.
------	---------------

Field Signal Battalion

4141	Entire Battalion.
4143	Company A.
4147	Company B.
4145	Company C.

305th Ammunition Train

4130	Entire Train.
4132	Commissioned Officers.
4089	Company B.

Sanitary Train

4040	Amb. Cos. 317 318, 319.
4038A	Ambulance Co. 317.
4036	Ambulance Co. 318.
4242	Ambulance Co. 319.
4262	Ambulance Co. 320.

305th Trench Mortar Battery

4160	Entire Battery.
------	-----------------

305th Trains

4187	Co. A Mil. Police.
4257	Co. B Mil. Police, (Dismt.).
4219	Co. B Mil. Police, Mounted.
4241	Co. C Supply Train.
4213	Ord. Rep. Unit 305.

Base Hospital Camp Lee

4123	Commissioned Officers.
4125	Non-commissioned Officers.
4122	Nurses.

Pictures of the Eightieth

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

SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
1	Jumping Off Place, 160th Brigade, Sept. 26th, 1918.....	.50	11	Armored Machine Gun Nest at Bethincourt50
2	Barbed Wire in Front of Dead Man's Hill50	12 (a)	Ravine Between Sommerance and St. Juvin.	
3	German Dugouts North of Bethincourt50	(b)	General View Ravine Aux Pierres and Woods to North.	
4	320th Inf. P. C. at Gercourt.....	.50	(c)	Close-up of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
5 (a)	Machine Gun Nests in Bois de Dannevoux		(d)	Close-up of Out Post "Fox Holes" in Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(b)			(e)	Woods North of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(c)	Boche Observation Tower on Dannevoux Ridge.		(f)	Sommerance and the Country to the North.	
(d)	Boche Artillery Position Captured by 319th Infantry.		(g)	Ravine North of Sommerance.	
(e)	380 mm. gun Captured by 319th at Dannevoux.		(h)	Rau de St. Georges—Alliepont in the Distance.	
	Single picture in the above set....	.50	(i)	Buzancy and the Battlefield North and South.	
	Set No. Five (a to e).....	1.75		Single pictures in this set.....	.50
6 (a)	Bois de Sachet, General View.			Complete set of nine.....	3.00
(b)	Battery of 150's captured in Bois de Sachet by 320th Infantry.		101	Major General Adelbert Cronkhite.	1.00
(c)	A Close Up of One of the 150's.		110	Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett.	1.00
(d)	Close Up of Hun Observation Post in Bois de Sachet.		117	Brigadier General George H. Jamerson	1.00
	Single pictures in this set.....	.50		Following are Panoramic Views of Brest:	
	Entire set of four.....	1.50	7175	General View of Camp Pontanezan	2.00
7	Ruins and Desolation of Bethincourt50	7193	Napoleon's Headquarters at Camp Pontanezan	2.00
8 (a)	General View of Nantillois Battlefield, including Bois des Ogons and Hill 274.		7229	"The Mill" at Pontanezan, largest delousing plant in the world....	2.00
(b)	Close View of "Fox Holes" on Hill 274.		7250	General View of Harbor of Brest..	2.00
(c)	Close View of South Edge of Bois des Ogons.			Following were taken at Camp Lee:	
(d)	Open Ground Between Bois de Ogons and Woods to the North.		3823	West Virginia Day in Camp Lee..	2.00
	Single pictures in this set.....	.50	4217	General View of Camp Lee from the Water Tower	2.00
	Entire set of four.....	1.50			
10 (a)	Nantillois-Cunel Road near Farm de Madelaine.				
(b)	South of Cunel near the Boche trench "de Mamelle"				
(c)	Cunel and Surrounding Country, including the Bois de Rappes.				
(d)	Briulles-Cunel Road east of Cunel.				
	Single pictures of this set.....	.50			
	Entire set of four.....	1.50			

Pictures of the Eightieth---Continued

THE following Panoramic Photographs were all taken in France, are about eight inches wide and average between three and four feet in length. Order by serial number and title.

317th Infantry		
Serial No.	Title	Price.
1197	Regimental	\$2.00
1220	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1232	Sup. Co.	2.00
1221	M. G. Co.	2.00
1198	A Co.	2.00
1199	B Co.	2.00
1200	C Co.	2.00
1201	Co. C (3rd Pl.)	2.00
1202	D Co.	2.00
1203	E Co.	2.00
1204	F Co.	2.00
1205	G Co.	2.00
1206	H Co.	2.00
1207	I Co.	2.00
1219	K Co.	2.00
1209	L Co.	2.00
1210	M Co.	2.00
1222	Hdq. Pl.	2.00
1223	1 Pound Pd.	2.00
1224	Pioneer Pl.	2.00
1225	Officers 2nd Bn.	2.00
1226	Band	2.00
1227	Signal Pl.	2.00
1228	Sappers and Bombers Pl.	2.00
1229	Baseball Team Sup. Co.	2.00
1230	Baseball Team M. G. Co.	2.00
318th Infantry		
1173	Officers	2.00
1177	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1216	Hdq. Detch.	2.00
1175	Sup. Co.	2.00
1168	M. G. Co.	2.00
1178	A Co.	2.00
1174	B Co.	2.00
F801	C Co.	1.50
F802	D Co.	1.50
F803	E Co.	1.50
F804	F Co.	1.50
F805	G Co.	1.50
F806	H Co.	1.50
1215	I Co.	2.00
1172	K Co.	2.00
1170	L Co.	2.00
1171	M Co.	2.00
1176	Med. Detch.	2.00
319th Infantry		
F807	Hdq. Co.	1.50
F808	Sup. Co.	1.50
F809	M. G. Co.	1.50
F810	A Co.	1.50
F811	B Co.	1.50
F812	C Co.	1.50
F813	D Co.	1.50
F814	E Co.	1.50
F815	F Co.	1.50

Serial No.	Title	Price.
F816	G Co.	1.50
F817	H Co.	1.50
F818	I Co.	1.50
F819	K Co.	1.50
F820	L Co.	1.50
F821	M Co.	1.50
320th Infantry		
1196	Regimental	2.00
8038	M. G. Co.	1.50
8001	I Co.	1.50
8002	K Co. (Helmets)	1.50
8003	K Co. (Caps)	1.50
8004	L Co.	1.50
8005	M Co.	1.50
313th Field Artillery		
1189	Regimental	2.00
1181	Reg. Detch.	2.00
1191	Officers	2.00
1211	Officers	2.00
1190	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1186	Sup. Co.	2.00
1214	A Battery	2.00
1179	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00
1212	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00
1213	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00
1185	B Battery	2.00
1192	C Battery	2.00
1193	D Battery	2.00
1194	E Battery	2.00
1195	F Battery	2.00
1180	N. C. O. Hdq. Co.	2.00
1182	1st Bn. Detch.	2.00
1183	2nd Bn. Detch.	2.00
1184	Band	2.00
314th Field Artillery		
1156	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1187	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1231	Hdq. Detch.	2.00
1188	A Battery	2.00
315th Field Artillery		
1158	Regimental	2.00
1167	Officers	2.00
1165	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1166	Sup. Co.	2.00
1159	A Battery	2.00
1160	B Battery	2.00
1161	C Battery	2.00
1162	D Battery	2.00
1163	E Battery	2.00
1164	F Battery	2.00
313th Machine Gun Battalion		
8006	Hdq. Detch. (Helmets)	1.50
8007	Hdq. Detch. (Caps)	1.50
8008	A Co.	1.50
8009	B Co.	1.50

Serial No.	Title	Price.
8010	C Co.	\$1.50
8011	D Co. (Helmets)	1.50
8012	D Co. (Caps)	1.50
305th Field Signal Battalion		
8013	Regimental (Large)	2.00
8014	Regimental (Small)	1.50
8015	Officers	1.50
8016	A Co.	1.50
8017	B Co.	1.50
8018	C Co.	1.50
8019	1st and 2nd Sec. Co. C.	1.50
305th Motor Supply Train		
8020	B Co.	1.50
8021	D Co.	1.50
8022	E Co.	1.50
8023	F Co.	1.50
305th Ammunition Train		
8024	A Co.	1.50
8025	B Co.	1.50
8026	D Co. (Helmets)	1.50
8027	D Co. (Caps)	1.50
8028	E Co.	1.50
8029	G Co.	1.50
8030	Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Large)	2.00
8031	Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Small)	1.50
305th Engineers		
F822	Hdq. Detch	1.50
F823	Officers	1.50
F824	Co. A.	1.50
F825	Co. B.	1.50
F826	Co. C	1.50
F827	Co. D.	1.50
F828	Co. E.	1.50
F829	Co. F.	1.50
F830	Officers 1st Bn.	1.50
F831	Officers 2nd Bn.	1.50
305th Sanitary Train		
8032	317th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8033	318th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8034	319th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8035	320th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8036	Hdq. Ambulance Section.	1.50
Miscellaneous		
8037	Hdq. Troop 80th Division	1.50
8039	M. P. Co., 80th Division.	1.50
8040	Market Place at Economy	1.50
1217	Signal Detch. 80th Div.	2.00
1218	305th M. V. Section.	2.00

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August 4, 5, 6, 1921

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