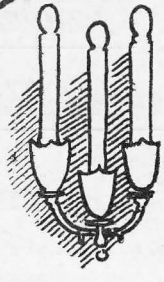


Service

MAY 1921



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

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

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May, 1921

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Service the nineteenth has tried to give you a little variety such as we think you want and like to read. If we have succeeded in pleasing you, why we're happy. If we haven't been hitting the bullseye you tell us, Sergeant, and we'll try to do better. We don't know what you like until we have served up a dish to you and we can usually tell by your mess kits if we put it across to your satisfaction. It's your "Mag," and your place to criticise, boost, and help to edit. If your old outfit isn't getting its share of news, start the ball rolling by sending it in yourself. Every outfit should have its news in for Morning Reports. Merci.

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

REQUIEM.

*Distill most gently dewes of Northern France,
Here lie the strong.
Propitious Genius of our destiny
Rear flaming tripods on the holy ground.
Here lie the hecatombs of liberty,
Portentous gift and irreplaceable.
These are they who sprang from out the womb of Life
Clad in white armament; God's lofty sons.
These be not dead. They live. Amen.*

*Breathe costly fragrance, winds of fair Lorraine;
Ye South wind, spice, frankincense and sweet myrrh;
Ye crisp West wind, the freshness of the sea;
Ye North, bring whitened raiment, South wind, smile.
Bow down, ye earth,
Ye sun and moon, all bright nocturnal stars—
Beneath thine auspices let ages pass.
Dissolve, ye primal elements of Time.
Here is the threshold of eternity,
These be not slain. Behold. They speak.*

*Tread lightly damosels of Normandy,
Break not the mystic chords; the golden strands
Pray disentangle not with thoughtless step.
Behold the men! fair symbols of all time.
Gaze inconsiderate youth with pensiveness.
Let womanhood rejoice, old age confirm;
While childhood stares in reverential awe.
These be high priests who raise the living dead.
Let nations merge all passing differences.
Crude class antipathies, intestine strife,
Be hushed through concord's healing cadences.
Let unseen hands unveil the mysteries
Of brotherhood. America be thou
Articulate. Pronounce majestically;
THESE ARE MY SONS, FAIR SAVIOURS OF THE
WORLD.*

*Distill most gently dewes of Northern France,
Breathe costly fragrance, winds of fair Lorraine.
Tread lightly, damosels of Normandy.*

—WILLIS VERNON COLE.

"Two Years After"

So Long As the Last Survivor Shall Live—May 30th Will Have an Ever Increasing Significance to Those Who Served in the Great Adventures of Our Wars

JUST two years ago, May 30th, 1919, as shipload after shipload of tired and impatient Yanks steamed past the big little old lady on Bedloes Island, took mental note of the gay colors on the decks of the passing launches and excursion boats headed down the bay for a day of merry-making, glad to cheer and be cheered in turn, each feeling a lump in the throat as though some great event was about to happen. Each Yank no doubt felt the spiritual presence of those comrades who a short year before had stood at their side awaiting the word to debark, a stranger in a strange land, welcomed by vivid evidences of the deep mourning of a land devastated by over four years of warfare. Each man could close his eyes and see that other day and the confusing mental pictures that followed. Each had indelibly printed in his heart and memory, that still white face, that crude mound of yellow clay with its symbolic rifle sticking into the ground, a helmet that was no longer to figure in the great adventure. A rusty bayonet struck in fashion to represent a cross, a parting, silent farewell from the heart of every wearer of the O. D. as they moved forward to work unfinished or back to await the day and hour to return to home and loved ones. It was the hardest part of the war to come away and leave them "over there." And still many there were who envied them their peace and rest, and the privilege of sleeping eternally upon this sacred ground. Suddenly the reverie is broken, a palatial yacht draws alongside of our giant home of the past ten days. Morning papers are thrown to our eager hands, we read the accounts of the day's doings in our beloved country, our homeland,

we read the baseball score, we see the name of our home town which for a moment has figured in some news worthy of national mention. We make a hurried inspection of this great American enterprise from cover to cover. We see that we are expected. Why a delegation from home is

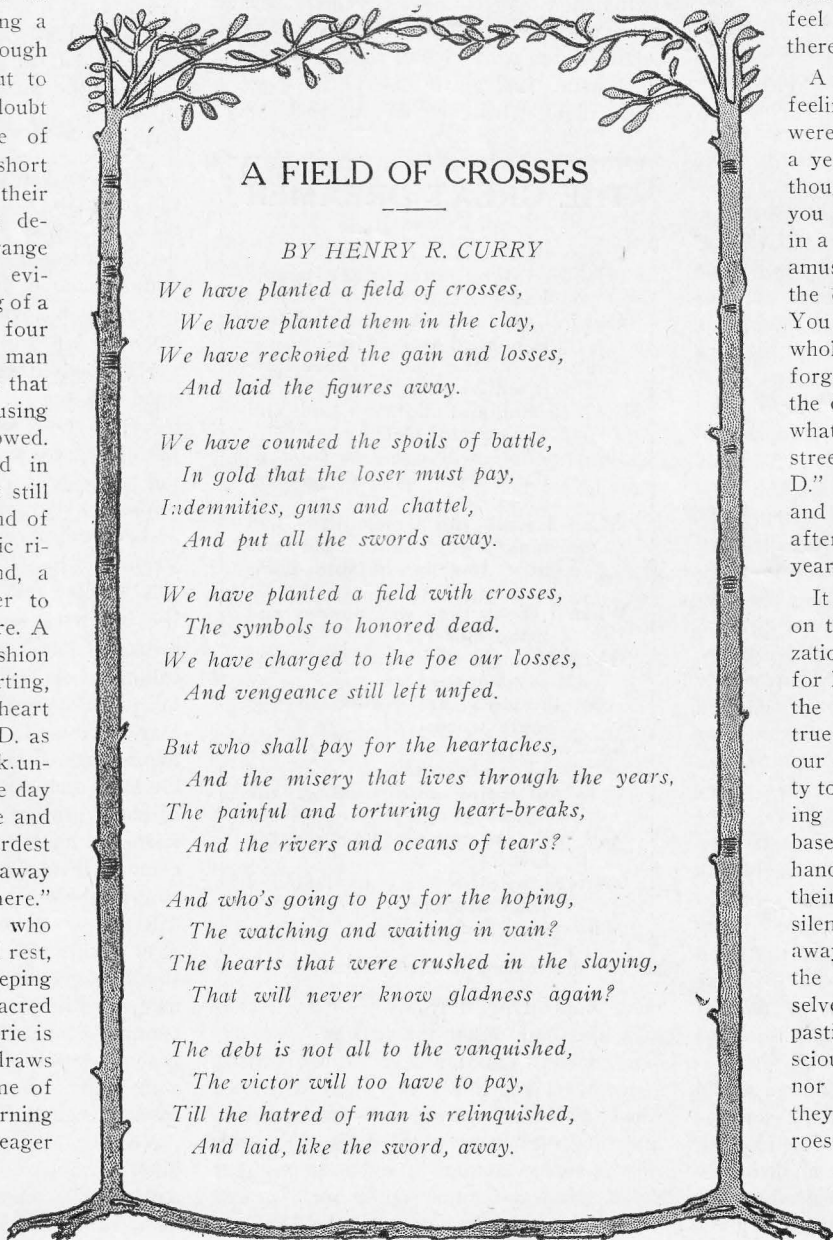
actually there in a boat yelling at us. We hardly dare hope that the one person we most long to see will be there, it would be expecting too much. We get a mental flash telling us that it would be hardly fair to those buddies left "over there." Better by far that they wait for us quietly at home—

the sight of O. D. and the unending monotony of standing in line for this, that and the other thing. If we could just take wings and fly home and there sit in silence with the folks, and feel the pressure of their hands, the close sympathetic beat of their hearts, and know that they understood our mood and how we feel about that Buddy over there.

A year later you had the same feelings, yet this time they were mingled with thoughts of a year back in the civies. You thought you wanted to forget, you tried to drown the memory in a day of pleasure, but the old amusements didn't seem to have the old pull they used to have. You felt kind of bored at the whole affair, you felt you had forgotten something, you spent the day trying to figure out just what it was, then you saw the streets once more full of "O. D." You remembered the day and you remembered one year after—this year it will be "two years after."

It will require but little urging on the part of veterans' organizations to get their members out for Memorial Day observance as the year advance. While it is true that last year in many of our cities, crowds of from twenty to thirty thousand were shouting themselves hoarse at the baseball game while a mere handful of buddies were paying their tribute of respect to their silent comrades a few blocks away, it does not follow that the multitude enjoying themselves at the great national pastime were entirely unconscious of the purpose of the day, nor of the debt, payable, that they owe to these sleeping heroes who sacrificed not only the enjoyments of a great holiday, but the right of life itself. Many of them were in uniform,

that in itself is a token of respect, many of them had attended exercises at the graves of heroes of other wars in the forenoon, many were as we used to say in France, "Fed up with the war," only to experience



A FIELD OF CROSSES

BY HENRY R. CURRY

*We have planted a field of crosses,
We have planted them in the clay,
We have reckoned the gain and losses,
And laid the figures away.*

*We have counted the spoils of battle,
In gold that the loser must pay,
Indemnities, guns and chattel,
And put all the swords away.*

*We have planted a field with crosses,
The symbols to honored dead.
We have charged to the foe our losses,
And vengeance still left unfed.*

*But who shall pay for the heartaches,
And the misery that lives through the years,
The painful and torturing heart-breaks,
And the rivers and oceans of tears?*

*And who's going to pay for the hoping,
The watching and waiting in vain?
The hearts that were crushed in the slaying,
That will never know gladness again?*

*The debt is not all to the vanquished,
The victor will too have to pay,
Till the hatred of man is relinquished,
And laid, like the sword, away.*

there is something solemn about the whole affair that the home folks don't seem to get. Yet, maybe it is us, perhaps we have changed. Surely they feel the same loneliness, the same sorrow as ourselves. We would like to get away from it all, from the memories, the cheers, the flag waving,

(Continued on Page 27)

Reminiscences of a "Rookie"

By LYLE DAVID

Editor's Note—

Mr. Lyle David has promised *Service* a series of stories under the title "Reminiscences of a Rookie." Mr. David's prose and verse has met wide favor from the readers of *Service*.

IT ALWAYS makes me kind of sad when I hear a man boasting about his Anglo-Saxon name, as if he had never heard of Shakespeare's remark about the rose smelling just as sweet by any another nom de plume.

The war had to be fought by somebody, didn't it? All the Smiths and Joneses collected together only made up about nine or ten divisions at the most. The rest of us had to own up to being hog-tied with some other "christening" affliction.

In our company the Smith-Jones deluge suffered its first defeat; the "Skis" had it with plenty to spare. Brown was a good old Americano name, but Browninski was often heard on the campus. Zangwill, when he wrote the "Melting Pot," had this feature in mind when he said: "Remember thy father and mother, O thou Americano; for the name of Lincoln shall become Lincolnstien and the merry sound of Skis and Skushes will be heard in the land."

I remember the morning in camp when the shavetails lined us up and called the roll. It sounded like a Hungarian rhapsody in A minor. After looking me over in that well-bred, delicate manner that all shavetails had in those days, in order to make you realize how small and wholly unimportant you really were; they farmed me off to the rookie squad, with the rest of the "unpronounceables."

I accepted their decision, of course; they were endeavoring to be kind, I could see that. When a fellow gets himself promoted to the pivot man in the rear rank on the first day that he is in camp, he has no kick coming. I have received many touching honors in my life since that glad day, but nothing to compare with the mild, delicious thrill that came to me at that moment. It was a subtle recognition of my soldierly qualities and I felt proud—just as proud and gratified as a man would be, who had been selected by the state as the leading figure in a little private hanging that they were putting on for his benefit—and the edification of a few chosen guests.

The front pivot man was a large, benevolent looking individual by the name of Tin Ear Prosockilski. I learned to love that man. I could have bounced a brick off his—but why digress? Things were as they were and the devil take the hindmost.

On my left was little Antonio Stilleto; beside him was Cock Eyed MacDougall.

The rest of the squad answered to the names of Asnud Husumumamax, Olof Vockerat, Sour Face Bushwa and Broken Arches Finklestone. O happy family of joy killers; where shall I ever find your likes again? But no matter, I will go on; a historian must be faithful to his trust.

I admit that I had a few disagreeable words with Broken Arches Finklestone in those days, but nothing to amount to very much. He got promoted to supply sergeant the first month that he was in camp—I went half naked many times after that. But let that pass, I forgive all. If I ever meet him again in this world I will rush up with the glad hand, just as of old. I hope it's a dark night when we do meet—I never

young, we were patriotic, we loved the song; and with Stilleto singing high bass and Prosockilski a few octaves lower, we all joined in the swinging chorus, proud and happy for the opportunity of displaying our broken Yankee.

Finally, the colonel came rushing out through the door. I remember at that time that I thought he appeared a little excited—he was. He passed the next five minutes with us very pleasantly; the colonel was the most democratic man that ever lived, he didn't care who he mixed with. Caste to the colonel was nothing. That man would have pulled off his "flying chickens" and went to the mat with a brass monkey, if there was any chance for a little excitement.

After we had picked ourselves up out of the dust in which we had been strewn about in some unaccountable manner, we decided after a brief consultation that the damned colonel didn't like our singing. You never can tell what a man will do after he loses his patriotism.

We tried to sing it again, sort of subdued like, but no use—there was something missing. Our voices didn't seem to have the old fervor and swing that is so essential to the proper rendering of such a masterpiece. We gave it up after a few notes or two, and marching back to the barracks we turned in. It had been a hard song to sing and we felt a little done up somehow, God knows.

One of the features of the camp was the calling of the roll in our squad-infactoum. We had a special hog English interloper for that purpose. He generally started off calm-like and smoothly with the names of Finklestone and MacDougall but by the time he had reached Prosockilski, his eyes would take on a hunted look and his breath would come in little short gasps, like a pig trying to escape from a poke.

I always feared for the man in those days and wondered many times, when I saw him glaring evilly at Asnud Husumumamax when he would as usual start stumbling over his name, why he didn't grab up one of the stray Springfield's that were lying around and brain him on the spot.

Nothing as fortunate as that happened, however, as it was only one of his passing moods, and when he would come to my name of Hell's Bells Sissfriskus, he would start smiling in a sarcastic manner when he looked at me. He was thinking, no doubt, of my well dressed appearance—Finklestone hadn't been promoted to supply sergeant at that time.

We were all like brothers in those days, and as thick as peas in a pod. Nothing could pull us apart. Of course, if one of

THE GREAT DREAMER

BY LYLE DAVID

I labored long after other people
had gone to bed:

This in a way is foolish, but ambition
is a hard taskmaster.

Being one of the plain people I aspired
to great heights;

I will be rich and mighty, I said, and
a master of Destiny;

Many people will come to look in
the golden windows of my
great house;

When I walk the streets they will
make way before me and
bow low in humble obeisance;

When I speak they will ponder and
listen closely;

When I remain silent they will whisper
knowingly:

"His thoughts are too deep for
mere words."

Now when this comes to pass I will
have arisen above the stigma
of being born one of the
"plain people,"

And will take my place among the
Elect,

Obliterating the taint of labor, I
shall become—

A Moneyed Jackass.

could control my feelings with an advantage like that. When the squad got into action, nobody had any excuse for staying indoors. I remember the night when we lined up behind the colonel's headquarters and sang the "Star Spangled Banner," with all the mellow sentiment and harmony that the squad was hooted—noted for. It was beautiful, our voices rose to the heavens. The colonel happened to be asleep—he didn't sleep long. But ah, the joyous swish and swash of it all. I dimly recall the moment the first boot hit Cock Eyed MacDougall—after that they refused to stand still and be counted. The skies opened and poured them down on our youthful heads. But what did we care? We were

Reminiscences of a "Rookie"—Continued

us got a kick on the chin from a number ten hob-nail, we generally let go our hold on the other member's throat for a while and declared an armistice. That was natural. Cock Eyed MacDougall once said: "A little armistice now and then, is relished by the best of men." There was philosophy for you. Cock Eyed was full of it. Poor devil, he got knocked off in the Argonne five days after the war was over. He had taken an old gunny sack that he found somewhere, and going out into No Man's Land he started digging around for a few trinkets to take back to his old man who lived in Kokomo, Ind. He had collected a bag full of odds and ends, like; stray bombs, hand grenades and such-like—he was the most considerate man I ever knew, he was always thinking of others and would go out of his way in order to bring them back something as a token of his good will. Well, anyhow, on his return home he felt a little tired, I guess on account of toting such a heavy load, and taking the bag off his shoulder he placed it carefully on the ground and sat down on it. I don't know what happened after that, things began to move sort of sudden like. I don't want to say anything out of the way, but we thought the war had opened up again and we started diving back into the dug-outs for our gats. When we come out Cock Eyed was nowhere to be seen. We looked over to where the Heinies were playing leap frog together, but didn't see nothing suspicious. After a while we got up a searching party, thinking perhaps he had strayed around absent-minded like and got lost, but we couldn't find hide nor hair of him anywhere. We reported back to the captain what we had discovered and he said: "It's a strange thing about Cock Eye up and leaving us thataway; put him down as 'missing in action' and let it go at that." But, I am getting ahead of my story. Still, a reminiscence like that touches a man, I tell you—it touches him.

After Broken Arches Finklestone got promoted to supply sergeant our squad was shy a man for some time. We kept in misstep as best as we could during those days, but we felt kind of lonely with that blank file always staring us in the face. Those were dark days and we all plunged into a little K. P. work to help us forget.

Finally, they sent over a lopsided Yank by the name of Big Lip Fellinditch. We were hungry for companionship and we welcomed him viciously. Asmud led him over behind the latrine and frisked him nonchalant-like for the dozen or so kopecks that he had left carelessly about him. It was a dirty low down trick, it was abominable, it lowered the morale of the squad as no other robbery had ever done before. I could have fell on Asmud and crushed him to the earth; so intensely were my feelings outraged. When it come to the divvy he

held out six bits over and above, as a slight recompense for being the first one to know Fellinditch had money. We took our share sadly. I was hurt. It was the first time that we discovered there was a dishonest man among us—there was other times later—but let that pass. War is war.

Well, I did the best I could to repair the morale of the squad right then and there. I stood Asmud up against the latrine and gave him a lecture on honesty that would have brought tears to the eyes of any wayward sinner that ever lived. It made no impression. I couldn't pry another cent out of him with a crowbar. There is no use of trying to reform a man like that with anything less than a two-handed club; he was set in his dishonest ways and only grinned when I began to sketch carefully the brimstone fate that awaited him, after the deluge. I told him as diplomatically as possible, under the stress of the moment, what a man that would hold out on his friends like he was trying to do was a low down skunk and an amphibia sort of an animal that was only a few steps from hell. He protested a little at this, and I could hardly keep from murdering him on the spot—I refrained. He was about a head taller than I was and a little thing like that can't be overlooked. No! I would leave him to his guilty conscience; I refused to degrade myself by laying an honest man's hand upon him. I told him that several times; I told him that as loudly as possible—in fact I screamed it. He let me up after a couple of more swings and we shook hands in a sort of half hearted manner—I wasn't very enthusiastic about it myself, but I let him have his way. He left me then and went on back to the barracks rejoicing in his wickedness, and I strolled over to see a friend I had in the medical department. It was necessary, I needed him as there were a few little repairs that I thought best to have done at that moment.

The day the news came that we were ordered to France was a happy occasion for all. I had written to a friend I had in Washington—a congressman—but to no avail. I had to go anyhow. We talked it over in the squad that night and decided after a brief vote not to interfere with any plans that the government had at that time. The same night Sour Face Bushwa was put on guard as a slight token of the esteem in which the squad was held in at headquarters, so along about ten o'clock in the evening I strolled over to the "post" Sour Face was on, in order to cheer him up and smoke a few of his cigarettes to pass the time away.

Sour Face had an important "post," he told me that himself. It was "post" No. 21, over back of the mule stables, near the depot brigade. It tickled Sour Face to think

that the sergeant would favor him like that.

When I appeared and gave him the sign I noticed that he acted kind of proud over something or another. Sour Face was the blamest man I ever knew to get stuck up over some little thing. He told me in a kind of an elated manner that Fanklestone had found out that in the "intelligence tests" we all had went through the week before, Sour Face had made the highest percentage of any man in the squad—something like 99¾ per cent, I think he said. I felt kind of proud about a mark like that myself and I told him so. I said, Sour Face, you done nobly, nobody in the whole darned regiment could have done any better than that."

This pleased him, still he was modest. Sour Face was always like that, just as modest and as unassuming as a girl.

Well, after a while we went over behind the stables and sitting down on a couple of rocks that were lying about we smoked and talked like old friends will, about this and that and the other thing. We were happy and contented and felt evil toward no man.

We were sitting there talking about something, I forget now just what it was—Sour Face's girl back in West Virginia, I think, when we heard somebody plowing around in front of the stables, and cursing like a man who had been caught without a "pass." We kept quiet for a while and didn't say nothing, thinking he would go away again, but pretty soon he come threshing about and almost ran into us before he saw who we were.

It was the "Officer of the Day." Sour Face said later that he didn't have any business out at night, anyway—but I ain't positive about that.

Sour Face jumped up smart like and come to parade rest, just as neat and clean as any man in the division could have done. He was like that, always right up to snuff when it come to military courtesies, I can tell you.

The "Officer of the Day" didn't say nothing for a while, but just looked at Sour Face with a pained expression on his face. I learned after that I was misaken, it was murderous. Sour Face up and gave him a snappy hand salute in a sort of friendly way and said: "Well, captain, it's a nice night I guess, taking everything into consideration."

"It is?" said the captain, ominous like.

"And I ain't see nothing suspicious around here since dark," said Sour Face, laying down his gun and reaching into his hip pocket for the makings.

I don't know what happened after that. I got a poor memory for details. War's a funny thing to figure out, no matter how

(Continued on Page 25)

"Drafted From the Draft"

The Great Mass of Figures Gathered by the Writer of This Article Can Be Best Understood by Those Whose Service Was Rendered at Ports of Debarkation

By RUSSELL L. STULTZ



AS THE weeks go by, a trio of anniversaries loom on the horizon that are due to arouse varied emotions in all American males between certain well-defined ages. April, May, and June, so the changing record goes.

Barely four years ago, in a month always memorable in American history, on April 6, 1917, Congress peremptorily severed the peaceful relations then existing with Germany. Scarce six weeks later, on May 18, this same Congress approved the Selective Service Act and incidentally ushered in compulsory military duty in the United States. Closely followed by a nation-wide registration on June 5, events from that date proceeded to move with a somewhat disconcerting rapidity.

While, officially, there were no less than three distinct registrations for military service, the great preponderance of National Army men who saw active duty abroad will tell you there was in reality but *one* "Registration Day." Not so many months since, the bare mention of June 5, was liable to evoke anything ranging from tears to a free-for-all fight, but four short years have succeeded in relegating the date to memory's background.

Whether your number was among the magical three figures, "258," which headed the drawing, or whether it chanced to be the nine millionth on the list, the probabilities are that you were called much sooner than you had expected. And whether you were exempted, rejected for physical reasons or among the majority hustled off to one of the multitude of training centers that dotted the country from Florida to Washington state, the chances are that, while the proceedings lasted, you came in for your measure of anxious moments. However, if you were not among the first 10,000,000 males between the ages of 21 and 31 years who "signed up" on the 5th day of June, 1917, statistics relate that you had a comparatively slim possibility of seeing foreign service. Perhaps, of course, you may have anticipated the workings of the draft machinery and avoided its tentacles by voluntary enlistment.

Few of us, we dare say, would seek to unearth romance amid the atmosphere of the Provost-Marshal General's office in Washington, but it is in just such environment that we often discover some of life's greatest tragedies. However dull and prosaic the figures may appear today, it was

not so very distant when slightly more than half of America's masculine population found much for reflection in the orders and reports emanating from General Crowder's headquarters. No state or county, no city or hamlet escaped the hand that beckoned and held forth a uniform. Indeed, few families remained untouched by the relentless march of events following our decision to participate in the European conflict.

It remained, however, for the enactment and subsequent enforcement of the Selective Service law to place the United States upon an actual war footing and to bring the declaration of hostilities home to patrician and plebian, rich and poor. From that day in May, 1917, when Congress embarked upon the great experiment of com-

able for military duty. The total of these, embracing the registrations in the several territories, and Porto Rico was 24,234,021. Of this number 40.96 per cent, or 9,925,751 registered on June 5th. The second registration, on June 5, 1918, included all men who had attained the age of 21 years since June 5, 1917, and amounted to 912,564, or 3.77 per cent of the total. The third and final registration took place on Sept. 12, 1918, and was for the purpose of classifying all men between the ages of 18 and 20 and 32 and 45 years. Its total was 13,395,706, or 55.27 per cent of the whole.

Exclusive of territories, the three registrations totaled 23,908,576, the remaining 325,445 being divided between Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico, and amounting to 1.34 per cent of all. Of this number, Porto Rico, with 236,853 registrants, had by far the largest percentage, Hawaii following with 72,741, and Alaska a bad third, with but 15,851.

Of the several states, New York led with the greatest number of registrants, 2,511,046, second place falling to Pennsylvania, with a total registration of 2,069,407, third to Illinois, with 1,574,877 and fourth place to Ohio, with 1,389,474. Nevada ranked the lowest in total of registrants, having but 30,808, while Delaware and Wyoming followed with 55,277 and 59,977, respectively.

It is interesting to note that of the more than twenty-five million men who registered, only 55,368, or slightly less than 2 per cent, professed non-combatant religious creeds. In addition, however, there were numerous so-called "conscientious objectors." Of 1,697 cases investigated by the War Department, 1,461 were found sincere "entirely or in part" in their religious objections; 371 were court martialed. There were 1,584 appeals to the president to be excused from service, of which 452 were affirmed.

In the light of present-day events, the comparatively large alien registration is perhaps noteworthy. Among the total of 23,908,576, which does not include our territorial registration, no less than 3,877,083 aliens, or 16.22 per cent of the whole, were classified. Of these, approximately 60 per cent, or in figures, 2,174,077, were found in the third registrations of those between the ages of 18 and 45 years.

The total of citizens registered, 20,031,493, was divided among 18,694,526 native born, or 93.33 per cent, and 1,336,967 naturalized, or 6.67 per cent. Of the 3,877,083 aliens

BOOTS

Only a gap in the woods
And two boots sticking out of the
gap.

Heavy, rough, soldier boots,
Reaching nearly to the knee
And fitting over trousers of worn,
gray, German cloth;

And all around,
Broken guns and empty ammunition
cases and mud.

Not even a simple cross
Or a rifle with the bayonet sticking
into the ground,

Or a priest.
Only broken guns and mud and a
pair of boots.

—Wm. C. Vandewater.

pulsory military service in a democracy, until 11 o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918, when the armistice summarily halted further proceedings, the world was provided with an unparalleled example of governmental and civilian cooperation.

From data now available, it is possible to gather a comprehensive knowledge of the scope and details of this most important of war-time innovations. For reasons of accuracy and general uniformity, it is advisable to confine our observations to those figures accessible to January 1st, of this year, any subsequent revision being of a wholly negligible character.

Beginning with June 5, 1917, three separate registrations were necessary in order to properly classify our male strength avail-

“Drafted From the Draft”—Continued

registered, 32.76 per cent, or 1,270,182, were declarants of citizenship. The remaining 67.24 per cent, or 2,606,901, were non-declarants.

We find, through delving among the records, that New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, Ohio and California, were the six states ranking highest in number of alien registrations. Their numbers are as follows: New York, 784,439; Pennsylvania, 495,237; Illinois, 318,039; Massachusetts, 292,287; Ohio, 252,964, and California, 231,280. Michigan, with 211,105, and New Jersey, with 207,704, follow in the total of such registrants. Of the states registering the smallest proportion of this class, those south of Mason and Dixon's line, with the exception of Florida lead. Mississippi, with but 1,752, ranked lowest in number of aliens registered. Arkansas with 2,235, North Carolina with 2,700 and Tennessee with 2,984, following in their respective order. These figures, while of no especial importance in themselves, are significant in showing the predominance of native-born Americans in the southern states above other sections of the country, the condition being primarily due to their agricultural status.

The registration of aliens was divided into three classes, viz: co-belligerents, enemy and neutrals. Of these, the citizens of co-belligerent, or Allied nations, led with 2,228,980, slightly less than two-thirds of the entire alien registration. Russian nationals, a fact of somewhat surprising nature, contributed to 808,503 names, or about 35 per cent of the total. Italy next followed, having 652,971, while Canada, with 151,691, and England, with 138,979, ranked third and fourth, respectively. Another English-speaking colony of Great Britain, New Zealand, occupied the lowest position, her alien registration being but 1,186. Non-citizen American Indians, however, followed closely, with 1,648, while Wales came third, having 5,672 registrants.

The registration of enemy aliens showed a total of 1,011,502 of military eligibility. Possibly, refuting a general impression, 751,212, or 75 per cent of these were Austro-Hungarian nationals. This compilation, of course, does not distinguish the numerous racial elements formerly embraced in the political boundaries of Austria-Hungary, which now constitute separate governing nationalities. German registrants numbered but 158,809. Turkish subjects classified totaled 81,608 and those of Bulgaria 19,873. The bulk of the German registration was distributed over a half dozen different states, these following with their respective totals:

New York, 36,609; Illinois, 14,801; Wisconsin, 13,558; New Jersey, 11,936; Pennsylvania, 10,713; and Michigan, 10,675. It will thus be seen that six states registered over 98,000, or approximately 60 per cent

of the whole German registration. The three states having the smallest ratio of German subjects were: North Carolina, 47; Mississippi, 69; and South Carolina, 92.

The colored, or negro registration was much lighter than would have been anticipated from the known number of negroes within the United States. The total of such registrants was 2,290,527, or 9.67 of the entire registration of 23,908,576 within the continental divisions of the United States. As in proportion of native-born registrants, the southern states contributed largely to these figures, no less than nine having a registration in excess of 100,000, Georgia leading, with 220,781. These were: Mississippi, 173,082; Texas, 166,446; Alabama, 163,373; Louisiana, 158,479; South Carolina, 149,177; North Carolina, 142,525; Virginia, 140,174; and Arkansas, 104,835.

Of the states north of the Potomac River, Pennsylvania, with 90,474, ranked highest in number of colored registrants, being followed by Ohio, with 63,987, and New York, with 61,273. Vermont had the smallest quota of negroes of military age, finishing the list with but 152. Nevada registered slightly more, 172, while New Hampshire, with 175, was a close third.

A comparison of married and single registrants shows 4,883,213 of the first class and 5,796,601 of the later. These figures, however, are not complete, and include only those classified in the first two registrations of June 5, 1917, and June 5, 1918. Inasmuch as the third and last registration of Sept. 12, 1918, embraced all men up to and 45 years of age, it is readily apparent that the relative ratios existing between married and single registrants would be shown actually much greater, with their positions reversed, were the totals of all three registrations available.

Of the 4,883,213 married males registered, 4,712,622 were classified on June 5, 1917, and the remaining 170,591 on June 5, 1918. Of this total, 4,394,676 men were placed in a deferred class, while but 488,537, or the remainder, were assigned to Class I. It will thus be seen that less than 10 per cent of the married registrants were classified for immediate military service.

Nearly half, or 2,578,594 of the single registrants were placed in deferred classes, the remaining 3,218,007 being listed in Class I. These figures would seem to repudiate, in large measure, frequently voiced criticism that a considerable group of married registrants were drafted for active service—particularly so since few of the third registration were inducted into the army.

In the statistics reporting the number of registrants classified under the various age limits, we find perhaps our most interesting figures. For instance, the age of 31 supplied the highest percentage of males available for service, 1,043,492, while men of 32

years totaled less than half as many, or 499,902. Below, we give a summary of all ages, from 18 to 45 years, inclusive, arranged in order of numbers:

31—1,043,492; 22—1,018,407; 24—1,010,287; 25—997,542; 23—978,975; 29—974,555; 26—967,576; 28—960,460; 21—958,739; 27—956,494; 30—948,857; 18—939,875; 33—927,968; 34—920,355; 38—836,280; 37—823,150; 36—813,581; 35—804,778; 19—761,007; 20—757,791; 39—725,416; 42—693,657; 40—688,918; 45—688,002; 43—654,915; 41—648,599; 44—624,129; 32—499,902. In addition to these there were 284,867 registrants whose ages were not reported.

When we examine into the total and per capita cost of the Selective Service system, we find a wide variance that may be accounted for in a score of ways. From the period of its inauguration to October 1, 1918, registrants to the number of 2,552,173 were inducted into the several branches of the service. The total cost attached to these amounted to \$20,174,652.53, or an average of \$1.86 per registrant. Based upon the number actually inducted, the per capita cost was \$7.90. The total expenditures to December 31, 1918, in the office of the Provost-Marshal General, however, were greater, amounting to \$24,301,000. This sum was seventeen one hundredths of one per cent of the total army expenses up till that date. It will thereby be seen that the initial expense attending the registration and induction of service men was a negligible item.

Michigan, with a total cost per registrant of \$2.17, reported the highest rate of expenditure, Delaware following with \$2.13 per man and New Mexico third, at a per capita cost of \$2.06. In the matter of cost per man inducted, Delaware again held the lead, \$10.94 being required for each individual. Arizona was second, with a per capita cost of \$10.49, and Michigan third, with \$9.82.

Our island dependency of Porto Rico reported the lowest cost per registrant, her expense being 36 cents. Oklahoma, at a cost of 85 cents and the District of Columbia at 88 cents, were the next most economical communities. When it came to the cost per man inducted into the service, Florida ranked lowest, with a reported per capita of \$2.64. Second and third places fell to Oklahoma, with \$2.65, and Porto Rico, with \$3.14.

It will thus be observed that Porto Rico registered six men for every man registered by Michigan. By the same process Florida inducted slightly more than four men into the service, while Delaware was paying for the cost of one.

The greatest individual expenditure by any state was New York, with a total of \$2,201,043.11 to Oct. 1, 1918. Her per capita

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"Vive La France"

How Our Sister Republic and War-Time Ally Is Meeting the After-War Problems of Reconstruction and Is Fast Getting Back to Normalcy

By E. De Sanchez



HE national wealth of France has been placed at \$100,000,000,000. It consists of land of remarkable richness and productivity, of great iron ore, potash, and other mineral wealth, of important and highly organized industries and of a population which is orderly, thrifty and industrious.

A great element of strength in France is the wide distribution of her natural wealth. Eighty-nine per cent of the adult population of France are holders of nine-tenths of France's total national debt.

The total cultivable land rendered unfit for cultivation by the war was 2,857,000 hectares; 2,657,000 hectares have been cleared of all projectiles and have received some preparation for cultivation; 1,530,000 hectares will bear crops this year. The rapid results achieved in agricultural reconstruction have permitted France to meet very nearly all her food needs for the year 1921 from her own crops. This means that she avoids the necessity of importing over \$265,000,000 worth of cereals.

The work of industrial reconstruction has necessarily progressed with less rapidity than that of agriculture. Nevertheless, the results obtained are such as to be extremely satisfactory.

Of 4,190 industrial establishments employing over 20 hands, destroyed during the war, 3,210 or 76.6 per cent had resumed operation on the 30th of September, 1920. These industries employed over 50 per cent of their pre-war personnel, or 767,000 men, on the actual work of production and over 60,000 men on reconstruction. In the neighborhood of Lille, the textile industrial plants have been 87.3 per cent reconstructed. These industries are producing 78.4 per cent of their pre-war production with a little over 70 per cent of their pre-war personnel. Of 116 woolen mills destroyed, 110 are again at work. In the cotton industry, of 57 factories destroyed, 55 are at work.

Even in the mines, the work of clearing and fitting them again for production is progressing far more rapidly than had been expected. At Ostricourt, where 11 pits were destroyed by the Germans, 7 are again in operation. Because of more modern methods, these 7 pits are able to produce 1,500 tons of coal per day, which is equal to the pre-war production of the 11 pits. The reconstruction of the mines has been so much more rapid than was estimated

that it has been possible to reduce the price of coal by 70 frs. per ton, because of the increased production of the Northern mines.

France's foreign trade figures for the first eight months of the year 1920 offer significant proof of the return which is being made on the sums advanced by the Government on account of the reparations fund due by Germany for reconstruction. COPY INCORRECT
COPPY INCORRECT

It will be seen from the above figures that the adverse trade balance has been reduced this year by over 5,845,000,000 frs. During the month of August of this year, exports increased by 1,432,500,000 frs. as compared with the month of August, 1919, while imports increased only 80,000,000 frs. The total exports for the month of August were within 17 per cent of the total imports.

TAXATION

Financial reconstruction in France has kept pace with that of agriculture and industry. The budget of 1920 provided for the covering of all ordinary expenditures through taxation. Only the sums which are paid into "Account of Expenditures under the Treaties of Peace" have been covered through the placing of loans with the French public. The balancing of the ordinary budget through taxation meant an increase in the per capita taxes paid by the population of France from \$55 to \$99. The fact that tax returns continue to show a considerable increase over budget estimated proves the willingness of the French public to meet its financial burdens. The French Minister of Finance is making every effort within reason to reduce advances made to the Government by the Bank of France,

and is rigidly scrutinizing every item of expenditure.

The complete confidence which the French people have in their financial stability is proven by the extraordinarily large sales of National Defense Bonds which have averaged over 1,500,000,000 frs. per month for the first eight months of this year. In spite of this great investment in Government securities, money for legitimate enterprises has been plentiful. Banks which have raised their capital and railroads which have placed equipment securities with the public have had their issues over-subscribed within from 12 to 48 hours in all cases.

WATER POWER DEVELOPMENT

The war and the shortage of coal which it brought has given enormous impetus to the development of water power in France. Within the next year, over 750,000 H. P. will be added to the 1,500,000 already developed. Two great railway systems have already provided the funds for starting the work of completely electrifying their systems—the Paris, Lyon-Mediterranean and the Midi Railroads. Twenty-seven new blast furnaces are being erected in France at this time, all of them equipped to use hydro-electric power instead of coal. France has an available water power supply of between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 H. P.

GENERAL ECONOMICS

In general, the economic situation of France has so greatly improved within the last twelve months as to obviate all doubt as to her complete recovery from the effects of the war within a much shorter time than was at first believed possible. It must be borne in mind that the value of a factory or a farm or a building rebuilt or reconstituted now, is much greater than that of the factory, farm or building destroyed or devastated during the war. In one instance, a factory which produced 120,000,000 frs. worth of woolen goods before the war, and which was completely destroyed early in 1915, has since been rebuilt with a production of 165,000,000 frs. worth of goods per annum. This increased production is made possible by the installation of the most modern machinery obtainable. This condition applies in less or greater degree to practically all reconstructed establishments.

The French people feel that they are in a position to look forward with every assurance to a future of continued prosperity.

The Gas Attack





Madame Groubetalle

By B. C. CLARK

HERE was some dispute as to the correct spelling of Madame's name—for that matter, we long ago gave up the idea of trying to reconcile French pronunciation with their spelling, and concluded that the inventor of the speech apparently must have become shell-shocked when he



"MADAME"

started on the spelling and lost control of the alphabet. "Madame Grabitall" was the name given her by cynical patrons on the "morning after" when they had time to moralize on the curse of drink and the remoteness of payday. Those of a more moderate nature discovered that on sober second thought this was not fair to her business policy for all admitted that her generous hospitality was not that of the unscrupulous profiteer.

Madame was somewhat short and rotund, with shrewd black eyes and rosy cheeks that belied the evidence of gray hair and slightly stooping walk. The mess sergeant even pointed to her as an example for his K. P.'s of skill and efficiency in wood chopping.

A sign on her gate advertised that her home was the billet of "30 Hommes" and as it was a rambling structure, having numerous odd-shaped additions which struck one as being afterthoughts of the architect, no one ventured to doubt the sign. Indeed, at times, the travel through the gate assumed such proportions that a stranger would have thought the sign too

conservative, or else have wondered at the popularity of the inhabitants.

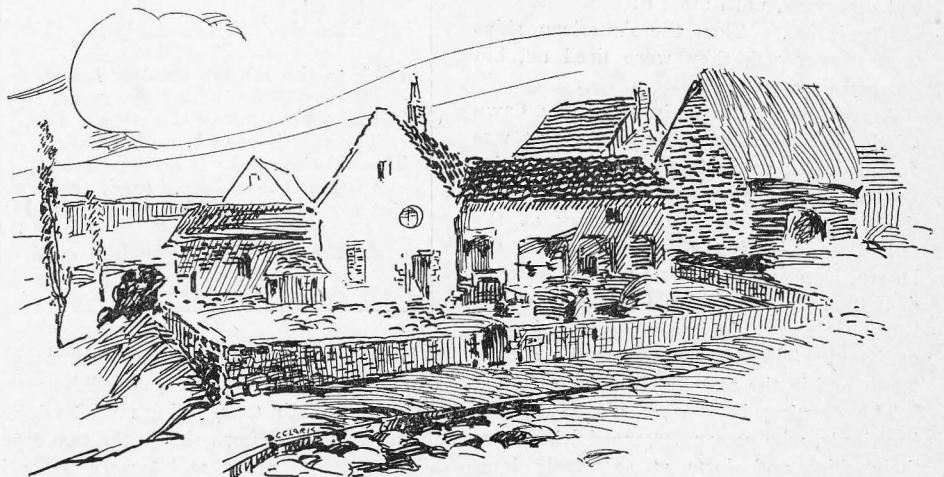
The reason for the visitors was clear to those on the "inside" however, for besides turning her house over to "Les Soldats Americains," she also, figuratively speaking, heaped coals of fire upon their heads by placing the contents of her cellar at their disposal. The hot stuff, of course, only made its appearance when certain scraps of paper and bits of metal alleged to represent real money had been cast upon the table.

Her kitchen with its brown oil-cloth covered table, smoke-stained walls and well scrubbed stone floor, entertained many gatherings of congenial romancers who found it a convenient place to enlarge upon their experiences and exchange the latest rumors of the division's departure for home. Madame seemed to have an inexhaustible stock of mild, but pleasant, Vin Rouge, and would, if urged, produce "White Mule," which was equal, if not superior to wood alcohol in convincing confirmed drinkers that prohibition might be a blessing after all. These beverages were all

that was necessary to stimulate the authors of "We're-going-home-next-week" stories and the hundred other tales that served to keep life from becoming too monotonous during the winter of 1918. Some even found sufficient kick in a glass of strong French coffee and said that there was no difference between her cognac, coffee, or kerosene oil because they all caused a bad taste.

A strong anti-prohibitionist asserted that Madame was liable to make a mistake in reckoning the amount of cognac consumed during the progress of a party, due to her practice of setting a bottle on the table and figuring the number of glasses used by what remained in the bottle, but it was explained to him that after drinking three small glasses of this particular brand of joy water even a Scotchman would not be in a condition to know whether a mistake had been made or not and furthermore would probably not be interested in such an abstract question. His suspicion dated from the time that he had once added water to the bottle, during the absence of the hostess,

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THE HOME OF MADAME "GRABITALL"

One Day in May

By P. V. H. WEEMS

TWENTY-THREE years ago, May 1, 1898, Admiral Dewey made history at Manila Bay. Today, the American Asiatic fleet is growing stronger and stronger. Is history in the making today?

When war was declared against Spain in 1898, Commodore Dewey, with the following squadron was stationed at Hong Kong, China: Olympia, Boston, Raleigh, Baltimore, Concord, Petrel, McCullough (dispatch boat) and the colliers Nashan and Zapiro. The following cablegram was received by the commodore:

"Dewey, Hong Kong, China, April 24th.

War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to the Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy them. Use utmost endeavor.

LONG."

Complying with these orders the American Squadron arrived outside Manila Bay at dusk. With the entrance to the harbor mined, with an enemy force stronger in tonnage, number of guns and number of ships inside the bay, and with forts protecting the entrance to the bay, Commodore Dewey had his orders before him, "you must capture vessels or destroy them." In reviewing the battle, steaming over the Spanish mines does not stand out as a particularly daring exploit, especially when it was proven that the Spanish mine would not explode. However, judging from the situation on the eve of the battle, there was immediate danger from the enemy mines, forts and squadron. The disposition of the enemy squadron was not known. Altogether Dewey's decision was a masterful example of daring, good judgment, and initiative.

With ships darkened except stern steering lights, the American squadron in column, steamed past the enemy mines without damage and past the enemy forts without discovery, until most of the ships were safely inside. When the American ships were discovered, they were fired on, but escaped damage.

Arriving off Manila in the early dawn of Sunday morning, the enemy's fleet was found drawn up in line off Sangley Point and across the entrance to Cavite Bay in the following order, commencing at the northern end of the line: Marques del Duero, Don Juan de Austria, Don Antonio de Ultoa, Castilla, Reina Christina, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba and a number of small gunboats. They were supported on both flanks and in the rear by shore batteries.

The opening bars were played by the Spaniards, who soon commenced firing from their ships and forts at extremely long range but without doing any damage. Leav-

ing our transports, guarded by the McCulloch, in the bay out of range, our flagship lead the column in the original formation towards Cavite, with battle flags fluttering from masts and peaks, but holding our fire despite the fact that the enemy's shells fell thick and fast all around us.

the latter, growing so dense that it shut out the view, hung like a death-pall over it all. But there was no time to grow sentimental, other things of a more pressing nature demanded attention just then.

When within suitable range, the American fleet commenced a series of evolutions, carrying them out with greatest precision and obtaining the most splendid results. Steaming in column back and forth before Cavite and the enemy's line broadside after broadside was delivered with terrible effect. Five times the Spanish line of battle was thus passed and re-passed, each subsequent turn proving that the fiery Dons were no match for the cool-headed Americans, though they kept up the fight with a stubbornness and tenacity worthy of admiration.

Despite the fact that Dewey's ships were hit several times, no serious damage was done and were it not for a few men slightly wounded and for a few ugly, ragged holes in the sides of the ships, it would have been hard to realize that they were fighting a 19th century naval battle with modern guns and implements.

After a while it was discovered that the Spanish flagship, the Reina Christina was on fire and Admiral Montojo was seen to transfer his flag to the Castilla, his next largest ship. She, however, soon met the same fate as her doomed predecessor, and the admiral's flag was again transferred, this time to one of the smaller vessels.

The American fire becoming too hot for them, they finally retreated into Baker Bay and inside of Cavite mole, leaving the Ulloa just inside of Sangley Point and the large transport Mindanao (roughly fitted up as a cruiser) about two miles up the coast and close inshore. These two ships kept up a weak fire, as did the Christina, although she was on fire all over, until the Americans withdrew from action at 7:35. Standing off in the bay out of range of the forts which kept up a harmless fire, Dewey had breakfast served and took time to compare notes. And, strange to say, after almost two and one-half hours of terrific fighting, not one man had been killed and less than a dozen slightly wounded, while the carnage on the other side was appalling, the number of dead and wounded estimated at nearly a thousand men. According to the official report of the Spanish authorities, the number of killed on the Christina alone was 364 out of a complement of 491 men, as only 127 were accounted for.

After holding a consultation with the commanding officers of the various ships, the commodore, at 10:15, gave orders to complete the task. Soon every enemy war vessel was sunk, and only one transport, the Manila, and one tug remained afloat, and these were captured. The final results were enemy vessels destroyed, one cap-

APRES LA GUERRE

Back to the life we used to know,
But somehow it isn't the same,
The sparkle's out of the wine o' life
The zest is gone from the game.
We slave away at a listless job
And the old time pleasures pall;
A screw is loose in the scheme o'
things—
There's something wrong with it
all.

Remember France in the summer
time
(And billets back of the lines)
A checkerboard of golden grain
'Mid green of the sun-kissed
vines;
The slow canal, the rolling hills
And the hard, white roads below,
Towns grown gray with a thousand
years
At the foot of some old chateau?

Remember Julie and chic Suzanne
(In those days when the world
was young)
And all the foolish things we said
In the wordless and world-wide
tongue?
Oh life was a heavy draught to
drink
When spiced with a touch of the
grim,
Lent by the mutter of distant guns
Beyond the horizon's rim.

Remember Le Cafe Lion d' Or,
With its barrels of ordinaire
And all the jolly old reckless crew
Who held high carnival there?
I can see their friendly old honest
mugs
In the flickering candle light—
And somehow—somehow, damn it
all,
I'm devilish low tonight.

Back to the life we used to know,
But somehow it isn't the same,
The sparkle's out of the wine o' life,
The zest is gone from the game.
The old time yoke is on my neck,
I tug at the old time load,
But my heart is back in a gray old
town,
At the end of a hard white road.
—James S. Montgomery.

It was a grand picture that memorable morning. The sun was just gilding the distant mountain tops, giving a golden lining to the brilliant eastern sky as the two combatants drew nearer and nearer to each other, belching forth fire and smoke until

One Day in May—Continued

tured; no loss of lives or ships on the American side. An eye witness states that many Spanish shots hit the American ships, but as solid shots were used, the unprotected hulls were pierced without doing serious harm. On the other hand the Americans used "common" shell which exploded when it struck and did effective work.

Lieutenant F. H. Covington, U. S. N. R. F., who resides at 1419 Linden avenue, who was a seaman on the cruiser Baltimore in this battle, relates some interesting incidents that occurred during the battle. A Spanish shell made a clean hole through the Baltimore's mast. The Commodore got a "13 gun salute" in that the Olympia was hit 13 times. The men immediately predicted that their Commodore, who rated 11 guns, would win a deserved promotion to Rear Admiral. Within the next few days, the following cablegram reached Commodore Dewey:

"Washington, May 7, 1898:

Dewey (care American consul), Hong-kong:

The President, in the name of the American people, thanks you and your officers and men for your splendid achievement and overwhelming victory. In recognition he has appointed you acting Rear Admiral, and will recommend a vote of thanks to you by Congress as a foundation for further promotion. The Charleston will leave at once with what ammunition she can carry. Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer Pekin will follow with ammunition and supplies. Will take troops unless you telegraph otherwise. How many will you require?

LONG."

The Spanish Report:

"The little fleet of Admiral Montojo had taken up position off Cavite forming a line in front of Canacao Cove and before the mouth of Bacoor Cove. The firing commenced at 5:30 A. M. from the Spanish ships and was immediately replied to by the enemy's fleet, which in correct formation defiled several times describing a circle along the front of the Spanish line, Point Sangley and the town of Cavite, and firing methodically and with astonishing regularity and rapidity their chase guns, stern guns and broadside battery. In spite of the heroism of the Spaniards, the superiority of the American ships resulted in the destruction, after four hours of combat of the cruisers "Reina Cristina," "Castilla" and "Ulloa," the "Austria," "Luzon" and "Cuba" receiving tremendous injuries to such an extent that they were scuttled. This photograph represents the combat seen from the wall of the arsenal just at the moment when the "Reina Cristina" after an attempt at boarding which cost her enormous losses, retired with the poop on fire and was rapidly abandoned by the general of

the squadron, his staff, officers and the crew. The ships which appear in the photograph from left to right are the "Duero," "Ulloa," "Cristina," "Castilla," "Luzon," "Raleigh," "Boston," "Baltimore," and "Olympia."

The following is the Chinaman's Report as put in rhyme on a Christmas card to all the men in the squadron:

My no can forget First May,
Amelican takee Manila Bay;
Alla man chin chin pay,
Uncle Sam and Admul Dewey.

Kismas may pay joss shamsoo,
Makee happy my and you;
New Year too muchee sing song,
Makee Manila Amelica blong.

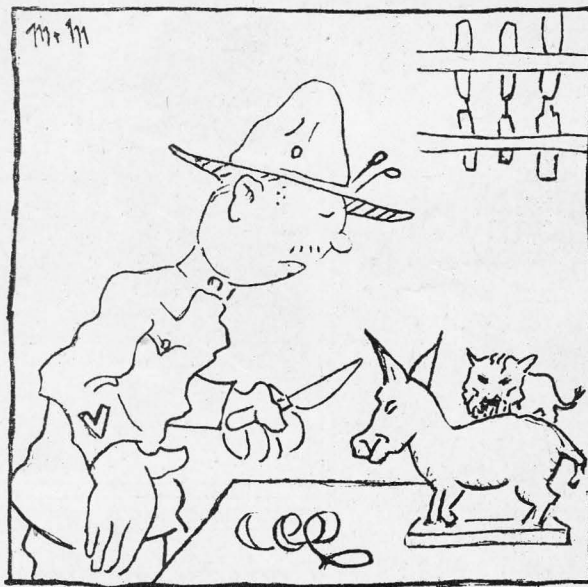
Admiral Dewey's report:

"Manila, May 1.—The squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy, and destroyed the following Spanish vessels: Reina Christina, Castilla, Ulloa, Isla de Cuba,

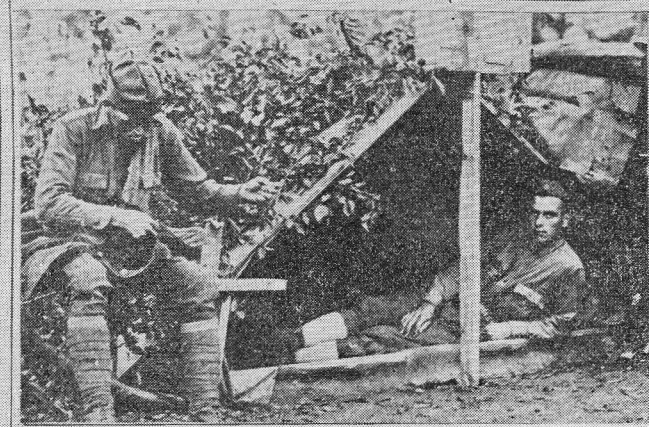
General Leso, Duero, Correo, Velasco, Mindanao, one transport and the water battery at Cavite. The squadron is uninjured, and only a few men were slightly wounded. The only means of telegraphing is to the American Consul at Hong Kong. I shall communicate with him.

DEWEY."

While all the ships engaged in the battle of Manila were as pigmies, compared with the latest battleship "Maryland" of today, and while the old fashioned broadside was used on the guns and while the range was only about one-half mile; yet, one thing stands out about the battle above all else; that is, the spirit and morale of the men in the American force. No matter how splendid the ships of today may be, it is necessary to have the fighting spirit so splendidly shown by the men under Commodore Dewey. Here's hoping that the high morale in the future of the American navy will maintain and raise the standard that has been set in the past.



Dere Mable
I'm making a jackass
of these my own self
Nobody is helping me as you
know I dont need no
help there, Mable. It is
a Christmass toy for kids-
you do on a laithe. And also I
and doin a little lyn
me all over Bill -

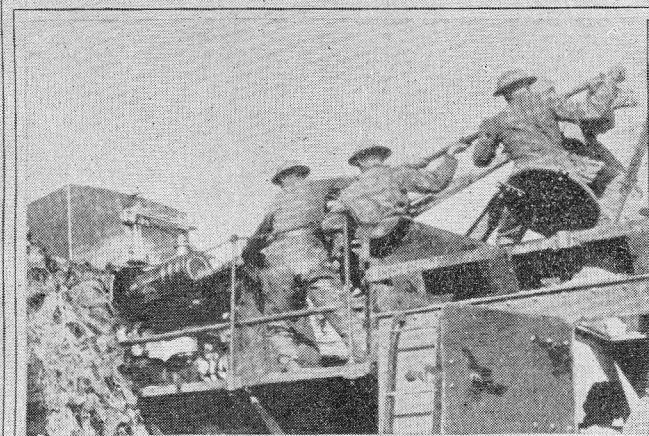


HOME SWEET HOME - THESE BIRDS HAVE IT
"JAKE" FOR METHINKS I "LAMP" TARPAPER ON
THE "FLOOR" - AND THE INDUSTRIOUS ONE HAS
PROBABLY BEEN MADE A "LANCE-JACK" FOR HE
IS DONNING THE AUTHORITY CHEVROY.

THAT'S THE OLD YANK SPIRIT - JUST CLOSE
YOUR EYES - AND WE'LL HAVE IT OVER IN
A MINUTE - THIS MUST HAVE BEEN AT
NANTILLOIS - FOR THE "DOC" HAS HIS SHIRT
OFF - AND WE SURE WORKED THEM OUT OF
THEIR SHIRTS - THERE
DIDN'T WE - FELLOWS?



THE REGIMENTAL BATHTUB AND KITCHEN
SINK AND IT MUST HARBOR FISH FOR THERE
IS A "FROG" AND THAT IS ALL THEY USE WATER FOR.



WOW! TAKE A SQUINT AT THE "PILL" THIS "BABY"
SHOOTS - NO WONDER "FRITZ" WAS "FED UP"

HERE THEY COME - FELLOWS - HERE COMES
THE SLUM SLINGERS - WELCOME BOYS

A Word About Government Insurance

Do You Still Carry It, Are You Ready to Convert It, and Do You Wish to Renew It if You Have Allowed It to Lapse?

By H. C. R.



ANY of the men who served with the 80th have been completely at sea as to what to do about their Government War time insurance. It is no longer War time insurance and getting that one fact alone thoroughly digested will clear away much of the hesitancy and uncertainty regarding just which step you should take in the matter of converting it. The writer (while not an expert by any means in the intricate problems of life insurance) has prepared several tables of comparison between Government Insurance and policies now being offered by some of the world's best Old Line companies, without prejudice to any company or its methods of doing business. Take for example the rates charged during the war for Government War Risk Insurance, say on a life, age 30. This man would have paid most any Old Line insurance company \$12.12 per year per thousand for his insurance. The government charged him \$8.28. At the end of five years he would have been compelled to drop his insurance (without refund of any kind) or else convert it into an extended life or endowment policy. The government has given him practically the same alternative, but with the addition of a five-year grace period for conversion—extending from date of March 3, 1921*, rather than that of the period when policy was written. Both policies work out the same. With both of them you had to die to win, and both left you at the end of your five years with no reserve, loan (paid up insurance), or extended protection. You simply paid for protection for a specified period and you got just that and nothing more. With extended life and endowment policies you pay for something different, something better and more attractive; hence, you pay more money to secure it. In the instance of term insurance, the hazard on your life covers a period of only five years. Assuming that you were in sufficient good health to be in the army we can assume that you were in sufficiently good health to pass the physical examination of any conservative private company. At the end of this five-year period you are of course five

years older and consequently five years closer to the day you are going to die. The risk on your life is greater for a five year period, between 40 and 45, than it is between 30 and 35. With Old Line companies you must pass an increasingly rigid physical examination to take out a new policy at the expiration of your old one, and should your condition of health prove uncertain, the privilege of renewing your insurance is, of course, denied entirely. Most policies of this sort carry a time limit conversion privilege, corresponding somewhat to the government conversion

greater amount of money you pay for them and for an early or extended date of maturity. For example, the most commonly known and best understood policy is known as "Ordinary Life." This is commonly known as "you have to die to win," insurance, and most people are under the impression that you must continue to pay premiums on it so long as you live. This, of course, is a matter entirely up to the individual. If you merely pay for actual protection over your entire period of life, and do not pay anything towards hastening the period of maturity of your policy, you are simply paying for insurance payable at death, and that is all you can expect to receive. But the same "Ordinary Life" policy (if participating and enjoying guaranteed dividends, as most policies do today—including the new forms of government insurance) can be converted into a shorter term of maturity policy, and will even become (automatically) an endowment, for example. Take this "Ordinary Life" policy on age 30 for \$1000.00, payable at death, annual premium \$22.85, participating, with guaranteed dividend which amounted to \$2.64 for the first year, and increased yearly as the reserve of the policy increased, this dividend and those of subsequent years, riding with the reserve of the policy and earning 4½ per cent, compound interest annually, would cause the "Ordinary Life" policy to become, automatically, a fully paid-up policy in 28 years. The difference in dividends and interest applied to the annual premium simply converted the

"Ordinary Life" policy into a speedier policy by cutting down the date of maturity from 65 years to 28 years. However, should this same premium continue to be paid for a period of 37 years the reserve and dividends, with interest, would convert the policy into an endowment, payable at age 67 or, 37 years after starting policy. The time to convert your War Risk Insurance is now, as your premiums increase with each year you delay the conversion. After once converting your insurance there cannot be any raise in rates, as you are pay-

THE RED CROSS NURSE

Two Doughboys sat watching the funeral,
Of a nurse who had just gone west.
One had a whiff of the mustard
And one had helped clean out a nest.

One was a "wop" from New Jersey,
One was a kid from "Chi."
"Ain't it hell," said one to the other,
"Dat a goil like dat's gotta die?"

"She's the one what brot us the egg-nogs,
She's the one that felt of our wrist,
In a way dat we had to feel better,
In a way dat will surely be missed."

And the "wop," who hailed from New Jersey,
And the kid who came from "Chi,"
Said a prayer for the Red Cross sister, 'cause,
She soldiered like you and I.

It wasn't according to ritual,
The chaplain might say, like as not.
"Oh! God in your Heavenly kingdom,
Please give her the best You've got."

And as "taps" died away in the distance,
A tear could be seen in the eye
Of the "wop" who hailed from New Jersey,
And the kid who lived over in "Chi."

—Dewitt.

rules and privileges. Your government insurance will automatically expire March 3rd, 1926, unless you have converted it into some other form of insurance in the meantime. Now we are ready to discuss the best form of policy to which we should convert our war-time insurance. This depends pretty much upon the individual, his aims and conditions of life, his family ties and dependents, his present financial prospects, and his ambitions for the future.

Practically all insurance policies are alike insofar as the principles of insurance are concerned. The policies and contracts work out in different ways due to a lesser or

(Continued on Page 25)

It's Like This

THIS WORLD IS GETTING OLDER EVERY DAY-BUT THE YOUNG "WRENS" STILL FLOP FOR A LINE LIKE THIS-

Really-Mr Jones-my watch must be slow I had no idea it was so late



THE TROUBLE IN THIS CASE IS-DO YOU KNOW WHETHER YOUR PUTTING IT OVER OR NOT-

I had seven other dates for tonight-but I broke 'em all for you-sweetie



Straight goods yer honor I tot it was sass-prilla

Ten days



THE WAY TO AVOID THIS-IS TO TELL THE COP WHERE YOU GOT IT-

Oh yes I help Bill Hart select all of his pictures-we are neighbors YOU KNOW



THIS GETS BY SOME TIMES-BUT USUALLY SHE WALKS IN AND SURPRISES HIM AT THE "BUSY BEE" WHERE HE TENDS BAR

I am not a common bum Madam-I'm an Author seeking color and if you'll oblige me with a sandwich I'll use you as one of my heroines



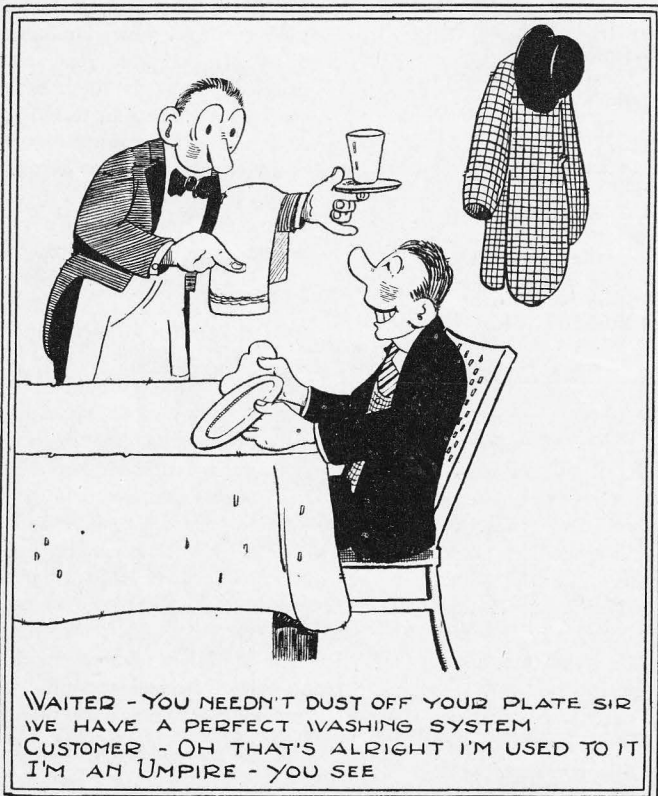
young man-let me step in front of you and blot that loathsome sight from your vision



BROTHER, I ASK YOU TO TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE-QUICKLY FOR I FEAR THE WORST.

THEY SEARCH FOR ATMOSPHERE AND GENERALLY GET IT-

Berger



WAITER - YOU NEEDN'T DUST OFF YOUR PLATE SIR WE HAVE A PERFECT WASHING SYSTEM
CUSTOMER - OH THAT'S ALRIGHT I'M USED TO IT I'M AN UMPIRE - YOU SEE



When my tailor's goose has goslings
And his clothes horse has a colt,
When monkey wrenches climb a tree
And birdseye maples molt,
When catalogues have kittens
And donkey engines bray,
Then I'll come nearer poetry
Than I have come today

HIS LATEST SONNET - WRITTEN TO A PROHIBITIONIST

EXTRA!!!
POET-LAUREATE OF CUBA IS CROWNED



A PAGE TO WIT

"OUR MAG"—By the Office Boy



WHAT a ya mean, "Ye ain't gettin' a square deal?" Didn't ya have a nice free trip to Europ and see all them French madamoiseles? And didn't ya get a great big bonus of sixty dollars right out of our treasury what us tax payers has to pay taxes to keep filled, huh? And didn't we let you keep yer uniform an' yer gas mask an' yer helmet, an' look how we worked while youn'se guys wuz over there having a good time. Gee, when I think of how hard we had to work an' how we had to suffer all the time. Sis run elevators in the office buildings until she had to soak her mitts in cold cream every night and wear gloves to sleep in so's her hands 'd keep nice and soft for the fellers to hold when they come to see her on Sunday nights. An' look how lots of fellers what never had to work cause they had rich daddies, felt the thrill of patriotism and went an' associated with them ignorant rough guys what works in mills and munition factories, and got their hands all soiled an' their polish all brushed off so's you guys could have the fun of shooting big shells at the poor Germans. And now just because ya didn't git knocked off ya come back here and expect us to give ya a bonus, and quit our jobs and give 'em to you, and ya want us to give you swell educations like we'ns has got so you won't have to work at hard labor anymore. and you'se guys whats wounded an' shell shocked seem to think that we should give you free treatment in the best hospitals and treat you'ns as if ya wuz great heroes er politicians which ya haint. Dis thing uv taxing the people to death just so a few soldiers kin git cured and started up in business ain't good fer us what had to do all the work running the country while you guys wuz away. I tell you we done our bit and we ain't hollering fer no bonus er nothin' like that, and if we have proved we kin do your work at yer old job better an' cheaper than you did it, why I think we are entitled to keep it. What the country needs today is real efficiency and whoever heard

of a shell-shocked workman who could be efficient at anything exceptin' maybe tell a few stories about winning the war and sleeping in shell holes, es if that sleeping in a hole in the ground wuz anything. Gee wiz, I slept that way once myself when I wuz out camping and it wuz lots of fun. An' all I had over top uv me was a little tent no bigger'n a bed sheet—an' how they talk about eatin' bully beef an' beans, gee wiz, I've eat both an' I never could see anything so terrible about them foods. An' a lot uv 'em are yellin' fer universal military training, all them guys wants is to make us do squads left just 'cause they had to do a little of it. Believe me, they gotta go some to git me to come handin' 'em a lot of bokays, and say, don't they look pretty with all them medals and crows de geers on 'em. Gee, sich conseated guys make me sick, don't you say so? An' another thing, didja notice all the crimes lately what's committed all over the country, well, a feller told me that it wuz these ex-soldiers what wuz doin' it, cause they learned how to shoot in the army and I bet everyone of 'em is carrying a gun an' waitin' to rob somebody. Why even one

of the U. S. Senators what worked so hard at home during the war said thet these soldiers wuz tryin' to hold up the U. S. Treasury and make the government give them a bonus. As if the honor of serving our country wusn't pay enough fer any good citizen. An' now they're running veterans' societies an' buttin' into everything an' trying to tell the folks down in Washington how to run the government. Gee wiz, they even publish their own newspapers and magazines and try to get people to sympathize with them. Fer my part I think that they shouldn't be allowed, people should be allowed to fergit the war, and as we won't need a big army again fer about a hundred years, these fellows will all be dead and fergotten so why encourage them now? Why the way some uv them talk and act you'd think they thought this country wuz run on some "Golden rule" plan, which it isn't, and never will be if the war profiteers have their way. Talk about gratitude: "*Altogether Fellers.*"

"*Everybuddy get a buddy*"

Yours truly,

THE OFFICE BOY.

VERY LIGHTS

A little girl was asked, upon her return home, how she liked the singing of the congregation in the church.

"I liked it very much," she said, "though all the people said it was bad."

"All the people said it was bad! What do you mean, my dear?"

"Oh, it was so bad that I heard the people praying, 'Lord have mercy upon us miserable singers.'"

"Don't make your reports so long," said the manager of a small railroad to his overseer. "Cut out all unnecessary words and get right to the point. Saves time, you know."

A few days later a river overflowed its banks and washed away the railroad tracks. The overseer sent in his report in one line: "Sir—Where the railway was the river is. Yours faithfully."

Road Hog (after mishap in which puppy has been run over)—"Madam, I will replace the animal."

Indignant Owner—"Sir, you flatter yourself."—London Opinion.

Thousands and thousands of years ago our ancestors ran unclothed in the forests. Now that we have become civilized we have learned to hold our dances in ball rooms.—New York Mail.

I was coming in from New Britain on the train the other night. There were two intoxicated men on the train. One turned to the other and asked, "What time is it?"

After taking his match safe from his pocket, the other fellow replied, "Thursday."

"My Gosh," the first fellow replied, "I've got to get off here."

Morning Report

CORRECTION FOR YEAR BOOK

Change James G. Gibson, 319th M. G. Co., to read James G. Gibson, 1st lieutenant, 319 M. G. Co.

Change Harrison W. Frye, Hdq. Co., 320th Inf., from 210 Green street, Wilkinsburg, Pa., to read Sgt. Harrison W. Frye, Hdq. Co., 320th Inf., 730 Hill avenue, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Add to Co. C, 315 M. G. Battalion, Private Ed. McElwain, 2200 Wilson avenue, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Col. Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. A. (retired), president of the 80th Division Veterans Association, who is best known to every member of our division as General Brett, commander of the 160th Infantry Brigade, has been suffering with a disordered stomach. A recent X-ray examination failed to disclose any serious organic condition and we anticipate the early arrival of the general in Pittsburgh to take active charge of our coming Blue Ridge Reunion. The president of our association also wishes to emphasize the fact that he desires and expects every man who served with the 80th to do his bit in making this the greatest get-together ever held by a division of the U. S. army. The reunion date has been officially decided upon, so you can mark your calendars, Aug. 4, 5, 6, Blue Ridge Division Reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A few more souvenir bayonet books of Camp Lee, Va., left. The brief notice in the April issue almost cleaned them out. Better hurry. Price is \$1.00 plus 5 cents postage.

OFFICE OF THE SURGEON

Camp Benning, Georgia

April 8, 1921.

The Service Magazine,
915 Bessemer Building,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs: I am taking this opportunity and means to let my former pals know that I am now stationed in Camp Benning, Georgia, since February 1, 1921, and enjoying the best of army life.

I wish to say that those who have not purchased one of the 80th Division Marches, put out by Elbert O. Brown, is losing a lot of good music. I have one and like it fine.

Would be glad to hear from any of my former pals who remember me. With best wishes for your unmitigated success,

Very truly yours,

WILLIS R. BENNETT,
Pfc. Med. Dept.

John Floresta, formerly sergeant, Band Section, Headquarters Co., has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railway at the Tyrone, Pa., shops, since mustered out of the service. Mr. Floresta was one of

the baritone players with Creator's band last season which toured Canada and the United States. Mr. Floresta said that the tour of Canada was quite different from that of the 40 homme and 8 chevaux style so much in vogue in "Sunny" France in 1918-19.

Roy Brooks, formerly motorcycle driver, Headquarters Company, is now located at



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

JOHN HOWARD SNYDER

Killed in action on August 10, 1918, on Arras front, France, Private John Howard Snyder, member of Company L, 320th Infantry, 80th Division, and son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Snyder of Irwin, in his 23rd year.

Remains will lie in state in Irwin United Presbyterian Church from 11 o'clock a. m. until time of service at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, April 4. Military burial in Irwin Union Cemetery. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

The body of Private Robert L. Sours, formerly of Company I, 320th Infantry, who was killed on the Arras front in August, 1918, has been returned to his former home near Luray, Va.. Funeral services were conducted at the Grace Lutheran Church on April 4, and interment was made in the Sours family cemetery. The services were charge of the Campbell-Miller Post of the American Legion. Comrade Sours was killed in action just four months and eleven days after entering the army.

CARLISLE, WILLIAM ROYAL

Killed in action at Arras, France, August 1, 1918, Bugler William Royal Carlisle, Company 1, Three Hundred Twentieth Infantry.

Services at the chapel of Thomas B. Moreland Company, 6104 Penn. avenue, E. E., Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

WILLIAMS, CORP. JOHN C.

In France, on August 18, 1918, Corporal John C. Williams of Company F, 320th Infantry, eldest son of the late Evans and Mary Charles Williams.

Funeral from the home of his uncle, William Charles, 411 North Evaline street, East End, on Sunday, April 24, at 1:30 p. m. Services at the Valley View Presbyterian Church at Black and Rebecca streets, at 2 p. m. Veterans of Trees Carlisle, Genne Mager, W. Ralph McNulty and Edward Donnelly Posts; Veterans of Foreign Wars, and other service men are invited to attend. Interment in Allegheny Cemetery.

Norfolk, Va., and is established in the transfer business.

BATTERY "C," 56th ARTILLERY Camp Jackson, S. C.

April 12, 1921.

President 80th Div. Vet. Ass'n.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Honorable Sir:

I am a member of the 80th Division Veterans Association and was a member of Co. "A," 317th Infantry, overseas. When the 80th Division was mustered in at Camp Lee, Va., some time in September, 1917, I understood at that time that I was the first man mustered in the national army, and I think record was made of this at the 317th Infantry headquarters. I am anxious to find out if this is true. Any effort on the part of the 80th Division Veterans Association to get this information for me will be highly appreciated.

I would also like to know why there is never anything in Service regarding the operations of the 317th Infantry in France. The best I can remember we were in the war—I mean very much in IT. We were on the Somme twice, in reserve at St. Mihiel, and in the Muse Argonne three times, but as yet I have seen no mention of it in Service. Is it possible that there are no writers for the 317th Infantry? If this should be so let me know the kind of writing required and I will at least show the other regiments that we are still living.

With all good wishes for the association, I am,

Very sincerely,

ERNEST T. ADAMS,

1st Sgt., Bat. "C," 56th Artillery, C. A. C.

BRACKET SHOTS FROM THE 315th FIELD ARTILLERY

By C. F. BUSHMAN

Dr. Martin V. Godbey, ex-captain in the medical corps, and the only veteran in the state senate, has introduced three bills for aid of veterans in West Virginia. The three bills provide a state medal, a state bonus, and state compensation to the disabled. The bonus bill calls for \$10.00 for each month of service, with twice that amount to men who had dependent wives or children during their period of service. The compensation bill provides that the state would pay to all disabled veterans resident of the state an amount equal to fifty per cent of the compensation allowed by the Federal Government. These bills have been referred to the Judiciary Committee. Practically all posts of the American Legion in West Virginia have endorsed these bills. It is thought that the chance for the passage of the measures which involve an actual outlay of money is rather poor. It is not due to a lack of interest of

Morning Report—Continued

soldier welfare in West Virginia, but the difficulty of the state legislature to find revenues to meet present expenses. The state funds are in poor shape, the worst in years. The only solution lies, perhaps, in the passage of the Production Tax bills, introduced by Senator W. L. Boling, Pt. Pleasant, which have been consolidated as Senate Bill No. 5, and imposes license tax, at the source, on coal, oil, gas, lumber, and limestone. With the passage of this measure, which seems favorable, soldier bonus will receive favorable consideration.

80th DIVISION UNIT HISTORIES AND WHERE TO GET THEM

Company "F," 305th Engineers—Frank G. Fleckenstein, Johnstown, Pa.

305th Ambulance Train, Ambulance Co., 318th Infantry—G. V. Chambers, 2441 Montrose street, Philadelphia, Pa.

314th Machine Gun Battalion—Herman Furr, 323 Law Building, Norfolk, Va.

Company "C," 305th F. S. Battalion—Davis M. Shryer, Columbia Club, Indianapolis, Ind.

317th Infantry—J. K. Powell, 221 Durham avenue, Metuchen, N. J.

Company "C," 317th Infantry—Jesse S. Carter, Hillsboro, Ill.

Company "F," 319th Infantry—Darrall Crossland, 223 E. Main street, Uniontown, Pa.

Company "I," 320th Infantry—Edward C. Lukens, Haverford, Pa.

1st Battalion, 320th Infantry—Charles R. Preston, 1000 W. Mosher street, Baltimore, Md.

319th Infantry—Josiah C. Peck, care Broady & Peck, National Bank Commerce Building, Norfolk, Va.

Experiences of the Great War—Ashby Williams, Roanoke, Va.

315th F. A. Regiment—Kohn & Pollock, Inc., Baltimore, Md.

313th F. A. Regiment—Thos. Y. Crowell Co., New York, N. Y.

314th F. A. Regiment—J. Hambleton Ober, 1101 St. Paul street, Baltimore, Md.

Supply Company, 314th F. A.—J. Hambleton Ober, 1101 St. Paul street, Baltimore, Md.

Co. "K," 317th Infantry—Arthur F. Shaw, 400 Houseman Building, Grand Rapids, Mich.

318th Infantry Regiment—80th Division Veterans Association, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

News recently received from state headquarters of the American Legion shows that the Bluefield Post, Bluefield, W. Va., is the leading post in the state of West Virginia in membership.

Frank B. Ober, formerly captain, Battery F, later major, commanding the Third Battalion, has been made a partner in the

law firm of Janney, Stuart and Ober, at Baltimore, Md., succeeding Hon. Albert Ritchie, who was recently elected Governor of Maryland.

L. Fosque Revell, formerly captain, Headquarters Company, since the death of his father, has been at the head of their hat business at Baltimore, Md.

STIGNY, FRANCE

(Headquarters 2nd Battalion, 318th Infantry)

"Breathes there a man in all this crowd
Who dares to speak his thoughts aloud?

Of Stigny—and his memories there?
Speak up, comrade, and have no fear.

"I'll ne'er forget the day we came,
Weak from hunger and almost lame.
How joyfully I cast off my pack
And stretched my sore and aching back!

"Surely, I thought, we would rest
at last;
The toil and work was almost past.
Soon we would be upon the train
And I'd never more see France
again!

"But, no! As the days and weeks
went by
And turned to months, I felt I'd die.
Each day the paper made me cuss—
Everybody going home but us!

"But all things come to him who
waits,
And now, it's come—almost too
late.
At last we're going, and we meet
today
To say good-bye till Judgment Day.

"TO STIGNY: It's billets and barn-
yards!
TO STIGNY: It's whole population!
TO STIGNY: It's mud and wash-
house!
TO STIGNY: The place of stagna-
nation!

"I hope when the League of All
Nations
Decides that the world shall have
peace,
That Stigny will make alteration.
FAREWELL to a village deceased!"

William R. Kidd, formerly sergeant and section chief, Third Section, Battery B, has been in the employ of the Virginian Railway as freight conductor between Princeton W. Va., and Roanoke, Va., since his discharge from the service.

Arthur L. Stras, formerly captain, Battery B, later acting commanding officer of 1st Battalion, has been established in the

real estate business with the firm of Stras and Persinger, at Roanoke, Va., since mustering out. With the oncoming baseball season, we wax reminiscent of the brigade baseball series, played in the Le Mans district, in the same old springtime of 1919. The final game of the series was played at Verneil le Chetif (Sarthe) in the latter part of April. The outstanding features of this game will forever linger in the minds of former members of the regiment. The hitting of Stras and the fine work of McCoy at the plate gave the regiment the brigade championship. Had a certain major, who now lives down in Louisiana, been a civilian at the time of the game, doubtless it would have been necessary for him to have gone home in a barrel. Cooties and inspectors were forgotten that night while the regiment celebrated. Some say they even get dizzy yet when they think of that good old day long ago.

Herbert R. Mann, formerly sergeant, Band Section, Headquarters Co., has been in the employ of the C. O. Railway at Hinton, W. Va., with the Motive Power Department at the divisional offices since his discharge from the army.

Raphael Walter, formerly 1st lieutenant and executive officer, Battery E, is now a member of the law firm of Gill, Walter, Murray and Green, at Baltimore, Md.

Charlie F. Strum, formerly mechanic, Battery A, has recently accepted a position as blacksmith at Durham, N. C.

Albert U. Walter, 1st lieutenant, Headquarters Co., and regimental munitions officer, is president of the Merchants Transfer Co., a company that he has recently organized at Baltimore, Md.

Donald N. Gilpin, formerly captain, Battery C, is first vice president and active head of Gilpin, Langdon and Co., manufacturers of ground drugs and spices, and the Henry B. Gilpin Co., wholesale druggists and manufacturing pharmacists at Baltimore, Md.

James W. Roberts, formerly captain, personnel adjutant and later regimental adjutant, is now sales manager for the Henry B. Gilpin Co., of Baltimore, Md. The old regiment and the writer extends a vote of thanks to Mr. Roberts for his valuable assistance in furnishing the many items from Baltimore.

Among the recent nominations sent to the Senate by President Harding was that of Major-General Charles S. Farnsworth, to be chief of the infantry section of the

(Continued on Next Page)

Morning Report—Continued

(Continued from Preceding Page)

general staff. General Farnsworth will be better remembered as commanding general of the 159th Brigade while that organization was in training at Camp Lee, and later, as battle commander of the 37th (Ohio National Guard) Division.

President Harding, on April 13th, approved the list of 12 new major-generals and 26 new brigadiers as prepared by Secretary of War Weeks. Among the major-generals approved is General Adelbert Cronkhite, now in command of the Third Army Corps, with headquarters, at Baltimore. The name of Brigadier-General Omar Bundy, overseas commander of the Second Division, and subsequently in command of Camp Lee, was dropped from the list of major-generals as prepared by Secretary Baker and submitted to the last Congress.

The following named buddies are now patients at the Tuberculosis Hospital, Bedford avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., suffering from effects of gas:

Jos. L. Schmidbaur, Co. "I," 320th Infantry.

Jas. R. Hague, Co. "M," 320th Infantry.
Robt. D. Newman, Headquarters Co., 319th Infantry.

John Chance, Co. "D," 320th Infantry.

John B. Lewis, Co. "C," 305th Ammunition Train.

Mike Nailovich, Co. "M," 320th Infantry.

Andrew Hesidence, of Co. "G," 320th Infantry, formerly a patient at this hospital, has been transferred to U. S. P. H. Hospital, No. 60, Oteen, N. C.

I. McConnell of Co. "M," 320th Infantry, is also at the last named institution.

Any of the above named men will be grateful for a word or visit from any of their old buddies.

"Service" does not know who to thank for the above information as the communication arrived unsigned. Whatever comfort may be derived by these comrades through the medium of this notice should be ample reward for the slight effort required in helping "Service" to find her buddies.

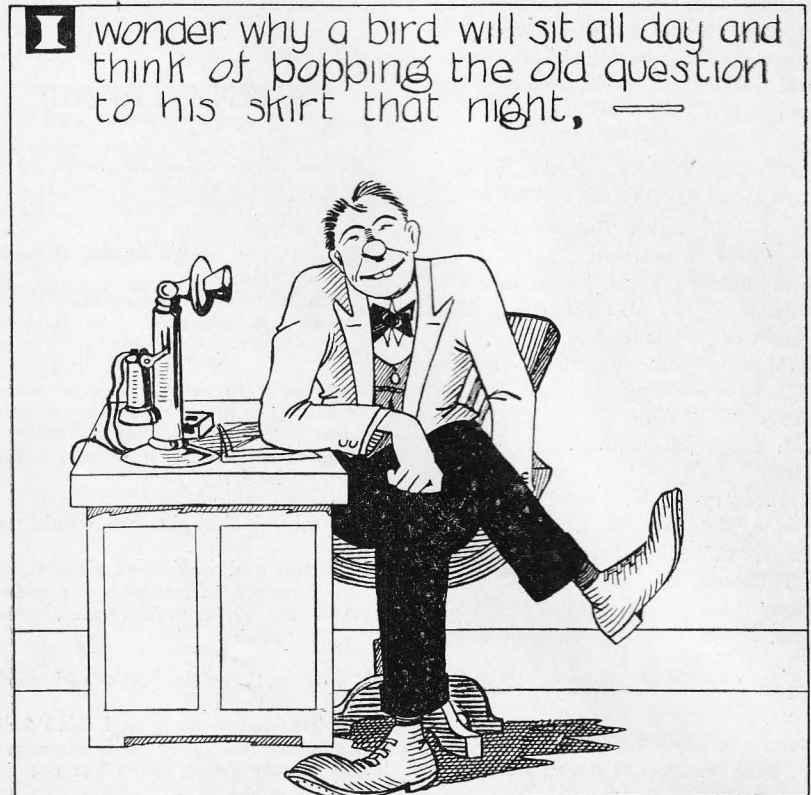
EDITOR.

The first post of the "Veterans of Foreign Wars" to be instituted in the Valley of Virginia, was chartered in February, last, and is officially known as "Rion-Bowman Post No. 632," with headquarters at Harrisonburg, Va. The post is named for two enlisted comrades who lost their lives in action in France and Russia, respectively. It numbers among its membership all ranks from buck-private to major. Former 80th Division men were instrumental in its organization and a number of its officers were

once "Blue Ridgers," among them being R. L. Stultz, commander; F. E. Peters, senior vice commander; W. L. Phalen, officer of the day, and W. A. Flick, historian.

Co. "A," 315th M. G. Battalion, held their

first banquet and get-together on Saturday, April 9th, 1921, at the Seventh Avenue Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa. Hon. Judge David Paulson Foster, who served with the 80th Division, with the rank of private, was the guest of honor and spoke on the value of



Morning Report—Continued

fraternity. General Brett, president of our association, was unable to attend due to illness. The affair was a great success. Robt. D. Boston, 4907 Broad street, Pittsburgh, Pa., arranged the affair.

Herbert Cotton, who sells brushes to the natives of this mundane sphere, wishes to announce to all the faithful that there will be another extraordinary session of the "La-Val-Bonne" bunch held in Pittsburgh, Pa., Saturday, May 28, 1921. All members of the officers' training camp of Laval-Bonne, France, are eligible and expected to be present. Communicate with either W. E. Colligan or H. M. Cotton, 233 Jenkins Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Phone Smithfield 1568.

Among former members of the 80th for whom "l'guerre" is not yet "fini" is Bugler Frank Presto, of Company G, 318th In-

fantry, who was severely wounded with shrapnel while in action with his company near the village of Nantillois on Oct. 4, 1918. Comrade Presto is now receiving hospital treatment at Fort McHenry, Md., being located in Ward No. 39. Bugler Presto was at one time pronounced the best musician in the 318th Regiment. His home address is Brocawayville, Pa.

Service aims to please! You are the one we aim to please! If we are not writing the kind of stories you like, if we are not conducting "Our Mag" to suit the stockholders of this old outfit, its high time you were making a holler. If you're satisfied with the cadence, all right. But if you have any suggestions or criticisms, fire away. A word from you, congratulatory or otherwise, relieves the suspense of not knowing if we are hitting the target or not. The next time you write in to

headquarters tell us what you think of Service.

William R. Roberts, formerly captain, Battery B, is now the same genial Mr. Roberts, traveling salesman for the Stevens-Strong Shoe Co., out of Lynchburg, Va.

"HENRY" SHOULD GET WISE TO THIS

Ad in Journal of A. M. A.;
Married man to milk and drive Ford.
Write F. J. B., 721.

Mrs. Gold Nugget—"I cannot see any callers today, Nanette."

Nanette—(Five minutes later to caller)
—"Monsieur, I haf ze plasure to inform you zat madame is blind today."—The Winged Head.

Nurse to patient—"Tell me your name so I can notify your mother."

Patient—"My mother knows my name."





SALVAGE

FOUR YEARS AFTER

(From the Cleveland, Ohio, Legionnaire)

"It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured."—From President Wilson's War Message to Congress, April 2, 1917.

"You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. The eyes of the world will be upon you because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom.

"Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude, not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom."—From President Wilson's public message to the National Army, Sept. 3, 1917.

"It is not true that the Government of the United States is under any obligation whatever to the citizen who in the performance of his duty has worn the uniform of his country and returned to public life unscathed and uninjured. Patriotism, devotion to free institutions, and a decent regard for the obligation of free citizenship are degraded and disgraced whenever the

citizen soldier becomes a mercenary and either expects or demands that his government should measure his services in terms of money."—From a speech of Senator Thomas of Colorado during the debate in the last Congress on the adjusted compensation bill.

Out of the 4,800,000 World War service men and women it is estimated that between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 are now without steady employment.

"The present system of caring for disabled soldiers presents an amazing spectacle of administrative chaos, duplication, wasted energy and conflict. The result is the suffering of the disabled veterans. Thousands are waiting and have waited for months for compensation for their injuries. Thousands have waited for months for an opportunity to re-establish themselves as self-sustaining members of society by vocational training. Of the 20,000 now in hospital, 4,500 are quartered in institutions unsuited to the needs of the men quartered there. New hospital cases are developing at the rate of 1,500 a month in excess of the number discharged. Many have died and if immediate relief is not forthcoming more will die destitute without medical care, without the compensation to obtain it, abandoned by the country they preserved."—From the American Legion Memorial sent to Congress Christmas Day, 1920.

HARDING APPROVES

ARMY PROMOTIONS

BRIGADIER CRONKHITE TO MOVE UP

WASHINGTON.—President Harding approved the list of 12 new major generals and 26 new brigadiers as prepared by Secretary Weeks, and it will be presented to Congress. Clarence R. Edwards, who commanded the Twenty-sixth (New England) National Guard Division, in France, heads the major generals. His name did not appear in the list which was sent to Congress by President Wilson and confirmation of which was held up.

Besides General Edwards, the brigadiers promoted to be major generals were: James W. McAndrew, John L. Hines, Henry T. Allen, David C. Shanks, Adelbert Cronk-

hite, George W. Read, William M. Wright, Charles H. Muir, Charles T. Mencher, William G. Haan and George Bell, Jr.

Colonels recommended to promotion to brigadiers were: Colonels Grote Hutcheson, Jesse McI. Carter, W. H. Gordon, George B. Duncan, William Weigel, Ernest Hinds. Ulysses G. McAlexander, Mark L. Hersey, E. A. Helmick, Robert L. Howze, William Lassiter, William R. Smith, Fred W. Sladen, Harry H. Bandholtz, Hanson E. Ely, Dwight E. Aultman, Johnson Haggood, Dennis E. Nolan, William D. Connor, Fox Conner, Preston Brown, Malin Craig, Henry D. Todd, Jr., A. J. Bowley, William H. Johnston and Robert Alexander.

LONG BEACH, CAL.—Forty-eight hours after officials of the Long Beach post of the American Legion publicly announced that several applications for membership had been denied men suspected of being members of the I. W. W., fire of a mysterious origin destroyed the community service building here, the home of the Legion, Red Cross and other patriotic organizations.

Fifteen former service men, sleeping in the Legion quarters, narrowly escaped being burned to death, three were overcome by smoke and carried out unconscious, and three Legionnaires were injured in rescuing disabled soldiers. The building and contents, valued by Legion officials at about \$150,000, were destroyed. The fire was discovered at 5:30 o'clock in the morning.

John Brandon, former Coney Island life guard and one of the fifteen ex-service men in the structure, risked his life and sustained serious cuts and bruises when he ran back into the burning building and carried two of his companions to safety. One of the men was unable to walk because of injuries received in the service and the other had recently left the hospital.

The building contained headquarters of fourteen welfare organizations and the executive offices of the Legion, Red Cross, Boy Scouts and Community Service, Inc.

It required but a few minutes for the chamber of commerce of Kansas City to pledge \$100,000 for the entertainment of the Legion's national convention, officials have reported.

Salvage—Continued

WHY MANY ARE NOT APPLYING FOR THEIR VICTORY MEDALS

Reprinted from the U. S. Infantry Journal
THE VICTORY MEDAL

EDITOR:

Your inquiry respecting the lack of interest in the Victory Medal prompts me to suggest this partial answer.

Some time in September I wrote to the adjutant general applying for a medal, and giving him adequate data for identifying the application since he has abundant materials for such purpose in files. I received back a cheap mimeographed form stating that "owing to the dearth of paper stock" the medals had been apportioned among the recruiting stations, etc., of the army and that I should apply to the nearest station for instructions.

I made a second attempt, and was informed by the recruiting officer on a ragged half page that application should be sent to local American Legion Headquarters, to which a certified copy of discharge might be sent.

In my third attempt I took the certified copy of discharge to the American Legion, to be informed that only the original would do, since an indorsement must be written on it.

In my fourth attempt I took the original to the Legion, where it was retained, and at present writing I have neither medal nor the original discharge.

It may be possible that persons less persistent than I am have been discouraged by the mass of unnecessary detail imposed in the distribution. It seems to me unreasonable to have adopted any system that compels the former soldier to part with his original discharge. Any concern doing a large mail order business could have devised a simpler routing of the applications.

I still hope to receive the medal in the course of time. My service was unimportant, being confined to a swivel chair in Washington, but my curiosity as to how difficult the adjutant general's office can make the procuring of a medal is still unsatisfied.

Very truly yours,
FREDERIC L. PAXSON,
Formerly Major, U. S. Army.
* * *

The man who fails is not the man who has no gifts, no chance, no pull, no encouragement, no training; it is the man who quits. Next time you feel down and out, remember that nobody fails but the man who quits.

NAPOLEON'S ROAD SYSTEM

If we need an object lesson in the importance of road maintenance, we have only to turn our eyes toward France, which has evolved the finest system of keeping up roads in existence. The French maintenance system was installed by the first Napoleon, whose unerring mind realized to the full the importance of good roads, always in good condition. The French system embodies a corps of patrolmen, working constantly on the national roads. These men have each a given length of road under their care, about four miles to the man. Each one is responsible for the condition of his district at all times. They cover their districts every day. The patrolman drives over the road in a two-wheeled cart, carrying a supply of mending materials, sufficient for any ordinary break. Every slightest hole in the surface is patched as soon as it appears. If serious trouble

arises from any cause, the patrolman notifies his inspector and the repair gang comes to the rescue.

In France the jobs of highway patrolman are usually given to veterans who have retired from army service. The pay is not large, but the patrolman gets a house with a plot of ground, the whole constituting an honorable livelihood.

Might it not be possible for us to follow a similar line of operation? We have some millions of veterans of our armies. Many thousands of them will be glad to secure a permanent means of livelihood, especially in the open air.

It may not be without profit to examine briefly the cost of such a national highway maintenance system. Suppose our hard surfaced highway system eventually comprises 300,000 miles. A patrolman with a

small motor car to carry his tools and materials could handle ten miles of road, going over his district every day and making any needed repairs. A force of 30,000 patrolmen would cover the entire road system. If we placed the wages of these men at \$1000 per annum, our total expenditures would be \$30,000,000. If we double this sum to include the cost of running a car, supplying materials, etc., we have a total of \$60,000,000, not at all a disproportionate expenditure when we consider the return. We spend far more than this every year in making extensive repairs and doing rebuilding that the patrol system would obviate. It might even be possible to furnish the highway patrolman with a cottage and garden plot, after the French custom, and make the job attractive to men with families.

Reminiscences of a "Rookie" —Continued

(Continued from Page 9)

you take it. Things get started somehow and you never can tell how it all finished up nohow. Maybe Sour Face did something wrong; maybe the captain did. I can't blame either one over the other. The war has been over for a couple of years now and "nobleman oblige" is the only safe policy for a man to follow.

The next day when we were all ready to go, the squad found out it was shy a man some way or other. We lined ourselves up and called the roll 'till we discovered who it was—Sour Face was missing. Just before we slung our packs we noticed a dozen or so M. P.'s marching by the barracks in quick time. They were guarding somebody careful like, who marched in between them. It was Sour Face. He was stepping along in that old proud way of his and keeping in perfect mis-step as befitting a member of the rookie squad. It was a sad scene and I remember that Asmud wept copiously for days after that.

We gave him a cheer as he went by and he answered with one of those melancholy smiles that had earned him the name of Sour Face. That was all, just a faint smile, and then the proud head went down between his shoulders and he started on a wild dash for the distant woods with the whole gang of M. P.'s after him like a pack of wolves. We talked it over many times after that but couldn't make head nor tail out of the whole thing. Olof figured out that the colonel had got jealous over Sour Face making such a high rating in the intelligence tests and was keeping him back from going to France just out of spite.

I don't know, it looked suspicious. A man like Sour Face made all kinds of enemies—all kinds.

We left camp that day, cursing the whole damn army from Pershing down. We cursed easily, fluently. We ran the scale of

Sunday school adjectives backward and forward without missing a note. We slighted nothing that would improve our standing in the best of profane circles—in fact we invented a few that had the proper brimstone flavor so peculiar to that class of artistic grammar. It helped considerably to relieve our collective feelings—but Sour Face was gone, GONE! We could curse the American eagle black and blue for all the good it did. Once more we were face to face with that blank file and we felt disgraced, corrupted, ashamed to hold our heads up among honest men again. We were still cursing when we hit France—but that's another story. Sour Face came back then—HE CAME BACK!

A Word About Government Insurance—Continued

(Continued from Page 17)

ing what is called a "level rate," slightly higher than actual hazard requires in the first few years (which is offset by the dividends), and as much lower than hazard requires toward the end of the policy period, which is in turn protected by the "reserve" of the policy. A request addressed to the Treasury Department, Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., will bring full details as to rates and methods of conversion.

WAR RISK INSURANCE

*Col. R. H. Hallett, acting director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, announces that Congress by joint resolution (Public Resolution No. 64) which was signed by the President on March 3, 1921, has declared the war terminated for purposes of war risk insurance, as of March 3, 1921. Therefore, all war time or term insurance must be converted during the five year period from March 3, 1921, to March 3, 1926, inclusive, as term insurance cannot be continued after the expiration of this period.

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, Jennings 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.
 - 77 Vandewater, Wm. C.
- WHO'S NEXT?

"Drafted From the Draft"
—Continued

(Continued from Page 11)

cost of each registrant, however, was only \$1.96, or 10 cents in excess of the average for the United States. New York's cost per man inducted amounted to \$9.19, or \$1.29 above the per capita cost for all the states. Alaska had the lowest expense per registrant, with a total of \$10,659.88, or \$1.56 for each individual registered—30 cents below the average cost reported for the entire country. The territory's saving on men inducted was still greater, the cost per capita being \$5.50, or \$2.40 less than the nation's average.

The machinery required for making effective the draft called into being a personnel totaling 192,688. Of this number, 21,722 were in New York; 11,971 in Pennsylvania; 11,423 in Texas; 11,218 in Ohio; and 7,361 in Illinois.

The personnel of nearly 200,000 officials was distributed among State Headquarters, District Boards, Local Boards, Legal Advisory Boards, Medical Advisory Boards and Boards of Instruction. The several subdivisions and strength of each appear below:

State Headquarters—Governors, 54; Adjutants-General, 49; assistants to Adjutants-Generals, 49; medical aides, 49; civilian clerks, 624; enlisted clerks, 174.

District boards, 155; members, 915; additional members, 124; civilian clerks, 944; enlisted clerks, 145; industrial advisors, 411.

Local boards, 4,648; members, 14,416; civilian clerks, 9,227; enlisted clerks, 3,218; government appeal agents, 4,679; additional examining physicians, 12,039.

Legal advisory boards, 3,646; members, 10,915; associate members, 108,367.

Medical advisory boards, 1,319; members, 9,577; civilian clerks, 411; enlisted clerks, 246.

Boards of instruction, 2,952; Members, 16,055.

OUCH!

"Is your wife home?" asked Mrs. Naybor.

"Naw," replied Mr. Smith. "She's out with a bunch of prize fighters."

"Prize fighters?" exclaimed Mrs. Naybor.

"Yes," replied Mr. Smith. "She went to a whist party."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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Organization -----

New Address -----

Old address -----

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP

Of Service Magazine published monthly at Pittsburgh, Pa., for April 1921.

State of Pennsylvania, County of Allegheny.

Before me, a notary public, in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared, Henry R. Curry, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Service Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, 80th Division Veterans Association, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.; managing editor, Henry R. Curry, 915 Bessemer Bld., Pittsburgh, Pa.; business manager, Henry R. Curry, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

2. That the owners are: 80th Division Veterans Association, Col. Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. A. (retired), president, 1301 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; Miles C. Stahlman, secretary, care Prested Steel Car Co., Farmers Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Henry R. Curry, resident secretary, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

HENRY R. CURRY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1921.

OSCAR BIELSTIEN.

(My commission expires April 10, 1921.)

A certain corporal of our acquaintance recently received the following telegram from home: "Twins arrived last night. More by mail. Do not worry, all O. K.—Dr. Jones."



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There is no finer way of expressing one's esteem for a friend than the sending of a box of Reymers.

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**"Two Years After"
—Continued**

(Continued from Page 7)

deep feelings of regret after hearing the glowing accounts of the great parade and memorial meeting. One cannot help realizing that at least part of the day belonged to those who fought and died by our side in that unforgettable "Over there." The days when we, as school children, carried our flags and potted plants to the school house to be used by the veterans in decorating the graves of their comrades, has now been brought directly home to every one of us. We now are the veterans with the sacred duty. It is to us that the last flickering torch of those other heroes has been cast and we need no reminder of our duty. Let us then, one and all, resolve that by our own example to others, we will teach a respect and inculcate a reverence into the hearts of the American people, for this great day of memory, that out of three hundred and sixty-five days we will set one, or at least part of one, aside to the memory of our sacred dead. Let us resolve to take our places in the ranks of our veterans' societies, swing into the cadence of other days when "they" were in their places beside us. Let us march at "attention," not as a happy to be home bunch of Yankee soldiers, glad to get a smile with everyone, but with the solemnity and respect due the occasion. Let us "move forward" to our shrine of tribute as soldiers and as men, conscious of the all seeing eye of the Creator being upon us and that each buddy is watching to see if we have kept the faith. If you have a unit or Divisional Veterans' Society in your town, turn out with them. If not, turn out with the legion or the V. F. W. or other organization. But by all means turn out, regardless of whether you belong to their organization or not. They will be glad to have you march with them, and in addition to being welcome you will have done your duty as a soldier, "Two years after."

The camel is alleged to be able to go eight days without a drink. Some men of our acquaintance are going the camel one better by preparing to go a lifetime without one.

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About 6:30 on the morning of Sept. 26, 1918, you jumped off in the greatest drive in history. How many times did you wish for a camera, so the folks back home could see what you were going through. The following set will give you a photographic record from "Zero" Hour all the way to the Muese River. Taken for you by the Official Photographer of the 305th Engineers.

ORDER NOW!

"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—Cuisy.

French Tank Going Into Action—Montfaucon.

Jerry O. P. at Montfaucon.

14 Horses Killed by Shell Fire—Cuisy.

Camouflaged Road—Argonne Forest. Under Shell Fire—St. Georges.

Am. Tank in Trap—St. Georges. "Over the Top"—11-1-18—Sommerance.

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.

Remit by check, money order or currency to

JAS. A. SPENCER

"The Photo Man"

1010 Boulevard, Juniata Station
ALTOONA, PA.

Madame Groubetalle —Continued

(Continued from Page 13)

saying that it looked the same and that the French were not the only people who were thrifty. Unfortunately his knowledge of chemistry had proved faulty and the cognac at once assumed a milky appearance necessitating his paying for the entire bottle full.

Madame Grabitall enjoyed a wider and more favorable reputation as a cook than she did as a manufacturer of Home Brew. It must be admitted that she was at first rather astonished that there was not a general taste for fried snails, garlic, and rabbits cooked, head and all.

Lucky speculators, who had become wealthy overnight in the market of the Rolling Bones, frequently invited their less fortunate friends to forego the bacon and canned beans of the company mess and indulge in a dinner which had required an extensive knowledge of "army tactics" to bring to a successful conclusion, but nevertheless reflected the greatest credit on the cuisine and dispelled any lingering doubt as to the mercenary character of the "Speculator."

Recollections may still remain of these banquets and there are some who would no doubt favor bestowing a medal on Madame for thus saving their lives and in order to

honor her with the others who also got their decorations for Serving Out Soup.

I was thinking the other day, as most of us do, about some of my experiences in the Great Adventure, and I happened to think of a certain buddy who didn't answer here to the homeward bound sailing list, so I thought I'd write to Service about a fellow who went to Camp Lee with me and who it seemed, the top kick had it in for. He did all the detail work that could be given him, without causing comment.

While we were in front of Nantallois, there was a platoon of Co— assigned to a mopping detail with Co.— to go into the Bois de Ogon and clean up. This fellow was a member of the platoon assigned, so next morning when they time came to move up he missed the bunch, but coming up a little after they had started, asked his sergeant if the detail had left. He told him "yes," to hurry and catch up to them, and added, "he hoped to hell he didn't come back." Well, he had his wish for shortly after he got to the Ogon he was picked off by a machine gun, and while the stretcher bearers were bringing him back a piece of shell got him again. I was just thinking of him and jotted this down.

"TO A PAL"

Here's to a Pal who was tried and true,

That has now crossed the Great Divide;

Although he tried as best he knew,

There was always someone to chide.

On the last fatal day that we went to the front,

He was started off with a curse

Because he happened to be somewhat late,

Although there were others much worse;

But now he is gone, no more to return,

He has stood his last reveille,

Let us offer a prayer for the good of his soul

And the curser, where'er he may be.

J. R. GAVIN.

"They can't sell liquor at all there?" asked one of the men.

"Only if you have been bitten by a snake," said the traveler. "They have only one snake in the town, and when I got to it the other day, after standing in a line for nearly half the day, it was too tired to bite."—Evening Wisconsin.

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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. Worriow. |
| 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. |
| 4252 | 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--Continued

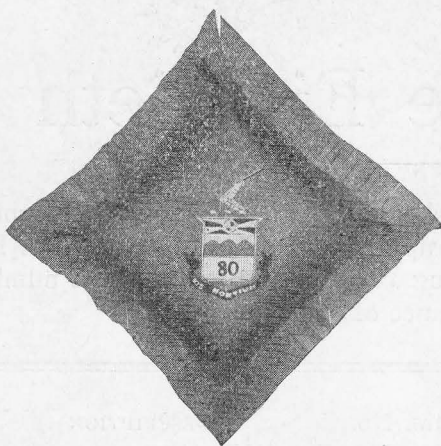
THE following Panoramic Photographs were all taken in France, are about eight inches wide and average between three and four feet in length. Order by serial number and title.

| 317th Infantry | | | 320th Infantry | | | 305th Field Signal Battalion | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|--------|------------------------------------|-----------------------|--------|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|--------|
| Serial No. | Title | Price. | Serial No. | Title | Price. | Serial No. | Title | Price. |
| 1197 | Regimental | \$2.00 | F816 | G Co. | 1.50 | 8010 | C Co. | \$1.50 |
| 1220 | Hdq. Co. | 2.00 | F817 | H Co. | 1.50 | 8011 | D Co. (Helmets) | 1.50 |
| 1232 | Sup. Co. | 2.00 | F818 | I Co. | 1.50 | 8012 | D Co. (Caps) | 1.50 |
| 1221 | M. G. Co. | 2.00 | F819 | K Co. | 1.50 | 305th Field Signal Battalion | | |
| 1198 | A Co. | 2.00 | F820 | L Co. | 1.50 | 8013 | Regimental (Large) | 2.00 |
| 1199 | B Co. | 2.00 | F821 | M Co. | 1.50 | 8014 | Regimental (Small) | 1.50 |
| 1200 | C Co. | 2.00 | 320th Infantry | | | 8015 | Officers | 1.50 |
| 1201 | Co. C (3rd Pl.) | 2.00 | 1196 | Regimental | 2.00 | 8016 | A Co. | 1.50 |
| 1202 | D Co. | 2.00 | 8038 | M. G. Co. | 1.50 | 8017 | B Co. | 1.50 |
| 1203 | E Co. | 2.00 | 8001 | I Co. | 1.50 | 8018 | C Co. | 1.50 |
| 1204 | F Co. | 2.00 | 8002 | K Co. (Helmets) | 1.50 | 8019 | 1st and 2nd Sec. Co. C. | 1.50 |
| 1205 | G Co. | 2.00 | 8003 | K Co. (Caps) | 1.50 | 305th Motor Supply Train | | |
| 1206 | H Co. | 2.00 | 8004 | L Co. | 1.50 | 8020 | B Co. | 1.50 |
| 1207 | I Co. | 2.00 | 8005 | M Co. | 1.50 | 8021 | D Co. | 1.50 |
| 1219 | K Co. | 2.00 | 313th Field Artillery | | | 8022 | E Co. | 1.50 |
| 1209 | L Co. | 2.00 | 1189 | Regimental | 2.00 | 8023 | F Co. | 1.50 |
| 1210 | M Co. | 2.00 | 1181 | Reg. Detach. | 2.00 | 305th Ammunition Train | | |
| 1222 | Hdq. Pl. | 2.00 | 1191 | Officers | 2.00 | 8024 | A Co. | 1.50 |
| 1223 | 1 Pound Pd. | 2.00 | 1211 | Officers | 2.00 | 8025 | B Co. | 1.50 |
| 1224 | Pioneer Pl. | 2.00 | 1190 | Hdq. Co. | 2.00 | 8026 | D Co. (Helmets) | 1.50 |
| 1225 | Officers 2nd Bn. | 2.00 | 1186 | Sup. Co. | 2.00 | 8027 | D Co. (Caps) | 1.50 |
| 1226 | Band | 2.00 | 1214 | A Battery | 2.00 | 8028 | E Co. | 1.50 |
| 1227 | Signal Pl. | 2.00 | 1179 | A Bat. (Detch.) | 2.00 | 8029 | G Co. | 1.50 |
| 1228 | Sappers and Bombers Pl. | 2.00 | 1212 | A Bat. (Detch.) | 2.00 | 8030 | Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Large) | 2.00 |
| 1229 | Baseball Team Sup. Co. | 2.00 | 1213 | A Bat. (Detch.) | 2.00 | 8031 | Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Small) | 1.50 |
| 1230 | Baseball Team M. G. Co. | 2.00 | 1185 | B Battery | 2.00 | 305th Engineers | | |
| 318th Infantry | | | 1192 | C Battery | 2.00 | F822 | Hdq. Detch. | 1.50 |
| 1173 | Officers | 2.00 | 1193 | D Battery | 2.00 | F823 | Officers | 1.50 |
| 1177 | Hdq. Co. | 2.00 | 1194 | E Battery | 2.00 | F824 | Co. A. | 1.50 |
| 1216 | Hdq. Detch. | 2.00 | 1195 | F Battery | 2.00 | F825 | Co. B. | 1.50 |
| 1175 | Sup. Co. | 2.00 | 1180 | N. C. O. Hdq. Co. | 2.00 | F826 | Co. C | 1.50 |
| 1168 | M. G. Co. | 2.00 | 1182 | 1st Bn. Detch. | 2.00 | F827 | Co. D. | 1.50 |
| 1178 | A Co. | 2.00 | 1183 | 2nd Bn. Detch. | 2.00 | F828 | Co. E. | 1.50 |
| 1174 | B Co. | 2.00 | 1184 | Band | 2.00 | F829 | Co. F. | 1.50 |
| F801 | C Co. | 1.50 | 314th Field Artillery | | | F830 | Officers 1st Bn. | 1.50 |
| F802 | D Co. | 1.50 | 1156 | Hdq. Co. | 2.00 | F831 | Officers 2nd Bn. | 1.50 |
| F803 | E Co. | 1.50 | 1187 | Hdq. Co. | 2.00 | 305th Sanitary Train | | |
| F804 | F Co. | 1.50 | 1231 | Hdq. Detch. | 2.00 | 8032 | 317th Ambulance Co. | 1.50 |
| F805 | G Co. | 1.50 | 1188 | A Battery | 2.00 | 8033 | 318th Ambulance Co. | 1.50 |
| F806 | H Co. | 1.50 | 315th Field Artillery | | | 8034 | 319th Ambulance Co. | 1.50 |
| 1215 | I Co. | 2.00 | 1158 | Regimental | 2.00 | 8035 | 320th Ambulance Co. | 1.50 |
| 1172 | K Co. | 2.00 | 1167 | Officers | 2.00 | 8036 | Hdq. Ambulance Section. | 1.50 |
| 1170 | L Co. | 2.00 | 1165 | Hdq. Co. | 2.00 | Miscellaneous | | |
| 1171 | M Co. | 2.00 | 1166 | Sup. Co. | 2.00 | 8037 | Hdq. Troop 80th Division | 1.50 |
| 1176 | Med. Detch. | 2.00 | 1159 | A Battery | 2.00 | 8039 | M. P. Co., 80th Division. | 1.50 |
| 319th Infantry | | | 1160 | B Battery | 2.00 | 8040 | Market Place at Economy | 1.50 |
| F807 | Hdq. Co. | 1.50 | 1161 | C Battery | 2.00 | 1217 | Signal Detach. 80th Div. | 2.00 |
| F808 | Sup. Co. | 1.50 | 1162 | D Battery | 2.00 | 1218 | 305th M. V. Section. | 2.00 |
| F809 | M. G. Co. | 1.50 | 1163 | E Battery | 2.00 | 313th Machine Gun Battalion | | |
| F810 | A Co. | 1.50 | 1164 | F Battery | 2.00 | 8006 | Hdq. Detch. (Helmets) | 1.50 |
| F811 | B Co. | 1.50 | 313th Machine Gun Battalion | | | 8007 | Hdq. Detch. (Caps) | 1.50 |
| F812 | C Co. | 1.50 | 8006 | Hdq. Detch. (Helmets) | 1.50 | 8008 | A Co. | 1.50 |
| F813 | D Co. | 1.50 | 8007 | Hdq. Detch. (Caps) | 1.50 | 8009 | B Co. | 1.50 |
| F814 | E Co. | 1.50 | 313th Machine Gun Battalion | | | | | |
| F815 | F Co. | 1.50 | 8006 | Hdq. Detch. (Helmets) | 1.50 | | | |

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 Bethincourt | .50 |
| 2 | Barbed Wire in Front of Dead Man's Hill | .50 | 12 (a) | Ravine Between Sommerance and St. Juvin. | |
| 3 | German Dugouts North of Bethincourt | .50 | (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 Bethincourt | .50 | 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) | Brieulles-Cunel Road east of Cunel. | | | | |
| | Single pictures of this set..... | .50 | | | |
| | Entire set of four..... | 1.50 | | | |



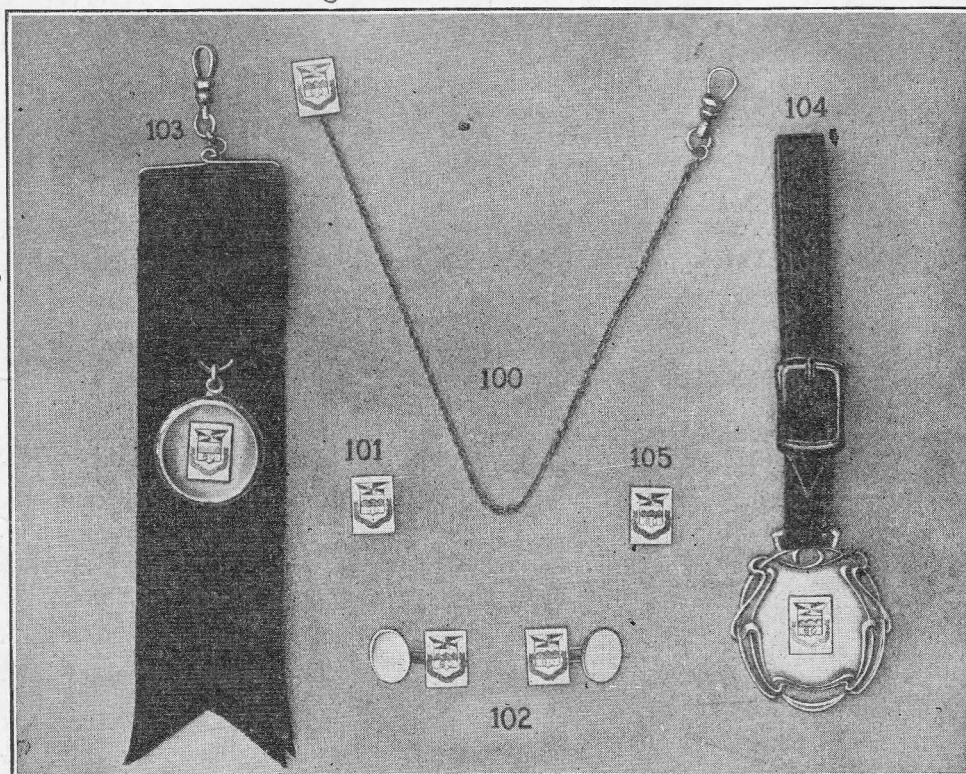
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