

NOV.

1921

# SERVICE

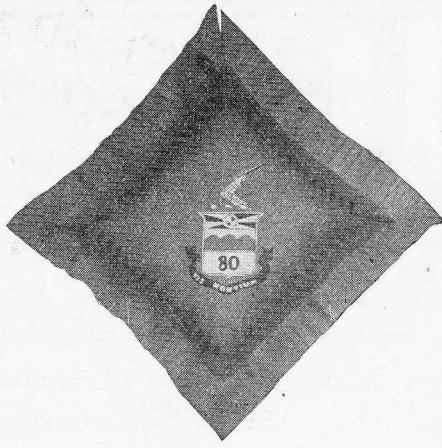
## THE BLUE RIDGE COMMUNIQUE



RECALL

jack berger





## “BLUE RIDGE” PILLOW TOP

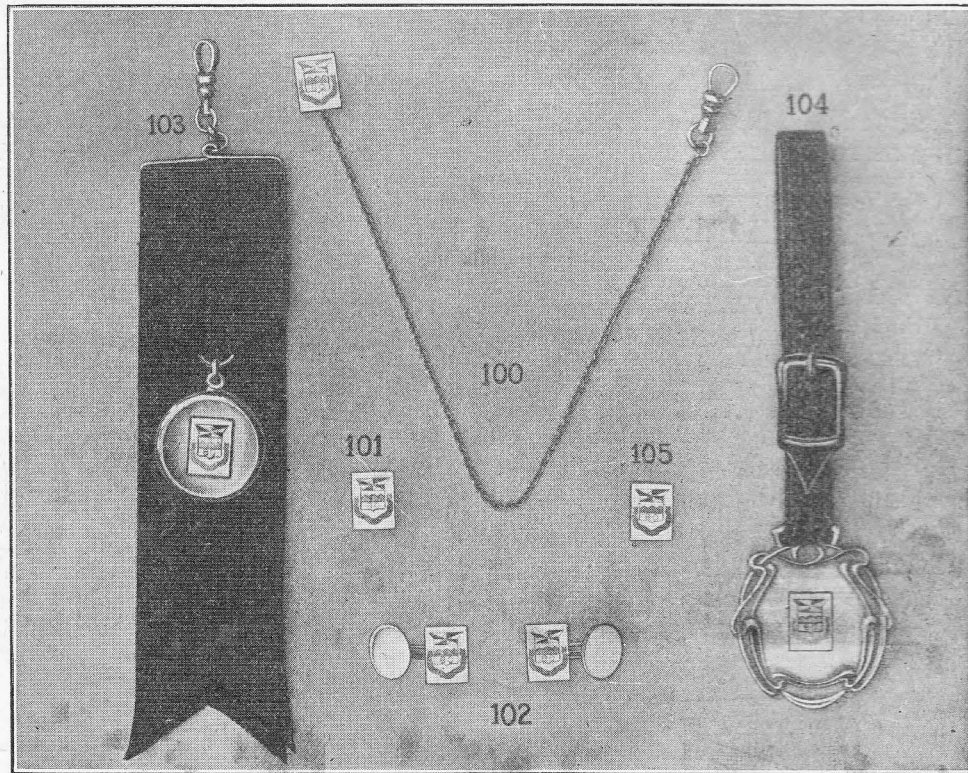
“Blue Ridge” Pillow Top

A beautiful sewed, hand-laced Pillow Top with the Insignia of the Division in Official Pattern and Colors, 28 inches square on heavy blue felt with fringed edge. No finer Pillow Top can be obtained anywhere.

Price, including postage anywhere in U. S. and Canada,

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“EVERY-BUDDY” Should Have One in His Den



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No. 105—Gold-plated insignia pin, same as No. 101, except with pin clasp for ladies' wear.  
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**“SUPPLY DEPT.,” SERVICE MAGAZINE**  
915 BESSEMER BLDG., PITTSBURGH, PA.

# ARE THE DAYS OF REAL CHIVALRY GONE?

No, say the inkslingers of Service,—we have been publishing a coupon page which just required a pair of scissors and a two cent stamp to do the trick, it was too tame for "Blue Ridgers." What they required was real action, dangers like the "Perils of Pauline" and all that. We have hit upon the idea of this little coupon surrounded by danger so that you, dear reader, may rescue poor little "Kewpie Kewpon." Why not hit the line for a regular ration of twelve live, snappy, heart interest numbers of The Best Soldier MAGAZINE in America?

STOP DONT DO STOP  
BEWARE HALT DONT DO IT DONT

TAKE THIS-IT'S EASIER  
WHO'S NEXT?  
G'WAN-I DARE YOU TO CUT IT OUT  
YES-DO

FIRE - WHEN YOU SEE THE WHITES OF HIS EYES  
AYE-ME LORD  
YOU DONT DARE  
PLEEZA - SOMABODY CLIPPA DA COOP

Dear kind Reader—please take me off of this page filled with terrible monsters. I am only poor little "Kewpie Kewpon" and the creatures on this page are holding me for a ransom of \$2<sup>00</sup>. On kind Sir—wont you send me back to my Guardians-The 80<sup>th</sup> Division Veterans' Association - 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa- and they will reward you by sending you "Service"-The Blue Ridge Communicator for one year.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
address \_\_\_\_\_  
city&state \_\_\_\_\_

-merci beaucoup-

Jack Bergano



## Pictures of the Eightieth

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

317th Infantry		
Serial No.	Title	Price.
1197	Regimental	\$2.00
1220	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1232	Sup. Co.	2.00
1221	M. G. Co.	2.00
1198	A Co.	2.00
1199	B Co.	2.00
1200	C Co.	2.00
1201	Co. C (3rd Pl.)	2.00
1202	D Co.	2.00
1203	E Co.	2.00
1204	F Co.	2.00
1205	G Co.	2.00
1206	H Co.	2.00
1207	I Co.	2.00
1219	K Co.	2.00
1209	L Co.	2.00
1210	M Co.	2.00
1222	Hdq. Pl.	2.00
1223	1 Pound Pd.	2.00
1224	Pioneer Pl.	2.00
1225	Officers 2nd Bn.	2.00
1226	Band	2.00
1227	Signal Pl.	2.00
1228	Sappers and Bombers Pl.	2.00
1229	Baseball Team Sup. Co.	2.00
1230	Baseball Team M. G. Co.	2.00
318th Infantry		
1173	Officers	2.00
1177	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1216	Hdq. Detch.	2.00
1175	Sup. Co.	2.00
1168	M. G. Co.	2.00
1178	A Co.	2.00
1174	B Co.	2.00
F801	C Co.	1.50
F802	D Co.	1.50
F803	E Co.	1.50
F804	F Co.	1.50
F805	G Co.	1.50
F806	H Co.	1.50
1215	I Co.	2.00
1172	K Co.	2.00
1170	L Co.	2.00
1171	M Co.	2.00
1176	Med. Detch.	2.00
319th Infantry		
F807	Hdq. Co.	1.50
F808	Sup. Co.	1.50
F800	M. G. Co.	1.50
F810	A Co.	1.50
F811	B Co.	1.50
F812	C Co.	1.50
F813	D Co.	1.50
F814	E Co.	1.50
F815	F Co.	1.50

Serial No.	Title	Price.
F816	G Co.	1.50
F817	H Co.	1.50
F818	I Co.	1.50
F819	K Co.	1.50
F820	L Co.	1.50
F821	M Co.	1.50

### 320th Infantry

1196	Regimental	2.00
8038	M. G. Co.	1.50
8001	I Co.	1.50
8002	K Co. (Helmets)	1.50
8003	K Co. (Caps)	1.50
8004	L Co.	1.50
8005	M Co.	1.50

### 313th Field Artillery

1189	Regimental	2.00
1181	Reg. Detach.	2.00
1191	Officers	2.00
1211	Officers	2.00
1190	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1186	Sup. Co.	2.00
1214	A Battery	2.00
1179	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00
1212	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00
1213	A Bat. (Detch.)	2.00
1185	B Battery	2.00
1192	C Battery	2.00
1193	D Battery	2.00
1194	E Battery	2.00
1195	F Battery	2.00
1180	N. C. O. Hdq. Co.	2.00
1182	1st Bn. Detch.	2.00
1183	2nd Bn. Detch.	2.00
1184	Band	2.00

### 314th Field Artillery

1156	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1187	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1231	Hdq. Detch.	2.00
1188	A Battery	2.00

### 315th Field Artillery

1158	Regimental	2.00
1167	Officers	2.00
1165	Hdq. Co.	2.00
1166	Sup. Co.	2.00
1159	A Battery	2.00
1160	B Battery	2.00
1161	C Battery	2.00
1162	D Battery	2.00
1163	E Battery	2.00
1164	F Battery	2.00

### 313th Machine Gun Battalion

8006	Hdq. Detch. (Helmets)	1.50
8007	Hdq. Detch. (Caps)	1.50
8008	A Co.	1.50
8009	B Co.	1.50

Serial No.	Title	Price.
8010	C Co.	\$1.50
8011	D Co. (Helmets)	1.50
8012	D Co. (Caps)	1.50

### 305th Field Signal Battalion

8013	Regimental (Large)	2.00
8014	Regimental (Small)	1.50
8015	Officers	1.50
8016	A Co.	1.50
8017	B Co.	1.50
8018	C Co.	1.50
8019	1st and 2nd Sec. Co. C.	1.50

### 305th Motor Supply Train

8020	B Co.	1.50
8021	D Co.	1.50
8022	E Co.	1.50
8023	F Co.	1.50

### 305th Ammunition Train

8024	A Co.	1.50
8025	B Co.	1.50
8026	D Co. (Helmets)	1.50
8027	D Co. (Caps)	1.50
8028	E Co.	1.50
8029	G Co.	1.50
8030	Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Large)	2.00
8031	Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Small)	1.50

### 305th Engineers

F822	Hdq. Detch.	1.50
F823	Officers	1.50
F824	Co. A.	1.50
F825	Co. B.	1.50
F826	Co. C.	1.50
F827	Co. D.	1.50
F828	Co. E.	1.50
F829	Co. F.	1.50
F830	Officers 1st Bn.	1.50
F831	Officers 2nd Bn.	1.50

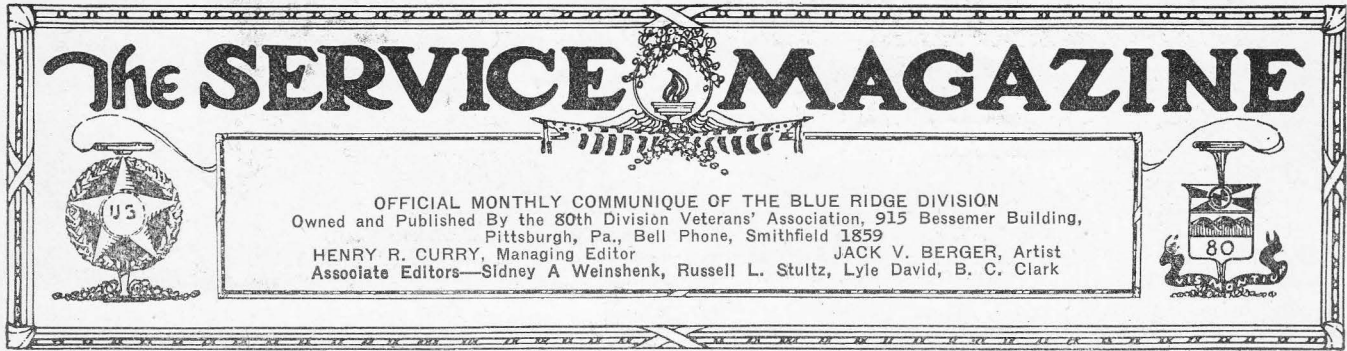
### 305th Sanitary Train

8032	317th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8033	318th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8034	319th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8035	320th Ambulance Co.	1.50
8036	Hdq. Ambulance Section.	1.50

### Miscellaneous

8037	Hdq. Troop 80th Division	1.50
8039	M. P. Co., 80th Division	1.50
8040	Market Place at Economy	1.50
1217	Signal Detach. 80th Div.	2.00
1218	305th M. V. Section	2.00





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ANY CHANGE  
IN THE DIET  
TODAY—  
SARGE?

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER—  
CLAIMS 'PIGS IS PIGS' REGARDLESS—BUT WE DISPUTE THIS  
BY STATING—IF THEY ARE PREPARED BY ARMY COOKS  
THEY TURN INTO A MESS.

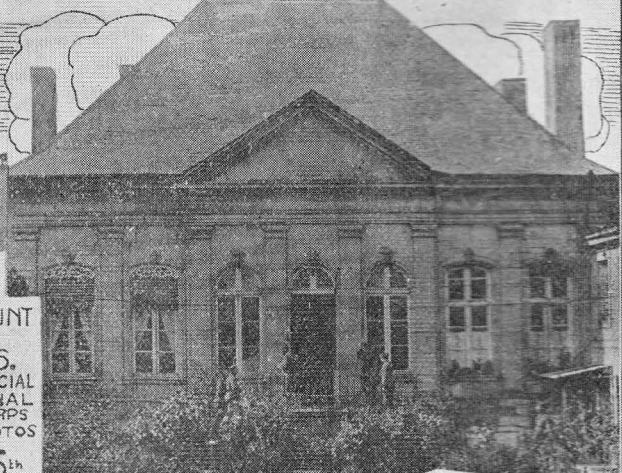


I'LL BET IT WAS A JERRY  
THAT NAMED THE FROG  
RAILROAD A 'CHEMIN-DE-FIERCE' FOR IT SURE CARRIED SOME  
FIERCE 'YANKS' UP TO GREET HIM— WHO WOULDN'T BE  
AFTER RIDING THREE OR FOUR DAYS IN A SHOE BOX.



HEY DER KEEP  
YER BAY'NIT  
OUTA ME  
EYE

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR—IS ALL THE DOUGHBOY LEARNED IN  
MATHEMATICS—BUT HE LEARNED IT SO WELL THAT HE COULD  
'OSULLIVAN' UP TO FIFTY KILOS AND NEVER MISS A DECIMAL POINT



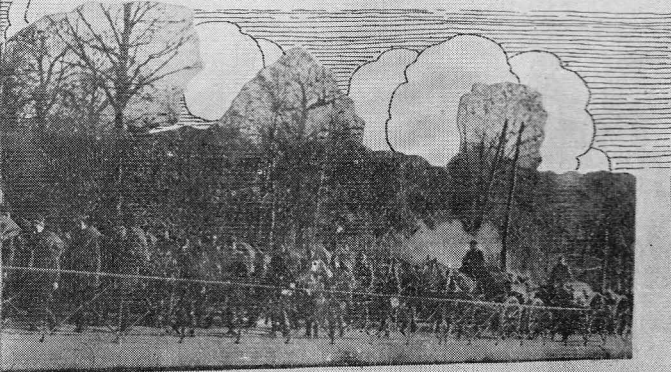
U.S.  
OFFICIAL  
SIGNAL  
CORPS  
PHOTOS  
—  
80<sup>th</sup>  
DIVISION

'CMON IN AND MAKE YOURSELF T'HOME SAYS  
GENERAL CRONKHITE TO A COUPLA OTHER GENS  
—THEN 'OLE KING COLE 'SENT FOR HIS BOWL—

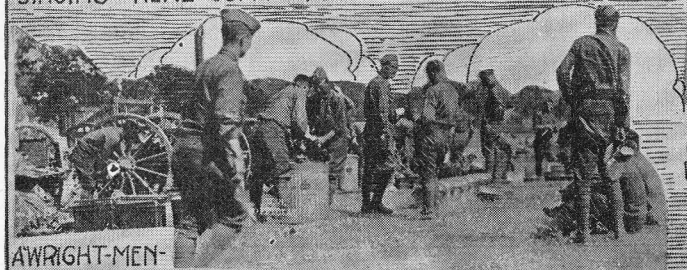


ACH-GOTT DER  
AMERICAN'S  
MARCHING AINT  
WHAT WE CHERMANS  
CAN DO—BUT HIMMEL  
HOW DEY USE A  
BAYONET

THEM'S  
THE GUYS—  
FRITZ—THEM'S THE GUYS THAT CUT SHORT YOUR PARISIAN  
TOUR—AND ESCORTED YOU BACK TO THE FATHERLAND—  
SINGING "HERE COMES YOUR PRIDE"—



FOR FOURTEEN DAYS AND FOURTEEN  
NIGHTS—WE BLEW—WE BLEW—AND SO DID THE PL&M  
RAILROAD BUT WE NEVER DID LIKE TO RIDE ON TRAINS



AWRIGHT—MEN—  
FORM SOME KIND OF A LINE—CHLORINATED RICE—  
JAM—WITH A 'YELLOW JACKET' THROWN IN—AND A  
PACK O' RUBY QUEENS—HOT DOG!



DECORATED—OH BOY—AND TO THINK MOTHER IS FOUR  
THOUSAND MILES AWAY—IF SHE COULD ONLY SEE



JUST A COTTAGE BUILT FOR TWO—NO—NOT A SWEET DAINTY  
MISS FOR A PAL—JUST A PLAIN JOLLY RED-NECKED MAN

ACK BERGER



# "L'Guerre Est Fini"!

By RUSSELL L. STULTZ

Former Sgt., Inf., U. S. Army.

**A**FTER six months of "moving forward," of covering innumerable kilometres and trailing the ever-elusive "Jerry," we were rapidly approaching the "end," that great goal for which millions of embattled men had been doggedly, heroically striving for more than four long years. Just how near attainment we really were, no one—not even the most optimistic in a notably credulous outfit, dared dream. Vague, unconfirmed rumors of the Kaiser's impending downfall had been heard from time to time during the preceding months, but as the days dragged their torturous course without fulfillment these whisperings were stilled and their spokesman effectually silenced by the derisive jeers of their more skeptical comrades. Yet, through it all, in the line and out, a strange, uncertain, unvoiced atmosphere of coming events persisted. Conceived in hope and born of desire, unformed they were, yet a subtle, "seventh sense" warned of a looming crisis, of an end that might be postponed but could not be forestalled.

Yet, when it came, when the days and weeks and months and years of unbelievable efforts and exertions culminated in the mighty climax, it was all so tame and common-place that we were unaffected—in fact, there were those who greeted the announcement with frank skepticism, incredulous that so vast a struggle could terminate so prosaically. And, small reason! Wading "hob deep" in slimy, oozing mud and burdened with "full field equipment," with faces turned southward, was scarcely our idea of a "victorious peace." Somehow, the setting—even the time and place were all wrong; not a single item of the warring arena in which we were actors conformed with pre-conceived ideas of peace and victory.

For all the absence of martial pomp and glory, however, the stage had been set for the final act already; the scene shifters were about to move on the conference table and give way for the diplomats. "L' guerre est fini!" Even now the glad cry was resounding in every tongue, in all the capitals of the earth, be they of the victors or the vanquished, wherever people

congregated. As we stolidly trudged along, with backs facing the enemy, we knew naught of the momentous events that were transpiring; indeed had we known, it is probable that our deepest sensations would have reflected nothing more awe-inspiring than kindly pity for those generations of artists and poets who had once, long ago, filled canvases and volumes

Peace, like war, rarely happens as it is generally depicted. So we were on the highway to learning one morning in November when we were relieved by advancing units of the First Division, after crouching all night in the front line in a chilling, penetrating rain that had made rest impossible and comfort a tragic farce. Arrival of night had temporarily marked the end of several days devoted exclusively to the then-prevailing pastime of "chasing Jerry," and, although our erstwhile enemy, "Jerry," was reputed to be on his last legs, the chase had proven without fairly strenuous and not lacking in diversion. While direct contact had at times been difficult to maintain, when reached, certain easily recognized qualities indicated a "live wire" at the farther end.

So it was that forty-eight hours in the line, with some record-breaking "promenading" in the wake of the retreating Germans to our credit, had brought us to a point near the junction of the Yoncq-Beaumont Road, within a day's hike of Sedan. Here, following a day conspicuous for its few breathing spaces and several sharp brushes with the enemy, the elements seemingly plotted with the latter to make existence a thing of misery and but little to be desired. All through the night, hostile machine guns and artillery supplemented the biting, relentless rain in a vain effort to dislodge us from none too secure positions.

In the "wee, sma' hours" of morning, just after ration details had made fruitless attempts to deliver to ravenous mouths a menu of sodden bread, cold coffee and rice, thrice welcome news arrived in the person of a runner from Battalion P. C. "Hatfield (code designation) will be relieved at 5:00 A. M. by elements of First Division," so the unanticipated message ran, for

we had expected to renew the advance with the dawn. Immediately all was activity; such important intelligence must needs be relayed to the different points of the line. As the word passed from platoon to platoon and on to the advance detachments which were still engaged in pushing forward, mingled emotions filled the breasts of men who, all unknowingly, were about

## THE PARENT

By HENRY R. CURRY

*Yesterday I held him in my arms,  
My little blue-eyed baby.  
How he crooned and laughed  
When I bounced him on my knee!  
How proud he was with his first long pants,  
My little man.  
Today, or was it last night?  
In a dream, I saw him shouting to his men.  
I saw him bouncing along on his caisson,  
Going to the Front, where men are killed.  
He was no longer laughing;  
Grim reality shown from his face,  
Thorough understanding from his eyes.  
He spoke to me over the long miles.  
One sentence, it was his voice,  
Now soft and without anger,  
Like when a child upon my knee.  
He said, "All wars are crimes."  
Tomorrow, I am to receive a box,  
The mouldering ashes of my blue-eyed boy.  
We will ride together once more;  
He upon his rumbling caisson,  
While I, will foolishly want him on my knee.*

with the fabled glories of war and our own childish minds with impossible dreams of stirring conquests amid applauding populations. Yes, the experience of personal contact had badly shattered our illusions, and never more could we worship our idols and heroes with that unsophisticated ignorance which had characterized all our early, eager admiration.

## "L'Guerre Est Fini!"

to end their last duty in the line. If there was gratitude and thanksgiving, it was unexpressed—instead, a common, more practical concern occupied all minds: "When do we eat?" Just then, a mess call would have found more welcome than any armistice!

It was the morning of November 6th, but five days prior to the day when a great nation's dream of world dominion was doomed to an inglorious termination. That head-long, irresistible advance which was to end only at the gates of historic Sedan is now for three years a matter of history. Our relief was the First Division as a murky, sullen dawn was about to break was soon an accomplished fact. One by one, detachments of muddy, bedraggled men, weary, hungry and unshaven, came silently out of the gloom, moving like human spectres, to halt for a brief moment and assemble with their comrades before turning their backs forever on an already defeated, baffled foe.

Just why we were relieved on the morning of November 6th has never been satisfactorily explained. The morale of the division was never higher than at this particular time; comparatively few casualties had been sustained, considering the results attained, and our battalion alone had made an advance of some seven kilometres. It has been suggested that the relief was ordered to enable the First Division, which had been the first to come over, to be in the line at the signing of the Armistice which, all unknown to us, was expected momentarily at the hour of relief, but that is neither here nor there.

As we marched away and entered upon what remained of a once broad, unblemished highway, now but little more than a yellow trail of splashing mud and water-knowledge of the single compensation present was not vouchsafed us, for it was not until months later that we were to learn of "farthest north" had fallen to us, of all the division.

That morning's march will not be soon forgotten. Rumors of trucks awaiting us "a few kilometres" further on failed, as usual, to materialize. True, trucks there were, but as they rumbled by their crowded occupants were recognized as First Division men, pushing on to take up the pursuit where we had left off. Just then, full appreciation of Sherman's dictum concerning war dawned upon us, likewise the realization that *some* foot-soldiers walked and *others* rode. A volley of good-natured jeers greeted each truck, observations that we had chased "Jerry" so fast that gasoline wagons were now required to keep up the pace, but for all the sarcastic interchanges the participants well knew the task that awaited them and the necessity for swift transportation.

The route carried us back through Som-

mauthe, over roads shell-torn and heavily congested with transport, artillery and troops, all save ourselves moving toward that rapidly receding front. Occasionally a fleeting glimpse of a wrecked railroad bridge or of gnarled and twisted steel rails spoke eloquently of the havoc that had been wrought by our aviators and artillery. A great German prison enclosure, flanked high with familiar barbed wire and standing at the intersection of the roads, told of preparation for American inmates that never came! Each foot-step of the march bore living, vibrant testimony to the rout of a still powerful enemy. Here and there by the trampled road-side, a little group of wooden headstones, rude memorials but glorious in their very simplicity, reminded of the price that had been paid and of comrades who would never more join us around the bivouac.

The story of the days that followed is soon told. Orders had been received that upon our relief, we would assemble at La Polka Farm which, scarcely less than hours before, had fallen into our hands, there to await further orders. By noon we were encamped in the neighboring woods and ravines, where packs discarded a few days before were restored to their owners and company kitchens joined us and resumed their routine of issuing coffee and "corned willie." And never more palatable had the oft-despised rations tasted than to those of us who had learned to long for them while deprived of their presence—like absence with the heart, without them stomachs "grow fonder" (and sadly thinner.)

Shortly after arrival, information reached us that we were to be given a forty-eight hour period for rest and reorganization, following which we would be considered available for front-line duty. Just how, after sitting still for two days, we were to be expected to get near enough to lines, fast disappearing northward, to resume hostilities was never explained, and will doubtless remain one of the unsolved "mysteries" of the war. Other and more intimate affairs, however, were present to preclude worry over the problems of high command. For one, there was considerable "policing up" to do, since personal appearances became an urgent matter the moment safety from enemy shells was assured; the little business of catching-up with sleep occupied more time than was usually allotted to that apparently minor necessity while ravenous appetites simply refused to be appeased. Through it all, the visitation of long-distance German shells at uncertain and irregular intervals convinced some expanding optimists that discretion was still the better part of valor and that the war was still in progress, for all the growing assurance that the enemy was quite harmless. True, many of the unfriendly visitors were duds, but their intent was perfectly obvious

and smacked but little of peaceful motives.

Our Mail-Orderly had been left in the rear as an unnecessary appendage at the time of our departure for the front, but two days of rest evoked the usual conjectures about the possibility of mail, for we had long since decided that it ranked second with "chow" as an essential necessity. Surmises as to the "Mail Man's" whereabouts bore fruit on the afternoon of the second day he nonchalantly turned up with a big fat bag of letters; letters from the States, from home, from relatives, sweethearts and friends. More swiftly than the course of an H. E. shell, the news was bruited among the men and almost as soon as he, himself, had arrived with the precious missives, his pup-tent was the rendezvous for a clamoring, insistent mob. Letters they demanded, and letters they would have before they would disperse, and letters they *did* have as the grumbling little man crawled out of his perilous refuge, at that moment about as safe a haven as a tree-top in a wind storm. For some, there were none; for others, there were many, and the accumulation remaining would never be delivered, for they were addressed to comrades now sleeping the last sleep in hastily improvised graves and inhuman trenches and shell-holes that pitted and marred a devastated landscape far away to the north and east. In blessed ignorance of their fate, loved ones had faithfully written cheerful, hopeful messages, only to have them added to the growing stack and, months later, to be returned bearing the dreaded inscription: "Killed in Action." Undeliverable they were, but their owners would never be forgotten.

In the wake of mail and a night that was descending prematurely, came our little group of "permissionaires," who had jubilantly left in late October, two weeks before, as the first of our personnel delegated to "see" France through the eyes of a leave area, at the expense of a benevolent A. E. F. In the presence of fast-moving events they had been forgotten, their absence only a matter of one more entry in the Morning Report. Weary and heavily laden they were, as they straggled in after an all day's hike from the nearest rail-head; for several days they had been vainly striving to overtake what they had heard dubbed their "galloping" outfits, to succeed only when they had halted for a rest. Compensation was theirs, however, for they had wondrous tales of a land unknown kilometres to the south, where war was but a hateful echo, where people dwelled in state and where you messed and bathed without the vigilant eyes of sergeants and the accompaniment of numbers; and, heedful of unbelievers, they had brought back *beaucoup* souvenirs to substantiate their fairy narratives. That night, for the first

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# The Information You Want About The U. S. Veterans' Bureau

By Col. CHARLES R. FORBES

Director of the United States Veterans' Bureau.



**W**HAT will the Veteran's Bureau accomplish for the ex-service men? Anyone asking this question will find the answer in the policy programme that has been outlined for the bureau, and which will be carried through to completion just as surely as the sun shines. The programme as it appears in skeleton form follows:

1. To provide compensation for every man who suffered injuries or contracted disease while serving in the military or naval forces during the World War that may have rendered him ten per cent or more physically disabled.

2. To provide the best talent for all men needing medical or surgical care; to see that every man in need of hospitalization, because of injuries received or diseases contracted in line of duty in active service during the World War, is placed in a hospital under government supervision as soon as it is physically possible, and, to maintain an effective follow-up system among convalescents and those who have been discharged from the hospitals as reaching the maximum improvement or as cured in order that their best interests may be closely safeguarded.

3. To conduct the vocational rehabilitation of men with vocational handicaps of ten per cent or more in government training centers, where it will be possible to keep a direct record of their training progress and to look after their moral and physical welfare. This programme in no way will interfere with men engaged in professional studies in the universities or who are making satisfactory progress in other schools in their studies or trades. However, the present system of placement training is to be curtailed, wherever found unsatisfactory.

4. To give prompt service in the handling of all claims for compensation, vocational training, and hospitalization through the district and sub-district offices that have been established throughout the country.

In order to find every man who had a compensable claim against the government, the Veterans' Bureau, immediately after its organization, launched a "clean-up" campaign and every corner of the country was reached by bureau representatives authorized to give immediate aid to men found to be in need. Since the inauguration of the "clean-up" campaign in August, over 82,000 disabled veterans have been interviewed and over 35,000 claims filed by the "clean-up" squads. Of the total number of claims filed, 30,000 have been adjudicated by the special "clean-up" unit in the bureau, and

notices of settlement have been forwarded to the claimants.

From the hospital standpoint, the bureau is making one of its best plays in favor of the disabled men by discontinuing the use of objectionable contract hospitals as soon as practicable. In the future men are to be placed, insofar as it is possible, in government controlled or supervised institutions.

The most important duty of the bureau at the present time, however, is the vocational rehabilitation of the disabled men. In this connection the bureau is preparing to do away in a large measure with the present placement training system and to instruct the men in the trades in technical training centers to be established and maintained or supervised by the bureau. It is not the policy of the bureau to interfere with the training of the men in the universities and the accredited institutions, but it is going to eliminate the farming out of men in schools which do not meet full requirements, cheap industrial and mercantile establishments, and mushroom institutions.

In these training centers the men are going to be provided with every convenience in making their living quarters attractive and facilitating their training. There is to be no trace of military discipline, notwithstanding rumors to the contrary. The bureau intends to avail itself of as much existing government property as possible for the sake of economy. But economy is not to be fostered at the expense of the disabled men, and in any case where former army cantonment are utilized, sufficient alterations and improvements will be made to place the training centers on a par with the best technical schools in the country.

Married men will not have to leave their families in order to enter training on one of these training centers as there will be bungalows available at the centers where the men may establish their homes at absolute minimum cost while in training. There will be community halls and libraries and facilities for outdoor recreation and the community spirit will be complete in every way. The various national welfare organizations have already expressed their willingness to assist in the entertainment of the men at these schools.

The rehabilitation programme outlined by the bureau embraces the biggest uplift movement in the history of the Nation. There are a hundred thousand men being taught to apply themselves to the problems of life in new ways.

In order to give service the Veterans' Bureau has been organized on a decentraliza-

tion plan. Fourteen district offices have been established in different parts of the country, and under these there are one hundred and forty sub-district offices in operation. The outstanding feature of this plan is that men in need of medical attention can receive it promptly through the sub-district offices. Under the old centralization plan, under which the soldier welfare agencies operated, it was necessary for a man to first get authorization for medical treatment from Washington before he could be accepted at a government hospital. The great saving of time, and the consequent saving of suffering and perhaps life, afforded by the new bureau is evident. Through decentralization the bureau has established personal contact with the ex-service men who are its wards, and today every disabled man can easily find the means to talk over his case personally with a bureau representative. Long-distance communication and red tape have been eliminated.

## VETERANS' BUREAU QUESTION BOX

Ques. 1. Insured receives under an insurance of \$10,000, monthly installments of \$57.50 each for 36 months on account of permanent total disability and then recovers. How much insurance may be continued?

Ans. 1. Having received 36 monthly installments of \$57.50 each, the insured would be entitled to continue insurance in an amount equal to the then present value (commuted value) of 204 monthly installments of \$57.50 each, which would be \$8,894.

Ques. 2. A patient having insurance in force is in hospital but not rated total permanent. What provisions are made for taking care of insurance in such cases?

Ans. 2. The payment of premiums on the due date may be waived upon application therefor, which must be made within four calendar months from September 15, 1921, or from the date of hospitalization, or from the date when the temporary total disability rating becomes effective, whichever is the later date. The cases coming under this provision are divided into two classes as follows:

- (a) "Those who are confined in a hospital as a patient of the Veterans' Bureau for compensable disability, during the period while they are so confined."
- (b) Those who are rated temporarily totally disabled by reason of an in-

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# When East Meets West

Not European and Not Egyptian, the Ancient Narrow Streets of the Old City of Alexandria Present Many Curious Sights to the Travelers from East and West, North and South

By DWIGHT H. FEE

American Mission, Cairo, Egypt.



ALEXANDRIA, to an American, is a mighty peculiar place. It certainly is not European and yet, say the people who know Egypt, it is not Egyptian. At any rate, it is more Eastern than Western, especially in certain districts, and one never is in doubt as to whether he is near that district which has been described geographically as lying somewhere east of Suez.

It is a curious miniature of East and West which one beholds from a window of the American (United Presbyterian) Mission Building. The asphalt street is about 30 feet wide and on each side is a sidewalk like any at home. The buildings on this and the other main streets are generally four stories high and are built of stone, covered with a coat of thick cement-like plaster, tinted or nearly white. All these buildings have a dozen balconies, with windows as high as the ceilings, about 12 feet, and shutters. And every building has a flat roof, where one may walk and on which generally are several one or two affairs, much like the little "buildings" which house the elevator machinery on office buildings at home.

Those who have been to Italy say this part of the city is much like Italian cities. On the ground floor along the main street are all kinds of stores; on the upper floors are living apartments and rents are very high.

There is electric light and there are street cars, but far fewer automobiles than in any place we've ever been.

One's chief interest, however, is in the people. The native folk are of nearly every shade from olive tint to real black. Some are of Turkish descent, most of them are very dark, and the blacks are not Egyptians, but Nubians and the like, most of them with scars, their tribal marks, on their faces, and some with rings in their ears. Then, too, there are the Bedouins, many of whom wear a heavy white shawl, if such it may be called, thrown over their heads and looped over their shoulders.

You have seen too many pictures of this country to need a detailed description of their dress. There are many Europeans whose dress would attract no attention at home. Then there are some natives who wear European clothes with the tarboosh—the fez, which is always red. As at home

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Fee, the former editor of *SERVICE MAGAZINE* and the *Camp Lee Bayonet*, will, no doubt, have another article for *SERVICE* in the near future.

there are many shops for cleaning and re-blocking headgear.

Most of the natives here wear for an outer garment the gal-a-bi-a. This is a sort of nightgown and is made of every material and color—silk for the wealthy and cotton for the poor. What there is under it is so far a mystery to me, but I understand that there is a pair of baggy trousers and several shirts of various lengths, as well as underwear. Instead of the tarboosh, some folk wear a small red cap around which is wound a white cloth, like a small turban.

The tarboosh is worn because a Muslim in praying must remain covered and he must touch the ground with his forehead. This bears a hat with a brim. But not everyone who wears a tarboosh is a Mohammedan—it is the national headgear of Egypt, and all sorts of people wear it.

Shoes range from rope-soled canvas sneakers—very useful in walking over sand—to handmade leather sandals and European shoes.

I'm not in a position to write intelligently of the women. And, in anything I say I don't wish to indulge in generalities. But the women do go veiled. There's no question of that. But, as one may imagine, there are styles in veils here, just as there are at home. Mohammedan women are supposed to conceal their charms and to cover especially the tops and backs of their heads and then their faces. They do this generally.

Their outer garment, called the harbarah, is always black, apparently. It is draped over the head, pulled tight on the forehead, and falls down the back, like a cloak, being held together in front by the hands. But there are harababs and harababs. Those of the poorer classes look pretty drab. But of the others, some are of silk or satin, or crepe de chine or crepe emeteor. And some are fathered in at the waste, so that the lower part has a skirt effect. The poorer women go barefoot, even tho they have silver or near-silver anklets, but French shoes—short vamped and high heel-

ed—are familiar sights, with silk stockings.

And their are veils and veils. Some of the poor, working women wear no veils, simply pulling part of the harbarah in front of their faces if occasion arises. The orthodox veil is a heavy, black affair which covers the face nearly to the eyes. Between the eyes, suspended from the harbarah and attached to the veil, is a piece of wood or metal, which helps support the veil. But not for all the women. The white veil is conspicuous on the streets. Sometimes it is thick, sometimes so filmy that the wearer's face may be seen as plainly as if her face were not covered. These veils, many of which have picot edging, are suspended from a white ribbon which is drawn over the top of the ears and tied beneath the chin. As many of the women have pretty eyes, those veils tend to enhance their good looks. And sometimes, the veil instead of being just beneath the eyes, discloses even the mouth. Most persons who wear this sort of veil are young and they belong to "reformed" or Liberal Mohammedan families (whether because they ARE good looking, I do not know.)

Less than a hundred yards from the Mission building here is a mosque, from whose minaret we hear the muezzin's call to prayer. A great many Moslems seem entirely undisturbed by the summons.

The fleas are all they are cracked up to be, but the flies seem to be silly, as an ordinary fish net, with spaces two inches wide, stretched over a window, will keep them out of a room. Goats and sheep are common sights in the purely native quarters and one often sees a pair of them, tied together, standing outside the door of a shop, being fattened for a feast or for sale. These are fattailed sheep—their tails as thick as a man's arm—and their wool is a sort of reddish brown.

The chickens are tiny creatures, no larger than partridges, and their eggs are very small. Turkeys are small, too, and both kinds of fowls show their lack of brain power in the native markets where, tho untied, they stand around on their coops or underfoot until someone buys them. They have to be killed a certain way, if good Mohammedans are to eat them.

There are several lines of street cars. The first car is first class. Then generally comes a second class car and then another second class car, but doubled-decked. In

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# The Significance of "S.O.S."

How One Company of Blue Ridgers Made a Gallant Attempt to Keep Up with the "Galloping Eightieth" in that "FORWARD" Movement at Bethincourt, September 26, 1918, and How Well They Succeeded is Now Told by the Officer in Charge

By Capt. THOMAS W. HOOPER

319th Inf. (The Fighting Parson)

*Company K, 319th Infantry, in the attack of September 26, 1918.*

From the time that the outfit was at Camp Lee, the writer had been wondering what method would be used in keeping the front lines supplied with ammunition and rations, especially while an advance was being made. This point seemed so important to him and he put the question so often, that he was the object of a considerable amount of laughter on the part of some of the officers of the regiment. It may be that Col. Cocheu, with that keen mind that he had for anything that affected the Regiment, learned of this concern and stored the fact away in his mind.

The members of the Division will remember a very gruelling competition of the Division that was held in the vicinity of Doullens. In this competition platoons that had been selected from the different units, were put through a most thorough test in close order and extended order drills, in signalling, in marksmanship, in condition of equipment and what-not. A platoon of Company K, 319th Inf., won the pennant in the 160th Brigade, but, being marked down on packs that to those same keen eyes of Col. Cocheu seemed to be faultless, failed to win the pennant in the Division. It may be that the Colonel stored this fact also in his mind.

There was a certain officer also in the Regiment with whom the writer had some experiences that he felt so keenly as to request the Colonel not to associate him with that officer in the fight. This rather singular request from a subordinate was given kindly to consideration by the commanding officer and was also stored away in his mind.

On the 22nd of September, 1918, the 3rd battalion was detached from the 319th Inf., sent up into the Bois du Bourrus and attached to the 33rd Division until the fight commenced. In this woods, the writer found a large dug-out which the men of Company K will remember. It was furnished with electric lights and was large enough to hold all of Company K and the battalion scouts. After bringing the rolling kitchen up near the mouth of this dug-out, we were quite comfortably fixed.

Col. Cocheu himself appeared at our little home after we had been there for a day or two. It may have been one of the facts named above, or a combination of

them, that brought about this decision; but at any rate, he had selected the man who had been so worried about ammunition and rations to solve the problem for the Regiment. He stated that, in his judgment, it was a very important part of the work of the Regiment in the fight, that it had never been done before, and that, he was kind enough to say, he had selected Company K because he felt that he could with confidence trust them with this important work. He stated that the Company would be subject to orders only from him, a fact that was very pleasing to the company commander,—and that he had no suggestions

make a dump behind the assault battalion, have part of the company carrying ammunition and rations, jump off with that battalion, and leapfrog the dumps as the advance proceeded. This plan was agreed to by Lieut. Carl W. Hefin, the only other officer with the company at the time, and was explained to 1st Sergeant Ralph E. Miles and other non-commissioned officers of the company. Both these men immediately made up their minds that they would be with that part of the company that jumped off.

As the artillery preparation began at 11:30 P. M. the night before the attack, the 3rd battalion and company K started forward to take up their positions. The road leading to the front was terribly congested and the noise of the artillery exceedingly disagreeable. When the southern slopes of Dead Man's Hill was reached, it was found that the battalion commander had retired, and it became necessary to halt until Capt. Egan could find the Regimental commander and learn what part his battalion had to play in the fight. This was precious time that was being lost to Company K with its duties but at length the battalion took up its position and the company went to work.

At first, the ammunition and rations were brought by the Supply company to the vicinity of what had been Chattancourt and carried by company K to a point just back of the brow of the Hill, but it was soon found that the pack mules could bring it up to this latter point. The writer pauses to express his gratification that there has been erected on monument to these dumb brutes, for in the midst of fire from our own artillery and the bursting of shells from the Germans, they faithfully plodded along performing their duty without a remonstrance. It was with very great difficulty that the assault battalion could be located in the darkness. So much time had been lost, that when the dump had been placed and some ammunition brought up and the Company commander was about to return with a detail to the brow of the Hill for more ammunition, he realized that it was only a short time before the barrage would commence, and that there was not enough time to return by the communication trench. No compass bearing had

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## LOSSES

(By William V. V. Stephens, Ex-11th Engineers, U. S. A., in New York Times)

"Speakin' o' losses," a feller said,  
Talkin' serious like,  
"You never know the heart of a man  
Till the losses start t' strike."  
I have t' laff at the squeals I hear  
As the values tumble down,  
An' the groans of the precious profiteer,  
When his misses wants a gown.  
Ain't it tough that the world must pay  
For the debts that fightin' makes,  
An' all the dreams of a dizzy day  
Are a myth when the mornin' breaks?  
Can't help thinkin' o' sartin men  
That took their losses game—  
Who felt some pride in the way they died  
In a cloak of gas and flame.

to make as to how the work should be done. He was assured by the company Commander that his confidence in the men of that company was well placed and that he could dismiss the matter from his mind.

The company commander attended a meeting of all the officers of the Regiment on the day before the fight, at which all the plans for the fight were discussed; and afterwards rode up on Dead Man's Hill with officers of the Supply company to reconnoiter and locate the position of the dump to which the Supply company would be able to bring the ammunition and rations. The only way for company K to solve its problem seemed to be for us to

# Armistice Day in the Argonne

## How the Good News Was Received Three Years Ago

By RICHARD RAGNER

**W**E were not present in the trenches; we were not even under shell fire, but when the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918 dawned, we found ourselves in the outskirts of the Argonne Forest, in a partially destroyed, dirty, and unattractive French village which bore the name of Chatel Chehery. (Later, we learned that this was the town where Sergeant Alvin York of Tennessee, had covered himself with glory.) We had spent the night in a German *Soldatenheim*, and when the morn broke, one of our party opened the door, and seeing the golden rays of the morning sun transform the drab, deserted village into a semblance of attractiveness, he shouted cheerily:

"Hey, fellows! It's a fine day to end a war in."

He spoke the truth. It was indeed a beautiful morning. The Lord of the day had arisen in splendor and glory; the atmosphere was just chilly enough to put pep and zip into our actions, and there was not the slightest hint of rain. Ah, that, in itself, was a blessing, no matter what else the day might bring forth. For days and days, it had been raining intermittently and a miserable, souplike, yellowish mud covered the roads, and as we trudged through it, we had realized once again how prosaic, unglorious and distasteful some details of warfare can be. But hark! The cook threatens, "Better get a move on if you want any chow," and then there was rising in hot haste, speedy wrapping of leggings, hurried washing in the ice-cold tingling water of the village spring, and presto! we were ready for our morning ration of bully beef and bread and coffee. After that, a hasty rolling of packs, preparatory to the march to the rear, for the 80th Division was going into rest, whether the armistice was signed or not.

"It's a fine day to end a war in!" repeated the optimist, and immediately there was a battle of words.

"Huh!" grunted the pessimist. "You'll be damn lucky if this man's war is *finie* by next spring." This is not a verbatim quotation. He embellished his remarks with verbal fireworks.

And then, there was a division of this detachment of soldiers into two groups;

the Believers and the Unbelievers. Between the two, there was no hope of compromise. "We believe the war will end today," was the creed of the former, but the belief was fathered by desire. Arguments, both puerile and logical, were advanced in support of this creed of Hope, but the doubters were unconvinced.

"We're from Missouri," they asserted stolidly. "You got to show us. Don't you remember what happened at Imecourt a week ago? The war was ended—like hell

"Hello, boys," he shouted cheerily, but before he could say anything further, a dozen voices had asked the same question. He confessed his ignorance and he didn't have time to venture an opinion. "But," he said, "I have some cookies here. I don't have time to stay here and sell them. But if one of you fellows will advance 100 francs, you can have the whole carton, and then divide it among the fellows." Nothing could be fairer, but who would put up the 100 francs? Aye, that was the question. The sergeant was the victim. The word victim is used advisedly, for when the cakes had all been sold, the proceeds were only 95 francs. Who stood for the deficit? The sergeant. Evidently the Good Samaritan stunt is a paying proposition. (And these five francs are not the only francs this particular sergeant lost in the A. E. F. by being friendly toward his impecunious comrades.)

The Y. M. C. A. cakes quieted the argument for several minutes and then it broke out again. Lieutenant McKelway came into our quarters and said: "Men, we're going to Florent today, but the detachment will not have to march. The trucks will be here in several minutes." Joyfully, hilariously, we climbed into the trucks, but the pessimists and optimists kept charging their argument-battalions one against the others. At one village another member of the detachment, who had gone ahead, was picked up and he said:

"Lieutenant Vandewater says it's all over!"

Loud cheers from the Believers. Intense silence from Unbelievers. Then a snort

from the arch-Unbeliever. "It's all lies, damn lies, and every other kind. You can't believe anything. It's impossible. Lies, nothing but lies."

Another village, deserted, forlorn, unpopulated. A few French soldiers standing guard at the road crossings. The sergeant tries his American college French and marvel of marvels! they understand him. But they have no information to impart, although they hope the holocaust is over.

The auto truck—or lorry or camion, whichever you will—speeds in a southwardly direction, farther and farther from the front. Another village, with several Y. M.

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### "DOC SWEENEY"

By One of Us

Those were the days we can't help but remember  
After the armistice, thru that long hike,  
When we went mumbling, cursing and grumbling,  
South from Le Nefour, straight down the pike.  
Those were the days when no troubles came singly,  
Days that were rainy and nights that were cool,  
Everyone plodding those miles without number  
Except Captain Sweeney astride his old mule.  
While we were striding  
There he went riding  
Old Doctor Sweeney upon his gray mule.

Out of our billets, at break of the morning  
Each day we'd stumble and head down the road.  
Packs that were bursting with captured Bosche helmets  
And Lugers and glasses to help out the load.  
Plodding along with the rain in our faces,  
Nothing of singing and little of drool,  
And nobody dropping from ranks to the roadside  
For fear of Doc Sweeney astride his old mule.  
If you were shirking  
Up he came cursing  
Bouncing and jouncing, abaft his gray mule.

So now as I sit in the long winter evenings,  
Dreaming my dreams of the days that are past,  
I see in a vision, the long winding column,  
Infantry, transport and Sweeney the last.  
I see in the fireglow the rain covered foothills,  
The slow winding rivers as smooth as a pool,  
The troops plodding forward along the broad highway  
And little Doc Sweeney astride his old mule.  
You know Doctor Sweeney  
Old C. C. Pill Sweeney,  
A chaw of tobacco and small scraggy mule.

it was; even if the division bulletin board said so. It was all a fake. It's all a fraud. When General Brett says the war is ended, I'll believe it, and not a moment sooner."

Then, some Believer would explain how he had heard about a K. of C. man having heard from a Red Cross Captain that a colonel had told him he understood the big guns at the front were being brought back to the rear. "Why!" shouted the Believer, defiantly. "Why? Because the war's over." But the Unbelievers hooted and derided his reasoning and so for his third-hand information, it was ruled out as unworthy of credence.

Just then a Y. M. C. A. man came along.





## Letters from an Old File

By Jack P. Smith

HENRY TO JAKE

Dear Jake:

I guess we won't have no trouble about answerin letters with us because we are writin pretty krick after we get a letter. Thats the way we gotter be all the time, because if we stop writin I will get the blues, and then I wont know what too do at tall. It wood bee awful if I wood get the blues hear in Kamp Lee but I didnt get them yet and I'm glad I didnt. Well, Jake, yesterday was Sunday and I made up my mind that I was goin to take a trip over too that Hopewell place and see what the place was like. I got on a trolley car in Kamp what went to Petersburg adn when I gets in Petersburg, the place was full off soldiers and it looked like nobody else lived in town exceptin soldiers, but it wasn't as it is a regular town, Jake where people live only that the soldiers don't know where too go too spend the money what the government gives them and they think they might as well spend it in Petersburg Well I gets off the car at some korner but I don't know the name off the street and whats more I didn't care so long as I was in town and then I stood their awhile and the place looked good to me and I decided not to go to Hopewell that day but would wait till some other time. The only thing that I hated about it was that I hadder salute most every minute because Offisers was always comin along but I didn't salute to all of them because I uster see them comin and wood make believe that I was looking the other way and so I didn't haf too slute too them. Them Offisers look swell when they go to town Jake, you oughter see the boots they wear and some of them has a whip what he carries in his hand and most off them has on the boots them stirrups what is used to ride a horse. It looked funny because they didn't have no horse. We had a Sergant what was in our company and he was so damned

smart that he was maid a sekond lutenant and the day I was in Petersburg he war his Offisers uniform for the first time. I passed him and I sluted allrite but I said howyer Bill and he gets red in his face but I don't know why but I guess its because I shouldnter said that because he was an Offiser. He used to look around to make sure that everybody wood see him and slute him because he was strick about that part of it. He got sore if a fellar forgot too do it and Jake, it's no morn rite because he gotter be respekted like other Offisers evens though he was only a sekond Luey and didnt amount too much. I had a pass that wood allow me to stay in town till twelve oklock at night but I didn't stay that long because I woodn't know what to do with myself and thats a fact because it wasn't such a big place. I went into a chop suey restrunt and ordered up some yockamay which I didn't like but I didn't kick too them about it or I mighter got beat up as these chinee places have fellars in them what are called bouncers and they are terrible ruff fellars wot cares for nuthin and when they get a order from the head chinee too put a fellar out he goes rite to work and throws the fellar out the door and sometimes he might feel like giving you a licking first and thats the part what I didn't like about it. Then I ordered up some tee which wasn't so bad but coulder been better because it was awfully week which maid it look like muddy water, only it wasn't that bad. A lot off fellars was in the place eatin when I got there and they uster look at me like I was a deteektive and you know well enough, Jake that I wasn't but all the same I guess they thought soo. After I got done I asked one off the Chinks how much it was and he says too dollars which I thought was too much too charge but I didnt say nothing and paid it too him. He didn't even say thanks to me but I didn't care because I

know them kind off people is heethens and I couldn't expect so much. When I got out I was kinder glad because I was feeling all the time like I was gonner be in for a hot time in the Chineese place. Well, I was standin at the corner for a long time watchin the sites but I hadder be duckin the Offisers all the time and it kept me busy turnin around so that I woodnt half to salute them. I met some of the Fellars wot belongs to my Kompany but they didnt stop to talk as they muster had a date because they was in a hurrie. I took a walk aroun and I thot as how I might look at the trains come in and so I went to the R. R. station. A lot of soldiers was there but when the tranis kome in they wood get in and I was wonderin wear they were agoin too. Some man what I asked about it said that they was agoin to Richmond for the nite. I asked him about the place and he says it is a fine big place and that you could have a time there and he asked me if I knowed somebody in that City. I tells him no but I would like to and he said that he knew somebody what lived in Richmond and he would give me a note too give too them if I wanted to go and then I wood half a good time. I told him that I couldn't go right away but maybe I would go next Sunday. He said that he would give me the note now and then when I wanted to go I wood have it. I said all rite and then he went into the station and he writes the note to give to me. I thought that that was nice off him to do something like that because he didnt know me and I didnt know him and another thing Jake, he wasnt a soldier either. He maby had a polelittical job which case he woodnt half too be in the Army. When I left him Jake, I shook hands with him and he shook hands with me and he said that he hopes that he meets me again and I said same too you, which I guess was the rite thing

(Continued on page 24)



### THE FLAPPER

A "Flapper," according to "Bunk and Wagtails" is undoubtedly a member of the human race with the Human left out.

In Peru she is simply known as a mild form of disease, and in Afghanistan the word "Flapper" is believed to be the name of a new kind of skimpy Americano Breakfast Food.

In this unfair land the first outbreak of "Flapperism" among the female gender takes place every time W. J. Bryan delivers a speech, which makes it continuous.

In summer a Flapper wears ear-muffs to keep her brains in proper running condition and on the first sign of the thermometer dropping, she rings up the "Cash and Credit Emp" for a new pair of half hose and a hair net.

Flappers are sentimental. When they set out in full dress on a cold and cream puff afternoon, Woodward Avenue looks like a street running over with September Morns.

A Flapper never worries about the high cost of dress material, a salt bag dyed the proper "Rit" color makes a beautiful overflowing skirt and any five and ten necklace gives the necessary warmth to the neck and shoulders.

Put a bunch of Flappers on a Desert Island with 19 trunks full of clothes, and they would come back on the first train with not enough habiliments on to fill a baby's stocking on Christmas.

Flappers are born, not made. There is nothing made up about them. Everything is taken off. A high pair of pumps is all that is needed by those enlightened ones of the thirty-third degree. All the young students in the pursuit of "Flapperism" generally start slowly by taking off a few pieces at a time until on graduation the final-Eve effect is accomplished.

LYLE DAVID.

A great game is Politics: A man will sell his honor, his friends, his soul and his life for a transient glory that ends in a six foot plot of ground where worms hold sway. Neither riches nor position can buy the right to immortality.

When a person is ready to forget the war, the department of justice should be ready to hand them their passport to some other place that owes less to its soldiers and the fruits of their victories.

Good news for the Sick Call Detail: "Andy" has turned the spigot on "Medicinal Beer" an good old Doc can prescribe a case as frequently as absorbed. Join in the chorus—"How sick I am!" Perhaps we can drown our disappointment about the bonus while the Brewers "get theirs."

Dickering, Tinkering Doc,  
His Patients lined up for a block,  
With fits and canipions,  
They howled for prescriptions,  
Oh, liquor me, liquor me, Doc.

When winter winds blow 'round the corner,

I pause and shed a silent tear;  
Milady needs someone to warn her  
Winter snows will soon be here.

Armistice Day is too sacred an occasion  
to become the instrument for advertising  
political parties.

It is the slogan of all public-spirited  
Profiteers to "Forget the War—the war  
is over!" No doubt they would like to  
add, "But for Heaven's sake, don't forget  
to pay us on our War Contracts!"

Many public officials are heartily in favor  
of Adjusted Compensation for disabled  
men—Adjusted downward.

I never saw a Slacker List;  
I do not hope to see one.  
Sometimes they slap a Slacker's wrist,  
So I would hate to be one.

"Business is bad, and I cannot afford to  
renew my subscription." How about the  
four berries you handed the Management  
this evening for bum seats to hear Signora  
Spaghetti gargle, or see the dangerous  
dancing of Reginald Rosewater? SERVICE  
will furnish a year's real entertainment of  
benefit for \$2.00.

A Buck was not always appreciated in  
the Army, but now?—well that's a differ-  
ent story.

So far as we can see, judging from  
fashion exhibits, this is going to be an  
open winter.

There is a Rent Hog whom we know  
Can always get a cozy flat  
In regions somewhat far below  
The place where now he hangs his hat.

The First Rational bank on Main St. is  
getting a new front costing over two hun-  
dred thousand dollars. The same flag that  
brought Liberty Bond Buyers through its  
portals is still flying from the roof, or rather

what's left of it. Form your own con-  
clusions.

Undertakers are out of luck with these  
military funerals of bodies brought from  
overseas. Uncle Sam furnishes the caskets.  
Our advice is that if you must sell 'em a  
pair of fancy handles, be careful to close  
the metal casing after putting on the bolts,  
and be sure to close the lids tightly. Some  
of you are poor carpenters.

Gosh! how little we actually gave in com-  
parison.

We know some guys we used to call  
Wops who can always find welcome on  
the mat at our house.

A little selfish idea, a little gold de-  
posited in the proper place, a little ability  
and a bottle of ink, and presto, the course  
of events are changed.

A man was elected mayor of a certain  
American city because of his war record.  
He had refrained from opposing the gov-  
ernment during the war. In such ways are  
patriots rewarded.

"It's a great life if you don't weaken."

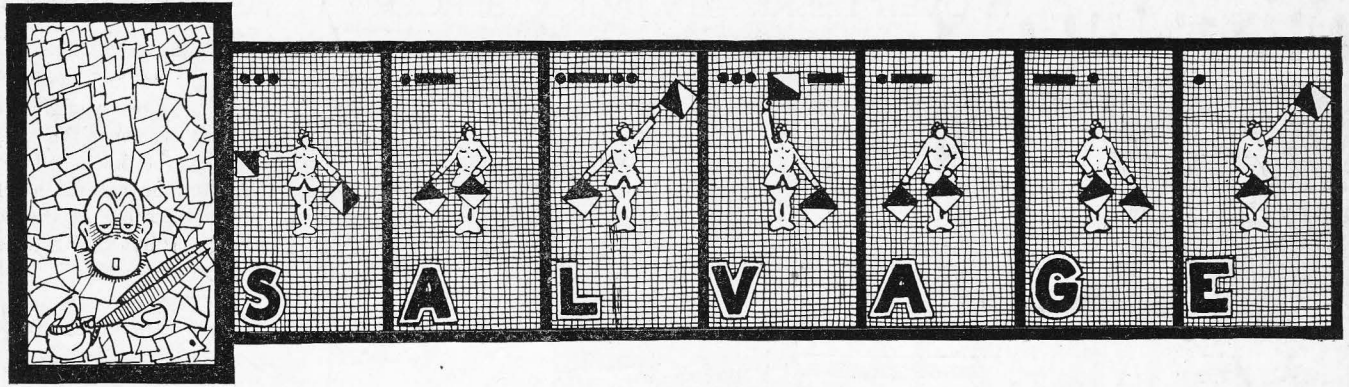
The Red Arow Division during their  
recent convention in Detroit, was invited  
to see the Tigers and Yankees play ball  
(admission free). The Eightieth at their  
(Pittsburgh) convention, the home town of  
the 160th Brigade, had to pay for them-  
selves, also for their band which played  
during the entire game. American League?  
Yankees? Something in a name after all,  
perhaps.

The October issue of the Red Diamond  
magazine, published by the society of the  
Fifth Division, contains a frenzied appeal  
to its subscribers to renew their dues, and  
further informs them, "We're the only  
Division publishing of the scores started  
out so auspiciously three years ago, to re-  
main in the field. The Fifth don't talk  
much, it does."

The Red Diamond used to take exception  
to our statement that "SERVICE" was the  
best soldier magazine in the field, at that  
time we were both running colored covers  
and thirty-two pages. We are still running  
thirty-two pages to the Red Diamond's  
twelve. We have loaned them many of  
the cuts used in their recent issues and we  
noticed that they copied Mr. Fee's story of  
his trip to France. The Red Diamond is  
on our exchange list and receives "SERV-  
ICE" every month. If we are not still in  
the field, where the deuce are we? Per-  
haps our contemporary admits that they  
have fallen out of our class, eh?

Since we have added "La Vie Paris-  
ienne" to the library table at Hamilton, P.  
C., we have noticed a welcome increase  
in daily visitors to Hdq.





### ORGANIZE 80TH DIVISION RESERVE

Organization of the Eightieth Division, Reserve Corps, U. S. Army is now in progress under Colonel J. W. Castner, in Richmond.

The division will have simply a skeleton organization during times of peace, but its officers are being so assigned as to enable it to go quickly into camp or into the field as quickly as it can be filled out with additional officers and enlisted recruits.

#### Headquarters in Richmond

Headquarters of the division is being maintained at Richmond, but the organization will include Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland.

Charles B. Borland, now chief of police of Norfolk and former major in the 29th Division in France, has been appointed provost marshal of the division, with rank of colonel of infantry.

Colonel Castner is chief of staff and Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Robinson, also of Richmond, is assistant chief of staff. The division commander is to be the commanding general of the third corps area, of the regular army, in times of peace. When called into active service the division will be under the command of a major-general assigned from the regular army.

Under date of October 1, a memorandum from the office of the chief of staff calls for volunteers from reserve officers of the division to take courses at the regular army schools of their arms of the service. Under the first detail one lieutenant of the quartermaster reserve is to attend a three months' course in the motor transport school at Camp Holabird, Md.; one lieutenant of the air service reserve is to be detailed for a three months' course at the air service photographers' school at Langley Field, Va., and three officers, not above the grade of major in the infantry reserve are to be sent for a three months' course at the national guard and reserve officers' infantry school at Camp Benning, Ga.

All of these officers will be furnished transportation to and from the camps and will receive the full pay of their grades during attendance at the school.

Colonel Borland has been asked to ascertain whether there are any Norfolk officers who desire to take these assignments.

Depreciating his title as America's Ace of Aces, Captain Rickenbacher, at a recent

Post Meeting said, "A dirty, cootie infested, hungry, battle weary doughboy, fallen asleep in the mud in a driving rain beside a road in France, after a month in the trenches, was in my opinion the real ace of aces of the A. E. F."

"Often when I was flying above the battle line, as I looked down at the forms of them men in the trenches, crawling in the mud, I figured I was a mighty lucky bird. I was just one human soul as each one of them on the ground and yet I had the choice of accepting a challenge to fight or avoid it."

"I slept between white sheets each night, had three meals a day while they were lucky to get three meals a week. Yet, people call me a hero. The doughboy was the real hero of the World War."

### REGULAR ARMY, NATIONAL GUARD AND ORGANIZED RESERVES

The missions of these three components of the Army of the United States may be stated as follows:

#### (a) The Regular Army—

1. To provide adequate garrisons in peace and in war for our overseas possessions.

2. To provide adequate peace garrisons for the coast defenses within the continental limits of the United States.

3. To provide personnel for the development and training of the National Guard and the Organized Reserves.

4. To provide the necessary personnel for the overhead of the Army of the United States, wherein the duties are of a continuing nature.

5. To provide an adequate, organized, balanced, and effective expeditionary force, which will be available for emergencies, within the continental limits of the United States or elsewhere, and which will serve as a model for the organization, discipline, and training of the National Guard and the Organized Reserves.

6. The Regular Army is the first component of the Army of the United States in peace and in war.

#### (b) The National Guard—

1. In time of peace, to provide an adequate, organized, and effective force, which will be available in minor emergencies for employment within the limits of the United States, by the States or by the United States.

2. In time of war or major emergencies, when Congress has authorized the use of troops in excess of those of the Regular Army, to provide an adequate, balanced, and effective component of the Army of the United States for employment by the United States without restrictions.

3. The National Guard is the second component of the Army of the United States in peace and in war.

#### (c) The Organized Reserves—

1. To provide a trained, organized, and balanced force which may be readily expanded and developed into an adequate war component of the Army of the United States to meet any major emergency requiring the use of troops in excess of those of the Regular Army and the National Guard.

2. The Organized Reserves are the third component of the Army of the United States.

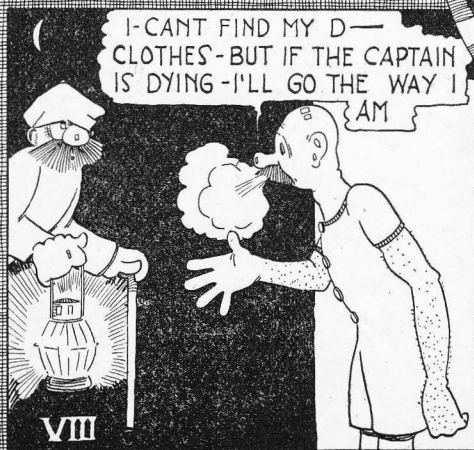
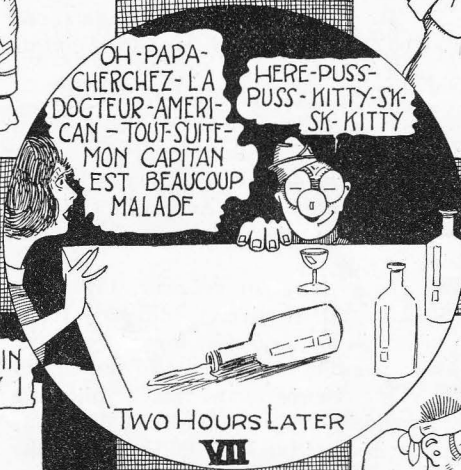
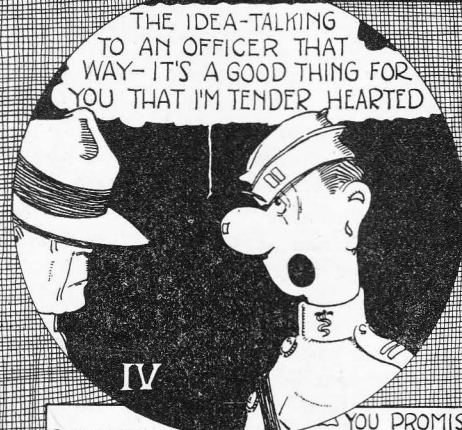
3. The Regular Army and the National Guard may be employed separately or together in minor and in major emergencies, but the Organized Reserves constitute purely a war force and can be employed only in the event of a national emergency declared by Congress.

It is the policy of the War Department to develop the Regular Army and the National Guard to the full strength provided by law and for the present to maintain tactical units of the Organized Reserves as cadres only, with complete officer personnel and with enlisted personnel including only those non-commissioned officers and specialists necessary to make the organization capable of rapidly assimilating the numbers of men required to bring them to war strength. *The Organized Reserves constitutes purely a war force and can be employed only in the event of a national emergency declared by Congress.*

From the above it must be seen that the aims, purposes, and peace time organizations of the National Guard must, *in time of peace*, be maintained at the full strength provided by law and must provide an effective force available in minor emergencies for employment, under certain conditions, by States or by the United States. The units of the Organized Reserves, on the other hand, will, for the present, be maintained as cadres only with complete officer

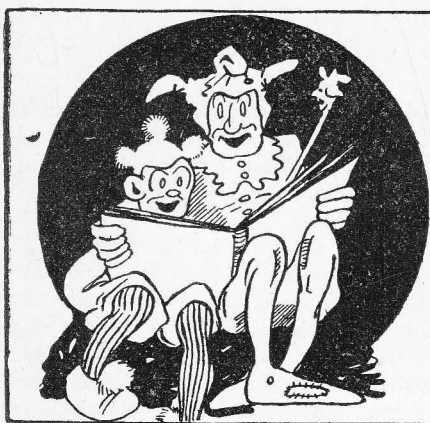
(Continued on page 19)

"OVER THERE"—By JACK V. BERGER



jack berger





# A PAGE TO WIT.

## “OUR MAG”---By the Office Boy



I suppose there isn't one of youse guys in this old Organization of ours but knows what wonderful “colors” we owns here at Headquarters. Yes sir, ain't you all seen or heard tell of the wonderful silk flags we has, and if I do say it myself, I aint seen anything finer all over the old Burg.

Well, these flags has been here at Headquarters or over a year and of course we had them all covered up, so's the dirt couldn't enjoy them any, and about the only time a fellow could get a chance to see them, was when he'd die or somethin', so's “Pops” Curry and the Office Force could crawl in their O. D. and carry these beautiful colors to the funeral.

Of course, ever since the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, presented us with those lovely silk flags, there's been a lot of Bull passed out to the effect that we should have a display case built here in the office, where we could hang our Colors, so's every buddy could come in and lamp them without having to die in order to do so. But this Bull was passed around for many and many a day brothers, and just when I was beginning to think this same Bull had gone and hunted a new pasture—well, just then a guy blows in the Office and tell his tale.

This guy had been hit like many of the rest of us buddies—he has a lot of ambition but nowhere to place it meaning he's one of our jobless heroes. However, we found that his name was Firestone or Firesides, or Firesomething—a most appropriate name, too, for since I've met up with this Firebug, I find he can make the best kind of Fire—water I ever sampled, for on the strength of his name alone, a few grapes, and a jug, he can hand you a drink that makes your throat gargle.

However, as I was saying, this Firestone tells his tale and we finds to our great delight an joy that he's an X-Carpenter and immediately we say to ourselves, “Welcome Firebug, Welcome!!” for with an X-Carpenter hanging around, what could be

sweeter; don't we need a new show case for our flags? And “Pops” Curry, our Resident Sec. sits down and draws a diagram of just what he wants built and our new found friend Firestone leaves the office with “Pops” plans, and seen the finished case in the office, I comes to the conclusion that Firestone thinks “Pops” is an ell of a fine Resident Sec., but a d - - m poor carpenter.

Brothers, I ain't knockin this case any, understand, for it's a whiz of a fine work of art. Of course you can't see the art part when you look at it, for it's just plain case, but the art comes in when you try to open it, for old Firey Dear put three doors on it and three locks, et cetera; yes and its H - - 1 too, for each lock has a different key and the art comes in on finding the right key for the right lock—! \* ? ? & \* (Censored.) And then, the material in this case ain't to be overlooked either, for “Pops” gives this Firestone person to understand he wants a fine display case and old Fireup goes out to the lumber yard and makes a bargain with the lumberyard fellow, whereby he, Firestone, can get the most inconspicuous planks for the most kale and when the bill for this case landed

in Headquarters, “Pops” thought sure the blooming thing was going to be inlaid with mother-of-pearl, but to console you guys, don't worry any, for its just a plain wooden wood affair after all. “Pops” after looking the case over and the bill over, decided that inasmuch as the Auxiliary gave us the flags they might also be thrilled to death to give us the case, so he sends the bill to them so's they could have the exquisite joy of paying it.

But we don't pay for everything we get. Naw, I should say not! Sometimes we gets something for nothing. Yep, it sounds raw, I admit, but nevertheless its true—we get a hand-out free every now and then even in these hard times. Just last week the manager of the Lyceum Theatre presented our representative, Judge Foster, with the films taken of our last Re-union here in town, so you see, occasionally our clouds have silver linings. But it's rare, brothers, very rare indeed, for the most we gets for nuthin is a lot of cheap advice and strong Bull:—'twas ever thus.

Yrrs. now and forever,

THE OFFICE BOY.

S. O. S. Have you re-upped fer another year of “Our Mag”?

## VERY LIGHTS

Bill Harding who works in a Carpenter Shop has a vast amount of knowledge acquired in his trade of carpentering over a number of years.

We were talking the other day about a fellow on his job who had hit his finger with a hammer, badly damaging it.

Bill remarked, “I wish someone would invent a way of using a hammer so's one wouldn't hit their fingers.”

Fred Guild reported, “Why not take two hands to it”?

### BUILDING THE BRIDGE

It was evening, and a bent old body, a gray-haired old man, had just forded a swift, swollen, uncertain stream; and when

I saw him he was faithfully working, building a bridge to span the very stream he had just crossed.

And I said to him: “Friend, why do you build the bridge? You are safe on the other side, and it's evening in your life. You will never return this way.”

And the old man, who had laid pontoons for posterity all his life, said: “No! You're right. I never expect to go over this trail again; but, you know, I've a son that's coming this way.”—Silent Partner.

Jim Toohey says, “My brother is living in Ireland, and he says he's delighted.”

Joe McBreen: “Delighted at living in Ireland?”

“No,” said Jim, “delighted to be living.”

## "L'Guerre Est Fini!"

(Continued from page 8)

time in many moons, we dreamed of white beds and table linen!

More momentous events than letters and *permissionnaires* were about to demand recognition and attention, however. Just after nightfall, to everyone's amazement, orders arrived directing that the march would be resumed at daybreak, *not* north to the scene of action, but south to the vicinity of Briquenay, where considerable fighting had been expected late in October. It was ours "not to reason why" and we proceeded to obey by rolling packs and covering the 20 kilometres to Briquenay by noon, that night to sleep in German bunks erected four high in a shattered Cathedral where not even the sacred altar and vestments had been immune from sacrilege. The satisfaction and luxury from again resting within four walls was great, but the privilege would have been measurably greater, had it not been for the presence of an alien group of regimental musicians temporarily billeted there, who lived only in dread of bombing by German planes, already absent from that area, and who made the night a continuous nightmare with their warning admonitions whenever the glow of a match illumined the interior. Although our bed-fellows wore the garb of kindred soldiers, we somehow pitied their outfits and greeted the arrival of dawn with gratitude instead of wonted reluctance.

A five-hour hike was interspersed with an unanticipated issue of "K. C." cigarettes, distributed by the donars as we marched. With noon came St. Juvin, but now a sorry shell of a once prosperous town inhabited only with moving troops clad in olive-drab. It was, however, the signal for a halt that was to continue until the next morning. Bunks were made in a great German machine shop, silent now, but still filled with dismantled tools and cranes and its frail wooden structure even more filled with neat little holes that spoke of machine guns and a deadly fight for its tenancy. Below us lay a rail-head that already had been repaired sufficiently to accommodate miniature trains bulging with ammunition and food-stuffs, while near-by a vast enemy dump of ordnance and railroad equipment spread out over acres had been left undisturbed, so speedily had been the outcome of the battle. Just without our billets a carefully cultivated garden of ripened cabbages was requisitioned by the mess sergeant and saved him (and ourselves) worry over the evening meal.

The succeeding day was Sunday and we had fearfully, but not hopefully, looked for a Sabbath in peace. It was decreed otherwise, and the blare of a long-accustomed bugle rudely dispelled on the morning air what scant hope had formed. The march, contrary to all precedents, was of the briefest, however, for after only a few kilo-

metres we halted in the open along the Cornay-Chatel-Chehery road, on the same ground occupied just ten days earlier. It, for all the inauspicious beginning, was to prove a day of real rest, of religious exercises, of band concerts, for our own jazz dispensers had joined us on the way; and of mail. Where the letter had been salvaged from, no one appeared to know and cared less, since it had arrived safely. To be sure, two issues of letters within a period of four days was a most extraordinary occurrence, but frequently there had passed as many weeks notably distinguished by their omission. Once again their was the familiar, eagerly read, month old copies of the home papers chronicling American valor and stupendous victories won; and a far-to-long column of local casualties that marked the price. And there were the even more eagerly sought messages from home itself, the messages that once more concealed their pessimism by confidently predicting that four-year old story of "out of the trenches by Thanksgiving" and "home by Christmas." This time, however, they were voicing a prophecy that was soon to become reality after endless iteration. While mail might be received, the facilities for its dispatch were still unavailable and memory once more was the only receptacle for half-formed answers—answers that would be incomplete and unsatisfactory after passing through the impersonal hands of an ever-present censor.

It was morning all too soon, the morning of November 11th, the morning when a sorely smitten world, and ourselves were about to learn in bewilderment and doubt that peace upon earth was again an established fact. Already, all unknown to those of us who had helped bring it about, the long-awaited tidings were being waited on the four winds, but for countless thousands the dawn held no other significance than the excuse for a long hike somehow, Monday marches had never been characterized by their brevity, and that of this particular Monday was to prove an exception. What lay at its end was a matter solely for the imagination, yet even our ever-elastic brain was scheduled to fall miserably short of the mark.

Even soldiers had eyes and ears, however, and they were not slow to function when the time arrived. The first hour brought us within sight of the shambles of Chatel-Chehery, apparently in no wise different from scores of similar villages that had fallen a prey to the merciless ravages of shells and bombs. As we entered the *debris*-strewn remains of the main street, a strange, hitherto unheard cry greeted us on every side: "Finis l'guerre! Finis l'guerre!" From the mouths of eager, gesticulating French *poilus*, swarming every habitable structure, came our first knowledge that the war had been fought to a

finish. And, so suddenly and unheralded did it come that we were frankly, openly incredulous, unbelieving, yet silently hoping that this was not another of those everlasting rumors.

We had neither time nor opportunity to inquire for details, the army must move, peace or no peace, and, had we, the only information our Latin allies seemed capable of voicing was that single, all embracing phrase: "L'guerre est fini!" Some who were unconvinced and facetiously inclined, and there were many such, retorted with a sharp "Go tell it to Jerry, Froggie!" while one pertinently expressed the sentiments of all when he replied: "Well, for the Lord's sake, don't start another one unless you can finish it yourself!"

Conviction that something unusual had really transpired slowly gathered strength as we progressed through the town. Each group of French soldiers appeared festively inclined and they were joyously giving full bent to their demonstrative Latin temperament. "Finis l'guerre! finis l'guerre!" just that and nothing more; the enthusiastic chant followed us out of hearing. Quite evidently *they* were convinced that the war was over, if we were not; still, their visible sincerity and belief in their own valuable assurances aroused a half-hearted hope that they might have a definite basis, that they might prove something more than the mouthings of credulous people. Too often had we heard the same tale, just as often to have it repudiated, to accept it this time without confirmation. It was to come with nightfall, hours later, for *our* war did not end with the 11 o'clock armistice.

Noon found the column threading a seemingly endless stretch of forest, unbroken save for its tell-tale shell-holes, splintered trees and low-lying barbed wire entanglements, with the inevitable little group of wooden crosses reminding of what had preceded us. Occasionally a French soldier could be observed emerging from his camouflaged bomb-proof and hurriedly engage in ablutions; it was easy to decide that he, too, had heard the news and quite as readily believed in its authenticity.

It was inevitable that the day must come to an end, but on this Monday of November 11th, it was slow, tortuous process. Obviously, the man riding ahead had failed to hear that "l'guerre est fini," or else, declined to heed. As we emerged into the open and approached a crossroads, a detail of military police caught the full volume of our exasperation in a heavy yell; "Who won the war!" They were charitably inclined, however, and volunteered information that was to result in a welcome halt just as darkness was about to descend over the surrounding hills. We had reached the appointed halt at La Chalade, but not until we had climbed a young mountain

(Continued on page 29)



# Information About the U. S. Veterans' Bureau

(Continued from page 9)

jury or disease entitling them to compensation, during the period of such total disability and while they are so rated.

Ques. 3. Insured is totally permanently disabled, in his insurance for life?

Ans. 3. Yes, during such total permanent disability.

Ques. 4. Insured permanently totally disabled receives \$4,140 in monthly installments of \$57.50 each, covering a period of six years or 72 months, and then dies—original insurance \$10,000. How much are beneficiaries entitled to receive?

Ans. 4. Beneficiaries are entitled to the then present value (commuted value) of the remaining unpaid installments, 168 in number of \$57.50 each, the present value of which is \$7,677.

Ques. 5. Insured has \$10,000 term insurance, may he convert \$2,000 of it to a 20-year endowment, \$3,000 to ordinary life, etc.? Is it permissible to split up into four different ways?

Ans. 5. Yes, provided it is in multiples of \$500 and no policy less than \$1,000.

Ques. 6. In the Army appropriation Bill there was a section inserted proposed by Clyde Kelly of Pennsylvania—permitting one cent per mile transportation for men in

the hospital. Does this apply to men who were discharged from the Army but who were retained in the hospital under the Veterans' Bureau? If not—why not?

Ans. 6. The section introduced by Congressman Kelly of Pennsylvania, permitting one cent per mile transportation for men in hospitals, does not extend to soldiers who were discharged for care under the Veterans' Bureau. This measure was primarily for the benefit of active servicemen. This restriction would not penalize or deprive a man discharged to the care of the Veterans' Bureau or subject him to paying the additional fare required by the Railroad Company for the reason that all men are given transportation to their respective homes by the Veterans' Bureau after the hospitalization is completed.

Ques. 7. A man entering the service wanted to name his aunt as beneficiary to his insurance. The aunt not being in the permitted class, the man's brother was named. The man was killed and the brother is now receiving the insurance awards and is turning them over to the aunt. In the event of the brother's death, could the aunt receive the awards since an aunt is now designated as within the permitted class of beneficiaries? Could the aunt be named the beneficiary without the death of the brother?

Ans. 7. In reply to first part of question, you are informed that in the event of the brother's death, the remaining unpaid installments, if any, will be distributed to those persons among the permitted class who under the laws of the State of which the insured was a resident would take his (insured's) personal property in the event of intestacy. The fact that the aunt was not formerly within the permitted class in no way effects the answer to this question.

There is no way in which the aunt could now be named as beneficiary, the insured being the only person who has the privilege of naming a beneficiary. If the aunt should be the sole remaining beneficiary among those of the permitted class at the time of the death of the brother who is now receiving the payments, she would receive the remaining unpaid installments, if any, and upon her death, any unpaid installments would go to her estate. It is not permissible for one beneficiary under Term Insurance to assign his or her interest to another beneficiary of the permitted class. This can be done however, under United States Government Life (Converted Insurance) policies.

*Editor's Note—A complete directory of the new U. S. Veterans' Bureau with addresses will be found on page 30 of this issue.*

## Salvage

(Continued from page 15)

personnel and reduced enlisted personnel above explained.

While the Regular Army, National Guard and Organized Reserves are all necessary components of the Army of the United States, each component has its separate and distinct mission and part to play, the most distinguishing features of the mission of the Organized Reserves being that unlike the Regular Army and National Guard it can under no circumstances be employed except in the event of a national emergency declared to be such by our representatives in Congress.

### GEN. CRONKHITE ASKS NEW PROBE INTO SON'S DEATH

Washington, Nov. 1.—Maj. Gen. Adelbert Cronkhite today asked the Department of Justice to reopen the inquiry into the mysterious death of his son, Maj. Alexander P. Cronkhite, at Camp Lewis, Wash., March 25, 1918.

Stronger than ever is his conviction that the young officer was murdered. Now, after three years of tireless investigation, he declares he is prepared to prove fallacious the findings of a board of military inquiry. The board's report alleged that Maj. Cronkhite died from an accidental self-inflicted

wound. Gen. Cronkhite has appealed to the department to halt final disposition of the case until such time as he can file a brief touching the question of jurisdiction and this request has been granted.

Francis Berry, Co. M, 318th Inf., died in a Pittsburgh Hospital several months ago. Details unavailable at this time. Service desires details of all deaths for our permanent records at Hamilton P. C.

OUR IDEA OF A CLEAN JOKE  
"May I hold your palm Olive?"  
"Not on your life Buoy."

## CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA



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

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



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

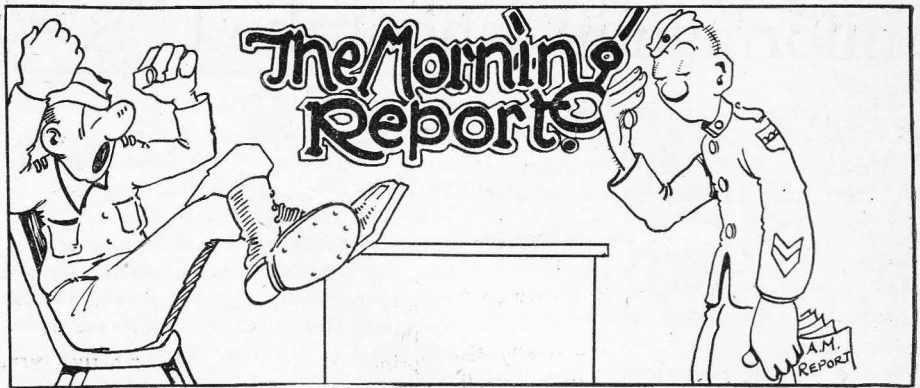
**MALLIBAND**—Sergeant Frank C. Malliband, Co. C, 319th Infantry, killed in action in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, September 26, 1918, was buried with full military honors in Mt. Royal Cemetery, Glenshaw, Pa., Sunday, October 23rd, 1921. Sergeant Malliband formerly resided at No. 7 Reserve St., Millvale, Pa., and the services were held in the First M. E. Church of Millvale. Military rites were in charge of Frank J. Kutcher Post No. 118, Veterans of Foreign Wars. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Kutcher Post No. 118, and Mothers of Democracy were in the funeral cortege from the Church to the Cemetery. Sergeant Malliband was the only son of John and Mary A. Malliband. He entered the service in September 20, 1917, and was assigned to Co. E, 319th Infantry, and later to Co. C of the same regiment. At the time of his death he was aged 24 years.

**WIRL**—Pvt. John F. Wirl, aged 28 years, a member of Co. K, 320th Infantry, was buried with full military honors from the home of his mother Mrs. Margaretta Wirl, 1128 Voscamp St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday afternoon, October 2, 1921. The Ex-Service Men's Social Club had charge of the military rites, and religious services were held in St. Mary's Church, N. S., Pittsburgh, with interment in St. Mary's Cemetery, Evergreen road. Private Wirl entered the service in September, 1917, and was killed in the Argonne in October, 1918. Besides his mother, he leaves three brothers; Frank J., Chas. F., Carl R., and one sister, Mrs. J. C. Lhota, all of the North Side, Pittsburgh.

**DYER**—Corporal George Bryant Dyer, Co. F, 318th Infantry, was buried in Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia, with full military honors, Thursday, September 1st, 1921. He was killed in action in the Argonne, October 4, 1918. Corporal Dyer is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dyer and one sister, of Vienna, Virginia. He was a member of the Christian Church. His body was identified and prepared for shipment from Romagne Cemetery, France, by a former friend and schoolmate. Corporal Dyer's funeral was attended by relatives and many friends.

**ROBERTS**—Pvt. W. R. Roberts, 318th M. G. Co., formerly of Gloucester, Va., was buried Tuesday, October 4th, in the Friend's Church Cemetery, near Severn, Va. Funeral services conducted by Rev. Mr. Burcer of the Friends Church assisted by Rev. P. J. Petty of the Union Baptist Church. Pall Bearers were Messrs. E. R. Brown, Malvin Thomas, Hubert Shackleford, Neely Bonnaville, Willie Buck, Otis Hogge and Earnest Thomas. A large concourse of friends and citizens paid the last tribute of respect to the deceased. Private Roberts was the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Roberts. He was 22 years old when killed in action in the Argonne, October 4, 1918. He is survived

(Continued on page 26)



#### HEADQUARTERS THIRD CORPS AREA,

Fort Howard, Maryland,  
October 18, 1921.  
Special Orders, No. 244.

#### Extract

4. Under the provisions of paragraph 16, Special Regulations, No. 46, the following-named Reserve Officers are assigned to Reserve Divisions as follows:

#### To the 79th Reserve Division.

Lieut. Colonel Archibald B. Hubbard, Ord. R. C.  
Major Ward C. Henry, Infantry, R. C.  
Major Edwin E. Hollenbach, Infantry, R. C.  
Major Harry C. Duncan, Infantry, R. C.  
Captain Walter S. Bates, Infantry, R. C.  
Captain Frank W. Paul, Infantry, R. C.  
First Lieut. William S. Blakely, Jr., Air Service, R. C.  
Second Lieut. Oswald Chew, A. G., R. C.  
Second Lieut. William R. Lepper, Infantry, R. C.  
Second Lieut. Edward J. Rankin, Ordnance, R. C.

They will report by letter to Colonel Edward Carpenter, C. A. C., Chief of Staff, 79th Reserve Division, Schuylkill Arsenal, 2620 Grays Ferry Road, Philadelphia, Pa., for instruction and for further assignment.

#### To the 80th Reserve Division.

Lieut. Colonel William I. Lee, Engr., R. C.  
Major John Beattie, Med. R. C.  
Major James H. Beazley, Field Artillery, R. C.  
Major Gerald A. Exekial, R. C.  
Major Edward B. Lee, Infantry, R. C.  
Major Philip C. McIntyre, Infantry, R. C.  
Major Robert P. Parrott, J. A. G., R. C.  
Major Samuel J. Poe, Infantry, R. C.  
Major Hugh R. Riley, Infantry, R. C.  
Major Herbert A. Smith, Infantry, R. C.  
Major Wallace Streater, I. D. G., R. C.  
Major Thomas Swann, Infantry, R. C.  
Major Stephen Tighe, Infantry, R. C.  
Captain William A. Hamilton, J. A. G., R. C.  
Captain Benjamin L. Jenkins, Sig. R. C.  
Captain Carlton R. Moore, Infantry, R. C.  
Captain David C. Spencer, QMC., R. C.  
First Lieut. Walter A. Hopkins, Infantry, R. C.

First Lieut. Julian A. S. Meyer, Infantry, R. C.  
First Lieut. Dillwyn P. Tyler, QMC, R. C.  
First Lieut. Alfred W. Withers, Infantry, R. C.  
Second Lieut. John Goodridge, Infantry, R. C.  
Second Lieut. Frederic R. Scott, Infantry, R. C.

They will report by letter to Colonel Joseph C. Castner, Infantry, Chief of Staff, 80th Reserve Division, 1014½ Main St., East, Richmond, Va., for instructions and further assignment. (326.02-Org. Res.-11730)

By command of Brig. Gen. HODGES.  
F. K. FERGUSON,  
Chief of Staff.

#### Official:

E. R. HOUSEHOLDER,  
Acting Adjutant.

#### COMPANY C, 315th M. G. Bn.

Eighteen members of Company C, 315th M. G. Bn. responded to the first "Get Together" call, Sunday, October 2nd, at which meeting, brief plans were drawn for a permanent organization. The second call was sounded Sunday, October 16th, and twenty-two comrades responded. Further progress was made towards forming a permanent organization and temporary officers were elected, including a committee on constitution and by-laws. The organization has been very fortunate in securing Central Y. M. C. A. at Seventh St. and Penn Ave. as their meeting place in the future. There appears to be some misapprehension as to who is actually eligible for membership in the organization. Any man who was ever connected with C Company from the day of its organization in Camp Lee until its dissolution in Camp Dix, is eligible to belong.

Company C regrets to report the decease of another of our comrades. Anthony A. Rombach, Jr., died Tuesday, October 11th, from an operation in the Allegheny General Hospital, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Interment in N. S. Cemetery, October 14th. Military escort furnished by Madison Post No. 575, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Keep your eyes on "SERVICE" for further news regarding C Company.



# Morning Report

## PARADE FILM PRESENTED TO 80th

The moving pictures taken August 6th of the 80th Division parade in Pittsburgh during the big reunion, which were being shown during the week of October 10th, in Loew's Lyceum Theatre as a part of their regular performance were officially presented to the division. Friday evening, October 14th, by the management of the theatre for our records. In future years we will thus be able to see ourselves as we appeared in Pittsburgh at our Second Annual Reunion, and show the youngsters how the 80th "Moves Forward."

The following newspaper clipping was received during the month of October from Portsmouth, Va.:

"There will assemble in this city on Tuesday next some 150 delegates to a gathering called by J. C. Smith, of Portsmouth, the purpose of which is to form a post of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association.

Those who will attend are men who served in the gallant old Eightieth from the various cities of Hampton Roads. It is intended that the Norfolk and Portsmouth members will hold meetings alternately in both cities.

The meetings will partake of a social nature, with camp fire talks, and the object is to preserve the friendship and association of those who fought shoulder to shoulder in the most distinctly Virginia division in France.

The meeting will be addressed by prominent former members of the Eightieth and there will be refreshments and a social evening will be held after the organization of the post is accomplished."

The following letter was then sent out by Comrade J. C. Smith:

October 22, 1921.

Dear Comrade:

Three years have passed since we helped the Eightieth Division to win undying fame in the muck and mud of the Meuse-Argonne battlefield.

Today our hearts yearn for an opportunity to renew the old and make new acquaintances among those who shared our suffering and our glory.

The constitution of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association now permits the organization of local posts. We desire to organize a post of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association in the Hampton Roads District, where we may meet the buddies who participated in the great adventure with us. Can we depend upon you to help us? If so, meet us at: SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR VETERANS' HALL, Armory Building, Norfolk, Virginia, October 25th, 1921 at 8 o'clock P. M.

A preliminary meeting was held in Portsmouth, October 11th, and a temporary organization effected.

Don't let anyone tell you that the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association has any connection with the United States Army. It has not.

Let's pool our memories of the most thrilling days of our lives and cherish them together.

Yours sincerely,

J. C. SMITH.

Temporary Sec.

We have been advised that the meeting was a success and details will be in the December "Service."

## HEADQUARTERS 160th INFANTRY BRIGADE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, May 15th, 1921.

General Order No. 4

4. For meritorious services and extraordinary gallantry in action, the Brigade Commander desires to cite officially the following named men of his command.

1. Captain Charles C. Rossire, Co. F, 319th Infantry.

For conspicuous gallantry in action near Imecourt France, November 1st, 1918. Captain Rossire, by his persistent leadership and personal gallantry fought his way to the first day's objective unselfishly exposing himself on two separate occasions in directing the attacks on two strong enemy positions that were holding up the advance of the regiment. In spite of the fact that his left flank was badly exposed he succeeded in capturing, with his Company, two hundred and fifteen men, several machine guns and cannon.

2. Captain Rembrandt T. Keezel, Co. H, 319th Infantry.

For conspicuous gallantry in action near Imecourt, France, November 1st, 1918. Captain Keezel by gallantly exposing himself led his company through strong enemy positions at the "Jump-off," and by persistent leadership continued to the first day's objective. He personally conducted the attack of his Company at Imecourt where over two hundred prisoners were taken. By leading his Company through a flanking machine gun fire he succeeded in cutting off and capturing a battery of the enemy's six inch artillery.

By Command of Brigadier General Brett,  
WM. C. VANDEWATER,  
Captain Inf. Adj.

The Fifth Reunion and Dinner of the New York Association of the Officers of the 80th Division will be held at the Hotel Brevoort, 5th avenue and 8th street, on Friday evening, November 25, 1921. This is the night before the famous Army & Navy game which ought to make it very convenient for all. It is expected that Generals, Cronkhite, Brett and Farnsworth will be present as well as all the Colonels

who were in command of various units of the 80th at different times.

All former officers of the 80th Division are cordially invited to be present upon this auspicious occasion as an important feature of the meeting is going to be an endeavor to obtain favorable action from the War Department in assigning Reserve Officers to the reorganized 80th Division in the Organized Reserve, regardless of the residence of officers.

Officers are requested to get in touch with Major John D. Harrison, President, at 149 Broadway, care of Guaranty Trust Co., or with Captain A. N. LaPorte, Sec.-Treas., at 25 West 45th St., care of Life Extension Institute, New York City. Formal notices will be sent out, together with schedule of charges, etc., about Oct. 25th.

C. F. Bushman, formerly Sergeant Major, 315th, F. A., is now located at Bluefield, W. Va., care of Chief Dispatcher, N. & W. Rys. Co.

## FIELD NOTES OF THE THREE HUNDRED FIFTEENTH FIELD ARTILLERY

By C. F. BUSHMAN,  
Coaldale, W. Va.

A letter is being sent out from each former organization Commander, which will in turn reach every former member of the organization. Any member of the regiment, upon receipt of this letter will add a personal letter to the back of those attached and forward to some member who has not heretofore received it, and so on until the entire organization has been covered. In your letter tell what you have been doing since your discharge. Have you married, if so have you qualified to be called "Daddy"? Write anything that you may think of interest to the other members of your old outfit. These letters are returnable to your correspondent not later than July 1st 1922. The entire file of letters will be placed on the bulletin board at Regimental Headquarters at the third annual reunion of the Eightieth Division, at Charleston, West Virginia, next year.

John W. Thomas, formerly Private, Battery B, who was transferred to the Railway Corps prior to the regiment's embarkation overseas, is now employed as Roadmaster of the Norfolk and Western Railway, at Wilcoe, West Virginia.

Charles A. Zwinger, formerly Corporal, Battery Clerk, Battery "B", 315th F. A. familiarly known as "XYZ," is now employed as a machinist for the Carnegie Steel Company, at their new by-product coke works, at Clairton, Penna.

Daniel J. Popp, formerly Radio Sergeant, Headquarters Company, 315th F. A., was a

# Morning Report

recent visitor in Bluefield, West Virginia. He is traveling for the Chas. Popp Son's Harness Company of Charleston, W. Va.

Robert F. Carnes, formerly Sergeant, Battery "F," 315th F. A., is employed as Mine Foreman at the Crozier Coal & Coke Company, at Elkhorn, West Virginia.

Gilbert O. Roos, formerly First Lieutenant, Regimental Radio Officer, Headquarters Company, 315th F. A., is now in the Export and Import business with the J. C. Francesconi & Co., Kohl Building, San Francisco, California.

Carl H. Tabor, formerly Sergeant, Battery "A," 315th Field Artillery, who left the regiment at Redon, Ille-et-Vilaine, for the Officers Training Camp, is employed as Yardmaster of the Norfolk & Western Railway, at Wilcoe, W. Va.

Claude C. Washington, formerly Instrument Sergeant, Battery "E," 315th Field Artillery, is located at Welch, West Virginia and is employed by the Central Pohontas Coal Co. as a mining Engineer.

Armille R. Jamotton, formerly Pfc., Battery "F," 315th Field Artillery, is in the employ of the Pulaski Coal & Coke Co., at Eckman, W. Va.

Goodwin Preston, formerly Corporal and Gunner, Battery "A," 315th Field Artillery, is employed as a Telegrapher at Kenova, W. Va., with the Norfolk & Western Railway.

Creed H. Meadows, formerly Cook, Battery "F," 315th Field Artillery, is a railroad engineer with the Norfolk & Western Railway, working out of Clift Yard, Simmons, W. Va.

CONTRIBUTED BY R. L. STUTLZ  
New Market, Va.

Joseph C. Jones, formerly a private of Company "D," 318th Inf., known to his comrades as "Sleepy," is employed as a painter with the Norfolk & Western Railway, with headquarters at Graham, Va. Perhaps the experience gained in France with "40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux" is now standing Comrade Jones in good need.

80th Division veterans will be interested to learn that Brigadier General Samuel D. Sturgis, who commanded the "Blue Ridge" boys for several months following the Armistice, has been permanently promoted to his old war-time rank of Major General to fill the vacancy created by the retirement of Major General Joseph T. Dickman, after more than 45 years in the service. It will be recalled that General Dickman commanded the First Army during the Meuse-Argonne offensive. General Sturgis has

been recalled from the Canal Zone, where he has been in command of the American forces to assume command of the Eighth Corps Area, General Dickman's last assignment.

Petersburg heroes who fell on French battle-fields during the war will have their memory honored by that city in a novel manner. A street will be renamed a memorial avenue and trees planted in uniform line to commemorate the dead soldiers. Wythe street has been chosen for the avenue and the trees will be planted from Jefferson to Main street. At the foot of each tree, one of which will be for each of the sixty Petersburg men who made the supreme sacrifice, will be placed a bronze marker, bearing the name of the soldier imbedded in a cement base. In this manner, the originators of the plan believe that the memory of the dead heroes will be preserved for generations to come. Most of the Petersburg boys who were killed in action were members of the 80th Division and trained at Camp Lee.

A press dispatch under date of October 21st announces that large quantities of surplus army clothing will be sold at auction at Camp Lee at 2 P. M., October 31st. Goods listed include barracks bags, cotton breeches, underwear, O. D. shirts, blue blouses, socks, leather, harness and general supplies. That items of "blue blouses" is an issue never known to "Blue Ridge" vets.

Hugh L. Sheets, formerly a private of Company "M," 318th Inf., and now living near Harrisonburg, Va., is the father of triplets. He will have a busy time telling the youngsters how he helped "win the war," not to mention the little matter of providing "three squares a day."

J. D. Kramer, of McGaheysville, Va., formerly a Sergeant in the 317th Infantry, was recently elected head of the High School Athletic Association of Rockingham County. President Kramer, in his speech of acceptance, emphasized the need of athletics, and especially of clean athletics, in the public schools. The next thing Comrade Kramer will be teaching 'em "squads right" as a practical demonstration of his views.

J. R. Riddick, formerly a Sergeant with Company "G," 318th Inf., who, since being discharged, has been located with the British-American Tobacco Co., at Ancon, Panama Canal Zone, was recently transferred from the Canal Zone to San Jose, Costa Rica, where he is now resident manager of the Republic Tobacco Co.

NOTES OF THE 305th ENGINEERS,  
By JACK V. BERGER.

George K. "Ted" Vogel of Company B died suddenly Monday, October 17, while

on a visit to Pittsburgh. His body was returned to Altoona, Pa. Two brothers accompanied the body home. Paul Winter handled the Military Funeral. Eight former members of Company B, 305 Engineers, acted as Pall-Bearers.

Charles W. "Chiggers" Chesley, the little Commander of the Headquarters Detachment, is recuperating from several severe operations at his home in Charlotte Hall, Maryland. "You All" know how letters are appreciated at a time like this, "Snap into it."

'Twas pretty nice to have General Brett pay a compliment to the Engineers when they passed the Reviewing Stand, by remarking, "We had a good line." We really did have a fine showing, when you take into consideration that there are only about a dozen "Pick-Wielders" residing in this old burg.

General Cronkhite says "Howcome, the six Engineers from Altoona and Johnstown, had a twenty piece band meet them, and when I came in it looked like a squad room, when the top kick was hunting a detail? Ask Winter and Mulhollen, General, they know.

Any of the "Old Clan" that desires some nice "Ham and—" these cool mornings can do well by ordering a "Leg of Grunt" from "Osc" Mulhollen, who is Armour's "Star" Salesman, in Johnstown.

Paul Reynolds drew the only bed available at the Fort Pitt Hotel during his stay at the Reunion. McCurdy claimed that the "bones" were loaded, I don't blame you, "Mack."

"Major" McCoullough and "Davy" Alter slipped away on "French Leave" from the parade when they reached the Court House. I saw it Davy, bulging out in the back of your coat, and was getting my mouth all set, but no invitation, POURQUA?

"Fats" Nelson of the Band rolled into town with the American Legion Convention. McCoullough, Doran, and Berger, showed him around the town, but he showed us the way home. "Fats" doesn't imbibe.

I hear that Danielson from the Band is back from California and is residing in Kane, Pa. Let's hear from you, Dan?

"Billy" McKee is still the same old studious "Kid" and is climbing the "Ladder" steadily at the McKeesport Plant of the National Tube Co.

Campbell McNary was in to visit "Johnny" Morgan at Charleston, W. Va. on a



## Morning Report

recent business trip. "Mack" says that "Johnny" is going to start "laying the foundation for our next Convention in his City as soon as he gets advice from the Hamilton P. C. Instructions are on the way, Mr. Adjutant, and you'll have to go some to beat Pittsburgh, Pa.

By the way, did you know that McNary was married, and is a proud Daddy. Our congratulations, "Mack."

"Pat" O'Malley from D Company went to New York and accompanied the body of Corporal McNulty home. "Pat" is the Commander of "The McNulty Post" of the V. of F. W.

"Sfunny that C. A. Bearer could manage to get here to the "Shindig" from Carrollton, and E. J. was A. W. O. L. and only resides in Pitcairn.

'Tis said that Colonel Kenney paid for four rooms at different Hotels for "Rudy" Herr and "Lefty" Voltz. We always did brag about the "KICK" in Pittsburgh "hootch," but we can't account for this "Lots of Space" business.

Winter and Snooks made a hit with two fair Damsels in Bell's Restaurant and blamed near took them to the 80th picnic at West View, but the girls were leaving for Virginia on the next train. Tough luck, fellows, for they were a coupla Pip-pins.

Joe Stevenson was the only delegate from Barnesboro, by the way, Joe was also at the Reunion in Richmond last year. That's the boy, Joe, you are what I call a real "Blue-Ridger."

Lt. Sinclair would like to hear from any of his old Friends, especially from the Train. "Sinker" is married and living in Cleveland, Ohio, now. Address 11210 Hopkins Avenue.

Sarasin, Cannon, and Furrer were the other officers present. Sarasin and Furrer live in Pittsburgh, and Cannon is in business up near Johnstown, Pa.

"Len" Magee was on "deck" looking for "Bear," but, no one would "fade" him. They must be all "wise," "Maggie."

Hatfield blew in on the last day and carried two big suit cases, how was it fellows?

"Arch" McDonald looks like Dumire used to. How did you accomplish it "Archie," you used to be in my class.

Matt Kamer left some frames in the Office for your "Discharge Papers." Glass

on both sides, they are just the thing to frame them in, Boys, they are only \$1.50. Matt is back in Ford City and still carries that happy smile.

Dumire came down in his car. "Dunny" is the Cashier of the South Fork Bank and I believe will take the "fatal step" soon. How is M———, Dunny, do you ever sing to her?

David Ellis Brown, our old Color Sergeant is back at the College. Write to him in care of the Delta Phi Fraternity, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

Sergeant Philips was the only delegate from his end of the State. We enjoyed your company "Phil" and want you with us next year.

McLoughlin and Gunning came in from Gallitzen, but where was "Jerry" Conrad, too many orders for stills on hand, I presume "Jerry's" a plumber.

Dr. Emmett Fayen, Medical Director at the Rocky Glen Sanitarium, McConnelsville, Ohio, is a constant reader of Service Magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Henry McCarthy of North Craig street announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ruth Frances McCarthy to Hynes Sparks of New York City, a son of Mr. and Mrs. David Bennett Sparks of Fort Smith, Ark. Miss McCarthy was educated at the Ursuline Academy and Mr. Sparks is a graduate of the University of Virginia. He served overseas for 22 months as captain with the Eightieth Division and has just returned from an eight-months tour of South America.

"305 F. S. BN."

"The 305th Field Signal Battalion will hold their second gathering in the latter part of November. All former comrades are requested to send in their names and addresses and whether or not they desire to attend. —Warren W. Raeshides, 2533 Oxford Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Also if any former members have any ideas that would add to the success of the reunion."

Gilbert W. Updike, formerly of 318th Inf. is assistant Cashier of the Citizen's Bank of Huddleston, Va., and will be glad to hear from any of his Blue Ridge Buddies who care to write.

Mr. Leroy Hutzler, Jr., formerly First Lieut., 319th Inf., and Mrs. Hutzler, announce the arrival of Leroy Hutzler III, October 18, 1921.

Monte L. Dickson, whose address is Box

145, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., would like to hear from his "Old Pals of the Army."

W. G. Cooper, formerly Co. A, 315th F. A., is now Cashier at the Bank of Davy, Davy, W. Va.

Ex-Corporal Lambert W. Cox, Co. M, 318th Inf., died in a Pittsburgh Hospital several months ago. Details unavailable at this time. Service desires details of all deaths for our permanent records at Hamilton P. C.

G. W. Blackenship is carrying on as Cashier at the Bank of St. Charles, St. Charles, W. Va.

WANTED—Service would like to have the address of J. H. Day, formerly Corporal, Co. D, 305 Eng.

The following letter was received by Service Magazine during the month:

Vienna, Pa.

80th Division Veterans' Association, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I have been told that the 80th Division Association are publishing a magazine called, "Service." I am very anxious to keep in touch with "The Forward Movement" of the 80th. My only son, who was killed in the Argonne (Corp. Geo. B. Dyer, Co. F, 318th Inf.) makes this Division very dear to my heart.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Minnie B. Dyer,

Vienna, Pa.

Buddies who can give any information to this mother are urged to write to her.—Editor.

Born at Sisterville, W. Va., October 10, 1921, James Raymond to Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Saas. He is the son, grandson, and great-grandson of U. S. soldiers. His father, B. F. Saas, served with Co. D, 318th Inf.; his grandfather, Louis Saas of the Ohio volunteers of 1861, and his great-grandfather, George Link of Penna, troops of 1861. Ex-private Saas, better known in Co. D as "Sass" on detail, expects his son some day to rank with Gen. Wood, Gen. March, Gen. Pershing, and 1st Sergeant Biddle. Comrade Saas remarks that a "detail" was not complete without him, he got them all.

Paul C. Cost, formerly of "K" Co., and Hq's. Co., 319th Inf., would like to have the addresses of the following buddies: John Lee, formerly of Chicago, Ill.; Michael Sheehan, formerly of Boston, Mass., and "Pape," the A. E. F. Portrait painter; also would be pleased to hear from any former members of these outfits, by letter

(Continued on page 28)

## Letters From An Old File

(Continued from page 13)

to say. I walks outer the station and up one off the streets and I was beginning to get dry for somethin. I went into a place what looked eggsactly like a bar room, only, Jake, it wasnt because they did didn't have no beer. I asked the fellar if he had beer and he said no, whear do you come from, soldier? I tells him and he says that if I dont know that Virginia was a dry state? I tells him I didnt know nothin about it but expect to know a little more before long. He said that he had somethin what was better than beer and I said lets have one. When I got it Jake, it looked eggsactly like reel beer with a head on it and all and then I looked at it and put my foot on the railin too make believe that I was home and when I took a mouth full, I stopped and asked him what it was called. He told me what the name of it was only I forgot. The Bartender asked me if I liked it and I said no. Funny, says he, that you don't like it because all the other soldiers what comes in and gets one likes it, and you are the only one off them what said that he dont like it. I told him that I was used to good beer and none off that forney stuff. I didnt buy no more off it as one off them gave me enough. I got out and started walkin up the street, taking my time and lookin everyplace but where Officers was and when I came to another korner, I stopped like I did before. I thought as how I might pass some off the time lookin into the winders off the stores and maybe I would see something that I would like to have and then I could come back next Saturday and buy it. I only saw one thing that I would like to have and that is Korperals stripes what are green and white, that is, the stripes is green and the other part off it is white. They are awfully flashie and I believe I will buy a pare off them next week. I was beginning to get tired of bein in town and I thought as how I might take a little ride in a trollie car aroun town, which I did. I waited for a car and pretty soon one came along which was a duble header like you see in New York and other town and when the car stopped I gets on and when I looks around all the people what was in the car was darkies, you know what that means. One off them got sore at me because I was sitten in their car and he said that I should go in the other car wherè I belonged, which I did and all the white people was in it.

I didnt want to get into no trouble with them their darkies that is the reason Jake that I didnt say nothin to them. I guess I muster road around the holfe town in an hour and then I got out and found myself rite at the place I got on. Talk about bein tired Jake, Gee! I could hardly stand up no more so I thought as how I might as well get back too the Barracks and get off some off them clothes what I had on. I wanted to

go back in a gitney bus but every one off them was crowded and I didnt want to get into the rush for to get on one off them, so I waited until a trollie car come along which I got onto. When I got off off the car in the kamp, I hadder walk a long distance till I got to the Barricks, but I got their all O. K. and I took off my shoes which was hurtin me like the dickens. I went down into the mess hall and plaid the vicktroller for a wife and then I thought I wood go to bed, which I did. Next morning I hadder get up earlie again too stand revelee. I don't get late no more for this Jake because I can dress as fast as the next one now. We gotter drill twice a day, onced in the A. M., and onced in the P. M. which makes the both times. In the P. M. the Luey tole me too take a squad off men and drill them, which I did, but as I didnt know many things to make them do I just gave them a koupler squads rites and a koupler squads left and when we was prettie far away from the bunch I just maid them hault and then I teeched them how to do the hand slute which I dont know so much about myself but the fellers didnt no know better which I am glad off. You know Jake, a Korporal has a prettie stiff job you bet and you gotter know a lot of stuff or you will get promot-ed back to buck again. It looks like a koupler off the fellars in the Co. is gettin the mumps Jake and if they do then we can't get off no more till they don't have them no more, which may be a long wile, but I hope not. When a feller gets such sickness the Dr. puts us under quarantine and that means for everybody not to get out. I was thinkin Jake, why don't you join the Army anyhow. I bet you would like it better than being in that old town and havin the people laffin at you. What you wanter do is tell the recruitin Officer that you don't care what you join up with just so you get in somethin that is O. K. and somethin whear edgeyoukation counts. After you are in I bet you will not want too get out which woodnt do you no good too wish but all the same you could help out your Kountry what need good men. I'm in this place pretty long now but I didnt get a chance to get around to sea all the places. Last nite I took a walk up the street and came to a buildin what they called the white house. I don't know why they call it that because I am sure it didn't means the white house what is the kapitol off the U. S. which is lokated in Washington. When I didn't sea much around their I walks over to wear the K. C. buildin was and seein the doors open I went in. A lot off fellars was sittin around writin letters and one feller was sittin at a pianner and making some fine musick with his feet. I forgot what they called it, but it was a funny thing Jake, he uster put a roll off paper in the little door in the front off the

pianner and then he uster make his feet go up and down and next thing I knowed, the thing was makin fine musick. That Mr. Edison sure is a wonderful man, because he inwents everything like that you know. I wish he would inwent a war, Jake, wear a fellar wouldnt half to fight. I don't sea why he couldnt because he does everything else, and thats no foolin. Well, I uster watch the fellar play that thing and then I asked him if he would show me how too do it and he did and then I played the pianner for a long while. When I got tired off that I went out and started too walk down the rode and hear I come too a grate big tank high up in the air. I was wonder-ing what it was for and I asked a fellar about it and he said to me that he was surprised at me for not knowin about it and he says that it was water in it which they use every week to fluch the streets. I didn't know that he was atalkin about and I didn't say so, but I just said Oh, which ment I knowed, which I didnt, and then I went on down the rode until I come too a kanteen what was fixed up nice. It said on a sine that it was 305 Amyounision Trane. I went inside and it was a big place, Jake, just like the general store at home only that this was bigger. You could buy anything that you wanted too and I got a pie and a bottle of milk and after that I got some ice cream which I liked a hole lot. I had enough too eat for awile and then I went on down the rode and pretty soon I come to a place wear a high pole was up. I asked a fellar what that was and he said that it was a wireless pole. What is it used for; says, I. The fellar looked at me sort off pityfull like and seein that I meant it he tells me all about it. He said that he belonged to the 305 Signal Korps which is the reason why they haf wireless and stuff which elektricity must be used too make go. Them Signal Korps fellars muster been smart fellars Jake, because look what they hafter know, I goes down the rode a little farther and then I comes too the Sanaytarie Trane. I don't know what that means yet but I hope that I will meat up with somebody before long what can tell me about it. It was gettin late and I thot I better get back. Whein I did get back, Jake, I went rite to bed but do you think that I could get to sleep? No sir, I was layin in bed thinking about this hear war and I wuz a wonderin when I was goin to France. I'm gettin kinder anxious now to go and I wouldn't care if I wuz goin tomaurer, no sir, I woodn't. Just think off the nice boat ride I will get and the wonderful time we will haf on the boat every night singing Ole Black Joe and them songs what we uster sing in the night over to the sigar store. No sir, Jake, I woodnt mind goin rite now. Off kourse, I ain't got no idear when we will go yet because no body says anything about it but when



## Letters From An Old File

they do I will tell you what they say.

Give my best regards to everybody, and don't forget the smokes what I was tellin you about in the letters. Don't forget to give the letter to the editor off the paper. So long Jake, so long.

HENRY.

P. S. Hear is one off my fortgrafs. How do you like it?

HENRY.

JAKE TO HENRY

Dear Henry:

I got into receipt off your letter from Kamp Lee and was glad as befour too hear from you. You sure half a lot too tell me always but it's no wonder, Henry, because looka wots goin on all the time from morning till nite. Hear in this town nothing goes on no time and its no wonder a fellar gets tired off livin here. I am glad that you are satisfied with the way I answer your letters and I will always try and be prompt as I can bee. I half a very large surprize for you, Henry old boy. I bet you couldn't tell what it is in a month off sundays for it was a surprize to all the people in town and thats a fact. You know I was tellin you about getting tired off bein around here and that I had a big notion to

join the army. Well, as I tole you, I was too see the fellar what sines you up for the Army and we had a good talk about it and he gave me some papers to take home and look over which I did. When I red over all off the papers what he gave me, I talked to Pop and he says that I should use my own good judgment about what I wanted to do. So yesterday I goes to work and gets too town and sees this recruitin fellar and tells him that I wanted to join up and he says fine and asks me what I wanted to join in. Well, now that one thing what I didn't decide on and I thought as how I wood leave it up to the fellar what was in charge too pick out something for me which wood be good. He tells me that he couldn't say rite now what it would be but he wood send me to a kamp called Kamp Greenleaf, what was situated in Georgia. That's farther away from home than what you are, Henry, ain't it? He said that its a fine big place and that I would like it there. I said all right and he tells me that I woodnt half too go for three days yet which wood give me a chance to fix up my affairs which I dont have any, Henry, too fix up, but I didn't tell him that or else he mighte said that I hadder go

at onced. So you see Henry, I'm in the army, and the people can't laff at me no more round here. I guess before I get a answer from you too this letter I will be on my way to this Greenleaf place and then I can tell you all about the trip which I had going to this Kamp. I never was far away like that before and I bet I will see a lot off things what nobody gets a chance to see. Just you go ahead and answer the letter, Henry, and if I ain't home when it comes, Pop, or somebody around the house will send it to me. I'm all excited about it and I can't wait until the time comes to go. Everybody at home is glad and Pop says it was about time I was doin something for my Kountry, and I think so too. I can't rite nothing else because I am too excited. We got your fortygraf and we all think it is a fine pickture exceptin that it doesn't look at tall like you as you muster got much bigger and fatter. That Kamp Lee must be a fine place Henry, and if a fellar gets so confounded big and fat from bein their, I woodn't mind if I was sent too that place. I'll have a hole lot to tell you when I rite too you again. Good-by Henry

JAKE.

## Armistice Day in the Argonne

(Continued from page 12)

C. A. men distributing copies of the Paris editions of the *London Daily Mail* and the *New York Herald*.

"What's the headline?" yells the corporal. "Grab a paper!"

"Kaiser abdicates," reads the seven column streamer.

"Hurray!" And the Arch-Unbeliever is castigated and damned for his unbelief. Nothing non-plusses him, however. "Does it say the war is over?" he yells. "Read it! Read it! Not a word about the armistice being signed. Do you think the Huns are going to quit because one coward deserts?"

And answer, there is none.

"Gee! there's a civilian," shouts a soldier.

"And there's a grocery store!"

"And this is Florent, our destination," adds the truck driver.

Scores of women on the streets. Scores of kids, dirty, ill-clad, but nevertheless attractive, asking for souvenirs. A few old men here and there, talking excitedly. The sergeant tries his American college French once more. Again it is understood. Again he is answered with hopes and desires, but definite information is missing.

But list! What is that sound which strikes the ear? Why this commotion among the French inhabitants? Why those

tears upon the faces of women? Again the sound strikes the ear. It is the church bell. Solemnly, it speaks, but the Americans do not understand. Its message brings joy to the hearts of the French, but the khaki-clad Yanks do not comprehend. Suddenly, the French tri-color appears at every home. Old Glory shares honor with the Union Jack, and at the Hotel DeVille all the allied colors are flung to the breeze.

"*Pourqua?*" asks the American soldier.

"*La guerre est finie,*" shouts the French woman.

And then the arch-unbeliever appears on the scene. "Boys," he says, "I was wrong. I just heard General Brett himself say that the amistice has been signed."

But there was no usual emotion. There was no cheering; there was no hilarity, but in the hearts of all, a profound realization of what Armistice Day meant to them. Their gratitude was deeper than words; profounder than phrases.

And before taps had sounded that night, they gathered in a French cafe with their comrades uniformed in horizon blue and drank a heartfelt toast to "*La Victoire des Allies.*" The French cheered, hurrahed and exploded hundreds of fire crackers, but the American did not betray his emotion in any ecstatic way. Instead, he was devoting his best energies to solving another problem: "When will the homeward-bound ship set

sail?" That question was answered in a manner which we least expected. We did get home finally, but it was many months after the date set by the most pessimistic. But, if it were possible, through the magic of some fairy wand, to re-visit France for 24 hours, many of us would spend the Armistice Day of 1921 exactly where we spent the first one.

The important young prosecutor was trying to make things hot for the burly negro who had admitted in court that he was engaged in a crap game at the time of his arrest.

"Now," he said, "I want you to tell the jury just how you deal craps."

"Whass dat?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.

"Address the jury," thundered the attorney, "and tell them how you deal craps."

"Lemme outa here," shrieked the darky, wildly. "Fust thing Ah know dis gemman heah gwine ask me how to drink a sandwich."

No, Clarice, we are not always blowing our own horn about "SERVICE" being the best soldier magazine in the field. Our delighted subscribers tell us so in their letters, and we, of course, gracefully admit it.

# TAPS

(Continued from page 20)

by his father, two brothers and five sisters.

**Baker**—Pvt. Albert G. Baker, Co. A, 320th Infantry, son of John H. Baker, 1119 Fredonia St., Pittsburgh, Pa., was buried with full military honors Sunday afternoon, October 23, 1921. A military escort of 80th Division men in charge of Edward Townsend, Commander of Albert G. Baker Post No. 86 Veterans of Foreign Wars met the body at Pennsylvania Station, Oct. 18th. The funeral was in charge of the Albert G. Baker Post and participated in by the Ex-Service Men's Club of Corliss, St. George Cadets, and Mothers of Democracy. Church Services were held by the Rev. Maitland Alexander of the First Presbyterian Church. Pall Bearers were Company A men, former comrades of Private Baker. Comrade Baker enlisted February 11th, 1918, and participated in all the battles with the 80th Division. He was wounded November 1, 1918, north of Fleville and died November 5, 1918.

**McNULTY**—Sergeant W. Ralph McNulty, Co. A, 319th Infantry, killed in action September 29, 1918, in his 28th year. Son of the late Wm. McNulty and Mary J. Sutch. Military funeral held from his late residence, 5148 Friendship Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday, October 23rd, at 10:00 A. M. Solemn Mass at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church. Military rites in charge of McNulty Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. Pall bearers were Comrades Martin Mullen, Patrick Joyce, John Mulvihill, J. L. Carroll, Bernard Kain, J. P. Staah, Harry Page and Sylvester Boyer.

**BATZ**—On Monday, October 24, 1921, at 11:50 A. M., Corporal Harry P. Batz, formerly of Co. B, 319th Infantry. Son of Elizabeth Strobel Batz and the late Peter Batz. Aged 27 years. Death was due from being partially gassed while delivering a message during the battle of the Argonne. Military funeral held October 28th at 2:00 P. M. from the residence of his mother, 131 23rd St., S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., in charge of Arthur Woestehoff Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and attended by friends of the family, Comrades from the 80th Division, and members of District No. 171, Green Bottle Blowers Union. Interment in Zimmerman's Cemetery.

**BAKER**—Sergeant Paul E. Baker, 320th M. G. Co., son of Martin Baker, 1725 Duffield St., Pittsburgh, Pa., was buried with full military honors, Sunday, Oct. 23rd, in Allegheny Cemetery. Sergeant Baker was killed in action in November, 1918. Funeral was in charge of McNulty Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and pall bearers were comrades of the 320th M. G. Co.

**VOGEL**—Private George K. Vogel, Co. B, 305th Engineers, found dead near Monongahela River, Pittsburgh, Pa., October 17, 1921. Body sent to his home, 203 12th St., Altoona, Pa., and buried with full military honors by his comrades.

**DONNELLY**—Corporal Edward J. Donnelly, Co. I, 320th Infantry, died of wounds received in action, November 3, 1918. Funeral services from the home of

his mother, at 2113 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., and church services in St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Sunday afternoon, October 23rd. Interment in St. Mary's Cemetery. Military funeral was in charge of Edward J. Donnelly Post No. 245, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

**SHEETS**—Private Charles T. Sheets, Co. G, 318th Infantry, killed in action in the Argonne, October 5, 1918. Formerly resided at 2113 Main St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Military services were held Sunday, October 23rd, in the Sharpsburg Methodist Church. Funeral conducted by Sharpsburg Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion Post No. 106.

**WEAVER**—Private P. I. Weaver, Co. M, 320th Infantry, killed in action, October 12, 1918, son of F. K. Weaver, Freeport, Pa. Military funeral in charge of Charles Gillespie Post No. 110, American Legion. Services were held Wednesday afternoon, October 19th, in the Trinity Episcopal Church, Freeport, Pa.

**HEISER**—Corporal Joseph A. Heiser, Co. G, 320th Infantry, killed in action, October 15th, 1918, in the Argonne, was buried with full military honors from the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Heiser, 3419 Carson St., S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday, October 23rd, 1921. Military funeral in charge of Veterans of Foreign Wars, and comrades of 80th Division. Interment in St. Peter's Cemetery, Arlington Ave., S. S., Pittsburgh.

**KONNICK**—Michael Konnick, Jr., of Co. M, 317th Infantry, killed in action. Services were held in the home of his father, Michael Konnick, 713 Madison Ave., North Braddock, Pa., and in St. Helen's Roman Catholic Church, Sunday October 23rd, 1921. Braddock Post No. 90, American Legion and Braddock Post, G. A. R., conducted military rites in St. Peter and Paul Cemetery.

**WITHERS**—Corporal Fillmore Withers. Services for Corporal Fillmore Withers, son of Mrs. Sara Withers, West Elizabeth, Pa., were held in the first M. E. Church of West Elizabeth, Sunday, October 23rd, 1921. Military rites were in charge of West Elizabeth Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. Corporal Withers was a graduate of the Pittsburgh Academy, and at the time of his enlistment was a student of Penn State College. He served as a member of Co. E, 319th Infantry and was killed in action in the Argonne.

**FOSTER**—Services were held in St. Wendelin's Church, Custer Ave., Carrick, Pa., for Private Louis Foster, Co. M, 319th Infantry, Sunday, October 23rd, 1921. He was the son of Mrs. Catherine Foster, 153 Spencer Ave., Carrick, Pa. Military funeral was in charge of Uhlman Horne Post No. 456, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and interment in St. Peter's Cemetery. Private Foster was killed in action Sept. 29, 1918.

**DEMPSTER**—David E. Dempster, aged 32, formerly of the 315th M. G. Bn., died October 19th, in the Bedford Avenue Tuberculosis Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa. He was buried from his home on Cora St., Brushton. He is survived by his father, Thomas Dempster; three sisters, Elizabeth and Dorothy Dempster at home, and Mrs. John Porter of Buffalo, N. Y.,

and one brother, Albert Dempster. Private Dempster was wounded and severely gassed during the latter stages of the Argonne drive, and lay unattended on the battlefield for three days before being discovered. It was this lack of attention, it is thought, which ultimately brought about his death from the effects of the gassing he received. Private Dempster was well known in Pittsburgh newspaper circles, and was employed on the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times previous to his enlistment.

**FURRY**—Corporal L. Harry Furry, Co. K, 317th Infantry, killed in action November 3, 1918. Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Furry of Latrobe, Pa., was buried with military honors Saturday, October 15th, 1921, from the Christ Reformed Church of Latrobe, Pa. Funeral was in charge of the Thomas B. Anderson Post, American Legion.

**BROGAN**—Joseph A. Brogan, Private, Co. E, 320th Infantry, killed Sept. 26th, 1918, in the Argonne, son of Mrs. Helen Brogan, 228 57th St., Pittsburgh, Pa., was buried with full military honors, Sunday, October 23rd, from St. Kieran's Roman Catholic Church. Military rites conducted by Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion.

**KONTOGIANNIS**—Private George A. Kontogiannis, Co. B, 318th Infantry, died in France from wounds received in action in the Meuse-Argonne, was buried with full military honors from the Greek Orthodox Church, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday, October 23rd, 1921. Military funeral conducted by Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion. Private Kontogiannis is survived by two brothers, Eustratees and Peter A. Kontogiannis.

**LOEFFLER**—Private Henry J. C. Loeffler, Co. E, 319th Infantry, killed in action September 27, 1918, was buried with military honors from College Hill Presbyterian Church of Beaver Falls, Pa. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Loeffler, Second Ave., College Hill, Beaver Falls, Pa., one sister and three brothers. Military rites were conducted by Beaver Falls Post No. 261, American Legion and interment in Grandview Cemetery.

Funerals were held during October for the following comrades complete details of which are not available at this time:

**O'TOOLE**—Private Thomas M. O'Toole, Co. C, 318th Infantry, killed in action, September 9, 1918, son of John O'Toole, 8 Soho St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**LUPPE**—Private Charles Luppe, Co. I, 319th Infantry, died of wounds November 1, 1918. Son of Mrs. Bertha Luppe, 440 Ferncliff St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**HORN**—Private Frank H. Horn, 319th Inf. M. G. Co., killed in action, September 27, 1918. Nearest of kin, Marie Horn, 6810 Baker St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**CARR**—Corporal Gilbert J. Carr, Co. G, 320th Infantry, killed in action, September 27, 1918, son of Michael Carr, 1338 Lincoln Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**KNISS**—Private Edward Kniss, 319th M. G. Co., killed Sept. 26, 1918, son of Mrs. Mary Kniss, Dravosburg, Pa.

**DOEFFINGER**—Private Harry Doeffinger, Company D, 320th Infantry, killed in action, October 18, 1918. Nearest of



# TAPS

## Very Lights

kin, Frederick Doeffinger, 3940 Howley St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**PATKA**—Private Stanley Patka, Company D, 320th Infantry, killed in action, September 27, 1918. Nearest of kin, Mrs. Sophia Patka, 153 Forty-fifth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**GUENTHER**—Private Fred A. Guenther, Co. A, 315th M. G. Bn., died of wounds, September 2, 1918, son of Frederick C. Guenther, 984 Industry St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**ELLIOT**—Charles J. Elliot, 319th M. G. Co., funeral at Tarentum, Pa.

**HOLZEN**—Charles Holzen, 319th M. G. Co., funeral at Baltimore, Md.

**HILTY**—Private Roy F. Hilty, Co. H, 320th Infantry, killed in action, September 26th, 1918, son of Mrs. W. J. Reihm, 508 Chestnut St., Saltsburg, Pa.

The funeral services of Corporal Robert T. Sparks, of Company G, 318th Infantry, who was killed in action in France during the Meuse-Argonne offensive, on October 5th, 1918, were held Sunday, October 16th, from his late home at Strasburg, Va. The funeral was conducted from the Methodist Church with military honors, interment being made in River-view Cemetery. Members of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars participated in the services at the grave, three of Corporal Sparks' former comrades being among the pall-bearers. Prior to the war he was a brakeman on the Southern Railway and was a member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. Corporal Sparks entered the service at Camp Lee in October, 1917, and was 27 years old when killed. It is a peculiar

coincidence that his enlistment, death and burial occurred in the month of October. His widow and a little daughter, whom he last saw when she was but one month old, survive him, also his parents and several brothers and a sister. Owing to the uncertainty surrounding Corporal Spark's fate, which remained in doubt for many months, an unusual degree of interest attended the case. He was originally reported as missing in action on October 5, 1918, which report was changed by the War Department in February, 1919, to wounded in action. Several months later, the second report was changed to killed in action. For several years there had been numerous rumors that he was alive and his widow would not concede him dead until the casket was opened following its arrival from Hoboken, when the remains were identified as those of her husband.

The body of 1st Lieut. William O. Neubauer, who commanded Company E, 318th Infantry, during the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and who was killed near Nantillois on October 4, 1918, was removed to America recently and the remains interred in Arlington National Cemetery, on Thursday, September 8th, along with many other American soldiers. Relatives of Lieut. Neubauer had requested that his grave be not disturbed in France and were shocked when they were informed by the War Department that the remains had been removed to America for interment. His parents had desired that his body rest where it had fallen. Lieut. Neubauer's home was in Lynchburg, Va.

There's a suburban home whose owner's principal delight is in keeping it spic and span. After dinner he and a guest were smoking on the front porch. The guest, after lighting his cigar, threw the burned match to the ground.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, George," said the host.

"Why not?" asked the guest, surprised.

"It spoils the appearance of a place," was the answer. "It's just those little things that make a place look bad."

The guest smoked his cigar in silence for a minute. Then, without a word, he got up from his chair, walked down to the road and disappeared. He returned in a short while, and his host asked:

"Why where have you been, George?"

"Oh, I just went down to spit in the river," said George.—Trumbull Cheer.

### AN HONORARY DEGREE

A chimney sweep who was complainant in a case in Edinburgh gave his name as Jamie Gregory, LL.D.

"Where on earth did you get that distinction?" asked the attorney.

"It was a fellow frae an American university," answered Jamie. "I sweepit his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash, Jamie Gregory,' he says, 'but I'll mak' ye LL.D. an' we'll ca' it quits.' An' he did, sir."—Boston Transcript.

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## The Significance of S. O. S.

(Continued from page 11)

been taken, or indeed could well have been taken, but he happened to remember that the constellation Orion was immediately at his back as he was started down the Hill. He therefore fixed his eye on that constellation and started with the detail on a direct line over the ground, arriving within ten feet of the desired point. For once, he literally thanked his stars.

Lieut. Heflin and Sergeant Miles and their men jumped off with the assault battalion, and down they went through Bethincourt and over the Hills to Gercourt. Even the Regimental commander himself could not have foreseen that the advance would be so rapid. As it was, those men made use of a Brigade dump that had been placed at Bethincourt, before the rest of us, lugging up ammunition and rations, caught up with them at Gercourt. For

some reason, a halt had been made in the Bois de Jure. The company commander of Company K made a dump behind a very acceptable bank to the west of Gercourt and this was our final dump during the remainder of the fight and the time that the Regiment held the objective. Eventually, the Supply company was able to reach this dump.

At about 6 P. M., the advance was resumed under the order of the Regimental commander, and the entire Regiment proceeded to its objective, the three battalions fanning out so that they were abreast. From this time until the Regiment was relieved, Lieut. Heflin and Sergeant Miles alternated in leading details to the front line battalions, a performance which the writer can testify was attended with a great deal of danger and labor. It being ascertained that those battalions were short of water,

the company added to its duties by getting extra canteens and keeping them supplied with water. By day and by night, through shell fire and through gas, these men ceaselessly, tirelessly, and without complaint plied back and forth, weighted down with ammunition, rations and water, justifying the Colonel's confidence in them.

The company was not cited for its work, but as Col. Cocheu took leave of the officers of the battalion on the hill south of Cuisy, he was good enough to commend most highly, before all the officers, the work of company K in carrying out its mission.

As for the company commander during the fight, he is not ashamed to say that, what time he was not attending to other duties, he was praying that God would protect his men; and in spite of all the danger through which they went so fearlessly there was not a casualty in the company.

## When East Meets West

(Continued from page 11)

most cars, a section is reserved for women, something like smoking compartments are reserved in our interurban cars. The cars are very small.

On the Ramleh line, an announcer shouts about five minutes (in Arabic) before the car leaves. Then the motorman rings a bell and the conductors on the three cars, one after the other, blow toy whistles which sound something like a cat meowing. The conductor hands you a ticket when you pay your fare and after awhile an inspector comes aboard and tears your ticket to prevent it being used again. I have been told they don't use ticket punches for the same reason one finds no ink or pens in the postoffice—that they would disappear too quickly.

There are a few camels on the outskirts

of the city and donkeys of various sizes. There are groves of palm trees here and there, but where there isn't constant irrigation there is nothing but sand. Ramleh runs for several miles along the beach and in it are many pretentious homes, some with large and well-kept formal gardens. But everything that grows must be watered continuously, for it never rains here in the summer. Still, being near the ocean, there's a fine breeze and I expect that we are much more comfortable than you folks are.

We have made one or two excursions down into the really native section of the city, but I think I'll write of that later, after I've had a chance to poke around the Cairo bazaars. Everywhere, tho, one may see them making the heavy iron beads, the worker using his toe to hold down the chunk of elephant tusk while, with no other guide

than his eye, he turns out beads of graduated size with a primitive lathe—a bow with a loose string which he loops around a stick attached to the wheel which grinds the ivory.

There are all sorts of rugs for sale—and brass ware of every description.

Out beyond Ramleh the mission has a sort of rest camp. On a sand lot, a half mile from the ocean, there are eight houses made of matting. Going out there, one gets a glance at an Old Testament picture when passing thru a grove of date palms, he comes upon a group of native women filling their water jars at a well, then walking along, the jars balanced on their heads.

We, ourselves, are very comfortable, but no American can come out here, I think, without being much impressed with the needs of the people.

## Morning Report

(Continued from page 23)

or personal visit. Address, 35 Campan Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

James C. Scott, formerly Corporal, Co. G, 317 Infantry has been receiving treatment in the Government Hospital at Camp Kearny, California, since his discharge from the Army. He contracted tuberculosis while in the service. He is now residing at 133 W. Citrus Avenue, Redlands, California, and his friends join in wishing him a speedy recovery.

The Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association, extends to all Buddies a cordial invitation to attend

the grst dance of the winter's series, Tuesday evening, November 15th, 1921, from 8:30 P. M. to 12:00, in the Moose Temple, Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. The famous Blue-Ridge orchestra will furnish music. The proceeds will be used in defraying expenses incurred by entertaining wounded men at the Hospitals, sending flowers to our "Silent Buddies" who have come home, etc.

### CORRECTIONS FOR YEAR BOOK

Add to Company "D," 319th Infantry, Corporal George D. Heminf, Bedford, Pa.

Change address of G. A. Pannier, Jr., Hq. Troops, 80th Division Hq. from Au-

burn St. to No. 1 Antrim St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

George W. Shiedy is now the Justice of the Peace at Intervilla, Pa.

Edwin J. Baessler from 10 Mertz St. to read 117 Marena St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Add to 305 F. S. Bn., Co. "C," Albert A. Engstrom.

Well, I just heard "Lights Out" so I'll close. Send in some Dope, fellows, so that we can keep up the liason.

COMING, An Engineer Dinner. Will have the details later.





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"L'Guerre Est Fini!"

(Continued from page 18)

and attained the old French shelters, half house and half dug-out, that dotted every side of the uppermost slope were we to realize our sole ambition: a place to rest and sleep, for 25 kilometres on the 11th day of November were just as tiresome as they had ever been before. Hours later, a puffing, swearing mess-sergeant announced that supper awaited at the bottom of the hill, but no one broke his neck in an effort to obey the summons. "Finished with mountain climbing for the night, thank you!"

Sometime before midnight, a ghostly, illuminated apparition was to be observed slowly moving in a long line through the valley below. Amazedly, the explanation gradually dawned upon us; the spectacle was nothing less than a column of army trucks moving northward, with headlights burning and casting a brilliant beam for miles beyond! For the first time in nearly six months we were witnessing a display of lights hitherto unknown, unheard of, un-allowed.

And, as we watched and wondered, doubt turned to belief; we knew that "fini l'guerre" was not a rumor, but a fact; nothing less could account for the illumination that was converting night into day and bidding defiance to now peaceful aerial visitors. No official pronouncement was present or needed to impress the knowledge. What more convincing proof could be desired than that which lay before us? Yes, the Armistice had been signed, the war was finished, and we had received the world astounding news via the medium of an automobile searchlight! Somehow, we felt cheated of our story-book climax.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF SERVICE MAGAZINE, published monthly, at Pittsburgh, Pa., for October 1st, 1921.  
State of Pennsylvania, County of Allegheny,

ss.  
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 any says that he is the Managing Editor of the SERVICE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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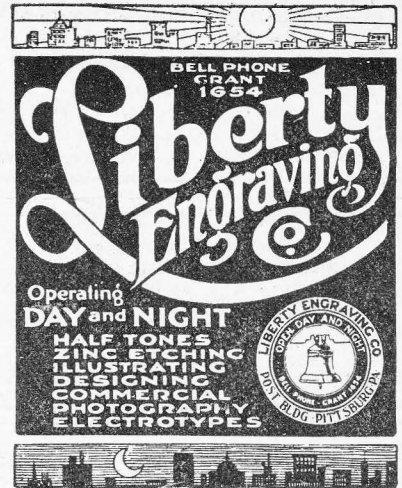
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|  | 177. German ammunition dump.   | 204. The American Cemetery at Belleau Woods looking toward Chateau Thierry.  |
|  | 178. MORAIGNE FARM, formerly a German corps headquarters.  |  |
|  | 180. ARGONNE FOREST, showing the concrete dugouts of the German headquarters that resembled a village in the forest.   |  |
|  | 181. ARGONNE FOREST, showing artillery positions between Varennes and Foire-de-Paris, captured by the American forces. |  |
|  | 182. THE ARGONNE at Foire-de-Paris, showing the American positions on the right.                                       |  |
|  | 183. THE ARGONNE at Foire-de-Paris, showing wrecked building and 180 degrees of the Argonne territory.                 |  |

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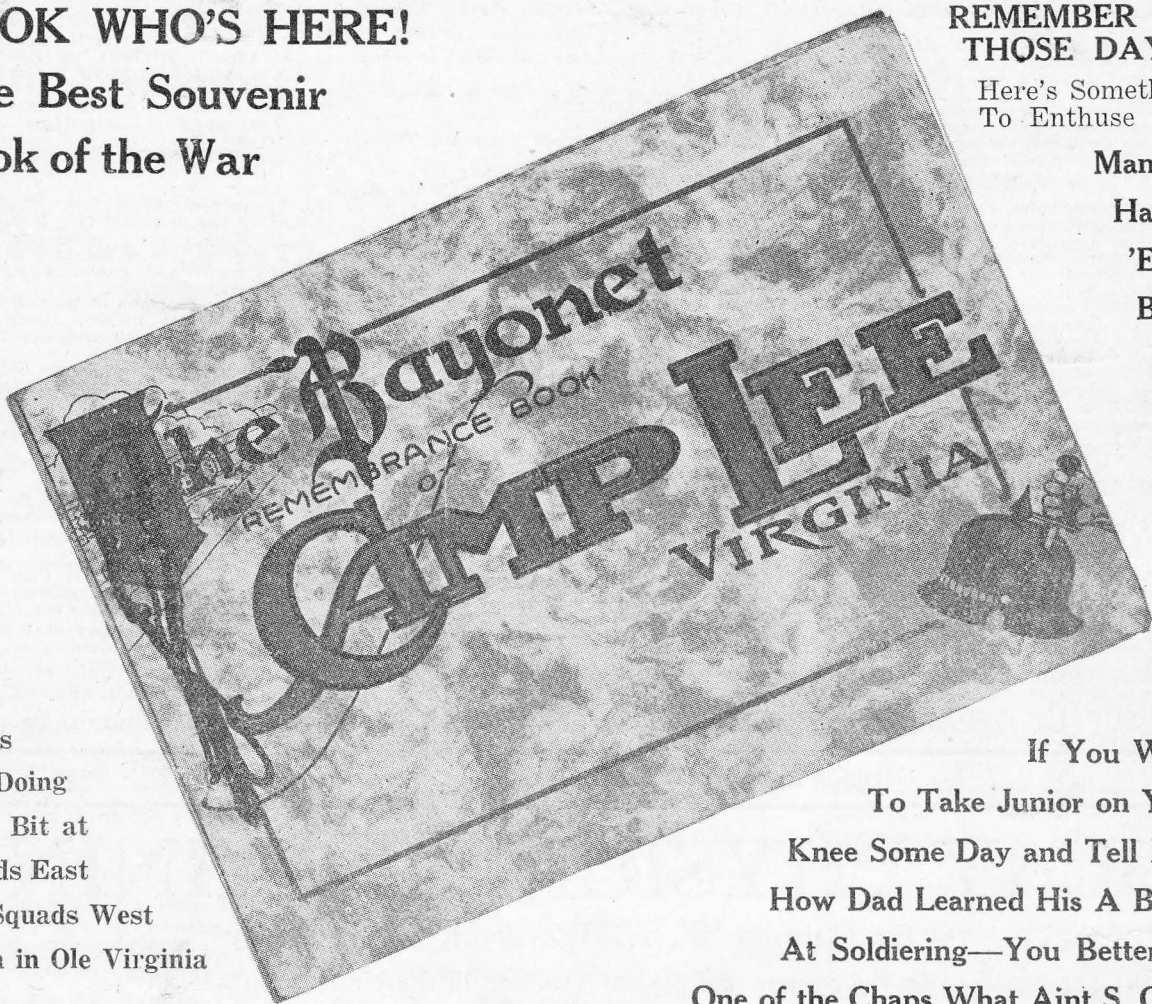
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## VOUS COMPRE-OUI?

**HERE'S THE PLOT—**

One, otherwise human, being known as the Camp Lee Photographer, had an idea, The idea was a great big souvenir book containing Pictures of everybody and everything down at Old Camp Lee. The Camp Lee Bayonet was party to the plot—Subscribers were supposed to get one of the books for the special price of \$1.50 Each. Some did and most of us left suddenly for Europe before the book was off the press—So that's how the expression S. O. L. got started. Act Two—War's Over, Camp Lee is a Memory—The Photographer has gone back to taking pictures of movie queens, etc. The Bayonet is now succeeded by Service Magazine. The Photo Man said make me an offer and we did. The result is that if you work fast enough, getting \$1.00 or a legitimate check or M. C. for the amount in to 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., Service Supply Dept., will see that you get one.