

April

1922

The Service Magazine

OFF.
Blue Ridge
Communique



A. E. F. BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS

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

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These photographs were taken in February, March and April, 1919, immediately following the Armistice. They are eight inches wide and from three to four feet in length. Order by number. Send Check or Money Order to "SUPPLY DEPARTMENT" SERVICE MAGAZINE, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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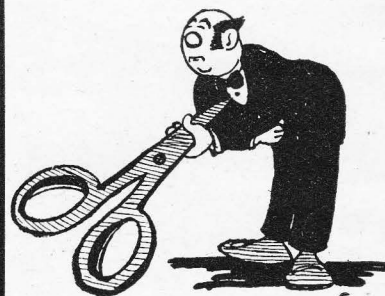
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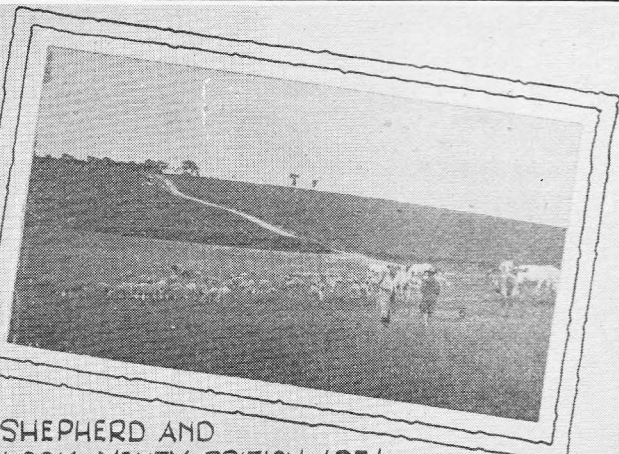
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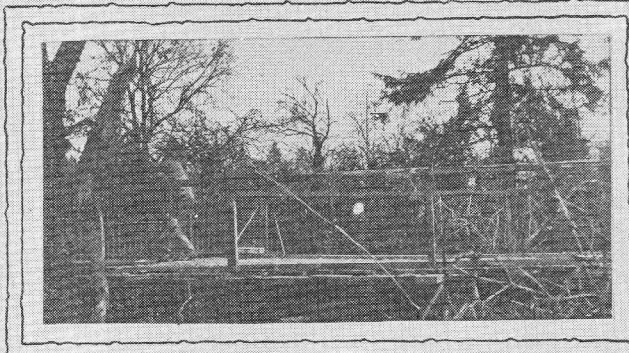
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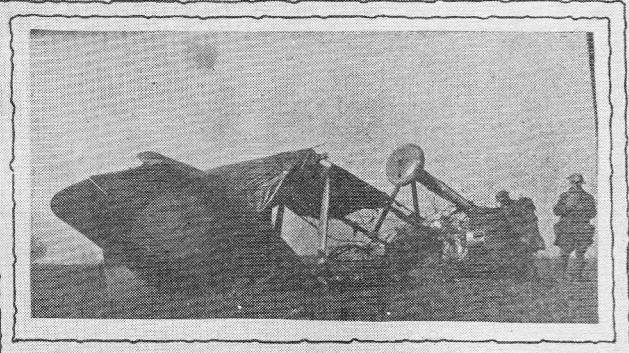
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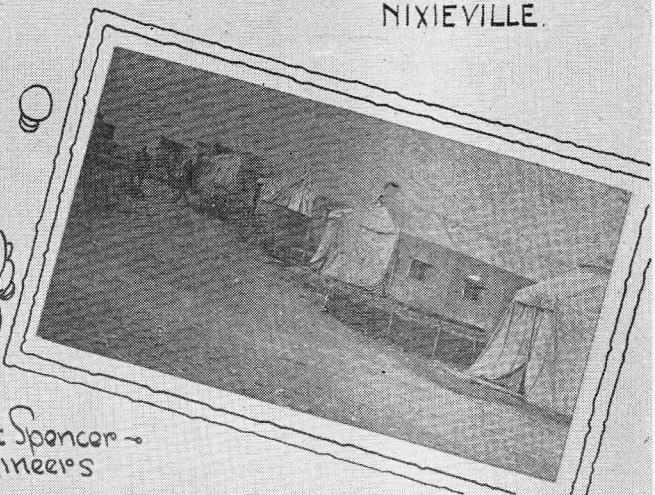
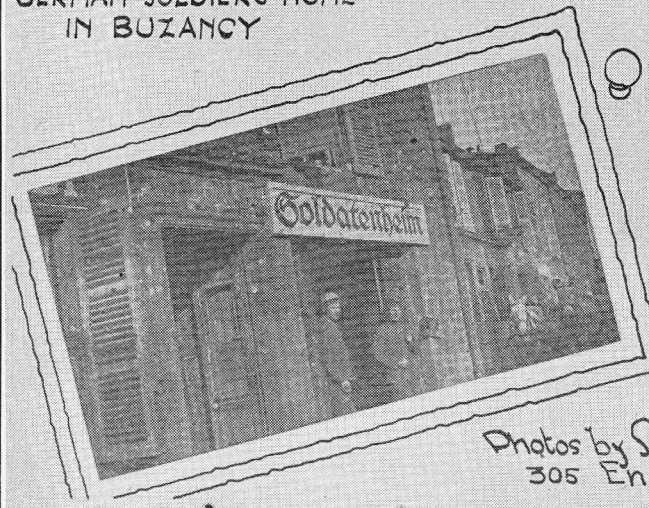
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GERMAN SOLDIERS' HOME
IN BUZANCY

FIELD HOSPITAL IN
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Photos by Sgt Spencer -
305 Engineers

The SERVICE MAGAZINE



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Whether we get adjusted compensation, a belated hero medal, the recognition and acclaim of our people, or not, matters but little to us. The fact that we served our country with honor upon the field of battle—fulfilled our every obligation and helped raise the name of the Eightieth (Blue-Ridge) Division to everlasting Glory is in itself, Sufficient proof of our SERVICE.

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(Published Under Direction of the Executive Council)

"A Letter From France"

By Lieut. Henri Peghaire

To The 80th Division Veterans' Ass'n:
Bonjour Mon Camarades:

It may be interesting to the readers of SERVICE MAGAZINE to learn of the value and importance of the motor transportation section of the French Army and the part it played during the first great battle of Verdun. This is based on the personal observation and notes taken by the writer and some of his friends during 1916 and 1917, and as an Infantry Officer, the author will not attempt to cover any of the technical problems that confronted this branch of the service.

The roads were the scene of a vast unending procession such as the world had never before witnessed. A Russian Captain after visiting Verdun in the beginning of March, 1916, wrote, "We left the town with the coming of night, and the roads seemed to be lighted everywhere. They were the lights of thousands of lorries, running along the 'Voie Sacrie,' between Verdun and Bar le Duc." (What a contrast to our work in the darkness later on when the American dough-boy took over this sector.)

Some of the members of the 80th must still remember that road, especially between the "Moulin brule" and Souilly. The pulse of the war was a living thing, and each day, the German attack met with a French counter-attack. Even during the most terrible hours of our counter-attacks, it was indeed a wonderful and inspiring sight to see the countless trucks carrying troops, ammunition and supplies; feeding the battle, day and night. No man in his life will ever see anything so wonderful as the "Voie Sacrie" during the long months of that battle from the end of February until November, 1916.

One could see every light moving; could imagine that each one was a sign of victory, and that the transportation service would be the salvation of Verdun. Neither rain, snow or mud could stop them. Day and night they ran without ceasing and with few accidents. Accidents could not be always avoided, however, when the weather made the roads unusually bad, and over a distance of perhaps forty miles there could be seen possi-

bly ten lorries overturned, looking like great bees which had fallen on their backs, unable to arise and resume their journey. The battle of Verdun proved beyond question that the automobile service of the French Army was responsible for a large measure of its successful defense.

The writer's own division was transported in automobiles on many occasions and

mands an ever-increasing toll. One of our Army Corps—about 40,000 men in 1916—required each day about 200 tons of supplies, and this figure increases in sectors where neither straw nor wood are to be found. The supply of ammunition is something "colossal" as a Boche would say. If you want to feed rifles, machine guns, trench mortars, light and heavy artillery;

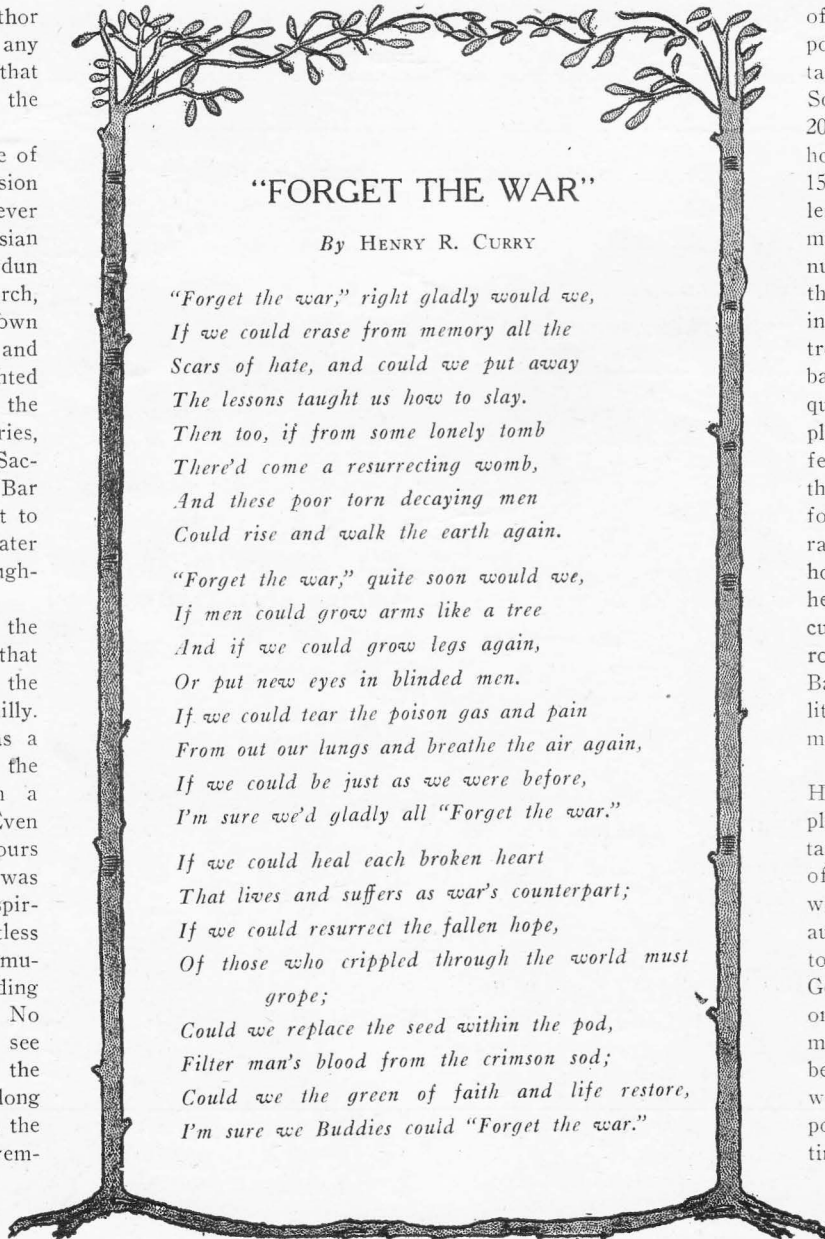
shells and bullets must be carried by hundreds and hundreds of thousands from the "depos" established at some distance from the front lines. Some of our soldiers shot over 200 bullets in twenty-four hours; a battery of 75's about 1500 rounds, and heavy artillery about 800 rounds. If one multiplies these numbers by the number of men and batteries the difficulty can be imagined in adequately supplying the troops during the height of the battle of Verdun. In the more quiet sectors most of the supply was handled by trains and fewer trucks used, but during the battle of Verdun this was found impossible. The main railroad line between St. Meneshould and Verdun was under heavy German fire and was cut repeatedly, while the narrow-gauge line running from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun, was of little use in transporting so many men and their supplies.

Fortunately, the General Headquarters had prepared a plan for automobile transportation for the impending attack of Verdun. During the first week of February, 1916, the automobile service was ready to do its best, and when the German offensive was launched on the 22nd of February the mechanism of this organization began to function with clockwork regularity. The Transportation Bureau had at that time, 200 automobile sections—about 4,000 cars—with 300 officers, and about 8,500 men, which included drivers and mechan-

ics. These 4,000 cars when running about 70 kilometers, needed for one day's supply, about 250,000 liters of gasoline, 2,500 liters of oil, and 2,250 kilogs. of grease.

It was decided that the narrow-gauge would transport nearly the whole food supply, and that the road would be restricted

(Continued on Page 29)



"FORGET THE WAR"

By HENRY R. CURRY

"Forget the war," right gladly would we,
If we could erase from memory all the
Scars of hate, and could we put away
The lessons taught us how to slay.
Then too, if from some lonely tomb
There'd come a resurrecting womb,
And these poor torn decaying men
Could rise and walk the earth again.

"Forget the war," quite soon would we,
If men could grow arms like a tree
And if we could grow legs again,
Or put new eyes in blinded men.
If we could tear the poison gas and pain
From out our lungs and breathe the air again,
If we could be just as we were before,
I'm sure we'd gladly all "Forget the war."

If we could heal each broken heart
That lives and suffers as war's counterpart;
If we could resurrect the fallen hope,
Of those who crippled through the world must
grope;

Could we replace the seed within the pod,
Filter man's blood from the crimson sod;
Could we the green of faith and life restore,
I'm sure we Buddies could "Forget the war."

his recollection is that only once was a truck overturned, which happened not far from Compiegne, while being taken to a very active sector that was under constant and destructive fire. Troops, supply and ammunition never failed to reach the division in good time however, owing to the excellent transportation system.

War is an insatiable monster that de-

"All Aboard for the S. O. S."

The Initial Stage of the Torture—Ye Gods What Memories! The Last Long Hike Through France, and Leaving in Lilac Time

By Russell L. Stultz

Former Sgt. Infantry, U. S. A.

"Let's go! Let's go!" The cry, almost obsolete through disuse, had the same vibrant, familiar ring of old, for once again, the army—our own particular army—was on the move. Nothing extraordinary about that circumstance, you may decide, but wait!—the army was moving in the direction of the Atlantic and HOME!

The winter of disappointing uncertainties, of unconfirmed rumors, of conjectures and surmises, finally had run its tortuous course and, apparently with great reluctance, stepped aside to make place for the more potent, tangible promises of spring. For ten whole days, we had been chafing under the illusive wings of a magical "S. O. S.," through whose checking, cleansing, fault-finding shadows all combat troops must pass and qualify ere they were deemed eligible to vision a still-distant Port of Embarkation. The intricate process, which bore distinct resemblance to the workings which had preceded departure for France, was already functioning smoothly and held forth indications of additional thoroughness by the time our unknown destination in the Le Mans Area was attained. These ten days had been quite as lengthy as the twenty-four hour time-pieces of our Ally would permit, and each of the hours had been fully supplied with the requisite complement of minutes. Men, equipment and records, however, had been checked and rechecked, until such utilities as company commanders, supply sergeants and company clerks bore the harassed, hunted demeanors that inevitably characterize lack of sleep and constant thinking in circles. The initial stage of the torture accompanying passage into the mysterious realms of the "S. O. S." at last was at an end, and the army was now engaged in the pleasant diversion of fathoming the immediate future.

Just four months previous, almost to the day, we had concluded a somewhat strenuous promenade of 240 kilometers from the haunts of a now-chastened Jerry in the recesses of the Argonne, to find ourselves immured in the midst of a crumbling desolation boasting the sobriquet of Stigny and lying between two hills in the Department of Yonne. While we were not aware of the fact at the moment, the *petite ville* represented our appointed rendezvous in the 15th Training Area, where High Command had ordained that we should arrive on the day following Thanksgiving and where we were destined to spend the

ensuing winter in billets. Their mandates had been fulfilled, but now, with spring and April insistently beckoning toward activity, we were quite ready and prepared to move on—no matter where. Already, a few irrepressible souls had been detected humming that little refrain meaning "Your Son's in the S. O. S."

Yet, for all our willingness to cry "Let's Go!" and to put the request into practice there were few, if any, of the battalion who would not leave Stigny with a tiny pang of sadness and regret. For four long months, it had been our home—almost the only home we had known in all France, save for our bivvies and pup-tents. The months had held their ceaseless round of duty, of police and drill, yet, there had been time, if all too scant, for play. There had been improvised games and amusements, with occasional competitions, parades and band-concerts, to supply just the proper degree of prideful aggressiveness and military reminders. Minstrel shows, football and horse-show contests, had played their part in speeding the crawling hours. Best of all, perhaps, mail from home and pay-day had managed to become visitations of fairly regular sequence. Following the monthly "walk of the ghost," opportunity and means had been provided for reckless indulgence in periodical feasts of *pommes de terre, v'n blanc* and rabbit, prepared and shared by some motherly old *madame* and her voluble, badly comprehending partner in matrimony. These frequent "parties" had served the double purpose of varying the Mess Sergeant's menu and affording us an insight into the hospitable, affectionate home life of our hosts, and they had become such a regular, welcome feature of our days that we could but view the end of the association with honest reluctance; they were crude, practical folks, yet sincere and obviously pleased to have us share their homely atmosphere.

At still other times, with all-too-wide gaps between, there had been never-to-be-forgotten week-ends in Dijon or Tonnerre, those coveted thirty-six hour leaves that played havoc with already depleted francs but which would ever persist as red-letter chapters in an eventful year. One or two had even captured three colorful days in Paris, unattained goal of half of the A. E. F., while a bare two score from each company had incurred the grumbling of envy of their less fortunate comrades when they accomplished the zenith of post-Armistice

ambitions by being sent on seven-day leaves to Aix-les-Bains, Chamonix, Grenoble or Nice via the medium of the *Armee Americaine Permission*, seven days which usually brought joy by lengthening into ten because of lack of homeward-bound transportation.

The winter's checkered career had run its allotted course, however. Only two nights before, the entire company had assembled in the only hall sufficient for the purpose and made merry in a final "feed" and celebration to mark the impending departure. The nightly "taps" were ignored in recognition of the festive occasion, while complaisant guards obeyed instructions and extended a helping hand by escorting some of the too exuberant guests to their billets instead of providing the customary accommodations in the battalion's ever-waiting *hotel de militaire*, for this, if you please, was in a land and environments where the scrupulous exactions of Volsteadism were distinctly alien. The affair had proven a heavy drain upon a steadily dwindling mess fund, but it was decreed by all participants a strikingly sagacious expenditure.

It was the day of leave-taking, of police and pack-rolling. Ever since noon, an air of well-defined, if suppressed excitement had reigned among all ranks, had even permeated and affected the accustomed calm of Stigny's staid denizens. The last vestiges of occupancy by the *soldats Americain* were being rapidly effaced, usually to the accompaniment of the chattering gesticulations of souvenir-seeking natives who desisted from their salvaging explorations only long enough to inquire: "*Vous partir pour Amerique, m'sieur?*" to be as quickly answered with the inevitable "*Ah, oui, madame, tout de suite, ces soir,*" or with whatever response the interrogation might require. More often than not, these little understood farewells were marked by a mutual feeling closely akin to sorrow, for the passing months had done much to establish an *entente cordiale* between ourselves and the little town's inhabitants, relations that held much of personal esteem and respect for, no man can live in intimate contact with a neighbor without ultimately lapsing into bitter hatred or warm friendship.

Every billet—often no more than a tottering stable—was left scrupulously clean, every article of movable property restored to its former abode, every trench and latrine leveled and returned to its original

"All Aboard for the S. O. S."

state, every petty claim settled and receipted for. Even now, the ancient, clumsy keys were turned back to their owners, while those delegated with the duty tarried for a moment to share the contents of *une petit bouteille de champagne*, brought forth in honor of the occasion, lingered for one final hand-shake with *grand-pere* and *grand-mere* and the inevitable "*Bon chance, m'sieur!*" for these queer old folk were never lacking in the little amenities, in the delightful little courtesies which ever characterized their social intercourse with friends or strangers, whatever else may have been omitted from their composition.

For the space of an hour, last minute messages, orders and commands, flew fast and furious, seemingly determined to pile up an accumulation sufficient to bridge over the interval of the approaching journey, when army "paper work" must of necessity confine itself to the irreducible minimum. Frequent experience, however, had prepared us for the avalanche of official mandates. The vanishing runner, disappearing like a meteor within the dingy door-way decorated with a neat sign indicating "Company Headquarters," bore the final command that probably would ever emanate from its camouflaged portals. "Fall out with packs and rifles and police up!" The sharp, rasping voice of a top sergeant repeated the eagerly-awaited signal, a signal that flew from billet to billet and resounded along the entire "Stigny front." Obedience was a matter of few minutes, for every inch of floor and ground—the long, straggling street included—had been repeatedly combed with microscopic eyes; "else you'll have to remain and finish the job," was the ominous warning that supplied wholly unneeded stimulus.

A period of an hour or two intervened before the battalion would set forth upon its hike to the railhead and entraining point at Nuits-sous-Ravieres, where "side-door Pullmans" were reported waiting occupancy and "rarin" to start on the thirty-four hour trip across central France which had an unrevealed point in the Le Mans Area for its immediate objective. For four days, the divisional emigration had been in uninterrupted progress and we were scheduled to continue the movement via the sixteenth unit of the twenty trains required for the purpose. There were those among the uninitiated who deluded themselves with the fond, but futile, belief that our trek would end only at the sea-coast, and the minority acquainted with the true destination wisely refrained from advertising their chilling information, so, blissful in ignorance, the brief interval preceding departure assumed something of a holiday aspect.

The town's trio of *estaminets* had received peremptory instructions to remain

closed to all *soldats Americain* on this particular afternoon; the injunction was either surreptitiously ignored in the face of native greed for American-owned *francs*—now about to accompany their possessors, or else shrewdness born of a years' practice employed the devious ways and means to acquire the forbidden nectar. No matter what the methods pursued, the results were palpably evident in the impromptu celebrations in progress on every hand. Quiet fellows who were never known to partake of Stigny's potent, liquid cheer, spoiled perfectly unblemished records in this one indiscreet moment—it was play-time, the hour for rejoicing, for commemorating the momentous occasion, and there were few who did not feel sufficiently stimulated to participate in the exuberance calculated to scandalize the prosaic old village.

The hectic infraction of regulations was of short duration and went unchallenged; the call of a bugle sounding "assembly" brought the army back to matter-of-fact realities and abruptly terminated the discordant efforts which an improvised quartet was vociferously engaged in attempting to translate into a current A. E. F. song. A significant smile illumined countenances, at imminent peril of reprimand, when the customary check and report of platoons revealed a half-dozen absentees—all were "accounted for," but those missing were scarcely able to be "present" in person. It was a bit preposterous to conceive of any man failing *this* formation yet, out of joy bred of the moment, it had happened, which merely goes to show that man is really a creature of circumstances. Some hours later, every "casualty" joined us at the railhead, for the apparition of departing comrades had brought about speedy recovery.

At last, the battalion was on the move! But for a short time, however, as a halt was ordered on the outskirts of the town preparatory to serving the evening mess. Company kitchens, transferred hither in order to effectually remove the last "grease-spot" from their former quarters, had followed us and the over-worked cooks, too practical and "hard-boiled" to be sentimental, wasted no superfluous motion in "dishing out" the final meal in Stigny. The standard menu of coffee, "slum" and tomatoes had lost its lure through frequent repetition, yet somehow the combination this evening appeared to leave unsatisfied appetites and reluctant sighs greeted the unexpected announcement of "No seconds, boys." Sad experience had taught us that troop trains were justly notorious for their inadequate rations, and doubtless the forthcoming example would prove no exception.

The cooks and kitchens had not been alone in trailing our column from the precincts of the billets. All along the route we had annexed a growing, motely escort, and

scarcely had the halt been ordered and arms stacked ere a most representative delegation of Stigny-ites swooped down upon our flanks. It was a colorful, chattering aggregation, ranging all the way from the most *petit garcon* to the eldest and most senile inhabitant, and liberally sprinkled with both sexes although it required no census to remark the predominance of *madames* and *mam'selles*. We had hardly anticipated so large and varied an array of camp-followers, but the visitation was wholly friendly and they were welcome—yes, and some were *welcomed!* Four months of residence in their midst had securely established the desirability of our retention and there dawned in the wake of departure a perhaps tardy realization of the vacuum that must ensue. The presence of a thousand soldiers, if somewhat meagerly supplied with funds, had proven a valuable asset and there were few, if any, families which had not profited in a substantial way from the association. The practical-minded little baker, who had sold her *du pain* utterly regardless of restrictive "teeckets," the lone shop-keeper, the three *estaminets*, the motherly dispensers of *ouefs* and *pommes de terre*—all had garnered our *francs*; undreamed-of wealth had flowed into their tightly guarded coffers and some measure of the resultant prosperity had reached and exuded into almost every household.

So, if some of the men who were leaving the proceeds of their "pay-checks" behind chose to wax cynical over the visible evidences of regret now emanating from their possessors, who shall condemn either loser or gainer for their wholly human, yet wholly perverse sentiments? Nothing of antagonism, however, marked the lively, if crude and often unintelligible interchange of Franco-American badinage—just then, when we were headed for the second stop on the route leading to the States, no depredation short of highway robbery would have aroused any great animosity toward those we were leaving behind. The magic lure of "Homeward Bound," if still a somewhat hazy chimera, was scarcely conducive to bitterness toward a people whose commercial practices had been governed by the laws of stern necessity. Their every act and word showed that they were frankly sorry to have us go, and there were those among us who knew that they were leaving many pleasant memories in the quaint old cluster of stone structures forming the village.

Here and there, a freshly aproned urchin begged "*une souvenir pour moi, m'sieur,*" and those thus beseeched good-naturedly complied. "*Souvenir*" had been the first word of the language that had greeted many of us as we set foot on the shores

(Continued on Page 28)

"Off For Paree"

By B. C. Clark



H, M'sieu, you have also returned from visiting the Paris? Is it not a magnificent city? So beautiful! You have without delay seen the wonderful exhibition in the Salon? "You speak of the one in the Folies Bergere?"

"Oh, I comprehend! It is to joke, is it not? Ha! Ha! You Americans are so eccentric. What you call crazy, eh? I can prove it. In my position of Interpreter I learn many things.

"You are perhaps acquainted with the Madame Girard, who has the souvenir shop on the corner?"

"Mais oui, she also makes over the American uniforms so they are not of such great capacity. In your army it is so strange. The tailors they are perhaps too careless?"

"Ah, you have purchased of her fancy work? Then you know of whom I relate. She too desired to visit the incomparable Paris. Why not? Has she not worked with the utmost industry to save enough that she may journey for the first time to view those creations nowhere else to be found? Since the soldiers have come her business has been profitable, and above all, she is not extravagant.

"But three days ago, she completed all preparations. A new gown she had obtained, and from her friend Madame Maigne, borrowed a superb hat. Early in the morning she closed her shop and took affectionate leave of all her friends. They are what you call 'suffocated with envy.' Was she not apparelled in the height of fashion? It is true that Madame is no longer so youthful. One cannot offend by calling her slightly fat. The dress, however, was of a mode that suited. It is name the "Princess" and has the large sleeves at the shoulders and fits closely elsewhere.

"You recognize it?"

"Ah, the hat! It was black like the gown but decorated with a beautiful white ostrich plume.

"How unfortunate that the railroad is so far from this village. Madame must drive to the station three villages away in her donkey cart, and there leave it with the Cure' to await her return.

"You have seen the donkey? So, you have many of the animal at Chaumont? I have not been so fortunate to observe them. The donkey of which I speak has been given the odd name of 'Oscar' by the soldiers. He is very small and sleepy looking.

"Madame's friends are desolate that they could not also journey to Paris. Ah, with what dignity and what pride Madame ascended into the donkey cart! What tales

she could tell when she returned. M'sieu what astonishing adventures befall one in Paris! It was most difficult to start Oscar, he being so inclined to slumber, and so small he could not at once move the weight of Madame. Once enroute, down the hill Oscar could not for a moment stop until reaching the bridge at the river, and then he was resigned to the labor.

"It was a bright day for this month of April, but the road is not good. The river overflows the bank at the end of the bridge. That and the rains have made the terrible mud.

"While leaving the bridge Madame Girard chanced to meet the petite camion—

"PICTURES"

By C. E. GRUNDISH

Evening in France, with the rain and
Mud—mud—mud.
Silence and muffled tread thru
Mud—mud—mud.
Shoulder to shoulder all, moving
ahead in the
Mud—mud—mud.

Buddies, where are you now?

Lined in the noon-day sun, waiting
for
Beans—beans—beans.
A thousand of men and one, think-
ing of
Beans—beans—beans.
Suddenly the bugle shrieks
Beans—beans—beans.

Buddies, where are you now?

Under the moon and nite, splashed
with the slime of
Blood—blood—blood.
Fiting a reckless fite, vomiting
Blood—red blood.
Everywhere in the dark, men are
lying in
Blood—blood—blood.

Buddies, where are you now?

ah oui, the Ford. It was driven by the soldier, M'sieu Shorty and he was accompanied by M'sieu Chicago.

"Ah, you know of whom I speak? They are of your company? Voila! Now I relate the sad occurrence.

"Oscar, he had many times observed this little conveyance, but now he chose to regard it with horrible astonishment. At its advance he stood up and tried to be seated! What a calamity! There occurred a great splash and Madame Girard disappeared into the lake of mud. Most miserable donkey! How can one express enough censure for Oscar?"

"The two brave Garcons alighted to the rescue of Madame, but alas! in such a con-

dition. She was completely surrounded by mud. The hat—it could not be found. The gown—it was no more.

"Madame was heartbroken. As soon as she could speak she cried, 'I do not care if I never, never, never see Paris!'

"She could not be consoled, and returned to her house by the little street passing the rear leading Oscar who waved his ears as if to insult. The Ford, it proceeded with the noise of several machine-guns.

"M'sieu, will you believe me? In the afternoon of the same day, Madame met with another adventure. The two soldiers, M'sieu Chicago and M'sieu Shorty came into her shop to buy souvenirs. She makes the exquisite pillow-tops embroidered with the flags and the words 'Souvenir de France.' Was it not strange? Both desired the same pillow-top. M'sieu Shorty offered twenty-five francs, and before Madame could accept M'sieu Chicago offered fifty francs and shook his fist under the nostril of M'sieu Shorty. They talked loud and were so violently excited that they paid no attention to Madame who was distressed fearing that the Military Police would come and perhaps accuse her of selling Cognac. Ah, the Americans are rich! They continued to take money from their pockets and put their faces very close to each other with such terrible expressions and shouted so loud that Madame all but fainted. At last M'sieu Shorty threw two hundred francs and seizing the pillow-top departed followed by M'sieu Chicago who was still arguing.

"In the street, M'sieu Shorty made a curious remark. He said, 'Chicago, I hope the old bird falls for this line and forgets to spill the beans about meeting the Skipper's Lizzie AWOL.'

"It's a great idea,' replied M'sieu Chicago, 'We sure cleaned that bunch at Auxere last night, and we've still got plenty of jack left for that Paree trip tomorrow if we lay off the bones.'

"Were they not crazy? They could have secured the pillow-top for twenty-francs. And will you kindly explain the matter of the spilled beans and Mademoiselle Lizzie?"

"Ah, you say they were a little off? By that you mean they are not here?"

"As you say, perhaps I could not repeat the tale of their folly.

"Ah oui, was not Madame Girard fortunate? She again departed for Paris yesterday.

"I cannot but think of the two soldiers. It is indeed sad that they should be so crazy. So young to have suffered so much from the war. C'est la guerre, mon Capitaine!"

"The Blue Ridge News"

Edited By Russell L. Stultz

XV.

HORSE SHOW EDITION

Saturday, February 1, 1919 5 O'cl. Edition.

The 80th Division Horse Show was won to-day by the 318th Infantry with a total of 15 points. Headquarters Troop, 80th Division, was second with 12 points. The feature event of the day—the officers' mounts class—was won by Lieutenant Colonel Gordon, 320th Infantry; 2nd, Lieutenant Colonel Hawes; 3rd, Lieutenant May; 4th, Lieutenant Shryock.

There were constellations, single twinkling stars, birdies and a forest of silver and gold foliage in the distinguished audience today. Among the military visitors were:

Lieutenant General Liggett, Commanding First Army; Major General Wright, Commanding the First Army Corps; Major General Sturgis, Commanding the Eightieth Division; Brigadier General Fasset, Chief of Staff, First Corps; Brigadier General Cruikshank, First Corps; Brigadier General Brett, Jamerson and Bryson, of the Eightieth Division Brigades.

Rodeo events shared the interest with the more formal displays of sleek animals and shining equipment. An African dodger, protege of Lt. D. A. McBurney, Division Athletic Officer, and a pistol range were added attractions.

A close finish added interest to the 20 kilometer relay race. Chauffeur Pete Kushon, 305th Field Signal Battalion, finished the last lap but a few seconds before Cpl. Marvin Hall, 314th M. G. Bn.

Eightieth Division hospitality was equal to the demands of the day. Guests and exhibitors were entertained at regular messes and buffet luncheons.

The management of the Horse Show was under the direction of Lt. Colonel G. P. Hawes, Jr., F. A. Lieutenant H. E. James, C. of I., Assistant to G-2, was Clerk of the Course.

The Judges of the events were: Col. L. B. Kromer, A. C. of S., First Army; Major W. R. Irwin, Calvary; Captain R. B. Wainwright, Q. M. C.

The Enlisted Men's mounts contest and the Officers' Mounts contest were judged by Major General S. D. Sturgis, commanding 80th Division; Brigadier General L. M. Brett, Commanding 160th Infantry Brigade; and Brigadier General J. H. Bryson, Commanding 155th F. A. Brigade.

XVI.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVISION, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Bulletin 25. France, February 2, 1919.

The Division Commander desires to ex-

press his pride and satisfaction in the conspicuously excellent showing made by the Division at the Horse Show of February 1st.

The care and handling of animals, the care of harness and vehicles, the skill and attention to details of every kind produced this demonstration of transport efficiency, which is of such value and credit to the Division.

Every entry was a prize winning entry and a marked credit to the organization presenting it; those that did not win prizes lost with honor and credit by narrow margin in a competition of super excellence.

The Division Commander enjoins upon all, not only the maintenance of this high standard, but the improvement and extension of it, so far as practicable, to the end that this Division may take and hold the lead in this important department of military activity.

By command of Major General Sturgis:

EDMUND A. BUCHANAN,
Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry,
Acting Chief of Staff.

XVII.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVISION, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Bulletin 32. France, February 9, 1919.

8. The Division Commander announces the glorious results of the 1st Army Corps Horse Show, with feelings of unbounded pride in the splendid organizations which achieved them.

The 80th Division swept everything before it, and set the standard for transport in the Corps, while in the military team events and in horsemanship, it clearly outclassed all competitors.

It is a source of special gratification that the success of the Division was not confined to any one specialty, but was general, extending to all varieties of military effort.

The long distance race, with its grueling test of endurance, was a triumph; the success of our band (317th Infantry), a fitting culmination of our victories.

Nothing less than the highest degree of skill and efficiency, combined with hard and painstaking labor, could have made such a showing and accomplished such results. To the organizations, officers and men who participated directly in the events and the preparations, we owe a special debt of gratitude; they have added new lustre to the splendid record of the 80th Division, and this record is a source of pride in which we all share alike. Moreover, such results could not be achieved without the co-operation and harmonious interest of

all the organizations of the Division, and thus all contributed directly or indirectly to the results.

There is still another Horse Show ahead of us, and we must not relax our efforts. Our competitors are profiting by our example, and we must push on to higher standards in order to keep ever in the lead.

In the Horse Show alone there were 33 classes, having a total of 201 points, including 10 points for the best entry in the show, which was won by the 80th Division.

The 80th Division won First Prize in 14 classes, and second prize in 8 classes, giving a total of 102 points. The nearest competitor was the 78th Division, with a total of 46 points.

By command of Major General Sturgis:
EDMUND A. BUCHANAN,
Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry,
Acting Chief of Staff.

XVIII.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVISION, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Bulletin 33. France, February 10, 1919.

1. The following telegram from Headquarters First Army Corps, dated February 9, 1919, is published for the information of the command:

"A. G. 116. The Commanding General desires to express to you and your command his appreciation on your excellent showing at the Horse Show, and to extend his heartiest congratulations on your Division victory at the show. The loyal support and competition of your command greatly added to the success of the show."

By command of Major General Sturgis:
EDMUND A. BUCHANAN,
Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry,
Acting Chief of Staff.

XIX.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVISION, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, February 14, 1919.
Athletic and Entertainment Bulletin No. 1

ATHLETICS

The Commanding General has already extended his congratulations to our Relay Team for the victory in the 1st Corps Road Race from SEMUR to TONNERRE.

The time for the distance of 62 kilometers was 4 hours, 4 minutes. The 36th Division was second—4 hours, 9 minutes, while the 78th Division and Corps' troops finished third and fourth. This average time of 3 minutes 55 seconds per kilometer for our team in a race run over slippery roads, in field shoes—which were undeni-

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ably built for service rather than for speed—evidences ability, sound physical condition and the keenest spirit of competition. The soldierly manner of Tignor, 318th Infantry, the last man, with a Distinguished Service Cross on his breast sparkling in the sunshine as he delivered the message to Major General Wright, created a ripple of comment throughout the crowd.

By command of Major General Sturgis:
EDMUND A. BUCHANAN,
Acting Chief of Staff.
Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry,

XX.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVISION, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, March 6, 1919.

Horse Show Bulletin No. 4.

Yesterday was a great day for BAR SUR AUBE, a great day for the First Army, but a *greater* day for the 80th Division.

RESULTS: First Corps, 63; Eighth Corps, 49; Fifth Corps, 39; First Army, 19.

Of those 63 points for the First Corps, the 80th Division won 53. Entered in fourteen events, the Division won 8 firsts, 3 seconds and 2 thirds.

The World moves. Two years ago, such an exhibition as that held yesterday at BAR SUR AUBE would have been inconceivable to the American soldier. An Army Horse and Motor Show—such an assembly of the transport par excellence of an army of over a quarter of a million for a single day's competition and exhibit. Troops from all over the Army thronged to BAR SUR AUBE for the day. The enormous field was surrounded by the ranks of officers and men from morning until late in the afternoon. The Army Commander and practically every general officer of the First Army were present.

Half a dozen bands played from points around the three show rings of the enclosure. Overhead, Aerial Squadrons, numbering more than two-score planes, droned, darting and sailing, singly and by squadron. In the three rings the judges were kept intently occupied in deciding the events, which followed each other in rapid succession. The competition of the selected entries of the Army made the judges' task no easy one. Seven Divisions, the Corps Troops of the First, Fifth and Eighth Corps, and the First Army Troops exhibited the flower of their transport. The keenness of the competition lent glory to the result. The transport exhibited was an education and an inspiration. It established a standard of excellence, difficult of attainment—more difficult of maintenance.

We have hitched our wagons to the Stars (the Judges have so decreed). Let's keep them there.

By command of Major General Sturgis:
EDMUND A. BUCHANAN,
Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry,
Acting Chief of Staff.

XXI.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE

Advance Copy. March 13, 1919.
GENERAL ORDERS No. 15.

Pursuant to telegraphic instructions from G. H. Q., the 80th Division, having been instructed to prepare for return to the United States, will pass from the command of this Army on the 20th of March.

The 80th Division was assigned to duty with the V Corps August 27th and as a part of this Corps came under the command of the First Army, American E. F., at 4:00 P. M., 30th of August, 1918.

The 80th Division participated in the following operations of the First Army:
ST. MIHIEL OPERATION

The Division was designated as a reserve of the Army, but one regiment thereof was placed at the disposal of the Commanding General, Second Colonial Corps, as Corps reserve troops.

ARGONNE-MEUSE OPERATION

The Division was employed as the center division of the III Corps in the front line of the attack of September 26th, and its continuation on the 27th and 28th, reaching the Meuse River at BOIS DE LA COTE LEMONT. It was withdrawn the night of September 28th-29th. During the night of October 3d-4th, the division was again placed in line on the left of the III Corps; participated in the attack of October 4th and was thereafter continuously engaged until relieved the night of October 11th, advancing its lines four kilometers during this period through the BOIS DES OGONS, BOIS DE MALAUMONT to the vicinity of CUNEL and the western edge of the BOIS DE FORET.

The Division again attacked on November 1st, this time as the right Division of the I Corps, and was employed in the front line until the morning of November 6th, when relieved by the 1st Division. During this period the Division advanced approximately twenty-four kilometers across difficult terrain, ending with its patrols on the west bank of the Meuse River north of BOIS FAILLY.

The Army Commander desires to record his appreciation of the achievements of this Division during the campaigns in which it served with the First Army, and to express his confidence that the Division will carry home the same cheerful and loyal spirit which characterized it during the recent months of training. The Division leaves this Army with the Army

Commander's best wishes for its future abroad and at home.

By command of Lieutenant General Liggett:
Official: H. A. DRUM,
Chief of Staff.

H. K. LOUGHRY,
Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS, AMERICAN E. F.

March 18, 1919.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 12.

1. The 80th Division, having been instructed to prepare for return to the United States, will pass from the command of this Army Corps on 20th March, 1919.

2. The 80th Division arrived in France about June 5, 1918. (EDITOR'S NOTE—Division Headquarters arrived in France May 30, 1918). This Division trained with the British Troops and was on active duty with them in the Artois sector near Arras in July. The Division was in reserve at the battle of St. Mihiel, except the 320th Infantry and 315th Machine Gun Battalion, which took part in the operations of the 2nd French Colonial Corps. From September 26th to 29th, inclusive, the Division attacked at Bethincourt with the 3rd Corps and advanced 9 kilometers in 2 days. The Division was withdrawn from the line for 5 days and again attacked on October 4th at Nantillois. In 9 days of heavy fighting through the Bois des Ogons an advance of 4 kilometers was made. The Division was withdrawn from the line October 29th and 30th and re-entered the line St. Georges-St. Juvin.

3. The 80th Division passed under the orders of the 1st Corps on October 23rd in the Le Claon-Le Neufour area, west of the Argonne Forrest. On November 1st the Division attacked as the right division of the 1st Corps and in 6 days advanced a depth of 24 kilometers. The Division was relieved from the line on November 6th, with its patrols on the west bank of the Meuse. From the 18th of November to December 1st, the Division marched 221 kilometers to the 15th Training Area at Ancy-le-Franc. The artillery of the Division was part of the time detached from the Division and was in action at all times from September 26th to November 11th. The Division has remained in the 15th Training Area until its present order to prepare for embarkation to the United States.

4. The 80th Division was given difficult tasks on the front line and in accomplishing them made a splendid record. The Corps Commander desires particularly to express his appreciation for the soldierly achievements of this division during the time it served with the 1st Army Corps.

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After returning to the Training Area where living conditions were not easy and often difficult, the spirit of the division has been excellent and has been manifest at all times. The Division leaves on the first part of its journey with the Corps Commander's congratulations for its excellent record and his wishes for a speedy return to the United States and a successful future.

By command of Major General Wright:
Official: W. M. FASSETT,
Chief of Staff.

H. M. NELLY,
Lt. Col., A. G. D., Adjutant.

XXIII.

HEADQUARTERS 318TH INFANTRY, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, March 18, 1919.

MEMORANDUM No. 5.

Paragraph No. 20—to the Officers and Men of the 318th Infantry.

1. The Commanding General of the 1st Corps, Major General William H. Wright, visited the 318th Regiment today to see the men. The following remarks by General Wright, which were made to the men present and which were intended for all the men in the Regiment, are published for their information:

"I came around to see the men of the regiment, to say good-bye to them and wish them God speed, in the event of their passing from my command. I know the 80th Division, has been through everything that falls to the soldier's lot, from training to battle, and the period of inactivity which comes after battle. It is a queer thing in the soldier business that every man is a better citizen for having been a soldier, and in after life he will be proud of the fact that he has been a soldier, and a good one.

"The members of the 80th Division have just cause for always being proud of their Division, and they do not or will not boast, for their military record stands out and speaks for itself. Their Division is one of the best of the Army and one of the foremost combat divisions of the American Expeditionary Forces.

"The men of this Division can go home feeling that they have won the soldier's best reward—the sense of duty well done.

"I am proud to have commanded the 80th Division, and I want them to feel that the Corps Commander appreciates its good work."

By order of Colonel Freeman,
L. A. CUTHBERT,
Captain, 318th Infantry, Adjutant.

XXIV.

HEADQUARTERS 159TH INFANTRY, BRIGADE, AMERICAN EXPEDI- TIONARY FORCES

March 23, 1919.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. In relinquishing command of the 159th Infantry Brigade, I desire to express to the officers and men thereof my appreciation of the loyal, earnest and efficient cooperation which has characterized the services of all throughout the trying and exacting periods of training and campaign, and which has made my association with it as Brigade Commander a pleasure, an honor, and an experience ever to be remembered.

By your determination, cheerfulness, courage, and will to conquer, you have overcome many obstacles that might well have appalled less determined men, and contributed largely to the splendid reputation borne by the 80th Division, as well as to the success and happiness in your future activities.

G. H. JAMERSON,
Brigadier General, U. S. A.

XXV.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVI- SION, AMERICAN EXPEDI- TIONARY FORCES

Bulletin No. 76. France, March 27, 1919.

1. The Division Commander desires to express to the Division his great satisfaction and pride in the appearance and performance of the Division at the Review of the Commander-in-Chief. From the beginning of the concentration, through the inspection, the ceremonies, the Review, to the return to billets, the work was that of seasoned soldiers and measured up to the highest standards of military efficiency.

The Commander-in-Chief was enthusiastic in his repeated expressions of praise and approval, reverting often, in the progress of his inspection, to the "splendid body of men" and the "fine division."

Every one of us has the justification for a new pride in the Division as a reward for his efforts. Let us jealously guard and maintain this high reputation so that it may be a proud distinction to say: "I belong to the Blue Ridge Division."

By command of Major General Sturgis:
W. H. WALDRON,
Colonel, General Staff, Chief of Staff.

XXVI.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVI- SION, AMERICAN EXPEDI- TIONARY FORCES

Bulletin No. 97. France, April 23, 1919.

1. The following letter of commenda-

tion from the Chief Ordnance Officer, A. E. F., is published:

"1. Before the departure of your Division from the American Expeditionary Forces, I desire, on behalf, of the Chief Ordnance Officer, A. E. F., to express to you his sincere appreciation of the efficient and expeditious manner in which the officers and men of the 80th Division handled the turning in of the Ordnance property of your Division.

"2. The condition of the material indicates that extreme care must have been taken in preparing it for shipment. This was highly appreciated by the Chief Ordnance Officer, A. E. F., but it is especially desired to commend the officers and men of your Division on the expeditious shipment of the material after it had been prepared."

By command of Major General Cronkhite:
W. H. WALDRON,
Colonel, General Staff, Chief of Staff.

XXVII.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVI- SION, AMERICAN EXPEDI- TIONARY FORCES

Bulletin No. 99. France, April 26, 1919.

1. The following communication has been received from Headquarters, A. E. C.:

"1. The Commanding General directs that a copy of this report of the Inspector of the A. E. C. be forwarded to you.

"2. He desires me to say that he notes with satisfaction in this Division the same devotion to duty and efficiency in the performance of its duties out of the line, as characterized its conduct in active operations. And that such a spirit of co-operation and such efficiency is well worthy of emulation."

"1. Having completed the clothing and equipment inspection of the 80th Division in the Ecommoy Area, I desire to call the attention of the Commanding General to its excellent condition. All instructions that we gave were carried out both in letter and in spirit, and each organization tried to excel in this inspection.

"2. Their equipment was very clean and most carefully arranged, the greatest attention being paid to minute details. The Brigade Commanders accompanied the Inspectors and their interest in this work produced the very best results and greatly facilitated the work on our part.

"3. The spirit of courtesy and emulation that pervades this division, and the efficient and thorough methods employed reflect the highest credit upon its entire personnel."

By command of Major General Cronkhite:
W. H. WALDRON,
Colonel, General Staff, Chief of Staff.

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XXVIII.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVISION, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Bulletin No. 113. France, May 14, 1919.

1. The following letter has been received from Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, U. S. A., in command of the III Corps, American E. F., during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive:

"Under the pressure of great events I, at that time commanding the III Corps to which the 80th Division then belonged, failed to cite the gallant conduct of the Division in making three successive assaults with great bravery and finally taking and driving the enemy from the Bois-des-Ogons in the great battle of the Meuse-Argonne. I cite it now. It was truly admirable. We see it now more plainly in the light of the results that followed.

"I ask that this be communicated to your gallant Division."

2. The following letter has been received from the Adjutant General, G. H. Q., American E. F.:

"1. The 80th Division was the only Division which went into line in the Meuse Argonne Offensive three times.

"2. This fact is now a matter of record and is to be incorporated in the final report of the Commander-in-Chief, American Expeditionary Forces, to the Secretary of War, to be submitted in the near future."

By command of Major General Cronkhite:

W. H. WALDRON,

Colonel, General Staff, Chief of Staff.

XXIX.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVISION, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Bulletin No. 114. France, May 16, 1919.

1. The following communication has been received from the French Government:

"FRENCH REPUBLIC

The President of the Council
Minister of War

Paris, May 13, 1919.

To the Commanding General of the
80th American Division.

My dear General:

At the time when the 80th Division is preparing to return to its homes, I wish to express to your soldiers the gratitude of the Government of the Republic for the glorious part they have played in the last battles of the great war.

In the Meuse-Argonne battle, in the month of September, the 80th Division was to display its real strength in the attack which took it from the Forges Brook up to the woods of Cote Lemont and Dannevoix.

Several days later, in the hard fighting around the Bois des Ogons and Cunel and on the right bank of the Meuse it gave proof of the same qualities.

From the fourth to the twelfth of October, the Division lost 2,000 men.

November 1, it took a brilliant part in the attack on Imecourt and Buzancy and in the pursuit of the enemy as far as the Meuse, which the Division reached at Letane.

I express to the 80th Division my wish for a pleasant voyage and I voice the fervent hope that the blood shed on the soil of France may create an indestructible bond between our two great democracies.

Accept, my dear General, the assurances of my highest esteem.

For the President of the Council
and by his order.

The High Commissioner of Franco-American War Affairs,

ANDRE TARDIEU."

XXX.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVISION, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

On Board U. S. S. "Zeppelin."

Memorandum No. 15. May 22, 1919.

1. This Division having been cited in General Orders 232 and 238, G. H. Q., American E. F., series of 1918, for participation in the MEUSE-ARGONNE and ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVES, authority is hereby given to all Regimental and Separate Unit Commanders to issue the necessary orders authorizing the wearing of two (2) bronze stars, representative of the Victory Medal, according to the terms of General Orders 75, C. S., G. H. Q., American E. F.

By command of Major General Cronkhite:

W. H. WALDRON,

Colonel, General Staff, Chief of Staff.

XXXI.

HEADQUARTERS 320TH INFANTRY, CAMP DIX, NEW JERSEY

Memorandum. June 3, 1919.

1. The Commanding General, 160th Infantry Brigade, desires that the following letter be read to the officers and men of your command. This will be accomplished at the Noon Mess Call, 4th June, 1919.

"After almost two years of constant association, of work when the times called for work and of play when the opportunity for play allowed, this Brigade, having performed its allotted duties, comes to be dissolved.

"At the outbreak of hostilities, in the first days of the formation of our greatest army, names were allotted, almost by random, it appeared, to various units. To

those of you, arriving at Petersburg in September, 1917, the 160th Infantry Brigade, the 319th and 320th Infantry and 315th Machine Gun Battalion, meant little or nothing. It was your function, you officers and men, to give those abstract figures, a meaning, a personality. To so typify and vivify the organizations which you represented, that to hear or to mention the name of one's regiment or battalion was to awake a feeling of pride and possession. How well you have done this, you yourselves know. The unit with which you have drilled and marched and fought, must mean immensely more to you than a mere sequence of numbers. It symbolizes the great, perhaps the greatest, days of your existence. You have moulded and formed from motely crowds, living organizations of which you may be justly proud, and in so doing you have performed not only for the good of the whole, but for each one of you personally as well.

"No man of you can have gone through the steady, tiring, monotonous grind of life at Camp Lee; the discomfort and suspense of the voyage to France; the life in the trenches south of Arras, with its continuous harassing fire by day and its even more racking bombing by night; or those final great battles near the Meuse and the Argonne, where worn by fatigue, exhausted from lack of sleep, under almost constant shell and machine gun fire for days and nights which seemed unending; you nevertheless held fast to the duties which were assigned to you and with unflagging courage and unfaltering zeal, advanced to, captured and held, every objective to which you were directed.

"No one of you, I say, could have so borne and suffered and triumphed, without having gained a new spirit and a new sense of responsibility both to himself and to his country. And now that the time has come when this Brigade must disperse, it is your duty and your opportunity, upon going forth into civilian life, to carry with you, into your homes, your offices, your every day work, that new spirit of patriotism, which in the army you have developed rather than gained. So that from your endeavors and through your performances may come inestimable good to our country.

"Officers and men of my Brigade, it is both with highest pride and deepest regret that I say farewell.

LLOYD M. BRETT,

Brigadier General."

BY ORDER OF LT. COL. GORDON:

Curtis W. McGraw,
Captain, 320th Infantry,
Adjutant.

(End of Part I)

A Letter to the Boys

By "Faith Baldwin."—(Mrs. Hugh H. Cuthrell)

t's a long time since we sat down to write to SERVICE, the old machine and I, perhaps, I confide to the keys, the boys have forgotten me? But such is the vanity of woman that I am risking this blow on the assurance of the Editor that if they have forgotten, they will not be annoyed at a reminder.

Well hard times, Buddy, aren't they? Money scarce and jobs scarcer and people doggoned forgetful.....? It looks that way. Five years and some days since we hopped off to take part in the Big Fight; three years and then some since they signed that "piece of paper" which called it a day. Time for folks to have adjusted themselves—time for them to have forgotten—? Isn't that what you think?

Somehow, sitting here at the window with a northwest wind blowing through the yellow hair of forsythia bushes and bending the pansies on the walk until their funny little faces literally bite the dust, I can't help thinking that it's a pity more of you boys didn't go back to the land. And along with the singing of the wind I can hear another song, one that used to be pretty popular in old Camp Mills in the days when I did my soldiering—it went like this:

"How you going to keep them down on the farm,

After they've seen Par-ee....?"

Or was it Broadway? I have forgotten, but it doesn't matter. The thought's the same, and I am wondering if it isn't the other way about—or if it shouldn't be. For instance:

"How you going to keep 'em away from the farm?"

There's a living in the country whatever you may hear to the contrary. There's money in truck farming, and in orchards; chickens, and in the lowly pig. Maybe not an awful lot of money—at first, anyway—but there's a roof under clean skies somewhere and green growing things, very grateful for care and consideration, and there's health and satisfaction and the knowledge that the farmer is the backbone of the country's business.

I suppose many of the men born and bred on the farm have long since gone back to it; and many, reared in the same circumstances, have drifted away from the home environment and tried their fortunes in cities. That's too bad! The land needs men; the land needs an army, sowing bread instead of blood, and life instead of death.

It's not hard to think just what objections you could offer. The long difficult hours; the labor for what seems such small results; the dark, cold winters; the cost of things; the constant care and anxiety. But on the other hand, there is

real recompense. It's the thrill that comes not once, but many times in a lifetime, to see the seeds you have planted grow. It's a deep and wonderful satisfaction to feel that you are taking part in a business that is vital and clean; for good, honest dirt is the cleanest thing I know of—and there is also the realization that what you are doing is absolutely necessary to your country; an unheralded, unsung, unwritten deed of pure patriotism.

Farm life used to be pretty bad, all thru' the west and up here in New England. Since Mr. Ford invented his ingenious tin-can; since the various companies began putting out complete electric lighting plants for the home at small initial cost and almost no cost in upkeep and time; since the phonograph came along and all the inventions which enlighten the work of a housekeeper, as well as of her better half, it hasn't been nearly as bad. Take my word for it.

You boys that have worked on farms, go back to them. To your father's farm or to somebody else's farm; you boys that haven't tried it, take a chance on the generosity of old Mother Nature. Get yourself a partner, another Buddy, (maybe a she-Buddy) and try milking the old Jersey cow and feeding the Plymouth Rocks and getting up early to twelve hours a day of back-breaking, muscle-building, bank-accounting sweating work. And after you have tried it, compare your lot with that of your friend who "sells" on the road and doesn't know what a home is, or that of your other pal who clerks somewhere and doesn't know when the sun shines—and see just how much kick you have coming.

Ask SERVICE to help you. Ask SERVICE to put you in touch with the people in Washington who will tell you just what your Government is willing to do for you in the way of acreage in return for ambition and a willingness to work. And then there's Alaska too, a great, virgin coming country, the Government of which, offers a good deal of inducement for men and their womenfolk to come up there and start in farming. There's money in Alaska and there's land waiting—grants of land given to the right man who is willing to give Alaska his time and his labor in return. Ask SERVICE and see if you can't get some straight dope that will start something for you—something big and wholesome and splendid.

I tell you, the days when the American People were just a little bunch of pioneers with a concentrated ambition and a holy purpose, were great days. It seems, somehow, since the growth of cities, that the pioneer spirit is dying out or turning to mechanical outlets; to overcrowded markets, but there must be some of the stuff

of our forefathers left in us yet; some of that big wonderful spirit that was willing to take a chance and prove every man a MAN and every woman a fitting partner for him, sharing his work and his play, his failures and successes.

Let's not just laugh this off. Let's think it over. I saw some mighty husky looking boys on the dance floors at Camp Mills in the days when I weekly listened to the tramp of thousands of hobnailed boots—and occasionally got one on my in-step too. And I wonder where those boys are now. I wonder if a number of them aren't among the "unemployed" simply because they won't see the country as a chance for revenue; as "hired man"; as owner under the Government; as farmer, first on a small scale, then on a bigger one; as the breeders of high priced poultry and live stock.

Get this. The world can't get along without the farmers; not for one second. Farm produce, beef, wool, poultry, pork—great guns—or Big Bertha! as we say now—there's no end to the things that have their beginnings in the small farms of the world. And nothing can get along without them—not even Wall Street.

As for me, I'm living on a farm just now and have been for over six months. It's a farm I have known well for almost twenty years and I love every inch of it. To be sure it's not a commercial farm but I wish it were. I would like to see every acre of the hundred or more turned into food producing land to feed city people. As it is, just raising flowers and vegetables for our own use is a perfectly fascinating occupation—not that I get out and dig. I have a perfectly good ex-aviator husband bossing a little hoe and spade regiment, but I can watch! Watch things grow! See 'em put into the ground and then poke their inquisitive little heads up above it with a sorter relieved expression on their little green faces. And I've gotten so I know just when to sing "How dry I am!" and pray for rain, and just when it's time to hope to heaven it will pour for six days and give the ground a chance....

So that's my motto for today. *Watch things grow.* Make 'em grow. Read Government bulletins and learn all you need to about fertilizer and chicken raising, hog cholera and rotation of crops—free, sent to you on request by the Bureau of agriculture. Make your brains work as well as your hands and see if you don't feel something of the pride of the old pioneer when your first crop comes in and the corn is heavy with grain and you're already thinking ahead to next year's first peas! There's many a farmer nowadays who will employ ex-service men in pre-

(Continued on Page 16)



FINGER BOWLS

After Louis XVI, the Deluge. After Finger Bowls — the Blue Law. Darwin may have been right at that. O "simplicity" where art thou? Nothing left but the

"Simp." They throw a couple of Socialists out of the N. Y. Assembly and let the Finger Bowl corrupt the fair youth of this "Swamp Root" land. Somebody bring the "Hemlock" and we'll cross the Rubicon before Harding takes his place in the "Stocks."

Finger Bowl manners are the mark of the true gentleman. Culture can go no further. Dipping in your meat hooks up to the ring band discloses the artistic bean. Over that betrays a lack of education a la Snobbism. Mistake it for a wash basin and you're lost. (Tittering among the Elect and the waiter strolls in with a towel.) Homicide being again the law, all a man can do is stagger home and take it out on the wife.

When Finger Bowls came in the "Fool Killer" gave it up. The "Simps" were multiplying too fast for the old man. Washington may have been the Father of his country, but his sons have gone a long way from Valley Forge. "Silk Shirt Harry" jazzing around with a Finger Bowl showed the way the country was drifting. If Columbus had only stayed away and let the Indians alone we still would have been eating meat. No use! When red underwear went out we thought the Millennium had come, but after Finger Bowls arrived we took to wearing spats and the giggle of the "Lap Dog" was heard in the land.

LYLE DAVID.

Oh, I love the little dollar sign;
For me it has an inspiration.
It sure brings home the bacon rind,
And rules the councils of our nation.

MR. LYLE DAVID,
Editor, "Observations."

Dear sir: I read your touching little poem entitled "The Unappreciated Poet" in the March number of SERVICE and I certainly agree with your sentiments. The poet is *unappreciated*—exceedingly so, but the worm is turning. He is beginning to be truly appreciated in some parts of our great country—fully, I might say, and as

soon as all the people are awakened and in the proper appreciative mood, they will arise as one man in their wrath; take a firm hold on a good old two-handed hickory club and proceed to run the likes of him and his ragged breed of ballad mongers clear over to the Island of Yap—with the rest of the Yappers.

Yours truly,
(Signed) KANT STANDEM.

I hate this man Hone,
Doggone his skin!
When I kick the cat out
He kicks her back in.

The Disarmament Pact is awful careless about figures. 5—5—3 sums up just 13. Let the superstitious get busy.

Editor "Observations,"
Mr. Lyle (Liar) David.

Your *Big Ink Bottle*: I seened in SERVICE for March that you up and says that my frend B. C. Clark was jest out of the Stillwatter Penetensury. Its a d— lie, and by the Gods I dont want to here no more such talk. B. C. Clark (old Bulltongued Codfish we uster call him) is one of the squarrest white men that ever lived. The Warden said so himself many a time when—but lissen here! I dont want to find you out in any more lies about this penetensury stuff, you understand? or I'll be hoppin down thare where you rite and ram that blackguarding, rat nibbling, mustard plaster you names a magazine, down your lying throat—I warns you.

BAD BILL.

S. P., Minn.

This guy called Hone
I cannot bear.
I detest the way
He parts his hair.

The Office Boy is figuring on taking a bath quite early this spring. As soon as the weather warms up a little he will start. "Might as well take it now and be done with it," he told me the other day.

When a certain Congressman, during the debate on the "Bonus" (?) Bill stated that the House was passing the said Bill as a means of using it as a "Vote Catcher" next election, the members affirmed this statement by indulging in roars of hilarious laughter. Leave it to catch-penny Congressmen to insult the patriotism and intelligence of the American Soldier by attempting to debase the principle and spirit of the Adjusted Compensation measure in order to bring it down to the level of their petty little minds.

Many a man is wearing a 20th Century derby upon a 16th Century head.

Charleston, West Virginia, is getting all set for the 80th Division's third annual Reunion this fall. The Chief of Police has

ordered the mountains moved back fourteen kilometers; the Mayor is letting his moustache grow long in order to look somewhat like Foch; and a man registering at a hotel under the name of I. M. Volstead, was taken out gently by a group of irate but patriotic citizens who ran him ragged nine times around the block before they led him over, with a sixteen pound demijohn hung carelessly around his neck and dropped him with a quiet but significant splash into the sympathetic waters of the Eggnog River.

The High Priest of Zion City thunders forth the discovery that the world is not round. Fair enough! Veterans tramping the streets looking for work can easily prove that it is not *square*—not this side of the Promised Land, anyhow.

Editor "Ovservations":

I see in the March number of SERVICE under the head of that collection of vapid vaporings you call "Observations," that you take one of your Simple Simon, half-witted slams at the Reformers. Your ignorance is refreshing. Where would we be, I ask you, if it were not for the Reformers?

CONSTANT READER.

You win, Constant. You have got me stumped. Perhaps some of my patrons will answer you in full next month.—The Ed.

SERVICE recently sent out letters to a few of our most interesting citizens, requesting them to tell us in as few words as possible, "What Did you Think of the War?"

Editor SERVICE:

The war was all right but it didn't last long enough. The Armistice killed my last order of seven tons of discarded overcoat buttons that I was selling to the Government for California dried prunes.

JOHN PROFITEER.

Edditer SERVICE:

W's matter? Watche rittin to me fur. I aint seen no war and dont want to get mixed up into to somethin I dont know nothin about. What kind of a war you talkin about anyhow? Anybody killed? Its funny how I mist it. If it was any kind of a scrap drop a line to R. F. D. Hoosgow Center and tell me how it got started.

LOOIE LOOSEHEAD.

Editor, SERVICE:

Oh, dear! What do I think about the war? How sweet of you to ask me that! I didn't follow it up as I should, but I think that General Grant did perfectly right in demanding an unconditional surrender. You know you can't trust these Turks and Anglo-Saxons the least bit.

FANNY FLITTERFLUTTER.

Editor, SERVICE:

It was a good old war—a good old war. I came in with Wilson on the Slogan "He

OBSERVATIONS---By Perry Scope

kept us Out of War," and I am still sticking. Enclosed find some free seeds for early spring planting. Think of me next election. Your support is respt., etc., etc. My record speaks for itself.

Yours,
CONGRESSMAN BELLAWS BLUFF.

"Speaking of profiteering, reminds me of the last little profiteering act I saw pulled while over in France," said "Cockeyed" McDougall, reminiscently, the other day. "A buck private Pal of mine, just out of the hospital, traded a nice little fifteen jeweled Elgin ticker to a long nosed Frenchman for enough tissue paper Francs to buy himself a couple of fried eggs and a cup of Y. M. C. A. coffee."

Small visioned men with large bank rolls spell flag-waving patriotism with a row of dollar signs, but when the real patriots who proved the quality of their patriotism upon the battlefields find themselves in need of a little financial assistance from the Government they fought to defend, these same gentlemen shout loudly in horror over the principle of Adjusted Compensation, fervently declaiming that such a procedure would be selling patriotism at so much per man. Sad case, this. Shylocks who extract their last pound of flesh from the misery and material needs of War, betray their true colors when their pocket books are in danger, long before the bodies of those who died to protect such scavengers, are cold in the grave.

"Safety First" was the "inside dope" on the withdrawing of the American troops from the Rhine. Another proof of Kipling's "Female of the Species." The Yankees cut the Heines down like an old pair of trousers at Chateau Thierry; swabbed up the river Meuse until it looked like the Erie Canal the night after election; bored through the Argonne Woods like a gang of Michigan Lumberjacks looking for a drink, but when the flaxen-haired flappers from old Hamburg on the Blink began to promenade in their number nines and started to pass out the sauerkraut, the Yanks wavered at the first charge and before the first Pay Day rolled around, the merry sound of wedding bells began to play the "Watch on the Rhine" with variations of "Yankee Doodle" and "Here Comes the Bride." The Wise Men in Washington finally called for an armistice, so the boys will be home again with about a thousand new-born future baseball fans.

Sometimes, the man who is the most bitter in his criticism of his own country is at heart, the truest of her patriots. It is because he loves his country so deeply that her social or economic evils embitter and sadden him. Let no such men be throttled! Like Socrates, they are the "gad flies" of our own time, who keep awakening and ir-

ritating the slow moving social machinery; driving it ever forward and onward toward social equality and justice. Their weapons are not always of the best—sometimes sarcasm and irony; at other times, simply a hopeless sort of despairing anger and mad rage, but their watchword is ever "Progress"; their creed "Liberty, Egalite, Fraternity"; their ideal, Mankind Emancipated. A dream? Perhaps! But surely man does not truly live without the dream to lead him on.

LITERARY NOTES

"Marvis of Green Hill" (Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Net \$1.90—by mail \$2.05) is a story from the pen of loyal friend and contributor to *SERVICE*—Faith Baldwin, whose articles and verse have appeared in some of our earlier issues. John Clair Minot in the *Boston Herald*, writes: "The setting of this beautiful love story is New England and Cuba as some would see it, but it is really Arcady all the way through. It was the spontaneously and fresh enthusiasm of a story that wrote itself. Miss Baldwin has a charming style and though some of her material is fairy story stuff she weaves it all into a story that leaves behind a happy memory of real persons and actual happenings."

SNATCHES FROM THE TRAIL

By C. E. GRUNDISH

Spring's annual barrage of puppy-love romances and dandelion dances is upon us. While the poets sing of jazzing fields of grass and weeds and giggling rivers of fish and excursionin' river boats, youngsters from A. E. F. days remember other spring times—and wonder, if, after all, it was worth while.

Life is a highway. At each turn in the road, old faces fade, friendships pass and the buddies from other days just slip away. And as the tide comes in and goes out on the hour glass, all that is left are the dancing memory shadows of dream days that are no more.

Sargeant Crumb says: Them government fellows are queer. Here they send me back my income tax return just because I put my bonus down as a bum debt.

Anarchism from without will never harm America. It is the Bolshevism distilled from the fumes of selfish interests, which choke many of her chamber of commérces and like organizations, that looms up as her greatest danger.

The ragtime counters in the modern five and tens and music shops have stolen the moon's concessions for starting romances. And its the jazz from these same counters that sends many a couple to the courts a little later.

My Buddy says: There are some, who go to the big church on the corner. But for me, I pluck a morning glory from the vine. There are some, who get their religion through their ears from a soul of a preacher. But for me, I get mine through my eyes from the soul of a flower, for, I say, you cannot always believe what you hear. But seeing is believing.

A blonde kid, beautiful in the freshness of youth, and paint, sits at a five and ten piano playing a jazz tune. A lean youth, with a hat pulled down over his eyes and a cigaret curled between his lips, hangs over the counter, dreamily—admiring the jaunty tip of the chin, and the pretty legs with the soft silk, rising dangerously over the knees.

I am a wanderer, hunting
The "Somewhere Land."
I asked the moon if he knew where it
was—
But he didn't know.
When I asked the stars, they laughed.
And the wind has been searching for it
a long time.
Moonlite, engulfing the trail,
Sweeps dreams before me, Always before—
always I follow.
Nite after nite I sing, Laughing—
Hiding behind the grin,
Pain.
I am a rider of the lone trail,
Chaser of dreams.
Once I lingered at the crossroads
And someone asked, "Where are you
going?"
I answered, in question, "Where are you
going?"

A Letter to the Boys

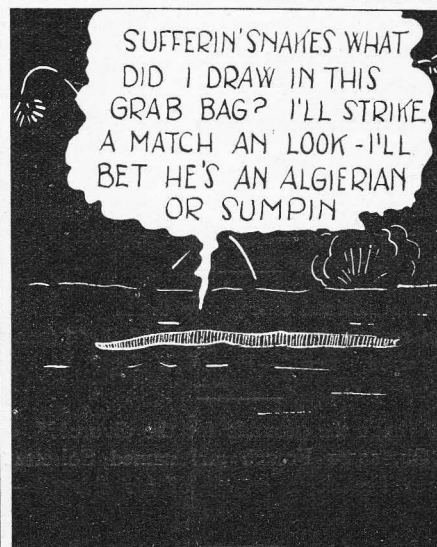
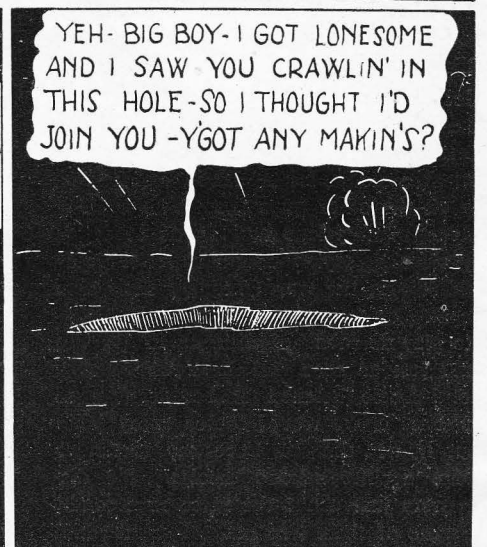
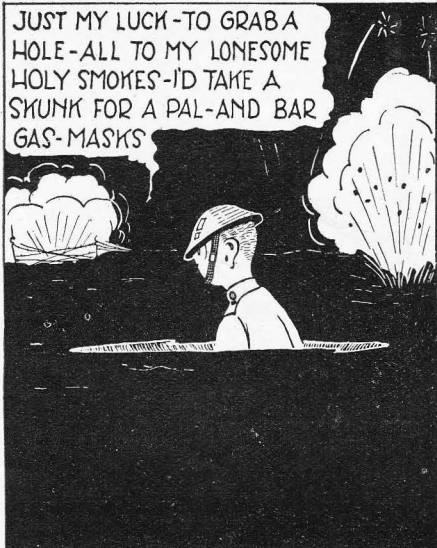
(Continued from Page 14)

ference to others, and who will give those men a chance to make good. And then, there's Government land waiting; and banks that are willing to lend money to men who have a little plot of ground somewhere and a big, very definite desire to forge ahead. Oh, it isn't as hopeless as you think. And believe me, Buddy, there's something in that old saying of "turn your swords into plowshares." That isn't it exactly, and I haven't one of those "Bartlett Quotation" books handy—they don't grow on the farm—but you get what I mean.

And meantime, while this dissertation is speeding towards Pittsburgh, the lilacs are budding and the daffodils are growing down by the duck pond, and I had our first asparagus yesterday and lettuce, from a cold frame, has become almost interesting from repetition. The hills are greener than a "rooky" and the sky as blue as the eyes you used to think about—maybe—and it looks like we are going to have a good summer.

And with all my heart I wish you the same.

Hilo Farm,
Shelter Island Hats,
New York.





"OUR MAG"---By the Office Boy



Well, well! Here we are agin. I thot that after that last number got into the mails we might hafta go to Leavenworth or some other resort, but we ain't hadta do it yet. Nope, and if the Subs. keep comin in like they is doing now and we keep our "right minds" as the Boss says—why, we're going to keep right on publishing.

Gosh! It's funny how tempermental some of youse soldier guys is—just like Prima Donners and Movie Queens. If we print something nice in the A. M. Report, why all the other guys from all the other companys get jelous and wants to know why we ain't saying nothin about the outfit what won the war (meaning their own company, of course). Course we ain't aim-in to play no favorites with any of em. We would jest as soon tell the news about a sekond Looie ketched at boot-legging as not. Fact is we would rather enjoy tellin about it, not that we have any particular grudge against sekond Looies. We dislike firsts just about the same as seconds, but some of them wuz real white men and lots of bucks say they knew some that wuz regular guys. Course the younger ones had their exceptions, but thats not what I'm supposed to write about on this page.

The Boss says that judgin from the number of letters that come in here every month telling us how good SERVICE is we ought to get all swelled up about "Our Mag," but he says that that kinda stuff don't count fur much in paying printers bills and sech and he wishes the ones who are pleased would can the chatter and send us a few more subs. He says that SERVICE is worthy of being inflicted on anyone and if they serve they should palm it off on their friends. Mizzery loves company and if you have a real enemy just subscribe for him in sekret and we'll send him one every month and make him sores a pup reading all the news about you.

We hada lot of visitors at Hdq. during the past few weeks and they wuz looking

fur addresses of their old army Pals. Maybe some wuz going pay up the francs they borrowed the 15th straining area.

The roomers is that we are going to have a swell time down in Charleston next Sept. 2, 3 and 4, at our annual Reunion. Some of the fellers are planning to take their families and go down by boat from Pgh., eat and sleep while afloat on the bellering waves. It will be just like a floating hotel only they won't have to sleep twenty or thirty feet under water like they did on the *Mobile* or *Re de Italia*, et ceterer.

Didja notice how quick Congress passed

the Bonus Bill after we got that last issue of "Our Mag" in the mails? Gee whiz! We used up all our thunder and now we ain't got nothin to say to them Senators and our other misrepresentatives until May, and then maybe we wont need to say nothing at all.

But don't wait fur that Bonus to pay them subs. A coupler Boners in the hand is worth two Boners in Washington. Hock your slicker and Everybuddy get a Buddy to shower down fur "Our Mag."

Yours fur a wet Spring,

THE OFFICE BOY.

VERY LIGHTS

VERY LIGHTS

Exasperated Sergeant (to recruit at the fring point): "Do you know how to take a half sight?"

Recruits: "Yes, sir."

Sergeant: "Did you ever see a fine sight?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir."

Sergeant: "What is the finest sight you ever saw?"

Recruit: "A boatload of Sergeants be-
ing sunk."

Cosmetic: "What does 'Je ne sais pas' mean?"

Spasmodic: "I don't know."

Cosmetic: "Oh! you do, too, you're always saying it."—*Pitt Panther.*

An American officer was drilling a Russian regiment. He sneezed and three men answered, "here."—*Princeton Tiger.*

"What's the grounds for the divorce?"
"Oh, some French girl named Soisette sewed her name on all of his shirts."—*Chaparral.*

There was once a hen who never laid

two eggs in the same place. All went well until she tried to set. She had her eggs scattered all over the farm and she tried to hatch them all. The third day she went crazy.—*Efficiency Magazine.*

THEY WILL DO IT

A safety director tells this one apropos the difficulty of teaching some people to observe the rudimentary principles of "safety first."

Wash White got a job in a sawmill. The boss put him in charge of a buzz saw, showed him how the saw worked, warned him of its dangers, and then went away.

Wash was fascinated by the shining hirling saw. But was it, truly as sharp and terrible as the boss had said? To test it he touched it gently with his finger and the finger was no more.

As Wash was ruefully tying up his hand in his bandana the boss came back.

"Hullo there, Washington. What's the matter?"

"Buzz saw done cut off my finger, sah."

"How the dickens did that happen?"

"Ah dunno, sah," said Wash. "Ah just touched de darn contraption like this an'—Fo' de land's sake, der's an-udder gone!"—

Disston Crucible.



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

MERRY—Edmund R, formerly private Company H, 320 Infantry, died Wednesday, April 12, 1922, in the West Penn Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa. Remains removed to his mother's residence, 12 Western Avenue, Emsworth, Pa., and Military Funeral held from the Methodist Episcopal Church, Breeding Avenue, Ben Avon, Pa., 2:00 P. M., Saturday, April 15, 1922, in charge of Avonworth Post, American Legion and Marne Post No. 106, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Comrade Merry was born in Windsor Mills, Ohio, the son of Mrs. Edith and late Bion E. Merry, and had lived in Ben Avon for 17 years. He was aged 27 years. He served as Private, Company H, 320th Infantry in the St. Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne Offensives, and was wounded September 27, 1918. He was sent back to the United States as a casual and was discharged February 22, 1919. He was a member of the 80th Division Veterans' Association and the Ben Avon Methodist Episcopal Church. Besides his mother he leaves two brothers, Frank Merry, who is in the U. S. Veterans' Hospital in Philadelphia, and A. H. Merry of McKeesport, and a sister, Mrs. Dorothy Gerchin, at home.

HAYNES—S. P., formerly member of H. Company, 317th Infantry, died in a Government Hospital at Emporia, Va., where he was undergoing treatment for pulmonary trouble resulting from gas and shell-shock received in France. He was buried near Gates City, Virginia, March 28th, with full military honors. Funeral was attended by relatives and a large gathering of ex-service men. Service at the grave was conducted by Rev. John Haynes, an uncle of the deceased.

HILDRETH—E. A., formerly stationed at the Base Hospital, Camp Lee, during the training period of the 80th Division, died in the Ohio Valley General Hospital March 11, 1922, of Pneumonia. He is survived by his wife, daughter and son. His death was much regretted by all who knew him and his former comrades.

SCHANDELMEYER—Leonard, formerly of Company I, 320th Infantry, died February 19th, 1922. Details unavailable at this issue.

SCHULTZ—August W., formerly private in Company B, 318th Infantry, died from operation, March 26, 1920, in Sterling, Ill. Notice of his death but recently received at Hamilton P. C.

ULBRICH—John Daniel, of Blythedale, Pa., formerly a private in Company A, 127th Engineers, was killed while at his work early Tuesday morning, March 28, 1922. He was buried with full military honors by the P. H. Lavin-Waters Post, No. 167, V. F. W., of Sutersville, Pa.



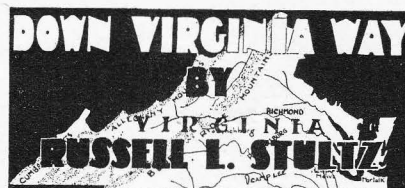
Just Like a Letter from Home

317TH INFANTRY

T. W. Fennell, formerly First Lieutenant, Field and Staff, 317th Infantry, is now with the Christian-Ewing Co., at Fayetteville, N. C.

W. H. Cree, formerly a member of A Company, 317th Infantry, of 326 Brown Ave., Turtle Creek, Pa., was married March 28th to Miss Mildred Augusta Linhart, also of Turtle Creek. Congratulations are in order and this is a good chance to drop in on Comrade Cree for the cigars.

J. J. Suter, formerly of the 317th Inf. Machine Gun Co., is now Branch Manager of the American Sales Book Company at 312 Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo.



Through the courtesy of Comrade Boyd B. Stutler, of Charleston, West Va., we have received a copy of the Revised List of West Virginia's Deceased Soldiers in the World War, a fifty page booklet issued by the Adjutant General of that State and corrected to January 1, 1922. The contents are of solemn interest to Blue Riders, as they embrace the names of scores of former 80th Division men hailing from West Virginia who were killed or died while serving with the Division in France. The lists are unusually detailed and include name, rank, organization, date killed or died, and place of residence.

Petersburg is also "Moving Forward" these spring days. An Associated Press dispatch dated March 10 states that the Virginia Railway and Power Company, which operates the street car franchises in Petersburg, Richmond and a number of other Virginia cities, has notified Petersburg that

it is willing to surrender its old franchise and accept a new one providing for the installation of a "trollibus" system of trackless trolleys. If this thing keeps on, we'll be expecting to find an elaborate system of subways by the time we re-unite in the "Cockade City."

A former member of the 314th Field Artillery is rapidly assuming a prominent place in West Virginia veteran circles. He is Comrade R. J. Falland, of Wheeling, who last month was elected commander of the Wheeling chapter of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War. Comrade Falland is also vice commander of the Wheeling Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and is an officer in the American Legion post in that city. He was wounded by shrapnel while fighting with the 80th in the Argonne.

John R. Crowson, of Juticeville, Va., formerly a member of Company H, 318th Infantry, in a recent letter to the Editor of the *Baltimore News* corrects some erroneous statements regarding the Adjusted Compensation measure passed by the House of Representatives on March 23. Comrade Crowson wields a trenchant pen and shows in an unmistakable manner that he hasn't forgotten the fighting spirit inculcated in him at Camp Lee.

An old friend of the 80th recently succumbed to the merciless exigencies of peacetime economy and deflation, when the *Petersburg Index-Appeal* suspended publication in February. The *Index-Appeal* was known to practically every O. D. visitor to Petersburg and not a few will regret to learn of its passing. Its post-bellum demise leaves only *The Evening Progress* for the leather-lunged youngsters to yell and sell.

Cecil Holston, of Hampton, Va., formerly Supply Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, writes that he was among those who heard the terrific explosion accompanying the destruction of the giant dirigible "Roma" when the airship and practically all of the crew perished while making

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a trial trip over Norfolk on February 21. Fortunately, *l'aguerre est finie*, else some of our good buddies residing about Newport News might have cautiously sought cover under the delusion that "the Boche were coming over." *Alerte!*

Comrade Boyd B. Stutler, of Charleston, West Va., besides being a member of the 80th Division Executive Council, preparing for the third annual reunion of the 80th, and holding down an important position in the office of the Secretary of State of West Virginia, is also commander of El-Kanawha Post No. 297, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, of Charleston. Anyone who doesn't believe that Comrade Stutler is a busy man should be condemned to a life-time on the wood-pile.

Shades of "B" Village! Whoever remarked that "there's nothing new under the sun" told a whopper. For instance, Hopewell—or all that remains of the once-hectic powder, painted town—has enacted a "curfew law" (!!!). Yes, the city fathers have belatedly set about the task of chasing ineligible pedestrians off the already deserted streets. But wait!—wearers of olive drab do not come under the ban; only juveniles under the age of 14 years are required to fight shy of the cop after 9:00 P. M., from September 1 to March 31, and after 10:00 P. M. from April 1 to August 31. Either the offender, when nabbed, receives corporal punishment or the parent is fined from \$1.00 to \$50.00. When the Hopewell *peres et meres* are confronted with such expensive alternatives, we fancy that *les garçons* are in for some heated sessions of the family council.

Dredges have been working night and day at the plant of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, at Newport News, Va., preparing a slip for the accommodation of the giant liner "Leviathan," which was expected to arrive there during the last days of March for reconditioning. Dredging was started about two weeks before the Newport News concern was awarded the \$8,000,000 contract, so confident were the officials that the low bid would finally be accepted. The Germans demanded \$1,000,000 for the "Leviathan's" specifications and a new set of plans were drawn by American draftsmen when it was decided to recondition the ship and put her back in the trans-Atlantic passenger service. Who's going to take the first ride, buddy? Ticket this time, please, but there'll be lots of compensation. *Oiu!*

Anyone wishing an interesting souvenir and at the same time a permanent record of the citations awarded members of the 80th Division, will find War Department Document No. 948, listing the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished

Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal, issued up to and including November 11, 1919, a most valuable volume. The book can be secured upon remitting \$1.25 to the Superintendent of Public Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

New Market, Va., April 3, 1922.

RUSSELL L. STULTZ.

318TH INFANTRY

D. L. Atwell, ex-pvt. 1 Cl., 318th Infantry, Company H, is a member of the firm of Duncan & Atwell, dealers in dry goods, groceries and country produce at Ceres, Virginia.

319TH INFANTRY

Captain Rowland F. Jenkins, formerly of Company I, 319th Infantry, is located with the Argos Enterprises Co., manufacturers of moving picture apparatus, at Cleveland, Ohio. The Captain is now married and we hope will live "happily ever after."

Jesse G. Hamilton, formerly Sergeant Major, 319th Infantry, is secretary to the President of the Farmers Deposit National Bank of Pittsburgh, Pa. It is rumored that the name of the future Mrs. Hamilton will be forthcoming in a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sutton, whose son, Carl Sutton was killed in action on August 11, 1918, while serving with Company B, 319th Infantry, are loyal supporters of SERVICE, and reside at Robinson, Pa. Comrade Sutton was buried with full military honors by the Carl Sutton Post 126 of Bolivar, Pa., in the Indiana, Pa., Cemetery about a year ago.

Harry S. Heber, formerly of the 319th Machine Gun Co., is in the plumbing business at 536 Blackburn Ave., Sewickley, Pa.

Louis W. Scherer, ex-member of the 319th Infantry Band, conducts the Scherer Shoe Shop of Cloverport, Ky. We doubt if he has any hobnails in stock at present.

SERVICE would like to receive suggestions and comments from members of the 319th Infantry on the proposition contained in the following letter from Captain Chas. C. Rossire, Jr.

Feb. 21st, 1922.

Editor of SERVICE:

I have had in mind for some time the publication of a pictorial history of the 319th Inf. I have about 400 photographs of the division, of which at least 150 would

be of particular interest to members of the 319th Inf. I felt that, while most of the members would like to have these photographs, the cost of obtaining them all from the Signal Corps is so high that few could afford it.

My idea would be to start the book with a sort of diary of the 319th Inf. while in France. This I have already written, giving all places and dates of interest. There would not be over 10 pages of this. Then to have half tones made of the photos say 6" x 8" and print a title above and a brief description below each photo. As the map references are given on each one, a map or two could be included so that one could readily place the point from which each photo was taken.

I find that the cost to get up such a book here would run from \$2.75 to \$3.50 each in lots of 1,000 and in lots of 500 from \$4.00 to \$6.00. I feel that if the price could be kept down so that the book could be sold at not to exceed \$3.50 a large percentage of the men would subscribe. I cannot finance such a thing myself as it would require an outlay of \$2,500 to \$3,000. Do you think that subscriptions could be obtained in advance, of course setting a date by which all subscriptions would have to be in, and with the understanding that if sufficient funds were not subscribed, that the money would be returned and the proposition dropped?

It may also interest you to know that I have been gathering together data for the publication of a real 319th Inf. history, which will be much more complete than the one hurriedly gotten out in France. Capt. Franklin W. Morrell is working on this with me but I think it will be some time before it will be ready for publication.

It is really planned to make it a history of the 319th Inf. operations and will include all orders which can be obtained, field messages, operations, reports, routes used, points visited with dates, maps, lists of citations and decorations, etc.

Sincerely,

CHAS. C. ROSSIRE, JR.
347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Below is a letter received from an "old-timer"—formerly First Sgt. of Company I, 319th Infantry who apparently will have to rely on SERVICE for news of his buddies as Blue-Ridgers seem to be scarce in Georgia:

Milledgeville, Ga., Mar. 21, 1922.
Gentlemen,

As per your offer in Circular letter of recent date, please send me a sample copy of SERVICE MAGAZINE.

I was not with the Division until after the Armistice, but I am interested in the old Eightieth, and am very proud to be

Morning Report

able to say that I was at one time a member of such an outfit as the Eightieth was. I don't believe that there was a better bunch of fellows in the whole A. E. F. than I met in the Blue Ridge Division.

I seldom ever see anybody in this part of the country that belonged to the Eightieth, but when I do happen to meet anybody from any outfit in that Division, we are always friends, whether we ever saw each other before or not.

I have planned every year to come to the Eightieth Division Reunion, but I have heard hard times so much down here, that I always decide that my wife and boy might perish if I spent that money in that way, so I always have to put it off until the next year. You might be interested to know that I haven't made my first Million yet, so I have to be a little careful how I turn it loose. Any way I expect to attend before many years, and until I do, I will always have something to look forward to.

Thanking you in advance for the Magazine, and asking your forgiveness for taking up your time reading this letter (I never know when to stop when I commu-

nicate with any body that was ever connected with the Fighting, Galloping Eightieth) I am,

Yours very truly,

F. R. HARGROVE.

320TH INFANTRY

The third annual reunion and banquet of Company I, 320th Infantry was held in the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Saturday evening, April 1st, with over sixty former members present. Taking everything into consideration, this was the best reunion yet held by I Company. What was lacking in numbers was certainly made up in enthusiasm. The speakers of the evening were: Captain Wm. G. McNulty, of Akron, Ohio; Captain H. H. Parkman, of Boston, Mass., and Lieutenant Edward H. Titus, of Closter, N. J.

At the annual election of officers, President Sabin Bolton and Secretary-Treasurer George Smith were again unanimously chosen for another term.

In the absence of the Resident Secretary of the 80th Division Veterans' Association,

Recording Secretary Jack Sugden spoke on the formation of local P. C.'s and the support of SERVICE MAGAZINE.

The entertainment consisted of a four-piece orchestra; selections by Lt. Homer Dunn and buck and wing dancing by Harry Hays. Isaac N. Feather was toastmaster.

Fellows who visited Room 347 claim Parker lived up to his trade by laying a few (gold) bricks to the discomfort of the fellows he took over.

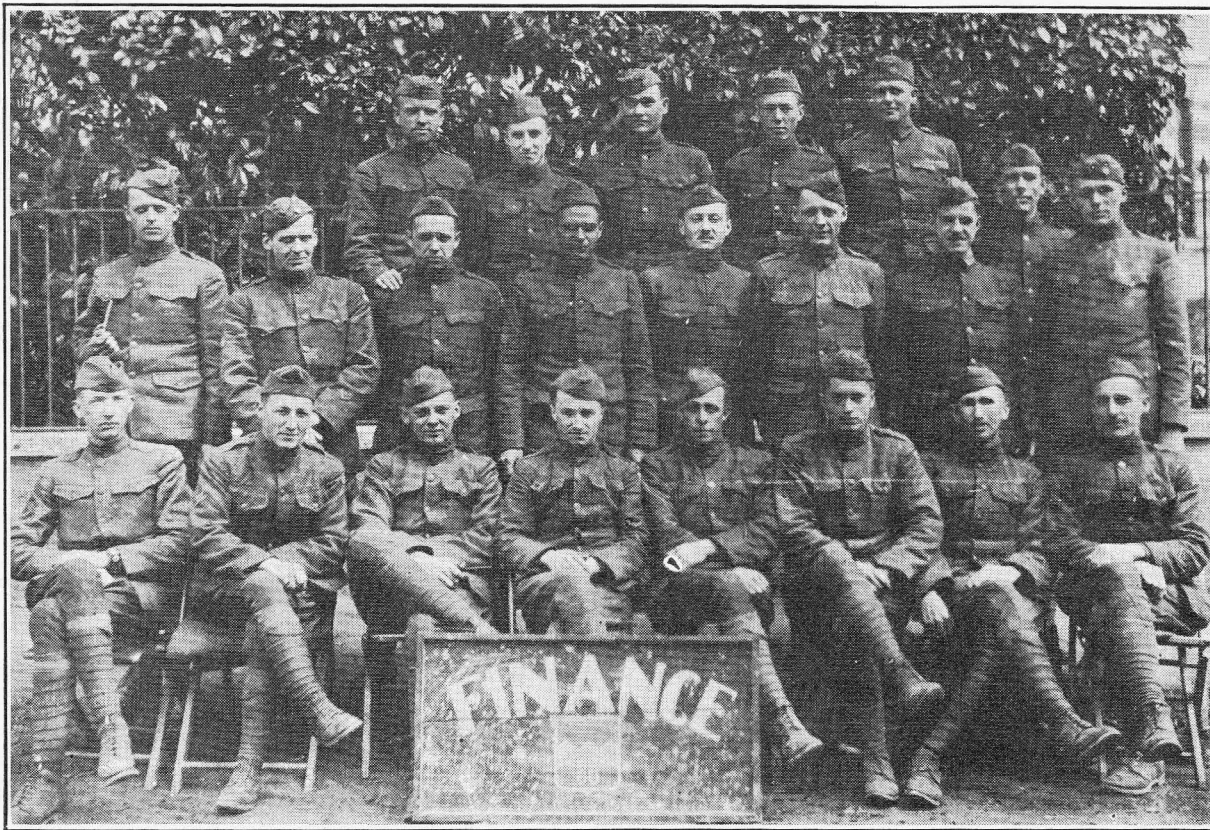
According to "Ike" Feather, former President Theodore Roosevelt's theory on race suicide has been knocked "cukoo" at Latrobe, Pa. "Ike" reports a new arrival and so does former Mess Sergeant John Beatty.

A "call" for Mr. Brinker.

Kelly wants to know when the second course is to be served—apparently Kelly missed the eats.

Judging from "Jitney" Johnston, prosperity is running rampant at Greensburg.

Felix Samasko, Casino Champion of Company I, refused to take on new contenders. Maybe the matrimonial germ that



Top Row, Left to Right—1. McInturff; 2. Unknown; 3. Morris; 4. Merkle; 5. La Rue.

Middle Row—1. Unknown; 2. Nicholls; 3. Wagoner; 4. Shaw; 5. Heller; 6. Kelly; 7. Wilkenson; 8. Hayden; 9. Brandejsky.

Bottom Row—1. Blankenship; 2. A. Thomas; 3. Unknown; 4. O'Toole; 5. Cross; 6. Reno; 7. W. Thomas; 8. Billeter.

Finance Department, 80th Div. A. E. F. 1918-1919. The men who made it possible for the personnel of "The Fighting Eightieth," to draw their monthly pay of Franc's, less insurance and allotments, and sometimes less two-thirds of your pay for "Three months," for going "AWOL or a Vin Blanc Party."

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has claimed so many casualties in I Company is again at work.

Bernard Ragner dropped into Hamilton P. C. the other day and was not allowed to escape until he "came across" with the following items. He is soon to leave for France and has promised to send SERVICE news of the old "stamping ground."

SERVICE is a welcome visitor at my home every month. I like it all—the news items about my buddies; the reminiscences of bygone days; the poetry which Captain Vandewater—a former commanding officer of mine—writes, and the warm defense of service men and their rights.

Greg Haughey, personnel sergeant of 320th Infantry, by the way, is to be the Democratic candidate for congress in the 33rd Congressional District of Pennsylvania. This district is strongly Republican, but Greg isn't afraid of this, for he had plenty of experience with difficult problems in the days when he was establishing liaison between Nantillois and Nixieville, where Echelon No. 2 of Division Headquarters was located during the Argonne drive.

Burt Foster Post 361, American Legion, at McKeesport, is filled with boys of the 80th Division. Bernhard Ragner, Sergeant at brigade headquarters with General Brett, is the commander. Gregg Haughey is the vice commander. The post is a live-wire organization and is making things hum in McKeesport.

McKeesport, Pa., service men have formed a Civic League, the purpose of which is to protect the political interests of the boys who wore the uniform. Ragner is one of the executive committee; so is David M. McBride of 319th Infantry; Paul W. Mack (305th Engineers, for a while) is vice president; Clarence C. Johnson, sergeant major, 320th Infantry, is treasurer. And the politicians are all wondering.

Jottings—William P. Wampler (sergeant-major, 315th M. G. is associated with his father in the Victrola business; Ben Gustafson (Co. L, 320th Inf.), is with the National Tube Company; Hugh Cunningham (315th M. G.), is traveling for the Nicola Lumber Company. All at McKeesport.

Will that member of 160th Brigade Headquarters, who owes me 50 francs, please pay up? No need to mention names; he knows.

Who in the Sam Hill edits the French phrases which appear in SERVICE? A dozen times have I seen "*L'guerre est fini.*" This

would make even a high school freshman mourn. The next time Stultz uses this phrase, tell the proof reader to correct it to read *La guerre est finie*. That's how the French say it; that's how they spell it. And if anybody questions my credentials, there's a diploma from *l'Universite de Bordeaux* hanging in my room at home.

Which reminds me that there were eleven Blue Ridge boys who studied—or idled—at Bordeaux for four months as soldier-students at the university there. When the rest of the division was at Le Mans, doing squads east and enjoying daily inspections, we were attending three classes of French per day, living in French homes, a week-end pass every Saturday, and \$3 a day for expenses. I'll say we were the darlings of the gods.

If any ex-Bordeaux student sees this, a word of greeting would be appreciated by the news editor of *Voila!* Look his address up in the final (souvenir) number. (A whisper: Word comes from Bordeaux that khaki-clad figures no longer march through *La Salle des Pas Perdus*, but the French girls still love American chocolate as much as ever.)

What is General Brett doing these days? What was the fate of that bill to promote him to a permanent rank as general? Is he writing his memoirs?

Please, Mr. Editor, we would like to know. I am sure that every member of Brett's Brigade will be willing to pay *dir francs* or more for a copy of his autobiography. If he's getting it ready, let us know the details.

The writer was a member of Company L, 320th Infantry, for over six months. He would like to see other L men contribute a line or two to SERVICE. Sergeant Wikert married that French girl from Hesdigneul near Boulogne, but what became of Sergeant Myers, and Sergeant Cruel, and Sergeant Entress, who was wounded? We would like to know. Lieut. McKelway is in Washington on one of the newspapers, but where is Captain Weikert? and Lieut. Taliaferro? and Sergeant Kane? and Private LaMarco, that brave Eye-talian? Corporal Hawthorne is seen around Pittsburgh now and then, but where is the rest of his squad?

Benjamin F. Thomas, formerly of D Company 320th, is living at 224½ W. First St., Columbus, Ohio, and was married on February 3, 1922, to a Columbus girl. His old buddies will wish him the best of luck and happiness. He works for the Wilson Hardwood Floor Co., of that

city, the same firm that he was with before entering the army.

MACHINE GUN CO. NOTES

Walter E. Slott, formerly of Machine Gun Co., 320th Infantry, is now married and the proud daddy of a baby boy.

Harry Maffei (runner for 320th M. G.) is now living at 329 Cedarhurst St., S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. He is in the fruit, confectionery and cigar business at Sixth Avenue and Webster Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Lefty" Gallagher, formerly of 320th M. G. Co., is now a constable on the North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa. "Lefty" has just recovered from a touch of the "flu."

Gay Colosimo, he of the "Magic Flute" overseas, is now happily married.

Leonard Colonti of the 320th M. G. Co., is now the proprietor of a rooming house in Pittsburgh.

Diodotti is a moving picture operator at the Majestic Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Tony" Wagner is working night turn as pressman on the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times*.

Broderick, who it will be remembered was wounded in the Argonne, is now working at the Pittsburgh *Post*.

Ex-Cook Carl Schwartz and Walter Brandt are now traveling the "sticks" for a Pittsburgh wholesale house.

Davies and Sgt. Cox of 320th Hq. Co., are both on the Pittsburgh police force. They recently made application for jobs on the detective force but at this writing have not received the promotion.

Ross E. Smith is living at 233 North Fairmount Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. We have it on good authority that he intends to follow Capt. Vermeule into the trenches of matrimony some time this spring.

314TH M. G. BN. NOTES

By WALTER L. LUKENS

Addresses are wanted for Tom Barker, C. M. I. Fairhurst, Robert A. Clites and Max Buguard. Send them to the writer at 5661 Windsor Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa.

Corrections to last month's letter: F. F. Magruder (Hd. and A Co.), is working in the post office in Washington, D. C. C.

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M. Foust (B Co.) is working for the General Electric Co., at Schenectady, N. Y.

Letters received: W. C. Rehlin (Dr. Lamb's assistant tooth puller) wrote in for a history. He asked about Ed. Haines and said that he was getting along O. K.—Address, 1838 Wynhurst St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

S. C. Kintner (B Co.) is back in Me-shoppen, Pa., selling oil.

J. Vacha (A Co.) writes from Peoria, Ill., (709 Monson St.) He has been in Peoria for two years as advertising manager of the Peoria Dry Goods Co., and has not seen any 80th men during that time. He visited Chicago but was unable to find Tom Barker at his old address. He also asks about Crigger and says that he saw Wagner and Yohn in Johnstown when he was there putting on a campaign for Veterans of Foreign Wars. About the same time, he had a letter from Jack Jones. Vacha is the proud daddy of a 15-month-old girl. He also reports having been in the hospital and losing his appendix since most of us saw him last.

Craig (B Co.) is still in Wilmington, Ohio. He has been busy working and has not had much time to look around. However, he has news of Doench and wants news of everybody else.

Haines (A and B Companies) reports that he hopes to be out of the hospital in a month or so.

Combs (B Co.) is still under the weather. We hope the fishing season will find him much better.

313TH F. A.

Edwin R. Stout, formerly of E Battery, 313th F. A., is at present located in Johnstown, Ohio. He is strong for the Vets' Association and SERVICE and says that while he lives in Ohio, he will never be anything but a West Virginian and a true Blue-Ridger.

Fred C. Whitney of C Battery, 313th F. A., is a member of the firm of Lockwood & Whitney, agents for the National Liberty Insurance Co., at Mayville, N. Y.

314TH FIELD ARTILLERY

Members of the 314th F. A. are urged to send material for "Morning Report" to the writer, Homer S. Cunningham, 45 S. York St., Wheeling, W. Va.

The 314th F. A. Vets' Association is compelled to vacate its quarters in the Wheeling Intelligencer Building owing to

their need of more room. No other location has as yet been acquired.

William A. Frohme, formerly of the Medical Detachment, is working at the same game, although on a more elaborate scale with the Hoge-Davis Drug Company, corner 16th and Market Streets, Wheeling.

Samuel B. Hilton, formerly of Supply Company, holds a responsible position on the editorial staff of the *Wheeling Register*.

Joseph L. Niggenmeyer, formerly of C Battery is still located in Wheeling, where he is employed at the Augustus Pollock Stogie Co. "Nig," who possesses a fine tenor voice, will be remembered as one of our best entertainers both at Camp Lee and in the cafe near the Square at Chateau du Loir.

Joseph L. Roth, former Corporal, special detail, C Battery, holds a good position with the Wheeling Steel Corporation. He hasn't been seen waving his coat at any dogs since his arrival home. There's a reason—that brand can only be secured at Vals Le Bain.

Former Sergeant Harry W. Bartelk of F Battery is a brakeman on the B. & O. out of Bridgeport, O. which town in the wet days boasted of the largest bar in the Ohio valley.

Former Supply Sergeant Edgar L. Marsh is now married, and Walter H. Hartman, formerly of E Battery, are both located in Pittsburgh.

Raymond B. Geotze, formerly of E Battery, who attended the First Officers' Training School at Camp Lee, has resigned his position as manager of the sales force of the Locke Shoe Co., Wheeling, W. Va. He will shortly leave for Chicago, where he will occupy a position as publicity agent for a large manufacturing concern. He was commissioned First Lieutenant and assigned as Artillery Instructor at Camp Jackson following the graduation of his class.

A recent visitor in Wheeling was Albert B. Hill (Doc), formerly a popular member of E Battery. He was commissioned First Lieutenant after leaving the Battery and served with the famous 77th Division overseas.

Dom J. Devers, former Camouflage Cpl., E Battery, is still located in Freeland, Pa., where he is in the insurance game. Dom sure was some fisherman. He could catch them with a pick or anything. How the Frog did rave the next morning at Vouvray

when he opened his fish-box to find the trout "finie."

Former Sergeant Charles B. Daily is employed on the B. & O. at Benwood, W. Va. His wife is seriously ill with tuberculosis.

Patrick J. Scully, formerly of C Battery was elected to the office of Chief of Police of Benwood, W. Va., recently, by a large majority.

Former gunner Corporal Edmund (Pop-off) Kleeh, E Battery, is married and has one son. He will no doubt be remembered as captain and catcher of the Battery team which was runner-up to D Battery in the Regimental championship played about three years ago.

Since reporting on former Sergeant John Stumpp, of E Battery, there arrived at his home a baby boy.

Former Mechanic Edmund Burke of E Battery besides being Vice Commander of Wheeling Post No. 1, American Legion, was recently appointed Sanitary Officer.

Ex-Telephone Sgt. Marty E. Vees is now located in Wellsburg, W. Va., where he holds a position as chief lineman for the American Telephone Company.

BLUE-RIDGE CARD PARTY AND DANCE

Penna. Aux. No. 1 will hold a card party and dance Thursday, May 18th, 8:30 P. M., Hotel Chatham Roof Garden, Pittsburgh, Pa. NUF CED! ! !

Otis L. Guernsey, formerly Major of the 315th F. A., is with the General Chemical Company at 25 Broadway, New York City.

305TH M. S. T.
By JULIUS V. POTE

Richard (Roy) Wagner, of F Company, has taken unto himself a wife. He married a popular young lady from Juniata, Pa., a Miss Gephart. They have established a kitchen and headquarters in Altoona, Pa.

Emery Thurston (Gus), of F Company, must have "gone West" or gotten married and forgotten his former buddies of the A. E. F. We used to hear from him once in a while but not a word in the past six months. Come out of it, Emery! Drop us a line.

Big Jim Barrowman, of F Company, who lives in McKeesport, has also failed

Morning Report

to keep us informed of his doings for the past nine months.

Lee Over, of E Company, is farming near Woodbury, Pa., but expects soon to move to a farm near Roaring Springs.

Earl Metzker, formerly Cook of E Company, has been working in the ship yards at Sparrows Point, Md., but recently quit and is looking for a position in Pittsburgh where he expects to locate.

Among the members of E Company who have joined the matrimonial ranks are: Captain Stuckey, "Pat" Purcell, Taylor, Snyder, Bauman and Girard. There may be others of the old "Pipe Mill Dinkey" gang who now have better halves.

John Kertis, formerly of C Company, is located at Suterville, Pa.

Will any one having addresses of James A. Durborrow and John Milco, of F Company, send them to the writer at Bakers Summit, Pa. Would also like to hear from other members of the Motor Supply Train either through the "Morning Report" or by letter.

Major F. P. Salley, former commander of the Medical Detachment, is doing a rushing business as M. D. in Union, S. C. How about sending a truck down your way for a load of C. C.'s Major?

F CO., 305TH AMMUNITION TRAIN

Ex-Sergeant J. L. Taylor is baggage master on the P. R. R. between Stoneboro and Mahoningtown, Pa. Remember that ball game July 4, 1918, at Langon, France, when Jess won for the Horse Battalion against the Motors by hitting for three bags with two on bases—that was some day, eh? Old Company F won the field meet and then got confined to camp.

John E. Dye is agent at Mahoning, Pa., on the P. R. R.—some different from the position of Mess Sergeant.

"Puss" Burgoon is still around Farrell, Pa. Did all you fellows report to "Puss"?

Who ever hears from our old friend John Clegg, the former Mechanic?

San Tyers is married and still hitting the hammer on the head with the nail.

"Spot" Taylor is around Stoneboro according to last reports.

Jack Exposito believes two can live cheaper than one, so he got "tied-up" and lives at Farrell, Pa.

We wonder where little Max Finkelshtein is now. J. R. Batteiger, ex-three striper, is at Greenville; also Elmer Patterson, Ekles, Charlie Pew, Carl Schaller, McDowell and Wagner.

"Pat" McCann still hangs out at Sharon. Pat got a "Frog" medal for bravery.

Mystery of the evening—who turned Agate's fox loose at Mesves and hid the bugle on Brothers?

Jake Klaser, Frank Coulter, Ed. Troutman and Earl Barber are still at Sharon, Pa.

No news from George B. (Jennie) Moore, our esteemed ex-Company Clerk. He certainly could bull up the old pay roll.

"Let's play cards," says John Kosta.

"What will it be, John?"

"Oh, Kerosene" (Casino).

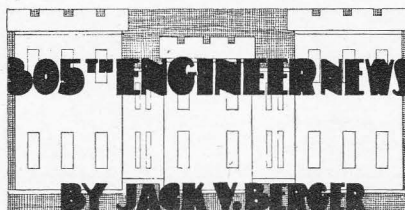
Who made the remark on the march to the line: "I'll court martial you, so help me God!"?

Where is ex-Sergeant Richardson? Good old scout, but we didn't understand him, that's all.

Say, fellows, do you remember that hobnail and toilet paper barrage in the old barracks at Camp de Mencon on the last night we were there? Remember how the O. D. stuck his head in the door just as some one let drive a bottle? Effect, two broken light bulbs, one widow and the withdrawal of the O. D.

Who stole Lt. Minetree's soup at Langon? Where is the Jam Squad?

"Company Order No. 999: All concerned will discontinue borrowing money from the officers of this company." Hot Puppy! Remember? More dope next month.



As we go to press on this issue we can only call two of our engineers true morning reporters. They happen to be Captain Yereance of South Orange, N. J., and John Parrish, of Bethlehem, Pa. Now don't that make you other scribes feel mean, but the engineer of this column is pretty much to blame as he hasn't an-

swered any letters this month, busy and all that y' see.

Well, to get down to business, this comes from Yereance—Colonel Knight is in Sanford, Fla., in the real estate business and is actively engaged in building up several civic organizations there.

"Doc" Stevens makes Sanford his home town also; and has a large private practice. He is tipping the scales at 234 now. Success lends poise and in this case, avoirdupois. Gee! didn't that baby sling a wicked shot in the arm.

Bob Levis, our old adjutant, was married recently and is still residing in Elkton, Md. Here's sending the regards of the mob, Mr. Adjutant, and by the way, did Mrs. Adjutant allow you to retain the mustache?

"Skipper" Rockwell and the smile that won't come off calls Norman, Okla., his home town. He is the assistant director of the State Geological Survey, finding out "why is oil," etc. He often runs into John Menke, who is making his home with Mrs. Menke in Wichita Falls, and is also in the oil game.

Major Hoff is reported to be somewhere in Milwaukee, managing a business of his own; lemme see "Hoff-brau, Milwaukee," uh, huh, we know now.

Captain Grunow, later Major Grunow, is located in New York and answers roll call daily to Mrs. Grunow, Billy and John. He was interested in the Arizona copper mines before the war, but now the metropolis has added one more to her list.

Lt. Ballard worked for Stone & Webster on two jobs after leaving us; one in Connecticut and the other in New Jersey. He is back in Baltimore now and is the same straight standing chap that we knew him for in that man's army.

Lt. Maier is in New York with the Ley Construction Company.

Benn Collier is in Clarksdale, Miss., in the engineering game, and Buckingham has partiered for parts unknown. Anyone learning of his whereabouts, please notify this office.

Fred Sonaned is out of the hospital now and is in East Orange, N. J.

Captain Yereance lives at 68 Scotland Road, South Orange, N. J., and would like to hear from any of the boys.

Morning Report

Parrish writes that Colonel Kenroy has just returned from Pinehurst, N. C., where he conducted the loal business over the golf course. Wonder if he can write stories playing golf, too. Now we will see that Bethincourt story, I am sure, and we will also get — for being so persistent.

Lt. Lobeck sends in that he is the father of a nine pound boy. Parrish says that Lebe had better grow some or that boy will outgrow him all hollow in the next couple of years. That's all right, Lebe, you had 'em all buffaloed when it came to climbing into the crow's nest.

Frank Fleckenstein is located at 72 K St., Johnstown, Pa. "Fleck" would like to hear from ex-Corporal Emery Harris, of Company F, and also from David A. Baxter. "Fleck" is with the Lippman's, Inc. — a jewelry concern that has a chain of stores in Altoona, Harrisburg, Cumberland, Md., and Newark, N. J. He is in charge of the main office in Johnstown. He makes trips occasionally to all of these towns, but has not met with many of the old timers. Leave your address if you happen to be residents of the above cities, in the Lippman stores and give him a chance to look you up.

Sorry to hear that Wardon S. Donaldson, formerly of D. Company, had his leg broken Armistice Day. He is now completely recovered, however. He is engaged as an architect and builder in Washington, D. C., and resides at R. F. D. No. 1, Box 266, Cherrydale, Virginia.

Percy R. Mohny, formerly of Company C, is located in Pierce, Pa. He has been mining coal since leaving the army and now has a boy and girl to call him "Daddy." He wonders if any of the buddies remember the days in Fluvy, the walks along the canal to Ravieres, and wonders whether Georgette and Lucy are still in the Vin Blanc business. Must be trying to make us go A. W. O. L. to the 15th Training Area.

We met Sgt. Benz from B Company the other night and was late in getting to see our girl. Oh, you know—we just had to argue a little about some old things that happened. Benz would like to hear from any of the old gang; get busy. Address in year book.

Also ran into Chief Wilson. The Chief is doing well but is undecided whether his next stop will be Brazil or Yokohomo. Those itchy feet will get you when the robins start to come no'th, won't they?

Maggie Magee lost his Discharge Papers lately and promised to come in and have

us help him locate them. We are seriously thinking of conducting a search for Maggie now, as he has failed to put in an appearance.

Things are all quiet in the Johnstown, Altoona and Charleston sectors. (Hope this gets 'em mad.)

Did ja notice the mistakes made in our column last month? We have a couple corrections to make: Oscar Bohlin, Apex Chocolate Company, Cambridge, Mass; Henry Fogg, Latrobe, Pa.

D. Sherman Griffith sends in his renewal and also a bouquet for the staff. Thanks, Sherman.

Well, Bon Jour, mates, and if we don't scrape up more scandal than this next month, out goes the to-let sign.

HOT STUFF—305 SANITARY TRAIN
By FAY H. DAVIS, 429 2nd St., Braddock.

Albert R. Ertel, Sgt. Hdq., 305 San. Tr., is associated with the Famous, Braddock's biggest department store.

Any of the former members of Infirmary No. 3, Depot Brigade, will remember the smiling countenance of Lt. McCormack. Received a Christmas card from him, on the back of which he expressed a desire to hear from some of the boys. He is now a practicing surgeon in Little Rock, Ark. Address, Dr. G. A. McCormack, Urquhart Bldg., Little Rock, Ark.

Nagel has a wonderful collection of photos of our outfit taken in France.

F. M. Stutts, formerly Pvt. M. G. Co., 318th Inf., can get in touch with his buddy, Wm. J. Morrison, by addressing his mail in care of the McClintic & Marshall Construction Co., Braddock, Pa.

Edward M. Brackemeyer, former Sgt. Co. I, 319th Inf., passed out a swell brand of El Verso cigars not long ago. Really, I forgot to ask whether it was a boy or a girl.

The much despised tin helmets are now on sale at the 5 and 10 cent store. The sign on the counter says, "They're good for flower pots."

Sgt. Henderson, formerly a member of Infirmary No. 3, Depot Brigade, wishes to hear from Corp. John Jenkins, 320 F. H. Address: 206 Congress St., McKeesport, Pa., Bryn Mawr Dist.

August Delp, District Attorney of Crawford County, formerly a Pvt. of 317 F. H., has renewed his war on bootleggers. He intends to make it so hot for them that the few scattered ones, who are still plying their trade, will "pull up stakes" and start for the Canadian border. "Atta' boy! Augie. Give 'em the bum's rush."

If all the "Non-Coms" in the army were like Sgt. Hershberger, I believe I'd re-enlist. What-do-ya'-say, fellows?

I learned from Sgt. Henderson, Infirmary No. 3, Depot Brigade, that Pvt. Neylon, who was formerly a member of that company, was killed in the Argonne while administering aid to a dying soldier.

Just while they are passing around these post-bellum medals and distinguished service crosses, and after-dinner-mint decorations to officers who P-r-o-d-u-c-e-d the G-o-o-d-s, let's say a good word for Major Nelson, one of the whitest officers whom I ever met. He was the commanding officer of 318 F. H.

Received a letter from Andrew Olivie, a French soldier, whom I met in Bordeaux. He is a salesman for a chocolate factory in Bordeaux, and he expresses a desire to get in touch with some of the American ex-soldiers, who can place some orders for him in this country. He will split 50-50 on the profits. Address: Monsieur Andrew Olivie, 156 Rue du Tondu, Bordeaux, France. (C-h-o-c-o-l-a-t M-e-n-e-i-r! Somebody report him to the corporal of the guard.)

Last summer I talked with a frankly spoken fellow who was employed in the shipyards during the war. To my astonishment, he admitted that he never saw a ship in the shell or finished product. The war ended so abruptly they didn't finish the one he worked on. I asked him what he did. He said, "It was his duty to put a chalk-mark on the rivets that were driven. Not more than 10 men were allowed to work on a rivet at the same time." The chalk-mark, I suppose, was to keep the "rookies" from working on a job after it was finished. Had it not been for my religion, which forbids swearing, I would have inquired about his wages.

Joseph Ferrett, Med. Det., 319th Inf., is a street car conductor on the Swissvale-Braddock line.

The Salvation Army wants the address of the soldier who passed inspection with all his tent pins.

Albert G. Gehlman, former cook, 317 F. H., is a locomotive engineer on the Penn-

Morning Report

sylvania Railroad. He resides in Pitcairn, Pa.

At last! The condiment can has come into its own. An ex-buck from Osceola Falls has discovered that his goat will eat 'em.

Peelin' spuds is a whale of a job. But after a struggle with a mess of abbreviated ones, I was glad to wield my trusty "toad sticker" on the "true blue, dyed-in-the-wool Murphy" ever after.

Happened to drop into an A. & P. store the other day to make a purchase. For a minute, I thought I had gotten into an Army warehouse by mistake. There on the counter in "company front" sat the three joy killers—Rice, Salmon and Prunes. The absence of "Black Strap" set me right.

There is no truth in the report that Ohio ex-soldiers must show their "shoe-dubbin" and an "extra pair of shoe strings" to draw their bonus. My brother got his without havin' his picture taken. However, he wore his slicker down just to kinda' harmonize with that feelin' soldiers just naturally git when they draw their pesos.

"Git into yer blue denims," fellows; might land a job here. Secretary Mellon's goin' to put up a new bank in Pittsburgh. Need more room to park the unredeemed soldier bonus certificates.

The following clippings may be of interest to Blue Ridgers:

Unit Just Missed Capture

Hoboken, May 31, 1919.—When the 305th Sanitary Train of the 80th (Blue Ridge) Division, stepped ashore here today among nearly 3,000 troops on the steamship *Rotterdam*, it was learned that the unit narrowly escaped being made prisoner as a whole by the Germans at St. Georges. The men of the 305th are from West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia and Pennsylvania.

An army headquarters order directed the unit to establish a first aid station at St. Georges. When it was within a hundred yards of the town, which had been surrounded by the Germans, without the Americans being aware of the situation, the Germans opened shell fire and so disclosed their presence to the advancing unit. The 305th, under command of Major Charles H. Lewis handled more than 8,000 wounded at a hospital near Verdun in four days during the Argonne fighting.—*Associated Press*.

Vandals Wreck Buzancy

Nov. 4, 1918.—Buzancy, the largest of

the towns delivered by the Americans, reflects the spirit of vindictiveness displayed by the Germans when they are forced to abandon a region they have held for any considerable time. The town had been almost wholly Germanized. French civilians had disappeared a long time ago, and the signs over the shops were all in German. On the streets and avenues such names as Wilhelmstrasse had been substituted for those in French.

There was evidence the Germans had carried on the usual activities in the municipality, but with complete contempt for previous conditions, and with a desire to wipe out any suggestion as to those who had formerly lived there. Their departure, however, was marked, as in a few other cases, by a desire to leave desolation behind them. From end to end the streets of the town and the houses reek with the stench of filth wilfully distributed. The place was a scene of loot, wanton destruction and enfilment, but whether the work was carried out by order is not known.

All such things as were portable are gone from the town. Heavy furniture, including mahogany tables, wardrobes and pianos, was broken to bits and left in the houses. Interior decorations were irreparably mutilated. It was simply a garrison community the Germans established in Buzancy, although the town recently was army headquarters. One of the houses bore an inscription indicating it was used as a rest house or club house for women. In a store were found magazines, many of them devoted to fashions.—*Associated Press*.

The Fall of Sedan in 1870

Sedan was the scene of the battle fought in September, 1870, when the Germans defeated the French Army under Marshall MacMahon, took 85,000 prisoners, and caused the overthrow of the empire of Napoleon III., the loss to France of Alsace-Lorraine, and the levying of an indemnity of one billion dollars.

In the latter part of August, 1879, Marshall MacMahon set out from Chalons to relieve Metz, where Bazaine had been locked up by the German forces after a series of engagements terminating with the battle of Gravelotte. The Third and Fourth German armies barred the way to Metz, and pressed the French northward toward the Belgian frontier. MacMahon after several days' fighting, took up his stand on the heights surrounding the fortress of Sedan. The Germans proceeded to encircle the French troops, whom they outnumbered two to one.

The battle began on the morning of September 1. MacMahon was wounded in the early hours of the fighting. In the late afternoon the French had been driven from their positions and the Germans had plant-

ed on the heights surrounding Sedan a circle of 500 cannon, under whose fire the French were helpless. The French were driven back on Sedan and at 4 o'clock the bombardment of the town began. The futility of resistance was apparent, and by order of the Emperor, Napoleon III., who was in Sedan, a flag of truce was raised.

On September 2, General Wimpffen arranged with Bismarck and Moltke the terms of capitulation. Nearly 2,000 officers and 83,000 men laid down their arms and were made prisoners, with the Emperor. The French loss in the battle was 17,000 dead and wounded. Three thousand men escaped into Belgium. The German loss was 470 officers and 8,500 men killed and wounded.—*Associated Press*.

NORFOLK-PORTSMOUTH POST NO. 1

The Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1 held a very successful meeting Wednesday evening, March 15th, in the Armory Hall, Norfolk, Virginia.

A committee was appointed to work with similar committees of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion to secure proper quarters for the post in the new Memorial Hall, which is a civic auditorium now under construction by the city of Norfolk.

Several new members were elected to membership and a committee was appointed to arrange for transportation and plans for the coming convention in Charleston, W. Va.

The Post has been conducting a membership campaign with very good results. The next meeting is scheduled to take place in Portsmouth on Monday night, May 15th.

PENNSYLVANIA AUXILIARY NO. 1

A party was given by the Auxiliary at the Marine Hospital, Pittsburgh, February 13th, and was a big success. The special entertainment consisted of dancing and singing, which were greatly enjoyed. Luncheon of sandwiches, doughnuts, coffee, candy and ice cream was served. The boys not able to participate in the dancing were well taken care of by the committee.

The Auxiliary is pleased to announce that Attorney Jacob Shulgold received a unanimous vote to honorary membership in the Auxiliary at the regular monthly meeting in March. The Auxiliary wants to particularly thank Judge Paulson D. Foster and Attorney Shulgold for their kind efforts in obtaining the incorporation and charter for the Auxiliary under the State Law.

Morning Report

NEWS OF THE WASHINGTON, D. C., SECTOR

On the evening of April 6th a dinner and buffet supper were held in Washington, D. C., in honor of General Cronkhite and to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the declaration of war and the fifth birthday of the 80th Division. It was a very pleasant and unusual gathering of the former officers of the division. Those present at the dinner at 8:00 P. M. were: General Cronkhite, General Farnsworth, 159th Brigade; General Brett, 160th Brigade; General Jamerson, 159th Brigade and 317th Infantry; General Hall, Depot Brigade; Col. O. E. Hunt, 320th Infantry; Col. Bryant H. Wells, 318th Infantry; Col. Herron, 315th Field Artillery; Lt. Col. J. L. Hunt, J. A. G.; Lt. Col. Foreman, G-1; Col. Waldron, Chief of Staff; Col. Spalding, 305th Engineers; Lt. Col. Wise, 318th Inf., and D. M. G. O.; Maj. MacVeagh, Aide and 318th Inf. Those present at the supper at 10 P. M. were: General Bryson, 155th F. A. Brigade; Lt. Col. Reeder, 314th F. A.; Major Baggs, M. C.; Major Justice; Major Lynch, G-3; Major Ferris, 313th F. A.; Col. Jos. Barnes, 314th F. A.; Col. J. B. Barnes, G-3; Major Hunt, 160th Brigade, Brigade Adjutant; Major O'Bear, 319th Infantry; Major Erskine Gordon, 320th Infantry; Lt. Col. Ashby Williams, 320th Infantry; Lt. Sheehan, 318th Infantry. At the supper, a large birthday cake with five candles—fifth anniversary of the birth of the division—with the Blue Ridge insignia molded in icing, was served.

NEWS OF THE CHICAGO SECTOR

On Friday evening, April 7th, a banquet and get-together of 80th men living in or about Chicago, was held in the Hotel La Salle. Major A. R. Peterson, of Chicago, was in charge of the arrangements. There are about four or five hundred Blue Riders in this territory. The following is the "Confidential Instructions for Operation" issued for the banquet:

"1. A rolling barrage will accompany the attack.

Are leaves of absence detrimental to the morale of soldiers?

Is the bayonet an offensive or defensive weapon?

Should steel helmets be worn at morning mess?

What should be the M. P.'s attitude toward war?

Is love an art? (for overseas soldiers only).

Was Monte Carlo located in the principality of Monaco or in the Infantry School at Langres?

Can the Court Martial of General Vin Blanc be justified?

What would Sergeant Hill do?

Was Sherman right?

"2. All troops are cautioned to be on the alert for gas.

"P. S. What sized contingent should our Brigade send to the 80th Division Reunion to be held in Charleston, W. Va., September 2, 3 and 4, 1922?"

A further report of the banquet will be given in the next issue of SERVICE.

The following is a letter from the mother of one of our buddies who is disabled:

345 W. 32nd St., Indianapolis, Ind.,

March 17, 1922.

To the Blue Ridge Division:

As a member of the Blue Ridge, 80th Division, I will write for my son to his dear comrades.

My son, Joseph K. Smith, served with Company C, 305th Field Signal Battalion, 80th Division. I am very sorry to inform you that he is a patient at the Marrian, Ind., Sanitorium, and has been there since the 9th of April, 1921, suffering with nervous trouble due to gas and shell shock. I think he is getting better as he comes home on a furlough once in a while.

I am very lonely without him, as he is all I have to depend on. I am in my seventieth year and live all alone in our little home. I am sure he has a very warm spot in his heart for all of his comrades, and I assure you that we are a very patriotic family. I am glad my son did all that he could in the service of his country—our great and grand United States of America. I will send my son your letter.

Yours very sincerely,

MARY C. SMITH,

Mother of Joseph K. Smith.

The letter below is from a buddy who served in the Transportation Corps:

St. Marys, Pa., April 8, 1922.

SERVICE MAGAZINE.

Dear Sirs: Your letter and also the receipt for my subscription to SERVICE received today. In regards to the outfit I served with during the war, it is as follows:

I enlisted for railroad service and was placed in Company B, 63rd Engineers at Fort Benj. Harrison, Ind., and sailed for France with this outfit. Upon my arrival in France, I was transferred to the 72nd Company, Transportation Corps, 13th Grand Division, and stayed with this outfit until discharged at Camp Dix, N. J. So you can plainly see I was in no way connected with the 80th Division and am not eligible to join the 80th Division Veterans' Association, but nevertheless, I am a booster and an admirer of the 80th Division.

I remain,

Your friend,

CHAS. A. McQUONE.

426 Spruce St., St. Marys, Pa.

Charles E. Pollard, formerly of Division Headquarters, was elected Commonwealth's Attorney of Petersburg, Va., in the August election last year, in a very warm campaign for the office. He has offices in the Mechanics' Building in Petersburg.

Bruce H. Dimmick, formerly 1st Sergt., 80th Military Police, is now a member of the firm of the Straitz & Dimmick Auto Bus Line of Galetton, Pa.

G. W. Blankenship, who served on special duty with the Finance Office, 80th Division Headquarters, in France, is now the cashier of the Bank of St. Charles, St. Charles, Virginia.

Captain John S. Gibson, M. C., U. S. A., a former member of the Division, is located at 16 W. Madison St., Baltimore, Md., and is taking a special course in the John Hopkins Hospital.

A. H. Schuneman, formerly of C Company, 315th M. G. Bn., who is Assistant Secretary of the Welsh Insurance Agency of Welsh, W. Va., has sent us the March 31st issue of *The Morning Report*, published monthly by McDowell County Post No. 8, The American Legion, of Welsh, W. Va., which is the second largest post in the state. He is chairman of the Entertainment Committee of this live post which has several other 80th men among its members. The post gets out their own *Morning Report* each month with news of all its activities.

CORRECTION FOR YEAR BOOK

Change Wardon S. Donaldson, Pvt. 1 Cl., Co. D., 305th Engineers, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 266, Cherrydale, Pa., to Wardon S. Donaldson, Pvt. 1 Cl., Co. D, 305th Engineers, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 266, Cherrydale, Virginia.

Volume 1, No. 10, July, 1920, issue of SERVICE is needed to complete the files of Carnegie Free Library of Allegheny. Does any one have an extra copy of this issue that they can favor us with to supply the Library? The Carnegie Libraries, U. S. Congressional Library and various other State and Public Libraries have been furnished with complete files of all issues in accordance with their requests and our supply of some numbers is exhausted.

Editor of SERVICE:

The last issue of SERVICE hit the nail on the head. Let's all go to France this summer or some other summer with our elusive bonus money. (No offense is meant toward the Pittsburgh "profiteers.") Judging from what we read you guys neither need nor deserve a bonus.

Shake, buddy, I'm just as sore toward
(Continued on Page 29)

"All Aboard for the S.O.S."

(Continued from Page 8)

of France, and, if tradition held true a bit longer, it would be the last phrase wafted to our ears as we embarked on the America-bound transport. "*Donnez-moi une souvenir!*"—it had welcomed us at Brest and it would doubtless wish us "God speed!"

Five o'clock, and the halt for supper was at an end. Packs were shouldered with surprising celerity and the battalion moved off along the hard, white road, moved off silently and left Stigny in the rear—forever. A backward glance showed the town's visiting population where we had departed from them, a few still waving and shouting now indistinct messages. Standing there, the more industrious already searching for *souvenirs*, with the evening sun descending about them, we had our final vision just as the first turn of the winding road abruptly shut off the picture. "*C'est bien!*"

All had traveled the route before—some, many times—but surely, none with quite the degree of enthusiasm that pervaded and characterized the brisk, jaunty ranks on this occasion. The angle created by the divergence toward Ancy-le-Franc was soon reached, and passed—the abode of Hamilton P. C. no longer possessed attraction for, already, its elements were preparing to trail us. As we attained the summit of the slope and began the descent into the valley, the placid, mirror-like surface of the Burgogne Canal stretched out for many kilometers before us as it paralleled the River Armacon, the sheeny, blue-green water standing out in vivid outline before the lowering twilight. It was a familiar panorama, for often had we looked down upon the scene when hurrying to or from the *gare* at Nuits, bent upon catching the leave-train to Dijon or, thirty-six hours later, as we returned, and its peaceful beauty had never failed to impress itself.

The canal was reached and crossed at Ravieres, where the recently abandoned barracks of the artillery units peeped out at us from the young foliage of the trees, and for a short distance we trod over the tow-path as we passed under the railroad bridge and skirted the mill. Below us, to the left, lay the village wash-house, where untold numbers of O. D. shirts had been paddled and "lavveyed" on its stones by the swift and tireless hands of industrious *madames*.

Little groups of girls idled at intervals along the railings of the raised road traversing the swampy flats of the Armacon, each calling an eager "*Au revoir, mes-sieurs!*" as the route-stepping ranks filed past and gave way to others. It was the hour of *promenade* and strolling civilians stepped aside and paused, interested spectators, and some to offer respectful salute in return for the frequent cry of "Good-

bye, Froggie!" which sprang from the irrepressible members of the column and from the lips of those who had forfeited their canteens with contents for which they were never designed. The Armacon was in flood tide, for the heavy spring rains had swelled its usually sluggish proportions to abnormal volume, and the muddy, turbulent waters rushed by with an angry violence that made the stability of the bridge over which we were crossing increasingly precarious. It was but a natural phenomenon at this period of the year, however, and the natives evinced little alarm.

The end of the seven kilo hike was in sight—straight ahead, the last few hundred yards that separated us from our goal. Nuits-sous-Ravieres and its railhead, were covered. Already, a twinkling light or two flitted about the yards, while long lines of American-built box cars filled the adjacent tracks and bulked darkly against the skyline. The sight elicited grateful murmurs—the first tangible evidence of the fabled luxuries associated with life under the Service of Supplies lay before us. "Side-door Pullmans" they were by comparison with the stuffy, incongruous little boxes labelled "40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux," and invariably filled to official capacity. How often we had tossed and groaned and rolled in these lurching torture-chambers, no one cared to recall.

Thrilled with anticipations of a journey thus promising to start so auspiciously, the battalion filed alongside a string of the "U. S. A." branded cars and halted. "Seventy men to the car!" the order rang out with a startling clarity that completely devastated so recent dreams of space ample for the stretching of arms and limbs. "My Gawd! are they double-decked?" the dismayed exclamation evoked a disgusted laugh, yet the words accurately voiced the prevailing unbelief. "Lead us in and hang us up!" soon followed, but the yawning interior displayed unexpected dimensions and ability to accommodate the requisite allotment as we tramped in over the built-up platform and deployed ourselves to best advantage. A sigh of relief escaped—it was a bit crowded, but a distinct improvement over the "40 Hommes" facilities of French origin, and seventy men could possibly lie down in "close formation," yet the perilous imminence of as many pairs of hobs would certainly necessitate the donning of helmets.

While occupied with the solution of these and sundry other problems, poorly aided by the flickering reflections cast by the stub of a candle long treasured for just such emergencies, the systematic preparations for the night abruptly ceased on the wings of the announcement that a near-by Red Cross canteen was dispensing hot cocoa and cookies. It was doubly cheering news,

for rarely had we come within range of this much-advertised hospitality. A line had already formed and was rapidly passing through the open shed, where several American canteen-workers and a half-dozen soldiers were dealing out the steaming liquid and handfuls of the funny little animal-shaped wafers that were reminiscent of childhood days—here, in France, of all places! As we gulped down the scalding contents of the mess-cup and fell back in line for "seconds," we began to realize just how providentially the "hand-out" had been timed. Verily, "if this be a sample of the S. O. S., then, lead us to it, *toute de suite!*"

Our monotonous, hitherto made-to-order regime had, indeed, undergone a transformation—was, in fact, changing before our very eyes. First, hot chocolate and then, mattresses! Aladdin's Lamp was working practical miracles tonight. Great stacks of baled, tarpaulin-covered straw filled the station-yard and bordered the cars. They were carelessly guarded by a number of loitering French *poilus*, more interested in the proceedings transpiring about them than in their appointed duty. Simultaneously, it appeared, something more than a thousand observant, calculating American *soldats* made the highly edifying discovery that a little caution, mixed with a bit of strategy, accomplished the twin purpose of outwitting the none-too-vigilant sentinels and securing the straw. Occasionally, they were detected, but more fortunate comrades succeeded in obtaining a double supply and once it was safely within the cars it quickly disappeared beneath blankets and shelter-halves and resolved itself into beds fit for conquerors.

Unethical, the sly manœuvre may have been, but it was a Heaven-sent opportunity and where a weary soldier is confronted with a choice between ethics and the stern realities of bunking on a hard, uncomfortable floor, he will invariably adopt the most convenient and practical alternative. Certainly there were no disturbing qualms as we methodically went about the business of stowing away guns and the odds and ends resulting from dismantled packs, preparatory to stretching out and "coucheing." Sleeping *en masse*, while in many respects an excellent and economical arrangement where space is a vital consideration, was a strictly formal affair and entailed endless preliminaries. The straw, however, had simplified matters marvelously.

The night was well advanced—more than five hours had elapsed since our arrival from Stigny and it was now approaching eleven o'clock. The ration-carrying details had stored away their crates of "corned willy," tomatoes and "gold fish" and the doors were closed, for outside the air was

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Morning Report

(Continued from Page 27)

the two legged imitation responsible for that remark as you are—we'll kidnap him and use him for a shield in the next war, but I believe that even a "Jerry" wouldn't care to degrade his gun by shooting such a sorry specimen. If he owns a conscience, it must be either mighty elastic or shrunken to the vanishing joint. You tell 'em some more.

Fraternally,

R. L. S.

STATEMENT

Of the ownership, management, circulation, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE SERVICE MAGAZINE, published monthly at Pittsburgh, Pa., for April, 1922.

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 and says that he is the editor and general manager of THE SERVICE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., 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:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, 80th Division Veterans' Association, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. Editor, Henry R. Curry, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. Managing Editor, Henry R. Curry. Business Managers, Henry R. Curry.

2. That the owners are: None.

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

HENRY R. CURRY, *Mgr.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of April, 1922.

MISS S. E. GREEN.

(My commission expires April 1, 1923.)

"A Letter from France"

(Continued from Page 6)

for use of army transports only; the sending of troops, ammunition and engineer materials. The whole Verdun area was divided into sectors, each under the command of an officer, who was responsible for the whole travel on the road. His duty was to take care of the movement of the trucks, loading and unloading, and up-keep of the road; supervising the men who repaired it day and night without halting the traffic.

Between Bar-le-Duc and Verdun, from the 22nd of February to the 7th of March, the lorries had run over 7,200,000 kilometers, about thirty times the circumference of the earth. During the same days, 22,500 tons of ammunition had been transported and unloaded. In these two weeks of 1916, 790 groups of cars carried 250 battalions—about 190,000 men. They had also carried food, sanitary and engineer materials, wounded men, and even civilians who were obliged to leave Verdun and the villages around the town, which means an additional 2,500 tons and 10,000 men. This transportation was equal to the capacity of fifteen trains running from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun and back each day. In the immediate area around Verdun about 7,200 were lorries, run every day; that is, one every twenty-five seconds, and sometimes this was exceeded.

The sanitary motor group also deserves special mention. At the beginning of the war there were only a small number of such vehicles available. In 1916, each group had 20 cars, carrying 80 to 120 wounded, lying, and 120 to 140 sitting. Their speed was also a factor, and they penetrated as close as possible to the first line. In this connection, I would add that in April, 1917, near St. Quentin I observed an American Sanitary Unit closer to the first lines with their cars than any such unit of any of the armies that were engaged in the conflict, which I had ever seen elsewhere.

One can say with confidence, that nothing was left undone by the Motor Service and its personnel. Weather was no consideration. Rain, snow or cold, did not stop them, nor did the heavy German shell-

(Continued on Page 30)

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2 1/2 x 4 1/4	4c	5c	5x7 or smaller
3 1/2 x 3 1/2	4c	5c	39c
3 1/4 x 4 1/4	4c	5c	6 1/2 x 8 3/8
2 7/8 x 4 7/8	5c	6c	6 x 10
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- Am. Tank in Trap—St. Georges.
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- 600 German Prisoners—St. Georges.
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"A Letter from France"

(Continued from Page 29)

ing. Well they earned the mention in Army Orders and the Croix-de-Guerres that many of them wear. The life of the motor driver was necessarily hard, although it cannot be compared to the life of the infantryman. Nevertheless, it is no easy task to drive over shell-torn roads for thirty-six and sometimes forty-eight hours at a stretch stopping only to eat a piece of bread and cold meat. Some of them did not sleep for a period of over 54 hours, and many were unexperienced as drivers before the war. The battle of Verdun proved their gallantry and further proved that all supplies could be transported by automobile better than by rail when the shelling was too heavy and continuous.

A German Doctor named Ost has written that Germany alone could do all things well, but the author believes that France and America has proved their capability to do all things even better.

My next letters will be about the Artillery, Machine Gunners, Pioneers, Airplane, Runners, etc., and let me say in conclusion a word of greeting to my beloved comrades of the "Always Forward" 80th.

Yours in comradeship,

LT. HENRY PEGHAIR,
L'Arme Republic Francaise.

"All Aboard for the S. O. S."

(Continued from Page 28)

growing chilly. We lay luxuriously, idly wondering just how much more "red tape" would have to be unwound before we could start. Already, the increasing chorus of resonant, unlady-like snores indicated that the army's multiple worries were ceasing to worry many of its members.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, we felt ourselves moving, slipping away into the night on the wings of the "S. O. S." We were on our way—but few knew where. Obviously, the guy who had facetiously interpreted the three symbols to denote the "Same Old Stuff" would have to alter his sophisticated definition—for once, at least, we were getting "Service," and it was reasonable to assume that "Supplies" might be waiting at our destination.

A sarcastic male voice, recognized as that of the company "joy-killer," rudely blasted our rising optimism.

"Steak and French-fried for breakfast, boys; call me at Brest." He laughed and ducked a hastily thrown shoe as someone from the other end of the car sternly retorted:

"Aw, shut up and go to hell, Bill, or we'll put ye off!"

RUSSELL L. STULTZ,

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

New Market, Va.,

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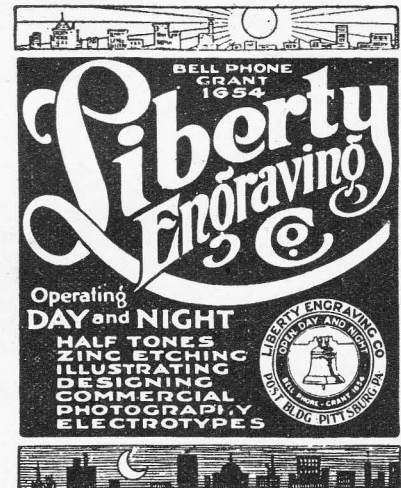
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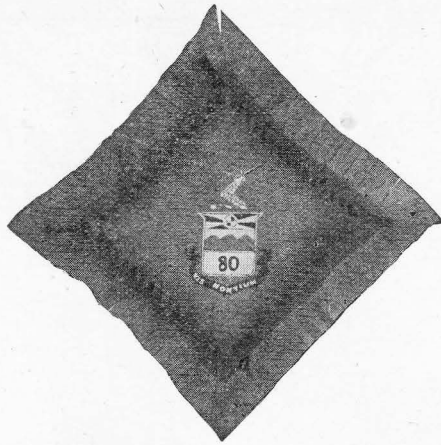
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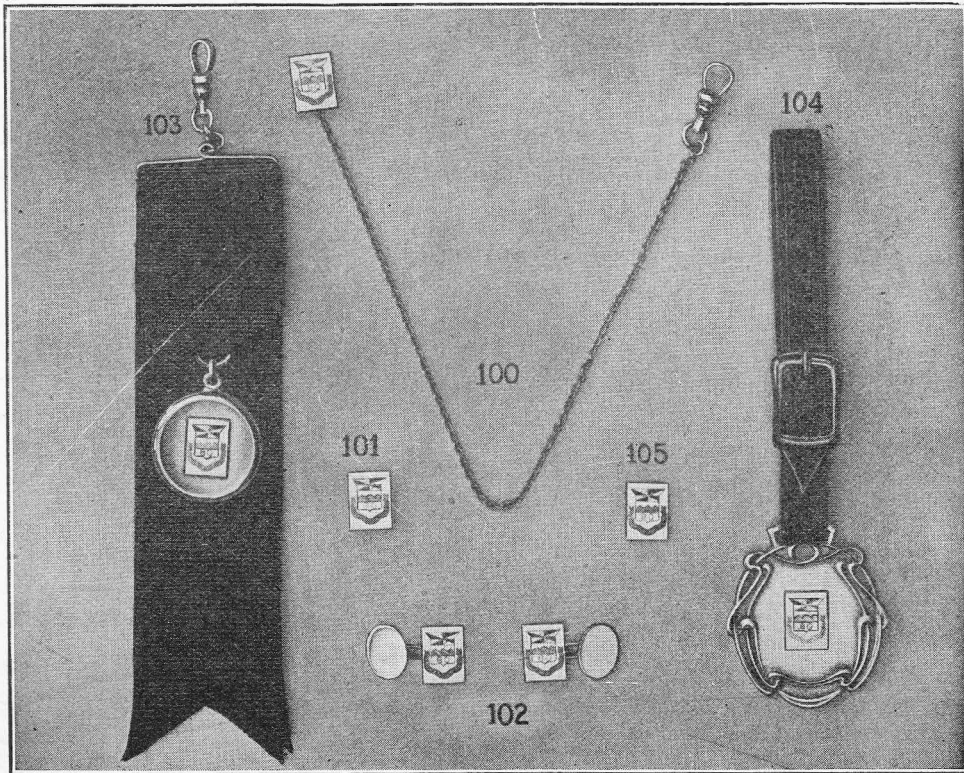
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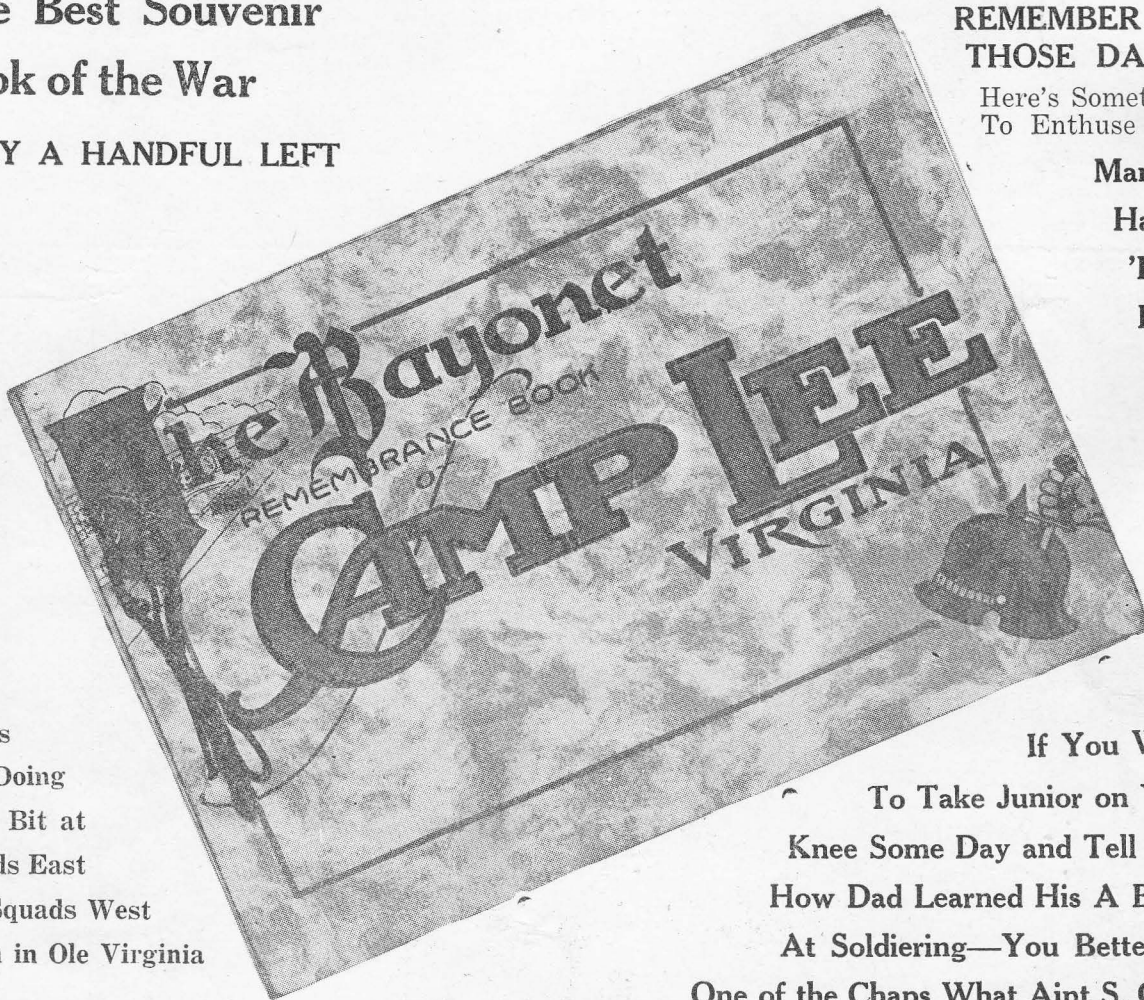
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