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"Merry Christmas"



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their meager stores to add Christmas cheer to a
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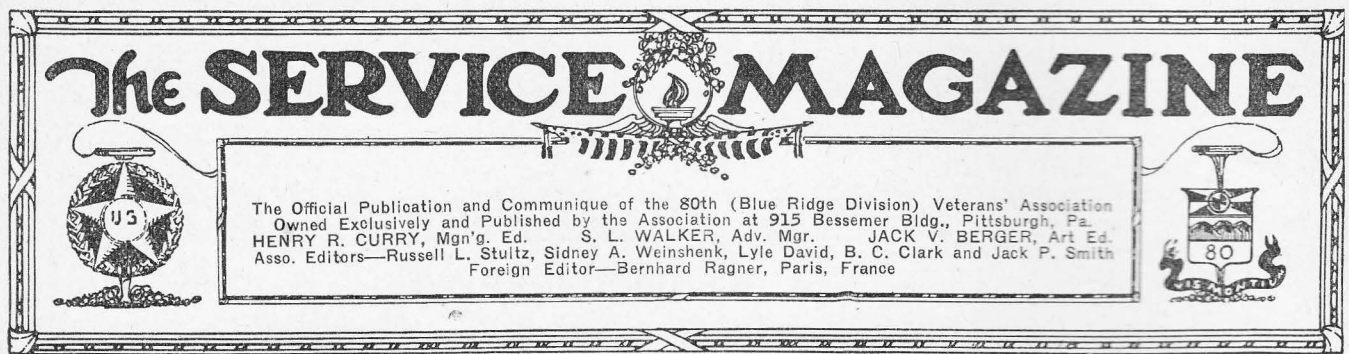
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THE 80th DIVISION "ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD"

The Strategic Moment

By Fay A. Davis

IT WAS noontime in a Y. M. C. A. lodging house in Dijon. A French calendar above an improvised fireplace portrayed the first day of spring, but in spite of this, the bleak, biting March winds made the cumbersome army o'coat feel quite comfortable. However, its comfortableness fulfilled only one of a two-fold purpose. Its real popularity was to be attributed to its indispensability to the soldier in carrying around the ream of paper that constituted his pass, for the war was over now, and furloughs were in vogue.

A long, irregular line of cheerful, laughing soldiers, representing possibly every division in the A. E. F., stretched to the lunch counter, where you were expected to pay a pittance (franc or franc and a half) for the food you ate, it being canteen service. Those who couldn't pay, of course, could eat for nothing, but this fact wasn't generally advertised for reasons that were obvious.

Presently, a soldier, who had been dozing in an easy chair in front of the open fireplace, was seen to elbow his way in at the head of the line, and in doing so, got into a heated argument with the soldier nearest him. A glance at the insignia on his coat sleeve showed that he was a member of the () Company of the () Division.

The "Y" girl in charge of the canteen was an exceptionally pleasant girl and always treated the boys royally. Sizing up the awkward situation at a glance, and no doubt, surmising that the intruder had been imbibing too freely, she attempted to smooth out the altercation by passing some jocular remark.

The boisterous one retaliated with an insulting remark, and when the fellow in back of him remonstrated with him about it, the argument got warmer and began to take on the aspect of a fight.

Wishing to prevent this, the "Y" girl decided to ignore him entirely. She went

about her work as though nothing had happened, passing out loaded trays to the soldiers, who had but a few paces to go to the cashier's table where they paid for it.

The unpopular member slouched on the

direction of a big, husky westerner from the () Division. "This cheese just come across the pond." "Somebody tell him the war's all over so he can go back to his mama." "The war's over!" "We won the war for them!" "The () Division won the war!"

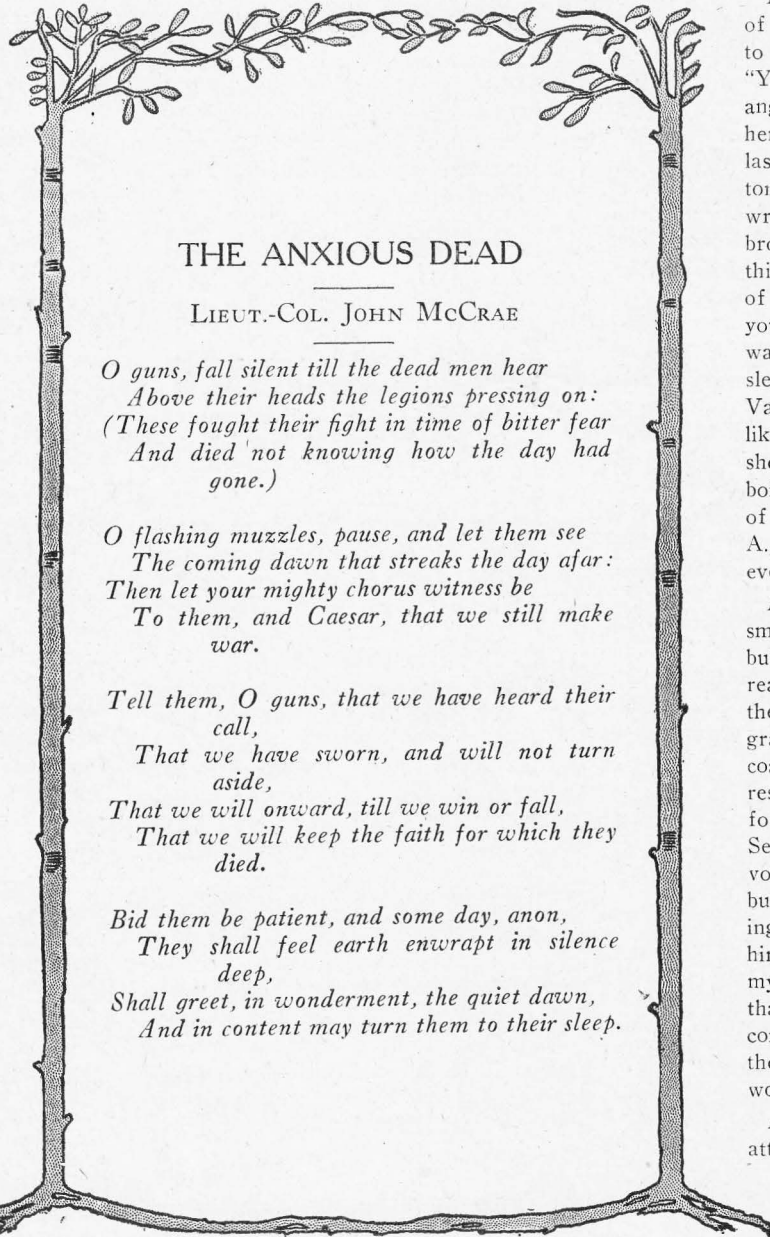
Needless to say, this brand of chatter was very distasteful to every one present, and the "Y" girl blushed red as an angry turkey-gobbler. Laying her hand on his shoulder, as a last resort, she said in a quiet tone of voice, "You're all wrong, my young man." "Two brothers of mine were in the thick of the fighting, and both of them are 'drafted hicks' as you call them. One of them was an ambulance driver who sleeps now on the hillside at Varennes—he didn't come back like you." Disregarding what she had said to shame him, the boisterous one let fly a volley of insults about the Y. M. C. A., and S. O. S. soldiers, and everything in general.

At this juncture, a soldier, small of stature and stockily built, stepped out from the rear of the line, approached the scene, and, quick as a flash, grabbed the roughneck by the coat collar. With very little resistance, he escorted him forcibly from the building. Several of the fellows close by volunteered their assistance, but he waved them aside saying, "No fellows, I'll attend to him." "That 'Y' girl there is my sister, and this is more than I can stand even from a comrade." "No member of the Division to which I belong would stand for it."

A French lieutenant, whose attention was attracted to the scene by the rumpus, and who displayed an instant admiration for the little fellow's spunk, walked

over to where a group of American soldiers were standing, and inquired of one of them, to what division the little fellow belonged.

"Le quatre-vintieme, Monsieur," replied the soldier, saluting the officer courteously.



THE ANXIOUS DEAD

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

*O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on:
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
And died 'not knowing how the day had
gone.)*

*O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the day afar:
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make
war.*

*Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their
call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn
aside,
That we will onward, till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they
died.*

*Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence
deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.*

counter, until he spied a member of his division in the act of paying for his order.

"Don't pay nothin' for that chow there, comrade," he hollered.

"Let these drafted hicks pay for our eats," pointing over his shoulder simultaneously with a twitch of his thumb, in

Wins Honors

80th Chaplain, in Spite of War Handicap, Wins Honors and is Now D.D., LL.D.—Rev. Theodore Beck—Who Served Over Seas With 320th Inf. Recently Graduated from Dickinson School of Law, Carlisle, Pa., Some Comments on the U. S. Veterans' Bureau



HE REV. THEODORE BECK, pastor of the East End Baptist Church, whose career in France with the American Expeditionary Forces, won him the title of "The Fighting Parson," has just finished a three-year demonstration that he still has lots of fight left in him, and that, despite the numerous physical handicaps which he suffered as the result of being wounded and gassed in the war, he is still capable of overcoming obstacles and hindrances which would dishearten many a younger and stronger man.

The Rev. Mr. Beck's latest battle was in the class room at the Dickinson School of Law, Carlisle. He attained his objective Tuesday, June 6, when he graduated as a bachelor of law.

Mr. Beck took his course under the vocational training plan of rehabilitating disabled World war veterans. He was placed in Dickinson by the government, under the bureau which is now succeeded by the Veterans' bureau. Five members of the class of fifty-seven graduating this year were taking their course under government auspices.

Three Years' Hard Work.

To complete this course with the rest of the class and also attend to his duties as pastor of the local church, Mr. Beck had to watch train schedules pretty closely and put in three years of solid work.

Each Friday afternoon he left Carlisle for Williamsport, in order to spend his week-ends here. Saturdays were spent in preparation for his sermons on the following day and in other pastoral duties. There were times when it was necessary for him to return to the city during the week for funerals or oratorical occasions.

Instead of enjoying a rest after his Sunday labors, Mr. Beck boarded a train at 3 a. m. Monday and returned to the college. He usually got there just in time to join a class. All class work which he missed had to be made up, adding to the burden of labor which he was carrying.

A reporter, who called on Mr. Beck, asked him if he felt that a man his age was better fitted to study law than a younger man. He stated that he was not qualified to make any comparison of this sort, basing his opinion upon his own experience, as his was an unusual case, because of the odds against him.

His Physical Handicaps.

As a result of his war experiences he has the use of but one eye, his hearing is impaired, he suffers from a throat affection as the result of being gassed, has a disability of one elbow and one foot and internal troubles.

Mr. Beck states that since he has been wounded he has not once been without pain of some kind. He says that he feels it has been better for him to be so busy throughout the past three years, as it kept his mind off his condition, giving him no time to sit around and worry.

During his course at Carlisle it was necessary for him to have daily medical attention, and he frequently required the services of a physician. He said that the government looked after him very well, and that when the services of an expert were needed they were obtained.

His physical disabilities hampered him in his studies, necessitating that he apply himself very closely to his studies in order to keep up with the class. He graduated with a very good rating, however.

He was historian of his class and was also treasurer of the Travelers club, a Dickinson fraternity made up of students who are members of the Masonic order.

Mr. Beck is now qualified to practice law in the courts of the county, as soon as he goes through the formality of admission to the bar. In three weeks he is to take examination for admission to the practice of law before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

It is his intention to engage in the practice of law in this city, where he has been a resident since 1908, two years after his graduation from Crozier Theological Seminary.

He will retain his pastoral connection with the East End Baptist Church. In conversation with the reporter Mr. Beck declared that he believes his training in both the law and the ministry will serve him in very good stead, one profession aiding him in the other.

He says that he believes every man in public life should have a course in the fundamental principals of the law, knowing from his own experience that such knowledge would often have been of service to him, in his ministry and during the time that he was a member of the poor board of the city.

A minister is a public man and in his work is frequently confronted with legal questions, both in regard to his own congregation, his denomination, and in inter-denominational relations, Mr. Beck declared.

Must Have Operation.

Mr. Beck's immediate plans have not yet been decided upon, as he must enter a hospital this summer for a serious operation to correct a condition arising from his war experiences. This will necessitate his being bedfast for several weeks. He says that this is the only "rest" period he can look forward to. Within the past four years he has submitted to a number of operations, some of which were performed during his law course.

A high tribute to the Veterans' bureau, which has charge of the government's activities in behalf of the ex-service men, is paid by Mr. Beck. He has had experiences with the bureau and the other boards which preceded it, ever since he was discharged from the army and he states that from his personal experience and from his knowledge of those of other disabled men, he feels that the bureau is doing the very best it can to give the proper attention to every case coming before it.

Has Heavy Task.

The bureau has a task which is without precedent. It must deal with each case as something new. Some mistakes have been made, but this is always true of every human institution. Mr. Beck declares "red-tape," so strenuously objected to by many, is an absolute necessity in any government activity, he says.

His own experiences with the bureau have been very satisfactory. The men placed in Dickinson for vocational training received the best attention they could ask, he said. He declares that he never knew of any grounds for just criticism of the bureau.

Mr. Beck is chaplin of Howard Kahler Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. He is a veteran of both the Spanish-American war and the World war. In the former he was a private and in the latter a chaplin with first lieutenant's rank. He served with the Three Hundred and Twentieth infantry and was in the front lines four times. He is forty-four years old and has two children, a boy and girl, the former a student in the junior class at the high school.

Soldiers Three

Three Soldier Poets of Service—A Friendly Appreciation

By Lyle David



ERVICE magazine is developing a group of writers and poets that from the beauty and quality of their verse will be heard from within the next few years.

Writers like Henry R. Curry, W. C. Vandewater, C. E. Grundish, John T. Ackerson, and B. C. Clark, are a group of younger poets whose verse and poems have played an important part in making SERVICE one of the highest class soldier magazines in America, and imparted to its pages, a poetic beauty and depth of feeling and sincerity that any magazine may well be proud of.

In this brief appreciation and friendly criticism of the work of the first three named above, it is exceedingly difficult for the writer to standardize, or base any final judgment upon their poetry, for the simple reason that their work has not been voluminous enough for one to weigh it at its true artistic value, and what may be true at this writing would undoubtedly suffer the fate of all snap judgments a few years hence, due to the fact that their artistic development is constantly going forward and none of them have reached as yet the full measure of their poetic power.

This is especially true of C. C. Vermeule, whose work has been so meagre that it is impossible to pass any opinion on it, as the one poem, "City Hall Park," is his only contribution to SERVICE. But this poem possessed so much poetic imagination and promise that I am glad to mention the same in this article. What heights these writers will reach only time will tell, and at this period we can only attempt to show the trend of their art and the influences that has shaped their artistic development.

There is an old saying that a man's life is never complete until he has passed through: Love, Poetry and War. If this is true, then who can say that these men have not attained to the full glory of life in the "lifetime" that was passed in the two short years of that "Melting Pot"—the trenches of France.

WILLIAM C. VANDEWATER

Mr. Vandewater's verse is strong and virile, intense in feeling, fearless and vigorous in treatment.

In this writer's verse there is no arrangement of pretty words and delicate sounding phrases. Mr. Vandewater's muse is wrought from a sterner school, from the blood and iron, the foam and fury, the crushed ideals and human miseries of war. It is therefore natural that his poems are almost entirely free from any

weak insipid sentimentalisms and hypersensitive feminisms, that is the godhead of so many of our younger poets.

The theme that seems to have a haunting and morbid attraction for this poet, is the one of death. Ever the ending of his poems speak of this thing that sooner or later must be the fate of us all. Sometimes the tone is sad and sorrowful, at

of true poetry, but none can find fault with the deep passion that inspired these lines:

*"A craven coward of Italian name;
A dreamer who could not play out the
game
A criminal maniac."*

There is a loyal pride in the following lines in speaking of the soldiers:

*"Who gave their all with their expiring
breath
And marched and fought among the
Aulthum trees."*

The last line is the one note of music in the entire poem that given a certain fragrance to it all and it ends with the almost sophomoric passage, yet written with deep and tender feeling:

*"My men were brave and true;
And laughed and joked in the grim jaws
of death."*

In "South of Arras," he once again sings of Death. This poem is lyrical and tender, vivid in imagination, thoughtful and sympathetic in treatment. To those few critics who claim that his verse is harsh and unmusical I beg to submit the last lines of "South of Arras:"

*"The winds blow soft in the wheat fields,
And toy with the ripening grain;
The meadows sparkle and glisten
After the summer rain.
The poppies glow with splendor
'Neath the blue sky overhead
And six miles back his face in the mud,
An Englishman lies dead."*

Mr. Vandewater is a true poet and one that will be heard from favorably in the years to come. At present most of his poems deal directly or indirectly with war. His future work will, of course, be more varied and universal in theme, as the memory of 1917-18 recedes into the distant past. When he sings again of the more peaceful and common things of life he will certainly earn for himself an enviable place in the literary world. The "Guns," "Boots" and "Reveille," which appeared in various numbers of SERVICE are excellent examples of Mr. Vandewater's verse.

HENRY R. CURRY

When one reads the musical and back to nature poems of Henry Curry, he is at once reminded in a dreamy delicious sort of a way of that beloved Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, whose death so saddened us a few years ago.

CHRISTMAS DAY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

By HENRY R. CURRY

I'd like to know just what to say,
Not Christmas time, but every day,
And what's the proper thing to do
For every one I ever knew.
Not in this cold, half-hearted way,
We sometimes insincerely play,
But serving every man so good
He'd know I'd done the best I could.

If hearts were worn with inside out,
'T would sometimes shame us 'thout
a doubt,
For honeyed words we might relate,
Our hearts would tell them of our
hate,
Or cold indifference would belie
The heart's true unmistakable sigh.
We'd kind of live our lives at par,
And be judged for what we are.

I'd like to know just what to say—
Not Christmas time, but every day;
Just how to fill my earthly part,
And still not dim another's art,
Nor covet of his wealth or pay
As is the custom and our way,
But wish him health and wealth and
cheer
And Christmas day throughout the
year.

other times it becomes bitter and ironical, but always is there the just pride of the true soldier who has not forgotten the simple faith and high ideals that America carried into the war; nor shut his eyes to the rich heritage of his American birth.

In his poem in the January issue of SERVICE—on reading Three Soldiers he becomes bitterly contemptuous of the much lauded and also much abused author of this book. Not so much I believe that he disagreed with the author's arraignment of war and all its disease, filth and beastliness; but that Don Passo had spoken scurrilously of the courage, the devotion, the high and unselfish ideals of the composite American soldier—his buddy.

I admit that angry recriminations and invectives does not belong in the making

Soldiers Three

Henry Curry has all the simple faith and kindly love of the plain and common things of life, and sings in the same homely dialect verse that so endeared Riley to the common people of this country.

In one of Mr. Curry's best dialect poems, notably the one entitled: "If We Wuz Jest a Willin'," he suffers little in comparison with even this great poet. In fact Riley would have been proud to acknowledge it as his own and even Riley himself could hardly have improved upon the humanism and philosophy of these lines, taken from "The Fellow They Call You:"

*"There's a field of budding roses
Blooming here for you an' me,
Right beneath our very noses
If we jes' look 'round and see.
An' we sometimes scratch our fingers
Grabbing like we often do,
Yet the fragrance ever lingers,
If our hearts jes' want it to."*

Like Vandewater, Henry Curry found that the memory of those mad days over there, and the financial greediness and ingratitude that every soldier experienced upon returning home from France, had sobered and saddened the Muse that had been so carefree and joyous in the old happy days before the war.

But the muse in "Arms" sounds deeper depths of human misery and suffering, purifies and elevates the thought of the poet, to heights of poetical beauty that the peaceful muse can never hope to attain. It is doubtful if Mr. Curry could ever have written such a powerful poem as the "Replica" if he himself had not fought and lived through the hell of the Argonne.

This verse taken from the "Replica" which to my mind is his finest poem, shows clearly the depth of feeling and poetical fancy of this writer:

*"In blood washed valleys where the soldier
fell,
Sounds no monster with its warning knell;
No clatter of man's instruments of death,
For God has cooled them with his peaceful
breath
That there shall be no disturbing sound,
Where these, our sleeping sons abound."*

The line "For God hath cooled them with his peaceful breath," is a fanciful and beautiful thought, none but the hand of the true craftsman could have expressed such a thought so tenderly.

Mr. Curry to the best of my knowledge, has never written a line of poetry with a desire for any material gain. It is doubtful whether he ever attempted to market any of his verse in the numerous literary magazines in this country, and that they would have welcomed work of such high quality is almost a foregone conclusion.

But Mr. Curry seems to be one of those rare souls who sing because they must and

find their greatest reward in the pure joy of the song and the pleasure it gives to others, rather than in the bartering of such a gift for what it may bring in mere dollars and cents.

"The Deserted Farm," "The Parent," "The Right to Happiness," "Our Unknown Buddy," "A Field of Crosses," and "The Fellow They Call You," are five examples of Mr. Curry's work; both in the Hoosier dialect and otherwise. His verse is eminent because of a human tenderness and a frank optimistic faith in mankind that despite the sobering influences of the war (and the shattering of many illusions that came after the armistice) is still a seemingly imperishable part of his nature. The lilt and musical cadence of his back to nature poems and the friendliness and common sense philosophy that is an integral part of them all has endeared Mr. Curry's verse to a host of readers which is rapidly growing larger every month wherever SERVICE is read and enjoyed.

What the future holds for Henry Curry is all too evident to any reader of his verse that has attempted to analyze its appeal. Right now he is one of the few distinctive American poets that are truly representative of this country. His verse is singularly free from all affectation and artificialities. He makes no attempt to appear profound or mystical. The simple common things of life, the homely joys, the pleasures and sorrows of the plain people of the land of his birth are the themes that attract him most, and he sings of the struggles and dreams the hopes and aspirations of mankind with a sympathy and understanding, a depth of feeling and sincerity that marks him as the true successor of our beloved Whitcomb Riley, as the poet of the people.

C. E. GRUNDISH

Where Henry Curry's muse is homely, filled with the joyous laughter of country folks, the hills and streams, the wide sweep of the prairies and the smell of new mown hay. Where Wm. Vandewater's verse is clashing and roaring with the loud alarms of war, or saddened and sorrowful with the unfathomable mystery of death; C. E. Grundish's poems—or rather the brief sketches of life that he whimsically calls "Shrapnel"—are sharp, clean cut photographs of men and women, of their loves, hopes, passions; lusts, miseries and sorrows, and written more with the naked lance of the surgeon, than the gentle pen of the poet.

For Mr. Grundish is disillusioned. He views life with the eye of a Strindberg or a Shaw, rather than with the dreaming blindness of a "God's in His Heaven," "All's Right With The World," Browning ideal.

He refuses to close his eyes or his mind to the lust and beastliness of the *man* unmasked; and dissects the shams and hypoc-

risy of society, with the keen edged sword of the realist, poet and critic; of which kind there are all too few in these days.

Take this illuminating bit of satire, directed against our haughty kings of finance:

*"The bankers,
Big bellied
and lousy with gold,
sweep through the city's avenues
in limousines,
rich and luxuriant,
and says
the nation can't afford to pay
a soldier's bonus."*

To Mr. Grundish the muse has lost forever the curls from her hair, and like Sassoon, he is non-conformist and militant. Not for this poet the beaten path, the worshipping of false gods, the bowing down to old and tottering idols. He took the New Freedom literally. The bitter disappointment and shattered ideals that came so soon after the armistice left him as it left us all, only some of us lacked the courage to give expression to our real feelings. But where many are silent, the voice of the one sounds all the clearer. In the same poem from which we have already quoted, we find this portrait:

*"In the skyscraper's gutter shadows
I glimpse youngsters
From A. E. F. days forgotten
Recklessly waiting for dawn
And some coffee and beans and a job.
Even the Big God likes jokes."*

Yet not all of Mr. Grundish's verse is in this satirical vein. In some of his "fragments"—for fragments is all that he has ever written for SERVICE MAGAZINE, a rich promise of the still richer beauty that is to come—in some of these brief sketches he sings as tenderly and with the deep feeling and sincerity that is a part of all true artists. These lines speak for themselves:

*"Because those who have returned,
From the red popped fields of death
See—
Greener color in the grass
Deeper blue in the sky
A crushed blossom in the painted girl of
the street
A madonna in the dago mother
Gladness in all things."*

And then the mystical witchery of these three lines:

*"Lost in the city's confusing noises
Are the footsteps of a Buddie
Starting his last hike."*

Mr. Grundish's work is well worth the reading. Whether we agree with him or not, there is a magic in his verse, and the microscopical portraits of life that awaken and startle the reader with the intense realism of this writer. The fierce passions, the hopeless longings and wanderlust that

(Continued on Page 22)

Armistice Day In Bermuda

By Captain S. C. Hicks

Formerly 319th Inf. M. G. Co.



HOLIDAY made a real holiday by practically every shop keeper closing his establishment. An official observance of the day by the carrying out of the King's request that all British subjects keep a two minutes silence at 11 A. M., throughout the empire.

At ten-thirty guards of honor arrived at the War Memorial site, which had been covered with wreaths of flowers. These guards were details from the royal navy the army and the volunteers. In groups were the families of those who had died for their country. The governor and staff, officers of the navy, army and volunteer forces, members of the house of assembly, the Bermuda War Veterans' Association and a large crowd of patriotically inclined. The Governor, on his arrival, was given a Royal salute after which he placed a beautiful wreath on the cornerstone which had been laid by the Prince of Wales.

At eleven o'clock all troops were resting on Arms reversed for the two minutes silence which began as the clock struck and a canon fired one round. The silence of the desert was on the spot—not a sound—all traffic stopped and we paid in this way, a tribute to our comrades, relatives and friends as the case might be—a bugle sounded—troops were brought to attention and the regimental band played a hymn. Nearly every one present joined in singing this and the final of the ceremony the National anthem.

The Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps have a monument erected to the memory of the men of the contingent who went over from that body and gave their lives so that England might live. After the ceremony at the War Memorial the B. V. R. C. marched to this monument and had a brief service.

The afternoon was given up to football games, athletic sports and a bazaar at the Bermuda Athletic Association grounds.

The evening was the veterans own. The Bermuda War Veterans' Association is unique in a way as not only are all Bermuda men who served with the colors during the war eligible for membership but all men who served in the allied forces and are now residents of Bermuda whether British subjects or not are also eligible and made to feel the spirit of real comradeship that exists in this organization. Armistice day is the occasion of an annual reception and dinner. This year there were 112 present—England, Newfoundland, Canada, Australia and the United States were represented. It was a real gathering of ex-service men. You of the 80th know what that means—getting

the old bunch together and talking over the old army and navy days. The dinner was a regular meal with smokes and beer. Army songs were sung with the regimental band accompanying. A few stirring speeches were made by the new Governor. General Sir J. J. Asser and Admiral Sir W. Packenham, Commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic and West Indies station, who was given the U. S. D. C. O. at Washington last summer.

Some may ask, where is Bermuda and what kind of a place is it? Well its 600 miles east of Cape Hatteras, about 700 southeast of New York and 800 from the West Indies. Many think it is a part of the latter group, but it is a long way from them.

There are about 365 islands so they say, but the larger ones, five in number, are so joined by causeways and small bridges that one is apt to regard them as one island. The total area is only 20 square miles and from one end to the other the distance is about 22 miles. The population is about 21,000.

One feature that surprises the visitor is the number of hills. They are not high, but there is hardly any level land. The scenery, wonderful color of water, the sunsets, the flowers are subjects for poets and painters to handle. And Bermuda is a favorite place for people with those talents. The fine roads built of broken coral are ideal for bicycling and driving. The beaches are the cleanest that one can find and the sand is very, very fine—near the water one can cycle or ride. The water is quite bouyant and bathing is indulged in the year round. Bermuda is getting to be a land of sport. Tennis perhaps has the lead, with golf a close second, there being four links on the island, there are always cricket, football, baseball and hockey matches being played on the afternoon of the half holiday and on regular holidays there is usually a horse race. There are two swimming pools connected with the hotels. The newest one having acquired fame as the pool where some worlds records were made by a group of American girl swimmers. There are several rifle matches held during the year and there is always a special competition for veterans.

Among the interesting things to be seen are the fine caves, not as vast as those in the Shenandoah valley, but of greater beauty. In one a lake is crossed by a pontoon bridge to a fairy city of crystal and pink rock—this cavern was the scene of a part of the film "Neptune's Daughter." Another trip is the one to the sea gardens where one can look through the glass bottom of a row boat and see the

many wonderful things at the bottom of the ocean. There is something of interest almost anywhere one can go. The peculiar farming methods—nearly all hand work. The sawing of coral stone in the many quarries throughout the island; this material is used for the walls and roofs of the houses. There are only a few farm houses here.

The many tropical plants and trees are always a great attraction to the tourist from the north. All the year round there is some flower or bush in bloom as the thermometer rarely goes below 50°. In the spring the island is really at its best, when the oleanders and the lilies are in bloom.

The island was discovered in 1575 by Juan Bermudez, a Spaniard. But the history really begins when the English ship *Sea Venture* was wrecked on the shore as she was sailing to the Virginia Colony at Jamestown, in 1699. For many years the history of Bermuda and Virginia was much the same. Same type of English people, same crops, etc., and today the same family names will be found in both places.

Today Bermuda is connected with the United States by two Steamship lines, one furnishing two steamers a week; with Canada by three lines and several direct freighters to England; also two lines running to the West Indies. During the winter several of the steamers making a specialty of winter cruises make Bermuda one of their stopping places. During the year 1921 about 17,000 tourists visited the islands, an increase of about 5,000 over 1920.

LITER—CHURE

It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight;
The sun was shining brightly,
And it rained all day that night.

It was a summer's day in winter,
The raining was snowing fast;
A barefoot boy with shoes on,
Stood sitting in the grass.

It was evening and the rising sun,
Was setting in the west;
The little fishes in the trees,
Were cuddled in their nests.

While the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir;
While the sexton rang the dishrag,
Someone set the church on fire.

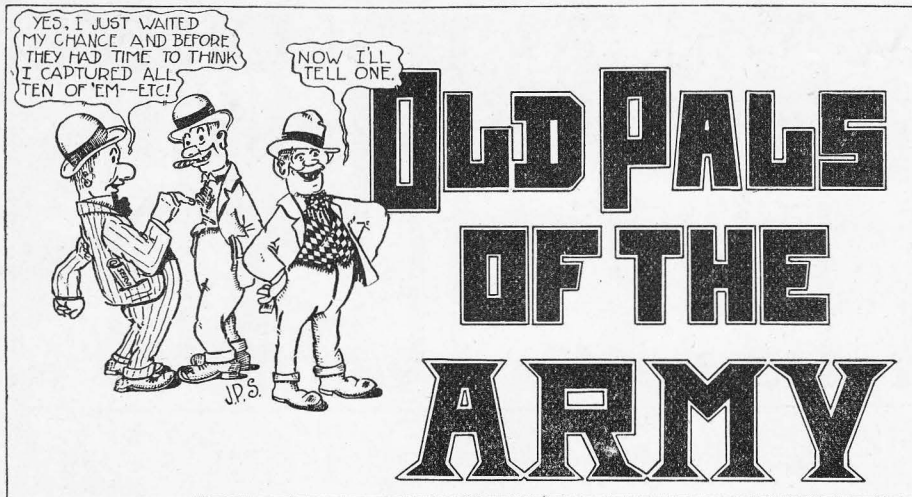
"Holy Smoke" the parson shouted,
And in the rain he lost his hair;
Now his head resembles Heaven,
For there is no parting there.

Roster of New York Ass'n of Officers 80th Division Veterans Ass'n.

(Continued from Sept. Issue)

- Lieut. Dugro, Chas. H. Savoy Hotel, New York City. 317 Inf.
- Lieut. de Bevoise, C. R., 185 So. Orange Ave., So. Orange, N. J. Base Hosp. Camp Lee.
- Capt. DeBeque, Carbondale, Colo. 315 MGB.
- Maj. Dobie, A. M., care University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia Div. Hdqrs.
- Maj. Dorian, John S., M. C., 184 Joralemon, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Lieut. Dekle, John C., 304 No. F. St., Tampa, Fla. 319 Inf.
- Driscoll, John, A., (Song Leader), 129 W. 81st St., New York City. Div. Hdqrs.
- Capt. Everett, Chas. F., 5 Nassau St., New York City. 305 FSB.
- Capt. Elton, Reuel W., 32 Union Sq., New York City. 318 Inf.
- Capt. Erff, Geo., 251 Central Ave., Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. 318 Inf.
- Lieut. Ellison, Jr., J. S., 1629 Poplar St., Philadelphia, Pa. 315 MGB.
- Lieut. Eneix, L. C., Box 115, Morgantown, W. Va. 315 Inf.
- Lieut. Early, Stephen T., care Asso. Press, Washington, D. C. 31 Inf.
- Capt. Egan, Gerald, 8 Eighth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 319 Inf.
- Maj. Eager, J. Howard, Bankers Trust Co., New York City. 314 FA.
- Lieut. Easton, M. D., Arcola, N. J.
- Maj. Fortesque, Granville, Players Club, Gramercy Pk., New York City. 314 FA.
- Lieut. Fullerton, Donald B., 520 W. 7th St., Plainfield, N. J. 313 FA.
- Lieut. Ferguson, John W., Jr., 421 12th Ave., Patterson, N. J. 314 FA.
- Lieut. Forst, Daniel P., 216 W. State St., Trenton, N. J. 314 FA.
- Maj. Gen. Farnsworth, Chas. S., Ch. of Inf., U. S. A., War Dept., Washington, D. C. 159 Brigade.
- Lieut. Col. Foreman, Albert W., R. 264 War Plans Div. Gen. Staff, Washington, D. C. Div. Hdqrs.
- Capt. Farrow, J. W., M. C., Dover, N. J.
- Capt. Gard, Walter E., Clark Pl., Orange, N. J. 313 FA. and Div. Hdqrs.
- Capt. Gardner, John B., 66 Mulford Ave., Newark, N. J. 305 MST.
- Maj. Guernsey, Otis L., 40 Rector St., New York City. 315 FA.
- Capt. Geenan, C. W., Palisade, N. J. 305 Am. Tr.
- Capt. Geary, Donald D., 4 E. 49th St., New York City. 313 FA.
- Capt. Gilpin, D. N., care Gilpin Landing & Co., Baltimore, Md. 315 FA.
- Capt. Gartner, Allan, care Treas. Dept., Income Dept., Washington, D. C. 305 M. P.
- Lieut. Gartner, Carl K., Washington, D. C. 305 M. P.
- Lieut. Col. Gordon, Erskine, 3013 Q St., Washington, D. C. 319 Inf.
- Maj. Grunow, W. R., 125 E. 91st St., New York City. 305 Engr.
- Capt. George, H. H., 646 Public Service Bldg., Newark, N. J. 305 Engr.
- Maj. Garretson, L. B., 232 Broadway, New York City. 315 MGB.
- Lieut. Green, Edw. B., 25 Bellevue Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J. 315 MGB.
- Lieut. Guaraglia, James B., 40 Wall St., New York City. 305 Tr. Mr.
- Capt. Goldsmith, Clarence E., 553 Prospect St., Maplewood, N. J. 318 Inf.
- Capt. Gilmore, H. F., 155 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 320 Inf.
- Capt. Hamilton, Minard, Hopewell, Va. 320 MGB.
- Col. Haight, C. Sidney, U. S. A. Camp Knox, Kentucky. Depot Brigade.
- Lieut. Howell, J. B., 32 Morris Ave., Boonton, N. J. 305 Am. Tr.
- Lieut. Hand, Donald, Keyport, N. J. 314 MGB.
- Lieut. Halloway, H. P., Upper Montclair Ave., Montclair, N. J. 155 Hdqrs.
- Maj. Harrison, John D., 3 W. 8th St., New York City. 317 Inf.
- Lieut. Harrison, Letcher, care F. A. Panderlip, 115 Broadway, New York City. 313 FA. and Div. Hdqrs.
- Lieut. Hopkins, Harold, Leonia, N. J.
- Lieut. Hardy, Whitfield D., Linden Ave., Englewood, N. J. 315 MGB.
- Lieut. Harrison, H. C., Jr., Fort Sill, Okla. 315 FA.
- Lieut. Hallowell, Percival, 7th Ave., Conshohocken, Pa. 315 MGB.
- Lieut. Hopkins, Steven B., care Hopkins & Bros., 82 Beaver St., New York City. 319 Inf.
- Lieut. Hodson, Geo., 26 Cortland St., New York City. 319 Inf.
- Lieut. Hoxsey, T. F., 235 Summer St., Patterson, N. J. 314 FA.
- Lieut. Hickman, Fred. 319 Inf.
- Capt. Hicks, S. C., Upaway, Pagat, E. Bermuda. 319 Inf.
- Capt. Hill, E. D., Wagoayanda Farms, Andover, N. J. 315 MGB.
- Lieut. Huddelson, R. B., 247 Pelhamdale Ave., Pelham Heights, N. Y. 318 Inf.
- Lieut. Hall, Robt. M., 401 W. 152nd St., New York City. 314 MGB.
- Capt. Hart, Edw. H., 190 Broadway, New York City. 318 Inf.
- Lieut. Hogan, R. C., 16 Wall St., New York City. 159 Brigade Hdqrs.
- Capt. Hughes, Henry H., care Columbia University, New York City. 318 San. Tr.
- Lieut. Holtzclaw, T. S., 310 Marshall St., Hampton, Va. 315 MGB.
- Maj. Huidekoper, Prescott, New Freedom, Pa. 313 MGB.
- Capt. Hazlegrove, W. P., Terry Bldg., Roanoke, Va. Div. Hdqrs.
- Capt. Herr, Chas. R., Flemington, N. J. 319 Inf.
- Lieut. Hendricks, Pierre V., Bound Brook, N. J. 319 Inf.
- Capt. Hudson, Henry, 1906 Jones St., Omaha, Neb. 315 FA.
- Lieut. Hammett, John K., Walter Reed Hosp., Washington, D. C.
- Capt. Henderson, Geo. V., Asbury Park, N. J.
- Lieut. Jones, DeWitt C., Jr., 42 Broadway, New York City. 319 Inf.
- Maj. Jones, Chas. M., Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. Div. Hdqrs.
- Capt. Jackson, S. F., care Norton, Lilley Co., 26 Beaver St., New York City. 317 Inf.
- Lt. Col. Knight, Geo. W., Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, N. Y. 305 Engrs.
- Capt. Kean, John, 124 Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J. 313 MGB.
- Lt. Kutz, Ralph M., 925 Watching Ave., Plainfield, N. J. 305 Am. Tr.
- Lt. Kappock, Thos. J., Title Guarantee & Trust Co., 176 Broadway, New York City. 320 Inf.
- Capt. Kirchner, Harold C., 688 Highland Ave., Newark, N. J. 313 MGB.
- Capt. Kilpatrick, J. E., 63 Eaglerock Way, Montclair, N. J. Dept. Brig.
- Lt. Kimberley, Jr., J. B., R. 412, Chase National Bank, New York City. 305 Am. Tr.
- Lt. Knowlton, Philip B., care Robt. Sizer & Co., 15 William St., New York. 315 FA.
- Lt. Klie, Robert, 90 N. Front St., Columbus, Ohio. Div. Hdqrs.
- Lt. Kinney, Warren, Butler, N. J. 315 MGB.
- Capt. Kenley, W. L., care American Sugar Ref. Co., 11 Wall St., New York City.
- Lt. Col. Kenney, Caleb S., 528 No. New St., Bethlehem, Pa. 305 Engr.
- Lt. Landon, Walter C., 588 Park Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. 313 MGB.
- Lt. Luther, Jr., H. A., care American Trading Co., 25 Broad St., New York City. 319 Inf.
- Capt. La Porte, A. N., 25 W. 45th St., New York City. Div. Hdqrs.
- Capt. Luchers, Robert B., 140 Lafayette St., New York City. 305 Am. Tr.
- Maj. Little, Edw., Orange, N. J. 318 Inf.
- Lieut. Lusk, Rufus S., 26 W. 44th St., New York City.
- Capt. Lowndes, L. C., care Dunahue & Lowndes, Inc., South St., Baltimore, Md. 305 MST.
- Lt. Logan, John L., Afton, Va. 314 FA.

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Just A Few Words From An Old Pal

807 Washington Street,
Williamsport, Pa.,
November 27, 1922.

Dear Editor:

Inclosed find my check for two dollars to pay for my dues and the magazine. I would certainly feel that it was a terrible loss if I did not receive the Mag each month. In fact, I had that experience when I was in the Naval hospital in Philadelphia, still being operated upon regularly for my war troubles, the whole of last summer. It was a lovely vacation, it reminded me of the first one hundred and twenty days that I spent there after my last wound in 1918. My, how I wish that I could meet with the boys in Pittsburgh occasionally; that is, if I could visit with the boys that served in the regiment while I was with it up until the middle of October when I received that last bump on the head, four years now. How often I wish that I had taken the names of the men that I dressed at the front. I wonder of all the large number of men whose wounds that I dressed (first aid) at the front if any of them really lived to tell the tale. Two or three times I had pretty fair sized dugout filled with men. And then the fellow that I helped carry machine gun ammunition for, and just when we about reached his destination that big shell hit near us and I got up and looked around after the shock of the thing and he was gone. I wonder whether he went over the ghostly river? My, how many blankets I used to swipe to wrap around the wounded fellows after I was compelled to cut up their clothing in dressing or searching for the wounds, and they would shiver so from the cold. I hope the fellows who lost them did not suffer as much as would have the wounded buddy. And I used up a bunch of sweaters in the same way; my own and some that were not my own.

Those were great days; how I wish that I could some day meet the boys from old 320 and talk it over with them. If I were running a Chaplain's training school I would never teach anything about law, whether International, Military or any other kind, nor the score of other things taught; but oh boy! I would teach them ten hours a day to dress wounds and take care of the buddy that was sick. Better make mistakes about regulation than to miss connection with a buddy in need of good bandaging.

I wonder how many buddies who attended that last religious service that I conducted on the top of the mountain near Cuisy lived through to the end? How many boys who were in that dugout with Father Wallace and me near Cuisy where we stayed two nights in the mud and misery—twenty-two the first night; the second there were so many that in the morning my legs were too numb to stand on them for a while, for some dear kind buddies had made comfortable pillows out of them all through the fourth of July proceedings of the night. Do you remember the way they put boards in certain places to keep the water a few inches away

from our bodies, or perhaps this was another experience.

I wonder if the buddy who told us he captured eighty Germans in one dugout came through alive and whether he still believes it as much as he seemed to then. I wonder whether the fellow who claimed that he got hold of the three German women that he found chained to a machine gun still remembers that wild tale of his? My, how the imagination did work overtime in those days. I never forget the first good bivvy that I was swindled out of by allowing some liar to tell me that it belonged to a superior officer while up there somewhere near the Gercourt road, but after that the only way I gave one up was to be actually ordered out as I was, when on the ship *Philadelphia* crossing the English channel.

I wonder how many of the buddies who took part in that entertainment in the woods that I put on up there at the front when I tried to have each company in the regiment do some stunt, singing, jokes, and one fellow with the musical instrument. Did they all come through alive? My, how little a Chaplain who was bumped off does not know. It seems that none of our boys were sent to the Hospital at Talence near Bordeaux. Of course I was in bed all the time and had a couple of set backs, as I have continued to have so many ever since. I say, I wonder how many of these boys are living? Let us hear from you. How many 320 buddies were killed? How many were wounded? When will we have a 320 re-union and not have to travel 158 kilos to do it? Third battalion, 320th Infantry—attention! You who had Major Emery at your head until killed—one of the finest, bravest, boldest Christian gentlemen that ever stepped into shoe leather, a man among men, never asking another to do what he did not do himself, in the front, always, a true American leader that ought to have lived to serve his nation at home in the same way. We had the best bunch of men that were banded together during the war. Let us hear from you Third battalion men—and in the Mag, as well as by letter.

Your old Chaplain Buddy,
THEODORE BECK.

By Force of Habit

BY FAY A. DAVIS

In the "School of a Soldier" in the army of yesteryear, the rookie was everlastingly taught to "Show a little pep!" "Make it snappy!" "Shake a leg!" "Come out of it!" etc. From the time he donned the old hobnails in the morning until sunset, every available minute of the day, he was antagonized, and prodded, and hounded around by some flippant "shavetail" who had, at some stage of his military training, mastered the book-agents art of sticking to his prey. The same upstart of

a "Looie," who liked nothing better than to pounce upon some fresh city dude who "counted off" wrong, or catch a native Carolinian day-dreaming while the rest of the company executed "eyes right." Even at mealtime, the poor rookie was not immune from the military rigmarole, for there was usually someone at his elbow telling him to "Shake it up!" and at night when he went to bed, the old Sarge said, "Git the lead out of your feet," and he

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"OUR MAG"---By the Office Boy



I know youse would be surprised when youse seen no epistle from me in last issue from my rusty underwood but Gee what would life be worth without surprises as the buck said when they handed him his discharge and sixty washers, an besides youse is no doubt surpriseder to see "Our Mag." orltho by this time they is no doubt sum slight suspishun that youse dont get treated the same every month which is a fack. Some months is better than others with every buddy takin their pen in hand even if they dont write nothing but a check to pay up fer the six mos. or so they been holdin out, wile others we is flooded with nothin in the way of real litterachure but fellers who want addresses, advice, adjustment, advalorum, advancement and adgitation which we is pleased to give until it hurts.

Frinstance heres a guy this month which gives us an idear which aint litterachure but a doggone fine suggestshun which shows he dont ferget a Buddy.

He figgers that Xmas is a time when Buddies drop their Old Pals of the Army one of these here cards with pictures of Angels and the words Frohliche Weihnachten which is the Yiddish meanin "Hoping youse are the same" or somethin like that. Of course a Buddy likes to hear them sentiments but after Christmas is over he is just like one of them ex-senators—so busy dodging bill collectors that he aint never the same again an the consequence is that he never writes to tell the first Buddy whether he is or is not. As a rule he aint—mebbe he's married. Mebbe he livin where all the neighbors belonged to the "Fighting Umpityblump" division and hears them winning the war so often he fergits they was a Blue-Ridge division. Mebbe he's in one of them hospitals which is about to be built. Mebbe he's hunting a job just now—anyway, he is kinder careless like about answering. Sence he is so absernt minded when it comes to puttin a stamp on a card an saying "Aw gotohell-

yubloodybloominblighter" which is Japanese meaning "May your honorable mother-in-law live forever," do youse suppose he ever thinks to send for a copy of "Our Mag." Dont all suppose at once—he aint, he wont, an he dont. But just supposin youse was lookin through this here issue an seen a coopon an just supposin you filled it out an sent it in with two gazookas an told us to send "Our Mag" to his wife and babies, with a card saying who done the deed an then everytime the Mailman left the door open after leaving "Our

Mag" an the wife read the A. M. report an got the goods on him, do you spose he'd write to you onct a year at leest. They aint no use supposin no more nohow but just pick out that special Buddy (or Buddies if youse is one of them which has four whole gazookas all at one time an we don't know many gazinkas with that many gazookas) and we will bet it aint long before he sends youse a card with something more on it than Angels.

Hoping youse are the same,

THE OFFICE BOY.

VERY LIGHTS

INVITATION ACCEPTED

In the small Italian grocery stores of New Jersey, it is the custom that the clerk that takes your order is usually the same that delivers it.

A pretty married woman of Elizabeth happened into one of these little shops recently and placing emphasis on the fact the keys should accompany the six cans of sardines on her order, left the store.

About fifteen minutes later the young Italian to whom she had given her order called at her house with the merchandise.

"Is your husband at home?" he asked with a smile.

"No—why?"

"Then, I guess it's safe to gif you kees you ask for."

"GLASS CASES FOR OUR COLORS"

Erection of glass cases in the rotunda of the state capitol for display of the flags of the Pennsylvania military organizations in the world war and of a number of arms captured from the Germans by the 28th division will be asked of the next legislature. The matter has been discussed for the last two years, but no provision was made last year. As the collection of flags of the Keystone State's organizations made by Adjutant General Frank D. Beary is complete except for one, the subject has been revived.

General Beary received from various

units of the 28th, 79th and 80th divisions the flags they carried and the War Department turned over the colors of engineer and other regiments which had been organized in Pennsylvania or were composed of a majority of Pennsylvanians. Several of them also were presented by commanders.

MAYBE YOU DO BUT I DOUBT IT

When two lips are uptured to your own,

With no one to gossip about it,

Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?

Maybe you do, but I doubt it.

When a dear little hand you are permitted to hold,

With a velvety softness about it,

Do you think you would drop it without a squeeze?

Maybe you would, but I doubt it.

When a dear little waist is in reach of your arms,

With a wonderful roundness about it,

Do you argue the point if it is right or wrong?

Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

When a dear little head is close to your own,

With its dear little ringlets about it,

Do you look at your watch and say you must go?

Well maybe you do, but I doubt it.

Take sent this one in.



A LETTER OF APPRECIATION

Scranton, Pa.,
Nov. 24, 1922.

Dear Comrades:

The basis on which sick men and those who are unable to find employment, also those who haven't the necessary "pecuniam" to keep in perfect liaison with the 80th Div. Veterans' Association Magazine are carried and automatically kept in touch with the boys with whom they have shared their woes as well as their happinesses in the trying days of the world's conflict by extended credit on their dues toward the upkeep of the cheerful communications as can only be gotten through out "Mag" is indeed praiseworthy. I am in receipt of your card extending my credit to June 1923, which step taken by the Blue Ridge Headquarters, I admire; and say, an organization that welds its bonds of comradeship so solid as not to leave any of its members be in want of the items of interest to every Buddy, though that Buddy is not able to keep up from his side through pecuniary breakdowns, the steady flow of correspondence offered by the "Mag" cannot fail. And should there be a laxity formed in the ranks of subscribers (although it hardly seems possible that it would) to the "Mag" and members of the organization that it were just about to collapse, such an organization would be kept alive in the hearts of those who have experienced the wholeheartedness of that organization method of keeping the delinquents in touch with it by extended credit on payments of dues and subscriptions. I do not hope that you will be obliged to carry me through very long on this basis, for as soon as I am in position, the payment for dues shall be forthcoming; but I cannot help but give a word of praise for the noble hand of true comradeship extended me by this method, far more than I would have done before your writing, for I did not know our organization, as I should. You will pardon the ignorance, and its not yours but my own fault that I have not been so well informed as I should have been. Your card shows that you would have been only too glad to explain the basis upon which the Association is run to a comrade of the 80th.

There is one thing I'd like for you to favor me with. On the card I received, I

saw the name "Nye." Would like to know whether that comrade isn't Harry Stoner Nye of the 3rd Battalion Headquarters, 319th Infantry, serving in France as runner. If so, I would like to have him drop me a line in order that I may open at least one route of correspondence with a Buddy with whom I have shared quite a bit of my times "Over There." I was in Camp

STRANGE GIRLS

A strange, strange girl
Is Harriet Fair.
She simply will not
Bob her hair.
—Washington Herald.

A strange, strange girl
Is Mamie Haff.
She never plays
The phonograph.
—Omaha News.

A stranger girl
Than those above
Is Maggie Tearle
She's not in love.
—Douglas County Legionnaire.

But we know one
Who's stranger yet
The boys all say
She will not "pet."
—Hoosier Legionnaire.

Strangest of all
Is June Jerome.
She wants six kids
In a cozy home.
—Iowa Legionnaire.

Nothing strange
'Bout the one we met.
She got our jack,
An' she gets it yet.

Lee only 6 weeks and shifted about pretty much, so I didn't get to know many of the boys; and in coming home, I went back to college in Springfield, Ill., separated from my comrades again. I haven't had the opportunity of attending any of the Divisional Reunions either, which I regretted very much. So with these difficulties in the way it was pretty hard for me to keep in personal touch with any of the boys. Were it not for the "Mag," I would be one of the isolated members of the 80th. Therefore, all honor and glory to the old organization, may she ever stand

with her banners unfurled to the winds, opposing any antagonist that would wish her overthrow, and cessation of warm comradeship.

Thanking you heartily for the favor shown me in extending credit, I remain,
Fraternally,
A BUDDY.

313TH F. A.

Those who read "The Spirit That Knows No Defeat" by Russel L. Stultz in our last issue will regret to learn that Comrade Harry C. Patterson has just had the tenth major operation performed on the wound in his right thigh. He is now in Ward N. U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 56, Fort McHenry, Maryland. His mail address is now R. F. D. No. 3, Box 35, Cumberland, Md., which is now the home of his parents. Since last September a year ago, he has been out of the hospital only about six months. He had made all preparations to attend the Charleston Reunion this September, but his wound broke down some time before the date set for the Reunion and prevented his attending.

314TH F. A.

Comrade Joseph C. Smith, formerly of Battery B, who told the buddies about Norfolk and Portsmouth at our convention meeting in Charleston this year, and who was one of the most active members of Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association, has been sent by his physician to Catawba Sanatorium, Virginia, for treatment for tuberculosis incurred in the service. We're rooting for you Joe, and hope they mark you "duty" in a short time and you can start getting in shape for the Norfolk reunion.

NEWS FROM THE WHEELING SECTOR

314TH F. A.

Cornelius F. English, former member of E battery and Headquarters Company, was a recent visitor in Wheeling on the Keith Vaudeville Circuit. His partner was the charming young lady who assisted him in furnishing several very entertaining programs in the Regimental Y. M. C. A. Hut at Camp Lee in "Ye old days."

Former Chief Mechanic Marcus H. Bertchey of E Battery, still resides in Wheeling, where he is in the employ of the Northwood Glass Co.

Clinton B. Whitelatch, formerly of C Battery, lives in Moundsville, W. Va., where he displays his ability as an all-around athlete. He is married and has one child.

Saw Joseph (Pick) Martin at a football game the other day. He still registers resentment when "Ba-ad" at. There's a reason—a couple of his non-coms. tried to trade him off for two goats at Chateau

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du Loir, which in turn they intended to barter for "Vin Blanc" or worse.

Homer S. Cunningham, formerly of E Battery, also ex-president of the "Everett True Club"—fifth section, recently joined the "Also-ran" club. He is employed by the Augustus Pollock Stogie Co. as a stogie roller. A recent visitor to congratulate him was G. E. Brandfass, former member of One Pound Battery, Headquarters Co., 318th Infantry. He is located in Detroit, where he is employed by the Karle Confectionery Supply Co. as a local salesman.

Ex-Gas N. C. O., Joseph F. Baum of E Battery can still be seen wandering around the main thoroughfare of Wheeling. Some say he is hoping "Cidre Bane" will show up with that bottle of "Vin-Champagne" due since June, 1918.

John G. Reinacher (Calamity Ann), formerly of C Battery is back home O. K. from John Hopkins Hospital where he received treatment for stomach trouble.

Homer S. Cunningham is now living at 454 W. Wabash St., Wheeling, W. Va., and was reported to have been seen emerging from his cellar wearing a pleasant smile, recently.

Louis Niebergall, formerly of C Battery passed to the Great Beyond, recently. He was badly scalded in an explosion of a boiler in a packing plant at Benwood, W. Va., and death resulted shortly after.

Does anyone know as to whether the report of the death of Thomas J. Simpson of Philadelphia, from accidently falling down stairs, is correct.

Do you remember:

Battle of Brest about midnight, June 8, 1918?

Who dropped the tin can on Lieut. Bailey that night at Redon?

The wall, ladder and house and what awaited one inside at Vannes?

What made Lt. Faherty call attention just as we were marching into Vannes on the road march from Redon?

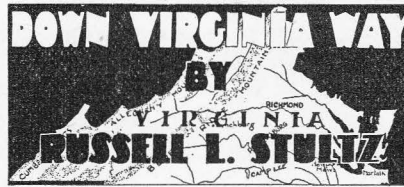
Maziallac and the cider with a kick—how many found their own pup-tents that night.

The icy bath at Longville?—that's where the idea of the "Shimmy" originated.

155TH F. A. BRIGADE

Former Pvt. Edgar O. Smith of Headquarters Detachment, 155th F. A. Brigade, recently became the daddy of a baby boy weighing ten pounds at birth. Comrade Smith is employed on the Eastern Division of the P. R. R. as brakeman, and resides at 305 Alexander St., Greensburg, Pa.

William A. Shannon, former Pvt., Headquarters Detachment, 155th F. A. Brigade, is employed as Towerman on the P. R. R. at New Florence, Pa.



A meeting of the State Military Board to consider transferring the title of a portion of Camp Lee to the State of Virginia to be used as a training camp for National Guardsmen was held in the offices of Governor Trinkle, in Richmond, October 20.

Fenno F. Heath, of Newport News, Va., formerly Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, and later commissioned from the Army Candidates' School, at Langres, France, was married last month in Boston, Mass. Lack of information prevents announcing the name of the young lady who participated in the ceremony, but it does not prevent extending congratulations to one of the most popular and best known N. C. O.'s. in the 318th.

Major Frank B. Ober, who served during the war with the 315th Field Artillery, is now a member of the law firm of Janney, Stuart & Ober, with offices in the Title Building, Baltimore, Md. Major Ober will be recalled as the chairman of his Regiment's Historical Committee.

Captain Robert B. Handy, Jr., formerly of Company I, 318th Infantry, last month was appointed Inspector-General of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. Captain Handy has been in charge of the V. F. W.'s. Service Bureau, in Washington, for several years.

Once again, our old friend, the *Leviathan*, (better known in Germany as the *Vaterland*), which is now being reconditioned at Newport News (prior to re-entering the trans-Atlantic passenger service, gets into the limelight. All of those countless thousands of "vets" who have been dreaming of returning to France in the giant transport will doubtless be grieved to learn that the U. S. Shipping Board plans to dismantle the *Leviathan's* bar, in conformance with Attorney General Daugherty's interpretations of the Volstead Act. One kind-hearted (?) official has offered a consolatory (?) suggestion to the effect that the bar be permitted to remain, as a relic of a now obsolete custom, but that it be shorn of all reminiscent liquids (save the tears of the mourners!)

Captain Robert T. Barton, of Winchester, Va., who commanded Battery F, 313th Field Artillery, during the war, has just finished a term as member of the National By-Laws Committee of the American Legion. Captain Barton was Commander of the Virginia Department of the American Legion several years ago and is now a prominent attorney of Winchester.

Colonel George H. Jamerson, formerly Brigadier General, commanding 159th Infantry Brigade, is now stationed in Richmond, Va., as Chief-of-Staff of the 80th (Reserve) Division. The headquarters of the Division is located at the Corner of 7th and Franklin streets.

Oliver E. Funkhouser, Private 1cl., Company E, 318th Infantry, who was severely wounded in action, in August, 1918, while the Regiment was brigaded with the British in Picardy, is now located at Orkney Springs, Va., Comrade Funkhouser still suffers at times from his "Blighty."

A number of 80th Division Reserve Officers attended the National meeting held in Washington the first week in October and participated in the proceedings which resulted in the organization of the "Reserve Officers' Association of the United States." Delegates were present from the nine Army Corps Area of the country, representing 84,000 members of the Officers' Reserve Corps.

Colonel Caleb S. Kenney, formerly of the 1st Battalion, 305th Engineers, is now located in Bethlehem, Pa., where he is General Sales Manager of Weston Dodson & Company, Inc.

A press dispatch dated October 19th announced the arrest of Roland R. Pothier, former army sergeant, at Central Falls, R. I., on a charge of first degree murder in connection with the killing of Major Alexander Cronkhite, son of Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, at Camp Lewis, Wash., October 25, 1918. Pothier was committed to jail without bail and will be removed to Washington State to stand trial with Captain Rosenblum, who is charged with complicity in the crime. The case has been before the Federal authorities for several years.

Major General S. D. Sturgis, who commanded the 80th Division during its stay in the Fifteenth Training Area, is now stationed in the Canal Zone, where he is in command of the American forces on the Isthmus.

Comrade C. F. Bushman, commander of Bluefield (West, Va.) Post No. 3, of the Division Association, which was chartered

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during the Charleston Reunion, has recently instituted a plan for securing material for the forthcoming Divisional History that is both systematic and commendable. By means of a carefully prepared letter, Mr. Bushman has circularized all members of the 315th Field Artillery with a request for contributions of important data pertaining to that organization.

Chrystal Brown, who will be remembered as camp song director for the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Lee, spent a month recently in the Valley of Virginia while conducting the music in connection with the Presbyterian Bible conference held at Massanetta Springs, near Harrisonburg. He is an enthusiastic Kiwanian and sang for several Kiwanis Club luncheons while in Virginia.

Ellis W. Leake, formerly Private 1cl. Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, is beaucoup busy receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a seven-pound mam'selle at his home in Harrisonburg, Va., "Sleepy" is striving to teach her the necessity of "compreeing papa."

The Post Office Department announces that the U. S. S. *Leviathan*, when it re-enters the passenger service, will carry a United States sea postoffice. Foreign mails will be received on the *Leviathan* when it is placed in commission and postal clerks will separate it for shipment from the ports at which the liner docks. While our old friend, the Censor, will be notable for his absence, the clerks may require interpreters to unravel the intricacies of doughboy French.

Captain H. V. S. Negus, of Bound Brook, N. J., late of the 305th Sanitary Train, writes under date of October 30 from Hamilton, Bermuda, where he has been living on "top o' the world" and, incidentally, spending a few weeks playing golf. Those long promenades in France doubtless kept the Captain in fine form for rounding the links.

John H. Humes, a well-known taxi driver, of Harrisonburg, Va., who served in France with Company D, 305th Motor Supply Train, 80th Division, was badly injured on the night of October 24th when a large car in which he was returning from Martinsburg, West Va., was wrecked on the Valley Turnpike, near Harrisonburg, while Humes was attempting to avoid a stray horse. Johnny sustained a fractured skull, a broken shoulder and numerous minor injuries, but he is now rapidly convalescing and "rarin' to go."

Major Powell Glass, of Lynchburg, Va., son of United States Senator Carter Glass,

of Virginia, and formerly commanding officer of the Third Battalion, 317th Infantry, was seriously injured on November 7th when he accidentally shot himself in the face and head while hunting in the neighborhood of Appomattox Court House. Although serious, Major Powell's injuries are not expected to prove fatal but it is feared that he will lose the sight of his left eye as a result of the accident.

Captain Arthur P. Terry, of Wytheville, Va., who commanded a company of the 320th Infantry during the war, and Miss Laura Lee Payne, of Harrisonburg, Va., were married at the bride's home in that city November 7. Captain Terry, following the Armistice, was transferred from the 80th Division to Paris, where he served for eight months with the Military Section of the American Peace Commission. He is a member of the firm of Brown & Terry Construction Co., of Lynchburg, Va., where he and Mrs. Terry will reside after their return to Virginia in the early spring.

Senator John Paul, of Harrisonburg, Va., Republican candidate for Congress from the Seventh Virginia District, was defeated in the election of November 7th by the Democratic incumbent, Judge Thomas W. Harrison, of Winchester, Va., by a majority of more than 5,000 votes. Senator Paul served as a Captain in the 313th Field Artillery during the war, and two years ago was defeated by Judge Harrison, on the face of the returns, by 448 votes. The result of this election was contested on the grounds of fraud and irregularity and the contest was decided by the Elections Committee of the House of Representatives last May in favor of Captain Paul.

Suit was filed on December 4, by representatives of the Department of Justice, seeking recovery of large sums alleged to have been misspent in construction of the wartime Army cantonments, against six more war contractors, according to recent newspaper reports, and among those against whom suit was instituted was Rinehart & Dennis, Inc., of Petersburg, Va., for recovery of \$7,000,000.00 in connection with the construction of Camp Lee. According to official figures, Camp Lee was, with one exception, the costliest of the war cantonment projects. More than \$18,670,000.00 was spent on this training center.

One of the buddies sends in the following: "If Russel L. Stultz will look for and read the 104th Psalm, and the 26th verse, he will find out how to spell the name of the great ship we went across on." (Gosh Russ, the first thing you know someone will be sinking that ship for you.—Ed.)

319TH INFANTRY

John R. Whitlock, formerly of C. Co., 319th Infantry is employed by the Ludlum Motor Car Co., 37 Bridge St., Newark, N. J.

Former Pvt. Edward D. Sullivan of Hq. Co., 319th Infantry, is now a Contractor at 83 Broadway, Taunton, Mass.

COLONEL COCHEU CITED

The following Distinguished Service Medal Citation was forwarded to Colonel Cocheu November 6, 1922:

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL CITATION

Frank S. Cocheu, Colonel, General Staff Corps, then brigadier general, United States Army. For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services. In command of the 319th Infantry from August 1917, to October 1918, he displayed marked ability in its organization, training and service in the field. In operations against the enemy in the Artois Sector and Meuse-Argonne Offensive he rendered conspicuous service by leading his command with exceptional judgment, unflagging energy and tactical ability, at all times proving himself to be a skilful commander, thus enabling his regiment to always carry its tasks through to a successful end. His services were highly meritorious and rendered in a position of great responsibility.

OFFICIAL

The Adjutant General's Office
War Department.

A TRUE COPY:

(Sgnd) HARRY ADAMSON
Captain, Infantry,
Aide-de-camp.

The entire division will rejoice in the well merited honor that the above confers upon our beloved Colonel, and the 319th Buddies will be prouder than ever of their wonderful record.

Jesse G. Hamilton, formerly Sergeant Major, 3d Battalion, 319th Infantry, was married in November to Miss Mildred Bayard Truitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sanders Moore Truitt of Milford, Del. The marriage was solemnized in the Avenue Methodist Episcopal church, Milford, Del., the Rev. Dr. R. K. Stephenson of Wilmington, Del., officiating, assisted by Rev. Ditson Jacobs of Milford. After taking a southern trip, the happy couple returned to Pittsburgh, where Comrade Hamilton is Assistant Cashier of the Farmers' Deposit Trust Co. They are now residing at 1116 Wood Street, Wilkesburg, Pa.

John Cochrane, formerly Sergeant of Company I, 319th Infantry, is operating

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several busses in Jersey City, N. J., on the Bergen Avenue Buss Line. He is living at 97 Clifton Place, Jersey City, N. J.

317TH INFANTRY

Former Lieutenant A. Merrill Ely of 317th Infantry, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, Liberty Building, Broad and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa., is endeavoring to secure the present address of Dr. Sims, who was a Captain in the Medical Corps on duty with the 320th Infantry. If any of our readers know his address please communicate with Comrade Ely, who is very anxious to locate the Doctor.

EVERY-BUDDY

What are your views on the following subject?

Editor SERVICE Magazine:

"Read with keen interest in the September number of SERVICE Magazine the article on the subject of "Shall There Be a Monument in France" in commemoration of the 80th Division, to which I wish to state my view, and that is, in my opinion, there MUST be a monument in France somewhere in commemoration of our noble division. It is no more than fitting and proper that we should do this, and you can count upon me to do my Bit to carry the program out.

Wishing you success with your wonderful idea, I remain,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) MORSE D. GREENFIELD,
Former Pvt. Hq. Co. 320th Inf.

Dr. Morse D. Greenfield,
Chiropractor,
32 No. State Street,
Chicago, Ill.

320TH INFANTRY

William Maisch, formerly 1st Sergeant of Company E, 320th Infantry, who recently became Life Member No. 114 in our Association, is connected with the Peoples Savings and Trust Company of Pittsburgh, Pa.

320TH INF.

REMINISCENCE OF A HAND SHAKER, ALIAS, G. B.

Who remembers when Company C, 320th Infantry, borrowed all the 144 bottles of Vanilla and Lemon extract from Mess Sergeant Digby of Company D? Did Company C make any bread pudding? No, No!—Ask Sergeant Hibbard or Private Spigots Augustine. Drink up Hibbard.

Remember when Captain Seabastion of Company D would bawl out, "Right Shoulder Arms!" and half of the "Polish Legion" would put on gas masks? "No furstay mister!"

When the Medical Staff examined Company D, and some of the answers the

C. C. pushers got when they would ask a question; for instance:

Q. "Were you ever sick?"

A. "No, me Russian."

Q. "Where were you born?"

A. "On Penn Avenue."

Q. "What city?"

A. "Upstairs."

Q. "Where did you work?"

A. "Carnegie's Mills."

Q. "What did you do?"

A. "Have a good-time Pay Day."

But a few were Irish in Company D—six. Joe Mooney was "Grand-Knight-Hunt-A-Bottle," and Pvt. Mead "Grand-Knight-Empty-A-Bottle." Paddy Siellman and Hefferman were the Grand Knights in G Company, 320th, and don't forget Dobson, "The Main Street Thunderbolt."

If Captain Seabastion didn't understand his men, he soon manouvered and got a man who did. Remember Lieut. Schwartz? Hot Dog, boy? Maybe he didn't parley vous Polish. Ignatovich couldn't tell him he didn't "furstay" English or his General Orders.

If Company D didn't have the best drilled Company at Camp Lee, they took all prizes for a collection of languages: Irish, Polish, Russian, Jewish, Italian, Greek, Lithuanian, Slavish, German, French, Turkish, and that missing language that Burke from Virginia spoke. But the Skipper certainly did have patience. He was with Company D thirty days before he found a man who could talk English. Why, he even took me for a Russian Cosack, Ask Lieut. Russel, Sgt. Landgon—Old James Himself, sure was the Cats Ribs for A. W. O. L. and he never got the hand-cuffs either, Heh, Jim?

Remember Sergeant Farrel from K Co., 320th—the Champion Bayonet Stabber—but there is a secret about Farrel; here it is—he could stab his teeth into a cork quicker than Gleason anytime. But still, there were a few more who could kill a bottle in double-time, but of course a fellow hates to mention names. What did you say Sergeant Polk?

Speaking about Camp Lee and vicinity, who remembers when a certain Company in the 320th slept in the Guard House?

Say, didn't Major Gordon look all "played-out" on the hikes, when he was riding that horse.

I still say that the Chefs in C and D Companies could make the best Hungarian Goulash. Reference: Ask anyone out Penn avenue or Carson street in Pittsburgh, who doesn't speak English.

Remember the basket ball team that G Company 320th, had? They were lightning fast. They could shoot more geezers of skatz in their throats in a minute than even myself. Ask McCon, he's still over South Side way. George Klier will give you some info on that subject, too.

But after all, we were very sick on September 22, 1917, and if that wise cracker from Ward's Bakery hadn't slipped the info that we were to be searched I wouldn't have got so "wet" in Richmond. They didn't search me, but who could tell what they might do if they found a bottle on a fellow? And besides, I didn't like to see some Lieut. "bawling" me out and then retiring to his domicile, chanting how good our Smoky City brand was. Well, "Taps" is blowing now, so I will take the frying pan off before some one burns up.

A LETTER FROM PAREE

This is an ungrateful trick to play on our European Editor, publishing his personal correspondence, but it's a habit that is practiced quite frequently of late in nearly every magazine that claims to have the "inside dope" about "Who's Who and Why." Besides, Bill thinks the gang ought to have the benefit of this letter from Paree, so here goes:

10 Rue Lamartine,
Paris, France,

November 6, 1922.

My dear Bill:

You do not know how much I appreciated your letter which arrived a few days ago. It was a distinct pleasure to read it, and when you have the time. I shall be glad to receive others like it. Why don't you write a letter like that to SERVICE? I am sure that the big chief there would be glad to print it, since it contained such a great amount of interesting news about the boys from Company L.

As November 11th approaches, naturally I think of the first Armistice Day that we celebrated on the outskirts of the Argonne Forest. I recall, as you do, the numerous rumors which were floating in the air: and this year, at Rethondes, where the Armistice was signed, an Inter-Allied monument is to be erected with representatives of all the allied powers present. Maybe my paper will send me down there to "cover" the proceedings.

Here in Paris, a celebration is also to be held, centering of course around the grave of the Unknown Soldier. Various delegations will bring flowers to his tomb under the Arc de Triomphe, and there will be a parade, speeches, "Taps," the firing of a salute, and all the other ceremonies that accompany a military funeral. It seems strange: I have seen the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey in London; also the last resting place of the Poilu Inconnu here in Paris, but have not yet seen the grave of our own American Comrade in Arlington, near Washington.

But in all of these countries, it seems to me, they are honoring the Unknown with flowers, speeches, palms, and so

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forth; but on many an occasion, they forget the living. "Honor the dead by helping the living," said Lord Byng, as the best way to observe Armistice Day, but the World has not learned it yet.

In my last letter, I told you how many A. E. F. Vets. had "held me up" for money on the streets of Paris. Well, the holding-up process is almost at an end, for the U. S. Government has sent several ships over to Cherbourg to take all these vagabonds back home. There are about 2,000 of them floating around in Europe, hunting jobs, starving, freezing, and penniless. The Welfare Societies got busy and persuaded the U. S. Lines to take the boys home, but most of them don't want to go. They like it over here, even if they starve; but if they take advantage of the government's offer, they must promise to stay in the United States.

As I pass the liquor stores here, where wine is sold for as low as seven and eight cents a BOTTLE, I think of the Company L toppers, and how they would revel over here, for I guess liquor is pretty dear over in the U. S. A. The European nations would like to see the U. S. repeal prohibition so that they could sell wine and whisky to America, but I guess that is far, far away.

Yesterday, the State of Missouri dedicated a monument at Cheppy, in honor of the boys from the "Show Me" State who fell in the Argonne Forest drive. I don't remember ever passing through Cheppy, but it is near Montfaucon, and the divisions which captured that city "jumped off" from Cheppy. It is quite close to Cuisy, Nantillois and Ste. Menneould was the station to which the participants went yesterday.

When I went over the battlefields last May and June, I saw quite a few markers put up by the Fifth—the Red Diamond—Division. Do you remember this crowd? We first met them in the Argonne Drive. Well, they have monuments all over the front showing their most advanced point. Some day I hope the 80th Division will also mark the battlefield this way, so that other Americans, coming to visit the front, may find the Blue Ridge Mountain insignia keeping guard where our companies advanced.

Thanks very much for the picture you sent me—also the dollar bill. I will look around and if I can get a suitable souviner of France, I will send it to you in a week or so. And by the way, the dollar is worth more than five francs now. In most banks you can get 14 francs, sometimes 14.50. Perhaps you remember that towards the end of our service in France we received 6 and 6.50 francs for the dollar. In 1920 it was as high as 17 francs per dollar. The fellows who know how to manipulate the market make money on the exchange value of the dollar. A year ago

it cost \$7.50 to buy a hundred francs; in April it cost \$9.30; now, it is back to \$7.00. If a fellow had known it would behave like this, he could have made a lot of money. But then, a fellow might buy lots of francs and the market would go against him. Many bought German Marks at 100 to the dollar; but today you can get over 4,000 Marks for the dollar. Some of my friends back home bought Marks which are not worth the paper they are printed on. Which proves, I guess, that the surest way to make money is to earn it with the labor of your hand or head.

Should you meet any of the boys from Company L, give them my kindest regards. If there is anything I can do for them, let me know and I will do my best.

With kindest, heartiest regards for yourself, I remain,

Very sincerely, your friend,
BERNHARD RAGNER.

160TH INFANTRY BRIGADE

We received an official looking document the other day from the Burgess of Eastvale Boro, Beaver Falls, Pa., and for a while were afraid to open it, trying to think what laws we had violated in that city of late, but it turned out to be only a demand that the October-November issue be delivered "toot sweet" to his Honor "Buck" J. M. Custer, Burgess of Eastvale, who stated "Somewhere in this letter I am putting my check for 2 bones—if the check is no good, tear it up, but don't stop the magazine." Boy, that was a narrow escape, for we had just got it from the printer a day or so before and its a wonder he didn't send the "watchdogs of the Law" out on our trail instead of two bones.

CO. C, 313TH M. G. BN.

Walter R. Blose, formerly of Co. C, 313th M. G. Bn., was married to Miss Belva Pelton at the home of Rev. J. A. Hill, Saturday, September 30th, 1922, at Lancaster, Pa. Comrade Blose and his bride are now at home to their many friends at 211 Loyalhanna St., Latrobe, Pa., and congratulations are in order from his Blue-Ridge Buddies.

305TH ENGINEERS

Engineers front and center! How does it come that our column looks so small in the last issue of SERVICE? Berger justly accuses us of having the smallest showing of any outfit in the field. Come on—snap out of it! How many times has Editor Curry got to tell some of you birds that you don't have to be a literary genius to contribute to SERVICE? This is our Mag and it can only be what we of the rank and file of the 80th Division make it.

I believe I speak for the Editor and for the majority of the readers of SERVICE when I say that we are not looking for

masterpieces of composition and of rethorical perfection. What we most want is NEWS. Just ask yourself the questions you would most like to ask your buddies if you could see them and sit down and write the answer about yourself and about any of the rest of the old bunch that you happen to know anything about and see how quick SERVICE will voice its appreciation.

As for myself, I am trying just at present to master the touch system on the typewriter and having about the same success that I used to have when the Sergeant used to inform the bunch that "One man spoiled it all." Am working at New Bethlehem as telegraph operator for the P. R. R., and seldom see any of the old gang.

Wonder what has become of Joe Moris, "Bull" Minge, "Jazz" Robinson and dozens of others that I could mention? What has become of the Johntown bunch? Wonder if anyone has pulled "Dad" Morton out of the canal lately, or if Sergeant Core needs a detail to wash wagons today.

Grab a shovel, you bloody Engineers, the Colonel is coming. Let's put the Engineers back on the map and show 'em who built the Bethincourt bridge, and incidently boost SERVICE and make it give us the service we have a right to expect from it, if we only get in line and do our bit.

W. S. SMITH,
Co. F, 305th Engineers.

G. Gunning of Gallitzin, Pa., formerly of A Co., 305th Engineers, was recently in Pittsburgh. Comrade Gunning has been disabled since getting out of the service, and has been treated in several hospitals, the Johnstown hospital, Navy hospital at Philadelphia, and the Jefferson hospital. He is in some better shape at present and looking around for a suitable occupation.

Ex-Sgt. B. A. (Barney) Schradder of Co. C, 305th Engineers who had his back broken by a fall while working at relining the tunnel at Gallitzin is improving nicely at Cambria hospital, Johnstown. He is now able to stand with the aid of crutches.

THE VOICE OF THE EIGHTIETH GOES EVER ONWARD

By FAY A. DAVIS
305TH SANITARY TRAIN

Is there anything that can happen in the daily routine to cheer one more than the receipt of a long-looked-for letter from some of your old buddies of the A. E. F.? The same buddies who, four years ago this month, were at Apremont or Bauldny or Fleville or St. Juvin or Grandpre or Buzancy or some "jumping-off place over there" in far away France in the wake of mighty guns, the roar and rumble of which seemed to fairly shake the Pillars of

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Heaven. The same buddies who, weary and cold and hungry and sore of foot, prayed for nightfall to come that they might crawl into a pig-sty or a shell-hole or in the shadowy visage of a grim 75mm to snatch the proverbial "40 winks" with a tail-clipped o'coat and the morning dew for covers. The same buddies who thought the least they could give was the very best they had, and who stood the gaff and grind and grewsome thing with a heart steeled against emotion and a preponderant smile that always seemed to say, and good-naturedly, too, "So they call this, 'Sunny France!'"

Follows a brief and concisely worded letter via Meadville from August Delp. Augie is still writing 'em true to form.

Meadville, Penna.,
June 27, 1922

Dear Speedy:

Just a line to say, "Thank You for your kind thoughtfulness." I have subscribed for your magazine (?).

Best regards to you and the MRS. and ma and pa and brother and uncle and everybody.

Surely enjoyed your articles in SERVICE and by the way, that endless chain letter reached me from Dean, and I signed up and mailed same to Kirk.

Had to go to Harrisburg last week but went via Corry so did not get near your bailiwick.

Got to fight a booze case this P. M. so must close with another "thank you" and a bushel of best regards for you and yours,

AUGIE.

Comrade Arch Lykens is to be commended for his spirit toward SERVICE and the Veterans' Association in the face of adversity that is manifold, to say the least. Just read his letter.

Martinsburg, Pa.
April 28, 1922

Dear pal of 317 F. H.:

I received the proposition of SERVICE from our old friend, W. H. Weston, some time ago and I am enclosing my check for \$2.00 for one year's subscription. The reason I am sending the check to you is because I want you to send me a copy of SERVICE containing your writeup, which Weston mentioned to me in his letter. If you do not have this particular copy, maybe you can secure it for me. I understand it relates to some of the "Battles of 317" and I am sure they would be interesting to me. I am afraid I have been holding up the chain, but I certainly have been having my share of trouble. I lost both my father and mother this month—they died just ten days apart.

I will now send it on its way to my friend Scott Phillips, and I trust it will be the means of getting a good list of subscribers.

I understand you are now married. I am a little late, but I wish you and the Mrs. much happiness just the same. I received a card from you at Christmas time and intended to answer it but you understand how those things go.

I have been married a little over a year now and things are hitting on all four cylinders. I have no family yet.

I often think of the old gang, especially Wilkes, Webb, Baldy, Troutman, Phillips and Purdy. I wonder if Wilkes still chews so much tobacco. I guess McGready and Pat Kane are out on the coal strike. The army life was rough at times, but still we had some good times among ourselves.

I have a complete roster of the Company and I presume it will be agreeable to you if I fill in the names and addresses that are omitted.

Would be glad to hear from you anytime, with best wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,

A. R. LYKENS.

Paul J. Dougherty of Millville, N. J. is a big booster for SERVICE. Paul will be remembered as the erstwhile opponent of Howard Brock in numerous arguments on the subject of "The Why and Wherefore of Any and Everything" with the "Last Word" at stake as the coveted trophy. His letter follows:

Millville, N. J.
Sept. 10, 1922

Dear Friend Fay:

Have noticed your very appropriate writings in SERVICE and the best thing I can tell you is, keep the good work up. Have also received your Blue Ridge Bond and while it wasn't necessary, I am going to keep it and if I ever get it into my head to let SERVICE slide without my subscription, I will change my mind by reading it over again, believe me.

I have visited Bob Stoughton several times and had the pleasure and honor of seeing him married, and the last time I was up there we were discussing the probability of a reunion of our outfit in Philadelphia; but I guess he will send you word regarding it with full particulars.

Hoping to see some more of your writings and wishing you and family the best of luck, I am,

Your sincere friend,

PAUL J. DOUGHERTY.

Memories of the old days brought back to Comrade Arch Lykens through the columns of SERVICE. Well, read it yourself.

Martinsburg, Pa.
June 8, 1922

Mr. F. A. Davis,

Dear Buddy:

I have reviewed two copies of SERVICE and am certainly well pleased with same. It sure does bring back memories of the old days.

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I am very well acquainted with Julius V. Pote who writes up the Motor Supply dope. “Bud” as he is known to his friends, lost his wife about a month ago due to child birth. He had been married about a year.

I wrote to Scott Philips about the “chain letter” and he informs me he forwarded it to Sgt. Dean just about a week ago, so we will hope for better results from now on. Scott had laid it on the shelf.

With best wishes, I remain,
Your comrade,
A. R. LYKENS.

That reunion idea is just the thing, Bob—let's go through with it tout-de-suite. However, I would suggest that you fellows there in Philadelphia work out an inexpensive way of placing a questionnaire in the hands of each member of the Company in order that you will know just how many of the fellows are in favor of it. It will mean a lot of work for somebody, and I cannot think of a more competent man in the outfit to make a go of it than just yourself.

Your description of Camp Lee, as you saw it during the First Annual Reunion, is not unlike Oliver Goldsmith's “Deserted Village.” Comrade Stoughton writes a splendid letter—just lend an ear.

Philadelphia, Pa.,
Sept. 4, 1922

My dear Fay:

I wish to apologize, more or less, for not writing to you long before this, as I had fully intended to as far back as March, when I was sick in bed with influenza, and was very much surprised and cheered to read your “Who Remembers?” article in the SERVICE Magazine which remembered me so kindly with a paragraph, and I was again going to write and thank you and Mrs. Davis for the pretty card of congratulation that was so thoughtfully sent to myself and bride. But, as some wise oracle once chirped, “Better late than never” and here 'tis.

Well, with the exception of getting married, my life has been rather uneventful since that memorable June 9th, as I immediately resumed my position in the Plant Accountant's office of the Bell Telephone Company, and have been there ever since.

I was fortunate enough to be able to attend the First Annual Reunion of the Division in Richmond in 1920, and had a very enjoyable time there. Paul Dougherty, “Pud” Derr, “Fats” Schoenly, “Stew” Unkles, “Bob” Stone, “Lem” Cheatham and “Ted” Cotillion were also among those present. A visit to Camp Lee was part of the program, and while there we took a short jaunt down the road that goes past the little cemetery to the old company barracks. Deserted, weather-beaten, tall grass and weeds enveloping it on all sides, it certainly presented a sad spectacle. Here you would have found plenty of material for your “Who Remembers?” column. It was, as “Ted” Cotillion remarked, “Like visiting your own grave.”

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I also attended the Reunion at Pittsburgh last year, and noticing that you and Mrs. Davis were registered at Headquarters, tried in every way to get in touch with you, but without success, as you already know.

Paul Dougherty visits me periodically, and we have been seriously thinking of taking the initiative and hold a Reunion of the Company here in Philadelphia. Of course, this would prove more attractive to the ex-members living in this vicinity, but I was just wondering if you would find it possible to attend.

Well, Fay, old chum, this letter has eased my conscience wonderfully, and I only hope you will not delay as long in writing to me, as I did in writing to you,

Faithfully your friend,

ROBERT C. STOUGHTON.

305TH MOTOR SP. TN.

Conrad F. Crome, formerly Captain of D Company, is the Sales Manager for the Wm. F. Crome & Co., Wholesale Grocers, of Clinton, Mo. He sends his best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all the members of his old outfit. If we were all back in Pacy this year, Skipper, we would have Madame Grabitall set 'em up.

Ex. Capt. Lowndes is now in the Insurance Business in Baltimore.

The Train needs a historian to prepare a history of the battle of Gorgeon for Comrade Stultz of New Market, Virginia—who will volunteer?

Ex-Sgt. Malcomson, of E Company, has been following the insurance business in Pittsburgh up until recently.

Matgoranis, who used to cook the slum for the Officers' Mess, is now connected with the restaurant of the Joseph Horne Co. of Pittsburgh.

George Sturni, of E Company, the genial ex-cook of that outfit, is located in the Oakland District, Pittsburgh, Pa. with an automobile accessory concern according to last reports.

Can't some one give us news of the "Fighting Major" who led us over the top at Fromerville?

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS

Colonel Jennings C. Wise of Washington, D. C., formerly of the Virginia Bar, has been appointed by the secretary of State as counsel for the American Agent before the German-American Commission, which, under the treaty between the United States and Germany, has been created to settle the Lusitania and other claims arising out of the late war. Colonel Wise is the Washington member of the New York Law Firm of Munn, Anderson & Munn, with which firm he will continue in private practice in Washington.

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A. HUFSCHMIDT

President

FREE LEGAL ADVICE

This Department is devoted to assisting Members of the 80th Division Veteran's Association, in all matters requiring legal advice. Please make your requests as plain as possible. Do not be afraid to write a long letter setting forth full details and all facts and figures—this Department is not able, at this time, to assume any expense or to undertake the prosecution of any legal action. If you want legal advice we will make every effort to serve you and without charge. Please enclose stamped envelope for reply. Address your letters to "Legal Department" Service Magazine, 915 Bessmer, Building Pittsburgh, Pa.

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NORFOLK-PORTSMOUTH POST NO. 1

The members of the post are actively engaged in the preliminary arrangements for next years Norfolk Reunion. Maj. W. H. Sands, Commander has been appointed on the sub-committee which will work on the combined plans for the V. F. W. National Encampment and the Fourth Annual Reunion of the 80th Division Veterans' Association. Considerable publicity has already been given to our Reunion in the Norfolk papers and the buddies in that section are preparing a warm welcome for their Blue Ridge comrades.

PENNSYLVANIA AUXILIARY NO. 1

The Auxiliary is completing final arrangements for the first Blue Ridge dance and Euchre of the season to be held in the Hotel Chatham Roof Garden, Pittsburgh, Pa., January 18th, for the 80th veterans in this section and their friends. Don't wait for a special invitation but "prepare for action" on January 18th.

VETERANS' BUREAU

Veterans who desire to make their payments on Government Insurance can now make them each month at the Veterans' Bureau in the Allegheny Building, corner of Ohio and Sandusky streets, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Those who desire to reinstate their insurance in this district can also secure advice, examination, etc., and make their payments at that location. Sub-district offices are also now located in other sections of the country which are authorized to handle all details connected with government insurance. All claims for vocational training must be presented on or before December 15th according to the latest ruling of the Government.

BATTLE MONUMENT IN EUROPE:
A hearing was held November 28th, by the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House, on Battle Monuments in Europe, at which time the vice Chairman of the National Legislative Committee appeared and argued for a favorable report from the Committee. This Bill provides for the erection of monuments on the battle fields of Europe commemorating and, at the same time, describing the movements of the troupes of the American Expeditionary Forces.

By Force of Habit

(Continued from Page 11)

was supposed to stand at the foot of his bunk while the Sarge called the role.

Kindness, and patience, and appealing to his manhood, were the customary procedures in teaching the soldier to put pep in his motor; very often, sternness and harsh words got better results; and sometimes, a little punishment flavored with a dash of choice profanity was resorted to, but always with the same end in view—



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"Make it snappy," soldier. Eventually, it became an obsession with him and so much a part of his dreary existence, that he in turn applied the same tactics to everything with which he came in contact, and none came in for more altering and pruning than the language of the soldier.

Take the dictionary and go through it from cover to cover, and there is no word to be found there, that is easier to say, than the word "money." Once you start

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it, it gathers momentum and rolls off your tongue like a split-pea deserting the knife of one with whom mashed-potatoes are taboo. Its velvety softness and its musical rhythm impart a sweetness and smoothness to the word that makes its pronunciation little or no effort. It requires neither nasal or guttural assistance. Shut your mouth and say it; hold your nose and try it; hiss it; hum it; mumble it; stand on your head and say it; and always the result is the same. It is one of the first words an infant learns to speak. It is one of the first words that relatives speak of one of their kin who has just passed to the Great Beyond. It is the first word to come between good friends. Throughout the "battle of life," it is constantly on the end of one's tongue, and the degree of success in the battle is determined largely by the side of one's name it is tacked on. Foreigners from every inhabited spot in entire world know the meaning of the word; and the French people knew what it meant before they knew the meaning of of such simple English words as yes and no.

But strange as it may seem, this very prominent word did not suit the soldier. It lacked the twang and zip and pep to harmonize with the life he led. It lacked the ear-marks of his alma mater. It was sadly out of place in his curriculum of battle-field slang, so he "Made it snappy" and called it "jack." And the pugnacious solecism hit a responsive cord with the whole A. E. F.

Soldiers Three

(Continued from Page 8)

he expresses in the following lines are within us all, and we can understand and feel a kinship with one who can so joyously, passionately, desire to live again the "Great Adventure:"

"Hell—

*How I long for the free outdoors
The mud road and the vineyards of
Normandy*

*The lines of swinging olive drab
The bugle's song*

*The buddies of yesterday and the strong
odor of beans sweeping up from the
camp kitchen."*

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The Facts About Muscle Shoal



SO much misinformation has been published and propoganda spread over the country by real estate boosters and others personally interested, that many good citizens, farmers, farmers' organizations, and commercial and civic bodies, have urged Congress to accept without qualification the offer of Mr. Henry Ford to take over for one hundred years the war-built nitrate plants and appurtenances at Muscle Shoals, in Alabama, which cost \$90,000,000, and the uncompleted water power dam on the Tennessee River in which the Government has invested \$17,000,000, in all about \$107,000,000.

It is important that those who mould public opinion which controls legislative action should know the facts concerning matters of this character.

Contrary to a general idea, Mr. Ford does not agree to reduce the price of fertilizer one-half, one-third, or even at all, although he stipulates he must have 8% profit on the cost, whatever that may be; he does not agree to reimburse the Government the additional \$50,000,000 to \$60,000,000 required to carry out his proposed contract, nor does he in fact agree to pay 4% interest thereon for a lease for one hundred years of the power dams and electrical equipment. For \$5,000,000 he acquires public property worth many times that amount, and exclusive use and control for one hundred years of immense water power developed at Government expense for about 2¾% annual interest on the cost thereof, free of regulation, restriction, or control by any public authority. He is exempt from the terms and provisions of the National Water Power Law passed two years ago to protect and conserve the interest of the public in the water power resources of the nation, without obligation that any portion will be used by municipalities or industries in the South, but admittedly for the sole use of Mr. Ford in his own plants and his successors. He does

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not pledge his personal fortune or estate to the faithful performance of any obligation assumed by the Corporation he will organize. He does not agree to repay the Government all future outlays for repairs and maintenance and whatever alleged public benefit proposed is not in any sense commensurate with the special and unusual privileges sought for one individual or corporation.

Whether the Muscle Shoals project is controlled or operated by the Government or by private or quasi-private concerns, the public interest in a great navigable river and the water power that follows the improvement of navigation, as well as the products of plants constructed with public funds, should be conserved, used and distributed for the common welfare.

VERY LIGHTS

I have a friend who is married and his home is blessed with the addition of one boy, who is about 5 years old.

Just a few days before Christmas I had an engagement to meet him to go to a boxing bout, and I stopped at his home. While there his wife was putting the youngster to bed, and he was a very devout little fellow as he was sincere in his offerings to God. He was God blessing Aunt Mollie, Aunt Katie and a whole list of Uncles, and he stopped and he asked his mother this question, "Mamma, do all little boys pray at night before going to bed?" Why yes, honey, all of them. Why do you ask that?" "Then how does God know who is praying? He can't listen to all of them at once." "Well dearie, you have to tell Him where you live, then He knows just who the good little boys are." Well, he started to pray again where he left off, and then he was advised by his mother to tell God what he wanted for Christmas. "A hobby horse, electric engine," and he went on to name a whole list of things, that any child can, at the coming of Christmas. And at the close of his prayer with all the sincerity of his little heart, he said, "Now God, this prayer is from 95 Spring Way, and don't get mixed up, and send them toys to the Dagos that live next door."

Jim—"Too bad about Smith. He's suffering from a bad case of shell shock, and he cannot remember anything of the past."

Jerry—"Good Lord! and I lent him \$5 before he was hurt."

DUCK vs. MUSIC

Mrs. J—M—has decided not to announce any more programs by the choir of the Congregational Church until the duck season is over. However there will be good music by some members of the choir Sunday evening.—*Baudette Region, Baudette, Minn.*

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HEGEMONICS

HEGEMONICS—or thoughts on leadership and training, including "The Soldier's Life in Battle," cloth, 172 pages, by Lt. Col., F. A., U. S. R., Jennings C. Wise, author of "Gunnery," "Long Arm of Lee," "Empire and Armament," "Call of the Republic," "The Turn of the Tide," etc., etc. Publishers, W. F. Roberts Company, Washington, D. C.

Hegemonics is a name derived from Hegemon—L e a d e r. Hegemonic—Leading. Hegemonics—The science of leading, of leadership. The first part of this author's new book will be found of great interest to the professional or scientific soldier as well as to others of the World War, who, marveled at some of the customs and practices so different from peaceful mode of life. The second part—"The Soldiers Life in Battle," is a very able exposition of what every green soldier of the American Expeditionary Forces observed for himself—we knew that something was all wrong at times—we satisfied ourselves that panic was of another school than fear or cowardice, we wondered why the commanding officers were not always the super-men they aimed to be and whom the soldier of the ranks has every right to expect them to be. All very alluminating and ably written by a former officer of the Eightieth (Blue-Ridge) Division.

A FALSE NOTE

A British tar, home on leave and celebrating the occasion, had got himself into a dilemma. He had hired a taxi, only to discover when approaching his destination that he was penniless. He had dined and wine, not wisely, but too well. But the British navy is a training-school of resourcefulness. He caught up the speaking tube, shouted "Stop!" and he jumped out. "I just want to pop into this tobacconist's and get some matches," he explained to the driver. "I've dropt a pound note somewhere in the cab and can't find it in the dark." He entered the tobacconist's, and as he did so the cab driver vanished into the night, as he had anticipated.

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(Continued from Page 10)

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- Maj. MacVeagh, Lincoln, care Henry Holt & Co., 19 W. 44th St., New York City. 318 Inf. and Div. Hdqrs.
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- Capt. Morrell, Franklin W., 1 Liberty St., New York City. 319 Inf.
- Capt. Mackie, W. H. T., Princeton Club, Princeton, N. J. 315 MGB.
- Lt. Merrill, Clarence W., 15 Stanley St., Irvington, N. J. 318 Inf.
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- Capt. Moran, R. R., 124 So. Albany St., Ithaca, N. Y. 305 MST.
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- Lt. Melniker, Aaron A., Bergoff Bldg., Bayonne, N. J. 314 FA.
- Lt. Moore, Fred L., 111 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass. 314 FA.
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- Lt. Miller, John G., care Canfield Paper Co., 62 Duane St., New York City.
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- Lt. McGlie, Philip, Yale Club, New York City. 314 FA.
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- Capt. Powell, Arthur, 64 Clinton Ave., Montclair, N. J. 318 Inf.
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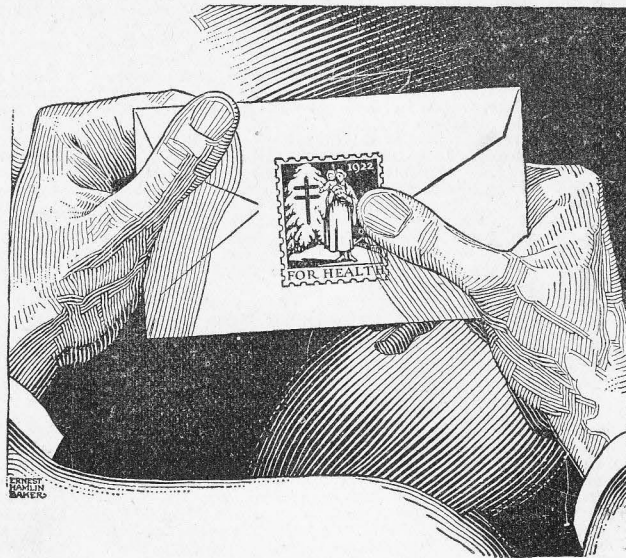
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