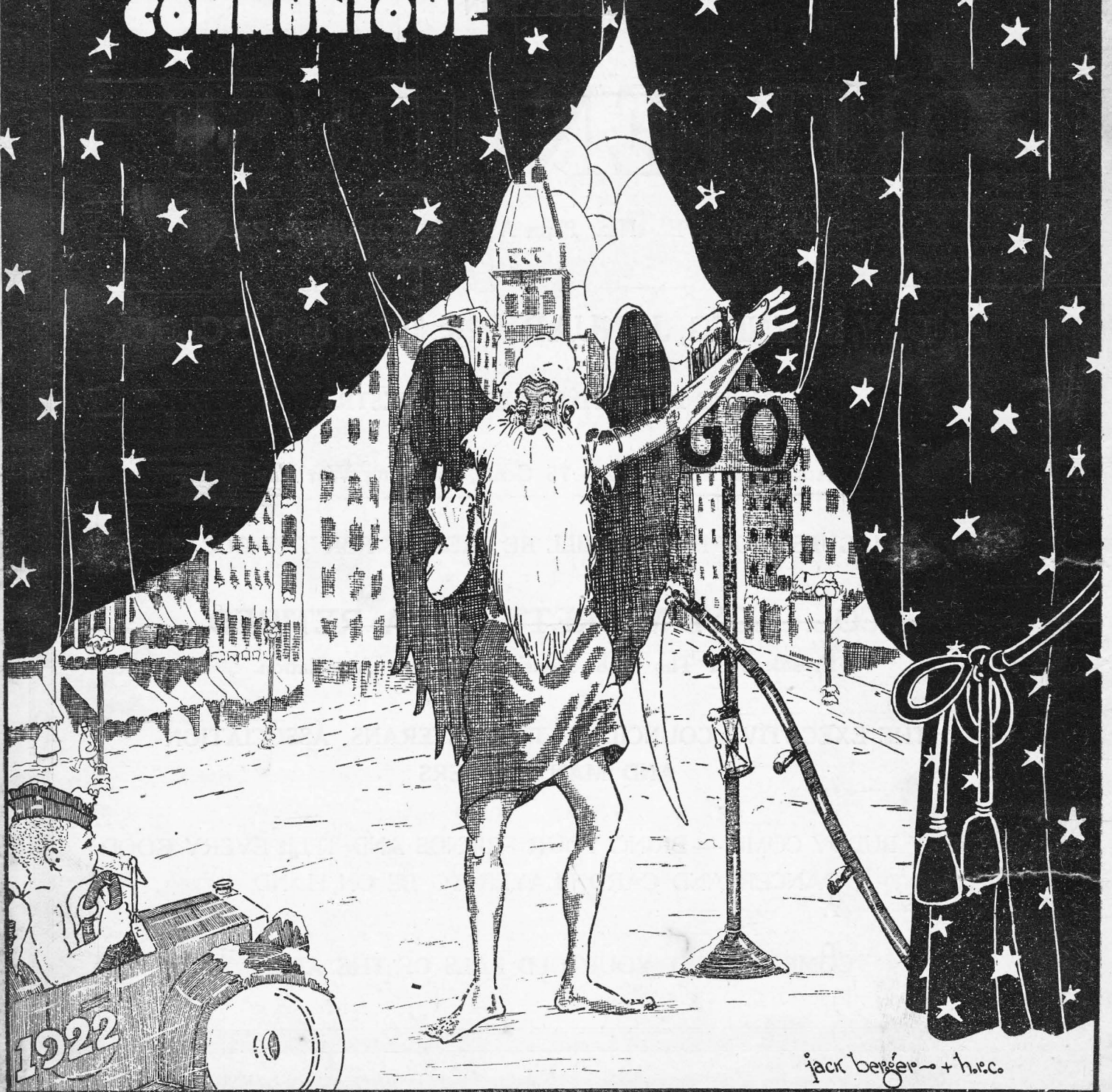


JAN.

1922

THE SERVICE MAGAZINE

OFFICIAL BLUE RIDGE COMMUNIQUE



FALL IN! -- ATTENTION!
"BLUE RIDGE" EUCHRE and DANCE

AUSPICES

PENNA. AUXILIARY NUMBER 1, EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS
ASSOCIATION

RITTENHOUSE

HIGHLAND AVE. Near Penn Ave. PITTSBURGH, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 20, 1922, 8:30 O'CLOCK

MUSIC BY BOYD'S JAZZ ORCHESTRA

Admission Per Person - 75 Cents, Including War Tax

SPECIAL GUESTS OF HONOR WILL BE PRESENT FOR THE OCCASION

COL. LLOYD M. BRETT, U. S. A. RETIRED

President of The 80th. Division Veterans Association

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE VETERANS ASSOCIATION
AND MANY OTHERS

EVERY BUDDY COME — BRING YOUR FRIENDS AND TELL EVERY GOOD
DANCER AND CARD PLAYER TO BE ON HAND

COME — MEET YOUR OLD PALS OF THE ARMY



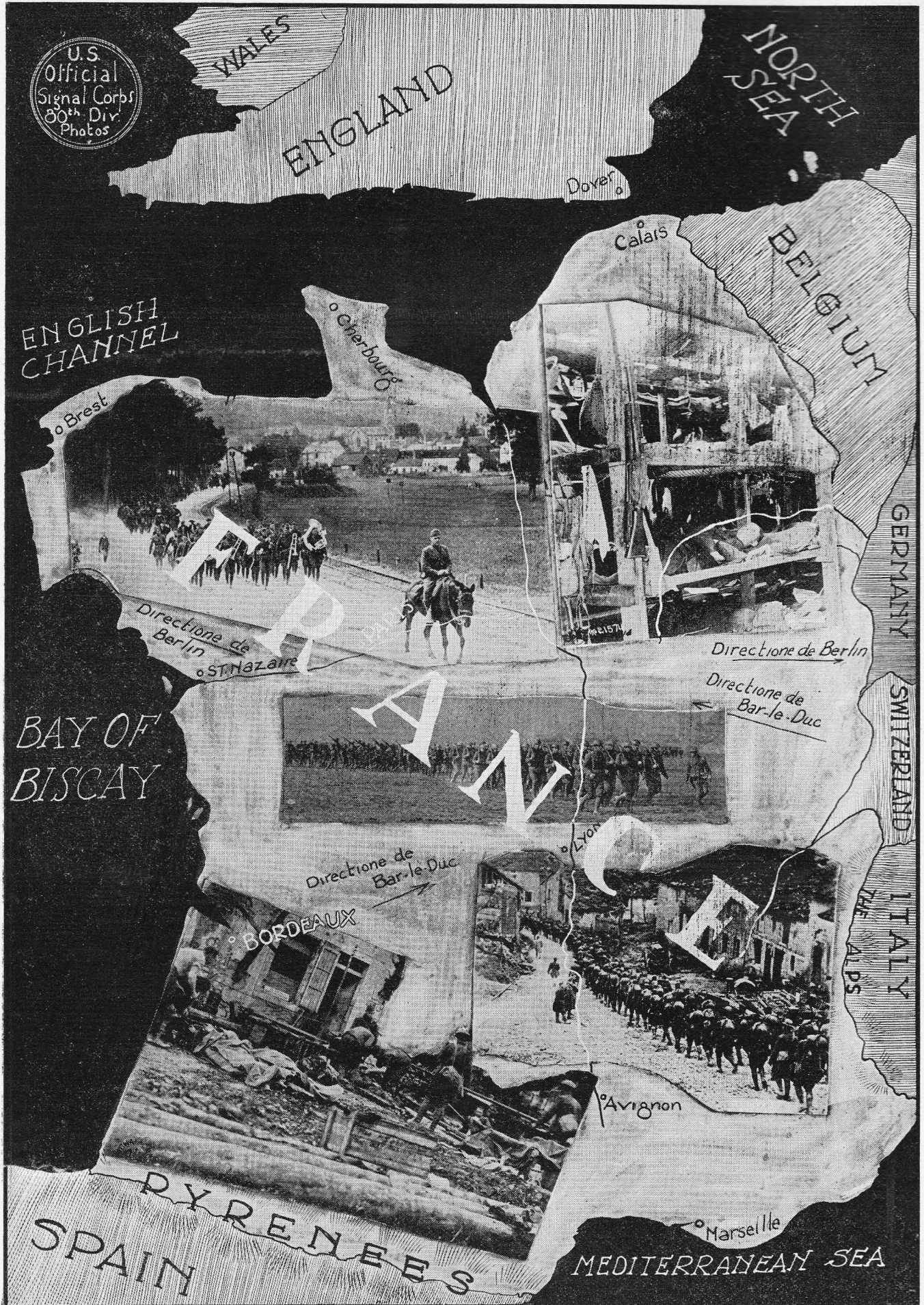
NOW IS THE TIME TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF AND CONTINUE TO MOVE FORWARD WITH YOUR OLD OUTFIT-WE EVEN MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF WITHOUT TURNING A LEAF AT ALL - COM CA →

Merci beaucoup!


SERVICE MAGAZINE—
 915 BESSEMER BLDG.
 PITTSBURGH, PA.

Dear Sirs: I resolve that I will read "SERVICE" during the year 1922. Enclosed find \$2.00 (Two Dollars)


NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY & STATE _____



The SERVICE MAGAZINE



OFFICIAL MONTHLY COMMUNIQUE OF THE BLUE RIDGE DIVISION
 Owned and Published by the 80th Division Veterans' Association, 915 Bessemer Building,
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Bell Phone, Smithfield 1859
 HENRY R. CURRY, Managing Editor JACK V. BERGER, Artist
 Associate Editors—Sidney A. Weinschenk, Russell L. Stultz, Lyle David, B. C. Clark



Entered as second-class matter October 3, 1919, at the post office at Pittsburgh, Penna., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Vol. III.—No. 4.

JANUARY, 1922

\$2.00 a Year—20c a Copy

“Forward to the Final Taps”

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover Design—“Forward”	By Jack V. Berger	
“As You Were”—U. S. Official Photos	Arranged by Berger	Page 4
Neglect of the Soldier	By Rev. Francis J. Martin	Page 6
“I Wonder” (Verse)	By Henry R. Curry	Page 6
Shrapnel (A Poem)	By C. E. Grundish	Page 9
“Moving Forward” with The Eightieth	By Russell L. Stultz	Page 11
“A Man’s A Man For A’ His Rank”	By Russell L. Stultz	Page 12
On Reading “Three Soldiers”	By Wm. C. Vandewater	Page 12
Nostalgie (Poem)	By John T. Ackerson	Page 13
Night Aboard A Destroyer	By Lieut. Commander Benjamin Perlman, U. S. N.	Page 14
Observations	Edited by Lyle David	Page 16
Private S. O. L. (Cartoon)	By Jack V. Berger	Page 17
Old Pals of the Army (Letters from An Old File)	By Jack P. Smith	Page 18
A Page To Wit (Our Mag)	By the Office Boy	Page 20
“The Morning Report”	By Carrie On	Page 21
Taps		Page 21
“M” Company’s Midgets	By J. R. Gavin	Page 26

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>COL. LLOYD M. BRETT, U. S. A. (Ret.), President
 1301 K. St., Northwest, Washington, D. C.</p> <p>STEPHEN C. CLARK, Vice-President
 149 Broadway, New York City</p> <p>REUEL W. ELTON, Vice-President, 32 Union Sq., New York City</p> <p>CHAS. M. JONES, Vice-President
 409 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.</p> <p>REV. EDWARD A. WALLACE, 320 Inf., Chaplain
 Manhattan Beach, New York, N. Y.</p> <p>JOHN E. SUGDEN, JR., 320 Inf., Recording Secretary
 425 N. Fairmont St., E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.</p> <p>WM. C. VANDEWATER, 160 Brig. Hdq., First Nat'l Bank Bldg.,
 Princeton, N. J.</p> <p>A. R. PETERSON, 317 Inf., 5 North la Salle St., Chicago, Ill.</p> | <p>RUSSELL L. STULTZ, 318 Inf., Newmarket, Va.</p> <p>FREDERICK HICKMAN, 319 Inf., Real Estate & Law Bldg.,
 Atlantic City, N. J.</p> <p>CYRIL A. MADDEN, 319 Inf., 809 Hawley Bldg., Wheeling, W. Va.</p> <p>ISAAC K. FEATHER, 320 Inf., Ligonier St., Latrobe, Pa.</p> <p>JOHN P. HEINER, 313 F. A., 1116 Widner Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.</p> <p>BOYD B. STUTLER, 314 F. A., Care Sec'y of State,
 Charleston, W. Va.</p> <p>C. F. BUSHMAN, 315 F. A., Care Chief Dispatcher, N. & W. Rv.,
 Bluefield, W. Va.</p> <p>ROBERT D. BOSTON, 315 M. G. Bn., 4907 Broad St.,
 Pittsburgh, Pa.</p> <p>MICHAEL J. CLARK, 305 Amm. Tn., West Middlesex, Pa.</p> <p>JACK V. BERGER, 305 Eng., 5938 Revenna St., Pittsburgh, Pa.</p> |
|--|--|

(Published Under Direction of the Executive Council)

Neglect of the Soldier

Popular Reaction Toward the War a Leading Factor. A Bold, Frank and Candid Discussion of the Subject

By Rev. Francis J. Martin

Formerly Chaplain 320th Inf., 80th Div.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Father Martin does not presume to speak in this article for *Service Magazine*, nor does he portend that these views are the views of the Veterans of the Eightieth Division. He has been requested by the Editors of this Magazine to write a frank article stating his views on the past and present impressions of the war, the present state of the soldier etc., etc., with the sole purpose of creating a free discussion of the subjects involved. Address all comments and criticisms to the editor of "Service."

NO argument is needed to convince readers of SERVICE that a large proportion of our people have forgotten or at least neglected the soldier. Some of you have realized the extent of this neglect as you have wearily tramped from place to place in search of work. Others have learned the situation from their old "buddies" or from the ordinary channels of information. A recent number of *Service* for instance contrasted the liberality shown to the Fifth Division Veterans at Navin Field, Detroit, with the narrow policy manifested toward the Blue Ridge heroes at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, on Miljus Day. As I write I have before me a copy of an Associated Press dispatch from Washington dated, December 12th, 1921 in which Senator Ashurst declares that hundreds of former Service men are dying, neglected on the deserts of Arizona. The stage, the movies, the magazine alludes too seldom to the returned soldier. Undoubtedly we agree that apart from isolated, yet honorable exceptions, our people have forgotten, have neglected the soldier.

It is with fear and trembling that I offer my explanation of the situation, that I set forth my honest opinions as to the

causes of this neglect. I am afraid that the terms pro-German, anti-English, Socialist or Bolshevik will ring in my ears: that those, who regard the newspapers as divine oracles of inspired wisdom, will contest my conclusions. I beg of you, kind reader, to be patient with me; to remember that

fore you.

To understand the neglect of the soldier, we must keep before us the public's appreciation of the war. We must not forget that the attitude of our people toward the soldier is a reflection of their views on the war of the judgment which many formed of the conflict before our country had entered into the European maelstrom, of their widespread dissatisfaction with the failure of the cataclysm to produce promised results. After calmly reviewing all the circumstances of the tragedy, after recalling the hypocrisy, deceit, and hatred, which have poisoned men's minds and embittered their hearts, I am convinced that far from being surprised at the neglect of the soldiers, we may comfortably assure ourselves that this neglect is after all not greater than we may have expected.

Before our intervention in the European conflict, we were neutral in name rather than in denouncing Germany and urging us to associate with the Entente Allies, England, France, Russia and Italy. This step was not regarded with favor by a considerable element of our population. According to the United States census of 1920 there were 1,683,298 German born persons and 1,035,680 native born Irish persons in the United States. Although official figures are wanting for the persons of German and Irish decent, still we may reasonably place the number at between thirty and forty millions. The vast majority of these people had formed an opinion on the war and secretly cherished the hope of German success. This may appear a broad statement, but we must remember that they

I WONDER

By HENRY R. CURRY

*I wonder if the roads are just as muddy, just as hard;
I wonder if the woods are just as desolate and scarred.
I wonder if some soldier men are wondering about,
Or if the broken guns we left have now been carried out.
I wonder if that iron shack that sheltered me one night,
Would look so fine and homelike and welcome to my sight.
I wonder if the trench is there; the one that saved my life,
When shrapnel burst around above and cut things like a knife.
I wonder if I'd like a pan of good old army slum.
And if I'd have the patience now to stand in line for some.*

*I wonder if the winter's wood is in at Madame's Barn;
If Grandmere's sitting half asleep and trying hard to darn.
I wonder if the cheerful fire, burning on the floor,
Would be so full of pictures as it was to me in war.
I wonder if Madame is sitting sewing by the light,
And if the little boy and girl will have their lessons right.
I wonder if I'll ever see that great clock any more,
The one that told us when to leave and struck to twenty-four.
I wonder could I find the door and rap again some day,
And hear that honest welcome of "Entree S'il Vous Plait!"*

*I wonder if Griselles is still the home of M'sieu Dan;
The Frog who sold the dynamite and robbed us to a man.
I wonder if the Cognac is still made at the school,
And if I now could drink as much as was my daily rule.
I wonder if the ration trucks keep coming every day,
And if fair Juliet's caught the man who lived across the way.
I wonder if St. Valentine's is standing on the hill,
And if the trousered Demoiselle is working at the mill.
I wonder if the village tramp who never took a bath,
Is still as full of Cooties as the wall is full of lath.*

*I wonder if fair Bertha still goes walking with the cows.
I wonder if they miss us with our friendly nightly rows.
I wonder if they've ever found the bowl of missing Frances,
Or if they understand that it was just our Yankee pranks.
I wonder if the movie shows are running at the barn,
Like when we used to pass them up and didn't care a darn.
I wonder if the town is just as gloomy and as wet,
And if the houses where we lived are empty and to let.
I wonder if they miss our queer assembly every dawn,
I wonder if the town's still there since our old crowd is gone.*

I am not setting forth the views of your magazine, to bear in mind that I am merely striving to explain a fact, the neglect of the soldiers, which is so patent to you. After much study, repeated conversations and considerable thought, I have reached a decision which I am invited to lay be-

The author has made use of the following References

- | | |
|---|--|
| (1) "Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him." | (5) "Speech on Secret Treaties" Oct. 15, 1919. |
| (2) "Now It Can Be Told" P. 521. "More That Must Be Told" P. 127-131. | (6) "Speech on the League of Nations" Nov. 19, 1919. |
| (3) "A Brief History of the Great War" P. 89-96, 220. | (7) "Wounded Souls." "Now It Can Be Told." |
| (4) "Treaty of Peace with Germany-Senate Hearings" P. 525. | (8) "More That Must Be Told" P. 387. |

Neglect of the Soldier

had as much right to favor the Central Powers as our press had to support the Entente Allies. Moreover, if we analyze the state of the German and Irish mind, we cannot blame either for regarding an association with England and France as an unpopular, inopportune move.

The Germans did not enjoy the prospect of fighting against their own race, their ancestors, their relations, their neighbors. They did not believe the charges of wholesale cruelty and atrocity laid at the door of Germany; they considered that England, jealous of Germany's wonderful commercial expansion between 1871 and 1914, was fighting to remove a powerful competitor from her thirst for domination of world trade. With a shrug of the shoulders they defended the destruction of the Lusitania, arguing that the ship was carrying munitions (a point which I am informed Dudley F. Malone afterward admitted), that the innocent victims of the torpedoed vessel were few in number compared with the women and children of Germany who were dying of starvation and want as the result of the English Iron Blockade of German ports.

The Irish could not understand England in the role of crusader for right against might, for democracy against autocracy. Since the days of Henry II in 1154 they have felt the heel of English oppression, they have learned time after time how England has perfidiously broken solemn treaties to suit her own ends. The cruel executions, which followed the Dublin uprising in Easter Week, 1916, sharply reminded them that England had undergone little change of heart in her foreign policy since the days of Oliver Cromwell despite the slobbering of our press. To them an alliance or association with England to fight for the rights of democracy and the freedom of small nations was as laughable as attempting to battle against vice by entering league with the devil.

Once war had been declared, these two large elements of our national life forgot their former differences and accepted the verdict as rendered by the regularly authorized constitutional channels. Their sons marched bravely to the front, ready to pour forth their blood for the cause of America; regiments with a large Irish personnel like the 165th Infantry (the old 69th New York of Civil and Spanish War days) unfurled their battle-scarred flags and fought valiantly against the foe; outfits recruited from German elements of our population were no less courageous on the field of battle, as the casualty lists of the 319th, and the 320th testify. After the battles had been fought and won, however, so many events happened to justify their first suspicions, so many incidents occurred to prove that the governments of France and England had undergone little

change, for they were revealed as greedy, as imperialistic in 1919 as in 1913—that these two large elements of American citizens considered the war a horrible nightmare, a dreadful mistake for the country. The defeat of their hopes at Versailles after the victories of their sons in the Argonne filled them with disgust for the broken pledges of the statesmen. Their old sentiments against England revived and they wished to forget the war and consequently its soldiers.

Among another class too the war was not favored. The millions, who read and follow Hearst newspapers, were arrayed against our late associates before our entry into the war. Pass whatever judgment you will on Mr. William Randolph Hearst,

TWO SOLDIERS



As seen at the 1921 Reunion
of the 80th Div.

but he has the happy faculty of enlisting the services of able subordinates, who keep their ear close to the people's breast and sense the throbbing of the public heart. Writing articles in a popular vein, imparting information which other papers dare not disclose, Mr. Hearst has captivated millions, who are dissatisfied with our present political parties, with the injustices and inequalities of our social economic order. While I do not always agree with Mr. Hearst or Mr. Brisbane—they sometimes indulge in false philosophy—yet they win many supporters for the causes which they plead. They had prepared many to distrust England and France; they were forced into a corner during the war, but the masses, who now view the wreck of our promises and pledges, are as disgusted

with the results of the struggle as the Irish and the Germans.

Finally there was in our country as elsewhere a small minority who felt that all the blame did not lie on one side. Accepting the economic view of the war, they recognize that practically all wars in the past have been waged for commercial supremacy, that nations seldom go to war for other than economic reasons. Thus the war between the states from 1861 to 1865 was not prompted so much by the injustice of human slavery as the determination that the paid worker of the North should not be forced to compete with the slave laborers of the South. Despite all the protestations of French and English governments that they were unprepared for war, these students of history knew better. Two examples will indicate that they were justified in their opinions.

Mr. Tumulty has recorded his conversation with Woodrow Wilson in 1910, during which the former Princeton professor predicted that the next president of the United States would be confronted with the problem of war. (1) In a speech at St. Louis after his return from Paris, Mr. Wilson admitted that the great struggle had been a commercial war. My own professor of history at St. Charles College, Catonsville, Md., the late Fr. McKenny, S.S., told us in 1911 that the next war for commercial supremacy would be between Germany and England. Noting the air of doubt which greeted his utterance he remarked: "Well informed men are not startled that there will be a war, they are merely surprised that it has not already occurred." Those thinkers, who explain all wars as the transfer of commercial competition into armed struggles, are sick of the brutality and hardships of war, they do not like too think of soldiers for these veterans remind them too forcibly of all the evils and disasters that follow in the wake of war.

That our government recognized the strength of the sentiment against our interference in the European struggle, our association with the Entente Allies, was confessed openly by the passage of the conscription act in May 1917. In November 1916, Woodrow Wilson had been re-elected on the slogan: *He kept us out of war*. The people granted him a second term, expecting him to keep out of the conflict. Less than five weeks after his second inauguration a state of war existed between our country and the Imperial German government. Despite the waving of flags and the shouting of speakers, our newspapers, Congressional leaders, the army and navy officers, even the president himself realized that the popular undercurrent was too strong to depend on voluntary enlistments. Under the guise of distributing the burden among all, but in reality to assure our

Neglect of the Soldier

Association the forces which they needed, a conscription measure, delicately camouflaged as a Selective Service Act, was jammed through Congress over the opposition of popular figures like the late Champ Clark. The Supreme Court afterwards upheld the constitutionality of the law, but multitudes of sincere patriots have always considered the conscription act an enforcement of the Prussian military system on the American people. It seems to me at least difficult to look upon the Selective Service Act as any thing else than an admission that our people did not as a body wish to enter whole-heartedly into the war.

The newspapers too confessed the unpopularity of the war by their propaganda of calumny and hatred against Germany. Reading over the files of wartime journals, we are now forced to admit that they came very near proving David's words: "Every man is a liar." They invented tales of cruelty and horror to incite the people against the foe; they accepted rumors as truth, suspicions as confirmations; they heaped all the contempt possible on the foe by going back to ancient history and resurrecting the word "Hun" to apply it with more sinister significance to the modern German. I recognize that the Germans have their faults as well as other peoples; that their soldiers were not angels before, during or after battle (neither were the Allies)—but they were not guilty of all the dreadful crimes imputed to them. Yet our press deliberately aroused base passions and animal appetites against the foe: "to hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs" became their dictum.

Now competent observers like Sir Philip Gibbs are demolishing most of the untruths which were drilled into our minds during the war. (2) He confesses that much of the evidence in the Bryce Report is utterly untrustworthy. British ambulance men found no living Belgian babies with their hands chopped off or Belgian women with their breasts cut off. The British G. H. Q. disproved the story that Germans had crucified a Canadian soldier. The foul absurdity of "the corpse factories" was a myth. Fr. Duffy, Chaplain of the 165th Infantry, Rainbow Division, frankly confesses that he never saw the Germans do anything to our men which we would not have done to them. Undoubtedly the Germans were guilty of excesses, deeds of horror and shame, but these specimens of brutality do not condemn the German people as worse than others; they are merely added proof that war itself is frightful; that it is a breeder of the lowest crimes; that it should be abolished among civilized nations at least. Again the depredations of the Blacks and Tans in Ireland, the indiscriminate firing of General Dyer upon an un-

armed assembly at Amritsar, India, (a detail that was suppressed by our press for months), the recent starvation of 46 Indian prisoners in a British box-car and last, by no means least, the wanton brutality of our own marines in Haiti—all these facts are ample proof that if the Germans were "Huns" during the war, others, including ourselves, have taken a leaf from their books of military tactics. At all events people, who were deliberately misled by the press, whose pockets, as Senator Johnson said, were picked to poison their minds—want to forget the war and they easily neglect the soldiers, who—they are convinced—were sent abroad to avenge manufactured wrongs.

The changed attitude of the public on the war has re-acted upon the former service men. The American people are learning day by day that the war was not near so much a contest for noble principles as a struggle for gold. English and French statesmen, encouraging us to fight for the preservation of civilization, seconding all the idealism of President Wilson and falling down in adoration before the Fourteen Points, were keeping locked in their safes secret agreements, based not on lofty ideals, but on old diplomatic balance of power. Their private acts gave the lie to their public utterances. Senator Borah's words: "I did not believe them sincere in their declarations of principles at the time and I was not misled" is entirely justified by the new evidence which almost every day is produced for an astounded people.

Prof. Carlton J. H. Hays (3) shows how Italy was ready to sell to the highest bidder, how she played one side against the other before entering into the war on the side of the Entente Allies. The full malice of that shameful bargain, known as the Treaty of London, signed April 26, 1915, was not revealed until the downfall of Russia in the winter of 1917-18. In February, 1917, six weeks before our entry into the war—England guaranteed Japan control of the former German holdings in Shantung, China. None of the secret deals was made known to our government until President Wilson had arrived in Paris to negotiate peace. As proof I offer the following extract from the President's Conference with the Foreign Relations Committee at the White House on August 19, 1919. (4) Senator Johnson asked: "These specific treaties then—the treaty of London on the basis of which Italy entered the war: (and two others)—none of these did we (and when I say "we" I mean you, Mr. President) have any knowledge of prior to the conference at Paris?" The President answered: "No, sir. I can confidently answer that 'No' in regard to myself." Despite this wilful concealment Mr. Balfour in the British House of Commons on March 4, 1918, assured a questioner that

President Wilson had been kept fully informed of all treaties, secret or public, to which England had become a party after August 4, 1914. No one who reads the strong arraignment of Mr. Borah (5) can help wanting to forget all that were connected with the war.

The people were further convinced that they had been deceived when the terms of the Versailles Peace Treaty became known. After all protests of disinterestedness, after Lloyd George's solemn assurance that England did not covet a yard of additional territory, they calmly sat down at the peace table, gave lip service to the Fourteen Points and then proceeded to carve out the map of the world according to their own fancies or secret promises. Of the statesmen who framed the pact, Lord Bryce, the former ambassador to the United States, author of the "American Commonwealth," has remarked that the Congress of Vienna in 1815 at least knew what it was doing, but the diplomats in Versailles in 1919 did not know what they were doing. Mr. Frank Vanderlip, the New York banker, has been quoted as saying that the treaty is the worst document ever struck off by human beings at a given time. Senator Borah quotes one of the leading figures in the war, a soldier and a statesman as turning away from the peace table at Versailles with the comment: "The promise of a new life, the victory of the great human ideals for which the peoples have shed their blood and their treasure without stint, the fulfillment of their aspirations toward a new international order and a fairer and better world are not written into that treaty." (6) From Versailles has come forth a treaty so unquietous that the peace which it proposed to restore is hardly more tolerable than the war which it attempted to end. At every opportunity the people have rendered their verdict on the Versailles Treaty in unmistakable terms as Clemenceau in France, Orlando in Italy, Venezelos in Greece and Wilson in America can testify.

The treatment of our men abroad likewise cooled the ardor of our people for our former associates. Dismissing the unproved and denied charge that our government paid for the very ground on which our troops fought, we still have evidence that our companions in arms were not as high-minded as the newspapers and the Y. M. C. A. pretended. Millions of our citizens will never understand why we should pay England for transporting troops to help her when her back was not to the wall, but to the Germans. The shameful profiteering in France—after making due allowance for the extent to which our liberality fostered extortion—has left a sour taste of Frenchmen in the American mouth. How far this view is justified cannot be established by figures, yet to me it appears

Neglect of the Soldier

that the French civilian population, particularly the merchants, were not fair to our men. No doubt it was an exaggeration to say that France can pay her war debt off the money of American soldiers, yet many proprietors of estaminets were enriched at the expense of the A. E. F. Our own people, having learned many facts, are not so warm in their friendship towards the French.

Again the attitude of certain types among our officers, particularly those of higher rank and staff positions, who had either little knowledge or little concern for the sensibilities of the men, has not popularized the war or the army. Personally I protested as much as I dared against delousing or target firing on Sundays. I once heard a colonel condemn those useless maneuvers at ungodly hours on unpleasant mornings. I listened to the profanity of company commanders at orders to set men at work repairing French roads, no matter what the weather. Our citizens are learning that the army left little freedom, liberty and independence to their sons. By a queer psychology instead of pleading and insisting upon due regard for the troops, they are nursing bitter sentiments of hostility to every thing suggestive of military life.

A personal incident recalls this attitude of the higher-ups toward men. While the Division was in the Le Mans area, marking time on its return home, the chaplains were summoned to a general meeting at Le Mans. They were addressed by a high chaplain from G. H. Q., who wanted some to remain after their outfits had gone. Foolishly I remarked that perhaps some of us desired to return home and to make known the convict labor which was inflicted on our men. His answer was couched along these lines: "If you ever had a ride over broken roads in an automobile, you would not object to the work. Besides they all come to fight for the rights of democracy and no labor which they may be called upon to perform is degrading." The fervent chaplain may have believed all that nonsense about the rights of democracy, which he preached, but he has much to learn if he still holds the same views. I submit this evidence, not as typical of all officers, thank God, but as a specimen of that brand which was entirely too large in an army that was supposed to safeguard democracy against autocracy.

As I review the events of the past three years I am becoming more convinced than ever that the American Legion has contributed not a little to the low esteem in which the soldiers are held. Despite the protests of responsible officials the Legion has not removed distrust and suspicion from all minds—it has left on many workers the impression that it is prepared to support the greedy extortions of capital

against the just demands of labor. Hardly had it been organized when it endeavored to make it appear that the salvation of America depended on breaking Fritz Kreisler's fiddle. By preventing public meetings of those whose opinions it does not fancy, by constituting itself the judge of what is

eral Constitution. Its foolish and undeserved glorification of our former associates, its determined program of pleading particularly for the French had placed the veterans in a false light before the public, especially after Premier Briand's impassioned speech and the French Admiralty's proposals before the Disarmament Conference at Washington. I am not unmindful of the Legion's great services to the disabled, I appreciate its endeavors to aid the unemployed, yet all its good deeds, all its merits have not removed from the public mind the suspicion that the organization is conducting itself just as we have been lead to believe that a society of Prussian junkers would have acted, had the fortunes of war smiled on the Imperial German government. Many acts of the Legion—whether authorized or unauthorized—have brought much scorn and contempt upon the veterans of the war.

The profiteers, who grew rich out of the war, encourage neglect of the soldiers. They are angered, perhaps, because their ill gotten gains have decreased; judging from their attitude we are not far wrong in concluding that many of them would have been satisfied to have the war continue as the permanent state of the world affairs. It is interesting to note that while they were fighting the battles of the Ft. Pitt, the McAlpin and other hotels, while they were exhorting the soldiers to wipe out the "bloody Huns," and promising the boys that nothing would be too good for them on their return, the troops, who were lying on their bellies in mud holes, dodging shells and gas bombs, suffering all the miseries of war, chilled by defective clothing, sold to the government at high prices by the patriotic profiteers, parched from want of water, starved from lack of food, the troops, I repeat, had great respect for the courage of the Germans and seldom called them harsher names than "Jerries," "Fritzes," or Heinies." Now according to the profiteers the boys, who endured all these privations while they themselves were waxing fat, are either too lazy or too unfit for work!

Again the great mass of our population has never understood fully the hardships and privations which the troops endured. The boys themselves were too considerate to speak much of their sufferings and they preferred to dwell on the delights of a leave area. Hearing tales of wild nights in Paris and elsewhere the people consider too often that the soldiers were engaged in one continuous round of hilarity. We must remember that the American people are becoming too materialistic, cultivating an inordinate love for good clothes, soft living, luxurious food, changing diversions. During the war they were fairly comfortable, not considerably affected by govern-

SHRAPNEL

By C. E. GRUNDISH

I.

After a visit to the soldiers' ward of the Tuberculosis League Hospital "on the Hill."

Clocks tick, hearts beat.
Dawn comes and nite falls
As the todays melt into the to-morrows.

A row of white cots,
A row of white faces—
Faces that danced in the flare
Of the big guns on the Western front.

The bare arms of the trees
Paint shadow pictures in the rays
From a city arclite—
Shadow pictures of red-poppied fields
And crosses, row on row.

But only the white cots
And the white faces
Remember.

II.

The other day
I saw a shopgirl pass,
Shaming a morning-glory with her beauty.

The howl of a street dog and the fangplay of men after big game made me shudder.

I thought of the first poppy I trampled
In France's field.

III.

The bankers,
big bellied
and lousy with francs,
sweep thru the city's avenues
in limousines,
rich and luxuriant,
and say
the nation can't afford to pay
a soldier's bonus.

In the skyscrapers' 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 his jokes.

or is not radical literature, by endeavoring to pass judgment on the patriotism of individuals, it has alienated millions of liberals from the soldiers' cause. Protesting its Americanism in one breath, with the other it has repeatedly violated at least the spirit of the First Amendment to the Fed-

Neglect of the Soldier

mental restrictions. Heavy back pay and increased wages taught them extravagance instead of thrift and lead to a wild orgy of spending, dancing and worse recreations, of whose licentiousness I care not to speak. They were encouraged to consider they were doing their bit by buying Liberty Bonds or contributing to Welfare Societies. Silly, empty-headed social butterflies regarded themselves as almost winning the war by dancing bare-legged or bare-backed for charitable bazaars to help the poor, dear wounded. Having tasted far more extensively than before the delights and pleasures of life and of license, the people think more naturally of devising new forms of fun than of providing for the soldiers.

I do not agree with the newspapers that our people have lost their idealism. I resent bitterly this calumny against the American people. We must recognize, however, that much of the sentimentality, unselfishness and generosity of the war years was manufactured by the press, that it did not penetrate beyond the surface. Again our people must not be accused of abandoning the "Allies" for the base betrayal of the Fourteen Points of our Associates, their broken pledges to their own peoples and to us, even to the Germans, would have destroyed far more, far loftier idealism than Woodrow Wilson preached and the press re-echoed.

Summing up these various chains in the evidence I am not astounded that the public had neglected the soldiers, I am merely surprised that their neglect has not been more extensive. Despite the assurance of Mr. Hughes in reply to Mr. Briand's militaristic speech, millions who wore the uniform will never again be coerced into service abroad. This bold statement does not appear in the press, but it underlies the sentiment of so many heroes of the 80th: "Never again for me," as I heard them declare after the armistice. Not a few consider that France was hardly worth saving. The differences between promises and accomplishments, pledges and deeds have convinced all independent thinkers that the war was a tremendous and useless sacrifice of blood and treasure to gratify the lust of diplomats and financiers. Even those, who like Sir Philip Gibbs throw the majority of the blame on Germany, are forced to admit that the other powers cannot rightly wash their hands altogether of so much young blood.

Personally I have never changed my parabolic view of the causes of the war. In 1914 I compared it to the struggle between two gangs of robbers, who set out to plunder a bank from different angles. Suddenly in the midst of their thievery they ceased their pillage to fight each other. Even after they had realized that their fight might destroy the very building for which they

were contesting, they did not stop their strife until the police had been summoned to repel the outbreak. When the case was called in court the verdict was a hung jury. Such to my mind was the war. The thieves were the diplomats and financiers of both Germany and England who were plundering the world by commerce and trade. Fearing that one would gain the advantage of the other, each side bartered lands and traded people against their will to gain allies; both recruited armies and equipped navies; the shot which laid low the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, was the signal to clear the deck for action. After six weeks of scene-shifting, the conflagration burst forth to last for four years and four months, to embroil almost the whole world, to wreck Europe, to murder 9,000,000 youths, to disable as many more, to starve innocent children, to betray pure women, to unleash a dreadful legacy of filth, crime, immorality and disease. Not until the United States entered as a policeman did the conflict end, but the dishonest peace of Versailles is the worst verdict ever rendered in court. Certainly these disasters, these fruits of war, are abundant proof that diplomats were not sending men forth to fight for "the rights of democracy."

These conditions, which I believe all play a role in accounting for the neglect of the soldier, are not encouraging prospects. Yet our people, with the nobility of their character, the innate justice of their nature can be taught to appreciate the soldier properly provided our case is presented to them in its proper light. The editor of *SERVICE* has begged me to be constructive as well as destructive and while I recognize that it is easier to tear down than to rebuild, difficult to advise the young, still I have a few proposals to suggest, which do not exhaust the subject but which may help the soldiers.

First soldiers and soldiers' organizations should drop all talk about the noble ideals of the "Allies." Nobody of sound mind now takes stock in that buncombe. This view has not disappeared from the thoughts of some men in public positions. I have before me an extract from the recent sermon of a local minister who declared that love for humanity, truth and freedom formed America's motive for entering the war. The newspapers have been preaching the same falsehood for the past seven years, but if we are to judge by recent city elections in New York and Indianapolis the support of the press is the candidate's worst handicap. Soldiers should read the handwriting on the wall and candidly admit that the whole war was a horrible blunder, that we in America at least have not yet been fully enlightened why we entered in 1917 instead of 1914. The excuses alleged on April 2, 1917, were no more forcible

then than on May 7, 1915. I have always been convinced that we were not drawn into the conflict until England and France realized that they could not defeat Germany without our aid. "After England Failed," the troops used to say. This view I shall continue to hold until better reasons than the pretended idealism of our spokesmen are given for our entry into the struggle at the decisive moment. The people as a whole, sickened of the war, turn a deaf ear to soldiers who prattle about "the rights of democracy and the freedom of small nations."

The people should be encouraged to read books which set forth in popular language the trials and the hardships of the soldier. Guy Empey's "Over the Top," and Gerard's "Face to Face with Kaiserism," have lost all charm for the unbiased. Dos Passos' "Three Soldiers," accurately and realistically describes certain types of soldiers and of army life, but its mass of profanity and sordid details makes it unfit for the general public, at least for the virtuous. Until better and more decent narratives of American experiences are produced our people will do well to digest the writings of Sir Philip Gibbs (7), whose accounts of life in the British Army resemble your own. Among the swarms of war literature his has the best chance of surviving. The people, forgetting the false promises of statesmen, will learn the privations of the troops, will better appreciate the sacrifices and trials. If they are ever made to realize all your misery, they will be smitten at heart for their indifference toward you.

Above all you must strive to impress upon them sentiments of Justice and Charity. During the war we took our cue from the press and carried out the maxims: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. Love your friends, but hate your enemies." Our Department of Justice officially informed the Association to Abolish War that the printing of the Sermon on the Mount would be regarded as pro-German. Now that it may be printed and preached, without fear of arrest and confinement, it is high time for us to return to Christ's teaching: "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." To my mind the soldiers have no nobler vision than to dispel the hatred, strife and bitterness, which statesmen and editors, preachers and authors fostered during the war. You must convince the people that you are just as much opposed to war as they are; you must turn from advocating the old heresy: "In Peace prepare for war" to spreading the new doctrine: "In peace see that there will be no more war." Once you convince the public that you are alive to its best interests, it will remember the great lessons which you are striving to

(Continued on Page 15)

"Moving Forward" With the 80th

The First of a Series of Monthly Echoes of Places and People Made Famous by the Blue Ridge Insignia

By Russell L. Stultz

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Being the War Record of the 80th Division as Chronicled in the Official Dispatches and Orders Issued and Received by the Various A. E. F. Headquarters in France.*

Realizing that comparatively few members of the 80th, especially among enlisted personnel, had an opportunity to become acquainted with the numerous dispatches, orders, telegrams and other messages published in France relating to the Blue Ridge Division's activities as a unit of the American Expeditionary Forces, we are endeavoring to compile a complete record of these complimentary and congratulatory communiques, for the purpose of publishing from time to time in SERVICE MAGAZINE.

Too often, these bulletins reciting the work and achievements of men of the 80th were hastily and incompletely read at some formation or posted on some company bulletin boards, frequently to be mutilated or destroyed by wind or rain before few had had an opportunity to become familiar with their contents.

This is the initial instalment of these messages, arranged chronologically. Our file is not complete and we shall be grateful for the loan of any copies that may be in the possession of our readers. Full credit will be given and the originals returned.

RUSSELL L. STULTZ,

New Market, Va., 1922.

FORMER 80th Division men who trained at Camp Lee four years ago will doubtless stage a return to Petersburg when they learn that press dispatches recently chronicled the discovery of crude oil right in that city. The oil has been pronounced real petroleum by Government geologists and a real oil boom is in store for Petersburg, according to those who have used the fluid in their lamps. It was at first thought that the oil had leaked from big tanks in a near-by oil yard. Later, however, the liquid became heavier and darker and would not burn, giving every indication of being crude oil. The owners of the land upon which the oil was discovered are reported to have refused fabulous sum for small lots. When the analysis by geologists was received, the price of the property in the vicinity took a boom. We wonder whether the "boom" will extend out on the Hopewell Road to Lee!

Sealed bids in duplicate for the reconditioning of the S. S. "Leviathan" (formerly the German "Vaterland"), which safe-

ly carried the 318th Infantry and hundreds of thousands of other American fighting men to France during the war, are being advertised by the International Mercantile Marine Co., agents for the U. S. Shipping Board Corporation. The "Leviathan" has been slumbering at her dock in Hoboken ever since finishing the task of bringing home a large part of the A. E. F., gathering barnacles and dreaming of former glories. Some months ago, however, a disastrous fire on the Hoboken docks destroyed a considerable portion of her superstructure. The great boat's ultimate fate had been in the balance for several years, but it has now been definitely decided to recondition the vessel and place it in the Atlantic passenger service. Since the cost is estimated at a little matter of \$7,000,000, we anticipate no rush of bids from its hosts of former O. D. admirers.

Announcement has been made that the water works at Hopewell, Va., which during the war supplied the great guncotton plant and adjoining villages, has been sold by the DuPont Chemical Company to the Industrial Service Corporation of Virginia. The new corporation took over the operation of the plant on November 1st. The time was—and not so long since, when water wasn't the only liquid flowing in Hopewell! Remember, buddy?

In Marshal Foch's remarkable visit to America are many incidents not on the program. One occurred in Philadelphia at the reception tendered the Allied generalissimo at the University of Pennsylvania. A sightless young man stepped forward, tapping his way with a cane and leaning on the arm of a friend. He was Lieut. Frank Schoble, Jr., of the 80th Division, who was struck and blinded by a German shell fragment as he led his men over the top. Of his original company of 250 men, only forty-five are reported to have escaped injury. The sight of one eye was lost and the infection spread to the other. Marshal Foch grasped his hand, saying: "You show yourself to be a true American in that you are still able to smile, although you have lost your sight. I hope you will be able to go through life smiling as happily as you do now." Not only does this hero smile, but he is making his way through the University, and his pluck makes him one of the most popular students. Vive l' Schoble!

Speaking in behalf the the candidacy of

Colonel Henry W. Anderson, of Richmond, Republican nominee for Governor of Virginia, who was defeated in the November elections, Lieut. Col. Jennings C. Wise, formerly of Richmond and now of the Washington bar, spent a week campaigning on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, making an especially strong appeal to the feminine voters. Col. Wise is a grandson of Henry A. Wise, Virginia's "war Governor" and author of the history of the Eastern Shore. He is better known to Blue Ridgers, however, as commanding officer of the Second Battalion, 318th Infantry, in France, subsequently being assigned to G. H. Q., where he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He won the D. S. C. for extraordinary heroism in battle during the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Colonel Wise's great-great grandfather, General John Cropper, commanded a unit of Virginians in the Revolutionary War.

First steps toward the reorganization of the 319th Infantry Reserve were taken on November 15th, when invitations to all infantry reserve officers in the Baltimore area were sent out. The work is in charge of Major Samuel J. Poe, executive officer of the regiment, acting under orders from Col. Harry C. Jones, the commanding officer (Col. Jones served in France with the 80th Division). All reserve officers of the area are eligible for commissions, according to the commanding officer. Applications should be accompanied by their records. An infantry captain from the Regular Army will serve as regimental Adjutant. Men for the new unit will be recruited from Baltimore, Baltimore and Harford counties and the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Headquarters and the entire unit, with the exception of the First Battalion, will be in Baltimore. Easton, Md., will shelter the First Battalion, for which the Eastern Shore counties will supply the men.

Col. Harry C. Jones, an 80th Division alumnus, is now chairman of the City Memorial Commission, of Baltimore. Colonel Jones was one of the committee having charge of the "Armistice Day" program in Baltimore, and made an address introducing Mayor Broenig on that occasion. Due to some local dissatisfaction, members of the 29th Division Association in the Baltimore parade on November 11th, declined to pass before the reviewing stand, but detoured before reaching the City Hall, assembling in a body directly in front of the ros-

(Continued on Page 16)

"A Man's a Man for A' His Rank"

Be He Aristocrat or Plebian—His True Worth As a Soldier Was Not Dependant Upon the Number of Bars on His Uniform

By Russell L. Stultz

Former Sgt., U. S. A.

THE charges recently voiced by Senator Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, alleging that many American soldiers serving with the Expeditionary Forces in France were hung without process of court martial or trial of any kind, and that scores of others were brutally treated by their superior officers, have served to revive anew the whole vast catalogue of petty wrongs and grievances, both real and imaginary, arising out of America's participation in the World War.

An enlisted man ourself, we hold no brief for the commissioned personnel of the American army, but we do like to think and believe that the sordid story has been needlessly magnified and exaggerated. We further recognize the fact that the allegations contained in Senator Watson's public statement are, for the elapse of three years and more since the Armistice, still a sore spot that rankles in the breasts of many victims of fancied or genuine wrongs and, admitting their existence, insist that when such cases of cruelty actually occurred they were largely isolated examples and not representative of the average commissioned officer's attitude toward the enlisted men under his command.

Two years and a half of civilian existence in the post-bellum period have been responsible for a marked change in the perspective that originally was conceived under the stress and duress of circumstances that perhaps no man at the time was able to alter or control. Most assuredly, time is a great revolutionizer and today we are more and better qualified to attain a fair and unprejudiced viewpoint of events and happenings which, when transpiring, may have and often did appear, in our eyes, unjustifiable. Today, we are also better able to appreciate the exigencies and necessities of war-time discipline and regulations, and in the course of this appreciation we succeed in understanding and comprehending the reasons for a multitude of things heretofore inexplicable. Men are ever prone to criticize and question the acts and judgments of their superiors, and frequently to condemn them—it is but a human frailty, but the mere acknowledgment of this tendency does not necessarily establish the matter of rights or prove de-

isions erroneous.

War, at its best, is not a suitable pastime for weaklings, it is no diversion for those who seek novelty and entertainment and it is inevitable that, among a vast force numbered by the millions, a certain percentage of its personnel should embrace much of the worst elements of our heterogeneous population. We find brutes and bigots among the highest and the lowest and it often happens that many of this type contrive to acquire positions of power and authority. A man's a man, however, for all his ranks and insignia, and no grade or exterior indication is going to hide or conceal his deficiencies or attributes of manhood. The mere fact of an individual donning a uniform does not suffice to disguise the traits that predominate beneath the surface covering. No! Men who were men prior to entering the military service

It is true, that there were many, too many, commissioned officers who wantonly abused their authority and those under them; it is likewise true that there were those who rode into positions of influence and prominence on the convenient wagon of "patriotism," only to straightway proceed to become drunk with their unaccustomed power; and it is equally true that there were men enlisted under their command who needed the most rigorous treatment before they were subdued and made amenable to the discipline that governed their fellow-comrades.

Both of these types represent extremes, however, extremists of the calibre of "Hard-Boiled" Smith on the one hand of the "Three Soldiers" pictured by John Dos Passos, on the other. Neither type is, or was representative of the entire A. E. F., and we do not seek extremes when searching for the truly average. Extremists, among either officers or enlisted men, are not representative of the great mass and it remains for the dominant medium to accurately characterize the whole. Due to the publicity and notoriety invariably accorded isolated examples of either class, however, both types of extremes have been brought into ill-repute and led an ever susceptible public to the belief that they furnished a fair index to all army relationships.

As we have already said, the mere acquisition of a uniform rarely alters a man, be he an

officer in the ranks, unless, as often happens, the pride of possession arouses the best that is in him or results in creating the impression that his government has endowed him with a shield for every unbridled license. These seeming transformations actually occur, and they occurred frequently during the late war, but we still insist that such instances were not typical of the average soldier. In either case, the ruling instinct was somewhat dormant only awaiting an opportunity to make itself felt and known. The fact remains, and is, we believe, true of the majority, that no mere donning of the habiliments of military service is sufficient in itself to change the inner character and nature of the individual thus affected; these are God-given assets or liabilities and no arbitrary rulings or regu-

ON READING "THREE SOLDIERS"

By WM. C. VANDEWATER

I read to-day a newly published book
That dealt with all the filth and slime of war;
Written by one who somehow only saw,
All that was foul in man. And so he took
To typify the soldiers of this land;
A craven coward of Italian name;
A dreamer who could not play out the game;
A criminal maniac. So here they stand
As types. And types they are. But such as these
Did not comprise the army that I knew,
Who gave their all with their expiring breath
And marched and fought among the autumn trees
In Argonne Woods. My men were brave and true
And laughed and joked in the grim jaws of death.

were men afterwards and are men still—no garb or man-made edict can ever long alter or submerge existing virtues. It is something of an anomaly, however, that the reverse does not always apply, for there were thousands of individuals who, prior to changing "civvies" for khaki, were not men and only attained the full estate of manhood months after entering the service. We know them, you know many such and they can be pointed out on every side. There are also those among us who delight in naming acquaintances, *supposedly* men, and specialize in reciting how the army destroyed their "manhood" but, too often, investigation and inquiry will confirm a dormant suspicion; that these individuals were *not* men prior to their association with the service, but mere travesties of the masculine sex.

"A Man's a Man for A' His Rank"

lations can supersede or replace them. It is conceded, however, that there are exceptions to the prevailing rule but, more often than otherwise, they were born of abnormality and are not representative of the classes we have in mind.

Our pride in our Division and in the American Expeditionary Forces, coupled with some knowledge of the composition of both, convinces us that there were officers who were men before all else and that they overwhelmingly predominated. There were others who were officers *only* a very few, we should like to think, officers who soon forgot or ignored their natural instincts of manhood and were officers first, last and always, but by no stretch of the imagination can they be classed as *men*. It is with such miserable imitation that Senator Watson and the Congressional committee investigating his charges should concern themselves, for the creatures comprising the minority do not reflect credit upon either the commissioned or enlisted personnel.

Unfortunately, the newspaper-reading public craves the morbid and sensational, therefore it is all too rarely that we hear and remark upon the more frequent and commonplace instances of where officers were men first, men before entering the army and men afterwards. We are familiar with both types, but it was our good fortune to know many more of the latter than those who salvaged their manhood when discarding their civilian garb. In reality, however, *they* were never men, else men they would have remained through every stress and circumstance. And it is of men that we wish to speak, of men who allowed no petty spirit or passion to prevail and extinguish the fact that their insignia of rank gave them no license for abusing or degrading their temporary privileges.

It is generally agreed that any given action under any given circumstance depends largely upon the individual or individuals concerned. We have known officers who apparently acted hastily and even brutally, but we have known infinitely more who displayed unlimited patience and forbearance when their equanimity must have been sorely taxed. The average officer with the A. E. F. was, after all has been said, not one whit different from the average enlisted man. "Treat him white and he will treat you white"—it was that we all knew and the most of us recognized by putting into practise. To be sure, there were, of course, occasions when the rule did not apply, but they were happily few. Have you ever observed the mutual respect exhibited by old army officers and men toward each other? It is born of understanding, of an understanding that admits all classes and ranks and acknowledges the necessity for their existence in the service. Let either

permanently essay to ignore it and the result is of a certainty inevitable.

You have known, you have known, officers who apparently delighted in making life a living hell for their men, whose every act and command carried only abuse and disregard for human rights, but you need not seek the army for your examples of such monsters—the same brutal types can just as surely be found in civilian life. And, we have known officers, many of them, who, judging by every surface indication, were "hard-boiled" disciplinarians in camp and field, yet we have known these self-same men on the march to lift a heavy pack from the shoulders of an ill or footsore enlisted man and carry it themselves, for many kilometers. And we have known officers who bore unenviable reputations for harshness and severity among the members of their commands, but later we have also

ity of feeling after you have trod into the very jaws of hell side-by-side with your fellow man; you either hate or love him.

And, can you hate the man who has shared his blanket or "bivvie" with you? who has risked life and limb in dragging your own maimed body to a place of comparative safety? who has personally, if somewhat clumsily, staunched a bleeding wound? who has perhaps risked court martial by ignoring superiors and employing threats to secure rations for his hungry troops? who has pooled his last franc to ensure his men an extra "feed" at Christmas or some other fete day? who has loaned you real money from his own slim store of funds?—but why continue with the endless enumeration? He may have "cussed" you when you believed his stinging words undeserved and when you were powerless to resent them, he may have punished you far in excess of the degree warranted by your offense, he may have reduced you to the ranks for some minor infraction of the regulations, yet if he demonstrated his manhood in the great crisis, if he measured up to your highest conceptions of nobility and chivalry, you, if a normal mortal, tolerantly forgave him all the routine exactions out of the fullness of your admiration and respect for meeting your ideals in the big moments.

Recently, it has been our privilege to read several letters written by infantry officers who served with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, officers who demanded and received the strictest obedience and discipline from their men, but officers withal who recognized their rights as fellow-humans and were careful not to infringe upon them. These letters express so admirably their attitude toward the enlisted men under their command that we feel warranted in quoting brief extracts here.

One who formerly was high in rank writes:

"The time is past when our former grades in the service should affect our relations. Personally, I know no grades among the officers and men who served under me in France and should be most happy to feel that they now regard me as a comrade, rather than as a former superior. There are some, of course, who will never do this and will always look upon me as more or less of a martinet because of my exactions and their very limited understanding of the necessities of the service, but the better men will understand, I believe, what was the real purpose of the rigid discipline which I enforced."

It remains, perhaps, for a young lieutenant, an officer known and referred to by his troops as "a white man," to express most aptly the predominant opinion:

"We were all youngsters together, with
(Continued on Page 30)

NOSTALGIE

By JOHN T. ACKERSON

Sweetness warm to my fingers,
And the Cross that lights my
breast,
Oh, aye, and the golden acres,
Only fan my soul's unrest.

Yes, the dead are the happy,
And when all is said and done
The place for a man is yonder,
Where the crests of hell were
won:
Far from the girl and mother,
Young limbs flashing in the sun,
Each lad by his weary brother,
Yonder where the lean rats run.

Out yonder! Out yonder!
Where the dusty dead men are.
Out yonder, out yonder,
Where they dream by the very
star!

known these men who once felt the depths of bitterness and hate to shed tears, honest, unshamed tears, when their formerly despised superiors were transferred to other organizations. "Why the change of sentiment?" you ask? Because these officers have proven themselves *men* under battle conditions, because some small act of kindness or humanity had completely submerged or caused forgetfulness of all earlier pettiness and cheapness. War is a great equalizer, a leveler of classes, and it is in the face of death and fire that men *find* themselves and reveal all the best and finest in their composition. Shrapnel and lead know no fine distinctions, recognize no difference in rank, and it is when confronting these perils shoulder-to-shoulder that officers and enlisted men attain the same common footing. When facing eternity, the dangers of battle are sure to breed mutual respect or contempt—there can be no neutral-

Night Aboard a Destroyer

A Story of the Night Watch as Seen From the Bridge of an American Destroyer During the Early Part of Our Engagement in the World War—Believe it or Not.

By Lieut. Commander Benjamin Perlman

United States Navy

PASSING in review before the eyes of a drowning man, are supposed to march in fleeting time most of the crowded events of his life. Also, 'tis said that in a moment of anticipation of an impending peril, the victim recalls and relives episodes suggested by that particular form of peril. Maybe so and maybe no. It would be very interesting if an investigating commission were elected for the purpose of gathering such psychological data from thousands and tens of thousands who went over the top and remain to tell the tale, or lived through the zero hours, or were rescued by comrades just in the flicker of time. What does one think of in the moment of anticipation of the end? Probably the investigating committee would not find the answer or evolve a formula. At any rate, it would eat up lots of expense.

With this futility in mind, I am going to relate what I have every reason to believe is a true story. The scene was that part of the Atlantic Ocean near our coast. Being a sea story it may sound fishy, but nevertheless, it is true in the sense that the main event happened. Many millions have passed over that section of Neptune's realm; but only a handful of the small hundred of men on a certain destroyer were present at the time, and each of them could corroborate the veracity of my friend's tale.

"One summer day, just after we got into the war," spoke my friend, "our destroyer was proceeding from Hampton Roads to New York escorting a brand new battleship. It was in the early days when many thought that subs would probably be over here off our coast; though others, including myself, were inclined to believe that the German strategy wouldn't admit of sending U boats to this side."

"Well, at any rate we were escorting this new battlegewagon. When we had got out to sea about fifty miles, our giant charge signalled over that for the rest of the afternoon she would undertake tactical data maneuvers and we would stand by. By this, I mean, that as she was a brand new ship, and this was the first good chance she had, she was going to perform a few necessary stunts.

"You will understand this better, if we make analogy to automobiles. Supposing you were driving fifteen miles an hour and you quickly put your steering wheel hard over. How big a circle would you

turn in? Supposing you reversed at high speed and turned the steering wheel what kind of a track would you make? Supposing you were going at sixty miles and you turned your steering wheel ten degrees. How large a circle would you describe?"

"Oh, I guess I would skid on one ear, or not live to tell the tale," I broke in on him facetiously.

"Well, you know what I mean. That battleship was trying out such stunts in order to get tactical data. You do the same with your car daily when you turn street corners or step out of line to pass someone. You know intuitively from practice how much to turn your wheel for the speed you are traveling. But the old man on the bridge or the officer-of-the-deck up there doesn't get daily practice; because there are no ocean streets or traffic lines bounded by pavements. So, it is necessary right at the infancy of a ship, to take a day off and gather this dope. The figures are recorded so that no matter who is the chauffeur on the bridge, he knows what to expect."

"Now, to get back from this digression. Almost up to dark our destroyer hung around, watching both the big battleship and the green waves. At least fifty eyes scanned the water for the slightest sign of a periscope. Just like a cat we prowled around in all directions ready to pounce at the first sign of the enemy. And how we watched for hours and hours the big fellow, the other ship, hoping and hoping for the signal that he had finished his exercises and was ready to go on! The tension on some of us must have been severe."

"Though, as I said, I didn't think the Hun would come to this side, I reasoned that I might be wrong; that those who issued our orders were taking no chances; and that our vigil had to be unrelentingly sharp and uninterrupted. Supposing a sub were near; what an awfully big target that battleship was! She might as well be standing still as gyrating around one spot."

"Well, I sure did breathe easier when about dark we started to travel away from that area. Remember this was at the beginning of the war and we were new to the game."

"I don't guess I slept well, though I don't recollect anything untoward. Turned in, with 'boots and saddle,' clothes and shoes and all. I was called at midnight for

the mid watch. I was glad to get out in the open again, especially as it had been stuffy below where all ports were closed and screened against showing any lights. The moon was up and the sea was fairly smooth. No lights were showing either on our craft or the big ship near us. Together the two vessels were stealthily zigzagging up the coast about thirty miles off shore. Outside of the few of us on the bridge and a gun crew on deck, no one appeared on topside."

"For three hours all went well,—quiet, serene, movements smooth, even roll and pitch, our charge apparently as peaceful and alert as we ourselves. The helmsman at the wheel and the lookouts had just been relieved. The quartermaster had observed the barometer, thermometers, and the clockwork that reads speed and distance travelled like an automobile speedometer. The engine room had called the bridge from below and reported the speed of the engines had averaged. I had assured myself that the new helmsman was on the correct course and the lookouts on the alert and the gun crew directly below on the job. All was well."

"My mind had turned to the events of the last afternoon and was dwelling on our nervous vigil of that time, when all of a sudden I heard a strange flapping sound overhead. It was the kind of a sound that a flag or a piece of canvas would make if it got adrift in the wind. I knew it was neither; for no signal flags would at that time be bent on at the yard arm aloft, though a piece of canvas might be flapping from the crow's nest. Of course, I looked up faster than it takes to say so. Though my mind was ready to accept any phenomenon somehow related to the ship, I was impressively astonished by the spectacle of a huge bird circling overhead. What struck me most was the immensity of its wings, which spread about twenty feet, almost the width of the bridge. As it circled overhead, near the top of the foremast, it would swoop down and soar again; but deeply implanted in my mind was its extraordinary size."

"Was I dreaming? The quartermaster, the lookouts, and the helmsman were also gazing aloft. I had to break the spell of the moment. The ship had already begun to swing off its course."

"'Watch your course,' I cried out to the

"Night Aboard a Destroyer"

helmsman. 'Steady. Now, keep her so. You lookouts, mind your sectors.'

"That much settled, I looked up again at the huge stranger. It was too dark to disclose any distinctive features of the bird. Only the moon outlined the enormous body of the creature."

"Fascinated, I followed its movements. Having circled over our heads a number of times, like a moth attracted by a light, it flew aft toward the stern, came forward along the starboard side, flew back to the rear along the port side, and repeated its flight around the ship."

"You wonder what emotions this weird incident evoked. I know I was practical enough not to have a superstitious dread of the supernatural. Besides I was wide-awake. This bird was not an hallucination. Near me were the other men on the bridge; nearby was a gun crew; below at work were the gangs in the engine room and fireroom; while all others on board were asleep. Just a short distance across the water was the other ship, doubtless unapprised and unmindful of what was here taking place. I know I was also practical enough to realize that the bird was ludicrously too enormous to be a sea gull. Were it not for the fact that we were about thirty miles off shore, along a coast where no mountains, cliffs or hills abound, it might be a mammoth eagle."

"I was puzzled and astonished. My mind turned to things I had sometime in the past read about. The first of them, naturally, was that of the Albatross. You remember Coleridge's poem of the 'Ancient Mariner,' of the sailorman whose ship was startlingly visited by a giant bird, the albatross, which for days kept hovering over it until the old man shot the bird down. Then quickly followed retribution, as Death stalked around the ship; and for years the ghastly craft with only the old man alive sailed on and on, shunned by all. You recall how he was tortured with thirst—'water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink.'"

"Skeptical of the legendary albatross, I nevertheless felt a chill creeping over my spine. This was war time. Did this sudden, probably supernatural, visitation portend impending disaster upon us, our battleship, or both of us? If it was to be a case of sudden disaster and death, where was the Flying Dutchman,—that haunted ghost of the phantom ship, the ill-omened craft, the evil genius of the sea?"

"A flood of sailorman's lore rushed before my mind's eyes. I expected momentarily to view the dreaded spectre ship, the Flying Dutchman. The sight of this storm-driven hulk would bring ill fortune to its tormented beholders, and seal their doom. Never twice seen under the same circumstances, might not the Flying Dutchman,

the old sinner himself, appear suddenly on my bridge? Or was the albatross but a transformation of this storm-tossed harbinger of Death?"

"Out of this realm of direful fancy, I was suddenly brought back to reality by a threatening attitude of the bird itself. From dead ahead and at our own height the monster was now coming straight toward us. Between our heads and this creature was nothing but space. The bridge screen was only four feet high and there was no overhead cover or ceiling. In a moment the bird would be on the bridge. A collision with it would be fatal. Its speed added to ours of twenty knots would render a razor edge to its wings. What a master stroke it would be! A half a dozen severed heads would be projected into the air at one time! Why this would be more diabolical than the recorded deeds of the Flying Dutchman. Think of headless bodies, standing with hands riveted to the ridge lines and the wheel, in control of a fast moving ship, while below men slept or were serenely at their work!

"Legend or no, here was a dangerous situation, bordering on the supernatural, not to be scoffed at. Like a moth before a flame, the bird was making its final rush toward the attraction, final and fatal both to itself and to us. Nothing that we could do could avert the crash. Instinctively, to save our heads, we bent low behind the screen. I say 'we,' because no doubt all of us on the bridge were alive to the situation.

"I don't know how long we awaited the collision. I was too emotionally shaken to note time or detail. With some misgiving, I glanced up and beheld our tormentor off to the port side and clear of the ship. Words fail to describe our inexpressible relief. With what astounding agility the creature must have suddenly soared and turned to one side!

"Hypnotized, my eyes followed it. Back toward the ship it came, with an aim toward the open space behind the bridge. Then it turned, and flew straight aft along the centerline over the smokestacks, past the engine room hatch, and then suddenly darted downward. I was sure it landed on the deck aft.

"I grasped the quartermaster and motioned him to jump aft and see what happened. Words stuck in my throat; but he understood my directions perfectly. After he disappeared down the ladder, I succeeded in gaining control, and sent several of the gun crew aft to help him seize and hold the giant bird. What a prize it would be, this single captive sea monster of unknown species! People the world over would come to view it at the zoo. Fame and glory would inevitably follow this ghastly battle with the strangest of all

sea fowl. Impatiently I awaited word from aft.

"'We can't find it, sir,' reported the quartermaster. 'There's a lot of blood and feathers on the deck outboard of the deck house. It must have rolled overboard.'

"No captor was ever more disappointed in the unexpected escape of his prize, than I was in the loss of this bird. It hadn't really escaped. It was irretrievably lost. I was certain that the blood and feathers unmistakably indicated that the creature had been fatally scorched in passing through the hot gases over the smokestacks. Burnt and helpless it had therefore fallen to the deck. In its agony it had rolled or tossed itself overboard.

"'Quartermaster, what did you do with the feathers?'

"'Why, we swept up the mess around that place.'

"'Ye, Gods!'

"Chagrined at this avoidable loss of the last only bit of material evidence, I was sensible enough to realize that there would be no use in alleviating my rage by scolding the quartermaster, who had used his own initiative and cleaned up the place. It was hardly to be expected that he should have visualized my reporting this strange happening of the seas and my presenting the available remains to substantiate the report.

"Such, my friend, was my personal experience in this weird incident."

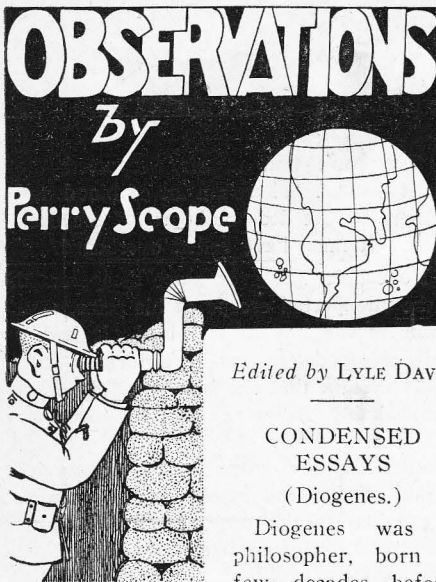
To this I replied in the words of the great sea captain, Lord Nelson—"At sea nothing is impossible and nothing improbable."

NEGLECT OF THE SOLDIER

(Continued from Page 10)

bring home, it will recall and appreciate all that you underwent during the dark days of 1917-1919.

Other suggestions I can offer, but I have already trespassed beyond my allotted limits. I would suggest, however, that SERVICE secure permission to re-print Sir Philip Gibbs' pointers to young men, the program he outlines for them. (8) I have tried to explain honestly the public's indifference, neglect and forgetfulness toward the soldier. All of us agree on the facts, even if we do not attribute the effects to the same causes. Not until we have examined the sources, shall we understand the situation. My views may not be entirely correct—all can err in passing judgment upon this great problem—but I am convinced that the neglect and forgetfulness of which we complain are the logical consequences of the deceit and hypocrisy, the shame and the failure of the war.



Edited by LYLE DAVID

CONDENSED ESSAYS

(Diogenes.)

Diogenes was a philosopher, born a few decades before prohibition. He is supposed to have been the first Googac to discover that it takes more than a "Lantern" to find an honest man. Cicero back-fired the Senate, and Brutus hamstrung the Ides of March, but old Diogenes could reconcile the asceticism of a Gold Fish with the 7th Magnitude of Hen Fruit in the abstract, without removing the seegar from his mouth.

Thrown out by the landlord for non-payment of his cellar tax, he took up his abode in a tub. A Romancandle Emperor sought to purchase some of his wisdom at a dollar down, so much per. Disturbed in his "Mediations" on the transformation of a Tadpole into a Butterfly, Dio' commanded: "STEP out of the way and let the sun shine on me." This remark is the essence of philosophy. For the quintessence, consult the "Reminiscence of a Bootlegger."

Diogenes lived in an age when Rome was in its "Glory." A couple of the Intelligensia finally knocked him off while he was seated in his tub figuring out why a man took a bath on Saturday night, or ten reasons why the loss of breath causes death. If he was living today we would simply put him with the rest of the "Profundities" in the Senate and let it go at that.

LYLE DAVID.

SO THIS IS LIFE

OBSERVATIONS OF A PASSERBY

"A Government-Bull Yoked to a Government Cart."

The deeper a man thinks the more miserable he becomes. Trace down the history of a pessimist and you will discover that he was an idealist in the beginning. Pessimism is built from the broken fragments of an earlier Idealism.

A Fool is always happy; a Wise man miserable. Why then do we not envy the foolish instead of the wise—if Happiness is the ultimate aim of mankind.

I wonder who it was that wrote: "Man is ruled by his stomach." From the study of certain classical types, I might truthfully add, Man is overcome by his stomach.

This is sedition as the Food Trusts would rise to remark.

A poet is ever more child than seer. For in order for him to cling to his allusions, he must close his eyes to the real significance of life; which is simply a battle between those that would devour, and those that seek from being devoured. The Strong again the Weak; the Masterful again the Unfit—in other words dog eat dog. The poet protects his idealism against this natural biological law in the most admirable manner, he simply refuses to see what he does not wish to see.

Sanatorial togas cover a multitude of numbskulls.

A fitting inscription on the new half cent piece that the Government was considering a few months ago, would be: "God Deliver Us From the Politicians."

The more ignorant the man, the happier he is. If he arrives at the point where he realizes and is ashamed with his low state of mentality, then he is no longer to be classed as ignorant. This dissatisfaction with himself is the first blossoming of an awaking intelligence. But in gaining knowledge he loses that will-o-the-wisp called Happiness. I do not mean in his acquiring knowledge; or a modern conglomeration of facts and figures, Life is deeper than Schools, Thought cannot be bounded by a Curriculum. No man who thinks deep enough upon the problems and complexities of this thing called Life can contemplate its gloomy, tragic aspects and remain Happy.

Figures are so consoling. For every millionaire that the War made, it incidentally made ten thousand cripples. How refreshing! Drawing it out to its logical conclusion it seems as if: One millionaire makes ten thousand cripples; or ten thousand cripples make one millionaire.

Go East young man and get a bird's eye view of a couple of spread eagle politicians dickering over the size of the bribe for their sacred American votes.

Brete Harte once remarked to Bill Nye, that the ways of the heathen Chinese are peculiar; but there is nothing wrong with their philosophy.

THE PHILOSOPHERS

LAO-TZU

"Those who speak know nothing; Those who know are silent."

These words, as I am told, Were spoken by Lao-tzu.

If we were all to believe that Lao-tzu Was himself *one who knew*, How comes it that he wrote a book Of five thousand words?

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN SOLDIER

By Beatrice Meataxe

Dear Miss Meataxe:

I am in love with a girl and she with me. I am ready to get married now but she thinks it best that we wait until the

bonus bill is passed so we'll have something in the bank. What do you say?

CORPORAL TOM.

Answer—Well, Tom, it looks to me the young lady was adroitly jilting you. Or mebbe she wants six or eight years more to think it over.

Dear Sir or Madame:

I am in love with a young lady who loves me but scorns my offer of marriage on account of my war record. I was a shipyard worker. What can I do?

ANXIOUS.

Answer—I guess the only thing you can do is to wait for another war.

Dear Miss Meataxe:

I have often wondered why girls close their eyes when being kissed. Can you tell me why?

JACKIE.

Answer—Send us your photo, Jackie, and then perhaps we can tell you.

"Moving Forward" With the 80th

(Continued from Page 11)

tum at the back of the crowd. Peace-time reviews are certainly attended with their difficulties.

Organization of the 80th Division Reserve is progressing satisfactorily, according to Major James H. Tierney, of Richmond, who has been in the Valley of Virginia recently on business in connection with its formation. Establishment of a battalion headquarters in Staunton, Va., is contemplated. The 80th Division Reserve is to be composed of reserve officers and men from Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. Division Headquarters have been established in Richmond, at Main street.

Do you remember Elsie Janis, better known as "Captain Elsie"? she who visited the British front in the early summer of 1918 and so marvelously entertained members of the 80th and other American divisions stationed in Picardy at that time? Well, Elsie and "Her Gang," after a long success in the French capitol, are now engaged in regaining their old friends "Over Here" with a brand-new show styled "A New Attack." Miss Janis, aided by former A. E. F. men and, of course, some girlies, has been frolicking right "over the top." It's impossible yet to say whether the troops will be victorious—for victory on the stage, as in the line, is such an elusive thing. One must wait until Elsie and "Her Gang" have consolidated their positions, have counted their losses, the number of "prisoners" taken, and so on. At any rate, "A New Attack" closes with all hands galloping and the red, white and blue waving, and that's a mighty auspicious sign.

RUSSELL L. STULTZ,

Former Sgt. Inf. U. S. Army.

New Market, Va., Nov. 22, 1921.



SIGN HERE

OLD MAN CONSCIENCE

Private SOL

by Jack Berger



HOLY SMOKES DE U.S. GOIN' DRY IN JULY

ATTONCHOWN -LE STARS AND STRIPES AMERRYCAN



SIX FRANCS AND FIVE OF DEM'S NAPOLEONS-HECK DAT AINT ENOUGH AND I GOTTA FILL UP ON 'MULE' IF DE STATES IS GOING DRY-AINT DAT A MESS-KIT FULLA MUD THO'?

SCRATCH SCRATCH



IDEA



SUFFRIN TRIPE-WOTS DAT GUY EATIN' TER MAKE HIM SO FAT ALL AT ONCET?

Mamselle 6 d from 1 Barle-Duc 9



YOU'LL LOOK BOKOO CHEEK IN DAT GARMENT-M'SEWER-DATS IMPORTED FROM NOO JOISEY AND IS MARKED DOWN TO DEES FRANCS



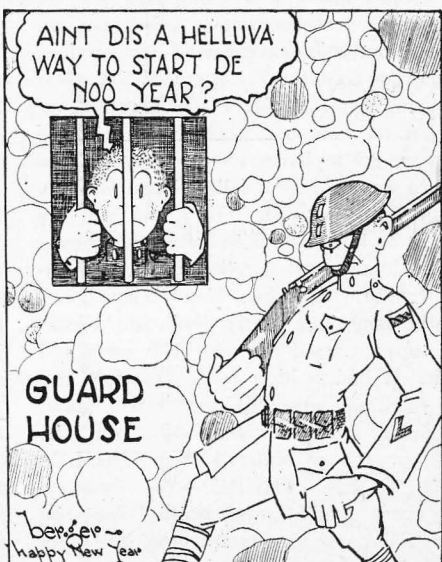
D'YA SEE THEM FRANCS? THEM'S TO BE SPENT HERE AND IF YOURE A BON MAMSELLE YOU'LL GET A FAT TIP WOYLA!



WOT YER PINCHIN' DE FROG FER? HE DIDN'T SWIPE DE SLICKER-PRIVATE SOL-FROZE ONTERTEN UP IN DER BILLET AND SOLD 'EM ALL



SHAY-CHAUFFEUR-LESS STHOP AND HAVE A DRINK



AIN'T DIS A HELLUVA WAY TO START DE NOO YEAR?

GUARD HOUSE

berger Happy New Year



Letters from an Old File

By Jack P. Smith

(Letter No. 8. Jake to Henry.)
Kamp Greenleaf, Ga.

Dear Henry:—

I received your letter which I thank you for. I dont know why but I like too get letters from you bettern anybody what I know but I guess its because I know you soo long. I like too hear about that Kamp and for that matter I like to hear about all the Kamps what is in the U. S. but I guess I cant do that till I get too know a fellar in every Kamp. If I wood do that then I wood halfter rite so many letters that I couldnt tend strickly too my business hear which I cant let go. I cantt tell when I might be asked too doo a important job which I couldnt do if I dont keep my mouth open and my eye—I mean, Henry, my eyes open and my mouth shut. I guess you wanten know more off what is goin on around this hear Kamp. Oh, Henry, theres lots goin on alrite and I'll tell you about some off it. Well, I tole you about us agointer sine papers, anyhow, we did but I dont know what they was but we sined them just the same. When we got back to the stable, what was our barricks it was time too eat. We was told that their was some historick places near here and we thought as how we wood look them up when we got a chance too do it. After supper, we was told by a fellar that a German prison Kamp was in this Kamp and we thought as hqw we might take a walk over too see it and half a talk with the prisoners because you know, Henry that I can talk the languidge pretty good. So a koupler off us started out and soon we could see it. It had a high fense aroun it and it as maid off wire. When we was about a koupler hundred yards off from the place a fellar hollered out HAULT? WHO GOES THERE?—We stopped and every body was waitin for the other fellar too say something so secin that I had the most nerve, I says back,

sorter mad like,—WHO WANTSTER KNOW? Before we knowed it Henry the fellar come runnin over and here in his hand was a gun what was called a End-field but why I dont know. Well, this fellar comes up and says he wants too know who the guy was what said that about who wants to know and seen that the fellar ment business, I decided not too say nothin or I might get in the Guard house. So none off us talked at tall and the guard says that he has a notion too call the Korperal off the guard and have us pinched but he said that he wood change his mind because he must consider who it is what said it. I guess he knowed a thing or too Henry for not wantin too do it and he tells us too beat it krick if we knowed what is good for us, which we did. When we was goin back too our place we was havin a good time and takin a smoke. We saw a koupler Offisers comin and we all sluted but one of the Offisers stopped and wants too know what we mean by keepin a smoke in our mouth when we slute. We got a little skeered, but not so very much. He balled us out for awhile and he told us about us bein no Soldiers and about us bein the poorest lookin specimens what he ever seen. The only thing what we could say Henry was YES SIR too everything what he said, because you maynt stand like a dummy when a Offiser talks too you and we didnt half darst say no sir or that wood be goin again what he was sayin. He was a mean kuss, you bet. The Offisers live in fine buildings Henry. They are just like bungalows and they are painted dark brown which looks awfully nice. Around the bungalows they have a nice lawn and nice roads what leads up too the door and so forth. Gettin back and talkin about that their German Prison, Henry, do you know what a fellar told me that onced a prisoner tride too eskape and the guard who kought him was given a vaka-

tion for ninty days. Thats pretty good just for ketchin one man. If a fellar gets off for that long for only gettin in one man I wonder what happens to them fellars what we read about what is in France and katches sometimes twentie five and is sent home because he done so good.

When we got back from the prison it was pretty late and we went in the stable and sit around and talked like all the fellars do, and it wasnt long before the Serg. come in and balled us out for not goin to bed. He said that we should pipe down Henry, but he muster been dreamin because none of us was smokin a pipe at tall. He says for us too put the lites out and he also said that after that the lite gotter be out at nine oklock. I thought that that was awfull, Henry too make us big fellars go to bed at nine oklock and put the lites out. Why looker the people what is at home how they stay up till way after ten oklock and they aint told when they must go too bed. I thinks its mean of this Serg. The Next A. M. we was given roll call and then we marched over too wear a big platform was and a man was on top off it waitin for us. We didnt know what he wanted with us but pretty soon we found out. He wanted too teech us how too sing them komeunity songs. Thats what we liked Henry. The fellar belonged too the Y. M. and he was singin teecher and he seemed too be a nice fellar. He had a uneyform on but I dont think he was a Offiser like our Kaptain. He hollers out that he thinks we wood like too learn how too sing about the Kaiser hangin on a sour apple tree he said another good one was called—tell with the [Kaiser. We liked that one best and he showed us how it went. We soon learned it. We sang a lotter others too and after we done this for a hour, we was took too the inside off the Y. M. and the Kaptain says that we should all sit down and rite a letter home

Letters From An Old File

and tell them how good we was bein taken care off and that the folks shouldnt worrie about us because we was gettin along fine and he says for us too tell them that we was gettin good meals and all. I dont know why he told us too do somethin like that Henry, because I didnt like the meals at tall so I just slipped in the letter that I didnt like what we got to eat. The Kaptain didnt look at the letters so I was safe. After this was all over, we went back too our stalls and was told too take a good rest because somethin was goin too be doin in the P. M. which we did. When P. M. come, we went to a buildin and was told to undress for too take a examination which was one of them physikal kind. We did what we was told and then we passed it all O. K. After that we was made too goo in another room wear too doktors was. We got in line, Henry, because everything what we do we must get in line no mafter what it was. Anyhow we got in line and one off the doktors put some brown stuff on the fellars arm and the other fellar, what was the other doktor, ran a needle in the Arm. After we got done with that, we stood around and I saw that fellar Gantert what I told you about in the other letter talkin too a buddy off his what he called John and I was wonderin why this fellar by the name off John was so white in the face. I soon found out Henry, he was gettin sick and the next thing what we knowed he fell rite over in the place and we was skeered and we ran for water and after we got done puttin the water in his face he opens his eyes and then he gets up. He muster fainted or sompthin. I got talkin too Gantert after that and I asked him who that fellar was what fell over and he said that he comes from the same town what he comes from and they belong too the same klub together. I know what Ganterts first name is now, Henry, its Harold, Henry. I didnt like too ask him rite out so I asked him to see one off the letters what he got from home because I wanted to see how the people put the address on. He wasnt wise too what I wanted and I saw what his full name was. That was a pretty wise idear, wasnt it? After we was inokluted we went back too the Barricks and the Serg. told us that we had no darest eat meat that night. After supper, they took us over to wear a stage was and their they had a prise fite and each Company was supposed too see who could make the most noise and our Company won by a mile. We uster throw hats around and all. The next day we started too learn too drill such things like Hand slute, prade rest, rite-face, and all such stuff. Its not so darned easy too do if a fellar wants too do it rite. When we got done doin that stuff, the Kaptain gave a order too do Kompany front which only half off us did and the other malf turned

around the other way. They soon got fixed up Henry and then the Kaptain gives all off us a nice rope too put on our hats, the kind, Henry like you told me you got only that mine is a different kolor. Its dark and the Kaptain said that from now on we wood be in the medikal korps and he told us all about what we wood half too do when we got too France, too fix up the fellars what maybe had themselves hurt or wounded and it was up too us too get them fixed up before they died. We thought as how this was the most imporent part off the army and I believe, Henry, that it is. You know a hole lot off fellars are gettin sick all the time and we can give them pills what we will be carryin around all the time in the bag which we will half on our backs. It wont be no sinch, I tell you. He gave us off for the rest off the day and we thought as how we might take a walk to a place called Chickamauger Park. You remember that place dont you? Dont you know, Henry, what we uster read in the books in skool about when the Spanish War was a hole lot off Soldiers got the fever at this place, Dont you remember that? Next day, Henry, we was ordered to carry G. I. cans around which some fellars woodnt do. For that, Henry, they made them fellars be guards in the night and it was rainin like the dickens. We hadder sine some more papers the next day and when I wanted too read what was on my papers a fellar gave me the dickins onced and said for me to sine it and beat it besause some more fellars halfter sign. I think they mighter left a feller see what he was assignin. When inspektion come we hadder do like you done, Henry, lay all the stuff out and I done what you tole me in a letter about keepin some off the stuff only for this here inspektion. The Kapt. was tickled the way I had everything lookin so nice. After Inspektion, the Kapt. says that we could half the time off till Monday mornin for which we was glad. It was so darned hot that we didnt want to walk around much but just the same their was a ball game in the P. M. which I wouder liked to see but I changed my mind. I went to Kanteen, too get some soda water but when I got in the place was packed with fellars what wanted the same thing so I hadder give it up for a bad job. Sunday we got up early and went to Church like I was always uced to doin and it wasnt in a regular church, Henry, but in the Y. M. buildin. On Monday, Henry, we started out too work again, but I wont tell you about it now. I'll tell you about it in the next letter. I hope you are feelin fine because I am the same and I hope too stay this way as long as what I can. So long Henry.

JAKE.

P. S.—The Kompany is gonner half their piktures took alltogether tomorrer and

they will cost a dollar and a haff each. I'm gonner get one and send it home so they can half it framed up too hang on the wall.

JAKE.

Kamp Lee, Va.

Dear Jake:—

Say Jake, that name on the stationairy which was Kamp Greenleaf, Ga., looked pretty darned good to me, and I'm glad that you are wear you are. Them peep mighter thought that you was agointer be a slacker or maybe they thought that you had cold feet about gettin in the Army but Jake, I knowed bettern that because I knowed you two long too believe anything what they was asayin. You sure muster had a fine ride all the way down too that place and you seen a lotter things what I didnt see at tall. That muster bean funny Jake about the fellar pushin the button and makin the colored fellar come in. Oh say, Jake, the colored fellar what you was talkin about aint the janitor off them cars, no sir. Hes what they called the porter. I uster ride on them kind off cars when I went too the city. Sure thing, Jake, them girls what gave you smokes and stuff at Balteemour was red kross nurces what enlisted just like me and you so as too help out the fellars by given them smokes and them things. Say, Jake, that must be a funny place that they make you sleep in a stable wear horses uster sleep. I dont think that is rite, but then maybe you like it bettern anything else. Talkin about that their Kaptain, Jake, about him atellin you that you fellars are a fine bunch and for him too tell you about youse helpin too win the war. Now, Jake, dopt you believe what hes tellin you because its not true, thats the way they do, Jake, they only make believe and thats no foolin. Thats what they tell all the fellars what they see soo as the fellars go too work and work harder for them. You tole me somethin about you are agointer work yourself up too be a Genral, so that you can sleep in one off them feather beds. Well, Jake, I'm agointer give you a lot off advise, which you wanten keep under your hat because its good stuff: Dont you ever try for too work yourself up too make you a Genral because you cant. I'm atellin you now, Jake, it cant be done. I was agointer do the same till a fellar whats got too like me told me that I cant be one off them because you gotter know morn you think. Do you know what you halfter do, Jake, too be one? Well, you gotter be in the Army for about a koupler years anyhow, and they look up what kinder reckord you got and you gotter tell them about all the kind off wars you was in which woodnt be any, and you gotter know a hole lot about massamaticks and all. But Jake, dont

(Continued on Page 29)



A PAGE TO WIT

"OUR MAG"---By the Office Boy



Gosh! we sorta knock-
ed yer eye out with
that December "Mag."
didn't we fellars? Why,
if youse could just see
how the gang what had
their subscriptions
(No, not perscriptions) hanging on the
ragged edge snap into it and send us their
two bones fer fear their Sub. would run
out and they might miss the January num-
ber, what is this one youse are readin, and
if youse could just see how busy the Sub-
scription Manager whats name is Nye.
(No, not Bill—this guy ain't funny. He's
been here for several months and he ain't
smiled yet, not that he ain't got nothin
to smile at, cause he has; he's got me, the
Office Boy, the Clark who is the bookkeep-
er, and stenographer, and advertising man-
ager and first aid to the Editor, and he's
got the Editor, and that ought to be good
fer a laugh any day.)

Well, as I was sayin, you'd ought to see
how busy this Nye feller is with new
Subs, and guys what's just gettin hep and
writin in fer sample copies of "Our Mag."
and some real chaps, God Bless 'em! what
thought enough of their old Vets Assoc-
iation to send us two bucks fer some of
their friends, (or enemies; we ain't just
sure which) however, we'll do our derndest
to please 'em fer twelve months. Course
we ain't got the U. S. Treasury or the War
Department, nor none of those "We're be-
hind you fellows" guys payin our bills now
like we did back in '17 and '18, but we're
plugging along, and if we do say it our-
selves, there ain't a man what ever served
with the good old 80th what needs to be
ashamed of his Vets Association nor its
Mag. We ain't payin no fancy salaries
round here and there ain't no advertise-
ments from pollerticians nor no graft like
that—just plain straight from the shoulder
kind of honest effort to keep in our place, up-
hold the dignity of our Service and play
the game like real guys and Americans.
This here question of firenances sometimes
looks like a pretty hard objective but we've

managed it somehow, because we knew who
we were dealing with. The 80th never
failed at anything except in being bum sol-
diers, and we admit our failure there. We
have got the idear that if we stick to a pur-
pose long enough, we'll finally get there.
We've got the idear that youse fellars who
haven't done yer bit by yer Vets Assoc-
iation, such as payin dues and subbin to
Service and boosting the Vets Assoc-
iation are going to get an awful wallop from
yer conscience one of these days and then
we'll have subs coming here so derved
fast we won't be able to count 'em. We
know lots of good soldiers are out of work
and ain't got no two bucks to send in for
Service, or one bone for their dues, but
we know lots of chaps that are working
and who are just putting it off—we can't
hand the printer that stuff or we would.
He's from Missourer.

Me old man used to quote a pome—I fer-
get who wrote it, but it went like this,
"Into each life some rain must fall," mean-
ing each fellar has got to be out of work or
broke or something like that at sometime
or other, so if youse pay yer dues and sup-

port yer Assoc-iation when youse can, it
will be alive and runnin when the bookoo
pluey comes and can keep on "moving for-
ward." Now don't think I'm handin youse
any New Year's lecture, cause I ain't. I
just noticed the worried look on the boss's
face and I guessed that maybe a little hint
along certain lines would be tres beans.
Don't wait until we're dead and then say
it with flowers. Its yer assoc-iation and
yer "Mag." If we're runnin it to suit
youse say it with subs, and tell the other
feller what he is missin. If we ain't mak-
ing good—why youse just feel free to toss
them bricks and put something behind
them, cause we like the guys with a punch.

I ain't much on grammer and all that
highfalutin talk what goes in other parts
of "Our Mag." but I guess I can make my-
self understood when I say, "fer the love
of pie-crust snap into it and get them A.
W. O. L.'s into the Vets Asso. and on the
1922 Subscription list to SERVICE."

Wishing you all a nice big bonus and a
year full, I am,

Your till Niagara Falls,

THE OFFICE BOY.

VERY LIGHTS

BANKINK IN JAWGY

The leading negroes of a Georgia town
started a bank and invited persons of their
race to become depositors. On day a darcy,
with shoes run down at the heels, a gallus
over one shoulder, and a cotton shirt,
showed up at the cashier's window.

"See heah," he said, "I want mah ten
dollahs."

"Who is yuh?" asked the cashier.

"Mah name's Jim Johnson, an' I wants
dat ten dollahs."

"Yuh ain't got no money in dis heah
bank," said the cashier, after looking over
the books.

"Yes, I has," insisted the visitor. "I put
ten dollahs in heah six months ergo."

"Why man, yuh shure is foolish! De
intrist done et dat up long ergo."

Forbes.

Having lived next door to the home of a
minister, I was often called into witness
a hasty wedding.

On one occasion the prospective bride
and bridegroom arrived in a farm wagon.
After the ceremony was duly performed,
the bridegroom asked to be excused just a
moment, and on returning from his wagon
said: "Parson, I have no money to give you,
but here is a nice young rooster for your
Thanksgiving dinner, and I will bring you
a turkey for Christmas."

On several occasions the minister saw the
same man in town, who seemed to avoid
him. One day on meeting him face to face
he said: "Parson, I may as well tell you
that I am not going to bring that turkey;
I have found out she was not even worth
the rooster I gave you."



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

Lieutenant Frank Schoble, Jr., of Wyncote, who was blinded while serving with the 318th Infantry in the Argonne Forest, is in the Jewish Hospital with a fracture of the skull and other serious injuries received when a closed car in which he was riding crashed into a pole at Ashbourne road and Spring avenue, just outside the entrance to Lynnwood Hall, the Elkins Park home of Joseph E. Widener, December 30th, 1921.

The lieutenant's brother, Ralph, who was driving the car, was its only other occupant. He was injured only slightly. The accident, which occurred shortly before six o'clock, last night, was due to faulty mechanism, according to the police of Cheltenham Township and members of the Schoble family.

When Marshal Foch was here he paid tribute to the blinded veteran at a demonstration in front of the gymnasium at the University of Pennsylvania. He was signalingly honored by General Pershing at the all-American mass-meeting staged by the American Legion in the Academy of Music last April.

The injured man is a son of Frank Schoble, wealthy hat manufacturer at Tenth and Oxford streets. Some of Philadelphia's leading surgeons were called to the Jewish Hospital last night to use their utmost skill to save the patient's life. At a late hour he was still unconscious, but it was said he had a fair chance of recovery.

The two brothers were returning to their home after a visit to Philadelphia when the car swerved, crashed into a pole and then catapulted into a ditch. It was almost miraculous that the brother who was driving should have escaped with only a few slight bruises and cuts. After being treated at the Jewish Hospital he was taken to his home.

The car was wrecked. A motorist whose name the police did not learn took the two men to the hospital, five miles away.

Reports to the effect that Frank Schoble, Sr., was in the automobile at the time of the accident were denied last night by members of his family, who said he was returning to his home by train at the time of the accident.

For many months after his return from overseas, eminent surgeons endeavored to

restore Lieutenant Schoble's sight. He lost the sight of one eye from wounds received in the Argonne, and the sight of the other through an infection of the optic nerve. All the time the plucky veteran has insisted that his sight eventually would come back even though "a thousand doctors" told him it was impossible.

He enlisted in May, 1917, and received his commission at Fort Niagara. At one time he was a student in the University of Pennsylvania, but did not stay for graduation. He is thirty-two years old and the only member of his family who served in the war.

On October 8, 1918, according to his own story told upon his return from France, he was blown into the air while leading his men of Company K in an attack in the Argonne. His Spartan-like courage at the time and his confidence that his sight will some day come back has been the subject for much admiration.

A silk pillow case, embroidered in the many colored emblems of all the combat divisions, which was made by Nicholas Etinger of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Machine Gun Company, was presented to Capt. Perry Huston of the Regular Army last night at the annual banquet of the company in the Fort Pitt Hotel. William Nixon of Carnegie was toastmaster. Addresses were made by Sheriff Robert G. Woodside, national commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Capt. Huston. The embroidery is all hand work in the colors of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-eighth, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-ninth, Eightieth and Ninety-first divisions.

A distinguished service cross has been awarded by the Government to Lieutenant Colonel Elliott B. Edie, Connellsville physician, according to official documents received, instructing him to report to Major General C. J. Bailey, commander of the third corps area, at Fort Howard, Md., to receive the high military decoration.

The citation is "for exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services as commander of the sanitary train and later as division surgeon for the Eightieth division, maintaining suitable dressing stations

FRAKER—The body of Corporal Ralph Emerson Fraker, formerly of Co. F, 305th Engineers, arrived at Ft. Littleton, Pa., the home of his widow, Mrs. Lillian Fraker, and his mother, Mrs. Catherine Fraker, widow of the late Wesley Fraker, who was a veteran of the Civil War and had one of his arms shot away during an engagement in that conflict. Funeral Services were held Sunday, November 20th, conducted by Rev. H. L. Jarrett assisted by Rev. W. M. Cline. Burial with Military Honors, by the members of the American Legion from Mt. Union, Orbisonia, McConnellsburg and a number of overseas veterans from Hustontown, Knobsville, Shade Gap and Decorum. Corporal Fraker as wounded in the Meuse-Argonne Battle in November, and died three days later. He was 25 years old. Besides his wife, who was Miss Lillian Carrie Stinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Easton Stinson of Burnt Cabins, his little son Ralph Emerson Fraker, Jr., and his aged mother, above mentioned, he survived by the following brothers and sisters: Wilbur of Burnt Cabins, Minnie, wife of John Malone, of Mt. Jewett, Pa.; Cora, wife of E. T. Aikens, and Earnest, of Pitcairn; Beaver and Alice of Ft. Littleton. The crowd of people who assembled to pay respect to this member of the division was notably large and the services throughout were very impressive.

MACIJEWSKI—Pvt. Stanislaw Maciejewski, formerly of 315 M. G. Bn., Co. D, of 617 Harriett St., McKees Rocks, Pa., was recently struck by an automobile and died at the Ohio Valley Hospital from a fractured skull.

RIEMANN—Sergeant Frederick W. Riemann, formerly of Co. L, 320th Infantry, killed in action September 28, 1918 in the Meuse Argonne, was buried with full Military Honors by the McGrail-Coyne Post No. 223, V. F. W., in the Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday, January 1, 1922. Funeral attended by comrades of the 80th Division American Legion and Mothers of Democracy. Church services held at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Craft Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2:30 P. M., Sunday. Sergeant Riemann as a graduate of Forbes School, and previous to his enlistment in the Army, Sept. 20, 1917, was employed in the Car Record Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was 23 years old at the time of his death. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Riemann, of 138 Robinson St., Pittsburgh, Pa., and one sister, Mrs. J. S. Loder.

SMITH—Sergeant Herman J. Smith, formerly of the 319th M. G. Co., killed in action in the Argonne, was buried with full military honors from his home at 1218 Spring Garden Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday December 25, 1921. Military Funeral in charge of Ex-Service

(Continued on Page 27)

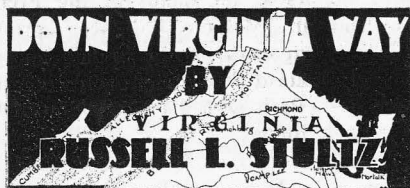
Morning Report

and providing for the evacuation of the wounded in an exceptionally efficient manner under conditions of almost constant fire." Colonel Edie was the ranking military officer of Fayette county, Pa.

Plans which contemplate the liveliest kind of a time are being completed for the first reunion and banquet of Company D, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Eightieth Division, to be held January 10th, in the Hotel Chatham. The committee on arrangements has omitted nothing that would tend to make the occasion a complete success. Entertainment of various kinds is to be provided, and it is indicated by the tentative plans already announced, that the veterans of this company, scattered among 20 cities and towns since their discharge from the Army in June, 1919, will have full occasion to be glad they are alive and able to attend.

Aside from several surprise features which are being carefully planned, the reunion and banquet will include a program calculated to bring back vivid memories of the days when the members of this outfit served in the shock line in each of the three offensives of the Meuse-Argonne engagement of the World War. Company D suffered 130 casualties of its 200 members. Its glorious record of heroism during the bitterest of the fighting "to make the world safe for democracy" will doubtless be recalled by some of the speakers. Tributes will be paid to the memory of those who gave their lives in the cause of freedom and an enduring peace with honor. Crippled veterans now in various hospitals will be special guests. As is usual at such affairs, the exchange of reminiscences, the retelling of half-forgotten anecdotes, and the renewal of friendships, cemented by the death-less ties of comradeship in the blood and mud, shell and shrapnel of Flanders fields, will form a large part of the day's proceedings.

All surviving members of the company are urged to write to H. A. Gano, Charles street, Knoxville, Pa., who is in general charge of the arrangements for the reunion and banquet.



Captain Charles M. Amory, commanding officer of Company G, 318th Infantry, for a number of months during and after the Meuse-Argonne offensive and who was transferred from the Division to the headquarters of the American Peace Delegation

in Paris, in January, 1919, is located at 20 Exchange Place, New York City. Captain Amory is a life-member of the Division Association.

Lt. Col. Jennings C. Wise, who commanded the Second Battalion, 318th Infantry, during its battle service in France, is now located in Washington City, where he is associated with the firm of Munn, Anderson & Munn, counselors-at-law, as general counsel.

Colonel Wm. H. Waldron, formerly chief of staff, 80th Division, and now editor of the *Infantry Journal*, in a recent issue of the *Stars and Stripes* protests against the use of the term "doughboy" to signify any enlisted man and says the term should be confined to the infantrymen only. He adds: "A doughboy means an infantryman—the dust-kicking, mud-slinging, sweating guy, who has nothing but his two legs and his grit to get him and his fighting paraphernalia from one busy spot to another." At the risk of an anti-climax, we want to say: "Amen, colonel!"

Captain R. A. Westbrook, who commanded Company G, 318th Infantry, from January, 1919, until just a few weeks before the Division left the Le Mans Area for the port of embarkation, at Brest, is now associated with the Westbrook Manufacturing Co., at Jackson, Miss. Captain Westbrook states he "is still in the ranks of the single blessed."

The former comrades of Charles J. Borum, of Strasburg, Va., who was a Sergeant with Company G, 318th Infantry, until appointed to the Army Candidates' School while the Division was in training with the British in Picardy, will regret to learn of the death of his father, Major C. M. Borum, which occurred early in December. Major Borum was 81 years old and had been connected with the Southern Railway for more than half a century, serving in the capacity of traveling freight agent at the time of his death.

Blue Ridge Post of the American Legion, of Edinburg, Va., of which Ray B. Coffman, formerly a Sergeant with the 313th Field Artillery, is Commander, held a very successful minstrel show a few weeks ago.

Millard F. Uhlrich, formerly a 1st Lieutenant with Companies "E" and "G," 318th Infantry, is now domiciled at 930 Seventh St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Lieut. Uhlrich says that the door is always open to any member of his old outfit.

Charles S. Swank, of Singer's Glen, Va., better known to his army pals as a Sergeant with Headquarters Company, 318th Infan-

try, is now connected with the Rockingham Milling Co., of Harrisonburg, Va. Sergeant Swank was recently elected chaplain of Rion-Bowman Post No. 632, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Francis M. Stutts, who served with the 80th Division as a Private, 318th Machine Gun Company, is residing in the "Sunny South" (not "Sunny France"), at Clinton, S. C., where he is manager of *Our Monthly*, a philanthropic, charitable, and religious organ. Comrade Stutts, who has become a benedict since quitting the service, this year adopted the happy and unique idea of remembering all of his old "buddies" with a personal letter at Christmas-time. Such men as he are those keeping alive and perpetuating the old spirit and ideals of the Division, and they are worthy of emulation.

Captain H. V. S. Negus, late Supply Officer, 305th Sanitary Train, but now a resident of Bound Brook, N. J., writes that he "warms a chair each day" in the offices of the *New York Evening Post*, which, we imagine, means considerably more than it says. Major Guy T. Vishniski, formerly editor of the *Camp Lee Bayonet* and afterwards connected with the *Stars and Stripes*, was also on the staff of the *Evening Post* until he met Captain S. C. Hicks, of the 319th Machine Gun Company.

Archie S. Woodlief, formerly Supply Sergeant, Company "E," 318th Infantry, is now located at Staunton, Va. We have been informed that Sergeant Woodlief is the author of the lines, entitled "Christmas Day in the Army," which appeared in the December issue of *SERVICE*.

Former officers and enlisted men of the 80th Division were prominent in the activities incident to the reception of Marshal Foch, Allied Generalissimo, tendered by the Virginia Department of the American Legion in Richmond during the noted leader's visit there in November.

William L. Phalen, formerly a Sergeant with Company "E," 318th Infantry, was elected Senior Vice Commander of Rion-Bowman Post No. 632, Veterans of Foreign Wars, of Harrisonburg, Va., on the occasion of the annual meeting and banquet of that organization on December 16th.

Henry B. Booth, who calls Petersburg, Va., his home, but who will be better remembered as a Sergeant with Company "G," 318th Infantry, and who later was commissioned a First Lieutenant and assigned to the Fifth Division in Luxemburg, is now located at Gorman, Texas, care Southern Well Supply Co. Lieut. Booth, whose brother was an officer in the 305th Engineers, visited his old comrades while

Morning Report

the 80th was stationed in the Le Mans Area awaiting return to the states.

The *Stars and Stripes*, in its series on "Histories of Divisions in the World War," which was prepared by the Historical Branch, War Plans Division of the General Staff, covers the combat record of the 80th Division in its issue for Saturday, December 24th. Should our readers note any errors in the text, the Historical Branch of the General Staff invites corrections.

Ernest W. Grubb, who served as a 1st Lieutenant with Companies "E" and "G," 318th Infantry, and who was one of the most popular and best liked officers in the entire Regiment, is now County Farm Agent of Washington County, Va., with headquarters at Abingdon, Va. Lieutenant Grubb's home is at Sykesville, Md.

Should you fail to observe your name in SERVICE, don't blame us, old top; rather, blame yourself for not informing us of your whereabouts. Let's maintain liaison, for the sake of "auld lang syne" and the 80th. You, or no other man who served with the A. E. F. are big enough to forget it. Your buddies want to hear from you now, "toot sweet"!

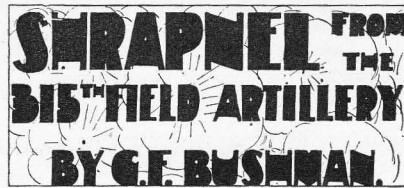
To carry out the spirit or resolutions adopted by the First, Second, and Third National Conventions of the American Legion, the National Legislative Committee secured in Public Law No. 98, 67th Congress, "An Act to reduce and equalize taxation, to provide revenue, and for other purposes," approved November 23, 1921, effective January 1, 1922, the following amendments:

EXEMPTING FROM INCOME TAX RETURNS

Sec. 214, Par. (11) "Contributions or gifts made within the taxable year to or for the use of * * * exclusively public purposes; (B) any corporation * * * organized and operated exclusively for religious charitable, scientific, literary, or educational purposes, INCLUDING POSTS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION OR THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY UNITS THEREOF, * * * no part of the net earnings of which inures to the benefit of any private stockholder or individual.

EXEMPTING FROM INCOME TAX RETURNS

Sec. 213, Par. (9) "Amounts received as compensation, family allotments and allowances under the provisions of the WAR RISK INSURANCE and the VOCATIONAL REHABILITATION ACTS, or as pensions from the United States for service of the beneficiary or another in the military or naval forces of the United States in time of war."



Bluefield, West Va.

William B. Owen, known as "Buck" to his many friends, formerly Corporal, Battery "A," 315th Field Artillery, is a member of and traveling for the firm of Motoaka Grocery Company, out of Matoaka, West Virginia.

Charles F. Ong, Pfc., Telephone Detail, Battery "C," 315th Field Artillery, according to Mason County newspapers, has joined the ranks of benedicts. The following item recently appeared in a Point Pleasant newspaper—The marriage of Miss Edith Allen McGrew of Charleston, West Virginia, to Mr. Charles F. Ong, of Point Pleasant, West Virginia, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. W. E. Mathes, 811 Main street, Charleston, West Virginia, at ten o'clock, October sixth. Rev. J. B. Cook, Pastor of the Sixth Street Methodist Episcopal church officiated.

Clyde E. Honaker, formerly Musician 2 C L, Band Section, Headquarters Company, is established with the firm of Burton and Honaker, Sign Painters, Welch, West Virginia.

In a recent letter from Corporal William E. Kirk, formerly Headquarters Company, 315th Field Artillery, now located at Hogsett, West Virginia, he stated that Henry D. Ballard, formerly Regimental Orderly, later Postal Corporal, had died of tuberculosis. Anyone who can give us the details of Mr. Ballard's demise will please communicate with the writer.

Charles T. Clark, formerly Mess Sergeant, Battery "E," 315th Field Artillery, is now a Deputy-Sheriff of Mingo County, located at Williamson, West Virginia. He is desirous of hearing from Battery "E" boys, and especially members of the Battery "E" quartette.

E. B. Johnson, formerly Corporal Battery F, 315th Field Artillery, later transferred to our Brigade Headquarters Detachment, is now working for the Appalachian Power Company, at Switchback, West Virginia.

Robert Burton, formerly Corporal Battery "B," 315th Field Artillery, is working as an electrician with the Pocahontas Domestic Coal Company, at Yukon, West Virginia, near Welch.

Paul S. Ricketts, formerly 1st Sergeant,

Supply Company, 315th Field Artillery, is established with The General Electric Company, having charge of one of their departments, at Charleston, West Virginia.

NEWS FROM THE 314TH F. A.

By H. S. CUNNINGHAM
Wheeling, W. Va.

Ex. Sgt. "Terry" Garrison is House Manager of American Legion Post No. 1 of Wheeling, W. Va. Members of the fifth section, E Battery will recall how capable he managed the matter of securing supplies at Dun-Sur-Meuse after the Armistice.

Former Sgt. "Jake" Stump of E Battery is now a Deputy Sheriff and Jailor of Ohio County, W. Va. He is also married. He was one of the Hula-Hula Trio which furnished quite a bit of entertainment at the Y. M. C. A. Hut at Camp Lee.

"Patchey" Lane, formerly Sgt. in C Battery, is a brakeman on the B. & O. It is rumored that he gave a stop signal to the engineer the other day when a former buddy made a gesture to his hip pocket in passing, only to see him pull out a pack of chewing tobacco.

Ex-Corporal Falland who was wounded in the Bois de Rappe, November 1, 1918, is now holding a position with the U. S. Veteran's Service Bureau. Barring a slight limp, he seems to be as good as ever.

Ex-Private Leo Utermollen (the famous whistler) is now in the Wheeling Hospital recovering from a broken leg caused by falling from a ladder.

305 AMMUNITION TRAIN

FRENCH HONOR SHARON BOY
Bravery in World War is rewarded with Medal.

(From Philadelphia and Sharon Newspapers.)

Patrick J. McCann, 754 Sharpville avenue, Sharon, Pa., former private, 1st class, 223rd Co., Military Police Corps, U. S. Army, has just come into high, though belated honors at the hands of the French Government. McCann has been granted a bronze war medal by the French Government for acts of exceptional courage while serving in Paris with the M. P. Unit of the American forces.

He is a brother of Mrs. Nellie Donnelly, Supervising Nurse of the Catholic Welfare Council, 303 Dollar Title and Trust Co. Building, Sharon, Pa.

It is expected that McCann will be invested with the medal at a formal ceremony to be staged in Sharon. The affair will be surrounded with all due military eclat, al-

Morning Report

though arrangements have not as yet been entirely completed.

Private McCann is extremely modest about the incident which has won him these new honors. He declares it was only in line of performance of his duty. He rushed onto the Railroad tracks in France in front of an oncoming train and at the risk of his own life, saved that of a humble Chinese Coolie who was doing section work nearby.

The official notification and other correspondence on the subject are as follows:

War Department,
The Adjutant General's Office,
Washington, D. C.,
December 8, 1921.

Mr. Patrick J. McCann,
754 Sharpsville Ave.,
Sharon, Pa.

Dear Sir:—You are advised that a decoration, Medaille d' Honneur de Sauvetage pour Actes de Courage et de devouement (bronze), and accompanying diploma with translation, awarded to you by the French Government, have this day been forwarded to The Commanding General, Third Corps Area, Ft. Howard, Maryland, for presentation to you with formal ceremony.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) P. C. Harris,
The Adjutant General.

Headquarters Third Corps Area,
Fort Howard, Maryland,
December 13, 1921.

Mr. Patrick J. McCann,
Formerly Private First Class,
223rd Co. Military Police,
754 Sharpsville Avenue, Sharon, Pa.

My Dear Mr. McCann:—I take great pleasure in informing you that the French Government has awarded to you a decoration, Medaille d' Honneur de Sauvetage pour Actes de Courage et de devouement (bronze), which the War Department has transmitted to me with instructions to present to you with formal ceremony, including the attendance of troops.

It will probably be more satisfactory to you to have the presentation take place at or near Sharon, Pa., and I have this date written The Adjutant General of the State of Pennsylvania, in respect to securing the attendance of troops of the National Guard to participate in the presentation ceremony. The only other alternative, in case no National Guard Troops are available, will be for you to come to Fort Howard, Maryland, and for the presentation ceremony to take place here.

I request that you inform me your wishes in respect to the place and manner of presentation. I will be guided largely by your wishes in the matter, and hope that such arrangements can be made for awarding

this decoration that will be entirely satisfactory to you.

I congratulate you upon being awarded this honor by the French Government.

Very cordially yours,
(Signed) C. J. Bailey,
Maj. Gen. U. S. A.,
Commanding.

Maj. Gen. C. J. Bailey, U. S. A.,
Fort Howard, Md.

Dear Sir:—With pleasure, I received your letter informing me of a French decoration that has been awarded me, and wish to state that you were right in thinking I would prefer the presentation to take place in Sharon, Pa., as I would be most happy to have it in my home town.

Thanking you for the congratulation, I remain,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Patrick J. McCann.

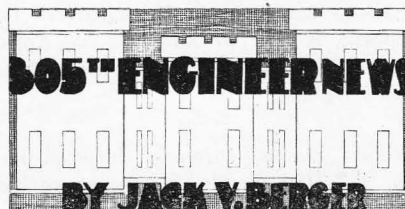
The above is from the Philadelphia and Sharon papers and will be of interest to the members of the 305th Ammunition Train, as the 223rd Company, Military Police, was composed of what was formerly Co. F, 305th Ammunition Train, which was given this designation and service after the Armistice.

Carl Madsen, formerly of Co. A, 318 Inf., is now in the U. S. Hospital, No. 64, Camp Kearney, California, undergoing treatment for Tuberculosis. Would be glad to hear from his old buddies.

The address of George Winwood, formerly 319th M. G. Co., is wanted by SERVICE.

Charles J. Lewis of Company C, 305th Engineers is now residing with his brother, the Rev. Nathan T. Lewis, of Ansonville, Pa. He has been ill from Bronchial Asthma for some time. After being discharged Comrade Lewis enlisted in the matrimonial ranks and now carries a marriage certificate.

Oscar C. Holland, formerly of the 80th Division is now located at 45 S. Main avenue, Long Beach, Cal., and would be pleased to hear from any Blue-Ridgers who get to the Pacific Coast.



The old column this month resembles a June marriage license list.

Voila, Arthur Yost, who is now with the

Armstrong Cork Co., in Pittsburgh brought in a clipping announcing the marriage of Miss Anna Plunkett of Gallitzen, Pa., to our old Battalion Sergeant, Major Thomas W. Bender of Lilly, Pa. The ceremony was performed at a Nuptial High Mass at St. Patrick's Church in Gallitzen. We send the good wishes of the bunch, Tommy, attaboy.

Can't give you the dope on this one, but will say that we were the recipients of a Christmas card from Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Tompkins. Congratulations, "Tommy T.," but how come we weren't on your mailing list.

Ex-stable Sergeant Elbert E. Wood writes in from Hinton, W. Va., that he has been helping with the dishes for over two years now. Shame on you, Woodie, we are going to tell Suzanne at the "Ferne de Marnet," Nuits sur Ravierres—no kiddin'.

Word received at Headquarters that Jesse R. Wike from old A Company is cutting up H— in Roaring Springs, Pa. Jesse was elected Burgess of that burg recently and is hot on the trail of bootleggers. Send in a few addresses, "Jess," the stuff here is "out of bounds."

Gee, we bet Stonerook and Ellis Gates get away with murder now, who wouldn't with a Buddy for Burgess.

"Chiggers" Chesley reports that he is back at work again. "Chiggers" and "Johnny" Morgan, beside running an electrical business in Charleston, W. Va., are hot at work on the coming Reunion there. Paul Schaefer, the old master engineer, is another worker there that we can count on.

No word from Kennedy and Mulhollen this month. Mulhollen should send us a few telegrams C. O. D. Ask him, he will tell you what we are hinting at some time.

Ellis Brown, our old Color Sergeant, is finishing up a course in Geology at the University of Virginia. Ellis believes in starting from the ground up. He asked us if we remembered riding the cow in Wiedham. Was that a cow, Ellis? Thought it might have been a wild boar. Say, but wasn't that good stuff, and only ten francs a bottle. Brown's address is 352, U. of V., Charlottesville, Va., and he would like to hear from all of his old buddies.

Ex-Corporal Fitz of E. Company sent us in a cartoon on the safe arrival back home of "Windy" Allshouse. Sorry we can't use it this month, Fitz, but all of the engravers are on a strike and our work has been

Morning Report

tied up. Fitz doesn't give his address though. Maybe he is afraid of receiving a bomb as the result of his artistic efforts.

Sergeant Blatt, who was wounded on the British front, promised to let us have some gossip from up his way soon, haven't received it so far. Smatter, Blatt, no stamps?

Haven't heard from Colonel Kenney and the Bethincourt Bridge story, but will bet that is worth while waiting for.

C. A. Bearer, the old Company Clerk of Headquarters, sent in some photos of the old gang. Richards, Magee, Lewicki, Stevenson, McNary, McKee, C. A. and E. J. Bearer, Ciccarella, Monenti, Mehal and Schubert, can't say any more as we are all choked up with sobs. Why don't some sucker start another war—we are lonesome.

Someone, last month, inquired for Captain Passer, the old Battalion Surgeon. Captain A. W. Yereance, formerly in command of Co. C says that he last heard of Captain Passer in Bluefield, W. Va. Captain Yereance receives his mail at 68 Scotland Road, South Orange, N. J.

Another buddy from Company C has written in this month, William F. King, 316 W. 5th Street, Muncy, Indiana. Bill would like to hear from some of his old pals.

We are nursing a grouch and might as well get it off our chest. Having volunteered to run a column each month for the old outfit and getting a lot of fun out of it ourselves by keeping touch with "you all" but again we say how in ———are we going to do it when you don't send in the dope. Why wait for the other fellow to do it. Come across or we give you fair warning that we will start rumors going that we will make your hair stand on end. And we were considered some rumor hound. Ask anyone from Headquarters.

I WONDER, if the old Officers' Club is still decorated up in Fulvy and how Georgette is, if the old river still overflows ever so often and cuts off the road to Chassignelles, if old "Napolean" still has some Bull Durham left, if the pretty girl posters are still hanging in Colonel Knight's quarters, if the old stone quarry is still running, if Lucy has forgotten Rudy Herr, if they still change 2 francs 50 for "white mule," if Ravierres is still out of bounds, if they miss our Band, and Guard Mount, if Marcelle is living in Fulvy with her new husband, if their roads are ever cleaned now that the guard house is a stable again, if the girls of Chassignelles have quit raving over Major Hoff's mustache, if the tree is still standing where

"John Barleycorn" was hanged, if the Headquarters billet is still there, if they are still kicking about the stables that Napoleon's horses wrecked and Chaplain Clark paid for and if you fellows ever long for the old gang like we do. Lights out.

Several members of Company E, 319th Infantry have been making plans to hold a banquet and reunion of the Company in Pittsburgh, May 17th, 1921, the fourth anniversary of the Company's departure from Camp. Quite a few members came to Camp Lee and after a few months with Company E and "Skipper" Arnold, were transferred to other outfits, and it is not known whether there are a sufficient number of former members of the Company in the Pittsburgh District to warrant attempting to hold the banquet. All the buddies who are interested are urged to drop a line to John E. Shaffer, Bayard and Second street, Elizabeth, Pa., with any suggestions they have to offer.

George E. Dunlavy, formerly with Co. C, 305th Engineers sends his regards to his old buddies for the New Year. He is located at Manakin, Virginia, employed as a fireman for stationary boiler with a concern at that point. He has been ill for about eight months. Will be glad to hear from any of his old comrades.

Lt. Commander Benjamin Perlman, U. S. N., a contributor of several articles to SERVICE, who up until the closing of the Navy Recruiting Station at Pittsburgh, was stationed in command at this point, left on January 1, 1922, to sail on the Transport "Argonne" for the Phillipines, where he will receive an assignment in the Pacific. He expects to see service off the coast of China and has promised to furnish the readers of SERVICE with some interesting accounts of life in the Orient.

There is a letter at Hamilton P. C. for Captain Barratt O'Hara, formerly of 319th Infantry. SERVICE will appreciate receiving his address from anyone who is able to furnish it.

J. S. Wiker, formerly Sergeant Co. L, 320th Infantry is now living at 225 Rostraver street, Monessen, Pa., and working on the P. & L. E. R. R. as brakeman. Buddy Wiker seems to be having all kinds of luck judging from the last words heard from him. It will be remembered by members of Company L, that about two years ago he married a Mademoiselle from Boulogne and he is still happy though married. Fact is, he has been presented with two garcons, one is now 15 months old and the other three weeks, and for an Ex-Sergeant is getting lots of detail. The buglers blow reveille about three A. M. in the morn-

ing and guard duty without relief starts a few minutes later. Outside of K. P. duties, looking after his home which he owns, looking up French phrases to see what friend wife is talking about, and breaking up cars on the P. & L. E., he has almost nothing to do and would like to hear from Battleship R. Myers, E. B. Gruel, J. Tierman, Holleran and in fact all of the Mulligan guards and other buddies to keep his mind occupied while carrying rations for the company in the "Home Sector."

One of our friends down in Maryland makes the remark, "When the Soldiers' Bonus Bill was just at the brink of passing O. K., then comes the National Banker's Association who say, 'we can never stand it!' say boys, the next war will be fought by the National Banker's Association individually." Correct, Old Top. It will be a helluva war no doubt.

There is a letter in the Post Office at Hamilton P. C. for Ferdinand F. Blume, formerly Sgt., Company C, 319th Infantry. Last known address at Walter Reed Hospital. Please address any information as to his present location to SERVICE.

Edmund R. Merry formerly of H Company, 320th Infantry, is confined in bed at the Marine Hospital in Pittsburgh. Any correspondence from old pals of H Company or any other outfit will be highly appreciated by this sick buddy.

R. C. Schmertz, formerly Captain, 319th Infantry is now with the Pittsburgh Crucible Steel Co., Midland, Pa.

The "Amusu Theatre" at Marlinton, W. Va., is now under the able management of C. C. Clendenen, formerly Sergeant, Battery B, 313 F. A.

Frank A. Lowry, formerly of A Company, 319th Infantry dropped into Headquarters the other day and advised that he is looking for clerical work. He is living at 6 Josephine street, Crafton, Pa., Telephone 3-J, Crafton, and would appreciate hearing of anything in this line.

Poland, N. Y., December 11, 1921.
Editor, SERVICE MAGAZINE:

Through the kindness of a friend, one of the boys of the 80th Division, I have been reading your SERVICE MAGAZINE for nearly a year. Through its items, I want to congratulate the boys upon the success of this magazine. It continues to show the strong purpose which has characterized the 80th Division all the way through, and I admire the spirit of good fellowship which exists in the Division as a whole.

I want to tell you how much I honor
(Continued on Next Page)

"M" Company's Midgets

By J. R. GAVIN

I often think of our happy (?) trip to sunny (?) France; of the day we lined up on the dock at Hoboken and were issued free coffee and buns and one of our gang was lucky enuf to meet a gob that he knowed bak in the Smoky City, who handed him a nice juicy peach pie. rite off the reel every budy was Eddies friend but the pie wasn't big enuf. Well, they finally shot us into the bowels of the good ship *Leviathan* where we were ushered to our staterooms (I still wear the pattern on my back) then we put on our dinner clothes, the same ones we had on for three days and started out on that long long trail to the Salon (my mistake i meant mess hall while we were there the old girl pulled out of the dock and we had our last look at Noo York tru a port hole. while we are on the subject of dining, wasn't it a sweet trip back and forth from the mess hall. i didn't travel the same road twice and got lost nearly every time member how some shavetail would stand at the head of the steps and just as you would be gettin your wind from the last one he would yell snap into it you can't stand there and start you down another flight of steps o boy i sure did breathe a sigh of relief wen i got bak to the deck where I belonged. Then our white hopes got started in to wipe the deck up with each other and some one suggested that i put the mitts on with

Eddie, i thot of that left of his that i seen him land on another guys beak and sorta hesitated so finally i thot i couldn't do no worse than a busted nose or a coupla crack-er ribs and in i goes. well, i stalled around for one or two rounds till i hit eddie on the beak and drew a little claret then curtains for me he just shoved out his left and i sat down that finished the fight but we were well paid for this i think we each got eight cents. member the gang of profiteers we had on the boat the one star tho was the fair haired boy you know Intele-gent the gang from F deck all loved him like a brother. the only difference between him and Jesse James, was that Jesse carried a gun. Then our daily exercise Abandon Ship drill mind how our gallant Major with the flag used to charge up the steps with his gallant doughboys at his heels, some on them. I think we always won the race we were all good runners. after they got us up on top they let us look at the wonderful scenery. just before we sighted shore i was sitting with a little irishman Engeles his handle was he looked out over the stern and said oh look at the funny fish and just about the same time the look out spied the same funny fish (submarine periscope) blooey-blooey goes two gats right over our head. and some loot comes flying out on deck maddern hell and chased us all down to our bunks where we sat and prayed (i did) wondering where we would be hit front or back then the engines stopped

and i could see myself lamping a heinie gold braider telling us to go die or then the skipper came and told us we could go up on deck and oh boy it was a grand and glorious feeling when i saw those little red tile roofs. Then the reporters started to give the details of the fight at first it was only one sub then at last they all agreed that the gob gunners got four and three got away. Well, finally the baggage went overboard ask Red he lost his bar-detail was picked out to see that our baggage got ashore safe i think oodles of it racks bag But the sweetest surprise of all was in store for us when they said we were going to a rest camp a short way up the hill It wasn't more than five miles was it Andy mind how Louis J. gave you a lift with that bundle of yours Then the rest camp popped into sight a flock of tents After a nights sleep (who got it) we were ushered into a nice big field and told that the weeds were to be cut as another outfit was due in there soon and did not have any place to pitch their tents. did you ever try to cut grass with a bayonet, its a great job. well after we manicured that lot we didn't have enuf to do so they shipped us down to the sorting yard to hustle baggage mind the supper at eleven bells how some of the gang used to rustle three or four meal tickets, beans and gold fish for every meal. Then we were allowed to take a dip in the ocean and were loaded in the pullmans for Calais.

Morning Report

(Continued from Preceding Page)

you in the great and noble sacrifices you made in order that our country might be a better place in which to live, and I earnestly hope that each and every one will live up to the high ideals for which you so nobly and generously fought.

With every good wish for the future success of SERVICE MAGAZINE, I am,

Very cordially,

The Division's Friend,
Mary E. McMahon.

K. D. K. A., the Radio Broadcasting Station of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co. at East Pittsburgh, Pa., is now publishing a weekly magazine called *Radio Broadcasting News*. The second edition has been received at Hamilton P. C. and contains much of interest to the owners of Radio Receiving sets. As many of the Hospitals and Veterans of the 80th, especially the Signal Corps, are now in possession of radio apparatus, we print this item of news for their benefit. A letter to the Editor of *Radio Broadcasting News*, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, East Pittsburgh,

Pa., will be sufficient to place upon their mailing list for free copies of their magazine.

First Lieutenant Alfred P. Leyburn, formerly of 320th Infantry, M. G. Company, who is now a United States Bank Examiner, has just returned from a two months trip examining banks in the state of Montana. He states that some of the towns he visited have hotels like the Dug-outs at the front. Comrade Leyburn is receiving his mail at 416 New York Life Building, Minneapolis, Minn., for the present.

Colonel Ora E. Hunt, is now located in the Inspector General's Office, War Department, Washington, D. C. He is always glad to meet one of the "Old Timers" of the 320th Infantry. Mrs. Hunt says she will never forget the big cake that was made for her by the 320th, when they were rivals of 319 for her favor.

John A. Casey, whose address is 1012 H street, N. W., Washington, D. C., served several hitches in the Army, the

last one being with the 80th at Camp Lee, Va. Comrade Casey is past the half century mark in age, so Uncle Sam wouldn't let him take the boat ride with us. However, he will be remembered by the rookies of 1917. He is hungry for some news of these embryo soldiers who he helped to train.

Major Ashby Williams is practicing law at the National Capitol and always finds time for a "Hello Buddy!"

Through an oversight by the Editorial Staff, proper credit was not given in the last issue of SERVICE to Maj. C. Fred Cooke, of the *Washington Evening Star* for his kindness in furnishing SERVICE with a photograph of the 80th Division Insignia floral piece, used at the burial of our *Unknown Buddy*. Comrade Cooke is always glad to meet his Army buddies and give a hearty boost to SERVICE MAGAZINE and our Veterans Association.

CORRECTION FOR YEAR BOOK

Captain Harry D. Payne, formerly 1st Lieut. Co. H, 320th Infantry, 6168 Washington avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Gagme: A Romance

(Continued from last Month)

The course of true love always does hit the high spots. In an absentminded moment, Francois had given Captain Plug of the American Remount Section, permission to pasture his horses, and the latter had taken advantage of him by turning a thousand hungry walking skeletons loose in the field.

His crop was on the way to Paris. After Captain Plug had departed with his horses destined for the markets on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, leaving five francs as payment, Francois wandered despondently over his ravaged field. What would become of the chickens, the ducks, the goat, the cow, his horse, and Marie? He kicked savagely at an inoffensive stubble that chanced to remain. As he did so, his eyes caught a yellow gleam. He stared in unbelief; then kneeling, examined closely. Suddenly emitting a wild whoop, he ran to the house for a shovel.

Perhaps you have waded through the stories of pirate treasure of the Spanish Main? The pirate myth is not so easy to swallow. According to standard authors, it is necessary to first pick an island. Then by the aid of a compass, crude map, knowledge of mathematics and Indian sign-language, travel 20 degrees Nor'west by 20 degrees Sou'west, climb a tree, and squint through a broken jug. Dig on the spot you see, and if you see more than one spot, dig on all of them. The result is bound to be a rusty steamer trunk, full of plugged pieces of eight, and brass beer checks good anywhere on a Privateer. Join hands and dance solemnly around, huskily singing:

"18 men on a dead man's chest,
Yo Ho! and a bottle of rum."

The last is not to be sneezed at.

We may appear to be unjustly questioning the truth of such tales. Apply this test: Have you personally, or has any one of your friends, ever unearthed a pirate treasure chest?

This application of cold logic will answer all critics, and we condemn with every adjective at our command, this nefarious practice of unscrupulous writers in twisting facts, and manufacturing stories that will not bear analysis as a good lie! Nothing is more irritating to the business man, than to faithfully waste his time reading several installments of a serial to discover in the end, that it was based on a lot of frivolous flapdoodle of a vulgar, rattle-pated, crap-shooting, evil-minded, ignoramus who had no more respect for the truth than he had for conventions. The public has the right to be protected.

Well, stop pounding the table, and let us get back to Gagme.

It was not long after Francois obtained a shovel, before wind of his strike had spread to every inhabitant of the village. It is ever thus in a French town; the

neighbor's business is more important than ones own.

He had worked feverishly in this short time, however, and the sight that met their eyes left them gasping in wonder. It could not have been stored in ten pirate treasure chests!

Papa K., in his usual domineering style, led the vanguard of neighborhood investigators, but observing the find, lost some of his assurance. Walking up to Francois, he said.

"Forget the harsh words, Frankie, my boy. Say no more, she is yours!" His voice broke.

"I'm willing to let bygones be bygones," replied Francois proudly, "but considering my position, isn't her dowry a trifle small?"

"It shall be increased!" proclaimed Papa K., and advancing on Francois, he flung his arms wildly around his neck and kissed him rapidly on each cheek.

His suspenders broke.

Francois stood entranced at his good luck. His nostrils widened and he drew a long, deep breath. His dreams were to be realized. His total estate would be three times as rich as Papa K's. Marie could have two calico gowns a year, and he might even buy her one of these new-fangled American corrugated zinc wash-boards. Hang the expense!

The villagers viewed with awe the glistening pile.

"Men," said Papa K., "what is your opinion?"

As one voice they replied, "Some fertilizer!"

MORAL: One can never tell.

TAPS

(Continued from Page 21)

Men's Club of Spring Garden Avenue, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Interment was in St. Peters Cemetery, Reserve Township. Besides his widow, Mrs. Emma Knoepple Smith, he is survived by a brother, George D. Smith, and a sister, Mrs. Louise Rihs, all of the Northside.

NOCK—George E. Nock, formerly Corporal, Co. M, 319th Infantry, killed in action in France, was buried Dec. 25th, with full Military Honors from the Mt. Nebo, Ohio Township, United Presbyterian Church. Funeral in charge of Vesle Post No. 418, V. F. W.

ACKERMAN—Lee De Vernon Ackerman, formerly member of Co. D, 319th Infantry, killed in action, was buried with Military Honors from Homestead Presbyterian Church, 9th Ave., and Ann St., Homestead, Pa., January 7th. Military Funeral by Homestead Post, American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and Mothers of Democracy.

KLEECH—Sergeant Charles G. Kleech, Battery E, 314th F. A., died October 13, 1918, of wounds received in action, Oct. 12, 1918, near Nantillois, France. Entered the Service September 20th, 1917. Requiem High Mass held at St. Alphonso's Church by Father Boneventua O.

M. Cox, Wheeling, W. Va. Buried at Mt. Calvary Cemetery, Wheeling W. Va., December 19th, 1921. Firing squad in charge of Ex-Sergeant Terry Garrison, Battery E, 314th F. A. Comrades from 314th F. A. Veteran's Association, 80th Division, Kleech-Phillips-Rhodes Post, V. F. W., and American Legion Post No. 1, were in funeral procession. Pall Bearers were Cpls, Baum, Fallard, Cunningham; Pvts. W. Bounds, C. Bounds, Sanders, Stevenson and Watkins, all former comrades. Drum Corps furnished by Cathedral High School, and Rifle Squad by American Legion Post No. 1, V. F. W. Ritual read at the grave.

HEMPHILL—Private Joseph W. Hemphill, formerly of Co. H, 320th Infantry, killed in action October 9, 1918 in the Argonne, was buried with full Military Honors, December 21, 1921, from the Francis de Sales Roman Catholic Church, McKees Rocks, Pa. Military rites in charge of Vesle Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hemphill; four brothers and two sisters, of 427 Alexander St., McKees Rocks.

BRADLEY—Pvt. Samuel E. Bradley, formerly of Co. A, 319th Infantry, killed in action, September 26, 1918, was buried with full Military Honors from the Manchester Presbyterian Church, Chateau and Franklin St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., December 31, 1921. Funeral attended by Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, and friends of the family. Private Bradley was the son of Mrs. Anne Bradley and brother of Mrs. Olive E. Moreland, Mrs. Mary Osborn, and Robert J. Bradley.

LINDSAY—Pvt. William H. Lindsay, Company B, 320th Infantry, killed in action in France, September 26, 1918, was buried from his mother's residence, 1133 Rush St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., December 22, 1921. Services in Calvary M. E. Church, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Military Funeral held by Chateau Post No. 258, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Ladies Auxiliary, and Mothers of Democracy.

DUFFY—Francis J. Duffy, formerly Sgt., 320th Infantry died suddenly Monday, December 19, 1921. Funeral held from the residence of his brother George V. Duffy, 94 Bradford Ave., Crafton, Pa., Friday, December 23rd. High Mass at St. Phillip's Catholic Church, Crafton and interment in St. Mary's Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sergeant Duffy was the husband of the late Mary Buckley, and son of Margaret Murray Duffy and the late Thomas E. Duffy.

O'CONNOR—William J. O'Connor, aged 27 of 3922 Howley Ave., Lawrenceville, Pittsburgh, Pa., a veteran of the 80th Division who was gassed twice and wounded in action, died Wednesday, December 21, 1921, in St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa. The dead soldier was a lifelong resident of Lawrenceville and was a member of St. Lawrence's Roman Catholic Church. Three Brothers, John, Thomas, and James, all of Pittsburgh, survive. Details of funeral unavailable at this time.

HAKALA—Lundy Hakala, formerly Saddler, 318th Ambulance Co., 305th Sanitary Train, died at Hilliards, Pa., Butler County, December 4, 1921, of Plural Pneumonia.

UNITED STATES VETERANS' BUREAU

The reorganized Veterans' Bureau has established District Offices throughout the country and are now prepared to make awards, grant rehearings to old cases, and quickly handle new cases in their districts, also make first payments on claims, thus eliminating much of the red tape that the ex-serviceman has had to contend with heretofore.

For the benefit of every Buddy who has business with this board we are printing the list of districts together with the names and addresses of the Branch Offices.

District 1, Washington-Essex Bldg.; Boston, Mass.—Bangor, Maine, Smith Bldg.; Portland, Me., Benoit Bldg.; Manchester, N. H., Bell Bldg.; Lawrence, Mass.; New Bedford, Mass.; Springfield, Mass., Patton Bldg.; Worcester, Mass.; 544 Main St.; Providence, R. I., Raymond Block; Burlington, Vt., Burlington Block.

District 2, 23 West 43d St., New York, N. Y.—Albany, N. Y., Post Office Bldg.; Binghamton, N. Y., Press Bldg.; Buffalo, N. Y., Root Bldg.; Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Taylor Office; Rochester, N. Y., 75 State St.; Syracuse, N. Y., Rosenbloom Bldg.; Utica, N. Y., Martin Bldg.; Camden, N. J., Post Office Bldg.; Newark, N. J., Aetna, Realty Co.; Hartford, Conn., 179 Allyn Bldg.; New Haven, Conn., Plymouth Bldg.

District 3, 140 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Allentown, Pa., 4th Floor, Y. M. C. A. Bldg.; Erie, Pa., Commerce Bldg.; Harrisburg, Pa., Yoffe Bldg.; Pittsburgh, Pa., Martin Bldg.; Johnstown, Pa., Henry Koch Bldg.; Scranton, Pa., Lackawanna Ave.; Williamsport, Pa., Plenkendor Bldg.; Wilmington, Del., DuPont Bldg.

District 4, Rm. 208, Arlington Bldg., Washington, D. C.—Baltimore, Md., 22 Light St.; Cumberland, Md.; Norfolk, Va., 427 Flat Iron Bldg.; Richmond, Va., 804 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.; Roanoke, Va., 11 Church St.; Bluefield, W. Va., Mayer Bldg.; Charleston, W. Va., Masonic Temple; Clarksburg, W. Va., 451 Main St.; Wheeling, W. Va., Odd Fellows Hall Bldg.

District 5, 433-439 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.—Jacksonville, Fla., 524 Graham Bldg.; Macon, Ga., 307 Grand Bldg.; Savannah, Ga., 129 W. Congress St.; Charlotte, N. C., 202 Mint Bldg.; Raleigh, N. C., 203 Law Bldg.; Columbia, S. C., 907 Loan & Exchange Bank Bldg.; Chattanooga, Tenn., 200 Pound Bldg.; Jackson, Tenn., 315 McCowat-Mercer Bldg.; Knoxville, Tenn., 12 Deadrick Bldg.; Memphis, Tenn., 306 McCall Bldg.; Nashville, Tenn., 415 Commercial Club Bldg.

District 6, New Hibernia Bank Bldg., New Orleans, La.—LaFayette, La., LaFayette Bank Bldg.; Shreveport, La., Kittrell Bldg.; Jackson, Miss., Spengler Bldg.; Meridian, Miss., Cochran

Bldg.; Birmingham, Ala., 23d Floor, Jefferson Co., Bank Bldg.; Gadsden, Ala., Feral Bldg.; Mobile, Ala., Masonic Temple; Montgomery, Ala., 202 Belle Bldg.

District 7, 408 Pioneer St., Cincinnati, Ohio—Canton, Ohio, Bender Market Bldg.; Cleveland, Ohio, Standard Parts Bldg.; Columbus, Ohio, Medical Arts Bldg.; Dayton, Ohio, 312 Post Office Bldg.; Toledo, Ohio, 713 Nashby Bldg.; Evansville, Ind., Post Office Bldg.; Indianapolis, Ind., 420 Meridian Life Bldg.; South Bend, Ind., Chamber of Commerce Bldg.; Hopkinsville, Ky., Pennyroyal Bldg.; Lexington, Ky., Bassett Bldg.; Louisville, Ky., 466 Francis Bldg.

District 8, 8th Floor Leiter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.—Centralia, Ill., Pfeiffer Bldg.; Danville, Ill., Baum Bldg.; E. St. Louis, Ill., Metropolitan Bldg.; Peoria, Ill., 719 Peoria Life Ins. Bldg.; Rockford, Ill., 411 Mead Bldg.; Springfield, Ill., 424 South Sixth St.; Detroit, Mich., Mortgage & Loan Bldg.; Grand Rapids, Mich., Goodspeed-Fox Bldg.; Jackson, Mich., 306 Rogers Bldg.; Marquette, Mich., Marquette Savings Bank Bldg.; Saginaw, Mich., 5 Armory Bldg.; Eau Claire, Wis., 206 Laycock Bldg.; Green Bay, Wis., 201 Federal Bldg.; Madison, Wis., 717 Gay Bldg.; Milwaukee Wis., 415 E. Water St.

District 9, 6801 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.—Chillicothe, Mo., Post Office Bldg.; Kansas City, Mo., 300 Inter-State Bldg.; Springfield, Mo., 542 Landers Bldg.; Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 632 Higley Bldg.; Des Moines, Iowa, 518 Flynn Bldg.; Fort Dodge, Iowa, Federal Bldg.; Waterloo, Iowa, March-Place Bldg.; Kearney, Neb., Post Office Bldg.; Omaha, Neb., 701 W. O. W. Bldg.; Salina, Kan., Court House Bldg.; Topeka, Kan., Kansas Reserve Bank; Wichita, Kan., 213 Sedgwick Bldg.

District 10, 509 Keith-Plaza Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.—Duluth, Minn., 518 Manhattan Bldg.; St. Paul, Minn., 409 Lowry Annex; Fargo, N.D., Emerson Implement Bldg.; Sioux Falls, S. D., Security Bldg.; Helena, Mont., 19 Kohrs Block.

District 11, 10th Fl. U. S. National Bank Bldg., Denver, Col.—Colorado Springs, Colo., 117 E. Pikes Peak Ave.; Pueblo, Colo., 3rd Fl. Central Bldg.; Salt Lake City, Utah, 501 Boston Bldg.; Albuquerque, N. Mex., 2d Fl. Korber Bldg.; Casper, Wyo., Oil Exchange Bldg.

District 12, 237 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.—Fresno, Calif., 632 Blackstone Ave.; Los Angeles, Calif., Pacific Mutual Bldg.; Sacramento, Calif., Merchants Nat. Bank Bldg.; San Diego, Cal., 512 Spreckles Bldg.; Reno, Nev., 25 Washoe Co. Bldg.; Phoenix, Ariz., 112 N. Central Ave.; Tucson, Ariz., Red Cloud Lodge Bldg.

District 13, 5134 Arcade Bldg., Seattle, Wash.—Spokane, Wash., 324 Fernwell Bldg.; Tacoma, Wash., 925 Rust Bldg.; Portland, Ore., 318 Medical Bldg.; Pocatello, Idaho, 210 Kane Bldg.

District 14, 1503 Pacific Ave., Dallas, Texas—El Paso, Tex., 818 Mills Bldg.; Fort Worth, Tex., 1603 F. & M. Bank Bldg.; Houston, Tex., 310 Gulf Bldg.; San Antonio, Tex., 315 Bedell Bldg.; Texarkana, Tex., Foreman Bldg.; Waco, Tex., 1708 Amicable Bldg.; Oklahoma City, Okla., 217 Grain Exchange Bldg.; Tulsa, Okla., 308 1st Nat. Bank Bldg.; Ft. Smith, Ark., 212 1st Nat. Bank Bldg.; Little Rock, Ark., A. O. U. W. Bldg.

SO THOUGHTFUL OF HIM

"That seat is taken!" snapped the stout old gentleman in the railway carriage, when the youth sought to remove a handbag from the opposite seat. "My—er—friend will be back presently."

The youth murmured an apology and went out, only to hang about the door.

Time passed. Presently the guard blew his whistle and the train started to move.

With a bound the lad was back in the carriage and had thrown the bag on the platform.

"How dare you, sir!" gasped the old gentleman. "What did you do that for?"

"Well, said the lad sweetly, "your friend has evidently lost his train, and I didn't want him to lose his bag as well!"

Hopkins—"Young Shurker has been trying unsuccessfully for six months to get a permit to see the battlefields of France."

Simpson—"Yes, and during the war he spent two years successfully trying not to see them."

LIFE MEMBERS

80th Division Veterans Association

1 Barrett, Byron B.
2 Beale, Guy O.
3 Dunmore, Morris C.
4 Elton, Reuel W.
5 Freeman, Geo. D., Jr.
6 Garretson, Leland B.
7 Hawes, George P., Jr.
8 Hurley, Patrick J.
9 Inhman, John H.
10 Jones, Percy A.
11 Kaulback, Arthur W.
12 Kean, John
13 Schoble, Frank
14 Marcus, Chapin
15 Miller, Elmer J.
16 Winfield, Harley F.
17 Wise, Jenning C.
18 William, Lester J.
19 Zachert, Reinhold E.
20 Little, Ed. H.
21 Burdick, Henry H.
22 Moran, D. P.
23 Towers, J. K.
24 Cox, Robert H.
25 Adams, Stuart C.
26 Dugro, Chas. H.
27 Erff, George
28 Negus, H. V. S.
29 Barry, David A.
30 Rising, Herbert
31 Ackerman, David G.
32 Agate, C. C.
33 Ober, J. H.

34 Hoxsey, T. F.
35 Smith, Warren R.
36 Sands, J. W.
37 Jones, Chas. M.
38 Steele, Wesley C.
39 Howell, John B.
40 Wright, F. W.
41 Symington, W. C.
42 Cella, Carlo D.
43 Stafford, John W.
44 Rhoads, Wm. H.
45 Munsick, Donald B.
46 Kunsilton, Phillip B.
47 Ritchie, F. S.
48 Auger, C. L., Jr.
49 Paret, Robert R.
50 Harrison, Maj. J. D.
51 Kinney, Warren
52 Mackie, W. H. C.
53 Fullerton, Donald B.
54 Winters, A., Jr.
55 Cordes, George B.
56 Baldwin, R. A.
57 Burwell, Lester T.
58 Thorne, H. B., Jr.
59 Ellison, J. S., Jr.
60 Herron, C. T.
61 Pitney, Shelton
62 Armstrong, Walter T.
63 Fortescue, Granville
64 Hogan, R. C.
65 Ritchis, John
66 Ferguson, J. W., Jr

67 Jones, DeWitt C.
68 Hopkins, S. V.
69 Mathai, Jos.
70 Kenney, C. S.
71 Timmins, P. M.
72 Wilbert, Howard G.
73 Fleming, Samuel J.
74 Heiner, John P.
75 Curry, Henry R.
76 Gibson, James G.
77 Vandewater, Wm. C.
78 Merrell, C. W.
79 Stewart, Warren T.
80 Kirchner, H. C.
81 Michaelson, John R.
82 Melniker, A. A.
83 Hill, E. D.
84 Shartle, A. J.
85 Amory, Charles M.
86 Thomas, W. G.
87 Brett, Lloyd M.
88 Campbell, Walter L.
89 Reichard, Earl A.
90 Gutwald, Clyde F.
91 Hart, Joseph.
92 Wallace, Edw. A.
93 Miljus, John
94 Faherty, Roger
95 Woodman, Joseph F.
96 Schafer, Marcus
97 Sorenson, George D.
— Fleming, Wm. L. (Honorary)

Letters From An Old File

(Continued from Page 19)

let me stop you from trying if you want too but I thought I wood put you wize about it before its too late. I dont like you too goo too any extrar expenses too buy books and all for nothin. I was tole that we got a Genral what is in this Kamp what uster fight the Indians and thats why he was made a Genral, because you know that you cant be one unless you uster fight the Indians just like we are agointer fight the Germans. I like this Kamp better every day Jake and since I am a Korperal, I like it still better. I asked you about somethin' in the other letter which you didnt tell me about. Dont you know Jake, I asked you what I should do about the fellar what didnt goo to the Kanteen when I told him too. Dont you remember when I told you that when I asked him too goo too the Kanteen at onced for me that he told me too goo too—H— you know wear I mean Jake. I dont want to rite the hold word out because the Editor off the Paper what you give my letters too wont put it in the paper. Anyhow, Jake, you know what I mean, dont you? I wish you wooder give me your advise about it because I am sore at this fellar and I want too show him that a Korperal amounts too sompin in this hear Army. I dont want to be so very hard on him for it because maybe he didnt know know better and if thats the kase, maybe I better let him go after I tell him that he better not let it happen again or else I will tend too him. I guess anyhow, Jake, I'll just give him a good talkin too and give him to understand that I am a Korperal and that I half authorety, which I have Jake, and I must be obeyed because the paper what I got for bein a Korperal says that the Bucks must behave when I tell them sompin. I gotter live up too the rules off the Government and I gotter be strict in everything. You remember about them stripes what I was tellin you about which I saw in the store in Petersburg? well you know what I said that I was agointer bey them, and I did too but when I put them on the Kap-tain saw them and he asked me wear I got them and I told him so he said that I halfter take them off rite away because they aint issued by the supply Serg. Now you see that I am outer pocket on that deal and I cant wear them. They was awfully flashie, Jake and I like them but I gotter live up too the rules because I dont want too be busted from a Korperal. I guess our Company has about 15 korperals and I dont know how many Sergs. I dont know what they want with all off them but I guess they are smarter fellars then the rest off the fellars in the Company. I'm spendin pretty much money in the Kanteen just now Jake. Oh, well a fellar only lives onced and he might as well live rite, how about it? We can buy anything what

we want in this hear Kanteen off ours and every night I go over and buy a koupler bottles of milk and a pie or two and I have a heck off a good time. I baught a kamra the other day and I took a lotav picktures around the Kamp. They half a lot off trenches what they made the fellars dig out which they use for pracktsin in and I am agointer go over their on Saturday and take another fellar with me and we will take all kinds off picktures, such as me goin over the top and I will put a stick in my hand and make believe that it is a gun, and then I will send them home. The people at home wont know the differance, will they Jake? You can make them believe anything Jake, because they dont know what it is like around the Kamps. I halfter laff when I think how igorent the people what dont go to war is about the Army, I'm surprised, honest I am. A big bunch off fellars come into Kamp today and it looked funny too see how they was dressed. A hole lot off them had big bundles and some had nothin. I dont know where they was from because we hollered too them and asked them wear they was from but they said Kalyfornia but they laffed when they said that so I guess they was only foolin us. The men are buildin lots off barricks yet and it looks like they expect a lotter men in this place. The Soldiers what are buildin the rodes are at it all day long. Every day we do a lot off drillin and it gets tiresome, let me tell you and really I dont get the idear off it at all. We aint got no guns yet and I wonder how they expect too fight the Germans. Maby they want us too fight them bare fist which kase, I woodnt like it because I'm liable too get up again a big fellar and I woodnt half much off a show, but maby I wood anyhow if I kicked him in the shins, how about it. I believe we will be agettin guns before long, though, Jake, because I hurd some fellars talkin about them. That will be some job too keep them kleen. We half a hard job now for inspection and what will it belike when we gotter kleen a gun what has a lotter greese on it. I guess if the other fellars can do it I can too. Talkin about eats, Jake. We dont get what we wood liketer as they are always given us slum gulliuin. I dont know how it is made but its funny stuff and we get tired of it. Sometimes they give us rice which I dont like at tall. I was always athinkin that they only uster give beans too the fellars in the Army but holy gee, Jake we only had them onced since I am hear. I like them and could eat them every day. When I was K. P. I uster see the Mess Serg. make himself a nice big juisy beef stake which nobody else got and he uster make himself a koupler fried eggs and all but we didnt get any of it. I guess if I ever get too be Mess Serg. I will do

(Continued on Next Page)

Reymers
PITTSBURGH

R. V. B.
CHOCOLATES

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

Every conceivable combination of all that's good in confections is found in the R. V. B. Package.

IN SEVERAL SIZES

1 lb., 2 lb., 3 lb. and 5 lb.

BELL PHONE
GRANT
1634

Liberty Engraving Co.

Operating
DAY and NIGHT

HALF TONES
ZINC ETCHING
ILLUSTRATING
DESIGNING
COMMERCIAL
PHOTOGRAPHY
ELECTROTYPES

LIBERTY ENGRAVING CO.
108 1/2 DAY AND NIGHT
BELL PHONE GRANT 1634
PITTSBURGH

Mention Service Magazine when answering
Advertisements.

**Herbick & Held
Printing Co.**

PRESSWORK

For the Trade

NOW AT NEW LOCATION

1116-36 BROWN STREET,
NORTH SIDE, PGH., PA.

LARGE EDITION BOOK WORK
PUBLICATION PRINTING

BELL PHONE, CEDAR 5313

P. & A. Phone, Main 211
 Bell Phone, Court 9322
DAVE HILL & COMPANY
 FLORISTS
 Fifth and Wood Sts., Pgh., Pa.
 Member V. F. W.

H. E. Geiselhart Edw. J. Geiselhart
LEY & GEISELHART
 FUNERAL DIRECTOR
 Bell Phone, 287 Cedar
 P. & A. Phones, 2891-A North
 816 E. Ohio St., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bell Phone, Cedar 2467
 P. & A., 2751-B North
JOSEPH A. PAPPERT
 FUNERAL DIRECTOR
 LIMOUSINE SERVICE
 711 Lockhart St., N. S., Pgh., Pa.

Phones—Bell—113 Cedar, 1187 Cedar
 Res. 938-W Neville
CHARLES DUNBAR
 REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
 NOTARY PUBLIC
 ALLEGHENY REAL ESTATE CO.
 516 Federal St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE ROBT. FULTON CO.
 SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, PHYSICIANS' AND HOSPITAL SUPPLIES, TRUSSES, ELASTIC SUPPORTS, ANKLE BRACES, ETC.
 422 Penn Avenue
 Bell Phone Court 2234, Pgh., Pa.

P. LUDEBUEHL & SON
 Shoes and Hosiery
 Penn and Frankstown,
 "WE'VE FITTED FEET OVER FIFTY YEARS."

Thos. J. Thomas Phone 4123 Court
AMERICAN SHOE REPAIRING COMPANY
 Shoe Repairing of Every Description
 Orthopedic Rubber and Leather Heels
 231 Diamond St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHARLES J. A. GIES
 OPTICIAN
 6070-6071-6072 Jenkins Arcade Bldg.
 Bell Phone—Smithfield 889
 PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE GRAFF COMPANY
 945 LIBERTY AVENUE
 PITTSBURGH, PA.
 Stoves, Ranges, Warm Air Furnaces,
 Mantles and Tile Work.

JACOB SHULGOLD
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
 PITTSBURGH, PA.
 720 FRICK BUILDING
 Grant 5152 Main 2694

"A Man's a Man For A' His Rank"

(Continued from Page 13)

the only difference between us on our shoulders. My men played the game as I tried to play it, according to the rules. I want you to know that I sincerely appreciate their attitude toward me while in the service."


After all, the Colonel's wife and Mrs. O'Grady are sisters under the skin, and likewise the colonel and his orderly, if *both are men!* All individuals, whatever their color, race or estate, possess some universal human qualities and characteristics.

Letters From an Old File

(Continued from Preceding Page)

the same because it wood be no morn rite if this fellar does it. I'ts awfully hot hear in the day time but at night its cold and we use up all the blankets what we got too keep worm. I'ts near eleven oklock now Jake so I will half too stop writin because the Guard what is on this beat will turn the lite out and off course I maynt turn it on again or I might get in truble, which I dont want too. I am makin one off them dierays what you keep in everything what goes on every day from the time you get up till you go too bed. Why dont you try it and maby when we get old and am married and half a big familie you can reed it too the kids and they will like it soo will you. Its a good idear, Jake, dont you think so? Well Jake, I'll halfter say good night. Hopin you are all well, I remane, your old buddy.

HENRY.

PRESERVE AND PERFECT
 YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF FRENCH
READ

COURRIER DES ÉTATS-UNIS
 "DAILY, WEEKLY AND SUNDAY."
 H.P. SAMPERS COMPANY, EDITORS & PROPRIETORS
 195-197 FULTON ST., NEW YORK
 Latest Cables — News of the World
 Interesting Stories — In Modern French
 Better Than All Text Books
NO CHARGE FOR SAMPLE COPIES



**The Dawn of Better Health
 Radio-X Healing Pads**

Are producing remarkable results in the treatment of Tuberculosis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Weakened Nerves, and in many cases of **Blindness** sight has been restored. Thousands testify to the curative powers of Radium.

RADIUM REMEDIES CO.
 119 Federal St., N. S., Pgh., Pa.

ECKERT BROS.
 HOME DRESSED MEATS
 N. S. PITTSBURGH, PA.
 Retail Stand No. 1 Allegheny Market,
 Plant and Wholesale Dept.
 3101 East Street
 Market Phone Cedar 7020 J
 Res. Phone Cedar 2446 J

To insure receiving your "Service" and your correspondence without delay, notify us of each change in your address.

Name -----

Organization -----

New Address -----

Old address -----

You pay your rent from month to month—not annually in advance. You buy your shoes and clothes and groceries from time to time. Of course, you save money on your insurance when you make the payments annually. You can do this easily by depositing a fixed amount every week or month in a Savings Account with Pittsburgh Trust, and take advantage of liberal interest as well as lower premiums. Try it! You will soon find that you can save more—and carry more insurance.

PITTSBURGH TRUST COMPANY
 323 Fourth Ave.
 4% Paid on Savings 4%
 Member Federal Reserve System

A. E. F. BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS

List of Panoramic Photographs of European Battlefields in American Sectors, Also Views in Germany in the Territory Occupied by American Army Along the Rhine. Price \$1.00 Each, Order by Number.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>8. PARS. Place de Concordia.</p> <p>9. LENS, Northern France, showing the destroyed coal pits.</p> <p>10. LENS, Northern France, showing the city ruins.</p> <p>11. ARRAS, the town square of the Cathedral City.</p> <p>12. ARRAS, the railroad station plaza.</p> <p>13. METZ, the fortified city in the province of Lorraine.</p> <p>14. Stolzenfels Castle, on the Rhine, one of the ex-Kaiser's many estates.</p> <p>25. American Army Horse Show held at New-weid, on the Rhine, Germany (3d Corps.)</p> <p>87. General Pershing addressing the officers and men of the 2d Division at Vallendar, Germany.</p> <p>70. COBLENZ, the Rhine, and Old Glory flying from Ehrenbrietstein Fortress; photographed from Fort Asterstein.</p> <p>87. COBLENZ from Fort Alexander.</p> <p>88. COBLENZ from Fort Alexander, showing up the Rhine Valley.</p> <p>95. BENDORF, Germany, headquarters of the 9th U. S. Infantry.</p> <p>110. Vallendar, Germany, headquarters of the 23rd U. S. Infantry.</p> <p>125. The Valley of the Rhine, from the review field at Vallendar.</p> <p>126. Old Glory flying from Ehrenbreitstein Fortress, where the Rhine and Moselle rivers meet, showing the city of Coblenz.</p> <p>130. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels addressing the Marines and Soldiers of the 2d Division.</p> <p>133. Ehrenbreitstein Fortress, showing the Rhine, and the Stars and Stripes flying from the fortress; photographed from Coblenz.</p> <p>139. Carnival and Horse Show of the 3d Army held at Island Park, Coblenz.</p> <p>150. ST. MIHIEL, showing the River Meuse, the destroyed bridge, and the town.</p> | <p>153. ST. MIHIEL, looking down Avenue Genl. Pershing and showing the town Square.</p> <p>154. Dugouts used by the Germans behind St. Hihiel, rebuilt by American Engineers.</p> <p>155. The town of APREMONT.</p> <p>157. The town of MONTSEC, showing Montsec on the left.</p> <p>158. The town of RICHECOURT.</p> <p>159. SEICHEPREY, where the first American fight took place.</p> <p>160. The destroyed railroad bridge at FLIREY.</p> <p>161. The town of LIMEY.</p> <p>162. The town of FLIREY.</p> <p>163. French dugouts between Limey and Thiancourt.</p> <p>166. THIANCOURT, which fell before the American onslaught September, 1918, in the St. Mihiel salient.</p> <p>167. MALANCOURT.</p> <p>168. MONTFAUCON, showing the German observation positions captured by the American Army in the Argonne sector.</p> <p>170. NANTILLOIS.</p> <p>171. VERENNES, showing salvage depot.</p> <p>172. Wrecked German ammunition train in the St. Mihiel sector near Jaulny.</p> <p>173. JAULNY.</p> <p>174. ST. HILLARE, showing barb wire entanglements and swampy territory.</p> <p>175. FRESNES-EN-WOEVRE.</p> <p>176. ETAIN.</p> <p>177. German ammunition dump.</p> <p>178. MORAIGNE FARM, formerly a German corps headquarters.</p> <p>180. ARGONNE FOREST, showing the concrete dugouts of the German headquarters that resembled a village in the forest.</p> <p>181. ARGONNE FOREST, showing artillery positions between Varennes and Foire-de-Paris, captured by the American forces.</p> <p>182. THE ARGONNE at Foire-de-Paris, showing the American positions on the right.</p> <p>183. THE ARGONNE at Foire-de-Paris, showing wrecked building and 180 degrees of the Argonne territory.</p> | <p>184. ESNES and HILL 304.</p> <p>185. MONTZEVILLE.</p> <p>186. Anti-tank barrier between Verdun and Etain, concrete posts and cables.</p> <p>187. Shell hole in the road between Verdun and Etain.</p> <p>188. CLEARMONT.</p> <p>189. Les Poroches and Fort Les Poroches on left.</p> <p>190. CHATEAU THIERRY, a view from the Chateau looking down the valley of the Marne.</p> <p>191. The bridge at Chateau Thierry where the American Army stopped the German advance, 1918.</p> <p>192. BELLEAU WOODS, photographed from the interior of the woods looking toward Hill 193.</p> <p>193. The town of TORCY.</p> <p>1894. View looking toward Lucy le Bocage, showing Belleau Woods on the right.</p> <p>195. A close-up view of Belleau Woods, showing the hard-fought ground captured by the American Army.</p> <p>196. The destroyed town of Boureshes.</p> <p>197. The town of Belleau, showing Belleau Woods on the left and Hill 193 on the right.</p> <p>198. A view from the edge of the Belleau Woods looking toward Torcy, Belleau and Hill 193.</p> <p>199. The destroyed town of Vaux, near Chateau Thierry, reduced by American artillery fire, at which time over 600 prisoners were captured.</p> <p>200. ESSOMES, showing Chateau Thierry and the valley of the Marne River.</p> <p>201. One of the entrances to the famous city of VERDUN, defended by the French.</p> <p>202. The city of VERDUN, photographed from the Citadel.</p> <p>203. RHEIMS, The Cathedral City of France, view from city square showing the famous Rheims Cathedral on the left.</p> <p>204. The American Cemetery at Belleau Woods looking toward Chateau Thierry.</p> |
|--|---|---|

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

Mention Service Magazine when answering advertisements

ARMY PHYSICAL TRAINING

By Colonel W. H. Waldron, U. S. Army

Based on the System of Physical Training in the United States Army

Every Exercise Fully Illustrated

Don't give up your physical training. It will serve you in civil life as it served you in the Army.

Let us send you a copy for examination. If you like it and want it for your own, remit the price, \$1.50. If you do not want it, return it within five days.

Use the Order Blank

**Price \$1.50
per copy**

**80th DIVISION
VETERANS
ASSOCIATION**

915 Bessemer Building
Pittsburgh, Pa.

80th Division Veterans Association,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please forward to the address below one copy ARMY PHYSICAL TRAINING. I will either remit the purchase price or return the book within five days.

ADDRESS _____

Write Address Plainly _____

By _____

HEY BUDDY

LOOK WHO'S HERE!

**The Best Souvenir
Book of the War**

**REMEMBER
THOSE DAYS?**

Here's Something
To Enthuse Over

**Many
Have
'Em
But**



**Shows
You Doing
Your Bit at
Squads East
and Squads West
Down in Ole Virginia**

**If You Want
To Take Junior on Your
Knee Some Day and Tell Him
How Dad Learned His A B C's
At Soldiering—You Better Be
One of the Chaps What Aint S. O. L.**

82 PAGES OF LIFE AT CAMP LEE

Hundreds of Half Tone Sepia Photo Reproductions

VOUS COMPRE-OU!

HERE'S THE PLOT—

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