

May-June

1922

The Service Magazine

'Official Blue Ridge Communique'



June Bugs

Jack Berger

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far as They Are Capable of Thinking.”**

Perhaps we flatter Mr. Debs by quoting one of his statements in Service, yet the fact remains that the said Mr. Debs has many friends in the A. E. F. Perhaps he has a few in the Vets Association. While we may not subscribe to his views in political and patriotic questions we find something to think about in the above quotation.

To be happy is the first and principle right and desire of man. All other things of life are secondary—happiness is the heart of life; the ultimate of all that is good for us to have and enjoy. But to be happy we must know what we want and what is good for us. Then we must work for it—fight for it—vote for it—and we must make ourselves capable of diagnosing our individual cases and voting for what we really want and what will be best for us.

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# 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. 8

MAY-JUNE, 1922

\$2.00 a Year—20c a Copy

This Magazine is not published for profit—it is intended to serve those who served in the great World War. Its Staff is limited. They knock off a few days every month to get out the magazine. Sometimes other duties interfere and the Magazine is late getting to you. We ask your patience at such times. Owing to Reunion activities and getting out our Annual Yearly Letter to every Blue-Ridger on our mailing list, (there are twenty-five thousand at this time) we have been compelled to consolidate the May and June issues into one number. We have made every effort to give double value and we anticipate that you will be satisfied. Don't forget Charleston, W. Va., 1922.

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# In the Foot Prints of the 80th Division

By Bernhard Ragner

*Editors Note—This article by Mr. Ragner, formerly sergeant 80th Div. A. E. F., is reprinted in "SERVICE MAGAZINE" through the courtesy of the McKeesport, Pa., "Daily News."*

Saulty? Who can ever forget Saulty? It is only an insignificant village of 700 souls in the Department of Pas des Calais, but it is filled with memories, both poignant and pleasurable, for the soldiers who were billeted there in 1918. Both regiments of the 160th infantry brigade were stationed there one time or another, and General Brett had his headquarters for a day or two in its magnificent chateau. It was there that we first saw the observation, balloons hanging like black clouds against the sky; it was there we first heard the roar of the guns as they thundered away at the Boche; it was there we marched away, one Sunday evening in August of 1918, to the trenches, singing joyfully, "It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get there." And when we returned, some of our buddies were no longer with us, and one of them was my pal, John Howard Snyder, of Irwin. I visited the very spot where I bade him goodbye, just two days before his death. I entered the old church, built in the seventeenth century, where I had attended vespers one night with a Catholic friend. I visited the field which was once a network of trenches, prepared for us by the British, to be used in case the Germans should break through the lines in their dash for the channel ports. But only traces of the trenches remain; peace has settled over this beautiful landscape, and the peasant still prays at the Shrine of the Madonna, happy that the fear of Prussian invasion has been removed, at least temporarily. I stood on the square where the British Y. M. C. A. had once been situated, where we could purchase limited quantities of English cake and Swiss chocolate, and I thought of the Sunday when the Anglican chaplain held a service there, and how I went to communion with an Episcopal friend, in defiance of all ecclesiastical law. And my thoughts went back to the salt-less and

pepper-less meals we suffered in this old French village, meals provocative of profanity and disgust. But salt is as plentiful in Saulty as wine today.

It was not the war-time Saulty I found. The Saulty of 1918 was grim, sombre and unattractive. Peace has worked a wonderful transformation; the white-wash factories are again in operation, for most of

would be perfectly at home, for their signs still linger, "2 Officers; 30 Men." The house bombed by German aviators one night we were there has been re-built, more beautiful than ever. But, every house is no longer an estaminet. Selling wine is not so profitable when only Frenchmen come to buy. In all fairness, it must be noted that they don't sell it to the American visitor. No; they give it away. They compel you to drink; they almost pour it down your throat. You begin in elegant (?) French to tell them that you were a soldier American during the war; immediately the wine bottle comes from its hiding place, and if you are a prohibitionist, you have a difficult problem; you must either break with your convictions or break their hearts. The chances are you will break your convictions, for the wine is light, and the church-folks back home aren't going to learn about it anyhow, and before the evening is over, a few glasses have been drained to "La France," and "L'Amerique," and "La Gloire de l'Armee Americaine." (I can hear some Blue Ridge man muttering, "It's a pity they weren't so liberal with their wine in 1918.")

And what a sensation the returned American soldier creates when he visits Saulty, or any other small village near the front! As soon as I alighted from the train, I was the center of curious, inquisitive eyes. The kids gazed in wonder at this unique creature attired so strangely. The women asked, (I overheard them), "Who is he?" The men looked me over and thought, "Well, he doesn't look dangerous." And if ever a man was "bon jour"-ed and "Monsieur"-ed, I was. Everywhere I was greeted with "Good evening, sir," in its different French equivalents, and

when I explained that I was an American soldier, the news spread like wild-fire, and the children left their play to inspect l'Americain. No hotel in Saulty, but I easily found comfortable quarters and was hospitably entertained in the village boarding house. I dined with the family of Madame Boulogne, and when I left, the price she charged me was so reasonable, so

## "THE PARTING, 1917"

By GEO. T. FLEMING

*Now that the carnage is ended,  
Now that the victory is won,  
We victors with cheers are attended,  
On our deeds rests the verdict, "Well done."  
Ever as thoughts homeward wandered,  
Mingled one that has cheered all the while,  
Dear Mother— 'tis this—  
That with your last kiss  
You sent me away with a smile.*

*More vivid each day seemed our parting  
The farewell that started a tear;  
The scenes 'round the train at the starting  
Would again and again reappear.  
Though sobs, cheers and music commingled—  
You silently stood through the trial,  
Yet on your dear face,  
You showed not a trace  
Of sadness, because of your smile.*

*I remember the tears and the sobbing,  
Most prevalent in the vast throng  
As if our going was robbing  
Some homes by a chastening wrong—  
I recall those mothers unwilling,  
Who clung to their boys in the aisle  
Who departed more sad,  
(Though they could not be glad)  
For want of a mother's warm smile.  
May, 1919.*

the houses were attired in robes of white, that is, they gloried in a new coat of paint. Evidences of American occupation still remain. I found at least six signs conveying the highly important information that a "Manure Dump" was located thus and so. Signs directing the troops to the public incinerator were also as numerous. And the Town Majors (British or American)

## In the Foot Prints of the 80th Division

different from the prices demanded in Paris, that I almost fainted from the shock. I am sure a Parisian hotel proprietor would have been in favor of sending Madame to the insane asylum, for daring to give such a small bill to an American. And Madame had two daughters, strong, athletic, friendly, and one of them, Augustina, has been corresponding with an American soldier from Johnstown,—an Italian by birth, and a cook by trade, and a member of the 80th division. Did I know him? Did I think he was coming back to France? Should I meet him would I be amiable enough to tell him Augustina is waiting? (I omit his name for this little episode might get him into trouble with his wife.)

With uncovered head I was regarding the place where I had said goodbye to Snyder, when a French woman appeared on the scene. I introduced myself. I had slept only a few feet away from the place where we were standing. That was the distance to her home. "Perhaps you slept at our house," she exclaimed. "You were an officer, were you not. A captain, perhaps?" Blessings on her old gray head, I always knew that I should have been an officer—ho!! hum!! yet everybody else was ignorant of the fact. But the simple French woman had intuitively arrived at the great truth which the American government had so ignominiously missed!! I had to fess up; that I had been only a sergeant, but that in all probability some of my company officers had been billeted with her. I described the officers, mentioned their names, and found it was so. Consequently I must go to her home; a bottle of wine must be opened; the entire family must be introduced to me. Yes, times had changed since the war; the family of refugees had returned home; the daughter was married; no, not to the Greek cook with the philosophic name of Socrates, but to a Frenchman. I remarked that French bread, (model 1922) was a great improvement over model 1918, and she wanted to give me several loaves. I declined with thanks. At this moment, prancing, dancing, Henriette, a granddaughter, floated in on the scene, and Madame Froment told how the big, fat, American cook had given army bread to the child, and how Henriette had grown into a healthy, normal child, as the result of the kindness of this unknown cook of the American army. May the Bon Dieu be kind to this cook, wherever he may be, she added piously. (If we had known, in 1918, that any cook was giving American food to French families, we would have sent him to the infernal regions, for in those days the ration wasn't super-abundant.)

But hark! A bugle is sounding. The well-known melody of "Taps" floats out on the night air. Have I been dreaming all

this? Am I going to wake up, in my tent in Saulty, to discover that tomorrow we enter the trenches once more? Madame reassures me; the young men of the village have organized a bugle corps; they hold nightly rehearsals, for they expect to participate in the ceremonies when Saulty's memorial to her soldier dead is to be dedicated.

In his way, my two days in this French village were spent. I did not find brilliancy of intellect, but I found kindness of heart. I did not discover great riches, but I found happiness and contentment. I found not comprehension of international politics but I did find ardent friendship for the American people. I found inexpressible joy that the war was over, but mingled with it a fear that Germany would attack again. Superficial observers, who spend a week or two in Paris, return to America and report that the French are frivolous, pleasure-loving and lacking in the serious attributes of character. But this is not so. The real France is not Paris; the real France is in these thousands of villages, filled with industrious, thrifty and God-fearing people. Far from the madding crowd of Paris, untouched by the ignoble strife of industrial centers or political feuds,—

Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

It was they who furnished the poilus that kept the Hun at bay during two and a half years before youthful America entered the conflict; they sow the grain and harvest the wheat that feeds France; they go piously to the mass on Sunday and listen respectfully to the exhortations of the village priest; they provide the man-power, which in turn produces the money, necessary for the establishment of government, the encouragement of art and science and literature. In their hearts there is no lust for power, no exaggerated ambitions, no hankering for the unattainable. Having peace, and work, a humble home, something to eat and drink and wear, they are content. May it not be said that they are rich, since they make their wants few?

They have great admiration for the great republic beyond the seas. They are grateful for America's contribution to the allied victory. And since Saulty was only a few miles from the front-line, since it was defended several months by American soldiers, their gratitude to the man who wore the khaki is both beautiful and impressive. But why didn't America ratify the treaty of Versailles? Why did President Wilson negotiate a treaty which the senate refused to confirm? The American forthwith begins to show his mastery of United States constitutional law, and when he has explained the division of powers, the theory of checks and balances, thinking he has

made it as clear as crystal, he realizes he has failed. They do not understand, but they feel intuitively that America is their friend, and they are happy in that faith.

Whereupon the conversation changes to prohibition. Is it true, that the sale of liquor has been prohibited? Yes. Wine? Yes. And beer too? Yes. But that's idiotic, is it not? A little wine, now and then, in modest quantities is a good thing. Not being strong on Scripture, they do not quote St. Paul's advice to Timothy about a little wine for the stomach's sake. Of course, to prohibit cognac, rum and whisky, well, that's not so bad; but then, a real man ought to be able to control himself. Still to abolish wine and beer, why that's foolish, ridiculous, unthinkable. Whereat the American attempts to explain that the American saloon is quite different from the French estaminet, that a man never takes his wife or his sister or his sweetheart to a saloon, as the Frenchman may take her to a cafe, that the liquor industry mixed in politics, was frequently aligned with vice, steeped in corruption, and often encouraged the violation of law, as a result of which the American people, through regular constitutional channels, imposed a sentence of death upon liquor. But, why cut off your nose to spite your face? Why not eliminate the bad cafes and retain the rest. The Frenchman begins to have a slight inkling of comprehension of the American prohibition viewpoint, and then he philosophizes: "The Good God made the wine, therefore, we should use it; should we not? Unconsciously, unknowingly, he is presenting the same argument which Omar Khayyan couched in immortal verse at Naishapur some seven hundred years ago: Why be this Juice the growth of God, who dare

Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare?  
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?

And if a Curse—why, then, who set it there?

I found the narrow-gauge railroad (operated by the British) which took us to the trenches, and I followed it to its terminus. I visited Beaumetz, Riviere, Ransart, and I saw Blairville in the distance. Regretably, I did not have time to visit it. And what a change has been accomplished here! In 1918, these villages were inhabited only by rats; today, the entire human population has returned, and the rats I hope are gone. In each of them, the church has been rebuilt, many of the houses, while the rest of the population lives in barracks, or temporary homes, even in dug-outs. How cold it must have been last winter! What inconveniences and what sufferings they must have endured! What a colossal task still remains before

(Continued on page 19)

# "Springtime in the Le Mans Area"

## Some More Mixing of Fact in Fiction

By Russell L. Stultz

*Note—This article is reprinted for the benefit of the readers of "SERVICE" by special permission of the "Stars and Stripes" and the author.*

Speaking of thrills, we had enough to satisfy the most adventurous, I guess from the moment we lamped the green slopes overlooking the harbor at Brest until a certain afternoon, one year later, when the little old "Maui" slipped into Hampton Roads and coquettishly signaled "Bon jour, Amerique!" There was a period during that interval when the "big moments" became so common and so bewilderingly interwoven with the drab of routine that we were "fed up" on them, I should say.

Our own particular "heart-breaker" was not scheduled to arrive until some six months later, however. It happened not amid the feverish, hectic life of training camp, nor as we blinked our eyes and gazed, perhaps for the last time, upon the stately profile of "Miss Liberty." Neither did it come when we first glimpsed the beckoning shores of warring France, nor a few months later, when we were introduced to the screaming groans of "H. E." and tasted of the wrath of hell. No, buddy, the "big moment" didn't come as we unexpectedly learned that a most obliging Armistice had intervened to halt the seemingly endless round of "up and back again," nor as our straining gaze visioned the low-lying sand dunes of the Virginia coast one summer afternoon just as we were about to decide they had ceased to exist.

No, "it" came one May day in a petit village in the Le Mans Embarkation Area. Here, we were destined to receive the thrill that caused our blood to quicken as it had never known since that red-letter day when we recklessly donned an awkward-fitting suit of olive-drab and joined in the chant of "Where do we go from here?"

Perhaps we may have been foolish—but what of it? The trait somehow appears to have been characteristic of us Americans a few short years ago. You, who have sat in the bleachers at the Polo Grounds on a hot and noisy, vibrant afternoon toward the end of the season, when your idols were opposing their most formidable rivals, were bitterly clashing in a most important series with the score 2-2 and two outs in the second half of the ninth, and you were pleading and exhorting by all the shades of your sainted grandmother for the guy at the bat to "lose 'er"—you have known the thrill! You have experienced one of the most delirious mo-

ments that present existence is capable of "dishing out" to you.

### TIME HUNG HEAVY.

So, just imagine yourself some three thousand-odd miles from the scenes of your old haunts, with the Armistice signed and sealed and Jerry safely back to his unwilling rendezvous across the Rhine, with the important details of Laguerre finie satisfactorily to yourself, with the mystery of spring surging and pulsing in your veins

### THE IDEALIST

He who thinks deeply, only becomes the more unhappy.  
Saddened with the dark misery of the world,  
He becomes the melancholy victim of his own thoughts.  
If young in years, he foolishly attempts to reform the world;  
Striving with the holy zeal of the prophet  
To pull the rest of mankind up by the hair of the head,  
Which year by year breaks him upon the Rack  
Of human hatred and greed; of stark animalism and lust;  
The petty jealousies and brutish passions of man.  
It is only when broken in spirit; old and ailing in years;  
That he realizes that all life is a failure,  
And that he who struggles to raise the rabble up from the mire,  
Finds himself pulled down to their level in time.  
Humanity has no desire to be uplifted.  
True progress comes only from those pushing upward from below;  
Not from the fanatical spirit or jeweled hand reaching down from above.  
Ideals, beautiful in the beginning,  
Become but the cross that crucifies the dreams in the end.  
LYLE DAVID.

and you impatiently "marking time" and defiantly yelling "Let's go!"

The time hung heavily in those days, for all the incessant routine, all the hourly inspections—and fitful visions by night of still others to follow—and not even the strident, ever-present rasp of "Fall out! fall in!" was always able to relieve the growing monotony of our waking moments. Until a history-making Sunday in early May, apprehension of the elusive, challenging cootie had marked the acme of adventure during a month's enforced sojourn while systematically preparing for

that mystic hour of departure for a port of embarkation. Of course, this deadly sport had a fixed and assured measure of excitement, but even a full month of cootie-killing in the Le Mans Area had become slightly stale and had satisfied the most predatory of our galaxy of blood-thirsty males, for even the most exciting round of "shirt-reading" will become deadly tedious without occasional variety to encourage the chase.

High command, in its all-fatherly supervision of our 24 hours per day, had apparently provided for everything, everything save human interest, and this absent commodity we had to seek for ourselves. And, seeking, we speedily located it—the illusive horse-hide covered sphere which you so devoutly prayed would be "lost" supplied the "missing link." Yes, as usual wherever youthful specimens of the genus American foregather, baseball turned the trick. All felt sufficiently surfeited to abandon his wholly justified lust, for some of the spice that vengeance and blood-preying cooties had failed to furnish.

### MUST MAKE GOOD.

So, with the first vague whisperings of spring, normal masculine instincts proceeded to prevail, to the utter confusion of American Embarkation Center mandates, and we forthwith organized the best talent in the regiment for the approaching fray. Miraculously, our initial plans proved promising enough to win the reluctant concession of an occasional afternoon free from the entanglement of red tape, though not without a remindful warning that we must "make good." And we must have, with a fairly satisfactory degree of assurance, for we were rarely disturbed after that.

Each of the three battalions produced a galaxy of diamond "stars," advisers and admirers which, for enthusiasm would have reflected credit upon many a spring-training array of talent. But three teams, however exuberant, were not sufficient—nothing short of a "regular series" would suffice, we must have another nine to inaugurate the four-cornered contest. Someone had a Heaven-sent inspiration—that Fourth Battalion aggregation must come excuse for having a machine-gun outfit, a bunch of "mule-skinners" in the supply company, that snobby crowd at headquarters, those impossible medicos, if not to afford diversion and entertainment as well as service and grub in the hour of need? Well, they banded together, some willingly enough and others grumblingly, under pressure of orders, for all their traditional

## "Springtime in the Le Mans Area"

animosities. You may ridicule their composite personnel, but I'm telling you they almost proved our destruction before a certain diamond epic became history.

Everything started just as it should have gone; the first day's scores showed the standing of the battalions in their military order—one, two, three, four—but on the second, things, unpleasant things, unexpectedly began to happen. The guiding genius of the cosmopolitan fourth had unearthed an unknown southpaw from among the transport drivers who knew more about the slants of a horse-hide grenade than he did about mule-epidermis, and he nonchalantly proceeded to prove it to our complete, if reluctant satisfaction. That day, the Fourth Battalion tied with the First for the place of honor on company bulletin-boards, which now served a dual purpose. On through the week the tale was the same—the Fourth Battalion "find" was proving disconcertingly invincible. On Saturday afternoon, our own smug Second Battalion nine, which had begun the week with jeering confidence, awoke to discover itself resting snugly in the "cellar."

### A COUNCIL OF WAR.

A council of war summarily convened, took note of its rival's triumphant progress from the security of its own dugout position, loudly decreed that "something must be done" and straightway proceeded to obey its dictum by naming a new man to guide our rather precarious fortunes to victory and glory.

Among our post-armistice replacements had been a most Kansan of Kansas sergeants from the 89th Division, known to all since the day of his arrival as "Heavy." Under pressure, he admitted that he knew "a little something about the game," and we, imbibing much-needed courage from his bulk, quickly relegated to him the managerial reins. Subsequent events demonstrated that our blind confidence had not been misplaced, likewise that "Heavy" was extremely modest in rating his attainments. We almost regretted the reckless decision, however, as he calmly went about salvaging our erstwhile "stars" and substituting new and unknown material, blissfully oblivious to the growing murmur of protest against such high-handed tactics.

We were fearful, but hopeful, until all our forebodings, vanished with Monday's battle. "Heavy" and his rejuvenated Second Battalion came back with an impetus that restored early confidence and returned us victors—for the day, at least. The next day's game, however, would provide the acid test, since we were scheduled to face the boastful, despised Fourth. As the smoke of the conflict cleared away, so had their vaunted superiority disappeared and we proudly surveyed the debris. Two

wins in succession! A third would tie the standing, and—well, we dared not allow ourselves conjecture over the significance of a fourth straight victory. But it followed, in regular sequence, and we paused at the top of the ladder in a fighting, exultant mood.

Under "Heavy's" infallible guidance, Second Battalion baseball history in the Le Mans Area calmly went about the business of repeating itself. The impossible transpired—four more victories bore eloquent testimony to the four periods of vincible "artist" of the Fourth Battalion had been solved, was now resting in ignominy with his fellows at the bottom of the "dugout" from which we had so recently emerged. Eight uninterrupted conquests had won for us the Regimental guidon, yet it must be withheld until yet another win was recorded ere we could possess it unchallenged and in peace. Still jealous of our hard-earned laurels, the best of three whipped, but defiant, battalions invited a final test of championship before they were willing to concede us the crown of glory. Nothing loth, their battle-cry was eagerly accepted—"Let 'em come, if they wanta be licked all over again!"

### THE DATE SET.

The classic was set for Sunday afternoon, when all, from C. O. to K. P. would be free to forget his private grievance and view history in the making. No pennant-deciding clash between major leaguers could have been fraught with more intense interest over the outcome, for feeling ran quite as high as batalion traditions and slender funds of francs would permit. No turn-out for a final (?) inspection had ever scored higher in percentage—our own battalion was en bloc, while scores had been attracted from the others and the curious among the natives flanked the surging mob of olive-drab.

The preliminaries were speedily arranged, for the temper of the crowd would brook no wrangling or delay—there were no neutrals; they were either for or against us. To the thrilling strains of martial music from a band that had condescended to honor the occasion (for Regimental mandates in these S. O. S. days were still all-powerful), our idols, our pride, our all, marched onto the field; no battle-scarred veterans ever received more of homage. It was a queer setting, that low-lying meadow bordering a French village untold centuries old where we little-understood Americans had suddenly precipitated ourselves and were now violating the prosaic environment of crumbling stone houses, clattering wooden shoes and deceptive vin blanc, "Ah, oui, oui, les soldats Americains! tres bon, but verra foolish, you know." Sadly enough, our voluble, ex-

citable Latin ally rarely comprehended the American's native proclivities toward physical play and exercise; they strived hard enough to understand, and were usually sympathetic, but the general consensus of opinion among our puzzled audiences inclined to the firm belief that we were at times just plainly "craze in the head."

Things began to happen in the very first inning—the rapid course of events perceptibly subdued our blind optimism; somehow, all was not quite well with our conquering gladiators today. True, there had been no scoring, but only a mighty delicate decision in our favor by the Sam-Browned "ump" had proven salvation. Oh, well, 'twas merely a case of nerves resulting from the swollen crowd. Succeeding innings, however, brought realization that this was no down-cast, badly mauled aggregation opposing us, but the pick of them all suddenly become acutely dangerous through a mighty determination to have revenge. They were out for blood! The truth that deluded eyes had at first refused to perceive was acknowledged and we settled down with a grim resolve to win. Despite the tightening of belts about alumped bellies, however, an unpardonable infield blunder in the fifth inning netted our antagonists two runs. The mingled chorus of soulful groans and frantic jeers poignantly reminded us that things did look a bit dark. Still, it was utterly preposterous to dare dwell upon the possibility of defeat. Why, every guy facing us, from the "shave-tail" holding down the midway sack to the major-doctor's "dog-robber" in right field, had tasted the powder of our jab many the time before and by all the shades of Jerry the heterogeneous crew would feel its punch again today!

The scoring halted quite as abruptly as it had commenced; on through the sixth, the fickle seventh and the eighth, our "all-star" foes barely held their own, but that was enough, and more, for our peace of mind. The ninth inning arrived, and with it a tension that caused recollections of "zero hour" to pale into insignificance. The first half already gone and all well, all save that looming score: "2-0." But this was our inning, and they would have just cause to remember the little old Second Battalion for many a day. It was painfully difficult, however, to absorb the confidence which we strove to radiate. A single over third was an auspicious start, anyway, and there were more where that came from. Oh, mother of Moses! did you see that poor boob allow himself to be rocked to sleep on first! "To the kitchen with him!" the murderous chant arose, to be drowned in the raucous taunts of the enemy.

The next man up—a fearful sigh es-

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# What is Wrong With America

By Maj. J. Franklin Bell

## *The Situation*

We have the greatest natural resources of any country in the world. We have the most energetic, intelligent and resourceful people. In spite of this, we have a great deal of discontent, want and misery. We claim, and rightly, that the United States of America is a great success but something is wrong in our business world. Put briefly, the principal thing wrong is that there is too much difference between what the producer gets and what the consumer pays. If this can be cut down, we shall have more for the efforts we make. This will encourage us to increase our efforts because we shall reap more fully the result of our efforts. At present, fruit growers and farmers have difficulty in obtaining high enough prices for their products to pay for their expenses in raising them, and sometimes apples rot in the orchards for want of a buyer. Yet we consumers have to pay about five cents a piece for apples, peaches and pears in the markets. Many cases might be cited where the consumer pays many times the price that the producer gets. There are several contributing causes. It is our purpose here, to consider only one.

## *Transportation Problems*

The greatest menace to our success when we entered the World War was the possibility that Transportation Facilities on the ocean and in France would not be adequate for placing an effective fighting force of sufficient size at the front. In France we had a G4 Section of the General Staff to regulate and co-ordinate the operation of all transportation facilities. Standard Gauge railways, waterways, narrow gauge railways and highways all had to be utilized to the best advantage or all our potential power might be for naught. All were brought into co-ordination and we were able to place an effective force at the front much sooner and with greater efficiency than the best informed dared hope in 1917.

What we did in War under the pressure of dire necessity, we now need to do in Peace.

Transportation by rail, by water and by highway must be co-ordinated. At present, instead of co-operation, we have destructive conflict and the producer and consumer suffer. Transportation costs too much and goods are not delivered at the point of destination promptly. Considering the speed at which railroad trains, steamboats and trucks move, why cannot freight be delivered anywhere within a radius of 100 miles in 24 hours from time of shipment? Goods should move by that method of transportation which is most appropriate and cheapest.

## *Examples*

Three quarters of a century ago, Cass organized a carrying trade over the Alleghenies by wagon, and along the Monongahela by boat, and founded the Adams Express Service between Baltimore and Pittsburgh. Later he consolidated some small inefficient railways into the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne, and Chicago Railroad and made them profitable. Army quartermasters, by buying in large quantities, and delivering to consumers direct, cut the cost of administration (or overhead) and eliminated the expenses of the middleman. The U. S. Steel Corporation brings into coordination

the various transportation facilities which serve its gigantic industrial works along the Monongahela River and cuts the costs of transportation and handling to a minimum. Coal is transported on the river for from \$.003 to \$.006 per ton mile. Terminals are provided to handle coal and other freight rapidly and cheaply. Transfer points are established as needed so that river, rail and truck transport may be used to best advantage.

Coordination of our transportation facilities should and can be brought about without restoring to government ownership. A means will be found when Public Opinion demands it and demands it insistently.

## "DEBTS"

By Cornelius C. Vermeule

Being an ex-soldier nowadays seems to be a doubtful honor. During the recent airing of the so-called "Bonus Question"—is suspiciously quiet at present—one felt almost like a sort of a bunco steerer or confidence man under the attacks of such journals as Frank Munsey's New York Herald.

It was a popular indoor sport for Chambers of Commerce and Rotary Clubs and other forms of Organised Bellyaches to gather and verbally knock hell out of the old soldier. "Bonus Raider," "Khaki Profiteer," "Tax Bandit" were common forms of identifying the lad who gave a couple of the best years of his life, and whose buddies gave that precious life itself in order that Chambers of Commerce might not be paying right now a fine fat Bonus to the Jerry Government.

In my own home town not so long ago, some pot-gutted old patriot (?), named Allen, wrote to the papers with the remarkable theory that if the ex-soldier be granted compensation we must also grant a bonus to those who stayed at home and bought Liberty Bonds and contributed to the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross. You notice that most of the griping comes from some egg with an overhanging stomach well lined with steak and mushrooms and a big box full of bonds at the safe-deposit, not Liberties but Industrials yielding from seven to twenty percent.

After all doesn't the whole matter boil down to the question: DOES THE COUNTRY OWE A DEBT TO ITS RETURNED SERVICE MEN? I've put that up to a whole lot of business men down here in my area and they invariably

answer, "YES." Which is the harder job, mopping up the Argonne at a dollar a day or rivetting up a ship in the well known U. S. A. at twelve bucks per?

Well, what about debts? Is it considered good form to pay 'em or is it quite the thing to disregard their existence. Which does Mister Moise, the passionate orator of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce do about his debts?

One of the hackneyed and favorite arguments against any form of adjusted compensation is that it will hurt "business"—that great shrine at which all Chambers of Commerce worship. Personally I do not believe that it would, but does any business man fail to pay a debt just because it will "hurt his business?" How long could you stall off the grocer or the landlord with a line like this: "Yes, old man, I owe it to you all right but I'm not going to pay you because it will hurt my business too much."

The man with the fur overcoat and the Rolls-Royce likes to put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, shift his teeth on the end of his Corona Corona and say, "Well, what's the use of paying these young fellows a damn cent? If we did they would only blow it in on one big bust." You and I know that is not true and never would be true in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred but isn't it a rotten argument? Suppose the grocer sued me for a bill of two hundred dollars and I sat up on my hind legs and told the jury about as follows: "Yes, I admit I owe this man two hundred dollars but I will not pay it for this reason—he plays poker and I am afraid

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# Carrying On in Egypt

A Short Article by the Former Editor of this Magazine and the Camp Lee Bayonet on what the American Mission is Doing and Hopes to do. A Glimpse of Life in Far Off Cairo and Alexandria

By Dwight H. Fee



EGYPT needs 180 young American men and women, for whom work is waiting in 35 large and small cities along the Nile. Of these young people, 100 must come from the Tri-State district—Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia—if the heart of United Presbyterianism is to supply its quota of the reinforcements sought by the American Mission in Egypt, which, with its hospitals, schools, colleges and general evangelistic work is the greatest American enterprise in the Land of the Pyramids.

The most acute need is for ministers, but because of the present great expansion of mission activities, because of an unusually large building program, and because of the growing requirements of the mission, due to augmented personnel, many other classes of workers are in demand.

Laymen are needed as architects, as educationists, as business men. Women are needed as evangelists, as teachers, as directors of girls' boarding schools, and as instructors in kindergarten methods, in music and in domestic science. In fact, all kinds of qualified laymen, including "laywomen," are in demand. Thirty generally is the age limit.

Never before has it been possible for the mission to offer such interesting work to such large numbers. Now, however, high school and college students may register their names, with the hope that upon completion of their education they will be sent immediately to one of the most interesting countries on the globe.

Throughout the Nile Valley the American Mission institutions, reaching the poor, the middle class and the wealthy, have a high standard. This is maintained by requiring candidates for appointment to meet certain standards, educationally and otherwise. For example, a college education is essential generally. Applications are handled by the Rev. Dr. W. B. Anderson, 200 North Fifteenth street, Philadelphia.

Once accepted, the new worker goes out as a teacher for three years, or as a regular missionary—with much wider opportunities—for seven years, taking all his belongings with him. When he (or she) debarks at Port Said or Alexandria, after a voyage of nearly three weeks, mission friends are waiting to see the new arrival, through the mob of gowned and turbaned porters,

to a comfortable train for the five-hour ride to Cairo. More mission folks are at the station to welcome the newcomers, and an American home—with an American meal—offers hospitality.

The short term teacher is sent to his station—perhaps in Alexandria, with its four-story stone building on a main business street; perhaps to Assiut, with its group of modern college buildings, where 700 young men are enrolled. Or the teacher may stay in Cairo where every day more than 2,000 pupils are in mission schools, including a girls' college. A knowledge of Arabic is not necessary, as the teaching is done in English.

With the seven-year folk it is different. Some of them are young women who a few years later may be in charge of a girls' boarding school, with 200 or 300 pupils, in a town where there are few English speaking people. They and the young ministers, as well as the ministers' wives, start at once to study Arabic, mission methods and Mohammedanism. While attending "school" in Cairo the young women may live together in a large building, once the home of a pasha, standing in an enclosed garden. The young minister and his wife will live with a mission family until they learn some Arabic and then they will go to housekeeping for themselves, moving into an apartment much like one in which they would live in America.

In the summer, the heat chases the mission workers to Alexandria where they live near the beach. A trip to the hills of Palestine or Syria is possible. In a year or two the new missionaries are assigned to their work. The young woman may remain in Cairo, engaged in school work or supervising Bible women, or she may be sent to one of the 10 other large towns where the mission has stations, to conduct similar work under the eye of an older missionary until she has learned the methods.

The minister and his wife may be sent to a large town, there to make their home, to preach, to supervise and work with Egyptian evangelists in the town itself and in the scores of villages nearby, which they visit afoot, by donkey, bicycle or motor. Later they may be assigned to one of the mission's three houseboats on the Nile so that they may visit and preach in the towns

## BUDDY

By R. W. Langley

Buddy, you're gone  
We ain't forgot yuh  
Them as never seen yuh  
Come from far and near  
To see you safely laid away.

And I seen tears come  
From the eyes of a reg'l'ar  
'Cause he was with yuh  
He ain't forgot.  
He saw the Boxer  
And the border  
And helped avenge the Maine.  
'N' went around the world  
'N' you was a rooky side a him,  
But he bawled.

I saw the flag  
And you was tucked away  
In old O. D.  
And I thought of a thousand things  
You went through.  
Then the preacher started sayin'  
som'thin' 'bout yuh.  
And I knew as he didn't  
And wouldn't say  
All the good 'bout yuh.

He said yuh braved the foe  
And gave your all,  
To the country yuh loved,  
But he didn't know  
'Bout Jimmy's canteen  
As leaked, 'member?  
And yuh crawled out  
And gave him the mud  
As was left in your own.  
And 'member how he came to  
And after yuh flopped,  
He drugged yuh in  
And how we cheered?

No, yuh don't 'member  
'Cause yuh was gone.  
The gas creeped under your mask.  
And prob'ly 'cause o' that  
Yuh goin' west now.

I heerd the bugle soundin' taps  
And it never sounded to me  
Like it did then.  
And I 'member many nights  
As you was tired, and taps blew  
And you was glad.  
And I kinda figgered, buddie,  
'At this time you was glad  
And when taps answered over the  
hill  
I couldn't say I ever prayed  
But I said, "God bless yuh, buddy,  
We ain't furgut yuh!"

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# WHO WON THE WAR?

By Henry R. Curry

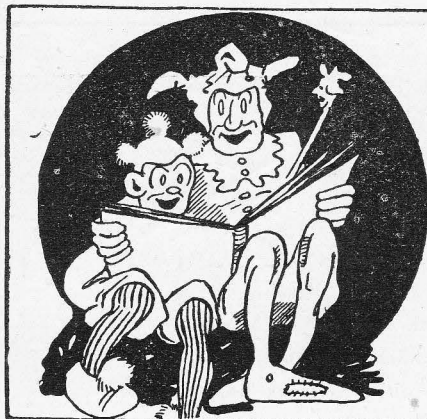
A Croix de Guerre for the Grenadier,  
 With a D. S. C. to the Colonel's man.  
 We sing the praise of the Engineer,  
 And none can fight like our Doughboy can.  
 The Flying Corps too gets its share;  
 We honor the men at the barrage gun.  
 Somehow we forget that the old gray mare  
 And "Mercury" shared in the battles won.

'Tis a Croix de Guerre for the soldier man,  
 Who fought in defense of his native land,  
 Or a D. S. C. for El Capitan,  
 Who led his men to a gallant stand.  
 But what of the "Buddies" who took the air;  
 Who rested not till their work was done?  
 Though gas and shells were everywhere,  
 They did their bit in our battles won.

A Hall of Fame for the Army Chief,  
 While the old bay mare just passes on;  
 A bonus bill for the soldier's grief,  
 A roost for the bird to pine upon.  
 But why distinction 'tween man and beast,  
 Or the bird that faces the hostile gun?  
 Each does his duty to say the least,  
 And spends his life till the battle's won.

**"MERCURY"**  
 Veteran of the Argonne





# A PAGE TO WIT

## "OUR MAG"---By the Office Boy



Gee whiz, youse orter see the stacks uv letters we gotta git out and we just got thru with checking up all our records and trying to get youse live members separated from the dead ones. I mean the ones what we have addresses uv separated from the ones what we aint got no addresses fur. Well, we no sooner gits that done when the boss springs this annual stuff about the yearly dues notice and Reunion announcement to all members. Gosh, and there are over twenty-five thousand to be addressed, folded, mailed, counted, zoned and a few other things. So the boss says that as we are so fur behind in our gittin' out our Mag. that he is just consolidatin' the May and June number, thereby savin' a lot of time, trouble, work and some jack. Of course we don't need to save any jack around hear cause this association jest runs itself without any dues being paid by members. If you don't believe it jest stop payin' your subscription and see how long the printer will print this old fly paper fur nothin.

Well, as I wuz sayin': we gotta hole lot uv work to git these 25 thousand notices out and no foolin. An me jest gittin my radio set workin so's I kin hear New York and Chicago, and Skinectomy and some more sick stations. Gosh! I wish youse guys ud pay up every year without us hafting to done you like we do.

Oh! I almost fergot to tell you about the swell shindig the Exilliry pulled off at the Hotel Chatham roof garden on the 8-teenth. Col. Coches wuz hear and so wuz Congressman Porter and a lot uv other big Guys from the Army, guess they wuz tryin to pull some more Blue-Ridgers back into the Service but frum what I can learn hear at Head Q. the most uv them say U. S. N. A. means "Understand Never Again." Well they tried to git Judge Foster and the Boss to promise to be Sargint, Major's er something like that in the next war but I don't think they succeeded. But that didn't interest me so much as watch-

in' the dancers. Gee you'd orter seen sum uv them flappers flap, bobbed hair an everything and the orkestra couldn't seem to git jazzy enough to suit em. Izzy Boyd who yust to lead the 320 band A. E. F. was playin' some kind uv a fife—don't no watcha call it—and Jake Shulgold wuz tryin' to auction off some doylies er somethin' and the crowd kept givin' him the Rasberry. ha! ha! ha! Gee, gosh, but it wuz fun and as every buddy had a good time the Exilliry is gointa have another won soon as they git over this one.

The Boss says I'm supposed to write this page about our Mag. and I been stickin' too much other stuff into it lately so guess I better tell you somethin about the Mag. It's still bein published en everything and only needs a few thousand more subscribers to make the *Saturday evening Post* and the *Farm Journal* sit up and take no-

tice. We got the swellest bunch uv tallent writtin fer Our Mag what is and all these other big Mags is jealous because our writers won't desert and go over to their Mags. But that is not the kind uv stuff us blue-ridgers is maid of is it.

Well I expect to address a letter to you next month about the Reunion and I'm goin' to look for each of you at the Reunion in Charleston. Mr. Stutler says he will have a lot uv news for you about the convention for the july issue so be prepared to come. I mean go to Charleston fer a good time—The Boss wants to build up the "Old Pals of the Army" Dept. in Our Mag. just like the A. M. Report, so if you remember anything funny or worth passing on, just send it in fer Our Mag.

Yours fer B. and L. W.

THE OFFICE BOY.

## VERY LIGHTS

### GAME ALWAYS

Preacher (solemnly)—"Rastus, do you take this woman for better or for worse?"

Rastus (from force of habit)—"Pahson, Ah shoots it all."

The conductor and a brakeman on a Montana railroad differ as to the proper pronunciation of the name Eurelia. Passengers are often startled upon arrival at this station to hear the conductor yell: "You're a liar! You're a liar!" Then from the brakeman at the other end comes the cry: "You really are! You really are!"

It was in the Heilands o'Scotland, in a quarry. There was a premature blast and after the lapse of a safe interval of time, Sandy McPherson ventured out from behind the ledge of rock. All a tremble, he looked about and said: "Whar's Wully Sanderson?" "His heid was blawn off," said the foreman. "Nae luck, nae luck," sobbed Sandy, "dae ye ken where his heid went? He was smoking ma pipe."

### OH, DEAR ME

Isaac: "You should pull the curtains down ven you kiss your wife. I saw you last night."

Abie. "The choke's on you; I vasn't home last night."

### WELL?

Joseph and Isaac went to hear Billy Sunday preach, and after service, as they were going home, Joseph said:

"Vell, Isaac, vat you t'ink of him?"

"I didn't like him," said Isaac. "Too much hell. It was hell, hell, hell all the time. And I don't believe there is any hell, Joseph."

"No hell?" asked Joseph in amazement.

"No," answered his friend.

"Vell, then, Isaac," said Joseph, "If there is no hell, where is bizness gone?"

Late diner (at resort)—"Well, what have you got?"

Waitress—"Boiled ham and fish—but the fish is all out. Which'll you have?"



## Tales of the A. E. F.--As Told by the Gang

### "THE WAR IS OVER"

And it came to pass, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighteen, that the great Anglo-Saxon Army triumphed over the House of Hohenzollern, and the pride of Wilhelm was humbled in the dust; Aye! even unto the second Generation for the Crown Prince also was relegated to the Vaudeville Stage . . . . Whereupon, that mystical organization known as G. H. Q. A. E. F. of whose comings and goings no man may wot of clearly, did, thereupon, cause many heralds to ride with great speed to the guarded fastness of the S. O. S. where lived those grand heroes whose lives will be forever immortalized by Issac F. Marcosson, in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Whereupon, even as the arrow speedeth from the loosed bow, did these two score and seven heralds, speed away from him who rules at Chaumont, some mounted on Arabian steeds of great price, and some on Machinegun Fords of no price, which have no cushions and are of great trial and tribulation to a warriors temper, and the seat of his pants.

And it came to pass that one of these Heralds did journey throuh the S. O. S. even unto the Front and did come at last unto the town of Le Neufor, which has been sorely smitten by the Huns and then knocked flat by the Americans. And it is written that the Herald was directed to the habitation of one Adalbert, sometimes called the "Adonis of the Kat-Tro-Van Division" (Kat-Tro-Van translated from the Runic meaning Blue-Ridge) and Lo!! after prostrating himself before the tall and lordly master of the Virginia Moonshiners, he spake thus:

"Oh, Pussiant Lord, Black Jack has commanded me to slip you the info that the war is off and you can let up on the Massacre Stuff and start close order drill

again . . . and he further commands that you gird up your loins and gather unto you your young men, and your women, and the Chiefs of your Clans, and beat it for Ancy-le-Franc in the Country of Yonne, near Jerusalem; together with all your household goods, and your ox and your ass, and Yea, everything that you own even unto the souvenir eye of the Bosche you did slay in fair combat."

And it came to pass that with these words, the Herald did bow thrice, prostrating himself again, and striking his forehead three times against the marble step at the foot of Bert's throne, whereupon the French immediately put in a claim for thirty francs for damage to said step.

After the departure of the Herald, it is written that the Lord Adalbert sat musing in the throne room and thought deeply of the message he had received; and his thoughts ran thus:

"My ox and my ass, and I have neither ox nor ass . . . Bue stay!!! my ox must assuredly be the Duke of Halpin who has worked with the strength of an ox to feed this bunch of Rummies that I command, and just to show what strength was his, he fed a flock of other Divisions. Allah be praised! for I understand the meaning of the Big Boy at Chaumont; but . . . ." and here the marble brow was drawn into tragic lines . . . "What meaneth my Royal Master that he commandeth me to take my ass also; Verily I have no ass to take to this strange country of Yonne."

With hands tight clenched, and brow knitted in deep thought, the great leader prayed for guidance. Suddenly, as though Allah had answered, a great light shown forth causing the face of the Chieftain to shine like unto the sun, and arising in great joy he shouted in thunderous tones . . . "By the sacred Rear Axle Housing of the one F. W. D. that still Runs in the Division, I see the Light . . . Ho!!! orderly!!! TELL, (Supply any name you

like here) TO COME OUT OF HIS DUG-OUT . . . THE WAR IS OVER.

### JUST PALS

By FAY A. DAVIS

A friend of a friend of mine had a friend called Jip. Together they slept in Sunny France. They were soldiers—see? Now Jip was a freckled critter with a heart as big as "all outdoors." The spots stuck in his skin like the stone clings to a Shenandoah peach.

Most every night when the din of the battle boiled down to its nocturnal sway, and the fiendish roar of the mammoth guns spoke with the rhythm of the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," sadness crept into Jip's eyes. A sadness born of a shattered romance, for Jip had seen his old master fall at Ypres, pierced through the heart with a German bayonet. But the war was over now. Me friend's friend and Jip, they had a pretty swell billet in a cow stable on Mme. Bozet's place. A place to eat and sleep it was; and nothin' to do till tomorrow.

The usual pastime in the evenings was "huntin' the cootie." Now me friend's friend would doff his undershirt and be at it. By the flickerin' light of a splutterin' candle, the chase begun, and ere the evening was past itself, many a pesky varmint "bit the dust." Of course me friend's friend didn't capture 'em all in one sittin'. Not on yer life! The hidin' holes down the stretch of an army undershirt are not to be sneered at. The black rascals with the "service stripes" were pie for me friend's friend and he made short work of 'em. With the wee ones, it was different. They were as bad as a chameleon for disguisin' themselves, and as hard to crack as a smile. (When you had 'em.)

But poor Jip—he was up agin' it. And he had 'em a-plenty, too. For the minute he began to hunt 'em, every doggone cootie just floped on a freckle, and by the "holo

# Old Pals of the Army

smokes," he couldn't find a one of 'em to save his life. Now me friend's friend, he lent a hand. But Jip had had 'em fer so long a time, they jist "dug in" and "stuck for soup."

But you see, as I said before, me friend's friend and Jip, they slept together; and what was me friend's friend, was Jip's. Just stir 'em up on Jip, and they migrated to the carcass of me friend's friend.

It was comin' spring now. Mme. Bozet had put the potted rubber plant on the doorstep to catch a sprinklin' of the mornin' shower. Ere long me friend's friend would be sheddin' his "fleece-lined."

Things were jist comin' their way, when poor Jip stopped in the road of a big G. M. C. to scratch a bloomin' cootie bite.

Me friend's friend, he buried Jip in the church-yard. The grave, he marked with a wooden cross, and with an indelible pencil, he scrawled thereon the insignia of the Blue Ridge Division.

So ends the sad tale of the friend of me friend's friend, Jip—he was only a dog.

## "PASS ON ENEMY"

By Geo. J. Broderick

It happened at St. Nazaire. It was a dark rainy night and a tall rangy Negro, equally as dark, who evidently hailed from down Alabama way, was guarding a warehouse. It was apparent that the Army was not looked upon with favor by the representative from Alabama, as he was frequently heard to grumble but seemed to get considerable satisfaction out of challenging the soldiers who happened to pass that way. His usual formula was, "Halt! Who goes dere? Has yo all a pass? Advance to be looked at! Make it snappy!"

About 10:00 the rain increased, and he mumbled, "Dis suttinly am some country fo' a one-lunged nigga' like Ah am. Ah sho' would like to meet the man that drafted me into dis mud! Boy dis sho' am awful." Just then he heard some one approaching, so he yelled "Halt! Who's dat?" and back through the darkness came the reply in a hard-boiled voice, "This is yo' Sa'geant, Nigga." The guard replied in a voice equally as harsh, "Pass on, enemy!"

## OLD PALS—ANOTHER TALE BY

G. J. B.

A Blue-Ridger who was on his way back to his outfit had the good fortune to run across the kitchen of a labor battalion at Clermont. He asked for something to eat, and the cook, a squatty Negro from Birmingham commenced to hustle around and prepare something for him, in the meantime plying him with questions.

"Say, buddy, yo' all been up to them

## THE ROOKIE

By Geo. J. Broderick.

Where awkwardness was manifest,  
Who aimed to do his level best?  
Who stood the taunts of comrades'  
scorn?  
Who served the mess most every  
morn?  
Who wished he never had been  
born?

The Rookie.

Who took his bumps and old wood  
piles?  
Whose deeds brought forth con-  
temptuous smiles?  
Who got in bad when e'er he spoke?  
Who came to camp, dejected;  
broke,  
Yet laughed out loud at every joke?

The Rookie

Who always cleaned the barracks  
hall?  
Whose name was first on detail's  
call?  
Who tried his very best to flunk,  
When told to police up 'round his  
bunk?  
Who had a wealth of useless junk?

The Rookie

Who got the blame when drill was  
balled?  
Stood first in line when Mess was  
called,  
Or when the call for sick was heard,  
Who proved to be the early bird,  
Though looked the healthiest in the  
herd?

The Rookie

Who wore a sad face on K. P.?  
Then ate his jam and sipped his tea,  
And hoped you'd think he was in  
Dutch,  
While pitying the likes of such,  
There he'd be eating twice as much?

The Rookie

Who got a big lump in his throat,  
When letters came, but not a note  
From home and all that was worth  
while?  
Who wrapped in slumber wore a  
smile,  
And dreamed away the lonely mile?

The Rookie

Who won the war? I'll tell you  
then,  
'Twas just this sort of awkward men,  
The kind who never highly soar,  
Yet get through Hell and some-  
times more;  
The fighter who wins every war,

The Rookie

trenches?"

"Sure thing."

"How many times yo' there?"

"Oh, about five times."

"Boy, dat must be one awful place. Kill any Buches?"

"Sure, lots of them."

"Stick 'em all wid dat bayonet?"

"Some, but we used trench knives, pistols and everything. Just waded through blood."

"Ah sho am sorry Ah wasn't present. Ah suttinly throws some wicked razzah mahself. Ah'm the nigga dat can pick out weak spots on any man's ribs!"

Just then one of the K. P.'s broke into the conversation: "How come nigga dat yo' git so tight and rough so sudden? Brudder yo' neber looks up in dat Heben to see whut kind of a plane is buzzin up dere but yo' gits all broke out wid dat rabbit blood and hides yo' big haid. Quit lyin' to dat trench soldier, cause Ah knows how brave yo' am."

The cook said nothing immediately, but placed the dinner in front of the Blue-Ridger, then looking him straight in the eye inquired, "Boy, how far is it from yere to where them Germans is?"

"About two hundred miles."

"How far is Ah right now from Brummingham, Alabama?"

"About four thousand miles."

"Well now, dis is mah argument: Ah's got the braveness to come more'n ten times ovah half way. If them Germans wants to see me shadow-box wid dis razzah, let them come two hundred miles and watch me pile them up!"

The K. P. gave a loud Mugh and added, "Yeah, let 'em come brudder, and watch us both leave dis town together, wid yo' in the lead!"

## PRAYER

An infantryman of the 92nd (colored) division was recounting some of the stirring experiences he had at the front.

"Boy, wuz yo' ever caught in a fix, Ah means a tight place, and yo' didn't know no prayers?"

"No, brudder, I happen to know my prayers very good."

"Well, brudder, Ah wuz up to them ditches yo' all call trenches, and believe me them Heinies suttinly did throw ovah some garage where Ah wuz at! Them there Whiz-bangers come flyin' through the air, an' some of the boys wuz moanin' from not keepin' their haid down in the holes. Well sah, Ah got my haid in the mud and played rabbit and there was a big nigga right beside me prayin' for the Good Man to spare him, but Ah don't know no prayer from the time Ah wuz born until then, and Ah figues Ah'm out of luck; but Ah takes a chance and casts my eyes to the sky and mumbles, 'Lordy heah is a nigga prayin' that don't know no prayer, but all Ah ask is dat yo' git me out of these pipe lines and deliver me to my good old Mammy down South, and if a nigga ever told the truth dis one is, and if yo'git me home Ah'll

(Continued on page 19)



# SALVAGE

There's a ray of hope for those ladies of the land who do not seem able to initiate their growing sons and daughters into the subtle mysteries of dishwashing, fire-building and other unskilled domestic pursuits necessary to the nourishment of the nation and to the preparation of the well-known three square meals a day.

The War Department has just come to bat with the pronouncement that every young man who attends one of the Citizens' Military Training Camps to be held throughout the country this summer will be required to do his bit as a kitchen police, mess attendant, and waiter.

This decision may not be the most cheerful news in the world to the prospective candidates for the camps but letters received by recruiting officers indicate that mothers will derive much comfort from the thought that their hopefuls will have a chance to acquire some of the rudiments of domestic science, or, at least, a keener appreciation of the daily household tasks that confront a majority of the feminine population.

That this leaven of Democracy will be widely sown is assured by the War Department order which provides that kitchen and mess hall duties will fall alike upon the just and the unjust, and will be apportioned by a roster from which none may escape.

"These," says the order, "are military duties and constitute features of practical instruction that properly belong to camp training. Camp commanders may, at their discretion, provide for the use of individual mess-kits so as to reduce the kitchen police and dining room duties to a minimum."

It was different last year. The youthful soldiers frolicked to the mess table, were waited upon by paid attendants and departed to their after-dinner relaxations without a thought as to how their meal was prepared and with a certainty that supper would be steaming when the bugle blew.

This year they will do everything except the cooking—and "everything" is a large order, as any graduate of the Army kitchen police school can tell them. But, as the War Department says, it is a necessary part of the military training and a

lack of knowledge of this essential renders a soldier almost useless to his command either in the field or barracks.

Major General James S. Harbord, now assistant to General Pershing in Washington, was, as an enlisted man, one of the most expert kitchen police in his company, so that there is distinguished precedent to be followed by this summer's student-soldiers.

"My boy," writes a mother to Major H. H. Fletcher, Recruiting Adjutant at Governors Island, "is very punctual at the table but he loses interest in all domestic affairs as soon as the desert is finished. I do not expect him to join a dish-drying period with any degree of enthusiasm, but I do wish he wouldn't regard my household duties with such a casual aid of detachment as if some genii set his food before him and whisked away the remnants when the meal is over. I hope he will have a good session with soapsuds while he is in your camp. I am confident he will learn a lot besides how to fire a gun and hold himself straight."

The official war film, "Flashes of Action," is available to posts of the veterans organizations. This is a five-reel war picture made by the Signal Corps.

For full details and bookings, write to The American Legion Film Service, National Headquarters, Meridan Life Bldg., Indianapolis. —*Cleveland Legionaire*.

Use of the Stars and Stripes to advertise a junk shop or fish market now is forbidden in New York. The New York Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting reproductions of the flag even on "business stationary." —*Cleveland Legionaire*.

## SERVICE MEN DROPPING INSURANCE

Cheering news for those most ubiquitous of all individuals, life insurance salesmen, is contained in a statement just issued by the insurance division of the Veterans Bureau. When the armistice was signed, 4,500,000 members of the army and navy had taken out, under the war risk insurance act, policies aggregating \$40,000,000,000, an average of \$9,000 each. Now only 600,000 are keeping up the insurance and their policies total only three and a half billion, or

a trifle less than \$6,000 each.

Reasons for this slump undoubtedly are varied. The average age of the soldiers and sailors was only 24. Once the armistice was signed death seemed remote and life insurance a luxury to a vast number, and they permitted their policies to lapse. Others became disgusted with what seemed to be a hopeless clerical muddle in the bureau and dropped out. Unemployment forced still others to discontinue their insurance and then, too, there has been no personal solicitation of the veterans by the Government to urge them to retain their policies.

As all administration expenses are borne by the Government and the rates are based on the American experience table of mortality, Government insurance is insurance at bargain day prices, particularly as holders of the permanent or converted policies receive dividends when conditions warrant their payment, the same as the policyholders of private companies. Last year the dividends totaled \$1,750,000. This showing, officials of the Veterans Bureau hope, will induce a considerable number of the ex-service men to reinstate their policies as there is still time for such action to be taken.

In the meantime thousands of the veterans are passing up an opportunity at which many of their elders would leap if they had the chance, and the Government is in the plight of the individual who could not sell gold dollars for a quarter.—*Detroit Saturday Night*.

PITTSBURGH, PA., FIRM PRESENTS  
RADIO SET TO WALTER REED  
HOSPITAL

Walter Reed patients are very proud of their very own brand new radio outfit, which has recently been installed in the Red Cross House as a gift from the Doubleday Hill Electric Company's Washington branch. As a matter of fact, the entire outfit has not yet been installed, as parts of it were ordered specially, and will not be delivered for about three weeks. However, parts have been installed temporarily which make it possible to use the set quite satisfactorily.

The first concert was given on May 4th, when the Doubleday Hill Electric Company

## Salvage

sent out an operator. An electrical storm early in the evening made receiving somewhat difficult, but toward the latter part of the evening, some excellent results were obtained. As it happened, everything which came over the wires on that evening was local. An interesting concert was given by some musicians from St. Patrick's Church, who were accompanied on the organ by Miss Jennie Glennan, Colonel Glennan's sister.

Early in the evening, when the operator was getting the set in readiness for the evening's concert, he received a message from the Doubleday Hill Company, telling him to call them on the phone. The message came very clearly and was distinctly heard by everyone in the house.

A special concert was given in the Red Cross House last night. We are more than indebted to Mr. Hill, president of the company, who made this generous and up-to-date gift to the Walter Reed patients, for providing the means of giving them so much pleasure. Something new develops in the field of radio each day, and our outfit will be kept strictly up to the minute. In a short time, we shall be in a position to receive baseball scores, concerts and news of various kinds.—*The Come-Back.*

### WE GO TO THE CIRCUS

"Through the co-operation of the Sells-Floto Circus and the Washington *Herald*, 150 Walter Reed patients were invited to be guests on Monday and Tuesday of last week, "under the big top." Veterans from other hospitals were present in large numbers also, and a great deal of appreciation is expressed to all of those who made this pleasure possible. The Rotary Club gave its new bus for transportation, the Red Star and the Royal Blue Sightseeing lines donating busses also for the use of the wounded men." After reading this we cannot help but remember that we were forced to pay admission for our wounded Buddies at the baseball game last year during our convention in Pittsburgh, when our Comrade Miljus pitched against the Pittsburgh Pirates. Oh! yes! We also had to pay to get our Blue Ridge Band in to entertain the big Saturday afternoon crowd. Not sour grapes. We just want the circus, the *Herald* and others to feel good.

The Soldiers' Bonus Commission at Jefferson City, Missouri, states that every effort will be made to expedite payment on the various applications. It must be borne in mind that more than 150,000 applications will be received by the commission and that an inspection of each individual application is necessary before payment can be made upon it. It is at once obvious that this entails a tremendous amount of

work and it will be absolutely impossible for the commission to pay all claims before sixty days at least.

It is urged upon every applicant for a bonus not to communicate with the commission regarding his application unless information regarding the claim is requested by the commission.

#### A BANKER'S ADVICE

"The bonus—if ever in their lives the boys earned the money they got, it was the bonus. Most of them came out of the army without bodily harm—thank God for that. Out of their months of service, about all they can keep is a world of experience and their bonus. However the fellows may choose to use their money, I hope they will get as much pleasure out of it as Missouri has in paying it.—*Missouri Legionaire.*

#### OVERSEAS DEAD

The bodies of approximately 30,496 American soldiers, sailors and marines who were killed in action or who died from other causes during the World War, will remain in the cemeteries of Europe.

This fact became known at the War Department, when the order went into effect that no more applications for the return of bodies to the United States would be considered. Up to this time, 45,459 bodies have been returned to America.

The recent announcement by Secretary Weeks that after March 31 no further requests for the return of bodies would be considered brought a flood of letters from relatives. Many of those who wrote the War Department misinterpreted the announcement, thinking that an extension of time had been granted for changes in requests.

Bodies will be returned to the United States for some time to come, however, since slow identification has in instances caused delay.—*The Red Diamond.*

Learning from press dispatches of the sending of market reports by radio from KYW station in Chicago, operators of a wireless outfit owned by the American Legion post at Ohio, Ill., have attuned their set to receive waves from KYW station and are now receiving all reports from that station, in addition to Denver and other cities.

The Cornhill Publishing Company is preparing to publish several books this spring that will be in keeping with the excellent character of their works so favored by lovers of good literature. That there is a demand for poetry is indicated by their announcement of a second large printing of "The Beggar's Vision" by Brooks Moore. "The Jeweled Serpent," a mysterious story of the Far East by Katharine

Treat Blackledge, "Angel Face" by Reginald N. Hincks, the story of a Canadian's venturing in England, and "The Stronger Light" by Mary Gertrude Balch—fiction in a New England setting, are among the novels to be published.

Readers of *SERVICE* who admired the poem "Requiem," by Willis Vernon Cole, C. S., in our May, 1921, issue, will be interested to learn that it has found quite a great deal of favor in France, and that the author used it in his address at the Statue of Joan of Arc on Riverside Drive, New York, last New Orleans day.

#### NATIONAL ASSOCIATION 82ND DIVISION PLANNED

Extension by the Eighty-second Division Association of New York to a national body is planned by officers of that association who are trying to get in touch with former members of the division all over the country. Stanley H. Watson, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, has been designated as organizer in Ohio, and ex-members of the 82nd are requested to communicate with him. It is hoped to be able to hold a divisional reunion this fall, the fifth anniversary of the division's formation.

Among those active in this movement are Mortimer Boyle, Churchill Mehard and Robert Goelet, New York; Lamar Jeffers, Alabama; Herbert N. McKee, Arkansas; Homer Watkins, Georgia; W. A. Weldon, Kentucky, and Ed G. Buxton, Jr., Rhode Island.

#### TIMELY TOPICS

Mark Twain is responsible for the expression, "there is a lot of talk about the weather, but nothing is ever done about it."

There has been much talk about the soldiers' bonus, but not much has been done about it. However, we have hopes that something definite will have been done before this goes to press.

Unquestionably the soldiers and sailors who carried Old Glory to a glorious victory back in 1918, are deserving of the highest praise and some reward for their immeasurable sacrifices. There is no doubt about the praise they have received since that victorious day, and will receive—but, how about the reward?

While there are many ex-service men who do not actually need the bonus, this unsettled state of affairs has a bad effect on business. Legislation should be pushed that will give the needy service men immediate help. The longer we delay the less most of the ex-service men will need the bonus, and the more hesitation there will be in business.

Let's face the inevitable and give a bonus to those who need it—not six months hence, but *now*.—Public Service Monthly.



# All About Your Government Insurance

## Annual Statement—Facts And Figures as Compiled by The Veterans Bureau—Col. Charles R. Forbes, Director

The annual statement of the conditions of Government Life Insurance made today by Col. Charles R. Forbes, Director of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau, reveals some interesting facts and figures. The Veterans of the World War are carrying insurance with the Government aggregating approximately \$3,500,000,000. Those veterans who have converted their War Term Insurance into one or more of the six forms of Government Life Insurance will come in for the dividends apportioned for 1922, which amounts to \$1,750,000, according to the statement issued by the Director. These dividends on a \$10,000 policy range from \$15.30 on a first year dividend on an Ordinary Life issued at age 20 to as high as \$21.30 on a third year dividend on a 20-Year Endowment issued at age 60. Another interesting point brought out in Col. Forbes' statement was that without personal solicitation on the part of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau, approximately 600,000 service men were continuing their insurance either as yearly renewable term or converted insurance. The cost of administration and the excess losses due to the extra hazards of Military or Naval service are borne by the Government.

Yearly Renewable Term Insurance against total permanent disability or death was provided by an Amendment to the War Risk Insurance Act, approved October 6, 1917. This insurance was issued at a premium rate, computed for payment on a monthly basis, according to the American Experience Table of Mortality with interest at three and one-half per centum per annum. The Act provided that the Government would bear the cost of administration and the excess mortality due to the hazards of war.

The Act also provided that the Term Insurance could be continued for five years after the termination of the war as declared by proclamation of the President of the United States. This termination of the war was declared as of March 3, 1921 by Joint Resolution, consequently all Yearly Renewable Term (War Time Insurance) will cease on March 3, 1926, and if protection is desired beyond that period, it will be necessary that the Term Insurance be converted into one or more of the forms of level premium insurance (converted insurance) provided.

Applications for Yearly Renewable Term Insurance were submitted by approximately 4,500,000 persons in the service, aggregat-

ing a total of about \$40,000,000,000 of insurance, approximately \$9,000 each. Shortly after the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, demobilization began and the men in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps were rapidly discharged, so that by a year later the number of men in the service had been reduced to a very low number compared with the original number of entrants. The average age of those in the service at the time of the Armistice was under 24 years and the signing of the Armistice in the minds of most of them eliminated all need for insurance. The danger was then over from their viewpoint and it is extremely improbable that the major portion of the original amount of insurance could have been continued, even if personal solicitation methods had been used. Very young and healthy men see little need for insurance and when they do purchase, it is usually in small amounts. The fact that they had finished their term of service in a dangerous occupation and were returning to civil pursuits, the payment of insurance premiums seemed a useless expense.

Notwithstanding these facts and the further fact that the Government did not employ the method of personal solicitation, there are at this time, approximately 600,000 persons continuing their insurance, either as Yearly Renewable Term or Converted. The total amount of insurance represented is approximately \$3,500,000,000.

The Government's liability under Yearly Renewable Term Insurance on account of total permanent disability and death is approximately \$1,300,000,000 (commuted value on a 3½% interest basis) and the total amount of premium received on this form of insurance is approximately \$400,000,000; therefore, the commuted value of the claims exceed the amount of premiums received by approximately \$900,000,000, and as the benefits under Term Insurance are payable in monthly installments of \$5.75 for each \$1,000 of insurance covering a period of 240 months, the Government will ultimately pay in benefits, \$1,380 for each \$1,000 of insurance, aggregating a sum of over \$1,000,000,000 more than the amount received in premiums on account of Yearly Renewable Term Insurance (War Time Insurance) which is directly due to the hazards of war.

The fact that the premium for Yearly Renewable Term Insurance increases yearly as the insured grows older and becomes

prohibitive at the older ages, the privilege of conversion was provided by the War Risk Insurance Act. The Act was further amended on December 24, 1919, which amendment authorized the United States Government Life Insurance Fund. The condition of this Fund as of December 31, 1921, is shown by the annual statement as follows:

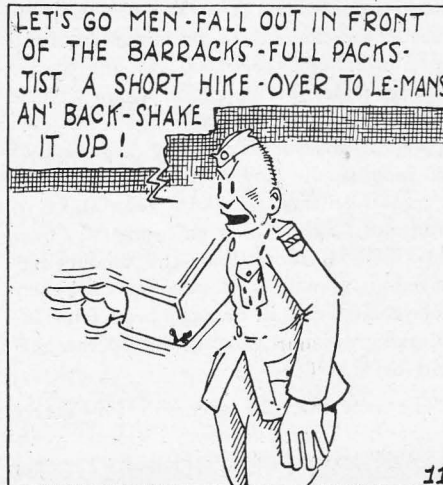
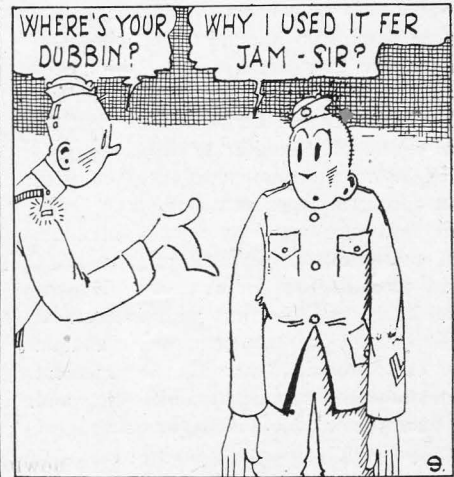
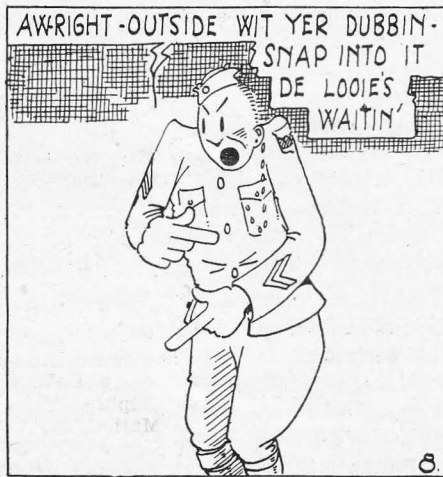
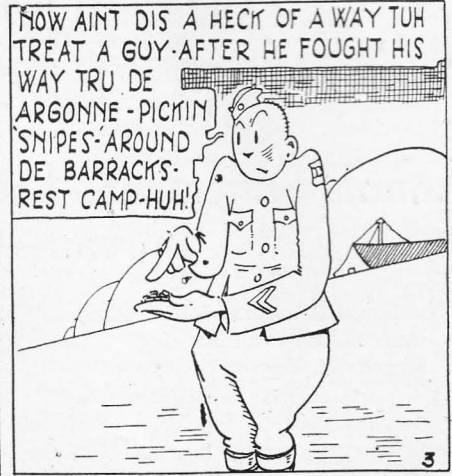
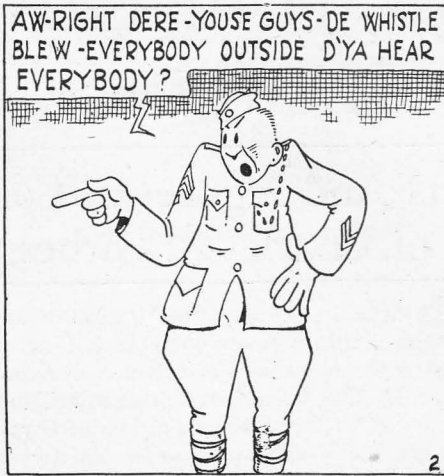
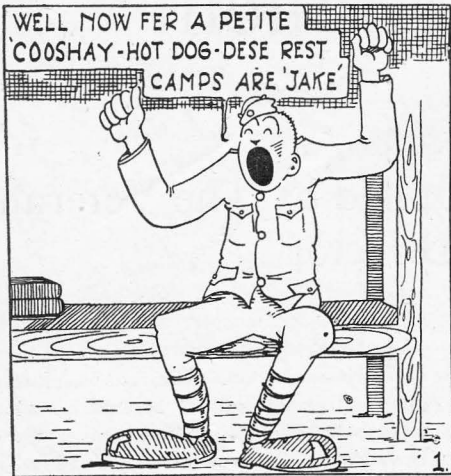
### ANNUAL STATEMENT

| ASSETS                                                       |                 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| U. S. Bonds, book value<br>(Market, \$45,765,611.16) . . .   | \$42,182,264.87 |
| Loans to policy holders on policies . . . . .                | 751,788.11      |
| Cash in Cashier's office . . . . .                           | 650,775.16      |
| Cash in United States Treasury . . . . .                     | 342,047.36      |
| Interest accrued on U. S. Bonds . . . . .                    | 340,705.85      |
| Interest due and accrued on policy loans . . . . .           | 14,725.56       |
| Premiums due and unpaid (within grace period) . . . . .      | 123,978.49      |
| Service premiums due from War and Navy Departments . . . . . | 876,049.67      |
| Due from Congressional Appropriation . . . . .               | 703,070.50      |
| Policy Liens . . . . .                                       | 29,541.93       |
| Premiums deferred under War Risk Insurance Act. . . . .      | 414.62          |
|                                                              | \$45,515,362.12 |

| LIABILITIES                                                         |                 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Life Insurance and Endowment Reserves (Am. Exp. 3½%) . . . . .      | \$29,387,889.00 |
| Disability Reserves . . . . .                                       | 1,133,695.00    |
| Commuted value, Installments, Death and Disability Claims . . . . . | 2,133,487.00    |
| Death and Disability Claims in process of settlement . . . . .      | 1,822,689.00    |
| Remittances and overpayments (in suspense) . . . . .                | 249,965.54      |
| Premiums paid in advance . . . . .                                  | 3,949,351.90    |
| Dividends deposited with U. S., with interest . . . . .             | 1,905.16        |
| Payments, by War Department not designated . . . . .                | 339,518.51      |
| Unapportioned from dividends declared 1921 . . . . .                | 186,309.77      |
| Liability on account of lapsed reserves (with interest) . . . . .   | 850,097.11      |
| Contingency reserve . . . . .                                       | 2,020,954.73    |

(Continued on Page 20)

PRIVATE "S. O. L."—By Berger



# 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-service man 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., Plenkennhorn 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., 513 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, Uta, 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, Cal., 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.

## LIFE MEMBERS

### 80th Division Veterans Association

#### HONORARY MEMBERS 80th Div. Vet. Ass'n.

- 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 Williams, Lester J.
- 19 Zachert, Reinhold E.
- 20 Little, Ed. H.
- 21 Burdick, Henry H.
- 22 Moran, D. P.
- 23 Towers, J. K.

- Capt. Eugene Le Roch*  
*Capt. Michel Goudchaux*
- 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 Knowlton, Phillip B.
  - 47 Ritchie, F. S.
  - 48 Auger, C. L., Jr.

- Lt. Jacques Bellanger*  
*Lt. Rene Antoine May*
- 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.

- Capt. Mare Waselet*  
*William L. Fleming*
- 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 Miljuz, John
  - 94 Faherty, Roger
  - 95 Woodman, Joseph F.
  - 96 Schafer, Marcus
  - 97 Sorenson, George D.
  - 98 Peterson, A. R.

### In the Foot Prints of the 80th Division

(Continued from page 6)

these villages will be completely reconstructed! But grain is growing in the fields where once the German shells exploded. The crucifix at Blairville, used as a guidepost by British and American runners, has become once more the place of prayer. The ration wagons no longer traverse the roads at night, but the mailman brings the news of the world in the morning. Children, happily unconscious of

war's grim meaning, play in the streets. Will these youngsters ever be called to the colors to defend their country? Will the war bugles ever sound for them? "Forbid it, Almighty God!"

The sun sets; the work of the day is over; the families gather for the evening repast in their humble dwellings. Despite the labor of the day, despite the perpetual struggle of hundreds of tomorrows, they are content. They are home once more, and as I see their joy, I am thankful that I was permitted to play a humble part in the great drama which redeemed their

hearts and their shrines from the hellborn domination of William II.

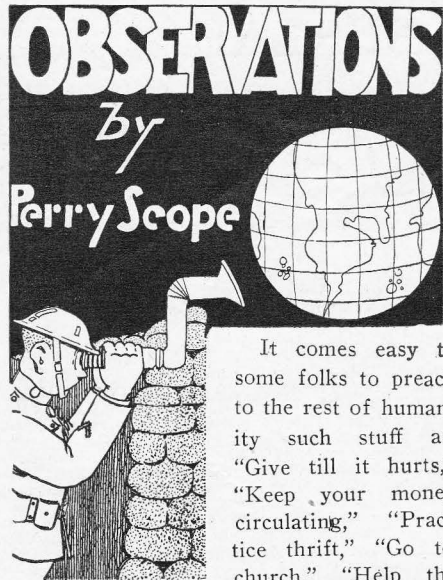
### OLD PALS OF THE ARMY

(Continued from page 14)

take up preachin' and learn every prayer whut is, cause Ah don't never want to be caught so short handed again."

"Well, he must have answered your prayer."

"Yes indeed, he did, and the only prayer Ah don't know now is the Pilgrim's Progress."



It comes easy to some folks to preach to the rest of humanity such stuff as, "Give till it hurts," "Keep your money circulating," "Practice thrift," "Go to church," "Help the starving children of Europe," "Safety first," "Fire prevention week, build bonfires and burn up all rubbish," "Clean up week," "Sanitary week," "Boy Scout week," "Girl Scout week," and a thousand and one other derved months and weeks and days, that are being set aside for making wills and paying your debts etc., etc. Must think we are a lot of fine "Ivory tops," to have to be told by some wisenheimer over the Radio and in all the daily papers when, how and why about every move we make. It's getting so a person doesn't have any more say about themselves and their conduct of life than a pet gold fish, nor half as much privacy. Some day a disgusted populace will rise up and smite these know-it-all reformers on the left hip and we'll all hip-hip in chorus.

A man without a hobby is about as interesting on this old mundane sphere as the kind of garters Napoleon wore. (That is if "Old Nap" wore them.) Peculiar the hobbies followed by different types of men and women. Horses, dogs, cows, sheep, pigs, snakes, wild animals, fish, birds, engines, machines, chemistry, electricity, wireless telephony, etc. etc. There seems to be no end to the hobbies of mankind; you will always find someone who is interested in the most insignificant thing on the face of the earth, yet all do not have hobbies—some take up loafing for a hobby and others are even too lazy to loaf properly. Even the habitual loafer shows more interest in life than some of the silly, brainless, insipid looking creatures that are permitted to roam aimlessly down our city streets and by ways.

Look 'em over the next time you are on the street and count the expressionless faces you see—folks wandering along, just living because they don't know of any way to stop. Take a look at the Flapper with the tweezer plucked hairline eyebrows. See her painted cheeks, scarlet lips, and flour besprinkled nose, watch her toss her empty head to make her bobbed hair

shimmy. See the He vamp at the corner smoking his cigarette, dolled up in all of dear mother's loose change or some poor working girl's salary—watch him look 'em over and hear him hail the hand painted one the "Hello Cutie;" "Me for you." See 'em start off together whispering a lot of darned foolishness to each other, and imagine if you can what the next generation will be like. Flapper defenders notwithstanding.

The idea of trying to tell us that this type will make better mothers than the good old fashioned kind who taught sweet simplicity and genteel modesty to their daughters! But aw, hell, what's the use! Dad's pretty tired but he's mowing the lawn and mother's washing the dishes.

Why didn't someone think of the put and take top for the Red Cross bags we got to carry our junk in (Yes! we got em at Brest as we started home. Mine is a laundry bag; now for dirty collars.) Seems to me that France would not now be so short of silver francs and that old franc ring would not be lying on the wife's pin tray.

Between the railroads and the coal mines and "Big business" and the unions and the government and the "Invisible Government," (which by the way isn't so invisible as it used to be!) and the peace conferences and disarmament squabbles, etc., etc. It was a pretty tame war at that, wasn't it, Old Timer?

Stepping on a soldier's neck is like playing with T. N. T. Something's going to happen sooner or later.

In a recent issue of SERVICE there appeared an article entitled, "The National Poet of Tomb Stone," by Mr. Lyle David. We did not take Mr. David's article seriously at the time, although we recognized the humor of the suggestion that tomb stones be made to tell the truth, and with the added touch of poetic genius. People must be dying right along, for we have been requested to have Mr. David furnish several epitaphs along the suggested lines stated above. Mr. David has kindly complied with the request.

THE SCAVENGER

Lies here an author, told he with zest;  
Cheap, vile, licentious tales so well.  
His insect soul's now with—the blest  
Roasting in hell.

THE VICTOR

Sleeps here a martyr to the creed,  
"By hook or crook get all you can."  
One day he died—a virtuous deed;  
Now the devil's got the little man.

JUSTICE

Here sleeps a killer, killed he his man—  
Knifed him to death.  
Now the law according to the heavenly  
plan—  
Took away his breath.

'O' so cunningly—  
Took away his breath.

BELOVED NAN

Murderer of three unborn children in life,  
This woman—the inscription reads: "Be-  
loved Nan;"  
Died as the highly respected and honored  
wife  
Of a certain rich man.

WIDOW McGEE

Beneath this stone lies WIDOW McGee;  
A sharp tongued, gossiping, female devil.  
Here below the earth the worms agree,  
That she has found her proper level.

All is not gold that glitters; nor are they  
all "Flappers" who flap.

HOW FAST CAN YOU SAY IT?

A tree toad loved a she toad  
That lived up in a tree;  
She was a 3-toed tree toad,  
But a 2-toed toad was he.  
The 2-toed tree toad tried to win  
The she toad's friendly nod;  
For the 2-toed tree toad loved the ground  
That the 3-toed tree toad trod,  
But vainly the 2-toed tree toad tried—  
He couldn't please her whim;  
In her tree toad bower  
With her V-toe power,  
The she toad vetoed him.

—Rubber Ripples.

ALL ABOUT YOUR  
GOVERNMENT  
INSURANCE

(Continued from Page 17)

|                             |                 |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| Required for 1922 dividends |                 |
| (Estimated) .....           | 1,750,000.00    |
| Unassigned funds .....      | 1,689,499.40    |
|                             | \$45,515,362.12 |

Upon the basis of this showing and the recommendation of an eminent consulting actuary, \$1,750,000 has been apportioned for the purpose of paying dividends during the year 1922. The dividend will range from a first year dividend on an Ordinary Life of \$1.53 for each \$1,000, issued at age 20, to \$2.13 as a third year dividend on a 20-year endowment policy issued at age 60.

Attention is directed to the fact that the Government bears the cost of administration and the excess losses due to the extra hazards of the military or naval service. The premium charged is the net rate according to the American Experience Table of Mortality with interest at three and one-half per centum per annum; therefore, a dividend apportionment of \$1,750,000 for the year 1922 is truly remarkable.

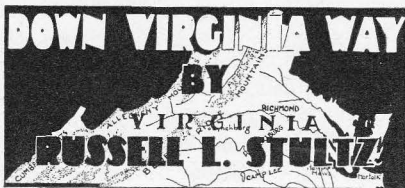


317TH INFANTRY

Claude C. Johnson, formerly of Company A, 317th Infantry, who was living near camp Stewart at the last writing and fishing in Chesapeake Bay reported the capture of a four hundred pound sturgeon recently. He certainly must have the real stuff for bait. He is planning on the trip to Charleston this Fall so bring along a canteen and get a sample.

William Leland Albaugh, formerly Corporal in M. G. Co., 317th Infantry, was married October 11, 1920 to Miss Maud Blair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Blair, of Logan, Ohio. "Lee" is now living at Breckenridge, Texas, Box 1638, where he is a contractor and driller for the Ring Oil Co. of Texas.

O. W. Jeffreys, formerly Corporal in F. Co. 317th Infantry is located in Key-ville, Va., where he is a dealer in leaf tobacco.



Howard E. Sarver, who served in France with the 80th as a member of the Second Battalion, 318th Infantry, is now located at R. F. D. No. 1, Tarentum, Pa., where he is engaged in extra agent work for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Comrade Sarver has been in ill health for many months as a result of physical disability incurred while in the service.

Comrade J. D. Yowell, who served with Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, is living at Peola Mills, Va., and engaged in farming and fruit-growing. Comrade Yowell is organizing a post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at Sperryville, Va., this month.

Herbert F. McCuen, who saw service with the 80th Division in France, writes from New Haven, Conn., requesting the names of those in charge of the Division Reunion to be held at Charleston, West

Va., in September. Mr. McCuen's address is 928 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn., in which city he is a practising attorney.

Howard Watts, formerly a member of Company D, 318th Infantry, is located at Parksley, Va., on the "Eastern Sho'."

Frank Tappan, who served in France with the 80th Division artillery, is now residing at Cape Charles, Va.

Ellis W. ("Sleepy") Leake, who was wounded in action while a member of Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, and who is now domiciled in Harrisonburg, Va., recently joined the ranks of the "double harness" heroes. Congratulations, and tell us how you managed it, "Sleepy."

Through the courtesy of Comrade John R. Crowson, of Justisville, Va., we learn the addresses of three of his buddies of Company H, 318th Infantry. These are: D. S. Coard, of Accomack, Va.; W. F. Payne, of Onancock, Va.; and E. J. Taten, of Chincoteague, Va.; all good "Eastern Sho'" men, and darn proud of their nativity.

While we aren't aware of his monniker, we want to thank our buddy of Company L, 320th Infantry, for his bravery in correcting the French phrases, particularly *finie la guerre* (Got you that time, son!). We always did wonder how the blamed stuff was written, but now that we have seen it in a *la Bordeaux* style, it doesn't sound a bit different. Anyway, we're dead sure "the war is finished," eh? what?

Several score of former members of the 80th, residing in the vicinity of Hampton Roads, are engaged in the work of reconditioning the transport "Leviathan," which arrived at Newport News early in April. Wonder if they'll come across any relics of the old mess line rushes?

Walter A. Flick, formerly a Sergeant, Company E, 318th Infantry, and later commissioned a Lieutenant of Infantry, who is now Director of Athletics and manager of this year's baseball team at Shenandoah Collegiate Institute, Dayton, Va., has developed a bunch of stars who are causing votaries of the horse-hide sphere to "set up and take notice." Manager



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

**O'BRIEN**—Leo, formerly Lieutenant in Co. I, 319th Infantry, died at Warrenton, Virginia, May 8, 1922 from tuberculosis due to gas and exposure while serving in France with the 80th Division. Was buried May 10th, at Warrenton, Virginia.

**AMOIS**—W. A., formerly Corporal Co. F. 317th Infantry, died April 8, 1922. Details not available at this time.

Flick's nine copped a string of eight or nine straight victories from some of the best collegiate and "prep" school teams in Virginia before they finally became weary of so much glory and generously permitted their rivals to carry off the long end of a score.

Old Dominion Post No. 622, Veterans of Foreign Wars, of Petersburg, Va., which includes many 80th Division men among its membership, is preparing to issue a post paper—the first in Virginia, we believe. We know a number of "birds" in Petersburg who'd better get busy and slip two bucks to "SERVICE," "toot sweet," unless they want our Uncle Samuel to "dun" them. They're familiar with their own names, so we aren't going to give them free publicity.

All Blue Ridgers residing or loafing in the Valley of Virginia, who are interested in the formation of a local P. C. of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, are urged to communicate with the writer, at New Market, Va., at once. The Charleston, West Va., Reunion is just around the corner and we want to carry a rip-roarin' delegation out there among the hills in September, just to show the Field Artillery boys that we haven't forgotten how they backed us up in the Argonne four years ago.

The columns of "SERVICE MAGAZINE" several months ago carried a request for information concerning the whereabouts of Robert Francis Browning, former lieutenant, Company G, 318th Infantry, who disappeared from his home at West Hurley, N. Y., on June 13, 1921, leaving a wife and two children. The national service division of the American Legion is now endeavoring to locate the missing officer. He is believed to be suffering mental disability. Lieut. Browning was located for a time in the office of the Veterans' Bureau at New Orleans, holding the position of information clerk, but left January 24th, last, before friends could get in touch with him.

## Morning Report

He is described as 5 feet, 9 inches tall, dark complexion and black hair, with his left arm amputated just above the elbow. Any information will be appreciated by his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Browning, at West Hurley, N. Y.

All Virginia ex-service men who received decorations, citations or other official recognition for bravery or conspicuous service in the World War, and who have not forwarded copies of citations and official letters of recommendation to the Virginia War History Commission, Room 9, State Capitol, Richmond, Va., are urged to do so without delay. The Commission is about to publish the official citation of every Virginian who has furnished the proper credentials. If your name should appear on this Honor Roll, see that it gets there, "toot sweet."

RUSSELL L. STULTZ.

### 318TH INFANTRY, CO. G.

Ex-Corporal Elmer Tamkin of Hq. Co. is employed in Washington, D. C. Home address, Detrick, Va.

Curtis Williams, Hq. Co. is employed by the Western Union Telegraph Co., in the Chamber of Commerce Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Harry Cullers, of Co. L is back on the farm near Detrick, Va.

Roy Ritenour, Co. A, 318th Inf., is unmarried as yet. He is willing to say yes but she always says no it would seem. He is living with his mother near Dilbeck, Va.

Where and how is Captain Raymond and Major Sweeney?

The writer would like to see something on this page about the following G Co. men: M. J. Lone, Percy Louery, Marion Hogge, H. W. Harrison, W. B. Lawson, E. D. Bull and George Butler. Get busy and give an account of yourself to "SERVICE" for "Morning Report." Your old comrades are still interested in hearing from you.

What has become of Sgt. Hurd and Frank Wilcox?

Frank C. McKenny says he is not going to raise his boys to be soldiers.

Wonder if J. L. McDaniel is still punching the clock.

S. M. Clanton what is your address? Want to stop and take dinner with you.

Wonder if Clem is still selling his Richmond-Times Dispatch at Nantillois, yet?

We are glad to hear that Ex-Sgt. Chas. McInturff has gone into the chicken business back on his farm near Edith, Va.

The Petersburg boys say they are homesick because old Camp Lee has been taken away from them.

J-r's hear from more of the boys through "Morning Report" and don't forget to

make yourselves known at Charleston this fall.

Former Lieutenant Colonel George D. Freeman, Jr., of Hq. Staff 318th Infantry, is now located at the University of Kentucky, College of Arts and Sciences, Department of Military Science, Lexington, Kentucky.

Can any one furnish "SERVICE" with the address of Charles L. Bullion, Company F, 318th Infantry?

Lieutenant Clarence A. Phillips, formerly of the M. G. Co., 319th Infantry, was married April 30, 1922, to Miss Helene Valerie Fonteille, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emile Fonteille, at the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires in San Francisco, Cal.

The officers of the 319th Infantry will hold a reunion in Washington, D. C., at the Racquet Club, 1115 16th St., N. W., June 9, 10, and 11th. Ralph J. Cogswell, at 1005 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., is the secretary looking after the arrangements. Very elaborate plans have been made for a series of special entertainments and amusements during the three days and all former officers of the 319th are urged to get in touch with the secretary at once for further details and to secure reservations.

V. D. Clark, formerly 1st Lt., Co. F, 319th Infantry, is now secretary and treasurer of the Coal Operators Sales Company, in the Cammack-Watts Bldg., Huntington, W. Va.

Frank N. Youngman, ex-1st Lieutenant of Co. A, 319th Infantry, is with the Consolidated Water Power and Paper Co., at Stevens Point, Wis.

Hugh Obeare, Erskine Gordon, Teddy Cogswell, Clyde Cruit, and Ralph Cogswell are the 319th officers listed as "Town Majors" for the 319th officers' reunion in Washington, June 9, 10 and 11. They expect to have quite a demand for accommodations in nice quiet, cool, damp cellars.

Lt. Henri Peghaire, formerly Liaison Officer, 319th Infantry, now residing at 10 Rue Pasteur, Asnieres, (Seine) France, advises that he will be mighty glad to give assistance to any member of the regiment or division who visits France. He would like to hear from Col. Love and Lt. Col. Gorgon R. Catts, who might not have received his last Christmas letters which he sent.

Several "319" men are patients at St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., and re-

port that they are lonesome for visits from their old comrades.

Sgt. Helge G. Florin, who practices law in Pittsburgh, Pa., since leaving the service, suffered a painful attack of stomach trouble and joined the patients at the West Penn Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa. Last reports state that Comrade Florin is on the road to recovery. Col. Cocheu, who was in town, expressed his regrets at not being able to pay him a visit but sent his best wishes.

### 320TH INFANTRY

The Veterans' Association of E Company, 320th Infantry (organized in March, 1919, at St. Gervais-en-Belin, France), held its third annual banquet and reunion in the Dutch Room of the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, May 6, 1922. The reunion was highly successful, and many stray buddies, who had not attended any of the previous gatherings, were among those present. The "out-of-town" members were well represented. Unfortunately, none of the company's former officers were able to attend the reunion. Letters and telegrams were received and read from Lieut. W. W. Martin, of Richmond, Va.; Captain Anson T. McCook, of Hartford, Conn.; Lieut.-Col. Ashby Williams, of Washington, D. C., and 1st Sgt. Charles L. Jones, of Cleveland, Ohio.

First Sgt. William Maisch gave the invocation, and Jerome M. O'Connor was toastmaster. The speakers on the program were James G. Haughey, of McKeesport, candidate for Congress in the 33rd District; Frank L. McAtamney, John B. Milten, of Scottdale, and in fact every member of the company honored the organization with a few remarks.

Eddie's male quartette furnished the entertainment, which comprises two members of E Company. The quartette consists of Robert D. Lord, tenor; John B. Maisch, tenor; Dan J. Fackiner, baritone, and William Maisch, bass; Norman Wilson, accompanist. This quartette also sings at the Luther Memorial Church, East End, and is open for outside engagements.

The favors for the supper were designed and executed by Homer W. Ludwig, the artist of the company, and could not have been more appropriate, and there were no two alike. Noisemakers, balloons, etc., were furnished by the company.

The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: William Maisch, President, succeeding Jerome M. O'Connor; Dan J. Fackiner, Secretary-Treasurer, succeeding himself.

The next reunion and banquet will be held in the Spring of 1923, and a much larger delegation is expected, since every man has promised to act as an advance

# Morning Report

agent. During the banquet and reunion of 1920, I Company, 320th Infantry, were directly across the hall from E Company, on the same evening, and E Company is hoping that this may happen again at some future time.

## JUST A GENTLE REMINDER

ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS,  
May 7, 1921.  
215 N-A Street.

To "Morning Report."

Up to the present time it has been my policy to "Watch and Wait" for news of those with whom I was once associated and have never forgotten; it being my contention that this would, and should be done by those who are prepared to give this news to us in a more interesting way than I can. However, I have decided that everyone else is as lazy as I am (or have been) and as I have come to the point where I must have news; even if I have to insult some one to get it, those of you who happen to see this and feel that you have been insulted are entitled to all the revenge that may be had from a distance of a thousand miles more or less. Meaning hit back in this column if you must.

Now to start:

What's the matter with all of you "G" 320 men, I never knew you to be backward when League blew "Chow Call." Nor do I ever remember any of the Irish Brigade being late for a fight. And, by the way, this Irish Brigade wasn't composed entirely of Irishmen either.

Now here is the place to show some of the spirit that you had when "G" Co. was meeting all comers, be it work or play, fight or foot race. Sure I know the war is over and that Ewart, Klier and many others are so busy loving their wives that they haven't time to think of old times. But say, when you get your SERVICE what is the first column you look at? Morning Report of course. Now some of you that really can write; come on give us some news. Since I am so far away from the haunts of "The Blue-Ridgers" I will have to confine my remarks to happenings of the past. If they sting, remember your conscience is your only guide.

Where is "Joe" Cannon? Probably explaining to friend wife how come he lost that pork-chop money backing old man Ace in the hole.

And "Kid" Walklet, guess maybe the Mrs. got hold of one of those "London Letters." Finish Runt.

Then there was Sgt. Barry—you don't suppose he still wanders around cook-shacks in his sleep and if he does do you suppose he ever meets Mullin there?

Also "Stub" McGraw and "Mrs. Tuggle." Wonder why they called them the

"Vin-Blanc Twins?"

I wonder if Sorce is still collecting empty (?) beer bottles and if Broderick and Lehner are still partners in crime.

I could wonder like this for a long time yet but I have only one more question to ask, how many of you would like to be back in old Channay for a day, a week or a month and if we were all back there do you think we could keep "Pop" Howell from having "H" Company's claims fastened on to "G" Co? I don't. It is response that I am after.—A. N. GORKER.

## 320TH INFANTRY

Anyone knowing the address of Frank Masterberbts, formerly of Company A, 320th Infantry, will confer a favor by sending it to SERVICE.

E. B. Greuel, former 1st Sergeant of Company L, 320th Infantry, is connected with the Harbison-Walker Refractories Co., in the Marine Trust Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Walter L. Turner, Jr., formerly Second Lieutenant of E Company, 320th Infantry, is now residing at Chula, Virginia, having moved there from Columbus, Ohio.

## RAMBLINGS FROM OUT SOHO WAY (From hence hailed the famous Mulligan Guards)

Abe Zeedman, the originator of "Up, up my squad," is now selling Havana Cigars for the United States Cigar Store at the corner of Market and Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Geo. Wright, the boy of many long and famous letters is now selling Stocks and Bonds.

The Famous Jitney Park whereon the Honor Roll is inscribed the names of the Heroic Mulligan Guards, has gone through a hard winter and is now being put in shape to again command the respect of Soho citizens.

We had in our midst for a few days, Wm. Riese, formerly of L Company, 320th who was transferred to Camp Green, 30th Infantry. He is still the same old Riese. His present address is: General Delivery, Main P. O., Grand Rapids, Mich., or 1109 McReynolds Ave., N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Wild Bill Hillenbrecht of L Company, 320th, is now taking Acetyline Welding at the Government Vocational Training School. I wonder if Bill will learn to weld tin cans on stray dogs' tails?

Mike Currens, "De boy" who lost "me

broosh" in the recreation room is now Special Policeman at Serpent Curve, Hiland Park.

Our own Tom Galvin we are pleased to announce has been married for the past year. Mr. Galvin is now inspector of the Pittsburgh Railways conductors, his title being No. 2042 Conductor Pittsburgh Railways Company.

On meeting Tom Galvin I am pleased to announce the marriage of Dick Rodgers I understand Dick's house has burned down and he consequently lost everything; our deepest sympathy goes out to Dick.

## 313 M. G. BN.

Clifford A. Furness, ex-Private of Co. A, 313th M. G. Bn., just recently discovered there was a Vets. Association. He evidently moved shortly after coming back from France and as Hq. was not notified his mail failed to reach him. He is now located at 3313 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., and says he intends to keep step with the activities of the Association from now on.

Charles H. Younkin, formerly of Co. C, 313th M. G. Bn., member of the firm of Baldwin and Younkin, who conduct "The Toggery Shop" of Meyersdale, Pa., advises that business is fine in his locality and we are inclined to believe him—he sent in a check.

## 314TH M. G. BN.

J. R. Neal, ex-Sergeant of Co. A, 314th M. G. Bn., who is Secretary and Treasurer of the Virginia Atwood Orchard Co., at Stuart, Virginia, on April 12th became the father of J. R. Neal, Jr., an 11-pound boy. From last accounts he was doing fine. Congratulations. We believe the ex-Sgt. will be on detail for a while now.

## 314TH F. A.

The 314th F. A. Vets. Assn., composed of former Wheeling members of that regiment have temporarily disbanded owing to the failure of efforts to locate suitable quarters.

Former Wagoner Adolph H. Grewe, of the Supply Co., is back at his former occupation of stogie-roller at M. Marsh and Sons, Wheeling. Wonder who is courting the widow at Chateau du Loir now?

Private George E. Beans, of A Battery, later of 305th Ammunition Train, resides at Elm Grove, a suburb of Wheeling, where he is in the employ of his father who is a general contractor.

A recent letter received from Lawrence A. Fitzpatrick of A Battery, states that

# Morning Report

he is getting along very nicely. He would like to hear from all of his former comrades. His address is Whipple Barracks, Prescott, Arizona.

George D. Burley, former Sergeant, Ordnance Detachment, resides in Wheeling, where he is employed by the Capitol Car Co., as a salesman for the Chalmers and Maxwell cars.

Former Private Dennis E. O'Leary of C Battery, is in the employ of the P. R. R. as a brakeman. He still remembers the mess line at Mucon, no doubt.

Ex-Sergeant Sol Burka, of B Battery, was a recent visitor in Wheeling on his way back from Akron to Terra Alta. He is chauffeuring for our A. E. F. heavy-weight Champ., Bob Martin. Still the same old goodnatured Sol.

Former Cook, John E. Pultz, of E Battery is married and now has a son. He resides in Bridgeport. He will no doubt be remembered as disobeying orders to prepare for evacuation to the hospital, in order to accompany his battery in the Meuse-Argonne. No complaint could be made about the faithfulness of our cooks.

John W. Mingler, another old timer of E Battery, is married and when last heard from was located in Baltimore, Md.

Bill McFarland, formerly Sergeant of C Battery, is married and has one son. He is employed by the Augustus Pollock Stogie Co., in Wheeling. Remember the time he and "Patcheye" tried to rescue the "Frog's" lumber at Argentenay? Same old Bill.

The contributor of the above items would like to see some of the buddies in other localities send SERVICE news of what the members of the old regiment are doing. How about helping out in this barrage?

315TH F. A.

William H. Cole, former Corporal of Battery C, ventured into business the other day, so 'tis said. A former Sergeant of his battery coerced him into moving his stock up on Wheeling Hill. After an afternoon's sojourn they were seen helping each other down the steep hillside—business feenish! How are you now, "Mack?"

Ex-Corporal Thomas A. Kileen of C Battery is located in Wheeling where he is employed by the C. A. House Music Store.

Former Battery E Clerk, John G. Stromp resides in Wheeling and is employed by the Moss Iron Works on the office force.

He shows no ill effects from being gassed.

Tom C. Cottle, ex-Machine Gun Corporal of E. Battery is in the Taxi business in Wheeling. Wonder why he was artistically inclined with the handle-bars on the deck of the transport "Zeppelin?"

Latest reports from Clarksburg, W. Va., have it that former Mess Sergeant Charles E. Franckle is numbered among the married enlistments. He has the very best wishes of members of E Battery. He was one of the few "Messers" who was not threatened with death or worse when we would be mustered out.

A frequent visitor in Wheeling both on business and pleasure is former 1st Lieutenant Murray Rushmore of D Battery, a very popular officer of the regiment.

## WHIZ-BANGS AND WHIZZERS

35th Sanitary Train

By FAX A. DAVIS

The last time I met Meyer Slupowsky, he was madly in love with a jane from Petersburg. The girl's father runs the little candy store just around the corner from the street car depot in Petersburg.

Who remembers Pvt. Sonnenberg's reply to Major Glace in the woods near La Claon?

Straw hat manufacturers say well-dressed men will wear three straw hats this year—one for business, another for sports, and a third for evening dress. Looks bad for us "run-of-the-mine" folks, don't it? Might have to fall back on the old helmet yet, if they don't hurry along that bonus.

Bert C. Weakley, Comanche, Okla., in the April 15th issue of the *Stars & Stripes*, wants to hear from some of the "Black Gang" on the U. S. S. Mercury between August 1917, and January, 1919. Somebody write that gink toute-de-suite, and tell him who adorned that barge in May, 1918.

Pat Kane is still diggin' coal at Portage, Pa., (that was before the coal strike) according to Slupowsky, who ran across him there not long ago.

When we get that centipede, Bergdoll, in the jug again, let the Government pay him one (1c) a day for his labor, until he has earned enough to erect a monument to the real American boy, who filled the place in the ranks he refused to fill, and gave up his life in Flanders Field.

I wonder if McGready will ever forget

that night at Tronville, when the hard-boiled Colonel spied a candle burning in his pup-tent, and Mac pretended to be asleep.

Ask Weiser, Harmer, or Nagal what they think of Major Potts' chances of being ordained as a Rabbi.

Fancy the optimism of the fashionable Parisienne in the Rue Bois du Boulogne, when the American reformers blow into Paris with their little song and dance on "goloshes" and "flappers" and "prohibition."

A telephone book recently discarded in Gay Paree was issued seven years ago. The "frogs" like it so well there, they never move; all of which makes the publishing of a new book very unnecessary.

The question of the hour is, what did Schoenly do with all the mail we gave him?

I read in the paper the other day, that it requires the services of 50 painters working three months, to give the Eiffel Tower a coat of paint. Can it be possible that the old tower was snubbed, when all them doughboys painted the town red.

Has any one seen that sword they gave Wisler when he was discharged from the hospital?

The chief battle slogans of the American army in the World War were—"Let's go," "When do we eat," and "Where do we go from here." There were other popular and effective phrases used by the troops, but these three stand out as typically American, in the opinion of Col. Edward L. Munson.

Why is it, that every time some yeggman or thug or stickup man pulls off a job, they say, "It must be some of our soldier-boys who are out of work." Ingratitude has always been a soldier's pay.

Sam Wilkes, Jr., from Port Vue, Pa., has recently had the great misfortune of losing his best friend—his mother. We have lost a faithful comrade from our ranks; for it was his mother, and not Sam, who was the real soldier after all.

Great men are always modest. Few among the throng that gathered at the pier to bid "bon voyage" to Marshall Joffre, knew the grand old man could speak a little English. He said he knew a little English but never let it be known, until he waxed enthusiastic in one of



# Morning Report

his speeches and, said in good English, "I thank you all."

George Siegel has taken over his father's seed store in Erie. He is happily married, and his wife keeps the books for him. If George is as good a business man as he was a cook, his competitors will have to step some to keep pace with him.

"Baldy" Delp dropped into town last week, and called around to see me. He looks as fine as a fiddle. As the District Attorney of Crawford County, he was here representing that commonwealth on a murder trial which was called as a test case in the Allegheny County Court. While here, he made the acquaintance of George Alter, Chris Dimling, Patty Murphy, and the cough-drop man on Diamond Street. The city life was quite a revelation to him after being out in the country so long. We went down to Dimling's, my brother, Delp, and I, and fought the war all over again.

The last time I met Emery E. Thompson, the dapper little soldier from Elizabeth, Pa., was during the 80th Division Reunion in Pittsburgh. Emery was the kind of a soldier one likes to read about. He passed up several opportunities for advancement, because the little fellow was too big to sacrifice his principle. He played the game clean.

While in New York City a year ago last January, Delp looked up Bill White and Harry Schwarzkopf. Augie decided New York was some pumpkins, after Bill and Harry took him around to see Hell's Kitchen, the Flat-iron Bldg., the Hudson Tubes, Chinatown, the Woolworth Bldg., and Steve Brodie's old cafe. By the time they got down to the Aquarium at the Battery, Delp was seein' "bobbed-haired fishes" with califlower ears and horn-rimmed glasses; so they decided it was time to go home. Bill put Augie on a car with instructions to get off at the next square and take another car. An hour later, he woke up, and the conductor put him off down in the Ghetto somewhere. After standing on a corner there for another hour, Augie palmed a 5-spot, and gliding gently up to the policeman who had been keeping an eye on him, implored the officer to put him on the right car. And would you believe it! The officer was gruff but honest; for he put Augie on a car for Brooklyn and flatly refused the 5-spot. 'Sa fact.

Major Baltz was a prince of a fellow—always a soldier's best friend at heart. There were times during that night-mare, when the "goin' got rough," that his outward appearance was gruff and surly; but

the military veneer was only surface deep. And when an issue hampered a soldier's welfare—he was kind to a fault.

Let's hear from the boys of the 305 San. Tr. who are going to the "Big Show" at Charleston, W. Va.

Sergeant J. Curtis Bagg, Capt. Negus' right-hand man in the supply and manufacturing stationery business for himself at New Bern, N. C. Sergeant Bagg married shortly after his return from France but he has never advised whether a John, Jr., has arrived or not. Here's luck to him anyway.

## 305TH M. S. T.

Howard Schusler of E Company is doing a big business this spring at the H. H. Schusler Motor Car Co. on Baum Boulevard, Pittsburgh. He claims that it is much less difficult to sell automobiles than it used to be to locate mess-kits.

"Irish" McKelvey of E Company is driving a large Packard Truck for the National Tube Works at McKeesport, Pa.

Roy Sensenich reports that he is married and has a four month's old baby-boy. Congratulations Roy. Bet the youngster is almost as big as his dad already.

## 305TH AMMUNITION TRAIN F COMPANY

Oscar M. Allen, Regimental Pill Squad and of Train football fame at Camp Lee and later Sergeant in F Company has acquired a wife, also a steady boarder, sex unknown, since he put the O. D.'s in moth balls.

"All right Sojers, line up for your umbrellas. Supply Sgt. John Gustafson, Jr., will issue 'em." Where is John? Who knows?

Robert McBurney is living around Sharpsville, Pa. Also is married and has a family.

Joseph Allen, the little fellow who could always be found around the stables has now given up horses and is taking an interest in flivvers in Sharon, Pa.

Ex-Corporal George Lewis has finished a hitch with the Pennsylvania State Police.

Robert McIntosh, former stable sergeant at Camp Lee and later sent to Officers' Training School, is with the State Game

Commission Headquarters in Meadville, Pa.

Jim Hannahan, ex-stable sergeant is married and living in Sharon.

Earl Montgomery is living in Sharpsville, Pa.—a little town but "Mont" is a little fellow.

Ran into a fellow on the street car, going into Youngstown, Ohio., got "Chewing the fat" and he introduced himself by showing his 80th Division Vets. Association card. I was glad I had one also. We're not ashamed of our old combat division, are we? His name was Blatt of the 305th Engineers. He's looking good but still has his cane.

Remember "Ford?" He is as big as ever and working for the Union R. R. near Pittsburgh. He managed a baseball team last year we understand.

Room 503, First Nat'l. Bank Bldg.,  
Connellsville, Pa., April 20th.

"SERVICE MAGAZINE:"

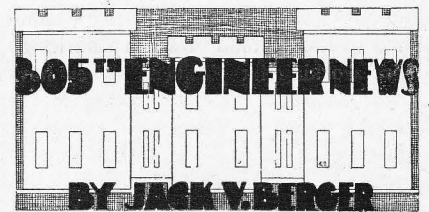
Would be glad to have information as to the whereabouts of Private Geo. Outland of the 305th Ammunition Train. One of his buddies here, a young man by the name of Patterson, is disabled and needs some information from Private Outland in order to aid him in securing compensation. Any information you may be able to give me will be greatly appreciated.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH D. HOOD.

(Formerly Pvt. Co. F, 320 Inf.)

Can any member of the Ammunition train supply the information desired by Comrade Hood?



Arthur Yost—the old Personnel Sergeant sends in the following:

Harry Alexander, Ex-Top Sergeant, is traveling out of Seaford, Del., for the Eastern Shore Claim Adjustment Co., and frequently pays a flying visit to Pittsburgh.

How come, Alec? Why don't you look us up?

Mr. and Mrs. Signor H. Dellinger of 28 DuPont Place, Johnstown, Pa., announce the birth of a son at the Memorial hospital. Congratulations from the gang

# Morning Report

Mrs. Elizabeth Maley Quinn, died April 10, 1822, in Johnstown, Pa. Mrs. Quinn was the mother of "Dan" Quinn, formerly of D Company, who died of wounds received in action in France, Dec. 12, 1918.

Yost always kicks in with a few bits of gossip. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Dress up that line!

C. A. Bearer, the old Company Clerk from Headquarters, is with the Cambria and Indiana R. R., in the office of H. H. Hooper, Purchasing Agent, Colon, Pa. He says that Sharp Rice of C Co. is in the same town and doing fine.

## 305TH ENGINEERS

Master Engineer Kline is up there also, "master-engineering" all around a farm.

Gilbert Luther of C Co. is married and has a farm about five miles out of Colver.

Recently we shot a little "quip" in this column regarding Lt. Doepel our Veterinarian. Received a letter from him the other day and he is practicing up in Mt. Vernon, N. Y.,—115 First Avenue and hopes to attend the reunion at Charleston in September. Dr. Doepel attends all of the meetings of the Commissioned Officers of the 77th Division, Organized Reserves, at the Academy of Medicine, 43rd St., New York. He is commanding officer of the 302nd Veterinary Co. of the 302nd Medical Regiment, 77th Division.

Notice: The following men are A. W. O. L., and will be charged with desertion if not heard from immediately: Winter, Mulhollen, Kenney, Parrish, Thompkins, Bender, Wilson, McKee, Shurig, Morrison, and Spalding.

Capt. Morgan, Lt. Chesley and Master Engineer Schaeffer are handling the financial end of the reunion down in Charleston and are working like beavers. They have a tough job ahead of them owing to the coal strike which is hitting W. Va. right, but they are Engineers—(Hold her Newt!)

Oscar Crome, formerly Wagoner of 305th Engineer Train is now living at R. D. No. 6, Corry, Pa., and advises that he gets a lot of enjoyment out of "SERVICE" as does a buddy who reads it also.

## HEADQUARTERS

Edward L. Huemme, formerly Sergeant, Headquarters Detachment, 80th Division, is connected with the City Bank of McKeesport, Pa.

Earl D. Church, former Lt. Colonel and Division Ordnance Officer is with the

Travelers' Insurance Co., of Hartford, Connecticut.

One of our buddies, Rollin Abbott of 643 Union St., Hartford, Wis., who is located in a section of the country where Blue-Ridgers are not met with every day, writes as follows:

"Would like to know if the 80th Vets. still remember the 14th Training Area with Division Hq. at Aigny-le-Duc and the railroad at Recey-sur-Ource; also the Sales Commissary Unit No. 11 at Aigny-le-Duc under Lt. Powell, Pvt. McConahay, Pvt. Stillman, Pvt. Cy Schaefer of Bronx, N. Y., Pvt. Armstrong, Cpl. W. South and Sgt. Reagen of Texas. Unit No. 11 Sales Commissary was replaced by Sales Commissary No. 41, which was made up of Pvts. John Gass, Thomas Gillis of Boston, Mass., K. W. McConahay of Van Wert, Ohio, Rollin Abbott, Hartford, Wis., later transferred to 80th Division Hq., Lee P. Schau of Kalamazoo, Rebble Holder of McMinnville, Tenn., Leslie B. Shelton of Phelps, Mo., Buck Weaver of Miss., S. Keel of Elks, S. C., Bud Fitzgibbons of Chicago and Sidney Wheatley of Miami, Florida. Unit 41 was formerly the 328th Supply from Camp Jos. E. Johnston, Fla. The unit was discharged in Camp Lee, Va., in June, 1919.

The 14th Training Area was also occupied by the 90th Division and the 6th Division. The Commissary was located in an old French house beside the creek and served out many smokes and sweets to the boys of the 80th.

The following is a clipping from the "Pittsburgh Gazette Times" of May 1st, giving an account of a tragedy which occurred on the South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday, April 30th, while a military funeral was being held for one of our 80th Division buddies:

"The plunging horses of an artillery caisson at a military funeral, startled by a baseball thrown by a boy, yesterday knocked down and killed a guardsman who tried to stop their mad dash into a crowd of more than 50 children playing at South Twelfth and Sarah streets, South Side.

A bystander prevented a greater tragedy by grasping the bridle of one of the leaders and guiding the caisson into a telephone pole.

The dead man was William Herrington, aged 24, of 3425 Bismark street, a member of Battery B, the One-Hundred and Seventh Field Artillery, 28th (Pennsylvania National Guard) Division and a veteran of the World War. The funeral was being held for Zigmunt Wojceski, aged 35, of 108 South Eleventh street, a member of the Eightieth Division, who died April 24

at St. Margaret's Hospital.

The funeral caisson, in charge of Herrington and W. B. Ross, of 7323 Susquehanna street, also a member of the One Hundred and Seventh Field Artillery, was waiting at the corner of South Eleventh and Sarah streets for the body of Wojceski.

When one of the horses was struck by the baseball, the horses bolted up Sarah street toward South Twelfth street where more than 50 children were playing in the street. Herrington, standing by the wheelers, reached for the bridle of the horse nearest him, tripped, and fell under the wheels of the caisson which passed over his head. He was dead when bystanders reached him.

Peter Schnepf, an iceman, of 1114 Sarah street, dashed across the street, seized the bridle of the leading pair of horses and guided the runaway into a pole, a few feet from where the crowd of children were at play.

Ross was standing in front of the horses when the runaway started, police say, and jumped out of the path of the runaway.

Wojceski was buried in St. Albert's Cemetery with military honors by the A. C. Woestehoff Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. He is thought to have died as a result of injuries received while serving in action with the Eightieth Division in France.

Herrington was born in Lawrenceville. Three brothers who survive him, Joseph, Michael and Albert Herrington, are also members of Battery B, which is commanded by Capt. Claude J. Burrage. Herrington also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Edward Wigman of Lawrenceville and Mrs. Agnes Kelly of Verona. He served in Camp Lee for several months during the war, but because of a defective eye, which was partly blinded by smallpox when he was a baby, he was unfit for overseas duty. He joined the One Hundred and Seventh Artillery six months ago.

Herrington with two of his brothers started with his battery for a week-end camp Saturday afternoon. One was taken sick on the road and Herrington and his other brother returned with him Saturday night. When Herrington learned of the military funeral to be conducted Sunday he asked to be detailed to the services.

Readers of SERVICE who admired the poem "Requiem," by Willis Vernon Cole, C. S., in our May, 1921, issue, will be interested to learn that it has found quite a great deal of favor in France, and that the author used it in his address at the Statue of Joan of Arc on Riverside Drive, New York, last New Orleans day.

## “Springtime in the Le Mans Area”

(Continued from page 8)

aped, he was known to be ridiculously weak with the stick. But, wait! miracles had been known to happen—we would die hard, at any rate. “Oh, buddy! Go hug the skipper! Did you see it? A clean two-bagger, and by him!” The sphere found its resting place in a placid brook which, in local annals, had acquired the cognomen of a river, “Blessed brooklet! Business is looking up, thank you!”

The tide had indeed turned, and in our direction, for the sodden ball, returned to infield, slipped through the anxious clutch of a too-confident short, rolled through and beyond with a reckless disregard that bred both dismay and hope. Like a dash of shrapnel, our erstwhile “weakling” tore home, to eventually demand rescue from the attentions of too-ardent admirers.

At last, a run and the score “2-1.” With one man out and a lone tally to bolster up our fortunes, the outlook was far from hopeless. The third man up—hold your breath!—repeated, honest he did. That brook was literally proving a “watery grave.” As the little pellet splashed into its shallow depths, a “cussing” outfielder recklessly jumped to retrieve it. Too late, however, to prevent the flying Nemesis from scoring with the tying run. As the hero was caught in waiting arms, an excited Frenchman forgot his ignorance of the game and yelled: “Vive l’Amerique! vive l’Amerique!” unintentionally betraying rare diplomacy by impartially bestowing praise.

### A CERTAIN LITTLE DETAIL.

Destiny certainly maneuvered that ball game to a finish—it was ended, save for a certain little detail. All that had gone before was soon to prove disgustingly tame. You who missed the finale imagine the setting: a bit of America transplanted to an Old World atmosphere.

As the next man stepped to the plate, he reached for the first ball and smote it one mighty biff. Few scarcely knew what transpired after that. The frazzled pellet soared and sped onward, while something like two thousand healthy hearts, including

those of our French spectators, skipped as many beats, for at the moment they were far from normal position, choking, parched and speechless throats. The guys who won their D. S. C’s. by kidnapping entire machine-gun squads had nothing on those of us who tensely awaited the course, that gravity, oft fickle, might choose to pursue. Our last centime, next month’s pay—even a promised week-end in Tours, hung in the balance. The suspense was intolerable, but it did not endure for long. Who knows? perhaps it was ordained that the ball should pass over a gaping outfield, cross that absurd, but now adored, little stream and finally, unerringly shatter an obstructing window and find repose in the comomdious lap of a dozing, scandalized madame! The climax dawned later, when we stemmed the little old lady’s indignant tirade by the payment of beaucoup francs for that eccentric slant of fate.

What hapened next? Oh, nothing in particular, for it seemed to us that about all that could transpire in one afternoon had already been staged—all save the wild tumult of joy. Just then, it didn’t mater much, but it was inevitable. At first, like the low roll of an opening barrage, to swell and grow in volume as realization stirred wordless tongues and weary lungs to obey impulse’s bidding, the thunderous chorus arose and brought startled natives racing from their houses, throbbed and leaped until the sound had reached its zenith, to finally die from sheer exhaustion. As for ourself, we merely stood—and shivered!

Through the roaring mob a wheelbarrow, proudly bearing our own protesting, squirming “Heavy,” insistently demanded a gangway as the pair of Second Battalion admirers trundled it to home plate. Could it be? “Well, I’ll be damned!” an incredulous voice exploded, “Here comes the cap and his own little striker!”

The supreme reward was still a dark secret—it revealed itself in the form of a puffing, important Mess Sergeant:

“Ham and eggs for supper, boys; major’s orders!”

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- 1—Red Cross Nurses, City Point, Va.
- 2—On the James.
- 3—On Board the “Huron.”
- 4—Our Convoy.
- 5—Mess at Pontanazen.
- 6—On Our Way to Calais.
- 7—Rest Camp, Calais.
- 8—Forty Hommes—Samer.
- 9—Passed by the Censor.
- 10—Beauval.
- 11—Camp near Albert.
- 12—Barber in the Front Lines.
- 13—Ruins at Henencourt.
- 14—Damaged by Shell Fire, near Warloy.
- 15—Ruins, Senlis.
- 16—Dugouts, Senlis.
- 17—Bure-Les-Templiers.
- 18—Camouflaged in Woods near Ippicourt.
- 19—Ruins, Verdun.
- 20—Filling Watercart at Germanville.
- 21—Waiting for Material—Co. “B” Bridge, Bethencourt, (Under Shell Fire).
- 22—Co. “B” Bridge Finished 1 hour and 35 minutes later.
- 23—Ruins at Bethencourt.
- 24—Transport Jam, Bethencourt.
- 25—Hill “304” near Bethencourt.
- 26—Captured Jerry Guns & Hindenburg Line.
- 27—First American Plane Downed at Bethencourt.
- 28—Jerry Concrete Dugout, Cusy.
- 29—Dead “Hun.”
- 30—French Tank Going Into Action, Montfaucon.
- 31—Jerry O. P. at Montfaucon.
- 32—Church, Montfaucon, from which the Crown Prince viewed the opening of the offensive on Verdun.
- 33—Fourteen Horses Killed by One Shell.
- 34—Camouflaged Road in the Argonne.
- 35—Camp Monhovan.
- 36—Fleville.
- 37—Constructing Bridge Under Shell Fire at St. Georges.
- 38—First Transport to Cross Bridge at St. Georges.
- 39—American Tank in Tank Trap, near St. Georges.
- 40—Making an Advance, Over the Top, near Sommerance.
- 41—Battleground, Immicourt.
- 42—Jerry Prisoners at St. Georges.
- 43—Jerry Cannon Captured in a. m. of Nov. 1 and used on the Boche in afternoon.
- 44—Soldiers Home, Buzancy.
- 45—Going to the Front.
- 46—O. V. Balloon Being Moved Up.
- 47—Railroad and Bridge Destroyed by Retreating Germans.
- 48—Railroad Cars Blown Up by Retreating Germans.
- 49—Jerry Ammunition Truck.
- 50—9-2 Jerry “Dud” at Beaumont.
- 51—American Anti-Air Guns in Shell Hole near the Muese River.
- 52—Cannon that is claimed to have Fired the Last Shot.
- 53—Ruins at Grampre.
- 54—Tree Cut Down by Shell Fire, Grampre.
- 55—Ruined Church, Grampre.
- 56—Woods near Grampre, showing effects of Barrage.
- 57—Cemetery, American and French Graves, Chatel Chehery.
- 58—Dugout, Camp Monhovan, Argonne Forest.
- 59—Ruins, Sommelle.
- 60—Sermaize-Les-Bains.

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**CARRYING ON IN EGYPT**

(Continued from page 10)

along the river, many of which have congregations of several hundred persons—and many of which have not. These villages—generally collections of one and two-story houses built of brick, some of which is merely sun-dried—are the homes of most of Egypt's 14,000,000 people.

The missionaries may be assigned to the mission's private railroad car to visit other villages. The doctor will go to one of the two hospitals which provide 60,000 treatments annually. These Americans, ordinarily, wear the same kind of clothing they wore in America. In almost every station there is electric light, and a water system, although there are cities of 40,000 population which have neither. In Cairo or Alexandria there may even be an elevator in an apartment house.

The missionary in Egypt occupies an honored position as a member of an honored organization. He is welcome in homes of every class of Egyptians. He works among a people, who, individually, are as polite and hospitable as any that ever lived.

The cup of cinnamon tea, with nuts floating on the surface, is forth-coming no more quickly in the palace of the wealthy than is the tiny cup of Turkish coffee in the mud-brick house of the village farmer—Moslem or Christian—when the missionary calls.

Sixty years' work has produced an Egyptian Evangelical Church with 15,000 adult members, and many more adherents, besides causing spiritual awakening elsewhere. Twenty-five new stations must be opened. They await only the personnel.

Four years ago the Americans in Egypt read with pride that their little church of 160,000 adherents had sent 16,000 sons into the American Army and Navy. Now, they ask, will it fail to send a hundredth of that number to Egypt.

**"DEBTS"**

(Continued from page 9)

if I do pay it he will blow it all in." I would certainly be the blue eyed boy when it came to getting any credit around that town.

At the date of writing this—mid April—the House has coyly passed the buck to the Senate and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they pass it on to Editor Harding, that good natured looking gentleman from Marion, Ohio. This morning's paper contains an attempt to line up the farmer element against Compensation of any kind by the fallacious assumption that over half the burden would fall on the farmer, alone. Some of these so-called politicians are riding herd on the strangest bunch of arguments one can imagine. Where do they dig 'em up?



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## Pictures of the Eightieth--"Over Here"

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### 317th Infantry

| SERIAL No. | DESCRIPTION             |
|------------|-------------------------|
| 4038       | Entire Regiment.        |
| 4180       | Commissioned Officers.  |
| 4133       | Officers 3rd Battalion. |
| 4037       | Headquarters Company.   |
| 4053       | Machine Gun Company.    |
| 4054       | Supply Company.         |
| 4056       | Band.                   |
| 4044       | Medical Detachment.     |
| 4260       | Company A.              |
| 4050       | Company C.              |
| 4047       | Company D.              |
| 4240       | Company E.              |
| 4048       | Company F.              |
| 4244       | Company G.              |
| 4052       | Company H.              |
| 4049       | Company I.              |
| 4101       | Company K.              |
| 4055       | Company L.              |
| 4051       | Company M.              |

### 318th Infantry

|      |                        |
|------|------------------------|
| 4032 | Entire Regiment.       |
| 4015 | Officers.              |
| 4085 | Headquarters Company.  |
| 4027 | Machine Gun Company.   |
| 4044 | Supply Company.        |
| 4127 | Supply Co. with Train. |
| 4155 | Band.                  |
| 4012 | Company A.             |
| 4011 | Company B.             |
| 4239 | Company C.             |
| 4225 | Company D.             |
| 4023 | Company E.             |
| 4030 | Company F.             |
| 4017 | Company G.             |
| 4018 | Company H, 1st Plat.   |
| 4020 | Company H, 2nd Plat.   |
| 4021 | Company H, 3rd Plat.   |
| 4014 | Company I.             |
| 4010 | Company K.             |
| 4026 | Company M.             |

### 319th Infantry

|      |                       |
|------|-----------------------|
| 3835 | Entire Regiment.      |
| 3833 | Medical Detachment.   |
| 3846 | Headquarters Company. |
| 3896 | Machine Gun Company.  |
| 3860 | Supply Company.       |
| 3841 | Band.                 |
| 4004 | Company A.            |
| 3844 | Company B.            |
| 3847 | Company C.            |
| 3834 | Company D.            |
| 4005 | Company E.            |
| 4106 | Company F.            |
| 3843 | Company G.            |
| 3849 | Company H.            |
| 3842 | Company I.            |
| 3852 | Company K.            |
| 4105 | Company L.            |

### 320th Infantry

| SERIAL No. | DESCRIPTION            |
|------------|------------------------|
| 3850       | Entire Regiment.       |
| 4135       | Commissioned Officers. |
| 3882       | Headquarters Company.  |
| 3861       | Machine Gun Company.   |
| 3898       | Supply Company.        |
| 3833       | Medical Detachment     |
| 4201       | Band.                  |
| 3878       | Company A.             |
| 4002       | Company B.             |
| 3894       | Company C.             |
| 3880       | Company D.             |
| 3856       | Company E.             |
| 3892       | Company F.             |
| 3830       | Company G.             |
| 3858       | Company H.             |
| 3886       | Company I.             |
| 3875       | Company K.             |
| 4000       | Company L.             |
| 3884       | Company M.             |

### 313th Field Artillery

|      |                        |
|------|------------------------|
| 3867 | Entire Regiment.       |
| 3871 | Commissioned Officers. |
| 3873 | Band.                  |
| 3869 | Battery A.             |
| 3811 | Battery B.             |
| 3809 | Battery C.             |
| 3890 | Battery D.             |
| 3865 | Battery E.             |
| 3808 | Battery F.             |

### 314th Field Artillery

|      |                        |
|------|------------------------|
| 3805 | Entire Regiment.       |
| 3815 | Commissioned Officers. |
| 3821 | Headquarters Company.  |
| 3813 | Supply Company.        |
| 3822 | Band.                  |
| 3827 | Medical Detachment.    |
| 3818 | Battery B.             |
| 3816 | Battery C.             |
| 3814 | Battery D.             |
| 3817 | Battery E.             |
| 3812 | Battery F.             |

### 315th Field Artillery

|      |                        |
|------|------------------------|
| 4169 | Entire Regiment.       |
| 4059 | Commissioned Officers. |
| 4197 | Supply Company.        |
| 4256 | Band.                  |
| 4215 | Medical Detachment.    |
| 4193 | Battery A.             |
| 4167 | Battery C.             |
| 4137 | Battery D.             |
| 4195 | Battery E.             |
| 4185 | Battery F.             |

### 305th Engineers

| SERIAL No. | DESCRIPTION      |
|------------|------------------|
| 4162       | Entire Regiment. |

### 313th Machine Gun Battalion

|      |                         |
|------|-------------------------|
| 4178 | Entire Battalion.       |
| 4173 | Battalion Headquarters. |
| 4176 | Company A.              |
| 4174 | Company B.              |
| 4175 | Company C.              |

### 314th Machine Gun Battalion

|      |                        |
|------|------------------------|
| 4158 | Entire Battalion.      |
| 4170 | Commissioned Officers. |

### 315th Machine Gun Battalion

|      |                   |
|------|-------------------|
| 4156 | Entire Battalion. |
|------|-------------------|

### Headquarters Troop

|      |               |
|------|---------------|
| 4153 | Entire Troop. |
|------|---------------|

### Field Signal Battalion

|      |                   |
|------|-------------------|
| 4141 | Entire Battalion. |
| 4143 | Company A.        |
| 4147 | Company B.        |
| 4145 | Company C.        |

### 305th Ammunition Train

|      |                        |
|------|------------------------|
| 4130 | Entire Train.          |
| 4132 | Commissioned Officers. |
| 4089 | Company B.             |

### Sanitary Train

|       |                         |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 4040  | Amb. Cos. 317 318, 319. |
| 4038A | Ambulance Co. 317.      |
| 4036  | Ambulance Co. 318.      |
| 4242  | Ambulance Co. 319.      |
| 4262  | Ambulance Co. 320.      |

### 305th Trench Mortar Battery

|      |                 |
|------|-----------------|
| 4160 | Entire Battery. |
|------|-----------------|

### 305th Trains

|      |                              |
|------|------------------------------|
| 4187 | Co. A Mil. Police.           |
| 4257 | Co. B Mil. Police, (Dismt.). |
| 4219 | Co. B Mil. Police, Mounted.  |
| 4241 | Co. C Supply Train.          |
| 4213 | Ord. Rep. Unit 305.          |

### Base Hospital Camp Lee

|      |                            |
|------|----------------------------|
| 4123 | Commissioned Officers.     |
| 4125 | Non-commissioned Officers. |
| 4122 | Nurses.                    |

# Pictures of the Eightieth--"Over There"

THE following Panoramic Photographs were all taken in France, are about eight inches wide and average between three and four feet in length. Order by serial number and title. About ten days required to fill order. Be patient.

| 317th Infantry |                         |        |
|----------------|-------------------------|--------|
| Serial No.     | Title                   | Price. |
| 1197           | Regimental              | \$2.00 |
| 1220           | Hdq. Co.                | 2.00   |
| 1232           | Sup. Co.                | 2.00   |
| 1221           | M. G. Co.               | 2.00   |
| 1198           | A Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1199           | B Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1200           | C Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1201           | Co. C (3rd Pl.)         | 2.00   |
| 1202           | D Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1203           | E Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1204           | F Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1205           | G Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1206           | H Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1207           | I Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1219           | K Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1209           | L Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1210           | M Co.                   | 2.00   |
| 1222           | Hdq. Pl.                | 2.00   |
| 1223           | 1 Pound Pd.             | 2.00   |
| 1224           | Pioneer Pl.             | 2.00   |
| 1225           | Officers 2nd Bn.        | 2.00   |
| 1226           | Band                    | 2.00   |
| 1227           | Signal Pl.              | 2.00   |
| 1228           | Sappers and Bombers Pl. | 2.00   |
| 1229           | Baseball Team Sup. Co.  | 2.00   |
| 1230           | Baseball Team M. G. Co. | 2.00   |

| 318th Infantry |             |        |
|----------------|-------------|--------|
| Serial No.     | Title       | Price. |
| 1173           | Officers    | 2.00   |
| 1177           | Hdq. Co.    | 2.00   |
| 1216           | Hdq. Detch. | 2.00   |
| 1175           | Sup. Co.    | 2.00   |
| 1168           | M. G. Co.   | 2.00   |
| 1178           | A Co.       | 2.00   |
| 1174           | B Co.       | 2.00   |
| F801           | C Co.       | 1.50   |
| F802           | D Co.       | 1.50   |
| F803           | E Co.       | 1.50   |
| F804           | F Co.       | 1.50   |
| F805           | G Co.       | 1.50   |
| F806           | H Co.       | 1.50   |
| 1215           | I Co.       | 2.00   |
| 1172           | K Co.       | 2.00   |
| 1170           | L Co.       | 2.00   |
| 1171           | M Co.       | 2.00   |
| 1176           | Med. Detch. | 2.00   |

| 319th Infantry |           |        |
|----------------|-----------|--------|
| Serial No.     | Title     | Price. |
| F807           | Hdq. Co.  | 1.50   |
| F808           | Sup. Co.  | 1.50   |
| F809           | M. G. Co. | 1.50   |
| F810           | A Co.     | 1.50   |
| F811           | B Co.     | 1.50   |
| F812           | C Co.     | 1.50   |
| F813           | D Co.     | 1.50   |
| F814           | E Co.     | 1.50   |
| F815           | F Co.     | 1.50   |

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

| 320th Infantry |                 |        |
|----------------|-----------------|--------|
| Serial No.     | Title           | Price. |
| 1196           | Regimental      | 2.00   |
| 8038           | M. G. Co.       | 1.50   |
| 8001           | I Co.           | 1.50   |
| 8002           | K Co. (Helmets) | 1.50   |
| 8003           | K Co. (Caps)    | 1.50   |
| 8004           | L Co.           | 1.50   |
| 8005           | M Co.           | 1.50   |

| 313th Field Artillery |                   |        |
|-----------------------|-------------------|--------|
| Serial No.            | Title             | Price. |
| 1189                  | Regimental        | 2.00   |
| 1181                  | Reg. Detach.      | 2.00   |
| 1191                  | Officers          | 2.00   |
| 1211                  | Officers          | 2.00   |
| 1190                  | Hdq. Co.          | 2.00   |
| 1186                  | Sup. Co.          | 2.00   |
| 1214                  | A Battery         | 2.00   |
| 1179                  | A Bat. (Detch.)   | 2.00   |
| 1212                  | A Bat. (Detch.)   | 2.00   |
| 1213                  | A Bat. (Detch.)   | 2.00   |
| 1185                  | B Battery         | 2.00   |
| 1192                  | C Battery         | 2.00   |
| 1193                  | D Battery         | 2.00   |
| 1194                  | E Battery         | 2.00   |
| 1195                  | F Battery         | 2.00   |
| 1180                  | N. C. O. Hdq. Co. | 2.00   |
| 1182                  | 1st Bn. Detch.    | 2.00   |
| 1183                  | 2nd Bn. Detch.    | 2.00   |
| 1184                  | Band              | 2.00   |

| 314th Field Artillery |             |        |
|-----------------------|-------------|--------|
| Serial No.            | Title       | Price. |
| 1156                  | Hdq. Co.    | 2.00   |
| 1187                  | Hdq. Co.    | 2.00   |
| 1231                  | Hdq. Detch. | 2.00   |
| 1188                  | A Battery   | 2.00   |

| 315th Field Artillery |            |        |
|-----------------------|------------|--------|
| Serial No.            | Title      | Price. |
| 1158                  | Regimental | 2.00   |
| 1167                  | Officers   | 2.00   |
| 1165                  | Hdq. Co.   | 2.00   |
| 1166                  | Sup. Co.   | 2.00   |
| 1159                  | A Battery  | 2.00   |
| 1160                  | B Battery  | 2.00   |
| 1161                  | C Battery  | 2.00   |
| 1162                  | D Battery  | 2.00   |
| 1163                  | E Battery  | 2.00   |
| 1164                  | F Battery  | 2.00   |

| 313th Machine Gun Battalion |                       |        |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|--------|
| Serial No.                  | Title                 | Price. |
| 8006                        | Hdq. Detch. (Helmets) | 1.50   |
| 8007                        | Hdq. Detch. (Caps)    | 1.50   |
| 8008                        | A Co.                 | 1.50   |
| 8009                        | B Co.                 | 1.50   |

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

| 305th Field Signal Battalion |                         |        |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|
| Serial No.                   | Title                   | Price. |
| 8013                         | Regimental (Large)      | 2.00   |
| 8014                         | Regimental (Small)      | 1.50   |
| 8015                         | Officers                | 1.50   |
| 8016                         | A Co.                   | 1.50   |
| 8017                         | B Co.                   | 1.50   |
| 8018                         | C Co.                   | 1.50   |
| 8019                         | 1st and 2nd Sec. Co. C. | 1.50   |

| 305th Motor Supply Train |       |        |
|--------------------------|-------|--------|
| Serial No.               | Title | Price. |
| 8020                     | B Co. | 1.50   |
| 8021                     | D Co. | 1.50   |
| 8022                     | E Co. | 1.50   |
| 8023                     | F Co. | 1.50   |

| 305th Ammunition Train |                                  |        |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|--------|
| Serial No.             | Title                            | Price. |
| 8024                   | A Co.                            | 1.50   |
| 8025                   | B Co.                            | 1.50   |
| 8026                   | D Co. (Helmets)                  | 1.50   |
| 8027                   | D Co. (Caps)                     | 1.50   |
| 8028                   | E Co.                            | 1.50   |
| 8029                   | G Co.                            | 1.50   |
| 8030                   | Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Large) | 2.00   |
| 8031                   | Review by Gen. Cronkhite (Small) | 1.50   |

| 305th Engineers |                  |        |
|-----------------|------------------|--------|
| Serial No.      | Title            | Price. |
| F822            | Hdq. Detch       | 1.50   |
| F823            | Officers         | 1.50   |
| F824            | Co. A.           | 1.50   |
| F825            | Co. B.           | 1.50   |
| F826            | Co. C.           | 1.50   |
| F827            | Co. D.           | 1.50   |
| F828            | Co. E.           | 1.50   |
| F829            | Co. F.           | 1.50   |
| F830            | Officers 1st Bn. | 1.50   |
| F831            | Officers 2nd Bn. | 1.50   |

| 305th Sanitary Train |                         |        |
|----------------------|-------------------------|--------|
| Serial No.           | Title                   | Price. |
| 8032                 | 317th Ambulance Co.     | 1.50   |
| 8033                 | 318th Ambulance Co.     | 1.50   |
| 8034                 | 319th Ambulance Co.     | 1.50   |
| 8035                 | 320th Ambulance Co.     | 1.50   |
| 8036                 | Hdq. Ambulance Section. | 1.50   |

| Miscellaneous |                           |        |
|---------------|---------------------------|--------|
| Serial No.    | Title                     | Price. |
| 8037          | Hdq. Troop 80th Division  | 1.50   |
| 8039          | M. P. Co., 80th Division. | 1.50   |
| 8040          | Market Place at Economy   | 1.50   |
| 1217          | Signal Detach. 80th Div.  | 2.00   |
| 1218          | 305th M. V. Section.      | 2.00   |



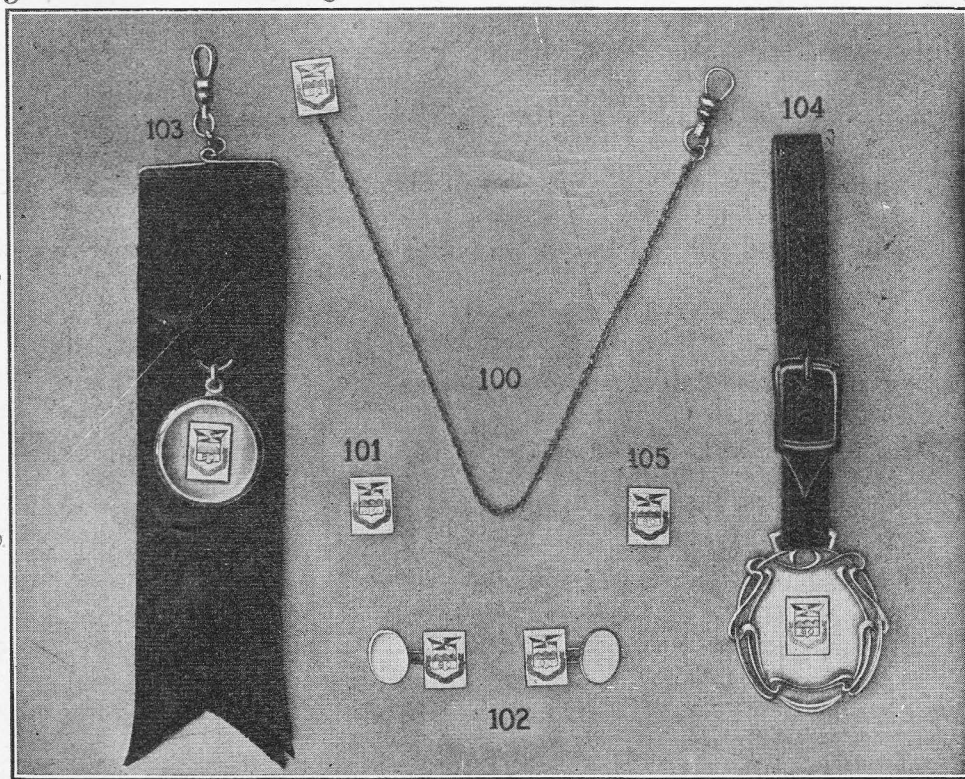
## “BLUE RIDGE” PILLOW TOP

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

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

**\$5.00**

“EVERY-BUDDY” Should Have One in His Den



## 80TH DIVISION JEWELRY

No. 100—Gold-filled coat chain with division insignia in exact official colors.  
Price including postage  
**\$1.50**

No. 101—Gold-plated lapel button with patent screw back—handsomely colored.  
**Price \$1.00**

No. 102—Gold-plated insignia cuff links for soft shirts—extremely dressy.  
**Price per Set \$3.00**

No. 103—Stylish Silk Fob, for dress up affairs, with handsome gold-filled me-

dallion. Division insignia super-mounted in actual colors; will make a beautiful gift to any veteran.  
**Price \$3.50**

No. 104—Genuine all leather watch fob with heavy metal medallion and gold-plated insignia super mounted; will stand every day wear.  
**Price \$1.50**

No. 105—Gold-plated insignia pin, same as No. 101, except with pin clasp for ladies' wear.  
**Price \$1.00**

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# The Late "Camp Lee"

## SENTIMENT DOES NOT COUNT SO MUCH IN PEACE TIME

If you were one of the Blue Ridgers who attended the First Annual Reunion of the 80th Division Veterans' Association at Richmond, Va., in 1920, you no doubt took in the picnic at old Camp Lee, the scene of your rookie days—three shots in the arm and the rest of the bunk—you said, "She isn't like she was when we left her." You walked down your old Co. Street, looked the old homestead over—and man what memories. Camp Lee is not going—not going to be saved, it is gone! The lumber from your old barracks is now being made into homes, stables and warehouses, etc. all over the State of Va. You remember the post card pictures of the camp, scenes you helped to make—pictures of many buddies who did not come back—they sold at the Post Exchanges, and there were about 65 in the set. The Bayonet Books are sold out—gone forever—we have purchased the entire lot of Camp Lee pictures and post card scenes. They average from 55 to 65 cards to the set—were printed to sell at 5 cents each—we will mail them to any address for 25 cents per set—postage alone costs about 5 cents—get yourself a post card album and secure this set of complete views—the small price asked does not pay expence of handling them. We had a hunch that you would want a set so we bought the whole lot.

### CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA



This great panoramis picture of the old Camp, printed on heavy gloss paper, suitable for framing, measures 4 feet 3 inches by 9¼ inches. The old Camp is no more! Nothing remains but the memory. Now is your last chance to get one of these wonderful pictures for less than the cost of making them. Sent rolled upon receipt of 12 cents to cover cost of mailing and wrapping, coin or stamps, as many as you want—but, hurry.

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