

# SERVICE



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Don't be a poor fish when you don't have to! That's what a fellow is who thinks he can forget the war and who kids himself into believing that he doesn't care a rap about his "old pals of the army." Some folks would like to forget that there ever was a war — "slackers" and "war profiteers" for instance — but you who served your country with patience, honor and self-sacrifice cannot change your status as a "vet"—no siree — nor can you be happy without the heart-satisfying comfort and real pleasure that comes with the monthly visits of "SERVICE"—The Blue-Ridge Division's Magazine. The "Morning Report" is just like a letter from home.



SERVICE MAGAZINE

(The 80th Div., Blue-Ridge Communique)

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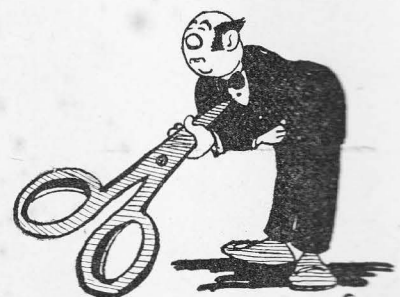
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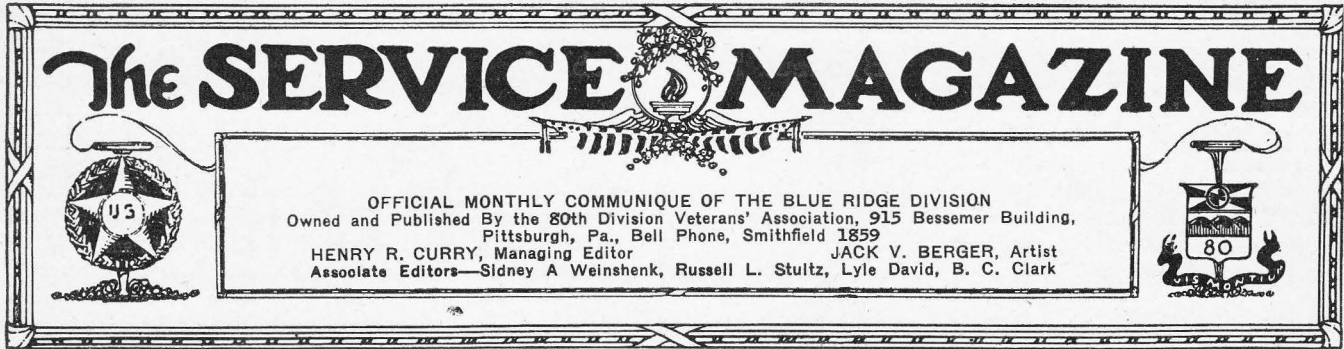
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Entered as second-class matter October 3, 1922, at the post office at Pittsburgh, Penna., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Vol. III, No. 11

SEPTEMBER, 1922

\$2.00 a Year, 20c a Copy

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1922-1923

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The objects of this Association are: Patriotic, Historical and Fraternal, and to uphold the Constitution of the United States of America, to foster and perpetuate true Americanism, to preserve and strengthen comradeship among its members, to assist worthy comrades and to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the World War.

### TABLE OF COTENNTS

"Memories" - - - - - By Lieut. Frank Schoble, Jr.—Page 4

The Battle of Charleston - - - - - By C. F. Bushman—Page 5

The History of the 80th Division - - - - - By Russell L. Stultz—Page 6

"My Brother and Me" (Verse) - - - - - By Henry R. Curry—Page 6

Stray Leaves From a Traveler's Note Book - - - - - By Bernhard Ragner—Page 9

The Road to Montfaucon (Verse) - - - - - By Lieut. Harold Riezelman—Page 9

"Sidelights on the Charleston Reunion" - - - - - By Russell L. Stultz—Page 10

Shall There Be a Monument in France? - - - - - Page 15

"Henry Goes to College" (Letter No. 2) - - - - - By Jack P. Smith—Page 16

"A Letter From the '318'" - - - - - By J. R. Gavin—Page 17

Reminiscences of Calais - - - - - By Earl J. Kohnfelder—Page 18

"I'll Say We Do" - - - - - By Fay A. Davis—Page 19

Observations - - - - - By Perry Scope—Page 19

A Page To Wit ("Our Mag") - - - - - By the Office Boy—Page 20

The Morning Report - - - - - Page 21

Taps - - - - - Page 21

Roster of Members, New York Association of Officers, E. D. V. A. - - - - - Page 29

THE 80th, DIVISION "ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD"

# "Memories"

By Lieut. Frank Schoble Jr.

**I** ALMOST wish that I could come before you unknown and unannounced, simply clad in my uniform as a symbol; or, better still, that I could be invisible to your eyes, as you are to mine, and that you would simply hear a voice speaking to you—the voice of memory.

On an occasion such as this, when our thoughts are turned reverently upward, it is customary for a speaker to draw inspiration from the Divine Word. However, being a layman and a soldier, I shall direct your attention for a few moments to that wonderful and God-inspired line from the immortal "Battle-Hymn of the Republic"—"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

What a wonderful gift it is to be able to put the whole feeling of a nation into a song; in a few short lines of inspired poetry to concentrate the whole spirit of a people, the consecration of its young manhood to the cause of liberty. Then, with prophetic vision, to be able to look forward into the future to the time when this consecrated young manhood should go forth to battle—not only for the protection of its own homes and liberties, but for the welfare of the peoples of all the earth. And what a glorious privilege it was to have been one of the actors, in however small a part, in this great drama of a war for civilization which the war-poet so beautifully foretells.

Just as no man really knows himself until he has been stirred by some deep emotion, felt some strong passion or passed through some moment when the soul takes possession of the body to do with it what it wills, so he does not really know his fellowman until he has seen his actions and reactions in like circumstances. Pleasures shared are easily forgotten but those who have stood together, shoulder to shoulder, upon the battlefield, those who, in great crises, have shared common dangers and common sufferings learn better to appreciate each other. We have gathered here today because the fierce grip of war has drawn us closer together; because, having passed through its fiery furnace, we have a deeper knowledge of ourselves and a better understanding of our fellowmen with whom we come in contact from day to day.

But a few short years ago our neighbors were our comrades-at-arms, our fellow-workers in wartime activities, our consolers in times of trial or the objects of our consolation when their times came. A glorious spirit transfigured the entire nation and I am glad to think that it was this same spirit which animated the founders of our Republic and inspired all those who, in former wars, fought as we fought and sacrificed as we sacrificed in order to pre-

serve it and to make it great.

Five years ago we saw the flash of the sword across the sky and felt the thrill of patriotism strike into the very roots of our being. The Spirit of '76 was re-born. The Torch of Liberty flared up in its socket like a transcending star to the encouragement of our allies overseas who had been holding the line against the foe. The Liberty-Bell once more rang out its challenge to despotism and, in his heart, every true American heard the call.

We saw our young men close their offices, leave the factory, the farm and the classroom to lay the foundation of a new kind of army in the training camps. Later on we saw these same young men training their fellow-countrymen in the cantonments and felt the military spirit take possession of

daughters give everything to her, laying their all upon the altar of patriotism, regretting only that they have not more to give. That is the spirit of America in war. That is the spirit of America in victory. And, if the war heroism and sacrifice are not to have been in vain and if the victory is not to be unavailing, that must also be the spirit of America in peace. That spirit is the glory of the coming of which our war-poet so trustfully sings.

Today we are gathered together in the loving memory of those in whom that spirit burned so brightly that, from on high, we still see its glory in their faces and feel its warmth in our lives. By our presence here, by the words which we utter and by the reverence of our thoughts we are attempting, in small measure, to honor those whose deeds and lives are a constant inspiration to us who knew them. But words are empty and futile things when we attempt to express our deepest emotions. What can we say of them who laid down their lives, in pure unselfishness, in order that we might enjoy the blessings of peace? What can we say to those whose hearts have been torn by the sacrifice of one who died to make men free as we stand by their side, silent and with understanding in our hearts, in the presence of Him who died to make men holy?

If words are unavailing, can we not speak to them with our lives? As we turn our eyes upward towards those transfigured comrades, can we not let the light of their spirit be reflected in our faces so that they and theirs can see it there and know that the ideals and principles for which they fought to the very end will still be striven for as earnestly and loyally as they would have striven had the God of Battles not thought them worthy to be called to a place by his side. Let us keep our faith with them in the trustful hope that the memories that burn can be transformed by our own endeavors into the memories that bless, not only our own lives, but the lives of all the people in this broad land of ours, upon whose altar they poured out the final offering.

My comrades, we have seen a glorious vision in the sky. Banded together as soldiers of our country, bound by the strongest ties by which men can be bound, we consecrated ourselves to the fulfillment of that vision. We fought for its fulfillment. We bled and suffered for its fulfillment. If the call came, we held ourselves ready to die that it might not fail of accomplishment. And God, with infinite understanding, took some of us at our word. If we are to consider ourselves worthy of association with those bright comrades who have gone on before, if, in our inner consciousness, we are to remain true to our

(Continued on Page 15)

## TAPS

Earthly light  
Fades, as night  
Bears a hero to rest  
From our sight,  
While a star greets our eye  
In the sky.

Heav'nly light  
Grows more bright  
As you stand, glorified,  
In His sight,  
With the smile of His Grace  
On your face.

In loving Memory,  
To my comrade and friend,  
Maurice P. Niven,  
1st Lt., 318 Inf., 80th Division,  
A. E. F.  
Died in action, November 3, 1918,  
Sivry-lez-Buzancy, France  
And to all those  
Who have laid their lives  
Upon the altar of their country.

By FRANK SCHOBLE, JR.

the army and the nation. In a few short months we saw these same men carried overseas and fighting in the trenches and in the open field and, while the world wondered, we saw them turn defeat—or a doubtful issue—into overwhelming victory. Then we saw a new kind of peace come to America—a peace without triumph over a fallen foe, without the exaltation of a victor over the vanquished. In achieving the right there is no self-glorification, no boastful pride in our strength. Instead, there is a deeper stirring as we are thankfully conscious of the possession of that inherent American Spirit which made the victory possible.

America gives—of her wealth, of her resources, of her strength, of the blood of her heroes, of the hearts of her sufferers. America gives—and asks nothing in return. Her fathers and mothers, her sons and

# The Battle of Charleston

## As Seen By Observers of the 315th Field Artillery

By C. F. Bushman, 315 F. A.



EARLY in August intensive preparations were made for the march on Charleston, the capitol city of the sovereign state of West Virginia, to lay down a barrage and to take the city by storm. Coordinates having been defined the advance reconnaissance party of the Three Fifteen Field Artillery arrived in that august city of the Kanawhas on the evening of September 1st. They were met by Stutler and escorted to the State House where the 314th Field Artillery had excellent positions. The keys of the city and state were surrendered to them. The city was being heavily shelled at the time and the advance party was nearly, if not entirely overwhelmed by the reception tendered them upon this occasion. However, they finally succeeded in establishing a P. C. afterwards referred to as Cote 341. The shelling continued. The city had already surrendered and Regimental Headquarters ordered that Reveille be sounded at 4:15 o'clock, Saturday, and for the entire regiment to turn out and greet the Band which arrived in charge of Band Leader James Hrudicka of Chicago. The Sergeants-Major and others having decided that it was about time to eat ordered that "Mess Call" be sounded which was accordingly so done. The wounded had been taken care of and were resting de luxe as might be expected. Captain Connell administered first aid to the wounded. Ben Angrist was badly gassed and was given a pair of crutches, a dozen CC's, and a shot of paratyphoid XYZ. He ate so much for breakfast that the cafe went into the hands of a receiver. About this time the Field and Staff, consisting of Major Ober, Captains Revell, Roberts, Welte and Lieutenant Walters arrived on the scene and ordered the barrage increased. The P. C. was nearly demolished so it was decided to confer with Division Headquarters at the business session at 15 hours at the Scottish Rite Cathedral, Rue Capitol. At this meeting an application for a charter was presented by the writer for a local post of Command at Bluefield, West Virginia which was speedily granted so today the P. C. is known as Bluefield Post No. 3. Later the charter members of the post held their initial meeting, adopted a constitution and by-laws and elected the following Officers for the period until December 31st, 1923. President C. F. Bushman; Vice President, R. A. Lampton; Resident Secretary, Ben Angrist; Sergeant-at-Arms, James Hrudicka; Post Surgeon, Harlow R. Connell, M. D.; Post Bugler, A. Monday; Color Bearers, Clyde H. Shearer

and James L. Jenkins; Members of the Executive Council, Harry Goodyknontz, William H. Wade, Jr., David R. Cooke.

The conference at Division Headquarters having been concluded, more barrages were ordered and put over. Shelling continued and more intense. All wounded were promptly evacuated to the F. H. in a dug-out adjoining Cote 341. As previously arranged the tobacco chewing contest came off but as Captain Rolston was conspicuously absent the prizes were not awarded. Captain Revell then ordered that a reconnaissance be made of the city and autos were requisitioned for the performance.

Unfortunately a member of the staff, having been previously gassed, fell sound asleep during the journey and upon awakening wanted to know where his "Dice" were. The party now had the deflection and the real dope on the city so the range was ordered shortened a few kilos and "Mess Call" sounded. The party started for a Cafe nearby and upon calling the roll only four were found to be present. There having been no deaths up to that time it was decided by those present to go on with the "chow." The orchestra sounded off and gave us some very appropriate numbers among them were selections from I Pagliaca, Serenade-Les Millions D'Arlequin, Le Regiment De Sambre et Meuse, et cetera. The party waxed very reminiscent. Many stories of La belle France were told and many a battle fought. In fine, several thousand Jerrys hit the dusty trail of the "Caissons" and went West. Gas masks were put on (By the number) and the party hurried over to Cote 341 but the shelling never ceased there. Numerous and divers things happened. Headquarters never looked the same after Regtl. Supply Sergeant Counts paid his visit. The party retired at 2 A. M. and was awakened by the old grey mare at 2:02 A. M. Nevertheless sleep was secured during intervals and Reveille sounded at 10 A. M. It does seem strange but everyone answered "Here" at the roll call. Someone accused the writer of having newspapers sent to Cote 341 at 3:30 each morning and perusing them at that unearthly hour. He is non-committal and refuses to make any statements. The quarters of the Field and Staff were then visited and it was found that they were under heavy shell fire. Lieutenant Walters presiding.

The war was again fought over and the entire German Army wiped out. Sunday Evening Captain Roberts paid Cote 341 a visit. The party was very much interested in the great pastime of "Bunk fatigue." Old times were discussed and cussed pro and

con to the keen pleasure of all present. About that time a civilian of an unknown brand entered the Headquarters amid much gusto and braggadocio and desired to know the meaning of the word "pussillanimous." Some one had called him that adding the article "a" in front and tacking the noun "creature" behind it. He was told that we thought it was something that had nine rattles and a button. No, he did not remind us of Francois Villon of whom Robert Louis Stevenson has said was good at "Pen, Point, and Pitcher" but we do think perhaps he is good at pitcher. Memorial services were deeply appreciated and leaves us with many a solemn thought. Monday morning was at hand. The second business session came off as per schedule. The outstanding feature of this meeting was the appeal for life members made by Comrade Frank W. Schoble, Jr., (Blinded in action). At the conclusion of his address fifty-six members enlisted in the association for life. It reminds us that Bluefield Post No. 3 will not be satisfied until every charter member of the post will have become life members of the association. Of the twenty-one charter members two already have this distinction. The slogan of this new post is "Norfolk" and "A Thousand Members." Telegrams from Captain Tranberger and Lieut. Monday (Inf.) expressing their regrets that they could not be with us were read. It was getting late in the day so Cote 341 was finally abandoned and a new position located at Cote 103.

A large number of the regimental personnel had departed from the city. A final drive was made and a late dinner was given by Captain Welte at the Hotel Kanawha. Quite a battle raged there but as all the Jerrys had been killed a box barrage was laid down on the radicals dwelling in our beloved U. S. A. They found no sympathy with Eightieth Division Veterans. Quite a number of such an element were eliminated. Angrist, the post statistician, became quite serious about this time and gave us the following statement. Visitors to Cote 341 by actual count, 11,324; ice water, 1,000 gallons; same cracked, twelve tons; speeches 1,235. Mention was made of a sum of \$182.00 for incidentals. Telephone calls 1,123. It was growing late and hasty farewells were said. Finally the city was abandoned late Monday night and Tuesday saw the last of the veterans of the "80th." They had folded their tents and had silently departed. And thus again we have met at a great reunion. As we continue to "Move Forward" they will hold renewed interest

(Continued on Page 29)

# The History of the 80th Division

What the Historian Found Out—Check Up on Unit Diaries and Rosters Already Printed or Available. Some Timely Suggestions On Methods of Publishing a History of the 80th Division  
A. E. F.

By Russell L. Stultz, Historian



APPROXIMATELY two years ago—we are, unfortunately, not in possession of the exact date—a Historical Committee was appointed and delegated with the task of gathering and collating all available data pertaining to the 80th (Blue Ridge) Division, with the ultimate object of employing this material in a record, or history, of the Division to be published under the direction and auspices of the 80th Division Veterans' Association. The personnel of this committee was designed to embrace the twenty-one (21) individual units and organizations of the 80th. There were four vacancies, however, which were never supplied.

So far as our information extends, the Committee has never functioned and no formal report of progress accomplished has ever been filed by any of its members. It furthermore appears that no definite or systematic scheme of procedure has been outlined to regulate its activities, and any results achieved have been due entirely to the efforts and enthusiasm of individuals working as such. We understand, moreover, that the Historical Committee has never met or conferred—in fact, the wide geographical distribution of its personnel practically precludes such a meeting, since the members are scattered over seven or more states. Due apparently to unavoidable circumstances, the Committee has been dormant from the period of its formation.

As a result of familiarity with these facts, and because of our keen personal desire to see the Division Association sponsor an authoritative history of the 80th, we voluntarily prepared and submitted to the annual meeting of the Executive Council of the 80th Division Veterans' Association in Pittsburgh last January, a statement

embracing our views and a detailed outline for a contemplated Divisional history. Following discussion of the matter, it was

cil for formal adoption.

Shortly after this authorization, Mr. Curry, Resident Secretary of the Division Association, was advised of our inability to accept the Executive Council's commission, a decision influenced by realization of our own limitations, our belief that the undertaking was more than a "one-man job" and due to the fact that no provision had been made to finance the project. At this time, however, we did agree to devote as much time as was available to the work of gathering and assembling material for the proposed history, and this we have done to the extent of our leisure and ability.

Several months ago, we published in the July issue of SERVICE MAGAZINE an appeal to all former members of the 80th Division for authentic data and material relating to the activities of the Division in the late war. This public request for assistance and co-operation was decided upon following the failure to secure tangible results through the employment of other methods, and the response noted since its publication has convinced us that it is possible to obtain a vast quantity of valuable facts, providing we can successfully reach and interest the proper sources, for it is largely upon the united efforts and close co-ordination of those in possession of the existing data that we must depend to enable us to push the Divisional history to a creditable and satisfactory conclusion.

## PROGRESS

While the measure of progress achieved since January of this year has perhaps not been all that could be desired, it has, nevertheless, been real and substantial and sufficient to illustrate what can be accomplished through more vigorous efforts. While we are handicapped to a degree by the fact that compilation of a history has been deferred so long

## MY BROTHER AND ME

By HENRY R. CURRY

*My Brother and me are a curious pair;  
We grouch and we argue and fight,  
'Stead of treating each other with brotherly care  
We claim that he never is right.  
We look upon him with suspicion and doubt;  
We question his motives in all he's about.  
We laugh when we see that he's clean down and out,  
This Brother of mine and me.*

*My Brother and me could be happier far  
If we mixed in some lovin' with livin',  
Or if we refrained from the Cain-branding scar  
And aimed to be kind and forgivin'.  
We could find plenty room on our side of the road;  
We could give him a lift with his troublesome load,  
With a conscious receipt for a debt that we owed,  
This Brother of mine and me.*

*My Brother and me are a curious pair;  
His color is yellow or black.  
He too is entitled to all of his share,  
Be it riches or load on his back.  
The road's plenty wide with ruts and to spare,  
And a pack of his own without toting my share;  
Both of the same God, but a curious pair,  
This Brother of mine and me.*

moved by Mr. Hickman and regularly seconded that the writer be authorized to prepare the "History of the 80th Division," the completed record to be submitted to the members of the Historical Committee and then referred to the Executive Coun-

# The History of the 80th Division

that the interval presents serious obstacles to the acquirement of important material, the delay, on the other hand, promises to prove a certain asset.

During the past three years, there have been published or prepared unit histories of practically all organizations comprising the 80th Division. A majority of these records are now in possession of the Division Association and many of them provide excellent source material. For purposes of reference, we have compiled a detailed bibliography of all divisional unit histories concerning which we possess accurate information. A copy of this list, giving, where possible, the title, author, publisher and present location of each item, is attached hereto.

It is just recently, however, that we have been able to draw upon what is probably the most fruitful of all existing sources of 80th Division history—the files of the Historical Section of the General Staff, in Washington. Through the courtesy and good offices of Major Edmund A. Buchanan, formerly Adjutant and later Commanding Officer of the 159th Infantry Brigade, and now attached to the Military Intelligence Division of the General Staff, who has generously volunteered to go through and examine the 80th Division files in the Historical Section, we have received a large quantity of important documents and papers pertaining to the battle operations of the Division. This data, while not complete or consecutive in character, is both comprehensive and reprehensive and embraces by far the largest single collection of 80th Division material yet brought to our attention. Major Buchanan, in addition to supplying photostat copies of the more essential papers, has prepared a valuable memorandum covering extracts from, and references to scores of other documents available in the files of the Historical Section of the General Staff.

Most unfortunately for our purpose, however, it has been found that the 80th Division files are far from complete. Many of the most interesting papers are, for some reason or other, missing, and from those existing no connected history of the Division could be written. Particularly notable among the omissions are the unit histories officially prepared in France in the winter of 1918-1919, in compliance with Divisional orders, and which were consolidated until they had resulted in Regimental and Brigade histories by the time they reached Division headquarters. These records would be invaluable in compiling such a work as the contemplated Divisional history, and it is regrettable that copies cannot be located in the files in Washington. Several of the unit histories referred to are known to be in the possession of private individuals, however, and those so far discovered will be accessible for reference purposes.

In addition to Major Buchanan's noteworthy contribution, there has recently been transmitted to us a number of other important papers, including unit histories, war diaries and a variety of miscellaneous items, the most extensive donations coming from Major Leland B. Garretson, of the 314th Machine Gun Battalion, and from Mr. Boyd B. Stutler and Mr. C. F. Bushman, of the 314th and 315th Field Artillery, respectively. A full acknowledgment of the material received to date appears at the conclusion of this report.

Supplementing the data contributed by former members of the Division, we are fortunate in possessing a fairly representative private collection of 80th Division data, consisting of several hundred items. A complete and detailed check, or reference list, of all known Divisional material is now being prepared under unit headings, with such additional information as may be considered advisable.

## RECOMMENDATIONS—(A-General) :

1. We respectfully urge upon the Division Association the urgent necessity for some definite, concerted plan of action with reference to the proposed Divisional history, if for no other reason than in response to the growing demand for such a work. Already, the matter has been deferred too long—practically every combat division of the American Expeditionary Forces has long since preceded us with a printed record of its achievements overseas, and it would appear neither desirable nor well for us to be longer classed as laggards. We of the 80th owe it to ourselves, we owe it to our dead comrades and to posterity, to complete and publish our history now, while the bulk of the records are still available, while the memories of those who participated in the conflict are yet fresh and undimmed and ere time has confused and obscured the story of our deeds, our ideals and our traditions! With each passing year, the task becomes increasingly difficult and burdensome and our sources of information steadily diminish.

It is yet possible, however, to secure a vast amount of authentic data and material, and we wish to emphasize to every member of the Division Association the urgent importance of embarking upon the history project *immediately*. Our Association *must* "move forward," just as our Division did in France, if its aims and obligations are to be properly fulfilled, and certainly no more welcome or conclusive move in this direction can be made than to announce to our comrades of the 80th and to the world the decision of our Division Association to begin compilation of a history *now*.

Progress, at best, must necessarily be slow and laborious, if we are to do full justice to the story of the 80th, therefore it is well to discard intentions and substitute action, if we are to produce a com-

plete and authoritative record of the Division in the early future. It is the prestige of *our Division* that is at stake; it is the chronicle of ourselves and our comrades, our achievements and our glory that is involved—it rests with us whether they are to be immortalized in history's pages or are to be forgotten with the years. The proud chapter begun at Camp Lee, continued overseas and pushed to a climax in the Argonne, *cannot* be considered finished until the full narrative has been written, and there is no better time for writing it than NOW!

## RECOMMENDATIONS—(B-Specific) :

### 2. Committees.

We would suggest, as an initial step, the discharge of the original Historical Committee, based upon unit representation. Experience has almost invariably taught that a body so large and complex in composition is too unwieldy and cumbersome for practical utility. Such a committee rarely functions satisfactorily, since its personnel usually is widely scattered and the burden of work inevitably falls upon a few individual members. Responsibility and authority is difficult to concentrate, and the very fact of large numbers encourages the practice of "passing the buck."

The more compact the committee, the more efficient it ordinarily proves and more productive of results. It would therefore, appear desirable to confine the strength of such a body to the lowest possible minimum. By entrusting authority and responsibility to a small, compact unit, we further avoid friction and dissension, while saving largely of both time and effort which otherwise are frequently wasted.

In event it is decided to assign the preparation of a history to several or more individuals, we would recommend the appointment of a committee of not more than five members for this purpose. It is our opinion that a body of the strength indicated should be divided into three separate and distinct units, viz.: Editorial, Finance and Publication, each head of which should be chosen with especial regard for his qualifications.

We would further recommend that three members of this committee should constitute an Editorial board; one of whom should act in the capacity of chairman and editor-in-chief, while the details of Finance and Publication should be delegated to the remaining two members. We thus have a body sufficiently large to satisfy every reasonable requirement and demand, yet compact enough for a logical concentration of both duties and responsibility.

Should the committee form of compilation be approved, it would seem advisable to vest the chairmanship in a person of high calibre and marked competency, an individual thoroughly familiar with the operations and activities of the 80th and

# The History of the 80th Division

yet one who, by virtue of training and experience, is capable of treating its record in an intelligent and both scholarly and soldierly manner. A number of names suggest themselves for this post, among the most notable of whom are General Lloyd M. Brett, Colonel William H. Waldron, Lieut. Colonel Edmund A. Buchanan, Lieut. Colonel Jennings C. Wise, and others, any and all of whom are eminently qualified for the task and in complete sympathy with the traditions of our Division.

We would suggest that, in the event an Editorial staff of three is found preferable, each member be entrusted with specific duties, in addition to their general editorial work. To illustrate: One member should cover the battle operations of the Division, a second should select the maps and illustrations to be employed, while a third should be charged with the material embracing the Appendices and including citations, casualty lists, rosters, official documents, etc.

Should a committee be designated to write the history, some coherent, systematic distribution of the details will be absolutely essential, and it is our belief that if each member is entrusted with a distinct and separate phase of the work, for which he is pre-eminently qualified, the maximum results will be obtained, at the same time eliminating much of the danger of conflict and duplication of efforts.

We would recommend that, before the text of any history of the Division is actually started, a general examination and analysis of all existing Divisional histories (which are in the files of the Historical Section of the General Staff) be made, with a view of eliminating any faults they may contain and for the purpose of utilizing the desirable features presented. We are thus enabled to profit by their errors and acquire an adequate appreciation of the obstacles to be overcome. It is further recommended that the Editorial staff, in addition to making a comparative study of existing Divisional histories, take a general survey of all 80th Division data on file in the War Department.

## FORM OF PRESENTATION

### (A-General Narrative)

With reference to the composition of the narrative proper, we are attaching hereto a somewhat detailed outline for a Divisional history along the lines contemplated. These suggestions, while reasonably elastic, provide for a volume of approximately 500 pages, designed to be arranged in four separate parts, viz: (1) Organization and Training; (2) Battle Preparation Overseas; (3) The Meuse-Argonne Offensive; and (4) Peace and Demobilization.

Our outline is tentatively based upon twenty (20) chapters, of from ten (10) to twenty (20) pages each, of narrative history, the remainder of the volume to be taken up with supplementary features, in-

cluding copies of important documents relating to the Division, decorations and citations, casualty lists, unit rosters, chronological summary, authorities, acknowledgments, index, etc. The captains chosen for the several departments and chapters are merely suggestive in character and have not been selected with a view of permanency.

While no separate provision has been made in the outline for maps and illustrations, the plan described intends their inclusion at proper intervals throughout the text. Since these constitute a most important feature of any historical record, it is essential that the most judicious care be exercised in their selection. We would suggest in this connection, that the maps employed be sufficiently numerous and comprehensive as to incorporate all stations and areas occupied by troops of the 80th Division in France, and that all photographs and other illustrations used should be representative of the entire Division, insofar as practicable.

The nature and extent of the text will, of necessity, have to be largely regulated by the dimensions of the volume determined upon. If all phases of the Division's activities are to be accorded full justice, however, and if the proposed volume is to be a Divisional history in fact as well as in name, we must arrange for adequate treatment of the Division from the period of its inception to its demobilization, including the work of organization and preliminary training, its services with the British, its transfer to the American sector and role as a reserve Division in the St. Mihiel offensive, its career in the 15th Training Area and in the Le Mans Embarkation Center, return to the States and demobilization. Were it not for the greater item of expense involved, which obstacle renders such a suggestion unfeasible, it would be highly desirable from a variety of angles to publish the history in two volumes, since this arrangement would permit of freer and more detailed handling of matters which must inevitably be slighted.

## METHODS OF FINANCING

The matter of financing an undertaking of this restricted character and scope is always attended with difficulties, but the obstacles are by no means insurmountable. Naturally, the expense of publication is the largest single item. A variety of ways suggest themselves, among these being (a) an initial appropriation by the Division Association, (b) advance subscriptions and miscellaneous sales, and (c) appropriations by the State Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia.

In view of existing circumstances, it is probable that no one of the several methods indicated would suffice in itself to defray the total cost of producing the volume, and it is quite possible that a combination of the three might be required.

While we have no definite estimates upon the work, they can be obtained, once the specifications are available. The cost, however, would almost certainly vary from \$25,000 to \$50,000, depending upon the size and type of volume decided upon.

It is believed that, if a gratis distribution of the history to former members of the Division is contemplated, small appropriations could be secured from the legislatures of the several States directly interested, providing such a petition were introduced and sponsored by the proper individuals. Similar appropriations have been allowed in other States to at least one Divisional association for this purpose. We refer to the production of the history of the 32nd Division, the cost of which was borne equally by the States of Michigan and Wisconsin, each paying \$25,000, and thus permitting a free presentation of one copy of the volume to each member of the Division.

This manner of financing the project is obviously the most desirable, from every angle. A request for such assistance is legitimate, since it constitutes merely one of the numerous phases of post war activity now engaging the attention of practically every Commonwealth in the Union. The attitude of the several Legislative bodies affected can be ascertained only after a direct presentation of the matter has been made. Unless emergency funds are already available, however, it would appear, in view of prevailing economic conditions, extremely doubtful if more than minimum appropriations could be secured.

We should say, however, that the final decision relative to the method of financing the history is one that should be arrived at by the Division Association after a thorough survey and study. In the event the Association plans to publish and distribute the volume at a fixed cost to individual, certain guarantees would probably be required. The strain upon the Association's finances, in this case, should prove largely temporary, since the bulk of the expenditure would ultimately return to the organization as rapidly as sales were effected.

While we hesitate to advance the suggestion, we cannot but feel it necessary to impress upon the Division Association the necessity for some form of preliminary appropriation to at least partially defray current expenses entailed in the process of copying and compiling records and similar details. There are doubtless numerous individuals willing to donate their time and labor in the interests of a Divisional history, yet they can scarcely be expected to contribute of their personal funds unless they are voluntarily willing. Certain initial items of expense are inevitable, and they must be reckoned with.

(Continued on Page 28)



# Stray Leaves

## From A Traveler's Note Book

How France Looks to the A. E. F. 'R. Who Goes to the Scenes of Our "Great Adventure"—to Work—to Play—or to Satisfy that Inner Longing for "Old Pals of the Army."

By Bernhard Ragner

Foreign Editor to SERVICE MAGAZINE,

**I**N all seriousness, I must get another hat. My present head-gear is 'too much American. It gives me away and gets me into trouble. Not only does it bring me the unwelcome attentions of the Paris guides, but it attracts the American vagrants who still roam about this country, some of them relics of the A. E. F. who went A. W. O. L. and are afraid to give themselves up. Doubtless when they see me, they mutter: "Pipe that sky-piece. Here's another meal." And the stories told me have been so good—genuine works of art and imagination—that I had to come across.

To prevent Americans from being victimized by begging crooks, the American Aid society of Paris has been organized. The record for April looks like the report of the McKeesport Service and Relief Association: help given abandoned wives, deserted children, unemployment, destitution caused by illness, old age, insufficient wages, and domestic troubles. And the clients of this society are interesting characters, who have seen much of life, of success and failure, and are temporarily out of luck.

If an American is lonesome for company of his own nationality, all he needs to do is to drop in at the waiting room of the society, and he'll be regaled by the hour with hardluck stories. I spent one morning talking with a down-and-out actor who had been on Keith's circuit, had traveled around the world, and possessed papers to show it, but roulette, he confessed, got all his money, and he landed in Marseilles with 15 francs. Still, he wasn't down-hearted; he had been down on his luck before, and he expected (like Mr. Micawber) that something would turn up.

At last! I have discovered a man who will render me a service in France and not expect to be tipped for it. He is the American lieutenant in charge of the American cemetery at Romagne. He accompanied me all over the cemetery, explained the work of the government, narrated the plans for Memorial Day, remarked on the great number of French visitors, and related some pathetic tales of mothers returned to view the tombs of their sons. Then, he shook me cordially by the hand. And he didn't want a tip for doing it, either. His action was truly refreshing in this land of tip-hunters. His name should be inscribed in

letters of deathless bronze.

Arrived at Verdun at noon. Oh, but there was a big reception committee at the depot. The mayor couldn't be present himself, but he sent a score of assistants, in the guise of automobile drivers, criers for hotels, and all of them wanted me to ride in their automobiles to such and such an hotel. What's the use of walking when you can ride? So I clambered on an auto and was taken to the Hotel de Metz. I

### THE ROAD TO MONTFAUCON

HAROLD RIEZELMAN,  
1st Lt., C. W. S.

"M. P., the road from Avocourt  
That leads to Montfaucou?"  
"The road, sir, black with mules  
and carts  
And brown with men a-marching  
on  
The Romagne Woods that lie beyond  
The ruined heights of Montfaucou -

"North over reclaimed No Man's  
Land,  
The martyred roadway leads,  
Quick with forward moving hosts  
And quick with valiant deeds  
Avenging Reims, Liege and Lille,  
And outraged Gods and creeds.

"There lies the road from Avocourt  
That leads to Montfaucou  
Past sniper and machine gun nests,  
By steel and thermite cleansed.  
They've gone  
And there in thund'rous echelon  
The ruined heights of Montfaucou."

can't understand why they omitted the word grand but they did. Nearly every hotel over here is grand in name, and small in fact.

But I will say one thing for these hotels in the historic cities, like Rheims, Verdun, Arras and Amiens. They are clean, reasonable in price, and serve good meals. A good repast of five courses, with wine included, can be secured for six francs, which is less than 60 cents at the present exchange. Their prices are considerably lower than Paris prices. Which proves perhaps that

they intend to exercise moderation and not kill the goose that lays the golden egg. For these martyr cities can expect thousands of tourists in the next two or three decades.

Jeanne d'Arc is now the patron saint of France, and the anniversary of her canonization was celebrated with elaborate ceremonies on Sunday, May 14. The celebration ended with a torch-light parade, the participants all being attired in medieval armor. The Maid of Orleans, rather aged looking, led the procession. The newspapers announced that every effort had been made to have this parade historically correct, as far as costumes, music, etc., were concerned. But when the column began to move, the supposedly medieval band blared out Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." Historical accuracy, where art thou roaming?

The French are an affectionate people. Even the men kiss each other over here, although what pleasure they get out of the performance is beyond me. And the French people are quite willing and eager to advertise their affections. If they like a person, they don't hide the fact in a dimly-lighted parlor or conceal it in the protecting shades of a porch swing. No; they advertise the fact to the world, by daylight, arc-light and moonlight. It is no uncommon sight to see couples wandering down the boulevards, the young man's arm around the lady's waist. Such an event attracts no attention whatever. As for the goodnight kiss, French lovers do not hesitate to exchange it underneath the brilliant glare of an arc-light. Last Sunday, I saw no less than six affectionate farewells between couples, and the actors in these passionate dramas weren't bothered one bit by the spectators coming and going on the street.

A typically French institution is the "affiche," which roughly translated means a poster or handbill. The affiche is used to extol the merits of suspenders and actresses, wines and fountain pens, political principles and patent medicines. It is used quite frequently for political disputes, and almost any morning, the Parisian public is likely to wake up and discover thousands of posters attacking some political leader.

(Continued on Page 31)

# "Sidelights on the Charleston Reunion"

## How it Warmed the Cockles of Your Heart to Meet the Old Gang— Sing the Old Songs—Throw the He Cow Around and Renew Friendships of Our Warrior Days at Lee and "Over There."

By Russell L. Stultz

Former, Sgt. Inf., 80th. Division,



HE unwritten history of the Charleston Reunion will never be published, for good and sufficient reasons, yet it would make the written account read like an expurgated edition of "La Vie Parisienne."

A negro bell-hop at "The Ruffner," an ex-doughboy a la A. E. F., by the way, paid a former 1st lieutenant the highest of all tributes when he termed him a "real sojer." In order to avoid libelious action, we refrain from revealing the white homme's identity.

Charleston was generously decorated in honor of the 80th, while the Blue Ridge insignia appeared conspicuously in scores and scores of show windows and other prominent places. Many cars displayed the insignia and a "Ride with me, Buddy," legend.

"Fats," heavyweight Mess Sarge from the 314th Field Artillery, proved one of the most popular (and prominent!) individuals at the Reunion, although he did risk its loss when he splashed into the swimming pool at Luna Park Monday afternoon and perilously near emptied its liquid contents and drowned the other bathers. The pool increased in depth at least a foot.

Sergeant William L. Phalen is petit, if Irish, yet he had to uphold all alone the proud traditions of 250 men, as he was the only member of Company E, 318th Infantry, at Charleston. Bill commanded like a major, however, and his orders were remarkable for their number and clarity.

The Divisional banquet at the Ruffner Saturday night proved a "real feed," featured by a jazz orchestra and negro "K. P.'s." Every man in the dining-hall came to his feet when the musicians broke into "La Marseillaise," the French national anthem.

Ask any Blue Ridger who was fortunate enough to be at Charleston what West Virginia's Capitol is famed for, and ten times out of nine he will reply: "Its extreme dampness, its fine homes and Packards." The latter apparently grow on trees out there, while the former—well, is presumably due to the proximity of the Kanawha River, though we know beaucoup vets who failed to recognize the source of the "moisture." Compree?

Captain "Jack" Morgan, of the 305th Engineers and a prominent resident of Charleston, who served as chairman of the Reunion Finance Committee, made everyone in sight glad that he had come to

Charleston. Captain Morgan, besides contributing materially to the success of the Reunion, showed himself a "regular fellow."

"We can't get 'em up, we can't get 'em up, we can't get 'em up in the morning!" No officious bugler sounded the hateful refrain, yet the very atmosphere breathed of the necessity about the various hotels—in fact, retiring in the A. M. was practised more generally than rising. Reveille time ranged all the way from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

As usual, the 160th Infantry Brigade and 155th Field Brigade furnished by far the largest representation at the Reunion, although the 317th Infantry of the 159th Brigade made an excellent showing with more than 80 men present. We cannot but swear and wonder what alibi the 318th Infantry and other units of the 80th proposes to produce? It will have to be a beautiful lie, if those who were conspicuous by their absence expect to escape hearing their pedigrees read. Want another nice little draft to come along and invite you to jump in, eh?

The show windows of a number of Charleston stores showed realistic exhibits of Divisional souvenirs and souvenirs de France, ranging all the way from camp newspapers and par bon francs to shells and bayonets. Incidentally, the numerous pictures and photographs revealed the soldier's well-known weakness to see himself as others see him.

General George H. Jamerson, former commander of the 159th Infantry Brigade and now commander of the 80th Division Reserve, was present at his first reunion and showed that he was as much interested in the Division Association as in the Division Reserve, upon the latter of which he gave an illuminating talk at Saturday's business session.

The Ruffner and Kanawha Hotels were Blue Ridge centers, while Hamilton P. C. functioned smoothly and efficiently at the Ruffner, which was Reunion headquarters. But for the absence of the telltale O. D., the lobby of the Ruffner might easily have been mistaken for an 80th Division leave-area hostelry.

Ice water was by far the most popular commodity in Charleston. Some attributed the unusual demand to the strange water, while others declined to advance an opinion. Probably the colored bell-hops are more competent to explain the feverish requests than anyone else!

The stand of Divisional colors presented to the 80th by Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, of Pittsburgh, was on display and seen for the first time by hundreds of Blue Ridgers. The colors occupied a prominent place at both the military mass and memorial service Sunday.

Boyd B. Stutler, chairman of the Reunion Committee and formerly Regimental Sergeant-Major of the 314th Field Artillery, besides proving himself a bear for work, did everything possible to see that everyone enjoyed himself and had a thundering good time. We salute Comrade Stutler for what he is—a blame good fellow.

The numerous banners denoting battle engagements and places in France intimately associated with the overseas career of the 80th, which were prominently suspended across Charleston's principal streets and bridges, were the objects of much interest and comment. Among the familiar names displayed were those of Brest, Bordeaux, Arras, St. Mihiel, Cunel, Ippercourt, Nantillois, Zubancy, Sommauthe and others. Who omitted Paris? (!)

The feminine Blue Ridgers—wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, et cetera—who blessed the Reunion with their presence, and there was a very fair representation of the (no longer) "weaker sex," were not overlooked in the three-day program. In addition to the petit held by the ladies Saturday night, all visiting women were entertained by Mrs. E. F. Morgan, wife of West Virginia's Governor, with a reception and tea Saturday afternoon at the Governor's mansion. She was assisted by the chairman of the various woman's organizations of Charleston.

The two Charleston newspapers, the *Daily Gazette* and *Daily Mail*, were generous with their publicity and covered the convention very completely (for which we shall forgive them for a number of well-intentioned inaccuracies). Sunday's editions of both papers contained a full column of editorial comment—and it was beaucoup complimentary. Merci, messieurs les editeurs!

Captain Thomas Hooper, better known as the "Fighting Parson," who resigned a pastorate at Mitchells, Va., to accept a commission as commanding officer of a company in the 319th Infantry, was the center of much interest. Captain, or "Parson" Hooper, besides speaking at the Division memorial exercises in the Capitol Theatre Sunday afternoon, showed his old fighting spirit by taking an active part in the busi-

## "Sidelights on the Charleston Reunion"

ness sessions of the Division Association.

First Lieut. Clarence W. Merrell, of Irvington, N. J., who was wounded in action in August, 1918, while the Division was brigaded with the British in Picardy, had the unique distinction of being the only officer present who received a "Blighty" while on the British front. Lt. Merrell, who served with Company G, 318th Infantry, was also the first officer wounded in his regiment. "Little Dick" still has oceans of snap and pep, however. Ah, oui!

Everyone regretted that Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, who had expected to be on hand, was unavoidably detained in Baltimore. In a telegram addressed to Brigadier General Brett, General Cronkhite, who used to be "top kick" of the 80th, expressed his deep disappointment at being unable to be with his "old friends and comrades throughout the period of the Reunion." We shook hands with the General once, therefore we know he means every word of it.

The Charleston Reunion Committee overlooked but one detail—the usual parade! No one remarked upon the omission (?), however—rather, the prevailing silence was eloquent of thanksgiving and gratitude to those responsible for the deficiency. Let's hope the few chaps who bravely donned the ancient khaki or O. D. didn't greatly grumble over the lack of opportunity to "Sound Off!"

The Charleston Weather Man tendered the early arrivals Saturday morning a "wet" reception (No pun intended, s'il vous plait!) Seemingly, perhaps in order to make the boys feel right at home, a typical French rain prevailed at intervals throughout Saturday and Saturday night. The W. M. was smiling Sunday and Monday, however, and the skies were as lovely as those of Nice in leave-area days.

Let's hear who claims the record for long-distance promenading to Charleston. James H. Hendricks came all the way from Chicago, while W. C. Alexander blew in from Athens, Ga., and Mumford J. Love from Stanfield, N. C., both for their premier Reunion. Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey were among the other distant commonwealths represented. Speak up, who hiked from Maine and California, or, perhaps, Florida? Don't crowd, please.

Mayor Grant P. Hall, who welcomed the boys on behalf of the city of Charleston, struck a responsive chord when he turned over the "keys" of the municipality and assured his audience that "if any of them got into trouble with the Chief of Police," a call to His Honor, the Mayor, would speedily and satisfactorily adjust the difficulty. The convention reciprocated with an old-fashioned "chow" yell, denoting comprehension.

The official badge of the Reunion, which embraced a circle containing the Divisional insignia in colors, surrounded by the in-

scription "80th Division Veterans Ass'n., 3rd Annual Reunion, Charleston, W. Va., Sept., 1922," and attached to a three-inch strip of genuine Victory Medal ribbon, was unanimously complimented. Whoever was responsible for the design knew that all "vets" retain a weakness for a bit O' dash and color.

Practically all trains bringing Blue Ridgers to Charleston were hours and hours late, while many of the boys reported the accommodations and congestion as rivaling those of our old friends of "40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux" fame. We know of a number of men who stood at "Attention" in crowded corridors for ten consecutive hours while covering the 225 miles between Staunton and Charleston. Sore? Well, rather!

Henry R. Curry, Resident Secretary of the Division Association, (he whom the Charleston reporters loved to dignify as "Corporal") was by far the busiest, most sought and harassed man in the city. In addition to efficiently guiding the destinies of "Hamilton P. C." at the Hotel Ruffner, he was here and everywhere but, through it all, always willing and ready to mix with his buddies and demonstrate that he's a "regular guy."

Without a dissenting vote, and upon the invitation of J. C. Smith, Norfolk, Va., was chosen for the fourth annual reunion of the 80th. While the date will be fixed by the Executive Council, it has been suggested that the meeting coincide with the annual encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, which will also be held at Norfolk next year. Some shindig in prospect, eh?

The solemn Pontifical Military High Mass, which was celebrated at the Sacred Heart Cathedral Sunday morning by Bishop J. J. Swint, Auxiliary Bishop of the Diocese of West Virginia, was pronounced one of the most impressive services ever held in Charleston. Chaplain Edward A. Wallace, of the 320th Infantry, paid a stirring tribute to his dead and living comrades.

J. K. Anderson, president of the Charleston Rotary Club, who contributed materially toward the success of the Reunion, was signally honored at the final business session Monday morning by election to honorary membership in the Division Association, a distinction now held by only one other American citizen, William L. Fleming, of Pittsburgh.

That Charleston is a musical city was convincingly evidenced by the prominent part both vocal and instrumental music played at every stage of the official program. The Cog City Band rendered stirring martial airs during the business session; Stanley Gill's Orchestra, the Orpheus Eight, dispensed jazz during the Divisional banquet; the National Guard Band played at all performances of "Flashes of Action;" the Charleston Symphony Orches-

tra and the Billy Sunday Quartette played and sang during the Division Memorial Service, and the Virginians supplied the pep for the dance at Luna Park.

A belated contingent of Pittsburghers, who started to Charleston by boat, were held up for twelve hours on account of fog and finally finished the journey by rail. The erstwhile mariners reported the waters free from submarines, though menaced by other danger (?) not all of the deep, however.

Lieut. Frank Schoble, Jr., of the 318th Infantry, whose sight was totally destroyed while leading his men in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, in October, 1918, was one of the outstanding figures at the Reunion. Son of a millionaire hat manufacturer, of Philadelphia, and gifted with all that money can buy, save the light of day, Lieut. Schoble betrayed a keen interest in the affairs of the Association and his voice and energies were among the dominant notes at the business sessions.

A well-intentioned, but misguided search by three members of the 318th Infantry for one F. L. Conway, which originated at the desk of the Kanawha Hotel and continued to Room 131, revealed a case of mistaken identity, due to similarity of names. The incident had a story-book climax when it ended with an invitation to, and a jolly supper at a private home on Michigan Avenue, where the guests were cooks and "K. P.'s."

The Charleston merchants and business concerns were remarkably liberal with advertising space in Sunday's papers, dedicated to welcoming the men of the 80th Division. Nearly one entire section of the *Charleston Gazette* was devoted to articles and advertisements relating to the Division, some of the latter covering a half-page of space and the majority featuring the familiar Blue Ridge insignia.

Lieut. Colonel John Baker White, veteran of the Spanish-American and World Wars, who presided at the opening business session Monday afternoon, was accorded a rousing cheer and prompt compliance when he invited all present to "shuck their coats."

Natives of Charleston take a pardonable pride in telling you their municipality, in addition to being the capital of West Virginia, is a city of fine homes, magnificent buildings and the Kanawha River.

The 80th demonstrated in action unmistakable that its old fighting spirit still lives, when in response to Lieut. Schoble's stirring appeal for new life members Monday morning 56 members "signed up" within a period of ten minutes. Lieut. Schoble's goal is 1,000 "lifers," practically one-fifth of whom have already been secured. Who's next?

Members of Charleston's Boy Scouts troop were on duty at Division Headquarters at the Hotel Ruffner throughout the Reunion, and besides rendering valiant service as guides and in numerous other capacities, their smart khaki uniforms lent just

## "Sidelights on the Charleston Reunion"

the needed touch of the military to the occasion.

The third annual Division Memorial Service at the Capitol Theatre, Sunday afternoon will long be remembered by the great audience as a magnificent tribute to the "Silent Men of Arms." The music was a notable feature and the congregation joined in the singing of "America" and "Nearer My God to Thee." Following the sounding of "Taps" by a bugler, the entire assemblage stood at "Attention" for one minute.

Probably the most interesting exhibit in Charleston during the Reunion was the large scale map, or chart, showing in detail the movements of the 80th during the Meuse-Argonne. Offensive. This map, which was prepared and presented to the Division by Lieut. Colonel Edmund A. Buchanan, late of 159th Brigade Headquarters, was hung on the side wall of the lower portico of the Ruffner Hotel, covering the entire wall, and was the center of interest to numerous groups of Blue Ridgers.

M. J. Love, of Company G, 318th Infantry, was probably the champion hard-luck buddy attending the Reunion. Starting from his home at Stanfield, N. C., for Charleston in a car, the machine was disabled before he reached Charlotte. Undaunted, the ex-cook caught a train, only shortly afterward to have his traveling bag stolen. He did not arrive in Charleston until Sunday afternoon and became sick a few hours later. The obstacles, however, instead of discouraging him, merely spurred him on.

Houston G. Young, Secretary of State of West Virginia, welcomed the 80th in behalf of Governor Ephraim F. Morgan, who had been called to Charlestown to testify in the Allen treason trial and who sent a telegram expressing his regret that he was unable to meet the veterans of the Division and to be in Charleston during the Reunion.

The temporary booth of the Charleston sub-district office of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau in the lobby of the Hotel Ruffner was not rushed with business-in-fact, its visitors were infinitesimal. Charles Holt, in charge of the Charleston office, addressed the convention at length at Saturday's opening session, but his "hard-boiled" auditors were apparently not interested in his remarks.

The 80th was undoubtedly blessed in the choice of "sky-pilots" charged with its spiritual welfare, for they were "real" men as well as chaplains. Among the number were Father Edward A. Wallace, of Manhattan, N. Y., retiring Chaplain of the Division Association, who served with the 320th Infantry, and Rev. Arthur H. Brown, of Weehawken, N. J., senior Chaplain of the Division, who served with the 318th Infantry. Both were present at Charleston,

and among the most popular "vets" at the Reunion.

Manager Barnes, of the Hotel Ruffner, where Hamilton P. C. was located, did his bit by handsomely decorating the lobbies with banners and Divisional colors. Suspended across the street in front of the hotel was a large streamer, reading "80th Division Headquarters."

Due to lack of time at the final business session Monday, the Association took no formal action upon the report of the History Committee, prepared and submitted by Russell L. Stultz, but ordered the document referred to the Executive Council for review and action. The question is: Do we have a Divisional History, or do we not?

Many veterans witnessed the warm film, "Flashes of Action," at the Strand Theatre, Sunday afternoon as guests of Kanawha Post No. 20 of the American Legion, under whose auspices the pictures were shown, and saw themselves as others see them. The attraction was greatly enhanced by the presence of the National Guard band of 30 pieces.

Mayor Grant P. Hall, in his welcoming speech, evoked much merriment when he declared that the Charleston police force had accomplished in four hours what the entire German army had failed to do in four years. "They captured your General," he said. Then the Mayor related how Brigadier General Brett, unfamiliar with the traffic rules of Charleston, had parked his car on the wrong side of the street shortly after he came to the city. An officer, unaware of the identity of the distinguished owner, attached a card to the steering wheel notifying him to appear before Judge W. W. Wertz, in Police Court. The General was instantaneously pardoned by Mayor Hall, however, thus avoiding a "G. C. M."

It was rumored that scores of Blue Ridgers attended the Reunion solely to see Henry R. Curry, of Pittsburgh, the Association's resident secretary, who writes real poetry for "Service Magazine." They were happily surprised to find that the ex-Corporal of the 320th Infantry was minus long hair and resembled everything save a poet-in-fact, since "lamping" him, it's more difficult than ever to believe that the peppy "skipper" of Hamilton P. C. is the guy responsible for those soul-stirring stanzas in SERVICE.

Two new and much needed officers were provided for at Monday's business session. They were a Judge-Advocate and a Color-Sergeant. The former official will doubtless have a busy job, as he is expected to render legal advice and assistance. Now, don't push, all you fellows who want to dissolve partnership with madame or have run afoul of Mr. Volstead!

Among the prominent absentees was Captain Reuel W. Elton, of New York City, vice president of the Division Association

and Adjutant General of the Veterans' of Foreign Wars, who, like General Cronkhite and Governor Morgan, sent a telegram of regret. Captain Elton recently was awarded the Legion of Honor by the French government.

La guerre was fought all over again—often to a decisive finish, in many a hotel and rooming house by men who have followed wholly peaceful pursuits since the November, 1918, Armistice. While the "battles" were bloodless, they were, nevertheless, memorable "engagements," and in more than one room and corridor, as wide-eyed bell hops will testify, the 80th Division "Moved Forward" and "went over the top" with much the vim and dash of old.

Without doubt, the monster picnic and barbecue at Luna Park, Monday afternoon, was the outstanding social feature of the Reunion. Literally tons of "eats" were provided, while all the familiar details of "mess call" and "chow line" were re-enacted in a most realistic manner—with all the obnoxious features omitted, however. "Bucking the line" was taboo. Generals and Buck Privates "fell in" together, and "seconds," "thirds" and even "fourths," went begging, for there was enough for a full Division. The kiddies and their elders were invited to finish the repast, and they obeyed like real veterans, instead of merely hungry spectators.

Rear Admiral Rousseau, U. S. Navy, who was in Charleston as head of a naval investigating board for the purpose of visiting the Naval Ordnance Plant, called at the Hotel Ruffner to see Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, only to learn that the General had been detained in Baltimore.

Lieut. Frank Schoble, Jr., one of the newly elected vice presidents of the Division Association, who lost the sight of both eyes in action, held the rapt attention of every person in the Capitol Theatre Sunday afternoon, during the Memorial Services, as he spoke on "Memories." Lieut. Schoble has a remarkable personality, and a solemn, reverent hush stilled the auditorium as he vividly told of watching his comrades fall in battle while others "carried on." He is one of the 80th's outstanding heroes.

The appointment of a Ways and Means Committee, to meet at its own expense and at the call of General Brett, was among the most important steps taken by the Association. Genuine enthusiasm marked the final business session Monday, when plans for promoting the Association's membership and financial status were discussed and formulated.

Through courtesy extended the General Housing Committee by W. T. Williamson, of the Charleston Telephone Co., a telephone was installed in the registration room at the Hotel Ruffner within an hour after the request was made.

Both still and motion pictures of General

## "Sidelights on the Charleston Reunion"

Brett and Jamerson, the members of the Division Executive Council and other officials, were taken during the picnic at Luna Park, Monday afternoon. The photographers staged a "corn-eating contest" among the members of the group, in order to make them "snappy." Some looked "pretty," while others "stayed put."

C. F. Bushman, of Bluefield, West Va., who represents the 315th Field Artillery on the Executive Council, presented a charter application for an 80th Division P. C. at Bluefield, which was quickly approved. This makes the third local P. C. or post, chartered by the Association.

Rev. Thomas W. Hooper, the "Fighting Parson" and newly elected Chaplain of the Division Association, preached at Bream Memorial Presbyterian Church, in Charleston, Sunday morning. All the Protestant churches in Charleston held special services for the visiting Blue Ridgers.

Henry R. Curry, who was complimented on his policy and management of SERVICE MAGAZINE, and his record as Resident Secretary of the Association, gave an interesting account of the "inside workings" of the Association and explained the whys and wherefores of many things hitherto not understood.

Among the early arrivals were the two Misses Dewberry, of Petersburg, Va., who were active in "Y" work and the entertaining of the boys at Camp Lee during the period of training. These ladies also attended the two previous Reunions of the Division in Richmond and Petersburg.

Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett is, for all his brilliant military record, a modest and unassuming hero. Mayor Hall, in his welcoming address, several times referred to General Brett as commander of the 80th, but when he had concluded the General arose and put the record straight, paying a tribute to General Cronkhite and stoutly disclaiming any intention of "stealing his thunder."

If anybody missed being complimented or congratulated at the final business session Monday, it was through rare accident. Nearly everyone was thanked—the city, citizens and various organizations of Charleston; the members of Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1; the Charleston Boy Scouts; Mr. J. K. Anderson, of the Charleston Rotary Club; the Charleston Reunion Committee; the retiring officers of the Division Association; Lieut. Colonel E. A. Buchanan; Resident Secretary Henry R. Curry; Chairman R. L. Stultz, of the History Committee, and others. It was a great day for "Merci, beau coup."

We wonder who took the German field-piece, parked at the entrance of a store on Capitol Street, on a midnight stroll down that popular thoroughfare, thereby blocking the trolley line and affording the good people of Charleston a practical demonstration of what artillerymen can do with

a real gun? The wheels grumbled and protested, but they "moved forward!" Oui!

What the attendance lacked numerically was made up by the spirit of conviviality and good fellowship prevailing. Practically every unit and section of the country, and every grade, from General to Buck, was represented, and the numerous little groups and parties showed unmistakably that the ties and comradeships of yesterday still thrive and endure—and will last as long as the last grumbling, cussing, fighting Blue Ridger survives.

General Brett, revered friend and buddy of all ranks, who was unanimously chosen President of the Division Association for the third successive time, in a "Greeting to the Men of the 80th," published in Saturday's papers, concluded the proud old battle-cry: "The years must not slow you down. Remember, the 80th Division always moves forward." Just pin that message in your tin derby, old man, where it will keep your memories company.

A frank, but well-intentioned remark by a "vet" at Monday's session, suggesting that few commissioned officers were present, served to reveal the welcome information that the number was much greater than presumed. The betraying "Sam Brownes" had been salvaged, and in their absence the owners were just like all other Blue Ridgers, "regular fellows," unboastful of their rank and deeds and glad to meet their comrades as man-to-man.

Luna Park, Charleston's amusement center, proved a popular resort, and deservedly. All attractions were free to wearers of the official Reunion badge and the number in evidence showed that the old army habit of "hangin' around" when anything's being "put out" still lingers. The dancing pavilion Monday evening might easily have been a "Y" hut, but for the notable absence of "hobs."

Private Yeager, of Philadelphia, who has attended all three of the Divisional Reunions, is a dyed-in-the-wool Blue Ridger, one of the quiet, unpretentious boosters who believes in deeds rather than words. The "Quaker City" man had charge of the organization work in his company in the 317th Infantry while in France and was credited with a perfect score. He signed up every man in his outfit for the Division Association—a record equaled by no other company.

Both the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. maintained headquarters in Charleston for the boys—the former a first-aid station and the latter a writing room—but the majority were blissfully oblivious of the efforts expended by their old friends of the army; in fact, everyone appeared entirely too busy (or absent-minded) to even dream of the "Y" or Red Cross.

That Captain John T. Morgan, chairman of the Reunion Finance Committee and newly elected member of the Executive

Council from the 305th Engineers, stands high with his comrades was indicated by comments heard among them during the meetings of the Association and around the windows of a local store, where trophies brought back from France by him were displayed.

"Norfolk, 1923." Let's Go! All you lazy or "busted" chaps who missed the third annual shindig at Charleston want to paste that name and date in your old derby, and you want to begin right now, "toot sweet," to round up the necessary simoleons. If you can't be a life-member, you can "fall in" with the rest of the guys at least once a year and show them that you can still "carry on." Now, all together: "N-O-R-F-O-L-K 1-9-2-3!"

MINUTES OF THIRD ANNUAL  
BUSINESS MEETING OF THE 80TH  
DIVISION VETERANS' ASSN. AT  
THE SCOTTISH RITE HALL,  
CHARLESTON, W. VA.,  
SEPTEMBER 4, 1922.

Meeting was called to order at 10:45 A. M. by General Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. A. Ret., President of the 80th Division Veterans' Association.

Division Chaplain, Father Edward A. Wallace of Manhattan Beach, New York City, made the invocation.

Reports of committees appointed at preliminary business meeting were called for by President Brett. The By-Laws Committee, Chairman Russell L. Stultz, reported that they were open to suggestions and it was regularly moved and seconded that the positions of Judge Advocate General and Color Sergeant be added to the list of organization officers, subject to the approval of the By-Law Committee. This motion was approved by said committee.

The Auditing Committee Chairman, Comrade John Morgan, reported that financial statements of the association had been inspected and approved to the best of their knowledge and belief. It was then moved by Chairman Morgan, seconded by Comrade Chas. W. Chesley, that an Auditing Committee be appointed by the President from the Pittsburgh district, to inspect the records of the association and submit a detailed report later.

Comrade Frank W. Schoble, Jr., of Wyncote, Pa., (blinded in action) made a stirring appeal for new life members in the association. At the conclusion of his address fifty-six members joined the association as life members.

It was regularly moved and seconded that the Ways and Means Committee appointed at the preliminary business meeting be continued as a permanent committee and be increased at the discretion of the President, members to hold meetings at their

## "Sidelights on the Charleston Reunion"

own expense, and empowered to devise ways and means of continuing and extending the work and scope of the association. This motion was unanimously passed.

It was unanimously voted that the policy of the organization contained in its By-Laws, Article I, page 2, which reads:

"The objects of this Association are: Patriotic, Historical, and Fraternal, and to uphold the Constitution of the United States of America, to foster and perpetuate true Americanism, to preserve and strengthen comradeship among its members, to assist worthy comrades and to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the World War be reaffirmed and the resident secretary confirmed and sustained in the policy pursued in the past in adhering to this article."

Comrade Henry R. Curry was complimented on the policy and management of SERVICE MAGAZINE and the affairs connected with his duties as resident secretary.

It was unanimously pledged by all members at the meeting by a rising vote that every one present would make every individual effort to obtain at least five new members.

It was regularly moved and seconded that a Resolution Committee be appointed. This was unanimously passed, and Comrade Thomas W. Hooper elected Chairman. He was instructed to appoint two other members.

The Resolution Committee prepared the following resolution to the citizens and organizations of West Virginia and Charleston.

### RESOLUTION OF THANKS

Be it Resolved: The 80th Division Veterans' Association at our Third Annual Reunion in the Capitol City of the Sovereign State of West Virginia, express to the State, to the City of Charleston, to the various organizations and to the individual citizens, our heart-felt appreciation of thanks for the generous hospitality which has made our stay in your midst such an unforgettable pleasure; and Be it Further Resolved:

That these resolutions be included in our permanent records and that a copy be published in each of the local papers.

THOMAS W. HOOPER, *Chairman.*

This resolution was unanimously approved by a rising vote of the entire meeting.

A vote of thanks and sincere appreciation was expressed for the untiring work and efforts of those Boy Scouts of Charleston who associated in the reunion activities.

A vote of thanks and sincere appreciation was entered to Comrade Colonel Edmund A. Buchanan for his donation to the permanent records of the Association, the battle maps on exhibition at Reunion Headquarters.

It was regularly moved and seconded and unanimously passed by a rising vote of the entire meeting that Mr. J. K. Anderson, of Charleston receive the most sincere thanks and appreciation of the 80th Division Veterans' Association for his distinguished services on behalf of the 80th Division Veterans' Association at its third annual reunion.

A unanimous rising vote of thanks was given to the members of Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1 of Pittsburgh, Pa., (composed of the mothers, fathers and other relatives of the men of the division) for their untiring, sincere and hearty support and co-operation with the Association, and particularly to those ladies of this organization who came to the third annual reunion and so greatly assisted in its success.

A unanimous rising vote of thanks was extended to the members of the Charleston Reunion Committee for their efforts and endeavors which resulted in the great success of the Third Annual Reunion at Charleston.

A rising vote of thanks of the entire meeting was extended to the officers of the 80th Division Veterans' Association for their excellent and admirable conduct of the association affairs during the past year.

The following officers of the 80th Division Veterans' Association were elected for a term of one year:

President: Genl. Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. A. Ret., (160 Brig.) unanimously re-elected. Vice presidents: Reuel W. Elton, (318th Inf.) unanimously re-elected; Frank Schoble, Jr., (318th Inf.) unanimously elected; R. Allen Ammons (317th Inf.) unanimously elected; Chaplain: Rev. Thomas W. Hooper (Capt. 319th Inf.) unanimously elected.

### MEMBERS OF EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

A. R. Peterson (317th Inf.) unanimously re-elected; Cyril A. Madden (319th Inf.) unanimously re-elected; Frederick Hickman (319th Inf.) unanimously re-elected; William C. Vandewater (160 Brigade Hq.) unanimously re-elected; Cornelius C. Vermeule (320 M. G. Co.) unanimously elected; William J. Gompers (313th F. A.) elected by majority; Boyd B. Stutler (314th F. A.) unanimously re-elected; C. F. Bushman (315th F. A.) unanimously re-elected; Jacob Shulgold (315 M. G. Bn.) unanimously elected; Fay A. Davis (305th San. Tn.) unanimously elected; John Morgan (305th Engineers) unanimously elected.

Recording Secretary: John E. Sugden, Jr., (320th Inf.) unanimously re-elected.

It was unanimously voted that the President be empowered to appoint the Judge Advocate General and two Color Sergeants of the Association. President Brett appointed Honorable Judge D. Paulson Foster (305th F. S. Bn.) to the office of Judge Advocate General, and Comrades O. K.

Fry (319th Inf.) and D. Frank Graham (313th Inf.) as Color Sergeants.

Comrade J. C. Smith of Norfolk, Virginia, extended an invitation to the Association that the 4th Annual Reunion of the 80th Division Veterans' Association be held in Norfolk, Va., date to be fixed by the Executive Council. Unanimously voted that the 4th Annual Reunion will be held in Norfolk, Virginia.

A report of the History Committee was referred to the Executive Council for Review and Action and Chairman Stultz of the History Committee thanked by the Association for his efforts in this connection.

Applications for Charters from Philadelphia, Pa., Bluefield, W. Va., and Pittsburgh, Pa., members desiring to form Local P. C.'s of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, were referred to the Executive Council which approved the issuance of charters to Philadelphia Post No. 2, Bluefield, W. Va., Post No. 3, and Pittsburgh Post No. 4, of the 80th Division Veterans' Association.

Letters and messages from Major General Sturgis, Hq., Panama Canal Zone, Reuel W. Elton, A. N. LaPorte, Otis L. Guernsey, Comrade Tramburger, A. R. Peterson, Col. Spalding, Wm. W. Crape, W. S. Haag. Letter from Chairman Sacred Heart Church, Adam T. Gall, who had charge of Military Mass, "Dere Mabel Horner" of Rockford, Ill., Maj. Gen'l. Adelbert Cronkhite, and others expressing their regret at being unable to attend, were read.

Meeting adjourned at 1:30 P. M., peace and harmony prevailing.

### CHEERING SOMEONE ON

Don't you mind about the triumphs,

Don't you worry after fame;

Don't you grieve about succeeding,

Let the future guard your name.

All the best in life's wealth is gone;

Love will last when wealth is gone;

Just be glad that you are living,

And keep cheering someone on.

Let your neighbors have the blossoms,

Let your comrades wear the crown,

Never mind the little setbacks

Nor the blows that knock you down.

You'll be there when they're forgotten,

You'll be glad with youth and dawn,

If you just forget your troubles,

And keep cheering someone on.

There's a lot of sorrow round you,

Lots of lonesomeness and tears;

Lots of heartaches and of worry

Through the shadows of the years,

And the world needs more than triumphs;

More than all the swords we've drawn,

It is hungering for the fellow

Who keeps cheering others on.

—*Baltimore Sun.*

# Shall There Be A Monument In France

Erected to The Eightieth Division? How About Your Own Home State? Do You Want a Monument at Camp Lee, Va.?  
Think It Over Buddy.

In the Alpine resort, Uriage, Le Baines, in the Department of Isere—where once the Dauphin Princes reigned, there are three distinctive monuments that were viewed by many American soldiers back in the leave area days. Perhaps some Doughboy proudly boasts some valuable relic from one of these historical shrines; perhaps it is on the mantle piece and he shows it, proudly, to all visitors. We wonder if he does not often experience pangs of sincere remorse at his thoughtlessness in destroying some part of a memorial that through centuries has become sacred to a people? In Uriage, as in practically every nook and corner of France, we found such monuments—sacred to the Frenchman for all time, sacred because they are so much a part of his country and its history as the Liberty Bell and Valley Forge are to true Americans. At Uriage—we found the ancient Roman baths, the castle of some ancient Grandee of the early France when kings ruled with an iron axe and citizens were satisfied to catch a glimpse of his majesty "The King." Here, also, is the historical house in which the great patriots of the day plotted the great French Revolution.

These points of interest were closed for a time due to the vandalisms of the Per-

missionaires. In spite of every precaution, a golden crucifix which heard the prayers of some great lady centuries ago disappeared from its cross and found a new, strange resting place in some soldier's pocket or blouse, some delicate bit of carving upon the royal couch of the prince or princess would be broken off before the very eyes of the guard or guides, the stones of the Roman baths alone seemed to be immune to these vandals. Perhaps had they not been so far from the Chemin de Fere, (Railroads) they would have been boxed and shipped home to America to make a terrace wall around the front lawn or a new pair of front steps. The story was common in France during the war that some soldiers took the life size crucifix from the cross at the entrance to the town and in spite of all searchings it is missing to this day. In the Argonne-Chateau Thierry and on other American fronts there stands today the greatest monuments the world can ever know—The living sermon against man's greed for power—The unmistakable answer to man's selfishness. These crosses, "Row on Row," each represent the greatest service of mankind—"That he give up his life for his friend." In this particular his country was his friend—his love of truth and justice was

his friend, and he died that these principles might be preserved.

There is one other monument which we as the representatives of these "Silent men of arms" and as loyal soldiers continuing the fight of the cause in which we fought should erect, there should be a monument to the great work of the Eightieth Division—there should be a monument that for all time would occupy the place in the memory of the French people and of the world held by other sacred shrines in their history.

To do this we must have the views and support of every man who served with the Eightieth. Other divisions have honored their living and dead with such a monument—should the "80th," be less thoughtful of theirs.

There has been talk of a monument in France, one in Pittsburgh, Pa., one in West Virginia, and one in Virginia (possibly at Camp Lee.) There has also been some discussion of creating a fund to take care of this and possibly create a scholarship fund to be competed for yearly by the descendant of some Blue Ridger.

There should be a monument to the Blue-Ridge Division in France. We must place it there if we are to have one. What are your views?

## "Memories"

(Continued from Page 2)

better selves, we, who remain, must live for the fulfillment of that vision.

Let me turn backward for a moment in thought and recall a sight that is so vividly impressed upon my memory that it will remain with me until the last bugle-call summons me away. It is evening on a shell-torn, battle-littered, blood-stained hillside in France—the hillside on which I saw the light of day for the last time. But is that a memory that burns? Listen. When the shell burst which deprived me of all earthly light, you my comrades were around me. Overhead I could hear the scream of shells speeding from our batteries to the enemy. Amid the bursting shells, amid the hail of machine-gun bullets, to the right and left, to the front and rear I could see line upon line of khaki-clad figures, my own men and the men of the other units of our division. There you were with your bayonets fixed, your eyes to the front, advancing steadily, silently, courageously. The 80th Division always

moves forward. So, praise God, I can always see you, always moving forward in that steady relentless advance that that night was to drive the enemy out of his position, later on out of the Argonne altogether and, in a few weeks, to bring the war to a victorious conclusion. Can a memory such as that burn? No. It will always remain as a blessed inspiration throughout the years. The whole spirit of the Eightieth, the whole spirit of the American soldier, is in that last vision of patriotic determination to attain the objective—the primary one of that night and the broader one that is the background of all of our service and sacrifice.

Whenever I attend a reunion or any gathering of my old comrades I am inclined to believe that there is some compensation to the fact that I cannot see you. For, as I visualize the assembly, it is not a gathering of civilians but a gathering of soldiers, still wearing the uniform in spirit as you wore it when I last saw you when the earth shook with the tramp of the arm-

ies of the world. It is true that our immediate object has been accomplished and that, with its successful completion, we have been mustered out of the service with a grateful acknowledgement that we played our part well. But, let us pause a moment before we accept too eagerly that greater freedom which seems so engaging after military restraint. Let us take counsel with ourselves before we sink back into that state of profitless repose which so often follows after a period of extreme exertion and excessive endeavor. We hear it said on all sides that the war is over. And, for its destruction, its suffering and sacrifice we praise God that it is over. But only its activities are over. You need no words of mine to bring to you the realization of conditions at home and abroad. But, aside from the pressing consciousness of the aftermath of war, so long as one mother remembers the sight of her son in khaki, so long as one of us remembers the thrill that he felt when he first put the

(Continued on Page 30)



## “Henry Goes to College”

### Letter No. 2.

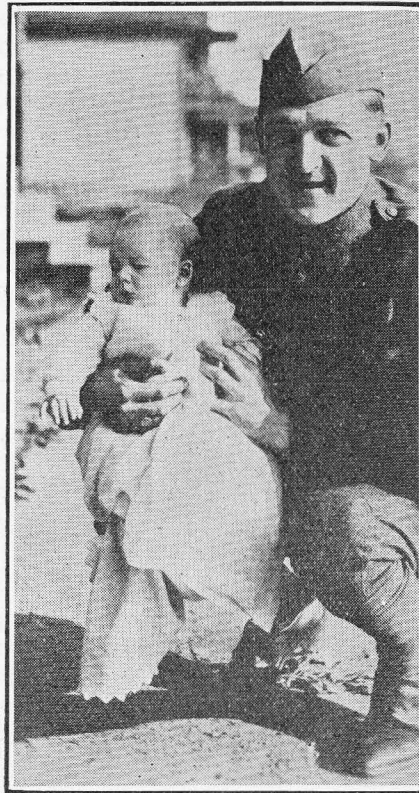
By Jack P. Smith

**W**ELL fellers, since I rote the last letter about me being in Kollege a lot off stuff happened and seeing as how all off it happened on account off me, I'll half too tell you about it. The seckond day I was in Kollege, I had a argument with that their time keeper. When I gets in I takes my time card and puts it in that there clock and when I punched the time on it the time keeper comes too me and says—says she,—you'll lose the first pieriod for comin late. I says to her,—what's the big idear anyhow for sayin that? Ain't I hear? She says sure, but that the rules off the Kollege. So I says, well them are funny rules and no foolin and whoever maid them better make another bunch and quit. She didn't like what I says because she thought I was pretty darned fresh for being a new fellar around their but I didn't care what she thought because I could quit when I felt like it and I didn't care what I said. Well, after the argument with the femail, (which I won) I went to the class room and there was the same old gang sitting around and each one tryin to talk louder than the other one. I sits in my required seat and listened. Say fellars, if you was in the Army and heard the stories what the fellars pulled all the time, you didn't hear nothin aside from what these ex-Soldats was a pullin off on the stay-at-homers.

You know what the stay-at-homers are, don't you? Them are people what quits a job what they are workin at all there lifes when the war begins and goes to one off them there ship yards to help too make ships like the one called the “Murkery” what I went too France on and makes morn ten bucks a day workin eight hours and saves enough money too half a auto too take them around with the flap-

pers what walk up and down the streets lookin for rides.

Well, too get back too what I was talkin



BILLY, JR.,  
Son of William E. Dunmore  
Co. D, 380th

about.

These ex-fellars uster tell them some awful things and they would be dum enough too believe it but not me. I was wise too them all the time. Well, the bell rung

and in come the same teecher what I saw the day before. He gets rite down to businèss and starts askin questions and when it come to my turn I thought he would skip me but he didn't.

He says to me—What is CARTILAGE? Well, I didn't think that one was a very hard one beings that I knowed something about the Army, so I says—it is a bullet what is used to put in a rifel to shoot at the enemy. No sooner I says this every body in the room includin the teecher starts to laff loud and it made me mad to think maby they was alaughin at me and findin out later it was me what they was alaughin at. The teecher says too me, he says—we ain't talking about no army now. I didn't say nothin about cartridge, I says cartilage. Oh, says I, I didn't understand you right I guess. I didn't know anything about cartilege yet because I didn't study the night before because I saw where their was a good show in town and I didn't want too miss it for the world, and I didn't business yet because a fellow what is a Kiropractic told me that I ain't got nothin too worry about because it takes time too learn the big words etc. I agree with him alright. I thinks too myself that if the other fellars can get this stuff I can to and perhaps in a coupler weeks I'll put my mind down on it and learn somethin. No use off rushing things as I half eighteen months too become one off these fellars.

At 11:45 A. M. we half what we calls pit. When I heard this name at first I thought we was goin too half a game or somethin but I was fooled. Pit means that the head fellow comes in the room ad brings a person in what is somethin the matter with and he talks about the kase for a wile and then he askes us what addjustments should be maid to fix this hear kase up. Some fellars said 1st, some



## “Henry Goes to College”

said sekond and everybody says some number. Those numbers meant that it was the 1st or sekond vertebrea etc. I thought as how I'd hollow out a number because I was a student as much as what they was. So I hollars out “5th” and the Prof. looks around at me and says—your a new fellar around hear ain't you? I says yes sir. I just started a koupler days ago. So he says too all the students, he says—look hear, this is a new student and he knows somethin about it already. He told me the 5th which is right. He is gonna make a good Kiropracktic alright.

But, fellars, it wasn't because I was so smart at tall. I just maid a guess at it and hollered out 5th, which just come too my mind first. But anyhow, I got kredit for knowin somethin and I'm going to try again maby it will work and if I get the big fellars on my side praps they will help me along with my studies and maby they won't. After Pit, we went home and on our way out the fellars would look at me and laff and each one would say too me that I'm a pretty smart fellar. I didn't say anything back too them for I didn't want to get in no argument because I might forget myself and tell them my sekret. When I gets home, I was hot and tired and I sits and thinks I wonder if it would hurt if I didn't go too Skool in the P. M. because the only thing they do is to push on them their plug which is supposed too be a vertebra and then run your hand up and down the other fellars back for a wile and then Skool is over. I was told that their was a double header at the ball park and I thought as how I'd like too see the games because I could see one game for nothin. So I thinks it over and the baseball game wone out over the Kollege which I was glad it did. I went out there too because I'd sooner swet sitting watchin a ball game then I would sitting in Kollege and swetin. I could off done a lota good

too if I knowed more about Kiro. One off the players hurt his neck when he went after a ball and one off the men hollars up on the grand stand (whear I was sitting, off course) and asked for a docktor. I knowed rite ways that a adjustment was what the fellar wanted but I wasn't going too take any chances sayin I was a docktor because I wasn't. I ain't takin chances like that.

After the games, which the home team won off course, I goes home and looks over my books just for the fun off it. I red a little out off each book and when I was done I forgot what I saw. I'll tell you it's a tough thing too learn and any body what wants too take it up better go too another Kollege before he comes here for he's goin too be up again it.

It's a good thing that I was a Kollege man before or I'd never be able too be a Kiropracktor. The first thing what they asked me the next day is where I was. Well, I wasn't goin too tell them all my business so I just says I was sick but too tell the truth I wasn't feelin bad at tall.

A kouple days passed and off course, I didn't know any more as when I started. They passed a magazine around what showed it was the Kollege magazine. I took one and started too walk away but the fellar says that it cost 10 cents. I looks it over and hands it back because I don't think they should charge that much for it. I think a nickle auto be enough but anyhow, I couldn't half took one for a nickle because I didn't half a nickle in my pocket. So I just waited a koupler days and I saw one layin around that nobody wanted anymore so I just took that one. They are always sellin somethin. A fellar auto half a lot off money in his pocket all the time so they won't take you by surprize. They wanted me too join a klub what they got which has a italian name. I asked them where the klub house was and if they got a pool table and such stuff for

the members. They told me no as it is only a society what is formed for the members. Well, I wasn't agoin to spend my money foolish like that. I'd sooner go too the movies.

A funny thing happened yesterday. You know when I come too this house too live, I didn't tell the Lady off the house what my business was and off course it wasn't no oncs business but she sees me go outer the house with a lota books under my arm and I knowed by the way she was lookin at me that she was wonderin what I done. So when I comes home from Kollege, I meets the Lady at the house and I says, it's pretty darned warm ain't it, and she says you bet. I says it's extra hot in Kollege and she says, surprized like—oh, you go too Kollege, do you? I says yes, I'm gonna be a Kiropracktor. She thought rite away as how I must be rich to be able too go too Kollege when the times is so tough, but I'm not. I don't know myself, how I do it, but I do it I guess because I am so smart and know how too manage things. Now, this Lady musta went and told everybody in the house as what I was a Docktor. Now when they sees me they says Howdydo Dock, fine day, etc. I don't like too be called one off them because I might meet one off them on the street sometime and right then something might happen and he might say, here is a Docktor. Then what would I do. I'd be in a turrible fix and no foolin but if they want to call me Dock. I won't objeck but I'll half too make belief that I am lookin in a window when I see them comin. Well, fellars, it's time for me too be agoin out too get somethin to eat. I don't eat very much since I am hear for it costs too much. I just eat light lunches and by this way it only costs me about \$4.00 or \$5.00 a day which is a lot less then if I went too work and eat a regular meal.

Yours till me meat again.

HENRY.

## “A Letter From the ‘318”

By J. R. Gavin  
Co. M. 318th. Inf.,

I WONDER how many of the gang remember our arrival at Montfaucon, coming in in the dark and trying to find a place to roost in the rain. The hole I slept in filled up with rain during the night but I was so tired I just stayed right in it. The next morning after breakfast (the detail had to walk about a mile to get it) we built a nice big fire and dried our clothes. Jerry amused us by keeping us stepping out of the road of the shells he was dropping all around us until one skipped over the edge of the hill and scattered the whole crowd. When he tired of that the planes came over and started

to pop at us, and nearly everyone that had his rifle handy started to fire at them which caused us all to catch hell from the skipper. Then we started to move up towards the woods our Company was at the rear of the battalion and some one at the front of the column gave the gas alarm. We were not in the woods yet when we got the alarm and the other outfits around started to razz us about wearing masks when there was no gas.

The Germans sure did have a sweet place fixed up in the woods. A large canteen, theater, reading rooms all covered with corrugated iron but we soon made

the place look sick taking all the iron to cover our fox holes. We were only there one night when we were ordered back. So we started back and stopped just beyond Cuisy expecting to get a good night's sleep. We had packs unrolled and bunks fixed up when along comes a messenger saying that the regiment was going back in. So we traveled till about one in the morning, stopping just back of Nantillois we turned in but did not sleep. About 5:30, October 4, the fun started again, our first Bn. going into the assault wave the Second in support, and ourselves (Third) in reserve.

By the time we got up to where the first

## "A Letter From the '318'"

had jumped off we could see what was happening to them. Saw one fellow, a stretcher bearer, lying on his own stretcher; another was there with his hand still on his bayonet trying to get it out of the scabbard but he never got that far. Where we were was on a little rise of ground with no cover at all and the shells were dropping pretty rapidly, mostly gas. In some way we missed connections with the leading platoon (our third) and when we started forward again no person was in sight but coming up over the edge of the next hill we saw several soldiers running towards us from the direction of Jerries lines and as it was dark and misty we took them for Jerries which did not make us feel very peppy. We finally located the rest of the company and dug in. This was a sweet place to be, we received samples of almost every kind of shell that Jerry had and the planes started their dirty work again. We stayed here all day and that night we started for the Bois de Ogon which was a sweet place to get to. Jerry was on one hill keeping the edge of the

other hill hot with machine guns and us trying to get up. We sent a man out on our left to locate our other platoon but he never came back so we kept on advancing until we reached the woods. We stayed in the woods while the lieutenant did a little scouting. He located troops on our right but could not find any on our left, our third platoon was supposed to be there. Then he sent myself and a platoon runner back to report our position at Battalion Headquarters. The next job was to find the place. We went to Regimental Headquarters and inquired but they said the Bn. Hqrs. had moved during the night and they were not connected up with them yet. After wandering around for an hour or so and nearly being picked up by an M. P., we turned in for the night (it was nearly morning then). We started out early and met another runner who directed us and we found that we had passed right by Headquarters on our way back the night before. We also discovered that the rest of our company was right back in their old position. So having made our report

we started back up to the woods with instructions for our platoon to join the rest of the Company. The woods was a fine mess, Jerry packs and equipment scattered all over the place. He even left his meal on the stove when he left. We dropped back to the old position and stayed there until relieved that night. We traveled back beyond Cuisy again and got our packs. Then we spent a day or so in what was Malancourt where the platoons were reorganized. We finally landed in Beauzee a wonderful(?) town. The only consolation was you could get something to eat (if you had the francs) spent a day or so here, then a detail was picked to go to a large supply depot where we loaded and unloaded cars. There were quite a few German prisoners here also. We spent two days on this job and returned to Beauzee where we drew line supplies and started off on our last lap of the war.

J. R. GAVIN,

Co. M., 18th Inf.

## Reminiscences of Calais

By Earl J. Kohnfelder

I SAW the name in a history the other day; I read that it was the last English possession to fall into the hands of the French. Queen Mary said that word—Calais—would be found written in her heart; even so is it impressed on my mind. The associations differ, however, for I think of the place as it appeared in the late war,—as I saw it that day in June, 1918, sadly humbled by the wanton havoc of the Hun.

Our regiment had just completed a three days' rail journey, and we were being unloaded from luxurious (?) French box cars bearing the legend "40 hommes et 8 chevaux" (meaning forty men and eight horses) when I caught my first glimpse of Calais—and what a depressing view the city afforded. Even the sun's piercing bright rays would fail to alter the melancholy mien of grim, grey walls, dusky buildings and dirty streets. That was apparent at the outset; and as we wended our way through the deserted quarters, enroute to a "Rest Camp," where we were to become officially attached to the British Army for training purposes, my first impressions were confirmed with a vengeance. The city was then out of range of German artillery, yet hostile bombing planes had daily dropped their deadly contents, taking a frightful toll of ruined buildings, demolished homes, and shattered hopes. As we passed through hurriedly, the customary stillness being sharply broken by the rhythmic clicking of hobnails on hard cobbles,

I found myself involuntarily conjuring-up visions of what the aspect had been in peace times. It must have been a quaintly artistic place, of bright colors and gay crowds. I could see the streets thronged with gesticulating people, and the odd, attractive shops tempting fastidious mademoiselles to squander many francs. The children would not be promenading with their elders at this time, because yonder green and white schoolhouse would be supplying the educational needs of the clamorous, but fertile-minded garcon. But on we marched until we reached the very outskirts of the city, when suddenly little ragged children began to appear from nowhere, begging sous. A coin would be tendered, and with a "Merci, monsieur," the grateful urchin would scamper away to the miserable abode of some equally miserable outcast family. I thought of my own little brother at home, and fervently thanked God for His merciful kindness to America. Then lone "Tommies" were sighted, from whom we had the pleasurable (?) assurance that there were yet several kilometres to be covered ere we reached our destination. By this time the merciless heat of the sun was unendurable, and even though cool roads had displaced hot stony streets, our habitually brisk trot was just as noticeably succeeded by a weary lag, when an abrupt turn in the road brought us face to face with a huge British encampment.

Everyone is doubtless familiar with the appearance of vast fields dotted with count-

less haystacks. That was the first comparison that came to my mind as I looked over the innumerable camouflaged squad tents of the English fighters, stretched upon acres of barren soil. Of course there were a few larger tents, and to our great delight, these were soon utilized in serving us with a hot meal. Then, being thoroughly exhausted, we welcomed a brisk order to "turn in," and there ensued a mad scramble for the tents. Each was about twelve feet in diameter, but no less than twenty men were packed under one canvas; furthermore, we were "dug in" two feet beneath the earth's surface, the significance of which precaution was revealed later; but nothing greatly concerned us at that moment, and soon even the noisiest were silent in sleep.

I believe in the next hour I was back in the States, watching fireworks on the night of the Fourth. I awoke abruptly, but could not at first realize that the dream was really ended—I was surely viewing a most worthy French counterpart of our own justly-famed holiday. "Jerry' is here," cried the English guards, and we were not long in doubt at to the full significance of what was transpiring. A German air raid was in progress, and heavy bombs were crashing all around us; but our sunken quarters, though by no means offering security from a direct hit, at least afforded some protection from jagged pieces of shrapnel that screamed uncannily through danger-laden air,—and from these places

# "I'll Say We Do."

By Fay A. Davis  
305th. San. Tr.,

REMEMBER the dugout that was for "officers only" the night of the air raid at Fromereville, and the Red Cross girl who battered down the door with a club and got us all in?

The wounded patient who tried to follow Exum on his mad dash for a dugout and fell headlong into a cellar?

The shell that honey-combed the church steeple at Fromereville the night Delp was on duty within?

When Major Glace told Sam Wilkes to beat it until after the raid, and Sam crawled into a dugout and went to bed?

The officer who was so touched by the sight of dead Germans strewn along the road at Grandpre, that he ordered his men to get off the truck and lay them over in a field?

Perryman, the star chowhound, who never once failed to be first in the mess-line for seconds?

The dugout that Pat Kane engineered for Major Baltz at Ouge?

Boyd's bread and water diet at Ouge?

The pill-box at Bauldny, where Private Moll, experimenting on an abandoned German machine gun, shot a hole in the hood of a passing truck?

The live hand-grenade that Sergt. Allen let go of just in time to save his life at Bauldny?

When McGready got all lathered up like a marshmallow roly-polly in the cootie mill at Brest, and some dirty bum turned off the water?

Why the ruse to get rid of Major Nelson did not work?

The German prisoner from Hdqs., who told us that his Commanding General, Von Markowitz, had told them in a speech, that the Americans were full of wind, and there was only a corporal's guard at "the front?"

That wild night at Fromereville when the German H. E. shell hit the giant maple tree in the public square?

The French ambulance driver who, while temporarily blinded by a gas shell, drove a load of patients over four miles to a hospital?

The second lieutenant who had sniffed a little gas, and in the choicest profanity demanded immediate attention on the grounds that he was an officer; and Lt. Vansant told him where to head in at in these few choice words—"Your rank don't count here. Take your turn with the rest of the boys?"

The Lt. Colonel, who was badly wounded, and refused to be segregated with the rest of the officers by the Major, because he wanted to talk to a wounded comrade in the next bunk—a dirty, buck private?

When Lt. Barone won his point at Fromereville in refusing to mark a Private soldier "duty," who was so seriously gassed that he was dying on his feet, and threatened to carry the soldier to the hospital on his back if the Major did not let him in the ambulance?

Why Majors Baltz and Donnelly and Lt. Scranton left our company at Foret de Souilly.

Who threw the G-I can full of coffee on the fire the night of the air raid at Fromereville?

Those 16 inch naval manned guns back of the Foret de Hesse that roared like an infuriated lion once every half hour for two days and nights?

Why Lt. Spivey left the company in disgust at Camp Lee?

The crippled quartet in the quarantine tent back of the Infirmary at Chauvirey-le-Vicil—Sergt. Hershberger, Pat Kane, Augie Delp and Martin Burke?

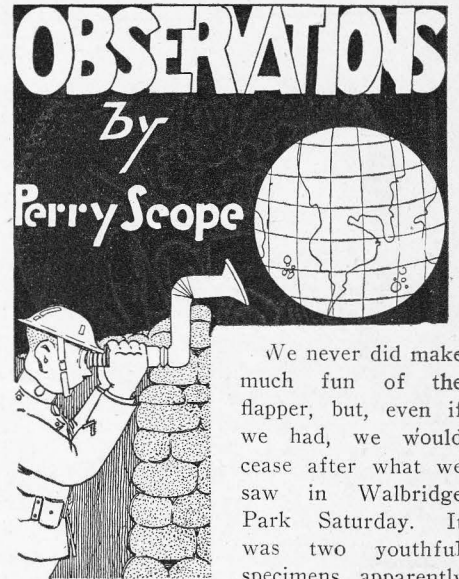
Remember this Buddy! I'll say we do!!

## REMINISCENCES OF CALAIS

(Continued from Preceding Page)

of vantage, we, shivering together, beheld our first scene of actual warfare, at the same time deploring our state of helplessness and inability to retaliate. Powerful beams of light threaded the sky, piercing the inky darkness in attempts to locate the invaders; far-shooting rockets were sent up for the same purpose. Anti-aircraft guns were firing overhead with great rapidity, and even these were outdone by the ceaseless pop-pop-pop of the machine guns—all to provide the hottest possible reception for our uninvited guests. The Boche planes likewise contributed to the pyrotechnic display by dropping silver starshells which served to illuminate their prospective targets then followed more deadly crashes—and more shivering. So it continued until three relays of German machines had performed their required tasks and returned, rejoicing, to the Fatherland.

With Reveille that morning came word that our forces had suffered no great harm, also that two of the Kaiser's emissaries would never make their return trip; but while we congratulated ourselves and each other on our fortunate escape, the news did not altogether compensate us for shattered nerves, the loss of much precious sleep, and the dread memories ever to be associated with that name—Calais.



We never did make much fun of the flapper, but, even if we had, we would cease after what we saw in Walbridge Park Saturday. It was two youthful specimens, apparently

of the human race and probably—though not certainly—of the male gender, walking about in broad daylight with those bell-bottomed panties, with alluring slitties showing their dainty ankles, and adorned with the cutest little buttons.

Go ahead, little flapper—hist your skirts halfway above your scrawny knee and roll your sox half way below it; bob your hair, smoke your skags, and do anything else you please; you are sane and human compared with the alleged males of your era.

"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier"

A man may sail the seven seas, summer and winter for years and yet get seasickness on the placid waters of the semi-solid Maumee.

"You won't be bothered by seasickness coming back"

Some of these divorce suits should be cleaned before being pressed.

Ce Ne Fait Rien.

Hell, Heaven or Hoboken by Christmas.

1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4.

There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding.

Cease Grooming.

Sergeant, take that man's name.

When do we eat?

Wear that life-belt soldier.

America, here's my boy!

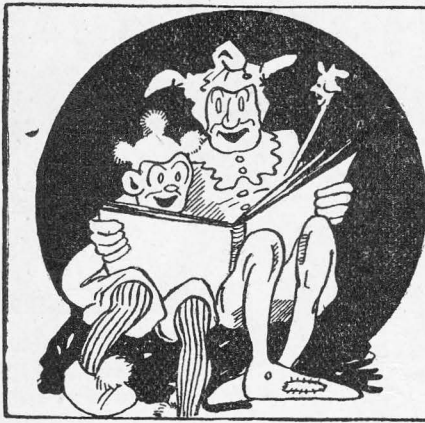
Everybody outside

I may be Gone for a Long, Long Time.

Change step—March!

The Old Gray Mare, She Kicked O'er the Whiffletree.

Parade—Rest!



# A PAGE TO WIT

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



Gee Whiz, we are so far behind on everything since that big Charleston, West Virginia Reunion that it sometimes looks like we wuzn't going to git any chance to play with our Radio sets at night 'cause I'm expectin' every minute to hear the boss say, "Youse guys will have to work tonight till we gits caught up on this here work. But he is a Radio bug hisself and I guess that lets me an Clark an Nye out.

Didja notice we have a Radio add in our Mag this month which goes to show that people what has got good things to sell, nows where to advertise 'em, I hope every one of youse guys what needs a pair of good headfones will send them in a order fer a pair cause one good turn deserves another and if some uv youse guys would ask your friend merchants what has things to sell why he don't advertise in SERVICE, maybe he would take a tumble to hisself and come across with a nice big add.

We could get lots uv ads, what we don't want but we ain't gettin' lots of the kind we like to see in "Our Mag." Maybe you can help, huh? Well, I wuz startin' to tell you about our reunion, wuzn't I? Well, gee, you oughter seen the Animals down there—and all uv them wuz mules and funny part about it wuz, the mules wuz all white and talk about Beaucoup zigzag, well say, them Frog leave areas ain't got nothin' on Charleston, W. Va., when it comes to entertainin' a bunch of real he man soldiers. They opened all the doors and winders in the town and threw the keys into the Kanawha river, where they is yet I guesses.

We had our signs all over the town an if you wanted to git to the P. O. you asked some Buddy and he said, "Go to Bois des Ogons and some times he'd tell you another place to go if you argued with him long enough and he wuz ridin' his trick "White Mule," but there wuz no casualties, least wise the morgue and hospitals didn't report any, although they wuz well pre-

pared for any emergencies. General Brett got pinched for parking his auto in front of the Kanawha hotel, and the jokes on them 'cause Our General ain't got no automobile, and here it wuz another Blue-Ridgers' car all the time. Anyway we got it all fixed up so's he didn't have to go to their penitentiary. They had a big german cannon what wuz captured by us fellows from the Jerries and they parked it in front of a dept. store right in the vestibule. Well everything wuz goin' along nice like, 'till zero hour when along come a couple a squads and the gun leader says "fall in" and most of them fell. Well they made a sudden advance with the gun to the center of the street and while the detachment went to tear down a few houses to make a barricade, along comes another gun crew also mounted on white mules, and they charged with the gun up the steps of the U. S. Post-office building, and wuz ready to defend Gov't. property with their lives or as long

as the white mules held out.

Well, anyway, along about that time there wuz a retreat call sounded and as our heroes retired to their dugouts it was noticed that a new outfit wuz coming into the lines to hold the advance we had already made. He had a nice snappy uniform of blue all trimmed with brass buttons, and we left the situation in his hands. We got 56 new life members and had a wonderful time, and if I live to make the next Reunion that is held at Charleston, I hope the same fine people are all living to welcome me as they welcomed us this year. Oh! yes, if you git exzema dont forget we got a exzema ad in the Mag too. Where wuz these people when we had that trench itch and wuz wearing a beaten path to the In fer Mary lookin' fer sulphur ointment, however, that is as it was so let's start savin' up fer Norfolk, 1923.

Yours as B4,

THE OFFICE BOY.

## VERY LIGHTS

A certain private from Camp Lee, Va., back in 1917 went to Richmond and got slightly under the influence of liquor and was brought back to camp by an enterprising "M. P."

When he was called before his "C. O." to give an account of his conduct he was asked if he didn't think he had a trifle more than he could carry, to which he answered, "Yes, sir, I should have made two trips."

### MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner

Drinking some bootleg rye;

It made him feel bum

When it got to his tum,

And he took 15 minutes to die.

—*Oteen Echo.*

Place—A trench in France.

Time—Of the war.

First Doughboy—"This is the best coffee I've had in a long time."

Second ditto—"Aw, you poor nut, that's tea!"

Third, Fifth, Seventh, Etc., Ditto—"It's coffee!"

Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, Etc., Ditto—"It's tea!"

Cook—"Who wants another cup of co-coa?"

Curtain. —*"The Comeback."*

Lieutenant—Whoinell put these flowers on this table?

Sergeant—The commanding officer, sir.

Lieutenant—Pretty flowers, aren't they?

—*The Hoosier Legionnaire.*

"Lay down, pup. Lay down. That's a good doggie. Lay down, I tell you."

"Mister, you'll have to say 'Lie down'—he's a Boston terrier."

Said the raindrop to the particle of dust, "This settles you, your name is mud."



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

**PRZEORSKI**—Louis, formerly Corporal in Co. C, 315th M. G. Bn., died September 12, 1922, in the St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., from the effects of gas and wounds received in France while serving with the 80th Division. He was aged 27, and resided at 113 South 25th St., S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Besides his mother, his widow, Mrs. Mary Francis Przeorski, a daughter, Mary Louise Przeorski; three sisters and two brothers survive. He was a member of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church; Arthur C. Woestehoff Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Lincoln Post, American Legion, and District No. 171, G. B. U. He was buried with full military honors by Arthur C. Woestehoff Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, in Millvale Cemetery, Sept. 14, 1922.

**BASHFORD**—Edgar C, formerly Private in Co. I, 318th Infantry, died Sept. 7, 1922. He was given Military Funeral from his home in Scott Haven, Pa., by the P. H. Lavin Waters Post No. 167, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

**WINEMAN**—David Marron, son of Sarah R. and the late David M. Wine- man, in his 29th year, died Saturday, August 26, 1922 at the Allegheny General Hospital, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., from sickness contracted while serving with Battery B, 315th Field Artillery, in France. He was a member of Milner Lodge No. 287, F. & A. M., and New Era Lodge, I. O. O. F., both of Pittsburgh and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Funeral services were in charge of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at Presbyterian Church, Derry, Pa., Tuesday, August 29th. Interment in Derry Cemetery.

**HEBERMAN**—William O., former member of Co. A, 315th M. G. Bn., died June 3, 1922, at Whipple Barracks, Prescott, Ariz. He was buried with full military honors in Calvary Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa., by Garfield Post No. 699, Veterans of Foreign Wars, June 11th. He is survived by his widow who resides at 530 Gross Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ber 4th. Smith was connected with the Y. M. C. A. in Norfolk, Va., after the war but moved to Atlanta to take up Church work and is assistant to Dr. Ben. R. Lacy, Jr., formerly Chaplain and Captain in the 113th F. A., and now pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church in Atlanta.

Oscar C. Holand, formerly of Co. C, 318th Infantry, who for a while lived at 1527 Lowrie St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., is now located at 700 N. First St., Long Beach, California. He would be glad to hear from any of the old outfit.

**LOCAL P. C.'S—E. D. V. A.  
NORFOLK-PORTSMOUTH, VA.,  
POST No. 1.**

Wm. H. Sands, Adjutant—Bank of Commerce Bldg., Norfolk, Va.  
**PHILADELPHIA, PA., POST No. 2.**

Chas. W. Kelly—501 South Bend St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
**BLUEFIELD, W. VA., POST No. 3**  
C. F. Bushman — 500 Pendleton Terrace, Bluefield, W. Va.  
**PITTSBURGH, PA., POST No. 4.**  
Lynn B. Crawford — 640 Collins Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**317TH INFANTRY**

Paul Beck, formerly of Company L, 317th Infantry, now resides at 3561 N. Warnock St., Philadelphia, Pa., and assures us that although he could not get to the Charleston Reunion he is laying his plans in advance to attend the Norfolk reunion next year.

Jewel H. Carter, ex-wagoner with the 317th Infantry Supply Co., is living at 834 26th St., Newport News, Va., and employed by the N. N. S. & Dry Dock Co. of that city. He was married July 23, 1919, and still has a good voice for singing as his family is not as yet blessed with any competing vocalists.

Mr. Harold S. Bloomberg has moved his Law Offices to 907 Travelers Bldg., Richmond, Va., and will have associated with him Messrs. Edwin M. Heller and R. Allen Ammons. Comrade Ammons was elected to Vice-Presidency in our Association at the Charleston Reunion.

**318TH INFANTRY**

Oscar Swiggum, formerly of B Company, 318th Infantry, is farming at Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin. He was married January 21, 1920, and has a young farmer or two running around, we understand; perhaps they're petite farmerettes (?) His sonorous bass voice rendering the concluding number of the A. E. F. opera entitled "Hinkey Dink" never fails to bring home the cows. He informs us that he

is able to enjoy SERVICE even if he is "Way up in Wisconsin" and that he hopes to hear from Sergeant Welch, Sergeant Kusterer, Lloyd Southworth, Jones, and others of his old outfit. Had to fill the Silo so he couldn't take in the doings at Charleston. Will be up to see you Old Timer when you get ready to tap it.

James R. Gavin of M Co., 318th Infantry, is located at 1330 Fayette St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., and is working in a clerical occupation. He enlisted in matrimony June 30, 1919, and the youngster is doing fine but doesn't seem able to slumber when daddy sings those funny French songs.

The following item will be of interest to former members of Co. A, 318 Infantry:

**YOUNGBLOOD-TALLEY**

Miss Martha Atkins Talley and Mr. Russell C. Youngblood motored to Washington, D. C., where they were married by the Rev. C. R. Mitchell of the Methodist Episcopal church, Tuesday, September 5.

Miss Talley is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Talley. Mr. Youngblood is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Youngblood of Prince George county. He was a member of Co. A, 318th infantry, 80th division, and saw active service in France.

The happy couple were accompanied by Miss Virginia Talley, sister of the bride; Miss Blanche Temple and Mr. John Youngblood, relatives of the bridegroom, and Mr. J. C. Pamplin.

After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Youngblood will motor to their future home in Albany, Ga., where Mr. Youngblood represents the Bain Peanut corporation.

Proctor V. Gresham of A Co., 318th Infantry, now residing in Petersburg, Virginia, is still happily single and occasionally bursts forth with that glad refrain containing the words "Parley Vous." He is with the American Hardware Company at Petersburg.

Harold C. Smith, formerly Corporal in Headquarters Co., 318th Infantry has announced his marriage to Miss Kathryn Carolyn Johnson of Atlanta, Ga., Septem-

## Morning Report

### "A BARRAGE FROM SOUTH CAROLINA"

Clinton, S. C.  
Sept. 17, 1922

Editor, SERVICE:

Been some months since writing a line to our paper and in that time have been waiting patiently for some one of the "Suicide" bunch to give us some tidings of the doings of the Machine Gunners. But not a sound from our sector. Did you ever find yourself in a lonely valley at any time and call to your buddy? Remember the echo? Well, I guess it will be that way with me—some one will, like the echo, reply, "You're a g-o-o-s-e." If they only knew how a fellow far away down here wanted to hear from the old outfit someone would write the dope.

You know it made me lonesome to read about the Auxiliary feeding thousands of "Vets," and how they rubbed elbows together again at West View park.

Last fall when there was a light snow on the ground I was on the hillside far from civilization, in quest of rabbits, of course. I chanced to ramble far down into the marshes. The sun had just set and there was a quietness that could be felt, on all sides. It was too late to hunt further and, as we had bagged several of those elusive swamp rabbits, I decided to have one more shot and quit. I raised my gun and fired at an offending bunch of mistletoe. At the report of the gun the silence was broken and the sound of that gun was ominous as it echoed and re-echoed on the hillside. Everything seemed so stifling and quiet. It reminded me vividly of Mesnil and the hillside one night in July, 1918. For a long time I was lost in thought—of the buddies that lay in machine gun emplacements that night when we raided "No Man's Land." I thought of the fellows who went on that quest that dark night, and how we were stopped in the edge of the forest (not a house was left in the whole of the little town of Mesnil) when challenged by a sentry. How the countersign was given and we went on to place a gun to advantage. Then I remembered how Jerry suddenly awoke and turned on us every gun at his command. What a hell that was! That was our first and most trying venture. But it, made men of many of us that night. To me that was like the "Lost Chord." I fired my gun once again to feel the thrill—and was glad that it was only a passing fancy.

Let me thank some brother for giving me the address of Buddy Morrison. I was tied up in work at the time and did not write the latter. He wrote me in the meantime and proved that he is reading SERVICE. His address is: 138 Whitaker Ave., Braddock. Has not moved out of

the pall of smoke from Carnegie Steel Mills, though not at his former address.

Am gathering all the addresses of my Company and want to write a long letter to all as a Christmas Greeting again this year. If you have anything to tell send it on to me if you think SERVICE too big a chance. Men, our magazine is only too anxious to pounce hungrily on every line you write to it. They will never refuse to publish anything that has sense to it, and appreciate the favor. Who does not enjoy reading the "Morning Report?" I read it though there are few of the fellows' names that are familiar to me.

Berger recently asked who had the fewest news items in the "Report" and answered by saying that it was the Engineers. Aren't you glad he did not look toward the Machine Gun Column?

I was prevented from going to the Reunion for the good reason that my money was all gone. If you don't believe that listen: took my wife and we spent four weeks in New York. Now you will believe me and realize why I could not come. Took a special course on the linotype machine and feel myself more able to do the work that lies before me.

I suppose most of you know where the next Reunion will be held. Wish that it will be Baltimore, Md. If we just meet in the three cities of Richmond, Pittsburg and Charleston, it will be Richmond next. But here's hoping that some other city has bid for it and not Richmond for 1923. With all due respect for that most beautiful city I must confess that they think more of the Twenty Ninth than of the Eightieth. I was at the last Reunion there—my brother also—and a whole Armory was wasted with no one to fill the cots. Why the Armory anyway? Our attendance was half-hearted for many of the fellows came in and went out the same day. Others were quartered in the hotels and no record kept of them until they were gone. I ran post-haste to one hotel and was told that one of my good buddies, whom I would give a leg to have seen, had "just checked out."

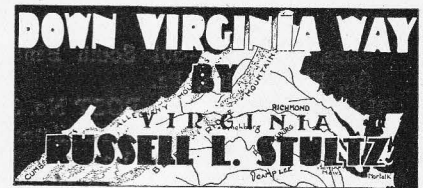
Down here the Wild Cats met in Columbia, S. C., recently and 4,000 attended. The doors of the city were thrown open and all the theatres also were free for the boys. Everyone went away satisfied that they had had the time of their lives.

The "Old Hickory" Division, of which I hear only too much, met in Asheville, N. C., recently. They claim to have broken the Hindenberg line. The 5,000 "Veterans" paraded the city and Asheville opened its arms to them. Further, the city donated 4,500 rooms for the boys and welcomed them into their own homes. Asheville gave free meals to every mother's son of them—from funds given by

the public. Mind you, we did not *expect* this but it shows that some cities *love* their boys while others don't. That was some Reunion and needless to say the boys are looking forward to the next one in North Carolina.

Thanking you for your past goodness in giving me the space for my blow-off, and assuring you that I wish that some iron hand would get behind some of our men and arouse them to action, and wishing you the best of good luck with SERVICE and may we be the last to quit, I am,

Yours sincerely,  
F. M. STUTTS,  
Formerly 318 M. G. Co.



By RUSSELL L. STULTZ

Captain H. V. S. Negus, formerly of the 305th Sanitary Train, whose permanent abode is at Bound Brook, N. J., apparently still has the old army habit of promenading. A card from him under date of August 11th from Lake Louise Chalet, Canada, tell us that he is enjoying a tour of the Canadian Rockies and the Pacific Coast, expecting to return to the East, September 10. Pretty soft, eh-what?

Talbot B. Dunn, formerly 1st Lieut., Company L, 317th Infantry, is now connected with Hess & Densen, 129-133 West 20th Street, New York City. His residence address is 195 Highland Avenue, Ridgewood, N. J.

An Associated Press dispatch of August 25th reported the destruction of a large section of the Calais, France, docks and ware-houses, which were among the largest on the English Channel. An entire regiment of infantry was ordered out to assist the firemen. Great quantities of British army supplies were lost and for a time the blaze threatened to ignite 10,000 gallons of army rum (British army rum, to be sure, since it was an unknown quantity when the 80th Division was "resting" (?) at the American Rest Camp at Calais in June, 1918.

Wm. A. Hillebrecht, formerly Corporal, Company L, 320th Infantry, is now billeted at 3616 Whitney Street, Oakland Station, Pittsburgh, Pa., Corporal Hillebrecht is Senior V. C. of McGrail-Coyne Post No. 233, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

# Morning Report

Major (formerly Colonel) Charles Keller, who commanded the 317th Infantry during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, was stationed at Camp Meade, Md., during the month of August and commanded the Infantry regiment of 1080 men, formed from the members of the Citizens' Training Camp at Meade, which was reviewed by President Harding in Washington on August 21st.

Preston E. Burkeholder, one-time cook with Company A, 318th Infantry, and now capitalizing his army practices as proprietor of a meatmarket at New Market, Va., is the proud daddy of a future Mess Sergeant, born August 19th and burdened with the cognomen of Preston E., Jr. "Cracker" plans to initiate him as a "K. P."

High praise for the Newport News (Va.) Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, for the Gibbs Brothers, who made the plans, and the 2,900 workmen employed in the work of reconditioning the former German liner and American transport "Leviathan" was expressed in a report made public August 30 by Rear Admiral Benson's commission of the U. S. Shipping Board. "I cannot say too much in praise of the splendid way in which the work is organized on board this vessel," the report declared.

Clarence H. Irwin, better known as "Brownie," who soldiered as a Private with Headquarters Company, 317th Infantry, and who since the war has been back at his old job as night clerk at the Hotel Beverly, Staunton, Va., has acquired a "top kick" in the person of Mrs. Irwin, who was Miss Effie Ellen Holloway, of Harrisonburg, Va. "Brownie" signed up in Washington City early in August, after futile attempts one Sunday night to convince License Clerk Glenn that he and his fiancée did not care to wait until Monday morning. They waited, however, since Cupid's assistant was adamant.

We learn from a recent issue of the *American Legion Weekly* that a few remnants of Camp Lee, which was ordered salvaged some months ago, have escaped the ruthless hand of the wrecker. Nineteen buildings and electrical equipment, with such parts of the land as the State desires, have been allotted to Virginia for military purposes. The remainder of the land will be leased to farmers. Such sacrilege! but *c'est la guerre!*

Richard B. Gay, ex-Sergeant, Company E, 318th Infantry, is now in the mercantile business at Raccoon Ford, Va. Dick went A. W. O. L. from that obnoxiously-named village a few weeks ago, long

enough to visit the Shenandoah Valley and wonder why he was ever "exiled" in "Tuckahoe."

Willingness to testify before a Federal Grand Jury to sit in Tacoma, Wash., on September 25th, for the purpose of investigating the fatal shooting of Major Alexander Cronkhite, son of Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, was expressed in a letter written by Captain Robert Rosenbluth and recently received by friends in Seattle. Captain Rosenbluth was accused of having induced Bugler Sergeant Roland Pothier, of Central Falls, R. I., to shoot Major Cronkhite while the two officers were on duty on the rifle range at Camp Lewis, Wash., in October, 1918.

Major Leland B. Garretson, formerly commanding officer of the 315th Machine Gun Battalion, is now located at 233 Broadway, New York City, where he maintains law offices.

Our recent little jab at "La Societie de Stigny," a post-bellum composed of Richmond, Va., members of the Second Battalion, 318th Infantry, has been productive of results. *Oui! beaucoup* results! In the course of a masterly epistle just received from Leslie L. Jones, formerly Sergeant-Major of the Second Battalion, who was responsible for that outfit's French sobriquet and instrumental in forming "La Societie," we hear many hard words, voiced in the purest *langue* Frog, yet, best of all, we manage to read between the lines that he contemplates the early resurrection of "Stigny's Own" via the simple medium of a "bloody Yank tay party." Do be careful, Jonesy, and don't let the blighters "mix" their drinks!

William T. Wood, late Sergeant, Company E, 318th Infantry, who is now domiciled at Fentress, Va., was recently indulging in that old A. E. F. High School (presumably detailed as a chaperon), he toured a large portion of Virginia last month, halting his four-wheeled steed in Harrisonburg long enough to say "*Bon jour*" to a few of his old pals.

A recent report prepared by Col. Francis E. Drake, of the Department of France Memorial Day Committee, American Legion, covering in detail the decoration of American graves overseas last Memorial Day, contains an item of peculiar interest to all Blue Ridgers. The particular paragraph in question follows:

"At Ancy-le-Franc, Comrade Donald McJanet was conducted to the grave of Comrade Murphy by the old cure of the village, who also informed him that in the afternoon there would be a procession of school-children with flowers to cover the

grave. Comrade McJanet also visited Tonnerre at the request of the committee, but found that the concentration had been complete and that there were no graves remaining at this point." Can anyone tell us to what organization Comrade Murphy belonged?

Howard F. Clem, Senior Bugler of Company G, 318th Infantry, who is temporarily stationed at Wheeling, West Va., with a Western Union construction force, is spending a two weeks' vacation this month at his old home near Woodstock, Va.; "Husky" had planned to attend the Charleston Reunion, but was prevented at the last moment.

We are indebted to Harry C. Patterson, of 62 East Walnut Street, Richwood, West Va., who was severely wounded at Hill 281, north of Esnes, during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, while acting telephone N. C. O. of the Second Battalion, 313th Field Artillery, for a most interesting letter. Comrade Patterson can well be numbered among the 80th's heroes. Notwithstanding three years spent in various hospitals and nine major operations, he is still "carrying on" and proud that he persuaded his local draft board that it was important for him to get in the Blue Ridge Division.

Lieut. Colonel Edmund A. Buchanan, formerly Adjutant, and later, commanding officer of the 159th Infantry Brigade, is now on duty in Washington with the Military Intelligence Section of the General Staff, where he will be stationed until June, 1923. Colonel Buchanan recently rendered the Division a very great service as the result of the preparation of three large scale maps, or charts, showing in most minute detail the 80th's activities in France. These charts were on exhibition at the Charleston Reunion, where they attracted much attention, and have been presented by Colonel Buchanan to the Division Association.

Captain Basil M. Dixon, commanding officer of Company E, 318th Infantry, during its last months of service, is now located at Hinton, West Va., although he failed to jump over to Charleston for the Reunion. *Pourquoi, mon capitain?*

The 1922 edition of the "West Virginia Hand-Book and Register," just recently issued, contains a most interesting eighteen-page article entitled "The Capitols and Capitals of West Virginia," by Boyd B. Stutler, formerly Regimental Sergeant-Major, 314th Field Artillery, who is now an official of the State Government of West Virginia. Comrade Stutler won much praise for his admirable work as

# Morning Report

general chairman of the Charleston Reunion Committee. He also represents his Regiment on the Executive Council.

General Brett's wireless message to the members of the 80th Division, which was broadcasted from the Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Company's station, KDKA, in Pittsburgh, on the evening of August 15th, was plainly heard by many Blue Ridgers here in Virginia. Why not *en-core*, General?

Leslie L. Jones, of 4006 Forest Hill Park, Richmond, Va., the *petit* ex-Sergeant Major of the 2nd Battalion, 318th Infantry, betrays the fact that he is sentimental—at least, where the 80th is concerned—therefore we're going to repay him with some free advertising. Sergeant Jones desires to get in touch with any comrade possessing snapshots of Bonneville, Beauquesne, Sommaisne, Stigny, Mayet, or any other of the old haunts of the 2nd Battalion. Anyone who is willing to part with such views in exchange for a paltry *francs* is requested to communicate with him at the above address (likewise with ourself, since we confess to a kindred weakness).

Once again, a former member of the 80th has been signally honored, this time by the French Government, which bestowed the medal of the Legion of Honor upon Capt. Reuel W. Elton, formerly Personnel Officer of the 318th Infantry, during the recent V. F. W. National Encampment at Seattle, Wash., Captain Elton, besides being Adjutant General of the V. F. W., is vice president of the Division Association.

1st Lieut. C. W. Merrell, of Company G, 318th Infantry, who has the distinction of being the first officer in his Regiment to receive a "Blighty," (in August, 1918), took advantage of a two weeks' vacation to attend his first Reunion, at Charleston, and is now rounding out his leave by "knocking 'em cold" at Buckroe Beach, Va., before reporting back for duty at Trenton, N. J.

Virginia "vets" are busy patting themselves on the back these days—and with good reason. What with Norfolk copping both the next National Encampment of the V. F. W. and the fourth annual reunion of the 80th, 1923 promises to be a *beau coup annee*. The wild waves hold an irresistible charm and next summer the beaches about Hampton Roads will be as full of army B. V. D.'s as a *soldat* was with cooties a couple of years ago.

## 319TH INFANTRY

The following clipping of August 24th

will be of interest to 319th members as Comrades Chrystal and Newman served in Headquarters Company, 319th Infantry Light Trench Mortar Battery:

### OAKLAND CEREMONY

Pink and white roses were used in the decorations at the wedding last night of Miss Flora L. Easterly and William A. Chrystal, which took place at 6:30 o'clock in the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Mary Scott Easterly, in Semple street, Oakland. Miss Lois J. Smith of Mt. Lebanon and Robert Newman of Crafton were the only attendants. Rev. R. B. Callahan, pastor of the Oakland Methodist Church, officiated. Miss Easterly's gown was of white georgette and her flowers white roses. The honor maid wore tan silk and carried pink roses. Mr. Chrystal and his bride will live in Semple street after their wedding trip.

Raymond H. Beyerlein, formerly of 319th M. G. Co., is living at 1617 Lincoln St., Wilmington, Del., working for the Electric Railway. Our last word from the front indicates that he was married and a proud daddy besides. "Cemetery Ann"—in any event he can still warble a note or two.

Carl D. Crist who used to amble with the 319th Ambulance Co., is now at 28 Oak St., Clarendon, Virginia. He is a clothing salesman. June 15, 1921 he reported for duty to a new commander and while a youngster provides most of the music he hasn't forgotten much.

Henry H. Mayo, formerly of Company L, 319th Infantry is a Railway Postal Clerk at the Pittsburgh Terminal Railway Post Office. He is residing at 218 Cutler St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., and was married June 27, 1919. Young Robert H. Mayo is keeping him busy these days but his repertoire of A. E. F. musical selections is still quite extensive. He attended the reunion in Charleston and reports a mighty fine time.

### 320TH INFANTRY

Howard G. Wilbert former member of C. Company 320th Infantry is now living at 9 Harcourt St., Boston, Mass., and is employed in the studios of the C. J. Connick Stained Glass Co.

William E. Dunmore of Co. D, 320th Infantry, is living at Arnold, Pa., and working for a glass concern as Electrician. He was married in July 1920 and now has a son who is almost as big as Dad. Comrade Dunmore has been receiving vocational training from the Government since getting out of the Army.

H. H. Barach, one of our new Life Members, conducts "The Better Store" at

11th and Main Streets, Wheeling, W. Va. His store handles Ladies' and Children's wearing apparel and Boys' Clothing. He was formerly in Company A, 320th Infantry.

### 320TH INFANTRY

Samuel J. Fleming, (Life Member 73) formerly of A Company, 320th Infantry is still satisfactorily single and residing at 1340 Pritchard St., Corliss Station, Pittsburgh, Pa. He is clerking for the Board of Education Storeroom at 213 21st St., Pittsburgh. In addition to Fleming William A. Confer, former Mess Sergeant 320th M. G. Co., and Clarence N. McMurray formerly of Co. H, 320th Infantry (better known as "Rip") are also employed there and it is rumored that when they are not too dry they can still sing the old songs. Comrade Fleming is anxious to hear from Zimowsky about the battalion history he was promised. Reports seeing Jerry Madden, who is in the Insurance Business, ("Play-the-Game Jerry") Eddie Boessler who works in the Post Office, 1st Sgt. Daughterty, Jimmy Boyle, Keefer, Jim Rauch, Red Douglass, Hal Zellefrow, Ernest and Gilbert Seman, Hugh Geyer, Dennis Ryan, Hughie Meehan, John McMahan, and others.

How many of the A Companw men remember who burnt the rice and put vinegar in the coffee?

### 320TH M. G. CO.

Larry Rutherford, the well known top kick of the justly famous Machine Gun Company of the 320th Infantry, was married at eight o'clock, September 15th to Miss Kitty Morehead of Pittsburgh. The affair took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Valade, the former being another Machine Gunner, but one who went Democratic and joined the Air Service in an irresponsible moment. Rutherford and Vermeule have a standing agreement that whenever one of them is married, the other must attend in order to give close support and to do all that is possible to keep up the morale of the troops. So the Captain was busy before, during, and after zero hour. Mrs. Rutherford authorizes the publication of a standing invitation to all Machine Gunners to call and see them when in Washington, Pa., where Larry is holding one of the outposts of the Ford Motor Co.

Walter E. Scott, now weighs 215 pounds, is happily married and a proud Daddy. He is in the Carpet and Rug Department of the Joseph Horne Company at Pittsburgh.

Company Clerk, Hon. Ross E. Smith is also married and living happy ever after.



# Morning Report

He is with the Jones and Laughlin Steel Co.

Barney Logue, our old Son of the Auld Sod, who hails from Ireland when he isn't A. E. F'ing, or making American Francs, is running a hotel at Glendale, Pa. (Carnegie Cars stop at 5th and Penn).

Capt. Vermeule spent a few strenuous hours in Pittsburgh. Ran the 80th Div. Vets. Assn. telephone bill up a few notches trying to locate some of the "Pittsburgh Peps." Succeeded in getting three or four and the war was fought over to the satisfaction of all present. Better get your 'phone numbers into Hamilton P. C. so Curry can give you the tip when something good is brewing.

## 313TH F. A.

Fred Graham, formerly Sergeant, Battery D, 313th F. A., is now Deputy Sheriff of Randolph County, Elkins, West Virginia.

Earl A. Swartley, ex-Cpl. of Hq. Co., 313th F. A., is now residing at 407 Columbia Ave., Lansdale, Pa., and is employed as Sub. Clerk and Carrier, U. S. Post Offices, Lansdale, Pa., and Atlantic City, N. J. Any of his former Buddies who stray into his vicinity will always find the latchstring out. He is still single and looking for a single still.

Francis D. Carr, formerly of 313 F. A. is located at 1027 Simmons St., East Akron, Ohio. He is a Prod. Supervisor and also has been studying Law at Akron Law University since January, 1920. He is now married and qualified to be called "Daddy," but he turned his eyes heavenward and said "Nix!" when questioned as to musical talents.

C. C. Clendenen, ex-member of Battery B, 313 F. A., is residing at Marlinton, W. Va., where he is Manager of the Amusu Theatre and also a Deputy Sheriff. He was married June 16, 1922.

Clarence Eicher, formerly of Battery C, 313th F. A., who is now living at 21 Broadway, Brownsville, Pa., has been disabled since leaving the service. He is suffering from tuberculosis.

## 314TH F. A.

Has Sergeant 1st Class McNight of the Medical Detachment seen the mail boat yet?

Could Top Sergeant Lipschultz of Battery D, and Larrimore of the Band live together like they did at Lezinnes?

How about the night we had the prize waltz at Lezinnes for five bars of chocolate? Who won?

Has anyone heard anything of Poston, our former acting Chaplain, and otherwise candy and cigarette distributor at Lezinnes? Let's hear from him.

Was Scissors at Charleston?

We wonder whether Steffen who was a cook for the officers at Nantillois has made any "Cinnamon Toast" lately, such as Captain Kane used to get on Broadway?

Will Paul Elcisser of Hq. Co. let us know if the mail has arrived yet?

## SHRAPNEL, FROM THE THREE FIFTEEN FIELD ARTILLERY

By C. F. BUSHMAN

Joe D. Barger, formerly Mechanic, Battery A, 315th F. A. has a shingle out at Princeton, W. Va., reading "The Barger Heating and Plumbing Co." We think that Joe is the most fortunate man in the regiment.

William H. Sands, formerly 1st Lieutenant, and Telephone Officer, Headquarters Company, 315th F. A. is located in Norfolk, Va. He is Captain of Battery "B" 111th Field Artillery, "Norfolk Light Artillery Blues" of the Virginia National Guard.

Creed Meadows, formerly Cook, Battery F, 315th F. A. is now pulling a throttle on a locomotive on the Pocahontas Division of the Norfolk and Western Railway between Bluefield and Clift, W. Va. He states that he can still sing "Parley Vous" and that he often thinks to flap flap jacks very soon again.

John K. McCoy, formerly Regimental Supply Sergeant, and 1st Sergeant Supply Co., 315th F. A. is now located at Mullens, W. Va., and is a Captain of a local Company of the West Virginia National Guard at that point.

Carl Adkins, formerly Corporal, Battery B, 315th F. A., was seriously injured in a mine accident at Thacker, W. Va., about August 5th. He was taken to the State Hospital No. 1 at Welch, W. Va., and is improving very nicely. He expects to be out in a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Newlin announces the marriage of their daughter Adelaide Sims and Mr. William A. B. Paul, Saturday, September the sixteenth, 1922 at the church of The Redeemer at Bryn Mawr, Pa. Mr. Paul served overseas with Battery B, 315th F. A. as a lieutenant and was transferred after the armistice to the Field Artillery Brigade of the 42nd Division at Meuzay (Meuse). The regiment sends a barrage of congratulations and felicitations to the happy couple.

Mr. James McDowell, of the Pocahontas Coal and Coke Co., Bluefield, W. Va., has received an inquiry from the Red Cross at Tucson, Arizona, in re to J. K. Jones, formerly Private, Hq. Co. 315th F. A., who is in that city suffering from Tuberculosis and who is trying to establish a claim that the same was incurred while in the service with his regiment on the front. He claims to have been gassed about Oct. 31st when the regimental P. C. received a direct hit from nine inch shell which wrecked the building near Romagne. Those who were with him at the time and knew something of the circumstances are urged to communicate with Mr. McDowell.

John Kenna Jones, a telegraph Operator, and former member of our regiment is suffering with tuberculosis out in Tucson, Arizona, and he is in a critical physical as well as financial condition. The Red Cross people of that city have written to Bluefield, W. Va., to one James McDowell, care Pocahontas Coal and Coke Co., Bluefield, W. Va., in an effort to substantiate an affidavit to be used in securing assistance from the government. The boys that were with him at Romagne when the 9 inch shell hit the Regtl. P. C. could give some valuable information regarding this. Jones claims he was wounded and gassed but did not report to the field hospital at the time. This case merits your assistance.

## REVIELLE—12 NOON. TAPS (OUT OF ORDER)

A tobacco chewing contest will be one of the regimental features at this reunion. The longest distance spitter wins a gold-plated, fur lined, cuspider with handles. The booby prize will be a five cent plug of "West Virginia Mule" with the kick left in.

Eightieth Division Veterans are law abiding citizens and stand for law and order first. Any one guilty of bringing intoxicating liquor to the reunion will be called upon to surrender same to these Headquarters. If you have any such "Pizen" please hand it to the Sergeant Major who will sample it before passing it to the Colonel. All such property confiscated will be turned down with the approval of these Headquarters.

It has been rumored through Southern West Virginia that "Tub" Lewis, formerly first Sergeant Battery "B" and William A. Cooper, formerly Sergeant Battery "B" has passed into the "Great Beyond." Can any one substantiate these rumors with facts.

C. F. Bushman, Bluefield, W. Va., who

## Morning Report

has represented this regiment for the past two years on the Executive Council of the Association, states that he is very short of news items for SERVICE Magazine and unless you boys come across he will be forced to discontinue writing for SERVICE. It may interest you to know that his publicity and endeavors have been carried on by him without pay and without postage. If he takes that much interest in the association surely you boys will cooperate with him. He urges you to support the divisional association (\$2.00 per year) and to join the Bluefield P. C. (Not over a dollar extra). If you are too tight for either we will call the Corporal of the Guard.

Want to know where that old "Buddy" of yours is? Get in touch with us and we will try to locate him—be he a bank President or engaged in the gentle pastime of breaking rocks.

All former buck privates at this reunion out rank all Generals except General Cognac.

The same old gang have pledged attendance to the next reunion whether it is held in China or in Missouri. Use the budget system by laying aside a small sum each month for such glorious "doings."

John F. Duffy, of Battery F, 315 F. A., is residing at 811 3rd St., Portsmouth, Ohio. He is employed by the Selby Shoe Co. He is still eligible for the Bachelor's Club, and capable of chanting "Parley Vous." Attended the Reunion at Charleston this year and reports having a fine time.

Harry G. Perrine, former Corporal of Battery F, 315 F. A., is located at Welch, W. Va. He is Purchasing Agent of the Central B. & O. Coal Co. He was married November 9, 1921. Evidently he believes in preparedness, as he enlisted in the Howitzer Co., 150th Infantry, W. Va. National Guard, September 28, 1921. He was commissioned 1st Lieutenant April 3, 1922 and assigned to Service Company of the 150th Infantry.

Ernest M. Smith of Battery E, 315th F. A. is living at Ona, West Virginia, engaged in farming. He was married in November, 1920 and is now a daddy. You can't keep him "down on the farm" when it comes to Reunions however, for he was right on hand at Charleston, this year.

H. D. Hocutt, ex-member of Battery C, 315 F. A., is in the lumber business at Route 3, Berry, Alabama. He was married March 4, 1920, and is also one who has "qualified," but he has a poor memory

for songs. He would like to hear from Battery C members.

Rupert McNeely, formerly of Battery D, 315th F. A., is Store Manager at Morrisvale, W. Va. He was married on November 14, 1921, and not "qualified" as yet, but has a good voice for parlor selections.

Mr. Wm. Elwood, formerly of the 315 F. A., was married September 2nd at Wildwood, N. J., and is now receiving congratulations in his own little home in Philadelphia.

### 305TH ENGINEERS

Perhaps some of the Engineers can give information to Comrade W. A. Smith regarding the following:

P. O. Box 371,  
New Bethlehem, Pa.,  
September 8, 1922.

Editor, SERVICE:

After seeing an article in the last issue of SERVICE, which stated that Andrew Schmidtberg was in a U. S. Hospital at Staten Island, N. Y., I wrote him there. My letter was forwarded to Chapal Springs, Fla., and returned to me from there marked "deceased," which was also crossed out.

Andy was an old Buddy of mine whom I had lost track of since we were discharged at Camp Dix.

Any information concerning his whereabouts, if living, or of his death, if dead, would be greatly appreciated. He was formerly with Company F, 305th Engineers.

Sincerely,  
(Signed) W. A. SMITH.

Spangler, Pa., and Johnstown, Pa., have some up to the minute baseball teams this year. Andy Mehal, formerly of B Company, 305th Engineers, plays second base for Spangler and John Smith of the Engineer Train is Spangler's star pitcher. On August 20th, at a Championship game for the Championship of Cambria County, our old friend John struck out 32 men but Spangler lost the game in spite of his good work.

John Beatty, ex-Co. Clerk of E. Co., 305th Engineers, of Blairsville, Pa., was recently married to Miss Olod Fulton of West Lebanon. He is now working in the coal fields in Kentucky.

Wm. R. Keeler, formerly of the Engineers is located at Indiana, Pa., and was a recent visitor at Hamilton, P. C.

Dwight Ray, former battalion Runner, 2nd Battallion, 305th Engineers is on the Staff of the "Indiana Gazette."

313 M. G. BN.

Edwin R. Lutman, formerly of Co. C, 313 M. G. Bn., is an operator for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Patton, Pa., where he is blocking trains and receiving and sending Western Union messages. He is still single and advises he never could sing (which may or may not account for it). He would be glad to hear from any of the Co. C 313 M. G. Bn. Buddies or gladder yet to see any of them any time they happen to be in his town.

### 305 F. S. BATTALION

C. B. McCoy, formerly of the 305 F. S. Bn. is located at West Monterey, Pa., where he is employed as a telegrapher. He isn't quite married but probably will be soon if not sooner, but as yet can sing and everything. He is also an operator on the P. R. R.

Robert L. Roose, ex-member of Co. C, 305 F. S. Bn., is living at 624 North Fifth St., Barberton, Ohio, teaching in the Akron Central High School. He was married June 19, 1919. He has not only qualified but answers "Oui" to all other questions.

### 305TH TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY

F. L. Conway, former Supply Sergeant of the 305 T. M. Battery, is located at Beckley, West Virginia. He is the Asst. Sales Manager for the Raleigh Smokeless Fuel Company. He is still carelessly single and attended the third reunion at Charleston while enroute to Montreal, Canada, to sample the Canadian "Vin Rouge."

### 80TH DIV. M. P. COMPANY

William E. Fogleman, formerly of the M. P. Co., is Clerk and Extra Agent for the P. R. R. Co., and is residing at Montgomery, Pa. He was married June 21, 1922. He is prepared to sell all of his old buddies reduced rate tickets to New Orleans, La. this year. Will be glad to see or hear from any of his old comrades.

### 305TH M. S. TRAIN

Julius V. Pote, ex-member of Co. F, 305th, Motor Supply Train, is the Postmaster at Bakers Summitt, Pa. He was married June 6, 1921, and his wife and child died May 7, 1922. His old comrades extend to him their sincere sympathy.

Joseph N. Gatlin, formerly of Co. D, 305 M. S. T., is residing on Route 6, Eastman, Ga., where he is engaged in farming. He was married in October, 1919, and is now a daddy. Would like to hear from any of his old D Company Buddies.

# Morning Report

Owen F. Keeler, formerly 1st Lieut. of E. Company attended the Reunion in Charleston, but said he had a harder time finding the outfit than the night of the bombing plane opened its "end gate" on Fromerville. He is now located in the Federal Building at Bedford, Virginia.

Dave Wolfe of E Company recently paid us a visit and reported that he had met Bennie Sitnek sometime before. Dave was in a hurry but we extracted two bones for SERVICE before he left.

## STRAY ITEMS

"Andy" Anderson (Formerly of Signal Section) is going to play football again this year for Pitt. This is Andy's last year, but he has been one of Pitt's mainstays for the past two years.

Dan Cook, former Regimental Bugle Sergeant, Hq. Co., Band Section, is working for the West Penn Power Company. Dan has been seen riding around town in a Buick but always alone.

Wonder if "Mag's Place" is still open at Cruzy-le-Chatel and if the Butcher's daughter still delivers the milk. Remember the night at retreat that Captain Sands made his farewell address to Headquarters Company, and the time that Ward wanted to play baseball instead of football?

"Eaglebeak" Heck of 319th Inf., is taking placement training somewhere near Pittsburgh. Heck served with I Company.

Geo. H. Petousis of K Co., 319th Infantry is at Pocono Pines. Making anymore trays Geo.?

I wonder:

If the bayonet-run is still standing at Camp Lee?

If the Gas House is still there?

If the bridge that the Engineers built in the woods is standing?

If the Division trench system has any system left?

If they still have the lousy jail at Prince George?

If the Taxi drivers still shout "Camp Lee, Hopewell and Petersburg?"

Joe Schmidbauer of I Co. 320th Infantry has been spending his vacation on a Farm at Volant, Pa. He was the guest of Geo. Marton, formerly of the 12th F. A., 2nd Division.

Andy Hesidence of G. Co., 320th Infantry, is in a hospital in St. Louis, but is getting along O. K. Expects to come to Pittsburgh sometime in the near future.

Jim Hague of M Company is doing fine at home, having left the hospital some time ago.

Joe Frew of B Co. 320th, is a patient at the Tuberculosis League Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., and is getting along fine. He would like to hear from some of the gang.

Mel. Schenck, the big boy of C Company, 320th Infantry, is working for the Trans-Continental Oil Company, and may be seen most any day riding around town in one of the company's green flivvers. Beats hiking, don't it Sarge?

James "Barnyard" Lewis of F Co., 305 Ammunition Train is out of the hospital and attending Pittsburgh Academy.

Joe Craig, former member of C Co., 305th Engineers is in the Electrical business in Crafton, Pa. His brother Bob, formerly of Headquarters and C Companies, 319th Infantry, and later in the 54th Regiment, C. A. C., is with him. Joe is a hustler, and reports that business is good.

Al. Bailey of F Company, 305th Engineers is still working for the Carnegie Steel Company, and has a baby. Both the Steel Company and the baby are doing fine.

Bill Chrystal (formerly 319th Inf. Hq. Co.) and wife have returned from their honeymoon and are now living in Oakland, Pittsburgh, Pa. Good-luck, Bill.

Luke Grier (formerly Light Trench Mortar Section) is catching for the Methodist team of the Crafton-Ingram Church League in Pennsylvania, and believe us, Luke is some catcher!

Floyd Davis is conductor on the Carnegie line of the Pittsburgh Railrawys Company and is doing fine. Davis and Grier will be remembered as the best Sergeants the battery had—wait, there are a couple of more—Symes and Shanor were two more good scouts.

Newman of the Light Trench Mortar Section is still in the hospital and is doing fine. He expects to get out soon.

Feeley (Formerly Light Trench Mortar Section) has given up his pack and is carrying mail in Carnegie.

Jake Murray is working for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Kearney is still firing on the B. & O. What makes their trains so slow Charlie?

Simpson is farming at Barnhill, Ill., and has taken unto himself a wife. You fellows remember how he and Young used to argue about Moline and Deering plows, mules, etc., when the city folks were talking baseball or shows?

Red Oelschlager is still in Bridgeville and is in the butchering business with his father.

"Big" Dick Robertson is married and lives in Ingram.

Jim Biggert formerly of the Hq. Co. Signal Section is around Pittsburgh, but pretty busy selling insurance.

The following clipping was sent us by Comrade L. H. Schirmer, who is by the way, Post Finance Officer of the McLeod Post No. 336, American Legion, at North Wales, Pa. This is an item which appeared in one of the local papers, and it explains why we missed some of 'em at the front.

"Jim York, the burly portsider, who is slated to pitch against the Profs here on Monday night, is an old army man. He got his start while pitching for the Third Army Corps at the A. E. F. The record that he hung up while hurling for the soldiers secured for him a job in the major leagues. On the strength of his successes of the A. E. F. he was signed by the Chicago Clubs.

"York was a sergeant with the A. E. F. and pitched many a battle for the soldier boys around Le Mons. In the twelve team league of the Expeditionary Forces he brought his club up to the second rung in the ladder only to lose the title in a close tilt with the Second Army Corps.

"It was an easy matter for Sgt. Jim York to leave his detail fighting in the trenches and hop on a train to the baseball diamond to pitch his Corps team to an easy victory, and then return to his detail and fight a more strenuous battle with the Huns."

SERVICE would like to have the present address of George Erff, formerly First Lieutenant, Company I, 318th Infantry, and Herbert Rising, formerly Captain, 318th Infantry, both of whom are Life Members No. 27 and 30 respectively, and also the present address of former Lieutenant Donald B. Munsick, Life Member No. 45.

The following Associated Press item appeared in one of the Pittsburgh newspapers:

"MILWAUKEE, Aug. 30.—A train carrying members of the Red Arrow

## Morning Report

Association of the Thirty-Second Division from a Reunion in Madison was wrecked today near Waukesha. The Engineer was killed and six Red Arrow members wounded."

(Who said the War was over?)

Telegrams and Letters were received from the following at the Charleston Reunion Headquarters, expressing regret at being unable to attend:

Reuel W. Elton, Col. Spalding, "Dere Mabel Horner" of Rockford, Ill., W. S. Haag, A. R. Peterson, William W. Crapo. Major General A. D. Sturgis, Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, Comrade Tramberger, Captain A. N. LaPorte, and Otis L. Guernsey.

A telegram of greetings and good wishes was received from Col. E. E. Goodwyn, Department Commander, The American Legion, Department of Virginia.

It may be of interest to the readers of SERVICE to know that the Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1 of the 80th Division Veterans Association held its September meeting Friday, September 15th, at the American Legion Club Room, in Portsmouth, Virginia. Messrs. J. C. Smith and William A. Bucking, the only members from Norfolk fortunate enough to have attended the re-union at Charleston, entertained the Post with an account of their trip. Such routine business as came up was transacted and a social session with light refreshments was enjoyed by all.

The following "Blue Ridgers" were present:

B. M. Wood, Company E, 318 Inf.  
 W. H. Miles, M. G. Co., 317 Inf.  
 H. D. Wright, Co. E, 318 Inf.  
 G. V. Fitzpatrick, M. G. Co., 317 Inf.  
 A. B. Hill, Company E, 317 Inf.  
 P. T. Wysocke, M. G. Co., 318 Inf.  
 E. B. Truitt, M. G. Co., 318 Inf.  
 J. C. Smith, 314 F. A.  
 T. A. W. Gilliam, Ex. Capt., 313 F. A.  
 William H. Sands, Ex. 1st Lieut., 315 F. A.  
 William A. Bucking, Company A, 318 Inf.  
 William J. Cooper, Ex. Capt., 313 F. A.  
 J. Carl Peck, Ex. Capt. 319 Inf.

### PENNSYLVANIA AUXILIARY NO. 1 NOTES

The members of Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, 80th Division Veterans Association and other visiting ladies who attended the Third Annual Reunion of the 80th Division Veterans Association at Charleston, W. Va., were royally entertained by the Reunion Committee and the hospitable people of Charleston. Among the various activities arranged for our entertainment and enjoyment, we feel inclined to mention particularly the most enjoyable Tea

arranged by Mrs. Ephriam F. Morgan, wife of Governor Morgan of West Virginia. This Tea was served at the Governors Mansion on Saturday Afternoon. Needless to say, we all enjoyed ourselves and will always cherish the memory of our charming hostess.

The Business and Professional Women's Club entertainment at Luncheon in their Club Rooms Monday afternoon, followed by a sight-seeing trip of the city through the courtesy of Mr. J. K. Anderson was also greatly enjoyed.

On Friday Evening, the Masonic Club of Charleston entertained the Blue-Ridge delegates on their Moonlight Boat Excursion. Everything possible was done to make our visit to Charleston one of great pleasure and to be long and gratefully remembered.

Many of the Blue-Ridgers brought their wives and babies, and we believe that the committee at the next Reunion could stage a Baby Show and find many entrants.

Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, held its regular monthly meeting September 7th, 1922, in the Assembly Room, Fulton Building, this meeting was voted on as being the best held for some time as we had quite a few distinguished guests.

The honor guest of the evening being Chaplain Edward A. Wallace, of Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

Father Wallace gave a very interesting talk to the mothers tellings them in detail the good work of their sons, and also said that the work of the Auxiliary was only beginning.

Resident Secretary H. R. Curry of the Veterans Assn., spoke on the convention just closed.

Among the other guests of the evening were, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Madden of Wheeling, W. Va.; B. C. Clark, John Fitzgerald, New Kensington, Pa.; Mr. Hagen, Mr. Gerald Murray, and Mr. Chapman.

The next regular meeting will be held on October 5th, and all members are urgently requested to attend as the election of officers for the coming year will take place.

The following account was recently furnished us regarding the death of Colonel Robert Welsh by one of his former command:

Colonel Robert Welsh, was killed at Montigny near Dun-sur-Meuse about 3:00 P. M., November 5, in the road leading into Montigny from the South. He was seen to fall when a shell exploded just in front of him, but the shelling was so severe that assistance was impossible at that time. Upon notice of his disappearance, Private E. O. Smith of 155th Brigade Headquarters remembered seeing a man fall at that spot and conducted First Lieu-

tenant Henry Holloway of 155th Brigade Headquarters and Private Miller of 314th Regimental Headquarters to the spot and they discovered it was their Commanding Officer. His body was removed to Villers-sur-Dun where he was buried in the Cemetery at that place.

### CORRECTION IN YEAR BOOK

Change T. G. Hanlin, Division Hq., Box 45, Germania, W. Va., to T. G. Hanlin, Pvt. 1st class Co. C, 315th M. G. Bn., 42 South Mulberry St., Hagerstown, Md., care Low Volatile Collieries Co.

Change Fred T. Hall, Co. C. 315th M. G. Bn., Pvt., to 430 Poplar St., Mt. Carmel, Ill., instead of Mt. Storm, W. Va.

## History of the 80th Division

(Continued from Page 8)

In the absence of specific knowledge of intentions, we can scarcely do more than anticipate the mechanical production of the proposed history. The item of cost must, as already stated, be governed largely by the size and character of volume, style of binding, etc. Since a book of at least 500 pages appears the lowest practicable possibility, we must consider a selling price ranging probably from \$5.00 to \$7.00 a copy. Should the Association desire to market the history at a figure equivalent to the actual delivered price, it will permit of a corresponding lower sales figure, and in the event it intends to take into consideration the additional cost of compilation, the price determined upon must be proportionately greater.

While numerous publishers are available, we wish to particularly suggest the name of Messrs. Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1 West 4th Street, New York, N. Y., which has been presented to us by Mr. H. V. S. Negus (formerly Captain, 305th Sanitary Train), of the "New York Evening Post." REMARKS

In conclusion we take the liberty to urge upon the Association the desirability of producing a history that will combine accuracy with human interest, if we wish and hope to appeal to the great bulk of the Division's personnel. Historical works need not be "cut and dried"—they can be made both interesting and accurate, providing the narrative is prepared by individuals who can, and will, sympathetically grasp every phase of the Division's numerous activities, and who can think and write in other than purely technical terms. This may seem on the surface a minor detail, yet it is one which is all too frequently neglected and quite as often spells the difference between success and disaster for scores of otherwise deserving volumes.

In addition to the "Suggested Outline for a Divisional History," there is attached a

(Continued on Next Page)

# Roster of Members of New York Ass'n of the 80th Div.

- Lieut. Alcorn, Jr., J. E., Canfield Apts., Youngstown, Ohio. 315 MGB.
- Lieut. Armstrong, W. T., 1051 Hunterdon St., Newark, N. J. 313 F. A.
- Lieut. Alfriend, R. J., Marine Bank, Norfolk, Va. 315 MGB.
- Capt. Agate, C. C., 17 Park Place, New York City. 305 Am. T.
- Lieut. Adams, Stewart S., 19 Nassau St., New York City. 313 FA.
- Capt. Auger, C. L., Jr., care L. Pettit & Co., Patterson, N. J. 319 Inf.
- Capt. Alexander, C. K., 2956 Ruckle St., Indianapolis, Ind. 305 MST.
- Lieut. Adams, J. M., Jr., care Hard & Rand, 10 Wall St., New York City.
- Lieut. Alan, J. H., Jr., 26 Rollins St., Yonkers, N. Y.
- Lieut. Amory, Chas., Vanderbilt Hotel, New York City.
- Maj. Atwood, Wm. G., Succasunna, N. J. Depot Brigade.
- Capt. Barringer, Paul P., Jr., 56 Pine St., New York City. 305 Tr. Mor.
- Lieut. Burnell, M. J., 70 Monticello St., Jersey City, N. J. 313 Fa.
- Lieut. Barry, David A., 54 Varick St., New York City. 31 Inf.
- Capt. Baker, A. L. L., Dover, N. J. 305 Am. Tr.
- Maj. Berkely, N. O., 1126 West Market St., Bethlehem, Pa. Div. Hdqrs.
- Capt. Bradley, Robt. B., 50 Union Square, New York City. 313 MGB.
- Capt. Bingham, David S., 123 North Walnut St., E. Orange, N. J. 305 Am. Tr.
- Lieut. Burke, Robt. E., Morristown, N. J. 313 FA.
- Lieut. Brown, Stanley D., 154 Nassau St., New York City. 313 FA.
- Lieut. Brown, Harold G., 2485 Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J.
- Lieut. Baldwin, R. A., 904 Union St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 305 Am. Tr.
- Lieut. Burling, Herbert S., 617 W. First St., Elmira, N. Y. 313 FA.
- Lieut. Barker, Thompson, M., 12 Georgian Rd., Morristown, N. J. 305 Am. Tr.
- Lieut. Bennett, Hiram W., 541 W. 113 St., New York City. 31 Inf.
- Maj. Bennett, John B., U. S. A., West Point, N. Y.
- Lieut. Bontecou, Russell, 40 Society for Savings Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.
- Lieut. Baldwin, P. G., 212 Mountain Ave., N. Caldwell, N. J. 313 FA.
- Lieut. Becket, Robt., East Orange, N. J.
- Lieut. Behan, Jos. C., Jr., 20 Collins Ave., Troy, N. Y. 315 MGB.
- Capt. Beebe, B. S., Englewood, N. J.
- Lieut. Buchanan, Cornelius, East Jersey St., Elizabeth, N. J. 319 Inf.
- Capt. Brown, Clarence F., 831 W. 8th St., Plainfield, N. J. 314 FA.
- Lt. Col. Burdick, Henry H., care S. E. Hendricks Co., 70 5th Ave., New York City. 318 Inf.
- Col. Brett, Lloyd M., U. S. A., Retired, 1301 Cast St., N. W., Washington, D. C. 160 Brigade.
- Lieut. Brown, A. H. (Chaplain) 27 Clifton Terrace, Weehawken, N. J. 318 Inf.
- Lieut. Burwell, Lester T., care Q. & C. Co., 90 West St., New York City. 315 MGB.
- Lt. Col. Buchan, Fred E., U. S. A., 1st Corps Hdqrs., Boston, Mass. 305 Trains.
- Lieut. Boyce, C. Prevost, 217 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md. Div. Hdqrs.
- Maj. Cox, Robt. H., care Callaway Fish & Co., 3 Wall St., New York City. 314 MGB.
- Lieut. Crane, E. M., 388 Clifton Ave., Newark, N. J. 318 Inf.
- Lieut. Crowell, Thos. I., Jr., 428 Valley Rd., Upper Montclair, N. J. 313 FA.
- Lieut. Crosbie, Paul P., 51 Maiden Lane, New York City. 313 FA.
- Lieut. Col., Clark, Steven C., 149 Broadway, New York City. Div. Hdqrs.
- Capt. Cella, Carlo D., 120 Broadway, New York City. Div. Hdqrs.
- Capt. Churchill, Henry W., (Chaplain), 130 Clifton Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. 319 Inf.
- Priv. Craig, Harrison, Walter Reed Hos., Washington, D. C.
- Corp. Curry, Henry R., 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. 320 Inf.
- Capt. Clark, Wm., care Lindabury, Duque & Faulks Prudential Bldg., Newark, N. J. 314 FA.
- Lieut. Corduan, Malcolm, 836 South Ave., Westfield, N. J. 320 Inf.
- Lieut. Cordes, Geo. D., Prince Bay, Staten Island, N. Y. 305 Am. Tr.
- Lieut. Casler, Robt. L., care F. W. Casler Coal Co., 150 Nassau St., New York City. 318 Inf.
- Lieut. Carter, Russell J., Dwight Place, Englewood, N. J. 155 Brigade Hdqrs.
- Lieut. Castler, L., Prospect St., So. Orange, N. J. 318 Inf.
- Lieut. Cunningham, H. J., 2002 E. 9th St., McKeesport, Pa. 315 MGB.
- Lieut. Coburn, Geo. J., 83 S. 19th St., Newark, N. J. 313 FA.
- Lieut. Cousins, W. J., 5318 Wychanny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 315 MGB.
- Lieut. Craig, Arthur, Ridgwood, N. J. 318 Inf.
- Lieut. Col. Church, Earl D., care Trav. Ins. Co., Hartford, Conn. Div. Hdqrs.
- Lieut. Corbett, E. F., 15 Rowell St., Dorchester, Boston, Mass. ATO.
- Maj. Gen. Cronkhite, Adelbert, care Hotel Emerson, Baltimore, Md. Div. Hdqrs.
- Lieut. Davies, Reginald, Garden St., Hoboken, N. J. 318 Inf.
- Capt. Demarest, LeRoy H., Tenack, N. J. 31 Inf.

(Continued Next Month)

## History of the 80th Division

(Continued from preceding page)

"Bibliography of Existing and Known Unit Histories of the 80th Division," a list of "Acknowledgments" and a "Roster of the Original 80th Division Historical Committee," which are designed to supplement the foregoing report.

.....  
Russell L. Stultz.

New Market, Va., August 28, 1922.

## The Battle of Charleston

(Continued from Page 5)

to everyone of us. Who says "nay" to Norfolk. Let us go 'Down by the Sea' next year and look over towards France with its thousands of memories. And we do not forget the reunions at Richmond and at Pittsburgh of other years. We greatly appreciate the splendid efforts and co-operation which made our third annual reunion at Charleston a big success and we thank all concerned that we have met our old comrades in arms again. Nestling down in those beautiful hills on the Kanawha River, Charleston will not be forgotten. And we are reminded of this stanza from the song of "West Virginia Hills" by Mrs. Ellen King.

"Oh, the West Virginia Hills!

I must bid you now adieu,

In my home beyond the mountains

I shall ever dream of you

In the evening time of life,

If my father only wills,

I shall still behold the vision

Of those West Virginia hills

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We solicit the use of this column by employers and Blue-Ridgers. When your wants are satisfied please advise us so we may discontinue the notice. There will be no charge for the service.

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## "MEMORIES"

(Continued from Page 15)

uniform on, so long as we band ourselves together in comradeship and, individually and collectively, cherish the memory of those who stood by our side and nobly played their part to the last, the war will not be over. Our comrades have passed over to their homes. We have come back to ours. They have given their all; they have paid the price; they have earned their rest. To us remains a duty still to perform.

The "Blue Ridge" comes home with glory upon her banners to a task that is no less worthy of achievement than the one already so creditably performed. We fought over there to make the world a better place to live in for all mankind. We can continue the fight over here to make America a better place to live for all those who truly love her and are determined that she become as great and beautiful as those who poured out their lives for her would have wished her to be. We are only transferring our activities to a new field. The issue is broader and the opportunity for service is greater now than when we fought in shell-torn France for the liberties of the world. The fighting courage of the battlefield becomes the moral courage that will take a stand when it is necessary that public opinion be directed toward the realization of the ideals for which we fought and for which they died.

Let us take the torch of patriotism from their hands. Let us cherish it carefully so that its sacred flame is ever kept trimmed and burning. Let us hold it high so that it becomes a guiding light to our footsteps so that America, as she emerges from the war, does not totter and falter but stands firm and sound on her foundations to be the true keystone of the arch of western civilization.

As we turn our eyes upon shattered Europe, still staggering from the blows of the conflict, as we take notice of our own unsettled and uncertain conditions arising out of the war, as we realize our sacrifice and suffering we can see today only what the war has cost. The ruin of cities, the outpoured wealth of nations, the sacred lives of heroes, shattered homes and shattered lives have been its toll. We would like to be able to shut the sight of it from our eyes. We are too near to see it in

the proper perspective. But time rolls on and long after we have passed on our way history will have analyzed properly the period which we have just passed through and will have balanced-up the other side of the ledger. If we play our part now with our old courage and determination, reconsecrating ourselves to the great task which we took up when we first drew the sword, our children and our children's children will know that the liberties and peace which they enjoy came because we played our part as soldiers until the end.

Our eyes have seen the vision of the glory of the Coming of the Lord and our hearts have been thrilled by the deep significance of the message that it brings. But the vision and the glory are only the symbols of a greater day, a brighter day that is to come, when there shall be no more wars, when the earth shall smile under the blessedness of peace and when man shall be the brother of man. Knowing in our own experience the terrible cost of conflict and misunderstandings between nations and men, let us work and pray for a better understanding. Let us exert every effort that discord and strife be banished forever from within our own borders and to help bring about a better feeling between the peoples of the earth. Full well do we realize that we cannot hope to see the fulfillment of our ideal or to enjoy its blessings. Does the individual soldier see the objective of the army. To have labored for its attainment is enough to bring joy to the real soldier. The supreme judgment of a man rests upon the spirit in which he works. That we once possessed the nobler spirit of the true soldier the world well knows. That we still possess it, we know in our own hearts. We have but to remember and to carry-on and our future record will be as unselfish, as beautiful and as glorious as our past.

As we pay our heartfelt tribute to those whose lives and deeds were, in large measure, responsible for our past achievements and present rewards, let us, in our hearts, give to them the silent pledge that their division and ours will never be mustered out of the service of its country. Let us pledge them that we will fight the good fight, that we will finish the course, that we will keep the faith until, silently, one by one, we take our places by their side in the ranks of our Division of Light.

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**Stray Leaves from a Traveler's Note Book**

(Continued from Page 9)

Last week, two members of the Royalist party (for there is a minority over here that still works and hopes for the return of the king) staged a violent battle, posters being used as ammunition. They called each other skunks, scoundrels and scalawags. Last Saturday, I saw no less than 50 groups of persons reading with keenest delight these posters. American politicians may think these things; they may even utter them, at times; but never would they put such slanderous statements in writing, attaching their names at the bottom. If they did, it would mean prosecution for libel, at least. But over here, these posters are quite common and the more scurrilous they are, the more they amuse the public. For it seems that nobody takes them seriously except the persons who fashioned the slanderous phrases.

Every American absent from his native land misses his friends back home. That is a self-evident truth. It requires no proof.

But the average person may be surprised to know that the American tourist abroad also misses other friends, imaginary (but no less real) persons whose friendship he has not valued until their daily visits have ceased, namely; our friends of the comic strip. For when he leaves New York, he says good-bye to Petey Dink and Ira Hall, Henrietta and Mabel, Mutt and Jeff, Jiggs and Maggie, Skeezicks and Uncle Walt, Andy Gump and Uncle Bim—all that array of typical Americans with whom we laugh and at whom we laugh every day in America. The high-brows may say that there is no value, artistic, literary or philosophical, in these men and women of the comic strip, but I disagree emphatically. They exist, they bring money to their originators, they furnish amusement for millions of Americans because they are caricatures of real men and women. To my mind, Chester Gump is just as real as Tom Sawyer; Petey Dink is just as human, as irascible, as temperamental as Mr. Pickwick, while Jiggs is a typical human being, with a sound heart, who refuses unsuccessfully to be ruled by the high-brow notions of his wife, Maggie.

Yes, we miss them over here. We get no news of them, except when some American paper drifts into our harbor. For my part, I would like to know how Petey is faring in his attempt to control the great crime wave. What new slang has he coined? Did Uncle Bim marry the Widow Zander? Is Mutt reconciled again or yet with his wife? And how is Lester de Pester's courtship faring? How is Petey Dink's pickle business? The questions could be multiplied indefinitely, and each one indicates the interest which the average American has in these characters of the comic strip.



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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 expense of handling them. We had a hunch that you would want a set so we bought the whole lot.

### CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA



This great panoramic picture of the old Camp, printed on heavy gloss paper, suitable for framing, measures 4 feet 3 inches by 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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