



THE  
SERVICE  
MAGAZINE

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Are You Going to Norfolk?

Moving Forward With the 80th Div. History

Counting Noses at Hamilton P. C.

On the Subject of Decorations and Citations

The Cronkhite Case

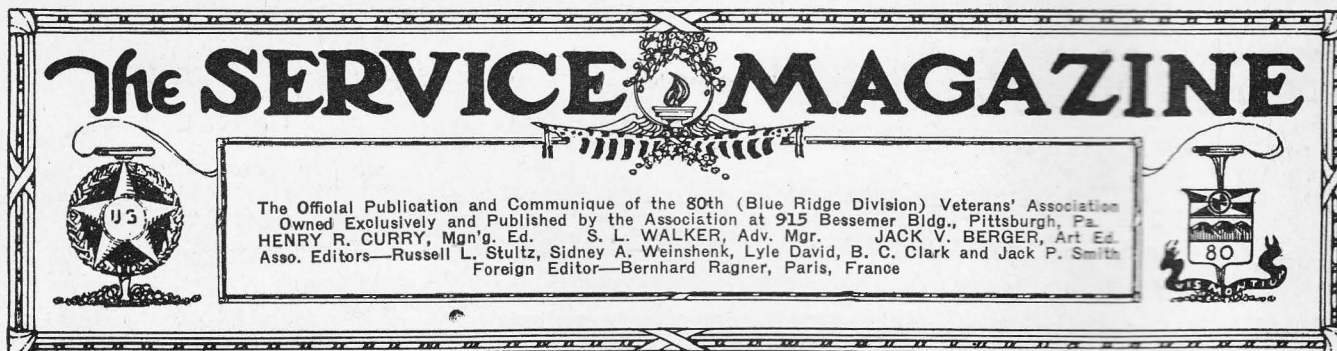
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The Man Who Wanted to Forget

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Who's Who in the Eightieth

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

(Published By-Monthly Beginning this Issue)

Vol. IV., No. 5.

April-May, 1923

\$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.

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THE 80th DIVISION “ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD”

# "THIM WOR THE HAPPY DAYS"

Remember when we were doing duration time in the old A. E. F.? Seems away off in the distant past—like a dream to some of us—an ever constant reality to others. Some wear scars and can never forget—why should we, who are perhaps scar-less? It was our war as much as it was theirs. True, "thim days is gone forever"—"Thim wor the happy days." Happy in the sense that we were real men doing a real job of work—unselfish and quite contrasty to our everyday mode of life. There are some who should try to forget the war, for they left but little for us to remember them by—and history forgets the chap who didn't play the

"HEY, BUDDY,  
I HOPE THAT GUY  
KEEPS IT UP;  
I SURE HATE TO DIG!"

"YEP, I NEED  
A LITTLE  
SLEEP,  
MYSELF!"



game. To those who have pride in their service, we say, "carry on". Remember the great adventure when men found themselves—found the true spirit of self sacrifice—got close to nature and perhaps off there where the missles of death were thickest found communion with Divine Providence. True, they were great days—sad and glad days—days we shall always remember and we want to remember. don't we old pal? Hence our great little SERVICE magazine. It is named "THE SERVICE MAGAZINE"—its mission is to keep fresh in our hearts the spirit of the Argonne and the memory of "Our Silent Men of Arms." You cannot find a more satisfying place for two hundred pennies than in a year's subscription to "Our Mag."

## "The Morning Report Is Just Like a Letter From Home"

Clip out and mail this coupon today, not tomorrow. You are human—you may forget. It is worth doing today—that was our lesson in discipline—that's what won the war—doing things at the right time.

Today — Now — Toot, sweet — Compre!

Service Magazine, 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Enter my subscription to Service Magazine for one year, and credit me with paid up membership dues in our Association. I am enclosing, \$2.00 for same.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

# Are You Going to Norfolk?

Why This Fourth Annual Reunion of The Blue Ridge Division Should Go Down in History As the High Mark of Our Annual Get-Togethers—Some Advance Reunion Dope and Advantages in Attending This Convention.



IME was when a week end pass and a little stand in with the "Top Kick" and the powers that be, or were, to be more correct, meant a few hours of real enjoyment and a welcome departure from the monotony of Camp Lee. True, Norfolk seemed to be the haven of the "Gobs." But somehow the Doughboy managed to Jimmy his way into a little real excitement and perhaps an all-night session of stud poker or African Golf. As we said before, the week-end pass and that "Top-Kick" stuff seemed to be the prime essentials for the trip. "Jack" was usually to be had through the borrowing route when some "Lucky Stiff" knocked off such a trip.

I remember one boy from one of the machine gun companies who had purchased and paid for several Liberty Bonds. They had been delivered to him and they were burning a hole in his pocket—seemed that they were as anxious to be spent as their owner was to spend them. When he purchased them he stated that he would have them to make a start with when he got back from France. Later he got a mania for spending them and attributed it to a hunch he said he had that he wasn't coming back. He spent the money he received from the bonds in a week-end at Norfolk, and true to his alleged hunch, he was killed by shell fire in the Meuse-Argonne.

I believe that every man who saw Camp Lee wanted to see Norfolk. The opportunity to do so, presents itself in the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association to be held in that city, August 27th, to September 1st. The cycle of the three states that furnished the bulk of the "Blue-Ridge Division" has been completed with the first reunion held at Richmond, Va. in 1920; the second in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1921; the third in Charleston, W. Va. in 1922; and this year's pilgrimage in search of reminiscence and old pals of the army will be back in the old Dominion state.

The fact that the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States have also selected the city of Norfolk for their 1923 encampment, brought the suggestion that both organizations hold their conventions at the same time, after an invitation was received from Reuel W. Elton, formerly of

the 80th, now Adjutant General of the V. F. W., to make the affair a joint convention. The executive council members who were

## "IN NORFOLK"

1  
Crepe Myrtle's are not rare in Norfolk—

The sun shines nowhere with such glare, as in Norfolk,  
Birds sing the sweetest, streets are the neatest,  
And the hours pass the fleetest in Norfolk.

2  
Skies are always the bluest blue,  
And friends the truest true in Norfolk,

To take a dip in the briny deep,  
Right where the sky and ocean meet,  
Oh, 'tis sweet, to be in Norfolk.

3  
Life is always a joyous song,  
The days are happy as they are long in Norfolk,  
You can either go or stay,  
You can always have your way,  
There's no one to say "you Nay," in Norfolk.

4  
Everyone their business minds, in Norfolk,  
About others talk, they do not take time, in Norfolk  
And if you're climbing up the hill;  
They help you with a mighty good will, in Norfolk.

5  
If you take it round and round,  
You will find a good old town;  
They will never turn you down,  
They will do the thing up brown, in Norfolk.

6  
The girls are never late and always up to date, in Norfolk,  
Oh, the beaux keep on the go,  
For they are never, never slow, in Norfolk.  
And the girls will wink, and the men will blink,  
But they don't care a D— what you think, in Norfolk.

in attendance at the meeting in Washington, D. C., January 20th, voted to adopt the same dates for the Eightieth Division Reunion. Since which time great strides have been made by the Blue-Ridge members of Norfolk, practically the entire Reunion proposition has been taken over by the hustling members of Norfolk-Ports-

mouth Post No. 1 of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association. This live Post, which has the distinction of being the First Local P. C. to get going, has relieved Headquarters of most of the preparatory work for the Reunion, and in justice to that loyal band of hustlers, who single handed gave us that great convention in Charleston, W. Va., last year, we are forced to admit that conventions are better in every way when the members of the community take it upon themselves to do the entertaining. Our hats are off to both organizations. It shows an undying spirit of co-operation and comradeship that guarantees the future of our Association and the ideals and service for which it stands.

The war is over to most people when it comes to contributing to soldier conventions—committees that take voluntarily the task upon themselves of financing such affairs are real loyal and unselfish comrades, worthy of our sincerest praise and everlasting gratitude. To show some small measure of your appreciation, you should make every honest effort to attend and share in the great pleasures they have provided for you. It does not fall to the majority of our members to work day and night unselfishly for others, as in the case of a Reunion. Few lend their time and ability to raising the necessary finances. The majority are simply asked to come and make merry at the expense of the committee. You are expected to come; have all the fun you can stand, then go back home a better comrade and conscientious booster for your old army division. That's not asking too much of any buddy.

The General Committee has established headquarters at 322-323 Law Building, Norfolk, Va.

## GENERAL REUNION COMMITTEE

H. R. Furr, Chairman; J. C. Peck, J. B. Withers, R. J. Throckmorton, P. A. Jones, Edward Maxwell, Ballard Preston, R. J. Alfriend, W. H. Cox, J. B. Moore, J. C. Smith, A. M. Brownley, A. B. Hill, V. R. Morris, C. G. Hunter, J. B. Diehl, Gordan Cannon, A. Jack Davis, G. W. Brittingham, H. L. Lindsay, Wm. Woodward, E. S. Merrill, Jack Neblitt, L. M. Jordan, I. H. Farmer, T. A. W. Gilliam, W. J. Cooper, J. A. Dashield, W. J. Ives, E. E. Thomas, Edward Saunders, W. H. Miles,

(Continued on Page 11)

# Moving Forward With the Eightieth Division History

By Russell L. Stultz—Historian



SEVERAL months have intervened since any report of progress in connection with the projected "History of the 80th Division" and, since several developments of interest have occurred during this period, a brief summary of these details may be welcomed by those who eagerly anticipate the day when they can hold within their hands a volume narrating the operations and activities of the "Blue Ridge Division." That day is yet distant, but hope and uncertainty are slowly making way for actual achievements and another year should witness the materialization of an undertaking that is beginning to assume tangible form and give forth promise of a finished product.

On January 20th, a meeting of a number of those actively interested in the compilation of the projected History of the 80th was held at the Hotel Ebbitt, in Washington, in connection with a session of the Executive Council and Ways and Means Committee of the Division Association. This meeting, while not as largely attended as could have been desired, was marked by the presence of a representative group, including the former Commanding Generals of the 159th and 160th Infantry Brigades, and members of the 317th, 318th, 319th and 320th Infantry, the 314th Field Artillery, the 305th Engineers and Division Headquarters. A joint discussion followed an informal report of progress accomplished to that date in the matter of assembling material and data, and a variety of possible methods of financing publication of the proposed history were suggested and outlined. A spirit of earnest enthusiasm characterized the meeting and all present were unanimously agreed upon the urgent necessity for a complete, authentic and representative narrative of the Division.

Three distinct plans for financing the projected volume were advanced and discussed, viz: (1) by means of equivalent appropriations by the States of Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia, to the extent of approximately \$17,000 each, and action by each conditioned upon favorable consideration by the three interested Commonwealths, such appropriations being designed to provide for gratuitous distribution of the History among former members of the Division; (2) by means of syndicating the narrative among a group of representative newspapers within the Divisional area; and (3) by financing within the Division, through the medium of pledges and advance subscriptions by indi-

viduals on the basis of a fixed price per volume, preferably a figure merely sufficient to cover publication costs.

Succeeding the meeting in Washington, steps were taken toward ascertaining the prospects of obtaining material aid from the several State Legislatures at this time and, following a period of investigation extending over the past two months, it has been found advisable to abandon—at least for this year, hopes of securing favorable action in this direction. Conditions maintaining in the respective States were thoroughly surveyed and it was frankly conceded by those conversant with existent circumstances that a formal request for Legislative appropriations with the object of defraying the cost of producing a Divisional History would not be approved at the present time. Both economic and political considerations supplied a basis for arriving at this decision. However, the Histories of several Western Divisions have been financed in this manner, thus establishing a recognized precedent, and it is stated that it may be possible to obtain a hearing from the several States embraced within the Divisional area in 1924.

The proposal that the History of the Division be financed by means of syndication of the material among a group of newspapers is in the course of investigation. Early information, however, indicates the impracticability of this method, due to the extreme improbability of arranging the necessary connections. In the event it is found impossible to utilize such a medium of publication, it is felt that the volume will have to be financed within the 80th Division. This course, which has been successfully adopted by the great majority of Divisions, is feasible and would appear preferable from a variety of angles, although it is undoubtedly the most burdensome of the several plans discussed. Numerous expressions of interest and enthusiasm by individual members of the Division, however, demonstrate that a desire to assist and co-operate in any practicable method for insuring a History of the 80th is unmistakably evident.

An indication of the keen interest in the undertaking was manifested on the occasion of the annual dinner of the New York Association of Officers of the 80th Division, held in that city on January 24th, when the sum of approximately \$800.00 was subscribed by those present as the nucleus of a fund for underwriting the contemplated volume. Immediately these pledges become available, they will be ap-

plied toward obtaining copies of the individual casualty lists and Divisional Roster from the files of the A. E. F. Records Section of the War Department, which data is not otherwise available to us. It is estimated by the Adjutant General's Office that the cost of compiling a copy of the Divisional Roster will amount to approximately \$1400.00, since reference to more than 40,000 individual records is entailed, and the work can be accomplished properly only by those familiar with the files.

A satisfactory measure of progress is being made in connection with the task of assembling source material and outlining the narrative. However, the dimensions of the project become notably apparent as the details logically develop, and it is appreciated especially by those engaged in the preparation of the History that no phases of the undertaking can be unduly hastened without a serious attendant loss in accuracy and completeness.

A series of six maps have been designed to supplement the text. They embrace (1) map of the disposition and billeting of troops in the British Training Area; (2) map of the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne operations, September 26th to October 14th; (3) map of the second phase, November 1st to November 7th; (4) map showing the operations of the 155th F. A. Brigade; (5) map of the billeting of the 80th Division in the 15th Training Area; and (6) map showing the trail of the 80th through France. It is believed that the above constitute the most ambitious set of maps ever attempted by a Divisional History. Proofs are being circulated among the various authorities for correction and revision, as they become available.

A tentative list of Divisional photographs, in which it is planned to include at least 100 subjects, is in course of preparation and it is hoped to publish this list in a subsequent issue of SERVICE. Suggestions for this list will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

An especial effort is being made to secure a complete and authentic statement of all decorations and citations awarded members of the Division by the American or Foreign Governments and by separate units, down to, and including, Brigades. The calendar of War Department, as well as of 160th Brigade, citations, is practically complete, but data relative to citations published by G. H. Q., 80th Division Headquarters and the 155th and 159th Brigades

(Continued on Page 13)

# Counting Noses at Hamilton P. C.

## Who is Who in the Business of Remembering "The Great Adventure" — Keeping Liaison With Their "Old Pals of the Army" — and Helping the "Fighting Eightieth" to "Carry-on" in That Customary "Forward" Movement

**M**AYBE you are one of the Blue-Ridgers who are proud of the record of our great division, you may even find a greater sense of pride in your own particular regiment, platoon, squad, or your individual record as a soldier? Forgetting, as all real men and good soldiers do, the unpleasant experiences of army life, forgiving the enemy that thru mistaken ideas of duty or ignorance, or inherited meanness may have incurred your undying enmity, is classed as divine. Perhaps your grievance is not fancied, but real, perhaps the injury is beyond the forgiveness of just plain flesh and blood human mortals like ourselves. But that is a matter entirely personal with each of us, we are privileged to exercise our own will in such matters, at least we have not yet heard of a senator introducing a bill to compel us to follow his viewpoint in such matters. There is one thing that does concern every one of us and to which we owe our everlasting attention, it is more of a sacred duty than otherwise. We must not forget the duty of comradeship, we must remember the good that we found in our service together and we must guard against the forgetfulness of time, the fact of our service and the proud record of our service?, are we still loyal in spirit to our old company and are we willing to carry aloft its banner of proud service into the future as we did in the trying times "Overthere?"

There are those in our ranks who perhaps did not play the game as they should, there are some unworthy perhaps of our forgiveness, but for every one of these,

unit is, (if it so desires) entitled to a 'Poste 'de Command.' This former opposition is no longer in evidence. Your unit can no longer be denied just representation in our National Division Association. We can now determine the sentiment of our members and give every unit its proper voice and consideration in the conduct of our Divisional Association activities. Our constitution now calls for the establishment of local or community P. C's. in every section where at least sixteen Blue Ridge Vets are located and who signify their desire for a local charter. It also calls for the issuing of charters to units of sixteen or more paid members. Thirty four individual units are so qualified that charters will be granted to them upon application; two such, namely, Co. I, and Co. E., 320th. Inf. have already made application and their charters have been issued. Four local or community P. C's. have been established as follows, Post No. 1 Norfolk-Portsmouth, Va., Post No. 2 Philadelphia, Pa., Post No. 3 Bluefield, W. Va., Post No. 4 Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., New York, N. Y., Washington, D. C., New Market, Va., Baltimore, Md., Richmond, Va., and other sectors are expected to have posts established in the near future. The attached statistics show the actual paid-up membership of active members of each individual unit of our Division. Many other units would have qualified but for neglect of some few members to pay their dues

**American Expeditionary Forces**


**France** **1918-1919**

**Camp Lee, Va.**

**West Le Havre**

**Bordeaux**

**St. Nazaire**



**Marselles**

**Picardy Artois**

**St. Mihiel**

**Meuse Argonne**

**CHARTER**

**Granted to THE NORFOLK-PORTSMOUTH POST NO. 1. of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association**

**The undersigned do hereby fully subscribe to the Constitution of The Eightieth Division Veterans Association, and do hereby promise a faithful compliance with the By-Laws, insofar as these laws govern Local Posts of said Association, and will surrender this Charter upon demand of the Executive Council of the Association**

A.M. Brownley	Wm. A. Bucking	G.A. Cannon
Wm. J. Cooper	C.B. Daniels	J.B. Dashiell
A.J. Davis	John B. Diehl	J.C. Dunford
G.V. Fitzpatrick	R.W. Gardner	J.W. Halstead
A.B. Hill	O.B. James	Percy A. Jones
W.W. Jordan	W.H. Miles	J.P. Moore
J. Carl Peck	Wm. H. Sands	J.C. Smith
C.L. Taylor	R.J. Throckmorton	R.J. Williams
J.P. Withers	Wm. H. Woodward	



**Fated, JANUARY, 20, 1922...**

*Roy M. Britt*  
**President**

*J.C. Smith*  
**Recording Secretary**

Why Not Have a Charter for Your Old Unit and a Local P. C. in Your Own Home Town?

there are hundreds and hundreds who are worthy of our undying friendship and close comradeship.

There are some who (misinformed or otherwise) have hampered the growth of our great Veterans' Association in opposing the formation of individual community groups or "Local P. C's." Each individual

# Counting Noses at Hamilton P. C.

which expired in the past several months.

Your Headquarters at Hamilton P. C. intends to keep close data on the various units hereafter and publish the relative standing of the various units from month to month. Your membership card in the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association puts you on the list of active members of your old company or unit. Sixteen such active members entitles your company to a P. C. charter and active participation in all affairs of the Association.

You should have a local community P. C. in your OWN HOME TOWN, and need we urge you to put your unit where it belongs on the roll of honor of our Association.

Counting noses has been a revelation to us at Headquarters. We thought our own company lead the list, but lo and behold! we are tied for eighteenth position, just getting under the wire for eligibility for a unit charter. "LETS GO EVERY-BUDDY." There are surely sixteen from every unit worth remembering. If you can't be first, be present or accounted for.

1. 313th F. A. Hdq. Co.	53
2. 315th F. A. Hdq. Co.	40
3. 319th Inf. Hdq. Co.	38
4. 320th Inf. Hdq. Co.	34
5. 317th Inf. Hdq. Co.	29
5. 318th Inf. Hdq. Co.	29
6. 315th F. A. Bat. D.	28
7. 320th Inf. Co. E.	27
8. 320th Inf. Co. I.	26
9. 315th F. A. Bat. A.	25
10. 305th Engrs. Hdq. Co.	24
11. 305th Engrs. Co. F.	23
11. 313th F. A. Bat. D.	23
12. 320th Inf. Co. K.	22
12. 315th F. A. Bat. C.	22
13. 313th F. A. Bat. C.	21
13. 313th F. A. Bat. B.	21
14. 314th F. A. Hdq. Co.	20
15. 315th F. A. Bat. F.	19
15. 317th Inf. Co. B.	19
16. 319th Inf. Co. A.	18
16. 320th Inf. Co. B.	18
16. 320th Inf. Co. M.	18
16. 315th F. A. Bat. B.	18
16. 317th Inf. Co. A.	18
16. 317th Inf. Co. D.	18
17. 319th Inf. Co. H.	17
17. 320th Inf. Co. A.	17
17. 319th F. H. Co.	17
18. 319th Inf. Co. E.	16
18. 320th M. G. Co.	16
18. 317th F. H. Co.	16
18. 305th Engr. Co. E.	16
19. 320th Inf. Co. L.	14

19. 305th Engr. Co. D.	14
19. 315th M. G. Bn. Co. D.	14
20. 318th M. G. Co.	13
20. 318th Inf. Co. A.	13
20. 319th Inf. Co. C.	13
20. 319th Inf. Co. M.	13
20. 320th Inf. Co. C.	13
20. 305th F. S. Bn. Co. C.	13
20. 320th F. H. Co.	13
20. 315th F. A. Bat. E.	13
20. 317th Inf. Co. E.	13
21. 318th Inf. Co. H.	12
21. 319th Inf. Co. F.	12
21. 320th Inf. Co. D.	12
21. 320th Inf. Co. F.	12
21. 320th Inf. Co. G.	12
21. 305th S. T. Hdq. Co.	12
21. 313th F. A. Supply	12
21. 313th F. A. Bat. E.	12
21. 315th F. A. Supply	12
21. 317th Inf. Co. G.	12
21. 317th Inf. Co. I.	12
22. 318th Inf. Co. F.	11
22. 319th Inf. Co. L.	11
22. 320th Inf. Co. H.	11
22. 305th F. S. Bn. B.	11
22. 314th F. A. Bat. B.	11
22. 313th M. G. Bn. A.	11
22. 315th M. G. Bn. C.	11
23. 318th Inf. Co. E.	10
23. 318th Inf. Co. G.	10
23. 319th M. G. Co.	10
23. Div. M. P. Co.	10
23. 155th Brg. Hdq.	10
23. 305th A. T. Co. F.	10
23. 314th F. A. Bat. E.	10
23. 313th M. G. Co. D.	10
23. 315th M. G. Bn. B.	10
23. 317th Inf. Co. L.	10
23. 317th Inf. Co. M.	10
24. 318th Inf. Co. C.	9
24. 305th F. S. Co. A.	9
24. 318th F. H. Co.	9
24. 305th A. T. Co. C.	9
24. 313th F. A. Bat. F.	9
25. 318th Co. D.	8
25. 318th Co. K.	8
25. 319th Co. I.	8
25. 319th Co. K.	8
25. 305th F. S. Bn. Hdq.	8
25. 305th A. T. Hdq.	8
25. 314th F. A. Bat. A.	8
25. 315th F. A. Mad.	8
25. 313th M. G. Co. B.	8
25. 313th M. G. Co.	8
25. 314th M. G. Co. A.	8
25. 317th Inf. Co. C.	8
26. 318th Co. B.	7
26. 160th Brg. Hdq.	7
26. 305th T. M. B.	7
26. 305th M. S. Co. E.	7
26. 305th Eng. Co. A.	7
26. 305th Engr. Co. B.	7
26. 315th M. G. Hdq.	7
26. 317th Supply.	7
26. 317th Co. K.	7

27. 318th Co. I.	6
27. 318th Co. L.	6
27. 319th Co. B.	6
27. 319th Co. D.	6
27. 319th Co. G.	6
27. 320th Med.	6
27. 320th Supply	6
27. 159th Brgd. Hdq.	6
27. 305th A. Tr. Co. A.	6
27. 305th A. Tr. Co. D.	6
27. 305th Engr. Co. C.	6
27. 313th F. A. Co. A.	6
27. 314th F. A. Co. D.	6
27. 317th Inf. Med.	6
28. 318th Supply	5
28. 319th Supply	5
28. 314th F. A. Supply	5
28. 314th F. A. Co. C.	5
28. 314th F. A. Co. F.	5
28. 314th M. G. Co. B.	5
28. 317th M. G. Co.	5
29. 318th Med.	4
29. 319th Med.	4
29. 305th M. S. Co. C.	4
29. 305th A. T. Co. E.	4
29. 315th M. G. Co. W.	4
30. 305th M. S. Co. D.	3
30. 305th M. S. Co. F.	3
30. 305th A. T. Med.	3
30. 305th A. T. Co.	3
30. 313th M. G. Hdq.	3
30. 317th Co. F.	3
30. 317th Co. H.	3
31. 305th M. S. Med.	2
31. 305th M. S. Co. A.	2
31. 313th F. A. Med.	2
31. 314th M. G. Med.	2
32. 80th Div. Postal	1
32. 305th F. S. Bn. Med.	1
32. 305th M. S. Hdq.	1
32. 305th M. S. Co. B.	1
32. 305th Engr. Med.	1
32. 305th Engr. Supply	1
32. 305th M. P. Hdq.	1
32. 314th F. A. Med.	1
32. 314th F. A. Ord.	1
32. 314th M. G. Hdq.	1
33. Div. M. S. V.	0
33. Div. F. H. D.	0
33. Div. V. Corps	0
33. 305th T. H. Q.	0
33. 305th F. S. Bn. Co. D.	0
33. 305th M. P. Supply	0
33. 305th M. P. Med.	0
33. 305th M. P. Co.	0
33. 305th S. T. Vet. C.	0
33. 305th S. T. F. H. Det.	0
33. 305th A. T. Co. B.	0
33. 313th F. A. Ord.	0
33. 315th F. A. Ord.	0
33. 313th M. G. Med.	0
33. 314th M. G. Co. C.	0
33. 314th M. G. Co. D.	0
33. 315th M. G. Med.	0

(Watch this table of standing of the units from month to month in SERVICE.)

# 'Something's Happened Twixt Us Two'

By Russell L. Stultz, Ex. Sgt. Inf., U. S. A.

*Hello, Buddy! How-dee-do?  
Something's happened twixt us two,  
Something makes a glad heart beat  
Every time we chance to meet,  
And a-down the coming years  
Ne'er a song shall greet my ears  
Half so welcome as the way  
You and I can meet and say—  
Hello, Buddy!*



SK the average veteran of the American Expeditionary Forces to enumerate the two most fixed and cherished realities salvaged by him out of the illusions of the late war and we wager that he, if a normal, reasonably unsophisticated type of the *genus masculinus* and no matter what his relative degree or station, will, at least eight times out of ten, answer in substance: "My memories and my buddies." His reply may be couched in a more elaborate or complicated phraseology but almost invariably, if properly analyzed, it will be found to resolve itself into an identical meaning.

For, he who but a few short years ago discovered himself an almost infinitesimal unit in a titanic, relentlessly matter-of-fact machine of war, oft appalled by the very immensity of its ponderous tentacles and just as often seeking, futilely and wonderingly, to acquire an intelligent conception of its all-embracing mechanism, today, from the safe distance of four years, yet frequently finds himself striving to comprehend and understand and weigh properly a host of inexplicable acts and decisions. A majority may never arrive at a satisfactory conclusion regarding the merits or demerits of certain events and episodes; there are likewise many perhaps again a majority, who will never cease to deplore the futility and waste of all war and bloodshed; opposite groups may, and in all probability, will form and challenge each other in prolonged debate; historians may learnedly differ as to the wisdom and which they approved and frowned upon.

Tradition teaches that the aftermath of results of a particular strategy or offensive, and individuals will, with their last breath, heatedly espouse and decry that all wars have ever been characterized with just such differences and doubts and disputes, they appear an established and apparently inevitable routine. War veterans, after the subsidence of a brief interval of admiring plaudits and patriotic homage, usually lapse into a similar category, tolerated and referred to by self-righteous citizens as a "necessary evil," to be considered and dealt with accordingly. As the years slip by, these one-time heroes, though they at first may vigorously resent the dic-

tates of an ancient custom, eventually find themselves protesting against a circumstance more merciless than bayonets and end in becoming reconciled with the classification arbitrarily decreed as a feature of their heritage. The quicker they recognize the truth, the quicker they will cease struggling against the inevitable.

And, it is when they awake to the truth and accept the unalterable role thrust upon them that they will turn for solace to their most precious possessions, their memories and their comrades. The essentials of the war, itself, they may fail to understand; the endless chapter of bickerings and quibbling that follow in its wake is equally incomprehensible; the vital, all-existent factors remain to them, however, these are facts ever-present and real and which can daily be grasped and understood. All other illusions and sophistries born of the conflict may fall by life's wayside, but the passing years will merely serve to accentuate and intensify the varied pages of memory's priceless panorama, in which the associates and companions of yesteryear's campaigns and marches stand silhouetted so unmistakably.

We repeat, in the language of the poet: "Something's happened twixt us two." Ah, yes, *much* has happened, all the checkered milestones of a lifetime have been reached and left behind during that brief, uncertain interval in which you and your buddies fared forth on life's Great Adventure, eager, yet reluctant; fearless, yet afraid; determined, yet uncertain, he and you have seen the heights, have descended and explored the tortures of hell, have wallowed in the muck and mire of the pit itself, and have returned to resume life's duties and obligations. In the words of that other warrior, "Veni, vidi, vici," yet you did it not alone. In the midst of your fears, your doubts and reluctance, your comrade-in-arms stood by your side, encouraged by his weakness and strength, and made all things possible.

To-day, with the stern realities of yesterday dominating a perspective that inclines toward measuring and judging all things with youth's uncompromising philosophy, you ridicule and scorn all that savors of sentimentality and appeal, you ignore the future's possibilities for readjustment, and in so doing you seek and strive to forget all those things which are unforgettable and which you, in truth, do not want to forget. With the echoes of war's scars and hatreds yet reverberating in our ears and about us, we are oblivious to those factors and influences which, eventually, will prevail and become potent considerations.

"Something makes a glad heart beat  
Every time we chance to meet."

To-morrow, say you tardily set about the task of reviving long interrupted associations and comradeships, that now-indefinable "Something" to which the poet refers will spur you on and on, as memory stirs and unfolds its neglected treasures, until your search has been ended and you join your buddies in all-eternal fraternity. We humans are prone to procrastinate, yet we would remind that *to-day*, and *not to-morrow*, is our moment for taking up the broken threads of yesterday's vanishing contacts.

*La guerre is not finie.* No! True, armistices and treaties have long since been concluded and have brought about a semblance of peace, but for you and I and the hundreds and thousands who experienced the Great Adventure with you, who *know* that Sherman aptly described war, the *war will never be ended!* Only eternity is capable of effacing the poignant visions and memories of unforgettable days.

"Something's happened twixt us two."

You and I need to foster and keep alive that faith and comradeship born of death and fire, amid days and scenes that seared men's souls and knew naught of the petty weaknesses and quarrels to which we are so often susceptible in our accustomed intercourse. Winter days recall memories of fighting days, vivid, burning memories that are forever impressed upon our recollections, of days murky and bitter and sad more oft than sweet, but, for all, memories of days that are priceless and which are ours alone, our possession and our pride!

Man, don't you often feel the old pull at your heart-strings for those never-to-be-forgotten days? Days when you lived close to nature, near to death and in intimate association with your fellowmen, your comrades, your buddies. Remember? And how you shared, wholly and unreservedly, war's hardships and compensations, the same bivvy, the same blanket, canteen, rations, the same thoughts, the same letters from home? No, you have not forgotten—you *can never forget!*

Then, and later, when you were mustered out of the service, you declared: "This old world will never be big enough for me to lose any of my old buddies in it!" *That was your spirit then;* it is still your spirit and that of your comrades, though awaiting the awakening that only time and regret can bring into expression. You may deceive yourself into *thinking* that you have forgotten, but if there is any man who actually believes that he is big enough to forget his old buddies, we want to know his name and meet him and, most of all,



## 'Something's Happened Twixt Us Two'

we want to call him a liar. It can't be done, old man, at least, not so long as human nature remains unchanged.

*"And adown the coming years  
N'er a song shall greet my ears  
Half so welcome as the way  
You and I can meet and say—  
Hello, Buddy!"*

Just now, with the worst of war yet fresh in mind, you may question the prophecy of the poet, particularly if you are an individual upon whom bitterness has left its scars but, no matter the degree of your antipathy or the reason for it, an indefinable understanding exists between you and man who soldiered by your side. Just as the years will inevitably remove the hurts, so will increase the measure of your affection for those who shared them with you. Time is the one infallible remedy for a multitude of ills, and war veterans are traditionally susceptible to its powers.

Even now, with your experiences yet scarcely history, you and your recent viewpoint are undergoing a subtle, almost imperceptible change; you already are enjoying a secret pride in recalling memories of your army life and comrades; you frequently find yourself wondering where "Bill Jones" is and what he is doing, and you feel a powerful desire to see him, to ask him "if he remembers that night in Bouquemaision, when we caught hell for swiping the jam," or some other equally poignant incident. Perchance you wonder whether "old Bill" ever experiences your longing to recross the pond and revisit the old haunts and scenes where he and you and Tim and Joe and Sam and all those other well-remembered pals scrapped and hiked and dug-in, smoked imitation *tabac*, juggled the "ivories," bought foolish souvenirs, drank *vin rouge* and did a thousand and one other *tres necessaire* things. Yes, you are wondering all this, and more, and so is "Bill Jones," because he was there and *knows!* He knows how you kicked and grumbled and swore, he knows all about how hungry and dirty and tired you were, how home-sick you were, how you might have been a "Non-com" instead of a "Buck," how you "jawed" with the "top" and spent the day on "K. P." as a result, he knows how you fought like hell and how you came to get that ugly scar you're carrying under your shirt! *He* knows and understands!

*That's* why "Bill" and you can't forget, buddy, why you remember and feel kindly toward each other, why you wish him luck and want to see him again. War is a great equalizer, a leveler of classes and a road to human sympathy, and it is in the face of danger and death that men find themselves and reveal all that is best and finest in their composition. Bullets and shrapnel

make no nice distinctions, recognize no station nor rank, and it is when confronting these realities shoulder-to-shoulder that men attain comradeship and comprehension. When facing eternity with your fellows, its remorseless possibilities are certain to breed either mutual admiration or contempt, there can be no neutrality of feeling when you have trod into the very jaws of death side by side with your brother-man, either you hate or you love him! And, can you honestly hate the man who has shared his "bivvie" with you? who has imperiled life and limb in dragging your own maimed body to safety? who has staunched and clumsily bound your bleeding wounds, heeding not and caring not for himself? No, it can't be done.

To-day, when you are back at the old fire-side, with these and other things forming memory's brightest page, you unconsciously surprise yourself reminiscing, and you need not be ashamed. As you proceed about your daily toil, you are blessed with the knowledge that, when you meet a comrade, there is something more than the ordinary routine of greeting a fellow-creature. There exists a comradeship that can be understood only by you and the man who has been your comrade-in-arms; there is something—call it sentiment, or what you will—about the pal who has seen and served with you that you find notably missing in your usual contacts.

There are many ways in which you can go about maintaining liaison with those old buddies and perpetuating all that was best of the undying spirit and friendships of other days. Like a plant, that comradeship will wither and lose its vital quality, unless it is properly nourished and encouraged. That comradeship which used to be so real and mean so much to you is the biggest, most potential thing remaining to you from the war and, if you so will, its possibilities are rare indeed. You are incapable of destroying it entirely, because that kindredship of human sympathy and understanding has become a distinct part of you. Full realization will come only with the years. In the meantime, however, its potentialities must become growingly apparent.

Every veteran owes it to himself and to his buddies to assist in keeping alive all that he found most inspiring in his old associations and contacts. They will stand him in need to-day just as effectively and unflinching as in camp and battle. National organizations of ex-service men supply a medium for reconsecrating the old spirit, the old friendships and the will to "conquer or die." Division associations, and almost every combat division of the A. E. F. is thus represented, furnish an even more desirable instrument for maintaining

liaison. They are wholly composed of, and controlled by, your old comrades, men whom you know personally, can slap on the shoulder and can say: "You were a heluva bum soldier!" Here, amidst members of your own company, battalion and regiment, in that intimate atmosphere possible only among individuals who have served and fought shoulder-to-shoulder, you will discover the fullest expression of that *camraderie* which you and your buddies brought into being.

Among such groups you will find "Bill Jones" and "Tom Smith" carrying on, lending a hand to help "run the works" and keep blazing the only thing that scores of them brought home from the war, all the while wondering "Where in the dickens is old Joe Tompkins?" and "why doesn't he and the rest of the gang come on in and help run this she-bang like she oughta be run?" Just be patient and keep peggin' away, "Bill;" they're either just slow, lazy, busy getting married or holding down a new job, or something equally diverting, and, before so long, they'll come breezing along and thank you for "keeping the home fires burning," or, whatever they term it a la 1923.

To-day, throughout the length and breadth of America, you will find thousands of your buddies giving generously of their time and energies toward the task of keeping alive organizations and comradeships which, in the years to come, will mean so much to you who are so negligent to-day. Their job is little heralded and less thanked, but they are encouraged and enthused by the knowledge that they are keeping alive the worthy and best of war's multiple complexion, by the realization that this spirit must live and endure, if our ideals and aspirations shall be perpetuated, they are doing all this and more, without reward or applause, against the day when they *know* you will "fall in" and be grateful for the efforts and vision of those who smoothed away the rough places and saved the old, undying spirit from obscurity and strangulation.

The history of all veterans' organizations show that they rarely reach their zenith of strength and membership under ten or twenty years after the conflict to which they owe their origin. Full appreciation of war-time comradeship comes tardily, due usually to the fact that those who served, in the first years of peace, are intently occupied in the greater battle of re-establishing themselves and their places among the army of workers, but, nevertheless, realization comes, eventually, completely and unreservedly.

You can aid in hastening it and lessening the regret. Your comrades counted

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# On the Subject of Decorations and Citations

## Was the 80th Division Overlooked or Were Standards Kept Too High?

As the preparations for the writing of the much needed Divisional History are getting into shape, many interesting points are coming to light. One of real interest, not to say importance, is the question of Decorations and Citations awarded to members of the 80th Division. I am told that it is a matter of great difficulty to get all this data together. It also appears that the number of officers and men of the Division who were decorated or cited is relatively small as compared to other organizations.

In discussing this question with others interested in obtaining data for the history, this fact becomes painfully evident. The reason for it is not so clear. The Blue Ridge Division had as fine a record as any division of the A. E. F. The officers and men were second to none in ability and bravery, yet we did not, as has been frequently stated, "get all that was coming to us," either individually or collectively.

Undoubtedly the real reason was that in the 80th Division, there was set up a very high standard—too high as a matter of fact when compared to that set up by other organizations. This tends to make it appear that the 80th Division did not have so much or hard fighting as others, or that their officers and men were not so courageous as others. It is not intended to criticize others or to detract from what they did, but rather to ask if there is not some way, even at this late date, to rectify this.

Little was actually known or possibly not properly understood by most officers regarding the various decorations. As a rule, and I know this to be true, the distinction between the D. S. C. and the Congressional Medal of Honor was confused, with the result that acts which justified an award of the former, were not seriously considered as it was felt that they were not "above and beyond the call of duty."

Acts of heroism can be, and were performed as a duty, many instances, yet by far too few, have been recognized, but still more were never given the proper, if any consideration. Neglect by all officers in mentioning such acts was inexcusable, but, and I accept my share of this responsibility, we all failed to make recommendations when it is now quite evident that we could and should have done so.

Such things as citations or decorations did not mean much to us during the actual fighting. They mean a great deal more now, and will as time goes by, mean even more. I understand that April 6th was the last date on which recommendations were received by the Board of Awards appointed to consider such cases as might be brought before it. This is most unfortunate, especially as few knew of the board or that recommendations were being made and considered. Of course, after a

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## The Cronkhite Case

Norfolk, Va.,  
February 20, 1923.

THE enforced retirement of Major General Adelbert Cronkhite from active service in the United States Army has come to our attention through the public press and the publication of the correspondence touching his retirement and his efforts to aid in bringing to trial the alleged murderers of his son, Major A. P. Cronkhite.

It appears from the report of facts now available to us that General Cronkhite has been retired from active service under circumstances that involve serious reflections on him; that a capable, efficient officer with a long and distinguished record of service, both in peace-time and in war, and whose character as revealed by his public service is above reproach, is the victim of a gross injustice.

The reasons for the enforced retirement of General Cronkhite at this time do not appear to have been assigned. If it be charged that he is no longer available for service, the former officers and men of the Eightieth Division, A. E. F., and all fair-minded, justice-loving men and women, to whose attention the matter has come, want to know why a physically fit, general officer, with an honorable record of forty-

three years service, including the period of the World War as the able commander of a fighting division second to none in the A. E. F., is not available for service to the full age for retirement under the law.

As a father, General Cronkhite mourns the loss of an only and beloved son, who died under peculiarly sad circumstances. He has employed all the means at his command, without official aid, to bring to trial the alleged murderers of his son. No father, in the army or out of it, with a drop of red blood in the veins, would have acted otherwise.

When we think of the Virginia and Pennsylvania boys, who sobbed out their lives on the sodden, blood-stained hillside above Dannevaux, or on the shell-riven, gas-soaked fields between Nantillois and Cunel, or who made the supreme sacrifice in the effort to keep in contact with the Bosche between Buzancy and Beaumont, or who, throughout the days and nights, served the guns behind the 80th, 5th and 90th Divisions from Dead Man's Hill to Stenay, we dare assert that the father of every one of them would act as General Cronkhite has done: namely, employ every means in his power to bring to trial the perpetrators of a foul crime, such as the murder of Major Cronkhite.

If the reasons for General Cronkhite's enforced retirement lie concealed in the multitudinous folds of War Department red tape, let them be cut out and exhibited in the light of public opinion. If he is the victim of jealousy and bitterness in the service, engendered in the stress of war, let the light be turned on that the country may know.

There is grave doubt whether the case of General Cronkhite comes within the purview of the statute invoked to effect his retirement. He charges the War Department with having failed to perform the manifest duties of the Government with respect to the death of Major Cronkhite and the Department of Justice with a plain dereliction in respect thereto. These are charges that ought to be investigated because they are made by a man to whom the country owes a debt of gratitude for his brilliant services as a Division Commander in time of war.

An honorable man, an efficient and distinguished officer of the army, has been retired from active service without apparent cause, and without an opportunity to answer, before competent authority, the direct and implied imputations against him. These, in brief, appear to be facts touching

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# Are You Going to Norfolk?

(Continued from Page 4)

R. C. Hamlet, Geo. V. Fitzpatrick, K. R. Ferebee.

## CHAIRMEN OF SPECIAL COMMITTEES

Finance—J. B. Withers.  
 Publicity—J. C. Peck.  
 Decoration—R. J. Throckmorton.  
 Transportation—W. H. Cox.  
 Special Guests—Dr. H. R. Seelinger.  
 Registration—A. M. Brownley.  
 Smoker—Wm. Woodward.  
 Reception—E. B. Truitt.  
 Parade—E. S. Merrill.  
 Music—Jack Neblett.  
 Athletic—R. J. Alfriend.  
 Automobile—C. G. Hunter.  
 Information Booths—A. B. Hill.  
 Badges—P. A. Jones.  
 Beach or Shore Entertainment—Gordon Cannon.  
 Balls—H. L. Lindsey.  
 Boat Rides—G. W. Brittingham.  
 Photos—J. C. Peck.  
 Prizes—J. B. Moore.  
 Halls—P. A. Jones.  
 Boy Scouts—B. R. Morris.  
 First Aid Station—L. M. Jordan.  
 Housing—I. H. Farmer.  
 Dug Outs—Jack Davis.  
 Eightieth Division Fourth National Reunion Committee, H. R. Furr, General Chairman, 422-423 Law Building, Norfolk, Va.

## TENTATIVE PROGRAM

Fourth National Reunion, Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, Norfolk, Va., August 27th, to 31, 1923

Sunday, August 26th

1:30 P. M. Meeting of convention committees for final arrangements.

Monday, August 27th

10:00 A. M. Opening of Registration Headquarters.

11:30 A. M. Opening of Convention by the President. Appointment of Committees—Preliminary business session, etc.

Tuesday, August 28th

9:30 to 10:30 A. M. Business session, Reports of Committees, Nomination of Officers, etc.

Wednesday, August 29th

9:30 A. M. to 12:00 P. M. Regular Business session—election of officers, etc. Entertainment features, noon until midnight at Ocean View—dancing, swimming, park amusements.

Thursday, August 30th

1:30 to 4:00 P. M. Parade, jointly with V. F. W.

9:30 to 1:00 A. M. Smoker for men—Theatre Party for Women.

Friday, August 31st

10:30 A. M. Memorial Mass at local Cath-

olic Church. Everybody welcome and invited.

1:30 P. M. to (?)—Joint Memorial Service with V. F. W.—Undenominational.

7:30 P. M. until daybreak—Encampment Ball, Boat Ride, and general jollification. Saturday, September 1st

Do as you please. Entertainment features to run co-ordinately with business sessions, auto rides, boat trips, etc.

The citizens of Norfolk and vicinity—their municipal authorities, civic organizations and various business and social bodies are certainly to be congratulated upon their fine spirit of hospitality as shown in the generous co-operation of the wide-awake press of the community, reunions, as in most every other endeavor depend greatly upon the public press for success. The soldier has found real appreciation at the hands of the newspapers. Richmond, Pittsburgh and Charleston have earned our everlasting thanks for their help in past conventions, Norfolk district is matching the other cities in this respect, a recent editorial in the Ledger-Dispatch, which we reprint here, gives a very meager idea of the spirit of the Press and its great help.

## TREAT 'EM RIGHT

(Editorial from Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch)

"Before another five months roll around, Norfolk will be called on to entertain from 15,000 to 20,000 visitors from all parts of the country, the occasion being the annual encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, together with the Woman's Auxiliary and the reunion of the Eightieth—our own division of men raised through the selective draft in 1917.

That the event during the last week in August will be the biggest gathering that the city has ever had is admitted on all sides.

The throngs which will come by every available means of transportation will represent not only the men who fought on the fields of France and Belgium, but those who have participated in thirty or more other campaigns, preceding the war with Germany. It will include veterans of the Spanish-American and Philippine campaigns, as well as the younger Americans, who answered the call just six years ago when the destiny of their country decreed that her sons should cross the seas and join in the defense of a common cause for the preservation of the principles of democracy.

From the "buck" privates of the Blue Ridge Division on up the line through "second looies," grizzled generals, to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy himself—the President of the United States—they will one and all be honored guests of the city. Thousands will see for the first time Virginia's port, where so many

activities of war time interest took place, for from the 1700 posts of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in thirty-six states, there are many who have never been east of the Mississippi.

The duty of Norfolk is clear—not only that of each individual citizen, of the various civic and commercial organizations, but of the municipality itself. No expense must be spared within reason to create on each visitor from the highest to the lowest the proper impression of the city, its advantages, and its resources.

The ways and means committee, charged with the arduous task of providing for the entertainment of from 15,000 to 20,000 strangers in Norfolk, has figured out as nearly as possible what it will cost, for the financial provision for such an occasion is of necessity a primary consideration. From the quality of the financiers and business men who have made up the budget laid before Council the Ledger-Dispatch feels that \$50,000 may well be a reasonable amount which can be judiciously expended for the purposes which the committee has outlined.

And bearing in mind the vast amount of tangible benefits which will accrue from contact with thousands of visitors from distant states, Council can well afford, as representative of the people as a whole, to head the list with one-third of the desired amount or whatever sum may be considered by the committee a proper apportionment of the expense as a charge which properly comes directly in line with municipal expenditures.

The members of the committee have acted wisely in laying their cards on the table. Since the time for raising the fund is none too long, the approval of Council, which joined in the invitation to the organizations to come to Norfolk, should be promptly given in order that the remainder may be secured by private subscription with all the speed possible.

## THE CLEVER COMEBACK

The witness had just been severely reprimanded by the court for having talked insultingly to a policeman—in fact, he had openly called the officer a jackass.

"You mean to say that it is a misdemeanor to call a policeman a jackass?" asked the witness.

"It certainly is, at least morally, in the opinion of this court," was the answer.

"Is it any harm to call a jackass a policeman?" queried the witness again.

"None whatever," smiled the judge.

As the witness left the court room, he turned and said to the policeman, "Good-bye, policeman."

# Passing in Review

By Fay A. Davis



MAJOR GENERAL S. D. STURGIS was the most quiet, unassuming officer with whom I came in contact during my war experience. He dropped in on us one day at Arthonnay, shortly after taking command of the 80th Division, and his visit was rather unexpected. In fact, it was so sudden, that there wasn't one of us who had the presence of mind to salute him. He completely overlooked this flagrant breach of military discipline, however. After carefully going over the lay of the land, he disappeared almost as quietly as he came. His manners were simple; his voice low and gentle; and he possessed a very charming air of self-effacement. He appeared to be a man of singular refinement; was very observant of everything; and never asked you more than one question at a time. Harry Einselen talked to him and didn't know he was a general until after he had gone. He seemed to me like a mighty fine fellow, and when I think of another general I knew—My, how different the two!!

You could hear that fellow coming outside the three-mile limit, and if you ever neglected to salute him, your goose was cooked. He had a voice that was all the world like the whistle of a Big-4 locomotive on a foggy morning. He was exceedingly interrogative, and usually five questions ahead of your last answer. Whether by accident or design, that 2-star war-whoop always seemed to drop in on our outfit when a fellow had a week's growth of stubble on his mug, and a whopper of a quid of tobacco in his gip, and many a poor buck got excited and knocked the bark off his shin coming to attention.

The meanest soldier I ever saw was an M. P., on duty at the Red Cross hut, near the railroad station, in Le Mans.

A soldier came out of the canteen with a piece of bread and jam in each hand. A German P. G., who kept the premises about the hut spick and span, was standing near by, and his mouth fairly watered at the sight of food you didn't have to break with a hammer. The soldier was instantly seized with a feeling of misgiving, and he gave one of them to the prisoner. Not wishing to view the ravenous sight, he turned and walked away, his conscience bubbling over with that feeling of condemnation so strikingly common with the American doughboy.

But the prisoner's ecstasy was short-lived, and disappeared like the sunshine from a pretty day. For just as he was about to bury a diligent incisor in the jellied Staff of Life, the M. P. approached him,

snatched it out of his hand, and devoured it himself.

Who, among us, does not remember the "Horse Shows" in the public square at Ouge, and the old nags the farmers brought in for the French military officials to give the O. O.? Any horse that was able to walk was confiscated and immediately assigned to a berth in the Artillery. Those that were killed were paid for; those that survived the war, it was alleged, were returned with "merci beaucoup" to their owners.

At one of these "shows," which were held quite frequently, the writer was on guard duty, walking post in the public square. The participants with their horses stood around in small groups, hemmed in by the village's output of ragged, mischievous urchins. Among the motley assemblage of plugs, was a brick-dust colored dray-horse brought in from a neighboring village by a wizened old farmer. Every time I look at "Barney Google's Spark Plug" in the comic supplement of the Sunday paper, it reminds me of that rustic horse and its decrepit master.

Presently, the inspector, a French Major, bedecked in red trousers, shellaced leggins, and a pleasing countenance, descended the steps of the town-hall and opened the "carnival of laughter" with a sharp crack of his riding whip. He glanced superficially over the bevy of unbridled thoroughbreds of the whiffletree and their antiquated masters, until his gaze rested upon the nearest one to him, the wizened old farmer, whom he beckoned to trot out his entry. And then the fun began for a more laughable sight you would travel far to see.

Untweedled, and determined to look his best, the knight of the feed-box stepped out as gracefully as a burlesque chorus girl, putting his feet down carefully like Joshua from the country, in the carpeted orchestra of a theater, and you didn't wonder at his precaution when you lamped the massive, matted fetlocks caked with mud and manure. He was so lean and lanky that he seemed to find some difficulty in maintaining his equilibrium, and his eyes were convex, and watery, and stuck out from his head almost as prominently as a pimple on a woman's chin.

With the aid of the butt of his whip, the inspector pried open his mouth to hunt for false teeth. Then he sounded him by placing one of his hands, palm downward, at divers places upon his anatomy, and with practiced stroke, gently tapping it with his clenched fist. The sound produced reminded one of a carpenter tapping a wall with his hammer to locate a joist.

This done, he closely scrutinized his eyes, stretching his eyelids and letting them fly back into place as carelessly as a boy would do with gum-bands he is about to purchase for a sling-shot. (And it might be well to mention here, that the eyelid is no bogus test of a horse's age, if a tip right from the feed-box of Honest John's livery stable is any criterion. Honest John tells me, that after a horse's age has passed into the two figure column, a saggy wrinkle appears at the upper corner of the lower lid, and each succeeding year thereafter brings a new one.) None of the amusing tests thus far, however, seemed to bring forth the desired result, whatever it was.

Twitching every now and then, the old nag craned his neck, his stomach quivering like a mold of jello, and from the tired gaze in his opalescent eyes, he had only a vague idea of what they were going to do with him.

But the inspector, who was not easily given to despair, cleared a road through the crowd, and lashed the old dobbie with his whip to see him sprint. But alas! the knight of the feed-box couldn't rise to the occasion when he attempted to dash away at break-neck speed. Father Time, that purloiner of youth, had usurped his nimbleness. His steps were inaccurately timed; his feet were too heavy; and after he had covered a few rods, his mouth was dripping with slobbers, and he began to wobble like little Jimmie's hobby-horse a week after Christmas.

Turning to an American officer, who had been enjoying the fun, the inspector remarked, in moderate English, "That horse will not do." ("Beaucoup malade") "He is sick with malnutrition." Wheeling suddenly upon the old farmer, he took him to task about it.

"Tu es fou!" (You are crazy!) "Why is it you do not feed your horse?"

"Because he refuses to work," piped the old farmer haltingly, "I want to be rid of him."

"Ta bouche! ta bouche!" (Shut up!) snapped the inspector angrily. "You offend my common sense." Turning again to the officer, the inspector said, "He has not long to live, poor fellow."

"Good!" exclaimed the officer, thinking the inspector had reference to the old farmer, "but what the h'll will become of that valuable horse?"

Of all the tobacco chewers I ever saw, Sam Wilkes takes the cake, trimmings and all. At Fromereville, where we were stationed in the latter part of September, tobacco of the chewing variety was as

## Passing in Review

scarce as Cuticura soap. Sam had been munching issued Bull Durham for ever so long and it had begun to tell on his nerves. It was a source of constant worry to him. The darn stuff stuck in his teeth like raspberry seeds, clung tenaciously to his palate, and on windy days, it was next to impossible to administer a chew without getting some of it in somebody's eye. Now this state of affairs was exceedingly detrimental to Sam's health and complexion with several ex-pugs in the company, for sure as some excitable gink spied a tear running down a fellow's cheek, he up and sounded the "gas alarm," and there was the unlucky devil right in the midst of it—without his gas mask. But what's more than that, it was a dead-give-away to fellows afflicted with the "gimmes;" and say, maybe Sam didn't have contempt for them "gimme" fellows. Some classified chewers into three distinct groups, namely; Habitual, Spasmodic, and "Gimme." The last type was the worst to contend with. According to Sam, one of these "gimme" chewers (a particular friend of his) would broach him for a chew, and remember, tobacco was as scarce in these parts as German "kultur." Not having the heart to refuse him, Sam would call him around the corner of a billet, make him promise not to tell a soul where he got it, and divide what little he had with him. And then, after wallowing it around on his tongue a minute or so, the big lummoX would spit it out, and there was big-hearted Sam, still trying to spit brown from a quid he had had in for three hours.

To have seen Sam in a fit of coughing,

his face flushed red as a carrot, you would have been led to the conclusion that he had the T. B., but the truth came to light when he succeeded in extraditing a gob of Bull Durham from his esophagus.

A bag a week (try to get it) was the issue allotted each soldier, and Sam took almost a sack for a decent chew. So it could be readily seen, that Sam just had to have a nip of "Climax" or bust, and that's all there was about it, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

One night Sam and a couple of his cronies, were watching a regiment of infantry of the 5th Division passing through the village. The usual cordialities were being extended that pass between soldiers, such as; "What outfit, Mac?" "Where to, soldier?" etc., when Sam suddenly spied a fellow spit, and it wasn't the kind that is often mistaken on city sidewalks for a thin dime, either. Sam was up and after him in a jiffy.

"Hey, Mac," said Sam, in a hoarse whisper, "could you let a buddy have a bit of a chew?"

"Tobacco!" exclaimed the soldier in surprise, "why I haven't had a chew for a month of Sundays."

"Bum stall, old timer," cautioned Sam, "why I just saw you spit."

There was silence for a moment, and then the soldier explained, "Well I reckon you did, buddy, but it's not tobacco—it's the java outta me condiment can I'm chewing."

In a mediocre written jumble, for the

United Press, at too much per word, General von Gallwitz, who commanded the main German forces opposed to the American troops in France, gives the 80th credit as one of the divisions that struck telling blows toward the defeat of the Teutonic allies.

Mention of this is made here to bring to mind again, the fact, that TRUTH, no matter how you may attempt to obliterate it, always bobs up in unexpected places. It remained for a rank outsider, and in this particular case, our Enemy, to give the "Gallop Eightieth" at least, a little of the credit it so decisively earned, and was denied, because it had no celebrity or spectacular standard-bearer like "Sergeant York" or "Colonel Whittlesey" to advertise its cause.

It is indeed a peculiar trait in human frailty for soldiers to indulge in the common practice of envying the records and achievements of rival divisions and regiments, as well as one another's individual honors and citations, which they imagine, by virtue of right and justice, should be theirs. There is nothing to be gained in rubbing the fur the wrong way—so what's the use of irritating anybody. All that is really important to remember is that credit should be given where credit is due.

Each division, regiment, company, outfit, and detachment of the A. E. F. merits the envy of every other. And every soldier of the American army during the World War—the greatest army in the History of the Civilized World, merits the envy of each individual man, woman, and child in the U. S. A.

## Moving Forward With the 80th Division History

(Continued from Page 5)

is urgently needed, and any member of the Division who was cited in orders by the above, or decorated by any Foreign Government, is requested to forward a correct copy of such citation or decoration, accompanied by the authority, in order to insure all individuals full and proper credit. It is only through the fullest co-operation in this matter that the possibility of error can be obviated.

### ADDITIONAL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to the following individuals for contributions of material and photographs and for suggestions and criticism and other assistance:

Mrs. G. T. W. Kern, President, "The Service Legion," 2220 Rosewood Ave., Richmond, Va.

Lt. Col. J. C. Wise (formerly 318th Infantry), c/o Munn, Anderson & Munn, Southern Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Major John D. Harrison (formerly 317th Infantry), Wyncote, Pa.

Capt. Wm. C. Vandewater (formerly 160 Brigade Headquarters), First National Bank Bldg., Princeton, N. J.

Capt. E. O. Howell, Jr., (formerly 320th Infantry), 430 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. Chas. C. Rossire, Jr., (formerly 319th Infantry), 341 Broadway, New York City.

Capt. Carlo D. Cella (formerly Division Headquarters), 120 Broadway, New York City.

Capt. Robert T. Barton (formerly 313th Field Artillery), 22 Rouss Avenue, Win-

chester, Va.

Capt. H. V. S. Negus (formerly 305th Sanitary Train), Bound Brook, N. J.

Lieut. Talbot B. Dunn (formerly 317th Infantry), 195 Highland Ave., Ridgewood, N. J.

Mr. L. L. Hopkins (formerly 305th Engineers), 2 Van Valsen St., Schenectady, N. Y.

Mr. H. R. Housworth (formerly 318th Ambulance Company), Devault, Pa.

Mr. Arthur Kyle Davis, Chairman, Virginia War History Commission, Room No. 9, State Capitol, Richmond, Va.

Col. George Scott Stewart, Jr., Chairman, 29th Division Historical Committee, 420 South 44th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Lt. Col. James H. Steinman, 79th Division History Committee, c/o Steinman & Steinman, Lancaster, Pa.

# A Blue Ridger in Congress

## Capt. John Paul, Formerly Adjutant, 313th F. A., First Member of 80th Division to Sit in House of Representatives

FOR the first time in forty years, two Republicans are numbered among Virginia's delegation in the Congress of the United States. For the first time within the same period, a Republican represents the Seventh Virginia District in the National House of Representatives, and, for the first time in history, we believe, a former member of the 80th Division sits in Congress.

To State Senator John Paul, ex-Captain and Adjutant of the 313th Regiment, Field Artillery, a native and resident of Harrisonburg, Va., goes this unique honor and distinction. Following a notable contest growing out of the Congressional elections of November, 1920, and extending over the ensuing two years, Captain Paul, on December 15th, was declared entitled to a seat in the House by a vote of 201 to 99 by that body and on the same day he was formally sworn in as a member. Immediately thereafter, he tendered his resignation to Governor Trinkle, of Virginia, as a member of the State Senate, to which he was elected by an overwhelming majority, 1919, shortly after his return from France, to a four-year term which expires in 1923.

Captain Paul, as a result of the recent action by the House, takes the seat which has been held by Judge Thomas W. Harrison, Democrat, of Winchester, Va., pending the final decision of the contest, which promises to go down in Virginia political annals as the most memorable struggle since the Reconstruction Period. Although Representative Paul will actively serve but

three months of the two-year term, which ends with the present Congress on March 4, 1923, he will receive his salary for the full term.

Judge Harrison, on the face of the returns from the November, 1920, election, defeated Captain Paul by a majority of about 448 votes. The result was contested on the grounds of irregularity and fraud and many months were spent in examining witnesses and taking thousands of pages of evidence throughout the counties and cities comprising the Seventh Virginia District, some of the most prominent attorneys in Virginia having been retained by both parties. In May, last, the House of Representatives Election Committee No. 2, after an examination of the sworn testimony and hearing arguments, by a majority report, declared that Captain Paul was lawfully elected, upholding his contentions of fraudulent practices, and recommended to the House that he be seated. It is a peculiar coincidence that Congressman Paul is the first Republican elected to the House of Representatives from his District since the seat was occupied by his father, Judge John Paul, nearly half a century ago.

Captain Paul served with marked distinction as an officer of the 313th Field Artillery from the organization of the 80th Division in August, 1917, to the spring of 1919, having been Adjutant of his Regiment during its combat operations in France. Entering the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Myer, he was commissioned a Captain in the Artillery and as-

signed to the 80th. Upon returning from Overseas, he resumed the practice of law in Harrisonburg, Va. In the autumn of 1919 he was returned to the Virginia Senate, in which he had previously served a term of four years. Several years ago, Captain Paul was one of the sponsors of a measure introduced in the Virginia Legislature designed to grant the State's ex-service men the privilege of voting without the payment of capitation taxes, but the bill failed of passage.

The new Congressman from the 80th Division is admittedly one of the most capable men in Virginia public life to-day. A lawyer of marked ability, a soldier of distinction and a legislator with an enviable record, Captain Paul is also an orator of unusual talent. He is an alumnus of the Virginia Military Institute and the University of Virginia, from both of which he graduated with honors. For several years he was a star player on Virginia's eleven, and after graduation on a number of occasions he was called back to assist in coaching his alma mater's team to victory on the grid-iron.

Representative Paul has always evinced a keen interest in the problems of ex-service men and his comrades are confident that he will continue to "move forward" in Congress as his Regiment and Division did in the Argonne. In addition to being a member of the Division Association and having served for one term as a member of its Executive Council, Captain Paul is also a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion.

## The Man Who Wanted to Forget

By Henry R. Curry

ONCE upon a time there was a soldier who served with honor with his company and comrades in a great world war, he was wounded in the service, but he lived to come home and again take up the search for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He got along fairly well, but to all the entreaties of his former comrades to join one of the soldier organizations, he would always turn a deaf ear and usually answered them with this, "I've had all the war I want and I want to forget it," implying in this statement that he also had seen enough of the association he had been enforced to endure

with these same comrades. Naturally the comrades felt the rebuke and to some extent went their various way in sadness at this disappointing lack of fellowship in an old Pal of the Army. Sad, sad indeed, were their thoughts. However, it happened that a great majority of their former Buddies did have "Beaucoupe de lait de humain bonte," so they carried on with those who did care, did wish to remember the war, its trials and tribulations, its tears and its laughter, its comradeships in a great adventure, aimed to serve unborn generations in unselfish sacrifice.

Thus it came about that the various sol-

dier social organizations did continue to flourish and make noise like successful "Go Forward" business, even though "All was quiet along the Potomac."

So it came to pass that this soldier who wanted to forget everything and everybody, almost did. Then one day he was taken sick and died, but before he started on the long "Westward Journey" he made a request for a military funeral, he wanted to be carried by his own comrades from his own company if possible. His relatives naturally expected that such comrades would deem it a great honor to

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# America's Uncompleted Job in Europe

## French Reactions on the United States Foreign Policy of Today

By Bernhard Ragner

**S**OMETIMES Main street furnishes a better index of American opinion than Pennsylvania avenue in Washington. Now and then, the village schoolmaster of France better represents the French nation than the Quai d'Orsay. For Washington is not the United States and Paris is not France.

It was the line of reasoning which prompted me, when I wished to ascertain the real attitude of the French people toward the United States, to desert the boulevards of Paris for the tranquility of Blairville in Pas-des-Calais. It is only an insignificant village in the reconstructed regions, but it has a sentimental interest for me, since I was billeted there for a while during the war.

I knocked at the door of the village rectory and asked for Monsieur le Cure. After the cordial and courteous preliminaries, I began:

"In July and August of 1918, my company occupied the front line trenches over yonder, where the wheat is now ready for the harvest. I have just visited the spot, at least I have been within a few feet of it, where one of my comrades met his death. Although I am a Protestant, I attended mass in the ruins of your church one Sunday morning in 1918, when the shells were exploding round about us; and in making my pilgrimage to the battlefields, I thought I would call to pay my respects.

"And if Monsieur le Cure will be kind enough, I should like to ask him what he and his parishioners think of America. Oh, I can learn what Poincare thinks by perusing the *Temps*, I can ascertain Millerand's opinions by reading his speeches; but I want to know what the real France thinks—the peasant's France, the workingman's France, the France that furnished the manpower, the funds, and the faith to withstand the enemy's assaults."

His eyes lighted up with a friendly twinkle.

"We can never forget what America did for us in 1918," he assured me. "We shall always hold her in eternal remembrance for the blood her sons expended in the cause of France, and for what we consider also the cause of humanity."

"No compliments, Monsieur le Cure," I interrupted. "I actually want to know what the great soul of France, as expressed through its common people, thinks of

America."

He gazed at me seriously. He measured his words carefully.

"I am paying no compliments," he insisted. "What I have just said is true—every word of it. But since you ask for candor, I will give it. Perhaps I will say some unpleasant things; but I say them more in pity than in anger. And my reasoned opinion is this:

"I DO NOT COMPREHEND HOW AMERICA CAN BE PROUD OF A HALF-COMPLETED JOB. You aided us magnificently in combatting the horrors of war; but you allow us, single-handed, to face the problems of peace. Victory was only half the problem. Reconstruction is the other side of the coin. Alas, America is missing at the roll call. Pardon my quoting Scripture, but I am a priest, and when I think of America and her present attitude toward Europe, as expressed in official acts by her constituted authorities, I remember the stern pronouncement of Christ Himself:

"No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of God."

"And without bitterness, rather with melancholly regret, I must say that America put her hand to the plow, and then looked back. And if she continues in her present attitude, she will not be fit for the coming kingdom. But I hope, I trust, I believe that some day she will see the light and reassume her rightful place as a leader among the nations of the world."

What could I say to such an indictment? I attempted to explain that the American people still cherished the profoundest friendship for France, that our welfare agencies were still active in her devastated regions, that a considerable fraction of the press and population was distinctly Francophile.

"All this I admit is true," smiled the priest. "But your government has gone on record officially as being interested in 'America Only.' After you created certain problems by your intervention, you now decline to help in solving them.

"Don't you see that your half-way job was only part of the contract? If your barber gave you half a hair-cut, or your tailor made you half a pair of trousers, you would be disgusted with the job. You can't fly to London in half an aeroplane; you can't write an article with half a typewriter. Similarly, half-way statesmanship,

that starts things, but does not finish them, will never bring healing peace to the wounds of Europe.

"Mr. Wilson, I believe, wanted to go all the way. He incorporated the league of nations pact in the peace treaty—a great achievement, for the pact was the germ of something better, and in the slow evolution of events, whatever mistakes or crudities the covenant contained would have been removed. The League of Nations had no enemies in Europe—only friends, or doubters, and the latter were willing to give it a chance. And then, through the internal politics of your country which I do not understand, the treaty negotiated by Mr. Wilson was never ratified. The guarantees promised were never given. You remember the words of Marc Antony's speech (I know my Shakespeare; I was educated in England):

But yesterday the word of Wilson would Have stood against the world; now lies he here

And none so poor to do him reverence.

But the worst of it, Mr. Wilson is not only wrecked in health, a casualty of the world war, but the ideas of which he was the exponent, which impelled some of our French papers to hail him as the 'American Messiah,' have been trailed in the dust. And your Mr. Harvey tells us that the noble dream of the martyred Wilson has been repudiated by the American people. I hate to believe it.

"But we are not angry, we are only sad. We are melancholly because one of our friends has disappointed our hopes, has strayed from the family circle, has failed to live up to our expectations. But there is always a chance to come back.

"We need your money, it is true. Our devastated regions prove that. But we need infinitely more your amicable co-operation, your moderating influence, your practical participation in European affairs. You cannot remain isolated much longer. The world is too tiny for that; and further, to do so is against your own best interests. Some day—soon, I hope America will arise in her might, join the League of Nations, and help reconstruct the world of which we dreamed when in the midst of the conflict. For I was a soldier myself, since French law does not exempt clergymen from military service."

(Continued on Next Page)

# America's Uncompleted Job in Europe

(Continued from Preceding Page)

He was only a village priest, but after visiting the four corners of France, after conversing with the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, as well as the school teacher, the business man, the government employee, I am convinced that he expressed the real attitude of the real France toward the United States. There is no bitterness in their reproach, but it is evident that they believed that America started something which she refuses to finish. Their gratefulness for America's war effort is sincere and ardent; their admiration for our enterprise, our dash, our efficiency, knows no bounds; but they somehow feel that these gifts of temperament and our colossal natural resources should still be at the service of humanity as during the world war.

Any attempt to explain our government, the division of powers, the system of checks and balances, is doomed to failure. I have tried it on numerous occasions, and I believe I understand it thoroughly. They simply do not comprehend why a nation should repudiate its regularly chosen leader. Some of them believe Mr. Wilson possibly overstepped his powers in negotiating the peace treaty; others contend that the American people failed to live up to the ideals enunciated by its war-time chief. But they are willing to let by-gones be by-gones, if America can be persuaded to resume her much-needed co-operation in world affairs.

"You blame us for being militaristic," remarked the schoolmaster at Verdun. "But we are maintaining our army on the Rhine because it is absolutely necessary for our security. You encouraged the Germans to evade their obligations, to delay the fulfillment of their promises, when you broke the solidarity of the allies by refusing to ratify the treaty.

"We will gladly disband our army if America and England will guarantee us against foreign attack. But neither nation has honored the signatures of its representatives, in our three-nation alliance. And so, as a matter of safety, our soldiers still mount guard on the river Rhine.

"We would rather have those soldiers digging potatoes or growing wheat. Soldiers produce nothing. They must be fed and equipped by the labor of somebody else. And still they are sometimes a necessity, for we cannot risk a repetition of 1914.

"A formal promise from America and Great Britain to aid us in case of unprovoked attack is all that is necessary, and Germany would not dare to send her battalions against us. We would reduce our army of occupation to a nominal force; most of the soldiers would go back to the

lathe and the plow and become productive members of society; the military budget would be slashed, and all humanity, including the United States would benefit. But without such a promise, we must protect our hearths and our shrines."

And everywhere in France, I heard this same argument, expressed with varying clarity and force. When the opportunity offered, I tackled a French merchant on the problem of interallied debts.

"We want to pay our debts," he volunteered immediately, "but we cannot do so now. Germany must fulfill her reparation obligations first. Great portions of our devastated areas have been reconstructed as you have seen, but—it was French money furnished by French taxpayers that financed the undertaking. Our own people have been bearing the burden which should be justly on other shoulders. And until that burden is placed where it belongs, we can do nothing about our debt towards the United States.

"But when we do pay this debt," he continued, "it must be in goods. We can't pay in gold, for most of the world's gold is in New York. So all we can do is to pay you in manufactured articles. Do you want them? Will you accept them?"

"If your congress represents the United States, the answer is an emphatic NO. The tariff law, just enacted, constructs a veritable Chinese wall around America. The duties are so high that we never will be able to get our goods through.

"If we can't pay your gold, because you have all of it, and you won't accept goods, what are we going to do? What do you want us to do?"

"Tariff making is a private matter for individual countries. France has no right to say what America shall do with regard to customs' duties; but may I point out that this new tariff law will practically kill your foreign trade? It will shut out nearly everything produced by European countries. If the American public cannot buy from us, because of prohibitive tariff duties, it follows inevitably that we cannot buy from you. Instead of protecting your workingmen, your tariff law does the contrary. You manufacture more than you consume, but since we cannot buy, what will happen to your surplus? And with a large surplus on hand, what will your factories do?"

I question whether the arguments of this merchant were original with him. It seems to me I had read them already in the *Temps*, the semi-official organ of the government, and also in the London *Times*. But here is once, at least, where the *Temps* really speaks for the French people.

In writing this article, I have made extensive use of quotation marks because it

is not my opinions but those of our French friends and former allies that matter. Further quotations would serve no useful purpose. For although I encountered hundreds of well-informed, studious Frenchmen and women on my journey through France, what they said was practically a repetition of what I have here set down.

Everywhere I found friendship for the American people; everywhere, regret that America withdrew into her "splendid isolation;" everywhere, hope that she will soon re-assert himself, resume her rightful leadership in world affairs, and perform the other half of the uncompleted job.

## On the Subject of Decorations and Citations

(Continued from Page 10)

lapse of nearly four years, the difficulties in getting names and addresses, not to mention affidavits, made it in many cases practically impossible to make or submit recommendations. This was particularly true in the case of National Army Divisions which were no longer in existence.

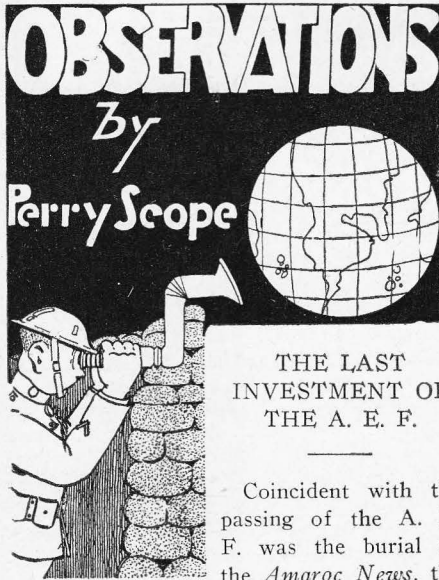
Now in "fighting the war over" as we all do when we get together, we hear of acts of bravery that we did not hear of at the time, and which were really deserving of at least citations.

As to citations, my recollection is that while at Brest, waiting to embark for the U. S., an order was received (at least in the case of the 319th Inf.) stating that all recommendations for citations must be submitted to Brigade Headquarters immediately. We had possibly two days to get this in such shape that it could be passed on by a board of officers before being sent to Brigade Headquarters for final action. It was unavoidable that, upon such short notice and with such a limited time available, many men and officers were overlooked. Is it too late to rectify this? Would it be possible, even now, to submit recommendations for citations, with possibly affidavits from officers as to the truth of the recommendations, and to have them approved by our former Divisional and Brigade Commanders and then made the subject of a supplemental order?

I, for one, realize I failed in my duty in not recommending officers and men when I should have done so at the time. I regret this more as time goes by and feel sure that others will feel as I do. If therefore, there is any way to rectify this unfortunate condition, it certainly should be done in justice to those whose acts made the 80th Division what it was.

CHAS. C. ROSSIRE, JR.,  
Major Inf. O. R. C.,  
Formerly Capt. 319th Inf.





**THE LAST INVESTMENT OF THE A. E. F.**

Coincident with the passing of the A. E. F. was the burial of the *Amaroc News*, the newspaper of the American forces in Germany. This paper passed out of existence in January, with the withdrawal of the last 1,000 from Coblenz. Two years ago, the paper, according to its editor, Capt. B. B. McMahon, had a capital of \$30,000. Some wise soldier-financier, whose faith in German marks exceeded his head capacity, exchanged the greenbacks for marks. When the paper went out of existence, the several trunks full of marks totalled \$30. This amount, with \$100, realized from the sale of the office furniture, was turned over to Coblenz authorities for the purchase of milk for the poor children of that city. One hundred and thirty dollars will buy a heap of milk in Germany. Perhaps, after all, the investment is more worth while than if the \$30,000 remained intact and was brought back to the United States.

**HOME SWEET HOME DOESN'T MEAN SO MUCH TO THE COBLENZ DOUGHBOY, WHO REPORTS HE TOOK HIS GIRL TO A BEER GARDEN SATURDAY NIGHT AND HAD A BIG DAY THE ENSUING SUNDAY ALL FOR 50 CENTS.**

**"WE'D GO"**

If they'd call us again, we'd go, Buddy;  
Damn it to hell, we'd go—  
Off once more to the old front line,  
Careless and reckless like;  
Fooling ourselves into thinking again  
We were fighting a fight for right.

**A CIVILIZATION WORTH FIGHTING FOR?** A hotel for dogs, to cater to the "tourist trade" in dogdom, will be erected at the cost of \$50,000 in Los Angeles, a news dispatch says. Patrons, we presume, may have rooms "with bath" or "without."

**A SENATOR IN WASHINGTON**, from Pennsylvania, by the way, said the other day to let the French go to it and get theirs, it is their right, it's a just debt, let them collect. And somehow, it occurred to me, perhaps the Senator is right, only I couldn't understand if he thought that way about the French, how he figured

**Who's Who in the Eightieth**

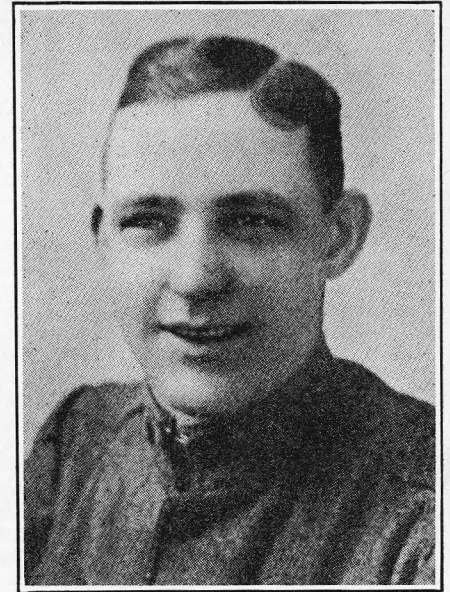
Howard J. Wells, Bugler Co. C 318 infantry who was blinded on the British front near Albert, August 9th, 1918.

Comrade Wells was wounded while in action with his Lieutenant Samuel Hubbard by high explosive shell fragment cutting the bridge of his nose and destroying both eyes, also inflicting several wounds on top of head.

After being wounded he was moved to hospital near the lines and when able to travel, was moved to a hospital in Liverpool later sailing for the United States, upon his arrival at Cape May, N. J., he was given every advantage of modern surgery and looks none the worse for his terrible loss of sight and his other painful wounds. His nose was filled in very nicely, and you can hardly notice that it had been torn nearly off. Two glass eyes however are poor compensation for total loss of sight.

After leaving the hospital at Cape May, N. J., he was sent to the Red Cross institute for the blind at Baltimore, Md., where he started into a new life, taking up different studies, typewriting, Braille store-keeping, etc. His principal vocation was storekeeping, learning to handle one himself in its entirety.

He left the blind school after a year and went to his home in Petersburg, Va., where he is engaged in the cigar business, and is located at the Hotel Petersburg, running it entirely himself, working part of the day while a clerk employed by him, works the balance of the day and part of the night. He handles about one hundred articles by himself, such as cigars, newspapers, magazines, some candies, etc. It



HOWARD J. WELLS

frequently happens that customers do not know he is blind, he waits on them so accurately.

Comrade Wells has shown exceptional spirit and optimism in the face of his great affliction, and like our other blind comrade, Lt. Frank Schoble is a source of constant inspiration to us to carry on as true soldiers of our great republic. When we entertain selfish thoughts of our own humble service, we can think of Buddy Wells and his great service to mankind.

He resides at 19 N. Main Street, Petersburg, Va., where he will always welcome any Blue Ridge comrades who visit him.

to vote "no," not so many months ago, on the debt this country owes to her soldiers.

**THE SOLDIER FROM THE RHINELAND, WHO GOT EXTRAVAGANT EVERY TWO OR THREE WEEKS AT COBLENZ AND SPENT 3 MILLS FOR A SHAVE, HAIRCUT, SHAMPOO AND "TIP" HAS HAD TO RENEW HIS FAITH IN AMERICANISM, AT LEAST WHERE BARBERS WERE CONCERNED.**

**WORTHY OF COMMENT**—The only show of the A. E. F. that has survived the dry days following the war, and, incidentally, the anti-soldier administration at Washington, is **A BUCK ON LEAVE**. Pat Barnes of Sharon, Pa., the original buck of the A. E. F. cast, was still on the road with the show somewhere in the West, when this was written. His manager, Bert Hambly, a Pittsburgh newspaperman, reports the show is still going strong.

The War Department's new regulation does away with saluting in public places and while off duty.

The French people have started work upon the huge pile of stone, mortar, glass and marble which once was Rheims Cathedral with the determination to restore this great institution.

The A. F. G. American Forces in Germany left behind with the late enemy a taste for cigarets, sweet chocolate, chocolate cakes, whipped cream, etc. Shades of corned Willie, what kind of an army is this?

Two Revolutionary Soldiers who fought with General Washington's army, were buried recently at Tuckahwe, N. Y. The skeletons, with a bayonet, some bullets and uniform buttons were unearthed recently during some excavating.



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

**SLOAN**—Curtis M., 32 years old, of 1403 Methyl Ave., Beechview, Pittsburgh, Pa., former member of the 80th Division was killed in an accident in the elevator shaft of the Schmidt Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday, April 8, 1923. Comrade Sloan and Comrade W. D. Ebert, also former member of the division were working in the shaft on the third floor when the elevator operator, unaware that they were there, started his car up the shaft, the balance weight of the upbound car striking the plank on which they were working, hurling it into the air, catching Sloan between the balance weight and the upbound car, crushing him to death. Comrade Ebert was also injured. Comrade Sloan served overseas with the 80th Division where he met Ebert who was in the same company. The two soldiers became great chums and when they were about to be mustered out, Sloan, an orphan, said he had no place to go when he left the army, and Ebert suggested that he come to Pittsburgh. After arriving here, Comrade Sloan became acquainted with a sister of Comrade Ebert and they were married.

**ROTTER**—Albert, former member of Co. H, 319th Infantry, of Connellsville, Pa., recently died as a result of an Appendicitis operation.

**POSTER**—William E., former Sergeant Co. K, 319th Infantry, died March 9th, from the effects of Gas and blood-poisoning in the Presbyterian Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa. He was given a military funeral by the V. F. W. Post of McKees Rocks, Pa.

**COYNE**—M. J., formerly Private, 320th Infantry Machine Gun Co., died at Allegheny General Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., from Pneumonia. Funeral services were held at St. Peters Roman Catholic Church, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, April 27th, 9:00 A. M. Burial at West View Catholic Cemetery. Pall Bearers were from 320th Machine Gun Company and 80th Division Veterans Association.

#### INFORMATION

An old lady, in Parkville for the first time in her life, saw a glaring sign on the front of a high-building, which read: "The Smith Manufacturing Company."

"Lords a mercy," she remarked to her nephew, "I've heard of Smiths all my life, but I never knew where they made 'em."

#### MISUNDERSTANDING

She—"I can't go to the dance tonight! My trunks haven't come."

He—"For goodness' sake, what kind of a dance do you think this is going to be?"



#### NORFOLK-PORTSMOUTH POST NO. 1

Privates hobnobbed with generals at the meeting of the Norfolk and Portsmouth Post of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association, held in the grill room of the Southland Hotel, Friday evening, April 4th, at which Major General Adelbert Cronkhite pinned the Distinguished Service Cross upon Dr. Harry R. Seelinger, and elaborate preparations for the fourth annual reunion of the division to be held in August were made.

Army, navy and marine officers of high rank joined city authorities, and members of the association in discussing the reunion, which will be held in conjunction with the Veterans of Foreign Wars encampment. Every speaker expressed assurances that the reunion would be highly successful and Brigadier-General Lloyd Brett, president of the association, with headquarters in Pittsburgh, declared the reunion would be the greatest that any division ever held.

Dinner was served at 7:30 o'clock, after which business session was immediately called to order by Captain J. Carl Peck, who acted as toastmaster, and amused those present with several reminiscences of the war. Captain Peck introduced City Manager Charles E. Ashburner, who delivered the address of welcome to the visiting guests.

In referring to General Cronkhite, Mr. Ashburner hailed him as "a regular fellow as well as an eminent soldier," amid the applause of the men who served under the general during the World War. The City Manager welcomed the thought of the reunion and assured the association that the city would be given the visiting veterans. He pleaded with those present to lend their financial and moral support in making the convention a success so that the veterans will be pleased with the city and want to come back. He emphasized the fact that real work is needed to make the reunion a success. In his closing remarks, Mr. Ashburner said that the "success or failure of the encampment will reflect to the good or to the detriment" of this city.

Captain Peck called attention to the slogan of the division, which he said emanated from General Cronkhite, that the "Eightieth always moves forward and always does its duty." At this juncture, General Cronkhite was introduced and the former commander was accorded an enthusiastic reception.

In his address, General Cronkhite said:

"Comrades of the Eightieth Division, the greatest honor which any man could have is to command a body of men like those who composed 'our' division." He was rather brief in his remarks, expressing his joy at being present and assuring the association that he was always with the members in spirit, if not in person. He read the letter from Major G. O. Santee, commanding medical officer of the 317th Infantry, to Surgeon Hamilton, dated October 18, 1918, out of which the citations leading to the awarding of the Distinguished Service Cross to Dr. Seelinger grew. He then read the actual citation, and deemed it an extraordinary privilege to pin the medal upon Dr. Seelinger's chest. General Cronkhite very modestly stated that the honor should have been accorded General Brett, who was the wearer of the Congressional Medal of Honor. After the medal was pinned upon Dr. Seelinger, the officers exchanged salutes and uproarious applause was given the recipient of the honor.

General Cronkhite stated that he was not sure that conditions would permit him to return for the reunion but that he would exert an effort to be present.

Brigadier General Lloyd Brett, president of the association and former commander of the 160th Infantry Brigade of the division, was the next speaker. He was introduced by the toastmaster who described the General by saying "no man is a braver soldier who ever wore shoe leather" than General Brett.

General Brett said in opening his remarks that "Nobody can keep me away from the reunion." He predicted a wonderful reunion and indicated his confidence in the men of the Eightieth in the battles of life that are to come. He declared that the men would profit by their experiences in the army and overseas and that the "work of the reunion would be carried through with tremendous success."

Colonel R. C. Buckley, U. S. Marine Corps, was the next speaker and he merely expressed his joy at being among those present at the dinner and "very enthusiastic" meeting. He predicted success of the reunion and offered his assistance in the project.

Herman Furr, Chairman of the Reunion Committee of the Blue Ridge Division, asked the aid of the association members in the program. He said that the party would be a success as members of the Eightieth Division always go forward and

# Morning Report

do not know the meaning of the word defeat.

Frank S. Sager, chairman of the ways and means committee of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, asked the co-operation of the citizens in carrying out to a successful conclusion the project and took occasion to thank the City Manager for the financial assistance given the committee by the city. It was pointed out that the city had appropriated \$15,000 for the entertainment of the guests who gather here for the encampment. He made a plea to make a "bang up encampment out of a bang up town."

General Brett reached Norfolk from Washington. He was met at the boat by the reception committee, composed of E. F. Triutt, Dr. H. R. Seelinger, J. Carl Peck, J. B. Withers, Gordon A. Cannon and W. W. Gordon, and escorted to the Monticello Hotel.

A brief tour of the city, terminating at Sewells Point, was made and the party caught the 10:30 o'clock ferry for Newport News, where General Cronkhite was met at the Warwick Hotel. While in Newport News the party was the guest of Homer A. Ferguson, president of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company. An inspection of the Leviathan was made, and General Cronkhite recalled that the Leviathan carried him abroad when he went over with his division. The general also recalled that there were 13,000 American soldiers aboard the vessel when he went over on it, and he noted the wonderful improvements which have been made in the ship.

The Leviathan will sail from the drydock in about two weeks, Mr. Ferguson told the party, and will carry three pilots when leaving the harbor. Members of the party expressed very keen delight at the opportunity of inspecting the ship.

Returning to the Warwick Hotel, the party ate a hurried lunch and came promptly to Norfolk. They went directly to the Monticello Hotel, where the guests rested for about an hour.

It was then that the dinner was served at the Southland Hotel, and the meeting followed. Commenting on Norfolk, General Cronkhite told those who were within listening distance of where he was sitting at the banquet table that Norfolk had a wonderful future and that he could see no reason why the city should not forge forward. The general said that this was his third or fourth visit here and that he liked the city better every time he came.

Among those present at the banquet were: Lloyd G. Hill, R. J. Throckmorton, Edward Saunders, Percy Jones, G. V. Fitzpatrick, J. B. Moore, P. T. Wysocki, A. B. Hill, R. E. Womack, Thomas McKiernan, W. W. Jordan, J. S. Jackson, J. B. Diehl, W. J. Ives, R. C. Hamlet, Victor Morris, G. W. Brittingham, E. B. Truitt, L. M. Jordan, W. H. Cox, A. M. Brownley, W. H. Woodward, G. A. Rarlwell, J. B. Withers, A. J. Davis, W. H. Miles, Felix Corleto, G. A. Cannon, D. A. Lassiter, Wm.

A. Bucking, Cliff Cutchings, R. J. Alfriend, E. G. Maxwell, J. A. Claiborne, Ballard Preston, T. E. Branch, Robert Wingfield, Morris Myers, M. C. Lochman, Charles McDermott, J. J. Collins, F. H. Bondurant, F. W. Evans, W. A. Godwin, Dr. Israel Brown, Arthur P. Jones, James A. Blainey, R. B. Davis, Charles E. Barnes, and Dr. Walter E. Miller, post commander of the American Legion.

## 313TH FIELD ARTILLERY

H. A. Dailey, former Sergeant, Battery E, 313th F. A. is in business as a Pharmacist at 512 North Queen St., Martinsburg, W. Va.

Edwin R. Stout, formerly of Battery E, is in the General Merchandise Business at Appleton, Ohio. He is living at Johntown, Ohio. Wants to know what's become of the bunch from Martinsburg, W. Va.

Our old friend Louis Jaffe, proprietor of the Jaffe Store, 713 Virginia St., Charleston, W. Va., has proved that he can supply news that does credit to his "rep." as a "Super-Supply Sergeant" of Hq. Co., 313th F. A. Read the following:

In looking through the SERVICE MAGAZINE, I noticed that the Morning Report of the 313th F. A. is always very small. Evidently, it is for the reason that the 313th boys are slow in reporting, and so I thought I would take time and do a little reporting.

I was out in Fayette county the other day and here is whom I have met:

Ed. Nugen, Battery B, 313th F. A., and who was working in the 313th Canteen is now residing at Beards Fork, W. Va., and is in charge of a company butcher shop, is expecting to get married soon.

Jasper Settle, Hdq. 313 F. A., is residing at Page, W. Va., working in the mines, married and has a junior.

Fred Markham, Hdq. Co., 313 F. A. residing at Page, W. Va., Engineer for the Virginian Railway.

Cecil Sprouse, Hdq. Co. 313 F. A. residing at Milburn, W. Va., and working in the mines, married.

Supply Sgt. Callison is store manager for the Milburn By-Product Co. at Milburn, W. Va. (Supply Co. 313 F. A.)

Carl Morrison, Bat. Sgt. Major, Hdq. Co., 313 F. A., is store manager for the Paint Creek Collieries Co., at Gallagher, W. Va. Married and has a son.

C. A. Foster, Cpl. Hdq. Co. 313 F. A., is now in charge of a crew of men installing electric lines for the Virginia Power Co., and makes his home at Montgomery, not married but willing to be.

Harry Berry, Sgt. Hdq. Co., 313 F. A. is now Asst. Cashier for the Thurmond National Bank at Thurmond, W. Va.

1st Sgt. Joseph H. Harvey, is now conductor for the C. & O. Railway, making his runs from Hawks Nest to Ansted, W. Va.

Virgil Rodes, Mess Sgt., Hdq. Co. 313 F. A., is now at Oak Hill, W. Va., working for his father in a restaurant. He

claims he can still make good slum; but his trade has not been calling for it, and so he did not have it printed on his menu card.

Ronceverte Rogers, Cpl. Hdq. Co., 313 F. A., is working at Summerle mines and resides at Oak Hill, W. Va.

Fred Potter, Band Cpl. Hdq. Co., 313 F. A., is now in charge of a barber shop at Minden, W. Va., and married just recently.

Ernest Richeson, Pvt. Hdq. Co., 313 F. A. is running a taxi from Thurmond, W. Va., to Mount Hope, W. Va., and resides at Red Star, W. Va.

Bertie Wriston, Sgt. Hq. Co., 313 F. A. just got married and he is working for the Solvay Colliery Co., Kingston, W. Va.

Tom Lindlay, Pvt. 1st class, Hdq. Co., 313 F. A. is now mine foreman at one of the Loop Creek Mines at Minden, W. Va.

Harry Fine, Supply Sgt., Battery E., is now in the cap business at Baltimore, Md. He is still single.

Homer Hudson, Sgt. Hdq. Co., 313 F. A., is now Mechanic for Kelly's Creek Coal Co. at Ward, West Va., and he expects to be transferred to another mine near Morgantown, W. Va., owned by the same concern. He still plays baseball.

Marty Bowles, Pvt. Hdq. Co., 313 F. A., married a Pennsylvania girl, is now engaged in the Dry Cleaning business at Montgomery, W. Va.

Mess Sgt. Payne of Battery D., is now working at Zimmerman's Pool Room on Quarrier St., Charleston, W. Va.

Grover Judson, Pvt. Hdq. Co., 313 F. A., is now happily married, has a family of two children and prospect for another increase is very bright. He is working at Milburn, W. Va.

And last but not least, I am still supplying merchandise to the boys' civilian as well as army goods, only I have to charge for them now and get paid, while when I was Supply Sgt. for Hdq. Co., 313 F. A. I used to charge and get no pay. Whenever any of our buddies happen to be in Charleston, would be glad for them to call and see me at the above address.

Edwin F. A. Morgan who was captain of Hdq. Co., 313 F. A., has just announced that he has formed a partnership in the general practice of the law, under the name of "Coleman, Fell, Morgan and Brune," with officers at 729 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md....I guess he will make a habit to help out any buddy who gets in trouble in Baltimore. I wonder if Captain has studied up the definition and the difference of the words "Go and FIND out" to the words "FIND OUT."

Bill Washington, formerly of Hdq. Co., 313 F. A. and later transferred to Depot Brigade, is now residing at Cinco, W. Va.

C. G. Blackwell, Supply Co., 313 F. A., is now making his home at Thurmond, W. Va., and is working as brakeman for the C. & O.

J. W. Parsons, formerly of Hq. Co., 313 F. A., is making his home at Fletcher, W.

# Morning Report

Va., and is working for the West Penn Power Co., as lineman.

H. C. Hall, Battery D., 313 F. A., is now with the Porter Lumber Co. at Cofoco, W. Va. He has been taking treatment on his left eye by a Charleston doctor, on account of eyesight being extremely weak.

W. H. Carte, Battery D., 313 F. A., is now at Hico, W. Va., in the automobile repair business, having taken up that trade through the Vocational Bureau. He was wounded in the leg while in action overseas.

Ralph Argabrite, Hdq. Co., 313 F. A., is now in Huntington, W. Va. He is looking fine and has settled down.

Fred W. Duncombe, Cook Hdq. Co., 313 F. A., who has been at Thurmond, W. Va., since he came back from France, must have learned to like the army slum real well, for a couple of weeks later he joined the ordinance corp and he was sent to Porto Rico. Maybe he will get his fill this time.

Leonidas N. Bibb, formerly of Hdq. Co., 313 Band, who blew the biggest horn in the band, while on a trip from his town, Oak Hill, W. Va. to Charleston, W. Va., in an automobile, met with an accident, his car going over the hillside at Marmet, W. Va., killing him instantly.

Earnest Rapp, formerly of Hq. Co., 313 F. A., is residing at Minden, W. Va. He is a daddy of a fine little boy, and he expects another one before the year is over. The 80th Division moves forward and so does Buddy Earnest Rapp.

## 314TH F. A.

Roger Faherty, formerly First Lieutenant 314th F. A., is a member of the firm of Faherty & Dixon, Attorneys-at-Law, 108 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

## NOTES FROM THE 315TH FIELD ARTILLERY

By C. F. BUSHMAN

It would be entirely without justification for any one to say that the non-appearance of our usual write-up in SERVICE was due to other than natural causes. Perhaps those of analogical dispositions will liken our failure to get into print to that of Bear & Company, who stay in during the winter hibernating, but are usually on hand in the spring. While our sector has been quiet apparently, we are reminded of quiet sectors in other places in the long ago; quiet in name only. Under our calmness there is much activity and we are patiently awaiting the word from General Brett to lay our guns on Norfolk. Plans are under way to suitably billet the regiment. The advance force is already there. So when the Zero hour sounds a large number of the boys will be there to pull the lanyard at the opening barrage. Numerous and divers inquiries have already

been made concerning the fourth annual reunion. Captain Tranberger writes that we should rent a cottage out at Ocean View to house the regiment. What say? He is anxious to hear something, and says he is 'raring to go. The retirement of General Cronkhite has created much interest in West Virginia. Numerous letters have been written to our congressional and senatorial representatives demanding justice and fair play for the beloved leader of the Grand Old Eightieth Division.

An interesting communication from Captain Henry C. Harrison, Jr., 14th Field Artillery, U. S. Army, Fort Sill, Oklahoma discloses the fact that among other former Eightieth Division men there are Captains John Nash (Formerly Major 313th F. A.) and Frank Goswell (Formerly Lieut. 314th F. A.) now of the regular army. Captain Harrison is desirous of obtaining the pictures a Battery "B" man took of the Regimental Personnel Office and of his old Second Battalion Radio Detail. Anyone knowing their present whereabouts, please execute Front and Center!!! A letter from Ben Angrist, formerly P. F. C. Battery "A," now at Logan, W. Va., states that Pat Goodwin, Bill Frank, Frank Atkins, Baily, Mullins, Osie Avis are located there. He also ran across C. W. Godfrey, formerly Battery D, now located at 16 Valentia Street, Huntington, W. Va. Thomas J. Bowling, formerly P. E. C., Medical Department, was in Bluefield a few days ago. He is located at Naugatuck, W. Va., and is General Superintendent of The Winco Block Coal Co. at that point. Edgar C. Banks, formerly P. F. C., Battery F, has recently resigned his position as Baggage Agent of The Norfolk and Western Railway Co., at Bluefield, W. Va., and is now traveling for The Watts Ritter Co., out of Huntington, W. Va., Blaine R. Hicks, formerly Sergeant, Battery "B" is located at Bluefield, W. Va., and holds a position with the Norfolk and Western Railway at the Freight station. Harry Foster, formerly Mechanic, Battery B, was married to Miss Helen Brabin of Tralee, W. Va., on March 22nd in Bristol, Tenn. He is now located at Elmore, W. Va., and holds the position as Night Round House Foreman for The Virginia Railway at that place.

Formal announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Hattie Rollyson of Matoaka, W. Va., to Douglas Barger of Princeton, W. Va., which will take place in the near future. Comrade Barger was a former Chief Mechanic in Battery A.

Bernard Hale who has been located at Pikeville, Ky., for some time, is now at his home in Princeton, W. Va., again. Comrade Hale was a former Sergeant in Battery B.

William B. Warner, formerly Sergeant Battery B, recently left Iaeger, W. Va., and has accepted a position with The Norfolk and Western Railway Co. as Relief Agent

and Telegrapher on the Pocahontas Division. He lives at Narrows, Va.

Of interesting legislation in West Virginia, we find three measures pertaining to ex-service men: viz., for Veterans' Relief, an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars used as a relief fund for honorably discharged veterans of the World War in need. For a deceased veteran a sum not to exceed seventy-five dollars may be expended for burial purposes. A memorial building, on the petition of at least twenty per cent of the voters of a county, gives the County Court right to levy a tax for the purpose of purchasing a site and erecting, equipping and maintaining such structure.

William R. Kidd, formerly Sergeant Battery B, now running as a Conductor on The Virginian Railway out of Princeton, W. Va., recently figured in the largest wreck in the history of that road. He was in charge of an Eastbound freight train and a broken axle on a car in his train, caused eighteen cars of coal to wreck in the tunnel near Elliston, Va. Traffic was tied up for something like forty hours, but fortunately there were no personal injuries.

Mrs. William R. Kidd, of Princeton, W. Va., is the author of two books pronounced by critics as unique as well as interesting. One entitled "Camp Life of a Soldier," was made entirely from literature which she gathered during the regiment's training period at Camp Lee, Va. Most every phase of training in this famous cantonment, is cleverly illustrated in this volume. A second volume entitled, "The Life of a Soldier" contains a record of Mr. Kidd's life, from the day that he entered the military service, throughout the War, until he received his honorable discharge at Camp Lee, Va., nearly two years later. Many scenes of actual service of The 315th Field Artillery, with photographs, as well as a complete record of The Eightieth Division, are contained in this volume. These volumes were original with Mrs. Kidd, except for the help of the Stone Printing Co., of Roanoke, Va., who compiled and bound them in beautiful leather bindings. The many comrades of Mr. Kidd in this section who served with him in the Blue Ridge Division, have viewed these books, with an appreciative eye, and declare they would be proud, indeed, to possess such a record of their achievements for their "Life's Library." They were presented to Mr. Kidd on the day of his bidding farewell to the old army, and were considered quite a valuable surprise by him and his many friends.

Inasmuch as several congratulatory responses were received in connection with the publication of a few extracts from the War Diary of the 315th Field Artillery, the dose is herewith repeated. Your particular attention is called to the dates as given.

# Morning Report

On November 1st, the positions were as follows. Regimental P. C. in Cunel Woods, F 9835, 1st Battalion Romange 7750, 2nd Battalion Romange 7752, 3rd Battalion 9752. The strength of the command was 53 officers and 1325 enlisted men. Weather-Fair. The plans for gas and preparation for the attack called for the firing of gas on the night of October 31st—Nov. 1st, from 22-30 to 23 hours. The First and 2nd Battalions fired on the South edge of Bois De Andevanne from the West limit of the sector to 6803, and the 3rd Battalion fired along the Eastern edge of the Bois De Andevanne from point 6803 to 6810. Shelling with gas was continued from two hours to two and one half hours on the morning of November 1st on the same areas, the rate of fire being one round per gun per minute. Destructive fire was delivered on the morning of November 1st from three and one half hours to four hours, two battalions on the heights Northwest, North and Northeast of Andvanne and one battalion on Cote 243. Continuation of the destructive fire from four hours to four and one half hours, two battalions on the Bois de Andevanne and one battalion on crossroads Meucen. From four to four and one half hours, all of the brown rectangular strip of woods, 500 meters Northwest of Gd. Garre Fme. From five hours to five and one half hours, two battalions continued their fire on the same woods and one battalion fired on the Bois de Andevanne. The rate of fire for this destructive preparation was fifty rounds per gun per hour. The Attack started at 5:30 and was preceded by four waves of a rolling barrage. The first wave was delivered by the 75's, 250 meters in front of the Infantry, the second and third waves were also delivered by the 75's and each wave preceded the following one by 250 meters. The fourth wave was delivered by our regiment and preceded the 3rd wave by 250 meters, being 1,000 meters ahead of the infantry. Our fire was more concentrated on the West of the sector through the Bois de Andevanne. The rate of fire was 50 rounds per gun per hour. The barrage lasted six hours and was very satisfactorily delivered. The Infantry followed the first wave closely until the objective was reached. Our own battery positions were subjected to heavy shelling and four guns of the Second Battalion were put out of action temporarily, with direct hits, and heavy casualties, about thirty in all. New crews quickly replaced the dead and wounded, and the missions were completed as per schedule.

The last entry made in this official war diary of the regiment is dated May 7th, when the strength of the command shows 41 officers and 1,233 enlisted men. Weather Fair. Batteries C and D were billeted at Sarce, Battery E at Lavernat, Battery F at Luceau, the Regimental Headquarters and balance of regiment at Verneil le Chetif. This was in the Le Mans area, in the department of Sarthe, which was anciently the province of Maine.

On May 7th, 1919, the Regiment was inspected and reviewed by the Division and Brigade Commanders. At the completion of the inspection and prior to the march in review, he stated to the Regimental Commander (Col. Barnes) that this regiment, as did the other regiments of the brigade, presented an appearance most commendable, and that it was far superior to that put up by the Infantry regiments of the Division. On completion of the march past, the Division Commander stated that it was the best march past of any regiment that he had seen in the division, not excepting the Infantry regiments.

Maurice W. Blauch, formerly of Hq. Co., 315th F. A., is very busy this season of the year in connection with his duties with the State Highway Department of Pennsylvania. He is counting on making the reunion in Norfolk, however, and in the meantime would be glad to hear from any of the old buddies. His address is "State Highway Department, Allentown, Pa."

James E. Welcher, ex-mechanic of D Battery, 315 F. A., is now living at 83-85 Charleston St., Charleston, W. Va., and is Mechanic for the F. W. D. Motor Sales & Trucking Co. of that city. He would like to hear from some of the members of D Battery.

## 317TH INFANTRY

A. R. Peterson, formerly C. O. 2nd Bn., has formed a law partnership with Charles O. Loucks, Walter T. Eckert and Vernon R. Loucks, to be known under the firm name of "Loucks, Eckert and Peterson," with offices at Suite 1200, Otis Building, 10 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Messrs. John D. Peterson, Randolph Thornton and Willard A. Pease will be associated with the firm.

Gustavus Motley, formerly of Hq. Co., 317th Inf., is residing at Chatham, Va., R. F. D. No. 2, and is following the Carpenter trade with C. M. Weber, General Contractor of Danville, Va. He writes as follows:

"I think it is a scandal and a shame the way they have treated our former General. Just think how different they are today to what they were about this time five years ago. Oh, well! The war is over!

"I see Cook John S. Mitchell once in a while, formerly of Hq. Co., 317th Infantry. He still belongs to the single ranks, and still has his mule that he told so many of his buddies about while in the service.

"Saw Percy Hedrick of the One Pounders, Hq. Co., 317th Inf., not long ago. He is farming and is yet a member of the single ranks.

"Met Hatch L. Davis, who was transferred from Hq. Co. to the Depot Brigade. He works in the Cotton Mill at Danville, Va.

"The last heard of Luther Hedrick, former Cook of Hq. Co., 317th Inf., he

had been in the Texas Oil Fields and was intending to go back.

"Hamlet of Hq. Co. and Co. F, 317th Infantry, when I last heard about him, was farming near his old home town of Gretna, Va., and was still single. M. T. Merricks, whom I met about a month ago is also doing fine as a farmer near Sycamore, Va. He is married and has one child, I believe.

"Allie of F. Company, 317th Inf., is at the same old job selling candy and peanuts. He is with the V. O. Mundy Co. in Chatham, Va.

"Sowers of A Company, 317 Inf., is with the Chatham Furniture and Undertaking Establishment. He is single yet, but I believe is thinking of furnishing a house for himself soon.

"Why doesn't Hq. Co., 317th, come out in SERVICE, and make a showing like they used to? Let's hear from some of the other buddies."

T. B. Orange, ex-Corporal Co. I, 317th Infantry, is now with the Rucker Dry Goods Co. on Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va. He says "Nothing could afford me more pleasure than to meet again those boys I fought with. Let's hope that we can all meet again some day and have a great reunion." That's the idea buddy—see you in Norfolk, August 27th to 31st this year at the Fourt Annual Reunion.

## DOWN VIRGIA WAY HERE AND THERE

By RUSSEL L. STULTZ

A vibrant echo of Camp Lee was sounded a few weeks ago in the form of an advertisement by the War Department announcing the sale, on February 15th, of the massive steel water-tank which for so long dominated Lee. The tank, which was of 300,000 gallons capacity, was sold at public auction with 26 warehouses and other buildings.

Captain Carlo D. Cello, formerly of Division Headquarters, who is one of the 80th Division's most loyal friends, is now located at 120 Broadway, New York City, where he is engaged in the practice of law.

Major John D. Harrison, of Wyncote, Pa., formerly of the 317th Infantry, has just recently recovered from an attack of double pneumonia.

Cecil Holston, ex-Supply Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, better known to his comrades and friends as "Cy," has tossed his tin hat into the ring as a candidate for treasurer of Elizabeth City county, Va, in the Democratic primary of next August, according to an article appearing in the Newport News papers of January 23rd. Cecil is just as popular in his home bailiwick as he was in O. D.'s and he is in no wise daunted by the fact that he constitutes the seventh candidate for treasurer of his county, making the largest number of aspirants known to have sought a sin-

# Morning Report

gle office in that section. C'mon, boys! Snap into it and salute the new treasurer! (Perhaps he'll put you wise as to how its done when you're in Norfolk next August).

Among prominent members of the 80th Division who were guests at the annual banquet of Baltimore posts of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, held at the Hotel Rensselaer on the night of Washington's Birthday, were Major General Adelbert Cronkrite and Col. Harry C. Jones. The Army and Navy and officialdom were represented by a number of distinguished personages.

L. L. Hopkins, formerly of Company F, 305th Engineers, is now residing at No. 2 Van Velsen St., Schenectady, N. Y., Comrade Hopkins is a member of the staff of the Main Library of the General Electric Company in Schenectady.

A volume of much interest to Virginia members of the 80th Division, entitled "Virginians of Distinguished Service in the World War," has just been issued by the Virginian War History Commission. The book is designed as a source volume for the main history now being compiled by the Commission. A limited edition has been published and copies may be had by applying to the Virginia War History Commission, Room No. 9, State Capitol, Richmond, Va., and enclosing \$2.00 for the cloth-bound edition or \$1.50 for the paper-bound edition.

Captain E. O. Howell, Jr., formerly of the 320th Infantry, is now located at 430 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., where he is engaged in the insurance business.

Boys, another one's gone and done it! This time, the total unexpected happened, when Private Robert Lee Callis, late slum-slinger extraordinary of Company G, 318th Infantry, a few months ago became a benedict and thus demonstrated that he still retains much of that stuff which stood him in good stead when confronting G Company's mess line a couple of years ago. Comrade Callis is a native of Mathews county, Va., and in civilian life a marine engineer by profession. Congratulations from the gang! (We might add that Mr. and Mrs. Callis spent their honey-moon in Canada, which means precisely what it says).

From a letter received recently from Mr. G. H. Braunlich, of Marietta, Ohio, we learn that Sgt. Carl F. Gehrig, formerly of Company F, 320th Infantry, who was killed in action in the Argonne on September 26th, 1918, is survived by a little eight-year-old daughter. The little lass is motherless as well as fatherless. Mr. Braunlich is an uncle of Sgt. Gehrig and the latter's child resides with him.

The Pennsylvania Legislature is reported as having acted favorably upon a bill ap-

propriating the sum of \$300,000 for the erection in France of a series of memorials to the sons of Pennsylvania who fell on French soil during the World War. It is expected that monuments or permanent memorials will be erected to the memory of troops of the 28th, 79th and 80th Divisions, whose personnel embraced thousands of Pennsylvanians.

A Monument Commission, headed by Maj. Gen. William G. Price, Jr., spent three months in France last summer, going over the ground and conferring with various commune and city authorities as to the most suitable type of memorials to be built. Gen. Price, in reporting the survey of the Commission to the Pennsylvania Legislature, had this to say of the proposed memorial to the 80th Division:

"When we were at Nantillois the Mayor of the town told us of the fighting about there, when the valley was literally carpeted with the bodies of 1,500 American dead, members of the Eightieth Division. In memory of that sacrifice, the Commission suggested the placing of a pool and drinking fountain in the square of the town."

A press dispatch from Chester, Pa., under date of February 15th, says: "The American Steel Foundries here has completed what is declared to be the largest anchor ever made in this country. It weighs 33,300 pounds and is wrought of cast steel. It was built for the Leviathan, which is in dry dock at Newport News, Va., Ordinary anchors for vessels weigh from six to ten thousand pounds."

Members of the 80th who are interested in the projected history of their Division will be glad to learn of the success attending a "neighbor" Division in this direction. The "History of the 79th Division" has just been published after two years' effort devoted to the compilation of available material. The result is a volume of 542 pages, chronicling the activities of every unit of the 79th from Camp Meade back to Hobboken. The price of the volume is \$5.00, and copies may be obtained from J. H. Steinman, former Division Adjutant, Lancaster, Pa.

Gen. G. H. Jamerson, formerly Commanding General of the 159th Infantry Brigade, who has been stationed in Richmond as Chief of Staff of the 80th Division Reserve, is now on duty in the Inspector-General's Office, in Washington. Gen. Jamerson is a native of Martinsville, Va.

Garland U. Travis, formerly of the 80th Division, whose death occurred at a Government hospital for war veterans in North Carolina on March 1st, was buried from the home of his parents at Cape Charles, Va., with military honors, the services being in charge of Northampton Post, No. 56 of the American Legion, of which Comrade Travis was a member. At the out-

break of the War with Germany, he enlisted as a member of Company H, Fourth Virginia Infantry, National Guard, but was later transferred to the 80th Division and served with it in France. While overseas, Comrade Travis suffered an attack of pleurisy, which later developed into tubercular trouble and resulted in his death. He was 33 years old and is survived by his parents, four sisters and two brothers.

In the March 9th issue of the *American Legion Weekly*, which is now running a series of personal recollections of its readers' greatest thrill in the World War, there appears an interesting contribution by Julius V. Pote, of Roaring Springs, Pa., formerly of the 305th Motor Supply Train. Comrade Pote's heart-breaker, as related by him, occurred between Chattancourt and Fromerville, on September 26, 1918, while he was engaged in driving a truck loaded with French 75's. There was a tremendous explosion, but very far from what you have guessed. Ask him yourself.

The 80th Division was prominently represented in the organization meeting of the Virginia Department of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at Norfolk, March 26th. Remember, the big town down on Hampton Roads is where you're going to reunite next August. A fare of one way for the round trip has been granted by the railroads, therefore you can have no valid alibi for being A. W. O. L. when the old gang falls in.

Former Congressman John Paul, late Captain and Adjutant, 313th Field Artillery, whose term as a member of the House of Representatives expired on March 4th, has resumed the practice of law in Harrisonburg, Va.

An Associated Press dispatch dated March 30th, from Richmond, says: "Trial of the suit of the Federal Government against Rhinehart-Dennis Company, of Charlottesville, for the recovery of \$7,000,000 alleged to have been misspent in the construction of Camp Lee during the World War will be heard at the October term of the United States district court here. The trial was postponed from the April term." How about sending a reporter down, buddies, to learn their explanation of the fresh-air barracks?

Howard R. Housworth, formerly of the 318th Field Hospital, 305th Sanitary Train, who has been located at Coach's Bridge, Del., removed last month to Devault, Pa.

The volume of citations, entitled "Virginians of Distinguished Service in the World War," recently published by the Virginia War History Committee, contains 38 references to former members of the 80th Division who were either cited, recommended for citations or commended in orders. A review of the volume will appear in the next issue of SERVICE.

## Morning Report

Major James L. Montague, formerly Commanding Officer, 2nd Battalion, 319th Infantry, is located at Christiansburg, Va.

A news dispatch of March 23rd states that Captain Herbert Hartley will command the giant liner "Leviathan" when the former German "mistress of the seas" and later, American transport, again re-enters the trans-Atlantic passenger service next summer. The work of reconditioning the big boat, which has been in progress at Newport News for the past year, will be completed shortly.

One of the most impressive ceremonies connected with the commemoration of the deeds of Virginia's war dead took place in Richmond on March 10th, when the great gold star flag of the Service Legion of Virginia was solemnly placed in its final resting place in the State Museum. The presentation address was made by Mrs. G. T. W. Kern, of Richmond, president of the Service Legion, who will be remembered by many members of the 80th for her noble work in the Base Hospital, at Camp Lee. Brigadier-General W. W. Sale, adjutant general of Virginia, presided at the exercises, at which Governor E. Lee Trinkle was the principal speaker. A telegram of regret from General Cronkhite, who had been invited to be present, was received by Mrs. Kern.

Major Prescott Huidekopper, formerly Commanding Officer of the 313th M. G. Battalion, and now with the American Insulator Works of Pennsylvania, recently purchased the Colonial estate of the late B. F. Bond, at Ruxton, Md., which he will occupy as his home.

Colonel James M. Love, Jr., who commanded the 319th Infantry during the war, and who resides at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., has been in ill health this winter and his old comrades and admirers of the 80th, wish him a speedy recovery.

Major John D. Harrison, formerly of the 317th Infantry, is connected with the Guaranty Company of New York, at 140 Broadway, New York City.

Lieutenant Bolling Hall, Handy, of Bristol, Va., who served with the 317th Infantry, on April 2nd was appointed by Governor Trinkle, chairman of the Virginia Industrial Commission, succeeding the late Charles A. McHugh, of Norfolk.

### 318TH INFANTRY

Henry W. Rose, former Top Sergeant Co. F., 318th Infantry, before he was sent to Officers' Training Camp is now with the Admiral Line, 17 State St., New York. He is living at 630 West End Avenue, New York City.

Claude Gibson of Hdq. Co., 318th, is a fireman on the Norfolk and Western Railway. He is located in Shenandoah, Va. Is

married and has a little son Guy, some months old. Mrs. Gibson was formerly Miss Julia Layman of near Harrisonburg, Va.—a graduate of Shenandoah Collegiate Institute, Dayton, Va.

L. A. (Lute) Armentrout is living on a farm near Harrisonburg, Va. Two little Armentrouts call him "Daddy." Lute was formerly in Co. M, 318th Infantry.

Tom Wolfrey (Co. M, 318th Inf.) is an agent for pianos and living in Harrisonburg, Va. He is married and has one child.

Albert (Redney) Cave, ex-member of Co. M., is also married and living in Harrisonburg, Va. Follows plastering as a trade.

Walton Harrison, formerly of the Band Co., 318th is still immune from Cupid's darts and lives at home near Tenth Legion, Va. Leagues and Clubs of the community are often favored with his and his violin's presence on their programs.

Hugh L. Sheets, Co. M, 318th Infantry is trying to get a living out of an old Virginia farm for the "Missus" Richard Lesueur (Lieut. Lesueur take note) and Estelle. He would like to hear from any of the old Buddies and the door mat always spells "Welcome" for them. His address is Harrisonburg, Va., R. F. D. No. 7.

We don't know whether to credit comrade H. F. Bryant, formerly of Co. G, 318th Infantry, with possessing a "Rabbit's Foot," or well recognized ability. Before the war he was employed by D. W. Branch of Petersburg, Va., for seven years in his Hardware, Gun, and Lock-smith Business. When the war started, he trained at Camp Lee and served twelve months overseas with the 318th, returning to his old job after being mustered out. Shortly after his return, his employer died and he conducted the business for his Estate until the first of the year of 1920, when he was given a half interest in the business. The concern is now known as D. W. Branch, Inc. His comrades wish him continued success and prosperity, and he will no doubt be glad to hear from any of his old buddies.

The Rion-Bowman Post No. 632, Veterans of Foreign Wars of Harrisonburg, Va., of which Comrade Russell L. Stultz is Adjutant, has arranged to award a handsome gold medal to the pupil of any public school located within the counties of Rockingham, Shenandoah, and Augusta, Va., who submits an essay on "Americanization" that shall be declared the most meritorious entry.

### COMPANY "I" 318TH INFANTRY

Edwin B. Carter, is married and living in Barton Heights, Richmond, Va.

Former Sergeant Benj. F. Rogers, is

manager of the North Carolina Branch of the Tomlinson Co. Inc., located at Greensboro, N. C.

Former Sergeant W. E. "Jew" Nichols, Jr., is with the North Carolina Branch of the Tomlinson Co., Inc., located at Greensboro, N. C.

Former Sergeant Clyde C. Shankle, is in charge of the Ticket Office at Main Street Station, Richmond, Va.

Former Sergeant H. M. "Hiram" Lacy, is with the Whitlock Branch of P. Lorillard Co., and is married and living in Barton Heights, Richmond, Va.

Joe P. Johnson is assistant Agent of the American Express Co., Richmond, Va.

Former Sergeant William A. Allen, is traveling engineer for the Imperial Tobacco Co., Headquarters in Richmond, Va.

Former Lieutenant J. H. "Rip" Verrell, is now assistant Manager of the Tomlinson Co., Inc., Richmond, Va.

Former Bugler H. P. White, was recently married and is now living in Henderson, N. C. Is in the Electrical Contracting business.

Wallace F. Clement, owns partnership in a Brokerage Co., in Roanoke, Va.

"Dock" B. F. Bowles, is married and living in Richmond, Va.

Former Lieutenant Harry Ashby, is connected with the U. S. Tire Co., Roanoke, Va. Married.

Former Sgt. A. G. Lewis, is Secretary and Treasurer of the Guaranty Trust Co., Richmond, Va. Glad to see any of his comrades and a loyal booster for SERVICE Magazine.

### 319TH INFANTRY

DeWitt C. Jones, Jr., formerly First Lieutenant 319th Infantry is now living at Spring Lane, Englewood, N. J.

John J. Noone, former Captain Company E, 319th Infantry is Assistant Cashier of the Inter-State National Bank of Kansas City, Mo.

Harry Price, formerly 2nd Lieutenant, Company F, 319th Infantry, is now Captain, Infantry, commanding Co. D, 107th Infantry, N. G., N. Y. (Formerly the famous 7th). Captain Price went to France with that regiment and was appointed to the Officers' Training Camp in France, and upon graduation was assigned to the 319th Infantry.

The following former officers of the Division were decorated by the 107th Infantry, N. G., N. Y. (Formerly 7th N. Y.)

# Morning Report

with the Regimental Cross of Honor for long and faithful service:

15 years—Major Chas. C. Rossire, Jr. (Formerly Co. I, 7th N. Y.) 319th Inf. 10 years—Lt. Col. H. H. Burdick (formerly Co. I, 7th N. Y.) 310th Infantry. 10 years—Lt. Harry Price (Co. D, 7th N. Y.) 319th Infantry.

Major Rossire was also awarded the New York State Conspicuous Service Cross, based on citation from C. O. 160th Brigade, 80th Division.

## CORRECTION FOR 319TH INFANTRY BRIEF DIARY PUBLISHED IN LAST ISSUE

May 10, 1919—Machine Gun Co., Supply Co., Medical Detachment and 1st Bn. entrained at 1:42 P. M. for BREST.

May 11—2nd Bn. entrained at 1:42 P. M.

May 12—Regimental Headquarters, Headquarters Co., and 3rd Bn. entrained for BREST.

May 13—Entire regiment under canvas in CAMP PONTANEZEN outside of BREST.

May 20—Regiment sailed for United States at 4 P. M. on SS. GRAF VON WALDERSEE.

June 2—Arrived and docked at HOBOKEN about 10 A. M., and entrained for CAMP DIX, N. J. Arrived about 4:00 P. M. and camped.

June 8—Regiment entrained for PITTSBURGH 7:30 P. M.

June 9—Regiment entrained for CAMP SHERMAN.

June 10—Arrived at CAMP SHERMAN.

June 11—Regiment mustered out of service.

Charles L. Haas (Sgt. Co. I) is superintendent of a paper factory in Ann Harbor, Mich. He is married and the father of a family. Mail addressed to him at 139 Camp Ave., Braddock, Pa. will reach him.

Edw. M. Brackemeyer (Sgt. Co. I) is chief shipping agent for the American Steel and Wire Co. at Braddock. He is the father of a child and the owner of a Ford. Ed. evidently figured that it was cheaper to buy a Ford than a baby carriage. Address, Malta Apts., Lillie Ave., Braddock, Pa.

Charles Durant (Pvt. Co. I) is still holding down his job at the Carnegie Steel Works. He is single and hangs out at Hering's Drug Store with Bill Alexander, local insurance broker. (This is not intended as a reflection on Mr. Hering as he is one of the few druggists who doesn't dispense it without a prescription). Durant's address is 413 Lobinger Ave., North Braddock, Pa.

Carl J. Heyne (Pvt. Co. I) is manager of a brokerage firm in Pittsburgh. He is married and the owner of a Moon car. He resides in East Pittsburgh, Pa. Mail addressed to 315 Comrie Ave., Braddock, Pa. will reach him.

John F. Ream (Pvt. Co. I) who had his fingers and toes badly frozen early in February, has almost completely recovered and has been discharged from the Braddock Hospital. His address is 26 Holland Ave., Braddock, Pa.

John L. McDevitt (Pvt. Co. I) is a Vocational Training Student enrolled at Duff's College. John expects soon to receive his degree as an analytical chemist. Address, 704 Parker Ave., Braddock, Pa.

Edw. H. Dressler (Mess Sgt. Co. I) is manager of the Cudahy Packing Co. at Braddock.

Jesse G. Hamilton (Sgt. Maj. Co. I) is married, resides in Wilkinsburg, Pa., and is employed at the Farmers' National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ray W. House (Pvt. Co. I) is employed in the Carnegie Steel Works at Braddock. He is married and has a family. Address, 1026 Braddock Ave., Braddock, Pa.

Carl Bunt (Corp. Co. I) who was married last fall to Miss Thelma Zink of North Braddock, Pa., is employed in the Carnegie Steel Works at Braddock. He is the proud father of a baby. Address, 400 Camp Ave., Braddock, Pa.

Wm. Howat (Sgt. Co. I) is still in the plumbing business with the David Dudgeon Plumbing and Contracting Co. at Braddock, Pa.

Joseph F. Slane (Cook Co. I) is still around Braddock, but from the last report from him was not working at the culinary art. His address is 622 Lillie Ave., Braddock, Pa.

Robert L. Stewart (Sgt. Co. I) who had an interest in the firm of S. E. Stewart & Son Real Estate Co., has sold out at a tidy sum. Bob is a Vocational Training Student studying law at Pitt.

Wm. F. Kelly (Sgt. Co. I) has recently severed his connection with the Buick Agency in Braddock. During the short time he was with them he established a remarkable record, selling 15 Sedans in three months. He is now connected with the Spiegelmirre Co., who have the agency for the Gray & Chevrolet. Bill is a live-wire salesman and expects things to go over big this summer.

Wm. J. Morrison (318 M. G. Co) resides in Whitaker, Pa. He is superintendent of the Employment Department of the McClintic & Marshall Construction Co. at Rankin, Pa. He is still single and owns a Ford coupe. Mail addressed to Whitaker Post Office, Whitaker, Pa. will reach him O. K.

James B. Baxter (Pvt. c/o Co. B., 305 Engineers) is a draftsman for the Mc-

Clintic & Marshall Construction Co. at Rankin, Pa. He is married and resides in East Liberty. Mail addressed to 513 Camp Ave., Braddock, Pa., will reach him.

## 320TH INFANTRY

Alfred Leyburn, formerly First Lieutenant 320th Infantry M. G. Co., is now a National Bank Examiner, his address being, 416 New York Life Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

F. C. Bauer, ex-member of H. Co., 320th Infantry conducts the F. C. Bauer Agency, Realtors, Insurance and Mortgages, 1004 Chestnut St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wm. R. Hice, formerly of Co. B, 320th Infantry is residing at 530 Chestnut St., Greensburg, Pa. He is Secretary of Greensburg Aerie, No. 577, Fraternal Order of Eagles.

William P. Waters, former First Lieutenant Co. F, 320th Infantry, is now connected with the Bond Department of Deridder, Mason and Minton, Investment Securities, 27 William Street, New York, N. Y.

Raymond E. Wetherill, ex-member of 320th M. G. Co. is the Commander of A. V. S. Chapter No. 13, Disabled American Veterans of the World War. His address is 1318 Esplanade St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wm. C. Vandewater, ex-Capt. Hq. Co., 160th Brigade, had a little daughter arrive in his home May 2nd, Phyllis Iyon Vandewater. The comrades can send their congratulations to the "Skipper" at 67 Jefferson Road, Princeton, N. J.

## K COMPANY, 320TH INFANTRY

It has been told that Ex. Top Sergeant, Bobby Daume, of K Company has taken on a life partner since his return from the service, and is now living in Ben Avon, Pa. More power to you, Bob. He is at present in the employ of Jos. A. Langdon & Sons, 2030 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Remember Sergeant Burns, K Company's painter?—Yes, that's him, the one that was so proficient in lettering the Company's helmets, baggage and everything. Well, he too thinks two can live as cheap as one, for he is married and living in Homewood. We understand he is now following his Art Schooling (received in France) at his father's establishment on Old Avenue, Pittsburgh.

Corporal Harry Sharrer is following the building trade supply business at present with the Wm. Leggett & Co., Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. He got his start at Camp Lee and no doubt the experience of pitching pup-tents and digging-in in France has been of real benefit to him for this line of business.



# Morning Report

## LOCAL P. C. NO 5, COMPANY I, 320TH INFANTRY 80TH DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

Sabin Bolton, President, 339 Collins Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Bell Phone, Hiland 4055-W. Jack Sugden, Secretary-Treasurer, 425 N. Fairmount Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Bell Phone, Hiland 2104-M.

### "LET'S GO I COMPANY"

To All Former Members Company I—  
320th Infantry:

At the Fourth Annual Reunion and Banquet held at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Saturday evening, February 17th, it was voted to 80th Division Veterans' Association. Thirty-six members signed the charter and we are now "Local P. C. No. 5."

Since the memorable day that we were mustered into service, back in September 1917, at Camp Lee, Va., until the present time, we have never failed to keep liaison. Like all other outfits, we were anxious to get back into civilian life and to try to forget the scenes of carnage. Yet there was something that could not be forgotten—men with whom we had trained, men with whom we had lived, and men who had shared the food, the water and the perils of the strenuous days over there. Can they be forgotten, no never? Those fellows passed the test—"the ore of man in that furnace tried was metal without alloy." We also realized that the Buddies we left sleeping in France would soon be returned, and there was not a body of a former member returned to the United States that was not given full military honors by the former members of the Company of which he was a part.

At the First Annual Reunion of the 80th Division Veterans' Association held at Richmond, Va., I Company placed two members on the Executive Council; at the Second Annual Reunion held at Pittsburgh, I Company placed three members on the Executive Board, and last year at Charleston, W. Va., we again placed two members. The real worth of our company was shown at the Second Annual Reunion held at Pittsburgh when many of the committees were made up of former members of our company, and it was our company that arranged the Divisional Banquet held at the Fort Pitt Hotel, at which time, there were almost one thousand former members of the 80th Division present.

The forming of the Local P. C. is the crowning point of our success. We intend to "hold the line" and "man the guns" until those behind the lines come forward to give us relief.

Our Company is probably one of the few outfits in the entire division which has held four consecutive reunions, and strange to say, has maintained an organization without the assessment of one cent of dues. We now plan to run a special column in the SERVICE MAGAZINE, which will keep a closer tab on the fellows than we were able to do through correspondence. We still intend to maintain our company organization, which is made up of all men who were at

any time connected with the company, and will also maintain our Local P. C., which will include all members in good standing in the 80th Division Veterans' Association. We urge all men who have not joined the Veterans' Association to do so at once as this will be the one means whereby they can keep liaison with their former "buddies." \$2.00 per year includes the dues of the organization and the magazine for one year. Write in, giving us all the news, which includes marriages, deaths, new arrivals in the family, change of business, change of location, even a good joke will be appreciated. We still contend that we can run our organization without dues, and therefore, no former member needs to feel that we are forcing him into an organization of which he is not at the present time a member, yet we feel that every former 80th Division Veteran at heart wants to be a member of the "parent" organization, and will welcome the opportunity of not only connecting himself with our local company organization, but also, the Local P. C. of the Association.

Let's Go—I Company—and make our Local P. C. the outstanding outfit in the entire Division.

JACK SUGDEN, *Secretary.*

Dick Brinker recently took unto himself a wife—a Pittsburgh girl. They will make their home in Greensburg, where Dick has an executive position with the Pittsburgh American China Co.

Dutch Morcom recently made his initial appearance on the American Stage, when he carried a singing act in the Elks Minstrel at Latrobe, Pa. He certainly is a "big man" in the theatrical world.

Have been advised that it took a straight-jacket, four doctors, three nurses, and the Derry Fire Department to keep "Moe" Gontz away from the last "P" Co. reunion. First affair of the company Gontz has missed and he says he will use a little better judgment next time and sprain his ankle at some other season of the year.

What's become of Sergeant Steinhauser? "Steine" has not shown up at the last two reunions.

Art Mannerburg, brakeman on the 5:15 out of Pennsylvania Station, has returned to Pittsburgh from Pitcairn, Pa., where he makes his home. Art recently met a serious reverse when he lost the first child that came to grace his home. We understand Mrs. Mannerburg is regaining her health, for which we are indeed thankful.

Listen, Fellows,—I Company is making up a party and expects to take Norfolk by storm at the Fourth Annual National Reunion of the Division there, August 27th to 31st inclusive. All prospective members planning to make the trip, should notify the Secretary who will keep you informed of the latest developments.

Former Sergeant Sam Liener is now located at Revere, Pa., near Brownsville, where he is conducting a general store—groceries, meats, jewelry, limestone, cement—in fact, everything under the sun. Sam says he lines up trade like he used to line up the company. At that rate he ought to be prosperous.

Former Cook Brown, famous Camp Lee Baker, is now running a Bakery at Brownsville, Pa. Something on the order of the "Barker System." If he is making as much "dough" as he handled in Camp Lee, he should own the town in a few years.

Never mind, Sheriff! Felix Samasko has been found! Felix owns and operates the Standard Garage on the North Side, Pittsburgh, at night, and in the day is taking up a business course in the Government Vocational Training School. Felix promises to be on hand at the next reunion if it is not held on a Saturday night. He says a garage has it all over running in competition to Sing Long, the Chinese Laundryman.

The I Company P. C. Secretary received a letter from former Secretary George Smith, who is now located with the Westinghouse Co. in Springfield, Mass. George is our New England representative and promises to advise of all events pertaining to former members of the Company in his district.

News has just leaked out that Top Sergeant Barnhart, former Coal Baron of Latrobe, Pa., is now raising Grape Fruit in Florida. If the Ocean only let's his land alone for a few months, "Barny" has promised to supply the grape fruit for our next reunion and banquet.

### 305TH ENGINEERS

J. J. Morris, formerly 305th Engineers now resides at Kayford, W. Va.

J. Alfred Scollon, formerly Sergeant 1st Class, 305th Engineers, is in business as a Mining Engineer, also doing Municipal Engineering and Land Surveys. He is located at 1102 Chestnut St., Barnesboro, Pa.

The following letter from Comrade Smith is full of good suggestions. Wonder if some of the Buddies won't take it to heart and shoot us some of the material he suggests. "Old Pals of The Army" Department seems to have been overlooked by the "Old Pals."

New Bethlehem, Pa.

March 29, 1923

EDITOR SERVICE: My SERVICE came today, and it inspired me to unlimber the old "mill" and grind out another letter. Did we miss a month? It seems like a long time since the last number.

One thing I missed was the little editorial by the "Office Boy." What is wrong? Has he got the flu or the measles, or did

# Morning Report

"Pops Curry" "just nacherly" fire him for being insubordinate?

Another thing I would like to mention while we're talking about the "Mag." Why can't we have a few short stories, preferably bearing in some way upon our present-day life, or a few reminiscences from our own personal experiences. I am sure that each and every one of us had at least one thrilling or humorous experience during the time we were together in the great adventure. Why not let your buddies enjoy your greatest thrill or your biggest laugh? I make this as a suggestion. What do you think, Honorable Editor?

I was very much disappointed not to be able to attend the reunion at Charleston last fall. Had everything all set, and then the P. R. R. decided they couldn't possibly get along without me at that particular time. So had to give it up.

Come again "Hindenburg" and tell us about the time you got your pack shot up. And Hatfield, how does it feel to be a German prisoner?

Outside everyone. With full equipment. Let's go.

W. A. SMITH.

## 305 MOTOR SUPPLY TRAIN

One morning, March 26th to be specific, Comrade J. W. Drummer of F. Company dropped into Hamilton P. C. During the conversation and cross-examination about old scenes and pals, he let out the secret that he had just been married that morning to Miss Goldie F. Uncapher of Johnstown, Pa. Congratulations naturally followed, but we were so surprised and flabbergasted that we couldn't turn out the guard to send the happy couple on their honeymoon. Comrade Drummer is working in the Electrical line with the Cambria Steel Company of Johnstown, Pa.

## WHO REMEMBERS?

By FAY A. DAVIS  
(305th San. Tr.)

The lamp-post man at Aubreville, who carried a three-rung ladder around on his back to aid him in his task of cleaning the lamps about the railroad station? As soon as the stars began to twinkle, he could be seen at his nocturnal task of trimming the wicks and polishing lamp chimneys, and he went about his work as though he was an indispensable asset to the community at large.

The trip to Verdun on the bread truck and the bold, defiant inscription on the gates to the entrance of the city—"On ne passe pas!"

Watching the army of colored soldiers coaling the old Rotterdam in the harbor at Brest? In a steel gondola barge, tied up to the vessel, were a hundred or so colored soldiers each with a bushel basket. The darkies formed a double line from one end of the barge to the bunkers, and as the baskets were filled they were passed on from one to another, and the empties came

back via the rear rank in treadmill fashion. After the vessel was coaled, the darkies threw the baskets overboard and got to working with the galloping dominoes to settle the much-disputed ownership of many small coins the civilians on board had tossed to them. It was a free minstrel show to those of the civilians who could crowd near enough to the guard-rail to see. There before your eyes, all done up in colored smiles, was the true spirit of the colored gentleman of the south. I remember reading somewhere later, that it was on the promise of Brig. Gen. W. W. Atterbury, chief of the War Transportation Department in France, that he would assure the colored folks an early voyage home if they all jumped in and worked their heads off.

Schwenk's first sermon in the mess-hall at Camp Lee with Nicola Perise, John Barbagallo, Tony Accica, and Luigi Falleroni occupying front seats in the front row?

That foxy trick of the French shopkeepers of taking the door-knob out of the door when the demand for grapes and fromage exceeded the supply? This coarse bit of strategy was usually greeted with a noisy demonstration of disapproval by the hungry mob which besieged the shop.

The rumor passed around while we were in Bordeaux, that Camp Genicart was formerly the summer home of Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, and that she had placed it at the disposal of the U. S. Government to be used as a rest camp for incoming troops?

The soldier who fainted on the dock at Newport News at the sight of the vessel that was to take him to France?

When Major (papa) D. made overtures to Delp at Chauvirey-le-Vieil to feel him out on a sergeantcy with a promise of becoming top-kick, and Delp passed it up like a pay-car passes a hobo?

That "horse-play" order which forbid the soldiers from mailing hurriedly written letters that were not censored by the Commanding Officer at Newport News? And how the fellows casually dropped their mail at the feet of pedestrians, who were quick to grasp the artifice? In a jiffy, we had a gang of giggling school-girls parading back and forth along the street, and from then on our mail was dispatched without further delay.

"Weenie" Briggs' letter from his sister which always contained a brand new dollar bill?

Jennings and Lane (318 Co.), the original A. W. O. L. fiends, who spent so much of their time in the guard-house that it seemed like home to them? From the habit of constantly keeping the required two paces in front of the guard, Lane had acquired a peculiar lock-step that stuck

with him throughout his army days, and Jennings had perfected a way of doing nothing that was hard to distinguish from work.

What was the stellar attraction for Captain McPheeters (318 Ambulance Co.) in Le Mans?

The little narrow gage railroad from Marigny to Le Mans?

Delp's remark at Chauvirey-le-Vieil upon reading a notice posted upon the bulletin board which read something like this—"Medical men badly needed in the trenches?"

The ammunition dump at Bauldny which had such a magnetic attraction for "Jerry" smoke bombs?

That nerve-racking trip up the gang-plank of the Mercury at Newport News, and the heavily armed marines in close proximity, in case any of the fellows might have forgotten something ashore and made an effort to go back for it? The day was a scorcher. The sun beat down on the vessel, moored there to its pier in the stagnant water, until several of the fellows almost bent double under the weight of their heavy packs, keeled over from heat prostration. The captain of the vessel, angered at the confusion, ordered everybody below deck. But it was worse down there. The air was heavy and foul and stifling, and it was an effort to get your breath. Preferring to give battle with the hot sun rather than suffocate below, the fellows were quick to scamper above deck again. Waving handkerchiefs, newspapers and colored toy balloons, civilians on the hillside bid us a fond farewell, and many were the silent tears shed that day which trickled down a fellow's cheek only to lose their identity in the globules of perspiration from his fervent brow.

The salvage dump at Recy-sur-Ource where we discarded almost everything but the "dog-tags" and our appetite?

How Jennings (318 Co.) worked up such a stand-in with Major Lewis?

The gobs on the Mercury who seemed to spend such a happy existence lying underneath the guns with the submarine detectors on their ears?

How we secretly envied "Red" Johnson propped up in a feather bed in the Sick Bay on the Mercury, while the rest of us were hobnobbing with the stokers four decks below? The rats down there were amiable and sociable and playful as little kittens with a ball of yarn. All night long they swam around in the vessel's seepage in juvenile glee, and vied with one another for first chance at the shaving soap in your comfy kit. However, from the diagnosis of "Red's" case it was evident that

# Morning Report

the quail-on-toast did not agree with his stomach and he contracted ptomaine poisoning. By order of the ship's steward, that dish was immediately stricken from the menu and asparagus tips and mushrooms substituted in its place.

The wager a certain Major made and won from another officer that he could take "Shank's Mare" every step of the way from Aubreville to Gland? The distance (180 kilos) was the hike back to hibernating quarters after the Armistice.

The detail which Major (papa) D— dispatched to confiscate the remains of the tree for firewood that was struck by a H. E. shell at Fromereville?

Sgt. Hershberger's initial experience as an undertaker at Arthonnay?

Clover's bizarre party at Marigny and the rumpus kicked up by tacking a remnant of the party upon the bulletin-board in the public square?

## 305TH SANITARY TRAIN

H. A. Flora, formerly of the 317th Ambulance Company, 305th Sanitary Train, is connected with the firm of J. B. Flora & Company, Wholesale Grocers of Elizabeth City, N. C.

## 305TH FIELD SIGNAL BN.

F. B. Epps, formerly of Co. C, 305th F. S. Bn., is in business as a Painter and Decorator in South Boston, Va.

## 315TH M. G. BN.

Jacob Shulgold, formerly Lieutenant 315th M. G. Bn., is now practicing Law with Messrs. John F. Conley, Burgess of the Borough of Carnegie, Pa., and Benjamin Lencher, Assistant District Attorney of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. The new firm located at 965 Union Arcade Building, (now called the Union Trust Building) Pittsburgh, announces that they have affiliated for the general practice of Law and for the general good of the community. SERVICE joins their many friends in wishing the new firm long life and prosperity.

Ex-Sgt. Bernard K. Meyers, 315th M. G. Bn., is now connected as a junior partner with Meyer Bros., Clothing Manufacturers, 22nd and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Clifford A. Smith, formerly of Co. B, 315th M. G. Bn., is a member of the firm of P. A. Smith & Son, Men's Furnishers of Saegertown, Pennsylvania.

Can any of the former members of the 315th M. G. Bn. advise SERVICE of the name of the Photographer who took pictures of this outfit in France?

## MISCELLANEOUS

Richard W. Sears, formerly Photographic Officer, 80th Division, is now con-

nected with the International Newsreel Corporation, 309 Washington St., Boston, Mass. He resides at 2 Euston St., Brookline, Mass.

Charles E. Pollard, formerly with Division Headquarters, and clerk to General Cronkhite is now a benedict, and lives at 20 Apollo St., Petersburg, Va. Mr. Pollard's friends will be pleased to learn that he is Commonwealth Attorney of Petersburg. His aspirations are the same in Peace as in war—always of the highest.

Colonel E. G. Peyton presided as Toastmaster on March 10th at the West Point Officers Banquet held at the Country Club in Columbus.

A splendid address was recently given by Dr. Linsey L. Williams, before the Ohio Public Health Association. Dr. Williams is the Managing Director of the National Anti-Tuberculosis League. He was formerly Major Williams, sanitary inspector of the 80th Division.

Dr. John R. Claypool, formerly Major, Medical Detachment, 320th Infantry, is practicing his profession at Mount Vernon, Ohio.

Sam L. Fox, ex-member of Co. F, 317th Infantry, now is residing at Montgomery, W. Va.

Andrew Perry of the Supply Co., 313th F. A., is living at Cannelton, W. Va.

The following letter from Dr. W. D. Cagle of Lobelville, Tenn., former Captain 317th F. H. Company, expresses the sentiments of many of our members who are located in communities where Blue-Ridgers are few in number:

"You will find enclosed check for \$2.00 to pay my dues and subscription. I would not be without the magazine for ten times the price. Let us have more about the times we spent "Over There." The magazine is the only way I have of keeping tract of the friends I made in the army who will always have a place in my memory more sacred than ties formed under other conditions. Let us keep SERVICE alive and growing in the future as in the past."

J. T. Rhoads, formerly of Co. B, 305th F. S. Bn., is now living at 115 Laural St., Lancaster, Pa.

Captain S. C. Hicks, formerly of 319th M. G. Co., who is located at Upaway, Paget East, Bermuda, recently had the opportunity of talking over old times with Captain H. V. S. Negus, who was visiting the Island.

J. R. Wall, District Manager of the W. H. Bradford & Co., Inc., Miners and Shippers, of Clarion, Pa., a former Blue Ridger, while in the East Liberty Station, Pitts-

burgh, Pa., March 10th, lost his wallet containing a certain sum of money, a 1920 80th Division Veterans' Association card, and American Legion card for 1923 (Craig E. Fleming Post No. 66) a Western Union Telegraph card, Postal Telegraph Card and a New York State Auto License. He is offering a reward for the return of same if found, to his address, 1606 West State St., Olean, N. Y.

Dr. William E. McCain, formerly Captain 315th F. A., is established as a Dentist at 2920 Perrysville Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. The Captain is one of our latest additions to the ever-growing Life Membership list.

James P. Robinson, formerly Sergeant of Co. B, 318th Infantry, will be glad to see any of his old friends at 2 South Sycamore St., or at his home, 417 Berkley Ave., Walnut Hill, Petersburg, Va.

E. W. Morrow, formerly Sergeant with Co. G, 318th Infantry, wants his buddies to know that he is still in the Pill making business. Any time they are in Petersburg, Va., and taken ill, just call at the corner Drug Store and he can cure them.

His former comrades of Co. F, 317th Infantry, will regret to learn that former private Bernard L. Williams of Petersburg, Va., left recently for Walter Reed Hospital. Comrade Williams was badly gassed while in France. He is in a very serious condition, although his friends hope for a speedy recovery.

## PENNSYLVANIA AUXILIARY No. 1

Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association, held the regular monthly meeting in the Assembly Room, Fulton Building, on April 5th. After the regular order of business an entertainment and lunch was given.

Miss Hubinger and Miss Brown rendered selections on the piano which was very much enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Fleming, Mr. Curry and Mr. Clark acted as waiters in serving the lunch and a vote of thanks was given them in the way they served the ladies.

Quite a few of our old members and some new ones attended this meeting, but at our May meeting we hope to have a larger attendance.

Mrs. Meyers, one of our mothers who has been ill for some months attended this meeting and all were very glad to see her.

Mrs. Mary Heidler was reported ill, but we hope she will be in attendance at our next meeting as this is the first meeting she has missed since our organization.

Mrs. Ferguson recently paid a visit to her son in Los Angeles, California.

The luncheon served to the members was a demonstration of how efficiently Uncle Sam trains his soldiers. The caterers were veteran soldiers themselves. The coffee was brought in a large milk can

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**Morning Report**

and about the only thing lacking was the  
mess sergeant's gruff voice shouting to the  
hungry to cut out that crowding—paper  
napkins and dishes were used and the feed  
was hauled to the meeting place in "Big  
Bill's" car.

Mr. Boyd who has always been a faith-  
ful attendant and worker for the Auxiliary,  
has been missing from several recent meet-  
ings. What's-a-matter, John?

**Something's Happened Twixt  
Us Two**

(Continued from Page 9)

upon you when comradeship was infinitely  
more than an empty phrase, and they are  
counting upon you to-day. No organiza-  
tion or group, no matter how deserving,  
can become a living, virile entirety without  
support. Yours is a privilege and satisfac-  
tion vouchsafed to but few; it is a priceless  
possession that can be made into a potent  
reality, vibrant with meaning and possibili-  
ties. Instead of abusing and ignoring it,  
help preserve it and prove to yourself and  
to your fellow-men that good and strength  
can be born of war. Get in touch with  
your divisional and national organizations  
and convince yourself of the fact that  
there are men, the best of men, who are  
proud to be your comrade, who are glad  
to be able to greet you and to say:

*"Something's happened twixt us two,  
Something makes a glad heart beat  
Every time we chance to meet,  
And adown the coming years  
N'er a song shall greet my ears  
Half so welcome as the way  
You and I can meet and say—  
'Hello, Buddy!'"*

RUSSELL L. STULTZ,  
Ex Sgt., Inf., U. S. Army.

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## The Cronkhite Case

(Continued from Page 10)

a scandal that has become a stench in the nostrils of the people. The whole matter should be made the subject of a thorough and unprejudiced investigation without delay.

In view of the foregoing statement, Be It Resolved By The Norfolk-Portsmouth Post Number One, Eightieth Division Veterans Association:

First, That we extend to Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, our old commander, our deep sympathy in this hour of pain, regret and humiliation.

Second, That we take pleasure in expressing our affection for the man who will ever be "Our Division Commander" and take this means of saying that we stand with him and at his service as we did in the crucial days of Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, when the Eightieth always moved forward.

Third, That we heartily condemn the responsible officers whoever they may be, for their inexcusable failure to secure and safeguard all the facts and exhibits in the case of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite and to bring to trial the alleged murderers.

Fourth, That we brand as un-American and indefensible the execution of the statute invoked to effect the retirement of General Cronkhite without affording him an opportunity to present his side of the case before a Board of Inquiry.

Fifth, That as former soldiers and free citizens, we call upon Senators Swanson and Glass, of Virginia, and Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, to employ their utmost endeavors to effect the reinstatement of General Cronkhite and to authorize an investigation by the proper committee of the United States Senate, into all the facts of his case and the failure of the Government to prosecute the alleged murderers of his son.

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Some good chaps are getting subscribers—some are getting advertising from their friends—some are contributing news and articles—what are you doing?

**The Man Who Wanted to  
Forget**

(Continued from Page 14)

serve in these last sad rights for the departed. Perhaps they did not know of the rebukes suffered by the comrades at the hands of the departed, when he had been asked to continue comradeship liaison with them and his old outfit. Perhaps they took him too seriously and figured that his desire to forget the war and its participants also included a military burial.

His relatives not understanding, of course looked for this great honor for their departed relative, expected the same kind of military honors that were accorded those who died on the field of battle and who were returned home. Those who had no opportunity to join any, but the great organization of our "Silent Men of Arms." To the shame of every ex-soldier this comrade who unwisely thought he wanted to forget the war and his comrades was allowed to forget (if he could) and be forgotten (which he evidently was). The frantic last minute efforts of sorrowing relatives to get a dead man into a veterans organization that he (while living) refused to enter. The heart touching spectacle of seeing the bereaved appealing first at one and then another organization or Post to furnish pall-bearers, firing squads, etc. and give the honor of comrades to one who denied his debt of comradeship, may not matter much to the departed, but it is a sad, sad legacy to leave behind to those whom we profess to love.

Thus it came to pass, that our departed (ex-comrade) became a comrade again through death and out of sympathy to his sorrowing relatives. He was carried to his last resting place by four comrades of his own Division, two of whom were wounded veterans of his own company, and sad as it may seem, in truth we are forced to relate that the balance of the bearers were strangers. There were eight mourners for the man who wanted to forget.

This is not a fable, but fact. The moral is quite clear, WE CANNOT FORGET WITHOUT BEING FORGOTTEN.

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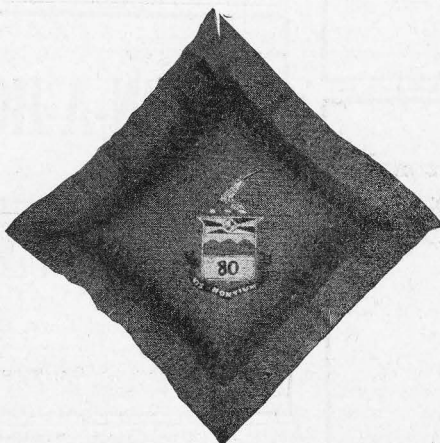
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Theodore L. Cogswell, first lieutenant, Company F, 319th Infantry, 80th Division. For extraordinary heroism in action at Landres St. George, France, November 1, 1918. In the advance of that day his company was halted by intense machine-gun fire while passing through barbed wire entanglements. In the face of this fire Lieutenant Cogswell voluntarily crawled down a slope in front of the enemy's position and in full view thereof, discovered a sunken road at the foot of the slope, crawled back to his company and led them to the advanced position. Immediately upon reaching the new position he again voluntarily sought a favorable forward position crawling a distance of seventy-five yards towards the enemy when he was severely wounded. The outstanding bravery and devotion to duty displayed by Lieutenant Cogswell served to incite the men of his company to heroic endeavors enabling them to assist in the capture of the town of Landres St. George together with two hundred nine prisoners, nine field pieces and fifteen machine guns.

This citation was presented on April 17, 1923 by the Secretary of War.

Seelinger, Dr. Harry R. Formerly First Lieut. 317th Inf. Med. Detachment, was presented with the Distinguished Service Cross awarded for personal bravery and devotion to duty during the fighting on September 28th and October 5th, 1918. The presentation was made by General Adelbert Cronkhite, U. S. A. Ret. At a meeting of the Reunion Committee and members of Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1. E. D. V. A. held at Norfolk, Va., May 4th, 1923, copy of citation not available at this writing.

#### STATEMENT of the

Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of "The Service Magazine" published monthly at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for April, 1923.

State of Pennsylvania, County of Allegheny.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry R. Curry, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of "The Service Magazine," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

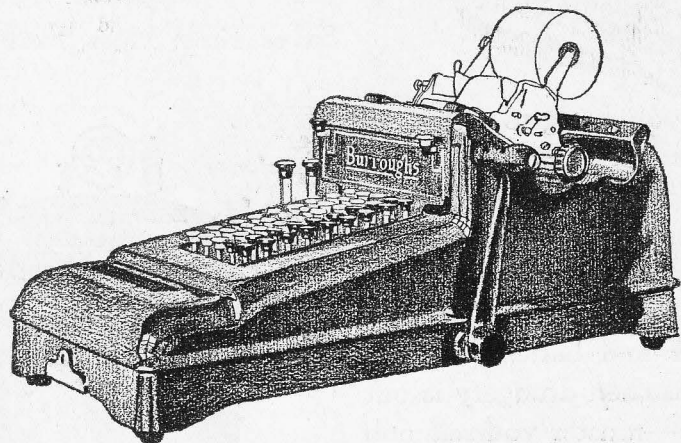
1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, 80th Division Veterans' Association, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., Managing Editor and Business Manager is Henry R. Curry, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

2. That the owners are: Eightieth Division Veterans' Association; President, Col. Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. A., Ret., 1301 K St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and John E. Sugden, Jr., Recording Secretary, 425 N. Fairmont St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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

Signed, Henry R. Curry, Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this fourth day of April, 1923, S. E. Green, Notary Public. (My commission expires April 1st, 1927.) With Seal attached.



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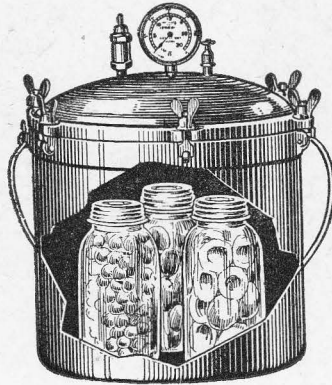
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