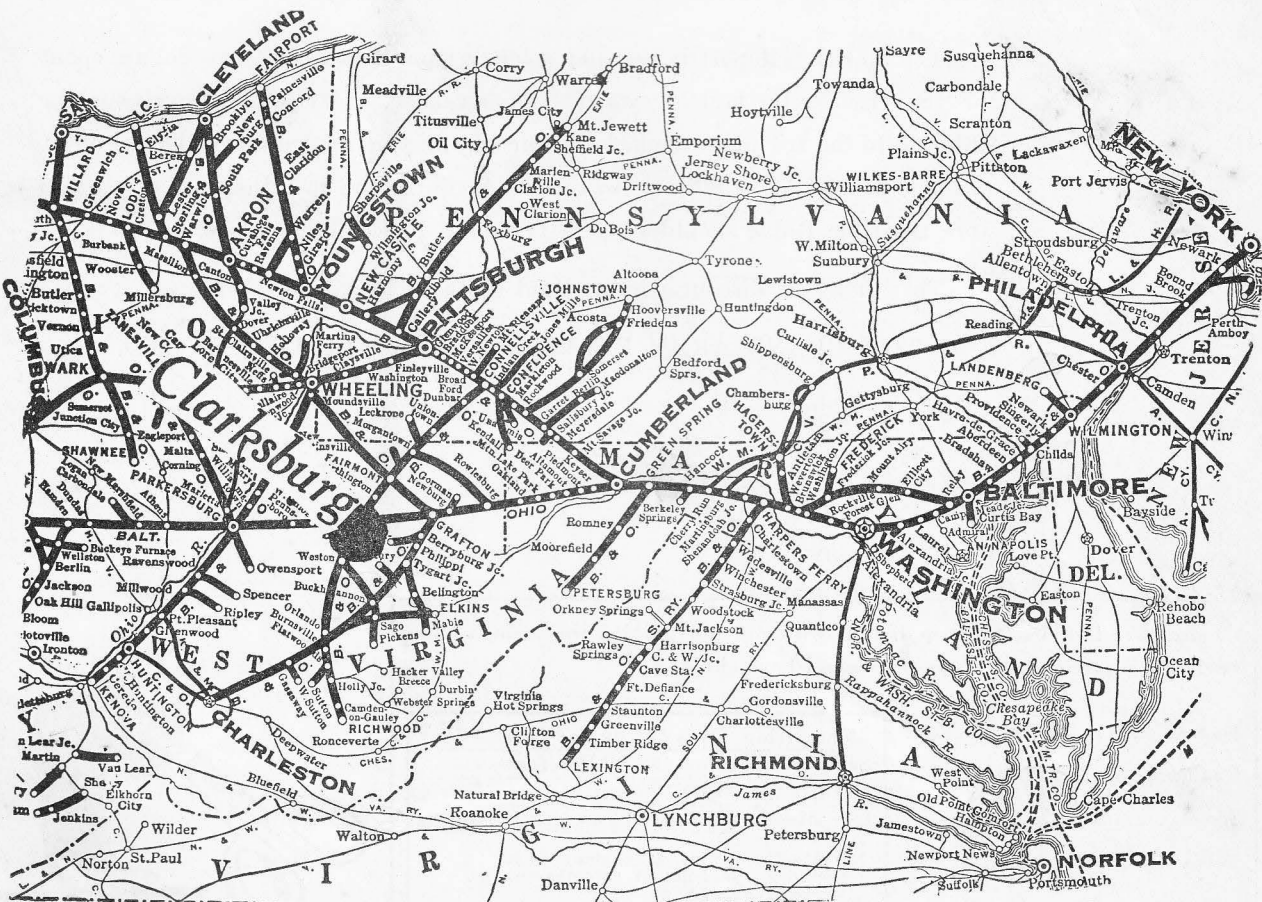


July-August, 1925

Official Communique
of the Blue Ridge Division



Clarksburg—The Accessible City



Sixth Annual National Reunion, 80th (Blue Ridge) Division
Clarksburg, W. Va., August 27-30, 1925

The First Ten Years Are The Hardest

The 80th Division Veterans Association and Service Magazine have weathered the first six. True there have been many bumps in the roads and obstacles to overcome, but there is a consolation and a joy in a work well done that has helped to carry the Association and "Service" over the rough places.

The Association is one of the few Divisional organizations that has lived and has been kept alive since demobilization—it has deserved to live. It has been of real service to the former members of the best fighting division in the American Expeditionary Force and its magazine has been the medium through which the buddies have kept in liaison,—and has kept fresh the memories of the sad, glad days of 1917-19.

The Morning Report is just like a letter from home. The two dollars spent for "Service" is the best investment you can make. Service and Loyalty to the 80th and to the friend who hiked at your side was not ended when the old outfit was demobilized. The 80th always moves forward, and it is the duty of all who wore the Blue Ridge shoulder patch to fill his place in the ranks.

There may be discouragements and obstacles, but remember

THE GRAND ARMY ENLISTED THEM ALL IN THE END.

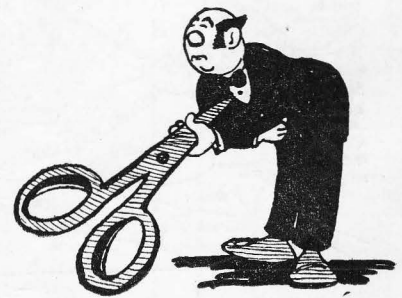
Send in the Coupon today.

COUPON

Comrades: Desiring to keep liaison with my old pals of the Army, I am enclosing my remittance to cover items I have checked.

Name.....
Rank.....
Street.....
Town.....
State.....
Amount enclosed \$.....

Membership Dues	\$1.00 Per Year
Service Magazine	\$2.00 Per Year
Dues & Magazine	\$3.00 Per Year
Life Membership	\$25.00
NOTE—Dues and Magazine, \$3.00, includes Gold-plated Membership Button (Free). Please check items you are remitting for.	



Treat Yourself to the Best History of the Best Outfit in the War

The Divisional Association is rapidly completing plans for publication of a large one-volume history of the 80th Division in camp and overseas. The book will embrace a comprehensive, representative and authoritative record of some 500 to 600 pages, which will contain information and accurate data heretofore unavailable. The book will contain the result of five years diligent research and assembling of maps, photographs and descriptive narrative covering all phases of the division's war service at home and abroad. It will contain the official casualty list of the 80th, both American and Foreign Decorations, all War Department, G. H. Q., A. E. F., Divisional and Brigade citations, passenger sailing lists "going and coming," lists of division personnel captured by the enemy, statements of prisoners and material taken, enemy units engaged, advances made, lists of camps and stations in the A. E. F. (for each unit) strength reports, rosters, commendatory orders and messages, and much material never before published or available to the division.

Fill out the order blank below promptly, in order that the Division History Committee may know what number copies to have printed, or may have on hand sufficient orders to warrant an edition. All remittances are to be made payable to Treasurer, 80th Division History Committee, Charleston, W. Va. Although it is not necessary to forward money with order, each cash order will help toward early publication, as a considerable guarantee is required by publishers.

The Volume of Volumes in Your Library Should be Your Division History!



ORDER BLANK

80th Division History

80th Division History Committee,192.....
 Box 1412,
 Charleston, W. Va.

Enclosed find \$5.00 for which forward me when published, a copy of the Eightieth Division History. (Price \$5.00 Delivered.)

Enter my order for.....copies of the 80th Division History, for which I will forward you the sum of \$5.00 per copy upon notification of publication.

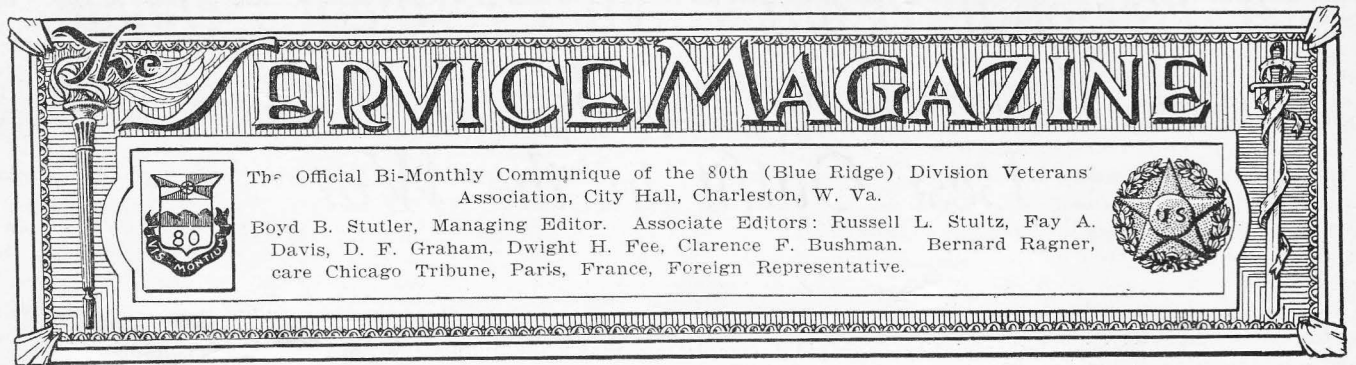
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_____ (State)

OVER THE TOP ONCE MORE.—THE HISTORY IS OUR GREAT OBJECTIVE!



Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Charleston, W. Va., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 6—No. 4
Whole No. 51

JULY-AUGUST, 1925

Price, \$2.00 Per Year

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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"

A Personal Word From President Schoble

IN CLOSING the year of my administration as President of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association, I want to extend my thanks to the membership for the signal honor conferred by the election to the post so well filled by Generals Cronkhite and Brett, and for the opportunity to be of further service to the Blue Ridge Division and the fine body of men who did not discard or lay down their patriotism, loyalty and sense of comradeship with their arms and uniform when the war-time division was demobilized. The Eightieth Division only moves forward, and is moving forward in its peace-time organization—a live, dominant organization with a mission no less real than that which confronted us when we wore the olive drab and served on foreign soil.

We will soon meet at Clarksburg, West Virginia, in our sixth annual national reunion, and to our comrades living in and near Clarksburg our thanks are due for having made this reunion possible. Here we will be able to review our experiences at Camp Lee; the trip overseas; the training areas, and live again the stirring days on the battle-fields of France, side by side with the buddies who failed to return. We will again turn in memory to the more than eleven hundred of our comrades who gave their lives while fighting gallantly against a seasoned and obstinate foe, and to the more than six thousand buddies who carry the wounds received in battle upon their persons. And, shall we not return to our homes after the great reunion, as it is sure to be, strengthened and encouraged and with a firm resolve to "Carry on" with the great Division that only moves forward with Flag, country and comrade.

While the Association has not attained the high objective set for the year which is just closing, the results obtained have been of a constructive nature and the organization is building solidly for the future. One of the great changes brought about during the year was the removal of the National Headquarters



from Pittsburgh, where it had been located since the return of the Division from France, to Charleston, West Virginia. The Association and its officers are mindful of the wonderful co-operation given by the comrades, city officials, commercial organizations and friends of the city of Pittsburgh and were loathe to remove the headquarters. The greatest consideration in removing to the new location was the offer of free quarters for a permanent home for the Association and a general reduction of expense in maintaining the organization, and the further fact that the new location was more central, geographically, to the three states making up the original Blue Ridge Area,—the center hill of the three peaks emblazoned on the insignia of the Division.

The membership at large has favored me with the unselfish loyalty that could be only expected of men who are working with a wholesome object in view. Local Posts of the Veterans Association have been organized at Clarksburg, Fairmont and Grafton, West Virginia; Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and Petersburg, Virginia, and seed has been sown in fertile ground from which it is hoped other live posts will spring. The general membership has been increased by the organization of these posts.

I would be greatly remiss if, in this brief review, some mention was not made of the work of compiling and assembling data for the history of the division. This work has progressed to such point that it is hoped to be able to place the manuscript in the hands of the printer within a few months and the indefatigable and unselfish effort of Historian Russell L. Stultz to give us a record of our achievements can never be given its proper credit.

Let us look to the future and build for the future—the years must not slow us down. Let us forget the unpleasant things of life and join in a four day reunion that will keep every heart glad until the next gathering. And we must support the Association by

word and deed that these reunions may be possible each coming year and be of a real service to those of our unfortunate comrades who are struggling under disabilities and to whom life has not been kind.

Progress can only be made when each individual tries to reach the objective, and, by his example, encourages others to press forward with him. Our objective is to make the Eightieth Division Veterans Association the greatest organization of its kind. It is the only objective worthy of the "Blue Ridge." It means work—real work—but we know that every effort and small sacrifice will be well repaid.

The Eightieth Division only moves forward.

FRANK SCHOBLE, JR.

HEY, BUDDY!

—The gang at Clarksburg has the stage all set and all that is needed to start festivities is for you to show up on time to play your part. That old pal of the army that has looked in vain for you at past reunions—surely you are not going to disappoint him again.

—Get a bunch of postcards today and let your old army buddies know that you have thought it over and will be at Clarksburg if Providence lets you. Why didn't we think of that before,—instead of looking all over at reunions for old side-kicks we should have told them beforehand that we would attend.

—There are good motor roads from nearly every direction, and reduced railroad rates have been provided. Bring the wife and children—you are going to one of the healthiest and pleasant cities in the United States.



Clarksburg—The City of Go-Getters

CLARKSBURG, in the heart of West Virginia—the State Beautiful—is the state's nationally known city. It now occupies an unquestioned place in the state and nation. It is regarded by West Virginians as "the city of charmed people." In 1923 when there was a contest for the location of the new State Capitol, Clarksburg graciously withdrew in favor of Charleston, but lo! The following year they proceeded to elect of their fellowtownsmen a Governor of the State, a United States Senator, and secured for another the nomination for the Presidency of the United States, John W. Davis.

are happy in its present and confident of its future.

The city is named for the famous explorer George Rogers Clark. It is the birthplace of General T. J. ("Stonewall") Jackson, who later became the idol of the Confederacy; Honorable John W. Davis, one of America's most prominent diplomats; Howard M. Gore, former U. S. Secretary of Agriculture and now Governor of West Virginia; Colonel Guy D. Goff, United States Senator and Melville Davisson Post, famous short story writer. These men have made history for the nation and have served with great credit to their home city, Clarks-

burg, with a population of 100,000." It has had a marvelous growth since 1910, increasing its population to approximately 40,000, a jump of over 200% during that period.

It is located on the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, 276 miles east of Cincinnati and 275 miles west of Washington. Branch lines of this railroad radiate in all directions, the West Virginia short line operating to Wheeling and points west, the West Virginia and Pittsburgh branch to Richwood, Charleston and points south, while the Monongahela Railroad branch gives direct connections to Pittsburgh and the north and west. It is the county seat



Main Street, Clarksburg, showing the Union Bank and Prunty Buildings

While other cities were laboring to increase their population, the ordinary efforts of its people more than doubled its population in the 1910-20 decade.

The city was chartered in 1785 by the General Assembly of Virginia.

Its past is rich in historic achievement and today it is nestled in the lap of plenty and prosperity. Surrounded by beautiful blue-grass hills, the scenic grandeur is awe-inspiring to the transient guest; underlaid with precious, black diamonds and golden streams of oil and free flowing natural gas, it is no wonder that the citizens of Clarksburg

are happy in its present and confident of its future. It is also the home of Virgil L. Highland, Republican National Committeeman from West Virginia; a short traction car ride from Clarksburg is Fairmont, home of Clem Shaver, Chairman Democratic National Committee and U. S. Senator Matthew M. Neely.

Almost overnight Clarksburg has changed from a collection of small communities into a modern city. Judge Ben Lindsay, on a visit to Clarksburg, said of it: "A stranger coming to Clarksburg is impressed with its solid institutions and the activities of its people, and compares it favorably with a city of

of Harrison County, in which is a reserve of 300 miles of workable coal lands with an estimated yield of two billions of tons of coal before becoming depleted.

Clarksburg can now be reached over hard-surfaced roads from New York City, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis and other important centers. Since the summer of 1923, when Clarksburg was connected up with the famous National Highway by hard-surfaced roads, automobile license plates from dozens of states became noticeable on its streets. By automobile Clarksburg is

only five hours distance from Pittsburgh and a full day's ride from Baltimore or Washington. The city has a live automobile club which is mindful of the needs of tourists.

Clarksburg has many summer visitors within the city and at nearby lakes where there are two summer colonies; however, the average city temperature the year around is only 52.1 degrees, ranging from 29.4 degrees in February to 72.8 degrees in July.

Clarksburg has three beautiful country clubs, one with an 18 hole golf course, two others with 9 holes. The commodious chalet of Melville Davisson Post, celebrated writer, is located a short distance from the city.

Excellent Masonic Building
 Motorized Fire Department.
 Central West Virginia Fair Grounds.
 Traction company operating a passenger and freight service over 65 miles of lines.
 City Manager Form of Government with efficient Manager.
 Courteous and efficient Police Department.
 Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, A., Quota, Business and Professional Women's Clubs.
 \$1,500,000 cattle raised in county yearly.
 100 coal operations in radius of 25 miles producing five millions of tons yearly.
 7 Banks with combined resources of twenty-two millions.
 Chamber of Commerce with five hundred

men, women and children, proves that these phases of life are not being neglected.

Clarksburg lays no flattering claim to greatness; its place and standing in the State and nation are secure and unquestioned, and with a unity of vision it has developed splendid avenues for commerce, and its constant growth and the building of homes no doubt is inspired and encouraged by the fact that its citizens are prosperous and contented.

There are several live veterans organizations represented in the city, some of which are:

Custer Post No. 8, Grand Army of the Republic.



Hotel Gore, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Carmichael Auditorium, recently completed, now enables Clarksburg to accommodate the larger conventions and exhibits of most any nature. It has an exhibition floor space of approximately 16,000 feet and will accommodate more than 3,000 people.

Clarksburg has:

- Two newspapers, one morning and one evening.
- Keith Circuit vaudeville.
- Three High Schools.
- 20 beautiful houses of worship.
- Six municipal playgrounds.
- Several large hotels, three of which accommodate 700.
- Altitude of city, 1,100 feet.
- Beautiful Elks Home.

members.
 City water filtration plant, capacity 9,000,000 gallons daily.
 In thirteen years not a single case of typhoid traceable to water supply.
 30 wholesale and jobbing houses supplying northern West Virginia.
 Headquarters State Wild Life League.
 (Oo la la!)

Clarksburg's industries, 40 of them, are operating at a profit.
 Clarksburg is proud of its educational and religious institutions. It realized these are essential to a well rounded out community. It has three high schools, and school attendance of 6,000; twenty beautiful houses of worship with Sunday School attendance —of more than 6,000

Roy E. Parrish Post No. 13, American Legion.
 Clarksburg Post No. 6, Eightieth Division Veterans Association.
 Meuse-Argonne Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Clarksburg welcomes the veterans of the Eightieth Division, American Expeditionary Forces, and awaits the pleasure of extending the hand of fellowship to one and all on August 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1925.

Arrangements for hotel accommodations are entirely adequate to take care of the overflow crowds that will attend the convention. Hotel rates at the various hosteleries are given below. Arrangements for reservations should be taken up with the hotel direct.

Hotel and Rates

Waldo Hotel—Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50, without bath; \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 with bath, single.

Gore Hotel—Rates \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50, single.

Taywood Hotel—\$1.50 single, \$2.50 double, bath in every room with shower bath.

Parsons Hotel—\$1.00 and \$1.50 single with bath.

Delmont Hotel—\$1.00 to \$1.50 single; with bath.

New Capitol Hotel—\$1.00 to \$1.50—outside rooms with bath.

Railroad Transportation

Reduced rates of fare and one-half for the round trip has been granted the association for all members, active and inactive, by the Trunk Line Passenger Association, whose territory includes the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia and West Virginia. By the New England Passenger Association for those railroads traversing the territory of New England. By the Central Passenger Association whose territory includes the central section of the United States, including Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois and north of the Ohio River. By the South-eastern Passenger Association, including territory south of the Ohio River and Potomac and east of the Mississippi River. By the Western Passenger Association, including all territory west of Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis, and east of the states of Washington, Oregon and Nevada. By the outwestern Passenger Association, states of Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Louisiana. By the Trans-

continental Passenger Association, covering the Pacific Coast and other far-western territory not covered by above. By the Canadian Passenger Association for Canada (east of and including Armstrong and Port Arthur).

The minimum fare for the round trip is limited to \$1.00, and the concession for reduced rates is for members of our organization and dependent members of their families. Children under 5 and 12 when accompanied by parent will be charged one half of the fare for adults. Tickets will be sold at the reduced rates from August 24 to 29th inclusive and must be validated at Clarksburg, W. Va., on any date after arrival, but must be

used in order to reach the original starting point not later than midnight of September 5, 1925. One certificate will suffice for each member, including dependent members of his or her family, and it will not be necessary to have separate certificates for dependent members of the family.

Reduced fare certificates may be secured direct from association headquarters, Charleston, W. Va., or from the following representatives of the association:

John B. Diehl, 329 Duncan Avenue, Norfolk Va.

land Avenue, Fairmont, W. Va.

H. I. Taylor, Richmond Post No. 9, c/o Howell Brothers, Richmond, Va.

Rufus O. Barkley, Chestnut Ridge Post No. 10, Fairchance, Pa

Proctor V. Gresham, Petersburg, Va., Post No. 12, c/o American Hardware Company, Petersburg, Va.

C. F. Bushman, 315th Artillery Post, 915 Princeton Avenue, Bluefield, W. Va.

A. N. LaPorte, New York Association of Officers, Cecil Apartments, 25 W. 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.

All Association Officers will also have a supply of identification certificates for distribution. Their names and addresses will be found in the front of the magazine and under the masthead.

The headquarters of the Association at Charleston will be open to receive applications until Aug. 26.

All Roads Lead to Clarksburg

Clarksburg Auto Club tells us how to get there—routes verified by State Road Commission:

From All Points North, East and West

From Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and New York City—The continuous paved connection between paved roads of the north, as well as the east and west, and CLARKSBURG is the highway—through West Virginia, State Route No. 4—via Uniontown, Pa., Fairchance, Smithfield, Point Marion, Morgantown, Fairmont and Clarksburg. Part of this—between Fairmont and Clarksburg is narrow and two short stretches are cinders and macadam. The distance of this route from Uniontown, Pa. to Clarksburg is 72 miles. This highway is recommended to all tourists who can reach Uniontown without

too great amount of unnecessary travel or detour from a direct route.

From the East

From Grafton, W. Va. to Clarksburg the hard surfaced road has just been completed. From Grafton to Bridgeport route is over hard surfaced road. From Bridgeport to Clarksburg road is fair. East of Grafton State Route No. 1 is largely under construction though passable.

From the Northeast

From Kingwood, W. Va. the best road is via Reedsville, Morgantown and Fairmont to Clarksburg. From Keyser there



A Clarksburg Business Building

Elmer R. Leddon, Philadelphia Post No. 2, 5025 Dittman Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Burg. C. Clark, Pittsburgh Post No. 3, 240 Robinson Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Louis Jaffe, Charleston Post No. 4, 713 Virginia Street, Charleston, W. Va.

Colonel Charles Keller, War Plans Division, General Staff, War Department, Washington, D. C.

Colonel C. Fred Cooke, Washington Post No. 5, c/o The Evening Star, Washington, D. C.

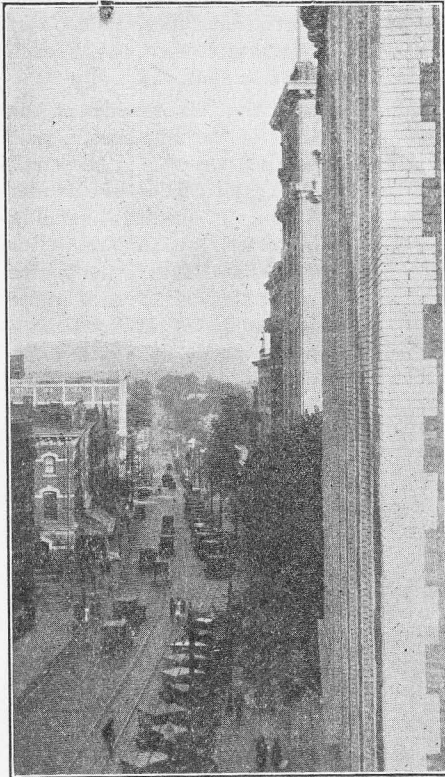
Deem Robey, Clarksburg Post No. 6, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Orville L. Nay, Fairmont Post No. 7, c/o Fairmont Traction Company, Cleve-

is a paved road via Oakland to Kingwood. From Keyser to Clarksburg the distance is about 110 miles. It is about the same distance from Keyser to Clarksburg via Uniontown, Pa.

From the Southwest

Staunton, Va. to Clarksburg, distance 165 miles. Via the Shenandoah Valley Pike and Staunton, Va. there is fairly



Main Street, Clarksburg

good roads over Cheat and Allegheny Mountains, Staunton to Monterey, to Bartow, to Huttonsville, Elkins, Belington, Philippi, Grafton and Clarksburg.

From Norfolk and Richmond and the South

From Staunton, Va. to Clarksburg, via Elkins, Buckhannon and Weston the distance is 180 miles, but this route is nearly all paved roads. From Buckhannon to Clarksburg there are hard-surfaced roads. An indirect route from Staunton through the State of Virginia and points of great scenic and historic interest to Clarksburg would be from Staunton to Harrisonburg, Winchester, Va., Martinsburg, W. Va., Charles Town and Harpers Ferry, W. Va. (scene of John Brown's raid), thence to Keyser and over the route given above from that point.

From the Southwest

Huntington and Charleston, W. Va. to Clarksburg: From Huntington to Charleston 53 miles over famous Midland Trail (an excellent hard surfaced road). From Charleston to Clendennin, to Spencer, thence via either Grantsville

or Glenville to Weston. This is a passable road with the main highway soon to be placed under hard-surface construction, and the detour is also a dirt road. From Weston to Clarksburg, hard surfaced road. The trip from Charleston to Clarksburg is made within five or six hours. From Huntington 1½ hours more. (Contract awarded for hard-surfacing main highway Charleston to Elizabeth which will close this route presumably in the near future and require detour.)

From the West

Parkersburg to Clarksburg, total distance 102 miles, 25 miles dirt, 77 miles paved or hard surfaced road. From Parkersburg—State Route No. 1—via pavement to Murphytown and thence to "Pleasant Hill," then 16 miles of fair dirt detour through Volcano and Petroleum to Nutter Farm, thence to Cairo and Harrisville via State Routes 1 and 31, thence to Ellenboro, Pennsboro, and Toll Gate via paved roads, then 9 miles of earth road to West Union; West Union to Clarksburg 30 miles of paving.

From the Northwest

From Cincinnati and Columbus, etc: From Wheeling, W. Va. to Clarksburg via Washington and Uniontown, Pa., the distance is 140 miles. This route is recommended, as State Route No. 6 via Mannington and Fairmont is largely under construction. About 15 miles can be saved in this route from Washington, Pa. via Waynesburg, Blacksville and Fairview in dry weather.

Tourist Camps

There is a private camp, "Laurel Park" about five miles south of Clarksburg on State Route No. 4. There is a seven acre site privately owned near Viropa. There is vast territory that can be diverted to the camps by the committee which is working on this proposition.

Parking

There is a regular 20 minute parking restriction in the downtown congested district of Clarksburg. Extra traffic officers will be detailed to accommodate and help care for extra traffic during reunion. A number of public parking places are being arranged with City Manager. Location of these can be obtained by inquiry to traffic police. Ample space within the city for parking tourist cars will be provided.

GRAFTON POST NO. 8

L. M. Loraw, Adjutant

At the last moment before closing our magazine for the bi-monthly edition, we have the following letter:
"Dear Sirs and Comrades:

"Replying to your letter, would say that Mrs. Loraw and I just returned home this evening after spending a month away, and I am answering tonight in order for you to receive it by Wednesday in time for Service.

"First, I want to say that the only thing that will keep me away from the Reunion will be death or sickness in the family. I live the whole year for those four days of back slapping and handshaking, and renewal of old friendships. I have only missed one so far, which was at Richmond, and I did not know of it or would not have missed that one. And I have always had a good time at all of them.

"As to the reduced fare certificates, most all of the buddies here own a car (or Ford) and will drive to Clarksburg, a distance of only 22 miles.

"I will write to the Clarksburg Reunion Committee and find out in what way we can be of the most service and will do all personally that I can toward success.

"In corresponding with Philadelphia Post, the Adjutant tells me that each member has pledged himself to send five postcards to five buddies telling them of the reunion, and urging them to meet them there. I think this is a good scheme and will do so myself.

"Let me know if I can be of service to the old 80th in any way and I will gladly serve at any time.

"L. M. Loraw."



Waldo Hotel, Clarksburg

Comrade Loraw lives at 56 W. Main street, Grafton, W. Va., and is an ex-private Co. C, 317th Infantry. The postcard publicity idea he describes is recommended to all members that will attend the reunion of the association, and they are urged to DO IT NOW!

'Sweeney of Legion' Goes to War Again

Adventurous 80th Division Veteran Takes to the Air Against Abd-El-Krim, Leader of the Riffian Army

By *Steuart M. Emery*

In New York Times

ABOUT three thousand miles away from here there is a real war going on—a vivid, shifting kaleidoscope of arid lands and burning sun, of whiteburnoosed harkas that drive vindictively against the best barrage that can be thrown down by a line of seventy fives in action.

Abd-el-Krim has hurled his dodging legions against a stiffly held French line for weeks. He has inflamed his followers with the precepts of Islam and the idea of Morocco freed from white dominance. He knows the troops that his forces are facing—the heat-bitten desperate divisions of Morocco, the Spahis and the Foreign Legion whose name is like a sword wherever it has fought. Now and again the news that filters through from the fighting front has indicated that the situation is growing serious, that 15,000 veterans of the defeated European armies have joined the troops of Abd-el-Krim. Consequently within the last few weeks there has been a sudden and amazing rallying to the opposing Tricolor.

Ten years or so ago a certain group of Americans deserted the easy, gay ways of the boulevards and the glamorous flood of life in Paris to don kepi and capote and march away to the front as soldiers of the Legion. Sweeney, Seeger, Chapman, Thaw, Lufbery, Boulogny—to mention only a few—were Americans all who couldn't stay neutral when the first distant thunder of the guns of the world rolled toward their horizon. There are many people today who fancy that soldiers of fortune of the type beloved of Richard Harding Davis and Stephen Crane vanished when the period of which they were a part was taken over by succeeding eras of standardization and machinery. The trade which followed the flag, they declare, permits them no more.

Old War Spirit Revives

But just the other day the news came

over the cables that the spirit of 1914 which sent hundreds of Americans march through the streets to the Invalides behind their own flag has not yet

Foreign Legion, has just become a member of a new aviation force made up of Americans for service with the French against the Riffs in Morocco.

Somehow with that announcement the thunderous years of the war that is past seem to live again. One sees that particular flag being carried below the fronts of ancient houses bending over Paris streets, the cries of "Vive l'Amérique!" rise from sidewalk cafe table and pavement throng alike—women rush out with cigarettes and chocolate, their children lifting tiny hands to salute. That, of course, was a good while ago and only those who viewed those scenes remember the thrill and the power of them. The others of us sat back and read about them in the newspapers. But somehow Sweeney of the Foreign Legion—probably the most outstanding soldier of many flags that America has produced in this century—has just signed up in Paris for another war.

Sweeney is a man born and built for fighting—a man who lives for the sight of a horizon split with flame, whose ears enjoy only the rolling drumfire of the barrage and the incessant tapping of machine guns. His element is the storm—the wired hill to be taken amid the crash of high explosive and the whine of shrapnel, the dawn attack when one short blast of the whistle sends the line over shattered ground to gain its objective or not come back at all. He has known no less than five wars, and in them all the killing stretch of road under full pack the terrific weariness that sends men into bat-

tle at its end with strength of demons.

Charles Sweeney happened to be the son of a Spokane millionaire. There have been scores of soldiers of fortune who have enlisted under the banners of many countries with the hope of promotion, battle and pay. But to Sweeney the idea of battle alone was what count-



LIEUT. COLONEL CHARLES SWEENEY, 318th INF.
"Soldier of the Legion"

"gone west." The little group for which the boulevards then cheered were on their way to become soldiers of the Foreign Legion of France. The deeds which they accomplished individually have become part of the history of two nations. And now Charles Sweeney, one of the first Americans to enlist in the

ed. He went to West Point and when he was through he found that there were no war in which the United States was engaged. But the United States had a noisy border—that of Mexico—and below that border Madero was pushing forward in an effort to oust the dictator, Diaz. And so Sweeney—the man whose name in a few short years was to be known wherever there was the shock of battle—thrust his way across the line and joined Madero. He fought with Madero, he was wounded with Madero and when that ill-fated expedition was over his fighting nerve called him to combat even further south. There are nearly always revolutions brewing in the countries around and below the Equator—there are Presidents to be removed and unjust Governments to be overturned or land to be recovered. It has never been said of Sweeney that he fought in a cause which he did not consider just.

And so we find Sweeney—by this time one of the few survivors of the spirit that once sent American fighters the world around—traveling in the hot African provinces of France during the Summer of 1914. In the meantime he had married a Belgian girl. So when on a blazing day in August the field gray hordes of Germany poured across Belgium's frontier it was no wonder that Sweeney rushed from Africa to Paris and enlisted in the Foreign Legion, to whose ranks a memorable and dashing band of Americans had been attracted.

Since he went into the Foreign Legion he has service in many other branches of the service, and under other flags, but as Sweeney of the Legion he will always be remembered. No other American ever "won to" the commission of a captain in that fierce and gallant outfit. And Sweeney won it at the cost of wounds that laid him flat on his back for weeks in the American hospital at Neuilly. "I have no intention of dying," he wrote to a friend on the day after an ambulance had come plunging back from the front carrying him on one of its stretchers. The next day he was better. He recovered and there was a tremendous demand from America—by this time an entrant in the war—that he be returned to this country to aid as an instructor of our raw forces.

Sweeney had fought in the Battle of

the Marne. Single-handed he had charged a German machine gun nest and had taken the gun and its crew of six. He had saved the life of his superior officer. When all the commissioned officers of his company had been killed, he had assumed command and carried the line across the German trenches. He had been laid low by machine-gun fire and had spent six hours, helplessly wounded, in a shell crater. A French General had called upon him as he lay on his back in a hospital cot and had conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The cables had flashed the news to America that Sweeney of the Legion was one of the great fighters of the war.



PERSONNEL DETACHMENT, 314th FIELD ARTILLERY

(Kodak picture taken at Chateau du Loire, France, May, 1919.)

Standing, left to right, Lieut. Otis Griner, Indianapolis, Ind.; Corporal Ray T. Martin, Sistersville, W. Va.; Corporal Edward J. Davis, Wheeling, W. Va.; Private Joseph Vistein, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sitting: Sergeant Boyd B. Stutler, Grantsville, W. Va.; Captain Fred C. Mitchell, Deadwood, S. Dak.; Sergeant Major Bernard L. Helfer, Wheeling, W. Va. The detachment mascot, "Flick," held by Captain Mitchell, was with the detachment several months.

In consequence Captain Charles Sweeney, who had risen all the way from the rank of private, arrived in the United States as an officer detached from the French Army and ready to proffer his services to the American Army then in the making. This was in the early Summer of 1917, when, it must be admitted, the City of Washington was getting entangled in red tape. Sweeney spent some time in delivering lectures on the use of tanks. It appears that he had been in command of no less than sixteen of those lumbering trench-smashing fortresses just before he was sent back to America. But the rules of the War Department were adamant—Sweeney of

the Foreign Legion, adorned with the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honor, late commander of his own company in the Foreign Legion and of a battery of tanks, was assigned to the Officers' Training School at Fort Myer, Virginia, as a rookie!

He did the manual of arms, he wielded a pick when there were post holes to be dug; he took his turn at lowly fatigue. But still the War Department ignored the fact that in the ranks at Myer there was a man who was used to leading his own company into battle, who had served on the staff of a French division—a man to whom all the ghastly, red-hot details of making war were things learned by vital experience.

Sweeney of the Legion had seen many a gray dawn lighten a field wrecked by shellfire and strewn with quiet figures; he was a past master of the art of combat in the maws of black trenches where every corner meant a new bomb; he knew the creeping midnight patrol of No Man's Land, the white flare of dropping lights and the malignant rattle of the searching machine gun. He saw no particular reason why he should be intrusted by officers who had learned their battles out of the pages of a manual. He announced that fact in explicit terms.

Doughboys Follow Sweeney

The result was that overnight Candidate Charles Sweeney became Major Charles Sweeney. The officers who had been teaching him the day previous were now under his command and were being informed how things were done on the western front,

where hesitation or error meant extinction. The old slogan that the Legion knew—"Suivez Sweeney!"—which used to go crashing along the line as the first wave went over, was heard again in the practice trenches of an American training camp. "Follow Sweeney!" His men learned it—and they never forgot it.

The Eightieth Division was formed, took ship and arrived in France. It was hurled into the line against the wired, gas-shrouded hills of the Argonne, the "post of honor," against which Pershing's forces smashed in the concluding months of the war. Sweeney of the Le-

(Continued on page 27)

Your Duty to the Eightieth

By Russell L. Stultz

318th Infantry



AS THE DAYS and months and years flit by in ceaseless procession, memories of those other, more stirring and eventful days that once converted our lives into doubtful prospects continually intrude

to recall our part in playing man's oldest and most significant game. Six years have come and gone since we of the 80th completed our allotted task in the world's greatest war. Six years have intervened since we returned from a foreign soil, to discard our O. D. raiment for the more prosaic garb of civilian life, six years filled with life's strange mixture of luck and misfortune, joy and sorrow. The period of transition from soldier to citizen has not been without its bitterness and hardships, neither without that measure of compensation vouchsafed those possessing the knowledge of a duty well done.

Five times in the interval have we of the 80th gathered together in that fellowship and reunion that is our well-earned reward for having fought and served and only men and Americans can. Five times have we heeded the call of comradeship and assembled in that spirit of noble fraternity that marked and alleviated the demands of camp and battle. Recollections of Richmond, Pittsburgh twice, Charleston and Norfolk have merged with those earlier and more indelible impressions, until today we find ourselves checking off another milestone on life's cryptic calendar and looking forward with glad expectancy to that rare privilege of mingling with our Buddies in another session of reminiscence and greeting. There are many who were denied the pleasure of joining us on those previous occasions, there are many others who recall with pleasant thrill the incidents and happenings of those bloodless peacetime "battles" in the home sector. Whether you were present or absent, none of you who once wore the insignia of the Blue Ridge Division cannot but vision the duties and obligations that emblem entailed.

Today, few of us are so fortunate as to feel no need for the friendship and understanding of those who shared our pleasures and our dangers in times when the sharing constituted our strength. But few of us retain some vestige of the scars and sacrifices that symbolize that service together; those ever-present mementoes, whether visible or unseen, form enduring reminders of the price men pay for honor and the privileges of citizenship. Just as we seek forgetfulness for the hurts, should we cherish and recon-

secrate the fine, precious things remaining to us from the war—our comrades and our memories. Let us not be negligent of the responsibilities and prideful associations attached to their existence. They embrace possessions of which none can deprive us. Whether commissioned officer or enlisted man, whether General or Buck-Private, we are brothers under the skin and have arrived at that stage in our lives where the years have brought proper perspective and true realization of the fact that our ties are common to each other. Virtues and weaknesses that were once magnified have attained their true valuation—we can now esteem the one and forgive the other. We have reached that point where it is possible to minimize the harsh realities of war and glorify its compensations. The passing of rank and distinction has removed arbitrary definitions, to make way for comradesly affection and manly recognition. When we assemble in reunion, we meet upon that plane that has come to us as our rightful reward and unmarred inheritance.

As we prided ourselves upon the achievements of our Division in time of combat, let us be mindful that it is *our* Division still and that its record in civilian life is just as dear to us as it was when we were engaged under its banner in making history for our country, ourselves and our descendants. Its present-day activities deserve your support and encouragement. These, centering about the 80th Division Association, the Division Magazine, History and Reunions, are representative of those efforts and trials that characterized your most memorable and momentous experience. Emblematic of your youthful idealism and echoing your unquenchable determination and will, they stand today vibrant relics salvaged from an era of faith, hope and despair. They ask to be fostered and conserved, that in the years to come they may supply your link with the past. Life, at best, is short, and as we fully grasp its brevity our yesterdays assume added significance and meaning. We acquire the habit of reverting to them with increasing frequency, and when we permit ourselves to recall other days and other scenes the friends and associates who played and fought and endured with us round out the picture. They can *never* be forgotten, they have come to you as one of life's treasured heritages and you do not *want* to forget them.

Our Division Association and annual Reunions afford a certain medium for reviving and awakening those fine, big

traditions so fraught with potentialities of man's noblest feeling toward his fellow-men; they supply the instrument for commemorating the tangible evidences of our war-time service and, as such, they must receive our endorsement and formal recognition. This can be extended through our active membership in our Association and our presence at our Reunions. They are our property and our gatherings; their success or failure are dependent upon us. Our interest and support can make them vital, expressive contacts; our indifference and neglect *will* emasculate and destroy their possibilities. Whether or not they shall achieve their full mission is a decision that rests with us who have created them.

Reunions do not occur of their own volition. Instead, they entail an annual expenditure of time, energy and money in quantities known only to those who have contributed so generously of these commodities toward making our yearly gatherings possible. Our appreciation of their labors is best demonstrated by the measure of our response. Let it not be said that we of the 80th are ungrateful. Reunions, like Christmas, come but once a year. Surely, the vast majority of us can spare a few francs out of our purses and a few days out of the three hundred and sixty-five for the purpose of mingling with our Buddies and renewing that magnificent comradeship bequeathed to us by virtue of having rendered man's greatest service to country?

Each anniversary conjures visions of fighting days, each summer and autumn calls into being dormant memories that persist in challenging the prosaic duties of post-bellum existence. It is an element and a time in our lives that will not be denied. We who were the raw, undisciplined material that went to make up "that man's army" realize the fact in manner unmistakable as we bestow a reminiscent glance upon the faded, shrunken garments that once clothed heroes and men-men in deed as well as name.

This year, the Division's peace-time "front" will occupy a new sector among the West Virginia hills, from whence sprang the personnel of an Artillery Brigade unsurpassed among the A. E. F., the city of Clarksburg is our goal and objective. It awaits our taking and is "warming up" to welcome us when we convene there in sixth annual reunion this month. Sol Burka and his "gang" have labored to surmount obstacles insuperable to other than veterans. Let us carry the proud record of the 80th to that region where "Stonewall" Jackson

(Continued on page 28)

With the Artillery at the Clarksburg Offensive



SEVEN long years ago the 155th Field Artillery Brigade was on the firing range at Camp Meucon, France many, many miles from these West Virginia Hills, preparing for the terrible seven weeks in the Argonne

forest that followed. We gather at Clarksburg, West Virginia, this month to renew the many friendships that were formed in the active days of 1917-19. There we will meet comrades that have not been seen or heard of perhaps since those days and the handclasps and reunions will be far beyond the compass of words to express. Of these many "Buddies" of our army experience we are often reminded of these tragical lines from "The Theologian's Tale" from "The Tales of a Way-side Inn" by Longfellow:

*"Ships that pass in the night and speak to each other in the passing;
Only a signal is shown and a distant voice in the darkness
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak to each other,
Only a look and a voice—then darkness again and silence."*

But the tragedy of living is soon forgotten when the old quartette puts over a barrage of barber-shop ballads which will start out with either "The Old Gray Mare" or "As the Caissons Go Rollin' Along," including on their repertoire such heartrending songs as "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," "In the Evening by the Moonlight," "Love Me and the World is Mine," "Some Folks Say," "In the Evening," "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," and will probably end with "There's a Long, Long Trail," that great harbinger of hope that lightened many a heavy pack on those long winding roads in France.

After numerous and diverse questions are asked and answered pro and con by these old "Buddies of Yesterday" the conversation will drift to a discussion of the old camping ground at Camp Lee, Virginia, where many thousands of us quartered in its halcyon hours. In the network of trenches so painstakingly prepared by the boys of the 305th Engineers we will be told that rabbits and quail and other wild life have made their happy homes. Peace unto them. Then some old comrade who has not been heard of before will up and tell something about what the next war is going to be like. The average range for all guns have been increased twenty-five per cent since the World War. The new

By C. F. Bushman

315th Field Artillery

coast defense gun recently approved and adopted by Army Officials fires a sixteen hundred pound shell and has a range of thirty-five miles. Anti-aircraft guns have a horizontal range of 17,000 yards of nine and two-thirds miles and a new vertical range of 25,200 feet. Much needed protection is thus secured from bombing planes and to some extent from observers. As is known a bomber plane's work ceases to be effective after passing 10,000 feet. Horizontally this gun has a range of nearly ten miles. The latest development in howitzers for use in close demolition fires an eight inch projectile, uses a new powder which is smokeless, flashless, and burns with a dull blue

chutes open spreading the net in the path of the enemy airplanes. Modern tanks will be effective against bombs and trees will crumple like straws before their onslaught. They will move irresistibly over stone walls and ditches. Searchlights of 1200 million candle power throwing a beam six miles and spotting objects at a distance of 30,000 feet will be used. A sixteen-inch armor piercing shell will damage any battleship afloat. But let us stop here. We can readily see that the next war will be as bad as the last one and that the first seven years will be the hardest. Let us think of something happier. For instance, "Pier No. 4," at ten o'clock on that eventful morning of June 29th, 1919, and the sign that greeted us which read "Oh, Boy! Oh, joy! Home Again" or maybe Rue Dugueschin, Redon, Ille et Vilaine. Selah! We are on only too familiar ground there. If you are a base ball fan you will ask about Miljus, the old Eightieth Division boy who twirled for the Robins several seasons ago. He is out on the coast now with Seattle and is going good. Of the old comrades who have answered "Here" to "Taps" an incomplete list shows the following comrades of the 315th Field Artillery: Headquarters Company, Assistant Band Leader Robert Nelson, Pvt. T. Y. Davis and Lieut. Geo. C. Brower, Battery A., Pvts. Harry Muschlitz and Harry Rosen; Battery B., Private David M. Wine-man; Battery D, Pvt. Ray Combs; Battery F, Corporal F. L. Sweeney, and Medical Department, Major Adam M. Robinhold.

The War Department has authorized a badge for wear with civilian clothes to denote service in the army. It may be procured through the Quartermaster Corps by authorized agencies of the government. All members of the division are entitled to wear this new badge. The badge sets forth an eagle with wings displayed together with the national colors and the inscription "National Defense."

The Commander of the First Army has made his report, the title of which is "Commanding an American Army," written by Hunter Liggett, Major General, U. S. A., retired, formerly Lieut. General, U. S. A., Commanding First American Army. It is profusely illustrated with portraits and maps. It may be secured from Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.

The rotogravure picture section of the New York Times, Sunday, June 7th, gives an excellent picture of "Pershing and His Fighting Generals" from a life size portrait of the United States leaders

HAPPINESS

By C. E. Grundish

Happiness—

I have searched for you
a long time.

But a thousand volumes on the
library shelves couldn't tell me
where you were.

And the ports of romance
the world over
didn't hold your secrets.

Professors shrugged shoulders
and said you were only a word.

Philosophers smiled knowingly,
but they didn't know.

But tonight I caught a fleeting
glimpse of you . . .

Tonight I felt a little hand in
mine—

Heard the syncopation of trudging
little feet at my side.

glow. The range for this gun is 11,000 yards but now increased to a range of 18,000 yards. The new aerial bombs are six times more destructive than those in the Argonne and their use for siege tactics have been thoroughly established. Bombers will carry gigantic two ton bombs fourteen feet long. Of poison gas shells the conversation will take on mustard, phosgen and chloricrin and such words as diphenylchoarsine, chlorocetaphenone, and chlorocetaphenone. These gases and solids are used in shells deadly at long range from the trenches being fired from an eight-inch Livens type projector mounted at an angle of 45 degrees. Fishing nets fastened between parachutes are shot upward in bombs which burst in the air, the para-

Clarksburg's Most Noted Soldier

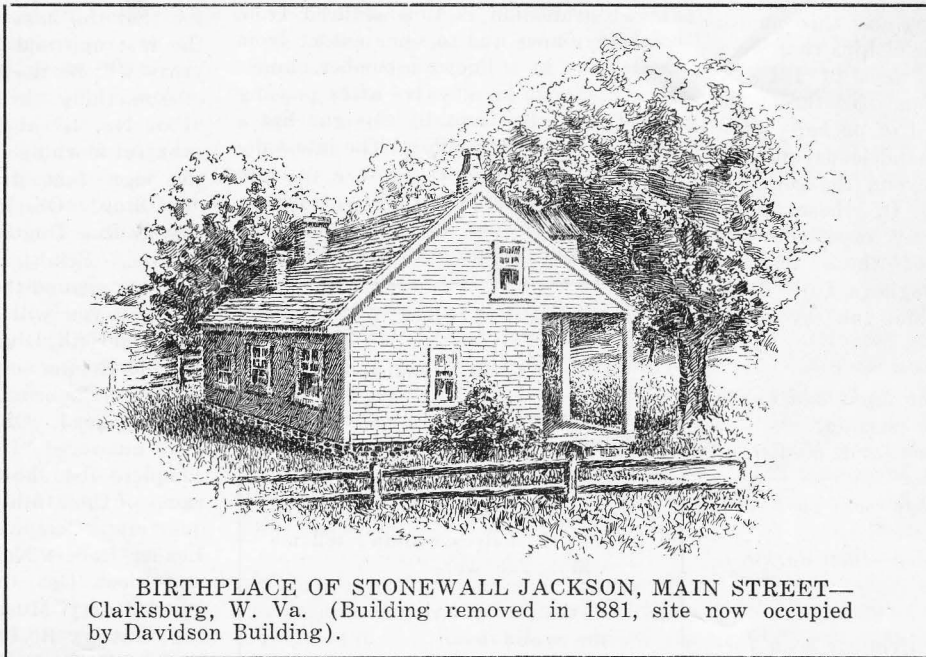
Birth place of Stonewall Jackson, a Hero of the War with Mexico, and Leader of the Armies of the South.

ON JUNE 27, 1862, about five in the evening, fresh from the dust and smoke of the famous "Valley Campaign," there appeared upon the field of "Cold Harbor," General Stonewall Jackson. Under his command came veteran battalions covered with the glory of victory in the highlands of Virginia to now enter upon the desperate conflicts of the lowlands. The activities of this army in the events of May and June had attracted all eyes to Jackson. War seemed under his direction to have become a pageant of triumph, and from the smoke of battle rose in the public mind a picture of some romantic soldier with fluttering banner, mounted on prancing steed, advancing in pride, pomp, and glory. But such was not actually the case. Everywhere was asked the question, "Who is Jackson?" A distinguished member of the staff of General Stuart wrote soon thereafter, "All we then knew was that he was born a poor boy, born beyond the Alleghenies, who managed to get to West Point," and "later a professor at the Lexington Military School." It is to the answer of this question, even though often since answered, that this sketch is dedicated.

Thomas Jackson was born in Clarksburg, (W.) Va., January 21, 1824, the third child of Jonathan and Julia Beckwith Neale Jackson. By birth, he was a composite of the aggressive Scotch-Irish of Western Virginia, and the lowland planter of pure English strain of East Virginia. The Jacksons were descended from John Jackson, immigrant, born near Coleraine, Ulster, Ireland, in 1719, who came to America in 1748. This line produced soldiers that bore arms in every war waged by the Colonies and the United States to this day. The Neales, while in the direct line then residing at Parkersburg, (W.) Va., were derived from Lieutenant Daniel Neale,

By Roy Bird Cook

In West Virginia Review



BIRTHPLACE OF STONEWALL JACKSON, MAIN STREET—Clarksburg, W. Va. (Building removed in 1881, site now occupied by Davidson Building).

of the English army, immigrant, who located in Northumberland County, Virginia, in 1649.

The first few years of the life of Thomas Jackson were filled with adversity. On March 26, 1826, his father died, his oldest sister a few days before, and the young widow left with very meager means. In 1830 his mother married (2) Blake B. Woodson, of Cumberland County, Virginia, and removed to Fayette County, where she died the following year. The children in the meantime, had been placed with relatives, Thomas going to the old home place at Jackson's Mills,

just below Weston, in Lewis County, then occupied by his step-grandmother (Mrs. Edward Jackson) and several uncles and aunts.

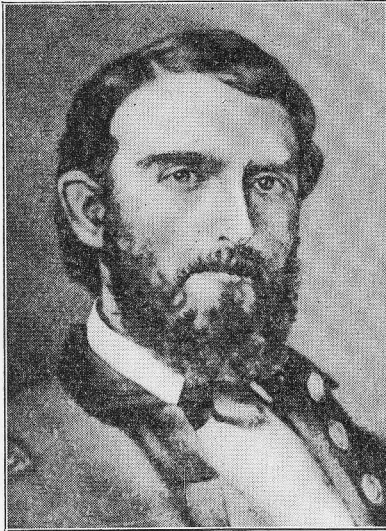
The following twelve years were spent at the "Mills" during which time he made a few visits elsewhere. Once during the winter of '36-'37 he, with his brother Warren, set out to seek adventure and fortune along the Ohio and Mississippi, with an almost disastrous ending. In the meantime he went to schools, such as they were; took part in all local activities of a religious and social nature; and was known throughout the community for his honesty and dependability. He was not quick to decide, but once his mind was made up, acted on quick time. One of his schoolmates recorded that, "Tom was always an uncommonly behaved lad, a gentleman from a boy up, just kind to everyone." Many anecdotes set forth his characteristics. His love for the farm life, his attempts to teach the slaves to read and write, the manufacture and sale of maple sugar, the catching and sale of fish to secure means to buy books, and his insatiable desire for knowledge, are outstanding features.

The summer of 1837 found Jackson working on the old Parkersburg and



Lieutenant T. J. Jackson, U. S. A. (From photograph taken in Mexico City, August, 1847).

Stanton Pike, through the heart of West Virginia. The winter of 1839 was spent in school under that noted depicter of affairs on the border—Alexander Scott Withers—who was much attached to his quiet student. Matthew Edmiston, a brilliant young lawyer, located in Weston, bringing with him a small library which was soon absorbed. About this time the Christian character which has so set him apart, began to crystallize. In December, 1841, he wrote



Major T. J. Jackson. U. S. A., (From photograph taken at New Orleans, La., 1848.)

his uncle, Alfred Neale, of Parkersburg, concerning the death of his brother Warren, setting forth that "he died in the hope of a bright immortality at the right hand of his Redeemer." And this from the mind of a lad of seventeen.

The year 1840 found Colonel Withers a "gentleman justice of the peace," and with the spring of 1841 came a vacancy as constable in the Freeman's Creek section of Lewis county. Major Minter Bailey, of Weston, and Withers set out to get Jackson a "job," and June 11 found Thomas Jackson a full-fledged constable, a "sort of minor sheriff" in that day. Needless to say, the task was well performed, but did not last over a year, as a far greater opportunity arose.

Samuel L. Hays, of Lewis County, succeeded (Gov.) Joseph Johnson in the Congress, taking seat March 4, 1841. In the spring of 1842, it was announced that an appointment was to be made of a cadet to West Point Military Academy. A preliminary examination—the details of which have never been quite clear—was held in the "old Bailey House" at Weston. Four applicants appeared, namely, Thomas Jackson, Joseph Lightburn (later brigadier-general in the Federal Army), Johnson N. Camden, who received the next appointment (later U. S. Senator), and Gibson J. Butcher. Two were too young. Jackson was said to have been deficient in mathematics, and on April 19 Butcher was "condi-

tionally appointed" a cadet to West Point.

In the latter part of May, Butcher left for West Point, but the outlook was not attractive, and he returned to Weston, having stopped at Jackson's Mills on his way home. Jackson again took hope. "I know I have the energy and I think I have the intellect. I am very ignorant, but can make it up in study," he told Jonathan M. Bennett, of Weston, who did much for his advancement in later years. On June 17, Hays was confronted in the Office in Washington by a determined young man, with his belongings in a pair of saddle bags, who had traveled many weary miles by coach and train in "search of knowledge." He presented a letter from the previous appointee, in which was set forth, "Mr. Jackson will deliver this letter to you, who is an applicant for the appointment," together with a petition signed by several local citizens. The Secretary of War, John C. Spencer, made a new warrant on June 18, which bore the name of Thomas J. Jackson. Here for the first time appears the middle initial, the name Jonathan being added to the name borne since birth. Thus, by a single thread of fate, was the future career of the great American soldier started.

Armed with a small sum of money advanced by Congressman Hays, Jackson appeared at West Point between the 20th and 30th of June, and after consideration of his case was admitted on July 1, 1842. The next four years were full of study, broken by a few visits home; and on June 30, 1846, he graduated with the brevet rank of second lieutenant of artillery. A short visit to Jackson's Mills, Weston, and Beverly, (W.) Va., and August 19 found him on his way to Mexico. On March 3, 1847, he was advanced to rank of second lieutenant, and on the 9th landed with Scott's Army in Mexico. He was advanced to first lieutenant for gallant conduct in siege of Vera Cruz in March; to brevet rank of captain for conduct in battle of Contreas in August; and to brevet rank of major for heroic conduct at Chapultepec in September. His record during this period is replete with praise from his superior officers.

In June, 1848, Jackson returned to the United States from Mexico with Scott's Army and was stationed at Fort Hamilton, New York, until 1850, when he was transferred to Florida. During March, 1851, he resigned from the army to take effect in 1852, and was then appointed an instructor at Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia. His interest in the Church continued unabated. In 1852 he wrote his aunt, Mrs. Alfred Neale, of Parkersburg, "The subject of becoming a herald of the Cross has often seriously engaged my attention, and I regard it as the most noble of all professions. I should not be surprised were I to die upon a foreign field clad in ministerial

armor. What could be more glorious?" Writing November 12, 1855, concerning his cousin, Hardin Neale, he says: "Yet if it were God's pleasure I feel that I would gladly exchange with him the apparent period of dissolution. I look upon death as being that moment which of all earthly ones is to be most to be desired by a child of God."

Jackson's ten years at Lexington are marked by several important events. The affiliation with the Presbyterian Church; his marriage on April 4, 1853, with Miss Eleanor Junkin, daughter of Dr. George Junkin, of Lexington, who died in the fall of 1854; a tour of Europe in 1856; his second marriage July 16, 1857, with Miss Mary Anna Morrison, of Lincoln County, North Carolina; and the trip to Charles Town during the John Brown trouble; are high points. Otherwise, there was little to interrupt his daily duties as instructor.

On April 21, 1861, Major Jackson left Lexington with the cadets in the opening of the Civil War. On April 27, he was appointed a colonel of Virginia Volunteers; assigned to command of First Brigade in June; and engaged in skirmish at Falling Waters July 2. On July 3, he was made a brigadier-general, and led the First Brigade in the first battle of Manassas. Here, Bee, in rallying his men, exclaimed, "See, there stands Jackson like a stone wall!" thus applying the name known around the world better



Lieutenant General Stonewall Jackson, C. S. A. (From last photograph taken near Guiney Station, Va., April 1863.)

than the Christian name given at birth. Jackson, writing to Jonathan M. Bennett, July 28, says in part. "You will find—that the First Brigade was to our army what the Imperial Guard was to the First Napoleon—that through the blessing of God it met the thus far victorious enemy, and turned the fortunes of the day." On October 7, he was ad-

(Continued on page 28)

Passing in Review Before The President

Extract from 80th Division History, Chapter XL--"Winter" in the Ancy-le-Franc Area"



WHILE the Division was concerning itself with preparations for injecting the spirit of Yuletide into its drab billets, one of the most notable observances of Christmas ever staged by

Americans were being consummated in Paris and at Chaumont. President Wilson, who had arrived in France a short time before for the purpose of representing the United States at the Peace Conference, had expressed a desire to visit elements of the American army in the field on Christmas Day and a review was arranged to be given near Humes upon this memorable occasion.

To the troops of the First Army, which were stationed in the area selected, was assigned the coveted duty of representing the entire American Expeditionary Forces before the Supreme Commander-in-Chief. A composite infantry brigade, made up of one battalion from each Division, was formed from the 6th, 26th, 29th, 77th, 80th and 82nd Divisions, and participating units being chosen upon specific orders to the Division Commanders directing that there be selected "either the four best companies in the division, or the best company in each of the four infantry regiments."

Keen rivalry existed among the organizations of the 159th and 160th Brigades for the privilege of passing in review before the President, and each was eager to demonstrate their claims of efficiency and superior qualifications for meriting recognition. The selection was arrived at by the Division Commander instructing General Brett to choose from the 160th Brigade a suitable battalion to represent the Division. The Brigade Commander stated that it was "like pulling teeth" to designate a preference for so signal an honor, and the First Battalion, 320 Infantry, commanded by Major Ashby Williams, was finally chosen on account of the survival of most of its old officers.

An issue of new clothing and equipment received by this Regiment several weeks previously, prior to abandonment of the plans for the Regiment's participation in the ceremonies attending President Wilson's welcome in Paris December 15, found the troops admirably prepared to appear in the Christmas re-

By Russell L. Stultz

Division Historian

view. It is especially worthy of note that the 80th Division was the only Division selecting a regularly constituted line battalion for representation, all others organizing composite battalions from their best drilled companies.

An open field on the road between Humes and Langres supplied the setting for the historic scene. The President, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and high dignitaries, arrived from Paris on the morning of December 25. General Pershing, in presenting the assembled troops, referred to the occasion as one upon which "For the first time an American President will review an American army on foreign soil," and stated that he was "proud to declare to the President that no army has ever more loyally or more effectively served its country, and none has ever fought in a nobler cause."

The narrative of the Battalion Commander furnishes an interesting account of the Division's part in the ceremony:

"Immediately all thoughts and energies were turned in the direction of getting everything in readiness and in preparing for the trip. . . . After much readjustment of clothing and equipment, the battalion moved out of Molesme at noon on the 24th of December by bus, passed through Chatillon, and reached the aeroplane depot near La Treoy at about dusk. After spending the night of Christmas Eve at this place, where every man was given a small token to remind him of the day, the battalion moved out between 7:00 and 8:00 o'clock on Christmas morning, and, after many vicissitudes because of breakdowns and shifting of men from one truck to the other, reached Humes, and passed up the big Chaumont-Laigne road to the parade ground just in time to clear the Presidential party. Those who took part in that review will not soon forget the booming of the big guns as the President stepped upon the stand, nor the clear ringing tones in which the President spoke, his voice reaching the furthestmost parts of the field. He told the men how proud the people at home were of them; that the soldiers in France had accomplished the high purpose of the American people which they set out to accomplish; that there was unity among those who were to reap the rewards of

victory; and that he was proud to claim comradeship with men who had shown such gallantry and had done so much in France.

"At the conclusion of the speech a mounted bugler called "attention" and the magnificent General Headquarters Band played the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' after which, in accordance with the predetermined plan, the battalion passed in review, companies passing in company front in close column.

"There was mud and the field was irregular, but the passing troops were good to look upon, and the President was observed to applaud as the First Battalion passed. . . . On its way back the battalion stopped at La Treoy for lunch, after which it reimbused again, and on Christmas night, in a real Christmas snow, reached 'home' and a Christmas supper that had been prepared by the cooks who had been left behind."

A few days later, General Pershing sent the following telegram complimenting the Division on its representation: "Commanding General, "80th Division, Ancy-le-Franc.

"As Commander in Chief I wish to congratulate the Division in the splendid showing made by the troops representing the Division in the review given for the President of the United States at Humes, France, December 25, 1918.

"PERSHING."

With the Artillery at the Clarksburg Offensive

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of the World War recently completed by George B. Mathews and owned by Carroll Purman of Washington. There are fifty generals in this group.

Our old friend, Charles Sweeney, is now a Colonel in the Foreign Legion of the French Army with the new "Lafayette Escadrille" being formed by Americans in France for service against Abdel-Krim's Riffian Army in Morocco.

Everything must end and our reunion too. When the comrades leave Clarksburg they will bid one another "Au revoir" and it is much happier to think "until we meet again" than a "Good-bye." Perhaps some of us will recall these words spoken by Napoleon Bonaparte in his farewell to the old guard, April 20th, 1814, "Adieu, my friends. Would I could press you all to my heart."

"FINIS"



Musings of An Old Regimental Chaplain

By Theodore Beck

Chaplain, 320th Infantry

IN memory I often sit again in the dugouts or wander about among the hills and the valleys of old France. I continuously try to picture the various underground temporary homes of these days. And the buddies who made up the family units in the several places. I wonder whether those who were in them with me are living or dead. How often I have longed for a real reunion of those fine old comrades. Our reunions are usually disappointing in the fact that many of the ones we knew so well in those days are not able to be there. I am thinking now of the old dugout in the mountains near Cuisy. Or perhaps I am wrong again in calling them mountains, perhaps they were only large hills. I do not know what term was applied to them by the French. I know that it was a long trip up toward Briuelles from there, for I walked it several times in search of the missing, dead and wounded. Can any one who was there give us a good description of it. I remember one trip when we were caught in a sort of a box barrage beyond the road near an artillery battery location and the fellow leading a horse trying to make it run. How we all broke for cover. Who was there that remembers and will tell about your experiences then. But let us get back to the dugout again. The slippery hill of mud by which you made your way into the hole. After you went out in search of food and in visiting among the boys you had great difficulty in finding your way back again because there were so many holes that looked just about alike. It was just close by this side of the valley that the young German flyer was shot down after he got our balloon on the other side of the valley. What a pretty sight it was to see that American balloonist jump his parachute again and again but the Fritz finally got him, I think. And then the wild rush to get over to his plane when it came down. But the dis-

tance across those hills or mountains was longer than it seemed to the eye. How easy it is to get away from what you start out to say. Remember the stove pipe hole leading out the opposite side of the hole. The only real air chamber. The wet ground. The awful numbness after having some one sleep on your leg for several hours. The warning often shouted to new comers that the hole was filled up and then in the morning finding that there were just about twice the original number jumbled up on the location. The cooking of coffee with a candle wrapped in rags as a fire or cook stove. It gave heat but also a stinky smoke that was more than a plenty. The spring water in the weeds and hidden away among the mud in the valley as you went toward the opposite side of the hill in the direction of the Regimental Hdqrs. How good it was to drink that water even if it was against orders. Father Wallace and Brother Vincent will no doubt remember that old hole for they were there for two nights I think. Remember the buddy who captured so many German prisoners. And then the one who saw the German women chained to the machine guns. I wish that I had kept his name in memory. And then the other fellow who captured so many prisoners all alone. We sure did have wonderful imaginations in those days. As great as many who guess at the attendance at public meetings in these later days. How I wish that I could go over the same ground again. How differently I would do things now. I sure would have in my possession that certain old German potato masher that I picked up at St. Mihiel. The one that dropped because some one thought it might be in wire connection with a mine of some kind. I

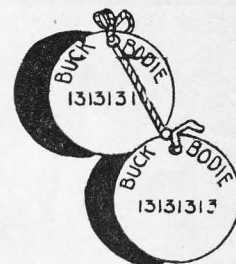
would also have that machine gun cartridge holder, the first one that I ran across up where we were on the edge of the woods on Friday, Sept. 27th. I do not know the name of those woods, but boy, they sure did shell that location pretty lively when we were hunting for the dead and wounded in them. My, my, those real pals of the old days. None better ever wore the uniform of Uncle Sam. Those often re-called, never-to-be-forgotten-days — Over there — Somewhere in France.

What happy days, in spite of many troubles, for we surely hiked along the roads through mud and rain, almost always singing. Those were great hearted buddies. How I wish I could hear them again in their songs of good cheer. How many remember the time we were lost and trudged along through the night in the mud and rain. What great ten minute rest periods, it took ten minutes to find a dry place to sit down, and by George some of the boys would go to sleep as soon as their heads touched the mud. Remember how determined the boys were to smoke, and every time the command to stop was relayed down the line how old McNulty would swear at the fellows who had lit up. And yet I think old Mac was about the first one to light up himself at about every opportunity. He left us afterward and went to some Headquarters I think. Remember the round up in the woods, some where I never can be certain. It was but a little while before the big push. We had a big bunch of boys singing and reciting and one lad at least had a musical instrument. I wonder how many of those who took part that dark night went west? Who can tell? Write the Mag. Service as has so well been said is the liaison between then and now. Tell us about those days as you remember them now. I wonder how many of

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I'LL SAY WE DO.



That Long Cognac Hike

By W. A. Smith

I THINK it would require scarcely more than the caption to remind anyone of the second battalion 305th Engineers, of the incident the writer has in mind. That was the day that the Triple Entente—Cognac, Benedictine and Beer, came near doing what kilometers of mud, rain and sleet on rations of bully beef and hard-tack had failed to do—put the Engineers out of a hike.

It happened when we left our winter quarters at Chassignelles and started our journey to the embarkation center. We loaded into our little "forty homme and eight cheveaux" cars at a nearby railhead and after the usual amount of pushing and buckling, got under way. We rolled along all day and nothing exciting happened. Just as it was getting dark that night we pulled into a good-sized town and stopped. It looked as though we might remain there for sometime and some of our adventurous spirits got off to stretch their legs and see what they could find in the way of excitement. About the first exciting thing they saw was a carload of cognac nearby, over which nobody seemed to have charge. So they took counsel and deployed to see what the chances were of salvaging some of it.

They succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. Evidently this town was not in the habit of having American soldiers pass through it, or else some kind "Y" man had persuaded the natives that they had reformed and no longer considered anything drinkable contraband of war, for when our hot-dog express decided to leave town we took stock and found ourselves in possession of one keg containing about four gallons of cognac, a keg of beer and about two dozen bottles of that treacherous stuff that retailed in the cafes for half a franc a shot, under the name of benedictine.

From past experience we knew that if the stuff was missed we would at once be suspected, and our train would in all probability be searched, and any kegs of beer or benedictine found in our possession would be dearly paid for. So it was up to us to find something to do with the

stuff. The beer just naturally disappeared, but the cognac presented a different problem. To drink it all at once would have been disastrous, even if it were possible. So it happened that our canteens were pressed into a service that the Quartermaster hadn't intended them for. Empty kegs and bottles went overboard with alacrity and we each, with a month's pay worth of benedictine under our OD blouse, felt that we looked as innocent as the Anti-Saloon League, in case any suspicious frog happened along. Oh yes, we were very clever—but wait!

Along about noon we pulled into a siding and proceeded to unload, and have a bite to eat. For a wonder the sun was shining; one of those rare hot, sunshiney days that caught a fellow unawares. Nearly every one seemed to be thirsty that morning. If you watched closely you could see fellows taking a pull at their canteens frequently. And perhaps some eyes did look a little glassy, but that might have been due to their having spent the previous night trying to sleep on a miscellaneous collection of rifle stocks and other equipment, including hobnail shoes that encased their owners restless feet. Our rest period was brief and then began one of the most grilling hikes of our army career.

The first miles did not seem so bad, although the hot sun beat down upon our backs in a way that quickly started the beads of perspiration rolling down our foreheads. And when the first order came to fall out for rest we unconsciously removed the cap from our old water bottles to find relief from the thirst that was beginning to make itself felt. One whiff was enough.

"Give me a drink of water, Buddy."

"Give you a drink of cognac. Hain't got any water."

The mere mention of the word cognac was enough to give a fellow a sickly feeling in the region of his stomach. We suddenly woke up to the fact that practically every canteen in the company was

partially full of cognac, and that water, even French water, was a very desirable thing to have on a hike. The miles dragged on, the sun grew hotter, the old pack heavier and the thirst more acute. Anxiously we began to enquire how far our camp was ahead of us. Five miles, we were told. And five good, old-fashioned Pennsylvania miles there were. The sun beat mercilessly down on our backs, and every step we took the white dust rose up from the glaring road and settled on our perspiring faces. Five miles ticked off with throbbing heads. Five miles counted off by tongues to whom the smoke of a cigarette felt like the scorching breath of a desert wind. Once we stopped for rest beside a small stream and only the stern command from the captain prevented us from falling onto it face downward and drinking it up bodily.

But all things have an end. At last we dragged our weary selves into camp and came to a halt beside a barrack.

"Fall out and pick yourselves a bunk." Said the top kick' "This is where we stay."

"Bunk? Bunk H—!" Right beside the barrack was a water spigot. O! Boy!

A dead letter file of undelivered military decorations was uncovered recently when the War Department appealed to the press to locate the missing veterans or their relatives. Three American Distinguished Service Crosses and one silver Star citation, awarded posthumously, cannot be delivered because no relatives can be found. Six foreign decorations are waiting for members of the A. E. F., who cannot be found. The posthumously awarded Distinguished Service Crosses are for: Private Frank Arkman, Bellingham, Minn., ergeant Carl C. Carter, Fresno, Calif., Sergeant Edward G. Mason, Detroit, Mich., and Silver Star citation for Private Frank O'Brien, San Antonio, Tex.



Henry on His Vacation

WELL, hear I am at last on my vecasion and I'm haveing a darned good time, to. So far I ain't had much time too spend no money for I can see a lot off things what don't cost nothing. You see, I ain't had bean too New York yet and when I arrives in that big City, I just hadder stand and look around. I didn't know what way too go, and I thought as how I better be careful so as not to get myself lost on akount off it being such a big place. I guess I muster stood around for a koupler ours and fineally I thinks to myself that it wood be a good idear to take a trip over to whear the statyou off Libertie is lokated. I didn't know how to get to it but I was told that if I don't know nothing I should just ask one off them kops in which kase he would tell me which way to go. I goes up to a kop what was direckting the automobiles, etc. and says as how I would like for him to tell me how to got too the Statyou. He just tells me to go too the Batre Park and get on one off them botes. He never told me what direcktion too go or nothing. So I goes up the street and asks a fellow what was standing at a korner who didn't seem too half much to do exceptin too stand around and he looks at me kinder funny and I just remembered what I was told about that place on akount off hold up fellars. So I says to him never mind, I guess I don't want to go their anyhow. But just the same I did. I soon found somebody what showed me the way and after I walked about a hour, I kame to the Ocean. I guess it was the ocean anyhow because I saw lotsa ships comin in and out and I remember coming in to this Kountry the same way. All around their was a lota boats which said that they go to Koney I'lland and around New York and the Statyou. I wasn't interested in anything but going to the Statyou so I goes up to the ticket sellar and tells him I want to go and he gives me a ticket and says that it wood cost me 35 cents. I thought that this was a lota money for a little trip but seein that I was out for a good time, I didn't say

nothing. I got on the boat and so did a koupler hundred other peepel. I guess they was all on a vecasion like myseif. I went right up to the top off the boat and gets a good seat but I hadder fight for it first. I like to be on the top because you can see everything what is off interest. I done the same thing when I went to France and we uster sit on the deck and hang our legs down the side off the ship but I wasn't in the Armeey anymore so I kouldn't do that on this ship. It took about twentey minutes to get to Bedlows I'lland where the Statyou is and we gets off. I seen a lota Soldiers and Second Lueys runnin around because you know this hear I'lland belongs too the Government. One fellar was smokin when he gets off the ship and a soldier comes up to him and says for him to stop smokin right away. They are pretty strick around that place. Well, I was anxious to go into the statyou like I was told you kould and I follows the croud. When I gets inside, I see a lot off steps going around and around and as other peepel was going up why I just went to the top. It was so darned hot in that place I kould hardly breathe and besides it was a good hot day. When I did get to the top, why I kouldn't see much because the peepel what was there didn't give me a chance too look out the window at tall. I didn't kare. If they wanted to be so darned selfish, why let them be that way so I went down again and got the next boat back to the City. I was told a lota places where too go and one off them was the aqueerreum. It didn't cost nothing for that and I hunted the place up. It wasn't far from where I got of the boat. I went in and you aughter seen all the fish what they half in that place. It is the biggest aqueerreum in the world and that's going some let me tell you. I stayed in there a long time because I wasn't going to miss nothing which I didn't. When I got done I goes out and looks at the time and finds that it is time too eat. I walks around till I find a place what gives things cheap and I goes in and orders some stue which

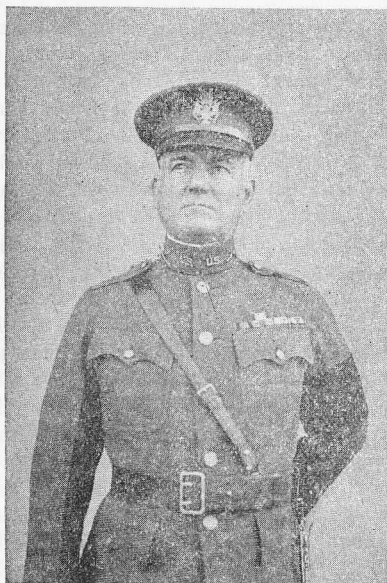
wasn't so good. Then I had koffee which kost 10 cents and a koupler kakes. It kost me just 35 cents which was pretty much to spend for one meal but I told you I was out for a good time and I was going to half it no matter what it cost. After I was done eating, I takes a walk around on the different streets and I saw lots off things that you don't see every day. I goes on wall street where the rich fellars spend all there money and everybody seemed to be in such a big hurry. I don't know why that was but they bumped into a fellar all the time. I didn't do them nothing. I uster stand and look up at the big buildings and next thing I knowed off went my hat. I think some peepel are terrible mean. I red onced where the men pull out their hair in the stock exshange when they lose some money and how they carry on. So I goes up to the watchman at the New York stock place and tells him I want to see how they do it in there but he says that I would half too be a member off the place as they don't allow visitors in the place ever since they had a big explosion around there a koupler years ago where some peepel was killed. I tells him that I ain't had nothing to do with the explosion at tall but he says that don't make no different and you kant go in but there is another place what will let you in so he tells me to go to the Konsoleydated exchange which I did. The watchman what was at the door stops me and asks me what I wanted and I tells him I wanter go on the balcony but he said that I hadder be a stranger so I wasn't gonner be fooled no more so I tells him I just come in from Texas which wasn't true at tall. No sir I come from Pencilwania. Born raised there be gosh but I thought I better tell him I come pretty far so he will let me in. The skeme worked fine for he tells me to take the elevator to the third floor which I did. I was be-ginnin to get nervous to think that I would see somebody go krazy or maby shoot hisself because he lost his money.

(Continued on page 27)

Colonel E. G. Peyton on Duty at War College

Colonel E. G. Peyton has received orders to report to The War College as Student in the next session. While at Fort Benning Colonel Peyton has acted in the capacity of Commandant, Assistant Commandant, Head of the Academic Section, Director of the Department of Experiment and Vice-Commander of the Chas. S. Harrison Post of The American Legion.

While at the School Colonel Peyton has endeared himself in hearts of many who have passed through along the road to higher military education. The Colonel is an outstanding military figure of Fort Benning. He has been the model for both soldier and officer alike and his departure from the Fort comes as a great loss. His untiring efforts in behalf of his office, be that what it may, will stand as a memory to him to those who



Col. E. G. Peyton

remain behind for years to come. Those directly connected with him realize more fully his greatness of character and personal magnetism. He is an officer that inspires confidence and trust. He typifies the Infantry motto of "Follow Me." America's entry into the World War found him a Major of Infantry. He soon received his promotion as Lt. Colonel and later Colonel with assignment to the 320th Infantry, to which regiment the Infantry Officers he had trained at Fort Meyer were also assigned. In 1918 he sailed for France with his regiment and entered the British Front at Arras June 6th. In August, 1918, he participated with French Colonial Division in the St. Mihiel offensive; the Meuse Argonne offensive and was mentioned in Divisional Orders with a Citation as follows: "Colonel E. G. Peyton, U. S. A., Commanding 320th Infantry and Lt.-Col. W. W. Gordon, 320th Infantry, who were,

though blinded with gas so that they had to be led to their advance P. C., nevertheless retained command of their regiment until the occupation and organization of the Bois des Ogons was completed and their command relieved." After the Armistice the Colonel was assigned to duty with the American Commission to negotiate peace.

His distinguished Service Medal carries the following citation: "For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished service as the Commanding Officer of the 320th Infantry Regiment, in all its operations and skillful leadership, he enabled his regiment to carry always its task through to a successful end. At all times he displayed a high order of leadership and exhibited superb qualities as a commander."—Fort Benning Infantry School News.

The Pennsylvania Act providing for a bonus for the soldiers of the World War was not declared unconstitutional, but it is of no effect until the funds are provided for paying the bonus. To provide the funds requires an amendment to the Constitution. This proposed amendment was passed at two sessions, but unfortunately the improper year was inserted in the resolution for holding the election and the Supreme Court decided that the election could not be held on that date. It is now proposed that the proper date for holding such election will be November 1928. If the majority of the voters voting on the proposition will be in favor of the amendment, payment can be made shortly after such adoption.

The West Virginia Legislature of 1925 in passing the regular appropriation bill containing the budget for the fiscal years ending June 30, 1926 and 1927, as submitted by the Board of Public Works and other budgetary officials, again made available \$50,000.00 for each of the two years for the relief of sick or indigent ex-soldiers, sailors and marines of the World War. This fund was originally created by the Legislature of 1921 and has been a God-send toward lending temporary financial assistance to those needy West Virginia ex-service men who have been visited with distress, physical disability received since the war, unemployment, coupled with illness within their immediate families. No red tape is attached to the disbursement of this fund; however an application form has been prepared which is necessary in making application for relief, which applications are referred to reputable ex-service men's organizations for investigation. The fund is disbursed by a subcommittee of the Board of Public Works, composed of the Governor, State Auditor and State Superintendent of Schools.

IN A CUPOLA

By WM. C. VANDEWATER

Up in the Cupola, under the stars,
Right where the moon shows its
vision of light,
One with the wonderous creatures
of night
What do we see thru the moon's
silver bars,
Up in the Cupola, under the stars?

Little lights shining above the old
town,
Elves' dainty tapers that shimmer
and dance,
Joyous, free-hearted,
As youths newly parted,
They glow thru the heavens
And sing of romance.
Here is a taper that speeds o'er the
main,
And here is a beacon that leads us
to Spain,
One that will show us the flowers
of May,
And one that will guide us to lands
of Cathay;
And here is a light; if we follow,
they say,
Will show us the wedding of mid-
night and day.

Trees standing dark,
And trees standing grim,
Up on the edge of the mountains'
high rim;
Each as a warrior, dressed for the
fray,
Who stands at attention and waits
for the day,
How can we tell but their brothers
perchance
Watched o'er the rites of the Vis-
goths in France?
And may be the child of that lone
lofty pine
Has sailed in a schooner along the
green Rhine?
Has sailed to Tahiti,
Thence out from Papeete,
And back to its home on the white
tossing brine?

Visions of waters aglow with the
gleam
Of a faint fairy light
With its echo of pearl.
Hills bending softly to fondle the
stream,
To touch and caress
And to sooth the distress
Of the child of the sea.
Who, with tresses awhirl,
Sails out thru the shadows
To find what may be
In the land of our dreams
At the fairy queen's seat,
Where all is rich purple
And day and dawn meet.

Up in the Cupola, under the stars,
Give us our dreams and our dreams
will come true,
For the real is so deadly and joy is
so new
And fancy's a plaything the moon
never mars,
Up in the Cupola, under the stars.



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

McDONOUGH, PATRICK — Co. A, 315th Machine Gun Battalion, died at the Pittsburgh Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., of pneumonia on March 25th. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Sarah McDonough, and two daughters, Misses Mary and Sarah McDonough. Full military honors were rendered at the grave of our deceased comrade by Turtle Creek Post, American Legion.

PENNY, THOMAS J.—Aged 38, well-known Braddock, Pa., resident and former Private first class, Company D, 317th Infantry, died in the Marine Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., March 6, 1925. He entered the military service from Braddock. Comrade Penny was a member of Lodge No. 510, A. F. & A. M., and Daniel W. Brooks Post, American Legion.

DeJOSEPH, ERNEST A.—Died at Allingtown Hospital, New Haven, Conn., February 8, 1925. Comrade DeJoseph served with Company D, 318th Infantry, during the World War.

MOBILION, PETER S.—Died at Johnstown, Pa., April 2, 1925. Served at Camp Lee, Virginia.

MONOGHAN, THOMAS E. — Died March 19, 1925, at Girardsville, Pa., aged 33. Comrade Monohan was a former member of Company C, 305th Engineers.

SCHOELKOPF, CHRISTIAN—Of Tyrone, Pa., died at the Receiving Hospital, Detroit, Mich., on February 12, 1925. Served at Camp Lee, Va.

LoVERDE, THOMAS J.—Aged 28, died at Dansville, N. Y., February 16, 1925. Served at Camp Lee, Va.

DITTMAN, WILLIAM M.—Aged 32. Died at Foxburg, Pa., April 25, 1925. Served at Camp Lee, Virginia.



Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1

J. B. Freeman, Private, Co. A, 317th Inf., is now manager of the new cafeteria of the Ford Motor Co. in Newton Park, Norfolk, Va. The cafeteria will be operated by the D. Pender Grocery Co. of Norfolk. It is in innovation in cafeterias in that section, in that it is portable. It was conceived by the Ford people to get hot, wholesome meals to their employees, much after the old army style.

Rev. Lee, who was a Captain and chaplain in the 319th Infantry, is now located at Berkeley, Norfolk, Va.

W. W. Jordan, Sergeant, 318th Infantry, is visiting friends in Chicago and Wisconsin for several weeks.

Wm. A. Bucking, Private, Co. A, 318th Infantry, was recently elected Vice Commander of Norfolk Post 36, American Legion.

Wm. H. Sands, Lieutenant-Colonel, 315th F. A., has returned with his regiment from two weeks camping trip with 111th F. A., Va. N. G. His regiment carried off all prizes; no more than we expected of the Colonel's regiment when we realize where he got his training.

A. M. Brownley and John B. Diehl are doing jury service for the month of July.

We note our old comrade, Major Sweeney, of the First Battalion, 318th, is still "up and at 'em." He is incidentally receiving considerable publicity. His photo has been carried throughout the country by the press in recognition to his services to the French in the Rifian engagement in Morocco. Also he received two pages in the feature section of the New York Times recently, to say nothing of the photo and article carried by the conservative Literary Digest.

The only sign of discord at the July meeting was raised by J. B. Moore, who fussed because his name was not in last issue of "Service." Cheer up, Joe, we will see that it gets there in August. Comrade Moore was a bugler in Co. H, 319th Infantry and resides at 205 West 29th Street, Norfolk.

E. B. Truitt, Sergeant, Machine Gun Co., 318th Infantry, reports the arrival of a son the last of July. Mother and son are doing fine. Ed. says that is the second boy and wants to know how many of the 318th gang has him beat since the war.

Colin F. Burch, First Lieutenant, H Co., 317th Infantry, was a visitor in Norfolk on July 26th.

John Mantagna, 318th Infantry Band, is spending his vacation at Virginia Beach.

Alexander M. Brownley, Lieutenant, 314th Machine Gun Battalion, is spending the summer at Virginia Beach and drove in to be present at the July meeting. His trip was 32 miles each way. What other post members have this spirit?

John B. Diehl Corporal Co. A, 317th Infantry writes, "It may not be possible for me to attend the coming reunion but there should be twenty or more from Norfolk and vicinity. However, I hope all the boys have the time of their lives and I sure would hate to miss out, for I used to live in Wetzel County, W. Va., resided there for four years, and I know the people of Clarksburg and Harrison County will show the gang a big time."

Comrades, if you happen to be passing the V. F. W. Club room on Grant Street and hear a lot of loud talking and rough words, do not think it is a fight, it will only be J. B. Moore and Fleming D'Este, Private, Co. L, 317th Infantry, playing fox and geese. Joe says he can beat if Fleming will move and take his hand off the men.

Our next meeting will be held the 20th of August.

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Philadelphia Post No. 2

This post as an organization is making special effort to get its members to the Clarksburg reunion, also it is seeking co-operation of other association posts to the end that the reunion will be a big success. The dues of 63 members were recently turned in to headquarters which shows that it is up and going as a P. C.

The post now meets at the St. James Guild House, 2210 Samson Street, Philadelphia, on the third Thursday of each month. Many are expecting to motor to Clarksburg to the reunion. Both the post and the auxiliary are gradually growing in membership and those that attend the meetings express themselves as well pleased with their P. C. The auxiliary meets in the same building as

the post, on the same night which enables the members to accompany their wives to the meetings. At the June meeting the auxiliary entertained the post with music and refreshments and "everybuddy" enjoyed the event.

This post has made a great effort to learn of any 80th men who have been buried in or near the city, and on Memorial Day an 80th Division wreath was placed on the graves of eight buddies who have gone west. Next year the post plans to place a plant on the grave of the mothers of buddies who have passed away.

Our post continues to look after the needs of buddies who are in U. S. V. B. Hospital No. 49 in Philadelphia. This work is directed by Chairman Tibbetts, of our Welfare Committee. Anyone who knew Comrade Tibbetts, formerly 319 Field Hospital Co., knows this service is being well taken care of.

Last May the post held its annual banquet and comrades attended from as far as Newark, N. J. The food as well as entertainment was of the highest quality. Among the speakers was Jim Deegan, an ex-Blue Ridger, who is now Department Adjutant, American Legion, State of Pennsylvania.

On July 1th the post held its first picnic of the year at Doyles Farm, near Historic Valley Forge. It was well attended. All sorts of games were played, including baseball, polo, but the balloon race was most popular. There was no end to ice cream and soft drinks and some had the nerve to inquire about the vin blanc supply. There were no casualties, although there were some hard battles. All present expressed the desire for another such outing in August. Among those who attended were William Galleher, Bernard K. Meyers, James Herbert, William Graham, Wm. Pfeifer, Lawrence Fisher, Samuel B. Millinghausen, Wm. W. Calvert, Wm. McCloskey, Geo. L. Burton, Fred Hauseman, Wm. Cousins, Elmer Leddon, R. W. Mahon, John R. Canning, Edwin Vessey, Geo. Guille, M. Cochran, Frank Mayer, Evan Tibbett, Chas. F. Porter, W. Rhoads.

Comrade Frank Schoble, Jr., is in Miami, Florida, but we have word that he will arrive in Clarksburg in good time for all events.

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Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1

The Annual Blue-Ridge Boat Excursion was held on the Steamer "Homer Smith" at Pittsburgh on Friday evening, July 10th by the Auxiliary and was attended by a gathering of over five hundred people. Dancing and Euchre were features of the ride and it was voted a success in every way.

The Auxiliary will hold a meeting in the Fulton Building on July 23rd to make arrangements for the Annual 80th Division Picnic to be held at West View

Park, August 1st. This will be the seventh annual consecutive picnic held by the Auxiliary since the return of the division from France, the attendance of the first picnic in 1919 having established a record for the park which has never been exceeded before or since.

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Pittsburgh Post No. 3

Pittsburgh Post has postponed its meetings during the summer months on account of the hot weather, however, the members will be on hand at the Annual Picnic on August 1st and many members are planning their vacations so as to attend the reunion in Clarksburg. The Smoker and Banquet of the Post held on the Chatham Roof Garden in June was well attended, the speakers of the evening being Councilman James F. Maline, Judge D. Paulson Foster (305 F. S. Bn.) and Attorney William B. McFall (305 Ammunition Train and Division Hq.). Several members of the Post were observed at the V. F. W. Sham Battle at Forbes Field on July 6th, one in particular—John Vachetta, our Blue Ridge commander of the Facisti in Pittsburgh and Ex-Artilleryman, condescended to join the ranks of the Infantry and wield a wicked rifle on this occasion to the admiration of his friends in the vast audience. Many exclamations of Bravo! Sacramento! Hot Tamale! were called forth as he galloped bravely through the barrage of flying pop bottles and smoke.

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Washington, D. C. Post No. 5

Colonel Charles Keller is very active in getting the boys together and whetting up interest in the Clarksburg reunion. Colonel Keller is now with the War Plans Division, General Staff, Washington, D. C. He reports that Colonel Eph. Peyton will soon arrive in Washington for duty at Army War College. There will be a large Washington contingent ready to join in the general attack on Clarksburg August 27th. Colonel Keller sent headquarters the photo of Colonel Charles Sweeney, which appears elsewhere in this issue of "Service."

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Clarksburg Post No. 6

Everybuddy who has had to do with preparations for a national reunion knows what the Clarksburg Post is enjoying, for they have taken the responsibility as an organization for putting over what we believe will be the division's most successful reunion. From all reports they are getting excellent results. They are receiving commendable co-operation from the Clarksburg Telegram, Chamber of Commerce, Automobile Club and various other organizations and individuals of Clarksburg. Boys, Sol Burka, Deem Robey, M. Nachman and other members of Clarksburg

Post are about ready for you. They say that the buddy who is A. W. O. L. from this year's explosion sure will miss something.

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Fairmont Post No. 7

For information of those who may have overlooked the fact, Fairmont Post No. 7 of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association, was organized at Fairmont, W. Va., Friday, October 17, 1924, with a charter membership including prominent Blue Ridgers of Marion County.

Orville L. Nay, Supply Sergeant, Headquarters Co., 314th Artillery, accepted the responsibility for the efficient direction of the organization work. Comrade Sol Burka, of Clarksburg, also assisted. Mr. Nay is Auditor of Power Receipts for the Monongahela West Penn Service Co., Fairmont.

August 7th we have from Comrade Nay: "We are preparing to co-operate in every way possible with Clarksburg for success and will be of all assistance possible at the convention." Fairmont is connected with Clarksburg by traction line and hard-surfaced roads, distance about 20 miles.

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Richmond Post No. 9

Richmond P. C. expects to have a good representation at the sixth annual reunion. Some of the members of the Post are Clyde C. Shankle, former Co. Clerk, Co. I, 318th Infantry, now with C. O. R. R. here; John W. Brown, former member Co. B, 318th Infantry, is with John H. Rose & Co., Richmond; J. E. Townes, former Corporal Co. B, and later at Regimental Headquarters, 318th Infantry; E. H. Baker, ex-sergeant, Regimental Personnel Section, 318th Infantry, is with Miller & Rhoades; E. Y. Hawkins, Corporal, 318th Infantry, who was seriously wounded in action in Bois de Ogons; Vincent Mosely, Sergeant, Personnel Section, 318th Infantry. The Post officers are Hunter I. Taylor, Commander; Vice-Commander, Holt Page; W. Vincent Mosely, Adjutant; Morris Lutto, Q. M.; E. H. Baker Chaplain; A. P. Harding, Color Sergeant; Staff Officers, J. Archie Evans, C. W. Roper, Geo. R. James, E. Y. Hawkins. T. L. Laffoon.

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Chestnut Ridge Post No. 10 (Uniontown)

The Post had a fine meeting July 2nd, and also July 16th, one meeting each month having been designated as for business only, the other for social affairs. The last meeting was accelerated with an entertainment and feed enjoyed by all. Chestnut Ridge Post is arranging to meet the Pittsburgh Post motor caravan en route to Clarksburg and after a brief reception to the Pittsburghers, will join the parade and proceed onward to the festivities at the Harrison County, W. Va., city. Rufus O. Barkeley, Ad-

jutant, is a very active booster for the Post as well as the association. He expects to meet the great bulk of the motor visitors to the reunion, since they will pass through Uniontown, this city being the gateway of the most available route. He is planning to assist and direct Blue Ridge tourists toward their objective. Fairchance is also on the route and Barkeley's home town.

Chestnut Ridge P. C. recently added 15 more members to its roster bringing the total up to 45. The new ones are Elmer Baker, Fred Cavallaro, L. S. Jeffries, H. C. Newcomer, Hugh Hugh, W. E. Foye, Ralph Vance, John A. Herbert, Therman Coughenour, Robert Miller, M. E. McAndrews, Wm. Patterson, J. B. Blanc, S. G. Moser and Robert J. Reed. The last meeting was August 6th with much enthusiasm and interest evident in anticipation of the coming national get-together.

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Petersburg Post No. 12

THREE ROUSING CHEERS! Here's a new one, old timers!

The charter application of the new P. C. at Petersburg, Va., contains the monickers of the following: Proctor V. Gresham, Acting Treasurer; Raymond L. Hardy, Herbert C. King, Asa E. Knically, James M. Murray, George P. Neatrou, James P. Robinson, Wm. A. Smith, Benjamin F. Stowe, Howard J. Wells, former bugler Co. C, 318th Infantry and one of our blind buddies; Oscar L. Winfield ex-Regimental Sergeant Major, 318th Infantry; Carlton L. Harville, Russell C. Young, Geo. R. Chambliss, R. Foster Mann, F. O. Strailman, Jr., Herbert F. Bryant, Percy C. Wood, William M. Glazier, William B. Walsh, E. W. Morrow, Thos. B. Orange, H. R. Bunker, C. B. Allgood, Jr., Charles E. Pollard, Louis A. Shaw and Howard L. Harris. Mr. R. C. Youngblood is temporary Chairman. The next meeting will be held August 18th. The members of this Post have a pleasant surprise to spring on their buddies at the convention. On July 4th Frank Schoble, Jr., president of the association, called on Comrade Howard Wells at Hotel Petersburg, on his way to Miami, Florida.

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315th Artillery Post

Ben Angrist, former Battery A, 315th Artillery, is now located at Logan W. Va. Comrade Walter McNamnee, ex-Bugler, 315th, is at MacBeth, W. Va. Regimental Sergeant Major Clarence F. Bushman, is residing at 915 Princeton Avenue, Bluefield, W. Va., but is A. W. O. L. from our column with his former contributions to literature that we all enjoyed so much. Harry A. Goodykoontz signed the roster for another year. He lives at 609 Raleigh Terrace, Bluefield. David R. Drexler, Department of Internal Affairs, Harrisburg, Pa., is with us

again. Sidney S. Taliaferro, formerly First Sergeant, Headquarter Company, 315th F. A., is now located at Salem, W. Va. Comrade Harry Goodykoontz will be remembered as Corporal, Headquarter Detachment, 155th F. A. Brigade. Comrade Drexler was Corporal, Headquarters Company, 315th Artillery.

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317th Infantry

Harry F. Diehl, Private first class, Co. K, now resides at 136 Chestnut St., Spring City, Pa., and sounds off as present or accounted for.

Albert M. Ely, ex-First Lieutenant, Co. I, has reported from 315 Liberty Building, Philadelphia, Pa. Comrade Ely is known outside the service as A. Merrill Ely and is carrying on at the above address.

Anson Eldred, former First Lieutenant, Co. G, is now connected with the Milwaukee Press and Machine Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Comrade Eldred expresses appreciation that the old outfit is still operating and that he highly prizes his copies of "Service."

J. A. Ferrell, Corporal, Co. B, has signed up again for "Service" from Charleston, W. Va.

Carmen T. Lugo, Presidio, San Francisco, Cal., writes that he has been lost from the outfit since he was in France. He was in the Hawaiian Islands from 1920 to 1923. He is applying at the festal board for active service with his old buddies. He was with the 317th Infantry.

Alfred B. Lesser has moved from New York City to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he is engaged in the fur business. Old Co. H member.

P. N. Oslin, former member of Co. F, is located at 666 Colquhoun Street, Danville, Va. He has just qualified for continuous "Service."

William F. Williams, Mill Gap, Va., Sergeant, Co. D, has signed up with the old outfit for another round with the crowd, and reports that he will make a special effort to be with us at Clarksburg in August.

Obie C. Young, Private, Co. D, has joined up again with the old gang, and is now residing at 317 Rosemont Ave., South Charleston, W. Va.

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318th Infantry

Geo. W. Brittingham, Private, Headquarters Co., 318th Infantry, writes that he and a dozen Blue Ridgers are planning to attend the reunion from Norfolk en masse. He is endeavoring to get a large representation to the festivities from his sector. Comrade Brittingham is now connected with City Gas Co., Norfolk.

Austin B. Bush, ex-Wagoner, 318th Infantry Supply Co., is residing at 208 Hickory Street, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Ray C. Collins Private, Co. B, is on deck again for another sesame. Buddy

Collins' home is on Route No. 6, Staunton, Va., but he is at present working at Bessemer, Pa.

J. A. Carnahan, ex-Private, Co. F, is in the wholesale confectionery business at Warren, Ohio, under the firm name of Carnahan Bros. Comrade Carnahan resides at 323 Swallow Street, Warren.

William M. Glazier, 801 Young Ave., Petersburg, Va., ex-Corporal, Co. G, writes headquarters direct and tells his complete story with his name and address and three washers. He is also a charter member of Petersburg Post.

"Bob" M. Dashiell, as he prefers to be labeled, a former captain of Co. K, and later commanding division headquarters troop, is making an effort to get announcement of the 80th national reunion given the air over KDKA, Pittsburgh. Radio experts will please watch developments along this line. If the concession is granted steps will be taken to have the fact published in newspaper radio programs. Comrade Dashiell is with Railway Sales Department, Westinghouse Electric Co., Pittsburgh.

Captain Charles C. Griffin, former C. O., Co. I, was recently appointed Adjutant, 29th Infantry at Ft. Benning, Ga. The regiment is a war strength unit, less one battalion inactive. The regiment has about 2,100 men and 60 officers. Since returning to the states, Captain Griffin was on recruiting duty at Camp Lee for a time. In July, 1919, he was assigned to duty at United States Disciplinary Barracks, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., for five years, thence student at Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga.

Captain Senius J. Raymond First Adjutant of the 318th, reported to Ft. Benning, August 4th for duty from Camp, Meade, Md.

Captain James S. Douglas, ex-C. O., Co. B, and Lieutenant Samuel L. Buraecker, ex-Headquarters Co., and later Co. B, are with the 24th Infantry stationed at Ft. Benning, Ga.

Brigadier General Briant H. Wells, ex-Lieutenant-Colonel 318th, is Commandant of the Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Georgia.

Earl J. Clowser, ex-Sergeant, Co. L, is engaged in the hardware business with Jno. Miller & Bro., selling guns and ammunition, at Winchester, Va.

Leslie L. Jones, Battalion Sergeant Major, 2nd Battalion, has been re-entered in our exclusive circle from 4012 Forest Hill Ave., Richmond, Va.

Arch. G. Lewis, ex-Sergeant, Co. I, sends in word that he is much pleased with our outfit and the mag. He says he recently spent a night with Ben Rogers, ex-First Sergeant, at Greensboro, N. C. He says he sees "Hiram" Lacy, Ed. Carter, Joe Johnston, and other Co. I boys often. Comrade Lewis is president of the Hendersonville Mortgage Co., Hendersonville, N. C.

Geo. Sorenson, Private, Co. D, is residing at 1437 Wood St. LaCrosse Wis. He

has qualified for another year of morning reports.

Captain Griffin, ex-C. O., Cos. G and I, writes headquarters, "If you see or write to Stultz, our Divisional Historian, and former company clerk of mine in Co. G, extend my best wishes. Stultz is one of the finest characters I have ever known."

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319th Infantry

Samuel C. Gould, Private, Co. G, 319th Infantry, whose address is Box 71, North Bessemer, Pa. has sent out notices to the effect that the company will hold a reunion somewhere in Pittsburgh September 15th, of this year, and wants buddies who attended last year's reunion as well as those who desire to attend this year to write him with any suggestions they have. The "gang" got away last year before their addresses were listed. If any other point is preferable for a meeting place he wants to be notified in time to make proper arrangements and send out notices covering the change.

Rudolph Kohs, formerly Headquarters Co., 319th Infantry, is now located at U. S. Submarine Base, Marine Barracks, New London, Conn. Comrade Kohs was recently promoted to corporal, submarine service.

Roscoe McD. Dunning, Corporal, Co. F, 9401 Frankstown Road, Wilkesburg, has reported for duty for another year.

John P. Hoffman, Co. M, of Jenners, Pa., is after details of the coming stirring events to take place at Clarksburg and demands immediate light on the subject. He presumably is preparing to do himself proud along with the rest of us at our gala occasion.

Francis L. Mullooly, Private first Class, Headquarters Co., of Oakdale, Pa., is again among our ranks.

Andrew A. Pastorius, Private, Co. H, has answered the roll call from 139 Boundary Ave., Clairton, Pa.

Edw. J. Wenger, Private first Class, Co. D, sends in his regards from 2434 Brownsville Road, Carrick (Boro.), Pittsburgh, Pa.

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320th Infantry

Henry R. Curry, Machine Gun Co., 320th Infantry, resides at 2038 Mountford Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. (Northside). We sincerely hope Comrade Curry has completely recovered from the long and arduous strain incident to his exceptional services to the association these many years as Resident Secretary, magazine editor, diplomat, legal representative, poet laureate, rehabilitation and hospitalization chairman, welfare committeeman, treasurer, and chairman of information bureau. The sincere good wishes of a grateful coterie of friends within the Blue Ridge forces shall be a part of his reward in the future, and everybuddy hopes he will meet with health, wealth and prosperity in any future ventures in

which he chooses to engage. Our last word from "Pops" was from Niagara Falls, N. Y., where he was vacationing.

E. G. Peyton, former Colonel, 320th Infantry, one of the few officers to receive the D. S. M. in the World War, will enter Army War College, Washington, as a student, August 15th. Colonel Peyton entered the World War with rank of major. He was shortly thereafter promoted to lieutenant-colonel, then to colonel, with assignment to 320th Infantry.

Former Lieutenant James R. Stanton, of the 320th, is now in business at 16 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris, France.

Dr. John R. Claypool, ex-Major, 320th Infantry, Medical Detachment, is located at Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Comrade Claypool is desirous of obtaining a picture of division headquarters officers, grouped about the rear entrance of headquarters at Beuval. Motion pictures of this group were taken but a still picture was also taken, a copy of which some comrade may have in his possession. Anyone having a print will please arrange with Dr. Claypool to have a print made for his souvenir collection. Does anyone know what Pittsburgh newspaper photographer took a photo of General Brett, Colonel Gordon and Dr. Claypool at the railway station platform, just prior to the 320th Infantry parade at Pittsburgh, 1924 reunion. If any buddy saw this photo reproduced in a Pittsburgh newspaper please advise headquarters so that a copy can be obtained for division files.

C. W. Dryer, ex-Wagoner, Supply Co., 320th Infantry, has qualified for another year's liaison with his buddies. Comrade Dryer lives at Fayette City, Pa.

William A. Douglas, Sergeant, Co. A, 320th Infantry, has again answered the roll call from 107 Woodstock St., W. End, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Chester R. Davis, ex-Captain, Co. K, has written headquarters for particulars of the sixth annual reunion with a view to advancing upon that objective at "H" hour. His present address is 69 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

H. N. Ebersole, former Corporal, Co. M, is at present at 28 Front St., Saranac Lake, N. Y. Buddy Ebersole notifies headquarters to see that his issues of "Service" come forward without interruption, as he looks forward to its morning report with interest.

Ray A. Fierst, Corporal, Co. G, has reported from 741½ Proctor Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Infantry School News, Ft. Benning, Ga., writes, "Colonel Peyton's transfer to the War College takes from the Infantry School one of the best liked officers who have ever attended this great school."

Geo. J. Klier, Co. G, compliments us on the March-April issue of "Service." Comrade Klier resides at 1133 Chartiers Ave., McKees Rocks, Pa., and was circulation manager for the magazine before it was moved from Pittsburgh.

Miss Ruth McClelland, "Y" member of 320th, lives at 656 North Prairie St., Galesburg, Ill. Miss McClelland says she and other "Y" girls of the 80th are preparing to attend the big show at Clarksburg.

C. D. Nelson, of G Co., is located at Bloxom, Va. He is negotiating to resume liaison with his old buddies.

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313th Field Artillery

Robert W. Perkins, ex-Captain, Battery B, has reported from 43 Exchange Place, New York City.

Charles E. Roberson, Elm Grove, W. Va., Battery E, wants to know if any one has a divisional insignia suitable for attachment to a three-inch projectile. He is working on a souvenir shell (we hope it isn't loaded) and any buddy having an article of this kind will please advise him.

William R. Mendenhall, Life Member No. 202, former Corporal, Headquarters Co., is located with the State Workmen's Compensation Department, in the new Capitol Building, Duffy St., Charleston, W. Va.

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314th Field Artillery

Comrade Homer S. Cunningham, former Corporal, Battery E, writes that he expects to be at "the big doings" at Clarksburg. Association headquarters has awarded Comrade Cunningham a highly engraved leather badge of honor, first class, with canvas medallion, for his statement: "I have been getting all issues of 'Service' magazine to date." Owing to the removal of headquarters from Pittsburgh to Charleston, one issue of the mag. was of necessity missed, and the various subscriptions in force extended one month. Comrade Cunningham resides at 53 Zane St., Wheeling, W. Va.

Roger Faherty, ex-First Lieutenant, 314th Artillery, has answered again for action from 629 Denning Place, Chicago, Illinois.

Raymond H. Jones, Private, first Class, Battery C, throws his hat in our ring from 192 State St., New Haven, Conn.

Roy F. Matley, Battery F, of 118 9th St., Philipsburg, Pa., falls in with the old bunch.

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315th Field Artillery

I. M. Holland, Private, Headquarters Co., has been entered for active duty from 65 Washington St., Washington, Pennsylvania.

James L. Jenkins, Sergeant, Medical Detachment, resides at 821 Charleston St., Charleston, W. Va. He is with Krieg, Wallace & McQuaide, Druggists, Charleston, and has just returned from a vacation spent at West Baden, Ind.

H. W. Whittington, Battery F, has recently done the necessary for a home run session in our social circle and read-

ing class. Comrade Whittington lives at Montgomery, W. Va.

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MISCELLANEOUS

Burg. C. Clark, Sergeant, Co. E, 305th Motor Supply Train, resides at 240 Robinson St., Pittsburgh. Mr. Clark has for several years been principal assistant to Mr. Curry at association headquarters, Pittsburgh. Mr. Clark is a very capable man and should succeed in short order in any line of business he has chosen to undertake. The good wishes of the association membership for his future is his heritage. It is hoped that he has not grown weary in his exacting service toward the needs of the association, and that he shall in the future resume active participation in Blue Ridge affairs.

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Conrad F. Crome, Co. D, 305th Motor Supply Train, former Captain, has moved from his former address to 1526 West Woodlawn Ave., San Antonio, Texas.

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Carlo D. Cella, ex-Captain, Division Headquarters, is practicing law at 151 Broadway, New York City. Comrade Cella never tires in his devotion to the welfare of the association and its members. He has ever been a willing worker for the good of the organization.

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Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas L. Rhoads, who went overseas with the division as Division Medical Officer, is now medical inspector with the National Guard and recently inspected the Cavalry Brigade of the New York N. G. at Ft. Ethan Allen, Vermont.

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Major Clifford V. Church, former Assistant Judge Advocate of the 80th, is now practicing law at 35 Boulevard Haussman, Paris, France.

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Sara Elizabeth is the fine, new daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy A. Detar. Bugler Detar was with 317th Field Hospital, 305th Sanitary Train.

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Mr. and Mrs. Fay A. Davis announce the arrival of Charles William Davis, their new son and heir, on March 17, 1925. Comrade Davis resides at Brad-dock, Pa., and was a former Private, 317th Field Hospital, 305th Sanitary Train.

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A few copies of the History of the 318th Field Hospital, 305th Sanitary Train, are available for distribution to buddies of that outfit. They will be sent out free as long as they last. Those desiring a copy should communicate with Dr. Hugh T. Nelson, Charlottesville, Va., or Maurice Baxter, 3227 Higbee Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Comrade P. W. Burke, former member 318th Train, is still in Los Angeles, Cal., having gone there some time ago for climatic advantages, his health having failed. His home address is 70 Market St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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Comrade Henry R. Curry writes to headquarters: "The May-June mag. looks good and you all deserve much credit for the work you are doing, which I am in position to know is not all velvet or glory."

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W. R. Current, Private, first Class, Co. F, 305th Engineers, has filed his reservation order for a copy of the division history. Comrade Current resides at 466 High St., Morgantown, W. Va., and has signed the roster for another year.

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Charles E. Daniels, ex-Sergeant, Co. B, 305th Field Signal Battalion, has again reported to the "top kick" as ready for duty.

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Frank Eagan, former member 313th Machine Gun Battalion, now resides at 212 E. 7th St., Erie, Pa., and is upon our roster again.

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Mark H. Finke, ex-member of Division Headquarters, is now connected with the office of Director of Public Safety, Richmond, Va.

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Emmett Fayen, ex-Captain, 320th Ambulance Co., 305th Sanitary Train, has signalled his location to us from 3538 Beldare St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Wm. H. Ferkler, ex-Intelligence Section (G-2) Division Headquarters, of Norwood, Pa., has announced that he has a set of aeroplane views taken of the division battle sector in France which are available for our Division Historian. Mr. Ferkler has joined our circles after a long A. W. O. L.

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Knute L. Hedlund has moved from Willets, Cal., to 425 Bradford Street, Redwood City, Cal.

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Walter L. Kittleberger, Co. B, 314th Machine Gun Battalion, writes that he is an ardent reader of "Service." His address is 155 Wright St., Corry, Pa.

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Rufus S. Lusk has joined us from 3422 Brown St., Washington, D. C.

Edmond McElwain, Private, Co. C, 315th Machine Gun Battalion, sends his best wishes from R. D. No. 7, Bellevue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Geo. Ainslee Nugent has reported change of address to Investment Building, Washington, D. C., which is his place of business.

A. J. Shaub, 319th Field Hospital, 305th Sanitary Train, has signed the register another year. He resides at 501 South Center St., Corry, Pa.

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Wm. Salchi, Co. C, 305th Ammunition Train, who has attended all divisional reunions to date, is preparing to proceed on to Clarksburg from his home, 731 East 23d St., Erie, Pa. Comrade Salchi tells us he realizes there is considerable confusion and overwork inevitable in a change of headquarters. You said a mouthful, old scout.

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F. R. Saternow, Co. F, 305th Ammunition Train, is a willing worker and enthusiastic supporter of our association. He has been so faithful in services rendered that we are tempted to give him away as to his identity in his literary works. However, we have promised not to do so.

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Ray T. Schuler has signed the register from Warren, Pa.

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Larence L. Sallade, Headquarters Detachment, 305th Ammunition Train, has availed himself of the benefits of liaison with the old gang. His address is Box 57, Sharon, Pa.

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Carl H. Tobey, ex-Captain, Division Headquarters, now Major, reports to his comrades from his home, 35 Banks St., Somerville, Mass.

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Frank Welty, Machine Gun Co., 320th Infantry, resides at Herminie, Pa. He is an active member of the association.

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Alexander W. Yereance, ex-Captain, Headquarters Co., 305th Engineers, has changed his address from 68 Scotland Road, South Orange, N. J., to 102 Gillette Ave., Sayville, Long Island, N. Y.

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In the August number of Foreign Service, official publication of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, appears an excellent article, "France Beckons to the Veteran," by Russell L. Stultz, of New Market, Va., Sergeant, Co. G, 318th Infantry, who is our Division Historian. "Recollections of a Dud," by Peter B. Kyne, noted writer and ex-Captain of Artillery, is also a feature of the August issue.

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Ralph J. Cogswell, former First Lieutenant, Co. K, 319th Infantry, sends us best wishes for continued success of the association from 622 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. Comrade Cogswell has "decorated the mahogany" for another year, and is holding forth at the above address as Assistant Secretary of the Valley Forge Steel and Tool Co.

CO. F, 305TH AMMUNITION TRAIN NOTES

By Lean A. Gainster

I see that an old neighbor of ours, the monarch of the wagon company, is now in business and parks himself in East Orange, N. J., home of the nice, big mosquitos. Gang, chase your memories back to those last few months at Camp Lee when we used to stand retreat in that vacant plot between the canteen and the Signal Corps barracks across the way when the entire regiment would line up, when each company commander would report his command. At the time of the A. W. O. L. epidemic, snickers would be heard when Captain Bingham's turn came, when his three sergeants, two corporals, two privates and one wagoner would be reported, "absent, SAH."

* * *

It just came to my mind that the German fox that Agate got hold of was dead. For my part I wonder that the darn thing lived as long as it did. I was numbered among the honored guests who shared a compartment with that fox from Brest to Amerique, and believe thou me, God was good to us by making the steamship Leviathan a fast boat, for otherwise there sure would have been some casualties among its guests. I have made the acquaintance of skunks, and was born along the Lake shores where the summer sun added to the odoriferousness of an environment of dead fish, but of all the odors I ever experienced that smell of a fox,—well, if the women folks wore them in the state of decomposition this one was in, they would save us men our perfume bills.

* * *

Just saw an old nag going up the street hardly able to navigate, which reminded me how Agate used to see horses along the Bethincourt road and he would send the gang out to bring them in and try to reclaim them. I remember particularly one gray Frog horse that had been cut out of the traces of a Frog battery wagon and was left lying along the road. The gang finally got him in, using a two by four under his belly to hold him up, and after getting him on the picket line they had to groom him—oh, boy, dirty—WOW! Then the crowning point came to our efforts when he croaked the next morning and we had to dig a hole to bury him in. F Company's luck ran in bunches like that.

"WAY DOWN EAST"

The June 27th issue of the "Baltimore Sun" carried an interview, with photograph, of Major General S. D. Sturgis, commander of the 80th Division in the Ancy-le-Franc Area, who on the above date terminated his assignment as Commanding General of the Third Corps

Area. General Sturgis was retired for age on August 1st and is spending the summer at Lake Owen, Wis. The newspaper article dealt with reminiscences of the General's army career of forty years.

* * *

Major Robert T. Barton, prominent member of the Winchester, Va. bar and commander of a battalion in the Virginia National Guard, was nominated without opposition in the Democratic primary August 4th as his party's candidate for the Virginia House of Delegates from the counties of Frederick and Clarke. Major Barton commanded a company in the 313th Field Artillery during the war.

* * *

Captain R. P. Keezell, of Keezletown, Va., who served with the 319th Infantry, spent two weeks at Camp Meade, Md., in July, on active duty with the 317th Infantry, 80th Division Reserve, in which he holds a Captain's commission.

* * *

A cut of Comrade Forrest E. Peters, of Harrisonburg, Va., who used to blow a mean bugle for Company E, 318th Infantry, appeared in the August issue of "Foreign Service," the V. F. W. magazine. The illustration shows Comrade Peters in his place of business in his home town. Graduating several years ago from a Government Vocational School as a repairer of fine watches and jewelry, "Pete" has made good in his profession.

* * *

Dr. George H. Spivey, ex-Captain, M. C., 315th Field Artillery, is associated with Drs. Gamble Bros. & Montgomery in the practice of his profession at Greenville, Miss., with offices in the Greenley Building.

* * *

A card from C. W. Merrell, who served as a First Lieutenant with Company G, 318th Infantry, until wounded on the British front in August, 1918, reveals that he spent the month of June forgetting care at Asbury Park, N. J., says that he's "still going strong," which means precisely what it says.

* * *

The 80th Division was well represented at the State conventions of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in Newport News, Va., June 15th, 16th and 17th, and of the American Legion in Staunton, Va., August 10th, 11th and 12th.

* * *

The St. Nazaire Memorial Fund is asking contributions toward a Statue of Liberty for France which it is proposed to erect in the harbor of St. Nazaire to commemorate the arrival of the first American troops at that port on June 26, 1917. The unveiling is scheduled to take place on the ninth anniversary in 1926. The movement has the endorsement of President Coolidge and Major General James G. Harbord is chairman of the Honorary Committee. A fund of \$100,000 will be necessary for erecting

the memorial. The shaft, which will be surmounted by the heroic figure of a doughboy standing atop of a huge eagle, will be the work of Mrs. Gertrude V. Whitney, the noted sculptress.

* * *

Captain Robert W. Perkins, of Lowenthal, Szold & Perkins, 43 Exchange Place, New York City, is desirous of obtaining information as to the name and address of the parents or next of kin of Private Thomas S. Riley, Battery B, 313th Field Artillery, who was killed in the Bois des Septsarges in October, 1918, and is now buried in Romagne. Any of Comrade Riley's buddies who may possess this data will confer a favor by forwarding same to Captain Perkins, at the above address.

* * *

Captain James E. McCann, formerly Regimental Supply Officer, 317th Infantry, is connected with the St. Louis Adjusting Co., Insurance Adjusters, with offices at 1204 Pierce Building, St. Louis, Missouri.

* * *

Comrade James O. Taylor, ex-Headquarters Company, 313th Field Artillery, has his civilian abode at 1815 Spring St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

* * *

Albert E. Wraase, who served with Company F, 318th Infantry, is located at 330 Hawkins Ave., Braddock, Pa.

* * *

Lieutenant-Colonel Oscar Foley, formerly 80th Division Machine Gun Officer, who has been on duty in Washington, is now stationed at Camp Lewis, Washington.

* * *

Comrade Henry A. Taylor, of the 319th Ambulance Co., is connected with the Miller Mfg. Co., Richmond, Va.

Stonewall Jackson

The Family and Early Life of

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'Sweeney of Legion' Goes to War Again

(Continued from page 11)

was Sweeney still. His men found out that their leader was in the line—that he could not be bothered with remaining in the P. C. receiving reports from the advanced trenches. Sweeney was as likely to be found instead out ahead of the wave in a fox hole.

"He is six men in one; you can't keep up with him," wrote one soldier. Sweeney went ahead, and he took more wounds in his already scarred body. Just before the armistice was signed they had to send Sweeney—now a Lieutenant Colonel—back to a hospital in Paris to keep him out of the war. He had about as much machine-gun lead and stray shrapnel in him as one human frame ought to be allowed to carry. But his regiment had swept across its objective, and that was all that mattered to Sweeney.

"I'm no hero," was all the comment that Sweeney ever vouchsafed when newspaper men tried to interview him.

To him the thrill of wild days in the line had become a commonplace. It was something that had been born in him and that was bound to endure. Hardly had he recovered from his wounds before he was found holding an interview with Premier Ignace Paderwsky of Poland in regard to creating a force of officers for the Polish Army. The Bolsheviki were becoming threatening—the newly created country of Poland desired protection.

Sweeney of the Legion assured Paderwsky that he would take over as a Polish warrior. The chance came sooner, possibly, than any one had counted on. In the Autumn of 1920, with the ink on the Treaty of Versailles hardly dry, there came the sweep of the Red armies on new-born Poland. For days the advance was irresistible—all Europe stood aghast wondering if this onslaught was to spell the doom of an already reeling Continent. France threw into the breach trainful after trainful of staff officers—men who could direct the defense of Warsaw.

And then out of the melee began to come the old, familiar dispatches. "Charles Sweeney cited for gallantry in the face of the enemy." "Sweeney promoted to Brigadier General." "Sweeney in front of Warsaw." And he was. Sweeney of the Legion was Brigadier General Sweeney of the Polish Army. Out ahead of his line were going the fast planes of the Kosciusko Squadron manned by former American members of the immortal Lafayette Escadrille. The little group of fighting Americans had come into their own again.

Liked the Infantry

Sweeney of the Legion has been one

of the few Americans who prefer to fight their wars afoot. He has seen comrade after comrade leave the ranks of the foot sloggers to assemble in such aviation groups as the Lafayette Escadrille and soar as pilots and machine gunners over enemy lines. The infantry to date has been his hobby—his first and only profession. In five wars at least he has battled on his own legs or in the shell of a tank. But in this latest he is taking the air. The new "Lafayette Escadrille" being formed from Americans in France for service against Abd-el-Krim will have the name of Charles Sweeney, who has always been with the infantry, on its roster.

There will be a good many young Americans who will envy this soldier of fortune the chance to speed over a battlefield in action—to feel one's self a part of the biggest, fastest, wildest game known to man. But the career of Sweeney of the Legion is not for every one. He happens to be a man who is a tremendous success in his special, active line.

Sweeney is the man who fights battles while we sit home and read about them.

Henry on His Vacation

(Continued from page 19)

I seen the same thing in the moveys and it was terrible. Now was my chance to see the reel thing. I opens the door and I come out on a platform way up near the seeling. I looks around and I was surprised that I didn't see nothing excitin at tall. The men was sitting around smokin like they was in the Klub house and I kould hear the telegraaff machines going and a koupler fellars wood put some numbers on a blackboard and thats all their was to it. I went to a lot off trouble to see this and I was fooled about how they do. It was getting late and I thought I better find a room in which to sleep before it gets dark which I did. The lady charged me one dollar just to sleep but that was alright. After I gets my room I goes out for a walk but I didn't go far because I didn't want to get lost so I stayed close all the time. About nine oklock I went to bed but I laid their thinking what I was going to do the next day. I maid up my mind that I wood go out to see the wild animals at the Zoo. The next day I got up at seven oklock and went out for something to eat. I was hungry which I always get when I go out for a big time. I takes a walk and when I had a chance I asked a kop how too go to the zoo. He says too go on a subway trane and get off at the Bronks. Well, I sure had a fine time gettin on the right train. Nobody would tell me. They was all in such a hurry. But after a long ride I kome to 181 street which was the Bronx and I went right into the

Zoo. Gosh, but you aughter seen all the wild animals. I went into a place where them monkeys was kept and I saw a fellar feedin them with peenuts. The Watchman comes along and balls him out because the sine says that you ain't allowed to feed them. It took most off the day to get around and about five o'clock I decides to get back to the City. When I was in my room I takes stock akount and sees that I had better get back home because I didn't have enough money too stay any longer so I tells the Lady that I was leavin. I gets on a ferry bote and goes to Jersey City. That is an awful place. Why, I think its even worse then Petersburg, and no foolin. Well, at Jersey City I takes a trolley and goes home. I was sure glad to get home too. I enjoyed myself alright on this little vocation only I didn't half enough money. I'm kinder afraid to go back to Kollege because I ain't learned one thing yet and I'm there a long time. I suppose youse fellars had a big vocation because all of youse got your old jobs back with more pay and you could easily afford it. The nice part about being an ex soldier is that the world is ours because when we went to France the peepole told us so. Of course when we got back, the peepole forgot that they didn't own the world and of course they kouldn't give it to us. But there was lots off air around and as it was free, they gave us all we wanted.

HENRY.



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Musings of An Old Regimental Chaplain

(Continued from page 17)

the boys who gave me their names for baptism are still alive? How difficult it was to find enough water in where we were to have the immersion form of baptism. Some were afterwards baptized with "fire." I often think of Corporal Johnson. He painted my name on my pup tent and in about two days the big shell that fell short in the woods somewhere in front of Fromerville brought to an end a young life of such great promise. Well, I have been relieved by writing down these memories of the past. I hope that if they are worthy of being printed that they may be the means of stirring up the mind of many of the buddies who were around those parts in the time referred to, unload their memories and place their contents on the pages of the "Service" Magazine. Tell us about the lads that we loved—those who were killed and those who are alive. Not only about the all too few who received the medals of award but of those who ought to have received them.

Clarksburg's Most Noted Soldier

(Continued from page 15)

vanced to the rank of major-general, and assigned to command of the Shenandoah Valley department on November 7.

On January 1, 1862, Jackson left Winchester, driving the Federals from Romney across the Potomac; engages in battle of Kernstown March 23, and enters upon the famous "Valley Campaign." During this period, the old "Stonewall Brigade" covered itself with glory, and the whole world turned its attention to the new commander this unfortunate fratricidal strife had brought forth. In thirty-two days Jackson and his "foot cavalry" marched four hundred miles, fought five battles, defeated three armies, captured twenty pieces of artillery, took four thousand prisoners, and large amounts of stores. This in turn cost him nine hundred men—killed, wounded and missing—and at no time did we have over fifteen thousand men to meet over sixty thousand Federals. The Seven Days Campaign, the second Manassas and Maryland Campaign, and the capture of Harper's Ferry in September, with eleven thousand prisoners, all served to accentuate the history of his corps. On October 11, he was ad-

vanced to the rank of lieutenant-general, and placed in command of the Second Corps.

On May 1, 1863, Jackson led the Second Corps around Hooker's right flank at Chancellorsville, routing the right wing of the Federal army. During the action, he was wounded at the hands of a detachment of his own men, as a result of which he died May 10, at Guiney Station, near Fredericksburg, and was buried at Lexington.

Thus came to a close the earthly career of one of the most distinguished sons of the upper Monongahela valley of West Virginia. In his short life he became an international figure, proclaimed by the ablest of critics as one of the greatest captains of all time. His fame is not the property of the North, the South, the East, or the West, but of America. His record under the Stars and Stripes in Mexico, and his conscientious course under the Stars and Bars, can never be effaced from the annals of great American soldiers, and as the common heritage of our race, shall exist as long as time endures.

305TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION P. C.

Charles E. Ludlum, ex-Sergeant 1st Class, and former "top kicker" of A Co., stopped over in Pittsburgh for a few days while on his vacation trip. He is now with the Western Union Telegraph and Cable Company (Cable Division), New York City, and is living at 634 Morris Park Ave., Bronx, New York City.

A bunch of the boys gathered for a dinner in Ludlum's honor, among whom were J. K. Fitzgerald, Co. A; Gus Montick, Co. A; Jules Arnold, Company B; E. C. Schmidt, Co. B; Leo Sable, Co. C; M. J. Thomas, Co. C; Carl G. Liden, Supply Co. We had a specially imported entertainer from Erie, and "Long Stomach Lou" Anderson favored us with a few choice selections. We also were favored with a dandy letter from the battalions' buddy, "Doc" E. R. Latham (ex-Captain, Med. Det.). The boys will all remember him as being the best dentist we had. He is now Chief of Dental Section, U. S. Veterans Bureau, Boston, Mass. "Doc" says he would like to hear from the old gang and expressed his regrets at missing our last banquet held in April in Pittsburgh.

In the May-June Service a photo was published of the grave of Antonio Molokovich at Herrin, Ill. He was a member of Headquarters and Supply Detch., 305th F. S. Bn. He was drafted from Erie, Pa., and served with us from fall, 1917 until our discharge June 9, 1919. I do not know exact date of enlistment

nor how long he was in the Depot Brigade. I trust this information will be what you need.

Michael J. Thomas, ex-Sergeant 1st Class, Co. C, wig-wags us that he will be "Johnny on the spot" at Clarksburg. Comrade Thomas is a member of the executive council, E. D. V. A.

Officer—"And why did you assault the sentry in this brutal way?"

Mike—"Well, der guy sez he challenges me so I bust him one on the jaw."

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A HISTORY OF THE 320th INF.

Battle maps—Photos, General Orders, Citations, Casualty Lists, etc.

Ably written and edited by Thomas H. Westlake, Esq., formerly Captain 320th Infantry, 80th Div., A. E. F.

Copies have been distributed free to the members of the Regiment. Relatives, friends and others who may be interested may secure copies by addressing remittance of \$2.75 to Thos. H. Westlake, custodian, 320th Inf., Regiment History Fund, 617 Cuyahoga Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Comrade and Mrs. Russell L. Stultz, of New Market, Virginia, announce the birth of a daughter, Margot Romaine Stultz, at the Rockingham Memorial Hospital, Harrisonburg, Va., on Sunday, June 28th. The news will be received with pleasure by the many friends of Comrade and Mrs. Stultz, and young Miss Margot is especially deserving of congratulations upon her choice of parents.

* * * *

Battery "A," 314th F. A. Reunion

Announcement has been made by the committee in charge, Comrades P. H. McDonnell, M. A. Mannix and Chas. C. Leonard, that Saturday and Sunday, August 29th and 30th, have been set apart as Battery "A" days at the Clarksburg reunion. The annual Battery "A" banquet will be held at the Waldo Hotel on Saturday night, and—Oh, Boy! Visions of the Wheeling, Pittsburgh and former Clarksburg banquets rise before us. Every Battery "A" vet. within reaching distance will make a special effort to be present,—there is always something doing when Pat McDonnell, Mott Mannix and Lucky Leonard set out to do things. By the way, the Battery "A" Association is the oldest organization of vets. within the division. It was organized at the Chateau de Charmois, near Mouzay, France, our farthest advance in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, on Thanksgiving day, 1918, and has held annual banquets and reunions since that time. A record attendance is expected at the Clarksburg meet.

Greensburg Post No. 11

As "Service" goes to press, we are in receipt of the following:

"Mr. Boyd B. Stutler,
Resident Secy.,
80th Division Vets. Assn.
Charleston, W. Va.

"Dear Sir:

"I received your letter this morning and was glad to hear from you. The reason I have not sent any news items is because I am working every day. I expect to be with you at Clarksburg the latter part of this month. Please advise me how to have transportation routed. Is it possible for me to have the names of the boys located in Westmoreland County in order to encourage their attendance at the convention?"

"Pardon this brief letter as I must get ready to report for work.

"Yours in comradeship,

"Ernest D. Rodehaver."

Comrade Rodehaver was a Private, Co. "D," 305th Amm. Tr., and is representing Greensburg Post No. 11, of Westmoreland County, Pa. All Blue Ridgers in adjacent territory, as well as in this county, are urged to communicate with Mr. Rodehaver to the end that a motor caravan, or other such plans as he may have in contemplation, may be completed. His address is 316 Third Street, Greensburg, Pa. Routes are described for complete motor transportation to and from the convention in another section of this issue of Service.

Company K, 320th Infantry

A letter addressed to F. M. Darragh, 1013 Coal Street, Wilksburg, Pa., for this post has been returned to headquarters marked "gone—left no address." Darragh, where art thou?

Since it was too late to get in touch with another member of the company before going to press, news items for this post for this issue were unobtainable. Will some of the members of the post in the meantime "rise and shine" and let headquarters know a few things for morning report in our next issue.

MORNING REPORT

Company "B," 320th Infantry

Two issues of the Service Magazine have come out since any Morning Report was sent in for Company "B" 320th Infantry. This has been due to the fact that the Magazine has come out surprisingly prompt, for which we are very grateful, and also to the fact that your secretary has been kept very much on the jump trying to dig up some business in these dull times.

* * *

Sometime ago Mr. H. A. McKay, better known as Whitey, was seen commuting between Pittsburgh and McKeesport. He reports that he is living at 524 Hazel Street, McKeesport, and is employed by the National Electric Company in Pittsburgh. We could not quite make out from his description whether he holds the rank of first sergeant or first lieutenant with the company but any way we wish him luck. He advised that our old friend Ed McGinness is practicing law in McKeesport and also has connections with a law office in Pittsburg. According to Whitey, Lorenzo Hill, who still enjoys single blessedness, is living in McKeesport and is employed by the National Tube Company, as is also Carl Byers, but Byers differs from Hill in that he is very much married. Whitey also advised that since we saw Ernest

McAllister he has become married and is employed by the McKeesport Tin Plate Company.

* * *

Members of Company "B" will be very much interested to know that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sughrue are entertaining a young son who arrived this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Blanc also tell us that they have a new baby at their house.

* * *

On May 23rd twenty-five members of Company "B" and seven wives gathered together at the American Legion Home in Greensburg for our second regular dinner party. Pop Gosnell of Delmont, Pennsylvania and Bill Hice of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, were the entertainment committee and they arranged to have some special music during the dinner. Mr. Sam Lightener, a brother of our old friend, Sergeant Lightener, played the piano and Mrs. Gosnell sang several other solo numbers. Music pamphlets were distributed among the diners and all joined in singing some of the old favorite songs. When the dinner was about half over the door of the dining room flew open and a hoarse voice gave the gruff command "REST, MEN, REST," and there stood our friend Soup Lewis all smiles and quite elated over the fact that he could be among those present. Lewis furnished amusement for the rest of the party during the balance of the evening. He certainly has a wonderful memory for the various funny things that happened at Lee and in France and his take-offs on some of the old-timers such as McAninch and Snappy Garner, were the hits of the evening.

* * *

The committee was very much disappointed that there was not a greater turnout to this our first mixed party to which the wives and families of the members were invited. Only the members themselves know the reason for this and it is to be hoped that at the next dinner they will turn out in full force and bring their families with them.

* * *

This past spring the ranks of the bachelors were again reduced because Tom Edelblute deserted and joined the benedicts.

* * *

A number of "B" Company men are planning on going to the Convention at Clarksburg. The West Virginians claim that those who attend will have the best time ever. Let's all go and help them make good on their promises.

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Your Duty to the Eightieth

(Continued from page 12)

had his birth and childhood, showing it that we are worthy successors to his legions. Let us show Clarksburg that we still know how to "move forward" and make history for the Blue Ridge Division. Let us descend upon the town in such numbers as to tell the world the 80th still lives, not in memory but in fact.

Seven years ago we were busy grooming ourselves "Somewhere in France" for the duty of keeping an important engagement with "Jerry." Our recollections of that decisive occasion should suffice to urge us to keep a more happy engagement with our comrades in Clarksburg. Its anniversary marks the one time in the year when all who served under the Blue Ridge banner should put aside both matrimonial and business cares for the veteran's prerogative of fraternizing with his Buddies. The glad anticipations of that opportunity will quickly speed the intervening days. It is now that you should make ready your excuses to the *madame*, prepare your notice of "A. W. O. L." and red-letter the date when you can go forth and say, with the poet:

*"Hello, Buddy! How-dee-do?
Something's happened twixt us two,
Something makes a glad heart beat
Every time we chance to meet.*

*And adown 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!"*

—Henry R. Curry.

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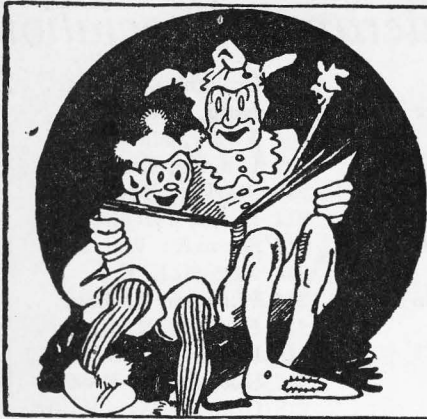
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A PAGE TO WIT

IN DAYTON, TENN ..

Prosecuting Attorney: "Your Honor, the sheriff's bull pup has gone and chased up the court Bible."

Judge: "Well, make the witness kiss the bull pup then. We can't adjourn court a week to hunt up a new Bible."

THE PARADE

The colored infantry had returned from overseas and were parading before being discharged from the service. An old lady noticed one large husky carrying what seemed to be more his share of medals, etc., on his breast. The parade halted, and the old lady congratulated the dusky hero upon his showing in the war, closing her remarks with, "If we have another war we have one colored man we can depend on, can't we?"

"Lady," says our late hero, "if they has anudder war and gits this nigger they has to burn down the woods and sift the ashes."

ECHOES OF ROSARIA

Stage Manager: "Tonight you will be one of the bachanalians and follow the leading man in the vintage scene."

Bum: "Then you must give me twenty five cents for a shave."

Stage Manager: "On second thought you will play the part of a shepherd and help Martha the mule off the stage."

PROPER USE OF LATIN

Vet applying for compensation—"Now doctor, is there anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a long Latin name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

Doctor—"Well sir, to be frank, you are suffering with laziness. You have an aggravated form of police malaria."

Vet—"Thank you doctor. Now tell me the Latin name for it, I've got to report back to the missus."—*Oregon Veteran.*

FROM BUREAU OF WAR RISK INSURANCE

I ain't got no book learning and I hope I am writing for information.

Just a line to let you know I am a widow and four children. He was in-

dicted into the surface.

I have a four-months-old baby and he is my only support.

I was discharged from the army for a goitre which I was sent home for.

I am his wife and only air.

You have asked for my allotment number; well I have four boys and two girls.

Please correct my name as I could not and would not go under a consumed name.

From a soldier to his mother: "I am writing in Y. M. C. A. with a piano playing in my uniform."

Both sides of my parents are old and poor.

Please send me a wife's form.

I am a poor widow and all I have is in the front.

I ain't received my husband's pay and will be forced to lead an immortal life.

You have changed my boy to a girl. Will that make any difference?

Please let me know if John has put in an application for a wife and child.

You have taken away my man to fight and he is the best fighter I ever had.

My son is in Co. 158 Inf. Please tell me if he is dead or alive and if so, what is address?

My boy has been put in charge of a spittoon. Will he get more pay.

I have learned my husband is in a constipation camp in Germany.

Little Willie Hertz,

Sat on a tack.

Little Willie Hertz.

AT ANY ARMISTICE REUNION

Where do we go from here, boys?

Good-by, Market Square.

The old gray mare ain't what she used to be

Over there, Over there, Over there.

There's a long, long trail a-winding,

Cheers for the red, whit and blue,

Keep the home fires burning,

Hinky-Dinky, parley voo.

Oh, the cavalry, the cavalry;

I found my love in Avalon;

You'll never get rich while digging a ditch;

Madelon, Madelon, Madelon.

TOO SLOW

"Please, mother says these matches won't strike!"

From behind his counter the grocer looked down on the child with the air of an insulted saint.

"Won't strike?" he said. "Why, look here." And he struck one on his leg.

The child departed home to tell his mother of the mistake she had made. But in a very short time he was back at the shop with the matches, which he laid on the counter with the air of finality.

"Mother says she hasn't time to come and strike matches on your trousers!"

TIMELY THOUGHT

He—Please let me hold your hand a minute."

She—"All right; but how are you going to know when the minute is up?"

He—"Oh, I'll have to have your second hand for that."

CAUSE FOR FERVENT PRAYER

Inquisitive One—"And what does the Chaplain do?"

Old Timer—"The Chaplain? Oh yes, he gets up in chapel every Sunday, looks over the troops, and then prays for the Country."—*Adapted from The Target.*

Dentist, speaking to patient about to have a tooth extracted: "Do you remember the war's best song hit?"

Patient: "No, what is the title?"

Dentist: "The Yanks Are Coming."

Why is a slacker like a lemon meringue pie?

Because he's yellow all the way through and hasn't enough crust to go over the top.

A negro sergeant was drilling his men and noticed one in the rear rank was somewhat bowlegged.

"Stand at 'tention nigger," he barked.

"I'se at 'tention, sa-gent."

"Nigger, from yo' knees up you is at 'tention, but from yo' knees down yo' at p'rade rest."

LIFE MEMBERS 80th Division Veterans Association

LIFE MEMBERS		
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4 Elton, Reuel W.	71 Timmins, P. M.	140 Chapman, J. G.
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26 Dugro, Chas. H.	93 Miljus, John	162 Maitland, J. M.
27 Erff, George	94 Faherty, Roger	163 Fackiner, D. J.
28 Negus, H. V. S.	95 Woodman, Joseph F.	164 Wilson, Walter S.
29 Barry, David A.	96 Schafer, Marcus	165 Campbell, Ralph
30 Rising, Herbert	97 Sorenson, George D.	166 Smith, J. C.
31 Ackerman, David G.	98 Peterson, A. R.	167 Doty, Edmund S.
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34 Hoxsey, T. F.	101 Revell, L. Fosque	170 Hill, A. B.
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49 Paret, Robert R.	116 Mahood, A. B.	185 Alfriend, Richard J.
50 Harrison, Maj. J. D.	117 Barach, H. H.	186 Koch, Louis J.
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62 Armstrong, Walter T.	129 Ferrell, J. A.	198 Vermeule, Cornelius C.
63 Fortescue, Granville	130 Keeler, Owen F.	199 Brittingham, Geo. W.
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		207 Lang, Theadore J.
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		224 Arnold, Miss Elizabeth
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		227 Brown, Stanley D.
		228 Smith, Walter C.
		229 Smith, E. O.

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Capt. Michel Goudchaux
Lt. Jacques Bellanger
Lt. Rene Antoine May
Capt. Mare Waselet
Lt. Henri Peghaire
William L. Fleming
J. K. Anderson

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318th Inf.....	30
319th Inf.....	27
320th Inf.....	25
305th Eng.....	21
317th Inf.....	19
313th Art.....	16
314th Art.....	12
Divn. Hq.....	11
305th Amm. Tr.....	11
315th M. G. Bn.....	10
315th Art.....	8
313th M. G. Bn.....	5
305th San. Tr.....	5
Hdq. Inf. Brigades.....	5
305th Motor Tr.....	4
Hdq. Art. Brigades.....	4
314th M. G. Bn.....	3
Y. M. C. A.....	2
305th F. S. Bn.....	2
80th M. P. Co.....	1
Unit Unknown.....	7
	228
Paid in Full.....	162
Paid on Account.....	22
No Payment.....	44
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