

November-December, 1925

Official Communique
of the Blue Ridge Division



THE
SERVICE
MAGAZINE



August 26-27-28.29, 1926. Seventh Annual Reunion at Petersburg, Va.

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.

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

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.

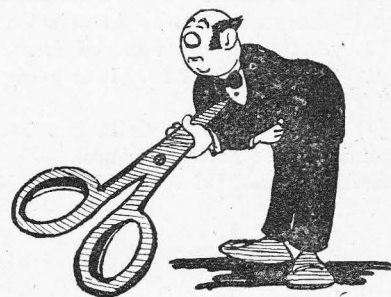
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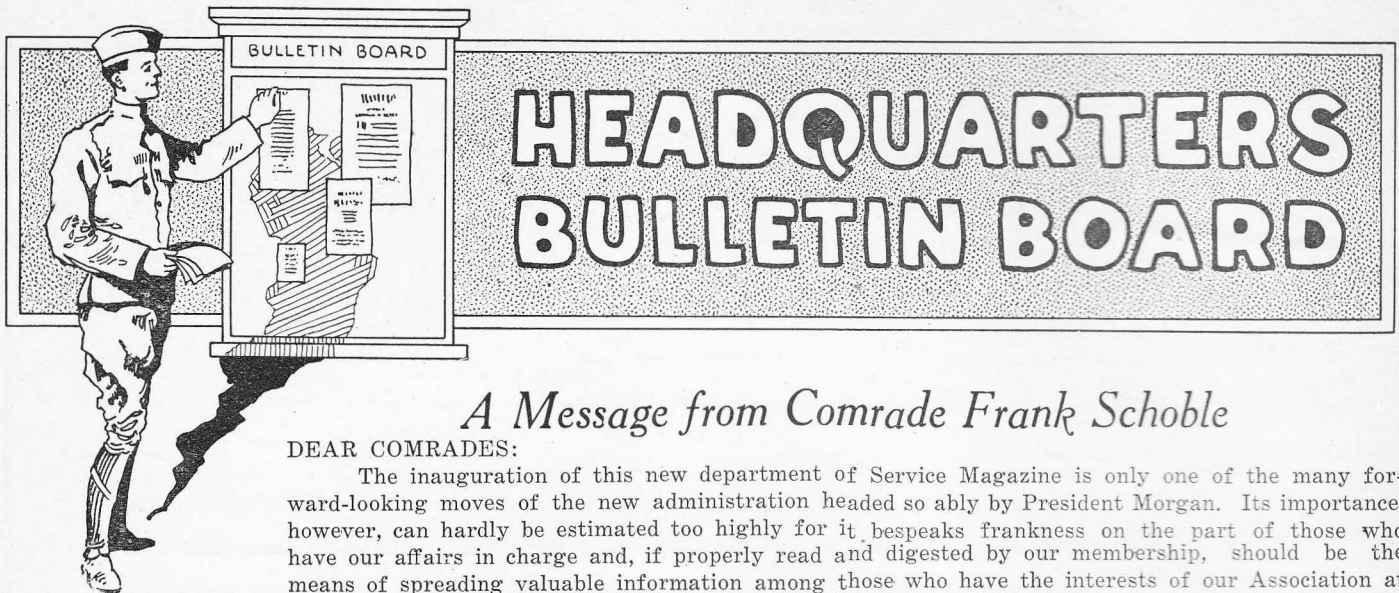
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A Message from Comrade Frank Schoble

DEAR COMRADES:

The inauguration of this new department of Service Magazine is only one of the many forward-looking moves of the new administration headed so ably by President Morgan. Its importance, however, can hardly be estimated too highly for it bespeaks frankness on the part of those who have our affairs in charge and, if properly read and digested by our membership, should be the means of spreading valuable information among those who have the interests of our Association at heart. In this connection, your President's message of last month's issue merits more than one reading. It is a spur to action. If we are to live and grow, we must have more life breathed into our present membership so that we may be able to increase that membership. Interest must be stimulated and this can only be done by the individual or concerted effort of those who already know the value of the Eightieth Division Veteran's Association. Headquarters can function efficiently, Service Magazine can be a winner, but it will only be when every member makes himself the chairman of a personally-appointed Membership Committee and gets to work enlisting support that we shall have an organization that is worth while. In point of strength, this activity would give us the financial standing which we require. But, in point of spirit, we would see the old Division vibrating once more with the determination that gave it its place among the fighting units of the A. E. F.

If you should happen to have been a company commander, what a splendid thing it would be to rally the old company once more to the colors, build up the old organization and turn it over as your peace-time gift to your Association and the country. If you happen to have been a buck-private in the rear rank, why not prove that you are a better enlistment-sergeant than any that Uncle Sam ever had and get that squad or platoon in line and then invite some lieutenant or captain to come to Petersburg and view the old outfit. If you happen to know of several of the old crowd who live in your community, why not get them together and take steps to organize a Post. It is then that you will only really know what your Association means when you sweeten the old comradeship by frequent contact. All these suggestions are practical and the most pleasant thought in connection with them is that they, if followed, would not only be a supreme benefit to our Association but of constant satisfaction and pleasure to the doer.

Let us get behind President Morgan and give him one hundred per cent of service and demonstrate to our own satisfaction, and in some practical way, that the "Blue Ridge" is a bigger, better and busier organization than it ever was because we have had a hand in making it so.

FRANK SCHOBLE, JR.

I know all of you will take to heart the message this month from our Honorary President, Frank Schoble.

Since the last issue of SERVICE Magazine headquarters activities have been as follows:

(1) The Association has been incorporated under the laws of West Virginia as authorized by the Executive Council at the Clarksburg meeting.

(2) A meeting of the Officers and Executive Council was held in Washington on December 5, 1925. (All expenses paid personally by those attending.)

(3) At this meeting the Executive Council appointed the following Editorial Board to make all final decisions on the Division History, with authority to proceed at once with the publication of same:

Chairman Russell L. Stultz, Division Historian.

General George Jamerson,

General Adelbert Cronkhite,

General James H. Bryson,

General Lloyd M. Brett,

Boyd B. Stutler, Secretary.

(4) The Editorial Board held a hearing at Washington on December 5, 1925, attended by twenty-three (23) former members of the Division. Suggestions were requested to assist the Board in completing the History.

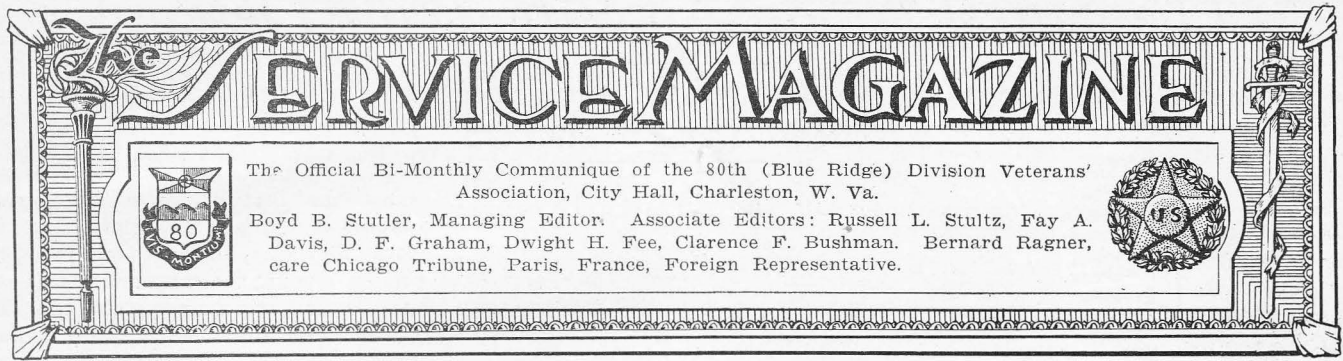
(5) The financial report submitted by the Resident Secretary to the Executive Council at Washington showed an increase in the assets of the Association since the Reunion at Clarksburg.

(6) A report was received from the local Reunion Committee at Petersburg. The dates of the Reunion in 1926 will be August 26, 27, 28, and 29. It is going to be the best and largest Reunion of the Association. START MAKING YOUR PLANS TO ATTEND.

(7) Capt. Carlo D. Cella has been reappointed a Committee of one to report at the 1926 Reunion on plans for the 1927 Reunion to be held in France.

A PROSPEROUS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL.

President.



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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"

The Surest Means of American Defense

Colonel Wise Says That a Better Understanding Between Nations Is Best and Surest Defense of America



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is a great pleasure to be here in Pennsylvania and an honor to speak to you. Having been introduced as a Virginian, I do not feel as if I were an entire stranger in your midst, for I am more

than one-fourth Pennsylvanian. My grandmother was a Pennsylvanian. Her father, John Sergeant, represented this State for more than twenty years in Congress, and his father, Jonathan Sergeant, was your first Attorney General. My aunt was the wife of General George Gordon Meade, under whom a score of those present served in the war between the States; and I have still another connection with Pennsylvania. In the late war I served in the Blue Ridge Division, composed of the men of Virginia, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania, and for a year or more I wore on my sleeve three blue peaks, one of which represented these very hills, while half of my men came from this State. Many of those men were the descendants of the famous Bucktails of Pennsylvania who stood shoulder to shoulder with the men of Virginia at Yorktown, and with them, under the leadership of George Washington, won our independence. During the war between the States the Bucktails and the Virginians fought against each other, but they only learned to respect each other the more. Long since the feeling between them has passed in the common sacrifice of the late war. In my own family there never has been any of that sectional feeling which for a long time existed in both the North and the South. How could there be? The first thing General Meade did after the surrender at Appomattox was to fill an ambulance with clean clothes, food, good whiskey, his pockets full of Yankee greenbacks, and go in search among the so-called rebels for his confederate brother-in-law and nephews, and he brought my father, who was then but a half-starved boy, to Philadelphia in his gray uniform, where, in the home of his aunt, he got the first square meal he had had for three years. So you see I am no stranger among you.

And what shall I speak to you about? Naturally, I am expected to say something about National Defense, but I shall not talk about the necessity of training and maintaining soldiers. With that necessity your record shows that

By Jennings C. Wise
Lieutenant Colonel, 318th Infantry

[The article which follows is an address delivered by Colonel Wise at Boalsburg, Pennsylvania, on Defense Day, 1924. The address has been widely commented upon and is of such interest that we reprint it in full.]

you have already been impressed. On this so-called Defense Day I know of no better subject to speak to you upon than Patriotism, for surely it is upon the rock of patriotism that adequate national defense must be based.

There is perhaps no word in our language that is more abused than the word *patriotism*. What does it mean? Patriotism means love of country. Yet it has become common for us to characterize all kinds of selfish and unworthy things as patriotism. It is not the sentiment that constitutes patriotism, but the act. Patriotism involves a certain amount of sacrifice, and nothing is a sacrifice that does not cost us some effort or the giving up of something. What I am going to ask you to do is, I believe, a really patriotic thing—and that is to use your influence to cause our people to give up some of their ideas, some of their misunderstandings, some of their prejudices, some of the convictions that false patriots have engendered in their minds. I am going to ask you to help them understand and respect the people of Great Britain and France, and our other friends across the sea, and to unite in a great national effort to see that the strangers in our midst no longer succeed in making the people of America distrust our old allies, believing, as I do, that a league of real friendship is a better and a more certain defense than any other league into which we may enter with them. The available time does not permit me to speak about all of our friends. What I shall say about two of them in principle applies to them all.

Why should we mistrust the British people? You all know that, about two hundred and fifty years ago, the people of England rose against the tyranny of their rulers and established their liberties by a great revolution. Among those people were the progenitors of those who founded this country. The things they accomplished and their ideas made this country possible. A hundred years later the British colonists in America united to insist that the liberties which their forefathers had won in England in 1688 should not be denied them. The war of American independence followed, not be-

cause the British people as a whole wished to oppress the colonists, or because they were different from them, but simply because the government of Great Britain had become weak and bad. The truth is, the great majority of thinking men in England were opposed to the oppression of the colonies, and the revolution in this country was successful just as the revolution in England had been a hundred years before because of the in-born love of English-born men for freedom. Our forefathers attained their independence not because the combined colonies were stronger than Great Britain, for they were not, but because France, and many of the ablest men in England, helped them in their struggle against the King of England and his counsellors. It was impossible for the Americans to understand all these facts at the time, and even now many of them, out of a mistaken sense of loyalty to their own country, refuse to admit them. Furthermore, there had been a big family fight, and family fights always are the most bitter; so it came to be believed in this country among the succeeding generations that the patriotic thing to do was to hate England.

In other parts of the world there were countries where the people did not rule—countries like Turkey and Russia and Austria and Germany and France, where sultans and czars and emperors believed that the people should not be free to work and worship and live as they pleased. In one of these countries, France, there was an emperor who dreamed of ruling the whole world, and he came very near doing it, and would have done so, had the British army and navy, under Wellington and Nelson, not overthrown him and shut him up on the island of St. Helena. We took no part as a people whatever in the struggle against Napoleon. It was the British then that fought for the same freedom which we ourselves had won; from which it should be apparent that they, too, cherished the same ideals of human freedom that were ours. After Napoleon was overthrown, France also became a democracy, and since that time the French people have continued to rule as in England and the United States.

Soon after the American colonies separated from Great Britain, we began to let strangers come among us. The oppressed people of Europe poured over to America where they might live and work and worship as they pleased. Though they came of many stocks, our inherited British social and political

ideas and systems survived and were accepted by the strangers who came among us. Whatever their blood may have been, at least in thought they became Anglo-Saxons.

About fifty years ago another Emperor in Europe began to dream of ruling the world and he was the Emperor of Germany. He knew that he could not do this if Great Britain, France and America, the three great countries where free men lived, stood together, so he and his followers plotted together for years to estrange these three peoples and then crush them each in turn. There were millions of people of German extraction living in the United States and England in 1917. Many of them were loyal good citizens, among our best, and deserve our utmost confidence and respect, but there were others who were only here to help Germany carry out her plans. The agents of the German people filled our histories and magazines and newspapers and school books with all kinds of lies about France, and Great Britain. Everything possible was done to make us believe that Great Britain was the great, traditional, persistent enemy of the United States. Old differences were stirred up and kept alive so that our young people continued to grow up misunderstanding and often hating the British. Of course, all the fault was not on our side. Just as we made fun of the British and thought of them as always wearing funny clothes and a monocle, and being very stupid about jokes, so they were led by the Germans in their midst to believe that all Americans were coarse, noisy, vulgar, ruffians who cared nothing for breeding and traditions, and cared only for money. Each judging the other by the caricatures in the comic papers and movies, and by the odd tourists that visited back and forth, we did not like each other much. Englishmen and Americans were both very foolish. They should have known that they were very much alike. Those of us who have read Tom Brown at Rugby and Tom Brown at Oxford should know that British boys and

American boys have the same standards and ideals and feel and think and act exactly alike, and that there is no real difference between them and their philosophy of life. The life of Englishmen as portrayed by Thackeray and Dickens and Trollop is just the same as our own. Even the song which the mothers

thought it must be full of wisdom and better than our old British ideas. We forgot in listening to their novel ideas that the men who were behind them were utter strangers, and so it went on. When the Prussians finally believed that they had made Ireland disloyal to Great Britain, and Great Britain and France and the United States hate each other so that they could never stand together, they commenced the great war. First they were to crush France, then Russia, then Britain, and then our turn was to come, and they all but succeeded. But just as they were about to crush France, a little army of British boys — "the first hundred thousand" — arrived in France and would not stop fighting even though half of them were almost instantly destroyed. It only made other Britains come and keep on coming, until the schools and colleges, and homes of Britain were emptied of the best manhood of the Empire. Those men who died gloriously in France. Today there is not a home in England and Scotland and the Dominions that has not lost one or more. But that is not all. It was the British who organized all the Mohammedans in India and Egypt and the East and made them fight for liberty against the Germans. It was the British who took Jerusalem from the Turks; it was the British who went down and helped the Italians in the hour of their sorest need; it was the British who policed the seas of the world with British ships; and it was the British who finally, after losing nearly a million in killed to say nothing of three million more wounded and maimed, who transported more than half our soldiers across the Atlantic and furnished us with guns and other weapons to fight with them against the common enemy. Why now, should we distrust these people?

Even if the policies of our own and the British governments may not accord at times, why should American men and American women distrust British men and British women when all history shows that the aims of the two people are the same? Yet, today, with the earth hardly settled over the men of



Colonel Jennings C. Wise

Colonel Jennings C. Wise, who has won distinction as a lawyer, author and soldier, is one of the outstanding men who composed the personnel of the Blue Ridge Division. SERVICE Magazine is pleased to be able to give to its readers the splendid Defense Day address. Colonel Wise is a Virginian by birth and ancestry, a member of the Wise family whose sons have added lustre to the Old Dominion since the early colonial days. Colonel-Wise has had a distinguished career in peace and in war. He is a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and University of Virginia. His military record is as follows: Second Lieutenant, U. S. A., 1902-05; First Lieutenant, New York National Guard, 1905-07; Colonel, Engineers, Virginia Volunteers, 1912-15; Commandant of Cadets, V. M. I., 1912-14; raised a regiment for the proposed Roosevelt Division, 1917. Was commissioned a Major, Infantry, May 15, 1917, and upon organization of the 80th Division was assigned to the 318th Infantry. Colonel Wise was temporarily attached to British and French armies and attended to higher service and staff schools in France. In July, 1918, Colonel Wise was reassigned to the 318th Infantry and served in that regiment in Picardy, in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. He was wounded at Nantillois on October 4th, and was twice cited for gallantry in action, and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross "for extraordinary heroism in battle, retaining command though wounded." Colonel Wise is a member of the law firm of Munn, Anderson and Munn, and resides at Washington, D. C.

of England and America croon to their infants, as hour by hour through an anxious night they rock the cradle, is the same. How can men with such mothers be different? Yet all the time we let the strangers in our midst preach their strange philosophy to us, and because we could not understand it we

America who died in France fighting side by side in a common cause with the French and British, great numbers of our people are openly sympathizing with Germany's efforts to sow dissension between Great Britain and France and America—to do that in peace which she tried and failed to do in war—break up their friendships.

One of the greatest disappointments following in the train of the late war is, I think, that common suffering, common sacrifice did not produce the common understanding between those who fought side by side. When recently your own great senator, Senator Reed of this grand old State of Pennsylvania, with magnificent courage stood upon the Congressional rostrum and paid the tribute of an American soldier to France, I longed to seize his hand, for during the war I also had a chance to see something of the French people and learn something about them from the inside.

About two things that helped me understand the French. I want to tell you.

On Easter Sunday, 1918, at the very darkest hour of the War I was in Langres. That day the ceremony of the Elevation of the Host was appointed to be held by the Bishop in the ancient cathedral of Langres which, rearing its chiming spires above the high-perched town, look out over the surrounding country like a huge lighthouse. The country folk from far and wide flocked together at the summons to prostrate themselves before God, and in one great spontaneous concourse beseech His aid for France. The hearts of those who gathered there were too full for utterance of spoken prayers as they knelt reverently before the Father, anguish depicted upon every face, while the voices of the priests droned away at their chanting, the great organ pealing soulfully. As the slanting rays of the evening sun penetrated the casements, losing themselves in the yellow haze of a thousand candles, a silence, absolute, complete, oppressive, fell upon us, only broken now and then by a sob that could no longer be repressed, which sent shivers of emotion through the prostrate multitude. There was no one who was not praying and weeping in his soul. So tense was the moment it almost seemed that the human heart like the organ, had ceased to throb; that like it, our lips were stricken mute. Only the sweep and the flutter of the wings of a pigeon hovering high among the vaulted shadows could be heard, when lo! as if in direct answer to our supplications rose from afar off down the valley of the Marne the roar of ten thousand voices, surging on toward us. The suspense of the moment was almost unbearable. Could it be true? Thrilling with the sudden realization that the long expected Reserves of France, gleaned from the trenches of Alsace and Lorraine, were

sweeping Eastward to the point of gravest danger remained motionless as if transfixed. Then, as the organ burst forth in crescendo, drowning utterly in its jubilant swell the voices of the choir, the elated worshippers were caught up and raised simultaneously to their feet in an ecstasy of joy.

Never was there a transformation more sudden, or more complete. Thus were the people of France, not alone, in the remote cathedral of Langres, lifted from their knees, the smile of a new resolve showing through their tears. Ah! What contrasts of despair and hope, of agony and joy did I witness on that dramatic Easter!

It was for just such an emergency—the marshalling of the reserve power of France—that the French people for so many years had been called upon by their wise government to contribute to the national defense!

A year past—a terrible year during which home and those whom we had left behind seemed very remote to some of us. I might tell you much of the boundless kindness of the simple, desolate peasant folk among whom some of us found the only shelter that we knew—the kindly hearts beside which we spent many a weary night—the little acts of fortitude and heroism which we witnessed among the people of France. The armistice came and another awful winter, and at last the spring when the flowers and the budding trees came the promise of an early return with our men to America. It so happened that before our departure I was to visit Verdun again. Once before I had seen Verdun when we were hiding among its ruins and the forests which surrounded it breathlessly preparing for the great assault of September 26th. Then we had been too busy with other things to pay much attention to our surroundings. Now peace had come, yet the scene that greeted the eye was appalling. Words can not describe it. No trace of the flourishing forests that had covered the verdant hillside of this once lovely section of France could be seen save here and there a riven trunk that reared itself aloft like the stiffened arm of a charred corpse. It almost seemed as if the scorching tongue of hell itself had lapped the earth, the surface of which was one vast, dreary, seared, yellow expanse completely shorn of vegetation, too deeply harrowed by the millions of projectiles that had torn it to show even the craters of the shells. The rolling landscape, utterly lifeless, bore the aspect of a world that had died with convulsive agony—another Sahara of huge dead hills. Until one has stood upon the crumbled ramparts of Fort Douamont and looked out upon the encircling panorama as it then appeared with the hellish blight of war upon it, he has no right to judge France. He can not hope to know or understand France!

As I stood there I saw that Verdun was but another Tours, another Châlons, in the eternal process of social migration, where a third time France had turned back a people elementally unfit for world dominion. Yes, Verdun was but one of the two great bastions in the wall of defense which civilization, however effete, latterly had reared against barbarism. The other was Ypres in the north. The one had saved France, the other Britain. The two together had saved the world.

Again it was Easter Sunday. The bells of the town from what towers I knew not, were chiming violently as a parting salutation to a train load of American Engineers that had been stationed there to repair the highways. In the town I was told by several Americans that the bells were always rung for departing Americans—not as a salutation but to celebrate their departure! Could it be that such a thing were true? I would not believe it. Yet, the feeling that dictated such a remark was undoubtedly spreading insidiously and the evil fruits of it we taste today in the bitterness and the discord of that which is called peace.

Among the charred ruins and the debris that marked the site of the demolished cathedral a throng of French soldiers had gathered for worship, the partially destroyed steps serving as a chancel. The bare-headed, silent poilus in their tattered gray, a sprinkling of Turcos and Senegalese with their scarlet fezzes, the brilliant vestments of the priests and choir, the burning tapers on the improvised altar, gave color to the scene that seemed all the more impressive for lack of an organ or other instrument to accompany the bell-like chant of the choir. As I tarried there among the devout French soldiery, the sonorous chanting in my ears, the incense in my nostrils, my thoughts turned back to Easter Sunday a year ago, and once more I heard the ceaseless rumble of the troop trains and the cheering of the French Reserves as they rushed westward to the Marne to hurl themselves upon the exultant enemy and stem their advance at the very gates of Paris. Ah! Where then were we—the Americans—so many of whom are now claiming to have won the War?

No. Whatever we may have later contributed, and I mean not to belittle our part, came after civilization had again been saved by the men who stood there before me mutely worshipping on the sacred soil of Verdun, and their British allies. It was they who had perished in uncounted thousands that the Hun might not pass.

As I stood there that Easter Sunday with a solemn oath I pledged myself that all the days of my life I would seek to

(Continued on page 25)

The Division Commander Visits Western Front

A Chapter from the Provisional Narrative History of the Eightieth Division

By Russell L. Stultz

318th Inf., Division Historian



IN THE AUTUMN of 1917, when the organization of the National Army divisions was well under way, the War Department formulated the plan of sending to the Western Front, for a brief observation

tour, all the generals commanding divisions destined for early service in France. In this way it was thought that each Division Commander, on his return to the United States, could train and equip his division in the light of his actual experience and observation with combat troops in the front-line trenches.

On November, General Cronkhite, in pursuance of this policy, received the following order from the War Department:

WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

Order No.—

Extract:

Each of the following named General Officers will proceed without delay to the Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, New Jersey, for transportation to France. He will be accompanied by his chief of staff, one aide and not more than two enlisted men in his discretion from his division. He and the personal accompanying him, upon arrival in France, will report to the Commanding General of the United States Forces with a view of obtaining from personal observation, information desirable in the training of this division.

Major General Adelbert Cronkhite
United States Army, 80th Division.

The original plan, providing that with General Cronkhite should go his Chief of Staff, Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Waldron, was subsequently changed. Following several extended conferences, it was deemed for the best interests of the 80th Division that Lieutenant Colonel Waldron, who, as Chief of Staff, was more familiar than other officer with the details of the organization of the Division, should remain behind to assist Brigadier General Brett, who would succeed to the command of the Division during the absence of General Cronkhite. The party was accordingly made

up of General Cronkhite, Major George A. Lynch, Assistant Chief of Staff, who had rendered yeoman service in working out plans for the training of the Division, Captain Armistead M. Dobie, A. B. C., Field Clerk McCarty, and Sergeant Karl de Rooy, of Division Headquarters Troop.

Captain Dobie, who left Camp Lee on November 26, preceded the main party to New York, where General Cronkhite and the other members arrived on November 30th. A most interesting account of the trip from this stage, including the official visits to the British, French, and American fronts, is supplied by Captain Dobie:



GENERAL CRONKHITE

"At New York we stayed more than two weeks, daily expecting to sail and daily disappointed, everywhere encountering futile and seemingly incompetent red tape. Finally, however, on December 11, we boarded the 'Adriatic' at Hoboken, N. J., and sailed for Halifax early the next morning.

"The trip to Halifax was uneventful. There we remained only the few hours necessary for forming our convoy. The sailing signal was flown from the Admiralty station on shore, and, on a glorious December afternoon, the convoy steamed for the open sea.

"On the 'Adriatic' we found a delightful ship's company, including Major

General Wood and Major General Charles J. Bailey, accompanied by their staffs and bound on a tour similar to our own; Sir Johnston Forbes-Roberson, the distinguished English actor; fifty American nurses; a regiment of American artillery; British and American officers travelling as casuals; and a cosmopolitan group of civilian passengers.

"After a pleasant voyage, with the usual submarine scares, we landed at Liverpool, England, on Christmas Day. There evidences of the great war were everywhere apparent. Our stay, though, was short and early the next morning, in a private car provided for Generals Wood, Bailey and Cronkhite, we set out by train for London.

"Here we called on the American Ambassador, Mr. Walter Hines Page, and the three American generals were the recipients of numerous courtesies at the hands of their brother British officers. London was then, of course, fascinatingly interesting, but we could not linger. December 29, after a rather rough crossing of the English Channel, found us in Boulogne, the great British base in France.

"Paris, bleak and cold, was reached on December 30. Here General Cronkhite reported to the Commanding General of that district for orders. We remained in the French capital over New Year's Day, perfecting plans for our trip to the British front. Major Lynch left us to join another party, that his experiences might be different from those of General Cronkhite, and Major Kenyon A. Joyce joined us, while Field Clerk McCarty was left in Paris.

"The reorganized group started on January 2, 1918, for the zone of the British armies. Everything in the area of active operations was new and interesting to us. Pressing on after lunch in Amiens, we reached our first destination, the headquarters of the 37th British Division on Scherpenberg Hill, that afternoon. A hospitable welcome awaited us, and late that night we were lulled to sleep by the big guns continually thundering over the whole Ypres sector.

"General Williams, commanding the Division, was a typical British officer of the highest grades: courteous, active in mind and body, efficient, more than eager to show General Cronkhite all that he could. Indeed, during our visit, we were with him most of his waking hours, were guests at his mess, and under his personal guidance we went over literally almost every foot of his sector, which

was north of Bailleul and only a few miles southeast of historic Ypres.

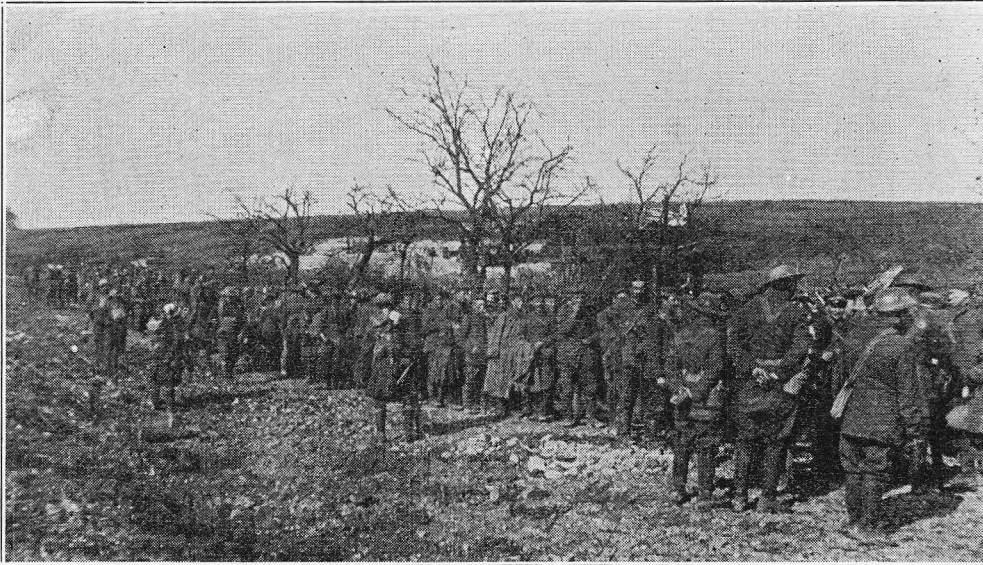
"The scenes we there saw, the experiences that we had—then so new to Americans—subsequently became familiar to soldiers of the 80th Division, therefore no extended description is attempted here. To me, the most novel spectacle was a snow raid, and time can never efface the memory of those figures, clothed in white to be invisible against the snowy background, as they set out on their perilous mission.

"Ypres was visited, and Arras, Vimy Ridge and other places which had since the beginning of the war been so bitterly contested by the British and German armies and have since become immortal pages of history. Everywhere we found officers and men, all smartly turned out even under the most adverse conditions, quick to salute, grim and determined, but cheerful withal. The impressions acquired by the 80th Division group were so strikingly identical with those registered by the members of other American observation parties, that we cannot refrain at this point from quoting the comment of Major General John F. O'Ryan, who but a few weeks earlier had headed a group of 27th Division officers on a similar tour of the British front:

"The American officers constituting the 27th Division group and officers of other American divisions with whom views were exchanged, all seemed to be in agreement concerning the British army. In the first place, it was found that all of them had been cordially received by the British. In a way this attitude was natural, in view of the imperative need for American help. Nevertheless, aside from this, all the officers had been made to feel that there existed among the mass of the British officers a genuine desire to cultivate the friendship of Americans. Those who had opportunity to serve with the fighting elements of the British divisions were impressed with the courage and steadfastness of British troops, and with their marked submissiveness to discipline and to the rigorous and, one can truly add, cruel demands of war, all were impressed with the fact that war had become to the British army, as a result of three years of campaigning, a matter of daily routine; so much so, that

their attitude in relation to tragic events seemed to us to be almost casual. All were impressed, too, with the gallant manner in which the British had sustained huge losses since the beginning of the war, and we could not withhold our admiration for their quiet and confident determination in relation to the outcome, a determination which did not seem to be affected by adversity or temporary non-success. The British soldiers bore their sufferings when wounded without emotion or complaint, although numbers of British officers assured us that the average Tommy found much satisfaction in cursing the Hun, the conditions under which he had to live, and the war generally. Probably this comment applies to all soldiers in campaign. . . .

"During the observation trip there were many occasions when the 80th Division party and British officers messed together. Dinner each day—usually



Boche Prisoners, 600 Strong, on Their Way to the Rear. St. Georges, November 1, 1918

lasting from 7:30 to 9:30—was regardless of circumstances, a real function, enlivened by story and anecdote, with no Volsteadian regulations to dim the glory of the gathering. Nowhere could one find a finer group of men—two were blues at Oxford, one had gained honors in science at Cambridge. These occasions afforded opportunity for observing the customs, mannerisms, habits and points of view of the numerous types, classes and nationalities of officers commanding the British army.

"Once General MacKenzie, the British Corps commander, came to call formally on General Cronkhite. He stayed informally to make himself an agreeable and delightful acquaintance.

"On January 12, when an Australian division moved into the sector, we left, returning to Paris. Plans were then made to visit the French front. Our party left Paris by motor January 16, and the next day found us comfortably

billited in the quaint little village of Roucy, south of the Chemin des Dames and almost on the Aisne, where we were assigned to the 55th French Division, commanded by General Mangin.

"French Divisional Headquarters were housed in a wonderful chateau, set high on a wooded hill. From its windows we could, with field glasses, plainly see the German troops moving inside their lines. Why it was not blown to pieces by German artillery, I could never understand.

"At Roucy we remained ten days. That sector was not then particularly active. This permitted General Mangin to give his whole time to us. Every wish we expressed was promptly gratified. We mildly voiced a desire for a trip in a military airplane. We were taken up the next day. General Cronkhite wished to see a heavy gun in action. A wood was blown up by a battery for his benefit.

"Trips over the surrounding country were quickly arranged: to Epernay, where we saw 15,000,000 bottles of champagne; to Rheims where we visited the great cathedral, the Germans choosing the hours of our visit as the occasion for a heavy artillery bombardment of the town.

"We left Roucy January 27 to attend a large machine-gun and trench mortar demonstration at one of the French military schools

near Pere-en-Tardenois. There occurred the most tragic event of our tour. A shell exploded in a Stokes mortar, killing two French officers, wounding many soldiers, and three American officers: Major General Leonard Wood, Colonel Kilbourne and Major Joyce. General Wood was taken to Paris, Colonel Kilbourne and Major Joyce to the hospital at Chateau Thierry.

"We then started to Paris, spending the night en route at Soissons, where we were subjected to a violent air raid. Six soldiers were killed in the barracks just opposite our hotel, while not a window-pane remained in the hotel. Major Lynch, who had left us in the French capital for the purpose of visiting other sectors, rejoined our party at Soissons and continued with us for the rest of the observation trip.

"One day in Paris sufficed for arrange-

(Continued on Page 24)

Real "False Armistice" Story Is Now Told

Eightieth Division Veteran, War Adjutant at Brest, Tells Story of Premature Armistice Report Cabled Home

S EVEN years ago hostilities of the World War ended with the signing of an armistice. A few days prior to November 7—the civilized world literally went mad because of an announcement, which proved to be erroneous, that the war officially had ceased. A delirium of joy seized the United States. The story of "the amazing armistice" has been written and published, but I have not read any account that coincided with the facts, so far as the actual giving out of the "news" is concerned.

It so happened that I was present, a listener and close observer, when the historic episode occurred. Only three other individuals are aware of their own knowledge of just what took place. I will here set down the exact truth, as to words and actions, to the best of my recollection.

In November, 1918, I was base adjutant of Base Section No. 5, American Expeditionary Forces, with headquarters at Brest. Gen. George H. Harris, formerly at the head of the National Guard of the District of Columbia, was in command of the base section. Prior to elevation to the adjutancy of the big Army base I had been assigned as liaison officer between the Army and the Navy. Admiral Henry B. Wilson was in command of the United States naval forces in France. As liaison officer I had established confidential relations with the admiral and the officers of his headquarters. Nothing of importance was committed to writing. Brest was reported to be "full of German spies," so we took no chances. The fact that a convoy of 10 transports was due to arrive at Brest on a certain date, with a certain number of troops aboard, certain supplies and with

By Lieut.-Col. Fred C. Cook
Adjutant General, 29th National
Guard Division

a certain number of men ill of "flu" would be whispered to me by Admiral Wilson, and, in turn, would be as secret-

forwarding and care.

During the early afternoon of Thursday, November 7, an orderly announced that Gen. Harries desired to see me. I am able to fix the time because I remember distinctly that I was unaware, at the moment of the summons, that the general had returned from lunch. It was

his custom to go to his apartment, some distance from headquarters, for the midday meal. I stepped to his office, to be introduced to "Mr. Roy W. Howard, president of one of the press associations in the States." As a newspaper man I had heard of Mr. Howard, of course, but had never met him. The general continued:

"Mr. Howard is sailing for home. He is anxious to meet Admiral Wilson before he leaves. Please arrange to present him to the admiral."

We started at once for the Navy "flag office," about five city blocks distant from Army base headquarters. The Navy occupied a tall building facing the "Place President Wilson," a large public square which had been renamed in honor of the then President of the United States. The day was mild, pleasant and sunshiny. The Navy Band, which was the envy of all of us in Brest who were connected with the Army, was stationed on a bandstand in the center of the square, giving a concert. A large throng—soldiers, sailors and French civilians—was listening to the music.

There being no elevator, Mr. Howard and myself climbed the stairway to the fifth "deck" of the flag "ship" and entered the office of Ensign "Jimmy" Sellards, a temporary officer, who was Admiral Wilson's personal aid, confidential secretary and interpreter; a polished



Lieutenant Colonel C. Fred Cook

Colonel Cook, who is known to 80th Division veterans as Major Cook, was the original Brigade Adjutant of the 160th Infantry Brigade. He was placed in command of the 305th Ammunition Train just prior to the departure of the Division for France, and, in August, 1918, at the request of Major General George H. Harries, was transferred to Brest for duty as Base Adjutant of Base Section No. 5, comprising the Brest area. Colonel Cook has for some years been connected with the *Evening Star* at Washington, D. C., one of the leading newspapers of our national capital. His story of the "False Armistice," which was celebrated so enthusiastically not only in Brest and France, but in all sections of the United States, will be read with interest. *SERVICE Magazine* is fortunate in getting this first true story of the false armistice and of preserving it, not only for the reader of today, but for the use of the future historian.

ly conveyed by me to the commanding general. The latter would then proceed with plans for disembarking the troops, supplies and the sick, and for their

entered the office of Ensign "Jimmy" Sellards, a temporary officer, who was Admiral Wilson's personal aid, confidential secretary and interpreter; a polished

gentleman, who was absolute perfection in living up to the requirements of his various offices. I introduced the visitor and explained our mission. Ensign Sellards departed, returning a moment later with the statement that the admiral would see us "in just a little while."

We were standing at the open window of Ensign Sellards' office, gazing down on the ever-moving throng in the public square below, conversing and listening, as best we could, to the selections being rendered by the band. Suddenly, the door between Ensign Sellards' room and Admiral Wilson's office was opened. We turned from the window as the admiral stepped toward us, a paper in his hand. Before I could utter a word he said:

"Hello, Cook; how do, Mr. Howard. Here's a telegram from Jackson, in Paris, saying the armistice was signed at 11 o'clock this morning, effective at 2 o'clock this afternoon."

We all were aware that "Jackson" was Comdr. Jackson, the naval attache at the United States Embassy in Paris. There was absolute silence for a second or two. The announcement seemed to have paralyzed the vocal chords. Finally, Howard managed to blurt:

"Admiral, may I use that?"

Admiral Wilson hesitated, as though in doubt how to reply. At length he said, slowly and hesitatingly:

"Why, I suppose so."

With a hasty "I'll see you later," to me, Howard fairly jumped down that stairway. He must have touched only about every tenth step. From the window I watched him as he ran across the Place Presi-

dent Wilson to the French Post Office, which was also the telegraph and cable office, located on a corner diagonally opposite the Navy flag office. It seems to me now that the Place President Wilson was fully as large as Lafayette Square, in this city, so that the run in question could be compared with a dash from the street car tracks, at a point opposite the front of the White House, to the building at the northeast corner of Vermont avenue and H street, across from the Cosmos Club.

In my judgment, the most remarkable incident of "the false armistice" was the fact that the message filed by Mr. Howard was dispatched immediately, and without question. There was no demand, so far as I am aware, that it be censored and approved. No other message, personal or official, ever was sent from the office unless it bore the censor's stamp of approval. I happen to know, for the reason that I was the custodian of that all-important stamp—for the Army.

I stood at my point of vantage, the

as they gathered in front of that bulletin to read the "news" that the war was over. I heard the first shouts of joy and exultation, and then I observed—pandemonium.

I made my way slowly through the surging masses of unrestrained humanity to our headquarters and acquainted Gen. Harries and the officers and men on duty there with what had occurred.

We believed the report. There was no reason to doubt it. It had reached us in the form of an official telegram to the admiral commanding the United States naval forces in France, from the naval attache at the United States embassy in Paris. Furthermore, those on the "inside" were aware that everything was set for the war to end.

Fully a week prior to the date of "the false armistice" I was admitted to the chart room of the flag officer. I was permitted to see, because I was an officially recognized liaison officer, what none other than the naval officers on duty there had seen—a map on which was charted every German submarine then "at large." Every one of them was shown as headed toward the British Isles. I was informed that all submarines had been called home; they were heading around the north of Scotland for their bases.

"That means," a naval officer prophesied, "only one thing—the end of the war."

It is interesting to note that to the best of my information and belief, based on daily visits to the Navy flag office and communion with the officers, there never was a moment during the war when the United States Navy high com-

mand in France was not aware of the exact location of every submarine, and the probable location of each enemy undersea craft at a future given time, within a reasonable period of the moment the prediction was made. Convoys proceeding to France were enabled to dodge submarines time and again as a result of information wirelessly to the convoy commander, setting forth the location and course of "subs." This feature of the work of the Navy was a tremendous factor in winning the war.

The Washington Times EXTRA
 WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1918. PRICE TWO CENTS

GERMANY SURRENDERS

LONDON—Germany has agreed to the armistice terms laid down by the allies. It is understood the terms are virtually the same as those which were signed by Austria, providing for occupation of a large number of towns by the allies, demobilization of the enemy armies and turning over a large part of army and navy equipment—practically an unconditional surrender to the United States and associate powers.

Signature of an armistice does not mean signature of the final peace terms. These will be decided at a conference, probably at The Hague.

But the agreement of the Kaiser's chiefs to the armistice conditions of the allies means the stripping of the enemy of such a great part of his military power that he will be virtually at the mercy of the allies, and will have to accept their dictates as to peace agreements.

ELECTIONS GIVE DRYS MORE POWER	CLARK RETURNED BY BIG MAJORITY	GERMANY OUSTS RUSSIAN ENVOYS	ALL SHIPBUILDING RECORDS BROKEN	SMITH LEADING WHITMAN BY 12,238	VERSAILLES FAVORS LEAGUE OF NATIONS
FATHER OF 23 IN JAIL	ACQUITTED SLAYING	WIFE KILLS LIFE	PROBE MURKIN BLANK	NON-PARTISAN VICTORY	FORM NEW GOVERNMENT

Reproduction of the First Page of Washington Times, of November 7, 1918, Featuring the News Dispatch of the False Armistice; a Report Which Threw the Nation Into a Frenzy of Joy. Copy Paper Furnished by Courtesy of Captain C. P. Daly, of Washington

open window, gazing down, while a warrant or petty officer was summoned and directed to "break out the big flag," which, when "broken out," stretched from the admiral's "deck" almost to the sidewalk; I stood there, and looked and listened, while an announcement was written and sent to the bandstand and read to the populace. I saw from my post a bulletin, as it was placed on display in front of the office of La Depeche, a French afternoon newspaper; I followed the French people with my eyes

No city of its size and population in the United States surpassed Brest in the wildness and unrestrained exuberance of its celebration of the supposed victory, during the afternoon and evening of November 7, 1918. The Army, in Brest, had not been advised by higher authority that an armistice had been signed. However, as stated, we had no reason to doubt the announcement of the Navy, but we attended to business and continued quietly at work—and we worked seven days a week, without regard to hours.

It was in the midst of the quiet referred to that a meteor appeared. It was none other than Col. Lareau, head of the French mission in Brest, through whom the American Army officials there transacted all necessary business with the French government. Col. Lareau was characteristically and punctiliously polite. He snapped his spurred heels together, saluted me, and each of my assistants, in turn, shook hands all around, "Comment-allez vous"-ed us as individuals, and then—exploded. The verbal shrapnel was about as follows:

What was the matter? What was it all about? Why were the people parading about the streets and shouting? What did we mean? Why had we done it, whatever it was? People were saying that the war had ended, that an armistice had been signed. That could not be true. He had not been so notified. He would have been notified had it been true. We must stop the people celebrating, and at once.

Not understanding much French except pommes de terre, frites, and then only when spoken slowly, calmly and dispassionately, we were handicapped, for our official visitor was unquestionably upset and excited. I promptly ushered him into the office and presence of Gen. Harries, who was as calm and unperturbed as Col. Lareau was the opposite. Thereupon ensued what will always be to me another remarkable episode of "the false armistice." And, again, there were only four persons present.

The visitor repeated, through our headquarters interpreter, what he had stated while in the adjutant's office. Gen. Harries listened intently, without comment, until the end. His reply was a

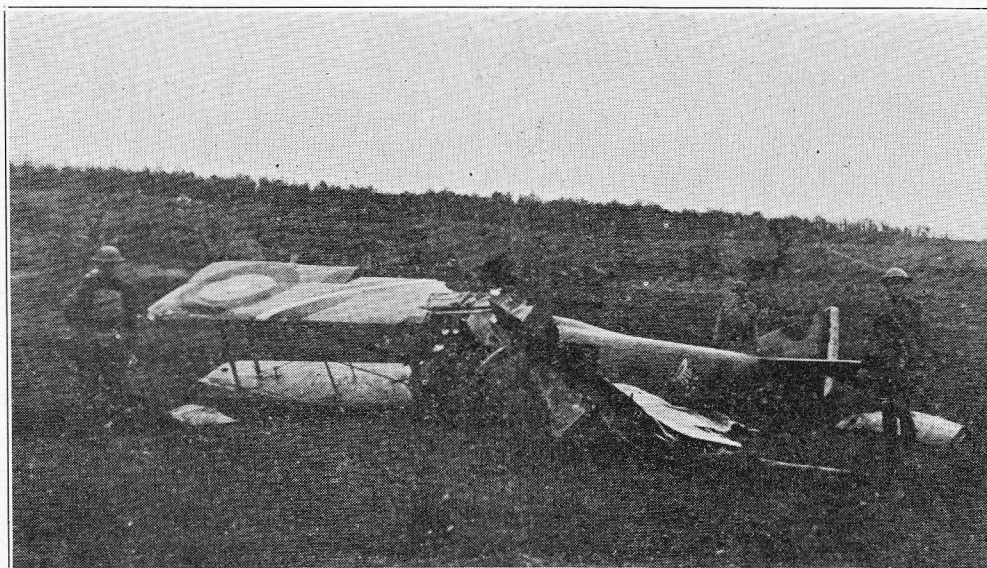
recital in detail, laborious, because it had to go through the interpreter, of how a well known European character had been reported to have died, and the report was published throughout the world. The report was later denied, and the matter was one of doubt for five or six days. Finally official announcement was made of the death. It developed that the individual was dead at the time of the original report, but the fact could not be "officially" proclaimed until the return of a personage of the court on leave of absence at a Summer resort, whose duty it was to make the official announcements. It had been necessary to recall the personage in question from his vacation. Therefore five or six days elapsed before the deceased could be "officially" pronounced dead.

"And," said Gen. Harries to Col. Lareau, through the interpreter, "it is just barely possible, even though you have not been officially notified that the ar-

probability of German propaganda having been at the bottom of the false armistice. Some one telephoned the United States embassy in Paris that morning. He claimed to be speaking officially for the French ministry of war. As a result, the telegram was ultimately sent to Admiral Wilson. By one chance in a thousand, Mr. Howard happened to visit Admiral Wilson in Brest just as the telegram was received. By chance I was "among those present."

The foregoing is the true story based on my recollection of the details as I observed and heard them—not on hearsay—of the actual transmission to the United States of the "news" of "the amazing armistice," which completely upset this country, Thursday, November 7, seven years ago.

WEST VIRGINIA AND FLORIDA VIE FOR LINDSLEY TROPHY



American Plane of the Rickenbacker Flight, one of the first brought down in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. Picture taken at Gercourt, September 28, 1918, by Spencer, 305th Engineers

mistice has been signed. Anyhow, we know absolutely nothing about it, one way of the other. We have not made any sort of an announcement. We have not heard anything, except that the Navy has received a telegram to the effect that an armistice has been signed. We cannot stop the people from celebrating. I would suggest that you confer with the Navy officials."

The wild celebration continued far into the night. I did not see Mr. Howard until the next day. He was at La Depeche newspaper office, in touch with Paris by wire, endeavoring the straighten out the muss. I next saw him a day or two later aboard a transport in Brest Harbor, to which I had conducted some distinguished visitors who were en route home. He was utterly distressed because he had unwittingly sent the report that the armistice had been signed.

Other writers have touched on the

The first phase of a contest between the American Legion Departments of West Virginia and Florida for the Lindsley Membership Trophy, a handsome silver cup awarded annually to the Department showing the largest percentage of paid-up members for the new year on March 1st. Ended December 31st.

The first phase ended with Florida leading West Virginia by a

small margin. However, West Virginia Legionnaires inspired by the din of battle and irritated by such a close loss of the first phase are entering the last lap with renewed vigor. The West Virginia Department gives no alibi for losing the first skirmish, but expects to trim Florida with members to spare by March 1st. It might have been that West Virginia Legionnaires were handicapped by the unusual inclement weather prevalent to December 31st, while Florida was enjoying sunshine with a great bulk of the Legion of the country on hand for real estate transactions. Then again, maybe the tide will come in on Florida during the last phase, making the odds about even.

War Pantheon Will Be Magnet For Veterans

Huge Panorama Expected To Be Mecca for American Veterans at Paris Meeting in 1927



PARIS, the cause of thousands of A. W. O. L.'s, and the magnet which attracted all members of the A. E. Fracas, will be the mecca for veterans of the World War again when the international meet of the American Legion

and the Veterans of Foreign Wars is held in "the world's gayest city" in 1927. It has been proposed that the 1927 reunion of Eightieth Division Veterans be held in Paris during the same year.

Battlefields doubtless will be the chief attraction outside of Paris, but in the way of scenery there will be no sight more interesting to the veterans in Paris than the *Pantheon de la Guerre*, or War Pantheon, which is on exhibition there.

It consists of a panoramic representation of scenes from the great war, painted on a canvas 360 feet long by 45 feet high. Housed in a specially built structure which covers a city square, it attracts visitors from all nations and is reputed to be the most imposing work of art ever created on canvas. Started in 1917, it required four and a half years' work in which fifty-two eminent French artists collaborated.

The *Pantheon de la Guerre* is hung around a circular room. An elevated platform enables visitors to view the different panels, which are blended into one continuous whole, from a distance of twenty-five feet.

An imposing statue of "Victory" confronts the visitor as he enters the room. This figure towers above a group of French heroes and others who won fame in the great war. There are said to be five thousand figures in this group, standing on steps which lead to an allegorical edifice.

Officers of all ranks, soldiers, gunners, horsemen, sailors, aviators and hundreds of others are included in the picture. Many of them paid the supreme sacrifice, among them Guynemer, the French ace. Two-thirds of the figures in this victory course are said to be recognizable.

Germany is humiliated in this group, and the triumph of France pictured by placing the French "75," which was the right arm of the French artillery, on the colors of Germany. The double eagle lies prostrate beneath the iron wheels.

Opposite this picture is the tribute to the dead of France. Six *poilus*, wounded and disheveled by battle, stand upon an immense pylon, holding a coffin at arm's

length above their heads. At the base of the shaft kneels a woman draped in black. This is in marked contrast to the triumphal victory assemblage on the other side.

There is a tableau each for England, Belgium, Russia, Portugal, China, South America, Greece, Montenegro, Servia, Japan, Roumania, and the United States, with the outstanding war characters of those nations pictured.

President Wilson occupies the center of the tableau devoted to the United States. Incidentally, he posed for this painting while he was in Paris in 1918. He stands in front of a painted marble pylon upon which rests a bust of George Washington.

Grouped around are leaders of the army and navy, including General Pershing, Admiral Sims, Secretary of War Baker, and, of course, Colonel House. Theodore Roosevelt appears at Wilson's right.

Marching past is a West Point cadet, followed by a young man in overalls, another in civies, bearing the flag, and a cowboy arrayed in chaps and spurs. An Indian in full regalia half crouches beside this group.

Surprise and criticism have been expressed by ex-soldiers that the most important person in the A. E. F. was omitted from the painting. The Red Cross nurse does not appear, and, so far as the overseas soldier is concerned, she was more important than all the generals and diplomats in the world. Hugh Huntington, who recently returned from France, declared that "until the Red Cross nurse is given her rightful place in this mammoth picture, as she deserves, the picture will not be complete."

Fortunately, the addition can be made, and it is probable that when the French see their mistake they will be prompt to immortalize the Red Cross nurse on the painting as she is in the hearts of "the five million."

In the English group, Edith Cavell, who was executed by the Germans, dominates. She stands alone, leaning against a white marble pylon with eyes uplifted. Other English notables appear at some distance to the sides.

Cardinal Mercier appears in the foreground of the Belgian tableau in which appears King Albert and many others. A soldier mounted on a bicycle also occupies a prominent place, for it was in this manner that many of the Belgian troops were mobilized. The treaty which Germany violated lies crushed and torn in front of the group.

Alsace and Lorraine are depicted as girls dressed in the native costumes of those countries.

Marvelous as the pictures are in the foreground, the background is equally remarkable. Over and above the teeming figures the artists have set a wide expanse of country—France, certainly. Hills, valleys, rivers, roads, bridges, towns and cities have been placed with amazing accuracy. Northern France, from Calais to Belfort, is on the canvas. Far on the horizon appears Rheims, with the famous old cathedral wrapped in flames.

Great troop trains in motion appear at the foreground of the picture, life-size. Horses, cannon, trucks, and men fill up the front of the scene and then dwindle away across the country roads until finally they disappear in clouds of dust kilometers away.

Above it all stretches the sky. France really does have a blue sky in the spring and summer. It takes a lot of rain to wash it clean, but when it is laundered it is the sky which won for that country the name of "Sunny France," which winter sojourners there are inclined to declare is a misnomer.

It is not uncommon for visitors to remain all day viewing the *Pantheon de la Guerre*. Transfixed, they stand for hours, silent, meditative and reverent, before the scenes which seem almost beyond the power of human cunning to create.

DECREASE IN FEDERAL PENSION

The government's pension rolls showed a decrease last year of 13,002. A total of 512,557 was enrolled as pensioners on June 30, last.

The loss during the year was the result of the death of 46,646 pensioners which was largely offset by the additions of 33,644 to the rolls.

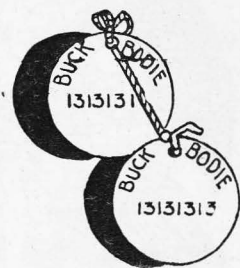
Although the war of 1812 was brought to a close 119 years ago, the names of 21 widows of soldiers who served in that war were on the pension lists at the close of the year.

The total payments for pensions decreased from \$229,994,777 in 1924 to \$217,150,612.

The commissioner estimated that a few of the soldiers who served in the Civil War would still be drawing their pensions in 1950, basing his estimate on the fact that one Revolutionary war soldier lived 86 years after the close of the war, and one survivor of the War of 1812 lived 90 years after the close of that conflict.



I'LL SAY WE DO.



Company M. 320th, Attention!

I wonder how many of the old pals in Co. "M," 320th Infantry, will remember:—

Their first impression of Sergeant Rudolph Menzinger upon their arrival at Camp Lee; the trouble the gang had that was fortunate enough to get passes to get to Pittsburgh to sell Liberty Bonds; trying to borrow soldier suits; Co. "M's" Football team. The lonesome nights spent at the "Y" writing letters; the week-end passes to Richmond, Petersburg, and Hopewell. The busses running from Petersburg to Camp. Guard Duty. The "Stuff" we paid \$10.00 a quart for in Hopewell. The first "shot" in the arm. Teeth inspection. The "one" full pack inspection which it seems never did end. Reviews. Being put on K. P. or Room orderly over the week-end. Mendicino and Sherman, the Company's barbers. "Abe" Loevner, the supply sergeant the first day he was commissioned. How "Muggsy" McGrath used to park outside the orderly room door and get a thrill out of yelling "Tenshun," every time Tupper McDonald would pop out. The first Christmas mail at Camp. The hike on leaving camp, and the ride on the steamer "Smithfield." The first meal on the "Mercury." Borrowing funds to get into the canteen line. The first glimpse of "sunny France." How hungry they were on arrival at Camp "Jennycart." Lt. Tupper McDonald's non-com technical walks. How many nice pleasant walks we had through the beautiful country of "France." The first night in the trenches. September 25-October 11, of course won't never be forgotten. Then the armistice; the ten or eleven-day sightseeing trip immediately after the armistice. The rush on the estiminets immediately after being billeted in a town for the night. Our Thanksgiving meals upon completion of that eleven-day hike; then Bragelogne.

Tactical walks, and the "gold brick" quartette. The little ante-room of the "Cheval-blanc" hotel. The two days in our four months' stay at Bragelogne that the sun was shining. The daily rumors that the company was getting ready to move. Big Hearted Bill Ketterer. Who knows what Napoleon Tibedeau, the interpreter; Louie Kauffman, official runner; "Gold Bricks" Metcalfe, and McIntosch, "Jock" Weigel, "Jake" Emery, Paul Stock, Benny Owczarzak, Bob Bolte, "Sun" Moore, Al Myers, Joe Dapper, Harry "Tony" Long, Johnnie McMeekin, Lt. Tuggle, Corporal Wetsel, and the many more too numerous to mention, are doing today. Most of the other companies of the Division have had successful get-to-gethers annually to talk over the old times, and to keep in touch with the old comrades. Why can't "M" Company follow, and do likewise? I hope a good many ex-comrades of the outfit will read this in "Service," and if they too are in favor of celebrating a little get-to-gether, drop a line to W. J. Seiferth, 816 arrington Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., or call Lafayette 1125. We might have a feed in the near future.

A FRIEND IN NEED

It was growing dark and the small boy, groping along the pavement, was weeping bitterly. A man came along.

"Dear, dear, what is all this about? What's the trouble, my boy?" he asked the youngster, kindly.

"I've lost me penny," wailed the boy. The man felt in his pocket. "Well, dont cry," he said. "If you don't find it before dark, here's a match."

A STICKLER FOR FORM

A certain English lord mayor who was often breezily unconventional in his speech was presiding at a dinner one

evening, and as the second course was being served he suddenly jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "Damn it, gentlemen, we neglected to say grace!"

BEGINNING AND END

"Ah shuah pity you," said a colored pugilist to his opponent as they squared off. "Ah, was bohn with boxin' gloves on."

"Maybe you was," retorted the other; "and ah reckon you's goin' to die the same way."

Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are seasoned.—Holmes.

LIKED THE REMEDY

Suffering—I have a terrible toothache and want something to cure it.

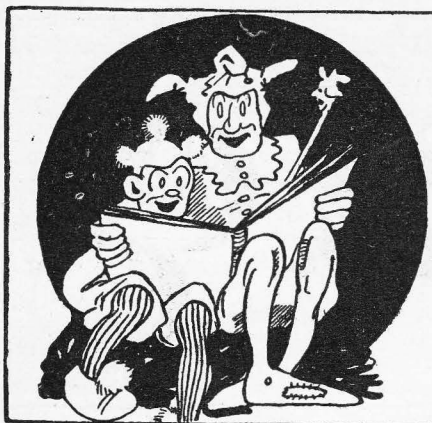
Friend—Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday and I went home and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the trick?

Sufferer—I think I will. Is your wife home now?

SHOWING HIS IGNORANCE

"What on earth are you doing?" demanded the indignant dining-car conductor of the novice waiter; "serv soup on a straight track? Why don't you wait till we strike a curve You don't know the first principles of railroading."

Except the Lord built the house, they labor in vain that built it.—Psalm 127: verse 1.



A PAGE TO WIT

WHOPPERS? LOOK THIS ONE OVER —THEN DOFF YOUR HAT!

ENID, Okla.—The biggest liar in town, and probably in the world, is the distinction recently won by Frank E. Lorince, American Legionnaire here. Lorince excelled in a liar's carnival held by the local Legion post and was awarded the title of "Champion Liar" and a "biggest liar's" medal.

Interviewed immediately after the contest, Lorince said: "I'm not a bit surprised that I won. I will be a fighting liar and risk my championship against all promising liars."

Here is the flawless fib that won the liar's contest:

"During the late World war I was first in the artillery. As I was an Italian the major always was picking on me by saying 'Italian, attention.' I was transferred to the infantry because I could not step. First thing they did to me was to send me into 'no man's land' on a combat patrol by myself. I was bare-footed and bare-fisted. I only killed forty-eight of the enemy, captured nine machine guns and took 114 prisoners.

"Then the captain got mad at me, because I didn't get any ammunition from the enemy for our machine guns, so he put me on K. P. duty. Everyone but me got passes to Paris that night. I was left to hold the trenches against a whole German division. The captain told me to move the barb wire entanglements closer to the German trenches so the Americans could run and jump over the wire into the German trenches. When I looked around there were 1,000 Indians!

"I didn't have a gun so I jumped on a trusty horse a friend of mine had given me from the air division. The Indians chased me until I came to a chasm 200 feet deep, the bottom was covered with rocks. I thought it was sure death. However, the horse was well trained, and leaped for the bottom. Down and down we went. When we were six feet from the bottom I yelled 'woah' and my horse stopped within two feet of certain destruction, but there was facing us a regiment of Prussian guards, the best the Kaiser had. The Indians were behind

me, the Germans in front of me. Now a lot of people ask me how I survived. —I didn't. They killed me."

BACK TO FAMILY TREE

Two Negroes were discussing fam-
back to one," said Ambrose.

"Chase 'em back to a famby tree?" repeated Mose.

"No, trace 'em, trace 'em."

"Huh! Well der's only two kind o' critters lives in trees—birds an' mon-keys—and shu' ain't got no feathers on you."

SWEET REVENGE

It was growing late when the hos-
tess at the reception requested the emi-
nent baritone to sing.

"It is too late, madam," he protest-
ed. "I should disturb your neighbors:"

"Not at all," declared the hostess,
beaming. "Besides, I owe them some-
thing. "They poisoned our dog last
week."

Doctor (bandaging the arm of a beg-
gar who has been run over)—It's a
wonder you don't use soap and water
now and then.

Beggar—I have thought of it, sir,
but there are so many kinds of soap
about now, it's so hard to tell which is
and which is not injurious to the skin,
that I don't like to take any risk!
—Peabody Star

TOO MUCH TROUBLE JUST TO SAVE A FEW SINNERS

A friend reports to us that in driving
through the country this past summer,
he stopped to read a notice tacked on a
gate that led into a pasture with a large
creek running through it, and he made
a copy of the notice which read as fol-
lows:

"Positively no more baptizing in my
pasture. Twice in the last month my
gate has been left open by Christian
people, and I can't afford to chase cattle
all over the country just to save a few
sinners."—Randolph Enterprise.

TRIFLES OF AN EARLIER DAY

In the great Meuse-Argonne advance
two doughboys were squatted in a shell
hole for shelter. In another minute or
two they expected an order to go for-
ward again against the German posi-
tions. The enemy was pouring every-
thing he had in their direction. Machine-
gun bullets were whining by just above
their heads. High explosives and shrap-
nel shells were bursting about them.
Hundreds of guns, big and little, roared
and thundered.

One of the soldiers turned his head
toward his companion.

"Buddy," he said, "I've just been layin'
here thinkin'."

"H—l of a time to be thinkin'," said
his pal. "What were you thinkin'
about?"

"I was thinkin' how a fellow's feelin's
get changed in this war."

"What do you mean—get changed?"

"Why, once upon a time, back home,
a fellow with a 38-caliber pistol run me
plum out of town."

If a good face is a letter of recom-
mendation, a good heart is a letter of
credit.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A TRAGEDY

A Denver man tells of one Westerner's
opinion of the East. It appears that this
man had occasion to visit New York
City, a city he had never seen. He re-
mained for a week or two longer than
he had expected, and, in writing of his
experiences to his wife in the West, he
said: "New York City is a great city,
but I do wish I had come here before I
was converted."

Grandpa in a motor car
Pushed the lever back too far,
Twinkle, twinkle little star,
(Music by the G. A. R.)

I think it must some where be writ-
ten that the virtues of mothers shall,
occasionally, be visited on their children,
as well as the sins of fathers.—Dickens.



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

WILKEY, JAMES E.—A newspaper clipping, without date, announces the death of Comrade James E. Wilkey, former Private, Battery A, 314th Field Artillery, at the national sanitarium at Marion, Indiana, where he had been a patient for more than three years. His death was due to shell shock and other disabilities resulting from his service. The family of Comrade Wilkey was doubly bereaved within forty-eight hours, his death following that of his father, James L. Wilkey, who died while at work at the Westinghouse plant, east Pittsburgh. Mrs. Wilkey was with her son when news of the death of her husband was received, and had scarcely reached her home when a telegram apprising her of the death of her son reached her. Double funeral services were held for the father and son and interment was made in Brighton Road cemetery. Military honors were accorded Comrade Wilkey by the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars. The bereaved wife and mother, Mrs. James L. Wilkey, resides at 611 Penn Avenue, Wilkensburg, Pa.

ZYTOWSKI, JACOB—formerly Corporal Company "G," 320th Infantry, died at his home 1826 Mary Street, South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., on November 13th, 1925 at 1 p. m. He was the son of the late Albert Zytowski, and Anna Zarembo Zytowski, was a life long resident of the South Side. He was 34 years old. He joined the company at Camp Lee, in September of 1917; saw service with them in France, and was discharged with them at Chillicothe, Ohio, in June 1919. Was also an active member of Company "G," 320th Infantry P. C. He was also cited in the 320th Infantry Regimental history for his bravery under fire while serving as company runner. Funeral was on Tuesday, November 17th, at 8:15 a. m., with High Mass of Requiem at St. John's Church, Fourteenth Street. Full military honors were rendered by the American Legion, and Veterans of Foreign Wars.

McLAUGHLIN, AL. WARD—formerly Company "E," 320th Infantry, died at Vandergrift, Penna., October 31, 1925. Death was due to a fall from a window at the mill where he was employed. He fell about 20 feet lighting on his head. Fu-

(Continued on page 27)



COMPANY "G" 320TH INFANTRY

A letter has been received from Mrs. Genevieve Ferrell Gose, of Howell county, Missouri, acknowledging receipt of the "Service Magazine" containing the item under "Taps" covering the death of her husband, "A. C. (Shorty) Gose. Mrs. Gose has been appointed Assessor of Howell county, to fill the unexpired term of her husband, which position he was holding at the time of his death. A clipping from a local paper was also received giving full details of his death, as follows:

ASSESSOR GOSE ACCIDENTALLY SHOT

The whole county was shocked and grieved to hear of the sudden death of Claude Gose, county assessor, who was accidentally killed by discharge of his shotgun.

Mr. Gose, with his wife and little son, left their home in Mountain View in their car to hunt rabbits. He had just shot and crippled one and got out of the car to get it. Reloading the gun, which was a single barrel No. 410 small gauge, he started to get into the car, where his wife was at the wheel. The gun was discharged and from the nature of his wounds, Mr. Gose must have been in a stooping position. The entire load penetrated his breast. Mrs. Gose immediately scrambled from the car, hurried to her husband's side, and he expired in her arms. She then drove the car to town and summoned aid. He was serving a four-year term as assessor, having been re-elected to this position in 1924. He was born December 6, 1894, in Morgan county, Kentucky, and came to Mountain View in 1911. He served his country in the World War as a Corporal, Company "G," 320th Infantry, 80th Division.

* * *

Patrick J. Sullivan, formerly Sergeant Company "G," 320 Infantry, is convalescing in the Marine Hospital, where he has been confined, due to an injury received while visiting in Canada, when he suffered a broken ankle. All the boys hope for "Pat's" speedy recovery. He had the pleasure of being visited at the hospital by General Lloyd M. Brett while in Pittsburgh for Armistice Day celebration.

George J. Klier, formerly Private 1 cl. Company "G," 320th Infantry, is again a proud papa. A daughter, "Mercedes Mary," was born on October 10th. Klier now has a boy and two girls.

* * *

Vincent Yoswick, formerly corporal, Company "G," 320th Infantry, is now located at 520 W. Clark street, Clarksburg, West Virginia. He was formerly from Connellsville, Penna. He is the representative of the West Virginia territory for the Fleishman Yeast Company.

* * *

Leo R. Stein, formerly private, 1st cl. Company "G," 320th Infantry, is now residing at 181 47th street, Pittsburgh, Penna.

* * *

Robert R. Ewart, formerly corporal, Company "G," 320th Infantry, is now located at 1321 Lincoln Avenue, East Liberty P. O., Pittsburgh, Penna.

* * *

K. Laszloffy, formerly bugler, Company "G," 320th Infantry, is now located at 110 Hamilton avenue, Duquesene, Penna. He will be remembered by many of the regiment as the instructor of the rookies at Camp Lee when buglers were in demand.

RE-UNION OF COMPANY B, 320TH INFANTRY

The members of Company "B," 320th Infantry, held a banquet and re-union on Armistice Day at the Elks Club in New Kensington, Penna. About thirty-five of the old-timers were present, and we were very much pleased to have such a good turnout. Everyone enjoyed seeing their old buddies again, and hashing over old times in the army. It was a very enjoyable affair for both men and women, as quite a few of the buddies brought their wives along. The former First Sergeant, Clyde McAninch, was in charge of preparing the festivities at the Elks Club, and much praise is due him for the fine manner in which it was handled. Last year, the reunion was at Greensburg, and by having it at New Kensington this year, it seems to be a popular idea to rotate around among the towns where most of the old buddies live. Plans have not been made as yet

for the next reunion, but it probably will be at Pittsburgh. To any of the old-timers who are missing these "get-togethers," they are surely missing a lot of pleasure, and suggest that they get in touch with the secretary, R. E. Rankin, care Goodman Mfg. Company, 216 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh, Penna.

ARMISTICE DAY IN PITTSBURGH

As usual, Armistice Day was a holiday in Pittsburgh, and the main event of which was the parade of veterans, and about 15,000 were in the line of march. As usual, the 80th Division predominated, and the old Blue Ridge had more men in line than any other outfit. Our beloved General, Lloyd M. Brett, came up from Washington especially for the purpose of leading the Blue Ridge boys in the parade. It seemed like old times to have him at our head again, and as the parade swung down the street, he was greeted with applause and cheers from all sides. Everyone in Pittsburgh seems to know General Brett, and he is probably the most popular military man in the city today.

At noon the Baird-Atwood Post of the V. F. W. had a luncheon at the Americus Club, at which the guests of honor were the members of the Legion of Valor, which was holding its convention in the city. The Legion of Valor is an organization composed only of men who have won the Congressional Medal of Honor or the D. S. C., so you know that it is a very select crowd. They told us many interesting tales connected with receiving the decorations, and there was even one veteran there who got his medal with General Custer in the Indian Wars. In this notable company you may rest assured that the 80th Division was well represented by some of its medal men, including our General Brett. Baird-Atwood Post of the V. F. W. is one of the most aggressive posts in the city, and has a greater percentage of Blue Ridge veterans than any other outfit, which explains one reason why it is a progressive post.

In the evening, the annual American Legion Military Ball was held at the William Penn Hotel, and was attended by about 2,000 people. There were so many Blue Ridge faces among the throng that one would think it was one of our own division reunions.

The people of Pittsburgh make more of Armistice Day than most other cities do, and if you are near the city on that day, it will pay you to stop in, for there is plenty of enjoyment for the Blue Ridge veterans.

COMPANY "E", 320TH INFANTRY By Dan F. Fackiner

The seventh annual reunion and banquet of the Veterans' Association of "E"

Company, 320th Infantry, will be held at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, on March 20-21, 1926. Any veteran who was at any time connected with "E" Company at Camp Lee, Virginia, or in France, is eligible for membership, and can secure any information desired from Headquarters, 1114 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh. A special drive will be made this year to secure a record attendance. The reunion last year was noteworthy for having such a large percentage of out-of-town members, and Pittsburgh, itself, will have to get a move on with additional members present to hold first place. The city of Vandergrift, Pa., is a very close second, and the delegation is large enough to ask that our Reunion in 1927 be held there instead of Pittsburgh. The Committee in charge: Lysle E. Whitesell, President; William Maisch, Homer W. Ludwig, James G. Haughey, J. M. Maitland, Albert Albrecht, Jr., Oliver W. Campbell, William E. Luley, Andrew G. Downing, Harry L. Black and Dan J. Fackiner, Secretary-Treasurer. Our organization is fortunate in having former officers of the company interested in its welfare. Even although located in Washington, New York, Richmond, Va. and Connecticut, they generally make it a point to be present. This spirit is responsible for the success of "E" Company reunions, and for the large attendance. As a subsidiary of the 80th, it is simply following the motto—"The 80th only moves forward".

It was reported to the writer by telephone that Robert W. McLaughlin, former private "E" Company, Vandergrift, Pa., was killed in an accident. Further information, when received, will appear in "Service". This information will be received with deep regret by every member of "E" Company.

First Sgt. J. M. Maitland, who has been located in Erie, Pa., is now making his headquarters in Pittsburgh. He still remains, however, in the shoe business.

The recent calls made at "E" Company Headquarters were as follows: Henry R. Curry, former Resident Secretary 80th Division; Burg C. Clark, Henry W. McGowran, former Sgt., Maj. Taylor, Frederick Worthington, D. Frank Graham of 80th Headquarters, Charleston, W. Va., and Lysle E. Whitesell. Come again!

Dr. Ivan E. Fisher, a former 1st Sgt. of "E" Company, is now practising in Erie, Penna., and hopes to be with the outfit again during its coming reunion.

If you are not receiving "Service" magazine it probably is because your subscription has expired. Write to Headquarters at Charleston, W. Va., as these notices, etc. are sent in to "Ser-

vice" for your special benefit, and if you do not take the magazine, YOU SHOULD, and if your subscription has expired, RENEW IT. You will not only aid our Division, but you will at the same time benefit yourself. If you belong in any of the above classes, get busy.

"E" BATTERY 313 FIELD ARTILLERY NOTES

By Samuel G. Evans

"Nipper" Gibbons, whose official given name is "Lovell," is painting auto bodies for the Iron City Garage at Martinsburg, W. Va. "Nip" held several ranks while in Uncle Sam's party, from buck private to corporal, and then back down again.

Ex-Private Roger G. Fahringer was recently elected cashier of the new First National Bank at Newfoundland, Pa., near Scranton. Rog's life reads like one of Horatio Alger's heroes—at the age of three selling newspapers and junk, then a little later accused of swiping a million bucks which a stranger left him, etc. etc. Fahringer has worked and studied hard since his army days to earn his new position, and the boys who know his make-up feel that he will more than make good.

Paul A. Olsen still sends out his Xmas cards from Philadelphia, Pa. "Irish," as his name implies, also sends 'em out sans the "Mr." and "Mrs." seen on many of the greetings.

Otto W. Jensen, another Irishman, is still isolated in southwestern South Dakota, and from all indications he intends to make it his home. Jensen would be glad to hear from his old comrades. His address is Sorum, S. D.

Someone inquired as to the whereabouts of one E-Mess Sergeant Dunham, of our battery. Wherever he is, it's dollars to hard tack that he's bootlegging. Who is there to deny it?

What's Wrong with This Statement?

"Boys," said cook Stalnaker, "there is 'seconds' in the jam.

And This One?—

"Well, well," chuckled "Georgehead" Flynn, "we are going to have another inspection."

"Chinny" Ambrose has been heard from, from Berkeley Springs, by means of a Xmas card. "Chinny" was the creator of a big laugh in his rookie days at Camp Lee. One day while on a pass to Petersburg he invaded a restaurant and ordered pork chops. After he wrapped himself around the chops and the foolishness that goes with 'em, he asked for the bad news, and when the waiter told him a dollar and a quarter, Ambrose

bawled out, "What, man, why I kin buy a whole pig back home for that."

* * *

On Monday, January 4, 1926, the stork stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Marshall at Lost River, W. Va., and left a son, Robert Chrisman. Mother and son are doing fine. Courtney "reckoned" the baby weighed eight or twelve pounds.

305TH AMMUNITION TRAIN IN MERCER COUNTY, PA. By Lean A. Gainster

The old gang that learned the ABC's as laid down in the I. D. R. are as hard to keep track of in civil life, around this neck of the woods, as they were at detail time in the army.

* * *

William ("Bill) Cave, who sported three stripes and a diamond in Company G, (Wagon Company), is in the music business, so to speak: Bill has a gang of jazz hounds, speaking the same piece for George Williams, who at first was with the Ammunition Train but later transferring to one of the Infantry Bands. They both seem to be enjoying success from the number of dances and social gatherings they entertain.

* * *

Mannie Goldberg, one time supply sergeant at Captain Bill McFall's outfit at Ancy-le-Franc when the division was preparing for the final drive on Brest and vicinity, resides in Sharon, Pa., and runs a pool and billiard parlor on Chestnut street, under the name of Mannie's Billiards. He also has a stable,—no, not horse, but box fighters.

* * *

Christmas 1918 brings to mind certain towns in France in which some of us ate our first Christmas dinner away from home; Etais, Savoisy, Verdonnet, Planay, Ravieres, Fulvy, Villers, Argenteuil, Stigny, Gland, Arrans, Fontaines, Sennevoy, Cruzy, St. Vinnemer, Vireaux Villon, Arthonnay, Ounicerot, Baluot-la-Grange, Trichey, Bragelogne, Channes, Vertault, Pacy, Chassignelles and last but not least Ancy-le-Franc and the football game at Tonnerre. She was a bon old Jour-de-Noel in that vicinity of Tonnerre between wine and song and cards.

* * *

You Horse Battallion men of the 305th A. T. who will remember the CC epidemic at Langon, France, some with merriment and others with horror, can tell your youngsters who are growing up what a man must feel like when he is rar'ing to KILL. What you don't know what the CC epidemic was? Well, you get hold of one of the boys that was there and ask him to relate to you the relationship between a lister bag filled with drinking water, a consignment of CC pills that disappeared from the medical detachments tent, a Wagon Com-

pany cook that put too much salt in the stew, and a healthy thirst that must be quenched regardless of chloride of lime tastes.

* * *

Another celebrity has just come to light whom many of the old division will remember in PIEROTTI, who claims Greenville, Pa., as his home. Pierotti palyed on the 305th A. T. Football Team of the fall of 1917, also on the champion basketball team of G. Company 305th A. T. in the camp. He has been kept busy of late officiating in baseball, football and in basketball; his latest adventure being picked to officiate as referee at the football game between the Canton Bulldogs of pro fame and the Farrell Y. M. I. A. in which he covered himself with glory in as much as he handled the game satisfactory to all concerned.

* * *

Another Ex-Blue Ridger came out of his shell in this game, the person in question being A. J. Monaca, who served with the 313th Machine Gunners from their infancy at Lee to their demobilization in 1919. Monaca was one of the first six draftees to leave Farrell, Pa., for camp in September 1917. At present he is in the soft drink business in Farrell and the welcome sign is always out to the 80th. His part in the game being as assistant manager of the Y. M. I. A.

* * *

Joseph Donahue, one of Doc Brown's able assistants in his pill squad, is now holding the job of Chaplain in the American Legion at Sharpsville, Pa., and also is one of the directors of the new Legion Home there.

* * *

Frank Donnelly who used to wield the shears in Gee Company just before inspection, is still doing the tonsorial business on Sharpsville avenue, Sharon, Pa. Frank is as bald as ever. Why are barbers bald? Some say it's from pulling off tight underwear,—I don't know myself.

* * *

Harry C. Hughes a prominent real estate man of Sharon, would hardly be remembered as one of the famous mule skinners de-luxe of the wagon company—he is rather corpulent, if you know what that means.

* * *

Ran into a wedding party the other day, and recognized the face of the Gloom, but it took nearly all the rest of the day to figure out who he was. But I succeeded, now how many of Co. F can remember the dapper little Second Louie of the Marine Corps who visited Dago Frank, Baldy Bacon, Puss Burgoon, De-Harry and the others from Farrell, Pa., on November 20th and 21st, 1918, at Revigny while we were on the march back from the lines. I will give you a little tip and it might help you—20th was Wednesday and 21st was on a

Thursday, so there you are, just as easy as falling off a log. Michael Novak, 2nd Lt. USMC.

* * *

Sharon, Pa., boasted of a big time on Armistice Day. There was a parade of about two hundred, along with a couple of 40 homme 8 cheveau floats. Shades of military training,—it was some line of march. There was only one thing I could think of, and that was the song, "They Were All Out of Step But Jim." A few were using a transport course in sub territory. Then the crowning incident came when an Ex-Officer in uniform took off his hat in respect to the flag instead of saluting.

* * *

Now that the stress of Christmas has come and gone, using a partial title of a popular song during war time, "What are we going to help the (boys) association."

* * *

Read a little article in the paper the other night about the Farrell police being called to quell a fight among some negroes. Sergt. John J. (Black Jack) Sposito and the chief responded. This brought to my mind a little incident that Black Jack always liked to relate. On the Fourth of July, 1918, during the course of the Horse Battallion field meet held at Langon, France, Black Jack's turn came to swap punches with one of the boys from either G or E Company, I just don't remember which, but he had a reputation of being real good. Of course folks, kindly remember B. J. was no slouch. As they entered the improvised ring someone slipped B. J. the glad tidings which nearly sunk the ship, right then and there, that the Old Man, meaning Major O. C. Whitaker, Battallion Commander, had a nice bunch of Francs on him to win. Black Jack claims he came darned close to quitting before the start, for he was a little leary of his opponent's prowess and O. C.'s wrath if he lost. As he tells it, the first round was a dream and the second a horrible night-mare, and it seemed to him that his opponent was hitting him with the ring posts. During a clinch he stole a glance at the Old Man and his face was wreathed in a smile. B. J. says that smile acted on him like snow does to a snow bird, or a shot in the arm to a coke fiend. When he left his corner for the fourth round he made up his mind he was going to make his stand here and now, and with a jump he tore into the other chap, hooking and cutting him to ribbons so that before the fifth round got nicely started the referee stopped the fight to save B. J.'s opponent—for game he was to take such a lacing as he did in that fourth round.

The joke of it was that the smile that did the work was only a coincident, as the Old Man's mind at that moment happened to be in REDON, and the fight and

the wager were far from being considered, at that moment.

* * *

It has come to light that John Mehler, one of Doc. Brown's pill squad, is wearing the proud smile that acclaim a "Daddy." This also gives Joe Donahue another member of that squad an Uncle-ship, as they are brothers-in-law as they were brothers-in-arms during 17-18-19.

* * *

How many of you Galloping Eightieth heard William's Rythm Kings broadcasted from KDKA Pittsburgh about the second week in December? Would you believe that it was our George Williams originally with the Ammunition Train, later transferring to an Infantry band.

* * *

"How about the advertisements for the SERVICE? Have you tried to get one. You guys that are in business, can't you see you way clear to advertise in the Service? Remember what the little boy in school said—"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE."

* * *

I see by the paper that one of the former members of my section, Martin Gajdos, buried his youngster who died from pneumonia. Martin was among the original members of Company F, or as it was first known 2nd Caisson Company.

PHILADELPHIA AUXILIARY NO. 2 Bazaar Was Big Success

The Philadelphia Post No. 2 Auxiliary-80th Division Veterans' Association, held its first annual bazaar on December 4th and 5th at 52nd and Ranstead streets.

The proceeds are for the benefit of spreading good cheer amongst the less fortunate ones; the welfare of the Philadelphia Post No. 2; and the Auxiliary treasury.

The store, which was donated, was specially decorated for the occasion in a profusion of red ribbon streamer effect and flowers, which lent a Yuletide atmosphere. On the various tables were fancy hand-made articles, novelties, cakes, candies, flowers, and Christmas cards. Most of these were contributed by the members and friends of both Philadelphia post No. 2 and the Auxiliary.

A unique feature of the bazaar was its "Country Store" booth which was so generously donated by Mr. Wm. Fox and his friends. Also, we were most fortunate to have on sale trays and baskets made by disabled soldiers of the hospitals. Mrs. W. C. Galleher, corresponding secretary of the Auxiliary, was chairman of the bazaar committee and was most ably assisted by Mrs. Frank Schoble, Sr., president of the Auxiliary; Mrs. Evan Tibbott, Sr., 2nd vice-president; Mrs. Frank Mayer, 3rd vice-president; Mrs. George Guille, treasurer; Mrs. Elmer Leddon, Mrs. R. W. Mahon and other members and friends.

Report of Secretary for 1925

The first meeting of the Eightieth Division Auxiliary was held at the Big Brother Association at 25 South Van Pelt Street on November 20, 1924. The secretary was elected and minutes were taken. The officers were elected for the ensuing year.

Eight members were present at the first meeting, and Miss Arnold was in the chair. The question of dues was discussed and were decided on at \$1.00 per year. At this time it was learned that the first Eightieth Division Auxiliary was a welcome Home Association.

At the January meeting Mrs. Schoble read the constitution and the by-laws. She also appointed the directors, committees, and the executive board.

The men entertained us at the February meeting. Mrs. Schoble was out of town and Miss Arnold presided. The Auxiliary started a convention fund with \$395.95. We have also decided to have refreshments hereafter.

In March the constitution and by-laws were read, voted upon, and passed. Mrs. Kock had been chairman of this committee. We also received word of Miss Sellers' death and a message of sympathy was sent from the Auxiliary by Mrs. Galleher. Welfare work was discussed and Miss Arnold reported about eight men of the 80th Division at Grays Ferry Hospital.

Mrs. Guille reported the pin order placed. Mrs. Guille, Mrs. Galleher, and Mrs. Yayers worked hard this month (April) on the membership. Mrs. Tibbott offered to run a bake. She was appointed chairman and May 9th was the date set. Mrs. Leddon and Mrs. Mayers were also on her committee.

All meetings including the May meeting hereafter are to be opened with a prayer and a salute to the flag. Through the absence of the secretary, roll call was dispensed with and no minutes read. Mrs. Tibbott reported \$41.25 from the cake sale. This was a fine report. In May we entertained the men.

By June the treasury had crept up to \$60.25, and the membership to twenty-five from eight in January. During July and August there were no meetings.

We decided to buy a silk flag for the Auxiliary costing about eighteen dollars, and also to pay Mrs. Galleher the \$3.64 which she had spent on the bazaar material. Mrs. Galleher and Mrs. Guille each gave the Auxiliary one dozen dolls to be dressed for the bazaar.

At the November meeting Mrs. Tibbott was appointed chairman of the Xmas bazaar material. Mrs. Galleher and Mrs. Guille each gave the Auxiliary one dozen dolls to be dressed for the bazaar.

At the November meeting Mrs. Tibbott was appointed chairman of the Xmas boxes. She called for volunteers to help her. We also had the flag and

our pins at this meeting.

The treasurer reported \$240.98 on hand and still some to come in from the bazaar; \$331.34 taken in this year, and \$111.96 rent.

The store and electric had been given for the bazaar. Mrs. Tibbott was chairman of the decorations. Mr. Fox gave and managed a country store for us. There was about \$278.00 taken in on the bazaar.

Two Christmas boxes were sent out. One to Grays Ferry and one to Oteen. About one dozen smaller boxes are to be made up and sent out. The large ones contained candy, socks, slippers, bath robes, and handkerchiefs, fruit, and smokes. The smaller ones will go to our men at the Navy Hospital in Philadelphia, and to Grays Ferry Road. Six dozen oranges are to be sent to the ward at Grays Ferry Road.

Mrs. Galleher was elected president; Mrs. Tibbott, first vice president; Miss Arnold, second vice president; Mrs. Canning, third vice president; Mrs. Leddon, recording secretary; Mrs. Mahon, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Guilli, treasurer; and Mrs. Millinghausen, color bearer.

Eleven meetings have been held so far and twenty-eight members on the roll call at this time. Mrs. Guilli has never missed a meeting. The largest meeting was in March. Mrs. Galleher only missed the meeting the night we organized. Mrs. Millinghausen, Mrs. Leddon, and Mrs. Mayers have each missed only one meeting so far. The average attendance Fifty dollars of the bazaar money was has been ten.

turned over to the Post for their welfare work.

—Martha Millinghausen.

IN THE 80TH SECTOR

Walter S. Carroll, formerly of Supply Company, 319th Infantry, is sadly bereaved by the loss of his wife, who died on November 1, 1925. Her death was due to child-birth. The sincere sympathy of all his old comrades are extended. Comrade Carroll is located at 110 East Main street, Carnegie, Pa.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. (Perk) Kennedy, of 1007 Macon Avenue, East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., announce the birth of a daughter, Norma Jean, on November 14th. This announcement recalls the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. (Baldy) Ridge, of Langhorne, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. Rufas J. (Jeff) Roberts, of Charleston, W. Va., were likewise blessed recently by the arrival of Mary Elizabeth Ridge and Mary Frances Roberts. The three daddies in days gone by wielded wicked mess-kits in the Supply Company, 314th Field Artillery.

A rumor reaches Service that the stork recently hailed down Comrade Jack

Berger, of Pittsburgh, and left with him and his good wife a young son. Comrade Berger is well known to the buddies of the 80th, not only by his service in the 305th Engineers, but as the artist for Service Magazine for several years. Congrats.

* * *

It is said that one Jerry Madden, formerly of Company A, 320th Infantry, got himself married on October 25, 1925; after which he and his wife toured the east. The name of the lady is not mentioned, but all the old crowd are wishing the newly wedded couple the best of luck.

* * *

Lieut. Thomas B. Jackson, a prominent young attorney of Charleston, W. Va., was married during the holiday season to Miss Dorothy Smiley, a popular young lady of the same city. Comrade Jackson will be remembered by the boys of Battery D, 314th Field Artillery, as a young "2nd. Louie", just out of the Third Officers Training Camp who was assigned to their outfit a short time before sailing overseas.

* * *

Guy T. Visiniski, who will be remembered by the members of the Division at large as the officer in charge of the Camp Lee Bayonet in its early days, recently purchased a controlling interest in the Clarksburg Telegram, one of the leading newspapers of West Virginia. Comrade Visiniski has assumed active control and management of the paper and is making it one of the best, from a news standpoint, in the Blue Ridge Area. After the great success of the overseas and was detailed to establish the Stars and Stripes at Paris, as the official newspaper of the A. E. F., and was for the greater part of the time in charge of that paper.

* * *

Another old-timer in the soldier publication field passed off the stage the latter part of December. The Stars and Stripes, published at Washington since the latter part of 1919, with its last issue in December ceased publication as an independent paper and merged with the National Tribune, the national organ of the Grand Army of the Republic. The new paper carries the title of both the old publications, but loses its distinction as an organ of the veterans of the World War. But few of the old publications are now left in the field—Service Magazine the only one of the several Divisional publications.

COMPANY "G", 320TH INFANTRY

Plans are being made for the Third Annual Banquet and Get-together of Company "G" 320th Infantry which will be held in Pittsburg about March 15th, 1926. All members of the company are

urged to attend, and will be informed of the exact date by letter. The committee is planning to put this one over in great style. Entertainment is being arranged and a good time is promised all who attend. Any further information regarding same can be secured by communicating with Secretary George J. Klier, 1133 Chartiers Avenue, McKees Rocks, Pa.

* * *

E. Y. Dobson, formerly Sergeant Company "G" 320th Infantry, had been on an extensive hunting trip during the month of December, traveling over the three Blue Ridge Mountains, Ed bagged plenty Rabbits and other game but we failed to see any Grizzly bears, Dobbie spends most of his time hunting?

* * *

John P. Viazanko, formerly Private 1st Company "G" 320th Infantry announces the birth of a big Son, John Paul, Junior, born on December 7th, 1925, weight 8¾ pounds. Congratulations John from the boys of the company.

* * *

Oscar J. Renny formerly Corporal Company "G" 320th Infantry, met with a serious accident December 11th, just after reporting for work he slipped on an icy sidewalk breaking his ankle. He is now convalescing at his home 11 Kirk Avenue Carrich, Pittsburgh, Pa. It will be several weeks yet before he will have fully recovered. He will be glad to hear from any of the old Buddies.

PHILADELPHIA POST NO. 2

Philadelphia Post No. 2 held a Buffet Lunch and Dance on December 7, 1925, at McCallister's, 1825 Spring Garden Street. The affair was well attended and every one present expressed themselves as having a good time. Many of the boys who don't turn out at the meetings were there.

* * *

On January 6, 1926 the Post held a Smoker and all present were profuse in their praise of Frank Mayer who so successfully engineered the affair. Frank and his committee had enlisted the aid of Spike Howard who had one great bunch of entertainers. Among those present was Jim Deighan who is now Benna, State Adjutant of the American Legion. Jim Kilgannon of Battery "A" 314 Artillery made his first appearance for many months and Calvert of the same outfit retained a seat in the front row. To help raise money Spike chanced off several articles which he donated.

* * *

The year promises to be a good one for the Post and with the American Legion National Convention coming to Philadelphia it is expected that we will see many of our old buddies and will endeavor to entertain them to the best of our ability.

At the December meeting held at St. James Hall, 2210 Sansom Street the important business of the evening was the Election of Officers, they being as follows: See list.

The Officers and Executive Council elected at the December meeting for the year 1926 are follows:

FOR COMMANDOR
William H. Graham, Jr.
FOR VICE-COMMANDER
George W. Guille
FOR SECOND VICE-COMMANDER
William Fox
FOR FINANCE OFFICER
William J. Cousins
FOR ADJUTANT
Russell W. Mahon
FOR SERGEANT AT ARMS
LOUIS KLUMPP
FOR EXECUTIVE COUNCIL
Rodney T. Bonsall
Evan J. Tibbott, Jr.
Bernard K. Meyers
John R. Canning
William C. Galleher
George Burton
Fred W. Haussmann, Jr.
W. M. Bradford
Lawrence Fisher
Harry J. McCloskey

NORFOLK POST NO. 1

The annual election of Norfolk Portsmouth Post No. 1 was held January 22, at 7 P. M. in the Southland Hotel, Norfolk, Va. Nominating committee J. B. Weithers, H. R. Seelinger and J. Carl Peck, all Past Commanders, nominated the following for officers for the year, Lt. H. R. Furr, 314 M. G. Bat. for Commander; Sgt. W. W. Jordan, 318 M. G. Co., for Vice Commander; Sgt. E. B. Truitt, 318 M. G. Co., for Adjutant; Sgt. W. A. Bucking, 318th. Inf., for Quartermaster, and all were unanimous elected.

After a few remarks by the retiring Commander, John B. Diehl, Commander Furr was presented at the head of the table by Past Commander Lt. J. B. Withers. The Post Charter was turned over to him and he took charge of the meeting.

J. B. Moore, 317th. Inf. was appointed Bugler for Norfolk Post 392, V. F. W. also of Norfolk Pup Tent of the Cooties. The only way he would accept was with the understanding that the meeting was not to interfere with his courting.

J. C. Leesnitzer, 80th. Division Headquarters was appointed Adjutant of Norfolk Post 392, V. F. W. and also was re-elected unanimously Quartermaster of Norfolk Pup Tent No. 1 of the Cooties.

John B. Diehl, "A" Co. 317th. Inf. was appointed Quartermaster Sergeant for Norfolk Post 392 V. F. W. also was elected Senior Vice Commander of Norfolk Post 392, V. F. W.

(Continued on Page 27)

PETERSBURG PREPARING FOR BIG 80TH REUNION

The comrades of Petersburg and vicinity are actively preparing for the Seventh Annual National Reunion of the Galloping Eightieth, the dates for which have been set for August 26, 27, 28 and 29, 1926. Comrade Wm. A. Smith, who is Director of the Department of Public Safety of the City of Petersburg, has been chosen as General Chairman of the reunion committee. All the members of the old outfit who know Comrade Smith believe and know that he will have the best obtainable for the boys when they meet in their seventh big annual get-together.

It is a little premature to announce the events scheduled for the convention; but suffice it to know that there will be "plenty doin'." Petersburg is noted for its hospitality and has a warm place in the heart of every Blue Ridger who was a "rookie" at Camp Lee.

The place is especially appropriate for the meeting of the seventh reunion, and the dates set are more so. August 26 will mark the ninth anniversary of the assembling of the first quota of officers at Camp Lee to organize the Eightieth Division. How many of that first quota will answer "ho" at the Petersburg reunion next fall?

BILL TO RESTORE GENERAL BRETT TO WAR-TIME RANK

A piece of pleasing news to all former Blue Ridgers is the announcement that bills have been introduced in both Houses of Congress to restore General Lloyd M. Brett, 160th Infantry Brigade, to his war-time rank. The bill was introduced in the Senate by Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, and in the House by Congressman Stephen G. Porter, representing the Pittsburgh district, from which section the greater part of General Brett's Brigade was drawn.

Senator Reed and Representative Porter have at all times displayed a more than friendly interest in the former service men, and we of the 80th can claim their especial friendship. In pushing the claim of the 80th for a special bill placing General Brett on the retired list as Brigadier General, U. S. Army, they only show once more their interest in seeing justice done one of the outstanding characters of the War. General Brett, though repeatedly recommended by his superiors for permanent grade as Brigadier General, was retired as a Colonel soon after the close of the war under an archaic regulation of the War Department which denies promotion in permanent grade to an officer who has a short time to serve.

The bill has received favorable attention at the hands of both houses, and, in a measure, its success or failure

depends upon the interest shown by General Brett. Write your Congressman and Senator today urging him to vote and work for this measure. Tell them something of the service rendered by this veteran of more than forty years service in the old army; call attention to his splendid record in the Indian wars, when he won a Congressional Medal of Honor, years before many of us were born. It is only a measure of justice and right, and we know it will have the hearty support of every former Blue Ridger.

COUNCIL AND HISTORY COM- MITTEE MEET AT WASHINGTON

A combined meeting of the Executive Council and History Committee was

YEARNING

By Fay A. Davis
318th Infantry

As the voices call us from across the seas—the voices of those who lie sleeping in the night—there goes forth the futile yearning of the soldier to turn back to those days of '18—turn back just for a moment.

No message comes to stir the silence. From the hills, soft whispers mockingly scoff at returning to the days that used to be.

Who is there can withdraw the unfurled mantle of yesteryear?

No answer comes—the voices still. Drooping shadows enshroud the bivouac, hiding forever from our eyes the faded leaves of the "Forest," as we last saw them, blanketing tripod and fallen comrade. Our footsteps across "No Man's Land" have vanished as the grass.

What are memories but the backwash of our destiny! They flourish and flounder in the whirlpools. But our deeds, like the streams that flow forever, cannot wholly perish.

Nature is inexorable. Nature is final—there is no appeal.

held at the State War and Navy Building, Washington, D. C., on December 5th, which was attended by a representative gathering of Eightieth Division Veterans. In fact the roll call disclosed attendance by representatives from nearly every unit and from all parts of the east.

That interest in 80th Division affairs is still at high-water mark is indicated by the presence of the following members who answered present at roll-call: Brigadier Generals Lloyd M. Brett, 160th Brigade, and George H. Jamerson, 159th Brigade; Colonels E. G. Peyton, 320th

Infantry; Charles Keller, 317th Infantry; O. L. Brunzell, 313th Field Artillery; Lieutenant Colonels Jennings C. Wise, 318th Infantry; Ashby Williams, 320th Infantry; John Cocke, Division Machine Gun Officer; of Washington, D. C.; Lieutenant Colonel Earl D. Church, Division Ordnance Officer, New York; Major Sherburne Whipple, Division Headquarters, Washington; Major Lincoln MacVeagh, Division Headquarters, New Canaan, Conn.; Captain John T. Morgan, 305th Engineers, Charleston, W. Va.; Captain Carlo D. Cella, Division Headquarters, New York; Captain Wm. C. Vandewater, 160th Infantry Brigade, Trenton, N. J.; Captain Thomas W. Hooper, 319th Infantry, Culpepper, Va.; Captain G. F. Hobson, 305th Engineers, Washington; Lieutenant Herman R. Furr, 314th Machine Gun Battalion, Norfolk, Va.; Lieutenant Edward C. Lukens, 320th Infantry, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lieutenant Carl T. Hatch, 317th Infantry, Baltimore, Md.; Sergeants Russell L. Stultz, 318th Infantry, New Market, Va.; Boyd B. Stutler, 314th Field Artillery, Charleston, W. Va.; M. J. Thomas, 305th Field Signal Battalion, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Bugler Howard J. Wells, 318th Infantry, and Charles Algood, 314th Field Artillery, both of Petersburg, Va.

The meeting had been called for the purpose of taking some definite action in the matter of publishing the History of the 80th Division, upon which a com- or four years. At this meeting the greatest interest in the history was manifested and a complete report of the work accomplished was made by Historian Stultz. Lieutenant Colonel Jennings C. Wise, who has spent much time and effort in collaborating with the committee, offered many helpful suggestions and the whole matter was fully and freely discussed by the members in attendance.

A final editorial board composed of Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, Brigadier Generals Lloyd M. Brett, George H. Jamerson and James H. Bryson, Historian Russel L. Stultz, and with Boyd B. Stutler as Secretary, was appointed with full authority to complete the text and enter into contract for printing the volume. It is hoped and believed that a contract will be entered into soon and that the History will be available without much further delay.

An important decision was made at this meeting, when it was decided to issue a special edition of the history in a special binding in a limited number, each of the copies to be autographed by General Cronkhite, General Brett, General Jamerson, and others. This special edition will be limited to the advance subscriptions and will be sold at \$10.00 per copy. A number of subscriptions were entered as soon as it was announced—the members present realizing

the value such a copy would have. In it would be a personal memento of our Commanding General and Brigadiers, who we all believe to be as good as any officers that ever led soldiers to battle.

CHESTNUT RIDGE POST NO. 10

At the annual election of Chestnut Ridge Post No. 10, Comrade John F. Hogsett was elected Commander for the ensuing year, and Comrade Elmer H. Baker will succeed Rufus O. Barkley as Adjutant. The Post is well organized and is doing good work in the Uniontown sector. Since its organization the Post and its members have taken a very active part in the affairs of the city and county it serves. "The 80th Division only moves forward," and with Comrades Hogsett and Baker at the helm we can expect the same good work that was accomplished under the administration of Comrades Baltz and Barkley.

Major S. A. Baltz, retiring Commander, recently rendered a great public service when, as chairman of the committee, he secured the location of a fine aviation field between Uniontown and Fairchance. A number of high ranking

officers of the Air Service and General Staff were present at a meeting and were entertained at the Uniontown Country Club. 80th vets were very much in evidence at the meeting.

Comrade Rufus O. Barkeley, a live-wire in all veteran circles and who has been very active in Chestnut Ridge Post, declined re-election as Adjutant for the reason that he will "be a very busy woman" the next year—and we don't wonder. Comrade Barkeley has been elected Commander of DeLaLoma Post No. 15, Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion Post No. 342. We congratulate the V. F. W. and American Legion. The Posts will be well served the next year. Barkeley's Adjutant will be Herbert Cooley, an 80th vet, and he succeeds George Sechler as Commander of the American Legion, another Blue Ridger.

The Post held a big feed and get-together recently when Comrade Jacob Mills covered himself with glory by his attainments in the culinary art. Comrade Mills has been unable to work the past few months because of injuries received in service.

Post Quartermaster Darrell Crossland spent his vacation last fall down around Parkersburg and Camp Lee. His vacation was of such length that interested buddies have been trying to find out her last name.

Sergeant W. E. Foyle, formerly of Division Headquarters, is charge de affairs of the Baltimore & Ohio freight station at Uniontown.

RECEIVES D. S. C. AWARDED SON

A clipping from a South Orange, N. J., newspaper received at Headquarters gives an account of a presentation of the Distinguished Service Cross to District Judge Daniel A. Dugan, of Orange, which was awarded his son, Lieutenant Daniel A. Dugan, Jr., Company D, 317th Infantry. The award of the D. S. C. to Lieutenant Dugan was made for extraordinary heroism in battle. Comrade Dugan was killed in action one week before the signing of the armistice.

Although the occurrences of the World War are now only a memory, for many, an occasional echo of the days of 1917-18 brings vividly to mind the sacrifices and deeds of heroism of our comrades, some of whom, as did Lieutenant Dugan, gave their lives to further the cause of peace.

The specific act for which the award was made was for gallantry in the Bois de Ogons, of bloody and bitter memory.

Rear Admiral Moffett, head of the navy's aircraft, recommends rebuilding of Shenandoah and spending \$14,000,000 for other dirigibles. Others believe that no more of the heavy silk gasbag type should be built until the Henry Ford

all-metal, lighter than air ships have a thorough trial.

Admiral Moffett's recommendation of a \$4,500,000 air base on the west coast is sound and should go through, also his demand that airports and equipment at Lakehurst be properly maintained.

New York State now takes seriously the thought that it is bad for the State, with rope, electric chair, or lethal chamber, to set the example of killing. Capital punishment may be abolished entirely, except only for the murderer serving a term of life imprisonment. He would be executed.

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

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PHONE
1 6 2 8

Public executioners are less proud of themselves than they were. New York's new electric executioner does not wear a mask, as was proposed, but his name is not published. To make a job disgraceful is the first step toward abolishing it.

The new executioner, whatever his name, shone brilliantly in his first attempt. He killed Emil Kiatt and Luigi Rapito in nine minutes, including tightening straps, throwing the switch and all.

The Division Commander Visits Western Front

(Continued from Page Ten)

ments for visiting our own troops, and on January 31 we arrived at Chaumont, headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces. At Chaumont General Cronkite was received by General Pershing, the Commander-in-Chief, while the mysteries of G.H.Q. were thoroughly explained by the officers in charge of the departments of staff organization.

"Neufchateau, headquarters of the 26th ("Yankee") Division, was visited

F. E. Summers
Department Store

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

The National Bank of Fairmont

FAIRMONT, W. VA

Fairmont Bank of Service

February 1, when the Division Commander, Major General Clarence R. Edwards, gave us the benefit of his months of practical experience in France. Then followed a short stay on February 2 with the First Division, then holding a front line sector with headquarters at Mesnil-la-Tour, under command of General Robert Lee Bullard, afterwards well known to the 80th Division as Commanding General of the 3rd Corps of which the 80th was formed a part in the first and second phases of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and the second army.

"General Cronkhite was keenly interested in the American arm schools in the Langres area. There, under the general guidance of General McAndrew, afterwards General Pershing's Chief of Staff, all the important schools were visited, training programs were collected and first-hand information obtained as to the latest methods of military instruction, from the theoretical courses in the Staff College down to bayonet exercises in the field.

"For General Cronkhite, himself an artilleryman, no trip would have been complete which did not include the great artillery school at Valdahon, in the gorgeous country around picturesque Besancon. Special firing exercises were arranged for both light and heavy guns, including a demonstration of balloon work in liason with the artillery.

"This ended the technical observation tour. Short stays were necessary at Chaumont and Paris to make final preparations for the return to the United States. On February 9, we reached Bordeaux, where General Cronkhite was banqueted by the French Chamber of Commerce. On February 13, the 'Ni-

agara', with our party on board, passed through the nets guarding the entrance to the Gironde River, to buffet the rough seas of the Bay of Biscay.

"No submarine alarms marred the return voyage. The ship's captain gave General Cronkhite a dinner on Washington's Birthday, while a severe storm—described as the worst seen on the Atlantic in years—served to break the monotony of the trip. Again we were fortunate in finding a ship's company as interesting as it was cosmopolitan. On Monday, February 25, we landed in New York.

"The observation tour was a success in every way. General Cronkhite made a splendid impression on every one with whom he came in contact. Notwithstanding the handicap of not speaking their language, the French were warm in his praise. The British were outspoken in their admiration, the Americans, genuinely enthusiastic. In the light of lessons learned and experiences undergone on that trip, the final touches were given to the training of the 80th. The record it subsequently gained as a combat division was in no small part due to the quick decisions of its commander—decisions often made quickly because the Division Commander had, before the Division sailed for France, already seen three armies in action."

General Cronkhite and party immediately proceeded from New York to Washington, where he reported officially to the War Department upon what he had observed in France. Upon his arrival at Camp Lee February 28, the Division Commander and Major Lynch, who had been preceded by Captain Dobie by a few days, were greeted by Brigadier General Brett, in temporary command of the Division during his absence of exactly three months, and by Brigadiers General Farnsworth, Heiner and Richardson, and Lieutenant Colonel Waldron, at Division Headquarters.

A glowing tribute to the British and French armies was paid by General Cronkhite in a statement issued shortly after returning to the cantonment. He said:

"I doubt if this country we fully appreciate what the British soldiery did in the early stages of the war. History has never recorded anything to excel it in pure heroism. If the little British army hadn't refused to fight by the book, the Germans would have got to Paris, or any other place they desired. These British coolly selected a place to make a stand. They didn't give a snap for the mathematics of superior numbers and guns. That was the place they intended to halt the enemy. The books said it couldn't be done. They tore up the books and took their stand, and there they stood. They couldn't be budged. To be sure, the Germans shot them up and

killed most of them, but by the time they had finished the slaughter the situation had been saved and the tide turned. As long as there are men and women with red blood in their veins, the stand of this little British army in the fact of annihilation will be remembered as one of the most glorious heights to which human courage and devotion have mounted.

"Our French allies have been fighting with the same fine heroism as the British. The Frenchman makes a wonderful soldier. There are no better fighters in the world. After all the hardships of the three or more years that the German armies have been entrenched on French soil, the morale of the French armies and people is a thing of wonder."

As a direct consequence of the Division Commander's observations and experiences in Europe, the training program at Camp Lee underwent immediate and material revision. The extent and nature of this revision, which eventually resulted in appreciably hastening the Division's fitness for combat duty, became evident in the next few months.

The Surest Means of American Defense

(Continued from Page Eight)

do honor to the memory of the men whom we had been privileged to join in the great cause of humanity and civilization, acknowledging and testifying to their glorious deeds as I saw them and knew them in my heart to be. And that,

STATEMENT

OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF THE SERVICE MAGAZINE, published Bimonthly at Charleston, W. Va., for October 1, 1925.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,
COUNTY OF KANAWHA, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Boyd B. Stutler, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE SERVICE MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, Charleston, W. Va.

Editor, Boyd B. Stutler, Charleston, W. Va.
Business Manager, Boyd B. Stutler, Charleston, W. Va.

2. That the owner is: Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, John T. Morgan, President, National Headquarters at Charleston, W. Va.

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

BOYD B. STUTLER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of October, 1925.

[SEAL.] HELEN S. BARRINGER.
(My commission expires July 22, 1935.)



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my friends, is why I am here today to ask you on this so-called defense day to defend yourselves and this country against the propaganda still being waged against the friendship of this country with England and France—our old Allies.

Let me beg you not to conclude from what I have said that I am unappreciative of what this country did in the late war—not to conclude that I am either an Anglo-maniac or Franco-maniac. I believe that we did more than reasonably could have been expected of us—that our contribution was not only very great but was in fact decisive with respect to the ultimate victory. But after all we but placed a weight in the scale pan that inclined the balance in favor of the Allies, and however large that weight, however necessary, however decisive, it may have been, I do not think we honor ourselves by ignoring the

weight of Great Britain and France and the others who with such vast sacrifice maintained the balance against Germany before we joined them. And let us ask ourselves the question: What now if France should relax her vigilance and withdraw her sentries from the heights of the Rhine? What then of the seething East? Oh! if we could but come to see that France, worn with the travail of war yet with unslackened courage stands alone with drawn saber at the gateway of our civilization, how much better would we understand her!

Not long ago I heard an address in Washington by a very noble old Englishman. He said what I thought was very true—it is not when men make treaties and proclaim from the roof tops sentiments of amity that they understand each other, but it is when they whisper to each other that they really understand. In the hearts of some men there is space for but one great love. Others there are who love often and yet love greatly. I thank God that I was endowed with the power to love my own country and through it England and France with whom we were joined so lately.

And now I must conclude my remarks, but before doing so, let me add but another word. You have all heard much about a League of Nations. Possibly it would be a fine thing, but it cannot be had until those who are expected to form it understand and trust each other. It is my opinion that before a League of Nations can be formed by us with Germans, and Italians, and Russians, and Greeks, and Turks, and Japanese, and Chinamen, and other strangers, it will be necessary for us to form a closer league of understanding with our own blood kinsmen—the British. If we can not understand them how can we understand the others?

American children must not grow up with the old prejudices that we have known in the past, and instead of hating the British and distrusting the French, we must do the really patriotic thing and try to understand and make friends with

them. With the British and French and American peoples united in a real league of sympathy we need never fear wars among other peoples for once thus united they will rule the world, and rule it as God would have it ruled—with peace, and order and enlightenment, and liberty to all mankind. Let me beg you, therefore, each and every one of you who desire these things, to do your full part to bring about that mutual understanding between America and her moral Allies that will grow into an enduring friendship between them and through them between governments. No, my friends, treaties have never taken the place of real friendship and they never will take the place of it. An effort to create a better understanding between Britain and France and this country, is in my opinion the course of true patriotism for American men and American women—the surest defense of America for Americans.

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TAPS

(Continued from Page 17)

neral was held Tuesday at 2 p. m., November 3rd, from his home.

LOWNES, JAMES HERBERT—Formerly Private 1st Class, 319th Field Hospital Company, died at his home at 327 Preston Street, Philadelphia, Pa., on November 5, 1925, aged 33 years. Interment was made at Ivy Hill Cemetery. With the exception of about one year since his discharge from the army, Comrade Lownes had been employed by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company. His death was due to heart trouble. Injuries and gas received in service in France. Comrade Lownes is survived by his wife, his father, a brother and a sister. Final tribute to the memory of Comrade Lownes was paid by the officers and members of Philadelphia Post No. 2, of the 80th Division Association.

MOHR, LAWRENCE L.—Formerly of Battery A, 315th Field Artillery, died in Charleston General Hospital on October 31, 1925, where he had been placed for treatment by the Veterans' Bureau. Comrade Mohr was well known in his battery and regiment and news of his death will be received as a shock by all of his old comrades. He was a brave and valiant soldier and while serving with his regiment in the Meuse-Argonne offensive suffered wound in both legs by shrapnel. Comrade Mohr had been in very poor health since his return from service abroad and shortly before his death ap-

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plied for hospitalization to the Veterans' Bureau. He was placed in a hospital at Charleston, W. Va., for examination and treatment. His death occurred a few days later. Comrade Mohr was a resident of Point Pleasant, W. Va., and is survived by his wife and three small children. Burial was made in Zion cemetery, Mason county, and full military honors were rendered by Mason County Post No. 23, of which he was a member.

LOWSTUTTER, WILLIAM ELLSWORTH—Formerly Corporal Company "D," 315th Machine Gun Battalion, died in Charleroi-Monessen Hospital Sunday January 24, 1926, from a fractured skull suffered early Saturday morning while combating the blaze in the down-town district of Monessen, Pa., that caused damage of \$350,000. He was serving in the capacity of Assistant Fire Chief.

Death occurred after he had gained consciousness. Lowstutter is believed to have fallen down a ten-foot stairway in an alley between Schoonmaker and Donner Avenues, while the fire was at its height. He was not missed immediately and his presence there did not become known until about five hours later.

Lowstutter leaves his wife, Mrs. Mary Glass Lowstutter; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lowstutter; two brothers, George of Erie and Lawrence of Charleroi, and a sister, Mrs. Walter Robertson of Monessen.

Comrade Lowstutter was a member of Charleroi Methodist Episcopal Church. Burial took place Tuesday afternoon January 26th in Monongahela City Cemetery. Rev. J. E. Morrison, pastor of the church attended by Lowstutter, officiated.

NORFOLK POST NO. 1

(Continued from page 20)

folk Pup Tent No. 1 of the Cooties.

John Montagna, 318th. Infantry was elected Junior Vice Commander of Norfolk Pup Tent No. 1 of the Cooties.

Capt. J. Carl Peck, 319th Infantry is now connected with the Guaranty Title & Trust Co., where he has charge of the

Title Department, and was elected Commander of the Norfolk County Council of the F. V. W.

A fire was discovered in the American Legion Club and destroyed some of Lt. Wm. H. Sands personal property.

John B. Diehl, Sr. Vice Commander of the Grand Pup Tent of Virginia, of the Cooties, installed the officers of Peninsula Pup Tent No. 3 at the National Soldiers Home, Virginia on January 10th and on January 14th Installed the officers of Portsmouth Pup Tent No. 4 M. O. C.

A. B. Hill, 317th Infantry was elected Pill Pusher for Portsmouth Pup Tent No. 4 M. O. Cooties.

Q. W. Bittingham, 318th. Infantry has not been present at the last three meeting. Look out George or we will have the guard out for you.

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