

January-February, 1926

Official Communique
of the Blue Ridge Division



CAMP LEE AND PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA
ARE EXPECTING ALL
FORMER BLUE RIDGERS
AT THE

Seventh Annual National Reunion

August 26-29, 1926

Make your arrangements for vacation in order to attend this one big event of the year. Meet all of your old pals of the army and fight over the Battles of Camp Lee, and the A. E. F.

The City of Petersburg generally and our former Comrades in particular, are making every preparation to make this the biggest and best ever. Comrade W. A. Smith, General Chairman, will do the honors.

The dates are easy to Remember--August 26-29--The ninth anniversary of the organization of the Division.

LET'S ALL GO

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

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

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

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

The SERVICE MAGAZINE



The Official Bi-Monthly Communique of the 80th (Blue Ridge) Division Veterans' Association, City Hall, Charleston, W. Va.

Boyd B. Stutler, Managing Editor. Associate Editors: Russell L. Stultz, Fay A. Davis, D. F. Graham, Dwight H. Fee, Clarence F. Bushman. Bernard Ragner, care Chicago Tribune, Paris, France, Foreign Representative.



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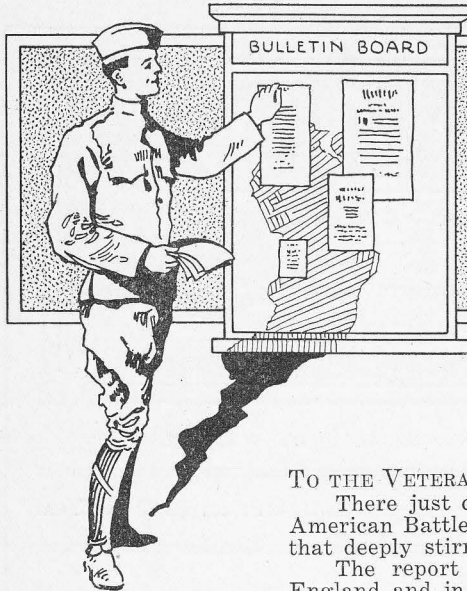
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The objects of this Association are: Patriotic, Historical and Fraternal, and to uphold the Constitution of the United States of America, to foster and perpetuate true Americanism, to preserve and strengthen comradeship among its members, to assist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

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN BOARD.....	4
CASEY HELD THE PIVOT.....	5
By Fay A. Davis	
BREST AND THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.....	6
By Russell L. Stultz	
“COME YOU BACK, AMERICAN SOLDAT, COME YOU BACK TO AIX-LES-BAINS”	9
By D. Frank Graham	
TWO BOOKS OF PERMANENT INTEREST.....	10
By Edward C. Lukens	
A BIG JOB FOR VETERANS.....	11
PETAINE TELLS WHY THEY DID NOT PASS.....	12
By Fitzhugh L. Minnigerode	
OLD PALS OF THE ARMY.....	13
THE MORNING REPORT.....	14
By Every Buddy	

THE 80th DIVISION “ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD”



HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN BOARD

Message from General Lloyd M. Brett

TO THE VETERANS OF THE 80TH DIVISION:

There just came to me from Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, the annual report of the American Battle Monuments Commission, of which he is a member. This report awakened memories that deeply stirred my mind and heart.

The report contained perfect photographs of the American Military Cemeteries in France, in England and in Belgium, and of monuments that have been raised to commemorate the sacrifices of its members that the Division to which they belonged might push forward to its objective.

My eyes lingered long on the photograph of the Romagne Cemetery, for it was there where first were buried most of our comrades who fell in the Argonne, and where many of them still sleep.

This cemetery is only a few kilometers from the Mont Homme, Bois de Sepsarge, Dannevoux, Bois des Ogons and Cunel. In fact it overlooks all the battlefields over which the 80th Division fought so desperately and so successfully during the never to be forgotten months of September, October and November 1918.

The history of our noble Division, which is now nearing completion, will bring back to your minds those dreadful days of heroism, sacrifice and suffering, and will, I believe, awake in your hearts the desire to renew the ties formed during the war if for no other purpose than to play your parts in seeing to it that the graves and the memories of our dead shall remain ever green.

The steps necessary to mark the ground over which the Division fought in its many advances and to secure proper recognition of its accomplishments can come only through our Veterans Association.

Just so strong as you make it, only so compelling will be its appeal.

But two or three thousand of us of the mighty group that made up the 80th Division have struggled on during the past few years that the Veterans Association, formed in France and dedicated to the service of the Country and the Flag, to make stronger the ties of comradeship and service, and that the heroic deeds of our dead be not forgotten, might live and speak for you.

Boys, it is time to bring up the support and the reserve to take part in this great struggle—I appeal to every member of the Grand Old 80th who sees this to join up and help in the great work ahead.

LLOYD M. BRETT.

I am awfully glad that we have this message from Gen. Brett for publication in this issue, and know that you will all take this message to heart and give your whole-hearted support to the Association.

On the Bulletin Board in this issue I desire to call the following to your attention.

1. The November-December issue of SERVICE MAGAZINE was about 30 days late. This delay was due to the fact that we did not have sufficient advertising to publish it without a loss, and by delaying issue for 30 days we were able to obtain enough contracts to do a little better than break even.

I tell you this because I don't want any of you to feel that the delay was due to any fault of Headquarters. We cannot afford to take a loss on an issue and I feel sure that you all approve of this policy.

2. We have sent out many an S O S on the advertising situation, but with practically no result. It is impossible for the Association to pay a salary to an advertising solicitor due to the financial situation, but the regular solicitor's commission will be paid to any individual member of the Association or to any Post for all advertising sent in by them.

This is a splendid way to earn extra money for yourself or for your Post, and help the Association at the same time.

You are interested in seeing the Association live and prosper. This is a sure way for you to help. Write the Resident Secretary TODAY for advertising contract blanks, and full information.

3. I want to call your attention to the vast amount of propaganda being distributed throughout the United States by various organizations supposedly working for world peace. War not Peace is the natural result of lack of a proper national defense program. Some of these organizations even go so far as to attempt to get pledges signed to the effect that the signer of the pledge will never take up arms in defense of his country. To my mind, that is TREASON.

We as Veterans of the World War know what War means, and no person or organization can desire Peace any more than we do, but we want it in the right way.

As Veterans we should take a solid stand in favor of the National Defense Act, and solidly back our Government in the National Defense Act, and solidly back our Government in the present system of Military Training in Schools and Colleges, and through the Summer Training Camps.

We further as Veterans should withhold judgment or criticism of the War Department as given to the press by publicity seekers either in or out of the Service until the truth is known.

The activities of the War Department are naturally limited along many lines by congressional appropriations available, and unwarranted criticism does not hit at the real seat of the trouble, but hampers the sincere efforts of the loyal patriotic men who are responsible for the maintenance of our national defense.

4. It has been announced by the United States Veterans Bureau that ex-service men who wish to reinstate their government insurance, must do so by July 2nd, 1926.

The reinstatement of government insurance is offered to all veterans who have dropped it, who are in good health at the present time.

This insurance can be reinstated and converted into any one of six standard forms of policy varying from ordinary life to 20 year endowment.

The veterans who have the privilege of reinstating may do so by paying only one back monthly premium. They do not have to pay all the premiums for the time insurance has lapsed.

Don't forget the FINAL DATE—JULY 2nd, 1926.

John S. Morgan

President.

Casey Held The Pivot

By Fay A. Davis

318th Infantry



"Aller garçon, aller!" bellowed the clarion-voiced Andre from the seat of his wagon, "Aller tout de suite!"

Glancing out of the corner of his best eye, Casey surveyed Andre with a look of scorn, as

much as if to say:

Aller yourself, you lousy 'frog'!"

While the narrative waits here, let's take a squint at Casey.

The impulse is of long pulls and short hauls off the well-marked trails mostly westbound. It is of vital importance that you "take the bit in your mouth" if you would acquire an intimate acquaintance with our unfed, thoroughbred hybrid.

His ears were long and his tail—Well, you can't fool those sociable sweat-flies on the radii of posterior appendages, so it would be merely taking up space the story should occupy to say, that extremity was antipodal or abbreviated, as it were, beyond its usefulness as a fly-swat-ter. An inquisitive look, a sagely nod and a mischievous twitch at the corner of his mouth betrayed the air of one who is very well satisfied with himself. Short of stature, rather seedy and unkempt, a generous stubble protruded from his chin like the bristles of a "Fuller" brush. His face, framed with a pair of obsolete dobbin's blinders (the four-leaf clover vintage), bespoke that opinionated effrontery of an Irish immigrant. A clay pipe would have facilitated the likeness.

Had they awarded service stripes to mules, Casey would have had them a-plenty. During the gloomy winter days of 1915-16, when the fate of France hung in the balance, Casey was over there in the midst of it all, watching out smartly for those German calamity shells. But the rigors of war, the strain of continuously dodging those howling, screeching shells (the thunderbolts, the kind that changed the scenery, the echo of which soured the milk of romance; and the duds, the kind that just punctured the scenery, the suspense of which brought goose-pimples out on your hide) were beginning to exact their toll. His dogged courage and endurance was noticeably on the wane.

Now if we are to believe the enconium from a reliable source, Casey, in his day, was no mud-turtle, but a gingerly, frolicsome nomad of the whiffletree. The scope of his talents remained untold.

But things were different now—the keen edge had dulled; the effervescence of youth had petered out. Before the eyes

of the world he made no bones about being pretty well fed-up on chivalry and canned willy, mud and cooties, goldfish, rain and slimy trenches. This war bunk touched off his ire—it wasn't just what it was cracked up to be. The hours were long and the eats were few and far between, as the belly-band of his harness would have mutely testified. And what's more, this dieting wasn't unusual either; there seemed to be something sadly routine about it.

Miles and miles of lorry-gutted, shell-torn roads had Casey traveled, hauling equipment up to the blue-putteed boys of the tri-color. With one eye peeled for those nasty whiz-bangs, that gave no hint of their approach, the next shell-hole was all he had to watch for with the other. This, you will admit, was no atmosphere for one bursting with a desire to obey the first law of nature.

This day, like yesterday—and the day before, Casey was trudging along with a wagon-load (the double-decker type of wagon that still exists only in France) of canoes and skiffs or flat-bottomed yawls which the French used to ford the streams.

Quite often he would stop abruptly to ponder the question. This time he stopped with no more warning than the family clock. Said Casey to himself, meditatively:

"If I were just back home again pulling the old dumpcart for the Borough of Saskatoon—back home among the jostling crowds of the avenue—the old familiar haunts of other days. The clatter and roaring noises of a happy land where the folks are not too stingy to stare a stack o' wheats in the face. Indigestion in this country is a myth—the French are too tight to eat regularly. They still think strawberry short-cake is some kind of a game we play around our wigwams back home. Why should I shed crocodile tears over a country like that? What have they ever done for me?"

"When them Canadians brought me over here, I was afraid it was going to be a punk place to spend a summer vacation, and now I'm sure of it. Bless my stars! I'll never forget that night 'Jerry' fetched over a frightful lot of junk and scrap-iron in G. I. cans, and they all beat it but me and seventeen other mules. But the worst was yet to come the next day, when some French scavengers salvaged me from that pile of embryonic soap chips."

At any rate, it seemed that these turbulent times were producing so little of high endeavor in Casey's life that he was

completely lost in contemplation. The retrospect depressed him with the bitter sting of regret and he firmly resolved to proceed no further. All of which brings us back to the entrance of the narrative, the propitious moment, where Casey flatly refuses to click his heels with precision at the command of Andre, the soldier-muleteer.

Now Andre, the jehu of that mule-drawn vehicle of antiquity, had no hankering for iodine and artificial limbs either, but this flotilla of boats was due on the bank of the Meuse at sundown. A prosaic duty it was, to be sure, and Andre would brook no opposition.

"Aller garçon, aller!" roared Andre in a ferocious command, his voice sinking in the silence of the open spaces.

Now Casey, being somewhat of a student of human nature, sensed the meaning of it all. He had heard the old "frog" shocking the breeze many times before. He remained silent and motionless.

Andre, primed for excitement, began to mutter things unparliamentary.

Casey, glued to the spot, refused to budge an inch. A sour expression wrinkled his brow.

Andre grabbed an oar and whacked him a staggering blow.

Casey, maintaining his composure under fire, retaliated instantly by kicking loose several boards from the bed of the wagon.

Andre repeated.

Casey demolished the dash-board.

Each was firmly wedded to his opinion, but they failed to convince each other. They got along together like hair and dandruff—constantly falling out.

While the violent altercation was at its height, a Blue Ridge sentry happened along and took the "frog" to task for abusing the poor brute.

"He won't move," remonstrated Andre, bemoaning Casey's lack of co-operation.

"What's the matter here?" asked the sentry, pointing to a running sore on the mule's foreleg.

"Shrapnel," replied the "frog," descending from his perch. "Four years at the front." "Mustard gas," volunteered Andre, pointing to a bald patch on the mule's neck. "He's afraid of a gas mask."

"Gas mask me eye!" ejaculated the sentry, stroking Casey affectionately. "Why the poor devil's starved! Why don't you feed him?"

Andre, being careful to give Casey a wide berth, shrugged his shoulders in despair, explaining voluminously that he hadn't been given any feed for his mule. (War, like fate, has a peculiar sense of humor. Why waste grub on a mule?)

(Continued on Page 19)

Brest and the Homeward Voyage

(Provisional Chapter, "History of the Eightieth Division).

By Russell L. Stultz

Divisional Historian



To Brest, the alpha and omega of half the American Expeditionary Forces, had come the 80th Division for its final stay upon French soil. All troops immediately upon arrival detrained and marched up the

steep, familiar hill and through the city over the same route taken almost exactly one year before to Camp Pontanezen by those units which had landed at Brest. The interval, however, had witnessed a transformation of such magnitude as to approach the incredible. These changes were strikingly apparent upon every side, and can best be visualized through the eyes of the men as seen by the historian of Company "F," Engineers:

"In the morning we pulled into Brest and had breakfast at a big mess-hall near the station. About an hour after breakfast we slung equipment and started for the Pontanezen Camp. The first part of the trip was much the same as it was on our previous hike eleven months before, but as we got out of town we

began to see changes. The French kid that played 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here' on his tin fife had enlarged his repertoire during the year and ran beside our column piping 'Beautiful Katy'; the road was now filled with motor transport, whereas a year before it had been an empty country road; the fields at the top of the hill were now hidden by hundreds of corrugated steel buildings. The road had boardwalks at each side and there were duck-board walks everywhere. To read all the signs of warning, direction and instruction would be a liberal education in itself. We finally arrived at our billets. They were in good shape. The grounds were spotless, so we knew that we were going to have to be very careful where we dropped things. The old Pontanezen Barracks were very

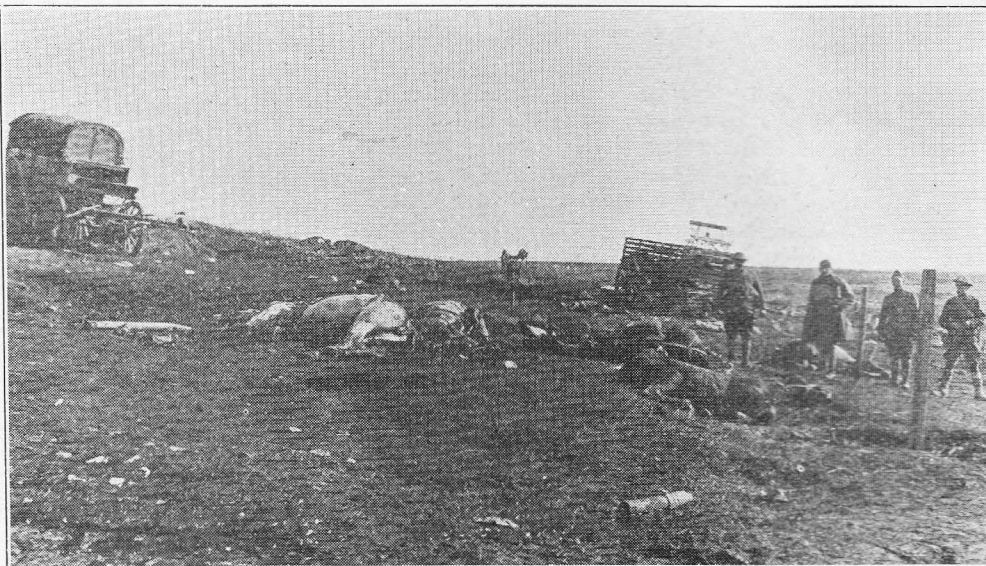
much transformed. The parade ground had been transformed into a parking place for motor trucks. The old barrack buildings where we had slept were boarded up and every available inch of space was occupied with portable barracks, welfare buildings, or sheds of some sort."

Camp Pontanezen had indeed, undergone a transition—as extensive as it was complete—and those who searched for the old landmarks generally searched in vain. There had been achieved in the short space of a few months one of those marvels for which American army engineers have become justly famed. Overlooking the harbor, on the barren, sandy

est, most modern and sanitary, embarkation camp.

Grown to amazing proportions, it easily housed 70,000 troops at the time of the Division's arrival from the Le Mans Area. Its harbor capable of accommodating the largest vessels afloat, Brest had become the chief embarkation port of the homeward-bound A. E. F. Where before a few score permanent squad tents and the pup-tents of transient soldiers had constituted the only marks upon the landscape, now acres upon acres of barracks, bath houses, mess halls, stationary tents, warehouses, welfare buildings, hospitals, delousing plants with capacity of regiments at a time, and many miles of duckboard walks confronted the eye; all the facilities of a modern city, including water,

sewerage and lighting systems, had been installed. Even a newspaper—the "Pontanezan Duckboard," named for the duckboard walks—which threaded every part of the camp—was listed among the conveniences. It may be added here that the nature of the walks had won for General Butler, the Camp Commandant, the soubriquet of General "Duckboard" Butler. It was never necessary to leave the



Toll of one shell—one man and 14 horses killed. Bethincourt, October 2, 1918.

fields bordered by green hedges—dry and scorching in summer and muddy and freezing in winter—where a part of the Division had pitched their pup-tents in May and June, 1918, a vast miracle city had been created. The newspapers in the United States during the winter of 1918-1919 had printed long accounts of the sufferings endured by the American soldiers in mud knee-deep at Brest. Fortunately, as a result of these revelations and the ensuing agitation, the War Department was stirred to activity and to Brigadier General S. D. Butler, of the Marine Corps, was assigned the task of correcting the unsatisfactory conditions. How well he had succeeded was visibly evident; Camp Pontanezen had been converted from a muddy, disorganized concentration center into the world's great-

est, most modern and sanitary, embarkation camp.

Pontanezen was conducted in an exceptionally efficient and systematic manner; cleanliness, speed, organization and system, prevailed as a rule in every department of the camp. For comfort and efficiency, it could scarcely have been surpassed when the large number of troops handled constantly for months is reckoned. The men were billeted in either barracks or squad tents, with a bath-house in every area, and the great majority of the Division officially experienced—for the first time after leaving Camp Lee—the pleasant sensation of again sleeping in cots. The food was both abundant and varied, the meals being served at immense kitchens by schedule. Amusement and diversion

were supplied—to those who found the time for them—by the various Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, Jewish Welfare, and Red Cross agencies located about the camp. A library of 15,000 volumes was maintained by the American Library Association, and a school for illiterate negroes was conducted nightly except Sunday. Army shows, boxing and wrestling, and baseball thrived under the supervision of a Camp Entertainment Officer. The baseball team of Company F, 319th Infantry, while awaiting embarkation orders, defeated a team from the Marine Corps. About the only restrictions imposed by the camp authorities were those prohibiting the troops from visiting Brest.

Immediately following the arrival of the 80th Division at Brest the men were effectually relieved of the illusion that embarkation would follow without further formalities. Camp Pontanezen's well-ordered and highly systematized machinery was quickly placed in operation and there ensued such an endless procession of inspection and delousing activities that all efforts in this direction in the Le Mans Area seemed a waste of time and shrank into obscurity. No one appeared willing to accept either the Division's previous reputation or preparation on faith. Pontanezen became an exceedingly busy place, while the prescribed routine became an

unbroken chain of draw, wear out, turn in and draw again. Baths, trips through the delousing plant (which came to be known as the "Mad House"), drawing of equipment, inspections and close-order drills followed in frantic succession. Inspections of every description—equipment, clothing, medical and paper-work—were made exhaustively, expeditiously and frequently. Every man received a complete outfit of new clothing, and no efforts were spared to equip all serviceably and presentably before embarking. The delousers worked unceasingly and overtime. Method and speed featured the execution of every detail. These characteristics are well portrayed by the observant historian of Company "K," 317th Infantry:

"Everything was as precise as clock work. Five thousand men were fed in one mess hall, in less than two hours.

no waiting nor confusion at any place. The time required for each company to go through the mess line was about twenty minutes. The same system prevailed at the medical examination and shower baths, where five hundred men were handled in an hour. The quartermaster department was equally efficient. This was the only place or time since being in the army that the men were given a chance to outfit themselves properly. The same idea of 'put 'em through fast' also existed at the equipment inspections held in large two-story frame buildings. Each company was allowed about fifteen minutes to unroll their packs, display their equipment, be checked up, reroll the packs and get out of the building."

The swift functioning of Camp Pontanezen's multifarious pre-embarkation preparations was so pronouncedly impressed upon the chronicler of Company "F," 305th Engineers, that we cannot



Bridge across Forges Brook at Bethincourt, constructed by Co. B., 305th Engineers, under shell fire on the morning of Sept. 26, 1918.

refrain from again quoting his vivid language:

"The afternoon of the day that we arrived we were taken down for the 'Brest Bath.' First they looked us over for cooties and then we went into the mill. It was a large room. Over at one side stood a battery of steam delousers. In the adjoining room were the showers. It was a regular bedlam. Any S. O. S. man in there could yell, blow his whistle or beat on a tin pan if he wanted to, but a man in there for inspection must not talk. 'You're at Ease,' 'Shirts Up,' 'Stand Up,' 'Turn Around,' 'Sit Down,' 'Hurry along there,' 'Come Back, You,' 'Stand Here,' 'Move On.' That was what it would sound like if the attendants could arrange to speak one at a time, but they insisted on all talking at once and the result was as clear as the music rendered when a grind-stone is played on

the victrola. We endured this for nearly two minutes and were then chased into the shower room. Here we found covered troughs filled with a liquid soap that smelled strong of kerosene. As soon as we were in the talk started, but as there was only one mouth working we got his instructions without difficulty. He turned on the water, then—'Open the soap boxes—don't put the water on your heads—get the soap off—close the soap boxes—get a towel as you pass out the door to the left'—just like that, and the bath was finis. The underwear was issued on the run. The sizes were no consideration. . . . Two days later we had another trip through the mill. This time we went to the big building behind the bath house with full equipment and spread it on the floor while an officer stood nearby yelling 'Shake it up!' Then the officer strolled down past us, then another, then a third. The fourth said, 'Roll up, You,' and the inspection was

over. We then had two days practice at preparing for the final pack inspection. The order came in for us to report at 9:30 P. M. We went down with all our equipment; our packs were perfect, everyone in the regiment exactly like all the others. Our rifles were cleaned, our shoes brushed and every thread of our equipment was placed just so. We went into the inspection building and had glove inspection. If you had a pair

of gloves you were O. K."

Numerous details were required to be furnished by the Division at all hours of the day and night for labor purposes in Camp Pontanezen or at Brest. The varied nature of the duties exacted of these details is illustrated by the following extract from the History of the 313th Field Artillery:

"Two nights later details of 55 men and one officer were called for from most of the batteries. Trucks were provided at 6:30 P. M. to start these details on their tour of the liveliest spots of Brest. New occupations were investigated, policing troop trains as they arrived, smashing baggage, cleaning warehouses, folding bedsacks, loading ships, but the first prize went to the men who unloaded and loaded coal all night in their new clothes. We arrived back at camp in time for

reveille to find that the day for Preliminary Pack Inspection had come."

As had been done in the Le Mans Area, a formal appeal was made by the Commanding General of Camp Pontanezen for qualified enlisted members of the Division to volunteer to remain in France for administrative duties at Brest. The problem of embarking practically 80 per cent of the A. E. F. through Brest had necessitated a considerable increase in the camp personnel, and the troops available for handling the vast influx of returning soldiers were insufficient. The deficiency could not be supplied by regular organizations, therefore it was essential that volunteers be obtained from the organizations passing through Camp Pontanezen in order to insure their embarkation at a maximum rate. There were, however, but few responses to this appeal from the Division. A small number of junior officers, who had previously applied for transfer to the Regular Army, were detached from the 80th at this time for the purpose of remaining in France.

Before the arrival of the last units of the Division at Brest, the Division Commander began to receive a number of official communications and messages commending the valor and battle achievements of the command. These commendations were published in the Division Bulletin May 14 and 16 for the information of the troops, and are repeated below:

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVISION AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

FRANCE, 14 May, 1919.

BULLETIN No. 113.

1. The following letter has been received from Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, U. S. A., in command of the III Corps, American E. F., during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive:

"Under the pressure of great events I, at that time commanding the III Corps to which the 80th Division then belonged, failed to cite the gallant conduct of the Division in making three successive assaults with great bravery and finally taking and driving the enemy from the Bois-des-Ogons in the great battle of the Meuse-Argonne. I cite it now. It was truly admirable. We see it now more plainly in the light of the results that followed.

"I ask that this be communicated to your gallant Division."

2. The following letter has been received from the Adjutant General, G. H. Q., American E. F.:

"1. The 80th Division was the only Division which went into line in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive three times.

"2. This fact is now a matter of record and is to be incorporated in the final report of the Commander-in-Chief, American Expeditionary Forces, to the

Secretary of War, to be submitted in the near future."

By command of Major General Cronkhite.

W. H. WALDRON,
Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

Two days later, on May 16, the following letter from the French Government, lauding the combat operations of the Division was published:

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH DIVISION AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

FRANCE, 16 May, 1919.

BULLETIN No. 114.

1. The following communication has been received from the French Government:

"FRENCH REPUBLIC
The President of the Council
Minister of War.

PARIS, May 13, 1919.

To the Commanding General of the 80th American Division:

My dear General:

At the time when the 80th Division is preparing to return to its homes, I wish to express to your soldiers the gratitude of the Government of the Republic for the glorious part they have played in the last battles of the great war.

In the Meuse-Argonne Battle, in the month of September, the 80th Division was to display its real strength in the attack which took it from the Forges Brook up to the woods of Cote Lemont and Danneveux.

Several days later, in the hard fighting around the Bois des Ogons and Cunel and on the right bank of the Meuse it gave proof of the same qualities.

From the fourth to the twelfth of October, the Division lost 2,000 men.

November 1, it took a brilliant part in the attack on Imecourt and Buzancy and in the pursuit of the enemy as far as the Meuse, which the Division reached at Letane.

I express to the 80th Division my wish for a pleasant voyage and I voice the fervent hope that the blood shed on the soil of France may create an indestructible bond between our two great democracies.

Accept, my dear General, the assurances of my highest esteem.

For the President of the Council and by his order:

The High Commissioner of Franco-American Affairs,
ANDRE TARDIEU."

On the afternoon of May 15, just prior to the commencement of the Division's embarkation, a most interesting ceremony occurred in the city of Brest when decorations awarded by the French Government were conferred upon the Division Commander and a number of his officers and men. Overlooking the harbor, and with the Second Battalion, 319th Infantry, commanded by Lieut. Colonel

James L. Montague, and the Regimental colors and band passing in review, the presentations were made by Admiral Moreau, Commandant and Prefet Maritime of the Port of Brest, in the presence of a distinguished company.

Major General Cronkhite was decorated with the medal of Commander, Legion of Honor; Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett, commanding 160th Infantry Brigade, received the decoration of Officer of the Legion of Honor; and Major Erskine Gordon, of the Second Battalion, 319th Infantry, the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Upon each was also conferred the Croix de Guerre with Palm. To 1st Sergeant Raymond V. Neelon, of Company "F," 319th Infantry, and Corporal Ignacio Scialabba, of Company "K," 319th Infantry, were presented the Medailles Militaire and the Croix de Guerre with Palm. The conferring of similar decorations awarded to Private Edward Chaney, of Company "C," 317th Infantry, and to Private Charlie N. Parcell, of Company "D," 317th Infantry, which had been authorized in connection with the ceremony, was deferred and these were subsequently presented by Colonel Charles Keller, the Regimental Commander. (See Appendix; Special Memorandum No. 110, Par. 1, Hdqrs. 80th Division, France, May 15, 1919; General Orders No. 6, Par. 2, Hdqrs. 80th Division, France, May 15, 1919; and Bulletin No. 115, Par. 1, Hdqrs. 80th Division, U. S. S. Zeppelin, May 26 1919).

A second presentation took place in Brest on the same date, when the Distinguished Service Medal was conferred upon Major General Cronkhite, the Division Commander, by Major General Eli A. Helmick, Commander of the Port of Brest, in the presence of a notable group of American and French military. The 337th Infantry, of the 89th Division, passed in review and a French guard of honor added impressiveness to the occasion. Among those witnessing the ceremony was Congressman Julius Kahn (deceased), who had attended the review of the 80th Division in the Ancy-le-Franc area by General Pershing.

A third ceremony of this character occurred at Camp Pontanezen on the evening of May 17, at which time the Distinguished Service Cross was conferred upon 1st Lieutenant Charles C. Highley, of Company H, 319th Infantry, for gallantry in action with his company during the Meuse-Argonne operations. The decoration was presented by Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett, of the 160th Brigade, with the Second Battalion, 319th Infantry, commanded by Major Erskine Gordon, parading during the ceremony.

On May 15, more than 250 members of the 160th Infantry Brigade were cited by General Brett, the Brigade Commander,
(Continued on Page 20)

"Come You Back, American Soldat, Come You Back to Aix-Les-Bains"

By D. Frank Graham

318TH INFANTRY



According to reports from my petite friend in old Aix the townfolk are not all unaware that the Yanks are coming over again. There is no military atmosphere there and the bar-keep and his aides have their "hand in" again. Marguerite says the good people of her town want another chance, uninterrupted, to show their friends the American soldats how hospitable they can be when not handicapped by military regulation. Not far from Geneva, Aix-les-Bains is the mecca for week-end guests from the League of Nations government.

On the edge of the French Alps, Aix-les-Bains was the first American leave center to be established in France, about the first of February, 1918. For months it was the one and only "rest camp" for the weary and deserving soldat American, although latrine rumors always reported to troops on the march that their destination was a "rest camp."

When the writer was there, along with 24 other members of the 159th Infantry Brigade, the good behavior of the enormous crowd of Americans from every branch of the service was noticed particularly. It seemed that only one man of all the thousands who had arrived, had their stay, and departed, had committed a breach of department regulations serious enough to require his being returned to his company. And this man (an ambulance driver) after returning, abandoned his ambulance in No Man's Land, walked back to headquarters and announced that he was a fish, and was immediately placed under observation to determine his mental condition. So he shouldn't be counted.

If I go back to France I hope to revisit Aix. It may not again impress me as it did when I reached there fresh from the Ancy-le-Franc area which had been preceded by the battle area only a short time. It seemed like a small Paradise after that long march to the front.

I remember well the day we assembled at Brigade Headquarters to step off on what was to be to all that gang a very memorable journey. How "Skinny" Chappell, the sergeant-major, appeared and announced after the fashion of the French town crier that the writer topped the bunch and therefore was ordered to command, be responsible for the safe

return of, and otherwise act as chambermaid to the detachment. Not two hours after our arrival I was called upon to prevail upon the local authorities to forgive and forget the charge and release "Shorty" Miller from the hoosegow, which I declined to do, having become hors de combat personally—Sergeant Darden turned the trick, however, and Miller ate breakfast out of regular dishes at his hotel.

The cafes at Aix were as inviting, maybe a little more so, than the cafes in other parts of France. They kept open a little later and were well patronized, including soldiers and civilians, but there was not much drunkenness. The Y. M. C. A. had taken over the Aix Casino, and among other activities, it sold lemonade, hot chocolate and coffee. Considering the enormous sales of cigarettes, drinks, and other knick-knacks at the Casino, the "Y" must have made a small fortune at Aix alone.

My crowd arrived late at night. The quietude of the station surroundings gave us a hunch that it was not much town. We were guided from the depot to the A. P. M. office, where we passed through a line, presented our permission orders, and received assignment to a hotel. The room assignment business created more suspicion as to mediocrity of our hosts; it later turned out, however, that we received a first-class hotel room and good American meals at government expense. We were expected to get the same treatment at the hotels as other international guests. And we did get three meals a day and ate 'em right off a china plate.

I noticed at Aix the first bootblacks that I had discovered in France. And they were doing a land-office business. Some of my crowd told me there was a good grade of American whiskey on top of the Alps at a little inn, but I preferred the beer of the valley rather than climb the top of anybody's mountain at that time.

Regimental bands came to Aix by permission and there was music almost continuously at the Casino. I know one colored band detailed for duty there was so well received by soldiers and famous visitors alike that they departed with great reluctance. Just before their train started, one dusky trombonist was seen in great mental distress. Openly and

unabashed, he wept. "Yuh know," he said. "I've been cryin' since 6 o'clock dis mohnin'. I don' wan' to leave heah. I want to stay heah and do dis Christian Endeavoh work."

Dances were held in the Casino every Saturday and Monday evenings. The male guests were soldiers and the female guests were made up of Y. M. C. A. girls and women living in or visiting the town, who, to comply with Y. M. C. A. rules put on Y. brassards and became Y. workers for the evening. Introductions were considered superfluous. Among the female dancers, up to the time we arrived, had been many titled women—duchesses, countesses, and at least two princesses. Many a doughboy tripped the light fantastic (on account of hob-nailed shoes, more fantastic than light) with a princess—and didn't know it.

The baths at Aix, of course, were the greatest feature. The bathhouse was a great impressive building, which offered more ways of taking a bath than there were for cooking slum. The waters, with the proper rubs, massages, and other things were touted to be a cure for every disease known to medical science. The rubbers and masseurs were all old-timers, who learned the business from their fathers, who learned the business from their fathers and so on back to the beginning. They had kept the business in the family. And they had a hand list of prominent Americans they had ministered to and cured. In a sing-song manner they could recite it complete, leaving only two names to be understood, the first and the last—J. P. Morgan and Harry Thaw. If the patient looked prosperous and was under the weather, they would haul out a sort of sedan chair, as secret and romantic as the conveyance of an oriental princess, with which to carry him to and from his torture.

One husky doughboy spotted the sedan chairs. It was his idea of style. He went to his hotel and sent word that Mons. John D. Rocksandough, millionaire American, had arrived in town with a list of ailments too long to mention and wanted the whole show, beginning with the sedan chair feature. Then he got into his pajamas and waited. Two attendants arrived, carried him tenderly to the chair and thence to the baths. At the baths they put him into a tub which looked like the electric chair at Sing Sing and turned a hose on him. Then they put him into a steam room, into a cold room, back into a steam room, rubbed his back with a curry comb, tickled his feet with a

(Continued on Page 19)

Two Books of Permanent Interest

Commanding an American Army—Lieut. Gen. Hunter Liggett

Personalities and Reminiscences of the War—Lieut. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard



Those of us who were in the front-line in the great Meuse-Argonne battle, whether as privates, non-coms or line officers, knew little of what was going on beyond our own regiment. Sometimes indeed it

was difficult to know what was happening outside one's own squad or platoon. It is therefore intensely interesting to find out years afterward the real explanation and purpose of some of our movements which we hardly understood at the time. It is also interesting to learn something of the personalities of the men who directed our movements, to get their viewpoints and compare them with our own. These two books are therefore of great interest to all Blue Ridgers, as we served under both these officers.

The two books are widely different in character and style. General Bullard's belongs in the class of personal memoirs, while General Liggett's is almost a professional work. Bullard's is easy reading and holds the interest of the civilian as well as the soldier; Liggett's is impersonal, terse and sometimes dull, but there are pages in which in a few short sentences he will describe a week's fighting with a simplicity and clarity that show real strategic genius.

Perhaps the greatest thing about Bullard's book is his utter frankness. He seems to have not the slightest hesitation about telling the whole truth about anything that comes into his head. After all the distorted and insincere things that have been written about the war, this is valuable and refreshing. He says that the 92nd Division with its colored officers was no good. We all knew it and the country ought to know it, but the newspapers in 1919 were afraid to say so and called them heroes. He mentions the great number of stragglers from all divisions, which will doubtless offend some who like to think that all the soldiers were glorious fighters, but it is well that the nation should know that men do not naturally like to fight, and the truth reflects the more credit upon those who did stick.

It is impossible to avoid the impression that General Bullard gained his objec-

By Edward C. Lukens

1ST LIEUT., 320TH INFANTRY

tives by mere insistence rather than by strategic qualities or excellence of plans. He recounts with a note of pride how he told General Cronkhite he would lose his command if he did not take the Bois d'Ogons. A great leader would have studied the problem and shown him how to take it. There was too much of that method in the army with the frequent result that the real burden of solving the problem fell finally upon the amateur line officer. An officer is entitled to the benefit of his commander's presumed



LIEUT. GEN. ROBT. LEE BULLARD

greater ability; it does not take ability to threaten.

An example of generalship of a much higher order is shown in General Liggett's account of the attack of November first:

"A plan of attack proposed by American General Headquarters contemplated an advance by the left of the First Army * * * The disadvantages of this plan are apparent from a study of the terrain. * * * An attempt under this plan was not certain of success and was bound to entail frightful losses * * * Accordingly a plan was evolved at First Army Headquarters * * * which was believed to be much simpler and therefore much more likely to succeed than the plan of General Headquarters. This plan of the First Army Command * * * was to drive a wedge

through the German line. * * * This plan was finally approved by our General Headquarters."

Almost concealed by the modesty of the language appears the fact that Pershing had a bad plan, and that Liggett saved countless casualties by devising a better one and persuading Pershing to adopt it. This paragraph alone makes the book worth reading, and makes the reader feel that he was fortunate to have served under General Liggett.

FOUND BODY OF COMRADE AFTER SEVEN YEARS

Clarksburg, W. Va., April 7.—After a search of seven years, conducted by army authorities through the efforts of the Pomeroy Post of the American Legion at Tiltonville, O., the body of Private William Tittle, formerly of Gypsy, near here, killed in action in France, has been found.

Private Tittle was killed October 2, 1918, while in action with Battery B, Three Hundred and Fourteenth field artillery, of the Eighteenth division. News of his death was received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Tittle, at Gypsy, November 1, 1918. Orders for the disposition of the body were made at the time but a search revealed that the young man was not buried at the cemetery mentioned.

A letter signed by Major L. W. Redington, of the quartermaster corps, said that the body had been found recently in an isolated grave in the Commune of Septsarges, Meuse, France.

It was identified by means of an army tag and a silver wrist watch engraved with the name of W. M. Tittle, Gypsy, W. Va. The watch and several pieces of money will be sent to Mr. and Mrs. Tittle.

The letter also stated that the body was being held at the mortuary in the Meuse-Argonne American cemetery at Romagne-Sous-Montfaucon, awaiting instructions in regard to its disposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Tittle and the surviving sisters, Mrs. Jewell Kyre, Mrs. Edward Kotchka and Miss Margaret Tittle, all of Tiltonville, agreed to accept the offer of the government to have the body sent to the United States and it

(Continued on Page 22)

A Big Job for Veterans

How Ex-Service Men Renew Their Pep and Serve Like Heroes



Ever hear of the Boy Scouts? Of course you have. You remember that husky crowd of young Americans that you met hiking down the road to camp last summer. A fine thing for boys, Scouting. And a fine thing for men, too. Did you ever think of that? Over 160,000 men join the scouts for some form of activity. And several thousand ex-service men think Scouting gives them a chance for one of the biggest jobs of their lives—being a leader for tomorrow's citizens.

A BROTHERHOOD AROUND THE WORLD

In the first place, Scouting is an international movement. America leads the world with an enrollment of over one-half million boys. There are Boy Scout organizations in more than 53 countries in the world. It is an inspiring thing, after a world war, that we now have a brotherhood that speaks around the world. And it is an inspiring thing to take part in this movement, to have imagination fired by a comradeship that knows no national boundaries, that serves our allies in peace as we served them in war.

AN OUT-OF-DOORS GAME

Again, Scouting is an out-of-door game. As such it appeals to every live and wide-awake young man. Be blessed every wholesome activity that takes him out into the open, that helps him to play and to forget for a while the confinement of his work. Undirected recreation is very good—but tennis and golf lose something of their savor when transplanted from the college campus. For a real, hard-working, healthy out-of-door experience, try taking a lively bunch of youngsters on an over-night hike into the country!

A great deal has been said about the leadership; a great deal has been said about standards. Glib and mellifluous phrases have been made about them. But these fine phrases are all abstract things. When we come to take up human relationship, they can only be interpreted vividly, they can only be given meaning, as they are put into terms of concrete personality.

MAKING UP A HERO

Psychologists tell us that personality resolves itself largely into those elements which we have appropriated from

other people. If you will think carefully of what you are, and try to remember where you got the elements, you will be astonished to see how many of them you can trace to other people. There was that official for instance who guarded the police station in your youth. When you gazed at his inspiring uniform with its shiny brass buttons you knew exactly what your future career was to be, and you unconsciously swelled your chest and elevated your head. Later you met the football idol of your prep school days, and you probably twirled in Indian clubs and demolished a punching bag in an effort to develop your biceps. Later this hero was displaced by a new one, and then you acquired another. Always you tried to develop yourself into someone as much as possible like the ideal you had at that time selected.

Think of the problem that lies before the boys of America! Think of the pictures and their ideals that are proposed to them! Think of the kind of personality offered them to choose! From this material they must build their sails. When we consider the elements that are presented to them, when we consider the conditions under which they live, how they are surrounded every day by suggestions of undesirable character, is it any wonder that boys appropriate the wrong materials? Is it any wonder that boys who have no opportunity, that boys who are not steadily and systematically brought under the influence of the sort that will help them to build strong characters, cannot stand the strain? Is it any wonder that we have these deplorable, these pathetic, these tragic breakdowns in the building of a personality?

BEING AN IDEAL

What is it that they are doing, these scoutmasters of the Boy Scout movement? What is the real job that lies before the men of America in serving the boys of America? It is simply this—being an ideal. Boys are not influenced by the things that are said to them. Boys are influenced by personality, by the man himself, what he is, what he offers them from day to day as he comes in contact with them, what we call the elements of character. It is not what their leader says, it is what he does. It is his attitude toward them that counts. It is his judgment expressed in concrete deeds, not what he preaches, not didactic information, but the way he acts when this situation arises or that arises, and what is man-

ifestly his attitude toward this type of conduct or that type of conduct—these are the things that influence the boys who come under his leadership.

AN INTERESTING JOB

It is hard to be a hero and keep modest, and that is the job of the Scoutmaster when he faces the troop. He must act like a hero, and not admit it. That taxes his personality. To the boys in his charge he is the very embodiment of thrilling adventure, the ideal to which every boy hopes to attain. He must not be self-conscious, and yet he must be aware of his responsibility. It is an interesting job, and the Scoutmaster is to be congratulated upon it.

This work is a volunteer service. The Scoutmaster is not paid for it. He may not even receive appreciation in proportion to what he deserves. But people who enjoy their jobs do not have to be appreciated, and if they are only going to be kept going by appreciation, they will not go far. If the war veteran does not get a lot out of the job of Scoutmaster, if it does not mean a great deal to him, if he is not keen about it, if he does not fire his imagination and stir his wits, if he does not feel that it is the finest and biggest Americanization work that a man can do, then no amount of appreciation is going to keep him up to the mark. It is a thing which is a reward in itself. Whenever one hears anyone telling what a sacrifice he is making, he may be put down as a pretty small soul; for in this would, the big people are never conscious of sacrifice, and more than that, never talk about sacrifice. Over 20,000 big Americans are serving as Scoutmasters today.

LOSING YOURSELF IN YOUR JOB

The big people are the people who are very keen about what they are doing, and are usually carried away by the enthusiasm of it. They lose themselves in their work. The successful veteran Scoutmaster is the one who loses himself in what he is doing. He is never conscious of sacrifice, but is thrilled constantly by the sense of leadership, by the feeling of human contact with young and growing lives. Day by day he feels the stimulus that comes from a consciousness of an encouraging personality in himself, because he gains from all those with whom he comes in contact, and gives to those who are associated with him.

The thing that really counts, the thing
(Continued on Page 22)

Petain Tells Why They Did Not Pass

Marshal of France Traces Famous Watchword to His Rallying Talks With the Poilus in the Days of the Great Crisis

"They shall not pass!" Ten years ago on February 21st, began the most violent battle in the world's history—the attacks upon Verdun by the army of the German Crown Prince. And ten years ago that week was coined the most inspired slogan of the war; a slogan born out of the thunder of a million shells; out of charging Prussian battalions and counter-charging French defenders; out of the wrack and ruin of a country made desolate by the fire of mighty guns. It was a slogan that electrified a world at war and put renewed courage—if renewed courage were needed—into the hearts of the men who formed that thin blue line before France's most famous fortress.

"They shall not pass!" ("Ils ne passeront pas!")

Douaumont, Vaux, Mort Homme, Fleury, Bois d'Ormont, the Citadel of Verdun, the River Meuse, Caste'nau, Joffre, Petain! These and thousands of other names fill the red pages of the last dramatic chapter of Verdun—for Verdun has a battle story of many chapters. It is one of the most ancient cities of France, beginning life as a Roman stronghold known as "Virodunum Castrum," from which came the shorter name Verdun.

First Came Attila

History repeats itself and it does not seem strange, that Attila the Hun should have been the first to attack Verdun. He laid it waste in the year 450. The records of that distant day tell us that it was left "like a field ravaged by wild beasts." But those who saw Verdun and battled there during the World War know that even the terrible Attila had never envisaged such utter desolation, such complete destruction, such streams of blood, such defiance of death, such sustained, unmatched courage as resulted from that great battle which began ten years ago. Nor did Attila the Hun face such a spirit as that dominating the men who solemnly swore to themselves: "They shall not pass!"

Verdun is accustomed to war. Since Attila besieged it nearly fifteen centuries ago, it has witnessed ten sieges and many battles. In 843 it became a part of the Carolingian Empire. In 870 it became a part of France. In 923 it was incorporated with Germany. Once, under the feudal system, the famous Godfrey de Bouillon governed the country in which Verdun was situated. A thousand years ago Bishop Haimont persuaded the Count of Verdun to transfer his rights to him and this change was

By FITZHUGH L. MINNIGERODE

In New York Times

approved by the Emperor Othon III. But the burgesses revolted against the sway of the Bishops, bloody battles followed and the yoke was thrown off in the middle of the thirteenth century. In 1544 Charles Quint besieged and took Verdun, but seven years later Henry II of France retook it. In 1589 the Huguenots tried to capture the city by surprise attack—and failed.

The siege of 1792 was notable for the sole reason that from it emerged one memorable hero. At the time the Prussians attacked the city was defended by Beaurepaire, who had but thirty guns and half a hundred artillerymen. The Council of Defense decided to capitulate, but the gallant commander refused, and it is still a debated question whether he was assassinated because of his stout-hearted resistance or whether he took his own life rather than surrender. It was said at the time that noble ladies of Verdun sent presents of sweets to the King of Prussia and danced at a great ball which he gave. The Paris Revolution was then killing the Royalists in the prisons. This Prussian tenure of Verdun lasted only six weeks, for the victory at Valmy forced the invader to withdraw. The French reentered the citadel and a number of traitors were sent to the scaffold.

In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 Verdun offered a stouter resistance than any other French fort, but the end was inevitable and it surrendered on November 8, all the honors of war being accorded the garrison.

Upon such scarlet, heroic, long-suffering background it was natural that the mightiest deeds, the most unbreakable will to hold and undreamed of feats of gallantry should come out of Verdun's greatest siege, the longest sustained battle in the history of the world.

Strange, it seems, that such a slogan as "They shall not pass," one which still gives to men that tingle in the blood that comes only upon momentous occasions and makes heroes out of common mortals, should be the subject of uncertainty on controversy. I have asked a large number of men—soldiers, war correspondents and historians, men, it seemed who were qualified to know—but none agreed as to the origin of "They shall not pass!"

Tracing the Origin

"It was in an order of the day issued by Joffre," said one. "I was at Barle-Duc during the battle and it was pub-

lished in orders by General Petain," said a well known war correspondent, and so it went. Every one who ought to know had a different story to tell of its birth. I had been in action at Verdun for three weeks, yet I was in perfect ignorance of the origin.

Orders of the day issued by Joffre and other Generals were searched, and the nearest approach to the phrase was embodied in Joffre's order of March 10, 1916:

For three weeks you have withstood the most formidable attack which the enemy has yet made. Germany counted on the success of this effort, which she believed would prove irresistible and for which she used her best troops and most powerful artillery. She hoped by the capture of Verdun to strengthen the courage of her allies and convince neutrals of German superiority. But she counted without you! The eyes of the country are on you! You belong to those of whom it shall be said: "They barred the road to Verdun!"

Many inspiring orders of a similar nature were issued from time to time, but in none of them appears the phrase "Ils ne passeront pas" nor that other phrase often substituted for it, "On ne passe pas" ("No thoroughfare" or "Road barred").

* * *

The writer called upon Marshall Petain recently in his office at the Invalides and was received in the large room where the defender of Verdun now works. Marshal Petain, dressed in mufti, rose from his large desk, returned my salute and extended his hand. His steel-blue eyes seemed as penetrating as bayonets. There was not the semblance of a smile on his strong face. Seriousness stamped this man of "battles, sieges and fortunes." At that moment he seemed a striking contrast to Marshal Foch, whose warmth captivates you at once. Marshal Petain, white haired, broad-shouldered, dignified, stalwart, seemed of that fiber that would allow no enemy of his country to pass while a spark was left in him.

Spread out on a large table were a number of military maps of the Riff region of North Africa. There was an austerity and simplicity about the whole large room that seemed the proper setting for the soldier.

I waited for the Marshal to speak. He stood looking at his caller in silence. It took but a moment to realize that here was a man who took no delight in talk.

(Continued on Page 20)



Sharon, Pa.,
February 10, 1926.

Service Magazine,
80th Division Vet. Assoc.,
Charleston, W. Va.

Dear Buddy and Editor:

Today I received the December-January issue of that great little magazine, "Service." But I have one fault to find with it—it's too darn long between issues and I don't mean maybe.

The wife says she believes that I would rather read it than eat my meals, but gosh, when I get to persusing it I don't give a rap for chow.

Enclosed with this letter is a copy of an article I picked up at Montfaucon. If there is room in one of the future issues of "Service" I would like to see it printed—we might find out who the "dreamer" was.

Oh! My, Yes! If you fail to notify me when the History of the 80th is ready for release, I'll sure start for Charleston with all necessary equipment for a big battle.

If you survive this epistle, you'll no doubt hear from he again.

Yours for a bigger and better 80th Division Veterans Association,

—L. L. Sallade.

* * *

A SOLDIER'S DREAM

One night after having been in the trenches, and skipping from one shell hole to another, I was on my way back to my company when I decided I would lie down against the side of a huge shell hole and rest a few minutes, as I had been on the go practically all day and night.

While I lay there listening to the shells flying overhead, I somehow fell asleep and had a most beautiful dream. The dream is as follows:

Peace was made between the Allies and Germany and times looked very bright. Prosperity of the world was in sight again. A German who was standing near me, spoke to me and said:

"The war is not yet at an end. You do not understand! What I mean is this: The great battle of life is yet to be

fought to get right with God. Your President did not take from us our country but allowed us to keep it when the price of war was paid. Will it be so with God? Will He forgive our sins and allow us to come back as we were before the war? Before we stained our souls with innocent blood which there was no call for. Will He have mercy on the poor Germany as did President Wilson, and give us a chance to build a home in Heaven as we had before the war?"

I told him that I could see no reason why He should not. Christ says: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be forgiven you!"

At that we saw a very bright cloud appear in the sky and as it rolled away an angel appeared and said: "God is no respecter of persons. If a man be a man his interests are as recorded in Heaven."

The German then fell down on his knees and began to pray, thusly: "Oh, God, Thoust knowest we committed a great crime when we declared war and we have slain many a poor, innocent man. Our battles have all been fought in vain. But now the great struggle is over and we are thankful it is so. Now, oh, Lord, wilt Thou wash from my hands the stain of innocent blood and receive my soul into Thy Kingdom?"

(Evidently this dream is unfinished. Either death or renewal of battle being the cause.)

VETS, CONVERT YOUR INSURANCE

In a recent letter to General Frank T. Hines, Director of the U. S. Veterans Bureau, President Coolidge has expressed his unqualified approval of the campaign recently inaugurated by the bureau to bring to the attention of all ex-service men and women the desirability of immediate reinstatement and conversion of their War Risk Insurance.

Commenting upon the insurance issued by the Government, President Coolidge said, "It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the merits of life insurance, and

the benefits which would come to all veterans and their dependents by their taking advantage of the liberal provisions made by the Government in the matter of insurance."

Under the terms and provisions of the World War Veterans' Act of 1924, all yearly renewable term insurance (war time insurance) must be converted, if now in force, or reinstated and converted if lapsed, into some form of United States Government Life Insurance on or before July 2, 1926, after which date no application for reinstatement and conversion can be accepted.

The provisions for reinstatement are so lenient, the terms of the policies so liberal and the premiums themselves so low, as to bring some one of the six converted policies within reach of every veteran and Director Hines is concerned in seeing that every man or woman entitled to this insurance be advised of his or her rights in connection with it before it is too late.

With the final date for reinstatement and conversion of Government Life Insurance little more than four months distant, veterans throughout the country are responding in such numbers that the Veterans Bureau is approving over \$1,250,000 worth of insurance per day, General Frank T. Hines, Director of the Bureau announced this morning. This means that approximately 240 applications averaging \$5,000 each are being approved every day.

While the campaign for reinstatement and conversion now being waged is only about six weeks old, indications are that the volume of applications will increase proportionately as the final date draws nearer and the bureau has made preparations for the receipt and handling of a veritable avalanche of applications.

Practically the only difficulty being experienced at present in handling the applications is due to the fact that many applicants neglect to give sufficient details to identify their claims promptly. It is not unusual to receive applications

(Continued on Page 23)



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

FOSTER, WILLIAM M.—Formerly of Battery C, 314th Field Artillery, died on Sunday, January 26, 1926, at the United States Hospital No. 103, Aspinwall, Pa. Comrade Foster was in his 39th year at the time of his death, which was the result of the after effect of gas in the late war. Interment was made in Greenwood Cemetery, Wheeling, W. Va. Full military honors were accorded our deceased comrade by the Wheeling Post of the American Legion.

* * *

COOK, ALBERT P.—Formerly of the 305th Ammunition Train, died recently at the home of his sister, Mrs. David M. Driscoll, at Braddock, Pa. Comrade Cook's many friends formed in the years of service will be pained to learn of his passing. He was 39 years of age and in addition to his sister, is survived by one brother, George W. Cook. He was a member of St. Roselia's Catholic church.

* * *

NONNENBERG, FREDERICK—Formerly private, company E, 320th Infantry, died from tuberculosis at the United States Veterans' Hospital, Aspinwall, Pa., on February 27, 1926. He was a son of the late Augusta and Emil Nonnenberg and was in this 34th year. Funeral services were held from the family home at Universal, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, March 2, 1926, at 2 p. m. Full military honors were rendered at the grave of our deceased comrade by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States and the American Legion Post No. 2, of East Pittsburgh.

* * *

MOYN, THEODORE ARMSTRONG—Formerly a member of the 319th Field Hospital corps, died at Philadelphia, Pa., on March 25, 1926. Comrade Moyné entered service at Camp Lee, Va., on April 3, 1918, and after spending about three weeks in the first company, First Training Battalion, 155th Depot Brigade, was transferred to the 319th Field Hospital Company, where he served continuously until his discharge at Camp Dix in June, 1919. Since his discharge Comrade Moyné has spent much of his time in California, but had been living with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William

(Continued on Page 18)



"WAY DOWN EAST"

The metropolitan papers of January 2nd carried a large picture of three American aviators who served last year with the French in Morocco, being decorated in Paris by General Gouraud with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Among those shown was Colonel Charles Sweeny, formerly of the 318th Infantry, who commanded the Lafayette Escadrille and who was honored with the rank of Commander of the Legion of Honor.

* * *

Major Robert T. Barton, of Winchester, Va., who served during the war as a Captain with the 313th Field Artillery, made an enviable record during the session of the Virginia Legislature, which just closed. Major Barton, who represents his district in the House of Delegates, sponsored a number of important measures and was a member of the important Finance Committee, the latter a distinction rarely achieved by a member of the Legislature during his maiden session. Among the bills introduced by Major Barton, and passed, was that dispensing with some thirty honorary Colonels on the Governor's staff and providing that only Reserve or Militia officers should be named in this capacity. Major Barton acted as personal aide to Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, on the occasion of his visit to the Virginia Legislature.

* * *

Colonel C. C. Hearn, formerly of the 155th Field Artillery Brigade, who was a passenger aboard the steamship "President Roosevelt" at the time that vessel rescued the crew of the freighter "Antinoe" during a terrific storm in the mid-Atlantic late in January, performed a leading role in the accomplishment of that heroic feat, which promises to become an epic in maritime annals. Colonel Hearn, using his knowledge as a gunnery expert to aid in reaching the imperiled crew, after all previous efforts had failed, devised a spiral coil which was successfully used in shooting a line from the "President Roosevelt" to the "Antinoe." The "Roosevelt's" deck gun failed sixteen times to get the line across to the sinking freighter, but finally suc-

ceeded by using thirteen of the coils between projectile and rope to break the recoil.

* * *

The U. S. S. "Leviathan," well remembered by half of the A. E. F., including 80th Division Headquarters and the members of the 318th Infantry, has been undergoing her annual overhauling at the Boston Navy Yard, preparatory to carrying her usual heavy quota of Americans to Europe this spring and summer. The "Leviathan" is being featured in the advertisements of the U. S. Shipping Board, and will probably be one of the vessels selected to carry World War veterans back to France next year on the occasion of their visit to the A. E. F. battlefields (and mam'selles!). How about it, 80th, do we take the ride?

* * *

Colonel James H. Bryson, formerly Brigadier General, commanding the 155th Field Artillery Brigade, is now stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C., in command of the 5th Field Artillery Regiment.

* * *

Comrade Ben McKelway, who served with the 80th Division, is now City Editor of the Washington "Evening Star." It will be recalled that Major C. Fred Cook, who was first Brigade Adjutant of the 160th Infantry Brigade and who later commanded the 305th Ammunition Train, is also on the editorial staff of the "Star."

* * *

First Lieut. Julian H. George, formerly of the 317th Infantry until October 13, 1918, is still in the service and now attending the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga.

* * *

Captain Senius J. Raymond, at one time Regimental Adjutant of the 318th Infantry and for a short period in command of Company "G," of that Regiment, who also is still in the service, has been a patient at Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, for several months, where he has been undergoing treatment.

Captain Minard Hamilton, who served with the 313th M. G. Battalion, is located at Hopewell, Va. (yes, she still exists), where he is connected with the Virginia Cellulose Company, Inc.

* * *

Captain John Paul, of Harrisonburg, Va., formerly Regimental Adjutant, 313th Field Artillery, is one of the leaders in the campaign to raise a fund of \$2,500,000 to purchase the proposed Shenandoah National Park area, in Virginia. It is expected that this fund will be raised prior to April 1st, in time for the Appalachian Park Commission to make a favorable report to Congress.

* * *

Comrade W. H. Southworth, ex-Mechanic, Company F, 318th Infantry, has his civilian domicile at 2915 Moss Side Ave., Richmond, Va., and is connected with the Hassler Sales Agency, Inc., which handles the Hassler Shock Absorber. Comrade Southworth writes that he and two buddies of "F" Company are contemplating a three months' tour of the 80th Division sector in France. Who said "Let's Go!"?

* * *

Comrade Merwin J. Stickle, who did his bit with Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, is now located in Harrisonburg, Va., where he is connected with the local A. & P. Store.

* * *

A Washington press dispatch, dated March 19th, states that the U. S. Shipping Board has decided to spend \$1,500,000 in refitting the former A. E. F. transport, "Agamamnon," for the trans-Atlantic passenger service. This is a news item for the men of the 305th Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop, who sailed on the vessel from Brest for *Amerique* on May 16, 1918. The "Agamemnon" was formerly the German liner "Kronprinzesses Celeste."

* * *

Comrade H. M. Clements, ex-Mess Sergeant, 313th Field Artillery, is now located in Harrisonburg, Va., where he is manager of the Farmers and Merchants' Dairy Co.

* * *

Comrade Joseph H. Senger, who "marked time" with Company M, 318th Infantry, is now conducting a "commissary" of his own at Ottobine, Va., and doing nicely, thank you. Joe's address is Dayton, Va., and he's ready to set up the "eats" to any of his old outfit who may happen along.

* * *

Ex-Sergeant Wm. L. Phalen, of Harrisonburg, who used to be known as one of the best drill sergeants in Company F, 318th Infantry—and Irish, too—is beaucoup busy these days initiating a brand-new "rookie," christened "Wm. L., Jr.," in the mysteries of infant duty.

The little man arrived several months ago, but congratulations and *bon chance* are still in order.

* * *

Comrade Gerard P. Wittman, who was brought down to Virginia from up Pittsburgh way to add to the war-time strength of Company G, 318th Infantry, writes from Jacksonville, Fla., where he has been wintering (and perhaps taking a little flyer in Southern real estate).

* * *

Major Shafer, who at one time commanded the 305th Ammunition Train, has his civilian residence in Richmond, Va., where he is engaged in the practice of law.

* * *

Comrade Junius R. Riddick, ex-Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, who for several years has been resident manager of the Costa Rican branch of the Republic Tobacco Co., a subsidiary of the British-American Tobacco Co., has been recommended for promotion and transfer. This is a recognition well earned, and we are hoping that "June" may be sent back to the States—at least in time to set up "Woodbines" to the boys in Petersburg next August, which, by the way, happens to be Riddick's home *ville*.

* * *

Comrade Arlie Day, who used to "buck" it with Company H, 318th Infantry, is located at Mt. Crawford, Va., where he conducts a watch repairing shop.

PETERSBURG POST

Be ready and come on to Petersburg, Virginia, on August 27, 28, 29, where you can spend your vacation where there is not any summer resort or mountains, where you can have as good a time as you will have in Petersburg, Virginia, on those dates, for just think that the 80th Division will hold its 7th Annual Reunion there on those dates where you can meet your comrades once again, there you might meet some buddies that you have not seen since the days of the war where your vacation will be worth while to be there with your old comrades once again.

The 80th Division Post of Petersburg have outlined a good program for you and you will have one of the best times that you have ever had in your life; you can see the old Camp grounds where they will have all of the different Regiments marked where you can see the very spot you trained in and your Barracks, it will be interesting to see when you arrive, for there are not any buildings there now but the markers will show them.

The citizens feel very proud to have the 80th division men here with them once more, for they think that it is one

of the best Divisions that ever sailed overseas and they will do everything in their power that they can to make this one hundred per cent reunion. They meet me every day and ask about it and are now waiting patiently for you to come back home again.

COMPANY "G," 320TH INFANTRY, NOTES

The Fourth Annual Banquet of Company "G," 320th Infantry, was held at the Chatham Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Saturday evening, March 13, 1925. Several of the out-of-town members of the company were present.

The following were in attendance: Oscar J. Remmy, John Viazanko, Edward Haines, Andy Mihalko, Louis F. May, Emmett McAlee, Elmer Bliel, Harry J. Page, K. Laszloffy, Clarence L. Taylor, George J. Klier, W. J. Richards, Joseph Atkinson, Vincent Yoswick, William Stoll, John Huber, William Beards, John Loeffert, Ed. Y. Dobson, Frank Moritz, Patrick Moroney, John W. Smith, Theodore Cahall, Clarence Shaw, Frank Sephton, C. Donatelli, A. L. Swanson, Fred Spangler, Peter Spratt. Mr. Charles Pompey and Harold Sagburg attended with Fred Spangler. Mr. Stipe and Mr. Witheroff attended with Andy Mihalko.

Regrets were received from the following: Julius Yost, John Vogel, J. A. Davis, Doctor Cromer, Louis Schroebel, Walter Mackowiak, Joseph Cassa, Carlton Leonard, J. G. Schamburg, Jos. P. Rhein, Harry Lehner, Harry Newman, Ray A. Fierst, Phillip Grimes, Stene Sukala, Leo Schmead, Stanley Mong, F. C. Rhorer, Ed. Moran, Geo. F. Peterson, Edw. L. Beauchat, Robert Swallop, Edw. J. Carter, J. G. Mullen, Joseph Monaco, Harry F. Smead, John Gabel. The main bout of the evening was furnished by our old company mechanic, Patrick Moroney, who rendered a number of tenor solos, and staged several types of eccentric dancing, and vinblancing. Everyone present parted at an early hour with the intention of being present next year in March, at which time the company will celebrate its tenth anniversary of the organization of the company at Camp Lee.

* * *

John Gabel, formerly Private Company "G," 320th Infantry, sent a telegram of regret saying that he was laid up with the Flu in Buffalo, New York. He asked the committee to convey a message to John Huber that he was back at the old picnic grove.

* * *

Clarence Shaw, formerly Corporal, Company "G," 320th Infantry, was presented with a big bouncing baby boy on February 25, 1926. It is very evident that Shaw and Klier are running a close race. He is now the proud daddy

of two girls and a boy. Keep up the good work, Clarence. He is located at 1017 Harker Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

John Loeffert, formerly Corporal, Company "G," 320th Infantry, refused being a benedict some time in November, 1925. He is now very happily married, and the boys are hoping his troubles will all be little ones. John is now located at 1312 Superior Avenue, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Drop him a line of congratulations. Everyone will remember him as the Mail Man of the company, and how he used to bawl us out for asking for that precious letter from a sweetie back home.

* * *

Stanley Mong, formerly Private, Company "G," 320th, in a letter expressing his regrets at not being able to attend the reunion banquet on account of being laid up sick, ent in also the news that he entered the state of matrimony some time during the month of November, 1925, he extends his greetings to all the boys from himself and his better-half. His address is Loughlin Street, Dawson, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA POST NO. 2

The regular meeting of Philadelphia Post No. 2 was held at 2210 Sansom Street on March 18, 1926. The meeting was well attended and the following new members signed up: W. W. Rareshide, 305th Field Signal Battalion; V. E. Pessano, 315th Field Artillery; John W. Gormley, 305th Ammunition Train; H. F. Brock, 317th Field Hospital; James Deighan, 305th Ammunition Train; E. Schultz, 317th Infantry.

It had been hoped that Post No. 2 would have some celebration in conjunction with the Sesqui-Centennial Celebration this year. Last month a committee was appointed and interviewed the directors of the celebration and found that the proposition would not prove satisfactory. The Post is going right along with plans, however, to have an interesting time for the 80th men that visit here during the Legion Convention in October.

Bill Fox, who so ably arranged entertainment for the 314th Artillery while we were in the 15th Training Area in France, is now chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Post and is producing some fine stuff. At the last meeting he had a very good orchestra and after the meeting the ladies joined us and some of the crowd danced while the rest talked over such things as gas mask drill, has every one two pairs of shoe laces, cognac, when do we go home? and Marie Antoinette, etc. After dancing, coffee, sandwiches and crullers were served and the party broke up at about midnight.

The Annual Banquet will be held on April 22nd at McCallisters, 1825 Spring Garden Street, and a large attendance is anticipated. It will be the same high class affair as last year's affair and under Comrade Fox's chairmanship is bound to be a success.

During the meeting a motion was made to start an organization of the children members. The motion adopted and twelve were enrolled at once, but the details of the organization will have to be worked out in more definite form.

H. H. Houston Post No. 3, the American Legion, held the Annual Banquet March 4. About three hundred were present. The principal speakers were Hanford McNeider, past commander of the American Legion and now Assistant Secretary of War; General Martin, Adjutant General of Pennsylvania; Mr. Samuel Houston, father of the boy for whom the Post was named; Franklin Spencer Edmonds, member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. There were many other prominent invited guests among them Cincent Carroll, National Vice Commander of the American Legion; James Deighan, Adjutant of the American Legion, State of Pennsylvania, and a former 80th man having served in the 305th Ammunition Train.

There was also present several disabled buddies from the Naval Hospital at League Island, and the Commanders of the local Posts of the United Spanish War Veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic (pardon me for not putting them first) and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Among the gathering there were at least twenty former Eightieth Division men, including Graham, Calleher, Mayer, Fisher and Millinghausen of Philadelphia Post No. 2.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Grant Walker announce the arrival of John Wesley on February 25, 1926. Both Mrs. Walker and the baby, who when born weighed nine pounds, were doing fine at last reports. Walker is now living at Huntington, Long Island, P. O. Box 528. He would be glad to hear from any of the boys who served with him in the 313th Field Artillery. He is still on the rolls of Philadelphia Post No. 2 and all in the Post hope he will decide to return to Philadelphia soon.

Lawrence Fisher, formerly of Battery B, 313th Field Artillery, has just been having Sinus trouble which has been bothering him considerably in the past two years. During last summer Larry visited his former skipper, Captain Perkins at New York, and has been rewarded by receiving about thirty-five snapshots from him. These were taken by Captain Perkins while he was in France in 1924 and taken in the line of battle as followed by the 313th Field Artillery.

Jim Deighan, of the Eightieth, and now State Adjutant of the American Legion, Department of Pennsylvania, recently visited Houston Post No. 3 with the State Commander. Houston Post is the second largest post in the State and numbers among its 825 members many Eightieth Division men. Therefore, if you are visiting in Germantown, Philadelphia, at any time stop at 157 West Chelton Avenue, the Post clubhouse and you are just about sure to see some Eightieth Division man.

A suggestion has been made that all 80th men intending to go to France with the various Veterans Organizations in 1927 so notify the Editor of Service Magazine and request him to publish a list of same from time to time by former organizations. This would enable men to communicate with their former buddies who were going and they might arrange to go together which would certainly be a more interesting way to see the old landmarks. Only those who belong to the American Legion in 1926 and 1927 and their immediate families will be eligible to the special rates to France for the Convention in 1927.

A clipping from a Philadelphia paper of March 20th:

At the regular monthly meeting of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, held at No. 2210 Sansom Street last Thursday, William Graham was inducted into office by Past Commander Galore, who was elected to the post of past honorary commander. Plans were discussed for an 80th Division Day during the Sesque-centennial celebration. The arrangement of this event was left to Comrade Myers, who will get in touch with the officials and try to arrange for the event during the last week of Legion national convention.

After an enthusiastic meeting, the Ladies' Auxiliary prepared a valentine party for the boys, and Comrade William Fox, former A. E. F. entertainer, entertained the gathering with some original songs and sayings which brought forth laughter and applause.

The 80th Division Veterans' Association meets the third Thursday of each month at No. 2210 Sansom Street, and former buddies are urged to attend and renew old friendships.

PENNA. AUXILIARY EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Gordon of Turtle Creek, Pa., who was recently elected President of the Western Pennsylvania Council, Ladies' Auxiliary, Veterans of Foreign Wars of the U. S., has taken a leading part in the work of the Council and Auxiliary during a number of years, serving on various Hospital Committees in the interests of the disabled veterans,

and as delegate to the National Conventions. She is President of Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, 80th Division Veterans' Association, and a short time ago was appointed a member of the Board of Directors of the National Sanitorium for Tubercular Children, at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

COMPANY "G" 320TH INFANTRY NOTES

George J. Klier, formerly Private first class Company "G" 320th Infantry, was appointed to the position of Tipstaff in Common Pleas Court of Allegheny County Thursday, February 11, 1926. Klier was severely wounded in the second offensive of the Argonne Drive on October 11, 1918, the wounds received at this time caused the amputation of the left leg above the knee. He is the first World War veteran appointed to this position in this court.

* * *

Raymond A. Fierst, formerly Corporal Company "G" 320th Infantry, suffered the loss of his beloved mother, February 22, 1926. The sincere sympathies of the boys of the company are extended to him, and his family in their hours of bereavement.

* * *

John P. Viazanko, formerly private, first class, Company "G" 320th Infantry, in a recent letter to Klier, states that everything is going along nicely at his home in Adah, Penna. He also states that the young son has an elegant voice and no doubt will soon be entertaining the boys at their yearly reunions.

* * *

Final plans have been completed for the fourth annual reunion of the company which will be held at the Chatham Hotel, Saturday evening, March 13, 1926. Notices and tickets have been mailed to all members of the company for whom we have an address.

NORFOLK-PORTSMOUTH POST NO. 1

The October meeting was held October 26th. Col. W. H. Sands, 1st Lt. 315th F. A. had charge of the meeting. Col. Russell P. Reeder, 315th F. A., was the guest of the post. Colonel Reeder holds the distinction of being the only officer in the United States Army who holds a dual commission as full colonel in both the Field Artillery and the Coast Artillery. He entered the service as a medical officer and is now stationed at Fort Monroe, Va. as Executive to the Commanding General of the Third Coast Artillery District.

Capt. G. A. Greaves, Field Artillery Instructor for the 111th F. A., was present as the guest of Colonel Sands, of that regiment.

E. T. Adams First Sergeant "A" Co. 317th Infantry, was discharged from the

service the first of December and is now located at Chatham, Va. Sarg. reports the arrival of a daughter at his home. Wonder if he will teach her French?

Lt. M. S. Landing, "A" Co. 317th Inf., is located at Battle Creek, Mich.

Capt. James W. Robert, Adj. 315th F. A., is now located in Norfolk, Va., and has charge of the drug firm of a Baltimore, Md., Company.

Lt. P. A. Jones, Supply Co. 319th Inf., lost his father the first part of December.

J. B. (Shiek) Moore, Bugler "H" Co., says he is the happiest man in the States, but would not tell why until he was discovered in a jewelry store looking at diamond rings. Go to it, "Fats," you have the best wishes of the post.

C. Fowlkes, 314 M. G. Bat., resigned as Grand Commander of the Grand Pup Tent of Virginia, Military Order of the Cooties, and J. B. Diehl was advanced to Grand Senior Vice-Commander.

Capt. J. Carl Peck, 319th Inf., and past commander of Norfolk Post 392, V. F. W., and John B. Diehl, 317th Inf., were re-elected to the Norfolk County Council of the V. F. W. for 1926.

A. E. Burgess, General Headquarters 80th Division at Camp Lee, was elected head of the 40 & 8 of the State of Virginia.

Fleming D'Este, 317th Inf., is now located in Springfield, Mass., in the grocery business.

J. B. Withers, Dr. H. R. Seelinger and Capt. J. Carl Peck were appointed the nominating committee for new officers for Post No. 1 for the new year.

LEGION QUARTERS BURN

A few minutes after midnight Christmas morning a fire broke out on the second floor of the American Legion Club, 414 W. Butte Street, trapped three men in the building and destroyed furniture and personal effects valued at approximately \$5,000.

The fire started on the second floor in the room occupied by Col. William H. Sands. Colonel Sands, returning to his apartment at midnight, opened the door of his room, and apparently provided a draft for a blaze which had been smoldering between the second floor and the ceiling of the first floor near the fireplace.

THREE TRAPPED IN FIRE

According to Colonel Sands the room was immediately enveloped in a mass of flames and smoke. He aroused the other occupants of the building and then telephoned an alarm. After giving the alarm Colonel Sands discovered that he, with E. L. Bright and B. N. Newburn were trapped in the building by smoke.

Colonel Sands loss is placed at \$1,500, which is covered by insurance. Fairfield Hodges, of the chamber of commerce, also lost his personal effects.

The February meeting of Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1 was held in the Spanish War Veterans rooms on February 26th.

Commander Furr appointed an "On to Petersburg" committee with Vice Com. W. W. Jordan chairman, John B. Diehl and Jos. C. Smith.

J. B. Moore nearly broke up the Cootie meeting by trying to be the first when the phone would ring. He is not married yet but reports regularly.

Capt. J. Carl Peck, 319th Inf., was confined to his bed for over a week. His smiling face was very much missed at all Veterans' meetings.

Geo. W. Brittingham, 318th Inf., was present at the meeting and the commander was so glad to see him he appointed him to act as Adjutant for Comrade Truitt, who was sporting the wife to a show.

Wonder if the two "Butter and Egg" men from Clarksburg and formerly in Bat. "B," 314 F. A., are still with the "Follies". The Fairfax Hotel said they wish the next time they play in Norfolk they will give them notice so proper arrangement can be made for their comfort.

Capt. Wm. Byrd Lee, Chaplain, 319th Inf., holds the rank of Major in the Virginia National Guard and attended a meeting of Chaplains in Baltimore.

Lt. Wm. H. Sands, 315th F. A. and now Colonel of the 111 Virginia National Guard Artillery, is on a trip inspecting the regiment. Wonder if he is pulling the old 315th line on the boys.

Wonder who the officer was that had the leaky can placed by his bunk that cold night in France?

J. C. Smith, Bat. "B," 314th F. A., and past commander of the Portsmouth, Va., American Legion, helped install a post of the Legion in Suffolk and reports a number of the charter members are 80th men.

The Shrine Patrol of Khedive Temple, Norfolk, Va., are drilling an hour and a half period now getting in shape for the trip to Philadelphia the first of June and P. A. Jones, 319th Inf., and John B. Diehl, 317th Inf., are holding down the ends in the 4th squadron. Oh, you Pee Wees.

Jas. S. Ward, "A" Co., 317th Inf., who is on the police department of Janesville, Wis., was off duty for several weeks from sickness, but is now back on duty.

Bill Morrissy, "A" Co. 317th Inf., was released from a Government Hospital the middle of February. Hope you are all right now, Bill.

314TH FIELD ARTILLERY WHEELING SECTOR

Raymond J. Falland of E. Battery, is confined to the North Wheeling Hospital, where he is slowly recovering from

an operation on an old hip wound, sustained in Bois de Rappe, which had become infected, the surgeon claimed, from improper treatment previous to discharge. He may have to undergo more treatment in the U. S. Veteran Hospital.

* * *

Henry (Red) Kenney, of Battery E, was a recent visitor to see Falland. He was transferred to the Rainbow Division while at Mouzay. His father and he manage the Kenney Hotel, at Sistersville, W. Va.

* * *

Jos. J. Roth, of C Battery, assistant cashier at the Citizens' Mutual Bank of West Virginia.

Ralph W. Wolfe, of E Battery, was located in Masillon, Ohio, at last account. He is married, has two children, and is employed in one of the steel mills in that vicinity.

* * *

Martin J. Lane, of C Battery, is manager of a poolroom in a dugout, corner of Twelfth and Market streets, where he will be glad to see all 80th Division men.

* * *

Rumor regarding the marriage of Ed. Burke, former mechanic E. Battery, was correct and to prove his Irish, the lady was formerly a Miss Green.

* * *

John E. Miller, of E. Battery, who was wounded in the Bois de Rappe, has lost his power of speech from effects of the wound. He is taking further treatment at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

* * *

Geo. L. Hazlett, of C Battery, had the misfortune to lose a baby daughter by death recently. He will be remembered as having been transferred to Camp Greene previous to embarkation overseas.

A LITTLE BACON

"Ah," said the elderly tramp, giving his brimless hat a twirl, "education is a wonderful thing in our line of business."

"Why, whatever good is education to us?" asked the younger road walker.

"I'll tell you," was the reply. "I was in Beverly one morning and knocked at the door of a tidy little bungalow. When the lady of the house came out to see who it was, I quoted a little Shakespeare."

"Well?"

BLACK AND WHITE CABS, INC.

BAGGAGE

PHONE 7600

139 Summers St., Charleston, W. Va.

"Now, den," shouted the colored evangelist, "am dey anybuddy else in de congre-gashun whut wishes to be prayed fo'?"

"Yassuh," replied a female voice. "Ah wishes you'd pray fo' mah husband. He's always givin' his money away."

"Deed ah will, sisteh!" exclaimed the exhorter. "Ah'll pray fo' a whole congre-gashun jes' like him!"

The judge fixed his eye severely on the prisoner.

"Flaherty!" he demanded, "why did you dump your hod of brick on your friend, Nolan?"

"Ye see, Judge," explained the offender, "oi once told Nolan that if he was hard up for money to come to the building where oi was workin' and oi'd do him a favor, and whin oi saw him comin' along the street, dead broke, oi dropped the brick down on his head, knowin' he had an accident policy."—Forbes Magazine.

Flip—My uncle has addressed half the people in the United States.

Flip—Oh, no, he mails catalogues for

Flap—He must be a wonderful orator. Sears-Roebuck.

A London tax driver, putting on a spurt to reach a railway station at a certain time, ran down a cart upsetting the contents.

A policeman, confronting the driver, demanded his name.

"Michael O'Brien," came the reply.

"Indeed," said the policeman. "That's my name, too. Where did you come from?"

"Cork."

"And so do I. Now just stand there a moment while I go over and charge this man with backing into ye."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Sam Lung was busy in one of the great warehouses south of Market street, tugging at a ponderous bale of burlap, when a large motor truck came backing silently through the door loaded high with more burlap.

Another Chinese, who had been helping Sam, seeing the oncoming truck, stepped aside and began in the quaint singsong of their people to inform him of the danger. "If you do not care to have your bones rest in the unholy ground of the white devils for a long spell, then in time taken up and removed to the land of your ancestors, you had better——"

Just then, as the heavily loaded truck was about to smash Sam, his companion finished his warning with the exclamation "Look ow!" Sam jumped in time to escape being crushed. With a frightened face he exclaimed to his helper. "Wha' for you no talkee Melican first time?"—Argonaut (San Francisco.)

TAPS

(Continued from Page 14)

Moyné, at 110 Rex Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, for some months. He was preparing to return to California when he was stricken. He is survived by his wife and two children, a son and daughter, in addition to his parents. All the former comrades will hear this sad news with deep regret, for Ted was popular with all in the outfit. Interment was private, but several members of Philadelphia Post No. 2, 80th Division, Veterans' Association, paid their last respects to Comrade Moyné.

* * *

HAGEN, ALBERT N.—The many friends of Comrade Albert N. Hagen will be pained to learn of his death, which occurred at the family residence at 1143 Mellon Street, East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Wednesday, January 6, 1926. He was a son of W. E. and Mary Schartz Hagen, and was well known in veteran circles. Comrade Hagen was a member of Justice Lodge, F. & A. M., a life member of the 80th Division Veterans' Association and the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. Funeral services and interment were made on Saturday, January 9th. Full military honors were rendered Comrade Hagen by the associated veteran organizations of which he was a member.

* * *

MARTIN, HAROLD C.—Formerly of Company H, 320th Infantry, died at his home at 2215 St. Luke's Square, North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., on April 7th. Comrade Martin was thirty-one years of age and at the time of his death was principal of the Shaler Township High School. He was a member of the First United Presbyterian Church, of the North Side, and Observatory Post No. 81, American Legion. Comrade Martin is survived by his wife, Mrs. Virginia Wilhelm Martin; his mother, Mrs. Myrtle L. Martin, and two brothers, Roy E. and Albert B. Martin.

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Casey Held the Pivot

(Continued from Page 5)

Wigwagging his ears and snorting triumphantly, Casey seemed to know he was being befriended.

The sentry unhitched the mule and tied him to a nearby tree. Hailing one of his buddies, they soon had Casey sort of toned up with a pail of oats and some water. Before they had finished swabbing the wound on his leg with baking soda, Casey was ready for "seconds." More water came and he absorbed it like a U. S. Army slicker, and more oats vanished like so many crumbs before a vacuum sweeper. They instructed Andre to let his mule rest awhile.

That night, a Lieutenant of the 37th French Field Artillery was storming the little village of Exermont in search of a "frog" soldier, who answered to the name of Pvt. Andre. He described him as a pudgy fellow, driving a wagon-load of skiffs and canoes that must not be delayed. Someone, good at judging the avoirdupois of men at a glance, directed him down the road.

Down the road about a mile, Andre circled round and round his wagon, ringing his hands in despair.

Casey, still tied to the tree, lay sprawled in a pile of leaves.

"Andre! Andre!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, approaching on a dog-trot. "What detains you? Why have you delayed so long?"

"My mule! my mule! he won't go," sighed Andre plaintively, pointing to his adversary.

Andre passed his hand over his head in puzzled bewilderment. Finally, summoning all his courage, he related what had happened in an incoherent mumble, while the Lieutenant proceeded to get Casey on his feet.

"My God! Andre! He's Dead!" exclaimed the Lieutenant in a violent whisper, "Your mule is dead! Those damn Yankees have killed him with kindness!"

"Come You Back, American Soldat, Come You Back to Aix-Les-Bains"

(Continued from Page 9)

whisk broom, hit him on the back with a fly swatter, then over the head with something akin to a sandbag, then wheeled him into a room filled with an appalling lot of strange machinery. The doughboy quit. He started an argument and made his getaway. Upon being asked how he fared by a prospect, he exclaimed. "I would just as leave be killed as scared to death—it took 30 francs, 40 minutes of French and some dire threats to make a getaway."

"French," said his friend. "How did you ever talk French?" "Hell," said the doughboy. "I had to talk French."

The Casino at Aix is undoubtedly one of the finest if not the finest in all France. Even diverted to the use of soldiers it was ornate and comfortable, and there was plenty of space. It sits in grounds which befit it—lawn, gravel walks, hedges, trees, and a grotto. It was formerly a gambling hall, comparable to Monte Carlo. Billiards was the most blooded game permitted when we were there.

Many of the civilians—French, English and Americans, who spend a season in Aix were there that season, and although the American soldiers predominated, he was by no means the whole show, not even at the Casino. Some spick and span Italian officers, attaches of the local Italian hospital, were to be seen about the town. There were beautiful girls around the grounds, some of whom spoke English, "a vary leet'l," children and old folks of unquestionable social station. But they all took to the Americans. Some said Americans were a fad, but whatever their attraction, they seemed to display more good money than their fellow visitors. One old French aristocrat said they were popular there because they were such good fellows—spent liberally and made few complaints.

Marguerite says Aix will be ready for us in 1927, and wishes that we return for another round. When Marguerite succeeded in getting a "day off" from her duties as kitchen helper at the Casino she and I toured the town, and that evening we attended the theatre in the Casino. When we arrived it was already packed, no admission being charged there were few reserved seats. After a search of the village I found the French Town Mayor, who graciously loaned me his box at the theatre. When my friend and I were seated, some fool American came on to the stage and announced that I was to report at American headquarters at

George is cook in a small restaurant. Early one morning a knock came at the rear entrance. Turning, George beheld a hard looking individual framed in the doorway.

"What do you want?" George demanded.

"Can I have the garbage every day?" inquired the visitor.

"Sure," answered George cordially. "Glad to get rid of it."

A week later the ill-favored one again tapped on the door and slid a bottle from beneath his coat.

"Little present from the garbage," he growled. "Needn't be afraid of it. I made it myself an' it's good."

It is George's one weakness, and after sampling, he agreed with the maker. Inwardly he decided that the garbage man

was a pretty good fellow, despite his looks.

On the following week the grateful one gave George another bottle—also the shock of his life.

"Say, chef," he remarked plaintively, "I wish you'd quit puttin' the coffee grounds in with the rest of the garbage. Keep 'em separate. Them coffee grounds hurts the flavor of the moonshine!"

Mrs. Jenks was proceeding through the house with her new maid on a tour of inspection. She halted in one corner and, pointing to a cobweb, said:

"Have you seen this?"

"Yes, mum," said the new maid. "That was there when I come—something to do with your wireless, ain't it?"

A RURAL DIAGNOSIS

A young doctor in a country district was called one night by an old farmer to his first case. The patient was the farmer's son, who was lying on the bed in much pain.

The young doctor threw out his chest and said: "This should cause you no alarm. It is nothing but a corrustedified exegesis antispasmodically emanating from the physical refrigerator, producing a prolific source of irritability in the pericaral epidermis."

The father looked at him and replied: "Just what I said, but his mother thought it was the stomach ache."

"Will ye be lookin' here?" demanded an Irishman of the waiter. "This lobster do be afther havin' only one claw."

"Aha!" ejaculate dthe waiter. "You see, lobsters often fight with each other and occasionally one loses a claw."

"Aha, yerself!" replied Pat, pushing back his plate. "That's bein' the case, bring me the winner."—Everybody's Magazine.

TWO VIEWS

Lawyer (*before the verdict*): Gentlemen of the jury, it has rarely been my good fortune to gaze upon the countenances of twelve men so honorable as those I now see before me.

Lawyer (*after conviction*): Your Honor, I move that this verdict be set aside. The foreman of the jury is *non compos mentis*; number three has been bribed; number six is a man of grossly intemperate habits; number nine expressed decided opinions on the case before he was selected as a juror. In a few days I shall have affidavits concerning the others.

once for travel orders for our detachment. After quitting the theatre, receiving the orders, and making a general roundup of the detachment, which was to leave the following morning, I called at the home of my friend for dinner. She had attempted among other things to make ice cream, American style, which was a total loss. But next year when I go back to Aix there will be no such embarrassments, the French Monte Carlo having long forgotten its period of military government and regulation.

Yes, if I go back to France I am going to Aix, via Paris, Lyon, Dijon, and some other large French cities, far removed from each other, that our gang found it necessary to pass through on our first trip there.

What say you, "Jonesy," Darden, Truitt, Driscoll, Miller, Stoneburner, et al.?

I don't know in what way the Aix people are preparing for us, but I have a hunch they are accumulating a vast supply of waste paper, slugs and washers (no good outside of town) with which to change our American greenbacks.

Brest and the Homeward Voyage

(Continued from Page 8)

in General Orders. Of the citations, 153 were awarded to officers and men of the 320th Infantry. (General Orders No. 3, Par. 1, May 15, 1919; 98 to the 319th Infantry (General Orders No. 4, Pars. 2 and 4, May 15, 1919); and 16 to the 315th Machine Gun Battalion (General Orders No. 3, Par. 3, May 15, 1919). (See Appendix).



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A great deal of quiet rejoicing was occasioned among the members of the Division on the eve of embarkation for America as a result of the announcement that all officers and men who had arrived in France with the 80th were entitled to wear two service chevrons. All of the original members of the command lacked less than one month—generally about two weeks—of having had one year of foreign service, and to these men, who composed a majority of the Division, the prospect of losing credit for two service chevrons by so narrow a margin was viewed as akin to a calamity. Happily, this situation was corrected, and a second chevron was issued to all troops eligible before leaving Brest, by authority of a War Department cablegram which directed that foreign service be computed from the time of departure from America to date of arrival in the United States. This ruling, which was published in a Division Bulletin of May 16, resulted in a number of soldiers who were among the first to embark at Brest winning two service chevrons by the bare space of one day. In the case of the 305th Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop, the men who had accompanied the unit to France in May, 1918, arrived in the United States two days too early to receive their second chevron, while the members of the detachments from the 315th Field Artillery and 305th Ammunition Train, who had been delayed in leaving America, failed by five days.

One of the last acts preceding embarkation was the conversion of all French money held by the troops into American currency. The funds were collected by company officers and turned over to the respective Regimental Finance Officers, by whom they were exchanged with the Camp Finance Officer. For each 5 francs 80 centimes turned in the men received one American dollar. The exchange unexpectedly revealed the possession of large amounts of French money by many of the troops and indicated that the general conviction that all soldiers spend their pay freely and quickly had numerous exceptions.

The movement of homeward-bound organization through Camp Pontanezen continued without cessation throughout the Division's stay. The last of the 33rd Division was embarking, while the 80th and 89th Divisions were preparing to leave and the 36th Division was moving in. Casuals, "Y" secretaries, Red Cross workers and nurses—all were awaiting ships going westward. But a single announcement was made during the wait concerning the debarkation ports of the 80th Division in the United States. This information was contained in the Division Bulletin of May 16, and stated that "In accordance with orders received in a cablegram from the War Department, Headquarters 80th Division, 159th In-

fantry Brigade, Headquarters Troop, Sanitary Train, and 155th Field Artillery Brigade will precede to Newport News, Virginia, for disembarkation."

All inspections and other requirements having been complied with, the camp authorities were finally satisfied that the Division was thoroughly equipped and free from "cooties," and warning orders foretold the imminence of embarkation. For those units which had been the first to arrive at Pontanezen, the wait lengthened into almost two weeks; for the last arrivals, the period was shortened to from one to three days. Strangely enough, the first organization to reach Brest from Le Mans was the last to leave, while among these arriving last were troops that embarked first.

(To be continued)

Petain Tells Why They Did Not Pass

(Continued from Page 12)

"General," I said, "I have been trying to fix definitely the origin of the phrase, 'Ils ne passeront pas,' which will be ten years old in a few days." The Marshall continued to look at me in silence and I continued: "I have talked to many people—soldiers, war correspondents, historians—and have consulted many books, but they all tell a different story of its birth. It seems that 'Ils ne passeront pas' is already lost in obscurity. I have come to you for light." "What do they say?" he asked quietly. "They say many things. They say

STATEMENT

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

OF THE SERVICE MAGAZINE, published Bi-Monthly 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.)

that the phrase was embodied in an order to the troops. Some attribute it to you, some to General Joffre, but nearly all agree that it appeared in an order."

"They are wrong," he replied.

"A well known cyclopedia of practical quotations say this: 'They shall not pass.' At the end of February, 1916, General de Castelnau was sent by General Joffre to decide whether Verdun should be abandoned or defended. He consulted with General Petain saying: 'They must not pass.' General Petain said: 'They shall not pass!'"

The Marshal Answers

"That is not true," said Marshal Petain slowly and deliberately. "I had several consultations with General Castelnau but such a conversation as reported was never held."

"Can you tell me how 'Ils ne passeront pas' was born?" I asked.

"I cannot tell you the specific occasion when the expression was first used. When I took command at Verdun on February 25, 1916, and had reorganized

the lines and made certain changes in the command, I then went among the soldiers to talk to them and to encourage them. To different groups of poilus I addressed different remarks. To one group I would say: 'We will not let them through, will we?' and the soldier would reply: 'No. They shall never break through.' To another group I would say: 'We will hold them, won't we?' and a chorus of 'Yes. They shall not beat us,' would be the answer. Doubtless I said to my men often in those early days, 'Ils ne passeront pas,' and their reply would be an emphatic repetition of my own words. As to the exact time I first used the words, 'They shall not pass' or any of my men used them, I cannot say. From all sides and all ranks came expressions of a determination to hold Verdun at all costs. These phrases of our will to hold finally crystallized into the set phrase which is now known to all the world—'Ils ne passeront pas.'"

"It is difficult," I said, "clearly to place its origin."

"Yes," replied the Marshal, "it is difficult. The most definite answer I can give you is this: The expression 'They shall not pass' was used by myself in the early days of the great battle which commenced on February 21, 1916, while I was inspecting troops in the line. The expression was never published in an army order or communique, but was used merely in a personal talk with my men.

"Every soldier, every Frenchman at Verdun is as much entitled to having originated the cry as I am. It was not a challenge hurled at the Crown Prince or any one else. It was the spirit of the French Army in a great trial; it was courage transmitted into words. 'Ils ne passeront pas' was the expression of our purpose to keep them back or die where we stood. It was not a boast, but a deep and solemn purpose."

There have been few changes in the great Citadel of Verdun since I slept there and had meals in the officers' mess when the distant guns thundered harmlessly around the world's most stupendous dugout. But one addition stands out like a ray of sunshine in a dungeon. As you enter the long mess room in Verdun's Citadel there confronts you blazoned across the far wall opposite the entrance door the immortal words "Ils Ne Passeront Pas!"

What a thrill they give you! How appropriate they seem in the fortress that stood through four terrible years and shook off the devastating fire of a thousand guns and countless tons of metal! Though her walls were rent, though the city all about was a mass of ruins, though men died by tens of thou-

sands in her defense and other tens of thousands stood their ground while death stalked all about them, no enemy set foot within the Citadel of Verdun!

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A Big Job for the Veterans

(Continued from Page 11)

that the veteran knows in his heart of hearts is the thing that counts, is the consciousness of a job in which he can use himself. Scouting offers him an opportunity for this kind of job. It is a job in which he serves his country by building the Nation of Tomorrow.

Smith was taking his usual Sunday afternoon stroll with his latest acquisition—a dog that would certainly have taken no prizes.

One of Smith's acquaintances met him. He gazed meditatively at the canine at the end of the leash.

"That's a frightful-looking mongrel," he said frankly.

"Ssh," said the owner warningly; "don't let him hear you. He thinks he's a fox terrier."

"Ben, I'll give you \$10 to have your picture made in the cage with that lion."

"No, suh, boss, not me."

"He won't hurt you; he hasn't got any teeth."

"Mebbe so, but I ain't going to be gummed to death by no old lion."—Atlanta Constitution.

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A woman in the suburbs was chatting over the back fence with her next-door neighbor. "We're going to be living in a better neighborhood soon," she said. "So are we," volunteered Mrs. Nextdoor confidently. "What? Are you moving, too?" "No, we're staying here."—Christian Register.

"An' she replied with a little bacon."—Chicago News.

ONCE A LADY ALWAYS A LADY

At the corner of a boulevard that runs north and south and a street going east and west stands a huge red, glaring light, with the usual warning. Came a lady driving fast. She ignored the sign and barely escaped doing serious damage to the beautiful car of a man driving south. Both cars had to skid up on the sidewalks—in opposite directions. The lady got out of the car and started for the man. The man started for the lady. We began to lick our lips in anticipation of a good snappy bit of repartee. In a gentlemanly manner the man spoke:

"Madame, whether you are a man or a lady, I'll say this to you: Haven't you sense enough to know you must stop at a boulevard? Why don't you watch where you're going?"

The madame drew herself up to the full height of five feet three.

"Well; I like that," she said slowly. "Here I was coming over to apologize to you. But now you can just go to hell!"

Capt. George Fried, of the Roosevelt, was talking to a reporter about the hardships of the sea.

"I know a sailorman," he said, "who has suffered for years from chronic sore throat and the other day he consulted a specialist.

"The specialist examined him and said: 'I am a great believer in simple remedies. Have you ever tried salt water gargling?'

"Well," said the sailorman, with a modest cough, 'I've been torpedoed seven times and shipwrecked five.'"

Teacher: Johnny, what do you mean by coming to school like that? Your hair is disgraceful.

Johnny: No comb, miss.

Teacher: Can't you use your father's comb?

Johnny: No hair, miss.

An aged colored man, clad in two or three suits of old clothes and an overcoat of ancient lineage, was feebly breasting his way against the winter's chilling blasts.

"Wind," he was heard to apostrophize a particularly ferocious gust, "wind, whar wuz you' las' Augus'?"—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

Two Books of Permanent Interest

(Continued from Page 10)

will be interred in the Greenlawn cemetery at Nelsonville, Ohio.

The war victim left September 19, 1917, with the first contingent from Clarksburg for Camp Lee, where he trained with the Eighteenth division. He went to France the following year, landing at Brest in May. He was killed October 2, 1918, the first of the battery to meet death.

The Tittle family lived at Gypsy for some time but recently moved to Tiltonville, O.

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VETS CONVERT YOUR INSURANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

giving merely the initials and surname of the applicant instead of the full name, serial number, rank and organization and other details necessary for prompt identification and Director Hines is urging all ex-service men to be particular about these items in order that the bureau's return service to them may not be retarded for lack of essential information.

A REMINDER

A Negro parson held forth as follows: "Brudders and sistahs, I want to warn you against de heinous crime ob stealin' chickens, and fuddermo' I wants to warn you against de heinous crime of stealin' watermelons."

At this point an old Negro rose up, snapped his fingers, and sat down again.

"Wharfo, brudder, does you rise up and snap you' finders when I speak ob watermelon stealin'?"

"You yes' reminds me, parson, where I left ma knife," was the reply.—Black & Blue Jay.

A sterling example was furnished, last Friday evening, of the danger of getting up a surprise party on a married couple without taking some member of the family into the confidence of the surprisers. The Elm Avenue Sewing Circle and husbands rolled in unannounced on Mr. Silas Peabody and Mrs. Peabody while he was standing in front of the fireplace waiting for his trousers upon which she was sewing a suspender button.

"I am a good judge of human nature," remarked a man as he employed a stranger. That night the stranger robbed his safe.

"Thank heaven, I still have a sense of humor," said a woman to some of her friends. Shortly afterward she went through the "Daily Dozen" with a straight face.

"I have improved this town and saved 10,000 souls," cried an evangelist as he left a city after holding revival services. Next month the citizens enlarged the jail.

"I believe in enforcing the prohibition law as it stands," bellowed a congressman. As he sat down a faint, glassy clink was heard in his coat pocket.

"Now for a good evening's work," said a student, as he arranged his books and papers. Half an hour later he went to the movies.—Princeton Tiger.

Heard one the other day where a gentleman of Hebrew appearance stayed at a hotel, but ate his meals next door. When the bill came he was charged with them. When he kicked the head clerk said: "Well, they were there for you; why didn't you eat them? You gotta pay."

So Abie forked over the change, but thought out a way to get back on the hotel. The next morning he showed up and demanded \$10. He said the clerk kissed his wife.

"No, no," replied the clerk, "you're crazy."

"Well," replied Abie, "you gotta pay anyway. She vus there for you; she vus there for you."—Nebraska Awgwan.

"Now Betty," said her grandpa, trying to be severe, "tell me why you didn't put that dime into the plate at church this morning. I like to see a girl give cheerfully and not let her right hand know what her left hand doeth."

"Well, grandpa," said Betty, who is very fond of candy, by the way, "that's just the trouble. My right hand thought my left hand was putting it in and my left hand thought my right hand was, and so between the two of them it didn't get put in at all."—Boston Transcript.

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Last Thursday was Dentist Harold Blaine's birthday, and upon the happy occasion he received a beautiful pair of felt slippers for office use from his wife. Several patients of Harold's had complained of having hob-nailed heel marks on their chests after a tooth was pulled.

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HOMES**

The First Ten Years Are The Hardest

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

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

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

There may be discouragements and obstacles, but remember

THE GRAND ARMY ENLISTED THEM ALL IN THE END.

Send in the Coupon today.

COUPON

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

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

Membership Dues	\$1.00 Per Year
Service Magazine	\$2.00 Per Year
Dues & Magazine	\$3.00 Per Year
Life Membership	\$25.00

NOTE—Dues and Magazine, \$3.00, includes Gold-plated Membership Button (Free). Please check items you are remitting for.

