



Double Number—JULY--OCTOBER, 1926

ARMISTICE DAY NUMBER

LOCAL P. C's.

Norfolk-Portsmouth  
POST NO. 1  
Norfolk, Va.

Philadelphia, Pa.  
POST NO. 2

Pittsburgh, Pa.  
POST NO. 3

Charleston, W. Va.  
POST NO. 4

Washington, D. C.  
POST No. 5

Clarksburg, W. Va.  
POST NO. 6

Fairmont, W. Va.  
POST NO. 7

Grafton, W. Va.  
POST No. 8

Richmond, Va.  
POST No. 9

Chestnut Ridge  
Uniontown, Pa.  
POST NO. 10

Petersburg Post  
Petersburg, Va.

AUXILIARIES  
Penna. Aux. No. 1  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Penna. Aux. No. 2  
Philadelphia, Pa.

West Va. Aux. No. 1  
Fairmont, W. Va.

UNIT P. C's.

COMPANY I,  
320th Inf. Reg.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

COMPANY E.  
320th Inf. Reg.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

COMPANY B.  
320th Inf. Reg.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

COMPANY G.  
320th Inf. Reg.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

COMPANY K.  
320th Inf. Reg.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

305th F. S. Bn. P. C.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

315th Field Artillery  
Bluefield, W. Va.

317th Infantry  
Hdq. Baltimore, Md.

N. Y. Association  
Officers of the 80th  
New York, N. Y.

**American Expeditionary Forces**

**France**

**1918-1919**

Camp Lee, Va.      Marseilles  
West Le Havre      Picardy Artois  
Mordeaus      St. Mihiel  
St. Nazaire      Meuse Argonne

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Granted to THE NORFOLK-PORTSMOUTH POST NO. 1. of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association. The undersigned do hereby fully subscribe to the Constitution of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association, and do hereby promise a faithful compliance with the By-Laws, insofar as these laws govern Local Posts of said Association, and will surrender this Charter upon demand of the Executive Council of the Association.

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President

Recording Secretary

Dated, JANUARY 20, 1922.

THE 80th DIVISION "ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD"



TO MY COMRADES OF THE EIGHTIETH DIVISION:—

You have conferred upon me a great honor and a great trust in electing me President of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association. For this I thank you and I pray that I may have the strength to warrant the confidence you place in me.

We have weathered a few storms. Thanks to the able leadership of my predecessors and to your hearty and energetic co-operation, we are now sailing on a smoother sea.

Our journey, however, is not ended and it will not end until the last of us shall have joined those who have gone before. Until that time comes it behooves us to carry on. To do otherwise would be to invite destruction of our association—the treasure house of all that we cherish in connection with our service with the Eightieth Division.

For the past year and a half our Association has made its home at Charleston, West Virginia. The welcome and the assistance given us by the City and the people of Charleston will never be sufficiently appraised. They have sheltered us when we needed shelter, and to them we are truly grateful.

And while on the subject of Charleston and its people, I cannot help but single out from among those good people, one who is most worthy of special mention—our comrade, Boyd Stutler. For eighteen months Boyd Stutler gave his untiring and unselfish services to our Association as resident secretary and as editor of "Service," refusing to accept any remuneration whatsoever. As President of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association it gives me pleasure to make this open expression of our gratitude to him, for it might be well said of Boyd Stutler that he gave that we might live.

To the people of Pittsburgh who have so kindly invited us to again make our home among them, we can truthfully say we are glad to be back. We owe them much for what they have done for us in the past, for what they are doing for us now and for what we know they will always be ready to do for us should we need them.

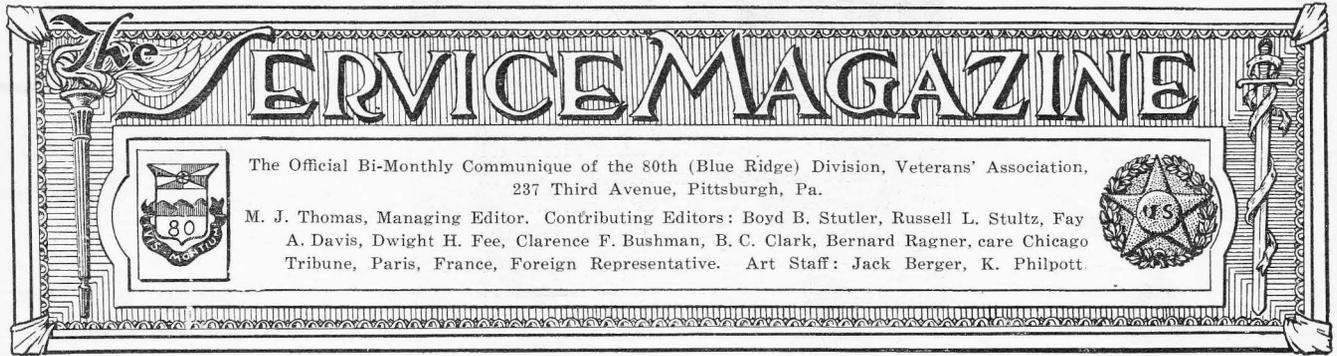
Comrades of the Eightieth Division, we are fortunate in having good friends. May we always prove worthy.

In the year to come let us direct our efforts towards making our Association bigger and stronger. We want all our comrades of the Eightieth Division in the fold of our Veterans' Association.

This is our objective. Let's go.

Yours in comradeship,

President.



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

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*THE 80th DIVISION "ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD"*

# Bright Spots of Petersburg Reunion

*August 26, 27, 28 and 29, 1926*

By RUSSELL L. STULTZ

Editor's Note:—Owing to the misfortune of Comrade Stultz, notes on the Reunion will be continued in the November-December issue. Comrade Stultz, unfortunately, met with an accident which, we understand, is not serious, and has promised to complete report for next issue.



Although the seventh annual "shindig" has passed into Blue Ridge history, its memory promises to linger long.

'Twas a grand and glorious reunion. All who heeded the call to

revisit the scenes of their rookie days agree upon that point.

"Welcome Back Home Again!" Thus Petersburg saluted the Blue Ridge hosts upon the occasion of their first peacetime invasion of the "Cockade City." It was an inspiring greeting and fittingly exemplified the hospitable manner in which the Eightieth was received in the cradle of its birth.

Seven times since its demobilization in 1919 has the Blue Ridge Division assembled in annual reunion. It remained, however, for the warmth and cordiality of the old "home town" to fully revive and reconsecrate the fine old comradeship and associations of wartime days.

From a reunion and fraternal standpoint, the Petersburg convention has never been excelled. The reunion slogan, so fittingly expressive, was more than a slogan; it was the moving impulse and spirit controlling the gathering—as well as the incentive that drew many. No atmosphere or environment was ever more friendly than that characterizing Petersburg during the last week in August.

Not with words alone was the Eightieth welcomed "Back Home Again." Nothing, apparently, was left undone to make the men feel they were back home again in reality. There was a smile and greeting on every side, there were hearty recognition and handclaps, invitations and stirring memories, affection and unmistakable evidence of the warm regard in which the Division is held by its earliest and longest friends.

They had welcomed the men to Camp Lee in the autumn of 1917; they had viewed with amazement and pride their transformation from awkward civilians and raw recruits into trained and disciplined soldiers; they had re-

ceived and welcomed them into their homes and social activities; later, in the spring of 1918, their farewells and prayers accompanied the men as they stole out of the cantonment in secret, silent columns to embark for active service and that "Somewhere in France"; still later, they watched confidently and proudly, at times sadly, the Division's gallant achievements on foreign battlefields; and this time, after the elapse of eight years and more, they awaited the long-delayed return of its veterans—the cycle that began and ended at Petersburg was complete.

Not alone the town, but the men themselves, seemed reimbued with the spirit of sentiment and camaraderie born of other days. There were present among them those who had hurriedly passed through Camp Lee and Petersburg during the feverish period of demobilization in the summer of 1919, not tarrying to renew training day contacts, but scattering quickly in heed to the call of their homes and the demands of civilian duties long put aside. Many, however, had not visioned Petersburg since that eventful May when they had slipped away unheralded to perform their waiting mission on the Western Front, and for these the opportunity to revisit its familiar, friendly scenes held an appeal that could not be denied and which no previous reunion has offered.

The years have stamped their indelible impress. It was a more quiet, more serious and subdued gathering than were those marking the Division's earlier reunions. The exuberant, carefree boys of 1920 and 1921 have matured with the weight of years and peacetime cares and responsibilities, their conception of reunions has, in the most part, undergone a definite and natural transition—their present-day dignities and sedate behavior confirm the change. If further witness was required, the presence of numerous family groups supplied it. A few years ago, the men came with their buddies or alone, seeking a soldier's interpretation of a "good time." Accompanying them to Petersburg, as never before, were the substantial products of the years—their madames and enfants. Yes, a new style in reunions has arrived.

Few of the trappings of service were in evidence to indicate this a gathering of war veterans. Gone, al-

most completely, were the visible relics so lately denoting the men's career with a famous combat division. In marked contrast with the array of faded, ill-fitting khaki and O.D. adorning the reunion attendants at Richmond, Pittsburgh and Norfolk, but a scant dozen uniforms appeared on the Petersburg "front" to remind the citizens of the solid masses of khaki-garbed Blue Ridge men who once thronged nightly the length and breadth of Sycamore street. Truly, "civvies," when thus they supplant "army issue" as reunion dress, have been restored permanently to veteran favor and wardrobes.

One of the outstanding features of the gathering was the representative attendance. Although the number present—about 1,500—has exceeded on several occasions, it is doubtful whether any previous reunion has ever enjoyed so complete a representation of units. Aside from the presence of more of the general officers than ever before, it was good to observe the wholly natural and informal manner in which erstwhile Brigadiers, Colonels, Majors and "Bucks" met to exchange pleasantries and reminiscence over the colorful incidents of training areas and battle front. The measure of stiffness and self-consciousness once characterizing such contacts has gone its proper way with other superfluous inheritances of the war, to be replaced with a common plane of appreciation and understanding. It is well, this growing absence of degrees at our reunions.

A majority of the old "regulars" were present (and usually "accounted for"). Then, too, there were many on hand for their second, third and fourth reunions. Best of all, many new faces were seen, numbers harking to Camp Lee's appeal to attend their initial post-bellum assembly. If the pleasureable expressions heard may be accepted as an index, those who acquired the "reunion habit" at Petersburg will be seen in the ranks next year and thereafter.

Hundred of men drawn from every sector of the Blue Ridge States of Virginia, West Virginia and Pennsylvania moved forward upon Petersburg in a common "offensive" and took the historic city as their own for four glorious days of reunion and reminiscing with old buddies and friends. Memory stalked through the men, mature

citizens now, as they congregated and renewed war-time ties with comrades from whom separated years before by the changing fortunes of camp and battlefield — memories of the days when they were untried and undaunted youths rushed across the treacherous Atlantic to stem the German onslaught mingling with the somber recollections of brave and sacrificing buddies left sleeping on French soil.

Now in peacetime, with the realities of yesterday's perils and hardships softened and dimmed by the passage of eight years, in increasing numbers were the lighter and humorous incidents that helped to relieve the grueling demands of service recalled and enlarged upon. Most of all, the talk and recollections of the men centered about the old Camp Lee days and the training period of the Eightieth. The mutual experiences of that era provided a common ground for reminiscence, and many were the uncensored tales related for the first time outside of company streets and latrine walls.

The historic city which during the Civil War for twelve heroic months successfully withstood the longest and bloodiest siege in American city, capitulated without a struggle the survivors of the Eightieth advanced and swept down upon their objective. The surrender was complete, and the victors were showered with honors befitting conquerors. Twice has Petersburg succumbed to a Blue Ridge invasion, ever ready to pay tribute and throw open its gates as never done before in its two centuries of proud history. Southern hospitality still lives.

A town resplendent in flags and bunting greeted the veterans as they and their families arrived in Petersburg by train and automobile for the Division's home-coming. Sycamore street, for many months the nightly promenade of the Eightieth, was decked its length in brave holiday attire and beckoned a riotous welcome to the visitors. Not alone Sycamore, with its solid walls of color, but practically every street and place of business in the city contributed its quota of decorations and Blue Ridge insignia to Petersburg's vivid reception. Nowhere has an Eightieth Division reunion been the signal for a more festive spirit and dress.

In happy contrast with the days of '17 and '18, when hard-boiled "M. P's." patrolled Sycamore and forced pleasure-loving Blue Ridgers to "watch their step" (as well as elusive buttons and other tabooed military infractions), a thousand and more of those who had returned in the honored role of veterans roamed the streets at will,

blissfully, scornfully mocking the ancient dangers of missing haughty second "looies," the last Camp Lee car and "taps." Yes, Petersburg is assuredly a more pleasant place in which to enjoy a holiday.

The "Petersburg Grays'" new armory on Market street served as Reunion Headquarters and the temporary abode of "Hamilton P. C." And a "Poste de Command" fit for the Eightieth it was. Here, too, in its spacious auditorium were the business and social sessions of the reunion held. A force of 15 typists, ably assisted by a squad or two of Petersburg's fairest mam'selles, functioned as efficiently and smoothly as veterans in receiving and registering the visitors. Doubtless a lot of credit was due to the "old-timer" in command—none less than a Regimental Sergeant Major, Winfield, of the 318th Infantry. Anyway a lot of fellows found themselves passed down the line more speedily than they moved through a Camp Lee mustering-office back in '17. There was neither confusion nor delay and system reigned per approved army schedule.

Although the Gray's Armory was the official Reunion Headquarters, the Eightieth "field command" centered about the Hotel Petersburg. With every room packed and jammed with Blue Ridgers in a way to rival the congestion of French billeting areas, its register supplied a working roster of "Who's Who" in the Division today. While unlisted in the program, many an official (and unofficial) activity of the four-day meet had its conception and culmination there. The men "on leave" formed a congenial crowd, and both the Petersburg's atmosphere and bell-hops ably met all requirements and emergencies. Sure, there are certain emergencies, even at reunions.

The Eightieth Division publicity man (despite the non-existence of such an "animal") certainly put the big show over with a slam. Both before and during the reunion, hundreds of papers throughout the Blue Ridge area carried feature stories and Associate Press dispatches describing the Eightieth's overseas record and the Petersburg home-coming. The Richmond, Norfolk, Pittsburgh and Charleston dailies ran special articles, with pictures of people and scenes near and dear to the Eightieth. The enterprising Pittsburgh "Post" and "Gazette-Times" sent staff correspondents to Petersburg to keep the "folks back home" informed, thus demonstrating that Blue Ridge "do-in's" are still news. Several hundred country dailies and weeklies were supplied with advance reunion "copy," and these stories undoubtedly played

an important part in increasing the rural attendance.

It remained, however, for "The Progress-Index," Petersburg's sole entry in the journalistic field, to mark the Division's return in a manner befitting prodigals. Its issue of August 27th was a special edition of 28 pages dedicated to the Eightieth, carrying the friendly legend, "Welcome Buddies, Back Home Again," in large type across the front page. Articles narrating the Division's history and achievements featured the number, and practically every business concern in Petersburg was represented with advertisements expressing pleasure upon the Eightieth's return. Yep, the shops have "kindo" missed the old outfit's free and easy manners. "Com-*pre*?"

Other mediums besides the press were commandeered to "tell the world" about the Eightieth's recent get-together. Those who "listened in" on the night of July 30th heard Col. C. Fred Cook, of the Washington "Evening Star," broadcast the reunion "communiqué" from Station WCA, Washington. Col. Cook, who became a Blue Ridge "fan" while teaching the 305th Ammunition Train to "do their stuff," is ever loyal to the Eightieth.

An equally efficacious form of publicity was adopted by other Eightieth Division "alumni" stationed in Washington. General Jamerson and Colonels Keller and Peyton employed postcards in carrying the reunion appeal to several hundred of their war-time officers and men. These personal invitations were instrumental in increasing the Petersburg roll-call.

Whoever designed the reunion badge achieved a nifty piece of work, and by the same act paid the Division's tribute to its war-time chief, Major General Adelbert Cronkhite. Made of celuloid and forming a replica of the Division insignia, a characteristic picture of the Blue Ridge Commander appears in the center of the badge, surrounded by a red border. Encircling the General's medalion is the legend, "80th Div. 7th Annual Reunion, Petersburg, Va., 1926," and surmounting it is a miniature cut of the Division coat-of-arms. The badge is suspended from the name pin by a red, white and blue ribbon. Attractive? Oui!

The Reunion Program likewise deserves a paragraph all its own. Composed of 16 pages, bound in blue paper covers, it supplies a handsome specimen of the printer's art and a permanent souvenir of the convention. A cut of the 80th Division insignia in colors, with the inspiring legend, "Back Home Again," above, decorates

*Continued on Page 18*



LIEUT. DONALD B. FULLERTON,  
FORMERLY OF THE 315TH  
FIELD ARTILLERY, SAILS FOR  
EUROPE

August 19, 1926.

John T. Morgan, President Eightieth  
Division, Veterans' Association,  
Charleston, W. Va.

Dear Captain Morgan:

After looking forward to reunion  
with the Eightieth this month, it is a  
great disappointment to have to sail  
for Europe this week. Probably I  
shall not return before 1928, if then.

First let me congratulate you and  
the division on the steps taken al-  
ready in initiating a more economic  
organization. How fine Sergt. Stut-  
ler has been through this whole period  
of trouble and trial! Certainly the  
division should be very proud and  
happy to own such a man in its or-  
ganization.

As I am leaving in a few hours I  
must hasten on. Last May a friend  
took me to a most delightful home for  
soldiers of the Great War. Of course  
it is for "Vets" who are sick and dis-  
abled. It does not take contagious or  
lung cases. The only requirements  
I learned of were: Service in the Al-  
lies in the Great War, and that the  
individual need not be well off finan-  
cially. Located in Toms River, N. J.,  
it has the advantages of the sea-  
shore. When I visited there were  
about seven "Vets" there while the  
home can accommodate about twenty-  
two. My friend has been greatly in-  
terested in the home ever since the  
war, but he states that it is becoming  
difficult to find men who need it. Can-  
not the Eightieth Division fill it and  
keep it full? It is a lovely home,  
beautifully situated. If you find any  
of our men who need such a place, the  
man to write is Mr. N. Paul Case,  
Cook's Department Store, Cookman  
avenue, Asbury Park, N. J.

It would be well to mention that  
Miss LeRoy had suggested our getting  
in touch.

"Hamilton, P. C."

Dear Old Pals o' Mine:



My name is A.  
Dud. When "Ham-  
ilton P. C." moved  
back 2 Pittsburgh,  
the Resident Sec-  
retary found me in  
one of the packing  
cases, and I surely was glad to get  
out. I had been there since the "80th"  
left France. I shall now tell you my  
history, then you will know me bet-  
ter.

One day, over in No-Man's Land, I  
was put into a big gun, but my fuse  
did not go off, so they pulled me out  
and threw me in one of the Signal  
core boxes, that had telephones, bat-  
teries and other equipment in it at  
one time. It made me sore, as I  
wanted the worst way to do my stuff  
as all my other comrades had done.  
but it is for the best, that I did not  
go off 'cause I would not be here with  
you now. I made up my mind that I  
would stick with the 80th as I had  
been assigned with the 313th Field  
Artillery, so here I am with you 80th  
men once more, and I shall tell you  
all about "Hamilton P. C." from now  
on.

Tuesday night, September 28, I  
heard our "R. S." voice for the first  
time when he asked Bill Fleming to  
open the box which I was in. Then  
came a lot more noises as there was a  
grand rush (U no—just as if mess  
was sounded) by Klear, King, and  
Pannier. Then Mr. Crowley opened  
the box I was in and gee! I sure was  
glad. In a few minutes they had the  
box opened and some one picked me

With best wishes to all my friends  
and comrades of the Eightieth, of  
whom I shall think while on the high  
seas, and congratulating you on your  
work, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Donald B. Fullerton.

Old Pals Co. "G" 320th Infantry

Bloxom, Va.,

September 30, 1926.

Dear Klier: Please pardon me for  
not answering your letter before;  
really I am ashamed of it, but I have  
been so awful busy that I have hardly  
had time to think.

Joseph Slade's address is Windsor,  
Virginia, or at least that is where he  
lived at the time he was drafted. I  
have not written to him and I don't  
know that he lives there now or not,  
but perhaps he does.

Can you give me the address of  
Patrick Clifford? I would like to have  
a line from him if I could locate him,  
and also Lieutenant Cannon. If you  
know either of these addresses I  
would appreciate them very much.

Give my best regards to any of the  
Old Pals of the Army when you see  
them, and anything I can do for you  
at any time along this line just drop  
me a line and I will try and be a lit-  
tle more prompt. Best wishes for you  
and yours, I am

Yours in comradeship

C. D. Nelson,

Private, Co. "G," 320th Inf.

up in the package and put me on top  
of a paper box. It was here that "K.  
P." found me. I could hear and see  
what was going on. About twenty  
men from the Pittsburgh Post No. 3  
and Mr. Crowley sure did the shoul-  
der-arm stuff with that office furni-  
ture—same moving stuff down to the  
new "Hamilton P. C." on the second  
floor, others unpacking this and that,  
and some taking care of the old  
wrapping paper and wood. Gee, but  
that bunch was sure happy working  
and talking about who won the war,  
and the good time they had at Pe-  
tersburg. About one and a half hours  
after the rush they all met at the new  
"Hamilton P. C." for a regular meet-  
ing of the Pittsburgh Post No. 3.  
Gee, but I sure would like to tell you  
all that happened, but you know how  
'tis. One thing sure—they all are for

Continued on Page 15

# In the Footsteps of the 80th

## *An Account of a Recent Visit to France and the Battle Sector of the Eightieth*



While returning home from France upon the conclusion of my first visit since the war, and with war-time and peace-time impressions both fresh in my mind, it occurs to me

that some of the men of the Blue Ridge Division might find a narrative of my recent experiences interesting.

I commenced my tour of the battle areas just about the time we were transferred from the Somme country to the American Sector in 1918. The weather was much warmer but equally fair. Again the peasants were in the midst of a fine harvest. The balmy nights were brilliant with the light of the great hunter's moon that had made them so beautiful while we were resting on the lovely slopes of Cote D'Or after the trying ordeal of the British trenches and just before St. Mihiel.

Time did not permit me to visit the region of Aigny le Duc in Cote D'Or, nor of Bar le Duc where we had rested prior to St. Mihiel. I commenced my tour at Lempire on the Sacred Way just South of Verdun whence we moved into our battle positions for the 26th of September. In the Bois le Ville, where we bivouacked after marching northward from Souilly, I found traces of the stone roadway which the Second Battalion, 318th Infantry, had constructed for its greater comfort. Who in that Battalion will ever forget that it was there the Old Virginian Wagon made its debut on the occasion of our Sunday minstrel parade! Who will forget the four white mules, the tall man and little Goyer who, gotten up as Negroes, trundled the old wagon through the sombre forest to the amusement of the somewhat solemn host huddling there!

The Bois le Ville, like the Bois des Sartelles to which we moved on the night of the 24th, had become almost impassable with a dense undergrowth no longer trampled down by successive occupants. As I stood on the ridge in front of the latter and looked northward it was difficult to recognize the terrain of 1918. Fromerville at my feet was a large newly reconstructed town. Every valley,

By

**Lt. Col. JENNINGS C. WISE**

*Formerly 318th Infantry*

every hillside, was under cultivation. An occasional shell no longer fell upon the landscape as when we first view it. The incessant rumble of distant guns no longer made the surrounding silence seem more intense. It was from the chimneys of innumerable peaceful little villages that did not even exist in war days that the only spires of smoke arose.

And the Bois Burrous where we first caught up on the night of September 25-26 in the maelstrom of battle! It, too, like an old graveyard, was but a tangle of undergrowth. Yet, above it, could be seen scores of riven trunks rearing, their charred remains like the bones of skeletons laid bare. Indeed, they were all that remained to remind one of the wilderness of desolation into which we had been washed by the tide of war. But as I stood there it seemed to me that once again I could feel the appalling calm of that fateful moonlit night as we waited expectantly, knowing that the great test had come at last; once again I could hear the amazing uproar that suddenly burst upon our world dispelling for days the old silences; could see the lurid unearthly horizons that closed in about us, and the flickering halos with which the flashing guns crowned the summit of Mort Homme. Then, too, it seemed to me that back over these now smiling hillsides, once so sear and forbidding, again there came the swelling roar of human voices announcing at last that Brett's Brigade was on its gallant way. Ah! what relief there was in that. The chill dawn, the move forward past Germonville through the guns now firing at high elevations, the countless aerial combats as the brave enemy airmen, careless of all danger, dashed at our sausages, the rapid march past Chattancourt and the Mort Homme to Bethincourt, the swarming host that surged forward by every trail, the walking wounded and the prisoners hurrying rearward, all recalled themselves vividly. But no one that had not been there in 1918 could believe that the lovely scene which I now witnessed was once a vale of sorrow. Even the once yellow pock-marked slopes of the Mort

Homme and Hill 304 were covered with a carpet of green that hid entirely their excoriations. New metallized roadways traversed the country. The bogs that were No Man's Land along the Raude Forges had been drained and were yielding fine crops of alfalfa. In place of the crumbling masonry that alone marked the sites of the villages, the maze of trenches and wire that seamed every hillside and plain, the labyrinth of dug-outs and shelters, the noisome litter of years of conflict—now there was a prosperous agricultural region dotted with new red-roofed villages at Chattancourt, Bethincourt, Forges, Septsarges, Nantillois, Brioules and Cunel. Only Montfaucon was unreconstructed, but even there the ruins were much obscured by a thicket of the young poplars that had everywhere sprung up to replace the destroyed forests. Together, the curing hand of nature and that of man had worked unbelievable changes in the war-time landscape. It was only in these thickets that any trace of war could be found. Over the old magazine at Nantillois in which so many headquarters were successively established, a large house had been erected. As I poked about among the new houses looking for familiar points, the villagers gathered to assist me. The splendid monument which the good people of Pennsylvania have erected there to the Blue Ridge Division was very impressive. The peasants are still finding bones in their gardens, and under the gorse hedges that divide the hay fields on Hill 274 in front of the Bois des Ogons and the Bois des Fays are to be seen here and there, little piles of helmets, trenching tools, and other equipment which the annual plowing will continue to glean from the soil for many years to come, no doubt, but it was even difficult there to be certain of exact positions. Beginning with the Bois des Ogons a dense new thicket spread to Cunel through which it is now almost impossible to pass. The same is true of the Bois Septsaiges, the Bois Brioules, the Bois d'en Dela, Bois de Jure and the Bois Gercourt, which for the most part were woods in name only in 1918. So large are the new grown trees that already these communal woods, which have been restocked with game, are begin-

ning to yield an annual crop of fuel for the adjacent villages.

What was of most interest to me was to study our old positions from the German side. It was surprising to find how exposed was the town of Nantillois, the Bois des Ogons and all the surrounding terrain. From both Cunel and Brioules and especially from Conseoye and the heights east of the Meuse the enemy had perfect observation of our every movement. Much of what we believed to be covered ground was in fact not such, which accounts for much of our sad experience at Hill 274.

Leaving Cunel I drove cross country past Romage, where so many of our dead lie in the well-kept American cemetery, to Fleville and Sommerance to trace our operations of November 1 and after. It was particularly surprising to me to discover how close our last operation on the Meuse was to our first, and even more so that our jump-off line in the last phase, November 1, was practically on a line with our position on the Cunel-Brioules road to the right which we gave over to the Fifth Division the preceding month. It must ever remain a great satisfaction to the men of the Eightieth Division to know that not only was that division the only one to be employed in all three phases of the great battle, but that in each of its three major operations it reached the final objective set for it ahead of those on its flanks, in one instance over ground which three divisions preceding it had failed to pass. Some day students of the war will give General Cronkite the full credit to which he is entitled for this.

What I have said of the terrain over which we first operated is true with respect to St. Juvin, St. Georges, Landreid-St. Georges, Immeourt, Sivry, Buzancy, Harricourt, St. Pierremont, Sommauthe and Beaumont. The old terrain is hardly recognizable. Everywhere there has been restoration of the villages and towns, everywhere the land has been reclaimed for cultivation. In Sivry I found the barn still standing in which such heavy casualties occurred among the three Battalion Headquarters of the 318th Infantry when a shell burst among them on the night of November 2. The villagers told me seven former American officers had visited the barn two years ago. I imagine it must have been Colonel Sweeney and some of the officers of the First Battalion.

From Verdun—also hardly recognizable—even in its most devastated quarters—I drove via St. Menehould,

Rheims, Chemin-des-Dames, Soissons, Compeigne, Montdidier, Cantigny and Amiens to Albert. Some of this was new ground to me, though most of it I had seen before. I will not write of it since it comprises no part of the theatre of operations of the Eightieth Division.

I had last seen Albert from an O.P. in a sunken road at Bouzaincourt. It was there my command had suffered its first casualties. Then the remaining walls of the great church stood up out of a desolate plain like an indestructible tower among the debris of a destroyed city. Over the forbidding landscape the chalky German trenches sprawled out across the valley of the Somme toward Peronne like the bones of a huge skeleton bleaching in the summer sunshine. Under the incessant bombardment of the British guns the surrounding country then seemed incapable of harboring human life. Now Albert is a thriving town apparently unconscious in its newness of the recent past. Yet, what tragedies the one-time wanderers who, with all but superhuman courage have reared it, phoenix-like, out of its ashes, could relate! From there, as from Thiepval Ridge, it was not difficult to see why life in Aveluy Wood across the Ancre had been so unpleasant for us. Banks characteristic of the fields of the Somme, and sunken roads where everywhere to be seen just as over in our own territory.

But if Aveluy Wood seemed a doleful place from the German side, upon inspection from within my gloomy recollections of it made it seem even more woeful now than in 1918. The haunted ruins of Bouzaincourt, Mesnil and Martinsart had been replaced by villages, but still the ghosts of the past seem to stalk beneath its shades and through its dank greenness. As I prowled through its fastnesses where still the old trenches are to be seen, almost slimy with moss, I almost feared to speak lest I should arouse some terror of those nights we spent among the dismal fens and the clammy wraith-like mists of the Ancre.

I do not know why this country made such a powerful appeal to my imagination. Perhaps it was here that we first launched into active war. Because one's first impressions are the deepest, no doubt my memories there were the most vivid. It was hard to believe that so many of the officers who were with me here and also scores of the men who garrisoned this, our first trench sector, were no more.

As I studied the old British posi-

tions both from within and from the German side, I was convinced that the German Army of 1918 could never have crossed the tremendous successive lines of defence which the British Third Army constructed on the west side of the Ancre after the spring break-through. In miles it was but a short distance, but in the reality of offensive operations it was a long, long way to the coast from where the Germans were halted at Arras, Baupaume, Thiepval, Albert and Villers-Brettoneux. Moreover, it was a desperate army that faced the Germans in the summer of 1918. How well I recall the jovial British general, Tom Cubitt, commanding the Thirty-eighth Welsh Division to which we were attached, and how suddenly becoming serious as he bade me good-bye, he added: "And remember, Major, no man, no matter what happens, must abandon his post. There can be no retreat."

This was at the end of four years of war. How silly those who imagine that the British Army had slackened in its resolve to see the thing through to the bitter end. One who saw the British hosts rush forward to Amiens and Baupaume those August days of 1918 as we saw them, their muffled bands playing them forward through the nights as they tramped and sang, can have no such delusions. We only saw them commence the final offensive after disasters that might well have chilled the courage of any army, but thank God we were with them if even for so brief a time. It was glorious to learn later of their wonderful achievements during those last hundred days when they alone of all the Allies were continuously engaged.

From the Ancre I passed rearward through Engelbelmer, Warloy, Varennes, Lealvillers, Puchvillers, Acheux, Rubempre and Beauquesne—our forward billeting area—to Beauval and Doullens. Here and there I found old friends among the peasants, but among them generally as with the land, time had worked great changes. It was almost painful to enter one's old billet in search of these people, to grasp the few hands that remained. One need not be over-sentimental to feel a lump in the throat at such a time.

In all the places visited by me on the British front it would seem that I was the first American to return, and in all the wide tour of the battle areas which I made I met with not one disillusionment. No, the spirit of the brave people who have reconstructed the devastated regions of

*Continued on Page 14*

# The Wait in the Le Mans Area

## Provisional Chapter--"History of the 80th Division, A.E.F."



MARKEDLY pleasant change in the character of the landscape had become apparent to the troops while enroute, and all became quickly conscious upon arrival in the Le Mans area that the Division had at last found one of those regions from which the land derived its sobriquet of "Sunny France." Several units had left the 15th Training Area in the midst of a snowstorm and the transformation wrought by the 24-hour journey across central France seemed incredible. Although early in the season, the fields were verdant green and spring flowers bloomed in profusion in the bright sunshine. From the bleak, desolate hills and crumbling villages of Yonne to the cheerful, open spaces of Sarthe had required but a brief interval, yet it sufficed to bring the Division back into more modern and congenial environment and it was with genuine relief that the men welcomed a country-side of tidy homes and neatly cultivated fields.

It was by far the most attractive area in which the Division as a unit had ever been billeted. The troops, with the exception of the 319th Infantry and 305th Engineers, which were stationed at the Forwarding Camp, near Le Mans, were distributed over the Department of which Le Mans was the capital. It was in this city that the headquarters of the American Embarkation Center was located, and where, in 1908, Wilbur Wright made the first successful flights with an aeroplane and founded a science destined to play so vital a role in the great war less than a decade later. The area formed a part of the district known as the "chateau country" of France, and scattered through the beautiful, rolling country bordering the Loire River were to be seen many magnificent examples of these stately mansions.

The streets and houses of the little towns were surprisingly clean and orderly, in striking contrast with the decadent conditions encountered in the smaller communities of the Ancy-le-Franc area. Far removed from proximity to the front, the land bore none of the visible scars of war. The French population, although long accustomed to the presence of American troops, was most hospitable and the friendly relations which were established upon arrival continued uninterrupted throughout the Division's

Compiled By  
**RUSSELL L. STULTZ**  
Division Historian

*Continued from the Sept.,-Oct., 1925  
Issue of "Service"*

stay of approximately six weeks in the area. Many of the men were quartered in private homes and those so fortunate were treated with extreme cordiality.

The towns, of which Ecommoy, Chateau-du-Loir, and Mayet were the largest, were liberally supplied with shops, especially pastry shops and cafes, and many of the men for the first time since reaching France had an opportunity to obtain comforts and delicacies long unknown. Commissaries were likewise conducted at Ecommoy and Chateau du Loir, and branch exchanges were subsequently organized in each billeting area.

Extreme liberality distinguished the schedule of calls and regulations formulated by Division Headquarters. The troops were gratified to find that the improved conditions included later hours for reveille, with corresponding deferment of the various duties prescribed. The routine inaugurated was laid down in a Division Bulletin of April 4, which announced as follows:

"In general the training will consist of: (a) Drills and Ceremonies; (b) Road marches; (c) Target practice. The forenoons will be devoted to the above, except when a unit is assigned a target range practice will be carried on throughout the day. The afternoons will be devoted to recreation and sports. It is proposed to organize a Division baseball league and get it in operation at the earliest practicable moment."

The change from the heavy training program carried on during the winter reacted most beneficially upon the men, whose strenuous duties had not materially diminished after the armistice. The interest in athletics, which had prevailed in the Division to a marked extent at Camp Lee, immediately revived as a result of the official encouragement and baseball leagues sprang up in almost every unit. Strong teams were formed in many of the organizations and such was the spirit of rivalry displayed that support and enthusiasm attained a high pitch. While equipment was available in sufficient quantities, a

lack of fields suitable for sports greatly handicapped activities in this direction, but this obstacle was gradually overcome, frequently by the novel expedient of utilizing the commodious town square for a diamond. These exhibitions of the American national game were invariably viewed with indulgent passivity by the French populace, by whom they were termed "games of danger," and who smiled in puzzlement at the degree of fervor manifested by both participants and spectators; however, the small boys, more responsive to the spirit of the contests, quickly succumbed to the excitement and formed curious groups at each game.

Both the Knights of Columbus and the Y. M. C. A. were strongly represented in the Le Mans area, and moving pictures, dances, boxing bouts, and other entertainment were staged almost nightly in the various towns. Occasional shows by troops from Overseas Theatre Leagues and Service Organizations were likewise given. While in the area the men had an opportunity to see moving pictures of the review of the Division by General Pershing.

Perhaps no single modification of hitherto existing regulations occasioned such universal satisfaction among the members of the command as did the announcement of the removal of some of the restrictions attending leaves of absence. All men, when off duty, were allowed free circulation within the Division area without the requirement of passes. It was soon discovered that American Embarkation Center authorities pursued a most generous policy in this matter. Week-end passes to nearby points were eagerly taken advantage of, with a majority of the troops spending their holidays in Tours, which was the largest city accessible. Many of those stationed at the Forwarding Camp were given stated periods of liberty in Le Mans. Small leave allotments were available for visiting Paris, Italy, Belgium and England, and a few men received this coveted permission. Early in December a new leave area had been established at St. Malo, an old and most interesting seaside resort on the northern coast of Brittany, and large contingents from the Division were the recipients of seven-day leaves to this point. It was noted that the men profited greatly as a result of the

freedom from all duty and change of environment. Gen Sturgis' attitude with respect to the increased privileges allowed was expressed in a Division Bulletin dated April 5, in the following statement:

"The Division Commander desires that, during hours of leisure, liberty and freedom of movement be accorded as far as consistent with military requirements, to the end that the men may not feel the burden of any unnecessary restraint. The co-operation of all commanders is desired, to carry out the idea herein expressed, which is intended in no way, however, to infringe the requirements of discipline."

The lighter side of existence in the new area was not permitted to overshadow the basic purpose in sending the Division to the American Embarkation Center; the major portion of the stay was devoted to the not unpleasant duty of preparing to go home. Only a single factor intruded to mar the harmony of "marking time" while awaiting the final movement toward port, and his disturbing element consisted of inspections. Reports had reached the Division while in the 15th Training Area of the multitudinous formalities which would have to be complied with, and both officers and men speedily learned that the rumors were not exaggerated. All administrative orders of the period dwelt almost wholly upon the subject of inspections and their importance. It was during this interval that the time of arrival in the Le Mans area until discharge in America would resolve itself into an unbroken succession of inspections. The troops discovered shortly that the obstacles to departure from France were infinitely more numerous and complex than any met with preliminary to coming over.

A very elaborate system had been outlined by the officials of the American Embarkation Center which required that a Division, before leaving the area for a Port of Embarkation, should emerge without defect or blemish from a series of progressive clothing and equipment inspections and a most thorough delousing schedule. These were conducted by officers from the American Embarkation Center, and their verdict usually spelled the sailing date of the units concerned. The process of cleansing and re-equipment began early in April and was pursued unceasingly, inspections of one description or another being of almost daily occurrence. As early as April 4 Division Headquarters had proceeded to acquaint the

command with the objects and operation of the area, that section of the regulations captioned "General Information," being quoted in part below:

"1. The American Embarkation Center at Le Mans has been established for the purpose of preparing troops for transportation to the United States through the ports of Brest and St. Nazaire. It consists of various Division Billeting Areas and the necessary administrative and labor personnel. The total capacity of the area is approximately 200,000 men.

"2. The two main points involved in this process of preparation are: (1) The delousing of the men; (2) the completion of all records pertaining to the personnel of the Division. The promptness with which these are accomplished is a factor in determining when the Division is to move from this area to the ports of embarkation.

"3. On account of the camping facilities at Brest only a limited number of men will be camped there. As a general rule, troops from this area to port will go directly from train to ship. The movements from Le Mans to ports of embarkation are governed by calls from the Commanding General to the Ports and these calls are governed by the shipping facilities."

It had been assumed by the uninitiated that the energetic measures employed in the 15th Training Area to rid the command of vermin would obviate any necessity for prolonging the process in the Le Mans Area. The men as a result of these steps arrived in the area practically free from lice, but it became apparent, without delay, that "it was the unalterable policy of the Government that not a single cootie, dead or alive should be imported into the United States, even as a souvenir," if we may borrow the language of an historian of the 315th Machine Gun Battalion.

Beginning April 10 organization surgeons were directed to make physical examinations of their troops every second day, and organizations were instructed to provide delousing facilities in each billeting area. Capt. Stephen W. Tunnel, M.C., of the 305th Sanitary Train, on this date was appointed Division Supervisor of Delousing and Bathing, and organization supervisors were designated by each regimental and separate unit commander to function under him.

Two days later, on April 12, the Division Commander declared in an official order that "the delousing campaign must be continued with the utmost energy if this Division is to be ready for embarkation when called for. There are known to be a few cases in the majority of the separate units of the Division; these cases constitute a distinct menace and must be taken care of at once." A roster of troops by companies was ordered kept in each organization for the purpose of showing lice incidence and as an accurate guide towards its eradication. Hot water bathing facilities were available throughout the area, and the constant use of these, supplemented by the Serbian barrel, steam box, and other apparatus, resulted in relieving the men of all cooties prior to the important American Embarkation Center inspections for vermin.

While the delousing campaign was being relentlessly pursued, the task of qualifying the Division to pass the equally momentous inspections of clothing, equipment and records continued with corresponding vigor. The scenes which had preceded embarkation for France were closely paralleled, characterized, however, by a single fundamental difference—the Division was preparing to go home. Division Headquarters and unit commanders worked at high speed directing compliance with the mass of instructions emanating from the American Embarkation Center and governing procedure. As the orders and activity increased in volume and urgency, the conviction that movement impeded was proportionately impressed upon the men.

(To be Continued)

#### PRESIDENT CELLA GUEST OF PHILADELPHIA POST NO. 2

On Tuesday, October 12, President Carlo D. Cella was the guest of the Philadelphia Post No. 2, and viewed the American Legion parade from the Union League Club, of which our comrade, Frank Schoble, is a member. Howard Wells, of Petersburg, our other blind veteran, was with him at the time also. It was surprising how these heroes enjoyed listening to the bands in the parade and having President Cella describe to them the various state delegations, uniform worn, the floats and many other interesting features of the parade. The parade took five hours to pass the Club. Members of the Philadelphia Post No. 2 were delighted that the parade gave their guests such pleasure.

# FASHIONS :-: By KAYE

In no other country in the world is there such beautiful women as in America. America has many things to be proud of, but really the most important is her lovely, intelligent, and refined women. You need not go farther than Fifth avenue to verify this statement. All sorts and kinds of people pass you, and in the midst of it all you are astonished at the loveliness of the young women. Tall and petite, slender and delightfully plump—all dressed in the latest fashion and displaying their charms to great advantage.

You may watch for five minutes or more and then you will go away thanking goodness that you are living in such a glorious world and age. Your mind is a conglomeration of fascinating colors—reds, vivid blues, soft yellows and golden browns. Yet it is not the beauty alone that makes such an impression on your mind. Style and fashions have a lot to do with this parade of loveliness. America need not look to Europe for styles. Paris moves very slowly. It is to America that the style setters of Europe send "the latest" to be tried out. We are willing to give the new styles a chance until the nations of Europe get used to our position. Oftentimes we are not pleased with what comes across the ocean to us. What suits the European people perhaps may not "go" at all in America. The jersey dress hasn't the same value here as in Europe. American youth demands soft crepes, silks and chiffons. The dull wools, so smart in London, are completely forgotten in sunny America. Clothes that stir with the wind, not stiff materials such as the pasteboard gowns Cleopatra wore to attract Anthony, are in demand. The light flowing pleats and panels of today give the effect of evanescence rather than stiffness. Now that the new mode has made clothes more interesting, and women more alluring, fashion demands care in choosing and in wearing. Just because a woman is pretty does not permit her to throw on her gowns. She must take care, dress neatly and becomingly or her beauty is unadorned.

The dainty frock sketched here is of Rayon crepe. It is the newest shade—Burgundy red, trimmed with grey crepe and silver moire ribbon. The season demands darker shades in wool crepe, heavy flat crepe and satins. Grey, dark blue, red and black are fashion's leading colors.

Sleeves in day frocks are almost invariably long.

The deep V-neck is very good this season.

The ever smart silver fox scarf adds just the right finishing touch to the costume of Milady.

The length of the frock depends upon the wearer. Skirts are not shorter than they were last season. Fourteen inches from the floor is a

good length for the average woman. Fashion in Paris demands the skirt to be worn two inches below the knee. A most important item in Milady's wardrobe is shoes. With afternoon dress pumps or the one-strap slippers of black are worn. With the coming of the autumn winds the large hats



"fade into oblivion." Soft felt hats with tiny crushed brims and high crowns are very chic.

The more ambitious you are the more bracelets you will wear this season. There is no limitation to the number. Heavy and studded with bright stones, light and woven into flexible bands, polished cuts from jade and crystal—all are new and interesting.

## HALLOWE'EN

One of the most fascinating seasons of the year for the kiddies is Halloween. At the mention of the name the childish mind is filled with vivid impressions of moaning witches, hooting owls, and howling cats. Witches, ghosts and goblins in all sizes and shapes float vaguely before their minds. The anticipation of a night of witchery and spooks is delightfully thrilling. Plans for unique costumes and ghost parties fill the air, and they suddenly find themselves fearful yet anxious for that far-off night to come. But before that time arrives, we must make some plans for the kiddies. Mothers get busy! There must be a taffy-pulling, apple eating, nut cracking, and oh! a thousand other pleasant little things to do. Remember in those happy days when you were just as one of the little ones! How you looked forward to the party mother was planning for you! How thrilled you were at the dainty little black and yellow costume with tiny bells around the bottom that mother had made for you! How you and your little friends took hours to pick out the best false-faces at Joe's! It's all such a delightful memory, and today we must plan for this festive occasion. Show the children just as good a time as mother made for you. What could be more charming than to have a group of little boys and girls around your fireside on this enchanting night, toasting marshmallows and eating taffy! Try to make it pleasant for them so that they, too, may cherish fond memories.

First we must get a pumpkin—the biggest and best the October season affords. Cut out the inside and make holes in the side for eyes, nose and mouth. It is then ready for a lighted candle and a window with the best view in the house. Decorate the dining room with orange and black crepe paper, black cats, paper skeletons and other Halloween symbols. Jack o' Lanterns add attractively to the place. Don't forget to tie apples to strings and fasten the ends to the doorways, allowing the apples to drop to the level of the children's chins. They may have the fun of their lives trying to bite apples placed in a tub of water. Remember to tie their hands while this process is going on. The jingling of a cowbell hung outside the door adds enchantment to the night. While these games are going on a few of the best little cooks may try their luck at candy making. Both taffy and fudge may be tried.

A Spanish shawl of crepe de Chine with vivid colored flowers and fringes worn over a white crepe or satin gown is very smart for formal affairs.



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

#### World War Veteran Killed by Freight Train Near Etna, Pa.

Falling from a freight train which he had boarded shortly after 4 o'clock, the morning of August 8, Peter Medler, 32 years old, a World War veteran, of 108 High street, Etna, was killed. He was found by Chief of Police Samuel Fry, of Etna, and Motorcycle Patrolman Chester Zygelle, of the Sharpsburg police department, a short distance from the Bridge street crossing of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, Etna.

Melder served in France with the Eightieth Division and was well known in the Etna-Sharpsburg district because of his athletic activities, he having played football in the local semi-pro football circles. He leaves his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Medler; two brothers, Michael Medler and George Melder, and seven sisters, Mary, Edith, Rose, Frances, Katherine, Cecilia and Loretta Melder, all living in Etna.

Rev. Harold J. Lackey, 34 years old, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church of Lowellville, O., died in his home on July 27. He was born in Crawford county and lived in Mayview 19 years. During the war he served overseas with the Eightieth Division. He graduated from Washington and Jefferson College in 1922. In 1925 he was ordained from the Pittsburgh Theological Seminary and accepted the charge in Lowellville. He leaves besides his widow, Mrs. Alice Lackey, formerly of Washington, Pa., his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lackey, of Mayview; two sisters, Mrs. Park Crum, of Bridgeville, Pa., and Miss Margaret Lackey at home. His father, J. M. Lackey, is engineer at Mayview. Funeral services were held at the home of his parents in Mayview at 3 o'clock. Interment was in Washington, Pa.

On Friday, April 2, 1926, at 10:45 a.m., Samuel Patterson, beloved son of Agnes Moore Patterson, and the late Samuel Patterson, died at his home, 5256 Wickliffe street, Pitts-

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#### "WAY DOWN EAST"

Yeh, we're "Back Home Again," full of pleasant memories of the Eightieth's seventh annual "shindig" in Petersburg. From North, East, South, West, they came, gathering in the old home town of the Division for one more reunion, one more glimpse of Camp Lee, one more promenade along Sycamore street. It was a glad occasion, and now that it has passed to mark another milestone in the Eightieth's peacetime career, let's "everybuddy" unite in the common objective of bringing every comrade back into the Blue Ridge clan.

Colonel Ephraim G. Peyton, formerly Regimental Commander, 320th Infantry, who for several years has been stationed in Washington on General Staff duty, was transferred August 31 to Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

Captain Basil M. Dixon, who commanded Company E, 318th Infantry, after the Armistice, is now located in Charlottesville, Va., where he is engaged in the drug business. Captain Dixon now boasts of a wife and two "enfants," both acquisitions since the war.

Comrade Morris Lutto, ex-Battalion Supply Sgt., Second Battalion, 318th Infantry, has acquired a peacetime rank of equal dignity and profit. The "petit sarjant" is now vice president of Gray's, Inc., Jewelers, with headquarters on Broad street, Richmond, Va., and he looked just as prosperous as the business would indicate when seen at the reunion in Petersburg. You just can't keep these Supply Sergeants down.

Witness another of the tribe: Comrade Cecil Holston, ex-Wardrobe Dispenser of Company G, 318th Infantry, is now part owner of Buckroe Beach, near Newport News, Va., and is now generally known in that sector as "Captain Cec." Sure he's

headed straight for a "Kunselship," but he always was a lucky devil.

Captain H. C. Harrison, formerly of the 315th Field Artillery, is now stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C. Yeh, he still belongs to the Eightieth came up to Petersburg for his premier reunion.

Comrade Marion Hess, who served with Company M, 318th Infantry, has been standing at "Attention" since August 27. That's the date of the new arrival at his home in Harrisonburg—a real reunion infant, so we hope it will be christened "Peter."

Colonel Otto L. Brunzell, formerly Commanding Officer, 313th Field Artillery, is now stationed at West Point Military Academy, following a tour of duty in Washington.

Comrade Philip C. Via, ex-Cook, Company B, 314th M. G. Battalion, is now employing the experience gained with traveling kitchens with good effects. He's now a motorcycle "cop" with the State Highway Police down in Virginia, being assigned to duty on the Lee Highway in the Shenandoah Valley. Feeling that both "flivvers" and "cops" require a little relaxation, Comrade Via did his part by attending the Petersburg reunion.

Another Blue Ridger has discarded his "hobs" for a more speedy method of locomotion: Comrade George E. Butler, ex-Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, is now listed as Traveling Passenger Agent, N. & W. Railway, with headquarters at Memphis, Tenn. George used to be domiciled in Petersburg, his home bailiwick, where he sold tickets to all who aspired to ride out of town on the N. & W.'s "cyars." Pretty soft, old man.

Captain Bacon P. Pettus, who commanded Company H, 318th Infantry, has his post-Armistice residence in Charlottesville, Va.

Captain Robert T. Barton, of Winchester, Va., and Captain Andrew D. Christian, of Richmond, Va., both formerly of the 313th Field Artillery, have formed a law partnership under the name of "Christian & Barton," with offices in the Atlantic Life Building, Richmond. Captain (now Major) Barton retains his law office in Winchester, Va., his hometown, which he represents in the Virginia Legislature.

Comrade Harold D. Wright, ex-Sergeant, Company E, 318th Infantry, who has his domicile "down around Norfolk," was observed enjoying the hectic hospitality of the Hotel Petersburg during reunion week. Yes, watermelons are wet—and so is ice!

Colonel Edmund A. Buchanan, Brigade Adjutant, 159th Infantry Brigade, during the Meuse-Argonne operations, and subsequently Acting Chief of Staff, Eightieth Division, and Commanding Officer, 305th Ammunition Train, was reassigned to General Staff duty in Washington last summer, following two years of field service at military posts in the Southwest.

Comrade Ewatts ("Turkey") W. Morrow, ex-Supply and Duty Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, who operated the familiar "Corner Drug Store" in Petersburg, his hometown, following the war, joined the Virginia colony in Florida some months ago. Present address since the hurricane unknown. "Mixing drinks" always came easy with "Turkey," and we know where he learned the secret.

Comrade H. M. Clements, ex-Mess Sergeant, 313th Field Artillery, was recently elected Adjutant of Rockingham Post No. 27, American Legion, Harrisonburg, Va. "Hapeco" in civil life is manager of the Farmers & Merchants Dairy, Inc., in Harrisonburg.

Comrade Freeman H. Hart, ex-317th Infantry, is located at Hampden-Sidney, Va., where he is connected with Hampden-Sidney College, being an instructor in the Department of History. Tell 'em "who won the war," old scout.

Mrs. Robert A. Evans, R.F.D. No. 1, Forksville, Va., is anxious to obtain any information concerning Thomas Irving Schulthrope, who entered the service at Camp Lee and has not been heard of since. He was

living at Union Level, Va., at the time. Mrs. Evans inquires on behalf of Schulthrope's mother and sister, and she will greatly appreciate any news pertaining to him. Neither his organization nor dates of service are known.

Hurrah for Erin! Another Blue Ridger and son of the "auld sod" has been busy shaking hands these several months, since making another entry on the "Duty Roster." The lucky man? None other than Comrade Hugh E. Clougherty, of Timberville, Va., who used to wear a corporal's chevrons in Companies G and F, 318th Infantry. Twice papa he is—a brave "mon," eh? Dog-gone him, he's done rendered himself ineligible for service in the next war, too! Well, the Irish always were lucky. Between roll calls, Hugh represents the Southern Railway at Timberville.

Colonel William H. Sands, of Norfolk, Va., formerly Captain, 315th Field Artillery, was appointed May 11 to the military staff of Governor Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia. He now commands a regiment in the Virginia National Guard and is also a practicing attorney of Norfolk.

Comrade J. Walton Harrison, of Broadway, Va., ex-Musician, 318th Infantry Band, has entered upon his second year as an instructor in the School of Music, Shenandoah College, Dayton, Va. He's a real "fiddler," too, so it's natural that he should want to teach others how to wield a wicked bow.

Stop Press News Item: "Petersburg, Va., July 4.—Hopewell yesterday celebrated the tenth anniversary of its incorporation as a town with a big demonstration." And somebody 'way back in 1919 said that "B" Village was nothing more than a memory! Well, you who returned for a post-war during the recent reunion are expected to render the official verdict—dead or merely unconscious?

We learn that Comrade Wm. B. Lawson, ex-Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, who had his pre-war domicile over on the "Eastern Sho'" of Virginia, is now billeted in Washington, where he is engaged in the meat business. You should have been a Mess "Sarge," Barnes.

A Lynchburg press dispatch dated June 28, states that the City Council has assigned quarters to the 317th Infantry Band, of the Eightieth Division

Reserve, in the R. E. Lee Junior High School building. No, Bud, this isn't the musical organization Colonel Keller used to brag of at Camp Lee. Merely a namesake, you know.

Comrade Forrest E. Peters, ex-"wind-jammer" extraordinary and a real peacetime "vet," who used to start Company E, 318th Infantry, on its day's work and later put it to bed, during the last days of July moved his model jewelry store across the street from his old location in Harrisonburg, Va. Forrest is just as successful in handling "jools" as he used to be with a bugle, and he still regulates a lot of folks' time. Incidentally, he has as up-to-date little store and shop as you'll find in many kilometers (and the rear is a rendezvous for all Eightieth Division men). Yeh, this is "free advertising," Old timer.

Colonel Harry C. Jones, of Baltimore, who commanded the 318th Infantry for a short period during the Meuse-Argonne operations, is now listed as senior officer of the 319th Infantry, Eightieth Division Reserve. During the last half of July he headed a group of 70 Reserve officers of his regiment assigned to Camp Meade for a two weeks' course of instruction.

The cable dispatches from Paris in recent months indicate that Americans are not so graciously esteemed "Over There" as they once were. Yes, the ways of peace have their sting, and wherever any variety of sting is to be found, there we are liable to find the internationally-known soldier, Colonel Charles Sweeney, known best to the 80th as the C. O. of the Second Battalion, and later, First Battalion, 318th Infantry. He was among the Americans who received the protest parade of 12,000 disabled French veterans at the Alan Seeger monument in Paris July 11 against the terms of the Washington debt settlement. The leader of the French poilus remarked to the American veterans: "I am glad you had the courage to come. No, "Sweeney of the Legion" can never be called a coward.

Our old friend and space-filler, the "Leviathan," which had the distinction of carrying Division Headquarters and the 318th Infantry across the pond in 1918, just won't stay off the front page. One day she is advertised by the U. S. Shipping Board as being for sale; the next, she has been chosen to convey Queen Marie of Roumania and her entourage to America

this month; and last, that she has been reserved to carry members of the American Legion to France next year. All these are memory-provoking items, and we pass 'em on for you to digest when engaged in pondering over ocean accommodations during la guerre. Sure, peace has its compensations as well as stings.

Prof. Walter A. Flick, of Dayton, Va., ex-Sergeant and "Second Looie" of Company E, 318th Infantry, is still carrying on at the business of instructing "rookies." No, he isn't in-itating 'em into the intricacies of "Squads right and left"—just holding down a chair in the Department of Education at Washington & Lee University, Lexington, Va., and, incidentally, helping the young hopefuls to a better understanding of the gentle art of being "edicated." Last summer, he went out to Ohio State University, at Columbus, to get a line on the latest methods for "drilling" his "platoon." That boy is a firm believer in preparedness.

Quite a few members of Company G 318th Infantry, turned out for the recent Blue Ridge "rally" in Petersburg. Among those noted as "present and accounted for" (most of the time!) were Sergeants H. C. King, G. R. Chambliss, G. P. Neatrou, R. L. Stultz, G. Pulini, J. H. Williams, Corporal W. M. Glazier, Mechanics H. C. Bryant and R. C. Biggs, Corporal C. C. Kramer, and Privates C. H. Harris and Milton Hole. Yep, those sergeants always were hounds for formations, and now they're living up to their reputations.

#### 315th M. G. Bn.

Lieut. Bob Crowder, formerly of the 315th M. G. Bn., Company D, is with the J. C. Nichols Investment Company of Kansas City, Missouri.

#### 318th Infantry

George M. Rowe, of Greenville, Pa., formerly Private 1st class, 318th Infantry, and Miss Agnes Stoll, of Greenville, Pa., were married on September 13.

#### 319th Infantry, C Company

Editor Service Magazine,  
237-239 Third Avenue,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sir:

The note regarding the absence of news of Company C, 319th Infantry, in the March-June issue of "Service," has prompted this letter—not that I am in a position to furnish much information regarding the outfit, but

more in the hope that it will cause someone with more news to come across.

In passing, I would like to express my congratulations to the present and past editors of "Service." It is obvious that the regular publication of the magazine has meant hard, long and often thankless, work, but the results have justified it. I, for one, read each issue from cover to cover, and look forward to the arrival of the next, and I am sure most 80th Division men feel the same way.

As for C Company, occasionally I have run across Jaffe here in New York, and once, several years ago, had the pleasure of meeting Fred Guy. Tom Haley was good enough to look me up when here, and we had a fine long talk together. I used, occasionally, to hear from Ferd Blume, who at that time was still in the hospital, but recently I have lost touch with him and would like very much to know how he is making out. Once in a while I have received a letter or card from someone else in the company, but, although I have tried to answer them, I am a poor correspondent for one thing, and have but very few addresses for another.

Ralph Johnson is married and for some years was with S. W. Straus & Company in Chicago. I spent a most delightful evening with him and Mrs. Johnson two years ago when I was there on business. Somewhat over a year ago he moved to Atlantic City, and last fall was planning to go to Florida. Whether he did or not, I do not know, as I have not heard from him since last September.

Bob Paul was married two or three years ago; has one child; and is living in Haddonfield, New Jersey; and is practicing law in or near Philadelphia. I was present at his wedding, and I must say in honesty that he was the most nervous bridegroom I ever saw, with the possible exception of myself. I see Bob four or five times a year, usually in Princeton at football games, etc.

Whitlock is, I believe, living near Summit, New Jersey, and in business in Newark.

Some years ago business took me quite frequently to Washington, and thus gave me a chance to see Erskine Gordon and Hugh Obear. The former is still a bachelor; is trust officer of one of the Trust Companies in Washington. Hugh was married about a year ago, and is still practicing law.

One of my closest friends and near neighbors is Steve Hopkins, who was with C Company for a time at Camp

#### IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE 80th

*Continued from Page 8*

France, making against a cruel fate a struggle no less heroic than was theirs in war, is not that of the politically inspired press of France and those places, such as Paris, where unfortunate misunderstandings have embittered Franco-American relations. As in most cases among those who have really known the meaning of war a good feeling prevails. Among them the old comraderie survives the strain of peace.

For my part, I left France marveling at the courage and the patient toil of which, at least a part of the French people, have been capable, refusing to be embittered by the present misunderstandings that were, in all probability, inevitable. In the reconstructed battle areas I saw an achievement unparalleled in the history of mankind which is evidence of a character that must command the respect of all thinking men.

What the solution of the existing problem will be I do not know. What the equities in favor of France may be, I do not pretend to say. But this I do say unhesitatingly. If the people of America could see Flanders, the Somme, Picardy, Champagne, the Meuse, and the Vosges now, and recall it as it was in 1918, there would be a kinder, more generous attitude toward France in the period of bitter travail through which she is passing, and while the conscience of honest men are trying to work out such equities as may exist among the former allies. Of that I am sure. To the men of the Blue Ridge Division whose lives are blessed with memories of their comrades I can only say: Let us refuse to give over to the delusion that America or any other country can be wholly right and France wholly wrong; in cherishing the memory of our own fallen comrades, in the name of Auld Lang Syne, let us remember our allies in blue, holding ourselves above the impatience, the over-hasty criticisms, the bickerings and the bitternesses now so widespread in the world.

Jennings C. Wise,  
Formerly Lieut.-Col. 318th Inf.

Lee; later went to Company I, and was wounded at the beginning of the Meuse-Argonne. Still later he went with Colonel Cocheu, when the latter was made General, to the 29th Division, as his aide. Steve is married; has a boy and two girls; and is a sugar broker in New York. I see him three or four times a week, and

usually we put in the whole evening fighting the war over again.

Others in the Regiment whom I have seen more or less frequently are Frank Morrell, who was First Battalion Intelligence Officer after Baxley's death; the Ritchies; Mike Hogan and George Hodson. Henry Jones, former Captain of B Company, has spent his last two vacations at the same place on Cape Cod, Mass., where I have been, and much to my pleasure and surprise I met General Brett on the street down there two years ago. I have been able to get to two of the meetings of the officers of the 319th, and, of course, have seen many other members of the Regiment at these. Unfortunately for me, the Division reunions always seem to come at a time when it is impossible for me to get away, but I am in hopes of being able to make it some time.

As for myself, I returned to the practice of law in New York after getting out of the army, and am still at it. I was married in 1920, and have two children—a boy and a girl. The former was born at a very significant time for all of us—5:30 a. m., on September 26th. I am living in Englewood, New Jersey, where there are a number of 80th Division men in addition to Steve Hopkins, although most of them were in the Artillery, and no others in our Regiment.

I certainly hope if any members of the Company or the Regiment are in New York they will look me up. My address is 432 Madison avenue, and my name is in the telephone book.

Hoping to read in the near future more and better news of the Company than I have been able to furnish, I am,

Very truly yours,

DeWitt C. Jones, Jr.

Late 1st Lieut. Co. C., 319th Inf.

#### Headquarters Co., 320th Infantry

Those at the 7th annual reunion at Petersburg in August from the old outfit were: Capt. L. S. Nottingham, Sam Stover, Frank Dingis, Jimmy Branch, Dan Elliott, Jack Larkin and J. O. Hill. (The latter is from 305th Field Signal Battalion, Company C, attached with the 320th Infantry.) Elliott was accompanied by his wife and father-in-law.

Camp Lee, as it stands today, is quite a disappointment to any man returning for a visit. One barrack in 319 is all overrun with weeds.

Captain Nottingham promises to be on hand at our next company reunion without fail. Come right on, Captain. You will receive a great welcome.

Dan Elliott is still in the insurance business in the Union Bank Building, Pittsburgh, and is now a proud papa.

Joe Harris, of Washington American League Ball Club fame, also promises to be on hand at the next company reunion.

Lee McKinley, of the Signal Platoon, is married and living in Oil City, Pa. He is district manager for the Otis Elevator Co.

Would like to see more ex-members of this Company join and interest themselves in Post No. 3 of the 80th Division Association. For information, write Jack Larkin, care A. R. Co., Juniper street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Griffin from the Trench Mortar Platoon is a traffic officer at Center and Penn avenues, Pittsburgh. They don't disregard "Griff's" signals often.

A. "Wayne," Battalion Sargeant Major, who has been in Cleveland since his discharge, as District Manager of the Famous Motion Picture Company, is now located at the Boulevard of the Allies and Miltenberger street, Pittsburgh, with the same company.

#### Co. G, 320th Infantry

Andrew Hesidence, formerly Corporal Co. "G," 320th Infantry, is located at the United States Veterans' Hospital, Fort Bayard, New Mexico; he writes that he is doing fine, is happily married and is spending his time convincing his daughter who won the war.

William D. Parks, formerly Private Company "G," 320th Inf., is now located at 511½ W. Grant street, New Castle, Pa.

Harry E. Rhodabaugh, formerly private, of Co. "G," 320th Inf., is now located at 917 Croton avenue, New Castle, Pa.

Edward Mulvaney, formerly Corporal Co. "G," 320th Inf., is now connected with the city fire department, reporting to one of the city stations. He is located at No. 1 Diamond Square, South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A letter was received from C. D. Nelso, formerly private, of Co. "G," 320th Inf., who is connected with the Accomack anking Company, Inc., at Bloxom, Virginia, in the capacity as assistant cashier.

#### Company F, 305th Ammunition Train in Mercer County Penna.

By Lean A. Gainster

We now have George BeHarry in our midst. All the gang surely remember little BeHarry. Well, George has gone and done the "two can live cheaper than one-act." Yes, it took place in April, so he says. Working, yes, every day; got to; he can't live on love always. He's back in the ice

#### DEAR OLD PALS O' MINE

*Continued from Page 6*

a better 80th, and that includes me. It was late when Mr. Crowley said good night to the boys. By the way, I did not tell you who Mr. Crowley nor "K. P." are. Well Mr. Crowley is the big boss of the Colonial Press. He has given us room for "Hamilton P. C." and that includes his labor 'n everything. You know what I mean. Gee, men he is a real he-man. "We know don't we?" "K. P." does not mean "Kitchen Police." It does in the army but not at this "Hamilton P. C." "K. P." is a girl. Don't rush boys, just call Court 0110, or mail in your dues and don't forget the "Service" magazine, and Miss "K.P." will answer you or yours. "R. S" is on the go all the time and nothing would please him more than to have a lot of you 80th men who are back in dues and subscription to send him a letter with your check, etc. (K. P. will answer them.) Try to keep him busy for I want "K. P.," "R. S." and "Hamilton P. C." with me for a long time. I shall have more dope for you in the November issue. If you like me subscribe for next year's "Service Mag." I herd the "R. S." tell some of the boys that if everything goes O. K. he will have a "Mag" out every month starting with January, 1927. Get a new member and more subscriptions and some advertisers if you can. Here's to a better 80th!

Yours till we meet again,

A. DUDD.

P. S.—How about getting in touch with the Adjutant of one of the Posts or "P. C." They sure have some good times. Write to the Adjutant of the Post or "P. C." near you, or help to organize one in your home town. Let's go, Buddy!

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game with J. B. Roux in his home town of Farrell, Pa. George did take a flyer in big city life, going to the fifth city where he was employed by the A. & P. T. Co. in the warehouse, but guess he got homesick.

Run into a chap on one of those fast Erie snail pace trains the other day. He answered to the name of Jacobs, one of Company I 319th Infantry boys claims he has not been in good standing in the association for some time, so guess its up to somebody to do the committee of one stunt and line him up. Some of his former buddies will be sorry to hear that he lost part of his left arm and four fingers off his right hand in a railroad accident while employed by the P. & L. E. R. R. He is still on their pay-

roll in the clerical department. You guys down around Braddock get business in your noodle and get Jacobs back to the fold.

Elmer Darwin Patterson, the three-striper that hailed from Greenville, Pa., and had a little inventive genius in his cranium and finished up his military career as Garage Sergeant in the 223rd Co. at Mesves, is now on the Westinghouse Co. payroll in Sharon, Pa. Pat is commuting from Greenville and claims it's his natural expression not a matrimonial look.

I see by the papers that George Williams, of Sharon, Pa., has gone over big with his gang of Jazz artists in the Rainbow Gardens in Cleveland. George broke into the army game with Co. F, 305th Ammunition Train, but later ending up in one of those noise making devices that leads the parades up in the doughboy section. His gang is known as the Rythm Kings. He also has been on the air from WTAM, Cleveland. Some of you band boys that helped make the noise at guard mounts with George get after him and see that he gets into the Association. Do yer stuff.

Jim Struble, one of F Companies famed mule skinnners, has gone in for mill work of late and now is at the Westinghouse at Sharon, Pa.

Little Joe Allen, of the tenth section. I met him on the street not so long ago and he was wheeling a baby buggy; talk about proud, oh, boy; he couldn't be any prouder if he had the right to carry a gallon of the real pre-war stuff down Broadway. Yes, it's a girl.

William, better known as Bill Pratt, one time stable sergeant Co. F, 305th Ammunition Train, is reported as sojourning in and around Maryland. Particulars not in hand at present, nor his address.

Say, buddy, are you doing your utmost to get others interested in the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association and to get advertisements for the Service Magazine? Ask yourself this question, then get busy. Don't forget it pays to advertise.

#### 315th Field Artillery Notes

Courtney L. Marshall, one-time corporal, but later private of "E" Battery, has letf the tall and uncut timbers of West Virginia, and is giving the people of Pittsburgh the benefit of his society. "Runt" is a rabid baseball fan, and since the Pirates failed to cop the pennant this year, he may pull out for St. Louis. Marshall is employed at the Westinghouse E. & M. Company.

Anybody having the address of E. Battery's top soldier will confer a favor on Otto Jensen by mailing same

to him. Otto has a box of live rattle snakes, and wants to send 'em to some deserving soul. (Reporters note: This is for a good cause, boys, so try to get the desired information for Otto.)

Ex-Corp, L. W. Frame, of "E" Battery, is still principal of the Bower, West Virginia school. Frame reports that Sgt. Thomas and Corp. "Rounder" Groves are residing at Gassaway, West Virginia. "Rounder's" main claim to fame was his ability to throw his lunch farther than any of his sea-side mates. Frame also states that Joe Coffindaffer is located at Winding Gulf, West Virginia.

Harrold T. Sanders is located at Romney, W. Va., engaged as salesman for the Ford Agency. Romney is also the home of Fred Lupton, who is a prosperous butcher and a leader in all civic affairs. Fred should be a good butcher, as all captains of industry start from the ground up, and as you all know, he was a horse-shoer when in "E" Battery.

Irvin A. Ambrose has been heard from at last. Irvin is married and has two children, and makes his home at Largent, W. Va. He is working for the State Highway Department.

Well, boys, this month, October, sees our old comrade, Roger G. Fahringer, join the already long list of benedicts. This news hound knows from experience that the good wife is going to have to pick up his razor and other toilet articles after Rog uses 'em, and if he has more than one shirt or suit of beeevedees she will have to hide them or the old boy will be using them for a pillow.

#### Penna. Auxiliary No. 1

Penna. Aux. No. 1, Eightieth Division Veterans' Association regular monthly meeting was largely attended Thursday evening, October 7th. Members whom have been absent for several months were in attendance and a warm greeting extended to them.

Plans for our regular Hallowe'en party at the Marine Hospital on Saturday evening, October 23rd, are completed. This is an annual affair with our Auxiliary, when the boys are given an entertainment and refreshments served.

Mrs. Gordon, our president, reports her son somewhat improved, but is still confined in the hospital.

Mrs. Hannah Gelder De Roy is a very proud grandmother. She has a young grandson.

Mrs. A. H. Kohnfelder, Mrs. W. H. Ferguson, Miss Nancy Ferguson, Mrs. Olga McKee, Miss Gertrude Horne, and Mr. W. L. Fleming were in attendance at our annual reunion in Petersburg and all reported the time of their life. Mr. Fleming stated the

hospitality of these southern people cannot be equaled.

Mrs. W. A. Gordon, Mrs. Bernice Baker, Mrs. Diller, Mrs. Alice Harger, Mrs. Knox and Miss Gertrude Horne attended the annual encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in El Paso, Texas. They also reported having visited Mexico, saw a "bull fight," when four bulls were killed; also a "barbecue" which was given by the "Mexican government" in honor of the visiting veterans and ladies of the Auxiliary. This was given at Juarez, Mexico, at the brewery, where you could get all you wanted to eat, etc. These ladies all reported El Paso a wonderful encampment city.

Miss Gertrude Horne,  
Secretary and Treasurer, Penna. Aux.  
No. 1.

#### Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1

Forty men of the Post attended the reunion at Petersburg and all report it the best one ever held. Headquarters of the Post was located at the Hotel Petersburg, rooms 601 to 606.

John B. Diehl was the first to check in and the last to check out.

Capt. Carl Tranberger said the pace was too swift for him and left Saturday.

E. B. Truitt could make it only for one day, but it was a big one as he could not get any sleep until after three a. m.

Diehl says J. B. (Sheik) Moore wins the rubber can opener when it comes for snoring.

Sheik Moore sure lived up to his name for he had three ladies at the dance Saturday night and would not let anyone help escort them home.

A. M. Brownley said the next time he roomed with Geo. Brittingham it would be in a room that had a fan, for all he heard at night was "Brownley, are you hot? I am burning up."

Capt. J. Carl Peck said he had a wonderful time, but at the next reunion he wants a room on a different floor from the rest of the gang, for he wants to sleep some.

"Short Circuit" Moore says he will bet Post No. 1 has the best relay man and minute man in the Division.

W. H. (Bill) Bucking says he is going to have a room with only one door so he can get his clothes whenever he wants them.

Brownley said "no more parties in my room." Echo comes back, "Why?"

The most pleasant affair of all was the birthday party given to George W. Brittingham Saturday night in room 601. Miss Nan Ferguson, the sweat-heart of the Eightieth, escorted by J. B. Moore, presented him with a three-layer chocolate cake with the required number of candles. George could not

respond but begged off until the next reunion. Those present were: General Cronkhite, Col. Kellar, Mrs. W. H. (Ma) Ferguson, Miss Nan Ferguson, of Pittsburgh, Miss McClelland, 320th Y, of Galesburg, Ill., Maj. J. W. James, 317th Inf., Lt. Crowder, 214th M. G., Capt. Douglas, 318th Inf., and present Capt. 341st Inf., Capt. Throckmorton, D.Hq., Sgt. G. A. Pannier, D.Hq., Lt. E. A. Burgess, D.Hq., Capt. Whitmore, 317th Inf., Pvt. O. K. Fry, 319th Inf., Pvt. Grady Hill, 318th Inf., Sgt. W. W. Jordan, 318th M. G. L. T., J. B. Withers, 317th Inf., Lt. A. M. Brownley, 314th M. G., Corp., S. B. Boyle, 319th Inf., Sgt. T. H. Reames, D. Hq., Pvt. G. H. Ashbaugh, 319th Ing., Pvt. R. C. Hamlet, 318th M. G., Capt. H. K. Campney, 319th Inf., Lt. P. A. Jones, 319th Inf., Lt. H. R. Seelinger, 317th M. D., Bugler J. B. Moore, 317th Inf., Pvt. W. H. Bucking, 318th Inf., Pvt. L. H. Jackson, 318th Inf., H. R. Furr, 314th M. G., Sgt. L. H. Handy, 319th Inf., Pvt. J. L. McCourt, M.P., Pvt. E. G. Byrd, 111th F. A., and present Commander of the Department of Virginia Veterans of Foreign Wars, Sgt. K. deRooy, D. Hq., Col. J. E. Farrar, 318th Inf., Pvt. C. G. Wood, 318th Inf., J. B. Diehl, Corp. 317th Inf., and several others who left before their names could be taken. Must have thought a detail was being made up.

Mrs. W. H. (Ma) Ferguson and Miss Nan drove to Virginia Beach, Va., with Lt. A. M. Browley and visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bennett at Bennett's Cottage.

A surprise party was given to Ma and Nan on Wednesday night, September 1, when Mrs. Bennett furnished one of her famous dinners. Those present were Lt. Seelinger, Lt. Furr, Lt. Brownley, Uncle Bill Whichard, Sgt. W. W. Jordan, W. H. Buching, J. B. Moore, R. C. Hamlet, J. B. Diehl, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Gale and Mr. Stevens. Suitable presents were given to the guests of honor. J. L. McCourt was also present.

J. B. Moore gave a very good example of why he received the name of "Sheik."

"Short Circuit" Moore said it did not do to open your mouth too wide when you are courting the ladies.

R. C. (Relay) Hamlet said it made him sleepy to ride in an auto, so he did not remember when he got home.

Diehl said he was going to resign as chaperone of the gang for he did not want to get gray hairs. His heart has not returned to normal from the last party.

Dr. H. R. Seelinger will be a delegate to the National Encampment of the V. F. W. at El Paso in September.

Jordan wants to know why Bucking left him.

Seelinger said all he needed was a Cootie Cap and then he could have showed them how to direct traffic in Petersburg.

If you want to know how they catch catfish in Petersburg, ask Doc.

If it had not been the Galloping Eightieth they never would have been able to keep step with the music that was leading the 159th Bg.

Seventeen members of "A" Co. 317th were present at Petersburg and one came from Erie, Pa.

Brownley and Seelinger said they hoped the next meeting of the council would be held in Pittsburgh, and all that were at the party would wish the same if they could go. Oh, you Pittsburgh!

J. B. ("Short Circuit") Moore said "No wedding bells for me this year. I am saving my money to go to the next reunion and hope it will be held in Pittsburgh." The gang asks "Why?"

P. A. Jones, A. M. Brownley, M. D. Myers and J. B. Diehl reported for drill on the Arab Patrol of Khedive Temple.

Two new names have been added to the roll of Post No. 1 since the reunion.

#### TAPS

*Continued from Page 12*  
burgh, Pa. Patterson was a member of Company F, 305th Motor Supply Train.

We learn that Comrade Samuel B. Clark, who served at Camp Lee and in France as Mess Sergeant, Company G, 318th Infantry, died of pneumonia in August at his home in Wilmington, Del. No details are available at this time. His many warm friends and comrades will grieve to hear of the sad end of his last fight, and their sincere sympathy goes to his relatives at his old home in Maryland. Sergeant Clark attended the Officers' Training Camp at Camp Lee and left his organization while in the Ancy-le-Franc area in the early spring of 1919 on account of early return to the United States. Efficient, courageous and warm-hearted, his passing leaves much sorrow among his old comrades.

Charles J. Lynch, formerly of Company A, 315th Machine Gun Battalion, Eightieth Division, was killed recently in McKees Rocks, when struck by a train. Mr. Lynch was a well known Pittsburgh business man. He was born in Pittsburgh, February 12, 1896, and after graduating from Fifth Avenue High School, where he was prom-

inent in football, baseball and basketball, he attended Duquesne University. Besides his widow, he is survived by a daughter, Gloria; his mother, Mrs. Katherine Devaney Lynch; four brothers, James A., Joseph R., William J., and Frank R. Lynch, and two sisters, Mrs. Albert E. Mamaux, of Meyran avenue, Oakland, and Mrs. Paul Clair, of Knoxville.

Ira S. McKeever, formerly chief mechanic of "E" Battery, 313 Field Artillery, died the latter part of July at the Winchester (Va.) Memorial Hospital, after an operation for appendicitis.

Besides his widow he is survived by his parents and one brother. Burial was at the Wardensville, W. Va., cemetery, in which town the deceased lived. McKeever was in his 37th year.

Full military honors were paid to Comrade Ernest Neff, veteran of the Eightieth Division, who was laid to rest in Woodbine cemetery, Harrisonburg, Va., November 4th, following his death at the Emergency Hospital, in Washington, from complications following an operation for the removal of his tonsils a month before.

The services at the cemetery were in charge of Rion-Bowman Post, V. F. W., and Rockingham Post, American Legion, being the first full military funeral ever observed in Harrisonburg.

Comrade Neff was 32 years old. He joined the Eightieth Division at Camp Lee in September, 1917, and served throughout its career as a Corporal of Company M, 318th Infantry. He was held in high esteem by his comrades and had a splendid record overseas, serving in all the major engagements of the Division.

Comrade Neff was a native of Rockingham county, Va., and until locating in Washington six months before his death, had resided near Harrisonburg. He was educated in the Harrisonburg schools and was a member of the Presbyterian church. Surviving are his wife and one daughter, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Neff, three sisters and five brothers, all of Harrisonburg, Va.

Udaiko—Gilbert Wellford, of Huddleston, Virginia, formerly of "Co. F, 318th Infantry," died of paralysis on Saturday, July 31, 1926, after a few days of illness. He entered the service at Camp Lee in April of 1918, and served overseas with his Company. He was thirty-one years of age, and is survived by his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Udaiko, three brothers and two sisters.

## BRIGHT SPOTS OF PETERSBURG REUNION

*Continued from Page 5*

the front cover. The first page is fittingly given over to Henry R. Curry's magnificent epic of veteran ties, "Hello, Buddy." The Reunion program proper occupies pages 2 to 6, followed by a page detailing the various privileges and attractions available to reunion attendants. Another of Curry's reminiscent veteran poems, "Back in Civies," next appears. Succeeding pages list the officers of the Division Association, the Personnel of the Petersburg Reunion Committee and the Committee's Acknowledgments, concluding with Curry's unsurpassed tribute to his comrades, "My Buddy." Captain W. C. Vandewater's vividly realistic "Song of the 'Chevaux Huit,'" is also reproduced. As a program it has established a mark for subsequent reunions to excell.

Two business sessions sufficed for handling the "heavy" work of the convention. And they moved with the smoothness and celerity that used to accompany the 80th's jumps about France, too. They were rousing sessions, and those old "vets" demonstrated that they're still full of pep and enthusiasm, when the occasion arises—as it constantly did at the Armory. Most everyone got a glad hand—but the nifty brand of oratory some of the "old-timers" displayed justified that, and more. Funny, we always supposed they were "just soldiers!"

Aside from Petersburg's quota of several hundred, Richmond, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Norfolk sent the largest delegations to the Reunion. Charleston, Washington, Lynchburg and other towns also contributed goodly numbers. From Kansas City, Lieut. Robert H. Crowder, of the 314th M. G. Battalion, came half-way across the continent to win long-distance honors. The second longest jump was made by Major John C. Webster, ex-Battalion Surgeon, 2nd Battalion, 318th Inf., who traveled from Detroit down to Virginia for his premier peace formation. "Doc" declared that everybody present looked fit for duty. No, we didn't ask for any "CC's."

If any hitch occurred in the Reunion program, its discovery has remained a dark secret. The arrangements approached perfection—every detail appeared to have been thought of and provided for. Starting with the registration and on through the four days of celebration and entertainment, the Reunion machinery functioned in a manner that indicated "bokoo" work and preparation, and called forth general admiration and

## Philadelphia Post No. 2, Eightieth Division Veterans' Association

Philadelphia Post No. 2 began the charge on Petersburg on Wednesday, August 25, 1926, at 7 a. m. Some of the Post going by motor boat, also many by machine. By Saturday at least 25 Philadelphia men were on hand, also many of the women folks.

In the motor caravan all went well until the last machine in line got into the bad graces of the police force of Riverdale, Maryland, by going 15¼ miles per hour instead of holding it down to 15 miles. The lone cop therefore requested those in the machine to accompany him to the home of the Justice of the Peace, where a grand reception was held. After considerable talk in which Jim Deighan, of the 305th Motor Transport, and Harry McCloskey, of the 305th Signal Battalion, tried their hardest to convince the cop that the Reunion at Petersburg could not go on unless we arrived there, he carefully looked through his little book and found that if we left \$7.20 with him Sam Millinghausen would drive the old fliver without further molestation in that town.

Had the poor cop known all that was in the car he would certainly have insisted that we leave the pretzels at least with him.

The delegation arrived at Petersburg around 9:30 p. m. and had distributed en route several thousand copies of Sesqui-Centennial literature.

Philadelphia Post has spent practically all its time since getting back from Petersburg in working in conjunction with the American Legion to put on a real reunion of Eightieth men at Philadelphia on October 12. This of course will be over before this goes to press but a wonderful program has been booked for entertainment and there will be the best of food provided.

The Legion has given space to register Eightieth men at Legion headquarters, and it is hoped and expected that many will attend.

As this is written the convention is just about to start and there is so much activity that a further report from the Post will have to be given in a later issue.

Submitted by

Samuel B. Millinkhausen.

praise. Comrade Charles E. Pollard, General Chairman of the Reunion Committee, and Comrade Russell C. Youngblood, Commander of Petersburg Post, not forgetting their aides, are due a lot of bouquets.

(To be continued.)

## Pittsburgh Post No. 3

Pittsburgh Post No. 3 held its first meeting on returning from Petersburg at the new "Hamilton P. C." headquarters, Tuesday evening, September 28. There were twenty members present.

President Carlo D. Cella, General Adelbert Cronkhite and General Lloyd M. Brett have accepted the invitation of the Federation of War Veterans' Societies of Allegheny County to participate in the Armistice Day parade, November 11, 1926. Come on, Buddy, join the Post on Armistice Day and meet your new President, General Cronkhite and General Brett.

Post No. 3 will assemble with the Third Unit of the Third Division on the Boulevard of the Allies. Notice will be sent advising the time and exact place.

The following officers have been elected to the Federation of War Veterans' Societies at their last regular meeting: Lieut. Chas. G. Lane, Jr., President; Col. Sidney A. Hagerling, Vice President; Major N. J. Sepp, Treasurer; John Vachetta, Secretary. Capt. Robert G. Woodside is chairman of Parade Committee, 1926, and Capt. S. D. Foster is Chief Marshal, 1926.



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## STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! EVERYBUDDY!

"Hamilton P. C." is again located in Pittsburgh, and if your subscription to the "Service" has terminated with this issue we hope that you will renew it at once and pass the word along to your buddy and make him, too, subscribe for the finest paper as yet developed by the service men since the Great World War. The whole world is crying Service! Service! Service! and the entire 80th Division will soon be calling, not for the service for which the world is calling, but for "Service," the official magazine of this unit which will bring the heroes of that glorious band into closer contact, which will renew the acquaintances of old, and which will reproduce again the deeds of the most renowned group of soldiers that ever fought for Uncle Sam. Truly, at its inception it was said it would be hard to keep the "Service" going, and that the first hundred years would be the hardest, but now after seven years the "Service" magazine still exists, and is flourishing. It has, no doubt, had many hard knocks; it has weathered many a storm; it has traveled along many a rough road, but it has overcome them all, and now triumphantly has come to the fore, and no wonder, when it is fostered by a unit which is the greatest of the few that exist; no wonder when it is produced by a Division that ever moves forward, a unit that did not disband at the conclusion of the war, but one which has carried on and will carry on, and on and on. But we need your co-operation Buddy—we need it. You must help support it if we are to survive. We want every man of this grand Division to do his bit and keep alive the example of the best fighting material America could produce. We need a magazine to reiterate the intrepid courage of the 80th Division and the "Service" is the only medium which can do it; it is the only means that can keep us together, and freshen our memories with the sad, yet glorious days of 1917-1918. Each issue will be a missive of joy. The cost is small but the purchase invaluable. Yet, Buddy, you showed your loyalty and bravery when you trudged along with other soldier boys in the muddy hills of France; you showed your service in enduring the trials of the severe yet happy camp-life in time of war, and now loyal buddy show your service and loyalty and carry on with the 80th Division in times of peace. We want every man. The Grand Army of the Republic enlisted to a man. Why can't we? We can. So join our ranks for the love and glory of our home, our country and our "Service." Send in your coupon today.

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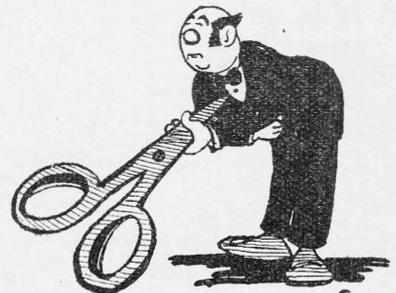
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HISTORY COMMITTEE

EIGHTIETH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

(THE BLUE RIDGE DIVISION) HEADQUARTERS HAMILTON, P. C.)

TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE 80TH DIVISION—PAST OR PRESENT, RELATIVES—OR ANY PERSON INTERESTED:

This letter is addressed to you in order to supply information relative to the forthcoming History of the 80th Division.

It has been decided by the Division Association to publish a large one-volume History of approximately 500 pages which will embrace a comprehensive, representative and authoritative record of the 80th Division in camp and overseas. The book will be profusely illustrated with maps and photographs descriptive of all phases of the Division's training period and combat service, and will include numerous important features, among them being the official Divisional casualty list, both American and Foreign decorations, all War Department, G. H. Q. A. E. F., Divisional and Brigade citations, Embarkation and Debarkation tables, lists of Division personnel captured by the enemy, statements of prisoners and material taken, enemy units engaged, advances made, station lists in the A. E. F., strength reports, rosters, commendatory orders and messages, and much material never before published.

The volume will constitute a complete narrative, the full and authentic story of operations and achievements of the Division that "Always moved forward," a credit to the Eightieth, an enduring monument to its heroic dead and a valuable memento for every man who served with it at any time. Its ultimate success must depend largely upon the measure of your support and co-operation.

A Divisional History Committee has been formed, and its members have agreed to undertake the assembling of the necessary data and compilation of the History gratuitously. Much progress, extending over the past years, has already been made and it is expected to have the volume ready for distribution during the next year. The expense of organization and preliminary work has been underwritten by members and friends of the Division, and we are assured of a book meriting your approval and subscription.

The Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, in fourth annual convention at Norfolk, Va., unanimously decided that the costs of publication and distribution should be defrayed by means of individual subscriptions at the fixed rate of \$5.00 per copy, thereby reserving for the Division the honor and prestige of financing its own History and safeguarding our best ideals and traditions.

You are earnestly requested to fill out and mail the attached subscription form promptly, in order that the initial edition of the Division History required may be ascertained without delay and thus insure a sufficient supply for every individual desiring a copy of the volume. All communications should be addressed, and remittances be made payable, to Treasurer, 80th Division History Committee, Charleston, W. Va. All subscriptions accompanied by remittances will be filled in the order of their receipt, upon publication of the History; all other subscribers will be notified when the book is ready for delivery.

SUBSCRIBE NOW, BUDDY. Co-operate with the committee, and the 80th (Blue Ridge) Division will live in history as it did during the World War—among the foremost of the American Expeditionary Forces. Assist us by passing the word to some other members of the Division who may not have received this notice.

Yours in Comradeship,

RUSSELL L. STULTZ, Chairman, History Committee.

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