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THE SERVICE MAGAZINE

A Merry Christmas A Happy New Year



VOL 9.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER

No. 6



Professional and Business Directory of the Members of the 80th



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
A Blue Ridge Memoir—By Edward C. Lukens	2
Treason—By Gerald Egan	3
Passing In Review—By Fay A. Davis.....	5
Taps	6
Morning Report—By Everybuddy	7
Record Attendance at New York Banquet..	8
Ten Years Ago — Drawing — By Jack Berger	12-13
80th Mail Box	14
The Argonne—Today (Poem)—By Fred S. Wertebach	14



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"THE 80th DIVISION ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD"

A BLUE RIDGE MEMOIR

Finie La Guerre

By EDWARD C. LUKENS,
Lieutenant, 320th Infantry

OUR journey back into and through the Argonne Forest involved some hard traveling, and took us past sights just as terrible as we had witnessed on the march up, but it was free from shelling and was lightened by thoughts of the coming rest and hopes of the armistice. We left our ravine and took to the road, but it was by no means an ideal highway that we had to deal with. Roads in the Argonne and beyond are scarce, and traffic moving toward the front was given the right of way and the best roads. We were shunted down the back roads, and even took a stretch on the field at one time to avoid being held up by a stream of motor trucks that filled the road as far down as the eye could see. Horses were scarce in those days; we never got any replacements for the animals lost in the first drive until long after the armistice, and went through the Argonne show without a single spare animal. The regiment, marching on foot, was not allowed on the road at all; the whole column had to cut across fields, and even though they saved a little distance, the mud made the hiking a severe job.

On the northern slope of a ridge near Fontenoy a row of eight Boche field pieces stood untouched and undamaged, still in perfect alignment and still trained down the road toward Buzancy. Such was the speed of the retreat that apparently no attempt had been made to withdraw them.

We covered nearly thirty kilometers that day, without a halt so far as the Transport was concerned, except when a block of traffic compelled it. It rained off and on, and the mud was deep with the accumulation of weeks of bad weather, especially on the stretch of "second class road" that curved westward from Harricourt to Briquenay and which encailed us to avoid the inevitable congestion of the highway through Bar and Buzancy. It was along here that we passed a patch of woodland posted with signs warning people to keep out of it on account of gas. The warning was hardly needed; the place had been so drenched with mustard that the bushes were stained yellow and the ground was covered with the dried splashes. The smell from the road was strong enough to be unmistakable, and a few days earlier it would have been dangerous. We had never experienced such a concentration of gas, but we realized then that that was our good fortune, and not because it was impossible. We could not tell whether it was the Boche or our own guns that had done the job, as both lines had been through there so recently.

Many of the streets in these little villages had been renamed by the Boche occupants, the blatant signboards covering up the inoffensive "Rue de Something" of the original name, and needless to say, the new titles were always characteristically and patriotically Hun. But it was their turn to be superseded now, and at one place we saw a neat "Kaiser Wilhelm Strasse" crossed out and "President Wilson Street" chalked up in its place. The looks of the street made one wonder where the honor came in, in either case.

We went through Grand-Pre' in the afternoon. This town had been right in the middle of the fighting when it was

still going slowly, and it looked it. The streets were so littered up with wreckage that it was hard to get a wagon through, even though the biggest obstacles had been cleared away. We crossed the Aire on a rough Engineer bridge, for the old stone bridge had been wrecked a few days before by air bombs, as the great holes in the river bank showed. A few more miles brought us to Marcq, where we encamped for the night, stretching our picket line between the trees of an apple orchard.

Marcq was in a fair state of preservation, as towns go in that region, and most of the houses were intact, though messed up and dismantled inside.

We scouted around and found a room for an officers' mess, with a long table, chairs and an effective kitchen stove. In the same row were several fairly respectable bedrooms, and we joyfully made ourselves at home after a brief investigation to see whether there were any hidden explosives on the premises or "Crimson ramblers" in the beds. We were especially tickled at our luck because for once our occupancy was disputed by neither the Boche nor the French, and we could use what we could find without the "advice and consent" of a pestiferous local mayor. All through that region were large patches of cabbage, intended for the winter's supply of sauerkraut for "Jerry," and our boys helped themselves plentifully. For several days no meal was complete without a liberal plateful of this booty, and it was no small help to the variety of our rations, not to mention the added pleasure of reaping what our enemies had sown.

All that day, as we had ridden through the villages, we had been greeted with the rumor that an armistice had already been effected. All along the road we had passed the French soldiers, and to our questions the answer was always the same: "La Guerre finie!" We knew that they often got news sooner than we did and we began to be hopeful that the news was already true. Then one of them gave me a French newspaper and as I rode along at a walk I read of the departure of the Hun envoys to meet Marshal Foch.

After two hard days of marching we rested at the Abri St. Louis. A French Lieutenant who was attached to our Brigade as a liaison officer took dinner with us, and told us of Marshal Foch's terms to the Hun envoys, and much of the afternoon was spent in discussing whether they would be accepted. He thought they would not be, and indeed they did seem almost too favorable to be true, for we were not certain that the Boche was badly enough licked to allow us to march clear to the Rhine without a single machine gun nest in the way. We restrained our impatience, knowing that the morrow would tell us whether our job was done, or whether we had a winter of fighting ahead of us.

On the morning of the memorable eleventh of November we moved again, back through the heart of the forest, another stage toward civilization. There was a penetrating cold mist that morn-

ing, so dense that one could hardly see a hundred yards, and the mud was so nearly frozen that a single step chilled the feet thoroughly. We made an early start, the Transport for once going ahead of the companies, and we needed it, for the road was abominable and our progress slow. We were now too far back for the more recent marks of battle, but all along those narrow woods lanes we passed graves. There was no cemetery, for the trees were too thick; just small groups at the roadside and isolated ones in the very ditches, American, French, and Boche.

The mist was clearing and the sun beginning to shine as we were already on the long hill that we had climbed on our way up to the front; it had been so dark then that we did not recognize it when we first came to it again. We turned into the main road at Le Four de Paris at about eleven o'clock, and from then on the stream of traffic, the M. P.'s and the "Frogs" gave us plenty of opportunity for asking questions outside our own outfit.

"War's Over," *Guerre finie*," "All over," we heard every where, with an occasional more detailed bit of information. At first we were wary, as we had been fooled several times in the past week, but before long the reports were so universal and positive that we believed them. There was nothing to do about it, every man felt relieved to the depths of his soul, and a sort of general grin and holiday spirit came over us in place of the chronic grouch that most of us had developed, and we kept right on down the road.

We pulled into our camping place near Les Islettes about noon, the Transport using some old French sheds and the companies going up into the woods to pitch their tents. Once through with the hike, we had more chance to talk over the good news, but it was impossible to express how glad we were, and we were little interested in the political details. There was not much chance to celebrate, and it made no immediate difference in our day's routine. But then and there most of us began to lose all interest in things military, and turn our thoughts to the hope of going home.

The church bells were ringing that afternoon in the town a mile away. In the evening each little group of men lit their camp fire, and we sat around ours, smoking and talking quietly. It was a welcome chance even to be allowed to have campfires; for weeks we had shivered through the evenings in darkness on account of the aeroplanes, and the bright illumination of the woods seemed unnatural. We felt mightily relieved, and happy in the knowledge that now we were certain of getting home, and glad that we would be in good billets for the winter and not in fox-holes, but we were not wildly hilarious like the people at home. It was all too fresh in our minds, and we were still too tired, and the losses we had suffered too recent, to admit of much celebrating.

The days at Les Islettes were pleasant ones; it was crisp autumn weather, but we did not mind the cold now that we could have fires. Our main job was cleaning up, and gradually the accumu-

(Continued on Page 6)

TREASON

By Gerald Egan

Formerly Captain of 319th Infantry,
Eightieth Division

Courtesy of the Columbia Magazine



things.

Three days the Battalion had crouched under vicious fire in a narrow death-cell called the Bois des Ogons, a hideous, blood-spattered place, of evil memory. All the might of Germany seemed towering on that wood. There was no escape; no moment of quiet; no chance for frenzied rush to choke those distant guns.

A week before, the Battalion, of which I was the commander, had known the elation of a first and a successful attack. But the buoyant thrill of victory vanished, when enemy artillery got our range and when many who had started with us lay face upward.

Shells were demoralizing us. Shells that moaned their flight; shells with malignant screeches; shells searching for and—times without end—finding their targets. Then came an order to attack again. That spent Battalion was to go forward. Company officers heard the order unbelievably; they said it asked too much of us and they hated to repeat it to the men.

A hill beyond Cunel was the objective! "Beyond Cunel!" And Cunel itself more than a mile away!

Yet, when the whistle sounded exactly in the afternoon and we started forward, the desperate tension snapped. One thought seemed to hearten every man: the shells that fell into that wood could never harm us now; we were done with that horror and nothing in the fields ahead could be more terrible. Machine guns and their spatter seemed almost playful after the crunch and thud of explosives, the upheaval of earth, the rip of crashing trees.

There was no real struggle. The German line was thinly held by machine-gun crews who got away before our assault was on them.

At dusk we went through Cunel—a battered French village long in German hands. There was no sign of life and the Battalion was ordered to reassemble on a road beyond the town. Each man crawled into the underbrush that lined the road, for flares were showing in the wood beyond.

Those flares brought the war back to us. We had almost neglected it in the ease of our advance. Our combat groups on either flank had not been able to establish contact with other American units. We had heard nothing of the support battalion which we hoped was coming. The enemy in force were somewhere just ahead, waiting, perhaps, for

us to stumble on his bayonets or making ready, now, to rush us.

It was Private Mathew Riordan who first put into words the fear that was forming in our hearts. Private Riordan, descendant of the Irish minstrels, master dodger of the routine duties of a soldier, a gay, thirsty, courageous vagabond who had affixed himself to me as orderly in the early days of the war and refused to be relinquished. Unimpressed by military rank, he bestowed his advice and companionship indiscriminately on officer and man and, by his informality and his neglect of emphasized amenities, earned me constant rebukes for failure to militarize him.

"We've come too fast," Riordan announced, as with Captain Thompson of L Company and half a dozen men I stopped to send a message back telling of our position. "They let us through and they're going to cut in behind us."

Somebody stopped him. We did not want to hear about it. But the feeble enemy resistance during the afternoon began to take on a sinister meaning. Even retreat might be an impossibility or a butchery.

We moved on and were still discussing a quick march to our old positions as we came out on the road some distance from the concealed Battalion.

Suddenly Riordan motioned us into the bushes and pointed down the road. It was moonlight and a German came racing toward us on a bicycle, pedaling desperately. His head was bandaged.

Riordan did the halting dramatically and suddenly enough to throw the rider off his wheel. The German scrambled to his feet with Riordan's revolver covering him and the others standing near.

I saw that it was Frederick Wagner, Georgetown, 1906, and my classmate; now Lieutenant Wagner, German Infantryman. His father was a German chemist who knew more about commercial dyes than almost anyone else in the world. That is why he was offered an irresistible salary to come to America and lay the foundation for a dye industry here. That was a dozen years before the World War.

Fred Wagner, a boy of seventeen, came with his father. They were Wurttembergers and Catholics, and the boy was sent to Georgetown College, with the Jesuits. As a freshman he became my classmate; later, my roommate. He had studied English in his German school and—mystifying to us who viewed modern languages lightly in those halls of classical preponderance—he had really learned some English. He was a sturdy, clean-minded boy and anxious to do credit to his country and to his father.

When we were graduated Frederick Wagner had, I think, taken almost every-



time but I did not see him again until he stood before me on the Cunel road—a prisoner.

The temptation was strong to let the others question him and to go toward the Battalion unseen. But when I saw the burly Captain Thompson put on his most ferocious manner and begin an inquisition, I stayed.

It was all right to hear Thompson impounding unidentified Germans, knowing that in the end he would probably send them away with a pat on the back. But with Wagner it was different. He was my friend, my early friend, closer and dearer to me than any of those who stood around me in the uniform of my country. I felt that he would never tell Thompson or me or any man the things about our position that we were desperately anxious to know—the things that Thompson, for all his soft-heartedness, might go far in seeking to discover.

Wagner was suffering. Shaken by his fall and by an old wound his eyes reflected his bewilderment. Just once he glanced toward Germany, then he faced the Scowling Thompson.

He gave his name and his organization in English—the 217th Regiment, of the first line troops.

"The 217th Regiment," Thompson blazed, advancing a step nearer and apparently doing his utmost to control himself. "I'm glad we've got one of you. That's the gang that murdered two of my men after they were wounded. We know about it. You know about it, too. Where's your outfit now?"

Thompson was drawing entirely on his imagination in picturing the killing of his men. His company had not lost any prisoners and he had never heard of the 217th Regiment. Yet he hoped by the last quick question to draw an unguarded answer.

Wagner was not intimidated. He kept his head high and said quietly: "The 217th Regiment has never killed a prisoner—never since the war began."

"You've all killed them, every bloody one of you," Thompson shouted, his face close to Wagner's. "And we know it and you can't get away with it. Put that gun down, Riordan!"

This last was addressed to my orderly, who stood behind the prisoner. But his revolver was in his holster. Thompson sought to add the fear of death to his examination but Wagner did not turn

thing that was helpful from his college course and all that was wholesome from his association with young Americans. I was genuinely sorry to hear his "auf Wiedersehen" when he started home.

For several years we exchanged letters at Christmas

his head. Neither did he answer the question.

I did not want it to go on any longer. I did not want my friend to fear even for an instant that the Americans he knew had changed so much.

From the shadow of the bushes I stepped onto the road, full in the moonlight but several paces from the group. Frederick Wagner saw and stiffened.



"Jerry," he shouted. Then, with a bound that jostled several of his captors, he was on me.

I felt a frantic hug, a pair of hands on my shoulders, a violent shaking. Riordan, stunned for a moment by the rush of the German, hurried toward us, ready for battle.

"It's all right, Riordan," I said. "He was a classmate of mine at college."

"Classmate?" echoed Riordan.

"I'll be blasted," said Thompson.

Wagner and I looked at each other. His eyes, the same kind eyes I knew, were searching me, but in them there was no appeal.

At first I thought I would tell him how lucky he was that I had come up and saved him from Thompson, how lucky that he had been taken by a friend who would see that he got behind the lines unhurt, how lucky that his days of fighting were done and he could be sure of food and sleep and safety until the war was over. But there was no use telling those lies to Wagner. He would not have believed them and he would have hated me for them.

"It's a tough break, Fred, for you—for both of us." That was all I could think of to say.

He nodded and smiled—the same brave smile that I remembered when our teams had been beaten.

By this time, Thompson had joined Riordan by our side; the others stayed where they were, within earshot.

"Where were you going alone?" I asked.

"Home," he answered, almost with a gulp.

"On leave?"

"Yes, the first in two years."

"How's your father?"

"Well. He arranged my leave."

"And your mother?"

"She's failing," he answered, and this time his eyes asked me to do a thing which his lips never would utter, a thing that until that moment I was trying to banish from my mind.

"You know him, Major?" asked Riordan,

a question designed simply to break an uncomfortable silence.

"Hasn't he just told you he's his classmate," said Thompson, glad, too, to prolong an interruption.

"Classmate!" again Riordan echoed it. "Well, if I met a classmate in this hole and his mother was sick, I'd let him go. The war's nearly over and what's one German, anyway. If he was my friend."

But Thompson, pretending to be amazed at this unholy thought, ordered Riordan to join the other group.

"He's right about the war, Jerry," Wagner said. "Austria quit yesterday. We are alone in the fight now."

That was the nearest he came to asking for his liberty.

Austria capitulated! Then the war was near an end. And the news made me wish all the more fervently that we were back even in the Bois des Ogons instead of standing inside the German lines.

Scouts sent out from Cunel had not reported. Flares from the woods ahead increased in frequency. A lieutenant from the Battalion came up—as if to remind me of my duty—and asked if the men should dig in or whether we were going forward again. I heard Riordan announce that "hell would be popping shortly." No word had come from the support battalion. The group around me were becoming restive. The time for a decision had come both as to the Battalion and as to Wagner.

I wanted to retreat and I wanted to let Wagner slip off toward Germany. The men with me wanted the same two things, I knew. But just then I could not find the justification for ordering a retreat without a shot and—as commander of the Battalion—I could not release Wagner.

A shell fell like an evil thing into Cunel. I made up my mind. We would stay in the ditches along the Cunel road until I got some definite news of the

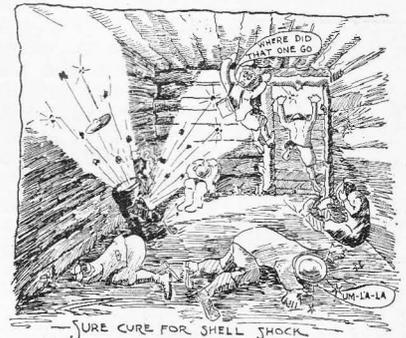


enemy or of our support and I would send Wagner back a prisoner.

"I must send you back, Fred," I said. "It's the only thing I can do with this gang around. If I get back myself I'll try to find you."

"I suppose it's the only thing," he said. "I wish it had been some one else who captured me."

I called Riordan and told him to report the prisoner to the Colonel for examination. Riordan eyed me closely, looking, I feel sure, for a wink, but a dozen eyes were on me.



Wagner gave me his hand. Then he and Riordan were sent into the town.

The rest of us joined the Battalion. It was quiet along the road but the men were not asleep; they were not resting. Officers tried to conceal their forebodings. I felt I was probably sacrificing a battalion to an amateur code of war.

"We'd better move off this road and into the woods and dig on every side of us," said Thompson. "It's going to get tough here in a little while. They have the range of Cunel with every kind of gun."

Then came a crashing of bushes in our rear and Riordan raced toward us.

"The Germans are starting to filter in behind us. They are going to drop a barrage here in a few minutes, then attack. Let's get out of here," he gasped.

Officers did not wait to hear more. They rushed to the platoons.

"How do you know this?" I asked.

"Wagner told me."

"Where is he? What did you do with him?"

"He tried to escape and I killed him," Private Riordan answered.

"I'll see you about that afterwards," I said, and gave orders for the Battalion to retreat in open order toward the Bois des Ogons.

I did see Riordan afterwards about it—as soon afterwards as I could on that halting, dodging, uneasy march to safety.

"Maybe I only wounded him," that amiable liar said.

"Come clean," I demanded.

"Maybe I missed him," he added, "but what the blazes—the war's nearly over and he was your classmate."

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PASSING IN REVIEW

By *FAY A. DAVIS*

Bon Noel Human Interest Story

Swiftly the years roll by. Winter's come once more. Again the mistletoe and holly season is just around the corner. We are about to enjoy another visit from dear, old Kriss Kingle. The family circle gathers. The chimney waits. However swiftly they may seem to go, what better way is there to mark their passing than with the Yuletide spirit of good-will in your heart?

Soon the world will throw off the drab routine and step out in her long and charming gown of freshly, fallen snow. Everything, everywhere will be gleaming, brilliant in color. In the twinkling of an eye something knocks at the door of your heart. It opens. An image appears, reflecting beauty—beauty that stammers speech. Ecstasy takes you by the ear and you fill up brim full of joy. You begin to feel magic-like—airy. A smile engulfs your countenance, a smile that won't wipe off—the Christmas smile. The spirit has you.

The sexton busies himself dusting the cobwebs from the belfry. Donner and Blitzen stomp their feet impatiently as old St. Nicholas tidies up his sleigh for another visit. Toyland hums. From under a generous sprinkling of near-snow, bright scarlet cranberries peep at you pleadingly from their carrier; fat plums of Packard blue; hearts of celery and the vitamin greens; and pears that melt in your mouth. Sea-green olives with bright red eyes; great round apples, dimpled and plump; oranges, bananas and luscious jams spread out invitingly all spick and span. Sun-kissed grapes

from which the spider drops an airy thread; cakes and cookies, golden and browned; dates and figs and plum pudding to go around; turkeys well fed; and nuts from the wooded hill. While squawking geese and babbling ducks, prodded by the butcher's boy, accent the markets with a breath of color.

Ten years ago this Christmas Day, quartered in some of the many, humble French villages, our regiment played Kriss Kingle to an army of homeless French children. The future soldiers of France (at least a part of them) loaded with trinkets, mopped from rubbish heap and salvage dump; bedecked in the remnants of uniforms gleaned from yonder trench and fox-hole—human scavengers eager for tawdry spoils. Cruelly separated from their parents and loved ones—victims of a fate that was no fault of theirs—these dirty ragamuffins drifted aimlessly over northern France. Off-springs of unfortunate souls, driven helter-skelter from their imperiled homes in the Verdun area to escape being buried alive in their wreckage. When all roads leading from Verdun were filled with these peasants leaving behind their life's work. Glancing back at the smoking funeral pyre of a sudden and terrific bombardment of German artillery, they saw, silhouetted on the frowning horizon, the onrushing avalanche of mouse-gray clad, goose-stepping "Boche."

In scores they came on Christmas Day, these ragged urchins for a bag of peanuts and a chocolate bar. We could not ask them to hang up their stockings—

they had none. And why waste time telling them all about Kriss Kingle and his big bag of toys?—they had no homes for him to visit.

One little fellow, a mere splinter of human driftwood, slept in an old bake-oven with his dog, a shaggy, black poodle he called "Gumdrop," because of his fondness for that delicacy. Big-hearted "Bill" Tucker, himself a little guy, took a shine to him and it wasn't long until he was wearing "Bill's" sweater. His extra pair of shoes, a blanket and a suit of underwear lightened "Bill's" pack still more. When someone reminded "Bill" that the supply sergeant had him charged with the stuff, "Bill" said, "The h—l with him! I'll say I lost them."

Tough as pine knots, hair grown long and dirty beyond description, the destiny of some of them was not difficult to foretell. Chewing gum, nuts, candy (delicacies weren't very plentiful even among ourselves) anything we could muster, we gave them. It was something to eat they craved, not toys. Far away as the first signpost of age seemed to be, a cigarette meant more to them than some toy or geegaw.

That scene sweated brotherly love out of the pores of our skin. My buddy "Bill" said, "I ain't of the weeping willow stock and I never go in for mush and sobs, but when one of those kids stuck his hand in my pocket to see if I had any more chocolate, I felt like I was hogging

(Continued on Page 14)





ALLEN, Arza Austin, formerly of Battery F, 314th Field Artillery, died on Wednesday evening, October 31. He was a State Trooper of Middlebourne, West Virginia and was patrolling the Warwood road when his motorcycle skidded, throwing him violently on his head. Just as he fell Doctors Schwim and Morris came up on their way to Wheeling and took him to the hospital where he died at midnight.

Mr. Allen was born on Gorrell's Run on October 18, 1895, a son of the late Wesley and Eliza Baker Allen. Until the beginning of the war he worked in the oil fields. He was fourteen months in France with the 80th Division and was fifty-two days on the firing line. For the past seven years he has been on the State Police force, motorcycle patrol and four years of that time he has lived at Elm Grove.

He was married about four years ago to Miss Inella Wingate, of Mount Sterling, Kentucky, who survives him. He is also survived by one brother, Chauncey Allen, of Barboursville, and sister Mrs. Lelah Allen Freeland, of Sistersville, and Mrs. Ada Allen Donnelly, of Middlebourne, and by half sisters, Mrs. W. D. Gregg, of Middlebourne; Mrs. Edd Smyers, of Wellsville, Ohio; Mrs. Will Lindamood, of Sherman, W. Va., and J. D. Allen, of Wellsville, Ohio.

Mr. Allen was a general favorite with all who knew him, and a very large assemblage of people attended the funeral services at the Middlebourne M. E. Church. The brief services by Rev. Aspinall were followed by the services of the American Legion, and the burial services were in charge of the Masons of which he was a member. The mounted police of the state accompanied the body here and formed an escort to the grave.

The deceased was a nephew of Dr. James A. Baker and deputy sheriff J. M. Baker, of Middlebourne.

FAGAN, James T., formerly of the 319th Infantry, died Saturday, October 13, 1928, at Philipsburg State Hospital from internal injuries received in an accident at Guion mine.

Mr. Fagan was born at the old homestead, near Hawk Run, June 9, 1894. He was the son of James and Elizabeth Fagan, both deceased.

During the World War he served with the 80th Division, and had an excellent record as a soldier. He was a member of the Altoona Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and John Ashley Dennis Post of the American Legion.

He is survived by one brother, T. J. Fagan, of Windber, and three sisters, Mrs. S. L. Irvin, of Cherrytree; Mrs. I. S. Brady, of Altoona, and Mrs. Calvin Bell, of Morris Township with whom the deceased made his home.

Funeral services were held at St. Agnes Catholic Church, of Morrisdale, Wednesday morning, October 17, 1928.

KRAVATZ, Louis, formerly of Company F, 320th Infantry, was found dead

in his home, 138 Bessemer Avenue, Lyndora. The Lyndora authorities found a leaking gas stove in the room and believe that the asphyxiation was accidental.

The deceased had no relatives in the vicinity of Butler. Among his personal effects were found honorable discharge papers from the U. S. Army. The war department papers revealed a splendid war record to his credit.

MAGEL, William, formerly of Battery A, 314th Field Artillery, died Sunday, October 14, 1928, at his home, 2535 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Services were held at 9:30 a. m., Wednesday, October 17 with high mass of requiem at Saint Agnes' Catholic Church.

AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face;
For Life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger
then;
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game;
Tired with trying to make a name.
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
But to-morrow comes—and to-morrow
goes;
And the distance between us grows and
grows.

Around the corner!—yet miles away . . .
"Here's a telegram, sir."
"Jim died to-day!"

And that's what we get—and deserve in
the end—

Around the corner, a vanished friend.
—Charles Hanson Towne, American
Business Magazine.

A BLUE RIDGE MEMOIR

(Continued from Page 2)

lated hardened mud of the Argonne roads began to come off the limbers, as warnings of parades and inspections came around.

Speculations and rumors as to whether we would go into Germany, and how soon we would go home, were the main interest during those first days of peace. We did not want to go to Germany, for we knew it meant a long march and thought it would involve more strenuous guard duty and stricter discipline than living in France, and we also knew that the divisions that went would be longer in getting home. All kinds of hopeful rumors flew around about sailing in December or January, and although they proved false, we considered it a good sign at the time when our next moving orders directed us on south into the undamaged interior of France.

Our battalion was billeted in the little village of Channes, one of the quietest towns in the world. Living conditions were comfortable, and we settled down for a long stay, grateful enough at first that we were not moving about and sleeping in the open in the winter weather. But the men's need for rest soon wore off, and rest was all that Channes had to offer. There were about two hundred inhabitants in the town, and only

one store, which sold nothing that soldiers could possibly want. There was not an estamiant for miles around, though there was plenty of wine and cognac to be bought privately—all the disadvantages of the tavern with none of its good features.

The men "carried on" with their usual good discipline and philosophic acceptance of the situation, but in many ways the hoped-for winter of peace was a disappointment. Drill continued morning and afternoon, in all weathers; reveille continued to be before daylight all those cold winter mornings. Strenuous tactical maneuvers kept coming on the schedule, often requiring the whole brigade to assemble from the scattered towns before the affair started. Inspection grew more strict, and red tape once more came into its own. Our outfit was a disciplined organization and our men were soldiers; they did their duty to the last minute, but they did not pretend to have any real interest in it since the eleventh of November, and their longing to get home was beyond the power of words to express.

It is with mingled feelings that we look back on the days of the war. Truly it was the greatest time in our lives, and no one would have wanted to miss it, but none of us would want to go through it again for a million dollars. Each man has his own individual experience, not identical with that of any other man, yet similar to that of millions of men in all the allied countries. To be one of the great body of war veterans is something that a man will treasure all his life. The exhaustion, the hunger, the thirst, the feeling of being shot at, and of having shells bursting around you, the fear, that all know though almost all control and conquer, and the horror of seeing comrades killed and mangled and human flesh blown to pieces—these things will remain vividly in our memories for years to come. But with them there will be other memories as lasting and more precious—the singing of the platoon on the march, the thrill of success when a machine gun nest was cleaned out, the deeds of sacrifice and devotion that we have witnessed, the friendships formed and tested by fire, and the feeling of carefree abandon—the great American "don't give a dam" spirit, which really means trust in Providence—with which we went forward in attack. The monotony, the petty annoyance, and the impatience to get home after it was over has all been forgotten, but the real events of the Great Adventure will remain always fresh in our minds, and whenever in future years the men are gathered together, pipes will be filled, the old light will come back to our eyes and the hard look will return to our jaws, and the wet "Bois" and shell-torn fields northwest of Verdun will be dragged back from the pages of history and fought over once more. It all happened ten years ago.

CAN'T GET GLAD ALONE

"Come out to lunch, and join the bunch
And boost with all your might,
Forget your biz, whatever it is,
And things that don't go right.

"Forget your cares, remember there's
A world outside your own
To give you joy; remember, boy,
You can't get glad alone."



Norfolk-Portsmouth Post

The members of Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1 presented Capt. J. Carl Peck with the Verdun Medal on Nov. 11th. Captain was unable to see the Committee but is reported to be doing fine at present.

John B. Diehl attended the Grand Conclave of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Virginia which was held in Danville, Va. the last week in October.

Mrs. Ellie Hart Halstead, wife of Comrade J. W. Halstead, died Nov. 2nd, 1928.

Captain Carl Tranberger, 315th F. A. and now 1st Sgt. Bat. "B" 111 F. A., V. N. G., was presented with the Gold Medal for 21 years service at the drill Dec. 4th. This medal is given by the state of Virginia.

Hamlet, Cliborne, Moore, Montagna and Diehl take notice and get busy. A. B. Hopkins is visiting Brambleton three nights a week.

E. B. Truitt, Commander of Post No. 1 has resigned his position with a Norfolk drug firm and is on the road representing a firm from New York.

Joe Moore says he can not understand why the Blondes fall for one of our Past Commanders.

Dr. H. R. Seelinger attended a meeting of the V. F. W. in the National Soldiers Home as the representative of the Commander in Chief.

O. J. Diehl, father of John B. Diehl, is critically ill at the St. Vincent Hospital where he underwent two operations.

The question is "What Happened to Jordan?" He missed the last Oyster Roast of the Cooties. Seelinger, McCourt, Montagna and Diehl tried to hold up the record of the 80th but Jordan was badly missed.

A. B. Hopkins is selling Atwater-Kent Radios. Best of luck Allen.

George Brittingham was out in all his Glory at the VFW Ball and said if there is anything he likes better than one dance it is two. George sure shakes a wicked hoof.

Seelinger and Moore had charge of the refreshments for the V. F. W. while Truitt and Brittingham done the dancing.

Victor Morris, B Co., 317th Inf., has been promoted to Head Teller of the Seaboard Citizens National Bank when they consolidated.

Col. Wm. H. Sands is attending the War College in Washington. He was the first officer of the Artillery of the Va. N. G. to receive this honor.

Philadelphia Post No. 2

Philadelphia Post held a regular monthly meeting at 2210 Sansom Street and the following members were nominated for 1929 Officers:

Commander, Otto P. Leinhauser; Senior Vice-Commander, John B. Canning; Junior Vice-Commander, Russell W. Mahon and George Guille; Adjutant, Warren W. Rareshide, Fred W. Haussmann, Jr., and William H. Graham, Jr.; Finance Officers, Evan J. Tibbott, Jr., William O. Pfeifer, Wm. Bradford, and Rodney T. Bonsall; Sergeant at Arms, Frank J. Mayer; Chaplain, Rev. Frederic Poole, Executive Council (ten to be selected), Louis Strouse, Frank Schoble, Jr., Howard A. Brock, Rodney T. Bonsall, Albert C. Markert, George Guille, Wm. O. Pfeifer, Frank J. Roche, Wm. H. Graham, Jr., Harry McCloskey, Wm. C. Fox, Fred W. Haussmann, Jr., William C. Galleher, P. T. Wysocki, Evan J. Tibbott, Jr., Stanley Lichtenstein, Samuel Millinghausen and George Burton.

GENERAL LLOYD M. BRETT POST

Hundreds of members of the post and members of the 80th Division from out-of-town joined with the City of Pittsburgh and the County of Allegheny in celebrating the Tenth Anniversary of the signing of the Armistice under the leadership and command of two former War time Commanders, Brig.-Gen. Frank S. Cocheu, then Colonel in Command of the 319th Infantry, and Colonel E. G. Peyton, Commander of the 320th Infantry. Colonel Earl D. Church, formerly Division Ordnance Officer of the division in France, was among the notables in the reviewing stand.

This year's Armistice day observance held a stronger meaning for both soldiers and civilians because it marked the turn of the decade, and was regarded as the most pretentious Armistice Day celebration yet held. It was highly pretentious from the post standpoint, due to having with us three of our former 80th officers. A great display of brilliant uniforms was apparent in the Bugle & Drum corps, and many new uniforms were noticeable in the ranks of the various soldier units.

A silent tribute was paid to our fallen comrades when at 11 o'clock a 21-gun salute was fired from Monument Hill, and with the marching column halted and standing at attention, "Taps" was sounded throughout the line of march, in memory of the "comrades who had answered the last roll call.

It was estimated that 15,000 veterans had participated in the parade and celebration. Automobiles transported the wounded Buddies from the hospitals, Gold Star Mothers, and the Veterans of the G. A. R. The parade consisted of five divisions.

The reception committee of the post was kept busy planning entertainment for the guests, but Sunday, November 11th, was spent in reminiscing the in-

cidents and happenings of "Over There" and at Camp Lee. On Monday, the 12th, following the parade the guests were taken to the United States Veterans Hospital No. 103, at Aspinwall, Pa., and through the courtesy of Col. Rolf H. Brown, who is in charge, they were shown through the institution and greeted the boys who are confined there. About 150 of the veterans were assembled in the Auditorium where they listened to addresses that were delivered by Mr. James F. Malone, President of Pittsburgh City Council, General Cocheu, Col. Peyton, Col. Church and Miss Gertrude Horne, of Pennsylvania Auxiliary.

In the evening some 35 members of the Post attended a dinner which was held at the Plaza Dining Room in honor of the distinguished visitors. J. J. Madden commander of the Post officiated as Toastmaster. Brief addresses were made by the guests. Miss Horne made an appeal for Life Memberships and in response to her request received the names of 18 Blue-Ridgers who volunteered to sign up for this form of membership in the association, including the General and Colonels. And so into the pages of the Post history was written the 10th Anniversary of "Finie La Guerre."

We are making arrangements now for an affair to be held by the Post in the month of February next year and those of you that did not attend the last meeting better get out for the next two and find out what is going on, also remember that at our meeting in January new officers will be elected for 1929, so decide now who you want next year and then come out and vote for them.

The Adjutant is now accepting dues for next year. Send it today!

R. P. LOEFFLER, Adjutant.

McKeesport Post No. 15

An enthusiastic meeting of the McKeesport Post held recently in the Pennsylvania Deposit Bank Building, gave assurance that McKeesport is to have a live, active Post of the 80th. Over fifty men who saw active duty with the Division in France pledged themselves to energetic efforts on behalf of the organization.

Who's Who In Philadelphia

Captain Leinhauser, formerly of the 313th Machine Gun Battalion was nominated for the office of Commander of the Philadelphia Post at the last monthly meeting.

If our Post had a few more members like Captain Leinhauser, things would certainly go along nicely.

Dues are \$2.50 per year—\$1.00 of which shall be paid to the National Association. Life members shall not be charged the per capita tax of \$1.00.

Comrade Brock, formerly of 317th Field Hospital has joined the Society of Daddies. Congratulations Comrade i Chairman of the Junior League please note.

We have a real active member in P. T. Wysocki. He is now a member of the Bugle Corps.

Noticed quite a few of the old 80th Division insignias in Armistice Day Parade held here November 10.

(Continued on Page 9)

Record Attendance at New York 80th Banquet

More than one hundred and sixty officers attended the banquet of the New York Association of Officers of the 80th Division held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City, November 9, 1928, to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice. Representatives from practically every divisional unit were present. Many former officers living at considerable distances from New York City came to attend the dinner to get together and freshen memories with the hard yet glorious days of ten years ago.

Prior to the dinner a number of units held informal business sessions. Elaborate display of photographs taken during the Meuse Argonne offensive had been arranged by Major J. H. Eager, Chairman of the banquet.

Short addresses were delivered by Colonels E. G. Peyton and Gordon G. Heiner, and Lieutenant Frank Schoble, Jr.

Lieutenant Schoble made a strong plea for Life Membership in the 80th Division Veterans Association with the result that many members present signed up immediately, among whom were: Colonel Gordon G. Heiner, Major Lincoln McVeagh, Captain Lee Packard, Captain Frank L. Weaver, Lieutenant Talbot Dunn, Lieutenant Russell Bontecou, Major J. Howard Eager, Lieutenant R. B. Luchars, Lieutenant Perry Waterman, Captain R. G. Rolston and Captain D. S. MacBride.

Among those present at the dinner were:

317th Infantry—David A. Barry, Jr., Rodney T. Bonsall, H. Leroy Demarest, Talbot Dunn, John W. James, Charles

M. Jones, Arthur J. O'Neill, J. K. Powell, P. M. Timmons.

318th Infantry—Arthur H. Brown, Lincoln McVeagh, S. Raymond, Frank Schoble, Jr., W. B. Sheehan, James Kerry Towers, Major Koch.

319th Infantry—R. C. Hogan, Louis J. Altieri, E. F. Connally, W. Paul Hamilton, P. V. Hendricks, Frederick Hickman, Charles C. Highley, S. V. Hopkins, DeWitt C. Jones, Jr., Charles E. Merrill, Severn A. Miller, Franklin W. Morrell, Hugh H. Obear, Thomas F. O'Connor, Harry Price, Otto Ridgely, J. E. Ritchie, F. S. Ritchie, Chas. C. Rossire, Jr., Oscar Sturgis, Raymond Willinger, J. E. Wilson, Tilghman 159, D. H. R. Carroll.

320th Infantry—Malcolm Corduan, Harry P. Holt, O. P. McComas, Tupper McDonald, Guest of Mr. McDonald, Curtis W. McGraw, Robert Van E. Martin, W. L. Thompson, Cornelius C. Vermeule.

313th Field Artillery—Maj. O. L. Brunzell, D. G. Ackerman, Norborne Berkeley, Russell Bontecou, Stanley D. Brown, H. S. Burling, Geo. T. Coburn, Paul P. Crosbie, M. S. Dimmock, George M. Englar, W. E. Gard, Donald D. Geary, Edwin F. A. Morgan, Emory H. Niles, John Paul, R. W. Perkins, Malcolm M. Slaughter, Walter T. Armstrong, John J. Kuhn.

314th Field Artillery—Dwight S. Beebe, Alfred A. Biddle, Clarence F. Brown, William Clark, J. Howard Eager, Roger Faherty, Granville Fortescue, Newton K. Fox, Frank Gosnell, Jr., G. Vail Hartwell, John U. Hussey, William D. Lamin, Emory Landon, L. Lee Layton, Jr., Neil MacDougall, Dean Mathey, A. A. Melnick, Fred L. Moore, John J. Redfield, Murray Rushmore, Warren R. Smith, William Hallam Tuck, Col. James

F. Walker, Donald Woodward, John B. Wise, Edw. L. Stanton.

315th Field Artillery—Otis L. Guernsey, D. W. Hardy, V. A. Johnston, A. B. Paul, W. H. Rhodes, R. G. Rolston, Sylvan H. Spear, H. G. Terwilliger, George C. Thomas, Albert U. Walter, A. Perry Waterman, V. A. Welte, Denny D. Wright, H. H. Wrenn, John W. Stafford, Frank Aber.

305th Engineers—I. D. Brent, William R. Grunow, Caleb S. Kenney, Robert Levis, D. S. MacBride, Lee Packard, E. M. Stuart, Frank L. Weaver.

305th F. S. B.—C. F. Everitt.

305th A. T.—C. C. Agate, A. L. L. Baker, C. Fred Cook, H. A. C. deRubio, R. B. Luchars, Wm. B. McFall, Jr., F. T. Tweddell.

305th T. M. B.—T. M. Adams, Paul B. Barringer, Jr.

313th Machine Gun—William E. Richardson, W. C. Steele, Warren T. Stewart, W. George Thomas.

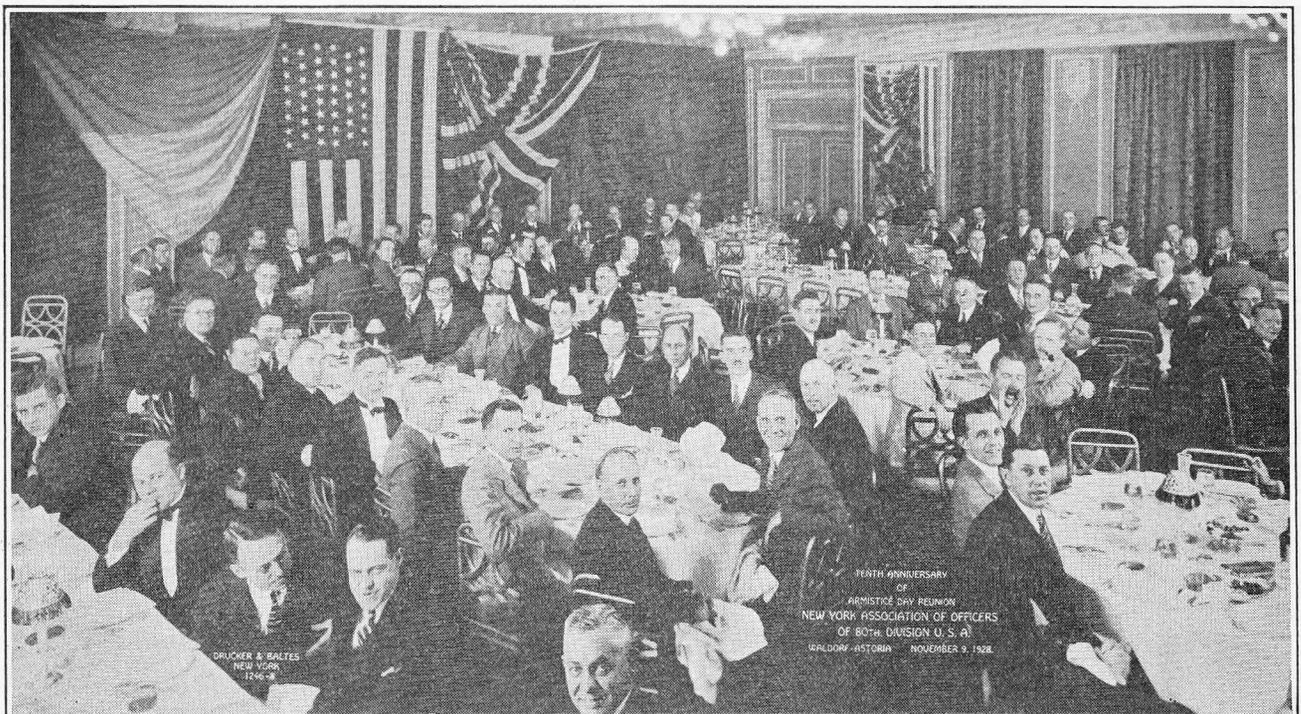
314th Machine Gun—Thomas W. Clark, Robert H. Cox.

315th Machine Gun—Jos. C. Behan, Jr., L. T. Burwell, Leland B. Garretson, A. L. Shurtle, Harold B. Thorne, Jr., A. Winters, Geo. H. Trout.

Division Headquarters: Arthur H. Brown, seated with 318th Infantry; Carlo D. Cella, Earl D. Church, Charles M. Jones, seated with 319th Infantry.

Brigade Headquarters: 159th—R. C. Hogan, seated with 319th Infantry; 160th—C. Fred Cook, seated with 305th A. T.

Guests: Major O. L. Brunzell, seated with 313th F. A.; Col. G. G. Heiner, Col. E. G. Peyton, Col. James F. Walker, seated with 314th F. A.; Lt. Col. S. Whipple.



MORNING REPORT

(Continued from Page 7)

Eight members of the Philadelphia Post are now members of the Houston Post, American Legion; and eight others are numbered among the members of the Thomas M. Golden Post, V. F. W.

Still time to win the 80th Loyalty Cup—new members, Life Members in National Association, Advertising in Service Magazine—all this will help us win it.

The Ladies Auxiliary held a Bazaar and Supper on December 5 and 6. The proceeds will be used to supply Christmas cheer to former 80th comrades now at the Naval and Grays Ferry Hospitals.

Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1

Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1 held a Hallowe'en Party Saturday, October 27th, at The Red Cross Hut. Lunch was served to about one hundred persons and a special entertainment given.

Our Gold Star Mothers were honored on Armistice Day by the Armistice Day Parade Committee by being taken in automobiles to the reviewing stand to watch the parade.

Handkerchiefs were again donated for the five hundred Christmas Boxes to be given our disabled veterans on Christmas Day, these were wrapped at the home of Mrs. W. A. Gordon, on Sunday, December 10th. Mrs. Gordon had charge of the packing of the boxes at The Red Cross Hut, from where they will be distributed to all our Veterans who are in the various hospitals.

A Luncheon and Card Party was held December 8th at The Foods Craft Shop, Inc. This was a very successful affair. Another one will be held shortly after the first of the year.

80th Division Headquarters

We extend to Captain Carlo D. Cella our hearty congratulations on the birth of a darling baby girl, Marion, November 16, 1928.

Dr. Linsly R. Williams, former Assistant Divisional Surgeon, is President of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, Inc., New York City.

Major Turner A. Wiltshire, formerly aide to Major General Cronkhite, the Division Commander, has his peacetime P. C. at Middleburg, Va. Major Wiltshire accompanied his neighbor, Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, former Assistant Chief of the U. S. Air Corps, to Harrisonburg Armistice Day, where the latter was the main speaker at the dedication of the 210-MM. German howitzer recently presented that city as a war trophy.

317th Infantry

Colonel Charles Keller, former Commander of the 317th Infantry, recently underwent two serious operations at St. Louis, Missouri. His condition is said to be very satisfactory and we all trust that God will grant him speedy recovery. Colonel Keller's address is Forest Park Hotel, St. Louis, Missouri.

Company A

One of the finest and most popular stores in Huntington, West Virginia, is the London Shop, owned by Jack London. Acclaimed the "Home of Fashion" of

Huntington, la petite Mademoiselle hurries to this Shop to learn the latest in Vogue. It is located at 313 Ninth street. The New York office address is 425 Seventh avenue, New York City. Mr. London is married and has one child whom he named Richard after his buddy, Dick Roberts. At your leisure moments drop him a line or two. He surely will be glad to hear from his old friends.

Company B

"Attention Company B, 317th Infantry, 80th Division." How we used to dread this command when the old outfit was lined up and ready for whatever was before it! How we thought we had the best Company that was ever lined up!

Can you forget the friends you made, the hardships you went through? How about that "Buddy" you used to share everything you had with? You have been parted now nearly ten years and never a word. Is he living? Is he prosperous?—You stop to wonder sometimes and yet you make no effort to get in touch with him.

Not so with a bunch of the old gang back in the mountains of Old Virginia. We have met and talked this over very often and have decided with the help of every Red-blooded MAN of old Company B to get together the 22nd of February, 1929, at The Appalachian Hotel at Appalachia, Va., and talk this over.

We want to talk over the old times and see as many of the old faces as we can (and as many new ones as the years have brought in) and have the old Command "Fall In" and get in line once more.

Company B was mustered out of the service, but is still a unit and is only waiting for the command to "Fall In" once more. Deep down in your hearts you are proud you can say you had served with Company B, 317th Infantry, 80th Division. The Division that "only moves forward" in war and in peace.

Will you read this and promise yourself you will answer and then promptly forget it, or will you be one of the "One Hundred Per Centers" who will answer without delay and will also line up several of his "Buddies" that will not see this notice? Act and show that a matter of a few years has not lessened the glamor of contact with men that were MEN, and will be MEN until the end.

Up to now two of our Sergeants have gone to reap their reward, Sgt. Morley, and Sgt. McConnell. Sgt. Morley was shot and Sgt. McConnell was killed in an automobile wreck.

How many others have passed away and we know nothing about it?

We have formed a committee to locate and get in touch with every member of Company B, 317th Infantry. This committee consists of the following:

Sgt. W. C. Averitt, Stonega, Va.
Sgt. H. C. McKinney, Appalachia, Va.
Sgt. R. E. Banks, Big Stone Gap, Va.
Sgt. C. P. Cawood, Big Stone Gap, Va.
Sgt. Victor Warren, Norton, Va.
Sgt. Paul Herndon, Glamorgan, Va.
Sgt. Willie Brickey, Dorchester, Va.
Corpl. John Raynes, Appalachia, Va.
Private Jim Frost, Imboden, Va.
Private C. D. Barnett, Inman, Va.

Corpl. E. W. Evans, Exeter, Va., and also other active members who believe in keeping liaison with each and every member.

Capt. Lee and Lieutenant Campbell have already assured us that they will

be with us and will bring as many others as they can get.

Write: W. C. Averitt, Stonega, Va., acting secretary, as quickly as you can if you intend to meet us the 22nd of Feb.

How much better we will all feel by getting together once more. We expect to hear from YOU, even if you can't come.

An old Buddy, Ex-Sgt. C. P. Cawood, Company B, 317th Infantry, 80th Division. P. O. Big Stone Gap, Va.

Company M

Larry L. Long, formerly Sergeant, may be reached at Box 1116, Roanoke, Virginia.

318th Infantry

Comrade Forrest E. Peters, ex-Bugler, Company E, 318th Infantry, and now a diamond merchant of Harrisonburg, Va., was recently elected Sr. Vice Commander of Rion-Bowman Post 632, V. F. W., of that city.

Company G

John L. McDaniel, a great booster for the 80th, is now living at 916 West street, Wilmington, Delaware. Since he is so far away from all his old comrades we are sure he'd enjoy hearing from you all.

Company I

An outstanding event of the Autumn social season was the marriage of Miss Mary Sue Farrell to Mr. Benjamin Franklin Rogers which took place on Tuesday evening, October 13, 1928, at eight-thirty P. M., in the Leaksville Methodist Church, Leaksville, North Carolina. Mr. Rogers was formerly First Sergeant in Company I. He is now Manager of the Greensboro, North Carolina, office of Tomlinson Company, Inc. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Rogers success and happiness.

A. G. Lewis, formerly Sergeant, Company I, 318th Infantry, is with the Life Insurance Company of Virginia.

319th Infantry

The members of the 319th Infantry who reside in and around Pittsburgh, had the pleasure of meeting personally and dining with Brigadier General Frank S. Cocheu who was the guest of the City of Pittsburgh on Armistice Day. General Cocheu is now in charge of the Third Infantry Brigade stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Harry Campney was elected Senior Vice-Commander of the Sewickley Post No. 4, American Legion, at a meeting held October 19, 1928. We congratulate you on your new appointment, Mr. Campney.

Headquarters Company

Members of the 80th Division extend to John W. Sands, former Captain, Headquarters Company, 319th Infantry, their deep and sincere sympathy on the death of his beloved father. Captain Sand's father was a prominent Pittsburgh Banker, and his loss will be felt keenly in the Greater Pittsburgh Business Circles.

REMEMBER:—

The holiday season at Camp Lee? About a week before Christmas the whole company left after dinner, and marched out to one of the swamps near

Prince George Court House, where we gathered mistle-toe and holly. One of the men, Dick Robertson, I believe, tried to jump across a small puddle when he slipped and fell right into it. When we were through it seemed as though we had enough green to decorate the whole camp.

A few days before Christmas, a detail trimmed the mess hall, and on Christmas Day we had a dinner that couldn't be beaten. Had turkey with all the "trimmins'" mince pie, pumpkin pie, biscuits, etc. Music was furnished by the members of our band.

Christmas was a funny day as far as the weather was concerned. In the morning, Chrystal and I walked down as far as the artillery camp, and it was so warm that we didn't wear our blouses. At noon it started to rain, and when we sat down to dinner at three o'clock we had a blizzard. Sometimes it was so terrible that we couldn't see across the street. Some of the fellows were able to get passes home, but the majority of the gang spent the day in camp.

One Year Later

This was a different Christmas altogether. It was celebrated under entirely different circumstances, but the old spirit of "Peace on Earth" was still the same. Much had happened since the Christmas Day spent in Camp Lee. Lots of the fellows had "gone west." Some were still in the hospitals, and the Company had many new faces owing to replacements. The Company was in Cuizy-le-Chatel at the time together with Company A, Machine Gun Company, and Supply Company. Just before Christmas several of our Officers went to Dijon and bought toys for the youngsters of the village. On Christmas afternoon, the four companies assembled in the square and headed by the band marched to the large yard in the rear of the Mayor's home where a tree had been erected and trimmed. Colonel Love made a speech to the French people and the children and in turn a French Officer and the Mayor had a few words to say to us. Then each child was given a toy and something to wear. Not to be outdone, the French people had something for each of us. That night for dinner we had roast pork, mashed potatoes, pie, and coffee. That famous saying, "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Christmas," didn't mean a thing to us at that time.

319th Infantry Reunion Company A

The 9th annual reunion of Company A, 319th Infantry, was held Saturday, October 27th at the Fort Pitt Hotel, with an attendance of sixty-odd former members.

The boys started to gather early in the day and a goodly portion watched the Carnegie-Pitt football game. Several fellows were heard complaining about the weather, but Captain Muse opined he had seen it rain harder in France when the going for A Company was somewhat rougher than it was for either Pitt or Carnegie.

After a sumptuous repast of spring chicken with all the trimmings, several business matters were brought up for discussion. The committee on Banquet Arrangements for 1929 was instructed to place a vacant table in the center of the room in memory and honor of the A Company boys who have gone west.

The secretary is to be notified of any deaths in the Company and will in turn notify all members by mail. All men stood silent for one minute in memory of Mike Gleeson, who answered the call

of the Supreme Commander early in October.

Officers elected for 1929 were:

Phil K. Rodgers, President.

George Pilston, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer.

After disposing of the business session and listening to short speeches by various members, the boys proceeded to make "beaucoup whoop-ee" until late in the evening.

The only resistance encountered during the offensive was a strong point in the person of the Hotel Manager and two "House Dicks" but after bringing up the trench mortars the enemy was outflanked and surrendered to a man.

The next reunion will be held in the fall of 1929, on the day Pitt plays Carnegie. Former A Company members who have not attended these banquets are missing plenty, including a hand-clasp with the following who were present this year:

Allan, Ewen M.
Allinder, Sam W.
Angelo, August
Barnett, Max
Bell, W. Mark
Berkey, John W.
Ejornberg, Geo. W.
Books, Geo. D.
Boyer, Sylvester J.
Boyle, Stanley B.
Brosie, Chas. C.
Busang, Geo. W.
Campney, Harry K.
Clerc, Jos. M.
Collins, Ronald S.
Connair, Leo T.
Elliott, Russell E.
Erk, Louis E.
Eurich, L. Blaine
Fee, Dwight W.
Flanigan, Wm. D.
Frank, Orin C.
Gummert, Jas.
Hallowan, Frank J.
Harris, M. C.
Hart, Forest V.
Hehman, Henry S.
Hensler, Jos. A.
Heubaugh, Chas. J.
Hughes, J. S.
Kleber, Jos.
Kunkle, Walter F.
Lillo, J. A.
Little, Elmer E.
Marvin, Geo. E.
Metz, Pinkie
Minford, Wm. B. (Ex-Lieutenant).
Minor, P. O.
Morris, S. A.
Mulkerin, Michael
Mulvihill, C. H.
Muse, C. H. (Ex-Captain of A Co.)
Newton, Stanley H.
O'Neal, John P.
Olander, T. A.
Pilston, Geo. Jr.
Reed, John M.
Rheinehr, Paul C.
Rockwell, Lindsey J.
Rodgers, Phil K.
Seaton, Chas. S.
Shaw, Claire N.
Scheffauer, Herman F.
Vunak, Thos.
Weaver, Warren M.
Wettengel, J. G.
Wolfe, Norman B.
Woods, O. C.

320th Infantry Y. M. C. A.

Miss Ruth McClelland, of Cincinnati, Ohio, spent the Thanksgiving holidays

with Miss Josephine Hammond, of 5448 Wilkins avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Headquarters Company

Louis J. Carlo, of 7921 Batavia street, Pittsburgh, recently signed up as Life Member of the Association.

Sam Stover and Frank Dinges were in attendance at the dedication of the monument to General Brett at Arlington Cemetery, and placed a wreath on the monument in the name of the Company. Stover also represented Company E, his original Company, by placing a wreath on the grave of the late General.

While in Washington they met Captain Lusk who promised to be in Pittsburgh at our next Company banquet and Reunion. We hope nothing will turn up to interfere with his plans.

Aaron Wayne who spends his time traveling between Pittsburgh and Cleveland, never fails to attend the fights at Motor Square Garden when in Pittsburgh.

Herb McKee, formerly of the Trench Motors, who was the Company representative in all cross-country rolls, has given up running and walking and is now with the Yellow Cab Company and doing fine.

Saw Joe Devlin come into the Convention Hall, but where did he spend his time? Colonel Peyton was surely disappointed at Joe's absence during his visit to Pittsburgh on Armistice Day. Better get in touch with the Colonel and square yourself, Joe!

Bob Mulvihill and the writer were on the committee to meet Colonel Peyton on his arrival at Pittsburgh on November 11. Spent a pleasant day with the Colonel in his suite at the Wm. Penn.

Among the marchers in the Armistice Day parade were: Claire A. Taylor, Louis J. Carlo, Frank P. Dinges, Wm. McClesney, William Wallace, "the Barber" whose name slipped my memory, and Jack Larkin.

Claire Taylor and Jack Larkin were among the members of the General Lloyd M. Brett Post who accompanied General Cocheu and Colonel Peyton to the Government Hospital at Aspinwall, Pa., on November 12. This hospital is filled to capacity with two hundred and thirty-five men—all tubercular. When you have time pay these comrades a visit. They would gladly welcome you.

McClesney found the "ideal spot" at Ransart.

The one and only Harold I. Bailey took a punch at Sergeant Johnston at the reveille formation at Molesme.

Joe Harris his home runs that only Joe could hit.

"Gil" Brick took the Company "dominoe players" for plenty francs in the barracks at Molesme.

Remember when:

On Christmas Day at Camp Lee, Lieut. Thorne rode Corporal Lancaster's "wild" horse?

J. O. Hill made the guard house getting a new union suit?

Wm. Bunting nearly took a trip west, by making an excursion into the woods at St. Mihiel?

Those "confidential" rumors broadcast by "Confidential" Sherbon?

Headquarters Company, 320th Infantry, extend to Comrade Blair Baylor, former Sergeant and later Lieutenant, its most sincere sympathy on the death of his beloved wife which occurred on November 17, 1928. Mrs. Baylor will be remembered as the young lady who was the Company's guest during the Christmas holidays at Camp Lee, Virginia. Her winning smile and charming manners won for her many friends in our outfit.

Walter Calverly, who has been located in Chicago for the last five or six years, is now permanently located in Pittsburgh. He is still in the steel business.

Spent an enjoyable evening with Bill McChesney and his lovely wife. Bill is very much a home man with a family of two "future corporals."

Wont be long now! Get prepared! The Company Reunion will "be along" shortly after the first of the year. Be on hand.

Lieut. Samuel H. Parkins, ex-320th Infantry, is now on duty in Harrisonburg, Va., where he is connected with the firm of Dovel & Dovel, Insurance. Sam is wedded 'nearly everything, and his buddies will find him comfortably billeted at 301 South Mason St., Harrisonburg.

E COMPANY 320 INFANTRY

E Company paid tribute to our former commander and friend, General Lloyd M. Brett, when the monument, raised by the Division in his memory, was dedicated. S. H. Stover and Lt. Col. Ashby Williams represented the Company at the dedication. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Stover, in the name of the Company, placed a floral emblem at the foot of the monument. E Company was proud to thus salute its former beloved leader.

Stover reports an enjoyable visit with Colonel Williams. Unquestionably Sam exerted some high powered salesmanship methods upon the Colonel, and gained his promise to come to Pittsburgh for our next reunion.

One of the Company's "clip and pull artists" is still working away at his trade. Reports from up the Monon Valley state that Frank Heleniack is still barbering, and has for his clientele most of the big men and politicians of the Valley. Wonder if he still has the old Army price—was it two bits—for a once over and it's all off?

Shorty Matulaitis is still Head Chef at Rosenbaums. A short time back he presented a member of the Company with a pumpkin pie, product of his kitchen, and, from the recommendation of this

member, it would be well for all of you fellows to go around to see Shorty. We recall that pies—all kinds and varieties—were Shorty's long suit at Camp Lee, and no second allowed except for the Sergeants' table, and for the members of the kitchen detail who were slick enough to get away with it.

Jimmy Maitland was in town a short time ago. He has his headquarters in Harrisburg, Pa., now, and doesn't get into Pittsburgh as much as formerly. Those who saw Jimmy claim that he had a far away, distant look about him, and think that perhaps Jimmy is about to desert the ranks of the Bachelor Squad. Tucker, McGowran, Casey Jones, O'Connor and a few others, take note.

Like our Company heading? Please help the Secretary with a few news items to put under it!

Company G

George J. Klier was appointed Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Army and Navy Legion of Valor. This organization is composed of men decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross and Medal of Honor.

At this time when all literary aspirants seem destined to display their ability in writing memoirs of ten years ago, and war stories predominate the news stands it just occurred to the writer that it would be an ideal time to do a little company reminiscing of the days of "Over there" and "Over Here." There are times when our thoughts go back to the memorable days of 1918 and 1919, and we sit and wonder what has become of those old "Buddies" of bunkies that shared the grand and glorious war with us. Just what are they doing in civil life? Some have prospered, others have not fared quite too good, and many have gone beyond. What a thrill it would be for us all, if we could only have them all lined in company front formation, and hear them count off once again. Many of the boys have not seen each other since that never-to-be-forgotten day at Chilocothe when the division was demobilized. Others, few in number, have made an effort to meet once a year for the annual company Get-To-Gether Dinner, and for the benefit of those who have never attended one of these affairs, let me say that they don't know what they have been missing. It is a real "Remember" party. The fact that ten long years have gone by, does not deter their memory, and the incidents which are rehearsed are as fresh in their minds as though they occurred yesterday. The committee is planning to hold the Company Banquet this year some time in March. Notices will be mailed to all for whom we have a live address and it is planned to make the affair this time one of the biggest and best yet held. Special effort will be made to have the company officers in attendance. This should be an added inducement to members to turn out to greet them.

Ten years ago the company had an arduous and wearisome hike following the final drive in the Argonne. The company was relieved about November 8th in the territory of Buzancy. This trip covered a period of some nineteen days. The outfit arrived at Nicey Cote d'or on November 27th, 1918, and remained in that area until February 3rd, 1919. Real reminiscing can be enjoyed

with Mechanic Moroney, Sergeants Pryle, Dobson and Edwards, who took the parts of Master Sergeants At Arms in quelling many of the company parties staged while in that area. How about it?

Paul B. Allen formerly Supply Sergeant Company G, 320th is located at Box No. 65, North Charlotte, N. C. It was reported that he is married and enjoying life in the Sunny South. However, we have not been able to enthruse him to drop us a line and let us have the real facts. How 'about it Paul?

William C. Robinson, formerly Private Company G is located in Winchester, Virginia. He is married and has two children. "Roby" as he was known in the company will be remembered as the youngest warrior in the A. E. F., being 15 years of age at enlistment. He came to camp with recruits from Pittsburgh; enlisted at camp, and was assigned to our company. He went through the war with the outfit, and took part in all engagements. "Roby" was a real soldier, and came out with an excellent war record. He later served a hitch in the marines.

Company H

Jack Harwin formerly owner of the Beeson Hotel at Uniontown, Pa., and who the territory of the Eastern part of the state by all his former blue-ridge buddies, was met by his buddies in Pittsburgh Armistice Day while he was enroute to Detroit where he is to engage in his old past-time of hotel owner in that city. Don't forget Jack headquarters wants to hear from you.

Carl Fahrney, John Burke, C. N. McMurray who are very active in 80th Division affairs, would like to see more H Company men take an active part in 80th National matters and the General Lloyd M. Brett Post of the division here in Pittsburgh. Let's go fellows.

155th Field Artillery Brigade

Colonel Gordon G. Heiner who was recently enrolled as a Life Member of the Association, is stationed at Fort Eustis, Virginia.

313th Machine Gun Battalion

Company A

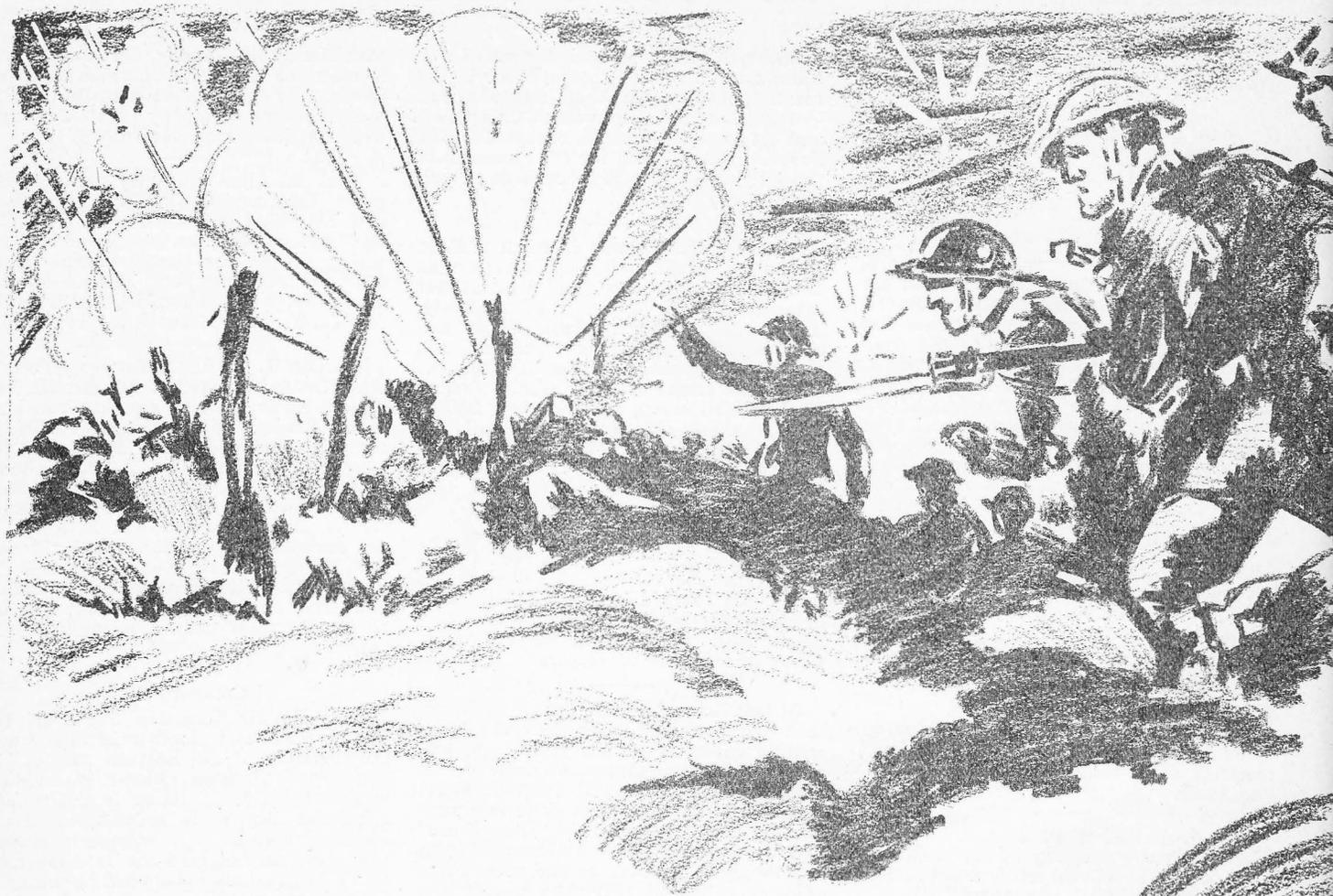
Harry C. Mathews of Greensburg, Pa., owns and operates one of the finest B-A-R-Beques around Pittsburgh. It is located on the William Penn Highway, three and one-half miles east of Delmont. When traveling that way do not forget to stop in for a "hot dog" and a cold drink. Comrade Mathews is married and has two little children.

315th Machine Gun Battalion

Company D

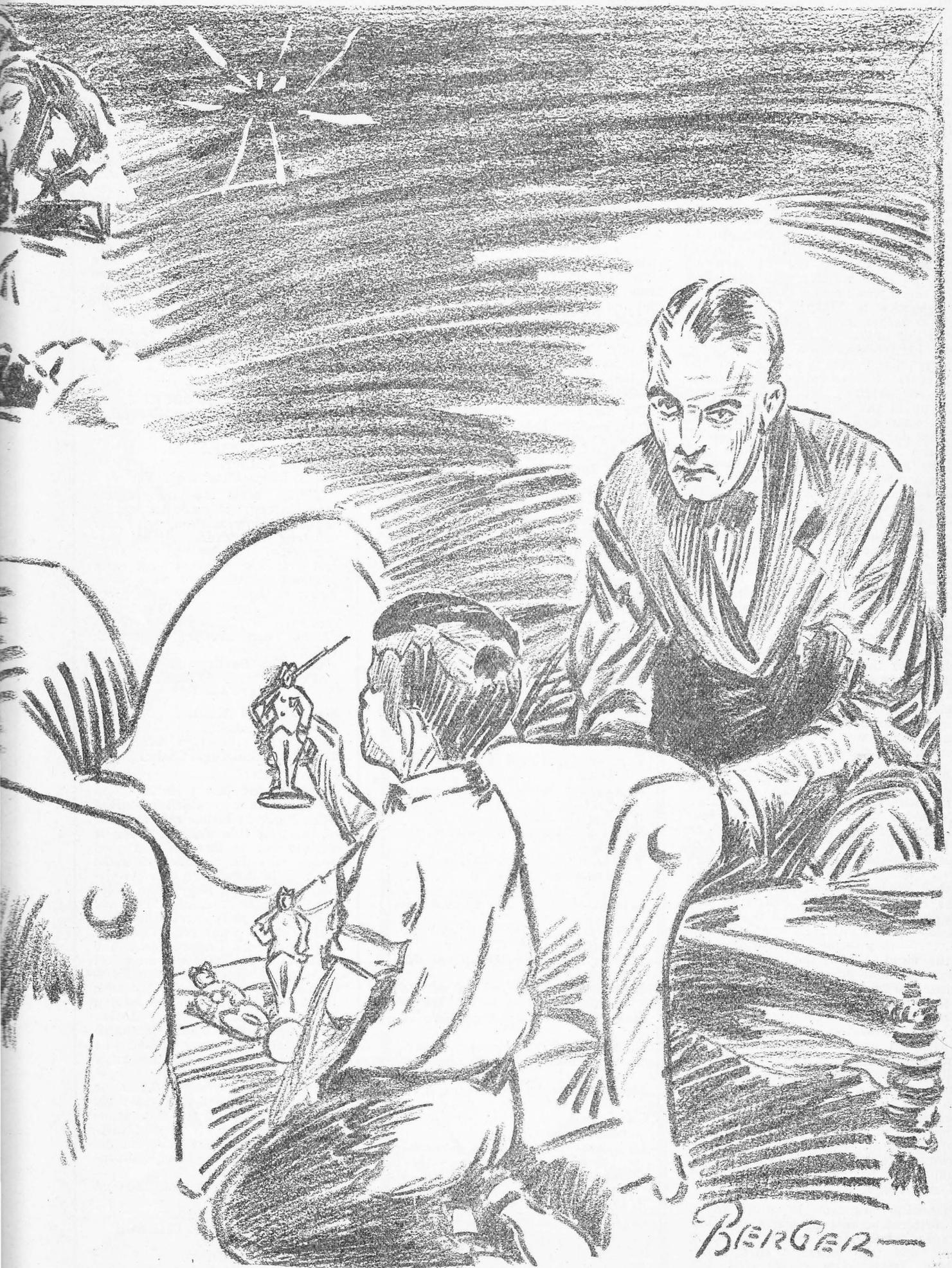
The Christmas issue of "Service" naturally takes us back to our Christmas of ten years ago. For almost a month Company D had been at Gigny, having arrived there the day after Thanksgiving, Friday, November 29, 1918, and concluding the ten-day hike from "up front." By Christmas we had become settled in the little hamlet that you can't find on an ordinary map in this country and had adjusted ourselves to the routine of being in winter quarters, la guerre finie, ex-

(Continued on Page 15)



Toy soldiers! And a wee son plays
While a father dreams of other days,
When death rode swift with the misty dawn
On the wooded slopes of the thick Argonne.
Soldiers of lead in a mimic war,
While a father's thoughts go soaring far
In the magic warmth of dear memories' glow
To a stirring hour—ten years ago.

—Fred S. Wertenbach



PASSING IN REVIEW

(Continued from Page 5)

more than my share of the good things of life."

The family circle was broken that Christmas Day of 1918.

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

When the smoke, gray S. S. Mercury (formerly the German liner Barba Rosa, confiscated in one of our ports upon the declaration of war) pulled in its anchor and slipped quietly out of Newport News, its sides bulging with olive drab boys, there was no one there ashore to say goodbye to "Happy." No loving arms to gather in his tousled head. No tender lips to kiss his blushing cheeks or stroke his freckled brow. But somehow, "Happy" didn't seem to mind it. He had no parents. He was raised in a Brooklyn home for orphans, where little chaps grow up in the belief that corn-on-the-cob is some kind of a game. Memories of those days stuck in his skin. "Happy" packed a favorite story about those days and he got a laugh out of telling it. About a piece of bacon tied on a string that they used to flavor the beans with. They were still using the same piece of bacon when "Happy" grew up and ran away from the home. That is why he displayed great curiosity about the culinary art in the army, when he learned that beans were "tout-a-fait." His hair was red, the wiry kind that makes the barber swear. He wore a smile that anchored itself under the lobes of his ears. A victim of St. Vitus dance as a youth, he walked ever so slightly on his heels, after the fashion of a youngster on the verge of making a hop-skip and jump. Nothing would have bridged the disparity of "Happy's" new role like a pair of headlight suspenders but the quartermaster was in no frame of mind for landscape work.

One fine morning, as the sunrise was tinting the dew, "Happy's" regiment, stuffed with bread and blackstrap molasses, started to hoof it nearer the roar and rattle of the canon. 'Twas dawn in the early spring; the fragrance of flowery meadows rent the air. Through towns and villages they marched. Hushed peasants, awed at the splendid sight of robust youths, clear-eyed and eager to do their part, lined the narrow streets. To the villagers, they were like the stars—they seemed to have come out of the night. From the tops of barns and sheds, small boys waved the tri-color so dear to France, and shouted at the top of their voices. How hard it was to believe, they were soon to be travelers in the night, lodging in shell-swept fields of withered grass. The sky enfolding them, shell pink in squalls of bursting shells and flaming onions—mid a moment's stillness, their hopes dashing high upon the shore. Riding out squall after squall, then—silence! That strange silence! Ten seconds to go, and they would push off into that gapping unknown where it seemed the next minute would surely be the last. What soldier will ever forget it?

Presently, they came to an old walled and tattered hamlet of straw thatched cottages surrounding a church spire, Gothic and tall, where a little creek bubbled among the stones and tall meadow grass. It was here they fell out

to rest. The villagers crowded around the soldiers. Some of them, none too well fed, asked for food. Old men, on in life, begged cigarettes with which to stave off their hunger. The firing, of late, had been getting too close for comfort and they were expecting, momentarily, the Mayor's order to evacuate.

An old lady, bent from toil in the fields, gave "Happy" a bouquet of withered violets. Not "Happy" particularly, but just joy unconfined at the sight of American soldiers there, at last, to save her France. "Happy" put on that smile that French girls could not and would not resist. Suddenly, like a bolt out of a clear sky, the frail, old lady threw her arms around "Happy's" neck, hugging him and kissing his cheeks and shouting for dear life, "Garcon, mon garcon! Vive la Amerique, vive la Amerique!" "Happy," a bit bewildered for the moment, surveyed the bouquet, while the old lady still held his hand, patting it affectionately.

The boys of his company laughed till their sides shook at the terror of "Happy's" plight. Wisecracks flew thick and fast. Somebody hollered, "Speech, 'Happy,' Speech!"

"Happy's" face sobered. A warm, tenderness filled his heart. A moment, he stood nodding solemnly at the once gay flowers. A tear trickled down his cheek.

"Fellows," he said, "laugh as much as you want. But I don't see it that way. This little incident went straight to my heart. That poor soul sees in me some striking resemblance to someone near and dear to her. You know, fellows, I never had a mother."

THE ARGONNE—TODAY!

*It is not the same, where the
underbrush
Turns red and gold in the autumn
hush,
A poignant hush, that ten years
ago
Woke to the clash of bitter foe;
Where death was companion to the
dawn
On the wooded slope of the thick
Argonne.*

*It is not the same. For these woods
then rang
With the sound of shell and the
battle's clang.
Then a million youths offered life
and all
That Freedom's standard should
never fall.
Hungry and worn out, yet fighting
on
In the murky drifts of the wet
Argonne.*

*It is not the same. Where the dank,
thick mud
Once knew the stain of young
heroes' blood
It is peaceful now, and it seems
the air
Grows sweet with the music of a
prayer
A benediction on brave sons gone
To Eternity in the still Argonne.*

Fred S. Wertenbach,
Co. G., 111th Infantry.

80th Mail Box

Mr. George J. Klier,
Resident Secretary,
413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
My dear Klier:—

This is to thank you personally for the many courtesies and acts of thoughtfulness that you showered upon me during my visit to Pittsburgh. I appreciate all that you did and I want you to know it.

In order that I may record in my private diary the names of those who were kind enough to meet me at the train, will you not let me have a list of them giving full names? My visit was one of the most pleasant events of my life.

With very kindest regards to you, and also A. P. of course, believe me to be

Cordially,
FRANK S. COCHEU,
Brigadier General.

The City of Pittsburgh,
Care Geo. Klier,
Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Words seem so meaningless when attempt is made to express adequate appreciation of your courtesy in interest national preparedness. I've learned top kicks and first class privates want more influence in the next war; more power to them. Arrived Washington safely. I will be with you next Armistice Day with twenty officers of the Three Hundred Twentieth Infantry. Sorry to have missed seeing Joe Devlin and other old timers.

COL. PEYTON.

Mr. George J. Klier,
Resident Secretary,
80th Division Veterans Asso.
413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa
Dear George:

I have but just returned from the business trip which I started when I was in Pittsburgh, and one of the first things I am doing is writing two or three of you good people who did so much to make my stay in Pittsburgh over Armistice Day such a happy one. Not even a Major General could have been more royally entertained than was I, and I want you to tell the boys how much I appreciate it and thank them for me. I somehow feel as though I were a citizen of Pittsburgh today—and as for the 80th Division, while formerly I held a lot of love for it because it was my Division, now I hold this same feeling for the many I met who were in it and whom I did not know before.

I shall make every effort to be at the next reunion and greet my old friends again. In the meantime, should you ever come Hartford way please be sure to let me know in advance so I may personally entertain you.

With all sincere regards and best wishes, I remain

Yours very truly,
EARL D. CHURCH,
Post Office Box 995,
Hartford, Connecticut.

MORNING REPORT

(Continued from Page 11)

pecting to be ordered home any day, and all that sort of thing. On Christmas Day some of us went over to Tonnerre, a twelve-kilo jaunt from Gigny, to see the football game between two Division teams; others went in the opposite direction to Chatillon-sur-Seine. On our return to the Company we found that the Christmas mail had come in, bringing the trick 2x4 packages, crammed full with everything that the folks at home could jam into them, and the letters that meant they hadn't forgotten us. Good old Tom Boone had prepared the best dinner that we had had in our meanderings in the "sticks" of France and it tasted as good as did the more pretentious meals we were able to get in the leave areas. Christmas, 1918! The most unusual Christmas, probably, that we shall ever have in our lifetimes.

The Editor of "Service" believes that Company D should be represented more than it is in "The Morning Report" of each issue, and he has asked the Company Clerk of other days to produce something for the Christmas issue. Unfortunately, the Clerk is not located in the Pittsburgh district and for several years he has not had the opportunity of running into many of the fellows thereabouts that to a large extent made up the Company's roster. He will be glad to hear from each and every one of the Company's members, however, with a view to acting as a clearing house for the interchange of information about them and to supplying "Service" currently with news of Company D men in "The Morning Report." Address Wilson V. Little, 222 West Adams Street, Suite 1548, Chicago.

Bud Bronson, former First Sergeant, Mess Sergeant, and the Company's factotum, including mender of much-cussed wrist watches, is still in the jewelry and watchmaking business. He can be reached at 3916 Cottage Grove Ave., c/o Bronson Bros., Chicago. Bud's married now and will be pleased to hear from the rest of the gang.

Jimmie Harrell, who used to dole out the Gillette blades and other equipment, in his capacity as Supply Sergeant, is "working on the railroad," has a happy family and a home at 1201 Virginia Ave., Hagerstown, Pennsylvania.

Lieut. Harold B. Thorne has fairly well recovered from the wound in his leg that he received during that push in the first week of October, 1918. Though the tendon was severed, he is now able to get about in good shape. When last seen at his law office, 30 Broad St., New York City, he wished to be remembered to the fellows and sent his kindest regards to them all.

Paul Matuscak has changed his name since the days Over There. Paul P. Matthews is his monicker now, and he is a druggist, with his store at 928 East 79th St., Cleveland, Ohio. He was graduated from the Cleveland School of Pharmacy three or four years ago.

Lieut. R. J. Alfriend, Jr., is with the Tidewater Dept. of the Reliance Life Insurance Company of Pittsburgh, his office

being at 33 Virginia National Bank Building, Norfolk, Virginia. He has not forgotten Company D, even though he did leave us to serve at Division Headquarters.

Capt. Edward T. Davant lives in Nashville, Tenn., and there is a "Ted, Junior" now.

Ralph W. Stickell is managing the shoe factory of A. S. Kreider Co. at Middletown, Pennsylvania. "Stock" is a pater familias and keeps open house for any of his old army cronies who drop in to see him, even during his busy office hours.

All Company D men should by all means belong to the Eightieth Division Veterans Association. If you know of any that haven't signed up, get them to join forthwith. It is the one effective means we have of perpetuating the old friendships made at Camp Lee and Over There. And don't forget to let the Company Clerk hear from you. If you get to Chicago, drop in to see him. Bud and he will greet you with open arms.

WAR BUDDIES MEET OVER FOOTLIGHTS

When Earl Truxell, one of Pittsburgh's foremost pianists, took his wife to see "Golden Dawn," last night, he got one thrill the rest of the audience didn't get. And what a thrill when he recognized the nimble Gil Squires, comedian of the company, as the lad who welcomed him to Hospital 47 and assigned him to his proper ward when Truxell was wounded in France.

While the audience was visualizing Africa with its draught and heat, Truxell saw again, mud, blood and death and—the lively Gil, true to form, trying to "get a laugh" out of the pain-wracked human shells while dancing up and down the aisles between the beds, dosing one patient for fever while "razzing" courage into the next one.

Truxell's first question on regaining consciousness was: "Are my fingers all right?" and Squires knew he had found a kindred soul. Then many tid-bits missed from the "boxes from home" found their way to Truxell's cot.

And now, 10 years later, the threads are being knotted together, only to be broken again at the end of the week.

Middlebourne News

Clarence Sandy and O. D. Guyton, formerly of Headquarters Company, 314th Field Artillery, both of Sistersville, West Virginia, attended the funeral of Arza A. Allen, of Middlebourne, W. Va.

Clarence Sandy, as Manager of the Water Works, is giving the Sistersville people good service. O. D. Guyton is right on the job at Sistersville when it comes to a job of plumbing.

Alden Carse, who was with us at Camp Lee for a while, was re-elected Assessor of Tyler County. He has made us a very proficient Assessor for the last four years.

H. H. Pyle, Manager of the Inland Telephone and Telegraph Company, now has the lines and service of the Company in the best condition in its history. Mr. Pyle represented our Legion Post

at the American Legion Reunion at Clarksburg, W. Va.

W. H. Theiss, former Mayor of Middlebourne, is with the Middlebourne Feed Company.

W. C. Estlock is one of our new 1929 members of the Legion Post of this town. —W. H. Theiss.

313th Field Artillery

E. R. Stout conducts a general store near Johnstown, Ohio and sells—well—anything a general store usually sells. Stout's place is on the Cleveland-Columbus Air Mail Route, and recently when a beacon was placed on his property the farmers round-about-town reckoned the light revolved too slowly to pump water, and then too, it worked only at night anyhow.

Captain Gilliam of Battery E who is working for the Standard Plate Glass Company, was recently transferred from Buffalo, N. Y. to Cincinnati, Ohio. Gilliam while in Cincinnati accidentally met Lieut. Colgan of Battery F and reports the ex-Lieutenant is doing very good.

Courtney Marshall moved to Pittsburgh from West Virginia. Courtney is a mechanic at the Dodge Garage in Mount Lebanon.

L. P. Corbett is still in the "barber business" at Reynoldsville, Pa. He is doing good, apparently and his weight is about two hundred and twenty pounds.

Congratulations are in order on the occasions of the births of Walter Trustum, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Armstrong, Jr., of Jersey City, N. J., and David Adams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas I. Crowell, of Jersey City, N. J.

Comrade H. M. Clements, ex-Mess Sgt., 313th F. A., was recently elected C. O. of Rockingham Post No. 27, American Legion, in Harrisonburg, Va. Harry is the local "butter-et-egg man" and he is thriving at the business, too.

Capt. John Paul, one-time Regimental Adjutant, 313th F. A., and later member of Congress from the Seventh Virginia district, was among the Virginians attending the Armistice Dinner in Gotham November 10, sponsored by the New York Officers Association of the 80th Division. Capt. Paul is a leading attorney of Harrisonburg, Va.

314th Field Artillery

Roger Faherty, formerly 1st Lieutenant, has changed his address to Box 560, Lake Forest, Illinois.

Frank J. Gosnell, formerly Captain, is still located at 1212 North Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

314th Field Artillery

Supply Company

Your correspondent is glad to be able to report that he has visited with a good many of the Supply Company buddies since the last issue of "Service."

I suppose it would be fitting and proper to take the boys according to their rank so here goes:

Henry L. Ridge—Henry will be remembered as the genial regimental sup-

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ply sergeant whose particular long suit was catering to the whims of the regimental officers' mess. I saw Henry at his home at Langhorne, Pa., and notwithstanding that the ol' boy put me to work over the week end I enjoyed the visit very much, as is always the case when a former buddy pulls the latch string on the door of his "menage." Henry's family, consisting of a charming wife and two petites Mademoiselles are enjoying their usual good health.

Harry P. Lasch—"Pete" was the other regimental supply sergeant as we will all recall. The last time we "reported" on Pete he was connected with the Wheeling Match Company. For some reason the Match business no longer appealed to him, and he is now a real honest-to-goodness "butter and egg" man. He is conducting a butter and egg business in Wheeling, and reports that business is good.

Clarence F. Myer—Clarence was the first sergeant of Supply Company. Just a short time ago Clarence had the extreme misfortune to lose his four or five year old son. I was not able to ascertain the cause of the child's death, but I am sure we all sympathize very deeply with "Pop" in his great loss.

Charles F. Schramm—"Ike," you know, was Company Supply Sergeant. He is still engaged with his brother in the partnership of the Wheeling Coffee and Spice Company, and he reports a very satisfactory year's business. I did not go out into the roasting department and am therefore unable to say whether it is really the coffee bean or the navy bean that he exploits. I will say however, that as soon as one enters the front office you are met with a very pleasing aroma of coffee so I suppose he does handle some of the real Moca and Java.

Raymond Ratcliffe—"Peck" has not been enjoying the best of health, we regret to say, for the past two or three years, but at the moment is in fairly good condition. He operates a filling station just outside of Follansbee.

Louis Riedel—"Lou" will be remembered as the bronco busting, mule taming, wagon master. He is now connected with the Vatz Department Store on Main street, Wheeling, W. Va.

William J. Higgins—Bill was the "biggest and best" corporal we had. He supervised the pulling of more stunts over in the Artillery section of Camp Lee than any other known corporal. He is now and has been for the past two or three years connected with the Division Engineers Office, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Wheeling, W. Va.

James B. Dalton—We all remember the anxiety felt when we heard of "Red's" stopping a couple of good sized fragments of H. E. at Romagne. He got his bump at the same time our good comrade Lester Scott received his mortal wounds. Red has altogether recovered from the results of the wounds received in service and is now assistant manager of the L. S. Good Department Store. Red had to take a second look at me to recognize me, but I would say that he looked just about the same as he always did. His face was wreathed in the usually sunny smile and he wants to be kindly

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remembered to his former buddies. He is married and has one youngster.

Robert L. Ward—Right across the street from Red Dalton's "headquarters" Bob Ward holds forth as a salesman for the Reichart Furniture Company. Bob is doing very well and it was a genuine pleasure to shake his hand after a period of ten years since last seeing him. He is married and is the father of a five year-old boy.

Charles H. Miller—I didn't place Miller's name up among the "elite" because he wasn't a member of Supply Company at the time we were discharged, having been transferred to Headquarters Company a few days after the Armistice. "Crum" is still engaged in the handling of securities for the Hazlett and Burt Company in Wheeling. He was married about a year ago and I had the pleasure of meeting his charming wife at their home out in Edgewood. It seems that every time the writer goes to Wheeling, some of those birds down there dig up something new in the way of a card game. On a previous visit I was introduced to the game of "Low Bridge." This time they very graciously invited me to participate in a little game of poker in which they manufactured a hand known as a "kilter." I sat around all evening trying to fill a dozen or so of these freak hands, during which the boys made considerable inroads on my ex-checker. They were unkind enough to tell me that after practicing up a bit on these gol darn "kilters," I would be welcome at a future session. Sure! Why shouldn't I be welcome?

—W. R. "Perk" Kennedy.



Under the direction of John Vachetta the Armistice Day Parade in Pittsburgh was a great success. It was a most colorful affair and splendid music was furnished by numerous bands. Where were the members of the 315th Field Artillery? Bill Nordheim was the only man from the outfit on the march. If more members from the 315th don't turn out next year Mr. Vachetta may lose his position as Secretary of the Committee. Now if you want to keep the "Artillery that won the war" represented on this committee, you'd better do your stuff and give Vachetta your whole hearted support and co-operation.

Dave Drexler is still "sleuthing" for the County-Chasing criminals. Hope he has better success than I had getting a pickel from him on the boat coming home.

Eddie Hamilton is still repairing wire for the Bell Telephone Company. If you're in trouble, give him a ring.

Congratulations are in order for Elmer Jackson who has been promoted to Assistant Cashier of the Bank of Pittsburgh, N. A.

The 315th Field Artillery was very

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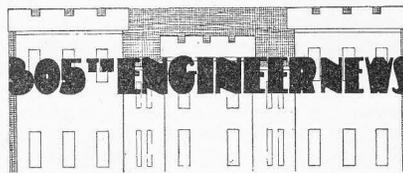
—John Vachetta.

Another member to sign up for Life Membership is R. G. Rolston, of Englewood, N. J. With the backing of such Officers as the 80th enjoyed, the Association will continue to "move forward."

H. C. Harrison, Jr., formerly Lieutenant, will receive greetings at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Address mail in care of the 5th Field Artillery.

Company F

W. R. Current is still residing at 840 Eighth Street, Huntington, West Virginia, and is Instructor in Industrial Arts.



Frank L. Weaver is connected with Hubbell, Hartgering & Roth, Consulting Engineers, 2640 Buhl Building, Detroit, Michigan. Captain Weaver joined the Association as Life Member at the New York Officers' Association dinner recently.

November 28, 1928.

80th Division Veterans Association,
"Hamilton P. C."
413 Plaza Bldg.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gentlemen:

It is a pleasure to attach hereto my check in the sum of \$25.00 covering life membership fee in your Association.

I am sure that as our mutual experience softens and blends with the passing of years, contact with former members of our Division will increase in value and in pleasure to each of us. It is with the thought that a back-log of life memberships will go a long way towards insuring the continuity of the Association's activities that I align myself with those who have set this splendid example for all of us to follow.

Very truly yours,
D. S. MacBRIDE.

305th Ammunition Train Company D

Hell'o Gang:

Been laid up with a "carbunkle" so I couldn't get any news to you in the last issue. Now I'm back on the job again, thanks.

Got a letter from Captain Morgan. He is teaching Architecture at Princeton University, and owing to the coming examinations he couldn't see any way or means to attend our next banquet. We're mighty sorry.

Was up to Male's this fall and got some grapes. Discovered that he "got himself a wife." Can't tell you at this date just how the grape jelly turned out as we haven't tasted it yet.

Don't forget we are to have an annual banquet in June, 1929.

Only one of our gang called on me lately so I can't give you the low-down on anyone except Doc Simpson. If your

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health is bad drop in to see him at his office in Wilksburg, and if it isn't, well, call on him anyhow as he has a beauty parlor connected with his health-shop. Oh, Boy!

Remember that swell Christmas dinner we had in Cuisy ten years ago? When you sit down to your chicken dinner on Christmas day at home say a prayer for those two chickens "over there." My heart went out to those poor butchered chickens when I saw that gang—150 strong—swoop down on them, and tears came to my eyes when I saw the disappointment and blankness (mostly blankness) in their faces (not the chickens') when they received their allotment. Of course you remember there were no seconds.

Yours truly,
 M. H. LEVINE.

Company F

Earl Rankin one of Company F's permanent privates has been seen very much lately around Trumbull Counties Hall of Justice of Warren, Ohio. Oh, my No! Earl never tangled with the law. His only failing was he surely loved his "gold fish." Best dope I can get is that he is afforded ideal parking place for his "Lizzie" at that point.

Who said Company F wasn't in the lime light? Glue your peepers to this. Andy Arendous, who parked himself at Camp Lee, Virginia on September 30, 1917 for a long sojourn, was host in his official capacity as chef of the Slovak Educational Club of Farrell, Pa. to the Lords of the Manor a couple of moons back, and someone stubbed his toe forgetting to invite the Honorable Mr. Volstead of the famous "Dry 18th." Andy agreed it was an oversight as well as a hang-over, and will take care of Mr. Volstead in person the next time en-force. Watch your foot now Andy!

Ran across a good one in "War Stories" the other day—a story about the Marines. A Runner looking for 80th Company Marines and asked as to the Outfit and was informed "80th." The Marine was stuck, so he countered with, "80th what, you horse's neck?" The answer was, "80th Division, you descendant of M. P's. Get that idea out of your carnum that you're all alone in this squabble."—or words to that effect.

John "Black Jack" Sposito, another original F'er has hied himself to the tall timbers in hunt for deer. Black Jack is on the Farrell, Pa., Police Force. Not still, but looking for 'em!

Eddie Davies, one of the premier members of old Company F, had the misfortune to get particles of lead in his eye while working at the Westinghouse Manufacturing Company, of Sharon, Pa., last week. He is getting along fairly good, but still under the doctor's care. Eddie left Company F at Christmas time in '17, to go to the Regular Army Infantry at Camp Greene, in the Carolinas. He makes his home in Sharpsville, Pa.

Sharon, Pa., put on a splurge Armistice Day with a Parade and Review. Bill Cave, formerly of Company G, 305th Ammunition Train, was Military Reviewing Aide. Whatever kind of a disease

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that might be! Perhaps the newspaper had it wrong, and it should have been "Ache." Bill has quite an outfit of noise makers called an orchestra, and they tell me they are "hot stuff." From what I hear he was also quite a leader with his wagon company of mule skinnners.

Christmas time is drawing near. Dig up that old buddy's address and drop him a card. You might never see him again, but why let that stop you. Keep up the old Spirit De Corps!

Another Life Member!—R. B. Luchars, formerly Lieutenant of the 305th Ammunition Train, of New York City.

Ralph L. Jenkins is now living at the Dritz Apartments, 120 Mill Street, Danville, Pa. He is anxiously awaiting the publication of the 80th History. Within a very short time definite plans will be publicly announced.

Miscellaneous

Lt. Ben Prager, Adjutant and Quartermaster of the Army and Navy Legion of Valor, in which work he is associated with our resident secretary, has recently announced the arrival of an adorable baby girl. On this occasion we extend to Mr. Prager our congratulations and best wishes for continued happiness in his little family circle. Lieut. Prager was formerly with the 111th Infantry, 28th Division, and is an ardent 80th Division booster.

R. C. Mock, formerly of Grapeville, is now living at 131 North Third Street, Jeannette, Pa. He is the proud father of six lovely little girls.

A World War Memorial, entitled the "Spirit of the American Doughboy," was unveiled in Petersburg, Va., November 12th, in connection with the city's Armistice Day observance, and in which ex-Blue Ridgers were prominent.

Contract for the periodical overhauling of the "S. S. Leviathan," better known to members of the 80th as the A. E. F. transport of that name—and previously as the German "Vaterland"—has again been awarded to the Boston Navy Yard at a figure approximating \$400,000. No, we don't mean francs, Buddy.

New Life Members in the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association

- 224—Church, Earl D.
- 225—Rolston, R. G.
- 226—Carlo, Louis J.
- 227—McMurray, C. N.
- 228—Luchars, R. B.
- 229—Heiner, Gordon G.
- 230—Weaver, Frank L.
- 231—Cocheu, Frank S.
- 232—MacBride, D. S.
- 233—Stultz, Russell L.

80TH Y WORKER ELECTED TO STAFF OF INDIANA MAGAZINE



Miss Ruth McClelland recently joined the staff of "Carry On," an excellent little magazine published quarterly by the Women's Overseas Service League at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Miss McClelland, who enlisted from Galesburg, Illinois,

through the Chicago office, served with the Y. M. C. A. She was assigned directly to a combat division—working with the 320th Infantry of the 80th Division. Regimental headquarters were Molesme, France—with the regiment scattered through eight small villages! She also worked in the LeMans area toward the end of the war.

Upon her return home Miss McClelland spent a year with the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, then transferred to Albany, where she resumed her profession of teaching. Chicago again claimed her, and she is now with the Hillsdale School in Cincinnati.

Fifteen central states units are reporting to Miss McClelland at 825 Locust Street, Cincinnati.

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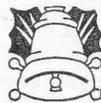
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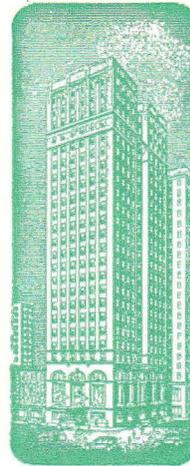
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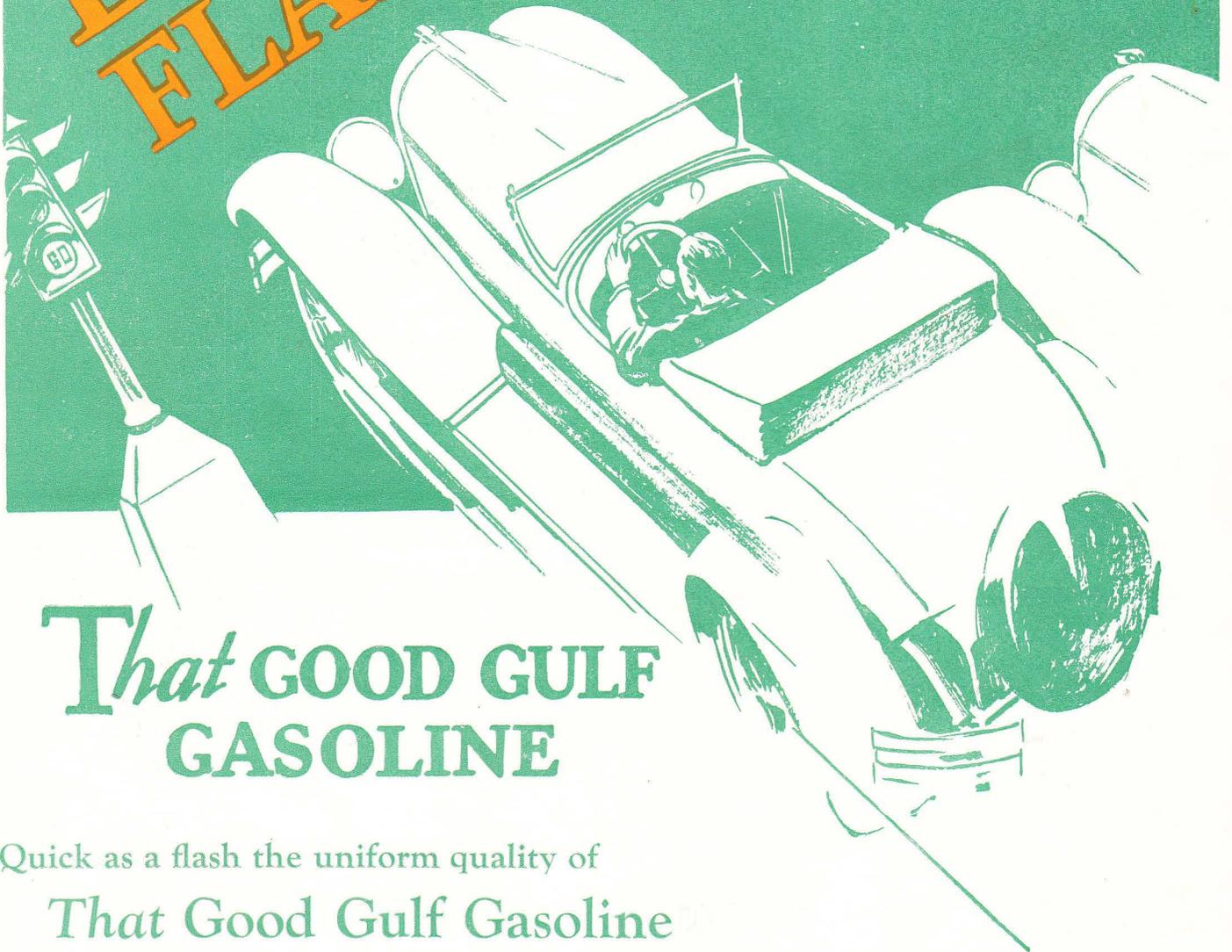
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