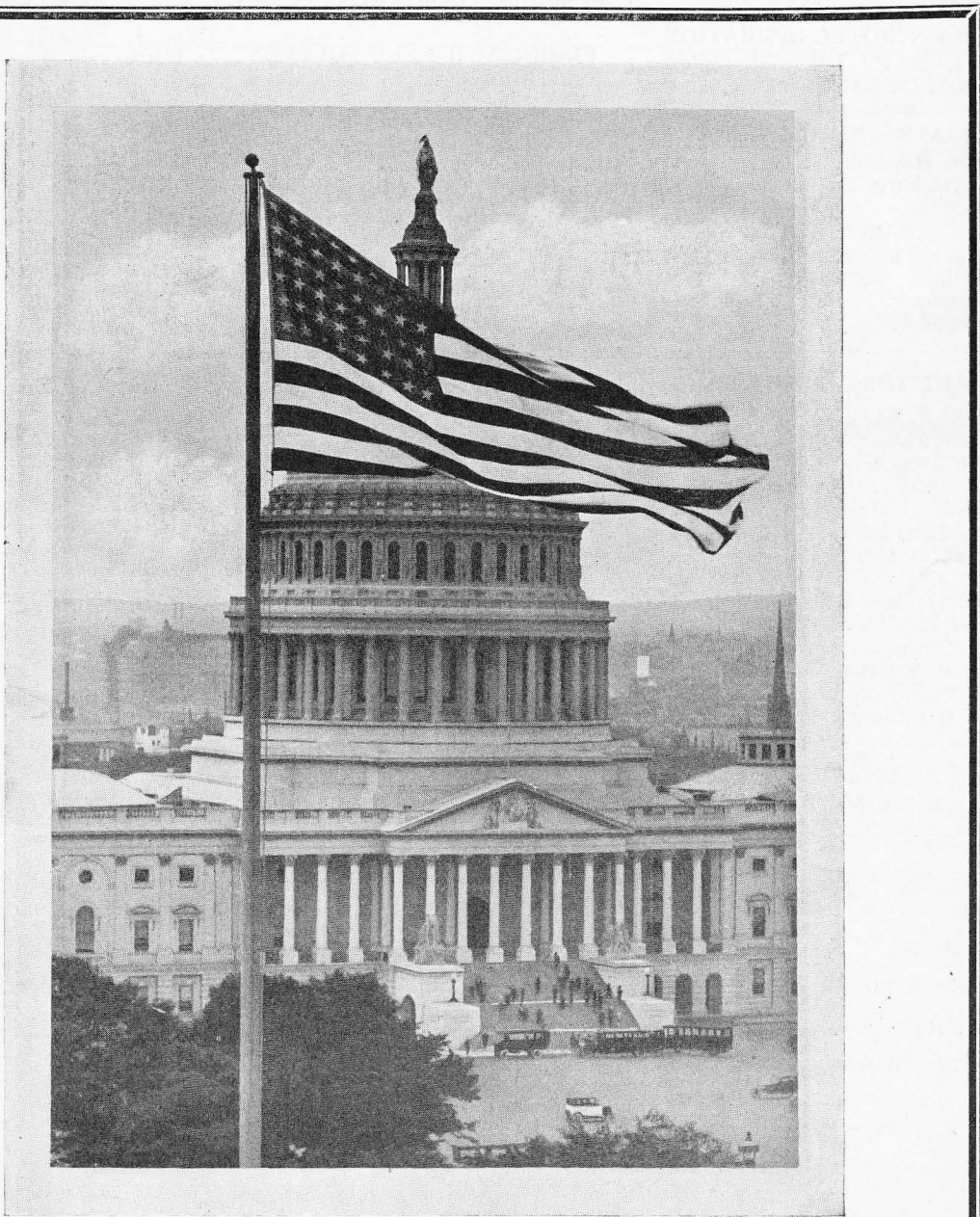


THE
SERVICE
MAGAZINE



Vol. 10

MARCH-APRIL, 1929

No. 2



Professional and Business Directory of the Members of the 80th



Subscribed to in the Spirit of Co-operation Rather Than Advertising

LET YOUR BUDDIES KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING

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McFall, Wm. B., St. Nicholas Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Shulgold, Jacob, 965 Union Trust Bldg. Atlantic 3896.

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Wells, Howard, Hotel Petersburg, Petersburg, Va.

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Schiffer, F. W., Modern Home Builder, 629 Dunmore Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Telephone—Hiland 7305.

DRUGGIST

McKee, Mayne W., Cor East and Royal Sts., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

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FLORIST

Dave Hill Floral Co., Fifth and Wood Sts., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Daume, R. E., The McVey Company, Heating and Ventilating Engineers, 225-227 First Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Phone: Court 1885.

INSURANCE

Madden, J. J., Representative of Metropolitan Life Ins. Co., West End Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Schoble, Frank Jr., Insurance, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

REAL ESTATE

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Some have given their time to the promotion of the service, while others have given their financial assistance. Can we have your support one way or the other?

SERVICE MAGAZINE

(The 80th Division Blue Ridge Communique)
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MARCH-APRIL, 1929

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

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"THE 80th DIVISION ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD"

Washington Selected for Tenth Annual Reunion

Eightieth to Meet in Nation's Capitol, August 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st

ALMOST eleven years after the signing of the Armistice—ten years and a half after the organization of our 80th Division Veterans' Association in France, and after establishing a record unequalled by any Division that participated in the world war of having held nine successful annual reunions since demobilization—the 80th will advance to Washington, D. C., this summer for its tenth reunion.

This decision was made by the Executive Council at a meeting held in Pittsburgh, Wednesday, February 27, 1929. The convention committee appointed at Conneaut Lake Park last year felt that all invitations and possible convention points which had come to its notice should be submitted and analyzed from all standpoints by the Council, in view of their importance. The invitations received ranged from Atlantic City to Los Angeles. All were similar in one respect—no definite offer of finances other than

vented the fullest attendance that might be expected. When a reunion was held in Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia members had longer journeys to make. When the reunion convened in Virginia or West Virginia the situation was reversed. The Brigades coming from the state in which the reunion was held always had the largest representation on hand. It will be interesting to await the result in this connection at Washington—what might be termed the geographical center of our divisional territory.

One need dwell but briefly on the railroad and highways that center from every point on the compass on Washington. Its numerous hotels offer every variety of accommodations within the means of all. Contrary to the average impression, the rates at periods other than times of big national events such as the Inaugural, etc., are lower than in many other cities. This is particularly true if care is used in selecting a convention date that does not conflict with other large gatherings. In the month of August there is a surplus of hotel accommodations and a consequent keen competition for business. More favorable special rates can be secured during this month than at any other time.

There is little need to ask as to its points of interest and natural entertainment features. No American can ever realize but a part of the magnificence and magnitude of his country, except by seeing the Capitol and watching the "wheels go around" of his government. It has been called the "most beautiful city of the world." Arlington—what man who has served can feel satisfied to live his days a few hundred miles away and never adventure on a pilgrimage to this last sacred and impressive rendezvous of warriors? Mt. Vernon, where one may return again and again to visualize the life and day of Washington; the Lincoln Memorial, the White House, the Congressional Museum, Washington Monument, and a thousand other points of interest exist to occupy the time pleasantly and instructively. To reply, "I have been to Washington and have seen these things," is like saying, "I have the world's masterpieces in my library but I haven't had time to read them."

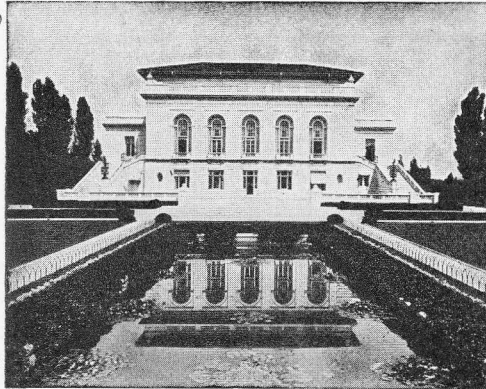
The council instructed the Resident Secretary to consult with the Washington members of the Association as to the most suitable date for the Convention. Accordingly a meeting was held

Friday, April 12, in the Rust Building, Washington, D. C., when the decision was reached to hold it August 18, 19, 20 and 21. A meeting over Labor Day was carefully considered. Hotel men and those familiar with conditions on this day advised against that date on account of the natural tourist and week-end travel to the city for this occasion with the crowding of hotels and less favorable rates, also, the fact that activities in public buildings would not be in progress. If Saturday, Sunday and Labor Day had been chosen the holding of the activities customary to the 80th would likewise have been impractical.

Committee Chairmen selected to arrange the details of the convention are as follows:

General Chairman, Col. Ashby Williams, 70 Rust Building, 1001 15th Street, N. W.

Hotel & Housing, Allen Gartner, Chairman, 815 15th Street, N. W.



Pan American Bldg.

a most warm and cordial welcome to the men of the 80th and the moral support of business men and convention bureaus in helping our Association put the big gathering across.

It speaks well for the manner in which our past reunions have been conducted and advertised that such general recognition is given nationally by cities interested in attracting important conventions.

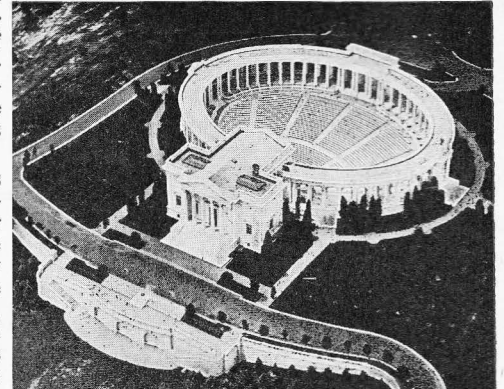
The Council weighed every question that enters into the selection of a Reunion city. First, the support and cooperation that would be given the affair by the city extending the invitation; second, the location and accessibility with regard to the majority of 80th Division men; third, the question of transportation and housing facilities; and fourth, the points of interest and natural entertainment advantages.

Washington was the answer. Under the circumstances it was felt that no happier choice could have been made. The Nation's Capitol is likewise the Nation's favorite convention city. This has its advantages and disadvantages, but its convention bureau knows the problems to be met by organizations of all types.

Its location could not be more ideal, for the greatest number of men of the Division. The plan of alternating in the states of Virginia, Pennsylvania and West Virginia has to some extent pre-



Lincoln Memorial



Amphitheatre

Ball Committee, Hugh H. O'Bear, Chairman, Chevy Chase, Albemarle Apts. Banquet Committee, Erskine Gordon, 619 14th Street, N. W.

Reception Committee, Brig.-General Briant H. Wells, General Staff, U. S. A., 2318 California Ave., N. W.; Hon. Stephen G. Porter, House Military Affairs Committee, Capitol.

Transportation & Sightseeing, E. G. Ballinger.

Entertainment, Rufus S. Lusk, 1010 Vermont Ave., N. W.

Memorial Service, Richard C. Cruitt, 900 "F" Street, N. W.

Publicity Committee, Ben McKelway & C. Fred Cook, A. W. Yereance, C. W. Cooke.

Military Affairs, Col. E. G. Peyton, Staff U. S. A., Room 358 S. W. & N. Bldg.; Col. W. W. Gordon, Staff U. S. A., 1700 1st Street, N. E.

Decorations, Thos. J. Beck, Alexandria, Va.

Liaison Committee, Augustus Gumpert, Convention Bureau; Gen. Anton Stefan, 26 Jackson Place, N. W.

The chairmen of the various committees will be assisted by the following General Committee: Henry S. Baker, James H. Bryson, Colonel Edmund Buchanan, Cornelius Bull, Colonel O. L. Brunzell, B. B. Barrett, Hiram W. Bennett, Herbert Borchardt, Ollie M. Butler,

(Continued on Page 5)

THE SHIFTING SHOW

THE long arm of wartime comradeship reached out in the Federal Court at Danville, Va., recently and snatched Len Pendleton, a wounded World War veteran of Patrick county, from a prison sentence of four months for an infraction of the National Prohibition law. Pendleton had pleaded guilty and was sentenced, but without the presiding Judge reckoning the strength of ties born of fire and battle. The new U. S. District Attorney, Capt. John Paul, veteran of the 313th Field Artillery, 80th Division, appearing in court for the first time in his official capacity, heard that the prisoner's right arm was useless from a shrapnel wound, reopened the case and secured Pendleton's release from the jail sentence. And yet there are those who would have us believe that Comradeship is a vanishing quantity!

Wars and rumors of wars are all in the day's work of Brig. Gen. Frank S. Cocheu, better known to the 80th as Colonel Cocheu, Commanding Officer of the 319th Infantry. The latest disturbance of the multitude that has spoiled many peaceful siestas for the inhabitants south of the Rio Grande, finds General Cocheu in command of United States troops on the border and warning self-styled rebel generals that rebel planes crossing the border and endangering American lives must desist upon pain of inviting retaliatory fire. Apologies and promises of the fabled Mexican brand will not satisfy General Cocheu, who controls ample armed strength to support any language he may have to emphasize. History may not repeat itself in the present instance, yet the situation bears certain definite resemblance to that maintaining in 1914. Whatever the outcome, the 80th Division leader will carry our betting odds.

Another chapter has been written in the checkered history of the U. S. S. "Leviathan," eleven years ago better known to the 80th and the A. E. F. as the transport of that name. On April 8, on the seventh anniversary of her last sailing as a military transport, the "Leviathan" formally passed out of the control of the United States Government and became the property of the United States Lines, Inc., a deed and a certified check for \$4,000,000 sealing the exchange of the flagship and ten other vessels of the United States Shipping Board.

When the "Leviathan" set out from Hoboken April 8, 1922, on her final trip as a transport, she sailed for Newport News, Va., where she was overhauled and reconditioned to become the flagship of the Shipping Board's newly created passenger fleet. Her last trip across the Atlantic in the role of troopship was when she brought General Pershing and the last 12,000 American troops home from Europe. Previously she had safely carried nearly 200,000 American soldiers to and from France. As the "Vaterland," she was launched at Hamburg, Germany, in 1914 and at that time was without a rival as the largest passenger liner afloat. Following the declaration of war between this country and Germany in April, 1917, she was seized by American authorities at Hoboken, where she had lain interned at her dock for months. She was renamed the "Leviathan" in

1918, when the United States Navy converted her into a troop ship. Not unlike the fate of the thousands she bore to and from the war, the Armistice did not end but merely marked a new page in her usefulness.

The sad tidings of the passing of Colonel Charles Keller, wartime leader of the 317th Infantry and one of the 80th Division's most brilliant and modest chieftains, have brought deep and enduring grief to the members of his old command and to every Blue Ridger privileged to have come in contact with his peerless comradeship and rarely gifted capacity for understanding. A host of stirring incidents and recollections, each strikingly typical of Colonel Keller's many-sided personality, arise afresh in memory to remind of the comrade and friend he delighted in being and of his wholly natural and spontaneous affection for his men. One of these, of an unnumbered multitude, will serve to illustrate the Colonel's happy and unfettered attachments.

The scene was the steps of the Gray's Armory in Petersburg, the time a day in September, 1926, during the 80th Division's seventh annual reunion and home-coming. As the gathering filed out of the auditorium following a business meeting and the veterans paused in the street to exchange greetings and reminiscence, a tall, eagerly-searching figure mounted the steps. Before the landing had been attained, Colonel Keller espied the veteran and, as mutual recognition ensued, the officer reached out and clasped his former orderly in his arms. Saluting him on the cheek, French fashion, the wide gap between commanding officer and private vanished as the Colonel pushed aside the years and barriers of rank to exclaim: "Man, where have you been soldiering all these years?" Thus did his greatness reveal itself.

The vast majority of Blue Ridge veterans will heartily approve the selection of Washington, D. C., as the site of the 80th Division's tenth annual reunion. Truly, what more fitting location for marking the Division's decade of peacetime service could have been chosen? As the survivors assemble in the solemn streets of Arlington few will fail to find understanding and renewed faith in that moment when Vahalla's fallen warriors become again the flesh-and-blood pals and buddies of camp and battle field. It is well, indeed, that we join them at this time in their last bivouac, to reconsecrate and brighten anew the dimming glory that once breathed faith and fellowship and hope.

WAR CROSS WINNERS TO GET DIPLOMAS

Thirty thousand American heroes, holders of the French Croix de Guerre, now can obtain special diplomas. Count De Cinanelli De Serane vice president of the Croix de Guerre Association and a member of a party of French veterans visiting this country announced recently that if the American veterans will communicate with him, he will deliver the diplomas. Families of veterans who won the Croix de Guerre and are now dead also are entitled to the diplomas. Letters should contain credentials and dates of citations.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE BONUS BILL REPORTED FAVORABLY IN SENATE

A joint resolution to amend the constitution of the State of Pennsylvania to permit the floating of a \$50,000,000 soldiers' Bonus bond issue known as H.R. No. 340, introduced by Mr. Purucker on January 28, 1929, and which had been held for an extended period in the Senate Judiciary General Committee, was reported favorably on April 15th, 1929, after a very arduous battle by Senator William D. Mansfield, and the Pennsylvania Legislative Committee composed of the various veteran organizations of the state. The resolution reads as follows:

"Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met that the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be and the same is hereby proposed in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof.

That article nine be amended by adding thereto the following Section:

Section No. 16. In addition to the purposes stated in article nine section four of this constitution the State may be authorized by law to create debt and to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the payment of compensation to certain persons from this State, who served in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps, of the United States during the war between United States and Spain, between April 21st, 1898, and August 13th, 1898, or who served in the China Relief Expedition in the Philippines or Guam between April 21st, 1898, and July 4th, 1902, or during the World War between April 6th, 1917, and November 11th, 1918.

The above bill will have to pass the 1931 session of the Legislature before it can be voted on by the electorate.

WASHINGTON SELECTED FOR TENTH ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 4)

John B. Coulter, F. Tracy Campbell, Theodore Cogswell, Lieut. Col. John Cocke, Major Hiram Cooper, Adolph A. Daly, Edmond S. Doty, Stephen T. Early, Lieut. Col. A. W. Foreman, Lieut. Col. Oscar Foley, Charles E. Gosnell, Robert M. Guiter, Ubert P. Gibson, Lucian Holman, A. E. Hammon, Jr., Capt. Geo. F. Hobson, Jacklin M. Holmes, Colonel Ira L. Hunt, William H. Johnson, Colonel G. H. Jamerson, Norman Kane, Andrew W. Litton, Harry B. Myers, Geo. McPherson Minetree, R. C. Miller, Newbold Noyes, G. A. Nugent, J. C. Robinson, J. L. Rhodes, Paul P. Steintorf, Major Sherbourne Whipple and Karel F. de Rooy.

The coming reunion will be a new departure in many ways. It will be the first time that so central a convention city has been selected and it will also be an experiment in loyalty of the Blue-Ridgers to their Divisional Association. Can our division do as other fraternal organizations have been doing for many years—hold a successful convention on a self-supporting basis by the members attending doing their share—or is it impossible unless the old army game of a "free issue," "plenty of seconds," and "we never worry—let someone else do it" continue? The attendance and spirit shown at Washington will answer the question.

Gold Star Mothers' Pilgrimage to France

A BILL recently passed by Congress starts the machinery in motion for the pilgrimage to France of the Gold Star Mothers where they will visit the graves of their War dead who fell in battle, and whose bodies still repose in the soil upon which they so nobly fought and died. The bill applies only to those mothers and widows whose bodies were not returned to the United States. At the time the bodies were being returned to the United States there was a great deal written by the public press throughout the country, urging the mothers and widows to keep the bodies on foreign soil, and those who left them there complied with this request of Congress and of the people who represented them in Congress. There were some 40,000 or more than 50% of the bodies returned to the United States and interred in the cemeteries in the communities of which the men had made residence prior to their entering the service. This was done at a cost to the government of approximately four hundred dollars for each body returned, and the members of Congress felt that some consideration should likewise be shown to the ones who left their sons' and husbands' bodies remain in the various cemeteries of France. What a wonderful peace mission for the thousands of mothers and widows to be sent abroad at the expense of the government, and the comfort which will come to them to kneel at the graves of their loved ones.

The cemeterial division of the War Department acting under the provisions of the pilgrimage bill has taken up the huge task of establishing contact with the mothers or widows of the 30,000 American soldiers whose bodies rest across the sea. The compilation and investigation of the records of those who will be entitled to make the pilgrimage is being rushed with the greatest speed and efficiency in order that the War Department may submit a complete report to the regular session of Congress when it meets next December. There are 14,000 records ready for investigation and the other 16,000 or more are being prepared as rapidly as the department can get them in shape.

Under the bill it is provided that every mother of a deceased member of the American military or naval forces buried in Europe or the widow of any member of the expeditionary force, Army or Navy, buried over there, who has not remarried, may visit the grave of her son or husband at the expense of the United States government.

The bill gives a very broad interpretation to the term "mother," declaring that it embraces "mother, stepmother, mother through adoption or any woman who stood in loco parentis to the deceased member of the military or naval forces for the year prior to the commencement of his services in such forces.

The War Department, which has direct supervision of the pilgrimage, through the cemeterial division, is planning for three annual pilgrimages taking over 10,000 each year, starting in 1930. The journey will be on first-class steamships and trains, with first-class accommodations, including hotels, restaurants, etc., from the pilgrim's home city to the cemetery abroad and return.

There will be competent officers, attendants and guides to look after their personal comfort and welfare. Every legitimate expense will be borne by the government.

The pilgrims will be accorded a sojourn of two weeks after disembarking in Europe before embarking for the return journey. A day will be given for shopping and sightseeing in New York.

Appropriations for the expense of the pilgrimage will be provided by Congress after the report is submitted by the War Department in December and it is known just how much will be required.

The 30,000 American dead overseas are concentrated in the main in six cemeteries in France, one in Belgium and one in England.

The Meuse-Argonne Cemetery contains 14,134 graves. The soldiers who rest here came from almost every division in the American Expeditionary Forces, most of them having given up their lives in the Meuse-Argonne operations, one of the decisive battles of the war. It is located about 23 miles from Verdun in the territory of Romagne. This cemetery would be of great interest to the many mothers of the 80th and contains a large number of the men of our division.

The St. Mihiel cemetery is located at Thiaucourt, or about 20 miles from Nancy, Verdun and Metz. It is the only cemetery located in the St. Mihiel area. Here lie 4,143 soldiers, the majority of whom were members of the American divisions attacking in the great offensive of our First Army. Others buried here were among those who died while serving in sectors in this vicinity, or who were removed to this region in 1922 from training areas to the Southwest.

The Ouse-Aisnes cemetery contains 5,962 graves. It is about 18 miles from Chateau-Thierry. It contains the bodies of the men who participated in the battles on the Ourcq River, and ones who were moved from the area west of Tours-Romorantin-Paris-LeHarve.

The Aisne-Marne cemetery containing 2,212 graves, lies at the foot of the hill upon which stands Belleau Wood. The majority of those who died in battle and are buried here are from units that fought in the immediate vicinity along the Marne River.

The Somme cemetery is the resting place of 1,830. This cemetery contains men of the 27th, 30th who fell in this vicinity, as well as those of the 1st and 80th division who fell in operations with the British. In addition all other American soldiers who died on or behind the British front. It is located about 11 miles from St. Quentin.

Flanders Field cemetery contains 376 graves. It is located about 18 miles from Ghent, and half way between Brussels and Ypres in Belgium.

Suresnes cemetery contains 1,507 graves and is about three miles west of the walls of Paris, on the slope of Mont Valerien.

Brookwood cemetery is located about 28 miles southwest from London and contains 437 graves. The bodies interred here were concentrated after the Armistice from various places throughout England, Scotland and Ireland, and consists of those members of the American Expeditionary Forces who lost their lives

in Great Britain or its surrounding waters during the War.

One of the early bills on this matter was presented by the late Honorable Thomas S. Butler, of Pennsylvania, and hearing was held during the first session of the 70th Congress by the Committee on Military Affairs in the House of Representatives. A similar bill was also presented by Senator Wagner of New York, and the bill which just recently became law was presented by the Honorable David A. Reed of Pennsylvania. The latter bill of Senator Reed's provided for the carrying out of the plan by a Gold Star Pilgrimage Bureau under a director, in co-operation with the Secretary of War as provided in the Butler bill.

SPEEDS VETS CASES

Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, Director of the United States Veterans' Bureau, announced this morning that the Bureau has adopted extraordinary measures to expedite the completion of action in all cases under the Emergency Officers' Retirement Act which have not yet been adjudicated, explaining that the Bureau's Regional Offices have been instructed to give preference to retirement applicants in the matter of physical examinations.

"Claimants generally are forwarding their retirement applications to the Bureau's Central Office in Washington, D. C.," which necessitates requests being made from that point upon the Bureau's Regional Office in whose jurisdiction the claimant resides, to call the claimant in for a physical examination and then forward the report to Washington. The delay incident to such procedure, General Hines explained, will be entirely eliminated if retirement applicants will forward their applications direct to the Regional Office nearest them, as Regional Managers have been given authority to conduct examinations immediately, without prior reference to Central Office.

General Hines stated that more than 97% of the claims for retirement under the Emergency Officers' Retirement Act in which complete evidence has been furnished the Bureau, have been passed upon by the Bureau's Emergency Officers' Retirement Board. The Board has rendered decisions in 85% of the more than 9,000 claims filed. The Director explained that the obtaining and filing of necessary evidence had not been completed by applicants constituting the remaining 15%.

HIS WOODEN SOLDIERS

The sergeant at one of the training camps in the World War was one of those hard-boiled guys who would kill the grass on the drill grounds wherever he happened to spit, says Capper's Weekly. One day, reaching the limit of his patience with a squad of new recruits he delivered this little speech: "When I was a little boy I had a set of wooden soldiers. One day I lost these soldiers and I cried very much, but my mother said: 'Never mind, Johnny, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back.' And believe me, you bunch of wooden-headed dumbbells, that day has come."

Men of Company B, 317 Infantry, Hold Reunion

Eightieth Division Unit has Gala Session at Appalachia with Old Officers

A reunion, planned since the last boat of soldiers steamed in to the New York harbor in the spring of 1919 from "Somewhere in France," was held in Appalachia, when about fifty members of Company "B," 317th Infantry, met at the Appalachian Hotel and made "Whoopie" for a day. Among the members present were Captain P. Blair Lee, of Philadelphia, Pa., and First Lieutenant F. Tracy Campbell, of Washington, D. C., who had driven through from ten to twelve inches of snow, in order to meet once again with the boys of their old company.

Buddy Tells of Meeting

Following is a partial description of the reunion, as was told to a reporter by Clayton P. Cawood, better known as "Jack," of Big Stone Gap.

"Once more, Company 'B,' 317th Infantry, goes over the top, and what a smashing victory it was. The first objective netted almost fifty prisoners, and what prisoners they were. Friday, February 22, 1929, rolled in amidst about ten inches of snow. Awakening early, I remarked, 'Such a pity, the weather is too bad, and after waiting all these years, there will not be many boys out today,' but before the day was over, I found that the same fighting spirit which prevailed among that old Company 'B' in those days 'over there' was strong, for when I reached the Appalachian Hotel, I was met by a crowd of men with familiar faces, although I could not at that minute remember some of their names. I was greeted on all sides, shaking hands with both hands and being greeted with open arms all around, as all the other boys had been greeted. This was all from the heart as evidence by the tears trickling down many faces.

"Everyone at first tried to talk at once, and there was our own Captain P. Blair Lee, of Philadelphia, and Lieutenant Campbell, of Washington, all smiles over the goal they had been striving for the last ten years, and who were completely speechless with happiness over the reception and the good fellowship of the

boys who had served with them in America and then in France. No one who wasn't at the hotel among us can realize the feeling that prevailed, ten years apart, and so many things to tell and talk about that have happened in that length of time, much less the many varied experiences we had had together.

"After talking the whole afternoon, the evening was begun by a big banquet, served in the hotel dining-room. Ex-Sergeant H. C. McKinney, of Appalachia, asked the blessing. You can talk about 'eats,' but we had them; there was plenty, and then some. Mr. Wade, the manager of the hotel, came in to see if he could do anything more to help us along, and he was assured it was impossible, and was tendered a rising vote of thanks by the men.

"About this time in came Mayor Woodward and the chief of police and his deputies, of Appalachia, who gave the keys of the city to us and told us to come back when ever we could. All went along peacefully, until one of the boys in the lower end of the dining-room remarked that this was the first time he had ever seen any of the men in Company 'B' eat with knives, forks and spoons.

"After the banquet, we all gathered around for roll call and to hear a few words from those who wished to say something. Ex-Sergeant W. C. Averitt, of Stonega, was toastmaster, and before calling a man's name, he would vividly relate a few incidents of the man's history while in service, which made us all wonder if he could read minds, or had kept a diary of everyone's doings.

Salute the Anthem

Ex-Sergeant H. C. McKinney made the opening speech and just as he arose the radio in the lobby of the hotel opened up and in came 'The Star Spangled Banner' from a station in a distant city. All the boys 'snapped' into it and arose to salute the colors and stand at attention while it was being played, as they had done many, many times before. If we

had planned to have this, it couldn't have come in at a better nor more opportune time. After this, McKinney went ahead with a most enjoyable speech.

"Mr. Dramble, who with Mr. Johnson, had driven from Pittsburgh, Pa., through a deep snow to be with us, urged us to keep up our Government insurance. Others who had driven a long way were: O. C. Jones and J. B. Ennis, of Charleston, W. Va.; Threat, Ralph Wright, G. C. Crowder and W. C. Smith, from Galax; Mr. Thacker, from Charlottesville, and others, who drove through the heaviest snow of many years. Parsons, who was one of the songsters of the company, sang another song for us. He had had to walk nearly twenty miles that day through ten inches of snow to be with us.

"Lieutenant Campbell gave an interesting talk, which was more interesting, and told slower than the ones he used to wish on us 'over there.'

"One of the most touching moments of the evening followed the speech by Captain Lee, of Philadelphia, when all the boys stood and offered a silent prayer for comrades left in France.

"Although the meeting adjourned at midnight, no one was willing to leave. We all followed the captain to his room, where happiness reigned. Captain Lee sat down in a big chair and was almost mashed by Jack Willis, who weighs 200 pounds, who immediately sat down on his lap, and two others sat on the arms of the chair, and the rest of us crowded around as close as we could get and talked until near morn.

"All the boys left Saturday morning with the exception of Captain Lee and Lieutenant Campbell and Thacker, who remained over for the day to be the guests of Clayton Cawood and W. C. Averitt, and toured the many interesting points in this section. Many were the remarks of wonder and awe expressed by these men over the scenery.

"Saturday's tour ended at the home of Ex-Sergeant W. C. Averitt at Stonega,

(Continued on Page Twenty)



TALES THEY TELL

By W. A. Smith

DURING our recent "unpleasantness" we probably had the most unusual lot of officers that ever led an army. Not that they were any better, or any worse than the officers of any other army. But due to the fact that we had very few men with any army training whatsoever, and with the urgent need that we put an army in the field as quickly as possible, it was imperative that we select and train hastily. As a whole they were fine. What they lacked in training and experience they made up in energy and ambition to do as thorough a job as quickly as possible. And those who proved themselves real men under very trying conditions won the lasting respect of their comrades in arms. Ten years have passed. Perhaps they will forgive us if we chronicle a few odd ones on our friends, the officers.

As a bunch of green recruits, the first officer that we came very much in contact with was a southerner whose name I do not recall. He possessed real ability to lead men. And we obeyed him instinctively. He could, out of a group of green men, have built up an outfit that would have followed him, as the six hundred of fame followed their officers, into the Valley of Death.

But the old war mill ground swiftly. And we were soon to learn that he was only a cog in a wheel that touched us only momentarily and passed on out of our existence. We never learned what became of him, but suppose he became one of those most dissatisfied of all men, a regular member of the camp personnel whose duty it was to welcome new men and start to break them as gently as possible into the game of war. He was too good at it.

Followed then a panorama of officers from the training schools, some who knew their stuff and some who did not, officers from the National Guard; the Regular Army, and a few from West Point. One of the latter in particular stands out promiscuously in the parade of memories. From his actions at least one would derive the opinion that all men who had not studied at that famous institution should by rights be classified and incarnated according to mentality, part in the jails, part in the insane asylums and the rest in the homes for feeble-minded. In contrast to him we had one from the officers' training school, who green and soft as we were, could get up in front of the outfit and do physical exercise with a cadence something like this, "One, two, three, four, hurts like-hell-don't-it." Which would bring a grin from the sorest buck.

Going across with a casual company we had all kinds again. From the kind who could tell a man who lost his rifle overboard that he would rather a man would be lost in the sea than a gun, to the top kick who could give a job in the officers' pantry to a buck private who had just gotten out of the hospital, so he could get plenty to eat, rather than give it to one of his particular friends.

Over there the variety did not cease. But it was there in the furnace of hell that the real man came to the fore, sometimes, it must be admitted, the hard-boiled egg of the back areas became very docile. Fortunately as a rule a real man came into being, who could thereafter

look into the eyes of his men and treat them as men.

From St. Agnan, six of us were finally assigned to a regiment which had at one time a very unusual commander. He was really a very able commander and well liked by those under him. When things got a little dull he frequently took to fighting the battle of vin rouge. Once when his enthusiasm got the better of his judgment, he ordered the band out to march up and down the company street and play snappy music. Their leader was not quite enthusiastic enough to suit the colonel so he took the baton himself and showed the world at large how a band should be led, to the amusement of his regiment.

The Zone Major put the cafe out of bounds for American soldiers, and a guard was placed on it. About two o'clock one morning shortly afterwards our Colonel appeared suddenly before the guard. He was somewhat the worse for wear and expressed his desire to enter the cafe. The guard informed him that the place was out of bounds and no one was allowed to enter. At which the Colonel replied, "Can't you use your influence and get me in there?" which I believe is the only case on record where a Colonel ever asked a buck private to use his influence to gain the Colonel admittance to any place.

One of the companies of our regiment had a captain who kept things from getting too monotonous. He too was an able commander with plenty of grit as he proved a great many times on the front. But his caustic and frequently humorous sarcasm was the theme of many campfire tales. Once when his company got tangled up among the trees in the Argonne Woods while trying to execute one of his commands, he roared, "Stand fast, you mob of lambs."

Then there was the incident of Old Man Vin Rouge's demise on New Year's Night with appropriate ceremonies. And the anticlimax which followed which cost some of our comrades their liberty temporarily. But I cease lest someone's better half should read and form an opinion that army life with the A.E.F. consisted mostly of vin rouge and pranks. Far from it, boy!

VETERANS HOSPITAL BILL

Failure of the World war veterans hospital construction bill to pass at the recent session of Congress has greatly accentuated an already acute situation with relation to the scarcity of beds for veterans suffering with mental diseases.

The gravity of the situation with reference to the hospitalization of the mental group is graphically indicated by a statement recently made by the Department of Mental Hygiene of the State of New York, that, based upon past experience, there will probably be, among a group of 3,500,000 World war veterans, 154,000 who at the average age of 35 years will develop serious mental disease.

The government now has under hospitalization close to 14,000 veterans suffering with various mental disorders, with practically no hospital beds available for further admissions. There are extensive waiting lists at nearly all government neuropsychiatric hospitals at the present time.

CALCULATOR FUND COMPLETE

Calculator, once the best-known canine character at Fort Benning, is to have a monument. Four or five years ago, the beloved little vagabond, who hitch-hiked and panhandled his way into the affections of nearly every officer and soldier on the post, was a familiar figure both here and in Columbus. Calculator was nobody's dog in particular; he seemed to belong to the whole command, so the story goes. He could not be a one-man dog for in him was a nomadic streak that urged his restless little body from house to house and from fort to city and back again. Many are the tales of how Calculator waited on "jaw-bone corner" for transportation to wherever his caprice dictated. When an automobile which suited his fancy came along, Calculator would plant himself in the road and refuse to move until the car stopped. Then he would hop in and calmly take his seat as a passenger. Perhaps he would honor his travelling companion by accepting an invitation to dinner, but, the meal over, he would be on his way again. Calculator never accepted too much hospitality from the same household.

When Calculator died in 1925, his hundreds of army friends began a movement to collect funds to erect a monument to his memory. As sometimes happens to such an enterprise, this dragged along for a considerable length of time and has only now reached the stage where the fund is complete and in the hands of Captain Edward E. Walker, who is designing the monument.

The design includes a bronze tablet bearing a likeness of Calculator in bas-relief and he is now endeavoring to obtain a good picture of the little dog to use as a model for the memorial tablet. Captain Walker requests that persons who have photographs of Calculator send them to him for temporary use to aid in making the design for the monument, and states that all pictures will be returned to their owners.

—Courtesy of The Infantry School News.

"Service" Magazine wishes to run in each issue a story of A. E. F. mascots. Each company had them, so let's have the write-up for future issues.

SERVICE COMPENSATION ACT

Though the Adjusted Service Compensation Act has been in effect a full four years, it is apparent that many veterans of the World War are not advised of their rights. Many have not made application and this is brought more forcibly to our attention in the case of death of the soldier. Many fail to change their beneficiary, especially after marriage, and the adjudication under the terms of the certificate in many cases works a real hardship on the wife and children and in many instances requires court action for the appointment of administrators of the deceased estate.

TO BRING MORE DEAD BACK

Bodies of American war dead, A. E. F. Members buried in Northern Russia and Siberia are to be removed to the United States as soon as the graves are found.

The Russian people's commissariat for foreign affairs has agreed to co-operate in finding the graves and removing the bodies, which are those of soldiers who fell on the eastern front in the World war.

PASSING IN REVIEW

By FAY A. DAVIS

The Guns Roar Again! The Sweepers!

THE GUNS ROAR AGAIN!

NOW that we are free to enjoy the greatest of all human desires—mental and physical comfort—let us turn back to the days when things were a little off balance. Follow the "Blue Ridge Trail" with me back to a dugout pressed into service for overflow patients at Fromereville, and see, again, in the darkness, the wild confusion in trying to administer aid to unfortunate buddies.

With a varied history along side of which the exploits of ancient, warring cave dwellers would pale into oblivion, this ferretous rendezvous that sheltered terror-stricken French natives when the German bombardment cloaked the village in ruins, had only recently been the headquarters of a famous French field-marshal. Belief in weird stories emanating therefrom fired the imagination and enhanced its claim to mystery. When an old church would accommodate no more patients, and with nothing else above ground available, the dugout was commandeered by our regiment. The entrance would attract no more attention than a gapping fissure in the gentle slope of a hillside. An unobserving person might pass it by unnoticed. The main chamber was accessible through many narrow, frowning passageways. Winding hit and miss boardwalks made of packing boxes were inundated, and in many places, completely submerged, by water seeping through the roof. As a precautionary measure against impending gas attacks, and to muffle the sound of voices, water-soaked blankets hung from the entrance and fresh air apertures. A hoghead of coarse grained salt in a small ante-chamber bore evidence of the fruition of German ingenuity appropriated by the French, who often used lime to less advantage. A great many German dugouts were so equipped for the reason that the humidity is increased by the contact of human bodies. The warmer air within takes up more water vapor than the cold air without. The salt, being hygroscopic, absorbed some of the moisture and thereby lessened the dampness.

The dugout is cumbered with great heaps of blankets, helmets, gas masks, and piles and piles of miscellaneous equipment. The waste is appalling, but unavoidably necessary. Under the tread of your feet are tarnished messkit "tools," shoes, iodine swabs, canteen covers, ragged strands of leggings, soiled bandage, tent pins, collar ornaments, shoe dubbin, rusted razor blades, and other articles, too numerous to mention, that were once the property of unnumbered soldiers, whose lives snuffed out like the flame of a candle, had sighted the friendly shores of the "Great Divide." The passageways are jammed with stretcher-bearers. The place is like a molested ant hill. Man and the ant have many things in common. Everybody is busy and those that are not try to appear so. Under cover of darkness, your

buddies identify you by your voice. Some yap slips off the boardwalk, loses an artic in the oozy mire and strikes a match to find it. An M. P.'s voice rises above the turmoil and shouting. With the aid of two of his fingers he whistles like a French locomotive, announcing to the world that someone has spoken out of his turn. The shivers play up and down your backbone, fearful lest he accuse you of the stupid trick. In spite of your innocence, some how or other, you doubt your ability to win out in an argument with an infuriated sentinel. You shy away from the offender as the M. P., his eyes bulging with anger, makes a dash in your direction. The poor fellow, weak and emaciated from lack of sleep and abbreviated grub, and frightened almost to death, pitched forward in the mire, unconscious. It was some minutes before he could be resuscitated and the mud dug out of his ears. When he finally regained consciousness, the sentinel turned him over to the Officer of the Guard. The woodpile for life—army life, at least. Outside, the rain descends in torrents, giving the appearance of mist rising from the ground. The autumn rain lashes your helmet. Your slicker blushes with shame and humiliation as the rain beats unmercifully upon it. (When relating your reminiscences of this "Adventure," (one of the triumvirate of life's great adventures) you are always safe in saying, without fear of contradiction, that it was raining, or it was raining pitchforks, or the rain descended in torrents, as I have said, for, as we all know so well, every day was a good day for ducks, or mud-turtles, or goldfish. I once heard an officer, remarking about the inclement weather "Over There," say, that he could recall but two days he hadn't seen it rain in France—the day before he arrived and the day after he forsook the land that too often drenched him.)

Only a few kilos away lies a lonely ruin, a barren desert of broken, crumbling walls and stone-heaped cairns that had once been the proud, defiant city of Verdun, but withal—an insurmountable barrier to Prussian imperialism. All night long the withering rain persists, and the whistling and whining of German shells of a ruthless bombardment that never ceased. The constant sing-song of these future urns and vases annihilating space, the suspension and regularity of the interval preceding the explosion, and the intensity of the concussion unnerved one who pondered the uncertainties of life.

The screeching of brakebands in need of adjustment, and the nauseating odor of burning rubber announce the arrival of another ambulance. It drops its frightful cargo and makes way for another to pull up. Some flippant officer, realizing his utter helplessness to cope with the alarming situation, but trying to appear head over heels in work, bawls you out for no apparent reason whatever. There are many others like him. Young upstarts, flashing and garish, with a bar on their shoulder, too shallow to appreciate that character in a man is beyond com-

petition. Each tries to outdo the other in convincing you of his importance. Words are cheap—you expect that and draw your own conclusions—charitably. Everybody seems to be giving orders. On the impulse of the moment, you get hot under the collar and are in the mood for giving someone a piece of your mind when a second thought assays your niche as run-o'-the-mine fodder whose destiny it is to be cuffed and kicked about at the will of superiors. Your loss of dignity is gulped down like so much castor oil—reluctantly—painfully. You grin and bear it. (It is a stupendous task for a soldier to apply himself unremittingly to a manual task of which he has no defined duty, but just giving a life, for an indefinite period without an interval of distraction.) You are careful not to make too much noise in drawing your breath. You shuffle around like a clog dancer to convey the impression that you are busy, when there really isn't anything for you to do. French soldiers gasp in amazement. They mingle in the crowd, weaving in and out of the excitement unable to decipher the rustle and bustle of it all. Some one has told them that it is the way Americans eat, sleep and do everything—on the run—out of breath. Troops, troops, troops! as far as the eye can see. Passing through the village. Move by jerks. Everything shot up; road jammed ahead. Engineers plugging the gaps. Impatient to go. A cook, atop of a rolling kitchen, asks for a detail to hunt for firewood. Everybody volunteers. Anything, yes anything, to get away from the awesome sight for a moment.

Stretcher-bearers, their faces etched by the telltale lines of sleepless nights, discard the "in cadence" method of handling patients. Any old way goes, but keep moving—moving—moving—forward. The color scheme is worked out in mud and blood and guts and faith—dominant, rallying faith that the end is in the offing. German soldiers among the last cargo. Some favor kindness—others, sour and caustic. Hyphenated Americans—savagely-bitter. No place for a chicken-hearted fellow—heart of stone—sold and unresponsive. Burial squad on the scene. Hard work and tough guys to do it. Dog-tags?—try and find them—or some other little thing that might identify a dead buddy. Personal belongings, comfy-kit, photographs. Patients reluctant to part with souvenirs—messkit most popular. Give us notes and letters and keep-sakes to be sent or delivered to their loved ones back home. Possessions that brought joy to them—a source of rare pride. Pitiful scenes that play tag with your heart-strings. And if you had had the time to stop and ponder the situation before you and ask yourself the inevitable question, "Wonder what it's all about," it is interesting to speculate upon what you might have done.

Fortunately, for all, many a situation arose that eludes description now, but is mighty pleasant to remember. For it is one of the grand things in the scheme of life that, let the horrors be what they may, there is always a bright, inspiring

expression of humor in most everything.

Harry Einselan was accused of pulling the prize "boner" when he took a patient's temperature in the dark without taking the thermometer out of its jacket.

Sam Wilkes, an orderly on the night shift, crawled in to snatch a wink or two, and someone put a diagnosis tag on the bunk. The Major in making his rounds, asked the "patient" how he felt. Sam, a good actor, and quick to grasp the handle of a situation, pulled the blanket up around his face, raised his voice an octave and said, he hoped he would be able to return to his regiment in the morning.

John Barbagallo bagged the booby prize when called to interpret a German soldier's wants. Little John got up speed and returned with a hot water bottle. When the coast was clear, the German used the warm water to wash his face and hands.

THE SWEEPERS

Among the grotesque sights of wartime Paris, none stood out more indelibly than the old women street-sweepers. Tourists, returning from Paris, say the city has at last decreed their usefulness is ended. Their usefulness ever in doubt, they were as much a part of Paris as the Eiffel Tower.

Long before the break of dawn, these decreped old souls crept out of hallway and hovel and sewer and began swinging their long-handled, brushwood brooms. Ugly ducklings of the night. Withered, unlovely, desolate souls; bereft of blest abode, who worked on and on, resignedly, warming themselves by the street torches and the heels of candles tossed into the gutter by the lamp-post tender. And feeding, lightly, a quenchless appetite on the crumbs of scornful humanity. Time had long swept bare, if any, the peach-down saved from childhood. Their eyes saw in mocking day dreams only poverty, poverty they did not deserve and—avenging hate. What strange creatures they were! The backwash of better days—weeping shadows out of the past. But the flickering embers of hope, blurred and fading still, flickered on—on till the eventide.

Their brooms, a sheaf of willow switches tied on the end of a hickory stick, resembled those the witches ride on in the Mother Goose rhymes. At the entrance to the subway, in front of all-night cafes, around the Bource, at vantage points where the spoils were invariably good, they could be seen in droves as the sun peeped over the horizon. They had great pockets in their burlap aprons. Cigarette and cigar butts, empty match boxes, American cigar bands and wrappers of every description, tinfoil, tobacco tags and anything else in the gutter that looked like it might be valuable, found its way into these pockets. Fights were unusually frequent and they would pound one another unmercifully with their brooms over a Metro ticket, the tinfoil from a chocolate bar or some other big haul. Their lingo, high pitched and shrill, reminded you of little Frankie's initial lesson on the fiddle.

Pedestrians, daylight dodgers, sturdy country-boys eager for music and revelry, joy-prospectors following the circle, unthrifty souls who had fritted away the years, unspangled jesters, push-cart venders getting an early start, flame-

ejectors in search of a moth, art-students out for color, and prettied denizens of the flagstone, quick to join in the affair, gathered like sparrows around a hitching post to laugh themselves silly at the comedy. They began to whistle and clap and to cheer, spiritedly, these feted actors in the show. The breath of the early morning was foul with the stench of stale beer; and the monotonous drone of player-pianos made one long for the soothing notes of a bagpipe. Silken swans, their plumage now slightly askew, were imbibing freely of innumerable cocktails. They knew drinks! The technique of beating to windward to get on the outside of a schooner was borne of much practice.

"Kultur" didn't take well—the "verbotin" signs came down. Standards drooped a bit. Morality, in a fit of recklessness, executed a "falling leaf." The possibilities of life in those lost hours were measured in steel, and hurtling shells, and gore-dimmed stars. The military age had come! And with it came the dregs of humanity that have no virtue nor strength of purpose but to mock civilization in platonic passion. Living fast and furious through a crowded epoch, everybody seemed, for the moment, to have turned back a page of life to stake their all in one big blaze of revelry, a frenzy of frivolous action—before the curtain fell.

However, one of the pedestrians was Pat and he laughed like one ecstatically crazy. His favorite stunt (after he had imbibed a litre or two of benedictine) was to spit like a franc and watch them scramble for it. The jingle of a coin on the sidewalk was a signal for a mad rush. Pat corralled all the slugs and iron washers about the Paris shooting galleries for the fun. He usually started with a few centimes and when the scramble got to fever heat, he rang in the slugs. The minute the deception became known, French expletives rent the air and he beat it farther up town. There was one poor old soul from whom Pat invariably took the broom and demonstrated how the work should be done. He called her "Handsome Liz," and the handle fit her like a circus tent. The doughty Irishman carried as a pocket-piece, a plugged big clacker (two sous), the heritage of a crap game between pays. To this he tied a string and watched, mischievously, for the opportune moment to drop it behind "Liz." Many and many a laugh was enjoyed at the expense of those poor souls. Of course, no harm was meant and none done. Just childish pranks enjoyed by soldiers couped up and isolated from city-bred people for months and months by the iron hand of discipline.

Gutter gleaners, such as they, in the puddles of the street, the slop of the corner cafe, and the filth of latrines were no credit to a city of grandeur like Paris, where mirth and song and gayety palpitate the heart and vanity laughs sardonically in the face of poverty. Out of the twilight dawn they came, these fettered slaves of poverty, from nowhere to seek affluence and give distance to the poor circumstances from which they would rise. They floundered, and were swallowed up in the wake of forgotten promises—purposes. Where they went matters little, but it is well they have passed on. None knew them—none cared!

Life Members desiring new membership cards kindly notify headquarters.



Brown, William Thomas, formerly of Company F, 320th Infantry, and one of the best-known citizens of the tri-town community, died December 24, 1928 at his home at Dawson, where he resided all of his life.

Mr. Brown was born at Dawson on January 2, 1890, the son of A. C. and Barbara Simmons Brown. He was a graduate of the Dunbar Township High School, Class of 1908, and Douglas Business College of Connellsville. He was employed by the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad since boy-hood and for nearly 10 years had been storekeeper at Dickerson Run.

An August 12, 1921 he married Miss Anna Mary McLaughlin, of West Newton, who survives. His parents, residents of Dawson, and four sisters also survive. The sisters are Mrs. J. R. Cottom, Mrs. R. K. Smith and Miss Daisy Brown, of Dawson, and Mrs. John W. Good, of Johnstown.

Burial was in charge of James Cochran Lodge No. 614, F. & A. M., of Dawson, who conducted a ritual at the grave. Members of Milton J. Newmyer Post and Emory Lewis Pratt Post of the American Legion of Dawson and Vanderbilt, respectively, under the command of Stanley Mong of Dawson, comprised the firing squad.

Buried at West Newton Dec. 26, 1928.

Dooley, Harry L., formerly private 1st class, Company L, 317th Infantry, died at the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Aspinwall, Thursday, March 29, 1929. Funeral from 2048 Wayne Avenue, Swissvale, Pa. Members of the Brett Post were pallbearers. Body was shipped to the Arlington National Cemetery at Washington for burial.

Dougherty, Joseph G., formerly 1st Sergeant, Company A, 320th Infantry, died at the home of his mother, 3142 Huxley street, Sheraden, Thursday, February 21, 1929. High mass of requiem at Holy Innocents' Church was celebrated Monday, February 25, at 8:15 a. m.

Burke, Patrick E., formerly Corporal, Company F, 320th Infantry, son of Michael Burke and the late Mary Mullen Burke, died at his home, 1501 Brinton avenue, North Braddock, Friday, February 22, 1929. High mass of requiem at St. Williams' Church, East Pittsburgh, Wednesday, February 27, at 9 a. m. Pneumonia was the cause of his death. Mr. Burke re-enlisted in the Army following the war, and was assigned to Hawaiian Military Police at Fort Shafter, Honolulu, Hawaiian territory.

Connelly, Thomas A. (Tim), formerly of Company "G" 320th Infantry, died suddenly at his home on Monday, February 4th, 1929. He was 35 years of age, and son of the late Peter and Anna Flaherty Connelly. Services were held from the funeral home of J. P. Colligan & Brothers, 800 Carson street, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Thursday morning, February 7th,

(Continued on Page Twenty-Three)



ATTENTION 80TH POST MEMBERS

The National Alumni, Inc., has presented to each 80th Division Post a set of Official Source Records of the World War. There are seven volumes beautifully bound in rich leather, bearing on each cover a facsimile of the Peace Treaty panel designs that were selected by the various governments to bind their war records. The title page of the first volume is made up as a registered edition with each Post's name inscribed thereon. Prompted by a feeling of good will and comradeship the Alumni Association has seen fit to bestow these Source Records upon our Posts for the benefit of the interested members.

The National Alumni is an association composed of fifteen hundred International Specialists under the direction of Charles F. Horne, Ph.D., U. S. Government expert on history with the A. E. F. Many of the experts assisting as members of the Association which was named "The National Alumni Association," had served with the Colonel House Commission sent to Europe by President Wilson to investigate the causes and effects of the war. The material that this commission obtained from all the nations involved was secured from the reports and records in the secret archives of these countries. Starting with the causes leading up to the war, the National Alumni Association prepared seven volumes which contained source material from 1914 to the close of the conflict. These books are more than volumes of history written upon the opinions and conclusions of the men compiling the data. They are the unbiased facts supported by the official documents of the French, English, German, American, Italian, Austrian, and other governments—the reports made to their respective governments by the leaders on both sides relative to the battles and actions and engagements. The work forms the most complete and valuable collection of authentic material that has ever been compiled. It is presented in such form with references, diagrams, tables, etc., in addition to many chapters of easily read narrative that it is clear to the layman as well as the expert.

The Executive Council of the 80th Division Veterans' Association has endorsed the Official Source Records and highly recommends the set to every veteran as a collection of all the facts relating to the war that is beyond anything yet produced.

These books will be placed in the Post Club rooms or meeting room for the convenience and pleasure of the members. At present we are holding the sets at headquarters while awaiting reply from each Post Commander as to the disposition he wishes to make of them.

The publishers have been very generous in their co-operation with our Association, and we feel that any support the members can give their representatives will be well worth the effort and greatly appreciated.

Posts of the 80th are as follows: Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1; Philadelphia Post No. 2; General Lloyd M. Brett Post; Charleston Post No. 4; Washington, D. C., Post No. 5; Clarksburg Post No. 6, Fairmont Post No. 7, Grafton Post No. 8; Richmond Post No. 9; Chestnut-Ridge Post No. 10; Petersburg Post No. 11; Johnstown Post No. 12; Greensburg Post No. 14; McKeesport Post No. 15.

Philadelphia Post No. 2

Two interesting meetings in February and March were held since the last issue of "Service" with a fair attendance at each.

Details for the success of the 1929 Banquet were discussed. Comrade Bon-sall was appointed Chairman of Committee. An invitation is extended to the ladies. We trust they will make every effort to be present with us on this occasion.

Comrade Lichtenstein gave a brief outline on the proposed new "Blue Ridger," a monthly publication edited for the benefit and in the interests of the Philadelphia men. This four-page pamphlet, edited by Mr. Lichtenstein, is to replace the present monthly letter sent to all former members of the 80th. If the booklet proves successful in interesting the former members to join the Association it will be "adopted permanently."

The "80th Division Grave Markers" is again moving forward and it is hoped we may have some placed on all 80th men's graves by Memorial Day.

Thanks to Mrs. Frederic Poole we learned of two former 80th Division men who are patients at the League Island Naval Hospital, suffering from disabilities incurred during their services "over there," and are not receiving compensation. Comrade Lichtenstein, having served with one of the comrades, was present when he was injured and has volunteered to act for both in placing their claims for compensation before the Veterans Bureau.

Brett Post

The members of Brett Post will regret to hear of the death of Harry L. Dooley, formerly of Company L, 317th Infantry, on Thursday, March 29, 1929 at the U. S. Veterans Hospital No. 104,

Aspinwall. Members of the Post attended the funeral services and acted as pallbearers. Comrade Dooley's body was sent to Washington, D. C., and was interred in Arlington Cemetery on Easter Sunday, March 31.

The Brett Post was presented with a set of Source Records by the Association on behalf of the National Alumni, an organization of some fifteen hundred writers. These books are greatly appreciated by all our members. We trust that when you want to know anything more about the late war just come in and look them over.

In memorium to our beloved Commander and Comrade Gen. Lloyd M. Brett, plans are being made whereby the Post will place a tablet on the Pennsylvania unit at the V. F. W. Home at Eaton Rapids, Michigan, in the near future. The tablet has been ordered and will be ready within a very short time.

The following members were appointed on the Membership Committee for the purpose of securing sufficient new members to enable the Brett Post attain high score in the contest for the 80th Loyalty Cup: S. J. Fleming, Chairman; S. G. Evans, W. H. McChesney, B. C. Clark, C. A. Taylor, J. A. Burke, T. B. Fitzsimmons, C. U. Fahrney, J. J. Madden, R. P. Loeffler and C. N. McMurray.

Who's Who In Philadelphia

Fortunately, we always have at least a few members to keep Philadelphia Post moving forward!

Our sincere thanks to Rodney T. Bon-sall, Finance Officer, for his good work during year and though suffering with bad cold in February faced the storm and made best report on progress we have heard in sometime. Rodney has also volunteered to act as Chairman of Banquet Committee this year.

Stanley Lichtenstein is again back in harness with a bang, and how!

Editor of the Blue Ridger, our new monthly paper, Chairman on Grave Markers and an action worker on Welfare Committee.

Frank Mayer brought in new member last month.

Comrade Rareshide, Insurance Officer, spoke on conversion of War Risk Insurance, and will assist any comrade interested.

No doubt, like the Old Gray Mare, we are not what we used to be, but we must have more members. Become active members, attend meetings, bring in new members, act on committees when you are a member of same, join the Bugle Corp, be a member of Cast in our new show, if and when we have a show, brush up or buy that uniform and turn out with your Post, for Memorial Service and on Memorial Day.

Bill Cousins, 315 Machine Gun Btn., George Burton, 318 Inf. and Ed. Wagner, 319 Ambulance Co., were welcome strangers.

Our Honorary Commander Frank Schoble, Jr., after undergoing a serious operation, we learn, is well on the road to recovery. May his recovery be a speedy one, for his absence from our

ranks, for even a short time, is a loss to everyone interested in the success of our Association.

Welfare Chairman Tibbott, assisted by Mrs. Poole of the Auxiliary, and Comrade Lichtenstein, distributed Easter Baskets and Cigarettes to all 80th Division Men, patients at the Naval and Gray's Ferry Hospitals.

Chairman Tibbott reports the following men patients at Hospital 49, located at 24th Grays Ferry Road:

John Thomas, 315 M. G. Btn.; Alban S. Leonardson, Military Police, Glen Sergeant Camp Lee; George Bennett, Bat. C 313 F. A.; Grover C. March, Co. D, 305 Am. Tr.; Wm. Hudspeth, 314 M. G. Btn.; George Goff, Motor Cycle Corp, and Jas. J. McEnergy.

Comrade Lichtenstein reports following patients at Naval Hospital, League Island Navy Yard: Wm. O'Brien, 320 Field Hospital; Ralph Clark, 320 M. G. Co.; Samuel R. Nulph, Co. I, 320 Inf.; Franklin Stevenson, Co. A, 320 Inf. Be a real comrade and send these men a cheerful letter.

Mrs. Frederic Poole nee Elizabeth Arnold, who will be remembered by the former members of 317, 18, 19, 20 Field Hospt. Cos. at Gland, was again in Uniform, braving the rain, in the Inaugural Parade in Washington, March 4th.

100% Talkies are no novelty, but for the success of our Post and the winning of the 80th Loyalty Cup, 100% Action is a necessity.

Sixth Annual Philadelphia Post Banquet will be held on Saturday, May 4th, at 7:30 P. M. at the Army and Navy Club, Stephen Girard Hotel, 2025 Chestnut Street. Spend this Saturday night with your old Comrades. Our Chairman promises us a real treat, with dancing between courses, and until closing. Tickets \$3.00 each but no extra cover charges. Make reservations with Chairman Rodney T. Bonsall, 1335 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia.

Do you know of anyone, including yourself, who hasn't paid his Dues? Surely send them in to Finance Officer Bonsall.

News From Wheeling

"Smiling Bob" Maser, formerly of Battery C, 314th Field Artillery, now resides on Zane Street, Wheeling.

H. R. Morrow, formerly of 320th Infantry, conducts a butcher supply shop on 14th Street, Wheeling. Does he know his viande? And how! He has in his employ H. H. Couch, formerly of the same unit.

Homer Cunningham, Battery E, 314th Field Artillery, is planning a trip to California during the early part of May via automobile. He may look some of the Mexican battles over when close to the border. Nevertheless, we hope by that time the trouble in Mexico will be "all over but the shouting."

A prominent 80th Division man in field for Councilman representing the 7th Ward is Leo Emmirth, formerly Mechanic, Battery C, 314th F. A. His untiring efforts on behalf of his friends,

his devotion to duty and ability as an executive, have won for Mr. Emmirth a stronghold in the hearts of the people of the community. We wish him success.

"Steve" Sheperd, formerly of the 319th Infantry, is now married and residing on Wheeling Island. He is employed by the Pollock Company as stogie roller.

News From Philadelphia Sector

Sam Millinghausen, of the Medical Detch., 314th Field Artillery, is the recipient of a letter from Charles O. Roop, who is in the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Castle Point, New York. He regrets to report that Comrade Roop is not feeling so well lately, but has been enjoying the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin sent to him by one of his friends. So fellow Eightieth men it may not be a bad idea to subscribe to a local paper for the benefit of your buddies who are in our hospitals. It cheers them up to hear of the old home town and old friends.

Comrade Roop claims "It is a small world" again proves a true saying. A friend wrote him saying a man by the name of Reilly was coming to the same Hospital and for Roop to look him up. When the man arrived it was none other than Reilly of Headquarters Company, 305th Sanitary Train.

Harvey E. Criss, formerly of Battery B, 314th Field Artillery, has been ill for about two years. At the present time he is getting along nicely but is still in the United States Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. He hopes to be well enough to visit some of his Philadelphia buddies on a 36 hour pass in the near future which is surely good news.

In a recent issue of "Service" mention was made of many former 80th men belonging to Henry H. Houston Post No. 3 of the American Legion in Germantown, Philadelphia. We have just learned that Gerstenacker who was formerly quite an active member of the Philadelphia Post, 80th Division Veterans Association is also a member of Houston Post.

Division Headquarters

Y. M. C. A.

On behalf of the members of the 80th Division "Service Magazine" extends to Miss Constance Crawford sincere sympathy on the death of her mother on Sunday, February 24, 1929. Mrs. Crawford was a graduate of Vassar College, and, to the end of her life, kept up her interest in all matters relating to Vassar, attending reunions and other college functions. She was an ardent traveller; having repeatedly visited Europe including many of its lesser known parts, as well as Mexico and the Pacific Coast of this country. She is survived by her husband, and three daughters, Mrs. H. T. Hamilton and the Misses Lesley and Constance Crawford and by five grandchildren.

317TH INFANTRY

Company A

We extend to John B. Diehl, formerly Corporal, our sincere sympathy on the occasion of the death of his beloved father on February 6, 1929.

Company K

"Note quite two, eyes of blue, kootchy, kootchy, kootchy, coo. Has anybody seen my girl?" So sings C. D. Ackerman,

of Lakewood, Ohio. Marolyn Jane, an adorable little red-haired baby of eighteen months, is quite proud of her daddy too, who was formerly Lieutenant of Company K.

Company M

J. S. Norman, formerly of High Point, North Carolina, is now with the Southern Varnish Corporation at Roanoke, Virginia.

318TH INFANTRY

Major General Briant H. Wells, former Commander of the 318th Infantry, now Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army, recently visited and inspected the post at Fort Benning, Georgia, which he commanded from November 6, 1923, to March 6, 1926. During the General's stay at Fort Benning, he and Mrs. Wells were the guests of Lt. Col. George C. Marshall, Assistant Commandant.

Company K

Frank Schoble, Jr., formerly Lieutenant, of Wyncote, Pa., has left the Samaritan Hospital in Philadelphia, where he underwent a serious operation made necessary as the result of an automobile accident of some few years ago. The operation was of a very serious and critical nature, but like the hero and real soldier that he is, Lieut. Schoble put up a game fight. He was removed to him home recently, where he is recuperating splendidly.

Company M

We wish to extend to John J. Beitel, formerly Corporal, our deep sympathy on the occasion of the death of his infant son which occurred January 14, 1929.

Medical Corps

Lacy M. Early, formerly 1st Sergeant, is Mayor of Aulander, North Carolina. When traveling "down south" it would not be a bad idea to meet the Mayor and see the town.

319TH INFANTRY

The date for the annual rally of the officers of the 319th Infantry has been set tentatively, for Saturday and Sunday, May 25 and 26.

The rendezvous will be in the "Bois d'Ozone," Atlantic City, New Jersey. There will be plenty of ozone, but you may have difficulty in finding the "bois." We expect a good attendance with all the splendid fellowship and comraderie for which our reunions are famous.

The important thing just now is to make note of the date, and inform Captain Frederick Hickman if he may expect you present. Address correspondence to 20 South Tennessee Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

Headquarters Company

Remember:—

The first days at Camp Lee? How we pulled corn stocks on the drill field, and marched back and forth over the furrows, till the ground was fairly level?

When we carried our bed sacks out on the drill field and emptied them, and every one was singing "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France?" That was about four or five days before we left camp.

The days spent on the rifle range?

Stable guard? Not so bad when the

weather was nice, but pretty bad when it was cold. Many a time I tried to keep my feet warm by burying them in the hay.

Non-Com's school (regimental) in charge of Lt. Erskine Gordon, later Major and a holder of the D. S. C.?

Prep tent drill near Prince George Court House?

The time the Trench Mortar Battery built a gun emplacement near the grenade course? We later built one, and were to start on the second one in the division trench section when we got orders to leave for France. I believe 320 Inf. lost a man in their emplacement, due to a cave in.

The Liberty Theatre ?

The Gas House?

The K. of C.?

The Y. M. C. A.?

The camp Library, and the old canteen, also the little store at the car stop?

The cosmoline on the new rifles? Thought I had a way of defeating the cleaning, so took mine all apart, and in putting it together again I stripped the stacking swivel screw, which not only got me a bawling out but cost the huge sum of 75 cents which was a lot of money in those days.

The Crater at Petersburg?

Blandford Parish, and its old cemetery?

Prince George Court House and the white washed jail?

The peanut fields?

The swamps?

Lakemont Park?

Hopewell, and its narrow, dirty streets?

The British tank corps demonstration that was given at La Bazeque Farm, also the artillery review that was held at the same place?

The narrow gauge railroad that ran from Saulty to the front.

Up to this writing no one has answered the banquet notice that was placed in the last issue of "Service" although several of the fellows that I have talked to were in favor of some kind of a reunion or banquet, so let's hear what you fellows have to say on the subject. Write or call either Pearson or Newman.

Clifford Pearson—122 Crawford St., Bellevue, Pa. Linden 1245-R.

Robert D. Newman—33 So. Emily St., Crafton, Pa. Walnut 3200.

Robert D. Newman.

Medical Detach.

Thomas Dunlay was recently moved from the Mercy Hospital at Pittsburgh, Pa., to his home at Fite Station, East McKeesport, Pa. Mr. Dunlay was seriously injured in an automobile accident near Steubenville, Ohio, last October, and has been in the hospital since that time. We trust he will continue to improve each day and that he will soon be around with his friends again. He would appreciate hearing from his comrades.

Company C

Editor, The Service Magazine.

Dear Sir:

In reading the recent issue of Service, I learned for the first time of the death of our friend and comrade, J. Carl Peck,

late 1st Lieutenant, 319th Infantry, known to all his fellow officers as the "Judge."

The "Judge," I believe, occupied a unique place in the affections and feelings of those who knew him, and especially of those who were associated with him at the Training Camp at Fort Myer before the 319th was born, and knew him there and throughout the existence of the regiment. Most of us "let down" at one time or another. The "Judge" never did. A man obviously actuated by the highest idealism, he always seemed to retain it under all conditions and his conscientious devotion to duty was marked throughout his army life. His personality, his friendliness and his warmth of feeling made him stand out among his fellow officers.

He was at few, if any, of the many reunions of the officers of the regiment, but that he never lost interest is evidenced by the mentions made frequently in "Service" of his active work in connection with the Division Association. At every reunion his name was mentioned, and his presence was keenly missed. He was in the truest sense of the word, "an officer and a gentleman."

Very truly yours,

DeWitt C. Jones, Jr.,
319th Infantry.

Company F

We note from a recent General Order issued from the Headquarters of the Army and Navy Legion of Valor of the U. S., that Theodore L. Cogswell, formerly 1st Lieutenant, has been accepted as a member. Lieutenant Cogswell was awarded the D.S.C. for extraordinary heroism in action at Landres-et St. George, France, November 1, 1918. The membership of the Army and Navy Legion of Valor is composed of men who have been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross.

320TH INFANTRY

Medical Detach.

Mr. and Mrs. James I. Kalp and daughter, Betty, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., have just returned from an extended trip to New York City, Mansfield, Ohio, and Bristol, Pa., where they visited relatives and friends.

While in Bristol, Comrade Kalp went up to Trenton, N. J., to locate Michael Amrich, a former Sergeant of the Medical Detach., but found to his great disappointment that the latter had moved to another section of the city. He was unable to locate him and would appreciate word from anyone knowing Mr. Amrich's address.

Earl Kohnfelder seems to be enjoying life in "Gay Paree." He sends greetings and best wishes to his friends back in the U. S. A.



William Maisch has been promoted to Captain in the 99th Reserve, Western Pennsylvania Reserve Division. This promotion took place on March 2, 1929.

Definite arrangements have now been made for the annual reunion and ban-

quet of the "Veterans' Association of 'E' Company, 320 Infantry."

As in the past, the reunion will be held in the Norse Room of the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa. Saturday evening, May 25th, is the date, and the assessment per man \$3.00.

Arrangements have also been made for those members who desire to attend the Pittsburgh - Cincinnati ball game at Forbes Field in the afternoon.

Formal announcements of the reunion will be mailed to members early in the month of May. If you do not receive your notice, kindly get in touch with the undersigned Secretary, at 1407 Mellon Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. If you know of members not receiving notices, kindly get in touch with the Secretary. We want a record turn-out this year.

If you have attended reunions in the past, you know the calibre of "E" Company affairs. The old fellowship,—the spirit and pep are still there, and you will do yourself, and the bunch a good turn by "falling in" again and answering to the roll call.

About 70 men attended the affair last year. Let's all get busy and see if we can't make it 100%.

EATS—SMOKES—MUSIC—TALKS—and lots of fun. How about attending?

We were very much grieved to read of the death of Lisle Whitesell's father on Sunday, March 31st. "E" Company lost a good friend and loyal supporter in the passing on of Mr. Whitesell—he was one of the few fathers who regularly attended our reunions, and was always very much at home with the boys. A number of the members of the organization attended the funeral services held at Salina.

Word comes from Casey Jones that he is now permanently located in Philadelphia as Assistant Treasurer of the Alan Wood Steel Company. Good luck to you, Casey, and may you have the necessary funds to journey on to Pittsburgh for the big time scheduled for May 25th.

We neglected to mention in the last issue, the receipt of a very novel Christmas card from Lt. "Mac" McQuillen from Berlin, Germany. It took him a long time to get to Berlin, but he got there just the same. Which is a lot more than most of us can say at present writing. Hurry and catch the next boat, "old timer," for you are counted in for the reunion.

Hayden Robinson is taking life "easy" at the West Penn Hospital at the present time. This is his third time in since he left the Army, for operations to relieve an inward condition. Whether it was too many kilometers over there, or too much action as an army pack mule, we don't know, but Hayden is definite in his assertion of "nix on the Army again for him."

H. W. Ludwig, Secy.

Supply Company

Harlow Hartman, we have been informed, is in St. Francis Hospital. A minor operation was performed on Friday, April 19. We are hoping he will soon be well again.

Company G

The members of the Division extend to the Resident Secretary, George J. Klier, sincere congratulations, and a

hearty welcome to little George J., Jr., born February 26, 1929.

Oscar J. Remmy, formerly Corporal Company "G" 320th Infantry, is now connected with the Frigidaire Sales & Service Company, located at 713 Liberty Avenue. Don't forget to see him if you are in the market for an up-to-date icer. He is still residing at 1424 West Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Stanley Kazorski, former sergeant, is connected with the Koppers Company in Pittsburgh. His address is 5220 Colombo Street, East End, Pittsburgh, Pa. He was one of the early arrivals in the company, but was transferred at Camp Lee.

Ted Cahall, former Corporal, has been sojourning in Florida during the past three months. He reports that he has been in touch with Harold Bowman at St. Petersburg, and that they had many lengthy chats about old times in France and at Camp. Lucky Leonard was also in Florida accompanied by his wife. Pretty soft for these two old warriors. How about it, gang?

John J. Barry, former sergeant of Company "G" 320th, is connected with the L. B. Foster Company, Park Building, Pittsburgh. He is required to be on the road quite a bit. His work is appraising rails and track equipment of abandoned railways, and selling new track accessories. His home address is 512 McDonald Street, East End, Pittsburgh, Pa.

After very careful consideration of the advisement of holding the company get-together banquet, it was decided to postpone this affair until some time in the fall, when a committee will be appointed to handle this matter. One of the main factors in setting this affair for a later date was due to the conditions in the outlying territories, and also that all effort should be put forth to insure a large attendance at the Tenth Annual Reunion which will be held in Washington, D. C., August 18, 19, 20 and 21st. If the attendance at the Reunion warrants, it will be a very easy matter to call the company members together for a little "Shindig" all our own, similar to the one staged at the reunion last year. However, don't let this discourage you. We know that you will all want to plan a trip to the nation's Capitol in August. Let's have a real representative crowd of Company "G" present when the first shot is fired, and the gang "Goes over the top" in their attempt to take the city of Washington. How about it Gang? Any information can be secured by getting in touch with G. J. Klier, 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Carman J. Donatelli, former Private Company "G", deserted the ranks of the benedicts, on April 15th, 1929, when he was very happily married. Good Luck Donne, and congratulations from all the boys.

Company I

The Tenth Annual Reunion and Banquet of Company "I," 320th Infantry, was held Saturday evening, February 23, 1929, at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, with fifty-five (55) former members present. Colonel E. G. Peyton, former Colonel of the 320th, now with the Office of the Chief of Staff, U. S. Army, at Washington, had been invited to be pres-

ent but staff duties prevented. His letter of regret was read, however.

Mr. J. E. Sugden, Attorney at Law, 530 Henry W. Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

My dear Sugden:

Some time ago I received the most attractive and generous invitation of dear old "I" Company to be present, with its former members, at their Annual Reunion and Banquet at the Fort Pitt Hotel, February 23, 1929, and I have delayed my reply hoping that I could remove the few remaining obstacles to my accepting that you had not already disposed of. However, as the time draws near I find that I will be unable to get away for this attractive occasion.

My first visit to the home city of the men of our war time regiment was so pleasurable to me and the privilege of meeting them under a non-military atmosphere so delightful that I am anxious to meet with them as often as General Staff requirements permit.

During the training period I was thrown a little closer to the 3rd Battalion than the other two, and I enjoyed those contacts immensely. I was particularly interested in the development of the new non-commissioned officers; their loyalty and eagerness to learn a game so strange and new to them was specially gratifying. Company "I's" spirit and keen desire to excel in all phases of its military development were conspicuous during those early days of preparation.

Please remember me to the old timers and express for me real regret that I can't be with them this time.

Sincerely,

E. G. PEYTON.

The following telegram was received from Captain William C. Vandewater, formerly of Company "I," but later aide to General Lloyd M. Brett: "Best wishes to 'I' Company. I wish I could be present at the dinner this evening."

WILLIAM C. VANDEWATER.

Telegrams from Shoff and E. H. Willis read as follows:

"Regret can not be with the bunch tonight but hope you all make whoopee."

SHOFF, Uniontown, Pa.

"Very sorry that I can't be with you this year. Unable to get there on that date. Give my regards to all the boys. Hope you all have a good time. Will try to be with you next year.

E. H. WILLIS, Fairmont, W. Va.

The Invocation was offered by Jack Sugden, after which a very delightful dinner followed.

An orchestra of stringed instruments and a troupe of beautiful girls furnished the entertainment.

Captain H. H. Parkman, of Boston, now State Senator from Massachusetts, was the principal speaker. Lieut. Edward Titus, of Closter, New Jersey, also gave a very interesting talk.

Letters were read from the following members: Clyde Beistel, formerly Assistant District Attorney of Allegheny County, now confined at the United States Veterans' Hospital at Tucson, Arizona; Joe Dessell, who was confined to his home on account of sickness; Pat Boyle, who reported the very serious illness of his wife which accounted for his absence.

The following members were present: Sabin Bolton, Jack Sugden, C. A. Johnston, Arlie Gontz, Hicks Garey, Wm.

Packer, Leslie Herdt, L. T. McQuaide, O. H. Hughes, N. J. Boggs, Vic Mowry, H. H. Parkman, M. S. Harris, M. N. Hermes, Homer Dunn, A. Sharp, John Elling, Wm. Kiesel, Chas. Smith, M. J. Walker, Wm. Jarvis, W. J. Barnhart, Boyd Shafer, Merl Kunkle, Dutch Morcum, Chick Dinan, Bert Kelly, Earl Young, Dan Claypool, George Seifert, Frank Anderson, Jitney Johnston, I. K. Feather, Jack Rhea, Bill Eddie, Percy Sacks, M. J. O'Hara, Howard Gaiser, Red Speer, Todd Lawlor, Jean Bauer, Dick Brinker, W. Hinch, Ike Kilgore and Ralph Thomas.

315TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION

Headquarters Company

On Wednesday, March 6, 1929, Sam Brown became the proud father of a baby boy. His little family now consists of two girls and a boy, the oldest being fifteen years of age. Sam's home is at 214 Wick Street, Pittsburgh.

Company A

On Saturday, February 24, our ex-top kick Schiffer had a gathering at his home. He phoned all his old buddies that he could locate to come and enjoy a gala time. Those of you who were not there should send him your address and phone number so that the ex-Machine Gunners can have a big reunion soon.

Bish Martin is living in Shadyside and is the same conscientious Bish. He is always traveling the "straight and narrow."

Hugo C. Gutsche also hangs up his "Brown Derby" in Shadyside. He has been to France several times since we were all together "over there."

McClenahan, we hear, has sickness in his family, and we are hoping that at this writing all will be restored to good health again.

Joe Heidenkamp is now in charge of a large glass factory at Butler, Pa. Remember how he used to tickle the strings at old Camp Lee?

George Daley is living in Homewood. Yes, he is married and has a lovely baby girl. She's just like her dad—enjoys meeting ex-soldiers.

Bert Boston is now at Rutherfords on Craig Street. Any of you fellows thinking of getting that new Ford, don't forget Bert.

Herman Auerbach is on the road most of the time. You don't have to run now, Herman; the Shelling is all over.

Ex-Toper Schratz has found the right girl at last. They are happily married and living in Garfield. Here's hoping there will be a lot of little Schratzes to attend our Reunion.

While gathered at Fred Schiffer's home recently we all won the war very easily; the barrage went over fine, and the vin rouge made us feel at home. Fred has been very successful as a big game hunter, having brought down with one shot each four splendid buck deer. Last season he went to Potter County to hunt bear but was unsuccessful, as he did not get a shot. Better luck next time, perhaps!

McCarthy is a "dear hunter" too, but does his scouting along Penn Avenue, East Liberty. He is always smiling—always happy! And the Sweet Young Things merrily trip along and smile right back at him.

We would like to hear from Dave Seibert. We've been wondering if he is still hiding the jam from Cunningham.

We were all very sorry to hear of the death of Geo. Phaller's wife, and deeply sympathize with him, as we fully understand the responsibility of keeping four little children together and happy.

313TH FIELD ARTILLERY Battery E

Lt. Frank A. Gammon is in business at Johnson City, Tenn., where he conducts the Johnson City Oil Co., a wholesale distributing company of gasoline, lubricating oils and greases, and kerosene. Gammon has been thus engaged since 1921. He says the kerosene business furnishes the bulk of profit, since all the folks in town carry a lantern. Frank is married and has two children, a boy three and one-half years, and a girl nine months old. Frank served with Battery "E" until he received his commission, when he was with Battery "B."

Fred Wigal is spending a quiet life at Parkersburg, W. Va., working at the local Power Plant. Wigal recently moved into his new home, and in his spare moments is fixing up things about the place that the contractor overlooked. Fred has been married for several years and has one boy. Wigal, it will be remembered, was the first man in our Battery to be wounded. Bob Taylor, who was transferred from Battery "E" to the Signal Corps, is a neighbor of Wigals and reports that Jim Taylor, whose eyes have been in bad shape for about three years, is unable to work as yet on account of this trouble.

The Supt. of the Baltimore Life Insurance Company of the Wilkes-Barre district is none other than our own Thomas J. Walsh, of Minooka, Pa. Tom seems to thrive on hard work as may be indicated by the fact that he has gained fifteen pounds in the past year, and fifteen pounds on a lightweight is a plenty. Tom is married and has quite a family, two boys and two girls, whom he reports are also in excellent health. Walsh is expecting to entertain a number of boys of the outfit at the American Legion Convention to be held in Scranton this summer. Why not take in the 80th Division Reunion at Washington, also, Tom?

Comrade Walsh reports also for the following "E" Battery men in his district:

Eddie Burke, who is an insurance salesman at Wilkes-Barre, for the Lincoln Life Insurance Company, and is getting a fair share of this world's goods, although physically he is not in such good shape, being bothered by stomach ulcers. Ed has been married for several years.

James Devine, who is employed at the hard coal mines. He is in good health as is also Billie Shea, who is also at the mines.

Harry Fry is also employed at the mines, but unlike the other two boys, he is married, and has one boy.

Berkeley Springs, W. Va., is the home of Charles Rankin and "Chinny" Ambrose, the former a lineman for the Western Union Telegraph Co. and the latter a plumber, which may also be the dignified title of a still repairman.

Sgt. Vernon Kilmer is chief inspector of cars of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. system. Kilmer says he wouldn't trade his present job for that of a sergeant. He is married and the father of one boy. His home is in Martinsburg, W. Va.

Chester Gates, formerly Battery clerk, is still clerking, but at present for the Interwoven Hosiery Mills Co. of Martinsburg, W. Va. Gates is married and has one child, a girl.

Albert R. Smith is farming near Martinsburg.

Gilbert Whitford and Dan Stinebaugh are residents of Great Cacapon, W. Va. Whitford is working for the Western Union Telegraph Co. as a line repairman. He is married and has three children. Stinebaugh is engaged in farming.

Frank Keyser, better known to his intimate friends as "Snikey," is a brakeman on the B. & O. R. R. out of Martinsburg. If "Snikey" can manipulate a string of box cars as he could a team of horses, there is not liable to be any wrecks on his route. As Keyser was not of the marrying type, he isn't.

Carter Snipe is the father of two children. He is employed by the city of Martinsburg driving a truck.

Lovell A. "Nipper" Gibbons is employed by the Iron City Garage of Martinsburg as an automobile painter. Nipper does a neat paint job, as is indicated by the fact that he used to paint sparrows and sell 'em for canaries.

Supply Sgt. Harry A. Fine has been in Baltimore for the past several years. Of course, he is in business, running a wholesale cap distributing company.

Oscar "Dad" Payne, one of the old guards of the Special Detail section, is living at Paw Paw, W. Va., where he is working for the B. & O. R. R. Payne is married. One time when a non-com. broke in at the head of the mess line at Ancy-Le-Libre, Payne vowed it wasn't gonna be healthy for any of 'em to try that stunt if he was in a line at a peanut stand back in the States.

Fred Lewis and Albert Collier are at Martinsburg, W. Va., the former working for the Berkeley Woolen Co. as a sample maker, and the latter for the North American Cement Company. Collier is still single, while Lewis is married.

Dudley Miller is at Martinsburg also, where he is driving a truck. Miller is married and has a boy.

Ye Editor is obligated to good old Harry Dailey for these news items of the boys of Eastern West Virginia, and wishes to take this means to express his thanks.

Simon Kinsey Boyer, after several years being A. W. O. L., has at last been located at the Steelworks Y. M. C. A. at Pueblo, Colorado. A short letter from

"Si" doesn't give much as to his status, but the fact that he is living in the "Y" means he is single. And reading between the lines one may see that he has been there for several years and is prospering. He informed us that he is working for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. "Si" was transferred from Battery "E" to the 67th Field Artillery which went to Germany as occupation troops, November 14, 1918, and his recent letter was the first word this news-hound has heard from him. One by one they all fall in line. We'll have more on Simon Kinsey in the next issue of "Our Mag."

Capt. Samuel W. Donaldson, 2nd Battalion Surgeon, is still at St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital, Ann Arbor, Mich., where he devotes all his time to X-Ray work. The captain was in Baltimore last summer and visited with Capt. Wiles, of Headquarters Co., and Lt. Penniman, of Battery C. Donaldson frequently meets Alex C. Hornkohl, of the Medical Detachment, who is the Detroit representative of Anhueter-Busch Company, a bakers' supply (?) company of St. Louis, Mo.

Louis Jaffe, headquarters supply sergeant, was recently promoted to 1st lieutenant of the Reserve corps, and expects to spend two weeks at a training camp this summer. Jaffe is conducting a gents' furnishing store at Charleston, W. Va., and occasionally some of the old crowd drop in to make a purchase or get a check cashed, or just to swap stories of the so-called late war. During a recent business trip Jaffe visited and had dinner with E. E. Rapp, also of Headquarters Co. at Minden, W. Va. On the same trip he stopped at Oak Hill to see Mess Sgt. Boob Rodes, who is conducting a restaurant at that place. Boob's restaurant is the meeting place for the American Legion Post, which meets every other Monday. Quite a number of the Post members are 80th Div. Vets. Recently Jaffe had the pleasure of a visit by ex-Sgt. Walter Fain, and his wife, who is a member of the Virginia State Legislature.

Charleston, W. Va. Briefs

Homer Scott recently returned to Charleston from Oklahoma, where he was seeking fame and fortune.

Sgt. Homer Hudson is working for the C. & O. Railroad at Hendley Yards. He lives at Montgomery, W. Va.

Al. Foster has charge of a squad of men at the Appalachian Electric Company of Charleston. Same rank he held for Uncle Sam.

Dave Solof was recently married to a Pittsburgh girl, the wedding taking place at Pittsburgh. After an extended wedding trip "here and there," Dave & Co. will make their home at Huntington, W. Va.

Sgt. Major Carl Morrison is in Ohio, where he is managing a ladies' wearing apparel shop.

Roscoe Mendenhall and Cook Miller are residents of Charleston, W. Va.

The foregoing men are all of Headquarters Co. 313th F. A.

Supply Sgt. Callison, of Supply Co., is manager of a general store at Milburn, W. Va.

Bob Payne, Mess Sgt. of "D" Battery, makes his home at Charleston, W. Va.

Thanks to Louis Jaffe for the news items of the boys in the Charleston, W. Va., district.

314TH FIELD ARTILLERY Headquarters Company

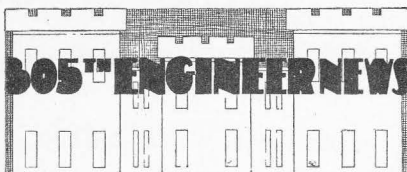
C. F. Brown, formerly Captain, is still with the Du Pont Viscoloid Company of New York City. His home is in Essex Falls, New Jersey.



Headquarters Company

The Blue Ridge Inn! A superb little inn situated in a beautiful valley on the William Penn Highway just outside of Wilkinsburg! Bar-B-Q, Steaks, Chops, and Chicken Dinners a Specialty! Under the capable management of John Vachetta, former Manager of the Plaza Cafe, the Blue Ridge Inn is thriving in a delightful atmosphere of pale blue lights that can be seen from afar on the highway. Everyone who is familiar with the delicious dinners that made the Plaza famous will want to pay a visit to this unique inn and enjoy a real meal. Dinner parties and bridge luncheons may be arranged by calling Valley 6103, Ring 2.

Dr. George H. Spivey, formerly Captain, is practising in Albuquerque, New Mexico, with offices in the First National Bank Building. Dr. Spivey is a Child Specialist.



Company A

Michael J. Cox, formerly Corporal, is numbered among Pittsburgh's good-looking traffic officers. He visited at headquarters recently and reported that he is very happily married and living at 970 Deely Street, Pittsburgh.

Joseph G. "Dutch" Schwab, of 1031 Evergreen Road, Millvale, is engaged in the plumbing business. Wonder if "Dutch" was the plumber who arrived at the house at nine o'clock sharp and greeted the Madame with "You see, I am right on the job on time." "Yes," replied the demure Madame, "but you're at the wrong house."

"Twenty-Mile Speed Limit." And if you take it faster than that you will be brought before your comrade Jim Moore, now Chief of Police at Ford City, Pa. You don't have to break the laws to see him, though. Just drop around any time and we assure you he'll give you a hearty welcome.

We'd like to hear from Charles Archibald, of Brackenridge, Pa.

Company A, 305th Engineers, needs a reporter for "Service." Who will volunteer?

Company F

Editor Service Magazine,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Comrade:

It seems although we may make many good resolutions to do our bit, it remains for a few willing hands to carry on the work of contributing to, editing and publishing our Magazine and arranging the details of our reunions and other get-together functions. Like a great many of my comrades I have neglected to contribute my share, and I am sorry to say from the looks of the recent issues of Service, that is the rule rather than the exception with the Engineers.

Frequently I have wondered why our outfit remains so backward in contributing to our Magazine. True, our numbers are few compared with the Infantry regiments, but not so compared with many other branches of the service. It must be that we are not blessed with sufficient numbers of men who have the time and spirit to keep in touch with the movement of our organization, and its efforts to keep liaison with each of us and help us to keep in step with our comrades of other days.

Yet I dare say that each one receives each number of Service with pleasure and eagerly scans the pages for news of some one who belonged to his old outfit. How much more each number would mean to us if once in a while we would take our pen in hand and write the news about ourselves and our old comrades with whom we come in contact.

As for myself, last spring I left the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad and joined forces with the New York Central. My work has taken me into Ohio where I do not come in contact with any of the old gang. So I have little news since the reunion at Conneaut Lake Park, Pa., last August. I want to say here to those who did not attend that session that they missed a real reunion.

How much the old tie still binds could be seen in the glad handshakes and the welcome smiles and the way the fellows would congregate together, starting with two and ending with everyone present from the outfit they represented, who was on the grounds. After a while the bunch would separate, only to gather again a few hours later. Each new arrival was ushered in and presented to his old buddies by the first one of the outfit who found him, wise cracks were the order of the day and smiles the dress uniform.

Among those who attended who were formerly with Company "F" Engineers, were: Gooch, Scharman and Bender of Erie, Pa.; also Freddie Schreifer of the same city; Sgt. McCullough, of Kittanning, Pa., who is Sheriff of Armstrong County now. He promised to look us up if we broke the law while in that neck of the woods. Royal Ott, from somewhere in the coal mining country of Penn's Woods, was present as was Sgt. Todd, now a neat looking automobile dealer of Ellwood City, Pa.; Hyer, of Pittsburgh, who follows the electrical business, was also present. And numerous others whose names I cannot recall now. Altogether, Company "F" was pretty well represented, and we surely had a fine time. The boys from Erie informed us that Bush Pope was in the Soldiers' Home in that city, having gone

there because of a disability. Call on him if you happen to be in Erie. Shaw was at the reunion, but on account of being disabled and sick ever since he was discharged, was not able to participate in much of the fun.

Perhaps you think this rather late reporting about the reunion, but it won't be long now until the orders from GHQ will say pack up the old kit bag and report for another four days of fighting over old battles, and I just wanted to remind you to keep that date open when it is announced because, wherever and whenever it is you are going to have a time of your life and no regrets except the regret of going back to the old job again. We're not going to make whoopee this year, because we don't make it, we raise it and we don't call it whoopee.

I would like to suggest to the Reunion Committee that they get out some automobile stickers if possible before the reunion and give us a chance to buy them before we start for the reunion. I know of a number of cases last year where fellows came to the reunion with plenty of room in their cars, while others were unable to attend because of no means of transportation. Perhaps some stickers for our cars would help us get together a little better and also advertise our reunion.

W. A. SMITH,
Company F, 305th Engrs.

305TH AMMUNITION TRAIN Company C

George B. Cordes, formerly Lieutenant, is still with the Parade Grounds Garage, Inc., 398 Coney Island Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Company F

Captain C. C. Agate, former Managing Director of the Window Display Advertising Association, and more recently connected with the Association of National Advertisers as Assistant Director in Charge of Dealer Relations, has joined the staff of Carl Percy, Incorporated, of 450 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Because of his wide experience and knowledge of sales results, distribution problems and all factors of store display advertising, Captain Agate has become an outstanding figure in the advertising world and an invaluable asset to his concern.

305th Ammunition Train in Mercer County

John, or better known as Black Jack, Esposito, one of Company "F's" mitt artists, and now on the payroll of the City of Farrell, Pa., as Sergeant of Police, motorcycle squad, donated a little spondulicks to the Buhl Hospital at Sharon, Pa., to be separated from his appendix. Black Jack is well on the road to recovery, but he says his pocketbook will never be the same.

Old Jack-Keep-in-step Wills had a scare the other day. He misplaced a certificate of deposit for \$1200 and some fifty simoleons in cold cash. John thought he had been robbed, and notified the police, but shortly afterwards John found his wealth nicely reposed twixt the mattress and the springs of his bed. I told him he had better get married, before he would misplace himself one of these days.

See by the daily scandal sheet in Sharon, Pa., that John Mehler, once hap-

pily situated among Doc Brown's 305th Medical detachment, has been nominated in the Sharpsville American Legion to take charge of their Junior Baseball team. John always was some baseballer in his own right. His best was when on the receiving end of a real pitcher. At the same time he was no slouch with the willow.

A. O. Shaeffer and Sam Felton, two old-timers with Co. "F," visited President Hoover during the inauguration March 4th. They were members of Sharon's American Legion Bugle and Drug corps that made quite a hit while the skies weeped along Pennsylvania Avenue during the parade.

Lawrence Sallade, Regimental Headquarters troop 305 A. T., was also on the ground March 4th. Larry also went over big in an American Legion show pulled off in Sharon not so many moons ago.

Saw Suanders Hollick, of Farrell, Pa., on the streets of Sharon the other day, first time I have seen him since he went home from Camp Lee in February or March, 1919, with a disability discharge on account of something wrong with his feet. He claims the army doctors couldn't tell him what ailed him. I told him I didn't know medicine nor neither was I a horse doctor, but if my memory stands me in good stead, those winter nights in the downstairs squad room at Camp Lee, tells me he was afflicted with callosities of the feet.

Eddie Davies, of Sharpsville, Pa., and one of the charter members of Company "F," claims the honors as the Lucky Hard Lucky Guy of the Universe and Bellevue included. While working at the Sharon plant of the Westinghouse Electric Co. he had the misfortune to be spattered with hot lead while passing a dipping bench in the plant, some hit him in the eye. It looked, for a while as though his sight would be impaired, but he is all O. K. once more, and can see as good as ever. Eddie was transferred to the Fourth Division at Christmas time of '18 and finished with the Fourth Division Infantry. He tells of one scrap, when a big Bavarian came at him with a saw tooth. Eddie, who happens to be about as big as a pint of cider, and weighs about as much, promptly ducked and ran into a wild swinging rifle in the hands of another Krauter. Said rifle kissed Eddie smack on the cheek and then the birds began to sing. Hors de combat was his dish from then on and even at meal time he was the same.

I see by the medical Journal that there is a new eye trouble called bird's eyes. Said disease is caused by flitting from limb to limb.

305TH MOTOR SUPPLY TRAIN

Service Magazine,
Plaza Bldg.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I was glad to see that some of "E" Company 305th Supply Train are interested in the magazine. I was beginning to think the 80th did not have a supply train until I saw Comrade Clark's articles and the pictures sent in by Hammond of our company. You stated that you would like to have more pictures of "E" Company so I am enclosing a few which I was able to find with my relics.

I hope that some of these will be clear enough to print, as I believe a lot of the boys will enjoy seeing some of the pictures taken in France.

I think from the number of men from Pittsburgh who were in our company



Spud Experts

that it would be possible to have more doings of the supply train published in the magazine.

Hoping to see some of these pictures in one of the future issues, I am,

Yours truly,
HAROLD KRITSCHGAU.

MISCELLANEOUS

Jung Sam, the only Chinaman in the 80th Division, is in the laundry business in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, so G. W. Brittingham, of Norfolk, Virginia, informed us. He in turn received this information from Wang Ping, the spokesman for his fellow countrymen.

The Vesle Post No. 418, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, held a dinner in honor of Commander James E. VanZandt, at which the following 80th Division men were present: Pete Mourer, Thomas Kindle, William Kellar, George J. Klier, George Mitchell and George Burkhart.

PHILADELPHIA POST NO. 2 PUBLISHES BLUE RIDGER

The BLUE RIDGER, a four-paged booklet, published by Philadelphia Post No. 2, 2210 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, is a most interesting publication. We congratulate its officers and wish them success in this undertaking. Mr. Stanley Lichtenstein is editor and Rodney Bon-sall, Esq., Business Manager.

COL. E. D. CHURCH NOMINATED FOR PENSIONS POST

President Designates 80th Division
Officer Insurance Man

President Hoover has decided to take another job out of politics, nominating Colonel Earl D. Church, formerly Lt. Col. Division Headquarters, 80th Division, an insurance man of Hartford, to be Commissioner of Pensions in the Department of the Interior.

While Colonel Church was recommended by the Connecticut Republican State organization, he has not himself been active in politics outside of local affairs, it was said. The President was especially anxious to get a man for this place, with all its possibilities for political favoritism, who combined the capabilities of a military and insurance authority and yet was not a professional job seeker amenable to political influence. It was said at the White House that he prevailed on Colonel Church to accept the place at a financial sacrifice.

Colonel Church has been in the life insurance business for thirty-five years, since he entered the employ of the Travelers Insurance Company, at Hartford, in which he is now agency assistant in the casualty agency department. He was made superintendent of the policy loan division in 1905. Colonel Church will succeed Winfield Scott, resigned.

Colonel Church is a life member of our Association.

MARSHAL FOCH

The great Marshal of France is no longer on earth. He is immortal. The quiet little man who led the armies of the Allied World to victory ten years ago has bowed in surrender to the Supreme Commander.

As a soldier he was invincible. As a man he was kind and gentle. As a citizen he was second to none in the high quality of his devotion to his country. As a Commander-in-Chief he is revered today by American, British and Belgian on a par with the poilus of France. Foch was our Commander-in-Chief during those trying days, too.

By nature deeply religious, he resembles in that respect George Washington. Always a Frenchman, but by that fact more keen to respect the sentiments and sensibilities of soldiers of other nations.

Foch had faith, the will to win. With it he never doubted ultimate victory; without it he knew an Army, a people, an individual was defeated in advance.

His favorite theories of war, reduced by usage almost to slogans, will serve well in the life of each of us. When the course of future action was under consideration, Foch would say "always attack," and when the going got hard and faint hearts were quitting, the unbeatable Marshal would become just a little more silent, just a little more grim, and bite out "Everybody fight."

These, then, were the keynotes of his character, his formulae for success—The will to win the attack—always fight.

These principles applied to any life, to any problem, will bring to any of us a greater measure of success.

THE MAN IS DEAD. THE MARSHAL WILL LIVE FOREVER.



BY F. R. S.

WELL Private Buck what have you on for tonight? Pry yourself loose from that bunk fatigue, so we can ante down to the "Y." Might be something doing that won't cost us anything.

I know one of the "Y" guys down in the red leg district. His name's Williams, so maybe we can at least get more than two sheets of paper free from the usual song and dance act, "be sure and use both sides of the paper Buddy."

Here's hoping the "Y" never gets transferred to the "QM" to ration out their supply of paper or we soj'ers will sure be S. O. L. They're too gosh darned friendly with the medics as it is.

Well Buck it's a heck of a long way down here but never mind, as long as our transfer has gone through, we will be right at home among the redlegs.

There she is Buck the eternal triangle. Sure as shooting, there's my friend, now get ready for everything free.

Hello, Williams, old top, how's tricks, shake hands with my side kick, Private Buck. What cha got on for tonight? Oh Ho, song night, Eh. That's where we shine. Buck sings Base, and as you know, I warble a wicked also. When it comes to carrying tunes, we couldn't do a better job if we were using a wheelbarrow.

Say whose the bird all decorated up like a Chinese wedding? Oh he is, is he? See Buck you'll have to help out, they've got a leader.

What! You must get busy! Alright Williams, old top, we'll hunt ourselves a seat. We'll look you up after the shindig. Don't forget, get us up a little token to take back with us. Just remember the slogan "give till it hurts" that's our motto.

Hey you Arab sit down. Duck your cranium. Didn't you hear that bird say he would offer prayer, not get off the chair.

What do you mean, he said, "Columbia the gem of Victrolas" Dig out your ears before you think he is calling "outside police up."

That was pretty good Buck, the gang sure feels like singing tonight. What did he say the next song would be. What, "Hail, Hail the Gangs All Here" and don't swear. Can you beat that, he don't want us poor innocents to say hell. Let him have it. We won't kick over a little social word like hell.

Say Buck did you hear that guy give the corporal's salute. He'd come in darn handy on an ambulance to blow up the tires.

The next song will be "Where do we go from here." I wish to hec the notes on that song were promissory, so they wouldn't be due for a while. All I've heard since I got in this man's army is

"Over there" and "Where do we go from here." Then there's that one, "It's a long way to Berlin but we'll get there." It's nice to be so musical, then again if that energy was devoted toward the Atlantic Coast instead of toward the rafters, in a song fest, the sooner we'd be decorating the bald head row at the Academy, or some other Burly "Q" joint in the Smoky City. Where first come is first served up in front.

I'll tell you something Buck, the next time that bird asks for suggestions as to songs to sing, you tell him you'd like to sing "Who threw the overalls in Maggie Murphy's chowder" or "The little old red shawl that Maggie wore."

Buck that guy that asked to sing, "Carry me back to old Virginy" is either short on gray matter, else he's got bats in his belfry. When I get loose from this Army, the first gink that says "Virginy" to me will have about as much chance, as we would marching through Ireland, singing "God Save the King."

I feel a lot like that bird from Pittsburgh, out by the slaughter house, he said, "If he had a farm in Virginy, and a home in hell, he'd sell the farm and go home."

"Get your head down Fritz boy." I like that song. "Don't bite the hand that's feeding you" ain't so worse either. A couple of shots of this native moonshine, will produce "Sweet Adeline" by the numbers, so good that even the writer wouldn't recognize it.

He sez the next one will be the song of the Artillery. We'll have to learn that Buck so we can sing it while we're prancing into battle on our fiery steeds of war.

Oh Ho Buck. Down goes the curtain. Did you hear what he said? "Nearer my God to thee." Watch your foot now don't sing "Nero my Dogs got fleas." Then we'll hang around, might open a keg of nails or something, you know these "Y" outfits are surely LIBERAL.

Buck we're going to like this gang down here, they're so polite. That guy, that looks like Old Man YMCA himself, just said, "we are closing up for the night, so long fellows."

He's more polite than that girl's father I was out with the other night. Hec NO you horse's neck, who was out with the father? I was out with the girl, and the old man came in while I was enjoying the girl's company, canned music and home made cake, and said "daughter hadn't you better tell mother to set an extra plate for breakfast. I wish someone would tell me what the old fossil was driving at.

Well Buck tahec with them all, let's ankle home. Thanks to Uncle Samuel we can go there when we can't go anywhere else.

SERVICE wants news from every Unit. Send in the "latest."

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A HERO IS RECOGNIZED

A patriotic thrill comes with the reading of the belated award of a distinguished service cross to John V. Hogan, of Chicago, once a private of infantry, for a deed of valor performed in France in September, 1918. It has taken more than a decade for fame to identify the motor truck salesman of civil life with the soldier who, when his platoon was halted by enemy machine gun fire, single-handed, "in utter disregard of his own safety, killed the gunner and one other, captured the gun and took ten prisoners," according to the official citation. It is fine that recognition has at last reached him. He is entitled to national honor.

Modesty marks the demeanor of Hogan today. He is not disposed to talk of the action which is accredited to him. He serves as a reminder that there may be many others, equally inclined to silence on their own behalf, who performed nobly in the late war but to whom recognition will never come. The War Department has properly erected safeguards about its prized decoration. Every claim must be authenticated and the heroism proved. The conditions are difficult, for the man of valor is reserved. Considering the number of men engaged and the opportunities for outstanding feats of arms, comparatively few awards of the higher decorations have been made.—4/10/29 Post Gazette Editorial.

WIT AND HUMOR

Only Deck Hand Now

"This lunch room is under new management."

"Why, I see the same proprietor around here."

"Yes, but he got married yesterday."
—The Pathfinder.

Not 'ere

Customer—"I want a pair of silk stockings for my wife."

Salesgirl—"Sheer?"

Customer—"My good girl, if she was here I'd let her buy them herself."
—Boston Transcript.

Whoopee!

Doctor—"I'm afraid I have bad news for you. You will never be able to work again."

College Student—"Whadda you mean, bad news?"—Jock-o'-Lantern.

Yawning Garage

"Has your brother come home from college yet?"

"I guess so, or else the car's been stolen."
—Ski-u-mah.

"Darling," he cried, covering her little hands with kisses, "can't you see that I love you?"

"Well," she said, "I should hate to think this was just your way of behaving in company."

Believe in Signs?

Sign outside roadside restaurant:

EAT HERE

DIET HOME

Submitted by Lester L. Cohn, New York

Early to bed and early to rise—

And your girl goes out with other guys.

Have You Placed Your Order

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Endorsed by the 80th Division Veterans Association

It is possible for every Blue Ridger and friend of the 80th Division who secures a set at this time to have his own individual record and dedicatory page of the set bear the insignia and official seal of the Division at a much lower price than during the later public distribution.

The Executive Council has endorsed the Official Source Records and highly recommends the set to every veteran as a collection of all the facts relating to the war that is beyond anything yet produced.

For information write to

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EXECUTIVE COUNCIL RESOLUTION PASSED APRIL 15th, 1929

Whereas, The Congress of the United State in its wisdom has seen fit to create the grade of general in the peace time Army of the United States and as this honor worthily falls upon a most outstanding, successful and considerate commander and leader of American troops during the World War

Be it Resolved, That the Executive Council of The Eightieth Division Veterans' Association extend its heartiest congratulations to General Charles P. Summerall, Chief of Staff, United States Army, the first recipient of this distinguished and worthy honor; that copies of this resolution be furnished the Secretary of War, Chairmen of the Military Affairs Committees of the Senate and House, and of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House; that a copy of this resolution be likewise placed before the Tenth Annual Convention of the 80th Division in August, 1929, for its consideration and action.

MEN OF CO. B, 317TH INFANTRY, HOLD REUNION

(Continued from Page Seven)

where a sumptuous dinner was served. The home was decorated in a color scheme of red, white and blue, and nothing was lacking to make it a most festive occasion. Others present besides Captain Lee, Lieutenants Campbell and Thacker, were Chief Victor L. Waren, of Norton; Emory W. Evans, of Exeter; H. C. McKinney, of Appalachia; C. P. Cawood, of Big Stone Gap, and H. A. Alexander, of Stonega.

"We planned to have our next reunion in May, 1930, and we are going to keep trying until we can get all of Company 'B' that is left and the roll call will be answered 100 per cent. We want to hear from the other comrades and wish they would drop a line to W. C. Averitt, at Stonega, Va., or H. C. McKinney, at Appalachia, Va. There were lots of men whom we couldn't reach this time, and we are starting a permanent roster and want all the boys to send in their addresses, even though they were only with Company 'B' for a few days.

"A picture of the reunion was taken by G. D. Jenkins, of Big Stone Gap."

Those attending the reunion Friday were:

Fielding L. Blevens, of White Top; John Johnson, of Chestnut Ridge, Pa.; J. B. Ennis and O. C. Jones, Charleston, W. Va.; Frank Dramble, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Edwin N. Thacker, of Mineral; Ora Holbrook, Walker B. Hall and Willie Arnold Davis, of Coeburn; W. C. Smith, of Fries; Wiley J. Willis, of Andover; Ralph E. Wright, of Galax; George L. Hillman, of Wise; G. C. Crowder, of Fries; W. J. Crowder, W. H. McReynolds, of Coeburn; W. C. Averitt and Lon Nichols, of Stonega; Alphonse Wells, East Stone Gap; B. B. Egans, W. R. Neeley, C. P. Cawood, Big Stone Gap; Milton Skeens, Victor L. Warren, James A. Hommell, W. M. Caudill, of Norton; R. E. Robinett, of Graden; C. D. Barrette, of Inman; Paul Herndon, A. H. Collins, of Glamorgan; Chester Cane, of Derby; James Frost, Dave Barker, of Imboden; Dan Neely, Emory W. Evans, of Exeter; J. R. Parsons, of Keokee; H. C. McKinney, of Appalachia; Elbert West, of Appalachia; Captain P. Blair Lee, of Philadelphia; Lieutenant F. Tracy Campbell, of Washington, D. C.

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OBSERVATIONS

THE robin is not the only harbinger of Spring. Aside, also, from Christmas jewelry turning green, there are the company banquets and reunions budding forth. They have become live and active organizations (and, incidentally, you'd be surprised), and the reunions are looked forward to with keen interest from one year to another. No small amount of the success of the Division is due to these organized Company Associations, and the work of organization should not be permitted to stop until there is a veritable chain of them. It merely takes a little initiative on the part of one member of a unit to start the ball rolling, and in quick time there are others seeking admittance to the fold of the "old outfit."

So Washington will be the scene of the Division's 1929 annual frolic. Good news, indeed. The nation's Capitol is one place of which you can never see the whole. Richmond—down and back within a day, and now, it is understood, that trains are not sidetracked for a half a day or so, as was the case in 1917-1918. It would even be a pleasant memory to pick out the waiting room bench on which you "bunked" while waiting for a train for Camp and drill, or for points west for a few days with the folks.

The ranks of the World War veterans are already showing signs of thinning out. There was our own beloved General Brett, then just recently Colonel Keller, and who knows how many comrades in the front and rear ranks. These have all been followed by that great figure, Marshal Foch, generalissimo of the allied armies. Irrespective of ranks, we have much in common—and when we hear of the passing on of a veteran of the war, we are apt to be silenced for a brief spell, and perhaps are subject to our thoughts. What could be a finer tribute from one soldier to another?

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The Papers Say

EXTENSION OF VETERAN PREFERENCE

President Coolidge Signed Order Liberalizing Preference Rules

ONE of the last acts of President Coolidge before leaving the White House was the signing of an Executive order Saturday night amending the civil service rules so as to make more liberal the preference for veterans, their widows, and, under certain conditions, their wives.

The effects of the Executive Order are as follows:

(1) The addition of 10 points to the earned rating of a disabled veteran is continued, but under the new order the names of disabled veteran eligibles are placed at the top of the list and are certified ahead of nonveterans, regardless of their rating.

(2) Widows of veterans, and wives of veterans who themselves are physically disqualified for Government employment, are allowed 10 points added to their earned ratings, instead of the 5 points formerly allowed. Wives and widows of veterans who are allowed the additional 10 points also will be certified ahead of nonveterans.

(3) A Government employee entitled to preference under the law and rules is given more liberal preference in retention in the service when reduction of force becomes necessary.

This action of President Coolidge is the result of long deliberation of an advisory committee appointed by the President on June 9, 1928, for the purpose of studying veteran preference laws and rules with a view to liberalizing the preferences allowed, the chief purpose of the study being to make more Government positions available to disabled veterans. The advisory committee consisted of Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., Chairman; Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, Director of the Veterans' Bureau; William C. Deming, President of the Civil Service Commission; and Col. John Thomas Taylor, representing the American Legion.

The full text of the revised civil service rules applying to veteran preference follows:

Examination papers shall be rated on a scale of 100, and the subjects therein shall be given such relative weights as the commission may prescribe. Honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines shall have five points added to their earned ratings in examinations for entrance to the classified service. Applicants for entrance examination who, because of disability, are entitled either to a pension by authorization of the Bureau of Pensions or to compensation or training by the Veterans' Bureau, and widows of honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines, and wives of injured soldiers, sailors, and marines who themselves are not qualified, but whose wives are qualified for appointment shall have ten points added to their earned ratings. In examinations



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where experience is an element of qualifications, time spent in the military or naval service of the United States during the World War or the war with Spain shall be credited in an applicant's ratings where the applicant's actual employment in a similar vocation to that for which he applies was temporarily interrupted by such military or naval service but was resumed after his discharge. Competitors shall be duly notified of their ratings.

All competitors rated at 70 or more shall be eligible for appointment, and their names shall be placed on the proper register, according to their ratings; but the names of disabled veterans, their wives, and the widows of honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines shall be placed above all others.

In harmony with statutory provisions, when reductions are being made in the force, in any part of the classified service, no employee entitled to military preference in appointment shall be discharged or dropped or reduced in rank or salary if his record is good, or if his efficiency rating is equal to that of any employee in competition with him who is retained in the service.

THE COST OF WAR

Much has been published of the material costs of the War. However, many people particularly the prospect who "wants to forget the war," and the one

who "isn't interested," may be brought out of their state of near coma and their interest aroused by placing before them some of the following:

The total loss of life in all wars from 1790 to 1913 was 4,449,300.

In the World War, the first two years alone produced 4,631,500 corpses, 11,245,300 wounded, and 3,373,400 invalids. At the end of the war the dead alone numbered just under

THIRTEEN MILLION MEN

Roughly the entire population of two cities the size of New York, gave up their lives in four years.

Reliable estimates plus official figures place the civilian loss of life at the same figure.

Therefore, as a result of the last war, we have the awful fact that the war dead, military and civilian, totaled TWENTY-SIX MILLION. This is equal to the combined populations of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

The seriously wounded totaled 6,295,512 while an additional 14,000,000 were less seriously injured. Six million men were taken prisoners.

The cost of this loss of life to the economic structure of the countries involved is almost impossible even to estimate. Figures, however, as far as they can apply to the value of man-power in terms of dollars, show that the lives lost are roughly equal to a cash loss of sixty-seven billion dollars.

These figures give one an idea of what was involved in the last war.

TAPS

(Continued from Page Ten)

1929, at 8:30 a. m. High mass of requiem at St. John's Roman Catholic Church at 9 a. m. Interment was made in Calvary Cemetery. He is survived by his brother, William Connelly, and a sister, Mrs. W. J. Lawler. Friends and members of Company "G" attended the funeral.

Some members are getting subscribers—some are getting advertising from their friends—some are contributing news and articles—what are you doing?

STATEMENT of the Ownership, Management, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Service Magazine, published bi-monthly at Pittsburgh, Penna., for April 1st, 1929.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, 80th Division Veterans Association, 413 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Editor, George J. Klier, 413 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Managing Editor, George J. Klier, 413 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is, 80th Division Veterans Association, 413 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Howard J. Wells, President, Hotel Petersburg, Petersburg, Va.; Christ C. Kramer, Recording Secretary, 215½ Glencaladh St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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

GEORGE J. KLIER, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1929.

(Seal)

CHARLES ROBERT HALEY.

(My commission expires January 26th, 1930.)

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