



THE
SERVICE
MAGAZINE



Volume Eleven

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1930

Number Six



Professional and Business Directory of the Members of the 80th



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"THE 80th DIVISION ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD"

Christmas 1917—Looking Backward



They were five soldiers, and they were seated about a table—a round table—in an attractive little restaurant in an equally attractive little French city. It was Christmas Day, 1918. Good things had been set before them, including turkey with real stuffing, and there was a prospect, along toward the dim and distant end of the meal, of coffee with real sugar in it.

The first of the five sighed pleasantly and let his eyes linger on the white tablecloth.

"A year ago today," he said, "things weren't exactly like this. And yet it was one of the most pleasant Christmases I ever had. I had been in Tours for five weeks—my first five weeks in France—where it had been so mild that we used to go around the barracks grounds without our blouses. Then, two days before Christmas, they sent us up to a high hill near Chaumont. It was like changing from Florida to Minnesota. For Haute-Marne was a single sheet of snow; the air was beautifully crisp and cold, and it made you want to go out of doors and stand up straight and fill your lungs with it.

"The first day up there I was picked for K.P. When I went into the kitchen the cook, a real old-timer, told me that K.P. tricks up that way lasted a week. So I resigned myself to seven days of it—including Christmas.

"I didn't like the prospect at first. But when, on Christmas Eve, I saw the cook laying out I don't know how many apple pies with real apples in them, and heard him say that he had been making tarts for soldiers for the last five Christmas Eves, I began to grow more enthusiastic.

"Christmas came, and I was still K.P. At noon the boys began to flock in—we were only about a hundred—and sat down to turkey and I've forgotten how many kinds of vegetables, and apple pie—a piece to a man. Before they began a young aviator offered prayer. I guess he wasn't used to praying, for his prayer was a familiar, offhand kind of thing, but it was so genuinely sincere that if ever a prayer was listened to, that prayer was.

"That was my Christmas. Oh, yes, and I forgot to tell you that being K.P. I knocked down four pieces of that apple pie—the best I ever tasted."

"A year ago today," said the second man, "I was aboard the good ship *Tuscania*, lying in the harbor at Liverpool. For a Christmas gift I found in my sock a piece of hard, dry bread that a rat had feasted upon, a bone—no meat on it—from the leg of a chicken, and an empty can of sardines. For Christmas dinner I had a piece of corned willie for turkey, and for cranberries I had tripe.

"And then for entertainment a second lieutenant came along and bawled me out for not having cleaned up the mess by my bunk that I had made two nights before when one of those sickly little waves got funny with the ship and skidded up a couple miles out of our course.

"Now that was a year ago, mind you, and many things have happened since then. The *Tuscania*, as you know, went down. But the second lieutenant who bawled me out went up. He's a major now."

"A year ago today," said the third man, "I thought I was the luckiest guy in the world, because three of my Christmas packages,—we got man-size ones in those days, you know—

came on Christmas Eve, and when I got up for a delightfully late 7:30 reveille—postponed an hour in honor of the day—there they all were, smokes and eats and socks and all the things I had been hankering for ever since my arrival in France two months back. Right there I decided to pass up Cook Louie's breakfast, and beat it back to the billet with the rest of the squad just as soon as we were dismissed, there to dejeuner on coconut cakes and all the other well known indigestibles. It was some breakfast.

"All this happened in the little town of Mont-le-Neufchateau, in the department of Vosges, just about the well-known Yank town of Neufchateau. Some of the gang went down there in the afternoon after Christmas dinner in the mess shack, but I didn't. Reason? I was confined to the limits of Montey for having gone AWOL up to Nancy with a bunch of Y. M. C. A. men.

"Well, like every other outfit that was well quartered, we had a tree up in the square, and presents for all the French youngsters, and those of us who were godly went to Mass in the little cold stone church and tried to keep warm by helping the wavering choir out of its 'Venite Adoremus.' And after that the battalion had a great get-together party, in the course of which the major—he's a loot-colonel now and a D.S.C.—read a speech in French to which the mayor, who was my landlord, responded in much better French. In the course of proceedings I made a speech, too, in which I took a slam at the major (he had confined me personally)."

"A year ago today," said the fourth man, "I was in a training camp at Langres with the snow a foot from the ground and the mercury trying to get out through the bottom of the thermometer to meet it. The features of the previous three or four weeks had been squads right, cold candlelight, beans, slum and sore feet in generous overdoses. The afternoon before, until 8 o'clock at night, we had chased an imaginary enemy several kilometers across plowed fields and through woods with the snow dropping from the trees down our backs—and melting.

"I answered reveille at 6 a. m. and went back to bed because the stove wouldn't burn. The Q.M. fell down and for Christmas dinner we had beans, for which there wasn't room after we had swallowed our indignation.

"In the afternoon, a friend and I decided we ought to mitigate the bean atrocity with champagne. We went into town and found the places where champagne might be bought greatly outnumbered by M.P.'s, but we finally got a bottle with the understanding that we couldn't drink it on the premises.

"For two hours we hunted for a place to down it comfortably, eventually consuming it standing in the snow behind the Army Staff College, drinking out of one mess cup by turns. After eating Deux oeufs—omelette—et pommes frites—oui, oui—oui, oui—I went back to the barracks. The stove was as cold and the room as dismal as the rest of the day had been. The whole room—20 men—went to bed at 8 o'clock to keep warm."

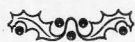
The fifth man was silent.

"Well," they said, turning to him, "how about you?"

"I haven't anything to tell," said the fifth man. "Nothing extraordinary happened in my young life last Christmas. But if you must know—

"A year ago today," said the fifth man, "I was home."

—December, 1918, *The Stars and Stripes*.



Bon Noel



By W. A. Smith

It was Christmas day. We were seated around the open fire. Conversation had lulled for a time, when someone said, "Where were you twelve years ago today?"

Slowly I turned back the pages of time. Twelve years is a long time.

"Twelve years ago today I was in France" I answered.

"Tell us about it," they urged. "Did you get any presents?"

"Yes I did," I replied, "a letter from home. The first since I had been in France, which meant the first in over five months."

"We were billeted in a group of farm buildings on the edge of the little village of Chassignelles. The French people lived pretty close to their farm animals. We went them one better. We vacated the animals and lived in the barns ourselves.

"Just to make it seem more like Christmas a little snow covered the ground. But the Quartermaster's Corps evidently had no calendar for they issued the same old line of vegetables, punk and beef for our Christmas dinner. Army turkey, we called it (the beef I mean). It doesn't require much imagination to make a truck load of beef quarters, loaded with the legs sticking up in the air, look like dressed turkeys, especially if the truck was some distance away. But it took considerable more imagination to make it taste like turkey, considering the fact that we had lived on the finished product known as slum for the better part of a year. Dining on slum gullion, bread and black coffee on Christmas day, however, didn't appeal to us, so someone got busy. We had a mess fund. Why not use it?"

"We found a Frenchman who had a pig for sale. Grapes, nuts, raisins, candy, cigars and cigarettes came from various sources by magic of the company mess fund. But the greatest magic of it all was the dried apples and white flour that came from God knows where.

"Did you ever eat any dried apple pies? They are fine. All you have to do to enjoy them is to go without pie for six months, live on the roughest kind of food, then let an ex-baker work his white art on a batch of dried apples, sugar, flour and a few other ingredients. Put the result of his efforts on a shovel-like tool with a prodigiously long handle. With this tool shove the pies about fifteen feet into the back end of a big French oven; and let them bake to a well known turn. If when the pie is opened, you don't say it's food fit for the gods, then my memory is playing me a dirty trick. When we carried those pies up through town from the ovens, the French expression 'for all things good, OO La La,' was heard on all sides. Talk about running the gauntlet. It's a good thing there were no irresistible madamoiselles in our little village, or pie would not have been a part of our Christmas menu.

"Only force of habit made the bugler sound mess call that day. There really wasn't any need for it. Long before the cooks yelled 'Come and get it' a hungry mob had gathered around the mess hall. Some had refreshments not on the list which added a sparkle to their eyes and a zest to their wit, or at least their appreciation of wit.

Commissioned officers forgot their exclusiveness and ate with the rest of the company, in defiance of army regulations. Everyone ate his fill. Even the mess sergeant opened up his heart and assured us there was beaucoup seconds. The roast pig was done to a turn. The mashed potatoes and gravy reminded us of home. The doughnuts were the kind any cook could be proud to serve. And to top it all off, everyone had a large slice of that famous dried apple pie. I can taste it yet—the first and only pie we had in France.

"Dinner over, we settled back comfortably and lighted cigarettes and waited to see what next miracle the day would bring forth. Anything might happen after a dinner like that. The Captain, acting as toastmaster, arose and stated briefly that we were gathered to-

gether for mutual enjoyment and called for volunteers to contribute to our program. One of the officers came forward with a poem he had written. Martin Ryan, from the land of baked beans and codfish, recited his old favorite, 'Gunga Din.' Little Corporal Miller painted with burning words 'The face upon the bar-room floor,' and fell across it at the end in such a realistic manner that the doctor involuntarily reached for his CC pills, and the stretcher bearers started nervously. Kovolinko, the Russian, gave us a Russian dance. When it came to entertainers, if the Y. M. C. A. had ever seen our outfit in action, the poor old outfit would just naturally be busted up to make up show troupes. We had the actors and the actresses—excuse it please, that last word was a slip. We had everything else but.

"So the celebration went on. After everyone had contributed everything he had to offer, we reluctantly turned to other sources of entertainment. It was long after the bugler had sounded taps that night that the last Soldat Americaine returned the French cafe-keeper's greeting, as I say to you, 'Bon Noel.'"

Christmas Memories

Joyeux Noel! Or, if you prefer, Merry Christmas!

Back in 1917, at Camp Lee, Va., the Eightieth celebrated a Christmas which will remain a memory as long as it exists. What a feast! There were a few fortunates who were granted furloughs home, but for the vast majority, as much of the home atmosphere as possible was brought to Camp Lee—and how! Even the guards walking posts were pepped up with the Yuletide spirit, for they knew what a treat was awaiting them at the company mess hall. Aside from the elaborate menus, the camp postoffice had been overflowing for a week with boxes, parcels and what not, containing countless good things from home and friends. Each company made up its own programme of entertainment, and the K. of C. and Y. M. C. A. joined in the spirit. In some instances old General Appetite fell down on the job, and it was reported that even disciplinary action followed.

The Christmas of 1918 found the Eightieth celebrating the event in "sunny" France, several weeks after the armistice, and quite in contrast to that at Camp Lee. In other words, it wasn't so hot. The parcels arriving from home across the sea were very limited as to weight and contents. The units of the division were spread out over a large area, and they were left to celebrate the occasion as best they could and with material at hand. The lone tinsmith at Chatillon-sur-Seine was instructed in the intricate manufacture of pie pans,

and he was kept busy for many days supplying the demand. The result was that pies that mother used to bake had nothing on the pies company cooks made in the French pie pans with dried apricots. Pie, and a ration of issue-candy, were the delicacies of the occasion. Entertainment depended upon individual company talent, mostly, but the units billeted in a town could enjoy one of the A. E. F. traveling shows.

May the Christmas of 1930 be fully in accord with all your wishes and desires, and if you will just turn the pages back for thirteen years, perhaps you will again enjoy a good measure of that Christmas spent at Camp Lee together with your comrades. At the same time you will be honoring and remembering those who have passed to the Great Beyond.

Joyeux Noel! Merry Christmas!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

A Merry Christmas for every disabled member who must spend the day in a hospital is the goal toward which the Auxiliaries and Posts of the 80th Division are working. Names of the veterans in the various government hospitals are being secured, purchases of gifts are being planned and arrangements for the distribution of the gifts on Christmas Day are being made. Not a single veteran will be without a Christmas remembrance this year if the Auxiliaries can reach him.

BRIEF HISTORY OF 305th ENGINEERS

By GEO. W. KNIGHT,
Lieut.-Colonel, Engineers, U. S. A., Commanding
(Continued from July-August Issue)

The regiment had now entirely passed through the zone covered by the preliminary American Bombardment and Barrage and into a country untouched by shell fire. Of the towns passed through, St. Georges was completely wrecked and the region about it so pitted with shell holes that it was almost impossible to find a single spot of ground where a man could have escaped destruction, while at Imecourt, though many of the buildings were damaged, the greater number of them remained standing. Most of the buildings in Buzancy were intact, but a block of houses in the central part of the town had been set on fire by the Germans and was still blazing when the Engineer Headquarters moved into town on the evening of the 3rd. On entering the houses it was found that in most cases every thing of value had been removed and that they were in a very dirty and uncared for state. Regimental Headquarters was located in a large building next to the church, where it remained until November 7th. Several of the companies were billeted in Buzancy and work was continued in repairing roads, aiding transportation and destroying unexploded mines.

The period from November 4th to November 7th was occupied in the general advance of the division over the territory abandoned by the enemy. Companies "A," "E" and "F" engaged on advance road work were subjected to hostile fire on a number of occasions in the neighborhood of the towns of Vaux-on-Dieulet, Sommauthe and Beaumont and there were a number of casualties. The rolling country with scattered clumps of bushes and groups of trees north of Buzancy was particularly favorable for machine gun and light artillery defense. Several days passed before it was certain that the region was absolutely clear of the Germans. Of "A" Company Private First Class Charles F. Bricker was killed, Private A. L. Aker died of wounds, and Corporal Frank Allman and Oscar J. Schwenning were wounded. Horseshoers Horagin Yuchnow, Wagner Dick Dishong, Private First Class C. S. Suskey and Private A. W. Molinare of "F" Company were wounded.

On the night of November 4th at about 9:00 P. M. an enemy air raid was made on Buzancy. Several bombs were dropped near the railroad station on the northern outskirts of the town, there was a brief interval and then one bomb exploded in a building in the center of the town, so near to Regimental Headquarters that the crash of falling beams and plaster could be heard. Four or five more bombs were dropped somewhat further off and then the raider departed. The streets were crowded with transport at the time and many men were billeted in the town, but it is not known that any casualties were caused.

On November 8th Colonel Burgess was relieved and transferred to the 16th Railroad Engineers. Lieutenant Colonel George W. Knight assumed command of the regiment. Captain John T. Morgan, Regimental Adjutant was ordered to

First Army and Captain Robert C. Levis was appointed Adjutant. Lieut. Stuart was relieved from command of the Engineer Train and appointed Acting Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion. First Lieutenant Edward Sinclair was assigned to command the Train. On the same day the Regiment was transferred to the 5th Corps for duty and from November 6th to November 10th inclusive was assigned to work on roads in the vicinity of Sommauthe.

The First Battalion was assigned the following circuit: Harricourt, Sommauthe, St. Pierremont, Harricourt.

The Second Battalion was assigned to work on Sommauthe-Beaumont Road, Sommauthe-Harricourt Road and Sommauthe-La Besance Road.

The Sommauthe-Beaumont Road was in particularly bad shape and the problem of keeping traffic moving over it was difficult. Some assistance was finally obtained from artillery tractors however and by hard work day and night conditions were gradually improved.

By November 7th the whole regiment had moved to the general location of Sommauthe and was billeted in this town and in the neighboring village of Vaux. Occasional enemy shelling was experienced in and about these towns until November 9th. During this period many French refugees from the towns freed by the Americans arrived in Sommauthe. Most of them were in miserable state, having plodded through the mud for many hours with little food and scanty clothing. A relief headquarters was established in the church and when as much had been done for the people as was possible under the circumstances they were evacuated to the rear in such trucks and ambulances as were available.

On November 10th the regiment was reassigned to the 80th Division and on November 11th, left the lines and marched (18 kilo) to the village of Le Morte Homme where it remained for the night. On arrival at Le Morte Homme the rumor that the Armistice had been signed was confirmed and there was general rejoicing and congratulation throughout the regiment. An impromptu concert was arranged for the afternoon, and in the evening there was such a display of lights, bonfires and "Very lights" as France had not seen for over four years.

On November 12th the regiment moved (16 kilo.) to Chatel Cheherry and on November 13th from Chatel Cheherry to the old location at Camp Monhoven in the woods near Le Clon (20 kilos.) The weather continued clear and cool and several companies slept in pup tents, but later found more comfortable quarters in the French barracks. Lieut. Allcroft of Company "B" returned from the hospital on this day.

Inspection and muster was held on November 15th. 1st Lieutenant Murphy, Regimental Dental Surgeon, left for the hospital. 1st Lieutenant Chesley of Headquarters Detachment received orders to return to the United States.

Sergeants Richards, Kelly, Scollon and Sergeant Major Winter returned from the hospital.

On November 16th leave passes were granted to officers and enlisted men of the regiment and a detachment left for Aix-les-Bains leave area.

On November 18th the regiment broke camp at Monhoven and started the long march to the Chatillon Area. The first days march was to Passavant, a distance of 17 kilos. The march was taken up the next day and continued according to the following schedule:

November 19th—Passavant to Sommeilles, 16 kilometers.
November 20th—Sommeilles to Sermaize-les-Bains and Alliancelles, 17 kilometers.
November 21st—Rested.
November 22nd—Sermaize to Villers-in-Lieu, 19 kilometers.
November 23rd—Villers-in-Lieu to Voillecomte, 19 kilometers.
November 24th—Rested.
November 25th—Voillecomte to Sommevoire, 18 kilometers.
November 26th—Sommevoire to Lavigny, 20 kilometers.
November 27th—Lavigny to Nuisement, 20 kilometers.
November 28th—Nuisement to Gey-sur-Seine, 28 kilometers.
November 29th—Gey-sur-Seine to Rugny, 30 kilometers.
November 30th—Rugny to Aisy-sur-Armancon, 35 kilometers.
Total distance covered, Sommauthe to Aisy, 293 kilometers.

The regiment made an excellent showing on the march, good roads, discipline being maintained and few men dropping out. The rather difficult problem of billeting the men each night in the small towns through which the regiment passed was successfully accomplished by Captain Samuel H. Sherrard and Interpreter Ferdinand Gely. Unusually favorable weather for the season was experienced up to November 27th when three days of rain added to the discomfort of the march. Upon arrival at Aisy arrangements for a permanent stay were begun. The detachment which had been on leave was awaiting the regiment at Aisy. The 2nd Battalion was billeted in Etivey about 8 kilometers from Aisy and the Engineer Train in Perrigny about 3 kilometers away. The sojourn in this location was but short lived however for on December 3rd orders were received to move without delay to another location. The march began at 9:00 A. M. December 4th and the night of that day the regiment was located as follows, where we remained throughout the winter.

Regimental Headquarters
Headquarters Detachment
Band, 1st Battalion
and Engineer Train
Fulvy.
2nd Battalion
Chassignelles.

The roads throughout the entire Divisional Area were put in charge of the

(Continued on Page 9)

:: RECOLLECTIONS ::

By Brigadier General F. S. Cocheu

In August, 1917, I was relieved from the General Staff in the War Department and ordered to proceed to Camp Lee and organize a regiment. Upon arrival I found neither barracks nor quarters completed nor any personnel present and so for several days I lived at the hotel in Petersburg. From this it will be seen that I was the sole original member of the 319th Infantry. In a few days about one hundred and fifty newly appointed officers arrived from the first training camp at Fort Myer and also fifteen or twenty noncommissioned officers from the Regular Army. To show the inexperience of some of the latter, one of them, turned over to us from the cavalry and rated as a stable sergeant, had been in the service for such a short time that he did not know how to assemble my personal horse equipment nor how to place it on a horse! The day that the officers reported I interviewed each one and noted such information as related to previous military experience, if any, education; business experience; knowledge of animals; foreign languages; telephones; radio and of such other lines of knowledge as we could make use of in the regiment. After hastily digesting the information noted, I assigned each officer to an organization and each organization to barracks. The barracks were bare and so the company officers with most commendable enthusiasm and energy at once commenced to manufacture kitchen and orderly room furniture using such lumber as could be found on scrap piles. To show what valuable material had found its way onto the scrap piles during construction days, which were not then over, an order was later issued from division headquarters forbidding the removal from scrap piles of any piece of lumber more than twelve feet long! Two worthless enlisted men who deserted at this time gave as a reason that they had been compelled by their officers to labor with their hands. Their reasons received but little credit when it was known that most of the work was done by the officers themselves and that it was all being done to provide properly for the first of the drafted men who were due to arrive shortly. While I do not remember any manufacturing the officers did in squad rooms, they performed much of the manual labor necessary to draw and install bunks, mattresses and bedding for those who had not yet arrived. Upon the arrival of the first of the draftees we were assigned a drill field which at that time was completely covered with corn and peanut vines. No tools of any kind were available and so the entire regiment turned out and cleared the field with their bare hands. This had hardly been done when visits to the division were made by the Governor of Pennsylvania and by the Secretary of War, and the only cleared ground on which the division could be reviewed was the parade ground of the 319th Infantry.

Among the most delightful events that occurred at Camp Lee were the visits of Christine Miller. Her exquisite singing coupled with her grace and charming manner can never be forgotten.

At one time The Bayonet called attention to the fact that not enough items of interest were being turned in by the regiments and all were urged to take

more interest in the matter. As an incentive it was at least intimated that everything turned in would be published. In the 319th Infantry an officer who had formerly been a newspaper man was appointed regimental editor and he at once organized a news gathering business with the result that from then until we left for France, 319th news almost swamped The Bayonet.

Everyone will remember the Liberty Loan drive. The 319th Infantry was fortunate in having as one of its officers the senior member of a New York firm of bankers and he was placed in charge of the work in the regiment. Due to his efficient organization within the regiment and his skillful handling of all matters connected with the drive, more than four million dollars—a record amount—were subscribed by and through the 319th Infantry. In every case in which credit was taken either the full amount or the prescribed first cash payment was made through the regiment. One method employed to obtain subscriptions was to send detachments home.

Several months after we had arrived in France a letter was received from a woman at home stating that although she had duly paid over fifty dollars to the head of one of these detachments and had requested that a fifty dollar Liberty Bond be deposited with a certain bank, the bond had never been received. Of course we had no records with us at the time but on the assurance of the sergeant, who remembered nothing of the case, that if he received the money he had properly turned it in and accounted for it at the time, a check was at once sent to the writer. As soon as he was demobilized the sergeant through the courtesy of the bank officials was allowed to inspect its records whereupon it was found that due to a clerical error by the bank proper credit had not been given for the amount which had been duly and properly deposited by the sergeant. A cashier's draft for fifty dollars, at once mailed to me, was used to relieve the distress of one who had suffered due to our operations in France.

Early in 1918, to satisfy the very natural interest of the mothers and wives of the members of the regiment, accompanied by several other officers, the color guard and the band, I made a trip from Camp Lee to Pittsburgh and addressed a meeting held in Memorial Hall. The outcome of this visit was the organization of a mothers' organization of the regiment which later developed into the Mothers of Democracy. It was the first of its kind in the United States. A few weeks after my visit to Pittsburgh, a return visit was made to Camp Lee by the mayor of Pittsburgh and several others of its leading citizens, all of whom were accompanied by their wives.

Another of the records of which the regiment was very proud was the fact that during the flu and empyema epidemic while we were at Camp Lee we lost but one man while other organizations lost scores. Investigation conducted by the hospital authorities, in their endeavor to determine the causes for such discrepancies in numbers, decided that the excellent health record of the

319th Infantry was due in great measure to the rigid orders, strictly enforced, regarding the ventilation at night of all sleeping quarters.

To one of the members of the regiment it seemed to be appropriate that Camp Lee, located in Virginia, should feature Lee's birthday and the suggestion was transmitted to division headquarters where it was favorably received and announced to the press. It appeared, however, as the day drew near that no preparations for the occasion were being made either at division headquarters or within the Virginia brigade and so, strange as it may seem, a Pittsburgh regiment conducted Lee ceremonies which were attended not only by the members of the House of Delegates of Virginia who came in a body after passing appropriate resolutions regarding the complimentary move being made by the 319th Infantry, but also by representatives of all organizations at Camp Lee.

Another unusual experience of the regiment was that the convoy in which it crossed to France was, as officially reported by the convoy commander, three times attacked by enemy submarines.

During the three months that we served with the British there was much complaint throughout the American forces because the complete British ration, while undoubtedly containing all of the elements necessary to sustain life, did not present those elements in the form in which we were accustomed to see them. For example, as I now recall, cheese was issued in place of meat, tea in place of coffee, and dates in place of potatoes. The regimental supply officer, having borrowed a pair of scales from the British supply officer, came to me daily with a statement that we were not receiving the full ration for which our government was paying. As at that time a complaint made against representatives of any of the Allies was usually met with a suggestion that all energy, excess and other, should be expended in defeating the Central Powers, we continued to keep records but made no formal complaint. Eventually, however, the continued grumbling of American soldiers could no longer be disregarded and all commanders were called upon to report upon the sufficiency and suitability of the British ration. My reply stated in part that I could not testify as to its sufficiency for the regiment had never received its full allowance, and this statement was followed by a list of weights received each day of each article while in a parallel column appeared the weights which should have been issued and for which payment was being made. The next day the British supply officer took the scales away from our regimental supply officer, and yet some say an Englishman has no sense of humor!

At about this time our division decided to test the efficiency of all infantry units and this was done by putting every infantry platoon through a series of six competitive military tests. The 319th Infantry was particularly proud of its achievements for in the six events it carried off three first places and one second place. Most of us were sure that we should have had one more first place

(Continued on Page 10)

17 November 1930

Subject: Membership in 80th Division Veterans' Association.

To: The Old Timers, 320th Infantry, and all other Units of the 80th.

It was my great privilege and pleasure to participate in the recent celebration of Armistice Day in Pittsburgh with veterans of the 80th Division and to renew delightful associations with Old Timers of our splendid war-time regiment.

I was particularly pleased to find that Jerry Madden, a former "Top Kick" of the old regiment, has been honored with the great responsibility of National Commander of the 80th Division Veterans' Association. The object of this letter is to urge that we fall in behind his administration and do our utmost to rebuild the Association to proper strength and assist in every possible way to make National Commander Madden's tour of duty eminently successful.

General Orders No. 19, Headquarters Eightieth Division, A.E.F., France, November 11, 1918, published in the last issue of Service contained extracts as follows:

"It is likewise a great honor to belong to such an organization.

I do not know what the future has in store for us.

If it be war, we must and shall sustain our honor and our reputation by giving our best to complete the salvation of our country.

If it be peace, we must and shall maintain our reputation and the honor of our Division and the Army, as soldiers of the greatest country on earth, and as right-minded, self-respecting men.

The 80th Division only moves FORWARD."

An examination of the rolls of the 80th Division Veterans' Association reveals the distressing fact that the 80th Division is NOT MOVING FORWARD in peace time membership and support of the Association.

This situation is due, no doubt, solely to forgetfulness and let us correct this condition by prompt payments of our One (1) Dollar for membership in the Association and Two (2) Dollars for subscription to Service, the Association's mouthpiece.

Now let's don't burden Headquarters with the annoyance and expense of sending a second reminder, but MOVE the peace time organization of the 80th Division Veterans FORWARD by sending in dues and subscriptions now.

E. G. PEYTON,
Colonel, 320th Infantry,
(War time).

A Timely Christmas Gift for Your Old Comrade

Enclosed please find \$2.00. Kindly send "Service Magazine" for one year, to my comrade whose name I have given below:

Name

Street and Number

City State

Sender's name and address:

.....
.....

PADRE'S CORNER

An old Latin writer said many centuries ago that true courage grapples with misfortune. Human nature has not changed since the days of Tacitus and the greatest victories are never emblazoned in letters of gold nor carved on monuments of granite. When we speak of courage we instinctively connect with it the idea of bravery. They appear to us to be closely correlated and so they are. We oftentimes wrongly ascribe the quality of courage as a natural characteristic of the male species on the wrong assumption that it is exclusively a manly virtue. We think we are giving woman her just due by attributing to her particular charms and qualities proper to her sex and seldom do we expect to find in her any unusual or remarkable display of courage. Since when, may I ask, has man been given the monopoly on courage? I could cite you any number of particular instances and classical examples taken from History to show you the extraordinary bravery of women when faced by a crisis that demanded courage; but let me recall to your mind two instances of the most exalted courage with which most of us are familiar. The newspapers recently carried in blazing headlines accounts of the gallant Captain of one of our transatlantic liners who rescued the crew of the disabled and sinking Swedish freighter Ovidia in midocean. Our hats are off to the gallant Captain of the Mauretania for his undisputed courage but did you notice how little was said of the courageous wife of the Captain of the doomed vessel who made her way to the bridge of the sinking ship to be at the side of her gallant husband as the ship was going down to Davy Jones' Locker, when she might have availed herself of a privilege accorded her by an unwritten law of the sea, to be the first woman to take to the lifeboats. Another instance of an heroic woman showing the highest kind of courage has almost faded from our memory. Do you recall the unsung heroine of the ill-fated Titanic, Mrs. Oscar Strauss who rather than abandon her husband who was a passenger on the same vessel, chose to go down with the ship in preference to accepting a proffered place on a life-raft since she knew that to do so would be to separate from him whom she so dearly loved. This little dissertation on courage was prompted by one of the most extraordinary examples of a Mother's love and courage I have never witnessed. It brought to mind those beautiful words of Kipling: "If I were drowned in the deepest sea, I know whose love would come down to me, 'Mother O'Mine.' During the past week I noticed the frail, emaciated and undernourished form of a little Mother toddling along with two equally frail and undernourished tots clinging to her skirts. They could not have been more than three and five years of age. One look at the Mother's face convinced me not only that she was physically sick but that the mental anguish she was suffering far outweighed her bodily ills. A kind word was the scalpel that bared her soul. She had been pronounced tubercular by a phy-

sician but rather than be separated from her seven children, she concealed her illness as best she could and taking the two youngest children, went out in search of work. Five other hungry mouths awaited a Mother's return in the evening to one of the most poverty-stricken hovels imaginable. Oh' New York, what a contrast, you are. A city of untold wealth and at the same time of the direst poverty and misery. The richest city in the world and at the same time the poorest. A place of indescribable pleasure and gaiety, and at the same time strewn with moral and physical human wrecks. 'Man's inhumanity to Man' and it takes real heroic courage for this little Mother to believe that all's right with the world.

Many inquiries have come in asking for the source and author of a quotation given at the Armistice Night banquet at the Plaza in Pittsburgh on Nov. 11, 1930. I regret very much that I am unable to furnish the author's name nor can I give the source whence it came. Here it is again as I take it from an old scrap book. "To A Doughboy—An Appreciation," "If you ever come face to face with a common ordinary Doughboy who has been over the top even if it be but once, take off your hat to him for God knows you are standing in the presence of a Man."

While you are jotting down that gem, put another striking one right under it and better still weave it into your everyday life. It brings a lot of happiness with it. Here it is:

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-being, let me do it now; let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

If you are striving with all your might to make a reputation for yourself at the sacrifice of your health and perhaps your good name just take yourself into a corner all alone and ask yourself, "what is it all about." Let this one sink in, it may curb an inordinate desire even though you be "seeking the bubble, reputation, in the cannon's mouth." "What is Fame?"—A Mound Of Earth, a Little Higher Graded; Perhaps Upon a Stone A Chiselled Name; A Dab of Printer's Ink, Soon Blurred and Faded—And then Oblivion—That—That Is Fame."

—Padre.

BRIEF HISTORY OF 305TH ENGINEERS

(Continued from Page 6)

Engineers and work commenced the latter part of December to keep them open under the heavy traffic. The road work was our main job but in spite of the extensive amount of roads to be maintained there were many other engineering duties to be done and which were done well.

On March 9th the 2nd Battalion moved to the Leman Area for construction work—the 1st Battalion spreading out to handle the road work which had been carried on by the 2nd Battalion. On March 20th the Division came under the Command of the C. G., S. O. S., and we were soldiers no longer. The song which was heard throughout the division was, "Mother take in your Service Flag your son's in the S. O. S."

On March 29th the Division began its move to the Le Mans Area. The movement being completed, with the exception of the Headquarters Train and 1st Battalion of this regiment, and several detachments, left behind to finish up the Engineering work throughout the area; about April 4th.

At present writing we are still located in Fulvy and expect orders in the near future to rejoin our Division at the PORT.

OFFICERS OF 320TH INFANTRY HOLD REUNION

The Annual Reunion of the Officers of the 320th Infantry was held Saturday, December 6, 1930, at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Maryland. Because of the very wide-spread publicity given this Reunion a banner crowd attended. Fred C. Maag was Chairman of the affair and was assisted by Charles O. (Joe) Tudings, Charles A. Cole, Charles R. Preston, and E. M. Rouzer. Details of the Reunion will be published in the next issue of "Service."

R. W. ELTON RECEIVES NEW HONOR

Reuel W. Elton was elected Secretary of the American Paint and Varnish Manufacturers' Association, Inc., at the recent annual convention of the Paint and Varnish Industry, held in the Royal York Hotel at Toronto, Canada. Mr. Elton also is Assistant General Manager of the National Paint, Oil and Varnish Association, Inc., which includes allied industries, raw materials, supply and equipment companies, etc., a position to which he was appointed less than a year ago, when he left the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce of which he was manager of the Organization Division.

THE MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF SERVICE MAGAZINE
EXTEND TO ITS SUBSCRIBERS BEST WISHES FOR
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR

ARMISTICE --- Address of Brig. Gen. Frank S. Cocheu

It seems to me to be particularly appropriate that upon an occasion such as this, when we are gathering together to celebrate Armistice Day, we should not only praise those who have through their valor and sacrifices helped make this the happiest and most fortunate among nations, but we should also resolve to take the steps necessary to ensure that never again will our men be called upon to make sacrifices such as those which we today recall. Wars, as a rule, are unnecessary and can be avoided if proper, reasonable, adequate and timely steps be taken. It is an uncontrovertible fact that we drifted into the World War and that we so drifted due to ignorance on the part of some and of indifference on the part of others. We cannot be proud of this, and surely our heads should hang in shame if ever again we became involved in war due to either of these causes.

Many solutions have been advanced for the prevention of war, among which we find preparedness for defense, internationalism, communism, outlawry of war, leagues of nations, limitation of armament, disarmament and world courts. In a country such as our, where the sovereign power resides in the whole people and is exercised by representatives elected by them, it is the duty of everyone who possesses the right of suffrage to study the question of prevention of war and to see to it that the results of those studies are made known to the representatives elected to exercise the sovereign power. There can be no question that if, as a result of intelligent study of world conditions, our people want communism, or sovietism, or disarmament, or anything else, they should have it.

In making the study of world conditions that I have indicated it will be found that large armies, internationalism, communism and sovietism seem to go hand in hand, for the leading nation on earth today in advocating internationalism and communism maintains the largest standing army in the world and does this now, in time of peace, by conscription. It is not a democracy. It discourages individual effort, it does not believe in God nor in the marriage tie. It preaches that everything should be pooled, including women. It executes legally those who, contrary to edict, hoard food or even small amounts of silver coins. There is no denying the fact that the country to which I refer is today the foremost proponent of internationalism and is spending money all over the world, including the United States, in furthering its campaign. This study will also diverge the fact that nearly half of the separate sovereign nations that go to make up the world, are today in a state of unrest or revolution. A number of them are ruled by strong dictators irrespective of the provisions of constitutions or of the will of the majority. In a number of them there have been serious internal disturbances within the past six months, some of which have been put down by force while others have succeeded in overthrowing the then existing governments. Incidentally few of the interantional boundaries of Europe are fixed to the satisfaction of the

Over Station KDKA, While In Pittsburgh
November 11, As Guest of the Federation of War Veterans Societies

nations involved, and this perhaps, is one of the reasons why European nations are now expending six million dollars each day making preparations for war. When the question of disarmament is reached it will be found that we have already practically disarmed on land and we have recently reached an international accord with respect to the limitation of naval armament. Of course no nation can with safety suddenly and completely disarm while other nations are war minded. There must be disarmament in spirit before there can be disarmament in fact.

As for outlawing war, we have already outlawed burglary, forgery, and many other crimes including the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquor. Notwithstanding the support given by state and federal courts, assisted by the entire power of the government as represented by constables, sheriffs, marshals and other officials, jails and penitentiaries, the outlawed acts can scarcely be said to have ceased.

In taking up the question of preparedness for defense as a preventive of war, it will be found that while this has, and always has had, the substantial support of of truly great American patriots, due to the disquieting and extravagant statements made at times by demagogues who favor preparedness for defense, as well as by those who oppose it, the issue has been too many times unfairly presented to the mind of the busy citizen. You will remember that Washington who was a profound student of government predicted that "If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far old when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel," and that he also advised that "Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies." Again, our most eminent statesman and leader has within the past few weeks warned us that the maintenance of respect requires that we sustain a preparedness for defense that is impregnable but that contains no threat of aggression; and that we should never seek domination but only adequate defense. Had the ideas of these two sages been followed in the early nineteen hundreds we never would have drifted into the World War; we would not today be mourning the loss of our brave men; there would be no work for a Veterans Bureau to do; nor would we be burdened with many European "con-

troversies the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns."

And so I repeat that it is your bounden duty as good patriotic Americans, particularly at this Armistice Day season, to study the matter of war prevention. If you do this, I predict that you will reject at once all ideas of internationalism, total disarmament, communism and sovietism; you may decide to approve such measures as the outlawry of war, limitation of armament, world courts, and leagues of nations because these measures may all tend to slow down the opening of hostilities; and you will, without question, recognize the wisdom contained in that passage of the Bible which reads: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace."

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES (Continued from Page 7)

but perhaps the judges knew best. That the War Department appreciated the continued efficiency of the regiment is evidenced by that fact that the official citation awarding me a Distinguished Service Medal records the fact that the 319th Infantry always carried its tasks through to a successful end.

Early in June, 1918, while serving with the British, I had applied to take a three months course at the General Staff College at Langres with the hope that I would be ordered there for the July, August and September session. As a matter of fact the order reached me as we came out of the line at the close of the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne on October first and thus ended my active service with the regiment for it happened that on the very same day I was promoted to be a brigadier general. I had had the unique experience of organizing the regiment, beginning on the day that I was its single member, training it and commanding it in battle.

In connection with the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne offensive it must be remembered that the 319th Infantry stood on the Army Objective on the night of September 26 and 27, 1918, and that the section of the line held by it was farther north than any other held by American troops.

Although ceasing to be a member of the regiment, I never lost interest in it and was fortunate enough to be "commanded" by Pittsburgh's Mayor to journey from Little Rock, Arkansas, to Pittsburgh to assist in the wonderful welcome that the city gave to the 319th Infantry upon its return from France.

WANTED

Address of Dr. Chas. A. Brown and L. G. Woodall, formerly of the 305th Ammunition Train, 80th Division. The last address of Dr. Brown was Memphis, Tennessee, and Mr. Woodall, Petersburg, Virginia. Send information to the Editor, 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The address of Edward Klepfer, formerly of Company A, 319th Infantry.

The Papers Say

REHABILITATING ARMY POSTS

A long time was required to convince Congress and the public that the United States Army was badly housed. The passage of the Ransley bill providing \$10,410,000 for construction at the military reservations is further proof that the lesson learned in 1928, when a definite program was adopted, has not been forgotten. The whole work contemplated at that time was to cost \$21,000,000. The object was to get the soldiers into comfortable quarters and out of the frame shacks that survived from the days of the World war. The benefit has been received at a number of the posts; the present appropriation should carry the improvements within sight of completion.

The army had difficulty in placing its plight before the public. Officers, under discipline, may not talk freely. In spite of this prohibition, General Charles P. Summerall, shortly after he became Chief of Staff, made some speeches in which the condition was exposed. President Coolidge called the general before him and took him to task. This had the effect—presumed at the time to have been that desired by the Executive—of calling the attention of Congress to the matter more powerfully than if the criticism had been allowed to go unnoticed. Legislation was passed finally and the work was launched before the end of 1928, progress that was considered good in view of the obstacles. From the start, public opinion backed the army. There was no occasion for a peacetime force to live permanently under war conditions, in wooden barracks that were not well constructed when they were new and certainly had not improved in the decade since the emergency army was discharged.

FRENCH ENVOY CRITICIZED

Paul Claudel, French ambassador to Washington, was criticized severely in France for bringing home with him two fine automobiles of American manufacture. It is a failure to support home

industry, declared the press. The criticism undoubtedly was engendered by the fact that the United States is about to inaugurate a policy which would bar French automobiles from America.

WALKING FISH EXHIBITED

Several specimens of the walking fish were demonstrated at the Outdoor Life Show held in Chicago. This species has its breathing apparatus adapted to life out of the water. By means of its fins and gills it can travel overland from one body of water to another. It is found in Asiatic waters.

OLDEST INSTITUTION OF HIGHER LEARNING UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG

The University of Santo Tomas at Manila, Philippine Islands, is the oldest institution of learning situated on territory under the jurisdiction of the American flag. It was established in 1611 by Dominican missionaries and has been operated continuously ever since under Catholic auspices. Harvard university, founded in 1638, has been operated continuously longer than any other institution of learning in the continental United States. The College of William and Mary, founded at Williamsburg, Va., in 1693, is regarded as the second oldest institution of learning in the United States proper and the third on American soil, although college activities were suspended for several years during the Revolutionary and Civil wars. Yale university, established in 1701, comes next in point of age.

The United States Air Force shot down 781 planes during the World War. This number was officially confirmed and many others were undoubtedly destroyed but were too far behind the lines to be confirmed by our own witnesses.

THE GREAT CRUSADE

By J. C. Wise

This may be rated as one of America's great books of the War. Its absorbing interest grips the reader's imagination in a personal participation with the ac-

tors in the events which made history. Gifted with a fine literary style, a memory for day-by-day details of men preparing for the supreme sacrifice, a keen sense of the dramatic amidst tragic surroundings, and not lacking in the comedy of the trenches which was nature's safety-valve, Colonel Wise, has with fine discrimination, painted a vivid word picture of modern war. His trenchant comments on America's many mistakes of omission and commission are pertinent and straight from the shoulder of one who has suffered such errors. But the author's wish to point a moral as well as to adorn a thrilling tale, is most commendable; and the mistakes of G. H. Q. in not profiting by French and British experience, the disappointments of our replacement system for battle-scarred units, as well as the iniquities of promotion to higher grades, are handled without gloves. Several caustic references to the so-called "regulars" in France, however, lose sight of the fact that there were no regulars; the old regular organizations were swallowed up by the waves of emergency officers and drafted men, and in original personnel for battle-training, one American division had little advantage over another.

Colonel Wise's book is most readable, and should occupy a high place in the bibliography of the Great War, which, though a source of patriotic exultation to the average man in the street, was to the American doughboy not without its grievous errors, tragic mistakes, and bitter injustices, which left in the hearts of many, a sense of misgiving for the future. America's memory for repeated war-blunders, is unhappily short.

—C. D. Rhodes,
Infantry School News.

SERVICE MAGAZINE,
413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send to the address below.....
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A Record of Family Service in the World War

By BOYD B. STUTLER

DURING a time of great national stress it is not unusual for whole families to serve the country in some capacity. But it is unusual for five or more sons of one family to enter the combat service. Two men who served in units of the 80th Division during the World War had four other brothers in the uniformed service, and two other families have been noted with a like record of family participation.

One of the soldiers of the 80th fell gallantly in action, the other returned to his home town to join his four soldier brothers. It was but the fortunes of war that sent the five sons of one West Virginia family home to the waiting mother; out on the plains of Illinois the other mother was told that two of her sons had fallen, two were wounded and but one returned sound.

Mrs. Lena Waidley, of Aurora, Illinois, was the western mother. On July 25, 1917, the mother bade good-bye to three of her sons, the youngest barely seventeen. Two had already marched away with the colors. On October 10, 1918, she received official notification that one son, First Sergeant Frank Waidley, Company H, 318th Infantry, had been killed in action. Officers of his company notified her that Frank had been recommended for a D. S. C., but she heard nothing further of this award.

Four days later Mrs. Waidley received word that her second son, Private First Class George Waidley, Company D, 129th Infantry, 33rd Division, had been killed in action. Jesse Waidley, a third son who served with Company I, 129th Infantry, was gassed and Walter Waidley, the fourth son, was gassed and wounded. The only son of the five that she sent to the war was Lieutenant Jack H. Waidley, who served with distinction in the 35th Division.

The Governor of her State has named Mrs. Waidley as the Illinois woman who gave the most to win the war. She has received no federal recognition of the splendid service she gave to her country in time of emergency.

At Martinsburg, West Virginia, lives Mrs. Sophia Ridings, who has been named as the West Virginia woman who contributed most. Her five sons served the Old Flag during the war of 1917 and 1918, but all returned to their home town at its close. There they still reside, all married and in homes of their own and all but a few blocks from the roof that

shelters their mother. All are members of Berkeley Post No. 14, the American Legion, which is also the home Post of the Department Commander, Dr. James A. Duff.

Two of the five brothers served in France. Harry Ridings was a Blue

28th Division, composed of Pennsylvania National Guard, at one time while it was stationed at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia. The five brothers, parents, sister and a younger brother ate their 1917 Thanksgiving dinner together in a shack at that camp.

Of these five brothers, the first four named won commissions and the fifth, Daniel S., had been ordered to an officers training camp in France when the Armistice interrupted the war. Four served overseas with combat units. All returned to their home at demobilization, but Major John L. Robinson, who was wounded in action, has since died.

President Woodrow Wilson recognized the service of this family and one of the prized possessions of the father is a letter from the war-time President complimenting him upon having supplied the army with five sons.

Governor Richard I. Manning, of South Carolina, and Mrs. Manning sent six sons forth in the uniform of their country. Major William Sinkler Manning, 316th Infantry, 79th Division, was killed in action in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive on November 6, 1918. The other five sons, Lieutenant Vivian M., Major Bernard, Lieutenant Colonel Wyndham M., Corporal Burwell D., and Sergeant John Alger, served in the artillery units of the 81st Division — the Wildcats — which was originally made up of men from North and South Carolina and Tennessee. Governor Manning was the war-time governor of his State.

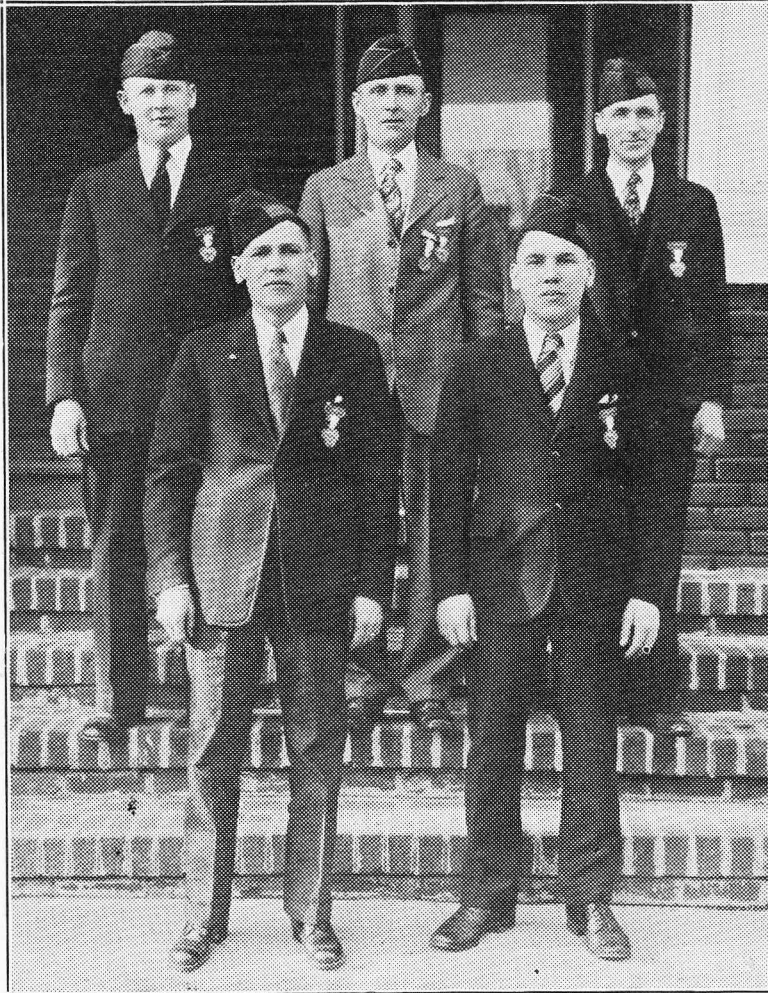
When the records of the World War are checked and classified it may be shown that other mothers gave as freely to their

country. None can be held in higher honor than the four who have been named.

Be an active member of the National Association.

New Life Members in the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association

- 244—Blackburn, W. J.
- 245—Yereance, A. W.
- 246—Fleckenstein, F. G.
- 247—Handy, R. B., Jr.



THE FIVE RIDINGS BROTHERS AFTER TEN YEARS OF PEACE
Top row, reading from left to right: Paul, Harry, 317th Infantry; and Cleo. Bottom row: Noble and Raymond.

Ridger; his first service from April 2 to October 22, 1918, was with Company I, 317th Infantry, when he was transferred to Company M, 320th Infantry. Noble Ridings served with the 6th Division. These two brothers located each other through letters from home and had the rare fortune of spending one day together while in France. Cleo and Raymond Ridings had a long period of training at Camp Lee, the home camp of the 80th. Paul Ridings served with the 33rd Field Artillery at Camp Meade, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Robinson, Sr., of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, sent five sons into service. These sons were John L., Charles S., Harold L., Jr., William J. and Daniel S. All were members of the



Twelve years ago thousands of soldiers were in the mud and cold rain of the Argonne. With them was Charlie Doyle, now the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph's baseball writer and then the Gazette Times' war correspondent. He has been good enough to write this diary of the days leading to the armistice:

Nov. 1.—All Saints day, with the Yanks jumping off at daybreak after lying in small holes through a cold, damp night and beneath one of the biggest barrages of the war. The clouded sky is pierced by panoramic flashes of flame spouting from the countless guns operating the vast barrage. Zero hour is a relief to the tens of thousands of infantry boys awaiting the jump. A few hours later and many German prisoners, including officers, are led back and turned over to Uncle Sam's intelligence officers, who grill them for information. The 80th Division doughboys are rolling along in the great infantry wave with the famed Marines on the right of the Blue Ridge fighters. The "Jerries" have left their years-old trenches for better or worse and are on the run, although in spots they offer stiff resistance. The 320th Infantry encountered one of these tough spots.

Nov. 2.—Our doughboys are chasing the Jerries afoot and in trucks out past Buzancy and toward historic Sedan, renowned city of the war of 1870. Ah! what's this—a lot of cabbage and other vegetables, planted by the Germans in anticipation of another winter. But after the Yanks kicked off they soon had the ball in the enemies' territory and are making first downs almost at will. Well, the raw vegetables taste better than the bully beef and iron rations, so the Yanks take out time for lunch.

Nov. 3.—Sunday and I'm in Fleville where I encounter Gen. Cronkhite, popular commander of the Eightieth, who is all dolled up in a helmet and ready to push on with his division headquarters troops. The general and his aides are keeping as close to their infantry as possible. At this early date, the general had well defined rumors of a cessation of hostilities. The Jerries had made a direct hit on an important crossroad and succeeded in stalling traffic in an amazing manner. The big parade was halted for something like 10 miles and what a sight it was. Several allied planes are chasing one lone Jerry, the thrilling show being watched by an audience that stretches for many kilometers over the shell-swept countryside. And the Jerry finally

gets away. Many feel like applauding him for his cleverness.

Nov. 7.—The Gazette Times correspondent finds his brother Steve o. k. with K Company, 319th.

Nov. 8.—The village church at Sommauthe with hundreds of refugees—old men and old women and little children, huddled together and waiting for the government to transport them to loved ones they had not seen for several years—members of their family who had escaped at the beginning of the war. Aged men and women taking all their earthly possessions in wheelbarrows to the vicinity of the church and singing the praises of their American liberators.

Nov. 9.—Loaded down with German souvenirs I start a long hike toward Harricourt. The German rifle becomes too heavy and I toss it in the ditch. What a "break" I get at Harricourt, First Army Corps headquarters. With 40 miles to go to reach Bar Le Duc I find Damon Runyon, of Universal Service, and Tom Johnson, New York writer, who have a press Cadillac at their disposal. And so to Bar Le Duc.

Nov. 11—"Finis le Guerre!" "Finis le Guerre!" The War is Ended! French emotions let loose their wild currents of joy. Bar Le Duc is in an uproar. The bells in the Verdun Cathedral—famous church which stood up before the countless shells that smashed Verdun, although all its windows were knocked out—pealed forth joyous notes. The roads to the front are thronged with shouting soldiers. The Twenty-eighth Division—Pennsylvania National Guard—went over the top half hour before the fighting ceases. Military policeman stops car carrying four correspondents and ask for credentials. He's a South Side boy—Jimmy Broderick, athlete, who was wounded and transformed into a first-line military cop. Jimmy directs writers to front, where Jerries and Yanks are swapping souvenirs. Some of the bolder Yanks went over and had one o'clock tea with the Germans.

Pat Hines, a young Irishman of Pittsburgh, with the 319th Infantry, was just one of the hundreds of doughboys placed in a precarious position when a Jerry flew low over them as they marched toward the front. The enemy fier opened up a rain of lead as he flew back and forth above the ranks of the 319th.

Naturally the bullets terrorized some of the boys, but a lot of them had to laugh when Hines, losing his temper, shouted defiantly at the aviator:

"You dirty bla'-guard! Am I the only one you can see down here?"

The 80th was making one of those long hikes with cruel packs and in the terrific heat of mid-summer. Hines was a liaison man, instructed

to keep the various units informed of the route. One of the "dumb" officers, who rode a horse in front of the long lines, had managed to get the 80th on the wrong road once or twice and of course this made plenty of work for Pat; he was compelled to rush from the front to the rear of the ranks to change the marching orders. Finally, after the "dumb" one on the horse had made a second bad move, Pat staggered back, almost smothered in perspiration. As he reached the rear, he panted:

"If brains is to win this war, boys, I'm afraid we're lost."

Negro troops naturally furnished some of the most humorous sidelights on the war. Most of them were good soldiers, but every now and then an Amos or Andy popped up.

A detachment of Negro infantry was marching toward the front, but it was still a few kilometers away when a shell fell almost a mile ahead. The rookies could see the dust the shell kicked up and they may have smelled a little powder. The fright of a few was apparent.

"What you-all gwine t' do if dem Germans start to tossin' things down heah, Henry?" asked one trooper of his buddie.

"Boy, I'se gwine spread th' news through Western France," replied Henry.

Some of the colored troops were used in the labor battalions that kept the roads near the front in good order. Enemy shells made direct hits on many important thoroughfares and the allies had to repair the job as quickly as possible.

A trench-weary outfit was being taken from the front lines. As the men reached a good road a few miles back, they encountered one of the Negro squads. Many of the members were singing, as they broke up the stones that were to be put into the road. A cold rain fell, but the sounds of the singing seemed to cheer up the doughboys. Some of them stopped to listen to a big fellow with a bass voice who ceased singing when he saw he had an audience.

"Go ahead, big boy," shouted one of the tired soldiers.

The darkey laughed and then remarked as he went to work on the stones:

"Man, I had a good voice for singin' befoh Uncle Sam done put me out in de rain."

WANTED—ADDRESSES OF FOLLOWING

C. L. Fitzgerald, Company K, 317th Inf.; Steve Kordyak, Supply Co., 319th Inf.; Geo. R. Charlton, Company F, 319th Inf.; Raymond L. Drury, Company H, 319th Inf.; Walter R. Calverley, Hdqrs. Co., 320th Inf.; William A. Johnson, Company C, 305th Eng.; J. C. Akers, Company F, 305th Eng.; Harry C. Edwards, Company B, 315th F. A.; Carence V. Bailey, Company C, 315th F. A.; Emanuel Koch, Arthur Kamen, Gerald S. Edwards, Carel F. DeRooy, Whitney Coiner, Conway Cooke, James Forbes, Edward Klephfer, Company A, 319th Infantry.

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PLEA FOR WAR DEAD MEMORIAL PREPARED

Initiating a move for erection of a memorial in Washington to men and women who lost their lives in the World War, Representative Luce (Rep.), of Massachusetts, has prepared a resolution to authorize creation of a commission to study the matter in conjunction with the Fine Arts Commission.

Although there are memorials to certain World War organizations in Washington, there is none dedicated to the American World War dead. The tomb of the Unknown Soldier is in Arlington cemetery in Virginia.

GIVES VETERANS TIME EXTENSION

Senate Passes Bill Extending Closing Date For Filing Benefits Applications

The Senate recently passed and sent to the President the House bill to extend from January 2, 1930, to January 2, 1935, a time within which veterans of the World War may file application with the Government for adjusted compensation benefits.



NOE, JOHN J., formerly of Company A, 318th Infantry, member of the Philadelphia Post No. 2, 80th Division Veterans Association, died on Friday, November 14, at Camden, New Jersey. He was the son of the late Joseph and Catherine Noe. Comrade Noe has been a patient in the Government Hospitals at Oteen, N. C., and Johnson City, Tennessee, for the past five years, returning to Philadelphia this spring.

Military Funeral with uniformed Guard of Honor was given by the members of the Philadelphia Post No. 2. Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated at 10 A. M. on Wednesday morning, November 19, at St. Boniface's Church. Interment in the Holy Redeemer Cemetery.

POWERS, THOMAS M., formerly of Headquarters Company, 320th Infantry, died on Thursday, November 13, 1930. Funeral was from his home at 1012 Lawndale Street, Homewood, Pittsburgh, Pa., with services at St. James Episcopal Church. Interment at Allegheny Cemetery. Comrade Powers entered the service on September 18, 1917, at Camp Lee, Virginia, served with the outfit given above until August, 1918, went to Officers Training Camp, was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, 77th Division, and later made 1st Lieutenant in the 77th Division.

HAMMOND, JOHN DALLAS, formerly of Company B, 313th Machine Gun Battalion, died October 29, 1930, at Youngstown, Ohio. Details of Comrade Hammond's death are unknown. You will remember him as he played the Musical Comedy Captain Rackett for the 80th Division from Christmas 1918 until he returned on the Battleship New Jersey in June, 1919. He is survived by his wife, Lillian Desmonde Hammond, 1625 Ohio Avenue, Youngstown.



Philadelphia Post No. 2



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO OUR FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE 80TH DIVISION!

Just another active two months program has been completed by our members.

On October 2, the Post held Open House for the 80th members. Interesting movies, a delicious luncheon and friendly chats about times "over there" made the evening a most enjoyable one. Quite a number of men attended for the first time and the usual number of the "Now and Then" Club were on hand. We were pleased to note that everyone seemed happy and the vent was termed a grand success.

October 16 was the date for the regular monthly meeting. A fair attendance was noted. Bugle practice, business of the Post and new business was taken care of and we adjourned early to attend the Ladies Auxiliary Hallowe'en Party. It certainly was a real party and what a time we all had!

Sunday, November 9, we held Armistice Services in the Richardson Memorial Church, 60 Walnut Street. Following a short parade, the Post members and the Ladies of the Auxiliary marched in a body to the Church. An impressive service was held. We cannot give too much credit to Dr. J. Warren Kaufmann, Pastor of the Church, Dr. Frederic Poole, Post Chaplain and Lieut. Rodney T. Bonsall for their fine addresses. The organ music and singing by the Church Choir and the blowing of taps by Bugle Corp Leader Albert C. Markert and Sergeant Edward Lytle were splendid. The service will long be remembered by all who attended.

We have been trying to figure out why former members of the Division, especially Post members, whether in uniform or civilian dress and the Ladies of the Auxiliary, will not attend the undenominational military services on Memorial

and Armistice Days when requested to do so. It is a worthy Post activity and we want the support of everyone.

Following our custom of previous years, Welfare Officer Evan Tibbott and Mrs. Frederic Poole, the latter representing the Ladies Auxiliary, have been trying to keep an up-to-date list of the names of the former members of the 80th Division who are now patients at the U. S. Veterans Hospital No. 49 and the League Island Naval Hospital, so that suitable remembrances may be presented to them at Christmas time.

At present no list of the patients at the U. S. Veterans Hospital No. 49 can be made owing to the large number of patients being transferred to the new Hospital at Coatesville, Pa., but the committee assures us that the men transferred to Coatesville shall be visited and receive a little gift just as the men in the two Philadelphia Hospitals will.

Two members reported to be at the Naval Hospital, League Island, Philadelphia, are Raymond Yoxtheimer, Ward No. 11, and Samuel Zucker, formerly of the 319th Infantry, Ward No. 11. No doubt, these men would enjoy hearing from old comrades. A card or letter would be appreciated.

Nomination of Officers for the coming year took place at the meeting held November 20. Nominees were as follows: Commander, Fred W. Haussmann, Senior Vice-Commander, George W. Guille and Wm. O. Pfeifer, Junior Vice-Commander, George F. Bauer and Evan J. Tibbott, Jr., Adjutant, Lewis Strouse, Edwin C. Vessey, Albert C. Markert, Finance Officer, Rodney T. Bonsall, Sergeant at Arms, Frank J. Mayer. There were thirty-five names offered for Executive Council, of which ten are to be elected. The winners will be announced in the next issue of "Service."

We hope that you will have a very pleasant Holiday Season and that the New Year will bring you happiness and prosperity.

Wm. H. Graham, Jr.

Who's Who in Philadelphia

Our sincere thanks are extended to Commander Mahon, Corp Leader Markert, Junior Vice-Commander Pfeifer and Comrades Bauer and Strouse, for acting as Guard of Honor at view of Comrade Noe on November 18, also to the following members of the firing squad who attended the Military Funeral on November 19: Comrades Bonsall, Mahon, Markert, Strouse, Brock, Tibbott, Mulvihill, Leddon, Millinghausen, Vessey, Guille and Graham. Comrade John

Yeager sang a special hymn for Comrade Noe. Altogether the service was one of which every 80th man could well be proud—a service that would be absolutely impossible were it not for an active Post membership and Divisional Association.

Just a few new faces and members of the "Now and Then Club" we have met lately about the Post Rooms—Wm. McCloskey and Archie F. Graziani, Company L, 317th Infantry, Harry Stevens and Geo. S. Burton, 318th Infantry, Wm. Cousins, 319th Infantry, Baltz, 305th Ammunition Train, Jas. Coleman, James Delaney, Clarence Stott, 313th Field Artillery, James Kilgannon, 314th Field Artillery, and P. T. Wysocki, 318th Infantry.

Stanley Lichtenstein, formerly of the 320th Field Hospital, has just returned from a two-months trip to Germany. We expect to have a report of what's doing "over there" now Stanley.

Thinking of having a party? We can recommend Senior Vice-Commander Howard F. Brock and Comrades Hausman and Leddon after seeing the way in which they handled the affair on October 2. Thanks "gang."

Wm. C. Galleher is now head of the Drum Section of the Corp and as an extop kick we are looking forward to Sergeant Bill teaching the drummers their stuff. And how!

Paul Beck, 317th Infantry and Bob Crawford, 313th Field Artillery, have joined the Imhof Post, American Legion.

The President of the Ladies Auxiliary, Mrs. Samuel B. Millinghausen and Wm. H. Graham, had the pleasure of representing Philadelphia Post No. 2 as guests of Mayor Mackey at the Banquet in the Penn A. C., on November 11, in honor of Major General Smedley D. Butler and his Marines from Quantico, Virginia, on their visit to this city.

Samuel B. Millinghausen, formerly of the 314th F. A., Pill Rollers, again was elected to Chairman of the Welfare Committee, and Warren Rareshide, of the 305th F. S. Bn., was elected to Insurance Committee of the Henry H. Houston Post No. 3, American Legion.

"December 31, 1930. You will raise your right hand and repeat after me. Realizing as I do now that during the past, on far too many occasions and for just no reason at all, I failed to render the support necessary to the welfare of my Post. I hereby resolve that during the year of Nineteen Thirty-One I will attend all meetings regularly, take part in all activities and assist in any way I can to further the aims and policies of the Philadelphia Post No. 2, 80th Division Veterans Association." Says you ? ? ? ?

—William H. Graham, Jr.

Pennsylvania Auxiliary of Philadelphia Post No. 2

We are glad to report the usual good attendance again during the Fall months. However, we regret to report that two of our most active members have been on the sick list, Mrs. Poole and Mrs.

Leddon. We trust their recovery will be soon and that we will have the pleasure of seeing them at our next meeting.

Welcome to our new member Mrs. George F. Hobson, wife of Major Hobson of the 305th Engineers!

Besides spending a great deal of time during the past few months with welfare work, we held a benefit supper and card party in October which was a grand success. We are now preparing for our Bazaar which will be held in December, the proceeds from which will be used for Christmas boxes to be distributed to the members of the 80th Division who are now confined to the hospitals here and for giving financial aid or supplies to their families in need. In this connection we have enjoyed Executive Luncheons at the homes of Mrs. Vessey, Mrs. Hobson and Mrs. Mayer, with a final meeting and supper at Mrs. Tibbott's home.

We take this opportunity to extend Yuletide Greetings to our sister Auxiliaries.

Minna A. Tibbott, Secretary.

Gen. Lloyd M. Brett Post

General Brett Post was the host to three distinguished members of the 80th over Armistice Day. General Cocheu, from Fort Sam Houston, Texas, General Peyton, from Atlanta, Ga. and Father Wallace, from Manhattan Beach, N. Y., came to Pittsburgh as guests of the Federation of War Veterans Societies and General Brett Post.

General Cocheu arrived in the city the morning of the 10th, and greeted the Blue-Ridgers that afternoon over Station KDKA. General Peyton reached Pittsburgh the same evening and Father Wallace came in early the morning of the 11th.

The Post made an excellent showing in the Parade Armistice Morning. Temporary Post Headquarters were established on the 16th Floor of the William Penn Hotel following the parade. Guests and members of the Post and Auxiliary visited the Aspinwall Veterans Hospital in the afternoon.

A highly successful dinner was held in the Plaza Restaurant Armistice night. The speakers included General Cocheu, General Peyton, Father Wallace, Judge Foster, James F. Malone, Commander Madden, Major George E. Parker, Jr., D. S. C., Sr. Vice-Commander of the Army and Navy Legion of Valor of Baltimore, Major Edwin H. Cooper, D. S. C., Chief of Staff of the Legion of Valor of Boston, and Miss Gertrude Horne, President of Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1. Gold Star Mothers of the Auxiliary were greeted at the banquet, and the 150 members of the post and Auxiliary present had a very enjoyable evening. Attorney William B. McFall, Jr., was the Toastmaster, and the Captain's ability in this line was one reason why the affair was so successful. John Burke, Chairman of the Banquet Committee, Clare Taylor, Sam Fleming and Burg Clark, who served on the committee all worked faithfully in arranging the details.

The first meeting of the Post in its new quarters in the Hotel Henry was held on November 21st. The post meets the third Friday of each month, and the next meeting will be held December 19th

at the Henry. Action was taken to adopt a distinctive 80th Division Cap at the last meeting and it is hoped that the selection decided upon will find favor with members of other posts of the division and members at large. The meeting on December 19th may develop into a surprise smoker. All members of the



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80th in Pittsburgh and vicinity are invited to attend the Brett Post meetings and become better acquainted.

Richmond Post No. 9

Election of Officers will take place at the meeting scheduled for Friday evening, December 12, 1930. All former members of the 80th Division living in Richmond or vicinities are cordially invited to attend the meeting and take an active part in making the laws and planning the activities of the Post. Anyone at present an officer or enlisted man and any honorably discharged person who has served with the 80th Division AT ANY TIME, shall upon the payment of dues in the National Association and Post, become an ACTIVE MEMBER in both organizations with full voting power, and shall receive all official communications pertaining to the organizations. It is a privilege to belong to the National Association of the famous "Blue Ridgers," the Division "that always moves forward." Those holding membership in this Association are proud of their little blue card and 80th lapel button. So let us start the New Year out right and join the Richmond Post No. 9, 80th Division. In years to come you will be looking back over the jolly times spent at the meetings and get-togethers with your old buddies. These memories will be golden to you and precious too, because they will be interwoven with the memory of those whom we hold dearest to our hearts, our "Buddies."

The Commander of the Post, James E. Farrar, of 3204 Fendall Avenue, Richmond, Virginia, will be glad to welcome you, to show you around and to see that you meet everyone present. Get in touch with him at once so that you won't miss the opportunity of meeting your friends again.

Greensburg Post No. 14

The members of the Greensburg Post extend to their friends in the 80th Division Veterans Association greetings for a Jolly Christmas and Happy New Year.

Norfolk News

The 80th still moves forward. Dr. Harry R. Seelinger was elected Commander of Norfolk Post 392 V. F. W. to succeed John B. Diehl, and J. B. Moore was elected Officer of the Day and W. W. Jordan, Sergeant Major.

E. B. Truitt and L. M. Jordan have opened one of the finest Drug Stores in this city. They are known as the Drive In Drug Store and are located on Hampton Boulevard near the Marine Hospital.

P. A. Jones had charge of Grice Commandery, Knights Templar, during their inspection with the finest display the Commandery ever had.

At the V. F. W. Oyster Roast on Nov. 11th, Seelinger, Brownley, Jordan, McCourt and Montagna took all honors in

eating Oysters. They are ready to take on all comers individually or as a team.

Dr. H. R. Seelinger installed the officers of the V. F. W. Post in Richmond on Friday, Nov. 21st, and met several 80th men.

317th Infantry

Company G

Lieutenant Anson Eldred is now living at 1773 North Cambridge Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He never forgets when his dues are due, and enjoys reading "Service."



REMEMBER:

The "shots" we received at Camp Lee?

There were three of them at ten day intervals, and believe me there were some mighty sore arms for awhile, not to mention sick fellows.

When so many men were transferred to the Third Division at Camp Greene, N. C.?

That was in December, 1918, and at about the same time all the enemy aliens were sent to the Depot Brigade.

The first time men from the Trench Mortar Battery were really under fire?

It was while we were in a support position in the woods near Douchy. In order to reach the town (there wasn't any town, just a few demolished houses where the town had been) from where we were, we had to use a road that was under enemy observation and we were not under any circumstances permitted to go over it in daylight.

About dusk on this particular evening several of us were sent over to Douchy to get water. Thinking that everything was OK and that Jerry could not see us we set out. Each man carried two petrol cans, and everything was lovely until we reached the village limits, when two gas shells came whistling through the air and exploded not far from us. Being taken by surprise and not knowing just what to do we laid low for awhile, and after waiting for perhaps ten minutes started out again, but had not gone more than a hundred yards when six more shells came over, one right after the other. To be truthful Jerry had us scared or as the English would say, "Our wind was up." Again we waited. Thinking Jerry had made a mistake and hadn't intended them for us after all we set out again, but we no sooner got started when the shells came over thick and fast, but luckily they were all gas, or it would have been too bad for the gang. This time we separated and crawled into or under anything we could find. Some of the fellows got into places that wouldn't protect a cat, while Kearney and I dove under a door that was propped against a few stones. The funny part of it was, (it wasn't so funny then) we all kept our cans. This time we waited, for what seemed hours when we started again, but

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"WE'VE FITTED FEET OVER
 FIFTY YEARS"

had not gone far when we ran into a party of Tommies carrying a wounded man in a blanket. When they found out where we were going and what we were going after, they told us we might as well turn around and go back as the well had been blown up where we were to get the water and the poor fellow they had was at this same well drawing water when a shell exploded destroying the well and wounding him but fortunately he wasn't hurt very badly. What puzzled me was how could the Germans see us coming along that road (we learned later that we were the cause of all this activity) although it wasn't real dark when we started out, but knew it would be before we got very far. After that reception we knew Jerry wasn't fooling.

“Ashoff and his ‘What makes the wild cat wild?’”
 “You can't stand there soldier?”
 “What outfit buddy?”
 “The pomme de terre lady at Cruzy-le-Chatel?”
 “Pull down on that butt and don't wrap the piece around your neck?”
 “Who won the war?”
 “Fall out and police up?”
 “Paint it with iodine and mark him duty?”

The issue underwear?
 If you wore a small size the supply sergeant would hand over a large size and tell you that it would shrink, and if you wore a large size he would give you a small size and say that it would stretch. Anything to be contrary.

The German dug-outs and the rustic huts in the Argonne Forest?
 Some of the dug-outs were furnished with electric lights and air fans. The huts were more like our mountain or lake resort cottages.

The funny French trains?
 At St. Nazaire the German prisoners were used in shifting the cars. It didn't take many of them to push the darn things.

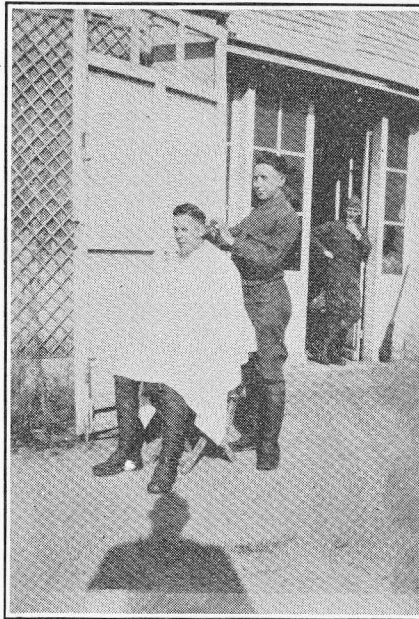
Here's one from Price of the One-pounders and will give it to you fellows just as he gave it to me.
 That Big Goat (Phillips) pulled a sweet one on yours truly when we landed in France. The baggage was unloaded “Officers.” We had ours on our backs. That “Old Big Goat” of an old man Phillips came running towards me and asked in a general way who had a rifle, and thinking to get rid of the ——— thing, cried out breathlessly, here is one. What do you think that Old Goat did? “Guard this baggage,” and I was it.
 Price is still in Colver, Pa., and is principal of the Cambria Township School District. He asks about the old gang and would be glad to hear from any of them.

Had the honor and pleasure of being aide to General Cocheu while he was in Pittsburgh over Armistice Day.
 General Cocheu is still stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and is in charge of the Third Infantry Brigade, Second Division, and I know that he will be more than pleased to hear from any of the old bunch.

The old outfit extends their sincere sympathy to Charlie Wacker on the death of his father-in-law, Patrick Mulligan, of McDonald, Pa., who was injured

on October 28, 1930, when his auto went over an embankment near Oakdale, Pa. He died the next day in the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh.

Herman “Mike” Atzert and his fully equipped one chair barber shop at Chateau Gaillard (near LeMans) taken April 3, 1919. The customer with the pleased expression on his face is none other than our old friend, Adam Ashoff, with Ed Hanley in the background. Mike



by the way is a patient at the U. S. Veterans Hospital, Aspinwall, Pa., and has been there since January of this year, although I didn't know it until about two months ago. He will be more than glad to see any of the old gang, but if you can't get up drop him a line.

Pearson and I expect to be able to make arrangements for a company dinner or banquet to be held some time in February, and we hope to have as many as possible attend.

We also hope to make it an annual affair. Notices will be sent out later.

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to all.

—Robert D. Newman.

Company A

On Saturday night, November 8, Company A, 319th Infantry, held its Tenth Annual Banquet at the Roosevelt Hotel. About fifty-five members attended; coming from the farthest point was Stanley (Cakes) Boyle, of Philadelphia, who has never missed a banquet of his old company. This affair is held every year on the day of the Pitt-Tech football game. The Banquet was opened by President James Wettengel paying silent tribute to departed comrades in whose remem-

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brance a vacant chair was placed in the middle of the banquet hall near a flower laden table.

The flag-draped walls brought back the real spirit of army days. Flowers, fruit and candies were sent to Clyde Langford at the Veterans Hospital, Aspinwall.

Newly elected officers were: L. J. Rockwell, President, and S. J. (Ted) Boyer, Secretary and Treasurer.

Secretary Boyer, visiting General F. S. Cocheu the following Monday at the William Penn Hotel, was asked by the former Colonel of the 319th Infantry to carry his greetings to all Company A men. The General, a guest in Pittsburgh for the Armistice Day Parade, visited the Aspinwall Hospital during the afternoon.

Captain Charles Muse, President Wetengel and Secretary Heubaugh worked hard to make the banquet a big success, and a vote of thanks was tendered them. The slogan adopted was "Every buddy bring a buddy" to the 1931 banquet.

Major Hugh H. Obear wired his regrets. The committee in charge furnished some good entertainment including a colored sketch. Phil Rodgers suggested a rising vote of thanks to Ted Boyer for the favors placed at each man's plate at every banquet.

W. B. Bruce of Bowling Green, Virginia, has been a patient in the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Perry Point, Maryland, for several months. Drop him a card fellows and help cheer him up.

Proctor V. Gresham, of Petersburg, Virginia, stopped over in Richmond on his way to Washington, D. C. He looked up several of his old pals.

Cecil G. Wood, whose home is in Ashland, Virginia, attended the Richmond Post No. 9 meeting last month. Cecil, we want you to attend the next one too, and bring along another member or two.

Our old mess-Sergeant Howard M. Sanford is back in Petersburg again after a three year stay in North Carolina.

Joseph Adams, formerly of Highland Springs, Virginia, but now of Halifax, visits Richmond real often to see his old pals.

Haven't heard from Geo. M. Rhymer, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, lately. Drop us a line George and let us know what you are doing.

The old outfit extends to William A. Bucking, Norfolk, Virginia, sincere wishes for a speedy recovery of his dear mother.

Albert C. Newton, formerly of Scottsburg, Virginia, has moved to Columbia, Virginia. Send in some news now and then Al.

Owing to business conditions Frank Fields of Portsmouth, Ohio, was unable to attend the Johnstown Reunion. Here's hoping Frank will be with us next year.

Let's start the New Year right by renewing our subscription to "Service" and paying our membership dues.

With every good wish for a joyous Christmas and a prosperous New Year to the members of our old outfit, I am

Yours in comradeship,
 —James E. Farrar.

320TH INFANTRY

Medical Detachment

407 Peach St.,
 Butler, Pa.

Dear Mr. Klier:

I read Comrade O'Donnell's letters in "Service" and thought that I had better come out of my dug-out for a little while and assure him and the other members of our illustrious outfit that we are still trying to follow the policy of the 80th and "move forward."

I certainly regretted my inability to attend both the 80th Reunion and the Reunion of the Medical Detachment, 320th Infantry, and feel certain that both were a high success.

I would be glad if any of the boys would drop in to see me at the above address.

With best wishes to all, I am
 Your comrade,

—James I. Kalp.

According to "The Butler Eagle" Reverend and Mrs. James I. Kalp and daughter Betty, of Butler have returned from Barkeyville where they attended the 87th annual sessions of the Western Pennsylvania Eldership of the Church of God. Rev. Kalp who is pastor of the Church of God of Butler and Mt. Union and who has completed his first year of service was reappointed receiving life ordination at this eldership.

When one of his best friends drove all the way from Scottdale that he and his finance might be the first to be married by Rev. Kalp we are told the latter remained cool as a cucumber. Is not that real 80th spirit?

Well, it looks as though the "ground-hog pill rollers" have decided to come out in the open according to all the news and the big reunion written about

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everyone in the Armistice issue of "Service Magazine."

The Medical Detachment had a most enjoyable get-together in Pittsburgh this year, I understand. Would like to have attended the fracas but I didn't receive notice, much to my sorrow. Suppose my change in address would account for that. I'll not miss the next one or somebody'll hear about it.

For the information of Kohnfelder, Jas. T. Mitchell is living at 315 Fanshaw Street, Fort Chase, Philadelphia. You're welcome!

Glad to see that one good friend Sergeant Kates has some news. Better be careful Sergeant. Kohnie may have a few things to say to refresh your memory of Les Ricey. Maybe you have forgotten the trips that Blackburn and you used to make to the town and it seems as though you always enjoyed them so! Paging Mr. Blackburn.

Say, do I remember the town? I couldn't forget it. Laigre-en-Belin, long may it live and also the dear memories! The boys knew better than to climb the stairs and get their heads above the level of the floor where the "four horsemen" slept. How those hob-nails did hurt when one's head came into contact with them?

Charley Rhea's tins were always kept full but not with their original contents. Captain Shelton would recall how the boys (no names mentioned) would touch him up for a couple of francs for a bottle of Vin Blanc.


The citizens of Laigre-en-Belin should always be thankful to a couple of the 320th boys for the supply of sugar which they traded for cognac or what have you. Some business men those Pill-rollers! Well they left us to "police up" and we did.

Just to make sure I will get my notice of the next Medical Detachment reunion in time will "Brother" Erskine please note my new address is 204 Champlost Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
 With best wishes to all.
 —Russell W. Mahon.

Headquarters Company
 The morning report prepared for the Armistice number of Service omitted, owing to lack of space so will give details for that, as well as this number.

We had a wonderful time at the Divisional Reunion at Johnstown, having, we believe, the largest number of any Company in the Regiment, there being thirty-two registered. Let's double this number next year. The boys came from far and near: McKinley from Peoria, Ill.; Dinges from Buffalo; Freese from Erie and others from Pittsburgh and vicinity.


Walter Calverly states that he will never miss another Divisional Reunion. His popularity with the ladies had something to do with this. Soon after the Reunion he went to Los Angeles and Hollywood on a vacation, though have not learned how he and Clara Bow made out playing Roulette or if he cashed any of her checks. Bill Luley could not get to the Reunion as he was vacationing in Canada. We caution vacation? This also applies to Bob Mulvehill. We now have a Bobby



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Jones in our Outfit, in none other than Jack Larkin. Yes Sir?

The Armistice Day Parade was very successful, there being many of our buddies in line of march, having seen Bill McChesney, Clair Taylor, Everett Corbett, James Blair, Letzkus, Russell Hilliard, Wm. Wallace, Frank Heleniak, Jack Larkin and Megoran. Others along line of march were Getty Hannon and Mulvehill.

The Divisional Dinner held at the Plaza Restaurant Armistice Night was a big success, over 150 members and friends were in attendance, many of those were Headquarters Company.

Maj. Gen. Peyton was there from Atlanta and Father Wallace from New York, both wanted to know where Joe Devlin was. Better be there next time Joe. Maj. Gen. Peyton wanted to know why Carlo did not attend. Better be there next time Carlo.

It is with great sorrow that we report the death of our very popular top-sergeant Thomas M. Power, who died of pneumonia, Thursday, November 13th, 1930, and was buried from his residence 1012 Lawndale St., Homewood, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Monday, November 17th. Services were held at St. James Episcopal Church at 2 P. M. interment followed in Allegheny Cemetery. Military Services were conducted by the combined Posts of V. F. W. and American Legion of Homewood with the following Headquarters Company men as pall-bearers: Bob Mulvehill, Fred Panthal, Allan Bennett, John Moore, Earl Rowe, O. B. Hannon, Chas. Potts and Jack Larkin. Other members at the funeral were Sam Stover, Gerald Reynolds, Earl Blair, Gabriele, Ted Meyers, Nick Monico, Peter Angotti, John Whiteford, Geo. Welfer and Ed. Marchek who had charge of the Firing Squad. Chas. Potts had charge of the funeral arrangements.

Flowers were sent by the Headquarters Company Veterans Association.

Company A

"I've registred!"

Waiting for you fellows to send in some news about yourself or any buddy you happen to meet.

Our President Bob Wertz has even fallen down on his part of the news.

I have failed to see those new members lining up with their "bucks" for membership in the 80th Division Veterans Association to back up our old Buddy, Comrade and Top Kick Jerry Madden.

Let's all get back to him and put his term of office over with a bang. It will cost you only one buck a year.

"Every buddy get a buddy" is a very good slogan. If you are already a paid-up member call on those buddies who seem to have forgotten and line them up.

Private 1st class McIntyre wouldn't be in the Armistice parade because they didn't give him a horse. Remember Mack and his worthy steeds.

At the Brett Post banquet on Armistice night a man came up to me and asked if there were any Company A, 320th members present. I informed him that I was with that Company and to

my surprise I discovered he was John McKee's brother. He seemed very glad to talk to someone who had known his brother. He promised to come to the next Company A Reunion.

Company A was well represented in the Armistice Parade as usual. Jerry Madden, Bill Douglass, Jim Rauch, Ed Baessler, Doc Pilgrim and Samuel Fleming were among those marching.

Remember—

The sour beans we were given at Camp Lee when we had to wait for the cooks to prepare another meal for us?

The Christmas of 1917—and the tree we cut down and decorated in the barracks?

And the trees we planted in front of the barracks?

The time one of our would-be Non-Coms marched us into the side of the barracks forgetting the signal for hauling?

The first week at Camp Lee when we slept on the bare springs and corn stalks and were well "impressed" when morning came?

When John Houghton divided his tent with Stanley Kohs when Stanley returned from the Hospital in France. Next morning—"Johnny d— good man; give me half his tent, half his blankets and half his cooties, oh, yeah?"

Send in your past memories to the Editor of "Service Magazine" or to me. We can use them and read them no matter how badly they are written, so don't let that worry you. And too, don't forget to pay up your dues and subscription now. It is our magazine and we want every man a subscriber.

Yours in comradeship,

S. J. Fleming,
1340 Pritchard St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

E COMPANY 320 INFANTRY

Another Armistice Day has passed, marking the anniversary of that first great Armistice Day twelve years ago when E Company turned its back upon the waste and destruction of the battle zone, and started upon its long weary march through quiet, peaceful countryside, into winter quarters. A host of men marching along, shoulder to shoulder, intent only upon reaching that distant spot where rest might be found.

Armistice Day 1930 witnessed but a mere shadow of old E Company stepping along in parade, to commemorate that long march of 1918. A few represented the twelve score of war days—these few rendered the salute to fallen comrades.

An effort was made this year to have more men march in the Armistice Day Parade, but the turn out was no better than in former years. So many of us are prone to let the other fellow do it—some are backward about marching, some cannot be excused from work.

Bob Scott, Bill Maisch, Frank Heleniak, Harry Glass and Homer Ludwig represented the old outfit in the parade. It was foggy and rainy fellows, and the old dogs didn't cover the distance with ease, as of yore, but, say what you will, E Company was in there, just as she

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must be, every year! How about next
 time, fellows?

"Wherever you go," opins Dan Fack-
 iner, "you are almost sure to run into
 an E Company man." That was Dan's
 experience while over in Cleveland last
 week. He happened to meet Otto Bur-
 oughs, lately of Pittsburgh, but now em-
 ployed by the National City Bank of
 Cleveland. Otto inquired after the fel-
 lows in the outfit, and urged any to look
 him up when over in his town.

Art Tucker was pinched the other day
 for a traffic violation down river in one
 of these small towns where they levy
 taxes upon unwary motorists, rather
 than upon the people of the town. We
 believe that Art has re-routed his path
 to his girl's home now.

H. W. Ludwig, Secretary,
 1407 Mellon Street,
 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Company G

Resident Secretary, George J. Klier,
 has been confined to his home for the
 past several weeks on account of illness.
 We are happy to report that he is now
 on the road to recovery.

Company I

I Company, 320th Infantry, was well
 represented at the Annual Reunion held
 at Johnstown, Pa., in August, 1930.

Those attending were as follows: Jack
 Sugden, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Percy Sachs,
 Pittsburgh, Pa.; Ike Feather, Latrobe,
 Pa.; John Murphy, Latrobe, Pa.; John
 Garey and Wife, Latrobe, Pa.; Fred
 Elder, Dubois, Pa.; O. H. Hughes, Pitts-
 burgh, Pa.; Frank McQuade, Indiana,
 Pa.; Howard Giaser, Pittsburgh, Pa.;
 Dan Brocius and family, Suburbs of
 Johnstown, Pa.; Homer Spangler, Somer-
 set, Pa.

I Company also held a Banquet at the
 Stanwix Hotel, Johnstown, Pa. The fol-
 lowing men attended: McQuade, Sug-
 den, Garey, Sachs and Hughes. The
 dinner was enjoyed by everyone.


Cook Brown was seen in Pittsburgh
 the other day by Jack Sugden. Brownie
 was inquiring about the next I Company
 Banquet. Hold the date open Brownie
 as we will be looking for you.

Joe Balzer, runner of I Company, was
 seen on the streets of Pittsburgh by
 Hughes. Balzer is located at 727 Wills
 Street, Mt. Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Don't forget the next Banquet Joe.

I Company's regular Banquet will be
 held the latter part of February or first
 of March, 1931. Let's make it one of
 the biggest and best reunions we ever
 held. Get in touch with I Company men
 who have been absent the last few years
 and bring them along, or if you cannot
 get an I man, bring a friend. Every-
 body is welcome. If you have made a
 change in your address and have not
 been receiving your invitations, get in
 touch with Jack Sugden, 524 Oliver
 Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., and get your
 name on the Company roll.


When up in the vicinity of the Court
 House don't forget to drop in to see
 Fontana at 517 Fifth Avenue.

Remember the slogan "I Company
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Have you visited I. K. Feather's Bridge Studio in the Fort Pitt Hotel? He'll be glad to see you. Read the articles in the papers about it? Good Luck, Ike!

Jack Sugden and Louis Linn represented Company I, 320th Infantry, in the

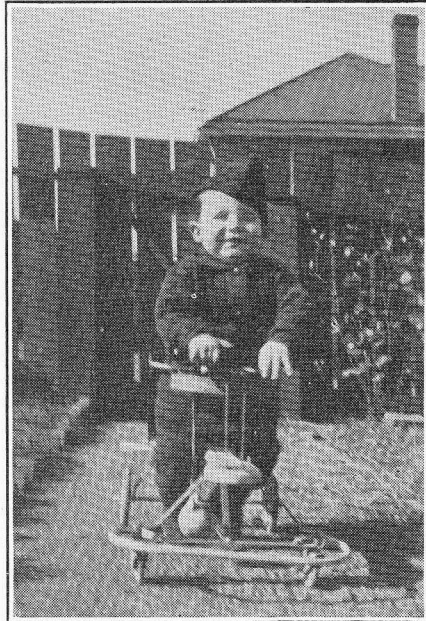
Armistice Day Parade in Pittsburgh, marching in the section headed by General Cocheu, war time Colonel of the 319th Infantry. General Peyton and Father Wallace in the Reviewing Stand. These officers have real spirit, coming from far distances to be with their "boys" again.

The down-town Post of the V. F. W., the American Legion and the Aero Club of Pittsburgh, always have a big feast at the Nixon Cafe after the Armistice Parade. A table was occupied by I. K. Feather, Jack Sugden, Joe Stone and Ched. Johnston.

Ched. Johnston looks good again after his very serious illness, and we were indeed glad to know that Ched is back on the job again as Cashier of the Diamond National Bank of Pittsburgh.

Joe Stone has opened up a Bar-B-Que stand on the Nardine Road and invites the boys to stop in and crush a sandwich or two.

313TH FIELD ARTILLERY
Battery E



Above is the photo of little Joe Engleby, III., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Engleby, Jr., of 609 Madison Lane, Roanoke, Virginia. Joe says he is going to be a "General" in the next war just like his daddy.

314th Field Artillery

Adolph Gerwe, former Wagoner of Supply Company, 314th Field Artillery, attended the Johnstown Reunion and reports a very good time. Grewe is employed by the Auto Sales Company of Wheeling, W. Va., and is still single. In France, "once upon a time," he compared with the old sailor rep, "a girl in every port."

Ralph W. Wolfe, former Sergeant of Battery E, 314th Field Artillery, is in partnership with his brother-in-law who operates a service station on the Canton-Massillon, Ohio, highway where he will

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be pleased to meet his 80th Division buddies.

Walter C. Smith, former Major of Headquarters Company, 319th Infantry and Colonel of the U. S. Reserves, has been ordered to report for one year service at the War College, Washington, D. C., an honor well deserved for efficient ability displayed in active service abroad.

Earl Brandfass, former member of the 315th Field Artillery and Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, reports complete recovery from injuries received in an automobile accident some time ago in Detroit where he is employed by the Carle Conf. Supply Company.

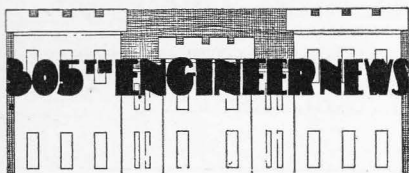
Harrison M. Pattison, former Bugler and Sergeant of Battery C, 314th Field Artillery, is back to hard labor after a short period of treatment in the U. S. Veterans Hospital.

Twelve years have passed since the last Christmas celebration of the 80th Division members in the various towns and hamlets in the 15th training area in France. Much credit is due the various mess officers and cooks for their efforts to give us the best possible assortment of food, and to make the day a happy one. No doubt most of us would like to re-live again that same experience just to mingle again with our buddies of the good old days. Oh well

Homer S. Cunningham, former Corporal of Battery E, 314th Field Artillery, reports a recent tour of New York and other big eastern states, through many sections where 80th vets reside but he lacked the exact locations of their "palatial domiciles." He also visited West Point and claims it is one of the most interesting and beautiful institutions of higher learning in the country. A big thrill was given him when he witnessed the football game between Army and Boston University there.

Harry Bucy, former genial cook of Supply Company, 314th Field Artillery and a regular attendant of all Divisional Reunions still resides at Wellsburg, W. Va. Reports from his home town are to the effect that he is still celebrating the recent American Legion Convention at Boston.

Former Comrades of Earl Gano, a member of the Band and Headquarters Company, 320th Infantry, will be sorry to learn of the loss of his beloved father and injury to his mother in an automobile accident near Aliquippa, Pa., his home town. Earl is married and employed by one of the railroads operating in that section.



The formal installation of officers of the New York Camp of the Society of the 5th Division was held on Monday evening, November 17, 1930, at the Hotel Lafayette in New York City. The installation was followed by a dinner and dance. Frederick Sonand, of 80 68th Street, Brooklyn, New York, formerly Sergeant Major of the 305th Engineers,

was elected 1st Vice-President. Among those present was Francis E. Bergeron also of the 305th Engineers, formerly of Pittsburgh but who is now living in Philadelphia.

In a recent letter from Frederick Sonand, he says, "It has been somewhat of a disappointment to me that in the past 12 years I have not had the good fortune to meet or hear from any of my comrades of the 80th Division. For that reason I am writing to you, hoping that through any means of communication you have, that I would welcome a line from any of my old comrades of the 305th Engineers. If you succeed in bringing this to the attention of my comrades I will be deeply indebted to you for this effort." Let him hear from you Engineers. His address is given above.

Company E

The members of the 80th Division extend to Comrade William F. Fitz sincere sympathy on the death of his beloved wife, Dorothy Colegrove Fitz, on Thursday, October 16, 1930.

HERE AND THERE

Harry J. Deon resides near Alexandria, Virginia. Since leaving the 80th Harry has been in the plastering business. Company D, 317th Infantry was his unit.

Robert G. Secrest, of Supply Company, 318th Infantry, is with the Buick Motor Company. His home is at 2725 Keller Avenue, Flint, Michigan.

Former cook of Company G, 318th Infantry, P. C. Lowery, now runs a tonorial parlor at Washington, D. C. His address is 814 L Street.

G. M. SHEADS,
Rockville, Maryland.

WIT AND HUMOR

Lieutenant (roaring with rage at steward): "Who told you to put those flowers on the table?"

Steward: "The Commander, sir."

Lieutenant: "Pretty, aren't they?"—*Pelican.*

Corp. Dumb—"Why don't you put on your slicker?"

Pvt. Dummer—"I can't. I got a book in one hand and it won't go through the sleeve."—*Sentinel.*

The colored top cutter was getting his outfit together for their first trip over the top. He wanted to be sure of his men so he said, "Niggahs, we are about to make our first trip through no man's land. If there is any man who does not want to go over, take one step forward.—Company, Halt!"—*Pa. Natl. Guard.*

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North Boroughs—629 Lincoln Avenue, Bellevue
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