



SERVICE

MAGAZINE

Volume Twelve

JANUARY-FEBRUARY

Number One





Professional and Business Directory of the Members of the 80th



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(The 80th Division Blue Ridge Communique)

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“THE 80th DIVISION ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD”

HERO RETURNS AFTER THIRTY YEARS

*Extract of the History of the Ninth United States Infantry—1799-1930

BY CAPTAIN FRED R. BROWN

WHILE these operations were in progress on the east side, constant scouting was carried on on the west and south coasts. The attention of the officers was also addressed to improving the orderliness and cleanliness of the towns. Natives taken as prisoners were required to do scavenger work, and the inhabitants were instructed to keep their respective abodes and the contiguous grounds and streets in clean condition. In the southwestern part of the island of Samar the occupation of the towns, was, however, especially resented, and it was there, on September 28th, that a treacherous attack resulted in almost complete annihilation of Company C, at Balangiga, the disaster being the worst of its kind that occurred through the islands.

Preceding this event the natives had evinced a threatening attitude at Basey, a bolo attack on a patrol resulting in the death of three men and wounding of a fourth. This occurred September 1st. A patrol under First Sergeant Willford, consisting of one Corporal and ten privates left Basey at 1:00 p. m. to inspect the new telephone line along the shore, six miles to a point opposite Tacloban, where it crossed the strait by cable. While returning, arranged in correct patrol order, with two men in advance and two a short distance in rear of the main portion, about 50 natives with bolos sprang from the reeds and tall grass at a point where the grass came close to the water's edge, many others remaining in the brush in support. While several crept up behind the two men in rear and slashed them with their bolos, others attempted to reach the men in front. But the cries of the men in rear gave warning just quickly enough to let the others realize the situation and open fire. Two other men besides those in rear were reached by the enemy's bolos, one of them receiving fatal wounds; but the rapid fire soon drove the enemy back, and the detachment took position to protect the dead and wounded, sending word to Basey. Lieutenant-Colonel Foote at once dispatched Captain Brookmiller, Lieutenant Drouillard, and 20 men to their aid, arriving about 8:00 p. m. The dead and wounded were then carried to Basey. Corporal John L. Weiss and Private Charles C. MacManius were dead, Private Jacob Settles mortally wounded, dying the next day at Tacloban, Leyte; Private James H. Swanton, less severely wounded. Seven bodies of the enemy were counted, but more were believed to have died, either from their wounds or from drowning; as many jumped into the water to escape the bullets. The number of the enemy wounded was not ascertained. The following morning Captain Brookmiller returned to the locality with 25 men, found the barrio deserted and burned it. He also, within the next few days, burned barrios up the Caducan and Iba Rivers, and on the coast southeast of Basey, ridding the country immediately of the enemy's lurking places and supply depots.

MASSACRE HERO REVIEWS OUTFIT

Survivor of Balangiga Fight Honored by Regiment

When Private Richard Considine, a cook in Company C, Ninth Infantry, stood throwing hot coffee and biscuits at howling natives swinging bolo knives with deadly effect in the Philippine Islands more than thirty years ago, he wasn't thinking of regimental reviews.

But he was honored at Treat Field at Fort Sam Houston when he stood beside Colonel John R. Kelly, commanding officer of the regiment, at the first formal parade this fall of the outfit of which his company is a part.

Considine was dishing out hot coffee and breakfast to soldiers of his company that day about thirty years ago when the bell of Balangiga sounded and scores of natives rushed on the unarmed soldiers and cut them down. Many a brave man lost his life that morning in the massacre, and Private Considine saved his own life by throwing the boiling coffee and the biscuits in the faces of the savages while he retreated to a baseball bat and shelter in a building.

Later Considine was mustered from service, but he was listed as dead.

Monday he walked into headquarters of his old company at Fort Sam Houston and announced he wasn't dead at all, "just wandering around."

Company officers welcomed him as did the soldiers now composing Company C. Considine was recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor as a result of his gallant fight with others at the massacre in the Philippines. But he didn't get the medal. He didn't get a pension, either, because it was believed he was dead. Now officers are working to obtain the medal and the pension for him.—SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS, NOVEMBER 2, 1930.

About the middle of the month Lieutenant Colonel Foote went by launch to Balangiga to inspect the location of Company C, and warned Captain Connell to be on his guard against treachery. The date of Company C's arrival at Balangiga was August 11th. The officers were Captain Thomas W. Connell, and First Lieutenant Edward A. Bumpus, Major Richard S. Griswold, Surgeon, United States Volunteers, was assigned as surgeon of the station. The company was landed at Balangiga without opposition, and the officials of the town professed friendship. The public buildings were appropriated for the use of the company, the upper part of the tribunal being used as barracks, and the lower floor as commissary storehouse, guard and prison room. The kitchen was in a building immediately in rear, large tents between the two buildings were used as mess rooms. Cronical tents were erected at the northwest corner of the main building as shelter for native prisoners, sentinel post No. 1 guarding them on one side and another sentinel (No. 4) on the other. Two small houses at a short distance were occupied as additional barracks, the main building

not being sufficient to accommodate the whole company. The tribunal faced an open square or plaza, and in front of it, on the opposite side of the plaza, was the church and the convent. The latter building was taken for the hospital, and the officers occupied one part of it as quarters. It was separated from the church by a narrow passage which was bridged by a closed hallway from the church on the level of the main floor of the convent, a staircase ascending from a door of the church to the level of the hall. A guard and sentinel were posted in the convent at the foot of an interior staircase, near a door looking out toward the plaza. This building which was on the south side of the church was slightly further back than the latter, and immediately in its rear was the river—a deep and rather rapid stream. A few yards below was a dock at which landing was made from barotas. Immediately in front of the church door was a large wooden cross, the stone base of which had crumbled somewhat, and to the left (north) side was the bell tower, a separate structure, about thirty feet high, holding several bells of different sizes, which were rung at stated hours of the day. The river flowed into a small open bay a short distance below the dock, and the bay, with a shelving beach, lay on the south side of the town. On the other sides the tangled tropical shrubbery bordered the town, and shrubbery about the native houses offered places of concealment.

This description and the facts of the attack are gathered chiefly from a report made by Captain Bookmiller, who went to Balangiga from Basey with most of his company the day following the attack, and from a report by Captain F. L. Palmer, who had command of Company C a few months later, and, under instructions from Manila, secured the narratives of all the survivors.

Captain Connell, with detachments of his men, scouted the country in the immediate vicinity of the town, destroying about 600 pounds of palay at Sitio Bigoto, about a mile and a half from the town, on August 29th. One or two of the expeditions extended to a distance of seven or eight miles, and on one occasion Captain Connell went in barotas with a party along the coast to Guian, twenty miles distant, in the opposite direction from Basey, at which place a company of the First Infantry was stationed. Several parties were sent in search of Private Denton who was missing. It developed later that this man actually deserted to the enemy. He was captured the following year, tried, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

The instructions to Captain Connell in occupying the town were those given generally, to endeavor to maintain friendly relations with the natives, to allow them to occupy their houses, and go about their usual business, to permit them to have possession of the church, and conduct their usual religious services. He kept on friendly terms with the Presidente and the native padre, requiring them to administer the duties of their offices, and to maintain a small

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police force of natives. He followed the usual custom in requiring the people to clean up their grounds, and he instituted rather extensive improvements in clearing the plaza of weeds and cutting down the thick brush that encroached on the borders of the town. The latter was undertaken, as a measure of safety, to remove possible hiding places of the enemy. In carrying on this work he employed a number of native prisoners whom he had confined in tents under charge of the sentinels, and also called upon the Presidente to furnish other men for the purpose. The daily gathering of men for the work finally served as the cloak under which a large number was introduced into the town, without suspicion, ready for the attack.

The night was clear and still. Nothing marred the quiet repose of the little garrison. One soldier, who was unable to sleep in the forepart of the night, and who sat at a window of the barracks looking out on the moonlit plaza, said he observed some figures at the church door. It was unusual for the natives to leave their houses after nightfall, but his suspicions were allayed by a soft chanting proceeding from the church, indicating that a few were joining in some religious service. The morning came, September 28th, and the usual reveille calls aroused the men, who lazily prepared themselves for breakfast. Already the natives were gathering for the day's work, and many were lounging about the plaza in groups of 15 or 20, their working bolos in their hands. The prisoners, of whom there were 64 in the guard tents the night of the 27th, were within a few feet of fifty or more bolos which they had thrown together in a pile for the night, near their tents. Captain Bookmiller, in his report, states regarding the prisoners as follows:

"On September 23rd Captain Connell had collected 78 natives of the town, and held most of them as prisoners for police work (cleaning up). During the next four days the town officials brought in prisoners from the country and nearly all of the prisoners living in town had been released, a number presenting themselves each morning for work. On September 27th the Chief of Police (native) informed Captain Connell that he would bring in more on the morning of the 28th. He sent in thirteen on the afternoon of the 27th, but he did not return with them. Sixty-four prisoners were held over the night of the 27th. These prisoners had been making nipa for the roof of barracks, and worked between the tents and the main building. The bolos used by these, fifty in number, were piled in front of building, three feet north of entrance."

Relative to the outbreak of the attack, this report continues as follows: "At 6:30 a. m., September 28th, breakfast time, a number of the prisoners were at work, and about twenty more had appeared voluntarily near Post No. 1, and the tents, apparently waiting to be set to work by the First Sergeant. The First Sergeant at this time was at breakfast in the kitchen. Nearly all of the men were at breakfast in tents in front of the kitchen. The men who lived in barracks No. 2, (Sergeant Betron's) were eating under this building. Some few were walking to or from the kitchen. At the guardhouse there were but the sentinel on No. 1, and the Sergeant of the guard. Private Gamlin, a member of the guard, had taken breakfast, gone to quarters in the main building to return his mess kit, and immediately relieved the sentinel on

No. 2 Post. When he was in quarters he saw no one in there. Corporal Burke, with others, were at breakfast under Barracks G. The Chief of Police came near him and leaned against pillar of building, then walked along Post No. 2 towards Barracks No. 3. As the sentinel passed him he seized the sentinel's rifle, gave a loud call, the church bells rang, and a rush was made by the natives simultaneously on the different barracks, officers' quarters, and on the men at the breakfast table and kitchen. The sentinel on No. 1 and the Sergeant of the guard were killed at once, and the native prisoners and others near rushed into main barracks. From the east of the kitchen the natives rushed upon the men at breakfast.

* * * *

At the officers' quarters, which was entered from the church, and rear by enemy, First Lieutenant Edward A. Bumpus, Ninth Infantry, and Major R. S. Griswold, surgeon United States Volunteers, were killed in their rooms. Captain Thomas W. Connell, Ninth Infantry, evidently jumped from window and was killed about twenty feet from the building. The two members of the guard were both killed at sentinel's post. Acting First Sergeant James M. Randles was killed at the kitchen."

The details of the plan of attack were evidently thought out with care and were well nigh perfectly arranged. The time was the breakfast hour, when the men were all assembled and absent from their arms, and the officers still sleeping. A certain number of individuals were assigned to assassinate particular persons, such as the sentinels on post, of whom there were four; one or two were to ring the bells as the general signal for the attack; the Chief of Police was to see that all were ready at their posts, and at the proper moment to call out to men at the bells, and at the same time grab the rifle of the sentinel on Post No. 2. Small groups were told to kill the officers, the Acting First Sergeant, and the few individuals who might be at the two outlying houses used as barracks. A large number were to be in the plaza near the entrance to the barracks, having their bolos in their hands as though ready to begin the work of the day, to rush in and up the stairs to the main dormitory to secure the arms and ammunition belts. With these the prisoners, most of whom had been brought in from the surrounding country during the few days immediately preceding, were to arm themselves. They were, doubtless, an organized lot of insurgents prepared to do the bidding of their leaders, and the fifty bolos, which they had been using at their work the day before were near at hand to be seized as they sprang forth from the guard tents. Finally a large number were assembled along the beach and in the grass and shrubbery among the houses, just south of the kitchen, to rush on the men at breakfast.

The Chief of Police, who gave the signal, doubtless looked over the ground to see that everybody was in readiness. At the last he was near Sergeant Betron's shack talking with Corporal Burke, leaning carelessly against a post. Five or six of the men who lived there had brought their breakfast from the kitchen, and were eating under the house. We may imagine that he saw the possibility of their getting at his rifles, and felt some uneasiness about it. The group of natives assigned to the house was, perhaps, too small, but they were ready, hiding close at hand, and the attack could

not be delayed. A few of the soldiers were already finishing their breakfast, two or three were passing from the breakfast table. Sergeant Sharer, who was Sergeant of the guard, had just returned to the guard room. The moment for action had arrived. The Chief of Police walked along the sentinel's post, Post No. 2, grabbed the sentinel's rifle as he passed him, and yelled. The bell ringers could see this, looking from the doorway of the bell tower across the plaza, and they heard the call. The bells clanged forth the terrible notes, and the rush was made. Then followed a few minutes of hurrying, rushing, fighting, staffing, cutting, in which all the officers and more than half the seventy-one men were killed, at least half of the remainder received serious wounds, and only four escaped without wounds of some nature. The assailants are believed to have numbered four hundred, and an estimate of the number killed, based on the statements of the survivors, is placed at about one hundred. The others were driven to cover. The failure of the enemy's plan to exterminate the garrison appears to be attributable to not assigning a large enough force to assault the two detached houses, Sergeant Betron's, No. 3, and Sergeant Markley's, No. 2. The assembling of seven or eight of Sergeant Betron's squad under their house to eat breakfast was not sufficiently provided against. These men engaged in hand-to-hand encounters in which all were more or less seriously wounded, but met with some success in getting at their rifles. Their fire drove off their immediate assailants. They then formed a rallying point for a few others. Sergeant Markley had also succeeded in getting his rifle at his own shack, No. 2. He, Corporal Irish, and Private Swanson, from that shack, and two or three from Sergeant Betron's, starting forth, relieved individuals here and there who had escaped death at the first onslaught and were hard pressed. Such escapes as were made elsewhere were usually attributable to the fact that the individual happened at the moment to be at some spot separated from the others, or succeeded at once in getting possession of some weapon—a club, a baseball bat, a carpenter's adze, or a kitchen knife, and with these stood off the assailants for the first few minutes. Most of the soldiers in the dining tents made a rush for the barracks to get their rifles, but this had been anticipated, and even before they could get to the staircase, that and the barrack room were swarming with natives, and they were set upon by the crowds that came in from the edges of the town. Still, a few succeeded in getting up in the building, and perhaps others would have done so if the broad ladder at the back of the building, which served as a staircase to one of the squad rooms, had not broken, precipitating the crowd of struggling natives and soldiers to the ground together. The few who got into the barracks were set upon by the natives who had preceded them, and were killed or badly wounded; two or three escaped death, however, by jumping from the windows, and then, although at once pursued, succeeded by one chance or another in warding off or dodging their assailants for the few minutes before the rifles at the detached houses began to have effect. The natives who got possession of rifles were unfamiliar with the mechanism of the bolt, and in the first few minutes could not operate it for loading. The Chief of Police who seized the sentinel's rifle could

not fire it, for, although the magazine was full, the cut-off was closed, and he did not know how to turn it.

Among those who fought individually and escaped was Sergeant John D. Closson, a tall powerful man, who was a match for several natives. He had a few minutes of desperate struggling alone, but soon united with three or four others, who working together, saved themselves. His account is as follows:

"I was seated at the south end of mess table when the ringing of the bell and the yell seemed to come together. I looked out and saw the natives coming towards us, and I jumped and ran to the back stairs of the barracks, reaching them at the same time with the natives. I ran upstairs and into the annex (M), pushing my way through the natives who did not attempt to bolo me. They were crowding in to get the guns. I got in and seized a gun, but somebody grabbed me from behind, and they were crowding so that I couldn't do anything, and they pulled me down onto the floor. Then all but three or four let go of me and went looking for rifles. I wrenched away and tried to get up. They tried to hold me. I hit at them with my fists and then they began to hit me with bolos. I thus received several wounds, the worst a severe cut in head over left temple. I was also stabbed by a stiletto. It entered behind left ear and came out of throat, severing a nerve and depriving me of all control over left side of face. Also had a couple of light wounds on top of head, another just above left elbow, and another across first and second fingers of left hand. I wrenched loose at last and got up, got hold of a stick and began fighting with that, when a native came into the annex from the main barracks with a rifle and belt in his hands. I knocked him down, grabbed the rifle and belt, and jumped out of north window of the annex to the ground. As I struck the ground two bolo men made for me. I struck one beside the head, knocking him down, but breaking the stock of rifle off at the smallest part. I didn't know the piece was loaded when I struck, but as I glanced at the broken stock I saw that the piece was cocked, so I took chances on its being loaded and fired at the other native, killing him. I opened the chamber, threw out the shell, and noticed that the magazine was loaded, but cut off. I loaded the piece from my belt and started for the corner of barracks. Some natives came around this corner. I turned down the magazine cut-off and turned loose on them, and they ran away. I then came around to main door, firing several more times as I saw natives, and at this door I met DeGrafenreid, Considine and Manire. They had a shovel and two spades with which they were hitting at the natives and trying to get into the hallway, the doors being closed from the inside and held by natives. I fired once or twice through the door. The natives let go and we forced the door open and drove the natives upstairs, firing into them and driving them off the stairs. At the top I found another rifle, which I gave to Manire, then I got another one for myself and gave Considine the one I had been using. DeGraffenreid also had a rifle now, so we fought on upstairs and kept firing, some natives jumping out the windows and others going into the orderly room. Through the cracks in the orderly room we could see it was crowded with natives, so we opened up on them, fourteen or sixteen were killed in there. Then we came downstairs and began firing at na-

tives on the plaza. Presently I started over towards the church to see about the officers and to see who was firing near the river, but met Corporal Hickman, who said officers were all dead. I made up my mind so many of our men had been killed we would have to go away."

Sergeant George F. Markley, also a large man, saved himself by his size and activity, and, after driving off his assailants, was one of those who started forth to relieve individuals. He describes his first few minutes as follows:

"I was on duty as barrack guard of my shack, No. 2, since 8:00 a. m., September 27th, and was not yet relieved at breakfast on the 28th, so I stayed in the shack as we had orders that the barracks were never to be left without a guard. I stood in the doorway looking about and hollered to Private Cain to hurry and get back so I could get breakfast. As he came towards my shack I started to go towards him, not waiting till he was clear there. I noticed a lot of natives about the guard tents and in front of barracks No. 27, and some on streets, too. As I passed Cain I said to him, 'The natives are back early today,' or something like that, and went on to breakfast. I was just holding out my plate to get my breakfast from Cook Walls when I heard a yell and the church bells began to ring. I was rather suspicious of the natives there anyhow, and I seemed to know at once that this meant an attack, so I yelled out 'Get your rifles, boys,' or something like that. I ran towards my shack, No. 2, passing between the kitchen, No. 11, and the mess tents, No. 10, and Private Wood ran by me. When I got out beyond the mess tents the whole place seemed to swarm with natives. I cut across the corner of the plaza towards my shack, and near it was a policeman (native) with a club in his hand. He started to hit me with it, but I threw my tin cup in his face and went by. As I got to the steps I saw a native with a bolo up on the porch. I gave a jump and landed on the porch by him. He struck at me and I caught his hand with my left hand and the bolo cut my fingers slightly. Then I hit him with my right fist, knocking him out into the road. My bunk was very near the door and I grabbed my rifle, which was loaded in chamber and magazine. There were four natives in the shack then, killing Private Vobayda, when they saw me they tried to jump out a hole on the north wall of the shack. I shot one and he fell out this hole and over Private Swanson, who had followed me to the shack (he lived there, too), but had gone around behind it as there were too many natives in front. Swanson then came in through this hole and as I saw him I turned to the south window. The native policeman who had struck at me before was still standing near the shack and not more than ten or fifteen feet away, so I shot him first. As I threw another cartridge into the chamber, Corporal Irish fell at the steps. I shot one of the natives, striking at him with a bolo, then the rest ran. I stepped out onto the porch and helped Irish, who was exhausted and crawling up the steps, and told him to get a rifle. Then from this same place I shot a native near the flag-pole; he had a rifle trying to use it; also one I saw running with a cartridge belt. Then I went in and put on my belt and got Swanson and Irish and we went across towards the main barracks, firing at natives in front of it."

Corporal Arnold Irish, who succeeded in reaching Sergeant Markley at his

shack, describes more particularly their firing, showing that they made a place for themselves and became a nucleus of safety for others, as follows:

"I was at breakfast and heard a yell and bells ringing. Looked out from under the tent at side and saw natives attacking a soldier. I then heard someone about the middle of the mess table yell out, 'They're in on us, run for your lives.' I looked around and saw natives surrounding the kitchen on north, east, and south; I looked about for something to defend myself with. Saw and picked up a wooden club—heavy cane. As I rushed out of the south end of mess tent two natives made for me with bolos. I hit one and dodged by the other and ran around south end of main barracks and on around to well. As I ran past the front of barracks I saw a big native policeman with a rifle he had just fired. I think it was Donahue he shot. I ran on toward the shack where I lived with Sergeant Markley. As I reached the corner, there were two natives behind me with clubs, and one came at me from the street, at my left with a knife. I hit him and tried to run up steps into the house but the stairs gave away and I fell, and the natives began to club me. I crawled up the remaining steps, and Sergeant Markley began shooting at the natives who ran. When I entered I saw Private Vobayda standing, leaning forward and gasping. He had been on guard the night before and had had breakfast early, and had been wounded at the first rush, and while rolling a cigarette, I guess, for papers and tobacco were scattered over his bunk where his rifle lay with a cartridge in the chamber, but the bolt open. 'Irish, I'm wounded; can't you do something for me?' he said as I came in. I said, 'I can't now, Frank, we are surrounded.' I then seized his rifle and knelt to fire out a window, and just then he fell dead to the floor, between the bunks. His wound seemed to be in the neck, which was bleeding profusely. I began firing at natives near main door of barracks, till the gun got too hot, then I changed it for my own, which was hanging up there. I must have fired fifty shots before the natives began to run. Sergeant Markley was there firing, too. Hearing no other rifles firing I thought we were the only ones left alive but soon heard some shots from Corporal Burke's shack. Then Markley and I jumped out onto the ground and started for Corporal Burke's shack. When near where Private Record lay, I saw Sergeant Betron, Corporal Burke and others near their shack firing at natives disappearing in brush east of the kitchen. I then started back towards main street, and just as I reached it I heard someone calling and thought it was the Captain. I called Sergeant Markley and we went over together towards the officer's quarters, but found it was Corporal Hickman calling. The Captain was dead and his body lay on the ground there. Seeing natives jumping into river beyond convent, Markley and I (Mumby had joined us, too) went to river bank and began firing at natives in the water."

The chief nucleus of safety was made, however, by the group at Sergeant Betron's shack, those who were eating there when the alarm was given. They were Corporal Burke, Musician Meyers, Privates Armani 2nd, Clark, Driscoll, Gibbs, and Stier. The natives were upstairs in the house ahead of them, and in the struggle all but Stier were more or less wounded, and Armani 2nd, and Driscoll

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BLUE RIDGE PERSONALITIES

CAPTAIN CARLO D. CELLA, prominent New York Attorney, and former Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association, is one of our foremost and popular Officers. A Reunion of the 80th would not be a success if Captain Cella were not present. Because he is an authority on parliamentary law his attendance at the meetings is "required."

In 1926 when the Association was moved back to Pittsburgh from Charleston, W. Va., Captain Cella was elected Commander. Plunging into the task of reviving interest in the organization, the membership of which was only a few thousand compared to the war-time total of 35,000 in the brief period of a year, Captain Cella succeeded in arousing the greatest enthusiasm, and today the organization is still "carrying on" as General Cronkhite always claimed it would. The "Service Magazine" is published bi-monthly without fail and each day the membership is growing rapidly. In matters pertaining to law or business Captain Cella cannot be surpassed. He has rendered the 80th's Association untold service and has lead it forward toward the goal for which it is striving.

Captain Cella was born in New York City, was educated in the public schools and later attended the DeWitt Clinton High School in New York City. After his graduation he entered Columbia University and received the degree of A. B. in 1908. He then entered Columbia Law School and graduated with the degree of L.L.B. in 1910. On leaving law school he went to work in the law office of Thomas F. Gilroy, Jr., where he remained until 1914, at which time he started out to practice for himself in the City of New York.

During this same year he joined the 1st Cavalry, New York National Guard, and in June, 1916, his regiment was ordered to the Texas border. He was stationed at McAllan, Texas, a group of shacks in the cactus and mesquite, about sixty-five miles up the river from Brownsville. He remained here until March, 1917, when he was then ordered back to New York and mustered out. His unit was one of the last to quit the border and had one of the longest stays of any National Guard unit. At the time he was a private, but on his return was made a corporal.

In May of 1917 he was ordered to the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Myer, Virginia, where, after three months of "squads east and west" and an attempt to digest countless military text books and pamphlets, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Cavalry on August 15, 1917. He was ordered to Camp Lee and with all the other cavalry officers was sent to the Depot Brigade to help train recruits. On December 31, 1917, he was made a First Lieutenant of Field Artillery.

About ten days before the 80th Division sailed for France, he was trans-

ferred to Division Headquarters as Assistant Division Adjutant. This, he told us later, was one of the greatest strokes of good luck he ever realized in his life. To him it meant that he was going to France as a member of our Division, then which, he considered, there neither was nor is a better.

Division Headquarters, together with the 318th Infantry, left Camp Lee on



CAPTAIN CARLO D. CELLA

May 20, 1918, and arrived at Hoboken on the 21st where the Division boarded the Leviathan. The ship sailed the afternoon of the 22nd, and after a pleasant voyage with an exciting ending, arrived at Brest on Decoration Day. On July 29, 1918, he was made a captain, which range he held to the end of the war. He had been everything from a buck-private to captain with the exception of a sergeant.

When the Division took part in the battle of St. Mihiel, Captain Cella was sent as the Division Liaison Officer to the II French Colonial Corps commanded by General Blondelat. He was one of the first Americans to enter the city of St. Mihiel after it was captured from the Germans by the French Colonial Corps.

On September 25, Captain Cella was sent as Division Liaison Officer to the 4th Division, then commanded by General Hines. The 4th Division P. C. was then Montzeville and was later moved to Cuisy, a town well known to every-

one. In the last drive, which began on November 1, he was sent as Liaison Officer to the First Corps commanded by Major General Dyckman, and he remained with them until the Division came out of the lines for the last time on November 7. He rejoined the Division at the famous dug-outs at the Abri St. Louis in the Argonne. He sailed with the Division from Brest in May, 1919, and then went to LeMans where he took up his duties with the R. R. & Co., with which Department of the Army he remained until July, returning to America on the "Imperator," the sister ship of the Leviathan. He left Brest August 3 and reached Hoboken August 10. It was the last trip the "Imperator" made under the American flag. He was discharged September 5, 1919, at the Port of Embarkation at Hoboken.

The following month he announced the opening of his law offices, and has been practicing this profession ever since.

Captain Cella is married and has four lovely children, Catherine Ebbert Cella, Elena, Carlo Jr. and Roberto Cella.

When he took office as Commander in 1926, Captain Cella called upon his friends of the 80th Division to join the Association and with the co-operation of all he fulfilled his promise to make it one of the finest organizations of its kind existing today.

Captain Cella has been active in the Association since its organization in France in 1919, has served on the Executive Council for a number of years, and prior to his election as Commander, held the office of Vice-Commander.

100,000 LOST SOLDIERS

Mothers and Wives Cling to Hope They Are Still Alive

Germany still is profoundly stirred by the mystery of what has become of the 100,000 World War soldiers of whom the last word heard was that they were prisoners of war.

Thousands of mothers and wives still cling to the faint hope that somewhere sons and husbands still live.

For years it was believed somewhere in frozen Siberia there must be a "lost" prisoners' camp, and wild speculations were made as to the possible whereabouts of the 43,251 German prisoners in France who have apparently disappeared.

A decade has brought no solution. The probability is that most of these men died during some of the epidemics that swept the world during the last stages of the war, and that failure to record their deaths was due to a fault natural at the time.

A number of former German prisoners of war in France joined the Foreign Legion. Some of the 51,213 "lost" prisoners in Russia may have settled there.

Eightieth Division Dead

Report includes only those deceased members interred in European Cemeteries survived by widow or mother.

No.	Organization	State	Cemetery
1	Co. I 318th Inf., Illinois	Illinois	Meuse-Argonne
2	Co. H 318th Inf., Illinois	Illinois	Meuse-Argonne
3	Co. D 315th M. G. Bn., Kentucky	Kentucky	Meuse-Argonne
4	Co. L 320th Inf., Maryland	Maryland	Meuse-Argonne
5	Bty. B 314th F. A., Maryland	Maryland	Meuse-Argonne
6	Co. G 318th Inf., Massachusetts	Massachusetts	St. Mihiel
7	Hq. Co. 319th Inf., Massachusetts	Massachusetts	St. Mihiel
8	Co. D 319th Inf., Massachusetts	Massachusetts	Meuse-Argonne
9	Co. B 314th M. G. Bn., Michigan	Michigan	Meuse-Argonne
10	Co. K 317th Inf., Minnesota	Minnesota	Meuse-Argonne
11	Hq. Bty. 315th F. A., Mississippi	Mississippi	St. Mihiel
12	Co. L 320th Inf., Nebraska	Nebraska	Meuse-Argonne
13	Co. C 305th Engrs., New Hampshire	New Hampshire	Meuse-Argonne
14	Hq. Bty. 314th F. A., New Jersey	New Jersey	Meuse-Argonne
15	Co. D 317th Inf., New Jersey	New Jersey	Meuse-Argonne
16	Co. M 318th Inf., New Jersey	New Jersey	Meuse-Argonne
17	Co. K 319th Inf., New Jersey	New Jersey	Meuse-Argonne
18	Co. B 305th M. S. Tn., New York	New York	St. Mihiel
19	Co. H 317th Inf., New York	New York	Somme
20	Co. L 319th Inf., New York	New York	Meuse-Argonne
21	Hq. Co. 320th Inf., New York	New York	Meuse-Argonne
22	Hq. Co. 318th Inf., North Carolina	North Carolina	Meuse-Argonne
23	Hq. Co. 317th Inf., North Carolina	North Carolina	Meuse-Argonne
24	Co. E 318th Inf., North Carolina	North Carolina	Meuse-Argonne
25	Bty. B 315th F. A., Ohio	Ohio	Meuse-Argonne
26	Co. K 319th Inf., Ohio	Ohio	Meuse-Argonne
27	Hq. Co. 319th Inf., Oklahoma	Oklahoma	Meuse-Argonne
28	M. G. Co. 319th Inf., Oklahoma	Oklahoma	Meuse-Argonne
29	Co. C 317th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
30	Co. D 318th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
31	Co. D 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
32	Co. E 318th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
33	Co. C 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
34	Bty. B 315th F. A., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
35	M. G. Co. 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
36	Co. L 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
37	Co. M 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
38	Co. H 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
39	Co. E 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
40	Co. L 317th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
41	Co. L 318th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
42	Co. H 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
43	Co. H 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
44	Bty. B 314th F. A., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
45	Co. G 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
46	M. G. Co. 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
47	Co. G 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
48	Co. B 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
49	M. G. Co. 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
50	Co. E 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
51	Co. G 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
52	Co. G 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
53	M. G. Co. 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
54	Co. L 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
55	Co. L 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
56	Hq. Co. 305th M. S. Tn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	St. Mihiel
57	Co. E 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
58	Co. E 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
59	Co. D 317th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
60	Co. C 315th M. G. Bn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
61	Co. M 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
62	Co. H 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
63	Co. M 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
64	Co. A 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
65	Co. M 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
66	Co. A 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
67	M. G. Co. 318th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
68	Co. A 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
69	Co. I 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
70	Co. A 305th Engrs., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
71	Co. A 305th Engrs. Tn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
72	Co. L 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
73	Co. I 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
74	Co. B 305th F. S. Bn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	St. Mihiel
75	Co. G 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
76	Co. E 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Aisne-Marne
77	Co. D 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
78	Med. Det. 305th F. S. Bn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
79	Co. D 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
80	Co. A 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
81	Co. I 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
82	Co. I 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
83	Co. K 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
84	Co. B 305th Amm. Tn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
85	Co. E 305th Amm. Tn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
86	Co. K 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
87	Co. I 318th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
88	319th Amb. Co. 305th S. Tn., Penna.	Penna.	Meuse-Argonne
89	Co. F 318th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Somme
90	Co. K 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
91	Co. L 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
92	Co. B 315th M. G. Bn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
93	Co. C 313th M. G. Bn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
94	Bty. D 315th F. A., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	St. Mihiel
95	Hq. Bty. 315th F. A., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
96	Co. C 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
97	Co. C 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
98	Co. I 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
99	Co. H 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
100	Med. Det. 318th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
101	Bty. D 313th F. A., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
102	Bty. F 313th F. A., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
103	Co. L 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
104	Bty. A 315th F. A., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	St. Mihiel
105	Co. K 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
106	Co. E 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
107	Bty. F 313th F. A., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	St. Mihiel
108	318th F. H. 305th S. Tn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
109	Hq. Co. 305th Engrs., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	St. Mihiel
110	Co. H 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
111	Co. A 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
112	Co. L 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
113	Co. L 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
114	Co. L 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
115	Hq. Co. 305th Amm. Tn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	St. Mihiel
116	M. G. Co. 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
117	Co. I 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
118	Co. A 313th M. G. Bn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
119	Co. D 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
120	Co. L 319th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
121	Co. D 315th M. G. Bn., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
122	Co. A 320th Inf., Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Meuse-Argonne
123	Co. F 317th Inf., South Carolina	South Carolina	Somme
124	Co. L 320th Inf., South Dakota	South Dakota	Meuse-Argonne
125	Co. C 315th M. G. Bn., Tennessee	Tennessee	Meuse-Argonne
126	Co. I 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
127	Co. A 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
128	Co. H 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
129	Co. E 319th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
130	Co. C 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Isolated
131	Co. H 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
132	Co. L 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
133	Co. D 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
134	Co. M 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
135	Co. D 319th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
136	Co. E 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
137	Co. G 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
138	Co. E 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Oisne-Aisne
139	Co. B 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
140	Co. C 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
141	Co. B 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
142	Co. F 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
143	Co. B 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	St. Mihiel
144	Co. B 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
145	Co. A 314th M. G. Bn., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
146	Co. K 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
147	Co. B 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
148	Co. D 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
149	Co. I 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
150	Co. A 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
151	Co. C 315th M. G. Bn., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
152	Co. M 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
153	Co. C 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
154	Co. F 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
155	Co. A 320th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
156	Co. E 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
157	Co. B 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Somme
158	Co. A 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
159	Co. A 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
160	Co. M 319th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
161	Co. I 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
162	Co. I 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
163	Co. D 318th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
164	Sup. Co. 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
165	Co. M 317th Inf., Virginia	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne

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PADRE'S CORNER

"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"

WAR brings many strange after-maths in its wake but I shall relate one incident which I hope will be of some interest to the men of the good old 80th Division. It was not an uncommon thing to hear of a soldier erroneously listed among those missing in action during the late World War, and we can even excuse such a mistake being made when you stop to consider the tremendous number of men involved in the late struggle and to remember also that "to err is human," I am very intimately acquainted with a former soldier of the 80th Division who was not only officially listed as "missing in action" but was moreover carried on the government records for eight weeks as "dead." Fortunately the young man is still very much alive and actively engaged in his life-work, although many of his friends mourned him as dead for a long time. I have heard him say many times jokingly in the words of Mark Twain that, "The reports of my death are greatly exaggerated," and he cheerfully furnished me with material for an interesting story. I shall adhere strictly to the truth as I learned it from himself. On November 2nd, 1918, while burying the dead with ten other members of a burial party at the cross-roads leading from Fleville to Sommerance he was overcome by an attack of mustard gas. He, together with five other men, were huddled into an ambulance and evacuated to the rear of the lines to a field hospital in the vicinity of Apremont and Chatel Chechery. Here he was given first aid and the next day sent further to the rear to a base hospital where he spent three weeks convalescing. During this same interval there was another man bearing exactly the same name and initials but of another division and regiment who was wounded and died shortly afterwards. Both these men were officers and consequently bore no serial number as was the custom and rule for the enlisted men. In transmitting the name of the dead officer to General Headquarters in France there, no doubt, was the first error in confusing the identities of the two men. After three weeks the surviving officer, the subject of our story, returned to his regiment and much to his surprise, learned that his commanding officer had been apprized of his supposed death and held a memorial service in his honor. To add further confusion to the premature death notice and as sort of a confirmation of its veracity, a member of the regiment had received an extended obituary notice clipped from a Pittsburgh paper, extolling the career of the so-called dead man. I happen to know and to have seen the man upon his return from the hospital and I distinctly recall that he looked more like a corpse than a human being. You can imagine the shock and surprise we experienced in welcoming again to our ranks, "The Man Who Came Back." In the meantime Washington had been duly notified and the tragic and ill-founded report went on its way. The family of the supposedly dead officer was duly notified while the local press carried many extended

notices of the "deceased." The man in question occupied in civil life a public position and is well known in his community. The press throughout the country then took up the story and such headlines and captions as the following were flashed as far west as California: "Camp Lee Officer Slain By The Huns," "Lieut. So-and-So Dies from Gas Attack," "First So-and-So To Die in France," etc. I have seen about ten different obituary notices describing in detail the life and career of the so-called deceased hanging on the wall of his library, surmounted by a large mournful looking black crepe used at his memorial funeral obsequies. These trophies, my friend, jokingly calls his morgue. Underneath these lugubrious trappings is an inscription which caused me some mirth: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." If the horrible mistake had ended there, matters would not be so bad but, "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions," an aged Mother too frail to stand the shock, succumbed shortly afterwards. An elaborate military funeral consisting of a detachment of soldiers and a full regimental band from a nearby army reservation assisted at the obsequies of the supposedly dead man. A Solemn Requiem Service, at which the Pastor of the "deceased" delivered an eloquent funeral eulogy, showed the respect and esteem in which our friend was held. Fraternal and religious societies of the city in which our friend resided properly inscribed his name among the honored dead. Strange to relate one civic body in erecting a granite monument in one of the public squares of the city, attached a bronze plaque with the names of those who made the supreme sacrifice and "Lo! Ben Adhem's name leads all the rest." A life insurance company, priding itself on its traditional promptness in making settlements, adds further to the confusion by promptly living up to its reputation. A series of complications, some embarrassing, others causing much added sorrow followed one another in quick succession. A company specializing in selling mausoleums sends the stricken family a combination circular, first, offering its sympathy, then asking the honor of erecting a suitable monument over the grave of the deceased at the lowest prices. Many persons sentimentally inclined tenderly beg a memento of the deceased. Hundreds of letters of sympathy and telegrams of condolence reached the bereaved's family from every part of the country. Magazines take up the thread of the story and prolong the anguish unduly. Book concerns write the family for further information of the life of the dead hero. A retired Rear Admiral of the Navy sends a questionnaire respectfully begging the family to fill out the same for the files of a patriotic society. Hundreds of sympathetic friends call to pay their respect to the memory of the deceased and ask details of his death. Anxious Mothers having sons at the front come to offer their condolence to the bereaved family. The far-sighted salesman sees an opportunity to commercialize this unusual event in the community in a unique way and the sorrowing

family is shocked a week later to see the likeness of their hero sold in public, both in photographic and lapel button form. This confusion lasted eight weeks before the egregious blunder was cleared up, and in the most unexpected manner. A gentleman coming from the West to New York accidentally picked up an old newspaper containing a reference to the subject of our story and he was immediately struck with the striking similarity between the deceased and his brother who was also an officer in France. In discovering that the names and initials coincided exactly his anxiety prompted him to get in touch immediately with members of the family of the deceased. After a conference with the family an investigation was begun to ascertain the true facts. Telegrams to the War Department at Washington shattered the forlorn hopes of the distressed Mother and served only to augment her sorrow. The gentleman from the West was not satisfied and still persisted in pursuing the matter further by going personally to the War Department. His perseverance and insistence were sadly rewarded by discovering that the dead hero was none other than his own son. Washington immediately sent a profuse telegram of apology to Mrs. X and family, deploring the egregious blunder made in causing her such distress. One of the most unique souvenirs of the war which hangs on the wall of Lieut. X's study is the original telegram from the War Department announcing his death and the subject of our story is none other than,

Your Old Padre,

Requiescat In Pace.
PADRE.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE BONUS AGAIN UP TO ASSEMBLY

Whether voters shall be asked to decide upon bonding the state for \$50,000,000 for a bonus for Pennsylvania war veterans, is placed squarely before the 1931 legislature in a proposed constitutional amendment offered by Representative Arthur Storer, Allegheny County, twice before, once by courts, once by the legislature, the pension proposal was kept off ballots because it was in conflict with bond issues for highway improvements.

The bonus amendment was passed by the 1929 session, and if the duplicate which Storer presented is approved at this session, the question will go before voters in November, 1933. If defeated at this session, it cannot be considered before 1938 at the earliest. The present amendment does not conflict with the road loans.

The Storer resolution proposes \$50,000,000 in bonds to pension veterans of the World and Spanish-American wars, and expeditions to China, the Philippines and Guam.

The Meuse-Argonne Memorial, designed by John Russell Pope, of New York, is being erected on the Hill of Montfaucon in the Meuse-Argonne Cemetery near Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, 23 miles northwest of Verdun. This is the largest of the eight A. E. F. burial grounds, containing the graves of 14,183 men, of whom 458 are unknown. Foundation troubles due to subterranean passages have delayed work on the memorial column and it is not expected to be completed for some time.

Keep your subscription paid up.

OBSERVATIONS

WELCOME to the New Year—1931! May its future months increase steadily in prosperity and happiness to all. Although 1930 is a thing of the past, yet it has bequeathed us a somewhat blurred silhouette. Those among us having steady employment should consider themselves very fortunate. And what about the other fellow to whom fortune has not been so kind? To be deprived of the means of a livelihood is a critical point in any man's life.

General Pershing's story of his experiences in the World War is appearing, serially, in one of Pittsburgh's evening newspapers. Although this follows the publication of several other volumes on the war, written by noted participants, the Commanding General's story, to the ex-service man, will bear the official stamp.

Spring will bring with it a host of company and separate unit reunions and banquets. If your old outfit is not so organized, now is the time to bring it back to life again. One comrade with a little interest in his old outfit is the only initial requirement to start the ball rolling. This Spring will see two companies of the 320th Infantry staging their thirtieth annual reunions on separate dates in Pittsburgh.

Believe it or not! An ex-gob, stranded in the golden triangle, was given the price of a couple of meals and a place to sleep. His appreciation warmed up by way of conversation while his benefactor was awaiting a long delayed bus. It appears that after the war the sailor shipped on a freighter in the Far East trade. To make a long sea tale short, he related that early one morning he opened the ship's ice-box twelve hours too late, and with the opening of the heavy door, out dropped a smuggled, frozen stiff chinaman. This sudden demise of the oriental cancelled the necessity of smuggling him into another port, and he was nonchalantly despatched down to Davey Jones' locker. And three of the ship's personnel were well paid for the contract which went awry, for accidents will happen.

The above smuggling yarn brings to mind the attempt of an infantry company to smuggle its mascot, Pete, a bull dog, into sunny France by way of the Duc Degla d'Abruzzi. The ruse was nipped in the bud, and in accordance with army regulations, our late General Brett had the unpleasant duty of ordering Pete's immediate transfer to the briny deep. The instigators of the plot—250 of them—honored Pete as a company hero.

A DOUGHBOY.

HERO RETURNS AFTER THIRTY YEARS

(Continued from Page 6)

were so seriously injured that in subsequent encounters they lost their lives. The accounts of this struggle are unfortunately very meagre, but it appears that Corporal Burke, in a desperate determination to do and die, jumped at the throat of one of his assailants, threw him to the floor, rolled over and over with

him, and in doing so came in reach of a loaded revolver, which he seized and fired, killing his opponent. This shot, and those of Sergeant Markley's were the first ones heard. Gradually the group of men fighting for their lives, gained the mastery, secured their rifles and belts and, firing from the windows, drove to cover all who showed themselves. The sounds of firing from this shack attracted thence men who had held their own near the barracks. Sergeant Betron, Privates Mumby and Gamlin, and Sergeant Markley, Privates Irish and Swanson, started over from their shack. But Sergeant Markley, hearing a voice from the direction of the officer's quarters, turned out on the plaza, and calling to others to join him, started toward the convent to render assistance to the officers. But the officers had already fallen; they were all dead. Lieutenant Bumpus and Dr. Griswold had been killed in their rooms. Captain Connell had jumped from the window and started for the barracks, but was immediately set upon by three natives and killed after going a few steps. The natives had entered the upper floor of the convent by the staircast, ascending from the side door of the church. A sufficient number had been told to conceal themselves in the church, and their ascent was unopposed, no sentinel being placed at that point. A sentinel at the foot of the main staircase had been dispatched at once, as had another member of the guard off duty and sleeping. The corporal of that detached post, Hickman, chanced to be sitting upstairs at a table at a rear window, and although separated from his rifle, and having no weapon, he succeeded in eluding the natives, and was one of four who was uninjured. Private Bertholf, who was the officers' cook, and a small native boy named Francisco, whom they employed, although set upon from two sides, escaped by jumping from a balcony at the rear. Bertholf had grabbed his rifle and belt. In trying to load it he jammed a cartridge. Corporal Hickman joined him, set it right, and the two men and boy, with the one rifle, made a defensive group which kept off the enemy long enough to enable the fighting squads at the two distant shacks to get in their ringing blows. It was Corporal Hickman's voice that was heard by Sergeant Markley, calling for aid. The natives were now on the run. Some were swimming the river, and Markley, with the four or five who had rifles, coming up at Hickman's call, opened on them and killed many. The natives in the barracks were now stampeded. Many of them jumped out of the windows, throwing out rifles and belts as they did so, and fifteen or twenty barricaded themselves in the orderly room at the end of the barracks. Here they were found by Sergeant Closson and the men who were fighting with him, and all were eventually killed, through the partition. Those who jumped out ran off. One or two of the surviving soldiers armed themselves from the rifles lying on the ground. Markley and his men, after finishing with the natives in the river, and hearing cries toward the bay shore, ran that way, drove off a deployed line of natives lying along the crest of the beach, killed a number, and rescued one of the three soldiers, Claas, who were in the bay, pursued by natives in barotas. The others had already been stabbed and had sunk.

The soldiers were now in possession of the plaza; the natives had all been

driven to cover. Markley posted men to watch the streets and all others set to work to aid the wounded. Sergeant Betron was the senior surviving non-commissioned officer, and he decided the best thing to do was to get away from the town. Of the total number of the garrison, including three officers, and one Hospital Corps private, seventy-four in all, five were uninjured (Corporal Hickman, Privates Bertholf, Clark, Stier and Wingo), twelve were slightly wounded, (Sergeants Betron and Markley, Corporal Burke, Cook Walls, Privates Allen, Considine, DeGraffenreid, Gibbs, Irish, Mumby, Quala, and Swanson); all others were killed or so severely wounded as to be practically helpless, and requiring medical attention. There were nineteen of the severely wounded, of whom ten finally recovered (Sergeant Closson, Corporal Pickett, Musician Meyers, Privates Claas, Keller, Manire, Ralston, Uhtof, Marak, and Gamlin). Three officers and thirty-five men were killed in the fight, nine died in route to Basey or in hospital, and one, who escaped from the fight uninjured, Wingo, was lost enroute, either drowned or killed.

Although the manful struggle for supremacy resulted for the moment in victory for the small band of surviving soldiers, flight to Basey seemed imperative. No doubt the decision to abandon Balangiga was brought about as much through consideration for the wounded as from motives of personal safety. Many wounded needed immediate attention the surgeon and his Hospital Corps man were both dead. It was reasonable to suppose that the several hundred natives who had escaped into the surrounding jungle would return to the attack, and would come next time armed with the rifles which they had secured from the barracks. How could they be successfully opposed by so few survivors? What hope was there for relief appearing at that remote place? Could any one be spared to go for help? Sergeant Betron gave orders to secure what boats there were at the landing and placed a sentinel over them. Cook Walls was instructed to get hardtack, water and ammunition, and a systematic inspection of the fallen was made to see if any were still alive. The severely wounded were carried to the landing and placed in the boats, the barracks were ransacked for rifles and all that could not be carried away were rendered unserviceable by disassembling the bolts and throwing the parts into the bay. The company records were secured, but in the confusion of other preparations they were afterwards misplaced and forgotten. An effort was made to burn the barracks, but the hard wood, of which the floors, doors and beams were constructed, would not easily catch fire, and in the haste of departure the effort was, unfortunately, abandoned. Consequently the subsistence stores, boxed rifles and ammunition which were stored in the lower part of the building, fell into the hands of the enemy. It was calculated that they secured fifty-two serviceable rifles and twenty-six thousand rounds of ammunition. The flag was hauled down by Private Wingo and brought away.

The boats which the men found at the dock and up the river were taken down to its mouth, after several of the most severely wounded had been placed in them, and the other men embarked from the beach. They were barotas with outriggers. One was a large boat and car-

(Continued on Page 25)

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

A DEBT OF HONOR

Payment of Bonus Now Would Provide Needed Assistance to War Veterans.

Justice, not charity, demands the payment of the veterans bonus now.

Now is the time the veterans urgently need the assistance which the immediate settlement of this just debt would give them.

And the dictates of common sense reinforce the demands of justice. Because now is the time when the whole country would benefit by the large amount of money which the payment of the veterans' bonus would quickly put in circulation.

We acknowledged the justice of this debt when our representatives in Congress passed the adjusted service bill over a presidential veto nearly seven years ago.

By this legislation we provided adjusted service certificates for all veterans of the great war below the rank of major in the Army and lieutenant-commander in the Navy.

These certificates constitute 20-year endowment policies. They vary in amount according to the veterans' ages, length of service, and service overseas or at home. The average amount is \$1,012.

Holders of these certificates can make annual loans upon them, either from the Veterans' Bureau or from banks.

How badly the veterans need the assistance which the redemption of these policies now would provide is shown by the fact that most veterans are taking cash for their certificates every year instead of holding them for their final redemption value.

Loans on 2,523,000 policies had been made by the Veterans' Bureau up to November 1 last. How many other loans have been made by banks can only be estimated.

Our head servants at Washington have repeatedly admitted the economic wisdom of large expenditures for public works to reduce unemployment, increase consumption, stabilize production and encourage a general revival of business.

As its contribution the federal government is now engaged upon the greatest program of waterway, harbor, flood-control, public building, highway and airway improvement in all our history.

State and municipal governments are supplementing this federal program by building programs of their own—all for the purpose of helping men out of work to get work, helping workers to hold their jobs, helping to provide a market for the products of agriculture, commerce and labor, and helping to revive business.

These public works are needed. Equally needed is the immediate assistance which the payment of the veterans' bonus now would provide for our defenders with the colors in the great war.

Let us pay this debt of honor and meet the demands of justice.

Let us enable the veterans to put this

vast sum of money into circulation NOW and obey the dictates of common sense.

By going quickly to the assistance of the veterans we shall help the entire household of the nation that they offered their all in the great war to defend.

Courtesy of Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.

"ALL IS NOT GOLD"

Fear that demands for immediate cash payment of more than \$3,000,000,000 of veterans' bonus certificates would threaten the government's regular financing operations has already become a fact. During last week there was a serious market decline in governmental bonds, representing the worst break in ten years.

With government bonds in such a state, it requires no imagination to see what would happen if the proposed bonus bond issue—the largest bond issue in our history with but one exception—were dumped on the market. As it is, bankers believe the Treasury Department will have difficulty in March with its previously announced refunding of two issues of treasury notes, a \$1,100,000,000 operation.

Not only the government is suffering, but the private bond market as well. Recently a selected list of rail, utility and industrial bonds fell below the 1930 low levels.

Those veterans who like to believe that all of this has nothing whatever to do with them, are overlooking the very big fact that unemployed veterans cannot get jobs until there is a business revival.

The chances for a quick return to prosperity are none too bright. And the prospect will be dark, indeed, if a flooded bond market prevents industry from initiating new business projects this spring.

The cash value of the individual bonus certificate is so small that it cannot possibly compensate the unemployed veteran who would thereby ruin his chance of getting a job this spring.

It is easy enough to make an appeal for cash for the veteran. But the veteran who stops to think twice will have time to remember the ancient wisecrack that all is not gold that glitters.

—Courtesy Pittsburgh Press.

GOOD SHOOTING BY DOUGHBOYS

The present-day American retains the straight-shooting heritage of his pioneer forefathers. This fact was emphasized by Major General Stephen O. Fuqua, chief of infantry, in announcing that out of 24,742 doughboys, 23,414 qualified as marksmen or better last year.

Of those who qualified, 3,772 were rated as expert riflemen, entitling them to \$5 per month additional pay; 6,667 qualified as sharpshooters, giving them \$3 extra, while 12,975 qualified as marksmen.

During the past year 94.63 per cent of the men qualified, as against 93 per cent in 1928 and 91 per cent in 1927.

DO YOU KNOW?

(Reprint from "Foreign Service")

That any world war veteran is eligible to apply for government insurance to the minimum amount of \$100 and a maximum of \$10,000.

That the U. S. veterans' bureau made a total of 950,252 physical examinations during the preceding fiscal year, an increase of 60,232 over the preceding year.

That the U. S. veterans' bureau has in operation 80 dental clinics—47 of which are in veterans' hospitals and 33 in regional offices.

That tuberculosis is the major disability in 20% of the total veterans' bureau cases in which compensation is paid, neuropsychiatric diseases in 21%, and general medical and surgical in 59%.

That the payment of death compensation to the children of deceased veterans can be paid beyond the age of 18 for three years to those children who desire to continue their education.

That the dependents of a World War veteran who died in the service are entitled to receive the \$60.00 cash bonus ordinarily granted by the government to World War veterans upon their discharge.

That the dependents of a World War veteran whose unexplained absence from his family and home has continued for a period of seven years or more may file a claim for benefits under the adjusted compensation act within one year after the date of expiration of the seven-year period on or before Jan. 2, 1935, whichever is the later date.

That in Arizona, all Civil War and Spanish-American War veterans, plus World War veterans who are receiving compensation or a disability allowance are granted tax exemption to the sum of \$5,000.

That a veteran of the Spanish American War and the Philippine Insurrection is entitled to receive a pension of \$30.00 per month when he becomes 62 years of age, irrespective of his physical condition.

That in Oklahoma any needy or disabled ex-service person may obtain a permit to hawk or peddle without securing a license.

That the "Do You Know" department and similar information in Foreign Service has swamped national headquarters with approximately 2,000 inquiries during the past two months seeking information and assistance.

—The Veteran.

EIGHTIETH HEADLINERS

MALONE GETS IMPORTANT CABINET POST

Hon. James F. Malone, former President of Pittsburgh City Council, and Honorary Member of the 80th Division Veterans Association, was named Secretary of Property and Supplies by Governor Pinchot.

In making the appointment Governor Pinchot said:

"I announce with real satisfaction that the Honorable James F. Malone, of Pittsburgh, has accepted the post of Secretary of Properties and Supplies in the new cabinet.

"Mr. Malone has very unusual qualifications for the work of his department. He has had great experience in similar work in the City of Pittsburgh and his high standing as a citizen and as a business man fits him especially for dealing with the problems ahead which are largely business problems.

"I congratulate myself heartily upon his acceptance of this difficult and responsible post."

For the last nine years Mr. Malone has been a member of the Pittsburgh Planning Commission. Mr. Malone is married and has two children, a daughter, Mrs. George J. Day, and a son, James F. Malone, Jr., who is a member of the Allegheny County Bar.

Mr. Malone will take over the duties of B. E. Taylor, of Jefferson County, who had charge of the great building program inaugurated by Governor Fisher four years ago. The Department is now one of the most important at the Capitol. It not only has charge of all land purchases, property maintenance, and new building, but it makes all the purchases of supplies for all the State institutions and is in charge of the Bureau of Publications, the printing branch of the government.

INDIAN WORLD WAR SCOUT IS PATIENT IN HARRISBURG HOSPITAL

A wanderer whose travels have taken him into every State in the Union, Chief C. W. Taylor Running Wolf, a Mescalero Indian, who, it is stated, was a former scout for the 80th Division in '17 and '18, is a patient in the Polyclinic Hospital, forced by illness to remain idle.

Chief Running Wolf visited Harrisburg three weeks ago in search of employment. He became ill and was forced to go to the hospital for treatment. He is married, is 51 years of age and the father of three children. The Indian Chief tells many interesting incidents of his travels throughout the nation.

He was born on the Mescalero reservation, New Mexico, in 1879. His mother, who is 100 years old, is still living on the reservation. His wife, son and two daughters, C. W. Taylor Running Wolf, Jr., 20; Evelyn, 19, and Alma, 18, came here from the reservation when they learned of his illness.

COLONEL WILLIAM H. SANDS ORDERED TO ACTIVE DUTY ON GENERAL STAFF

Colonel William H. Sands, formerly Lieutenant of the 315th Field Artillery, now commanding the 111th Field Artillery, Virginia National Guard, and who holds that rank in the Field Artillery Reserve of the United States Army, has been ordered to active duty for six months as a member of the General Staff of the War Department in Washington, D. C., beginning June 1.

A Washington dispatch to the Virginian-Pilot said that only a limited number of officers from the reserve corps are assigned to General Staff duty and that it was quite a distinction to be among them, such selection indicating a high opinion of the record and ability of the civilian soldiers thus designated.

Colonel Sands, who is an attorney, began his military activities as a member of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues in 1910 as a private. He went to the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Meyer in May, 1917, and was appointed a second lieutenant of field artillery in August of the same year, going to Camp Lee, where he was assigned to the 315th Field Artillery, 80th Division. He served with this regiment through the World War, taking part in the Meuse-Argonne offensive as a first lieutenant, having been promoted in February, 1918. While in France he attended the firing schools at Camp de Coetquidan and Camp de Meunon.

Upon his discharge from active duty in May, 1919, he moved to Norfolk and made his residence there. He was elected and then appointed captain of Battery "B" Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, in May, 1922, shortly after that unit was reorganized. He was promoted to major and command of the First Battalion of the 111th Field Artillery in November of the same year as other units were reorganized and then moved up to lieutenant-colonel and the colonel in command of the regiment in 1924 when the late Col. McChesney Jeffries, then regimental commander, resigned. He has been in command of the 111th Field Artillery since.

Colonel Sands is a graduate of the Special G-2 Course of the Army War College, 1928-29, and a graduate of the Special Command and General Staff Course at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., in 1929. He has attended summer encampments of his regiment at Fort Bragg, N. C., three years and at Tobyhanna, Pa., during the past five years. Last year he also was present at the Third Corps Command Post Exercises at Fort Meade, Md., where the 111th command post was regarded among the best in the exercises.

Colonel Sands said, when advised of the orders by the Virginian-Pilot, that he would report at Washington June 1 as ordered.

During his absence, he said, Lieut. Col. S. W. Ironmonger, also of Norfolk, will be in command of the 111th Field Artillery. Colonel Ironmonger commanded

the regiment last summer at Tobyhanna while Colonel Sands was at Camp Meade and probably will be in command again during the 1931 encampment in July.

80TH JUDGE PASSES DOWN DECISION ON 18TH AMENDMENT

Judge William Clark, of New Jersey, whose name appeared on the front page of almost every newspaper in the land a few weeks ago, because he held the 18th Amendment invalid, was Adjutant of the 314th Field Artillery, 80th Division. Thus rises a new 80th celebrity! Judge Clark is the youngest member of the Federal bench—not yet forty, tall, angular, scholarly and the heir to millions. He announces to the world that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment is invalid. He argues that such a proposal as nation-wide Prohibition calls for the method of constitutional amendment by State Conventions rather than by the optional method of ratification by State Legislatures, which was used in the case of the Eighteenth and all other amendments to the Constitution.

His decision has created national comment and the outcome is awaited with great interest.

FORMER 320TH INFANTRY MEMBER PITTSBURGH GOLF PROFESSOR

George McBride, the Country Club's Beau Brummel professional, might have been another Hans Wagner or a Joe Tinker had he followed up his boyhood endeavors. Then again he might not have gotten as far as Podunk. But the fact remains that this quiet and unassuming golf professor was one of the most promising prospects around the sandlot circuit during his days at Fifth Avenue High School. But maybe George got a good break when he decided to turn his attention to golf. He has more than made good at the royal and ancient sport. This his present position attests.

During his high school days George divided his leisure hours between the diamond and Schenley Park's golf course. When he needed some extra spending money he would trek out to Schenley, not far from his home, and hire out as a caddy, for in those years there was no compensation for the sand-lotters. George took a fancy to the game and it wasn't long until he became quite proficient with the clubs, and devoted most of his time to golf.

In the meanwhile his late brother, Bill, had been Schenley's professional and he saw in his younger brother a capable assistant. George was given the job. This was in 1912. He remained in that capacity three years, during which time his work and play attracted the attention of the Edgewood Country Club officials and George was tendered the post as professional in 1915. His work at Edgewood was interrupted by the entrance of Uncle Sam in the World War and in 1917 George joined the army and went overseas with Company H, Three

Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, 80th Division. While abroad the company organized a baseball team and George was among those selected, along with Joe Harris, veteran major leaguer, who was a member of the company. When George returned from the service his job awaited him at Edgewood. He remained at Edgewood until 1923, accepting a call to the Lakewood Golf Club at Kansas City. One year was enough to be so far away from home and George returned in 1924 to take a job at the Montour Heights Country Club where he functioned until going to his present post in 1926.

George has not done much in the way of winning championships, but he has been a conspicuous figure in competitive play hereabouts for a long time. He is especially noted for his terrific and accurate driving, and 'tis the driver that is his pet bludgeon. George gets a bigger kick out of a long, straight smash down the fairway than he does when he cuts a stroke or two off par.

SHERMAN WAS RIGHT

*Who left his family, job and all,
Who hastened to answer his country's call,
Who saw his buddies hit, and fall?
THE SOLDIER.*

*Who slept amongst the mud and coots,
And had to shine the Looie's boots,
Who had to stand the Sergeant's hoots?
THE SOLDIER.*

*Who went out into No Man's Land,
To meet the Jerries hand to hand,
Who never failed to make a stand?
THE SOLDIER.*

*Who helped to rebuild France's roads,
And carry many a pack mule's loads,
Who was stepped on like the ornery toads?
THE SOLDIER.*

*Who came back home to take his job,
But became just one more in the milling mob,
Who in the mad sea began to bob?
THE SOLDIER.*

*When they passed a Compensation Bill,
Who raised merry Cain on Capitol Hill,
Said the Soldiers were looting the Country's till?
?*

*And now that they want to pay it in cash,
Who says we are sending our Company to smash,
Who claims we will have a financial crash?
?*

*But if we get into another big scrap,
Who will offer his other cheek for the slap,
And onto his back the old pack strap?
THE SOLDIER.*

J. R. G.



JOHNSON, ROBERT F., formerly Lieutenant, Company L, 318th Infantry, and Company A, 116th Infantry, Virginia National Guards, died in the hospital in Danville, Saturday, Dec. 27, 1930. Lieutenant Johnson died from injuries received when struck by a street car Tuesday, December 23. He went with the local military company to Schoolfield for military service incident to the strike of the workers in the Dan River Cotton Mills, and was in charge of a patrol of guardsmen when the fatal accident occurred. It is said that an approaching train prevented his hearing the street car and he stepped back onto the tracks and was knocked down by a car operated by G. H. Hylar. When the accident first occurred it was thought that the injuries were only slight, but Mr. Johnson, from the first seemed to know that his injuries would be fatal. Mrs. Johnson went to Danville after the accident and was with her husband at the time of his death.

Lieutenant Johnson was about 42 years of age and was born and reared near Davis Mill. He was the youngest child of Mrs. Callie Pullen Johnson, and the late Robert A. Johnson. Surviving are his wife who was Miss Florence Saunders before marriage, and two small children, Frank and Ann. His mother, a brother J. Moorman Johnson, and a sister, Mrs. Parker Walker, all of Bedford, also survive.

He was a member of Morgans Baptist church, but attended the Christian church. He was actively connected with the business and political affairs of the town and county. He was a member of the firm of the Peoples Garage, Inc., and had been in business for a number of years. He was a member of the town council of Bedford, having led the ticket in the town election last June, and was also a member of the Volunteer Fire Company of Bedford. He was drum major in the celebrated Bedford Firemen's Band and on account of his fine physique filled that position admirably. He was a member of the local lodge of Masons and of the Rotary Club of Bedford.

Funeral services were conducted from the residence on Longwood Avenue, Sunday afternoon, by Rev. F. A. Blosser, of the Christian church, assisted by Dr. H. P. Clause, of the Baptist church, Rev. W. E. Thomas, of the Methodist church, and Dr. J. H. Grey, of the Presbyterian church.

JERPE, NEWTON A., Private, Company A, 317th Infantry, died December 23, 1930. Funeral from his home at 5129 Kent Wav, Pittsburgh. He is survived by his parents. Interment in the Allegheny Cemetery.

FRAGOMENI, FRANK, formerly of Company B, 317th Infantry, died on December 26, 1930, at his home at 339 Monongahela Ave., Glassport, Pa. He is survived by his wife. Interment in the Versailles Cemetery.

METZ, ADOLPH W., formerly Private of Company F, 317th Infantry, died on Sunday, January 4, 1931, at the home

of his mother, 1547 Methyl Ave., Beechview. Besides his mother, he leaves a brother, F. J. Metz, of Latrobe, and two sisters, Miss Florence Metz and Mrs. J. P. Egan, both of Pittsburgh. Interment in the Smithfield Cemetery.

PERROW, JOHN A., formerly Private, Company B, 318th Infantry, died at his home at 515 Madison St., Lynchburg, Virginia, June 14, 1927. Report of his death received only recently.

WALSH, THOMAS C., formerly Private, Battery F, 314th Field Artillery, was fatally injured in an automobile accident at Wheeling, W. Va. Comrade Walsh was residing with his parents at Holidays Cove, W. Va., at the time of his death.

MORRIS, VICTOR REEVES, formerly of Company B, 317th Infantry, died suddenly at his home at Chesapeake Beach, Norfolk, Virginia, on Wednesday, January 14, 1931. He was the son of Cornelia J. Morris and the late Reeves C. Morris. Funeral was from the home of E. Lee Cox and Brother, 631 Westover Ave. Interment at Airfield, Southampton County, Virginia.

NELSON, DR. H. T., formerly in command of the Field Hospitals, 80th Division, died on Friday, January 17, 1931, in Charlottesville. He was the son of the late Dr. Hugh Thomas Nelson, who served in the Confederate Army when a mere boy, a part of the time as courier for General Robert E. Lee. His mother was Mrs. Mary Gilliam Nelson. After three years in the academic department of the university, young Nelson entered the medical school from which he was graduated in 1899. He also graduated from the United States Naval Academy. After two years of hospital work in New York, Dr. Nelson served four years as a surgeon in the United States Navy during which time he was on duty in cruises on the coast of Alaska, in the Behring Sea. Resigning from the Navy in 1906 following the death of his father, Dr. Nelson established himself in Norfolk and had a large practice until his health failed several years ago. In October of 1917 Dr. Nelson married Miss Edith Rankin, of Keswick. Besides his wife, he leaves two sons, and one sister, Mrs. William Chamberlain, of California.

BOROSKY, MARTIN, formerly of Machine Gun Company, 320th Infantry, died in a Sanitarium near Philadelphia where he had been confined for some time. Funeral was from his home at Herminie, Pa., on Sunday, January 4. Interment at the Irwin Cemetery. Besides his wife he leaves two children.

WOUNDED RETURNED TO ACTIVE SERVICE

During the World War Dr. Woods Hutchinson made a study of the care of the wounded and said: "It is the first war where the doctor has been given a free hand. And he has responded by almost wiping out disease and saving 90 per cent of the wounded, sending 80 per cent of them back to the firing line within 40 days."

WAR 'DUD' KILLS BOYS

Two boys found a war relic near the village of Muench Hausen, Alsace, threw it into a ditch, and died in agony when the "dud" exploded and enveloped them in mustard gas.



Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1

A. M. Brownley was elected Captain of the Arab Patrol of Khedive Temple, Shriners. A. M. was formerly a Lieutenant in the 314th Machine Gun Battalion. Surely, you all remember him—tall, good-looking, and bronzed, with the perfectly grand accent. He attends the Reunions without fail.

All who attended the Reunion that was held in Norfolk will remember W. R. Whichard, who was recorder of the Shrine. Uncle Bill is still enjoying good health and was re-elected Recorder at the Annual meeting on January 21, and sends greetings to all his 80th friends.

W. W. Jordan, Sergeant of 318th Machine Gun Company, has left for New York City where he will be engaged in the Real Estate Business. His address is 550 W. 51st street, Apt. No. 36. You have the best wishes of the Post, Walter.

W. H. Bucking and Allen (Hop) Hopkins were confined to their homes for some time on account of illness, but are now able to be out again.

The Post extends sympathy to the family of Victor R. Morris, formerly of Company B, 317th Infantry, who died suddenly at his residence at Chesapeake Beach on Wednesday, January 14, 1931. The deceased was an active member of the Norfolk-Portsmouth Post No. 1.

Don't Fail to Read The Great Crusade

By Colonel Jennings C. Wise

"America's Great War Epic"
"A Book That Is Different"

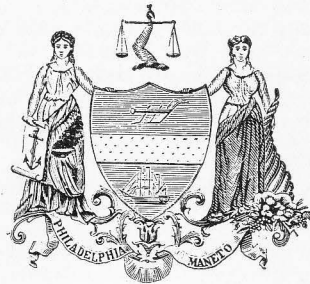
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Philadelphia Post No. 2



With the December meeting we see the close of over seven years of Post activities and start 1931 with a new roster of Officers as follows: Fred W. Haussmann, Jr., Commander; Wm. O. Pfeifer, Senior Vice-Commander; George F. Bauer, Junior Vice-Commander; Rodney T. Bonsall, Finance Officer; Edwin C. Vessey, Adjutant; Paul Beck, Sergeant-at-Arms; and Frank Schoble, Jr., Wm. H. Graham, Louis Strouse, Albert C. Markert, Evan J. Tibbott, Russell Mahon, Wm. Galleher, Otto Leinhauser, Geo. S. Burton, and Frank J. Roche, members of the Executive Council.

Our election was naturally the big feature of the meeting and with the regular reports of committees and the special action taken in reference to several welfare cases dispensed with we adjourned to join the Ladies of the Auxiliary in the monthly Luncheon.

The January meeting is usually Installation night, but owing to the absence of the newly-elected Commander and Senior Vice-Commander, our new Junior Vice-Commander took over the gavel and had the honor of conducting the first meeting of the New Year. As usual with us and despite the unemployment situation, we started off in very good shape.

We had a very good year's report of the Welfare Committee and another on Membership and Finance. The old ball was started rolling on the annual Philadelphia Post Get-Together and several worth while activities started for the Bugle Corp, then of course we usually eat. Always wind up our meetings in this unusual manner.

Who's Who in Philadelphia

Introducing our new Commander, Fred W. Haussmann! He was formerly with the 319th Infantry; was wounded in ac-

tion, but returned to his Company in time to return to the United States with them. Fred is a charter member of the Philadelphia Post, a Life Member of the Divisional Association and has attended every Reunion since the one in Norfolk in 1923. He has been adjutant for three years and is always an active member, taking part in all Divisional and Post activities. If Fred had that uniform and was a member of the Bugle Corp he surely would be rated 100%.

Paul Beck, formerly of the 317th Infantry, announces the arrival of Paul Bruce Beck, Jr., on November 22, 1930. Our congratulations to Mother and Daddy!

Had the pleasure of calling on Grant Walker, formerly of Battery C, 313th Field Artillery, in New York. Glad to report that Grant is doing well despite conditions, but my how that man misses Philadelphia!

Another Battery C, 313th Field Artillery man dropped in to the January meeting and signed on the dotted line. Yes, Jim Delaney.

While on membership, and in fairness to the Commander, would suggest that more 319th men sign up for Fred alone these past years was the only 319th man we had on our rolls to admit it was the 319th that won the war.

Met Bill Fleming and several other Pittsburghers at Harrisburg on Inauguration Day. Possibly the new Governor had heard of Bill's work at our Reunions.

Well done, Rus! Your year as Commander was a very successful one. There was no Post activity during the year you did not attend. No one could do more.

To the man on the outside it may appear strange that we elect a new Commander each year, but we in Philadelphia feel it is an honor to be the Commander of the Philadelphia Post and as it is only a matter of years when we shall have all passed away, we wish as many as possible of our active members to have the honor of "commanding" one of the finest organizations existing today.

MAY WE HAVE THE ATTENTION OF THE LADIES!

The members of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1 and the Auxiliary of the Philadelphia Post No. 2, extend a cordial invitation to the Wives, Mothers, and Sisters of the members of the 80th Division, to join their organizations, take part in the activities and enjoy the pleasures of both social and civil association that cannot be equaled in any other women's organization. The 80th members are proud of the work being done by these auxiliaries and urge that you become a member. Get in touch with Miss Gertrude Horne, 3813 East Street, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., or Mrs. Frederic Poole, 812 S. 49th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pennsylvania Auxiliary of Philadelphia Post No. 2

REPORT OF WELFARE COMMITTEE

The two most important duties of the committee are the special visits made at Easter and Christmas time to our Comrades at the various hospitals. During the year two former members of the Division have passed away. One was Charles O. Roop and although never identified with the Post, he was a comrade, having served with the 319th Field Hospital Company as Sergeant, and the other, John Noe, a well-liked and active member who supported the Post enthusiastically. For some time past his health had necessitated his attendance at a Sanitarium.

In a lighter vein, it might be added that during the past year three future members of the Junior Order arrived in the homes of our comrades.

On Good Friday your committee visited the U. S. Veterans Hospital No. 49 and the following comrades were given Easter remembrances: Geo. Goff, John Thomas, Alban Leonardson, John J. McEnery, Wm. E. Hudspeth, Geo. Bennet, Jas. Bannon, and Glen Sargent. Each man was greeted personally and all showed a marked improvement since the last visit.

On Saturday, April 19, Mrs. Frederic Poole visited these same men and gave them another package from the Post Auxiliary. On the same day she visited the comrades at the League Island Hospital and treated the following members: Wm. Day, A. W. Kuhns, John F. McLaughlin, John Burt, and Fletcher McBride.

The Post and Auxiliary were complimented by one of the nurses at the Hospital No. 49, who remarked that the 80th Division certainly takes good care of its men.

On the Sunday before Christmas your committee visited the New Veterans Hospital at Coatesville. According to our records there were six of our men there.

At the U. S. Naval Hospital, League Island, Samuel Zuber and K. B. Roberson were visited and given their Christmas Boxes as were two other men who had no relatives to visit or remember them.

At the U. S. Veterans Hospital No. 49 George Bennet, Wm. McGarrity, James Joseph McEnery, and James Thornton were likewise visited and again we donated boxes to two men who had no relatives.

The men who have been remembered heretofore were very grateful for the thoughtfulness of the members of Philadelphia Post and Auxiliary and the new men were delighted to have the Division again take an interest in them. Each Christmas box contained a box of candy, candy canes, chocolate Kris Kingle, handkerchiefs, cigarettes, apples, oranges, tangerines, pears, greeting card, red holly boxes were used, bound with green paper and each article was

wrapped separately, making a very pretty sight to behold therein.

The combined committee wishes to thank all who helped make this year's distribution of gifts so pleasant and successful.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Evan J. Tibbott, Sr.,
Mrs. Evan J. Tibbott, Jr.,
Mrs. Frederic Poole,
Mr. Evan J. Tibbott, Jr.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to William H. Graham, Jr., on the death of his beloved mother, and to Mrs. Frederic Poole whose mother died on January 18, 1931.

Gen. Lloyd M. Brett Post

A large and enthusiastic crowd attended the Post meeting held Friday, January 16, 1931, at the Hotel Henry, Fifth Avenue. Plans were discussed in regard to preparation for the entertainment of the 80th members during the 1931 Reunion in Pittsburgh. Election of Officers took place: Judge D. Paulson Foster was Vice-Commander; Hugh McKenna, Junior Vice-Commander; R. P. Loeffler, Adjutant and Quarter Master; Jack Larkin, Chaplain; O. K. Fry, Color Sergeant; Earl Kohnfelder, Bugler, and C. K. Haley, Samuel Fleming, John Burke, H. M. Northey, members of the Executive Council.

A leather desk set on which was inscribed the insignia of the Division was presented to Honorable James F. Malone, Secretary of Property and Supplies of State of Pennsylvania, and member of Governor's Cabinet, by the General Lloyd M. Brett Post shortly after he took the oath of office at Harrisburg, Pa., on January 20.

Judge D. Paulson Foster, Commander of the Post, made the presentation speech. Hundreds of persons witnessed the ceremony. Judge Foster, in his speech, informed the audience that Mr. Malone was the first man to officially greet the 80th Division when it returned from France, and is now an honorary member of the 80th Division Veterans Association. Mr. Malone, you will all remember, rendered unusual services to the Division on various occasions. The members of the Division extend to him their heartiest congratulations and best wishes for his continued success.

Division Headquarters

Major-General Adelbert Cronkhite, Commander of the 80th Division, was elected Life Member in the Major John Baird Atwood Post No. 285, V. F. W., at the luncheon held Tuesday, February 3, Hotel Henry, Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

317th Infantry

Headquarters Company

H. W. Bennet, formerly 1st Lieutenant, is representative of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, with offices on the 8th floor of the Shoreham Building, Washington, D. C. We enjoy reading H. W.'s newsy letters.

Irwin Frank, formerly 1st Lieutenant, has been discharged from the Veterans Hospital at Oteen, North Carolina, where

he was confined for some time, and is now back with the United States Department of Justice, and has been assigned to the Federal Prison Farm at Camp Lee, Virginia.

E. E. Thompson, formerly 1st Sergeant, is now Assistant Superintendent of the Federal Prison Farm at Camp Lee, Virginia.

Company C

Vivian M. Curtis, we learned from a recent letter, has been ill at his home but is again feeling fit and is back at work. Mr. Curtis lives at 634 Capitol Boulevard, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Company K

Lieut. C. D. Ackerman, of Lakewood, Ohio, representative of the Shellmar Products Company, whose home office is in Chicago, visited headquarters while in Pittsburgh on business last month.

318th Infantry

Company A

Comrade John C. Tamko is living at Disputanta, Virginia.

Received a Christmas card from Comrade Robert Y. Henley, of Hillsville, Virginia. Send in some news for the magazine, Bob.

Comrade Percy O. Gravatt, former Supply Sergeant, is in the Insurance Business in Richmond, Virginia.

Comrade John R. Buck makes his home at Belle Cross Roads, Va.

Comrade Paul B. Hattell, former Company carpenter, is following his trade in Woodstock, Virginia.

Comrade Staler Miller, former Company Cook, is still throwing hash for the Southern Railroad working crew at Potomac Yards, Va.

Comrade Larry C. Green, formerly of Surry, Va., but now of Columbus, Ohio, is following the newspaper business.

Our old Comrade William B. Walsh is making his home at City Point, Virginia.

Fellows, don't forget! Mail in your check for membership dues and "Service Magazine."

Yours in Comradeship,
James E. Farrar.



Remember:
The cootie hunts?

Every evening or every time the opportunity presented itself, the gang would take off their shirts and the hunt was on. Some of them even sent cooties home by placing said cootie on a piece of paper, then a few drops of candle grease over them to sort of seal the rascals. When we were in the Apremont Woods

just before the St. Mihiel drive, I procured a baking powder can of creoline from the Medical Department, then poured the stuff in a pail of water and gave myself and clothes a thorough going over. That night I felt fine and the next day we went through a French delouser, and the darn thing was just warm enough to hatch the ones that I didn't get the night before, so had my old trouble with me again, and there they stayed until we hit Cruzy. Even had them while in the hospital.

The airplanes?

We saw plenty of them especially on the British front. Most of the time they could be heard and not seen, they were flying that high, and at other times when they could be seen they looked like so many flies. While we were at LaBazeque Farm a Boche plane flew over every night around ten o'clock. Think they were trying to locate the ammunition dumps that were nearby.

The anti-aircraft guns and emplacements on the British front?

There were quite a number near Doullens and the emplacements were made out of sod. One had to get right up on top of them before realizing that it was a gun position. Will never forget the night that we marched up from Doullens. The sky was suddenly lighted by beams of light from the searchlights. They criss-crossed each other, until finally they located the Boche plane, then the guns spoke. One of them was right beside the road, and it let loose just as we arrived opposite it. It surely took the wind out of our sails for a few seconds, after that it wasn't so bad.

The air bursts?

Little puffs of black or gray smoke. Looked like so many cotton balls in the air, but don't suppose that the fellows up there thought that.

The chalk cliffs?

We saw a few of them when we landed at St. Nazaire. The next ones we saw were along the coast below Abbeville when we (the Trench Mortar Battery) were on the range.

There were several of them, and were anywhere from a mile to two miles in length, and about a hundred feet high.

When the sun shone on them they looked like silver, and I can truthfully say that it was one of the most imposing and magnificent sights I have ever seen.

The iron rations?

A little muslin sack with a can of bully beef, some coffee or tea and hard tack or crackers. Some meal.

Nothing definite has been done in regard to the company reunion, chiefly because Pete and I have not had the time to make any of the many arrangements that will have to be made, but hope to hold the affair before another month or six weeks. Notices will be sent out in plenty of time.

Our old pal, John Anderson, resigned his coaching position at Donora High School early in January. Anderson coached the football team. Before the war he played at Penn State, was on the regimental team during the war and when we returned home he entered Pitt and played half-back until he graduated.

Has been at Donora for several years, but his folks live in Ben Avon, Pa.

Bill Chrystal announces the arrival of Bill, Jr., on January 26th. Mother and baby are getting along nicely.

Spent a very enjoyable evening not long ago at Hawley Grave's home.

Gen. Cocheu sent me a very nice photo of himself, and at Christmas time, Christmas greetings in the form of a letter, and am very proud of them both.

We extend to Mr. Joseph Harde, of McDonald, Pa., our sincere sympathy on the death of his beloved father on September 13, 1930.

Steve Bentz has moved from Crafton Heights and is living in Mt. Oliver, Pittsburgh.

Robert D. Newman.

Company A

Clyde Langford is in the Veterans Hospital at Aspinwall, Pa. He would be happy to have the boys of his old regiment visit him.

Company C

January 14, 1931.

Editor,
Service Magazine,
80th Division Headquarters,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sir:

A few months ago you were kind enough to insert a notice in "Service" from me requesting that former members of Company C, 319th Infantry, send me their names and addresses so that a list could be prepared and sent to each man for the purpose of bringing the members of that organization in touch with one another again. So far I have received very little in the way of information, but the following covers the list up to date, and I hope that this publication may lead other members of the Company to communicate with me so that a fairly satisfactory list may be prepared at some time in the near future.

Robert J. T. Paul, Haddonfield, N. J., practicing law in Camden, N. J.

John R. Whitlock, Summit, N. J.

C. E. Young, Washington, Pa.

Ferdinand Blume, Millvale, Pa.

Ralph E. Johnson, 1950 E. 71st St., Chicago, Ill.

W. H. Fleegle, Central City, Pa., member of Executive Committee Keystone Post No. 449, American Legion, and Weighmaster for the Reitz Coal Company of Central City.

Frank A. Holbert, Summerset, Pa., U. S. District Attorney.

Harry R. Enos, Confluence, Pa., rural mail carrier.

Angelo Gasperato, employed by Reitz Coal Co., Central City, Pa.

Joe Roselli, employed as miner by Berwind White Coal Co., Windber, Pa.

Emory E. Dayton, Masontown, Pa., mine foreman for the H. C. Frick Coal & Coke Co.

Edward J. Carter, Wilkinsburg, Pa., insurance business.

Wm. Kaltenbaugh, Johnstown, Pa.

Erskine Gordon, 3013 Q St., N.W., Washington, D. C., banking business.

As previously advised, I am in the banking business at 40 Wall Street, New York City, and live at 83 Dwight Place, Englewood, N. J.

Trusting that other C Company men

who see this list will follow the good example of Fleegle who sent me most of the above information, I am,

Very truly yours,

DeWitt C. Jones, Jr.,

Lieut. Co. C, 319th Inf.

320TH INFANTRY

The Annual Reunion of Officers of the 320th Infantry was held at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Maryland, on December 6, 1930. Colonel Gordon, Majors Howell and Sweeney, Captains Russell, Maag, McNulty, Vandewater and Oakham, and Lieutenants McKelway, Pownall, Parkins, Tydings, Taliaferro, Lukens, Cole, Eilers, Willard, Thompson (Big Boy), Wilson, Holton, Haley, Garner and Rouzer were present and participated in the festivities.

The hotel upheld the Maryland tradition of good food, and other essentials for a successful party had been provided by the local committee. Captain Maag performed the duties of toastmaster in his inimitable manner and speeches were made by Colonel Gordon, Howell, McNulty, Big Boy Thompson, and others who were oratorically inclined.

It was decided to have the Annual Reunion each year in Baltimore and to have the 1931 Reunion on the same day as the Navy-Notre Dame Football Game, which will be played in Baltimore. The date of the game will be announced in a few days and every officer of the 320th Infantry can then make his plans to attend. We should have not less than fifty present next year. Sam Parkins is chairman for 1931 and has named a committee to whom he can pass the buck in true military fashion.

Most of those present have been more or less regular in their attendance at the Annual Reunions and we were glad to welcome at this one Oakham, Eilers and Wilson, who made their first appearance. Everyone agreed that the Reunion is the most enjoyable event of the year and we are looking forward to a large turnout in 1931. Don't forget that the Reunion will be held in Baltimore on the same day as the Navy-Notre Dame football game.

E. McClure Rouzer,
Secretary of the Committee.

Medical Detachment

1135 Berkshire Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Jan. 28, 1931.

Service Magazine,
413 Plaza Bldg.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am in receipt of your request for a little material for our next issue of "Service."

Believe it or not, I have never seen one of the items I have written to you in print, due, no doubt, to the fact that I have not paid for a subscription for a long time. I am inclined to think that your request for items is nothing more than a very subtle sales method. Anyway, the joke is on you. I am enclosing a check to cover one year's subscription.

I know that a certain few patriots down Philadelphia way will not believe this. I expect to be in Philly sometime soon and will take the cancelled check with me to show to a few men who enlisted and did not wait for the draft. I will tell you more concerning these "regulars" who pestered the draftees,

later, Mr. Editor. Red Burns, Slim Poole, and Russ Mahon, are names that a few of them work under. This Mahon is a "big-shot" in the 80th Division Veterans Association in Philadelphia.

Yes, George, I expect to go to Philadelphia, but I am going to stay away from Drexel Hill, because I don't like the da—stuff anymore, and that's that.

J. J. O'Donnell,
320th Inf., Med. Detach.

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

Dear Mr. Klier:

I am enclosing a check for Twenty-seven (\$27.00) Dollars in payment of one year's subscription to "Service" and a Life Membership in the 80th's Association for my husband, James I. Kalp.

This is a Christmas present and I am giving it to him feeling that nothing else would please him quite so much for he has talked about it for a number of years.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. James I. Kalp.

(Editor's Note: The above letter displays the fine spirit of a wife of an 80th member who has taken an interest in the Association and who is playing an active part in the continuing of its activities and work.)

Machine Gun Company

Emory Burns, formerly Corporal, lives in Ligonier and is working at the mines in Wilpen—a nearby mining town. Burns is married and doing well.

Only seven of the old 320th Machine Gun Company members attended the Reunion in Johnstown, Pa., last August. They were: Joe Culvery, Shoemaker, Quinn, Devereaux, Fisher, Mills, and Welty.

Dick Buzzard, of Supply Company, 320th, is farming in Unity Township, his old home town. He is doing well; is married and the father of four lovely children.

Frank Welty.

Frank Welty, of Herminie, Pa., is Manager of the Herminie Lumber Company. He is an active member of the 80th Division Veterans Association and displays a keen interest in 80th activities. Real spirit there, Frank!

Headquarters Company

The biggest event of the year will happen on Saturday, February 14th, 1931, at 7:00 P. M. in the Norse Room of the Fort Pitt Hotel, when we will hold our Seventh Annual Reunion. This is something that no former member should miss, as you will meet your old comrades when the Battles and Cognac days may be lived over again. Spread this news to all you see so that we may have the largest Reunion we have ever held. Don't forget Saturday, February 14th. See you there.

We regret to announce the death of the eight-year-old son of former Sergeant Earl A. Blair, having been sick for only one week. We wish to extend the sympathy of the entire company to Mr. and Mrs. Blair.

Remember that Airplane Landing Field at Revigny, especially when Dave

Williams spoke those heavy words "This cold is intense" that night when he was trying to keep warm in his Pup Tent with a candle?

See you all at the Reunion on February 14th, don't forget.

S. H. Stover, Secretary.

Company A

My discourse in the last issue about not receiving any news surely did some good. Our Commander, Bob Wertz, sent some news from the "Eastern Front," which follows:

To Samuel J. (Gibbons) Fleming,
Famous Headline Hunter for Service Magazine.

LATRINE REPORT: Eastern "A" Sector

The easiest way to succeed yourself in office is not to hold an election. But it was no fault of the present "commander-in-chief" of the A-lined troops. When the executive committee refuses to function, what'tagonna do

Believe it or not, Clarence Mansfield, former agitator of Democracy, is in an awful shape—from his chin to his knees. "Babe" could pinch-hit for the Goodyear Pilgrim and get away with it.

Then there's Nick "Cheese" Broker, (who gives us h— every time we meet) decided he was the best auto mechanic in Penn. So be it, he is now president, secretary, check-writer and "force" of the Broker Garage.—But only after smacking his former boss in the bezer, after some very uncomplimentary remarks.

And the increased earning power (?) of painters and buglers, has enabled one John Errett to attend all football games for the 1930 season. Johnnie sat around so much during his regime as a "sleep disturber" that he enjoys standing now.

Of all the depressed in this Grand Army of the Unemployed, Lewis Prioretti is the least concerned. 'Ya know we buy our winter's supply of black diamonds from "Louie."

Harry Hugus, "snipe shooter," is still only allowed but one night a week in the "Third-class city," that being Saturday. Harry is now Grand Dragon of the Wild Jack-donkeys of Forbes Road. (No use looking for it on the map.)

Stanley Zimoski has recovered sufficiently from the 50c meal and \$1.50 worth of ice water at the Auditorium in Johnstown, to resume his activities as a 12-tube no screen furniture salesman in the Glass City, where the sale of ginger ale is remarkable.

Ted Harrison has the idea that it's easier to keep fat than fit so he's taking the line of least resistance. Ted's a Veteran of Foreign Wars as well as the World War, he sez. Irwin is the town that tolerates him.

George Curtis Brown, the boy rail-roader of "Swampwood," must be hitting the call board satisfactorily. Either that or he's not trusted after dark any more.

"Smitty the Cook," sometimes mistaken for Daniel Boone, still has his rabbits and puppies to feed, on a ranch in the rear of our chicken coop. And may

the Lord bless his animals if they have to take what you and I had to, 12 miles from Hopewell.

Paul Black has not been seen or heard of since time immemorial.

Among those quartered with the groundhog, we believe, are: Sam Gower, Johnnie Houghton, Morg McAlpin, "Wild Joe" Crosson, Bob Long, Ben Gunnett, John Beckener, et tu.

If the occasion ever arises that any of you city raisin-bred chaps are compelled to stop at the first red light coming into the "City of Dreams," by way of Otterman street, and are awfully parched and dust-stained, inquire of any of the Schenockwood throngs for Jack Polet. Jack "sees all, knows all, and has a bright and bleary future" for any of the former A-J's.

My Gawd! how rare men are. I received Christmas greetings from "Butch" Geyer, Sam Fleming, Monsieur Broker and wife, and George Curtis Brown. May the price of holiday cards drop to 10c per dozen next Christmas.

Pig tails that usually went into the sewer are now marketed as live products. By that same token, the Resident Secretary, one George Klier, highly insulted not a few "A's" by a very uncomplimentary remark, in the Friendly City, by way of "Hello, there, A. J.'s". And the token was the election of one over-size Irishman as National Commander,—Jeremiah J. Madden, 1828618, rated A-1 at Sunday services and B-13 betwixt and between. The "point" seems to have been the deciding factor.

N. B.—That's a "deep one," George!

(30)

C.-in-C.
1828619
B-2

Also got a card from our good friend the Dentist, Dr. Pilgrim. He says: "We have a new Dentist—a boy, born September 29, at the Allegheny General Hospital. We call him Junior. Best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year. Dr. W. W. Pilgram, Sharpsburg, Pa."

Atta boy, Doc! "May all your troubles be little ones."

I hope you noticed the ad of our good friend, Max Tucker, in the last few issues of "Service." When in town give him a call for old time's sake. He is mostly at the 546 Smithfield Street Store. He will be glad to greet you.

You will notice our Commander in his news starts out with a rap for the Executive Council. I will leave it to any one who was in Johnstown to say whether I had time to call a meeting or not. I was so busy with Registration that I didn't have time for anything else. So as long as we are willing to put up with him for another year, he should worry.

Congratulations, Nick, on your new venture. All you need now is business and you can get that by advertising in "Service Magazine." Anyone reading this free advertising for Nick—call around and see him.

I would like to see all Company A men who are in business send in their ad to "Service Magazine." This will help keep
(Continued on Page 20)

Life Members Eightieth Division Veterans' Association

LIFE MEMBERS

- 1—Barrett, Byron B.
- 2—Beale, Guy O.
- 3—Dunmore, Morris C.
- 4—Elton, Reuel W.
- 5—Freeman, Geo. D., Jr.
- 6—Garretson, Leland B.
- 7—Hawes, George P., Jr.
- 8—Hurley, Patrick J.
- 9—Inhman, John H.
- 10—Jones, Percy A.
- 11—Kaulback, Arthur W.
- 12—Kean, John
- 13—Schoble, Frank, Jr.
- 14—Marcus, Chapin
- 15—Miller, Elmer J.
- 16—Winfield, Harley F.
- 17—Wise, Jennings C.
- 18—Williams, Lester J.
- 19—Zachert, Reinhold E.
- 20—Little, Ed. H.
- 21—Burdick, Henry H.
- 22—Towers, James K.
- 23—Cox, Robert H.
- 24—Dugro, Charles H.*
- 25—Negus, H. V. S.
- 26—Barry, David A.
- 27—Ackerman, David G.
- 28—Agate, C. C.
- 29—Ober, J. H.
- 30—Hoxsey, T. F.
- 31—Smith, Warren R.
- 32—Sands, John W.
- 33—Jones, Charles M.
- 34—Steel, Wesley C.
- 35—Howell, John B.
- 36—Wright, F. W.
- 37—Symington, W. C.
- 38—Cella, Carlo D.
- 39—Stafford, John W.
- 40—Rhoads, William H.
- 41—Knowlton, Phillip B.
- 42—Auger, Charles L., Jr.
- 43—Paret, Robert L.*
- 44—Harrison, Maj. John D.
- 45—Kinney, Warren
- 46—Fullerton, Donald B.
- 47—Winters, Augustus, Jr.
- 48—Ellison, James S., Jr.
- 49—Herron, C. D.
- 50—Pitney, Shelton
- 51—Fortescue, Granville
- 52—Hogan, R. Cecil
- 53—Ferguson, John W., Jr.*
- 54—Jones, DeWitt C.
- 55—Hopkins, S. V.
- 56—Kenney, Caleb S.
- 57—Timmins, Peter M.
- 58—Wilbert, Howard G.
- 59—Fleming, Samuel J.
- 60—Heiner, John P.
- 61—Curry, Henry R.
- 62—Gibson, James G.
- 63—Vandewater, Wm. C.
- 64—Stewart, Warren T.
- 65—Kirchner, H. C.
- 66—Melniker, A. A.
- 67—Amory, Charles M.
- 68—Thomas, William G.
- 69—Brett, Lloyd M.*
- 70—Campbell, Walter L.
- 71—Reichard, Earl A.
- 72—Gutwald, Clyde F.
- 73—Hart, Joseph
- 74—Wallace, Edw. A.
- 75—Miljus, John K.
- 76—Flaherty, Roger
- 77—Woodman, Joseph F.
- 78—Schafner, Marcus
- 79—Sorenson, George D.
- 80—Peterson, A. R.
- 81—Crane, Edward M.
- 82—Corduan, Malcolm

- 83—Revell L. Fosque*
- 84—Satterer, William*
- 85—Richardson, William E.
- 86—Reynolds, Frank M.
- 87—Spencer, Melvin
- 88—Grunow, Wm. Renald
- 89—Simon, David M.
- 90—Rothwell, Thos. Albert
- 91—Bushman, Clarence F.
- 92—Clark, Burg C.
- 93—Hooper, Thomas W.
- 94—Brent, I. D.
- 95—Maisch, William
- 96—Jamerson, George H.
- 97—Mahood, Alex. B.
- 98—Barach, H. H.
- 99—Brown, A. H.
- 100—Bucking, William A.
- 101—Romer, I. Ben
- 102—Hays, Clarence J.
- 103—Beazley, Mark
- 104—Lally, Frank V.
- 132—Smith, Joseph C.
- 133—Doty, Edmund S.
- 134—Lambert, S. L.*
- 135—Foster, Hon. D. Paulson
- 136—Spaulding, George R.
- 137—Obear, Hugh H.
- 138—Buchanan, Edmund A.
- 139—Stutler, Boyd B.
- 140—McBride, John
- 141—Esser, Joseph F.
- 142—Hobson, George F.
- 143—Little, Wilson V.
- 144—McCain, William E.
- 145—Whitlock, John R.
- 146—Crowder, Robt. Thos.
- 147—Alfriend, Richard J.
- 148—Koch, Louis J.
- 149—Alley, W. A.
- 150—Sensenich, Roy R.
- 151—Herr, Charles R.
- 152—Bazile, Leon M.
- 153—Maxwell, Edward G.

- 181—Donaldson, Samuel W.
- 182—Santee, G. O. O.*
- 183—Gaskins, Avery E.
- 184—Reighard, Charles L.
- 185—Wilfong, C. W.
- 186—Helsel, Thomas S.
- 187—Davis, Chester R.
- 188—Bibb, C. A.
- 189—Miskiewicz, B.
- 190—Merkel, N. H.
- 191—Wells, Howard J.
- 192—Ware, A. F.
- 193—Klier, George J.
- 194—Mulhollen, Oscar C.
- 195—Fleming, Walter G.
- 196—Karns, William C.
- 197—Foster, Clyde
- 198—Thompson, William L.
- 199—Bonsall, Rodney T.
- 200—Brock, Howard F.
- 201—Rutherford, L. H.
- 202—Holland, Ignatius M.
- 203—McClelland, Miss Ruth
- 204—Thomas, M. J.
- 205—McClaren, H. A.
- 206—Markert, Albert C.
- 207—Mahon, Russell W.
- 208—Dorzuk, Peter
- 209—Maag, Frederick C.
- 210—Macaulay, Dr. Alex. M.
- 211—Wettengel, Jas. G.
- 212—Allen, Ewen M.
- 213—Rouzer, E. M.
- 214—McCook, Anson T.
- 215—Fahringer, Roger A.
- 216—Rodgers, Phil K.
- 217—Winter, Paul
- 218—Doench, Elmer
- 219—Cannon, Henry L.
- 220—Kramer, Christ C.
- 221—Baker, Herbert R.
- 222—Hogan, E. M.
- 223—Currier, Paul
- 224—Church, Earl D.*
- 225—Rolston, R. G.
- 226—Carlo, Louis J.
- 227—McMurray, C. N.
- 228—Luchars, R. B.
- 229—Heiner, Gordon G.
- 230—Weaver, Frank L.
- 231—Cocheu, Frank S.
- 232—MacBride, D. S.
- 233—Stultz, Russell L.
- 234—Eager, J. Howard
- 235—Peyton, E. G.
- 236—Hardy, D. W.
- 237—Burke, John A.
- 238—Bontecou, Russell
- 239—Colligan, William E.
- 240—Hohenschildt, I. E.
- 241—Wells, Briant H.
- 242—Merritt, Aaron R.
- 243—Hatch, Carl T.
- 244—Blackburn, W. J.
- 245—Yereance, A. W.
- 246—Fleckenstein, F. G.
- 247—Handy, R. B., Jr.
- 248—Kalp, James I.

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- 105—Keeler, Owen F.
- 106—Freas, J. H.
- 107—Chesley, Chas. W.
- 108—Morgan, John T.
- 109—Wilson, Charles E.
- 110—Truman, Kenna
- 111—Rifenburg, George W.
- 112—Hagen, Albert*
- 113—Chapman, J. G.
- 114—Mayo, Henry H.
- 115—Rockwell, Fred G.
- 116—McKee, William J.
- 117—Lines, Carl G.
- 118—Patterson, William A.
- 119—Ford, Guy
- 120—Allen, Fred C.
- 121—Yeager, John A., Jr.
- 122—Lott, Marion E.
- 123—Campney, H. K.
- 124—Smith, John F.
- 125—Hippert, W. L.
- 126—Rhydderch, Stanley
- 127—Bartlett, O. F.
- 128—Maitland, J. M.
- 129—Fackiner, D. J.
- 130—Wilson, Walter S.
- 131—Campbell, Ralph
- 154—Furr, Herman R.
- 155—Truitt, Edward B.
- 156—Vermeule, Cornelius C.
- 157—Tibbott, Evan J.
- 158—Bergeron, Francis E.
- 159—Henshaw, Clark D.
- 160—Cronkhite, Adelbert
- 161—Lang, Theodore J.
- 162—Nieder, Mathew F.
- 163—Lehman, Earl L.
- 164—Starkey, Edward C.
- 165—Harde, Joseph
- 166—Schmelz, William A.
- 167—Meyers, Bernard K.
- 168—Filorimo, Anthony
- 169—Edelblute, Thos. H.
- 170—Leddou, Elmer R.
- 171—Houssman, Fred G.
- 172—Graham, Wm. H., Jr.
- 173—Johnston, Charles J.
- 174—Sugden, John E., Jr.
- 175—Gano, Howard A.
- 176—Tucker, A. C.
- 177—Mrs. Frederick Poole
- 178—McKee, Mayne W.
- 179—Theiss, William H.
- 180—Brown, Stanley D.

80th Division Memorial Shrine

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*Deceased.

**WHAT YOUR UNCLE SAM DOES
WHEN HE MAKES LIFE-RAFTS**

Your Uncle Sam discovered a new wood a short time ago, which not only possesses remarkable insulating qualities, but is about twice as light as cork and of a strength one-half as great as spruce.

One of the agricultural explorers of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture discovered it growing in the tropics, particularly in Ecuador and Costa Rica. It had probably been growing there for ages before white men stumbled on it. The first Americans used it for rafts with which to float to the seacoast markets the heavier and more desirable woods such as mahogany. It was from this use that the wood acquired its name balsa, which is Spanish for raft.

It was during the World War that it was discovered for its practical use by Uncle Sam, and it saved many lives when used for life-rafts and in life-preservers. After the war Uncle Sam found that balsa wood was an insulator from cold and heat. Hitherto insulation from cold and heat could be obtained only by complicated contrivances, which were expensive. The transportation of perishable products had to be in refrigerator-cars; which had to be iced.

Your Uncle Sam discovered that small boxes made of balsa wood, two feet square, could be packed—say with fish—at one degree above freezing and arrive at their destination half-way across the continent at almost the same temperature without the use of ice.

Balsa boxes will carry yeast and candy and even ice-cream bricks. The makers of chocolate creams are happy because the heat of the summer will not then prevent the shipping of their products.

Uncle Sam, once on the trail of something useful, began experimenting with balsa wood for insulation from heat. A house in New York was lined with balsa, and was kept cool in the hottest summer weather. Airplanes are going to be equipped with balsa propellers,

and makers of theatrical scenery are using it because of the ease of moving it about. In one production a great wall was necessary, and it was made of stone. But in traveling from place to place it was impossible to take this wall along, for it weighed four thousand pounds. Uncle Sam suggested balsa wood made to look like the stone wall. It weighed only ten pounds!

GUNNER TO BE LEFT-HANDED

Baseball is not the only place where there's a demand for left-handers. Your Uncle Sam uses southpaws—needs 'em—on some of his destroyers.

The reason is the new twin gun-mounts installed on some of the little vessels, and to be placed on others. One gun of the pair requires a right-handed crew, while its companion weapon is operated by left-handers.

MEMBERSHIP

The records of 1930 are now closed, and events which but yesterday were among the live and current issues of our lives are today no more than vague wraiths and in the dim files of history. We have opened the new book. Forgetting the hardships and worries of yesterday, we are anxious to take a peek into the future and see what is in store for us. Our hopes and ambitious are high and we dream of doing bigger things.

On the basis of these hopes, ambitions and dreams, we should build our resolutions and set out on our new endeavors entirely forgetful of the unpleasant episodes that have gone before. Now is the time to start, to begin building up our Association with a bigger quota than we have dreamed, to continue with the foundation of one of the finest organizations of today which was formed twelve years ago in France. Resolutions can never be translated into results without work; and the time to begin work is the day the resolution is made. "Every Buddy Get a Buddy" is an ideal slogan and would work wonders in building up membership. The organization has weathered many a storm and is now "sailing on smooth seas" and within a very short time we expect the membership to increase and attain its charter membership of 25,000 members. With your cooperation we shall reach our goal—tell every member about the Association, the Reunions, the "Service Magazine," the activities, etc. The 80th should not have to be "sold" to the men who comprised its unconquered ranks. It is a privilege to belong to the 80th Division Veterans Association. You cannot afford to stay outside. One Hundred Per Cent Membership is our aim. Help us put it across. Send in the name of a buddy. Membership blanks are obtainable at 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.


We wish to thank the members for their beautiful Christmas Cards. It was nice of you all to think of us at this busy season.

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FIRST TRAINED NURSE

The first trained nurse in this country, Miss Linda A. J. Richards, died recently in Boston at the age of 88.

Miss Richards was born in New York in 1841 and spent her girlhood in Vermont. When the first school for nursing in the United States was established in the New England Hospital in 1873 she was the first applicant for admission and the first graduate.

She became superintendent of night nurses in the Bellevue Hospital Training School in New York City, and later visited European hospitals for observation and instruction. In England she was the guest of Florence Nightingale.

In 1885 she went to Kyoto, Japan, where she organized and superintended a

nurses' school. This was the first school for nurses under Christian auspices in any mission field, and so successful was Miss Richards such schools were quickly established in other countries.

She returned to the United States after her service in Japan and was the head of nurses' schools in Philadelphia, Roxbury, Brooklyn, Kalamazoo, Hartford and Worcester in succession. Since 1925 Miss Richards had been in hospitals due to the infirmities of age.

MORNING REPORT

(Continued from Page 17)

us in touch with you and also bring you plenty of business. Write to George J. Klier for rates.

Haven't seen any bucks coming in for new members to help our old Top Kick have a successful year in office. Let's back him up; write that check right now while you are thinking of it.

Remember—

The shower baths we had with half-inch shower caps, water on two minutes, then soap up and then water for one minute to rinse off?

The truck ride and hike to St. Mihiel? When Stanley Belfore had the rheumatism and the doctors were throwing him around to see if he was faking or not?

When we were hiding out in the woods in daytime and hiking at night so Kaiser Bill wouldn't see us?

The Competitive drill the fourth platoon would have won but Lieut. Supple was sent away and we were presented with a Lieutenant who didn't have pep enough to give orders fast. Believe he was "White" though.

When I received a book and every-

BUDDY

*How many times have I spoken these words
Of you and no one else.
The times that I've told you again and again,
That you were all for yourself.*

*How many times have I expressed my thoughts
Of the words that you have said.
The things that should have never been,
Are the things that now are dead.*

*Each other we'll miss as we are apart
I know that you feel this way.
The time will come when we'll meet again,
Somewhere beyond that great bay.*

*The days and nights that we spent alone
Are gone; yes, gone forever.
The thoughts of them won't bring them back,
But our memories go on together.
—By Zerby.*

A DOUGHBOY'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR

"Paint it with iodine and mark him duty."
"Madame, avez vous le des eoufs?"
"Read 'em and weep."
"All we do is sign the pay roll."
"It's a great life if you don't weaken."
"Where do we go from here?"
"Encore le cognac, see vous play."
"Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Xmas."
"The first seven years are the hardest."
"Hinkey-dinkey, parlez vous."
"If I ever get out of this man's army."
"We've paid our debt to Lafayette, who the heck do we owe now?"
"Madelon, Madelon, Madelon."
"There's a long, long trail a-winding."
"Sergeant, give him two C.C.'s."
"So this is Paris."
"Sign here."
"When do we eat?"
"Haven't any 8's. Take a pair of 10's."
"You're in the Army now."
"Now cough."
"Who won the war?"
"Don't you ever salute an officer?"
"Promenade avec mais?"
"Zwei bier, bitte!"
"I wanna go home."
"You can't stand there, soldier."
"Com bien one gallon?"
"Rise and shine!"
"Baby needs a new pair of hobnails!"
"Voulez vous, Mon-sewer, go to hell?"
"C'mon, snake eyes!"
"Honest, Major, my mother needs me at home."
"Aw, hell! Horse meat again!"

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one wanted to be the next to read it? It happened that I was sitting in the doorway of our private car (40 hommes and 8 chevaux) and fell asleep reading it, dropped it and then nobody wanted to read it.



Jerry and I paid another visit to McGrogan at the Mercy Hospital. Bill has been there for about two years now and he still has that old smile. We could all take lessons from Bill on smiling your troubles away. He says the leg is getting along pretty good now and he hopes to be out before the next reunion.



As this is all I know this time I will say Au Revoir.

Samuel J. Fleming,
1340 Pritchard St.,
Corliss Sta., Pgh., Pa.



Company D

H. A. Gano, formerly of Ashland, Kentucky, is now with the Marlatt Motors, Inc., dealers in Studebaker and Pierce Arrow, located at 10 East Second Street, Mansfield, Ohio. H. A. is working hard, has lots of ambition and in spite of the hard times is attaining splendid results by his efforts. In his letter he says, "Am enclosing two bucks for the best magazine in the U. S." Says he met Jack E. Clark, former 80th man, who is in the real estate business in Mansfield.



Wanted: the address of Captain Sabastian who commanded Company D, 320th Infantry.



E Company's Annual Reunion is but a few short months away. Consequently it is not too early to lay plans to insure a successful affair. Pres. Dan J. Fackiner will soon appoint a committee to work out the details for the reunion. If you have any suggestions to offer, please send them in now. And plan to be present, bringing along some A.W.O.L. member.



The Secretary is anxious to hear from these absentees,—where they are, what they are doing, in fact everything bearing on their health, wealth and happiness. If you know of sickness or sorrow, please communicate with the undersigned, so that visitations can be arranged. And, in these days of unemployment, if you know of any E Company man in distress, please so advise the Secretary so that an effort can be made to render him assistance. These things should be known by the membership, so that the helping hand of comradeship can be extended to any worthy individual.



We were pleased to receive Christmas cards from Lt. W. W. Martin, Captain Anson T. McCook, Lt. Paul McQuillen, Corp. Otto Burroughs, and a host of others from members in and near Pittsburgh. We pass this news along as we feel that these are really expressions of Good Will for the membership at large.

H. W. Ludwig, Secy.,
1407 Mello St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Company G

At this time we wish to inform the members of the company that the 12th Annual Reunion of the division will be held in Pittsburgh, Pa., some time during the month of July. We would urge that you make your plans early for your vacation this summer, so that we can have a booster attendance. Plans will be made to have our company get-together at that time. We will be expecting you to all be present for the grand rally.



The members of the company extend sincere sympathy to John Huber and his family in their hours of bereavement through the death of their father on January 2nd.



Earl Mitchell, former member of the company and noted organist of Pittsburgh, assisted in the dedication of the new organ in the Hiland Presbyterian Church recently. Earl will be remembered by all members of Company "G" as the former accompanist for the noted Pittsburgh singer, Mrs. Christine Miller Clemson, former God-mother of the company, and one who did so many good deeds and favors while the outfit was at Camp Lee.



Carlton (Lucky) Leonard, former member of Company "G" 320th, has notified the Secretary that he and Mrs. Leonard are basking in the sunshine at San Leandro, California, for the winter. Lucky is still engaged in the Fish Business at Chincoteague Island, Virginia.



Lt. Russell R. Walklett is located at Haddon Heights, New Jersey.



Lt. William C. Cannon is still doing his possum hunting in and around Monticello, Mississippi. And the report comes to us that William surely loves his famous dish of Possum Pie.



No report has been received recently from the territory of Arkansas City, Kansas, the home town of Captain A. N. Gorker, the best skipper in the A. E. F. The boys have been inquiring about you, Captain, so you better shoot us in the dope from down Kansas Way. How about it?

"LET'S GO, I COMPANY"

RED LETTER DAY—SATURDAY, APRIL 11th, 1931

PLACE—Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh (Assembly Room).

TIME—6:00 o'clock P. M.

EVENT—12th Annual Reunion of the old Company.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE—As usual.

ASSESSMENT—\$3.00.

LET'S GO, "I" COMPANY

Please remit to—
JACK SUGDEN,
524 Oliver Building,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

P. S.—As it is impossible to keep the Company roster up to date with correct addresses, will you not consider yourself a committee to notify each and every former Buddy with whom you come in contact that the reunion, which occurs once a year, will be held as per above.



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Company I

Jack Rhea writes from Havana, Cuba, where he is recuperating: "An elegant place in which to stage our next reunion. Speak to the boys about it."

Clyde Beistel is also spending a couple of months away from Pittsburgh on account of his health, but both Clyde and Jack Rhea promise to be back home for the Annual Reunion.

Harry Hayes is the only man of Company I to return to Service. Harry enlisted in the 13th Attack Squadron at Fort Crockett, Galveston, Texas, and is a Machine Gun Observer. Harry's flights have taken him across the States, to Panama, Cuba, and Nicaragua. He was back in Pittsburgh on his first furlough in over three years of service, and says when this luck is up he will again re-enlist.

Company L

Joseph H. Leary joined the Association again recently. He is living at 9 Angell Street, Attleboro, Mass.

313TH FIELD ARTILLERY

Battery B

Robert Perkins, formerly Captain, is with First National Pictures, 321 West 44th Street, New York City. Captain Perkins has always been an active member of the 80th's Association.

Battery E

Samuel Evans is wintering in Florida, and oh, what a coat of tan he is acquiring! He expects to return sometime in February. Sam has been on the sick list for the past several months but is rapidly regaining his good health.

314th Field Artillery

The New Year comes along and it is a sorry plight that has come to many of the boys, quite a few are out of employment, several have been on the sick list, but all seem to be of a happy disposition and are looking forward to a change for the better.

September 26th of last year found one of the largest gatherings of 314th men

New Year's Greetings
P. J. SMITH

for a long time, we had our annual outing, the entire day was spent at Oliver's Lodge at Bib Wheeling Creek. Honorable Geo. C. Beneke made an able address, followed by ex-Congressman B. L. Rosenbloom, who also gave an interesting talk of his personal contact with ex-service men.

Before the close of the outing, officers were elected for the ensuing year. Raymond J. Falland, President; Dennis O'Leary, Vice-President; William Haberstick, Treasurer; Orlando Pusitilla, Secretary.

At roll call on this outing one hundred and eighty-nine men were present, some from as far away as Grafton.

William (Buck) Bucey was chef. He gained additional honors and praise for the wonderful layout of eatables. There was a goodly supply of everything.

The officers were instructed to proceed with any arrangements they may have for the annual affair for this year, and indications point to a larger and better one.

William J. Gompers, former regimental sergeant, made a tour of the battlefronts while abroad. He spent two months accompanied by his better half and report having had the time of his life. He says the front is hardly recognizable from the 1918 period, so much has been done in rehabilitating the devastated area. At one of our meetings he gave a general talk and it was really interesting, although interrupted several times by comrades anxious to know if there was any Vin Blanc left.

Robert E. (Terry) Garrison also was abroad last summer. No one doubts of him having wasted any time or lack of enjoyment. Since his return he has moved to a suburb near Cleveland, Ohio, where he has been engaged on a large scale in the egg-candling business. He also reports that he is enjoying good health and is prospering.

A meeting was held before the last 80th Division Convention with the purpose of having the Convention held at Wheeling in the near future, but it was finally decided to postpone it to this year when it is thought conditions would be more suitable.

John C. Stumpp, his friends will be glad to learn, has been elevated into an official capacity with the General Baking Company here. He has been associated with this firm for the past six years.

William Haberstick has the sympathy of all in the loss of his father, Christmas day. He had been in ill health for the past year.

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HATTERS

546 Smithfield St.
At Sixth Ave.

400 Smithfield St.
At Fourth Ave.

Max L. Tucker, Company A, 320th Regiment, Extends a Welcome To All His Former Buddies.

William McClelland is located at Baltimore, Md. From latest reports he is getting along fine.

Marcus Bertschy, Battery E, joined the ranks of benedicts, having pulled a fast one on the boys last September. Best wishes, Marcus.

A large meeting was held in January by 314th boys wherein the prompt payment of adjusted compensation was unanimously endorsed. Several speakers of local prominence were heard.

Raymond J. Falland, County Clerk and at present president of the organization, presided over this large audience.

During the American Legion Convention at Clarksburg last year a separate meeting was held by the 314th men, it was very well attended and a general confab was held and the old gang surely had a time. At this session Raymond J. Falland, of Wheeling, Don. J. Devers, of Freeland, Pa., and Pat McDonough, of Monongah, W. Va., were elevated to the rank of honorary Colonels.

The boys all feel that John E. Oliver, who loaned us the use of Oliver's Lodge for the outing, is deserving of a big hand. The only improvement we could see to help would be for he and Pinto to put down a good pump. A fellow has to walk too far to the spring house.

Several of the boys were guests of Pat McDonough, at Monongah, W. Va., last fall. We do not mean as being in his custody, he being Chief of Police, but we spent a day of real pleasure. Edmund P. Burke can vouch for that, can't you, Burke? He is a real host; pay him a visit.

WEST VIRGINIA NEWS

Earl E. Higgs, formerly ex-private of Battery A, 314th Field Artillery, was at last account in the paint contracting business and resides at Edgewood, a suburb of Wheeling.

Elmer D. Helfer, formerly of Headquarters Company, 314th F. A., is in the plumbing trade and is earning quite a "rep" as a bowler with the Pollock team in Haversticks Musel Alley League.

Irwin H. Baer, ex-Sergeant of Battery E, was recently elected Vice President of the West Virginia Clothiers. Irwin is married and is a member of the firm of Gundling & Company, located in the McClure Hotel Building in Wheeling.

George F. Merge, of Headquarters Company, 314th F. A., resides in Wheeling, where he is employed by the Allen Hunter Company, Hatters. George is married and has a family of five.

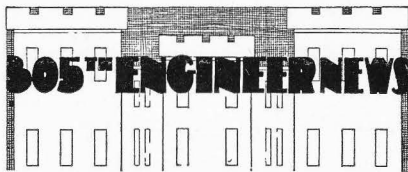
Reading a statement in the Pittsburgh paper recently regarding the flimsy substitutes for football uniforms worn by the members of a certain Division overseas, reminds me of the bloody games between E and F Batteries at St. Vinneer. Our uniforms consisted of yea, old hobnail shoes and one suit of blue denim and no mercy asked or given. Remember them, fellows?

Harry J. Shaw, former popular cook of Battery E and later 301 Tank Corp, resides at McMechen, W. Va., where he

is a very popular and active member of the local veterans' posts.

Edward J. Davis, former Corporal of Battery E and 2nd Battalion, 314th F. A., is employed at the B. & O. Rys. freight office, Wheeling, W. Va., is married and enjoys talking over old times with his friends.

We are informed that ex-Captain W. Clark, of the Regimental Staff, is none other than the New Jersey Judge who ruled the Eighteenth Amendment the bunk, which may cause many buddies to feel just a little more kindly toward him.



We extend to Captain Frank L. Weaver, of Detroit, Michigan, our sincere sympathy on the death of his beloved wife on August 17, 1930. She was a descendant of a long line of American Military and Naval Men. Before her marriage to Captain Weaver she was Miss Lois Campbell Douglas. General John Biddle, who commanded the American Troops in England, was her uncle. Besides the Captain she leaves two boys, eight years and thirteen years of age, and one daughter, fourteen years of age. The members of the 80th Division who were fortunate to have known her regret to learn of her untimely death.

Company B

Ferdinand Born, of Reedsville, W. Va., writes: "I was glad to be able to get to the Reunion at Johnstown. Had a fine time and met twenty-one or twenty-two of my old buddies. Had met only one of them since we were discharged from the Army. It surely was great to see them again."

Company D

Patrick J. (Pat) O'Malley joined the ranks of the benedicts when his marriage to Miss Mildred V. Henry, of Melwood street, took place Wednesday, January 28, 1931, at Old St. Patrick's Church, Pittsburgh. Among the notables present were Mayor Charles H. Kline, Director Edward G. Lang, of the department of public works, Senator James J. Coyne, Councilmen John S. Herron and W. Y. English, Police Inspectors James N. Hoey and Albert Beebe, Magistrate James O'Connor, and Republican ward and district chairmen from nearby communities. After the ceremony the newlyweds hastened to their car amid a shower of rice and paper as mounted police opened a path through the admiring crowds for their getaway.

Company F

Al Bailey is the proud father of a baby boy, born shortly after the New Year. Congratulations, Al!

305th Ammunition Train

Company C

Albert G. Aupke, formerly Sergeant, is in the Automobile business and lives on East Walaheim Rd., Aspinwall, Pa.

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Andrew M. Hill, of 502 Harding Ave., Jamestown, N. Y., is Manager of the Printz Company, is married and has one child.

•••••

Assistant Manager of the Walker Creamery Products Company is William I. Walker, of 519 Conewanto Ave., Warren, Pa.

•••••

Conrad G. Huber, of 544 Tyson St., Philadelphia, is not married yet and spends his eight hours a day hosiery knitting.

•••••

Paging Morton Hickey, Von F. Hoffman, John Hoover, Harry V. Green, and Clarence F. Fisher.

•••••

Wanted—The addresses of the following: Richard A. Cartin, Robert Deters, Emery F. Foree, George L. Funk, Joseph W. Glaab, and Frederick A. Jones.

•••••

Another member of the 80th on the Board of Education is Stephen J. Gilbert, of 1818 Duffield St., Pittsburgh.

•••••

Joseph J. Minich, of 217 Rightmeyer St., St. Marys, Pa., is a locomotive engineer.

•••••

Company D

Edward Gibbons, of 1323 Sarah St., Pittsburgh, is acting Sergeant of No. 16 Police Station, South Side.

•••••

Hello, Gang:

Can't give you all much news at this time as "I don't have some," because you birds don't write and donate news. The cost of writing a letter is so small you all should get busy and write and donate some news—anyhow donate something.

The very latest dope I have on hand is that Mr. Mickey sends his best to you all. Last he was seen was in Harrisburg by Mr. Zepnick.

Mr. Herman is still in Steelton, Pa. Wonder if he ever married "Wiolet"?

Frank Johnston in McVeytown is still working among the bees and hives and is still driving his old mule.

Frank Zepnick, of Elizabethtown, Pa., would like to have the words of some of the songs Company D used to sing. So any of you birds whose memory is good, do an old vet a favor and send him these songs—swear words and all.

Welling has joined the Lloyd M. Brett Post of the 80th Division Veterans Association. Sorry to say that Chas. and I are the only Company D vin blanc hounds that belong.

Ran into Doc Simpson the other day and of all places to meet Doc,—this one had to be a drug store.

Jake Crissman is still in Rimersburg, and if you happen in that burg and want to look him up, ask for Merle T. Crissman. Welling was up that way hunting (what?) last Fall and he asked for Jake. Result? Couldn't find Jake. Unknown Soldier.

That's all!

M. H. Levine.

•••••

305TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION

•••••

Our sympathy is extended to Judge D. Paulson Foster on the death of his sister, Mrs. Percy D. Siverd, on Thursday, December 4, 1930.

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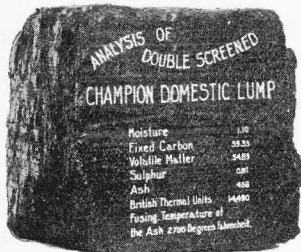
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HERO RETURNS AFTER THIRTY YEARS

(Continued from Page 10)

ried eighteen men, including several who were so badly wounded that they had to lie down. Sergeant Betron had charge of this boat. Another carried six men, Corporal Hickman in charge. Another took in nine, including the native muchaco, named Francisco. Bertholf, Marak, and Considine were among these. Sergeant Markley and Private Swanson got into a small boat that would hold two, as did also Wingo and Powers in another, but Powers was so badly wounded he could not give any assistance in paddling.

The journey was a perilous one on account of the rough sea, and the danger of landing in the presence of the hostile natives. Sergeant Betron's boat kept afloat and aided the others, taking in three men from the boat containing Bertholf, Marak, and the boy Francisco, which boat filled with water when the wind came in the afternoon. After relieving Bertholf's boat, an effort was made to land, with a view to sending back to aid those who had remained with Bertholf in the boat, but the waves were rough toward evening, the rocks were dangerous, so that boat continued.

Corporal Hickman's boat was the most seaworthy of all, best manned and went farthest out from shore, but upon hearing calls from Sergeant Betron's boat, after the sea got rough, went toward it and remained near it during the rest of the journey. These two boats succeeded in getting to the shore about dusk, and one or two men landed, but it was too rough to get the wounded ashore, and after changing Private Meyers from Hickman's boat to Betron's, and getting Class in his place in Hickman's they went on. These boats arrived at Basey about 3:00 a. m., September 29th, and aroused Captain Bookmiller and his company, to whom they related the harrowing tales of their experiences.

Sergeant Markley and Private Swanson had been told by Sergeant Betron to hurry ahead with their small boat. When the water got rough their boat filled, and they landed, emptied it and tried again; but it filled again, so they abandoned it,

and taking their paddles started along the shore. After going five or six miles they found another barota, the outriggers of which were slightly out of repair. Markley sent Swanson to get a native whom they saw to fix it, and to accompany them to the paddling, as they were both tired out. Upon going to the man, Swanson apparently persuaded him, for he started with him, but when close by he made a sudden assault upon Swanson, getting hold of his rifle and trying to wrench it away. Swanson relates that in the struggle he saw the native glance at his belt, which reminded him of a dagger he had there, which he had picked up at Balangiga. He seized it, and struck the native as hard as he could. The native then started to run, and Swanson shot him. In the meantime he had yelled for Markley, who came up. They decided to push off in the barota, and got away safely at once. With nothing to eat or drink they paddled along as well as they could all day and all night, losing their way in the darkness. Finally they landed on the island of Leyte, about 5:00 a. m. September 29th, reaching Tanauan about 9:00 o'clock, where they were cared for. Information of the disaster had already been communicated by telephone from Basey to Tanauan.

Bertholf and Marak relate their experience after being left in the half sunken boat with two wounded men. Armini 2nd and Buhner, Marak says:

"About ten miles from Balangiga our boat swamped, and Shoemaker, Considine and Keller got into Sergeant Betron's boat, and Driscoll got into Wingo's boat, and as they could not take any more they told us they would pick us up as soon as they could send some out. Keller, Shoemaker, and Driscoll were the worst wounded of us, and could not sit up or be of any assistance. I don't know how Considine happened to go, too. Our boat only sank a foot or so below the surface of the water, as the outriggers held it up. About dark the tide seemed to carry us in to shore and we got ashore about midnight. We hid away till morning. After landing Bertholf got us a cocoanut and gave us a drink, the first we had had since breakfast and we were nearly dead with hunger and thirst. In the morning Armini and Buhner were in bad condi-

tion. Armini could walk. He had been stabbed in the abdomen; but Buhner had to be helped along. He had several cuts over the head and his throat was bleeding, too. We started to hunt for a boat. We got to a point where Armini and Buhner could not climb over the rocks and boulders, so we hid them among the rocks where they could only be seen from the water-front. We told them we would try to get a borota and come back for them. They seemed pleased at that, so we went on. About a hundred yards further on I saw a body on the rocks and went to examine it, and found it to be Private Powers, who had been in Wingo's boat. He was in his underclothes, and the back of his head was split open. He had not had his head bandaged before getting into the boat, and had helped row, so we knew he had been killed since landing. While we were talking about this we heard screams, turned and saw about thirty natives, armed with bolos, rushing Armini and Buhner. Some of the natives saw us and started for us. We had only one rifle and a couple of belts, which had been saved by the native muchaco when our boat swamped. We had thrown over all the other rifles and belts to lighten the boat, as we did not expect to land, but the muchaco saved these. The odds being so great we ran, and must have gone about four miles along the beach till we found an old borota, in which we shoved off from the shore; then the pursuing natives disappeared. About two hours after this we were picked up by the Pittsburg."

Bertholf's account was similar, but with the additional statement that after getting ashore they emptied the water from their barota, and would have been able to use it in the morning, but the tide came in during the night and floated it off, so it was lost. The information concerning Powers, who was seen on the edge of the short with new wounds, gives the only clew of the fate of Wingo and Driscoll. It is related in the accounts by others that Wingo's boat was first tied behind the large boat, that Driscoll was taken in by him when Bertholf's boat sank, and when the wind came up and the waves were rough, he feared his boat would sink and asked that the rope be cast off from the big boat, believing he

EIGHTIETH DIVISION DEAD

(Continued from Page 8)

No.	Organization	State	Cemetery
166	Co. D 318th Inf.,	Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
167	Bty. F 313th F. A.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
168	Co. E 319th Inf.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
169	Co. M 319th Inf.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
170	Bty. A 313th F. A.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
171	Bty. B 314th F. A.	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
172	Co. C 313th M. G. Bn.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
173	Bty. D 315th F. A.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
174	Bty. D 315th F. A.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
175	Bty. B 313th F. A.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
176	Co. C 305th F. S. Bn.,	West Virginia	St. Mihiel
177	Co. K 319th Inf.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
178	Co. C 320th Inf.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
179	Bty. C 315th F. A.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
180	Co. L 320th Inf.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
181	Co. C 317th Inf.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
182	Bty. F 313th F. A.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
183	Bty. C 315th F. A.,	West Virginia	St. Mihiel
184	Hq. Co. 319th Inf.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
185	Co. C 318th Inf.,	West Virginia	Meuse-Argonne
186	Co. C 305th Engrs.,	Wisconsin	Meuse-Argonne

SUMMARY

States represented	21	Cemeteries represented	5
Illinois	2	Isolated graves	1
Kentucky	1	Meuse-Argonne	165
Maryland	2	St. Mihiel	14
Massachusetts	3	Somme	4
Michigan	1	Aisne-Marne	1
Minnesota	1	Oisne-Aisne	1
Mississippi	1	Isolated	1
Nebraska	1	Total	186
New Hampshire	1	317th Inf.	27
New Jersey	4	318th Inf.	31
New York	4	319th Inf.	42
North Carolina	3	320th Inf.	39
Ohio	2	305th Engrs.	5
Oklahoma	2	305th F. S. Bn.	3
Pennsylvania	94	305th M. S. Tn.	2
South Carolina	1	305th Amm. Tn.	3
South Dakota	1	305th Sn. Tn.	2
Tennessee	1	313th M. G. Bn.	3
Virginia	41	314th M. G. Bn.	2
West Virginia	19	315th M. G. Bn.	6
Wisconsin	1	313th F. A.	7
		314th F. A.	4
		315th F. A.	10
Total	186	Total	186

could manage along better. The waves were too great, however, and his small boat became separated from the others, and finally was submerged. His signals were heard in the large boat, but apparently nothing could be done, and that was the last seen of them. The boat was probably washed ashore during the night, as Bertholf's was, and natives surrounded and dispatched the three men. Wingo was unwounded, and possibly he escaped

by running after getting ashore, but, judging from remarks made about his good conduct during the fighting, a declaration he is said to have made, that he would not leave Balangiga as long as a wounded man was there alive, also a willingness to sacrifice himself if there were not room in the boats for all the wounded, it is more probable he stood by his wounded comrades and died fighting to protect them.

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WIT AND HUMOR

Dummer'n—

Suddenly the gas alarm sounded and gas masks were hastily donned, as it was their first real gas attack.

After a few moments' tense silence, the gas corporal's muffled voice was heard:

"Have you got your mask on, Sudhausen?"

In a plaintive, frightened voice, came the reply:

"Yes, but I have the windows in the back."

Poor Marksmanship

"I—I thought y'you t-old me y-you were experienced!" a much shaken old gentleman sputtered as he crawled from the wreck of his handsome car, which his chauffeur had just wrapped around a tree.

"I am," asserted the chauffeur. "Why, I drove three years for an officer during the war and was wounded every year."

"Wounded! Only wounded!" snorted

his employer disgustedly. "By Geerge, he must have been a rotten shot or he'd have got you the first year!"—The Goblin.

Can Read It Leisurely

A certain yeoman on the West Coast received the following letter from a man's mother:

"Your letter, stating that my son has deserted from the Navy, has just come. You failed to give his address. Please furnish me with his address immediately."

His answer ran:
"Dear Madam:

"Men deserting from the Navy are not in the habit of leaving their addresses. If you address a letter to your son in care of the Naval Prison, Mare Island, Calif., marked 'to be held until called for,' I feel sure that it will eventually reach him."

—The Newport Recruit.

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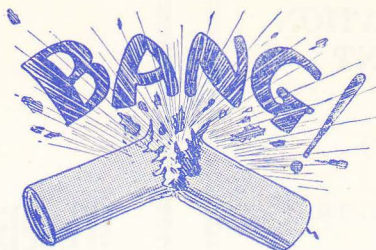
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