

The Service Magazine

MARCH-APRIL, 1931



EASTER GREETINGS



Professional and Business Directory of the Members of the 80th



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SERVICE MAGAZINE

(The 80th Division Blue Ridge Communique)

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

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

The 80th Prepares for Reunion..... 4

Captain To-To—By C. Earl Baker 6

Songs of the A. E. F.—By W. A. Smith..... 8

Blue Ridge Personalities 9

Padre's Corner 10

What the Papers Say 11

Observations—By A. Doughboy 12

Taps 14

Morning Report 15

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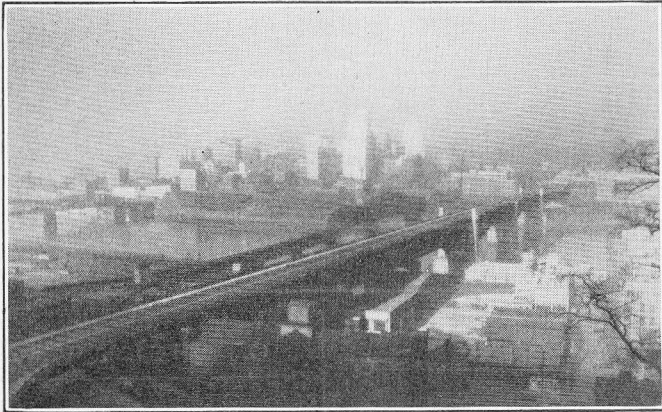
THE EIGHTIETH PREPARES FOR REUNION

Twelfth Annual National Reunion of "Blue Ridge" Division
will be held in Pittsburgh, August 6 to 9, 1931

1st Witch. "When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"
2nd Witch. "When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won."

FROM the opening lines of "Macbeth," we find that Shakespeare's characters lost no time in organizing reunions, conferences, conventions, or whatever name one wishes to apply to such gatherings.

Since Shakespeare's time there have been some changes made in the technique of arranging these meetings. For one thing, Witches have improved in knowledge and insist upon more creature comforts. There is competition between cities awakened to the financial and advertising benefits derived from conventions. Today the Convention Manager of the Chamber of Commerce or the Promotion



Liberty Bridge

Manager of the World's Almost Greatest Hotel would have made a prompt appearance on the scene. He would have asked for five minutes to address the meeting and would have presented telegrams, letters and word-of-mouth invitations from all the organizations and prominent citizens urging his town's advantages as the next place for the Witches to convene.

"Ladies," the speaker would conclude, "there is one city in this great and glorious land of ours that will welcome you as you have never been welcomed before. There is no necessity for you to meet in thunder, lightning, or in rain. Our transportation system is of the best—you will not need your broomsticks. We want to assist you in making this the greatest and biggest gathering of Witches that has ever gotten together. We would like to see you hold a parade and proceed with your hurlyburly and cooking school. The cats of the city are yours!"

Presuming that the ladies have had some slight experience in arranging former Wiener Roasts, one of their number of these modern witches would be likely to jump right up at this stage of the meeting and start asking questions.

"Say, Big Boy, just what do you mean by that word 'assist'?"

My, my, what a mercenary mind that little Miss Witch Hazel has, asking the nice man such a question just when he was making such beautiful gestures and she only the Treasurer of the Finance Committee!

Making speeches offering "co-operation" and writing letters and telegrams of invitation, preparing beautiful advertising literature showing the attractions of the city, quoting the points of interest and boosting the hospitality of a town are legitimate and proper activities for promotion men representing the Chamber of Commerce, Merchants Association, Hotel Association or other groups organized for civic and business purposes.

It does not take an expert to figure out some of the interests benefited by a convention. Hotels, restaurants, and Transportation Companies first come to mind. There are programs and printing, badges and decorations, entertainment talent, and music. The United States Chamber of Commerce has estimated that the average convention visitor leaves \$10.00 per day in the town that is entertaining him.

Quite often the "entertainment" is being bought and paid for out of the funds of the organization holding the convention or from a registration assessment. Merely taking the personal expenditures of the individual spent among the town's merchants, in its hotels, theaters, restaurants, on its busses, etc., if there are 500 visitors present, presumably this would represent a day's receipts for the town of \$5,000.00 and if 500 remained for four days, approximately \$20,000.00 has been put in local circulation as a result of the convention. If instead of 500 attending there are from 2,000 to 5,000, it is easy to see why it is not such bad business judgment to have the Chamber of Commerce and the Mayor send out a letter of invitation occasionally.

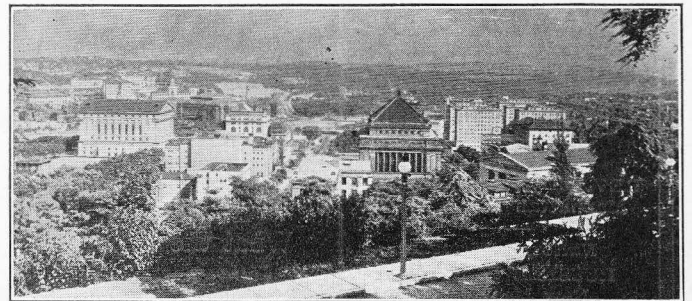
It make little difference whether the gathering is to be an Association of Bankers, School Teachers, Fishermen, Undertakers, Bakers or Veterans, they will all spend their money when they go "visiting."

The 80th Division has held eleven such conventions or reunions. Some have been held in large cities and some in smaller communities. It has been the experience of men who have worked on many of the committees handling these reunions that the problem of providing attractions and program events in an industrial city such as Pittsburgh is more difficult and costly than for a similar gathering in Washington, D. C., or Richmond, Va.

Out of the 30,000 and more men who served in the 80th Division there is no way of telling in advance just how many will attend an annual reunion. The attendance figure depends upon many factors,—business conditions, location of reunion city and distance visitors must travel, advertising and publicity given to the affair, and a schedule of events, business meetings, sight-seeing trips, entertainments, etc., of such interest as to attract and keep the visitors happily occupied for the period of the reunion.

It has been the practice in the majority of the past reunions held by the 80th to mail a reunion notice in the form of a letter or circular to approximately 25,000 men whose names and addresses are recorded in its headquarter's files. The printing of these notices, their addressing, zoning according to postal regulations, and mailing involves labor and expense.

News items and releases concerning the reunion plans are prepared and sent out to a list of over 400 daily and weekly newspapers located in 80th Division territory. Posters, automobile tire covers, and signboards have been extensively used to promote the convention attendance. Reduced railroad rates are secured on all of the principal railroad



Pittsburgh's Educational Center

lines. One or two special issues of the "Service Magazine" are largely devoted to articles about the reunion city and illustrations showing its interesting features. Hundreds of letters are written in connection with arranging the various details of the program and in urging attendance.

Music and street decorations, welcome signs, banners and badges all have an effective part in convincing a "Stranger within our Gates" that he is receiving an enthusiastic welcome. Unusual as it may seem musicians and decorators insist on being paid regardless of who is holding the convention. There is generally a hall or two to be hired for a ball, a business meeting, registration or some other gathering necessary during the convention.

To make sure that visitors do not miss some of the important historical, cultural and industrial highlights of the



Aeroview of Downtown Pittsburgh

city three or four busses may be chartered for transporting the delegates, their wives and children to such points on hourly and two-hourly schedules. A Boat excursion and a picnic are features of past 80th Reunions in Pittsburgh.

All program events are planned with a view of keeping their cost as low as possible in order that the matter of expense will not be the principal reason why some veterans and their families are unable to attend and take part in the activities of the reunion. Of course lodging and food must be met by the visitor, and it is the job of a housing committee to locate a variety of good stopping places among the various hotels where the rates are within reason. The Annual 80th Division Banquet held in connection with each reunion costs the member around \$2.50 or less, depending upon type of menu and entertainment features.

The Annual Ball necessitates the use of a Ball Room with ample floor space, for while it is limited to the veterans and their friends, no charge is made to registered reunion visitors for the ball tickets.

The preliminary expense incurred in preparing and planning a convention such as those held by the 80th is considerable, and nearly all of the work is done by volunteers who serve on the various committees at a personal sacrifice in time and money.

In addition to the cash benefits accruing to the business

of the town through the expenditures of convention visitors over a three and four-day period the newspapers including the Associated Press and the United Press give wide space to a convention of this nature and the advertising received by the city as a result is worthwhile.

Most cities and towns like to be selected as meeting points for important conventions or in fact any kind of a convention that will bring some additional people into town who will spend money, but too often it is regarded as a one-sided deal by the businessmen and civic leaders. "Sure," they say, "We've extended you a very gracious invitation, make use of our streets and our sidewalks, our parks; stop in our hotels and patronize our merchants. Spend all the money you want to or can afford making the convention the largest you have ever had—we're for you, but you know how impossible it is to give you financial support. How do we know who is going to get the \$10.00 a day each visitor may spend in town?"

Pittsburgh and the other cities which have entertained the 80th in the past have displayed an intelligent and appreciative realization of the value of the Blue Ridge Division Reunions both from the standpoint of their sentimental and historical meaning as well as the cash return on the assistance given in making them a success.

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GERMAN WAR INJURED

There are now in Germany 839,396 persons who are classed as war-injured and who are listed as being entitled to relief from the government. More than 31,000 were added to the list during the last year, and 118,000 have been added since 1924. All the persons have proved to the satisfaction of the German government that they are wholly or partly incapacitated and are unable to earn a living due to wounds or the effects of the war. In the recent emergency finance measures promulgated after the Reichstag was dissolved the terms under which war injured may apply for aid were restricted materially.

CAPTAIN TO-TO

BY C. EARL BAKER

The Story of a Deserter Who Became a Real Hero

[*"This story about Captain To-To is partly true and partly fiction," writes the author, Comrade C. Earl Baker, a member of Standing Stone Post No. 1754, Huntingdon, Pa., "but I believe there should be some record for posterity of Captain To-To's bravery. That's why this story was written." Comrade Baker was a corporal in Co. F., 112th Inf., 28th Division, and this was the outfit to which Captain To-To was attached when Co. F. came home.—The Editor Foreign Service.*]

HE came to the outfit one clear, cold night in early November, a forlorn, half-starved mite, with large, soulful eyes and dirty mud-caked coat.

Corporal "One Shot" Lamberson of Company F, 112th Infantry, discovered him by the light of a pale moon, picking his lonely way among the shell holes and barb wire across no-man's land toward the American trenches.

Corporal Lamberson and Private Dany Washburn, better known as "Washie," were consorting in a deep shell hole some seventy-five yards from the German positions, where F Company had established a listening post about midway between the opposing lines.

In a whisper, Corporal Lamberson called his companion's attention to the shadowy figure of a little dog that stopped every few steps to look back in the direction from when he came, as if uncertain of the course he was pursuing. Each time, however, the shaggy little animal drew his brush of a tail tighter between his legs and slowly continued his way toward the American side.

"I believe the little cuss is deserter's the 'Heinies,'" Corporal "One Shot" whispered.

The little animal was proceeding on a course that would bring him within a few yards of the shell hole in which the two men were lying, if he did not change his direction.

With head down and many backward glances, he at last halted, a scant half dozen yards from the shell hole. His head was raised questioningly and with uncertainty he sniffed the air. The two watchers noticed the little fellow cringe and then half turn, ready to take flight in another direction.

"I'm gonna' catch that little mutt and adopt him," said Corporal "One Shot," and he whistled ever so faintly.

The little dog pricked up his ears and took a few halting steps in the direction of the two men.

Softly they coaxed and cajoled and at last were rewarded by the little dog crawling—fearfully, yet hopefully—to within finger's reach.

Patiently they talked to the forlorn waif and he finally permitted them to draw him into the shell hole. Timidly he licked their hands in return for the caressing pats they bestowed.

Seeing his new friends meant him no harm, he squatted down between them, glancing up into their faces with newfound confidence. From time to time the little fellow whined pitifully and licked his lean chops.

"I believe the little shaver's hungry," said the corporal.

"He looks as if he hasn't scoffed for a long time," agreed Washie.

"Open that can of 'willie' and give him a hunk."

Private Washburn chiseled a jagged hole in the top of the square can with his bayonet, with the point dug out a generous piece of the cold, red meat and held it out to the deserter.

He snatched the proffered morsel and wolfed it greedily, then sat down on his haunches at a respectful distance and watched his benefactors hopefully.

"He's a polite little cuss," whispered Corporal "One Shot," "give him another hunk. Then guess we may as well scoff too; it's past mid-night."

The recruit received another hunk of the "willie" which he swallowed quickly, expressing his thanks by a joyful wag of his stump of a tail.

The two men helped themselves to the cold meat, munching hardtack and washing the unpalatable stuff down with swallows of water from their canteens.

"Cripes, but I'm sick of this damn horsemeat and hard bread," lamented Corporal Lamberson.

"Yeh, no wonder they call the damn combination 'iron rations,'" added Private Washburn. "When I git back to the States, if anyone ever offers me 'corned willie—'"

The sentence remained unfinished. Two burly figures, with pointed bayonets, leaped upon them from the shadows, and with guttural commands, gesticulated towards the German trenches.

Taken entirely by surprise, Corporal Lamberson and Private Washburn got slowly to their feet, hands highly elevated. Suddenly the attention of the two prisoners and their captors was drawn to the little dog by a slow, menacing growl when it dawned upon his canine brain that his new friends were being threatened. With an angry snarl, the little animal leaped at the man covering Corporal Lamberson. The German turned the point of his bayonet instinctively toward this unexpected foe.

Seizing the slight advantage, Corporal Lamberson jumped at his captor and before the bewildered German could bring his bayonet into play, a hard fist crashed on the point of his chin. In a twinkling Corporal Lamberson had possession of the rifle.

The other invader, dazed at the sudden turn of events, made a move with his bayonet toward Washburn. But his decision came too late. A snarling ball of fury rushed upon him and sharp fangs fastened on his wrist.

The terrified man sought to throw off the dog and finish up his prisoner at the same time. But Washie stepped quickly out of reach of the thrust. With a sweep of his hand he pushed the point of the weapon to earth and with a cat-like spring closed with his man.

The German fought like a cornered tiger. For a spell he was a match for both man and dog. But the little canine finally decided the issue. Another leap gave him a secure grip on the man's throat.

Private Washburn, with the advantage afforded by his war-like ally, quickly subdued Fritz with a well directed blow and

convinced the dog he had the situation well in hand. The two crestfallen prisoners, the tables reversed, stood close together, hands pointed heavenward.

"Get on with you," hissed Corporal "One Shot," indicating with a sweeping gesture the general direction of the American lines. Then to Washie, he said: "Get the rifles, kid, I'll keep these sausage-eaters goose-stepping."

Washie gathered up the two Springfield and with the captured German's rifle followed in the wake of his buddy who was menacing the backs of the men with the point of his bayonet. Meanwhile the little dog snarled at their heels, determined for complete vengeance.

"Believe the little cuss is trying to pay off old scores. He sure hates these fellows' guts for some reason—an' hell, ain't he the fightin' fool though," said Corporal "One Shot," as Washie edged along side with his load of rifles.

The two Americans reached their own lines with their prisoners in front of a volley of machine gun bullets—the Germans had in some manner discovered their shadowy figures a few steps from the trench.

No little excitement greeted their hasty return with the prisoners, but in the shelter of the trench, throughout it all, the little dog kept a sullen eye on the two Germans. When one would make the slightest move, the cockle bristles would ruffle on his shoulders and his throaty growl would sound ominously.

Many admiring pats were bestowed on his shaggy head by his new comrades, whom he accepted graciously, but until the two prisoners of war were taken to the rear, he vented his spleen in no uncertain manner, apparently confident of protection in the friendship of his many admirers.

* * *

Well, Corp, I notice that little mutt Washie and you brought in last night seems to lavish most of his affections on you in particular," remarked Sergeant "Stiffy" Wagner.

"Yes, the little devil does seem to cotton to me, for a fact, don't he?" replied Corporal "One Shot," with a touch of pride.

"What you thinkin' of callin' him?" asked Private Stubbs.

"He's such a dignified little cuss," laughed Corporal Lamberson, "guess I'll call him Captain."

"Good idea," added Sergeant Wagner, "but plain Captain isn't distinguishing enough for a rip-roarin', fighting devil like him. Call him 'Captain To-To.'"

"What the hell does the 'To-To' end of it mean?" inquired Corporal "One Shot."

"Don't exactly know, but it's some high falutin' French name," added the sergeant. And so henceforth the waif became Captain To-To, Corporal "One Shot's" fighting partner.

The little dog trailed Corporal "One Shot" at every step. At night he slept curled snugly beside him.

Throughout the rainy, dismal days, Captain To-To stood his share of sentry duty uncomplainingly. Gratefully he accepted the morsels of poor fare thrown to him from many hands. He seemed to

understand the grave necessity of keeping out of sight of enemy eyes and none was more adept than he in detecting the presence of enemy patrols on dark nights.

Due to his sagacity and intelligence, several raiding parties were surprised and captured by Company F the early part of November, but his crowning achievement, which endeared him to the entire regiment, came about on the morning of November 11th—that memorable day back in 1918—when hoping, yet not quite believing, the American line soldiers heralded the break of a new day up among the mud and filth of the Thia-court sector in la belle France.

Company F, along with E and G, were holding advanced positions. Their orders were to advance and attack the Germans at daylight. Zero hour was set at 6:10, but shortly before that time, Captain To-To, at Corporal Lamberson's side in a shallow fox hole, suddenly glided away in the darkness despite the Corporal's low commands to return.

A few minutes later his short staccato barks sounded away to the front. To the listening ears of the crouching dough-boys came faint, but clear, the guttural curses of a German soldier.

Captain To-To's short, vicious barking continued and with each passing moment, it became more evident to Corporal "One Shot" that his little pal was attacking, all alone, one or more of the enemy who was out there for no good.

A furious snarling of the little animal set the Corporal's nerves tingling and a moment later, a wild cry from Captain To-To pierced the otherwise still air. With a whispered word to his nearby comrades Lamberson clutched his rifle and headed out across No-Man's land.

Private Washburn hesitated but a moment. He too vanished in the gloom and, guided by the hurrying steps of his buddy, soon caught up with him.

"Not so fast, Corp, I'm coming too," he whispered.

"Thanks," was Corporal "One Shot's" only answer. Together they sped in the direction from whence came the convulsive cries of Captain To-To.

They covered perhaps five hundred yards in a diagonal course from their own lines through the tangled woodland which comprised the terrain of this sector and the cries of the dog had subsided to a low moan, which seemed to issue from a point a few yards to their left.

It was dark in the damp woods and at first the two men saw nothing as they stood under a large tree. A slight movement, followed by another moan, guided them further. A few more steps brought them to Captain To-To and the reason for his lone attack.

At a glance, they saw the little dog was terribly wounded and near where his maimed body lay they discovered a hastily concealed mine. But the enemy was gone.

Quickly Corporal "One Shot" examined his little four-footed friend. Caressing fingers detected a broken leg and numerous deep gashes across his back and flanks, apparent slashes from a trench knife.

Captain To-To was weak from loss of blood but the light of love and hope still burned in his eyes as the two men examined him by the light of a carefully shielded match.

"The devils nearly got him, Washie, but not quite. Let's fix him up quick and then see what's doin' here."

With first aid packets, they bound tightly the bleeding cuts and with the aid of a stick secured the broken bones, after which they laid him comfortably in the shelter of a tree and then turned their attention to the hidden mine.

The deadly affair was crudely, but effectively, constructed out of heavy sheet iron, filled with a miscellaneous collection of death-dealing fragments of scrap iron, nails, glass, etc. Running from either side of it was a wire, one leading off in the darkness to the right, the other to the left.

Carefully, Corporal Lamberson disconnected the wires and turned to Washie with instructions to trace the wires leading to the right. After Washie had departed he hurried away in the other direction, bent on the same mission. He had only proceeded a short distance when the wires led to another hidden death trap and still another. After rendering a half dozen of the hidden things harmless, Lamberson looked at his watch. A muttered exclamation escaped his lips. It was nearly jumping-off time for his outfit back there in the darkness.

* * *

A squad of German soldiers lay concealed in a pretentious dug-out on the morning of November 11th. One of the group had a pair of headphones clamped to his ears and a small field buzzer rested on a table at his finger tips. Another of the group from a cleverly concealed peep-hole, scanned the surrounding country with a pair of binoculars.

They conversed in low tones at intervals and it was evident from their nervousness they had been left behind for some special assignment. Suddenly the buzzer came to life. The signal-man clutched his headphones, pressed them tightly to his ears, and listened intently. He spoke a few terse words to his companions and the man with the glasses swept them back and forth, eagerly searching for something to their front. The fringe of a forest lay some six hundred yards ahead and the German's glasses came to rest at a point to the right of their place of concealment. He gazed steadily for a few moments and then, turning to another member of the squad, gave a curt command.

The soldier addressed was hovering over a strange mass of fine wires which led into the dug-out and converged with their loose ends near a common electric detonator used to fire explosives. The end of each wire was marked with a small pasteboard tag on which was written a number. Quickly the man selected one of the wires and attached it to a detonator. In a moment came the order and the operator jerked up on the handle of the infernal machine. Breathlessly the party awaited the sound of a distant explosion. But the moments flew by and no sound rent the peaceful morning stillness. A look of consternation came over the faces of the group as they glanced from one to the other.

The buzzer sounded again and the signalman again called a number. The manipulator of the detonator selected another wire and once more lifted the plunger of the machine. And again they all cocked their ears to catch the expected sound of exploding dynamite. But again the expected explosion did not occur.

The men, a look of alarm now on their faces, questioned each other mutely, and when the man with the binoculars discovered a platoon of American infantrymen pushing their way out of the edge of the distant thicket, their looks of alarm changed to fear.

They talked rapidly to each other and in a frenzy, the operator of the detonator selected wire after wire and rapidly pulled the handle of the machine. But ominous silence was the result of every attempt while the American infantry came on at a run, the early morning light gleaming faintly on their bayonets.

A ribald curse broke from the lips of the leader of the squad of Germans and he gave a few brief commands to his comrades. In desperation the man in charge of the detonator attached wires and pulled the handle of the machine as fast as he could. But it soon became evident the plot had failed. In wild disorder they fled from their dugout and hurried toward the rear.

* * *

The attack of November 11th went steadily forward and the Germans resisted bitterly at some points of attack and the Americans were forced to fight for every foot of ground up until the last minute before eleven o'clock, of the eleventh day of the eleventh month.

At the exact stroke of eleven, the attackers stopped in their tracks when whistles sounded all along the line.

The big guns mysteriously stopped. A tense moment of strict silence prevailed. And then wild cheering broke loose from both sides and floated out over the powder-burnt fields and woodland.

Company F, 112th, was resting quietly on its arms where it had stopped when the end came. A sudden exclamation caused all eyes to turn to the rear.

Two familiar figures in olive drab were approaching. One carried some object carefully in his arms—a bundle that looked strangely like a child wrapped in an army blanket.

"Hoo-r-a-a-y," yelled a keen eyed buck, "it's old 'One Shot' an' Washie, an' they got Captain To-To, or I'm a 'fraulein.'"

"Well, damned if it ain't," yelled another.

Joyful was the reception accorded the two men and the little dog. And when the wayfarers had been slapped on the back by their comrades and Captain To-To had received words of cheer from all, Corporal Lamberson and Private Washburn told their story, beginning with their hurried departure across No-Man's land in the early morning hours when Captain To-To cried for help.

Captain To-To was carefully nursed back to health and when the 112th embarked for home in April, 1919, he mysteriously turned up on board ship despite strict orders that pets picked up in France must be left behind. His fame preceded him and when hob-nailed shoes clumped down the gang-plank back home, Captain To-To viewed the cheering throngs undisturbed under the arm of Corporal "One Shot."—(Reprinted by courtesy of Foreign Service Magazine.)

NO DIVORCES GRANTED

The state of South Carolina recognizes divorces granted in other states but it grants no divorces itself. It is the only state in which it is impossible to obtain a divorce for any reason whatever.

SONGS OF THE A. E. F.

BY W. A. SMITH

THE American Soldier has been called the singing soldier. It is in his songs that the spirit in which he entered the service and did his bit, shows most plainly. Coming as he did for the most part direct from the classroom, where the picture of war was such that his fondest wish was for a war to break out that he might follow the flag to glory and adventure. No hint of the hardships, the despotism or the injustice crept into his picture. He returned the conquering hero, or died amid the tears and ministrations of his comrades—

"And how can a man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods."

Yet when he really entered the war it became for him a game, a contest, a job to be done, and one in which hatred, sentiment and unreasoning patriotism had little place. This much we see expressed in a song popular in the camps in the early part of the war, entitled, "We're Going Over." It went something like this:

"We're going over. We're going over.
They left it up to us to settle up the
fuss,
So what do we care; so what do we care,
We'll go sailing o'er the sea.
And we'll show them all what the
Yankee Boys can do,
Then we'll come marching home."

Naturally, when the time came to go the first thought was for the folks left at home. By way of discouraging tears on the part of the homefolks, they discreetly reminded them they had a part to play in the game, with the song which became instantly popular.

Keep The Homefires Burning

"Keep the homefires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away they
dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining.
Turn your dark clouds inside out,
'Till the boys come home."

Once in camp, things were different. Seemingly the war was to be won by peeling spuds, digging ditches, saluting officers and going through monotonous drill formations over and over. Realization of the fact that he was in for "duration" came and in his songs he looked forward to the next step in "settling up the fuss." In the infrequent moments of relaxation afforded him, places of recreation resounded with his challenge in the song, "Over There."

"Over There, Over There,
Send the word, send the word Over
There,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks
are coming,
The drums are drumming everywhere.
So beware. Say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back 'till it's over
Over There."

Once we had landed in France, the American Doughboy looked about him in wonder at the strange customs and language on every side and immediately asked the universal question in the song—"Where Do We Go From Here"—at the same time slipping a friendly warning to the Kaiser that he was still in the trail.

"Where do we go from here, boys,
Where do we go from here.
Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill and make him
shed a tear,
And when we see the enemy we'll shoot
him in the rear,
O Joy! O Boy! Where do we go from
here."

Certainly there was no rancor in the warning to the German soldier expressed in the song,

Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy

"Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,
"Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,
Late last night in the star-shell light
I saw you, I saw you.
You were fixing your barbed wire
When we opened rapid fire.
If you want to see your father in your
Fatherland,
Keep your head down, Fritzie boy."

Realization of the grimness of war came with action on the front line. Shooting the enemy in the rear wasn't as easy as some people thought. He refused to turn around, and persisted in trying to send back as good as he got. It soon became plain that the job was not to be done with one grand charge as the schoolboy idea had it. While experience discounted the "Hip, Hip Hurray!" part of this song, nevertheless it expresses his determination to go through with the job he had tackled.

"It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get
there,
Uncle Sam will show the way.
Over the line and across the Rhine
Shouting, Hip, Hip Hurray!
We'll sing Yankee Doodle under der
linden
With some real live Yankee pep, Hip!
It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get
there,
And we're on our way, By Heck!"

The apparent cloud which the long years of war had cast over the people of France perhaps inspired one of the most beautiful songs of the A. E. F., Joan of Arc. The picturesque country around Joan's birthplace was to the average American soldier a veritable story-book land, with its medieval castles, its hedged fields and winding, tree-lined roads of white stone on which wooden shod peasants drove horses hitched to huge two-wheeled carts. Perhaps for the spirit of Joan to appear would have seemed no more strange and impossible than being there himself to "pay his debt to Lafayette."

"Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Can't your eyes from the skies see the
foe?
Can't you see the drooping fluer de leis?
Cant' you hear the cries of Normandy?"

Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Let your spirit guide us through.
Come lead your France to victory,
Joan of Arc, they are calling you."

Of the spiritual songs sung by the A. E. F. there seemed to be only which was sure to be sung with vim and vigor. Perhaps it was the melody or the time—something in the music—but more than likely it was because it had to do with something which was a daily occurrence in the lives of most of those who wore the O. D. at that time. It was easy to visualize roll-call after any event. And judging from past experience, hard to imagine not being present. If God Almighty was going to call the roll, there was at least one thing on the program with which the American soldier was familiar, and to listen to him sing, one could not doubt his willingness to cooperate to the extent of being present anyway.

"When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there."

One of the things which came hard to the citizen soldier was the army habit of getting up early in the morning. There was no second and third call by mother or dad and a tolerant scolding if he slept in after a big night. It was one call, and "Sergeant take his name" if he was late. If murdering the bugler would have really relieved the situation, no doubt the insurance rates on buglers would have immediately gone up. Here's the plot in song:

"Oh how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh how I'd like to remain in bed,
For the hardest blow of all is to hear
the bugler call,
You've got to get up ,you've got to get
up,
You've got to get up this morning.
Some day I'm going to murder the
bugler,
Some day they're going to find him
dead.
And then I'll get that other pup,
The guy who wakes the bugler up,
And spend the rest of my life in bed."

When the soldier's thoughts turned toward home, a long trail seemed to separate him from his former life. Peace, love, home, and all that they meant to him, were far, far away. What the future held, no one knew. But part of that long trail, at least, must be retraced before his dreams could be realized. It is not strange that this song appealed to his imagination and immediately found a place in his heart:

"There's a long, long trail a winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Whert the nightingale is singing,
And the white moon gleams.
There's a long, long night of waiting,
Until my dreams all come true,
'Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you."

To commemorate the end of the war there was only one song which became
(Continued on Page 13)

BLUE RIDGE PERSONALITIES

BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE H. JAMERSON

Former Commander of 159th Infantry Brigade, 80th Division

ONE of the 80th's most quiet, friendly and unassuming Life Members whose duties have kept him away from some of the more recent reunions of the division, is Brigadier General George H. Jamerson, former commander of the 159th Infantry Brigade. The Blue-Ridgers who attended the Charles-



Brigadier General George H. Jamerson

ton and Petersburg conventions will recall his deep interest in the affairs of the Association and what a real pleasure it was to spend a few days taking in the events on the program in company with the man who once directed the destinies of the 317th and 318th in battle. General Jamerson was just as democratic as his old slouch hat, and his interest has never lagged in 80th affairs.

He was born November 8, 1869, in Martinsville, Virginia, and has had a life of varied military activity. He entered West Point Military Academy, June 15, 1889, as a Cadet and graduated from it with his class. On June 12, 1893, he received his commission as Second Lieutenant and was assigned to the 7th Infantry. He was promoted to First Lieutenant, April 26, 1898, and made Captain of the 29th Infantry, February 2,

1901. He was assigned to the General Staff on March 9, 1911, serving until July 1, 1912, after which he was connected with the Army War College, and later assigned to the 2nd Infantry. When Camp Lee opened, he was assigned as Colonel of the 317th Infantry and was promoted to Brigadier General Commanding the 159th Brigade in April, 1918.

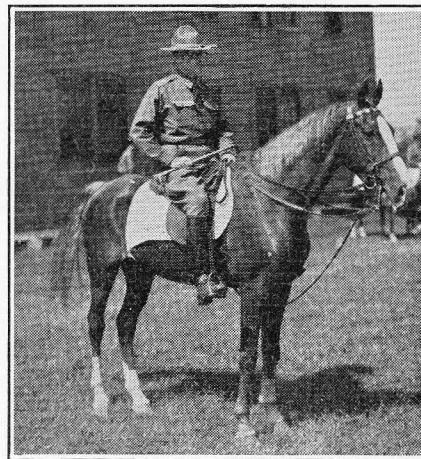
General Jamerson commanded the Brigade during its service on the British Front, St. Mihiel and first two phases of the Meuse Argonne offensives when he was injured and evacuated to a hospital on October 8th, 1918. He was awarded the D. S. M. for his able and successful work as commander of the 159th Brigade. He returned and resumed command of the 159th brigade from November 28, 1918 to March 15, 1919. On June 6, 1919, he arrived back in the United States and was assigned as Commander of the Provisional Infantry Brigade at Camp Travis, Texas, which was made up of the 35th and 43rd Infantry Regiments. His later assignments included membership on the Board of Infantry and Cavalry Armament and Equipment in Washington, D. C., duty in the Inspector General's Office, Assistant to Inspector of the Western Department at San Francisco, Cal., Student at the Army War College, Chief of Staff of the 80th Reserve Division at Richmond, Va. Inspector of the 5th Corps Area, Fort Hayes, Ohio, and assignment to command the 10th Brigade at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, where he is at present. In 1927 he was granted leave from Fort Benjamin Harrison to attend special courses at Fort Benning, Georgia, and at Langley Field, Virginia, and served as commander of the 6th Corps Area, at Chicago, Ill. from February 28th to March 17th, 1928.

In 1920 General Jamerson made an inspection of all Army Stations in Alaska. This took him on an extended trip along the Southern coast from Anchorage on Coak Inlet to Skagway; over the White Pass Yukon R. R. to Whitehorse, down the Yukon River by Steamer 2200 miles to St. Michael, and thence home, where he visited Fort Davis, which was constructed under his supervision as Constructing Quartermaster in 1900.

He has been in command of Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, since December 15, 1927. The Fort is garrisoned by the 11th Infantry, 1st Battalion, 3rd F. A., 1st Platoon 5th Tank Company, and other miscellaneous auxiliary units. He spends the summer months at Camp Knox, Ky., 30 miles South of Louisville, the training center of the 5th Corps Area. Incidentally, this is the largest summer training camp conducted by the regular army. Here he has charge of the training of the National Guard units of Indiana and Kentucky (38th Division), artillery from the 37th (Ohio) Division, and artillery from the states of Mississippi, Tennessee, and Illinois, as well as some 650 R. O. T. C. and 1500 C. M. T. C. Students. Regular Army troops of the 5th Corps Area also go to Camp Knox for maneuvers and tactical inspections.

It will be seen from the above that

since returning from France, General Jamerson has been a very busy man and still finds a few odd chores now and then to keep him occupied. Unfortunately just about the time his old brigade of the 80th is galloping over the top at a Reunion, the General is galloping around Camp Knox. It seems that Brigadier Generals these days have a tougher time getting a pass out of camp in the summer than the K. P. detail had at Camp Lee on a Saturday morning, so this accounts for his absence at 80th Reunions. Some of his old "bucks" of the 317th and



The General's Favorite Horse

318th will have to take the question up with that other Life Member, Pat Hurley. Pat had a good time at last year's gathering and he knows the General will be in good company.

BORROWING BONUS MONEY

To accommodate such holders of the 3,500,000 outstanding bonus certificates as may wish to take advantage of the new law permitting loans of 50 per cent of their face value, Veterans Administrator Hines made an early call for additional clerks in the Veterans Bureau and its 54 regional offices. The veteran desiring a loan will present his certificate at the nearest regional office. He will sign a note for the amount received and will pay interest on it at 4½ per cent, compounded annually. General Hines estimated that from 30 to 60 days would elapse before loans could be made in large volume, though loans will be handled at once. He also expressed the opinion that those taking out bonus certificates now for the first time could borrow at once, but others think that the original rule of a two-year wait must obtain. The bonus certificates are in the nature of paid-up endowment insurance maturing in 1945. It was calculated that if a veteran borrowed \$500 on a \$1,000 certificate and failed thereafter to pay either principal or interest—as most veterans do—in 1945 he would have due him only four dollars and a few odd cents on his certificate. In other words, the loan and unpaid interest would have absorbed 99½ per cent of the certificate's face value. And, of course, no insurance would be left for the family.

PADRE'S CORNER

THE old familiar slogan, "Go West, My Boy," has haunted me for these many years like the fabled call of the Siren and only a combination of unforeseen circumstances helped me to gratify that long pent-up longing. I can thank Uncle Sam for affording me one of the greatest treats of my life when his representatives sent out an attractive circular letter announcing a proposed cruise to the West Coast by way of the Panama Canal for Naval Reserve Officers. An application sent to the Navy Department asking to be numbered among the lucky ones brought back a favorable reply and it did not take long for the old padre to haul out the old dusty sea-bag, check up the necessary equipment, shine up the gold braid and report for duty to the commanding officer of one of Uncle Sam's finest ten million dollar floating steel fortresses. A cushy berth had been reserved for this lucky bird aboard ship and it seemed like old times to meet one of the finest and most sociable crews and officer personnel. A quick survey of the big steel bulk brought back fond memories of other days; everything was so different from the hectic days of the "Re D'Italia" and the "Duca D'Abuzzi." A crew of four hundred stalwart American gobs and about one hundred regular and reserve officers made up the personnel of the men aboard. One prominent feature aboard was the old familiar khaki worn by the marines who did police or S.P. duty during the cruise. At high tide the order, "up anchor" rang out from the bridge and in a few minutes we were heading down stream for the open sea. Within half an hour the old familiar bugle call for mess sounded and did everybody scam? The mess room aboard ship is the best place I know of to get acquainted and it did not take the old padre long to get a working line on the officers and men. The old familiar stand-bys of the Army and Navy; the tried and true "beans and prunes" were much in evidence and got a great workout for the next eighteen days. There was an unexplained and noticeable absence of "canned willie" and "gold fish," much to my delight and I did not hear any protests on the part of the crew. The food in general was substantial and plentiful and satisfied even the most exacting. Not wanting to miss anything the old padre horned in a few times on the crew's mess and never heard one complaint coming from the crew about quantity or quality of food. Not to give a wrong impression, I will say that, as expected, the officers were taxed extra for a few dainties not on Uncle Sam's Naval menu. The "Spics" or Philippino mess boys who seem to have the monopoly of K.P. duty aboard ship, handled the service a la Waldorf-Astoria and looked natty in their neatest whites. The good old canteen carried the choicest brands of Havana cigars and cigarettes to satisfy even the most fastidious taste. Everyone broke out in their nattiest uniform and the dull gold braid was conspicuous by its absence. The Commanding Officer, a rear-admiral, did not jeopardize his dignity at any time by undue

fraternizing with either the officers or men; but that is due to his exalted rank, or if you will, "it's a way we have in the navy." Being a land-lubber most of my life but always close to the sea, made me more or less familiar with the nautical jargon and after the first day out I got my sea-legs and tried to be as salty as possible. After a few hours aboard ship, we exchanged terms of "upstairs and downstairs" for "above and below." Ay, Ay, Sir, and Very Well, Sir, gave us a little trouble but everyone was kind and considerate to the padre for his occasional breaches of naval etiquette. The familiar "Officer of the day" of old army memories now became the "Officer of the deck" for the new fledged man of the sea. The usual form of naval request, "Permission to leave ship, Sir," and "Permission to board ship, Sir," seemed a little strange to the former doughboy. The bugle calls were mostly familiar to the old padre, especially "Mess Call," Reveille and Taps. The soldier may detect at sight the meaning of the gob's worst enemy, "Up before the mast," or "Up on the carpet" as we land-lubber would say. The commands, "Up all hammocks," "Rise and shine," or "Hit the deck" hardly need any explanation for anybody who ever worked for Uncle Sam. The Diddy-box and sea-bag were the gobs' most sacred treasures and supplied the equivalent of the familiar barrack bag. The old but respected "Top Kick" of army days was now "The Jimmie Legs" who ruled without question and was "Monarch of all he surveyed," and then some. The kitchen became the galley. "Top-side" denoted above on the main deck; "Below" meant any deck below the main deck, and "Fore and Aft" as you might surmise denoted the forward or toward the stern part of the ship. The "Old Man or Skipper," which to the uninitiated might seem to savor of flippancy, is the gob's way of referring to the Commanding Officer of the ship. The good old army panacea for curing all ills, the never-to-be-forgotten "CC" pill, holds the same important place in the navy as it did in the army, but instead of "Mark him, quarters," the gob is told to "report to the sick bay." Twenty-four hours after leaving New York Navy Yard we were steaming into Hampton Roads, Virginia, to take on supplies. Most of the men aboard proved good sailors until we reached Cape Hatteras and then "the dirt came out." Willy-nilly, some of the men were seen heading too often for the "Head" where there were no restrictions as to how much or how often you unloaded the contents of your stomach provided you were a good shot and used the proper receptacles. You need not have sailed the seven seas to know how nasty the sea can be when she cuts up and especially around Hatteras where several treacherous currents and winds have given many a sturdy mariner the battle of his life guiding his ship through this new world, "Scylla and Charybdis." Here I feel like interjecting a little braggadocio by saying, landlubber as I am, I succeeded in holding everything down and proved stingy to the fishes. There were several

good liars aboard and the old alibi, "just an old attack of indigestion" was worked overtime in trying to explain ones absence from mess. The pharmacist mate was doing extra duty for the first few days until everybody got their sea and land legs adjusted. A day out from Hampton Roads brought us into the welcome gulf stream and we changed from our blues to whites. A band aboard ship kept us in good spirits and proved an immense source of pleasure. Life on the bounding waves is not so monotonous when you have Uncle Sam to direct your cruises. The days up till four P. M. were occupied with drills, inspections, lectures and calisthenic exercises. But the old kick of seeing a whole regiment of infantry doing its stuff out on an immense drill field would make the gobs revise their ideas of the doughboys' inferiority. Being naturally hampered by lack of space aboard ship we were thrown into closer contact with one another. This had its advantages as well as disadvantages. We were able to get much better acquainted with one another, which naturally begets more lasting friendship. The "esprit de corps" was admirable from the highest ranking officer down to the most humble "boot" or rookie. Having a penchant for getting under people's skin, I put my old doughboy training to good use and tried to assume the air of an old-timer. In one of my rambling talks to the gobs I affectionately referred in a casual way to my service with the 80th Division, both at Camp Lee and overseas. The result of the talk came later when four husky representatives of the Smoky City came to my quarters after mess and wanted to know what part of Pittsburgh I came from. Each one of them knew someone or had some brother or uncle connected with the 80th and expected me to remember his particular relative. A survey of the gobs disclosed that one came from the North Side, another from McKees Rocks, a third from New Kensington and the fourth from "The Holy City." After telling them what I thought of Pittsburgh, I was elected a life member of the Pittsburgh navy. We wound up a most pleasant hour's chat by smoking the pipe of peace in the form of a big black Pittsburgh tobie. For neatness and cleanliness, I have never seen anything to surpass an American man-o-war. The most rigorous daily inspection of quarters kept everything shining and in "ship shape." The quality of the men aboard ship was all that could be desired. Beginning with the gob, I was greatly surprised to find among the enlisted personnel such a large percentage of high school graduates. This is a decided change from the old order of years ago, if my memory serves me rightly. The care exercised by navy recruiting stations in the selection of recruits may account to a great extent for this excellent condition. The many material advantages, including courses in technical subjects, affords the prospective gobs unlimited opportunities to develop any latent talents, they may possess. This can be equally said of the restrictions exacted for entrance into the army today. Thank God, the old reproach that the army and navy afforded a good hang-out for the loafer and heavy drinker has no foundation in fact, today. The professional loafer will find scant consideration and a quick exit from either branch of the service if he refuses to respond to navy discipline. Nowhere have I observed

(Continued on Page 14)

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

U. S. PREPARES TO BORROW TO PAY LOANS TO VETERANS

**Treasury Will Need Billion More,
Opinion of General Hines as Former
Soldiers Continue To Pour in
Requests for Cash**

The increasing rapidity of the receipt of applications for veterans' adjusted certificate loans will require additional borrowing by the treasury of approximately \$200,000,000 by April 11 and from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000 more by the end of the fiscal year, June 30, according to the opinion of treasury experts.

This estimate resulted from a letter received from Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, administrator of veterans' affairs, that an additional \$390,000,000 would be required to finance loans prior to April 11. Hines believes that the treasury department will be called on to finance total loans of about \$1,000,000.

"It appears from this letter that for the purpose of making the loans applied for up to March 14, the treasury department will be called upon to furnish approximately \$500,000,000 by April 11, including \$100,000,000, more or less, loaned since the new law went into effect," Secretary Mellon said.

The treasury declined to reveal what type of new financing would be employed in raising the money for the additional loans.

—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

SQUIRREL HILL BOARD HEARS FOSTER TALK

Judge D. Paulson Foster addressed a business meeting and dinner of the Squirrel Hill Board of Trade recently in Asbury M. E. Church, Forbes street and Murray, avenue, Pittsburgh.

SUN BRIGHTER IN WOODS

The sun's rays are a lot brighter in timber areas than in the wide open spaces, if we take the word of the Lake States Forest Experiment Station at the University of Minnesota. Studies of light intensity conducted in the Chippewa National Forest showed that the rays in certain woodland areas have an intensity of 140 per cent of skylight. The reason for this, it was explained, is that shiny leaves and the light-colored bark of the aspen, birch, etc., reflect light rays and add to their intensity. In sections where pines predominate the intensity was found to be less because the dark bark doesn't reflect the rays so much.

Some 4,000,000 gallons of beer and 711,000 of liquor have been seized during the last six months according to statistics. Fines collected amounted to \$2,314,837 and total jail sentences totaled 8,000 years.

Signs of the Times: Auction Sale, For Rent, Going Out Of Business, Forced to Vacate, Goods at Less Than Cost, No Help Wanted.

NAME O'HOWLS

NEAL & PRAY for a Portsmouth, N. H., laundry.

Parkersburg, W. Va., has Mr. BEE (J. Walter) for postmaster and Mr. SEE (Evan) as his assistant.

In Siloam Springs, Ark., Roscoe WINTERS lives next to S. J. SUMMERS on Twin SPRINGS street and patronize the M. O. FALLS laundry.

SPECULATOR, N. Y., recently launched a campaign against gambling.

An apple seller on a Los Angeles street corner is JONATHAN SELLER (a former radio entertainer).

Oscar H. FOGG of the Consolidated Gas Co., New York, is conducting a campaign to "free New York from smoke."

Marriage license in Los Angeles Times: HIM-SUE—Ching Do Him, 28; Lee Kim Sue, 17.

Mrs. Robert FICKLE of Columbus is suing her husband for divorce. Ditto for Lois B. NIX vs. Raymond B. NIX at Denver.

Spectators had difficulty in keeping up with the Joneses at a recent rugby match in England. Nine of the players were named JONES.

OFFICIAL ANTHEM

President Hoover recently signed the bill, passed by House and Senate, making "The Star-Spangled Banner, the national anthem of the United States.

What matters it that several millions of citizens will be surprised and perhaps assert that it has been the national anthem for years? What does it matter that nations throughout the world recognize the strains of "Oh say, can you see . . ." as the scream of the American eagle, no matter how difficult it is to sing and no matter how many of the loyal and red-blooded sons of the Red, White, and Blue do not know more of the anthem than that? What does it matter that some critics say the words of Francis Scott Key's war poem were set to music of a barroom tune?

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is now the national anthem of the United States by law, though many American will be surprised to know that a law was necessary to make it such.

ARMY TO DECORATE GRAVES ON REQUEST

**Families Can Send Flowers and U. S.
Will Place Them**

Graves of soldiers in Arlington Memorial Cemetery may be decorated by families of the dead without coming to Washington on Decoration Day, May 30, under a plan announced by the War Department.

Relatives of soldiers buried in Arlington may send either flowers or money to Chaplain Ralph C. Deibert at Fort Myer, Va. He will care for flowers sent to him or buy them on request, the department said.

WHITE HOUSE AUTOS

"Believe it or not," the White House has more Fords than any other make of car. All told, there are nearly 30 cars assigned to executive use. They include: 9 Fords, 8 Cadillacs, 5 Pierce Arrows, 3 Lincolns, 1 Packard, 1 La Salle.

The Fords comprise six sedans, two station wagons and a truck. These are used by subordinate subordinates, for household purposes mainly. The President, of course, uses the larger cars. He has 10 at his command. They bear the coat of arms of the United States and are designated by District of Columbia license Nos. from 100 up. The Vice President is assigned but one machine. In addition to the coat of arms emblazoned on its doors it bears the initials "V. P."

SMOKE—OUR WORST ENEMY

They'll have to revise that old saying about things "going up in smoke." Things don't go up in smoke, they go down. And smoke is one of creation's worst enemies. This, in effect, is the substance of a paper by H. B. Meller, chief of the Pittsburgh Bureau of Smoke Regulation, and presented the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers in that city. Here are some of the things the paper said may be credited to smoke: Fogs that rob humanity of the sun's health-giving ultra-violet rays; acids that persistently gnaw at structures of iron and steel and the wood and fabrics within; acrid compounds and minute particles that damage the delicate tissues of the body, inducing devitalism, sickness and even untimely death.

BANKS CAN LEND

In commenting upon the amendment to the World War Adjusted Compensation Act increasing the loan value of bonus certificates to 50 per cent, Gen. Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, stated that under the amended law, as was the case under the original law, all banks throughout the country can loan money to veterans on the basis of their bonus certificates. The more banks throughout the country extend loan privileges to veterans the sooner will the present problem of veterans' loans be met. Gen. Hines stated further, since such active co-operation on the part of the banks would expedite the making of loans to veterans who find it necessary to take advantages of the loan privileges, in that it would afford to the veterans a ready means in their home communities to secure loans where otherwise they would have to apply to the regional office in the State in which they reside.

HIGHEST STATE IN THE UNION

Colorado, with an average altitude of 6,800 feet above sea level, is the highest state in the Union. Wyoming, with an average altitude of 6,700 feet, is second.

ARMY HOSPITALIZATION

The leading causes of death in the army are tuberculosis, pneumonia, cancer and malignant tumors, according to Major General M. W. Ireland, surgeon general, while the highest hospital admission rate, death rate and noneffective rate are in the army, which indicates it is a more dangerous peace-time service than the air corps. The death rate from disease was 2.30 per 1,000 in the army in 1928. Suicides decreased 20 per cent from 1927 to 1928.

Uncle Sam maintains the largest medical organization in the world, his hospitals alone requiring the services of 950 physicians and dentists, 2,100 nurses, dietitians and aids, 10,800 other personnel, and an annual operating expenditure of \$30,000,000. Forty-seven veterans' hospitals and 49 other government hospitals now offer 31,000 beds to our veterans in need of treatment and 8,200 additional beds are planned. The 22,600 nurses and 1,000 yeomanettes of wartime days are also offered adequate hospital care. In all \$160,000,000 has been authorized for capital expenditures in this branch of service.

There are now some 31,000 veterans in government hospitals (most since 1922). Of this number 6,000 are suffering from tuberculosis, a decrease of 50 per cent from 1922. On the other hand, four years after the war there were less than 10,000 mental cases in government hospitals, while today there are nearly 14,000 (mostly insanity), and, according to government authorities, the peak has not yet been reached. Approximately 50 per cent of the patients do not receive pension or compensation.

SUN AND EARTH FADING AWAY

Gradually the earth and sun are growing smaller and smaller. Day by day this will continue until they both eventually do the fading out act in 1931. But don't become alarmed; it will be 10,000,000 years hence, or in 10,000,001,931. So figures Dr. Walter Nernst, of the Berlin Institute of Physics, whose work in chemistry won for him the 1920 Nobel prize in that field. By that time, he says, the sun will be just a speck. Anyway, that's something to expect.

THE SOLDIER'S MEDAL

In peace times the life of the soldier also has its moments of peril. To the man in uniform chances for heroism are presented, as to the civilian. Yet the bravery of the soldier is denied recognition by the foundations which reward persons of proved fortitude because of the fact that he wears a uniform. It was to place the soldier on equal footing with the population in general in this respect that Congress authorized the Soldier's Medal, a design for which has now been accepted and the manufacture of which will begin in the near future. That 32 awards have already been made may be taken as a proof that it is not only in the face of an enemy that soldiers demonstrate their valor.

Men of the regular establishment are not alone eligible for the new decoration. National guardsmen and members of the army reserve force may also win it through acts of outstanding merit. The awards which recognize heroism on the field of battle naturally will always take

precedence of all other honors which may be paid to American soldiers. The new medal, however, should come to fill a distinct need and will undoubtedly be held in special respect in and out of the service.

MANY LANGUAGES IN THE WORLD

Frank H. Vizetelly estimates the number of spoken languages and dialects in the world at 3,424, distributed as follows: American, 1,624; Asia, 937; Europe, 587; Africa, 276. The French Academy recently computed the actual number of "languages" at 2,796. In making such calculations it is very difficult to arrive at a definition which will include all languages and also exclude what should be properly termed as dialects.

OLDEST CITY IN THE NEW WORLD

Santo Domingo, capital of the Dominican Republic, is the oldest city in the New World settled by Europeans. Panama City, founded by the Spanish in 1519, is the oldest white settlement on the mainland of the Americas. There are, however, older cities of native origin. Mexico City, according to Aztec tradition, was settled about 1325 and has been continuously inhabited ever since. Cuzco, Peru, has probably been inhabited continuously since its establishment in the 10th century.

OBSERVATIONS

TIME: August 6, 7, 8, 9—1931. Place: Pittsburgh, Pa. And the celebration of the 12th Annual National Reunion of the 80th Division. A good idea to take stock of yourself—how many of these reunions have you attended, and how many have you permitted to pass neglectedly by? Your actual interest in the organization is the result. Ever stop to consider how fortunate you are in having this "going" organization? Of the numerous divisions in the A. E. F., how many are represented today with a live, functioning organization? Read 'em and weep! The 80th Moves Forward, and it is a privilege and an honor to be numbered among its supporters.

Lines! Lines! Lines! Every doughboy had a horror of those long and sometimes winding streams, even though it were a sign—the pay roll line or a mess line. Behold! In 1931, when all these old timers were considered passe, along comes another line—the "bonus" line. Happily, credit is due the veterans' organizations and certain newspapers, who have so willingly aided veterans in filing loan applications, eliminating the necessity of again being wedged into one of the old horrors.

General Pershing's story of the World War, appearing serially in the press, becomes even more interesting as the 80th (Cronkhite's Division) now appears on the scene. The St. Mihiel offensive brings to mind a paragraph from a war diary of one of the infantry companies

"SPEEDIEST" WAR TANK

Everything's speedy these days! Even the war tanks have been bitten by the speed bug. Remember how the great tanks of World war days and immediately thereafter used to creep along slow but sure. Well, the newest thing in tank warfare will get there and back before the old fellows had time enough to start their slow crawl. At Linden, N. J., recently the newest armored tank, said to be the speediest machine of its kind ever built, was put through its paces for Capt. L. D. Thorp, army inspector, congressmen and other high officials. Its performance astounded military experts. It thought nothing of climbing up a steep 65 per cent grade at 35 miles per hour. With the caterpillar tracks over its wheels such obstacles as trees, logs and trenches didn't hinder its progress, while on level country it sped along at 45 miles per. According to the inventor, Walter J. Christie, who has spent 10 years and thousands of dollars developing the tank, it will do 75 miles an hour on open road with the caterpillar tracks off. Closely resembling a racing auto the machine is powered by a 338-horsepower airplane motor. The crew of two men and the machine are protected by five-eight-inch steel armor. Equipment for teasing the enemy consists of one one-pound cannon and a .30-caliber machine gun. It's a "front drive buggy," too.

of the 160th Brigade which participated in that operation, reading as follows:

"Company made a hurried departure from the woods on Sept. 12, 1918, in a driving rain, and with water-soaked packs. Marched to Nançois le Petite about midnight, where it embussed, arriving at Woimbey about 8:30 A. M. on Sept. 13. Had a quick breakfast in field and continued a 14 kilometre march to the St. Mihiel Sector, arriving there about 4:00 P. M. the same day, where the company took its position in support of the French. The German retreat from this sector was rapid and for this reason company encountered no action. The entire area was in ruins and smouldering. Moved out from this sector about 2:00 A. M. on Sept. 14 and marched back to Woimbey, arriving there at 9:30 A. M. This march was unusually trying to troops, all carrying full field equipment, and was later referred to as the "Battle of the Packs." Trucks awaiting at Woimbey conveyed the company to Neuville-en-Verdunois, where it pitched tents in an orchard about 5 P. M. and enjoyed a good night's undisturbed rest."

To visitors in Pittsburgh at the reunion in August: Take a trip atop some of the hills (there are only about a thousand). Plenty of parking space for the old or new bus. You don't need a wad of greenbacks; prices on everything are lower than they have been in many years. Imagine, picking up caviare and even etchings in the 5 and 10! Heinz still invites the public to the home of the "57" every day in the week. Plenty of palatial movies. Good and reasonable hotels. Scheduled air service to and from the city. And to the wife or daughter—the department stores have the latest of everything.

—A. DOUGHBOY.

SONGS OF THE A. E. F.

(Continued from Page 8)

popular. Strangely enough, it was neither a song of boasting nor of thanksgiving, but had for its theme the shortage of the simple things of life, the joy of the French people that the struggle was over, and the difficulties of mastering the French language. The title was brief. It was called: Finish.

"Finish, finish, finish.
That's the word I know.
Finish this, finish that,
Everywhere I go.
Each place I go, no matter where,
All I hear now is finis le gare
Finish, finish, finish."

Difficulties of language made themselves felt early in the American soldier's stay in France. It put quite a crimp in his style in the infrequent opportunities he had to play. Association with the French people, however, soon taught him that the noises emitted by them were not as meaningless nor as difficult of interpretation as they sounded at first. The possibilities of the situation when this

difficulty was overcome found expression in a curious mixture of French and English in this song:

"When Yankee Doodle learns to parlez vous Francais,
Parlez vous Francais in ze proper way,
He'll call each girlie he meets mais cherie,
To every miss who wants a kiss he'll say, Oui, Oui,
On ze bi, on ze bo, on ze boule boulevard,
Wiz a girl, wiz a curl you can see him promenade,
When Yankee Doodle learns to parlez vous Francaise,
Oo La La, Sweet Papa, he will teach them all to say."

Perhaps the song entitled to be called the "Sweet Adaline" of the A. E. F. was another such mixture of languages, called, "Hinky, Dinky, Parlez Vous." It is said there are one hundred and six verses in this song, of which the censor will pass about six. I give you one of them:

"The M.P.'s they did win the war,
Parlez vous.
The M.P.'s they did win the war,
Parlez vous.

The M.P.'s they did win the war,
Standing guard at a cafe door,
Hinky, dinky, parlez vous."

The last song of the A. E. F. missed popularity by coming out too late. Anyway the average A. E. F.'er didn't want to sing it. He wanted to act it. The name of it is, "Homeward Bound."

STATEMENT of the Ownership, Management, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Service Magazine, published bi-monthly at Pittsburgh, Pa., for April 1, 1931.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, 80th Division Veterans Association, 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Editor, George J. Klier, 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Managing Editor, George J. Klier, 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Business Manager, George J. Klier, 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
2. That the owner is, 80th Division Veterans Association, 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. J. J. Madden, National Commander, 1 Montana Street, Crafton, Pa.; Mr. Christ C. Kramer, Recording Secretary, 4711 Monongahela Street, Hazelwood, Pa.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

THE SERVICE MAGAZINE,
GEORGE J. KLIER, Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1931.
(Seal)

CHARLES ROBERT HALEY.

My commission expires at the end of the next session of the Senate.

The Old Sergeant's Conferences

By
Colonel William H. Waldron,
United States Army

TWELVE years have passed into history since you doffed the O.D. and got back to "civvies" again. In all of that time many of the things you did in the Army are but dim memories.

The Old Sergeant, with his wealth of experience in the service, takes you back to your Army days. He tells you about the things that make for success in the Army and what keeping bad company leads to. They are the same conditions you encounter in civil life today.

The Old Sergeant explains military courtesy and military discipline in a way that had you known about in 1918, would have made your way in the Army more pleasant. He tells you about the customs of the service that you will be glad to recall. He brushes you up on your Army slang.

All in all you will find a lot in this book that will interest you as a war-soldier.

Order your copy today.

The author of these books is well known to the Veterans of the 80th Division as Chief of Staff of the Division all through the war.

Army Physical Training

By
Colonel William H. Waldron,
United States Army

EVERY system of physical exercise that has been devised is based upon the methods of physical training that is employed by the United States Army—the system that made the A.E.F. the finest body of men physically the world has ever seen. That is because the Army system is the best that has ever been devised.

The reason men fail at physical exercises is that they do not know how to do the various movements. They fail to get results and abandon the exercises.

In Army Physical Training the methods of the Army have been thoroughly systematized. They are placed before you in such way that you can understand them and carry them out just as intended. The splendid illustrations portray every movement—which helps a lot.

Order your copy today.

80th Division Veterans Assn.,
413 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send books checked:

- Old Sergeant's Conferences
 - Army Physical Training
- Check to cover enclosed.

Name

Address

.....

"THE OLD SERGEANT'S CONFERENCES"

The above is the title of the latest book written by Colonel Wm. H. Waldron, formerly Chief of Staff of the 80th Division. The book contains 152 pages and is published by the National Service Publishing Company of Washington, D. C.

Most of us upon entering the Army in 1917 and 1918 from civil life spent weeks and months adjusting ourselves to a manner of living that seemingly was bounded by useless customs, petty regulations and insistence upon doing things a certain way simply because it was "for the good of the service and discipline." If we were fortunate enough to find a patient "Old-Timer" who had made the Army his job for ten or fifteen years, we sometimes found logical and satisfactory explanations for traditions and customs which had been a mystery.

Colonel Waldron's book puts into print much of the old regular army soldier's philosophy of life and practical advice that has been acquired through years of experience. The Old Sergeant while loafing on the barracks steps after supper as one of the "gang" smokes his pipe and between yarns drops a lot of interesting and helpful information that the new soldier can apply to his own advantage in getting ahead.

Indirectly, if one is interested in determining whether there are any benefits or advantages in adopting a military career, the Old Sergeant analyzes the pros and cons very thoroughly.

The Sergeant's comments are likewise valuable to the officer in helping him to understand the problems of his company and the mental viewpoint of the men in the ranks.

The book is one that should be in the hands of every young fellow interested in C. M. T. C. or the National Guard as well as those who are members of the regular army forces. It might be classed as a necessary text-book with the disagreeable text-book taste removed, a very appetizing and human flavor added that makes one read it because it is a straight-from-the-shoulder, discussion expressed in plain language about everyday problems of the man who wears his Country's uniform.

PADRE'S CORNER

(Continued from Page 10)

more respect for authority and wholesome display of obedience than on this cruise. It was refreshing and reassuring, especially these days when flaming youth has thrown off all restraint and demands the right to be subservient to no power outside itself. Regarding the officer personnel, I can speak in the same laudatory manner. I found from my close contact during an eighteen days' cruise that "Officer and Gentleman" was not a mere book term as used in military parlance. It was a genuine pleasure to be associated with the type of officer, both regular and reserve, that made this particular cruise and I think it is safe to say that from the sample we can legitimately infer that the Navy in general can be proud of the men she admits into her official family. Among a comparatively large gathering of reserve officers, one would naturally look for a

variety of occupations to be represented and this particular gathering was no exception to the rule. The legal profession was well represented by at least five officer lawyers; three medicos assisted the regular ship doctors in their daily rounds through the sick-bay and at morning sick report. There was no real necessity for the services of five doctors but the training schedule called for everyone aboard, officer or enlisted man, to discharge certain duties as part of their eighteen-day training. A flock of bankers and brokers, many of whom were graduates of Annapolis, but now following the siren of the stock exchange, added zest and pep to the reserves and kept us well posted as to our (?) securities. We jestingly dubbed one alley aboard ship where four bank reserves were quartered as Wall St. Everybody was cautioned to keep shy of that alley as we were warned that on a former cruise even a chaplain was seen to emerge from one of the cabins without any pants on. You were warned

that the goddess of chance was no respecter of persons. A fine, snappy and congenial companion, a Protestant Minister, was the regular ship's chaplain and he graciously shared his quarters with me. He treated me with the greatest kindness and often times embarrassing considerations. He conducted the regular ship's Divine Service on Sundays and afforded me every opportunity to mingle among the men. In addition to his regular duties as chaplain he combined those of athletic officer. He was fully competent to discharge the task, being at one time during his college days, a star football player. The two of us teamed up with a former college professor who was making his tenth annual cruise as a reserve officer. After all the wisdom dispensed by this good natured assembly, we felt that Chaucer, had he lived, would have gotten out a modern edition of his Canterbury Tales.

PADRE.

(To be continued)



BOB, FREDERICK JOHN, formerly of Headquarters Company, 319th Infantry, died February 4, 1931 at his home at 1039 Ewing Street, Washington, Pa. Mr. Bob was employed by the Molybdenum Corporation of America. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Day Bob, his mother, Mrs. Kathryn Bob, and a sister, Mrs. Ed Anderson, all of Washington, Pa. For a number of years he was one of the outstanding athletes of the district, playing as a member of strong independent and league baseball teams, and was also a prominent basketball player. Interment was with military honors. Services were held on Saturday, February 7, 1931, and were in charge of the Rev. Harry B. Ernest, assisted by Rev. Jacob Schrader, pastor of the West Bridgewater Methodist Episcopal Church at Beaver Falls. Interment was in the Washington Cemetery.

The following members are reported deceased—details of their deaths unknown:

LIEUTENANT REUBEN BURTON, Company A, 317th Infantry, of Richmond, Va.

PRIVATE JOHN COONEY, Machine Gun Company, 317th Infantry, of Chillicothe, Ohio.

PRIVATE WILLIAM F. GREBE, Company F, 317th Infantry, of Bishop Texas.

PRIVATE A. P. KENNEDY, Company K, 319th Infantry, of Verona, Pa.

PRIVATE DAVID G. LYNCH, Company G, 320th Infantry, of St. Marys, Pa.

PRIVATE ROBERT R. MYERS, Company K, 318th Infantry, of Cresson, Pa.

PRIVATE ROY A. REAGAN, Company K, 320th Infantry, of Ruffsdale, Pa.

PRIVATE LEVI J. VANDERVORT, Company A, 313th Machine Gun Battalion, of Edinboro, Pa.

PRIVATE FRANCIS J. WADE, Com-

pany D, 313th Machine Gun Battalion, of Waterford, Pa.

BOYLE, PATRICK, formerly Private, Company A, 305th Engineers, died at the U. S. Marine Hospital, Saturday, March 7, 1931. Interment was in the Calvary Cemetery.

WURSTER, CHARLES, formerly of Company A, 313th Machine Gun Battalion, died suddenly in his home in Beaver Falls, Pa., on February 9, 1931. He is survived by his father, Charles Wuster, and two sisters, Mrs. Leo Fox and Mrs. Walter Frederick, all of Beaver Falls, Pa. Funeral services were held from the home of his sister Mrs. Leo Fox. Veterans of Foreign Wars were in charge of the burial.

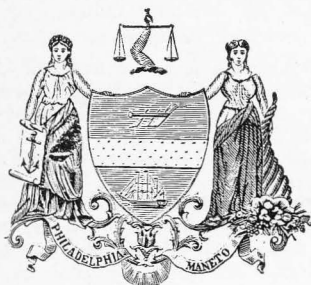
NEARY, FRANK, formerly of Headquarters Company, 320th Infantry, died on Tuesday, February 24, 1931. He was the son of Mary Loeffler and the late William Neary. Funeral service were at the M. E. Leslie's chapel, 628 Brushston Avenue, Pittsburgh.

JOHN W. HOGSHEAD, who served overseas with Company "G," 317th Infantry, and was wounded in action, was accidentally drowned in the Potomac river, near Washington, July 26th, last. He was buried at his old home at Parnassus, Va., with full military honors conducted by the Harrisonburg, Va., Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Comrade Hogshead was a dental mechanic and had been located in Washington since the World War. He is survived by his parents and two sisters and two brothers.

HAUGHEY, J. GREGORY, formerly of Company E, 320th Infantry, died Saturday, March 28th, at his home, 1314 Freemont Ave., McKeesport, Pa. He was assistant chief of the accounting department of the National Tube Company. He leaves his widow, Mrs. Gertrude Clay Haughey; one son, Jerry Haughey; one daughter, Mollie Haughey; two brothers, Rober S. Haughey and John J. Haughey; three sisters, Mrs. Margaret White, Youngstown; Mrs. Philip Hickey, McKeesport, and Mrs. Edward Fairbanks, of Cincinnati.



Philadelphia Post No. 2



The February 19 meeting is our idea of what a meeting should be—well attended and conducted with a bang from the opening to the windup.

Commander Haussman as referee made the following decisions: George W. Guille, Chairman of Membership; Evan J. Tibbott, Jr., Chairman of Welfare Committee; Dr. Frederic Poole, Chaplain; Otto P. Leinhauser, Chairman of Memorial Committee; Wm. O. Pfeifer, Chairman of Poppy Sale, and Russell W. Mahon, Chairman on Entertainment.

After some discussion, it was agreed that a Post Get-Together of former members of the Division, their families and friends, similar to the successful one held last year, be held on Thursday, April 30, at the Post Home, 2210 Sanson Street, Philadelphia. Chairman Mahon and Comrades Bonsall, Guille, Strouse, Leinhauser and Graham were chosen for the Committee. One meeting was held. Entertainment, luncheon and dancing will be the order of the day. Assessment will be \$1.50 per person and children will be admitted free of charge. Yes sir! Bigger and better than ever—and we wish to see more of you old timers attend, but don't forget the wife and kiddies.

Oh, yes! On Saturday, April 4, the Post Bugle Corp will again furnish the music for the Special Troops 28th Division in the Army Day Parade.

On the night of our March meeting it rained, and the attendance was not very good. No doubt, many of the members have outgrown their slickers. There were no "fair weather" members in the old 80th.

Welfare Chairman Tibbott has made arrangements to visit our comrades who are patients in Hospital No. 49, the Naval Hospital at League Island, and the new Hospital at Coatesville and present to them the usual Easter present.

Volunteers are always in order to insure the success of the Post Poppy Campaign.

Graves of more of our departed comrades are being listed each year, and it is your duty to see that every one is properly decorated.

There is also our yearly Memorial Services in the Richardson Memorial Church in memory of the departed that deserve our support.

On Memorial Day we have the Memorial exercises at the graves of the departed comrades. This is a very inspiring service in which you should all take part.

The members of the Henry H. Houston Post No. 3, American Legion, have invited the members of the Philadelphia Post to a smoker to be held on March 27. Advance press notices advise that this will be good.

Who's Who in Philadelphia

Commander Haussman outlaws the Post Commanders unwritten law by appointing Comrade Mahon Chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

Alex Graham, formerly of Battery C, 313th Field Artillery, is trying for a job on the police force. Though we haven't a drop, hope he doesn't go in for this house raiding on anonymous information.

Get behind Comrade Tibbott in his welfare work and join his committee on their visits to your old comrades now in the hospitals.

Paul Beck, formerly of the 317th Infantry, has promised us an act to please the kiddies at the Get-Together, so bring them along.

Jim Kilgannon, formerly of 314th Field Artillery is teaching his boy to play the bugle. Maybe the boy is telling his Pop how to do it. Anyway we hope to have Jim Jr. stepping out with the Bugle Corp shortly. Other proud daddies please note.

Bob Crawford of Battery C, 313th Field Artillery signed on the dotted line and we hope to see Fred Sullivan of the same Battery sign up at our next meeting.

Then we have two new 305th Ammunition Train men. Yeh! Same as the

old army days. What would they do without the Artillery and the Ammunition Train?

Our sincere congratulations to Past President Mrs. Martha Millinghausen for a very successful year's administration of the Ladies Auxiliary.

Comrade Bill Pfeifer says it isn't a bit too early to line up your place of employment for the selling of Poppies.

Yes, folks, it is snowing right now and here are the boys planning for a picnic.

One might also start planning and at the same time begin collecting a bank roll for the Reunion in Pittsburgh.

Nor forgetting the Post Get-Together to be held on April 30. Russell W. Mahon of 204 W. Champlost Avenue, Philadelphia, is Chairman.

Pennsylvania Auxiliary of Philadelphia Post No. 2

At the past two meetings we had a summing up of our activities during the year and had election of officers.

Our welfare work has gone forward under the supervision of Mrs. Frederic Poole. Visits to the sick in the hospitals, taking care of families in need, flowers for sympathy or cheer whatever the case may be, etc., were a few of the works of mercy.

Whenever our members have been asked to serve on the entertainment or other committees, or their presence requested at the home of the sick or the dead, they all respond willing and performed the service well. We thank the members for their fine spirit of loyalty.

In order to increase our funds without exacting a large fee at any one time, our President tried to have a benefit of some kind each month. In February a luncheon, in March an evening trip through the Friehofer Bakeries for members, their husbands and friends, in April a rummage sale, in May an afternoon trip through the Abbott Dairies, and a sale of cook books, in June a very successful picnic—several of our members attended the Reunion at Johnstown in August, a supper in October and the annual bazaar in December. All affairs were wonderfully well attended and we are happy to report that they were enjoyed by all. We hope that this year we shall be able to keep together and have many good times together.

The following officers were elected for the year 1931: Mrs. Evan J. Tibbott, Sr., President; Mrs. Samuel B. Millinghausen, Honorary President; Mrs. Geo. Burton, Senior Vice-Commander; Mrs. Elmer Leddon, Junior Vice-Commander; Mrs. Evan J. Tibbott, Jr., Treasurer; Mrs. Russell Mahon, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Samuel Millinghausen, Recording Secretary, and Mrs. Frank Mayer, Color Bearer.

Mrs. Mayer and committee will hold a card party shortly after Lent and

early in May a luncheon will be held at Fuhrman Inn.

Introducing our new President Mrs. Evan J. Tibbott, Sr. Mrs. Evan J. Tibbott, Sr. has been a member of the Auxiliary since inception and has always taken an active part in our meetings and other Auxiliary affairs. She has seldom been absent from a meeting. Let us all give our support and earnest co-operation to Mrs. Tibbott during the coming year. The ladies who have never taken an active part in Auxiliary affairs do not realize how faithfully Mrs. Tibbott has worked for the success of the Auxiliary. She is deserving of our united support.

As you may see from our reports, our big endeavor is the visiting and treating to refreshments the members of the 80th Division now patients in the three Government Hospitals in our vicinity. Our Auxiliary is rather a small organization, but we try to do the best of our ability to do what any mother, wife, or sister would wish to have done for a son, husband or brother were he a patient in some distant hospital.

The Auxiliary meets every third Thursday of the month at 2210 Sansom Street. Dues are \$1.00 per year. For further information call or write Mrs. Evan J. Tibbott, Jr., 6708 Woodland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Richmond Post No. 9

At a monthly meeting the following officers were elected: Commander, M. G. Kyle, 712 North 25th Street; Vice Commander, James E. Farrar, 3204 Fendall Avenue; Secretary, J. E. Townes, 3125 Dill Avenue, and Treasurer, A. G. Lewis, 901 West Grace Street.

These men are working hard to build up the Richmond Post and would welcome any members in Richmond or vicinity at the meetings.

Mr. James E. Farrar is spending his spare time sending out application blanks to former members of the 80th to join the National Association and Post. Write him for information concerning the Post.

80TH M. P.

WANTED—The address of Dr. John W. Stuffs, formerly of Bosewell, Pa. and Akron, Ohio.

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS

Announcing the marriage of Miles C. Stahlman, of McKees Rocks, Pa., to Miss Margaret Thomas Nolte, of Leonia, New Jersey! The wedding took place in the home town of the bride on Saturday, February 28, 1931. Mr. Stahlman was instrumental in organizing the National Association of the 80th, and was appointed its first Recording Secretary. For a number of years he served on the Executive Council. Congratulations and Best Wishes for your happiness Miles!

317th Infantry

Company B

Sergeant Victor S. Warren, chief of Police at Norton, Virginia, returned last week from the hospital at Portsmouth,

Virginia, where he had been confined for treatment.

Corporal Kaylor is located in Norton, Virginia, and is the same old Kaylor except for a premature grayness in his locks that makes him look as though he should have had sons in the late war.

W. J. Peters of Norton, Va., would do justice to a good diet of old company B's slum. Seems he gets thinner every day. Bet he is working to keep his boyish form.

J. A. Hammell is still trying to keep the residents of Norton from getting their feet wet. He believes from the looks of his business that some are holding out on him.

Datson is operating a bus out of Norton, his home town, on the Blue and Gray line.

Any one passing through Pound, Virginia, is requested to look up George L. Boggs. He still thinks the war is on for he gets more wounds trying to wrestle a living from the mountains of South West Virginia than is necessary, but he still carries on.

Robinson is also located at Pound, Virginia, and at the present time is superintendent of the Pound High School. Pat walks with a bad limp due to a bullet wound he received in our advance through the Argonne.

Arville Robinson thought our Company barber had such an easy time of it that he decided to make it his profession. He lives at Wise, Virginia.

Corporal Galloway who has been living for the past few years in Fleming, Kentucky, moved back to Big Stone Gap, Virginia, last week. He hasn't decided yet about his future, but hopes to remain in this great little town.

"Daddy" Ben Hale has two good plates. Now he can chew with the best of 'em. Dad is located at Red Ash, Va.

A. L. Donahue hasn't lost his charming smile and always welcomes any of the gang he meets up with. He keeps open house at Toms Creek, Virginia.

John Vandiver does a thriving business at Coleburn, Va.

R. E. Banks, C. P. Cawood, Dalsie Collins, Ray (Cook) Neeley and Milam Yeary can be found at Big Stone Gap, Virginia.

H. E. McKinney and John Rayner are at Appalachia, Va.; E. W. Evans has a position at Exeter, Va.; W. C. Averitt has worn out several swivel chairs at Stonega, Va., and has another one in bad condition. If you don't want to spend the day talking about old times you had better steer clear of Averitt.

Another one of our cooks, Arthur Countiss, has been located at Honaker, Va. Countiss has been Principal of Honaker High School for several terms.

Company B men are scattered over all parts of the United States. So Buddy, sit down and write "Service" a few lines

about yourself and any other member you know. Some one will be glad to hear about you and what you are doing. All details are filled so don't hang back like you used to do when one was mentioned. You should be like the three men ration detail. Yonce, Jaraczewski and Carpenter of the Third Platoon who gave the Supply Officer Sergeant, Corporal, and Mess Sergeant a pain every time they saw them coming. I'll wager that this trio got away with more officer's jam than any other three men in the A. E. F. Some how or other jam and such delicacies just seemed to follow them to their pup tents or their lovely billet. Anyway these boys always delivered the goods and if they are providing for their dependents now as they did then you can't make them believe there is a business depression like some claim there is. If they didn't have "it" they got "it" without delay.

Company B's Reunion will not be until the first part of 1932 due to several inquiries from members asking it to be delayed a little so that they can attend. We hope to have over one hundred members present at the next one. So send in your address and get in line for the best time of your life. Buddy we are going to expect and look for you so don't be among the missing and regret it later.

—C. P. CAWOOD.

(IMPORTANT NOTICE—Members of Company B, 317th Infantry Please Note.) C. P. Cawood deserted the ranks of the eligible bachelors of Virginia on January 15, 1931. Now can you imagine that! The lucky lady? We haven't heard her name, but we will get all the "news" before the next issue is published. Wonder who will be the next—Cook Sloane of Gate City or H. C. McKinney of Appalachia?

Company C

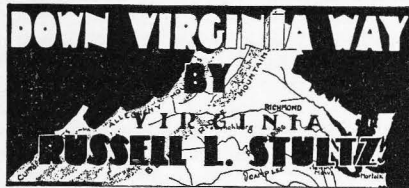
Paging Captain Murphy of Scranton! Your friends of Pittsburgh are inquiring about you and are already making plans for your visit during the Reunion in August.

D. J. Kennedy of the Schenley Apartments, is looking forward to greeting his friend in the old home town.

318th Infantry

We read in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette that "from a Bowery flop house to Park Avenue, from New York to Texas, from the most exclusive suburbs of Westchester to a cell in Tombs' prison, the men of the Foreign Legion are gathering in New York and reforming their scattered ranks. At an informal meeting on Riverside drive wine flows freely, the marching song is sung, and they all stoutly declare men join the Legion because of blasted love, adventure, political scandals or gambling losses." Particularly for adventure we believe. You will remember Lieut. Colonel Charles Sweeney, West Pointer and millionaire—he too joined the ranks of the Legion in 1914. Through bravery and excellent work he advanced from Private to a Captancy in the Foreign Legion. Upon the entrance of the United

States into the war he transferred to the Army of his country, and attained his majority. He has been awarded the Croix de Guerre, Regimental Cord, Legion of Honor Medal, and the Blessed Medal and seven other citations. Colonel Sweeney commanded the Battalion, 318th Infantry, that took Sommauthe on the morning of November 4, 1918. We learned recently that Colonel Sweeney is residing in Paris.



Joseph H. Senger, of Company M, has been showing visitors the underground wonders of the Blue Grottoes, near Harrisonburg, Va., for the past year. Joe says he feels right at home when touring this fancy "dug-out," which is more elaborate and artistic than anything provided on the Western Front.

Hugh E. Clougherty, ex-Corporal of Company G, is holding down two man-sized jobs these days, marketing automobile insurance in between duties as agent for the Southern Railway at Timberville, Va., "Irish" is now a three-stripe Daddy.

Russell J. Corbin, ex-Private of Headquarters Company, now has his domicile at Harrisonburg, Va., after having been engaged in the plumbing business at New Market, Va., for several years. "Russ" has qualified to be a sailor in the next guerre.

Lieut. Walter E. Ritchie, of Company "E" who graduated from a sergeant's chevrons to the commissioned rank while in France, is in the four-wheeled trucking business these days, with headquarters at Broadway, Va. "Rich" is fully equipped to haul packs 'neverthing in event of another war.

Forrest E. Peters, ex-Bugler of Company E, who conducting a jewelry store in Harrisonburg, Va., for several years, is now pursuing the same vocation in Washington, D. C., "Pete" says that his present line is a nice change from the "wind-jamming" business, especially in the matter of hours and exercise.

The comrades of Ellis W. Leake, ex-Private of Headquarters Company, will regret to learn of his father's death in Harrisonburg, Va., October 17th, last. "Sleepy" has been operating an auto laundry in Harrisonburg for the past several years and has a reputation for making old "flivvers" shine like more modern vehicles.

Howard F. Clem, ex-Bugler of Company "G," is still connected with the construction department of the Western Union Telegraph Co., and is maintaining his peace-time "P. C." at Point of Rocks, Md., for the present. "Husky" is married 'neverthing, including a petite mam'selle.

W. Thomas Wolfrey, of Company "I," who wore the uniform of the Virginia

State Highway Police for several years, has recently opened a full-time garage in Harrisonburg, Va., "Tom" says the business of chasing cars resembled life in the 80th—always moving, with the long trail leading to unknown excitement.

Cecil Holston, ex-Supply Sergeant of Company "G," is still engaged in the wholesale fish business, being part owner of the Old Point Fish Co., at Phoebus, Va., "Cy" handles "bokoo" fish—yeh, tons of 'em daily—but is too busy buying and selling the other angler's catch to try his own luck a la Izaak Walton.

Proctor V. Gresham, of Company "A," who receives his mail at Petersburg, Va., just as in the days when the rest of us Blue Ridgers gave that postoffice address, spent a few days this winter renewing acquaintance with his wartime buddies in the Valley of Virginia. "Gresh" reports that the Petersburg sector is just as quiet as any other part of the Etats Unis. these days of depression.

John F. Reedy, who served with Headquarters Company at Camp Lee, continues to follow his pre-war avocation of tilling the soil and recently transferred his farming activities from New Market, Va., to Timberville, Va., R. F. D. No. 1. Married and five children, yeh.

Cecil E. Moyers, of Edinburg, Va., who rolled a mean pill with the 318th Medical Detachment, suffered the loss of his mother several months ago. Comrade Moyers has the deep sympathy of his Blue Ridge buddies in his bereavement.

Harvey L. Jones, of Company "M," is located at New Market, Va., where he is engaged in farming, which, like some other things "ain't what she used to be."

Rev. Benjamin K. Hay, who was the Second Battalion's "Y. M. C. A. man" in the Ancy-le-Franc and Le Mans Area, recently resigned his post as Dean of Massanutten Military Academy, Woodstock, Va., to accept the editorship of "The Chief Justice," a weekly paper published at Marshall, Va. While pastor of the Reformed Church at Mt. Jackson, Va., volunteered for welfare work overseas and served for a year in France with the 16th Engineers and the 318th Infantry. Bon chance, Padre Hay!

The comrades of Charles A. Horan, of Strasburg, Va., who served with Company "M," will regret to learn of the death of his mother, Mrs. Frank W. Horan, which occurred at Strasburg last September. Comrade Horan, who holds a position with the Southern Railway, was transferred from Harrisonburg to Strasburg some months ago.

319th Infantry

Barrett O'Hara who recently gained prominence in the sensational murder trial in Gary, Indiana, where he acted as attorney for the defense is a well known member of the Chicago Bar and is a former Captain of the 319th Infantry. Unusual circumstances brought

about the knowledge to Major A. R. Peterson, of the 317th Infantry, that Captain O'Hara was a member of the 80th Division. He had known this fellow member of the Chicago Bar for a number of years but was unacquainted with the fact that he served in the same division during the war until 80th headquarters notified him recently.

Mr. Fred L. Zellner, formerly Regimental Supply Sergeant, was appointed to the position of Bank Examiner for

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the State of Pennsylvania on February 26th, 1931. He is located at 750 Chartiers Avenue, McKees Rocks, Pa.



Remember:

The time General Pershing reviewed the Division?

The following is from a clipping that appeared in the Paris Edition of the London Daily News of March 28, 1918.

The editor's note is as follows:
General Pershing on Wednesday morning reviewed the 80th Division at

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Ancy-le-Franc. The Commander-in-Chief presented a number of awards for valour and commended the Division for its heroism.

Ancy-le-Franc (Yonne)
Thursday.

General Pershing, accompanied by Mr. Julius Kahn, Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, yesterday morning inspected and reviewed the 80th Division, which under Maj.-Gen. Samuel D. Sturgis, was formed on an admirably situated plain near Ancy-le-Franc. The Commander-in-Chief spent over two hours inspecting and talking with the men. Afterwards an impressive presentation of Distinguished Service Crosses and Medals took place.

Brig.-Gen. Lloyd M. Brett and Col. Charles Keller received Distinguished Service Medals, and the following were presented with the Distinguished Service Cross: First Lieut. Hugh C. Parker, First Sergt. Alexander MacWilliams, First Sergt. Raymond V. Neelon, Sergt. William T. Johnson, Cpt. Vivian S. Lawrence, Jr., Cpl. John Pamaranski, Pvt. 1/c Samuel Hill, Pvt. George J. Fries, Jr. and Pvt. Clemente R. Pulono.

The colors of each unit were decorated with ribbons commemorating the engagements participated in.

Stirring Scene

After this ceremony, General Pershing and his staff, accompanied by Mr. Kahn, proceeded to the reviewing stand, and the entire division, headed by Maj.-Gen. Sturgis, passed in review, with colors flying and bayonets shining, to the stirring music of the massed divisional bands.

The officers and non-commissioned officers of the division were afterwards assembled, and General Pershing made a brief address, complimenting all ranks on their distinguished services. He concluded with a parting message to the division, which is about to leave the A. E. F.

General Pershing and staff, and Mr. Kahn, took lunch with General Sturgis at the Chateau of Ancy-le-Franc, and the Commander-in-Chief left immediately afterwards for Semur.

It surely was an impressive sight. Just looked like a sea of tin lids and bayonets, not to mention the mud. Most of us were in mud up to our knees.

Some of the old songs we used to sing:

"Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

"Good Morning, Mr. Zip."

"Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy."

"K-K-K-Katy."

"The Last Long Mile."

"Li'l Liza Jane."

"Long Boy."

"Mother Machree."

"Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag."

"Silver Threads Among The Gold."

"The Sunshine Of Your Smile."

"There's a Long, Long Trail."

"Where Do We Go From Here?"
"Good-bye Broadway, Hello France."

The combined band concerts at Camp Lee?

The four infantry and three artillery bands gave several massed band concerts in front of Division Headquarters, and I believe the different leaders took turns directing. They were real good.

Here's a news item that appeared in the Pittsburgh Sun-Tele on Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1931, that will interest the old gang as I believe most of us were in Abbeville at one time or another while on the British front.

Abbeville, France, Feb. 10—(A.P.)—Heavy rains of the past few days have sent the River Somme out of its banks, and the mayor of this war-torn city has asked the government to send enough engineering troops to combat what appears to be an alarming flood.

At St. Giles the water is 16 inches deep in the streets. Some householders have been driven out of their homes.

Thought we got about all the rain there was during our little visit to Sunny France, but guess not, according to the above report.

On Monday night, Mar. 2nd, I attended a meeting of the Allegheny County Council, V. F. W. and while there ran into Gus Steinke. Was surely glad to see him. He is living in Ambridge, Pa., and is working for the Central Tube Co.

The next night (Tues.) I went to Indiana, Pa., with several members of the V. F. W. to attend an installation of a new Post in that town. Johnstown was there with their band, besides representatives from Ligonier, Greensburg and other nearby towns. After the affair was over I asked one of the Ligonier men if he knew Freeman. He said he did and that he was at the meeting. Well, it didn't take me long to find him. While talking to Freeman I noticed that one of the Johnstown cornet players looked familiar, and on taking a second look discovered that it was McCracken. Believe me we had a little reunion of our own right there. Just meeting them was well worth the trip.

Freeman is still in the poultry business in Ligonier, is married and has one son. McCracken is Supt. of the Imperial Coal Co. at Miller's Run, and is also married and has a son.

Saw Captain Sand's not long ago and talked reunion to him. He is very anxious that the old gang get together, but we are just where we were the first of the year as far as arrangements are concerned, though it is no fault of Pete's or mine. The old skipper reports that our old top kick (Evans) is nearly blind. Sorry to hear that.

Steve Bentz spent a month in Tampa, Florida, recently. Steve has given me

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quite a list of some of the old crowd, for which I am more than thankful.

Received a card from Pearson, dated Mar. 16th, and mailed from Petersburg, Virginia. He is on his honeymoon and expects to wind up in Miami, Florida. Can't give you fellows any more details right now, except that he was married in Mt. Lebanon, but will try and find out all about it when he gets back. No wonder we can't have a reunion when you fellows go off and get married. Pete said on his card that he saw Lieut. Rodgers' mother and father.

Well Pete, we wish you and yours all the health, wealth and happiness that are possible for two people to attain.

Have seen Marrison, Hast, Raup, Graves and Murray lately.

The old gang extends their sincere sympathy to Mrs. Charlotte Bob, on the loss of her beloved husband, and our comrade, on Thurs., Feb. 5, 1931.

"Mike" Atzert is still confined to the U. S. Veteran's Hospital at Aspinwall, Pa., but reports that he is getting along nicely. Was up to see him not long ago, and surely enjoyed our little visit. Any of you fellows that possibly can, go up and see him as I know that he will appreciate it. He was more than pleased with the number of Christmas cards sent him by some of the old gang.

"Mike" by the way has become quite a pinochle hound.

—ROBERT D. NEWMAN.

Company E

A regular get-together was held by the men of the Company at the home of Sergeant Bob Heckert at Twin Willows Lake, two miles north of Bakerstown on the Pittsburgh-Butler Highway. There were fifteen of the old guard present—Bob Heckert, Lou Lauer, Ralph Bygate, Lawrence Bragg, Ted Land, Paul Swank, Chuck Daniel, Bill Kellar, Bob Ardary, Harry Weir, Tom Harrocks, Dutch Lenihan, Buck McManus, Harry Duderstot, Cy Madden and last but not least Mrs. Bob Heckert, our hostess. Can she cook? That renowned Chef Louis who was at the Woldorf-Astoria for so many years would only qualify as a short order cook when Mrs. Bob is in the kitchen.

At 8 o'clock we sat down to the most delicious supper that has ever been served to man—and did we eat?—we were still eating at 10:30. Then it was suggested that we adjourn to the living room where we had a meeting. It was suggested that we have a regular Company E organization and elect officers to carry the idea through.

Sergeant Heckert was nominated as skipper, but only accepted the nomination after the fellows voted unanimously to close the nominations. Lou Lauer, Ralph Bygate, Ted Long and Bob Ardary were elected on the Executive Committee and Cy Madden was elected Company Clerk.

After the meeting was adjourned Mrs. Heckert blew mess call again and we all "soujourned" again to the dining room and did justice to a tempting repast—that is, of course, we did as good as we could. We were at a disadvantage because we had such a delicious supper, and like all good soldiers we ate almost to the bursting point. Never-the-less we did a pretty good job—everything, yes, everything was so awfully good.

You know, we had such a fine time that no one wanted to go home. Then the hands of the clock pointed to—well, never mind, but since it was Sunday morning we had to be on time at church services so we reluctantly decided to go home. It had been a great evening and we all hope that this is the beginning of many fine evenings for Company E men.

The next meeting of the Company will be held April 21, 1931 at 6:30 P. M. in the Hotel Henry and don't let this be like the morning Corporal Shucka reported the 4th Platoon (in the dark) to Captain Arnold—All Present and accounted for. Sure Shucka had one squad standing Reveille and Sergeant Kellar had six squads in bed in the lower barracks, but he did not fool the Skipper. Ask him? We want every Buddy who had ever been assigned to Company E to feel he is welcome and yes, wanted.

Address all mail to Cy Madden, 305 Fitzsimmons Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Call Court 4250 or Linden 6369-R.

320TH INFANTRY

Headquarters Company

Our Seventh Annual Reunion was held at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., on February 14th, having seventy-eight in attendance. Many new faces were there, which indicates that more every year are anxious to meet their former Army Associates. We hope next year, that we can report over the century mark in attendance and it can be done if each and every member makes it a point to tell the others of this "Annual Get Together." Capt. Westlake was here from Cleveland and Lieutenant Frank Underhill from New York. Captains Nottingham and Lusk were unable to attend, though promised faithfully to be with us next year.

The following officers were elected at the last Reunion:

Samuel H. Stover, President, Century Building.

Chas. E. Potts, Vice President.

Chas. R. Haley, Secretary, Plaza Bldg.

Earl A. Blair, Treasurer.

We are very sorry to report the death of our former comrade, Frank H. Neary, which occurred recently.

Medical Detachment

Hip, Hip, Hurray! Three cheers for Mrs. Kalp. If only some of the boys of the 80th had her fine spirit what a large Life Membership list could be published to say nothing of subscribers to "Service," the best magazine printed! You surely knew your stuff Jimmy when you selected your "better half."

Let's start the ball rolling and get more "Service" readers. If you know of a Buddy who hasn't subscribed send him your copy when you've finished reading it and when he reads it and sees all the news about his former buddies—BINGO—another subscriber!

I see that our old pal "Crackers" O'Donnell has signed up for one year of good reading. Come on you Pill Rollers and sign on the dotted line. Limber up that pen and write in to Ye Editor and tell all about yourself, your family and home town. What a thrill to see your "stuff" in print, and how!

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There's a certain Pill Roller who still owes a small balance on his Life Membership. Send that check along Buddy. That reminds me I need a new check book. Oh well, we won't go into detail. Duck, here comes a hob-nail.

Would that I had the gift of words of our good comrade of the deep dugout namely, one Earl Kohnfelder, Pill Roller and Post Bugler of General Lloyd M. Brett Post, present. I would then be able to write an interesting column, but perhaps some day some of you ex-Docs will snap out of it and carry on with the fine spirit which always moved the 80th forward and helped end the horrible conflict. There I go getting serious again.

I'm not saying the Medics won the war, but you can't deny we kept the Infantry moving. Give him two C. C.'s Sergeant, and mark him duty.

Funny how so many ex-pills are turning to music. Kohnfelder is Brett Post Bugler, and Philadelphia Post No. 2 has a few ex-pills in its Bugle Corps who hope to show their stuff at the Reunion.

Now there's something interesting. It's along way off, but it's not too soon to talk about it. Every Buddy gets marked duty for August 6, 7, 8 and 9, at Pittsburgh, and what pleasant duty it will be.

Big Moments in Little Lives:

Aboard the S. S. Mobile homeward bound May, 1919.

Scene—Private walking past group of nurses and officers.

Officer—Let me have a match soldier.

Private—(In disgust) I'm not a soldier. I'm a medical man.

"Believe it or not."

Let's hear from you fellows. Send in your news to the Editor and let the rest of the outfits know the Pill Rollers can be found.

RUSSELL W. MAHON,
690947

Med. Detch., 320th Infantry.

Had a letter from Russ Mahon a few days ago and he seems to be in good health and spirits. He is already waxing enthusiasm over the Convention the 80th Division is going to put on in Pittsburgh next August. It would be fine if more of the 80th men were as loyal to the organization as Russ. He is one of the Philadelphia Mahons you know.

These days I have ample time for everything including an excessive amount of bunk fatigue and wondering. So I am going to sit down a few "wonderings."

I WONDER:—

What became of Kohnfelder who was appointed to do a little writing for us in "Service"? It is not likely that he has been stricken dumb as this would be physically impossible for Kohnfelder. Last time I saw him (some months past) he was "blah-ing" bussily. Perhaps he has gone back to Morocco. He would do well to do a hitch in the Foreign Legion. The strangler!

Why we all don't make a greater effort to support our organization? We need it and it needs us.

Why Harmar Kates picks on me?

Why Kates never arranged to give me copies of the photos he took in France and faithfully promised me?

Why Major Sands never opened an Army and Navy store?

How it feels to sign a payroll or a check?

What became of "Sully" of Sout' Bawston?

When Charley Rhea is going to come into the fold?

When I am going to get a job?

I wonder what it's all about?

J. J. O'DONNELL,
Iodine Artist,
320th Infantry.

Congratulations are extended to Comrade and Mrs. Elmer Leddon on the birth of a baby boy, Thursday, March 19, 1931.

Company A

Walter J. Poseman, prominent Corporal of Company A, is getting more prominent these days having his picture in the Magazine Section of the Pittsburgh Press. Seems he is one of the K. P.'s at the Firemen's Special two-bit lunch at Engine Company No. 57. Who ever heard of a Corporal being on K. P. duty?

Some of our members want to have a Company Reunion at Greensburg. Write in and give your opinion of this. Give us your ideas. I haven't heard anything from you fellows in the line of news, so it is rather hard for me to write this month.

Jerry Madden has a position now in the Delinquent Tax office of Allegheny County. He is well pleased with it.

Jim Rauch is working for the Corliss Coal Company.

I saw August Hintemeyer not long ago. He was on furlough, and was only about a month late reporting back. He is the same old August.

Lawrence McNany is still in the Insurance Business. He is our Bugler at the Albert G. Baker Post No. 86, V. F. W. He can still blow Mess call too.

The Baker Post was named after Albert G. Baker of our Company.

Well, I haven't seen any new subscriptions to "Service Magazine" coming in yet. Go out and get that new member now and send in his name, address, company, regiment and one buck dues for a year and two bucks for the magazine.

Au Revoir until the next time.
SAMUEL J. FLEMING,
1340 Pritchard St.,
Corliss Station,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bill McGrogan is still hanging out at the Mercy Hospital, but it won't be long now.

Stanley Belfore has recently had an addition to his family. Congratulations Stanley!

Guess you are familiar with the date and place of the next Reunion, August 6, 7, 8, and 9, 1931, at Pittsburgh, Pa.

E COMPANY 320 INFANTRY

We had hoped to be able to announce a definite date for the forthcoming "E" Company Reunion, but as yet the Committee has not made positive arrangements with the hotel. However, the date will probably be the 23rd of May and at our customary meeting place. As has always been the practice, notices will be sent out when definite plans have been worked out for the Reunion, so please look for these. If none is received it is list and will be put there if you so notify the undersigned Secretary.

Please talk up the Reunion now. If you do your part, an attendance bigger than ever will be assured.

We met Jim Freil the other day. Jim is still driving for the Montifore Hospital and assures any "E" Company man a quiet restful trip to the hospital if he will notify Jim before he proceeds to get banged up.

Chick Kappler is in the ranks of the unemployed and is willing to splash paint for any of you fellows who might need your houses painted this spring. Chick was Chief Latrine Decorator for "E" Company at Camp Lee, and we recall the nice restful green with which he painted that barrack appendage.

We have word of one who has long been missing from "E" Company Reunions—none other than Hogan O'Hara. Archie Blair wrote up that O'Hara is now living at 3515 Franklin Blvd., Chicago, Ill., married, and the proud dad of a bouncing baby boy, born last October. Another recruit for "E" Company's Junior organization!

We hear that Sabatino Cervino has been out of work for quite some months, so if you know of anything suitable for this member to do, please let us know and we will get word to him. He lives in Donora at present.

Remember the Reunion—let's see you there.

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

Company G

We extend to Resident Secretary Klier sincere sympathy on the death of his mother-in law, Mrs. T. Obadal.

Arkansas City, Kansas,
March 9th, 1931.

Mr. George J. Klier,
Editor, Service Magazine,
413 Plaza Building,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dear Friend George:

I noticed in the Morning Report notes of the Company in the last issue of the magazine that several inquiries had been made about me by members of the company. I wish to say that I honestly appreciate the interest of the men, and more than they can realize.

I must admit that I have been guilty of "procrastination" and with this admission there comes the thought, that perhaps such an admission is also a confession that I am growing old. It has

been my experience that older people are more apt to be guilty of procrastination, than the younger set. This theory I believe finds its exception in the bill collectors, who seem never to forgive or forget.

Since reading "Service" I am wondering if you have found it necessary to take to a dugout. I believe that you will find many skippers with a better claim to "Best in the A. E. F." However, if even one member of such a company as old "G" 320th thinks so, I feel as if I have a reason to be proud. My record so far as I am concerned lies in the hearts of my boys. If my conduct and actions are justified in their sight and in their hearts, then any other opinions or records mean nothing to me. It is the men who went "Over the top" with me not the records. The records came back; some of the boys did not. If I have not sent those boys to their deaths untrained or unnecessarily then I am satisfied. Those of us who came back must judge.

Things out here in Kansas are I judge much the same as elsewhere, very slow but I hope that the worst is over. I am now located about two miles from Arkansas City in one of the suburbs. Besides my job in town I am raising chickens, which is one of my old hobbies.

The wife and kiddies are well and send their best to you and yours.

As ever,

Your friend,

A. N. GORKER.

P. S.—Tell all the boys you see "Hello" for me.

Company I

The biggest day of the year is just ahead. Saturday evening, April 11, 1931 the former members and friends of Company I, 320th Infantry will gather at the Fort Pitt Hotel in Pittsburgh, Pa., for the occasion of celebrating the 12th Annual National Reunion. As the magazine goes to press the following have already sent in their reservations to Jack Sugden, Treasurer, 524 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.: L. T. McQuaide, John F. Garey, Bill Kiesel, Arlie Gontz, Homer Dunn. About seventy-five members usually attend this affair. We expect to have a larger crowd this year.

Six former members of Company E, 320th Infantry have signified their intention of attending our Reunion this year. Since seven of our Company attended their Reunion last year we shall await the opportunity of welcoming the members of Company E and reciprocating their genuine hospitality.

Edward C. Lukens, former Lieutenant, and now practicing law in Philadelphia, is expected to be with us this year.

Jack Sugden called on Captain H. H. Parkman, now State Senator of Massachusetts at Boston, last month, and reports that the Captain also has hopes to be in Pittsburgh on the 11th.

Committee handling the Reunion is as follows: Oswald Hughes, Invitations; Ched Johnston, I. K. Feather and Jack Rhea, Entertainment Committee; John Murphy, Ninian Boggs, Meryle Kunkle and Bill Parker, Publicity Committee. Sabin Bolton is the President of the Company's Association and Jack Sugden is the Treasurer.

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Company I

Former members will welcome the news that Art Demaris, top kicker when Company I was discharged from service, is making an unusual effort to be with us this year. Art is in the Real Estate Business in Ocean City, New Jersey, and we suggest that he arrange to catch the same train that will bring us Captain Parkman, Lieutenants Titus and Lukens.

M. L. Harris, of Dayton, Pa., is making up a delegation to bring to Pittsburgh, composed of Marshall, McCay and Stenstrom. That's the spirit! Every Buddy bring at least one Buddy.

The mailing list must be changed so often in the course of a year that it is impossible to keep it up to date. Unless you keep us informed of your changes we shall be unable to locate you when the Reunion times comes around each

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year. So if you will help us keep our Company list up to date kindly forward your new address to Jack Sudden, Oliver Building, Pittsburgh.

Don't think that because you did not receive an invitation that you are not wanted. The committee has been working for six weeks trying to locate you and some invitations have been returned unclaimed after traveling to six different addresses at which you were supposed to be at one time or other.

Send in your Three Bucks when you read this announcement and bring your new address with you. Then next year the Committee will mail your invitation direct to your present address and it will then be up to you.

Some of the Companies of the 320th Infantry have never had a Reunion. If some of these fellows want to know how it is done we extend to them an invitation to be with us (Dutch treat of course) and if four or five get together we shall arrange a private table or they will be welcome to mingle at will.

An added attraction will be the presence of Honorable James F. Malone. Jim is known to all the 80th Division men and will receive a warm welcome from his friends of Company I.

A good way to keep in contact with your old buddies is to become a member of the 80th Division Veterans Association and to subscribe to SERVICE MAGAZINE regularly. A line to room 413 Plaza building will bring details promptly. **LET'S GO I COMPANY.**
JACK SUGDEN, JR.

John G. Mullen, formerly Top Sergeant, is still connected with the Edgar-Thompson Steel Works, Braddock, Pa. He is married, and resides at 1525 Grant Street, North Braddock, Pa. John will be remembered as the company's leading athlete.

John W. Smith, formerly Private, is still located at 1821 Main Street, Alliquippa, Pa. Efforts are now being made to receive the long delayed Distinguished Service Cross for which John was recommended, following the first drive in the Argonne. Any members of Company G who were eye witnesses to this heroic deed should get in touch with Geo. J. Klier, 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., as this information is required by the War Department.

313th Machine Gun Bn.

Company A

Now that the Spring is here Mr. Mathews' popular Bar-B-Que on the William Penn Highway, Delmont, will "swarm" again with sweet young things looking for a good sandwich and a cup of coffee.

Had a letter from H. E. Whitten, formerly Lieutenant. He is residing at 189 Preston Street, Hartford, Conn.

315th Machine Gun Battalion

Company A

If any of the members of Company A, 315th Machine Gun Battalion, remember Mr. John R. Kuebler and the circumstances that caused him to be taken out of action in France kindly write to him at 314 Mulberry Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. George Daley please take note. Mr. Kuebler has had a claim in for compensation since 1921 and needs statements from those who know anything about his being shell-shocked and sent back to the transport. He will appreciate it.

313TH FIELD ARTILLERY

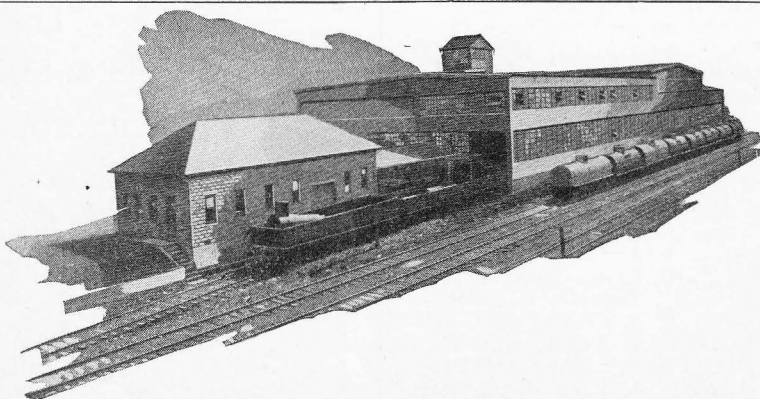
Capt. John Paul, of Harrisonburg, Va., formerly Regimental Adjutant of the 313th F. A., and at present U. S. District Attorney for the Western District of Virginia, is being prominently mentioned to succeed U. S. District Judge H. C. McDowell upon the latter's retirement next August. Capt. Paul has previously represented his sector in Congress and the State Legislature.

314th Field Artillery

Wheeling Sector

Martin E. Vies, former Sergeant in charge of Special Detail of Battery E, has been on the sick list. Former comrades will no doubt join us in wishing him a speedy recovery. Marty has been ordered to the Aspinwall Hospital, and will be admitted when there is an empty bed.

The W. Haberstick who finished



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SISTERSVILLE
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second in the Singles and duplicated in all events at the recent Tri-State Tennis Tournament in Pittsburgh is none other than our ex-Corporal Haberstick of Battery C. "Hob" operates the Musee Alleys in Wheeling, and is one of the best bowlers in this section.

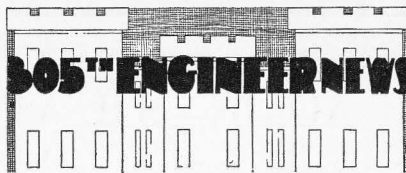
Just about twelve years ago the regiment entertained at Pacy for the Le Mans area detrainning at Chateau Du Loir. Inspections were many, but didn't we have a snap, very little drilling and who will forget the elimination baseball games in which D and E Batteries fought out the final game in which D won 5 to 3.

Pat Scully is a "big gun" about the town of Benwood, W. Va. Besides being Chief of Police he is sanitation officers and the newspapers contain many favorable reports on his fine work. Pat was a member of Battery C.

Otto Hans of Battery C is employed by H. E. Dunlap, Patent Attorney in the National Exchange Building, Wheeling. Otto was discharged from the Veterans Hospital about six years. He is married and living just outside Wheeling.

Edgar J. Davis, ex-Corporal of Battery E, who was in a serious condition for a long period after his discharge, is still unable to work. He lives with his wife and four children at Sherrad, W. Va.

Raymond B. Goetze, former Corporal of Battery E, and a graduate of Officers Training School, holds a responsible position with a National Concern.



Over four hundred persons attended the banquet in honor of Attorney Thomas W. Bender, of Johnstown, Pa., recently appointed Deputy Attorney General of Pennsylvania, in the Penn-Gordon Hotel at Cresson, Pa., on Monday evening, February 23. It was the largest testimonial banquet ever witnessed in the community.

For many years a resident of Lilly and a splendid example of a self-made man, Mr. Bender has taken an active interest in civic life since his discharge from the army at the close of the world war. It was upon his many accomplishments as well as his professional attainments, that hundreds of his friends from Cambria, Blair, Indiana and surrounding counties joined in honoring him by a remarkable demonstration of esteem.

While in Pittsburgh on business Mr. Paul T. Winter stopped in at headquarters to see how things were going. Since he makes quite a few trips to this town there is no reason why he couldn't make his visits as frequent. Tall, good-looking and with a charming manner Mr. Winter goes on his way—one day you'll hear he is in Los Angeles or Hollywood—then in the cooler months you will find him in Florida. Wonderful life! Paul is still an eligible bachelor and Altoona, we hear, has such beautiful girls!

Company F

Walter P. Jones is now connected with the Peoples-Pittsburgh Trust Company of Pittsburgh.

Lieut. Sam. H. Parkins, Jr., maintains his post-guerre P. C. in Harrisonburg, Va., where he is connected with the insurance agency of Dovel & Dovel, Inc.

305th Motor Supply Train

Dear Comrades:

Again I am writing to you regarding the absence of news concerning the Motor Supply Train in the "Service Magazine."

I read the magazine from cover to cover and find the Motor Supply Train is still out of print. I am going to ask you members to help us along and put some life into the M. S. Trn.

When we were in that wonderful town of Johnstown last August there were a great many members of this unit present. How did it happen that there was a sign for every unit in the 80th but the M. S. Trn. hanging on the wall. We noticed it immediately and were quite put-out about it. We'll just have to snap out of it and get into the lime light.

The members of the Supply Train who read this are requested to send in some news for the Pre-Convention issue of "Service." Have it in before the 15th of June, and send it to 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh.

Very sincerely yours,
 JOHN L. FENNESSEY,
 49 South 11th Street,
 S. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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