



THE  
**SERVICE**  
MAGAZINE

Vol. 12—No. 5

September-October, 1931

Armistice Number





# Professional and Business Directory of the Members of the 80th



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

**LET YOUR BUDDIES KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING**

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Peterson, A. R., 10 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.  
McFall, Wm. B., St. Nicholas Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Shulgold, Jacob, 965 Union Trust Bldg. Atlantic 3896.

**CHAIN HOTEL OPERATION**

Clark, B. C., Bakewell Building. Court 3259. Grenoble Hotels, Inc.

**CIGARS AND CIGARETTES**

Wells, Howard, Hotel Petersburg, Petersburg, Va.

**CONTRACTOR**

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

**DRUGGIST**

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

**FLORIST**

Dave Hill Floral Company, Fifth and Wood Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**FLOUR AND FEED MILLERS**

Stultz, Russell L., C. M. Stultz & Son, Flour and Feed Millers and Dealers in Grain and Feeds, Wholesale and Retail, New Market, Virginia.

**INSURANCE**

Kramer, Christ C., Representative of Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Pittsburgh Life Building, Pittsburgh. Phone, Hazel 2728-J.

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

**REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE**

Lichtenthaler, H. P., Freehold Real Estate Co., 311 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Court 5800.

Schaffer, Elmer F., Schaffer Realty Company, 7301 Hamilton Ave. Churchill 8242.

**"STAR BRAND SHOES ARE BETTER"**

Boyer, S. J., Room 306, State Theater Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**STOKERS**

Madden, Cyril A., Mechanical Stokers, 305 Fitzsimmons Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Phone Court 4250.

## 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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**“THE 80th DIVISION ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD”**

# CONVENTION HEADLINERS

"THE best ever" is the verdict of the thousands who attended the 12th Annual National Convention of the 80th Division held in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 6, 7, 8, and 9, 1931. Downtown Pittsburgh was lavishly decorated with colored bunting and flags. Banners across the streets bearing names of war-torn villages or bustling ports of France—Montfaucon, Brest, St. Nazaire, Nantillois, Calais, all bringing reminiscence of the screaming headlines of war-broken days thirteen years ago. Shop windows displayed the 80th insignia with "Welcome 80th" thereon. Never, since Armistice Day, thirteen years ago, has Pittsburgh witnessed such a gala celebration. Every event was a wonderful success. There was no time for sleep during the four days of the Convention

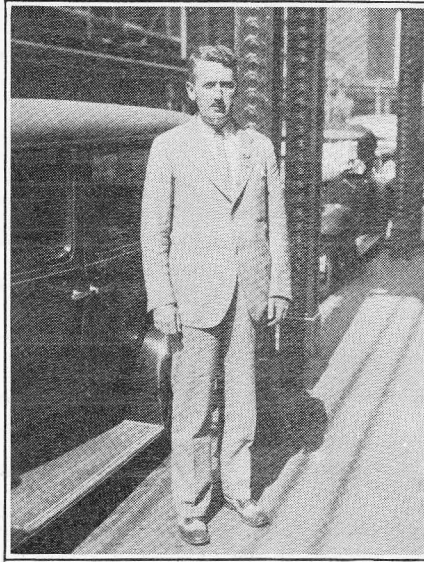
Registration, Luncheons, Reunions, the Boat Ride down the Ohio, the Kiwanis Club Luncheon, Business Sessions, Sight-Seeing trips, the visit to the top of the Grant Building, the visit to D. L. Clark's Candy Factory and Clark's famous "Teaberry Gum" Plant, Vaudeville Shows, Aerial displays, Dancing and Entertainment in the Dugout, Committee Meetings, the Heinz Pickle Party, Reception and Luncheon to visiting ladies, the Boxing Show, the Annual Military Ball, the Grand Bazaar, the visits to McCann's Store and Rieck-McJunkin's Plant, the War Mother's Parade, a most glorious spectacle, the 80th Division Banquet, the Mardi Gras, the Military Mass at St. Patrick's, the Annual undenomination Memorial Service, the Special Show at the Warner Theater through courtesy of John H. Harris, and the Farewell dinners. The chairman of the Reunion Committee, Mr. Wm. L. Fleming, left nothing undone to give the members of the 80th a real treat. Mr. Fleming worked day and night for months before this event in order to make it a success. The death of his father on the opening morning, Thursday, August 6, placed him under a terrible strain, yet unflinchingly he "went on with the show," smiling at his friends, shaking hands with his old buddies, arranging details for the happiness and enjoyment of all, and inside his heart was breaking, weighed down with a grief too big to forget entirely. A more loyal friend than Mr. Fleming the 80th Division has never known.

The Executive Council of 12 members will choose the site for the 1932 Reunion at a later date.

Dr. Pilgram, Sharpsburg dentist, official "yanker" for the Division in France, could be seen greeting his old friends in the Fort Pitt Lobby. Dr. Pilgram never misses a Reunion. He's always there to meet them.

Time heals all wounds. Even the second lieutenants are beginning to show up at the Reunions.

Captain A. P. Terry, of the 320th Infantry, nephew of the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, was present. The boys used to call him "the little fellow with the big voice." He'd drill his men so



Rodney T. Bonsall, Lieutenant, Company L, 317th Infantry, elected National Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association, at the 12th Annual National Convention held in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 6 to 9, 1931. Lieutenant Bonsall is an Attorney-at-Law with offices in the Land Title Building, Philadelphia, Pa. He resides at 222 W. Mt. Airy Avenue, Philadelphia.

loud you could hear him clear over the enemy lines.

Brigadier General Frank S. Cocheu, Commander of the Third Infantry Brigade, Regular Army, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, was chief marshal of the War Mothers' Parade.

Congressman Edmund Erk, honorary member of the Divisional Association, was one of the speakers at the Memorial Services held in the English Room of the Fort Pitt, Sunday, August 9.

It was a great old war surveyed from the depths of a Pittsburgh hotel lounging chair, fourteen years after.

"Hundreds of the best young men ever produced by any community marched from the Pittsburgh district with the 80th Division."—The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

A Military Mass in memory of the departed members of the 80th was held in Old St. Patrick's Church, 17th Street and Liberty Avenue, with Father Wallace as celebrant. The veterans paraded to the church in uniform accompanied by a firing squad which sounded a salute to the dead. It was a most touching and inspiring service. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns. A great crowd filled the church to capacity.

Major Hal Bazley, Manager of the Curtiss-Bettis airport, gave some brilliant aerial displays during the four nights of the Convention.

A Grand Bazaar for the benefit of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary was held Friday evening. It was a great success.

A Mardi Gras was held Saturday night, August 8.

Among the first guests to arrive in Pittsburgh were: J. T. Kastelberg, Jr., of Richmond, Va.; Brigadier General Frank S. Cocheu, of Fort Sam Houston, Texas; Howard J. Wells, of Petersburg, Va.; Lieut. Frank Schoble, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pa.; Major Harry P. Holt, of Lynchburg, Va., and James J. Deighan, of Philadelphia.

Pittsburgh was gaily bedecked with flags, bunting and streamers in honor of the Division.

"The 80th Division truly represents the patriotic spirit of America."—Thomas A. Dunn, President of Chamber of Commerce.

"We salute the 80th Division men on their fine compliment to the War Mothers. The parade in honor of the women is a beautiful gesture of honor and admiration. It is not to be forgotten that many of these mothers suffered more through anxiety than their coarser-fibered sons. Yet their patriotism was inflexible."—(Editorial Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, August 8, 1931.)

It's war time. Old Company K, 318th Infantry—the 80th Division is in training at Camp Lee, Va., Christine Miller Clemson, famous owner of a famous voice, sings to the boys "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"—sings it as only then it could be sung, with tenser emotion. In the company is a youth—Frank Schoble, Jr.—And in the Memorial which the 80th Division held on Sunday, August 9, in the English Room of the Hotel Fort Pitt, Mr. Schoble, who lost both eyes in battle, testified to the power and beauty of that voice, whose challenge still rang in his ears these many long years. The Fates had arranged the program this Sunday afternoon of the 1931 Memorial. In the audience was Mrs. Clemson. When Mr. Schoble finished his beautiful tribute to the voice that had inspired him that fateful night in 1917—Mrs. Clemson rose from her seat and sang—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Mr. Schoble, deprived of sight, knew the voice instantly. It was a moment no one in that audience will ever forget.

Pittsburgh, always proud of Mrs. Clemson's voice and graciousness, was prouder than ever. And the boys of "Christine's Own," as they called the Company during the war, were proudest of all.

Roll call—and no Bullets II—trained duck of the Blue Ridge Division. It was zero hour, Saturday, August 8, nearly time for the Big Parade, for years a feature of all division reunions. What to do?

Frantically the whole Division at Hotel Fort Pitt, headquarters of the "80th," ransacked high and low for a

trace of the missing mascot. Resplendent in their gay regalia, the Blue Ridgers fell in for the big march. The bugles sounded, the drums resounded, the parade began, continued, ended. Without the duck.

Here's why. The night preceeding the happenings just chronicled, Mr. Duck, tiring of the placidity of his billets at the Hotel, meandered out into the street, fell in with bad companions and was pulled into—of all places—a speakeasy.

Now Bullets II was a trained duck, and when he saw that he was waddling badly, he turned tail for billets. There a friendly orderly put him in the cooler for the night. During the night Bullets escaped, and next morning Miss Martin, the housekeeper, spied him under a bed in a room on the third floor. Used to finding strange things under the beds, but never a duck, Miss Martin was in a bit of a quandary. Then her housewifely instinct came to her rescue, and she realized that the place for a duck is in the oven. And in less time than it takes to tell it, Bullets was A. W. O. L.

John Gursky, interior decorator of Grove City, former members of the 315th Machine Gun Battalion, has attended every 80th Reunion since 1919 with the exception of last year when he was in Europe as a delegate to the International Service Men's Organization.

Captain Robert Dashiell, of Richmond, Va., recalled smoking a final cigar with Lieutenant Frank Schoble, Jr. before going over the top the time Schoble was blinded.

Delegates were welcomed to the City in speeches by Mayor Charles H. Kline, County Commissioner Joseph G. Armstrong, Thomas A. Dunn, President of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, Senator James J. Davis. Mayor Kline told how he helped a "buddy" out of a Pittsburgh Police Station at 4 o'clock in the morning, and he might need their assistance himself. "We are all liable

to become indicted at sometime or other," the Mayor said, "and should I be indicted for some offense like 'giving it to the highest bidder,' I may want you to come to my assistance."

In his welcoming address Jos. G. Armstrong, "war mayor" of Pittsburgh, described the send off given the Division when it parted.

Senator Davis pledged his support to any veterans' legislation, and suggested the Division make its permanent headquarters in Pittsburgh.

"Hey Pop, tell that guy how y' told Pershing where t' get off." Heard in the lobby of the Fort Pitt.

Gold Star Mothers were in attendance at the hotel headquarters to welcome the men—mothers whose sons fought in the ranks of the 80th Division and who stayed in France beneath white crosses in some quiet cemetery. Many of these mothers last summer visited the graves of their loved ones in France.

"The proof of the valor of the Blue Ridge Division is attested by the number of crosses of honor worn by its members."—The News Herald, Braddock, Pa.

Darkness pierced by flares, "somewhere in France."

Soldiers, single file, threading the maze of trenches toward the front. A shell screams. Eternal blackness descends upon Howard Wells, blind past Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association.

"We were making our way toward the front. The trenches ran parallel and very near the road along which supplies were being carried under heavy shell fire. The shell that blinded me killed First Lieutenant Sam Hubbard right in front of me. This was in the Albert Sector."

The American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps of Tarentum, which aroused so much favorable comment on account of their snappy uniforms, appeared at the

head of the second division in the War Mothers' Parade. This Corps won second prize at the American Legion Drum and Bugle Competition Drill at the Convention in Detroit. One hundred and twenty-eight Drum and Bugle Corps participated. The Tarentum Corps were beaten only by a small fraction of a point. Many members of this Corps served with the 80th Division in France.

J. F. Kastelberg, Jr., formerly of Company F, 305th Ammunition Train, was the first out-of-town member to arrive in Pittsburgh. His home is in Richmond, Virginia.

Just before the Meuse-Argonne offensives back in 1918 Steven Dougherty, of McKees Rocks, Pa., said to Rev. Edward A. Wallace, Chaplain of the 80th Division:

"I wish you were going with us."  
"I can't," said the slender bronzed priest. "I've got to be with the 319th Infantry tomorrow."

"Anyhow," the boy said, "I wish you were going along."

"Get out of here," Reverend Wallace returned jovially. "You're getting morbid. I'll talk to you after the fight."

But he didn't. They picked Dougherty's body up after the fight and put it in a temporary grave in France, and Reverend Wallace buried him years later in McKees Rocks when he was brought back. His mother, Mrs. Mary Dougherty, attended the Reunion and met Reverend Wallace again.

Mrs. Mary Finn, accompanied by her daughter, approached the slender iron gray pastor of St. Margaret Mary's Church by the Sea, New York.

"I don't know whether you remember me," she said. "I'm Joseph Finn's mother. You buried my son."

"Of course I do," he said. He remembered Joseph Finn, too, whose body lies in Calvary Cemetery. He remembered the date on which Finn, of Company C, 320th Infantry, fell in France. Reverend Wallace buried Finn too, when his body came back from France.

And Reverend Wallace, who himself was wounded, reported dead, and whose study walls are decorated with his obituaries, met many of the men who were under his spiritual care while he was in France, at the Reunion of the Division in Pittsburgh.

Reverend Wallace needed some top soil to surround his church several years ago. A friend told him a ship had just come in filled with earth ballast which he could buy cheap. The ship was from France so Reverend Wallace's church is surrounded by French soil.

Lieut. C. D. Ackerman wandered up and shook hands. "His wife was closer to the front than he was," Reverend Wallace laughed.

"That's right," Ackerman said. "We were sweethearts before we went to France, she in the Yale Mobile Hospital Corps and I in the 320th. The day before the Somme-Mihiel drive I learned she was twenty-four miles closer to the front than I was."

His wife was Miss Margaret G. Cluney. They live in Cleveland, Ohio, now.

Corp. Victor Porter, a Pittsburgher, was working in Detroit when the war was declared in 1917. He was among the first fifty men to enlist there. He always wanted to be in a tank corps. "We



Parade Coming Down Fifth Avenue

need good mechanics in that corps," said the enlisting officer. "Are you one?"

"No, but I can cook, talk French, and sing," Porter said. "Will that help?"

Six months training enabled him to be included in the only two battalions of light tanks ever used in the active service. A tank man had to qualify as a gunner and driver.

Porter drove a tank around the country in the Liberty Loan Drive in 1919. He was then stationed at Camp Meade, Maryland. He served at St. Mihiel, Montfaucon and Vincennes.

Mr. Porter attended the Convention in Pittsburgh and informed us he was endeavoring to bring together the Tank Corps veterans at Detroit in a Convention to be held in conjunction with the American Legion parley, Sept. 24 to 27. Report has not been received as yet.

A crack V. F. W. Police and Firemen Drum and Bugle Corps in the Parade Saturday, August 8, was led by Tom Morrison, an 80th Division member.

James J. Deighan, formerly Corporal, Company A, 305th Ammunition Train, won the Electric Refrigerator. Jim is Department Adjutant of the American Legion, with offices in Philadelphia, although Pittsburgh is his home town.

Missed Judge Foster around during the Reunion. The Judge has been on the sick list for the past few weeks. Many of his old friends were disappointed at not being able to meet him and have a good old time chat with this learned buck private.

"What a handsome chap"

"Oh, you mean that fellow over there with the crowd around him? Why that's Rodney Bonsall, the National Commander of the Divisional Association. He's from Philadelphia. Understand he is one of the best attorneys down there. Married too."

"I still think he's handsome."

Members of the 80th Division attending the Pittsburgh Convention greeted Mrs. Hoover at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Station early on the morning of August 8 when her train stopped here en route to Akron, Ohio, where she christened the new U. S. Dirigible Akron.

Although Mrs. Hoover did not leave her car, she dispatched a special messenger with her compliments to Mr. William L. Fleming, General Chairman of the Convention, and the members of the 80th present. "The Mothers' Parade today is the greatest tribute I ever heard paid to mothers of the World War," her statement read.

A gold badge, symbolic of service and in memory of the war comrades who made the supreme sacrifice was presented to the Past National Commanders of the 80th Division Veterans Association. The emblem, a solid gold maltese cross at the end of the Army Overseas victory ribbon signifies the spirit of the crusader in foreign service. On a field of black, in memory of the soldier dead, the Blue Ridge insignia of the 80th Division reposes in gold.

Presentation was made by Wm. L. Fleming, General Chairman, 1931 Reunion Committee. Past National Com-

manders are: Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, (General Lloyd M. Brett, Deceased), Lieut. Frank Schoble, Jr., Captain John T. Morgan, Captain Carlo D. Cella, Howard J. Wells, Hon. D. Paulson Foster, Oscar C. Mulhollen and J. J. Madden.

The Boat Ride on the Steamer Washington down the Ohio River was enjoyed by hundreds of delegates.

The first parade in the nation honoring all Mothers who gave their sons to fight in America's Wars was held by the 80th Division in Pittsburgh during their Convention, August 8. Behind a squad of motorcycle police riding in formation and a mounted squad of 16 police, over two thousand veterans of the Division were in line, and so were a few of the dwindling ranks of the Civil War veterans and more of the Spanish War veterans, the 99th Division Reserve Officers, 308th Cavalry, 28th Division, 37th Division, American Legion Posts, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Army Nurse Corps, the Grand Army of the Republic, but the day was devoted to War Mothers and the spectacle was theirs.

Soldier sons stepped temporarily into the background as mothers paraded in automobiles. Martial music by the General Lloyd M. Brett Band, the Philadelphia Post Drum and Bugle Corps, V. F. W. Drum Bugle Corps, and American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, filled the air, flags flew from every window, and crowds cheered from the sidewalks. Even in the mid-day heat of an August afternoon the crowd never dwindled and the cheers never dulled as mothers rode by—each one a heroine. Torn papers and colored streamers fell in storm from buildings along the way. Tens of thousands lining en route cheered, for Pittsburgh, for the first time paid immeasurable tribute to mothers just as it paid its debt to sons after the Armistice. The mothers rode in beautiful cars donated by the generous citizens and merchants of the City. It was a most glorious spectacle and one long to be remembered.

"Tom Mix," high bred show horse, champion of last year's Sewickley horse show, marched in the 80th War Mothers' Parade.

Colonel T. M. Anderson was chief of staff of the War Mothers' Parade.

Didia'see Bill Fleming dashing through the lobby? Didn't he cut a neat figure in white ducks though? As Chairman of the Reunion he certainly looked like a real fellow!

Mrs. Mary McKenna, mother of Hugh J. McKenna, Company K, 320th Infantry, won the Radio.

The Legionnaire Drum and Bugle Corps from New Kensington were stunning in white uniforms.

Swimming pools throughout Pittsburgh were made available for the 80th members.

An elaborate Convention program was arranged for the entertainment of the 80th Division, August 6, 7, 8 and 9.

The soldier dead of the 80th Division were paid a lasting tribute Sunday,

August 9, by the surviving comrades and kinsmen as memorial services brought to a close the 12th Annual National celebration. The English room of the Fort Pitt was magnificently decorated with palms and flowers. The General Lloyd M. Brett Post Orchestra furnished the music. Speakers were: Chaplain Edward A. Wallace, Brigadier General Frank S. Cocheu, Hon. Edmund F. Erk and Frank Schoble, Jr. Benediction was given by Chaplain Alden J. Green. Vocal solos were rendered by Mrs. Christine Miller Clemson and W. A. Davis.

Jack Allan, of Company E, 305th Engineers, was kept busy during registration at the Fort Pitt. Jack is a good scout—always helping the other fellow and never tiring giving his services for the benefit of others.

Miss Ruth McClelland came all the way from her little brown home in the far west.

Charles R. Haley, the "big shot" of the V. F. W., of Headquarters Company, 320th Infantry, controlled the music racket at the Military Ball at the William Penn Hotel, Friday, August 7. Charlie was Chairman of the Ball Committee.

Boyd B. Stutler, of Charleston, W. Va., formerly of 314th Field Artillery, Editor of the West Virginia Review, arrived in Pittsburgh, August 7. He was candidate for National Commander but would not permit his friends to make a three-cornered race out of the election.

The following Resolutions were passed and adopted at the Twelfth Annual National Convention of the 80th Division held in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1931:

#### RESOLUTION No. 1

WHEREAS, the American Medical Association at its Annual Convention adopted a resolution condemning the practice of furnishing veterans with hospitalization for non-service connected disabilities; and

WHEREAS, the said Association further resolved that representations would be made to Congress for the repeal of such acts as provide for the same; and

WHEREAS, it is the feeling of this Association that the furnishing of such hospitalization treatment is just and fair;

NOW THEREFORE, Be It Resolved, that the 80th Division Veterans Association is in favor of the continuance of the furnishing by the United States Government of hospitalization treatment to veterans for non-service connected disabilities.

#### RESOLUTION No. II

WHEREAS, the only Army Service Women now legally entitled to Government relief and care are Army nurses and women citizens of the United States who served in Base Hospitals overseas;

AND WHEREAS, there are about 1000 women who went over with the Army

who are still unrecognized as having been enlisted in the Army and are therefore not allowed government care. Included in this number are 233 who served with the Signal Corps, 50 of the Ordnance Corps, and those who were with other branches of the Army, according to information of the War Department.

AND, WHEREAS, H. R. 17347 which lapsed with the adjournment of Congress, will be introduced again in the new Congress in December, will correct this injustice if passed;

THEREFORE, Be It Resolved, that the 80th Division Veterans Association lend its support and endorsement to this bill and urge its passage, and that the Women's Overseas Service League, through our comrade and active Life Member of the 80th Division Veterans Association, Miss Ruth McClelland, be advised of our action, and also that this resolution be sent by our Secretary to this Women's Overseas Service League in regular form.

#### RESOLUTION No. III

WHEREAS, in the declaration of purpose of the 80th Division Veterans Association contained in its Charter and adopted By-Laws, it is stated in part that the objects of our Association are: "Patriotic, Historical and Fraternal, and to uphold the Constitution of the United States, to foster and perpetuate true Americanism . . ."

AND WHEREAS, there has been in recent years a loss of true American ideals in our political, economic and social life in the United States. This has been called to the attention of the public within the past few days in an Editorial by William Randolph Hearst.

THEREFORE, Be It Resolved, that the 80th Division Veterans Association approves and subscribes to the editorial by Mr. Hearst in the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph of August 2, 1931, calling for the co-operation of Federal, State and Municipal forces in quelling the crime wave which is sweeping the United States today.

AND, ALSO, Be It Further Resolved, that the members of the 80th Division Veterans Association will do their part as American Citizens and individuals at the Polls to bring back to politics the integrity and idealism upon which our country was founded.

Respectfully submitted,

Burg C. Clark, Chairman  
Rev. Edward A. Wallace,  
Richard P. Loeffler  
Robert D. Newman  
Rodney T. Bonsall  
John Vachetta  
Committee on Resolutions.

**New Life Members Eightieth  
Division Veterans'  
Association**

251—Graham, D. Frank

#### AUXILIARY PRESIDENT ACTIVE IN VETERANS' AFFAIRS

FOR the past four years Miss Gertrude E. Horne has been President of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1, General Lloyd M. Brett Post, 80th Division. Prior to her election as President, Miss Horne held the office of Secretary and Treasurer. She was one of the organizers of the Auxiliary, and has played an important part in all its activities since its formation. Miss Horne was born in Pittsburgh, educated in the public schools here, and holds a responsible position with the Duquesne Warehouse Company. Young, charming and with a gracious manner, Miss Horne has endeared herself to the hearts of all



MISS GERTRUDE E. HORNE

80th members. A reunion would not be complete without her, for she has attended every reunion since the organization's first. As Chairman of the Ladies Reception and Entertainment Committee during the Pittsburgh Reunions, she has worked untiringly to make an enjoyable and interesting time for all. Miss Horne is at present Secretary of the Allegheny County Veterans Hospitals Committee. This Committee prepares Christmas packages and entertainment for the confined veterans in our hospitals here. She has been Secretary of the V. F. W. Auxiliary, Bell-Haid-Murray Post No. 520, for four consecutive years. Those who know Miss Horne are familiar with the splendid work she has done for veterans and their families.

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#### THE LAST MAN'S CLUB

WID you meet the members of the Last Man's Club? Bob Higgins, Earl Shively, McWane, Hammett, King, Frank Schoble, and Vincent Smith. Headquarters were maintained at the residence of Attorney Vincent Smith in Greensburg. Arising each morning at an early hour the Officers journeyed forth to the swimming pool at Mountain View Hotel, East of Greensburg. When Shively hit the water from the high diving board he was described as an exact duplicate of a jack-o-lantern. It was discovered that Jack Hammett, hand-capped as he is, was still able to show up the rest of the boys in the water. King usually attended the aquatic festivities in his pajamas but invariably got pushed into the pool by Buck Smith, son of Captain Vincent Smith. After the morning swim the crowd returned to the Smith domicile where quarts of tomato juice were consumed, and hundreds of yarns spilled. Then all sallied forth to the headquarters of the Last Man's Club in the Fort Pitt Hotel. At the Fort Pitt headquarters open house was held and the war carried on . . . far into the wee hours of the morning.

The Annual Corn Roast was held on the estate of Captain Smith at Greensburg. Over one hundred 80th men attended. It was a glorious night—everyone was happy—thankful to be alive and enjoying the company of many true friendships formed in those "days of long ago."

And here's a bit of interesting news. The jug of rum still remains intact. Earl Shively was caught in the act of nibbling at the cork but was discovered just in time. However, the seal remains unbroken.

#### DR. AUGUSTUS H. EGGERS DIES

Dr. Augustus Hartje Eggers, 56, a physician in Pittsburgh for many years and a World War veteran, died Sunday, Aug. 6, 1931, in West Penn Hospital.

Dr. Eggers was born in old Allegheny, and was a graduate of Allegheny High School, Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University and the Johns Hopkins medical school. He practiced here until the beginning of the war. He volunteered for overseas service, and was a tuberculosis specialist for the Eighty-second Division with the rank of major. At the close of the war he became Allegheny county medical director. He became identified with the United States veterans' bureau in 1923, and served at the Veterans' Hospital until his death.

He leaves his widow, two daughters, Martha P. Eggers, a member of the faculty of the Margaret Morrison School, Carnegie Institute of Technology, and Carolyn M. Eggers, a music student in France.

Dr. Eggers was well known and liked by all 80th men who were at one time or another patients of his at the Veterans' Hospital at Aspinwall, Pa. They have lost a true friend.

—Robert D. Neuman.

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# WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Personal Observations by W. A. Smith

LOOKING over our vast country today, one is struck by the change two years have brought. Two years ago we were boasting that prosperity was our natural state; that we had all but abolished poverty; that the heretofore thought impossible condition of high wages and cheap products was a reality; that the common man could have and was entitled to all of the necessities and some of the luxuries of life. Today we are in the midst of a depression. Many of our large cities are facing bankruptcy. We hear charges of graft and racketeering. Yet our government seems powerless. Unable to act decisively, nor to shake the stranglehold of graft and corruption. Everywhere we see bread lines, composed mostly of men who are willing and able to work, but unable to find work. We see poverty and famine stalking inconspicuously in our land of plenty, while we as a government and as individuals hold millions of bushels of wheat for a better market. We see little children suffering for want of proper food and clothing; we find two or three families huddled together miserably in one small room, and on the other hand an overabundance of food, clothing and dwelling places begging for buyers.

To we who served to "make the world safe for democracy" it would seem that the things for which we suffered were fast slipping from our grasp; that something has entered into our national life to disrupt it; to laugh at restraint, and is fast making our government of the people a mockery. Who has a better right to inquire soberly into the causes of our present condition than those who served in time of need. And who a greater burden of duty in charting our country's future course than those who preserved it with sweat and blood. Indeed, to us has come a new challenge, none the less a call to duty because it may not involve the sacrifice of life.

It is estimated today that we have from five to eight million men in this country without gainful occupation. These men have perhaps an average of three persons depending upon them for support. Taking the average figure of seven million unemployed, we have the stupendous total of twenty-one million persons, over a sixth of our entire population, without means of livelihood. These men have lost and are losing the homes they had partially paid for; impoverished, desperate men are offering their services for any price rather than depend upon the sadly inadequate relief which has been provided for them. Employers, greedy for profits, or desperately trying to check their losses in a badly demoralized market, are taking advantage of the surplus of labor to reduce wages. The result has been a further depressed market, due to the general reduction of the purchasing power of the workers, and consequently a lack of improvement in employment, and the continued reduction of our workmen to a condition of absolute poverty. It is only when you stop to consider that over a sixth of our entire population are either in the ranks of the unemployed, or de-

pendent upon someone who is in its ranks, that you grasp the magnitude of the situation. Aside from the deplorable fact that these people are being denied the necessities of life and reduced to squalor and misery through no fault of their own, our prosperity, yes, our very existence depends upon their being able to purchase these necessities. How else may our farmers continue to sow and harvest? How else may our factories and mines continue their operations? Only an incurable optimist would insist that our nation, or any other nation could continue its way uninterrupted with one sixth of its population reduced to absolute poverty.

The chief causes of failure of governments in the past have been the impoverishment of the masses, and corrupt, selfish, and incompetent rulers. War, for the most part, has contributed largely to the impoverishment of peoples; added to that, the stupidity, selfishness, and lust for power of the ruling class in their oppression of the common people, has resulted at last in revolution and the speedy downfall of the oppressors. In Rome, in France, and in Russia, we find identical situations before their fall; the common people impoverished and oppressed; their rulers greedy and incompetent. Of conditions in Rome, H. G. Wells says in his Outline of History:

"The clue to its (the Roman Empire's) failure lies in the absence of any free mental activity and any organization for the increase, development and application of knowledge. It respected wealth and it despised science. It gave the government to the rich, and imagined that wise men could be bought and bargained for in the slave markets when they were needed.

"It (27 BC to 180 AD) was an age of spending rather than an age of creation, of architecture and trade in which the rich grew richer and the poor poorer and the soul and spirit of man decayed. Looked at superficially, as a man might have looked at it from an airplane a couple thousand feet in the air, there was a considerable flourish of prosperity. Everywhere, from York to Cyrene and from Libson to Antioch, he would have noted large and well built cities, with temples, theatres, amphitheatres, markets and the like; thousands of such cities, supplied by great aqueducts and served by splendid high roads, whose stately remains astonish us to this day. He would have noted an abundant cultivation and soared too high to discover that this cultivation was the grudging work of slaves."

Turning to France to learn something of conditions there prior to the revolution, we quote again from The Outline of History.

"During the years of the American War of Independence there were few signs of any impending explosion in France. There was much misery among the lower classes, much criticism and satire, much outspoken liberal thinking, but there was little to indicate that the thing as a whole, with all its customs,

usages and familiar discords, might not go on for an indefinite time. It was consuming beyond its powers of production, but as yet only the inarticulate classes were feeling the pinch. Gibbon, the historian, knew France well; Paris was as familiar to him as London; but there was no suspicion in the passage we have just quoted that the days of social and political dissolution were at hand. No doubt the world abounded in absurdities and injustices, yet nevertheless, from the point of view of a scholar and a gentleman, it was fairly comfortable and seemed fairly secure."

The war with England during the reign of Louis XVI (1774-92) left the country in an impoverished condition. And the aristocratic extravagance, fostered and encouraged by the proud and foolish Queen, Marie Antionette, finally bankrupted the country, impoverished the people, and caused the assembly of the States General, a legislative body roughly equivalent to the English Parliament, which had not met since 1610. The Third Estate (elected by the common people) taking a page from the British House of Commons, declared that they alone really represented the people, and that no taxation must be levied henceforth without its consent. Wherefore, the king attempted to dismiss the Assembly by force, but his soldiers refused to act. To quote further from the Outline of History:

"The revolt of July 1789 was really the effective French revolution. The grim looking prison of the bastille, very feebly defended, was stormed by the people of Paris, and the insurrection spread rapidly throughout France. In the east and northwest provinces many chateaux belonging to the nobility were burned by the peasants, their title deeds carefully destroyed and their owners murdered or driven away. The insurrection spread throughout France. In a month the ancient and decayed system of the aristocratic order had collapsed. Many of the leading princes and courtiers of the Queen's party had fled abroad. The National Assembly found itself called upon to create a new political and social system for a new age."

Of conditions in Russia prior to the revolution in 1917, William Henry Chamberlain, Russian Correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor, says in his book, Soviet Kussia:

"On the eve of the World War, which was destined to be the decisive factor in bringing about the long-threatened Russian Revolution, a keen observer could scarcely fail to have been impressed by the striking contrasts and contradictions in the political, economic and social structure of the Russian Empire."

After commenting on the physical aspects of the country and the number of races incorporated in it, he continues:

"Two hundred thousand landlords owning something over a quarter of the arable land in European Russia, were an object of sullen envy and hatred on



the part of the vast majority of the six-teen million peasant households, which lived in a state of dire poverty. Against the rapid pace of industrial development in Russia, the growth of production, and the enrichment of the individual manufacturers had to be set the profound dissatisfaction of two and a half million industrial workers, all the more potentially dangerous as a class because they were denied any means of legal expression. With every effort at labor organization suppressed by the everwatchful police, with strikes habitually crushed by the free use of the police and the Cossacks, it was natural that wages, as a general rule, were low, that hours were long and the general living conditions of the workers bad.

"As wiser conservatives among the Tsar's counselors had foreseen, the Tsarist system, which had been severely shaken by the minor shock of the Japanese War, succumbed completely to the infinitely greater strain of the World War. At the outset the almost unanimous support of the Duma created at least an illusion of national unity on behalf of the war. But the tremendous problems involved proved quite beyond the capacity of the corrupt and incompetent civilian and military bureaucracy."

Human nature changes little. We are still moved by the same passions and instincts as the Romans, the French and the Russian people. Corrupt and incompetent government and concentrated wealth, indifferent to human misery, on one hand coupled with extreme poverty on the other is always dangerous. We have gone far beyond our ancestors, and developed many wonderful things for our comfort and enjoyment. But as yet we have failed to profit to the fullest extent by their mistakes.

Our own government today is suffering from many of the defects which have caused the downfall of other governments. With prohibition eating away the vitals of our nation by providing an easy way of corrupting public officials and making violation of law highly profitable, we find our government hesitating and inactive. Both of our leading political parties apparently afraid to take either side of the question for fear of losing party prestige. Loyalty to party and advancement of party instead of loyalty to our country and the advancement of its interests has become the major defect of our political system. To expose a crook of your own political faith has become unethical, as it would reflect on the party. This should not be construed as an attack on any political party, but rather as a condemnation of all parties who practice these methods.

Confronted by such problems as unemployment, disarmament and management of our publicly owned property, our government has shown an amazing lack of ability and honesty. Consider the decision of our law makers that our own hungry and destitute countrymen suffering from the effects of the drouth and unemployment, could not be fed and clothed with public funds. Yet only a few years ago we were feeding and clothing the destitute Belgians and Germans and others with public funds and the approval of everyone. To balance this failure to relieve suffering we have, according to the Report on Appropriations, relieved the financially strong in a somewhat more substantial manner.

The shipping interests had their courage bolstered up with thirty-five million dollars, which was added to a previous fund of one hundred and fifty million dollars from which they may borrow for as low an interest rate as 1.8 percent. The Air Mail Corporations came in for \$20,750,000 for carrying the mails, which considering the rate they enjoy, was practically a gift. The railroads received \$31,000,000 more for carrying the mails than they did in 1921 under high war rates, and in addition to this \$25,000,000 to cover loss in varying magazines. Then there is the Department of Commerce aircraft subsidies and a number of others, which bring the grand total up to \$675,000,000. Obviously there are many things more important to our law makers today than relieving human suffering.

Our disarmament conferences have become diplomatic battles for permission to build the biggest and best army and navy without actually starting an uncontrolled armament race. And the surest way to get thrown out of a disarmament conference is to suggest that nations disarm.

Since the time Muscle Shoals Dam has been completed our government has steadfastly refused to develop the full measure of electric power available. Preferring rather to curtail production and sell it to private power interests for five eighths of a cent per kilowatt hour and allow them to retail it at five cents per kilowatt hour, exactly eight times the purchase price. Apparently forgetting that the purpose of the dam was to create cheap power and fertilizer, they have consistently refused to sell the power to municipal governments. Obviously, the only one to profit from this arrangement is the power company who buys the output. Which brings us down to the fundamental cause of all our political troubles—the private profit which someone makes by corrupting our public officials. From prohibition to immigration our laws are observed in the direct ratio which it is profitable to break them. And in making laws, as in granting relief, the champions of justice and progress find as their opponents the champions of someones' profit.

In handling the Veteran's Adjusted Compensation we find the same high regard for profit. No one dared to place himself in the limelight to the extent of claiming the government did not owe the veterans this money. Likewise, no one denied that a great many of them were in dire need. The result was to grant them permission to borrow one half of their own money at four and a half percent interest. This action needs no comment.

In our industrial world we find a similar condition. The output per man, due to the aid of machines, has increased at a tremendous rate during the past ten years. This means an actual displacement of men unless there is a corresponding reduction in hours of work. And without a corresponding increase in wages it means a surplus of everything except money in the pockets of the working people with which to purchase the things they need. But all this may not be gone into in much detail in the space at our disposal.

Let us face fact calmly. We are drifting, but where? To Communism? To Socialism? To a Dictatorship? Or to chaos? We are the leading nation of

the world. Other nations have occupied our coveted position, but only as long as they led in human progress. Will we find the solution of our problems? Or will we go the way of other nations who have failed? The answer depends on you.

Finis.

## THE PILOTS HANDBOOK

The Pilots Handbook for the aviator has just been published by the Pilots Handbook Publishing Company, 122 West Third St., Los Angeles, Calif. This unusual book of 400 pages has a set of 21 Flight Maps covering the entire United States on the Mercator Projection whereby a line connecting any two points will give at once the true course to steer. These maps are the first of the kind to be published.

The handbook contains a complete text on air navigation edited by Lt. Commander P. V. H. Weems, U. S. Navy, and Mr. Peter Redpath. This text includes original tables called DEAD RECKONING TABLES FOR THE AVIATOR, and the latest methods of celestial navigation.

A special feature of the book is a table of flight data covering 75,000 miles of airways in the United States. Also, it has a complete Airport Directory, and Aero Manufacturers Directory, telling where any item may be obtained.

The make-up of the book is unique and will appeal to the practical air navigator. Altogether, it includes a tremendous amount of valuable information of immediate and practical use to the airman.

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## PADRE'S CORNER

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following address, given by Rev. Edward A. Wallace, of New York, Chaplain of the 80th Division Veterans Association, at the Memorial Services held Sunday, August 9, 1931, during the celebration of the 12th Annual National Convention in Pittsburgh, Pa., is one of the most beautiful tributes ever given "The Silent Men of Arms."

### "THE SILENT MEN OF ARMS"

HONORED guests of the 80th Division Veterans Association, Beloved Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are about to bring to a close the 12th annual reunion of the 80th Division, but before doing so we consider it our sacred duty to honor in some special way the memory of our beloved comrades who have joined the immortal ranks of the "Silent Men of Arms." It is no more than right and fitting that we should do this when we consider that were it not for the bravery of these same comrades you and I at this very moment might be serfs, slaves and bondsmen crushed under the heel of a tyrannical government. We have boasted all our life that no where are freedom and liberty and the rights of the people more sacredly guarded and respected than in this beloved land of ours, but how seldom have we ever reflected upon who is responsible for this freedom which we all hold dear. They sacrificed their all when they laid down their lives for you and me and as Christ the Lord died to make men holy, they died to make us free. "Greater love than this, no man hath that he lay down his life for his friend." Could we ask anything more? Could they give us anything more? Yet how quickly we are apt to forget but a grateful country can never forget those noble lads. In the very heyday of their youth when life held out so many and such alluring indications of success these gallant young Crusaders, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, stormed the lofty heights of a misguided and arrogant tyrant's brain castle and brought it crumbling down to earth, never to rise again, at least in the life of this despot. When any nation attempts to put liberty in chains it will always find the flower of American manhood ready to sally forth like the knights of old to rout the oppressor. Liberty may be endangered and at times crushed to earth but like Truth, she will rise again more resplendent for the eternal years of God are hers. You may deprive people by force for a time of their God-given right of self determination or freedom, but liberty like truth is mighty and eventually will prevail. Tyrants and despots pass on but liberty remains forever.

It was your privilege as well as mine to have been brothers in arms of these gallant men whom we are honoring today who but a short few years ago lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow; loved and

were loved and now lie honored forever enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people. To us their surviving comrades they have thrown the torch with the solemn reminder that we hold it high, otherwise we shall have broken faith with those who died. What a glorious privilege it was after all to have been in the ranks with these heroes; to have shared their joys and sufferings; to have been called by them, Buddy, to have come so close to them that they entrusted to us the most sacred thing life holds dear. To have wiped their fevered brow; to have lifted water to their parched lips; to have borne them on stretchers to first aid station; to have received from so many their last earthly message and finally to have lowered so many of their precious bodies into a soldier's grave on the blood-stained battlefields of France. My departed comrades, what a privilege you gave us to even permit us to serve you. We are so proud to have been associated with you and to have the right to call you pals.

What can we say that would enhance the glory and honor which are already yours? Absolutely nothing. But we can not remain mute when an occasion such as this presents itself. Our silence might be construed as ingratitude and rather than be branded as ingrates, we shall proclaim your virtues and valor to the whole world.

We, veterans of the 80th Division, have every reason to be proud of the prominent part our division played in upholding the honor of our country, and we point with pride to the place it will ever occupy in the historical annals of our nation. It is no idle boast to claim that we offered our country the very pick of the flock, the very flower of our American manhood. We have no desire nor intention to draw invidious comparisons but the whole world stood aghast when the so-called immature, not sufficiently trained, unsophisticated band of embryo soldiers dragged a miscalculating and bewildered despot tottering from his throne thus proving to the world that "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." Might shall never supersede right.

Before we bid one another a fond "Au Revoir" and return to our homes and before our reunion shall have passed into history we here assembled, again, publicly proclaim our undying love in offering our humble tribute of respect, to the memory of our Gallant Comrades who have answered the final summons of the Supreme Commander. We should consider ourselves guilty of the blackest ingratitude if we were to pass over in silence or slight those who have gone before us and now rest in the Lord. The proud boast of the ancient Roman Gladiator before he died in the arena was to turn towards his emperor and proclaim his undying loyalty in his classic tongue: "Ave, Caesar, Morituri salutant."—"Hail, Caesar, We about to die salute thee." With similar pride and loyalty our comrades who have joined the ranks of the immortals and are now lovingly enshrined among the Silent Men of Arms, have given their beloved country

their last fond salute before they sacrificed their young lives on the altar of Liberty. May we reverse the procedure and as the surviving comrades whom fate decreed should be left behind, proclaim that as long as time shall endure, we shall always hold their memories in eternal benediction. To paraphrase the boast of the Royal Psalmist: "If I forget thee, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee." There are times and occasions when mere words fall infinitely short of expressing the inmost feelings of the heart and today happens to be just such an occasion. To attempt to eulogize the dead and especially those who died gloriously for their country is indeed a delicate task and one deserving of most skillful treatment. Remembering, however, that sometimes, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," I shall crave your indulgence and attempt to justify my temerity in speaking words of praise for our fallen comrades by claiming as my justification a relationship so close and so intimate that even they, if they were now in the flesh, could not gainsay. For two years during the trying days of camp life and overseas, my contact was so intimate with these gallant lads that I learned to love them as my own flesh and blood. Time has brought out many beautiful traits in their characters which we are now beginning to appraise only after these twelve years. How quickly the years glide by and still the memories of our experiences together are not dimmed thereby. How true it is that men become great only after they have died. It seems that in order to achieve greatness or renown, Death demands and exacts the penalty of first passing through her portals. This would seem to be the explanation of the apparent paradox uttered by Christ, The Lord, who declared that "He that loseth his life shall find it." One of the tenderest of American poets, Longfellow, says: "There is no Death; what seems so is transition. This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life Elysian whose portals we call Death." I am as firmly convinced that our beloved comrades are now enjoying that peace which surpasseth all understanding as I am that, "I came from God and I am going back to God, and I won't have any gaps of death in the middle of my life." What a mockery life would be if such heroes as our departed comrades were to have shed their blood in vain and should the memory of their gallant deeds be consigned to oblivion. "No one could ever meet death for his country," wrote Cicero, "without the hope of immortality." These beautiful lines of Gordon Johnstone thrill us with the thought that the Silent Men of Arms are still carrying on: "I tell you they have not died, they live and breathe with you; they walk here now at your side, they tell you things are true. Why dream of popped sod when you can feel their breath. When flower and sod and God, knows there is no Death, I tell you they have not died; their hands clasp yours and mine. They are but glorified, they have become divine. They live, they know, they see, they shout with every breath. Life is eternity—"There is no Death." Life would be an empty dream if annihilation or oblivion were to be the heroes' reward. Our very nature as well as our powers of reasoning cries out in rebellion against such a thought. St. Augustine, that intellectual giant of the fifth century, cried out in an ecstasy of

hope and joy: "Thou hast created us for Thyself, O God, and never shall the soul find rest until it rests in Thee!"

Can it be? Matter Immortal? and shall Spirit die? Above the nobler, shall less noble rise? Shall man alone, for whom all else revives, no resurrection know?

Shall man alone, Imperial man, be sown in barren ground, less privileged than grain, on which he feeds? "What a world were this, how unendurable its weight," proclaims Southey, "if they whom death hath sundered did not meet again." That valiant soldier of Jesus Christ who likewise laid down his life for a noble cause, St. Paul of Tarsus, left us a classic utterance which shall ring down through the ages until time shall have been swallowed up in eternity. In writing his famous Epistle to his brethren in Corinth who were surrounded with the basest of pagan influences, he assured them that the time would come when they would exchange a corruptible body by putting on incorruption and a mortal body would put on immortality; and when this mortal body hath put on immortality then shall come to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory." What a glorious and comforting thought it is to know that Death is not the final victor nor is our separation to be permanent. "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the Earth, and I shall be clothed again with my skin and in my flesh I shall see my God. Whom I myself shall see and my eyes shall behold and not another; this my hope is laid up in my bosom." Job, Chap. 19, Verse 27. "Immortality o'er-sweeps all pains, all tears, all time, all fears,—and peals like the eternal thunders of the deep, into my ears this truth—Thou livest forever."

As a school boy, how often have we read these dramatic lines of Addison but failed to grasp the deep meaning? "It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well—else when this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after Immortality, or when this secret dread, and inward horror, of falling into nought, why shrinks the soul back on herself, and startles at destruction, 'tis the divinity that stirs within us. 'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter, and intimates eternity to man. The stars shall fade away, the sun grow dim with age and nature sink in years, but thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, unharmed amidst the wars of elements, the wrecks of matter and the crush of worlds." My Beloved Departed Comrades, Ye Silent Men of Arms. You have fought the good fight, you have won the crown of victory. We, your surviving comrades still confined in the flesh, salute you. To the whole world we proclaim your noble deeds. We shall never tire of singing your praise. Should we ever forget you, may we be branded as the vilest of ingrates. Your noble sacrifice in laying down your life for your country has merited for you an imperishable crown of glory, "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend." May I borrow the words of the immortal Lincoln who so beautifully eulogized the Silent Men of Arms when he proclaimed on the historic battlefield of Gettysburg many years ago, "The world will little know nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did. It is for us the living rather to be dedi-

cated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. That we here resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

To you, Beloved Gold Star Mothers and Fathers present, I shall not offer my sympathy but rather shall I beg you to swell with pride at the thought that you have made us your debtors with an obligation that we shall never be able to repay. Again appropriating the words of the Immortal Emancipator may I say that I am not unmindful of the irreparable loss you have sustained and "I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which would attempt to beguile you from a grief of a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave only cherished memories of your loved ones and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom." To draw distinctions

or make comparisons would be indeed, odious, but I know I shall be pardoned for making a tender reference to that most valiant of God's noblemen whom we all so dearly loved and who in past years was our pride and inspiration. I refer to that Gallant Soldier and Comrade, General Lloyd M. Brett, who but a few short years ago joined the immortal ranks of the Silent Men of Arms. With what tenderness and affection he always spoke of his Buddies when describing the brave deeds. May his noble life always serve as an inspiration for us to emulate his beautiful example. To our comrades who have laid down their burdens and answered the Last Call during this past year we humbly pay our meed of love and respect. You are gone but not forgotten. "Green be the turf above thee, friends of our better days, none knew thee but to love thee nor named thee but to praise." To you, my surviving comrades of the 80th Division, who were our brothers in arms across the seas and join us today in honoring our noble dead, we pledge anew our undying friendship, and may death be the only power that shall sever those bonds until the great day when we shall all answer the final call and be numbered among the immortal ranks of the Silent Men of Arms.

#### 80TH HERO RECEIVES SERVICE CROSS



JOHN W. SMITH

A distinguished service cross was presented to John W. Smith, formerly Private of Company G, 320th Infantry, by Colonel Thomas M. Anderson, chief of Staff, Ninety-ninth Division, at a testimonial dinner given at the Woodlawn Hotel, Aliquippa, Pa., August 26, 1931.

The distinction is for extraordinary heroism in action during the Meuse-Argonne offensive, September 26, 1918. Smith succeeded in capturing a machine gun nest of five Germans. Two of Smith's comrades were killed in the attempt.

The advance of troops was being held up by a machine gun nest. Smith and two buddies had crawled to an advanced point and had located the machine guns.

He spoke to his companions, telling them to keep close to the ground and crawl forward. One raised his head. He fell, his head riddled with bullets. Smith called to the other soldier to be careful. The soldier rose suddenly to dive into a shell hole. He was killed.

Thirteen years later Smith, asked how he felt then, said he had no particular sensation other than that he might or might not "get his" and so he might as well go ahead.

Smith saw an officer in the rear of his position. He called to the officer, told him to what outfit he belonged and learned that the officer was a captain. Smith asked him to take charge. The captain told Smith to retire while he went back for help. Smith refused to go back.

Crawling forward, Smith finally reached a point where he could use hand grenades. Two of them went over the trench. Another one landed squarely in the emplacement and silenced the guns. Smith jumped up quickly and leaped into the trench with fixed bayonet. Two Germans had been killed by the grenade. The others surrendered. Three machine guns, strategically placed, were found in the nest. Smith's act permitted the advance of his company to continue.

Distinguished Service Cross Citation reads as follows: "John W. Smith (Army Serial No. 2664348), formerly private, first class, then private, Company G, 320th Infantry, 80th Division, American Expeditionary Forces. For extraordinary heroism in action during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, France, September 26, 1918. When the advance of his platoon had been temporarily halted by intensive fire from an enemy machine-gun nest, Private Smith displayed exceptional bravery and leadership when, on his own initiative, he organized a number of scattered troops and courageously led them forward, capturing the machine-guns and several prisoners, thus enabling his platoon to continue the advance."



McCARTHY, THOMAS J., formerly of Company I, 317th Infantry, died August 21, 1931, at his home, 1009 Reedsdale Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Interment was in the North Side Cemetery.

AARON, CLYDE F., formerly of the 80th Military Police, died at his home, 104 Chartiers Ave., McKees Rocks, Pa., July 25, 1931. Interment at Brookville, Pa.

DOYLE, JOHN, formerly of Company D, 319th Infantry, died July 23, 1931, at his home in Homestead, Pa. Details unknown.

BEISTEL, CLYDE, formerly Company I, 320 Infantry, died Wednesday, August 5, 1931, at the Tuberculosis Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa. Members of Company I acted as Pallbearers. Mr. Beistel was formerly Assistant District Attorney and resided at 825 Lincoln Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ROBINSON, HARRISON, formerly of Company K, 320th Infantry, died on Thursday, July 2, 1931, at his home at 407 Chalfont St., Pittsburgh. Funeral was from the funeral parlors of William Slater & Sons, Virginia Ave., Mt. Washington.

TEVIS, WEYMEN, who enlisted at the age of 16 years in the 80th Division, at the start of the War, died in the Philippine Islands, May 17. Sergeant Tevis was with the 28th Bombing Squadron, U. S. Aerial Service, at the time of his death. The services were conducted in the Chateau Post, Chateau and Sheffield Sts., N. S. Pittsburgh. He was buried with full military honors.

Surviving are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis, 1216 Sunday St., North Side, Pittsburgh; four brothers, Joseph, Clyde, and Earl, of Pittsburgh, and George, of California, and one sister, Mrs. Grace Hoehnke, of Pittsburgh.

MULTERER, JOHN, formerly Corporal, Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, died in Brooklyn, New York, Hospital. Surviving are his father, mother and brother.

### S. A. HAGERLING DIES SUDDENLY

Colonel Sidney A. Hagerling, an architect and chief signal officer of the Twenty-Eighth Division of the A. E. F., D. S. M., died suddenly October 4, 1931, in the Southside Hospital. Colonel Hagerling was born on the Southside, Pittsburgh, and was formerly of the One Hundred and Third Field Signal Battalion. He was a companion of the Military Order of Foreign Wars of the United States and a member of the Society of American Military Engineers, Disabled Emergency Officers of the



### Gen. Lloyd M. Brett Post

An Armistice Day dinner under the auspices of the General Lloyd M. Brett Post will be held Wednesday evening, November 11, at 6:30 at the Show Boat, Sixth Street and Duquesne Way. There will be dancing and entertainment until 9:30. All members of the 80th Division are cordially invited to attend this dinner. Assessment will be \$2.00 per plate. Guests will include Rodney T. Bonsall, Philadelphia, Pa., National Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association, and Reverend Edward A. Wallace, of Manhattan Beach, N. Y., National Chaplain of the Association. Members of the Engineer Regiments in Pittsburgh and surrounding territories should be on hand to greet the Colonel on his arrival.

On the morning of November eleventh, the members of the 80th Division will form at Marion Street and Fifth Avenue, marching in the third division of the parade. The parade will form at 10 A. M. Commander Bonsall and Father

World War, Disabled American Veterans, Major John Baird Atwood Post, Hill Top Memorial Post American Legion, La Societe, Reserve Officers, Scout Daddies, and many other organizations and associations. Colonel Hagerling was known and loved by thousands of ex-service men in Allegheny County and Pittsburgh, and was always present at 80th Division affairs. He will be greatly missed by the members of our Division.

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, Penna., for October, 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.

2. That the owner is: 80th Division Veterans Association, 413 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rodney T. Bonsall, Esq., Natl. Commander, 1335 Land Title Bldg.; Christ C. Kramer, Recording Sec'y., 4711 Monongahela Ave., Hazelwood Sta., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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

80TH DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION,  
GEORGE J. KLIER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1931.

(Seal)

CHARLES R. HALEY,  
Notary Public.

(My Commission expires at end of next Session of Senate).

Wallace will lead the 80th. Every former Pittsburgh member of the Division is requested to march in the parade on Armistice Day. There will be many in line with "civics" so don't worry about the uniform if you haven't one.

### Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1

The members of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1 take this opportunity to thank the Reunion Committee for the most enjoyable program and entertainment furnished during the 12th Annual National Reunion in Pittsburgh. At our meeting held October 23, this Convention was voted to be the best we have ever had, and we hope they grow bigger and better each year.

Our Mothers, and the Allegheny County War Mothers also wish to thank this Committee for the honor bestowed upon them in the War Mothers Parade. Dozens of letters have been received thanking the Committee for this great tribute.

Mrs. W. A. Gordon, Mrs. Bernice Baker, Mrs. Gertrude Lai, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Mrs. Beulah Baker Paul, Mrs. John Diller and Mrs. Catherine Scherzinger, and about twenty-five other mothers from the Pittsburgh Chapter, American War Mothers are attending the War Mothers Convention at Long Beach, California.

The Bazaar held during the Convention to help raise funds to carry on our work among all disabled veterans and their families was very successful, and we wish to thank all who in any way helped make it a success. The automobile was won by Mrs. Mary McDevitt, of Grandview Avenue, Pittsburgh; the Radio by Mrs. Mary McKenna, of North Side, Pittsburgh, and the Frigidaire of Mr. James Deighan, of Philadelphia. Dick Powell, Master of Ceremonies at the Stanley Theatre, pulled the winning numbers.

Congratulations are extended to the newly elected Commander, Rodney T. Bonsall. We wish him a successful administration and assure him that the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1 is ready at all times to co-operate in any way possible.

The Hallowe'en Party given at the U. S. Marine Hospital, October 30th, was

well attended. The boys enjoyed playing cards and were pleased with the delicious lunch served.

Preparations are now being made for holiday activities for our disabled veterans and their families.

—Gertrude E. Horne.

## Philadelphia Post No. 2



At our July meeting a motion was passed to present to the National Association a resolution in opposition to the Medical Doctors resolution passed in this City whereby the Doctors objected to hospitalization of veterans with non service connected disabilities.

A fine report on the Post picnic was received, and though an affair of this kind is run only to provide a pleasant day for the members of the Division, their families and friends, a financial surplus was reported by the Chairman, Samuel Millinghausen.

A last call for members to join the hike to Pittsburgh, and we adjourned to join the Ladies Auxiliary in a luncheon.

Then that Twelfth Annual National Convention! We left Philadelphia at 7 P. M., August 5, with Rodney Bonsall driving. Fred Haussmann, Rus Mahon and the writer were passengers. The thick fog, dragging brakes, stopping for refreshments, refueling the car, searching for Tuscarora or Pittsburgh, all were instrumental in delaying our party. We arrived at headquarters in the Fort Pitt Hotel at 4:30 A. M., August 6. There to our delight, thanks to Commander Haussmann, our club room was awaiting us. Pleasant dreams were sounded about 5:30 and as election of Officers was not to take place till later, we decided we would like to do some real sleeping and resting. It was a foolish notion because after glancing over the program we discovered that time off for eating and sleeping was not permitted. At 7:45 A. M., the same morning, we were awakened by the music of a brass band. Would you call it music if it awakened you after a few hours sleep? We learned later that this grand and glorious band was escorting our old friend Frank Schoble, Jr., from the train to Headquarters. Four men—one bath! Love of sleeping of a few members helped solve the problem.

After breakfast we were ready to register, greet old friends, make new ones—that is the big kick one gets at these National Reunions. Surely nothing can beat that gripping of hands, talking over old times, etc. There was Jerry Madden,

looking rosy and handsome as ever, our National Commander; George Klier, our Resident Secretary; Miss Kathryn Philpott, Associate Editor of "Service Magazine," Christ Kramer, Bob Daume, M. J. Thomas, Sam Evans, Cyril Madden, Paul Winters, Oscar Mulhollen, Joe Gavin, Boyd Stutler, Miss Ruth McClelland, our old friend John Gormley and his gang, and oh so many others. You'll have to be present at the next one to get the real thrill. Frank Schoble, Jr., Frank Roche, Harry Stevens and wife, and Frank McGuigan were among the Philadelphia folks one met in the hotel lobby. Then a visit to the rooms of the State Commander of the American Legion to greet the Commander, Charlie Engard, Jim Deighan, Dept. Adjutant and a member of the Divisional Association, John Derwin, State Finance Officer, Tom Dowd, Liaison Officer, and Eddie Lensky, Asst. Adjutant. This was all very pleasant, but quite fatiguing and as the day was extremely warm we temporarily retired from action to the haunts of One-Eyed-Ike for refreshments.

We then mounted the Bus for a sight-seeing trip through Pittsburgh—a visit to the Clark Candy Company Plant where we were treated to Candy, Chewing Gum and Pop Corn. Back to the hotel to get ready for dinner and the evening's entertainment.

The opening session! The English room was crowded. Welcoming speeches were made by Mayor Kline and other leading citizens. A vaudeville entertainment followed. Frequent visits to the Dugout were made by the members where quite a different form of entertainment was offered. When the music ceased at 2 A. M. we retired to our rooms to talk over the events of the day. Roche joined our party, and it was after 4 A. M. before lights out were sounded. Friday morning we were awakened at 8:45. More "Singing in the Bath-Tub." Managed to get our breakfast before the morning session at 10:30. Fred was busy placing the "Bonsall for Commander" cards about the place and we all started our campaign of electioneering. After a trip through Gimbel Brothers Store, a bite of lunch, we attended the business session. It was very warm and we were thankful the meeting was "short and sweet." The high light of the session was the presentation of a Charter to the Blue Ridge Post No. 16 by Brigadier General Frank S. Cocheu, of Texas. We congratulate our comrades of Ford City and vicinities on their good work. We were then taken by bus to the Steamer Washington for a boat ride down the "Beautiful Ohio." It was a very interesting trip and we all got that much needed rest during the few hours of peaceful drifting.

We had to rush back to the Hotel to make preparations for the Military Ball at the William Penn Hotel. The boys were out to look their best! And what an array of splendor! The Ball Room was crowded with beautifully gowned women and handsomely groomed men. Here and there a uniform added a patriotic atmosphere to the scene. A vaudeville show entertained us for a half an hour or so before the grand march. Drawing for the prizes—Chevrolet Sedan, Majestic Refrigerator and Radio, then took place. Dick Powell, Master of Ceremonies of the Stanley Theatre, Pittsburgh, drew the winning numbers. We are happy to report that Jim Deighan,

of Philadelphia, won the second prize, the Refrigerator.

At two A. M. we returned to our rooms, had a little refreshment. Saturday morning, election of Officers! Naturally no Philadelphia Post member could be found asleep on so important an occasion. We were all up at 8 A. M., and at the meeting in good time. We will leave the Recording Secretary tell you about the business transacted— suffice to say that your resolution presented to the National Body was accepted; bids for 1932 Reunion were received from York, Pa., Alexandria, Va., Harrisonburg, Va., Wheeling, W. Va. Philadelphia Post again won the 80th Loyalty Cup. Last but not least, Rodney Bonsall was elected National Commander. The honor of having a Philadelphia member again elected to Commandership was fittingly celebrated in the privacy of our rooms.

We lunched and then joined the ranks of the 80th and paraded in honor of the War Mothers of Pittsburgh and Allegheny County. The intense heat and the surprise of Fred's parading were too much for us. After the parade we hastened to don our banquet suits. What a banquet. The speeches were wonderful. Toastmaster Wm. B. McFall handled his job in good order, Father Wallace was at his best, Rodney Bonsall, in a few words urged more pep in the membership. The vaudeville show was great, but the hit of the evening was Bill Fleming, Chairman of the Convention Committee, kissing on both cheeks in good old French style, our Past National Commanders when awarding them the Divisional Association Past Commander Medals. The Past Resident Secretaries were awarded rings with the insignia thereon.

After the banquet time was your own—there was a dance at the hotel, another on the street outside the hotel, a sight-seeing trip through the city by night, a visit to the Moose Temple or a hundred and one other interesting events to take up your time. Music stopped at 12:30 and a number of us returned to our room. At 2 A. M. our farewell party was on. At 5 A. M. we were still going strong—what a costume parade in the corridor. Then the lady next door complained to the H. D., who requested a little silence so that the hotel guests may get their rest.

A grand and glorious Convention—not an idle moment. A band and orchestra worked continuously from 8 A. M. until 2 A. M. every day. The decorations were beautiful. The entire Convention was a huge success. Too much credit cannot be given the committee. Very

### ANOTHER NEW POST IN THE MAKING

H. E. Neumann, of the 314th Field Artillery, a member of the National Executive Council of the Association, called a meeting of all 80th men residing in Sistersville, New Martinsville, Moundsville, Benwood, Wellsburg and Wheeling, last week for the purpose of forming an 80th Post in Wheeling. The result of the meeting will be published in the next issue of "Service."

sorry you could not enjoy it with us, but hope to see you all at our next one.

At our August meeting on the 20th, business affairs were quickly disposed of, though we did manage to revive a motion made some years ago pertaining to the presentation of Medals to our Past Post-Commanders. A committee with full power to act has been chosen and we are looking forward to some quick action. Of course, many tall stories were told as to the doings at Pittsburgh. A delicious luncheon then followed. It was prepared by the Post entertainment committee and the Ladies Auxiliary under the supervision of Evan Tibbott, representing the Post, and Mrs. Geo. Burton, Mrs. Frederic Poole, Mrs. Evan Tibbott, Jr. and Mrs. Vessey all of the Auxiliary.

## Pennsylvania Auxiliary of Philadelphia Post No. 2

Many of our active members were out of the city for the summer and the Auxiliary had a quiet season. We expect to be very busy with our activities during the Fall and Winter.

Quite a few ladies were present at the reception given for the National Commander.

We were happy to have Mrs. Edwin Vessey out with us again, and to learn that the new daughter is doing so nicely.

On Friday evening, Oct. 23, our first card party of the season was held at St. James' Guild Hall, 2210 Sansom St. Tickets were twenty-five cents, and there were many beautiful prizes. We had a record breaking attendance.

On Sunday, Oct. 4, our president, Mrs. E. J. Tibbott, Sr., Mrs. Leinhauser, Mrs. Mahon, Mrs. Millinghausen and Mrs. E. J. Tibbott, Jr., joined the Post members in entertaining the children at the Zoological Gardens and we all surely enjoyed the outing together.

Owing to the absence of our President, Mrs. Geo. Burton presided at our September meeting and made a very impressive speech at the reception for our National Commander.

Mrs. Frederic Poole wishes to express her regrets at not being able to attend the National Reunion and greet her old friends. Dr. Poole's sister arrived unexpectedly from England and Mrs. Poole had to change her plans.

## Who's Who in Philadelphia

As usual the same old gang have all the fun at our picnics. One misses a few of the old crowd and meets a few new members each year. Frank Mayer and his happy party are on hand always, and Sam Millinghausen and his host of friends may be counted on. Fred Haussmann, George Guille, Rus Mahon, Jim Kilgannon, Bill Mulvihill, Harry McCloskey, Larry Fisher and Frank McGuigan are present. Otto Leinhauser

and family, Evan Tibbott and family, Geo. Burton, family, and friends were among our new picnickers this year, and we certainly missed such old regulars as Elmer Leddon, Bill Pfeifer, Lou Strouse, Ed Vessey and their families. With bathing, quoit matches, broom polo, races for young and old, especially the new balloon races for adults, we had a busy but pleasant day, and we wish to extend our thanks to Mr. Freas, owner of the grounds, and Sam Millinghausen, Chairman of the committee.

Congratulations to Rodney T. Bonsall, elected National Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association at the 12th Annual National Convention in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1931. May his administration be a successful one.

Frank Schoble, Jr. made the nomination speech in favor of Rodney and at the same time exploded the rumor that Philadelphia Post hoped to move National Headquarters to Philadelphia. How rumors do carry! Nothing to it.

Frank Roche, formerly of 314th Field Artillery was unanimously elected C. D. O. W. O. P. P.; now figure that out.

Our old friend John Gormley, formerly of Philadelphia, and his friends were to be seen every day of the reunion. They were a big help when the votes for commander were counted.

The Pittsburghers went for Rodney Bonsall in a big way.

Our Rus Mahon was a very busy boy during the Reunion, running here and there. Rus is good company generally, but what a voice when singing in the bath tub.

Fred Haussmann, as Campaign Manager, did a good job of placing signs in advantageous locations long before the election of National Commander, but he was outclassed when buddying around with three past Post-Commanders.

Wasn't Jim Deighan, formerly of Pittsburgh and now of Philadelphia, surprised when we informed him that he had won the Majestic Refrigerator?

Harry Stevens, though badly crippled, necessitating the use of a cane, motored to Pittsburgh with his French War Bride and could be seen every day enjoying the interesting happenings.

Frank McGuigan, of Phoenixville, was another P. P. member one met every day. It surely was great to see the old crowd again.

One wonders how many 80th men also attended the Pennsylvania Legion Convention at Easton this year. Saw Frank Schoble, Sam Millinghausen, Bill Mulvihill, Harry McCloskey, Larry Fisher, Elmer Leddon, Lou Strouse, Bill Pfeifer all of the Philadelphia Post. No doubt there were many others.

Then at the Legion National Convention we saw Howard Wells, of Petersburg, Va., our Past National Commander, Frank Schoble, Honorary National Commander, Jim Deighan, Bill Mulvihill,

Larry Fisher, Harry McCloskey and the writer.

Hats off to the Comrade or Comrades who established an 80th Division registration headquarters at Detroit. There was a large sign attractively painted with the insignia thereon right in the center of activities. Did not notice the sign until about an hour before my boat sailed so I was unable to make them a call.

The visit to the Zoological Gardens under the leadership of the welfare chairman, Evan Tibbott, Jr., was most enjoyable. Those in the party were: Evan J. Tibbott, Jr., his wife and mother, Sam Millinghausen, his wife, three children and a young lady, Howard Brock and daughter, Ed. Vessey and daughter, Jim Kilgannon and son, Otto Leinhauser, wife and five children, Rus Mahon, wife and son and Wm. H. Graham. Cakes and nuts were distributed to all present. Jim Kilgannon's licorice shoe laces were an extra treat.

Warren Rareshide, formerly of 305th Field Signal Battalion, spent his vacation in Montreal during the Legion Convention in Detroit, but we couldn't coax him to leave Montreal.

Jim Kilgannon, formerly of Battery A, 314th Field Artillery, tells us he had a wonderful time at the Battery Reunion this year. Jim has been elected president of the Association for 1932 and will bring their next Reunion to Philadelphia.

## BLUE RIDGE POST No. 16

At the Annual Convention meeting held Friday morning, August 6, in the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, a charter was presented to the Blue Ridge Post. The charter was framed and in colors with the names of the charter members thereon. The Post had a fine representation at the Convention, and it looks as though this organization will do splendid work towards keeping the 80th "always moving forward."

The last corn roast of the season was held Friday evening, September 18, 1931, at the home of George Elwood, four miles northeast of Apollo on the Apollo-Shelocta road. Plenty of eats and entertainment were had. The numerous activities of the Blue Ridgers have already aroused wide enthusiasm among the members fortunate to reside in this territory.

## DIVISION HEADQUARTERS

Division Headquarters was represented at the Convention this year by Major F. A. McMahon, Ford F. Frick, Lieut. John R. Sweeney, Fred Ruoss, James M. Blanck, J. W. Ainsco, Elmer Meyers, C. L. Maughiman, Captain C. W. Keefer, Gus Pannier, H. B. Davis, Walter S. Wilson, R. H. McMann, Jacob Slome, Wm. C. Dobson and Lieut. M. C. Stahlman.

A. N. LaPorte, of New York, formerly Captain, while in Pittsburgh attend-

ing the Convention of the American Life Insurance Company, visited headquarters and entertained the office force with his interesting stories of his travels. The Captain has the "Prince of Wales complex"—was thrown twice within the past few years. We understand the horse is still in good condition.

Charles E. Pollard, of Petersburg, Virginia, was elected to the Executive Council of the 80th Division Veterans Association at the National Convention held in Pittsburgh this year.

**317th Infantry**

**Headquarters Company**

C. J. Hays, formerly Sergeant, came up from Charleston, W. Va., to be present when the roll was called at the Pittsburgh Convention.

**Medical Detachment**

Sergeant Garnet G. Gillan, of St. Thomas, Pa., was seen in Pittsburgh at the Convention.

**Company A**

Jack London, of Huntington, W. Va., Alfred Schwenke, Howard D. Dawson, and J. M. McCormick, of Pittsburgh, represented their Company at the various Reunion activities.

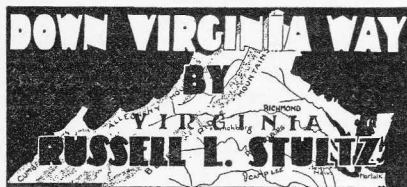
**Company B**

From Appalachia, Virginia, came H. C. McKinney to join with his comrades in the celebration of the 12th Annual National Reunion. That's real 80th loyalty.

J. V. Ennis, from S. Charleston, W. Va., claims he enjoyed every moment of his stay in Pittsburgh.

**Company L**

Members of Company L extend to Rodney T. Bonsall, of Philadelphia, formerly Lieutenant, sincere congratulations on his election to the office of National Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association.



Russell L. Stultz, of New Market, Va., was host to two 80th Division men from Pittsburgh over the Labor Day weekend. They were George J. Klier, a member of the Vesle Post, V. F. W., and Resident Secretary of the 80th Division Veterans Association, and Burg C. Clark, a member of Baird-Atwood Post, V. F. W., and 80th Division Veterans Association.

**318th Infantry**

Major General Briant H. Wells, formerly of Schofield Barracks, is now at Fort Shafter, Territory of Hawaii. We

hope that by the fate of the gods General Wells will be with us at our next Convention.

Captain Vincent R. Smith, prominent Greensburg attorney, a member of the Last Man's Club, was elected Judge Advocate of the National Association at the Convention held at Pittsburgh in August.

**Machine Gun Company**

Our sincere sympathy is extended to F. M. Stuts, of 53 Thornwell Street, Clinton, South Carolina, on the death of his beloved brother at Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Company A**

Captain Earl Shively, Assistant Attorney General of Columbus, Ohio, was on the job during the Convention entertaining all his "boys."

Lieut. Henry E. McWane, of Lynchburg, a member of the "Last Man's Club," gave the men a treat with his songs, ginger ale, cracked ice, mint, etc., etc.

The Officers of the "Last Man's Club" put on the historic sketch "The Spirit of '76" which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.

The fellows always ask about Lieut. Guy A. Diron, of Lynchburg, Va. A few words would surely be appreciated from you Lieutenant.

Our old friend Frank Fields, of Portsmouth, Ohio, was on hand to greet all his old friends. We were mighty glad to see you Frank.

Cecil G. Wood, of Ashland, Virginia, was unable to attend the Reunion on account of business. Hereafter Cecil—Reunion before business.

C. B. Robinson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was on the spot as usual. Robby always turns out for the big event.

Dugout 286, Fort Pitt, was headquarters for Company A, 318th Infantry. Parties were held there at all hours. What a time—what a time!

Called on G. L. Branner and M. C. Strahorn, of Washington, D. C., on my return from the Reunion. They regretted very much that they had been compelled to miss the Big Show.

John L. Gerlacker was all set to attend the Reunion but sickness intervened. We trust that things are going smoothly now John and that the family is all well and happy again.

We missed William A. Bucking, of Norfolk, Va. What happened Buck? Married? Drop us a line and tell us all about it.

Fellows, now is a good time to start getting members for the Association and to reawaken the old ones who have become inactive. We want "a thousand strong" from our section of the country next Convention.

—James E. Farrar.

**319th Infantry**

Lieut. Colonel Charles C. Rossire, Jr., of the New York Reserves, was commanding Fort Adams, R. I., during the summer.



**Remember:**

The different schools at Camp Lee? Bayonet, Grenade, Signal, Band, Trench Mortar, One-Pounders, Non-Com, Pioneer and Cooks and Bakers.

Will never forget the first time that we fired the trench mortars. One gun was set up in the woods near the division trench system, and each man was given the opportunity to fire one shell at a range of about six hundred yards. When we went out to the gun position we found Capt. Peck, the British instructor, and his assistant, a Scotch sergeant-major. Everything was quiet, in fact the surroundings took on the aspect of a funeral. About the time we were to commence firing an ambulance and twelve hospital corps men appeared on the scene and took up a position in a hollow in the rear of the gun. I asked Scotty what they were going to do, and he said that they were there in case anything went wrong with the gun, such as a premature explosion. Also said that once in awhile one of the darn things blew up and that they wanted to be prepared. Certainly looked like an exciting afternoon but the firing went off as per schedule, although we all hide behind tree stumps until it was our turn to fire.

**The Grenade course?**

We threw concrete grenades until our arms ached. At LaBazeque Farm we were throwing the real things at a dummy trench when Floyd Davis threw one that hit the top of the parapet. He turned to run just as it went off and a piece of the grenade hit him and went through a bill fold that he had in his back pocket. It drew blood, but that is all, although he was lucky at that.

**The nights of guard duty on the British Front?**

According to the British, everybody and his brother was a German spy, and our instructions were that we were to be darn careful who we let past the guard lines. Had an encounter with one of Supply Company's officers who came into LaBazeque Farm on a limber. When I challenged him he became very indignant and was going to have me court-martialed and strung up by the neck, so there was nothing to do but call the corporal of the guard and find out who he really was.

As far as our company was concerned the REUNION was a success. We had the largest attendance in Pittsburgh that we have ever had at any reunion, and some of the fellows came from quite a distance, and from all reports they all had a good time. Gen. Cocheu was on

hand, coming all the way from Texas to see the old crowd.

The following OLD GANG were on deck: Devlin, Livingston, Ashbaugh, Keller, Maley, McCracken, Pearson, Wray, Florin, Price, Bentz, Troxell, Callahan, Glover, Stanley, Eckert, Sadler, Steinke, Eurich, Wacker, Frampton, Swift, Cook, Mullooly, Beck, Ellis, Close, Feeley, Bergman, Gallagher, A. V. Baldwin, Madden, Schessler, Conroy, Breidan, Morrison, Graves, Knoblock, Massey, N. Dougherty, Rancel, Fiore, Bott and Newman.

Surely was good to see the bunch.

Betti was in to see me not long ago. Said that he had been living on a farm on Long Island for the past few years but had to come back to Pittsburgh on account of his wife's health.

Was up in Ligonier shortly after the reunion and stopped over to see Freeman. He is well and doing nicely with his poultry business. Said that Stevens, of the Band, has charge of the Wrigley Band at Catalina Island, California.

Bezdek has a camp in the mountains near Ligonier.

Ran into Price near McConnells Mills not long ago. Was on his way home from Youngstown, Ohio.

Nearly all of the fellows asked whether Matthai or Auger were at or coming to the reunion. It would have been nice to have seen them or any of other company officers. Capt. Sands expected to be on hand but had to leave town on business a couple of days before the reunion started.

—Robert D. Newman.

Any information regarding the present address of Captain C. L. Auger, formerly of Ridgewood, New Jersey, will be appreciated by John E. Stewart of The Travelers Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

#### Company A

Phil K. Rodgers, Secretary of the McCrady-Rodgers Company, is now living at 1110 South Negley Avenue. His offices are at 239 Fourth Avenue. Phil was on hand at the Reunion to greet his Company members.

#### Company C

Was it the largest and best reunion? Well, we'll say it was. Company C had more present than any formation since the company received its discharge papers. Twenty-four bucks and non coms talked it all over. If you don't believe it count them.

Chas. Merritt, Ed. F. Bortmess, Dayton Arnold, C. F. Lingfelter, Peter A. Schessler, Earl Davis, Geo. W. Thomas, Wm. A. Hasting, J. G. Carson, Fred Hood, Ed. Kelly, Russel Geary, Tom Sweeney, H. J. Wills, Harry M. Michael, Albert Phufsh, Chas. Cressler, J. J. Farley, F. Bacu, Norman Tress, Joe Dittmore, Geo. Brant, C. E. Young, Wm. Leich.

Peace time strength, let's make it war time strength in time of peace.

Company C men may obtain the address of any or all of the above names by communicating with Dewitt C. Jones,

Jr., 40 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., or C. E. Young, 625 Allinson Avenue, Washington, Pa.

—C. E. Young.

#### Company F

Raymond V. Neelon, formerly Sergeant, awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in action in the Bois-du-Fays, near Brioules, France, was recently admitted to membership in the Legion of Valor.

### 320TH INFANTRY

#### "Medical Musings"

Well, it was another grand Reunion, boys. I personally can testify to that! Every last fellow participating in the great Get-Together just ended will agree that tired bodies, wild eyes and ragged nerves resulting from lack of the prescribed eight hours nightly slumber, etc. (Mostly "etc.") were more than compensated by the mental tonic and emotional stimulus afforded by free interchange of news, views, chews and boos (note deleted spelling of last word) with a host of lifetime buddies. Better than ever did the writer learn the lesson that the very best time of all can be had at such affairs by making genuine efforts to acquaint oneself with each and every buddy sporting the conventional badge, whether or not recognizable as having been in one's own individual outfit. After all, we served in the same War and slept in different dugouts and guardhouses together, you know!

The erstwhile Pill Rollers and Iodine Dispensers, "needles" to state, contributed their own fair share to the glorious celebration. At 6:00 P. M. on Friday, August 7th, we (not the editorial or Lindberghian pronoun this time) poured into Carl Case's room at the Fort Pitt to carefully double-check the old War and rebandage all wounds. In this connection, it might interest future victims to learn that we have decided unanimously upon Hexylresorcinol to replace Iodine as the official antiseptic and panacea upon the occasion of the next European family row—into which we fervently hope this country will not be invited. Well, well, the old story is running away with me, so let me pause to count heads as all hands hit the deck to devour that succulent steak dinner:

There were President Clyde Erskine, the indefatigable "Birdie" himself; Louis Steiner, S. O. P. (Same Old Peeper); "Crackers" O'Donnell, about to launch a new enterprise at McKeesport, Pa. for the benefit of his and unsuspecting patrons' health; Bill Anthony, the Buffalo rail king; Jimmie Kalp, broadminded clergyman from the wilds of Butler, Pa.; Warren Milner, grim-visaged pill purveyor; "Spike" Evans, once renowned as Doug Fairbanks' only double; William McKinley, still doing plain and fancy cooking at Everett, Pa.; "Doc" Pilgram, redoubtable dentist from Sharpsburg's Main Street; J. Blake Rearick, with a darn good excuse for missing last year's reunion; Vincent, high-powered salesman and man-about-many-towns; "Tiger" Wigle, that irrepressible jungle beast, wilder than ever; and finally, our gracious host himself, Carl Case, pride of Norwich, the venerable "Pop," who rules us youngsters with a firm but well-meaning hand.

It was decided to hold the next special reunion of the Medicos on Friday evening, November 6, this year, printed notices of which will be later served as reminders to all vets (Who is?) involved.

In addition to this generous representation of our small Medical Detachment, the following were also observed circulating in and around G. H. Q. at the Fort Pitt, but unfortunately did not participate in the orgy so incompletely described:

Gordon (Chevvy) Carr; Spilios (Cook) Antonopolous; Bill Meyers, the McKeesport Mauler, and "Russ" Mahon, life of the party, hailing from the city of our new National Commander. Incidentally, it pains me exceedingly to relate that when I sought to say Adios, Auf Wiedersehn, Au Revoir and other farewell phrases to the last-named, I learned that he had already passed out—no, I mean, checked-out of the hotel. Oh Russell, sonny boy, thou of the wild and yet wilder gyrations, most worthy juvenile product of the City of Brotherly Love, why didst thou flit thence thus abruptly? Could it possibly have been because—but there, I must apply the brakes and give them to you with slightly altered spelling, for with "Koney" a promise made is a promise kept. But more anon—in Mauch Chunk or some other near-East seaport.

On Saturday night, August 8th, just before the big divisional banquet, the writer returned for a moment to his first love, and hobnobbed with the merry revellers at a very special reunion and banquet down in "Dan's Dugout," featuring Captain Terry and his sons of "B" Company, 320th—the very first company mustered-in, of the National Army, in the United States. A detailed description of that hilarious and most enjoyable affair will doubtless appear in other columns of this issue. Let's have more and more of 'em, Cap!

Too bad we didn't get a response to that "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" advertisement in the last issue; but it's not too late, so if that buddy who shared the first post-war dinner with the undersigned that eventful June day of the year 1919 when we scampered homeward with our hard-earned and honorable discharge papers, will kindly step up and be recognized and reconciled, all will be well.

—Earl J. Kohnfelder.

#### Medical Detachment

Rev. James I. Kalp, pastor of the Butler, Pa., Church of God, has just recently been elected Chaplain of the American Legion Post of Butler.

Well, here I am back (clean?) from Pittsburgh, and the best reunion I ever attended. Sorry I didn't make the pill-rollers shindig, but the good steamer "Washington" did not get us back in time. However, I was the guest of our long lost friend Kohnie at luncheon Friday, and good old Mac and Rea, and Jimmie Kalp were in the party and what a time was had. Kohnie as usual did the entertaining and how that boy can.

Floyd Gibbons and Graham McNamee had better look to their laurels.

Had the pleasure once again of meeting Pop Case, Milner, Sgt. Anthony, Carr, Antinopolous, and quite a few of my good doughboy friends from the 320th. I'll tell you fellows if you never attended these reunions you haven't lived. It's a little early but start in



right now and put a little away each week for the next one and I'll guarantee you that you'll never want to miss one. I enjoyed myself so much in Pittsburgh that I'm sorry we can't hold our Reunion there every year.

This Medical Detachment Reunion scheduled for November 6th looks good to me and if conditions (financial and otherwise) warrant it I'll be right on deck. But you know, Friday is a punk day for us fish-eaters to attend a banquet. Guess we'll have to enlist in the Army for one day.

Wonder if some of you fellows realize how time is slipping away. As I looked around at the faces of my old comrades and saw the changes that have taken place since 1918 I wondered if they too realized the flight of time and how important it is that we should get together as often as possible. We should rekindle the friendship and spirit of comradeship we knew in those never-to-be-forgotten days when we were so happy together, bound with iron bars of friendship that was strengthened by hardships and pleasures we shared—together. It is something we should think over seriously. The years are fast slipping away—there will come a time when we wish with all our hearts that we could join once again those comrades of yesterday—to meet and greet them as buddies and to hear them tell how we went "over the top"—our furlough in Paris—our midnight journeys through "no man's land." Now fellows, make up your minds that you'll be with us next year. After the initiation, you'll not want to miss the "Big Parade." There were a few idle moments (not many) during this Reunion when I just sat and thought of how precious these few hours spent together were to me, and as the years go by and we get older and yes, fewer, I wonder if some of our buddies whom we never see will finally realize just what the 80th Annual Reunion means. When I see my old comrades and have a few words with them, shake their hands and see them smile, there is a feeling that cannot be expressed in words—the same feeling comes only when I meet my buddies of the old 80th, which proves to me that something lives within that should be kept alive—these sacred friendships made while in the Army. Don't keep putting it off. There may be many here this year who will be sadly missed next year. So while we are alive and happy, don't miss the opportunity of meeting with your old Division next year. The dates and place have not been arranged as yet, but you will receive word in plenty of time to make adequate preparations.

Let's have some news fellows. We would all like to know how that other fellow is getting along.

We'll meet again Friday, November 6, and what a red letter day that will be or maybe it will be two days. Who knows?

What a grand and glorious reunion among such grand and glorious people!

Many thanks to Jack Larkin, of Headquarters Company, 320th, and his family for their kind hospitality.

Well, so long till the next issue. I have to catch-up on my sleep.

R. W. Mahon,  
204 W. Champlost St.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

P. S.—Could not forget to mention we had a very brief get together—my good friend Crackers O'Donnell and I. Hope conditions are different the next time we meet so that we can see more of each other. Great pal, Crackers!

#### Headquarters Company

The Divisional Reunion held in Pittsburgh the early part of August was well attended by our company, there being 40 registrants, very good indeed, and the best of all, many new faces appeared on the scene during the four days, all of whom promised not to miss our next reunion, which will be held during the early part of 1932.

Some of those seen at the Divisional Reunion were: Cross, Pfabe, Faulhaber, Jacobs, Sherbon, Painter, Maglieri, Tomlinson, Banazak; then there were members we had not seen for a long time, and certainly hope they will be among those present at our next reunion.

We received a few new and correct addresses during the Reunion, and wish to impress upon every member the importance of informing us of changes in address.

Jack Freese and Frank Dinges just could not make the trip to Pittsburgh during the reunion. We assure you they both were missed.

Send in any news anytime that you know would be of interest to your comrades. We all like to hear from you.

—S. H. Stover.

#### Company A

The following men of Company A were in attendance at the 12th Annual National Convention in Pittsburgh: Fred Askin, Edwin Baessler, Stanley Belfore, Walter Buch, John Williams, Wm. A. Douglas, Bob Willig, Jim Rauch, J. R. Yockey, Ted Harrison, Dr. M. W. Pilgram, Max Tucker, Ted Escuage, "Mechanic" Nestor, Marty Manion, John Errett, Jerry Madden, Stanley Zimowski, Dave Auchinvole, Geo. C. Brown, Jimmy Boyle, Walter Posenan, W. C. Karns, Hugh Geyer, Jim O'Dowd, Gilvanni Vaker, Geo. E. Scott, C. H. Landrie, A. M. Klein, Franklin Stevenson, Bob Wertz, Frank Ryan, Bert Torrence, Robert Rankin and S. J. Fleming.

Anyone knowing the address of Captain Gilmore, formerly of Company A, 320th Infantry, kindly notify J. A. Quinn, 2901 Gray Ave., Detroit, Mich.

At an informal meeting in the lobby of the hotel it was decided to hold a Reunion at Greensburg at the No. 7 Booster Club of which our Commander, Bob Wertz is President. The date set was Saturday, September 5. It was at this affair we decided to hold election of officers.

All the members were surprised to see former mechanic Nestor at this Reunion. It was his first, but we'll bet it won't be his last. They were also surprised to

see the big front he has put on. He was so "skinny" in the Army and now he is about the biggest man in Company A.

Understand the Company was well represented in the "Dugout" at the Fort Pitt.

Dr. Pilgram was also in the limelight—getting his picture in the paper n'everything.

After the National Reunion Jerry Madden and I got busy and sent out notices for the Company A reunion. Out of one hundred twenty-six notices we received thirty-nine answers to our inquiries. The cards were addressed and stamped and you had only to sign them indicating you would or would not be present. Only thirty-nine were interested enough to return the cards. I think you could at least do that much for your old company. Now we want you to co-operate with us and kindly return the card the next time. There is no reason why we shouldn't have at least one hundred members present at these annual gatherings.

The date, September 5, arrived and Tommy Kushnak met Jerry Madden, Ed Baessler and I and we motored to Greensburg. Upon our arrival we were met by a few of the boys and given a vociferous (whatever that means) reception. Bob Wertz was a very busy man getting the meal ready. And what a meal it was! The details are described by Keys Murphy in this issue.

—Samuel J. Fleming.

The cabin of the Greensburg Hose Company No. 7 Booster's Club, on the Lincoln Highway, four miles east of Greensburg, Pa., was the scene of an enjoyable outing on Saturday, September 5th, 1931, when Blue Ridge veterans of the World War, coming from all points of the compass, assembled for the Fifth Annual Reunion of Company A, 320th Infantry (Eightieth Division). This was the fourth reunion to be held in this particular place, the 1930 reunion having been held in Johnstown, Pa.

Many were the happy greetings among the "buddies" as old acquaintances were renewed and old scenes re-enacted, for some of the ex-"soldats" had not seen each other since the close of the war. And the crowd lacked none of the old company spirit as they swapped stories and recalled incidents of "la guerre." There were no "casualties" except when the group was "shot" by a camera in the hands of Edwin J. Baesler, of Pittsburgh, and judging from the finished picture which resulted from the "operation" everyone will agree that picture-taking is a "snap" for Comrade Baesler. The boys are advised to get one of the pictures before they all "Argonne." They are finished in "Glaus."

That there exists no race prejudice in the company is evidenced by the fact that the reunion crowd included a "Brown," a "Black" and a "Whiteman." And when "mess-call" was sounded, the boys did not stand and "Stair" at each other but found places at the well-laden tables under the trees. Comrade Stanley Zimowski had charge of the ceremonies and at his request all stood and faced the west in silence for a moment in memory of departed comrades. Following this, it did not take the boys "Long" to start stowing away the good things

that were on the tables. When they attacked the roasting-ears their teeth "went against the grain" so to speak, but all enjoyed the meal most heartily and there were "beaucoup seconds."

The business meeting was presided over by Comrade Zimowski, with Comrade Keys Murphy acting Secretary. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, the report of the Treasurer was given, also a report of expenses. It was found that after all expenses were paid the Company Treasury would still be several dollars to the good. A few brief remarks were made by Comrade J. J. Madden, Company A's last First Sergeant, Past National Commander of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association. Brief remarks were made by other members of the Company. It was decided that the reunion next year would be held at the same place as this year.

Officers were elected to serve for the coming year, as follows: Company Commander, Robert F. Wertz, Jeannette, Pa.; Vice Commander, Stanley Zimowski, Jeannette, Pa.; Secretary, Lewis Prioretto, Greensburg, Pa.; Treasurer, Keys Murphy, Greensburg, Pa.; Executive Committee, Benjamin Gunnett, Greensburg, Pa.; George C. Brown, Youngwood, Pa.; Samuel Fleming, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Richard G. Deemer, Revloc, Pa.; William McGrogan, West Newton, Pa.; Galon Smith, Reynoldsville, Pa.; Thomas B. Kushnak, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Those present at the reunion were: Wilkes H. Glaus, Norval Eisaman, John Errett, T. P. McDonald, Clyde Karns, Keys Murphy, Paul Baum, Robert H. Long, Lewis Prioretto, Edwin I. Black, John Houghton, Jack Pallitto, Benjamin Gunnett, all of Greensburg; Stanley Zimowski and Robert F. Wertz, of Jeannette; G. E. Long, George C. Brown, of Youngwood; Chas. D. Ridenour, of New Stanton; J. J. Madden, of Crafton; L. H. Stair and D. K. Auchinvole, of Johnstown; William McGrogan, of West Newton; Harry Hugus, of Forbes Road; Nicholas Broker, of Penn; Fred Caster, of Elizabeth; Pierce Geist, of Baxter; R. G. Deemer, of Revloc; J. A. Karns, of Salina; Daniel J. Cleary, of Avalon; Galon Smith, of Reynoldsville; Walter Boyd, of Webster; H. L. Frye, A. L. Hetrick and J. E. Whiteman, of Brookville; Samuel J. Flemming, Edwin J. Baesler, T. B. Kushnak, S. A. Belfore and Frank McIntyre, of Pittsburgh. (All in Pennsylvania).

Keys Murphy,  
605 Westminster Ave.,  
Greensburg, Pa.

.....  
**Company B**

During the first week of August Old Sol, the City of Pittsburgh, and the Galloping Eightieth conspired to put on a "hot time in the old town." Each of the conspirators came through on his part of the deal with a vengeance. Old Sol beamed down on the proceedings with his hottest beams. Pittsburgh opened its heart and its arms in the warmest welcome that any convention ever received. But the laurels for the real success of the conspiracy apparently belong to the Eightieth itself, for when the convention was over the "hot time" was over too, as shown by the fact that the temperature dropped abruptly from about 110 degrees in the streets to a mere 76 degrees. If the boys who could not attend have any doubt about there having

been a "hot time" in the old town that week, let them read the full account of the convention in this magazine, and if they still have any doubts, just let them ask Capt. Terry, Joe Sughrue, Steamboat Miller, or anyone else among the fifty or so B Company men who showed up at headquarters.

It seems to be the general opinion that the twelfth annual reunion of the Division was the best one ever held. There is absolutely no question about its being the best from the standpoint of B Company. More men from the company registered and more men attended the reunion than ever before, and in addition to this, they stuck together and visited among themselves to a greater degree than heretofore. The result of this was the hurried arranging for a company dinner, and the strong demand for the formation of some sort of organization to enable the boys to keep in touch with one another and to get news of each other. R. E. Rankin, 5134 Woodlawn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., was appointed to act as adjutant for the company, and he agreed to see that all news items or bits of gossip sent into him by the boys would be written up and published in each issue of "Service." The idea is that this is no more a one-man job, but each one of us is to be a reporter. Keep this in mind and send in to Rankin the news about yourself, your family and your buddies.

Capt. Terry came to the convention and took a room at the Fort Pitt Hotel where the convention was held. From then on Room 897 was not so much Terry's room, but B Company's headquarters. The boys took full possession not only of the room, but also of the captain—and did he enjoy it! It was a pleasure just to see the kick he got out of it all. The "Old Man" proved to be a good old horse—he had to be to stand up under the strain. The boys all wanted to show him everything there was to see and to do everything there was to do, and he stayed right with them the whole time. The only noticeable effect on him seemed to be that the old vocal chords which never faltered on "Squads Right" played out here and he left Pittsburgh croaking like a frog. Since some others suffered the same affliction, it has been thought that possibly "Sweet Adeline" played havoc with the throats the night of the company banquet.

Terry was the only officer who favored us with his presence. If the other officers could have seen the welcome that the boys extended to him and could realize that the same would have been shown to them, they would have been here, too. We hope they will all be with us next time. Come on, Snappy, all (if anything) is forgiven.

The crowning event was the company banquet. As mentioned before, it was arranged hurriedly, but like so many impromptu things, it was a humdinger. The idea was to have an informal, inexpensive dinner together. The cost was not to exceed a dollar. No ten dollar banquet ever exceeded ours in enjoyment. No attempt will be made here to describe the affair, for to do it justice requires the skill of an artist. Such an artist came to the fore in the person of Red Hatcher. It was Red's first appearance at any of our gatherings, but became so enthusiastic about it that he volunteered to make up a souvenir of the occasion and to send it to each man present. He

sent out a beautiful souvenir giving the name, address and occupation of all those present. At the bottom he drew in three little pictures which tell the story better than words. Thanks, Red, all of us who received them enjoyed them and appreciated them. Red also volunteered to keep a record of all names and addresses of Company B men, so if you aren't already registered with him, send in your name and address. If you know the name and address of a buddy, send it in. Address Emmet J. Hatcher, 526 Federal Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Red had such a good time at the dinner that he is henceforth a livewire booster. Capt. Terry pledged himself to attend any annual dinner that the men of the company might arrange in the future.

Some of you know that Kelly O'Neill and Joe Frew have been sorely afflicted since the war. Both have been making game fights and both have such cheerful views of life that they are an inspiration to those of us who become discouraged. O'Neill was well and strong enough to attend the convention under his own power, and he had a great time. Joe Sughrue took Frew down to the hotel lobby where he could see the boys. This meant a lot to him as is shown in the following letter he sent us:—

"I take this opportunity at this time to pen you a few lines of thanks and appreciation to the men that made it possible for me to attend the 80th Division reunion, also the men that visited me at my home. I considered it not only a pleasure but a great honor. I cannot express in words the pleasure it afforded me to greet the boys I had not seen for twelve years.

"Although I was only at the hotel for a few hours and my condition made it impossible for me to take part in any of the activities, I enjoyed myself fully.

"There was only one thing that I felt I missed—that was Room No. 897.

"I will sign off with kindest regards to all the Comrades.

(S) Joe Frew,  
3040 Churchview Ave.,  
Brentwood, Pgh., Pa."

John Reichert is the first man to act as reporter. He advises that he saw Matthew L. Gibson recently. Matt is still making things move along on the railroad. While Reichert was at the Veterans' Bureau the other day he ran into old Andy Dousch who still lives up in Troy Hill. He said he is working in a cork factory. Reichert failed to say why either of them was at the Veterans' Bureau, but we hope nothing is wrong.

Let's go, B Company. Send in the gossip!



The old slogan "The Eightieth always moves forward" proved itself again as evidenced by the attendance and enthusiasm of the buddies at the annual divisional reunion held in Pittsburgh. "E" Company checked in with a crowd no doubt as large as any—we are sorry we haven't the names of all who showed up, but the following will give the stay-at-homes an idea of our representation:

Bill McCloskey, Ed Saxton, Art Tucker, Frank Floyd, Jim Scholl, Leason Fitzgerald, Harold Patton, Harry Bittner, Jerry O'Connor, Tom Murray, Harry Black, Sam Stover, Henry McGowran, Bill Maisch, Al Albrecht, John Bernard, Clarence McGowan and a number of others.

Bill Maisch was General Chairman of the Parade Committee, and was rewarded for his work by the vast number of people who watched the passage of the 80th Division Veterans in review. Bill marched at the head of the War Mothers Division, who were marching to music furnished by the Tarentum Drum and Bugle Corps. Trust to Bill to see that he secured the snappiest outfit in the parade.

John Bernard writes in that he attended the 80th Division Picnic, but did not see many of the boys in attendance. We believe that our gang sickened of eating out of doors about a dozen years ago, so are content to put their dogs under a real linen covered table at chow time.

Any of you fellows who are going to take a trip, or do some fishing, or "sumthin" up Canada way, should look in on Otto Burroughs who is now located with the Arco Paint Company in Toronto. Otto assures you of a cordial welcome, and sightseeing trip of the city.

Two members of the Company Association were bereaved by the loss of parents during the past month. Our sympathy is extended to Frank Floyd in the loss of his Mother, and to Bill McCloskey in the death of his Father.

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

**Company G**

All the way from Chincoteague, Virginia, came Carlton Leonard, who was more interested in meeting his old friends of the 80th, than spending his vacation with his fishing tug hunting the big bass for the Company's banquet table.

Guy Edwards, well known Sergeant, drove up from Hillsville, Virginia—over six hundred miles. Guy is one of the "regulars" who attends all 80th Conventions no matter how far away the Convention City may be. It takes "Hill-billy Edwards" three weeks of Mountain travel before he reaches hard-surfaced roads. If you doubt us drop him a line.

**Company I**

Jack Sugden wishes to take this opportunity of thanking all those who assisted on the Welcoming Committee in connection with the 80th Division Reunion, especially Percy Sacks, who handled the Fort Pitt Hotel, the buddies at the Stations, the Boy Scouts who acted as guides, and the Lloyd M. Brett Post Band which met the distinguished guests and paraded about town giving us an attractive Military atmosphere.

Maybe, some day, Police Sergeant Howard F. Gaiser will be the kind of man the public expects a policeman to be.

Maybe—but not probably.  
To begin with, Howard Gaiser is only

43, not so much older than the suspects he is always trying to put on the straight path from his post back on the desk at the Penn Avenue Police Station—No. 3.

Gaiser is a romanticist—no two ways about it. A policeman, in uniform, who can write fiction between telephone calls from hysterical mothers whose babies have strayed away and from hysterical storekeepers who have been bandits' prey, is no realist.

Gaiser ends 20 years of service, retiring September 15.

Then the open road will beckon and Gaiser and his wife will answer.

Only 43, with a free pen hand, a lot of experience and desire to roam—and a pension.

As to experience—Gaiser became a sub-patrolman August 11, 1911, on the North Side. He was appointed desk sergeant in 1920 and later transferred to Center Avenue Station.

"Honest Tom" Cavanaugh, later dry administrator, formed a raiding squad, known as the Vice Squad, and Gaiser was made sergeant in charge. To the Detective Bureau. To Penn Avenue. That's the story of Gaiser.

Eleven hundred arrests in six months. That's the record of Gaiser while he was sergeant of the flying raiders. Politicians, ward heelers and others pleaded in vain. Arrests mounted regardless.

Transfers hammered at Gaiser's determination. He continued in service, regardless. That's why at 43 he will be retired after 20 years with Pittsburgh's finest.

Mr. Gaiser was Top Sergeant of Company I, 320th Infantry, while at Camp Lee, and was later made 1st Lieutenant. He now holds Captaincy in the Reserve Corps.

O. H. Hughes tells us that he met C. P. Mannaburg the other day. Mannaburg is connected with the Pennsylvania Railways Co. O. H. Hughes is Passenger Brakeman.

Harry C. Hays has just made his second enlistment in the Air Service and visited his home in Crafton, Pa., on a furlough during September and October. He is stationed at Fort Crockett, Texas, and holds a rating as Private First Class, and Class Specialist of the 13th Attack Squadron, being assigned to testing of machine guns of the Squadron.

J. A. Murphy, formerly of Greensburg, Pa., now resides at Bloomfield, N. J. Murphy is located with the Western Electric Company. While banquet was in session on Saturday night, received message from Murphy sending his best wishes for a good time. Hope to see you at next I Company Banquet, Murphy.

Myron Harris, of Dayton, Pa., showed up on Friday for the 12th Annual Reunion. Harris is owner of a drug store at Dayton, Pa.

Chet Johnson, of Oakmont, Pa., attended the Reunion. Chet is located with the Diamond National Bank in Pittsburgh, Pa. Chet claims he is feeling fine after his illness.

Whitey Stenstrom, of Byrnsdale, Pa., also registered at 12th Annual Reunion. Whitey has been absent for quite a while. Keep the good work up Whitey by at-

tending I Company's next Annual Banquet.

Herman Brown, Head Cook of the outfit, was on hand to register. Brown has been missing for a few Reunions, but we now have his correct address. He resides at 236 Dinwiddie Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

R. J. Clark, Bugler of I Company for a while, was on hand to greet his buddies. He resides at 5521 Claybourne Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Harry Rostner was an early arrival. Harry resides at 3243 Pinehurst Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bert Pfabe, Bugler of I Company, attended the Reunion, accompanied by his wife and little daughter. Bert lives at 4804 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Missed you at last I Company Banquet. Try and be with us next time.

Sam Liener, also registered at 12th Annual Reunion. Sam has been missing for quite a while. Sam is in business at Charleroi, Pa. Try and be with us next Company Reunion.

Jack Sugden, one of our old reliables, is always on deck to register. Jack is located at 524 Oliver Building, Pitts-

burgh. Any one visiting Pittsburgh, should drop in and see Jack, as he will make you welcome.

I Company was well represented at Banquet which was held on Saturday night at Fort Pitt Hotel. Those attending were: Hicks Garey, Collette and two friends, Murry, Boggs, Hermes, Kunkle, Sudgen, Herdt, Stone and friend and Herman Brown.

The Reunion was a big success as far as I Company was concerned. About 25 members were seen around the Hotel during the four days.

—O. H. Hughes.

4813 Cypress Street,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hughes met Jacob Sulkes in the City. Jake is located at 523 Washington Street, E. Liverpool, Ohio, and is in the Clothing Business. Jake seemed anxious to get back on I Company's mailing list and would like to meet any of the boys who happen to journey to East Liverpool, Ohio. Hope to see you at the next Banquet Jake.

O. H. Hughes, of Pittsburgh, Pa., registered at the 12th Annual Reunion. Hughes is located with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and resides at 4813 Cypress Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mrs. Hughes was also a visitor at the Reunion, taking in the Military Ball on Friday night at the Wm. Penn Hotel. Hughes was unable to attend the Banquet on Saturday night on account of taking family away for a vacation at Buckeye Lake.

W. E. Bruckman, of Three Degree Road, was a visitor at the Reunion.

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WHEELING, W. VA.

Bruckman is located with the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Missed you at our Banquets, Bruckman. Let's have a look at you at the next Reunion.

The boys paid a visit to Fontana's Restaurant, which is located in Court Place. If you are in the vicinity of the Court House, drop in and see him.

W. L. Walls, one of I Company's cooks, registered at the Reunion. Walls resides in McKees Rocks, Pa., and is located with the Scheon Steel Wheel Company of that town. It was good to see Walls as he has been absent for a few years. Don't forget the next I Company Banquet.

Thomas Tyron dropped in on the Reunion at the Fort Pitt Hotel. This was the first time in 12 years that Tom met any of his old buddies. He is with the Standard Oil Company and resides at Whiting, Ind. Hope to see you again, Tom.

Bill Jarvis also registered at the Reunion and lives at Sample Street, Millvale, Pa.

M. P. Kunkle, another old standby of I Company, registered at the Reunion. Kunkle is located with the Atlantic Refining Co. and lives in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ike Feather, an old timer from Latrobe, Pa., was on the job again. Ike is located with the Atlantic Refining Co. and lives in Latrobe, Pa.

John Garey is another old timer that you can depend on when it comes to Reunions. Always count on Hick's. Mrs. Garey was a visitor at the Fort Pitt Hotel on Friday night. Understand Hicks is building a new home in Latrobe, Pa. Will have to give Hicks a housewarming party when finished.

We regret to announce the very sad death of Comrade Clyde Beistel, which occurred on Wednesday, August 5, 1931, at the Tuberculosis Hospital, Bedford Avenue, Pittsburgh. Six former members of Company I, 320th Infantry, served as Pallbearers: Jack Sugden, Jack Rhea, Ninian Boggs, Charlie Smith, Ralph Thomas and Sabin Bolton. Many of the former buddies attending the 80th Division Reunion in Pittsburgh paid tribute to our deceased comrade: Ike Feather and Hicks Garey from Latrobe, Pa., Dutch Morcum from Derry, Pa., Bill Parker, Ray Atkinson, Oswald Hughes, Herb Pfabe, Herman Brown, Ched Johnston, Joe Stone, Harry Collette, all from Pittsburgh, Pa. Clyde's host of friends in the 80th will join his former comrades in extending to Mr. and Mrs. Beistel, his brothers and sister our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

Jack Sugden, who holds the rank of Captain in 393rd Infantry, 99th Division Reserves, was Company Commander of Company A, C. M. T. C. at Fort Eustis, Virginia, from July 18 to 31st. He reported having a splendid company of 146 boys between the ages of 17 and 30 and that 102 qualified as sharpshooters and marksmen. A splendid way to spend your vacation is in patriotic services.

## 313TH FIELD ARTILLERY

The following men were in attendance at the Reunion: Glenn Edwards, Chas. Malone, Louis Jaffe, W. A. Miller, Wm. McMillam and S. B. Miller of Headquarters Company, Clarence Eicher, F. P. Hassinger, M. F. Neider and Wm. H. Graham of Battery C, Frank M. Pierson, Battery D, Samuel G. Evans of Battery E, Ralph Jones of Battery F. Surely we should have more than this number attend the Reunion. Let's all get together next year.

Mat Nieder was there early and enlisted with the Philadelphia Post contingent for the duration of the "war." Hope you enjoyed the Reunion, Mat.

Paul Hassinger dropped in Saturday morning, registered, paraded with the old 80th, and attended the banquet in the evening, leaving only time to catch the last train back to Jeannette. That's real 80th spirit. Paul sends his regards to all the boys.

Sam Evans was busy at the registration headquarters during the Reunion, coming off duty to attend the Banquet Saturday night. He's looking fine again.

Mat and Paul join me in saying we were awfully sorry to have missed Clarence Eicher. It seems he registered about the time we were on parade and we failed to see him later. We regret this very much because we do not want to overlook anyone who attends the Reunions. There are far too few to miss greeting anyone.

Had the pleasure of escorting Fred Sullivan to Hospital No. 49 to pay a visit to George Bennet. Fred and George served together in 1st Section Gun Crew, Battery C, and this was their first meeting since our discharge. It was a real treat to listen to these old timers talk it over. George was also very much interested in the Reunion news and we spent a very pleasant time together.

We are looking forward to seeing Bill Pfeifer, of Battery C, and Lou Strouse, of C and Headquarters Companies, take a big step forward in the ranks of the Philadelphia Post. Both men have been good faithful workers for years and deserve the step up.

Would like to know present address of Jake Bright, former Sergeant of Battery C, 313th Field Artillery.

—Wm. H. Graham.

The 313th had a good turn out at the 1931 Reunion in Pittsburgh. All the regular "reunioners" were on hand and several "first timers." Let's hope the reunion spirit is contagious and in the not-too-distant future we may be able to match the Infantry in numbers.

Elwood Musgrave and Dock Amsler, two Battery F members, are still living in Wilkinsburg. "Musy" was one of the judges at the annual Baby Show put on recently by the business men of this community. Amsler is holding down the sale of electric refrigerators by giving

excellent ice delivery service. Musgrave is in the electrical contracting business. He is married and has two children in school. Amsler is still enjoying the freedom and wealth of a bachelor.

George Hubert, of Battery E, came to the Reunion with his arm in a sling. Had his arm broken in a fall while at work. George lives on the North Side of Pittsburgh.

Norbert Enders still resides at Wexford, a short distance north of Pittsburgh. Enders is still engaged in the soap business. In looking over his sales he claims people are not as clean as they might be. He is a Battery E man.

Bud Evans and Oscar Fitzwater, two Battery E men, are living in Hardy County, West Virginia. Evans is doing carpentry work and Oscar has a poultry farm near Moorefield.

Louis Jaffee and Paul Barrett, of Headquarters Company, spent four days at the Convention. Jaffee made the trip up from Charleston and Barrett came from New Brighton.

Arthur Benton, of the Regimental Band, was the piano player in the Brett Post Band which kept things lively all during the Reunion. What Benton can do with those war time songs on the ivories "is no body's business." He visited France a few years ago and had many interesting things to tell us. How about an article for "Service Magazine" Arthur? The boys would all like to hear about the sojourn abroad.

—Samuel Evans.

**Company C**

John Harper, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, conducts one of Mt. Vernon's best farms, would like to hear from any of his old buddies. Write—phone—or just drop in. A letter will reach him at R. F. D. No. 2.

**314th Field Artillery**

At the 12th Annual National Convention assembled in Pittsburgh this year H. E. Neumann, of 1425 Chapline Street, Wheeling, W. Va., was elected to the Executive Council, representing the 314th Field Artillery.

Any member having an extra copy of the 314th Field Artillery History kindly send to A. Henderson, 85 S. Main Street, Akron, Ohio.



Election of Officers and discussion of preliminary plans for Pittsburgh's Armistice Day celebration occupied a dinner meeting of the Federation of War Veterans Societies of Allegheny County held Monday evening, September 8, at the Hotel Henry. John Vachetta was re-elected for his eleventh consecutive year as Secretary.

Anyone knowing the present address of Bert Hearn kindly forward it to Otis

L. Guernsey, Vice President of the Abercrombie & Fitch Company, Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York City.

**313th Machine Gun Battalion**

J. H. Early, of Hillsville, Virginia, was elected to the Executive Council of the National Association, at the 12th Annual National Convention at Pittsburgh in August, to represent the 313th Machine Gun Battalion.

**Company C**

We received a very newsy letter from Al Goldring, of Cleveland, Ohio, telling us of a visit from Henry Hewing, his old bunkie who went through all the "tough spots" with him. Henry is manager of a general store at Fort Recovery, Ohio. After twelve years Al claims it was a wonderful treat to see his old pal. Henry reports that he has three lovely daughters at home. He came to Cleveland with his wife, uncle and aunt. At this point we probably should tell you that Al Goldring has a very pretty little daughter too. The Hewings were met at the station by a Packard Car and driven to church. After a chicken dinner, a tour of the city was made. After dinner these men, happy to be together again, sat on the porch and the old days were recalled and relived. Again the war was a reality—a battle of life and death. Through thick and thin they had "stuck together"—again they witnessed the death of their friend Householder—saw Ben Holland bravely give his life "that this nation might live." It was an exciting night—tragically interwoven with sorrow and glory. Until you have met with a friend of those days after so many years you will never realize the sensation of happy reunions.

**314th Machine Gun Battalion**

Some of the members present at the Pittsburgh Convention were: J. A. Finn, of Northeast, Pa.; Ira M. Shoup, of McKeesport, Pa.; C. W. Rodgers, of South Norfolk, Va.; W. M. Gohn, of Johnstown, Pa.; Jos. L. Rudman, of Wilkensburg, Pa.; Walter W. Smith, of Uniontown, Pa.; Ralph S. Patton, of Sandy

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Lake, Pa.; J. C. Yellig, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Nason H. Preas, of Bedford, Pa.; John L. Buchner, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. L. Kittelberger, of Corry, Pa.; H. S. Schaeffer, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; John Linsenbiger, of Munhall, Pa.; H. G. Myers, of Pricedale, Pa., and John Bittner, of Claridge, Pa.

**315th Machine Gun Battalion**

Leland B. Garretson, formerly Major, prominent attorney of Morristown, New Jersey, is recovering from a minor operation. He would be glad to hear from his old 80th friends. Drop him a line at his home in Convent, New Jersey.

Herman A. Fabert, formerly Sergeant of Company C, was present at roll call during the Convention. He's anxious to hear from Sergeants Frank Mess and Ralph Moore, concerning the organizing of the 315th Machine Gun Battalion Association. Write Herman at 15619 Groveswood Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

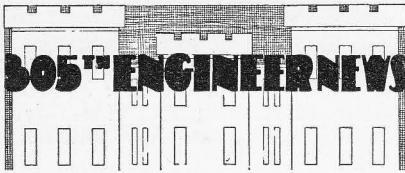
**Company C**

Paging Jake Shulgold! Members of the Company should investigate the hold-up on the eve of October 27th.

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### Company B

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Captain John M. Miles, of Los Angeles, California, and Miss Louise Soulanlla, of Pasadena, California. The wedding took place on Thursday, August 6, 1931, at Pasadena. The new home is located at 539 E. Villa Street, Pasadena. Congratulations Captain!



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### Company E

Indiana, Pennsylvania, was the scene of a Reunion held by the members of Company E, 305th Engineers, Saturday and Sunday, September 26 and 27. As Willie Keeler expressed it: "They had a whale of a time." More than seventy-five members were present.



### Company F

Well another reunion has passed into history. Once more the Eightieth has moved into its place of honor as the only division of the A. E. F. which has held twelve successful reunions. Pittsburgh outdid its former efforts at holding out a hand of welcome and opening up its heart and purse to show us a good time. The book of tickets which was given with the registration fee of two dollars was the biggest budget of entertainment that any ex-soldier ever purchased for a like amount of either dollars or francs. Included in this bargain in fun was a boat trip down the river, a vaudeville show, a boxing show, a picture show, a sightseeing trip, a pass to the top of the Grant building for a view of the city both day and night, a luncheon for the ladies; in fact, everything that was needed for our entertainment except a ticket to the banquet. Also there were guest cards from the Moose Lodge granting us use of their fine temple while we were in town.

Headquarters were established at the Fort Pitt Hotel. And the way the management and staff assisted us to have a good time can be used as a mark for all good hotels to shoot at. Not only did they co-operate with us willingly, but apparently they got as big a kick out of it as we did. One of the bellhops expressed the attitude of the staff when he said to me Sunday morning that he wished the reunion was going to last all the while. "It was just like one big holiday."

The boat ride down the river proved to be a popular event. Everyone was glad for the fine opportunity to see the surrounding country and at the same time escape the heat of the city. The boat was equipped with many conveniences unthought of on the army transport. And our journey was not marred by either subs or mal de mere. Speaking of hot weather, I make the humble suggestion that we hold the next reunion either in northern Canada or October. The last two have been too hard on the perspiration—and I don't mean respiration either.

The War Mothers parade on Saturday was perhaps the largest of any we have ever had. Although a great many of our number thought the weather too hot for the hike. A number of nearby posts of the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars took part in the parade. And it was also unique in being the first parade to be held in honor of, and to give a prominent place to the mothers of veterans.

The drum corps of the veterans organizations seem to have gone in for fancy dress and prancing drum major. A snappy outfit is something to be proud of. It creates a good impression. And there is little danger that we shall forget what war was actually like or permit ourselves to be lightly talked into another one. But the impression these fancy dress parades have on the young, who do not have our background of ex-

perience, may be something altogether different. And we may find someday we have unwittingly given them the idea that war is something very fine and nice; to their sorrow and to ours.

The Division Banquet was, as usual, one of the most enjoyable events of the reunion. What with singing, music, entertainers, speeches, smokes, plenty to eat and congenial company it was impossible not to have a good time. One of the clever little entertainers, as a part of her sketch, came down into the crowd to make love to some of the bald headed men. She was greeted with shouts from a nearby table. "Come on over to E Company." (Outfit unknown). She did—but only once. E Company boys have evidently been practicing up on the none-too-gentle art of making love to dancing girls.

After the banquet there was dancing and entertainment in the street in front of the hotel—but I started out to tell you something about the Engineers in general and Company F in particular, and perhaps I better hasten to my subject.

Considering everything, the Engineers were pretty well represented. In fact, one evening they monopolized the lobby of the hotel to such an extent that Frank Floyd declared it to be an Engineers' lobby.



Among those present from Headquarters, with whom we are all familiar was our Past National Commander, Oscar Mulhollen, looking fit and fine as usual. Another one you will remember is our old friend Jack Berger, the cartoonist. He is living in Pittsburgh and still working at his old game.



I believe Captain Yearance was the only one of our former officers who was able to attend. He is located in Washington, D. C., and spends his spare time keeping the Prudential Insurance Company informed as to how valuable or not so valuable their real estate investments are in various parts of the country.

About sixteen of the F Company men came in to renew old acquaintances and take part in the hilarity. Among those who signed up, was Dwight Ray who hails from Indiana, Pa., where he is engaged in the newspaper game. Another resident of Indiana, Hugh Bell, was also present.



Daniel Grant, who is working with Captain Grunow in Rochester, N. Y., was present for a day or two. They are engaged in manufacturing electrical appliances. Grant informed us that Captain Grunow had planned all summer to attend the reunion, but was unfortunately forced to cancel his plans.



Jimmy Akers and wife were there from Everett, Pa. Jimmie has spent a great deal of his time during the past few years in Florida, but has finally returned to his native state where he follows the painting game.



One of our well known carpenters, Harvey Ladig, of Shippensburg, Pa., was among those present. He is still a knight of the hammer and saw, but hasn't had to build any cootieizers lately.



Erie, Pa., was represented by Fred Scharman and Freddie Schreifer and

family. Schreiber still runs his plumbing business there, but Scharman has given up the bakers game and taken to driving taxi in his spare time. When in Erie if you want to go places call on him. And likewise, if the gas pipe springs a leak and you want a plumber who doesn't get the backache from stooping over, call Freddie. Being built close to his work, he doesn't have to stoop.

Kunkle came from over Johnstown way for an evening with the boys.

Our old motorcycle pilot, George Schaeffer, was there from Kittanning, Pa. You will remember George had the misfortune to lose his eyesight due to the effects of spinal meningitis and gas. But in spite of his handicap, with the arm of a buddy to guide him, he can still step lively and apparently gets a great kick out of the reunion. His address is 121 Samson Street, Kittanning, Pa.

There were, of course, a number of men present from Pittsburgh and suburbs. Among them was Jim Welch, formerly of our Company Supply Train, who used to get supplies for us when the Quartermaster failed. Jim is married now and is Business Agent for the Structural Iron Workers in the Pittsburgh District, but in spite of all that, he looks much the same except there is a little more of him.

Frank Floyd, as a member of the reunion committee, apparently devoted his entire time during our stay in town to seeing that nothing was lacking which would add to our enjoyment. He had charge of selling banquet tickets and his desk was practically headquarters for F Company men. Am informed he also took active part in decorating the city before our arrival.

Walter P. Jones, of Dormont, Pa., was on hand, looking well and having his usual good time.

James Hyer, who lives in Homestead, Pa., made good use of his new Chevrolet taking the boys to various parts of the city. He is a linotype operator for a Pittsburgh job printing firm.

John LaVelle, better known as Judy, came in to greet his former comrades, and also to take part in the parade. He is married and still in the structural iron game around Pittsburgh.

Had a letter from Paul Wagoner expressing regret that he would be unable to attend the reunion. Paul lives at Clayville, Va., where he operates a stove business.

As for myself, I am still at Willoughby, Ohio, working for the N. Y. C. Railroad. Blue Ridgers are scarce in this part of the country, so scarce in fact, that if I mention to an ex-service man that I was with the eightieth, he usually wants to know if I went across.

Would like to say a word of appreciation for the way the committee handled the mass of detail connected with the reunion, but have already cluttered up too much space, so will sign off.

—W. A. Smith.

### 305th Motor Supply Train

Taking part in the Convention activities were the following men from the Motor Supply Train: Fred J. Yaggi, Daniel T. McIntyre, Ralph M. Matthews, Hastings Wagner, John Sturdy, Sydney LeWinter, J. L. Fennessey, Raymond S. Detrick, John Higgins, B. C. Clark, Wm. A. Malcomson, Stanley Schramoski, Ben Goldberger, N. F. Pregonzer, Roy R. Senenich and N. J. Crookston.

### 305th Sanitary Train

Captain S. Barton Sklar, a loyal 80th member, was actively interested in the affairs of the 12th Annual National Convention.

### 305th Ammunition Train

"For heroism on July 10, 1926, during the explosions at the Lake Denmark Naval Ammunition Depot, near Dover, N. J., Dr. Augustus L. L. Baker, formerly Regimental Surgeon, 305th Ammunition Train, the contract surgeon for Picatinny Arsenal, was in his office in Dover, N. J., when he felt the concussion of the first explosion and immediately left for the arsenal. Upon learning that an injured woman was lying in the road near the point where the two heaviest explosions had occurred, Dr. Baker, accompanied by two other men, proceeded toward that point. While there was probability of other serious detonations, they reached the injured woman, rendered first aid, and dispatched the patient to the hospital."

Seven other officers and enlisted men were decorated on Governors Island with Dr. Baker by Major General Hanson E. Ely, commander of the 2nd Corps Area, with the soldier's medal which was awarded by the President, under the act of Congress of 1926 to any person serving with the Army who may distinguish himself for heroism not involving actual conflict with an enemy.

Dr. Baker is a member of the New York Officers Association of the 80th Division Veterans Association and resides at 389 W. Beachwell Street, Dover, N. J.

### Company C

We extend our sincere sympathy to Herbert H. Griffith, former Wagoner, Company C, 205th Amm. Trn., on the death of his beloved wife, Helen, on July 29, 1931.

### 305TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION

Hon. D. Paulson Foster was nominated as Judge of County Court of Allegheny County at the primaries held in September. His nomination practically assures his election in November. Judge Foster is Commander of the General Lloyd M. Brett Post, Past Commander of the National Association, and served a term as Judge Advocate for the Divisional Association. Owing to serious illness Judge Foster was unable to participate in this year's Reunion.

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