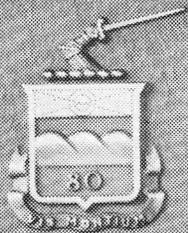


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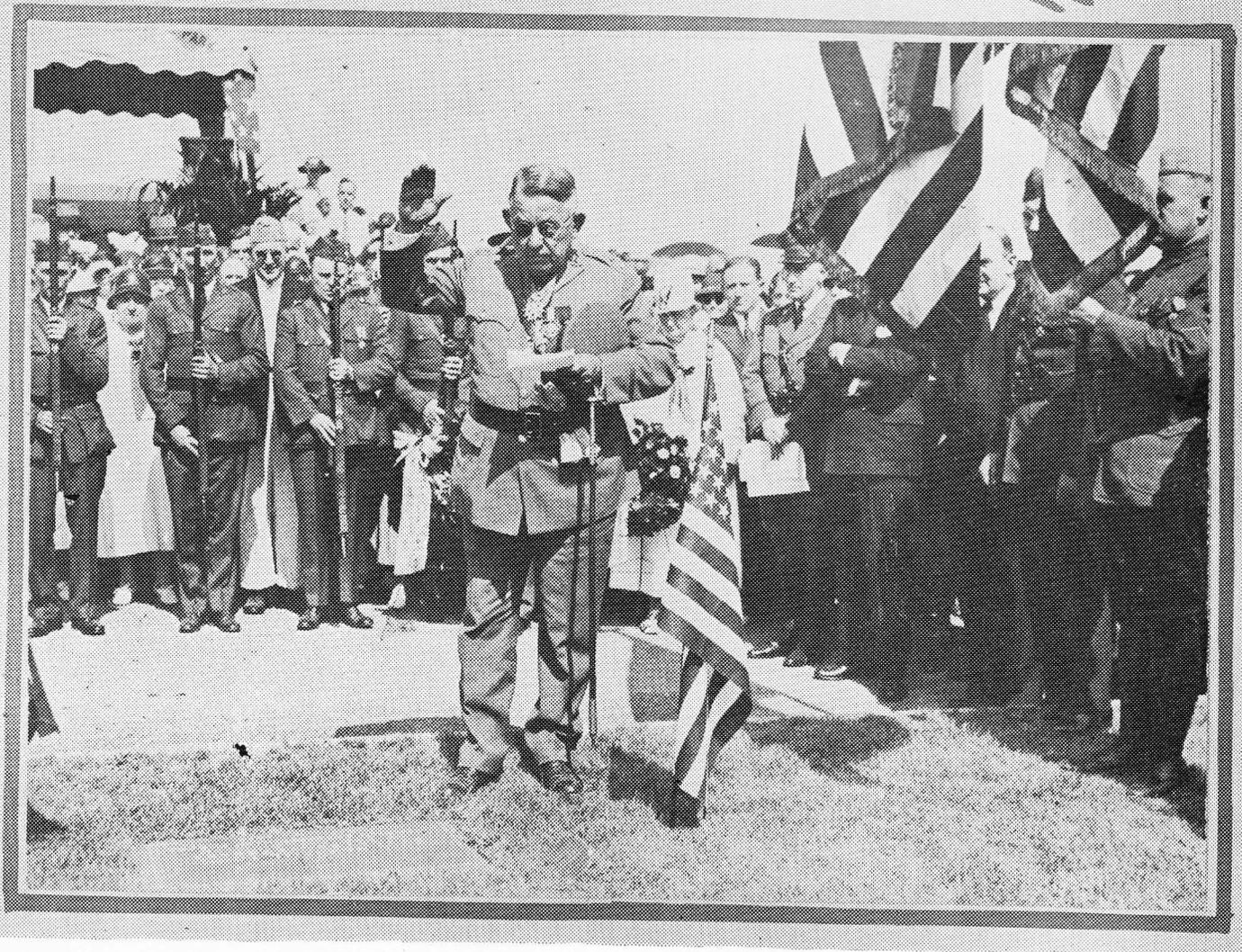
NO 3



A MEMORIAL TO
DEPARTED VETERANS
OF THE 80TH DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
1917 — 1919

DEDICATED AT ALLEGHENY MEMORIAL PARK ° MAY 30, 1934

MAY - JUNE - 1934



The SERVICE MAGAZINE



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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 ONLY MOVES FORWARD"

OUR COMMANDER'S PAGE

Colonel E. G. Peyton, National Commander Eightieth Division Veterans Association

ATTENTION! 305th Engineers, Division Headquarters, and other veterans. I am pleased to announce that The Infantry School at Fort Benning has just been honored by an official visit from the Commandant of the Engineer School at Fort Humphries, Va., in the person of Colonel George R. Spalding, former engineer officer, 80th Division, and colonel of the 305th Engineers.



COL. E. G. PEYTON

I am delighted to broadcast a definite promise to his former comrades that Colonel Spalding will attend the 15th Annual Reunion of 80th Division veterans at Conneaut Lake, Pa., August 16, 17, 18 and 19.

I have likewise made a definite promise to Colonel Spalding that, with this announcement, he would be privileged to greet a specially large number of his old comrades in arms. Please don't make me out a prevaricator.

I want to make a specially strong personal appeal to the commissioned personnel of our great Division Veterans Association to attend our Division reunions. My contacts with the enlisted men have been close enough to convince me that they feel aggrieved and hurt over the indifference of their officers to our annual assemblages. It is true that wars are never won without trained leaders, but it can be stated with even more emphasis, that a war could not be undertaken without citizens who loyally offer themselves for training under those leaders.

Our men loyally responded to every demand made upon them in training and in battle. Considering the period of time spent in France, our men were called upon for more service than men of any other division and they glorified the name of the 80th Division by taking every objective assigned them. The 80th Division Veterans Association would have died years ago, had it not been for the continued loyalty and determination of those splendid men who made history for their division in France, and I feel that the officer is duty bound to return that loyalty and to actively support and encourage this peace-time effort of our veterans. The officer can give no better indication of his support and encouragement than by putting in his appearance at the 15th Annual Reunion at Conneaut Lake Pa. Based upon my own experience, he will find that his former soldiers have placed more of a halo over his brow than we really deserve, but he will enjoy beyond measure this renewed association with his former comrades in arms.

Now is the time to dig up old rosters and revise them by new addresses that have appeared from time to time in Service. Let's deploy the entire commissioned and enlisted personnel of 80th Division veterans in a united drive in the interest of the 15th Annual Reunion of the 80th Division Veterans Association. Immediately upon receipt of this issue of Service, sit right down and write a letter to a comrade telling him that you will be at the Reunion or that you can't attend but that you want the comrade to whom you write to represent you. By following this suggestion you are assisting in the great burden of publicity at the cost to you of a few stamps, and you are adding a personal touch to such publicity that will result in maximum effectiveness.

Now please don't sit back and "let George do it." I urge that you all put forth this slight individual effort. Higher commanders might, with propriety, start chain letters that would travel from place to place and from comrade to comrade, and carry the personal appeal to thousands who are not now reached from Veterans Headquarters. Further, in this connection, I wish to beg for the cooperation of the women of our Veteran's Auxiliaries, and ask that they extend their sweet influences towards making the 15th Annual Re-

union a real mobilization of veterans and of auxiliary members.

I noticed with great satisfaction the announcement of the National Defense rally recently held under the auspices of the Combined Veterans and Patriotic Organizations of Allegheny County. I wish to offer sincere congratulations to our Military Affairs Committee, consisting of Chairman Floyd and Comrades Haley and Maisch, on their energetic compliance with the spirit of the National Defense resolution adopted by the 14th annual reunion of Veterans at Huntington. I wish specially to commend and to offer congratulations to Mrs. Hubert Chapman, the women's organization of our Veterans Association and of the American Legion for their enthusiasm, encouragement and splendid cooperation in all national measures. We cannot fail in our mission as long as we have the vote, voice and sweet influence of our women folks.

It is a source of great satisfaction to me as a citizen and registered voter to note that the United States Chamber of Commerce is now committed to support a systematic program of building and maintaining Air Services in the Army and Navy adequate to attain the objectives of the National Defense Laws, the principles of army organization, embodied in existing National Defense Laws, a systematic program for modernization of army equipment, amendment of the National Defense Act to permit educational orders of war material, government aid to the Merchant Marine, systematic naval building, adequate naval personnel, training for reserves and the principle of limitations or armaments.

The U. S. Chamber of Commerce states specifically that the United States should maintain the principles of army organization embodied in the existing National Defense Laws, calling primarily for a small active military force to serve with the National Guard and the Organized Reserves as the nucleus of a large citizen army in case of emergency.

It could well be pointed out to our citizens with considerable alarm just how far the United States has already departed from the principles embodied in the National Defense Act.

For instance, on recommendation and with the approval of Specialist Pershing and his corps of war-tested assistants, a principle enunciated in paragraph 3 of our National Defense Act reads: "The organized peace establishment, including the Regular Army, the National Guard and the Organized Reserves shall include all of those divisions and other military organizations necessary to form the bases for A COMPLETE AND IMMEDIATE MOBILIZATION FOR THE NATIONAL DEFENSE IN THE EVENT OF A NATIONAL EMERGENCY DECLARED BY CONGRESS."

This demand of the National Defense Act for a complete and immediate mobilization for the next national emergency, was wisely designed to prevent the incomplete and long-drawn out mobilization that followed our entrance into the World War. We were short of officers and we were short of men.

Our allies gave us about a year's time to partially train officers, to operate our selective service laws, and to partially train the citizens who were selected for military service. Who will take over this job next time of holding our enemy in check? Who will be our allies in the next national emergency?

The National Defense Act demands that we work out our own salvation in a future emergency and provides the means for accomplishing that purpose, by providing not less than 280,000 enlisted men and about 17,000 officers for the regular component of the army of the United States and an enlisted strength of the National Guard not to exceed something over 400,000, with appropriate officer strength. Realizing that more than 200,000 officers were required for the last emergency, which provided the data and the studies upon which our present National Defense Act was drafted into law, the number of Reserve Officers is properly left to the discretion of the President, and there are on the rolls today something

(Continued on Page 7)

FRANK SCHOBLE PASSES AWAY

Past National Commander and Honorary Life Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association, Finally Succumbs to Long Illness

Frank Schoble, Past National Commander and one of the Honorary Life Commanders of our 80th Division Veterans Association, died on June 5th at Temple University Hospital at Philadelphia, Pa., after an illness of nine months.

Death resulted from a complication of injuries which he received on the night of October 5, 1918, near Nantillois, in the Argonne. He was 47 years old and lived at 416 Vernon Rd., Jenkintown, Pa.

Lieutenant Schoble, whose personal sacrifice brought tribute from General Pershing and Marshal Foch, had been ill since last September. Two weeks before his death he was transferred from the Army hospital at Beacon, N. Y., to Philadelphia.

He was a member of the Union League, an honorary member of the Penn Athletic Club and an alumnus of the University of Pennsylvania. In all of his activities he was an outstanding participant. He was a star in the Mask and Wig Club production of 1907.

When the United States entered the World War, Lieutenant Schoble enlisted at the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Niagara on May 12, 1917, and received a commission as 2nd Lieutenant of Cavalry, O. R. C., on August 15, 1917. He was assigned to duty with the 144th Depot Brigade at Camp Lee, Virginia, and was recommissioned 1st Lieutenant, F. A., N. A., on December 12, 1917. At his own request he was assigned to duty with Company K, 318th Infantry, 80th Division, on April 28, 1918, and went overseas with that unit.

On October 5, 1918, while leading his



FRANK SCHOBLE

troops in an attack upon the Bois d'Ogons, near Nantillois, Lieutenant Schoble was blinded by a fragment of a high-explosive shell.

After his discharge from the hospital, Lieutenant Schoble resumed his studies at the University of Pennsylvania. He graduated in 1924 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and later received his Master of Arts in American History. Until he had mastered Braille, fraternity

brothers in Phi Sigma Kappa read aloud to him.

Honors came to him from all sides. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, national scholastic honorary society; Delta Sigma Rho, honorary debating society, and the Friars Senior Society. He attended the American Legion convention in Paris in 1927, and was later received by the King of Italy, the King and Queen of Belgium, and the King and Queen of England, and was given a special benediction in an audience with the Pope. A few years ago he was the speaker at the Memorial Day exercises at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Washington, D. C.

His remains lay in state at the Oliver H. Bair Funeral Parlors, 1820 Chestnut Street, until the funeral services. A steady line of friends paid their last tribute to the man they held in such high esteem. Many officers and members of the 80th Division, V. F. W., American Legion and Military Order of the World War paid their last respects.

Interment was made at Westminster Cemetery after a short parade led by the massed colors of the 80th Division, American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and Military Order of the World War. Hundreds of veterans were in line of march; it was reported to have been the largest military funeral ever held in Philadelphia. After short services conducted by the Chaplain of the Philadelphia Post, 80th Division Veterans Association, salute was fired by the Jenkintown Post, American Legion, and taps were sounded by the North Penn Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

BRONZE MARKER PLACED ON 80th BURIAL PLOT

The only burial ground in the United States owned by any divisional organization of the American Expeditionary Forces was formally dedicated by the 80th Division in Allegheny County Memorial Park.

The high point of the ceremony was the unveiling of a bronze tabled by General Adelbert Bronkhite, who, during the Great War, commanded the 80th Division in France.

In this burial plot, any veteran who served with the 80th Division in France, and who dies without means, may be buried without expense to his family.

After the invocation by Dr. James M. Ferguson of the Bellevue U. P. Church, Jack Sugden opened the ceremonies with a brief account of some of the heroic exploits of the men of the Division. Mrs. Christine Miller Clemson, Mother of G. Company, 320th Infantry, sang before and after the main address which was delivered by that friend of the 80th, Hon. James F. Malone. Following the unveiling of the tablet, Mrs. J. F. Kearney, President of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1; Charles R. Haley, Adjutant of the General Lloyd M. Brett Post, and Samuel J. Fleming, of the 80th Division Executive Council, placed wreaths upon the marker.

Benediction was pronounced by Rev. Father James R. Cox. The salute was fired by the firing squad of Chateau Post of the V. F. W., commanded by Albert E. Schwanke, and composed entirely of 80th Division Veterans. Followed by taps.

TWO CHANCES

Two gentlemen of the not too energetic type were engaged in the strenuous task of absorbing ultra-violet rays on the south side of a woodshed one day in the winter of 1917. Due to the current unsettled conditions, the topic of the conversation was the army draft.

"I sho' would hate to be drafted into this hyar war," declared the first.

"Bo', don' yo' know that no matter what happens you has two chances?" asked the second.

The first speaker attempted to grasp the situation for a few minutes and then gathered together enough energy to demand that he explain himself.

"Well," began the addressed, "you either gets drafted or you don't get drafted. If you ain't drafted, you don't need to worry, and if you is drafted you got two chances. You goes to France or you stays at home. If you stays at home you'll get along, and if you goes to France you has another two chances. Either you goes to the front or you stays in Paris. If you stays in Paris—Hot dog!—and if you goes to the front you has two chances. You is either wounded or you is not. If you isn't wounded you is all right; and if you is, you has two more chances. Either you lives or you dies. If you lives you'll come back and if you dies you still has two chances."

SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON FRONT INSIDE COVER

Upper left—Mrs. Kearney placing wreath.

Upper right—Driveways at Allegheny County Park crowded during services.

Lower—General Cronkhite dedicating 80th Division Burial Plot.

Annual Banquet of "E" Company 320th Infantry

THE members of E Company, 320th Infantry, met in reunion at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., on May 19th.

The Reunion this year, in point of number present and enthusiasm of members, was by far the very best we have held since the Association was formed in France. Seventy-seven members and guests were present. Of this number fifty-seven were "E" Company men, thirteen "F" Company men and seven guests.

The officers of the Association were particularly pleased to welcome several members who had never attended any of the reunions. The presence of these men, and the large turnout of "old timers," indicates that the Company Association is very much alive.

Dinner was served in the Norse Room at seven; Comrade Bill Maisch arranged for the orchestral music.

Following dinner President Henry McGowran presented Lieut. Kenneth Bixler, the toastmaster of the evening. His first duty was to call for our customary reading of the list of deceased members. Dan Fackiner paid tribute to our deceased comrades in the recitation "In Flanders Fields."

A number of addresses were given during the evening. Past Commander W. W. Martin expressed his interest in the continued welfare of the organization. Lieut. Joe Tydings declined to speak, but pleased the boys by playing and singing for them. Our good friend, Commander Frederick Maag, Company F, 320th, extended greetings from his former command and told a few humorous incidents concerning our former officers.

General Adelbert Cronkhite related some of his many experiences in his early days of soldiering. Bill Fleming, one of the 80th's best friends, urged our members to participate more actively in 80th affairs. He suggested that Company E comply with the divisional request to hold our 1937 reunion in August during the week of the National reunion in Pittsburgh. Upon motion of Lieut. Martin, it was unanimously voted to hold our 1937 reunion during the month the national reunion is held in Pittsburgh.

Lieut. Raymond Lawson, of the U. S. Naval Reserves, gave the main address of the evening. We enjoyed having Lieut. Lawson with us and hope to welcome him back again soon.

The formal portion of the Reunion

Charles R. Haley, Adjutant of the General Lloyd M. Brett Post, is the treasurer of the committee in charge of raising the money for the payment of the bronze tablet at the 80th Division Burial Plot.

Only small subscriptions are requested as the committee desires to have as many 80th men contribute as possible.

Mail your subscription to C. R. Haley, 413 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

closed with the election of officers. Dan Fackiner was unanimously elected to pilot E Company as president for the coming year, while Homer Ludwig was elected to continue as secretary-treasurer. His report shows that one hundred sixty-two members are on the Company roster, and of this number, almost one hundred responded to the reunion notice.

The following members were present: Maxon, Prescott, Land, Harenski, Gardner, Winwood, W. W. Martin, Whitesell, Ricciardelli, Luley, Maitland, Tydings, Blair, Laffer, Haney, Scholl, Bixler, Ludwig, Kintz, Lammie, O'Connor, Maisch, Stover, McGowran, O'Brien, Glass, Fackiner, Muffley, Corrigan, Lear, Moore, Albrecht, Karns, Scott, Robinson, Wisinger, Tucker, Bernard, Dowing, Black, McGorwan, Cronemeyer, Widdows, Jones, Amprim, Scovron, Hill, Yockey, Zalibra, Verdecchia, Chronis, Raymont, Vance, Moslener, Poter, McCluskey and Bailey.

HOMER LUDWIG,
Secretary-Treasurer.

MY BUDDY'S RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

By Corp. Howard P. Eastburn,
Company D, 319th Infantry
March 29, 1919

Corp. Curtis E. Gerber—a large, jovial happy lad, known and liked by every man in Co. D—the largest and last of an "inseparable three" is the topic of my contribution.

The first day of our last drive (November 1, 1918) about ten in the morning, while Corp. Gerber and myself (Pop Eastburn) were leading our respective squads forward, Corp. Gerber eased over to spread a little "bull" with Pop. Gerber spoke of having a hunch that time as follows: "Pop, I have a hunch that I get mine today." Pop advised him to roll a pill and forget it, explaining that hunches were seldom accurate and usually caused by a bad liver or indigestion. The cross-country chase of Heinie continued until we reached our objective. In the dusk of that strenuous day, orders to "dig-in" were given. All hands made dirt fly. Suddenly a Hun came running through the woods. The darkness caused all who were busy digging in to think it was one of the crowd, until the Hun stopped running within an arm's length of Corp. Gerber. The Hun whipped out his "gat" and shot Gerber in the stomach and then made a quick get-away. But Private Johnson R. Jackson, who was nearby, dropped his entrenching tool and took a flying shot at the retreating Hun, who was almost invisible in the darkness. Many others then poured lead in the direction taken by the Hun. It is believed by many that one of the freshly dead Germans found in the direction fired at the night before was the lost Hun. Sgt. John McMahan had the grave dug, took Corporal Gerber's pocketbook and papers to send to his home folks, and put up a wooden cross with Corporal's name and the statement of how he served his country fastened to the cross. Thus another American, in the prime of manhood, went forth to meet his God.

RAIDING FRONT LINE TRENCHES

By CORP. EVAN KOVALO,
Co. D, 319th Inf.

Soon after jumping off at Bethincourt at 5:30 A. M. Sept. 26, 1918, we passed the enemy's first line trenches, without resistance. At the second line trenches the enemy had machine gun nests which opened fire. We were advancing in scattered formations and as I was advancing alone the enemy opened fire on me, making it necessary for me to drop in a nearby shellhole. Firing continued due to our front line advancing three hundred yards behind me. As there was a lot of high grass in front of me, I started crawling toward the German trenches. Finally I crawled into the enemy's trench. No enemy soldiers were there. But a machine gun was popping and as I crawled up on it, I could see the Hun was quite busy but he could not see me. This was about noon, September 26. I crawled closer to the Hun, and with my bayonet, I killed him, capturing the machine gun. When I looked through his pockets for military information I wound two pictures of the soldier I had killed, the pictures of four women and eight marks of German money.

I continued my crawling in the trench and ten minutes later spied five other Germans. The one nearest me I killed with my bayonet, the other four it was necessary for me to shoot at, though I am not sure whether they were killed. For about nine kilometers farther on, no more trouble was encountered.

Jure Woods was reached at night and we rested there until the next morning, when at 4 P. M. (Sept. 27) Capt. Gordon sent me out to take the place of a scout. I advanced about four hundred yards when I saw a German sentry about five hundred yards in front of me. Here I stopped along with another portion of our battalion. The officers asked me a few questions and I pointed out the German sentry. Lieut. Charles G. Hunter sent me over to the enemy lines to secure information. I took Private Joe Lake along with me. We had advanced about two hundred yards when we saw a lot of Germans running toward the rear. We went after them. They did not see us. As we came through some bushes I saw a German machine gun with a crew of two soldiers. I hid myself in the bushes, awaiting a better opportunity for assaulting. As I lay there I saw five Huns coming toward me. I opened fire and Private Lake, who was about 50 yards behind to the right, did the same. I killed one but the others got away. The two Germans at the machine gun surrendered to me along with the machine gun. These fellows had a sack full of cigarettes, sausage and black bread. I took these rations back to our lines and divided them among Sgts. Glaab, Swarner, Rowe, Weston, Pvts. Malutenok, Lake and myself. The food didn't taste very good but we were quite hungry and

ATTEND 80TH DIVISION REUNION,
CONNEAUT LAKE PARK, PA.
AUGUST 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1934.
BRING YOUR FAMILY!

PLANS COMPLETED FOR CONNEAUT REUNION

CONNEAUT LAKE PARK will again be host to the veterans of the 80th Division at the 15th Annual National Reunion on August 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th.

The committee in charge have made every arrangement possible to enable every Blue Ridger and his family to have a joyous four days at this famous inland resort.

Conneaut Lake Park is located in the center of Pennsylvania's most beautiful natural scenic region. The lake itself is the largest body of water wholly within the state. It is more than three miles long and a mile and a half at its widest point. In some places it is one hundred feet deep, but its shores slope gently from the wooded rim. The Park is approximately 1,200 feet above sea-level, 700 feet higher than Pittsburgh, and 500 feet above Lake Erie. Conneaut Lake can be reached by hard surfaced roads from any point in the country. A concrete road encircling the lake passes through the park, providing a beautiful ten-mile scenic drive.

The park can be reached by three railroads, Pennsylvania, Erie & Bessemer and Lake Erie. Several bus lines run trips to Conneaut at scheduled periods. It is one hundred miles from Pittsburgh to Conneaut by auto, ninety miles from Cleveland and fifty-four miles from Youngstown. It is also forty-six miles from Erie, where the Encampment of the Pennsylvania State Department of the American Legion is being held on the same dates.

Meadville, county seat of Crawford County, ten miles distance, is connected by trolley and bus lines.

It has been estimated that 25,000 automobiles have visited the park on a holi-

day with ample room for all. So,—Mr. Blue Ridger, you do not need to worry about parking your car. There are parking lots where your car can be left during the four days of the reunion.

The railroads operate special excursions to the park from all sections of the country during the summer season. It will be advisable to compare these rates with the identification certificate plan granted to all 80th Division veterans and their families. These fare reduction certificates can be secured by writing to the 80th Division Headquarters, 413 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Arrangements have been made for special rates at all the hotels so that your stay at Conneaut will not cost too many francs.

The Reunion Committee has worked out a program of events that will keep you busy—and possibly dizzy.

The 80th Division is one of the few A. E. F. Divisions that holds national reunions. The various Reunion Committees have been congratulated for the completeness of planning. However, the Reunion Committee always needs the support of the veterans of the 80th to make the reunions a success. Attendance is the most important element of all. Organize a Conneaut Lake Reunion party, whether it be one or one hundred, and be on hand—August 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th with the rest of the "Galloping 80th."

Our Commander's Page

(Continued from Page 4)

over 100,000 able-bodied patriotic citizens commissioned in the Officers Reserve Corps.

Theoretically and actually, under the

National Defense Act as written, the nation could effect a complete and immediate mobilization for the National Defense within one week and start intensive training the next. Our citizens felt secure in this first announcement of an effective military policy and in the enactment of a National Defense Act that would correct the errors of the last war, that would save lives of citizens in the next emergency and that would hasten the return of peace.

But that wonderful National Defense Act has been grievously mistreated; through the neglects of those in a position to protect it, it has become a weakened, impotent instrument—a mere shadow of its former self, and it cannot today give the American citizen and the nation the security expected of it. The effective military units called for by the National Defense Act have become inactive or mere paper organizations, analogous to the battleship and cruiser blueprints that are filed to show that we hope eventually to have a treaty-strength navy. With only inactive paper units to command, the trained officers contemplated in the National Defense Act have not been provided and there is continuous effort each session of Congress to further decrease the trained leadership provided by that Act. The effective peace-time training offered reserve officers by the National Defense Act is denied them or is permitted to such a niggardly extent as to seriously limit the effectiveness of that Act.

It is a further source of great satisfaction that the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, the local and national American Legion organizations, the local civic clubs, the Pennsylvania and national organizations of the Reserve Officers have noted the deficiencies in the operations of our National Defense Act and are persistent in urging that they be corrected.

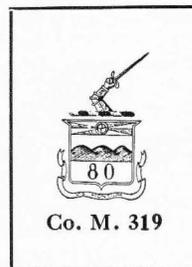
**ATTEND 80TH DIVISION REUNION,
CONNEAUT LAKE PARK, PA.
AUGUST 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1934.
BRING YOUR FAMILY!**

THE constant aim of our organization is to render a service that its clients may recommend to their friends—knowing that they will never regret having done so.

The Iron City Printing Co.

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**Eightieth Division Supply Department
413 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Father Wallace Heads For the French Riviera

A GLORIOUS clear blue, cloudless sky greeted our eyes as we peeped out the port hole the morning after we had left Gibraltar. A refreshing cold shower followed by the well-known continental breakfast prepared us for our usual morning jaunt around the deck. The sun shone gloriously along the coast of southern Spain and we never lost sight of the shore line for the whole day. There, before our eyes, spread out romantic Andalusia and Granada with its jagged coast, its many bays and inlets. The famous Sierra Nevada Mountains standing out prominently gave it a wild and desolate appearance. The towns were few and far between and none of any great importance came into view until our ship bulletin announced that at 2 P. M. we would be able to see the famous city of Malaga, the well-known home of the celebrated grape and wine of that name. It would be wrong to pass judgment on the size or importance of a town as seen from the deck of a ship, and Spain would not feel flattered at some of the comments we made of her so-called famous watering places. They looked just like other small villages of weather-beaten, crumbled-down agglomeration of shacks.

Long ago I determined that if I were to get the greatest amount of pleasure and benefit from a world trip I should have to get rid of many of my preconceived ideas and leave all my American notions behind me at home. I, therefore, decided to rid myself entirely of a critical attitude of mind and set sail with the firm intention to observe, learn and see persons, things and places from the other man's point of view. Somewhere I have read the advice of an old experienced traveler who cautioned Americans going abroad to get rid of their Main Street ideas and small town notions; he heaped just ridicule on those persons who disclose their narrowness of mind by comparing everything they see with the much better things of the same type at home. I recall one example of his description of an American lady, who, in a hurry to see Rome in one day, did not have the time to enter St. Peter's Cathedral to view the glorious works of art, but contented herself with a quick view of the exterior and fled off with the comment that "so this is the building that people make all the fuss about; if the interior is anything like the exterior I'm sorry for some people's taste." In a large gathering you are bound to meet some pygmy minds of this type and our crowd proved no exception.

While in this frame of mind may I say that in my diary I came across a clipping which should serve any prospective traveler with a code of the soundest advice, which if he or she follows, such a person will return with a liberal education and a cultural background which he may have lacked before his departure. Here it is: "We travel to gain a better understanding of our fellow-men, to enrich our knowledge of history and to see what man has produced in art and science throughout the ages,—To seek recreation and to be re-created; to appreciate the color, the romance and the tempo of life in all lands, and to pull oneself out of the commonplace and to forget the day-by-day routine that nar-

rows the mind; to make of the day-dreams lurking in the shaded corners of one's soul glowing realities; to enliven one's imagination and sharpen one's intellect; to form new friendships, wherein ideas are exchanged and minds broadened; to forget one's own petty troubles and to comprehend sympathetically the national problems of others; to attain a greater degree of poise and to a higher plane of serenity; to magnify the value of whatever education one has had, and to acquire erudition that cannot be lost; to revitalize the sense by contact with the strange and exotic; to augment one's wisdom and to better one's judgment; to enhance one's personality by adding to that indefinable something called charm; and to find such inspiration that one can return to the workaday world with new enthusiasm, renewed vigor and abiding optimism." I do not know the name of the author of the above quotation but if a traveler followed his wise counsel, what an immense amount of pleasure a world jaunt affords, and what a fund of information one could store up for future reference.

Our sailing schedule called for no stop at any Spanish port, consequently we had to be satisfied with seeing the long irregular coast line of Eastern Spain from the ship's deck. It was our loss to be so close and yet so far from the land of Don Quixote and not have an opportunity to visit even famed Seville or gay Madrid. For nearly a whole day we sailed across the mouth of the Gulf of Valencia and had a clear view of one of the Balearic Isles on our left. A two-days sail brought us in sight of the Maritime Alps along the shores of Southern France. Tier after tier of terraced gardens rose higher and higher until lost to view and gradually faded into the tops of the snow-clad peaks. Our first sight of the ice-covered Alps, after just coming from the warm clime of Madeira and Southern Spain, thrilled us. We hugged the shore of the French Riviera very closely, and could clearly make out the famous and fashionable watering places, Cannes, Antibes and right ahead on our port was Nice, the incomparable. Everybody aboard ship was in a flutter, now that our first call at a French port was soon to be a reality. Following the channel we glided slowly into the snug little bay of Villefranche-sur-Mer, the port of Nice, where we anchored about a mile off shore.

It was late in the afternoon and the weather being ideal, the flowers all in bloom, orange and lemon orchards stretching for miles in every direction. The well-known old French rubber auto horns honking out their raucous tones along the narrow roads—the old familiar "Agents-de-police" with their long flowing capes, brought back memories of days long gone when to go "En permission" to the Nice area was considered a rare privilege. We were all set to give our sea legs a well-earned stretch after being cooped up for nearly three days in cramped quarters aboard ship. It was hard to realize that we were going to set foot again on French soil after being so long away. Here we were right at the height of the gay season on the Riviera, in the month of January when everyone at home were shivering—"ye gods, am I dreaming," I thought. The

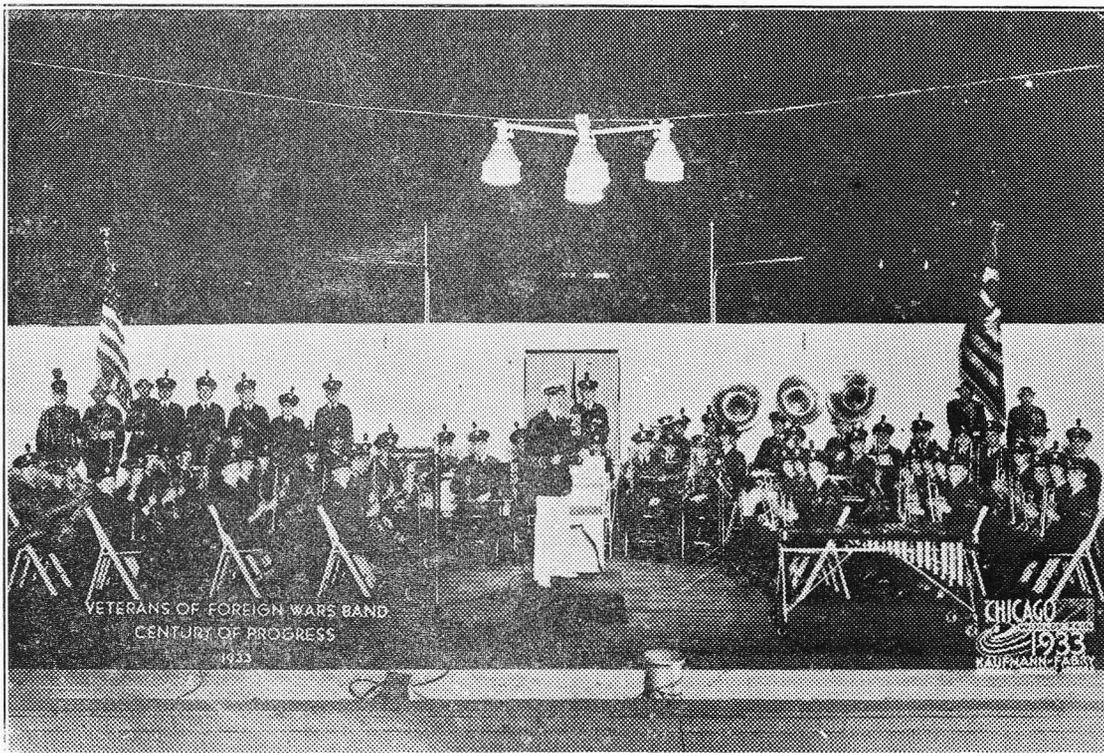
old smattering of dough-boy French was going to get a work-out during the next forty-eight hours; memories of the day of "vin rouge and vin blanc" returned in all their vividness. Would it stand up under the strain, time alone would tell? A landing party of those privileged to go ashore at this port stood anxiously as the officer of the deck checked off the names and announced that all hands would report back at twelve, midnight. Then a wild scramble for the tender conveying us from ship to shore. A fifteen-minute sail landed us at the dock where the ubiquitous hawker regaled us with his best perfumes direct from Paris, the sweet flower girl with her enchanting smile but more enchanting flowers did not find us in a very romantic mood to invest our limited capital in her wares.

Our first intention was to go directly to Monte Carlo but on second thought, and after wise counsel, we decided on a jaunt to Nice, about two and one-half miles distant. Landing in the center of the town at Place Massena, we made towards the Public Garden where many an American gob and doughboy basked for hours in the semi-tropical sun while convalescing at some hospital along the Riviera during the hectic days of 1918. There opposite the gardens was the famous old Jetty still standing and protruding out into the blue waters of the Mediterranean, where we whiled away many an hour in the Casino swapping yarns and stories and dreaming of the time when we would see God's country again. We didn't forget to take a stroll along the famous Promenade des Anglais, where you see natives and visitors in their finest togs. If you walk along this celebrated Boulevard long enough, you are sure to meet somebody from your home-town, so they say, but we were sorry we had to give the lie to the popular belief by admitting we saw no one we knew back home. The Mediterranean never looked so wonderful in its turquoise blue setting with a small sail here and there gliding over its placid surface and the gentle waves lapping its pebbled shores. Along the water front were the same familiar names of hotels remembered by the American Soldiers who were lucky enough to have visited the Riviera—the swanky Negresco, where none of us had enough money to even venture inside to get a peep; then the Hotel des Anglais, du Luxembourg, Royal and Ruhl where most of us didn't stop for obvious reasons.

From the quick survey we had to make of Nice on this hurried trip, I could notice only one very perceptible change in the way of new buildings along the water front of Nice, and that was the magnificent Casino known as the Palais de la Mediteranee erected by the American millionaire Gould at a tremendous cost, and only recently almost totally destroyed by fire. A little gossip gleaned from an American resident in Nice told us that the destruction of the gambling casino elicited no great sympathy from the French, since this establishment was always a heartbreaker to the less opulent native competitor. A quick visit to this casino convinced us that it was the most sumptuous building of its kind on the Riviera. Money and luxury vied to make it the show place of Nice, but all

(Continued on Page 9)

Championship V. F. W. Boys' Band



A rare treat is in store for veterans of the 80th Division attending the 15th Annual National Reunion at Conneaut Lake Park on August 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th. The V. F. W. Boys' Military Band, National Champions of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, one of the most famous organizations of its kind in the country today, will attend and furnish the music for every function held during the Reunion.

This band was organized in April, 1927, at Warren, Ohio, and in June, 1927,

made its first public appearance at Akron, Ohio, where the annual state encampment of the Department, V. F. W., was convening.

During the weeks following the Band played many fine concerts and in September journeyed to Providence, R. I., for the 27th Annual Encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. Here the Band was awarded first honors in its division. Since its organization the Band has three times been National Champions of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and for six consecutive

years State Champions of the Department of Ohio V. F. W.

In 1930 the Band was re-organized and Donald Hurrelbrink, a graduate of Dana's Musical Institute of Warren, Ohio, was selected to conduct the new organization. The Band is now composed of sixty members, all of whom are boys ranging in age from 11 to 20 years. This Band is the only Band in Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania to receive an invitation to play at the International Exposition held at Chicago last year.

PENNA. AUXILIARY No. 1 DEDICATES MEMORIAL TREES

In a beautiful dedication ceremony held in Memorial Lane at Aspinwall Veterans' Hospital, the Pennsylvania Auxiliary No. 1 dedicated trees in memory of Past National Commander D. Paulson Foster, Major Alexander Pennington Cronkhite and Sergeant Charles Kearney.

The trees are located a short distance away from the tree which the Pennsylvania Auxiliary had dedicated to General Lloyd M. Brett five years ago.

The services were conducted by Past Presidents of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary, Mrs. W. A. Gordon and Mrs. Adelbert Cronkhite. Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, wartime commander of the 80th Division, and Mrs. J. F. Kearney, President of the Pennsylvania Auxiliary, also participated in the ceremonies. A large delegation of the 80th Division attended.

ATTEND 80TH DIVISION REUNION,
CONNEAUT LAKE PARK, PA.
AUGUST 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1934.
EVERYBUDDY BRING A BUDDY!

HEADING FOR THE FRENCH RIVIERA

(Continued from Page 8)

went up in smoke in a few hours after only a few years' existence.

The most noticeable change to me in Nice was the comparative quietness of the famous city considering that the last time I had seen it was in the hectic war days of 1918 when everything was hustle and bustle with thousands of French, American and English soldiers and officers on leave or convalescing at the many military hospitals along the shore.

After a few hours' tramping around sightseeing, everyone was keyed up to the highest pitch in anticipation of a visit to the most celebrated gambling casino of all times, Monte Carlo. A drive of about eleven miles along the most beautiful coast line in the world brings you from Nice to Monte Carlo. You pass through Villefranche, Beaulieu, Monaco, before reaching Monte Carlo. We timed our jaunt so as to arrive at the Casino about eight o'clock in the evening. The town itself can not be called imposing except for its

location. Its streets are very narrow and serpentine. Its inhabitants are very jealous of being known as Monegasques and don't want to be confused with either the French or Italian element found in the city. The natives are not permitted to enter the Casino under any circumstances. The natives pay no taxes whatsoever. A corporation runs the town and pays a handsome sum to the Prince of Monaco for the privilege of conducting the gambling within his territory. No minors are permitted within nor are French or Italian Army Officers. Strange to say the Naval officer seems to be an exception to this rule as he is permitted to gamble to his heart's content. As we approached the door of the casino we were immediately ushered into a small room where we were obliged to produce our passports. In the absence of these it is necessary to produce some means of identification to show that you do not come under the category of persons forbidden admission. If you are merely a transient visitor you are issued a ticket of admission good for the day, otherwise you are privileged to ask for a week or month card if you fulfill all the conditions requisite. Before entering you must check all overcoats, wraps, cameras, canes or other impediments. Your

passports retained at the door until your departure. Our first view of the interior of the casino was thrilling. Arriving in the evening rooms were brilliantly lighted; the majority were in evening dress; the furnishings were of the most elaborate. The building seemed to have about four or five main salons where baccarat, trente-et-quarante, and roulette were the principal games played. If you desired to try your luck at any game you were first required to change your local or American currency into chips of various amounts ranging from five francs upwards. Needless to say we did not go in for heavy betting as our payday came at a very inopportune time and to me, personally, I am willing to confess my ignorance, the whole thing was Greek to me. My greatest pleasure was in standing behind the gamblers and observing the tense strain evident on every face of those seated at the gambling tables. What surprised me greatly was to observe the intense silence under which the games were played. Everyone seemed keyed up to the highest pitch, their nerves at the highest tension, excepting the old timers who were "to the manner born" and showed the old well-known poker face.

One face that still haunts me was that

INDIAN VETERAN OF 80TH DIES

The many friends of Charles Brown, well-known full-blooded Osage Indian, will be grieved to learn of his death at the Research Hospital in Kansas City, May 24th, shortly after he had been received there for treatment.

Comrade Brown had been transferred just the day previously from another hospital where he had been confined in a serious condition for more than ten days.

Funeral services were held with full military honors on May 28, 1934.

Comrade Brown served with the Machine Gun Company of the 318th Infantry. He was an outstanding figure at many of the 80th Reunions, and always a loyal supporter of the Blue Ridge Division.

His comrades join in extending their sincere sympathy to his wife and daughter.

ATTEND 80TH DIVISION REUNION,
CONNEAUT LAKE PARK, PA.
AUGUST 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1934.
BRING YOUR FAMILY!

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

All Life Members and Active Members in good standing in the National Association up to and including August 1, 1934, who are unable to be present at the National Convention this year at Conneaut Lake Park, Pa., August 16, 17, 18 and 19, who wish to have a vote on all questions including election of officers, may vote by proxy in due legal form. Make proxy in name of some active members who will be certain to be at the convention. Kindly send in proxy to headquarters, 413 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., before August 1, so that it may be validated by the Resident Secretary.

of an ancient looking dowager of ninety summers who sat at a baccarat table and appeared more like a study in alabaster than a human form. She looked for all the world like a chrome taken bodily out of a frame of one of the old Masters. Her dress was of the Elizabethan cut, ruffles a plenty, the material of a heavy brocade, her head dress of a design or pattern reminiscent of Mary, Queen of Scots. On the fingers of one hand she wore several brilliant diamonds while a cameo of huge dimensions completed the ensemble. Her neck was modestly covered with a scarf of ancient design although the temperature of the building was frightfully close, or so it seemed, to us who had so lately hailed from the briny deep. I was curious to learn more of this singular character as she stood out among all the other many ladies present on account of her extreme age and odd attire. A little friendly chat with one of the attendants, accompanied by an American cigar as a friendly gesture, elicited the desired information. When I asked the identity of the mysterious lady in ermine I was thrilled to learn that she has been a habitue of the Casino for at least forty years, and the attendant cautiously added that she had aneded him by at least ten years. He startled me further by telling me that she was a lady-in-waiting many years ago to the late Queen Victoria of England.

Monte Carlo has been the rendezvous for many of the nobility of not only of Europe, but even the very ends of the earth has contributed its quota of potentates who have laid their gold at the feet of the goddess of chance with the hope of returning another Croesus. I was very fortunate in making the acquaintance of an American gentleman who had spent nearly thirty years of his life commuting between France, Switzerland and Italy, and knew his Monte Carlo like a baker knows his dough. He waxed eloquent when I showed an interest in learning something of the inner secrets of this famous resort, and assured me that if I had seen Monte Carlo in the good old days of full and plenty, we could have rubbed shoulders with kings traveling incognito, grand dukes and duchesses, princes and paupers, maharajahs and sheiks, all come to worship at the shrine of the goddess of chance.

On the evening of our visit, there was a fair-sized crowd and strange to say,

mostly composed of women. The majority of them were attired in the height of fashion and good taste. Occasionally we came across one here and there who came in "not having on a wedding garment." We did feel sheepish to some extent in intruding into such a select circle with business attire. Years ago, I was told that formal evening dress was "de riguer" but in recent years this formality had greatly relaxed. We walked from room to room, taking in the crowd, and we were easily recognized as, "those Americans out on a sightseeing jaunt." Every room contained three or four tables covered with green baize cloth. At each table there sat about ten or twelve persons. At the end of each table sat an attendant, known as the "Croupier" with a long thin stick resembling a rake. The duty of these croupiers was to notify the players to place their bets. The croupier kept mumbling some strange order and it did not seem to vary every time it was uttered. My nerve nearly failed me but I mustered up enough courage to ask one unengaged at the time what this strange combination of sounds really meant. He gave me a good-natured smile and then explained as well as he could, in as bad English as my French, that the mysterious words were a warning to the players to place their bets (faites vos jeux, Messieurs!). My curiosity was satisfied; I had learned a new expression thus, adding to my small doughboy vocabulary. He explained further that the nervous tension of a croupier was so great that they were relieved every two hours by another attendant.

The casino opens every day at 10 A. M. On a previous visit I observed some of the most bedraggled creatures waiting at the main entrance for the doors to open for the day. The famous little roulette wheel is so well known that it would be like trying to "paint the lily" to add anything further by way of enlightenment. My American friend assured me that the number of suicides at Monte Carlo was greatly exaggerated. If gambling did not appeal to the visitor there were several other forms of diversion to soothe the jangled nerves of the neurasthenic. During the height of the season there was a first class opera troupe that did the very best works of the great masters in a gorgeous theatre immediately adjoining the gambling casino. The building itself is a thing of architectural beauty and dignity and the

PROXY

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that I,,
a member of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association, do hereby appoint

..... or either of them my true
and lawful attorney, with full power of substitution and revocation, for me and in my name to vote as my proxy, at the Annual Business Meeting of said Eightieth Division Veterans Association, to be held on the day of August, 1934, and at any adjournment thereof; hereby ratifying and confirming all that said attorney, or substitute, may lawfully do in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and seal, this day of 1934.

In presence of:

(L. S.)

317TH INFANTRY

HEADQUARTERS

Dr. A. B. Pappenhagen is residing at Orofino, Idaho.

COMPANY C

Comrade George C. Worsham would like to hear from the officers and former buddies of Company C. George has been trying to prove his disability claim for two years, and would appreciate hearing from any of his former comrades. His address is: Green Bay, Va.

J. A. Rosenbaum writes that his present address is High Splint, Kentucky. J. A.—How about coming to the Reunion?

COMPANY F

Green H. Earles owns and operates a fine service station located at Cascade, Va.

COMPANY M

Comrade W. H. Francisco would like to hear from Lieut. W. Boyd. Write to him at P. O. Box 211, Luray, Virginia.

MACHINE GUN COMPANY

Sergeant R. M. Woodward, of Corbin, Kentucky, is anxious to contact Sergeant R. M. Darlington, 159 Knox Avenue, Mt. Oliver Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.

317TH AMBULANCE COMPANY 305TH SANITARY TRAIN

J. Lloyd Horton, Hal A. Williford and Luther R. Ausbon are residents of Plymouth, North Carolina.

318TH INFANTRY

HEADQUARTERS

Comrade Noel E. Pruett is living at Narrows, Va.

COMPANY A

Received a letter from Vernon C. Grif-fith, Shenandoah, Va., recently. Grif is taking his family to the Reunion this year.

Charles J. Cole, formerly of Rileyville, Va., has moved to Winchester, Va. Charlie invites his friends to stop to see him when in the vicinity of Winchester.

W. T. Bassingham, 623 Graham Road, Richmond, Va., is getting his ducks lined up to attend the Reunion at Conneaut Lake, Pa.

Called on our buddy, Pat. H. Almond, lately at his home, 2111 Third Avenue, Richmond, Va. Pat. expects to greet his old friends at Conneaut.

Held an 80th party recently; among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo.

Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stiefhold, Bill Sledd, Buck Ford, Cecil Wood, Walter Smith, Carolyn and Alice Pacini and Mrs. Pacini.

Company A's former cook, Leonard L. Gray of Churchland, Va., is making plans to be with us at Conneaut Lake. We'll look for you, Len.

Our buddy, A. C. Woodcock, is confined in a hospital in North Carolina. Members of Company A join in wishing him a speedy recovery.

JAMES E. FARRAR.

R. Sidney King, Ex-First Lieut. de luxe, Company A, has recently resigned from the legal staff of the Norfolk and Western Railway Company, and has established his own law offices in Victoria, Va. Sid's many friends are glad to see him return to the private practice of law, and are assured of his success.

Former Sergeant W. E. Neblett is the prosecuting attorney in Victoria, Va.

Word has been received from Guy A. Dirom and Henry E. McWane, Lynchburg, Va., former Lieutenants of A Company, that they will be on hand at the 1934 Convention at Conneaut Lake, Pa.

Speaking of the coming convention, Captain Shively writes us from Ohio that the Last Man's Club will be in 100% attendance. He says that Robert A. Higgins, formerly of E Company, but for convention purposes adopted by A Company, will be the official host this year. Comrade Higgins vouched that every member of the Club has made reservations.

Flash! Several members of the Last Man's Club have proclaimed of the "grand and glorious" time they had at the Club's Reunion held recently at Philadelphia.

Corporal Green, formerly of A Company, is now heading the Associated Press office at Columbus, Ohio. For several years Comrade Green has been endeavoring to get to the conventions. However, newspaper men cannot always carry out their private plans. He writes that he will be on deck at Conneaut.

Simon P. Powers, 105 Monterey, Ontario, California, writes that everything is well on the west coast. He would like to have his former friends in A Company write him.

Capt. Shively reports that Conneaut Lake is one of the finest convention sites that the Division have yet selected for convention headquarters. Hotel facilities are ample and private cottages may be secured by those who wish them. Fishing and swimming are particularly good during the month of August. Conneaut Lake is little over an hour's drive

from Pittsburgh, and quite close to the Ohio border.

COMPANY D

Alfred Belfield, of Washington, D. C., is a member of the Metropolitan Police. Al is married and has two children.

Ernest Hutt operates a farm, canning business and general store at Lyells, Va.

Our old comrade, Julian Short, devotes his time to operating his large muskrat farm. He is the chaplain of the local post of the American Legion.

Andrew Woolard is still a bachelor-farmer at Emmerton, Va.

Russell Sisson lives at Washington, D. C. Russ is employed by the Postal Service; is married and the proud daddy of several children.

Lieut. Ernest S. Merrill, of Company D and later Battalion Adjutant, is engaged in the practice of law at Norfolk, Va. He cautioned the men of his platoon before leaving Camp Lee for France, "Be sure you have two pair extra shoe laces and two pair summer draws."

Brig.-General G. H. Jamerson, formerly of the 159th Brigade, retired, now lives at 2915 Monument Street, Richmond, Va. General Jamerson is always glad to hear from the men of his old command.

Raymond Sisson is located at Warsaw, Va., engaged in the practice of law. Ray has served in four sessions of the State Legislature as representative from his district. He is the proud possessor of an autographed photograph of General Cronkhite, which hangs over his desk. Ray proclaims he is still one of those odd humans—sometimes referred to as a "happy bachelor."

COMPANY G

Former Lieut. Robert F. Browning, who served with G Company, 318th Infantry, and later was Lewis Gun Officer for the 2nd Bn. until he was wounded October 4th, 1918, now conducts the Tokalon Kennels at West Hurley, New York.

Comrade Terpan Harris is living at Bay City, Michigan. He writes that he is still very much interested in 80th activities.

COMPANY K

The members of Company F offer their sympathy to the family of Lieut. Frank Schoble. We were proud to have had Lieut. Schoble as one of our officers.

319TH INFANTRY

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY SIGNAL CORPS

Sgt. McGowan is desirous of learn the name and address of the doctor who was

detailed to the 319th Headquarters Company during the month of October, 1918. Write to him at 125 Elizabeth Avenue, Avalon, Bellevue P. O., Pa.

COMPANY E

Cy Madden, former Sgt. Major of Company E, recently dropped in the office upon returning from a trip to New York.

H COMPANY

Charles C. Highley was runner-up in the New York Metropolitan Golf Tournament. We are betting on you to carry away all honors the next time, Charlie.

Red Devores (Runner), Company D, 319th Infantry, March 29, 1919

Company D was noted for efficient runners, especially those that kept up liaison between the Company in action and Battalion headquarters.

On the night of October 11, 1918, about 9:30 o'clock, Pvts. Huggins, Sam Lees, George Lee and Red Devores, after several of our men had been wounded by the enemy, were sent to Battalion Headquarters to secure litters with which to carry the wounded to the first aid station. Lee and Devores started back with one litter apiece. They had to pass thru an open field (which looked like a sieve, from the effect of shell fire) when Devores stepped into a mustard gas shell hole with his right foot as high as the knee. The runners reached the front line about 10:30 P. M. and turned the litters over to the men detailed as stretcher bearers. Devores and his buddy made their way to a shell hole for a little of the much needed sleep, occupying a dug-out or hole in the ground six feet long and two and a half feet wide. The scent of the gas on the shoe and legging was so strong that they had to be taken off and were laid along side of the haversack at the edge of the dugout. At midnight a whiz-bang hit directly on top of the haversack and blew shoe and legging all to pieces, covering up the four runners who were in the dugout at the time. There were four runners who slept no more that night. The next morning at 5:30 Red, in his usual gumshoe way, started to look for a shoe to replace the one Jerry put out of commission. Capt. Gordon gave him a pair of old rubber boots which Red wore until he came across an old Jerry Pack in which he found a pair of leather shoes big enough for Sgt. McMahon. These Red wore until an old enemy artillery position had been reached where a better fitting pair of shoes were secured. You know, at the front, one can get most anything he wants, if he's not thinking about the iron foundries and rolling kitchens that Jerry throws over.

320TH INFANTRY

COMPANY E

Inspector Bill Luley made a week-end trip to Conneaut Lake to look over "de sitjeation". Bill reports that our Reunion site agrees with him and he assures us that he is going to bring a gang

of E Company men to the Lake on August 16th.

COMPANY F

Many F Company members joined E Company in celebrating their Annual Reunion at the Fort Pitt Hotel.

A real nucleus for a permanent company organization were present. Read over the following members present, and if you were not listed send your name and address to H. W. Ludwig, E Company's Secretary, 1407 Mellon Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., so that you will be certain to receive notice of the next reunion.

Present at the Reunion were: Capt. Fred Maag (who came from Baltimore to see his boys), Newman, McGregor, Dugan, Pickett, Bert Smith, Cohen, Cummings, Anderson, Krug, Masters, Meikle and Louis Smith.

Comrade A. L. Conant is the proprietor of a chain of food stores at Chincoteague, Virginia, known as the Marva Food Stores.

COMPANY I

O. Hughes, I Company Columnist, is working at Baltimore. However, Comrade Hughes sends word that he is going to try to be at Conneaut.

COMPANY K

Ray Noel, former Mess Sergeant of Company K, is the Chief of Police at St. Petersburg, Florida.

MEDICAL MURMURS

Had a delightful surprise on Saturday, April 28th. A telephone message from our "Kingfish", Comrade Clyde Erskine, informed me that another "comrade of the deep dug-out," namely, one Raymond T. Biggs, from far-off Ansonia, Connecticut, was in town.

All you Medicos will doubtless remember our old friend Biggs, who was one of the Regulars waiting at the 320th Infantry steps in Camp Lee to greet us when we "landed," but whom none of us, I guess, had seen since wartime.

After lunch in town, Brother Briggs kindly accepted an invitation to storm the Heights of Stanton (We took it without a single casualty!) and spend the evening at our humble abode. But if you want to make a short story longer, would suggest that you get in touch with "Biggsie" himself at 36 Clark St. (c/o Mrs. F. Phipps), Ansonia, Conn., and wring from his lips the vivid details of how we streaked out the boulevard in the Green Monster, attempting to overtake an eastbound Greyhound, but wound up as might be expected, "behind the eight ball"—or in plainer words, helplessly and hopelessly entrapped by the seething, surging Saturday night traffic so typical of East Liberty.

Suffice to add, for the present, that our old "Pill Pal" did actually catch up with a bus, but only after a further enjoyable visit with us, in the wee-est hour of Sunday morn.

Come again, Biggsie, ole Boy, ole Top,

ole Pal—and thanks again for mowing the lawn!

When I wrote-up my last trip overseas in "SERVICE", dwelling at length on that portion confined to our old wartime hiking ground, I also promised to follow-up with a detailed account of other phases of that memorable journey that included places such as the quaint old Canary Islands, Gibraltar, French colonies of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia on the African Coast; Italy's Naples and Pompeii; Principality of Monaco with its world-famous Monte Carlo; Switzerland's Alps; and Germany's Rhine.

However, since making that promise (or threat), I have scanned the series of interesting articles of Father Wallace on his trip around the world, and find that these have already "written-up" places included in my itinerary, which, of course, would involve some repetition on my part that might easily prove bore-some to readers of "SERVICE."

Furthermore, and perhaps of even greater consequence, is the fact that our Padre's travelogue is interspersed with rather essential bits of historical background, on which I would be woefully weak. My write-up, by comparison, would record only fleeting personal impressions—sketchy word pictures, disconnected and dangling, as it were, in mid-air,—or should I say, mid-ocean?

In consideration of the foregoing, therefore, it is my desire to gracefully yield to the Clergyman from Manhattan.

Whereas this might appear as "letting myself down (and out) easy," may I at least make partial restitution by referring patient readers to my two true stories of "LaGuerre": "Reminiscences of Calais," which appeared in the last issue; and "A Matter of Imagination," offered for a coming issue of "SERVICE."

Thank you too much!

EARL J. KOHNFELDER.

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Ran across "Crackers" O'Donnell in town the other day, though fortunately I was not driving at the time.

How come we haven't "run across" any of Rus Mahon's customary loquaciousness in recent Service issues? Hope it isn't because he "can't take it anymore."

Received a card from our Chaplain, Rev. Jas. I. Kalp, of Butler and vicinity. He and his family are still moving forward in God's service.

Jimmie's inquiry for the address of Bill Maisch, formerly of Co. E, 320th Infantry "top kick" and now 99th Division Reserve Captain, leads me to wonder if the boys of Company "E" recall that this writer was responsible for immortalizing them in "BAYONET" verse the time they contracted mumps at Camp Lee; also, that he was the fellow who held evening sick call for their company in a camouflaged English squad tent at Questrecques, enroute to the British front?

I have a good notion to do a "One-Eyed Connelly" at their next reunion, so Company E, beware—and prepare!

313TH FIELD ARTILLERY

Paging our old pal Sam Evans, and any other 313th men who may have some news to send in to keep this column alive.

A vote of thanks goes to Frank Haenle and Paul Eittle for furnishing the music at the annual Philadelphia Post get-together.

The firing squad at the Memorial Services consisted of four light Artillery men and two Medical men—we are still wondering where the Infantry boys were.

Larry Fisher is still employed at night. However, he took time off to attend a party Jim Coleman gave recently.

Jim Delaney and Frank Haenle were color bearers at our recent Memorial Day Services.

Heard from Bob Crawford recently. How about coming to the next Philadelphia Post meeting, Bob?

We missed Lew Strouse at the Memorial Services.

Alex Hornkohl is still traveling. We hope he brings back some new members.
BILL GRAHAM.

314th Field Artillery

Comrade S. A. Gibson, 155th Brigade, is employed by the Postal Telegraph Company at Hickory, N. C.

315th Field Artillery

John Vachetta is the proud owner of the new "Blue Ridge Inn," located on the Saw Mill Run Blvd., one mile from the Liberty Tunnels. John formerly owned the Blue Ridge Inn on the Wm. Penn highway.

314th Machine Gun Battalion

Our old friend, E. L. Chapman, owns the Chateau Thierry Service Station at Lacey Spring, Va. He has on exhibition there an interesting collection of World War curios. Chappie invites his former buddies to stop in to see him.

315TH M. G. BATTALION

All members of the 80th will congratulate Hugo C. Gutsche and Mrs. Gutsche on their choice of a name for their young son. They have named their boy after General Lloyd M. Brett. Mr. Gutsche formerly served as a lieutenant in the 315th Machine Gun Battalion, Company

B, and is at present employed by the Joseph Horne Company of Pittsburgh.

305TH ENGINEERS

COMPANY B

Comrade Worthy P. Paxton, R. D. No. 1, Spencer, Va., writes that he is now employed as operator of a compressor station at Spencer, Va.

COMPANY D

Ex-Sergeant Charles E. Gerber writes that he cannot understand why Company D never has any Morning Report in SERVICE. He wonders why Barney Conway, Stanley Campbell, Frank Gilbert, Ryan Baltzer, William Gearhart, Mervin Moss, L. F. Wagner, and Howard Peeling never send in material. Charlie says that he is going to be at the Reunion, and he doesn't want to feel like the last of the Last Man's Club.

Don't forget Company D, 305th Engineers—make arrangements to greet Charlie at Conneaut Lake, Pa., on August 16th!

Editor's Note—Sgt. Gerber is not such a bad penman. We suggest that he send in a few morning report items himself.

305TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION

C. C. Brown came up to Headquarters the other day hoping to see several of his old buddies, but nary a one did he find. C. C. just returned from Florida and exhibited a fine sun tan.

305TH AMMUNITION TRAIN

Company E members—Write to Arthur T. Evans, who is a patient at the U. S. Veterans Hospital 98, Castle Point, N. Y.

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