

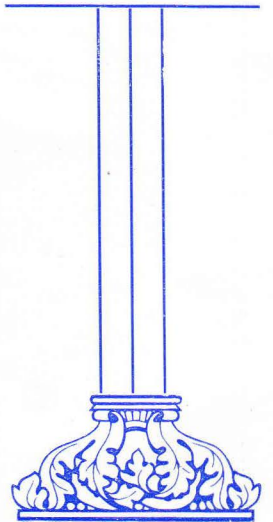
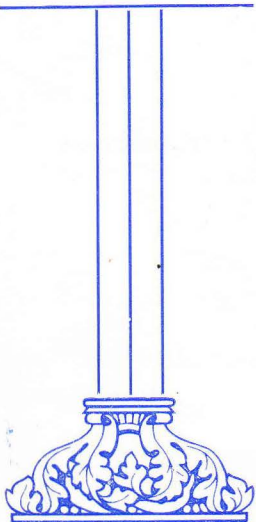
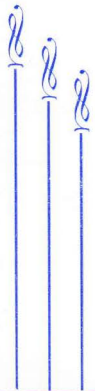


THE
SERVICE
MAGAZINE

Volume 16

ARMISTICE ISSUE

Number 5



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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WARNING!!

TO BE FOREWARNED IS TO BE FORE-ARMED:

Therefore—Do you or do you not wish "Service Magazine" relegated to the junk heap, abandoned,—A CASUALTY OF THE 80TH DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION?

THE 80TH ALWAYS MOVES FORWARD, and it is now up to every individual to pay his dues, and also to get in some missionary work. The fact is simple and plain—SERVICE MAGAZINE CANNOT CONTINUE WITHOUT A CERTAIN INCOME. If this is not forthcoming, and at once, then our motto will have been a travesty—so this S.O.S. is expressly sent out to all whom it may concern.—THOSE WHO CAN PAY—AND DON'T. The unfortunate cannot.

THIS NOTICE, WARNING, OR WHATEVER YOU WISH TO TERM IT, is a vital declaration THE LIFE OF SERVICE MAGAZINE IS AT STAKE.

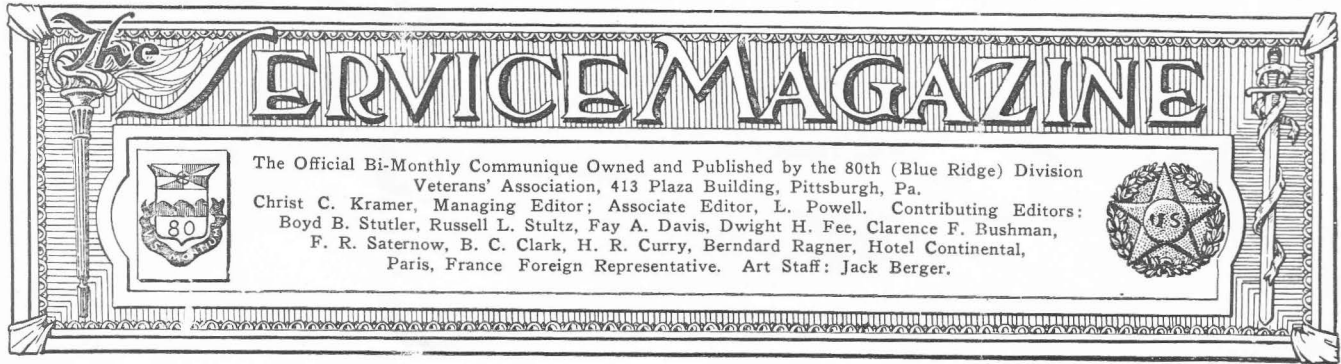
Even in view of present unemployment conditions etc., the time has come for a show down. We must have the necessary finances, in the form of dues, TO PUBLISH THE SERVICE MAGAZINE.

Will the members of the 80th hear the "Call"? Do you want The Service Magazine to continue the good liaison work it has done for the past sixteen years? If you do, Buddy, it's up to you—and you must act quickly.

Do not fail to read every word of the article on page five in this issue. "The Sixteen Year Civilian Service of the 80th".

If you believe that your old outfit SHOULD NOT SURRENDER to the present forces of depression and indifference, write your check for \$3.00 and mail it to the 80th Division Headquarters at once.

Battles are not won by Words and Good Intentions



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"The Division of Unique Distinction"

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"THE 80th DIVISION ONLY MOVES FORWARD"

Our Commander's Page

Henry E. Neumann, National Commander, 80th Division Veterans Association

We celebrate on November 11th—the seventeenth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice. Those words of course, are facts that we all know well. Each of us, whether overseas or here at home, remembers the thrill we got when we heard the news that November morning. Eleven o'clock was the hour, I recall that vividly. The orders to "Cease Firing"! The cries of the French "Fini La Guerre"!

* * *

Seventeen long years have passed yet those cries still ring in our ears. Memories swarm back over us - of comrades who did not return, of buddies who, although they returned to these shores with us, have since had "Taps" blown over their graves. Pals who though living, we have not seen or heard of for many years.

* * *

Comrades, the ex-service man is a man apart, richer in memories and associations than any living being. Is it not fitting then, that on this Armistice Day we pledge ourselves to stick together? We belong to a Combat division, in our opinion, second to none in the A. E. F. Does not the association of the veterans of that outfit mean enough to us to work for it and fight for it that we may perpetuate a comradeship which has lasted all these years?

* * *

Words can hardly describe just what that comradeship means or upon what it is based. As Armistice Day approaches and our minds and memories go back to the horrible, yet glorious days, of the Meuse-Argonne, I recall the words of the late Earl D. Church, D.S.M., former ordinance officer of the 80th Division, on the occasion of our last memorial service at Arlington Cemetery, where he himself now sleeps in honored glory.

* * *

He told us in words that I have never forgotten just what comradeship means, and upon what it is based. Let me quote him.

* * *

"It has been truly said:—*"Of all the brotherhoods of man, that which is based on military comradeship is the most intimate and fullest of sentiment and real devotion."* It is a fitting, therefore, that we of the brotherhood of the dear old Blue Ridge Division,—should gather to renew that deep affection founded on the sharing of a common danger together, the facing death in action side by side, and the unselfishness that is ever displayed by comrades in arms under the crucial test of enemy fire, when worldly taints slip away and a man's soul is bare before his squad-mates,—even as it is unto God.

* * *

"And as we loosen the reins of memory, we hark back to 1918, when we knew not what the future had in store for us, but though questioning—we faced it with unflinching hearts. Service with the British in the Artois—Picardy Sector was behind us. We were outfitting with American equipment and training with an unequalled intensity. Then followed Reserve service in reduction of the St. Mihiel Salient with some units actively participating; and finally on September 26th, the Division was completely engaged at the beginning of that greatest battle of all times—the Meuse-Argonne. For four full years, the forest of the Argonne, made by nature almost impassable, had under German fortifying, been rendered impregnable against repeated attacks by Allied troops. Into this the 80th worked its way, step by step through the Bois de Forges and the Bois de Jure, with a trail of blood to mark each foot print.

In three days it attained the Army objective near Dannevaux, although under a withering flank fire from enemy artillery massed on the heights across the Meuse river. Ten hundred and thirty seven casualties was the toll of these three days.

* * *

"Withdrawing slightly to near Cuisy for replacements of men and equipment, the 80th prepared for its important share in the 2nd phase of this great battle. On the 4th of October it entered a new Sector of the line running through Nantillois created by the drawing apart of the 3rd and 4th Divisions in consolidating and shortening their fronts. Directly ahead of the 80th was the strongly fortified Bois des Ogons. Here the left flank was only 500 meters from Montfaucon and bloody Cunel was on the right. In eight days of steady fighting it cleared the Bois des Ogons of the enemy and advanced a total of four kilometers through repeated attacks and counter attacks, but at a cost of 3,412 casualties. Exhausted and with depleted ranks its objective obtained—it was withdrawn and again re-equipped and its man power restored by several thousand replacements.

* * *

"Then came the 3rd phase on November 1st with the 80th attacking on the St. Georges—St. Juvin line. Here after a slight hold-up on the left flank due to the Division on the left being unable to advance, and where the flank attack by our late beloved General Brett was cited as one of the great strategy moves of the whole battle—our Division put the enemy on the run and in six days advanced 24 kilometers, taking the important town of Buzancy and advancing well on towards Sedan. But this took a toll of 1015 casualties.

* * *

"Other Divisions were ordered through the 80th for the honor of being in the line when the Armistice was effective four days later, and our work done—we withdrew to lick our wounds and take inventory of our gains and losses. In personnel we captured 1813 prisoners and in material 11 pieces of heavy artillery, 77 pieces of light artillery, several thousand trench mortars, machine guns, and arms of small bore, and millions of rounds of ammunition of all calibre.

* * *

"So much briefly on the gain side; how about the losses? Killed in action and died of wounds 1233, and died of other causes service—connected and in line of duty 260 or a total of 1,493, being one death for every 16 men who served; wounded 5,000 or more than 1 in 5 of those in action; total casualties 6,594 or nearly 1 in 3.

* * *

The 80th Division had the honor of being the only Division to enter the line three times in the three major phases of this great battle, and it was the sole Division to advance a total of 37 kilometers—or 23 miles—against the enemy between September 26th and November 11th. It was cited for its magnificent achievement in Corps and Army Orders and also from G. H. Q."

* * *

Buddies: what a thrill of pride in our outfit goes over us as we read the words of this honored officer of the 80th. Does it not make you more determined than ever to do your part in enabling our great 80th Division Veterans Association to "Carry On".

* * *

My final word to you is to read and digest every sentence of the article which appear in this issue THE SIXTEENTH YEAR CIVILIAN SERVICE RECORD OF THE 80TH.

The Sixteen Year Civilian Service Record of the 80th

By BURG C. CLARK

FIRST ISSUE OF THE SERVICE MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN OCTOBER, 1919, AND THE 80TH DIVISION HEADQUARTERS OFFICE OPENED FOR SERVICE TO VETERANS, JUNE 12, 1919.



OCTOBER, 1935, is the sixteenth anniversary of our "Service Magazine". The publication of a non-profit making veteran magazine by a divisional veterans' organization for this period of time is something of an accomplishment.

The present existence of the 80th Division Veterans' Association, publishers of "Service" may be explained either as a series of fortunate accidents, or a foreordained miracle, but certainly not as the result of a united dues-paying membership.

Article 1, of the Constitution adopted by the 80th Division Veterans' Association in 1919, stated: "*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.*"

These objects have been adhered to most faithfully by the administrative officers of our organization for sixteen years, in guiding the policies and conduct of the Association.

"Service Magazine" has been an important factor in carrying out the historical, fraternal and patriotic principles of our society. In its pages have been published many "memories and incidents of our association in the World War," written as voluntary contributions by members of the 80th.

The issues of the magazine have been sent without cost to many libraries and reading rooms in various sections of the country where they are preserved in bound volumes, a source of valuable historical material relating to the division's record in the war and the activities of its veterans for sixteen years following the war. And it has also been sent without cost to 80th men who were unable to pay through no fault of their own.

The 80th Division Veterans' Association was organized in France in the early part of April, 1919, and might be termed an experiment in the field of war veteran organizations. It was an attempt to establish a divisional organization which could maintain an office for service to the veterans after their discharge from the army, offer free advice and assistance to the veterans and their dependents in the matter of disability claims, hospitalization, rehabilitation, employment; supply them with addresses of comrades, publish a magazine covering details

of their service, and arrange for annual reunions to bring the former Blue-Ridgers together for a renewal of friendships formed during the war.

The record of the 80th Division Veterans' Association has more than justified the hopes of its founders in the service that has been rendered to veterans and their dependents in the years following the war. The predictions of those who felt that the Association could only continue for five years at the very most, have failed.

Just as there are advocates for "one big government", "one big union", and other form of "bigness", there are those who feel that there is room for but one veteran organization. Yet the size of any organization is no standard by which to measure its usefulness.

The 80th Division as a veterans' organization under its By-Law requirements has an eligibility group of probably about 66,000 men who served with the division at one time or another and could therefore qualify for membership.

Returning from France there were approximately 30,000 men on the sailing rosters, of which about 18,000 had joined the Veterans' Association as active paying members. At the end of 1920 there were some 3,000 or so in this class, and a non-paying membership list of about 25,000. From then on, maintaining the divisional headquarters, publishing a magazine, rendering free service to all who applied, staging reunions, meeting the demands of 80th veterans whose correspondence came from every state in the Union; paying the rent, the printer,

the telephone company, and other little details all became the problem of the Resident Secretary.

Of course at reunion-time the many who attended became enthusiastic at what work could be accomplished in behalf of veterans providing that next year each one present got two others who stayed at home to send in their dues and subscription. This action by unanimous vote or applause on the part of the general public attending the business session definitely made things brighter for the Secretary. The newly elected Council thereupon met and re-elected him, and he went home to find the same problems ahead for the next year.

The question may be asked, "*Is there any excuse for maintaining an organization of a service nature which does not receive sufficient financial support from the*

Continued on page 9

Armistice Day, 1935

By Fred Wertenbach



*Peace reigns unbroken on Meuse and Aisne;
In the Argonne woods and on Flanders plain.*

*The guns are hushed in their cloaks of rust;
The breastworks crumble . . . and fall to dust.*

*No barbed wire leers where the miles unroll;
No holes remain where great shells took toll.*

*Gone is War's trace to all mortal eyes,
Save in Romagne, where the crosses rise.*

*Save here at home, where, with faces drawn
And hands long idle, men carry on.*

*Torn by a fear that is greater far,
Than any bred on the field of war.*

*While we who have fought . . . and have seen men die
That America's Standard might wave high.*

*When we vision Arlington and Romagne
Whisper—Has it all been . . . in vain?*

With General Pershing at Saint Mihiel

BY BERNHARD RAGNER



SAINT MIHIEL, France.—It was my privilege and pleasure to represent the Eightieth ("Blue Ridge") Division at the "ceremonies of gratitude" held in Saint Mihiel on Sunday, September 15, to celebrate the 17th anniversary of the deliverance of this Lorraine city by American troops, also the 75th anniversary of the birthday of General John J. Pershing.

Our war-time commander-in-chief himself was in attendance, even at the risk of damaging his health, and as he took the Embassy automobile for Paris he remarked, "This has been one of the happiest days of my life." And I can well believe it. He had withstood and endured almost a score of speeches, a military review, an official luncheon, and the planting of a "Pershing Oak"; he must have been fatigued and worn out, and yet it was evident that he had enjoyed every minute of this historic occasion. During my residence in France, I have noted and observed General Pershing at half a hundred ceremonies but never (at least, so it seemed to me) was he so delighted as at Saint Mihiel.

Of course, in Saint Mihiel he is more than a General of the Armies of the United States; here he is Pershing the Liberator, and as long as Saint Mihiel exists, its school children will be taught the story of its deliverance in 1918 by A.E.F. troops; he is an honorary citizen and the principal street of this now attractive and charming city (it was different in 1918) is named the Rue General Pershing. Mayor L. Taton Vassal, in his speech, spoke of the ceremonies as "a family festival for General Pershing is one of our own," and in his response, General Pershing said, "I assure you that I feel thoroughly at home in Saint Mihiel."

The exact date of Pershing's 75th anniversary was Sept. 13th, and it was observed with delightful informality in Paris at Pershing Hall. Nobody was in uniform except a few French officers; General Pershing himself was in civilian clothes, and during the reception I took it upon myself to present the congratulations and good wishes of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association. We conversed for several minutes; there was mention of Saint Mihiel, the Argonne, and General Cronkhite, and the General was intensely interested in learning that the "Blue Ridge" boys were keeping up their annual reunions. As I said good-bye, I told him "I'll see you in Saint Mihiel," his eyes lit up and he said, "I am always glad to see my soldier boys, anywhere, but particularly on the battle-grounds where, with fearlessness and courage, they faced the enemy. Please extend my greetings to the Blue Ridge veterans, from the highest to the lowest."

When Mayor Vassal decided to invite General Pershing for the "deliverance festivals" of 1935, he asked me—if possible—to find a representative of each division which took part in the Saint Mihiel Battle. Major Clifford V. Church, former judge advocate of the 80th Division, and I were chosen as delegates of the "Blue Ridge", but at the last moment the Major was unable to attend, and so I had this honor all to myself. In all, we were twenty Americans in St. Mihiel on September 15th, including the uniformed color guard of Paris Post of the American Legion.

Here, I have a secret to relate. In other French cities, Americans may be only so many individuals, visitors, tourists, possible clients; but in Saint Mihiel, Americans are liberators, conquerors; in brief, the salt of the earth. We received a salute from every soldier—even the officers; a cordial "Bonjour" from every man, and a friendly smile from every winsome maiden. Ah, my friends, an American thinks he amounts to something when he visits Saint Mihiel and beholds a thousand and one manifestations of gratitude.

Anyhow, here are some sketchy notes of my visit to Saint Mihiel. I took the noon train from Paris, reaching Verdun about five and Saint Mihiel an hour and a half later. The train passed through five or six villages where units of the Eightieth had been billeted in 1918, or through which we marched on that 48-hour hike toward Saint Mihiel, which we never entered since the Blue Ridge division was in reserve. One commendable change I noted; in 1918, these villages were dirty, un-

attractive, even repulsive in aspect. This is no longer so. Seventeen years of peace have provoked a commendable transformation, and these hamlets have become things of beauty, veritable jewels of charm and delight. Take Saint Mihiel, for example. It is a gracious, flower-bedecked city. The medieval church, with its remarkable, stained-glass windows, has been restored; ancient dwellings, ruined by enemy (sometimes by friendly) artillery fire, have been torn down and replaced by modern structures; public gardens and playgrounds have been established, and about the city is an atmosphere of up-to-date-ness mellowed by a fragrance of the past.

Incidentally, I may remark that the French peasants, in the one-time devastated regions, have discovered a practical use for A.E.F. helmets. In 1918, these helmets were used to protect the wearers and to scare the enemy; in 1935, many an A.E.F. helmet is used as headgears for a scarecrow, its purpose being to frighten away predatory birds. From my train, I counted no fewer than a score of such helmets perched on the "heads" of homemade scarecrows. Perhaps my helmet was in the number, for I recall that after the Armistice, I deliberately abandoned my helmet as so much excess baggage.

Upon reaching Saint Mihiel, I was met by the mayor's reception committee; I was installed in a comfortable hotel; I was invited to a friendly "soldiers' dinner" to which no civilians had been asked; I was given my ticket for the official banquet of the morrow, and the mayor remarked, in American fashion, "If something is lacking, just ask for it." However, I am certain, all this was not so much for me personally as for the Eightieth Division which I represented. During the evening, the town band serenaded the visiting Americans; "Over There" mingled with "Sleeping by My Blonde," the century-old song of the French soldiers; and "The Star Spangled Banner" preceded the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise." When old soldiers get together, they tell stories, and we—the French and American veterans—swapped yarns until midnight.

At 11:25 a.m. on Sunday morning, Mayor Vassal came up to the A.E.F. group in the city hall, and with genuine tears in his voice asked despairingly, "Is he really coming?" The ceremony was scheduled for 11:30, and Pershing had not yet arrived. What to do? The mayor was frightfully worried; as the minutes passed, his anxiety increased. And then, at 11:29½ cheers were heard in the distance; they grew into a roar; the bugle corps sounded the French equivalents of "Present arms!" Frenchmen removed their hats; children waved American flags. General Pershing had arrived. Exactly on the dot. Not a second too early or too late. It was precisely 11:30 when he crossed the threshold of Saint Mihiel's city hall. An example of military exactitude.

Space is not available to describe the ceremonies in full. They were marked by sincerity, by friendship, and by gratitude. And the name which occurred most frequently was—Pershing; after that, A.E.F. During the speeches, mention was made of all the American divisions, and I must confess that a thrill went through me when reference was made to the Eightieth (I quote) "from the mountains of Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia." True, we were only in reserve, but we formed part of General Pershing's plan for liberating Saint Mihiel, and in the grandiose American monument at Montsec, about ten miles from Saint Mihiel, the number of our division is carved in the stone.

Every French village has a "Liberty Oak" planted in 1789. Since September 13th, many a French community in the American battle sectors has a "Pershing Oak", especially the cities and villages liberated by A.E.F. troops—Montfaucon, Fismes, Thiaucourt, Belleau, Chateau Thierry. The St. Mihiel ceremonies were climaxed with the planting of such a "Pershing Oak" by the General himself. And Mayor Vassal predicted, "Beneath its spreading branches, his name will be spoken with reverence and gratitude for many years to come". I can well believe it. When your grandchildren or mine, in decades far away, visit Saint Mihiel as American tourists, the name of Pershing will still be cherished in the hearts of the inhabitants of Saint Mihiel.

COMMUNISM

By SENECA FOUTS

IN primitive times property was in common, and individual ownership arose as a natural development out of communism, and the effort of the communist at the present time is to return again to that primeval state, and their aim is the abolition of private property, although they do not include at all times an equal division of all property. The common management of parks, schools, water supply and other utilities are practically communistic.

The Cretans and the Spartans possessed communistic societies and it was also practised to a great extent by the early Christians, and even today many religious brotherhoods are on a communistic basis.

The Shakers, a religious sect, was founded by Ann Lee, who landed in New York in 1774 with eight followers from England. They had fled to escape the persecution, which had followed her bold assertion of divine revelation. The Shakers are celibates and thus their communities have not grown very rapidly. Yet certain of their communities still survive, the principal ones being at Mount Lebanon, New York, Union Village, Ohio and Watervliet, New York.

One of the most celebrated attempts to establish communism in the United States in the last century was by a colony, who followed the teachings of Charles Fourier, who started what was called Brook Farm, and it reached great prominence because of the intellectual and literary eminence of its founders. Horace Greely was a warm friend of the Fourierite movement from the first and advocated it powerfully in the New York Tribune of which he was editor, and he became vice-president of the North American Phalanx in Monmouth County, New Jersey, which was one of the most successful of the Fourierite communities for it lasted over twelve years, dying in 1856 because of feuds and disharmony that caused its disintegration. With the ebbing of that tide, the Brook Farm experiment came to an end. While Fourierism died for lack of funds in France, in America it had received as fair and adequate a trial as was ever accorded to any mooted social reform and when the New York Tribune abandoned its advocacy, it ceased even to be a topic of general discussion and finally collapsed entirely.

There have been several other communities established, one at New Harmony, Indiana, founded by Robert Owen, an English manufacturer, an enthusiastic communist, who having seen his efforts in Great Britain fail, visited this country and formed several communistic communities, New Harmony being the principal one, but it only existed for about two years.

The Oneida Community was founded by John Humphrey Noyes in Madison County, New York, wherein one of their principal tenets was ignoring the regulation of marriage, and on this account, they soon fell into disrepute.

The Amana Community was formed in 1842 by emigrants from Germany and Switzerland, who originally belonged to the peasant class. They settled in New York State, near Buffalo, and later removed to Iowa. They were Spiritualists who regarded themselves as the subjects of special revelation. With the combination of religio-communistic doctrines they have survived. Their rules of life are rigid and forbidding; amusements are prohibited; and much that ministers to innocent pleasures is banished as sinful.

The Icarian Community was founded in 1848 in Illinois by Etienne Cabot who had been a member of the

French legislature and a leader of the Carbinari. They numbered as many as fifteen hundred at one time. Later they were compelled to seek settlement in Iowa. This community was peculiar in that it came nearer to the ideal of democratic communism; the rigid regulations of other communities were absent, the point aimed at was to let everyone do as he pleased.

There is also a community at Fairhope, Alabama, founded a few years ago by a few disciples of Henry George, this settlement has no community interest except in that of land. It is organized as a corporation by which its real estate is administered. The annual value of the land is taken for communal purposes. It numbers about three hundred persons and up to the present time is prosperous.

With this small exception, all of these experiments have failed to demonstrate the feasibility of communal life in their communities. The members are surrounded with inhibitions and are compelled to live under rigid rules and meager, unsatisfactory conditions. They all have been clothed with a semi-religious garb and have been largely sustained by spiritual emotions.

With this type of communist the veterans have no complaint to make. The communists whom we condemn and have pledged ourselves to oppose are the radical, rampant, direct actionists who teach the overthrow of government by force and who are not satisfied to endure the hardships of experiments made by those other pioneers in this movement.

We still stand by the principle of the Constitution as adopted by our forefathers with the amendments as permitted under the legal provisions therein contained. We adhere to that wise provision permitting everyone to worship God according to his own conscience. We believe that the best governed are the least governed, and we therefore oppose the efforts of the militant communists to impose by force their economic doctrine upon us, and we at all times stand ready to resist all efforts of that kind.

Many veterans have been badly abused by the National Economy League and the National Economy Act, which it sponsored and had passed at the beginning of the present administration. This condition has been remedied to some extent by the last Congress in restoring our pensions to the same status that existed prior to the enforcement of Public No. 2. Congress was very considerate and passed the Travel Pay Bill, which was vetoed by the President, who displayed, in doing so, a spirit of antagonism and ingratitude toward the veterans. In our opinion his position was very inconsistent, in spending billions to restore prosperity and then denying to fifteen thousand veterans still alive, who served from four to seven months after their term of enlistment expired in a war not contemplated when they enlisted for the war with Spain, money promised them at that time. Regardless of this ill treatment, however, we wish to serve notice on the last mentioned communists that we, as a body, still stand for the following principle, which we pledge ourselves at our every meeting:

"Americanism is an unswerving love of country; loyalty to its institutions and ideals; eagerness to defend it against all enemies; undivided allegiance to the Flag, and a desire to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity."

—The Veteran

PADRE'S CORNER

Padre Peeps Into Soviet, Russia

(Continued)

On To Moscow



AFTER three hectic days of sightseeing in Leningrad, we decided to make a flying trip to Moscow. Before leaving the once gay capitol of old Russia, known to students of world history as St. Petersburg, we laid in a supply of a few necessary articles which we were told would be difficult to purchase anywhere in the Soviet Republic.

We would fain linger for days to see more of the glorious treasures hung in the world renowned Hermitage Museum in Leningrad. To feast on the historical memories of Catherine the Great's famous series of royal palaces at Detskoe Selo, or the summer and winter palaces of the Czars. Add to these the memories of the notorious Fortress of Peter and Paul, built by Peter the Great. Then the thought of our all too short visit to Smolny Institute, the Headquarters of the Revolutionary Forces in 1917. In room 95 on the third floor of this Smolny Institute, is pointed out to the visitor the room which Lenin occupied. This room is greatly cherished by his loyal followers as a shrine of The Immortal Soviet Hero.

In a previous writing we tried to give you a general description of Leningrad, and so we must take our leave reluctantly of this glorious city of Peter the Great and make towards the October Railway Station where we board our train for Moscow.

Of all the wild automobile rides I have ever had, this trip from the quay to the station takes the prize. How we reached our destination, without accident, either to ourselves or to the thousands of pedestrians, remains a mystery even to this day. There must have been some understanding with the traffic police which gave us the right of way as we constantly passed red lights and swerved from one side of the broad streets to the other; turning corners at the most dangerous speed.

Down the famous Prospect of the 25th of October, better known as the Neski Prospect, we raced at break neck speed. It would be an insult to this famous thoroughfare to compare it to anything we have here in America. There aren't any grounds for a comparison as it is one of the finest streets in all Europe. It is nearly four miles in length, and paved with wooden blocks. Both sides are lined with imposing public buildings and intersected by canals over which are most beautiful and artistic bridges. Public monuments and statues of national characters, even a few of the famous of the old regime, are still in evidence.

We pass the Hotel Europe, classed as one of the finest in all Russia, where we dined yesterday. The less we say about the quality of the food served in this select hotel to tourists, the better. We get a passing view of the great Public Library, located on the corner of Third of July Street. We were told by our guide that this library contains the largest number of books and manuscripts (over five million) of any library in the entire Soviet Republic.

We have finally arrived at the October Railway Station, in front of which we see an immense equestrian statue of Czar Alexander the Third. It is now 9:15 P.M. on a glorious evening in July and twilight enables a large and curious crowd, gathered around the entrance, to scrutinize us at close range. We were advised before leaving Leningrad to wear and carry only traveling apparel, take along no jewelry, and refrain from any public criticism of persons, places or things. Needless to say, most of us adhered closely to these admonitions until we reached neutral territory.

We left Leningrad at 9:30 P.M. aboard, what was supposed to be, the crack De Luxe Express between Leningrad and Moscow. Here is where I let loose. The train was anything but what a person would expect to be charged the equivalent of thirty-three American dollars to travel the distance of four hundred miles (the approximate distance between Leningrad and Moscow). Remember, please, that this charge did not include meals for a good reason as there were no meals to be procured. Before reaching Moscow the next morning, about 10:30 A.M., we were served what was called by the fancy name of "Petit Dejeuner". This gastronomic misnomer consisted of one glass of tepid tea, without milk and accompanied with two crackers. This must be where the crack Moscow Express got the idea for its name. My brothers of the road, whether it be automobile or rail, you will never fully appreciate your own glorious highways until you travel some of those abroad.

Well—before detraining at Moscow, while delayed at a siding, I had the bad manners to go, uninvited, into a coach which had been attached to our De Luxe train during the night. And was I escorted back without ceremony to my own coach, but luckily not before I had a chance to get one big eye full. I have seen dirt in Damascus, smelled smells on the water front in Algiers and, I have seen poverty and rags on the East Side of New York, also in Canton, China, but—this sight will long remain indelibly impressed upon my mental vision. It was something that, evidently, a foreigner should not have seen while traveling in the Soviet Republic. And about which one very seldom reads owing to the strict censorship imposed on the newspapers.

It did not take us long to learn that one does not travel merely for the sake of pleasure in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. I was constantly dinned into our ears that there was so much serious work yet to be done that travel as a form of recreation or pleasure was not encouraged. Our In-tourist guides, all of whom are apparently very loyal to the Soviet Regime, assured us that they did their work purely out of a sense of loyalty to the State and, it was a matter of indifference, so they declared, whether they acted as state guides or digging ditches.

The same guides who had escorted us around Leningrad were assigned by the Soviet authorities to travel with us to Moscow to act in the same capacity. With the single fare, let us say, at thirty-three dollars per capita, and the minimum charge for us was ten dollars per day, can you fail to understand what a sweet racket official guides are working in the Soviet Union? And did they refuse to accept the degrading tip or gratuities of the bourgeoisie, as the law prescribed? I should say not.

Human nature is the same all over God's world, whether it be in Soviet, Russia or in the Free United States of America. We mention this fact of accepting gratuities, not in condemnation since that is one of our pet weaknesses, and therefore we should no condemn our brother but merely to show that theory is one thing while practice is quite another.

Well, so much for moralizing and now back to earth. After thirteen long weary hours of travel on the famous October Railroad, covering a distance of about four hundred miles, we are pulling in on a beautiful sunny morning in August—to the Capitol of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—"Moscow", famed in history, song and story.

Padre.



PITT-ARMY Football Game

Two great football teams will clash at the Pitt Stadium on Saturday, November 9, when Pitt and the Army meet in a battle that will go a long way toward deciding the Eastern champion.

Pitt has shown that despite the large number of sophomores in the lineup that Jock Sutherland has welded together another fine machine, one that proved its mettle in the game with Notre Dame, lost to the Irish by the narrow margin of a field goal in the final three minutes of play.

Army has been coming along slowly, but the spark that was missing in the early games, was found when the Cadets met Harvard. The new Cadet backfield sensation is Monk Meyers, a long-legged rangy youngster who passed and ran the Crimson defense ragged. With a triple threat man in the backfield and the West Pointers now can be counted upon to go places during the remainder of the year.

Army's greatest teams have always had a good left halfback as the spearhead of the attack. Chris Cagle, Ken Fields, and Jack Buckler were key men of the winning Army attack in other years, and now Meyers has arrived to carry on the tradition.

Meyers, however will have plenty of opposition at Pitt, for comparisons will be made between him and Hub Randour, Pitt's rugged left half. Randour has been the key man of the Pitt backfield all season. He has been tossing passes, running the ends, and driving through the line, and on the defense he has practically backed up the line from his position at defensive halfback.

Pitt indicated in the game with Notre Dame that the Panthers are going to have plenty on the ball by the time the Army game rolls around. There were flashes of cohesion and the old Pitt power during the second quarter, and in the second half the Pitt defense was rugged enough to keep the Irish offense out of scoring distance until the final two minutes of play.

The Pitt backfield with Johnny Michelosen, a sophomore, at quarter, the veterans Bobby LaRue and Randour at the halfbacks, and Frank Patrick, another sophomore at fullback, is now clicking somewhat after the fashion of Pitt ball-carrying quartets of other seasons.

On the line the four sophomores assigned to duty at the ends and at left tackle and right guard are holding up better than had been expected, and less trouble is due from this quarter. The four first year men on the squad are Frank Souchak and Paul Shaw at the ends, Dante Dalle Tezze at right guard, and Tony Matisi at left tackle. This quartet along with Nick Kliskey at center and Art Detzel at right tackle, both seniors, and Bill Glassford at left guard.

The seat sale for the game has been heavy, the heaviest advance sale, in fact, since the first Pitt-Army game in Pittsburgh back in 1931. Indications point to a sell-out by the week of the game.

The Army team will arrive in Pittsburgh on Friday before the game and will go immediately to Shadyside Academy where they will remain until game time.

On Saturday morning the Cadets Corps will arrive at the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Station. The Cadets will be taken to the Oakland district for lunch, and will not parade downtown. After lunch at the Syria Mosque they will form ranks and march to the Pitt Stadium where the Cadet Entrance will be made at 12:45 o'clock, one hour and fifteen minutes before the kick-off at 2:00.

There will be maneuvers on the field prior to the game, and then the Cadets will break ranks for the traditional scramble for seats in the section held for them.

Following the game the West Pointers will go downtown where they will eat dinner.

In the evening there will be a Military Ball at the Wm. Penn Hotel.

Lynchburg Post to be Organized

On September 27th a group of Eightieth Division Veterans from Lynchburg and vicinity gathered for a luncheon meeting at the Virginian Hotel to commemorate the Seventeenth Anniversary of the beginning of the Meuse-Argonne Battle. The guest of honor was no other than that grand old man, General Cronkhite, whose presence with us made possible the first group meeting ever held in Lynchburg of Eightieth Veterans. Also present as our guests were: General Jamerson, the wartime Commander of the 159th Brigade; Major Armistead Dobey, Aide to the Commanding General of the Division; Captain Perkins Hazelgrove, Commander of Headquarters Troup, and Bill Fleming of Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Cronkhite, who accompanied the General on this trip, was entertained at luncheon by the wives of the Eightieth Division Veterans.

This meeting did more to revive the interest of Lynchburg Veterans in the Association than anything that has been done since the Armistice. A committee was appointed with instructions to proceed with the organization of a local Post immediately and all signs point to the completion of this organization in the very near future.

Major Dobey acting as Toastmaster was in fine fettle: he introduced, in turn, Captain Hazelgrove, Bill Fleming, General Jamerson and General Cronkhite, all of whom gave talks reminiscent of our association together in the finest Division of the American Expeditionary Forces.

General Cronkhite brought out the many advantages and pleasures to be had from the organization of a local Post and urged us all to take more interest in the Veterans' Association. Everyone present agreed that the meeting was a grand success and that it should be made an annual affair.

Henry McWane,
Lynchburg, Va.

* * *

Continued from page 5

group it represents to meet its overhead and all the demands made upon it for assistance?"

The answer depends upon whether one believes that there still exists veteran problems, that government questionnaires are easily understood, and that real veteran service is something more than passing out a personal donation to a man who says he was disabled, and relates a touching story.

Our hospitals are now principally supported by the taxpaying public through State appropriations although many of them are administered as private institutions. It is estimated that over ten million are unemployed, and in spite of our newspapers' and radio speakers' convincing arguments, most of us still feel considerably depressed. The problems of the depression have added to the plentiful stock of problems previously existing among the veterans of the war.

One problem has ceased to be a problem. *It is generally accepted that a veteran who is not working should not be expected to pay dues in a veterans' organization or any other kind of an organization, and apparently few 80th men are working.* Since the employment experts tell us that the man over 35 years of age is handicapped in getting placed in a new occupation, it would appear that dues paying members are just about extinct.

Our impressions and ideas about any group of the population are usually formed by contact with a few individuals coming from that group or by discussion and reading—the absorption of second-hand opinions of what some other person thinks about the matter.

The coal miner in Western Pennsylvania may have some critical comments to make on how things may be improved in the Southern cotton-fields, but he is hardly to be regarded as an expert on the subject.

The man or woman who did not see service during the World War with a combat unit in the advanced zone of action, regardless of educational training, social courses, college degrees and other trimmings, is not the best qualified person to render aid and advice to men who went through that experience.

Former soldiers are a cross-section of American citizenship, from all professions and occupations. They are not all heroes and neither are they all bums. These two extremes are the classifications assigned to veterans by the well-meaning public and the majority of ex-service men in recent years have been made to feel that the latter designation is the sentiment in which they are held.

Without going back into ancient history and entering a debate of centuries as to whether the soldiers of a nation who risk their lives, their health and private fortunes to fight their country's battles, right or wrong, are entitled to the gratitude and possibly something more than words in the way of a material reward for their services, the fact remains that the entire history of the United States has been a policy of acknowledging that it owed something to its fighters and attempting to make some reimbursement in their favor.

The land grants to the officers and men following the Revolutionary War were the foundation of many private fortunes and estates existing to the present day. The enlistment bounties, and pensions of the Civil War, the pensions of the Spanish American War, the Adjusted Compensation, rehabilitation, hospitalization and allowance of the World War, have all been established by legislation as legal rights to which veterans are entitled.

Without retaining a lawyer, few citizens ever discover what their legal rights consist of, and without veteran organizations functioning free of charge in behalf of on legitimate claims covered by veteran legislation would veterans and their dependents, the mass of confusion and red-tape connected with filing and receiving consideration be a hopeless obstacle to the majority of veterans.

In carrying on the work of helping veterans obtain what is legally due them according to existing legislation, in helping them overcome the barriers of increased age, unemployment, and infirmities which no one can definitely say were not directly or indirectly due to war service, there are two courses which may be followed.

The charitable individual who makes a personal gift of a few dollars on the strength of an appealing story feels that he has performed a good deed in the cause of needy and disabled veterans. Perhaps he has, but he has also confirmed his own belief that veterans are bums and set up encouragement for the ranks of panhandlers who exist in increasing numbers, not only among veterans, but in every class of society. If he had had the time and required knowledge to investigate, he might have found that the passing beneficiary of his handout was legally entitled to collect monthly, many times the amount if his case were properly prepared and directed through the right channels of the Veterans Bureau.

One may daily drop a dime in a blind man's tincup or follow the more troublesome system of sending an annual contribution to an Institute for the Blind, but there is little doubt as to which method will have the broadest influence for good. We would not have community chests and long established administrative organizations if experience had not proved that human service must be planned and directed to be most effective.

This holds true equally well in the field of veteran assistance. The expenditure of a modest overhead to maintain an office open daily to all who come, the handling of correspondence in behalf of those who must contact former comrades for affidavits to substantiate claims, the use of a telephone to secure information and appointments, the distributing and publishing of information relative to legislation affecting disabled and needy veterans, these are the cogs in the machinery of a broader and greater service than that of the individual handout system. The expense of such organized effort is not assuredly a legitimate item expended in behalf of veterans in need of assistance.

For sixteen years the 80th Division Veterans Association has performed this service. It has not been financed through contributions from community funds, tag days, private donations, bequests, public subscriptions, or other appeals of a charity nature.

The 80th Division organization and office has been conducted for this period by the support of a small proportion of active membership paying annual dues of \$1.00 per year and subscription to "Service Magazine" of \$2.00, by bonafide advertisements secured for the magazine, and by the proceeds secured from occasional entertainments at times of annual reunions, and once or twice during the year. The principal part of this support has come from Pittsburgh and Allegheny County both in the matter of membership dues and advertising.

The depression has dealt a severe blow to the two major items of revenue, that of membership dues and advertising. *Yet the situation so far as the need for continuing the work of the 80th Headquarters is greater than ever before.* There are more veterans in the hospitals and others still in need of hospitalization, there are an increasing number of difficult claims, and there is more unemployment and distress among veterans than there was for several years following the war. What is the answer to this problem? *Must the word "finis" be written at the end of our sixteen year old service record?*

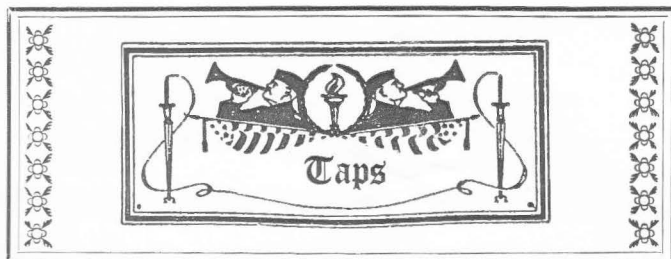
The late Lieutenant Colonel Earl D. Church, D.S.M., former Ordinance Officer of the 80th Division who served as Commissioner of Pensions under President Hoover, in an address delivered at Arlington in 1929, *well expressed the attitude of 80th Division veterans toward their less fortunate comrades.—The understanding that can only come to men who have faced death together in the mud of France, who marched through the long cold nights of October and November, 1918, wet to the skin, hungry, sick and exhausted, yet nursing their courage and pride as Americans to advance when zero hour was at hand.* Col. Church, in his address said in part,—

"And so, as our memories pass from achievements to costs, we give thought to those who, while still with us, are a daily living sacrifice, and those absent ones who paid the supreme sacrifice. There is a bravery greater than that shown in the excitement of battle, and we see it in the grim smile covering pain, the courageous efforts for livelihood by the maimed, and the sustained cheerfulness of the sightless. Our hearts go out to you, dear comrades, and we grieve over your disabilities and marvel at your strength of will. To you must belong the satisfaction of knowing that in no more worthy cause could you suffer, and the high ideals and deep patriotism which prompted your service, is an inspiration to your worthy fellow-men, and a constant reproach to the slacker.

"And then, there is another class which is gaining our sympathy, and that is the increasing number who are breaking early in life due not to wounds nor even to direct service-connected disability, but nevertheless to

shock and strain from service at the front. Eminent authorities say that comparatively few men could undergo action for any considerable length of time without shock to the nervous and physical system, even though not realized at the time which would result in a breaking or slowing up earlier in life than in the normal case and that undoubtedly—although it cannot be measured—such service tends to shorten life to a greater or less degree. And so we must understand and forgive those who slow up in the struggles of life, or who at times disappoint us in our anticipations, *for we know not what of themselves they left behind in the blasted forests of the Argonne.*

“Finally, what of those whose debt of sacrifice was paid in full in the twinkling of an eye? They seem near to us in this hallowed setting of the beautiful City of the Heroic Dead, and some way we cannot but feel that they are here in spirit and understand our deep appreciation and love for them, for which these simple memorial services are but a symbol. No man knows of a certainty why he is put into this world, nor for what reason he is taken therefrom, but *we know that the world was made better by the lives of our dear departed comrades, and theirs should be the reward in Heaven*”.



*Fades the light and afar
Goeth day, cometh night; and a star
Leadeth all, speedeth all
To their rest.*

TAPS

COOPER, ARTHUR S., formerly of Company C, 319th Infantry died at the government hospital, Aspinwall, Pa., on August 11, 1935. He was buried with full military honors at the Mt. Oliver Cemetery on the 14th day of August, 1935.

DUDLEY, CHARLES, former corporal of Battery A, 314th Field Artillery died suddenly of a heart attack, October 19, 1935 while conversing with friends at the door of the City-County Building, Wheeling, W.Va. Funeral services were conducted on the afternoon of October 22nd at the McCoy funeral home. Rev. Wm. H. Fields, pastor of the First Christian Church officiated. Interment was held in Greenwood cemetery. Wheeling Post No. 1, American Legion, conducted services at the grave.

HANKS, H. F., formerly of Company B, 317th Infantry died at his home, 70 Lebanon Hills Drive, Pittsburgh, Pa., on August 23, 1935. Mr. Hanks was the manager of sales at the Pittsburgh Steel Company of Pittsburgh, Pa., and an active member of the Donerson-Hawkins Post No. 24, American Legion. He was buried with military honors on August 27, 1935 at New Bern, North Carolina.

MILLER, RAYMOND P., a former member of Battery C, 314th Field Artillery, died on Thursday, October 3, 1935 at Aspinwall Hospital. He was buried on October 8th from his late home on 48th Street, Wheeling, W.Va. Rev. Haas, pastor of St. Paul's Church, officiated.



PHILADELPHIA POST NEWS

We tried passing the buck last issue, and as others followed suit the result was no Philadelphia news. That was regrettable too, because the stories we heard relative to the fine time our fellows had at the Wheeling Reunion surely deserved space in Service.

Next year we will have to appoint a reunion publicity man; in the meantime let us tell about the September and October meetings plus coming activities.

September meeting was a combination of planning and story telling night. We closed with Rodney Bonsall leading in the story telling.

October meeting was taken up with the reports of chairmen of committees with the following results:

Number one

We wish every Post member and member of the Auxiliary to attend the testimonial dinner given to honor of past National and Post Commander Rodney T. Bonsall, to be held on November 7th, at 6:30 P.M. at McCallister's, 1811 Spring Garden Street. Here is our proposition:—dinner at \$1.50 per plate to post members. This entitles him to invite one guest. The ladies of the Auxiliary are invited to be present as guests of the Post. Make reservations with Post Commander, Thomas F. Doyle, 421 W. 20th Street.

Number two

It is of vital importance to the reputation of Philadelphia Post that we have a full attendance of the members, as well as the ladies of the Auxiliary, at the Armistice Day services to be held at 7:30 on the evening of November 10th, at the Richardson Memorial Church, Walnut Street (east of 60th).

The special troops of the 28th Division have promised us to attend in uniform, and we must have a good number to offset their showing. Be in uniform if at all possible, but please be there. We are certain to have a prominent speaker, and we repeat that the services are strictly undenominational.

On November 10th, at 1:00 P.M., the Post will again participate in the annual parade together with the Veterans of all Wars in honor of our American war mothers and departed buddies. The parade forms at Broad and Hunting Park Ave. and follows to the War Mothers Memorial on Belfield Avenue near Wister Street. Again we request that members be present in uniform—above all BE THERE.

Have you a war trophy? The American Express Company, 1708 Chestnut Street have again donated their window for a display of 80th Division war trophies. Last year our display won favorable comments. Jim Kilgannon, Chairman, has volunteered to call for and return all trophies loaned. Jim promises to be responsible for their safety. Call or write him on or before November 2nd, 622 S. Broad Street.

Bill Graham.

WHO IS WHO IN PHILADELPHIA

Better be there when the band starts playing at Rodney's testimonial dinner on November 7th. E'nuf said!

October meeting was infantry night and now I am positive that the "artillery won the war".

Yet, we looked in vain for such infantry men as Major Koch, Lieutenant Galleher, 'medico Mahon' and Elmer Leddon.

Capt. Leinhauser represented the Machine Gun Battalion.

Sr. Vice Commander George Kittelberger, membership chairman Ed. Boyle entertainment chairman, Frank Mayer and our good pal Alex Hornkohl failed to make an appearance.

Also our best wishes to Dr. Frederick Poole, our chaplain, who has been under the weather for sometime.

Past members of the 80th or friends are welcome at the testimonial dinner, \$1.50 per plate, however, this does not privilege them to bring guests unless paying for the additional plates.

A partial list of those you'll be seeing there include: Commander Doyle, Vice Commander Jack Edmonds, Adjutant Roche, Frank Haenle, Evan Tibbott, Dave Davis, Sam Millinghausen, Joe Clark, Jim Kilgannon, Fred Haussmann, Clarence Salties, Louis Strouse, Ed Dennett, George Bauer, Paul Beck, Bill Mulvihill, Harry McCloskey, Jim Coleman and the writer.

Sam Millinghausen entertained Spitzer, our Harrisonburg taxicab driver, last week.

Be a pleasure to see or hear from such old timers as Bob Stoughton, Bill Cousins, George Guille, Bill Fox, Paul Wysocki, Al. Markart, Bill Bradford, George Burton, Stanley Lichtenstein, John Canning, B. K. Meyers, Max Cochran, Andy Davis, Dave Dunseth, Paul Eitle, Elmer Kiefer, Warren Rareshide, Lew Sokolove, Ed Vessey and others before November 7th.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA NEWS

George A. Moody, Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, has been a patient in the Veterans' Facility Hospital at Mountain Home, Tenn. Moody recently returned home and would like to hear from some of his old buddies. Address him at Route No. 3, Box 249-a, Petersburg, Virginia.

Mike Scher sends greetings to his buddies.

Bill Sledd, Buck Ford and Wulter Smith send along their best wishes, too.

Harris Dreebin is still talking of the good time he had in Wheeling. Harris says that he renewed many old friendships there.

We are forging ahead on the 1936 reunion plans which shall be lined up in a few months.

Bill Fleming, the General and Mrs. Cronkhite visited Richmond not long ago. We were certainly glad to see them; their visit, we hope, was a most enjoyable one.

A Richmond delegation is planning to attend the birthday party given in honor of General Cronkhite's 75th anniversary.

Jimmie Farrar.

319th INFANTRY—COMPANY C

Buddies and their families of Company C are invited to attend the annual reunion to be held at Millvale Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars Building, November 10, 1935.

A. L. Ferrar, Bugler.

319th INFANTRY—COMPANY E

Will hold their regular quarterly meeting in the guest rooms of the Duquesne Brewery, 22nd Street, South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Armistice Day, November 11th at 8 o'clock P.M. Supper and refreshments will be served gratis, to all former members of the company either in Camp Lee or in France. Your presence is urgently requested as there are several matters to be discussed that will be vital to every man. PLEASE BE THERE.

We are still trying to find some one who helped to empty the barrel of wine the night before we arrived at Arthonnay. Has anyone seen the "Terrible Turk"? Whatever happened to the 4th platoon the

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VOTE FOR

JAMES F.

MALONE

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR

COUNTY

COMMISSIONER

—A FRIEND OF THE 80TH—

HONORARY MEMBER

80TH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

*Subscribed by his friends of the 80th Division
Veterans' Association*

morning at reveille at Camp Lee. E Company has always been at the front starting with the Richmond Fair (1917), and every day until the Armistice was signed.

All men of the company drop a letter or call Bill (Wm. J.) Kellar, 725 Broadway, McKees Rocks, Pa., giving him your address and advising him if you expect to attend.

Cy. Madden.

Dear Comrade Kramer:

I am in receipt of your letter of September 23rd, enclosing my membership card and am glad to cooperate in retaining my membership in the Association, and am sorry that I am unable to give any personal cooperation in its various activities. I have been hoping every year that I would be able to get back for the annual convention but for one reason or another failed to make it. I am going to make a special effort to go to the convention next year.

If you should have occasion to come to Kansas City I would appreciate a visit with you, and convey my good wishes to the boys from Company E, 319th Infantry. Please tell them where I am located and that I would be glad to see any of them at any time they happen to be in this part of the country.

Sincerely yours,

John J. Noone, Asst. Cashier,
The Inter-State National Bank,
Kansas City, Mo.

320th INFANTRY—COMPANY A

"Believe It Or Not, it's been did"—Company A had another reunion—Saturday, Sept. 7, at Colonial Park, William Penn Highway. And when I say Reunion, I mean REUNION! There were 31 present—plus Tooth-puller (Doc to you) Pilgrim's and "Lute" Rankin's air mail greetings and Sergeant Seeman's regrets. But, what was lacking in numbers was more than overcome by spirit—"spirits" if you will. Nick Broker, master of ceremonies, was credited with doing a right smart job of the affair — and who was left to discredit but Sam Fleming.

Before we lose what little memory we have left, let us tell you masters of finance, gum-legs, gold brickers—or what have you—that Doc Pilgrim's suggestion was taken to heart that next year's get-together will be held on a Sunday,—was unanimously endorsed, and so be it for 1936.

Yes sir, we held a "business" meeting and the following, reverend gentlemen were elected to office (after much political support and influence): Take 'em and like 'em, President, Nick Broker; Secretary-Treasurer, Bob Wertz; Executive Committee, Fleming, McIntyre, Zimowski, Errett, Escuage, Willig.

Now then, to get down to details, namely, that one that Bob Willig attempted to "fall in" to march to the barn for chow. Bob acknowledged there were at least two dumb men in the A.E.F.—the other one being Nick Broker. Then as an open-air floor show, Walter Boyd issued a challenge to the best "rassler" in the gang. The end of the match found Walter on the sod, with his shirt torn off, right arm intertwining his left, and—counting himself out. Oh, well, what could you expect after a man eats green apples and washes 'em down with Mail Pouch juice?

NOTE—During intermission the general theme reverted to: "Say now, just why in the name of the 'Holy Cow' doesn't some of our original officers take a day off and mix with the gang at our reunion?" Well, your guess is just as good as mine! But believe me, "ossifers," you're missing a lot in this short span of life, by giving the "boys" the go-by. And one of life's happiest moments, just to see those old "mugs" appear and search the features of the other "ugly mugs" for signs of recognition; then sit back and listen to the reminiscent palaver—not of bravoda—but of "do you remember?"

Present (or accounted for): Joe A Karnes, Len McDonald, Louis H. Stairs, Walter Boyd, John Errett, Franklin Stevenson, Bill Douglas, W. G. Karnes, Thomas Kushnak, Myer Cohen, Fred Caster, "Sgt." Willig, B. Achinvole, Ted Escuage, "Mac" McIntyre, Stanley Zimowski, A. N. Klein, Charles Wentland, Walter Posnau, George Karnes, John Andre, Richard Deemer, Ed. Basselor, "Casey" Kobosky, Harry Hugus, Bob Long, Nick Broker, Bob Wertz.

On the way but didn't arrive: Paul Baum!

Bob Wertz, Sec.-Treas.

RE-ELECT

SAMUEL D.
(SAM)
FOSTER

RECORDER OF
DEEDS
OF
ALLEGHENY COUNTY

ELECTION TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1935

(Paid Political Advertisement)

RE-ELECT

ROBERT G.
WOODSIDE
CONTROLLER OF
ALLEGHENY COUNTY

ELECTION TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1935

(Paid Political Advertisement)

320th INFANTRY—COMPANY K

The Camp Lee captain of K Company, 320th Infantry who was shanghaied away from the 80th to be one of the minor organizers of the Machine Gun Training Center at Camp Hancock, Ga. (The A.E.F. of Georgia—Augusta Expeditionary Force), is now back at the old homestead raising kale, cabbage, corn and such. To say nothing of the fat oysters and succulent partridge.

Jeffrey Montague,
Major Infantry, U.S.A., Retired.

320th MEDICAL CORPS

Attention! Pill Rollers. The seventh annual reunion of 320th Medical Corps will be held at the Fort Pitt Hotel on Saturday, November 2nd. The Saturday preceding Armistice Day has always marked the annual affair for the medicos. The meeting will start with a dinner at seven P.M. The committee in charge of the affair are: Pop Case, Steve Yeager, Dr. Pilgram.

All Pill Rollers fall in and forward march for this reunion.
"Doc" Pilgram.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT—320th INFANTRY

On the beautiful Sunday morning of October 20th, a contingent of Medicos, including comrades Case, Erskine, Meyer, Steiner, Wigle, Yeager and the writer, along with Bill Maisch, ex-E Co., 320th (and Reserve Captain, 99th Division), advanced upon the religious stronghold of Comrade Rev. James I. Kalp at Kingwood, Pa., motoring via the Lincoln Highway to Jennerstown, thence southward through Somerset.

Aside from the genuine joy of reunion with our perennial Chaplain and his beloved family (daughter Betty is now quite a young lady), we were more than amply repaid for our little journey by hearing a well-delivered and impressive sermon, liberally interspersed with familiar military references, wherein Comrade Kalp ably compared the qualities of a good soldier in the Army - courage, persistence, self-denial, sacrifice, etc. - with the similar requisites of a faithful soldier in the cause of Christ. It was clearly a challenge to each and everyone of us to continue fighting for the highest and finest things of Life - those enduring values that promote the cause of universal fellowship and peace, and express God's Own Will on Earth.

After an only too brief visit, we returned to Pittsburgh over a shorter but more mountainous route that led us through Connellsville and afforded us an excellent opportunity to admire God's handiwork in Nature at its best.

Before parting, it was definitely decided to hold our big annual Reunion on Saturday, November 2nd, at the Fort Pitt Hotel.

E. J. Kohnfelder.

313th FIELD ARTILLERY

The members who fail to attend the dinner on November 7th will miss the time of their lives. Be at McCallister's early and join in the festivities.

I am most anxious to see an increased number of Artillery men attend the Post meetings. Make an effort to put in an appearance on meeting nights.

Bill Pfeifer, Larry Fisher and Bob Crawford are working at night; this is an important excuse for absence from the meetings.

Where, oh where—are Alex Hornkohl, Paul Eitle, John Binder, Bill Brightmore, Bill Rhoads, Jim Delaney, Bill Lang, Harry Mayer and others? ?

Jim Coleman is one of our old standbys. He attends every meeting, however, Jim is especially fond of party nights.

Grant Walker is still in New York but I do see more of him than many Philadelphia men.

Jack Edmonds, our vice commander, Frank Haenle and Lew Strouse help by being present on Post nights.

Alex Graham, Jim Herkert and Clarence Stoult dropped in one night, but somehow or other forgot about the monthly get-togethers.

Yes, I tried to get a pinch hitter for this column last issue but he failed. Guess our old friend, Sam Evans, will have to be called upon, even though he is in Charleston, W.Va., to help—if 313th is to continue a column.

Bill Graham.

313th ARTILLERY BAND

I have been on the mailing list of The Service Magazine for quite some time. One thing in particular that I noticed, is how conspicuous the notes from the old 313th Artillery Band are by their absence. I admit that as a correspondent I have been rather lax too, but it is not too late for us to begin with a "band column".

Not long ago while in Cleveland it was my good fortune to see Charles Vokoun and George (Izzie) Burt. Of course we talked of many things, but the greater part of the time was consumed with Richmond convention prospects.

In September I visited Warren Weide at New Castle and Bill McMillen at Greenville. They are very enthusiastic about the coming reunion at Richmond.

During my visit with the above named buddies I asked their opinions of making a special effort to get the old 313th Band together for the big time in 1936. They all agreed heartily. Crawford, Cammeratti and Bention seemed to think well of the idea, too.

What do you say, fellows? Let us see how many we can enlist for a real band reunion. If the response is satisfactory we can elaborate on the affair by having an 80th band in attendance.

Just drop a line to The Service Magazine, or to me, with your opinions, suggestions, etc.

Everett T. Fletcher,
Tarentum, Pa.

WELSH POST No. 19, WHEELING SECTOR

Raymond "Nobby" Miller of Battery C, a well known business man passed away at the Aspinwall Hospital after a year's illness. He was buried on October 8th from his late home on 48th Street, Wheeling. The bereaved family have the sympathy of his buddies.

Charles Dudley, of Battery A a well known business man died suddenly of a heart attack while conversing with friends at the door of City-County Building, on October 19th. We offer our sincere condolences to his family.

Mr. William Kaltenbach of C. Battery, 314th F. A., a well known Insurance man passed away at the Aspinwall Hospital after a ten day illness. He will be buried from the home of his mother, Mrs. Kathryn Kaltenbach, 209 East Twelfth Street. The bereaved family have the sympathy of all his buddies.

Commander Henry Neumann, escorted by Sheriff Ed. Steinbicker, Prosecuting Attorney Don McKee, Assessor Karl Sailor, Clerk of Circuit Court L. L. Nighengale, County Commissioners, Ed Lally and Tom Gavin, Chief of Police Albert Megale, and City Clerk Harry Clouse presented Mr. & Mrs. Raymond J. Falland, the newly-weds of the County Clerk's Office, with a bouquet of vegetables handsomely arranged with everything in season.

John Stump, Battery E, has been promoted to route foreman in the Tri-state district for the General Baking Company, Jake says "eat lots of Bread" but be sure you have the (dough boys). Jake was formerly Stable Sergeant of Battery E when they had "A Horse"!

Wedding bells have rung for Wheeling's Dan Cupid, no other than County Clerk J. Falland and Bertha Morgan. Congratulations, Corporal Falland from your Buddies of the 314th.

On Sunday, October 27, the Welch Post No. 19 entertained their members at the local Legion Hall. National Commander Henry Neumann was the presiding officer. All the members managed to get to the meeting on time, EXCEPT our efficient Treasurer, George Beans, who was never known to be on time.

Al Sonneborn, popular Wheeling haberdasher, claims he would much rather be on the Federal Jury (and he is) than attending to his own business.

80th VETERANS

RALLY to O'MALLEY

Former Buck Private Patrick J. O'Malley

COMPANY F, 305TH ENGINEERS ASKS YOUR SUPPORT IN HIS CANDIDACY
FOR PITTSBURGH CITY COUNCIL

REMEMBER—

When Pat hit that line on the old 80th Football Team—helping them reach the runner-up position for the A. E. F. Championship—

NOW—

He wants to buck the line again for YOU in City Government. *Help give him the chance—give him your vote* on Election Tuesday, November 5th, 1935.

 SUBSCRIBED BY HIS BUDDIES OF THE 305TH ENGINEERS

Irvin Baer is now connected with the firm of B. J. Neuhardt, Men's clothiers, and is looking forward to selling his 'Buddies' some new outfits.

If any of you boys are looking for a good home cooked meal, kindly report to Corporal Wm. H. Haberstick at the Musee Bowling Alley. Honest, he can boil water without burning it.

Of all the excuses we do get, when a member walks in the middle of the meeting. Here's one of the latest. Dick Null claims he was held up in traffic in the middle of the suspension bridge, because there was a parade going down the Main Street. Wonder why Dick couldn't have started a wee bit sooner, as he knew there was to be a parade. This parade wasn't anything like the 80th Division Parade, or Dick wouldn't be at the meeting yet.

George Kennedy, local hardware merchant, is quite busy these days trying to get a few more of our 'Buddies' into the fold of the American Legion. More power to you, George, and may you gather them all in.

Now, just a word about the Secretary of the Welch Post, who is **supposed** to be the correspondent of this outfit. Ask Honorable Russell A. Burt if he wishes to take lessons in secretarial work. I think I can find a teacher for him.

Henry Neumann.

MANY THANKS

In behalf of the Wheeling Reunion Committee Colonel Walter Smith wishes to thank the following members of the Philadelphia Post and Auxiliary for the kind expression of the good time they had during their visit to the 16th Annual Reunion at Wheeling. Thoms F. Doyle, Francis J. Roche, Rodney T. Bonsall, David C. Davis, James M. Kilgannon, Benjamin W. Heist, John E. Edmonds, Sam Millinghausen, Frederick W. Haussmann, Jr., Mrs. David C. Davis, Mrs. James M. Kilgannon, Mrs. Samuel Millinghausen, Mrs. Joseph Clark and Miss Ruth Heywood.

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PITTSBURGH WELCOMES YOU

November 9th to 11th



One of the greatest opportunities that has come to the veterans of the 80th Division to spend three enjoyable days in Pittsburgh other than of the time of a Pittsburgh reunion is the program which has been prepared covering the week-end of November 9th to 11th.

If you have never seen the West Point Cadets going over the top in one of their big major offensives then you will be glad to know you will have this chance by coming to the Smoky City for the game between West Point and the Pitt Panthers, Saturday afternoon, November 9th in the Pitt Stadium. The stadium of 70,000 will present one of the most colorful spectacles in football classics to be seen in any point of the United States.

There, at 1:15, the buglers will herald the approach of the Corps, and then through the big gates at the South Entrance to the Stadium will swing the Cadets, 1,200 of them, grey clad, arms swinging, right-facing as they pass Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania's notables, gathered to review. On and on they will come, battalion after battalion, until finally the entire gridiron is covered with them. A rolling Army cheer, and then the scramble for seats as they double-trot to their reserved sections in the stands.

Of course, there is the little matter of a football game to be played, something that is generally lost sight in the excitement of anticipating the glimpse of the Corps.

Their visit will be climaxed in the evening at a military ball to be held in the William Penn Hotel, where the cream of Western Pennsylvania society will do honor to them in the name of charity.

There are few cities which give the attention to the proper observance of Armistice Day compared with the effort and pageantry displayed in Pittsburgh on November 11th. The celebration is not merely a one day affair but usually one of the three or four day duration starting a couple days before November 11th with reunion get-togethers of the various veteran groups, dinners, parties, etc., and swinging into a mammoth celebration on the day of the Armistice. A parade of from about 15,000 to 20,000 is held over a two mile route to the business section of the City in the morning. Noted war leaders from every section of the country are entertained as guests of the City and review the marching units.

Following the parade numerous luncheons are held for the veterans. The afternoon is devoted to entertainment in V.F.W. and American Legion Post homes.

It has been customary for the 80th Division to stage a reunion banquet on the evening of November 11th. The banquet this year will be under the auspices of the General Lloyd M. Brett Post at the old rendezvous "The Plaza Restaurant" at 6:00 P. M.

Starting at 9 o'clock the annual military ball sponsored by the American Legion will be held in the William Penn Hotel. The entire seventeenth floor to be used for this purpose. Several orchestras of national reputation will furnish music for the ball, and it provides a fitting climax for the conclusion of the Armistice program.