

REMINISCENCES OF TWO CORPS MEN OF BASE
HOSPITAL 85, WORLD WAR I

*By Guy R. Moore**

Physicians, surgeons, dentists and nurses were mustered into the service at various training camps following the declaration of war on Germany in 1917. Hundreds of these medics were brought to Fort Riley, Kansas, and given military drill. These men were to be the officers of the several units that reached from the front lines to the base hospitals. About one hundred physicians and as many nurses were assigned to each base hospital.

On April 16, 1918, Captain Robert H. Stephenson of the Medical Corps was given command of Base Hospital No. 85, which was yet to be organized. On May 29, a train load of recruits including many boys from Oklahoma arrived at Fort Riley.¹ May 31, after the holiday, we were mustered in, inoculated and issued uniforms. On Sunday, June 2, religious organizations conducted services and a photographer took group pictures. On Monday, we packed the things we brought with us into our suit cases and sent them home. We were formed into platoons and drilling began. We drilled every day except

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¹Of the personnel who entered from Oklahoma only thirty names have been collected. The Christian names of some are missing, likewise some home towns. One officer, Captain E. W. Tidrowe from Woodward was one of our physicians. Our Protestant Chaplain, W. R. Goodloe, was also an Oklahoma man. Of the corps men, there were: Fred F. Acree of Cameron; George S. Best of Cushing; Otto C. Bogdahn of Woodward; Rexford B. Cragg of Chandler; Clarence Emerick of Wellston; Frank Frizzell and his twin brother from Sparks; Bryant L. Grove from Alva; Homer E. Hale from Claremore; Edward R. Hughes from Woodward; Russell Hughes from Henryetta; Thomas Hinds from Paoli; James W. Jefferson from Whitesboro; Dale Jeffries from Chelsea; Kirkpatrick from Cushing; Paul Little Eagle from Pawnee; John Moody from (?); Guy R. Moore from Pawnee; "Bull" Moran from Shawnee; Alexander Mudd from Pawhuska; George Oaks from Nowata; Harry Pahunka from Pawhuska; Penn from Pawhuska; Walker Penn from Pawhuska; Dixie R. Pike from Chelsea; Penn Rogers from Eaton; William P. Rogers from Nowata; Riley F. Shifflett from Marlow; and Taylor from Ponca City.

Sundays until June 18. Before our drilling instructions were completed the hay flats which had been covered with grass, knee high, were converted into a barren, dusty waste. On June 5, we made allotments to our dependents, sending them fifteen of the thirty dollars which we were to receive monthly. About sixty-five of us were assigned to Base Hospital No. 85. Classes in French were organized which led us to believe that it would not be long until we would be sent across. Two men were assigned to our unit whose talents were to brighten many dark hours. They were Homer E. Hale, a mandolinist and comedian, of Claremore and Dale Jeffries, a violinist from Chelsea. Many were the times we gathered around them and sang "We're Coming Over," "K-k-k-Katy" and other popular songs.

We were instructed in anatomy and first aid. On June 22, we were issued medical packs, which included a belt with pockets containing bandages, iodine swabs, aromatic spirits of ammonia, and other first aid materials. From this belt hung a hand ax and canteen. In the pack that was suspended from our shoulders we carried our personal effects, a meat can and a condiment can. Over this pack was placed our blanket roll covered with half the pup tent. On Monday, June 24, we were moved by train to Camp Doniphan at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Here organization and preparation for hospital work continued. They tested us to see if we were disease carriers. We were taught rescue work of various kinds and how to carry wounded. There was rigid drilling and careful inspection. July 1, was our first pay day.

During the long days of quarantine we contrived various modes of entertainment. On one occasion Simon, of the Jewish faith, decided to raise a mustache, this became the object of our fun. It was decided to bring him to trail for such a "misdemeanor." Fred Acree, an Oklahoma boy, assumed the position as judge. "Attorneys" were arranged and a jury was sworn in. As the trial began the prosecution maintained that the mustache was unsanitary and carried the germs that kept us in quarantine, likewise in wearing a mustache he was impersonating an officer which is illegal. The defense held that it was a necessary asset since it enabled Simon to strain the bugs out of the Oklahoma water. The outcome was that Simon was found guilty and "Judge" Acree pronounced the sentence that the mustache should be cut off by the company barber. A scuffle ensued but one could not withstand so many. Although he fought the operation vigorously, the mustache was so mutilated that he had to finish the job.

It was a happy surprise to many of the boys to receive the rank and chevron of first class private on July 17. Then a final check was made on allotments and insurance policies.

On July 25, one hundred fifty-one men arrived from Camp Oglethorpe, and Camp Greenleaf, Georgia, to complete and fill our unit. Most of these were Italian and Irish who originally came from Brooklyn, New York. The Italians could not understand the English of the Middle West.

Our unit took over the hospital on August 3, and we were introduced to the task of being ward men. Ten days later we were measured for the olive drab uniforms which we were to wear overseas. We were trained in marching with a gas mask, and were taken through chlorine and tear gas in a gas house. We lost our commander, Captain Robert H. Stephenson when Lieutenant-Colonel Charles O. Laughinghouse was placed in command on August 16, after Major Stanton A. Friedberg was in temporary command for eight days. We honored our former commander by presenting him with a handsome leather traveling bag with his initials burned into the leather.

The last week of August, we checked in our cotton clothing, and sent surplus articles home. On September 1, we left Fort Sill for France. Frequent stops were made for fuel and water and at these points women and girls of the Red Cross presented us with candy, gum, cigarettes, doughnuts and postal cards. The troop train ferried into Canada from Detroit, Michigan. We returned to the United States at Niagara Falls where we were allowed some time for sight seeing. Thence the train took us east to Albany and south to Camp Merritt, New Jersey. Here we stayed long enough to be completely equipped for overseas duty. At three a.m. on September 8, we were awakened to make the five-mile march to Pine Landing on the Hudson. We were ferried from there around New York City to the Brooklyn docks where we boarded the freighter the *Canada* of the White Star Line. This was an English ship loaded with wheat and bound for Glasgow, Scotland.² This vessel was a member of a fifteen ship convoy carrying soldiers and supplies and escorted by a U.S. cruiser and the Battleship *Pennsylvania*. The convoy followed a zig zag course across the Atlantic, evidently for safety reasons. Together with us on the *Canada* was the 325th Field Artillery. During the twelve days on the ocean we resorted to various activities. The Y.M.C.A. furnished us with reading materials; news bulletins were posted for us to read, signals were given for time changes, and some of us fraternized with the artillerymen and passed the time at card games. As darkness came on, smoking was forbidden on deck because a glow from a cigarette could be easily detected by the enemy. A three inch gun was mounted on the rear of the boat. Each of us was given a turn at watch. We were to report anything we could see on the surface of the water.

² The *Canada* was sunk during the Second World War.

When we neared the European waters, a storm arose and many became seasick. However the sea was calm on the morning of September 20 when we first saw Irish promontories marked with imposing lighthouses which were welcome sights to all of us. The convoy entered the North Channel and the *Canada* with four other boats entered the Firth of Clyde. Two small boats opened the submarine nets to let us through where we awaited the high tide before ascending to Glasgow. We enjoyed the beauty of the Clyde River Valley, and during the two days that we remained at the dock, we viewed what we could from the deck of the *Canada*. On one of the small boats that passed down the river we saw two men in kilts playing on bagpipes. Most of the passengers were women.

On the second day, we took the train for Southampton, England. We enjoyed the food that the woman presented us at various points along the route but could not drink the thick, dark liquid that they called coffee. It was at Southampton that we had our first knowledge of the Spanish influenza when some infantrymen from the *Olympic* which had just arrived, told us that there was an epidemic among the great number on board which the doctors could not cure. Several had died. The physicians, they said, pronounced the disease "Spanish influenza." A detachment of German prisoners marched up from the docks just before we boarded the channel boat, *Maid of Orleans*, for Cherbourg, France. Despite the heavy winds the little channel boat outran its escort. When we went below, we found that there were no bunks and we had to sleep on the floor. We dropped our packs where we could, and fell partly upon them and partly upon some sleeping soldier. We were stiff and sore the next morning.

When we reached the deck the next morning, we found that we were in a pretty little harbor walled in from the channel by a huge mole. After some maneuvering by French officers our boat was drawn up to the wharf and we marched off. We marched six miles to an English rest camp where we were billeted in small circular tents, four men to a tent. Since the tents were not ditched and it rained a great deal our clothing was wet most of the time. When the various English and American companies marched to mess, they entered in turn as they came from the tents. The mess hall was small and as room was available a company was called to come in. There was a minor disturbance one day when an English sergeant attempted to take his company in out of turn. An American sergeant refused to take second place and after a short argument marched his company in first. The dinner was "chaze and tay" as the English pronounced it. The cheese and tea were good and the bread was good when we managed to break through the crust which

appeared to have been made of sawdust. There was jam to be eaten on the bread. It was good although much sweeter than some would like.

One night, after midnight, we were ordered to get up and shave and be prepared to march through the streets of Paris the following day. Early in the morning of September 25, we were aroused from sleep and after the usual breakfast we were again lined up for roll call. That over, we marched to the railway station at Cherbourg where we boarded the famous "side door pullman" cars that were labeled "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux." As noon approached we ate the lunch that was given us, a loaf of English bread that was shared between two men, some jam and a can of "bully beef," corned beef. We drank from our canteens.

Had the distance between Cherbourg and Paris been located in the United States, one of the trains of the 1918 type could surely have reached its destination in a few hours. Not so in France. When we reached Caen, we detrained and received a drink of coffee. It was much better than the sample we tried in Derby, England. Toward evening we entered what seemed to be a large town. While we stood there a French soldier, who had been wounded in the war, came over to the train and attempted to learn what he could from us. He displayed some of the equipment which he used in combat. Likewise he gave us to understand that the "Boche" were heartless. There were too many of us in the little box car, and sleeping was a difficult proposition.

Daylight was just breaking when we pulled along side of a large depot platform. A Frenchman came close to our box car and Moore called to him, "Quelle ville est-ce?" (What city is this?). He answered "Paris," pronounced Paree. When our boys were told they wouldn't believe that he said Paris. They heard the answer. Here we were and, Oh! we needed a shave. Now were we to march through the streets? At the great exit gate we were loaded into trucks and ambulances. Some were taken to Red Cross Hospital No. 5 which was located at Auteuil, in the outskirts southwest of Paris. The rest of us were taken to a large school building known as "Lycee Montaigne" which faces the south side of the "Jardins Luxembourg" (Luxembourg Gardens).

Shortly after our arrival we were set to work changing the school into a hospital. The school equipment was moved to the basement and hospital beds were moved in and set up. A few U.S. soldiers wearing medical insignia were already stationed at the school. Between working hours we would talk with them when we learned that they were corps men of Base Hospital No. 57. They told us that an epidemic had broken

out among them and that as a result scarcely one third of their outfit was left. Their physicians called the disease "Spanish influenza." While that disease had not yet struck our outfit, we remembered the word we had heard from the passengers on the *Olympia*, and shuddered to think what might happen to us. Imagine our consternation when a corps man informed us that our own Captain Sealy was very sick with the dreaded disease. He was a favorite officer among us because he would mingle with the men. We all loved him. Thus far we had no nurses. A sergeant was assigned to take care of him. We repeatedly asked the "non-com" at meal times to learn of his progress. After about two days it was reported that he was improving and, to our great joy, finally recovered. This gave us more confidence in our doctors for we knew they were learning how to cope with the disease. It need not be fatal to so many any more.

Our commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Charles O. Laughinghouse, found it necessary to employ at least two interpreters. An orderly was sent among the men to ask who could speak French. The first man found was a Pole from Brooklyn, New York, whose name was Wladislaw Mazurkiewicz. He had learned French from his mother who was proficient in that language. The other was Guy R. Moore who had studied French at the University of Kansas.

On October 1, Base Hospital 85 was moved from Lycee Montaigne to another school known as "L'Ecole Duvigneau de Lanneau" which was located at 71 Boulevard Perriere. The same situation faced us as at Lycee Montaigne. The school building went through a period of conversion. In some of the rooms school was still in progress. On the second day, the classes were evacuated and our officers who had been sent to Red Cross Hospital No. 5 rejoined us. On the following day, thirty-two of our corps men were brought back from Auteuil. The remainder were left with the Red Cross in charge of Sergeant Rexford B. Cragg.

A few days later our unit was moved to a cluster of buildings which had been used by the French Army as barracks. These were known as "Caserne Clignancourt" and were located just east of the north gate of the city and inside the wall. The city however extends much beyond the wall. There were four three story buildings, four smaller ones, two kitchens, a bath house, a laundry, a "sechoir" (drying shed), a guard house and a shed for livestock. In front of the barracks stood a high stone wall with heavy iron gates. Parallel with the wall is a wide street known as "Boulevard Ney." The French Army had not yet completely evacuated the plant but were out in a few days. Their officers agreed to make all necessary repairs

but would not install anything new. A locksmith, an electrician and a plumber remained to complete these repairs. The large buildings were lettered A, B, C, and D. "Batiment C" had been struck by "Big Bertha," the giant gun which the Germans operated at a point about seventy-five miles away. The missile had made a hole in the roof about twenty feet in diameter and had gone through to the basement. The holes in the floors diminished as the shell descended. French workmen consumed a month in repairing that damage.

On October 11, Sergeant Cragg and his small detachment were brought back from Red Cross Hospital No. 5. On the following day we learned that medical supplies were beginning to arrive at the Yvry Freight Station by train loads. U.S. Truck units were secured to transport these supplies to the hospital. Our detachment commander, Lieutenant W. W. Stewart, took an interpreter and a detail of men to load trucks and went to the station. Truck loads of hospital beds were moved into the newly renovated wards. Mattresses and blankets came in like manner. Some convalescent patients began to arrive.

On October 12, Sergeants Cragg and Goehner were sent to the Y.M.C.A., and Knights of Columbus headquarters to solicit their services for the patients. It was learned that these organizations had great stores of candy, gum and tobacco which were to be distributed to the soldiers. Later these organizations sent entertainers to the hospital. The Y.M.C.A. offered articles for sale. The K. of C. gave each man a cigarette and a stick of gum, with more at a reasonable price. Also on the 12th the nurses' baggage arrived. One of the smaller buildings was renovated and their baggage brought in. In a short time the capacity of the hospital was increased to 1500 beds, a laboratory was set up and equipped, a dispensary was put into shape, an X-ray room was arranged and the instruments set up. Details worked continuously at the Yvry Freight Station at unloading these articles. The interpreters went on duty shortly after reveille in the morning, and remained until 2 a.m. the following morning without anything to eat except what they might steal from the railroad yards. Thousands of tons of food stuffs were stacked up under the shelters called "quais." Something edible might be taken but the problem of how to live on a short nap from 2:30 a.m. to 5:30 a.m., or less than that counting out the time to go and come, was something to be considered by the interpreter.

By October 18, the hospital was functioning and patients were coming and going. Some of the boys of the 325th Field Artillery drifted back to our hospital. We recognized them as the men who shared the stalls with us on the Canada. They told us that but few of their outfit remained. They believed

that all left alive were in this hospital. A number of Marines who were wounded at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood were sent back to us. Here they stayed, convalesced and took over the duties as gate keepers.

Our bill of fare left much to be desired. There was a regular change of menu with but two alternates. The first breakfast consisted of one slice of bread, one large spoonful of corn meal that had been moistened and warmed, without salt, and uncooked. It would grit our teeth. There was the accustomed cup of coffee which was so bitter that we could not consume it. The slice of bread really constituted our breakfast. The second breakfast consisted of a piece of very fat salt pork and a spoonful of sirup in the place of the corn meal, the usual slice of bread and the terrible stuff that was derived from coffee. There was a third change. This was made up of boiled rolled oats without seasoning. There was a solution of condensed milk with about eighty per cent water to be put on the oats. This was accompanied by the usual slice of bread and cup of "mud." It was not unusual for a soldier to ask for a second on bread. When directed to an East Side Irishman who had secured the "position" of permanent K.P., he was met with a string of infernal profanity, making it emphatic by grasping the long knife with which he sliced the bread and threatened to use it if the soldier did not clear out. The soldier usually went away hungry.

The first noon meal was a small spoonful of "slumgullion stew" and a slice of bread with not even water to drink. The second alternative was a soup made from navy beans served by the same small spoon. Sometimes we were given some potatoes boiled in their jackets together with some of the soil in which they grew. Another change consisted of rice and tomatoes mixed together and served hot but there was never a meal when a man got enough.

The evening meal was best of all. Sometimes we were given a small piece of horse meat, a slice of bread and a cup of what passed for coffee. The horse meat was often replaced by a poor grade of canned salmon which the boys called "gold fish." Sometimes a few pickles were chopped up in the salmon. The third alternative was a spoonful of baked navy beans. Once in a few days we were served some of the corned beef. Many of the men were on detail at supper time and lost out on the best meal. There were but two or three non-commissioned officers who were able to procure any substantial food for their details. The interpreter, coming in at about 2:30 a.m., always complained to the lieutenant over him that he was hungry whereupon the officer ordered him to go to the kitchen. The night force in the kitchen refused service until he saw that the interpreter was in earnest, and on the run to catch the lieutenant.

ant before he could get to his quarters. Many times an officer would reprimand a private on the job because he was found doing nothing. The usual answer was, "Sir, I am hungry." Once when this happened in the laboratory, Captain Arenson, who had charge of that department said, "It seems funny to me that you men always complain of being hungry and after every meal the garbage cans are full." His statement was true but no bread or horse meat ever went into the garbage can. The boys would steal food whenever the opportunity presented itself. The thief was usually liberal with his prize and shared with his buddies. The author was not a clever thief. However he was thankful to the lucky one who shared a piece of crust from a portion of a loaf of bread he had managed to get away with.

A convalescent patient, who was using crutches with which to walk about in the open court, made some remarks that brought the attention of several who were passing that way. Corps men and patients entered into conversation with him. He told these men that during the forenoon when the ward surgeon had visited his ward he had thrown his crutches into the corner and snapping to attention begged the surgeon to mark him "duty." Curiosity prompted a corps man to ask why he wanted to take chances of being sent into action when he could remain indefinitely or as long as his wound troubled him. He answered, "You fellows starve us to death here. At the front we get something to eat if the chow wagon don't get blowed up." He was right. The patients were allowed more for their mess than were the corps men but they received the same bill of fare. Sometimes the patient fared worse if he was on a restricted diet.

A four hour pass could be secured in evenings when it did not conflict with detail duty. On these occasions the men would go to the "Gare du Nord," a railway station where the Red Cross maintained a hut and fed those soldiers who were hungry. A long line of soldiers waited for a few beans or some cheese and macaroni. The boys of Hospital 85 were regular guests. When pay day came passes were secured, and much of the pay was spent for something to eat.

For ten days sergeant Rexford Cragg had been securing chocolate, chewing gum, cigarettes and such articles as were in demand by the patients when on October 24 the detachment commander concluded that this "profiteering" had been carried far enough. He was forced to quit his business. According to his own account the sergeant had lost two francs on the entire enterprise but felt that he had rendered a service to some men who had borne the brunt of the great conflict. The boys were grateful for the service but being unaccustomed to French money did not make correct change especially in the dark. Some nickel coins were mistaken for silver.

On October 24, Sergeant Rexford Cragg with a detail was ordered to replace a like detail under Sergeant Liebich which was unloading patients from hospital trains at the "Gare la Chapelle" which is the freight station for the Railway of the North. They went on duty at about daylight on the morning of the 25th and continued until 4:30 p.m. on October 27. For sixty hours they got no sleep and all that they ate was an occasional sandwich handed them by a Red Cross worker at certain intervals in their work. These hospital trains were unloaded and the patients placed in ambulances which conveyed them to various base hospitals and Red Cross hospitals over Paris. When Sergeant Cragg returned on Sunday with his detail he marched them directly to the mess hall and proceeded to the kitchen where the hard boiled mess sergeant ordered the detail to wait until supper time. Cragg threatened to see the adjutant and turned quickly to carry out his threat when the kitchen force yielded. Long hours without meals or sleep were a common thing. We were reminded that we were at war and we could expect anything.

October 31 was pay day and a day of celebration as well. Many of us attended a Hallowe'en party given by the Y.M.C.A. at "l'Hotel Pavillion." A very good program was followed by hot chocolate, cheese sandwiches and pumpkin pie. The girls in the Y.M.C.A. service told us that they had made the pies. We believed this to be true because French pastry shops did not make pies. We regarded the girls with a great deal of favor for we reasoned that they had arranged those refreshments at their own expense.

On Sunday, November 3, and also on the following Sunday the Y.M.C.A. sponsored excursions to Versailles. These trips were really educational.

November 11, 1918, dawned rather hazy. We went on duty as on any other day. It is true that a few days before we had heard of a possibility of overtures for peace but nobody took any stock in the news. News from the front told that the Germans were retreating. At about eleven-thirty a.m., guns were fired, whistles blown and bells rung. We paused a moment and gazed in wonder at the demonstrations out over the walls. Apache town had gone wild. While we were speculating on the cause of the excitement some officers appeared and ordered all boys who were not on special duty to fall in line. Most of the corps men and a large number of convalescing patients came to the court to answer the order. Some of the patients were walking on crutches. The huge iron gates swung open and we marched out. The streets of Paris were gaily decorated with flags of all allied nations and long streamers of red, white and blue bunting. We marched for some distance but returned in

time for noon lunch. To our surprise we were given what we considered the first good meal since we had come to Paris. After dinner we were turned loose. Nobody had a pass. Nobody needed one.

That evening a number of us decided to go to the center of the city, and see what was taking place there. We found it easy to board the Metropolitan Railway at Porte Clignancourt but when we came to the place where it was necessary to change cars, it could not be done. Such crowds thronged the landings that all passages were blocked. With great difficulty we reached the street above. Crowds thronged the sidewalks and even the streets were filled with a jubilant populace. Frenchmen were shouting, "*La guerre est fini*" (the war is over). Flags of all the allied nations were in evidence. The shouting was bedlam. One would need to be close to another to be able to discern what he shouted. French girls would surround a group of soldiers and shout, "*Vive l'Amerique*" or "*Vive* (whatever allied country their uniforms indicated)." At the Place de l'Opera all the lights in the street were turned on. Heretofore the city was dark that it might be harder to locate by the enemy's air force. We heard a group of Frenchmen in one place singing the Marseillaise. In another place a group of "Tommies" were singing "God Save the King." What did the Americans sing? You guessed it, "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here." The extra-congested streets attested to the truth of that statement. Soldiers were either late returning to quarters or they did not get back at all. The celebration could not be done justice on one day so it was carried over to the twelfth. Military police mingled with the crowd and asked nobody to show his pass. American soldiers took the city. The French surrendered Paris but not to the Germans. American girls ceased to stand back and look on but demonstrated to the Europeans how they kiss their beaux in America. Over near the Louvre an American soldier climbed up the tall fence or wall and mounting a vase resembling a huge flower pot. The French people on the street below expostulated at his actions but he changed the atmosphere when he set his overseas cap crosswise, thrust his right hand into his blouse and shouted, "Napoleon." He did resemble the statue of Napoleon at "L'Hotel des Invalides." He seemed to be able to use the French language fluently for he shouted in that language asking if everybody were happy. A thousand voices answered in the affirmative. He then asked them if they wanted to sing the Marseillaise. In leading their national anthem he showed great ability.

The number of our nurses was not complete. Others were soon to arrive. It took a detail two days to clean up quarters for them and on November 27 they arrived. The following day

was Thanksgiving. The Red Cross gave us a real turkey dinner. In the afternoon we were taken to the Follies Bergere as guests of the Red Cross where we saw the play "ZigZag."

In spite of the fact that the war was over the patients must be cared for and the work of the hospital continued. On December 3, we did a great deal to set the laboratory in working order. Beef blood was secured from the slaughter house and from it serum was extracted to be used in making cultures.

When we heard that President Wilson would come to Paris, many of us took up a position along the Avenue Bois de Boulogne on December 14, the day he made his entrance to the city. All of the vehicles in the procession were drawn by horses.

By December 18, rumors passed about among the corps men as to what the unit was going to do during the next week. Some were sure that we would move to another place and stay there until the last wounded soldier should be shipped home. We were packing all of our equipment into large boxes to be shipped by the twenty-second. Even yet the corps men knew nothing of our destination. This continued all through the rest of December and on into January, 1919. The patients, who by this time had aggregated 2,483 medical and surgical cases, were rapidly leaving. The few that were left were preparing to take their departure for Brest, St. Nazaire, or Le Havre. Before the end of December, we began to discontinue various departments.

On Christmas Eve, the Y.M.C.A. and the Knights of Columbus combined to put on a program for us and to give us a Christmas tree. We enjoyed the program after which Santa Claus appeared and gave each man a box of candy, a pair of knit sox with all the candy, chewing gum, and tobacco that they could hold. On December 25, eight o'clock mass was held for the Catholics while at ten our own chaplain, R. W. Goodloe, preached to the Protestants. At noon the Red Cross gave us a real dinner. This was the third real dinner we enjoyed in Paris. That evening there was an entertainment in the Red Cross reception room.

On December 26, there was a general exodus of patients. Packing up hospital property and discontinuing other departments went on as rapidly as could be done. Our Christmas packages arrived from home on the 30th.

Most of the hospital equipment was shipped away by January 1, 1919. On the third we learned that our outfit was to entrain for Angers the following day. On the morning of the 4th, all the corps men, except a small detail left to dispose of

the remaining property, evacuated "Caserne Clignancourt." Lieutenant W. W. Stewart had charge of the detail which was made up of Corporal Osborne and eleven privates.

At 1 p.m. on January 5, 1919, the unit reached Angers, and marched from the railway depot to "L'Ecole Mongazon," a school building which had been made into a hospital by Base Hospital No. 27. Many ward buildings had been constructed on the school grounds. These structures were temporary, having been erected for the emergency. Upon our arrival we found the wards nearly full of patients and the personnel of Base Hospital No. 27 on duty. On the following day our men were assigned to duty working with the corps men of No. 27.

When we went to mess we found boiled potatoes that had been peeled. There was gravy to eat with them, macaroni and cheese, some stewed beef, and fruit for desert. What a happy surprise! There was no change after Base Hospital 27 left. The meals continued to be good.

In all there were eighty-six wards. Those in the temporary structures were capable of holding thirty patients. Some of them in the three story school building were much larger. At one time we estimated the number of patients at about three thousand. Base Hospital No. 27 had established such a large plant that one base hospital unit could not take care of all the work that had to be done. One hundred forty-one French civilians were employed to help in various departments. Some worked in the kitchens, some folded bandages, some worked with the patients' clothing, some in the bakery, in fact every place except in the wards.

On January 10, Base Hospital No. 27 was completely relieved and on January 18, Lieutenant Stewart with his twelve men arrived from Paris.

A railroad spur extended into our hospital grounds and patients were brought in and taken by U.S. hospital trains. In all 9,929 patients were entered in the hospital at Angers.

On February 15, a report was circulated that all those who had had at least two years of university work might be detached for four months to attend a university in France or England. The course would end on June 30. The allowance for the same would well take care of all expenses. Captain Arenson, a lieutenant, Sergeants Cragg and Eaves together with a patient who was a sergeant and Private Moore applied to go. The order would permit fifteen to go, therefore when it was learned that only six had applied we had hopes that all would be permitted to go. Later we learned that the captain the lieutenant and the patient sergeant were all who were allowed to go. The rest of us concluded that we were victims of the jealousies of some uniformed men who ranked us.

Excursions were organized to visit castles and historical spots in the environs of Angers. Some of us visited the Catholic University of the West. We entered a class in English taught by Father J. Guerif who called upon us to speak to the class. He asked us to speak slowly, which we did, and we found that the students were much interested in the explanations we made of the schools in the United States. Perhaps the most interesting speech for them was that made by Paul Little Eagle, our Pawnee Indian. He told them some things about his people and incidentally spoke a sentence in his native language. We were later invited to visit in the homes of some of the students, children of the dean of the law school, counts and marquises, all of whom we found excellent people to know.

On January 30, Colonel Royal Reynolds succeeded Lieutenant Colonel Charles O. Laughinghouse as commanding officer of our unit. However on February 27, he was relieved and succeeded by Colonel William R. Eastman.

On March 16, a group of corps men volunteered to organize a black face minstrel. Practice extended through the 23rd when we were told that we should put on the show for the commanding officer and other chosen critics. The date for this show was the 28th. The critics pronounced our show proficient and Colonel Eastman promised that he would detach the caste from the hospital to tour France and Germany to show at all American camps. For a name we chose "Fifteen Jazzing Medicine Men." The promise that we would be on our way in a few days was never carried out. In April we were ordered to St. Georges to put on the show for a unit of negroes. We soon found out that our audience did not appreciate our jokes. Before long they became hostile. Sensing the situation we escaped by the back door and made it to our truck. We were none too early because as the truck pulled out the mob had reached the place. Three days later we were ordered to put on the show for an artillery camp in the western edge of Angers. There were negroes in the camp but they were in the minority, and the show was a success. Our last appearance was on April 19, for our convalescent patients.

During the week of April 12, classes were organized in English and penmanship for the Italian boys in our outfit who could speak but little English. Sergeant Rexford Cragg and Private Guy Moore were detailed as teachers. The school resolved itself into the routine of "putting in" an hour each day with poor pedagogical results. The supplies provided were merely magazines from the Red Cross.

During April patients were moving rapidly in and out of the hospital however the average was about five hundred patients at one time. While many patients left by U.S. hos-

pital trains there were some who were strong enough to be taken to the railway station and sent by French train to St. Nazaire. On April 18, some ambulances brought in several French patients. During this month we learned that we were to move out and go home about the first of July.

During April, May and a part of June, several corps men obtained seven days leaves of absence. The points visited in southern France were Nice, Biarritz, Luchon and Cauterets. Our Catholic Chaplain, Father Harry J. Hackett secured leave and visited Lourdes where at the famous outdoor shrine he conducted mass. He was told that he was the first American priest to be given this honor.

We had not been long at Angers when our Protestant Chaplain, R. W. Goodloe was transferred from us and all of the religious duties devolved upon Father Hackett. It was not until toward the close of May that Chaplain James A. Crain and his orderly, Cherette, were assigned to our outfit. Chaplain Crain was a Christian minister, and Cherette was a French Canadian.

By the first of June all of our patients had been sent out with the exception of the foreign soldiers who were soon to be placed under the care of the French. An agreement was made with the French Government that we leave to them the hospital and its equipment. The French physicians came to get acquainted with the location of things used and the method of handling apparatus of American manufacture.

During our stay at Angers, we had admitted 7,840 patients of the U.S. Army. Of these thirty-four succumbed to their various ailments.

Beginning with June 4, preparations were made to close out our work at the hospital. There came the discharge of all civilian employees, showdown inspections, the turning in of all unnecessary equipment. Colonel Eastman was relieved of the command on June 10. On June 13, Father Hackett left for Base Hospital 101 at St. Nazaire, to which place he had been assigned. Chaplain Crain also received another assignment.

Before daylight on the morning of June 14, we were ordered out with our packs on our backs to line up and march to the railway station. From there we rode "fortieth class" to Montoir, some distance inland from St. Nazaire. There we were placed in barracks and inspected several times each day. We often drilled on the parade grounds. Some times we made marches into the country. In evenings, we were entertained by the Salvation Army which supplied interesting programs and served refreshments such as doughnuts and coffee. This was our first introduction to the work of the Salvation Army.

That organization stayed where they were most needed. While the war was on they were at the front and when the war was over they attended the needs of those who were preparing to go home.

On July 6, we set out with all of our belongings to march to St. Nazaire. The march began at about 9:30 in the morning, and we arrived some time in the afternoon. On the evening of July 8, at 8:30, we passed through the Y.M.C.A. hut where we were given refreshments and reading materials, after which we were marched on board the U.S. fruit boat *Panaman*. This boat was constructed almost entirely of steel. It was neater than the *Canada* and did not have the foul smell that was experienced on the way over. The boat left St. Nazaire at about 2:30 a.m. and when the boys awoke on the morning of the 9th the longest promontories of France were sinking over the horizon. The *Panaman* was carrying about 2,200 troops toward home. Together with our outfit there was a signal corps and about fifteen hundred negro troops. We were too wise to ask if any had been stationed at St. Georges. We whites were outnumbered more than two to one so we acted wisely, clanned together and made the best of the situation. The meals were good, the sea was calm. There was no sea sickness on the return trip. On July 12, and 13 the ocean was in a dead calm. On July 13, we met a "windjammer" which we passed to our left.³ That five masted boat had tied up its sails waiting for a breeze.

Shortly after breakfast on July 19 a dim trace of land could be seen but a fog descended and impeded our progress. At about noon the fog lifted so that we could enter New York Harbor. After dinner we docked at Hoboken. After debarking we were taken to Camp Merritt where we were "de-cootie-ized," and moved to another block in a distant part of the camp. On July 21, our outfit was divided never to be reunited. The New York boys were sent to Camp Upton, New York. The boys from Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas were taken on a Southern Railroad train on July 25, 1919. The train proceeded south through Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., Atlanta and Birmingham. From there the Frisco Railroad took us through Memphis to Camp Pike, Arkansas, just north of Little Rock. There we were mustered out.

³ The term "windjammer" is that given to a ship that depends entirely upon the wind for navigation.