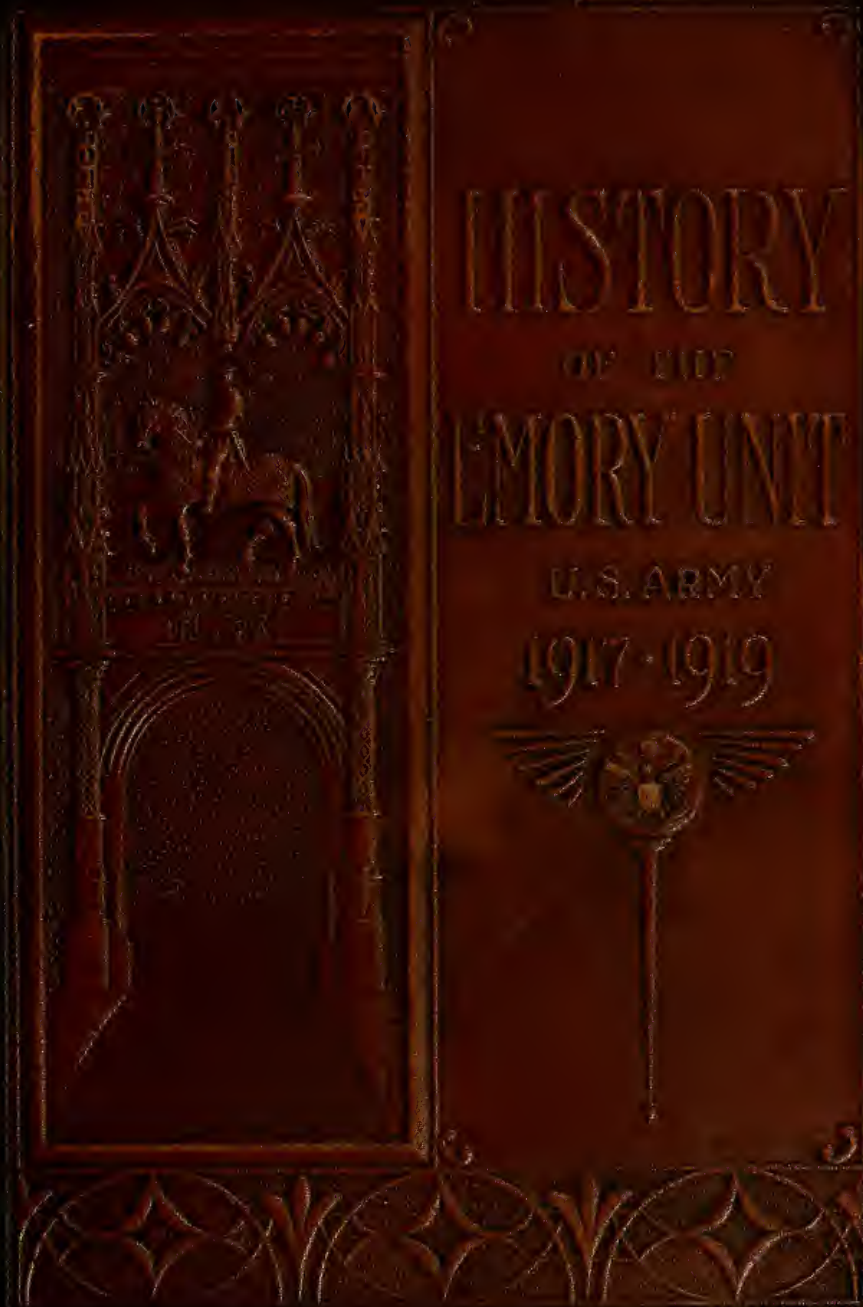


HISTORY
OF THE
EMORY UNIT

U.S. ARMY
1917-1919





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History of the Emory Unit



Base Hospital 43
▼ ▼ U.S. Army ▼ ▼
American Expeditionary Forces

It is
179



LT.-COL. EDWARD C. DAVIS
"The Daddy of the Emory Unit"

Frank H. Coland
15, 1930

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1915



Dedicated to

Lt. Colonel Edward Campbell Davis, M. C.

Who values even more than his
citation from the Commander-
in-Chief of the American Expe-
ditionary Forces, his
sobriquet

"The Daddy of the Emory Unit"





To Base Hospital No. 43

“The Emory Unit”

Of Atlanta, Ga.

Oh brave Crusaders! with the flag unfurled,
Thy part hath not been on the gory-field.
The praise of men, the plaudits of the world
Hath cheered thee not—tho brave thy stainless shield.
The cannons' roar, the star shells in the night,
The crash of battles, and the weltering blood,
Those things which stir the heart to virile might
Were far from thee; tho like a dazzling flood,
Fair Opportunity did beckoning call
Flinging her beacon light aloft for all—
Thou heeded'st not.
Excitement high, (anaesthetizing sense)
Which spurs men on to bold heroic deed,
That wins the honor badge in recompense,
Thy Country's homage, and the crown of fame,
The conquering heroes' universal meed—
Are not for thee.
But thou, who like the Master came to save,
Wast set apart—whilst every human nerve
Cried for the daring dash thru shell and flame,
Yet curbing proud ambition, stayed to serve;
The steady grind, the same sad sights of woe.
While others rushed to battle with a shout;
The healing hand alike to friend and foe,
While others put the enemy to rout—
Required greater courage and control,
Combined with pitying love, and steadier nerve,
A strength which permeates the very soul!
But One hath said, “Yea, greatest of them all—
Than all the truly great, are those who serve.”
And when the honor-roll is called above
By the great Captain of the marshaled host,
Behold, who leads the heavenly hero band?
Lo! those who served with Christ-like brother love,
Uncrowned, unsung, unhonored in this land.

M. A. S.

In Memoriam

This page is dedicated in loving memory

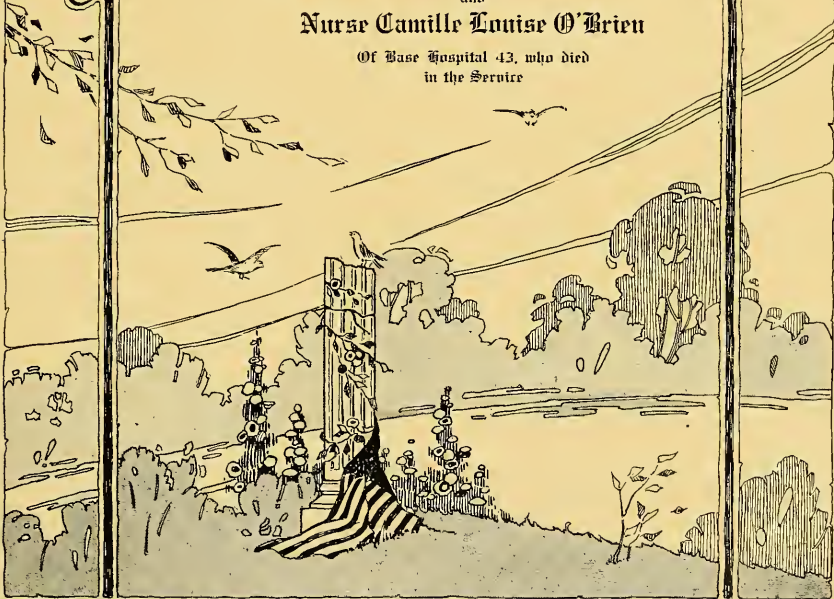
To

Pat. Howard Candler Curtis

and

Nurse Camille Louise O'Brien

Of Base Hospital 43, who died
in the Service





Corra Harris Makes Stirring Appeal For Emory Base Hospital Unit Fund

By Corra Harris.



HE great spring drive is on in France. For a year our country has been making gigantic preparations for this moment. From the Pacific Coast across the whole of this continent every fighting man's face is turned toward France. They have been training, now they are going. They are hurrying by every road from every camp to France. Our transports cover the seas, bearing men and arms, with terrible silence and swiftness, to the awful conflict.

Today three hundred thousand American soldiers are on the battle line in Picardy. Tomorrow ten thousand of them will lie wounded in the crowded hospitals of France, and the next day thousands more will lie there, and every day they will come, stricken men, red with their wounds, silent and patient beneath this awful dispensation of war!

This means that every doctor and every nurse that can be spared must be sent to France, and that they must go at once.

I do not think it is generally understood what hospital service means in France. Every ambulance man is equally exposed with the soldiers in his company. The difference is that he carries no gun, but a stretcher; that he must often be in "No Man's Land," bearing the wounded back when the fighting men are comparatively safe in the trenches. It means that every doctor and nurse is exposed day and night to the enemies' bombs, with no protection except the frail roof of the hospital.

One day in 1914 I visited the British military hospital at Versailles. There had been a terrible battle the night before. Seven hundred wounded men lay in one of the great halls of this palace. The floor was covered with blood and bandages. There was an awful silence, scarcely a groan. Nurses moved like spirits in this shamble of broken life, their faces drawn and white with weariness. The fight was over for these pale men lying in long rows upon the floor against the wall. Their wounds would be dressed presently, and they would lie at rest upon their narrow white beds, or pass into that deeper rest. But there would be no rest for those heroic doctors and nurses neither day nor night so long as battles raged





and the wounded came in a steady stream to be comforted and mended and cured. I was not permitted to enter this awful place, but I was conducted up stairs to a certain ward where there was a long double-row of beds all filled with nurses, ambulance men. They had suffered the vicissitudes of war.

They were wounded, maimed soldiers of mercy.

There are no braver men in this war than these ambulance soldiers. There are no more heroic women in this world than the nurses in these hospitals.

It has been like this for nearly four years in the hospitals of France. We are sending our nurses and doctors to face this life. They will not come back until the fight is over, because they cannot be spared. Many of them will never come back. They will become a part of that dearer dust of America that will mingle with the soil of France. I sometimes think a new flower, never seen before by the eyes of man, will bloom there after this war is over, a fair white blossom beside the golden lilies of France, and it will be known forever as the Liberty Flower, swinging in the wind, sweeter than the bells of peace.

In a few days, a few weeks at the longest, the Emory Hospital Unit sails for France, nearly three hundred men and women, who have volunteered to give their service and their lives to this work which I have tried to describe. Georgia is asked to contribute six thousand dollars for them. It is not a fund, nor a gift. It is a very small insurance against some of the emergencies and hardships that they must endure, and which we owe them, and which is the very least that we can do for them. It is more than a duty, it is an honor and a privilege to contribute to such a cause.



EDITORIAL STAFF EMORY UNIT HISTORY.



PUBLICATION COMMITTEE EMOBY UNIT HISTORY.



OFFICERS OF Base Hospital 43.



ALLGOOD, JACKSON L.
1ST LIEUTENANT—CHAPLAIN

Chaplain Allgood was born May 3rd, 1878, in Drake-town, Paulding Co., Georgia. In September, 1917, he received his appointment as Red Cross Chaplain for service with the Emory Unit. On arrival in France in due time commissioned as 1st Lieutenant in the United States Army. Educated in Virginia Military Academy and Vanderbilt University. He was a Methodist Minister in Atlanta before the War. On February 28th he was transferred to the 114th Engineers.

BALLENGER, EDGAR G.
MAJOR M. C.
F. A. C. S.

Major Ballenger was born November 20, 1877, in Tryon, N. C. Educated at Furman, Harvard, The University of North Carolina and University of Maryland, taking his M.D. from the latter in 1901. Joining the Unit April 2nd, he functioned as Chief of G. U. Department and Commanding Officer of Annex Mixte. Major Ballenger was later transferred to the 26th Division going into Germany with the Army of Occupation. In civilian practice his office is in the Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

BARFIELD, FORREST M.
1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Lieutenant Barfield was born November 29, 1891, in Troy, Alabama. Educated at Atlanta Medical College. He took his M.D. degree in 1915, and in Camp Gordon he took a six weeks course preparatory to service. In his professional life before the War he practiced in Atlanta, specializing in Surgery, both General and Orthopedic. In France he was associated with the Staff at Ecole Superieure, Annex 13 and Mixte Hospitals. His office is in the Grant Building.

BARFIELD, JOSEPH R.
1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Lieutenant Joseph R. Barfield was born January 30, 1882, in Lineville, Alabama. Now living at 341 N. Jackson, Atlanta, Ga. He took his M.D. from Atlanta Medical College in 1913. He enlisted September 25, 1917, and was trained in Camp Greenleaf, joining the Emory Unit in June. He was associated with the Staff of Annex 115 and Ecole Superieure, functioning as Physician and Surgeon. His office is in the Candler Building.



BERLIN, LOUIS

CAPTAIN M. C.

Captain Berlin was born in Moscow, Russia, October 9, 1887. His home address today is 469 45th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1911 he took his M.D. degree from Long Island College Hospital. Joining the Army May 8, 1917, he was promoted to Captain, February 28, 1918, joining the Emory Unit May 30th, 1918. Captain Berlin's work was that of Orthopedic Surgeon, Sanitary Inspector and in the Laboratory.

BLAIR, LESLIE L.

CAPTAIN M. C.

Born December 1, 1888, in Marietta, Ga., Capt. Blair after courses in Emory University, took his M.D. from the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1911. Before the outbreak of war he specialized in Internal Medicine in Marietta. Trained for two months in Camp Greenleaf and eight months in Camp Lee. He joined the Unit April 1, 1918. As Physician in Charge of Emergency Med. Team No. 148, he saw three months service at the Front, at the time of St. Mihiel and Argonne Drives. In Blois he was a Member of Disability and Statistical Boards. He received his Captaincy in February, 1919.

BOLAND, FRANK K.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. C.

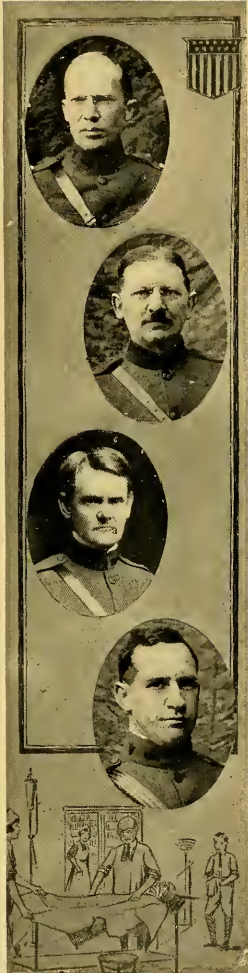
F. A. C. S.

Lieutenant-Colonel Boland was born May 3, 1875, in Indianapolis, Indiana, taking his A.B. from the University of Georgia in 1897, his M.D. was received from the Atlanta Medical College in 1900. Joining us at Gordon as Major he functioned as Chief of the Surgical Service over there, being Commanding Officer of Annex No. 1 and later of Annex Ecole Supérieure. Lieutenant-Colonel Boland's office in civilian practice is 407 Candler Building, Atlanta, Ga. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel February, 1919.

BOX, THOMAS T.

1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Lieutenant Box was born in Alabama, June 16, 1889, but now lives and practices in Columbus, Mississippi. Commissioned in September, 1917, he was trained in the Richmond School of Roentgenology and in Camp Greenleaf. Joining the Unit May 30th, 1918, Lieutenant Box functioned in his professional capacity as Physician and Surgeon at Annex 29, during our stay in France. He took his M. D. from the Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery.



BUNCE, ALLEN H.

CAPTAIN M. C.

Captain Bunce was born in Statesboro, Georgia, September 5, 1889, taking his A.B. from the University of Georgia in 1908 and his M.D. from Atlanta Medical School in 1911, though in 1908 and 1909 he studied in the Medical Department of the University of Chicago. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant September 26, 1917, he was made Captain February 12, 1918, after training in Rockefeller Institute and Camp Jackson. In the Unit, which he joined April 12, 1918, he was Chief of the Laboratory Service. Captain Bunce's address is 824 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

CRENSHAW, HANSELL

CAPTAIN M. C.

Captain Crenshaw was born in Roswell, Ga., April 10, 1877. His office in the States being in the Hurt Building, Atlanta. After courses in Mercer University he took his M.D. from the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1906, joining the Emory Unit April 27, 1918. During our stay in France he was associated with the Staff of Hospital 115 as Neuro-Psychiatric Specialist, in which branch of Medicine he specializes in civilian practice. His office is in the Hurt Building.

DAVIS, EDWARD C.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. C.

F. A. C. S.

Lieutenant-Colonel Davis was born October 11, 1868 in Albany, Ga. Educated University of Georgia, A.B. 1888, University of Louisville, Ky., M.D. 1892. He conceived and organized the Emory Unit, and was Medical Director of B. H. No. 43 from September 25, 1917 to April 1, 1918. As a Major and Surgeon of the Spanish-American War he came to the Unit with a ripe war experience. In Blois Lieutenant-Colonel Davis was Commanding Officer of Annex 13. In civilian practice he specializes in Abdominal Surgery, operating at Davis-Fischer Sanitarium, Atlanta, Ga., where he has his office.

DERR, JOHN S.

MAJOR M. C.

Major Derr was born in Norfolk, Va., January 6, 1881, taking his M.D. from the University of Virginia in 1905. He joined the Emory Unit April 1st, 1918. After the completion of a course in the Cornell School of Military Roentgenology, Major Derr received his present commission in May, 1918. While in France he was in charge of the X-Ray Department of the Hospital. Major Derr's home is in East Lake, Ga., R. F. D., Decatur. His office is in the Trust Co. of Ga. Bldg.



DOWMAN, CHARLES E.

MAJOR M. C.

F. A. C. S.

Major Dowman was born in Quincy, Florida, April 1, 1881. Educated at Emory University and Johns Hopkins, taking his M. D. from the latter. His specialty is Head Surgery, in which capacity he functioned at Annex No 1. He served at the Front from September 1, 1918 to signing of Armistice as head of surgical team. His home in civilian practice is 345 W. Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga. His office is at 78 Forrest Ave.

Du PREE, DAN. H.

MAJOR M. C.

Major DuPree was born January 26, 1883, in Allentown, Georgia. In 1903 he took his B.S. from the University of Georgia, and in 1907 his M.D. from Johns Hopkins, returning to practice in Athens, Ga. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant December 7, 1917. He joined the Unit April 1st, 1918, and was promoted to a Captaincy April 2, and in February, 1919, he received his Majority. In France he functioned as Commanding Officer of Annex 115. Major DuPree took a course of training in Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Fla.

EQUEN, MURDOCK S.

1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Lieutenant Equen was born in New Orleans April 9, 1892, though he now lives at 37 Columbia Ave., Atlanta. After graduating from the Medical Department of Emory University in 1916 he specialized in the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat in the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital, until his commission in the U. S. A. under date of December 1, 1917. Joining the Unit the following April he assumed charge of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinic. His office is in the Grand Opera House Building.

FITTS, JOHN B.

1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Born in LaGrange, Ga., Lieutenant Fitts now has his office 701 Hurt Building, Atlanta. In 1908 he took his A.B. from the University of Georgia, and in 1912 his M.D. from Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons. Enlisting in September, 1917, he took a course in Camp Greenleaf Medical Officers' Training Camp. Coming to the Unit March 30, 1918, Lieutenant Fitts was associated in France with the Medical Staff of Annex No. 29. His office is in the Hurt Building.



GREENE, EDGAR H.
1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Lieutenant Greene was born in Shellman, Ga., January 22, 1889. After a course in Emory University he took his M.D. from Atlanta Medical College in 1915. Enlisting in June, 1917, and after a course at Camp Greenleaf, he came to the Unit on April 1, 1918. In France he was on the Medical and Surgical Staff of Annex Mixte, 13 and Ecole Superieure. He is now practicing in Atlanta, his office being located at 25 E. Linden Avenue.

HODGSON, FREDERICK G.
MAJOR M. C.
F. A. C. S.

Major Hodgson was born September 25, 1878 at Athens, Ga. Educated at the University of Georgia and Columbia College, the latter giving him his M.D. in 1901. He joined the Unit in May, 1918, and in France has functioned as Chief Orthopedic Surgeon, as well as being a member of the Disability Board and also as Commanding Officer of Annex 13. Major Hodgson practices in Atlanta, his office being located at 746 Peachtree Street.

KAUCHER, CLIFFORD L.
CAPTAIN M. C.

Captain Kaucher was born in Philadelphia, Pa., January 15, 1881. He now has offices in the Colonial Trust Building, Reading, Pa., specializing in Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Commissioned June 10th, 1917, Lieutenant, and Captain February 12, 1918. After training at Camp Greenleaf he came to the Unit in May, 1918, and in France was in charge of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Department of Annex 13. Captain Kaucher took his M.D. in 1902 from the Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

LAWRENCE, CHARLES E.
1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Born in Ranger, N. C., January 7, 1889, Lieutenant Lawrence has his civilian practice in Atlanta. He took his M.D. from Atlanta Medical College in 1914. Was commissioned December 9, 1915, and after a course in Rockefeller Institute came to the Unit in April, 1918. In France he functioned on the Laboratory Staff. His office is in the Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.



MARIETTA, SHELLY U.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. C., U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marietta was born January 5, 1881 in Palmyra, Iowa. Graduated in 1902 from Drake University with the Degree of D.D.S., and from the University of Illinois in 1909 with degree of M.D. Entering the Regular Army shortly after, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel in February, 1918. On April 2, 1918 he assumed command of Base Hospital 43, continuing as Commanding Officer until February 1, 1919, when he was relieved and assigned to Hospital Center Savenay.

McALLISTER, JAMES A.

1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Born October 3, 1892, in Mt. Vernon, Ga. In 1914 he took his M.D. from the Atlanta Medical College. After courses in Camp Crane, Ray and Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., he joined the Unit April 2, 1918, at Gordon. Over there he functioned as Surgeon at Annex 1. His office is in the Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

McGEE, JAMES P.

1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Lieutenant McGee was born January 12, 1891, in Union County, Ga., taking his A.B. from North Georgia Agricultural College in 1911, and his M.D. from Atlanta Medical College in 1916. He was commissioned November 6, 1917, and after a course at Camp Greenleaf, joined the Unit February 24, 1918, and served as Adjutant until the demobilization of the organization. Lieutenant McGee's home is in Dahlonega, Ga. He was an Instructor in Anatomy in Atlanta Medical College when he enlisted into the Service.

OSBORNE, JOSEPH D.

1ST LIEUTENANT D. C.

Lieutenant Osborne was born in Savannah, Ga., September 6, 1886; his home today is 765 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga. Taking his D.D.S. from Atlanta-Southern Dental College in 1911, he practiced Oral Surgery until receiving his commission April 21, 1918. On May 1 he joined the Unit and functioned as an Oral Surgeon while in France. Dr. Osborne is located in the Candler Building.



PERSON, WELDON E.

CAPTAIN M. C.

Captain Person was born July 29, 1879, in Clirmont, Mississippi. After a course at the University of Florida he took his M.D. from the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1901. Commissioned July 30, 1917; afterward had courses in Camp Wadsworth, S. C., and in the New York Neurological Institute. Captain Person came to us April 2. In civil practice he is a Surgeon in Atlanta. In France he was Commanding Officer of Annex No. 1. He is located in the Candler Building.

PHILLIPS, CHARLES

CAPTAIN M. C.

Captain Phillips was born October 27, 1883 in New York City. Educated at Columbia, he took his M.D. in 1906, specializing in civilian practice in Gynecology in his Home City. Specially trained for war work in Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. He came to us May, 1918. His work with the Unit was that of Registrar, Capt. Phillips was promoted to Captaincy February 17, 1919.

RAWLINGS, FRED B.

1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Lieutenant Rawlings was born August 12, 1889, in Sandersville, Ga., where he is now associated with Rawlings' Sanitarium. He took his B.S. in 1910, and his M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1915. Commissioned October 6, 1917. He came to the Emory Unit April 22, 1918. Lieutenant Rawlings was on the Surgical and Medical Staff of Mixte Hospital.

ROBERTS, JAMES W.

CAPTAIN M. C.

Captain Roberts was born February 9, 1886, in Elberton, Ga., taking Ph.B. Emory in 1909, and M.D. Atlanta Medical College, 1913. After special war training at Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, Camp Hancock, and Ft. McPherson, he came to the Unit, April 2, 1918. He specialized in General Surgery at Annex Ecole Superieure. He went to the Front with operating team from September 1, 1918 to end of War. He practices from his office, 407 Candler Building, Atlanta.



SAULS, HENRY C. "JAKE"

CAPTAIN M. C.

Captain Sauls was born February 28, 1887, in Marietta, Ga., though he now resides in Atlanta, his office and home being 897 Peachtree Street. Taking his M.D. from Atlanta Medical College Captain Sauls graduated from the M. O. T. C. at Camp Greenleaf April 2, 1918, coming to us immediately afterwards. From April to July, 1918, he was Detachment Commander; from July, 1918 to January, 1919, on Medical Service, after which he resumed his former position as Detachment Commander. His office is in the Hurt Building.

SILLIMAN, GROVER A.

1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Lieutenant Silliman was born November 21, 1890, in Westford, New York, his present home being Delhi, of the same State. He took his M.D. from Baltimore Medical College in 1913. After a course in Bellevue Hospital, New York, specializing in Carrell-Dakins and Fractures. He was commissioned July 26, 1917. In France he functioned as Recorder, Member of Disability Board, Receiving Officer, as well as being on the Staff of Annex 13.

SIMS, HARRY J.

1ST LIEUTENANT M. C.

Lieutenant Sims was born April 22, 1890, in Oklahoma. After studying at Vanderbilt University, he took his M.D. from the University of Tennessee in 1913. He came to us from Fort Riley, Kansas, April 22, 1918. During our stay in France Lieutenant Sims was a Medical Officer on the Staff of Annex No. 115.

STOCKARD, CECIL

CAPTAIN M. C.

Captain Stockard was born in Columbus, Mississippi, and after taking his M. D. from the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, came into the service as Lieutenant in June, 1917. In France he was associated with the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Department at Annex 13, for which work he trained in Camp Beauregard, Louisiana. His home address is 325 N. Moreland Avenue, Atlanta, Ga. His office is in the Candler Building.



STREET, WILLIAM E.
1ST LIEUTENANT Q. M. C.

Lieutenant Street was born in Golden, Colorado, though his home is now Bradentown, Florida. Commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the 1st Officers Training Camp, he was promoted March 12, 1918, coming to the Unit April 5, 1918 as Quartermaster. Lieutenant Street took his B.S. from the University of Florida in 1914, and in civilian life was a manufacturer of fruit juices and products.

STRICKLER, CYRUS W.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. C.

Lieutenant-Colonel Strickler was born November 1, 1873 in Augusta County, Virginia. After a four years' course in Washington and Lee, he entered the Atlanta Medical College, taking his M.D. degree in 1897. Since that time he has practiced his profession of Internal Medicine in Atlanta. Commissioned a Major May 6, 1918, he functioned as Executive and Summary Court Officer while in Blois. On February 20th he assumed command of Base Hospital 43, and on March 1st was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His home address is 95 E. 14th St., Atlanta, Ga.

WALLACE, WITHERSPOON
1ST LIEUTENANT D. C.

Lieutenant Wallace was born in Wallaceville, S. C., September 28, 1887. His present home is 84 Elmira St., Atlanta, Ga. After taking his D.D.S. from Atlanta Dental College, he was commissioned July 20, 1917, and came to the Emory Unit in April, 1918. In Atlanta he functioned as a Dental Surgeon, and his work in France was of a like nature. He has his office in the Candler Building.

Attached Officers

The following officers were attached to Base Hospital 43 either at Camp Gordon or "over there," for temporary duty. Some of them were with us but a short while, others labored with us for months, but they all contributed gladly to make the Emory Unit a success:

ALLEN, JAMES H., 1st Lieutenant M. C. 102 Ash St., Brockton, Mass.
Orthopedic Surgery.

BARNETT, JACKSON H., Major M. C. 601 Duncan Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Surgery.

BELLINGER, VICTOR E., 1st Lieutenant M. C. Scotts Bluff, Neb.
Surgery.



- BLACK, ROBERT C., 1st Lieutenant M. C. 1419 N. 31st St., Birmingham, Ala.
General Surgery.
- BREWSTER, ALBERT H., 1st Lieutenant M. C. College Park, Ga.
Internal Medicine and Surgery.
- BRUCE, JAMES W., Captain M. C. 1411 3rd Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Internal Medicine.
- CONWAY, BERNARD P., 1st Lieutenant M. C. 7500 Stoney Island Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Surgery.
- DeMOSS, GEORGE O., 1st Lieutenant M. C. Manchester, Iowa.
Surgery.
- DONOVAN, HARRY W., 1st Lieutenant D. C. 53 Spring St., Kingston, N. Y.
Dental Surgery.
- DREYER, ADOLPH E., 1st Lieutenant M. C. 1383 Military St., Detroit, Mich.
Internal Medicine.
- FRENCH, STEPHEN F., 1st Lieutenant D. C. 132 S. Menard Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Dentist.
- GEIGER, ULYSSES S., 1st Lieutenant M. C. (Address unobtainable.)
General Medicine.
- GILLETTE, CURTENIUS, Major M. C. 111 E. 64th, New York, N. Y.
General Medicine.
- GOODWYN, THOMAS P., 1st Lieutenant M. C. Atlanta, Ga.
Surgery.
- HASKINS, JOHN L., Major M. C. 1822 Vine Place, Minneapolis, Minn.
Internal Medicine.
- HOWLAND, JOHN P., Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. Buffalo, N. Y.
General Surgery.
- MCCORD, JAMES R., 1st Lieutenant M. C. 805 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.
Obstetrics and Gynecology.
- MCDOWELL, JAMES E., 1st Lieutenant M. C. 5006 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Genito-Urinary.
- PAULLIN, JAMES E., Major M. C. 38 W. 15th St., Atlanta, Ga.
Internal Medicine.
- PERKINS, ARCHIBALD T., 1st Lieutenant M. C. South Otselic, N. Y.
General Medicine and Surgery.
- PLANT, JOSEPH H., 1st Lieutenant M. C. Jamestown, N. Dak.
Surgery.
- PRESTON, ARTHUR M., 1st Lieutenant S. C. Del Rio, Texas.
Mess Officer and Assistant Adjutant.
- ROBINSON, FRANK C., Major M. C. 265 N. Sycamore St., Martinsville, Ind.
Surgery.
- STUART, CHARLES E., 2nd Lieutenant Q. M. C. Pembroke, N. C.
C. O. 162 Labor Bu.
- THOMAS, EARL W., 1st Lieutenant M. C. 1072 Lovejoy St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Surgical and Internist.
- TOLAND, WILLIAM A., Captain M. C. (Address unobtainable.)
Surgery.
- WILLIAMS, BENJAMIN H., 1st Lieutenant S. C. Putnam, Ill.
Medical Supply.
- WILSON, ROSS M., 1st Lieutenant M. C. 400 W. 160th St., New York, N. Y.
Surgery.
- WRIGHT, OSCAR R., 1st Lieutenant M. C. (Address unobtainable.)
Surgery.
- ZIMMERMAN, RANDALL, Captain M. C. 225 Hay St., Wilksburg, Pa.
General Medicine and Surgery.



The Nurses of the Emory Unit



Foreword

EARLY in the history of our stay Over There one thing was lacking—the presence of our own Nurses. They did not arrive until August 6th, 1918, and then almost immediately, due to emergencies elsewhere, many went on detached service with hospital trains and other organizations.

¶ It is therefore with a deep sense of regret that the Editors note the incompleteness of data obtainable.

¶ The part the Nurses have played in "The Great Adventure" was fundamental, and appreciation for their work and recognition of their self-sacrifice is rather heightened by the very fact that they were so necessary not only to our own hospital, but to many other organizations functioning as agencies of mercy.

¶ At home nearly all of those whose names follow are at the service of those who in time of need are dependent upon their ministrations in the sick room.





NURSES OF BASE HOSPITAL No. 43.



DANTZLER, CAROLINE S.

R. N., A. N. C. CHIEF NURSE.

Miss Dantzler enlisted May 16, 1918, from her home in Elloree, S. C., as Chief Nurse. She had charge of that department while Base 43 functioned as a hospital.

ALEXANDER, LENA MARY

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Alexander's home is 362 Carroll Street, Akron, Ohio. She enlisted January 28, and in France was on duty in Annex Mixte.

ALEXANDER, EDNA EULA

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Alexander may be addressed care of Mecklenburg Hotel, Charlotte, N. C. Enlisting November 19, 1917, in France, she was on duty both at Annex No. 13 and Ecole Superieure.

ANDERSON, LEILA HARRISON

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Anderson is from Cedartown, Ga. She enlisted April 26, 1918, and her work as a nurse was localized in Annexes 29, 13 and Ecole Superieure.



BAGGARLY, GRADIE LILLIE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Baggarly's home is in Griffin, Ga. She enlisted February 18, 1918, and was on duty both as Nurse and Dietitian in Mixte Hospital.

BAIRD, OSA

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Baird lived at 468 Lee Street, Atlanta. Enlisting April 6, 1918, she was on duty in Annex 29. Since returning to civil life Miss Baird has joined the ranks of the benedicts.

BARTLEY, MARGARET PERRY

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Bartley's address is 62 Waverly Way, Atlanta, Ga. Enlisting April 10, 1918, she served in Annexes No. 1, 13 and Ecole Superieure as Surgical Nurse.

BELL, PAULINE ELIZABETH

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Bell lives in Waynesville, N. C. She enlisted May 16, 1918, and in France was on detached duty with a hospital train.



BOND, ADA ELOISE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Bond lives in Greenwood, South Carolina. She enlisted May 14, 1918, and was on duty in Annex 29 as a Medical Nurse.

BOOTH, CLEO

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Booth lives in Lawrenceville, Ga. She enlisted May 6, 1918, and after going to France was on duty in Annex Mixte,

BRADY, ELOISE

(Photo unobtainable.)

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Brady is from Savannah, Ga., living at 619 Montgomery Street. Enlisting May 20, 1918, she worked as Surgical Nurse in Annexes No. 1, 29 and Ecole Superieure.

BROWN, MYRTICE SOULE

(Photo unobtainable.)

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Brown lives at 12 Power Street, Atlanta, Ga. Enlisting April 6, 1918, she was on duty as Surgical Nurse in Annexes 13 and Ecole Superieure.



BURNS, DOROTHY ELLEN

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Burns' home was in Jacksonville, Alabama. She enlisted May 16, 1918, and worked on Hospital Train No. 65 while in France. She is now married—Mrs. Sutton, W. Peachtree, Atlanta.

BUSH, MARY ELIZABETH

R. N., A. N. C.

The home of Miss Bush is 205 Peachtree Street, Atlanta. She enlisted April 6, 1918, and while in France functioned as Dietitian and Medical Nurse in Annexes No. 13 and 29.

CALLAWAY, MRS. EULA

R. N., A. N. C.

"Mother" Callaway lives in Madison, Ga. She enlisted February 18, 1918, and was on duty as a Surgical and Medical Nurse at Annexes Nos. 1 and 29.

CHAPIN, WILMA BIXBY

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Chapin is at home at 1819 Kenilworth Avenue, Chicago, Ill. She enlisted May 13, 1918, and in France she was Surgical Nurse in Annex No. 13 and Ecole Superieure.



CHAPMAN, LAURA KATHERINE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Chapman can be reached at Grady Hospital, Atlanta, Ga. She enlisted April 6, 1918, and functioned as Head Surgical Nurse in Annexes No. 13 and Ecole Superieure.

COATES, NETTIE ELIZABETH

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Coates is Operating Room Supervisor at the Georgia Baptist Hospital, Atlanta, Ga. She enlisted April 6, 1918, and while in France was an Operating Room Nurse in the Operating Room of Annex No. 1.

CHRISTIAN, CARREE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Christian's home address is Cornelia, Ga. Enlisting April 23, 1918, in France she functioned as a Medical and Surgical Nurse in Annexes Nos. 13, 115 and Ecole Superieure. In spite of Government reports to the contrary Miss Christian is alive and well.

COTHRAN, ANN

(Photo unobtainable.)

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Cothran's present home address is Greenville, S. C. She enlisted May 16, 1918, and after coming to France was located for duty in Annexes No. 29 and Ecole Superieure.





CRISSON, MARGARET

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Crisson may be addressed 147 Peeples Street, Atlanta, Ga. She enlisted April 6, 1918, and during our stay in France was on duty as Night Supervisor.

COBLE, MARY ELLEN

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Coble's home is in Waynesville, North Carolina. She enlisted April 8, 1918, and she was on duty as a Medical Nurse in Mixte Hospital.

COLEMAN, ANNIE BELL

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Coleman, when at home, lives in Cedartown, Ga. She enlisted May 10, 1918, and acted as a Medical Nurse in Annex No. 115.

CHAMBERLAIN, LUCY J.

Miss Chamberlain, a civilian, came into service May 25, 1918. Her home address is 2144 Post Street, Jacksonville, Fla., care of G. B. Hills. She acted as Secretary in the office at headquarters.



DARGAN, THELMA M.

Miss Dargan, another civilian employee, came to us May 30, 1918. Her home address is care of Mrs. Martin B. Dunbar, Dunbar Apartments, Piedmont Avenue, Atlanta, Ga. Her work was in Headquarters Office.

DAUGHTREY, MARCIA ESTELLE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Daughtrey enlisted April 23, 1918. Her mail address is 812 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., care of Mrs. Louis S. Hardin. In France she was on duty both at Annex No. 13 and Mixte Hospitals.

DENTON, SUSIE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Denton enlisted April 23, 1918. Her home is in Brownwood, Ga., where she may be addressed care of her father, David J. Denton. In France Miss Denton was on duty in Annex 29.

EVANS, FLORENCE MARGARET

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Evans enlisted November 19, 1917. Her home address is East Amelia Avenue, Tampa, Florida, care of her father, William M. Evans. In France she was on duty at Annex 115.



FALLS, RUBY

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Falls enlisted April 9, 1918. Her home address is care of Mrs. Lee A. Falls, 1309 Buncombe Street, Greenville, S. C. After arriving in France she was on duty at Annex 13 and Ecole Superieure.

FARMER, MATTIE P.

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Farmer enlisted May 16, 1918. Her home address is Atlanta, Ga., care of Miss Mary Lou Farmer, Federal Reserve Bank. She was on duty at Annex No. 1 while in France.

FEARNSIDE, BLANCHE G.

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Fearnside enlisted April 9, 1918. Her home address is Madison, Ga., care of Mrs. James G. High. In France Miss Fearnside was on duty at Annex No. 1.

FEAZEL, MARY ISABEL

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Feazel came into the Unit by enlistment, May 3, 1918, and worked both in Annex No. 1 and Ecole Superieure, during her stay in France. Her address is Lodi, Ohio, care of Mrs. Charles E. Knapp.



FARR, FRANCES BELL

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Farr enlisted April 9, 1918, from her home in Clinton, South Carolina, where she may be addressed, care of Mrs. Robert C. Farr. She was on duty "over there" in Annex Ecole Superieure.

FITTS, TRESSIE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Fitts' home is Atlanta, Ga., her address being care of Mrs. R. W. Rickley, Route A, Box 356. With the Unit in France she worked in Annex No. 13, and later transferred to Hospital Train No. 66.

FOX, EMILU

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Fox enlisted at the same time with her sister, that is, April 9, 1918. Her home address was Norman Park, Georgia. While in France she worked in Annex No. 13, and later transferred to Chaumont. Miss Fox is now Mrs. Lewis Bayles, of Birmingham, Ala.

FOX, MISS LENA OZELLA

R. N., A. N. C.

Enlisting April 9, 1918, Miss Fox came from Norman Park, Georgia, where she may be addressed care of her father, John C. Fox. Miss Fox acted as Nurse in charge of Annex 29, while in France.



FULLER, LAVINIA

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Fuller's home is 307 East Pine Street, Atlanta, Ga. She enlisted in the Unit April 8, 1918, and while in France was on duty in Annex No. 29.

GODFREY, IDA MAY

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Godfrey enlisted May 16, 1918. Her address is care of Mrs. Israel H. Bryant, Harrodsburg, Kentucky. She was on duty at Annex 13 and Hospital Train No. 66, while the Unit was in France.

GREGORY, BEATRICE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Gregory enlisted May 16, 1918. Her mailing address was care of James J. Gregory, Eton, Georgia. After going to France she was on duty at Mixte Hospital. Upon her return to civil life Miss Gregory became Mrs. Rex Barfield.

HALL, FLORENCE MAY

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Hall is a product of England, her home being 11 Bangor Road, Birmingham, England. She joined the Unit February 19, 1918, and in France worked at Annex 29. Miss Hall has married since being mustered out.



HARRELL, JEAN

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Harrell is a South Carolinian, her home address being Maryville, of that State. She enlisted April 9, 1918, and was on duty in Annex 13.

HARWELL, GLADYS

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Harwell's address is care of Mrs. F. A. Ingram, Anniston, Alabama. She enlisted April 23, 1918, and was on duty in Annex Ecole Superieure.

HATCHER, BETTIE S.

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Hatcher's address is care of Mrs. Clifton C. McCall, 451 Duncan Street, Macon, Georgia. She enlisted in the Emory Unit May 27, 1918. In France she was on duty in Annex 29.

HATFIELD, AMY A.

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Hatfield enlisted May 22, 1918. Her address is 247 Decatur Street, Brooklyn New York, care of Mr. E. C. Harning. In France she was on duty in Annex Ecole Superieure.



HENNEMEIER, MARY

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Hennemeier lives at 1020 East Bolton Street, Savannah, Ga. Enlisting May 16 1918, she was on duty in Annex 115 during her stay in France.

HERRING, ESTELLE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Herring enlisted April 23, 1918. Her home, before the War, being in Calvary, Georgia. While in France she was on duty in Annex Mixte and Annex 13.

HILL, CAROLINE C.

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Caroline "Red" Hill enlisted November 19, 1918. Her home is in Montezuma, Georgia. During our stay in France she was on duty in Annex 29, both as Medical Nurse and Dietitian.

HUGULEY, NANNIE MAE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Huguley lived at 236 College Street, Macon, Georgia. She enlisted February 19, 1918, and in France was on duty in Annex 115. She is now married.



JEFFRIES, BERNICE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Jeffries lived in Atlanta, 155 Cleburne Avenue being the street address. She enlisted April 23, 1918, and was on the Nurses' Staff at Annex 115 while in France. She is now married.

JOHNS, SARAH ETHEL

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Johns is another Atlanta girl, living at 87 Park Street. She enlisted May 16, 1918, and was on the Staff of Annex 115.

JOHNSON, JOHN ORA

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Johnson enlisted April 15, 1918. She may be addressed care of Davis-Fischer Sanitarium, Atlanta, Ga., where she is superintendent. In France she was on the Nursing Staff of Hospital Annex Mixte.

JOHNSON, MARY CELIA

R. N., A. N. C.

Enlisting February 19, 1918, Miss Johnson, on going to France, assumed charge for a while of the Nursing Staff of Annex No. 1. Her home address is Hendersonville, N. C.



JONES, MARY LUCILE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Jones is a native of Fitzgerald, Georgia. On May 16, 1918, she enlisted in the Emory Unit, and upon arrival in France she went on duty at Annex No. 1.

JONES, RAY

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Ray Jones is also from Fitzgerald, Georgia, she and her sister calling 213 Palm Street home. Enlisting April 23, 1918, she was on the Staff of Annex Mixte. She is now married.

KINNEY, CAROLINE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Kinney enlisted April 9, 1918, and after arriving in France went on duty in Annex Mixte. Her home address is care of Mrs. Mary C. Kinney, 830 N. Seventh Street, Memphis, Tennessee.

LITTLE, ESTER LORRAINE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Little enlisted April 9, 1918, in the Emory Unit. Her home is in Tallapoosa, Georgia. While in France she was on the Nursing Staff of Annex Mixte and Annex Ecole Superieure.



LOVELACE, YVONNE EDWIN

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Lovelace enlisted February 18, 1918, and while in France was attached to Annex Ecole Superieure. Her home address was 18 Pearce Street, Atlanta, Ga., care of Mrs. H. E. Shindlebower. Miss Lovelace married in France, but kept it a secret from all except a few intimate friends.

LUCKIE, ANNIE MAE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Luckie enlisted November 19, 1917, from her home in Sparks, Georgia. After arriving in France she was on the Staff of Annex I, both as Surgical Nurse and Dietitian.

MARTIN, KATIE MAE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Martin's home is 589 Meigs Street, Athens, Ga. She enlisted in the Emory Unit February 18, 1918, and was on duty at Annex 13 and, Ecole Superieure during our stay in France.

MILLER, ANNIE PEARL

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Miller enlisted April 6, 1918, in the Emory Unit. Her home is in Hillsboro, New Brunswick, Canada, where she may be addressed care of her father, Edward Miller. Miss Miller was Head Nurse of Annex No. 115 during our stay in France.



MURRAY, RUTH

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Murray enlisted in the Emory Unit from her home in Athens, Georgia, May 16, 1918. After going to France she was on the Nursing Staff of Annex No. 115.

McCANN, MARGARET J.

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss McCann enlisted April 6, 1918, for service in France. During her stay there she worked at Annex 29. Her address is 1512 Haleshaw Street, Savannah, Georgia.

McCOY, CORA JANE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss McCoy enlisted February 16, 1918, and functioned as Dietitian in Hospital No. 29. Her home address is East Point, Florida, care of Mrs. Paul M. Forsyth.

MacKENZIE, ETHEL MARY

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss MacKenzie enlisted April 27, 1918, in the Emory Unit. In France she was a member of the Nursing Staff of Hospital Annex No. 1. Her home address is 94 College Street, Asheville, N. C.



McMANUS, LUCY MAY

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss McManus is an Atlantan, living at 57 Dodd Avenue of that city. Enlisting April 6, 1918, she was on the Staff of Annex No. 1 and Ecole Superieure in France.

NEWTON, HATTIE MARGARET

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Newton enlisted April 26, 1918, and was on the Staff of Ecole Superieure. Her home address is 39 Columbus Avenue, Waycross Ga., care of Mrs. James A. Calle.

O'BRIEN, CAMILLE LOUISE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss O'Brien's enlistment was February 18, 1918. In France she was on duty at Annex Ecole Superieure. Miss O'Brien gave her life to her country while in France.

PERKINS, MIRIAM MADGE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Perkins enlisted February 18, 1918, in the Unit. Shortly after arriving in France she was put on duty at Annex 13. Her home address is Claxton, Ga.



PIRKLE, EDITH ALBERTA

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Pirkle's date of entrance into the Unit was April 6, 1918. Coming to France she was on duty in Annex Mixte Hospital. Her home address is care of John Milton, Norcross, Georgia.

RAGAN, JESSIE

R. N., A. N. C.

April 8, 1918, found Miss Ragan enlisting in the Emory Unit. After coming to France she was on the Staff of Annexes No. 29 and No. 1. Her home address is care of Billington P. Ragan, Pinetta, Florida.

RHODES, SARAH ELIZABETH

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Rhodes enlisted for service May 16, 1918. In France she was on duty at Annex Mixte. Her home address is Box 100, Huron, Ohio.

ROAN, JEWEL L.

PATHOLOGIST M. C., U. S. A.

Miss Roan came to the Army as a civilian employee May 30, 1918. In France she was employed in the laboratory of Base Hospital No. 43 as Bacteriologist. Her address in the States is care of Charles R. Roan, Bryson City, N. C.



ROBERTS, ELIZABETH

R. N., A. N. C.

Enlisting April 6, 1918, Miss Roberts, on going to France, was detached for service on a Hospital Train, No. 66, though working for a time at Annex 115. Her home address is Louisville, Ga.

ROBINSON, LOLA CATHERINE

(Photo unobtainable.)

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Robinson enlisted in the Emory Unit April 6, 1918. After going to France she was assigned to duty at Annexes 13 and Ecole Superieure. Her home address is care of Mrs. J. D. Manget, 697 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

ROSS, QUEENIE HILDRED

R. N., A. N. C.

Enlisting in the Unit April 6, 1918, Miss Ross worked successfully at Annex No. 13 and Ecole Superieure while in France. Her home address is care of Mrs. Catherine May, 17 W. Cain Street, Atlanta, Ga.

RYAN, DOROTHY GRACE

R. N., A. N. C.

Enlisting May 6, 1918, Miss Ryan, shortly after her arrival overseas, was transferred from Annex No. 29 to duty on a Hospital Train, No. 66. Her home address is care of Fred J. Ryan, Finance Building, Philadelphia, Pa.



SCHULTZ, LAURA LOUISE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Schultz came into service February 18, 1918. In France she was on the Staff of both Hospital Annexes No. 13 and 29; later transferred to Base 15. Her home address is 210 E. Pacific Street, Jamestown, N. D.

SMITHSON, PEARL FULLERTON

R. N., A. N. C.

Enlisting April 6, 1918, Miss Smithson worked both at Annex 13 and Annex Ecole Superieure. Her home address is care of Miss Lizzie Harrison, 422 Evans Street, Anderson, S. C.

STANLEY, ELEANOR

R. N., A. N. C.

Coming into the service April 27, 1918, Miss Stanley was associated with the Nursing Staff of Hospital Annex No. 115. She may be addressed care of Mr. G. W. Sutter, 416-A Warner Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

STRANGE, MAE GERTRUDE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Strange enlisted April 29, 1918, and in France she was on duty at Annex 13 and Annex Ecole Superieure. Her home is in Decatur, Ga., care of Mrs. Frances Rogers.



SUGGS, NELL

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Suggs enlisted February 23, 1917. In France she acted as Head Nurse of Annex 115 for a time; later going on duty with Hospital Train No. 66. She may be reached at Griffin, Ga.

SUMNER, ESTELLE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Sumner enlisted April 6, 1918, and after coming to France was on duty in Annex No. 13 and Ecole Superieure. Her home address is Sumner, Ga.

TAYLOR, KATE DELILAH

R. N., A. N. C.

Enlisting April 6, 1918, Miss Taylor's duty while in France was in Annexes No. 13 and Ecole Superieure. Her home is in Moultrie, Ga., care of Mrs. D. O. Moore.

TARTE, MYRTIS JEANNETTE

R. N., A. N. C.

Enlisting April 8, 1918, Miss Tarte was on the Nursing Staff of Annexes Nos. 1, 13, and Ecole Superieure. Her home address is 1007 N. Toombs Street, Valdosta, Georgia.



TARVER, BOB TAYLOR

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Tarver enlisted in the Emory Unit April 6, 1918, and while in France functioned in Annex 29, as a Medical Nurse. Her home address is care of Miss Janie Estes, Lincolnton, Ga.

TEMPLIN, MARJORIE A.

DIETITIAN M. C., U. S. A.

Miss Templin came into the Unit May 27, 1918. While in France she was on duty as Dietitian both at Hospital No. 29 and Ecole Superieure. Her address is care of Olin Templin, 810 Food Administration Building, Washington, D. C.

THOMAS, BERDA JAMES

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Thomas enlisted April 23, 1918, in the Emory Unit. In France she was on duty with the Staff of Mixte Hospital. Her home address is Brownsville, Tennessee. She may be reached at the Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

THOMAS, ZOLA L.

ANAESTHETIST, M. C., U. S. A.

Miss Thomas enlisted in the service May 30, 1918. Going to France she functioned at Annex 13 and Ecole Superieure, while in Blois. She also was a member of a Surgical Team, spending several months away from the Unit. Her home address is Buchanan, Va. She is now married.



TUCKER, WALTER SCOTT

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Tucker came into the Unit May 16, 1918. In France she was on duty both at Annex No. 13 and Annex Ecole Superieure. Her address is care of Miss Alpha Tucker, Prudential Insurance Company, Montgomery, Ala.

TURNER, JULIA

R. N., A. N. C.

May 27, 1918, was the date Miss Turner entered the service. In France she saw duty at Annexes 13 and Ecole Superieure. Her address is care of Miss John L. McPherson, East Lake, Birmingham, Ala.

VARN, LILLIAN ROSALIE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Varn joined us January 25, 1918. In France she saw service in Annexes No. 13, No. 1, and No. 29. Her home address is care of Mrs. Mary V. Polk, 615 King Street, Columbia, S. C.

VINTON, NETTIE GRACE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Vinton enlisted April 6, 1918, and in France was successively on the Staff of Annexes No. 13, No. 1, Ecole Superieure, No. 29 and Louis XII. Her home address is care of Mrs. Frances E. Vinton, Alpha, Georgia.





WALDRON, JEAN COURTNEY

R. N., A. N. C.

February 18, 1918, found Miss Waldron ready for service. In France she was on the Staff of Annex No. 115. Her home address is care of Newton O. Waldron, White Springs, Fla.

WALDRON, MOLLIE KATE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Waldron enlisted April 23, 1918, two months after her sister. In France she was on the Nursing Staff of Annex 29. Her home address is White Springs, Florida.

WALKER, EUNICE BERTIE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Walker joined the Unit March 1, 1918. After going to France she assisted in the Operating Room of Annex No. 1. Her address is Calhoun Falls, S. C., care of John W. Walker.

WALKER, MARY EVANS

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Walker's day of enlistment was April 26, 1918. In France she functioned as a member of the Nursing Staff of Annex No. 1. Her home address is Brandon, Miss.



WALTERS, ELLA MAY

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Walters was enrolled in the service April 23, 1918. After service at Annex No. 1 she left as a member of a Surgical Team in the Zone of the Advance. Her home address is Hartwell, Ga.

WANDECK, ALMA

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Wandeck enlisted May 28, 1918, and her duties in France were in Annexes No. 1 and Mixte Hospital. Her home address is Marianna, Florida.

WELLS, ELLEN EVA

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Wells came to the Unit May 16, 1918. In France she served as Dietician and Nurse in Annex No. 115. Her home is in City Point, Florida.

WHITE, ELIZABETH

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss White enlisted April 10, 1918, and after going to France was on the Nursing Staff of Annex No. 1. Her home address is care of Mrs. William H. Yeldell, Sr., Greenwood, S. C.





WHITTEN, ELLA T.

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Whitten enlisted April 9, 1918, and during our stay in France worked in Annexes 29, Mixte, and Ecole Superieure. Her home address is care of Wm. T. Whitten, Faber, Florida.

WILLIAMSON, THEO

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Williamson enlisted in the Unit May 16, 1918. In France she was on the Staff of Annexes 13 and Ecole Superieure. Her address is care of H. E. Williamson, Bronwood, Georgia.

WILKINSON, ABBIE BELLE

SECRETARY, M. C., U. S. A.

Miss Wilkinson, a civilian employee, came to the Unit May 30, 1918, and was in the office at Headquarters. Her home address is care of Mrs. Jake Staten, Valdosta, Georgia.

WILLIS, ABBIE LUCILE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Willis came to us in April, 1918, and she has worked in the wards of Annex 29 during our stay in France. Her address is 810 N. Main Street, Greenville, S. C.



WOOD, HOPE

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Wood enlisted April 9, 1918. In France she was on duty at Annexes Nos. 13 and 29, as well as going to the front on a Surgical Team. Her address is care of Clyde F. Wood, Asheville, N. C.

WOODSON, ELIZABETH A.

R. N., A. N. C.

Miss Woodson enlisted February 16, 1918, and in France was on the Nursing Staff of Annex No. 115. Her home address is Edgefield, S. C.

Attached Nurses

The following Nurses were attached to Base Hospital 43 for temporary duty at Blois:

- BENJAMIN, MALTIDE P. 98 Via Giuseppe, Montanelli, Pisa, Italy.
Reconstruction Aid.
- BIEBER, CLARA, R. N., A. N. C. 1009 W. 14th St., Davenport, Iowa.
Annex 29.
- HEIM, ELIZABETH, R. N., A. N. C. Terra Bonne, Oregon.
Miete.
- HINTON, FRANCES, R. N., A. N. C. Pottstown, Pa.
Annex 115.
- MYERS, LULA, R. N., A. N. C. 537 Cumberland St., Lebanon, Pa.
Annex 29.
- WELLINGTON, DOROTHY 290 Highland Ave., Winchester, Mass.
Reconstruction Aid—Ecole Supérieure.





LITTLE JEAN
French Mascot of Base Hospital 43.

The Enlisted Men of the Emory Unit



ADKINS, ANDREW

PRIVATE

Born in Stephens, Ga., November 5, 1895. Trained in Camp Gordon, Ga., having joined the Unit April 15, two weeks after enlistment. Before the war "Red" was a salesman, and his work in the Unit was in the Surgical Ward of Annex No. 1.

ALBERT, LEONIDAS R.

PRIVATE 1/c.

An Atlantan by birth and education, he first saw the light of day February 29, 1892, and consequently is 27 years old. He enlisted on October 19, 1917; came to Gordon on that memorable March 4th, and after that time had charge of the Property Room at 29.





ANDREWS, FRANK E., JR.

PRIVATE 1/c.

This gentleman was born in Waycross, Ga., May 23, 1896, but has adopted Henderson, N. C., as his home. Enlisted in the Emory Unit September 18, 1917; came to Camp on March 4, 1918, from the University of South Carolina, where he specialized in baseball. In France his specialty was driving an ambulance.

ARNOLD, OLIVER M.

PRIVATE

Born April 18, 1898, in Inverness, Florida, where he resided until October 17, 1917, when he took a trip north and joined "Atlanta's Own." During our stay in France he worked both in the kitchen and in the wards at Mixte Hospital.

AUSTIN, ROBERT L.

PRIVATE 1/c.

(Data and photo unobtainable.)

BERNSTEIN, MAURICE M.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Bernstein is another Southerner by adoption, being born in New York City May 1, 1891, but now of Montgomery, Ala. After taking his Ph.G. in Pharmacy and practicing that in conjunction with the merchandise business, he came to the Unit in April, and worked as a cook in Ecole Superieure.



BAGGETT, JACK L.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Jack was born and raised in Powder Springs, Ga., first letting the neighbors know of his arrival on November 25, 1891. The next important step in his career, outside of his business as a Pharmacist, was when he enlisted in the Unit September 21, 1917. He was one of the original bunch that visited Gordon on March 4th. While in France he assisted in the Laboratory.

BARR, BEVERLY

(Data and photo unobtainable.)

BARRINGTON, DAVID F.

PRIVATE

Dave is a native of Rutledge, Alabama, and was born as a near-Christmas present December 24, 1893. Coming into service March 31, 1918, he came to us in April of that year, and all during his stay graced Annex No. 1 with his presence—being 6 feet 2 inches, and by profession a school teacher, a graduate of Alabama State Normal College. We see him in the latter few weeks of our stay in France a lecturer on Civics in the A. E. F. Educational Courses.

BARROW, WILLIS E.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Georgia first knew of Barrow's arrival July 10, 1895. After taking his Ph.G. from the University of Georgia, we find him leaping into the public eye in Reynolds, Georgia, as "The Popular Pharmacist," until September 26, 1917, when he joined the Emory Unit. As dispenser of C. C. pills and iodine while in France he is known to all.



BAUGUS, THOMAS A.

PRIVATE 1/c.

"Slim" first saw the light in Labelville, Tennessee, July 1, 1893. Entering the service April 1st he and Monsieur Barrington both came to us on the 18th of that month. During our stay in France he was Wardmaster in Annex Ecole Superieure, and returned to farming upon his discharge from the Army.

BECKSTROM, CHARLES E.

PRIVATE

"Beck" was born in London, England, June 8, 1894, but his home is Tifton, Georgia, where, in peace time, he is automobile sales manager of the Tife-Overland Company. He joined us at Gordon April 25, 1918, and overseas he worked in the Amputation Ward at Ecole Superieure.

BEASLEY, I. D.

PRIVATE 1/c.

I. D., our most popular politician, came into the world December 13, 1895, and Tennessee has heard very often from this Favorite Son, for Law and Politics have ever gone together during his career. Since taking his degree in law he has been often with the public. Beasley entered the service April 1st, 1918, the 16th saw him an Emory man. In France his zeal as a Ward Master was well known.

BEDDINGFIELD, LEON F.

PRIVATE

Born September 1, 1898, and raised in Unadilla, Ga. He came to us April 18th, a full-fledged Lawyer, with a degree from Mercer University. Like his friend Beasley, he has been often before the public. His work in the Unit was in a Ward in Annex 29.



BELL, JOHN W.

PRIVATE 1/c.

John was born in Shellman, Ga., August 11, 1886, and for thirty years has resided in that vicinity. After taking his A.B. from Mercer we find him in the oil-milling and farming business, until on September 28, 1918, he signed up with the Emory Unit. In France he worked at Annex 115, being in charge of the linen room.

BENNETT, CLAUDE S.

Cook.

Claude was born August 24, 1893, in Atlanta, and early in life developed two tendencies—a fondness for church, and the ladies,—both of which peculiarities have followed him to France. He came to us from the Depot Brigade at Camp Gordon. In civil life a bank teller, he made Annex No. 1 a mighty good cook, as well as preacher, his life again illustrating the versatility of talent in the Army.

BIRD, GEORGE M.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Metter, Georgia, has known George ever since his birth on April 4, 1888. After taking his Ph.G. from Southern College of Pharmacy, he embarked in the profession of his choice, coming to Gordon on March 4, 1918. While in France he worked in a ward of Annex 115, where his clothing and francs were often the envy of his patients.

BLACK, SAMUEL C.

SERGEANT

Our genial Sergeant was born July 25, 1891, in Birmingham, Alabama, though he now lives in Vincent. Strong of voice and of arm, his specialty has been directing those who put into practice the doctrine of Cleanliness being next to Godliness. He hoped to return to farming when last seen.





BOWDOIN, MAX M.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born in Adairsville, Ga., he has lived there since August 11, 1895. On September 21 he enlisted, and guided an ambulance during his stay in France. In civil life Max was a power in the Cotton Warehouse business.

BRADFORD, PHILIP R.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Carlton, Ga., has been proud of Phil. since December 27, 1894. In 1914 he took his B.S. from G. M. C., and then farmed until September 20, 1917, when the Emory Unit received him. As a member of our first Operating Team he spent several months at the Front, coming safely back to us after the Armistice.

BROCK, J. R.

PRIVATE 1/c.

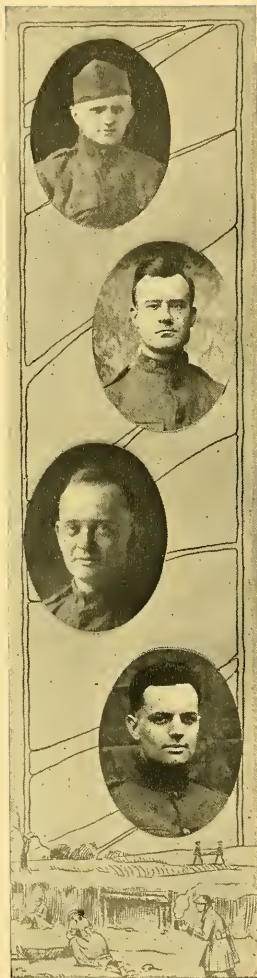
Born in Rising Fawn, Ga., January 15, 1895, Brock moved to the Lone Star State, where he entered the Texas A. & M. College, until the call to the colors found him in Atlanta, where on September 18, 1917, he signed up for service. In France he drove one of 43 ambulances.

BROWN, OSCAR L.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born and raised in Rabun, Gap, Ga. After three years at A. & M. College, enlisted October 5, 1917, and on March 4 joined us at Camp Gordon. During our stay over there he worked in a ward in Annex 29, and hopes to return to "the best job on earth," the farm.





BROWNE, CARL F.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Carl came to us April 1, 1918, a true son of Brunswick, Ga., where he was born December 3, 1891. Being quite a connoisseur of good things to eat, he was placed in charge of the Mess Hall at headquarters. When you visit Brunswick you will find his name well known among the business interests.

BULLARD, CLAUDE E.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Bullard was born in Glenmore, Ga., April 16, 1890, but he is better known in Ocilla, where he now lives. After taking his degree from the Southern College of Pharmacy in 1914, he specialized in his profession until September 15, 1917, when he signed up. Anyone entering the Laboratory of B. H. 43 would be sure to find him at work.

BURT, HUBERT T., JR.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born April 2, 1893, in Connersville, Tenn. He joined the Emory Unit April 17, 1918, after having studied at the University of Tennessee and spending some time in the mercantile business.

BURR, HENRY C.

CORPORAL.

Born on St. Patrick's Day, 1893, in Griffin, Ga., he now lives at 50 W. Fifteenth Street, Atlanta. After a course in Georgia Tech. and a position as a Traffic Engineer of Bell Telephone Company, he came to us in April, and while in France was engaged in clerical work at headquarters and Annex 1.



BUSSEY, ALFRED K.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Bussey was born at Ellerslie, Ga., January 20, 1891. After finishing at Emory University he entered the drug business. On September 12, 1917, he enlisted in the Unit, and while in France served as Laboratory Assistant.

CAIN, CARL C.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born and raised in Atlanta, Carl now inhabits 109 Confederate Avenue. April 10 found him with the organization, and on our arrival in France worked in the Mixte Hospital.

CAMPBELL, JAMES F.

PRIVATE

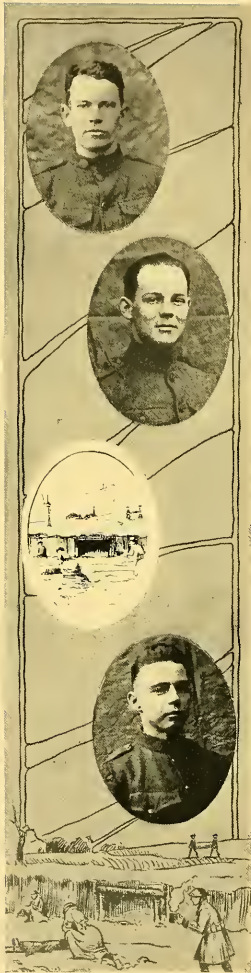
Campbell was born in Chuckey, Tennessee, January 1, 1896, and came to us April 18. When the Unit came to France he worked in the wards of Annex 13 and Ecole Superieure. He hopes to go back to farming.

CAMPBELL, JOHN D.

PRIVATE

"J. D." was born and raised in Lower Peachtree, Alabama. Enlisting April 1, 1918, he came to us on the 18th. After going over he had charge of General Police at Mixte Hospital. He hoped to return to Lower Peachtree after the War.





CATHEY, JOSEPH B.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Cathey was born and raised in the Tar Heel State. He came into this world March 3, 1891, and in due time took his A.B. from Trinity College. Then, when the War broke out, he joined the Emory Unit on September 27, 1917. In civil life he was a High School Principal.

CASH, JOHN A.

SERGEANT 1ST CLASS

Sergeant Cash is another product of North Carolina, being born and raised in Winston-Salem. Joining the Unit September 10, 1917, his skill as a statistician soon came into evidence, and in France he had charge of the Records Office at Annex 1. He was born April 13, 1893.

CLARK, JAMES HOWARD

Albany, Ga.

(Data and photo unobtainable.)

COOK, NOLAN H.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Cook was born in Booth, Alabama, January 24, 1895, and has been true to that State ever since. He came to us on April 24, and during our stay in France was on Cook shift of Ecole Superiere. Previous to the Army's call Nolan's occupation was that of a book-keeper and clerk.



COOK, ROBERT W.

Cook

Robert was born in Fairburn, Ga., August 16, 1896, and that has been his home for 23 years, except for the two years he spent at the University of Georgia. He came to the Unit April 11, and "over there" functioned as a Cook. Before the War Cook was a Civil Engineer.

COOK, WILLIAM ARTHUR

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born in Leesburg, Ga. He adopted Atlanta as his home early in life, and on September 18, at the call of his country, enlisted in the Emory Unit, working in the Medical Supply Depot during his stay "over there." In civil life "Bill" was a clerk in the office of the Secretary of State.

COX, OSCAR W.

PRIVATE

He first greeted Rising Fawn, Ga., with a cry of surprise, April 26, 1891, and he has been growing ever since. On October 2, 1917, he came into the Unit, leaving his drug store and his degree from the Southern College of Pharmacy at home to attend to the wants of those intrusted to his care in the wards of Annex 1.

CREWS, THEODORE T.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born in Arkansas, Crews is an Atlantan by adoption. He enlisted September 11, 1917, shortly after taking his degree in pharmacy from the Atlanta College of Pharmacy, and while with the Unit worked at the receiving desk of Annex 115.





CROSS, JAMES DAVID

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born and raised in Canton, Ga., Cross first peeped October 30, 1898, and in due time journeyed to Georgia Tech. for an education. He was busily drinking in knowledge when war came, and with it his enlistment in the Emory Unit. Coming to us April 12, 1918, we saw him daily in the Receiving Ward at headquarters.

CROUCH, HENRY GRADY

PRIVATE

Crouch was born and raised in Eatonton, Ga., and came to the Emory Unit in April, 1918. Before the War he was in the mercantile business, and while in France worked in the wards of Annex 115.

DAITCH, VICTOR

PRIVATE

This industrious member came to us April 28, 1918, the only man in the Unit who could talk to the Russians in Blois, as he was born in that far away country November 10, 1894. Victor is a good mixer, and he was a salesman before the War. In France he was a night man in the office of Annex No. 1.

DANIEL, JACKSON L.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Jack was born in Millen, Ga., January 20, 1896, and he has been there most of the time since. On October 13, 1917, he joined the Emory Unit, where he worked in Mixte Hospital in various capacities. Before the call to service he was a student in the University of Georgia. After the War he entered Mercer with George Strickland.





DANIEL, QUILLIAN C.

PRIVATE 1/c.

"Q. C." was born and raised among the cotton fields of Franklin, Ga., first seeing the light March 8, 1892. He took his A.B. from North Georgia Agricultural College in 1911, and then went back to the farm until October 17, 1917, when the Unit took him to herself. Q. C. was assigned to an Operating Team and served at the front for several months. He expects to go back to the farm.

DANIEL, WALTER W.

SERGEANT 1ST CLASS

Another South Carolinian came to us with the advent of the Sergeant. He was born in Columbia, S. C., March 23, 1896, and later moved to Camden, of that State. In 1916 he took his A.B. at Wofford College, and taught in the schools until September 4, when he came to the Unit. He worked at headquarters, and was on the A. E. F. Teaching Staff after the Armistice.

DANTZLER, BENJAMIN T.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Ben was born back in the country in Ellorece, S. C., December 9, 1889, and has been living there for thirty years, having the best job in the world—on the farm. He enlisted September 21; was a "strong arm" man in the "Nut Ward," until as a member of a Surgical Team he left for the front. He expects to return to the farm.

DALTON, WISE E.

COOK

Born in Winder, Ga., January 31, 1895, Wise now makes his home in Atlanta. On September 18, he signed up with the Unit, and was a "sure enough" cook in Annex 115 and Ecole Normale. Before the War he was a jewelry salesman and has returned to the same occupation.



DAVIS, JESSE C.

PRIVATE 1/c.

A Hoosier by birth, Jesse was born July 26, 1890, in Coal City, Indiana, but very soon moved to the Land of Opportunity—Fitzgerald, Ga., where he started a prosperous mercantile business. On September 25, 1917, he enlisted in the Unit, and made an A-1 ward man while in France.

DAVIS, WILLIAM R.

COOK

Davis was born a native son of Georgia near Adairsville on August 22, 1896, and as a farmer was contented until war called him on October 2, 1917, to enlist with the Unit. As a cook at Annex No. 1 he had a host of friends.

DILLARD, THOMAS H.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Tom had the distinction of having a town named for him, being born in Dillard, Ga., June 25, 1895. Enlisting on September 21, 1917, he came to France as an Operating Room Assistant, fresh from the University of Georgia. He expects to finish his M.D. course after the War.

DOBBS, ROY K.

COOK

Born in Cartersville, but now a native of Calhoun. Roy enlisted in the Unit September 19, 1917. Fresh from school he early qualified as a Cook, and worked as such both in Annex 13 and Ecole superieure. He expects to go back to school.





DOWNS, JAMES B.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Downs is a native son of Monticello, Ga., first letting that town know about it on March 29, 1896. October 2, 1917, found him on the train coming to Atlanta to enlist. During our stay in France he was Company Clerk at Mixte.

DeBOSE, WILLIAM C.

PRIVATE 1/c.

This instructor of youth was born in Troy, Alabama, September 2, 1894, and came to us from the Depot Brigade April 18, 1918, he having left college (the University of Alabama, and Peabody College) and his class rooms at the call of duty. In 43 he worked at Annex 115 as Ward Master and Assistant Male Nurse.

DUNSON, ALFRED C.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born and raised in LaGrange, Georgia, Dunson first came into being December 8, 1893. From there in due time he gravitated to Rollins College, and after finishing in 1913, acted as bookkeeper until his enlistment on September 13, 1917. In France he acted as X-Ray Assistant.

DURHAM GEORGE T.

PRIVATE 1/c.

George was born July 16, 1888, in Adairsville, Ga., and lived there until his enlistment on September 28. On our arrival in France he was appointed Operator of the Sterilizer. Before the War Durham sold pianos.





EDWARDS, BERRY D.

PRIVATE

Edwards came to us from the Depot Brigade April 25, 1918. He was born in Spalding County, Georgia, June 1, 1891, and before the War was a farmer, to which occupation he returned after demobilization.

ELLINGTON, JOSEPH T.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Ellington was born and raised near Oxford, Ga., first letting the neighbors know about it on March 24, 1890. After taking his Ph.B. from Emory in 1913, he taught in the schools of the State until his enlistment in the Unit on April 18. He worked in various capacities while in France.

EZELL, FULTON L.

PRIVATE

For 24 years Delbrose, Tennessee, has known this young man—ever since that memorable 7th of November, 1895, when he first told them about it. On April 16 he came to us from the Depot Brigade, and worked in the wards of Annex 13 during our stay in France. In civil life he was a sales manager.

FAIRCLOTH, LOVETT S.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Faircloth was born in Swainsboro, Ga., August 26, 1887, and after taking his degree in Pharmacy from the Max Morris School, practiced in Glendale, Ga., until September 11, 1917, when he took the memorable step and signed up with the Emory Unit. In France he specialized as a Clinical Assistant in Mixte Hospital.



FRASER, NATHAN T.

PRIVATE

This physical counterpart of our commanding officer was born April 2, 1893, in Union Springs, Alabama, where he has resided since that time. Leaving his profession as a Pharmacist for the Army he came to us April 25, 1918, and worked as Night Wardmaster in Annexes 1, 13 and 115.

FREEMAN, WALTER C.

PRIVATE

Freeman was born in Dacula, Ga., April 8, 1894, though his present home is in College Park, Ga. On October 15, 1917, he signed up for the duration of the War. During our stay in France he worked in the wards of Hospital No. 29, and expects to return to his profession as Accountant, after the War.

FRIERSON, DAVID M.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Dave came into this world October 9, 1892, in Anderson, S. C., where he lived until he entered the University of Maryland in 1913. As a Pharmacist he enlisted September 17th, and after "going over" has been an authority in the Medical Supply Depot.

FUNKE, LAWRENCE S.

SERGEANT

Sergeant Funke was born in the land of windstorms and wheat, Chicopee, Kansas, August 10, 1894. In 1914 he took his B.S. from the University of Wisconsin, and until October 13 acted as Instructor. On that date he joined the Emory Unit, from his home in Fort Pierce, Florida. Sergeant Funke had charge of Garage, until the Armistice, when his talent as a cartoonist led to his appointment on the staff of the Emory Book.



GAINES, OWEN W.

PRIVATE 1/c.

An Atlantan the manor born, he came into this life December 8, 1897. On October 16 he joined the Emory Unit, serving as Mail Orderly for the Unit during its stay in France. Needless to say, in that capacity he was mighty popular

GAULDEN, ALBERT B.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Gaulden was born December 18, 1896, at Quitman, Ga. After being graduated from Riverside Military Institute he immediately joined the Unit, and in France worked in a clerical capacity at Annex 115.

GAVIN, CHARLIE M.

SERGEANT

Charlie was born and raised in St. George, S. C., first seeing the light June 21, 1894. He joined the Unit on July 25, 1917, transferring to it from another organization. In civil life he was a Pharmacist, and after joining the Emory Unit his work was largely confined to the Medical Supply Depot.

GEE, HUGH H.

COOK

Gee was born and bred in Butler, Ga., and was made a member of the Emory Unit April 2, 1918. In 1912 he took his degree from Southern College of Pharmacy. In the Unit he worked as a Cook at Annex 115.



GILREATH, WOFFORD H.

CORPORAL

"Gilly" was born May 11, 1896, and has lived then for 23 years. On October 17 he took the train for Atlanta and signed up, and we could tell he was a salesman by profession from his good stories. In France he was attached to headquarters, and managed the Evacuation of Patients.

GORDON, LOUIS

Cook

Louis was born in Camden, N. J., February 22, 1894, but came to Atlanta to live a little later, and on September 11, 1917, joined the Emory Unit. After coming over he acted as Cook, both at Annex 29 and Mixte. In civil life he was the manager of a manufacturing plant in Atlanta. Upon his return to civil life he became a benedict.

GORDON, ROBERT C.

Cook

Bob is a product of Calhoun, Ga., where he has lived since that eventful 1st day of April, 1898. In the Army he rated as a Cook, having enlisted September 28, 1917. In civil life he was a Surveyor, and hopes to return to the profession of his choice.

GRIFFITH, ELAM H.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Griffith first cried in Reynolds, Ga., September 30, 1892, and has lived there most of the time since. After graduating from Coleman Institute he sold automobiles until September 15, 1917, when he enlisted in the organization. He drove an ambulance while in France.



GRIFFITH, JOHN H.

SERGEANT

"Johnny" was born in Cleveland, Tennessee, October 3, 1889, but moved to Georgia before he cut his second teeth, where he now owns Marietta's foremost pharmacy. A graduate of Max Morris School of Pharmacy, he was given charge of the dispensary at Annex No. 13. He returned to Marietta after the War.

GRIST, FRED M.

PRIVATE 1/C.

Grist first saw daylight in Dillard, Georgia, March 2, 1896, and after a course in the Ninth District Agricultural and Mechanical College, he returned to the farm, until on October 5, 1917, the Emory Unit claimed him. In France he worked in the wards of Annex 29.

GRIST, MILLER J.

COOK.

September 12, 1889, saw Miller J. opening his eyes in Dillard, Ga. Like his brother, Fred, he joined the Unit after a course in the Ninth District Agricultural and Mechanical College, but good luck put him in the ranks of the Cooks.

HALL, EUGENE W.

PRIVATE 1/C.

Hall came to us from the Depot Brigade in Camp Gordon in April, 1918. Born in Equality, Alabama, October 16, 1892, he early proved handy with tools, and so his work in the Unit was that of an Automobile Mechanic and Driver.



HAMILTON, EVELYN HARRISON

CORPORAL

Born and raised in Atlanta, with just enough trips to Florida to make him cosmopolitan, the Corporal first chirped July 31, 1895. After taking his B.A. at Davidson, patriotism called, and he enlisted October 2, 1917. In France he was N. C. O. in charge of the office at Annex 115. If all goes well, three years hence, after a seminary course, you may hear him preach in a prominent Presbyterian church, should you stay awake.

HAMLIN, WALTER B.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born near LaFayette, Alabama, Christmas Day, 1897, "Goose" Hamlin moved to LaGrange, and was a book-keeper until called into service. On April 12 he came to the Unit, and worked at headquarters as a Clerk. Favorite pastime, making a noise like a goose.

HAMPTON, PATRICK N. B.

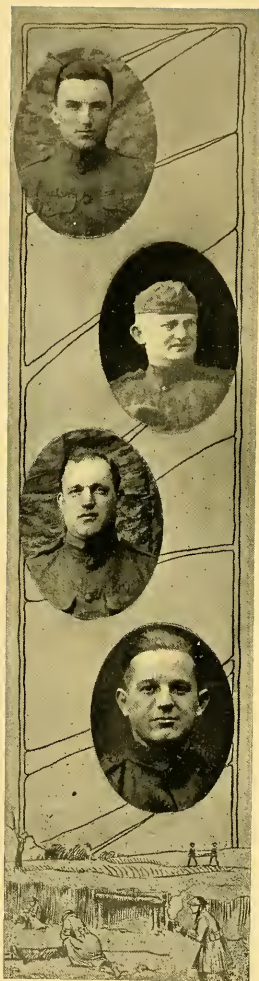
SERGEANT 1ST CLASS

Born in Polk County, North Carolina, June 19, 1889, Hampton soon became a "shark" at paper work in his profession as Passenger Agent. He enlisted December 12, 1917. In France he has had complete charge of the paper work of the Emory Unit, and the fact that it has always gone through without a hitch speaks volumes for his ability along those lines.

HARRIS, JOEL C., Jr.

SERGEANT 1ST CLASS

"Jake" opened his eyes for the first time, in Atlanta, on February 5, 1888. After leaving Georgia Tech. and going with *The Atlanta Georgian*, he enlisted September 10, 1917, to help make the world safe for Democracy. As head of the Quartermaster Department we found him very much in evidence at all times. He is now Southern Branch Manager for the S. C. Beckwith Special Agency, Newspaper Advertising.



HARRIS, ROY J.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Harris enlisted September 14, 1917. A Georgian by birth, having made his presence known February 10, 1896, in Orchard Hill. Leaving his adopted city of Collins, the outbreak of the War found him a student in the University of Georgia. He worked in the wards of Annex 115, and is hopeful of finishing his course at Georgia.

HARRISON, OTIS P.

PRIVATE

Harrison was born in Andalusia, Alabama, December 6, 1889, and came to us from the Depot Brigade at Gordon April 18, 1918. After a course at the Alabama State Normal School he decided to take up salesmanship as a profession. In France his work was in the Mess Halls of both Annex 115 and Annex 29.

HATFIELD, ALBERT

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born August 22, 1890, in Polk County, Tennessee, "Swoboda" Hatfield moved to Georgia in later years. After taking his B.S. from North Georgia Agricultural College and completing a course at Leavenworth, Kansas, for Provisional Second Lieutenant, he joined the Unit September 17, 1917. In civil life he was an Agriculturalist and Instructor.

HIGGINS, GEORGE G.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Higgins came to us from the Depot Brigade April 17, 1918. He was born in Tuscombina, Ala., Nov. 5, 1891, though now living in Memphis, Tennessee, and was a student at Vanderbilt before the War. In Ecole Normal he was in charge of the General Police, and hopes to take up traveling salesmanship.



HILL, YANCY

Cook

Yancy was born in Montezuma, Ga., January 10, 1899, and was a student at Emory University when he enlisted on September 19, 1917. After going across he was a Cook in Annex 13.

HODGES, ESTELLE P.

PRIVATE I/C.

"Polly," as he is popularly known among the men, was born March 12, 1895, in Reynolds, Ga., and after growing up and taking a course in Mercer University, he became a Rate Clerk in the Central of Georgia Railroad. Enlisting September 15, 1918, Paul was on night duty in the Quartermaster Barracks during our stay, and hopes to go back on the Rate Clerk job on our demobilization.

HODGES, EUGENE W.

SERGEANT

Hodges was born about three years before his brother, "Polly," namely, September 2, 1892, in Reynolds, Ga., and after a course in G. M. A. and Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, he joined the Unit September 14, 1917, as a fourth year Medical Student. He was an Operating Room Assistant, and Sergeant in charge of Annex No. 1.

HOPKINS, WM. E.

Cook

Hopkins calls Athens home, though calling Pulaski, Tenn., the place of his birth, which event happened March 11, 1894. After completing his education at Birmingham College and going into business, he obeyed the call, joining the Unit September 11, 1917. Hopkins cooked in the Mixte Hospital. Since his discharge Bill has joined the benedicts.



HOPPER, LEHMAN E.

PRIVATE 1/c.

"Judge" started things moving in Rabun Gap, Ga., Sept. 24, 1892. After graduating from the University of Georgia he came "tout de suite" into the Emory Unit, enlisting October 2, 1917. His specialty was ward work in Annexes No. 13, 1, and Ecole Superieure, as well as getting new clothes from the Q. M. Sergeant.

HUTCHINS, JOSHUA C., JR.

PRIVATE 1/c.

"Jake" was born in Athens, Ga., May 21, 1896, and with the exception of the time he spent at the University of Georgia, has been prominent in that town for 23 years. On September 12, 1917, he enlisted in the Unit, working at Annex 13 and Ecole Superieur. He hoped to go back to salesmanship after the War.

IVEY, BURNETT S.

PRIVATE

This poet of the Emory Unit was born in Macon, Ga., February 9, 1896. Ivey came to us on June 1, 1918. In France he worked at Annex 29 and Annex 115. Back home, when not taking university work himself, Burnett is Principal of one High School, or Professor of Literature in another. His mailing address is care of R. E. Dunbar, Byron, Ga.

JACOBS, SINCLAIR S.

SERGEANT 1ST CLASS

Jacobs was born in Atlanta October 27, 1888. As we would expect, he chose Pharmacy for his life work, graduating from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy in 1909 with the degrees of P.D. and Ph.C. September 15, 1917, found him signing up at Fort McPherson. After coming to France he functioned as Inspector and Receiving Office Sergeant. For two months he was on Detached Service at Montoir. Now he has nothing to do but look after nine big drug stores in Atlanta.



JEFFERS, JAMES J.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Jeffers was born January 5, 1896, at Sylvania, Ga., and lived there for 23 years, until he came to us on May 20 from the Depot Brigade at Camp Gordon. In civil life Jeffers was a Drug Clerk, and in the Unit worked in a ward at Annex 29.

JELKS, ALBERT A.

SERGEANT

"Doc" first appeared in Hawkinsville, Ga., September 15, 1892, though he is better known in Macon, Ga., where he lived before the War. Jelks, after studying in the medical department of the University of Georgia and in Mercer University, graduated from the American School of Osteopathy (D.O.) in 1914, and since his enlistment September 28, 1917, and his trip to France assisted as Anaesthetist, and acted as Sergeant in charge of Ecole Supérieure.

JERNIGAN, LUTHER H.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born in White Plains, Ga., October 17, 1889, Jernigan soon made his personality well known in those parts. From Ashburn, where he lived when the War started, he joined the Unit September 18, 1917, and while in France had charge of the property of Annex 1, and of everything else in sight or sound.

JOHNSON, MARTIN L.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born in Alabama, Martin L. adopted Bowdon, Ga., as his home, and from Bowdon College became Bank Cashier. On September 14, 1917, he joined the Unit, and was mighty useful on the clerical end of the work in Annex No. 1. He was born November 30, 1890.



JONES, EDWARD R.

PRIVATE 1/C.

"Parson" was born April 5, 1883, in Philadelphia, Pa. After courses in the University of Pennsylvania, Nashotah Theological Seminary, and the University of the South, was Rector of Grace Memorial Episcopal Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., when he enlisted September 26, 1917. In France he worked in many capacities, notably, Interpreter, Operating Room Assistant, Instructor on A. E. F. Educational Courses, and Associate Editor of the Emory Book.

JONES, HOMER C.

Cook

Back in Talbot County, Georgia, on July 25, 1889, Homer first cried out. There he resided until on October, 16, 1917, he came to Atlanta to sign up, and as Cook in Mixte Hospital he worked faithfully during his stay in France. In civil life Homer was a salesman, to which position he hopes soon to return. Homer was voted champion biscuit maker of the A. E. F.

KELLY, JAMES J.

PRIVATE 1/C.

Kelly was born and raised in Equality, Alabama. August 28, 1888, was the day he was first numbered as a citizen. After completing his education he farmed, until April 18 found him with the Emory Unit. In the Unit Kelly worked as Repair Man.

KENNINGTON, GEO. W.

PRIVATE 1/C.

Pageland, S. C., is the home of Kennington, and August 26, 1889, the date of his birth. After a course in the University of South Carolina, and also after taking his degrees of Ph.G. and Ph.C. from Atlanta College of Pharmacy, he came to us September 18, 1917. In France he was the Pharmacist and Poet at Annex 115.



KERR, BRAMWELL C.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Kerr was born in Cairo, Ga., but later moved to Sandersville, from which town he enlisted on September 14, 1917. Kerr was a student in Emory University at the time of the outbreak of hostilities, and hopes to continue the good work after the War. In France he acted as Operating Room Assistant in Annex Superieure.

KNOWLES, THOMAS L.

Cook

This sweet voiced tenor was born in Alabama May 7, 1891, and in Columbus, Georgia, grew up to manhood. He came to us from the Depot Brigade on April 15, 1918, and worked in 29 as a Cook during our stay in France. In civil life he was a farmer; but we predict a greater career, as a musician.

LATIMER, BONNIE D.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Bonnie comes from old Mississippi, where he was born in the village of Baldwin, April 8, 1896. After attending the University of Mississippi and the Atlanta College of Pharmacy he joined the Unit September 15, 1918, and worked as a Ward Master in Annex 29 during our stay "over there."

LAVENDER, HARMA R.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Lavender was born in Mammoth Springs, Arkansas, October 31, 1895, but his present home is in Valdosta, Georgia. He joined the Emory Unit September 15, and worked on the Cook shift at Annex 29 during his stay in France. In civil life Lavender was a Pharmacist. In Army life he was baritone in our quartette.



LEARY, EUGENE L.

PRIVATE

Leary first said "Howdy" in Shellman, Ga., November 4, 1890, and the farm has been his delight ever since, until he joined for foreign service September 28, 1918. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, he was overseer at the heating plant at No. 1 during our stay in Blois.

LESTER, WESLEY M.

PRIVATE

Americus, Ga., welcomed a new citizen September 16, 1891, when Lester was born, and he has proven faithful to his home town ever since, though he left it to go to Mercer University to be educated as a Pharmacist. September 25, 1917, found him ready and willing at Fort McPherson. During our stay in France he assisted in the Operating Room and Wards of Ecole Superieure and Annex 13.

LEWIS, JOHN W.

PRIVATE

Born and raised in Powder Springs, Ga., John first let the neighbors know about it July 29, 1894. The next important step in his career was when he came to us April 16, 1918. The work of Lewis was in the Linen Room of Annex 13.

LISENBY, JOHN B., JR.

PRIVATE 1/C.

November 8, 1891, found Lisenby very much in evidence in Bell Buckle, Tennessee, which he has made his home ever since. After courses in the University of Tennessee and Soule College, John settled down as a farmer and teacher, until he came to us April 18 in Camp Gordon.



LOFTIN, JAMES A.

Cook

Loftin was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1888, in Hogansville, Ga., and early developed a fondness for cotton, which has been his hobby ever since. After spending a few years at Mercer University he signed up with the Unit October 11, 1917, and cooked while in France. In civil life Jim was a Cotton Buyer.

LONG, MALCOLM J.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Malcolm was born in Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee, July 12, 1890, but found his home in Atlanta after taking his Ph.G. from University of Georgia in 1910, and entered the business world. On September 11 he joined the Unit, and worked in the Laboratory "over there."

LOW, JAMES A., JR.

PRIVATE

Low is a product of Georgia; born in Canton, and raised in Clarkston, from which town he came to enlist September 27, 1917. In France he worked in the kitchen at Ecole Superieure, and liked it.

LOWNDES, JOHN DOZIER

SERGEANT 1ST CLASS

Our genial "Top Kick" is an Atlantan by birth and education, June 12, 1887, first seeing his advent. In due time he entered the University of Georgia, taking his B.S. in 1908. September 28, 1917, saw his formal entrance into the Unit, and from that time he was the Father Confessor of all the men. In civil life "Dee" Lowndes is a Stock and Bond Broker with Hillsman & Co., in the Atlanta Trust Co. Building.



MARKS, ROBERT EMMETT

Cook

Born in Spartanburg, S. C., but an Atlantan by adoption, Emmett was born September 20, 1887. On September 7 he joined the Unit. Sent to Camp Gordon December 26 to qualify as a Cook, he greeted the boys March 4. In France he cooked at Annex 29. In civil life Emmett was a Newspaper Man.

MARTIN, TALMAGE M.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born in Commiskey, Indiana, but raised in Bowdon, Georgia, Martin saw daylight January 4, 1899. When just ready to enter college the War started, so September 21, 1917, saw him at Fort McPherson taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. In France he drove "Old Betsy," the veteran "Jimsy" ambulance.

MARSHALL, GEORGE M.

CORPORAL

George was born in Montgomery, Alabama, October 15, 1891, and came to us May 15, 1918, just before coming over to France. He developed a fondness for trucks and details, and so was in the Q. M. Department "over there." In civil life he was a newspaper man.

MATTHEWS, WILLIAM M.

Cook

Hawkinsville, Georgia, first saw Matthews December 19, 1893. He came to us March 15. "Matty" worked as head Cook in Annex 115 and Ecole Superieure since coming over. In civil life he was connected with the Southern Express Company.



MATTINGLY, S. TWYMAN

PRIVATE 1/c.

"Matty" was born May 27, 1893, in Louisville, Ky., and early in life developed such a versatility that a degree as LL.D. from the University of N. D. and the University of Louisville was the result. During the first part of our stay in France he cooked at headquarters, but later rendered invaluable service as Associate Editor of the Emory Book.

MAYFIELD, HUBERT E.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Mayfield was born in Atlanta February 11, 1891, and has lived around Atlanta ever since. September 25, 1917, saw Hubert taking the oath of allegiance, and he and his Cousin Freeman have been pals in the Unit ever since. Mayfield was Ward Man and Mail Orderly while in France.

MECKEL, THOMAS H.

COOK

Born and raised in Atlanta, Meckel told them all about it August 26, 1894. On September 19, 1917, he joined the Unit for better or for worse. It proved "for better," since he was soon made a Cook, working at Annex Ecole Normal. In civil life Meckel was a Shoe Salesman.

MIZE, JESSE F.

PRIVATE

Mize was born in Flomaton, Alabama, and came to us April 19 from the Depot Brigade. When we came over to France he cooked for Annex No. 1. He hopes to go back to his profession as a Farmer.



MORRIS, VESTER L.

PRIVATE

Morris was born and raised in Lexington, Tennessee, and after attending the University of that State, came to us at Camp Gordon, arriving April 1. In the Unit Morris was a Wardman in Annex 115, and hopes to go back to his profession as School Teacher.

MORGAN, JOHN T.

PRIVATE

John was born in Sunny South, Alabama, May 8, 1895, and after graduating from the Alabama Normal Educational College, came to us from the Depot Brigade April 15, 1918. In civil life he was associated in hospital work with that profession in Alabama; so, naturally, his work with us would be in the wards of both Annex 115 and Ecole Normal.

McCLURE, CLYDE M.

SERGEANT

"Mac." is a native son of Georgia, born in Toccoa September 22, 1892. After courses in Washington and Lee and the University of Georgia, from the latter taking an LL.B., he signed up with the Emory Unit. In France "Mac." worked in the Receiving Office and on the Disability Board. He hopes to go back to his profession as Attorney-at-Law in Gainesville, Ga.

McCORD, TURNER A.

SERGEANT

"McCord" was born in Conyers, Ga., January 24, 1895, and after taking up work in Emory University on September 14, 1917, he signed up with the Emory Unit, from his home in Atlanta, Ga. In France he worked in the office of headquarters, afterwards being Sergeant in charge of Ecole Superieure. McCord at home is a Wholesale Grocer.



McDONALD, HUBERT

PRIVATE 1/c.

McDonald was born May 10, 1896, in Gainesville, Ga., but now lives in Cleveland. When he was old enough he entered Young Harris College, and early developing a taste for statistics he became Chief Clerk of Bradstreet Company, Albany, Ga. Mac worked in the wards of Annex No. 1 while in France.

McENERY, FRANCES R.

CORPORAL

McEnery was born in Cambridge, N. Y., and still claims that town as home, though he was Atlanta Manager for Collier & Son before he came to War. McEnery graduated from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and came to us September 10, 1917. After coming over he worked in the office of Ecole Superieure.

McFARLAND, HARRY H.

PRIVATE 1/c.

McFarland was born in Atlanta November 22, 1894, and after a course in Georgia Tech. went into the business world until September 21, 1917, when he joined the Emory Unit. His work "over there" was that of a Clerk in Mixte Hospital.

McWHORTER, WILLIAM A., JR.

COOK

McWhorter was born in Atlanta April 18, 1898, and lived there until it was time to enter Georgia Tech. From that institution he came into the Emory Unit on September 11, 1917, and worked as a Cook in Annexes No. 13 and 115. He hopes to go into Journalism after completing his education.



NEAL, JOSEPH W.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Neal first cried December 10, 1896, in Waverly Hall, Ga., and enlisted in the Emory Unit October 13, 1917, after having taken a course in Georgia Tech. In the Unit he has worked as Cook; and after the War he hopes to be able to continue his profession as an Accountant.

NEAL, THOMAS H.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Hubert was born about two years before his brother, in the same little village of Waverly Hall, and enlisted the same day. In France his skill as a Side Car Driver was demonstrated many times. He hopes to go back to farming.

O'QUINN, LEON H.

PRIVATE 1/c.

O'Quinn was born, as a Christmas present, 1897, in Odum, Ga., where he lived until the time came to enter Emory, and while there he heeded the call to the colors and came to us April 13, 1917. He has worked as an Orderly at headquarters, while in France. He hopes to complete his college course.

PARKER, JOHN W.

SERGEANT 1/c.

Parker was born in Atlanta, Ga., May 3, 1895, but his present address is Okeechobee, Florida, from which place he came to Georgia to sign up in "Atlanta's Own" September 19, 1917. A graduate of the Southern College of Pharmacy, he naturally gravitated to the Medical Supply Depot for his occupation while in the Unit.



PATE, CECIL R.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Like Sergeant Parker, Pate is a product of the Southern College of Pharmacy, taking his Ph.G. in 1908. He was born in Sumner, Ga., but now calls Sylvester his home. He came to us April 16, from the Depot Brigade in Camp Gordon. While in France he was a Wardmaster in Annex 13, and hopes to go back to his profession after the War.

PATTERSON, PHILIP D.

PRIVATE 1/c.

"Pat" answered the roll call for the first time April 18, 1889, in Barborough, Ga., though now he answers "Here" in Bartow, Fla. He came to us April 17, and worked as Assistant Cook in Annex No. 115 and Annex 13. In civil life he was in the lumber business.

PATTERSON, ROBERT F.

PRIVATE 1/c.

"Buck" is a product of Cartersville, Georgia, where he first let them know about it January 13, 1895. On October 17 he enlisted in the Unit, and in France acted as Clerk in Annex No. 13. Before the War "Buck" was engaged in clerical work in Cartersville.

PATTON, LEWIS S.

PRIVATE 1/c.

"Pat." was born May 23, 1896, in Carlton, Georgia, which is, to this day, his home town. Enlisting September 13, 1917, he came to Camp Gordon on March 4. Pat. took his A.B. at Gordon Institute, and was a medical student at the University of Georgia when the War started. In France he ranked as Surgical Assistant in the Operating Room, and hopes to return to college after the War.



PEACOCK, CHARLES H., JR.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Peacock's home town is Eastman, Ga., where he was born August 22, 1893. Graduating from Georgia Military Academy, he joined the Unit with the original organization, coming to Camp Gordon March 4. In France he drove an ambulance. In civil life Charlie was a Traveling Salesman.

PERKINS, LEWIS S.

PRIVATE 1/c.

"Perk." was born January 21, 1892, in Atlanta, and when the War broke out we find him passing the examination for enlistment on September 15, 1917. In France he worked in the Operating Room of Ecole Superieure, and sang "lead" in the quartette. In civil life Perkins was in the office of the A., B. & A. Railroad.

PERSONS, HARVEY F.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Born and raised in Monticello, Ga., Harvey told the neighbors about it for the first time July 23, 1886. After completing his education at the University of Georgia, April 18 found him a full-fledged member of the Emory Unit. In France he had charge of the Mess Hall at Annex 115. Harvey hopes to return to the farm.

PINEGAR, FRED.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Fred. was born in Smithville, Tenn., September 16, 1895, though he now calls McMinnville his home. After taking his A.B. in 1915 from Dibrell College, he taught school. On April 18, he came to the Emory Unit, and during his stay in France worked in the ward of Annex No. 1. He hopes to go back to teaching.



PRICE, MILLARD W.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Price was born in his home town of today, September 13, 1891, and Wadley, Alabama, knows him well. After graduating from Alabama Agricultural College in 1914, he took a position as a Traveling Salesman. Coming to us on April 18, 1918, his work in France was in the wards of Annex 113.

RADNEY, JAMES M.

PRIVATE 1/c.

Radney was born February 26, 1890, in Roanoke, Alabama, though his home address today is Wadley, of the same State. He came to us April 16, 1918, and while in France acted as Wardmaster in Annex Ecole Superieure. Radney was a merchant before the War.

REDWINE, LENNIE J.

PRIVATE 1/c

Redwine first let the neighbors know about it August 21, 1889, in College Park, Ga., though he calls Atlanta his home. Enlisting April 2, he came to us shortly afterwards. In France Redwine functioned in his trade as an Electrician.

REAGAN, LEON

SERGEANT

Reagan joined the Unit after its arrival in France, coming to us July 2. He was born in Massachusetts July 31, 1888, and educated at Tufts College. The Sergeant's work has been confined to the Registrar's office. In civil life he was a specialist in Stock Systematizing.



REEVES, JAMES C.

PRIVATE 1/c

Reeves was born in Orangeburg, S. C., but now calls Clarksville, Ga., home. Born November 10, 1895. He took his A.B. from the College of Charleston in 1916. In France Reeves worked as Wardmaster in Mixte Hospital. He hopes to go back to his profession as a Draughtsman.

REEVES, JAMES M.

PRIVATE 1/c

"Lawyer" was first letting them know about it March 27, 1894. He grew much stronger after he moved from Weakley County, Tenn., to Fulton, Ky. Then he went North, to Valparaiso University, taking his LL.B. in 1918. Reeves came to us May 1, and after the Unit arrived in France worked in the Operating Room and wards of Annex No. 1. He hopes to resume the practice of law.

REEVES, RALPH

Cook

Ralph was born in Atlanta August 4, 1889, and joined the Unit in December, 1917, coming into active service on that memorable March 4. On arriving in France Reeves became Cook in Annex Mixte. In civil life he was a salesman.

RILEY, EUGENE B.

Cook

Riley was born November 19, 1892, in Atlanta, and the next important step he took was when he enlisted in the Emory Unit, September 19, 1917. When we arrived over the seas he took his place as Cook in Annex No. 1. In civil life he was an Engraver.



RODDEN, EDWARD L.

PRIVATE 1/c

Born in Charlotte, N. C., Rodden now lives in Savannah. After coming into the service he came to the Emory Unit April 18, 1918, functioning as a Wardmaster in Mixte Hospital. In civil life Rodden was in the life insurance business.

SANDERS, JOHN T.

PRIVATE

Sanders was born on Washington's Birthday, back in 1893, in Bleckley County, Georgia. After a course in the Georgia-Alabama Business College he became a Telephone Manager, and on April 17 was transferred to us. In France Sanders has acted as Assistant Dietitian at Annex No. 13.

SCIPLE, CHARLES M.

SERGEANT

"Skeep's" arrival made Atlanta's population increase by one September 15, 1888. He has lived there ever since, except for the time he spent in Georgia Tech. and Cornell, in 1908 rowing on the Cornell crew. After coming over he was Sergeant in charge of Annex Ecole Normale. He has resumed his golfing and his career as partner in the firm of Sciple & Son, Atlanta.

SCOGGINS, JOHN A.

PRIVATE 1/c

"Big John" first let them know about it in Georgia some twenty odd years ago. His present address is Summerville, where he is in the mercantile business. Coming to us April 18, 1918, he cooked at Mixte Hospital.



SHEHEE, PAUL C.

PRIVATE 1/c

Paul C., the Unit's Funny Man, was born in Chattanooga, February 8, 1892, though we now write to him via Hawkinsville, Ga. The 16th of April saw him transferred to us, and he worked in the wards of Annexes No. 13 and Ecole Superieure. Shehee is well fitted for his occupation as Traveling Salesman.

SITTON, RAYMOND L.

PRIVATE 1/c

"My Boy Raymond" was born in Rome, Ga., March 2, 1899, but has lived in Atlanta for a good many years. He enlisted October 2, 1917, and was then sent to the Army and Navy Medical School in Washington, D. C. Graduating as an X-Ray Technician, he worked in that department after coming over. Raymond was an Electrician in civil life.

SMITH, HARVEY H.

PRIVATE

Born and raised in LaGrange, Ga. Harvey made his first appearance February 16, 1891. In due time he took his Ph.G. from Southern College of Pharmacy April 16, 1918, finding him with the Emory Unit. Smith's work in the Unit was that of Wardmaster in Annex 13 and Ecole Superieure.

SMITH, WILLIAM A.

PRIVATE

William Smith was born in Covington, Tennessee, February 2, 1892. He now lives in Brunswick. Taking his A.B. and LL.B. from Cumberland, he came to us April 18 from the Depot Brigade. In France Smith worked in the Mixte Hospital, and hopes to return to the Law.



SMITH, WARREN Y.

SERGEANT

Born in Hampton, S. C., "Smitty" now lives in Odum, Ga. After studying at Mercer University he started life as a merchant; leaving his business to enlist Sept. 14, 1917. His work has been in the Sick and Wounded Office at Headquarters.

SMOTHERS, WILLIAM J. B.

PRIVATE

In Kennedy, Alabama, April 6, 1897, Smothers first appeared. A little later in life he called Columbus, Mississippi his home; and on Sept. 18, 1917, signed up with the Emory Unit for service in France. Smothers hopes to go back into business after demobilization. In the Army he was on the Cook Shift at Annex 29.

SOLOMON, FRANK D.

PRIVATE 1/C

"Solly" came into this world some thirty-two years ago in Americus, Ga., but he now answers "present" in Atlanta. It was March 17, 1917 that found him in Atlanta ready and willing to serve Uncle Sam. In France he was a Ward Master in Annex 1.

SPENCER, CLAUDE J.

PRIVATE 1/C

"Johnny" Spencer was born September 27, 1894, in Jackson, Ga., where he lived until that memorable 13th day of September, when he signed the enlistment blank in Uncle Sam's Army. Spencer took up work at Emory prior to his enlistment. In the Unit he was the Colonel's confidante. The picture was taken under very trying conditions—as for some reason, best known to himself—Spencer was leaning over the ship's rail.



SPIER, JULIUS C.

PRIVATE 1/c

"Léoié" was born in Atlanta, though he enlisted from Monroe, Ga. December 7, 1895, was the day the stork came to the Spier family; and the next important step was when Julius enlisted, September 21, 1917. His work in France was in a Ward at Mixte Hospital.

SPIVEY, WILLIAM L.

PRIVATE 1/c

He was born in Inverness, Fla., June 22, 1893. Educated at Draughon's Business College, Jacksonville. He filled a Clerical position before the War. Joined the Unit March 4, and worked as Receiving Clerk at Receiving Ward, also at Annexes 115 and 13. He was detached in February for special work at Savenay. His home address is Floral City, Florida.

SPROUSE, WILLIAM L.

PRIVATE 1/c

Sprouse was born May 26, 1891, in Gallatin, Tennessee, and after courses in Peabody College, Normal College and the University of Tennessee, William was associated with Piedmont College as an Instructor. Indeed, that was his home before the War. Enlisting April 1st, he came to us on the 18th. His work was that of Ward Master and Instructor in the Educational Courses of the A. E. F.

STACY, LOUIS B.

PRIVATE 1/c

Born May 26, 1896, in Ocala, Florida, "Rouge" Stacy later moved to Duneedin of the same State, from which State he enlisted September 18, 1917. After coming to France he worked in the Quartermaster's Department and drove ambulances, trucks 'n everything. Before the war Stacy was in the Newspaper business.



STATHAM, JAMES E.

PRIVATE 1/c

Statham first took notice of those about him August 12, 1896, back in Monroe, Ga. In 1917, having completed three years in Reinhardt College, he moved to Griffin, Ga., and from there came to Atlanta to enlist on Sept. 28, 1917. Statham worked in the Receiving Office both at Annex 29 and Annex 1. After finishing his education he hopes to be ordained a Methodist Minister.

STEPHENS, JOHN L.

SERGEANT

"Steve" was born in Draketown, Ga., October 29, 1898, and after graduating from the Draketown Institute, settled down as a Pharmacist in Atlanta. On September 17, 1917, he enlisted in the Unit. In France the Sergeant worked in the Central Laboratory. He is now senior member of the firm of Stephens and Hawks, druggists, West Peachtree at 14th St., Atlanta, Ga.

STEWART, ROBERT T.

PRIVATE

On December 15th, 1893, Brooksville, Georgia, said good morning to a new citizen, the subject of this sketch. Later in life he moved to Camilla, Ga., and on April 25, was enrolled in the Emory Unit. In France Stewart worked in the Wards at Mixte Hospital. In civil life he functioned as a Bookkeeper.

STEWART, WALTER F.

PRIVATE 1/c

Like his namesake, Walter was born in Georgia, Folkston being the city. Here he lived from January 17, 1896 until 1913, he entered Spring Hill College, taking his A.B., and entered the Army about the same time. "Frog" came to us on April 2, and worked in Mixte Hospital as an Assistant Cook.



STONE, ROY MOSES

Cook

Born in Auburn, Alabama, December 21, 1899, but raised in College Park, Ga. Roy proved a good druggist until he enlisted, October 13th, when he was assigned on the Cook Shift of Mixte Hospital, where in due time he reached the grade of Cook.

STRICKLAND, GEORGE M.

PRIVATE 1/c

Strickland was born August 12, 1898, in Concord, Ga. In due time he entered the University of Georgia, and while at his studies heard of the Emory Unit, and on April 15, came to us as a real soldier. During our stay "over there" he Cooked in Annex 13 and Ecole Superieure.

TARPLEY, ROBERT LEON

CORPORAL

Born and bred in Bowdon, Ga., Corporal Tarpley let them know about it March 24, 1890. In due time he finished his education at Bowdon College, and then farmed until September 12, 1917, when he joined the Unit. In France Tarpley worked in the Quartermaster Department, in charge of all construction work. Getting his room-mate, Sgt. Harris, out for revielle was his other det.nl.

TAYLOR, WILLIAM J.

PRIVATE 1/c

Taylor was born in Searight, Ala., though he now lives in Andalusia, Ala. September 28, 1917, found him ready and willing at Ft. McPherson. In France he rated as a Dental Assistant. Taylor was educated at the Southern College of Pharmacy, and hopes to go back to his profession.





THOMAS, HARRY F.

SERGEANT

"Harry" was born in Atlanta, July 12, 1886, and has lived there ever since, if we except the time he has spent away on his business as Traveling Salesman. He enlisted September 28, 1917, and while in France worked in the Record office, and also for a time was in charge of Annex 13.

TRAWICK, JOHNNIE T.

PRIVATE 1/c

Trawick was born October 6, 1893, in Headland, Ala., but calls Graceville, Fla., home. He came to us April 18, and has worked in the Wards of Hospital 13 and in the Medical Supply Depot. Johnnie was educated at Dothan College, and is by profession a Pharmacist.

TRIMBLE, WILLIE R.

COOK.

Trimble first let the neighbors know of his presence September 7, 1892, though his mail sometimes finds him in Phoenix City, Alabama. In civil life Bill was a Baker, and on coming to France he functioned as a Cook in Annex 29. Now Bill is back baking beautiful buns in a big bakery.

TYSON, WALTER T.

PRIVATE

Washington's Birthday, 1888, saw Douglas, Ga., rejoicing in a new citizen in the person of Walter T. After living a while there he moved to Ashburn, of the same State, and March found him with the Emory Unit. In civil life Tyson was a Traveling Salesman.



USHER, JOHN

PRIVATE 1/c

John was born in Quitman, Ga., June 27, 1895. After finishing his education in the Eleventh District Agricultural and Mechanical College, John took up Salesmanship, until September 15, found him at Ft. McPherson, a member of the then vacant Emory Unit. In France John worked in a Clerical capacity in the Receiving Office, Disability Board, and in Annex 13.

VEAL, ERNEST W.

PRIVATE

"Whitey" Veal first saw daylight October 23, 1895, in Sandersville, Ga., though he enlisted from Milledgeville. Veal took his B.S. from the Young Harris College, and was a student in the University, when he came to us.

WALKER, SAMUEL G., JR.

PRIVATE 1/c

Walker is a true Atlantan, having been born there July 13, 1894, in that city. "George" enlisted September 20, 1917, and after the Unit's arrival in France functioned as Property Man in Mixte Hospital. In civil life he is a Banker.

WALLACE, WILLIAM COBB

PRIVATE 1/c

Will was born in Wilkes County, Ga., February 9, 1890, but is an Atlantan by adoption. After graduating from Draughon's Business College he was working as a bookkeeper, until the War. Wallace came to us April 25, and worked in the Receiving Office at Headquarters.



WATSON, HERMAN H.

PRIVATE 1/c

"Doc." was born and raised in Dallas, Ga., where he first appeared March 16, 1895. In due time he journeyed to Emory University, and was a Medical student when he enlisted, September 21, 1917. As we should expect, his work was in the Wards of Annex 29.

WEATHERS, CHARLES V.

PRIVATE 1/c

Charlie was born in Cleveland, Tennessee, September 6, 1888. He now lives in Atlanta, coming to us while in Camp Gordon from his position as Purchasing Agent of the Ford Motor Company. In France he was an Assistant to our Mess Sergeant.

WELLS, JOSEPH C.

Cook

Wells' home is in Fort Valley, Georgia, where he was born June 24, 1886. Wells was happy as a farmer until September 21, 1917, when he joined the Emory Unit. After coming to France Wells cooked at Annexes 29, 1, and Ecole Superieure.

WELLS, WILLIAM N.

PRIVATE 1/c

"Bill" Wells lived all his life in St. Charles, South Carolina, where he was born September 1, 1887. Going to Clemson College, he took his A.B. in due time, and then returned to the farm. Enlisting September 21, he worked in the Receiving Ward in Annex 29. One of the best loved men in the outfit, Bill never lost his temper during the months he had to get Red Stacy and Jim Brock out of bed.



WEST, LURGESS A.

PRIVATE 1/c

West was born in Toccoa, Ga., but has adopted Atlanta as his home. He came to us April 15, 1918, and upon arrival in France worked in Annex Ecole Normal. West was educated in Georgia Tech, and was in business in Atlanta.

WHEELER, LITTLE S.

PRIVATE 1/c

"Sid." told them about it for the first time in Eatonton, Ga., on the last day of March, 1888, and has been telling them ever since. On September 15, he signed up, and being by profession a Pharmacist, he had charge of the Dispensary at Annex 29, during our stay in France. He hopes to return to his home in Eatonton.

WILLIAMS, EDDIE L.

PRIVATE

Like his friend, Sid. Wheeler, Williams is a Pharmacist. He was born and raised in Crawfordville, Ga., first appearing March 2, 1892. He came to us April 18, and in France worked as an Assistant Cook.

WILLIAMS, LEONARD P.

SERGEANT

"Bill" was born in Cornelia, Ga., October 7, 1893, but if you write to him now his address is Sauttee, Ga. Going to Georgia Tech., he took his B.S. in M.E. in 1914. Enlisting October 17, 1917, he has worked faithfully in the Quartermaster's Department, as Official Plumber and Sanitary Man. While in France Williams learned to say "darn it" in French.



WILSON, LUTHER

PRIVATE

Luther was raised in Buchanan, Ga., where he was born January 17, 1895; coming to us April 19, from the Depot Brigade in Camp Gordon. In civil life he was associated with the Central of Georgia Railroad, and while in France worked in Annex Ecole Superieure.

WILSON, RHEY B.

PRIVATE

Wilson was born in Paducah, Ky., April 22, 1891, though he now lives in Knoxville. After completing his education in Richmond College, he entered the Automobile Tire business; coming to us April 22. In Annex 13 he worked in a Clerical capacity, after our arrival in France.

WILSON, WILLIAM W.

PRIVATE 1/c

Wilson was born in Chattanooga, February 26, 1889, but has made Atlanta his home for some time. He enlisted September 20, 1917, leaving his position of salesman. On coming to France he had charge of the Linen Room, as well as doing clerical work at Annex 1.

WOOD, NEWTON V.

PRIVATE

Born in Atlanta, May 30, 1897. Wood now lives in Rome, Ga. He enlisted October 10, 1917, in the Emory Unit, after completing his course in Engineering at Marion College. While in France "Newt" assisted in the Operating Room. In civil life he is an Electrical Engineer.



WOOTEN, ALEXANDER A.

PRIVATE 1/c

Wooten first let the neighbors know about it June 14, 1886, in Acworth Ga., though he now calls Atlanta home. After a course in Emory, he enlisted September 19, 1917, and while in France worked in the Registrar's Office. Before the war "Tobe" was an Expert Accountant.

WRIGHT, HENRY C.

PRIVATE 1/c

Wright was born October 9, 1898, in Eclectic, Ala. He still claims that place as his home town. Before the War he was a druggist. Wright came to us April 15, and worked, while in France, in a clerical capacity in Annex 29 and Annex Ecole Normal.

WRIGLEY, ARTHUR B.

PRIVATE 1/c

Wrigley was born May 20th, 1896, in Vineland, New Jersey, but now calls Atlantic City, New Jersey his home. After graduating from Rochester Mechanical Institute, Rochester, New York, he acted as an Instructor in Industrial Arts, until he enlisted, October 16, 1917. In France Wrigley worked in the Eye Clinic, also in the Medical Supply Depot.

WYNN, ALEXANDER

SERGEANT

Born in Winston-Salem November 3, 1886, Sergeant Wynn now lives in Atlanta. After four years in Tome Institute, he went back to the farm, until September 10, 1917, when he enlisted in the Emory Unit. In France his work was that of Mess Sergeant.



WYNNE, ROBERT, J .

PRIVATE 1/c

Bob was born in Americus, Ga., though he now lives in Eastman. August 24, 1899, was the lucky date. Educated at the "Citadel" and "Auburn", he enlisted Oct. 2, 1917. Bob had charge of the Post Office while in France.

YOUMANS, WILLIAM H.

PRIVATE 1/c

Swainsboro, Ga., was made happy April 12, 1892, when Youmans appeared. He has lived there ever since, though he left home to be educated in Gordon Institute. Coming to us April 16, 1918, he worked as Assistant-Dietitian while in France. In civil life Youmans was a merchant.

Hospital Train No. 39

The following thirty men constitute Hospital Train No. 39, attached to Base Hospital No. 43, at Blois, from September 16, 1918, to January 21, 1919:

- ANGLE, CLARENCE C., Private Byron, Okla.
Ecole Normale.
- ATWELL, JOHN E., Private Mutual, Okla.
Ecole Superieure.
- BARTON, BUEL, Private Bishop, Okla.
Ecole Normale.
- BROONER, CHARES A., Private 352 E. 35th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Quartermaster.
- HARVISON, TRACY V., Private 1/c White Lake, S. Dak.
Annex 13.



- JOCKISCH, VEARL S., Sergeant 1/c S. Lincoln Ave., York, Neb.
Mixte.
- KAHN, ADOLPH, Sergeant 1/c (Address unobtainable.)
Headquarters Office.
- LEE, GENERAL W., Cook 2144 End St., Lincoln, Neb.
Ecole Normale.
- LESSLEY, GEORGE D., Private 1/c Broken Bow, Neb.
Ecole Normale.
- MILLER, HARVEY K., Private 1/c Phoenix, Ariz.
Annex 13.
- McDONALD, RAY J., Private 1/c (Address unobtainable.)
Ecole Normale.
- NARSCH, FRANCIS A., Private . . c/o Mrs. R. L. Peters, 3854 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.
Annex 29.
- NUNAMAKER, ARTHUR S., Cook 1306 15th St., Des Moines, Iowa.
Annex 115.
- OCKSNER, EDDIE F., Private 1/c Sutton, Neb.
Annex 29.
- ORR, JUDSON A., Cook Standish, Mich.
Ecole Superieure.
- POWELL, BORGIA F., Private Vinita, Okla.
Annex 29.
- ROOT, NELSON W., Private . . c/o Parke-Davis Co., 144 First Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn.
Annex 29.
- RYAN, RHYS E., Sergeant Box 1116, Globe, Ariz.
Annex 29.
- SCHWARTZ, ARTHUR G., Sergeant Sutton, Neb
Ecole Superieure.
- STUBBS, HARRY A., Private Kaw City, Okla.
Annex 29.
- TAYLOR, WALTER, Private Route 1, Versailles, Mo.
Annex 115.
- THORNBRUGH, FRED E., Private 1325 W. 5th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Annex 115.
- THURMAN, ALLAN R., Private Kildare, Okla.
Annex 115.
- TICER, FRANK E., Private 410 W. McKinley St., Blackwell, Okla.
Annexes 115 and 13.
- TOWNER, HARRY J., Private Hardy, Okla.
Annex 115.
- WAGE, NELSON R., Private Box 183, New Wilson, Okla.
Annex 115.
- WALKER, STEPHEN S., Private Maramec, Okla.
Annex 115.
- WHITE, WALTER S., Private Guymon, Okla.
Annex 29.
- WILSON, OLIVER I., Private Jones, Okla.
Mixte.
- WIND, WALTER F., Private 2916-A Main St., Ft. Riley, Kans.
Mixte.





CONVALESCENT WARD.



SURGICAL CONVALESCENTS.





Attached Casuals

The following men were attached to Base Hospital 43 at various times for temporary hospital duty at Blois, France:

ABNEY, JAMES W., Private	Sayreton, Ala.
	<i>Annex 29.</i>	
ADAMS, EDWARD N., Private	334 E. 44th St., Savannah, Ga.
	<i>Annex 13.</i>	
AHRENS, GEORGE F., Private	5007 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.
	<i>Ecole Normale.</i>	
ANDERSON, ROBERT G., Private	Sunny South, Ala.
	<i>Miste.</i>	
ASHBAUGH, SAMUEL E., Private	Dunlap, Ill.
	<i>Miste.</i>	
BABCOCK, HARDY M., Private	Ipava, Ill.
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
BALES, CHARLEY A., Cook	Mapleton, Iowa.
	<i>Ecole Normale.</i>	
BALLARD, WALTER W., Private	Tuscaloosa, Ala.
	<i>Annex 115.</i>	
BANKS, CHARLES M., Private	1247 Sampson Ave., Dyersburg, Tenn.
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
BANNON, CLAUDE R., Private	Route I, Marshfield, Ind.
	<i>Annex 13.</i>	
BEAUDOIN, JOSEPH I., Private	(Address unobtainable).
	<i>Miste.</i>	
BECKER, ELMER L., Private	1017 State St., Quincy, Ill.
	<i>Annex 1.</i>	
BERLOLOS, LOUIS G., Private	196 E. Court St., Kankakee, Ill.
	<i>Annex 29.</i>	
BIGLER, ARTHUR J., Private	Cobden, Ill.
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
BILLINGTON, WILLIS O., Private	Cisne, Ill.
	<i>Annex 1.</i>	
BOSWELL, HERSCHEL P., Private	Payson, Okla.
	<i>Ecole Normale.</i>	
BOWYER, LESLIE F., Private	Mackinaw, Ill.
	<i>Annex 29.</i>	
BREWER, OTIS, Private	4925 Forest Ave., Norwood, O.
	<i>Annex 13.</i>	
BRUCE, BUD, Private	Cartersville, Ga.
	<i>Annex 29.</i>	
BUFFINGTON, LUTHER H., Private	Ball Ground, Ga.
	<i>Annex 13.</i>	
BURGESSON, OSCAR, Private	3145 Osgood St., Chicago, Ill.
	<i>Annex 115.</i>	
BURKEY, SOLOMON, Private	Meadows, Ill.
	<i>Annex 29.</i>	
BURTON, CHARLES M., Private	Route I, Colchester, Ill.
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
CAMPBELL, CLYDE, Private	Ottawa, Ohio.
	<i>Annex 29.</i>	
CAMPBELL, JOSEPH E., Private	Phillipsburg, East Quebec, Canada.
	<i>Annex 115.</i>	
COOK, MILTON S., Private	624 Plymouth St., Whitman, Mass.
	<i>Quartermaster.</i>	



CUNLIFFE, JOHN, Private	27 Longberries St., Greystone, R. I.
	<i>Quartermaster.</i>
DAUPHINET, PAUL M., Private	666 Central St., Franklin, N. H.
	<i>Miste.</i>
DEER, JAY E., Private	20 Jackson St., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.
	<i>Laboratory.</i>
DELEW, JOHN, Private	1112 Ionia Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>
DEVEAU, DANIEL, Corporal	Lake Doucette, Digby Co., Nova Scotia, Canada.
	<i>Ecole Normale.</i>
DONAHUE, THOMAS J., Private	171 Winthrop Ave., New Haven, Conn.
	<i>Miste.</i>
DONDERS, FRANK J., Private	468 Albany St., Hartford, Conn.
	<i>Ecole Normale.</i>
DRISCOLL, DENNIS, Private 1/c	Cork, Ireland.
	<i>Miste.</i>
DRUMMER, DENNIS E., Private	(Address unobtainable).
	<i>Annex 29.</i>
DUNNING, GUY H., Corporal	Dixon's Mills, Ala.
	<i>Miste.</i>
EVANS, ORLIE C., Private	304 Montgomery Ave., Detroit, Mich.
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>
GERSTON, MORRIS, Private	(Address unobtainable).
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>
GILHOOLY, EUGENE A., Private	3 Oakshaw Brae, Paisley, Scotland.
	<i>Annex 29.</i>
HANDELAAR, VICTOR, Private	977 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
	<i>Annex 115.</i>
HAUCK, JOHN E., Private	(Address unobtainable), W. Va.
	<i>Annex 115.</i>
HILL, MEREDITH L., Sergeant	St. Marys, Ga.
	<i>Ecole Normale.</i>
HODDSON, GARVIE, Private 1/c	(Address unobtainable).
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>
HUBBARD, GEORGE, Private	708 E. 3rd St., _____.
	<i>Annex 115.</i>
JENNINGS, THOMAS J., Private	Falls Village, Conn.
	<i>Ecole Normale.</i>
JUDD, HENRY B., Private	Bethel, Conn.
	<i>Ecole Normale.</i>
KELLER, STEPHEN I., Private	(Address unobtainable), Ind.
	<i>Annex 115.</i>
KELLERMAN, ADAM J., Private	Pinckneyville, Ill.
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>
KENAUD, CHARLES E., Private	Danielson, Conn.
	<i>Miste.</i>
KENNAUGH, EDWARD F., Private	61 Howard Ave., Ansonia, Conn.
	<i>Annex 29.</i>
KNOLL, EDWARD E., Private	Fairmont, Minn.
	<i>Annex 29.</i>
KUEHNER, ALVIN J., Private	Columbia, Ill.
	<i>Miste.</i>
LAWLER, JAMES V., Private	154 Baldwin St., Waterbury, Conn.
	<i>Ecole Normale.</i>
LIMONGELLO, PASQUALE, Private	(Address unobtainable).
	<i>Annex 1.</i>
LYNCH, JAMES J., Private	542 Atlantic St., Bridgeport, Conn.
	<i>Annex 115.</i>



LYNCH, WILLIAM F., Private	6 Prospect St., Rockville, Conn.
<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
MALLEY, MAURICE J., Private	118 South St., Waterbury, Conn.
<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
MITCHELL, LEON N., Private	102 6th Ave., Rome, Ga.
<i>Quartermaster.</i>	
MONELL, DAVID C., Private	2 S. Lander St., Newburgh, N. Y.
<i>Annex 115.</i>	
MONTGOMERY, JOHN W., Private	Shorts Creek, Va.
<i>Annex 13.</i>	
MOON, THOMAS H., Private	813 Boston Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
<i>Annex 13.</i>	
MOROTO, ANTONIO, Private	178 Newberry St., Portland, Me.
<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
McGUINNESS, MAURICE, Private	104 W. 83rd St., New York, N. Y.
<i>Annex 1.</i>	
McNEILL, JOSEPH D., Private	Calhoun Falls, S. C.
<i>Annex 29.</i>	
NOONAN, EDWARD J., Private	38 Wall St., Norwalk, Conn.
<i>Annex 115.</i>	
NORTON, OTTO B., Corporal	(Address unobtainable).
<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
O'CONNELL, CHARLES J., Corporal	(Address unobtainable).
<i>Mixte.</i>	
ONDEK, JOSEPH, Private	242 Hallett St., Bridgeport, Conn.
<i>Annex 1.</i>	
PAGNATTO, UMBERTO, Private	(Address unobtainable).
<i>Annex 13.</i>	
PARNALL, EDGAR, Private	2447 W. Jackson Bvd., Chicago, Ill.
<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
PAULSON, ADOLPH, Private	187 Preston St., Hartford, Conn.
<i>Annex 1.</i>	
PERINE, HARLEY D., Private	Weston, W. Va.
<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
POMMERENING, FRANK L., Private	Scottsville, N. J.
<i>Annex 115.</i>	
POSPISHIL, FRANK, Mr. Hospital Sergeant	(Address unobtainable).
<i>Receiving Office.</i>	
POWELL, FRANK R., Private	259 Rhodes St., Providence, R. I.
<i>Annex 115.</i>	
PRZEDPELSKI, PETER, Private	Wallingford, Conn.
<i>Annex 1.</i>	
REID, ROBERT T., Private	Richford, Vt.
<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
RIPLEY, GEORGE H., Private	Poultney, Vt.
<i>X-Ray, Ecole Superieure.</i>	
ROBINSON, JAY L., Corporal	62 Irion St., Waterbury, Conn.
<i>Annex 29.</i>	
SCHULTZ, HERMAN H., Private	Ramsonville, N. Y.
<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
SIDELINGER, RUFUS N., Private	Union, Me.
<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
SIROIS, JULES J., Private	Fairfield, Me.
<i>Mixte.</i>	
SPINETTA, FRANK J., Private	S. Norwalk, Conn.
<i>Ecole Normale.</i>	
STANDIFIRD, AQUILLA B., Private	(Address unobtainable).
<i>Annex 1.</i>	



STAPLES, ANDREW J., Private	(Address unobtainable).
	<i>Miste.</i>	
STEVENS, JOSEPH G., Private	(Address unobtainable).
	<i>Annex 13.</i>	
STONE, WALTER R., Private	Willacochee, Ga.
	<i>Ecole Normale.</i>	
SWARTZ, CHARLES S., Private	(Address unobtainable).
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
TINTER, JOHN, Private	(Address unobtainable).
	<i>Miste.</i>	
TURNER, JESS T., Private	Mercer, Pa.
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
TURNER, RICHARD, Private	Bethel, Conn.
	<i>Annex 115.</i>	
WALL, WILLIAM F., Private	(Address unobtainable).
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
WALSH, ROGER, Private	65 Putnam Ave., Norwalk, Conn.
	<i>Annex 1.</i>	
WEIKEL, WILLIE P., Private	Union, W. Va.
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
WILKINSON, JOHN A., Private	1908 E. Arizona St., Philadelphia, Pa.
	<i>Ecole Superieure.</i>	
WILSON, THOMAS F., Private	Ben Wheeler, Texas.
	<i>Annex 1.</i>	
WOODSIDE, WALTER E., Private	Fountain Inn, S. C.
	<i>Annex 29.</i>	
WRIGHT, ARNOLD, Private	Forestburg, Texas.
	<i>Annex 1.</i>	
YARBROUGH, JOHN E., Private	Bluffdale, Texas.



THE EMORY UNIT QUARTETTE
 Left to right, Loftin Knowles, "Cy" Perkins, Rex Lavender and "Bill" Cook.





ANNEX ECOLE NORMALE.
A modern building, used as a Normal School before the War.



NORMALE—REAR VIEW.



War Diary

Base Hospital 43—The Emory Unit



IN accordance with an agreement between the Surgeon General of the Army and Major Edward C. Davis, M. R. C. (later Lieutenant-Colonel), a Red Cross Hospital of 500 beds with a personnel of 24 officers, 154 enlisted men, 65 female nurses, and 6 female civilian employees, was organized by Major Davis in the summer of 1917. The personnel, especially the professional personnel, was largely recruited from Emory University, of Atlanta, Ga. This unit was, consequently, known as the Emory Unit.

It was at first supposed that the Emory Unit would be equipped by popular subscription, but in August, 1917, the Government gave \$40,000 to the Unit for equipment. At this time the Unit was ready for training, but the selective service law took away many of the enlisted men, and it was necessary to fill their places by further recruits in the early fall of 1917. The Emory Unit was federalized on August 30, 1917, as Base Hospital No. 43.

During the fall and winter of 1917, the professional personnel of the Unit were taking special war training courses at various institutes throughout the country.

On March 4, 1918, First Lieutenant James P. McGee, M. R. C., was relieved from duty at the Medical Officers' Training Camp, Camp Greenleaf, Ga., and proceeded to Atlanta, Ga., for the purpose of mobilizing the enlisted personnel of the Unit, which, because of numerous transfers, discharges for physical disability, etc., consisted of 132 men.

Lieutenant McGee and the enlisted personnel were immediately attached to the Base Hospital at Camp Gordon Ga., for duty, where they reported on March 4, 1918.

On April 2, 1918, Lieutenant-Colonel S. U. Marietta, M. C., N. A., assumed command of Base Hospital No. 43, and proceeded to the completion of the organization and the equipment of the Unit.

At the same time the officers of the Unit reported for duty at Camp Gordon.

About the middle of April the Unit was increased from 500 beds to 1000 beds, the increase in enlisted personnel being, to a small degree, recruited, but the major portion transferred from the 157th Depot Brigade at Camp Gordon.

On April 23, 1918, seven officers were transferred from the secondary staff of the Base Hospital, Camp Gordon, Ga., to Base Hospital No. 43 completing the commissioned personnel. The Unit continued on duty at the Base Hospital, Camp Gordon, and proceeded with the completion of organization and equipment until



*ESCOLE NORMAL.
BASE 105 JUN 13.*



June 2, 1918, when it entrained for Camp Merritt, N. J. The Unit, at this time, consisted of 35 officers, including one Quartermaster and one Red Cross Chaplain and 200 enlisted men, the female nurses being mobilized separately by the Surgeon General at the Holley Hotel, in New York.

The command arrived at Camp Merritt, N. J. on June 4, 1918, after an uneventful journey and after a stay of nine days spent in preparation for overseas duty, went on board S.S. "Olympic," at Hoboken, N. J. The medical supplies and the equipment for the organization were at that time on the docks at Hoboken, or arriving, and were left to be shipped at the first opportunity. The nurses and civilian employees, whose equipment was not entirely complete, were likewise left in New York. The Unit sailed on June 14, with a full complement of officers and men.

The Commanding Officer of Base Hospital No. 43, being the senior medical officer on board the transport, was appointed as Surgeon of the boat. A hospital of 75 beds and an isolation section of 24 beds was established, the work being carried on by the personnel of Base Hospital No. 43. Two sick calls were held daily for the 6,000 or more troops on board, also a daily physical examination, required by the transport regulations. A total of 113 cases were handled during the voyage, including the following diseases:

Influenza, 5; measles, 6; measles contacts, 17; lobar pneumonia, 3; venereal, 7; other diseases, 36.

After an uneventful voyage the Unit docked at Southampton, England, Friday, June 21, 1918; spent the following day at Rest Camp, Southampton, and re-embarked June 23, on the S.S. "Nirvana," for Le Havre, France, reaching that port safely by noon of the next day.

On June 26 the Unit left the Rest Camp at Le Havre and entrained for Blois, France, where it arrived June 27, command intact, excepting one man left at Le Havre with mumps.

The next few days were spent in preparation for hospital work, and on July 3 Base Hospital 43 relieved Camp Hospital 25 at Blois, taking over seven buildings, as follows: Annex 29, Hospital Mixte, Annex 115, Annex 1, Annex 13, No. 2, and Complimentaire. The last two buildings were used for the Quartermaster and the Nurses' home, respectively. All the other buildings were used as hospitals. The French designations of the buildings were retained for business reasons with the French people. When taken over the capacity of this entire hospital was 939 beds normal, 1,229 beds emergency. The number of patients at the time were 416. As the nurses of Base Hospital 43 had not yet joined the command, all of the nurses of Base Hospital 47 were attached to Base 43 for temporary duty.



MIXTE HOSPITAL—ENTRANCE.



MIXTE HOSPITAL—SIDE VIEW.

This structure is one of the oldest in Blois; formerly connected with and an integral part of the Church of St. Nicholas (formerly St. Lomer). First stones laid in 854 to house the Benedictines, whose pious duty was to guard the Relics of St. Lomer. In 1626 the present building took form, and from 1626 to the Revolution it remained a Convent. In 1803 renamed "Hotel Dien", and used as Town Hall. Since 1914 used as Hospital by both American and French Armies.



On July 5 the administration of the different sections of the hospital was as follows:

Annex 29—Medical cases.

Annex 115—Nervous and mental, medical, and convalescent cases.

Annex 1—Surgical (general), and brain, dental, and special surgical cases.

Annex 13—Orthopedic and eye, ear, nose and throat cases.

Mixte—Infections, contagious and venereal cases, together with overflow miscellaneous cases.

On July 6 Hospital Train No. 51 arrived from Coulommiers with 314 patients, as follows:

Diseased, 71; gassed, 124; gunshot wounds, 84; other injuries, 31.

On July 10 two gas teams were formed, as follows:

TEAM No. 148:

1st Lieutenant Leslie L. Blair, M. R. C.,
Nurse Anna M. Anderson,
Nurse Ida A. Kratsch,
Private 1/c Benjamin T. Dantzer,
Private Paul C. Shehee.

TEAM No. 149:

1st Lieutenant Harry J. Sims, M. R. C.,
Nurse Marie F. Boyce,
Nurse Caroline B. Ashland,
Private 1/c Frank D. Solomon,
Private Leon F. Beddingfield.

NOTE—The four nurses named on the above teams were members of Base 47, who were temporarily assigned to Base 43.

On July 11 the bed capacity of the hospital was increased to 1,000 (normal), and 1,397 (emergency), distributed as follows:

<i>Annex</i>	<i>Normal Capacity</i>	<i>Emergency Capacity</i>
1	170	237
13	211	295
29	200	280
115	189	265
Mixte	230	320
Total	1,000	1,397

On July 17 two operating teams were organized, as follows:

FIRST TEAM:

Operator Major Edward C. Davis, M. R. C.
Assistant 1st Lieutenant James A. McAllister, M. R. C.
Anaesthetist Captain Louis Berlin, M. R. C.
Surgical Nurse Nurse Gabriella Tissot.
Assistant Nurse Nurse Laura Main.
Orderly Private 1/c Lewis S. Patton.
Orderly Private Thomas H. Dillard.





SECOND TEAM:

- Operator Captain Charles E. Dowman, M. R. C.
- Assistant Captain James W. Roberts, M. R. C.
- Anaesthetist Nurse Mildred Ensign.
- Surgical Nurse Nurse Abbie V. Ewart.
- Assistant Nurse Nurse Florence N. Blessing.
- Orderly Private 1/c Quillian C. Daniel.
- Orderly Private 1/c Philip R. Bradford.

NOTE—Nurses named were from Base 47.

These teams were available at all times for service at the French, British or American fronts.

On July 17 Hospital Train No. 53 arrived from Coulommiers with 236 patients, as follows: Diseased, 45; gassed, 115; gunshot wounds, 51; injuries, 11.

On July 22 Hospital Train No. 54 arrived from Coulommiers with 211 patients: Diseased, 1; gunshot wounds, 208; injuries, 2.

July 31, 1918. There were 578 patients disposed of from Base Hospital 43 during the month of July, of which number 432 were returned to duty, 138 were transferred to other hospitals, and 8 died.

August 4. Hospital Train No. 53 arrived from Chateau-Thierry with 253 patients, as follows: Gassed, 44; gunshot wounds, 149; injuries, 10.

On August 6 the female personnel of the Emory Unit, consisting of 100 nurses and 6 civilian employees (secretaries), arrived at Blois, making Base Hospital 43 completely mobilized for the first time.

On August 9 the nurses and civilian employees of Base Hospital 47 left Blois to join their own unit at Beanne, France.

On August 15 the total number of patients in the hospital were 1,035, distributed as follows: Diseased, 272; gunshot wounds, 314; injuries, 49; gas burns, 44; gas by inhalation, 200; gas by inhalation and burns, 99; venereal, 33; N. Y. D., 24.

Beginning about the middle of August, 1918, a course of instructions for officers of Base Hospital 43 was instituted. Meetings were held in the dining hall at Annex 29 on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Medical officers previously designated read papers or lectured on subjects of technical interest. A number of subjects treated are here given in their chronological order:

“Treatment of Gas Patients”—Major Cyrus W. Strickler.

“War Surgery”—Major Frank K. Boland.

“Use of Carrell-Dakin Solution”—Lieutenant Grover A. Silliman.





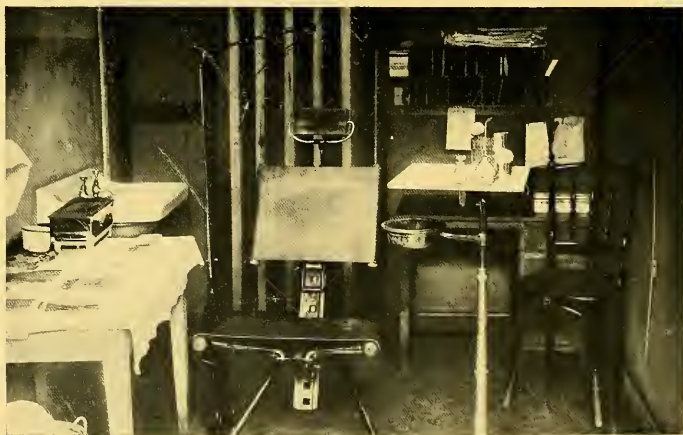
HOME MIXTE BARRACKS - 13.

PERSONNEL OF MIXTE ANNEX.



ANNEX No. 1.

Annex No. 1 is about 200 years old. The building was used as an Ursuline Convent until 1789. After remaining vacant many years, in 1886 it opened as a Church and School. In 1914 taken over by the French, who in turn gave it to the Americans.



DENTAL OFFICE—ANNEX No. 1.





"Fractures in War"—Captain Frederick G. Hodgson.

"Shock, and its Treatment"—Lieutenant Harry J. Sims.

"Brain Surgery in the Present War"—Captain Charles E. Dowman.

"New Method of Accounting for sick and Wounded"—Lieutenant Charles E. Phillips.

"Functioning of Base Hospital in S. O. S."—Lieutenant-Colonel S. U. Marietta.

"War Neuroses"—Captain Hansell Crenshaw.

"Oral Conditions Met With in the S. O. S., and Their Treatment"—Lieutenant Joseph D. Osborne.

"War Wounds from the General Surgeon's Standpoint"—Captain Weldon E. Person.

"Pneumonia—Lobar and Broncho"—Captain Dan H. DuPre.

"Pathology of the Broncho-Pneumonia"—Captain Louis Berlin.

"Diagnosis and Treatment of Duodenal Ulcer"—Lieutenant John B. Fitts.

"Influenza and its Principal Complications"—Lieutenant Henry C. Sauls.

"Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis, its Diagnosis and Treatment"—Lieutenant Fred B. Rawlings.

In addition to the readings and lectures given, there were frequent clinics held for and by the Emory officers, when there happened to be any particularly interesting cases in the hospital.

On August 31 Operating Team No. 87, consisting of Captain Charles E. Dowman, Captain John W. Roberts, Anaesthetist Zola L. Thomas, Nurse Ella M. Walters, Nurse Hope Wood, Private 1/c Philip R. Bradford, and Private 1/c Quillian C. Daniels, left Blois for Souilly in the Meuse Sector, for duty with Mobile Hospital No. 1.

On August 31 two new hospital buildings were added to B. H. 43: Ecole Superieure, and Ecole Louis XII; the latter to constitute an extension to Annex 29, while the former was to be the largest of the three surgical hospitals of the Emory Unit.

August 31, 1918. There were 864 patients disposed of during the month of August, of which 709 were returned to duty, 142 were transferred to other hospitals, and 13 died.

On September 6 another Hospital Train (No. 52) arrived from Paris at 6:15 P. M. with 400 patients, distributed as follows: Diseased, 20; gassed, 100; gunshot wounds, 280.



PERSONNEL OF ANNEX No. 1.



On this same day Chaplain Jackson Lee Allgood arrived from Paris to join his organization, and Gas Team No. 148 (see date of July 10) left for Base Hospital No. 15 at Chaumont, France.

On September 14 there were 953 patients in the hospital, as follows: Diseased, 261; injuries, 41; gunshot wounds, 412; gas inhalation, 100; gas inhalation and burns, 58; gas burns, 13; diphtheria, 1; mumps, 9; venereal, 36; N. Y. D., 22.

On September 17 the personnel of Hospital Train No. 39, consisting of 3 officers and 31 enlisted men, were assigned to duty with Base Hospital 43.

On September 18 the bed capacity of Base Hospital 43 was increased from 1,500 to 1,825 beds.

On September 24 Hospital Train No. 65 arrived at 10:45 A. M. from Toul with 421 patients, of whom 348 were American soldiers and 73 were German prisoners of war. There were 11 diseased, 61 gunshot wounds and 1 injury among the German patients, while the American patients included 167 diseased, 123 gunshot wounds, 34 injuries, 15 gassed, and 9 venereal cases.

September 25. Added another Annex to B. H. 43—Ecole Normale, to be used as a convalescent hospital.

September 30. During the month of September, 1918, there were 545 patients disposed of by B. H. 43: 464 to duty, 70 transferred to other hospitals, and 11 died.

On October 3 Hospital Train No. 53, from Langres, reached Blois at 11:00 A. M. with 401 patients: 96 diseased, 5 gassed, 283 gunshot wounds, 16 injuries, and 3 psychoneurosis neurasthenias, or "shell shocks." (In previous lists the "shell shocks" have been included in Diseases.)

On October 10 brought another Hospital Train (No. 19) from Le Veuve, with 251 patients: 49 diseased, 169 gunshot wounds, 12 gassed, 18 injuries, 3 psychoneurosis neurasthenias.

The next day the enlisted personnel of Base Hospital 43 was slightly increased by the addition of 20 casual privates from the Depot Division, A. E. F.

On October 14 the bed capacity was increased from 1,500 to 1,760 (normal), and from 1,825 to 2,000 (emergency). This increase was made possible by the erection of hospital barracks.

October 16 there were 1,778 patients in the hospital, listed as follows:



Lobar pneumonia, 39; broncho-pneumonia, 1; malaria, 1; venereal, 32; cerebro-spinal meningitis, 3; scarlet fever, 2; mumps, 31; influenza, 162; other diseases, 407; gunshot wounds, 819; injuries, 85; gassed, 194.

October 17. Hospital Train No. 6 from Le Veuve brought 169 patients: 62 diseased, 3 venereal, 20 gunshot wounds, 73 gassed, 10 injuries, 1 psychoneurosis neurasthenia.

The bed capacity was further increased from 1,760 to 2,025 (normal), and from 2,000 to 2,300 (emergency).

On October 19 Hospital Train C 3 arrived from Souilly with 267 American soldiers (14 diseased, 223 gunshot wounds, 3 gassed, 3 injuries, and 6 trench-foot cases), and 18 German prisoners (7 diseased, 11 gunshot wounds). This is the first appearance of trench-foot in B. H. 43.

On October 25 Hospital Train No. 59 arrived at 7:50 A. M. with 517 patients, as follows: 296 diseased, 7 venereal, 8 trench-foot, 190 gunshot wounds, 4 injuries, 20 gassed, 2 psychoneurosis neurasthenias.

On October 27 the Administrative Labor Co. No. 162, with 4 American Corporals and 30 mixed European laborers, in charge of which was 2nd Lieutenant Charles E. Stuart, Q. M. C., reported for duty, thus releasing the hospital corps men from labor, to be put on hospital duty.

On October 30 a French Hospital Train, No 7, arrived at 8:10 A. M. from Vittel with 316 American patients (51 diseases, 2 venereal, 3 trench-foot, 231 gunshot wounds, 4 injuries, 24 gassed, 1 psychoneurosis neurasthenia).

During the month of October 1,263 patients were disposed of, as follows: 939 returned to duty, 289 transferred to other hospitals, 35 died.

On November 7 another French Hospital Train (No. 7A) arrived with 324 patients (182 diseases, 8 venereal, 7 trench-foot, 65 gunshot wounds, 41 gassed, 6 injuries).

November 10, 1918. The total number of patients in hospital was 2,237, listed as follows: Lobar pneumonia, 46; broncho-pneumonia, 20; dysentery, 1; malaria, 1; venereal, 26; cerebro-spinal meningitis, 5; scarlet fever, 2; diphtheria, 4; mumps, 33; influenza, 213; other diseases, 559; N. Y. D., 40; injuries, 92; severe gunshot wounds, 513; slight gunshot wounds, 574; gas inhalation, 93; gas burns, 6; gas burns and inhalation, 9.

November 11, 1918. The great day of the signing of the Armistice.

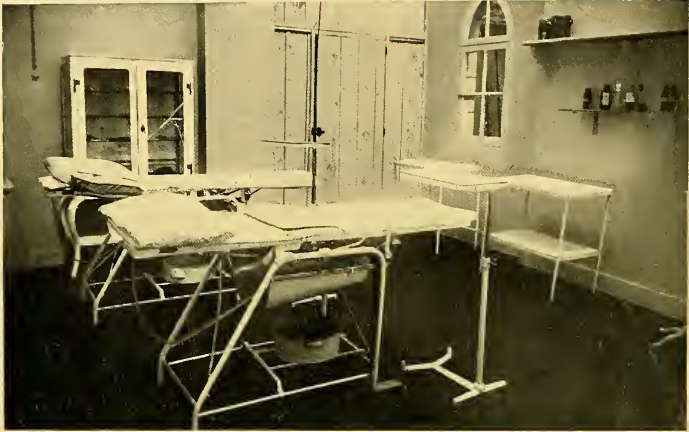




WARD No. 16, ANNEX No. 29—INFLUENZA CONVALESCENTS



INTERIOR OF ADRAIN BARRACKS USED FOR OVERFLOW OF PATIENTS.



OPERATING TABLES AT ECOLE SUPERIEURE.



WARD AT ANNEX NO. 115.





On December 4 Hospital Train No. 60 from Toul brought to Base Hospital 43 503 patients (440 diseased, 42 gunshot wounds, 12 gassed, 9 injuries).

On December 8 again Hospital Train No. 60 arrived from Toul, this time with 501 patients (458 diseased, 8 gunshot wounds, 9 gassed, and 26 injuries).

On December 12 the bed capacity of the hospital was decreased from 2,000 to 1,850 (normal), and from 2,200 to 2,000 (emergency). The relative bed capacities of the several annexes before this decrease are herewith given:

Annex No. 1	Normal	175	Emergency	195
Annex No. 13	"	230	"	265
Annex No. 29	"	315	"	350
Annex No. 115	"	285	"	315
Annex Mixte	"	280	"	310
Annex Ecole Superieure	"	415	"	445
Annex Ecole Normale	"	300	"	320
		2,000		2,200
Total		2,000		2,200

On Christmas Day the following telegram, dated December 24, 1918, was received by Base Hospital 43, from the Commander in Chief, through the Chief Surgeon, American E. F.:

Please accept for yourself, the officers, nurses and men under your command and patients under your care, my most cordial Christmas greetings, with appreciation of the spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm with which the personnel of your hospital have met their obligations, and admiration for the unflinching fortitude with which the sick and those wounded in battle have met their misfortune. I trust that the coming year will bring to all of you happiness which you so well deserve.

(Signed) PERSHING.

December 31, 1918. During the month of December there were 1,021 patients disposed of by Base Hospital 43, of whom 681 were discharged to duty, 330 transferred to other hospitals, and 10 died.

Remaining in the hospital at the end of the year were 1,490 patients, distributed as follows: Lobar pneumonia, 20; broncho-pneumonia, 17; venereal, 16; measles, 4; cerebro-spinal meningitis, 3; scarlet fever, 1; diphtheria, 3; mumps, 34; influenza, 280; all other diseases, 519; N. Y. D., 37; injuries, 68; gunshot wounds, 467; gas by inhalation, 17; gas burns, 2; gas inhalation and burns, 2.





January 1, 1919. Instruction classes were instituted for officers, nurses, corps men and patients of Base Hospital 43. Major Haskins was appointed School Officer. In addition to the regular officers' meeting, three classes a week were held for the officers, at which different instructors were assigned to lecture on paper work and administration. At the three classes every week for Nurses the following officers acted as instructors: Materia Medica and Therapeutics—Lieutenant Blair; Medicine—Lieutenant Sauls; Ward Work and Management—Captain DuPree; Dietetics—Lieutenant Fitts; First Aid—Lieutenant McAllister. The Enlisted Men's classes and their instructors were as follows: Civics—Lieutenant Street; English—Private 1/c E. R. Jones; French History—Miss Spencer, of the Y. M. C. A.; Mason's Handbook—Captain Person; Drill Master—Sergeant 1/c Lowndes. The classes for Patients were held three days a week in the different hospitals, at which English and French History were taught by Private 1/c E. R. Jones and Sergeant 1/c Daniel, and Agriculture and Civics were taught by Privates 1/c Sprouse, Hatfield, and Barrington. These classes continued as long as the hospital continued on duty at Blois.

On January 12, Evacuation Hospital No. 35, consisting of 31 officers and 211 enlisted men, reported for duty with Base Hospital 43.

On January 17, 10 medical officers and 1 sanitary corps officer (all of whom had been attached to the Emory Unit in France) and 40 of the nurses of Base Hospital 43 were transferred to Evacuation Hospital No. 35, for duty at Blois.

On January 21, 1919, Base Hospital 43 was relieved by Evacuation Hospital No. 35. Thus the Emory Unit was in operation as a Base Hospital in the A. E. F. for 6 months and 18 days. The largest number of patients in the hospital at a given time was 2,341. The total number of cases treated in France by this hospital were 9,034. (For a complete summary of cases, see Appendix to War Diary.) The total number of deaths in the 6 months and 18 days were 102:

During the entire time of the operation of Base Hospital 43, the hospital was free from cross infections and epidemics of any sort.

By successive assignments of officers and men the personnel of Base Hospital 43 grew from 31 officers and 200 men to 52 officers and 291 men. The nursing force remained substantially the same, consisting of 96 nurses.

Thus was finished the work for which the Emory Unit had been organized.





ANNEX No. 29—SIDE VIEW.



ANNEX No. 29.

This building, with other parts now demolished, was originally one of the largest buildings in Blois, covering in addition to its present sites, those now occupied by the College Augustin-Tierry and the Market House.





The rest of this Diary will be a brief statement of events leading to the demobilization of the Unit.

January 22-29. The enlisted men were billeted in the building of Annex 13.

January 29-February 10. The enlisted men billeted at Casual Camp near Blois.

January 31. Lieutenant-Colonel Marietta relieved of command of the Emory Unit by Major C. W. Strickler, Lieut.-Col. Edward C. Davis having previously returned to the States. Below is given Lieutenant-Colonel Marietta's farewell message to the Unit:

Base Hospital No. 43, A. P. O. 726.

January 31, 1919.

MEMO. TO MEMBERS OF BASE HOSPITAL NO. 43.

Being relieved on this date from the command of Base Hospital No. 43, The Emory Unit, after ten months service with the organization, and it being impossible, in the nature of things, to bid farewell to each individual member of the Unit, it is my desire to at least bid farewell in this manner to the Unit as a whole.

I wish to express my thanks to each individual member of the Unit for the loyal and willing performance of their duties at all times, and more especially for the good reputation which the Unit bears; a matter which has rested largely with the conduct of the personnel. It is earnestly hoped that as you go back to civil life, you will continue to safeguard the reputation and the standing of this organization.

While it is true that we have suffered little of the actual hardships of war, we have filled to the best of our ability the post that was designated to us, and none need be ashamed of the part he played in the great game, and you may go back with the consciousness of work well done. My best wishes go with you.

S. U. MARIETTA, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. C., U. S. A.,

Commanding Officer, Base Hospital No. 43.

February 6. Colonel Clyde S. Ford placed in charge of Base Hospital 43.

February 11. The original Emory Unit, with the exception of the 40 nurses, left with Evac. Hosp. No. 35, entrained at Blois for Camp Monitor, via Tours and Nantes.

February 12-March 2. Officers and men billeted at Camp Montoir, 10 k. east of St. Nazaire, while nurses were quartered at Boule.

February 22. The nurses, conducted by Capt. Dan. H. DuPree, sailed from St. Nazaire on the SS. "Cartago."

February 26. Colonel Ford relieved of command by Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Strickler.

March 2. The rest of the outfit proceeded from Camp Montoir by truck, 10:00 A. M., to Camp No. 2, and after physical examination to Camp No. 1, St. Nazaire, to await embarkation.

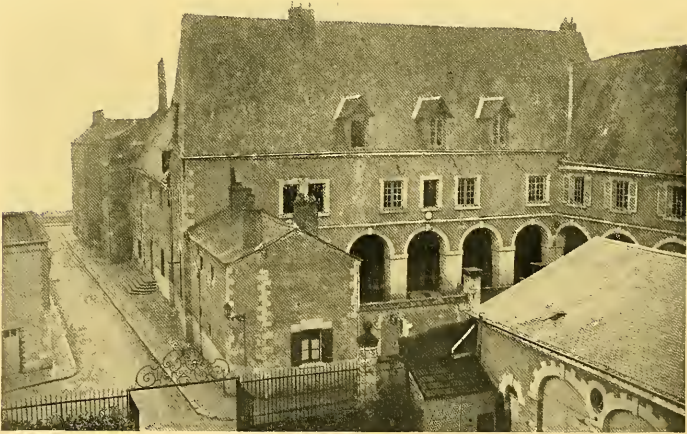


PERSONNEL OF ANNEX No. 29.



ANNEX LOUIS XII.

This building was built by the First Count of Orleans about the year 1190. The Theatre of Blois, which forms an integral part of its construction, was originally a Mediaeval Church. Since the Revolution of 1789 it has been used as an "Ecole Communal", i. e., a School for the Poor of Blois. In 1918 turned over to Base Hospital 43, for Hospital purposes.



QUARTERMASTER BUILDING.

Used as sleeping quarters for personnel and also as storage for about \$300,000 worth of quartermaster property.





March 11, 1:00 P. M. The Unit tramped with packs from Camp No. 1 to St. Nazaire, and boarded U.S.S. "Kroonland."

March 12, 1:30 P. M. U.S.S. "Kroonland" sailed for Newport News, Va., arriving at that port March 24, after an uneventful voyage.

March 24-28. Stationed at Camp Stuart, Va.

March 28-29. En route to Camp Gordon, Ga.

March 29, 2:00 P. M. Detrained at Camp Gordon.

April 2, 1919—at 5:00 P. M., just prior to demobilization, a formal meeting of the Emory Unit was held, and after several speeches and the presentation of a loving cup by the men of the Unit to Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, it was unanimously voted upon that a permanent organization be made of the Emory Unit, of which the following should be the officers:

President Lieutenant-Colonel Edward C. Davis.

Vice-President Lieutenant-Colonel Frank K. Boland.

Second Vice-President Lieutenant-Colonel Cyrus W. Strickler.

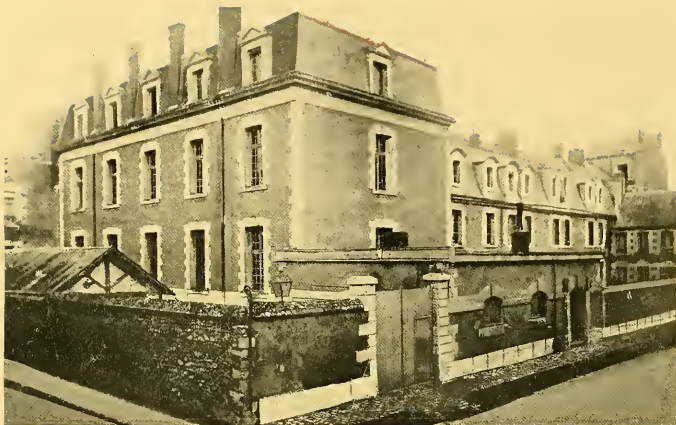
Secretary Sergeant 1/c Patrick N. B. Hampton.

It was further unanimously voted upon that a committee consisting of these four officers of the Unit have full charge of and authority to expend any funds possessed by the Unit. It was also agreed that the committee summon the Unit together for reunions at stated intervals, to be decided upon by this permanent committee of the Emory Unit.



NURSES QUARTERS, LOCATED JUST A FEW STEPS FROM ANNEX NO. 29.





ANNEX No. 13—ENTRANCE.



ANNEX No. 13—REAR VIEW.

These buildings are modern—built in 1869, as a School for Young Boys. At the outbreak of the War taken over as a hospital by the French. Later placed at the disposal of the Americans.



Technical Data of the Work of Base Hospital No. 43

Statistical Table of All Diseases and Injuries Treated at Base
Hospital No. 43, A. P. O. 726, From July 1, 1918
To January 1, 1919, Inclusive.

Compiled by LT. SILLIMAN, SGT. McCLURE and PVT. 1/c USHER
Of the Emory Unit

I. INFECTIOUS AND EPIDEMIC DISEASES—1394.

Chicken-pox	2	Mumps	130
Diphtheria	18	Purulent Infection—	
Dysentery, Entamebic	2	Aerogenes capsulatus	36
Influenza	1034	Erysipelas	4
Malaria—		Septicemia	3
Tertian	2	Rheumatic Fever, Acute	57
Quartian	1	Scarlet Fever	9
Measles	6	Tetanus	1
Meningitis—		Trachoma	3
Meningococcus	20	Vincent's angina	11
Streptococcus	2		
Pneumococcus	1		

II. TUBERCULOSIS—114.

Tuberculosis of Spine	1	Meninges, Tuberculosis of	2
Tuberculosis, acute, miliary	1	Lymphadenitis, Tuberculosis	2
Acute, pulmonary	2	Observation for Pulmonary Tubercu-	
Chronic, pulmonary	13	losis, bacilli not found	83

III. VENEREAL DISEASES—195.

Gonorrheal Arthritis	6	Gonorrhoeal cystitis	1
Ophthalmia	2	Chancroid	28
Epididymitis	28	Chancroidal lymphadenitis	8
Lymphadenitis	1	Syphilis, Primary	6
Stricture	4	Secondary	30
Urethritis, acute	36	Tertiary	8
Urethritis, chronic	37		

IV. GENERAL DISEASES (OTHER)—56.

Alcoholism, acute	5	Tumor, cyst dermoid benign	1
Diabetes, Mellitus	1	Lipoma	2
Drug Habit, Morphine	1	Fibroma	1
Goiter, exophthalmic	43	Cystadenoma, ovary	1
		Malignant type, undetermined sig-	
		moid	1



V. NERVOUS DISEASES—46.

Abscess of brain	1	Myclitis	1
Epilepsy	12	Neuralgia, trifacial	5
Epilepsy, Jacksonian	1	Neuritis	16
Hernia Cerebri	1	Paralysis, without specified cause, ulnar	2
Migraine	5	Tabes Dorsalis	2

VI. MENTAL DISEASES AND DEFECTS—184.

Constitutional psychopathic state—		Neurasthenia	113
Inadequate Personality	2	Psychasthenia	11
Emotional Insanity	1	Psychosis, hysterical	2
Mental Deficiency	5	For Observation	17
Psychoneuroses, hysteria	32	Cerebral Concussion	1

VII. DISEASES OF THE EYE—98.

Astigmatism	7	Panophthalmitis	5
Blepharitis	1	Presbyopia	2
Cataract	5	Pterygium	2
Chalazion	1	Retinitis	3
Choroiditis	3	Scleritis	3
Conjunctivitis	18	Diplopia	2
Dacryocystitis	2	Canaliculus, stricture of	1
Hordeolum	2	F. B. eye	5
Hypermetropia	1	Phthisis bulbi, traumatic	1
Iritis	12	Strabismus, convergent	4
Keratitis	1	Symplepharon	1
Myopia	3	Ulcer of cornea	8
Optic atrophy	1	Neurorstititis	1
Ophthalmoplegia	3		

VIII. DISEASES OF THE EAR—104.

Mastoiditis	18	Otitis media	86
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IX. DISEASES OF THE NOSE—41.

Deviation of nasal septum	16	Abscess, nasal	1
Polypus, nasal	1	Perforation Nasal septum	1
Sinusitis	20	Hypertrophied turbinate	1

X. DISEASES OF THE THROAT—209.

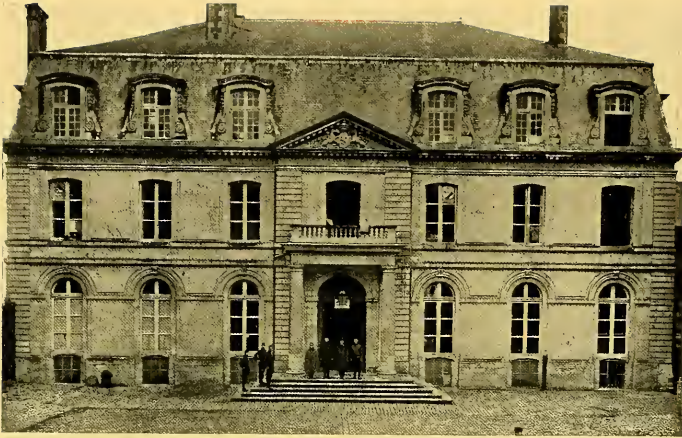
Abscess, peritonsillar	14	Pharyngitis	11
Hypertrophied tonsils	14	Tonsillitis	139
Laryngitis	31		





ANNEX 13 Base Hospital 43

PERSONNEL ANNEX NO. 13.



ANNEX No. 115—FRONT VIEW.



ANNEX No. 115—SIDE VIEW.

The Cathedral and Bishop's Palace (the latter now Annex 115) is a vast building begun in 1390 and finished in the 17th Century. It was dedicated to St. Solenne. Gabriel, the Architect of Louis XIV, at one time undertook the supervision of its construction. Its title, St. Louis Cathedral, only dates from the year 1697.



XI. CIRCULATORY SYSTEM—395.

Diseases of the heart—		Diseases of the lymphatic system—	
Angina pectoris	1	Lymphadenitis	9
Cardiac dilatation	2	Asthma, bronchial	19
Cardiac hypertrophy	5	Bronchitis, acute, catarrhal	392
D. A. H. Tachycardia	71	Bronchitis, chronic, catarrhal	28
D. A. H. A.rythmia	11	Pleurisy, empyema	20
Effort Syndrose	32	Hemothorax	3
Endocarditis, acute	2	Serofibrinous	50
Myocarditis, acute	1	Pleuritic adhesions	5
Myocarditis, chronic	14	Pneumothorax	2
Pericarditis	3	Traumatic	5
Valvular heart disease—		Abscess of lung	1
Mitral regurgitation	102	Rupture of lung	1
Mitral stenosis	1		
Aortic insufficiency	7		
Aortic Stenosis	3	Broncho-Pneumonia	97
Diseases of the blood vessels—		Primary—	
Aneurysm, popliteal	2	Pneumococcus	16
Aneurysm, epigastric	1	Streptococcus	7
Arteriosclerosis	1	Undetermined	11
Hemorrhoids, External	79	Secondary—	
Hemorrhoids, Internal	15	To Influenza—	
Phlebitis, Femoral	2	Pneumococcus	23
Varicose veins	8	Streptococcus	5
Varicocele	24	Undetermined	23
			Died
			19

XII. RESPIRATORY SYSTEM—757.

To Gas—		Primary—	
Streptococcus	1	Pneumococcus	84
Undetermined	1	Undetermined	5
To Injury—		Secondary—	
Pneumococcus	2	To Influenza—	
Streptococcus	1	Pneumococcus	31
Undetermined	2	To Gas—	
To Other Conditions—		Pneumococcus	3
Pneumococcus	2	To Injury—	
Streptococcus	1	Pneumococcus	4
Undetermined	2	Undetermined	1
Pneumonia, lobar	134	To Other Conditions—	
	22	Pneumococcus	6

XIII. DIGESTIVE—766.

Diseases of the Mouth—		Diseases of the Stomach—	
Abscess Alveolar	10	Dilatation of stomach	2
Gingivitis	1	Gastritis, acute	51
Stomatitis	2	Gastritis, chronic	24
Pyorrhoea alveolaris	5	Hyperchloridia	7
Insufficient dentition	3	Ulcer of stomach	3
Impacted molar	1		



Annex 115 Base Hospital 43

PERSONNEL OF ANNEX No. 115.



XIII.—Continued.

Diseases of the Intestines—		Diseases of the Rectum—	
Abscess retrocecal	1	Abscess periproctitis	11
Appendicitis, acute, catarrhal	69	Proctitis	1
Appendicitis, chronic, catarrhal	26	Fistula in ano	12
Appendicitis, acute, purulent	12	Stricture of rectum	1
Colitis	4	Diseases of liver and gall bladder—	
Enteritis, acute, catarrhal	278	Cholelithiasis	1
Enterecolitis	65	Cholecystitis	5
Hernia, inguinal	93	Cirrhosis of liver, hypertrophic	1
umbilical	2	Peritonitis, acute, general	5
ventral	2	Chronic adhesive	15
Intestinal obstruction	5	Fistula abdominal, post operative	1
Intestinal parasites		Reconstruction following abdominal	
Ascaris lumbricoides	1	operations	12
Oxyuris vermicularis	1	Auto intoxication, intestinal	20
Tenia saginata	3		
Uncinaria Americana	1		
Ulcer of duodenum	9		

XIV. GENITO-URINARY (NON-VEREAL)—96.

Diseases of the kidney—		Diseases of the bladder—	
Nephritis, acute	11	Cystitis, acute	2
Chronic	12	Chronic	4
Perinephritic abscess	1	Diseases of the prostate—	
Pyelitis	1	Hypertrophied prostate	2
Nephroptosis	1	Non-venereal diseases of the genital	
organs—		Balanitis	2
Calculi of the urinary passage—		Epididymitis, acute	1
Nephrolithiasis	4	Hydrocele	5
Ureteral calculus	1	Orchitis, acute	26
Diseases of the urethra—		Chronic	2
Urethritis, acute	3	Phimosis	15
chronic	1	Fistula of scrotum	1
Rupture of urethra	1		

XV. SKIN—168.

Chilblain	3	Pyodermia, abscess	46
Dermatitis, internal cause	2	Carbuncle	3
External cause	4	Furunculosis	38
Eczema, erythematous	4	Impetigo	6
Exfoliating	1	Paronychia	1
Schorthetic	1	Scabies	37
Squamous	3	Thichophytosis	1
Herpes Zoster	1	Urticaria	6
Psoriasis	5	Alopecia areata	1
Ring worm	1	Sycasis, vulgaris	3
		Tinea barbac	1



ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH.



THE CATHEDRAL.

TWO FAMOUS CHURCHES
OF BLOIS





XVI. BONES AND ORGANS OF LOCOMOTION—393.

Diseases of the bones—		Loose body in knee joint	7
Exostosis	8	Synovitis	17
Necrosis, tibia	1	Scoliosis	1
Osteomyelitis	18	Miscellaneous diseases of the organs of	
Periostitis	4	locomotion—	
Union of fracture, faulty	11	Bursitis	5
Diseases of joints—		Flat foot	39
Ankylosis, bony of joint	3	Hallux valgus	1
Fibrous	10	Hammer toe	2
Arthritis, acute atrophic	3	Lumbago	23
Acute infectious	10	Metatarsalgia	2
Acute hypertrophic	56	Myositis	6
Acute traumatic	1	Teno-synovitis	6
Chronic atrophic	1	Trench foot	35
Chronic rheumatic	48	Ingrowing toe nail	7
		Contracture tendo Achilles	5

XVII. MALFORMATION, ILL-DEFINED DISEASES—13.

Contracture of muscles	6	Congenital malformations—	
Paralysis of sphincter ani, post opera-		Bladder	3
tive	1	Hypospadias	1
		Undescended testicle	2

XVIII. EXTERNAL CAUSES—4002.

Burn—		Clavicle	1
By fire	8	Radius	1
Steam	2	Shoulder	5
Other agents	2	Patella	1
Concussion by explosion	23	Knee	3
Dislocations—		Hip	1
Sacro-iliac	3	Exhaustion from over-exertion	45

FRACTURES.

FRACTURE SIMPLE—99.		Femur	7
Skull	4	Tibia	9
Bones of face	5	Fibula	6
Clavicle	3	Tibia and fibula	10
Humerus	10	Tarsal	5
Radius	8	Metatarsal	11
Ulna	4	FRACTURE COMPOUND—414	
Carpal	1	Skull	14
Metacarpal	1	Bones of face	11
Rib	10	Clavicle	8
Vertebrae	4	Scapula	9
Sacrum	1	Humerus	70
Pelvis	2		



FRACTURES.—Continued.

Radius	25	Metatarsal	27
Ulna	19	GAS. Absorption of Deleterious—721.	
Radius and ulna	21	Chlorine by inhalation	28
Carpal	19	Mustard by inhalation	60
Metacarpal	34	By surface contact	53
Rib	3	By inhalation and surface contact	144
Vertebrae	5	Phosgene by inhalation	21
Pelvis	4	Mixed by inhalation	50
Femur	40	By inhalation and surface contact	149
Patella	1	Type unknown by inhalation	169
Tibia	41	By inhalation and surface contact	46
Fibula	22	Chloropiorin by inhalation	1
Tibia and Fibula	15		
Tarsal	26		

GUN SHOT WOUNDS—2552

	M. G. & Rifle	Shell	Shrapnel	Missile Unknown
Abdomen	21	6	6	—
Chest	62	42	27	—
Back	23	46	26	1
Buttocks	19	47	19	2
Thigh	168	161	100	8
Leg	171	144	90	5
Foot	90	33	27	3
Toes	13	—	—	—
Shoulder	49	30	29	7
Arm	66	90	63	10
Forearm	80	68	27	10
Hand	94	62	63	10
Fingers	27	—	—	4
Face	23	24	22	7
Scalp	10	11	12	—
Head	25	33	46	4
Neck	14	5	6	2
Spine	—	—	—	—
Genitals	3	—	2	—
Multiple	22	104	59	5
Totals	953	913	618	78

117 of the above wounds under the head of M. G. and Rifle were rifle wounds.

Wounds other than gun shot wounds	121
Contused	54
Punctured	6
Lacerated	47
Purulent	14

Total Conditions 9034



ANNEX ECOLE SUPERIEURE.

This building dates from the 15th Century—built under Louis XII by the Religious Order of MINIMES, and used as a Monastery until 1789. After the Revolution used as a Junior Theological Seminary, until 1907, when it was turned over to the State, to be used as a Lay High School for Girls. In 1914 devoted to Hospital purposes.



WARD IN ANNEX MINTE.





PERSONNEL ECOLE SUPERIEURE.





Emory Memories

CHAPTER I.

PREPARATION.



HE original Emory Unit consisted of about 150 men who, for the most part, enlisted in the fall of 1917 in answer to 1,001 articles published in the newspapers of Atlanta and throughout the South, a few headlines of which were as follows:

"Emory Unit Needs More Men."

"Emory Base Hospital Officers. Fine Opportunity for Speedy Promotion."

"Emory Unit to See Early Service in France."

For many a morning in September and October, 1917, from ten to fifteen fellows each time stood chilly in their birthday suits on the bare floor of a little barrack room at Fort McPherson, Georgia, while a tall, good-natured "lieutenant-doctor" thumped them and jumped them and listened to their internal mechanism from every point of the compass. Then would come the eye test, and often a man whose sight was somewhat sub-normal would get near the end of the line where he would have plenty of time to learn the passable row of letters forwards and backwards, so that when the test came he could "read" with one eye as well as with another. Then all the men, but two or three who were physically disqualified, were lined up in a row, and were administered the oath of allegiance. Then, after leaving their smutty finger-prints for Uncle Sam's Souvenirs, the lucky devils left the little barracks as members of the Enlisted Reserve Corps of the United States Army, gleeful with the expectation of going into training within two weeks, and sailing for France before two months at the most.

In fact so soon did some of us fellows anticipate moving into camp that we left our jobs in order to have two or three weeks at home; but before the two or three weeks had lengthened into two or three months the enlisted personnel of the Emory Unit was to be found filling temporary or makeshift jobs throughout the entire South.

Thanksgiving came. A few of the men were thankful to be still at home, but for the most part they were restless. The only evidence to us that the Emory Unit really existed was that on or about the 10th day of November there was a peppery meeting of the embryonic personnel of the Unit at the Emory Medical School in Atlanta. About 10 doctors, 50 nurses and 40 men were present. Dr. Davis pre-



sided. Dr. Stewart Roberts read a stirring war poem, "In Flanders Field," and our Chaplain-to-be, Mr. Allgood, gave a short talk. All adjourned with renewed hopes of early service in France.

Christmas and New Year's were happy, because we all want to be at home then, but when the month of January passed by without any further evidence of our going to camp except that the officers of the Unit were taking special courses of training in camps and institutions throughout the whole country, and that the cooks of our outfit were learning the gentle art of opening cans at Camp Gordon, our restlessness grew into despair which was but deepened by the gibes of our friends that we had joined only a fictitious army.

On February 24, 1918, the call came, at last. The papers stated that the Emory Unit would go into active training at once at Camp Gordon. Sure enough, in a few days every man in the organization received the following telegram:

WESTERN UNION—GOVERNMENT MESSAGE.

Feb. 28, '18.

Report to me twenty-five East Linden Street, Atlanta, Georgia, Monday morning, March fourth, nineteen hundred eighteen, ten A. M., for duty with Base Hospital forty-three.

J. P. McGEE, *Adjutant*.

On March 4, 1918, the anniversary of President Wilson's inauguration, we all had to tell the home folks good-bye, and the clan gathered at 10:00 A. M., as per the telegram, and after a hurly-hurly, kaleidoscopic series of registration, hand-shaking, listening to congratulatory speeches by Dr. Elkin, Bishop Candler, and Major Davis, respectively, and having our pictures taken for the last time in "mufti," we men, pre-rookies, 132 strong, piled into three Camp Gordon cars, laughing, joking, smoking, hail-fellow well met, like a bunch of boys going on a summer camping trip.

"Where're you from?", and "Wait 'til you get the needle, boys!" were the pleasant greetings that we heard from all sides, while tramping from the car line to the Base Hospital, a distance of about one and one-half English miles—but it seemed to be five miles to us while we lugged our heavy suit cases in the hot sun, with thoughts of an Inquisition chamber of horrors in our minds whenever we heard the word "needle."

Right after a good dinner we again tramped what seemed ten miles, and finally landed at an empty barracks 'way over on the other side of the Cantonment. Ye Gods! we slept that night as soon as we got our cots and hit the hay. But alas! we were rudely jerked from our dreams by a shrill whistle and the top-kicker's clarion voice to "Get out of here; do you intend to sleep all day?" There were a few feeble answers that we *had* intended to sleep all night—but we meekly obeyed



OPERATING ROOM—ECOLE
SUPERIEURE.

Showing Operating Room
at Ecole Superieure. Lower
right—Major Frank Boland,
later Lieutenant-Colonel in
charge of surgical division.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BOLAND.





and jumped into our clothes to keep from freezing—then we lined up, and a forced march brought us to the Cantonment Hospital by daybreak.

The next day we were all given gas masks, and told that our three weeks' instruction in Gas would begin immediately. Things seemed to be getting interesting and we had high hopes of soon seeing France, if for no other reason than to get away from Camp Gordon.

"It's a great life if you don't weaken," is the slogan we heard for days after getting to camp; and we, too, had to look on the humorous side of things to make life bearable. For two weeks we sandwiched two hikes of two miles each with about thirteen hours work a day in the hospital kitchen or in a ward, or perchance hauling stumps off the hospital area, and, like the Prodigal Son, each of us bitterly exclaimed how gladly he would change places with his father's hired servants. But, thanks to the indestructibility of youthful effervescence of spirit, one of our number discovered that the law of compensation exists even in the Army: "Gosh, man! You orter to see me in that valley of milk and honey, where I K. P. I pop open a can of cream and suck it dry every ten minutes. Gimme K. P."

On about March 15, 1918, to our great delight, we began getting *furloughs*: they were really just passes to be absent for 12 hours, but to our home-sick crowd they seemed like furloughs to an old soldier.

About this time also we moved from the barracks on the other side of the camp to a couple of barracks within a stone's throw of the Cantonment Hospital. These two wooden structures always will come into the mind of an Emory Unit man whenever he hears that pathetic ballad, "Take me back to my shack Number Nine." The Emory Unit and Thorne's Wops were here thrown into the same crucible, but their only points of contact were a mutual antipathy to militarism and a mutual love of rolling "bones" upon a cement floor in the wee hours of the morning.

As soon as we were installed in our new quarters our beloved C. O. appeared on the scene with an ominous volume under his arm and to an attentive audience he read about half of the multifarious Articles of War, and ended by saying that whoever transgressed by one jot or tittle would be S. O. L.—Somewhat Out of Luck. So effective was this paternal lesson that ere another week had passed four of the fellows went to their respective homes in Rome, Cartersville and Montezuma, to tell the home folks how much they were learning in the Army.

To get an idea of the calibre of the men in the Emory Unit, it would be necessary to go into either of our two barracks, and question the men as to their occupations in civil life. Here by the door is a graduated pharmacist of some years'



Upper picture shows reconstruction aids (Blue Birds) massaging joints.



Lower shows treatment of arthopedic case.





A SURGICAL WARD—ECOLE SUPERIEURE.



A SURGICAL WARD—ANNEX 13.





experience (there are about twenty-five druggists in the Emory Unit); next to him is a jewelry salesman; then comes a lawyer of nine years' practice, alongside a Prep. school teacher; here is an office clerk between a Ph.D. from the University of Georgia and an Episcopal minister of eight years' University training: most of the Emory Unit men are men who would not seem out of place among a group of University men—yet they are all splendid, unspoiled, grown-up boys, and brothers.

In addition to the three weeks' gas instruction which we received at Camp Gordon, two other things helped fill the time when we were not actually performing hospital work, namely, drill, and instructions in Mason's Handbook for the Sanitary Troops. Drill commenced about the day after we reached Camp (and it will probably last until the day before the Emory Unit is demobilized—for every time there is nothing else to do we generally hear the "Old Top's" shrill whistle calling us out to drill). At Camp Gordon, every day except Saturday and Sunday, we spent an hour executing the regulation military drill in a most unmilitary manner. If the old campaigner who wrote the "Manual of Drill Regulations" could have seen the Emory Unit in drill formation, he would have been filled with the pride of a Napoleon. Little did it matter which step one kept, he always had about one-half the bunch with him; indeed, no matter in which direction one turned in executing facings he usually had a husky following. In fact, so impressed was our dear and patient drill officer with his pupils that he exclaimed one day, in exultation: "A beautiful bunch of soldiers—I *don't* think."

More popular on the whole than the drill were the lectures on Mason's Handbook, which began about March 20 and lasted during the entire stay of the Unit at Camp Gordon. They were given three nights a week, and for a while in the afternoons, also, in the little hospital chapel, by officers of the Emory Unit—Captains Person and Roberts, Lieutenants McAllister and Sauls, and others. They consisted of practical talks on ward management, first aid, physiology, etc., and were helpful and interesting to the men who really meant business in the outfit.

Another course of studies may here be mentioned, by far the most popular of all those given or imposed on the Emory Unit at Camp Gordon—a voluntary class in French, conducted two nights a week (Tuesday and Friday) by Miss Eva Woodberry, Principal of "Woodberry's School for Girls," in Atlanta. Miss Woodberry came regularly from the city, each time accompanied by one or two of her charming pupils, and faithfully she labored with the would-be Frenchmen of the Unit; so much so that quite a number of the men learned to count in French from 1 to 100, to say *Comment-allez-vous?*, *Oui, oui*, *Mademoiselle*, and many other



Top picture shows Influenza ward,
Annex No. 29.



Bottom—Just a little "nook".





expressions that came in handy some months later. And many an Emory Unit man, when speaking to some petite mademoiselle in France, wished that back at Gordon he had kept his eyes fixed on Miss Woodberry, while she taught French, instead of on her fair attendants.

With the beginning of April came greater activity of the Emory Unit and a renewed hope of early departure for France. On April 2, to the delight of every one concerned, all the officers of Base Hospital 43 were ordered to Camp Gordon. Lieutenant-Colonel Marietta was placed in charge of the Unit, and every possible preparation for completing the equipment and personnel of the outfit was set in motion. At the same time the Atlanta newspapers began a campaign to raise the \$7,000 Emergency Fund for the Emory Unit. By April 10 the fund was complete, and the fact was celebrated by a banquet and farewell reception to the Emory Unit given at the Piedmont Driving Club on Friday night, April 12, 1918. It was a wonderful gathering of the clans—the officers, nurses and men of the Unit, with all their families. The order of events at this first social event of the Unit was as follows: First, a reception, with a presentation of the \$7,000 Emergency Fund; then a dance, then a delicious supper, after which the ladies of the Atlanta Red Cross Chapter presented each nurse and man of the Unit with a present, consisting of a knitted sweater and a comfy kit. Then the whole outfit stood at attention while a photographer took a flashlight picture. After this came the good-byes, and the men marched to the special cars to take us back to camp. Everyone was delighted with the evening's entertainment.

Two nights later (Sunday night) we again piled in special cars and went to the Wesley Memorial Tabernacle to hear the farewell sermon to the Unit, delivered by Bishop Warren A. Candler. The sermon was patriotic to the core, stirring and virile: so much so that every mother's son of us and every son's mother of us present were glad that we were in khaki. After the sermon a banner was presented to the Unit by the Atlanta Minister's Association.

By this time every member of the Emory Unit was "rearing" to get away, and the prospects of our leaving for France seemed about to be realized when, like a thunder-bolt, came to us on the 18th day of April fifty "raw recruits," transferred from the Depot Brigade at Camp Gordon to bring the Emory Unit to full "war strength." The outlook seemed dull, indeed, to think that we would have to wait until these new men, who were quartered in barracks on the hill, could be trained in the long art of medical militarism which we had been gradually learning for six weeks. But the new men were, almost without exception, men of high calibre, who easily learned the necessary drills, etc., which were prerequisites of our readiness for travel. So surely did these new fellows blend with the rest of the outfit and catch the spirit of the Unit that by the middle of summer it was impossible to



remember whether a man had been in the original Emory Unit or whether he had been later grafted into the organization.

On Friday, April 19, 1918, came the first real sorrow to the Emory Unit, when one of its best known and liked members—Howard Candler Curtis, of College Park, Ga.—died of pneumonia. He was buried with military honors on the following Sunday afternoon at College Park, the entire Emory Unit being present at the funeral.

The next six weeks were spent in the same old routine of details and dodging details (especially the latter), classes, drills, hikes, and inspections, with an occasional pass to town to break the monotony of life at the Cantonment Hospital. There was, however, one more social event for the Unit—a dance, given on May 3, 1918, for the Nurses and Enlisted Men of the Emory Unit, at the Davis-Fischer Sanitarium. The evening was an enjoyable one for those that could dance, and also for those that could not dance, for most of the latter class slipped away from the dance after the “cats” and went to the movies.

On May 17 the Emory Unit Nurses who had been stationed at Camp Gordon left the Camp, bound for Lakewood, New Jersey. This was a happy omen of the departure of the whole Unit and one which caused our “Editor” to get out an extra edition of his well-known periodical. The completion of the equipment of the organization, and finally the placing of the Unit in quarantine about ten days later, confirmed the fact that the officers and men of the outfit were soon to follow the nurses to an embarkation camp. Saturday, June 2, was an eventful day. That morning our barracks boys were packed and sent to the train; that afternoon a score of automobiles lined up in front of the hospital and the barracks—the last visit of “the folks from home;” that night we were definitely told by Colonel Marietta that the Emory Unit would leave Camp Gordon the next morning, Sunday, June 3, 1918, for an embarkation camp, en route to “Some Where”—the indefinite field, for which the Emory Unit had made three long months of definite preparation.



DISPENSARY—ANNEK 13.

MEDICAL SUPPLY DEPOT.



CHAPTER II. FROM GORDON TO BLOIS.



WE'RE going over. We're going over." rang a chorus of voices from a woodpile just in the rear of the old barracks at Camp Gordon, U. S. A. The men singing composed what has now been proclaimed "The 43-Quartet," the title being "donated" through a desire by all concerned to see that things 43 pertaining become tip-top. At any rate, the song told what was about to happen, for scattered almost everywhere (A. W. O. L.'s included) were our men, just a-sittin' here and there, waiting for the pile-driver voice of our top-sergeant to call "Fall In." And just about when everybody had come to the conclusion that leaving Camp had resolved itself into another of "Solomon's Gags," the top-sergeant's voice, sure enough, sounded. We shall never forget that "Fall In." It amounted to a scrambling of feet unequalled even by the old Napoleonic Guard. The men fretted beneath a boiling June sun that seemed to be trying itself as a sort of beginner of our misery. But the last at last was made. Everybody was in and along the arrow-straight chalk mark that Gilreath first happened upon. But to be brief, after fifteen minutes' walk we were standing face to face with one of our Uncle Samuel's apparently cast aside bunch of Pullman coaches—worn out, I should say, for those not present at the memorable occasion. We viewed said cars and thereupon kissed our wives and sweethearts a last fond farewell—the emphasis being put upon the "ours," as there was not a man there who but thought that he had her absolutely "fooled."

But the fun began when once we got aboard—and really "aboard" hardly expresses it, for just as we realized just how uncomfortable everything was, we promptly and emphatically were told that we were aboard to stay, and not for a pleasure trip like those we formerly were accustomed to when at each dinky station we got off, bought sandwiches, and sized up most everybody standing near.

Frankly, we were getting our army "eye teeth" cut: neither our packs nor ourselves had a place to sit or lie; we hated to throw the packs on the floor, but yet if we put them in the seats we ourselves would have had to take to the floor. And to make somewhat of a bold disclosure, in the excitement some of us gave the pack the better of the two seats. This was not done, of course, through any lack of judgement, by no means, but mainly through a desire to become hardened all at once to what was to transpire in the then "Great Hereafterwards." Oh, that "Hereafterwards!" Why, to us it was to be a time when frolic and sightseeing were to be paramount—at least each of us sort o' had that idea about it, for we were not at all worrying ourselves about future calloused hands, hard beds, the

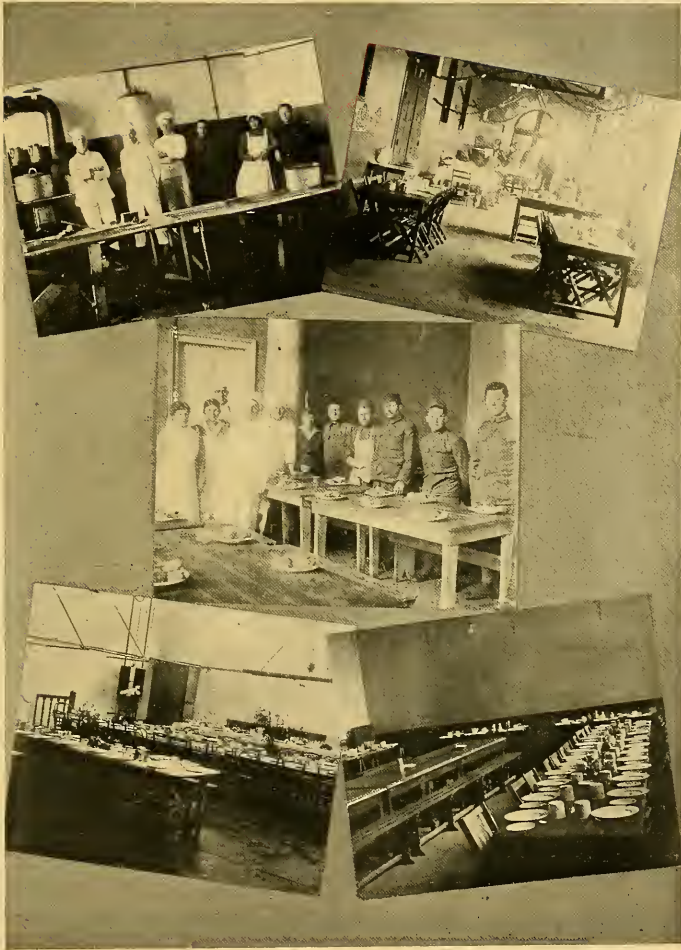


roar of canons, and the like, for such trivial things had long since to each of us become as sort of matter-of-fact—so it was that "sightseeing" was coined for the special use of all downhearted ones; and to be safe-on-first, we might leisurely add that in the army had nothing in common with that Leaving-Camp-Gordon-Day when it comes to the plain old matter of fact thing of "just having the blues."

But, however much we loved the old Camp, the leave-Atlanta surroundings was indeed a bane to our hearts. Yet we volunteered! We declared our utmost intention of so doing by deliberately signing our names on a card that bore the word "Enlistment" somewhere upon its broad and ugly face. At any rate, the first thing we knew the foothills of Atlanta were fast becoming fresh-dotted with pretty, but strange-looking flowers; even the fence rails seemed to be a-shout with a gusto of good-byes, until mighty soon a village with the ear marks of an "unknown spot" hove in sight, then a still stranger looking farm house, with its equally strange and somewhat queer surroundings, and behold, we were really on the road to somewhere—we knew not where.

The traveling was really delightful after we had become reconciled to our position, bordering on the more or less coercive as it was, for when some of us saw all the strange looking surroundings, especially fellows like Long and Hodges, who had hardly completed an about-face from the matrimonial altar before boarding the train, we, or they, which ever you dear reader prefer, began to open the little boxes, all nicely filled with the goodies mother, sister and sweetheart had so carefully placed therein. Then began the feast which was ended equally as quick as it began, for almost everybody seemed to realize that he had broken home ties and, therefore, helped himself to all that was in sight. The eating, however, was not a matter "accomplished" to appease overbearing appetities, it is assured, but merely a soldierly form gone through with whenever the occasion arises.

Eating is a thing, however, that army men are wont to talk about too much, and fearing lest that at this moment the subject has tended to stretch imaginations to a back-home-table all filled with ham and eggs, we must pause, because the train has come to a sudden stop and lo, we are at the old alma mater—Athens, Ga., a short ride for the most of us, but a very long one for men like Hopper, Hopkins, and even our mutual friend Captain Hodgson. The latter, it is agreed, was the first off the train. He stood at attention, for about him were his real commanders! Ladies, all. Goodness, but how they flocked around him! He turned one cheek and then the other just in time to meet the kiss of a demure Mademoiselle who "Hated to see him go." The sight was unique. It made Hodges cry for his wife, and Long began to write a letter. But the Captain was not destined to



SCENES SHOWING KITCHEN AND MESS HALL AT ANNEX MINTE WITH COOK RALPH REEVES
IN CHARGE.



monopolize our attention, for suddenly we heard a distinct war-whoop enunciating "Hopper! Hopper!" It was whooped by a rosy-checked maiden, whose eyes were most as glistening with delight as was Hopper's rear-bald head 'neath that burning June sun. But where was Hopper? The first coach bore him not, neither did the second, nor even the seventh—for he was safely stored away 'way back in the old "Q. M." car with his running-mate in size, Sitton. At last they sighted him, and some sight it was! He was as embarrassed as the girls were bold. And before we knew it our little friend had shattered the military iron-clad rule and stepped off the train. Everybody looked for an M. P. to grab him, and as all eyes were so warningly searching some one shouted, "Look at Bill!" Hopper was forgotten for Bill Hopkins certainly was the center of attraction a few coaches ahead. He was off the train—some even intimating that he rode on the steps all the way in fear that he would not get off in time when his haven had been reached. Talk about girls, if you will, and prate of their combined loveliness, but Bill's gathering was one of the most cosmopolitan seen in Athens since the famed Georgia-Tech. football game some few years since. Bill was lighting one cigarette, only to throw it away, to light another. He looked as if he was paralyzed with delight, or, we might say, he looked as if he felt too much the "bit of heaven," so often attributed to Ireland instead of Athens.

But war is forever one with the law of motion, as was our train after it left that long-to-be-remembered stop. Wooten averred, and with much concern, that the motion pertained more to "commotion," so we will let it go at that until K. P.'s were being duly selected, then we were convinced that it was "commotion," for everybody tried to hide, but due to the few real hiding places about the cars, most everybody was caught and put into action. The K. P.'s being duly drafted, others left from the onslaught were detailed to get up after they had just got to sleep at night and relieve a guard at either end of the coach.

But soon, though not prematurely so, night fell. So did a hundred men, trying to find their way about in the dark of the private car: the lights being prohibited on the train because it was feared that a German submarine might get a glimpse of us and thereupon foil our plans of serving our country.

Time and tide wait for no man, it is often quoted. It was, therefore, that we entered into the "Cole Blease" State, where everything was as chicken as one could have wished. Those people made us feel at home—and the way to make a soldier feel at home is to feed him. Greenville went so far as to give us two cigarettes each, and as much ice tea as we could conveniently hold. Those South Carolina Red Cross ladies were certainly out to see that the old State was duly represented in the way of sustaining its reputation for hospitality. They suc-



ceeded beautifully, and we were as proud of their work as they were wont to see it done.

Certainly one thing the short stop did was to give the bunch a new topic of conversation, not that conversation needed a stimulus, assuredly not, for it was running, lad run, and had it not been for said stop, probably would have continued to run the gauntlets of a homesick platoon-man's imagination, for it sounded of everything from Caesar to the "Old Gray Mare." But the feast turned the tide at least for two score miles. Men chatted (some whispered) about what they had seen, and what was said to them; and it was at this point that Clark again awoke the galleries when he recalled that one lady alleged that "You are certainly a rough-looking crowd of men." Of course Clark had a come-back, as most soldiers do, and he told her that "this was his off day; she ought to see him when he is dressed up."

In the meantime some of our lovers-of-nature men were day-dreaming about the well-cared for South Carolina corn, wheat, etc. Well, really, it was beautiful. Every furrow seemed as if it had been laid out by the hand of Michael Angelo. So the musing ran until McEnery exclaimed, "Oh, my, look at the lovely wheat!" The train nearly stopped, so great was the laughter; for said wheat was nothing other than an every-day-looking potato patch.

But South Carolina soon merged into "past territory." The old North State was next—the State that has won the title of "Home of the Long Leaf Pine." Everybody realized that, and began to look for the tall-standing trees. But look in vain they did, for the only tall-standing "things" to be seen anywhere were the peasants. Some seemed to think us part of General Washington's Legions; others were more or less of the agnostic—they did not know what it all was about.

Pretty soon, however, we were well within the old State Capital—Raleigh. Everybody was there to meet us, perhaps with the fine exception of Josephus himself—and really he was a little lax in his duty by being absent, for the ladies had made enough lemonade, or ice tea (which ever one it was), to float the battleship Pennsylvania. Just the same, though, we thought it mighty good. The reason, however, for such crude thinking was more or less in the coercive form, for during forty minutes just preceding we were put through a series of "setting-up" exercises that would have been fit for a Goliath ere leading the Philistines into battle. To cap the climax, Captain Bunce took one platoon of our men and literally marathoned them about the city, not only for the exercise, but also that all of Raleigh might know that we were there.

So it was that we called it a day. Our next good stop was to be Richmond. We'd all heard of that distinguished city, not only because General Lee at one



WALD
SCENES.



time led his fighting retels thereabouts, but mainly because "Pop" White at one time in the history of his young life had left the one homestead to drive his "buck-board cart" up to the city to take in the sights. After spending one night there "Pop" knew all about it. He met just about all of the girls; so it was that he ever afterwards declared the Virginia beauty the only equal of the famous Kentucky belle.

And soon enough the train made a sudden stop—and Richmond was with us. Everybody rushed for a window to get a peep at something "sweet and refined." But, lo and behold, we were in a station, lined thick with a cosmopolitan sort of crowd of country folk, and also with several inches of years-old dirt and hanging cob-webs. We at once were anxious to get away. And so we did, for the ladies had prepared a young feast for us a kilometer or so down the railroad track. The train started, and so did our friend "Sergeant" Albert—only the starting was in different directions. The latter had in mind a quarter of meat that he must rush out of the station to the car kitchen. Within a few brief seconds our crew was without its full number of its anxious volunteers—indeed the seconds lapsed into minutes, the minutes into nearly an hour; and it was not until we had vanquished most of the said lemonade that a stray engine came blazing its way down the track behind us. The engineer jumped off and allowed that we had left our "Commanding Officer" at the station; for said Albert had boarded said engine with a threat to the engineer that if he did not overtake the train ahead the war may never be won. So the ninety-nine at once rejoiced, for the lost sheep had been found.

It is well here to bear in mind that territory traversed onward to Richmond was classified by our men as more or less of "home ground." It was to the land beyond that a great majority looked to with heart bent upon seeing a "New World." Ahead of us lay the great capital at Washington. Such a place was our eye's ambition. But it was with sad hearts that we counted the hours ahead to find we would arrive at the Nation's headquarters at midnight. Yet Washington must be seen. To be brief, the next morning, after all who retired with the expectation of waking just as we entered the city, had had a long and undisturbed night's sleep, the great quizzing began. Not a man would admit of being asleep, some even went so far as to fervently declare that the President was at the station to meet us. But the pot was calling the kettle black, so all with guilty consciences settled once more uncomfortably back in the seat with firm intention of viewing the big league city—Philadelphia.

It was when we fully swung into the suburbs of this great city that the eyes of many of our men were opened to the bigness and to the splendors of the earth. Every man was a critic. To him Philadelphia was not the city he had heard so



much about, and with, perhaps, unthoughtful indignation one would exclaim, "Why, the city has no parks or pretty homes." "Nothing but alleys and dirty-looking factories," exclaimed another. Such a flow of intellect, however, was soon eased when Oscar Brown was told that Philadelphia was a trifle larger than "Rabun Gap," and that he could not see the pretty homes and stores from the train window.

Admitting that this eastern metropolis did not cover half the ground that many had pictured it as covering, a certain air of disappointment prevailed. This air was to be ever afterwards when anything worthy of seeing was to be seen; an air more or less pertaining to a kind of rubberneckness that is somewhat lax in way of protrusion when it is evident someone is looking.

So it was we rolled nearly into the State of New York. Not a man on the train but who was inwardly bursting to lean his head out of the window in hope of getting a long and good look at the Statue of Liberty which ought, as was the general dormant opinion, to be seen from any point northeast of the Ohio. But a display of rubberneckness would amount to folly. So at last when the Hudson rolled into view, some exclaimed, "There is the Woolworth Building." I think one man looked, and he had seen New York from end to end an even hundred times. The others just sat calm, as if the sight was no more than a gang of newsboys peddling papers in front of Tom Pitt's, at Five Points.

But it wasn't until our train had stopped for a space of some forty minutes, just across the river from the world's greatest sky-line, that the real sightseeing began. Before us was the river with a thousand boats of as many shapes and sizes; every kind, from the humble tug to the ocean-going, camouflaged merchantman. It was too much all at once; it was, as if within the flash of an eye, the wonders of the universe had stopped before us. And after that forty minutes had elapsed every man had become a "man of the world" even beyond his theretofore fondest expectations, and it is well to add that the sight moulded one solid conclusion in the mind of everyone of us: to be free-a-foot down on Broadway for just "one big night."

Our ultimate destination in America at last was revealed. "To Camp Merritt, New Jersey," exclaimed the conductor, when the train began to move; and within an hour and a half we were unloading ourselves, packs and all; and within a few subsequent minutes we had completed a few minutes' march to quarters in said camp. Our new surroundings were, honest-to-goodness, pleasing. Just across the street from our barracks were five stores, which had a bountiful stock of "everything for a soldier." In less time than it takes to tell about it we were packing the stores full of ourselves and ourselves full of the edibles from the stores. After appeasing our appetities to the very brim, we began to talk New York. M. P.'s



were immediately summoned to give us the "dope" about the rules of the Camp. Within a few minutes we knew the rules and regulations, and also had learned of those twenty-four-hour passes! Twenty-four hours in New York! Think of it!! The thought was like a halo over our heads. Such news was really too good to be true, but just the same, every man had "put in for a pass" within ten minutes after finding such a thing possible.

Being in New York City with a crowd of men who never before experienced the sensation of a large city, is somewhat akin to a seven-year-old boy's feelings the first time he attends a really big circus. They want to see everything at one and the same time, and after deciding upon a given objective the fun begins. One man wants to get there on the elevated, another by taxi and another wants to walk. An hour is consumed by argument. After that it is agreed that it would be more proper to lay aside the first plan to ones more nearly agreeable to all concerned. But some action is agreed upon, you can be sure of that! The Woolworth Building must be seen, and Broadway, Brooklyn Bridge, and even Chinatown. To be brief, it is safe to say that we saw all of the above named and a thousand and other novelties, to say nothing of Coney Island, where a well meaning member of our noble three hundred felt he needed a guide and let his heart out to a fellow American soldier, who showed him the nice little Island as well "How easy it was to extract two hundred dollars from his pocket without being caught."

To be truly frank, we enjoyed being at Camp Merritt immensely. Nothing to do, except to dodge Sergeant Black in the morning to keep from picking up too many cigarette stumps and burnt matches in a free-for-all general policing of the grounds around our barracks; and to play mush ball, when we should have been shining our shoes for the next day's inspections. But aside, to reiterate a little, from the every-other-minute inspections, Camp Merritt was a haven of rest for us all. In fact, it was one of those places where, with nothing much to do, we could let our imaginations run riot concerning future dangers: submarines then playing off the coast of New Jersey, playing hide and seek with our transports and little fishing tugs. The strain was awful, especially to Bussey, who, upon mention of a submarine, would take to his bed and write an extra farewell letter home. But he was not alone when it came to the thing of farewell letters; in fact, if the "hot air" about being "ready to go" to do our bit in the war was put in the cannon of the Allies, the Germans would be suffocated with one shot. Fortunately, however, each brave man's mail, at that date, was to go uncensored.

The night before our early morning leave from the camp was one of revelry of the wildest sort. A crap game was on in full blast (the officers being well out of the way). Its leaders were Bill Hopkins, who can set dice to make a seven and



'even like a bricklayer can lay bricks; Emmet Marx, Peacock, Gilreath, Mattingly, Patterson, Brown, Black, and White, et al. It was a lively game from the word go. Even our worthy Chaplain was invited in. He refused, however, on the ground that he was to leave for "Camp Webb" early the following morning and, therefore, could not afford to "lose the sleep." Marx said he was in it because he had to be up at midnight, anyway, for reason that he had to go on a cook shift at that time; White was in it because he "enjoyed being with the boys;" Gilreath because he won some money from Black the night before and wanted to give him the chance of winning some of it back, while the others were in it for all they could get out of it. The remaining part of our boys, such as Sergeant Jacobs, and Privates Perkins and McEnery, with the exception of Burr and Hodges, who were matching nickels on the barracks steps by light of a candle, were up at the "Y," singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Up to the time of morning, when we boarded the good ship Olympic, we were physically still very close to home as compared to our mental view of things which then had taken form of "all is lost." We were on board to stay for better or for worse, or it might be said we were wedded to said ship to the tune of "survive or perish." And really, we felt that way about it. A number of us voluntarily went on a ship-inspection tour only to find that our staterooms were just at the point where a torpedo would undoubtedly hit; where the water would rush in fastest due to the pressure from all sides. Things grew worse and worse, in fact so much so that half of us the first night heard a submarine every ten minutes, the other half lay awake all night in order not to miss hearing the out-on-the-sea danger signal. Morning broke and found us still standing in the port of New York. After such a disappointing night all agreed not to worry any more and thus started to hum the air of "What's the Use of Worrying?"

But that morning the old ship began to move, and ere we knew we had come along side of the Statue of Liberty, which we hailed in half sarcastic tunes. Yet we wanted to go "over there," and, to be sure, our wish was swiftly being gratified, for the Olympia was making for the middle of the ocean at a rate of speed that would have made the average sea-going vessel ashamed of itself. The land we loved so well, though the "how much" was sort of a last-minute realization, was fast fading into the land of yesterdays. On board were about seven thousand men—soldiers of war! They stood leaning against the railing on top deck, trying to hold in view land just as long as possible, when, suddenly, a big gun off Sandy Hook let out a fierce "boom." Every man was sure he saw a thousand "subs." But the said noise was but a practice shot, and thereafter all became calm again, perhaps with the exception of Bussey, who began to fall off in weight from that minute on.



FIRST PLATOON DET. BASE HOSP. 43—SGT. I/C LOWNDES IN COMMAND.



SECOND PLATOON—SGT. I/C HAMPTON IN COMMAND.





On the other hand we felt comparatively safe, for half-circling ahead of us, sweeping the water for mines and keeping a lookout for the pirating "subs" was a demon of an American destroyer that looked as it might have been capable of handling the whole of the German navy. For more than a day we enjoyed the company of this fairy god-mother, but how disappointed we were when, on the afternoon of the second day out, that beautiful little boat "turned homeward bound."

To be sadly truthful, the absence of the destroyer, when we were surrounded by so much water, and with so much distance between us and "anywhere" was so great that the spirit of us sank several notches downward.

It was even said that the Captain of the ship cried when he saw the ship leaving. This "news," of course, created no little excitement, especially after Jack Daniel was seen to be so sad after hearing it that he could no longer imitate a "Jew's harp." But this was not all. The longer we were out the worse things became. Men who formerly looked to their officers for encouragement were turned away with a sob in their voices. An instance of this was seen when Sergeant Wynn, who held Lieutenant Fitts as the near-God for strength, came on deck looking like twenty cents worth of the potted ham he had given us to eat at Camp Merritt, and sighed aloud that the Lieutenant had lost his nerve as well as a few dignified pounds. Such tidings spread over us like a black cloud, fierce with the elements of a coming storm. And as we discussed its portent, up walked our own top-sergeant, Lowndes. His appearance only added to our down-heartedness, for lo, he was attempting a mustache, the outline of which was barely discernable with the naked eye. We, upon seeing this, realized that sure enough nobody expected to live more than a fortnight. But our cup of bitterness was filled but one-third full, for on the morning of the fourth day out our Commanding Officer came on deck and called us to attention. His eyes were the symbol of a nervous man, and as he read a somewhat lengthy manifesto from the Captain of the ship, assuring us that it would take more than "one torpedo" to give us a watery grave, we anon saw that he, like our top-sergeant, was unnerved to the extent of trying another booby mustache. The manifesto almost assuring us that we would be hit at least "one time" was bad enough, but our Commanding Officer's appearance was astounding! Again we felt ourselves but food for the fishes—and moreover none of us were, at that time, very strong believers in the saying that "bread cast upon waters shall return."

Night on board was really more pleasant than the day from point of leg-shaking. We were forced to stay off deck and were confined to our staterooms for sleeping purposes. At any rate, it was more pleasant because we could not see the "infinite gallons of water," and consequently such a deprivation meant the



staying more or less "in bounds" of our normal imagination—which, indeed, was restful. But, of course, there is no rule without an exception, lest it be the rule that there is no rule that has no exception itself. So it can easily be seen how stateroom gatherings took place. In one could have been seen Perkins, Lavender, Peacock and Knowles. Each was trying to outrival the other in the wildest tale of the high seas. They even went so far as to invite Wooten in to settle an argument about the ships' carrying special detail to jump overboard on torpedoes and set them off after they left the mouth of the "sub" and just before they were to hit the ship. Wooten, though never having heard of the alleged fact before, agreed they were right, if not to settle the argument, to ease his mind with a forced belief in it as a kind of "safety first" illusion.

In another stateroom could be found Clark, Black, Griffin, and Sciple, all dignified Sergeants, with the exception of the first named, who held such association because of his having in him regular "Sergeant material." Sciple, it was generally admitted, was as frightened as the other three combined, but was honest enough to admit it.

Lastly, another stateroom bore a more cheerful crowd, to say the least, than any of the others throughout the ship. It was the one from which came the Gospel Hymns, led by "Parson" Private 1/c Jones, and ably assisted by Private-Parson-Some-Day-to-Be Hamilton. The chorus was composed of those who didn't have anywhere else to go, or anything else to do. The music was superb. The voices of Smothers and Bradford floated out over the fresh sea air like the sound of a blacksmith's hammer when used in shoeing a mule as they lustily sang "Throw Out the Life Line."

It is rather a rule of nature, however, that the dawning of each and every day brings forth something new. On board ship is no exception; and the new was seen in the way of a fire and submarine drill. This formation consisted in getting everybody, including Peacock, who was asleep most of the time, on deck in readiness to "get off" in case of necessity. Some among us might be termed "naturally slow," but whenever the ship whistle blew, and the alarm bugle sounded, believe me, as old Tom Moore would say, the slowest man amongst us was as rapid in transit as a B. & O. Limited. To mount four or five flights of stairs was like eating pie. Though we realized said drill was for practicing purposes, no one was sure a submarine had not been sighted somewhere among the ripples of the waves. That much of a doubt existed in everybody's mind. It was just such a doubt that made every blooming one o' us run like a scared deer. From Major Boland, awkward as he apparently is, to little, bow-legged Sitton, every man was on deck in the "nick o' time."



THIRD PLATOON—SGT. 1/C CASH IN COMMAND.



FOURTH PLATOON—SGT. 1/C HARRIS IN COMMAND.



But one day the practicing quit. We had gone to school long enough. The order was: "The next drill means utmost danger." That settled the cake! After realizing its portent and bearing in mind that we were then in the "War Zone"—wherever that was—it required no more than an extra loud whistle by any member on board to upset the nerves of men, crew and all. For real excitement one could only point in any direction and in the flash of an eye a thousand eager onlookers were about him. Camouflage was in flower, and it flowered beautifully; even so well that "Pop" White attempted it in way of "not seeing" one of those hard-boiled second "Lieutenants" on board with us. But the Lieutenant recognized said camouflage, but did not seem to recognize "Pop," who told him, upon being asked, "where he learned to salute," that he acquired said art in two years at G. M. A., and two years at West Point. This was too much for the three-months-old officer, who returned the salute tendered by "Pop" and walked away. But lo, within the space of three minutes said officer was again facing White. He was accompanied by a senior officer, who had been advised by his friend that a West Pointer, "now a private," was aboard. After looking our distinguished friend over sufficiently, the officer asked: "And how is it that you, a West Pointer, are but a private?" "Pop" straightened up, and with an air that becomes only a renowned King, replied: "One big night cost me my commission in the Army, sir!" With that both officers walked away, apparently satisfied.

Speaking of camouflage, however, it is firmly believed by a large following of this well-meaning doctrine that it is often used even when the user is unconscious of its use.

Such an illustration may be had by a somewhat late disclosure of the actions of our friends Gaulden, Bell and Strickland, who occupied one "petit" stateroom on our good ship. The way it happened was quite as accidental as the results were overbearing in intensity. It is well known that all good ocean-going steamers are equipped with port holes which can be seen most anywhere on the lower decks. At any rate, one of these broad-faced holes was a fixture in the stateroom of the above-named men. It didn't matter whether they liked it or not; the point was, it was there, and its presence really became very much in evidence when about midnight of the fifth day out, said port hole, apparently, lost a nut and thereupon swung open just enough to let about two average-sized buckets of water into the stateroom. Trickling water, plus an already scared soldier, are just the things to assure a foot race no little demean. And to be sure, it did. Gaulden was first up. He saw the water. He listened; everything was quiet. His first thought was (he admitted it): "The ship is sinking, and everybody is already on deck." With one bound he jumped from the second floor berth to the stateroom floor, the meanwhile shouting an hysterical warning to his friends to "Get out!" They did, and in



about as quick time as it took for the sound to hit their ears. Now, to emphasize the utter seriousness of their predicament, our ship was in mid-ocean, and "no more practice 'sub' drills." But Gaulden, in a long-flowing night gown, was making a hundred-mile an hour pit-a-pat with his bare feet up to the top deck, with Bell and Strickland right at his heels. They turned the first flight of stairs in fine time and were just doubling speed in making for the second when they heard a sharp command, "Halt!" It required a few seconds for the group to come to a standstill. The guard was none other than a brown-faced Cherokee Indian, who was barely acquainted with the English language. He approached the party with leveled bayonet, inquiring as he advanced, "Where you going?" Now Gaulden, who had so far led the way, was pushed to the front to act as spokesman. "The ship's sinking, and we're going to the top deck," he said. "Say, are you crazy?" rejoined the guard. "What makes you think the ship is sinking?" he inquired. Then Gaulden, still breathing a mile-a-minute, told of the water in his stateroom. The guard thereupon "accompanied" them down for sake of tightening the loosened port hole.

Dreams, however, like many intoxicants, can be carried to such an excess that they become, in a highly imaginary way, a reality. Such must have been the sad illusion of one of our Texas short-horn friends who was penned up with on board ship. In fact, he dreamed himself into the midst of battle long ere the field was nigh, for when acting guard for purpose of not letting any of his fellow voyagers step backwards overboard, he suddenly awoke to see a friend English sailor innocently passing the "guarded territory." Such an act was against orders to let him pass, or attempt to stop him by word of mouth would be the height of military ignorance; so our guard, to get a medal on the first go-around, cracks said sailor over the head with the butt of his gun. The sailor was as surprised as he was hurt; and to be sure, he was in no fighting trim when the smoke of the battle had cleared away.

Such a sad event made us all cognizant that we sure enough were in the "Ear Zone." Every man of us hesitated before passing a guard, fearing lest our counter-sign be misleading. In most instances we drew lots to see who should sacrifice a life by acting as sort of an advanced guard to ascertain the correctness of our approach. In one instance Sergeant Daniel, who, upon seeing one of the blood-thirsty guards look down at his rifle, turned and beat a hasty retreat to his stateroom, where medical aid was necessary to restore consciousness.

But, fortunately, after every storm there is a calm. And it came as unexpectedly as it was carefully planned. Jack Daniel (named after his grandfather, who had no middle name), the man heretofore referred to as the "Human Jew's Harp," one afternoon, just after the Captain of our ship had sent out the dove to



bring back the olive branch, came sauntering on deck, followed by Spencer and "Buck" Patterson. All who saw their approach knew that, by their unfamiliar air, that there was somebody to be soon out of luck. Then it began to happen: Patterson and Spencer leaned leisurely over the rail and "suddenly" spied a submarine's periscope. A crowd immediately gathered. Spencer allowed that "if it was really a submarine" in a few minutes the ship's self-starter submarine-alarm would sound. Of course no one in the vicinity had ever heard of such a contraption; but, just the same, Spencer said it was on board, and Gilreath verified his declaration, so surely the "machine" was somewhere on board. All kept their eyes on said "periscope," and continued to do so for some minutes when, suddenly, a series of "High-C" notes floated from "around the corner" of a smokestack. The submarine horn had heard its mate, and was instinctively crying the alarm to the ready gunners!! The horn continued blowing. Gilreath and Spencer grew at once wild with fright, and continued to assure everybody "There it is—look!" The horn, about that time, stopped, but only for the space of a second. It sounded again, and again, and probably would have continued to sound had not Jack Daniel's "Jew's Harp" failed him for want of an extra breath. The show was over, and to be sure of a safe retreat the three made tracks for their staterooms for further protection.

Such an incident worked as a mighty stimulus to our continued down-heartedness, for we were in the War Zone. Some averred that we were then on the "very spot" where the Tuscania met her fate. And we were without convoy. It was said we were to have met "It" or "Them," which ever way you prefer, the evening before. Things looked bad, and to us there were submarines lurking on every side to win the distinction of sinking so great a ship as the one that then was bearing us so safely. In fact, things looked so blue that Clark was in the act of getting a petition signed by "all on board" to pray the Captain to turn back and find said convoys when, suddenly, all guns on board were turned towards the front of our ship.

All thought our doom was sealed, for ahead of us lay a heavy barrage of smoke, hiding from view "we didn't know what." We held our breaths. Our gunners stood ready. But the smoke began to clear away and, behold, there stood an English man-of-war submarine destroyer of the latest type. A thousand cheers rent the air. They were doubled and redoubled, until even Major Boland and Lieutenant Fitts had worn their voices to a frazzle. It was if within a moment's space we had passed through the flames of purgatory into the calmness that we, or most of us, anyway, believe lies beyond the Pearly Gates. We danced, we sang; and Jones and Hamilton prayed through force of habit (and no one has seen them in a prayerful mood since). Sergeant Parker alleged "The Captain knew his busi-



ness," while Sergeant Sciple got out of bed and came on deck in his pajamas to see what all the noise was about.

It was late in the afternoon when we sighted the first convoy, and before nightfall destroyers seemed to come to our rescue from all sides, until by dark we had counted eight: two in front, two on either side, and two bringing up the rear. That night we slept at ease, with our clothes off, which, up to that time, was a thing unthought of—it being declared, then verified and reverified, that Bussey kept his hat and life belt on. But, of course, one cannot believe all he hears in the Army.

From that hour on things which transpired on ship were merging into memories, for on the morning of the next day we sighted the outline of old Ireland. But most of us were asleep at the time and missed seeing the land of our forefathers. However, we learned the news and were on deck in ample time to view the beautiful Isle of Wight, which gave us our first impression of Europe. Some thought it beautiful, others said it looked like an uncultivated cabbage-patch. But opinions, it is said, make the world go 'round—and so it was.

It was a beautiful sight, however, and it so delighted us that I don't think a man left deck (K. P.'s included) from that time on in fear that he might miss something worth seeing.

Our destination was Southampton, at which we arrived about 8:00 o'clock at night, June 21. Our ship was tied to the dock, but, nevertheless, we were destined to spend "another night" aboard. The next morning, bright and early, we disembarked. Getting our feet soundly on land once more we were marched a good three miles to a "Rest Camp," at which we stayed for two days.

Now there are rest camps and camps in general, some severe in a disciplinary way, others lukewarmly so, and still others where military rule "Is Not." Well, this Rest Camp was classified among the "Is Nots." We did nothing but rest—if sleeping on a hard floor, eating hard-tack, and being beat out of our money, may be called rest. But so far as word duty, general police, etc., were concerned, we had no work to do. We were thoroughly at ease—and those good, long evenings at that most famous, yea, most notorious of camps. Girls were as plentiful just outside of our barracks door as blackberries in the hills of old Kentucky. It was then that we learned to say "Rawther" for rather, and "Cawn't" for can't. The kids, even when asking for "American Souvenirs," talked that way. But we at last gorged them, but did not fail to extend our sympathy ere leaving. Here we received a personal letter from Lord King George.

But we had come to be a restless set of soldiers, for we had come to know the meaning of the phrase pertaining to the roaming nature all soldiers are supposed to possess. To go, to go, anywhere just for a change in scenery was more



FIFTH PLATOON ("SANDBLOWERS")—Sgt. I/c JACOBS IN COMMAND.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, DET. BASE 43.
(Sgt. McClure was absent on detached service.)



or less our attitude, at that time. And go we did, for in the early afternoon of the next day we were marched back to the port where we had landed and were promptly put aboard the Hindu ship "Nirvana." Oh, no; not on the sort of a ship on which we roared "coming over," by no means not! The ship was more or less of a horse boat, being to the good ship Olympic just what a K. P. is to a General. At any rate, we got aboard. So did the horses, and we can assure you they were there in full force; yes, sir, because we heard them "stomping" within "state-rooms" just over our heads. "Stomp" they did all the night long. It was almost too much: the thought of being classed lower than a horse was the height of our army experience. Never shall we forget the aroma from the horse stalls; how refreshing it was, and it reminded us how sweet the fresh air was up on deck. The hard-tack, the corned beef, the Indian tea! What a night it was, sleeping on the hard floor, and listening to the water splash against the sides of the ship! But we solaced ourselves by again singing "What's the Use of Worrying?" (and really there was no use, for we could not get off, anyway) and went to sleep.

The next morning we, for the first time, saw the coasts of our much-thought-of France. The sight was beautiful, for we viewed it just at the rising of the sun. To us every tree on the shore was sanctified by the blood of a French hero; the impending cliffs seemed mounted on all sides with a mystic halo of Joan of Arc, and we almost saw through distance into the very front line trenches where the new history of the world is being made.

After about two hours more on board we landed at the port of La Havre, a very beautiful city of France. The harbor was a wonderful sight. Ships, ships, ships everywhere! We realized then that our Allies, as well as our own country, were pouring the best of their fruits into France to feed and clothe the millions of soldiers encamped there.

It seemed that after every time we rode we must walk—and walk we did. We marched almost the length of the city to reach "Rest Camp No. 3." The day was burning hot, and oh! those French hills, and those packs that we had to carry. The walk seemed a thousand miles. Our backs were sore from sleeping on hard floors, our hands were calloused from helping to load and unload our supplies, and our feet were as if they weighed a ton, plus the ton-weight of our hob-nail shoes. But we were soldiers and "in the army now," so we bore it all and kept a steady pace, with the exception of a few times we were forced to halt to give Jernigan and "Pop" White a few minutes' rest.

At Rest Camp No. 3 we spent most of our time playing baseball. We played from sun-up to sun-down, and in France the sun goes down about 9:45 o'clock. Between times we took steam baths and listened to the English soldiers' hot air about the "Horrors of war." We also wrote a few letters, and gave a number of German prisoners the "once over."



Three days later we were again on our way. This move, we hoped, would be our last. So we strapped on our packs once more and marched two miles to a railroad station where we boarded a bunch of closed-up toy Pullman coaches. These coaches! They were divided into compartments capable of seating, "uncomfortably," seven of us. We then were issued rations for the next three succeeding meals. We raved at that, but that is all it amounted to.

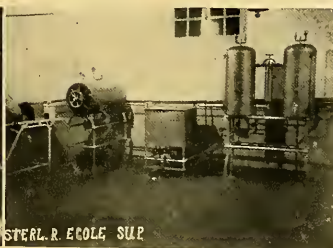
The train started, and most all we did was to absolutely stare out of the window with a kind of "I don't care what happens" sort of a stare. But soon we were cheered, for the passing scenery was to us one of the most beautiful series of sights that we had ever seen: cultivated fields, wild growing red poppies, and an even thousand sights composed of almost unheard of mixtures of earth and sky.

The trip was pleasant enough until we tried to go to sleep. Some night it was! Solomon slept with his feet out of the window, and with his head in Cross' lap. Cross, in turn, lay "all over" Brown, who lay half and half between the floor and the seat on a pack belonging to "he didn't care who." Jones slept on the floor in the passage way, Burr with his feet in Hutchins' face, Wood in the suitcase rack. Of course we enjoyed the night's sleep, and got up for breakfast "bright and early."

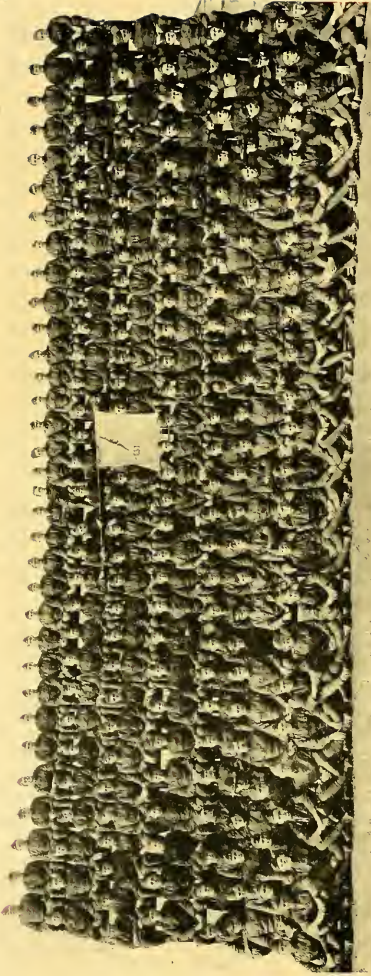
The afternoon of the day following such a memorable night our destination hove in sight—Blois, France. We got off the train and looked about us as we swung into marching formation. Everything seemed just the opposite of what it ought to have seemed. Instead of automobiles we saw dray horses, and instead of horses pulling small wagons there were dogs all harnessed, but very scrappy-looking. It seemed different, it is true, but as we had long ago set out to encounter the "different," we drew a deep breath of resignation, and marched into our hospital grounds, dropped our packs, and went to the evening chow.



EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT CLINIC,
BASE 43.



STERILIZING ROOM ECOLE SUPERIEURE.



THE UNIT ON ITS ARRIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES.



DETRAINING AT GORDON.
WELCOME HOME.



CHAPTER III.

"OVER THERE."



ALL during the journey from Le Havre we had pictured ourselves destined for service in a place far removed from the comforts and advantages of a city—a place, perhaps, where apart from everything but war, we were to pitch our tents. Blois, however, proved truly to exceed all our hopes: A city of thirty thousand inhabitants in times of peace, a chateau town of the old regime, with its ancient walls, narrow streets, chateau, and religious houses fairly breathing the spirit of a by-gone age.

Our quarters were in such buildings, and now we sleep in rooms, and walk through streets, that in centuries passed have echoed and re-echoed with the chanting of monks at daily office, or were silent witnesses of the transient glories of the kings of France. To all of us it was a wonderful experience, to be quartered, as we were, all together—French and Belgians, Russians, Africans, Senegalese and Americans—under the shadow of the crucifix, omnipresent in room and hall, and half-way living as one family in that fraternal spirit, which is the glory of the allied cause.

A monastery of the middle ages, a convent and adjacent building, all overshadowed by the majestic spires of a twelfth-century Gothic cathedral, was now to be our home, and the home of those committed to our care. Already we found it devoted to its new usage, being under the temporary supervision of Evacuation Hospital No. 3—so for a few days the "buck" private revelled in the unusual experience of little work, and much that was new and strange, of promenades and conversations with our brothers in arms, the conversations, however, appealing more to the imagination than to the intellect.

It was not to be always thus, however, for soon, in a vivid manner, we were to realize the grim business of war. Early in the morning of July 12 all men that could possibly be spared were told to report immediately at the railroad station, where there awaited us an American Hospital Train, containing three hundred and forty men, a part of that "thin, red line of heroes;" but, unlike the Tommy whom Kipling loved to portray, they were neither clad in red nor were they in a thin line, but they were comfortably arranged in bunks aboard the train. Heroes, however, they certainly were, if stoicism in pain was any indication. They were simply a group of stout-hearted American doughboys, who had done their bit towards "making the world safe for Democracy," victims now, for the most part, of that most insidious of all enemies—the German gas shell.



Some were up and about, others strangely still on their stretchers, gave to the men of "Forty-three" an increased determination that their sufferings for the cause we all love so well should not be in vain. Quickly, and yet carefully, they were conveyed to the several hospitals of Base Forty-three, and cared for with that consideration that has made the nurses of America worthy followers of their patron, Florence Nightingale.

Thus, in brief preamble, is the history of Base Hospital Forty-three's first week "over here."

* * * * *

A new experience was to be brought home to the officers, nurses and men of Hospital 43, and for several days *gas*, about which we had read so much, yet knew so little, was uppermost in the minds of those who were called upon to minister to its victims. A detailed description is out of place here. Suffice it to say that we who nursed these victims kindled anew in our hearts and minds, a flame not so much of hatred, but of grim determination that they should not suffer in vain.

It was not, however, of *gas* alone that we were allowed to think very much, with the coming of midsummer. The Yanks took the offensive, and for days and nights, with but brief respite, the Huns felt the full weight of those who had pledged their all for an ideal.

Chatteau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Belleau Woods, the Argonne and Verdun had their reflexes with us, and every few days long trainloads of men, badly torn and shattered but yet with that indomitable spirit of Pershing's Crusader, were committed to our care.

Surgery came into its own, and for long periods of time the operating rooms, day and night, were worked to their maximum capacity—officers, nurses and men doing their utmost to alleviate pain and suffering. Regular hours were a thing of the past, and only the work in hand mattered, a work so often hard and uninteresting, but amply made worth while by the smiling thanks of those who had given so much of their very selves for the liberation of mankind.

With the advent of the "Flu" a new impetus was given to all. Many of our comrades were stricken, for disease is not localized on the firing line, but although shorthanded and taken by surprise, the epidemic soon was brought under control. About this time two of our own Shock Teams left for the front and two others were peremptorily ordered to train for the same service. All was expectancy and preparation, when, on November 11, 1918, Germany capitulated and the whole of the Kaiser's House of Cards tumbled to the ground. To adequately describe the festivities in Blois, as it gradually seeped through the minds of all that War had ceased, would require the pen of a Dickens or Hugo. "Armistice Day" is elsewhere described in this book.



Since it to say here that Blois did its full share in sharing the universal joy that government by the people, of the people, and for the people, had not perished from the earth.

Of course, on sober second thought, one thing and one thing only was in the hearts and minds of all. One word often lost sight of in the hurry and confusion of the travail of War, now was all in all—Home! When shall we get there? When do we start? How manifold were the rumors and with what avidity they were swallowed. We were alternately exhilarated or depressed by them and their persistence. Today it was, We are going next month. Tomorrow, As attached to the Fifth Division, our destination is Germany. Others, even more pessimistic, hinted at Siberia.

Meanwhile the work of the Unit functioned normally. Men were sick, even if War had ceased. Patients were still being evacuated to us, many badly wounded; so, for a while, our time was well taken up with the routine of duty, and educational courses were offered in French, History and English, for the benefit of patients and personnel.

The men of 43 have occasion to remember the number 11, for it was on the 11th of January that Evacuation Hospital No. 35, just over from the States, came to relieve us from duty, and we were ordered home.

All doubts were now relieved.

Again impatience and wild rumor reigned. The more optimistic ones wasted their substance in riotous living, i.e., buying souvenirs, dry and wet, internal and external. Others, more enthusiastic still, cabled the good news. Forgetting the problem of debarkation and army routine, the majority awaited, enjoying the experience of little to do, meanwhile sleeping in Annex 13, where the cooks covered themselves with glory as well as perspiration, for the good of their comrades.

CHAPTER IV.

GOING HOME.

About February third we were ordered to move to another "Rest Camp" on the outskirts of Blois, adjacent to the Caserne. A series of barracks, with double-deck bunks and dirt floors, was now our home. The Mess Hall was spacious in size, and the K. P.'s were permanently attached. Ostensibly, we rested. In reality, we did many other things: Hikes, drills, guard duty, and inspections became the order of the day; and once again Dame Rumor worked night and day, prophesying our next step.

It was while waiting at "Camp Marietta" (so named because our Commanding Officer had ordered us there) that we received official notification that Colonel Ma-





rietta had been relieved of command of the organization. His letter announcing this fact appears in the Official War Diary.

Saturday night, February 9, found us ready to move the next day. We were all prepared Sunday morning when, through some technicality, our departure was delayed another day. Sunday was the longest day in our experience—"Nothing to do until tomorrow." Some unrolled packs, those infantry ones that were new and strange to us—a delight, mentally, since they meant up and away, but a burden physically. Others, to avoid the re-rolling, slept fully dressed between mattresses. And at last, Monday, the 11th, we were off under the leadership of our new Commanding Officer, Colonel Ford, who, as an old army man, put "pep" behind our movements. After registering at the Caserne we embarked, stopping for the first time at Tours, where we changed trains, in the meanwhile marching two miles for "Corn Willie and Coffee." An all-night trip in a crowded French train, minus most of its windows and with no heat, was next on the program. It was a case of sit tight and make the acquaintance, or, rather, renew the acquaintance, with the Vin Sisters, Rouge and Blanc, to keep warm. However, all things end at last. On Tuesday morning we fell out of the coaches and marched five kilometers to Camp Montoir, adjacent to St. Lazaire. Camp Montoir, better known as a reserve camp, contained about 5,000 troops, some permanent, others en route to the U. S. A. The barracks were typical of many other Rest Camps—two-story bunks and dirt floors, with oiled-paper for windows. The life was very little different to that of days gone by, with the exception of the inevitable and constant supervision of the grounds and property, since we were told that our stay depended on our good behavior and appearance. It was muddy with that mud that must be seen to be appreciated, or, more properly speaking, depreciated; and yet, shoes must be shined, and kept so; and a cigarette-butt on the ground was a capital crime. Every morning all turned out to "police up," and after that cards, books and rumors were the sources of information and amusement.

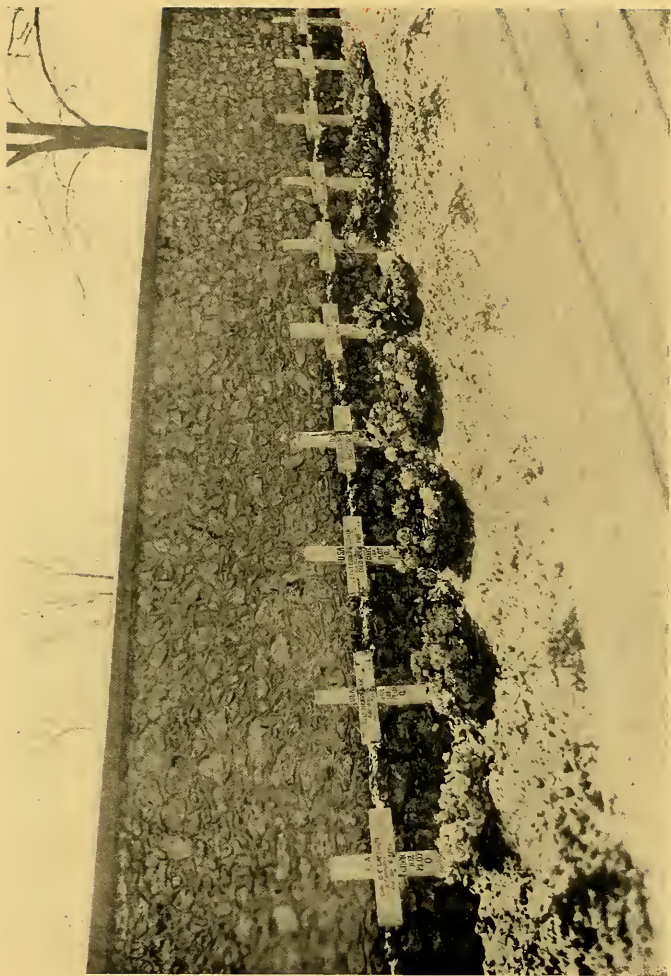
Passes to St. Nazaire were easily obtained, and the Red Cross lunches became famous.

Of course, we all expected to get away in a few days, but it was nearly three weeks before we were able to go, in spite of the fact that our inspections by the camp officials had been eminently satisfactory.

Sunday morning, March 2, found us packed like sardines in trucks, bound for embarkation to Camp No. 2. Here we were given a physical examination, a good dinner, and then marched to Camp No. 1.

Camp No. 1 proved immaculate, not only from the viewpoint of sanitation, but also from the fact that its rules were so vigorously enforced. Strange to say, everything was willingly obeyed, because the penalty for disobedience was staying





GRAVES OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN BLOIS.



in France for an additional 30 days. Many and varied were the rumors of such punishments, that told of hopes of reaching home put into the discard, because of loud talking in mess formation, etc., etc. However, nothing happened, and at the end of eight days, one evening we were hustled over for a final examination. All shoe-strings were accounted for, and the next day, March 11, found the organization standing at attention on the parade ground, waiting for the long-awaited signal to start a three-mile hike to the "Kroonland." The trip down soon passed, and early in the afternoon we boarded the boat that was to take us back home to Dixie.

The Unit was quartered in the forward hold, three decks down, and we slept on canvas bunks, three deep. Everything was lovely, though the contrast to our palatial quarters on the "Olympic" was, to say the least, startling. And another experience was soon to come to many of the men: We went through the locks at St. Lazaire at 12:00 o'clock, noon, March 12, and a few hours later, as we struck the Bay of Biscay, faces that a little while before were the pictures of health now assumed a greenish hue, and life ceased to be of interest, at least, to any appreciable extent, to many of the Unit. Indeed, the mention of the Mess Line, on the pitching deck, was actually nauseating to some of our heartiest men. However, such sicknesses were transitory, and by the time we were four days out all of the men were accustomed to the motion and began to take an interest in life. We lay around the decks all day long, reading and looking at the various scenes that were new to so many of us. The trip was most uneventful, and on March 24, nine months to the day from our embarkation at Le Havre, France, God's country welcomed home the Emory Unit. We landed at Newport News, and had a typical Southern welcome as we marched through the town to Camp Stuart, Virginia, just on the outskirts of the town. This was a real camp, and likewise a real treat to the Unit. Accustomed as they had become to foreign ways, the sounds of a typical American crowd were inspiring. We were comfortably housed. Every facility for amusement and recreation was at hand, and the four days we spent slipped by very rapidly. On Friday, the 28th, we pulled up stakes and departed for Gordon, comfortably traveling on a solid Pullman train, and rejoicing in the fact that home now seemed a reality, our minds contented and our stomachs comfortably extended, having lived on the fat of the land during our stay in Stuart.

At 1:40 P. M., March 29, after a comfortable and uneventful trip of twenty-four hours, Camp Gordon was reached. Our reception was wonderful. Fathers, mothers, wives and sweethearts gave us a welcome that was truly royal, and then, best of all, the men were given 36-hour passes, and Atlanta and the surrounding





towns took to themselves the men who had left thirteen months before. The history of the Unit from that date is fully covered in the clippings from the press which are reproduced in this book in another place. Suffice it to say that after a reception and dinner and, best of all, a meeting of appreciation of Colonel Davis, and his presentation with a loving cup as a token of the love of the enlisted men, we were mustered out at 6:00 o'clock, April 2, in the year of our Lord 1919.



CHRISTMAS SCENES IN A WARD.



Sketches

Humorous and Otherwise of the Life "Over There"

Police

To the youngster in school "*Police*" has a sound that visualizes the majesty of the law; and even to those of riper years a certain dignity and importance is attached to the name, and so when some of us, the author included, were appointed to perform police duty in the kitchen, the folks at home probably misunderstood the full significance of the title,—for kitchen police (K. P.) means washing dishes, and immense pots and pans, to say nothing of scrubbing floors and tables, work that in days of peace we gladly consigned to our colored brethren. It was interesting, to say the least, to see, for example, a legal light of Southern Georgia trying to place upon the side of a stew-pan a shine that, metaphorically speaking, could equal his brilliant discourses before the bar. But K. P. has its compensations, for after the officers have eaten (and in the Army they eat in state, and of choice food) what remains is for the K. P., and right royally does he devour the unappropriated residuum. After all, as Mr. Hoover tells us, food is to win the war—so the kitchen police does his share nobly indeed, both in preparing and consuming that most necessary article.

The Coming of the Mail

The coming of the mail is quite an event in the Army, for it is then and then only then that one gets, as it were, a foretaste of that for which we all long—a glimpse of *Home*. As the weeks go on and on this one link forever seems to bind the old world and the new, a winged messenger of peace and happiness coming into the confusion of a world in the travail of a renaissance.

French and Vin Rouge

To the Southern soldier in France two things forever stand out as different from Dixieland,—the language and the ubiquitous wine-shop. To one raised on dry territory it came as a shock to see on every corner in the little wine-shops men, women and children, soldiers and civilians. It was a temptation to the men in khaki to confuse, perhaps, liberty with license, but to the honor of the men of Base Hospital 43 this liberty was not abused; instead the buvettes gave that foreign spice to our life over here that made it all the more bizarre. And the language! Oh how strange it seemed, and how many were the resolutions and multifold the



purchases of supposedly short cuts to learning the unutterable shiboleths! But as the novelty wore off we were contented to abide by our mother tongue, except for a few *bonjours, tres biens, ou la la's*, for *monsieur, madame, and mademoiselle*, respectively. All deficiency of expression was corrected by voluminous use of the universal sign language. Indeed, our knowledge of the French language is nearly parallel to the English vocabulary acquired by the little French kids who crowd the entrance to the Y. M. C. A.: "Allo!—Gum?—Good-byee."

Reveille

Harry Lauder sings a well-known song, "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning, But It's Nicer to Lay in Bed." Those sentiments are ours, for as Mess Call is most welcome, so Reveille is most distasteful. Picture 200 sleeping men. It is 5:30, and outside the usual darkness and the ever-present rain. The shrill call sounds "I can't get 'em up" in the Army vernacular, and every one tumbles out, half asleep, into the cold, to answer "Here" to that everlasting Roll Call. Of course you can camouflage and answer Sick Call a little later; but unless you are good at faking, the officer of the day is sure to prove unsympathetic and C. C.'s and Iodine, without which the Army would indeed be a failure, are very often worse than the disease.



XRAY ROOM, BASE 43.





THE ABOVE CUT WAS MADE FROM THE ORIGINAL BULLETIN WHICH APPEARED
IN THE WINDOW OF THE NEWSPAPER OF BLOIS.



How Blois Celebrated the Armistice



It was at noon in the historical old town of Blois, France, the eleventh day of November, nineteen hundred and eighteen. The Armistice had been signed! So stated a news bulletin which for three hours had been posted in front of the little office of the "Loir-et-Cher Independent." Strange to say, the town was very quiet, as though nothing unusual had happened. Generally, when there came any celebration or fete, as, for instance, the birthday of Saint Louis or Saint Genevieve, the many-toned bells of the three churches and the Cathedral made such a continual sound all day long till we alien crusaders were heartily cursing the day Saint Louis or Saint Genevieve came into the world. And yet today not even an ill-timed alarm clock rang to celebrate the cessation of four years of struggle to the death. Could it be that the people doubted the report, thinking it "too good to be true," or were they so deeply touched at the first that they could neither speak nor move, as a mother who suddenly learns that a son whom she long thought dead is alive and returning home?

It must be confessed that we men of the Emory Hospital Unit did not at the time give the French people credit for either of these motives, but we later felt that they both were responsible for the quiet that prevailed. Instead, a number of us meanly remarked, as we returned to the American Hospital, that the "Frogs" were too cold-blooded to celebrate, while the hot-blooded Americans at home were tearing the old U. S. to pieces in wild joy.

Shortly before four o'clock we set out again through the little town. To our surprise flags of all the allied nations had "broken out like the measles" all over the city. The old rue de Denis Papin was gaily bedecked with the "blue, blanc, rouge" of France, and the red, white and blue of America. Suddenly the deep notes of the bells in the Cathedral of Sainte Louis, high above the city of Blois, pealed forth like the old Liberty Bell in '76, to be answered by the clear contralto of the ancient Eglise de Sainte Nicholas in the valley; and the tenor of Sainte Vincent's joined in the ringing medley, while the chimes of Sainte Saturnin, across the river, sounded like an echo organ.

The streets were now crowded, and it was snowing—not snow, but multi-colored confetti, till the old rue de Denis Papin was a huge kaleidoscope. Soon we were in the thick of the confetti storm, mingling with the crowd. And such a crowd! It was one that only a world war could have produced—French, Belgians, English, Americans, Algerians, Madagascans, Russians, an occasional Jap or



Chinaman in khaki, and even a Comanche Indian from Oklahoma, thronged the streets of the historic city on the most historic day the world has ever seen.

Mademoiselles were there in all their holiday silks and satins, merrily promenading and throwing confetti in the faces of the "Sammys." Children were there, yelling in childish glee, some too young to know what war meant, other than the fact that no longer they had any candy (except what the American soldiers gave them in the street), and perhaps that sometimes they saw their mothers cry at night because their daddies hadn't come home. Old men and women, some of whom had shared the humiliation and defeat of France a half century ago, but now to share the victory and glory of the nation, were there, made young again in spirit, for the burden of the years had fallen from their shoulders, the last score had been settled. Mothers of men were there, mothers who had suffered pain to bear sons, glad with each agony that a man child was born into the world; mothers who had suffered the greater pain of giving those sons as an oblation for the peace of the world—now rejoiced in the joy of the redeemed world, for they had seen of the travail of their souls, and were satisfied.

Suddenly the cosmopolitan crowd vanished from before my eyes, and I was back again in my dear Southland, for the strains of Dixie were ringing through the old French town as a long procession of American soldiers marched down the street behind the automobile of an American Major General. *Dixie in France!* The impetuous notes made the hearts of every man of the Emory Unit in the old city of Blois beat faster with pride and exultation. Naturally; yet there was another effect which the same song produced: for the spirit of the long, brown column of soldiers quickened, and their step became lighter, yet firmer, from the first onrush of music to the last long note. Even as the art of conquered Greece conquered the conqueror Rome, so this captured song of the South had captured the heart of the nation, for the alert attitude of every American soldier in the procession, each stiffening back and swelling chest seemed to say, "That's *my* song." There was now no longer a North, or a South, an East, or a West, but simply an *America* of Freedom, whose sons now were treading the streets of France as comrades in arms, sharing with the allied nations the victory of Freedom.

The fete continued into the night. At eight o'clock a *flambeaux* procession left the Mayor's house—a long line of glowing Japanese lanterns. Then came a crowd of the ubiquitous American soldiers bearing in their midst a black coffin, draped in crepe, on which lay the skull of his late Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm II, covered with a high helmet of the Prussian Guard.

After awhile the one cosmopolitan procession broke up into many heterogenous groups, each of which seemed to think itself the major part of the original parade. Here a little crowd of Belgians and French would go down the street surrounding a few paper lanterns, which soon caught fire. Here another group of American



Fire Extra!

Chocolate Factory at Blois Burns To Ground

On the night of 10th Juillet 1918, a chocolate factory here burned up, and shed a wonderful radiance over the chateau, wine-shops, and cathedrals of Blois. The French inhabitants went wild with excitement over the little blaze. The fire department dressed up like a battalion of brigadier-generals and marched to the scene. Then they held a polyphonic consultation—all talking at once—and adjourned to a nearby wine-shop to fortify themselves with fire-water. Duly refreshed, they came back and unreeled a hose resembling a fountain syringe. This immediately "burstled," whereupon our allies gave up and turned the fire over to the American troops, especially the men of Base Hospital No. 43, who were on the scene in numbers. Meanwhile a special detail of French fire-generals were beating drums and blowing tin whistles, to warn the civil population. The last thing I saw was a Frenchman hurrying to the fire on a velocipede with a hypodermic full of eau de cologne, which he proposed to squirt on the flames.



The First Division



E had often heard this axiom in the Army: "You never can tell about tomorrow." We were now to have its reality brought home. Pursuant to a telegraphic order ten men, Sergeant Thomas, Corporal McEnery and Privates 1/c Gaulden, Spivey, Mattingly, J. C. Reeves, Downs, Wood, Cross and Hamlin, were ordered detached and sent to the Hospital Centre at Savenay to work as typists. Not ten minutes before the news came we were all as one in the joy of going home together. Now the comradeship of eleven months' association was to be broken in so summary a manner.

There were no very formal farewells, just "Good-bye, Old Chap" and "God bless you," "Meet you at Five Points next summer," or the now familiar "Au revoir," but back of it all was the fact that we were losing, for perhaps a long time, those good fellows with whom we had so long associated, and every fellow felt it mighty keenly. The French say "C'est la Guerre," and that, after all, was the way to look at it; but it was poor consolation to those to whom home seemed so close just a little while before, yet we could not help but admire the spirit of these ten men. Of course some "cussed" a little and blamed the Goddess of Luck, but, as one fellow expressed it, "What cannot be helped must be endured, and beside that just think of us coming home in the calm of the summer, while you all probably shall be sick and hoping to die every minute."

It would be wanting in loyalty if they were soon forgotten, and so this brief but sincere wish to them all of "Bon voyage tout de suite" to America.

Madame Bedot's

In another part of this History is a cleverly drawn cartoon of a Fire, and in it one sees, even before he realizes what is taking place, a sign of a neighboring building, Debit de Vin, and it is concerning one such Café and Restaurant combined that this sketch is written. The steaks, salads and French fried potatoes that the men of 43 consumed in this place are legion. As to the wine, Charity will draw its veil. In France, as you no doubt know, water is a very precious and necessary thing for washing. Needless to say that is its exclusive function here, as it is in the one hundred other Cafés in Blois.

The Madame Herself, stout and buxom, knits sox at the table where we eat and drink. Very warmly she feels toward the Americans, not only for their francs, but also because her son is an Instructor in a Training Camp in America.





Every evening the faithful gather, and the francs depart, and business in the little back room is always booming after pay-day, and then gradually declines as the month draws to an end.

Whatever may be our ideas as to Prohibition in the States, France without her "debits de vin," the Club of the Frenchman and the diversion of the American, would have a different atmosphere, perhaps one more dry, but certainly one less sparkling and interesting.

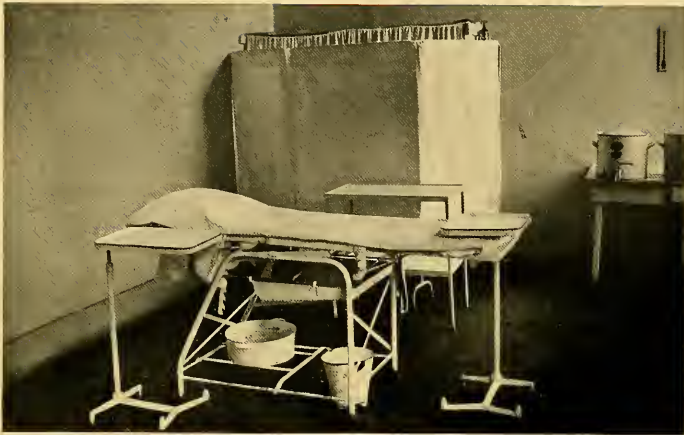
Madame La Rumor

If there is one thing that excels the Ladies' Aid in the promulgation and spread of Rumors, it is the Army Encampment. After Chow in the evening, when the day's work is over and the men are together, someone reminiscently comments on a conversation or snatch of conversation, overheard by someone who told the other fellow it was "straight dope." By the time it has traversed the length of the Barracks the originator would not have recognized his invention, so radically had it changed.

With the Emory Unit "Dame Rumor" took up her abode the first few days we were in Camp. Then it was—When are we going overseas? How many times that question was asked and answered! Thousands of times, no doubt. Then the queries as to our destination, en route. And finally, When shall the War end? Of course this latter subject was conjecture, all based on the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, the French papers, and what that German prisoner told the pal of the man who was back from the front and now a patient in the Hospital. But the things that touched us most acutely were rumors as to our return home. How often did that one subject engross the attention of the Barracks for evenings at a time! Theory after theory was advanced. Everyone would be sure until someone with a capacity for magniloquence would so convince us all, that it was a matter of only a little while and all would be lovely, until tomorrow some prosaic army order would convince us once for all that our hopes were built on no solid foundation, and the evening conversation would be forgotten until next time, when the same ground would be covered again, with no more definite conclusion.

It is not exaggerating to say that Madame La Rumor furnishes three-fourths of the total subjects for conversation in every army organization, and the Emory Unit is by no means an exception.





SCENES OF OPERATING ROOMS.





INSPECTION No 36.912.1416





The Cruise of the Cognac Club

By FATHER VIN BLANC ORDINAIRE

Being a hitherto unpublished diary of the levity and frivolity noticed from association with the Blois contingent by the close observing Prelate.

1. GETTING TOGETHER.



HE month of April has been spoken of from time immemorial as a season of showers, March winds, and a goodly sprinkling of sunshine, but the April of nineteen hundred and eighteen produced another outburst which, in time, proved more soothing than the gentle rain, more vociferous than the summer thunder, and brighter than spring sunshine, for 'twas this month that brought together the officers of EMORY UNIT.

The first meeting was held in the Medical Officers' quarters hard by the Base Hospital at Camp Gordon and, because of his natural instinct for juggling the "bones," Major Ballenger was chosen custodian of the funds, much to the chagrin of the mysterious aspirant, Jake Readhouse Sauls.

In the organization was one Thomas T. Box, of rosy complexion and corn-field laugh, who, between meals, was wont to meditate and read Y. M. C. A. song books in faithful preparation for work "over there." It is said that his solitude was seldom disturbed except by an occasional chant by the silvery voiced tenor, Willie Roberts, who sang to the "bones" in a manner like unto that of a South American snake charmer in a den of serpents. Box, however, was never attracted by the lure of the dice room, and such melodies as "Little Joe" and "Big Dick from Boston" gained no favor with him. It should be remembered, too, that his even temper and delightful disposition won for him an appointment as "Official Checker" of the "overseas" equipment. (While proof is lacking, rumor has it that this appointment resulted from "locked door" politics devised by the Chaplain). Be that as it may, Box was efficient. Beginning work with two shorthand writers and three bookkeepers, the work progressed rapidly and nothing was overlooked by the sharp-eyed sextette. The checking had hardly been under way an hour when T. T. discovered that Mike Berlin hadn't a change of underwear, and as for bedding Mike explained that his roommate had just that morning obeyed his telegraphic orders to proceed to parts unknown and with him had gone the complete equipment that Mike had bought. This story affected Box's sympathetic heart considerably, but he filled his faithful corn-cob with a special mixture of



Brown's Muic and soft coal, fired her up and was strengthened for further heart-rending episodes. He next discovered that Leslie Blair had packed up his chattels and was ready for France, with no looking glass. Leslie had to buy one. Subsequently he stated that Ed Greene's underwear did not comply with regulations, and so reported to Colonel Marietta, who immediately appointed a committee to investigate. He gave the committee full power to accept the goods in question or require the accused to make additional purchases. Colonel Davis, Captain Crenshaw and Lieutenant McGee were named to compose this committee because of their superior knowledge of silks, woollens and linens. They failed to find any such fabrics in Greene's equipment, but McGee, realizing the depleted condition of the victim's pocket-book, made a motion that the garments be accepted, and the motion passed.

Soon after joining the Unit, G. U. Barfield, by excessive use, destroyed his safety razor. It was a frank case of destruction by fair wear and tear, if we were to believe his statement, but we were aware of the terrific strain that had been forced upon the innocent article of toilet. G. U. had to go to Atlanta for a genuine 18-karat manganese steel indestructible he-razor, and realizing the benefits derived from killing two birds with one stone, he carefully prepared his toilet, drew on his new dress boots and set out for the city. Late that night, in the vicinity of Grady Hospital, he was seen by friends who invited him to spend the night. The invitation was accepted, and G. U. repaired to the Doctors' Quarters, where he soon proceeded to disrobe. His boots remained, however, "as they were." He called for assistance, and after much work on the part of a big negro orderly, one boot was finally dislodged. The other remained fast, and thus did G. U., half-booted, pass the night.

It should be recorded that Major John Sebastian Derr, shortly before his departure for France, recalled his missionary days by giving an exhibition before a very appreciative and intellectual body of men, of the original war dance of their African ancestors. The paints and costumes used by the Major were remarkably realistic, the lighting and scenic effects being slightly modern. The intricate terpsichorean tumbles were delightfully depicted by the active and energetic officer. Chaplain Allgood, being the only representative from the Unit who witnessed the performance, was highly entertained and, at times, became boisterous with laughter and applause. When Equen related the incident to Kaucher, the latter officer of "I find nothing to report" fame, aroused himself for two minutes and laughed.

II. QUITTING CAMP GORDON.

Those of my readers who sojourned at Camp Gordon will recall the village of Chamblee and the open net which caught the flowing coin of Uncle Sam's men.



LIEUT. S — OF SHIP TOLD BY CAPT. R —
WHO WAS READING A LETTER, THAT
AN AEROPLANE HAD DELIVERED MAIL THAT MORNING,
OTHER OFFICERS WERE READING LETTERS AND
CORROBORATED THE TALE 'HE APPLIES FOR HIS'





It would have been no surprise if the Soldiers' Supply Store had faced financial distress when Rex Barfield and Willie Roberts left the vicinity.

Recall ye the time when this pair were seen coming o'er the hill, bent and groaning under the weight of their wall-papered bungaloes of suitcase pattern filled with shaving soap, Climax, Onliwon, and Prince Albert? This spectacle created a greater stir than the fire in Saul's and Greene's room when the latter's household goods went up in flames, for now it was suspected that orders to move were in the hands of our fighting quartermaster, William E. Street. The suspicions were strengthened later in the day, for Sauls noticed Street cleaning up his pistol. The first mentioned gentleman of Hebrew cognomen immediately drew a pistol and ammunition from Street and proceeded to the enlisted men's barracks, where he gallantly assumed command of the detachment.

Rawlings again checked his tobaccos, Stockard drank another dope, McGee polished up the lock on his black leather portfolio and everything was ready to board the Seaboard.

III. FROM DUSTY GORDON TO DAMP HOBOKEN.

None led more active lives enroute to Camp Merritt than Lawrence and G. U. Barfield in entertaining the canteen ladies at various stations, and Bunce in censoring the company mail and seeing to it that none got by uncensored.

Leslie Blair, hearing of the success of Lawrence and Barfield, and having seen the welcome given "*Fritz*" Hodgson and Dan DuPree in one of Georgia's classic cities, staged a little meeting "all his own" near the Seaboard Air Line in Virginia.

At Camp Merritt several officers were delightfully entertained one morning by a little skit from life, entitled, "Through the Metropolis in a Sam Browne Belt." Words by Bunce; lyrics by Crenshaw; dances by G. U. Barfield; scenery, costumes, staging, etc., by the trio just named; electrical effect by S. U. Marietta, M. M. D., A. R., M. C. M. In all probability the full text of this skit, with free translation into all known languages, including the Scandinavian and excepting the German, will be found elsewhere in this volume. This tedious work was undertaken by no less a personage than the well known detective, Mr. Hugo Brill.

Insofar as the voyage of the Unit is concerned I have very little to say. At first it was intended that I record the names of those who found it more comfortable to sleep in a stuffy stateroom in mid-summer with all clothing on, but Charles Dowman suggested that someone might be overlooked, and he, as President of the "Fully Dressed Sleepers' Association," had requested the Secretary, Hansell Crenshaw, assisted by the Treasurer, Will Roberts, to furnish the editor of the diary with a correct list of the members. The Club, it appears, had no regular time of



meeting, but left that to be decided by either the bugler, the siren blower, or the engineer. They usually held their impromptu meetings on the "poop deck."

In England our reception was warm, and the children sought pennies. The food was a bit off, you know, but was evidently quite substantial, for in the evenings the parks showed signs of youth and life.

IV. ENGLAND TO FRANCE WITH A BRONCHO.

The time spent in the British Rest Camp, near Southampton, was hardly long enough to teach us the value of a shilling, yet it was pleasant, for it was here that King George located us and hastily drafted letters to each member of our organization. We were considerably disappointed when orders came for us to move on before we had an opportunity of acknowledging in person receipt of the King's notes. I understand that Derr and Wallace had in requests for leaves, so that they might call on His Majesty, but the papers were twenty-four hours late.

The vessel carrying the Unit across the Channel was a sturdy one. The principal passengers aboard, other than the Emory Unit and the horses, was a Hindu Sanitary Corps, the members of which were being instructed enroute.

Equen learned by asking questions while aboard the "Olympic" that the reason vessels at sea were not lost was because they had a large compass in the pilot's room. He continued his interrogations, and this time he propounded a question to Kaucher regarding the horses. He wanted to know why they put horses on the boat with the Unit. Kaucher didn't know, but learned from Mike Berlin, who had discussed the subject in an early morning conversation with a Hindu. The dusky little fellow from Hindustan informed him that the horses were life preservers. "In the event," said he to Mike, in perfect Hindustan, "of being torpedoed by a submarine, each passenger will be supplied with a mount, whereupon he will sit easily until the horse swims to shore. It is for this very voyage that you were given instruction in Equitation in the Cantonments, and required to purchase boots and spurs. Orders specifically state that such riding equipment shall be worn on this boat as faithfully as you wore your life preservers on the 'Olympic.'" Equen quickly scattered the "dope" and boots rapidly appeared on deck.

The Unit landed at LeHavre, France, without mishap, and Stockard was the first man to discover that the children spoke French. Jerry Osborne, on a tour of investigation, learned that the water was impure, but a very palatable substitute, which the French spoke of as Vin Blanc, could be obtained for *deux franc cinquante centime* per bottle. Silliman was delighted with the news even though he didn't *comprendre*. He, however, was the first man to translate the word *fromage*, and likewise the greatest destroyer of it in the organization.



In dear old Georgia
My Southern home

Among the pine trees
I long to roam





Our first experience with the French railways was the wild ride from Le Havre to Blois. We were at that time told absolutely nothing, hence our destination was unknown to us. We didn't care. We stopped in one town and were told that we had just missed an air raid. Bill Roberts got excited and wanted to cable home that he was safe, but Colonel Davis finally calmed him by reminding him that the journey was not yet finished and perhaps more dangers were ahead of us.

V. BLOIS, FRANCE.

In June, 1918, the little French city of Blois was bright and warm from the constant rays of the summer sun. Everywhere were to be seen shady nooks and tempting benches. Magnificent shade trees, in perfect alignment and carefully pruned, adorned every street and roadway. Here and there a flower garden of rare beauty and fragrance appeared as if by magic to the stranger who strolled leisurely along a promenade. At the end of one street rises the picturesque stone steps with the beautiful rosette flower bed midway, and towering near the summit the massive statue of Denis-Papin. Standing beside the base of the statue and following the vision of its still eyes one sees the long street of Blois named in memory of the man whose statue overlooks it, as it pierces the heart of the city, crosses the Loire on the bridge of stone, and is lost in the village on the opposite bank of the river.

Quietly the peaceful Loire, so shallow in summer that a barefoot boy can easily wade across, and so swollen in winter that a fair size steamer could ply it, flows through the city on to the Atlantic. Filled with fish eager for bait, it is the native fisherman's delight. Silent with crime and mystery of middle-age lore, it is the constant companion and truest friend of the peaceful inhabitants of the quaint old city. How many French maidens have told this sympathetic river the pangs of a bleeding heart caused by the horrors of war? To the visitor it is a stream of romance, for sitting near its edge in a perfumed garden on a summer night, with the silvery moon sprinkling its soft, mellow light at his feet, thoughts of bygone days quickly come to mind.

Just behind and far above, rises the historic Chateau of Blois. His imagination goes back six centuries. This is the same city, the same chateau and the same old moon that knew so well the intrigues, the mysteries, the murders, and the *Affaires d'Amour* of Francis the First, Henry the Fourth, Catherin de Medicis and the Duc de Guise. But hark! What entrancing voice is that so very near, singing in lyric soprano, the love song of the drunken Pierrot? Surely it cannot be an imaginary serenade conjured up by historical reminiscences. No, no, too real for that! Evidently some love-sick maiden or heavy-hearted little wife thinking of



sweetheart or husband near the ruined Cathedral of Reims, facing the murderous Boche.

Such is Blois as I found it. Filled with thrifty people, who welcomed us with typical French sincerity, we soon became quite companionable with the citizenry.

Stockard being a man of many tongues, soon broke the ice, conversationally, and located with his quick eye a "*Sage-Femme*" establishment. When Leslie Blair later asked if any one knew where he could buy a shave, Stockard agreed to direct him to a woman barber. You that know Leslie can probably imagine his embarrassment when he discovered that Stockard had mistaken a mid-wife for a female barber, and was striving faithfully to persuade the wise woman that his friend was desirous of a shave. Be it said, however, that Stockard was not alone in his error, for later it was brought to our attention that a number of nurses had made overtures to this same lady of wisdom to tell their fortunes!

It was during our first week in Blois that the large chocolate factory burned, and so comical were the actions of the fire-fighters and the spectators that Colonel Davis thought that Charlie Chaplin and Fatty Arbuckle were filming one of their "top-notchers."

After two months in Blois the moustache germ tackled the organization. Everyone was affected, I believe, except Colonel Davis, who said that he caught up with the moustache feature during the Spanish-American war at which time, photographs tell us, he raised one that would have made Henry of Navarre hide his feeble effort in shame. McAllister made such startling progress that he won favor in the sight of a patient who spoke of him as "That young Italian doctor." Captain Crenshaw's wife, hearing of her husband's French moustache, wrote him to get it off at once. In writing her in reply he used the military form, something like this:

From: Hansell Crenshaw, Captain, M. R. C.

To: Mrs. Hansell Crenshaw, C. O.

Subject: Removal of Moustache.

1. In compliance with instructions under date report myself a clean-shaven man, etc. ETC.

Street had the most peculiar moustache ever seen in France prior to the arrival of certain Chinese coolies.

All forms of games were inaugurated by certain members of our organization, and all known methods used to collect debts stored up by some of the players. Captain Crenshaw probably used the most unique, and I am exceedingly glad that the original fell into my hands that I may reproduce it here. It follows:



BASE HOSPITAL No. 43,
Annex No. 115, Am. P. O. 726,
C. O. D., S. O. S., A. E. F.,
August 14, 1918.

From: Captain Hansell Crenshaw, M. C.
To: Lieutenant Harry J. Sims, M. C.
Subject: Transfer of Gambling Debt.

1. In accordance with Special Order No. 1, par. 1, B. H. 43, A. 115, C. O. D., S. O. S., A. P. O., 726, A. E. F., N. Y. D., August 13, 1918, Lieutenant Harry J. Sims, M. C., will report this date to Lieutenant Joseph R. Barfield, M. C., franc in hand, and deliver one franc, rate 5.70, to said officer, M. C., O. D.

2. Execution of this order is to satisfy gambling debt No. 1 due Captain Hansell Crenshaw, M. C., by Lieutenant Harry J. Sims, M. C., and gambling debt No. 2, due Lieutenant Joseph R. Barfield, M. C., O. D., by Captain Hansell Crenshaw, M. C.

3. Failure to comply with this order will render Lieutenant Harry J. Sims, M. C., B. V. D., amenable to severe disciplinary measures, viz.: setting 'em up to une bouteille de vouvray crystal, effectif toute suite.

(Signed) HANSELL CRENSHAW, *Captain, M. C.*

Of all the "leave-takers" who ran the gauntlet of the Boulevard in Parée, only one, so far as we've heard, has qualified as an athlete delightful to look upon, and had he but entered the finals, he would have, without doubt, returned to us with another medal on his chest. Indeed, he was practically assured of victory if he would enter the lists.

It is said by native Bloisese that Fitts, Sauls and Blair drove the wildest ponies in the department of Loire et Cher. No one ever learned just why they chose such vicious animals, but an old Frenchwoman remarked to another in ear-shot of Box that the young officers were endeavoring to demonstrate their superior horsemanship in the presence of adoring Red Cross nurses. This same trio was equally skilled, both collectively and individually, in handling wild animals of the Chambertin and Vouvray species,—and they kept certain of the Vin strain chained in their chambres at all times—whether for protection or amusement I never knew just which.

The Courts-Martial brought to light the analytical brain of Dan DuPree, whose forensic argument amazed President Davis and even halted the pious pleadings of G. U. Barfield.

Polly Person became famed as a property man and for mental exercise, when operations were a little off, would check Annex No. 1 before breakfast.

The Army Paper Work feature was appreciated by none more than by Colonel Boland, who always carried at least one book in his pocket. Others later followed his example, after having been "caught out" once or twice.

In Section No. 29 were Phillips and Sauls, who held a secret meeting one night, at which they decided to open up a side line in the Sick and Wounded Office.



'Hopper' AND 'Major Stickler' AT CAMP MERRITT
HOPPER ON GUARD SALUTED THE MAJOR WITH A
PISTOL, THE LATTER THINKING HE WAS
ABOUT TO BE SHOT DOWN
GAVE HOPPER THE
AS YOU WERE! SIGN
IN A JIFFY





The plan was discovered by Leslie Blair and explained to Colonel Strickler, who deemed it unwise and unnecessary to introduce a modern American business institution in the quiet French town. He, therefore, had the three gold balls taken from over the door shortly after they appeared.

VI. FINIS LA GUERRE AND HOMEWARD BOUND.

The Battle of Vin Blink continued, in Blois and the many engagements and skirmishes delightfully interesting to recall. To do full justice to them a volume would be necessary. That being impossible, I hasten to mention the Day of Days—November 11, 1918,—the day the Armistice was signed! Ah, the happiness and unrestrained joy of everybody in France! The demonstrations of unbounded delight of saddened French people whose very hearts had been wrung and whose souls had been heavy laden with all the sorrows of over four years of war! We who had seen them during the dark days knew what the demonstration meant; and we could not blame a daughter of that weeping nation if, on the eleventh of November, she threw her arms around the neck of an American soldier, kissed him on both cheeks and cried out in broken English, "We thank you,—You American boys—*Merci! Merci!* You have bring us the victory! We thank you!" All the trials, the struggles, the vicissitudes of war were repaid those of the American Army who were fortunate enough to see these demonstrations in any French town.

Christmas was great and the turkey was fine. Everybody was happy and the appetites were good—*tres bien*—yea, even supernatural. You could hardly expect otherwise, for Haskins, Fitts and Bert McCord were on the refreshment committee and, believe me, the "Vin twins" were right with us. In truth we had *beau coup* of it. *N'est pas, Mike? Ah oui, ah oui!*

About this season of the year a few leaves of absence were handed out. The doings of a doughboy on leave have been described by many, both in song and story, but to appreciate the full significance of a soldier taking a leave one must read the little booklet entitled, "Seeing Tours in One Day, or Little Side-Track Journeys Through France," by Hansell Crenshaw, Captain, M. C. The interesting little edition has a lengthy preface by Dan DuPree, Captain, M. C., and it is profusely illustrated by Allen Bunce, Captain, M. C.

In February, 1919, Sauls and Street again polished up their pistols, McGee appeared with his ever-present mysterious manner and the familiar black leather portfolio, and away we marched for a *fore day* meeting at the Caserne. After much delay in starting, missing connections and freezing our feet enroute, we finally arrived in the village of Montoir, near Saint Nazaire, France. Here we rested for three weeks and fattened so that those of us carrying "cooties" would



in turn fatten the busy little companions, thereby rendering them more visible to the naked eye of any weak-eyed M. R. C. man at Camp No. 1.

When we reported at Camp No. 1 we found a measley mess but a delightful time, for 'twas here we met "Old Man *Quatre vingt cinq* hisself"

After a week more, in which Derr spent his remaining francs for souvenirs, we boarded the good ship "Kroonland" with light hearts and happy thoughts and sailed away for the good old U. S. A. For twelve days we faced westward, filled with excitement and joyous anticipation of HOME. Surely we loved everybody, for what man among us, under normal conditions, would have allowed a Mess Officer to stick a plate of Boston Beans before us for breakfast? Instead of chucking him overboard, as he rightfully deserved, he was merely chastised in language common in the A. E. F., and his beans returned to him with the request that they be consigned to the garbage can. It might have been the music of our mess hall jazz band that softened our hearts, for we could endure most anything to the tune of the "Livery Stable Blues."

We landed safely in God's country at Newport News amid a multitude of cheering people. We immediately proceeded to Camp Stuart and remained about four days and then we headed southward and quickly sighted Camp Gordon. At Gordon we were met by our own beloved people of Georgia, and how glad we were to see them! The love one bears for kin, for friends, for native land is never more keenly felt than when separated by seas and hunted by a barbaric enemy. It was good to return and see our home land and our loved ones again—All the best in the world!

The Atlanta citizens welcomed us royally, and we are very sure that the reception given us by them at the Piedmont Driving Club shall never be forgotten.

Everybody was happy, but hardly anyone could imagine the happiness of Colonel Davis, the Father of Emory Unit, when a beautiful loving cup was given him by the enlisted men of the organization as a token of love and esteem and in appreciation of his efficient and unselfish services.

April 2, 1919, brought us our discharges and freedom again.

And while we received no beautifully engraved parchments signed by the President, or for the President by the Secretary or Assistant Secretary of War similar to those welcoming us into the service, we were exceedingly glad to get the simple sheet giving us permission to wear our "citz" again.

At last we give thanks to Army Regulations.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Father Vin Ordinaire, in writing the above narrative, first presented the manuscript written as a tale that had been told him, but to make the incidents more realistic to any outsiders who might read the story, we induced the worthy Father to write the story in the first person—just as he would have written had he been with us from our start to our finish in the States, instead of merely sojourning with us from our start to our finish in France.



ATE W_____ SPELLS SERVICE
LIKE THIS WHEN HE IS READING
HIS SHIRT FOR CRUMS





CHANT DE DEUX LANGUES
When I dont hear from you **EACH DAY**
Je suis tres, Tres de'sole,
So with these francs buy Postage Pray
S'il vous plait, S'il vous plait



Statistics

The question, "When do we leave for France?" was asked 9,872,643 times by members of the Emory Unit. 19,670 different answers were given.

The question, "Where are we going now?" was asked 67,502 times by the same soldiers. 8,700 different answers were submitted.

The question, "When are we going home?" was asked 43,996,703 times by officers, nurses and men of the Emory Unit during eight months in France. Thirty million answers were given.

716,410½ C. C. Pills were administered by the Emory Unit during its stay at Blois, France.

The only case on record where a Wardmaster slept late in bed while his patients brought him up his breakfast is that of a happy Irishman in the Emory Unit.

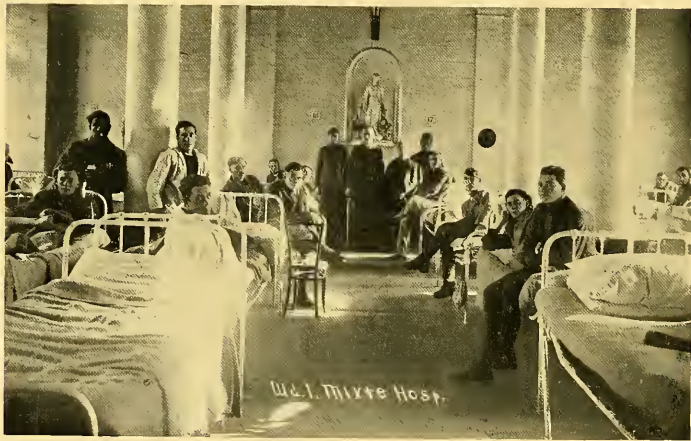
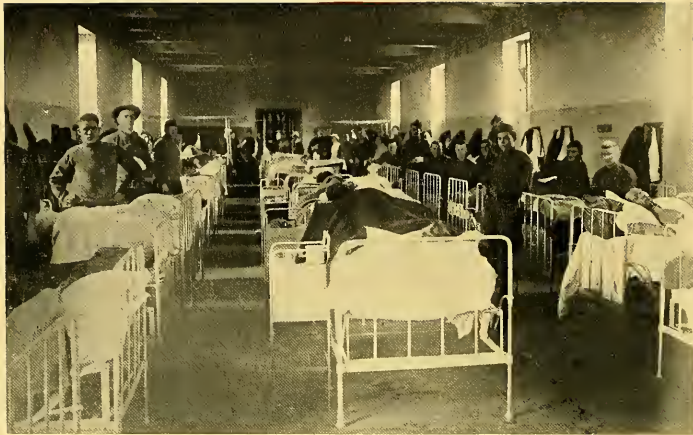
The question of "How many *men* are there in the Sand Blowers' Platoon?" has never yet been successfully answered.

The Emory Unit functioned as Base Hospital 43 at Blois, France for 203 days—17,539,200 seconds.

Inspection

The soldier soon learns that the bark of the C. O. is very often worse than his bite. Especially is that true when "inspection" rolls around. Time was when the very word inspired awe and exercise. Even now, after eight months in France, it inspires respect and hard work; but time has softened its sting.

To be brief, inspection means standing at attention while you are looked over by a group of superior beings, very much the same way that stock is examined before being purchased or slaughtered. Spots, buttons, hair, shoes and general qualities are discussed in a cold-blooded, impersonal way, and you are alternately happy or depressed according to the conclusions of those whose verdict, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, changeth not. Many were the trips-to-town postponed because of defects not discerned by the victim but which fell under the eagle eyes of those who looked us over. And in the earlier days, before we adopted the fatalistic philosophy of the army, many were the anxious moments. Now, we do our best and let it go at that,—an attitude that saves time and worry for all concerned. Nevertheless, they are necessary evils, and the appearance of Base 43, which has been a subject of favorable comment on many occasions, was undoubtedly helped by the energy of the individual, preparatory to such an occasion.



WARD SCENES.





How the Nurses Came to Blois



N May 16, 1918, the remaining nineteen Nurses who had been called to the Camps, viz.: Fort McPherson, Camp Gordon, and Walter Reed, with our Chief Nurse, Miss Dantzier, received orders to report at Base Hospital No. 9 at Lakewood, N. J. We took our oath of allegiance and left on the 17th day of May. Arriving in Lakewood, after various exciting experiences, such as riding in box cars, etc., we spent a delightful week. We visited George Gould's country home, Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, and the beautiful surrounding country, and then left for New York on the 27th of May.

We went to Washington Square, with the Holly Hotel as headquarters. We were the first to arrive, and there was great excitement watching the other girls come in. We enjoyed our stay at Greenwich Village, and hated to leave on the 4th of June for 120 Madison Avenue, the Old Colony Club, changed into Nurses' Mobilization Center. Then we had orders to drill, and every day from 1:00 to 3:30 we drilled at the Seventeenth Infantry Armory, and did "Squares right" and "Column right, right turn," and other such foolish and unnecessary stunts. Then from 3:30 to 4:00 we had to lift our voices in melody, and none of the platoons will ever forget how they sang "Dixie." Our mornings were spent in the work-room, getting our uniforms fitted and *shopping*. And such a wild time as we had shopping, with each one telling us different things to bring or not to bring with us overseas.

Miss Whitehead had charge of the home and we owe her a vote of thanks for the many nice things she did for us. Tickets were sent several times during the weeks to the shows. Then our flag was dedicated at Trinity Church, where George Washington at one time attended services, and where over a thousand Nurses had attended for the same purpose as we did.

On July 4th we were in the grand parade, near the front of the column, and our beautiful flag and the fact that we were in our "oversea" uniform, caused us to attract quite a little attention. Then that night we rushed to the "movies" to see how we looked in the "cinema." But at the theatre nearly everybody took us for "police women!"—the only "fly in our ointment."

By now we were greatly worried because we had received orders to sail, and rumors were running around that our personnel was in Italy or Russia or some country besides France. On July 10 we planned a trip up the Hudson and at 11:00 o'clock, just as we were ready to leave, orders came for us to leave New



York at 7:30. Excitement, over finishing our packing and getting trunks, packs and suitcases off. Even then one of the girls carried her electric iron, still warm, in her overcoat sleeve!

We boarded the train, but didn't have the slightest idea where we were going. And picture our surprise at finding ourselves in Montreal, Canada! After breakfast we hopped into trucks and rode down to the docks and boarded the "Durham Castle." Such cheering and singing when the boys came on! They were a part of the 76th Division, and 'twas there we learned some of the Army songs. The Signal Corps had quite a talented bunch, and we had shows every night. We sailed down the St. Lawrence, past the land of Acadia, under one of the tallest bridges in the world, and reached Halifax on July 16, and anchored past the burned area of the awful mine catastrophe. Our ship being quarantined, we couldn't leave, but as we were the first to get there, we had the pleasure of watching the other transports loaded with khaki sail in and anchor.

July 20, at 9:00 o'clock, we left Halifax, and we were rather a quiet crowd. Outside the harbor we were joined by the cruiser and several destroyers, and twenty-three camouflaged ships lined up and started on the long trip across the ocean, and it was a wonderful sight to see them sailing along; and, indeed, the ships seemed human in their determination to get us safely over. Then, for the first time, we commenced to realize we were really at war.

Numerous reports of "subs" followed us all the way. On July 25, about noon, the cruiser fired two shots at a "freighter," but we never found what it was. Then on July 27 twelve destroyers joined us, and on the 29th we had three battles. One submarine came up behind our ship and our gunner claimed the credit of getting it. Depth bombs were exploding everywhere, and we were so thrilled and excited we never thought of danger. Two other "subs" were also popularly supposed to have "parti tout de suite."

July 30 we anchored at Barry Water. There the ships separated and ours went to Cardiff, Wales, and as we were the first American troops there, we received a royal welcome from the Lord Mayor, and were given a reception by his wife. Cardiff was a very clean, quaint and pretty town, and we hated to board the train the next morning.

'T was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and our trip across England was a memorable one, as everything was so green and beautiful—the well-kept lawns and handsome homes. We also thought we were going to London, and just *knew* we were when we got to Reading, thirty miles from London; but there the train disappointed us by running south. We got hungry, and as we had no English money,

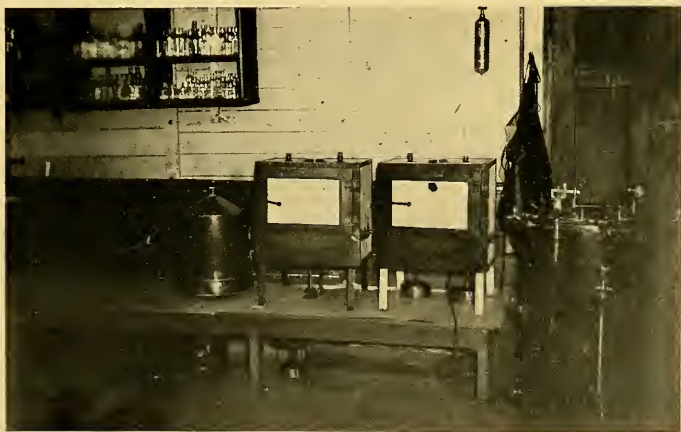


found our perfectly-good American money was no good. We arrived at Southampton about 6:00 o'clock and took in the main sights of the city.

The following morning we boarded a "tender" and went down the harbor to the "Guilford Castle," a hospital ship, which had made twenty-one trips with wounded soldiers, and it had been down at the Dardenelles during that memorable fight in April, and it exhibited plenty of souvenirs in the way of bullet holes. That night, while crossing the Channel, we slept in our clothes and life belts, and were mighty glad to see morning and with it LeHavre, France. We spent the afternoon taking in the town, and left at 4:30 the following morning for our destination—still unknown, and the source of great annoyance to us. In each compartment were put our rations of goldfish, bread, jam and tomatoes (no salt, and the French couldn't "compree" that we wanted salt or water, at the depot).

We stayed in Paris from 4:00 to 8:00, and met three of our doctors just in from the front. We landed in Blois at midnight, and were so glad to see our men at last. They took us home in trucks, and then they had scrambled eggs, hot biscuits and coffee—the first real food since we left the States.

The Nurses of Base 47 (California) were waiting for us to relieve them, so they could join their base in another city. And we, tired of traveling, were more than ready to settle down to work and do the little bit we could for our boys.



LABORATORY SCENE.



WARD SCENES.





Thoughts by the Chaplain



N the hospital we often saw such splendid examples of heroic suffering that we were given a new conception of the honor and glory of American citizenship. I was writing a letter for a young fellow. His upper lip had been shot away. A piece of shrapnel had gone through his right leg and it had become infected. Several operations had been performed. For fifteen inches the flesh, and to the bone, had been removed. He was very emaciated and, with his disfigured face, a horrid looking specimen of humanity. The letter was to his mother.

"Tell Pal that I am keeping a stiff upper lip, and will until it is over." I did not understand him. "Pal is my father. When I left he told me to 'keep a stiff upper lip.' Tell him I am doing it."

In reality his upper lip was gone, but no shells of foe, no dangers and no hardships could keep him from being true to the parting injunction of his father. He goes back to his father disfigured and lame. But how proud the father must be of his boy!

Our Heavenly Father loves us most tenderly, but He knows that it will be necessary for us to be sorely tempted, bear heavy burdens and have mighty conflicts with the Enemy of Righteousness. Always His message to us is: "Be strong. Endure affliction. Endure **HARDSHIP** as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Let us not forget.

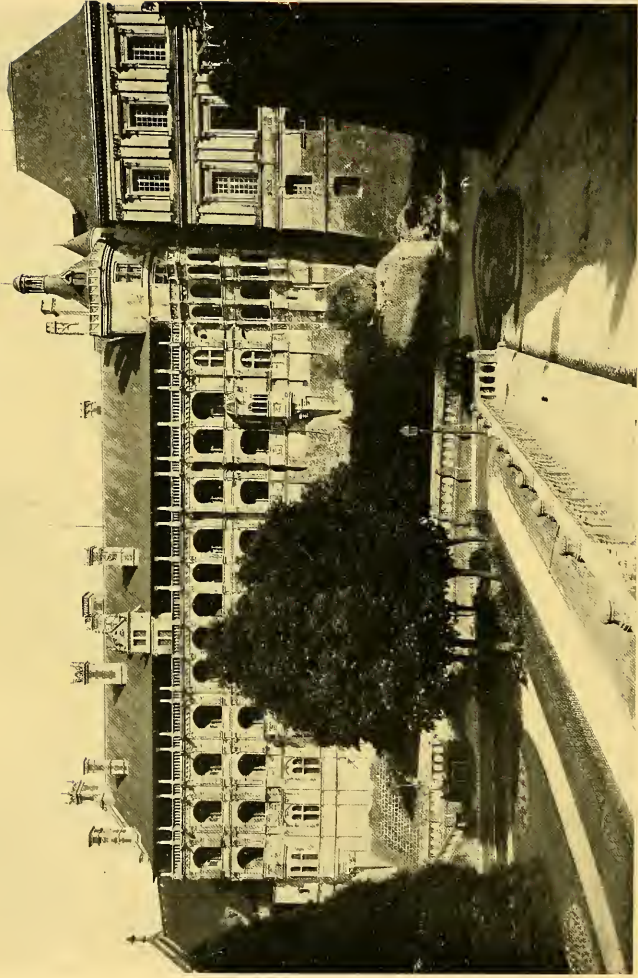
Corporal B—— had been badly wounded at Chateau-Thierry. He walked several miles to the first aid station, refusing to let stretcher bearers carry him, because he thought others were worse wounded than he was. He had been in the hospital for two months and was slowly dying. He was a very devout Irish Catholic.

We were talking one day and he was telling me how God had given him strength to bear his sufferings. I said, "God is mighty good, isn't He?" I shall never forget his reply—the earnestness and the peculiar Irish brogue—"Non better, non better." He had been in much pain for many days and dying in a strange land, far away from his loved ones, but to him there was *none* so good as God.

Are we not too prone to "forget all His Benefits" when difficulties and hardships are ours? Let us so get acquainted with HIM that we may be able to say: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me. . . . Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

J. L. ALLGOOD,
Chaplain Base Hospital No. 43.





CHATEAU DE BLOIS.





Historic Sketch of Blois

Hauteville-House, 17th of April 1864.



IR, I am thankful to you for having made me live again in the past. On the 17th of April 1825, 39 years ago on this very day, (let me mention this little coincidence which is of interest to me), I was arriving at Blois. It was in the morning and I was coming from Paris. I had spent the whole night in the mail, and what can you do in a mail? I had composed the ballad of the *Two Archers*; then, the last lines being written, as the day was not yet rising, while I was looking, in the gleam of the lantern, at the herds of oxen passing at every moment on both sides of the road, in the direction of Paris, I fell asleep. The voice of the driver woke me up. "Here is Blois!" he called. I opened my eyes and saw a thousand windows at a glance, houses irregularly and confusedly huddled up, steeples, a castle, and the hill crowned with high trees and a row of sharp-lined house-fronts with stone gables, on the bank of the river, an old town disposed in amphitheatre, capriciously extending on the prominences of a slope, and, excepting that the Ocean is wider than the Loire and is spanned by no bridge, almost like this town of Guernsey where I am living now. The sun was rising over Blois.

A quarter of an hour after, I was rue du Foix, 73. I knocked at a little door opening on to a garden: a man who was at work in the garden came and let me in. He was my father.

In the evening, my father took me to a hillock which overlooked his house and on which rises the tree of Gaston: I saw from above the town I had seen from below; the aspect was different, and though severe, more charming still. In the morning, the town had impressed me as being gracefully disordered and almost surprised, as one who awakes; the evening had softened the lines. Though it was still light—the sun had just set—there was a tinge of melancholy in the air; the twilight was blurring the sharp lines of the roofs; a few glimmering candles replaced the dazzling light of dawn on the window-panes; the contours of things underwent the mysterious transformation of the evening; stiff straight lines decreased whilst curves increased; there were more bends and fewer angles. I remained there, gazing with emotion, almost moved by that aspect of Nature. In the sky blew a faint summer breeze.

The town no longer appeared to me as in the morning, lively and charming, disorderly but harmonious; it was cut into well-balanced segments of impressive bulk. In the receding background, the terraces overhung each other in the most



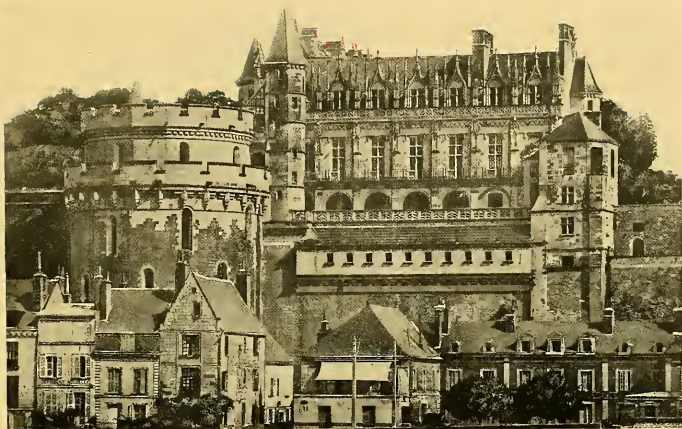
natural and tranquil manner: the Cathedral, the Bishop's palace, the dark church of St-Nicholas, the castle, as much a fortress as a palace, the intersecting ravines, the ascents and descents on which the houses seem now to climb and then to slide, the bridge with its obelisk, the beautiful, winding Loire, the straight rows of poplars, quite in the distance Chambord, dimly seen with its forest of turrets, the woods through which runs the old road called "Roman bridges" marking the former bed of the Loire, all this was both grand and pleasing. Moreover, my father was fond of that town.

You have revived it before my eyes to-day.

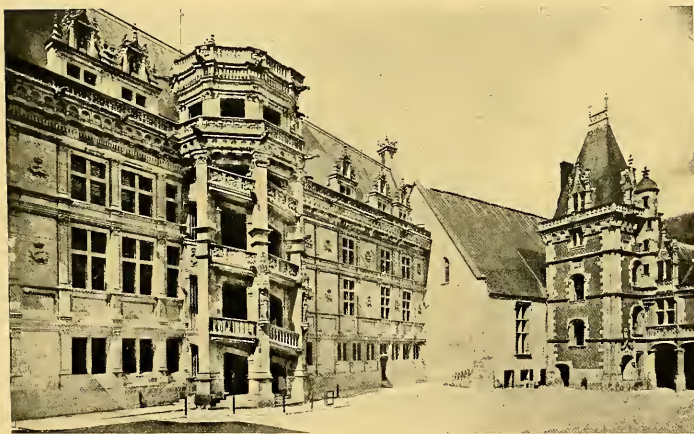
Thanks to you, I am at Blois. Your twenty etchings show us the intimate town, not the town with its palaces and churches, but the town with its houses. With you, we are in the street, we enter the ruins; and some of the decrepit houses such as the carved wood lodgings of rue St-Lubin, or the Hotel Denis Dupont with the sloping-sided lantern of its winding stair-case, or the house of rue Haute, or the surbated arcade of rue Pierre-de-Blois—display all the gothic fancy or the grace of the Renaissance, enhanced by the poetry of decay. To be in ruins is no obstacle to being an artistic treasure. Is there anything more lovely than a kindly and witty old woman? Many of the exquisite houses you have drawn may be compared to that old woman. With pleasure one gets acquainted with them. With joy one sees them again, when one is—as is the case with me—their old friend. How many things have they said! How deliciously have they told over again the story of the Past. For instance, look at this fine, delicate house in "rue des Orfevres;" it seems as if it might be a "tete-a-tete." One feels familiar with all this elegance. We recognize everything, such faithful likenesses your etchings are. There is in them both the accuracy of photography and the untrammelled art of a master's hand. Your "rue Chemonton" is a masterpiece. Along with the good peasants of Sologne you have painted, I have ascended the great stairs of the Castle; the house in "rue Pierre-de-Blois" with its statuette, may be compared to the house of the Musicians at Weymouth. I can trace every detail over again.

Here is the Silver Tower, here is the high dark gable at the corner of "rues des Violettes" and "de St-Lubin." Here are the Hotel of Guise, the Hotel of Cheveny, the Hotel Sardini with its vaults curved like the handle of a basket, here is the Hotel d'Alluyes with its graceful arcades of the time of Charles VIII, here are the steps of St-Louis that lead to the Cathedral. Here is the rue du Sermon, and, in the background, the almost Roman outline of St-Nicholas, here is the pretty canted tower called the oratory of Queen Anne. Behind that tower was the garden in which Louis XII, afflicted with gout, used to ride his little mule.

(Then comes reflections on the good king Louis XII and on Gaston of Orleans. Then Victor Hugo goes on:)



VIEW OF CHATEAU D'AMBOISE



COURTYARD VIEW CHATEAU DE BLOIS





All those personages, along with Henri III and the Duke of Guise and others, including Pierre de Blois whose glory it was to have been the first to pronounce the word *transsubstantiation*, I have seen again, in the confused evocation of History, while turning over the leaves of your precious book. I pondered for a long while over your Fountain of Louis XII. You have produced it exactly as I saw it; at the same time old and youthful, on the whole, charming. It is one of your best plates. I am inclined to think that the wholesale shop of "Rouen Cotton prints," indicated by you, opposite the Hotel d'Amboise was already there in my time. Your talent is faithful and delicate, your eye perceives at a glance the beauty of the lines; you have a firm, deft and strong touch, much "naivete" and the rare gift of making darkness visible. What strikes and delights me in your etchings is their radiant light, their gaiety, their smiling aspect, the joy of the opening day which endows the morn with all its charm. Some of your plates seem to be bathed in dawn. Here is really Blois, my own Blois, my luminous Blois—for my first impression on arriving has remained. For me, Blois is radiant; I can see Blois only in the rising sun. These are impressions left by youth and love of one's native land.

I have indulged in a long talk with you because you have given me pleasure. You have taken advantage of my weak side, you have touched the sacred fibre of remembrance. I am sometimes moved by bitter sadness, you have brought me enjoyable sadness. To experience sweet sadness is indeed pleasure. I am grateful to you.

I am happy that this town to which the unseen skein of the inviolable bonds of the soul binds me, is so well preserved, so little impaired; it is almost identical with what it was 40 years ago—that Blois which saw me when I was a youth, that Blois whose streets know me, where one house loved me and where I have been strolling in your company, expecting to meet my white-haired father, and realizing that my own head is growing hoary.

I leave you with the heartiest hand-shake.

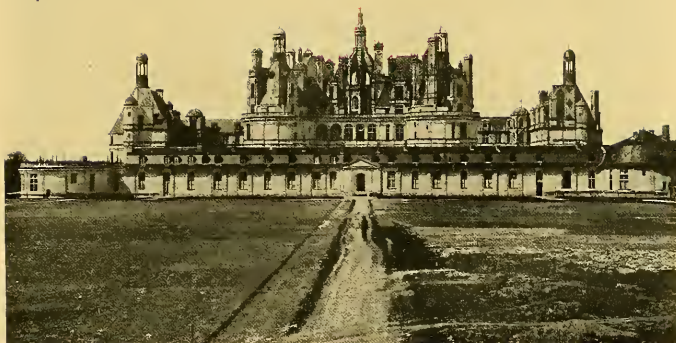
VICTOR HUGO.

Blois' earliest history is obscure. The name was derived from one which, in the language of the ancient Gauls, meant wolf, indicating the abundance of those animals then in that vicinity.

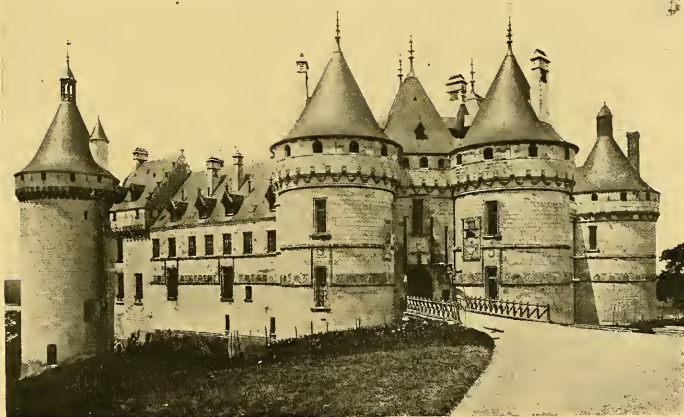
Very little was heard of the city until the year 853 A. D., when the Monks of Carbion, having been expelled by the Normans, settled in Blois, as the Guardians of the Relics of St. Lomer.

By the twelfth century the town (for it was then scarcely more than such) had obtained from its Counts or Rulers many Charters or Privileges, and it succeeded in keeping its organization as a Commune under the administration of four Elected Men, or Aldermen in modern parlance.

It was in Blois in 1382 that for the first time John of Montfort acknowledged Royal Authority.



CHATEAU DE CHAMBORD NEAR BLOIS.



CHATEAU DE CHAUMONT NEAR BLOIS.





MISS HENNEMEIR'S WARD AT ANNEX 115.



"SITTING ON THE WORLD" IN AN ATTIC WARD.
WARDS ANNEX MIXTE





Meanwhile the most famous monument of the city had been started, "The Chateau," which building, by its prestige had, by the year 1415, made Blois an important center for the surrounding countryside.

On the 28th day of April, 1429, Joan of Arc halted her armies within the shadow of the Chateau, and, entering into the Church adjacent to its walls, had her banners solemnly blessed, before proceeding to the relief of Orleans.

In 1462, and for several years after, the Chateau was the home of Louis the Twelfth, and within its historic walls his son and heir was born.

In 1501 Machiavelli, as Ambassador of the Florentine Republic, made it his home.

It is, however, in connection with the sojourns of Catherine de Medici, Charles the Tenth and Henry the Third that the most momentous events in the history of the Chateau took place. Here it was that the Duke of Guise was murdered in the year 1588, his body burned in the fireplace, and the ashes hurled through a trap door, 90 feet to the level of the Loire.

When Henry the Fourth ascended the throne of France, he transferred the seat of his government from Blois to Paris, and so the former lost its prestige as the home of Royalty, though in after years its Chateau became the stopping place of Kings for short periods of time.

Louis the Fourteenth, in 1697, made Blois the seat of a Bishopric, and the walls of the city, which were strengthened at that time, were not torn down until the memorable days of the Revolution. To this day the remains of the ancient fortifications are plainly visible.

At first the Coat-of-Arms of the city represented a Wolf, emblematic of the origin of its name: in 1391 Louis of Orleans allowed the inhabitants to add thereto the representation of a Porcupine and Fleur-de-lis. Its present Coat-of-Arms may be described as follows: Of silver, with an escutcheon on an azure field, bearing a golden fleur-de-lis: on its right a porcupine, and on its left a sable wolf.

Before the Revolution both Louis the Fourteenth and the Duke of Anjou were frequent visitors. After that period it still retained its prominence, and in 1808 Napoleon the First and Josephine were received there in state. In 1814 his son, "The King of Rome," sought refuge in this City by the Loire, and in the following year Marshal Ney reviewed the Imperial Guard from the grounds of the Chateau.

In 1871 the bridge over the Loire was blown up, in an attempt to stop the onrush of the Prussians towards Paris. Blois, however, fell to the invaders.

With the outbreak of the present War the city was made the seat of one of the largest Casual Camps in France, and in June, 1918, the Emory Unit arrived to take up its duties and responsibilities under the shadow of the Chateau and other historic buildings, many of which were put to hospital uses.





PANORAMA OF AMBOISE SHOWING A LARGE CHATEAU AT LEFT CENTER.



BLOIS PANORAMIC VIEW.

NOTE: It is altogether fitting that our short historical sketch of Blois, the home of the Emory Unit, should be largely made up of a letter describing its charm, written by Victor Hugo.



The Poets' Corner



Decision

Restless, with heart full beating high
We searched the stars of midnight o'er
That somewhere in the gleaming sky,
As in the splendid days of yore,
There might appear a distant beam—
Something portentous in design—
Of saintly light with hallowed gleam
That we might hold as well divine:
To lift our fallen comrades up
Or strike the enemy down.

We searched in vain. The starry sky
Was blackened by the gathered storm
That beat against the housetops high
And smote the ground in cruel form.
But lo, the lightning flashed again
And through the shaking storm-rent night
We saw earth's miserable million men
Then thanked God for the guiding light:
To help strike down the enemy
By lifting comrades up.

—S. T. M.

Trust

"The One flag, the true flag, the flag for you and me,"
The words were ringing in my ears when I put out to sea—
But I never realized before just what these words could mean,
Until today above the spray—thank God, the flag I've seen.

Tonight in seas infested with the pirate submarine,
I'll sleep in perfect safety, with that gallant flag between
The soldier-ship and danger. Man, I do not like to brag—
But my heart turned hot with pride today, when first I saw my flag.

Not that I put my trust alone in the old red, white and blue;
But the flag itself is trusting the same God that I do.
That flag was given free men by the grace of God above—
The flag of liberty—the flag of faith, of hope, and love.

—E. H. H., SS. "*Olympic*."



A Soldier's Prayer

Infuse in me, O omnipotent Lord,
A greater strength of mind, of arm, of hand,
That I might aid this, my beloved land,
In time of need, by wielding of the sword.

Infuse in me (and may it long abide)
That courage which begot our liberty,
That courage which is 'kin to chivalry,
And with which our forefathers lived and died.

Infuse in me the strength to face the line
Of battle when the enemy's cannon-roar
Is hurling death upon our very shore;
And may the strength that drives him back be mine.

Infuse in me a will stronger than strong,
That I might stand as one loyal, true
To say, "I'll fight, O my country, for you,
No matter if the cause be right or wrong."

But best of all, O God, give thou to me
(And may this gift through all my years increase)
That love of land that doth sustain our peace:
That love builded of justice, liberty.

And should there come a day wherein we yield
Unto some conquering foe, O Lord, may I,
Rather than yield, be fallen, and may I die
The soldier's death upon the battlefield.

—S. T. M.

To Sister Nan

I like to have your blue eyes bend above me, Nurse,
Sometimes the heavens seem so far away without
These four dull walls that bind me like a curse;
And all my dreams spin whirlwinds 'round a doubt—
Until you come, and bend above me, Nurse,
And bring God with you, and the kind blue world without.

And bring God with you in your eyes and in your hand,
The tender touch of home-hearts tingling down
To soothe me into dreams of that dear land,
The while your voice grows softer, like the sound
Of someone stooping to my lips. Your hand,
Dear Nurse, both lifts me up, and brings the blue skies down.

—B. S. I.



God, a Quiet Cottage, and You

God in a quiet cottage, and thee,
When the war-flame dies,
Waiting—the home-sweet heart for me
And the hill-blue eyes
Thru the woven haze of the floating hair
O'er the ripe, round cheeks
Where the smiles are rich as the apples wear
In an orchard land when you are there
Plucking the rnssets. (And did I dare?)
But a little wind seeks
For the blush of truth—
And a kissing speaks
From the lips of youth.

And I know that soon in the afterglow
Of war and worry that all worlds know
We, too, shall meet in an evening place
Where stars are waking in each still face
And nothing is noisy but full heart beats
In the soft moon silence when true love meets.
And I'll know 'tis the peace in dreams I knew—
A quiet cottage, and God, and you!

---B. S. I.

He Thought He Fought for the Right

(On seeing a photograph taken from a dead German soldier by a Sammie.)

He thought he fought for the right—
God pity and save him, then;
But he really fought with might
To crown the demon of men.
He thought he fought for the life
And the love of the wife by his side;
But he fought with a love of the strife,
For a nation whose soul has died.

God pity and save the lad,
Who thought he fought for the right;
And comfort the woman sad,
Who waits alone thru the night.
Men fail, and falter, and fall,
In blindness and lust and pride:
But saddest, O God, of all
Is the nation whose soul has died.

—PRIVATE E. H. HAMILTON,
Base Hospital No. 43.



Dream Girl

Beside my long French window,
Thru which a moon-beam fell,
I smoked in lonely silence,
Wrapt in memory's spell.

Then with the misty radiance,
My thoughts seemed strangely blent,
And from the realm of wishing,
Desire your image lent.

You leaned against the casement,
Your lambent gaze on mine,—
A living, poignant presence
Of grace in every line.

I dared not move or whisper,
For fear the dream would fade;
But smoked on by the window
With the girl my fancy made.

H. C.

The Same Old Song

The world grows better year by year,
Because some Nurse, in her little sphere,
Puts on her apron and grins and sings
And keeps on doing the same old things.

Taking the temperatures, giving the pills,
To remedy mankind's numerous ills;
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home, and all the while
Wearing the same professional smile;
Blessing the new-born babe's first breath,
Closing the eyes that are still in death.

Taking the blame for the doctor's mistakes—
Oh, dear, what a lot of patience it takes.
Going off duty at seven o'clock,
Tired, discouraged, and ready to drop;
But called back on special at seven-fifteen,
With woe in her heart that must not be seen.
Morning, evening, noon and night—
Just doing it over and hoping it's right.

When we lay down our caps and cross the bar
Oh, Lord, will you give us just one little star
To wear in our crown with our uniform blue,
In the City above, where the Head Nurse is you?

—Miss W.



My Bunkie

(A True Tale of the Trenches.)

I was lonesome as I sat
In my little pup, so small,
Talking to my 'Bunkie,'
Who was very young and tall.
We could hear the cannons roaring,
And it filled my pal with fright,
For he knew the Boche were planning
An attack on us that night.

It was ju t about ten-thirty,
We were all tucked in the bay,
When a barrage fell around us,
And the Boche were in full play.
I heard the Sergeant calling,
His command was to "stand by,"
And fight like Yankee devils:
Before you fall back—die!"

With rifle, belt, and bayonet,
I heard the Sergeant say:
"Get ready, boys, they're coming,
Don't let them pass our way!"
We opened up our fire,
It was a living hell—
For in this bloody battle
My Bunkie fought and fell.

That's all that I remember,—
But the rumbling was the same,
And while lying on the muddy ground
I thought I heard my name.
I tried to answer, "Here, Sir!"—
But I couldn't make it go,
For I couldn't move a muscle;
And that is all I know.

Now my soldier days are over,
For I can no longer stay;
There's a transport in the harbor,
And I'm ordered home today.
The siren's calling, softly calling,
Out on the deep blue sea—
It brings me back to dear old Mother,
Who is longing just for me.

—SERGEANT J. J. DOYLE, *U. S. M. C., 6th Regt.*,
and PRIVATE HARRY COOGAN, *102nd Inf.*
My Bunkie: M. VINCENT O'DONNELL.



Poem of a Pensive Pill Roller

I live my life today and sign for it
 As an army issue.
I plan for tomorrow as I please
 Or will to do.
I serve my country always as best
 I can.
I do my bit in this fair and
 Foreign land.
I know today is today until
 Tomorrow appears.
I go on with time and tide to
 Seeming endless years.
I tread the weary roadway, though it be
 Hard and peerless.
I think of my country and old glory
 Then I brace up more fearless.
I can hear some one say that we'll
 Soon get the Kaiser.
I feel that each of us, day by day,
 Is growing wiser.
I then try to forget my past life,
 Progress and joys.
I know that these thoughts only come
 To us soldier boys.
I raised my head and shoulders
 With great determination.
I feel our call we are soldiers
 And come to serve our nation.
I am here to do my duty in this fair
 And sunny land.
I came as one to help fair France
 In her great and noble stand.
I came with a million others and we're here
 All safe and sound.
I can see the Kaiser slipping and his
 Crown he must lay down.
I know he rolls and tumbles and for
 Worry cannot sleep.
I and he can already see his
 Unavoidable defeat.
 I left my country, father, mother,
 Sister and my brother.
I left all pleasure, fortune, sweetheart,
 Without a mutter.
I am here and will see it through
 Until the finish.
I can already see the Huns as they
 Rapidly diminish.
I am here—the ocean between us rolls,
 And I rush the O. D. colors.
I will, tomorrow, get the civilian suit
 And return to you, MY MOTHER.

G. W. K.



An Appreciation of the Pill Roller

O, Thou, great poet of the age
Thou has't put Milton in the shade;
Lord Byron, Shelley follow suit—
E'en Shakespeare is not worth a toot.
The O. D. shirt thou should'st not wear,
But garb more fit and long thy hair.
Thy Father, Mother, Sister, Girl
Would all admire thy hair in curl.
When themes come crowding in thy brain
And fancies come like falling rain
We pray you cease from doling pills
And pondering on the human ills,
But grasp at once thy trusty pen.
Perhaps a thought will come again—
Thou shouldst not o'er thy mind abuse,
But try each hour to coax the muse.

AND—Here's to you who wears O. D.
And lives your life "an army issue."
With us may you ever be,
For God knows we should sadly miss you.

Rolling pills is an outside line
To a man in your position.
Brightening the minds of all your kind
Should be your great ambition.
J. W.

To a Hospital Rose

("My Lost Youth"—*Longfellow*.)

The silk-worm cannot spin so soft a dream,
As this thyself is, Rose;
Nor curled clouds that thru the twilight gleam
Into the even's close.

I see thee with thy lifted smile at dawn,
To the warm sun's caress,
And drooping downcast on the petal'd lawn—
A weariness at rest.

There was a child who lived—so long ago
I half forget his name;
He, too, had dreams—'til night came—and you know
To what dark end he came.

—B. S. I.



Our Battle Scars

(The following poem was written in Base Hospital 43, Blois, France, July 17, 1918, by a patient who was shell-shocked in the trenches April 6, 1918. It reveals strikingly the psychology of a "shell-shocked" soldier.)

We all feel blue, we know not why,
We cannot be content;
Our troubles pile up to the sky,
Many sleepless nights we've spent.

The days, the weeks, yes, months pass by,
We wonder how we thrive;
It's hard at times to suppress a sigh,
As we pull in life's long drives.

And day by day, as life rolls on,
We can't be satisfied,
With hearts and hopes most all forlorn,
The good within us—died.

Before the shells round us burst near,
With splinters soaring high,
Not one knew of the word called *fear*—
Each had an eagle's eye.

And all day long the gloom spreads o'er
Most everything we do;
Each thing in life seems like a bore,—
That's why we trouble you.

Although we're treated tenderly—
Everyone to us is kind—
The things we like to do the most
Are clouded in our mind.

Still, soon, perhaps, ere long some day,
Science soon will know
The reasons why we are this way,
And will make our troubles go.

But now we fear most everything,
And vision seems obscure;
To hear even a church-bell ring
Will cause commotion, sure.

Our hands and limbs we can't keep still,
Our memory's almost blank;
Our headaches come from use of will:
We live—so God we thank.

—WILLIAM E. MALONEY,
Corp. Hq. Co., 101 F. A.



LABORATORY EXTERIOR.



MORGUE INTERIOR.



The Thorn in the Flesh

Brethren: This Sunday our discourse will be two-fold, for we choose from the lines of Matt. 24:15, "Whosoever readeth let him understand"—and from the II Corinthians, 12:7-8, "And lest I should be exalted above measure. . . . There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me."

Brethren, "Whosoever shall read cannot but understand." I quote this line because I feel that all who see these lines will comprehend beyond any misunderstanding—for we all know that within a certain time of a year, now seeming almost ancient, there went before us a number of men into the lands of Gordon and Oglethorpe. These men were young, but in spirit were desirous of obtaining the knowledge of Might. And after a score of fortnights they returned to us decorated with the silver and the golden bars; and we beheld them transformed: for they seemed the personification of knowledge, and their word was the word of the high. And too, you remember, for that time is not yet a thing beyond the memory of the most of you, that we looked up to these youths—transformed in hope that among them we might find a leader of leaders capable of taking us through the land of bondage safely into our own. But ah, Brethren, you must remember that we were proud men, men of aristocratic birth, men accustomed to the luxuries of life. And well did we know that the commander chosen by us must needs be one of our kind; one appreciative of our little wants and somewhat peculiar whims. And lo, it was in that hour that we saw the lightning shine out from the East (St. Louis) even unto the South—for before us was sent a leader of men who waited with delight the coming of our cohorts of aristocracy—the Thorn in the Flesh, of which the text so eloquently speaks.

Yea, verily, it was now time for us to cast aside our tailored robes for those that fit unwell, and exchange the rich man's boots for the hobnail of the Buck. We knew the time was nigh when, from the noise of the city, we were led submissively into the wilderness to fast for forty days and for forty nights with our leader, our commander, the Man among Men.

To you, Brethren, belong the fruitage that comes of the harvest. To you it belongs, because it was none other than you who went with HIM in the early hours of the morn, when his clarion trumpet sounded the roll-call of the day. It was you who stood like soldiers eternal when before you walked this man of might from whose voice came tongues of flame; whose voice was as the thunder in the mountains and as lightning in the evening skies. It was you who faced him when the tempest of ire reeled from his breast and smote all within its reaching; smote with a fury known only to the hurricane when it bellows through the forest at midnight. For well you all knew HIM to be a man of talent, possessed of the faculty of mighty planning that ran unguarded, yet noiselessly, in precision as does the sneak thief in the dead hour of night when fulfilling his mission of wrong.

This was the THORN, Brethren, that was given you lest you, in that hour, became unduly exalted. But your supplications were not in vain, though their hour of fulfillment seemed only too far into the future, when in the horror of those days you stole quietly away to the hills for rest and for solace. How brave you were during those times you went away into the noise of the city, returning at an hour when HIS eyes were wrapt in sleep—yet no man then knew but that HIS voice might sound from the darkest corner of the hillside, or from one of those lonely corridors where football so seldomly was heard. Yours, indeed, was the care of cares, and certainly your reward will be a new strength that cannot but enable you to harvest those memories for that ripe season when you can say, "We have drawn the THORN from out our sides and cast IT forever from our midst."





WINDSOR CASTLE.

Soldiers of the United States, the
people of the British Isles welcome
you on your way to take your
stand beside the armies of
many Nations now fighting in
the Old World the great battle
for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heart
& spirit in your company.

I wish that I could shake
the hand of each one of you
& bid you God speed on your
mission.

George R. I.

April, 1918.



Our First Reunion



WHEN the Emory Unit held its last meeting, we were at Camp Gordon for demobilization. Elsewhere in this history will be found a record of the proceedings, and I shall mention only one phase of it.

It was unanimously decided that annual re-unions should be held and a committee appointed to take charge. We were, therefore, called together on August 16, 1919, for our first re-union and were carried out to Dr. E. C. Davis' farm, about ten miles north of Atlanta, where a delightful barbecue was prepared for us. We were favored with talks from various members of the Unit, among them being Dr. Davis, Dr. Boland, Dr. Strickler, Dr. Bunce, Dr. Greene, Mr. Jake Harris, and Rev. Allgood. Notable speakers among the guests were Bishop Candler and Dr. E. C. Thrash.

The afternoon was great and everybody had a fine time. We feel indebted to Dr. Davis for his wonderful hospitality, and we realize more fully now than ever before how essential it is for us to continue these re-unions. It's going to be a rare pleasure to get together once a year hereafter and swap yarns about Blois, and the happenings at Madam Bedot's place, Annex 29 and the Hotel Angleterre.

Before leaving, we again voted unanimously for the Annual Meetings, and Bishop Candler invited us to hold the 1920 re-union on the Emory University Campus in conjunction with that institution's Founder's Day exercises. The invitation was accepted.

In due time each member of the organization will receive a notice of the coming re-union, and here's hoping we'll all be there.



The Emory Base Hospital

To complete and perfect its equipment for service at the battle front the Emory University Base Hospital, composed entirely of Georgia doctors and nurses, is in need of forty thousand dollars. It is not the purpose of those concerned to conduct a popular canvass for this fund; they are relying altogether on voluntary contributions.

Of all that we can do for our soldier boys in France or for the valiant troops of our allies, nothing is so vitally important as the sending of medical and surgical aid. That need is emphasized in every report from Europe, and it is the one all-important mission to which America's humanitarian efforts now must be directed.

The Emory Base Hospital is Georgia's distinctive contribution to this cause. The physicians and surgeons and nurses who make up the contingent are going to Europe at personal sacrifices which are really incalculable. Laying aside all their material interests and breaking, for the time being at least, their dearest human ties, they are going freely into the grim, perilous reaches of the war to serve their country and mankind. The least their loyal fellow Georgians can do is to give the cause such financial aid as they can.

Little is asked. The Government will provide most of the needed equipment, but there are certain medical and surgical accessories for which no fund is available, yet which are essential to the best service. Hence the appeal for voluntary subscriptions to supply those needs in order that the Emory contingent may get promptly into the field. While the particular point or territory to which this Base Hospital will be assigned is as yet undetermined, there are earnest hopes that it may be detailed to the service of Georgia troops. Thus the need of equipping it completely and without delay comes keenly home to the hearts of Georgia people. They can be counted upon, we feel sure, to raise this sum promptly, both as a matter of loyalty to their country's cause and of love for their own gallant sons who will follow the flag to France.—*The Atlanta Journal*, August 15, 1917.

WAR DEPARTMENT GIVES \$40,000 TO EMORY UNIT

Campaign for Funds for Special Equipment Will Be Continued.

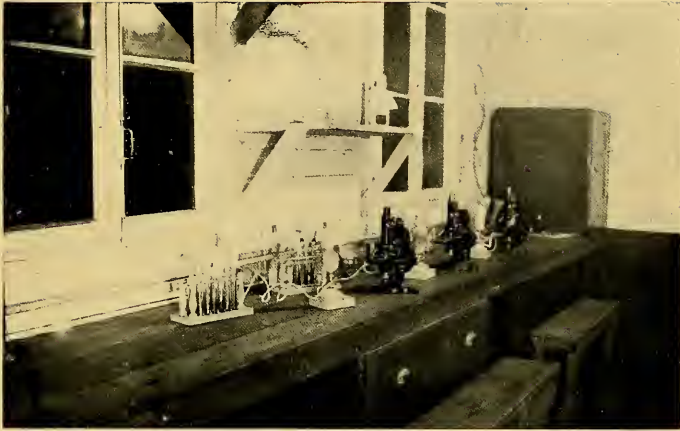
Although assurances that the war department has decided to equip the Emory Base Hospital were received from Washington yesterday afternoon, authorities of the unit announced last night that the campaign to secure funds will be continued in view of the fact that there is special equipment, in the way of instruments, etc., that is almost vital and which will not be supplied by the government.

In view of the war department's decision it will not be necessary, of course, to raise \$40,000. Hospital authorities, however, will endeavor to secure \$10,000 from patriotic Georgians in the effort to make this unit the best in the field.

"The news from Washington," said Dr. E. C. Davis, medical director, "means all the more that we must speed up on our campaign. It amounts to a positive assurance that the unit will be sent to active service at the earliest possible moment. Of course, the war department, in accordance with the decision just announced, will furnish the major portion of the equipment. However, we must have funds for special equipment that will not be supplied, so our campaign will be continued, in order that we may make this unit the best of all."

Dr. Davis has called a meeting of all interested in the hospital to be held Friday night at 8 o'clock in the lecture room of the medical college, just across the street from the Grady hospital. It is urged that not only those connected with the unit, but public spirited citizens generally, be present to discuss plans for continuing the campaign.

Some gratifying contributions were received yesterday. It is requested that all who will donate send their contributions to Dr. Davis at 25 East Linden street.—*The Atlanta Constitution*, August 17, 1917.



A CORNER IN THE LABORATORY.



PART OF THE EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT CLINICS.





Emory Base Hospital Is Ready for Service, Says Medical Director

Dr. E. C. Davis, medical director of the Emory Base Hospital, telegraphed Congressman William Schley Howard Saturday morning that the unit is ready for immediate service.

The message was sent in response to a telegram from Mr. Howard Friday night asking how soon the unit could be ready for service, regardless of equipment.

Dr. Davis promptly replied that the personnel of the hospital is complete except for the adjutant, and indicated that the sooner the unit is called into activity the more all concerned will be pleased.

Doctors, nurses and enlisted men of the unit held an enthusiastic meeting Friday night in a lecture room of the Emory School of Medicine to discuss the campaign for \$10,000 for special equipment that will not be provided by the war department and to talk over details preparatory to federalization, which is expected within a few days.

The meeting was an enthusiastic affair at which enthusiasm over the prospect of early service ran high.—*The Atlanta Journal*, August 18, 1917.

Emory Hospital Unit To Be Equipped by U. S., Not by Private Funds

Washington, Aug. 13.—As a result of a conference held here Saturday between National Red Cross authorities and Judge Walter T. Colquitt, of the Georgia Red Cross, the sum of \$40,000, which was to have been raised by subscription for the equipment of the Emory College Hospital unit, has been waived, and the unit will be equipped by the National Red Cross or by the United States Government.

It is understood that this step was in keeping with an agreement made at the time the unit was organized, when the city of Atlanta was stricken by its disastrous fire and its citizens gave so generously to the work of the Red Cross at that time.

It is believed also that Judge Colquitt's trip served to expedite the federalization of the Emory College unit, and its members likely will be mustered in by September 1, if not before that date.—*The Atlanta Georgian*, August 13, 1917.

Early Service Expected By the Emory Base Unit; Rousing Meeting Is Held

That Emory Base Hospital unit, No. 43, will at a very early date be taken into the federal service was indicated last night in a telegram sent local officials by Congressman W. S. Howard, requesting a complete list of the membership and asking if the members are ready for immediate service in France. The necessary information will be furnished Mr. Howard at once.

This telegram followed an enthusiastic meeting last night in a lecture room at the Emory School of Medicine to discuss details looking toward active service.

A sort of a big family gathering it was, at which every angle of the hospital's work was discussed by the doctors, nurses and enlisted men and a regular hurrah finish was provided when Dr. Frank K. Boland led in the singing of "America."

Dr. E. C. Davis, medical director, presided and explained the campaign which has been conducted during the past week to secure \$10,000 for special equipment that will not be provided by the war department. It was stated that the war department will equip the hospital with absolute essentials at as early a date as possible, but that special equipment which is deemed necessary to make the unit absolutely complete and efficient, will not be given.

It developed that the personnel of the unit already is practically complete and that the only further needs are one tailor and one shoemaker. Applicants for such positions are requested to apply to Dr. Davis, at 25 East Linden street.

Confidence was expressed by a number of speakers that the local Red Cross may be depended on soon to make liberal contributions, particularly in view of the fact that this is the only base hospital unit from this section. Its importance was emphasized through the official report that this and similar units must care for the sick and wounded in the war zone, since the government has decided not to send them home.

The meeting was attended not only by those connected with the hospital, but by a number of citizens interested in its activities.—*The Atlanta Constitution*, August 18, 1917.



EMORY BASE HOSPITAL TO ENLIST IN U. S. ARMY

The enlisted personnel of the Emory Base Hospital, unit No. 43, will be enlisted in the regular army without delay and promptly sent to Fort Oglethorpe for training.

This information was contained in a telegram received Saturday afternoon by Dr. E. C. Davis, medical director of the unit, from Captain Burnett, at Washington.

This sets at rest all rumors that the Emory unit will not get into active service at an early date and dispels the fear that men will be lost to the unit through the selective army plan.

The telegram follows a plea from Dr. Davis that the men of his unit be federalized as promptly as possible in order to be protected from selection from the new army, thereby decreasing and demoralizing the Emory organization.

Dr. Davis explained that only the enlisted men will be taken into the regular army and that this order, of course, will not affect the nurses and doctors. It is expected that the men will be ordered to Fort Oglethorpe within the next few days and that the entire unit will begin active service as soon as the period of intensive training is finished.—*The Atlanta Journal*, August 18, 1917.

WOMEN OF ATLANTA AID EMORY BASE HOSPITAL

Atlanta women are evidencing an active interest in the equipment of the Emory Base Hospital, and not only are making cash contributions, but will further aid by supplying bandages, authorities of the unit announced Saturday.

Mrs. John W. Grant, an officer of the Red Cross, has offered the services of the local chapter in making bandages, and Mrs. W. F. Calhoun has turned over to Dr. E. C. Davis, the medical director, \$50 in cash, which was secured through a benefit given by a ladies' club, of which she is an official.

Still another Atlanta lady has contributed an automobile, which will be converted into an ambulance. Dr. T. P. Hinman corrected the impression that the machine was given by him,

EMORY BASE HOSPITAL CALLS FOR MORE MEN

The Emory Base Hospital is anxious to fill, as early as possible, vacancies in the enlisted personnel that have occurred through the call of a number of men under the selective army law. Officers point out the splendid chances for speedy promotion in this unit, the federalization of which will prevent further inroads on its list of men. The unit also is in need of additional cooks.

The campaign of the hospital for funds is being pushed with all possible speed. Already a number of women's organizations in Atlanta have evidenced an active interest in the unit and authorities are assured that many others will aid at an early date. Several benefit entertainments are to be given.

More than \$10,000 must be secured at an early date, provided Atlanta's own unit goes into the field properly prepared to care for the sick and wounded. All contributions are to be sent to Dr. E. C. Davis, medical director, No. 25 East Linden street.—*The Atlanta Georgian*, August 27, 1917.

stating that he contributed it for an Atlanta woman who wishes her name withheld.

Further encouragement has come to the hospital authorities through the announcement that a number of the women's organizations are planning to aid the campaign for equipment. The hospital needs more than \$10,000 for equipment supplemental to that which will be furnished by the war department, and asks that contributions be sent to the medical director, Dr. Davis, at 25 East Linden street.

Efforts will be made to have the Emory unit so placed that it will care for the Georgia sick and wounded, although it is not certain that this will be accomplished. The campaign for funds has developed more than ordinary interest through the announcement that sick and wounded will be cared for in the base hospitals and not sent home.

Dr. Davis announced that there are now openings for enlisted men with the Emory unit, vacancies having been created through the selective service army law. The federalization of the unit will protect its men in the future from being called for other service. The enlisted men rank as privates, but there is splendid chance for early promotion to sergeants.

There also is an opening in this unit for cooks.—*The Atlanta Journal*, August 26, 1917.



EMORY UNIT IS OFF TO CAMP

The enlisted personnel of the Emory University Unit, Base Hospital No. 43, were mobilized Monday at the Davis-Fischer Sanitarium in Linden street, the roll called, and the men sent on special cars to Camp Gordon, where they will begin their training in the base hospital. Nearly all of the 153 men reported and the others were expected during the day.

The physicians and nurses of the unit will not report until new orders are received, and will continue their private professional duties until that time.

The unit is composed of 35 physicians and surgeons, 153 enlisted men, some of whom will be made sergeants, and 100 registered nurses. They are drawn from all parts of the South.

The physicians of the unit are all in various training camps, familiarizing themselves with the work with the exception of Major E. C. Davis, Captain E. G. Ballenger, Lieutenant R. C. Black, Lieutenant John S. Derr and Lieutenant Witherspoon Wallace, dental surgeon.

Training Begins at Once.

The unit has been assigned at Camp Gordon to Block E, Nos. 26 to 29. The enlisted men will at once begin their training in the base hospital at the camp. The unit will be under the command of Lieutenant and Adjutant J. P. McGee until the other officers are ordered to duty.

"The preparations for putting the unit in the field have not been neglected," said Dr. Davis, the major in command, at his office Monday. "We have had eight men at Camp Gordon since December, in the school for bakers and cooks; one at Washington learning to be an X-ray technician, and others in various special work.

"When we go abroad we shall take 500 beds with us, and probably will be assigned to handle 1,000 or more. We shall conduct a complete base hospital behind the lines."

A medical officer of the regular army, a major or lieutenant colonel, will be given com-

Places Still Open In the Emory Unit, Officers Announce

There is still opportunity to become connected with the Emory Base Hospital, authorities announced last night. Through the fact that a number of the enlisted men have been called under the selective army law, there are vacancies in this personnel and the unit is also in need of more cooks.

The federalization of the unit, it was stated, will guard against further loss. The enlisted men rank as privates, but there is exceptional opportunity for almost immediate promotion.

At an early date the enlisted men will go in training at Fort Oglethorpe, the nurses and doctors remaining at their usual duties at home until the order for active service comes.

In the meantime the authorities of the unit are conducting a vigorous campaign for funds for equipment supplemental to that which will be supplied by the war department. In order adequately to equip the unit for care of the sick and wounded more than \$10,000 is still needed, and it is requested that donations be sent to the medical director, Dr. E. C. Davis, 25 East Linden street.

The importance of equipping the unit as thoroughly as possible is emphasized through the fact that the sick and wounded will not be sent home, but will be cared for at the base hospitals. The work of the Emory unit is further driven home to Atlantians and Georgians generally through efforts to have the hospitals so located that it will care for the Georgia troops.—*The Atlanta Constitution* August 26, 1917.

mand of the unit when it goes into service as a whole. He has not yet been assigned.

The unit lacks about 30 nurses of the 100 required, and will accept volunteers from among registered nurses. It cannot use amateurs. Six enlisted men are also lacking. They must not be of conscriptive age. All the physicians needed are now enrolled.



EMORY BASE HOSPITAL.

A movement will be launched next week to raise an emergency fund for the Emory Base Hospital, which is now undergoing intensive training at Camp Gordon in preparation for early departure to France.

This emergency fund is to be used by the hospital in providing any facilities it may need in addition to the regular facilities provided by the government, and in taking special care of any members of the organization who may need certain things not included in their equipment by the government.

Other cities where base hospitals were organized have treated them handsomely in this matter of an emergency fund, and Atlanta cannot afford to be less generous or patriotic.

Emory Base Hospital is composed of the flower of Atlanta's young physicians, as well as many of established practice, and the flower of Atlanta's trained nurses. It would be much easier for these men and women, from the standpoint of personal comfort and professional careers, to stay here at home in peace and plenty; but answering the call of patriotism they have enlisted in a work as difficult and dangerous as any on the battle line.

Dropping bombs on hospitals where nurses and doctors are healing wounded men is one of the favorite diversions of the Prussian barbarians who are now making their supreme effort to impose Prussian methods upon the civilized nations of the world, and hence the work is well-nigh as dangerous as front line duty in the trenches. Anyone who thinks a nurse or a doctor in a base hospital is out of the danger zone was never more mistaken in his life.

A large majority of the personnel of Emory Base Hospital is composed of Atlantians. This organization, formed in this city, going from here as a complete unit, will represent Atlanta more directly than perhaps any other organization in France.

We owe them, therefore, a special duty of admiration and gratitude, and the way to show our appreciation of that duty is to raise the emergency fund right away. The proposal does not come from any member of the organization. It is launched by men and women entirely outside of the unit. They are entitled to the whole-hearted support of all patriotic and public-spirited citizens.—*The Atlanta Journal*, March 31, 1918.

Emory Base Hospital Unit Goes to Gordon For Training Course

The enlisted personnel of Emory Base Hospital, Unit No. 43, was mobilized at 10 o'clock Monday morning at the Davis-Fischer Sanitarium on Linden street, being transferred at once to Camp Gordon to begin the course of training which will prepare the men for active service in the field.

A special car carried the enlisted men to the cantonment at 10:30, none of the officers, with the exception of Lieutenant J. P. McGee, adjutant of the unit, accompanying them, since most of the officers are already in training. Lieutenant McGee will be in command of the men during their course in training.

Major E. C. Davis, medical director of the unit, received orders several days ago to assemble the enlisted personnel for training, and in response to telegraphic summons, the men have been arriving in Atlanta from all sections of the South. The Emory unit includes representatives of some of the most prominent families in the south, and is an exceptionally high-class organization. The officers are physicians and surgeons of special prominence in their profession.

One hundred and fifty-three men will take the course of training at Camp Gordon, one man having been dispatched to Washington, D. C., to receive instructions in the assembling of X-ray apparatus. There are eight men already at Camp Gordon in the cooking and baking school.

Of the quota of one hundred trained nurses included in the unit, thirty are still to be secured. The nurses will not join the organization until it is ready to sail for France. Applications from graduate nurses should be sent to Miss Carrie Dantzer, chief nurse of the unit, now stationed at the Davis-Fischer Sanitarium.—*The Atlanta Journal*, March 4, 1918.

EMORY UNIT MUSTERED IN.

The entire enlisted personnel of Emory Base Hospital Unit No. 43, has been ordered to report to Lieutenant J. P. McGee, at 25 East Linden street, Monday morning, March 4, at 10 o'clock. Transportation has been arranged and the men will be taken to Camp Gordon for duty on that date.

Lieutenant McGee has also announced that no more applications for enlistment can be accepted by the unit officers.—*The Atlanta Journal*, March 2, 1918.



Sunshine and Shadows

On Saying Good-Bye

We told him good-bye as casually
As we would flick a white string from a black
coat.

Dry-eyed, we smiled up at him
Even though our heart-strings pulled
To the elastic limit.

How could we weep?
His spirit so supreme it gave us courage—
We—who bore him, fathered, sistered him.
"I'm here to take orders, sir," he said.

A few short weeks since, resentful of au-
thority,
Shifting responsibility, laughing advices down,
Now, living under a commanding pyramid.
Such are our men!

They give themselves.
And we,
Proud of these elements within them that
counteract the acid test,
Stand with shoulders back.
Misty our eyes, but bright,
We smile and pray away our fears
Till only love is left!
April, 1918. —RAY NEELY.

Sunshine and shadows mingled in the week's social life—the shadows in the impending departure of so many of the soldiers, and sunshine in the spirit and attitude of the women left at home—but in war service.

Those called upon to give the most are offline the bravest, and there was emphatic example of this seen in the participation of the Atlanta women who helped entertain the Emory Base Hospital unit at the Piedmont Driving Club Friday, April 12, 1918.

In the receiving line were the officers of the Atlanta chapter of the Red Cross, headed by Mr. Ashcraft; also officers of the Southern Red Cross division, and the wives of the officers in the Emory Base Hospital unit, whose husbands have given up home, practice, income, that they may go and serve their country in the military hospitals abroad.

The committee in charge of the entertainment included Mrs. Preston Arkwright, Mrs. Frederick Hodgson, Mrs. Lee Ashcraft.

The decorations were in the flags of the allies, while on the two serving tables from which coffee was served, there were shower bouquets of red carnations and snowballs tied

with streamers of blue. Mrs. W. S. Elkin presided at one table and Mrs. Milton Dargan at the other.

Miss Dantzler, head of the nurses in the Emory Base Hospital unit, was among the first guests to arrive, and soon after in the line of enlisted men came her brother, one of the volunteers in the unit's enlisted men.

Later came the nurses who have been at Camp Gordon in training, wearing the prettiest uniform in the world—the white frock, the head piece in white with the little red cross, and their army capes of blue, lined with red.

Among the guests were the mothers, wives, sweethearts of the members of the unit, and there were grandfathers and fathers and younger or older brothers—all there with the cheering smiles and heavy hearts.

"Colonel, this is my mother and this is my aunt," said a young private presenting the two elderly ladies. Then and there the ladies took occasion to tell the colonel "how good their boy was;" and the colonel agreed with them.

A few minutes afterward the same trio went off to themselves, and when the orchestra began the "Home, Sweet Home" refrain, and the boy had to leave the mother and the aunt were left so lonely and yet so happy that they had met the colonel; met the other officers and heard how much all Atlanta honored the military organization the Emory unit represents and that Atlanta's heart would follow their boy—and all the others in the Emory Base Hospital unit.

Mrs. Preston Arkwright was the national representative from the American Red Cross present; Colonel Peel, Dr. Snively and Mr. Phelps were present, representing the Southern division, and sponsoring the gifts made to the nurses and the enlisted personnel of the unit.

Mrs. Richard Johnston, vice-chairman of the Atlanta chapter of the Red Cross, also represented the woman's committee, Council of National Defense, in the gathering.

Mrs. Frederick Hodgson and Dr. Elkin were warmly congratulated on their efforts in securing the emergency fund, which is still open to those who have not had the chance to contribute; funds still to be sent to the treasurer, James F. Alexander, of the American National Bank.—*The Atlanta Journal*, April 12, 1918.



ATLANTIANS HELPING FUND FOR EMORY HOSPITAL UNIT

Organization About to Go Overseas to Battle Zone Is Local Enterprise

Dozens of individuals, numerous business firms, people in all walks of life, are joining in the campaign to raise the fund that is to be presented to the Emory Base Hospital.

The fund is for Atlanta's own hospital, is to help Atlanta's own doctors who are disdaining pecuniary gain to serve; is to help Atlanta's own noble nurses who are braving hardships of overseas war work; is to help them save the lives and mend the bodies of perhaps Atlanta's own boys when they fall before Hun hordes in defense of the people back home.

Already the fund is well under way, but still there are thousands upon thousands of persons who are yet to grasp the opportunity to help in one of the greatest of causes.

Every Atlantian is being urged to send his donation to this fund, all of which is to be devoted to conducting the work of the Emory Base Hospital, to Dr. W. S. Elkin or Mrs. Frederick Hodgson.

Since the Emory unit may sail within the next few weeks it is urgent that contributions be made at once. Following is a list of those who already have contributed:

T. E. Addison, W. E. Chapin, Judge John S. Candler, Asa G. Candler, Sr., L. Everhart, John W. Grant, Dr. Joseph Jacobs, Mrs. Bertha Rieu, William T. Rich, Walter H. Rich, B. E. Sale, W. D. Thomson, Charles T. Cromer, Alexander W. Smith, E. V. Carter, T. G. Woolford, Theo. W. Martin, Oscar Davis, S. G. Carter, Thomas D. Stewart, H. R. Durand, William Candler, J. Carroll Payne, Asa G. Candler, Jr., L. G. Neal, E. Woodruff, W. T. Downing, B. M. Blount, Hirsch Brothers, Lawrence Floral Company, Hemphill Avenue Pharmacy, Exposition Cotton Mills, Southern Book Concern, Oglesby Grocery Company, Alonzo Richardson & Co., Franklin & Cox, King Hardware Company, Milton Dargan, Royal Insurance Company, Atlanta Woodware Company, Dodson Printers' Supply Company, Bell Laundry, J. Froshin, Ragan-Malone Company, White Provision Company, Ridley-

Yates Company, Frederick Disinfecting Company, Piedmont Cotton Mills, V. H. Kriegshaber & Son, R. O. Campbell Coal Company, Dr. W. S. Aiken, Dr. C. C. Aven, Dr. G. D. Ayer, Dr. E. V. Bailey, Dr. N. W. Baird, Dr. W. T. Bivins, Dr. E. Bates Block, Dr. R. A. Bartholomew, Dr. Howard Bucknell, Dr. M. T. Benson, Dr. F. Phinizy Calhoun, Dr. J. L. Campbell, Dr. H. G. Carter, Dr. W. S. Elkin, Dr. Arch Elkin, Dr. L. C. Fisher, Dr. J. T. Floyd, Dr. W. L. Funkhouser, Dr. L. M. Gaines, Dr. B. B. Gay, Dr. W. S. Goldsmith, Dr. O. D. Hall, Dr. L. Sage Hardin, Dr. F. G. Hodgson, Dr. M. M. Hull, Dr. E. G. Jones, Dr. J. C. Johnson, Dr. J. O. Knard, Dr. H. M. Lokey, Dr. J. D. Manget, Dr. F. W. McRae, Dr. Hal C. Miller, Dr. C. M. Mashburn, Dr. G. H. Noble, Dr. C. H. Paine, Dr. G. W. Quillian, Dr. H. L. Reynolds, Dr. C. E. Rushin, Dr. L. C. Roughlin, Dr. Dunbar Roy, Dr. S. J. Sinkoe, Dr. R. G. Stephens, Dr. C. W. Strickler, Dr. Cosby Swanson, Dr. E. C. Thrash, Dr. C. E. Waits, Dr. J. C. Weaver, Dr. Charles Wilkins.—*The Atlanta Journal*, April 2, 1918.

EMORY HOSPITAL UNIT EXPECTS LEAVING ORDERS

With Lieutenant Colonel S. U. Marietta, of the regular army, designated as its commander, the Emory Base Hospital Unit, now stationed at Camp Gordon, is expecting to receive orders at an early date to leave for France.

In view of the practical certainty that the unit will be in overseas service within possibly a few weeks, members of the committee are seeking to raise an emergency fund for the unit at the earliest possible moment.

The campaign being conducted in Atlanta is under the direction of Mrs. Frederick Hodgson and of Dr. W. S. Elkin. Because of the fact that the Emory unit is Atlanta's own, composed largely of Atlanta doctors who are serving at heavy financial sacrifice; of Atlanta boys, of Atlanta nurses, the people of Atlanta particularly are being urged to subscribe to the emergency fund.

George A. Albright came forward Friday with the suggestion that all Atlantians entitled to a rebate on the January and February gas bills contribute their rebate to the fund.



According to the estimate of the gas company the rebate will aggregate about \$30,000.

"Now, the people of Atlanta," says Mr. Albright, "have all paid these bills and are living right along, which shows what 'little bits' will amount to. Now to my point:

The Emory Hospital unit is something that belongs to Atlanta. What about the people of Atlanta voting that \$30,000 rebate to the Emory Hospital unit?

"I need my part of that rebate as badly as anybody, but would be might glad to see my part go to this cause. Our slogan is 'give and then give more and then give until it hurts.' A thing of this kind would be in keeping with the Atlanta spirit."

Subscriptions to the fund may be sent to Dr. Elkin, whose offices are in the Candler building; to Mrs. Hodgson at her residence in Druid Hills, or to James Alexander, treasurer of the fund, in the American National Bank.—*The Atlanta Journal*, April 6, 1918.

BANNER IS PRESENTED TO EMORY BASE UNIT

An audience of probably three thousand people attended the farewell services for the Emory University Base Hospital unit held in the Wesley Memorial Church Sunday night. The services were featured by presentation to the unit of a handsome silk banner, the gift of the Atlanta Ministers' Association, to distinguish the unit in France.

In an address full of eloquence and patriotic sentiment, Bishop Warren A. Candler, on behalf of the ministers' association, presented the flag to Lieutenant Colonel Marietta, in command of the unit, who in a graceful and appreciative speech, accepted it for the organization.

The unit attended the services in a body and occupied a section of seats in the center of the church. They were flanked on either side by hundreds of their personal friends, most of the unit being made up of Atlantans.

A number of the Methodist churches of the city closed their doors Sunday night in order that their pastors and members of their congregations might attend the services which would perhaps mark the last public appearance of Atlanta of the organization as a whole, before embarkation for overseas. It is now mobilizing at Camp Gordon.

A program of music appropriate to the occasion was furnished by the Trinity church choir, led by Charles A. Sheldon, Jr.—*The Atlanta Journal*, April 14, 1918.

EMORY HOSPITAL UNIT DANCE BIG MILITARY AFFAIR

One of the largest and most successful military affairs of the season was the suppedance given by the Atlanta Chapter of the Red Cross in honor of Emory Base Hospital unit, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Marietta, U. S. A., which is made up mostly of Atlantans, at the Piedmont Driving Club, Friday evening.

Besides being a social affair, this gathering was for the purpose of presenting \$7,000, which was subscribed for the emergency fund. Lee Ashcraft, chairman of the Atlanta Chapter of the Red Cross, introduced Judge Walter Colquitt, who made the presentation speech. Lieutenant Colonel Marietta accepted the fund on behalf of the unit, and Major E. C. Davis expressed the appreciation for the doctors and nurses and men. A number of interesting speeches were made by prominent men.

Dancing began at 8 o'clock in the ballroom of the club, which was elaborately decorated with hundreds of American, Belgian, French and British flags which were draped on the ceiling and walls, and two large buffet tables stood at one end of the room, from which supper was served. They had as central decorations large baskets of crimson and white carnations, the handles tied with crimson tulle.

The hosts and hostesses on this occasion included Lee Ashcraft, chairman of the Atlanta Chapter of the Red Cross; Dr. W. S. Elkin and Mrs. Frederick Hodgson, Red Cross chairmen appointed for this affair; Mr. Phelps, chairman of the Southern Red Cross Division; Major E. C. Davis, president of the medical faculty of Emory University; Colonel William Lawson Peel, Mrs. Richard Johnston, Mrs. Preston Arkwright, chairman of the entertainment committee; Mrs. Lee Ashcraft, Mrs. Eugene Black, Mrs. Charles Sciple, Sr., Mrs. W. S. Elkin, Mrs. Milton Dargan, Sr., Mrs. W. P. Nicholson, Mrs. T. P. Hinman.

The hall was opened by a cotillion figure, in which the favors were presents, including comfort kits, sweaters and two pairs of knitted socks for the men of the unit, and sweaters for the nurses.

The guests included the officers, doctors, nurses, men and their friends.—*The Atlanta Georgian*, April 12, 1918.



DR. DAVIS, BACK FROM FRANCE, PRAISES EMORY UNIT AND U. S. TROOPS

Tribute Paid Boys of 82d Division for Glorious Stand in Argonne Forest—Take Good Care of Wounded.

With the news that the boys of the Emory University unit, Atlanta's own base hospital, now overseas, are well and happy; with a tribute to Camp Gordon's own division, the Eighty-second, for its stand in Argonne forest and other battles, and with the comforting assurance that American wounded are receiving the best attention science can provide, Dr. E. C. Davis is home from France.

Dr. Davis, whose major's insignia has given way to the silver leaves of a lieutenant colonel as the result of his distinguished service, bears stories of the heroism of American troops; of the service Atlantians have rendered; of base hospital life, and of the rigors of the life in a first-aid dressing station.

Recently an illness following a severe attack of grippe necessitated his taking a rest, so he was ordered home. The cessation of hostilities makes it probable that he will return to civil life in Atlanta at an early date.

Colonel Davis was one of a number of leading Georgia medical men who joined the Emory unit, base hospital 43, which is composed largely of Atlanta boys and Atlanta nurses. The original personnel of the unit remains almost intact, although there have been numerous additions. Two of the doctors, Captain Will Roberts and Captain Charles Downman, recently were transferred to the front to serve in dressing stations.

News of Emory Unit.

For the first time, thanks to the return home of Colonel Davis, Atlanta has first-hand

news of the life of the Emory unit and of its ideal location in France.

"About all we could write up to this time," said Colonel Davis, "was a note giving our diet, our physical condition and the condition of the weather.

"Since our diet and physical condition were always pretty good and the weather always bad, there wasn't much news in a note of that sort."

Ever since its arrival in France, the Emory unit has been located in the city of Blois, about ninety miles from Paris; historic Blois, famed for its beautiful gardens and Chateau of Catherine de Medici. In the same town are the S. O. S. (service of supply) and C. O. D. (casual officers' department).

The Emory unit is quartered in seven school buildings and monasteries, many of the officers living in the home of a baron. From a hospital of 600 the unit has grown to a hospital of 3,000 patients.

Colonel Davis told of the life of the unit from the time it took the Olympic from Hoboken. Of the rest camp in England; of the trip to France on a boat where the floors were the beds; of being billeted for three days in a French rest camp that expected German air raids every moonlight night and then of the life at Blois.

Brave American Wounded.

For the most part the casualties handled by the Emory unit have been those received from evacuation hospitals near the front.

During the Chateau-Thierry fighting, however, the wounded were rushed to the Emory hospital direct from the front, trainload after trainload of mangled humanity being dumped into the operating rooms daily. These, for the most part, were wounded German prisoners and American marines, the Germans docile and apparently glad to have been made prisoners, the marines uncomplaining, no matter how severe their wounds.

Colonel Davis told of the fine bravery of the severely wounded.



"I have seen men literally shot to pieces, yet lying there waiting their turn without a groan," he said. "But some of the fellows with slight wounds didn't fail to make themselves known."

He recalled the cases of so-called "shell-shock," of men who would sit about the hospital rooms apparently as well as anyone, but dive for cover, burying their heads, ostrich-like, at the first rumble of an approaching thunder storm.

He told of the admiration of the French for American bravery, French who think the Americans are too brave, just like they think they "wash too much." He substantiated the oft-repeated assertion that no one knows what the French do with water, except Irvin Cobb, who, witnessing a magician's performance at a vaudeville theater, made the discovery that they keep gold-fish in it.

Yanks Tired of Wine.

Which brings us to the wine-drinking of American soldiers and the assertion by Colonel Davis that there is no probability of American soldiers coming home with a demand that "we must have our wines."

"When he first gets over," said Colonel Davis, "the soldier thinks it's wonderful that he can get a whole bottle of wine for a few francs. He buys a bottle then another and he drinks wine instead of water for a few weeks. Then, the novelty having worn off, he grows tired and, almost invariably, loses his desire for wines. Experience has shown that the wise course has been just to leave them alone. They'll soon get tired of wine."

Colonel Davis recited stories of his life near the front where he was sent for observation duties, of learning to distinguish the drone of French air motors from the sputter of the boche machine, of growing used to noise of the big guns.

Then of the fighting of the Eighty-second, which was in the Argonne forest, pitted against the most daring of Prussians, when the war ended.

Dr. Davis was recommended for promotion to lieutenant-colonel on July 18. He has been with the Emory unit ever since leaving Atlanta except for the short time he was near the front. The probabilities are that the unit will remain in France for some time yet, because their duties are still heavy.

In all likelihood they will remain quartered at Blois, where the French children and little Belgian refugees still run forward with hands full of flowers, with blades of grass when they can't find flowers, whenever American soldiers pass by.

THE EMORY UNIT ARRIVES

There is deep hearted rejoicing in Atlanta and throughout the South over the tidings that the Emory Unit, known officially as Base Hospital 43, has arrived safely overseas. Organized in this city and trained at Camp Gordon, the Emory Unit holds a peculiarly warm place in the pride and affection of the Atlanta people. Its personnel includes physicians and surgeons of such distinction as Dr. E. C. Davis and Dr. Frank K. Boland, whose sacrifices to serve their country are truly incalculable. The roll is a long and honorable one: Dr. Charles E. Dowman, Dr. Cyrus Strickler, Dr. E. C. Ballinger, Dr. Allen H. Bunce, Dr. John Fitts, Dr. E. H. Green, Dr. J. P. McGee, Dr. C. E. Lawrence, Dr. Will Roberts and numerous others. Accompanying them are scores of young men and women who represent the South's finest traditions of breeding and education and character. A more distinctive organization of the kind, we dare say, will not be found in all the service, nor one that will reflect higher credit upon its homeland.—*The Atlanta Journal*, June 25, 1918.

Emory Hospital Unit, Organized in Atlanta, Across Ocean Safely

News that the Emory Unit, officially known as Base Hospital 43, and officered by many of Georgia's best known medical men, has arrived safely overseas, was brought to Atlanta in cable dispatches Tuesday.

The Emory Unit is one of the most distinctive base hospitals in existence. The personnel of its enlisted men is made up of many of the most prominent young men of the South, and its doctors are leaders in their profession who have volunteered for service in most cases at personal sacrifice.

The unit was organized in Atlanta and trained at Camp Gordon. Before leaving it was presented with more than \$8,000, contributed by Atlanta people as a hospital emergency fund.

Among the prominent Atlanta medical men who officered the unit are Dr. E. C. Davis, Dr. Frank K. Boland, Dr. Charles E. Dowman, Dr. Cyrus Strickler, Dr. E. C. Ballinger, Dr. Allen H. Bunce, Dr. John Fitts, Dr. E. H. Green, Dr. J. P. McGee, Dr. C. E. Lawrence, Dr. Will Roberts and others.—*The Atlanta Journal*, June 25, 1918.



EMORY NURSES, PRAC- TICALLY ALL GEORGIANS, NOW OVERSEAS

**Organized and Trained in Atlanta,
Emory Unit Includes One Hundred
Nurses, Mostly Graduates of
Atlanta Hospitals**

The first picture to be published of the nurses in the Emory Unit, "Georgia's own," taken in New York just before they sailed for France and showing them in their overseas service uniforms, is published in *The Journal* today.

This is a splendid photograph, the sort hundreds of Georgians, relatives and friends of these nurses, will want to cut out and save as a souvenir of the great war.

For the nurses in the Emory Unit are practically all Georgia nurses, including seventeen graduates of the Piedmont Sanitarium in Atlanta, fourteen graduates of the Wesley Memorial Hospital in Atlanta and ten graduates of the Grady Hospital in Atlanta. They are headed by Miss Caroline Dantzer, chief nurse, who was formerly head nurse of the Davis-Fischer Sanitarium.

The Emory Unit is one of the medical units recruited for the army by the Red Cross. In such cases the Red Cross acts merely as a recruiting agency and the unit is now a regular army unit.

The picture shows the nurses in their outdoor service uniform of gray, with the caduceus (wingstaff and serpent) of the army medical corps and the letters U. S. on their lapels. The nurses retain their Red Cross service pins and enamelled Red Cross on their hats.

On duty in the hospitals of France, where they are now, the nurses wear gray cotton crepe uniforms, with white collar and cuffs and a white cap with a Red Cross. The laundry problem is so serious in France that only

on special occasions do nurses wear the white uniforms to which we in this country are accustomed.

After the Emory Unit was recruited, these nurses took their military training in the base hospital at Camp Gordon, Walter Reed and Fort McPherson. The unit consists of twenty doctors, one hundred nurses, five clerical workers and two hundred and fifty enlisted men.

List of Nurses.

The names of the nurses in the unit are as follows:

Edna Alexander, Mrs. Lena Alexander, Leila H. Anderson, Margaret P. Bartley, Gracie Baggarly, Osa Baird, Pauline Bell, Cleo Booth, Alice May Boykin, Myrtice S. Brown, Eloise Brady, Dorothy Burns, Mary E. Bush, Mrs. Eulalie Callaway, Laura K. Chapman, Elizabeth Coates, Mary H. Coble, Annie B. Coleman, Ann Cothran, Margaret Christian, Carolina Dantzer, Marcia Daughtry, Susie Denton, Margaret Evans, Ruby Falls, Belle Farr, Mattie P. Farmer, Blanche Fernside, Tressie Fitts, Emilu Fox, Lena Fox, Lavinia Fuller, Ida Mae Godfrey, Beatrice Gregory, Jean Harrell, Florence M. Hall, Gladys Harwell, Billie Hatcher, Estelle Herring, Mary Heunemeir, Caroline C. Hill, Bernice Jeffries, Ethel Johns, Mary Celia Johnson, John Ora Johnson, Lucile Jones, Ray Jones, Joyce Kinney, Esther Little, Yvonne Lovelace, Annie Mae Luckie, Kate May Martin, Pearl Miller, Margaret McCann, Lucy McMann, Cora McCoy, Ethel McKenzie, Ruth Murray, Hattie Newton, Camille O'Brien, Edith Pirkle, Jessie Ragan, Sarah E. Rhodes, Elizabeth Roberts, Queenie Ross, Lola Robinson, Dorothy Ryan, Eleanor Stanley, Pearl F. Smithson, Nell Suggs, Estelle Sumner, Mrs. Mae G. Strange, Myrtis Tart, Bob T. Tarver, Kate D. Taylor, Berda James Thomas, Walter Scott Tucker, Lillian R. Varn, Nettie G. Vinton, Jean Waldron, Mollie Kate Waldron, Mary E. Walker, Eunice B. Walker, Alma Wandeck, Ellen Eva Wells, Theo Williamson, Abbie L. Willis, Elizabeth White, Ella T. Whitten, Hope Wood, Elizabeth Woodson, Ella May Walters, Marv Peazel, Wilma Chapin.—*The Atlanta Journal*, August 4, 1918.



EMORY UNIT HOSPITAL DEATH RECORD IS LOWEST OF ALLIES

Ward Greene Describes Pictur- esque City of Blois, Home of Outfit, and Heroic Work of Atlantians.

By Ward Greene

(The Journal's Own Staff Correspondent)

Blois, France, Dec. 13.—There is no more pleasant spot in France than the little town of Blois, which for six months has been the home of Base Hospital Forty-three, the Emory unit of Atlanta.

Picture to yourself an old gray town of France, so old that the new addition to the church was made a hundred years ago, so gray that the River Loire winding past it to the sea is no more gray than its crooked little streets and its quaint little houses.

In the rainy season those streets are sticky with gray mud and steamy with smells from the fish market and the tiny shops stuck in the walls where one buys wine, cognac, bunches of dusky grapes, dried fruits and chestnuts snatched piping hot from the oven. But when fair skies smile on Blois, the steam rises and the river sparkles and nowhere are the trees greener than the noble old limes above the river turning their moss-coated branches to the north as though they were reaching for the far off forests of Bonlogne that plume the distant horizon like neat yew hedges.

The Loire, largest river in France, winds about the town, smuggling it into the crook of its arm, and the town rises in a succession of steep streets and terraced houses above the river, until, from the pinnacle of the old chateau at the top, one can look for miles across a country poignantly beautiful and at the same time pitch a pebble into the streets of Blois below.

Rich in Legends.

All this is historic ground, unusually rich in legend even for this land where every stone and stick seems to mark some story out of the dim past. Over yonder is the Cathedral Saint Louis, where the standard of Joan of

Arc was blessed as she went forth to free France. It is a very old and very beautiful church. Just within the door is the black mark on a pillar to show how high the Loire rose in some long-ago flood. And just beyond is the Bishop's Garden, a beautiful promenade between ancient trees to a point overlooking the river and the surrounding country.

Down this twisty street where the walls on either side seem so high and damp one comes to an inn on the corner, "The Sign of the Golden Sheaf," and across from it is another, "The Green Monkey." And one of these, it is said, is the inn made famous by Dumas in the first chapter of "The Three Musketeers," for it is supposed to be the spot where D'Artagnan first met his comrades.

Further along is an old, old house where Victor Hugo once lived. Here is the theater which he gave to Blois and here is the Place de la Victor Hugo, so named in his honor, a pretty little park enclosed by an iron fence, with a pool in the middle and shady walks and mossy trees that sweep the earth with their green branches.

But the show spot of Blois is the chateau, so celebrated, in fact, that you will find it mentioned by such modern authors as the Williamsons and Gouvernor Morris. "The Lightning Conductor" and "His Daughter" are the novel's where certain scenes are laid in Blois around and in the chateau.

In France chateau may mean anything from house to castle, but the Chateau de Blois is all that the word implies—a glorious pile of stone and moss and battlements and grinning gargoyles set on the summit of a hill in all the mediaeval grandeur one could wish.

Up this winding roadway with its worn flags once rode knights and crusaders, courtiers and kings of France. Even as you, they paused at the foot of the castle walls and gazed far up the sheer stone side, ruttled by the rains of centuries and moulded to a deep green, to where, black against the sky, a gargole's catty face catches the last flare of the sunset.

Spell of Past.

The gate swings back of creaky hinges and you are admitted to a wide, sandy courtyard, surrounded by the three parts of the chateau,



one built by Louis the Twelfth and one by Gaston of Orleans, and one by Francis the First, each of them a great towering mass of stone and carved insignia of salamanders and porcupines and a score of other devices, cunningly blazoned out of the solid rock by the hands of craftsmen dead and gone now these many years.

Forward toddles a little old Frenchwoman, in her hand a great jangling bunch of keys, to open the doors of the castle and transport you to the conspiracies and loves and intrigues of the nobles of long ago. Up this winding stairway of stone, its sides scratched with the names and initials of a thousand tourists, she takes you to the halls and corridors where Catherine De Medici plotted against her enemies and with dagger and poison cup won her name as the greatest murderess of all times.

The rooms are bare of any ornament or trappings now, but the scroll work on the panelings has been faithfully reproduced and the little blue and white tiles of the flooring, you are told, are the originals. And so through room after room you are led, dark and sinister rooms with lofty windows facing down the precipitous side of the castle to the town of Blois, and with secret panels in the walls where Catherine hid her poisons, and with secret stairways, and so at last to a dungeon in the bowels of the chateau, where you feel the damp in your bones and where your guide lifts the iron ring in the floor to show you, shivering, the gaping hole where the Cardinal of Lorraine was flung to his death and his body swept down into the Loire.

For a moment, as you stand there, all the spell of the past is upon you, and the room seems peopled with the ghosts of dead dukes and cardinals who moaned out their little hour in this darkness with their eyes to the faint light filtering in through the heavy barred windows. And then you turn—to American officers and French mademoiselles and Young Men's Christian Association girls and American doughboys from Base Hospital 43, and a little old Frenchwoman with a great bunch of keys in her hand and a sort of transfigured light in her eyes as she drones out the story of Catherine De Medici, Cardinal Lorraine and the Duc De Guise.

They will have some great stories to tell, these American lads, when they get home, and not all of them will be of the fighting front. The folks back home had better read up on their French histories now, for when Johnny Smith, who flunked his history in the eighth grade, gets around the fireside with his girl,

she really should be able to converse intelligently with him on the subject of the Napoleonic wars.

Johnny knows all about them now, for he has visited such places as Blois and, like most Americans over there, he beat it to the book store afterward to find out who this here Duc De Guise was, anyway.

Great Treasure Store.

If your Johnny was at Blois, he saw some mighty other interesting things also in that great chateau, and these things not even the people of Blois had seen before.

When Fritz first began to send his Gothas over the city of Paris on bright moonlight nights, especially when his Big Bertha began spitting that way at regular intervals, the French government practically denuded the museums of Paris of their treasures. It was an interesting thing when I reached Paris to see workmen mounted on scaffolding outside the Louvre and the Cathedral of Notre Dame, knocking down the stragglers which had been piled in the cornices and archways to protect the ancient figures of priest and prophet and saint from German ruthlessness.

A great many treasures from the Louvre were stored at Blois, which is three hours' ride from Paris, and has never felt a touch of German air raids. This part of the chateau is supposed to be barred to strangers, but a few francs to the guide settled that little regulation all right.

It was worth the money simply to gaze on that wonderful smile of La Gioconda, the famous painting that became the sensation of the world when it was stolen from the Louvre a few years ago. There was room after room of other famous paintings, there were tables and desks and chairs belonging to Napoleon and Marie Antoinette, and, for a climax, there were wonderful tapestries, woven out of a million threads, centuries old, which were to be taken to Paris to decorate the house occupied by President Wilson.

A great privilege it was to see all this, a wonderful thing for Johnny Jones, perhaps, and yet, as we left the chateau and tramped through the gray mud down the winding roadway back to the little gray town of Blois, the glamour of history began to fade and we began to wonder just how the battle of Orleans would have looked to the men on the western front and just how the Duc De Guise would have gone over the top compared to, say, Johnny Jones.



Emory Unit's Great Record.

Far from the front line trenches, the Emory Hospital Unit from Atlanta has yet played its part in "this man's war," as the doughboys call it, in a manner that should make Atlanta proud, indeed, of the little group of doctors and nurses and enlisted men who went into service at Camp Gordon in the summer of 1917.

Many members of the unit have never heard the roar of guns nor seen the star shells crackle along the western front. The unit as a whole has never been outside the town of Blois since it hit here in June, 1918, and yet its members have gone through experiences that are sickening to describe and that called upon them for their last ounce of nerve and bravery and sheer, downright grit.

As for the service they have done, I have only to recite one fact: The percentage of deaths in Base Hospital 43 has been less than two per cent, the lowest of any hospital in France. What greater thing could the Emory unit have done for America and the people of America, the homes and families of America, than that?

It fell to the lot of the Emory unit to do the dirty work of war—the work divested of any atom of glamour or glory, always hard, often tedious, seldom interesting, but peremptorily important.

Organized by Lieutenant Colonel Edward C. Davis in Atlanta, the unit first had a personnel of five hundred beds, twenty-four officers, one hundred and fifty-four enlisted men, sixty-five female nurses and six male civilian employes. The majority of members are Georgians, many of them Atlantians, although Alabama, South Carolina, Tennessee and other states were also represented on the roll.

The unit trained at Camp Gordon and, as Base Hospital 43, left New York on the liner "Olympic" on June 14, 1918.

Its work began scarcely before it was out of the country, for on the trip across it had charge of the hospital work of the boat and handled one hundred and thirteen cases during the voyage, not all of them sea-sickness, either.

The nurses of the unit came later via England. They report a grand trip. For instance, what could have been kinder than the action of the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, Wales? No sooner had the young ladies landed in his city after a ten-day boat trip, than, with characteristic British humor, he took them out for a nice row on his lake?

Meantime, the unit had landed at Havre, and was sent immediately to Blois, where it became established June 27, and where it has remained ever since.

Horrors of War.

During those first few days they were getting settled, taking over the duties of the hospital that was there before them, locating wards and operating rooms and clinics in the big white buildings that were formerly boys' schools and convents, seeing to sanitation and erecting here and there the Adrian barracks, which is the name of the set-up-knock-down wooden hospitals which were brought from the states and are found at many places in France, a bit of Yankee ingenuity that has opened the eyes of the French.

And then came the first hospital train. I have talked to many doctors and enlisted men in the unit and they have all said that they would not again go through the days and nights when hospital trains were arriving for all the millions of the world.

They have described sights that were horrible—men with their legs split open to the bone where doctors had made tentative field operations and left the raw incisions open until the base hospital surgeons could act; men shot through the head and raving mad; men with their arms hanging by threads; men suffering from phosgene gas; men with their bodies half filled with lead.

And they have described, too, sights that were so glorious they fairly made you weep to hear the telling—men doggedly smoking cigarettes through jaw-bones shot through and through; men dying who said, "Take the other fellows first!" a captain who looked down at his left arm, dangling in a bloody mush, and said quietly, "Doc, when you slice it, take off that wrist-watch first, will you, and put it on the other arm; I might want it later."

From the time the first hospital train reached Blois with three hundred and fourteen patients, there was no let up in the bloody grind of the Emory unit. They came every two weeks, sometimes as often as two in a week, once three; and there was one hellish night, after the fighting began at Chateau-Thierry, when one doctor made no less than ten amputations of arms and legs.

That was when the wounded were sent straight through from the front, although at nearly all other times they received first aid dressings in the hospitals on the line before



they were placed on the trains. But always it was up to the men in the base hospital to see the job through. A surgeon at the front might operate and then be relieved of responsibility when his patient was shipped to the rear, but at Blois it was a case of seeing men through to the end. And the very small number of graves on the outskirts of the town is a pretty good indication of what that end generally was with the eight thousand patients which, approximately, were received at Forty-three altogether.

The wounded were in the main American soldiers, but often were French and British and sometimes there were Germans, and it goes without saying that the Germans received care and attention as good as the best.

Every train would be met by a certain number of officers and enlisted men, who loaded the wounded onto litters and placed them in ambulances and rushed them to the hospitals, where other officers and nurses were in readiness. It might be night or it might be day, but those trains had to be met and the average time for unloading a train of three hundred stretcher cases and getting them into the hospital was but two hours.

Personnel of Organization.

It was wonderful service those nurses did—nurses from Grady hospital and Davis-Fischer and Wesley Memorial and St. Joseph's and practically every hospital in Atlanta. Short-handed as they were, working long hours, they went to it with a smile of cheer that has made many a doughboy look up to them as more than angels.

During its long stay at Blois the Emory unit has remained intact as it was when it left Camp Gordon, with a very few exceptions. It has been increased with officers from other parts of the country, but save for one or two, all the officers, nurses and enlisted men from Atlanta are still here.

Colonel Davis has returned to Atlanta and Dr. E. G. Ballenger has been assigned to another division at the front, where from time to time many of the officers and enlisted men have seen service on trips where they were attached to surgical teams at evacuation mobile hospitals. Lieutenants F. M. Barfield and Albert Howell Brewster have also been assigned elsewhere.

EMORY UNIT PRAISED BY LIEUT. JEFFRIES

According to the verdict of Lieutenant E. H. Jeffries, a "Northern Yank," as he styles himself, the people of Atlanta may well be proud of the Emory unit. This unit was organized in Atlanta last year and has seen service in France since last spring. The organization includes nurses, doctors and attendants, not only from Atlanta, but from practically every State in the South, and its highly efficient service in France, as evidenced by the letter of Lieutenant Jeffries, will be welcomed by thousands of people in the South.

The statements about the Emory unit are as follows:

"The writer, after a slight gassing, had the misfortune to again fall ill and was sent to Base Hospital No. 43, annex No. —, in charge of Emory unit from Atlanta. During the year that I have been over here I've often thought of the hospital units from the South and wondered how they would make out. I found out very quickly.

"After being put to bed someone came in and with a smile that only a woman can give, said, 'Is there anything I can do for you?' It wasn't so much the question of helping me, but it was the tender way in which it was said and done that appealed to me, and there you have the spirit of your unit from Atlanta. Always the same from the 'C. O.' down to the lowest private, the eternal question, 'Can we do anything for you?'

"Just two instances. 'Diddy,' a little colored boy from the South, wanted a chew of tobacco, 'please, ma'm.' What happened? Miss Mac—runs all through the different wards and finally secures it. Again, I wanted a little jelly one day. Downstairs she flies to the kitchen and gets it. Now, Miss Mac— is no young girl, but she's one of God's own angels, as many a northern boy will tell you:

"Atlanta, you can well be proud of Emory unit, and if you think you have any more like it, send them along, but you'll have to go some to keep up with Emory.

"God bless you people of the South.

"From a Northern Yank.

"LIEUTENANT E. H. JEFFRIES.

"U. S. A. A. P. O. N. 726."

—*The Atlanta Journal*, October, 1918.



ATLANTIANS IN EMORY UNIT AT BLOIS, FRANCE, SING OF "HOME SWEET HOME"

"WHEN Do We Go From Here?"
Is Chorus of Boys With Base
Hospital, Says Ward Greene.

By Ward Greene

(The Journal's Own Staff Correspondent)

Blois, France, Dec. 15.—Next to seeing their own mothers and sweethearts and wives walk in the front door together, I don't think the boys in the Emory Hospital unit could have been more tickled to see anyone than they were two men from Atlanta who strolled into their headquarters one rainy night recently and said, "Hello, boys!"

Over against the wall behind a big desk was Dozier Lowndes, top sergeant, making out pay-rolls. Over against another wall in front of a big desk was Sergeant Johnny Cash, making out pay-rolls. Over against a third wall before a big desk was Corporal Henry Clay Burr, making out pay-rolls. The next room was full of sergeants—Pat Hampton and Joel Chandler Harris and Alexander Wynn and Johnny Griffith and John Parker. They were making out pay-rolls.

But when somebody looked up and saw an Atlanta face coming in out of that sticky, muggy French night—well, Madame-who-sells-the-chocolate must have been just about a day late getting her money that week, for the business of making out pay-rolls was "bon soir" for the evening.

It wasn't so much the face, you understand. Considered simply as a face, there were no banners hanging on it. But it was an Atlanta face that they hadn't seen in months, a face that had looked at Peachtree since they had, a face that had ducked into Tom Pitts' and hung around Five Points and had behind it somebody that could talk Atlanta talk that didn't begin, "Do you remember when?"

A Few Questions.

They wanted to know who won the Tech-Pittsburg game, they wanted to know if it was true that chocolate milks were a dime, they wanted to know why people didn't write to them more and why they sent socks in-

stead of money and were those shoes really from Atlanta and what will you take for that civilian's hat and have you heard anything about our going home soon and what about this congressional race, anyway?

And in turn, later in the evening, when the talk simmered down to their experiences of the past six months, and it was somebody else's time to ask questions, they told stories of their work in Blois, told them with a bead on their voices and a something in their very matter-of-factness, which made you know that these boys in the Emory Hospital unit had been through the mill as much as any lads up front, though they would be the last to admit it themselves.

They told of long hours in the hospital wards, when it was just one operation after another, of tedious days spent at uninteresting grinds, of the hospital trains coming in with wounded suffering and screaming, of friends who had been "bumped off" and of how—though this they did not say in so many words—those lads will not be forgotten.

It took but a very few minutes to find out that they were all very, very homesick. There's but one big question ahead of them now, and that is, "When do we go from here?" And of course, nobody knows. Rumors fly about here as they do all over France, but the American soldier learned long ago not to put his faith in rumors. Not until they see the Goddess of Liberty looming a few hundred yards ahead will they be absolutely certain that they are going home, and then, as Ashby McCord put it, "If the Goddess of Liberty ever wants to see me again, she'll have to turn around and look the other way."

Saw Thirty Atlantians.

And yet, anxious as every last one of them is to swing off the train at the Terminal station, they are ready to finish up this job here though it takes six months or a year or longer. They kick and growl and grumble, as any set of Yankee soldiers will do wherever you find them, but they have the heart in them to stick it out no matter how lonely the nights and weary the days.

I saw practically every one of the thirty or more Atlanta boys in the Emory unit at Blois,



along with as many again of boys from other parts of Georgia. And, outside of the longing to be at home, they couldn't have been better fixed.

There was Charlie Sciple, Eugene Riley, Lon Albert, J. R. Brock, Claude Bullard, Owen Gaines, George Kennington, Bonnie Latfimer, Malcolm Long, Twyman Mattingly, Francis McEnergy, Louis Gordon, Robert Marks, William McWhorter, Theodore Crews, Lawrence Funke, Evelyn Hamilton, William Hatfield, Lewis Perkins, Raymond Sitton, Frank Solomon, John Stephens, William Taylor, Samuel G. Walker, Alexander Wootten, Little S. Wheeler, William Wilson, Carl Cain, Wesley Lester, Thomas Meckel, Lennie Redwine, Ralph Reeves, Louis Stacy, Will Cobb Wallace, William Cook, Wise Dalton, George Marshall, Harry McFarland, Roy Stone, Harry Thomas, Burgess West and half a dozen others. And there were Georgia boys from Calhoun, Montezuma, Newnan, Adairsville,

Albany, LaGrange, Rabun Gap, Toccoa, Eastman, Griffin, Quitman, Shelman, Reynolds, Sandersville, Hawkinsville, Thomson, Monroe, Monticello, and a score of other towns all the way from the Tennessee line to the St. Mary's river.

They were all well and just about as happy as anybody can be in France with Christmas just around the corner and home on the other side of the world. They are comfortably quartered in the old French houses around the town and they put on a meal that would make Mr. Hoover throw fits.

Besides the nurses with the Emory unit, there are four Atlanta girls in Blois who came over with the unit as civilian employes: Miss Thelma J. Dargan, Miss Lucy J. Chamberlin, Miss Abbebelles Wilkinson and Miss Zola L. Thomas, who is an anaesthetist, and has been at the front for three months with an operating team.

MEN, BLACK, WHITE, SICK, WELL, DISPLAY GRITTY CHEERFULNESS IN WARDS OF HOSPITAL No. 43

Ward Greene Views Splendid Work of Emory Unit and En- tire Red Cross—Card From Grady Cheers Atlantians.

By Ward Greene

(The Journal's Own Staff Correspondent)

Blois, France, Dec. 17.—In Base Hospital No. 43, at Blois, are white men and black men, men of infantry and artillery and marines, Americans and French, British and Canadians, Moroccans and Turks, men convalescent walking about as other men, trunks without legs and chests without arms and faces set on white heaps of bandages.

They have come here from ports to the south and the rest camps to the east, and from every fighting front from Dunkirk to Metz. Some of them, stricken down with "flu" when first they set foot in France, have never faced the red wrath of war, but the most of them went up into the battle and came back from it in black stupor or flaming torture, according as their "luck" ran.

Today the battle is a thing of the past. They are all getting well and they are all going home. Somewhere in the States a welcome waits them that in every laddie's dream is the gate to heaven opening before him. God help the boy who has no home to go to, for here in France the word "home" is the best tonic the doctors know.

That last line is absolute truth. When the news of the armistice was received at Blois, it cured several of the shell-shocked patients, Major Frank K. Boland told me.

"Sounds fishy," he said, "but it's absolute fact."

No Word of Regret.

"Those boys were not faking; they were suffering from shell shock in one of its worst forms. But when they learned that the armistice was signed, that the war was over, they got well. I don't pretend to explain the psychology of it; I'm simply telling you."

With Major Boland I went through ward after ward at Blois, talking to the men who are going home. And, though many of those men will not go home as they went away, nowhere was there a word of bitterness or a voice of regret.



You would think, would you not, that the chap who a year ago was riding the plains of Texas on a broncho that answered to the slightest touch of his knees, would not face the future brightly when he knew that he would never ride again? He might be excused, mightn't he, if somewhere in his task he let some expression of the sorrow that must cloud his soul?

And yet, as we stopped beside the bed of a certain first lieutenant, he looked up at us with a grin as cheerful as though the bed-clothes humped below his waist covered real legs instead of nothing at all. And this was what he said:

"Yep, they made a cotton-picker out o' me. I'd always sorter looked down on cotton-pickers before. Punching cows was my game. But they certainly made a cotton-picker out o' me."

He said the words as though he were singing a popular song, and as he said them he grinned again that engaging, whole-souled grin which covered, heaven knows, how much heart ache.

"That's their spirit," said Major Boland as we passed on. "It's wonderful. That chap back there refused to die. He was pretty bad that first night they brought him in. Both legs had been literally shot to pieces and then gangrene set in. We operated once at the knees, but the gangrene went up higher and we had to operate again. One night it looked as though it was an over for him. We sent for the chaplain. But when the parson went in to this chap, you never heard such an outburst of language in your life. The chaplain came out looking pretty scared. 'That guy going to die?' he said. 'Not the way he talked to me he won't,' and he didn't."

Down the aisle ahead of us were rows and rows of cots. Behind some of them were the crossed flags of America and France, which some doughboy had placed there for his own delight. Above others were queer-looking contraptions built of planks, and from these were suspended swings in which rested the legs of men. They are Balkan frames, an ingenious device to relieve pressure on the legs and prevent bed sores and make legs easy to dress and the new bones easy to knit.

Work of Red Cross.

Some of the boys were reading magazines and novels. One great, grizzled fellow was deep in the last pages of "Bab, the Diary of a Sub-Deb." These things are given to them by the Red Cross, which has done a wonderful work, the doctors say, in such hospitals as this. It was the Red Cross that provided Thanksgiving turkey for every man when

Uncle Sam's allowance for turkey didn't quite meet the prevailing French prices on the bird. It was the Red Cross that was preparing to give every man a Christmas present, some souvenir of Blois. And down in the supply rooms of Hospital No. 43 I saw bales and bales of such articles as washrags, napkins, foot warmers, pajamas, pillows, heel rings, sponges, pads, "nightingales," and a dozen and one little "extras" that the government does not supply, but which have been the means of providing untold comfort to the patients and assisting the doctors beyond measure. The last time I saw anything like that was in a great barn of a room on James street, in Atlanta, where the Red Cross had its store room, and it was a warming thought to find out that all those things over which Atlanta women toiled so long and so patiently had come to such good use in the end.

From Grady Nurses.

We stopped by one bed to say hello to a chap from Atlanta, Lieutenant Charles E. Lawrence, of the Emory unit, who infected his hand while operating, but is now doing nicely. Lieutenant Lawrence used to be an interne at the Grady Hospital, and he proudly exhibited to us a little white Christmas card, with "Greetings from the Grady nurses" engraved upon it. Immediately he had to pass it on from bed to bed that the other patients might see. It wasn't much of a Christmas card—just a little white note with a gay sprig of green holly and red berries at the top, but the way all those fellows looked at it and fondled it—well, that little old two-cent stamp in the corner had paid for a mighty lot of happiness, believe me!

Another interesting part of the hospital was down stairs in the X-ray room, where Captain John S. Derr is in charge. He showed us X-ray negatives of many delicate operations—a machine gun bullet plainly visible against a man's shoulder, where it had lodged for two months until the X-ray discovered it and the surgeon took it out; buckshot plastered all over a man's ribs; skulls that had been fractured by machine gun fire and smashed jaw bones that were rebuilt. And there was an officer, stripped to the waist, standing in the darkness while the flurescope played a white light across his body and we actually saw his heart beating, beating, beating, as regular as the second-hand of a watch.

The girls are not nurses, but "civilian employes." Their hospital garb is all blue, and for this reason they have been called the "blue birds," which the doughboys say is a darned good name for them.—*The Atlanta Journal*, January 8, 1917.



MISSISSIPPI NEGRO, IN EMORY HOSPITAL, PREFERS TO RETURN HOME VIA "NEW AWLEANS"

By Ward Greene

(The Journal's Own Staff Correspondent)

Blois, France, Dec. 16.—"Tenshine!"

That's what it sounded like when we entered this particular ward at Base Hospital 43 at Blois—an order that resounded with the force of a trench mortar's explosion:

"Tenshine!"

It was the only ward where such an order had been given, and we started at the suddenness of it. In all other wards, patients had looked up casually as we entered the door, and discipline had not counted at all. But here every soldier was on his feet as straight as a ramrod when the colored sergeant nearest the door came out with that burst of sound:

"Tenshine!"

The sole exceptions were five doughboys, black as a club flush, sprawled around on a bed playing seven up. And they couldn't come to their feet for the very good reason that they had no feet to come to.

It is customary over here, even as in many parts of the States, to regard the colored race as something created especially for the amusement of their white superiors, especially when, as at Base Hospital 43, most of the officers hail from below the Mason-Dixon line and most of the negro patients do, too.

At the same time, there is that spirit of ripe understanding between them that you will find nowhere else but in the South, and that makes the darky know his officer regards him as a pretty good fellow even while he is laughing at him.

Home Via New Awleans.

Thus, Ivory Shego—his actual name—was not at all averse to setting forth his views on the war and kindred subjects when tactfully approached in this matter by Major Frank K. Boland.

"Ivory," said Major Boland, "where do you come from?"

"I stavs round Coleman, Miss'ippi, sah," said Ivory Shego, saluting.

"And what do you think of France, Ivory?"

"I ain't think so much er France, sah," said Ivory Shego. "France is a beautiful country,

but somehow, it don't set jest right wid me. Me an' France, we ain't hit it off exackly. I 'spec' we'se gwinter git along better when we ain't quite so nigh to one a'nur. I reckon France gwiner be jest about ez glad to git sht er France. An', white folks, Ise gwinter be pow'ful glad!"

Ivory nodded his head emphatically, and then scratched it as though some deep and weighty problem were bothering him.

"Major, sah, is we gwine go home de same way we come?" asked Ivory Shego.

"Why, yes, I suppose so, Ivory. Doesn't that suit you?"

Ivory shook his head. "You mought say it suit me in one way," he declared, "an' den agin you mought say it don't. Whut I'se worryin' 'bout is gwine home by way er dis-heab Atlantic ocean."

"What way do you want to go home by, Ivory?"

"Me, sah? I wants to go home by way er New Awleans!" said Ivory Shego.

When the laughter had subsided, among Ivory's comrades as well as among ourselves, the Major suggested that they might fix it up to send Ivory home in an airplane. But this proposition did not appear to meet with much favor with Ivory, either.

"Naw, suh!" he said. "Dis nigger don't go highern'n de corn nor lower'n de sweet potatoes!"

And there we left him, very much worried about the question of just how Ivory Shego was going to get home.

There was another Southern darkey, said Major Boland, that was brought in after being hurt in an accident at one of the ports.

"Where were you hurt, George—Brest?" said the doctor.

The boy blinked up at him in surprise.

"Naw, suh, boss. I ain't hurt in de Brest. I'se hurt in de laig!" he declared.

The funniest sight in France by all accounts, however, is to see a negro soldier from the States anywhere around one of the French colonial negroes.

We watched three of them for a long time—



two Moroccan soldiers in horizon blue and one great shambling negro who, probably, had never before been outside of Monticello, Ga., in his life. The two Moroccans were leaning up against a tree in the public square at Blois, and the negro from the States had seen them there and was sort of sidling alongside to get a line on them.

Too Much French.

A few feet away he stopped and began to listen with all his ears to what the pair were saying. Pretty soon an expression came over his face like you've seen on the face of a hound dog when he's seen himself in the mirror for the first time and doesn't know exactly what to make of it—astonishment and whimsical perplexity and utter bewilderment.

"Whar you from, man?" he finally burst out, unable longer to contain himself.

"Je n'en comprends," said one of the Moroccans, politely.

"What dat?" asked our fellow-countryman, inclining one ear.

"Je n'en comprends, monsieur," said the Moroccan.

"Kaint you speak American, man?" asked George.

"Je n'en comprends," replied the other.

The darkey from the other side of the Atlantic began to get mad. He was baffled at this thing; it simply got his goat.

"You look lak a nigger an' you ac' lak a nigger, but you ain't talk lak a nigger," he exploded. "Nigger, is you a nigger? Is you is or is you ain't?"

And the Moroccan answered, "Je n'en comprends, monsieur."

Negroes Heroic.

"It's not all jokes and fun with these black boys, however. Snatched from behind the plow and from the cotton field, from small town and city and country, and put down in a strange land with a gun in their hands and told to fight, they have gone to it with a ferocious enthusiasm that had Fritz running about the time he saw these wild, strange black faces coming over into his trench. The record of the American negro soldier in the war needs no brief from any one; the official records have told it in citations to this man and that which prove the unquestioned heroism of the race as a whole.

We met one of these sturdy little warriors, typical of his kind, in the person of a Georgian, John J. James, of Thomasville, a former United States mail carrier. John went all through the last month of the war around Verdun, where in two days he went over the top twice and on the last occasion was wounded. He is now on his feet and convalescent at the hospital at Blois.

"I sho'ly played in hard luck," he told us, grinning. "I went over the top with my regiment and got lost from it. And when I finally found my way back to the American lines and got in with another regiment, why they was just about to go over the top, too, and of course, I had to go along."

"What shall I tell the folks back in Thomasville, John?" I asked him. And John J. James saluted and said, quietly:

"Just tell 'em I tried to represent Thomasville. Just tell 'em I done my bit lak de folks in Thomasville would er had me do it."



ATLANTA GIVES JOYOUS WELCOME TO RETURNING NURSES OF EMORY UNIT, HOME FROM THEIR SERVICE OVERSEAS

Twenty-three Emory unit nurses came home last night to the most joyous welcome Atlanta has ever given an overseas contingent.

They were welcomed like the heroines they are, with a military band and fluttering flags and kisses and tears. Dressed in the regulation Army Nurses, corps uniform, each nurse wearing one gold service "V" and some of them the insignia denoting advanced sector duty, they arrived at the Terminal station at 6:20.

They were just a bunch of gladsoe girls, home again with their minds on anything but war. The eternal feminine reigned supreme. These army nurses, who have seen the naked souls of our men in France, were just like any other bunch of red-blooded American girls, except a bit more joyous.

They had done their bit, a hard bit, too. They were home again. Tomorrow they follow their natural bent and revel in chocolate ice cream sodas. Monday they would go to the movies. Tuesday they would get out of the army, and by Wednesday possibly they would settle down long enough to tell of the life "over there."

Too Happy To Think.

But the main fact for the present was the fact that they were home again, back home to relax and Saturday night, as one nurse summed it up, "We're all too happy to think." And they were.

Mrs. Samuel Inman headed a reception committee to meet the nurses. Among those on the welcoming committee were Mrs. Preston Arkwright, Mrs. James L. Dickey, Mrs. Wilmer Moore, Mrs. Frank Holland, Mrs. John Burekhardt, Jr., Mrs. S. S. Wallace, Mrs. Dan S. Elliott, Mrs. Lott Warren, Jr., Miss Julia Bellingrath, Mrs. Claude E. Buchanan, Major John S. Cohen and others.

Through the courtesy of Colonel T. S. Bratton, commanding officer at Fort McPherson, a band from the post joined the welcoming committee. Some well-known musicians in the band were Corporal Joseph Canind, Sergeant Guy Newman, Corporal Michael Leonardo, Sergeant David Taylor, Corporal Frank Zeit, Raymond Vetter, George Burgart and others.

There were only twenty-three of the nurses who came to Atlanta.

Forty of the 100 Emory unit nurses have returned to the State, but many have gone to their respective homes. Other nurses of the unit have been assigned to duty with Base Hospital 33, which succeeded the Emory unit at Blois.

Major Boland There.

Be it said to their credit that the Emory nurses didn't step off the train in the unruffled dignity which might have been assumed by the young idols they are.

They simply bounded off with all the natural vivacity that becomes girls who are still human and still unspoiled by experiences that come to few women.

Hat boxes and suit cases were thrown helter skelter; kisses flew thick and fast and the newspaper photographers tore their hair over the problem of getting twenty-three young women lined up for a picture while relatives and friends and the playing band waited upstairs.

But photographers have a way of achieving the impossible and finally the unit was lined up, the lenses uncovered and the flashes made ready.

Then Major Frank K. Boland, chief of surgery of the Emory unit, came into view, and every one of the twenty-three forgot all about the picture and all the photographers got in flashlight number one was the blurred figures of a score of nurses each trying to shake the hand of Major Boland at the same time.

Finally the picture was made and the procession marched up the steps while the band played "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here!"

At the head of the steps Dr. E. C. Davis, who was a lieutenant colonel with the Emory unit, found himself suddenly the center of a score of dancing nurses. Colonel Davis and Major Boland, who had come down to welcome the nurses, were given as enthusiastic an ovation by the home-comers as the returning girls themselves received.

The kisses and the tears and the hugs and handclasps went on as the band played tune after tune and finally the musicians blazed into



"The Star-Spangled Banner" and everybody stood at attention. And then the nurses went, some to Wesley Memorial Hospital, where they were dinner guests of Miss Alberta Dozier, the superintendent, and the rest to other hospitals or their homes.

Had Stormy Trip.

The nurses sailed from St. Nazaire on February 19. On account of a coal strike they stopped at Cardiff, Wales, for several days. After a somewhat stormy trip over on the Cartago, they reached New York on March 12th, and were given an enthusiastic welcome by the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., the Y. M. C. A., and other war work organizations.

There wasn't much the nurses had to say about their own work, but Colonel Davis and Major Boland told The Journal reporter of the service they had rendered.

They returned home with stories, not of themselves, but of the bravery of American soldiers who always said, "I can wait until you finish with someone who is worse off than I am." They came home glad it's over, but as one of them said, "ready to go back tomorrow if we're needed."

Two of the returning nurses, Miss Tressie Fitts and Miss Dorothy Burns, wore insignia, denoting service in the advanced sector, having served on hospital trains that ply between the battlefields and the base hospitals. Miss Fitts was on the first American hospital train to go into Germany.

The home-comers were Miss Dorothy Burns, Miss Tressie Fitts, Miss Estelle Sumner, Miss Lucile Willis, Miss Bob Tarver, Miss Ossie Baird, Miss Cleo Booth, Miss Christian, Mrs. Callaway, Miss Lena Fox, Miss Huglev, Miss Lucille Jones, Miss Ray Jones, Miss Eleanor Stanley, Miss Kate Taylor, Miss Tucker, Miss Williamson, Miss Yvonne Lovelace, Miss Ella Mae Walters, Miss Crisson, Miss Lucy McManus and Miss Carolyn Hill.—*The Atlanta Journal*, March 23, 1919.

LITTLE EMORY UNIT NURSE TELLS STORY OF WORK IN FRANCE

When the details of the great war waged between the forces of Might and Right are set down in Destiny's stock book, and the long train of organizations, and the endless list of individuals of the champions are being inserted in the list of winners, high among the leaders

will be found the names of the hundred nurses of the Emory unit who faced the perils of war-mad Europe, and at the bedsides of the wounded and dying rendered the service that typified so vividly the patriotism of the womanhood of Atlanta and Georgia.

In the waiting room of the nurses' home at Wesley Memorial Hospital, Miss Bobby Farver, one of the Emory unit, Tuesday told the story of the long trip across to the field of service, the long, hard days of work there, where, with willing hands, tear-dimmed eyes and aching feet, they served till the last great war picture was painted, and then of the glad return to loved ones, home and—Georgia.

There was the period of intensive training in Washington, where, she says, she was prepared for the strenuous work ahead, then came the day of the supreme excitement—the day of starting abroad. Then came the trip up the St. Lawrence to Nova Scotia and Halifax, where a view of the ruins of the Halifax disaster of 1917 partially prepared them for the awful scenes of ruin that were to greet them in France; the trip across the Atlantic with 1,700 American lads, who were singing songs of the trenches and impatiently longing for a chance at the enemy; the landing at Cardiff, where the lord mayor entertained the sea-sick girls with a boat ride on the lake within the city; the trip across the English channel, accompanied by a squadron of airplanes.

Then they enjoyed a two hours' stay in the city of Paris, where the little Georgia nurses wandered along its beautiful streets, and after that, the long stay at Blois, where men, with bodies burned with liquid fire until they were black and unrecognizable, lay on the cots and laughed like barefoot boys at play, and joked about the horrors of the front.

"Everything possible was done for our pleasure," continued the little nurse. "There were hours off, when we were entertained in the beautiful homes of the French, but the thing that gave us the greatest pleasure was to be of service to the wounded fighters, and if we braved the hardships we encountered with any degree of courage, it was borrowed from the wonderful spirit of the American soldier, whose valor and endurance has never been equaled.

"The only real wonderful thing that I experienced was getting back to Atlanta. Those first hours at home were as full of supreme happiness as if they had been snatched straight out of heaven."



EMORY UNIT, WITH PROUD RECORD OF WAR SERVICE, TO REACH HOME SATURDAY

Officers and Men Eager for Atlanta's Big Welcome, but Even More Anxious for Demobilization.

By Theodore Tiller.

Newport News, Va., March 26—The Emory Unit, almost to a man, is here and will entrain for Camp Gordon.

"Debarbed, deloused, delighted," was the laconic message sent Tuesday by Claude J. Spencer, first-class private, to his father in Concord, Ga. Probably it expressed the feeling of every officer and man of the unit who are back on American shores after nearly ten months at Base Hospital 43, Blois, France.

Arriving on the Kroonland a day ahead of schedule, the Emory Unit, 25 officers and 185 men, have gone through the cleansing process and Wednesday afternoon will receive their final inspection at Camp Stuart, a few miles from Newport News. Railroad transportation, however, will not be available before Friday and it will probably be late Saturday afternoon or Saturday night before the unit reaches Atlanta. Lieutenant Colonel Cyrus W. Strickler, who is in command, will telegraph Mayor James L. Key, giving the hour of scheduled arrival.

Not One Death.

The Emory Unit returns intact. There has not been a death among either officers or men since the unit left Atlanta last June. Everybody will be found in fine health and spirits when Camp Gordon is reached. The record is a remarkable and gratifying one. Nineteen officers and 163 men will go from here to Camp Gordon. The remaining few officers and men, some of whom were added to the unit after arrival in France, will go to camps nearer their homes.

The Emory Unit learned here of the plans being made in Atlanta for a great reception for these heroes of the medical profession and their lay assistants who alleviated the sufferings of more than 9,000 ill and wounded men

at Base Hospital 43. The returning Georgians are modest regarding such affairs, but are willing to go through with anything planned by the home folks. They are deeply appreciative of the welcome home spirit.

Eager for Demobilization.

However, the thought uppermost with these fellows today is carried in one word—"demobilization." Consider the state of mind of Henry C. Burr, corporal, which is typical of his companions.

Corporal Burr used to be traffic engineer of the Southern Bell office in Atlanta. When he heard of the reception plans he said, a bit wistfully:

"That's great. But, gee, wish our Atlanta folks would also do something to hurry along our getting out of the service. Time has dragged with us since armistice day. We stood it all right so long as there was something to do, but now we want to get home and get back on the old job. I want to see my wife and baby. We are hungry for home, reception or no reception, and we all hope they won't keep us at Camp Gordon long."

Tuesday night Corporal Burr and Sergeant First Class "Pat" Hampton, whose long name is Patrick N. B. Hampton, and who once was district passenger agent for the Seaboard in Atlanta, came into town from Camp Stuart just to use the long distance phone. They had a long wait for the Atlanta connection, but the voice of home folks which they had not heard in many months was compensation for the delays of long distance central.

"Listen, girl, they inportuned the young lady at the switchboard, 'we haven't talked to Atlanta in nearly a year. Can't you speed that call up a little?'"

That just shows how anxious all the boys are to get back. The wait here until Friday, the several inspections they have undergone, the passing through the "cootie-mill," and the ceremonies incident to the issuance of new uniforms and equipment, were all things that taxed the patience of the restless volunteers of the Emory Unit.

At Camp Stuart, the enlisted men are under the immediate supervision and command of Dr. Henry C. Sauls, of Atlanta, captain medical



corps. Captain Sauls today attended to the details of final inspection by camp officers, the distribution and pressing of new uniforms, and the routine duties of the men at the debarkation camp.

Just Four Cooties.

Reverting to the "debarbed, deloused and delighted" telegram, the Emory Unit probably holds the record for cleanliness. Of course, it isn't pleasant perhaps to talk of delousing and cooties, but it is a cleansing commodity through which all returning troops must go.

"We imported practically no cooties," said Dr. Sauls, smiling. "In fact our entire unit of more than 200 men and officers possessed just four cooties—and these were acquired coming over on the Kronland, and while in contact with other troops. That's about one cootie for every fifty men, so our boys came through the sanitary inspection and clean-up, excellently."

Unique Record.

First Lieutenant James P. McGee, who served throughout as an adjutant of the hospital unit, furnished *The Journal* with a roster of Base Hospital No. 43. The Emory Unit, incidentally, was probably the only organization to have sole and continued charge of a base hospital during the months of America's active participation in the war. The Atlanta contingent began operations at Blois on July 3, the day of the opening of one of the great German offensives, with a bed capacity of 1,100. When the armistice came the hospital had a bed capacity of 2,400.

Lieutenant McGee recalled pleasantly the visit to this hospital of Ward Greene, *The Journal's* staff correspondent in France, who spent two days with the Georgians there.

"With the exception of three officers and less than a dozen men," said Adjutant McGee, "our whole unit is back. We did not lose a man through sickness, aerial attack or accident."

"We have handled approximately nine thousand cases at Base Hospital No. 43. The greatest tax upon our facilities came following Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne engagements. Physicians, nurses and hospital attendants of the Emory Unit worked long hours and without complaint under the stress of the demands caused by these great battles."

"Our hospital was ideally situated in one of the noted chateau regions of France, about ninety miles southwest of Paris. There was little rain and the hospital was one of the best in the American expeditionary forces.

"The Emory Unit stuck together in France and now we are back together. The boys are cheerful and conscious of good service but exceedingly anxious to get back to Georgia, the home of most of us."

Thirteen Left Behind.

"We left three officers and about ten men in France. The latter will be used for a time on clerical duty, as the medical service was short on office men. Captain E. G. Ballinger, of our unit, has gone with the army of occupation. Captain Cecil Stockard, just promoted to that rank, has been transferred to Camp Hospital No. 26, at Staigman, and Chaplain J. L. Allgood is temporarily with the Fourteenth Engineers.

"Captain Hansell Crenshaw, of Atlanta, now at Camp Hill, who came on a few days ahead of us, will join us Wednesday and go to Atlanta Friday."

Probably By Special Train.

The Emory Unit, as now constituted, includes a few officers from other States, and they will not go to Gordon. The same applies to about a dozen men from Kansas, Kentucky and other States, who were assigned to the hospital last fall. They will go from here to other camps.

The officers who will part company with the unit here include Major Haskins, Minnesota; Captains Berlin and Phillips, of New York, and Kaucker, of Pennsylvania, and Lieutenants Box, of Mississippi; Gottschall, of Pennsylvania, and Silliman, of New York.

The Boys Left Behind.

Because the medical service in France needed good stenographers, typists and office assistants, nearly a dozen of the boys of the Emory unit were left behind when the more fortunate ones sailed away from St. Nazaire on the Kronland. According to the fellows who have arrived at Newport News, the few who were left behind constitute a disappointed lot. Somebody had to stay, however, and in the lottery several of the Emory Unit boys were held for further service in France. They hope to get home within a short time. The following members of the unit were remembered by their home-going associates as wistfully watching the remainder of the organization as it sailed away:

Corporal Francis R. McEnery, Sergt. Harry F. Thomas, First-Class Privates James B. Cross, Albert B. Gauldin, James C. Reeves, Walter B. Hamlin, James B. Downs, Twyman S. Mattingly and Newton B. Wood.



Emory Unit Given Rousing Welcome

HORRORS OF WAR FORGOTTEN WITH LOVED ONES NEAR

Wild Scramble to Greet Wives
and Sweethearts When Or-
der to Break Ranks
Is Given

BAND PLAYS "DIXIE"
AS TRAIN ARRIVES

Demonstration But Forerunner of
Formal Reception Which Will Be
Given Later This Week

By Jack Reilly.

Tired and weary from their long ride, but with beaming faces, Emory Hospital Unit—Atlanta's own sons—arrived at Camp Gordon Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burdened with their overseas equipment and anxious to bid welcome to relatives and friends who were at the camp to witness their triumphant return, the boys almost broke ranks as the troop train bringing them from Newport News arrived at the receiving platform of the camp.

More than 300 relatives of the boy heroes and their friends gathered about the platform, and long before the train was near the scene of the assembly, a mighty cry of welcome broke out from excited wives, sweethearts and mothers of those who have served their country in time of peril and who are at home to receive their badge of distinction; their honorable discharge.

At Gordon Short Time.

The men will not have to remain at Camp Gordon for more than seven days. According to the officers in charge of the demobilization office, work will commence Monday morning in an effort to have the Emory Unit entirely disbanded before Sunday next. Physical examinations for these returned Atlanta soldiers are scheduled for the first two days of this week.

The men were in the highest of spirits and their feelings were mirrored by the mirth of those who came to see them. But one incident occurred to mar the pleasantry of the afternoon. Just as his aged mother bent over to kiss him, Private J. T. Ellington swooned and dropped to the floor of the barracks building before his fellow medical men could assist him. It was some time before he regained consciousness. After a hasty examination, he was sent to the base hospital suffering from an attack of "flu".

Many of Atlanta's best known and influential men and women were at the camp to cheer the home-coming of their boys. Long before the time scheduled for the arrival of the train, many hundred crowded about the station and sang and made merry. Mrs. S. M. Inman, who is doing all things possible to make the coming reception to the boys a memorable one, was one of the first women to stand in line and shake hands with the boys in service.

Band Plays "Dixie."

Overseas hats were thrown in the air as the strains of "Dixie" pealed forth from the Forty-fifth infantry band. On the other end of the platform, Camp Gordon's famous colored band was playing "It's a Long, Long Trail." When the train reached its final destination, the surging mass commenced to move forward, but a cordon of provost guards kept them on the platform.

The boys were allowed to leave their places in the troop train and lined in military formation thirty yards in front of the crowd.



Greetings were exchanged. Children yelled with glee as they recognized their dads; mothers wept with joy at the sight of their returned boys, and wives and sweethearts filled the air with kisses sent to their loved ones.

At 2:30 o'clock the men were marched through the aisle of human masses down Hardee avenue to the casual demobilization quarters. There they were checked by their officers and "fall out" was given.

Loved Ones Sought.

At the sound of this order the men broke ranks, threw their packs on the ground and a wild scramble was enacted as the officers and enlisted men sought their loved ones. The greeting lasted but a few minutes when the men were again lined up by their officers.

Song Leader C. W. Morse then told the men that it would be befitting to show their spirit by the rendition of several songs. After this, Dr. Howard Cree, head of the War Camp Community Service, told the men that the enthusiasm shown the men today was but a forerunner of the tribute Atlanta would pay to its returned sons during the coming week.

"On behalf of the city of Atlanta—the greatest city in the country—I welcome you back," said Mayor Key, in speaking to the boys. "You have done your bit and Atlanta will not forget you. We have arranged a celebration which befits your deeds of heroism on foreign soil. We will not announce final plans until we know definitely when the Seventeenth Engineers will be back with you. It was a great thing for Atlanta to have its representative men answer the call of her country in times of need and to think that you all responded so nobly is a thought that will live long in the memory of those who are here now to see you and to the future inhabitants of this great city."

Assigned to Barracks.

After the welcome home, the men were assigned to their barracks and after carrying straw for several blocks for their bed sacks, made ready for their short stay in Camp Gordon.

One of the most thrilling sights at the camp yesterday afternoon was the assigning of men to remain at the camp for the week-end. Each and every boy wanted a week-end pass and his relatives were here to see that he received it. But military rule bids that a certain per cent of the men remain off pass and on duty. Numbers were placed in hats and those

who were lucky enough to escape the blanks washed and were whisked away for their long-timed celebration.

One of the first men to break the line of provost guards and welcome the boys back was Dr. E. C. Davis, formerly major with the unit. Orders had been given that no one was to be allowed on the track on which the troop train pulled in on. Dr. Davis escaped through the crowd and when accosted, ran, saying: "These are my boys; I have worked with them and I am going to see them right now." So quick were his actions that he jumped on the train and was hand-shaking with officers and men before the train came to a stop.

Following is the roster of officers who reported with the unit Saturday:

Lieutenant Colonel Cyrus W. Strickler.

Majors John S. Derr, Frederick C. Hodgson.

Captains Leslie L. Blair, Allen N. Bunce, Weldon E. Parson, Henry C. Sauls.

Lieutenants Forest M. Barfield, Joseph R. Barfield, Murdock E. Equien, John B. Fitts, Edgar H. Greene, Charles E. Lawrence, James P. McGee, Fred B. Rawlings, Joseph D. Osborne, Witherspoon Wallace, William E. Street.

Roster of enlisted men follows:

Sergeants Patrick N. B. Hampton, John D. Lowndes, John A. Cash, Sinclair S. Jacobs, John W. Parker, Walter W. Daniel, Joel C. Harris, John H. Griffith, Albert A. Jelks, Charles M. Sciple, Alexander M. Wynn, Samuel C. Black, Lawrence S. Funke, Eugene W. Hodges, Warren Y. Smith, John L. Stephens, Leonard P. Williams, Charlie M. Gavan, Clyde M. McClure, Turner A. McCord.

Corporals Robert L. Tarpley, Henry C. Burr, Evelyn Hamilton, Wofford H. Gilbreath, George M. Marshall.

Cooks Roy K. Dobbs, Louis Gordon, Yancey Hill, Robert E. Marks, William M. Mathews, William A. McWhorter, Eugene B. Riley.

First Class Privates Leonidas Albert, Frank E. Andrews, Robert L. Austin, Jack L. Baggett, Willis E. Barrow, Thomas A. Baugus, Leon W. Beddingfield, John W. Bell, Claude S. Bennett, George M. Bird, Max M. Bowdoin, Philip R. Bradford, J. R. Brock, Oscar L. Brown, Carl F. Browne, Claude E. Bullard, Alfred K. Bussey, Carl C. Cain, James H. Clark, Robert W. Cook, William A. Cook, Theodore H. Crews, Wise E. Dalton, Jackson L. Daniel, Quillian C. Daniel, Jesse C. Davis,



Thomas H. Dillard, William C. DuBose, Alfred C. Dunson, George F. Durham, Joseph T. Ellington, Lovett S. Faircloth, Owen W. Gaines, Hugh H. Gee, Elam H. Griffith, Fred M. Grist, Eugene W. Hall, Roy J. Harris, William A. Hatfield, Estelle P. Hodges, William E. Hopkins, Lehma E. Hopper, Joshua C. Hutchins, James J. Jeffers, Luther H. Jernigan, Martin L. Johnson, Edward R. Jones, Homer G. Jones, James J. Kelley, George W. Kennington, Bramwell C. Kerr, Thomas L. Knowles, Bonnie D. Lathner, Harma Rex Lavender, James A. Loffin, Malcolm J. Long, Talmage M. Martin, Hubert E. Mayfield, Hubert McDonald, Harry H. McFarland, Joseph W. Neal, Thomas H. Neal, Leon H. O'Quinn, Cecil R. Pate, Robert F. Patterson, Lewis S. Patton, Charles H. Peacock, Lewis W. Perkins, Harvey F. Persons, Fred Pinegar, Millard W. Price, James M. Radney, Lennie J. Redwine, James M. Reeves, Edward L. Rodden, John A. Scoggins, Paul C. Shehee, Raymond L. Sinton, Frank D. Solomon, Claude J. Spencer, Julius C. Spjier, William L. Sprouse, Louie B. Stacy, James E. Statham, Walter F. Stewart, Roy M. Stone, George M. Strickland, William J. Taylor, Johnnie T. Trawick, John Usher, Samuel G. Walker, Will Cobb Wallace, Hermon H. Watson, Charles V. Weathers, Burgess A. West, Little S. Wheeler, William W. Wilson, Alexander A. Wootten, Henry C. Wright, Arthur B. Wrigley, Robert Wynne, William H. Youmans, Andrew Adkins.

Privates—David F. Barrington, Charles E. Backstrom, John D. Campbell, Oscar W. Cox, Henry G. Crouch, William R. Davis, Victor Daitch, Berrv D. Edwards, Fulton L. Ezell, Nathan T. Frazer, Walter C. Freeman, Rob C. Gordon, Eugene L. Leary, Wesley M. Lester, John W. Lewis, James A. Low, Thomas H. Meckel, Jesse F. Mize, John T. Morgan (2), Vester L. Morris, Ralph Reeves, John T. Sanders, Harvey H. Smith, William A. Smith, William J. B. Smothers, Robert T. Stewart, Willie R. Trimble, Ernest W. Veal, Joe

Crawford Wells, Eddie Lee Williams, Luther Wilson.

One of the happiest men in the returning unit was its genial and popular commander, Lieutenant Colonel Cyrus W. Strickler, one of Atlanta's most widely known physicians and surgeons. "It sure feels good to be back in old Atlanta," said the Colonel, as he shook the hand of Mayor Key. "We have done our work, the war is over, and I know each and every man in this unit is very desirous of getting down to hard work in civil life again. I want to say that words cannot express the good feeling and comradeship that existed in the Emory Unit. They were hard workers, real soldiers and men of the highest type."

From the number of machines congregated about the area in which the boys are housed, it seemed that relatives believed they could take the boys right home with them. This was not so, for fires had to be started, the area policed and the barracks made ready for the number who were forced to remain on duty.

When the Emory Unit left Atlanta for "overseas" exactly 200 were included in their number. Returning Saturday were 185. The fifteen lost to the unit were transferred to other hospitals, owing to the experience gained while on the other side. Not a member of the unit suffered severe illness and no deaths reported. It is said that the Emory Unit was one of the best trained and had the best physical and medical material of any similar unit in the United States service.

During its service in France, the Emory Unit occupied a Blois wagon factory that had been converted into an up-to-date field hospital. There were almost 10,000 cases handled by the local boys. These wounded men were brought back from the front and received the attention of Atlanta's proud sons. In this way, the Emory Unit was kept in close contact with all the horrors of war without entering into actual combat.—*The Atlanta Constitution*, March 30, 1919.



Emory Unit Is Welcomed Back Home

**Bear Hugs and Kisses Galore
Showered Upon Returning
Heroes at Camp Gordon
Saturday.**

By Dudley Glass.

If kisses could be valued in American cash at, say, about forty dollars the each—and surely that's reasonable enough if you could pick the party of the second part—there must have been about eleven million dollars circulated at Camp Gordon between 2:45 and 3:00 p. m. yesterday, immediately following the arrival home of the Emory Unit—home from France after nearly a year's absence. And bear hugs! Oo-la-la!

There were wives who hadn't seen their husbands and babies who had missed their daddies, and mothers and fathers who hugged stalwart sons and then held them off at arm's length and looked at them—just looked at them as though they couldn't believe their own eyes or couldn't get enough of looking. And everybody, after the first hug and kisses, said:

“My, but you're looking good.”

They were looking good, too. Never a finer looking set of men ever stepped off a train in America than this Emory Unit, after a year in the open. Take Pat Hampton, for instance. When Pat was around town chasing business for the Seaboard he was thin as a dime and looked a bad insurance risk. Sergeant Pat Hampton yesterday looked like a blacksmith. Take Emmett Marks, who used to carry around about 90 pounds of excess baggage. It's all solid muscle now, and Emmett looks all over a man. But you could call the roll of the chaps you knew and the story would be the same. One of the noncoms told me on the side that there were other improvements.

All Are “White” Now.

“There was one or two fellows I could mention if I was naming names who started out thinking they were just a little bit better than the Almighty,” he said. “But they're white men now, you bet. There's not a man

in the outfit who's not all to the good, officers and men. That's straight.”

The special train arrived from Newport News at 2:05 p. m. It had not been expected until after nightfall, but the early editions of the papers announced its coming in time for the relatives to crank up their cars and hurry to the camp, and several hundred were there when the special arrived. Mayor Key and a large proportion of his official committee which has been arranging a welcome for the unit and the Seventeenth Engineers arrived shortly before the train pulled in. Mrs. S. M. Inman, who heads the sub-committee on arrangements, brought two big silk flags, which were waived furiously by two pretty girls. Colonel and Mrs. W. L. Peel were early arrivals. The whole platform was crowded with kinfolks, most of them women and children and girls. The girls made it look almost like a debutantes' garden party.

After several false alarms, and a series of arguments with the municipal police, who insisted that everybody stick on the platform, the Emory Unit's train finally hove in sight—across about eleven tracks and too far away for faces to be recognized. It passed by rapidly, ran far down the tracks, and backed up to a point opposite the platform, but fifty yards away. The mothers and wives had imagined the boys would tumble off the train into their arms, but that isn't the military manner of doing things. The returned men were kept forming and reforming in the yards for thirty minutes, and then marched past the platform, across the road into Camp Gordon proper, and then about half a mile down one of the streets to the personnel station. The relatives who had automobiles followed. Others walked or borrowed a ride. And then, forty minutes or more after the train had arrived, the boys from France were turned loose to kiss their mothers or their wives, or perhaps their sweethearts.

Made Up for Delays.

But they made up for all delays after that. For ten minutes there was joy unconfined. Then somebody rounded the men into ranks



again—the officers had gone elsewhere—and lined them up to undergo a welcome from the city. Dr. Howard Cree spoke first, introducing Mayor Key, who wasn't Mayor when the boys went overseas. Then Mayor Key welcomed the boys home to Atlanta. They both were excellent speeches, probably the best either speaker ever made, for neither was more than two minutes long. The boys were told of the welcome entertainment to be given them this week, and informed that each would be given three tickets for relatives. Then the outfit was turned round again for more pictures to be made. And after that there was something else to be done.

More than all else, after the first kissing, the men wanted to know:

"When do we get a chance to go to town?" But nobody could answer that question. There were scores, too, who had not been greeted by the homefolks at the camp and who were crazy to reach home, for an hour, at least. The consensus of opinion was that they'd get a pass for supper. But nobody could find out anything definite. At least it was made known that they could leave by 5 o'clock for a visit to their homes, and there was a wild dash for the taxis. But many a boy rode home in the family car between Mother and Dad.

The newspaper men backed old friends into corners and demanded stories—interviews—gossip—anything.

Talk Comes Hard.

"No, I don't know a thing," they all said. "France? Oh, yes, France is all right. Sure. Yes, I'm glad to be home. Of course. No, I didn't get hurt. Never was anywhere to get hurt. Up at Blois all the time, you know. Sure. Tell me what's going on here. Haven't seen a paper in a month. No, nothing happened on the train. When does the baseball season open? Oh, yes, everybody's well, I think. Haven't heard of anybody being sick. Gee, I'd like to get out of this and into town again. Want to see the Peachtree parade before dark."

And so, it appeared, there was absolutely no news. Colonel Cyrus Strickler might have known some, but he disappeared after the first moment. But everybody else was totally absorbed in the fact that he was at home again, likely to be discharged soon, and ready to get back on the old job, or something better.

They didn't appear vastly interested in a civic welcome. They wanted to get their feet under the old mahogany again and surround a plateful of mother's waffles. They wanted to stand in front of Tom Pitts' place, after absorbing a real coca-cola for the first time in a year, and see the old familiar faces go by. They had had enough intruding to last them a month of Sundays, they said. But if Atlanta wanted to turn out and do itself proud, why, all right.—*The Sunday American*, March 30, 1919.

Hugs, Squeezes and Gurgles Mingle as Emory Boys Detrain

By O. B. Keeler.

The Emory Unit is here, or nearly so. As these lines escape a stuttering typewriter a couple of hundred sunburned men from Atlanta and vicinity are straggling back by twos and threes and squads to the city from Camp Gordon. Many of them are somewhat cluttered up with relatives and friends—but I wouldn't say they were incumbered. Man, if you could have seen those greetings at Camp Gordon Saturday afternoon! Women of all ages soundly kissed and hugged. Babies squeezed until they gurgled. Backs hammered

until the dust flew. Hands crushed until the crushee counted his fingers afterward. And not a few men "embraced on the cheek" by the returning adventurers, too. Yet I do not think they got that idea in France. It was simply a spontaneous outrush of affection from a son to a father—and it made your eyes sting to see it.

Well, and they had one complicated time getting started back to Atlanta from Camp Gordon. At the receiving station, or whatever it is, I staggered back and forth, sorting out returned friends in the hot sun while there



were photographs being made and sporadic shouts of salutation exchanged. I didn't realize how many friends had gone away with that bunch last June.

There was Dr. Hansell Crenshaw—a captain; and Dr. Leslie Blair, of Marietta—another captain; and Johnny Griffith, of Marietta, and Charlie Sciple and Dozier Lowndes, and Captain Bunce, and Major Derr, and George Marsaall, and Emmett Marks, and I looked all around for Sinclair Jacobs and Jakey Harris, but they were always a couple of jumps ahead of me. I think they must have been hiding, or else looking for somebody else at high speed. I had a fine chase after Colonel Strickler, too, but at last caught up with him long enough to get him photographed, on the wing, you might say.

But there was a lot of stuff before the bunch ever got as far as the receiving station.

We assembled faithfully at the railroad stop and looked up the track hopefully and down the track hopefully and at 1:45 o'clock the train came along, a quarter of a mile away, and went past us as if we weren't even a flag-stop.

"They're going right on into town," wailed the assembled multitude. But they didn't. They steamed on down to get on a siding and presently came backing back; eight cars packed with men in khaki, who cheered.

That was one scene. The other was on the docks.

They had to stay on the docks, because nobody was allowed down near the tracks, except M. P.'s and photographers. Colonel Todd was in command of the arrangements and he saw to that. Reporters were barred, too.

So we were shooed back to the edge of the crowd of welcomers, which was by that time hanging in a sort of fringe off the platform, and General Saxe's own pet negro jazz band was jazzing in a most intoxicating fashion, and people were saying Oh, there's Joe—right over there; and the photographers, were photographing busily, and girls were squealing, and so forth, and so on. The Caucasian band, which was to lead the parade to the receiving station—where the military reception was to be held, I inferred—lined up and one member suggested playing a mess call to jar things loose. Then a whistle tooted, and here they came.

There had been some notable efforts at cheering as the long train steamed past the first time. There was more cheering when it backed back and stopped. But when that bur-

dened column of squads started forward over the tracks, the lid came off and the welkin reached to press the button. It was time to ring.

We could spot them as they came nearer; the officers' squad in front; then the boys. Their faces were extremely red—from the sea voyage, I suppose. Their eyes were puckered at the corners, like those of men used to looking across waste places or great waters in the sun. Their eyes were wet, too—lots of them. But the wettest eyes were looking out across the tracks, from the platform.

One chap heard bad news as he reached the receiving station. It must have been a sad home-coming for him—someone he loved must have died just before he came back. He was all broken up over it, and two of the boys were trying to comfort him, and all of a sudden I got just a hint of what it would mean to come home again—to a home that wasn't all there. "How can I come home now?" he was saying.

Home—it's only a name; an empty name, without those who make it "home."

There was a lot more photographing at the receiving station, and a couple of speeches, the principal one by Mayor Key, which was beautifully brief and to the point. He spoke less than two minutes and said it all. "We're glad to welcome you home," he said. "We're proud of you—we want you to know it. We will try to show you."

The boys scattered a bit among the groups of welcomers who had followed them to the station. Then we had a chance to talk to them. They had seen busy and exciting times. The first months were the busiest. Wound and operative cases, mostly. Lord, what a lot of them from Chateau Thierry. And then from St. Mihiel. Every crive by our troops meant a harvest of wounded to care for. You could trace the severity of the fighting by the press of wounded.

Johnny Griffith, my old side-kick from Marietta, told me about the number of gallons or barrels—I forgot which—he had to supply a day of the famous Dakin Solution during the first big push. Johnny was at the dispensary for three hospitals and he was a busy Johnny, too. But toward the end he had time for a grand trip to Paris and Nice and other places.

Charlie Sciple told me about the old castle at Blois. He saw the room where the mean old Queen Catherine de Medici spent the last days of her life and died and the king's cham-



ber where Henri III summoned the great Duc de Guise and had him murdered." * * * How it called up Dumas and The Gentleman of France, and the wild, dark days of 1585, or whatever year it was, that Henry of Navarre came flashing his white plume to the top of the heap! Blois must be a wonderful old place. And all full of hospitals and hospital work, it must have had an added interest with the new history that was being made there.

Mrs. Lowndes was among those present—naturally. It wasn't the first time she had seen Dozier, however. She went on to Newport News to greet him on landing, and then beat him home and went out to Camp Gordon to greet him again. She had a new trench cap in one hand and a small silk flag in the other. I asked about the cap.

"The one he had on at Newport News was—well, it looked moth-eaten," she said. "I couldn't get one for him there, but I got this one and I'm going to give it to him as soon as I get at him."

This was as soon as some of the regulations cased up, and Dozier presently was looking

spick and span as a youthful spouse could wish.

I was making bets with myself that Hansell Crenshaw wouldn't recognize his son Ollinger. Since last June the youthful Ollinger has grown about three feet. He reached the age where boys grow suddenly, and then he seemed to have sprouted. He is nearly as tall as his father, now; and his father's a large, tall man. Not quite so thick as when he went away last June; he looks harder, physically. Remember what T. R. said about men with "hard faces and soft bodies?" These men who came back with the Emory Unit are the reverse of that. Their faces show—though they may never have guessed it—that they have suffered with many and many a boy who was nothing to them—nothing but a wounded American soldier.

But that was enough: enough to leave the lines in their faces, and a look in their eyes that wasn't there when they sailed away, last June.

They did their duty and all of it. And they're home again—God bless them all!—*The Sunday American*, March 30, 1919.

CAUGHT IN THE CROWD

George S. Lowndes had the finest birthday gift yesterday he ever had in a succession of—well, a good many—birthdays. His son, Top Sergeant Dozier Lowndes, came from France with the Emory Unit. And Dad was waiting at Camp Gordon to welcome him, you bet.

Also there was Mrs. Lowndes and Mrs. Lowndes, Jr., who already had seen him at Newport News—had watched his ship come in, and had dined with him out of a soldier's mess kit—and who had returned early in the day on a regular train, for wives and such impediments are not desired on troop trains. And Mrs. Milton Dargan was also waiting to greet her son-in-law. And there was Charles E. Sciple waiting with Mrs. Sciple to meet Sergeant Charley, Jr. And Mrs. Charley, Jr., was there, too, waiting with all the young matrons and the debutantes.

Colonel and Mrs. Peel were there, as they always are when there's anything going on. This young couple are part of the reception committee, and they were the first of the committee to get the news and order out their limousine. Unofficially, they had come to greet Arthur Cook, Mrs. Peel's nephew and a son

of the late Phil Cook, Secretary of State.

Mrs. Cyrus Strickler was waiting for a glimpse of her husband, the commander of the Emory Unit, and disappeared with him before the train hardly had stopped. Mrs. Jere Osborn was waiting to see her husband, Dr.-Lieutenant Osborn, and Mrs. H. Y. McCord was there to kiss her son, Jeff.

Mrs. B. M. Davidson, of Dawson, was in the group on the platform, waiting for the train to bring her back her brother, Lieutenant Edgar H. Greene.

Probably the proudest man on the platform at the Camp Gordon station was Samuel E. Gordon, of No. 390 Capitol avenue, who waved a flag frantically as he caught a glimpse of his son across the tracks.

"That's Louis," he cried. "He's the chief cook. And now he has come home. He gets married in a month, too. The girl—she has been waiting for him."

Alexander M. Wynn, who in days gone by resided at No. 81 Peachtree circle, but at present mess sergeant, stopped putting up an army cot long enough to tell of some of the things he liked best about France.



"The best thing I saw," Sergeant Wynn said, "was the streets of Blois turn from a quiet business section into a mass of waving flags on November 11, about 11 a. m. At 11 o'clock everything was going along just as it had for the past four years, but suddenly an avalanche of flags dropped from all windows and the town went wild. Of course, we did, too.

About that time R. L. Sitton, of No. 85 Drury street, in trying to fix his cot, pulled down the encased "Emory Unit flag," and Sergeant Wynn took occasion to remark that the banner which was presented to the unit by Bishop Warren A. Candler, never left its casing during the entire time the unit was gone from Atlanta.

Alex A. Wooten, of No. 82 East Linden street, wouldn't take a thousand good old United States dollars for his trip to France, but he wouldn't exchange a ride on an Atlanta street car from Camp Gordon to Atlanta for another one just like it, he said, while undoing his kit.

"What do they do with water in France?" is a question that Louis Gordon, No. 390 Capitol avenue, wanted somebody to answer, despite the fact that he spent several months in that country. "They don't drink it; and it's a cinch they don't use it to wash with, and the only thing I found they used it for was to pour it on the ground to make some real French mud, like which there is none on earth," Mr. Gordon said, while beating out the straw in a Government mattress.

"Of the most hated members of the unit," "Jake" (Joe) Chandler Harris said, "I was one, and Alex Wynn was the other. He was the mess sergeant and I was the supply sergeant. Don't care what happened, one of us was to blame." Sergeant Harris, at the time of enlisting in the Emory Unit, was advertising manager of *The Georgian*.

The German wounded prisoners are good for one thing, at least George W. Kennington, No. 75 West Peachtree, said. "They sure will work when convalescent, and, believe me, buddy, when they were able we saw to it that they got plenty of it.

"And also," he continued, "if you want to

cuss 'em out, why just go ahead. They don't understand the profane language any better than English."

"All of the boys worked mighty hard," W. A. Cook, No. 310 East Linden street, said, "until the armistice was signed. Then we all wanted to go back home to 'mother.' Most of us, however, took trips down to Paris, Nice, Monte Carlo and a few other places you couldn't spell if I told you. Monte, however, wasn't so awfully popular with the boys. They were used to back-alley and ward crap games."

It took the big war and a trip over to France to develop the "Emory Unit Quartet," but they do say those who have heard them sing that it's some quartet. During the ten months that the Emory Unit has been abroad the quartet has helped the boys to tide over lots of dull moments. They have sung in theaters in different parts of France and they once sang before the ex-ambassador to China. The quartet is composed of Rex Lavender, of Valdosta; Loftin Knowles, of Columbus; Lewis Perkins, and Arthur Cook, of Atlanta.

Arthur Cook, by the way, was married a short while before he went to France and he was one of the happy husbands who had their fair brides waiting for them when the unit detained Saturday.

They say Luther Jarnigan was mighty sick coming over on the boat. Luther doesn't say so himself, but the boys still talk about it. They tell this on him:

One of the officers asked him one day how he felt, and he said: "Sir, they have buried men that didn't feel half as bad as I do. And if this boat lands at Africa now, henceforth and forevermore Africa's my home. No more ocean trips for me."

The Emory Unit brought back one third lieutenant, something rather new in these parts. He is Lieutenant Joshua Hutchins, of Athens, and his rank is designated by a black stripe across the sleeve and cap. Lieutenant Hutchins was attending a training school in France when the unit was ready to return to America, and he returned without getting his commission as second lieutenant.—*The Sunday American*, March 30, 1919.



Mothers, Wives and Sweethearts in Force Welcome Emory Unit

By Winnie Freeman.

Ordinarily a woman shies at jumping off of a five-foot platform into a mud-soaked field. It took half a dozen military police and a colonel to keep a lot of women from performing this particular stunt Saturday afternoon at Camp Gordon, when the Emory Hospital Unit came home.

And you couldn't blame the women at that. In your heart you sort of blamed the colonel and the military police for enforcing regulations upon such a joyous occasion. But of course, it's the military way of doing things. And the military doesn't deal with hearts. It deals more particularly with paper, and guns and court-martials and things.

The military, of course, couldn't be expected to recognize such little things as sons being returned to mothers, after thirteen long months of anxious waiting. The military, of course, couldn't understand that a 4-year-old baby had spied its daddy among the men de-training, and was stretching its arms out in gleeful welcome. The military, of course, couldn't understand that that young girl, with the big box of candy and the big American flag and the blue feather on her hat had recognized among the hundred or more khaki-clad men the husband that she had married just a few days before he went to France.

Jake Harris Discloses Motto.

No, of course, the military couldn't understand all these things. And, of course, if it did understand, it couldn't do anything about it. Jake Harris, supply sergeant of the Emory Unit, told me that the motto of the unit is, "Soldier, you can't stand there."

Everywhere they'd go, he said, they'd hear that same old command, "Soldier, you can't stand there," until they really began to wonder where they could stand, and if they had any right to stand at all. Well, it was something like that out at Camp Gordon Saturday afternoon when the Emory Unit came in.

The prescribed places for standing were on the little station platform, or anywhere back of the lines. The person who stood anywhere else heard that command at his shoulder, "Say, you can't stand there."

The colonel said they had to do it because all the women would stop the boys just as soon as they got off the train, and that it would be impossible to get them back to the receiving station in any sort of form. Maybe he was right. I guess he was. But it seemed to me that the most important thing at that particular minute was to let the mothers of those boys hold them in their arms and kiss them, and to let that little baby girl who stood there with outstretched arms get to her daddy.

But it couldn't be done that way. It wasn't military.

It seemed like an awfully long time after the train backed into the yards before the command was given and they were allowed to march past to the receiving ward. It seemed awfully long to me. It must have seemed much longer to those women who were there to meet relatives. But finally they did come by—marching in fours, and for the most part with eyes in front of them.

Turn, Wave and March On.

Occasionally some boy would hear his name called out by somebody on the platform and he'd turn and wave, and then march on. It must have been an unsatisfactory sort of way to greet a son who'd been away for nearly a year. It must have been a terribly unsatisfactory way to greet a sweetheart who'd been away that long. And I know to that little baby girl it was a most unreasonably unsatisfactory way to greet a father who'd been away so long.

The boys marched by, headed by the Forty-fifth Infantry band, and the crowd climbed down from the platform, and followed.

Some rode in automobiles, others walked along behind the boys trying to get a word





with relatives or friends. Over blocks and blocks of hard clay they went to the receiving ward. And the women and the men who had come to greet the boys waited patiently outside the building while the preliminary orders were gone through. Then came the order to break ranks. And they broke. Believe me, they broke. They broke so rapidly that it wasn't half a second before every mother's son of them had his arms around some happy woman, or some good-looking girl, and was planting the kiss of welcome where it should have been placed some half hour or so before.

Everybody seemed to want to kiss somebody, and everybody seemed to have somebody to kiss. Later, when the sergeant, calling for men to stay at the barracks Saturday night, asked how many there were who had no relatives in town, there were about twelve or fourteen who held up their hands. If that's the case, all those pretty girls I saw being kissed weren't being kissed by their brothers. Because I'm quite certain that every boy in that unit kissed some girl during the first five or ten minutes after the order was given to break ranks.

Everybody Was Happy.

I've seen a lot of happiness spread around in more or less abundant lots in my life, but I've seldom seen anything quite like that. Maybe it was the having to wait half an hour or more. Or maybe it wasn't. Anyway, it was the most whole-heartedly happy bunch I've ever seen gathered together. And it was hard to tell which was happier—the boys to be back, or the mothers and fathers and sweet-hearts to have them back.

The boys—they'd had a good time, as good times go—they said. But they admitted, most of them, that the first real happiness they'd known for many months was being known right then. They'd worked pretty hard—they'd served as best they could. But they were mighty glad to get home, and they hoped that old suit of civilians they left hanging in the wardrobe hadn't been given to the junkman.

Yes, most of the boys are anxious to get back into civilians. They're tired of soldiering. Maybe that isn't considered the most patriotic way for a soldier to feel. But after a job's done, what's the use sitting around thinking about it and wishing you had another one just like it to do, they say.

Jake Harris, supply sergeant, said that it will be the happiest moment in his life when he can feel the wind blowing once more up his trousers' leg. He was advertising manager of *The Georgian and American* before he joined the Emory Unit.

Veterans of Blois.

"It's been a great life," said Jake, "but I'm just about fed up on it. Here we've been pretty nearly around the world, and fought the battle of Blois, and won it, and now we're back again all in nine months. And I, for one, am just as glad to be back.

"It's been pretty tough sailing since we left Blois. We've been deloused everywhere we stopped. We can't stand anywhere without some one coming up and saying, 'Say, soldier, you can't stand there.' I want to get off these clothes and put on some civilians, and stand where I very well please for a change. I'd even like to put my own feet on my own library table if I wanted. Then I'd know nobody had the right to tell me to move them."

Charlie Seiple says that if they ever have another war he'll be so far away that it will cost \$10,000 to send him a draft notice. "It wasn't so bad while we were busy," he said. "It was all right, but that trip coming home was terrible, and it gave a fellow lots of time to think."—*The Sunday American*, March 30, 1919.

Joy Over Emory Unit's Return Told in Kisses and Embraces

By Ralph T. Jones

The real story of the return of the Emory Hospital Unit, Atlanta's own, to Camp Gordon, can't be told in words. Despite the elasticity of the English language, the vividness of the American speech and the picturesque nature of the French phrases the boys have brought back with them, it is simply impossible to transcribe to print the story that was told out at Gordon yesterday afternoon.

Out there, on the dusty ground, with the drab company barracks in the background, the khaki-clad, sunburnt boys and their relatives and loved ones, told the tale of their return through the medium of handclaps, hugs and kisses. And words cannot replace that media of expression.



When we sent the boys away last year no one knew how many would come back. They were going into that calaron of strife that was then spreading desparate suspense over all the allied nations. No mother, wife, sweetheart, father, daughter or son knew whether or not their boy would ever come home.

But, thank God, they all came back!

Kisses and Embracers.

There was a smashing of convention and a general let-down in po-e. When the little woman in the blue coat suit and the perky black straw hat glimpsed a certain well-known figure emerging from the crowd of khaki, she forgot all about who might be looking on, and she ran and nestled in those arms and pressed her lips to those lips that her heart cried out must never, never leave her again.

When little daughter, aged 6, met again the daddy that had been far away in "Fwance" for so long, she forgot to ask "What did you bring me?" for once in her life, and was satisfied just to place her little arms around his neck and bug and kiss and hug again.

When the gray-haired father met again the son who had left home to do his share in his country's fight, father and son clasped hands and no one scorned the moisture in the eye or doubted the lump in the throat that took the place of speech.

The boys have brought something back with them they didn't take away. No, you are wrong, it is neither French wives or cooties. It is an enlargement of the vocabulary.

"Sergeant Black! Iel," yelled a youthful returned Atlantian.

And Sergeant Black came hurrying, because the caller's companions were three awfully pretty girls—prettier than any French girls he had seen, he said.

Speaking of the French girls, it was stated as a positive fact that, although there were no Franco-American marriages in the unit, there are a number of letters from France, addressed in unmistakably feminine script, awaiting their addresses at the homes of various members of the unit. Six was the number reported for one stalwart youngster, and, be it whispered, each of the six is said to be in a different handwriting. Ah, well, oo la la.

There was one impression gained from several indirect remarks passed by the home-comers Saturday. That is that the thing they most desire is to get back to their old line of work and resume the life of pre-war days as quickly as possible.

The boys are proud of the welcome that they

PERSONNEL OF EMORY UNIT IS LITTLE ALTERED

Few Changes Made Since It Started to War—Sixty Nurses Left at Blois—Names of Those Returning

By Theodore Tiller.

Newport News, Va., March 26.—The personnel of the Emory Unit has been altered probably less than that of any other hospital contingent that went to France. Some few of the doctors have been transferred to other duty and several have preceded the unit home. Of the 100 nurses with the unit, forty have returned to the States and the remainder have been assigned to Base Hospital 35, which succeeded the Emory Unit Hospital 43 at Blois.

Among the officers who left Atlanta with the unit and who preceded it home only a short time ago are Lieutenant Colonel E. C. Davis, Major Frank K. Boland, Captain J. W. Roberts and others.

Wives of several of the Atlanta members of the unit met the transport Kronland yesterday to greet their returning husbands. They included Mrs. John D. Lowndes, Mrs. Charles M. Sciple, Mrs. Joel C. Harris, Mrs. Frederick Hodgson and Mrs. Joseph D. Osborne.

Although the home addresses of the men comprising the unit are not kept except through individual records, the roster shows that 147 men came from Georgia; 15 from Alabama; 11 from Tennessee; 3 from Florida, and several scattering from other States.

Of the 147 men from Georgia slightly more than one-third came from Atlanta, as did most of the physician-officers.

are receiving. They feel that it comes from Atlanta's heart and they want to let the folks know how much they appreciate it all.

But the great big day that they look forward to most of all is the day when they receive their discharges from the military life and once again walk across Five Points wearing "civies."

Homeward bound! Home to the dear old country, the dear old folks, the dear old friends and, just as much, the dear old job.

Help them to realize their desire.

—*The Sunday American*, March 30, 1919.



Battle Confetti Fills Emory Boys' Barracks Bags

**E. R. Jones, Chattanooga, and
Owen Gaines, Atlanta,
Are Best French
Scholars in
Outfit.**

It is the popular custom of the day for an organization returning from overseas to be overloaded with souvenirs. The Emory Unit which returned to its old stamping ground at Camp Gordon Saturday afternoon, after an absence of nearly a year, lives up to the happiest traditions. The blue barracks bags that crossed the ocean with the outfit commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Cyrus W. Strickler, were bulging Saturday afternoon, and souvenirs were responsible for much of the "bulge."

One Sergeant declared that everything from Von Hindenburg's helmet to the glass door-knobs off the dugout of the crown prince was brought home by the members of the unit. Helmets, rifles, bayonets, shells and other odds and ends of the battlefield were included in the loot, or battlefield confetti, as it might be called.

The two best French scholars in the Emory Unit, according to current reports, are E. R. Jones, of Chattanooga, and Owen Gaines, of Atlanta. These two boys, it is declared, showed a remarkable aptitude for French nouns and verbs, and came back home with a French vocabulary greatly increased and strengthened as a result of their jaunt overseas.

"Frog" Stewart, of "South Georgia," a popular member of the unit, also is said to be one of the best French scholars in the outfit.

Albert Hatfield, former Dahlongea football star and widely known in Atlanta, who tried in various ways to get into the army before he finally succeeded, was one of those returning with the unit to Camp Gordon.

The Emory Unit can sing! This fact became known Saturday afternoon when the men lined up between two barracks buildings and sang popular songs, with Song Leader Morse as the director. "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" seemed to be the most appropriate number that was sung.

The unit, incidentally, has a quartet that won considerable fame in France. This quartet was composed of "Cy" Perkins, of Atlanta; William Cook, of Atlanta; Rex Lavender, of Albany, and Loftin Knowles, of Columbus. The quartet, it is declared, could play an extended engagement in France if it so desired.

There was as much hugging and kissing at Camp Gordon Saturday afternoon as anywhere in the world, not excepting the movies. One of the Atlanta boys who came in for his share of it—and more—was Burgess West, son of Mrs. F. B. Eckford. Miss Emily West, his sister, was among those extending him a greeting.

Louis Gordon was met at the cantonment by his entire family and his bride-to-be. When the other boys of the unit saw Louis rushed off into a corner, completely surrounded by Georgette crepe and buckled slippers, then they understood just why the young man had kicked so vigorously about the snail-like speed of the train that brought the men from Newport News to the main entrance of Camp Gordon. Young Gordon will be married in about two months. His father, Samuel E. Gordon, waving a tiny flag, was one of the first persons to arrive at the camp for the reception Saturday afternoon. Louis Gordon was the chief chef of the outfit overseas.

Captain H. C. Sauls, of Atlanta, as detachment commander, will be directly in charge of the unit men during their last days of camp life. Captain Sauls is ably assisted. His first sergeant is J. D. Lowndes, who is a "top kick" of the first water.



When the boys first caught sight of the cantonment there was one lieutenant to whom the cantonment looked like home. This man was Lieutenant W. E. Street, who began his military career at the cantonment, and who will end his military career there when the unit is demobilized.

There were a large number of prominent physicians and dentists of Atlanta in the crowd that went to the camp to greet the returning men.

Three officers of the unit, Captain Leslie M. Blair, Lieutenant C. E. Lawrence and Lieutenant F. M. Barfield are former Grady Hospital internes and were greeted by other old Grady internes who were unable to enter the service.

Baseball teams and actors were plentiful in France. But one of the best baseball teams overseas was that which represented the Emory Unit, and which had for its captain Frank Andrews, known as "Andy" to all the boys. Andrews is an old Tech High school man, and is very popular in Atlanta.

The Emory nine was composed of Captain Andrews, who played short-stop; James Loftin, George C. Marshall and Clyde McClure, catchers; Babe Brock, Dock Jelks and George Strickland, pitchers; Henry Clay Burr, former Tech star, first base; John Usher, second base; Tom Dillard, third base, and Jake Hutchins, Phil Bradford and L. P. Williams, outfielders.

Proud fathers were much in evidence at the cantonment. One of the proudest was Major Joseph P. Bowdoin, who is attached to the Georgia State Board of Health. Major Bowdoin came out to greet his son, Max Bowdoin.

While overseas the men of the unit saw lots of sights, but the most unforgettable trip that L. H. Jernigan experienced was when he went to Monte Carlo.

The Emory Unit returned to its old home in the finest possible shape, and it was learned upon the arrival of the boys at the camp that

PICTURE IS HALTED TILL TOP SERGEANT ARRIVES ON SCENE

To a mere civilian, whose studies of military life have been confined to such text-books as "Soldiers' Three," "Over the Top" and "Dere Mable," it has always been an axiom that if a company would be a success in all matters soldierly, the top sergeant must be capable and, likewise, popular with the rank and file.

If this belief be true, all indications when the Emory hospital unit arrived in Atlanta Saturday afternoon imply that the company is very, very, verra successful. For Top Sergeant J. Dozier Lowndes appeared the idol of his mates.

When the bunch were all lined up for their photographs, and the panoramic cameras were all ready to throw the deadly barrage of likenesses around the group, some one discovered that Sergeant Lowndes wasn't in the group. Then things had to stop.

The Emory unit boys would no more allow that photo to be taken without their "top-kick" than they would allow an unclassified germ to run at large in their hospitals in France.

Sergenat Lowndes was a bond salesman before he went into the service, and he said Saturday that he planned to resume his former profession just as soon as he received his discharge. He was too busy to talk much, between his military duties and the personal reception committee of the members of his family that were on the spot to welcome him with open arms. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the arms had to open fairly wide, for the worthy sarge does not appear to have suffered by his experiences, that is, speaking from a standpoint of weight.

they had undergone 196 inspections from the time they left the camp until their return.

The man who received more cables while overseas than any other member of the unit was Lieutenant Fred B. Rawlings, of Sandersville. The home-folks thought so much of Lieutenant Rawlings that they made it a habit to communicate with him by cable at least once every week.



EMORY UNIT DEMOBILIZES ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON RECEPTION IS GIVEN TUESDAY

Return of Unit Fittingly Celebrated in Same Place Where Farewell Occurred Several Months Ago.

The Emory unit was demobilized early Wednesday afternoon.

The demobilization followed a dinner Tuesday night at the Piedmont Driving Club, at which the unit was officially welcomed back to Atlanta.

The return of the unit to civil life was accomplished in the simple, business-like way of the army. The physical examinations were completed Tuesday, all papers were brought up to date, and nothing remained Wednesday but to pay each man and give him the discharge papers which testify that he served his country honorably and loyally.

Eight months ago the unit started overseas to play its part in the great war. There, through hard, trying months it tended the wounded and more than did its share toward winning the conflict. Now, with this record of work well done behind it and the welcoming words of the city and state officials still in its ears, the unit is back in civil life and is prepared to take up again the work that is left off at the outbreak of the war.

Has Fine Personnel

The unit includes in its personnel many of the best known young men in Atlanta and Georgia, and, among its officers, the leading physicians of the city and state. The former will return to commercial life, the latter will take up again their medical practice.

The dinner Tuesday night to the Emory unit marked its official home-coming.

The unit has been at Camp Gordon since Saturday. It had seen Peachtree and Whitehall and Five Points—the sweetheart and the mother and the friends it left behind. But not until Tuesday night did Atlanta have the opportunity of opening its doors and saying “Welcome home” to the boys who spent eight hard months in France, doing their arduous bit to win the war.

The welcome fittingly was at the Piedmont Driving club where goodbye was said to the unit back in the trying days when it packed kit for overseas.

There were suppressed tears then; there was the glowing good humor Tuesday night of a home-coming that put aside formality and was full of the spirit of happiness and cordiality.

Speeches were but an incident of the dinner. The heart of the evening was the zest and good time of the 150 officers and men and nurses—their keen pleasure and the even greater delight of their hosts at welcoming them.

Log Fires Cheer

Big Oak Logs burned and crackled in the fireplace of the dining room, giving something of the cheeriness and glow of winter, and members of the unit sat at long tables beneath flags that hung from ceiling as well as from walls.

The spirit of the dinner might have been sought and found in a jovial chapter by Dickens in which the very heart of good humor was expressed. Its characteristic was a heartiness, a jollity that should attend all home-comings.

The committees appointed to greet returning troops struck exactly the note in the happy dinner Tuesday evening at the Driving Club. But it wasn't all the work of the committees. One of the sergeants of the units is partly to be thanked.

At the end of the first course he took matters into his own hands by pushing back his chair and asking the pretty girl on his right to dance? From then on there was dancing between courses and for an hour after the dinner was done.



Departure From Formal

Throughout the evening there was zest, life and a total departure from the formal, stilted dinner, which made the time exactly what it should be. In the warmest, happiest sense it was a home-coming and a greeting.

The members of the unit arrived in motor trucks from Camp Gordon shortly after 5 o'clock, with several hundred ladies waiting at the club-house to shake hands with them. The dinner began shortly after 6 o'clock, with Judge Marcus Beck, of the supreme court of Georgia, presiding as toastmaster.

In the absence of Governor Dorsey, who was called from the city unexpectedly at 7 o'clock, Judge Beck, speaking for the state, welcomed the soldiers.

"This is a just and due welcome," he said. "The whole state would like to have this opportunity to shake you by the hand and say, 'Well done, my southern lad.' When your country needed you, you answered the call.

"In saying good-bye to you, we were glad of your patriotism. We knew the stuff you were made of and had no doubt of the conduct of the unit. Now in welcoming you back, we greet you with pride in your splendid record."

Mayor James L. Key next added Atlanta's welcome to that of Georgia's.

Mayor's Welcome

"You have done your full duty," he said. "Atlanta watched your achievements with pride, and now welcomes you back twofold. I know you want to go home. Your labors have been hard in France. Now you will return to the commercial field to wage the same fight that has made your name known to all the country. Atlanta is proud of you, is glad that you are back, and wishes to each of you health and prosperity."

Colonel Cyrus W. Strickler, commanding officer of the unit, replied to the addresses of welcome.

"The physicians," he said, "were among the best in the land, and the personnel of the unit was above reproach. When we landed in France we had 1,000 beds and soon doubled that number. Yet, in spite of the fact that we had 2,500 beds, we had no larger staff of physicians than Grady hospital, where there are 150 beds.

"We worked many times for forty-eight or sixty-four hours at a stretch. But never did I hear a murmur of complaint. Every one

did his work to the best of his ability and, when all is said and done, the Emory unit will be seen to have accomplished as much toward the defeat of the Hun as any part of the American expeditionary force."

Miss Osa Baird, one of the nurses with the Emory unit, responded on behalf of the nurses. Every one of them, she said, worked to the utmost of strength and endurance during the long, hard months, never complaining, never quitting.

R. S. Parker, of the Atlanta chapter of the Red Cross, told of the work for the Red Cross in assisting the unit.

Patriotic Songs

Patriotic songs were sung under the leadership of Ben Potter, War Camp Community song leader.

Dr. Howard Cree, secretary of the War Camp Community Service, asked divine blessing.

Following the dinner was a reception attended by relatives and friends of the unit.

Mrs. S. M. Inman, chairman of the committee on arrangements for the welcoming of returning soldiers, and numbers of other prominent Atlanta women were at the Driving Club when the unit arrived. Major General and Mrs. George H. Cameron spent a few minutes at the reception, but did not take part in the dinner because they are in mourning for their son who was lost in the war.

Among those who assisted greatly in the success of the dinner were members of the Debutante club, headed by Miss Henrietta Tupper.

All details of the dinner were under the direction of Colonel F. J. Paxton.

Those who had seats at the speakers' table were Justice Marcus Beck, Adjutant General J. Van Holt Nash, Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. C. W. Strickler, Mayor and Mrs. James L. Key, Judge and Mrs. Price Gilbert, Robert S. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Timmons, Dr. Howard Cree, Major and Mrs. Frank Boland, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan E. Allen, Colonel and Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, Miss Osa Baird, Dr. W. S. Elkin and Dr. E. C. Davis.

One of the pleasant parts of the evening were songs sung by a quartet of the soldiers, particularly a gay little Parisian song.—*The Atlanta Journal*, April 2, 1919.



Westward Ho!

The book is closed:
The river's run
Its colored course
Into the sun.
A fellow traveller
Is my heart
To that good land
Where, dear, thou art.

B. S. I.



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