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# LEST WE FORGET

BASE HOSPITAL  
CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA

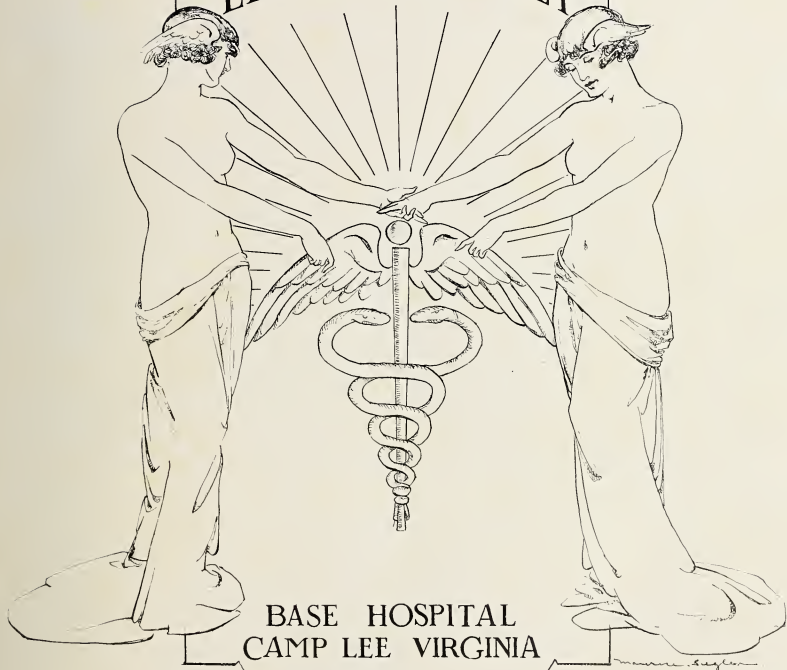






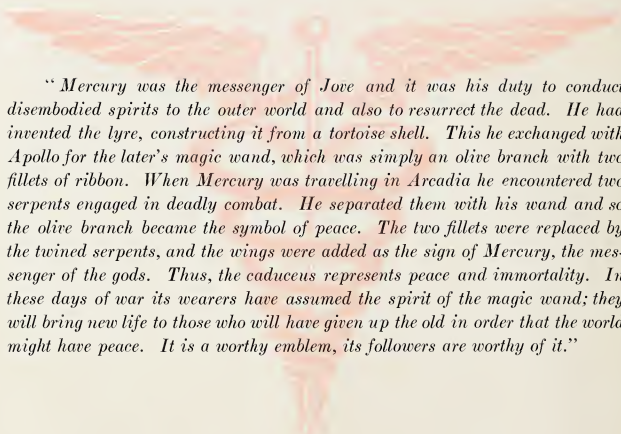


LEST WE FORGET



BASE HOSPITAL  
CAMP LEE VIRGINIA

1919



*“Mercury was the messenger of Jove and it was his duty to conduct disembodied spirits to the outer world and also to resurrect the dead. He had invented the lyre, constructing it from a tortoise shell. This he exchanged with Apollo for the later’s magic wand, which was simply an olive branch with two fillets of ribbon. When Mercury was travelling in Arcadia he encountered two serpents engaged in deadly combat. He separated them with his wand and so the olive branch became the symbol of peace. The two fillets were replaced by the twined serpents, and the wings were added as the sign of Mercury, the messenger of the gods. Thus, the caduceus represents peace and immortality. In these days of war its wearers have assumed the spirit of the magic wand; they will bring new life to those who will have given up the old in order that the world might have peace. It is a worthy emblem, its followers are worthy of it.”*



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TO

MAJOR GENERAL MERRITTE W. IRELAND,  
THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE UNITED  
STATES ARMY, THIS VOLUME IS DEDI-  
CATED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE BASE  
HOSPITAL AT CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA, AS  
A TESTIMONY OF THE USEFULNESS AND  
PROGRESSION OF AN INSTITUTION



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Washington, D. C.*

MAJOR GENERAL MERRITT W. IRELAND  
Surgeon General, U. S. Army



*"It is with a sense of deep appreciation of the spirit that prompted the dedication of "Lest We Forget," to me by the personnel of Base Hospital, Camp Lee, Virginia, that I take this opportunity of thanking Colonel W. R. Dear, the officers and enlisted men of the Medical Department at that post for the splendid efforts and results obtained since the hospital was established.*

*"In keeping with the high standard of the corps set both in Europe and in the United States, the officers and enlisted men at Camp Lee have a right to feel a deep sense of pride in work well done. Without the aid born of knowledge that they were to be privileged to serve their country overseas, the members of the Medical Department at Camp Lee, in common with the other members of the corps serving in the United States, did not lessen their efforts in the slightest to serve in the capacity in which it was their lot to be cast. Not theirs was the glory of evacuating the wounded under fire on the battlefields of Europe, but it is to their everlasting glory that without a murmur they trained in camp and cantonment those who later shed added lustre to the deeds of the Medical Department of the Army.*

*"The same spirit of self sacrifice that made them carry on to aid those who were to be more fortunate and see service overseas was also evident during the trying days of the influenza epidemic that swept the country and every camp. It is to the tireless devotion of the officers and men of the Medical Department that many a doughboy owes his life, and it was their effort that made these men fit to fight, and, in fighting, win the victory.*

*"Your splendidly compiled book is appropriately named, for those who passed through the ministering hands of the Medical Corps at Camp Lee will never forget the fine efficiency and splendid care they received. The officers and men at the Base Hospital will always cherish this permanent written and printed record of their work and friendships. It is a finely written record of a splendidly administered institution.*

*"In conclusion, I desire to thank the entire personnel for wonderful efficiency and faithful service which has been in keeping with the traditions of the Medical Department of the Army, and also for the spontaneous willingness to remain in service until those who made bodily sacrifice were physically capable of returning to useful civilian pursuits."*



*Copyright, Foster, Richmond, Va.*

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM R. DEAR, M.C.  
Commanding

*“One of the keenest pleasures of my experience as Commanding Officer of this Hospital since June of 1918 is the realization that associated with me in the operation and development of the Hospital, has been a wonderful group of men and women.*

*“During the influenza epidemic, to which many references are made in this book, because to us it was our ‘big trial,’ our ‘battle,’ the spirit of unselfish devotion to duty, of absolute disregard of personal safety, of calm, cheerful and unflinching response to any summons for work, I shall never forget. Every man and woman played the great game through, gave his and her best, and in some instances suffered the supreme penalty during the trying days and nights of those six weeks.*

*“With the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918, came the first harbinger of ‘Peace on Earth’; a few weeks later Christmas, and to those of us who had so recently passed through the influenza epidemic in a camp of 65,000 population, it did seem as if we were emerging once more into the sunshine of hope for a new order of things.*

*“The Christmas which we experienced in the Base Hospital at Camp Lee, Virginia, in the year 1918, will not be forgotten. It is my earnest wish that we all might ‘carry on’ our memories of that Christmas as we knew it here.*

*“The Great War is now practically over, and we, members of this Base Hospital, are now engaged in the reconstruction of our comrades who ‘went over the top’ in Europe. I want that every man and woman, who has been a member of our organization, should feel that he and she have played a most important part in the Allied Victory.*


*“The existence and proper functioning of the Base Hospitals in this country have made these great camp-troop-factories possible. We have sheltered and nursed back to health thousands of boys, and made thousands more ‘fit to cross the seas.’*

*“We have just cause to be proud of our organization and the institution to which we belong, and though we ourselves had not the chance to help on the other side, let us feel in after years that we did what we were called on to do and so gave to our Country the best efforts of which we were capable.*

*“May each life be richer and more nobly useful for the memories and sacrifices of this service.”*



## FOREWORD

HE contribution of the Base Hospital at Camp Lee, Virginia, to the nation in its struggle for the freedom of the world has been a large one.

From practically every angle a unique and successful command had been in force—a perfect cog-like machine has been in operation, all striving for one goal. Almost overnight an institution has been produced that will live in the minds of all for years to come.

With magic-like coöperation, the entire hospital personnel conceived and put into play that democratic policy. "All for one, one for all," and as they enter upon the last lap of their army career, they stand on the very summit of accomplishment. To those they worked for, to those they lived for, and to that nation that they would die for, their task has been one that will bear a wonderful harvest.

It seemed that they all realized the dire need of the nation and abolished the mechanical spirit of executing their duties. With heart and soul they plunged into the very vitals of wartime conditions, and night as well as day produced the best that was in them. They have won a distinct victory of their own, not with the sword, but with patriotism and with production.

The profession of medicine and surgery poured into the ranks of our corps men of experience, men who could feel the pulsations of humanity, and with God-given elements could transmit to the sick, the suffering and the wounded, that assistance that earned for them a place in the annals of praise. They were vibrant at the stir of patriotism, and sacrificed their homes, families and wide practices to cast their share upon the altar of victory. Their vigils of watch, their earnest and undivided loyalty to each patient has proved that they cared little for themselves, but rather for the man. This spirit in itself is a fraternal one and is celestial.

From the Nurse Corps there came those women of high ideals and sacrifice, to play their parts. Their smiles and encouraging words of cheer, coupled with their presence, seemed to give that bouyancy to the sick and well alike, that meant so much to humanity. In their ceaseless grind of attention, especially during our "Greatest Battle," they carried joy and thanksgiving with them. Night and day they toiled. To them we owe a debt of gratitude. To them, the nation can determine what a great gift was theirs to the cause of freedom and love. Their sympathy and affection to the stricken was a paramount feature. Indeed, they were the gift of Providence.

An enlisted personnel of a thousand strong came, and few could boast of a hospital experience. The routine was new, the work was at first difficult, but, like all Americans, they grasped the idea and developed it into a classic.

Time and time again they have proved that individually they are capable, and collectively they are mighty, bringing honor and glory to the cause and its meaning. In the office, in the wards, and in all their daily and nightly routine they have excelled. To these men, America can count on leaders when leaders are needed in order to cope with the gigantic problems of government that will inevitably confront the new era that is to come.

Fraternity developed. In its trail there have been hours and hours of mirth and loyalty combined. Tomorrow this feeling must live. Let us return to yesterday and renew the period of darkened days in which there was born a stellar condition of "One for all, all for one."



MAJOR CLARK H. YEAGER, M.C.  
Assistant to Commanding Officer

*“This volume, made possible through the untiring efforts of the editorial staff, speaks so forcibly of the splendid work done by those connected with this institution, that I feel my added opinion is unnecessary. It will be of inestimable value in years to come, enabling those associated with this organization to visualize the past as it was known during their service.*”

*“It has been a pleasure to me to be amongst so many loyal Americans, to be considered a part of this Hospital, and I shall always look back with pride upon my associates at Camp Lee.”*

*“As Adjutant of this Hospital, I have had the opportunity to observe, in its minute detail, the embryonic stage of development and have been a constant eye-witness to the steady and remarkable progress of this institution.*

*“With the utmost satisfaction, I have watched the wonderful development of the entire personnel as a whole, collectively and individually, enter the service from various walks of life from, you might say, the very beginning.*

*“There was never a doubt as to the outcome, and this has been proved by the energy, zeal and efficiency shown by this personnel in overcoming the various obstacles which are presented in the general routine of a hospital of this size.*

*“This personnel, tried and true, is fully able to confront any emergency with precision, accuracy and success. Every man and woman connected with the hospital has nobly done his and her allotted share and the most enjoyable moments of my life have been spent while serving with them at the Base Hospital at Camp Lee.”*



CAPTAIN HERBERT N. DEAN, S.C.  
The Adjutant



LIEUTENANT FERRIS L. ARNOLD, M.C.  
Assistant to Commanding Officer

*The year spent at Camp Lee,  
Dear Pals with Thee.*

*“Acquaintances, friends and pals (the last is reserved for the Enlisted men): How it seems to be an old timer! A year ago we were ‘Tenderfeet,’ and ‘Rookies.’ What impressions we must all have received when we hit the ‘Base,’ some of us from Training Camps, some from Recruiting Stations, most from civil life; few were regulars! The first thing we noticed was that the Base seemed a deuce of a long way from the rest of the Camp. We had a feeling as if we were ‘contagious’ and as such had to be isolated from the rest of the world.*

*We heard there was a Unit called the 80th Division in Camp and occasionally heard a far distant bugle or perhaps a gun fired or the sound of distant cheering. We glimpsed the numerals 320th or 318th on a ‘55a,’ and they told us the 80th was to leave for overseas and that we were to be sent along as a Base, but, alas, the dope was all wrong.*

*“Next we heard that there was an outfit called the 37th and then we lost a few of our ‘gold bricks’ and more fortunate buddies to Replacement Units 42 and 43, Evacuation 15 and Base 61.*

*“Then the cruelest blow of all, the Armistice. Cruel for us because we knew our chance of ever getting over was doomed.*

*“After this came the getting-home stuff and all the morale schedules—we even heard of flag poles and retreat. Now come the final days, when we are cleaning up in readiness for the glad day when the word will come, ‘Lock the Front Door and Throw the Keys Away.’”*





THE BASE HOSPITAL STAFF

COMMANDING OFFICER  
LT. COLONEL W.R. DEAR, MC

ASST. TO COMDG. OFFICER  
1st Lt. F.L. ARNOLD MC

ASST. TO COMDG. OFFICER  
MAJ. CH. YEAGER MC

ADJUTANT  
CAPT. H.N. DEAN S.C.

REGISTRAR  
2nd Lt. D. THOMPSON S.C.

PERSONNEL ADJUTANT  
CAPT. R.C. KORY MC

MEDICAL CHIEF  
MAJ. I. HOWARD MC

SURGICAL CHIEF  
MAJ. E. PARKER MC

LABORATORY CHIEF  
MAJ. D.L. HARRIS MC

CHIEF NURSE  
MISS CHALLISON ANTC

EDUCATIONAL CHIEF  
CAPT. E.W. BROWN MC

DETACHMENT COMMANDER  
1st Lt. A.C. BROWN MC

MESS OFFICER  
1st Lt. P.M. FARLEY S.C.

CHAPLAIN  
LT. R.F. TALLMADGE

QUARTERMASTER  
2nd Lt. J.M. MANN QMG

POST EXCHANGE  
CAPT. H.W. MORROW MC

# ADMINISTRATION STAFF CHART



## THE GREAT PURPOSE



This is a story of achievement.

The historian of this gigantic medical caravansary has a task of great magnitude. Perhaps a Balzac or a Wells could do justice to the problem, and Zola would undoubtedly have revelled in that miniature description of a thousand and one realistic details that was his forte. In chronicling the evolutionary history of the Base Hospital they would have composed symphonies of shining words, bringing out all the fine touches that go to create hospital life. As it is, only a feeble attempt can be made to tell the story, and if perhaps the imagination of this or that reader, who is stimulated into rambling reminiscences, can be made to evoke additional features, the purpose of this article is achieved.

This is not the chronicle of one man. Not a dithyramb clustering around the personalities of extraordinary men. But a resumé of the co-operative achievements of all those who have worked in this Hospital. Bit by bit, the architectural outlines have revealed themselves during many months, and the thing that once was merely a sketch, a design, a dream, is now an impressive reality. All have helped build—some in a menial capacity, others in the

realms of a creative spirit and scientific research and activity—and the result is what we have to-day.

Perhaps you are a hard, level-headed, practical fellow. You do not care for cloudy abstractions nor esoteric musings. You want facts. On the other hand, it may be that you do care for promenades in dreamland and rambles in philosophical regions. You are given to idealization. Now, it is a certainty that you will want to remember something about your Base Hospital days, when you're back in "civies." You will want to evoke this or that image, this or that pleasant event, this or that beautiful association of comradeship and mutual service. For, after all, you are human. And when you look at your life here retrospectively, you will want some land-marks by which to elicit old memories from the back of your brain.

It should not be necessary to sprinkle this story with perfumed laudations. We believe that the marvellous record of the Base Hospital speaks for itself. But somehow, in the routine of the daily grind and the

sometimes deadening monotony of duties, one loses sight of the whole, and is apt to forget the larger outlines of its lineaments. That's why no attempt



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



THE RECEIVING WARD BUILDING

is made to give you a pot-pourri of data, facts, dates, etc., in the usual sense—and besides you know that only a professional mathematician is interested in cold figures.

The history of Camp Lee goes hand in hand with the development of its Base Hospital, from an embryonic stage of primitiveness to the highest point of medical efficiency. Tranquil, as though with a scientific attachment, the Base Hospital has seen the camp develop, has nursed and cured the sick and wounded, and thus has contributed in a large measure to the military efficiency of the men from this cantonment.

To get the proper perspective we will lead you into its Genesis. That was back in July of 1917. The country had just begun to adjust itself to the idea of war, and the martial spirit was sweeping, like wildfire, through every city and hamlet. The draft machinery had been set in motion and the infinitesimal details of training and whipping an army into shape were being worked out. The farmland which is now Camp Lee has been selected for the site of the cantonment, and an army of carpenters were busy hammering out the design of the Barrack City. By August a temporary Hospital was built at Avenue A and 27th Street to take care of such cases as the first increment of the draft sent in.

This Hospital, under the command of Captain N. T. Nelson, M.C., provided the opening chapter of the medical service in this camp. Of course, no attempt at systematic organization could be made, and cases, whether medical or surgical, were jumbled together in bewildering fashion. In spite of this handicap, there was no hitch in the operation of

the medical functions, and everything went smoothly, until this Hospital was abandoned.

In the early part of August the construction of the Base Hospital was begun. Nature lovers probably mourned, when the iron necessity of the occasion demanded the destruction of the wooded region on the present site of the institution, many long stretches

of sylvan beauty being put to the axe. But enough has remained to give the surroundings a charmingly pastoral atmosphere.

Previous to this, the nucleus of the Medical Detachment had arrived. Then in the early part of September a contingent arrived from Madison Barracks to work at the Hospital. After working in the temporary Hospital, they came to the Base Hospital grounds, where they made themselves at home, as best they could. Many of these veterans will be able to give you interesting recitals of their experiences. A portable kitchen was used to cook the food and other luscious delicacies which tickled the palate. The few hundred patients that had accumulated in the Base Hospital by August were fed in this way. Everything had a real primitive tang, and the Madison Barracks boys, many of whom are still in our midst, adjusted themselves most admirably to the difficult situation.

The present buildings occupied by the Hospital were taken over in part on the 23d of September, 1917. Only three wards could be used, as the others were still under construction. The Medical Officers who were here at that time worked under the most adverse conditions. But they succeeded in combating these difficulties. Interesting sidelights on the trials and



THE HEAD SURGERY BUILDING

experiences of the officers are shed by Lieutenant William H. Kable, M.C., who is one of the few "old" officers still connected with the Base Hospital, having arrived here on October 17, 1917. The Officers' Quarters at that time were located in Ward 26. Those of us who were in camp at that time probably remember the extraordinary cold winter of 1917-1918, which



THE OFFICERS' WARD

was the coldest winter Virginia had experienced for forty years. The heating system had not yet been installed, and, as a result, the Officers were living in "ice-boxes." Lieutenant Kable describes vividly a bitter cold morning when everybody suddenly developed all kinds of muscular tremors and other nervous shakings and twitchings, so that great difficulty was experienced by all of them in slipping into their—er, trousers. The coffee was brought to the ward in buckets and was usually cold. But they had all adjusted themselves to some extent, when Major Schmitter, the Commanding Officer, appeared in the ward one day and gave the astonished Surgeons just one-half hour to move to new quarters, more precisely, the present Officers' Ward. A wild scramble ensued, everybody making a feverish attempt to bag the best place. Some of the Officers had followed the lure of the beautiful cities surrounding camp, such as Petersburg and Hopewell, and when they returned in the dead of night from their Haroun-al-Rashid rambling, they found themselves "dispossessed." What should they do? Well, first of all, they cursed roundly. Then they borrowed whatever they could from their sleeping colleagues and made the best of it.

Under the command of Major Ferdinand Schmitter, M.C., the Base Hospital was formally opened on Sep-

tember 1, 1917. He was a Regular Army Officer, and instilled a spirit of strict discipline into the organization from the first. His personal interest in every detail of the huge Hospital machinery made him familiar with his problems, which were many. Nobody has forgotten his afternoon lectures at which he would initiate the Enlisted men into some of the elementary and later advanced questions of medical science. He was a disciplinarian, and his Saturday morning inspections of the various wards are still remembered, because of the jealous emulations which his system of rating the efficiency of the wards engendered. He arrived in this camp on August 13, 1917, with the rank of Major, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on June 1, 1918. Soon after that he was transferred to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to establish a laboratory. An impressive farewell reception was given him by the men of his command who paraded before him in full strength.

In the meantime the ward organization went apace with great rapidity, and by November 1, 1917, everything was ready for use. However, there was still a great lack of personnel, and Officers were sent to various cities to start recruiting campaigns for the Medical Detachment. Nurses were as yet in small numbers, only a dozen of them having arrived here on October 17, 1917. This was the more difficult situation as an epidemic of mumps and measles had broken out in the early part of November, lasting throughout the months of November, December, January and February. This taxed the resources of the Hospital to the utmost, making it necessary to find added



THE NURSES' QUARTERS



space in the field hospitals of the 317th, 318th, and 319th Infantries. But the situation was coped with in a most satisfying manner. Emyema cases began to develop in large numbers from November, 1917, until January, 1918. Most of these convalescents were later transferred to Biltmore, N. C., after a Hospital train had taken them at the Camp Lee Station. An empyema and tuberculosis commission was sent to this hospital to scientifically investigate those cases of empyema and tuberculosis. They accomplished remarkable results in this research work.

To test the mentality of the Eightieth Division, a Neuropsychiatric Commission arrived here in the

early part of November, 1917. The gigantic task of weeding out the mentally unfit, the insane and intellectually deficient soldiers was accomplished within two months. Major Ross Moore and Captain Jesse M. W. Scott were in charge of this work, and achieved many amazing results. Ward 33 was then the ward for mental and nervous cases, and this, together with the many patients coming in from the command who were to be examined for cerebral trouble, made this ward one of the most interesting in the entire Hospital.

In the meantime the population grew by leaps and bounds. Men were transferred from the line in batches to join the Medical Detachment whose task became more and more difficult owing to the increasing number of patients. About two hundred men from Richmond Base Hospital No. 45 (better known as the Maguire Unit) was temporarily amalgamated in the beginning of February.

It was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Williams and "went over" in June, 1918. Reports received in this country speak enthusiastically of the work done by the members of the unit, many of whom left friends here.

In April, 1918, another addition to the Medical Corps forces came with the arrival of three hundred men from Philadelphia, Pa., who had been recruited there by Captain Tunnell, a Medical Officer.

When the Eightieth Division left in May, 1918, there was a temporary breathing spell for the Officers, Nurses and Enlisted men, until the arrival of the Thirty-seventh Division, composed mostly of National Guardsmen from Ohio. They in turn left in June, and have also given a wonderful account of themselves during the heavy fighting in the Champagne.

A re-adjustment of the command divided the Camp personnel into the Infantry and Replacement Camp and the 155th Depot Brigade. Despite all these changes,



THE COVERED WALK



the Base Hospital continued to function without any serious disruption.

Under the régime of Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Dear, M.C., who arrived here from Camp Wadsworth, S. C., on June 4, 1918, the history of the Base Hospital entered a new epoch. Construction of new buildings and barracks to meet radical requirements was resumed, and it is mostly due to his untiring energy that the Hospital was ready for the overseas convalescents that began to pour into camp just after the Armistice was signed.

During June and July, the temper of the atmosphere was given a jolt, when Base Hospital No. 61, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence, and Evacuation Hospital No. 15, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, pitched their tents in the Hospital area.

Rumors of overseas service for the Enlisted men of the Camp Lee Base Hospital flew thick and fast, but many wild dreams were dashed to naught, when the two hospitals pulled out one dark night to bob up again on the "other side."

Construction work was given a strong impetus when it was found that there was a lack of space, and in April the building of the Convalescent Barracks in the region back of the Hospital was started. The eleven wards were complete by the end of May, and ready for occupancy. A beautiful Red Cross Convalescent Building was constructed at the same time, being fashioned in the shape of a red cross.

The convalescent barracks have been put to various uses. For a time they were occupied by Detachment men, then put to the exclusive use of the convalescent patients and then given over to the overseas convalescents.

During the summer months the vitalizing element seemed to be the hope of getting "across." When the overseas examination was given, the results were eagerly

looked for, and not an iota of doubt seemed to enter the minds of the eager corps that a few more weeks would see them in France. A strong impetus to this beautiful delusion was given when two Replacement Units 42 and 43 were organized out of members of the Detachment, and augmented by men from the line, but only a limited number could be admitted, and many disappointed lads saw the units finally leave camp, headed for France. Information received since is to the effect that both organizations were promiscuously split up after they arrived overseas.

In June, 1918, an aggregation arrived from Jefferson Barracks, all composed of men from the Middle West.



"ICE?"



This augmented the personnel of the Hospital to the average number in order to meet the demands of the already increasing institution.

The month of August kept the Hospital forces busy, because the hot wave sweeping over Virginia and the camp caused many heat prostrations. One hundred and ten cases were admitted on the hottest day—August 7, 1918. The thermometer registered 104°.

The month of September, 1918, found the Hospital taxed to its utmost, as the influenza scourge swept over Camp Lee. The epidemic lasted about seven weeks and the number of patients was so great at one time that an emergency Hospital had to be opened at 27th Street and Avenue "A." Between ten and twelve thousand telegrams were sent out during the epidemic to the relatives of the stricken soldiers. But the self sacrificing heroism of Officers, Nurses and Enlisted men finally checked the plague which carried off a small number of victims, as compared with other camps.

A period of comparative quiet followed, and then the Armistic was signed. The first overseas patients arrived, and a new phase began in the history of the Hospital. The Base Hospital became a Reconstruction Hospital. Large numbers of wounded came here from Hoboken, Newport News, and other ports, and were given the most careful treatment.

Amusing incidents connected with the first arrival of wounded men occur to the mind. The entire Hospital personnel was bitterly disappointed on several occasions when false alarms brought out many Officers, Nurses and Enlisted men who were anxious to be the first in receiving the heroes from overseas.

The Reconstruction work carried on here has a great scope. An educational center has been opened, under the direction of Captain Elisha W. Brown, M.C., where the wounded are given free instruction in any trade or occupation they desire. A large building, known as the Educational building is used for the class rooms and shop sections of occupational therapeutic work, and marvelous results are being accomplished as a result of these efforts.

The wounded have a wide range of subjects from which to choose, such as typewriting, stenography, telegraphy, *et cetera*, and are given the most careful attention by skilled instructors. Another interesting feature of the work is in the hands of the physiotherapeutic aides, whose task is to rehabilitate the soldier by methods of massage and electric treatment.

The Base Hospital is now a city in itself. With a personnel of one hundred Officers, one hundred ninety Nurses and nine hundred Enlisted men, the numerous buildings that are amazingly labyrinthian in their arrangement, it probably now reached the climax of its growth. It is constructed on the pavilion plan, the main buildings being in the shape of a square, open quadrangle in the center, with four tiers of wards. All wards in the main Hospital are connected by enclosed corridors and cross corridors. The main Mess Hall for patients is in the centre. Four wards are detached to the extreme southeast, one especially constructed as a neuropsychiatric ward, while the remaining are used for contagious diseases. With the completion of three



A CONVALESCENT BARRACK



new two-story barracks of the stucco type for the Enlisted men, the latter left their tents in the area east of the hospital during January of this year, and all Detachment men are now comfortably housed in barracks.

Owing to the increased number of stomachs to be fed, the old Mess Hall in the rear of the Post Exchange had to be abandoned, and two new Mess Halls, formerly Detachment barracks, are being used as such. Part of the old Mess Hall is occupied by the office force of the Detachment Commander, who has also an office in the Administration Building. The other part was used as a clubroom until the completion of the "Y" hut.

The entertainment and humanitarian care of the patients is in the hands of the Red Cross, which has done many notable things. Keith's Vaudeville Circuit is one of the many features which help the wounded men to wile away the weary days of convalescence. There is always something doing at the Red Cross Building, one of the most enchanting places in camp.



The Base Hospital has thus grown to its present stature. Without being egotistical, the personnel may claim the credit of being the vitalizing force which kept the wheels going. Now we stand before the final epoch. We are on the last lap.

Does not the Base Hospital strike you as an organism with an inner perceptiveness when you wander through its numerous corridors at dusk, while the many purplish lights begin to gleam? Its history is that of a living growth. You, who have been here, cannot forget it!



INTERIOR OF A WARD

# PROGRESSION



THE NEW HOSPITAL ANNEX



THE NEW DETACHMENT BARRACKS



THE NEW NURSES' BUILDING

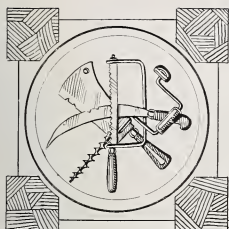
*“I find it an impossibility to express the real, true feeling that I possess for the men who so nobly sacrificed their all for the spirit of freedom. The profession has gained much by the loyalty that they have given. The Nurse has shown her unselfish desire to make the cause of humanity a God-given one. The Enlisted man has unconsciously become the man of tomorrow on whose shoulders will rest the destiny of a greater nation.”*



MAJOR EDWARD M. PARKER, M.C.  
Chief of Surgical Service



THE SURGICAL SERVICE



## THE SURGICAL SERVICE

LOCATION: OPERATING PAVILION

### ROSTER

MAJOR EDWARD M. PARKER, Surgical Chief  
1ST LIEUTENANT JOHN W. THOMSON, Asst. Surgical Chief  
1ST LIEUTENANT CHARLES K. HOLMES, Executive

### NURSES

EDITH M. EMERY, in charge      CORA L. FOY  
ANNA F. CULHANE                FREDERICA WAGNER  
ANNA P. GIBNEY                 JOAN RAY

### ENLISTED MEN

SERGEANT FIRST-CLASS LUTHER L. CHAMBLIN	PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS ROBERT S. BLACK
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS WILLIAM J. KILLIUS	PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS MAURICE B. JOHNSON
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS WALTER I. McCLAUGHERTY	PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS HAROLD J. SCHILLING
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS WILLIAM A. AUSTIN	PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS GEORGE H. WEST
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS CHARLES F. COOK	

The history of the Surgical Service dates back to August 28, 1917, when four Officers reported at Camp Lee for duty at the Base Hospital. These were Captains Joseph W. Hope, Samuel B. Moore and Edward M.

Parker, and Lieutenant Isaac Goldman. By September 5th following, twenty-six officers representing all departments of the Base Hospital had arrived in camp and were quartered in the building immediately



THE SURGICAL STAFF

back of the barracks used as the Temporary Hospital at Twenty-seventh Street. Thus was formed the nucleus of the Surgical Service.

Major William L. Peple was the first Chief of Service and about September 15, 1917, the staff moved to the Base taking temporary quarters in the Receiving Ward.

The first operating room was a corner of Ward 9, curtained off with sheets. Its equipment was crude and consisted of a wooden operating table, an Army General Operating Set (Model 1916), an

Arnold Sterilizer and an alcohol stove. Only emergency operations were performed here, the first being a case of acute appendicitis, operated on by Major William Peple.

The complete personnel of the Surgical Service, at the opening of the Hospital consisted of Major William L. Peple, who was Chief of Service, Captain Joseph W. Hope, Captain S. B. Moore, Captain Edward M. Parker, and Captain Hugh M. Beebe. The first three of these were promoted to the rank of Major during their service in this Hospital.

In the early days of the Hospital, a large amount of work was done by the Staff in the examination of the drafted men. A special board of examiners was instituted at the Base Hospital, whose decisions were final as to the question of acceptance or rejection for military

duty. In those days, more than a hundred men reported daily to the hospital for examination. Later the mustering office was reorganized and the Base Hospital was relieved of this duty.

Major Peple was succeeded by Major Thomas B. Spence, who served until September 20, 1918, when he in turn was succeeded by Major Edward M. Parker, who has been Chief of Service ever since.

The organization and administration of the Surgical Service underwent a gradual development

from small beginnings. The pavilion has two rooms for operations and the skill of the profession has been manifested often when successful operations were performed. The Surgical Service has made an enviable record.

In August, 1918, Major Jennings was sent from the Surgeon-General's office to introduce a more comprehensive system. Lieutenant Ferris L. Arnold was the first Executive Officer to introduce and put into action the plan of Major Jennings. He was succeeded by Lieutenant John W. Thomson, who is still associated with the office.

All those who have been connected with the Surgical Service can feel that their services have been greatly appreciated. They have gained for themselves the lasting admiration of their associates and, at the same time, have given to the Nation their very best.



EXTERIOR OF OPERATING PAVILION FROM QUADRANGLE



PERSONNEL OF OPERATING PAVILION AND SURGICAL OFFICE

## THE ORTHOPEDIC DEPARTMENT



THIS department was opened on March 23, 1918, in Ward 19, under Captain (now Lieut.-Colonel) T. O. Vanamee, M.C.

There were about 20 cases in the beginning, the rest of the beds in the ward being occupied by general surgical cases. In conjunction with the ward, there was a clinic in which consultations were held, and recommended for treatment. The cases came from the different organizations in the camp as well as from the wards in the Hospital. Many cases of acute foot strain were treated, flat feet were padded and strapped, back strain and other acute conditions were also treated and given relief.

One of the Enlisted personnel of the Detachment (George

Maas) was detailed to the clinic and was instructed in giving massage, applying adhesive straps, giving radiotherapy, contrast baths, and now is one of the most competent men in this line of work in the department.

On April 23, 1918, Captain A. A. Weeden was assigned as assistant to Captain Vanamee, and was appointed ward surgeon, and also placed in charge of the Clinic. An average of thirty cases were seen and treated daily.

A cobbler was detailed to make orthopedic shoes, and repairs, such as alterations and the insertion of wedges and the addition of Thomas heels. Private first-class Benjamin Goldstein is still connected with the department and makes corrective appliances for drop foot and other corrective devices.

The first part of July, Major Vanamee was transferred to the Development Battalion, which was being

instituted, and took charge of the Orthopedic work there. Captain Weeden was then appointed as Orthopedic Surgeon to the Base Hospital.

On July 28, 1918, Ward 20 was designated as a fracture ward and was turned over to this department where all cases of this nature have been treated since that time. Miss Ruth Silvernale, A.N.C., has been the Nurse in charge since it became part of this department and is responsible for its long reputation as a model ward.



THE ORTHOPEDIC AND PHYSIOTHERAPY PERSONNEL

The department gradually enlarged until it was found necessary to annex Ward 19. This was done and two Detachment men, Private first-class Frank Taylor, and Private first-class Robert Cummings were added to the personnel, to give massage

and other forms of treatment. These men have done excellent work and have given faithful service.

Shortly before Christmas, 1918, the first overseas cases began to arrive and the larger proportion of these consisted of bone, joint or nerve injuries. These were assigned to the Orthopedic wards or were given consultation and treatment in this department. The work of giving treatments became very arduous and another Enlisted man was added to the personnel. This was Private first-class Sidney Wallace, and as he had had previous training he was of great assistance.

Since the first of the year this department has been working in conjunction with the Physiotherapy Aides and with them has done good work.

In years to come there will be a pleasant recollection to those of the Orthopedic Department because they gave the treatment that meant much to humanity.



THE MEDICAL SERVICE



*“Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, rich man, poor man—the beggar man, thief and of it will have to be omitted, but there might be added actor, stenographer, insurance agent, student, farmer, artist, photographer, musician and about every other kind of man of work that can be imagined, all these brought together and assigned to the duty of running a hospital. To most of them a hospital suggested merely a building lined with white and smelling of carbolic acid, from which any chance intruder was lucky to escape intact. But the point is, the hospital was run and run well. All hands turned to, each learned his particular job, and through co-ordination—team work—the wheels turned smoothly.*

*“That is the most striking feature in reviewing the work of the medical service. It was the willingness of each member of the team to make himself fit and work smoothly with the rest that made success possible.*

*“There were many other fine qualities which were also essential—intelligence, initiative, courage, perseverance, loyalty—but what counted most was the spirit of co-operation—team work.”*



MAJOR TASKER HOWARD, M.C.  
Chief of Medical Service



## THE MEDICAL SERVICE

LOCATION: RECEIVING WARD BUILDING

MAJOR TASKER HOWARD, Chief of Medical Service

### STAFF:

LIEUTENANT RUSSELL L. HADEN, Executive Officer

CAPTAIN JOHN G. HATHAWAY

LIEUTENANT CHARLES R. MUELLER

LIEUTENANT SIMON ROSENTHAL

} Unit Chiefs and  
Consultants

### OFFICE PERSONNEL:

SERGEANT BENJAMIN F. BOWLES

CORPORAL HARRY WATERS

PRIVATE RALPH DIETRICH

PRIVATE NEIL V. BUTLER



THE MEDICAL STAFF

The office of the Medical Chief was instituted during the month of September, 1917, under the supervision of Major Lawrence Litchfield, M.C., who remained as Chief of Service until July, 1918, when he was transferred to Camp Grant, Ill. During the incumbency of Major Litchfield the hospital experienced one of the two serious epidemics in its history, that of empyema. This scourge began early in the winter of 1917, and lasted until early spring, 1918.

Upon the transfer of Major Litchfield the duties of "Chief" were given to Major Jesse M. W. Scott, M.C.

in addition to his duties as neuropsychiatric specialist. He was also transferred and upon his departure for Fort Snelling, Minn., he was succeeded by Captain Tasker Howard, M.C., of Brooklyn, N. Y., who came to this hospital well recommended. This was in August, 1918. When the influenza epidemic came and was at its height this office performed its greatest duty. Captain Howard, working night and day with the entire medical service at his command administered the greatest relief that the profession could offer. Their work will never be forgotten, and their loyalty to the patient,

the Nurse, and the Enlisted man during these long dark days will indeed be lasting in the minds of all who came in contact with these officers and their chief.

It was at the conclusion of this battle that Captain Howard was promoted to the rank of Major in recognition of his wonderful and efficient work.

The roster of the office portrays the names of several individual specialists who have been associated with the service since its inauguration. Among those worthy of mention are: Captain Samuel Lambert, of Pittsburgh, who was fortunate in going "over" with Base Hospital No. 61 in August, 1918. Lieutenant Thomas Rivers, of Atlanta, Ga., who was sent to Camp Funston in July, 1918. Captain Henry Lee Smith, of Baltimore,

In Lieutenant Haden we possess one of the bright lights of the medical profession. Henry Ford may be looking for him in Detroit, but Henry can't have him until this office breaks up for keeps. His keen interest in the welfare of all, and his beaming smile will always be a source of much pleasure.

The office enlisted personnel is distinguished by the fact that it has the shortest man in stature but the best man in disposition as its head. This is Sergeant Bowles. An old proverb, with which we are all familiar, has it "Good things in small packages," and its truth is again demonstrated in our own Sergeant Bowles. He is the discoverer of the beast that annoyed the tented area for such an extended period—the famous "Whimpey."



PERSONNEL OF MEDICAL CHIEF'S OFFICE

Md., who was cardiovascular expert and was honorably discharged in December, 1918. Captain John R. Graham, of New York, now camp epidermatologist at the camp surgeon's office. Captain Kenneth Maxey, who was transferred to Camp Crane, Pa., in July, 1918.

The Chief of Service is also fortunate in having his own "Morale Officer" in the person of Captain John R. Hathaway, of New Bedford, Mass. He is known the hospital over for his cheerful smile and happy greeting, but in no other place can he be so well loved as in this office.

Captain Graham was transferred to the camp surgeon's office officially, but unofficially he is still a part of this office. The whole service has come to watch for his sunny greeting and deep consideration.

Possibly no officer connected with the service is so well known as Lieutenant Mueller who, by the way, is one of the oldest officers in point of service at the Base. His "Top o' the morning to you" has become one of the looked for things in our daily routine.

Corporal Waters is always looking for trips and furloughs. It has been said that when he returns from one trip he has his old "Gladstone" packed for the next one.

And then there is Private Ralph Dietrich, from Lebanon, Pa., who is never done speaking about the Perseverance Band at home and is anxiously awaiting the day when he can follow it up the Main Street as a hero—not of the Marne, but of the Flu.

Private Butler, of Seranton, is the Bean Brummel of the office. His speed on the typewriter is amazing, and he will undoubtedly lose his fingers during one of the rush hours. He should exercise care as "one fingered" typists are in demand.

This office in its existence has been one of the mainstays of the institution and for those who have been associated with it, there is a satisfaction that they have done their work well in the struggle that the nation has had for democracy and the freedom of the world.



## RECEIVING WARD AND DISPENSARY

— THE GUNNEY —

The Receiving Ward began its career in the Administration Building in September, 1917, and occupied the room that has since been set aside as a reception room.

The pioneers of this one department could possibly tell of some interesting episodes that had been enacted in its small quarters. Hubert Ashby, who left the Base in February, 1919, as Sergeant first-class, was one of these pioneers along with Private Ginsburg who also has left the service for civil duties. Then there was Lieutenant Kable and Lieutenant Davis along with Lieutenant Claypoole who were officers in charge during the various periods of time. With the expansion of the work it was deemed advisable to move the department to the building that now bears its name. This was in December, 1917. Here it really had a chance to show its worth for it was at this juncture that the empyema, mumps, measles and pneumonia cases began to pour in and gave to the Camp its first taste of an epidemic. The work of the personnel during these days was indeed a feature, and will be remembered.

The spring was coming and it was about this time that the "Tunnell Unit" invaded the Base Hospital, and the Receiving Ward was the recipient of a number of these Philadelphians who were promised "lots of action in six weeks." Among them were Joe Letters, who went "over" with Unit 42, Sergeant Joe Moffitt and Corporal Glick, now of the Discharge Board, Sergeant Charley Allen, Tom Mallon who aspired to be an officer and tried his hand at the C. O. T. S. and only failed on account of the war ending as soon as it did, and last, but not least, "Duke" Paul Steinberg, who has gone back to Philly, and whose favorite stunt was to line up the patients he was taking to the various wards and march them in military formation and yell "Detachment halt!"

With the draftees arriving in a steady stream the Receiving Ward was a place of much activity although for some reason the impression prevailed among a few of the detachment that to be assigned there was to have a "gold-brick" job. It was no uncommon event for



PERSONNEL OF RECEIVING WARD AND DISPENSARY

Sergeant "Icky" Bowles to handle some two hundred men a morning who were sent up for Special Examination and Lieutenant Eckhart and Lieutenant Rhode, both A-1 officers and real men to work for, kept Allen, Mallon and Glick busy pounding away at their "Royals." And there was our friend Sergeant Champ, silent but observant—a good and true friend indeed, taking care of the money end (there was always money around the Receiving Ward), and keeping his eye centered on everything.

In the days of April and May, 1918, there was considerable paper work to be done, and in those days, mind you, the orderlies had no contrivances on which to wheel the patients to the different wards, but such huskies as Joe Letters, Bernie Legg, "Steiney," Joe Bell, who went over with the 80th Division, and Joe Moffitt could be seen in the corridors carrying patients on litters. Some job those warm days, but the boys went at it with "mucho gusto."

And while we are handing out compliments, it is right in line to say something as regards the night crew of the Receiving Ward: Sergeant Miltenberger, Corporal Ginsburg, Privates Reisner, Carruthers, and Joey Stine. They made an efficient force, and some of them became efficient chess players and further developed their "literary" education.

The Receiving Ward was due for a change and in June it moved into the three small rooms formerly occupied by the Registrar's Office in the Receiving Ward Building. The demand at that time was to get the

patients to the wards in the quickest possible time after they arrived at the Base, and this order was carried out to a letter.

About August 7, 1918, Camp Lee felt the intense heat wave that prevailed practically over the entire country. Those who were at this hospital at that time will recall the scenes at the Receiving Ward, and Ward 9, when ambulances pulled up one after another and unloaded the boys who had been unable to stand up any longer on the drill field and rifle range, and many were brought to the Base in an unconscious condition. For the first time we had an inkling of what conditions must have been "over there," for the sights certainly reminded one of what might be expected after a battle. The finest spirit prevailed among the entire personnel of the hospital.

And now we come down to that period of September—to be exact September 13, 1918, when a number of cases of "Febricula" were brought in to the Receiving Ward. A few of those on duty remarked that the patients looked "pretty bad," and this was the fore-runner of the influenza epidemic which lasted some six weeks. On Sunday, September 15, 1918, some 500 patients were admitted to the hospital, and from that day on we are familiar with conditions as they existed throughout the entire hospital.

With the signing of the Armistice, activities for the time were decreased in the Receiving Ward, only to be revived again by the admission of soldiers returned to camp for demobilization, and the wounded and sick patients transferred from the various debarkation hospitals. Recollections are still vivid in the



THE RECEIVING WARD



"TURK"

writer's mind of the night the Receiving Ward was informed that within an hour or so they would get some 200 over-seas patients. As a result peaceful sleepers were aroused, and within an hour everything was in readiness to receive the heroes, even to the extent of serving sandwiches, hot chocolate, and

some "canned" music. But around the wee hours of 2.30 A.M. it was found that a mix-up had occurred, and once again the personnel took to their bunks. From that time on the Receiving Ward has been taking care of the over-seas patients, and it now has the system down so fine that its slogan is "a patient a minute."

This, briefly, covers some of the history of the Receiving Ward, although, did space permit, it would be an easy matter to write considerably more on the subject. But there is another aspect which has made the Receiving Ward a favorite to those who have had occasion to make it their headquarters, and to those who have been assigned to duty there. Let us recall those nights, for instance, when we had to be on duty and the rest of

the men were participating in what social activity was available, the little gatherings which we enjoyed so much. Who will forget our friends Captain Palmer, Corporal Mitchell and his Adjutant, Ryder? Lieutenant Atkinson, Lieutenant Nisbett and Captain Morrow? And then we have that fine team of letter-writers in Sammy Gever and Private Charles Miller, now Mr. Miller. These boys wrote feverishly to keep the post-office busy.

Yes, boys, the Receiving Ward has furnished lots of work, but it also has furnished many evenings of fun that otherwise would have been monotonous and dull. It has been the favorite drop-in rendezvous for a little chat or a joke, and many a fellow has aired his grievances within its confines, the general topics of the day have been a source of all-around discussion. Oratory and wisdom have permeated the place, and though many of its patrons are no longer with us, it will always continue to be one of the conspicuous places of the hospital from more viewpoints than one.



"CHAMP"

## THE DISPENSARY

The birth of the Dispensary, an important factor of the Base Hospital, occurred in a small room during the early part of September, 1917. Its original equipment consisted of a few rudely built shelves,

a table and water sink. With the increasing demand upon this department, it was deemed necessary to move into more adequate quarters in which they could more conveniently serve the wards. In its new quarters were installed the most modern of fixtures, a large supply of drugs, serums and vaccines of every kind, no expense being spared in the creation of a model modern pharmacy.

Great precaution was exercised in the preparation of the medicines with regards to properties and quantity, and as a safeguard in the filling

of prescriptions the double checking system was inaugurated.

Each prescription received has been filed according to their date in which they were prepared and from

these a monthly report of the cost of drugs, with a statement of drugs on has been forwarded to the Commanding Officer of the Hospital.

At present the Dispensary is in charge of Lieutenant Solon L. Rhoads and its enlisted personnel comprises Sergeant first-class Conwell F. Dirickson, Sergeant Harry Promisloff, Corporal J. M. Roebuck and Private first-class C. B. Rothenberger. All of these men are

graduates of leading medical colleges of the country and are registered pharmacists with years of experience to their credit before their induction into the army.



THE DISPENSARY GROUP

*"It is impossible to give an adequate history of the work of the Pathological Laboratory because my arrival at Camp Lee dates from December when the work had already begun to decrease and the epidemic of influenza and pneumonia had ceased. It is, however, a pleasure to speak of the excellent organization of the laboratory and to add testimony to the efficiency of the personnel and to the skill and readiness of the men to do their part in this hospital.*

*"The temptation is strong to mention every man here by name with a word of praise, but to do so would be an injustice to those who were here during the organization, but were transferred to other camps and organizations before my arrival.*

*"If the laboratory at Camp Lee Base Hospital is regarded as one of the best in the army, its reputation is justly earned, not because of the mechanical equipment, but by reason of the quality of the men who do the work. It is very evident from an association with these men that they are of the type which had made possible the success of our American Army, and that they are of that class who will wisely determine the course and progress of our country when we shall have been sent back to our homes and civil life.*

*"They are the type of men who we shall warmly greet in the years to come whenever and wherever our paths may cross, and I shall always cherish the pleasant association with such loyal Americans."*



MAJOR DOWSEY L. HARRIS, M.C.  
Chief of Pathological Laboratory



THE PATHOLOGICAL LABORATORY GROUP





## THE PATHOLOGICAL LABORATORY

In writing this article we know that no one is interested in laboratories. We feel quite sure that not one member of the fatigue gang or the plumbing shop or the Detachment Commander's office, will even take passing notice of the accompanying illustrations. Nevertheless it is customary to write about laboratories when you write about Hospitals—therefore follows our story.

when Mr. Doctor says, "You've got pneumonia," Mr. Laboratory will show that it is only a violent attack of dandruff—it's a nasty habit and sometimes it's quite irritating to Mr. Doctor.

Now that you know exactly what a laboratory is, we shall tell you about our dear little "lab." It was organized by Sergeants Heilman and Balbach with the



THE PATHOLOGICAL LABORATORY STAFF

First what is a laboratory? Perhaps the etymology of the word will help us. It comes from the Latin, "Labora," meaning work, labor; and "taurus," meaning bull; putting them together we have "work or labor, the bull" or as our friend Ring W. Lardner would say "shoot the bull."

When a doctor makes a diagnosis and you know darn well he is wrong, you go to the laboratory and prove it. For some unknown reason, Mr. Laboratory and Mr. Doctor do not get along well together. Invariably

aid of three Lieutenants, a Captain, and a couple of Privates for the distinct purpose of examining Hopewell booze for Major Swindell. To the former credit is due for this wonderful organization, but to the latter we take our hats off for its continued maintenance.

It is a calm day in November, 1917—that is, it is calm in the laboratory. Privates Heilman and Balbach are performing their duties with admirable technic—at the sink. The glassware fairly shines with the radiance of Balbach's gold tooth. Captain Weston, as



THE "MEDIA" ROOM

usual is carrying on a violent conversation "a la rabbi"—with his hands—while Lieutenant Asinis hurriedly paces the floor and endeavors to silence the aforesaid captain with a barrage of *et ceteras*. Fear not, dear reader, they are merely trying to devise a new method of obtaining meningitis cultures over the telephone. Suddenly some one bawled out "Attention" and in came Major Schmitter, smilingly, and everyone wondered whether the British Army had just surrendered, or whether President Wilson had been assassinated, or whether the country had gone dry. You could hear Private Taylor muttering "Me-thinks trouble is brewing." This suspense was soon broken when Major Schmitter cleared his throat with a cough that shook every window and said, "Wake up, empyema is here."

We all recall those fine days when the whole medical staff, lead by

Major Dunham, united in an attack on this dreaded malady and came out victorious. It is one of the great achievements of medicine.

After empyema was thoroughly annihilated by the heavy artillery of the laboratory, we didn't have a thing to do all summer. We only had 300 urine analyses, 1500 streptococci hemolytici, 94 sputums, 63 spinal fluids, 334 blood counts, 167 blood cultures every day for Captain Hartman, Lieutenant Shipley and Lieutenant Haden and 19 various other things for the rest of the hospital. In addition to all this Corporal Balbach was busy running Wassermann tests with the aid of some "Five Brothers Tobacco." For the benefit of the Registrar's Office and a few other deluded persons who do not know what a Wassermann test is, we shall explain. It is a test administered in severe cases of stage fright, appendicitis, sprained ankles, barber's itch, toothache, flat feet, poli-encephalitis, acute gimmies, liberty measles, ingrown toe-nails, typhoid carriers, gasbacillus and diphtheria for twenty-five dollars payable in advance.

Just as we were getting accustomed to this life of ease, that horrible epidemic which took more lives than shot and shell did in France, swept down upon us. The wonderful success that Camp Lee had in combating the influenza, the low number of cases and the exceedingly small number of deaths were due in great part to the efficient and persevering labors of the laboratory. Under the skillful



THE GENERAL BACTERIOLOGY ROOM

supervision of Major Pothier, Major Kinsella, Lieutenants Zeman and Stevens and the eminent Pathologist Contract Surgeon, W. G. MacCallum, we succeeded in overcoming the disease. Certainly if distinguished service medals are to be awarded the men who so stoically fought here with no chance of praise or glory, Camp Lee laboratory deserves it.

After getting all the statistics about the "flu," Washington still found that they were shy several thousand statistics so they decided to have the laboratory make up the deficiency with some nice hookworm statistics. As a result a force of men, who in civilian life were hod-carriers, conductors, street cleaners and piano tuners, suddenly became hookworm experts, through the workings of that happy medium, Selective Service, and were duly installed in the old guard-house on the edge of the hospital to find out how many citizens of Alaska, Punxatawney, Finland and Buffalo had that dreaded scourge of the south—Hookworm.

Today we have grown to such proportions that we have subsidiary laboratories in wards 13 and 43 and a morgue and animal department are also under our supervision. It requires one Major—Major Harris of Investigation Board fame, three other officers and one second lieutenant, four sergeants who work and one sergeant first-class, thirty-five privates first-class and Rapoport to maintain the efficiency of the organization.

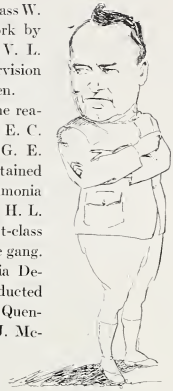
In the main laboratory the clinical microscopic is done by Privates S. M. Jones and J. R. Grube—the Wassermann test by Sergeant R. K. Holt, Privates first-class A. I. Thompson and J. W. Masonkey—typhoid, dysentery and meningitis done by Sergeant

O. H. Lashley, Private first-class W. N. Price—clinical blood work by ranking Private first-class V. L. Medling all under the supervision of Lieutenant Carroll H. Iden.

General Bacteriology is the reason why Privates first-class E. C. Brooks, R. A. W. Given, G. E. Hirzel and J. E. Asper are retained in the service. The Pneumonia Department keeps Sergeant H. L. Burnham and Private first-class J. L. Hamilton off the fatigue gang. The reading room, or Media Department, is admirably conducted by Privates first-class H. M. Quenzer, Homer White and S. J. McCunney. The boss of the sterilizers is Private first-class Israel Levy of Irish extraction and his detail is the renowned "sky-pilot,"

"Reverend" A. E. Gibson. To all of which Lieutenant George F. Ordeman reserves exclusive rights for attaching his signature.

The chemists who are responsible for all those gas attacks which drive the personnel to their bunks at 2.00 P.M. instead of 4, are Privates first-class E. F. Adolph and F. E. Houston. The adjutant of the milk and water department, Private first-class J. K. Schmid, spends his time between the dairy and the laboratory—mostly between. He is assisted in sampling ice cream by



HARLEY  
"An Old Regular"



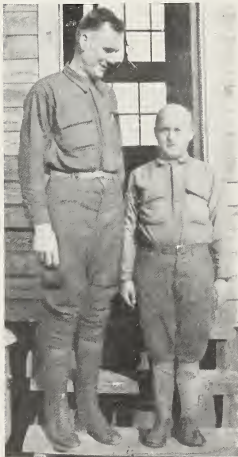
THE RESEARCH CORNER



THE MORTUARY TRIO

Private first-class "Ferdie" Robertson. This job is so pleasant that they are content to stay until 1924 or 34, or as long as the period of emergency lasts. Lieutenant Homer H. Helmick administers first aid to this department.

The research work is done by Captain Wegforth, who is at the present writing, working on encephalitis lethargia. He is ably assisted by Sergeants Balbach and Heilman who also does the histopathology work.



THE TALLEST AND SMALLEST

Our offsprings, Wards 13 and 43 laboratories, are carefully looked after by that never-tiring, energetic cyclone from Georgia, Lieutenant Olin G. McKenzie. Ward 13 was once known to find a tubercle bacillus, but it's a secret, both Privates first-class P. R. Cosgray and H. E. Becknell claiming the honor. The rubber-glove technic of ward 42 is satisfactorily performed by Privates first-class B. Baer, Victor Butz and S. Arsenau.

Sergeant J. J. Jordan and Private first-class Winters are taking the rest cure at the morgue, while Private first-class J. Frantz is chambermaid to the animals. For the past week Private first-class Lee Bonar has been sleeping in the laboratory at night, instead of his barracks, so as to be on hand for any emergencies which may arise. The recording and office work is done by Private first-class C. J. Miller and Private J. M. Rapoport. The heads of this organization are Major Harris and Sergeant first-class Balbach, and to them we owe a great deal for the efficiency of the laboratory.

We cannot allow this review to pass without special mention of two past masters of the "Lab," Sergeant first-class Leborn Harley, the grand old man of bacteriology, and Private first-class John McCloskey, the smallest and baldest man in the entire hospital. We miss them, but can rejoice in their jovial smiles, in that they are both wearing the serge cloth of other days.

In conclusion, we beg to call your attention to the fact that every leading University in the United States is represented in the laboratory. Not only do we have able technicians, but we have trained forces for Mobile Laboratories, Evacuation Hospital and Base Hospital laboratories. We have also furnished one artist and one cartoonist for the hospital book, three men for the band, two men for the minstrel show, four stars for the basket-ball team, two members for the soccer team, seventeen K. P.'s and thirty-six men for the afternoon fatigue gang. All in all, we are certainly a wonderful organization and we are second to none in this Hospital. To quote Colonel F. F. Russell, "The best manned and equipped laboratory in the United States Army."

*“The months that have been spent with these splendid Americans will mark a new and inspiring epoch in my life. Their association has blended friendship and esteem into a lasting memory that will always and always be foremost to me.”*



MAJOR FRANCIS P. EMERSON, M.C.  
Chief of Head Surgery Department



## THE HEAD SURGERY DEPARTMENT

—McCUMBEY—

### EAR, NOSE AND THROAT DEPARTMENT

LOCATION: HEAD SURGERY BUILDING

#### ROSTER

##### OFFICERS:

MAJOR FRANCIS P. EMERSON  
CAPTAIN JOHN L. LOUGEE  
CAPTAIN HERMON M. TAYLOR  
CAPTAIN JAY G. ROBERTS  
1ST LIEUTENANT JAMES R. GORMAN  
1ST LIEUTENANT BENJAMIN F. HARRIS

##### NURSES:

HELEN BRENNAN, A.N.C.  
HELEN HENNING, A.N.C.  
CLARA H. RATHBUN, A.N.C.

##### ENLISTED MEN:

SERGEANT FIRST-CLASS DONALD L. BASS  
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS JACOB W. FURRY  
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS CLETUS FIREBAUGH

This is a brief history of the department where hammers, chisels, "nose spreaders" and "head mirrors" are large factors.

No matter what time of the day we enter the clinic, we get that same impression. We see a

long line of "customers" awaiting their turn to be examined or treated by those white-gowned critics hiding behind those gauze masks. You smell ether and know it is just another operation. It's a busy place; busier than you would think.



PERSONNEL OF THE HEAD SURGERY DEPARTMENT

The head surgery service has never had to serve notices of removal. It started in the Head Surgery Building and it is there to this day, as active as ever.

It had its beginning in the early part of October, 1917, with Major Ewing W. Day, M.C., in charge. The Nose and Throat Department then occupied the same space as it does now and in addition had vacant rooms in the corridor (now occupied by the Eye Department).

Major Francis P. Emerson, M.C., reported at this hospital on May 31, 1918, and immediately took charge of the Head Surgery Department. At that time, the work in the various departments was reaching such proportions that readjustment of the clinics was deemed practical. Plans for the readjustment of the nose and throat clinic were submitted and accepted and the alterations were completed about October, 1918. Extra booths were

provided, the efficiency of the clinic was increased, and the office facilities were improved.

The nose and throat clinic continued examining and probing mucous membranes and to-day it is as ambitious as ever. Captain Harned, Captain Hildreth, Lieutenants Bryan and Longacre are a few of the popular officers who were with us but were, to our great sorrow, transferred elsewhere.

In thinking of this department, our minds recall that bewhiskered phrase "still waters run deep." We know now how busy the Head Surgery Service has been but the average observer just had the impressions of dignity, efficiency and confidence.

We take our hats off to those connected with the Head Surgery Service. Much credit is due Major Emerson for his ideal leadership and to his assistants for their combined interest and co-operation.



OPERATING SCENE

## THE EYE DEPARTMENT

LOCATION: HEAD SURGERY BUILDING

### ROSTER

CAPTAIN JOHN A. FLURY  
CAPTAIN CHARLES LESTER  
CAPTAIN OREN M. DEEMS

September 14, 1917, is the date when the department of dark glasses and peculiarly lettered charts started budding. Major Beverly R. Kennon was then in charge and he was connected with the department until he was relieved by Captain John H. Harvey, M.C., some time in May, 1918.

The Eye Clinic at that time occupied the space at present used by our Chaplains and the Red Cross Service—it was some time in October, 1918, that they moved into their present sumptuous quarters.

An observer may not see anything of excitement in

1ST LIEUTENANT HENRY L. SLOAN  
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS LAWRENCE C. LEE  
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS SAMUEL SONNENBERG

an eye clinic, but we do. Any way we think there is enough excitement and history in the personnel alone.

For example, amongst those who were with us, there is Captain Harvey. He has been discharged, and Captain Flury has taken charge of the clinic. Captain Harvey had an evening hobby, so we are told. It seems he is always looking for some one to play a sociable game.

And Captain James P. Crawford, M.C., who was transferred to another post. We understand his chief delights were sucking his pipe and playing volley ball

# A PAGE OF RECONSTRUCTION





and that his favorite expression was, "Saylor, scope that man."

Captain Edwin F. Saylor, M.C., a resident of that Quaker City, breezed out of camp one day and got into his civilian clothes and the clinic mourned his loss. He was chuck full of enthusiasm and put his spare time to volley ball, equitation, living in a shanty and examining fungi.

We remember Lieutenant Archie Oberdorfer, who developed such ability as a Sanitary inspector with a leaning towards incinerators. His spare time was taken up in those trips to Richmond.

Now we get down to facts about the present personnel. Captain Flury, now in charge, has been often called "Old Man Diplomacy." We are told that he is much interested in volley ball and in keeping a certain young lady in camp from getting lonesome. We believe he is very good at both.

Captain Lester gets mighty active when he gets on that volley ball court; we understand that Captain Deems has lately developed a wonderful taste for the "movies"; and who could forget Lieutenant Sloan's winning smile and charming personality?

No, we have not forgotten Captain George Gill. He arrived in camp from the Buckeye State and then in December last, all of a sudden, he left us to return to civil life. Howdy do, Captain!

In looking back at the Enlisted personnel, we could not forget Private first-class Crosby who was with the department in the beginning, and Sergeant David Breitstein, that popular chap, who we believe was always wearing a new hat.

Returning to the present, we recall Private first-class Benjamin W. Drummond who was on good-speaking-terms with the telephone, and Private first-class George Coulter. And now we have that renowned orator and optimist, Private first-class Lawrence C. Lee, who has helped to keep up the morale in Barracks No. 44; and that assistant of his, Private first-class Samuel Sonnenberg, who nearly became a nervous wreck manipulating for a discharge—but he made it at last.

You have a brief history of the Eye Clinic. Let them tear down the buildings and let nature again cover the ground with grass (if that could happen in Virginia). It could not efface our memory picture of that active section of the Head Surgery Building, the Eye Clinic.

## THE DENTAL DEPARTMENT

LOCATION: THE HEAD SURGERY BUILDING

### COMMISSIONED PERSONNEL:

CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD R. LUCAS  
 LIEUTENANT BARNARD O. MYHRE  
 LIEUTENANT JOHN A. DROEGKAMP  
 LIEUTENANT HALLOCK W. WOODWORTH  
 LIEUTENANT DALE K. STUART

### ENLISTED PERSONNEL:

SERGEANT BENJAMIN A. MILLS  
 PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS CHARLES C. REYNOLDS  
 PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS WALTER J. IRVING  
 PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS SNOW H. THOMAS  
 PRIVATE FRANCIS B. COSTELLO  
 PRIVATE HOMER D. SMILEY

The Dental Department had its beginning during the month of September, 1917, and at that time the total equipment consisted of one portable outfit: a folding canvas chair, a tiny cuspidor, a foot engine and a case of instruments. About the middle of October, 1917, another portable outfit was added, and these two outfits were the sum total of the Dental Department in Camp Lee.

The score or more of dentists in Camp at that time alternately worked half days and occupied the rooms now utilized by the Pathological Laboratory. About the middle of November, the Dental Clinic was removed to the Head Surgery Building, our present quarters. About December 1, 1917, the Dental Department installed two more "outfits" and dispensed with the portable ones, thus adding to its dignity and increasing its efficiency. Recently (February, 1919) the Dental

Department has shown still further symptoms of its aggressiveness, having annexed another room and installed two more outfits. We feel justly proud of the growth of the Dental Department from its initial wobbly state to that of its present stability.

We have a waiting room (properly named as such), four operating rooms and a laboratory—in fact, everything that could be asked for by a twentieth century dentist. Our department claims the unique distinction of being the busiest and yet the most unpopular department of the Base Hospital. Some patients come to us through dire necessity; a great number do not come, but are sent; and still others are pushed in—in wheel-chairs.

The commissioned personnel consists of Lieutenant Myhre, Lieutenant Droegkamp, Lieutenant Woodworth, Lieutenant Stuart and Captain Lucas, whose patients declare that his present rank is due to the

"strong pull" he possesses and that his favorite indoor sport consists in separating patients from their teeth. Lieutenant Myhre is a recent fixture and if baldness is a sign of wisdom, his chances for making good are excellent. Lieutenant Drogkamp, although a recruit, already has learned that it is poor policy to call on the Adjutant after six o'clock p.m. The Lieutenant is not very loquacious but has declared that electric lights enable one to see readily in the dark! Lieutenant Woodworth hails from every place, his motto being, "If at first you don't succeed, try another state and then join the army."

Having obtained his discharge in February, Captain Potter is no longer with us, but we feel it our duty to make brief mention of him. It is quite generally conceded that there never was, nor never will be, a case of pyorrhea that could not be cured by the Captain and a bottle of his famous Camphenal. As an entertainer, it is rumored that the Captain was very successful and his many friends still are mourning their loss.

Lieutenant Stuart is a veteran and a Dental Surgeon of no mean ability. He and Captain Lucas reported to the Camp Adjutant on May 20, 1918, and, after receiving the customary "bawling out" they were instructed to report to the Adjutant of the Base Hospital. While wending their weary way to this institution, they spent some time speculating as to their probable fate and wondered if it would be Sing Sing or Fort Leavenworth. They had spent several months as Privates at Camp Funston, Kansas, and they hoped it would be Sing Sing or death. Imagine, if you can, their surprise at seeing a room flooded with sunshine, and a man with smiling face and outstretched hand, who assured

them he was glad to make their acquaintance and proceeded to make arrangements for their immediate comfort. That man was Captain Dean. Lieutenant Stuart is a member of the brass band in his own home town; he has never mastered the art of "Tooting his own horn" and believes that Virtue is its own reward. Although affectionately dubbed "Toad" by his friends, his sweetheart insists that "Ducky" is the prettier name. Be that as it may, it all depends upon whether a nickname should be sug-

gestive of his form or of his gait, but he continues to grin and grow fat.

Sergeant Mills is our laboratory mechanic and almost a dentist—but not quite. If you wonder why, the answer is "Gray's Anatomy." The Sergeant agrees that if the laboratory were self-cleansing, it would improve his disposition. Private first-class Reynolds has a grand disposition and refuses to be downcast, even in adversity, as was recently demonstrated when his sweetheart changed her name without even asking his advice. Private first-class Irving shows remarkable mechanical and conversational ability. Here's hoping that he will cultivate the former and neglect the latter. Private first-class Snow H. Thomas, our information bureau, is a highly tailored lad who has been in the

service for five years and spent most of his time in studying Army Regulations. Private Costello, sometimes known as "Stiletto" and "Spaghetti," and Private Smiley also are members of the Enlisted personnel.

The Dental Department is always unpopular, but we think it has been successful, nevertheless. You will go far before you meet with a department in which the personnel shows more interest and more co-operation.



ALL READY FOR A TONSILLECTOMY



*"I owe a great debt to my able associates and assistants in the X-ray Laboratory and, when they return to their various vocations in civil life I want them to know that I appreciate their work individually and I realize that it was through them that this laboratory was a success.*

*"Our motives and work were for one cause—liberty."*



CAPTAIN WINFIELD G. McDEED, M.C.  
Chief of X-ray Laboratory



## THE X-RAY LABORATORY

While the war was raging in Europe, even, before our country had become involved, a small group of far-seeing men were busily engaged in perfecting a very special, vitally essential branch of the Medical Science—that of roentgenology.

A few of the roentgenologists of the United States concerned themselves with an exhaustive study of the methods employed by both the French and the British in their Military Hospitals. Their merits and their shortcomings were carefully analyzed, their systems painstakingly compared, their mistakes pointed out and profited by, and, in this manner, an individual system was devised that represented all the virtues of the others without their many defects. This constituted a rather revolutionizing stride toward the ideal of the medical science during warfare, as this present emergency was the first in which roentgenology played so important a part.

At the entry of the United States into the field of hostilities, the government did not over-look the advanced preparations of this distinguished group of scientists, but immediately called them into active service, and found them ready for their work. Thus their endeavors served a twofold purpose. First, the advancement of the Medical Science, and secondly (of greater importance still), the expediting and the furtherance of the great purpose that imbued all. Thus the call for roentgenologists that immediately arose was answered with startling rapidity, and specialists were offered to fill the need, even before the Base Hospitals were ready for occupancy. These men were given courses that represented a concentrated quintessence of the actual experience of our Allies, as well as additional products of the American mind.

The Base Hospitals in all the cantonments were equipped in practically the same way, as regards X-ray



THE X-RAY LABORATORY PERSONNEL

apparatus. Their development and expansion took place as the needs arose and as the confidence of the Medical Officers grew by leaps and bounds, necessitating a wider field of activity. Nothing was left undone to give this branch of the service its greatest latitude.

The wheels of this laboratory were set in motion when Major (then Captain) Merritt took his place at the helm on November 15, 1917. In February, 1918, he was ordered to Washington, D. C., and was succeeded by Captain Stearns of Richmond, Va., who remained in charge of the laboratory until May of the same year.

Captain Winfield G. McDeed, a graduate of Northwestern University, having completed the roentgenological course at Cornell University, was sent to Camp Devens, Mass., from which place he was sent to New York for special training in localizing and field hospital X-ray work. Having completed this he was sent to Camp Meade to await orders for overseas duty. He was, instead, sent to Camp Lee, to take his place as Chief of the Laboratory, Captain Sternes having been ordered to another post. During the same month Lieutenant M. M. Pomeranz, a graduate of the New York University, the Cornell Army School of Roentgenology, and trained at Fort Oglethorpe, was assigned to this laboratory, as assistant to Captain McDeed and, in December, 1918, the working force was augmented by the arrival of Lieutenant Charles F. Merrill, who was transferred from Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

One of the many phases of radiographical work presented itself during the summer months, when the influx of prospective soldiers from every nook and corner of the country created a new demand. It fell upon the shoulders of the roentgenologists to determine whether old injuries and defects would hinder a man in the performance of his duty as well as to ascertain his proper status. In this way, the X-ray proved of inestimable value in facilitating the herculean task of the examining board and the mustering office.

Since the laboratory does all the work of the camp in addition to the Hospital work, the demands made on this department at that time, with its one operating and fluoroscopic room combined, were of such a nature that, if the laboratory were to maintain its former high efficiency, more space and equipment were imperatively necessary.

Accordingly, the scope of additional space and equipment necessary was fully ascertained by Captain McDeed. Plans were drawn and submitted to the Commanding Officer. Lieutenant-Colonel Dear at once saw the necessity of the extension, and in line with his progressive ideas, immediately brought the attention of the Department of Roentgenology at Washington. This department's sanction was obtained, and in a short while the laboratory assumed its present proportions, fully equipped, and ready for immediate operation.



X-RAY ROOMS

This extension came coeval with new demands (such as the localizations of foreign bodies and extensive work with war wounds) that would have been impossible to meet without it.

The laboratory now consists of two separate machines and two operating rooms; an individual fluoroscopic and localizing room; machine room; a dark room for the development of the X-ray plates; a photographic dark room for the Base Hospital photographer; a plate reading and conference room; the filing room and the office.

The exposing of the plates in the majority of cases is done by two operating technicians, Privates first-class Ira S. Brinser and John C. Evans. Private Brinser in civil life was a high-school principal and the opportunity presented itself here for him to put practical application to some of the laws of physics and mathematics that he had taught to the rising generation of Pennsylvania. Ira Brinser is also an associate editor of "Lest We Forget."

Private Evans was formerly an employe of the General Electric Company at Philadelphia and his practical knowledge of electricity

was an important factor in facilitating the ease and rapidity with which he grasped this new field of endeavor. Both these technicians are now thoroughly familiar with all phases of radiography and each one is quite capable of independent work.

For more than six months the secretarial and recording work was taken care of by Private first-class John E. Henes, of Hamilton, Ohio. Private Henes proved himself an ideal man in the capacity of his work, which was conscientiously performed and errors brought to a remarkable minimum. He was honorably discharged in March, 1919, and was succeeded by Private Julius C. Michaels of minstrel fame.

The X-ray plates are developed in the X-ray dark

room by Private First-class Stuart C. Vossmeier, of Newport, Kentucky; and Samuel Bernstein, of Washington, D. C. Private Vossmeier has been in the laboratory since it opened its doors, and was transferred here from Fort Thomas. His work is that of a first-class developer. The developers alternate their work so as not to be in the developing room continuously. Private Bernstein, prior to entering the service, was a Medical student at the George Washington University, having finished his second year. He is also a registered pharmacist. This made him well fit to have a proper conception of this important branch of the X-ray technic. The dark room is fully equipped with ventilators and convenient tanks for developing, fixing and washing.

Corporal Samuel Rogers is the official Base Hospital photographer. His work consists of practically everything in the régime of photography. His being a magician on the stage probably accounts for the good work he does in this line. His duty consists of photographing patients who have been in the Hospital for several months. The idea was that of the Commanding Officer who was many



PLATE READING ROOM

times repaid for his consideration in this by receiving letters of appreciation from parents and relatives who have been without a glimpse of their "soldier boy" for months. We are also indebted to Corporal Rogers for his contribution to "Lest We Forget."

A vitally important factor, has been the sterling work of the Enlisted men. Without their aid, the routine of the department would have been impossible. This increased work under these adverse conditions was performed in a manner which must evoke laudatory recognition. The Enlisted personnel was at a minimum and the rush incurred by the arrival of large numbers of overseas patients necessitated their utmost endeavor.



## THE PHYSIOTHERAPY DEPARTMENT

— McCUNEY —

No doubt you have walked up and down corridor "C" many times, and have already noticed it. This corridor houses a department that had its beginning about the first of the year, and since that time has developed so rapidly that it looks as if it would soon occupy all of corridor "C."

In a ward, all fitted up with booths and tables, the overseas patients are massaged, muscle educated and developed back to normal again, or as near normal as is possible in this advanced age of science and learning. And in another ward, they have a gymnasium, in which an outfit worth several thousand dollars is being installed by the American Red Cross. In this ward the men are put through corrective exercises under the supervision of trained instructors.

The physiotherapy department is a mighty active department. We understand that it is a department of therapies, for besides resorting to manipulation and gymnastics, they call on mechanotherapy, radiotherapy,

electrotherapy, suntherapy, and all the other therapies in their earnest desire to get that injured soldier back to complete recovery.

Captain Tell Berggren, M.C., is the Director of physiotherapy and it is through his able management and the earnest co-operation of his assistants that this department has met with such success. They work hand in hand with the Occupational Aides and the Educational Department, and the other

departments of the hospital to rebuild, teach and encourage the overseas patients back to efficiency and health.

This book would not be complete were no mention made of the physiotherapy department. It is one of the important factors



RECONSTRUCTION AIDES

in helping the government fulfill its promise to the service man. It has become an important department in the hospital and the success with which it has met so far cannot be praised too highly. Perhaps it will occupy all of corridor "C."



CAPTAIN ROSCOE C. KORY, M.C.  
Personnel Adjutant

*“Because of my assignment as Personnel Adjutant, I have had the pleasure and good fortune of knowing personally almost every Officer, Nurse, and Enlisted Man of the Base Hospital.*

*“It is with the greatest esteem that I hold these many acquaintances of the Army.*

*“Their efficiency and straight-forward conduct at all times have been unquestioned.*

*“As I return to my home, I will carry along the memory of the many pleasures that have been intermingled with duties while I was so fortunate as to be one of them.”*





## THE PERSONNEL OFFICE

The Personnel Office, as a separate office, has been in existence only since October, 1918. Previous to that time, it had been associated with the Detachment Commander's Office. It originated in May, 1918, when 1st Lieutenant Roscoe C. Kory, M.C., was designated as Personnel Officer. Later the title was changed to that of Personnel Adjutant, and

with the different changes of status among the personnel of the organization are made up in this office. The Enlisted men's pay-roll, the Nurses' and civilian employees' pay roll, and the Officers' pay vouchers are also made up here. Then there is all the work connected with insurance and allotments, courts-martial, naturalization of aliens, transfers of men to and from this



THE PERSONNEL ADJUTANT AND HIS ASSISTANTS

shortly after Lieutenant Kory became Captain Kory. In October, 1918, the two offices were separated, and since then the Personnel Office has been run as a separate department.

This office has charge of all records and reports made in connection with both Officers and Enlisted men. The Service Records of all Enlisted men of this organization and all records connected with Officers on duty at the hospital are kept in this office. The daily Morning Report, and periodical reports of all kinds connected

organization, and miscellaneous paper work of all kinds. It takes care of everything nobody else wants, and if you want something you can generally find it or find out where you can get it by inquiring at the Personnel Office.

The work of this office is divided into five distinct departments. First is the Officers' Personnel Department, under the supervision of Hospital Sergeant Robert D. Pye. Pye has lots of crust at times, talking back to the Officers and telling them "where to get off

at " but its all in the job and Pye is the man who can do it diplomatically and get away with it. Corporal Carcione was formerly his assistant, but was replaced in February by Private C'ark Frutchey, who has proved a capable worker.

Probably the most important department of all, especially from the Enlisted men's standpoint, is the Pay Roll and Discharge Department, under the able guidance of Hospital Sergeant Adrian T. Gast, with his corps of assistants, consisting of Sergeant Lewis C. Cassidy, Corporal Raymond E. King, and Private John H. Byrd. Hospital Sergeant Elliott W. Morrill was one of the members of this department, but in January he took over the Patients' Detachment Pay Roll, and got an office of his own in the Receiving Ward, with Private James A. Stacy as his understudy.

The Daily Morning Report, monthly reports and rosters and transfers to this organization are being handled by Hospital Sergeant Russell L. Smith and Sergeant first-class Virgil J. Pedrizetti. These two hustling Sergeants also make up the Nurses' pay roll and keep all the records of civilian employees on duty at the hospital, such as Dietitians Laboratory Technicians and Reconstruction Aides. Sergeant Smith is also the manager of the Base Hospital Orchestra and Band, and Sergeant Pedrizetti, probably better known as "Pedro," can usually manage to keep busy.

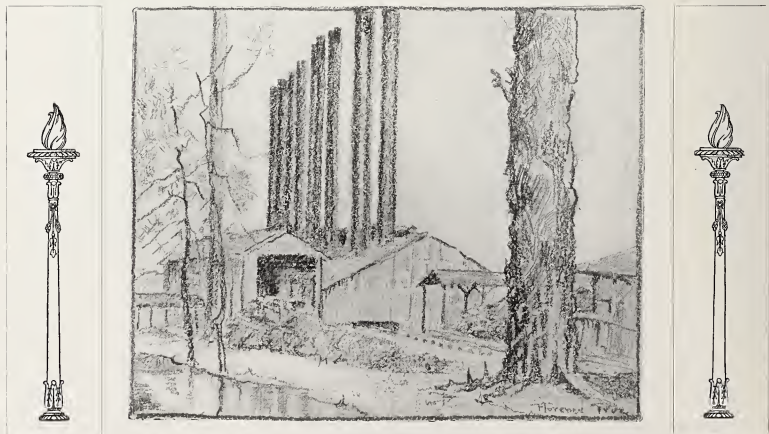
Sergeant first-class Berlin R. Lemon works all by

himself in handling allotments and insurance for all Enlisted men, Officers, Nurses, Patients, and anybody else who might be in need of assistance in these matters. He is also an authority on courts-martial and other questions of military law. In this respect he certainly does not live up to his name, neither first nor last. After the overseas patients began to come in, he was also put in charge of the work of securing affidavits from them to be used as a basis for their pay.

The fifth department grew into being in February, 1919, after the Discharge Board had accumulated so much work that they did not know what to do with it. Sergeant Joseph G. Moffitt is in charge of this division of the work, and takes care of all discharge applications after they have been passed upon by the Board. Joe is sure a busy man, even with his staff of assistants.

Acting as orderly and general utility and fatigue man for the entire office is Private Carl N. Brown, the young man who peddles the book. He also assists wherever his services are needed, and makes himself useful at all times.

The whole work is being done under the supervision of Captain Roscoe C. Kory, who has been the guiding light of this department ever since its institution. Under his guidance this office has acquired the reputation of being one of the most up-to-date and best managed offices in the Hospital, so that even Headquarters, attracted by its efficiency, has complimented it.



THE POWER HOUSE



## THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

And now you come to the Registrar's Office. Yes, I agree with you, in that it resembles the office of a million dollar corporation in Pittsburgh. When you come to figure on the many divisions that are connected with this huge enterprise, you would wonder how Lieutenant Thomson, our youthful Registrar, does it. Well, he just does it, that's all. Furthermore he has preached 100 per cent efficiency until he is blue behind the gills, and from observation and with the successful administration that he has had, the 100 per cent stuff has undoubtedly "soaked in." He fosters the largest personnel of any office in the entire hospital.

You ask what the many divisions of the department are? There's the Sick and Wounded Report the Patients' Detachment, the S. C. D. Board, the Notification Section, the Clinical Record Section, the Communicable Disease Section, the Reports and Statistics Bureau. All of these divisions are sub-divided into minor sections which can, all in all, assure a most accurate disposition of all the tremendous work that is to be done by this one big department.

O, yes, every big thing has a small start, and I can take you back to the opening days of the Base Hospital, to the days of Major Roop and Lieutenant Shugerman who were Registrars and occupied a small office in the Receiving Ward Building. When the 80th division held sway, there was not so much paper work to be done at the Base, this function was attended to at the various infirmaries about camp. Soon the little rooms were abandoned and the office was moved to the

Administration Building in the room that the Detachment Commander and the Personnel Adjutant had used. In this room were assembled the notables who have made the office what it is today. I can not go on without telling you of "Happy" Hertz, the "Smile getter" and Baldy McKibben who didn't like it at all

when May Ward at the Liberty sang "Sweet Daddy" to him in the presence of all his colleagues. There was Buck O'Leary who would become suddenly tired on a warm summer afternoon and order a side-car to take him to an infirmary at the other end of the camp, on a worthless mission, just for the ride and a little cool air. Then it will be hard to forget the "Old Ironside" pipe that Harold MacMurray brought along to camp with him in April, 1918, and is smoking the "gol darn hod" even up to this day. "Jimmy" Moore, can answer the telephones to the absolute satisfaction of any Colonel in camp. Then there is Phil Fernier, always humming a tune, who last summer went home to Philly and grabbed a little Quaker City damsel right off the bat and married her. It has been said that when Phil goes back home for keeps, she will keep him humming all the time.

Just after the "Flu" epidemic, the office moved into its present quarters and, though it occupies one entire building of its own, it has been proved lately that even this space is too small. No telling where they would have ended had the war lasted until 1925.

When the "Flu" broke out, this office seemed hardest hit of all, and it was necessary to augment the force by adding extra men on special duty here. Day and night



2ND LIEUT. DAVID THOMPSON, S. C.  
Registrar

LEST WE FORGET

shifts were inaugurated and it became one ceaseless mill of activity from September until early November. Truly this office deserves the credit that was given it.

Then you have talent in the Registrar's Office. For basket-ball, there is "Chuck" Connor, from Minnesota; for soccer, there is "Earney" Wood; to the Minstrel show were donated "Happy" Hertz, Phil Fermier, "Earney" Wood, and that boy Drummond. "Happy" Hamilton is on the staff of "Lest We Forget," as an editor.

I must mention Captain Burgheim, who was Registrar before Lieutenant Thomson came on the scene. He was the Beau Brummel of the Command and his

yearnings for the Coca-Cola bar at the Canteen can well be remembered.

And then I want you to meet Lieutenant Pringle who conducts the Patient's Detachment, and Lieutenant Kable, who is responsible for the C. of D. Department, two very important factors of the Registrar's Office.

This is the office upon whose work most of the affairs of the patients depend. It is one of the most essential cogs in the machine of the Base Hospital and this efficient force of men always is on the alert to see that the cog does not slip. So they can, in truth, say with Shakespeare's Henry "Thus was I called and thus amply did I serve."

Let us go around the office and meet the boys:

SERGEANTS FIRST-CLASS

Hubert Ashby	Henry DeHaan
Harold MacMurray	Roland Ely

SERGEANTS

Jacob Goldfarb	Herbert Biehler
Alfred Marks	

CORPORALS

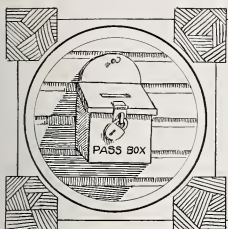
George Baskerville	Theodore Phillips
Thomas McKibben	Louis Hertz

PRIVATEs

J. W. Everett	Winfield Connor
J. W. Armstrong	Leo P. Dolan
C. F. Rogers	W. F. Egan
C. J. Lodyga	B. W. Drummond
J. A. O'Leary	C. N. Diefenderfer
Ernest Wood	F. W. Soden
H. C. Thomas	W. J. Struce
W. J. Depner	P. Farley
R. S. McConaghy	S. T. Figgitt
E. E. Conner	G. J. Breithaupt
Philip Fermier	L. L. Drummond
James Moore	G. Rice
Harry Hamilton	L. W. Carns



THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE PERSONNEL



## THE DETACHMENT COMMANDER'S OFFICE

PRESENT LOCATION: ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

### ROSTER

LIEUTENANT ARTHUR C. BROWN, Detachment Commander

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK C. SCHREIBER, Assistant Detachment Commander

LIEUTENANT BELTON J. WORKMAN, Assistant Detachment Commander

SERGEANT FIRST-CLASS JAMES M. BRENNAN

SERGEANT FIRST-CLASS FRED BESTE

SERGEANT ALBERT BENNER

SERGEANT JAMES C. PURCELL

SERGEANT ANGUS MACDONALD

CORPORAL JOHN LONGACRE

CORPORAL PHILIP LEAHY

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS ELLIS GILBERT

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS DANIEL J. CLOSE

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS CHARLES H. RUSSELL

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS FRED A. BUTLER

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS LE GRAND WAGAR

History has often repeated itself, and the Detachment Office is no exception as far as location is concerned.

In April, 1918, we find the Detachment Office allied with the Personnel Office, and Lieutenant Roscoe C. Kory, M.C. (since promoted to Captaincy), in charge

of both offices, assisted by 1st Lieutenant Ferris L. Arnold, M.C. Sergeant Richard Walsh was our "Top Sergeant."

With the increased personnel necessary to operate an expanding Hospital, it was decided to separate the



THE DETACHMENT OFFICE PERSONNEL

departments and Lieutenant Kory was selected as Personnel Officer and Lieutenant Arnold as Detachment Commander.



BESTE  
"Old Ironsides"

The Detachment men can well remember Lieutenant Arnold and his favorite "get together" speeches; and they still remember his able assistant, Sergeant first-class Richard Walsh.

About June, 1918, the office for the Personnel Officer and the Detachment Commander proved to be too small, so it was moved to the Sick Officers' Ward. It was in this office that the Detachment lost one of its popular commanders, for Lieutenant Arnold was advanced to his present duty as Assistant to the Commanding Officer. At the same time Sergeant Walsh was assigned temporarily in the Sergeant Major's office while preparing for a commission in the Sanitary Corps.

Captain Everett C. Brennand, M.C., was the next Detachment Commander and Sergeant Robert D. Pye was assigned to fill the duties of "top kicker." Captain Brennand was in charge until about July, 1918, when he was transferred to Base Hospital No. 61, which was then preparing to depart for overseas.

Then 1st Lieutenant Arthur C. Brown, M.C., was assigned to duty as Detachment Commander and he continued in this office up to this writing. Lieutenant Brown has been a very popular Commander; all the men respect him, and there is that earnest co-operation between him and the men.

About one month after Lieutenant Brown's initiation, Sergeant Pye was assigned to the Personnel Office and Sergeant Charles T. Mumford was detailed as "Top Sergeant."

Some time during July, on one of the hottest days ever experienced in Camp Lee, the Detachment Office, together with the Personnel Office, was moved to the Head Surgery Building and the vacated quarters were at once utilized as the Sick Officers' Ward.

Here the two offices continued to function until about September, 1918, when cruel fate again had an inning, and they were moved back again to the Administration Building, taking the northeast corner room left vacant by the Dispensary (the Dispensary had been moved to the Receiving Building).

They had just gotten accustomed to their cramped quarters, when it was decided to separate the offices. The Personnel Office remained in the Administration Building—its present location—and the Detachment Office was moved to the northern end of the old Detachment Mess Hall



MUMFORD  
"Hard Boiled"

About December, 1918, Sergeant first-class James M. Brennan was assigned as "top kick" relieving Sergeant first-class Mumford.

The Detachment Office was by this time reaching large proportions and it was found practical to divide the office. Lieutenant Brown, Sergeant Brennan and a few assistants moved to the small, southeast corner room in the Administration Building, while the balance of the office force remained in the old "Mess Hall" location, with 1st Lieutenant Henry J. Schwartz, M.C., and later 1st Lieutenant Frederick C. Schreiber, M.C. in charge.

Now we come to the part where history repeats itself. In the early part of March, 1919, the branch Detachment Office in the Administration Building was moved back into its first location, next to the Information Office.

Looking back on the circuitous locations of the Detachment Office and on its exciting career, we are filled with wonder. It greatly reminds us of the thrifty bees—no matter how much they are disturbed, they still go on working.

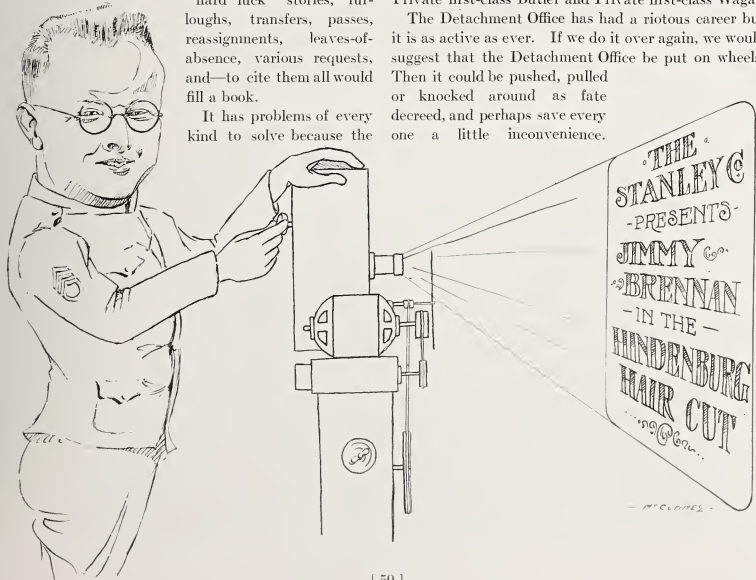
Few people realize the trials and tribulations of an ordinary Detachment Office, let alone one that takes care of one thousand men. Its daily work is an unceasing round of reprimands, passes, explanations, passes, "hard luck" stories, furloughs, transfers, passes, reassignments, leaves-of-absence, various requests, and—to cite them all would fill a book.

It has problems of every kind to solve because the

men realize that it is "their" office. It is their general information office, and it is open at all times for the men to submit suggestions, complaints and requests, and to receive instructions. This office has been a large factor in the successful organization of the Medical Detachment.

A brief mention about the Enlisted personnel of the Detachment Office might prove interesting. There is Sergeant first-class Brennan who is especially popular amongst the men, and it is well known that his famous "Hindenburg hair-cut" and that cute shape of his has often been admired by the Richmond ladies. Sergeant first-class Beste is a familiar figure to every man in the Detachment, especially to those rookies who were members of the "special fatigue" gang. We understand that he has received many nicknames, two of which being "Old Ironsides" and "Sphinx." Then there is Sergeant "Jimmy" Purcell, known as "kid reliable," and that affable and ambitious sergeant, Albert Benner, and Sergeant MacDonald, known as "Fog Horn" (he sees that the men get their clothes). There is Corporal Longacre who received the requests for discharge and was finally able to crawl over them and get home himself; there is Corporal "Phil" Leahy; Private first-class Gilbert, who "gargles" his throat in the minstrels; Private first-class "Danny" Close; Private first-class Butler and Private first-class Wagar.

The Detachment Office has had a riotous career but it is as active as ever. If we do it over again, we would suggest that the Detachment Office be put on wheels. Then it could be pushed, pulled or knocked around as fate decreed, and perhaps save every one a little inconvenience.





# THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S OFFICE

— H. CUNNEY —

LOCATION: ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

## ROSTER

HOSPITAL SERGEANT RAYMOND D. SMITH, Sergeant-Major

HOSPITAL SERGEANT EUGENE W. MUSSELWHITE  
SERGEANT FIRST-CLASS PAUL V. ALLEN  
SERGEANT GERALD E. MONROE  
SERGEANT ARTHUR L. JOHNSON  
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS HENRY P. ROTH

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS GREGORY S. LUTHY  
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS JOHN F. MURPHY  
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS GEORGE W. BEYER  
PRIVATE MICHAEL J. SWEENEY

The history of the Sergeant-Major's Office goes back to July, 1917, when the first Medical Enlisted men came to Camp Lee. At that time the Base Hospital was being constructed and the temporary Hospital was located at 27th Street and Avenue "A" with the men billeted in barracks. An office was established to care for the records and Sergeant Eakes was selected as the clerk-in-charge. He later became known as our Sergeant-Major, and was the first "non-com" to hold this office.

Later this nucleus of the Medical Detachment was transferred to its new home at the Base Hospital and the Sergeant-Major's Office was opened. At that time this office comprised all the other Administrative departments of the Hospital, such as Detachment Commander, First Sergeant, Mess Sergeant, etc. It was the administrative office.

The Base became a rapidly growing institution. New wards were opened for the increasing number of patients



THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S OFFICE PERSONNEL



and extra men were ordered here to become a part of the Detachment. All these changes meant increased work and it resulted in a complete change of the office forces and the assignment of a number of men for "Sergeant-Major work." Master Hospital Sergeant Bartlett was ordered here for duty as Sergeant-Major and he remained here until January, 1918, when he was ordered to another post.

Sergeant Robert Telford became our new Sergeant-Major. He had become familiar with the work and very shortly afterwards was advanced to the rank of Sergeant first-class and then again to the rank of Hospital Sergeant. In July, 1918, Sergeant Telford, together with two other Sergeants, received commissions, Sergeant Telford in the Quartermaster Corps, Sergeant Nicholson and Sergeant Walsh in the Sanitary Corps, with orders to proceed to other stations for duty.

Sergeant Raymond D. Smith assumed the duties of Sergeant-Major and because of his ability was advanced to the rank of Sergeant first-class and again to that of Hospital Sergeant.

The history of the Sergeant-Major's Office does not appear thrilling in print but it has had an exciting career. To get a good memory picture of it, it is only necessary to think of a boiler shop in full blast, with bells and buzzers and telephones, with typewriters pounding away and countless hob-nailed shoes scraping this way and that. In its quieter moments, and they are few and far between, you can get a good impression by eliminating the boiler shop. The title "Sergeant-Major's Office" and the word "work" are synonymous. It is the "clearing house" of the Base Hospital.

A history of the Sergeant-Major's Office would not be complete if no mention were made of the Adjutant, Captain Herbert N. Dean, S.C. It is impossible to

think of one without thinking of the other. Captain Dean could tell you much more about the Sergeant-Major's Office than we have recorded. He is familiar with every part of the Hospital, and being a stickler on office administration and efficiency, the fruits of his labor can be observed in the Sergeant-Major's Office.

Let us look over the personnel. We of course remember Hospital Sergeant Smith, who can be seen at his desk even when the shadows fall and who, we understand, is likely to bud into a literary genius judging from the letters he writes to that girl. Hospital Sergeant Musselwhite, known as "kid energy" can tell you how soon that special letter will be delivered to a certain barracks in camp; Sergeant first-class Allen, another writer of letters; Sergeant Monroe who has charge of these precious files and can tell you "who's who" just the same as if he were in civilian clothes and back on his old job; Sergeant Johnson, we understand, is kept busy and we will take that for granted because we never see him. Then there is Private first-class Roth who can make a typewriter hum; Private first-class Luthy who hails from the West and who is going around with his chest puffed out because he has put on a few pounds in weight; Private first-class Murphy is the hardest worker in camp and if you don't believe us, ask him. And in finishing the list, we dare not miss Private first-class Beyer and Private Sweeney.

Now you have a brief history of the Sergeant-Major's Office. They deserve great credit for the success of this Hospital. It's an office where interest and co-operation are personified. We couldn't forget that office if we tried. Every time, we pass a boiler house or an iron foundry, or an alley fight, many of us are going to halt in excitement and exclaim, "Gee, don't that sound just like the Sergeant-Major's Office?"



QUARTERS OF COMMANDING OFFICER



## INFORMATION OFFICE

— THE COURIER —

"Can you tell me in what ward I can find Private Federovoch Trussowitchki?" A hurried (hurried being for home-consumption—in most cases it's leisurely) fingering of the much worn files, and the requested name is found.

"Ward 16, Sir."

Once more the information guy settles back on his chair, blows bluish rings of Fatima smoke into the air,

Officer, Enlisted Man and Nurse in the hospital. The duties of this office are many and varied, as any one dealing with the public knows, but the main work consists of keeping accurate records of the patients. When a patient enters the hospital, two sets of cards are made out in the Receiving Ward, containing all necessary data. One of these cards is filed alphabetically, and the other according to the number of the ward into



THE INFORMATION OFFICE PERSONNEL

and waits for the next customer. Not that we are jealous of others, in fact we are one of those happy individuals who can't be happy unless they see others happy. (And so we enjoy the peacefulness and "*dolce far niente*" of the Information Office as much as the boys themselves.) Also, why shouldn't they do things in a leisurely manner, when they know that their system works, with infallible accuracy.

That they have done things—"*non disputandum est.*" They have devised a system by which you can obtain immediate information on any patient, or any

which he has been admitted. When a man is transferred from one ward to another, a record of this is made after the Receiving Ward has been notified of the disposition by the Ward Surgeon.

The influenza epidemic made the Information Office one of the most important adjuncts of the Hospital. Long lines of anxious relatives were constantly waiting to get their directions, and many pathetic sights were witnessed during that dark period. The office strength had to be increased to fifteen men at that time.

Here are the names of the men who give you the

directions you desire: Sergeant Hugh C. Linder, in charge; Sergeant Jos. G. Weinfurther, Assistant in charge; Private first-class John W. Hughes; Private first-class Howard W. MacFarlane, and Privates Eugene Beirly and Joseph L. Smith.

Directly opposite the Information Office, you find the Waiting Room—popularly known as the Blue Room. It has charming appointments, being nicely furnished, and has an inviting atmosphere of comfort. It was the rendezvous of the relatives of the influenza victims, as it had just been fitted out a few weeks before

the epidemic broke out. Special mention should be made in this connection of the three ladies from the Hostess House—Miss Bailey, Miss Harrison and Miss Mann—who sacrificed a great deal of their time in taking care of the women visitors, while the scourge was at its height.

You can see that the Information Office is an important cog in the wheel of the Hospital machinery. Perhaps that's the reason the Information guys look so—well, so supercilious. But can you blame them? They have important work to do and they do it!

## TELEPHONE



## EXCHANGE

"Hello"—

"Base Hospital Operator"—

"Give me 606."

"Call to-morrow."

Gl . . . Gl . . . Gl . . . Gl . . .

"Get your party?"

"Not yet."

"Alright now."

And then the talk fest starts. Of course, we can't let you in on the secrets of the monumental problems that are being poised over the wire, of the romantic gurglings (You know the stuff: Hello, dear . . . Yes, dear . . . Why, no, honey . . . etc.) that echo over the phone, of the scientific fencing that tingles the ears. But we can give you the names of the boys who do hear all these things. Perhaps they will tell you—more likely not. Some people are good listeners, but damned poor talkers.

Well, here's the name of the quartet that transmit your message over the entire area of the Base Hospital:

Private first-class Morris Mayer, in charge; Private first-class Alton R. Chase; Private first-class George C. Ellis, and Private first-class Edward L. Redding.

The telephone board, too, has a history. It was put in in September, 1917, and had 30 stations at that time. The tremendous growth of the hospital made the construction of a new board

necessary, which was put into operation on December 3, 1918. It now has 80 stations.

Our four "hello-boys" work in eight-hour shifts. They answer about 1000 calls a day. Their busiest



THE OPERATORS

period was during the influenza epidemic, when more than 2000 calls poured in every day.

The Base Hospital Telephone Exchange is, as Mayer pointed out, one of the most interesting places in the entire Hospital. Here's where tragedy and comedy, burlesque and pathos, laughter and tears mingle in kaleidoscopic succession. But, of course, we can't reveal all we know. And, secondly, why should we ?

LEST WE FORGET



THE GENERAL MESS HALL



THE DETACHMENT MESS HALL

# MESS



-McLennan-



LT. PHILIP M. FARLEY  
Mess Officer

Every day would be "Sunny Skies" for dealers in foodstuffs, if every hotel was operated by Uncle Sam as proprietor and managing director. How the dealers would exult on having all bills paid on the first day of each and every month and how the manager of each hotel would enjoy the free air of a free country and not be forced to slide down coal chutes, dodge into elevators and back stairways! All of these gymnastics have made the writer a finished aerobiat during his experience of the past twelve years, mostly under the glare of the white lights of "Old Broadway." How different the experience in operating the food emporiums of Uncle Sam! Snugly seated in a motor car is found the Mess Officer with checks drawn in full payment for every



THE FEEDER

bill for food stuffs purchased during the preceding month, averaging fifty thousand dollars. He advances on Mr. Dealer with the smile that adorns the face of a large shareholder of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and with a reminiscent mind of the days when he used to slide down the coal-chutes—oh, how different!

The serious part of the duties of a Mess Officer includes the operating of five Messes consisting of the Patients', the Detachment, the Army Nurses' the Sick Officers' and the Officers', with approximately thirty-one hundred eager mouths to consume food three times a day, all equipped with gastronomic ability that is marvelous. I have made the solemn declaration that, when I get out of this man's army, my return to the field of



DIETITIANS

hotel activities, where you are paid good round simoleans for food waste, that I will not engage any Adjutant to stop the accumulation. Our Adjutant is a bird. He makes the rule that all garbage must be separated. Of course. I don't have to do it myself, it is done by the fellows they had trained to separate the "Hun." I want to let you know that my hellotic aspirations and ambitions shall be strongly guarded by a retinue of watchful men. They will receive instructions that, on the approach of all individuals who by word of mouth or appearance signify of their having been a former native of the Base Hospital, Camp Lee, Va., to immediately order ice-boxes closed and lights out.

The Patients' Mess, cares for some seventeen hundred of our unfortunate soldiers who became incapacitated by the numerous ailments of life, or who in the great struggle for democracy, wilfully, negligently, or otherwise, stepped in the way of the fire of the Berlin Hounds, only to subsequently rejoice in finding themselves under the watchful eyes of the attractive white gowned Nurses for which this Hospital is

noted. Think of it, for those who got in the way of Bill's fire—to have their food sent to their wards in a food conveyor especially designed by our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Dear. Their tray is attractively filled with fruits, cereals, chicken, fresh vegetables, desserts, and liquids, and then brought to their bedside by one of these Nurses, who with her deft little fingers, quickly arranges pillows, and with a comforting word and winsome smile, gently deposits the tray. Sometimes I have with tearful eyes evied these chaps, as the only fire that I was able to get in

front of was that of the kitchen. Those other unfortunates who are able to ambulate, go to the Patients' Mess Hall in column of twos at a whistle signal, where three times a day they encounter a feast that would make the Feast of Belshazzar look like a free lunch counter; here tables are found creaking from the strain of foodstuffs prepared by cooks who brought their fame with them into the Army from some of our country's famous hostelries. The supervision of this Mess is under the close scrutiny of several experienced as well as very attractive Dietitians, who also control the meals served

to the Ward Patients. These untiring members of the fair sex grace the atmosphere of the Mess Hall with their sunny smiles. With all of these environments, who would not be shot?

In the construction of the corridors leading to the Mess Hall, the average weight of the human body was figured and carefully considered. Up to the time that the writer assumed charge of the several Messes, the carrying capacity seemed to be satisfactory, but subsequently the appearance of broken flooring appeared and after careful investigation of this con-

dition, it was decided that the breakage was due to the increasing avoidupois accumulated by caloric nutrition values transferred by the outer man to the inner man. Thusly, to be invalidated from natural causes or by intimidation of fire from the "Hun" in the great struggle just terminated, cannot really be stamped as lamentable.

The Detachment men's Mess consists of about one thousand. Most of these chaps are distributed throughout the various departments, Medical, Surgical, and Administrative, and are the sinew of the organization.



FIREPLACE IN OFFICERS' DINING-ROOM

But I do not want to intrude upon the thunder of my brother chiefs of service. My sole interest is to see that they have their three meals each day, and in this the labors are but minute, for if there should be a slip up at any time, the roar that would come from these huskies would make a siren whistle sound like a mocking bird. Sometimes I feel that I am a victim of conspiracy on the part of this bunch when they clean out the ice-boxes and store-room, and I have the utmost regrets for the terrible catastrophe that awaits Mother's cupboards when these birds return to their humble billets; however, the "gee-but-that-was-good" smile that spreads over their faces after the attack is over amply repays the restaurateur of this emporium.

The Sick Officers' Mess—however that they came to get this name, has and always will be a mystery to the Mess Officer. In my opinion, the more appropriate name would be the Officers' Bunk Fatigue Mess. The impression that I have always had was that sick beings could eat but little. In this my fondest dreams were shattered. These unfortunates of the "Royal Order of the Leather Putts" can put a more brilliant polish to their plates than their puttees have had or ever will have. Thus I am convinced that every Officer and soldier that came into this great Army had paramount in their mind two thoughts, fight and eat—mostly eat.

And there is the Army Nurses' Mess. Down here a fellow doesn't get a chance to make his wife a victim of the "Green-eyed monster," for the reason that, if he

should dance more than half a dance with one of these angels, a noise arises which sounds like a lot of parrots holding a convention; but I am going to always tell the truth, so I will continue. This Mess has a population of about three hundred sweet-voiced souls, who are ever ready to go through sleepless nights, who display wonderful ability in their untiring efforts to lessen the sufferings and worries, as well as act as little Mothers in the care and comfort of our unfortunate brothers. I fully realize that my real story is to dwell upon the Messes principally. At the present writing, the Nurses are fed three times a day, just like all of the other human beings, but under conditions worse than those governing the several other Messes. At this Mess, congestion is the last word. Yes, the days are now dark and dreary; but a new, large and elaborate dining-room, kitchen and complete modern equipment will soon be theirs, and the clouds will disperse and the sun will shine and happiness will reign supreme.

The Officers' Mess—there is an old adage that "Opportunity comes to he who waits." To the writer, it is here. Long days of breakfasts, dinners, suppers, and late suppers (as known in the Army) but commonly known on Broadway as breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, and suppers, have made the path of the Mess Officer a very tempestuous one with the average feeding of one hundred and fifty leather putteed Officers whose homes range from Kamtehatka to Maine. However, they eat the same as the rest of their ancestors, whose



THE MESS OFFICER AND ASSISTANTS



FOOD EXPERTS OF THE GENERAL MESS

species can be found in any of the many zoölogical gardens in our beloved country, with one exception, those at the wax works table, and possibly another.

Most of these one hundred and fifty dear brother Officers, with appetites that would make a great Dane hound's appetite look like a canary bird's, flock around the entrance to the dining-room at meal time and put a bargain sale at a New York department store

counter to shame. It has been found impossible for them to make any comments during the first attack, solely for the reason that nature gave them but one

aperture to deposit their food, and that is too busy to use for any other purpose but masticating,—pardon me, I meant swallowing. But after they come up for air,

the second drive is made and the annihilation of all foodstuffs is complete. As a matter of preparedness the kitchen and dining-room crews have been forced to secretly hide their rations in the archives of the cellar of the building, and, sad as it may seem, many a

poor waiter of the tender-hearted class, after listening to the tearful appeal for a third drive from one of these "Knights of the Leather Putts" has given up his portion



THEY CONTROL THE OFFICERS' MESS



CUISINE ARTISTS OF THE DETACHMENT MESS





A BAKER

to the poor starving mortal. Won't you be sorry for these poor Putts when they go home and attempt to make more than one drive on the cupboard at one dollar a day? Do you know that when I stop to think of the future prospects awaiting them, my heart just sinks away down. Then comes the sequel to the "Fall of the Dining-Room and Kitchen." The Mess Officer receives his daily cross examination. Why can't we have squab on toast? Why can't we have Mallard duck? Why can't we have lobster a la Newburg, or chicken a la king and numerous other dishes?

The Mess Officers' revenge will be complete. He dwells on the happy thought of the future. Fate some day will bring us together again. They will be seated in the dining-room of some hotel in the gay Metropolis where the writer will be in supreme command. Can you imagine the fiendish look of joy which will spread all over my visage, when I see one of my dear former brother Officers and erstwhile food raiders straining all efforts to find which one of the four peas on his plate is hiding the lamb chop? What a terrible crime for the waiter should he be careless enough to place the check face upward. But no, the waiters in large hostels are wise birds. They will not turn that check face upwards, lest their customer in the act of drinking his

coffee should see the amount and choke to death. My conscience is clear, in that I have told the truth in the description of the five Messes which Uncle Sam employs me to operate. I go back to the days when I used to sit on my dear Mother's lap and listened to this advice. "Tell the truth at all times, my boy." I have faithfully carried out this advice in my foregoing story but I want to ask a last favor. Will you see that a guard is placed around my grave to prevent any of those Leather Putts from visiting it, and oh, yes, pick out one of those angels of mercy to take care of the grave. I thank you!

The duties of the Mess Officer are rated as important and it might also be stated that the position varies as to popularity. It is one constant round of suggestions and criticisms mixed with a frenzied effort to keep the larder complete. But the work does not cease with a full store-room. The food must be served well-cooked, there must be variety and it must be served properly.



A COOK



THE FOOD DISPENSERS OF THE OFFICERS' WARD

Were it not for the untiring efforts of the assistants to the Mess Officer, it would be impossible to accomplish the task.

All the members of the five separate Mess Halls cannot be praised too highly for their co-operation. This co-operation greatly increased the efficiency of the department and helped solve its daily problems.

## Menu

Christmas Day, 1918

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CELERY

OLIVES

PICKLES

OYSTER STEW

OYSTERETTES

ROAST TURKEY

OYSTER DRESSING

CRANBERRY SAUCE

CANDIED YAMS

FRENCH PEAS

FRENCH FRUIT SALAD

MINCE MEAT PIE

RAISIN CAKE

ORANGES

APPLES

ASSORTED NUTS

DEMITASSE

CIGARS

CIGARETTES

P. M. FARLEY,  
*Mess Officer.*

WARREN E. WILSON,  
*Mess Sergeant.*



## THE CHRISTMAS DINNER



FEW remarkable and astounding little episodes have been "pulled off" during our short, long, months in the Army at Camp Lee.

One of these little features happened on Christmas Day, 1918, and proved to be a big one indeed, with Lieutenant Philip M. Farley, our Mess Officer, playing the rôle of Santa Claus. The production that he staged for the benefit of the entire Base Hospital family was undoubtedly a remarkable one.

In this man's army the Mess call on the old bugle means more to the human heart than anything else, so when the "call" came on Christmas Day, and the long lean lines romped into the Mess halls the transformation scenes of a Strand Roof in New York, L'Aiglon in Philadelphia, a Schenley in Pittsburgh, or any other lobster parlor in the country were complete.

There are facts and fallacies, but list to the murmur of a fact that was pulled in the Detachment Mess.

"The Base Hospital Orchestra was grinding out a Jazz selection as the men came in. The Yuletide decorations, abundantly festooned from side to side, gave the proper environment to the scene. The tables, dressed as they were never dressed before, were a sight for the gods to behold. Smiles greeted smiles. Laughter responded

to laughter. Savory odors from the food-bedecked tables filled the air. The Jazz music continued. The men were seated. A trio of vaudeville funsters began to hit it up on harmony. They seemed to transmit a rhythm of song into the gladdened hearts of the crowd. The K. P.'s quickened their steps. Mastication doubled. Platter after platter of food was being emptied. Turkey was never so plentiful, cranberry sauce was a close second. Oyster dressing was pouring out its richness constantly. The cost of living was forgotten. Who cared now? French peas were rolling over the candied yams in playful glee. The Jazz was at it again. Now it was mince pie, then came cake and fruit and nuts. The floor seemed to sag under the strain. The silence of human voices ceased. Uproar after uproar ascended from the spoils of victory. It was over, and as they rose to leave the hall the joy and satisfaction was complete. Their stomachs were filled."



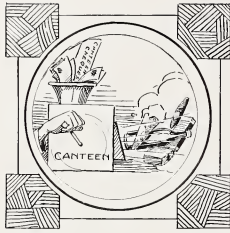
"REDS" WILSON

From the Officers' Mess came the same story, that of a wonderful repast. Into the Nurses' Mess there wiggled the same little monster of joy. All in all the dinner on Christmas Day was a feature of the whole Hospital career. There can be a vote of thanks to

Lieutenant Farley for the "big idea" and in splitting the ticket don't forget the Mess Sergeants and all the other men who made this classic possible.



A VIRGINIA HEN



## THE POST EXCHANGE

— H. CUNNEY —

Though officially known as the Post Exchange, this important adjunct to military life is known to the soldier as the "Canteen," and such it will remain to the end of time, despite the efforts to dignify the place with a more grandiloquent name.

The first Canteen for Medical men was opened in August, 1917, and was situated on 27th Street between Avenues A and B. The stock consisted solely of candy, soft drinks and tobacco, and the entire supply was purchased daily—probably through the fear that an oversupply would be left unsold at the end of the day. Another strong reason for the desultory manner of stocking the place was that most important one: lack of funds. Money was an unknown quantity in those olden days, and when the receipts of the day went as high as \$1.33, there was great jubilation, and the firm counted the vast hoard of money behind locked doors.

Just about that time, the weather became so hot that the fellows spent their toiling hours on the drill field mostly in planning the sodas and "cokes" they were going to consume in the new Canteen, and before very long, this newly famous drink-emporium began to resemble Shanley's on a thirsty night. This state of affairs produced such an enormous pile of shekels in the Canteen coffers that various attractive commodities were added, and the place became a most popular rendezvous with the hungry spenders, so that it was necessary to enlarge the floor space. When the Base Hospital was removed to its present site, the stock of the Canteen was carried over and stored under a tree, and business started with vim and vigor. The workmen were so busy with the Ward Buildings that none were available for the new Canteen. Seeing one bunch of them slacking up on the job, the progressive and



THE CANTEEN

far-seeing proprietors of our "store" visited the foreman of the gang and presented him with their compliments and a box of cigars. In a remarkably short time the Post Exchange building was completed, except for the windows. This fact did not dismay the "Canteen-workers"; the thirsty lines formed outside the window and the men were served as they passed. Everyone was satisfied and the Canteen prospered.

At first the entire building was found to be too commodious for the needs of the Post Exchange, so the east room was used as a Y. M. C. A. room; this was not a success, however, as the room was too small to accommodate the large number of men which thronged

a dozen men were kept busy doling out ice cream cones, cakes and soda. Many were the "sasfrillas" and "limmins" consumed in that thirst-parlor, but it was decided that the room was needed for a barber-shop, so the soft drink department was changed to its present location in a convenient corner of the largest room of the building.

Accordingly, the most modern apparatus for extracting the hirsute growth from a man's face and mowing the grass from the top of his head were installed. In the place of the two men who had been attending to the work of keeping up the morale of the Detachment hair, there were six, with a modern chair and all the



THE CANTEEN-ERS

the place. Then some one of brilliant mind conceived the idea of transforming the east room into a restaurant, but the high cost of living was against the success of the scheme, so the plan was relegated to the discard. At this time, the small room now occupied by the Canteen Office was a sort of pseudo-barber shop, though there was room for only two chairs and in order to get five minutes in the barber chair, one had to make an appointment in advance, then wait in line for at least an hour.

The next stage in the metamorphosis of the east room was as a "soft drink parlor." A counter extended around three sides of the room and behind this counter,

implements of the trade for each barber. None of these were new at the game, all of them being barbers of long experience before they were confiscated by Uncle Sam as too valuable to run at large. It is reported that Private "Tony" Natale was once Court Barber to the King of Ireland, but this is only a rumor, and cannot be verified. Everything in the shop is kept at the maximum degree of efficiency, and so far as sanitary conditions, prices and quality of work go, our barber shop compares very favorably with any in Petersburg. The convenience of having a good barber shop so close at hand is greatly appreciated by the Detachment men, and even the Officers find it very handy and satisfactory.

Since the installat'on of the shoe-shining chair, under the eagle eye and marvel-working hand of Private first-class G. Goff, the place is fast assuming a more and more metropolitan appearance. This genius, with a shoe-brush and a piece of Shinola the size of a pea can make a pair of muddy, "fatigue" shoes look like Fifth Avenue dancing pumps. With the improvements that are being made, we shall not be greatly surprised to see a manicurist installed in one of the corners. If anyone would like to undertake the job of making the nails of our Detachment men resemble those of Gaby Deslys, he may apply at once to the Canteen and be sure of a steady job. Regard this as a "want ad."

grounds of the Post Exchange now present a very neat and orderly appearance.

It is a great sight (for anyone but those fellows who work in the Canteen) to see our department store on the evening of pay day. The counters are assailed by a howling horde of embryo-purchasers eagerly clamoring for service, anxious to spend some of their newly-acquired wealth for the things at which they have been longingly gazing for three weeks. Then does the Canteen resemble a popular bargain sale in a large city. But even at the middle of the month, the Canteen is not deserted by any means. Through the system of the Post Exchange, one can obtain "Canteen checks"



CAPTAIN MORROW AND THE BARBERS

The personnel of the barber shop is as follows:

PVT. H. LONGSTRETH, IN CHARGE	PVT. J. MARNOCHA
PVT. F. ACCARDI	PVT. R. KILGORE
PVT. T. NATALE	PVT. C. BUBBS

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS J. FUSCO

As for the present location of the Canteen—everyone knows where it is! It is estimated that every man in the Detachment comes here at least twice a day, unless he is sick—or broke. (And if he is broke, he comes in anyway, in the hope of running into some of his generous friends.) At first, this building was surrounded by a barrage of stumps and swamps, but the stumps were dug up and the swamps were filled with ashes, so the

which are paid for at the end of the month, when the "ghost walks" for the benefit of the Detachment men. Each fellow is accredited with a certain flexibility of charge account, according to the amount of his pay, and the system has proved of inestimable benefit to hungry and impoverished soldiers.

A list of the things one might purchase at the Canteen would sound like a table of contents of a Sears-Roebuck catalog; everything from tooth-paste to olives can be obtained there—not to mention pillow tops, nail polish and Piedmont cigarettes. Cases have been known when a called-for article would be out of stock, but they are so rare that it would be unfair to cite them. There



A BUSY CORNER OF THE CANTEEN

is, for instance, the sad case when one of our Corporals was unable to purchase the black mustache-dye he so urgently desired, but the clerk willingly directed the Corporal where he might borrow some.

We are proud of our Canteen and of its work. Without it, camp life would be a dull, chocolate-less, tobacco-less, Bevo-less existence, and so the Canteen, too, has done its share in "keeping up the morale." The fellows who keep the Exchange in good working order deserve much credit for their efforts and, in many cases, pains. They have submitted to long hours, sometimes grumbling customers, and always tiring work; most of them have had no experience as storekeepers and no desire for the experience.

Anyone in the Detachment can tell you that Sergeant first-

class Sunderland is in charge of the Canteen. Who has not seen the perpetual smile this boy wears—and marvelled that it could remain perpetually, with his difficult position as Sergeant-in-charge of this supplier of the men's varying desires? The Officer in charge of the Post Exchange is Captain Henry W. Morrow, the man with personality plus and efficiency double plus.

Sergeant Sutherland is assisted very ably by Corporal F. McFall, who makes an extremely capable understudy

for the Sarge. Corporal R. O'Hara is making good as the man in charge of stock and he is aided and abetted by that big noise from Pittsburgh—Private first-class E. Schofer, who is assistant buyer. The man who handles the vast amount of book-keep-



A CORNER OF OUR SANITARY BARBER SHOP

ing work for this large organization is none less than that famous "ladykiller" from Philadelphia—Private first-class T. Noble himself! The merchandize stock room has been kept up-to-date by Private first-class George Bowman, of Virginia, who also illuminates the magazine counter with his radiant smile when you purchase his wares. Who has not been called upon to buy something he didn't need, couldn't afford—and didn't want by that genial and tireless salesman—Private first-class George Schwabach, the chief clerk? It has been said that he could sell automobiles to Henry Ford and that the question of selling palm-leaf fans to the Eskimos would be an easy task for George. Many an unsuspecting Private has gone into the Canteen for a package of Camels and come out with an armload of George's commodities.

One of the most popular jobs in the organization is held down by Private J. Miller—that of Ward salesman. He it is who makes daily trips through the Hospital carrying candy, tobacco and magazines to the fellows who are unable to come to

the Canteen. With his little cart piled high with the best the Canteen affords, he is a welcome sight to the patients in the various wards.

The newspaper department prospers under the guiding hand of Private first-class H. Mest, who, through long experience, can tell merely by looking at a man

whether he wants the Philadelphia *Examiner* or the Yaptown *Rooster*. Private first-class A. Watkins is the driver of the Canteen truck and not only does he transport the vast quantity of goods needed to stock the Canteen, but he has been known to pick up tired-out Medicos who started valiantly to walk to Petersburg only to find it twice as far as they had thought. The force of clerks includes Privates first-class J. Cobb and G. Moses and Privates W. Dudley, T. Gamble and M. Aaron. Private first-class H. De Wolfe, of Philadelphia, also is a clerk and he has incorporated some



GENERAL MERCHANDISE SECTION

of the Wannamakarian theories into his department.

The Base Hospital Post Exchange is the best equipped and managed Canteen in the cantonment and the Detachment men are justified in being proud of it.







## THE POST OFFICE

"Any mail, Mack?"

A thousand times a day you will hear this familiar question put to Corporal John McCloskey, of the Post Office crew. A thousand times a day Mack, or any one else in the office will either yell through the little hole in the wall, a "yes" or a "no." Then you can study the facial expressions. If the answer is "yes" it is inevitable that the smiling face and the eager grasp is apparent, but if the answer is a "no," then you can depend on a rainy day expression and a quiet disappointed departure. Therefore the post-office boys can control the destinies of the entire hospital family day after day. They are morale-lifters and gloom-chasers today, and tomorrow they are joy-killers and funeral experts. The business of handling mail for an institution that has anywhere from 1200 to 1500 personnel with the addition of hundreds of patients, is

by no means a trifle. The growth of this one branch of the Base Hospital is most interesting. In the beginning, when the foundation of the large personnel arrived, the distribution of mail to the wards was attended to by three men who constituted the staff of the mail division. This plan was soon abolished and a small room in the Administration Building (which is now the Information and Telephone Exchange) was designated for a Post Office. As time went on, with the personnel increasing daily, the mail increased in proportion and soon this small room had outlived its usefulness as a Post Office. It was then the custom for everyone to call for mail at this office. It was then that our present office in the Administration Building was opened. A floor space 12 x 40 feet and accessories of an up-to-date office for distribution were installed. Here the mail is delivered to Ward Masters and Barrack



THE POST OFFICE PERSONNEL

Orderlies for final distribution to patients and Enlisted men. The Officers' and Nurses' mail is sacked and sent to their respective quarters. A complete card system is kept, and each Officer, Nurse, Enlisted man, and patient can be located. The delivery of registered mail and specials also is included in another unique and efficient system that results in no loss or mistakes.

The Post Office is under the supervision of Lieutenant (Chaplain) Robert Talmadge and is in charge of Sergeant Percie Nock. Corporal McCloskey with his little red mustache is always in the limelight as he goes from place to place, and declares that when he dies and is buried, a suitable epitaph that should grace his tombstone would be, "Any mail, Mack?" There is Milo Malnati, our

speedy little basket-ball star who is "pep" from head to heels, and Bill Davis the smiling, jovial body that always has a good word for everybody. Then "Big" Frank Wood holds down the job all night and prepares the work for the beginning of another day. Emil Kimpel is always on the job and never misses a master stroke when it comes to diplomacy. Welden Kline never shirks the office for a moment, and Harvey King with his mustache and his big briar pipe has become part of the Post Office make-up.

There is no doubt that the Post Office in the Base Hospital is a good one, in fact, we have been told as much, and naturally we begin to believe it. Anyhow we know it is popular—just look at the line-up!



OUR TWENTIETH CENTURY POST OFFICE

#### HELP WANTED

WANTED—A WARDMASTER. Must have the following qualifications: He must be a laborer—clerk—druggist—nurse—foreman—doctor—information bureau—deputy sheriff—animal trainer—kindergarten teacher—diplomat—a liar (yet truthful)—a nut (yet wise)—able to remember things which others have forgotten—a prophet—a general goat. Anyone having these, please apply, as he would make a perfect wardmaster.



## THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

— H. C. CURTIS —

The Base Hospital has a Fire Department. If you want to see how good it is, just be on the job when the big siren screams over at the power house. That is the signal for the defenders of conflagration to seize extinguishers, fire buckets, and any implement that can be obtained, and hurry as fast as they can to the scene of the supposed fire. Fortunately for us, all of our responses have been for drill purposes only.

The hospital area has been divided into nine zones, thus enabling the personnel of the hospital to ascertain in the shortest possible time just where to assemble at the conclusion of any number from one to nine that is given by the blast of the huge siren.

At this, the whole Hospital becomes filled with activity. Every man has a duty to perform. Each hose reel, and there are seven in number, is manned by eight men. There are two bucket brigades, one consisting of men in the Administration Building, and



LT. MAURICE M. POMERANZ, M.C.  
Fire Marshal

the other by men in the Head Surgery Building. Some sprinters they are when they hear the blast of our siren.

In a moment or so you can see the fire apparatus approaching consisting of one pumping engine and one hose wagon with chemicals.

In Lieutenant Pomeranz we have an able Fire Marshal, and under his direction the efficiency of the department has been a feature of which we can well speak. To use his words, "We hope to cut still lower our record made in fire drills which was  $2\frac{1}{2}$  minutes in responding to an alarm and playing of water on the burning area."

It is a fact that with our fire-fighting personnel, and with the record that we have shown at drills, we can compete with any other organization of its kind anywhere.

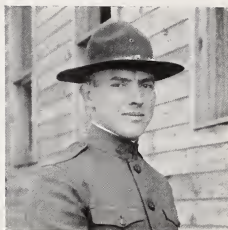
As for looks, it is an inspiring sight to see some six hundred and fifty Detachment men lined up and ready with their buckets and extinguishers.



FIRE HOUSE

## LEST WE FORGET

In a building by itself is housed our Fire Department. On sunny days long lines of hose can be seen stretched on racks to be dried. The Fire Department is always on the job—equally ready for any emergency, any time, anywhere. We notice that the Fire House is directly across from the Canteen, only a stone's throw from the Detachment Mess Hall and directly in the rear of the General Mess Hall. Wonder why that is? Perhaps it's because—oh well they don't look very hungry anyway.



"DUFF"

One of the features of the fire drills is the work of "Duff" (Sergeant Duffield). With the expertness of a big city fire chief he is master of all that he surveys. Will you ever forget his big voice when it thunders, "Turn 'er off, Phil," or "Take yer buckets back where you got 'em, and see that they're filled," and then his final roar of "Dis-missed?" When they were dismissed we remember the rush to get those buckets back on the rack. Indeed, we have an efficient Fire Department! Just look it over.



FIRE DRILL

## TO THE STAY-AT-HOMES

You say he can't stand the army,  
The life is too rough for him.  
Do you think he is any better,  
Than some other Tom or Jim?

You've raised him up like a girl,  
He don't smoke or chew, is your brag.  
If all of the rest of the boys were like him,  
What would become of the flag?

You say, let the rough necks do the fighting,  
They are used to the beans and the stew.  
Well I'm glad I am classed with the rough necks,  
Who would fight for the Red, White and Blue.

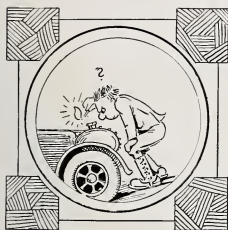
You say that his girl couldn't stand it,  
To send him off with the rest.  
Don't you think she'd be glad to have him enlist,  
If she felt the Hun's breath on her breast?

Think of the women of Belgium,  
Of the cruelties they had to bear.  
Do you want the same thing to happen  
To your innocent daughter so fair?

Thank God that the stars in old glory,  
Are not blurred by that kind of stains;  
Because there are ten million rough necks,  
Who have red blood in their veins.

They go to drill in rough weather,  
And come in with a grin on their face.  
While your darling sits in the parlor,  
And lets some one fight in his place.

Maybe we do smoke and gamble,  
But we fight—as our forefathers did.  
So go warm the milk for his bottle,  
Thank God, we don't need your damn kid!



## THE AMBULANCE SERVICE

### SERGEANT FIRST-CLASS CLARENCE MIGNOT

SERGEANT EARL LAMPE

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS JOSEPH REINEHR

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS JOHN PUGH

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS HARRY SAUNDERS

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS ARTHUR MASON

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS MICHAEL KANE

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS STEVE PRIBICH

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS EARL HUTCHINSON

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS GREYSON COLLINGWOOD

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS WALTER BACHMAN

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS CHARLES WILKINSON

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS JOHN SWEGLE

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS RALPH SNYDER

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS JAMES O'NEILL

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS LEE BRYNER

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS JOSEPH SHAFER

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS JOHN BRECHT

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS JOHN CARROLL

PRIVATE GERALD SANDS

PRIVATE GEORGE WEBER

PRIVATE CURTIS GOLDEN

PRIVATE RAYMOND LARGE

PRIVATE CHARLES FOCHTMAN

PRIVATE JAMES COLLINS

The Ambulance service in Camp Lee began operating about the 15th of August, 1917, with two of Henry Ford's famous cars. The first appearance of these cars on the streets of Petersburg created great indignation in the hearts of the goodly people of this quiet and peaceful hamlet, because of the invasion by these queer looking, undetermined creatures.

An incident which occurred on Sycamore Street, during a visit by one of these cars, was of particular interest to the driver. One of Petersburg's fairest

happened to be giving Felix, her Japanese poodle, his morning walk. Felix strayed into the street, but Miss X, feeling that he was doing very well caring for himself, felt no alarm for the safety of her dog. When lo! down the street came one of these hideous vehicles. Mistaking the ambulance for a dog wagon, she dashed into the street and recovered her endangered pet.

These ambulances, on duty twenty-four hours a day, proved invaluable. The terrible condition of the



THE SPEED KINGS



THE DADDY OF THEM ALL

roads at this time, especially during the inclemency of the weather, is quite sufficient advertisement of their durability. They are still in use at the Base Hospital, for miscellaneous purposes.

At the completion of the Camp, four ambulance companies were organized, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th; the 317th and 319th were motor ambulances, while the 318th and 320th were drawn by mules. The motor ambulances were first put on duty at the Base Hospital, but later, during the severe winter of 1917-1918, it became necessary to use the ambulances of mule power. The Missouri mule may have his faults, but

at this particular time he acquitted himself gallantly and patriotically.

After the evacuation by this division, the 381st Ambulance Company was organized, this was later reorganized into the 48th Ambulance Company, under the direction of Captain Sener and Corporal Carson, of the 48th, while at the Hospital the work was conducted by Sergeant Lampe, and Private Reinehr. This force is still in operation with the same efficient personnel attending to the many unfortunate ones coming in and going out of the Hospital.



"PUGH"



THE RED MEN'S AMBULANCE

Donated to the Base Hospital by the Improved Order of Red Men of West Virginia, Virginia and Pennsylvania



## QUARTERMASTER

— H. K. COMLEY —

This organization probably had its inception in those far off times when special scouting parties were formed by Caesar to appropriate the needs of his army from the immediate vicinity, in which he was carrying on operations. As time rolled on this slipshod method of supplying a military organization became obsolete, for each time Mars was awakened from his drowsings, the system became better.

This special branch has the honor of being one of the most vital, because all the needs of the Medical Detachment (not their wants) are taken care of by this department which first saw the light of day when Lieutenant Charles R. De Bevoise opened its eyes in September, 1917. He acted in the capacity of Quartermaster, Supply Officer, and Mess Officer with the equipment which seemed almost colonial and brought to mind the winter at Valley Forge to those who were privileged to live around the hospital in those days. Electric lights were an unknown quantity. Steam heat was something which required little of his attention, but there was always plenty of mud, and enough stumps of trees to comfortably seat the Quartermaster and the Medical Detachment in the great amphitheatre, which has later been occupied by the Base Hospital.

As the hospital was entering the course of construction, the duties of the Quartermaster became more complex, accordingly a detachment of twenty men was assigned for duty. To Lieutenant De Bevoise and his faithful staff of Non-commissioned Officers and men, credit must be given for the efficient work that has been accomplished. A cool December

morning found Lieutenant A. W. Anderson at the Quartermaster's office to take the place of Lieutenant De Bevoise, who had been honorably discharged from the service. His farewell speech to his men will long be remembered, being the same as that of Caesar's laconic dispatch "*Veni, Vidi, Vici*" *et iam veniebam domum.* (I have come, I have seen, I have conquered and now I am going home.)

Later Lieutenant Anderson was succeeded by the present Quartermaster, Lieutenant James H. Mann, of Ohio, assisted by Lieutenant Bunker. The Sybilline books fail to disclose whether Lieutenant Bunker is a direct descendant of Bunker Hill or not.

Quartermaster Sergeant William T. Braswell has charge of all clerical work and property accounts. His most popular work is that of assistant paymaster of the Nurses and Enlisted men. The Privates on this occasion receive thirty dollars a day—once a month. Sergeant Thomas E. Gill has charge of the drawing of all the supplies from the Camp Quartermaster and is the assistant to Sergeant Braswell. Corporal George Deichman, in addition to his duties as solo cornetist of the band and orchestra, is the stenographer of this branch and keeper of the Sybilline books.

The issue of clothing is in charge of Sergeant McCornick, assisted by Corporal McIsaac and Private first-class Droubi. Fitted with different issues of uniform one would never doubt that our men had come direct to Camp Lee from the Fifth Avenue shops. The task of fitting men with uniforms is by no means an easy one. The courtesy and willingness on the part of these men to do justice to each one



2ND LIEUT. JAMES H. MANN, Q.-M.-C.  
Quartermaster

is appreciated when we realize the number to be equipped. This branch also has charge of all repairing of shoes, which in the aggregate, saves much money. They have, lately, put a touch of civilization into the barracks, when they issued lily white sheets and pillow slips. This seemed necessary because the Detachment men insisted upon rising in the wee small hours of about 4.30 A.M. Since these were issued no trouble is experienced in this line.

Visitors at this Hospital are always impressed with the "spic and span" appearance of the grounds. In civil life we would call him, "The Superintendent of Public Grounds," but in the army he is known as Quartermaster Sergeant Francis T. Wallc. He has as assistant overseers Sergeant first-class Bernard E. Potter, Sergeants Harry L. Goodman and Basil Aleshire. It is an easy task to realize the necessary work to be done, when it will be remembered that these grounds of three hundred acres were a large forest



THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS

but two summers ago. In the last months the grounds have taken on the appearance of a city, with a wide-awake civic club.

The oiling of all floors in the corridors and wards of the hospital and the outside policing of the grounds is under the charge of these men. To know that it is well done, one need only take a little jaunt around the hospital grounds. In this work Charles Held has earned the appellation of "the hardest working man around the Hospital."

Who has not noticed the well-groomed and sleek horses used by the officers in equitating? and the docile mules all shampooed and their manes platted? Stable Sergeant Low and ten men take care of the horses and mules. Sergeant Low gives each man a short course in the psychology of the mule. They learn by movements of the hybrid's ears just when the innocent looking beast will start its morning calisthenics by hurling its rear legs at a human being. There are people who do not understand the playful ideas which all mules have stored in their thinkery.

When anything is needed in the realm of carpentry or carpenter repair work, or if a Nurse makes a suggestion that a little shelf would not only be ornamental, but necessary, the only logical place to



THE CARPENTERS



## LEST WE FORGET

have it done quickly and accurately is at the carpenter shop. And it does not require the conversation necessary in the case of Cohen who advised his landlord that Father Boreas was playing Hallow'een with his shutter. Sergeant William Gillespie has charge of the wood-surgery department. His department can do anything in the wood line. They repair tables and broken legs of chairs which had carried too much in their arms

and resulted in a bad sprain or break, without a single administration of anesthesia. Privates first-

class LeDuc and Melanson assist him in the great difficulties of untying the knots found in the wood.

This department requires men of business experience. It has them. To others it may have been a school of rich experience, in the responsibility assumed in the caretaking of records and supplies. For every one of us, it has provided for our bodily comfort. For itself it has gained an enviable position in the history of the Base Hospital, and

Base Hospital, and a very great share of this belongs to that class, which perhaps made the greatest sacrifice—the Enlisted men.



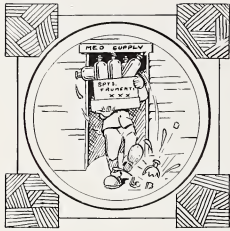
THE UTILITY CREW

## THE BASE HOSPITAL CARPENTERS

There are times when a carpenter is needed at once and when a real one is appreciated. Sergeant G. B. Geary and his staff of emergency carpenters have proved that they are on the job and are doing excellent work. They have opened a shop in the rear of the

old Detachment Office, and here they certainly can make the shavings fly. His personnel consists of the following men: Private Raymond L. Harbach, Private George H. Wagner, Private Walter S. Martin, Private Carl D. Shoffer, Private Clarence Shepperley.





## MEDICAL SUPPLY DEPOT

That the Medical Corps be not in want as regards the proper equipment necessary to the great war work, the government made ample provisions by the establishment of large central depots at New York, Washington, Philadelphia and San Francisco. From these great distributing centers, the cantonments were supplied. The Base Hospital at Camp Lee, Va., has charge of the issuances of all medicine and equipment of the field infirmaries in the Camp. These field infirmaries are in reality first aid stations, so that they must be always well stocked in the event of any emergency that might arise. These infirmaries also are equipped with dental laboratories, which grew up as the camp expanded.

It is a matter of interest that this important department was one of the first to be organized in the camp,

as it came into being on Labor Day, 1917, when the camp was in its infancy. At that time, the Medical Supply Depot was located on Twenty-seventh Street, which was then, as it is now, the civic center of Camp Lee. The man who did most to establish the department was Lieutenant Grinder, the first "Chief." Lieutenant Grinder has since been promoted to the rank of Major and now has charge of the purchasing of all supplies, with headquarters at Washington, D. C. He was succeeded by Captain Cameron, who now is in charge.

Sergeant Saddler has been the "Non-com" in charge since the organization of the department. He was transferred from West Point and helped greatly in the work of equipping the regimental infirmaries and



PERSONNEL OF THE MEDICAL SUPPLY DEPOT

ambulance companies. He is assisted by Sergeants Victor S. Collins and Joseph H. Seims; Corporals Mark T. Bailey and Joseph S. Kremer; Private first-class Robert M. Callis; and Privates Joseph Stein, John M. Stoops, Irvin G. Austin, Louis T. Haase, Lee C. Haynes, Howard E. Jarvis, Samuel S. Kindt, Saul Lazarus, William M. O'Neill, William P. Ronan and Edwin J. Tighe. The motor-ambulances were drawn from the depot at Louisville, Ky., and are all of the most modern style that has been evolved from the fertile brains of men skilled in the work.

The Base Hospital was entirely equipped, with all apparatus, in the laboratories, operating rooms and dental clinic (as well as in the comfortable wards) by the Medical Supply Depot. Even the sheep and guinea pigs which are offered on the altar of science are produced from the archives of this great department.

The Eightieth Division was equipped with four field hospitals and four ambulance companies. Only the thoughtful reader can appreciate the intricate details necessary in fitting up such an organization with its almost endless supply of medicines, bandages, disin-

ficants, blankets, operating tools, record cards, typewriters—even pens and ink. These were only a few of the more important items; to enumerate them all would be a stupendous task. Suffice it to say, however, that nothing, though apparently insignificant, is overlooked as that very thing may be instrumental in saving a life.

All drugs are issued from Philadelphia, X-ray supplies from New York, and the laboratory supplies, such as microscopes and test tubes come directly from Washington.

The non-expendable property issued to the Base Hospital and Regimental Infirmaries, at a conservative estimate, is valued at \$3,000,000—about one-fifteenth of the domestic debt of the United States during Washington's administration!

The Medical Supply now has been transferred to the jurisdiction of the Quartermaster Corps, so that the men became Q. M. men, though the personnel remains the same. The work of this department is but little known and it may not be appreciated as one of the most important branches of the Army—but in reality, the Medical Supply Depot performs that function.

## WHOSE THE GLORY ?

O, we never squeezed a trigger,  
And we never took a crest;  
But we fought a foe more deadly  
Than the Prussian at his best.

True, we never faced the shrapnel  
From a million German guns.  
But we slew ten billion microbes  
Who were fighting with the Huns.

We took no first-line trenches,  
And we faced no gas attacks;  
But we fitted men for service  
Who lay helpless on their backs.

But we didn't whine nor falter,  
Kept right on digging stumps;  
Put the kibosh on the measles,  
Put to rout the hated mumps.

Others quickly got their discharge,  
Homeward to their sweethearts sped  
But the M.D. boys were held here,  
Till the last cootie was dead.

And when future generations  
Talk it over, they will tell  
How this war was won at Camp Lee,  
Where ten billion flu germs fell.

On our coats you'll find no wound stripes,  
We were never battle torn;  
Yet we saved the lives of thousands  
On whose sleeves that stripe is worn.

When you boys were "going over,"  
Over there in sunny France,  
We were digging stumps and waiting—  
Praying Heaven for a chance.

And when William abdicated,  
And to other lands did flee,  
Then we knew our chance had vanished—  
We were doomed to stay at Lee.



# THE PROPERTY OFFICE

LOCATION: NEXT TO THE HOSPITAL QUARTERMASTERS

## ROSTER

1ST LIEUTENANT WILLARD M. BARTON

SERGEANT MARTIN SCHWARTZ  
CORPORAL HUBERT W. CURRAN  
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS WILLIAM H. CORSON  
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS RAYMOND A. NOLAN

PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS GEORGE J. BREITHAUP  
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS FRANK T. COZART  
PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS BENJAMIN W. DRUMMOND  
PRIVATE HARRY H. RUSSO

A new germ being found in the Pathological Laboratory was carefully put in a room in the Administration Building. Major Black watched its growth for about two weeks, when he was transferred to another post, and Captain Vincent J. T. O'Neill, of the Medical Corps gave it his undivided attention. Very soon, the said germ showed marvelous signs of growth and during the month of March, 1918, it was pronounced by the different officials of the Base Hospital—The Property Office.

Captain O'Neill had as his very able assistant Sergeant first-class James Brennan, of Philadelphia. These men in a very short time put this office in the "Who's Who" class. No office of this sort is of any value unless there is an accurate and definite system. When anything new, or relatively so, is begun, to make it a go depends to a great extent on the originality and capacity for work on the part of the person in charge and his assistants. These qualities were possessed, and very soon this department was on a working basis.

The Property Office leisurely decided where it would eventually have its partially permanent abode, where it could rest more comfortably. From the Administration Building it "packed up its troubles" and moved to the Laundry Building during

the month of June, 1918. Here it nestled until it chose a long narrow building from which the Quartermaster had recently moved.

During Captain O'Neill's incumbency, all convalescent buildings were equipped by this office. The necessary articles include dishes, electric stoves, beds, sheets, blankets and all the equipment for the proper sanitary measures and medicines.

As you pass from the office into the warehouse that adjoins it, you will be confronted with shelves and then some more shelves, which are filled with everything from a spinal-puncture needle to a sanitary safety-pin. During the influenza epidemic, the temporary hospital at 27th Street was fully equipped by this office. This unusual demand was met by the different wards returning to the property office and warehouse all supplies and equipment that could be spared for the emergency.

After the signing of the Armistice, the Quartermasters took charge of the issuance of all supplies, but this was changed in February, when Medical Detachment men were again assigned to this department. Lieutenant Barton, of the Regular Army, is the present Officer in charge. Sergeant Schwartz is the Non-commissioned Officer in charge. He is assisted by



1st LIEUT. WILLARD M. BARTON, S. C.  
Property Officer

## LEST WE FORGET

Corporal Curran, the giant of the Detachment personnel, who weighs 98 pounds before second Mess, Privates first-class William H. Corson, Raymond A. Nolan, George J. Breithaupt, Frank T. Cozart, Benjamin W. Drummond and Private Harry H. Russo.

The Property Office has proved its worth in the responsibility placed upon it. The execution of this responsibility by the Property Office personnel has made another page of "duty well done" in the history of the Base Hospital at Camp Lee.



PROPERTY OFFICE PERSONNEL

## WHY?

My hair is full of grimy sand, it's running down my neck.  
At every meal I'll bet two bits I eat a half a peck;  
It drops into my army shoes and gets between my toes,  
I have to shut my eyes and gasp each time the old wind blows.

I find it in between my blankets on my cot at night,  
It scores my hide and spoils my rest, I'm mad enough to fight;  
The sight of grass would make me faint, I never saw it here,  
And when I see a grass seed ad, I wipe away a tear.

I cannot read a magazine, I cannot write a note!  
My gosh, if I can ever think! This sand has got my goat.  
It fills my eyes and nose, my ears; I feel just like a tramp,  
I wonder why in H — they picked a desert for a camp!

—Life



## STERILIZATION AND LINEN ROOM

### STERILIZATION

During those days following America's entry into the World War; Major Ferdinand Schmitter, then Commanding Officer of the Base Hospital, a man in every sense of the word, took mental note of additional service we might render our country through the practice of economy.

He saw the great expenditures of surgical supplies, especially cotton, gauze and bandages, steadily increasing, and he knew that even at their tremendous cost, they were becoming more difficult to secure, so pressing was their demand. The proposition of sterilization presented itself, for through a process of this kind large enough in scale to justify the time and expense required, these articles hitherto condemned as useless after their first application, could, after having been thoroughly sterilized, be used repeatedly.

In selecting the man who was to pilot this department, he chose a man not only qualified in every way for the work but also a man qualified in the spirit of the work. On October 12, 1917, R. H. Hogan, now Sergeant first-class, of this detachment, began operating the first sterilizer, a field sterilizer, with Private William Bagley, assisting him. With this original two-man sterilizer, the aims of Major Schmitter were accomplished. Unprotected from the weather as these men were, they struck to their posts

throughout the severe winter months of 1917-1918, and proved in every way the successfulness of this experiment.

So great was their success and the demand for their service that on August 15, 1918, they moved their plant into the Base Hospital Laundry building with an enlarged equipment adequate to meet any emergency. Sergeant first-class Hogan's former personnel of one man has been increased to nine, his present force consisting of: Privates Rittner W. Decker; Vincent Patriarca; Paul D. Stewart; George S. Bingham; Franke Burke; Roy A. Wolfe; Joseph Kinney; William W. Balton and George W. Knuckles. These men with few exceptions were registered plumbers in civil life, thus do they insure service in this department.

In addition to his many duties, it has fallen the lot of Sergeant Hogan to teach men of other organizations the sterilizing as he found it. These organizations, it will be remembered, were: Base Hospitals Nos. 45 and

61; Evacuation Hospital No. 15 and Medical Replacement Units Nos. 42 and 43, all of which organizations were stationed here from time to time.

So in crediting each with which he has done, the service he has given, let us remember the Sterilization Department, let us remember that Sergeant first-class Hogan was given a big job and he made good, as did those who assisted him.



THOSE FUMIGATORS

## THE LINEN ROOM

The Base Hospital Linen room has charge of the receiving of all soiled linen of the Hospital and the issuing of clean linen. The soiled linen is collected from the different stations by the Motor Corps and delivered to the sterilizer, from which it is sent to the Linen Department, where it is counted, checked, and the same amount issued to the different wards in return for soiled laundry.

To keep the beds of a Hospital in a sanitary and clean-looking appearance, to have that lily-white effect, is the work of this department. This branch also handles the laundry of all the Nurses, convalescent patients, and all laboratories.

During the influenza epidemic this department was taxed to its full capacity, issuing as many as 6000 to 7000 sheets a day, in addition to the many towels, hospital clothes, bath robes, hundreds of gauze masks and all the equipment that comes under the régime of its work.

An average of issue, comprising a day's work, consists of 2000 pillow cases, 4000 sheets, 2000 hand towels, 600 bath towels, 300 bath robes, 500 pajama suits, and about 100 operating gowns.

In addition to this, all the white uniforms of the Nurses and the ward, and laboratory men is handled by this department.

Private Schwartz, who was taught the art of crocheting while learning his trade as machinist, is the tailor for the laundry. This gives the laundry room, at



THE OLD WAR HORSE

times the appearance of a Wednesday sewing-circle.

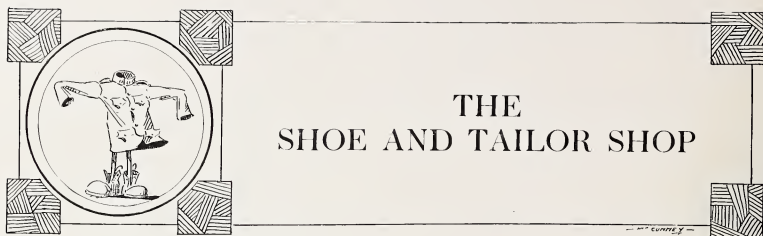
Sergeant Walter F. Mays, who took charge of the laundry, August, 1918, succeeded the notables—Sergeants McCoy and McClure. Sergeant Mays informs us that his term of office may expire early in the twentieth century.

The other men who assist in the distribution of the laundry and prevent it from walking to parts unknown are Privates first-class Donald R. McArthur, John B. Middleton, Samuel Schwarts, Glen E. Rinier, Privates Emanuel F. Callahan, Walter Schlosser, James A. Keith, and Charles F. Mitchell.

The system of handling the laundry is a good one. By nine o'clock all departments are supplied with clean laundry and all soiled linen is on its way to the camp laundry, which in turn is ready for issue the next morning.



THE LINEN DEPARTMENT PERSONNEL



## THE SHOE AND TAILOR SHOP

It is an oft-repeated proverb that "an army moves on its stomach," but it is also true that its shoes are an important adjunct to its movements. No one can be comfortable if his shoes hurt his feet or are not in good condition—and the shoes of a detachment of one thousand men, require a bit of attention. We have this fact on good authority—in fact, none less than the "shoe-man" himself, who should know what he is talking about. Private Gioacchino Orlando is our

shop is much frequented by anxious fellows who have dates in the evening and are fearing that their suits will not be ready in time—but they always are ready, and at the promised time.

In the busy tailoring marts of the nearby cities one must mortgage his coming month's pay in order to get the collar on his coat cut down; in our own tailoring establishment, it is a case of, "What, you don't have change for a half-dollar? Oh, well



SHOEMAKERS AND TAILORS

shoe-man, and a very able one has he proved himself to be, in exchanging new soles for old ones.

But there is another department that relates to the outer semblances of the man—the one which in part accounts for the trig, well-dressed appearance of our men. Yes, you have guessed it: the tailor shop! Under the guidance of Privates "Benny" Goldstein (who has the reputation of being the best Mess-line "hand-shaker" in the detachment), Abraham Fisch and Secondo Pace, the tailor shop reminds one of the large "clothes-hospitals" in some of the big cities. This

keep the change. It's much cheaper than I expected anyway!"

So if you see anyone going round with his coat sleeves completely hiding his fingernails, or whose overcoat sweeps up the sandy mud of Virginia in its wake, just direct him to that long, low building near the railroad track—the tailor and shoe shop. He will enter a rookie, and emerge as a seasoned veteran—in appearance, at least.

Some shop we have, boys; go down and see for yourselves! You are all welcome there at any time.





## THE PAINTERS AND "YE SIGN SHOP"

— 1918 —

When you take a thousand men out of civil life and put them all in one organization of the army, you will undoubtedly find a few of them who can paint or at least will say that they can.

Painters were needed in the Base Hospital, and when the roll was called, the best of material stepped forward

down in a little studio all their own in the Head Surgery Building.

As you saunter from corridor to corridor, and from ward to ward and office to office, in fact, anywhere within the area of the hospital you will observe signs, signs, and then more signs. These have all come from



PAINTERS AND SIGNMAKERS

and answered, "Here!" This was along about the early spring of 1918.

Later it was found that sign painters could be used to advantage and from the already proficient personnel of the paint shop they selected two little Englishmen, Broomfield and Watson, and in less time than it takes to shake a stick they settled

the little sign shop of Broomfield and Watson and speak for themselves in cleverness and originality. In fact they tell the stranger and the habitant alike just "who is who" and where and where not to go beside silently informing all "which is which."

Truly this one little department has added a page to the growth of the Base Hospital at Camp Lee.

## YE OLDE PRINT SHOP

**I**N a little corner of the Head Surgery Building just in between the two rooms occupied by the Dental Clinic is the office in which the Base Hospital printing is done. It is in charge of Sergeant first-class Ralph E.

Clouser, one of Philadelphia's greatest "gold-brick" printers, who is assisted in his work by three little printer's devils from the same city of Brotherly Love, namely, Privates Hunt, Coyles and Laskin.

the questionnaire for both the Enlisted Men and Officers which helped to determine the order of discharge by getting the necessary information from each man in a clear, concise, orderly form.

During the "flu" epidemic upwards of twenty-five thousand copies of forms were printed here weekly. These forms were of inestimable value in assisting the Ward Surgeons and the Medical Officers in recording vital statistics of the dreaded disease and were set up



YE OLDE PRINTERS

The equipment of this office is nothing like what you would expect to find in a regular printing office, as it merely consists of a multigraph, a mimeograph and a typewriter, but notwithstanding this small quantity of material many jobs worth while have been turned out. Since the place was opened last August over a quarter of a million of mimeograph copies have been printed and an equally large number of multigraph impressions have been made.

Many interesting bulletins have been printed here, and one of the latest forms to make its appearance was

from plans drawn by the Commanding Officer and his Executive Staff.

The printing office is the medium through which all orders and bulletins are multiplied and put in shape to be spread broad-cast among the personnel of the hospital and for this reason is a very necessary and useful department.

Rush jobs are its specialty, and once it receives an order for a specified number of copies of any form, new or old, no time is lost in completing the work and delivering the goods. They are keen for speed.



## THE OCCUPATIONAL AND VOCATIONAL DEPARTMENTS

— H. L. CUNNINGHAM —

The great step that was taken by the government in providing the means of vocational training for the service men, in order to fit them for the many professions which are in need of well-trained aspirants, is indeed an addition to the far-sightedness of the nation.

At the Base Hospital this feature had its initial try-out about the first of this year, and from day to day since that time it has steadily grown in proportion and equipment. It is a very progressive department.

see the ardent student of the draughtman's art. A little farther, and you behold the stenography and typewriting class as they scan the blackboard that seems to transmit to them a new and fascinating profession. Then there is carpentry, cabinet making, foreign languages, and possibly every trade and educational element that could be named. This is provided for the man who can attend. To those who are less fortunate and must remain in the wards on account of



OCCUPATIONAL AND VOCATIONAL STAFF

The building that was erected in the rear of the General Mess, for a store house and provision plant, was turned over to this department because of its necessary size and location to all areas of the hospital. The fixtures were quickly installed and bit by bit the various intersections that covered many vocations were in operation.

In sauntering through this "workshop" the visitor beholds the classes in attentive groups, as they are being instructed by the "Vocational Experts." Here you have a class in telegraphy, and over there you can

their various physical ailments, they are provided the same privilege in the form of a visit to their bedside by the "Occupational Aide." These women go from ward to ward and instruct the patient in some mere art that will be of use to him and at the same time relieve his mind of the tension of monotony. This one feature cannot be praised too highly. The Aides are under the supervision of Mrs. King who personally directs the work. From this branch alone there has been wonderful accomplishments. It may seem quite strange to the visitor to behold a soldier in

the undertaking of basket weaving or knitting, or some other trifle that would only be acquired by the feminine sex. However, it gives the man the

Donnell, Donald Crawford, and William Marston are able assistants and instructors.

Indeed this work is a noble one and at the Base Hospital it has been placed in the front rank of achievement and deserves much credit for the transformation that it has wrought in "making new business men." In the gigantic task



desired condition that has been set aside by this department.

Captain Elisha Brown is in charge of all the Occupational and Vocational work and he has shown that all men can be sent back into civil life with a profession. Captain Arthur Burnham and Lieutenants Philip

that is before it, in giving to others who may come the same privilege that the nation has so generously offered to the service men that "served the nation" their work will be paramount.

## PUZZLED!

I learned to stand up for the C. O.

And also for a passing O. D.

So, as everyone knows, I respectfully rose

For a man I heard called "K. P."

I know it is a splendid distinction

To be given the D. S. C.

But the ward laughed at me when I just asked to see

The cross of the S. C. D.

But the one I hear most is four letters

And I hope I am not guessing it wrong

I think it must be a society

To which all the soldiers belong.

But they always have been or are going—

No one is when you ask them to tell.

I think, without doubt, if I want to find out,

I must join the A. W. O. L.

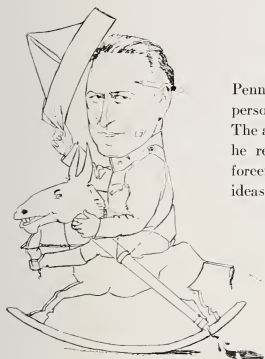


NURSES WEAR A UNIFORM CAP



## THE OFFICERS

### “IN THE SPOTLIGHT”



Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Dear: The famous “Dick Dear” of the “Old Penn” athletic field is our commanding officer. Although we did not know him personally in those days, we feel that he has not lost any of his old-time “pep.” The awe in which he was at first held has now worn off and we have found that he really is a good fellow. He has a most pleasing personality, is a good, forceful speaker, has the faculty of getting co-operation, and loves to “shoot” ideas on the Ediphone.

MAJOR CLARK H. YEAGER: Our censor, and a product of the coal fields of Pennsylvania. He is the right-hand man of the “C. O.,” his side kick, as it were; and between the two of them plus the assistance of Captain Dean, there surely has been produced some institution. The Major is full of ideas and has a good line.





**MAJOR DOWNEY L. HARRIS:** Here is the Capablanca of the Base Hospital, an exceptionally good fellow. Coming out of the land of the Anheuser-Bushes, he has proved himself to be very interesting and entertaining. The only thing that has marred his experience at Camp Lee is the enforced association with that pest, Lieutenant Schreiber!

**CAPTAIN HERBERT N. DEAN:** Our Adjutant, and a "hum-dinger." He is energy personified and refuses to be governed by a stop-watch. The Captain is indefatigable in his search for dirt, and hence forms a great incentive for keeping the Hospital and its area "policed-up."



**CAPTAIN ROSCOE C. KORY ("Roscoe"):** Our Personnel Adjutant, which name has been deservedly intrusted upon him. He is more acquainted with the "Hospital Family" than any one else in the Hospital. It is to him we owe the success of the Personnel Adjutant's Office throughout its various departments. If you need a machinist, a barber or an office man, ask "Roscoe" who they are and where they are. He knows!





**CAPTAIN JOHN G. HATHAWAY:** Our old friend "John Gael," referred to as "Father John" by the side of the "velvet green." Back home in that quaint New England village of New Bedford, Mass., he posed as a gastro-enterologist, so they made him a corridor supervisor down here. In spite of this fact, he still retains some of the landmarks of the medical man. He smokes cigarettes, has been seen associating with "hard-boiled" persons uncouth in manner and speech, and on occasion will say "By Jove," but otherwise "Gael" is a perfect New Englander.



**LIEUTENANT FERRIS L. ARNOLD ("Benedict"):** A baldheaded westerner, good-looking, withal—upon whose shoulders the running of a few departments of the hospital lays heavily. He always is full of ideas and has much to say. Although he hails from that wild state of Montana and has a "devil-may-care" look in his eye, he is really a very quiet "home-man."

**LIEUTENANT ARTHUR C. BROWN ("Arthur"):** Here is a big, bright, breezy, broad-shouldered westerner. He is witty and has a hearty and infectious laugh. As a doctor and a G. U. man (which, we are told, he was in his own home town), he is a good detachment commander, mess officer and administrative or paper worker. He and his friend "Mull" are the veritable "Gold Dust Twins"—bosom friends and inseparable.





LIEUTENANT CHARLES R. MUELLER ("Bob" and "Count"): He is the running-mate of Lieutenant Brown; a good medical man and a worker; a nice, plump, well-rounded, pleasant-looking man—and a scientific eater. If there ever was an individual in this world who liked food so well, and ate it so well, we would like to put our "glims" on the said party. And he loves cigars! How unfortunate that he should hail from a section of the country in which they don't know good cigars!

LIEUTENANT SOLON L. RHODE: Just think of the Receiving Ward. When he is not engaged in this work, he may be found in some quiet corner thinking of a way to defeat Major Harris or Captain Berg at chess, or he may be deep in the mysteries of French literature and art.



LIEUTENANT SIMON HARRY ISAAC THOMAS ROSENTHAL: Better known as "Rozy" and "Oswald"—and as "Harry" by his charges, the Nurses. He is a mild-mannered, even-tempered, right copiously built Lynchburger. He took to army life and the customs of the service from the very first day he arrived in camp. We all remember how disappointed he was when he did not hear a regimental band hailing his arrival, and how crestfallen and chagrined when the division surgeon did not see his outstretched hand nor deign to reply to his effusive and oily greeting of "Hy, Colonel!" He is a doctor and a diplomat, a connoisseur and a camoufleur.

LIEUTENANT VINCENT T. SHIPLEY ("Vincent" and "Bacillus"): A mild, gentle boy with pink cheeks, a sweet disposition and a mustache on his upper lip. He entered the army "alone" but being afraid to go on in this way, some time ago he married! Honestly now, Vincent, which is more to be preferred: Army discipline, or that of the family fireside? He is an esthetic doctor—always well-groomed "'n everything." He also is an accomplished musician and a dancer.



LIEUTENANT OLIN G. MCKENZIE ("Mac" and "Clown Prince"): A long, lean, lanky guy who always affects boots, spurs and a chin strap. It is said that the popular song, "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me," was written for him. However true this may be, he has been seen very frequently "among 'em."

#### THE REVIVAL BUSTER

Did you ever hear of a Revival Buster? We have one. One quiet morning about 2.00 A.M., the occupants of the Officers' Quarters were awakened by strange noises.

A brave man was needed to find out what the racket meant. Stealthily he approached the location whence cometh those weird sounds. And there was a colored cook making an awful racket.

"What in the name of thunder is all this noise about?" inquired the brave lieutenant.

"Boss, I'se got religion. De Lord was just talking to me," tearfully replied the colored cook.

"Well the Lord ain't talking to you now so cut out the noise," was the quick retort from the revival buster and he withdrew to his quarters.

Quietness reigned once more.



ONE OF THE OPERATING ROOMS

## OFFICERS vs. ENLISTED MEN

**H**OW many times have you heard something like this? "The Enlisted man has it the best in the army. He has no responsibilities, no cares, no worries. I'd change jobs with him any time."

How many times have you heard this? "Talk about a snap, look at them Officers. All they do is walk around in good clothes, look wise, pass the 'buck' and get paid for it."

Possibly you have heard it in the corridors. In the few quiet moments of the day and the silent, moody hours of the night it was argued; and the corridors seemed to take it up and echo the debate back and forth.

From one corridor comes this murmuring, "What, me? Me be an Officer again? Never! Me for the ranks! I'm going to be a Buck Private and then I'll have the evenings to myself and I won't have to look dignified and I'll have no Mess bills to worry over and no clothes to buy. Me for the ranks."

And another corridor echoes, "A Buck Private has it worse than any man in the army. We do the work and the other guys get paid for it. Thirty a month—think of it! And look at them Officers! They get waited on at Mess and we have to grab or starve. They can wear good uniforms



with bone buttons. We get uniforms issued with iron buttons. And if the Q. M. Sergeant don't like us, why we get the left-overs.

So the corridors echo and drone with the debate. I am commissioned an Officer. I have my worries and I get my bumps from the "powers that be." The Enlisted Men have their worries and they get their bumps. It's fifty-fifty.

The Officer may be able to wear good clothes, but he has to pay for them. He may be able to eat at a Mess Hall where he is waited upon, but he pays for that, too. Many, many times the crowded responsibilities make him yearn for the life of a "Buck" Private.

The Officers see "silver linings" in the work and recreations of the Enlisted men and the Enlisted men return the opinion. There are responsibilities with both personnels. But these arguments we advanced only in the quiet moments and the leisure hours. The rest of the time the debaters were too interested in making the Hospital a success to think about it.

What I want to know is this: What great difference did it make to an Officer or to an Enlisted man when there was a great work to do? While those corridors were echoing this argument the original "sound producers" were putting forth their best efforts and have made this Hospital a successful institution.

Let the corridors murmur and echo their opinions. I still think it's fifty-fifty. What is your opinion on the subject?



# “AS WE REMEMBER THEM”

## A RÉSUMÉ OF THE EX-MEMBERS OF THE HOSPITAL STAFF

SOME OF THEIR CHARACTERISTICS, PECULIARITIES, PET EXPRESSIONS, IDIOSYNCRASIES, TOGETHER WITH THE NOM-DE-GUERRE OF EACH ONE WHO WAS SO FORTUNATE AS TO HAVE ONE—  
FACETIOUSLY AND PSEUDOFACETIOUSLY RELATED

CAPTAIN MAURICE ASHER (“Pop Asher”): Hospital wit and gastro-enterologist. One of the oldest in service of the ex-residents and a conspicuous equestrian. He was a general favorite, as was attested by the fact that many “gave up” much to him. It happened on one of those occasions when the Captain was O. D. The time was evening, the scene the office in one of the wards. He surprised a nurse and a lieutenant (no, I don’t think he wore a caduceus!) getting up out of two rocking chairs, which were in close opposition. Undoubtedly to relieve their sheepish looks and reddened faces, the Captain quickly said, “As you were!”

LIEUTENANT ANTONIO BARONE (“Tony” and “Baron”): A live one (every inch of his five-six), good company and a worker. Because he could speak Italian, they took him away with the Thirty-seventh.

LIEUTENANT EDWARD F. BEEH (“T. N. T.” and “Dynamite”): Energy and dynamic force personified—a typical army man. “This a hard life; I can’t get enough sleep!”

CAPTAIN ALVA B. BUGG (“Bug” and “Bugs”): We wonder why the extra “g” was put in his name. Will his familiar figure, in the everpresent and “washed-out” khaki uniform, ever be forgotten? Property and effects of a patient seemed to be his chief delight. He could hold on to those for days after the demise of a patient, until the Adjutant had him “on the carpet” one day!

CAPTAIN CLARENCE A. BURGHEIM (“Burghey” and “C. A. B.”): A man associated with presidents and princes and commissions, yet truly democratic withal. Quiet, gentlemanly and dignified, he was liked by everyone. We wish that it were possible to publish a picture of the Captain taken the day he was sitting behind those booted feet of his upon the desk.

LIEUTENANT CLIFFORD C. CRUDGINGTON (“Crudg” and “C. C. C.”): Our niftiest little canteen and amusement officer. Believe me, he was “there” on that English stuff; for style, diction, force and vocabulary, he had a good many of the old-timers like Bill Shakespeare, Noah Webster, Elinor Glynn and Irvin S. Cobb backed off the map. But then, why should he not have been good? Was not Arthur Brisbane his understudy in the world of journalism? Because of his sense of humor, it was a shame that he should have been taken away from our post, after so short a stay.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES R. DE BEVOISE (“Debby” by his intimates and “General” by all others): Why they should have selected a manufacturer of brassieres for a Quartermaster, we don’t know. He could ride a horse, dance, play (the bunk!) and had a sense of humor.

LIEUTENANT JOHN C. ECKHARDT (“Eck”): Erstwhile Receiving Officer, Post Exchange Officer, Mess Officer, Sanitary Officer, Ward Surgeon and Goldbrick. He had plenty of ready wit, a keen sense of humor and was original to the nth power. A valuable adjunct to the institution, as can be seen by the varied positions he held, and by his own statement, oft repeated, “I’m good, I am!”





LIEUTENANT BRYANT B. EDWARDS ("Gus" and "Eddie"): A quiet chap from Alabam', but every night would find him "shining up to go out among 'em." Eddie was popular, "sure 'nuff!"

MAJOR FRANCIS P. EMERSON ("F. P. E."): The man who piloted the good ship "Annex" through troublous waters to a calm haven with comparatively few casualties.

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH L. FARDEN ("Fard"): Here is a "tough hombre," one of the survivors of the Mexican expedition. Much has been told us about the life among the cactus and sage-brush; yes, much—far too much! He is a hard operator, a hard liver, and an intimate associate of our contemporary, "Mr. George Hoyle."

CAPTAIN GEORGE GILL: Short, mild and bald; an otologist.

CAPTAIN JOHN H. HARVEY ("Father Harvey"): Here's another good eye-man and one who had an excellent eye for "straights" and "flushes." He was the self-acknowledged collaborator with George Hoyle, and his treatise on improvements in the Hoyle technic is worthy of the Smithsonian Institute and should be read by all aspirants toward perfection in that line.

LIEUTENANT EDWARD S. MAY ("Eddie"): One of Lieutenant Schreiber's playmates, a man who loved excitement and noise. He had rather a hard time getting out of the Army, which is unusual for the average case; and when he was on the eve of discharge, he came within an ace of committing suicide by blowing up the radiator in his room. In tinkering with the thing he figured that all engines are built like his Ford; afterward he "allowed" that he wasn't familiar with the new "one way" carbureter.

CAPTAIN HORACE W. MILLER ("Horace," "Ovid" and "Livy"): We don't know what his specialty was in civilian practice, but he certainly had the manner and appearance of an obstetrician in the army. He was decidedly "distingue" and this was not a little enhanced by the beautiful black cord covering the expansive front of chest and to the end of which was attached that necessary pince-nez. Space does not permit us to dwell at length upon the poetry of the friendship which existed between this gentleman and our contemporary Lieutenant Schreiber. A sight of the beauty of these hours made one feel elevated above the drab existence of an army cantonment.





CAPTAIN ARTHUR C. MORGAN ("A. C."): A doctor and instructor with a most remarkable memory. When he was examining the Medical Detachment of the hospital for tuberculosis, he told 998 of the 1000 men what style of building was located on the corner of the block nearest their homes, the kind of business, the men's names—and this organization represented most of the states of the Union. I believe there was one instance in which the Captain had forgotten the Christian name of the individual. However, my memory has failed me, so I should not like to bet on this!

CAPTAIN HENRY W. MORROW ("Henry"): The man with a most even temperament and a disposition in a million. He was also a valuable doctor. He was in the Receiving Ward, Post Exchange, ran a mess, and sat on the Discharge Board!

LIEUTENANT STERNE MORSE ("Judge" and "Sterne"): A laboratory man and a deep thinker, slow albeit. Philosophy, theology, psychology, philology, etymology, entomology and occasionally medicine were his topics of discourse at table. He also could play volley-ball; it was not his fault that the other members of his team played so poorly that his side lost!

CAPTAIN EDMUND U. POTTER ("Pappy Potter"): A southern gentleman—every inch of him—from the Shenandoah Valley. Outside of a bit of an arthritis, which interned him in O. S. Q. for a few days, he was "always on deck." In his seances with the aforementioned "George Hoyle," his favorite expression was: "Stay out boys—I've got 'em!"

CAPTAIN EDWIN F. SAYLOR ("Stanton"): An eye-man, and a good one, from Philadelphia. An excellent raconteur of stories and poetry. His dialect tales are "right smart" good. He was a sufferer from lumbago and at times the "misery" in his back was "powerful bad."

CAPTAIN HENRY L. SMITH ("Henry Lee"): An excellent internist and lecturer; and a user of plug tobacco "ad infinitum."

CAPTAIN JEREMIAH B. SULLIVAN ("Sully"): Genial, reliable and optimistic. "And they tell me that you're *good*—. From various sources I hear that you're *good*!"



LEST WE FORGET

LIEUTENANT LONGIN TOBENSKI ("Toby"): One of the few medical men who was really military in appearance and gait. With his new boots and spurs and that von-Hindenburg hair-cut, the boy was "there." The only regret we have is that said boots were purchased almost on the eve of his discharge.

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK D. ZEMAN ("Zee"): The halls of the Hospital and the Officers' Quarters still re-echo his hearty laugh. Yes, hearty—but rather a hind-foremost laugh—a laugh with a hic-cough, as it were! He was a good "lab. man" and just the kind of running-mate to steady the wild "Judge" Morse in his headlong pursuit of information.



"JOE" RUNNER  
("On-the-job-Joe")

THIS HAPPENED IN WARD 25

One of our Sergeants was taking notes in the clinic room of the Ear, Nose, and Throat ward as the Medical officer was making examinations and changing dressings. In came a man who had an ear infection.

The Medical officer examined the ear and turning to the Sergeant said, "Sergeant, you can put this down, 'middle ear dry . . .'"

He got no further than that, for the Sergeant, looking his surprise, excitedly exclaimed, "Holy smokes, Lieutenant, has that man got three ears?"

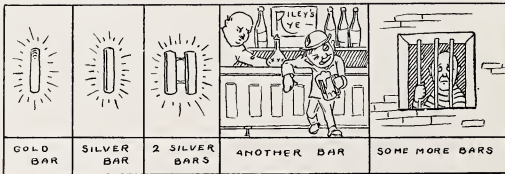


THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS

AND THIS HAPPENED IN THE RECEIVING WARD

When Captain Hathaway entered the Receiving Ward one day, one of the Enlisted men gave the command of "Attention," whereupon everybody promptly complied in true Camp Lee military fashion.

"As you were," said Captain Hathaway. "It wouldn't make any difference whether I said 'as you were' or 'rest'. You'd be at 'rest' anyway," he continued, as he walked out.



SPEAKING OF BARS

# MEDICAL CORPS

## LIEUTENANT COLONELS

DEAR, WILLIAM R.....	UNITED STATES ARMY
SCHMITTER, FERDINAND.....	UNITED STATES ARMY

## MAJORS

ALLEN, IRA A.....	439 NORTH TIOBA ST.....	ITHACA, N. Y.
BELL, RICHARD P.....	1220 NORTH AUGUSTA ST.....	STAUNTON, VA.
BLACK, ALLEN J.....	HALLINS COLLEGE.....	HALLINS, VA.
BOWLING, ROBERT H.....	8705 GERMANTOWN AVE.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
CAINES, RICHARD J. R.....	175 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.....	BOSTON, MASS.
CAMPBELL, WILLARD B.....		HARRISVILLE, PENNA.
CARROLL, JOHN W.....	707 COURT ST.....	LYNCHBURG, VA.
CLARK, JAMES B.....		
DAY, EWING W.....	350 WINEBIDDLE AVE.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
EMERSON, FRANCIS P.....	520 COMMONWEALTH AVE.....	BOSTON, MASS.
FABER, JOHN P.....		SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
FURGUSON, BUR.....	CLIFF ROAD.....	BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
GAY, FREDERICK P.....		BERKLEY, CAL.
GRAHAM, EVERTS A.....	684 IRVING PARK BLVD.....	CHICAGO, ILL.
HARRIS, DOWNEY L.....	4946 PARK VIEW PLACE.....	ST. LOUIS, MO.
HOPE, JOSEPH W.....		HAMPTON, VA.
HOWARD, TASKER.....	CARE OF KINGS COUNTY TRUST CO.....	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
JENNINGS, JOHN E.....		
JERAULD, FREDERICK N. C.....	300 JEFFERSON AVE.....	NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
KENNON, BEVERLY R.....	201 TAYLOR BLDG.....	NORFOLK, VA.
KINSELLA, RALPH A.....	3746 WEST PINE ST.....	ST. LOUIS, MO.
LITCHFIELD, LAWRENCE.....	5431 FIFTH AVE.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
MCGUIRE, STEWART.....	513 EAST GRACE ST.....	RICHMOND, VA.
MERRITT, EDWIN A.....	803 THIRD AVE.....	COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.
MITCHELL, JAMES F.....	1344 NINETEENTH ST.....	WASHINGTON, D. C.
MOORE, J. ROSS.....	2652 HOOVER ST.....	LOS ANGELES, CAL.
MOORE, SAMUEL B.....		
NELSON, JOHN G.....	317 NORTH HARRISON ST.....	RICHMOND, VA.
PARKER, EDWARD M.....	2131 FLORIDA AVE.....	WASHINGTON, D. C.
PEPLE, WILLIAM L.....	1209 WEST FRANKLIN ST.....	RICHMOND, VA.
PINKHAM, EDWARD W.....	137 RIVERSIDE ST.....	NEW YORK, N. Y.
POTIER, OLIVIER L.....	1921 CARROLLTON AVE.....	NEW ORLEANS, LA.
RILEY, PHILANDER C.....		WARTHAM (TANGUIR CO.), VA.
ROOPE, ALFRED P.....		COLUMBUS, IND.
SCOTT, JESSE M. W.....	707 UNION ST.....	SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
SESSIONS, JOHN C.....	4011 LINDEN HILL BLVD.....	MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
SPENCE, THOMAS B.....	541 THIRD ST.....	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
SUGGS, FRANK.....	162 MOUNT LEON AVE.....	DETROIT, MICH.
VANAMEE, TALCOTT O.....	215 VAUGHAM ST.....	PORTLAND, ME.
WILLIAMS, ALEXANDER W.....		
WILLIAMS, LINSLEY R.....		
YEAGER, CLARK H.....	339 SOUTH MAIN ST.....	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.

## LEST WE FORGET

## CAPTAINS

ASHBY, JULIAN N.		CARBON, W. VA.
ASHER, MAURICE.	186 CLINTON AVE.	NEWARK, N. J.
BALDERSON, STEPHEN V.	800 DAVIS ST.	EVANSTON, ILL.
BARBER, CHAUNCEY L.	329 SOUTH GRAND ST.	LANSING, MICH.
BAUGHMAN, GREER.	26 NORTH LAUREL ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
BEEBE, HUGH M.	815 FOREST AVE.	ANN ARBOR, MICH.
BELL, RICHARD D.	26 BOW ST.	SOMERVILLE, MASS.
BERGGREN, TELL J.		CORONADO, CAL.
BLANK, MARCO I.	35 WEST 81ST ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
BRANCH, JOSEPH R. B.	82 ARLINGTON PLACE.	MACON, GA.
BRENNAND, EVERETT C.	45 WEST ELEVENTH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
BROWN, ELISHA W.	70 NORTH MAIN ST.	MOUNT KISCO, N. Y.
BUGG, ALVA B.		BELCHER, IA.
BURHEIM, CLARENCE A.	3105 SIXTEENTH ST.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
CATLIN, SANFORD S.	714 NORTH MAIN ST.	ROCKFORD, ILL.
CHAMBERLAIN, ROBERT C.	33 EAST PERRY ST.	TIFFIN, OHIO
COBB, WILLARD S.		CARAIG, N. Y.
COLEMAN, EDWARD M.	524 PRINCE AVE.	ATHENS, GA.
CONNEL, HARLOW R.		
COOPER, JOHN H.		
CRAIG, SYLVESTER D.		WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.
CRAWFORD, JAMES P.	820 RUSSELL ST.	NASHVILLE, TENN.
DEALY, FRANK N.	125 PROSPECT PARK, WEST.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
DEEMS, OREN M.	229 LONGHILL ST.	SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
DEMING, NELSON L.	129 EAST 69TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
DODGE, ARTHUR M.		HAMPTON FALLS, N. H.
EDWARDS, CHARLES M.	106 WEST GRACE ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
ESSINGTON, URIAH K.	254 HUDSON AVE.	NEWARK, OHIO
FENTON, ALFRED A.	17 WALPOLE ST.	NORWOOD, MASS.
FIREBAUGH, THOMAS C.		HARRISONBURG, VA.
FLURY, JOHN A.	501 HUMBOLDT BLDG.	ST. LOUIS, MO.
FORSTER, ALEXIUS M.		
FREEMAN, ALBERT H.		STARKE, FLA.
GILL, GEORGE.	205 PARK AVE.	ELYRIA, OHIO
GILLEN, HENRY B.	18 SENECA ST.	COHOES, N. Y.
GLEETON, SCOTT D.	822 WEST TENTH ST.	ERIE, PA.
GRAHAM, JOHN R.	202 WEST 86TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
HAILPERIN, CLEMENT J.		NEWARK, N. J.
HAMLEN, GEORGE D.		
HARNED, CALVIN W.	900 S. & L. BLDG.	DES MOINES, IOWA.
HARPER, WILLIAM G.		
HARTMAN, CLIFFORD C.		CHURCHVILLE, MD.
HARVEY, JOHN H.	SPITZER BLDG.	TOLEDO, OHIO
HATHAWAY, JOHN G.		NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
HETRICK, LLEWELLYN E.	4 WEST 93RD ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
HIBBEN, FREEMAN H.	1470 BEACON ST.	BROOKLINE, MASS.
HILDRETH, EUGENE A.	901 MAIN ST.	WHEELING, W. VA.
HOLDEN, NELSON M.	271 IMNEY ST.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
HOLTON, THOMAS A.	1717 NORTH SEVENTH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HOOD, FRANK O.	510 GRIFFIN ST., MT. WASHINGTON.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
HORGAN, EDMUND J.		ROCHESTER, MINN.
HULL, HARRY D.		CRYSTAL LAKE, ILL.
HUNTER, WILLIAM D.	490 REED AVE.	MONESSEN, PENNA.
HURD, ALBERT G.	95 WEST MAIN ST.	MILLBURY, MASS.
JONES, JOHN M.	2800 BOULEVARD.	JERSEY CITY, N. J.



## LEST WE FORGET

KEITH, DARWIN M.	420 MAIN ST.	ROCKFORD, ILL.
KNOX, JOHN C.	422 HALLET PLACE	BELLEVEU, PENNA.
KORY, ROSCOE C.		LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
LACY, JUSTIN E.	1121 THIRD AVE.	SO. NASHVILLE, TENN.
LAMBERT, SAMUEL E.		PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
LAZELL, WILLIAM E.	25 SOUTH MAIN ST.	BARN, VT.
LESTER, CHARLES A.	1717 SOUTH FIRST ST.	LOUISVILLE, KY.
LOOP, ROSS G.	359 MAIN ST.	ELMHRA, N. Y.
LOUGEE JOHN L.	483 BEACON ST.	BOSTON, MASS.
MACFARLAND, ERWIN G.	817 FLOYD AVE.	ROME, N. Y.
MCCULLY, CHARLES H.	414 FOURTH ST.	LOGANSFORT, IND.
MCD EED, WINFIELD G.	R. F. D.	WELDON, ILL.
MCPHAIL, DONALD T.	HAZLEHURST FIELD	MINEOLA, L. I., N. Y.
MAHADY, STEPHEN A.		UTICA, N. Y.
MANLY, FREDERICK N.	MAIN ST.	NAPLES, N. Y.
MATTHEWS, HARRY E.	12 HILLSIDE AVE.	ORANGE, N. J.
MAXCY, KENNETH F.	2633 GULFORD AVE.	BALTIMORE, MD.
MEADS, ALBERT M.	2647 STUART ST.	OAKLAND, CAL.
MEISENBACH, ROLAND O.	140 ALLEN ST.	BUFFALO, N. Y.
MILLER, HORACE W.	1303 NORTH 52D ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MILLS, CLIFFORD	36 MAPLE AVE.	MORRISTOWN, N. J.
MININGHAM, WILLIAM D.	448 HIGH ST.	NEWARK, N. J.
MITCHELL, ALFRED	657 CONGRESS ST.	PORTLAND, ME.
MORGAN, ARTHUR C.	3118 DIAMOND ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MORROW, HENRY W.	7400 IRVING AVE.	SWISSVALE, PENNA.
MOSCHOWITZ, ALEXIS V.	925 MADISON AVE.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
MOYER, TORRENCE C.	R. F. D. No. 1	MIFFLINBURG, PENNA.
NELSON, JOHN E.	P. O. Box No. 205	ROCKWOOD, TENN.
NEVITT, ROLLIN R.		MILDRED, KAN.
NORVAL, WILLIAM A.	419 MAIN ST.	PATTERSON, N. J.
ODEND'HAL, EDWARD P.		WYTHEVILLE, VA.
O'NEILL, VINCENT J. T.		HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.
OESTERLING, HARRY E.	75 SIXTEENTH ST.	WHEELING, W. VA.
ORAM, JOSEPH H.	495 BROADWAY	PATTERSON, N. J.
PALMER, CHAUNCEY L.	3422 SCHAEFFER PLACE, MT. LEBANON,	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
PICKENS, DAVID R.	1000 NINETEENTH AVE.	SO. NASHVILLE, TENN.
PRIEST, FRANK A.		MARION, IND.
PUMPELY, WILLIAM C.		MACON, GA.
RICE, THOMAS		BRATTLEBORO, VT.
ROBERTS, JAY G.	117 HIGH AVE.	OSKALOOSA, IA.
ROGERS, CHARLES A.		FREEFORT, PENNA.
ROGERS, McLAIN	HAYES AND 8TH ST.	CLINTON, OKLA.
ROTHROCK, HENRY A.		WEST CHESTER, PENNA.
RUDOLPH, JOHN F.		BELLE PLAINS, KAS.
RUSSELL, JAMES M.	912 FRISCO AVE.	MONETT, MO.
SANTEE, GEORGE O.		
SAYLES, JOSEPH B.		TAUTON, MASS.
SAYLOR, EDWIN S.	2005 CHESTNUT ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SCOTT, COVLES L.		SANFORD, N. C.
SHAFFER, WILLARD F.		COBLESKILL, N. Y.
SHAW, HARRY W.		JUNETH CITY, OHIO
SHEAHAN, GEORGE M.	12 SCHOOL ST.	QUINCY, MASS.
SIBLEY, EDWIN F.	77 MAIN ST.	KINGSTON, N. Y.
SICHEL, CLARENCE C.		WEST END, N. J.
SMITH, HENRY L.	2701 CALVERT ST.	BALTIMORE, MD.
SMITH, JAMES H.	6 WEST FRANKLIN ST.	RICHMOND, VA.

## LEST WE FORGET

SNEED, CARL M.	909 ELM ST.	COLUMBIA, MO.
SPOONER, JOHN P.		PERU, IND.
STERN, HENRY S.	INGLE SIDE APTS.	RICHMOND, VA.
SULLIVAN, JEREMIAH B.		NEW HAVEN, CONN.
SWANN, WILLIAM K.		MONROE, GA.
TAYLOR, HERMAN M.	2708 RIVERSIDE AVE.	JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
TERFLINGER, FRED W.	LONGCLIFF	LOGANSPORT, IND.
THOMAS, DAVID O.	889 FIFTH AVE.	NEW KENSINGTON, PENNA.
THOMAS, LAURON C.	311 WALNUT ST.	LATROBE, PENNA.
THOMPSON, ALBERT E.	223 WASHINGTON TRUST BLDG.	WASHINGTON, PENNA.
TRAYNHAM, BENJAMIN L.		SWEET SPRINGS, W. VA.
VAN HORN, LEON	1429 NORTH 17TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
VAN LENNEP, GUSTAVE A.		MERION, PENNA.
WALLACE, JOHN M.		RIDGEVILLE, IND.
WALLIS, MARSHALL		NORMAL, ILL.
WARE, ROBERT M.	716 WEST CENTRAL AVE.	FITZGERALD, GA.
WEEDEN, ALLEN A.	127 GROVE ST.	WOONSOCKET, R. I.
WEGEFORTH, PAUL	2031 EUTAW PLACE	BALTIMORE, MD.
WEIBEL, ELMER C.	664 WEST NINTH ST.	ERIE, PENNA.
WENDT, CHARLES I.	5654 WOODMONT AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
WESTON, REUBEN		WINDSOR, VT.
WHEELER, JAMES S.		GATESVILLE, TEXAS
WIAT, ROBERT G.	928 GRACE ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
WILLIAMSON, ORA M.		SULLIVAN, ILL.
WILLIAMSON, WILLIAM T.	R. F. D. No. 7	RICHMOND, VA.
WILSON, ARTHUR L.	1016 CHURCH ST.	LYNCHBURG, VA.
WRIGHT, ROBERT H.	316 EAST FRANKLIN ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
YOUNG, EDGAR W.		McKENNY, VA.
ZOLLER, CHRISTIAN H.	608 NORTH HARRISON ST.	LITCHFIELD, ILL.

## 1ST LIEUTENANTS

ARCHER, ERNEST E.		
ARGUS, FRANCIS	237 LAFAYETTE AVE.	BUFFALO, N. Y.
ARNOLD, FERRIS L.	216 CLARK AVE.	BILLINGS, MONT.
ASNIS, EUGENE J.	1809 WALLACE ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
ATKINSON, FREDERICK C.	12 LYNDALE ST.	METHUEN, MASS.
ATKINSON, THOMAS E.	3353 W. 33D AVE.	DENVER, COLO.
AVIDAN, MAURICE S.	191 SPRUCE ST.	NEWARK, N. J.
AYCOCK, WILLIAM J.		HOHENLINDEN, MISS.
BAKER, ELBERT		HATTISBURG, MISS.
BAKER, HINTON J.		
BAKER, HORACE M.	300 LOGWOOD AVE.	BOSTON, MASS.
BAKWIN, HARRY	1165 LONGFELLOW AVE.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
BALDWIN, AARON G.	28 WESTCOTT ST.	EAST ORANGE, N. J.
BALTZ, SAMUEL A.		
BARONE, ANTONIO L.	246 FRONT AVE.	BUFFALO, N. Y.
BARRY, ALBERT F.		STONY POINT, N. Y.
BARSKY, JOSEPH M.		
BATTEY, HUGH I.	438 W. PEACHTREE ST.	ATLANTA, GA.
BATTLE, GEORGE C.	269 HILLSIDE ST.	ASHVILLE, N. C.
BAYS, ARTHUR E.		BARBERSVILLE, W. VA.
BEAN, PHILIP J.		JARBOCSVILLE, MD.
BEATON, JAMES J.	33 STEPHENSON ST.	WAYCROSS, GA.
BEDOE, EDWARD A.		
BEER, EDWARD F.		FORT DODGE, IOWA

## LEST WE FORGET

BERNER, DAVID	2817 PACIFIC AVE.	ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
BLACK, DENNIS L.	24 LAKE STREET	NASHUA, N. H.
BLAIR, LESLIE L.		
BLESSE, HENRY S.		ELGIN, ILL.
BLUE, JAMES H.	1407 MUNISOTO AVE.	BESSEMER, ALA.
BOOHER, WILLIAM R.	820 FLORIDA AVE.	BRISTOL, TENN.
BORLAND, ALEXANDER		MEREDITH, N. H.
BOVE, CHARLES T.		BALTIMORE, MD.
BOYLES, JOSEPH H.		GREENSBORO, N. C.
BRANDON, JOHN W., JR.		
BROSCHART, FRANK J.		
BROWN, ARTHUR C.	525 MAIN ST.	COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.
BROWN, CHARLES W.		
BRUNK, OLIVER C.		
BRYAN, JAMES L.	2104 STATE STREET	NASHVILLE, TENN.
BRYSON, WILLIAM S.	R. F. D.	NEW SHEFFIELD, PENNA.
BURKS, BENNETE A.		TASCALOOSA, ALA.
BURLEIGH, WILLIAM T.	825 N. NEGLEY AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
BUTCHER, ALEXANDER C.	28 So. 43RD ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
CADY, FREDERIC B. M.	10 CHAUNCEY ST.	CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
CAGLE, WILLIAM D.		
CANNADY, NICHOLAS B.		
CASEY, ARTHUR E. S.	147 CHURCH ST.	WILLIMANTIC, CONN.
CASTO, HOLLY L.		SPENCER, W. VA.
CAWLEY, WILLIAM D.		ELKTON, CECIL CO., MD.
CHARLES, ROBERT L.	1658 STEELE ST.	DENVER, COLO.
CHERNAIK, SAMUEL J.	44 DEWEY ST.	NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
CHOATE, ALTON J.	85 MIDDLE ST.	GLOUCESTER, MASS.
CLAYPOOL, JOHN R.		MT. VERNON, OHIO
CLELAND, CARLBYE.	330 W. 30TH ST.	ERIE, PENNA.
CLIFF, BENJAMIN F.		EAST FLAT ROCK, N. C.
CLOVIS, OSCAR R.		JOLLYTOWN, PENNA.
CLUNE, FRANCIS J.	334 WARBAROTON AVE.	YONKERS, N. Y.
COHEN, MILTON B.		WEST SALEM, OHIO
COLBORNS, ANDREW J.		CONNELLSVILLE, PENNA.
COLLIER, CASH	629 ROZELLE ST.	MEMPHIS, TENN.
CORCORAN, CORNELIUS J.	624 PROSPECT AVE.	MILWAUKEE, WIS.
COUNTS, HERBERT W.		OCALLEE, FLA.
COURTRIGHT, BURTON A.	1718 WYOMING AVE.	FORTY FORD, PENNA.
COWIE, CHARLES C.		
COWIN, CARL C.	309 P. AND S. BLDG.	MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
CRANE, AARON R.		WEST CHESTER, PENNA.
CROW, HARPER L.		
CURDINGTON, CLIFFORD T.	1179 NOBLE AVE.	BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
DANFORTH, MORTIMER E.		STANTON, MICH.
DAVIDSON, DAVID	290 10TH ST.	SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.
DAVIES, PHILIP J.	608 So. MAIN AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
DEVINE, JOHN W.	713 PEARL ST.	LYNCHBURG, VA.
DAVIS, RALEIGH L.		BIG SPRING, TEXAS
DAVIS, RICHARD S.		
DAVISON, WILLIAM F.	31 UNION ST.	DORRANCETON, PENNA.
DIXON, GEORGE G.		
DONNELLY, JOHN		CHARLOTTE, N. C.
DOSSETT, ROBERT L.		
DOTTERER, CHARLES B.		
DOWN, HOWARD C.		WYSOX, PENNA.

## LEST WE FORGET

DUNLAP, RAY W.	920 So. CINCINNATI ST.	TULSA, OKLA.
DYE, WILLOGHBY G.	7139 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.	HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
DYER, WILSON K.	KANKAKEE STATE HOSPITAL	KANKAKEE, ILL.
EASTER, CLAY M.		CHINCOLEAGUE, VA.
ECKHARDT, JOHN C.	1140 18TH ST., N. W.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
EDWARDS, BRYANT B.		UNION SPRINGS, ALA.
EHLERT, JOHN M.	1124 MILDRED AVE.	SHREVEPORT, LA.
EZICKSON, WILLIAM J.		
FARDEN, JOSEPH L.		HOT SPRINGS, VA.
FAVIL, JOHN	78 E. ELM ST.	CHICAGO, ILL.
FAYEN, EMMETT		
FERGUSON, ROBERT G.		
FETNER, LAWRENCE M.		
FIELD, FRANK L.		FAR HILLS, N. J.
FOLEY, CARROL E.		LOVELLSVILLE, VA.
FOSHEE, ALEXANDER M.		CORHSET, ALA.
FRANCIS, HORACE M.		WOODSBACK, ILL.
FRANCISCO, HOWARD M.		NASHVILLE, TENN.
FURMAN, HERMAN C.	1247 OCEAN AVE.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
GAMMON, JULIAN E.	409 PROFESSIONAL BLDG.	JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
GARLICK, FREDERICK J.	773 E. MAIN ST.	ROCHESTER, N. Y.
GEDNEY, FREDERICK M.	1940 SCOTT ST.	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
GERAGHTY, WILLIAM R.	1132 BARCLAY ST.	BALTIMORE, MD.
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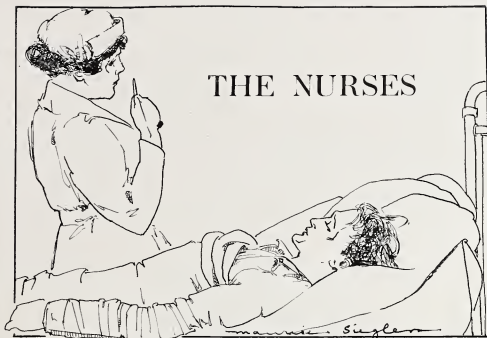
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OFFICERS' MESS HALL



*“To quote from Robert Louis Stevenson—‘To write with authority about another man we must have fellow-feeling, and some common ground of experience with our subject’.*

*“In this great war this has been given to all of us, whether we serve in the hospitals ‘over there’ or in the hospitals at home.*

*“The Nurses, Dietitians and Aides of the Base Hospital, Camp Lee, Virginia, have given of their best to the needs of those to whom they have cared for and remembered:*

*“While here I strive, as best I may,  
Strangers’ long hours of pain to ease;  
Dumbly I question—Far away  
Lies my beloved even as these?”*



CATHERINE H. ALLISON  
Chief Nurse, A. S. C.

## THE RED CROSS NURSE

Out from her home's delightful stillness,  
 Out from her own soft, quiet nest,  
 She comes—to brave disease and illness,  
 And thousand cares—without request;  
 To be a sister to a legion  
 She does so nobly volunteer,  
 Her angel heart, more than religion,  
 Impelling her to help—to cheer!

You see her in her girlhood's flower  
 Lean o'er a bed in dead of night,  
 And, filled with some strange, mystic power,  
 Make Death fly, beaten, out of sight!  
 How oft, indeed, when hope is fleeing,  
 And science giving up the game  
 As lost—the sweetness of her being  
 So close, rekindles life's new flame!

Like Vesta's priestess, she sits listless  
 As the still hours pass in the dark,  
 Her heart aflame with love resistless,  
 Watching Life's tiny, feeble spark;  
 Till, under darkness' silent cover  
 A flood of strength does win the strife;  
 The crisis past, the danger over—  
 Another one—loved back to life!

How many hearts were saved from breaking,  
 How many eyes, in this fair land,  
 From burning tears—through her partaking  
 In the fight—by her gentle hand!  
 And when the day comes of rewarding  
 Those that were bravest of the brave—  
 She'll be the foremost;—her recording:  
 They lived to kill—she lived to save!

## A CHAT WITH MISS REBA WENTZ, A.N.C.

**W**E always considered laziness a great virtue. But we might say in passing that the Army hasn't given us a chance to bring its development to that stage of lassitude and feeling of *dolce far niente*, which, as medical terminology puts it, has its chief symptom in a constitutional inertia. Suffice it to say that we did as much "stalling" as possible, after we had been selected as the guys who

were to delve into the evolutionary history of the Nurses' Corps, and we finally hit upon the idea of letting Miss Reba Wentz—cherubic Miss Wentz—tell the story herself.

Miss Wentz knows all about it. In fact, you might say that she sang lullabies at the cradle of the Corps, and saw it pass through all its successive phases of development during sixteen long months. But the lady, being Assistant to the Chief Nurse, Miss C. H. Allison, is very busy, and so it was necessary to fall upon sundry tactics to get her to sit for the interview. Then one bright day, our manoeuvres were crowned with success.

"I understand you have—er—er—" we stammered, as we approached a charming figure in white standing in the door-frame of the little office that had been pointed out to us as the dwelling-place of enlightenment.

"If it's aspirin tablets you want, you're in the wrong place," the lady in white interrupted us, evidently thinking that there was something wrong with our heads.

We finally came to the core of the matter, and explained the purpose of our mission. Graciously Miss Wentz responded to the suggestion, and invited the interviewers to take a seat. Yes, she would give us the history of the Nurses' Corps, and so made ready to repel a furious fusillade of questions on our part. As she very appropriately put it: "One may dodge the flu, but one simply *can't* dodge a pesky reporter."

Miss Wentz has been at the Base Hospital since October, 1917. She was one of the first Nurses to arrive here, and is therefore eminently fitted to trace back the history of the organization that has done such great work in helping to fight disease and sickness in this camp.

"I wasn't really the first Nurse to arrive here," Miss Wentz began. "That honor belongs to Miss Emma Burns, who came here on October 5, 1917, being later transferred to Ft. Monroe, Hampton Roads, Va. During the first few months of our stay here, when everything was still in a state of primitive development, Miss Burns helped us over many a dreary day by reason of her good humor and her tendencies to burlesque.

My, I don't know what would have become of us, if she hadn't livened things up here. Not a day passed but Miss Burns had some funny surprise in store for us; barring the door to our room with a skilfully woven mesh of threads was one of her tricks.

"But let me tell you about our arrival here. October 10, 1917, is the historic date on which we landed in Petersburg, at the Seaboard Airline Station. We were twelve Nurses in all, and we had left Baltimore together, with Camp Lee as our destination, perhaps as our destiny. Not a soul was there to meet us. Finally a truck arrived, and we had already taken seats, entertaining visions of comfortable rooms, baths, etc., when orders came that we were not to use the truck. Universal wailing, and everybody relapsed into a

state of depression. Presently an ambulance arrived and we were finally transported to camp.

"Here's where our trials and tribulations really started. The building in which you see me now was not yet finished. No arrangements had been made for our accommodation, in fact they could not have been made, because the Base Hospital was still under construction at that time.

"We had to eat in the Patients' Mess Hall on the day we arrived, being obliged to wait until the boys were finished. And the next day we cooked our own Mess, and some mess it was. We had no stove, except one in the Mess Hall which had to do service for the whole house.

"There were few sanitary arrangements, and taking a bath was one of those little luxuries we had to take in a very small measure. A curtain was drawn before





the stove, and then a night was set aside for each Nurse to take her weekly bath. That joke about the Saturday night bath was no joke either. It was a grim fact.

"And then we started on our jobs. Miss Rebecca Stein and I took charge of Ward 21, which was in a pitiful state, being dirty and lacking in equipment. We quickly brought things to order, and then I was transferred to Ward 24, and later to Ward 18, where I remained six months. Later I became night supervisor, then was occupied on corridor work, after which I was put in charge of Ward 33. In September, last year, I became Miss Allison's assistant.

"Two weeks after our arrival more Nurses came to this camp, and then there was a steady stream of my Red Cross associates. The number of Nurses stationed at the Base Hospital usually fluctuated between 150 and 200. The greatest number of Nurses stationed here at one time was 350, during the influenza epidemic. There are 192 here at present.

"Of course, things became better in the course of time, and we were soon rather comfortably fixed. Additional barracks were built, and all the Nurses were well accommodated by the first few months of the following year. Four other barracks were added to the existing structures in the month of May,

being situated opposite the original Nurses' Quarters.

"Entertainment facilities were entirely lacking in the beginning. Of course, we resorted to various methods to wile away the tedium that was engrossing us. Little impromptu dances were arranged in the Nurses' Quarters, with an old, wheezy phonograph wheedling away at old tunes, and we had to keep close to the music box, to get the rhythm of the music. This, too, was changed, when the Nurses' Red Cross Building was completed, and regular entertainment programs could be put up.

"Up to August, Miss Mary Becroft was the Chief Nurse, and was well liked by everybody. As you know, she left with Base Hospital Unit 61 for France in August. Miss Catherine Allison has been in charge since.

"Many changes in the personnel have occurred since I have been here. Nurses come and go, and many new faces bob up constantly. Many remained just long enough to get acquainted, then they were transferred elsewhere. Of the original twelve only a few are left. These twelve Nurses were: Miss Rebecca Stein; Miss Mary Moylan; Miss Goldie Crosh; Miss Charlotte Friend; Mrs. Alice J. Elgin; Miss Laura Shina; Miss Kitty Gerber; Miss Mary Elsröad; Miss Katy Applegate; Miss Lucy Lee Harvey; Miss Marguerite Caffish.



A VIEW OF NURSES' QUARTERS



"While the war was on, many Nurses left for overseas to join various units. They usually went to the Nurses' Mobilization Station, New York City, from where they were sent to France. In this way the strength of the Corps had to be replenished all the time.

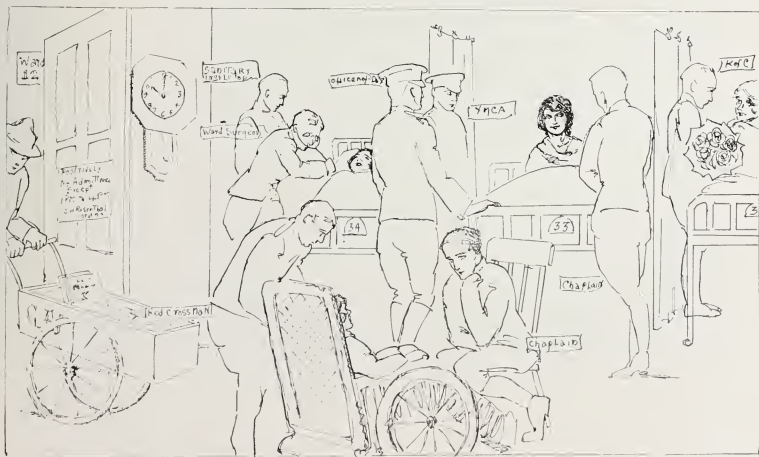
"Of course, it was all difficult at first for young women to leave the comfortable surroundings of home, and subject themselves to the more or less primitive conditions of camp life. But I think we all have adjusted ourselves very well. And, of course, everything is well organized now. With the addition of Reconstruction Aides, our returning wounded soldiers are getting the best attention and treatment possible.

"I think we've done our bit, and home looks good to us," Miss Wentz concluded her recital of her experiences and the history of the Nurses Corps.

"What was the most interesting period you spent here?" Miss Wentz was asked.

"The first few months of my work here," she replied without hesitation. "Things moved at that time with a slow, sure grasp, and one had lots of opportunities to do things."

With that impression we left. The American Red Cross Nurses have done things in Camp Lee. Their share in the triumphant success of the Big Issue is unquestioned. And this is the opinion everywhere.



NO MAN'S LAND

LEST WE FORGET



NURSES' STAFF OFFICERS



MESS AND CORRIDOR SUPERVISORS



LEST WE FORGET



CORRIDOR "A"



CORRIDOR "B"

LEST WE FORGET



CORRIDOR "C"



CORRIDOR "D"

LEST WE FORGET



CONVALESCENT BARRACKS



OPERATING PAVILION

## CHIEF NURSES

ALLISON, CATHERINE H.	PORT PERRY, ONTARIO, CAN.
BEECROFT, MARY C.	PELHAM MANOR, N. Y.

## NURSES

ABBOTT, LUCY B.	119 ANDOVER ST.	ANDOVER, MASS.
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ALLEN, HETTIE		TUCUMCARI, N. M.
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ALTER, LEOLA		INDIANA, PENNA.
AMBLER, THERESA J.	322 HARRISON ST.	LYNCHBURG, VA.
ANDERSON, LEILA H.	108 CLEVELAND AVE.	MACON, GA.
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ANGLE, HELEN D.		HAGERSTOWN, MD.
ANTAYA, ROSA	11 SPRING ST.	ATTLEBORO, MASS.
APPLEGATE, EDITH		BALTIMORE, MD.
ATKINS, RUTH		BLACKSTONE, VA.
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AUGUST, REBECCA F.	1756 MYRTLEWOOD ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
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AUSTIN, IDA F.	CARE OF MRS. F. S. AUSTIN, 16 RIGGO PLACE,	S. ORANGE, N. J.
BACH, MARY L.	170 ELM ST.	HOLYOKE, MASS.
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BAKER, FANNIE M.	597 GRAND ST.	BUFFALO, N. Y.
BALDERSTON, ANNA	PHENIXVILLE HOSPITAL	PHENIXVILLE, PENNA.
BALLOW, GLADYS		WATERVILLE, OHIO
BARBER, FIDELIA E.		HURLOCK, MD.
BARCLEY, ANNA P.		PAINT ROCK, ALA.
BARKER, ELIZABETH		LIVINGSTON MANOR, N. Y.
BARKER, LELIA B.		LIVINGSTON MANOR, N. Y.
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BASS, KATHERINE E.	11 SYKES AVE.	WESTON, ONTARIO, CAN.
BEALL, EDNA J.		LINDSAY, ONTARIO, CAN.
BEALL, ELIZABETH H.	69 VIRGINIA AVE.	WHEELING, W. VA.
BEATON, KATHERINE	EAST POINT	PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CONN.
BECHT, BERTHA H.	414 W. CENTRAL PARK, W.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
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BEISEL, FLORENCE E.	811 VIRIE ST.	LACROSSE, WIS.
BELL, HARRIET A.		BENTONVILLE IND.
BENSON, M. AMELIA	701 N. FIRST ST.	TITUSVILLE, PENNA.
BERGIN, ANNA M.		STAUNTON, VA.
BHM, CATHARINE	319 THIRD ST.	E. TOLEDO, OHIO
BISER, ELOESE		SANDIGAN, FREDERICK, MD.
BLACKWELDER, ESTELLE		CONCORD, N. C.
BLAZEY, OLIVE C.		MACEDON, N. Y.
BLUE, JEAN P.		RAEFORD, N. C.
BLUMENBERG, ANNIS		OKOLOMA, MISS.

LEST WE FORGET

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BODENHEIMER, BESS	R. F. D. No. 3	WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.
BOHRER, CLARA V.		LANISING, IOWA
BOURKE, FLORENCE	203 DALLAS ST.	YOAKUM, TEXAS
BOWMAN, ELEANOR H.	1019 WEST LANVALE ST.	BALTIMORE, MD.
BOWMAN, LEE		MANTENO, ILL.
BOYCE, MARGARET	4637 WESTMINSTER AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
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BOYD, SOLA J.		GASTONIA, N. C.
BOYLE, MARIE C.	449 N. PENN AVE.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
BOYLE, ROSE N.		ASTORIA, ORE.
BRADFIELD, JULIA	400 HILL ST.	LA GRANGE, GA.
BRADY, MARY	418 CLERMONT AVE.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
BRANSFIELD, MARY E.	826 HOWARD AVE.	NEW HAVEN, CONN.
BREEN, ANNE M. C.	463 E. 135TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
BRENNAN, HELEN	HOTEL MOORE, c/o MRS. T. MADISON.	MILLSBORO, PENNA.
BRESLIN, MAY C.		GRIFTON, PENNA.
BRIXLER, CECILIA H.		MAROA, ILL.
BRODHUN, ELIZABETH H.	R. F. D. No. 2	DALLAS, PENNA.
BROKHAW, MAUDE	1460 W. 81ST ST.	CLEVELAND, OHIO
BROOKS, LORA A.	500A CATER AVE.	ST. LOUIS, MO.
BROWN, AGNES	R. F. D. No. 1	HOWARD CITY, MICH.
BROWN, ELIZABETH S.		PROFFIT, VA.
BROWN, EMMA E.	403 W. MAIN ST.	SPRINGFIELD, OHIO
BROWN, GENEVA		BEDFORD CITY, VA.
BROWN, HELEN C.	403 W. MAIN ST.	SPRINGFIELD, OHIO
BROWN, MYRTLE	R. F. D. No. 1	SIYERMORE, KY.
BROWNE, OCTAVIA	352 WILBUR AVE.	COLUMBUS, OHIO
BRUTON, FRANCES	207 W. LINCOLN AVE.	MT. VERNON, N. Y.
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BURN, MARY E.	1052 CHERRY ST.	NORRISTOWN, PENNA.
BURTIN, FLORENCE	81 JULIUS ST.	HARTFORD, CONN.
BURTMAN, MALINDA H.		LESTER PRAIRIE, MINN.
BYERS, LENORA E.	853 WAYNE AVE.	INDIANA, PENNA.
BYRNE, EMMA	212 HARRIET ST.	EVANSVILLE, IND.
BYRNE, ISABELLE	102 BLUEHILL AVE.	MILTON, MASS.
CALFLISCH, MARGARET		UNION CITY, PENNA.
CALLAHAN, MARY E.	30 BRIDGE ST.	NEW LONDON, CONN.
CALLAWAY, SALLIE M.		VALLEY LEE, ST. MARY'S CO., MD.
CALVERT, EDNA S.	714 PENN BLDG	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
CAMBLAS, JACQUELINE	308 WILLIAM ST.	EAST ORANGE, N. J.
CAMERON, ETHEL		GRAHAM, VA.
CAPP, EDITH	650 FERNWOOD AVE.	TOLEDO, OHIO
CARDWELL, CORA A.		GREENWOOD, MISS.
CARGILL, MARY G.		CHARLESTON, W. VA.
CARR, REBECCA	148 TORONTO ST.	BARRIER, ONTARIO, CAN.
CARROLL, ELLEN	71 Mt. VERNON ST.	RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J.
CARROLL, GERTRUDE		RACINE, WIS.
CARSON, MARY J.	VALLEY ST.	DUBOISTOWN, PENNA.
CARVER, AGNES E.	3742 DINA AVE.	CHEVIOT, OHIO
CASSIDY, ALECIA A.	130 E. 122D ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
CASSIN, KATHERINE W.		
CASTER, RUTHIE D.	911 W. ARCH ST.	PORTLAND, IND.
CHADDOCK, LAURA S.	S. M. HOSPITAL	GLENDALE, W. VA.
CHADWICK, AMELIA	11 FLOREL ST.	LAWRENCE, MASS.

## LEST WE FORGET

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CHARLTON, M. E.	R. F. D. No. 3	BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, CAN.
CLEVER, MARTHA		JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
COHEA, LOLA E.	525 So. PEARL ST.	HAVANNAH, ILL.
COLE, ANNIE H.	121 UNION ST.	PETERSBURG, VA.
COLE, OLIVE		CLAREMONT, VA.
COLEMAN, BLANCHE	205 MADISON AVE.	FLUSHING, N. Y.
COLLINS, HELEN H.	704 LILLY AVE.	COLUMBUS, OHIO
COLLINS, KATHRYN	409 CLAY AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
COLWELL, ANNA M.	100 WEST ST.	LOWELL, MASS.
CONANT, ANNA L.		GROTON, MASS.
CONLON, MARY N.	214 MILLIKEN ST.	LEAD, S. D.
CORE, MARION M.	CARE OF MRS. E. HOWARD	COBDEN, ONTARIO, CAN.
COOKSON, LILLIAN S.		WATERVILLE, CONN.
COOPER, CATHELENA A.	20 CLENTON PLACE.	UTICA, N. Y.
CORVISH, EVA G.	600 JAY ST.	ELMIRA, N. Y.
COTTON, DORA H.		MELROSE, MASS.
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COWLING, MARGARET B.		GREENWOOD, VA.
COX, MABEL C.		HYDE PARK, MASS.
CRANE, HELEN	POST GRADUATE HOSPITAL	CHICAGO, ILL.
CRESSWELL, WINIFRED A.		BINGHAM, MASS.
CROSSE, CELIA M.	171 MADISON AVE.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
CROWLEY, M. JOSEPHINE	24 DARTMOUTH ST.	MALDEN, MASS.
CULHANE, ANNA F.	205 PARK AVE.	SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
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DALEY, LORENE N.	505 N. MAIN ST.	WATERBURY, CONN.
DALLARD, ETHEL R.	6949 HAMILTON AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
DALY, SARA E.	TURGEN P. O.	NEW BRUNSWICK, CONN.
DANLEY, GENEVA M.		BALTIMORE, MD.
DAVIDSON, MYRTIS		AUBURNDALE, MASS.
DAVIS, BERTHA E.		WESTERLY, W. VA.
DAVIS, LELIA R.	476 WILDER ST.	LOWELL, MASS.
DAVIS, MARGARET	R. F. D. No. 5	CULPEPER, VA.
DAVIS, ROSE V.		WESTON, W. VA.
DAY, EFFIE S.		ROCKFORD, ILL.
DEITRICH, LAURA B.		MALINTA, OHIO
DETRICK, KATIE E.	102 N. GRANBY ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
DELANEY, ELIZABETH F.	446 10TH ST.	TROY, N. Y.
DELANG, ANNIE E.		
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DEPEY, FLORENCE A.		
DESAY, MARTHA G.		HOLTON, IND.
DE SHERRICK, NELLIE F.		ZANISVILLE, OHIO
DE SHONG, EDNA		GARRETT, PENNA.
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DILTS, MYRTLE M.		MARCHAND, PENNA.
DONNELLY, ELIZABETH		UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.
DONOVAN, NONA		DOUGHLASTON, L. I., N. Y.
DERNBLASER, M. ELIZABETH		MILL HALL, PENNA.
DOORSKY, HENRIETTA		

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DRESCOLL, KATHLEEN	550 50TH ST.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
DREYER, GEORGETTA T.		WEST CHESTER, PENNA.
DRISCOLL, ANNA E.	515 W. SENECA ST.	ITHACA, N. Y.
DRIVER, MADGE A.		BEAVER DAM, VA.
DUGAN, FLORENCE M.		CHICAGO, ILL.
DUGUID, MATTIE		OAKDALE, ILL.
DUFFEY, CATHERINE IDA.	745 S. CONGRESS ST.	JACKSON, MISS.
DUFFY, GERTRUDE	166 PLANE ST.	NEWARK, N. J.
DUNLAP, ALVERDA L.		WEST ALEXANDRIA, PENNA.
DUNLO, KATHERINE P.		
DUVAL, MARIE A.	29 PIEDMONT ST.	WORCESTER, MASS.
EBAUGH, ROSALIE	2401 E. YORK ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
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ECKERT, FLORENCE M.		
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ELLER, OLIVE		BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
ELLIOTT, ANNA M.		PIKEVILLE, KY.
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EMERY, EDITH M.		ROSEBUD, S. DAK.
ENGLISH, HARRIET	319 B ST.	E. HUTCHISON, KAN.
ERVIN, ELIZABETH E.		LETART FALLS, OHIO
EVANS, LOUISE E.		CHICAGO, ILL.
FALL, ELENORE		SHEBOYGAN FALLS, WIS.
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FENNER, ELIZABETH H.	291 WALTON RD.	SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.
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FORD, WINNIE		YSLETA, TEXAS
FORTUNE, IRMA	45 BARTLETT ST.	ASHVILLE, N. C.
FOSTER, JESSIE	14 ALLSTON ST.	DORCHESTER, MASS.
FOX, HILDA		HUNTINGTON W. VA.
FOY, CORA L.		MORGANSTON, N. C.
FREEMAN SARAH		WETUMPKA, ALA.
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LEST WE FORGET

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GEIGER, ETHEL		HEBRON, OHIO
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GIBBS, ANNA		TOMPKINSVILLE, S. I., N. Y.
GIBLIN, LOLA		ING, ILL.
GIBNEY, ANNA P.	748 N. MAIN AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
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GIERTSEN, MARGUERITE	20 EAGLE ST.	SCOTIA, N. Y.
GILBOY, MARY A.	45 N. GRANT ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
GILROY, SARAH J.		DORCHESTER, MASS.
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GLEESON, CHARLOTTE	159 LAFAYETTE AVE.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
GOCHENOUR, OLIVE K.		YORK SPRINGS, PENNA.
GOLDSBOROUGH, KATHRYN		ROMNEY, W. VA.
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GOSTER, MARY V.		INDIANA, PENNA.
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GRAY, MYRTLE O.	1741 PHILADELPHIA ST.	INDIANA, PENNA.
GREENE, MARY L.		HOT SPRINGS, ARK.
GREY, MARGARET	82 WITHERSPOON ST.	PRINCETON, N. J.
GRIFFIN, MADGE		SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
GRIFFITH, FLORENCE M.	291 BUFFALO ST.	HAMBURG, N. Y.
GRIMES, MARGARET R.	221 NORTH ST.	MCDONALD, PENNA.
GRIPPO, DIXIE		CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
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GRUEL, ANNA		HOBART, IND.
GUNN, MARGARET A.	129 THAYER ST.	PROVIDENCE, R. I.
GUSTAFAN, SELENA M.		
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HAAS, ELIZABETH M.	602 N. 6TH ST.	ALLENTOWN, PENNA.
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HALL, NELLIE B.		NEWBERRY, MICH.
HALL, SADIE J.	817 PEARL ST.	OTTAWA, ILL.
HALLIGAN, ANNIE M.		BROOKLINE, MASS.
HAMILTON, ANNA J.	311 W. MAIN ST.	GROVE CITY, PENNA.
HAND, ELLA	2104 COLLEGE AVE.	INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
HANNABREY, MABEL D.	R. F. D. No. 1	S. CHARLESTOWN, OHIO
HAPPOLDT, MAE A.	15 JUDITH ST.	CHARLESTON, S. C.
HARGER, EDITH M.		PERRYSBURG, OHIO
HARGRAVE, PATTIE		WAKEFIELD, VA.
HAROLEY, LUCY L.	4008½ ROLAND AVE.	BALTIMORE, MD.
HARRIS, ALICE C.	OAK ST.	WESTWOOD, MASS.



## LEST WE FORGET

HARRISON, LILLIE	716 MAIN ST.	DANVILLE, VA.
HARTSTOCK, EMMA L.		LIBERTY, PENNA.
HASTINGS, LAURA	700 E. VAN TREES ST.	WASHINGTON, IND.
HATCHER, BELL S.	451 DUNCAN AVE.	MACON, GA.
HEARD, JANE		ELBERTON, GA.
HEBEHLING, LILA		PANTHER, PENNA.
HECHT, FELICITA		LYNCHBURG, VA.
HEIMAN, CAROLYN		CANESORAGE, ALLEGANY CO., N. Y.
HENDRICKSON, MINERVA	1214 LOOMIS ST.	ROCKFORD, ILL.
HENLEY, GRACE A.	112 HIGHLAND AVE.	WINCHESTER, MASS.
HENNEBERGER, ZULA	1211 FAIRMOUNT AVE.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
HENNING, HELEN	459 S. OLDEN AVE.	TRENTON, N. J.
HENRICK, LOUISE	1610 E. MAIN ST.	MERRILL, WIS.
HERMAN, NELLIE G.		STATE COLLEGE, PENNA.
HERRETT, EMMA R.	1451 TREMONT ST.	BOSTON, MASS.
HESS, FREDA		HARRISON VALLEY, PENNA.
HESTES, ANNA	R. F. D. No. 4	LOUISA, VA.
HEUBERGER, BERTHA U.	3646 CHESTNUT ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HEYWOOD, ANNA M.	416 E. MAIN ST.	GIRARDVILLE, PENNA.
HICKS, EVA		INVERNEAS, FL.
HIGHFIELD, MABEL	912 MADISON AVE.	COVINGTON, KY.
HINTON, FRANCES		POTTSTOWN, PENNA.
HOFSTETTER, ROSE L.		WILLIAMSON, W. VA.
HOGAN, ROBERTA	1613 W. MAIN ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
HOLDERMAN, BESSIE M.		KINGSTON, OHIO
HOLZBACHER, EDITH	1037 STUDER AVE.	COLUMBUS, OHIO
HOSTED, MARY	500 MAGNOLIA AVE.	PITTSBURG, TENN.
HOSTES, MARION M.	12TH AND HUDSON STS.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
HOWARD, IDA M.	2920 INDIANA AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
HOY, ELIZABETH	332 W. COLLEGE AVE.	STATE COLLEGE, PENNA.
HUBENTHAL, RACHEL M.	1026 24TH ST.	OGDEN, UTAH
HUFF, KATHERINE		SCHAFFER, N. DAK.
HUGHES, MARGARET	5 W. CHURCH ST.	FREDERICK, MD.
HUMMER, BLANCHE A.		FREDERICK, MD.
HUMPHREY, MARION L.		BOSTON, MASS.
HUNTER, MARGUERITE		TABLE GROVE, ILL.
HURD, MABEL	202 VINE ST.	WATERLOO, IOWA
HURLBUTT, CAROLYN	1280 PACIFIC ST.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
HURST, ANNA L.		KILMARNOCK, VA.
HUTCHEON, MARY E.		MILTON, W. ONTARIO, CAN.
INGE, HALLIE V.		SOUTH RICHMOND, VA.
IRVINE, MARY		PALNYRA, ONTARIO, CAN.
JACOBSON, AMELIA	8148 ASCOMB AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
JACKSON, ELIZABETH M.		BLACK RIVER, N. Y.
JACKSON, MAGDALENE		JACKSON, ALA.
JAMES, MARTHA	1002 E. PRESTON ST.	BALTIMORE, MD.
JAMESON, ELSIE D.	3907 BATEMAN AVE.	BALTIMORE, MD.
JARVIE, JANNET R.		BUFFALO, N. Y.
JEFFREY, LUCY W.		NEW CANTON, VA.
JERDONE, ANNA	TUCKER SANATORIUM	RICHMOND, VA.
JOAQUIN, BESSIE A.	R. F. D. No. 4	ADALAIDE, CAL.
JOHNSON, CARRIE M.	R. F. D. No. 4, BOX 115	WASHINGTON, IND.
JOHNSON, ELLEN E.	BOX 58	PROCTOR, VT.
JOHNSON, NINA B.		DENVER, COLO.
JOHNSON, OTTIE M.		CRAWFORDVILLE, GA.
JOHNSON, WILMA M.	8626 ABERDINE ST.	CHICAGO, ILL.

## LEST WE FORGET

JOHNSTON, HELEN K.	526 1st St.	ALBANY, N. Y.
JONES, IRENE I.		CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
JONES, NORA E.		
JONES, THERESA C.	1038 WASHINGTON ST.	INDIANA, PENNA.
KAGEY, MERLE		WYEES CAVE, VA.
KALER, LORETTA		RANTOUL, ILL.
KASSON, VIOLET M.		ULSTER, PENNA.
KAUFMAN, JULIA I.	23 PARK AVE.	WESTMINSTER, MD.
KEARNEY, ANNA L.		HAYDENVILLE, MASS.
KEENE, ADALAIDE K.	54 W. 90TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
KEHLER, LOTTIE P.		LOCUST DALE, PENNA.
KEISER, ELSIE L.	637 MARKET ST.	ASHLAND, PENNA.
KELLY, MYRTLE L.	1460 W. 81ST ST.	CLEVELAND, OHIO
KELLY, RHODA		EAST FREEDOM, PENNA.
KENNEDY, DORIS		CLINTON, MICH.
KEER, BESSIE V.	2024 PUTNAM ST.	TOLEDO, OHIO
KIRBY, ELIZABETH E.		NEW YORK, N. Y.
KLASE, NANCY J.		COVINGTON, VA.
KRICK, SARA E.	106 DOUGLAS ST.	READING, PENNA.
KUDLECK, ELSIE		
KUHRTZ, OTILLIE L.		ELLIS GROVE, ILL.
KULL, EMILY P.	28 BRAINARD ST.	PHILLIPSBURG, PENNA.
LA GASSE, IDA A.	No. 6 CROWN ST.	WORCHESTER, MASS.
LAIPPLE, WILHELMINA	CADIZ PIKE	BRIDGEPORT, OHIO
LANGE, MATILDA E.		BLACKVILLE, S. C.
LAUREAULT, KATHLEEN	R. F. D. No. 2.	STAUNTON, VA.
LEE, MARY		GILBERT, LA.
LEDDER, JESSIE P.		WALLA WALLA, WASH.
LEON, SARAH T.		NEW LONDON, CONN.
LESSLER, LOUISE C.	7 HICKORY ST.	RICHMOND HILL, L. I., N. Y.
LEVY, HENRIETTA	119 WESTWORTH ST.	CHARLESTON, S. C.
LIBERTY, ANNA D.	10 SOUTH STATE ST.	CONCORD, N. H.
LIERS, LOUISE		CHICAGO, ILL.
LILLY, LUCY M.		LAWSON, MD.
LINDBERG, RUTH C.		HOMER, N. Y.
LISEC, CAROLYN L.	27 PLAINFIELD AVE.	LYNBROOK, N. Y.
LORAH, MARGARET E.		BOYERTOWN, PENNA.
LORD, EVA M.		SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
LORINS, OLGA E.		E. LIVERPOOL, OHIO
LOUIS, OLGA E.	1288 SUMMIT ST.	ALIANCE, OHIO
LOVE, LURA H.	114 N. HENDERSON AVE.	DALLAS, TEXAS
LOYD, EDNA K.		BURGHILL, OHIO
LUDLAM, ANNA M.		CRATTON, PENNA.
LYNCH, AGNES C.		MILDRED, PENNA.
LYON, MAGGIE L.		BLUE SPRINGS, MISS.
MACKELCAN, DOROTHY C.	36 EATON PLACE.	EAST ORANGE, N. J.
MACKENZIE, ETHEL	94 COLLEGE ST.	ASHVILLE, N. C.
MACROBERTS, MARGARET	5922 BELLONA AVE.	GORANS, MD.
MAC TIER, MARGARET R.	1312 MAPLE AVE.	S. W. ROANOKE, VA.
MAC TIER, MARY	1312 MAPLE AVE.	S. W. ROANOKE, VA.
MCCAFFREY, MARY	103 DIAMOND ST.	KINGSTON, N. Y.
MCCAULEY, GEORGIE	822 MAPLE AVE.	FINDLAY, OHIO
MCCLAINE, BERTHA H.	54 MCCrackEN AVE.	NEWPORT, KY.
MCCORMICK, ELSIE L.	1206 INARRIES ST.	CHARLESTOWN, W. VA.
MCDONALD, MATILDA	29 BEACON AVE.	HOLYOKE, MASS.
MCEACHERN, ANNIE E.		NEW YORK, N. Y.

## LEST WE FORGET

McEVER, BIRDIE		NEW YORK, N. Y.
McEVER, ELIZABETH D.		NEW YORK, N. Y.
McGILL, MARIE	461 FOURTH AVE.	NEWARK, N. J.
McGINLEY, RUTH M.	221 HALLENBACK AVE.	PARSONS, PENNA.
McGREAL, MARGARET T.	34 WRENTHAM ST.	ASHIMONT, MASS.
McGREGOR, OLA S.		ANDERSON, S. C.
McGUIRE, CATHERINE J.	30 WOODBRIDGE ST.	NEW LONDON, CONN.
McINNES, HELEN	1930 BELMONT ST.	ROCKFORD, ILL.
McINTYRE, JANF L.		BERLIN, PENNA.
McKINSTRY, M. IRENE		COOLSPRING, PENNA.
McLACHLAN, ISABEL		CINCINNATI, OHIO
McLEOD, MARIE	712 BRESLOW ST.	BELLVILLE, ILL.
McMAHON, MARY G.	339 E. 137TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
McMANUS, MARGARET H.	622 WEBSTER ST.	OTTAWA, ILL.
McMASTER, JENNIE	2317 BROZOS ST.	HOUSTON, TEXAS
McNALLY, EDITH M.	105 E. 6TH ST.	WILMINGTON, DEL.
McPHERSON, HELEN	51 CHESTNUT ST.	BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.
McSHERRY, HELEN B.	ROHWA AVE.	WESTFIELD, N. J.
MAGNUSSON, LYDIA E.		MARINE MILLS, MINN.
MAHAN, MARGARET L.	7222 ELLIS AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
MAHER, MARY T.	7226 ZEMPLE ST.	NEW ORLEANS, LA.
MAICHEL, PAULINE T.	4331 MONTGOMERY ST.	OAKLAND, CAL.
MAINE, HENRIETTA D.		LYRO, NELSON CO., VA.
MALONEY, MARY E. C.	Box No. 262	TROY, PENNA.
MALONEY, NELLIE C.		
MANNING, ISABELLE		SOMMERSVILLE, MASS.
MARKS, NELLIE C.		ILWACO, WASH.
MARSH, MARY E.	140 21st St.	WARWOOD, W. VA.
MARSTON, VERA		
MARTIN, RONILDO	805 CAMPBELL AVE.	HAMILTON, OHIO
MASBACH, STEPHANE.		BALTIMORE, MD.
MASON, FLORENCE	541 WALL ST.	SHREVEPORT, LA.
MASSE, LUCIA		
MATTHEWS, ESTHER M.	718 BERSHIRE AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
MATTHEWS, NORMA		NEW HOLSTEIN, WIS.
MAXWELL, MILDRED		CYGNET, OHIO
MAY, VIVIAN F.		KINSTON, N. C.
MAYLAND, MARY B.	CARE OF "THE CECIL"	WASHINGTON, D. C.
MAYS, LELA K.		AFTON, VA.
MELBY, ELIZABETH		BLOOMING PRAIRIE, MINN.
MELVIN, ELLA M.		MINOOKA, PENNA.
MERCER, MARTHA		QUINCY, MASS.
MERRILL, EDITH E.	92 GRAND ST.	NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
MEWSHAN, LEONORA P.		BOWIE, MD.
MEYERS, MABEL		
MIFKA, PAULINE R.		PRINCE GEORGE, VA.
MIHILLS, MILDRED M.		CHICAGO, ILL.
MILBURN, FLORENCE.	PORTNER APTS.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
MILLER, EDNA V.		CAPTINA, W. VA.
MONK, MYRTLE L.		ELKRIDGE, MD.
MONROE, C. ETHEL		WESTPORT, MD.
MONTAGUE, ADELAIDE	3111 N. ST., N. W.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
MOORE, MATTIE A.		HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
MORAN, AGNES		SOUTH BEND, IND.
MORAN, MARY M.		NEWARK, N. J.
MORAN, RUTH		CITY POINT, VA.

## LEST WE FORGET

MORRIS, GRACE M.		GALEBURG, ILL.
MUELLER, ELIZABETH	PRICE HILL	CINCINNATI, OHIO
MUIR, BESSIE R.		ST. JOSEPHS, LA.
MUIRHEAD, EVA M.	42 BAILEY RD.	WATERTOWN, MASS.
MULLEN, JULIA	375 E. 137TH ST.	BRONX, N. Y.
MUNRO, JOSEPHINE		
MURPHY, ANNA N.	38 APSLEY ST., GERMANTOWN	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MURPHY, KATIE	630 POPLAR ST.	LANCASTER, PENNA.
MURPHY, LIZZIE B.		BARTOW, GA.
MURPHY, MARY Z.	85 CENTER ST.	WORCHESTER, MASS.
MURPHY, ROSELLA C.	925 N. WYOMING AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
MURPHY, SARA	MARY ST.	BORDENTOWN, N. J.
MUTCHLER, RUTH C.	524 S. WAYNE ST.	FREMONT, OHIO
MYERS, MAMIE K.		BROADWAY, VA.
NEASON, C. MARY		LEWISTOWN, PENNA.
NEFF, KATHRYN M.	337 S. PIERCE ST.	LIMA, OHIO
NEITH, VIOLET E.		JAMAICA, N. Y.
NELSON, BERTHA		BALTIMORE, MD.
NEVILLE, L. VANETTA	132 W. WOODRUFF ST.	TOLEDO, OHIO
NEVIN, ESTHER	575 CONGRESS ST.	TROY, N. Y.
NEVINS, LORETTA	287 MAIN ST.	WILLIAMANTIC, CONN.
NEWTON, BEULAH	1268 CUMMINGS ST.	MEMPHIS, TENN.
NEWTON, HATTIE		WAYCROSS, GA.
NORRIS, HATTIE V.		ROANOKE, VA.
NOTTINGHAM, HELEN M.	1008 W. LANVALE ST.	BALTIMORE, MD.
NOYES, HARRIETT D.		HEPNER, ORE.
O'BRIEN, KATHARINE	1304 N. 18TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
O'BRIEN, LILLIAN		SHELBYVILLE, MO.
O'BRIEN, MARY J.	1251 F. ST., N. E.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
ODEN, LYDIA M.	2104 HUEY ST.	MCKEESPORT, PENNA.
OGLIVIE, ALICE D.		SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
O'LAUGHLIN, NORA C.	156 EASTERN AVE.	WORCESTER, MASS.
O'NEILL, CATHERINE V.	38 GILBERT ST.	PITTSFIELD, MASS.
OSTROM, LOUISE	619 W. 127TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
OVINGTON, KATHERINE	159 N. 6TH ST.	STUEBENVILLE, OHIO
OWENS, L. MAY		GREENWOOD, DEL.
PAGE, MARION S. J.	339 S. 2D AVE.	MT. VERNON, N. Y.
PALMER, EDNA G.		PLATEVILLE, WIS.
PARKER, M. ALBERTA	21 GREENOUGH PLACE, NEWPORT, HAMILTON CO.	NOVA SCOTIA, CAN.
PATERSON, RHODA	1607 TUSCARAWAS ST.	WEST CANTON, OHIO
PEARSE, JESSIE J.		RUSHVILLE, IND.
PEARSON, BLANCHE		MCLEON, VA.
PERRY, EDITH V.	PARK ST.	CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
PERRY, MARY A.	111 5TH ST., S. E.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
PETERSON, MARGARET M. C.		WESTON, W. VA.
PETRY, FLORA	335 MALLAWAY AVE.	COLUMBUS, OHIO
PETRY, MARIE	335 GALLAWAY AVE	COLUMBUS, OHIO
PETTIFER, NELLIE G.		WHITE PIGEON, MICH.
PETTIT, GENEVA		PORT CHESTER, N. Y.
PETTUS, NELL E.	GRAY SUMMIT	FRANKLIN CO., MO.
PHIFER, PEARL		BESSEMER CITY, N. C.
PIELAGE, HENRIETTE		MINSTER, OHIO
PIERCE, IVA I.	49 NORTHAMPTON RD.	AMHURST, MASS.
POLENSKA, HELEN E.	21 VERNON AVE.	ROCKVILLE, CONN.
PORE, FLORENCE		MT. PLEASANT, PENNA.

LEST WE FORGET

POTTER, EDITH M.	428 CURRY AVE.	LEXINGTON, KY.
PRICE, ELIZA N.		GALLA, GA.
PRINCE, MABEL E.	151 E. DURHAM, ST.,	MT. AIRY PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
PRISLER, META V.		OTTAWA, ILL.
PRITCHARD, RUTH		NASSEAU, BAHAMA ISLAND
PROFSOM, PAULINE		STURGEON BAY, WIS.
PROUD, ETHEL M.		BOSTON, MASS.
PURCELL, BERTHA		CHICAGO, ILL.
QUIMBY, JENNIE C.	215 HOWARD ST.	BRIDGEPORT, OHIO
QUINTON, MARTHA	687 JEFFERSON AVE.	CAMDEN, N. J.
RADER, NETTIE S.		CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO
RAIBOURN, LOUISE	116 BLACKFORD AVE.	EVANSVILLE, IND.
RAINEY, EDITH		STONEWALL, PAMLICO CO., N. C.
RAITHER, LILLIAN E.	1821 JEFFERSON ST.	BALTIMORE, MD.
RANDALL, ETHEL	BOX NO. 10.	BUTLER, N. J.
RAPORT, SOPHIA T.	980 COUNTY ST.	NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
RATHBUN, CLARA H.		SUFFERN, N. Y.
RAY, JOAN		HOBSON, MONT.
REDDING, GLO N.	1812 PEARCY AVE.	PARKERSBURG, W. VA.
REED, JENNIE M.		WHITE COTTAGE, OHIO
REINECKE, LUCY A.	9 PARKSIDE APTS.	CLIFTON, CINCINNATI, OHIO
REINER, ANNE M.	602 N. 4TH AVE.	WASHINGTON, IOWA
REINOEHL, MAY E.	1918 I ST., N. W.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
REITHMEIER, JULIA D.		GERA, MICH.
RENFEW, ALICE D.	240 PARK AVE.	PATTERSON, N. J.
REYNOLDS, CHARLOTTE		MONTI ALTI, PENNA.
REYNOLDS, MARY L.		HARRISTON, ONTARIO, CAN.
RICH, FLORENCE	R. F. D. No. 4.	MORRISTOWN, PENNA.
RICK, DORA	1005 WAVERLY AVE.	TOLEDO, OHIO
RICKETS, NINA		LEETHA, IDAHO
RIGSBY, IVA G.		LA FOLLETTE, TENN.
RINKER, MABEL I.	232 EAST NORTH ST.	BETHEHEM, PENNA.
RISLEY, MARGUERITE E.	21 W. PRESTON ST.	BALTIMORE, MD.
ROBARGE, FLORA E.		CATHRO, MICH.
ROBBS, MAE		GOFFNEY, S. C.
ROBERTS, MARGARET M.	5922 BELLONA AVE.	GORANS, MD.
ROBERTSON, ALLISON R.	9541 WINCHESTER AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
ROBERTSON, FRANCES E.	908 GRANT ST.	SILVER CITY, N. M.
ROBERTSON, JESSIE K.	SOUTHERN AVE.	CLEVELAND, OHIO
ROBERTSON, RUTH I.		RICHMOND, VA.
RODDEY, HARRIET	6 BROAD ST.	CHARLOTTE, N. C.
RODMAN, SYLVIA A.	1516 EAST ST.	HONESDALE, PENNA.
ROGGENKAMP, CAROLYN M.	322 W. KERR ST.	TITUSVILLE, PENNA.
ROSS, GRACE L.	232 HIGH ST.	RIDGWAY, PENNA.
ROWLEY, FLORENCE C.		COLEBROOK RIVER, CONN.
ROYCE, OLIVIO M.	169 PROSPECT ST.	WINSTEAD, CONN.
RUCKMAN, MABEL P.	2212 CHAPLAIN ST.	WHEELING W. VA.
RUDE, ELIZABETH S.	BOX 227.	HAMBURG, N. J.
RUPP, GERTRUDE J.	411 ARCTIC AVE.	ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
RUSSELL, CHRISTINE		CATASAQA, PENNA.
RUSSELL, PEARL E.		S. ASHBERNHAM, MASS.
RYAN, MARY H.	MT. AUBURTON	CINCINNATI, OHIO
SADLER, EVA M.	R. F. D. No. 2.	ALTOONA, PENNA.
SANDS, INA H.	SUITE 8, NELSON COURT.	VANCOUVER, CAN.
SAVILLE, JUDITH		LEXINGTON, VA.
SCHLUTER, JESSIE M.	33 BENNETT ST.	BUFFALO, N. Y.

LEST WE FORGET

SCHMIDT, ELENORA	3017 PRESSTMAN ST.	BALTIMORE, MD.
SCHMITT, ESTHER		MOUNDBRIDGE, KAN.
SCHMITT, MARY M.	613 N. SILVER ST.	OLNEY, ILL.
SCHNEIDER, FLORENTINE	26 W. GREEN ST.	NANTICOKE, PENNA.
SCHROEDER, CLARA E.	1001 N. 12TH ST.	LEAVENWORTH, KAN.
SCHROEDER, LOUISE S.	2434 CLIFTON AVE.	CINCINNATI, OHIO
SCOTT, JENNIE C.		POLNO, ILL.
SECCOMBE, SARA	WEST HILL	PETERSBURGH, N. H.
SENEFF, LILLIAN		FRENCH LICK, IND.
SESSLER, LOUISE K.		RICHMOND HILL, L. I., N. Y.
SESSON, RUTH	5335 MAPLE AVE.	ST. LOUIS, MO.
SETLEY, ANNA M.	1205 ESPLANADE ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
SHADWICK, MARTHA C.		CHATSWORTH, CAL.
SHAFFER, FLOY L.	1151 GRANT ST.	INDIANA, PENNA.
SHANK, CLARA E.		MANGANSVILLE, MD.
SHANK, ELIZABETH		EMPIRE, MICH.
SHEA, ELIZABETH	552 WABASH AVE.	TOLEDO, OHIO
SHEETS, JOSIE L.		CLIFTON FORGE, VA.
SHETTER, CARRIE Z.	15 N. 15TH ST.	HARRISBURG, PENNA.
SHIELDS, EMMA C.		MARIETTA, PENNA.
SHIELDS, GERTRUDE		CHAUNCEY, OHIO
SHINN, LAURA B.	1814 N. BROADWAY	BALTIMORE, MD.
SHIVELY, ELIZABETH J.		WAYNESBORO, PENNA.
SILVERNALE, RUTH F.		MILLERTON, N. Y.
SIMPSON, MAY	R. F. D. No. 6	SALINA, KAN.
SIPLE, ETHEL M.	140 MILLBANK AVE.	GREENWICH, CONN.
SJOBLOM, E. ELIZABETH	36 HALSTEAD ST.	EAST ORANGE, N. J.
SKELTON, ELIZABETH E.	136 LARIMER AVE.	TURTLE CREEK, PENNA.
SLAUGHTER, MILDRED	618 E. MARKET ST.	LOUISVILLE, KY.
SMALL, BLANCHE		NORTH TEURE, MASS.
SMITH, ELEANOR C.	115 BROADWAY	NEW YORK, N. Y.
SMITH, HARRIET E.	2816 IDELL ST.	LOS ANGELES, CAL.
SNAW, ETHEL M.	120 CLAREMONT AVE.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
SNIDER, MOSS		PLEASANTON, KAN.
SNODGRASS, ANNETTE	MERCY HOSPITAL	DENVER, COLO.
SNODGRASS, ELIZABETH		MEADOW VIEW, VA.
SNYDER, GERTRUDE K.	318 S. 15TH ST.	HARRISBURG, PENNA.
SOMERVILLE, ANNIE	556 DEAN ST.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
SOMMER, SOPHIA	542 W. 126TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
SPACHT, MARIE		EATON, OHIO
SIPAUGH, HATTIE	1336 MADISON AVE.	MEMPHIS, TENN.
SPENCE, FLORENCE J.	11 WEST 26TH ST.	WILMINGTON, DEL.
SPRINGER, ELSIE J.		WAYVILLE, WIS.
STANFORD, MABEL	800 N. FULTON AVE.	BALTIMORE, MD.
STANLEY, ELANORE	4169 WARNER ST., N. W.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
STANTON, AGNES M.	661 E. 118TH ST.	CLEVELAND, OHIO
STEEN, REBECCA	COLUMBUS HOSPITAL	COLUMBUS, MISS.
STILES, EDITH	52 SAUNDER ST.	WHITEHALL, N. Y.
STOCKHEIMER, MAY	551 W. 185TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
STOEFFLER, ROSE A.	24 FENHURST PLACE	RICHMOND HILL, L. I., N. Y.
STRANGE, MAE G.		DECANTER, GA.
STRANGER, DOROTHY B.	HIGHLAND PARK	UNIVERSITY, VA.
STROMBERG, THERESA	236 COLLINS AVE.	BALTIMORE, MD.
SULLIVAN, SHIRLEY C.		WEST MANSFIELD, OHIO
SWAN, MARY B.	336 N. TAYLOR AVE.	INDIANA, PENNA.
SWANK, STELLA M.		MT. CLINTON, VA.

## LEST WE FORGET

SWANSON, BERTHA V.	511 CHURCH ST.	MT. PLEASANT, PENNA.
SWEENEY, MARY M.		AKELEY, WARREN CO., PENNA.
TAGG, EMILY M.	210½ N. 22d ST.	PORTLAND, OREG.
TAGGART, ADA R.		FORT WASHINGTON, PENNA.
TASSELL, LEONORA	685 E. 120TH ST.	CLEVELAND, OHIO
TAYLOR, ALICE L.		GLENDALE, W. VA.
TAYLOR, ELLEN S.		ZIMMERMAN, MINN.
TAYLOR, LILLIAN A.	108 E. 25TH ST.	BALTIMORE, MD.
TAYLOR, MILDRED E.		BARON, WIS.
TEDDE, JESSIE P.		WALLA WALLA, WASH.
TEMPLETON, ELLENE	401 O'NEAL ST.	NEWBERRY, S. C.
THATCHER, MAXINE		CINCINNATI, OHIO
THOMPSON, JOSEPHINE		WESTBORO, MASS.
THOMPSON, LUCY V.	414 PAWNIE ST., S. S.	BETHLEHEM, PENNA.
TIERNEY, MARY J.	186 E. PIKE ST.	CLARKSBURG, W. VA.
TOBIN, FLORENCE B.	1514 STATE ROAD	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
TOVEY, MARGARET D.	198 PARK ST.	NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TRAUB, MAY R.	3692 BROADWAY.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
TRAVER, MAUDE E.	55 RAINER PARK	ROCHESTER, N. Y.
TSCHUMY, HELEN.	22 VICTORIA APTS.	TOLEDO, OHIO
TENISON, ANNA C.	58 PREVALE AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
TURNER, ELLA M.		WEST FALL CHURCH, VA.
ULRICH, MAMIE		GREENSBORO, N. C.
VAIL, HARRIETT I.	703 W. MARKET ST.	BETHLEHEM, PENNA.
VAN CAMPEN, RUTH S.	1116 LOVEJOY ST.	BUFFALO, N. Y.
VANDENBARK, MINNIE B.		GRANVILLE, OHIO
VANDERFORD, SARA A.		LABESKI, OHIO
VAN ORDEN, KATHERINE.	1125 PARCE ST.	ALAMENDA, CAL.
VAN WETZENBURG, NELLIE.	7120 LOWE AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
VEIT, M. ALICE	536 E. 88TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
VIBERG, JUDITH S.		CLEARFIELD, PENNA.
VICKERS, JESSIE J.		THOMASVILLE, ALA.
VICKERY, LENA		SARSBORO, NOVA SCOTIA, CAN.
VINNING, BERTHA		KANKAKEE, ILL.
VIOLENES, JULIET	7 W. 108TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
VOSE, RUBY E.	17 FRANKLIN ST.	HOULTON, ME.
WADE, CLARA R.	920 BEECH ST.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
WAGNER, CORA R.		MONROEVILLE, OHIO
WAGNER, FEDERICA.	622 CENTRAL ST.	PEORIA, ILL.
WALDRON, HELEN I.	409 FRIENDSHIP ST.	PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WALKER, EUNICE M.	1 STURGIS ST.	BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.
WALKER, MARY E.	1365 N. STATE ST.	JACKSON, MISS.
WALSH, HESIE P.		PENDLETON, OREG.
WALTER, MARY C.	W. 12TH ST and ABINGTON SQUARE.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
WARREN, JEANETTE M.		WESTON, W. VA.
WATSON, MARION R.	6217 S. PEORIA ST.	CHICAGO, ILL.
WATSON, NAN.	124 ADAMS ST.	BLUEFIELD, W. VA.
WEBB, ESTHER H.	3823 N. TRIPP AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
WEDDERBURN, VIRGINIA S.	2310 RUSKIN AVE.	BALTIMORE, MD.
WELSH, MAUDE		KOKOMO, IND.
WENTZ, REBECCA	301 YORK ST.	HANOVER, PENNA.
WEST, BESSIE A.	416 N. BROAD ST.	GALESBURG, ILL.
WEST, ISABEL L.	701 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.	ARLINGTON, MASS.
WEST, ORENE L.	701 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.	ARLINGTON, MASS.
WHELAN, SUE C.	316 11TH ST., S. W.	WASHINGTON, D. C.

LEST WE FORGET

WHITE, CLARA F.	5215 SCHENLEY AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
WHITE, ELEANORE M.	209 BRANDYWINE AVE.	E. DOWNINGTOWN, PENNA.
WHITE, FAYE E.	R. F. D. No. 2	NEW BETHELHEM, PENNA.
WHITE, MABEL A.		DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.
WHITMAN, FLORENCE E.	386 ST. CLAIR AVE.	DETROIT, MICH.
WILKINS, JOHANNA	30 CENTRAL AVE.	CARONA, L. I., N. Y.
WILLCOXON, HATTIE B.		MANASSAS, VA.
WILLIAMS, BEATRICE A.		PLEASANT MILLS, IND.
WILLIAMS, GLADYS R.		RICHMOND, IND.
WILLIAMS, MARGARET.	4134 TERRACE ST.	OAKLAND, CAL.
WILLIAMS, MYRTLE L.		DRAKSBORO, KY.
WILLIAMS, ROSE C.	Box 246	SALEM, OREG.
WILLIAMSON, CHARLOTTE.	104 N. LINDEN ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
WILLIS, PEARL N.	3 OAK ST.	CLARENDON, VA.
WILSON, MAMIE.		MANHATTEN, ILL.
WILSON, MARY.	2725 GLADYS AVE., c/o D. MONROE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
WILSON, RUTH.		EAST LIBERTY, OHIO
WILTON, WINNIFRED.	1 FAYWEATHER ST.	CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
WINTERS, JEANETTE.	95 DANA AVE.	ALBANY, N. Y.
WISER, ETHEL.		CHALFANT, PENNA.
WITHART, ELSA M.		HANOVER, ILL.
WOLFE, LULA B.	18 NORFOLK ST.	NEWARK, N. J.
WOOD, ELLA M.	517 JOHN ST.	APPLETON, WIS.
WOOD, HAZEL E.	SALISBURG CENTER	HERKIMER, CO. N. Y.
WOOD, MARY G.	44 PRATT ST.	FITCHBURG, MASS.
WOOD, RACHAEL D.	22 S. 19TH ST.	HARRISBURG, PENNA.
YALE, LOUISE P.	315 DWIGHT BLDG.	KANSAS CITY, MO.
YOUNG, MARGARET E.	507 MONTGOMERY ST.	HOLLIDAYSBURG, PENNA.
YOUNG, SOPHIA S.	2129 18TH ST., N. W.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
YOW, ANNIE.		THOMASVILLE, N. C.
ZDANKIEWICZ, SOPHIA	1787 W. 6TH ST.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DIETITIANS

DRYDEN, CYNTHIA P.		POKOMOKE CITY, MD.
LOUIS, GEORGIA B.		BROOKLYN, N. Y.
MURPHY, MILDRED EVELYN		LEWISVILLE, MONROE CO., OHIO
NASH, WINIFRED E.	FOREST HOME	ITHACA, N. Y.
THOMPSON, GLADYS LEESON		NORWICH, CONN.
WIBERLEY, ETHEL M.		NEW YORK, N. Y.

LABORATORY TECHNICIANS

FARRELL, THERESA M.	505 W. 142D ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
GUGGENHEIMER, CILLA	313 WASHINGTON ST.	LYNCHBURG, VA.
HAZEN, ANNA PUTMAN	68 WASHINGTON SQUARE	NEW YORK, N. Y.
KENNEDY, CATHERINE M.		WARREN, PENNA.
MULLEN, J. ETTA	271 NORMANDY ST.	DORCHESTER, MASS.
PENNYPACKER, FRANCES W.		PHOENIXVILLE, PENNA.
POULSON, ALDEE OPAL		ORIENT, OHIO
ROBINSON, EMILY L.	23 BLAKE ST.	WESTBORO, MASS.



## LEST WE FORGET

## RECONSTRUCTION AIDES

ABRAMS, ELEANOR	601 N. McKEAN ST.	BUTLER, PENNA.
AIKIN, ELIZABETH W.		CHRISTIANS, LANCASTER CO., PENNA.
BEATON, MILDREN O.	609 CLARA AVE.	ST. LOUIS MO.
BRINSMADE, MARY		WASHINGTON, CONN.
CABEEN, LUCILE		SEATON, ILL.
CARLSON, OLGA MARIE		JENTLAND, ME.
CLAGETT, SARAH		UPPER MARLBORO, MD.
COPELAND, MARIA A.		ROUND HILL, VA.
COWDEN, MARY MABEL	821 E. 2D AVE.	MONMOUTH, ILL.
DALEY, MILDRED CATHERINE		NORTH STRATFORD, N. H.
DAVIS, FANNIE M.	426 E. 2D ST.	MAYSVILLE, KY.
DAVISS, BESSIE LOUISE	1000 N. CARROLL AVE.	DALLAS, TEXAS
DEMPSEY, MARY WOODS	154 MAINE ST.	HOPKINTON, MASS.
FIELD, FANNIE MONROE		WEST SALISBURY, VT.
FOX, SUSAN DONANCE	195 EUCLID AVE., W.	DETROIT, MICH.
FROMM, MARIE L.	110 E. PARK AVE.	HADDONFIELD, N. J.
GAVIN, MARGARET	20 COTTAGE ST.	NATICK, MASS.
GINDER, LILLIAN JEANNE		FREDERICKSBURG, VA.
GRANT, MARGARET	349 BIRCHWOOD AVE.	LOUISVILLE, KY.
GREENE, ELIZABETH GROSVEMOR	85 DUDLEY ROAD	NEWTON CENTER, MASS.
HELPFIN, GERTRUDE	2620 UNIVERSITY PLACE	WASHINGTON, D. C.
HIMMELBERGER, HELEN MAY	736 N. 3D ST.	READING, PENNA.
HUMBLE, W. W.		SAWYER, KAN.
HUMBLE, MRS. W. W.		SAWYER, KAN.
HUME, EUGENIA B.	295 PEACH TREE ST.	ATLANTA, GA.
HUTTON, MARJORIE	244 E. 9TH ST.	ELYRIA, OHIO
KING, MARTHA F.	1625 CENTRAL AVE.	INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
KLEIN, LILLIAN	5030 ELLIS AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
KRAUSS, FLORENCE W.	728 PINE ST.	JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.
LEETE, CLARA HARRISON	BUCKINGHAM HOTEL	ST. LOUIS, MO.
LOCKE, FRANCES LAFAYETTE	220 N. 14TH ST.	FORT SMITH, ARK.
MACLEOD, MABEL MILDRED	22 WHITNEY ST.	CLIFTONDALE, MASS.
McLAGAN, RUBY MAY		TANGENT, OREG.
MALOON, MARY EVELYN		E. MACHIAS, ME.
MERRYMAN, AURELLA M.		RUSTBURG, VA.
MORGAN, SOPHIA VAN ROODE	JEFFERSON AND ORLEANS	DETROIT, MICH.
NEFF, ORA ETHEL		MEAD, NEB.
OLSON, ESTHER INGBORG		LYME, CONN.
PETERS, GRACE	STONY CRAFT	BLUEMONT, VA.
ROSBURG, ELIZABETH	2118 WASHINGTON AVE., BRONX	NEW YORK, N. Y.
SAWITSKI, BENIA MARY	565 HAZEL AVE.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
SMITH, MARY HARRISON	359 N. JEFFERSON ST.	MARTINSVILLE, IND.
STODDARD, LOUISE MARGARET		WINSTED, CONN.
SCUDER, LEONORE	817 SHERIDAN ROAD	CHICAGO, ILL.
THORNTON, PERSIS C.	UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA	VIRGINIA
TICHBORNE, FRANCES F. M.	20 S. 10TH AVE.	MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.
TRUE, FLORENCE	20 HIGHLAND ST.	HAMMOND, IND.
WALKER, FLORENCE LOUISE		WESTBORO, MASS.
WARD, NORO	13 N. WASHINGTON ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
WARREN, ELIZABETH B.	HAYDEN STUDIO	BELMONT, MASS.

LEST WE FORGET



## THE MEDICAL



## BASE HOSPITAL



LEST WE FORGET



## DETACHMENT



## CAMP LEE, VA.





1st LIEUT. ARTHUR C. BROWN, M.C.  
Detachment Commander

*“My extensive and intensive acquaintance with the Detachment men began in July, 1918, and it was not long thereafter that I learned to listen and sign my name. I can well remember the many requests for an opportunity to go ‘over there’; the tearful stories from men who were ‘gunning’ for a pass; and the miles and miles of passes I had to sign.*

*“In an organization of one thousand men, you will generally find men from all walks of life. We were no exception—we had all kinds. No two of them were alike physically, but all of them were prompted by a desire for co-operation.*

*“This co-operation, their interest and their suggestions, were greatly responsible for the success of this Hospital and helped to lighten the burden of the Detachment Commander and make his work a pleasure.*

*“The Medical Detachment is the finest body of clean, whole-hearted, true Americans I have ever met. I am mighty glad I had the opportunity to get acquainted with them and I shall always remember them as my friends of the Army.”*

“*Detachment, Attention!* A thousand men snap their heels together and stand at the position of a soldier. They represent the best that the North, East, South and West can offer the Base Hospital at Camp Lee. For quality and character of men, for loyalty and devotion to service they could not be surpassed. Individually, as well as collectively, they comprise an organization second to none.

“*The diversity of occupations followed in civil life by the various members of this Detachment has in no small part played a leading rôle in aiding this organization to attain so great a maximum of efficiency. It seems almost inconceivable that within the ranks every vocation which one could readily name is represented. And strange to state that most of these men have been placed in lines for which they were trained in civil life. Our Detachment does not seem to be lacking in any respect and a more representative group of men could not have been chosen.*

“*To speak in general terms of this Detachment is difficult, as one is prone to refer to individual members of this command. This is without the province of this article but it must be stated here that a single omission would be an injustice to the member omitted. There are many men whose memory will be frequently called to mind—many friendships never to be dissipated. While this war was waged abroad to make this world safe for Democracy, we here gained the spirit of the battle, democratizing this Base Hospital into a great fraternal organization.*”



1st LIEUT. FREDERICK C. SCHREIBER, M.C.  
Assistant Detachment Commander

Building Supplies →

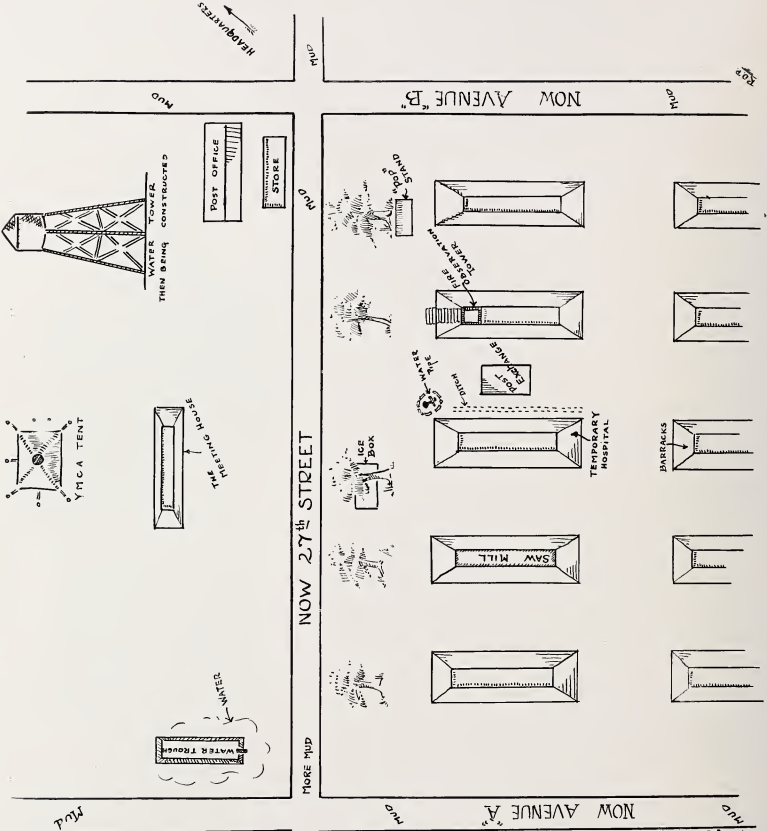
→ No "Medical Supplies" present location of Hospital

OFFICE  
USED FOR CHECKING RIFLE TEAMS



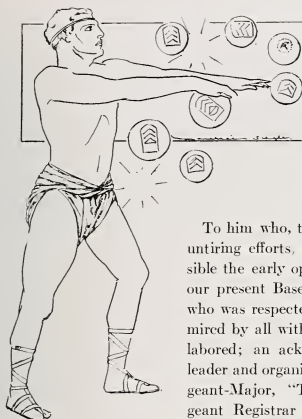
MEMORY SKETCH  
OF THE "OLD TEMPORARY"  
HOSPITAL (IN THE OLDEN  
DAYS WHEN THEY NEEDED MEN)

Time: - ABOUT AUGUST 1911





# THE "NON COMS"



## PIONEER DAYS OF THE TEMPORARY AND BASE HOSPITALS

To him who, through his untiring efforts, made possible the early operation of our present Base Hospital; who was respected and admired by all with whom he labored; an acknowledged leader and organizer: (Sergeant-Major, "Top" Sergeant Registrar and Mess-Sergeant, at the Tem-

porary Hospital and afterwards at the Base Hospital), Sergeant first-class E. W. St. John, this article is respectfully dedicated.

Original Medical Detachment, Medical Department, Camp Lee, Va.:

SERGEANT FIRST-CLASS ST. JOHN  
SERGEANT McCLURE

EAKES	CLOPP	LATHAM	BERGER
MIGNOT	HOCKER	WINSTON	KETCH
LEVY	MURRAY	MEDDLING	GROSS
BESTE	MYERS	MARTIN	PAXTON
NIMMO	MARROW	PARKER	DURAN
	PALMER		

As it was so ordained, on July 27, 1917, the original Medical Detachment, twenty-three strong, products of Fortress Monroe, Va., made their debut in Camp Lee, Va. Unheralded, unknown practically, was this mere handful of men destined to become the fore-runners of the Base Hospital. While the thousands who afterwards came found ours to be the second largest and most efficient Cantonment in the country, yet these pioneers on their arrival could credit the Camp with no greater compliment than its name.

Though the actual work of the Detachment began with the opening of the Temporary Hospital at 27th Street between Avenues A and B, August 8, 1917, the human ants were anything but idle. There was much to do and little with which to do it. Under the superb leadership of Sergeant first-class E. W. St. John and his able assistant, Sergeant Duncan A. McClure, they set about blazing a trail for the Medical Department that was never to be obliterated. Everything was in readiness for the arrival of Major Ferdinand Schmitter who came from Fort Thomas August 15, 1917, taking command of the Temporary Hospital. In addition to the duties of this position, he became the first Camp



THE MORNING TOILET



Surgeon, which office he held until his services were needed as Commanding Officer, Temporary Hospital, when he was relieved as Camp Surgeon by Lieutenant-Colonel Rhodes. Lieutenant-Colonel Rhodes later became Division Surgeon of the "Blue Ridge Division," sent over-seas in April-May, 1918.

The second Detachment of "pill-slingers" to receive an informal introduction to Camp Lee was Fort Thomas's assignment of fifty. They arrived here August 15, 1917, just in time to matriculate in that class then engaged in making a practical study of "General Fatigue." So far as is known, the majority of these "Students," became graduates, but not a few later engaged in a post-graduate course of "Practical and Efficient Gold-Bricking," and in several instances, acquired degrees of distinction among which were the "C. G. B." and the "M. G. B." (Chief Gold-Brick and Master Gold-Brick.)

The first Non-commissioned Officers to be made in Camp were from the ranks of the first medical detachment:

Corporal Clarence J. Mignot (now Sergeant-in-Charge, Ambulance Service, Base Hospital).

Corporal Ernest M. Eakes (afterwards Sergeant-Major Base Hospital, later 2nd Lieutenant Sanitary Corps).

Corporal Roy F. Clopp (Assisting Sergeant first-class Best, still of the Base Hospital).

Corporal Louis A. Berger (sent Over-seas).

Corporal Fred A. Beste (now Sergeant first-class, in charge of general fatigue, Base Hospital).

Corporal Ed Parker.

The only military organization "Picnicing" on the grounds, during these early days of occupation, was Company I, 5th Regiment, Maryland Militia. These troops were later replaced by the 47th Regiment, New York Militia, as the Mess-sergeant of pie renown will remember. It seems that the provost guards furnished by 47th Regiment, were celebrated for their

unique method of calling the Corporal of the Guard, namely, of firing their pieces. It happened that on this particular night, a guard whose post was situated near "The Apartments of Domestic Science," where Nimmo presided as Chief Chef, became sorely vexed on not being promptly relieved and unconsciously (we think) selected Nimmo as a target for the release of his compressed indignation. As Nimmo was in all probability born under one of the lucky stars, perhaps Saturn, it did not serve to alter his career as might ordinarily have been the case. For all we know this incident may have aided in some manner, the inauguration of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. Sergeant first-class St. John, whose duties, many and varied, included that of Camp Sergeant-Major, succeeded, it is said (though you will find no official entry of it) in piloting through the military channels of Camp Lee, an order from Major Carter, then acting Camp Commander, instructing the Regimental Commander of the 47th, to arm his guards in the future with clubs and stones so as to avoid the extermination of the much needed Medical Detachment. Apparently, Major Carter, when signing this order, did not scrutinize its contents very closely which neglect came near severing diplomatic relations on the part of the Regimental Commander.

The chief pastime and amusement enjoyed by the boys at this time was afforded by a son of Greece, who operated a cold drink stand opposite the site where now stands the Camp Post Office. This amusement (a very profitable one as some of the survivors of this day, now at the Base Hospital, will tell you) presented itself in the form of a game. One soldier would engage the attention of the Greek, while another proceeded to provision his company with a supply of cold drinks, always at the expense of the generous proprietor. While this system did not always develop in the expected way, it was a usually effective procedure. Some contend that the history of the first stock





of the early Detachment Canteen, was very cloudy and uncertain.

The primeval Exchange was of a portable type and was famous because of its itinerant nature. While it was supposed to rest occasionally between the Observatory Building and Temporary Hospital, yet one seldom found it at its appointed place of residence, especially when you were looking for a substitute for your thirsting gills. It was managed by the celebrated board of directors, Myers, McCoy and "Lieutenant" Wagonfeld of swagger-stick celebrity. There is nothing on record to indicate that a dividend was ever declared; the board being of a democratic nature, believed in the profit for the people.

Those who are dissatisfied with elaborate meals now served in the Detachment Cafeteria, would not be contented to occupy seats in the orchestra, first row, center aisle, in heaven. They certainly would not have enjoyed the Mess of the early kitchen, with its menu of canned tomatoes, "corn willie" and "soup!" Bread was among the absent and unaccounted for, while pepper and salt, Oh! Well!—there were no such luxuries (in the menu of course).

The only available water works in operation was "Dobbin's Drinking Cup," a large horse trough situated corner 27th Street, and Avenue A. This was generally utilized for bathing, laundrying and cooking purposes. As convincing evidence of the democracy of the Army one had but to see the preparations for the morning toilet, first come, first served.

Sunday, August 27, 1917, will be remembered as the day which marked the arrival of two additional Detachments—the first of twenty-five men, under the loving care of Corporal Ginsburg. They hailed from Plattsburg, completing their journey over the S. A. L. After waiting in Petersburg some few hours for an army "Super Six," to convey them to camp, without results, these unconquerables boarded an incoming freight, thus completing their journey in real style. The second of

twelve men, with their guardian, Sergeant Tamolean Jost were from Fort Niagara. Sergeant Jost and Sergeant first-class St. John were "Buddies" in the Philippines, but had not seen each other for nearly five years. Their first meeting was one filled to the over-flowing with joy. Jost upon seeing St. John in the crowd that met them on their arrival, rushed at him with open arms, exclaiming, "Why if there ain't my old friend St. John, for shure."

Fort Meyer's contribution of twenty-five men of the "C C and Dobell's" variety was unloaded at Petersburg's Union Station, on the night of the 30th of August at 9.30 o'clock. Their first nocturnal view of this city, from all accounts, was not a very favorable one. Due probably to some misunderstanding the town did not turn out to greet them. No beacon light guided these weary pilgrims, who were already convinced of the truth of Sherman's opinion of war. About 1.30 A.M., through some stroke of luck, a homely Q. M. C. truck went rumbling by. It seemed an ark of refuge to them and they were not slow in availing themselves of this opportunity, because for all they knew, Camp Lee might have been twenty miles away instead of three. For a more vivid description of this incident I must refer you to Sergeant first-class Ashby, who was one of the party. There are two great sayings which have become memorable during the War, Colonel Whittlesy's "Go to h—," and Sergeant first-class Ashby's "All present and accounted for."

The surprise of Sunday morning, September 2d, came in the form of Corporal Ed Price leading his Detachment of thirty-three men from Madison Barracks. Price, while not entirely recovered from his last night's celebration, was all on the job. As though the eyes of the world were reviewing them, he paraded them past the Medical Supply, in clouds of Virginian dust. Proudly he led them up to the Detachment Office and made his famous report to Major Schmitter, "Sir, Corporal Price reports from Madison Barracks with two



Corporals, thirty Privates and one Jew." The now Sergeant "Turk" McCoy was one of Price's Detachment. Turk might have been a Master Hospital Sergeant to-day had he not persisted in sterilizing surgical instruments in bichloride of mercury solution. History also bears witness that it was with this Detachment that "Fog Horn" McDonald, properly known as Sergeant Angus McDonald, Jr., made his initial appearance here. All things being favorable, McDonald slowly but surely arose to prominence. Some day when you discover him in an exceptionally good mood, manifested by that delightful smile (but be you ever so sure of this) ask him to tell you of the day he surrendered nine perfectly good American dollars to watch the elevator go up and down in Murphy's Hotel. This is an excellent suggestion if you feel that your wife needs your insurance more than she does you. But remember, you did not go to your death uninformed.

In event you do not know, we inform you that Corporal Roy Clopp is the ranking Corporal of the Base Hospital. He has held this enviable position through the long months of wear and tear. Confidentially he would not exchange places with a Major-General, for it is as he says, "What great honor is it to be Major-General when there is but one?" Whether his view in this matter is according to Hoyle or not, you might save your breath and leave it as it is.

Those of the "G. O. P." remember the early inspection tours of Major Schmitter with (Sergeant first-class) "old bottle" Gast as his personal stenographer. Gast says he was not built on the speed plan (an evident fact) and it was not intended for him to keep up with the Major and his seven league boots. They also remember their old friend, "Padlock Brady" who, on one of his sleuthing expeditions, had happened back of the old Detachment Mess Hall, where he found three "Dead Soldiers," standing at attention. From their necks hung that always to be remembered sign "Gone but not forgotten."

The draft came in with a bang and with the increase of work, came the necessity for a larger personnel. This was done through transfers from the line troops. Changes became the order of the day, changes too numerous to mention. From that mere handful of men, grew the Detachment of to-day, consisting of over one thousand men.

Now you have the story of the "pioneer" days. Here, in the present, we can recall or imagine the situation as it was then. And when we so use our imagination, let us not forget that the present Base Hospital at Camp Lee has been made possible by the united and untiring efforts of these "Pioneers."



"DICK" WALSH

LEST WE FORGET



MASTER HOSPITAL SERGEANT

BARTLETT, CHARLES R. .... UNITED STATES ARMY

HOSPITAL SERGEANTS

GAST, ADRIAN T. .... 812 ISLAND AVE. .... McKEES ROCK, PENNA.  
 MORRILL, ELLIOTT W. .... MADEIRA, OHIO  
 MUSSELWILE, EUGENE M. .... 600 EAST 2ND ST. .... LUMBERTON, N. C.  
 PERKINS, WILBERT E. .... 2707 STUART AVE. .... RICHMOND, VA.  
 PYE, ROBERT D. .... 1228 S. 58TH ST. .... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.  
 SMITH, RAYMOND. .... R. F. D. No. 61 .... WEST MIDDLESEX, PENNA.  
 SMITH, RUSSELL L. .... BOX 41 .... VERONA, OHIO  
 TELFORD, ROBERT. .... 540½ FIELD AVE. .... DETROIT, MICH.

SERGEANTS FIRST-CLASS

ALLEN, PAUL V. .... 3717 N. BOUVIER ST. .... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.  
 ASBY, HERBERT A. .... 131 WINDEREMERE ST. .... DETROIT, MICH.  
 BALBACH, OTTO. .... 845 HERRON AVE. .... PITTSBURGH, PENNA.  
 BASS, DONALD L. .... LANCASTER, N. H.  
 BESTE, FRED A. .... DETROIT, MICH.  
 BOWIE, PHILIP F. .... FRONT ROYAL, VA.  
 BRENNAN, JAMES M. .... 2200 W. LEHIGH AVE. .... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.  
 CHAMBLIN, LUTHER L. .... 3115 11TH ST., N. W. .... WASHINGTON, D. C.  
 CHAMP, ASA B. .... MT. NEBO, W. VA.  
 CLOUSER, RALPH E. .... 16 N. MELLICK ST. .... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.  
 DEAN, RAYMOND S. .... 1116 N. CAPITAL AVE. .... INDIANAPOLIS, IND.  
 DE HAAN, HENRY. .... 1618 N. 8TH ST. .... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.  
 DIRICKSON, CONWELL F. .... 1145 27TH ST. .... NEWPORT NEWS, VA.  
 ELY, ROLAND S. .... HULTON ROAD. .... OAKMONT, PENNA.  
 HARLEY, LABORN J. .... 15 HUNNEYCUTT ST. .... ATLANTA, GA.  
 HOGAN, ROBERT H. .... 807 CAMPBELL, AVE., S. E. .... ROANOKE, VA.  
 LANG, VICTOR J. .... 120 VALLEY ST. .... S. ORANGE, N. J.  
 LEMON, BERLIN R. .... 1114 CHAPMAN ST. .... ROANOKE, VA.  
 LEVEY, ABRAHAM. .... 2132 N. 31ST ST. .... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.  
 MACMURRAY, HAROLD N. .... 1929 POPLAR ST. .... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.  
 MACNAMARA, EARL J. .... 5853 TRINITY PLACE. .... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.  
 MCCOY, EDWARD P. .... 299 15TH AVE. .... ASTORIA, L. I., N. Y.  
 MIGNOT, CLARENCE J. F. .... 420 S. 2D ST. .... CLEARFIELD, PENNA.

LEST WE FORGET

MOFFITT, JOSEPH G.	439 THIRD AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
MUMFORD, CHAS. T., JR.	518 EVANS ST.	GREENVILLE, N. C.
NICHOLSON, COLEMAN L.	7038 THOMAS BLVD.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
PEDRIZETTI, VIRGIL J.	515½ W. 4TH ST.	DULUTH, MINN.
SMITH, EINAR A.	7819 SAGINAW AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
SUNDERLAND, HARRY	857 S. FIRST ST.	NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
WALSH, RICHARD J.	313 EXCHANGE ST.	GENEVA, N. Y.
WILSON, WARREN E.	512 E. EVERGREEN ST.	SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

SERGEANTS

ALLEN, CHAS. S.	3717 N. BOUVIER ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
ANDERSON, JOS. W.	2000 S. 70TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
BASSLER, WM. S.		
BENNER, ALBERT	3432 N. 12TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
BERNSTEIN, JACOB		
BIHLER, HERBERT W.	428 TOTAWA AVE.	PATTERSON, N. J.
BOWLES, BENJAMIN F.	MEMORIAL HOSPITAL	RICHMOND, VA.
BREITSTEIN, DAVID A.		
BROGAN, JAMES M.		
BURNHAM, HORACE L.		RICHLAND CENTER, WIS.
CASCADEN, WM. W.		
CASSIDY, GUY E.		
CASSIDY, LEWIS C.	2304 S. 12TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
CHAPMAN, ROY K.		
COLSTON, HOGARTH W.	1120 7TH ST., N. W.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
COX, MORTIMER W.	1213 WOLF ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
DE MOTT, JAMES V.	126 E. 118TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
DEUTCH, HARRY L.	506 ROOSEVELT AVE.	BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
DUFFIELD, JOHN E.	R. F. D. No 3	NORRISTOWN, PENNA.
DUNN, WM. H.	1331 SUSQUEHANNA ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
FARRELL, JOHN P.	2124 OHIO AVE.	CINCINNATI, OHIO
FINDLEY, WINFRED V.	"LINDENMERE"	HAMPTON, VA.
GEARY, GEO. B.		LA GROSSE, WIS.
GOLDBERGER, ANTHONY M.		
GOLDFARB, JACOB H.	809 BRADDOCK AVE.	E. PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
HARLOW, GEO. W.		BRIDGEWATER, VA.



## LEST WE FORGET

HARRIS, GEO. H.		BRACY, VA.
HELLMAN, GLENN H.		LEECHBURG, PENNA.
HOLT, RUFUS K.	316 MARYLAND AVE.	PORT NORFOLK, VA.
HOWARD, ALBERT W.	4315 GOSWALD AVE.	NORFOLK, VA.
JOHNSON, ARTHUR L.	10 WALKER ST.	BRADFORD, PENNA.
JORDAN, JOE J.	200 N. JEFFERSON ST.	PUNXSUTAWNEY, PENNA.
KNELLY, EUGENE C.	166 S. WASHINGTON ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
LAMPE, EARL W.	318 E. 7TH ST.	NEWPORT, KY.
LASHLEY, OSCAR H.		LASHLEY, PENNA.
LEVY, NAT.	2531 S. 7TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LINDER, HUGH C.		MIAMISBURG, OHIO
LITCHFIELD, EVERT C.	3010 NEW HAVEN AVE.	FORT WAYNE, IND.
MCCOY, CURTIS J.	37 N. 1ST ST.	MIAMISBURG, OHIO
MCCLURE, DUNCAN M.		
MCDONALD, ANGUS, JR.		NEW YORK, N. Y.
McMASTERS, GEO. S.	222 SEVENTH ST.	PALMONT, PENNA.
MACRONE, ANTHONY	4027 EDSON AVE.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
MARKS, ALFERD B.	432 E. 140TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
MARTIN, ERWIN E.	250 W. 42D ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
MAYS, WALTER F.	R. F. D. No. 2.	EMBTON, PENNA.
MILLS, BENJAMIN A.	158 FIFTH AVE.	NEW YORK N. Y.
MILTENBERGER, ROY W.	4327 LAURISTON ST.,	RONBOROUGH, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MONROE, GERALD E.	Box 207.	COLUMBUS, PENNA.
NOCK, PERCIE M.		TERPERANCEVILLE, VA.
OLSON, ARVID E.	1300 LINCOLN ST.	GARY, IND.
PICKENS, GEORGE A.		
PIERCE, ROBERT.		WEST COXSACKIR, N. Y.
PROMISLOFF, HARRY	5633 CHESTER AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
PURCELL, JAMES C.	2606 N. 6TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
REEP, ALFRED ROY.	R. F. D. No. 1.	LINCOLNTON, N. C.
REISNER, GEO. L.	Box No. 18.	McCONNELLSBURG, PENNA.
REYNOLDS, WM. F.	2121 FERNON ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
RIGLER, WARREN D.	906 BARR ST.	FORT WAYNE, IND.
ROBERTSON, JAMES	430 E. CHESTNUT ST.	STOCKTON, CAL.
ROTHENBERGER, CHAS B.		LEESPORT, PENNA.
SACRE, CARL W.		INTERIOR, S. DAK.
SCHWARTZ, MARTIN	516 MAIN ST.	JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.
SHERMER, EDWARD S.	3652 JASPER ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SNIDER, WM. H.	1028 N. LOGAN ST.	LANSING, MICH.
SNOW, J. SAMUEL	205 BATH ST.	WATKINS, N. Y.
SNYDER, RALPH D.	606 ROSS ST.	WILKINSBURG, PENNA.
STINE, JOSEPH C.		OSCEOLA MILLS, PENNA.
TAYLOR, WALTER F.		RALEIGH, N. C.
THURBER, MYRON L.	127 EMOY ST.	ATTLEBORO, MASS.
TREYNOR, THOMAS P.	811 THIRD AVE.	COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA
VAN REENAN, ALBERT C.		OXOTO, W. VA.
WEINFURTHIER, JOSEPH G.	LENORA AVE.	SPRINGDALE, PENNA.

## CORPORALS

BAILEY, KARL B.		
BASKERVILLE, CHAS. R.		
BRADLEY, NORMAN E.	1209 CHESTNUT ST.	FRANKLIN, PENNA.
BRICMONT, ARTHUR E.	713 MONTROTH ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
CARCIONE, BASIL.	2422 SYCAMORE ST.	EASTON, PENNA.
CLOPP, ROY F.		LEGOUTIER, PENNA.
COBURN, JOHN W.	1709 HANOVER ST.	BALTIMORE, MD.
CURRAN, HUBERT W.	4126 N. BROAD ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

LEST WE FORGET



DWYER, WM. L.	84 FAYETTE ST.	PHILLIPSBURG, PENNA.
DYER, RALPH N.	P. O. BOX 521	ATTLEBORO, MASS.
EISENHARDT, GEORGE	2548 N. 4TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
EMERSON, HAROLD L.		SHARON HILL, PENNA.
GLICK, SOLOMON	65 N. MILLICK ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HERTZ, LOUIS E.	866 BECK ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
HIRST, JAMES J.	300 E. PRICE ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HOCKER, CHAS. R.		
JONES, PAUL	1236 SCOTT ST.	COVINGTON, KY.
KAUFMAN, ALBERT		
KEYS, RUSSELL W.	5836 PINE ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KIMMEL, SAMUEL L.		MILL CREEK, PENNA.
KING, RAYMOND E.	2430 N. 29TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LEAHY, PHILLIP A.	37 E. JACOBY ST.	NORRISTOWN, PENNA.
LETZKUS, FRANK C.	3818 CAMBRIDGE ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LEVINTHAL, JACOB A.	1009 S. 3d ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LONGACRE, JOHN B.	781 WRIGHT AVE.	CAMDEN, N. J.
MCCASTER, JOSEPH T.	17 SMITH ST.	NEW LONDON, CONN.
McCLOSKEY, JOHN H.	1452 N. 59TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
McFADDEN, FRANCIS B.	228 MAIN ST.	BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.
McFALL, FRED		BANGOR, PENNA.
McKIBBIN, THOMAS G.	6813 N. SYDENHAM ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MILLY, GEORGE S.	431 GEORGE ST.	BRADDOCK, PENNA.
MITCHELL, ROY McW.		ROANOKE, VA.
O'HARA, ROBERT H.	912 IVY ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
PATTISON, RALPH A.	R. F. D. No. 2	NEW CASTLE, PENNA.
PIERI, ARTURO	17 LOCUST ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
RICHARDS, WILLIAM J.	103 POND ST.	TAYLOR, PENNA.
ROBUCK, JAMES T.	272 MUENCH ST.	HARRISBURG, PENNA.
ROGERS, SAMUEL	912 MOUNTAIN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
ROTH, NICHOLAS	CHURCH ST.	LUDLOW, MASS.
SCHMIDT, GUSTAVE F.		
SEIMS, JOSEPH H.	861 CALIFORNIA AVE.	STRATFORD, CONN.
SPARLING, CLARENCE D.		
TATRO, JOSEPH	210 LINCOLN ST.	KIBBING, MINN.
WATERS, HARRY	1601 W. VENANGO ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
WHITE, IRVING H.	9 W. MARSHALL ST.	RICHMOND, VA.



## HANDSHAKING

(A Habit)

Lives of great men all remind us  
We must make our lives sublime—

\* \* \* \* \*

And do the same as they did,  
Just handshake down the line.  
All the world is full of glory,  
All the world is full of fame,  
When you use your hands to get it,  
Then there's nothing in a name.  
When there's stripes or bars or chevrons,  
Or a "non-com" to be picked,

Just handshake with your Major,  
It's a cinch you won't be licked.

In a year you'll be a General  
Though you've never used your head;  
That's all right, Jack, you are clever,  
You used your hands instead.

\* \* \* \* \*

And departing leave behind us,  
Hand-prints on the hands of time;  
That our children too, may prosper  
With the hands—Like yours and mine.



## GOLDBRICKING

(An Art)

If you can do your work and prosper  
And still have time to spare,  
If you can camouflage a Major  
And do it while he's there,  
If you can loaf for forty minutes  
And talk about a dance,  
If you can visit wards and kitchens  
And meet a Nurse by chance,

If you can hang around the counters  
And spend your canteen books,  
If you can dodge and hide and bluff 'em  
And have work stamped on your looks,  
If you can do it when you're needed  
And still have nothing said,  
You're a better man than I am,  
You're a GOLDBRICK! You're not dead.

## SNIPES

**D**ID you ever hunt snipes? It's a bold, dangerous pastime. To be a successful snipe-hunter, it is necessary to have patience, to keep eyes and ears wide open, but of all things to have patience.

The other night, a quiet, balmy night, several members of our brass band invited a certain Sergeant to go with them and become versed in the noble art of snipe-hunting. We understand that the Sergeant had for weeks expressed a desire to catch a Virginia snipe. He was ambitious as usual—so:

Forward the hunters went, armed with sticks and a good wide bag. Naturally the bag was carried by the Sergeant because he wanted to learn all about the hunt. They went through brush, through silent hollows, over wary stumps and past darkened holes, hunting for the secret rendezvous of snipes.

Finally, with much excitement, covered with dirt and perspiration, they selected a locality where the game was most abundant. Here they posted the ambitious Sergeant with instructions to hold the mouth of the bag wide open while they "beat the brush" and chased the snipes into the bag.

Then they left. The darkness—thick darkness—and the quietness—oozy quietness—reigned supreme.



It was four o'clock in the morning when the tired Sergeant returned to his barracks. He didn't catch any snipe. Our impression is that the darkness must have scared the rest of the hunters for they had long since returned to their bunks and their loud snores gave evidence that they had forgotten to mention their departure to the pupil.

It's a noble art to hunt snipes in the shrouded woods of Virginia. Sometime we are going to suggest to the Sergeant that he get a larger bag, a darker night, a quieter dell where he can hunt snipe to his heart's content.

*Snipes are crafty creatures,  
Whimpees are dangerous game,  
But our daring "Sarge"  
Travels at large,  
And hunts them again and again!*



## THE WARDMASTERS



HE business of a Wardman—pleasant (?) No, not at all times; but the average Wardman has failed to find anything in this Hospital life within the daily routine, or in other words "in line of duty" that was all "honey and pie."

Important!

Yes, more than the wardman himself is perhaps aware of. The Ward Surgeon, regardless if he be a Major, Captain or a Lieutenant, appreciates this more than anyone else. The Nurse will also vouch for this assertion.

The degree of success with which the ward is managed is largely due to the efforts and attitude of this branch, working of course in co-operation with the Surgeon and the Nurse.

His duties are largely what he makes them, agreeable or disagreeable.

If he goes to work feeling that he is a slave to the patient or to his associates on the ward, doomed by virtue of his position to go through each day the same routine of scrubbing and policing, naturally life will have little joy for him.

But on the other hand if he goes to work with the optimistic attitude, that the importance of his position has been decreed by his superiors and they in turn have entrusted him with the responsibility of a duty, then the routine changes from monotony to variety.

If you could converse with several wardmasters who have been in the harness since the spring of 1918, they will all agree that the experiences they have had on the Medical and Surgical wards have all produced the same wonderful opportunities of a new profession and at the same time have advanced the chance to do the act of Samaritan to the sick and wounded. As time goes on this feeling seems to develop into a responsibility, and this condition makes a man capable and worthy of mention.

Yes, the wardman does sweep the floor, mop the porch, scrub the windows, wait on patients, make out daily reports, go errands to the various laboratories and hundreds of other little things that are not worthy of mention. But, of course, you will find in all organizations the chronic kicker who is looking for the swivel chair position but would not know what to do with it if he did get it.

So, therefore, the position of wardman is just as the man himself makes it.

The work is divided into three shifts, each one lasting eight hours.

One of the big features of the wardman's duty is the morning inspection at 10 o'clock by the Surgeon. He is held accountable for the sanitary condition of the ward and its immediate surroundings. If the inspection proves to be a satisfactory one, and the Sur-

geon compliments the Wardmaster, then there is a feeling of self pride which will always exist.

Possibly the Wardmaster will deny it, but the influenza epidemic brought out the real qualities of the man who so nobly did his bit when everyone was faltering around him. Hour after hour he would stay at the bedside of the afflicted and take the great chance that he, too, in a short time, would fall by the side, a victim. He rushed whole-hearted into the fray and with the Surgeons and Nurses displayed valor of the highest degree in combating the great disease. Many and many a time he would stick to the helm when his condition was such that he should be in bed and under the care of a physician. The Medical Detachment lost a few of these ward heroes and to them the nation owes the same debt of gratitude that it has extended to the heroes of the battlefields "over there." The Wardmaster has done his best in the best way he knew, and that was all that could be asked of him.



CORRIDOR SUPERVISORS



GROUP OF WARDMEN, CORRIDOR "A"



GROUP OF WARDMEN, CORRIDOR "B"

LEST WE FORGET



GROUP OF WARDMEN, CORRIDOR "C"



GROUP OF WARDMEN, CORRIDOR "D"

LEST WE FORGET



GROUP OF WARDMEN, CONVALESCENT BARRACKS



PERSONNEL OF DISTRIBUTING STATIONS



It was in March, 1918, that an article appeared in the Philadelphia papers stating that Captain Wilmer Tunnell had returned to his office on the Southeast corner of 15th and Dauphin Streets to recruit men for the Medical Department of the United States Army. Recruits were wanted to bring up to war strength the Field Hospital and Ambulance Companies of the 80th Division then in training at Camp Lee, Petersburg, Virginia.

Many young men in the draft age were eager at that time to get into the fray instead of waiting to be called by the Draft Board, and for about two weeks, hundreds streamed in and out of Captain Tunnell's Branch Recruiting Office.

These young men were informed that the 80th Division was now completing its training at Camp Lee and that within six weeks, all the men accepted would be on the high seas headed for "over there." They were shown trench helmets, gas masks, beautiful pictures of Camp Lee, and were informed that a few days would be granted in which to make final preparations. Time then became an important factor to these men, for they had a few days to prepare. They would train in camp for six weeks, and then would be headed overseas.

The writer does not feel that he should crowd this "attempt" with a description of what happened while the men were making ready for their departure. He vividly remembers the long, long list of articles prepared by the home folks; the purchases; the hurried visits to relatives and friends; the closing of business affairs; and the many other rushed preparations.

He can easily recall the day of departure with its parting ceremonies at home and the station, the excitement, the strained suitcases and the many bundles. That day will never be forgotten. We were off. We were on our first lap towards the Rhine. Some of the men were laughing and eager; others were quiet and sober, and many had thoughts unto themselves. And a story could be written about those thoughts.

In increasing excitement, we reached Washington, D. C., and changed to the "Southern" due to arrive in Petersburg, Va., at 7.00 P.M., the same day. Of course, we did not arrive until 1.00 A. M., the following morning but that created no surprise because the "Southern" always runs true to form.

When we got off at the Petersburg Station and had quieted our stomachs in the railroad lunch room, a couple of M. P.'s made their appearance and informed us that we would be conveyed to camp. We all agreed that the M. P.'s were rattling good fellows until some large trucks came and we had experienced riding in them over the rough Petersburg streets. It was fortunate that we lived through that experience but our nerves were suffering.

Next we were ushered into headquarters of the Depot Brigade and it was here that we first came in contact with the now famous type of human, "a hard-boiled Sergeant." This Sergeant said, "Boys if you have any liquor, you better leave it here because it'll go very hard on you if it is found in the barracks." No one condescended to hand over any bottles, so our baggage was searched and it is no military





kets and an empty straw tick and were shown some empty bunks and were told we had nothing to do until reveille. It was then 3.00 A.M.

The dear Sergeant was true to his word. We were not disturbed that night until the first call of reveille (5.45 A.M.) and then all of us were up and outside in the rain. Thus began our first day in camp.

The first three days it rained, the following two days it snowed, but at that we were able to gather all the cigarette butts within a radius of one mile of the Depot Brigade between showers. Many and varied were the comments passed around about the Southern balmy climate.

Our turn came to be put through the Mustering Office and it was something that many of us will never forget. Who could forget that hushed silence broken by pattering feet and the thumping and whacking by the Doctors; those anxious looks by the men and the penetrating glances from the examiners? Who has forgotten the jab of the typhoid needle and the scratches of the vaccination needle; the blanched faces; the occasional tense whisperings? They certainly were trying hours to all.

We felt that our next move would be towards the companies in which, we were positive, our services were needed. Lists of names were called off several times a day and details were marched up Avenue "B" towards the Sanitary Train, but invariably they were given "column left" and their destination was the Administration Building of the Base Hospital.

The majority of the men who visited Captain Tunnell's office, were assigned to the Base Hospital. Here we were told would be our home for a "short time" and with this news our hopes of getting to France within six weeks went glimmering. Rumor had it that the "McGuire" Unit then on duty at the Base (later they were known as Base Hospital No. 45) was to be trans-

ferred and that it was up to us to fill their places. We were told that promotions were awaiting those with ability and this announcement filled every one with ambition.

Rumors were flying everywhere. A remarkable number of men, who never had an interest in army life before, appeared to have "inside" information on the doings of the "Tunnel" unit. So many rumors were being passed around in a day that often it was difficult to get a clear idea of the day's work.

When we first arrived at the Base, we were all assigned to fatigue gangs. Fatigue, in the army, is an elastic word. But then it meant cleaning windows, mopping floors, scrubbing floors, cleaning windows, picking up the rubbish left by civilian carpenters, and cleaning windows.

One of these fatigue gangs, one day, met a Philadelphia recruit who had been assigned to the Field Hospital. The recruit was coaxing an army mule who, for some unaccountable reason, had balked in the middle of the road and would move neither forwards nor backwards. Remarks passed back and forth and the man on the mule was asked how he liked the life. His answer was "Well, I don't mind the army life, only I wish they would put me in the branch of service my papers call for. I came here as a chauffeur and the darned fools are trying to make a cowboy out of me."

In a large organization like the Base Hospital, it was a task, and a big one, to fit the men into duties suiting their abilities. But this was being done quickly and every day new assignments were being made to meet this great problem. In the evenings, groups of men would gather in the squad rooms and would pass around the latest "dope," talk of their duties, ask



questions, and wonder how long it would be before they would be reassigned or promoted. A spirit of competition could easily be felt.

About one month after we had arrived at the Base, a list of promotions was posted on the bulletin board and we learned that we had several Privates first-class in our midst. This made the unlucky ones wonder if the Privates first-class would associate with the "bucks." The following month again found several of our men promoted and much to our surprise, one of them was made a Sergeant. Some said his promotion was gained through "hand-shaking," others said it was gained on merits, but deep down in our hearts all of us were proud of our "Sarge." By this time, we were accustomed to the routine of the Hospital

and were looking back on that six weeks' training programme with wistful memory. The men had settled down to business, they had grasped the situations, and were more than proving their worth.

Almost a year has passed since we first boarded the train for Camp Lee. Many six weeks have passed and the name "Tunnell Unit" can still be heard. The Philadelphia men have filtered into every department in the Hospital; several of them are amongst the "higher-ups;" many of them are holding positions of responsibility. We can go back over those months at Camp Lee and realize that we have had another outlook on life; that we have made new friendships; and that we have won another game from old man "experience."



## GREETINGS FROM CAPTAIN ARTHUR C. MORGAN, M.C.

*"In the short time that has elapsed since receiving honorable discharge from the Army the memory of pleasant association with such splendid soldiers, as the men at Camp Lee proved themselves to be, has been a very pleasant one, which, I am sure, will last throughout life.*

*"During the 'flu' epidemic the men were loyal to the ast man of the Detachment and the silent heroes, who wrought so faithfully and well during that time, will not lack reward, or the inner consciousness of having done things well is a satisfaction to any honest man. The entire muster roll of the Hospital is really an honor roll, for no invidious distinction can be made.*

*"My hearty good wishes are extended for long life and happiness to each member of the Detachment."*



# HIGH MORALE!







## YE JEFFERSON BARRACKS BOYS

"Jefferson Barracks!" lustily cried the brakeman, on that memorable evening in early June, and the crowd of eager soldiers-to-be rushed past him, and onto the station platform outside. Alas! no brass bands were at the station to greet them; no little girls in white frocks prepared to strew flowers in their pathway; no pretty girls in white waved American flags from the cars that were to carry them to their hotel, where there was sure to be a reception and dance to welcome them into the service.

Instead, a blase Corporal lined them up. "Dress up, there!" he exploded, as an embryo soldier craned his neck to view a passing girl.

"I'll say she's dressed up!" exclaimed Walter Irving, the soldier in question.

The triumphant march to the barracks was cheered by such remarks as, "Got a cigarette?" "Where youse boids from?" "Wait till you get that shot!" and, best of all—"You'll like it!" Of course we'd like it; that's why we came! (Naturally, a few came to keep from having to register June fifth, and three came because of the pretty girls who are known to infest France, as any patron of the movies can tell you.)

The next ten days at Jefferson Barracks were a successive nightmare of dodging work, in the nature of policing up and doing K. P. duty, and the hardest work of all: standing in line for four hours before each meal. Strange to say, one was not permitted to breakfast in bed, and the habit of going downtown for dinner was frowned upon.

Various ideas were held as to the ultimate destination of the different departments. We were permitted to select our favorite branch of service; those of more warlike nature chose the Quartermaster Corps; a number of fellows whose nearest approach to having ridden a horse was gained on a merry-go-round, went into the Cavalry; a few who once shot an air rifle, desired the Artillery; and those who longed for the tang and zest of adventure drifted into the Medical Corps. It is

with this latter band of men—later heroes of the Battle of Influenza—that our story deals.

On the morning of June 12, 1918, one hundred khaki-clad warriors, bound for Camp Lee, lined up in Company Front (though they didn't call it that). Late that evening, they still were lined up, though not in Company Front. At last, when everyone began to suspect that peace had been signed (owing to the fact that the Kaiser had heard that we had enlisted), we marched into some of the original cars that had carried Cleopatra's train to Alexandria on her famous trip a number of years ago. Then began the world-renowned trip to the Old Dominion State. Pullmans were to be added at Union Station, but the nearest the train came to Union Station was Eads Bridge, eighteen blocks away.

Having had luncheon (or, as we now chose to call it—chow!) at 11 A.M., the voyagers heartily welcomed the advent of dinner (or "chow," again), when it came in at 10 P.M., even though it consisted solely of slum, very juicy, and stewed prunes, even more juicy. The road was as rough and rocky as the jitney road to Petersburg, and one ate his slum and prunes from his arm, or his neighbor's hat, according to the idiosyncrasies of the railroad-bed.

One is tempted to pass quickly over the two days in transit, darkened by sixteen tunnels and having to sleep sitting upright, and lightened only by the infrequent intervals when girls met the train at stations in Kentucky and distributed cigarettes, smiles, magazines of the vintage of 1909, and more smiles.

Everyone was eager to catch the first glimpse of Virginia, just as he now is anxious to catch the last glimpse of it. The jaded bunch which had marvelled over picturesque Lynchburg and the Blue Ridge Mountains, gazed with dismay at the flat, desert-like aspect and ugly, unpainted buildings which met the eye as we descended to terra firma at Camp Lee. We had expected to see neat white cottages covered with ivy,



with some fair maids of Virginia sitting on the porches, and perhaps, in the background, a number of F. F. V.'s lined up with invitations to dinner, and, above all, the savory odor of frying spring chickens and waffles in the air.

Instead, we marched wearily to the Mess Hall, where, with one accord, the barracks bags thudded upon the ground. For once, we marched first into the Mess Hall, while the "old fellows" stood outside, gazing with admiring wonder, that such a large, prepossessing bunch of men all could come from the same place—the West!

Then began a series of shuddering experiences for the boys from St. Louis, in which the roseate pictures we had formed of camp life in old Virginia faded out like the last scene at the movie show. Very soon, however, the one hundred fellows who had set out for France, *via* Camp Lee, settled down into the routine of Base Hospital work. Now, at least one fellow from Jefferson Barracks is to be found in every department in the Hospital: One man was assigned to each office to instil pep therein; some went into the kitchens to see that our meals were well cooked and sanitary; others went into the Mess Hall to see that the serving was kept up to Rectorian standards; still others went into the wards to form the nucleus of the army which later became the effective barrier against the depredations of the Flu bug.

Promotions? Why, in less than a month, Raymond Dean was hurrying about the place, decorated with a smile and two stripes! Later, he acquired a third, as did Harry Deutsch and Virgil Pedrizetti. It is rumored that twenty others of the Jefferson Barracks boys are to be awarded stripes real soon. The names of the men cannot be divulged as yet, as it is a military secret.

We were informed by the Recruiting Officer back home, that we would be in England within six weeks, for our training course, and then be at the Front by September. At the end of eight months, the company is still at Camp Lee, and is intact, except for about a dozen men who were in the unit which left Camp Lee for France, in September. So far as is known, no member of the unit who first saw the light of soldierdom at Jefferson Barracks has appeared on the Casualty List. Six men from the "bunch" felt the call to the ranks of the Officers, and departed from our midst, for the Officers' Training Schools at Camps Lee and Taylor. It is known for an absolute fact that one of them passed, and wears leather puttees and gold bars with the best of 'em!

Several fellows from the West showed remarkable prowess on the basket-ball court, and in a recent game at the Knights of Columbus Hall, the triumphant team was composed entirely of men from Minnesota. Indeed, Winfield Conner, the young Royal-pounder of the Registrar's Office, bids fair to make Minnesota famous as the basket-ball center of the world.

Almost every man from the big mobilization camp on the Mississippi has learned something useful at Camp Lee: Charles Miller has learned to comb his hair "slick back"; Milo Malnati has learned to read the love letter on a post card while cancelling the stamp; Harvey Becknell has learned to play a piece on the trombone which sounds almost like "Smiles," if you aren't too near; and Gregory Luthy has become

proficient in having dates with two girls the same night—and getting by with it. And any of the fellows could write an enlightening article on "One Hundred Ways of Goldbricking."

It may be casually remarked that all the fellows at the Base Hospital did not come from Jefferson Barracks. Some of them came from Philadelphia, and others still are in the state of their birth, but for those men who never had ventured farther toward the settingsun than Pittsburgh, the advent of these boys from the West was a revelation.



Thanks to the assiduous reading (behind the geography, or in the "secrut den"), of such stirring tales as "Six-Shot Hal, the Western Des'prado" and "The Gun Man, or Willie of the Wooly West," the easterners have cherished an idea that anyone living west of the Allegheny River carried a six-shooter and chewed tobacco. This exciting idea of the West was dispelled by the coming of these real, live specimens, who were so civilized that they brushed their teeth every day and shined their shoes (almost every two weeks).

Although the morale of the Jefferson Barracks boys is as high as can be expected in these post-bellum days (when one suspects that Jim Smith, who was discharged from the Infantry, is trying to steal one's girl), still, we are ready to go home at any time.

It would be rather a stretch of the imagination to say that without the Jefferson Barracks boys the Base Hospital at Camp Lee would not be the smoothly-working organization that it now is. But we all did our bit, didn't we, boys? Well, all together, now——!

## ONE ACT

"Men of the Medical Detachment and others, Greeting:

"You are the audience and you look as I draw back the curtain.

"Three figures are presented, all are dressed in khaki uniforms and all have chevrons on their arms.

"Ah! So you remember?

"You say the one to the left is Sergeant Walsh? Correct. But he is no longer a Sergeant. He's a Lieutenant now. Remember how he looked when he first got into that new Officer's uniform of his? Remember his old black desk—that old black desk in the Detachment Commander's office? Remember how he used to smooth you up the back and promise you that he's get that pass somehow or other? Regular fellow, wasn't he? Sergeant Walsh, you were a rattling good top kicker. We all remember you.

"And who, gentlemen, is the figure in the centre? Sergeant Telford? Yes, but he isn't a Sergeant now, either. He's a Lieutenant, too. Remember him in the

Sergeant Major's office? Sure, he was the Sergeant-Major. Couldn't he bawl you out though? Guess you are right at that, he did look something like Napoleon. Didn't you fellows often wonder how he kept so plump when he apparently ate so moderate like? Curious, isn't it? Sergeant Telford, we remember you, too. Here's 'here's how'.

"And the figure on the right? I knew you would know. He's a Lieutenant along with the other two. Yes, gentlemen, he passed from that label Sergeant Nicholson to Lieutenant Nicholson. Nice chap, wasn't he? Active? He worked like thunder and he seemed to know what he was doing. Yes, he was Assistant Sergeant Major. Nice chap.

"Gentlemen, it's not often that I get the opportunity to present figures such as these singly, let alone three together. I knew you would remember them. Each of you remember, we all remember. Your cheering proved that.

"Take another look, gentlemen, before I drop the curtain."



THE HOOK WORM CIRCUS

# REVEILLE

**I**CAN'T get 'em up. I can't get 'em up. I can't get 'em up this morning." Oh, how many times has that hated call sounded in our ears and awakened us from sweet dreams of home and "her"; from dreams of other than this land of sand and sunshine.

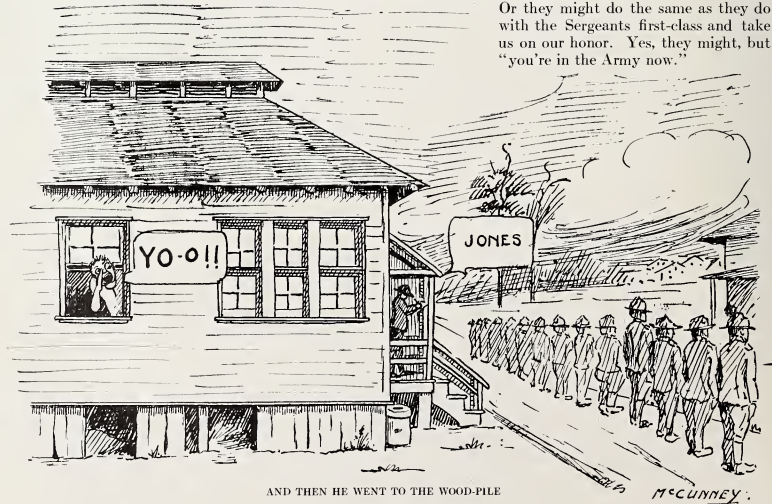
Oh, how often have we felt like murdering the bugler "and spending the rest of our lives in bed?" But still "You've got to get up. You've got to get up. You've got to get up this morning." Most of us did get up fairly regularly. It was the hardest work we ever did.

Have you ever stopped to consider just what you do when you have to get up in the morning? Just what process your mind goes through to come out of the land of Nod into the land of reality? The first thing you hear is the bugler sounding first call. You wonder who is making all the noise, until gradually your mind grasps the fact that it's morning and time to get up. With a groan you turn over on your side, muttering that you are too tired to get up this morning. Maybe you'll dose off a bit, until you are re-awakened by second call five minutes later. By that time your eyes are beginning to open up, some of the other fellows are out and getting dressed, miscellaneous remarks are flying back and forth, the light is shining in your face, and altogether everything is beginning to take on life. You again turn over, resolved not to get up. Just about that time some one starts to pull your covers off, others yell in your ear, and every one seems bent upon making you get up. With a curse you pull

your blankets together more closely and snuggle down further inside, but others grab them and finally pull them off and throw them on the floor. Then with the cold air sending icy chills all through your body, you suddenly change your mind. You grab your shirt and pull it over your head, then jump into your breeches and tie the laces any old way. By that time march is blowing. You pull on your socks; slip into your shoes—if you break the shoe strings, you just curse and let it go—then put on your leggins, the hardest job of all, especially if you are at all considerate of your appearance. If you succeed in getting them on by the time Reveille is blowing, you jam your hat on your head, take your overcoat off the hook and slip it on on the way out, and by running all the way manage to get into line just as Assembly is sounding and Corporal Mitchell is sounding off "Atten—shon!" Then you yell "Yo" when your name is called, wait impatiently until dismissed, and then beat it straight back to that old bunk.

Oh, it's certainly a great and glorious feeling to get up in the morning, but the trouble is most of us don't appreciate it. What difference does it make if we aren't in line just at the right time to yell "Yo" when our name is called off? Why can't they hold Reveille in the barracks? As far as we can see it is only for the purpose of checking up to see if everybody is present, and a man can be present just as well in bed as outside in line, "all dressed up and no place to go." Then, if we didn't care for breakfast we wouldn't have to get up.

Or they might do the same as they do with the Sergeants first-class and take us on our honor. Yes, they might, but "you're in the Army now."



AND THEN HE WENT TO THE WOOD-PILE

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FARISCHON, ANTHONY B.	1026 BEECH ST.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
FARLEY, PRESTON J.	124 N. CASS ST.	OTTUMWA, IOWA
FENSTAMAKER, GEORGE C.		RAUCHTOWN, PENNA.
FERMIER, PHILIP C.	2532 N. 32D ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
FESSENDEN, LESTER.	R. F. D. No. 3.	PORT ALLEGHENY, PENNA.
FIGGATT, STANLEY T.	371 COLLICELLO AVE.	HARRISBURG, VA.
FILOSO, ANTONIO.	210 ELLA ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
FINNEGAN, THOMAS J.	4235 HALDANE ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
FISCH, ABRAHAM.		NEW YORK, N. Y.
FORD, BURTON C.		EAST BANGOR, PENNA.
FRANTZ, JOSEPH.		BELLEVERNON, PENNA.
FREY, HENRY F.		PENNSDALE, PENNA.
FRIDY, THOMAS A.		WALLACEVILLE, S. C.
FRITZ, ROBERT C.		GLENSHAW, PENNA.
FRUTCHEY, CLARK.	Box 3.	WIND GAP, PENNA.
FRYER, AMOS R.	WASHINGTON AVE.	BRIDGEVILLE, PENNA.
FURRY, JACOB W.		LOYSBURG, PENNA.
FUSCO, JOSEPH.	606 REBECCA AVE.	WILKINSBURG, PENNA.
GARLARNEAU, LEO A.		DULUTH, MINN.
GALLAGHER, BENJAMIN W.	450 W. 7TH ST.	ERIE, PENNA.
GAMBLE, THOMAS S.		DRY RUN, PENNA.
GEVER, SAMUEL.	330 WOLF ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
GILBERT, ELLIS D.	5345 WALTON AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
GIUFFRA, JOHN.		VINELAND, N. J.
GIVEN, ROBERT A.	JEFFERSON HOSPITAL.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
GOFF, GEORGE.	603 GRANT ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
GOLDSTEIN, BENNIE.	631 MCKEAN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.



## LEST WE FORGET

GORA, MIKE J.	PRICE ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
GORTON, FLOYD H.	R. F. D. No. 2	NEW MILFORD, PENNA.
GREENAWALT, DANIEL B.		WINCHESTER, VA.
GREENIG, WARREN R.	1806 N. FRONT ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
GRIM, ANDREW C.	R. F. D. No. 1	STEVEN CITY, VA.
GROUARD, FRANK B.	2717 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.	CINCINNATI, OHIO
GUNIA, PAUL F.		SPRINGDALE, PENNA.
GWINNER, CHARLES C.	6040 CHESTNUT ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HAHN, WILLIAM A.	617 E. 4TH ST.	OTTUMWA, IOWA
HALL, CHARLES W.		MISSOURI VALLEY, IOWA
HAMILTON, HARRY L., JR.	757 SPARTA ST.	CHESTER, ILL.
HAMILTON, JOHN L.	620 4TH AVE.	NEW KENSINGTON, PENNA.
HAMMETT, FRANK S.		
HARPER, FLEMING B.		AMBROSE, GA.
HART, FRANCIS J.		GLIDDEN, WIS.
HAYNES, LESTER		
HELPERICH, CHARLES F.	24 MONROE ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
HELLENGER, PAUL N.		THREE OAKS, MICH.
HENES, JOHN E.	604 MAIN ST.	HAMILTON, OHIO
HIGGINS, LEO P.	1355 DARTMOUTH ST.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
HINDS, ENOCH		
HIRZEL, GEORGE E.		
HODGSON, ROBERT W.		
HOFFMAN, RAYMOND A.	2309 MEMPHIS ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HOLLY, AZEL E.	R. F. D. No. 1	CERES, N. Y.
HOMA, JOHN		
HOUCK, LESTER O.	49 HIGH ST.	BANGOR, PENNA.
HOUSTON, FRED E.	37 CENTER ST.	ELM GROVE, W. VA.
HUFF, FAY E.	108 MAPLE ST.	ATHENS, PENNA.
HUGHES, JOHN W.		WYNNEWOOD, PENNA.
HUNT, PATRICK J.	119 N. 21ST ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HURD, JOHN R.	1913 8TH AVE.	ALTOONA, PENNA.
HURT, ROBERT H.	R. F. D. No. 7	BEFORD, VA.
HUTCHINSON, EARLE H.	93 PLEASANT ST.	ATTLEBORO, MASS.
HUTCHINSON, FRANK R.	2442 SEDGLEN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
IHNAT, JOHN.	119 S. THOMAS ST.	GALLITZIN, PENNA.
INGHRAM, JOHN.	R. F. D. No. 2	CARMICHAEL, PENNA.
INSELBUCH, MICHAEL	171 VERNON AVE.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
IRVING, WALTER J.		LOGAN, N. DAK.
IRWIN, HARVEY T.		TABOR, PENNA.
ITTERLY, JOHN C.		FLICKSVILLE, PENNA.
JENNY, JACOB S.	809 STONE AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
JOHNSON, ARTHUR J.		LANSIE, PENNA.
JOHNSON, CARL A.		LANSIE, PENNA.
JOHNSON, CHARLES R.	5902 GREEN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
JOHNSON, LEON A.	207 S. CONRAD AVE.	KOKOMO, IND.
JOHNSON, MAURICE B.	1326 N. ALDEN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
JOHNSON, WALTER M.		
JOLAS, EUGENE B.	1 W. 70TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
KAEFF, CHARLES J.	HIGH ST.	PERGY, PENNA.
KAERCHER, FRED G.	1776 WATERLOO AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KANE, MICHAEL		NEW YORK, N. Y.
KATICH, MARTIN.		SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
KEITH, LOWELL A.	2042 N. 6TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KELLEY, JOHN L.	807 WESCHLER AVE.	ERIE, PENNA.
KENNEDY, JOHN S.	3316 B. ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

## LEST WE FORGET

KEOHANE, HUBERT L.	COLUMBIA AVE. AND 17TH ST.	TYRONE, PENNA.
KERR, JAMES S.	R. F. D. No. 1	BULGER, PENNA.
KETTELBERGER, AUGUST J., JR.	1832 N. 4TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KIBLINGER, SANKEY B.		
KILLIUS, WILLIAM J.	729 JENNY LIND ST.	McKEESPORT, PENNA.
KIMPEL, EMIL O.	126 N. 14TH ST.	SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
KING, HARVEY H.	1366 E. HAINES ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KING, STEVEN J.	436 MAPLE ST.	JENKINTOWN, PENNA.
KIRKWOOD, LEE W.	BOX 29	RED BANK, PENNA.
KITCHEN, WILMER J.		SHAVERTOWN, PENNA.
KLEIN, JOSEPH N.		
KLEINHANS, JOSEPH P.	516 W. HUNTINGTON	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KLEPPINGER, RUSSELL C.	3513 FRANKFORD AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KLINE, LESLIE C.	306 PINE ST.	CURWENSVILLE, PENNA.
KLINE, WELDON G.	R. F. D. No. 1	ASPERS, PENNA.
KLINGER, JOHN E.	338 SPRING ST.	MIDDLETOWN, PENNA.
KORSEN, THEODORE A.	354 NEW YORK AVE.	JERSEY CITY, N. J.
KRAUSE, EARLEN R.	618 E. 1ST ST.	NESCOPECK, PENNA.
KOHLMAN, EDWARD	113 W. STATE ST.	HAMMOND, IND.
LAFFERTY, CHARLES	2321 W. CUMBERLAND ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LAMBERT, WILLIAM G.	414 PARK AVE.	COUDERSPORT, PENNA.
LATHAN, ARTHUR J.		
LAWRENCE, GERALD P.	211 NEW YORK AVE.	ROCHESTER, PENNA.
LEACOCK, FRANK H.	27 WILTON ST.	MANCHESTER, N. H.
LEADLEY, GEORGE A.	536½ COPLIN AVE.	DETROIT, MICH.
LEE, LAWRENCE C.	10TH ST. AND KNOX AVE.	MONESSEN, PENNA.
LEE, WILLIAM V.	3315 LIBERTY AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
LEGG, BERNARD B.		KAYMORE, W. VA.
LEGG, JOHN	R. F. D. No. 1	FAYETTE CITY, PENNA.
LEMON, ROBERT C.		NEAR CHRISKANY, W. VA.
LEONBERGER, WALTER E.	1931 S. 57TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LEVY, ISRAEL	1959 GERMANTOWN AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LIBERATORE, GABRIELE	323 BROMMALL ST.	CHESTER, PENNA.
LIGHTCAP, RUSSELL H.		BETHAYRES, PENNA.
LINDAMOOD, KIN C.	R. F. D. No. 2	Mt. JACKSON, VA.
LINTNER, WILLARD J.	27 MONTGOMERY AVE.	W. PITTSSTON, PENNA.
LODYGA, CASIMIR J.		KANSAS CITY, MO.
LONG, HARRY		
LOVETTE, EVERETT T.	1822 N. 22D ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LUBICH, ALEXANDER A.	215 WICK ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
LUCE, JAMES L.		
LUTHY, GREGORY S.	1145 S. 1ST ST.	SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
LYBERGER, JOHN W.	645 COLEMAN ST.	JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.
LYNN, WILLIAM E.	307 W. 29TH ST.	WILMINGTON, DEL.
LYON, HERBERT H.		MARTIN, W. VA.
LYON, HOLLISTER W.		CONDERSPORT, PENNA.
McARTHUR, DONALD R.	614 E. MAIN ST.	BRADFORD, PENNA.
McBRIDE, ROBERT P.		
McCALL, FLOYD W.	604 3D AVE.	OSKALOOSA, IOWA
McCLAUGHERTY, WALTER I.	R. F. D. No. 1	SPRINGWOOD, VA.
McCLOSKEY, FRANCIS A.	ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
McCrea, LEIGH T.	7837 COLES AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
McCULLOUGH, RAYMOND		
McCULLY, GEORGE S.	100 GRANT AVE.	ETNA, PENNA.
McCUNNEY, STANLEY J.	115 S. COTTAGE AVE.	DOYLESTOWN, PENNA.
McDEVITT, JOHN M.	3134 ARININGO AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

## LEST WE FORGET

McDONOUGH, ELMER B.		CHESWICK, PENNA.
McGARRY, JOSEPH B.	128 UNION ST.	PITTSBOWN, PENNA.
McGEE, SUMPTER G.	116 MONTAGUE.	DANVILLE, VA.
McGLADIGAN, GERALD J.		
McGREEVY, CHARLES M.	645 HAZEL ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
McHUGH, JOHN T.	158 ALDRICH ST.	BUFFALO, N. Y.
McKEOWN, MICHAEL J.	37 MAXWELL ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
McLAWREN, CHESTER L.	624 W. RITTENHOUSE ST.	GERMANTOWN, PENNA.
McNALLY, BERNARD LEE.	9 HIGH ST.	PHENIXVILLE, PENNA.
MacFARLANE, HOWARD W.	BOX 703.	BESSEMER, MICH.
MAAS, GEORGE.	2537 MILLWOOD AVE.	GLENDAL, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
MAGIMM, FRANCIS E.	5816 HAZEL AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MAHONEY, HARRISON G.	300 LAFAYETTE AVE.	COLLINGDALE, PENNA.
MALICK, JOHN E.	320 S. SHAMOKIN ST.	SHAMOKIN, PENNA.
MALNATI, MILO.	521 W. 5TH ST.	DULUTH, MINN.
MALLOY, FRANK H.	2740 N. 15TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MAMMEN, RAYMOND R.	416 S. 5TH ST.	PADUCA, KY.
MANCHESTER, JOHN E.	2737A PARK AVE.	ST. LOUIS, MO.
MANN, HERBERT S.	1209 BARTON AVE.	RICMOND, VA.
MANNING, GEORGE P. A.	44 HENSHAW ST.	WEST NEWTON, MASS.
MARKEY, ROBERT C.	519 3D AVE.	TARENUN, PENNA.
MASON, ARTHUR B.	304 THORNTON ST.	NEWPORT, KY.
MASONKEY, JOSEPH W.		HOMER CITY, PENNA.
MATTHEWS, HOWARD A.	BOX 234.	MACKINAW, ILL.
MAWORTER, JOHN R.	3327 E. VERMONT ST.	INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
MAX, GEORGE L.	181 WABACHA ST.	ST. PAUL, MINN.
MAYER, MORRIS.	2635 SOMERSET ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MEDLING, VIRGIL I.		MALDER, MO.
MENDELHALL, FRANCIS E.	R. F. D. No. 3.	OXFORD, PENNA.
MERRYMAN, RUSSELL Q.		SANDY RIDGE, PENNA.
MEYER, ERNEST.	2425 N. 28TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MIDDLETON, JOHN B.	77 HERMAN ST.	GERMANTOWN, PENNA.
MILLER, CHARLES J.	3921 N. SAWYER AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
MILLER, JAMES P.	106 DICKSON AVE.	BEN AVON, PENNA.
MILLHEIM, CHARLES B.	26 PARK ST.	NAZARETH, PENNA.
MITCHELL, NEHEMIAH I.	625 WELSH ST.	CHESTER, PENNA.
MOORE, JAMES D.	6429 JEFFERSON ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MOSES, GEORGE E.	GENERAL DELIVERY.	SWISS CITY, IND.
MOSS, JOSEPH.	822 OXFORD ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MULHEARN, JAMES A.		
MURDEN, EDWIN R.	R. F. D. No. 2.	PRINCESS ANNE, VA.
NAILEN, EDWARD J.	LYCOMING ST.	CANTON, PENNA.
NASSO, JOSEPH.	MADDOX ST.	CRUM LYNNE, PENNA.
NEWHOUSE, MICHAEL F.		OCONTO, NEB.
NEWMAN, WILLIAM G.		TIVOLA, PENNA.
NICKELL, CHARLES A.		
NOBLE, THOMAS N.	2325 TASKER ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
NOLAN, RAYMOND A.	5647 SPRAGUE ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
NUCKLES, GEORGE W.		PLEASANT VIEW, VA.
O'BRIEN, ALPHONSUS A.	1268 ONEIDA ST.	SHAMOKIN, PENNA.
O'BRIEN, JAMES A.	304 QUINCY AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
ODEN, GUSTAVE A.	1440 BOQUET ST.	McKEESPORT, PENNA.
O'GORMAN, RICHARD J.		
O'LEARY, JOHN H.	163 W. WISHART ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
O'NEILL, JAMES V.	1127 COTTMAN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
O'NEILL, JOHN L.	1458 LOCUST ST.	TERRA HAUTE, IND.

LEST WE FORGET

ORLANDO, GIOACCHINO	600 SANDERSON ST	POTTSVILLE, PENNA.
OSBORNE, HILARY		LAKE COMO, PENNA.
OYLER, EDWARD G	R. F. D. No. 11	CHAMBERSBURG, PENNA.
PACE, SECONDO	941 ANNIN ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
PALLISTER, THOMAS, JR	126 N. WARD ST	OTTUMWA, IOWA
PATTERSON, ALLEN J	225 MAIN ST	WINOSKI, VT.
PAYNE, WILLIAM	38 W. BROAD ST	W. HAZELTON, PENNA.
PEGELOW, WALTER	824½ W. BALTIMORE ST	BALTIMORE, MD.
PIERSON, DONALD		ILLINOIS
POCHIBA, JOSEPH		LEECHBURG, PENNA.
PRIBICH, STEVE	125½ McCONAUGHY	JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.
PRICE, WILLARD L	208 COLLEGE ST	PIQUA, OHIO
PRICE, WILLIAM N	5519 JACKSON ST	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
PRYOR, BRUCE L	395 HUMMEL AVE	LEMOYNE, PENNA.
PUGH, JOHN L	R. F. D. No. 1	SALEM, VA.
QUENZER, HARRY M	4221 N. 6TH ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
RANSONE, CURTIS F		MOLUSK, VA.
RAITT, EARL E		DINGMANS FERRY, PENNA.
RAY, THOMAS J	1613 E. NORTH GRAND	SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
REDDING, EDWARD J	218 READ ST	CLEARVILLE, PENNA.
REESE, WILLIAM C	274 MADISON ST	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
REHER, JOHN M	8117 D ST	FOX CHASE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
REID, FRANK L		BROADWAY, VA.
REINEHR, JOSEPH H	127 1ST AVE	TARENTUM, PENNA.
RENNEBARTH, ARNOLD K		GIBSONA, PENNA.
RESNICK, SAMUEL	123 AMBOY ST	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
REYNOLDS, CHARLES E		SALEM, VA.
RICE, CESCO S		
RICE, GUSTAVUS	1407 N. 7TH ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
RICHARDSON, HERBERT E., JR	1802 GROVE AVE	RICHMOND, VA.
RIORDAN, LEWIS R		
RINIER, GLEN E	422 MICHIGAN AVE	LOGANSPORT, IND.
ROBERTSON, RALPH D	75 MINAVILLE ST	AMSTERDAM, N. Y.
RODGERS, CLEMENT S	R. F. D. No. 5	CHICORA, PENNA.
RONAN, WALLACE	604 DELHI AVE	CINCINNATI, OHIO
ROSE, BEN H		SENATH, MO.
ROSE, HARRY	2543 N. MARSTOONS ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
ROSENFELD, SIMON D		APOLLO, PENNA.
ROTH, HENRY T	520 S. WASHINGTON AVE	SCRANTON, PENNA.
RUNDASH, ANDREW	15 E. GRAY ST	MCADOO, PENNA.
RUNNER, JOSEPH F	1733 FILBERT ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
RUSK, THOMAS W	5318 PALMETTO ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
RUSSELL, CHARLES H		CLARKSVILLE, VA.
RUSSELL, JOHN S	12 OAKWOOD AVE	CRAFTON, PENNA.
RYAN, JAMES J	3731 N. 16TH ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SALZER, CHARLES S		EAST ORANGE, N. J.
SARGENT, WALTER P		SERGEANT, NEB.
SAUNDERS, HARRY R	4226 WESTMINSTER AVE	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SCHENKEL, LEO J	1108 BOSKAMP ST	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
SCHICK, THEODORE F	316 W. 24 ST	ERIE, PENNA.
SCHILLING, HAROLD J	391 ST. JOSEPH ST	EASTON, PENNA.
SCHILLEIER, SYLVESTER J		
SCHLESINGER SAMUEL G		
SCHMID, JOSEPH K	2315 SEPIRVA ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SCHOENIG, ERNEST	2540 S. JUNIPER ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SCHOFER, ERWIN	402 HARRIS AVE	CRAFTON, PENNA.

## LEST WE FORGET

SCHUBOLE, HARRY W.		
SCHWALBACH, GEORGE W.	2325 OXFORD ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SCHWARTZ, SAMUEL	871 N. LAWRENCE ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SETLEY, HERBERT		HASTINGS, MINN.
SHAFFER, EUGENE W.	1721 N. 10TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SHAFFER, JOSEPH E.	2513 BEALE AVE.	ALTOONA, PENNA.
SHAINNESS, ABRAHAM	20 LENOX AVE.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
SHAPRIO, LEWIS	208 ST. GEORGE AVE.	RESELLE, N. J.
SHAW, FRED	4012 MARKET ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SHELTON, LESTER M.		SUGAR GROVE, VA.
SHENTO, DONATO	11 MAYFLOWER ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
SHERR, MAURICE	3211 KENNETH SQUARE	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
SHRUM, WILLIAM E.	664 N. FRAZIER ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SIEGEL, CHARLES J.		
SINON, MICHAEL J.	2230 N. WATERLOO ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SIPPLE, GEORGE J.	87 N. BENNET COURT	HAZELTON, PENNA.
SITES, GEORGE B.		SWOOP, VA.
SMITH, CHARLES L.	R. F. D. No. 4	WARRENTOWN, VA.
SMITH, CHESTER M.	1124 OAK ST.	ALLENTOWN, PENNA.
SMREK, AUGUST J.		PORTAGE, PENNA.
SODEN, FREDERICK H.	6 ERNEST ST.	ONEONTA, N. Y.
SONNENBURG, SAMUEL	406 E. MARSHALL ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
SPACKMAN, DAYTON B.		WOODLAND, PENNA.
STACY, JAMES A.	6218 RACE ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
STAFFORD, WILL I.		
STAHL, HOWARD A.		
STAHL, WILLIAM H.		
STEWART, PHILIP H.		MOCKSVILLE, N. C.
STOLL, JOHN	311 E. GIRARD AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
STRUSE, WILLIAM S.	547 E. HERMITAGE ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SCHR, JOHN A.	3320 BROTHERTON ROAD	CINCINNATI, OHIO
SUTHERLAND, ERNEST L.		CHURCH ROAD, VA.
SWEALE, JOHN F.		LLOYDDELL, PENNA.
SWEIMAN, WILLIAM B.	933 S. 2d ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
TALMADGE, GILSON M.	5271 JEFFERSON ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
TAYLOR, FRANK	3722 N. 15TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
TENGOWSKI, ANTHONY A.	400 DELAWARE AND SOUTH STS.	FOREST CITY, PENNA.
TERNER, MORRIS	1121 BLUFF ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
THOMAS, HOWARD C.	110 W. TABOR RD.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
THOMAS, SNOW H.		NICHOLAS, GA.
THOMPSON, ALEXANDER I.	2814 BEDFORD AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
THORPE, THOMAS		MAYS LANDING, N. J.
TIGNOR, JAMES A.	100 E. FRANKLIN ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
TOMS, JOHN P.		COVESVILLE, VA.
TRESTON, CLARENCE J.	3417 N. SWEDLEY ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
TUTE, LEWIS C.	71 KNOWLES ST.	PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TUMBERLIN, LEE A.		
TUNE, WILLIAM O.	R. F. D. No. 2	PACES, VA.
TURK, LEWIS J.		BEAVER BROOK, PENNA.
TURNER, CECIL P.	1523 DIAMOND ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
VANBALEN BLANKEN, JOOST J.		SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK.
VANDUSEN, ERNEST C.	40 SHERMAN ST.	JOHNSON CITY, N. Y.
VONKRUG, EDWIN	256 W. 97TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
VOSSMEYER, STUART	409 HODGE ST.	NEWPORT, KY.
WADE, JOHN L.	1011 S. FARRAGUT TERRACE	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
WAGENFELD, EARL C.	401 WYOMING ST.	DAYTON, OHIO

## LEST WE FORGET

WAGNER, GEORGE H	R. F. D. No. 5	ROANOKE, VA.
WALLACE, SIDNEY J		NORTH BEND, ORE.
WASHK, ARTHUR W		WEKETER, PENNA.
WATKINS, ARNOLD		COALDALE, PENNA.
WATSON, THOMAS	1414 MARGARET ST.	MUNHALL, PENNA.
WEIKEL, ROSCOE G		CRYSTAL, W. VA.
WEINBERGER, HARRY H	2539 S. MARSHALL ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
WEISHEIER, NORBERT	R. F. D. No. 2, BOX 36	JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.
WEISS, GLENN		WILSON, VA.
WENTZ, WALTER W		
WENZEL, GEORGE A	R. F. D. No. 1	LANDISBURG, PENNA.
WENZEL, GEORGE L	3631 FRANKFORD AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
WEST, GEORGE H	5528 HADFIELD ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
WHITE, HOMER		PAWNEE, ILL.
WILKINSON, ANDREW N		
WILKINSON, CHARLES	117 E. TIOGA ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
WILSON, FREDERICK		
WILSON, WILBUR E		BROWNSVILLE, PENNA.
WINSTON, HENRY G		
WINTER, WILLIAM J	2122 BROWNSVILLE RD.	CARRICK, PENNA.
WINTERBOTTOM, WALTER R	4323 PENNSYLVANIA ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
WISE, GARY F	ROUTE No. 6	CARLISLE, PENNA.
WITTMAN, CARL R	117 COTTAGE ST.	MERRILL, WIS.
WOOD, ERNEST	645 E. CORNWALL ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
WOOD, FRANK R		CHASE CITY, VA.
WRAY, SLOAN S		SPRING CHURCH, PENNA.
ZUIDEMA, JOHN W	R. F. D. No. 2	MATTOAX, VA.

## PRIVATES

AARON, MERRILL J	1209 14TH ST.	ALTOONA, PENNA.
ABBOTT, EDWIN A		
ACCARDI, FRANK	1316 9TH ST.	EDDYSTONE, PENNA.
ADAMS, GEORGE C	2 LOMBARDI ST.	NEWARK, N. J.
AMMERMAN, CYRIL V		
AMES, SHEPHERD K		PUNGOLEAGUE, VA.
ANDERSON, ALBERT E	1016 WASHINGTON ST.	CARNEY'S POINT, N. J.
ANDERSON, ALFRED	5625 PEMBERTON ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
ANDERSON, ROBERT C	R. F. D. No. 21	CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PENNA.
ANDREWS, JAMES		
ANGLE, LEWIS W		CARMICHAEL, PENNA.
ARBEGAST, RALPH S	419 W. KELLER ST.	MECHANICKSBURG, PENNA.
ARCHER, GEORGE D	5638 NORTON ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
ARCHHORN, ROBERT		
AREFORD, JOHN G		CARMICHAELS, PENNA.
ARMSTRONG, ALFRED H	2d ST.	HARRISBURG, PENNA.
ARMSTRONG, EINAR G	155 E. 40TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
ARMSTRONG, JOSEPH W	2214 N. 2d ST.	HARRISBURG, PENNA.
ASHKINAZI, DAVID	537 E. 5TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
BACHMAN, LEROY H		COUNTERSPORT PENNA.
BAEUMER, JOHN P	531 PERTH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
BAGLEY, WILLIAM H		
BAILEY, MARK T		
BAIRD, LEROY H		MT. HOLLY SPRINGS, PENNA.
BAKER, WILLIAM M		PERRYOPOLIS, PENNA.
BALLIET, JOHN F	803 RAINES ST.	SCRANTON, PENNA.

## LEST WE FORGET

BALLOMA, JOSEPH	715 S. 8TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
BARBER, JACK G.	1861 N. 10TH ST.	LOS ANGELES, CAL.
BARBUSCAK, MIKE		
BARGER, WAYMAN		
BARLOW, EDGAR A.	510 N. MEADOW ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
BARLUP, HUGH T.	BOX 186	WAYNESBORO, PENNA.
BARNER, WILLIAM E.	R. F. D. NO. 31	CONNEAUTVILLE, PENNA.
BARNES, CARL C.		
BARRON, ANTHONY J.	1223 LIBERTY ST.	FRANKLIN, PENNA.
BARTLETT, EMMETT G.		
BEASLEY, BENNEY F.		SMOOTS, VA.
BEAUMONT, FREDERICK A.	4903 LANCASTER AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
BECHTEL, RALPH E.	338 WOOD ST.	READING, PENNA.
BECK, EGAR E.	R. F. D. NO. 2	FLINTSTONE, MD.
BELCHER, FAZIE F.		RICHLANDS, VA.
BELL, GEORGE T.	1101 EVERGREEN AVE.	SHALER TOP, PENNA.
BELL, WILLIAM M.		MACON, MO.
BENDHEIM, ADRIAN L.	15 BOULEVARD	RICHMOND, VA.
BENDLER, JOSEPH	929 BANK ST.	WATERBURY, CONN.
BENTHIN, FREDERICK		
BERGER, LOUIS		
BERNARD, HERMAN C.	162 ROBINSON ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
BERNSTEIN, EMANUEL	2101½ E. FRANKLIN ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
BERNSTEIN, HARRY	2101 E. FRANKLIN ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
BINGHAM, GEORGE S., JR.	2427 E. CLEARFIELD ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
BLACK, RUBEN N.	1209 LYSLE AVE.	PORT VIEW, PENNA.
BLANCHARD, ELLSWORTH E.		PINE CITY, MINN.
BLANEY, EDWARD S.		PARKERS LANDING, PENNA.
BOGART, JOHN E.	247 PARRIS ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
BOISSEAN, LANIE E.	2307 PARK AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
BONNER, JOSEPH F.		
BOOTH, ROY		WILLIAMSBURG, VA.
BOOVE, ARTHUR W.		
BOOZ, WILLIAM F.	924 W. LAFAYETTE ST.	NORRISTOWN, PENNA.
BOWIE, ALLEN H.	MAIN ST.	COVINGTON, VA.
BOWMAN, CHARLES H.		
BOWSER, LEVI T.		
BOYCE, DAVID M.		
BOYCE, JOSEPH P.	373 N. WASHINGTON ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
BOYER, HARRY T.	BOX 52	SWATARA, PENNA.
BRADLEY, EDWIN K.	123 N. 7TH ST.	ALLENTOWN, PENNA.
BRAKE, JACOB L.	R. F. D. NO. 7	CHAMBERSBURG, PENNA.
BRAUER, FREDERICK W., JR.	2501 KENSINGTON AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
BRECHT, JOHN C.	23 ROCKY GROVE AVE.	FRANKLIN, PENNA.
BREYSSSE, PIERRE A.	BOX 444	MORGAN, PENNA.
BRICKMONT, GEORGE A.	713 MONTTOOTH ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
BRIGGS, HOWARD L.	3 PARK ROAD	EVERETT, MASS.
BRILL, HENRY R.		
BRITCHER, FRANK N.	211 LOCUST ST.	HANOVER, PENNA.
BROOKS, GARDENER		WILLIAMSBURG, VA.
BRONSON, SHERLOCK		
BROWNS, HARRY E.	R. F. D. NO. 3	SUNBURY, PENNA.
BROWN, ALFRED C.		
BROWN, DEWEY L.		
BROWN, ROSCOE J.		SHELLFIELD, PENNA.
BUBB, CHARLES		HUGHESVILLE, PENNA.

## LEST WE FORGET

BUCHER, EMIL RUDOLPH	213 E. ROCKLAND ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
BUCKLEY, THOMAS D.	SYLVAN AVE.	BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
BUCCERONI, LOUIS		ITALY
BUNTING, JAMES V.	1439 CAYUGA ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
BURAGAS, FRANCIS J.	56 SHERIDEN ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
BURKE, FRANK J.	330 IRVING AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
BURKE, THOMAS J.	1637 EDGEWOOD ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
BURNETT, WALTER G.	411 W. GRACE ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
BURNWORTH, ARTHUR P.		PERRYOPOLIS, PENNA.
BUTLER, NEIL V.	834 S. MAIN ST.	OLD FORGE, PENNA.
BUTLER, WALTER W.	R. F. D. No. 2.	BOYCE, IDAHO
BYRD, FLOYD C.		MONTEREY, VA.
CABELL, RANDOLPH		WAYNESBORO, VA.
CAIMI, DOMINICO	1316 9TH ST.	EDDYSTONE, PENNA.
CALLAHAN, EMANUEL F.	1215 N. 2D ST.	HARRISBURG, PENNA.
CALLAHAN, JOHN L.	53 ONTARIO ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
CALLISH, HARRY E.	1643 MONUMENT AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
CANTWELL, GUY A.	142 CHESTNUT ST.	BRADFORD, PENNA.
CARDENAS, FRANCISCO		EAGLE PASS, TEXAS
CAREY, JOHN W.	Box 585	PENN ARGYL, PENNA.
CARNS, LEROY W.	140 ELM ST.	CARLISLE, PENNA.
CAROTHERS, REZIN J.		CUTLER, OHIO
CARPENTER, KNOWL D.		
CARRADICE, HERBERT	143 W. LURAY ST.	OLNEY P. O., PENNA.
CARSON, FELIX E.		LINCOLNTON, N. C.
CASADY, WILLIAM T.	SOUTH ST.	ST. MARY'S, PENNA.
CASTELLO, FRANCIS C.	2015 SUMMER ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
CATONE, JOHN	217 4TH ST.	BRADDOCK, PENNA.
CATSIFF, JOHN H.		
CESSNA, CHARLES P.		
CHALKER, WILLIAM H.		WHEELING, W. VA.
CHAPPELL, HUGH W.	R. F. D. No. 4.	HERTFORD, N. C.
CHITTENDON, ROY F.		
CHRISTOPH, ANDREW F.	R. F. D. No. 3.	TUXENBURG, WIS.
CLARK, FREDERICK W.		
CLARK, MARCUS		
CLIFFORD, LEON E.	705 RACE ST.	SHAMOKIN, PENNA.
CLIPSHAM, RAYMOND E.	1316 S. 57TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
CLUKEY, GEORGE H.		
COBURN, LENICE		NARROWS, VA.
COCHRAN, HUGH L.		WALLARD, MO.
CODD, EDWARD W.	7116 INGLESIDE AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
CODE, CHARLES R.	SHENAGO ST.	WHEATLAND, PENNA.
COFFMAN, RICHARD	R. F. D.	CRESCO, PENNA.
COHEN, EMIL E.		CARTHAGE, MO.
COHEN, HARRY	2417 WARWICK AVE.	NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
COHEN, LOUIS H.	88 WASHINGTON ST.	BRADFORD, PENNA.
COLE, MYRON E.		ORANGVILLE, PENNA.
COLEMAN, MARK R.		DeWITT, VA.
COLLINS, JAMES M.	MAIN ST.	MILDRED, PENNA.
COLLINS, ROBERT H.		GRAVETTE, ARK.
CONDILIS, SOTHIOS		
CONDON, FRANCIS J.	1258 S. 49TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
CONN, DAVID		ROARING BRANCH, PENNA.
CONNELLY, NATHAN W.	R. F. D. No. 5.	LAGRANGE, IND.



## LEST WE FORGET

CONNER, DWIGHT H.	.....		
CONRAD, CHARLES E.	..... 22 W. MAIN ST.	.....	MECHANICKSVILLE, PENNA.
CONRAD, JOHN W.	..... 209 WASHINGTON ST.	.....	MECHANICKSBURG, PENNA.
COOKUS, JOHN W.	.....	.....	SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.
CORSON, WILLIAM H.	..... 823 CHERRY ST.	.....	WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA.
COSBY, WALTER C.	..... 403 E. CLAY ST.	.....	RICHMOND, VA.
COULTER, GEORGE W.	..... 30 N. FELTON ST.	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
CRAIG, ARTHUR C.	..... 23 PENN ST.	.....	RIDGEWAY, PENNA.
CRAIGMILE, VIVIAN D.	.....	.....	
CRAUL, PAUL E.	..... 2016 N. 6TH ST.	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
CRENSHAW, THOMAS H.	.....	.....	
CRON, ARTHUR	..... 98 E. BROAD ST.	.....	EAST STROUDSBURG, PENNA.
CROSSLEY, NOBLE F.	.....	.....	KINSALE, VA.
CROWDER, FRANK F.	..... 727 CENTRAL AVE.	.....	OCEAN CITY, N. J.
CULVER, ROBERT T.	..... ILLINOIS TRUST CO.	.....	CHICAGO, ILL.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT S.	..... 311 SPRUCE ST.	.....	SCRANTON, PENNA.
CUNIUS, CHARLES E.	..... 2831 N. FRONT ST.	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
CUNNINGHAM, EDWIN A.	..... 1204 CHISLETT ST.	.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
CUSICK, EDWARD	..... 523 RIDGE ST.	.....	CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
CUSTER, EVERETT E.	.....	.....	
DAILEY, VINCENT A.	..... 5911 BELLFIELD AVE.	.....	GERMANTOWN, PENNA.
DALE, WILLIAM V.	..... 710 BALTIMORE ST.	.....	CLARKSBURG, W. VA.
DANCE, CHARLES O.	.....	.....	HAWLSBORO, VA.
DAVIDSON, WILLIAM F.	.....	.....	
DAVIS, DONALD L.	..... PULTNEY APTS.	.....	GENEVA, N. Y.
DAVIS, JOHN A. G.	.....	.....	
DAVIS, LEROY R.	.....	.....	
DAVIS, NEWTON B.	.....	.....	
DAVIS, OSCAR H.	..... R. F. D. No. 9, Box 15	.....	RICHMOND, VA.
DAVIS, PAUL P.	.....	.....	
DAVIS, PERCY P.	..... 163 W. LIPPINCOTT ST.	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
DAVIS, WALTER J.	..... 306 N. ROLAND ST.	.....	RICHMOND, VA.
DEANGELIS, ANEICETO	..... PINE ST.	.....	CURNESVILLE, PENNA.
DEARDEN, WALTER	..... 533 CIRIARVE ST.	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
DECKER, RITNER W.	.....	.....	MOUNTAIN HOME, PENNA.
DEISENROTH, WILLIAM J.	..... 10 MAGNOLIA AVE.	.....	WILKES-BARRE PENNA.
DELANEY, JOSEPH F.	.....	.....	THOMASTON, HICKCHESMILLE, PENNA.
DELP, RUSSELL D.	..... 333 BROADWAY ST.	.....	BANGOR, PENNA.
DENNIN, BERNARD A.	..... 124 N. 56TH ST.	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
DENTLER, WALTER L.	.....	.....	LEMASTERS, PENNA.
DIETZEN, JOHN W.	.....	.....	
DOERR, CHRISTIAN D.	.....	.....	CULVER, PENNA.
DONNELLY, CHARLES G.	..... 1340 FORBES ST.	.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
DONNELLY, PAUL V.	..... 5731 PINE ST.	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
DONNON, JOHN	..... 1122 CHARLOTTE AVE.	.....	YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
DOTSON, EDWIN M.	..... R. F. D. No. 3	.....	ROANOKE, VA.
DOWNEY, JOHN J.	..... 207 MIDDLE ST.	.....	PORTSMOUTH, VA.
DOYLE, MORGAN J.	..... 305 MAPLE AVE.	.....	ALTOONA, PENNA.
DREISBACH, EDWIN A.	..... 1400 E. PINE ST.	.....	MAHANOH CITY, PENNA.
DRENKEL, FLOYD F.	.....	.....	LORANE, PENNA.
DRONEY, BERNARD J.	.....	.....	
DRUMMOND, LESLIE L.	..... BOX 37	.....	ADAMSTON, W. VA.
DUGAN, WILLIAM H.	..... 2009 LEETHGOLL ST.	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
DUGGAN, BERNARD H.	..... 2419 N. 27TH ST.	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
DULABON, GEORGE N.	..... 7308 IDLEWILD ST.	.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

DUMANSKI, CHARLES	.....		
DUNLOP, HARRY	1448 N. 60TH ST	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
DUROVCHIK, ANDREW K	1623 WINCHESTER AVE	.....	LAKEWOOD, OHIO
DYER, THEODORE D	.....		
EAGAN, WILLIAM F	117 ONONDAGO ST	.....	WARREN, PENNA.
EARLY, JOHN W	818 THORN ST	.....	READING, PENNA.
ECK, HOWARD D	243 VALLEY WOOD DRIVE	.....	EAST TOLEDO, OHIO
ECKARDT, ALBERT E	.....		
ECKENRODE, WILLIAM E	1036 WASHINGTON ST	.....	WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA.
EDSELL, CHARLES L	.....		LE RAYSVILLE, PENNA.
EGGLESTON, DAVID O	.....		CHARLOTTE COURT HOUSE, VA.
EGOFF, GLEN	R. F. D. No. 1	.....	SCHELLSBURG, PENNA.
EHLERS, FREDIE W	.....		LEONARD, MINN.
EISENHART, LEON H	58 E. SUNBURY ST	.....	SHAMOKIN, PENNA.
EISENHOUR, HERMAN J	112 S. WATER ST	.....	HUMMELSTOWN, PENNA.
ELLINGTON, GEORGE R	.....		REIDSVILLE, N. C.
ELLIS, ROBERT S	.....		
ELWANG, WILLIAM B	1703 PARK AVE	.....	RICHMOND, VA.
EPSTEIN, CLARENCE	11 MAGNOLIA APTS	.....	LOUISVILLE, KY.
ESCHENBACH, SAMUEL G	.....		RENOVA, PENNA.
ESLINGER, CHARLES R	R. F. D. No. 1	.....	GRIGGS, OKLA.
EVANS, OLIVER F	.....		PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
EVANS, SOLAN N	.....		
EVERETT, JOHN W	.....		
EWERT, JOHN	.....		LACKAWAXEN, PENNA.
FANTON, JOSEPH L	.....		
FARALLE, ANTONIO	R. F. D. No. 2	.....	ONANCOOK, VA.
FARRER, CHARLES G	MAIN ST	.....	GREENVILLE, PENNA.
FAULK, CARL W	.....		ELBON, PENNA.
FAY, CHARLES H	819 MEADS ST	.....	WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA.
FEDOR, GEORGE	.....		GREENSBURG, PA.
FEELEY, WALTER J	1841 RITTNOR ST	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
FELLOCK, CHARLES A	.....		
FENTON, WILLIAM HARVEY	R. F. D. No. 1	.....	NEUVILLE, PENNA.
FESSENDEN, DURWARD B	R. F. D. Box 3	.....	ROULETTE, PENNA.
FIELDER, CECIL	.....		
FISH, RAYMOND F	Box 37	.....	CAMERON, W. VA.
FISHBORNE, ABRAHAM	.....		
FISHBURN, HARRY J	197 S. RAILROAD ST	.....	HUMMELSTOWN, PENNA.
FITZGERALD, JOHN C	350 E. PRICE ST	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
FOCHTMAN, CHARLES R	R. F. D. No. 2	.....	CALLOWAY, NEB.
FOGLE, HARRY E	1104 E. CENTRAL AVE	.....	TITUSVILLE, PENNA.
FOLEY, MICHAEL J	1722 FOX ST	.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
FOSTMAN, ROBERT L	2515 GROVE AVE	.....	RICHMOND, VA.
FRALEY, WALTER E	27 ORANGE ST	.....	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
FRANKLIN, GEORGE O	.....		
FRANTZ, ROBERT E	.....		STEVENSVILLE, PENNA.
FRICTH, JACOB G	16 STONE AVE	.....	SCRANTON, PENNA.
FROST, ANDREW	.....		CARMICHAEL, PENNA.
FRY, JOE E	.....		
FRYE, RALPH W	.....		
FUNGAROLI, ALPHONSO M	.....		GIRARDSVILLE, PENNA.
FUNK, LELAND A	.....		
GABEL, WILLIAM E	26 ABBOTT ST	.....	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
GALLICCI, NICHOLAS	7901 EASTWICK AVE	.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
GALLIHER, EZIKEL S	.....		MEADOWS VIEW, VA.

## LEST WE FORGET

GALPERT, MAX	238 WASHINGTON ST.	BANGOR, ME.
GARBER, JOSEPH L.	2200 N. 29TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
GARIS, ELMER B.		SOUDERTON, PENNA.
GATES, DANIEL B.		
GAUSS, HENRY M.	315 APPLE ST.	DURHAM, N. C.
GEDDY, GEORGE R.		TEAVE, VA.
GEDDY, THOMAS H.		WILLIAMSBURG, PENNA.
GEHMAN, ALBERT G.		
GEORGE, HAROLD H.	1271 GOODFELLOW AVE.	ST. LOUIS MO.
GERGE, HERBERT.	1326 WEST BROAD ST.	QUAKERTOWN, PENNA.
GERHARDT, JOHN D.	527 HOMER ST.	JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.
GIBSON, ARTHUR F.	4932 KINGSSESSING AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
GIBSON, EDWARD L.	1821 W. CARY ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
GIBSON, WESLEY C.		
GILBERT, JOE B.	STAR ROUTE	CHATHAM, VA.
GILBERT, WILLIAM A.		COUDERSPORT, PENNA.
GILLILAND, CLARENCE H.		
GIMBI, RUBY	26 N. TAMAQUA ST.	MCADOO, PENNA.
GINSBERG, BENJAMIN	965 HERKIMER ST.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
GOHEEN, WILLIAM M.	1342 LINCOLN AVE.	TYRONE, PENNA.
GOLDBARTH, HARVEY M.	2800 MONUMENT AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
GOLDBERG, HERMAN	301 CHRISTIAN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
GOLDEN, CURTISS E.		WARFUDSBURG, PENNA.
GOLDEN, NATHAN		CINCINNATI, OHIO
GOOCH, ROLAND L.	MAIN ST.	OXFORD, N. C.
GOODE, RALPH L.	1122 S. BOULEVARD	CHARLOTTE, N. C.
GORDON, JOSEPH A.		
GORDY, MORRIS	537 N. 5TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
GRAVATT, VIRGIL A.		ENFIELD, VA.
GRAY, JOSEPH G.	5TH ST.	BARNSBORO, PENNA.
GREGORY, ALGERNON G.	66 W. 9TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
GRIFFIN, MAURICE E.	328 W. CARY ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
GRIMM, WILLIAM B.		PANTHER, PENNA.
GROVE, JESSE	101 BECKERS AVE.	YORK, PENNA.
GRUBE, RALPH J.	307 W. MAIN ST.	COATESVILLE, PENNA.
GRUBER, OSCAR H.	439 S. 57TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HACKETT, FELIX	2212 N. ORKNEY ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HAINES, WALTER S.	318 FRANKLIN AVE.	WILKINSBURG, PENNA.
HALE, DANIEL		NARROWS, VA.
HALE, PERCY H.		NARROWS, VA.
HALL, HARVEY B.	4523 WORTH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HAMMER, JOHN E.		AMMON, VA.
HAMMOND, GLENN F.	927 STATE ST.	VELVIDER, ILL.
HANCOCK, CHARLEY G.	120 CHURCH ST.	ROANOKE, VA.
HANKS, CHARLES R.		
HANLON, JAMES T.	460 RAILROAD AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
HARBACH, RAYMOND L.	R. F. D. NO. 1	LOGANTON, PENNA.
HARDMAN, JOHN B.		TANNER, W. VA.
HARGRAVES, ALFRED F., JR.		WEST POINT, VA.
HARKESS, JOHN B.	104 E. CLAY ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
HARMS, JOHN		
HARRIS, SAMUEL J.		BELLVILLE, MICH.
HARSTER, JOSEPH		
HATTON, FRANK E.		
HAWKS, ARTHUR S.		

## LEST WE FORGET

HAWKS, HARVEY		
HAZEN, HERMAN M.		..... MONTOURSVILLE, PENNA.
HELD, CHARLES		
HELFRICH, ROBERT J.	110 W. WALNUT ST.	..... TITUSVILLE, PENNA.
HENDERSON, JACOB F.	2164 N. CAMAC ST.	..... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HENDERSON, WILLIAM		..... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HENNESSEY, NICHOLAS	824 ISLAND AVE.	..... MCKEES ROCKS, PENNA.
HENRY, FREDERICK W.		..... WALLIS RUN, PENNA.
HERMAN, JOHN		
HEROLD, ROY P.		..... MINNEHAHA SPRINGS, W. VA.
HERTLE, WILLIAM C.	R. F. D. No. 3	..... MANSFIELD, PENNA.
HIBBS, BENJAMIN F.	91 S. MT. VERNON ST.	..... UNIONTOWN, PENNA.
HIBBS, HENRY H.	7818 UNDERWOOD AVE.	..... BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
HICKEY, WILLIAM R.	22 N. FRONT ST.	..... DARBY, PENNA.
HIESTER, CHARLES W.	109 W. DOUGLASS ST.	..... READING, PENNA.
HILL, JAMES A.	509 E. MAIN ST.	..... RICHMOND, VA.
HINTON, MORPHUS		
HIPPLE, HERMAN H.	Box 161	..... MARYSVILLE, PENNA.
HIXENBAUGH, PAUL H.		..... PERRYOPOLIS, PENNA.
HLUZYK, AWERKA	2720 W. 2D ST.	..... CHESTER, PENNA.
HODGIN, ORIEN R.		..... STONEVILLE, N. C.
HOFFMAN, HERBERT C.	R. F. D. No. 2	..... WOPWOLLOPAN, PENNA.
HOLDERIED, LEE R.		..... HILLMAN, MICH.
HOLLAND, ASHER	N. MAIN ST.	..... BANGOR, PENNA.
HORNER, JAMES M.		..... MIDLOTHIAN, VA.
HORNER, MAURICE L.	2805 FLOYD AVE.	..... RICHMOND, VA.
HOUSNER, EARL C.	3916 5TH AVE.	..... S. ALTOONA, PENNA.
HOUSTON, JAMES A.		
HOWARD, HARRY E.	1520 W. HAZZARD ST.	..... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
HUBLEY, RALPH I.	16 N. WASHINGTON ST.	..... SHIPPENSBURG, PENNA.
HUDDOCK, MICHALE T.		
HUFFMAN, WILLIAM H.		..... LURAY, VA.
HUMMEL, JOSEPH E.	4623 PEARL ST.	..... FRANKFORT, PENNA.
HUNSBERGER, CHESTER L.	251 E. CHESTNUT ST.	..... LANCASTER, PENNA.
HUNT, TROY A.		..... ZANONI, MO.
HURLEY, GEORGE B.	300 S. 2D ST.	..... ROLLSVILLE, PENNA.
HUSTON, FRANK G.		
HUTCHINSON, HARRY L.		..... DUNCAN, W. VA.
HILE, CARL E.		..... NEW HAVEN, W. VA.
JACKSON, HOWARD	4932 HUTCHINSON ST.	..... PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
JEFFREY, AUSY P.	R. F. D. No. 1	..... SKIPWITH, VA.
JEWELL, HARRY W.	R. F. D. No. 1	..... CARRY, PENNA.
JOHNS, JOHN		..... GERMYN, PENNA.
JOHNSON, AUGUST	Box 283	..... WILCOX, PENNA.
JOHNSON, WILBER S.	308 S. WASHINGTON ST.	..... FREELAND, PENNA.
JOHNSTON, ANDREW L.	42 RANDOLPH ST.	..... LEXINGTON, VA.
JOLLIFF, JAMES T.	205 2d St.	..... CHARLOTTSVILLE, VA.
JONES, BENJAMIN S.		..... HOUSTON, VA.
JONES, CHARLES B.	110 MASS. AVE., N. W.	..... WASHINGTON, D. C.
JONES, DAVID R.	30 THAYER ST.	..... WASHINGTON, PENNA.
JONES, JULIAN H.	1430 PORTOR ST.	..... S. RICHMOND, VA.
JONES, SIMON M.	1918 Y AVE.	..... ENSLEY, ALA.
JORDAN, PAUL N.	131 STATION ST.	..... McDONALD, PENNA.
JOST, TIMOLEON		..... U. S. ARMY
JUGOVICH, CHARLES		
KALMUS, JULIUS		

## LEST WE FORGET

KAPLAN, JOSEPH	2533 S. AMERICAN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KEEFER, CLARENCE P.	33 N. GRANT ST.	PALMYRA, PENNA.
KEEANAN, RICHARD J.	301 PROSPECT AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
KEITH, JAMES A.	2705 S. A ST.	ELWOOD, IND.
KELL, CHARLES L.		CARLISLE, PENNA.
KELLER, DAVIS C.	R. F. D. No. 5	ABINGDON, VA.
KELLER, HARRY T.	1538 CENTER ST.	ASHLAND, PENNA.
KELLEY, FRANK B.	45 FORMAN ST.	BRADFORD, PENNA.
KELLEY, JAMES.	3223 FORONIA ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
KELLY, MICHAEL.	R. F. D. No. 5	SUSQUEHANNA, PENNA.
KEMMLER, CHARLES W.	26 5TH AVE.	ALTOONA, PENNA.
KENADY, CHESTER A.		NASITE, VA.
KENNEDY, WILLIAM B.		FORD DEPOT, VA.
KENNEY, FRANK M.	71 INLEY ST.	HARTFORD, CONN.
KENNEY, JOSEPH	105 GREEN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KENYON, THEODORE E.	R. F. D. No. 1	COLUMBIA CROSS ROADS, PENNA.
KEPPLEY, CLARENCE	746 N. 8TH ST.	READING, PENNA.
KERSHAW, ARTHUR R.	309 E. NORTH AVE.	BALTIMORE, MD.
KETTERMAN, CHARLES S.	225 S. HIGH ST.	MARTINSBURG, W. VA.
KICKLIGHTER, REMMER D.		BLACKSHEAR, GA.
KIDD, WILLARD C.	1020 HALIFAX AVE.	PETERSBURG, VA.
KILGORE, ROBERT J.		NICKELSVILLE, VA.
KIMBROUGH, FRANK R.	2805 FLOYD AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
KITCHEN, HAROLD E.	R. F. D. No. 4	DANVILLE, PENNA.
KLEE, CHARLES W.	423 E. QUEEN ST.	CHAMBERSBURG, PENNA.
KLEIN, JOSEPH F.	436 ALDER ST.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
KLEIN, MAX.	211 CHRISTIAN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KOELSNER, HENRY.		
KOHL, CHARLES R.	129 S. SHERMAN ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
KNECHTEL, JOSEPH E.	Box 12	COUDERSPORT, PENNA.
KNIGHTON, EDWARD J.		CHURCHVILLE, PENNA.
KNOBLOCH, CHARLES F.	CEDAR PARK STOCK FARM	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KOSSMAN, JOHN F.	727 MAPLE ST.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
KOZEMBO, FRANK.	128 N. 22D ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KRAMER, ARTHUR G.	1141 GREEN ST.	ALLENTOWN, PENNA.
KRAUSE, CHARLES E.	108 PROSPECT ST.	BROWNSVILLE, PENNA.
KREPS, EARL.	9TH ST.	NORTHUMBERLAND, PENNA.
KROLL, JOHN A.		
KRUPER, SAMUEL F.		
KUCERA, FRANK.	5466 BROADWAY ST.	CLEVELAND, OHIO
KUHN, TIMOTHY J.	147 BROWN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
KUNZ, RICHARD E.		
LABUSCHEWSKI, HARRY T.	98 DEWEY ST.	ETNA, PENNA.
LAIRD, JAMES D.	Box 2	SUTERSVILLE, PENNA.
LAMBERT, JAMES T.		
LANDSTOM, EINAR W.	815 WASHINGTON ST.	ALLENTOWN, PENNA.
LANNIN, JOHN.		
LARGE, RAYMOND A.	1241 N. SARTAIN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LARKIN, WILLIAM L.		
LASCANNE, JOHN H.	R. F. D. No. 1	PRINCE GEORGE, VA.
LASKIN, SAMUEL	329 JACKSON ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LAUFER, JOSEPH A.	161 JONES ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
LAYTON, SAMUEL G.	MAIN ST.	UNION, S. C.
LEBER, JOHN A.	3412 OLD YORK ROAD	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LEE, JOHN P., JR.	2014 A PARK AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
LEEPER, ROBERT.	627 E. CLEARFIELD ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

LEST WE FORGET

LEHNEKE, RALPH L.	4817 CHATSWORTH AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
LEMASTERS, CARL I.	525 S. BROADWAY	GREENSBURG, IND.
LESSNER, HARRY	102 ARCH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LETTER, AMBROSE F.		
LEUF, RALPH R.		
LEVINSON, MALVERN	37 UNION ST.	QUINCY, MASS.
LEVITT, NATHAN J.	2035 S. 10TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LEVY, FRANK	1812 PARK AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
LEWIS, GEORGE M.	1330 N. WATER ST.	CITTANNING, PENNA.
LEWIS, MANGUS M., JR.	PRINCE EDWARD ST.	FREDRICKSBURG, VA.
LEWIS, MATTHEW H.	146TH ST. AND JOHNS AVE.	S. JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
LEWIS, STANLEY M.		
LEWIS, THOMAS	37 LOVELAN AVE.	WEST MORELAND, PENNA.
LICHTY, ARTHUR L.	951 TILGHAM ST.	ALLENTOWN, PENNA.
LIEBEGOOT, HARVEY M.	CHESTNUT ST.	DUNCANVILLE, PENNA.
LILLEY, JOHN R.		
LILLY, GRANT M.	R. F. D. No. 2	BATH, PENNA.
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM L.		GRANT, VA.
LINDSAY, JOHN S.	1309 MARSTON ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LINDZE, TONY		
LINGERFELDT, THOMAS C.		
LIVELY, GUY H.	33 BROADWAY ST.	HOPEWELL, VA.
LIVINGOOD, JOHN F.	R. F. D. No. 2	WEST FINLEY, PENNA.
LIVINGSTON, FREDERICK	6804 McPHERSON BLVD.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
LONGINO, ROY		MAGNOLIA, ARK.
LONGSTRETH, HARRY	7313 FRANKSTON AVE.	HOMEWOOD, PENNA.
LOOMIS, EDWARD C., JR.		
LOREMAN, ARTIE O.	R. F. D. No. 5	CATAWISSA, PENNA.
LOVE, DUKE D.	R. F. D. No. 2	CHICKOWIE, VA.
LOVETTE, LOUIS C.	1822 N. 22D ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
LUCAS, CLARENCE A.		
LUX, MATTHEW H.	639 ONTARIO AVE.	SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENNA.
MCCARTHY, JOHN F.		
MCCLURE, WILLIAM W.		DAVISTOWN, PENNA.
MCCONAHY, RUSSELL S.	LOGAN AVE.	TYRONE, PENNA.
MCCONNELL, ALPHONSO W.		
MCCOY, RANDOLPH L.	803 3D ST.	CLEARFIELD, PENNA.
MCFADDEN, WILLIAM J.	BUCK LANE.	BRYN MAWR, PENNA.
MC FALL, PAUL R.	11 E. 10TH ST.	SOUTH RICHMOND, VA.
MCGINNIS, WILLIAM B.		JORDAN, MO.
MCGIVERN, THOMAS O.	209 E. CAMBRIA ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MCGOWAN, JOSEPH H.	2402 RIDGE AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MCGUIGAN, AMBROSE	319 LIBERTY ST.	CAMDEN, N. J.
MCLAUGHLIN, PETER V.	R. F. D. No. 1.	PLYMOUTH, PENNA.
MCNAIL, GUY E.		JONESVILLE, VA.
MCNAY, SAMUEL E.		
MCMUILKIN, JOSEPH A.	2243 S. FRONT ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MCSHEERY, FRANCIS P.	2114 BAINBRIDGE ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MCVEIGH, JOHN F.		
MACHENRY, FRANK F.	207 MONTGOMERY AVE.	WEST PITTSSTON, PENNA.
MADDEROM, CHARLES H.		
MAFFEL, SALVADOR C.		
MAGGENTI, CIRILLO		GLEN RIDDLER, PENNA.
MAGRINI, FRANK		
MAHOY, WILLIAM J.	308 S. LOCUST ST.	MT. CARMEL, PENNA.
MALABABA, MARIANO D.	632 N. 16TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

LEST WE FORGET

MALLON, THOMAS J	2841 N. 8TH ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MANN, FRANK	722 N. COURT	OTTUMWA, IOWA
MANNAL, WILLIAM	67 COLLINS ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MARKAR, JOHN	1304 WASHINGTON AVE	SCRANTON, PENNA.
MARKELL, LOUIS S.	432 JACKSON ST	MONONGAHELA, PENNA.
MARKOWITZ, BENJAMIN	709 LINDEN ST	EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
MARNOCHA, JOSEPH J.	GENERAL DELIVERY	PULASKI, WIS.
MARQUARD, LOUIS J.	WOODSDALE	WHEELING, W. VA.
MARTIN, JOHN W	R. F. D. No. 5	CHAMBERSBURG, PENNA.
MARTIN, WALTER S.		BOWMANSDALE, PENNA.
MARVEL, FRANK	725 GREEN ST	CHESTER, PENNA.
MARVIN, WILLIAM C.		MONTICELLO, MINN.
MASSIE, WELFORD J.		
MATCHIE, JOHN M.		
MATTA, JOHN M.	1443 N. 54TH ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MATTINGLY, EARL S.	511 LAMONT ST., N. W.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
MATTIS, CARL A.	3012 LIBERTY ST.	ERIE, PENNA.
MAXWELL, EDWARD L.		
MAY, ERWIN	2006A W. GRAY ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
MAYNARD, WALTER P.	1603 W. MAIN ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
MAYS, WILLIAM J.	310 N. 36TH ST	RICHMOND, VA.
MAYTON, LAWRENCE W.	849 SHEPHERD ST	PETERSBURG, VA.
MEADOR, OWEN A.		
MEEHAN, JOSEPH W.		
MEST, HARRY R.	1145 TURNER ST.	ALLENTOWN, PENNA.
MEYER, FRED W.	118 NOBLES LANE.	CARRICK, PENNA.
MEYERS, BERNARD K.	4062 PARKSIDE AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MEYERS, CARL C.	913 SHEFFIELD ST.	OTTUMWA, IOWA
MICHAEL, JOSEPH E.	403 N. STATE ST.	LEXINGTON, N. C.
MICHAEL, JULIUS.	2216 E. MAIN ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
MICHEL, FRANK O.		
MIKOLAJCZAK, FELIX W.		
MILBORNE, HARVEY L.		CHARLESTOWN, W. VA.
MILLER, CHARLES O.	38 MAYALLEN ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
MILLER, ELMER E.	Box 108.	CARLISLE, PENNA.
MILLER, JOSEPH H.	506 4TH ST.	ALTOONA, PENNA.
MILLER, ROSCOE W.	R. F. D. Box 54.	MAUCKPORT, IND.
MILLER, WILLIAM P.		NEWELL, PENNA.
MILNARICH, GEORGE.		
MINNIS, JAMES S.	116 SNYDER ST.	CONNELLSVILLE, PENNA.
MITCHELL, CHARLES F.	DRAWER 63 A.	HOPEWELL, VA.
MITCHELL, GEORGE C.	408 W. 13TH ST.	CHATTANOOGA, VA.
MITCHELL, CHARLES F.		ROANOKE, VA.
MONAHAN, JAMES J.		
MONDINI, SANTINO	6 SECANE ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
MONTROSS, ELLSWORTH W.	22½ WILLARD AVE.	PONTIAC, MICH.
MOORE, JAMES A.	210 E. VERA ST.	HORTON, KAN.
MOORE, WALTER W.	6 W. WOOD AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
MORGAN, HAROLD M.	755 DEKALB ST	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MORGAN, THOMAS.	3368 FRANKFORD AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MORRISON, HARRY.	143 W. SELIGH AVE	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MOSES, HARRY M.		
MOSES, WILLIAM F.	DUPONT HOSPITAL	HOPEWELL, VA.
MOYLAN, EDWARD A.	R. F. D. No. 3.	WAYMART, PENNA.
MULL, HARRY G.	R. F. D. No. 1.	FAYETTEVILLE, PENNA.

## LEST WE FORGET

MULLEN, HARRY J.	2514 FRANKLIN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MULLEN, JOHN J.	1911 E. MONMOUTH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
MULVEY, WILLIAM J.	402 FORD ST.	BRIDGEPORT, PENNA.
MURRAY, IVAN A.	R. F. D. No. 2.	TITUSVILLE, PENNA.
NATALE, TONY.	114 E. MAIN ST.	MT. PLEASANT, PENNA.
NEASE, CLYDE CLOVER		BUFFALO, W. VA.
NEIGHBORS, RAYMOND C.	215 LUCK AVE., S. W.	ROANOKE, VA.
NESHEIM, MILO L.		MT. HOREB, WIS.
NEWELL, WILLIAM M.		FORT FAIRFIELD, ME.
NIANIATOS, PETER G.	30 MAIN ST.	BRADFORD, PENNA.
NIMMO, ORLIE J.		FARMINGTON, KY.
NOFFLEY, THOMAS T.		
NOLAN, VINCENT A.	5647 SPRAGUE ST.	GERMANTOWN, PENNA.
O'CONNOR, JOHN J.	1006 W. 5TH ST.	WARREN, PA.
O'CONNOR, LAWRENCE.	1200 W. 2D ST.	CHESTER, PENNA.
ODELL, PAUL V.		MULLIN, S. C.
ODGEN, LOUIS E.	213 CLARKSON AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
O'GRADY, HENRY W.		
OLIVER, GEORGE.	20 CONGRESS ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
O'NEILL, JOSEPH E.	2935 N. 8TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
ONET, TRALAN		
OPDYKE, ALBERT	R. F. D. No. 1.	DAYTON, OHIO
OSTROWSKI, JOHN A.	317 S. MAIN ST.	DURYEA, PENNA.
O'TOOLE, TERANCE.		EVERSON, PENNA.
PARKER, EDWARD		
PARKS, THOMAS B.		
PASSETTIE, ROBERT C.	5311 WYALUSING AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
PATCH, EDGAR M.		PETERSBURG, W. VA.
PATRIARCA, VINCENT.	1538 DICKINSON ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
PATTERSON, RICHARD A., JR.		
PAWLAK, HARRY	3351 MELWOOD ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
PAXTON, RUSSELL C.		
PAYNE, CARL B.	1240 HAMPTON AVE.	NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
PAYNE, WILLIAM S.	R. F. D. No. 2.	ULSTER, PENNA.
PEASE, FREDERICK H.	R. F. D. No. 7.	RICHMOND, VA.
PERSON, JOHN O.		BLUNT, S. DAK.
PERSON, WILLIAM C.	122 E. 4TH ST.	WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
PETERMAN, HOWARD J.	412 S. MARKET ST.	MUNCIE, PENNA.
PETERS, WALTER C.	2208 W. KIMBALL AVE.	CHICAGO, ILL.
PETERSON, MARTIN C.	R. F. D. No. 3, Box 34.	SUGAR GROVE, PENNA.
PETROWITZ, EDMUND A.	272 E. MAIN ST.	PLYMOUTH, PENNA.
PHILLIPS, CLARENCE E.		HOG BOTTOM, PENNA.
PHILLIPS, JOHN.	421 HYDE PARK AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
PIEPER, CHARLES F.	R. F. D.	MILFORD, PENNA.
PIESZEWSKI, THOMAS J.		
PINARD, HARRY F.		
PIKICH, SAM.		
PITTAKIR, DIMITRIOS.		
PITTMAN, ROBERT S.	358 12TH ST.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
PITTS, GILBERT H.	218 S. LAUREL ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
POINDEXTER, EMMETT H.		FREDERICKS HALL, VA.
POOL, BYRON		
POULSON, EDWARD F.		POWHATAN COURT HOUSE, VA.
POUST, LESTER M.		HUGHESVILLE, PENNA.
POWELL, GEORGE W.	258 N. SEMINARY ST.	COLLINSVILLE, ILL.



## LEST WE FORGET

POWERS, CURD.....	R. F. D. No. 3, Box 66.....	ABINGDON, VA.
POWSNER, MAURICE.....		
PRICE, JOHN D.....		
PRICE, ROSS.....		CRESCO, PENNA.
PRICE, THOMAS E.....		
PRIEST, MASON M.....		FREEMANSBURG, W. VA.
PULLIAN, ALBERT C.....	3003 HANOVER AVE.....	RICHMOND, VA.
PYSH, JOHN A.....	145 E. SHOEMAKER ST.....	MONESSEN, PENNA.
RACZELOWSKI, CHARLES.....	21 N. DAVIS ST.....	PROVIDENCE, R. I.
RADFORD, RICHARD C. W.....		FOREST DEPOT, VA.
RALL, SEYMOUR.....	814 PARK PLACE.....	WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA.
RALSTON, RAY R.....		
RANNOLDS, ROBERT G.....	202 E. FRANKLIN ST.....	RICHMOND, VA.
RANSON, HARRY G.....	1925 WASHINGTON ST.....	CARBONDALE, PENNA.
RAPOPORT, JULIUS N.....	814 N. 7TH ST.....	ALLENTOWN, PENNA.
RASSLER, HENRY E.....		WAYNE CITY, ILL.
RATHBUN, CURTIS H.....	297 DeKALB AVE.....	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
READER, WALTER B.....	806 HEBBUN ST.....	WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA.
RECKERT, MIKE.....		
REDMOND, NORMAN E.....	59 HIGH ST.....	DERBY, CONN.
REDWOOD, JOHN H.....	531 COLLICELLO ST.....	HARRISONBURG, VA.
REEDER, BENJAMIN F.....	R. F. D. No. 1.....	PENNSDALE, PENNA.
REEP, HARRY L.....	R. F. D.....	LAWRENCEVILLE, PENNA.
RENN, JOHN E.....	R. F. D. No. 1.....	SUNBURY, PENNA.
RENTSCHLER, HERBERT H.....	308 S. 16TH ST.....	READING, PENNA.
REX, EDWARD F.....	R. F. D. No. 1.....	DUNBAR, PENNA.
RIBICH, RODE.....		
RICARD, GEORGE A.....		CHERRY TREE, PENNA.
RICHARDSON, HERBERT E., JR.....	1802 GROVE AVE.....	RICHMOND, VA.
RIMBY, GEORGE H.....	MAIN ST. AND 7TH AVE.....	COLLEGEVILLE, PENNA.
RINEHART, IRA C.....	R. F. D. No. 1.....	MORRISDALE, PENNA.
RISLEY, HALFORD M.....	No. 4 MONUMENT SQUARE.....	MONTROSE, PENNA.
ROADARMEL, HOWARD B.....	618 W. CHESTNUT ST.....	SHAMOKIN, PENNA.
ROAT, WALTER A.....		WASHINGTONVILLE, PENNA.
ROBERTSON, WALTER H.....	2204 E. GRACE ST.....	RICHMOND, VA.
ROBINSON, RAYMOND W.....		
ROBISON, RAY J.....	22 E. GRAND ST.....	NEW CASTLE, PENNA.
ROLAND, WILLIAM W.....	705 6TH AVE.....	JUNIATA, PENNA.
ROOK, WALTER R.....	110 WASHINGTON ST.....	WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA.
ROOS, HENRY.....		
ROSENBAUM, CARL D.....		TARBORO, N. C.
ROSENBERG, ANDREW E.....	1103 HAMILTON AVE.....	FARRELL, PENNA.
ROULSTON, JAMES.....	2113 TITAN AVE.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
RUPP, FRANK.....	R. F. D. No. 4.....	MECHANICSBURG, PENNA.
RUSO, GREGORIO.....	319 CHESTER ST.....	LANCASTER, PENNA.
RUSSO, HARRY H.....	185 E. WALNUT LANE.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
RUYAK, PAUL.....	811 E. 6TH ST.....	SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENNA.
RYAN, JOHN J.....	1050 JACKSON ST.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
RYDER, HERBERT S.....		MILL GAP, PENNA.
RYDMAN, ORVILLE H.....		
RYLAND, JOSEPH B.....	R. F. D. No. 1.....	SOUTH HILL, VA.
RZEPSKI, JOHN J.....		
SANDS, GERALD L.....	P. O. Box No. 27.....	CHANDLER VALLEY, PENNA.
SANTARCANGELO, GUISEPPE.....	163 MEADOW ST.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
SANTEE, ROBERT J.....	R. F. D. No. 2.....	EASTON, PENNA.

LEST WE FORGET

SARGENT, JAY DeWITT	238 W. 136TH ST.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
SARVER, LONDON A.		
SAUNDERS, ARTHUR H.	2221 GROVE AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
SAUTER, JOSEPH A.	5 HAMILTON ST.	AMSTERDAM, N. Y.
SAVASON, EDWARD.	514 E. TUS STREET.	CANTON, OHIO
SAWYER, WILLIAM F.	1522 PENNSYLVANIA AVE.	TYRONE, PENNA.
SCANLAND, HORACE M.		ELLISTON, VA.
SCHAEF, CHARLES H.	3216 P ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
SCHAFER, MIKE.		BROWNFIELD, PENNA.
SCHATZLE, CHARLES.	R. F. D. No. 2.	PALMERTON, PENNA.
SCHIFFERLI, FRANCIS.		
SCHLATER, FRANCIS.		
SCHLOSSER, WALTER.	3515 FRANKFORD AVE.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SCHMIDT, GEORGE.	230 CAMERON AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
SCHMOYER, HARVEY M.	742 N. 7TH ST.	ALLENTOWN, PENNA.
SCHNELL, ALBERT H.	6349 REEDLAND ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SCHOLL, ADAM A.	419 ORCHARD ST.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
SCHREIBER, WILLIAM M.	537 TIONESTA AVE.	KANE, PENNA.
SCHULTZ, FRED C.	487 GRANT ST.	BUFFALO, N. Y.
SCHWARTZ, ALBERT G.	R. F. D. No. 4.	HOLMESSDALE, PENNA.
SCOTT, ROBERT H.	MURPHY'S HOTEL.	RICHMOND, VA.
SEAGER, EUGENE W.	779 EXETER ST.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
SEMONES, DORSEY G.		LONE ASH, VA.
SHAFFER, CARL I.		GRAVITY, PENNA.
SHAW, EARL F.	10 BARRY ST.	STROUDSBURG, PENNA.
SHAW, GEORGE.	415 DURFOR ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SHEARS, WILLIAM H.		FORESTVILLE, MD.
SHEETS, JOHN H.		
SHELLEY, ISAAC B.	4420 SAMSON ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SHEPPARD, JAMES L., JR.	2008 MONUMENT AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
SHEPPERLY, CLARENCE R.	404 E. MAIN ST.	HAZELTON, PENNA.
SHORT, WILLIAM A.	R. F. D. No. 1.	POUND, VA.
SHUKITIS, JOSEPH P.	601 W. MAHANoy ST.	MAHANoy CITY, PENNA.
SHUNK, FREDERICK.	29 S. 4TH ST.	READING, PENNA.
SIEGLER, MAURICE.	27 JOHNSON AVE.	NEWARK, N. J.
SIELFELD, JOHN A.	100 S. 61ST ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SIEVERS, GLENN S.	R. F. D. No. 1.	WHITE HEATH, ILL.
SILVERSTEIN, HERMAN.	2335 S. MILDRED ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SIMMONS, LYLE M.	110 FRONT ST.	MARIETTA, PENNA.
SIMONS, JACOB.		
SIMONS, KARL O.		MADISONVILLE, PENNA.
SIMS, STANLEY J.	3212 GAUL ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SKIFFINGTON, JOHN P.	R. F. D. No. 2.	HATFIELD, PENNA.
SKINNER, ROY R.	R. F. D. No. 1.	PLINY, W. VA.
SKIRWAINIS, STANLEY.	3113 LIVINGSTON ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SLIVENICK, JOSEPH.		
SMASAL, BENJAMIN J.		
SMILEY, HOMER D.	718 FRONT ST.	VERONA, PENNA.
SMITH, BENJAMIN H.	38 S. MAIN ST.	MUNCY, PENNA.
SMITH, GEORGE M.		STUART, VA.
SMITH, HARRY P.	1152 26TH ST.	NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
SMITH, HERBERT G.	2309 CHESTNUT AVE.	NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
SMITH, JIM.	219 25TH ST.	NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
SMITH, JOHN J.	R. F. D. No. 3.	CONNERSVILLE, IND.

## LEST WE FORGET

SMITH, JOHN P.	510 NORTH ST.	McSHERRYSTOWN, PENNA.
SMITH, JOSEPH J.	3218 W. DAUPHIN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SMITH, JOSEPH L.		CLEVELAND, VA.
SMITH, MORRIS S.	612 DUDLEY ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SMITH, RALPH	801 MARKET ST.	SUNBURY, PENNA.
SMITH, STUART	14 SOUTH ST.	UNION, S. C.
SMITH, THOMAS		BRISBIN, PENNA.
SMITH, WINFIELD R.		CENTRALIA, VA.
SNYDER, LYLE	450 ELMIRA ST.	WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA.
SNYDER, PAUL J.		
SPAID, DANIEL B.		CONCORD, W. VA.
SPENCER, GEORGE D.	R. F. D. No. 3	PULASKI, VA.
STAINBACK, THEODORE E.	N. QUEEN ST.	KINSTON, N. C.
STAMBERGER, HENRY M.	802 N. 26TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
STANLEY, PERRY A.	GENERAL DELIVERY	KENNETH, MO.
STEELEY, CLARENCE K.	5TH ST.	PERRASIE, PENNA.
STEEPRO, HALL A.	R. R. No. 1.	MAUCKPORT, IND.
STEIGERWAIT, HERBERT K.	453 GRAND ST.	DUNKIRK, IND.
STEIN, CLYDE M.	120 21ST ST.	SHARPSBURG, VA.
STEINBERG, PAUL	1041 AMELIA ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
STEPHENS, ADAM F.	118 E. 18TH ST.	ERIE, PENNA.
STEWART, CARL D.		GUYSVILLE, OHIO
STEWART, PAUL T.		WOODSVILLE, PENNA.
STIMSON, BENJAMIN A.	330 E. BROAD ST.	STATESVILLE, N. C.
ST. JOHN, EDWARD		U. S. ARMY
STOCK, CHARLES C.	P. O. Box 41	HAMPTON, VA.
STONEFORD, THOMAS M.		
STRAYER, LEROY M.		
STUHMILLER, CHARLES F.	216 WYOMING AVE.	BUFFALO, N. Y.
STYNE, LOUIS E.		BUCHANA, VA.
SUMMER, GUY G.	1230 ORANGE AVE.	ROANOKE, VA.
SUTLE, JACK	619 26TH ST.	NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
SUTTON, GEORGE E.	112 16TH ST.	WHEELING, W. VA.
SWAIN, ROLLO M.		OCKLEY, IND.
SWARTZ, FREDERICK J.	MORAVIAN ST.	SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENNA.
SWEARINGER, FRED C.	R. F. D. No. 1	PEORIA, ILL.
SWEENEY, MICHAEL J.	817 COURT ST.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
TALCOTT, ARTHUR W.		KESWICK, VA.
TALIAFERRO, HARRY G.	2609 E. BROAD ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
TAPPEN, FRANK E.	812 CUMBERLAND AVE.	BRISTOL, VA.
TAYLOR, JAMES H.	18 E. MOUNTAIN ST.	WINCHESTER, VA.
TERRAMANI, ANTONIO	307 FORWARD AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
TERRIZZI, TONY	1ST ST.	WILLIAMSBURG, PENNA.
THOMAS, RALPH C.		BLACKSBURG, VA.
THORNTON, BERTRAM B.		MARION, VA.
TIBBETTS, WILLIAM H.	5712 N. AMERICAN ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
TIGNOR, JAMES A.	R. F. D. No. 2, Box 17	ASHLAND, VA.
TIGNOR, THOMAS W.	2900 E. BROAD ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
TILLER, PERCY D.	2225 FLOYD AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
TOMPKINS, WILLIAM	2118 STEWART AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
TONELLI, AMEDEO	1320 S. 15TH ST.	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
TOSH, JAMES C.	20 STRAND ST.	WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.
TOWLE, HERBERT A.	2426 6TH AVE.	MOLINE, ILL.
TRAYER, ALBERT R.		

LEST WE FORGET

TROTTER, VERGIL.....	989 HUMBOLDT PARKWAY.....	BUFFALO, N. Y.
TSCHUDY, HAROLD J.....		TRENTON, ILL.
TUCKER, ELLIS N.....		
TUCKER, SAMUEL N.....		SMITHFIELD, W. VA.
UMBEL, HARRY C.....	173 COOLSPRING ST.....	UNIONTOWN, PENNA.
USAL, PETER.....		
UTISONOVICH, STANKO.....	929 S. MAPLE ST.....	MT. CARMEL, PENNA.
VANCAMP, CLIFFORD L.....		
VANLANDINGHAM, HARRY S.....	59 S. DIVISON ST.....	WEST POINT, MISS.
VARKER, PHILIP J.....	106 S. COURTLAND ST.....	E. STROUDSBURG, PENNA.
VAUGHAN, MACK A.....	717 E. 2d ST.....	OTTUMWA, IOWA
VEAZEY, HARRY C.....	R. F. D.....	MARLTON, N. J.
VICARY, CHESTER M.....	R. F. D.....	PEORIA, ILL.
VOGELSONG, GUY L.....	R. F. D.....	MECHANICSBURG, PENNA.
VOITH, LOUIS J.....	1909 COLWELL ST.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
VOLKER, H. HERBERT.....		
WAGAR, LEGRAND.....	542 7TH ST.....	TROY, N. Y.
WALKER, RALPH J.....	318 CHAPEL ST.....	HAMPTON, VA.
WALLWORK, JAMES H.....	505 MARKET ST.....	OTTUMWA, IOWA
WALSH, ANDREW.....	6615 ROSS ST.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
WALTHALL, HENRY F.....	NO. 8 WINNIFRED PLACE.....	CHARLOTTE, N. C.
WALTZ, VERNON.....		MONTGOMERYVILLE, PENNA.
WARNER, FRANK G.....	1522 S. MARSTON ST.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
WARNER, LOUIS.....	407 MAIN ST.....	BEUWOOD, W. VA.
WARRINER, HENRY G.....	R. F. D. No. 4.....	RICHMOND, VA.
WATERS, EUGENE B.....		SANDY LAKE, PENNA.
WATLINGTON, OSCAR B.....		MIDLOTHIAN, VA.
WATTS, JOSEPH P.....	1179 HAMPTON AVE.....	NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
WEBER, GEORGE V.....	204 PHILADELPHIA AVE.....	PITTSSTON, PENNA.
WEBER, HOMER F.....	R. F. D. No. 1.....	SPRINGFIELD, MO.
WECKERL, CHARLES A.....	259 EDWIN PLACE.....	GLENDALE, L. I., N. Y.
WEGEFORTH, CHANNING L.....	1303 S. 57TH ST.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
WELLS, FLETCHER G.....	619 MONROE ST.....	DANVILLE, VA.
WERT, ELMER B.....		CARLISLE, PENNA.
WEYELS, WILLIAM H.....		NEW EAGLE, PENNA.
WEYMAN, GRANT.....		
WHEELER, ALLEN R.....		NARROWS, VA.
WHITACRE, ISAAC M.....		DEHAVEN, VA.
WHITAKER, WILLIAM F.....	613 GRACE ST.....	WILMINGTON, N. C.
WHITE, BURNETTE G.....		MADISON, VA.
WHITE, JOHN T.....	R. F. D. No. 1.....	HICKORY, PENNA.
WHITE, OWEN P.....		EL PASO, TEXAS
WHITESELL, JAMES S.....		AVEONMORE, PENNA.
WHITTET, ROBERT, JR.....	410 N. ALLEN AVE.....	RICHMOND, VA.
WICKHAM, JOHN F.....	39 DODGE ST.....	DUBUQUE, IOWA
WIENER, IGNAZ.....		
WIGDOR, HARRY.....	1485 BROOK AVE.....	NEW YORK, N. Y.
WILKERSON, BYRON C.....	313 HERMAN AVE.....	NORFOLK, VA.
WILKINSON, WALTER.....	R. F. D. No. 1.....	BELLE MEAD, N. J.
WILLIAMS, CLARENCE E.....		BRIDGEPORT, W. VA.
WILLIAMS, JAMES M.....		MCCONNELLSVILLE, S. C.
WILLIAMS, THOMAS A.....		MIDDLETOWN, VA.
WILLIAMS, THOMAS F.....		MARION, VA.
WILLIS, CHARLES K., JR.....	2214 GROVE AVE.....	RICHMOND, VA

## LEST WE FORGET

WILTSHIRE, AUBIN B.	502 N. 26TH ST.	RICHMOND, VA.
WINKELMAN, HENRY	724 BROWNSVILLE RD.	KNOXVILLE, PENNA.
WINTERS, AUGUST C.	124 OLD CRANBERRY	WEST HAZELTON, PENNA.
WISE, JOHN E.		ACCOMAC, VA.
WITHERS, HERBERT F.		GLENNVILLE, W. VA.
WOLFE, DAVE.	1624 FLOYD AVE.	RICHMOND, VA.
WOLFE, HERMAN D.	R. F. D. No. 1.	SHIPPENSBURG, PENNA.
WOLFE, ROY A.		PITTSFIELD, WARREN CO., PENNA.
WOOD, HERBERT E.		CHARLOTTSVILLE, VA.
WOOLFORD, ELMER B.	826 W. JOHN ST.	ST. MARTINSBURG, VA.
WOOMER, WILLIAM H.	MAIN ST.	MEYERSTOWN, PENNA.
WRAY, MAX P.		
YAVORSKY, MICHAEL J.	Box 60	DONORA, PENNA.
YOCUM, LLOYD W.	R. F. D. No. 2.	TOWNVILLE, PENNA.
YODER, IRA F.	924 CHEW ST.	ALLENTOWN, PENNA.
YOUNG, HARRY K.	29 TABB ST.	PETERSBURG, VA.
YOUNG, JOHN W.		
YOUNG, JOSEPH R.		MANGER, PENNA.
YOUNG, RAYMOND G.	1601 16TH ST.	ALTOONA, PENNA.
YOUNG, ROBERT R.		
ZEIGLER, MEYER		MUNSON, PENNA.
ZIEGLER, FRED H.	501 CEDAR AVE.	SCRANTON, PENNA.
ZIMMERLY, FRED W.		
ZWEIR, GEORGE H.	553 WEIDMAN ST.	LEBANON, PENNA.

## QUARTERMASTER DETACHMENT

## QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS

BRASWELL, WILLIAM T.		BUFFALO VALLEY, TENN.
GILL, THOMAS E.	386 BERGER ST.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
WALLE, FRANCIS T.	60 GREEN ST.	MALDEN, MASS.

## SERGEANT FIRST-CLASS

POTTER, BERNARD E.		CONSTANTINE, MICH.
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## SERGEANTS

ALESHIRE, BASIL L.	R. F. D. No. 3.	LURAY, VA.
DEICHMANN, GEORGE		NEW ATHENS, ILL.
GILLESPIE, WILLIAM H.	718 FLORIDA ST.	CHARLESTOWN, W. VA.
GOODMAN, HARRY L.	900 MIFFLIN ST.	HUNTINGTON, PENNA.
LOW, WILLIS W.		CULVER, IND.
MCCORMACK, JAMES P.	19 MAPLE ST.	SALEM, MASS.
MCSAAC, FRANCIS E.	162 ROSSITER ST.	DORCHESTER, BOSTON, MASS.

## PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS

DROUBIE, GEORGE.	3300 26TH ST.	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LAIRD, JOHN S.	2488 ELM PLACE.	BROXN, N. Y.
LEDCO, LOUIS E.	100 NEWTON ST.	HOLYOKE, MASS.

## PRIVATEES

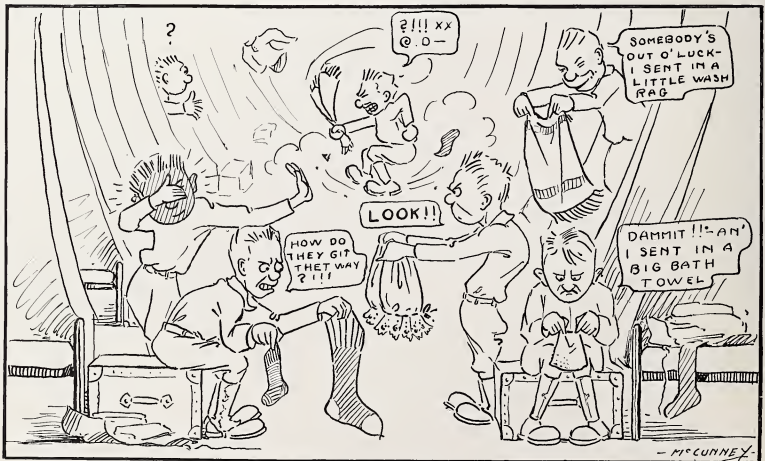
HARDIN, CARL W.		FAIRVIEW, OKLA.
HELL, CHARLES R.	343 HEGEMAN AVE.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
MELANSON, ORIS J.	249 MOODY ST.	WALTHAM, MASS.
THOMAS, THOMAS H.	400 RIVER AVE.	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

## PROPERTY OFFICE, MEDICAL SUPPLY DEPOT

SERGEANT FRANCIS JONES.....	WILMINGTON, DEL.
SERGEANT JOSEPH SEIMS.....	STRATFORD, CONN.
PRIVATE THOMAS E. HUME.....	NEW YORK, N. Y.
PRIVATE ELMER VERDIER.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
PRIVATE JOHN STOOPS.....	PENNSBORO, W. VA.
PRIVATE WILLIAM RONAN.....	COLUMBIA, PENNA.
PRIVATE ABRAHAM DAVIS.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
PRIVATE CLIFTON ANDREWS.....	NORFOLK, VA.
PRIVATE HOWARD JARVIS.....	NORFOLK, VA.
PRIVATE SAMUEL P. KENDT.....	BETHLEHEM, PENNA.

## FIRE STATION No. 3, BASE HOSPITAL

SERGEANT, FIRST-CLASS, IGNATIUS E. MURPHY.....	2763 N. BONSALE ST.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
SERGEANT, A. ALLEN C. LEWIS.....		STRAITS, N. C.
PRIVATE, FIRST-CLASS, JOHN E. CASSIDY.....	3137 N. 23D ST.....	PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
PRIVATE WILLIAM J. TATE.....	542 E. 5TH ST.....	ERIE, PENNA.
PRIVATE JOHN J. SCULLY.....	242 E. 4TH ST.....	ERIE, PENNA.
PRIVATE FRANK J. WOSKOWIAK.....	3013 BRERRETON AVE.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
PRIVATE ARCHIE D. HALL.....	342 ATWOOD ST.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
PRIVATE JAMES J. ROBERTS.....	375 MAIN ST.....	PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
PRIVATE CECIL PRY.....	815 S. 9TH ST. (REAR).....	SCRANTON, PENNA.
PRIVATE JAMES SMITH.....	WEIGLER AVE.....	WAHL, PENNA.
PRIVATE ROBERT P. SEBRELL.....	1003 WASHINGTON ST.....	PORTSMOUTH, VA.
PRIVATE BERNARD B. BUTLER.....	DRURY'S BLUFF.....	RICHMOND, VA.



GETTING BACK THE LAUNDRY

## PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS RATED NURSE

When a fellow's detailed in a ward, to wait upon some  
ginks,

What has the Scarlet Fever or the Mumps.

To serve three-dozen full diet meals, and some twenty-  
odd soft drinks,

And he's working sixteen hours on the jumps.

Then whoever heard a feller sing, "My country 'tis  
of Thee"

When he's fifty-seven patients to attend.

There ain't no time to think about "The noble brave  
and free,"

Tho' he thinks the same as you all in the end.

He's a-working (it's his business), and he's drawing  
crumby pay,

For his sour-belly, slum, and prunes, and drink.

But when you put him on the job, he's there and there  
to stay,

If the fever doesn't put him on the blink.

When the Surgeon of the Ward comes 'round, at nine  
o'clock each day,

And he gives his orders for the daily grind.

It's up to him to do the job, and never mind  
the pay,

If he's troubles of his own, he's not to mind.

When the Wards are full of patients, and they're bring-  
ing more each day,

And the ambulance is working overtime.

He'll get right down to his job, for he's there and there  
to stay,

And if you ask him "How's ' things," he'll answer,  
"Fine."

He's not the man who stops to sing a song about the  
"Flag,"

Or sing verses with a patriotic tone.

He's got a patient lying hot, and wilted to a rag,

And he's working mighty hard, and all alone.

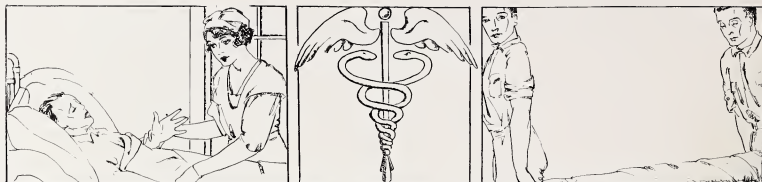
It's a job that calls for men of grit, and men with lots of sand,  
And a weakling there isn't tolerated.

He doesn't have to stand and sing about "My native Land."

He's a nurse, or rather, that's the way he's rated.



"LINE-UP!"



## OUR GREATEST BATTLE

A Base Hospital 3000 miles from the seat of war is supposed to see but little of battles, and yet to compare the experience which our Hospital passed through during the influenza epidemic to a battle is not such a far cry after all, if the mortality figures are considered.

At Camp Lee, one-third of the personnel of the Hospital were laid on their backs and one Officer, eight Nurses and sixteen of the Enlisted men gave their lives. About 8000 patients passed through the Hospital, of whom 700 died.

None of us are likely to forget the story of how the thing came upon us—a few innocent looking cases of bronchitis straggling in until the 13th of September when 23 cases were admitted, and it was seen that something was coming off. The next day 112, then 316, and from that time on they came in by the hundreds.

What this all meant in actual physical labor can be judged only by those who saw it. The hurried evacuation of wards by transfer and discharge of patients, to make room for influenza victims, the fitting up of barracks with all the necessaries for the care of the sick. To receive these patients involved a terrific amount of hard work under stress of immediate and constant demand for more room.

Then came the job of caring for the patients—with an insufficient force, all overworked and many of them were quite new to the work, but all of whom turned to and cheerfully gave the best that was in them.

In the meantime the auxilliary forces were hard at it. The Receiving Ward was indeed a sight to behold and was making history. Swamped by day and super-swamped by night it calmly went on receiving them, sorting, and conveying them to their appointed wards by ambulance, stretcher and by shank's mare, if it had to work until daybreak to finish the job, and it sometimes did. Later the process was reversed and they all had to pass out by that same gate wherein they came all except the seven hundred odd who went out another way. That is another part of the story, and not a cheerful part, but we are glad and proud to have done what we did for those seven hundred boys from the time they came into the Hospital and until we sent them back to their homes.

The work of the force in the Registrar's Office was tremendous in amount and of vital importance. Beside the routine Hospital work and reports, greatly magnified by the volume of the work the Hospital was doing, the relatives of all the seriously ill had to be notified daily of their condition and the complicated procedures in

case of the death of a soldier had to be faultlessly carried out seven hundred times in six weeks.

The Information Office was not exactly idle, keeping track of all the patients and meeting countless distressed relatives. The Quartermaster and Property Office forces had to meet sudden and large demands. The Mess force had multitudes to feed. The augmented forces of the Medical Chief's Office worked day and night, keeping the clinical records and handling the business of the Medical side. If the Sergeant in charge had lost as much weight as he did sleep, he would have disappeared in two days. However, he seemed to thrive on the opportunity to utilize his "infinite resources and sagacity," much to the benefit of the efficiency of the office. The Sergeant-Major's Office of course, had a finger on every pulse, and pulses were many and lively in those days. In fact no office or department in the Hospital was idle, but was as high speed and high pressure throughout our "Greatest Battle."

The size and intensity of the work has been suggested. How was it done? In the first place it was done cheerfully and good naturedly. In the midst of serious illness and quick death, which might as well take one man as the next, the pest was lightly spoken of as "The Flu" and jokes and grins could not be smothered by piratical masks or canonical gowns. In the second place it was done conscientiously and well. Many of the Detachment were new arrivals and entirely unused to hospital ways and needs, but they threw themselves into the work with an enthusiasm that soon counterbalanced their lack of experience. Lastly it was done bravely.

It was not long after the epidemic began that numbers of our personnel began to fall by the wayside; first a few, then by the dozens, familiar faces would disappear from bedside or office and be found waiting their turn in the Receiving Ward, for a bed, where they could fight it out for recovery. About one-third of the Enlisted personnel (329 out of 982) were admitted. The Nursing force suffered even more heavily proportionately, almost one-half (148 out of 293) being affected. The rate was not so high among the Medical staff, of whom only one quarter (27 out of 141) were sick.

Those who died in this battle gave their lives for their country and the cause of Liberty as truly as any who succumbed to poison gas or machine-gun bullets. We all remember some of them. All are remembered by some. Let us all remember all of them.





## In Memoriam

### Officers

WENDELL J. PHILLIPS  
1ST LIEUTENANT, M.C.

### Died

OCTOBER 13, 1918

### Nurses

ANNA MURPHY  
GRACE MARIE FALKENBERG  
MARGARET R. GRIMES  
CATHERINE J. MCGUIRE  
LILLY MAE OWENS  
JUDITH S. VIBERG

### Died

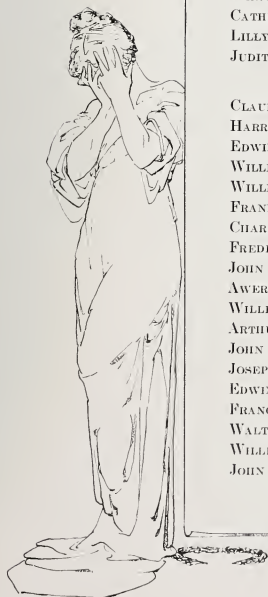
SEPTEMBER 28, 1918  
OCTOBER 5, 1918  
OCTOBER 9, 1918  
OCTOBER 10, 1918  
OCTOBER 10, 1918  
OCTOBER 14, 1918

### Enlisted Men

CLAUDE A. SUMMERS  
HARRY E. BROCIOSUS  
EDWIN A. ABBOTT  
WILLIAM H. FENTON  
WILLIAM J. DEISENROTH  
FRANK RUPP  
CHARLES S. KELL  
FREDERICK A. BEAUMONT  
JOHN W. CONRAD  
AWERKA HLUCZYK  
WILLIAM C. PEISSON  
ARTHUR G. KRAMER  
JOHN PHILLIPS  
JOSEPH F. DELANEY  
EDWIN A. DREISBACH  
FRANCIS P. MCSHERRY  
WALTER T. BLANKENSHIP  
WILLIAM H. CHALKER  
JOHN G. AREFORD

### Died

MARCH 26, 1918  
SEPTEMBER 28, 1918  
OCTOBER 1, 1918  
OCTOBER 1, 1918  
OCTOBER 2, 1918  
OCTOBER 3, 1918  
OCTOBER 4, 1918  
OCTOBER 5, 1918  
OCTOBER 6, 1918  
OCTOBER 6, 1918  
OCTOBER 6, 1918  
OCTOBER 6, 1918  
OCTOBER 7, 1918  
OCTOBER 11, 1918  
OCTOBER 11, 1918  
OCTOBER 11, 1918  
OCTOBER 19, 1918  
NOVEMBER 17, 1918  
FEBRUARY 27, 1919



## THE INFLUENZA ANNEX



On September 27, 1918, when the epidemic of influenza had overtaken this cantonment, it was considered advisable to open an Annex to the Base Hospital for emergency cases. A few Officers, Nurses and Enlisted men were selected from the personnel of the Base Hospital and a series of barracks at 27th Street and Avenue "A" were chosen for this undertaking.

At first seven barracks were decided upon and the 9th and 10th Battalions, who occupied the barracks were moved to tents to make room for their more unfortunate brothers.

It only took two days and nights to prepare for our "customers" and on October 1st, we received our first batch of patients. On October 3d we found, by a careful canvas of the camp battalions, that it would be practical to reserve more accommodations, so our branch Hospital, like a regular business concern, commenced to take over other barracks until we had twenty of them fully equipped and ready for patients.

The Annex was under strict quarantine and it was almost necessary to have a picture of yourself in addition to a pass to get past the guards.

We were organized the same as the Base Hospital proper and had administrative Officers with administrative titles. Major Francis P. Emerson, M. C., was the Commanding Officer; Lieutenant John C. Eckhardt, M. C., was the Adjutant;

Lieutenant Olin G. McKenzie, M. C., was our Property Officer; Lieutenant Andrew M. Huffman, M. C., was the Detachment Commander and Mess Officer; Lieutenant Edgar Snowden, M. C., was assigned as Receiving Officer and Registrar; Captain Chauncey L. Palmer, M. C., as Assistant Receiving Officer; and Miss Thompson as Dietitian.

From time to time, it was found advisable to call on the Camp Surgeon for additional Medical Officers because the Base Hospital was unable to supply them. Enlisted men from the "line" were detailed to handle wards and take over fatigue duties and it was an experience they will long remember. It gave them an insight into the work encountered by the Medical Department when emergencies of this proportion were encountered.

Each and every one of them seemed to realize that we were up against it and they went to their work like true soldiers. It was through their efforts that the work of the Nurses and the Ward Surgeons was greatly facilitated.

The Quartermaster Corps had us at their finger tips and were ever suggesting things needed but forgotten or overlooked in our first anxiety—that of being ready. It was with their co-operation that we were able to make good.

The Camp Sanitary Officer, Major Todd, always had our Annex under his eagle eye and we found his help truly essential to further the success. Our Commanding Officer, Major Emerson, had the situation in hand at all times.



THE STAFF, INFLUENZA ANNEX

## LEST WE FORGET

It was his personality that was the first real move towards success. He firmly grasped the situation and demonstrated that his was the Master Mind. His selection as Officer-in-charge proved the good judgment of the Commanding Officer of the Base Hospital.

The Nurses at the Base were all eager to assist. They felt the training at our Annex would prove to be valuable army experience. Conditions were a little different from those to which they had been accustomed, but they soon overcame their embarrassment and pitched in with their true "do or die" spirit.

dred patients. The visitors were ushered into the parlor of the building where a large open fireplace was always burning and it helped give the visitors an entirely different impression than the one they had when they first entered camp. It seemed as if Providence had put this building just where it would be most needed.

The Army Chaplains were on the "firing line" and we feel that their services were a great help to us as well as to the patients in those trying days.

With all our difficulties, and we confess there were many, amusing incidents cropped up here and there



INTERIOR OF A WARD AT THE ANNEX

Our death average was exceedingly low. There were no shells to disturb us—just little bugs, invisible to the naked eye, and they were working more havoc than all the shells or explosives our great army encountered "over there."

The Y. M. C. A. Building located on Avenue "A" below 27th Street was considered most desirable for the location of our executive offices and it was very kindly loaned to us. The building gave us a place to solve our little difficulties, administratively speaking, because interruptions were as scarce as vegetation at Camp Lee. But the greatest feature of the building was that we were able to entertain the relatives and friends of our patients, and this meant a great problem solved because at one time we had over eighteen hun-

and they helped make us forget the hardships and helped smooth over the rough spots. One day, one of our Enlisted men encountered a colored woman who was making inquiries about her son. She was informed that her son had unfortunately just died. At first she took the news very badly but soon rallied and inquired if her son had been insured. We told her that her son carried ten thousand dollars insurance; she looked startled, and then burst out with this exclamation, "I wish I hadda couple moh sons foatunet enuff to defend der country." Various amusing incidents were a great help to us.

Our experiences will long be remembered, and many of us will often look back on our "fighting" days at the Influenza Annex. Could we ever forget them?

## OUR CHAPLAINS



CHAPLAIN ROBERT F. TALLMADGE



CHAPLAIN ROBERT NELSON



CHAPLAIN AARON H. ANGLIN



**F**OLLOWING in the wake of the Declaration of War by the President, the flower of American manhood rose to take up arms against a foreign enemy that had sorely tested the patience of a peace-loving nation. In the hearts of those who loved and sought and hoped that war might not disrupt the nation's life, there came a change. The pitiful voice of humanity appealing for help had stirred the heart strings of a great nation. Her answer to the pleading call was the steady tread of her million sons to the strain of martial music. From every state, city and town; from the mill and from the farm; from the counting-house and factory; out of the lowly home as well as palatial mansion came the royal, red-blooded sons of American manhood. Undaunted, this vast army was sent into training to be efficient in the art of modern warfare. The expectation of going "over there" ran high. Weeks of hard labor were to be spent in khaki before the final issue of equipment would be given them for foreign service. At length the great ships with their precious cargo of human freight departed from our shores amid the glad rejoicings of a proud nation bidding all "God speed and a safe return."

Back in the home that had been left, busy hands were helping in their own way to further the cause of Democracy. Proud, indeed, were they who could not go, to hang in the window the cherished service flag which so silently told the story of its being.

A mighty army must needs be sent across to fight on foreign shores, but in order that that same army could be maintained, there was need of another large force to be retained at home. In all the great camps where the men were being trained it was of the utmost necessity to man the Hospitals where the sick were to be treated and cared for and restored to health. This required a large body of men. Many a boy who had left home in high spirits, hoping to be of service with

the army across the sea, was assigned to do his bit in one of the various Hospitals throughout the country. The desire to go over-seas was difficult to down. The die had been cast. Undaunted, they set to work in earnest, foregoing the pleasure of being enlisted in the American Expeditionary forces.

It was not long, however, before the members of the Medical Detachment found that their services were of vital importance to the Government in its care for the sick soldiers. Many of the boys had to learn the various duties connected with the efficient hospital management as their previous occupations were of an entirely different nature. Neither spirit nor will was lacking.

The tremendous task which had fallen upon the government—efficiently to train and supply her troops in military tactics—did not exclude the necessity of also looking to the spiritual welfare of those million boys who had left home to take their places in the ranks. In order to meet this necessity the call for Chaplains was sent out. The response was immediate. From their various churches and ministerial duties; from the lecture-platforms as well as from the missions; the Chaplains sought permission to do their share for the men who had so readily responded to the call "to arms!" There is no doubting the fact that the glory of having gone over-seas; to have been exposed to the inclemency of the weather and death-dealing bullets, both of which have been the cause of the non-return of some of our boys, demand recognition for high valor and loyalty to country. Nevertheless, the honor attached to the service of the boys who exposed their lives during the epidemics which swept through some of the camps is deserving of no less praise.

Owing to the fact that there were not enough commissioned Chaplains to fill the needs of the army, civilian Chaplains were assigned to do work in the camps. Too, much praise cannot be given these men.

Had it not been for their untiring efforts, much good that might have been done would have been omitted. Such was the circumstance in the Base Hospital.

For almost a year the needs of the Hospital were attended to by civilian Chaplains. Their efforts were untiring and the good resulting from their work is still manifest. In addition to the work among the patients of the Hospital, there was also that among the men of the Detachment which required not a little time. In this latter they were ably assisted by the various Welfare Organizations which have done untold good for the boys, both here at home and those who were sent over-seas. In all the wards of the Hospital writing material was furnished and the boys were encouraged to write to the folks at home. The many and constant wants of the sick, whether it be to perform a trifling errand, or to gladden their hearts with some of the many creature comforts which mean so much to the invalid, is only part of the work done by members of these organizations who have given their time for such Christian work. Entertainments of various kind were given and athletic games were had as often as duties permitted.

It was not until the end of September, 1918, that the first Commissioned Chaplains were assigned to duty in the Hospital. They came at a time when their services were of the utmost importance as the epidemic of influenza was then raging throughout the camp. Enough has already been said of the devastation wrought by the invisible foe which laid low so many thousands of the boys in khaki. To what has already been said of the work done by the boys who devoted themselves unstintingly and fearlessly, even eagerly seeking danger, to be of service to those who were stricken, little need be added. They will wear no gold service stripes proclaiming them heroes of that terrible epidemic, but the memory of their loyal service will live in the minds of those with whom they toiled, a memory that will not tarnish with the advance of time.

Their spirit of self-sacrifice and charity was manifest in deeds. The truly Christian spirit of self-forgetfulness in expending every effort for the sick and dying is the greatest criterion of their appreciation of their duty towards their Maker and Country.

The influence of the Chaplain, especially in a Base Hospital is exerted along more than one line. In addition to his first care—that of visiting the sick, and administering to their spiritual needs, especially in the hour of death, there are other opportunities which afford his coming in close touch with the men. Through the medium of athletics is the Chaplain able to learn more of the men under his guidance, coming, as he does, both on the ballfield and in the gymnasium, in the closest intimacy with the boys. Here he is more easily approached and the good he is able to exert is of incalculable benefit. His example will often be the cause for the change in another's life and be the inspiration of close companionship.

There was no want of opportunity to attend Divine service on Sundays. Every effort was made to give Protestant and Catholic alike the full benefit of Religious teaching. The Red Cross Building was used for all Protestant services, while the little Chapel was used by the Catholics and Episcopalians. A special advantage in having the different services in separate buildings did away with the necessity of trying to arrange special hours for service without interfering with one another. During the influenza epidemic the Chapel had to be used for the dead. When the scourge had abated the building was thoroughly renovated and painted, thus making it a most likely place to hold services.

In an Army Hospital such as this the daily work of the Chaplain plays a great and important part owing to the fact that the number of patients is so large. One cannot but carry away pleasant memories of the days, some of which were trying to say the least, spent at the Base Hospital at Camp Lee, Virginia.



# AT OUR SERVICE



## THE RED CROSS

### The American Red Cross!

The name alone has been on the tongues of millions. The gift it has provided for the world is a living testimony for its usefulness. It has fostered the motherless. It has soothed the weary. It has nourished the starving. It has satisfied the thirst of the dying. It has checked the living blood of the wounded and maimed. It has cared for a nation's dead. It has afforded mirth and music for the shut-in. It has been the Mother that cares for her sons. It is international.

At the Base Hospital it has, and is serving its purpose.

Over in the wooded area where the Red Cross Building has been a fea-

ture, since its opening in August, 1918, there has been one continual realm of activity. It has shown no partiality between Officer and Enlisted man. It has provided for the Nurse, and afforded the same opportunity to the patient who has become convalescent. It also opens its doors to the stranger. The

environment of rest—of quiet solitude and comfort—is transformed at a moment's notice into a frenzy of frivolity, of laughter and of song. These hours of variance cannot be forgotten by the men of the Base Hospital at Camp Lee.

During the influenza epidemic last

September and October all occasion for mirth was cast aside and the pall that hung over the building was partly dispelled by the sympathetic touch of the Red Cross. Hundreds of bereaved relatives of those unfortunate men who gave their lives were given relief and hospitality.

As you enter the building you are received and made at home by Mrs. Betty

Treadway, better known to the boys as "Mother." Her charming personality and extreme personal interest in the welfare and comfort of all that she comes in contact with has made her a popular idol at the Base. Before coming over to the Red Cross, she was "Hostess at the Hostess House." It is her



THE RED CROSS STAFF

hobby to display the robe that was knitted while she was at the Hostess House, which represents the work of hundreds of boys of the 80th Division that trained at Camp Lee. Of course she would not part with it for any amount of money.

You are seated in a large comfortable chair and as you gaze into the fireplace—and there are two of them—you watch the burning logs and picture within the rising flame the utter satisfaction and the home-like conditions that exist.

The Detachment men found that this was the mecca for their evenings and until a few weeks ago could always be found playing little games of Five Hundred or writing letters, or holding pleasant conversations. This building was the meeting place for everybody.

In the latter part of November the convalescents from overseas began to arrive. It was now that the big red heart of the Red Cross began to pulsate in its real sense. The distribution of necessities began. The wards in the Hospital were visited by representatives and no soldier that was in need of practically anything at all, was forgotten or overlooked. In this work alone there is a story of achievement. And then came the amusement. The stage was graced with scenery and vaudeville; moving pictures and concerts were held every after-



"MOTHER TREADWAY"



EXTERIOR NURSES' RED CROSS BUILDING

noon and evening. The afternoon festivities were set aside exclusively for patients and in the evenings the Officers, Nurses and Enlisted men of the Detachment were given the same privilege.

Several afternoons a week the Canteen Service is working and doing its part. They hurry here and there serving refreshments, smokes, and at the same time giving smiles and words of encouragement and praise alike to the boys that have won distinction "over there." If you ask Mrs. William Mahone, of Richmond, who is Lieutenant of the Canteen Service, she will tell you "Is there any better way to show distinction than to be wounded," then she adds, "And is there any better way to show distinction than to the wounded." These women are doing wonderful reconstruction work.

Then there is the Red Cross Motor Corps who can always be relied on to transport the boys from the Hospital to any nearby place of amusement no matter where that place happens to be, or to any home in Petersburg or Richmond. This branch is at the complete disposal of the soldier at all times.

The Red Cross activities at Camp Lee are under the supervision of Major Pickney, and at the Base Hospital they are in charge of Mr. L. W. Guilds. He is surrounded by a worthy staff and there can be no special mention of one. They have all shown that they were doing their very best.

The American Red Cross has also provided a Nurses' Building at the Base Hospital.



FARRELL  
"Rev-ell-oo Mike"



LEST WE FORGET



THE RED CROSS BUILDING



INTERIOR VIEWS OF RED CROSS BUILDING



THE CANTEN SERVICE



MR. L. W. GUILD

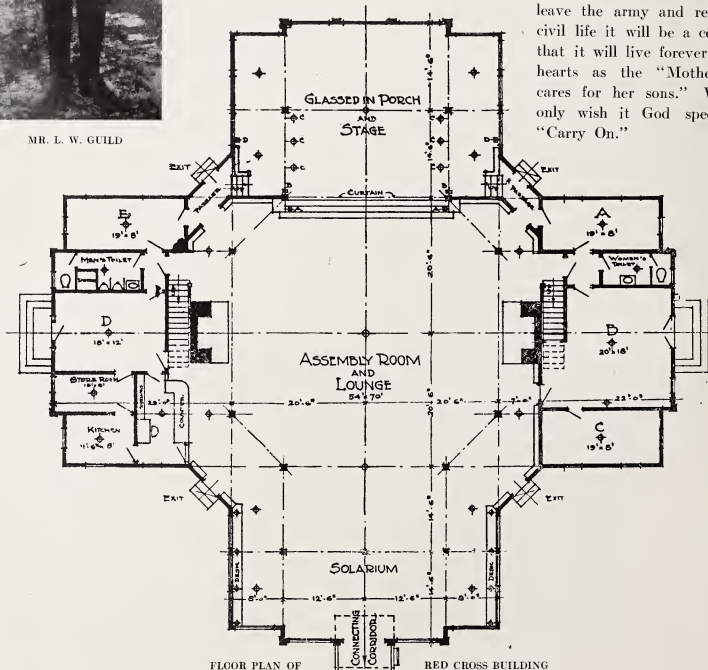
Many hours of comfort and recreation are wiled away by the Nurses in this little building. It has been the scene of quite a few unique dances and evenings of song. Possibly the most-talked of festivity that occurred within its four walls was the afternoon tea that was given in honor of Major-General and Mrs. Omar Bundy, by Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. William R. Dear. The success was gained in a large sense

by the presence of the Nurses who, with their uniforms of spotless white, added the desired background to a well-decorated building interior. The orchestra played and the guests included Governor and Mrs. Westmoreland Davis, of Virginia. This was the one feature that has made the Nurses' Red Cross Building a "landmark of memory."

The interior of the Nurses' Red Cross Building is in one sense similar to the interior of the Red Cross Building for convalescent patients, in that its furnishings and surroundings give that home-like and comforting impression, give an air of quiet dignity coupled with a subconscious plea to the visitor to "sit down and rest a while."

During the day the Red Cross Buildings are splendid—but in the evenings, with their artistic lamps, their appearance is improved many times.

The Red Cross has endeared itself to the personnel at the Base Hospital, and as we leave the army and return to civil life it will be a certainty that it will live forever in our hearts as the "Mother who cares for her sons." We can only wish it God speed and "Carry On."



FLOOR PLAN OF RED CROSS BUILDING



In no previous war have the wants and needs of the men in the service been so considered as in the late war. The government has been aided in its efforts to make them good soldiers by the Welfare Activities in their efforts to make them contented soldiers as well. In this labor, it has been the privilege of the American Library Association to contribute its share by providing and distributing reading matter both for recreation and instruction.

When the United States entered the recent war, the American Library Association appointed a War Service Committee to plan ways and means of carrying on a Library War Service.

The Commission on Training Camp Activities learned of the plan and asked the A. L. A. to take charge of the supply and distribution of reading matter to the soldiers in cantonments and training camps, in the field, on troop ships and at the front.

The Secretary of War having appointed a Library War Council to aid in a nationwide campaign for books and funds to carry on the proposed service, the people of the country were called upon and they responded so generously that it was possible to equip and supply with reading matter the camp libraries, thirty-two of which were to be erected at a cost of \$10,000 each, an appropriation which had been made by the Carnegie Corporation for that purpose. Despatch offices were established at the ports of embarkation to supply the transports with reading matter for the use of the boys on their way over-

seas. Not all of their spare time would be spent in watching for the spot on the surface of the ocean which meant, as some of the boys said, "Enough excitement to last them the rest of their lives."

That all of these efforts were appreciated was unmistakably evident. But before long it was realized that the boys in the hospitals were not receiving the greatest possible benefits from the library service. The efforts of other Welfare workers (or in some cases Medical Officers with many other duties to tax their time), to render library service were not satisfactory, so in February, 1918, it was decided to establish a systematic library service in the Base Hospitals. It remained to interview the Medical Officer in command at the Base Hospital as his consent was necessary to clear the last obstruction from the way. Almost without exception the plan was welcomed and the Base Hospital Libraries came into being.

The Commanding Officer of this Base Hospital was one of the first to realize the advantages of the Hospital library service and from the time that he gave his consent to its introduction at the Hospital he has never failed to give it his cordial support.

From the day it was started the library grew and developed. Fond memories attach to the little room with the slanting floor on the main highway of the Hospital. And it may be said in defense of that floor that it slanted bookward. Here we made our library home for the first few months of our hospital life, and here we came in touch with the joys and sorrows, the pleasure and displeasure of



MRS. SUGDEN

that part of the life of camp which flowed through the Hospital.

From the little library we carried books in a little cart which became a familiar sight in the corridors and wards, to all the wards but the contagious and there we placed magazines and a limited number of books. The exception was one time when we made our way unhindered into some of the contagious wards and delivered a number of books which

were lost to us thereafter, to our not unmixed sorrow.

It was interesting to watch the change in the attitude of the boys upon being told that they were not supposed to pay for the books. Those who had made up their minds to take one anyway regardless of expense, when they found that it was not for sale, decided that they wanted more than one, some even took four or five; and they read them, too, for we made it a point to find that out. Some who were sure that they were not well enough to read suddenly decided that it was worth a trial and our brothers of other nationalities were first incredulous and then delighted when they discovered that books written in their own language were procurable.

After playing a game of hide-and-seek for days through the corridors with a man who looked woebegone and who was totally unconscious of the fact that he was playing a game, he was finally located and the disconcerting fact ascertained that he could not speak



"K" AND THE CART

English. Books in different languages were held in front of him until one written in Russian appeared and he snatched it with an eagerness which might easily be mistaken for rudeness. But his pleasure was so great that it would have been impossible to hold any feeling other than satisfaction. Through days of heat that caused brains and brawn alike to melt almost to a state of uselessness, we continued our work by grace of an electric fan which, though it did not cool the air, circulated it and made a breeze with which we did our best to content and comfort ourselves. And when cold weather came and the little library was as cold as it had been warm we reluctantly deserted it for a larger one in the Red Cross Convalescent House. Here in time the tide found its way and our work of "finding the book for the boy" went on uninterruptedly after the excitement attending the signing of the Armistice had somewhat died down and we realized that we were not to pack our trunks or suit cases or barracks bags, as the case might be, and start for "God's Country" wherever, north or south, east or west that might mean to each of us individually.

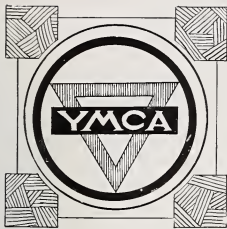
The need for service is as great as ever and here we shall remain as long as we are permitted; and we shall always treasure the memories of our period of service and association at the Base Hospital at Camp Lee.

## "K"

Mrs. Sugden is assisted in her work by Private first-class Augustus Kettleberger, known the hospital over as "K."

"K" has the knack of knowing just what style of fiction is needed when you rush into the library and

want something for Sunday reading. He has been a familiar figure with his library on wheels as he goes from ward to ward through the corridors. "K" is a Philadelphian. That may explain the reason for his popularity—that and a few other good qualities.



## THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The work of the Y. M. C. A. at the Base Hospital began shortly after the Hospital opened. Mr. E. M. Willis, the Camp General Secretary, at once began to make plans and preparations for the erection of a Y. M. C. A. Building from which to meet the great opportunity for service, but for various reasons the erection of the building was postponed. Upon one occasion when Mr. Willis was visiting at the Hospital, he was met by an orderly, from one of the wards, who asked, "Are you a 'Y' man?" Mr. Willis replied, "Why, yes; what is the matter?" The orderly said, "There is a man in the ward dying who wants to see a 'Y' man." So Mr. Willis got to the bedside of the dying man just in time for a few words and a prayer before

he was called to his eternal home. This great opportunity for service could not be neglected, so the plan was devised, whereby certain wards were assigned to the different Y. M. C. A. Huts throughout Camp, to be visited by the Religious Secretaries two or three times a week. These "Y" men sold stamps and postal cards, distributed testaments and religious literature as well as making many errands for the patients. On Sunday afternoons every ward in the Hospital was visited and an informal religious service was held. In this way the patients in the Hospital were visited three days in every week by one of our Y. M. C. A. Secretaries.

On August 1, 1918, Chas. W. Sydner was appointed Y. M. C. A. Secretary of the Base Hospital. His duties were to oversee the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the Hospital, as well as making regular visitations himself and to provide for the Detachment men. Through the kindness of the Commanding Officer of the Base Hospital, Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Dear, Mr. Sydner was permitted to use the Hospital Chapel as his office and as a reading room for the men. As the Chapel was too small to accommodate the men, no effort was made

to furnish it, although educational classes were conducted there for the illiterates. From time to time illustrated lectures and musical concerts were held in the Detachment Mess Hall. In the Convalescent



"Y" AT THE BASE

area, athletic goods were distributed and sports encouraged. Musical concerts were held in the area twice a week, sometimes in the wards and again in the open air. These informal concerts were much enjoyed by the patients, and well attended.

Thus the Y. M. C. A. served the Enlisted men and the patients until the influenza epidemic broke out September 14, 1918. This stopped all congregating of the men in Camp. As the epidemic increased the Hospital authorities invited all the Chaplains to make regular visitations throughout the Hospital. As it was more work than the Chaplains could do, they appealed

to the Y. M. C. A. for help. Twenty-one ministers in the "Y" work were sent over to act as assistants to the Chaplains, and a little later six ministers from Richmond came every day to assist in the work. These Secretaries were assigned to certain wards to be visited day and night. The situation was serious. The patients were gloomy and despondent, asking for a minister to visit them. The opportunity for service was great. The "Y" men, like the Chaplains, went from bed to bed carrying a word of cheer and comfort to the sick, as well as waiting on the loved ones and friends who had come to visit them. A "Y" man was at the bedside of a dying boy when the boy's father came in and on hearing his son request to be baptized, was very much moved, and from the invitation of the "Y" man, the father and son were baptized together. This is one of the many instances that could be told. During the epidemic several hundred were baptized. Hundreds of letters were written every day for the sick, who were unable to write themselves, and scores of telegrams were replied to daily. Every patient was visited every day by some minister.

When the Base Hospital was unable to accommodate the patients, the Hospital authorities opened an Annex Hospital at A. Avenue and 27th Street and the Y. M. C. A. offered Hut No. 57, which was in that area, for use as the Hospital Authorities thought best, and the Hut was used as the Administration Building of the Annex Hospital with Secretary Womer in charge. This Hut was also used to receive those visiting the sick. Mr. Womer and his Staff did everything possible for visitors in their hour of grief and sorrow. Hot coffee and chocolate were served day and night.

In these critical days the strength of the Nurses was being taxed to the utmost. The Y. M. C. A. assisted

by furnishing the Nurses three automobiles every afternoon for a two hours outing, which was enjoyed by them and the ride was refreshing and invigorating.

After the epidemic when the working of Camp became normal again, the Hospital authorities furnished the old Mess Hall as a Club room for the Detachment men, and the Y. M. C. A. was permitted to serve the men in this club. Every night there was an interesting program, either social, religious, educational or moving pictures. At this time Mr. J. E. Sleight was added to the Staff as Business Secretary. "Dad" Sleight soon became acquainted and made himself well known by his characteristic way of giving out notices at Mess—"Movies at Seven-Thoity."

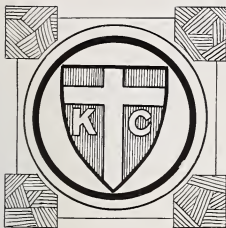
Y. M. C. A. work at the Base Hospital has experienced a very rapid growth. Our splendid new "Y"



THE "Y" WORKERS

building is a direct result of the untiring efforts of Thomas R. Jordan, Camp General Secretary. The new building was opened for service February 13, 1919. The new Hut No. 294 is of the F type and is the second largest hut in Camp, having a seating capacity of one thousand. Every night

an interesting program is held, either social, religious, educational, athletic or moving pictures. This hut also is the center from which the Y. M. C. A. does its work in the Hospital. Twice a week the women secretaries distribute fruit throughout every ward in the large Hospital Building. Mr. Charles W. Sydnor, Building Secretary, is surrounded by a splendid and efficient personnel composed as follows: Religious Secretary, J. R. Bennett; Educational Secretary, J. E. Sleight; Social Secretary, George M. Douglas; Business Secretary, J. T. Geohren; Recreational Secretary, C. B. Munson; Women Secretaries, Miss Florence M. Cornell and Miss Helen J. Balcom.



## THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

The Knights of Columbus offer "Greetings" to the Base Hospital.

The mutual feeling of friendship that exists cannot be estimated. It has been the policy of the organization to give to the service man all the possible conditions outside of his military routine. At Camp Lee, the big hut at 27th Street has been open since the beginning of the cantonment and up to the present moment it has been successful in making the "boys" of every organization and company feel perfectly at home.

It has also been used as a place of worship and the Sunday Masses are held at regular hours under the auspices of several Catholic chaplains. Again, it has provided a religious condition to the service man of the Catholic faith.

At the Base Hospital, it has assigned two workers of merit. They go to every ward and visit the sick, and at the same time have a smile for the well. To Mr. Ralph Robinson and Mr. Harry O'Grady go these honors.

And then it has had the pleasure of having the talent



THE MAIN K. OF C. HUT

Under the leadership of "Judge" Clark it has had a splendid record, and every hour of the day and night has extended such pastime as movies, boxing bouts, basket-ball, vaudeville, and last, but not least, it has provided a headquarters for hundreds of correspondents. These features have all been enjoyed by the men and women that are connected with the Base Hospital.

from the Base on several occasions to make up a successful evening now and then.

The representatives of the Knights of Columbus at the Main hut are William P. Flynn, Frank Stumpf, Benjamin McFadden, Frankie Burns, Harry Declercq, and Frank Yost.

They offer "Best Wishes" to the Base Hospital.

## AN APPRECIATION



THE unselfish and appreciative work of the Ladies of Virginia has been one of the bright spots of the days that we spent at the Base Hospital at Camp Lee. The cities of Richmond and Petersburg have been very generous in their charities to the men in the service. Their ladies have at all times responded to the call of patriotism, and have so nobly carried out this detail, that has meant so much to the life of the Hospital. Their afternoon visits to the wards, their cheery smiles that were given in heartfelt sympathy and yet

encouragement, have been a God-send to the patient. The donations that were so profusely sent to us, their entertaining abilities and their immediate response to almost anything that was requested of them has, all in all, endeared them to every man and woman that has been in the institution either as a soldier, a Nurse or as a patient.

The humble condition of mere gratitude is not sufficient. The living memory of these deeds will be inscribed in our lives as acts of humanity.

Ladies of the State of Virginia, we thank you!

## AN IMPRESSION



WHEN the smallest secretary heard the subject that had been assigned to her for her contribution to this bit of "world's greatest literature," as she calls it, she sank down wearily in her chair, hitched her blue necktie a notch tighter and sighed. "Impressions, fiddlesticks, I never had one in my life." But as she thought—and occasionally she was capable of that feat—her spirits "perked up," and with that courage given only to the "commonplace" and war workers, she let her pen trail over the paper.

"A woman generally interprets her environment in other terms than a man, so the impressions of the smallest secretary, gained in these brief weeks at Camp Lee may differ vastly from those of her associate men secretaries. But on one point we are agreed, without exception, doubt or question, *we all take our hats off to the American lad in khaki*—(even though he covers the bewitching drab with blue overalls, or the crisp white of a cook, and though a puffy biscuit cap adorns his pate).

"The Camp Lee soldier—and he is a typical soldier—is a responsive, clean-out man with a refreshing view of life. In him is an ability and a desire to respond to our efforts that is most satisfactory and which one would never find away from the 'Land of Khaki.'

"You men know how much we appreciate this spirit of yours. Were we to ask you to play 'marbles' or 'drop the handkerchief' you would respond to that childish whim as splendidly as you do to a call for participants in athletics or to a call for workers or fighters.

"Another thing that is evident is your appreciation of the 'Y' organization and what it is trying to do for

you. Without priding ourselves unduly, we believe that you men appreciate us, our work and our desire to be of the greatest service to you.

"We are not seeking harps and halos for ourselves in this work—far be it from us! But there is always a bit of pleasure connected with your expressed recognition of these very new efforts of ours. And as we become more experienced in this service we hope to be proportionately more valuable to the soldier.

"We workers hear everywhere a wail that runs like this, 'I wanna go home.' That is understandable and natural where men are crowded together, but in spite of it we believe there is loyalty to your government, which you represent, to your outfit, and to each other—that sort of a loyalty which promises great things for yourselves and your country.

"Ambition—with a big A—meets us everywhere. It is extremely gratifying to find so large a proportion of men who are planning to advance. The 'new soldier,' as a whole, is an intelligent man with a great desire to progress, especially mentally, which of course, means eventually, a well-rounded, clearly-marked advancement. College vocational training, art, and commercial art seem to be the ambition of a great number of men, now that 'it's over, over there' and with such aims and ideals existing in your minds, we are assured that all will be well in the future for our immediate selves and for the rest of society.

"Impressions! When you come to analyze them they are endless. Suffice it to say that the woman 'Y' man has formed many favorable ones in this man's army."





## THE JEWISH WELFARE BOARD

If one were asked to name one phase of activity justifying the existence of the J. W. B., it is doubtful if a better one can be advanced than the Hospital service of our organization. Especially is this true at Camp Lee, where the field representatives of our Board have given particular attention to this phase of their work. Not content simply with visiting the wards

noons, has also been a great feature for some time, and all of these concerts have proved decidedly popular with the men.

Realizing the importance of looking after the men when they are discharged from the Hospital, a group of men from the Convalescent Center is taken by auto on Wednesday afternoons to the Century Theatre in Peters-



THE J. W. B. HUT

regularly, a Hospital Committee consisting of the ladies of the Petersburg Branch of the J. W. B. has been organized, which makes the round of the Hospital once a week, distributing delicacies to the patients and leaving a trail of sunshine behind them.

A weekly concert for convalescent soldiers at the Red Cross Building, which is held on Thursday after-

burg, where they are admitted free by the management.

One of the bright spots of the work has been the splendid spirit of helpfulness displayed by the Officers, Nurses, and the Enlisted men of the Medical Detachment, with whom our representatives have come in contact while doing their work, and too much, therefore, cannot be said in praise of them.

# PAY DAY

**D**ID you ever notice how long is each day in the last week of the month, and how many times during that week you count your diminishing stock of Canteen checks? How many times have you found yourself hanging around the cigar and "pop" counters waiting for some unsuspecting friend to show up? The sensation of being broke—oh, how well you know it.

Each time you go to Mess it is with an air of expectancy. You are yearning for something of far greater importance than beans and pickles. And each day you think, "Surely it will be tomorrow." And when finally it is announced that the next is pay day, the very slum for which you have just fought so gloriously tastes almost palatable.

The following morning you leave your work and hurry to the pay line at least an hour before it is necessary, in order to enjoy the pleasurable sensation of hearing the names called and seeing the money change hands.

At last the exciting moment comes and you receive yours. Immediately you march back through the crowd with "eyes front," lest by some ill chance you encounter the chap who lost a five spot in your favor a few days ago.

And at the door comes the first sad parting, for if you have forgotten about the Canteen checks there are others who have their memories better trained.



The rest of the day is spent alternately in figuring how to get rid of the most possible cash during the evening and in chasing around after the man you lent that "buck" to last week.

On the way from work it is with a mixture of scorn and amusement that you watch the fellows in their mad center-rush struggles for Mess. At least for one meal, beans will not be your portion.

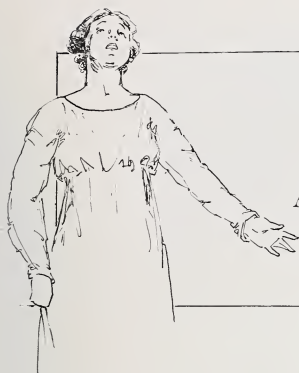
At the barracks you dig out the old serge suit and wrapped leggings. You may even take time for a shave before doling up in festive attire.

When all is ready you make your way majestically to Twenty-seventh Street, and, spotting the largest jitney, join the fight for a corner seat in the rear.

Once in town you do not pause till you have reached some quiet place where it is possible to feed upon fried chicken and juicy steaks. When this important duty has been performed, the next on the schedule is doing the town. This consists of walking about the streets in an aimless manner, indulging every desire from Malted Milk to Bevo; and even stopping for Sundae and Pa'l Malls.

Having enjoyed the best show from a front row seat, you bring this perfect day to a close and spend the next twenty-nine bumming your cigarettes, going to movies at the "Y," and eating slum.





## SOCIAL ACTIVITIES



The job of "keeping up the morale" is a thankless one, at best, and the out-of-luck individual to whose lot fell the task was not the most fortunate member of the Detachment, by any means.

Most of us, in fact, the whole gang from Philly, came down here through special induction last April, with the promise from the Recruiting Officer that we'd be "over" in six weeks. It was a monotonous existence in camp, to say the least—the same old routine day after day, and, because of the small force of men, it was often night after night, too. Then, as the six weeks lengthened into six months, and we were still in Camp Lee, there began to be a popular supposition

that "somebody had lied," and the Recruiting Officer was not unsuspected as a modern Ananias.

It was, therefore, a welcome diversion when the various performers at the Liberty Theatre volunteered to come over to the "Base" and entertain both Detachment men and patients in joint assembly. At that time, the only available hall or theatre was the General Mess Hall and the audience lounged on the benches or sprawled on the floor, according to its desire or ability.

Among those first to volunteer their services was Miss Maud Powell, America's most eminent violinist. We long will remember that wonderful June night



THE "HIGH MORALE" BOOSTERS



THE BASE HOSPITAL MINSTRELS

(Standing) ARTHUR BRICMONT, MR. L. W. GULLDS, THOMAS EVANS, (Seated left to right) BRADLEY, HERTZ, BUTZ, O'NEILL, CASSIDY, WOOD, HAHN, GILBERT, MR. DRURY, FERMIER, DRUMMOND, HUNT, MICHAELS, BINGHAM, RAPPOPORT, VAN DUSEN, Kneeling: GROUARD

when Miss Powell played in our quadrangle—her first open-air recital. The music that only Maud Powell can play kept Nurses, Officers and Enlisted men entranced for almost an hour, and she was given a tremendous ovation. A promise to come again was extracted from her, and she later fulfilled her promise, a second time appearing at the Hospital, this time in the Red Cross Convalescent Building.

And then we were fortunate in having Mrs. Christine Miller Clemson, of Pittsburgh, to sing for us. She was the idol of the Eightieth Division and her voice had such rarity that her soldier audiences were always held spellbound. Her work was appreciated not only by the Eightieth Division but just as much by the Base Hospital. We will always remember her recital at the Red Cross Building.

Among other notables who appeared at the Mess Hall was Miss Nora Bayes, accompanied by Harry Akst, her pianist, and Irving Fisher, her partner. The old Mess Hall never before had held such a large and eager crowd of listeners, and the cheers accorded the



"ROUGERE"

famous comedienne were of such volume and sincerity that Miss Bayes said she felt flattered at such appreciation. It must not be forgotten that we reciprocated to the volunteer entertainers by singing, under the leadership of Lieutenant Arnold, our popular ballad, "All We Do is Sign the Payroll!" and our harmonious harangue "Sweet Adeline." Oh yes, we reciprocated!

Other shows at the Liberty were coming weekly, and a movement was next started to raise funds for the erection of a theatre in the quadrangle of the Hospital. Accordingly, our "Base" quartette, composed of Sergeant McCoy and Privates Lowell Keith, John Lindsay and Ellis Gilbert, were sent to Philadelphia and Atlantic City. They met with instant success and popularity in those cities, and came back loaded down with the "filthy

luere," but the erection of the new Red Cross Building in the convalescent area made it unnecessary to build a theatre as originally planned. Since its opening, this building has been the center for all social activities.

The patients have been entertained there almost every afternoon by various companies of amateur and professional talent.

Among the former, we owe a great debt of gratitude to Mrs. Addison Lewis, of Richmond, for her untiring efforts in bringing to the Red Cross Building entertainments consisting of talented amateurs of Richmond, who have given to the boys from the "other side" so many pleasant hours to while away the tedious period of their convalescence. We also are indebted to

FRANK GROUARD  
(HIMSELF)FRANK GROUARD  
(AN ABE. IS.)

DANCE PROGRAM  
"CARRY ON"

- 1 One Step .....
- 2 Fox Trot .....
- 3 Waltz .....
- Paul Jones .....
- Step .....

DANCE  
IN  
RED CROSS BUILDING  
CONVALESCENT AREA

BASE HO

GW

BASE HOSPITAL  
CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA.

DANCE

BY  
ENLISTED PERSONNEL

Tuesday Evening January 21st, 1919,  
at 7:30 P. M.

Music by Base Hospital Orchestra.

PROGRAM  
"CARRY ON"

- 1 One Step .....
- 2 Fox Trot .....
- 3 Waltz .....
- 4 One Step .....
- 5 Fox Trot .....
- 6 One Step .....
- 7 Trench Glide .....
- 8 One Step .....
- 9 Fox Trot .....
- 10 One Step .....



MISS HAAS

in his line that the stage has in its ranks.

Sam Rogers, our magician, professionally known as "Rougere the Talking Sorcerer," has also had a wide stage experience, and he has shown his act at practically every Y. M. C. A. hut in the Camp, besides the numerous occasions when he has appeared at our own entertainments. "Jack" Lindsay, our silver voiced tenor, was easily the "king of syncopation" around the



"HAPPY"

Mrs. Drury and to members of the Y. M. C. A., K. of C. and J. W. B. organizations for their interest in providing entertainment for the sick boys.

The talents of our own Detachment men have met with the heartiest welcome from the patients and men of the hospital. Foremost among these is Frank Gronard, female impersonator par excellence. Frank has had a varied professional career as a delineator of feminine characters and is considered as among the best

Hospital, and he couldn't sing often enough to satisfy us all. He now is treading the busy streets of Philadelphia, dressed in civilian apparel, and he is greatly missed at the "Base."

We might mention among the other entertainers who have contributed to the pleasure of our men at various times: Philip Fermier, our guitar and ukelele tickler, Charles Gwinner, the crack violinist; Tom Evans, the talented pianist and composer, and last, but by no means least,

Miss Elizabeth Haas, A. N. C. Too much can not be said in praise of her sweet contralto voice, and she has endeared herself to the heart of every man and woman by her eagerness to help, at all times, to make our activities a success.

The first Detachment dance last September was a winner, and the Red Cross Building housed one of the largest crowds ever assembled in that hall. Ladies from Richmond, Hopewell and Petersburg were invited, and were profuse in their exclamations of praise and delight at the success of the affair. The confetti strewn around, kept the "fatigue gang" busy for several days.

The second dance given by the Detachment men was held during Thanksgiving week. The building was beautifully decorated to represent the spirit of the holidays, and the pumpkins, evergreens and stalks of corn produced a most inviting place in which to trip the light fantastic toe. The dance proving such a huge success, it was decided that we should make it a weekly affair, and a permanent committee of Enlisted men was appointed by Colonel Dear, consisting of Sergeants James Brennan, Adrian Gast and Wilbur E.

Perkins and Corporal Louis Hertz to take charge of the dances. Since that time these weekly dances have been looked forward to with keen anticipation and enjoyed by the guests in a manner that proves their popularity. The Officers and Nurses, also, have given weekly dances as well as having a share of the talent of the Detachment men mentioned above.

The chief thing that made the dances possible was



MR. DRURY



"EVVY"

the fact that we had our own orchestra—one capable of producing dance music of that mesmerizing cadence calculated to make a fellow with Methodist feet attempt the fox-trot. These boys were untiring in their efforts to serve at any time they were needed and often played for four dances a week, after being on duty in their various jobs during the day.

The Base Hospital band, also, has been a "morale-lifting" element and frequent concerts are given to patients and Enlisted men.

The brain of Lieutenant Arnold (Morale Officer in December), always busily engaged in thinking up stunts to keep the men as cheerful as possible, could conceive no more brilliant idea than the Enlisted men's Christmas party. It was the most amazing event we had experienced during our life at Camp Lee, and was an inspiring success from every standpoint. General and Mrs. Omar Bundy and Colonel and Mrs. Dear were guests of honor and each of the Commanders addressed the men in an interesting vein. Then followed an excellent program composed almost entirely of Detachment men, after which appeared that most looked for part of a social affair: the "cats." Who can hope to enumerate the entire array of holiday delicacies? On the whole, we enjoyed our Christmas eve almost as much as we should, had we been at home. Is it possible to say more than that?

Recently, through the agency of the Red Cross, vaudeville acts from the Keith Circuit are appearing

at the Red Cross Building, and these acts augment the talent of our own local entertainers in such manner that one serves as a pleasing foil to the other.



"BEANS"

Also through the interest of the Red Cross in our welfare, a minstrel show was staged and met with great success on the two occasions when it was presented at the Base Hospital, first to the Officers and Nurses, then to the Enlisted men. The organization journeyed to the Westhampton Hospital near Richmond, where a successful performance was staged for the wounded men from over-seas. It was through the careful attention and tireless work of Mr. Drury, of the Red Cross, that the minstrel show achieved the success that has made the Base Hospital proud of it.

The Y. M. C. A. opened a "club" in the old Mess Hall behind the Detachment Office and for several months, it was much frequented by the fellows, but a handsome new building has recently been completed in the Hospital area. This building is becoming a popular rendezvous with the men; its basket-ball court is one of the best in the entire camp.

If anyone feels that the Morale Officers of the Base Hospital at Camp Lee have been "lying down on the job," then that man is a grouch with such depth of grouchiness that his morale could not be kept up anyway! The great majority of the Detachment men feel that the social life here is far from stagnant and that the men in charge of the Base Hospital Activities deserve all the credit that it is possible to bestow on them.



THE MELODY KINGS



## THE BAND

SOMEWHERE, sometime in the dreamy days of mild November, when thoughts and ideas come as easily and as naturally as spring fever in April—an idea was born.

The Base, being of an unusually placid nature, where the only music that was heard was at morn, when the revengeful notes of the bugler brought echoes of yawns, mutterings, and answerings to reveille; the welcome Mess call, the wind chanting what seemed to be a fantasy of seasons as it hurried through the pines, and then the final strains of "taps" as the lights were dimmed at the close of another day. These were the only symphonies that we heard.

Sergeant, was at home both on the clarinet and the saxophone, and Sergeant Linder, who has returned to Ohio and home, played the violin and could play the drums, as well as being a prodigy on the saxophone. Evans could play the piano, but feared it would be a little inconvenient to carry on parade.

With this material the boys had a conflag, and the fiery eloquence of Johnson, Gwinner and Edward Hoopes Cook of Harrisburg, and a politician too, the reader could then appreciate the endeavor of these three pioneers of this now successful organization. It would be unnecessary, of course, to specify the place of meeting, but it was held at the same place where



OUR BAND

The Orchestra had already made strides in the right direction the spirit of which was the nucleus for greater ambitions. We had Corporal Deichmann of the Quartermaster Corps, who could make a cornet speak, and in speaking would get the twentieth century habit and would actually pour out pure Jazz in its conversation. In jazzing, he would bring out such scales as were never thought possible. Then there were several violinists who were cosmopolitan in the way of instruments. "Charley" Gwinner always had a hankering for a saxophone. Bierly was proficient on the mammoth helican. Russell Smith, our new Hospital

matters of weight, and all rumors are officially discussed.

So "Charley" Gwinner accordingly set to work and scoured the Hospital for boys who were interested in a band. To his surprise he found about thirty.

Lieutenant Arnold, then Morale Officer of the Base Hospital, was intensely interested in the project and brought the matter before Lieutenant-Colonel Dear, the Commanding Officer, who at once recognized the value of such an organization, and permitted the continuance of activity in this direction.

Sergeant Macrone was then a Private and had the makings of a real "Sousa." He was spotted out of the

already assembling tribe and was sent to New York to purchase instruments. In the meantime the vigilant business eye of Lieutenant Arnold saw a bargain in the Replacement camp—that of a band which was in the process of “going home.” These instruments were immediately purchased.

Within a few days the boys were rehearsing under the direction of the returned Macrone over in the Red Cross Building. Needless to say the work and strain of starting a band is difficult, but in this case the enthusiasm and willingness of the boys soon brought out the finer qualities of melody. It was then that the “Academy of Music” was transferred to Barracks No. 43.

May we pause here to allow the listener to give his impressions of the first rehearsal?

“While being intensely interested in these different instruments, my whole being was startled as my delicate auditory apparatus was greeted by a series of arpeggios and chords that blended as wonderfully as the night passes into the morning. Thrill after thrill ran up and down my musical spine; my very soul was moved by the wonderful harmony which changed with lightning like rapidity as the cornets, trombones, and all the anatomy of the band seemed to try to reach its zenith on a moment’s notice, or it may have been making a final test of Darwin’s ‘Survival of the Fittest.’

“Now a calm. Then a thrilling cadenza on the cymbals by Grouard and a clash of the drums and cymbals which resembled the artillery of the sky. This was accompanied by groans of the trombones, which resembled the last cry of the defeated gladiator. The cornets took up a spark of renewed hope from ‘Turn Boys, We’re Going Back,’ and were followed by sounds of tramping feet from the basses and saxo-

phones. The shrieks of victory from the clarinets and piccolos sounded like the screaming of a siren. The alto section, taking up what seemed a calm, resembled the morrow of battle. Again the entire band took up the grand finale.

“Enraptured. Amazed at the wonderful music, half embarrassed and perplexed, I turned to Reese to ask if that was one of Grieg’s concertos or a heretofore unpublished work of Chopin. My keen surprise can only be too well imagined when he, showing his ivories very affably, said, ‘We are only tuning up.’

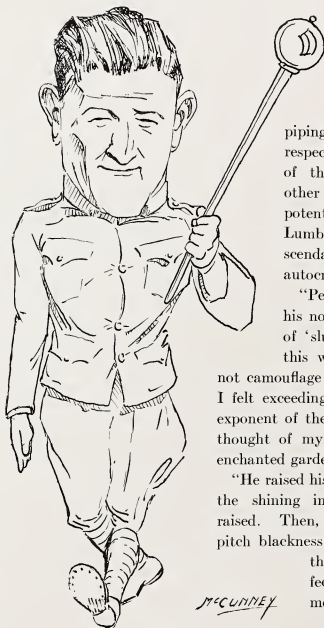
“Quite suddenly a chilled hush settled upon the assemblage. Even the shrill piping of the flute was hushed to a respectful silence as the reverend father of them all oozed in, who was no other than the worthy potentate of potentates—Sergeant Antonio Garibaldi Lumbardo de Macrone, the direct descendant of Orpheus himself and skilled autocrat of the lyre and lute.

“Personality and strength exuded from his noble countenance, and even traces of ‘slum’ (see soldier for etymology of this word) upon his noble chin could not camouflage his artistic cast of countenance. I felt exceedingly small, in the presence of this exponent of the art divine, and I sighed when I thought of my lost chances to also walk in the enchanted gardens of fame.

“He raised his sceptre, and held it poised, while the shining implements of achievement were raised. Then, like a shining locket cuts the pitch blackness of a Hopewell night, it flashed through the air, descending as perfect a parabola as was ever seen by mortal man.

“The sounds that issued forth from those hollow tubes were merely secondary in interest to the kaleidoscope of motions that fled across that masterly countenance. It was marvelous. All the primal passions of mankind, all the great stimuli and depressants, even such artifices as hissing like an angry tom-cat were brought into full play. To have heard this, Creatore would have torn his hair in envy, and Sousa’s musical throat would have rattled its last cadenza and given up the ghost.

“Suddenly I became conscious of a rare predominating



McDONALD  
"Fog-Horn"

note, a sweet deep tone like the snoring of a musical rhinoceros. I recognized 'Evvie's' beautiful baritone. For a full minute I gave up myself to its exotic mutterings. Bierly's bass, Reese's clarinet along with the saxophone of Evans, would have caused Shubert to rearrange his best for their accommodation. Too bad he died so soon.

"Still another sound attracted my admiration. I turned and witnessed the ultimate in fineness and delicacy, the quintessence of conventional restraint, a brilliant example of Man's conquest over the matter. I have in mind the art of Frank Grouard's cymbal playing, which is absolutely the best of its nature in the new world and may be excelled only in the Orient. It is my hope that Professor Macrone will use him as a soloist soon. I could sit for hours and listen to the cascade of golden notes he evokes from his instrument.

"At this point it may be well to mention the masterly work of 'Whitey' who plays the bass drum. A trio by Beach on the flute, Cook on the trombone, 'Whitey' on the drum, and Reese on the clarinet would be much appreciated, not only for the music but for the living facsimile of the 'Spirit of '76.' And so it went for more than three hours."

Christmas Day found the Band spreading cheer through the wards and corridors of the hospital. The day following New Year's day Chaplain Tallmadge took the Band to Richmond where they played for the "Boys in Gray" at the Robert E. Lee Home. The

Daughters of the Confederacy touched a vital spot when the band was invited to the Mess Hall, filled with such a wonderful aroma that it caused the gastronomic affections of the boys to rise to its zenith. It did not rise in vain for there was every known delicacy of the Christmas season. A responsive chord was touched when the Band opened the concert with the strains of "Dixie." Those Boys in Gray who have often marched to those martial strains rose as a man and filled the air with those cheers of "61" and sometimes a silent tear welled over the cheek of a silvered veteran. In the evening the Band rendered a concert for the veterans of "19" at Westhampton. The scenes of the veterans of two great wars, and the peerless oratory of Chaplain Tallmadge on these occasions will ever be associated and stamped indelibly on the memories of the Base Hospital boys who were privileged to be present.

At a musicale some time ago the Band played the opening number from "Poet and Peasant," "The Mill in the Forest" and "William Tell." If we may judge from the keen appreciation of the audience, we feel safe in saying that the Band have been fully repaid for their efforts.

The fraternity that developed in this little organization will be a lasting one. Are we safe in saying that in years to come we will look back to the time we spent in this organization and say with Sax:

"Ah me. Those joyous days are gone,  
I little dreamt that they had flown.  
How fleeting were the hours?"



ON PARADE



MRS. ALICE ELGIN  
A.N.C.



INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE NURSES' RED CROSS BUILDING

## TEN DAYS' LEAVE



HERE'S a grand and glorious feeling that o'er your heart comes stealing, as you shake the dust of Camp Lee from your feet. You are filled with eager thrilling; from your brain there comes a trilling, as you think of those old home town friends you'll meet. You are off on ten days' leave (that's the soldier's sole reprieve!). No more reveille you'll hear for quite a while. As you say, "Well, so long, Steve. I will drink your share of Bev'," and with lightened step you tread the last long mile.



Well, you reach the train on time—it comes puffing in at nine; as you grab the last platform, you give a sigh. "It's good-bye, Camp Lee, for mine—for ten days I'm going to dine; no more slum and beans and fried tomato pie!" Everything is going swell, and you want to give a yell—as you think of seeing Jane and Minnie Bowers. "Fellows, there's a wreck ahead; out of

luck!" the brakeman said. "This here train will be tied up eighteen hours!"

Every hour seems like a year. Oh, for one good glass of beer—just to drown your sorrows and to still your blues! "If I'd gone by B. & O. I'd be half-way home, I know—Oh, I'm S. O. L.

whatever way I choose!" When at last your train moves on (though an entire day is gone), and you settle down to count each passing mile. Suddenly the engine stops and your morale quickly drops—"Bridge down!" "Con" says, "We'll be here for quite a while."

After sixty hours or more, when you're feeling rotten sore, and you're wishing railroads every vicious ill, comes the locomotive screams, and the brakeman calls out, "Next is Hometownville!" What is this? No one in sight? After thinking hard all night that they'd meet you at the train with bands—and cheer! In a grouch, you walk, alone, the nineteen blocks out to your home just to find the curtains drawn—there's no one there!

Sitting on the porch all day, is not the best of sports I'll say. (Especially when the family's not in sight.) Yes, you're home on ten days leave, and there is no use to grieve—you must stick it out at least for half the night. Suddenly you hear a gasp—"Why my boy, you're here at last!" and your mother dear enfolds you in her arms. "We've been hunting high and low—you should come two days ago, and we telegraphed the Camp our grave alarms!"

To a dance that night you go; next night, to a movie show, and the girls all look with envy at your Jane. "Ain't he grand in uniform?" "Finest fellow ever born!" (And with that sweet girl you stroll the shady lane.) Those four days go by with speed of the fastest pacing steed, and too soon you must rejoin the office force. Train goes fast as in a race, and you get back to the Base thirteen hours before your pass has run its course!

You all know how it will be, when you leave our old Camp Lee: trains are late and you lose time to beat the band. But when you're coming back, there is grace upon the track, and you slide along as toward the promised land. We want to go home, it's true, but as there is work to do, we've got to stay, so there's no use to grieve.

But if you take a pal's advice, you will find it twice as nice, if you lay off that stuff—a ten day pass!



## THE ORCHESTRA

**Y**ES, sure! There is an Orchestra and worthy of mention too, not only for its qualities, but it is composed entirely of Detachment men.

The career of the Orchestra began in the bellum days of last summer, when the mercury flirted with the tops of thermometers and naturally musical enthusiasm took the same strides. The chief strider was a certain Charles G. Gwinner, who was especially skilled in the art of drawing the hair of a horse's tail, saturated with

to purchase a few of the instruments and music. The Orchestra is now financed by a musical fund.

During the month of August, a number of men were transferred from the Depot Brigade and attached to the Base Hospital. Among these we soon found a student of piano and pipe-organ—Thomas Evans, better known as "Evvie" or "Highbrow." He is a master at the organ and piano.

The Orchestra increased from the historical three to the unlucky thirteen. Had we been living in the age



OUR JAZZING DEMONS

rosin, over catgut; Private Hankenberg—now with the A. E. F.—tickled the ivories; Sergeant Russell Smith, who is a direct descendant of the Smith who lived when Pocahontas thought there were no Smiths to spare, played the saxophone. Sergeant Smith was learning to play the "sax" during the hot wave of last summer, which partially accounts for the lack of breezes at that time. Corporal Deichman furnished the military air by tooting the cornet. This was the nucleus, and these were the pioneers.

It was due to the kindness of a few of our Richmond friends that we received sufficient funds with which

of Ichabod Crane no doubt lots would have been cast as to whom the penalty would fall at sunrise.

The services of the Orchestra have been in unusual demand, furnishing the music for the activities at the Base. In addition they played for the Detachment Mess on Sundays. It may be well to mention that the food is chewed in perfect military Jazz cadence. The menu must of necessity be consulted as to the tempo of music. When the steak does not respond to the laws of cooking, "Hindustan" is the remedy.

The leader, Private Gwinner, claims his allegiance to the City of "Brotherly Love." To Gwinner belongs a

large share of the credit for the organization of music at the Base. He is well assisted in the violin section by two sickly looking boys—Sergeant Linder and Private Birely—weighing about 225 pounds each. Linder has the enviable prestige of being the best violinist in Miamisburg, Ohio. His personality is so contagious that when the orchestra takes a jaunt to Richmond, it is necessary to have a special troop of Military Police to prevent him from being kidnapped. Birely “hails” from Pittston, Pa., which is nestled in the mountains of a group of, what we might call in peaceful times, affiliated frankfurters. He is well versed in stringology and plays the violin at a pressure of about 220 volts and 60 amperes, which partially accounts for his burning up so many strings.

Now who does not know Johnson? He is our little Jazzer on the drums. If you happen to see him in action, you would at once see the similarity of him to the mainspring of a Big Ben alarm clock which had suddenly been given its freedom. He also has the faculty of presenting to his immediate associates a wonderful flow of English when he finds his equipment disturbed.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., sent one of her sons to us—Private William Carlyle Reese. A wooden stick with holes at irregular intervals, surmounted with a reed gives him a chance to show his ability on the clarinet. Reese can speak on, or around, any subject, and for this reason has been styled a walking encyclopedia.

Thomas Beach, of Philadelphia, is the flutist and the tallest man in the outfit, which is an asset to him in reaching the high notes.

Corporal Deichman and Private Beatty toot the cornets. Deichman is usually known as Squire on account of the timely and valuable advice he gives on

weighty subjects. Most of us “reckon” he accumulated these while serving in that capacity at Cucumber Junction. Beatty is also an excellent man at giving us the proper vision of things, as he is a University of Chicago graduate in Ophthalmology. These two men have not yet solved a plausible reason for Sergeant “Tonie” Macrone’s tendency toward irregular spasmodic bodily reflexes during the rendition of a number in which he plays “The Horn of the Fleur de Lis.” We cannot tell whether this striking phenomenon is due to the veritable barrage of Jazz that issues forth or whether it may possibly be due to the application of external stimuli. This must ever remain one of life’s little mysteries.

Private Edward Hoops Cook slid to Camp Lee on his slide-trombone. He is the very personification of energy on account of his quick and sudden movements. In these he very closely resembles the movements of the shadow of a sun dial at the North Pole. But all this changes when he is harmonizing, as he puts it: he then vibrates as doth the tiny leaves of the maple in the gentle zephyrs of springtime.

With the said Cook there drifted a long and lean pedagogue with a lengthy and lean horn who turned from instilling the principles of algebra, to the colorful realms of Jazz, and has found it possible to manipulate the movable section of a trombone with a slurring syncopation quite unequaled. Surely there can be no laggard pedal extremities when Brinser’s mighty right arm shoves that foot and a half of cold brass. Great shades of Beethoven!

Whatever is the mission of an orchestra in a Base Hospital, we feel that it must have been at least partially fulfilled according to the appreciation shown by the Nurses, Officers, Enlisted men and patients.



THE TENT CITY



LIEUTENANT CHAPLAIN AARON H. ANGLIN, Sporting Director.

PRIVATE ELLSWORTH BLANCHARD, Assistant.

We return to the spring of 1918, to find the beginning of sports at the Base Hospital. Naturally the sporting bacillus of early spring is "Baseball." Therefore we can take the national pastime as the initial outburst of sporting activity.

Lieutenant Zwerling, who at that time was Post Exchange Officer, was chosen manager of a picked nine that later in the season was to become "Champs de luxe." A diamond was also chosen over near the C. O. T. S. which was only a stone's throw from the rear of Ward 33, and quickly put into shape for a first class ball park (big city stuff). A backstop was erected and the terra firma given a good haircut and shampoo. Then we started. Game after game was played with



THE BASE HOSPITAL BASEBALL TEAM, 1918

Upper row: Lieut. Zwerling, Dance, Crosby, Harlow, Nicholson, Findley, McCullough, Telford. Middle row: Eggleston, Gilland, Wagenfeld, Snow. Lower row: Joff, Stahl, Merriman, Bailey, Drapp.

camp teams, and game after game was won. Of course we lost a few, but that was seldom. In early June Lieutenant Arnold unearthed a find over in the Depot

Brigade, who had been sent to Lee in the draft and was lolling around loose. This was Elmer Myers of the Philadelphia Americans who had made quite a record in the big show. Lieutenant Arnold figured and finally devised a plan whereby Elmer was to be transferred to the Base, for baseball purposes, and incidentally to work in his off hours in the Pathological Laboratory. He succeeded half way. Elmer was sent over to the Evacuation Hospital No. 15 that was training to go over, and finally we had added this star to our team, which in every sense proclaimed a successful future. His pitching was marvelous and the real game of the season came on July 4th when the Base Hospital team traveled to Gary, W. Va., and defeated the unbeatable team of the Gary Steel Corporation. This one game will



THE CHAMPION BASKET-BALL TEAM

Upper row, left to right: Erebul, Farley, Chaplain Anglin, Connors, Pedrietti  
Lower row, left to right: Burton, Blanchard (Captain), Malnati

never be forgotten by those who were fortunate in taking part or those who journeyed along as rooters. The final score was 6-4 (twelve innings).

After this came a lull in the sporting activity until the basket-ball season opened in November. Of course sports were out of the question during the "Flu" epidemic which occurred during the months of September and October.

A team composed of mostly Jefferson Barracks boys made up the first squad and to those we owe the distinction of winning one of the camp championships—that of the Central League. The second squad was always on the alert and time and time again proved that they were a good team and could give any aggregation a run for their money. The first team under the management of Lieutenant (Chaplain) Aaron Anglin, and captained by Ellsworth Blanchard of Minnesota, was much in demand outside of Camp Lee, and on several occasions defeated the Camp Eustis team, the Naval Base team at Norfolk, the Richmond



THE DETACHMENT VOLLEY-BALL TEAM  
 Standing: Cramer, Litchfield, McCluskey, Bradley  
 Kneeling: Perkins (Captain), Blanchard

Y. M. C. A., and other fast teams in the vicinity. The outstanding features of this team were the individual playing of "Chuck" Connors, the speed of "Milo" Malnati, the eagle eye of Blanchard, the accuracy of foul shooting by Erchel and the all-around playing of Farley, Burton, Pedrizetti and Nesheim. The games in which the Base Hospital won the championship of the Central League are as follows:

Base .....	49
Headquarters .....	15
Base .....	29
Postoffice .....	25
(extra 5 minutes for tie)	
Base .....	49
Jewish Welfare .....	13
Base .....	25
Camp Personnel .....	13
Base .....	34
49th Ambulance .....	6
Total won .....	5
Lost .....	0
Percentage .....	1000

The sharp snappy winds of January produced a desire on the part of several popular "Cockney" gentlemen of the Detachment to organize a soccer team.



THE BLUES

Upper row, left to right: Cussick, Nesheim, Price. Lower row, left to right: Bradley, Given (Captain), Fudley



"Scotty" Watson, "Pop" Leadley, Kenneth Broomfield and "Old Man" Taylor scoured the ranks of the Detachment for material and succeeded admirably. Soccer became popular, so much so that the Band accompanied by several hundred rooters went over to the "Vets" field and witnessed the victory over the M. P.'s (revenge seemed sweet, you know what we mean). An unexpected and a very unique thing happened at the conclusion of this game. So wild with joy and enthusiasm were the rooters that they actually staged a real college snake dance over the field. Will you ever forget it?

The soccer team, like their basket-ball and base-ball brothers, sought laurels outside of Camp and finally arranged a series with the strong Richmond Athletic Club. The first game was played at Camp Lee with the Base team ahead. The second game was at Richmond and, although they were accompanied by the Band and many rooters, they lost. The day was a cold one and Byrd Park in Richmond, where the game was played, was soon deserted. However the trip was enjoyed. The third game was played at Richmond and resulted in a tie. As stars of soccer, we can mention "Bing" Bingham, of high-school fame in Philadelphia,



THE OFFICERS' VOLLEY-BALL TEAM

Standing: Captain Lester, Lieutenant Mueller, Captain Flury (Captain), Lieutenant Robertson. Lower: Lieutenant Bunker, Lieutenant Ordeman

Frutchey, Watson, Leadley and Broomfield, who also excelled. Soccer was a success.

The Officers and Enlisted men became rather inter-

ested in volley-ball and the result was that both branches organized teams and played various camp teams. The Officers' team was captained by Captain Flury and the Detachment team by Sergeant Perkins. Friendly little series often were arranged and played over on the volley-ball court opposite the camp laundry. On the Officers' team Lieutenant Mueller is a star and Captain Flury is a winner.

Days of warmth and sunshine are coming and the boys are again feeling kittenish, therefore it would not surprise us if 1919 would produce another champion baseball squad, not counting the many tennis tournaments that will inevitably be arranged.



THE SOCCER SQUAD

Upper row, left to right: Blanchard, Brysco, Chaplain Anglin, Knudrick, Goldfarb, Cunn, Goldberg. Middle row, left to right: Mac Murray, Wood, Bingham, Watson (Captain), Given, Dorman, Taylor. Lower row, left to right: O'Neill, Leadley, Frutchey, Broomfield.

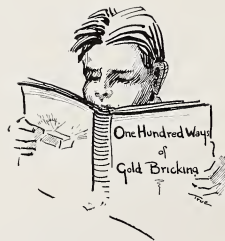
LEST WE FORGET

Individually the Base Hospital has produced stars in every game. Together every team has made a worthwhile record, and no one, in speaking of sports at the Base, could ever be ashamed of any effort that has been made, but on the other hand they will always have the best of the argument because the

brawn that has been in back of the wearers of the caduceus has always and always will come out on top. We all may spend the summer at Lee, although it is rumored that some of us may not. For those who will, it is our earnest desire that they will pride themselves with the slogan, "Base first, Them next."



AN EXCITING VOLLEY-BALL GAME



## 'MOVIES—AT SEVEN-THOITY'

**A**LONG toward the end of the month, at least a week before Dame Pay Day could hover her motherly wings over us, my financial statement would have made the allotment of a millionaire colony to its town poor sound like the fiscal report of the Standard Oil Co. It was with deep regret that I wrote "No Funds" at the bottom of an invitation to a dinner-dance at the Petersburg Hotel; it was with deeper regret that I phoned "Her" that I couldn't take her to the Academy as we had planned—as "Ihadda work."

To wile away the two hours that must elapse before one could go to bed decently (even when broke!), I wended my hopeful way to the "Y" to see the movies. The flamboyant poster outside announced that the current attraction was "Vera the Vicious Vampire, or Wooded and Won by a Wily Woman," a very interesting theme, I thought.

Finding that it was at least half an hour before I could hope to see Miss Beda Thara begin her wanton depredations on the silver-sheet, I picked up the August, 1900, copy of the *Argosy* from the paper-rack, in the hope of learning McKinley's stand on the Silver Question. Desiring a seat, I remarked in that soft diction so popular among Medicos, "Say, youse boids, mooch over and gimme room to flop! Youse guys tryin' to hog the whole joint?"

"Aw, pipe down!" was my only answer. "Who are you—a hard-boiled Virginian?"

"My, ain't he rough!" murmured Private Percy Ribboncounter, who, on a nearby seat was delicately polishing his nails.

Just as I opened my magazine, I was startled to hear a groan near me; this groan increased in volume until it became a shriek, then in the yell were detected symptoms of "Darktown Strutters' Ball."

"Such sounds!" shrugged our manicuring friend.

"Yes," I diagnosed, deep in my magazine, "Pharyngitis, chronic, complicated, give 'im an S. H. D." Soon great cries of "Lights out! Start the movies!" shook the building, and the room was plunged in

darkness. We were kept in breathless suspense through five reels of vamping—interrupted only by a wait of twenty minutes between each reel while the operator changed the reels—our times (having gotten the reel in upside down three times in succession).

During the progress of the movie, music was committed by those musically inclined (and otherwise) of the audience the most popular and oft-repeated selection being "Smiles." An effort was made to make the

affair more realistic by reproducing, in loudest tones, the words of the actors, and we were edified by such inspiring cries as, "Atta boy!" "Some chicken!" "Hey, mister, look out there behind you!" Just at the final "clinch" in the fifth reel, when the hero kissed the girl, each fellow in the vast audience sighed loudly, "O-o-oh!" and several yelled, "I want to go home!"

Between each reel the "Y" man arose and made an impassioned appeal that all snuoking cease as it troubled the operator's ears so that he couldn't hear if the machine was grinding after the soft manner of a 1897 model threshing machine, but some of our little cigarette fiends were conveniently deaf at each frantic exhortation—or perhaps they thought he didn't mean them! At any rate, the atmosphere of the place resembled that of the Yaller Dog Poker Club in the middle of a hard night.

At last the absorbing picture had run its course, and a card on the screen wished us a good-night. As I arose from my seat, I was overwhelmed by an onrushing horde of



MR. SLEIGHT

khaki-clad sprinters who dashed for the door as if a man there were handing out discharges—and had only one left. This desperate band left overturned benches and stray newspapers with here and there a hat which had been overlooked in the mad rush. (Which may explain the fact that I am wearing a new hat now!)

My one thought as I left the building was that I never should go back—but I did, and shall continue to do so as long as I decide to stay in Camp Lee, for at no other place in camp does one get into the army spirit as he does at the "Y" movies—at seven-thoity!

## OUT THE CRATER ROAD

**S**UNDAY afternoon!

The day was so little like the March days to which we always had been accustomed that we thought the weather man must certainly have made a mistake and slipped some of his best June variety on us. The sun, like Solomon in his glory, smiled benignly down upon us as if inviting us out to bask in his dazzling brilliance. There were few of the fellows who emerged from the Mess Hall (after our usual Sunday ice cream and chicken), who could resist the irresistible, and many parties of khaki-clad pedestrians sauntering forth to enjoy the luxury of an afternoon in the open. Indeed, it would have been the veriest crime to remain indoors on such a day.

With such a historical landmark as the old Crater within four miles of us, many of us had never been out that way, even those more energetic fellows who preferred walking to Petersburg, instead of waiting for a crowded trolley. Therefore, the proposition to tramp out the Crater Road met with unanimous consent, so off we trudged, with the sunlight glinting on the wires of the fences along the road, and making them look like golden cobwebs. A wonderful afternoon for a hike!

You will recall that at the end of the Convalescent Area there is a large sign that reads "U. S. Military Reservation." As we passed this sign, we threw all thoughts of the Army to the four winds and instilled in their place a sort of contentment with life such as we had not known since last spring—that magic season of the year which drives young poets insane trying to describe its beauties. Swinging along at a good stride, soon we came to the little concrete bridge which, we were sure, must have fostered many proposals and love scenes in its past, when the pale Virginia moonlight played on its romantic possibilities. Despite the fact that "in the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," we were sure that we were not the first to notice its wonderful attractions as an amorous bower.

Down in the hollow could be seen the last trace of the old road which had been abandoned some months ago to allow the Camp engineers to rebuild a road in order to get some practice before beginning that grim work in Flanders. The turn in the road beyond this point is a sharp one, and a little to the left stands a weather-beaten, tumble-down old shack which seems to be lamenting its past gayety in the days before the



ALL THAT REMAINS OF ONE OF THE FORTS

Civil War and is waiting for a Virginia gale to obliterate it entirely. A delightful veil of mystery long has lingered about this place — Dame Rumor whispered that those thirsty mortals who crossed its threshold with the right password came out with quenched thirst and an odorous breath. However, many pathfinders have "bin thar" and came away thirstier than they entered, and wiser, so the old rumor is suspected of being a hallucination.

Passing the little stretch of woodland, we came to the straight road which meets the Norfolk "pike," and as our eyes met the sign post of this crossroads, our little army paused and looked around. It seemed very inviting to us—to follow the way to Norfolk—but the Crater was our destination. A little verse came to my mind:

"A soul stood at the crossroads,  
Where good and bad do meet,  
Perplexed and undecided,  
Which way to turn his feet.  
The good road seemed so barren,  
The bad one looked so sweet;  
So that soul went to the devil,  
Where the good and bad don't meet!"

A passing machine with a red heart on its windshield slowed up and its owner offered his generosity and a seat in his car. Then we all decided to take the "good road" after all. We were at the bridge in a few



THE BRIDGE

moments, and alighted from the machine just as a Seaboard Air Line sped under us on its way North. For an instant there was a dampening of the spirits of our little party which even the glorious day could not dispel; delightful as was Virginia on this spring day, we all were sure that we should gladly have deserted it without a pang of remorse, could we have been on that northbound train.

The expanse of territory visible from the bridge is a delight to the nature lover. In the distance we could see the Crater itself.

On we pressed, and soon stood before the Massachusetts monument that was erected by the Commonwealth of that State in honor of her sons who fought and died so nobly on the spot now covered by the beautiful shaft. Pennsylvania, also, has erected a magnificent monument to commemorate the heroic deeds of the men of the 200th, 208th, and 209th Regi-

ments of Volunteers from the Keystone State, and we were greatly thrilled to gaze upon its splendid proportions.

By this time we all were eager to reach the Crater and pushed on toward it. As our first view of this great hole in the ground, which was such a fateful factor in the siege of Petersburg, burst upon our eyes, we scarcely could believe that it had been made by disciples of Mars. Kindly Nature has done her best in partially obliterating its grim significance, and trees and shrubs have sprung up to cover the



ENTRANCE TO CRATER

work of man with her own softer, more humane work. Even so will the devastation of France and Belgium gradually disappear beneath the hand of Time and only memories will live and rankle in the minds of those who loved the beauty of



THE CRATER

France before the Hun began his deadly work. With the healing of the wounds in the earth at the Crater, the wounds in the hearts of the people of the North and South also have healed and the people of the two sections have been united in bonds that can never again be broken. It was with a clearer realization of this that we left the Crater where men of the North and men of the South fell together in those dread days which are almost forgotten.

Our thoughts of the Civil War days were interrupted

by the discovery that we had only half an hour in which to reach the Hospital in time for Mess; our imaginations—which had been dwelling on the great days of old—came down with a thud to the mundane things of life,

and we realized that we were hungry enough to eat mule-steak. Just then the canteen truck appeared and Sergeant first-class Sunderland called cheerily, "All aboard, fellows!" The haste and energy which we displayed in clambering into the truck was so inspiring to the driver of the truck that he sped into Camp like a bolt from Jove's hammer.

Each fellow in the party felt amply repaid for his afternoon's jaunt and wished that he might have another such before he left Virginia in the near future.



DRESSED FOR BED!

## ABOUT CAMP



CAMP Lee is located on historic ground, being the site of camps of the Union forces during the siege of Petersburg in 1865.

The Base Hospital is located in Prince George County, Virginia, and is four miles from Petersburg.

The size of Camp Lee, including the rifle range, is 7348 acres.

First arrival of draftees was on September 10, 1917.

Number of buildings is about 4200; capacity of buildings is 70,000.

Capacity of camp (including tentage) 100,000 men.

Cost of construction is about \$25,000,000.

Roads total 40 miles, including 14 miles of concrete, 18 miles of gravel, 1 mile of cinder and 7 miles of dirt roadway.

The "Bayonet" is the weekly publication of the camp and is issued every Friday.

Two million pounds of ice were consumed in the month of August, 1918.

Seventy million gallons of water per month is used.

There are 30 miles of sewers and 4 sewerage disposal plants.

The camp water supply is derived from the power canal of the Appomattox River above Petersburg, and is taken adjacent to the old locks built by George Washington. The water passes through three pumping stations and one purification plant before being delivered to camp.

There are six fire stations in camp, all equipped with modern fire-fighting apparatus.

The 80th Division, under the command of Major-General Adelbert Cronkhite, was the first division to train at Camp Lee. It was made up of troops from



THE PENNSYLVANIA MONUMENT

Virginia, West Virginia and Pennsylvania. They embarked for France on May 23, 1918.

The 37th Division came to Camp Lee to finish training immediately after the 80th Division left. It embarked for France about June 12, 1918.

Of the Welfare Activities there are 3 Hostess Houses, 15 Y. M. C. A. Huts, 3 K. of C. Huts, 1 Jewish Welfare Building and 1 Camp Library.

There are 2 theatres, the "Liberty" and the "Victory."

The jitney fare to Petersburg is 25 cents, and to Hopewell 25 cents.

The car fare to Petersburg is 10 cents and to Hopewell 20 cents.

The military organization of Military Police is commonly known to the soldier as "M.P.'s."



THE MASSACHUSETTS MONUMENT

LEST WE FORGET



THE CAMP LIBRARY



THE BIG "Y"



THE LIBERTY THEATRE



LEST WE FORGET



CAMP HEADQUARTERS



HOSTESS HOUSE



CAMP STAFF HEADQUARTERS

LEST WE FORGET



THE CAMP RAILROAD STATION



WATER TOWER



A TRAFFIC COP AT 27TH STREET

## IMAGINATION

**W**E are going to take a scenic trip through the Hospital.

Get into that little imagination car and let's go. First, we slowly climb that long incline and as we reach the top we pause, just for a fraction of a second, as we take a deep breath and prepare for the first dip.

Down the car rushes towards the caves. We plunge into darkness and hit a curve and you can hear the squeak from the wheels as steel flange meets steel rail.

We come to our first cave and it's flooded with light. It's our Administration Building. You get a glimpse of the Information Office and the Registrar's Office; you see the men hunched over their typewriters, you hear the hum of activity. But the little scenic car rolls on.

Did you see that signal? Blue—that means a clear track. Were it red, you and I could not take this trip.

Another long lighted opening. There's the Post Office and there's the Chief Nurses' Office, and as we swerve to the right, we get a glimpse of the Receiving Ward and just an end of the Patient's Property Room.

Be careful, this is a rush trip and there are plenty of curves. Here's one now—we swerve to the right—you will have to look quickly. There's the Pathological "Lab" and the X-ray "Lab," and did you see the Operating Room on the left?

Now we are going down a long, dark, straight stretch. How those wheels hum! They need oiling.

Look! On the left, set back in that lighted cave. That's the Patient's Mess Hall and the Diet Kitchen. You just get a hurried look at it, then onward, and another curve jostles you so that you have to look back to get a glimpse of the Post Exchange, where you and I spent our army "fortunes."

Here's a whopper of a straight-a-way. Gee, the old car sure is rolling right along and we are hoping it will last the trip. There's the Chapel on the left; and there's the garage and there's the tailor shop. Did you get a chance to see the Quartermaster Building and the Animal House a little further back? On we go.



Smell those woods! Regular woods. We are passing the Boiler House on the right. Onward, and now for a big curve to the right. You don't need to get ready for it because you won't know it's a curve. In that lighted cave is the Red Cross Building and those buildings in the other caves are Convalescent Barracks. Now we are heading back towards our starting point.

Just smell those trees—the little old car is hitting it up again—the Laundry and the Boiler house sweep past on our right—here's the Head Surgery Building—a sharp curve to the left—another curve—and away we go on the homeward stretch. The little old car seems to know it, we sure are moving. There—that cave—that's the Officers' Sick Ward and the cave on the left, that's the Officers Quarters and that building is what used to be the Colonel's quarters. Some ride! There's the Administration Building again—and there's the Receiving Ward. That long lighted cave on the left—That's the Nurses' Quarters.

Look out! You give a sudden lunge of your body—it's the brakes that did it—you can hear them shriek and you grab your hat before it's jerked off of your head. But the little car stops without falling apart and our scenic trip is over.

Use that gift of imagination of yours sometime. Jump into that little imagination car every once in a while and take a trip through the Hospital caves. The little car is always waiting for you.



## “ALL TOGETHER BOYS”

### OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,  
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;  
For the hardest blow of all is to hear the bugler call,  
You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got  
got to get up this morning.  
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,  
Some day they're going to find him dead;  
I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,  
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

Published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.

### GOOD MORNING, MR. ZIP-ZIP-ZIP

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,  
With you hair cut just as short as mine;  
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,  
You're surely looking fine.  
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,  
If the Camels don't get you,  
The Fatimas must.  
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,  
With your hair cut just as short as,  
Your hair cut just as short as,  
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

Published by Leo Feist

### THE LAST LONG MILE

Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your back,  
Nor the rifle on your shoulder,  
Nor the five-inch crust of khaki-colored dust  
That makes you feel your limbs are growing older.  
And it's not the hike on the hard turnpike  
That wipes away your smile;  
Nor the socks of sister's  
That raise the blooming blisters;  
It's the last, long mile.

Published by T. B. Harms

### SMILES

There are smiles that make us happy,  
There are smiles that make us blue  
There are smiles that steal away the teardrops  
As the sunbeams kiss away the dew;  
There are smiles that have a tender meaning  
That the eyes of love alone can see,  
But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine  
Are the smiles that you give to me.

Copyright, Lee S. Roberts

### MY BELGIAN ROSE

Belgian Rose, my drooping Belgian rose,  
For ev'ry hour of sorrow you've had.  
You'll have a year in which to be glad;  
You were not born in vain,  
For you will bloom again;  
And tho' they've taken all your sunshine and dew  
We'll make an American beauty of you;  
And you will find repose,  
Over here, my Belgian Rose.

Copyright, Leo Feist, Inc.

### PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,  
And smile, smile, smile.  
While you've a lucifer left to light your fag,  
Smile, boys, that's the style.  
What's the use of worrying?  
It never was worth while; so  
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,  
And smile, smile, smile.

Published by Chappell & Co.

## “NOW ONCE AGAIN”

### THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing,  
And a white moon beams;  
There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true,  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.

Published by M. Witmark & Sons

### OVER THERE

Over there, over there,  
Send the word, send the word, over there,  
That the yanks are coming, the yanks are coming,  
The drums rum-tumming ev'ry where.  
So prepare, say a pray'r,  
Send the word, send the word to beware,  
We'll be over, we're coming over  
And we won't come back till it's over over there.

Published by Coban & Harris

### K-K-K-KATY

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,  
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore.  
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the cowshed  
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

Published by Leo Feist

### SWEET ADELINE

Sweet Adeline, my Adeline,  
At night, dear heart, for you I pine,  
In all my dreams your fair face beams,  
You're the flower of my heart,  
Sweet Adeline.

Copyright, M. Witmark & Sons

### THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND

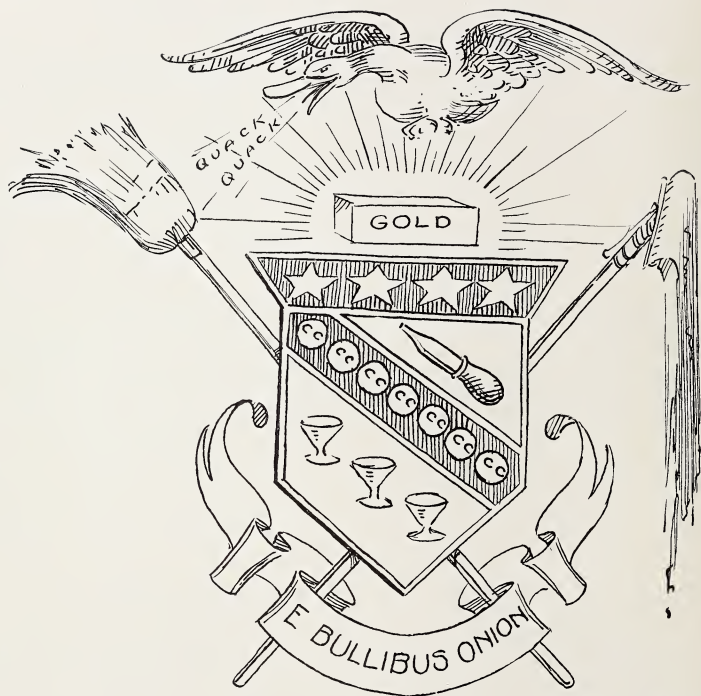
There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land"  
And it's wonderful to see;  
Though it's sprayed with tears, it will live for years  
In my garden of memory,  
It's the one red rose the soldier knows,  
It's the work of the Master's hand,  
Mid the war's great curse stands the Red Cross Nurse,  
She's the rose of No Man's Land.

Copyright, Leo Feist

### KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Keep the home fires burning,  
While your hearts are yearning,  
Though your lads are far away  
They dream of home;  
There's a silver lining  
Through the dark cloud shining,  
Turn the dark cloud inside out,  
Till the boys come home.

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THE COAT OF ARMS



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1918. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918. - TEN PAGES. PRICE 5 CENTS. VOL. 10, NO. 10, 1918.

# ARMISTICE SIGNED

### EX-EMPEROR FLEES ACROSS DUTCH LINE IN FAST MOTOR CAR

Amoy, Peking, N. Y. and London, Nov. 11. — Kaiser Wilhelm fled across the Dutch line in a fast motor car, according to reports from the front.

### Some Old English In King's

London, Nov. 11. — The king's speech at the opening of the session of parliament today was full of old English.

### RICHMOND READY TO DEAL WITH MEN FOR UNITED DRIVE BY ACTUAL POWER

Richmond, Va., Nov. 11. — The city is ready to deal with any men who come here for the purpose of organizing a drive for the United States.

### What Will Happen in New England Tomorrow?

Boston, Nov. 11. — It is expected that the news of the signing of the armistice will be received in New England tomorrow.

### WORLD WAR ENDS AT 6 A. M. TO-DAY

Terms of Historic Document Will Not Be Made Public Until Later. High Commanders Announce—Bismarck in Presence for Immediate Surrender of German Soldiers. France, Prussia and Alsace-Lorraine and Complete Disarmament.

PARIS, Nov. 11. — The armistice was signed at 5 o'clock, Washington time, in effect today. The document was signed in the forest of Compiègne, in the presence of the plenipotentiaries of the belligerents.

### WILLIAM HOWEY COLLEGE BOND FOR MISDEMEANOR

Richmond, Va., Nov. 11. — William Howe College has been granted a bond for a misdemeanor.

### TEN-AMERICAN LABOR ORGANIZATION PLANS

Richmond, Va., Nov. 11. — Plans for a ten-American labor organization are being discussed.

### FOUR MORE WOUNDED IN THE SPINAL PLACES

Richmond, Va., Nov. 11. — Four more soldiers were wounded in the spinal places.

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ONE DAY IN A MILLION!

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS



THE Editors are unanimous in their thanks and grateful appreciation for the co-operation afforded them at all times during the compilation of "LEST WE FORGET." The contributors have, in their contributions, expressed the three principles upon which this volume was founded, that of "Fraternity, Progression and Humanity." It is the earnest wish of the entire staff that these principles be expounded more forcibly than ever in the future; that their meaning may enlighten the world and bring success to all.

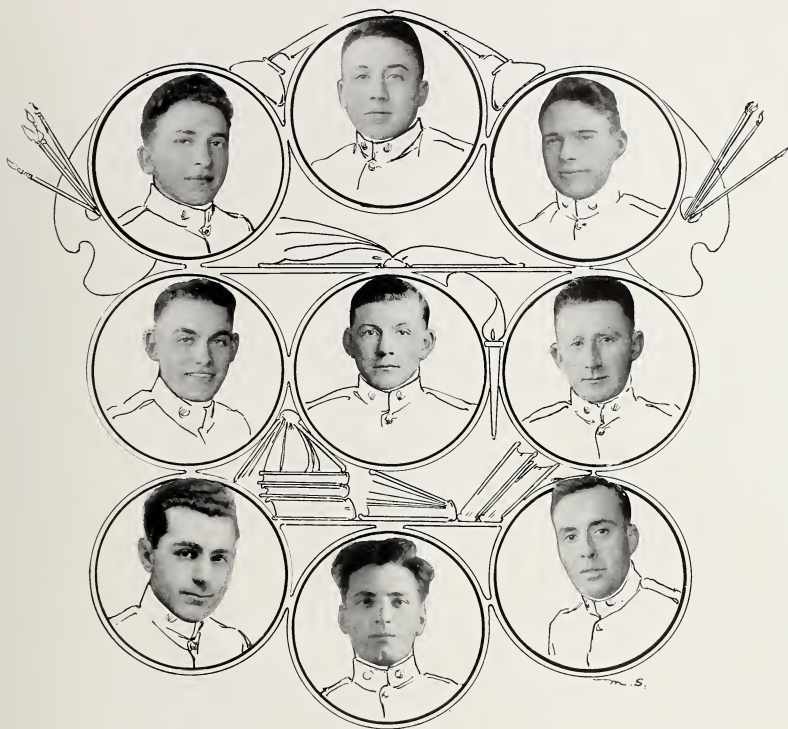
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