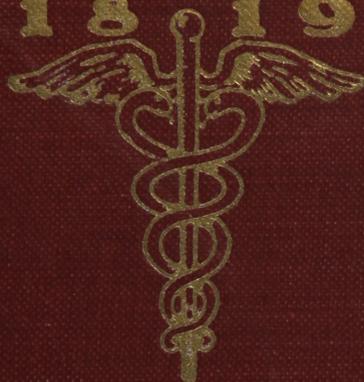


BASE HOSPITAL
FORTY-SIX
1918-1919



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To Colonel Charles Lynch, M.C.
with the compliments of

G. F. Benedin
Capt. San. Corps,
Med. Supply Officer
Base Hospital 46

Wight, O.B.

On Active Service
with Base Hospital

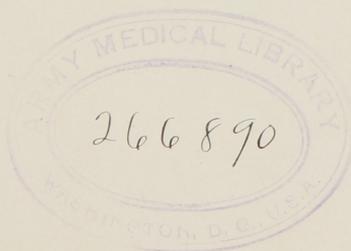
46

U. S. A.

Mar. 20, 1918

to

May 25, 1919



IMPRIMIS



TO the friends of Base Hospital No. 46, and to the members of the Unit, of whose life and work together it is a record, this volume is offered in the hope that it may gratify those who, waiting at home, were with us in spirit, and may provide all who had a part in the work with a memorial of their services, of value and interest in the days to come.

With this double purpose in view, the Editors have tried to take a broad view of the task committed to them, and to present a picture as comprehensive as possible, even though faulty in execution. They felt that if it presented only the grave and serious aspects it would not be a faithful picture. They thought, too, that the details of the Hospital's organization and functioning were best known to those persons who were most directly concerned, and therefore, they sought to obtain brief reports from each subdivision of the several departments, instead of committing the whole to writers chosen for literary ability.

Considering that, in this great epoch of our Nation's life, the spirit which has animated all, from the least to the greatest, in the non-combatant branches of the Service as well as those bearing arms, the home workers as well as those who crossed the sea, was one of giving the best we had to the common cause, we feel it appropriate to dedicate this record to

THE SPIRIT OF 1917

BOARD OF EDITORS

- OTIS B. WIGHT, Major, M. C., Portland, Oregon,
Chairman.
- DONALD MACOMBER, Captain, M. C., Boston,
Massachusetts.
- ARTHUR S. ROSENFELD, First Lieutenant, M. C.,
Portland, Oregon.
-



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBERT C. YENNEY

COMMANDING OFFICERS

Base Hospital 46

LIEUTENANT COLONEL W. R. DAVIS, M. C. (Now Colonel M. C.)
Commanding Officer, Base Hospital No. 46, March 26, 1918
to July 31, 1918.

MAJOR CHARLES A. BETTS, M. C. (Now Lieutenant Colonel M. C.)
Commanding Officer, Base Hospital No. 46, August 1, 1918,
to September 1, 1918.

MAJOR THOMAS M. JOYCE, M. C.
Commanding Officer, Base Hospital No. 46, September 1,
1918, to October 1, 1918.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL ROBERT C. YENNEY, M. C.
Commanding Officer, Base Hospital No. 46, October 1, 1918
until demobilized May 22, 1919.

When Base Hospital No. 46 was organized, only one man was thought of for the directorship, the medical officer who would really be the Father of the Unit. In the Fall of 1917, much of his time was devoted to the preliminary steps of organization, to the selection of nurses and personnel and all the details that constantly developed.

During mobilization, on our trip over and in our work in the A. E. F., his associates have always felt that the good work done by the unit was largely due to his steady hand on the wheel, and his common sense in adjusting difficulties.

It could properly be said that, without Robert C. Yenney at the helm, Base Hospital 46 would have had a much more difficult career and would not have so fully earned its good name.

 IN MEMORIAM


AMONG the processions which followed the flag-draped casket to the graveyard in the valley between the wooded hills and the winding river were two whose significance was especially vivid to the members of our unit. Although serving at a distance from the battle-line these young people were nevertheless called to make the supreme sacrifice and their lives were as truly offered on the Altar of Liberty as those of the combatants whose graves surround theirs. And later came the news of the loss of one who had been denied the privilege of performing that service for which he came because separated from the unit by illness at the port of debarkation. To Norene M. Royer, A. N. C., who died September 16, 1918; to Corporal Ernest D. Stout, M. C., who died September 21, 1918, and to Private First Class Kenneth M. Welshons, who died November 9, 1918, we dedicate this page in memory of the lives they lived among us and the offering they made for the cause of our common service.

 REQUIESCANT IN PACE

NORENE M. ROYER, A. N. C.

Died September 17, 1918.

CORPORAL ERNEST D. STOUT

Died September 22, 1918

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS KENNETH M. WELSHONS

Died November 9, 1918, Allerey.



FUNERAL OF MISS ROYER



AMERICAN CEMETERY AT BAZILLES



Reading Left to Right: Major Wight, Lt. Mars, Chap. Colton, Lt. Rhyne, Capt. McCown, Lt. Wells, Capt. Major Benson, Lt. Coberth, Lt.
 McKenzie, Capt. Earle, Lt. Rosenfeldt, Capt. Bouldin, Capt. Macomber, Major Johnson, Lt. Scott, Major Ziegelman, Capt. Bouvy, Lt. Col. Yenney, Major Skene,
 Major Robison, Major Koch, Major Selling, Major Joyce, Major Knox, Lt. Blair, Capt. Morse, Capt. Mangan, Capt. Parsons, Lt. Wood, Capt. Johnson, Lt.
 Patton, Capt. West, Lt. Werner, Capt. Hynson, Capt. Lupton.

OFFICERS

Base Hospital 46

WILLIAM R. DAVIS, Lieutenant-Colonel, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, born July 10, 1871, at Wytheville, Va. Residence, as assigned, U. S. Army. Graduated from Vanderbilt University School of Medicine, 1898; from U. S. Army Medical School, 1904. Continuously in the service of the U. S., through the various grades. *Assigned to Command of Base Hospital 46, Camp Lewis, Wash., March 21, 1918. Relieved of command of Base Hospital 46, July 31, 1918, and made Commanding Officer, Hospital Center, Langres.*

THOMAS M. JOYCE, Major, M. C., born at Emmetsburg, Ia., January 27, 1885. Commissioned First Lieutenant March 8, 1912. First assignment October 15, 1917, to Philadelphia School of Neurological Surgery; to Rockefeller Institute, New York, March 25, 1918; to U. S. General Hospital No. 6, Baltimore, Md., April 6, 1918; to Camp Lewis from leave, April 17, 1918. *Original Staff*, recommended July 4, 1917. Promoted Captain, November 2, 1917; Major, March 15, 1918. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from University of Michigan Medical School, 1910. In command of Base Hospital No. 46 from September 1, 1918 to October 1, 1918. Chief of Surgical Service, October 1, 1918, to December 29, 1918. Departed for Casual Officers' Camp, Angers, for return to the United States, December 29, 1918.

ROBERT C. YENNEY, Lieutenant-Colonel, M. C., born Walla Walla, Wash., March 18, 1868. *Director of Base Hospital No. 46, A. R. C.* Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduate of University of Pennsylvania Medical School, 1892. Commissioned First Lieutenant, July 21, 1917. *Original Staff*, promoted Major, November 13, 1917. First assignment, April 5, 1918, to Camp Lewis, Washington. Chief of Medical Service, Base Hospital No. 46, July 9, 1918 to October 1, 1918. Promoted Lieutenant-Colonel, September 24, 1918. Accepted commission, October 1, 1918, and assumed command of Base Hospital No. 46.

LAURENCE SELLING, Major, M. R. C., born March 18, 1882, Portland, Oregon. *Original Staff*, recommended July 4, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. A. B., Yale, 1904. Graduated from Johns Hopkins Medical School, 1908. Commissioned Captain, September 8, 1917. First assignment, October 17, 1917, School of Neurological Surgery, Philadelphia; to Hoboken to rejoin Base Hospital No. 46, April 5, 1918; to Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, for temporary duty, April 11, 1918. Promoted Major May, 1919.

ROBERT L. BENSON, Major, M. R. C., born May 30, 1880, at Flint, Michigan. *Original Staff*, recommended July 4, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon, B. A., M. A., Michigan, 1902-4. Graduated from Rush Medical School, 1910. Commissioned First Lieutenant, April 20, 1917. First assignment May 3, 1917, Vancouver Barracks, Wash., July 6, 1917; to Portland, Oregon, to examine personnel and recruit for Base Hospital No. 46; August 27, 1917, to Fort Riley, Kansas; April 10, 1918, to Camp Mills, N. Y.; June 9, 1918, to Camp Merritt, N. J., to join Base Hospital No. 46. Promoted Captain November 2, 1917. Promoted Major, October 14, 1918. Accepted commission, November 1, 1918. Departed December 29, 1918, for Casual Officers' Camp, Angers, for return to the United States.

SPIRO SARGENTICH, Captain, M. C., born May 1, 1872, at Budua, Dalmatia. *Original Staff*, recommended July, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from University of California, College Phy. and Surg., San Francisco, 1902. Commissioned First Lieutenant, April 17, 1917. First assignment, June 2, 1917, as recruiting officer, to Portland, Oregon; June 30, 1917, with Field Hospital, No. 31 to Camp Lewis, Wash.; September 18, 1917, to Washington, D. C., Army War College; April 12, 1918, to Camp Merritt, N. J., Base Hospital, to await Base Hospital No. 46. Promoted Captain, November 5, 1917. Transferred July 21, 1918, to 331st Field Hospital for duty in Italy.

OTTO W. KOCH, Major, M. C., born October 17, 1879, at Austin, Texas. Residence, Ballwin, St. Louis County, Mo. Graduated from St. Louis College Phy. and Surg., 1901. Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 5, 1917. First assign-

ment, September 5, 1917, to Camp Arthur, Texas. *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, Camp Lewis, Wash., April 5, 1918. Promoted Captain, December 12, 1917. Accepted commission as Major, November 25, 1918. Transferred to Provisional Hospital No. 1, for duty, January, 1919.

DONALD MACOMBER, Captain, M. C., born January 26, 1885, at Boston, Massachusetts. Residence, West Newton, Massachusetts. Graduated from Harvard Medical School, 1909. Commissioned as Captain, December 6, 1917. First assignment, August 28, 1917, Cardio Vascular expert, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. Second assignment, December 20, 1917, to Base Hospital No. 116, New York City. *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, Camp Merritt, N. J., June 6, 1918. Departed January 11, 1919, for Casual Officers' Camp, Angers, for return to the United States.

RICHARD B. DILLEHUNT, Major, M. C., born July 15, 1887, at Decatur, Illinois. *Original Staff*, recommended July 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from Rush Medical College, Chicago, 1910. Commissioned First Lieutenant, July 7, 1917. First assignment, August 25, 1917, to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo.; January, 1918, to Camp Fremont, Cal.; February, 1918, to School Military Orthopedics, Los Angeles, Cal.; April 10, 1918, to Camp Lewis with Base Hospital No. 46. Promoted Captain, January 1, 1918. Transferred December 16, 1918, to Base Hospital No. 114 for duty. Returned to duty with Base Hospital No. 46, February 20, 1919. Promoted to grade of Major, M. C., February 17, 1919. Accepted commission February 27, 1919.

RALPH A. FENTON, Major, M. C., born November 5, 1880, at LaFayette, Oregon. *Original Staff*, recommended July, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from University of Oregon, 1903, A. B.; Northwestern University Medical School, 1906. Commissioned as First Lieutenant, August 20, 1917. First assignment, December 4, 1917, president Oregon Examining Board, M. R. C., 32 days' service. To duty April 5, 1918, Camp Lewis, Wash., with Base Hospital No. 46. Promoted Captain, October 3, 1917. Transferred July 17, 1918, for duty at Army Candidates' School, Langres. Promoted to grade of Major, November 15, 1918.

WILLIAM S. KNOX, Major, M. C., born February 16, 1885, at Canajoharie, N. Y. *Original Staff*, recommended July, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from University of Michigan Medical School, 1909. Commissioned Captain, November 2, 1917. First assignment, March 7, 1918, Camp Lewis, Base Hospital; to Base Hospital No. 46, April 6, 1917. Promoted Major, July 11, 1918. Chief of Medical Service, October 1, 1918, to December 29, 1918: Departed December 29, 1918, for Casual Officers' Camp, Angers, for return to United States.

OTIS B. WIGHT, Major, M. R. C., born May 28, 1877, at Cleveland, Ohio. *Original Staff*, recommended November, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from Stanford University, A. B., 1898; Johns Hopkins Medical, 1902. Commissioned Captain, December 2, 1917. First assignment, March 20, 1918, Portland, Oregon, to mobilize enlisted men Base Hospital No. 46; April, 5, 1918, to Camp Lewis. Promoted Major, October 14, 1918. Accepted commission, November 2, 1918. Chief of Medical Service, Base Hospital No. 46, December 29, 1918 to January 26, 1919. Appointed Adjutant and Registrar, January 26, 1919.

EDWIN W. MORSE, Captain, M. R. C., born January 28, 1876, at Portland, Oregon. *Original Staff*, recommended July 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from Jefferson Medical School, Philadelphia, 1908. Commissioned Captain, August 20, 1917. First assignment, April 5, 1918, Camp Lewis, Wash., with Base Hospital No. 46. Departed for Casual Officers' Camp, Angers, January 13, 1919, for return to United States.

JOHNSON, JOHN H., Major, M. C., born at Sharon, Miss., March 25, 1866. Residence, Brookhaven, Miss. Graduated from Tulane University, 1888. Commissioned First Lieutenant, April 20, 1917. First assignment, Camp Shelby, Miss., August 20, 1917. Promoted Captain, December 20, 1917. *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, Camp Merritt, June 8, 1918. Promoted Major October 14, 1918. Accepted commission, October 28, 1918.

HARRY M. BOUVY, Captain, M. C., born November 21, 1885, at Ottawa, Kan. *Original Staff*, recommended July 1917. Residence, La Grande, Oregon. Graduated from University Michigan 1908, Ph. G., University Oregon, Medical Dept., 1914. Commissioned First Lieutenant, July 4, 1917. First assignment, October 6, 1917, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.; February, 1918, Camp Sheridan, Ala.; April, 1918, Hoboken, N. J., to await Base Hospital No. 46; April, Camp Merritt, Base Hospital; June 5, to Base Hospital No. 46. Accepted commission as Captain, November 26, 1918.

SAMUEL A. RHYNE, First Lieutenant, M. C., born November 4, 1892, at Charlotte, N. C. Residence, Charlotte, N. C. Graduated from North Carolina Medical College, 1915. Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 12, 1917. First assignment, October 18, 1917, Richmond, Va., School of Military Roentgenology; November, 1917, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, Camp Merritt, N. J., April, 1918.

GARRETT LEE HYNSON, Captain, M. C., born December 29, 1883, at Milford, Delaware. *Original Staff*, recommended July, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, 1911. Commissioned First Lieutenant, September 15, 1917. First assignment, March 1, 1918, Chicago, Ill., School of Oral Surgery, Northwestern University; April 1, to Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.; April 12, to Camp Merritt, Base Hospital, to await Base Hospital No. 46. Promoted to grade of Captain, March 7, 1919. Accepted commission, March 8, 1919.

KARL P. MORAN, First Lieutenant, M. C., born October 22, 1888, at Eldora, Iowa. *Original Staff*, recommended July, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from Baylor University, Medical Department, Texas, 1913. Commissioned First Lieutenant, September 1, 1917. First assignment, December 4, 1917, Portland, Oregon, with examining board, M. R. C., 32 days; Camp Lewis, Wash., with Base Hospital No. 46, April 5, 1918. Departed for United States as Class "D" patient November 18, 1918.

IRVING M. LUPTON, Captain, M. C., born March 27, 1890, at Minneapolis, Minn. *Original Staff*, recommended July, 1917. Residence, Spokane, Wash. Graduated from Univer-

sity Oregon, Medical Department, 1915. Commissioned First Lieutenant, July 18, 1917. First assignment, December 7, 1917, San Francisco, Cal., Presidio; January, 1918, Camp Fremont, Cal.; April, 1918, Camp Lewis, Wash., with Base Hospital No. 46. Promoted to grade of Captain, February 17, 1919. Accepted commission, March 2, 1919.

CHARLES E. WEST, Captain, M. C., born October 3, 1871, at Hannibal, Mo. Residence, Decatur, Illinois. Graduated from Chicago Homeopathic Medical College, 1898. Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 15, 1917. First assignment, December 23, 1917, Camp Grant, Illinois. *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, Camp Merritt, N. J., June 3, 1918. Promoted to grade of Captain, February 17, 1919. Accepted commission, March 3, 1919.

AUSTIN H. WOOD, First Lieutenant, M. C., born May 26, 1890, at Willock, Allegheny County, Pa. Residence, Baltimore, Md. Graduated from University of Maryland, Medical Department, 1914. Commissioned First Lieutenant, December 1, 1917. First assignment, January 15, 1918, New York City, Post Graduate Hospital; March 1, 1918, Camp Meade, Md. *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, Camp Merritt, N. J., May 27, 1918, reporting June 5.

EDWARD F. ZIEGELMAN, Major, M. C., born July 10, 1884, at La Crosse, Wis. *Original Staff*, recommended July, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, 1912. Commissioned First Lieutenant, September 15, 1917. First assignment, December 1, 1917, Portland, Oregon, as recruiting officer, 23 days' service; to duty, March 11, 1918, University California, San Francisco, surgical course; Camp Lewis, Wash., to Base Hospital No. 46, April 9, 1918. Ranks as of date February 16, 1918. Promoted Captain, July 10, 1918. Accepted commission, August 23, 1918. Transferred to Evacuation Hospital No. 21, January 31, 1919. Commissioned Major, May 2, 1919.

ARTHUR S. ROSENFELD, First Lieutenant, M. C., born January 28, 1886, at Portland, Oregon. *Original Staff*, recommended July, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from Johns Hopkins University, Medical Department, 1911; from Stanford University, A. B., 1907. Commissioned First Lieutenant, September 17, 1917. First assignment, March 12, 1918, Fort Riley, Kansas, to Base Hospital; April 6, to

Camp Merritt, N. J., Base Hospital, to await Base Hospital No. 46.

LOUIS A. MANGAN, Captain, M. C., born April 28, 1886, at Crystal, N. D. Residence, Outlook, Montana. Graduated from Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago, 1914. Commissioned First Lieutenant, February 1, 1918. First assignment, March 20, 1918, to Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.; Camp Merritt, N. J. *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, June 4. Promoted to grade of Captain, February 17, 1919. Accepted commission March 2, 1919.

HUBERT FRANK PARSONS, Captain, D. C., born December 1, 1880, at Portland, Oregon. *Original Staff*, recommended July 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from North Pacific Dental College, 1909. Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 15, 1917. First assignment, Camp Lewis, Wash., April 5, 1918, with Base Hospital No. 46. Promoted Captain June 7, 1918. Accepted commission, July 30, 1918.

MALCOLM S. BLACK, Second Lieutenant, Q. M. C., born April 29, 1893, at Brooklyn, New York. Residence, Orange, N. J. Graduated from St. Lawrence University, 1916. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, May 3, 1918. First assignment, May 2, 1918, *Assigned as Quartermaster Base Hospital No. 46*. Assigned to 91st Division for duty and departed October 1, 1918.

CLINTON JENNINGS GREENE, Chaplain (First Lieutenant), American Red Cross, born January 10, 1884, in Mexico. *Original Staff*, recommended December, 1917; a Presbyterian minister. Residence and pastorate, Corvallis, Oregon. Graduated from Princeton University, A. B., 1908; McCormick Theological Seminary, 1911. Commissioned by Red Cross, December 13, 1917. First assignment to *Base Hospital No. 46*, at Portland, Oregon, March 21, 1918; left behind at Camp Merritt, N. J., June 10, 1918, to await overseas orders.

HARTLEY F. MARS, First Lieutenant, M. C., born August 2, 1890, at Cottage Grove, Minn. Residence, Chicago, Ill. Graduated from University Illinois, Medical Department, 1917.

Commissioned First Lieutenant, December 12, 1917. First assignment, June 6, 1918, *Assigned Base Hospital 46*, Camp Merritt, N. J. Assigned to Evacuation Hospital No. 21, January 31, 1919.

FRANK STEINER, Captain, Sanitary Corps, born September 26, 1885, at Chicago, Illinois. Residence, San Francisco, California. Graduated from School of Pharmacy, San Francisco, California, 1911. Commissioned First Lieutenant, April, 1918. First assignment, Base Hospital No. 46, June 5, 1918, as Adjutant. Transferred to Chief Surgeon's Office, Tours, France, January 25, 1919, for duty.

PRESTON ALBERT WELLS, Second Lieutenant, Q. M. C., born January 30, 1891, at Chicago, Illinois. Residence, Chicago, Illinois. Accepted commission as Second Lieutenant, August 15, 1917. First assignment, Quartermaster Training Battalion, Camp Grant, Illinois. Assigned to Base Hospital No. 46 as Quartermaster, September 24, 1918.

BENJAMIN W. MCKENZIE, First Lieutenant, M. C., born January 3, 1893, in Rowan County, North Carolina. Residence, Salisbury, N. C. Graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, 1916. First assignment, June 5, 1918. *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, Camp Merritt, N. J. Assigned to Evacuation Hospital No. 21, January 31, 1919.

JESSE RUSH PATTON, First Lieutenant, M. C., born April 2, 1891, at Long Branch, N. J. Residence, Long Branch, N. J. Graduated from University and Bellevue Hospital, Medical School, 1917. Commissioned First Lieutenant, April 1, 1918. First assignment, June 5, 1918, *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, Camp Merritt, N. J. Assigned to Provisional Hospital No. 1, January 5, 1919.

RICHARD JOHN WERNER, Second Lieutenant, Sanitary Corps, born December 3, 1893. Residence, Los Angeles, California. Graduated from Oregon Agricultural College, June, 1917. Commissioned as Second Lieutenant, October 4, 1918. First assignment, November 23, 1918, as Detachment Commander, Base Hospital No. 46. Subsequently appointed Mess Officer and Medical Supply Officer.

THOMAS B. SCOTT, First Lieutenant, M. C., born October 20, 1890, at Carroll, Iowa. Residence, Butte, Montana. Graduated from Creighton Medical School, Omaha, 1917. Commissioned First Lieutenant, December 24, 1917. First assignment, June 3, 1918, Camp Merritt, N. J., *Assigned to Base Hospital No. 46*. Assigned to Evacuation Hospital No. 21 January, 1919.

JOHN T. DAVES, First Lieutenant, M. C., born July 16, 1893, at Baskersville, Va. Residence, Baskersville, Va. Graduated from University Maryland, Medical Department, 1917. Commissioned First Lieutenant, December 15, 1917. First assignment, June 5, 1918, *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, Camp Merritt, N. J. Departed for Casual Officers' Camp, Angers, December 29, 1918, for return to the United States.

JAMES H. JOHNSON, Captain, D. C., born March 17, 1894, at Topeka, Kansas. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from North Pacific College, Portland, Oregon, June, 1909. Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 3, 1917. Promoted to grade of Captain, June 7, 1918. First assignment, First Colorado Infantry, October, 1917, Camp Kearney, California. Assigned to Base Hospital No. 46, June 10, 1918.

WILLIAM H. SKENE, Major, M. C., born March 11, 1867, in Scotland. *Original Staff*, recommended July, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from Long Island College Hospital Medical School, N. Y., 1888. Commissioned Captain, November 2, 1917. First assignment, April 5, 1918, Camp Lewis, Wash., with Base Hospital No. 46. Accepted commission as Major, December 2, 1918. Chief of Surgical Service, December 29, 1918, to January 19, 1919.

JOHN I. ROBISON, Major, M. C., born June 13, 1872, in Zion, Pa. Residence, Scranton, Pa. Graduated from Jefferson Medical College, June 13, 1898. Commissioned Captain, June 1, 1917. Accepted commission as Major, April 20, 1918. First assignment, Commanding Officer Ambulance Co. No. 26, October 26, 1917. Assigned to Base Hospital No. 46, October 11, 1918. Transferred to Provisional Hospital No. 1 for duty, January 6, 1919.

WILLIAM NEELY COLTON, Chaplain (First Lieutenant), American Red Cross, born September 18, 1875, in Beatrice, Nebraska. Residence and pastorate, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.; a Protestant Episcopal minister. Red Cross appointment, May 5, 1918. Chaplain Military Hospital No. 2, June 10, 1918, Paris. *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46, A. P. O. 731*, July 6, 1918.

CHARLES F. BOULDIN, Captain, Sanitary Corps, born January 10, 1891, at Pueblo, Colorado. Graduated from University Mechanical Arts, Los Angeles, California, 1912. Commissioned, June 5, 1918. First assignment, Base Hospital No. 46, June 5, 1918, as Medical Supply Officer. Transferred to Provisional Hospital No. 1, January 9, 1919.

CHARLES A. BETTS, Lieutenant Colonel, M. C., born June 7, 1873, at Saginaw, Michigan. Residence, Seattle, Washington. Graduated from Rush Medical College, October, 1900. Army Medical School, June, 1908. Assigned to Base Hospital No. 46, June 10, 1918; joined August 1, 1918. Commanding Officer Base Hospital No. 46, August 1 to September 1, 1918. Transferred to Hospital Center, Langres, September 2, 1918.

DORWIN L. PALMER, Captain, M. C., born at Carlisle, Warren County, Ohio, October 5, 1889. *Original Staff*, recommended, July, 1917. Residence, Portland, Oregon. Graduated from University Oregon, Medical Department, 1915. Commissioned First Lieutenant, June 6, 1917. First assignment, August 1, 1917, Fort Riley, Kansas; August 28, Camp Lewis, Wash.; School of Military Roentgenology, New York, Cornell University Medical School, December 6; April 8, 1918, Hoboken, N. J., awaiting Base Hospital No. 46; April 12, to Camp Merritt, N. J., Camp Surgeon's Office; June 5, to Base Hospital No. 46. Detached December 19, 1918, for duty at Bordeaux. Commissioned Captain, May 2, 1919.

HARRY C. BLAIR, First Lieutenant, M. C., born April 4, 1891, at Elma, Wash. *Original Staff*, recommended July, 1917. Residence, Tacoma, Wash. Graduated from University Oregon Medical Department, 1915. Commissioned First Lieutenant, July 13, 1917. First assignment, September 5, 1917, Vancou-

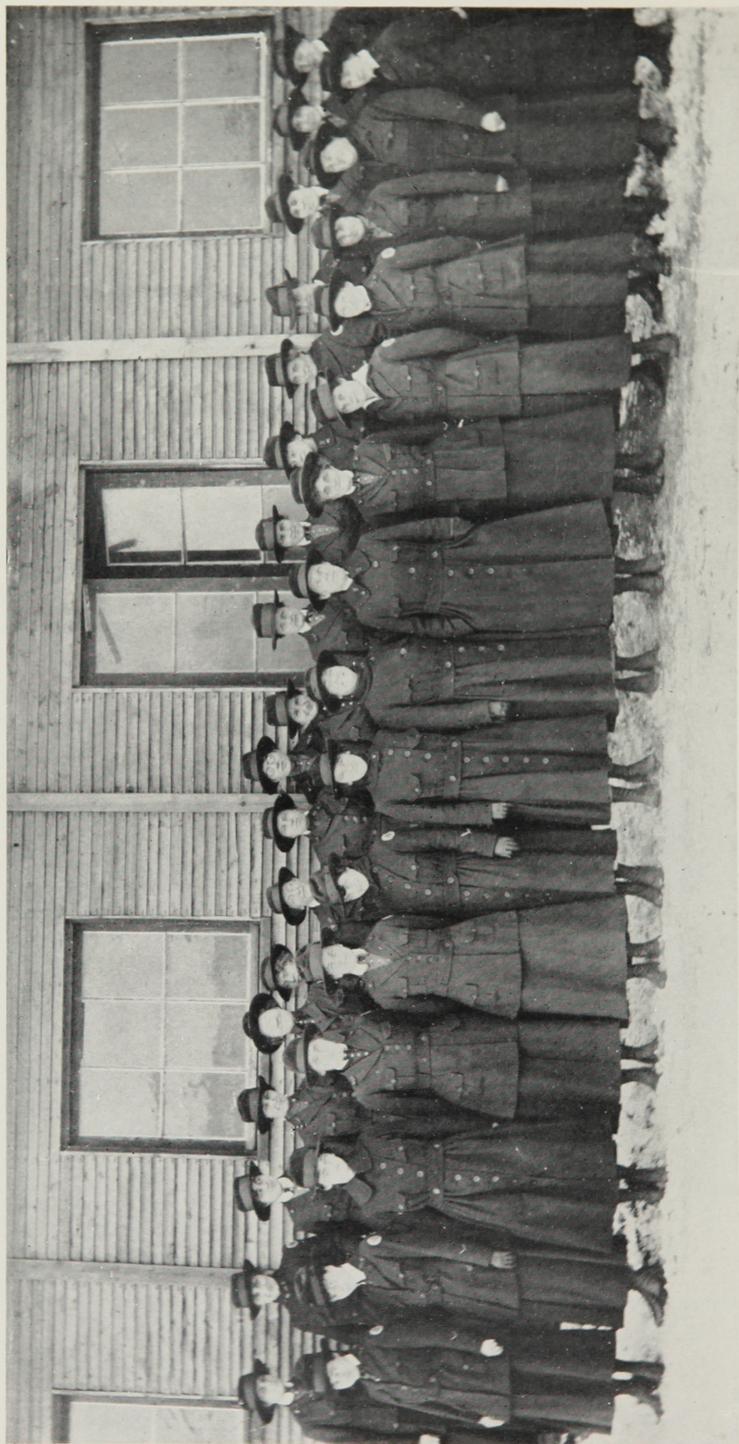
ver Barracks, Wash.; November 18, 1918, Camp Lewis, Wash.; April 6, 1918, Base Hospital No. 46. Departed December 29, 1918, for Casual Officers' Camp, Angers, for return to United States.

ARTHUR G. KELLEY, First Lieutenant, M. C., born January 20, 1888, in Arkansas County, Arkansas. Residence, New York City. Graduated from University Tennessee Medical School, 1915. Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 29, 1917. First assignment, September 18, 1917, Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.; May 1, 1918, Rockefeller Institute, New York; *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, June 7, 1918, Camp Merritt, N. J. Transferred to Evacuation Hospital No. 21, January 31, 1919.

ARTHUR. C. McCOWN, Captain, M. C., born August 2, 1886, at Ireland, Indiana. *Original Staff*, recommended July, 1917. Residence, Cove, Oregon. Graduated from University Oregon, Medical Department, 1912. Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 1, 1917. First assignment, October 4, 1917, Camp Lewis, Wash.; April 6, 1918, Base Hospital No. 46. Promoted to grade of Captain, February 27, 1919. Accepted commission, February 28, 1919.

THOMPSON COBERTH, First Lieutenant, M. C., born February 23, 1888, at Portland, Oregon. *Original Staff*, recommended November, 1917. Residence, The Dalles, Oregon. Graduated from University Oregon, Medical Department, 1911. Commissioned First Lieutenant, December 2, 1917. First assignment, Camp Lewis, Wash., April 4, 1918.

JACOB PEARL, First Lieutenant, M. C., born August 15, 1889, at Philadelphia, Pa. Residence, Wissahickon, Pa. Graduated from University Pennsylvania, Medical Department, 1912. Commissioned First Lieutenant, March 19, 1918. First assignment, April 29, 1918, Camp Meade, Md.; *Assigned Base Hospital No. 46*, June 6, 1918, to Hoboken and Camp Merritt. Transferred to Base Hospital No. 8, Savenay, for duty, November 8, 1918.



PICTURE OF PART OF NURSING PERSONNEL, JANUARY, 1919

NURSES

Base Hospital 46

Arnott, Elsie, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Dublin, Ireland
Arnott, Ruth, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Dublin, Ireland
Brouillard, Jennie, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Viola, Idaho
Brunner, Susanna, G., St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Rupert, Idaho
Colahan, Margaret L., St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Merrill, Oregon
Cronen, Mary E., St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Dempsey, Anne Margaret, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Donaldson, Eleanor, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Earhart, June E., St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Medford, Oregon
Hay, Margaret Y., St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Garmouth, Scotland
Heim, Elizabeth, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Hollenbeck, Elsie, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Battle Ground, Washington
Holm, Claudena, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Holt, Bertha, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Whetworth, England
Hubbard, Sadie, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Dundee, Oregon
Jensen, Mary N., St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Junction City, Oregon
Kurath, Philomena, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Mayse, Rita E., St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Ontario, Oregon
Morrissey, Mary T., St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Cornelius, Oregon
McTagert, Frances, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Mayer, Minnesota
Risch, Frances O., St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Dufur, Oregon
Rudolph, Bertha, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Salem, Oregon
Shields, Ruth R., St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Tweed, Emma, St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Tynan, Margaret A., St. Vincent's Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Belt, Marjorie, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Willamina, Oregon
Bristol, L. Fern, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Browne, F. Estelle, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Campbell, Bessie R., Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Emmett, Idaho
Eaton, Esther M., Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Yacolt, Washington
Ewing, Eleanor C., Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Fleming, Flora F., Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Twin Falls, Idaho
Freeman, Mary E., Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Eugene, Oregon
Grady, Mabelle Ellen, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	La Grande, Oregon
Hogadone, Minerva M., Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Okonogan, Wash.
Luthy, Bertha, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Salem, Oregon
Mullin, Ethel, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
MacEwan, Marjorie, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Tacoma, Wash.

MacDonald, Donalda, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Nyssa, Oregon
McAllister, Margaret J., Good Samaritan Hospital....	Yamhill, Oregon
McClintock, Ferne, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Dufur, Oregon
McFadden, Julia, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Corvallis, Oregon
McGuire, Hazel, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Hammond, Oregon
McKinley, Harriet, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Vancouver, Wash.
Oleson, Lillian M., Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Hillsdale, Oregon
Oleson, Olive, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Hillsdale, Oregon
Seovell, Ora Frances, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Nehalem, Oregon
Slagel, Annie Laurie, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Shaw, Oregon
Smith, Edith M., Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Steward, Icy Anne, Good Samaritan Hospital.....	Sheridan, Oregon
Summers, Louise, Oregon, Good Samaritan Hospital..	Prineville, Oregon
Tagg, Emily Marguerite, Good Samaritan Hospital....	Warrenton, Ore.
Hannum, Martha, Multnomah County Hospital.....	Raymond, Wash.
Humphrey, Martha, Multnomah County Hospital, Morning Sun, Iowa	
Krebs, Helen D., Multnomah County Hospital.....	Portland, Oregon
Anundson, Nellie, Sellwood General Hospital.....	Silverton, Oregon
Berg, Anna C., Sellwood General Hospital.....	Seattle, Washington
Betsworth, Gertrude A., The Dalles Hospital.....	Criterion, Oregon
Bunnell, L. Vesta, The Dalles Hospital.....	Vancouver, Washington
Douthit, Winifred L., The Dalles Hospital.....	The Dalles, Oregon
Falmer, Ida K., The Dalles Hospital.....	The Dalles, Oregon
Galbraith, E. Zetta, The Dalles Hospital.....	Boyd, Oregon
Kern, Emma B., The Dalles Hospital.....	Ridgefield, Washington
Stone, Leila O., The Dalles Hospital.....	The Dalles, Oregon
Willis, Eva E., The Dalles Hospital.....	Seattle, Washington
Leverman, Kathryn, St. Elizabeth's Hosp., Baker, Ore....	Portland, Ore.
Blodget, Marie, Salem, Hospital, Salem, Oregon.....	Blodget, Oregon
Williams, Rosa Claire, Salem Hospital, Salem, Ore.....	Salem, Ore.
Ricketts, Nina C., Mercy Hospital, Eugene, Ore.....	Sweet, Idaho
Boyle, Rose M., Providence Hospital, Astoria, Ore.....	Fernhill, Ore.
Marks, Nellie C., St. Mary's Hospital, Astoria, Ore.....	Ilwaco, Wash.
Eby, Mary E., Minor Private Hosp., Seattle, Wash.....	Detroit, Mich.
Oliver, Lemo, Seattle Gen. Hosp., Seattle, Wash.....	Seattle, Wash.
Roberts, Nellie, Spokane Gen. Hosp., Spokane, Wash.....	Forrest, Wash.
Ross, Anna, Spokane Gen. Hosp., Spokane, Wash.....	McMinnville, Ore.
Royer, Norene (Deceased), Sacred Heart Hosp., Spokane, Wash.....	
.....	Spokane, Wash.
Budd, Helen U., Pacific Hosp., Los Angeles, Cal.....	Portland, Ore.
Campbell, Miriam, Children's Hospital, San Francisco, Cal.....	
.....	McMinnville, Ore.

- Hulbert, Florence M., French Hospital, San Francisco, Cal.....
San Diego, Cal.
- Schneider, Anne M., Providence Hosp., Oakland, Cal....Portland, Ore.
- Brehaut, Marion, Winnipeg Gen. Hosp., Winnipeg, Can., Portland, Ore.
- Kenny, J. Amelia, Sarina General Hospital, Sarina, Ontario.....
Wallaceburg, Ontario
- McFadden, Jean Y., Nanaimo Hospital, Nanaimo, B. C., Canada....
Duncan, B. C.
- Fettro, Ethel H., Elkhart Gen. Hosp., Elkhart, Ind.....Leesburg, Ind.
- Longwell, Pearl V., John Stuart Ryburn Hospital, Ottawa, Ill.....
Care H. E. Wylie, Wallowa, Oregon
- Franklin, Winifred Mary, St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital, Clinton,
 IowaSterling, Illinois
- Scott, Maude L., Iowa State University Training School, Iowa City,
 IowaMarshall, Iowa
- Walsh, Stasia P., Mercy Hosp., Marshalltown, Iowa, Thomastown, Ire.
- Hill, Evelyn, Bishop Clarkson Hospital, Omaha, Neb....Portland, Ore.
- Keiser, Myrtle Sourwine, City and County Hospital, Denver, Colo.
Portland, Oregon
- Phelps, Grace, Chief Nurse, Cincinnati City Hospital, Cincinnati,
 OhioEugene, Oregon
- Morse, Georgia B., Lakeside Hosp., Cleveland, Ohio..Portland, Oregon
- Randall, Martha, Cincinnati City Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio.....
Portland, Oregon
- Squires, Bertha C., Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, Illinois.....
Kelso, Wash.
- Stenholm, Alice E., Trinity Hospital, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.....
Seattle, Wash.
- Kingman, Katherine, Newton Hosp., Newton, Mass....Broekton, Mass.
- O'Brien, Agnes L., Union Hospital, Lynn, Mass.....Portland, Ore.
- Domser, Julia Haver, Hospital of Good Shepherd, Syracuse, New
 YorkSyracuse, New York
- Shultis, Velma Ellen, New York Hospital, New York City, N. Y.
Brantford, Ontario, Canada
- Maybery, Winifred, Salisbury Infirmary, London, England...England

CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES

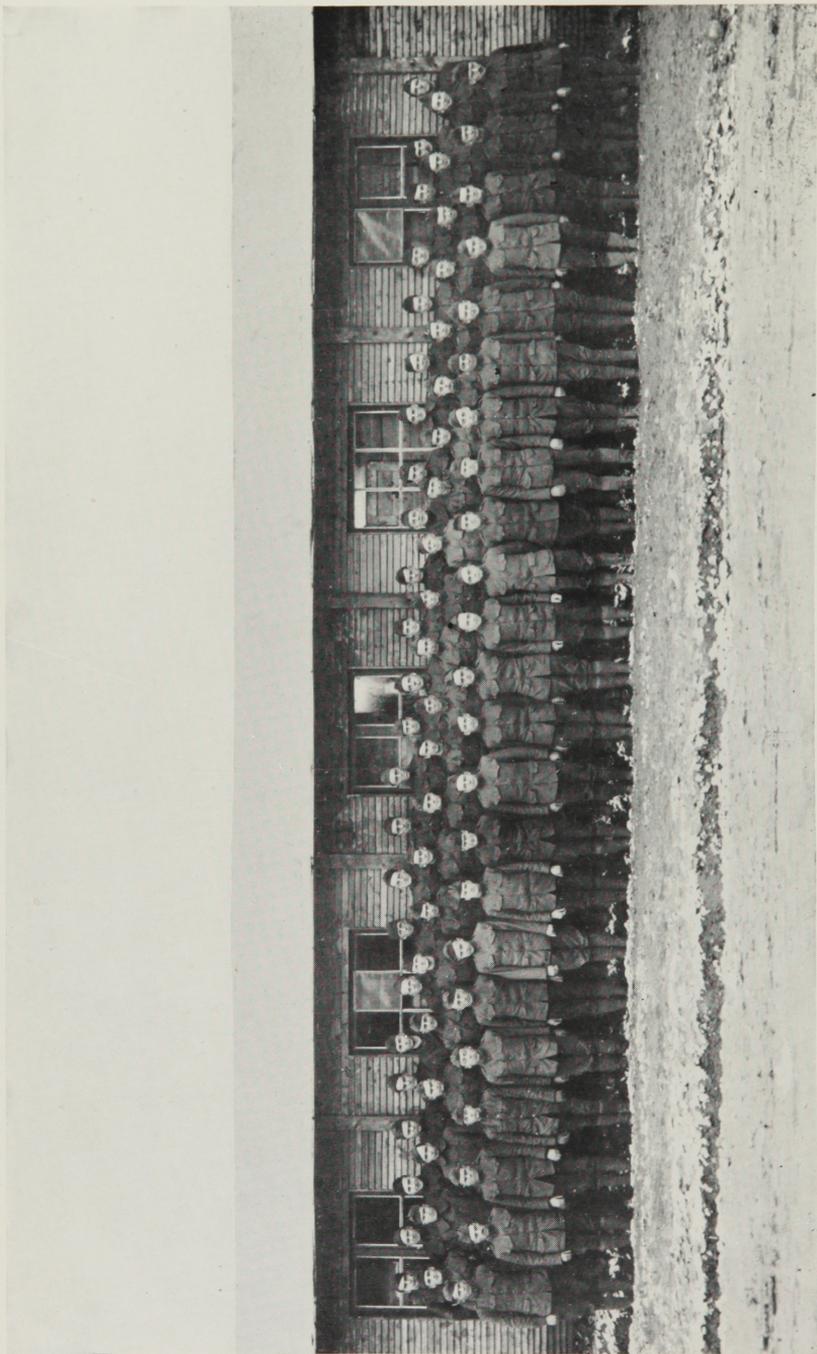
- Davis, Jennie L., Stenographer.....
Beal's School of Shorthand, Portland, Maine
- Fatland, Vida L., Laboratory Technician, Reed College, Portland, Ore.
- Gulling, M. Ethel, Stenographer.....
La Grande H. S. Business College, La Grande, Oregon
- Holloway, A., Laboratory Technician.....
Two Years' Training in Hospital, Portland, Oregon
- McKeown, LaVina C., Stenographer.....Kansas City Business College
- Palmer, Gertrude, Dietitian.....Santa Barbara State Normal College



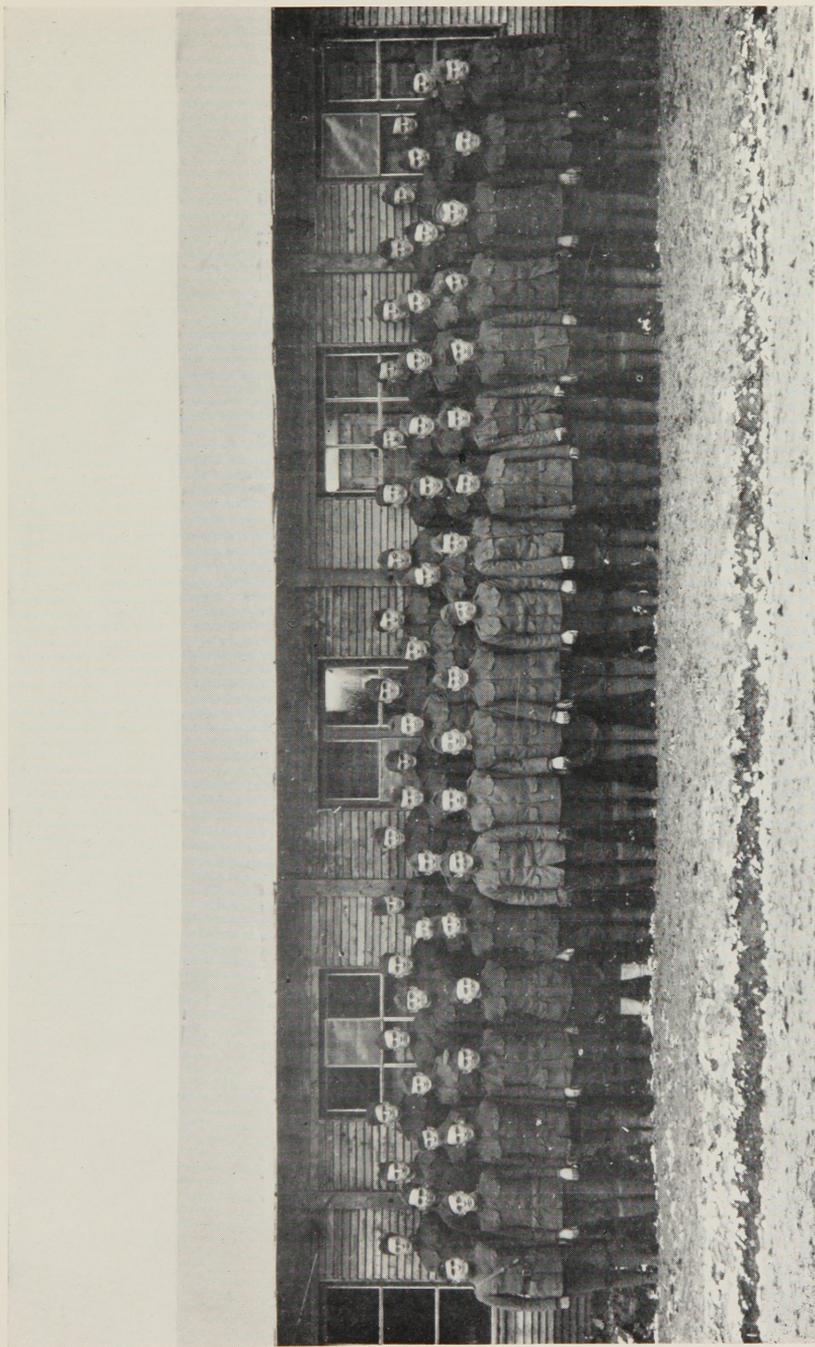
ROSTER OF ORIGINAL 200 DETACHMENT, CAMP LEWIS,
WASHINGTON, MAY 31, 1918.

(With Present Rank, February 13, 1919)

Andrews, Leroy B.	Pvt.	Gouge, Wiley L.	Pvt. 1cl
Armfield, Alfred S.	Cpl.	Greene, Jesse H.	Pvt. 1cl
Ashley, Willis S.	Pvt. 1cl	Greenwood, Leo R.	Pvt. 1cl
Baldwin, Decatur.	Pvt. 1cl	Guyer, John C.	Pvt. 1cl
Baldwin, Lyle A.	Pvt.	Hargrave, Earl D.	Pvt. 1cl
Bashor, Elmer R.	Sgt.	Harlow, Clifford R.	Pvt. 1cl
Bauer, Charles W.	Pvt. 1cl	Harris, Clarence H.	Sgt.
Bickford, John W.	Pvt. 1cl	Hartman, Walter H.	Pvt. 1cl
Blackburn, Arnold M.	Pvt. 1cl	Hastings, Henry W.	Pvt. 1cl
Blackmann, George H.	Pvt.	Heath, William V.	Pvt.
Bloch, Adolph L.	Sgt. 1cl	Hendricks, Louis E.	Pvt. 1cl
Bowes, William A.	Cpl.	Higgason, Jay R.	Ck
Briggs, Roy E.	Pvt. 1cl	Higginbotham, Russell O.	Ck
Brinker, Bert J.	Pvt. 1cl	Hight, Ronald E.	Pvt.
Brinker, Robert O.	Pvt. 1cl	Hilbers, Henry B.	Pvt. 1cl
Brinker, Wayne E.	Pvt. 1cl	House, Arthur E.	Sgt. 1cl
Bromberg, Hirsch H.	Pvt. 1cl	Hudson, Harold B.	Cpl.
Brown, Gordon S.	Sgt.	Hughes, Everett E.	Sgt.
Budd, Alva D.	Pvt. 1cl	Irvine, William M.	H. S.
Bueche, Charles F.	Pvt. 1cl	Johnson, Elmer L.	Sgt.
Campbell, Anthony J.	Pvt. 1cl	Julien, Carl W.	Pvt. 1cl
Campbell, Edwin J.	Pvt. 1cl	Kackley, Harry K.	Pvt. 1cl
Campbell, Merle G.	Sgt. 1cl	Kendall, George W.	Pvt. 1cl
Capps, Albert M.	Cpl.	Kendall, Kyle W.	Sgt.
Carnathan, Roy E.	Pvt. 1cl	Keeler, William N.	Pvt. 1cl
Childs, John O.	Pvt.	Kimzey, Ralph S.	Sgt.
Clancy, John A.	Pvt.	King, Edward L.	Pvt. 1cl
Clemenson, John A.	Pvt. 1cl	Kindorf, Arthur W.	Pvt. 1cl
Coffey, Jay R.	H. S.	Knapp, Earl V.	Pvt. 1cl
Collins, Vincent J.	Cpl.	Kortge, Oscar W.	Pvt. 1cl
Cudlipp, John H.	Pvt.	Ladd, Henry A.	Sgt.
Davidson, Chester	Pvt. 1cl	Lamoreaux, Dayton D.	Pvt. 1cl
Davies, Linton L.	Pvt.	Larson, Charles G.	Pvt. 1cl
Davis, Charles E.	Pvt. 1cl	Lewis, Ronald E.	Cpl.
Divine, Earl L.	Pvt. 1cl	Linter, Blue J.	Cpl.
Doering, Anthony F.	Pvt. 1cl	Lockwood, George	Pvt. 1cl
Doukas, Stavros D.	Pvt. 1cl	Lockwood, Guy	Pvt. 1cl
Dowler, Claude M.	Sgt.	Luze, Louis J.	Ck
Duryea, Chester B.	Sgt. 1cl	Mackey, Norman G.	Pvt. 1cl
Edmunds, Milton R.	Pvt.	Mackson, Gary	Pvt. 1cl
Feldman, Gus L.	Sgt.	Maddix, Leutelles C.	Pvt. 1cl
Fenton, William D.	Sgt.	Madsen, Hans F.	Pvt. 1cl
Flick, William E.	Pvt. 1cl	McCarty, Claud	Sgt. 1cl
Foeller, Frank X.	Pvt. 1cl	McClellan, Augustus C.	Pvt. 1cl
Forbes, Rupert W.	Pvt. 1cl	McClure, Clarence M.	Pvt. 1cl
Ford, George W.	Pvt.	McEwen, Daniel F.	Pvt. 1cl
Fox, Le Roy S.	Pvt. 1cl	McIntyre, George W.	Pvt. 1cl
Francis, Don J.	Pvt. 1cl	Meredith, John D.	Pvt. 1cl
Franklin, Claude G.	Pvt. 1cl	Mickelson, Frederick R.	Pvt. 1cl
Franklin, Fred M.	Pvt. 1cl	Mickelson, Paul W.	Pvt. 1cl
Fribley, William E.	Sgt.	Milan, John T.	Pvt. 1cl
Fritsch, Frederick A.	Pvt. 1cl	Miller, Andrew G.	Pvt. 1cl
Gagnon, Emil J.	Pvt. 1cl	Miller, Clare A.	Pvt. 1cl
Giesy, Chester A.	Pvt. 1cl	Miller, George W.	Pvt. 1cl
Goldsmith, Herbert	Sgt.		



DETACHMENT BASE HOSPITAL FORTY-SIX, ENLISTED PERSONNEL.



DETACHMENT BASE HOSPITAL FORTY-SIX. ENLISTED PERSONNEL.

Mitchell, Roy E.	Pvt. 1cl	Shea, Thomas J.	Pvt. 1cl
Moffitt, Verden M.	Pvt.	Shupe, Virgil H.	H. S.
Morene, Edwin	Pvt. 1cl	Smith, Harold E.	Pvt. 1cl
Morgan, Helmer L.	Pvt. 1cl	Sosey, Paul E.	Pvt. 1cl
Morgan, Orvin W.	Pvt. 1cl	Stamulis, William	Pvt. 1cl
Morgan, Wallie J.	Pvt.	Stanton, Russell L.	Ck.
Morris, Syl O.	Pvt. 1cl	Stelsel, Garret	Sgt.
Morrison, Carol	Pvt. 1cl	Steinmetz, Carl	Pvt. 1cl
Mulligan, Lawrence F.	Pvt. 1cl	Stuedler, Henry	Pvt. 1cl
Munson, Martin D.	Pvt. 1cl	Stinson, Richard B.	Pvt. 1cl
Murphy, Leo B.	Sgt.	Stout, Ernest D.	Cpl.
Nelson, Axel C.	Pvt. 1cl	Switzer, Chester L.	Sgt.
Nelson, Henry	Pvt.	Talbert, Ralph V.	Pvt. 1cl
Nelson, Ivan E.	Pvt. 1cl	Templeton, Hill W.	Pvt. 1cl
Nelson, Oggie I.	Pvt. 1cl	Thomas, Clifford J.	Cpl.
Newman, Meier	Sgt.	Thompson, William R.	Pvt. 1cl
Nichols, Clay E.	Pvt. 1cl	Thomas, Edric T.	Pvt.
Nichols, John H.	Pvt. 1cl	Tompkins, Earl W.	Sgt.
Oberg, George W.	Pvt. 1cl	Tiller, Willis T.	Pvt. 1cl
Oberdorfer, Harold N.	Pvt. 1cl	Trogia, Jim	Ck.
Olson, Irvin W.	Pvt. 1cl	Underhill, Harold W.	Pvt.
Orr, Victor M. W.	Pvt. 1cl	Walrath, Arthur M.	Pvt. 1cl
Osborne, Charles B.	Cpl.	Walsted, Arthur J.	Pvt.
Owen, William T.	Sgt. 1cl	Warner, George E.	Sgt. 1cl
Paeth, William J.	Pvt. 1cl	Watkins, Ray C.	Sgt. 1cl
Feiler, Alva K.	Pvt. 1cl	Weil, Jacob	Pvt. 1cl
Pelletier, Louie A.	Pvt. 1cl	Werner, Richard J.	2nd Lt. S. C.
Perkins, William H.	M. H. S.	West, Foster F.	Pvt.
Phillips, Sydney T.	Sgt.	Westering, Myrton L.	Pvt. 1cl
Price, Stuart H.	Pvt. 1cl	Welshons, Kenneth M.	Pvt. 1cl
Redington, John W.	Pvt. 1cl	White, Fred M.	Pvt. 1cl
Reed, Harrison B.	Pvt. 1cl	Whitehouse, Bion S.	Pvt. 1cl
Reid, John R.	Pvt. 1cl	Wilber, John M.	Pvt. 1cl
Richardson, Paul S.	Cpl.	Williams, James W.	Pvt. 1cl
Riddle, Matthew C.	Sgt.	Wilson, Homer C.	Pvt.
Rigney, Edwin W.	Pvt. 1cl	Wilson, Joseph C.	Pvt. 1cl
Riordan, Frank J.	Pvt. 1cl	Wing, Charles L.	Sgt.
Robertson, John W.	Pvt. 1cl	Wirrick, John	Pvt. 1cl
Robson, Joseph	Pvt. 1cl	Wirt, Lee A.	Pvt. 1cl
Rosenthal, Bert J.	Sgt. 1cl	Withers, Charlie G.	Pvt. 1cl
Sackrider, Earl H.	Sgt.	Wittner, Earl L.	Pvt. 1cl
Samuel, John	Sgt.	Wolfe, Guy E.	Pvt. 1cl
Schneider, Clifford J.	Sgt. 1cl	Wonner, Carl	Sgt.
Scott, Joseph P.	Pvt. 1cl	Wood, Loyd	Pvt. 1cl
Seemann, John A.	Sgt. 1cl		
Shagren, Alvin C.	Sgt. 1cl		

MAILING ADDRESS FOR ALL MEMBERS
ENLISTED PERSONNEL

Andrew, Leroy B., Private.....	721 Mohawk St., Portland, Ore.
Armfield, Alfred S., Corporal.....	Waldorf Hotel, Seattle, Wash.
Ashley, Willis S., Pvt. 1st Class....	1095 Westover Road, Portland, Ore.
Baldwin, Lyle A., Private.....	935 Hawthorne Ave., Portland, Ore.
Bickford, John W., Pvt. 1st Class.....	R. F. D. No. 1, Boring, Ore.
Blackburn, Arnold M., Pvt. 1st Class,	1336 E. Taylor St., Portland, Or.
Blackmann, George H., Private.....	Milwaukie, Ore.
Bloch, Adolph L., Sergeant First Class.....	
.....	Care of Jesse L. Bloch, St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland, Ore.
Bowes, William A., Corporal.....	514 Leo Ave., Portland, Ore.
Briggs, Roy E., Pvt. 1st Class....	1011 E. 28th St. North, Portland, Ore.
Brinker, Bert J., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Freewater, Ore.
Brinker, Robert O., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Freewater, Ore.
Brinker, Wayne E., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Freewater, Ore.
Bromberg, Hirsch H., Pvt. 1st Class....	639 E. 10th St., Portland, Ore.
Budd, Alva D., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Newberg, Ore.
Bueche, Charles F., Pvt. 1st Class.....	493 Stella St., Elgin, Ill.
Campbell, Anthony J., Pvt. 1st Class....	291 N. 18th St., Portland, Ore.
Campbell, Edwin J. Pvt. 1st Class.....	
.....	Care of R. M. Campbell, North Philadelphia, Pa.
Campbell, Merle G., Sgt. 1st Class.....	452 Vista Ave., Portland, Ore.
Capps, Albert M., Corporal.....	General Delivery, Portland, Ore.
Carnathan, Roy E., Pvt. 1st Class....	480 E. 50th St. N., Portland, Ore.
Collins, Vincent J., Corporal.....	433 E. 39th St. N., Portland, Ore.
Cudlipp, John H., Private.....	635 Stanton St., Portland, Ore.
Davidson, Chester, Pvt. 1st Class.....	6343 Yale Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Davis, Charles E., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Grass Valley, Ore.
Divine, Earl L., Pvt. 1st Class.....	R. F. D. No. 1, Vancouver, Wash.
Doering, Anthony F., Pvt. 1st Class....	178 Bryant St., Portland, Ore.
Doukas, Stavros D., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Box 338, Gladstone, Ore.
Duryea, Chester B., Sgt. 1st Class.....	South Bend, Wash.
Feldman, Gus L., Sergeant.....	58 Ella St., Portland, Ore.
Fenton, William D., Sergeant.....	110E. 16th St., Portland, Ore.
Flick, William E., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Aurora, Ore.
Foeller, Frank X., Pvt. 1st Class.....	534 Johnson St., Portland, Ore.
Forbes, Rupert W., Pvt. 1st Class.....	
.....	54 Waterbury Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Ford, George W., Private.....	302 E. 32nd St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Fox, Le Roy S., Pvt. 1st Class.....	448 Franklin Ave., Bend, Ore.

Francis, Don J., Pvt. 1st Class.....Route No. 1, Box 52, Mulino, Ore.
Franklin, Claude G., Pvt. 1st Class.....Linville Falls, North Carolina
Franklin, F. M., Pvt. 1st Class.....Box 77, Motor Rt. A, Portland, Ore.
Fribley, William H., Sergeant.....Big Rapids, Mich.
Fritsch, Frederick A., Pvt. 1st Class.....630 Second St., Portland, Ore.
Gagnon, Emil J., Pvt. 1st Class.....Box 84, North Portland, Ore.
Giesy, Chester A., Pvt. 1st Class...918 Minnesota Ave., Portland, Ore.
Goldsmith, Herbert, Sergeant.....666 Flanders St., Portland, Ore.
Gouge, Wiley L., Pvt. 1st Class...R. F. D. 1, Box 56, Bakersville, N. C.
Greene, Jesse H., Pvt. 1st Class.....Grouse, Wash.
Greenwood, Leo R., Pvt. 1st Class.....Bakersfield, Cal.
Guyer, John C., Pvt. 1st Class.....1770 Division St., Portland, Ore.
Hargrove, Earl D., Pvt. 1st Class...508 E. Everett St., Portland, Ore.
Harlow, Clifford R., Pvt. 1st Class.....192 Simpson St., Portland, Ore.
Harris, Clarence H., Sergeant.....1033 Princess Ave., Victoria, B. C.
Hartman, Walter H., Pvt. 1st Class.....Bandon, Ore.
Hastings, Henry W., Pvt. 1st Class...1340 E. 32nd St., Portland, Ore.
Heath, William V., Pvt. 1st Class.....512 A St. West, Moscow, Idaho
Hendricks, Louis E. Pvt. 1st Class...76 W. Port. Blvd, Portland, Ore.
Higgason, Jay R., Cook.....The Campbell Hill Hotel, Portland, Ore.
Higginbotham, Russell O., Cook.....221 Dupont St., Portland, Ore.
Hight, Ronald G., Private.....383 E. Washington St., Portland, Ore.
Hilbers, Henry B., Pvt. 1st Class.....566 Johnson St., Portland, Ore.
Hudson, Harold B., Corporal.....612 Sprague Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Hughes, Everett E., Sergeant.....170 Vista Ave., Portland, Ore.
Johnson, Elmer L., Sergeant.....Milton, Ore.
Julien, Carl W., Pvt. 1st Class.....689 E. Broadway, Portland, Ore.
Kackley, Harry K., Pvt. 1st Class.....383 Ross St., Portland, Ore.
Kendall, George W., Pvt. 1st Class...2005 E. First St., Long Beach, Cal.
Kendall, Kyle W., Sergeant.....Route No. 2, Freewater, Ore.
Kimzey, Ralph S. Sergeant.....5523 Wallingford Ave. Seattle, Wash.
King, Edward L., Pvt. 1st Class.....Box 321, Susanville, Cal.
Kortge, Oscar W., Pvt. 1st Class.....West Salem, Ill.
Ladd, Henry A., Sergeant.....Box 1190, Portland, Ore.
Lamoreaux, Dayton, D., Pvt. 1st Class.....
.....833 Mississippi Ave., Portland, Ore.
Larson, Charles G., Pvt. 1st Class...519 W. Porphyry St., Butte, Mont.
Lewis, Ronald E., Corporal.....111 C. St., McMinnville, Ore.
Lockwood, George, Pvt. 1st Class.....Box 703, Raymond, Wash.
Lockwood, Guy, Pvt. 1st Class.....Box 703 Raymond, Wash.
Mackey, Norman G., Pvt. 1st Class.....Marcola, Ore.
Mackson, Gary, Pvt. 1st Class.....1202 W. Larch St., Raymond, Wash.

Maddix, Leutelles C., Pvt. 1st Class.....	213 17th St., Oregon City, Ore.
Madsen, H. F., Pvt. 1st Class.....	1165 Windsor St., Salt Lake City, Utah
McClure, Clarence M., Pvt. 1st Class.....	388 Wash. St., Portland, Ore.
McEwen, Daniel F., Pvt. 1st Class.....	808 Lovejoy St., Portland, Ore.
McIntyre, George W., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Box 54, Amboy, Wash.
Meredith, John D., Pvt. 1st Class.....	735 Hillsboro Ave., Portland, Ore.
Mickelson, Frederick R., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Camas, Wash.
Mickelson, Paul W., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Camas, Wash.
Milan, John T., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Route 1, Box 106, Boring, Ore.
Miller, Andrew G., Pvt. 1st Class.....	775 East Yamhill St., Portland, Ore.
Miller, Clare A., Pvt. 1st Class.....	398 E. 50th St. N., Portland, Ore.
Miller, George W., Pvt. 1st Class.....	573 E. Salmon St., Portland, Ore.
Mitchell, Roy E., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Lebanon, Ore.
Morene, Edwin, Pvt. 1st Class.....	879 Colonial Ave., Portland, Ore.
Morgan, Helmer L., Pvt. 1st Class.....	College Place, Wash.
Morgan, Orvin W., Pvt. 1st Class.....	College Place, Wash.
Morris, Syl O., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Battle Ground, Wash.
Morrison, Carol, Pvt. 1st Class.....	265 E. 84th St. N., Portland, Ore.
Mulligan, Lawrence F., Pvt. 1st Class.....	
.....	1114 Center St., Oregon City, Ore.
Munson, Martin D., Pvt. 1st Class.....	265 Webster St., Portland, Ore.
Murphy, Leo B., Sergeant.....	Oreana, Idaho
Nelson, Axel C., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Route 2, Box 64, Woodburn, Ore.
Nelson, Ivan E., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Route 2, Box 64, Woodburn, Ore.
Nelson, Oggie I., Pvt. 1st Class.....	97 E. 61st St., Portland, Ore.
Newman, Meier, Sergeant.....	Corvallis, Ore.
Nichols, Clay E., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Lebanon, Ore.
Nichols, John H., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Lebanon, Ore.
Oberg, George W., Pvt. 1st Class.....	
.....	Care Champion Academy, Loveland, Colo.
Olson, Irvin W., Pvt. 1st Class.....	400½ Clay St., Portland, Ore.
Osborne, Charles B., Corporal.....	546 E. 50th St. N., Portland, Ore.
Owen, William T., Sgt. 1st Class.....	
.....	Route 3, Willamette Moorage, Milwaukie, Ore.
Paeth, William J., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Naperville, Ill.
Peiler, Alva K., Pvt. 1st Class.....	420 Dakota St., Butte, Mont.
Pelletier, Louie A., Pvt. 1st Class.....	Arlee, Mont.
Phillips, Sydney T., Sergeant.....	Madoc, Mont.
Price, Stuart H., Pvt. 1st Class.....	1426 E. 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Redington, John W., Pvt. 1st Class.....	494 Clay St., Portland, Ore.
Reed, Harrison B., Pvt. 1st Class.....	6730 59th Ave. SE., Portland, Ore.
Richardson, Paul S., Corporal.....	Medicine Lodge, Kansas

Riddle, Matthew C., Sergeant..... 808 Orchard Ave., Grants Pass, Ore.
 Rigney, Edwin W., Pvt. 1st Class..... Drawer C., Napa, Cal.
 Riordan, Frank J., Pvt. 1st Class..... Willard Hotel, Portland, Ore.
 Robson, Joseph, Pvt. 1st Class..... 688 Sherrett Ave., Portland, Ore.
 Rosenthal, Bert J., Sgt. 1st Class.... 456 Walsworth Ave., Oakland, Cal.
 Sackrider, Earl H., Sgt. 1st Class..... 166E. Broadway, Portland, Ore.
 Samuel, John, Sergeant..... 610 Pine St., Trinidad, Colo.
 Schneider, Clifford G., Sgt. 1st Class... 590 E. Salmon St., Portland, Ore.
 Scott, Joseph P., Pvt. 1st Class..... Chastains, Inc., Lewiston, Idaho
 Seemann, John A., Sgt. 1st Class..... 1649 Superior St., Racine, Wis.
 Shagren, Alvin C., Sgt. 1st Class..... Nahcotta, Wash.
 Shea, Thomas J., Pvt. 1st Class..... 582 E. 18th St. N., Portland, Ore.
 Shupe, Virgil H., Hospital Sergeant.....
 Warren-Shupe Furniture Co., Corvallis, Ore.
 Smith, Harold E., Pvt. 1st Class..... Raymond, Wash.
 Sosey, Paul E., Pvt. 1st Class..... Hood River, Ore.
 Stamulis, William, Pvt. 1st Class.... 1058 Division St., Chehalis, Wash.
 Stelsel, Garret, Sergeant..... 1114 Williams Ave., Portland, Ore.
 Steinmetz, Carl, Pvt. 1st Class..... 329 Larrabee St., Portland, Ore.
 Steudler, Henry, Pvt. 1st Class..... Box 92, Hillsdale, Ore.
 Stinson, Richard B., Pvt. 1st Class.....
 301 Title & Trust Bldg., Portland, Ore.
 Switzer, Chester L., Sgt..... Care N. P. R. R. Co., Raymond, Wash.
 Talbert, Ralph V., Pvt. 1st Class..... Bickleton, Wash.
 Templeton, Hill W., Pvt. 1st Class..... Forest Grove, Ore.
 Thomas, Clifford J., Corporal..... Hotel Mallory, Portland, Ore.
 Thompson, William R., Pvt. 1st Class.....
 1141 Umpqua Ave., Roseburg, Ore.
 Tiller, Willis T., Pvt. 1st Class..... Ritzville, Wash.
 Troglia, Jim, Cook..... Box 76, Uacherville, Mont.
 Underhill, Harold W., Private..... Castle Rock, Wash.
 Walrath, Arthur M., Pvt. 1st Class..... Lebanon, Ill.
 Watkins, Ray C., Sgt. 1st Class.... Room 204, City Hall, Portland, Ore.
 Weil, Jacob, Pvt. 1st Class..... Hillsboro, Ore.
 Weil, Morris D., Pvt. 1st Class..... Hillsboro, Ore.
 Werner, Richard J., 2nd Lieutenant, S. C..... Esparto, Cal.
 Whitehouse, Bion S., Pvt. 1st Class... R. F. D. No. 2, La Center, Wash.
 Wilber, John M., Pvt. 1st Class..... Long Beach, Cal.
 Williams, James W., Pvt. 1st Class.... 242 E. 44th St., Portland, Ore.
 Wilson, Joseph C., Pvt. 1st Class.... 638 N. Sixth St., Grants Pass, Ore.
 Wing, Charles L., Sergeant..... Raymond, Wash.
 Wirrick, John, Pvt. 1st Class..... Box 54, Dee, Ore.
 Wirt, Lee A., Pvt. 1st Class..... 375 Locust St., Riverside, Cal.

Withers, Charlie G., Pvt. 1st Class.....Spokane, Wash.
 Wittner, Earl L., Pvt. 1st Class.....7537 45th Ave Se., Portland, Ore.
 Wonner, Carl, Sergeant.....1550 E. Taylor St., Portland, Ore.
 Wood, Loyd, Pvt. 1st Class.....Mill City, Ore.

MAILING LIST OF ENLISTED PERSONNEL ON
 DETACHED SERVICE

Baldwin, Decatur, Pvt. 1st Class.....265 E. 46th St., Portland, Ore.
 Bashor, Elmer R., Sergeant.....388 Washington St., Portland, Ore.
 Bauer, Charles W., Pvt. 1st Class.....999 Rodney Ave., Portland, Ore.
 Brown, Gordon S., Sergeant.....Care *The Journal*, Portland, Ore.
 Childs, John O., Pvt. 1st Class.....White Salmon, Wash.
 Clancy, John A., Private.....1330 Cleveland Ave., Portland, Ore.
 Clemenson, John A., Pvt. 1st Class...First and Morrison Sts. Portland
 Coffey, Jay R., Hospital Sergeant.....365 16th St., Portland, Ore.
 Davies, Linton L., Private.....743 Greenwood Ave., Portland, Ore.
 Dowler, Claude M., Sergeant.....1306 Terry Ave., Seattle, Wash.
 Edmunds, Milton R., Private.....McMinnville, Ore.
 House, Arthur E., Sgt. 1st Class.....Hood River, Ore.
 Irvine, William M., 2nd Lt. S. C.....407 Capitol St., Salinas, Cal.
 Keeler, William N., Pvt. 1st Class.....779 Glisan St., Portland, Ore.
 Kindorf, Arthur W., Pvt. 1st Class.....
109 Royal Court Apts., Portland, Ore.
 Knapp, Earl V., Pvt. 1st Class.....Camas, Wash.
 Linter, Blue J., Corporal.....1560 Villard Ave., Portland, Ore.
 Luse, Louis J., Cook.....Campbell-Hill Hotel, Portland, Ore.
 McCarty, Claud, Sgt. 1st Class.....848 Second St., Louisville, Ky.
 McClellan, Augustus C., Pvt. 1st Class.....Los Angeles, Cal.
 Moffitt, Verdun M., Private.....806 North High St., Salem, Ore.
 Morgan, Wallie J., Private.....College Place, Washington
 Nelson, Henry, Private.....Woodburn, Ore., R. F. D. No. 2, Box 64
 Oberdorfer, Harold M., Pvt. 1st Class...428 Vista Ave., Portland, Ore.
 Orr, Victor M. W., Pvt. 1st Class.....Milton, Ore.
 Perkins, William H., Master Hospital Sergeant.....
Care Jennie Perkins, R. F. D. No. 2, Hillsboro, Ore.
 Reid, John R., Pvt. 1st Class.....637 Grand Ave., South Pasadena, Cal.
 Thomas, Edric T., Private.....Gresham, Ore.
 Tompkins, Earl W., Sergeant...1215 E. Charleston St., Portland, Ore.
 Walsted, Arthur J., Private.....R. F. D., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Warner, George E., Sgt. 1st Class.....915 Ninth St., Cheyenne, Wyo.
 West, Foster F., Private.....731 E. Taylor St., Portland, Ore.

Westering, Myrton L., Pvt. 1st Class.....
1114 Williams Ave., Portland, Ore.
 White, Fred M., Pvt. 1st Class.....care *The Oregonian*, Portland, Ore.
 Wilson, Homer C., Private.....La Grande, Ore.
 Wolfe, Guy E., Pvt. 1st Class.....General Delivery, Portland, Ore.

ENLISTED PERSONNEL of BASE HOSPITAL 46 by Departments

ADJUTANT'S OFFICE

First Lt. F. Steiner, Sanitary Corps, Adjutant

Hosp. Sgt. Jay R. Coffey
Hosp. Sgt. V. H. Shupe
Sgt. Herbert Goldsmith

Corporal Paul S. Richardson
Pvt. 1st Class Robert Brinker
Pvt. 1st Class Stavros D. Doukas

REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

First Lt. F. Steiner, Sanitary Corps, Registrar

SICK AND WOUNDED DEPT.

Sgt. 1st Class Ray C. Watkins
Sgt. Garrett Stelsel
Pvt. 1st Class William N. Keeler
Pvt. 1st Class George W. Kendall
Pvt. 1st Class Richard B. Stinson
Pvt. 1st Class Fred M. White

STATISTICAL DEPT.

Second Lt. William M. Irvine, San. C.
Sgt. John Samuel
Pvt. 1st Class Myrton L. Westering
Pvt. 1st Class James W. Williams

RECEIVING WARD

First Lt. Arthur S. Rosenfeld, Receiving Officer

Sgt. 1st Class Bert J. Rosenthal
Corporal Vincent J. Collins
Pvt. 1st Class John A. Clemenson

Pvt. 1st Class Fred M. Franklin
Pvt. 1st Class Leo B. Greenwood
Pvt. 1st Class Irvin W. Olson

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Lieut. Col. Robert C. Yenney, M. C., Chief of Service July 9 to Sept. 30, 1918

Major William S. Knox, M. C., Chief of Service Oct. 1 to Dec. 29, 1918

Major Otis B. Wight, Chief of Service Dec. 29, 1918, to Jan. 19, 1919

Major John H. Johnson, M. C.

Captain Arthur C. McCown, M. C.

Major Otto W. Koch, M. C.

First Lt. Arthur S. Rosenfeld, M. C.

Major John I. Robison, M. C.

First Lt. Jesse R. Patton, M. C.

Major Laurence Selling, M. C., Neurologist

First Lt. Jacob Pearl, M. C., Assistant Neurologist

LABORATORY SERVICE

Major Robert L. Benson, M. C., Chief

First Lt. Arthur G. Kelley, M. C., Assistant Chief

Sgt. Ralph S. Kimzey

Pvt. 1st Class Daniel F. McEwen

SURGICAL DEPARTMENT

Major Thomas M. Joyce, M. C., Chief

Major William H. Skene, M. C., Assistant Chief

SURGEONS

Major Otis B. Wight, M. C.	Capt. Louis A. Mangan, M. C.
Major Richard B. Dillehunt, M. C.	First Lt. Hartley F. Mars, M. C.
Capt. Donald Macomber, M. C.	First Lt. Karl P. Moran, M. C.
Capt. Edwin W. Morse, M. C.	First Lt. Samuel A. Rhyne, M. C.
Capt. Edward F. Ziegelman, M. C.	First Lt. Thomas B. Scott, M. C.
First Lt. Harry C. Blair, M. C.	EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
First Lt. Thompson Coberth, M. C.	Capt. Harry M. Bouvy, M. C.
First Lt. John T. Daves, M. C.	Capt. Chas. E. West, M. C.
Capt. Garrett L. Hynson, M. C.	X-RAY
Capt. Irving M. Lupton, M. C.	First Lt. Dorwin L. Palmer, M. C.
First Lt. Benjamin W. McKenzie, M. C.	GENITO-URINARY
	First Lt. Austin H. Wood, M. C.

Sgt. 1st Class William T. Owen
 Sgt. 1st Class George E. Warner
 Sgt. Gordon S. Brown
 Sgt. Claude M. Dowler
 Sgt. Charles L. Wing
 Cpl. Alfred S. Armfield
 Pvt. 1st Class Anthony J. Campbell
 Pvt. 1st Class Chester A. Giesy
 Pvt. 1st Class John C. Guyer
 Pvt. 1st Class Lawrence F. Mulligan
 Pvt. 1st Class Harrison B. Reed
 Pvt. 1st Class Kenneth M. Welshons

EYE CLINIC
 Sgt. Carl Wonnor
 Sgt. Henry A. Ladd
 Cpl. Clifford J. Thomas
 Pvt. 1st Class John W. Meredith
 X-RAY
 Sgt. William H. Fribley
 Cpl. Harold B. Hudson
 Pvt. 1st Class Clare A. Miller
 DISPENSARY
 Sgt. 1st Class John A. Seeman
 Pvt. 1st Class John J. Francis

DENTAL DEPARTMENT

Capt. James H. Johnson, D. C.
 Capt. Hubert F. Parsons, D. C.

Pvt. 1st Class Roy E. Briggs
 Pvt. 1st Class Edwin Morene

TENTS

Major Otis B. Wight, M. C.

Sgt. 1st Class Merle G. Campbell
 Sgt. 1st Class Arthur E. House
 Pvt. 1st Class Earl L. Divine
 Pvt. 1st Class Henry W. Hastings
 Pvt. 1st Class Henry B. Hilbers

Pvt. 1st Class Harry K. Kackley
 Pvt. 1st Class George W. McIntyre
 Pvt. 1st Class Victor M. W. Orr
 Pvt. 1st Class Loyd Wood

QUARTERMASTER

Second Lt. Preston A. Wells, Q. M. C. Second Lt. Malcolm S. Black, Q. M. C.

PATIENTS CLOTHING

Sgt. Gus L. Feldman
Pvt. 1st Class Martin D. Munson
Pvt. 1st Class Ralph V. Talbert
Pvt. 1st Class Jacob Weil

Pvt. 1st Class E. J. Campbell
Pvt. 1st Class Gary Mackson
Pvt. 1st Class Harold Oberdorfer
Pvt. 1st Class John Wirrick
Pvt. 1st Class Lee A. Wirt

PLUMBERS

Pvt. 1st Class Guy Lockwood
Pvt. 1st Class Charley G. Withers

CARPENTERS

Sgt. Sydney T. Phillips
Cpl. Blue J. Linter
Pvt. 1st Class William E. Flick
Pvt. 1st Class Fred Mickelson
Pvt. 1st Class Helmer Morgan
Pvt. 1st Class Axel C. Nelson
Pvt. 1st Class Louie A. Pelletier
Pvt. 1st Class Harold E. Smith

HEADQUARTERS—Q. M. C.

Sgt. 1st Class Claud McCarty
Sgt. 1st Class Clifford J. Schneider
Sgt. Everett Hughes.
Sgt. Leo B. Murphy
Cpl. Ernest D. Stout

MEDICAL SUPPLY

First Lt. Charles F. Bouldin, San. C.

Sgt. 1st Class Adolph L. Bloch
Sgt. Clarence H. Harris
Pvt. 1st Class Willis S. Ashley
Pvt. 1st Class Roy E. Carnathan

Pvt. 1st Class William J. Paeth
Pvt. 1st Class Morris Weil
Pvt. 1st Class Carl Steinmetz
Pvt. Linton L. Davies

MESS

Second Lt. Wm. G. Sutton, Sanitary Corps, Mess Officer
Master Hospital Sgt. Wm. H. Perkins

Sgt. 1st Class Chester B. Duryea
Sgt. Elmer R. Bashor
Sgt. Earl N. Sackrider
Sgt. Chester L. Switzer
Cpl. Albert M. Capps
Cook Jay R. Higgason
Cook Russell O. Higginbotham
Cook Jim Troglia
Cook Louis J. Luze
Cook Russell L. Stanton
Pvt. 1st Class Bert Brinker
Pvt. 1st Class Wayne Brinker
Pvt. 1st Class Charles E. Davis
Pvt. 1st Class Claude G. Franklin
Pvt. 1st Class Emil J. Gagnon
Pvt. 1st Class Wiley L. Gouge

Pvt. 1st Class LeRoy B. Hendricks
Pvt. 1st Class Edward L. King
Pvt. 1st Class Arthur W. Kindorf
Pvt. 1st Class Oscar W. Kortge
Pvt. 1st Class Dayton D. Lamoreaux
Pvt. 1st Class George Lockwood
Pvt. 1st Class Clarence M. McClure
Pvt. 1st Class John T. Milan
Pvt. 1st Class Andrew G. Miller
Pvt. 1st Class George Miller
Pvt. 1st Class Stuart H. Price
Pvt. 1st Class Edwin W. Rigney
Pvt. 1st Class Joseph Robson
Pvt. 1st Class William Stamulis
Pvt. 1st Class Will Stamulis
Pvt. 1st Class Bion S. Whitehouse

DETACHMENT OFFICE

Second Lt. Richard J. Werner, Sanitary Corps, Detachment Officer
 Sgt. William D. Fenton
 Cpl. William A. Bowes
 Pvt. 1st Class Hill W. Templeton

POST OFFICE
 Pvt. 1st Class Decatur Baldwin
 Pvt. 1st Class Earl V. Knapp

GUARD
 Sgt. Meier Newman
 Pvt. 1st Class Charles W. Bauer

SANITATION
 Sgt. 1st Class Alvin S. Shagren
 Pvt. 1st Class Earl L. Wittner
 Pvt. John H. Cudlipp

ASSISTANTS TO CHAPLAINS
 Pvt. 1st Class Hans F. Madsen
 Pvt. 1st Class Frank J. Riordan

WARD MASTERS

IN CHARGE OF WARDS
 Sgt. Elmer L. Johnson
 Sgt. Kyle W. Kendall
 Sgt. Earl W. Tompkins
 Cpl. Charles B. Osborne
 Cpl. Ronald E. Lewis
 Pvt. 1st Class Arnold M. Blackburn
 Pvt. 1st Class Hirsh H. Bromberg
 Pvt. 1st Class Alva D. Budd
 Pvt. 1st Class Chester Davidson
 Pvt. 1st Class Rupert W. Forbes
 Pvt. 1st Class LeRoy S. Fox
 Pvt. 1st Class Frederick H. Fritsch
 Pvt. 1st Class Earl D. Hargrove
 Pvt. 1st Class Clifford R. Harlow
 Pvt. 1st Class Carl W. Julian
 Pvt. 1st Class Charles G. Larson
 Pvt. 1st Class Norman G. Mackey
 Pvt. 1st Class Leutelles C. Maddix
 Pvt. 1st Class Augustus C. McClellan
 Pvt. 1st Class Paul Mickelson
 Pvt. 1st Class Roy E. Mitchell
 Pvt. 1st Class Orvin W. Morgan
 Pvt. 1st Class Syl O. Morris

Pvt. 1st Class Ivan E. Nelson
 Pvt. 1st Class Oggie Nelson
 Pvt. 1st Class Clay Nichols
 Pvt. 1st Class John H. Nichols
 Pvt. 1st Class George W. Oberg
 Pvt. 1st Class Alva K. Peiler
 Pvt. 1st Class John R. Reid
 Pvt. 1st Class John W. Robertson
 Pvt. 1st Class Joseph P. Scott
 Pvt. 1st Class Thomas J. Shea
 Pvt. 1st Class Paul E. Sosey
 Pvt. 1st Class William T. Tiller
 Pvt. 1st Class Arthur M. Walrath
 Pvt. 1st Class John M. Wilbur
 Pvt. 1st Class Joseph C. Wilson
 Pvt. LeRoy B. Andrews
 Pvt. Lyle A. Baldwin
 Pvt. George H. Blackman
 Pvt. Milton R. Edmunds
 Pvt. George W. Ford
 Pvt. William V. Heath
 Pvt. Ronald G. Hight
 Pvt. Harold W. Underhill
 Pvt. Homer C. Wilson

OFFICERS' ORDERLIES

Pvt. 1st Class Frank X. Foeller
 Pvt. 1st Class John W. Redington

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT, A. P. O. NO. 731

MOTOR TRANSPORTATION SERVICE
 Pvt. 1st Class Guy E. Wolfe
 Pvt. John A. Clancy
 Pvt. 1st Class Anthony F. Doering
 Pvt. Verden Moffit

HEADQUARTERS HOSPITAL CENTER
 Pvt. 1st Class John W. Bickford
 Pvt. 1st Class Charles F. Bueche
 Pvt. 1st Class John O. Childs
 Pvt. Foster F. West

LABORATORY
 Sgt. Matthew C. Riddle

TRANSFERRED EN ROUTE

Pvt. Wallie Morgan
 Pvt. Henry Nelson

Pvt. Edric T. Thomas
 Pvt. Arthur J. Walsted

NOTES OF THE HISTORY OF BASE HOSPITAL NUMBER
FORTY-SIX, UNITED STATES ARMY
PRELIMINARY ORGANIZATION

FOLLOWING the example of other medical schools, the University of Oregon offered on May 24, 1917, to do its part toward furnishing the personnel of a base hospital through the American Red Cross. This offer was contained in a letter of that date from Dr. K. A. J. Mackenzie, Dean of the Medical School in Portland, to Colonel Jefferson R. Kean, M. C., Director of Military Relief in Washington. Colonel Kean replied by wire May 31, 1917, requesting that a Director, Assistant Director and Chief Nurse be appointed at once.

Dr. Mackenzie had in the meantime left for the East, after appointing a committee to continue this work, as follows: Dr. R. B. Dillehunt, assistant dean of the medical school, chairman; Dr. James F. Bell, Dr. Edmond J. Labbe, Dr. Thos. M. Joyce, Dr. Paul Rockey and Dr. Ralph Fenton. An adequate staff was selected by this committee from a list of sixty physicians and surgeons, either teachers in or graduates of the medical school, at that time eligible for service. Some of these men already held Reserve Corps commissions or were applicants.

A stated meeting of the Faculty of the Medical School was held June 20, 1917, Dr. Dillehunt presiding, and on this occasion the following officers were selected by secret ballot:

Director, Dr. Robert C. Yenny; Assistant Director, Dr. Richard B. Dillehunt; Chief Nurse, Miss Grace Phelps; Chief of Surgical Service, Dr. Thos. M. Joyce; Chief of Medical Service, Dr. Wm. S. Knox.

Other staff members were named as follows: Dr. E. W. Morse, Dr. W. H. Skene, Dr. Herbert S. Nichols, Dr. Paul Rockey, Dr. Ralph A. Fenton, Dr. Laurence Selling, Dr. Arthur Rosenfeld, Dr. Robert L. Benson, Dr. E. F. Ziegelman, Dr. J. Harvey Johnson, Dr. Irving Lupton (Spokane); Dr. A. C. McCown (Cove); Dr. Harry L. Bouvy (La Grande); Dr. H. M. Steelhammer (Silverton).

OFFICIAL ENROLLMENT OF PERSONNEL

DR. R. L. BENSON having been commissioned as First Lieutenant, was appointed Recruiting Officer, and proceeded to examine and recommend all officers for commissions; this work was done in the office of the Director, 608 Medical Bldg., Portland, Oregon, and was completed and reported in under date of July 4, 1917. Enlistment of corps men was carried on by Lieutenant Benson and Privates Coffey, Campbell and Rosenthal at the Medical School, and was completed by July 28, 1917. Enrollment of Red Cross nurses was carried on by Miss Grace Phelps, Chief Nurse, from her offices in the headquarters of the Portland Chapter, American Red Cross, Corbett Building, and was completed by the same date, on which certification of complete personnel was sent in to the Red Cross in Washington. This constituted a record for the United States (three weeks for completing enrollment), and was extensively commented on by the Associated Press.

FINANCING THE PURCHASE OF EQUIPMENT

BY authority of Mr. John L. Clymer, Red Cross Director for the Western Division, of San Francisco, Dr. Mackenzie, as Dean of the Medical School, was permitted to propose the needs of the Base Hospital as a worthy object for the use of funds from the State of Oregon and especially from the mother chapter of Portland; and Mr. Clymer wrote an urgent appeal to all the chapters of the State for their support of this work.

Upon the submission of the need for \$40,000 to the directors of the Portland chapter at a stated meeting early in August, the sum of \$20,000 was at once set aside, contingent upon the obtaining of a like sum from the other chapters of the State. The work of supervising these subscriptions was turned over to Dr. Fenton, a Red Cross director and a member of the Hospital Staff, and was carried on through the office of Mr. H. L. Corbett, finance director of the Red Cross for Oregon, through the extension department of the University, and by private correspondence. Upon receipt of the first appeal, Hood River chapter wired \$500, and in the next mail Umatilla county (Pendleton) sent in a pledge of \$8000 in completed supplies. Bend and Burns were other large and prompt contributors, and some of the smallest chapters in the State also sent in checks at once. The basis used was that of one-fifth cash reserve, as in the case of Portland. Pledges totalling \$34,000 had come in by the early part of September, and Mr. C. F. Berg was appointed from Washington as purchasing agent, and funds were turned over to him.

To the consternation of the staff, however, a notification was sent on about this time that from \$50,000 to \$60,000 would be needed, instead of \$40,000 originally requested by the Red Cross authorities. As certain parts of the State had failed to contribute, it was not thought that the Red Cross would take care of the added burden. When this delay in obtaining the original sum fixed had been explained to the Washington Red Cross, a letter was received stating that one of the great fraternal orders was preparing to equip another base hospital, and that perhaps similar help might be extended to the Oregon unit.

About the same time the attention of Hon. George E. Chamberlain, senior Senator from Oregon, was directed to the financial difficulties of the unit. As Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate, Mr. Chamberlain was familiar with the needs of the service, and he was also familiar with the high standing and qualifications of the men composing the staff. Mr. Chamberlain was at one time Exalted Ruler of the Portland Lodge No. 142, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and had been of the utmost service to the War Relief Committee of that order in planning the wise use of their funds.

September 14, 1917, the Senator telegraphed to President Campbell of the University of Oregon, stating that the Elks' War Relief Committee would probably appropriate \$50,000 or more, if needed, for the equipment of the Oregon unit. This munificent benefaction was at once accepted by President Campbell and Director Yenny, and was formally recorded by unanimous vote of the War Relief Committee early in October. The conditions of the gift were forwarded by Governor John K. Tener, president, and Mr. J. T. Fanning, secretary of the Committee, as follows: that the funds subscribed by the Red Cross of Oregon be returned at once; that all purchases be made and audited through the Committee, in New York; and that the Base Hospital be known as the University of Oregon and Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks Base Hospital Number 46, prior to its mobilization.

October 12, 1917, Mr. Fred Harper, Grand Exalted Ruler of the B. P. O. E., accompanied by other Grand Lodge officers, arrived in Portland and met a committee headed by Hon. James Withycombe, Governor of Oregon, who accepted the splendid gift of the order on behalf of the University and the people of the State.

Mr. Berg turned over all accounts and equipment lists, which were forwarded to Washington and used in making up the standard base hospital overseas list which later became official. As the Portland Red Cross desired some interest in the work of the unit, its directors generously set aside \$7000 to equip the nurses for overseas; but before this sum was used, the Red Cross in Washington took over this

obligation and repaid the amounts advanced by the Portland chapter.

Upon suggestion from the Washington authorities, the Portland chapter sent \$2500 to Colonel Davis late in April, 1918, for emergency use during travel, etc.

ASSIGNMENTS OF OFFICERS DURING THE PERIOD BEFORE MOBILIZATION

The first officer to be called for duty was Captain Paul Rockey, who went to Fort Riley early in July; upon his assignment to permanent duty with the Base Hospital, Camp Lewis, this officer applied to the Director for permission to resign from the staff of Base Hospital No. 46, which was granted in August, 1917. Dr. Herbert S. Nichols was forced to forego the acceptance of his commission as captain, and therefore gave up his place in the unit, in September, 1917.

Filling these two vacancies, the names of Dr. Otis B. Wight, Portland, and Dr. Thompson Coberth (The Dalles) were submitted by the Director, and these officers were commissioned in due time.

GENERAL ACTIVITIES OF THE BASE HOSPITAL BEFORE MOBILIZATION

AFTER the preliminary organization had been effected, and before many of the officers had been called to the active list, regular drills in the school of the soldier and detachment, and setting-up exercises, were carried out tri-weekly during two evening hours and Sunday mornings, at Multnomah Field. Messrs. Prescott W. Coo-ingham, Maurice W. Crumpacker, and Paul Giesy acted as drillmasters at various times; all of these gentlemen are now commissioned officers. This work was continued for both officers and men residing in Portland until late in September.

At various times from December until February, selected enlisted men under the supervision of Sergeant Coffey were sent to Camp Lewis at their own expense, as civilians; and through the courtesy of Major Greene, then commanding the Base Hospital, these men were permitted to become familiar with the essentials of paper work and mess management. Their periods of study varied from two to six weeks, and about fifteen men were thus selected.

Upon completion of the list of nurses as amended in December, and upon commissioning of Captain Wight and Lieutenant Coberth, Major Yenny certified the completion of the unit to the Red Cross under its revised strength; and under date of January 2, 1918, the

Red Cross formally certified the unit to the Surgeon General as complete in officers, nurses, men and equipment. The unit was then formally dropped as a Red Cross organization, and the name "*University of Oregon and Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks Red Cross Base Hospital Number Forty-six*" was changed to the official name, "*United States Army Base Hospital Number Forty-six.*"

Instructions were received from the Surgeon General early in January, 1918, to make all arrangements for suitable quarters for mobilization of enlisted men, at once. By the courtesy of the Trustees of Temple Beth Israel and its rabbi, Dr. Jonah B. Wise, the fine building of Portland Academy was made ready to be turned over to the government at any time, and the neighboring B'nai Brith Club gave privileges of its swimming pool, showers, and reading rooms. The city of Portland donated the use of a nearby fire station for quarters for fifty men. Telegraphic orders again deferring mobilization were received late in January; but certain trained detachment clerks who had left their permanent work remained on voluntary duty in the office of the Director.

A fund of \$1600 was raised in the fall of 1917 by the enlisted men and nurses, and this was added to by the gift of \$250 each from the Elks' War Relief Committee and the Portland Red Cross, all to be used in the Director's discretion for travel or other emergency expenditures for the benefit of the entire personnel.

MOBILIZATION

ORDERS mobilizing Base Hospital No. 46 were received by Captain Otis B. Wight March 20, 1918, and the long-prepared programme was quickly carried out. Four experienced sergeants arrived to assist him in mustering in the men, and the work of physical examination and inoculation was undertaken by officers not yet ordered into active service, working under Captain Wight.

Orders issued to Lieutenant Colonel W. R. Davis, M. C., then Sanitary Inspector of the Western Department, on March 21, directed him to proceed to Camp Lewis, Wash., for the purpose of mobilizing, equipping and commanding Base Hospital No. 46. Colonel Davis reached Portland April 1, and the members of the staff still in Portland received orders April 3 to report to the Commanding General at Camp Lewis.

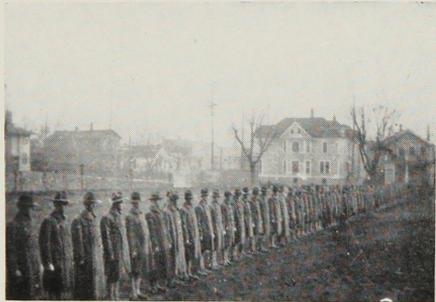
Mobilization at Portland was facilitated by the presence of Chaplain C. J. Greene, a Red Cross officer, who took up his quarters with the enlisted men and remained at Portland Academy until the muster was completed and all enlisted men gone. This movement to Camp Lewis was in two stages; a hundred men were sent to the Base Hospital there March 27, and the rest accompanied Colonel Davis and the Portland officers April 5.

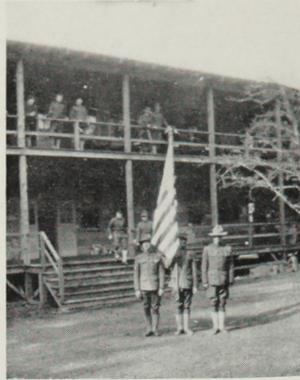
Both officers and men were attached to the Base Hospital, Camp Lewis, for training with the existing personnel there under command of Lieutenant Colonel E. G. Northington, M. C. Early in the stay at Camp Lewis complete overseas equipments were issued and inspection of men and officers was made. Upon orders to increase the enlisted force to 200, a considerable number of voluntary inductions and enlistments were again made in Portland about the tenth of April, and final vacancies were filled by selected drafted men from the 166th Depot Brigade.

Captain Otto W. Koch, M. R. C., reported from Camp Lewis on May 14, being assigned to Colonel Davis as adjutant.

During April all nurses not yet assigned to duty were sent in various groups to camp hospitals of the Atlantic seaboard, and Miss Phelps went to Army General Hospital No. 9, at Lakewood, N. J., for supervisory work. Five civilian employees, either expert stenographers or laboratory workers, were called in through the Red Cross late in May and sent East; and about the middle of May all officers on detached duty who had not been called to Camp Lewis to join the unit by reason of their distance from that station were ordered to Hoboken and held in camp hospitals in that vicinity.

Orders to the nurses all over the United States to report to Colonel Davis in New York City were issued about May 23, and they were at once released to proceed East. A few days later came the final order to officers and men at Camp Lewis to reach Camp Merritt, N. J., as soon after June 4 as possible.

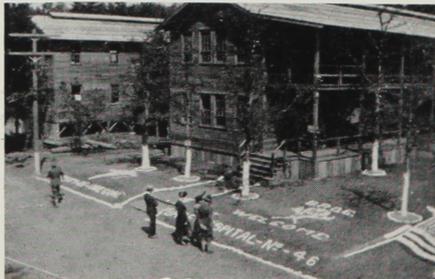




PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE BASE HOSPITAL.

BECAUSE of the status of Base Hospital 46 upon the priority list for early overseas duty, during its entire stay at Camp Lewis, ceremonials and public mention of the activities of its members had to be curtailed. For this reason the ceremonial presentation of a magnificent silk flag to the unit by Portland Lodge No. 142, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, on Monday morning, April 29, was limited to an address by Mr. Monroe Goldstein, chairman of the Elks' committee, the presentation by Mr. Charles Ringler, Exalted Ruler, and response by Colonel Davis. This ceremony took place with the command drawn up fronting the barracks used by them at the Base Hospital. The other members of the committee were Messrs. W. F. McKenney and W. D. Jamieson. The committee were guests of the officers' mess at breakfast and were taken by Major Yenney upon an extended tour of the cantonment before leaving.

The Mayor and Commissioners of Portland were guests of the officers' mess on Tuesday, May 21, 1918, for luncheon, and after inspecting the Base Hospital and the barracks of the enlisted men of Base Hospital No. 46, addresses were made to the officers and men by Mayor Baker, Commissioners Barbour, Mann, Bigelow and Kellaher.



THE JOURNEY EASTWARD

OFFICERS and men were relieved from duties in the Base Hospital, Camp Lewis, May 29 at 10 a. m., and in spite of the intervening holiday, entrained and moved at 1:15 p. m., Friday, May 31, in a train of five standard Pullmans, cook and baggage car. The following officers made the trip: Colonel Davis, Majors Yenney and Joyce, Captains Dillehunt, Fenton, Knox, Koch, Skene, Morse, Greene, Lieutenants Blair, Lupton, Moran, Coberth, Ziegelman, McCown and Black. Lieutenant Lupton was detachment commander, Lieutenant Blair, mess officer.

The route was Union Pacific via Vancouver, Hood River, The Dalles, Huntington, Pocatello, Cheyenne, North Platte and Omaha; Chicago Great Western via Fort Dodge, Oelwein, Dubuque and Chicago; Nickel Plate via Fort Wayne, Elyria, Cleveland, Erie and Buffalo; Lackawanna via Elmira and Scranton to Hoboken; Erie to Camp Merritt, N. J.

Stops for marches were made at Glenss Ferry, Idaho, Laramie, Wyo., Oelwein, Iowa, and Cleveland, Ohio.

Arrival at Creskill, N. Y., occurred June 5, 1918, at about 2 p. m., and the command was immediately marched to barracks in Camp Merritt. Completion of overseas equipment and the reporting of all officers, with abridged leave to visit New York, was the main occupation of the period at this camp. Major Yenney, with his staff of officers, called formally upon the War Relief Committee, presenting the compliments and thanks of the organization to the Order, on June 7.



PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE FROM CAMP MERRITT

SEVERAL officers reported at Camp Merritt, a number direct from civil life, and were outfitted at camp on very short notice. Practically no leave to visit New York was obtainable.

The joint fund of some \$6500 held by Major Yenny for the emergency use of the organization was transferred into American Express checks payable through certain senior officers, so that some one should at all times be on duty with the organization.

DEPARTURE

THE emergency mess, managed by Captain Sargentich, served coffee at 4 a. m., June 11, 1918, and the command marched to Dumont, N. J., entraining there at 5 a. m., on the West Shore Railroad, and transferring via Weehawken Ferry to Pier 58, New York City.

Embarkation on R. M. S. *Missanabie* (C. P. R. R., 12600 tons) was completed by 9 a. m., and all baggage loaded by 5 p. m. The steamer left dock at 5:30 p. m., June 11, 1918, which is the time for computation of the commencement of overseas service of this organization. Lieutenant Kelley came aboard in midstream.

The steamer lay off Weehawken until 7:15 a. m., June 12, moving out past Sandy Hook at 9 a. m., as second ship of a convoy of 13 transports and an auxiliary British cruiser, under escort of an American cruiser and three destroyers.

THE VOYAGE

COLONEL DAVIS, commanding, had been assigned as Surgeon to the *Missanabie*, so that temporary command of Base Hospital No. 46 fell to Major Joyce. The organization became post hospital for the ship, and maintained a dispensary, isolation hospital and sick call, furnished sanitary inspection and venereal and parasitic inspection, and in the latter part of the voyage furnished officers for two-hour watch periods on the bridge. Captain Dillehunt remained adjutant, Captains Skene and Wight conducted the hospital, and Captains Selling and Lieutenant Palmer were in charge of sanitary conditions; Lieutenant Lupton, detachment commander.

Other organizations on the ship included:

Three hundred and twenty-second Machine Gun Battalion and Headquarters; 13th Construction Company; Signal Corps (Aero); Medical Replacement Detachment, Fort Riley, and Nurses Replacement Detachment; total all ranks aboard, 1981. There were also a number of Canadian and English officers and their families, and a ship's crew of some 300. The ship was under the command of Commander G. C. Evans.

The escort cruiser left the convoy June 21, late at night (the American destroyers having returned the first day), and about noon of June 22 the British escort of eight destroyers, led by H. 81 (H. M. S. *Minos*) arrived and took charge of the convoy, then northwest of Ireland about latitude 56 degrees.

Land was sighted ahead at about 4 a. m., June 23, first Islay Island, Scotland, and a little later the north coast of Ireland. Ten destroyers and several trawlers accompanied the convoy into the Irish Sea, past the Mull of Galloway and the Isle of Man, entering the Mersey after 10 p. m.

LANDING AT LIVERPOOL

ANCHORING off the landing stage at Liverpool about 11 p. m., June 23, the *Missanabic* was held in the stream until 10 p. m. June 24, when she docked in the Sandon basin. The public buildings of the city were dressed with American flags in honor of the convoy.

Base Hospital No. 46 was disembarked and marched to the Canada Docks Station of the London and Northwestern Railway at 4:30 p. m., June 25, 1918. Lieutenant Moran was sent to the Red Cross hospital at Mossley Hill to recover from a neuritis of one leg. The command was received at the station by an English military band, and welcomed to England on behalf of the King by a Major detailed for that purpose. Copies of the King's letter were distributed to the entire command.

PASSAGE THROUGH ENGLAND

THE train left Liverpool at 5:50 p. m., passing by way of Crewe, Wolverhampton, Birmingham (coffee stop), Rugby, Oxford and Winchester.

Reaching Southampton June 26, 1918, at 4 a. m., Pier 44, the command was marched three miles to the rest camp at Cowherds Inn, remaining until next day at 1:15 p. m. Embarking upon a swift channel steamer (*Duchess of Argyll*, Caledonian Steam Packet Company), at 5:15 p. m., leaving at 7 p. m., with other similar boats under convoy of an equal number of destroyers, the command passed Cowes, Ryde and Spithead, and entered the channel about 10 p. m.

ARRIVAL IN FRANCE

AFTER a very speedy passage in bright moonlight, Cherbourg inspection boat was reached at 2:45 a. m., and the *Duchess of Argyll* anchored in the inner harbor off the Gare Maritime of the Etat Railway about 3 a. m. The command was disembarked under the joint direction of the English and American transport officers at 6 a. m., and along with the 13th Aero Construction Co., was marched to the English rest camp at Tourlaville Chateau, 3½ miles from the city. The standard presented to the organization by B. P. O. E. Lodge No. 142 was carried in formation for the first time, on the soil of France, June 28, 1918. These were the first American troops to debark and stay overnight at this camp, and all arrangements were handled by the English authorities.



MARCHING THROUGH CHERBOURG

THE JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE

AFTER breakfast at 4:15 a. m., and the march down to Cherbourg, the same two commands entrained together and left at 7:25 a. m., via the Etat Railway for Paris via Mantes, thence to reach the advance section via the Est system through Versailles and Juvisy. But after passing Bayeux and Caen, reaching Mezidon for coffee from the British canteen service, the train was sent south through Alencon to Le Mans, thus avoiding the Paris area at night at a time when air raids were being repeated. Coffee was served by the French service in the outskirts of Le Mans.

The morning of June 30 at 4:30, the Loire was crossed into Tours, but delay was encountered in the transfer yards to the Orleans system, and at St. Pierre-des-Corps it was not possible to delay for breakfast. Coffee was served by the French at Villefranche about 11 a. m., and after considerable delay from the congestion of war material ahead, the train passed via Bourges and Nevers to the P. L. M. system, and supper and coffee were had at Cerey-la-Tour about 8:30 p. m.

The morning of July 1, after passing Le Creusot and its great forges in the night, breakfast was served in the American Red Cross quarters at Dijon, about 8 a. m. At 10 a. m., the train reached the distribution yards at Is-sur-Tille, and Base Hospital No. 46 was there separated from the 13th Construction Company. Leaving Is-sur-Tille about 10 p. m. over the Est system, the train was set out at 4:15 a. m. on a siding at Bazoilles-sur-Meuse (Vosges).

THE DESTINATION IN FRANCE

AT 6 a. m., July 2, 1918, Base Hospital No. 46 detrained at Bazoilles-sur-Meuse and marched to section I of the great hospital center at that point. Headquarters were opened at once, and equipment requisitioned to make up for the non-arrival of the equipment which was supposed to have been shipped in the same convoy from New York with the unit.

Base Hospitals Nos. 18 (Johns Hopkins) and 116 (Federal) were already installed at this point, the former in an old French army hospital. The officers were given the privilege of messing with Base 116 for a few days, and both units were most kind in assisting Base 46 to get established. This was made more difficult owing to the non-

arrival of heavy baggage for several weeks. The construction work on paths, roads, latrines, plumbing, roofing, etc., was all taken over by the enlisted personnel of Base Hospital No. 46 from the engineer force on the ground, and with the dubious assistance of Chinese and Portuguese laborers was soon complete.

Captains Dillehunt and Wight and later Colonel Davis, were disabled for a few days by the current epidemic of "Spanish grippe."

July 4 was celebrated by a flag-raising at Base 116. The following day the officers' mess of Base 46 was opened, with Captain Knox mess officer. Lieutenant Blair remained mess officer for the detachment, Lieutenant Palmer, sanitary inspector, and Lieutenant McCown, fire marshal. The Adjutant took command of the detachment, and as surgical teams were recommended by Major Joyce, some of the younger officers were detached for temporary work near the front. The first to leave were Lieutenants Lupton, McKenzie, Scott and Hynson.

The first promotion on French soil was that of Captain Knox, to Major, by previous recommendation, under date of July 11. Captain Johnson was the first casual officer to be added.

On the same date a party of enlisted men was sent to Bordeaux to drive the motor transportation overland.

July 14, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, coming on Sunday, was celebrated by the display of the colors before quarters, and by a special patriotic sermon by Chaplain Colton, American Red Cross, who had been transferred to Base 46 on July 12.



EN ROUTE TO BAZOILLES

THE NURSES' TRIP OVERSEAS



WHEN the call for the organization of a Base Hospital Unit came in May, 1917, great excitement prevailed throughout the nursing circles in Oregon. Every nurse was imbued with the spirit of patriotism—anxious to do her bit—and at that time the big bit seemed to be to get to France. All sorts of applications to join the unit were received, but when the necessary qualifications “moral, mental and physical” were considered, the enrolling of 100 nurses, three stenographers, one dietitian and two laboratory technicians was no easy task. First to be reckoned with were the “too young class” and the “too old class.” Then there were the “physically unfit” and, finally, the “married ones” who wanted to go with their husbands. Next came the problem of the necessary, but expensive equipment. Many nurses who had family responsibilities found they could not meet this expense. As on each and every occasion, when called upon to help, the Portland Chapter of the American Red Cross arranged to have the extra equipment supplied to the nurses free of cost.

New orders and instructions from Washington were being received almost daily. Physical examinations must be made and approved. The prophylactic typhoid, para-typhoid and smallpox treatment given. Many and varied sad tales of the organization of the nursing personnel of our unit could be told, but we have learned to avoid sad stories.

Would the order for duty ever come? And what would that order be—Cantonment duty or direct to France? The first orders came November 24, 1917 for ten nurses—six to proceed to Camp Lewis and four to proceed to Letterman General Hospital. Five nurses who were members of a unit to go to Roumania, but who were recalled when our relations were severed with that country, were attached to us and came with our four nurses from Letterman General to Vancouver Barracks, Wash., where they remained until all were sent to New York. February 21, 1918, ten more started for Camp Custer. Then another tedious wait, during which time several changes were made in the nursing personnel and those who were ready became quite nervous, thinking that the war would not be properly finished unless we were there to land a hand. March 4, 1918, one nurse went to Camp Kearney. March 15, 1918, six others landed at Camp Lewis. March 21, 1918, four to Camp Dodge. The big day was on April 6, when more than thirty nurses left the North Bank Station for various

cantonments. There could be no doubt in our minds on that day as to the devotion of our friends. The scene at the station rivalled the going away of a bride—so many bouquets, bonbons and magazines. Thirteen went to Camp Dix, five to Camp Merritt, ten to Camp Stuart, ten to Camp Greene, eight to Camp Meade, eight to Camp Hancock, seven to Camp Lee and on April 8 four more were sent to Camp Upton. All the nursing personnel of the unit were now on duty at the above cantonments, being instructed in army hospital methods and incidentally caring for the great number of sick men of the young army soon to be sent overseas. Again a long wait for orders which finally came "to proceed without delay to Mobilization Station, Holley Hotel, New York City, New York, to report upon arrival to the commanding officer at the port of embarkation for duty overseas."

One step nearer France! Our five weeks in New York was indeed a mad rush. The nurses arrived and were sent to different hotels; later all were quartered at the Madison Square Hotel. A regular schedule was established—nurses were checked in and out—must be on time for meals—must attend drill at the 71st Armory (some drill)—must be outfitted (nuf sed)—purchasing of the Unit flag—identification tags—passports—many shows—bus rides. A great rivalry existed among the nurses as to who could find the best and cheapest restaurant—this to vary the Madison Square diet. The churches were most hospitable. There were special services and teas. Nurses' Club made us feel perfectly at home. A beautiful party was given at the residence of Dr. James, where we were entertained by celebrities.

We must mention Dr. and Mrs. Reed and Lieutenant Dale as playing a very important part in our stay in New York. We were scheduled to head the Red Cross section of the Fourth of July parade, but again the order which kept us moving, and instead of participating in the greatest parade New York had ever had, we were told to go quietly away from our hotel in small groups, to be at the port of embarkation not later than three o'clock that afternoon. This was accomplished, but can we forget the mobilization of our baggage in the corridors of our hotel? This included the community box and the flag. The servants of the hotel were not supposed to know that we were leaving. After a wait of perhaps four hours at the pier, we went aboard the wonderfully camouflaged *Aquitania*, a British transport. No detail had been omitted and in the shortest possible time all assignments had been made and we were comfortably located in our staterooms.

We were requested not to dance by the commanding officer of the

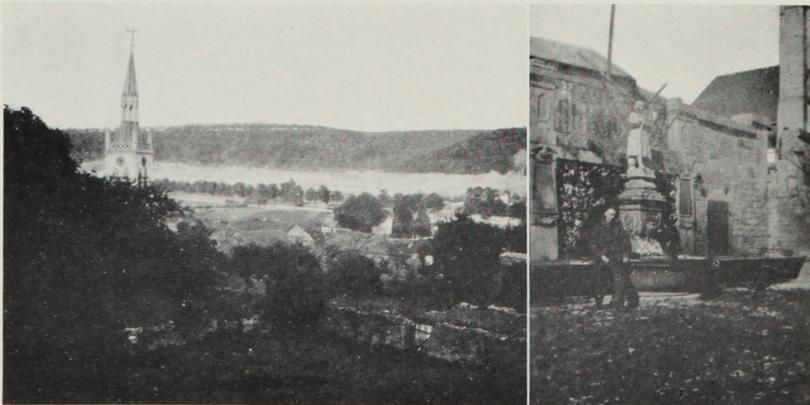
boat, but other amusements were furnished, such as music, singing, and afternoon tea. Daily fire drill, which was not intended for amusement, but which usually furnished its full quota. Life preservers were worn continuously throughout the voyage.

We were convoyed for several hours out of New York, then we were alone until within two days of Liverpool, when, early in the morning, five destroyers came, almost simultaneously, upon the horizon. All on board our ship thrilled when these little "live wires" of the sea slipped into our path. Everyone had the feeling of wanting to lean over the railing to give them a hearty hand shake or hug and whisper, "Gee, we're glad you're here." All through the night the guns of the little destroyers and of our vessel kept booming. The nurses, life preservers on, life saving suits within reach, slept but little. It was a question next morning whether or not the officers had gone to bed at all, as they were heard going up and down the corridors all night, and in the event that a nurse met an officer in the corridor he assured her, with gusto, that there was a storm at sea and that it was thunder instead of guns that she heard. However, next morning we knew the truth, submarines had been chased and one sunk.

We disembarked at Liverpool about 8 p. m., July 12—the nurses were the last of the many thousand aboard to leave the boat. We left by rail for Southampton between 9 and 10 p. m. English Red Cross served coffee at a way-station at midnight. At daybreak all blinds were up and heads crowded about the car windows to catch glimpses of the picturesque fields, roadways and thatched-roofed villages. We arrived at Southampton in the early morning. Hotel accommodations were poor, food very poor, no sugar, no tea and a limited supply of bread. That afternoon, we were taken by a lighter and put aboard a hospital ship, which dropped down to the bar made famous by Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and remained there till dark. All lights out, the well-convoyed ship moved cautiously forward for its perilous trip across the channel. We reached Le Havre July 14, the Liberty day of France. Again, no sugar, no bread, congested hotels, but the joy of the American "boys" upon seeing us equalled our own on seeing them. We left Le Havre on July 15, and had a hasty breakfast at the Red Cross refreshment booth railroad station in Paris, then bundled onto a train. By this time we were beginning to realize that we were in a country at war. At home were new uniforms, fresh and enthusiastic troops—in France were shabby uniforms and soldiers

very tired and worn looking, perhaps not so wildly enthusiastic, but none the less determined.

One hundred and five very weary women reached Bazoilles-sur-Meuse, Vosges, France at 8 p. m. on July 19. All so glad to reach our station and to see our splendid officers and men, who certainly had prepared for our coming. After a hot bath, a good dinner, we laid aside all our cares and had the first real good night's sleep since leaving New York. Our breakfast was served to us in bed by a few of the more energetic nurses, it being the order of the commanding officer that nurses should stay in bed the next day, if they cared to do so. Now we were ready to do the thing that should come our way.



UNIT AT WORK



ON JULY 16 the nurses arrived and were located in their quarters, which had been made livable through the courtesy of Colonel Walker, commanding officer, Base Hospital No. 116, who furnished necessary bedding, etc. On this day, also the first surgical teams went to the front. On July 19 the hospital was moved across the Meuse to buildings directly adjoining Base 18. This was considered a better location on account of less noise and possible freedom from winds and fogs. Little difficulty was experienced in moving as practically no equipment was on hand.

None of the wards in the new location were suitable to receive patients on account of lack of plumbing and of tables, shelving, etc., in diet kitchens and linen rooms. Practically all of this work was done by the enlisted personnel and with great difficulty on account of the lack of material and tools. In order to meet possible emergencies, Wards 1 to 5 were first completed, the surgery, eye, ear and nose clinic, X-Ray and receiving ward were in the same unfinished state, but these, too, were completed in time to attend to patients when they rushed in.

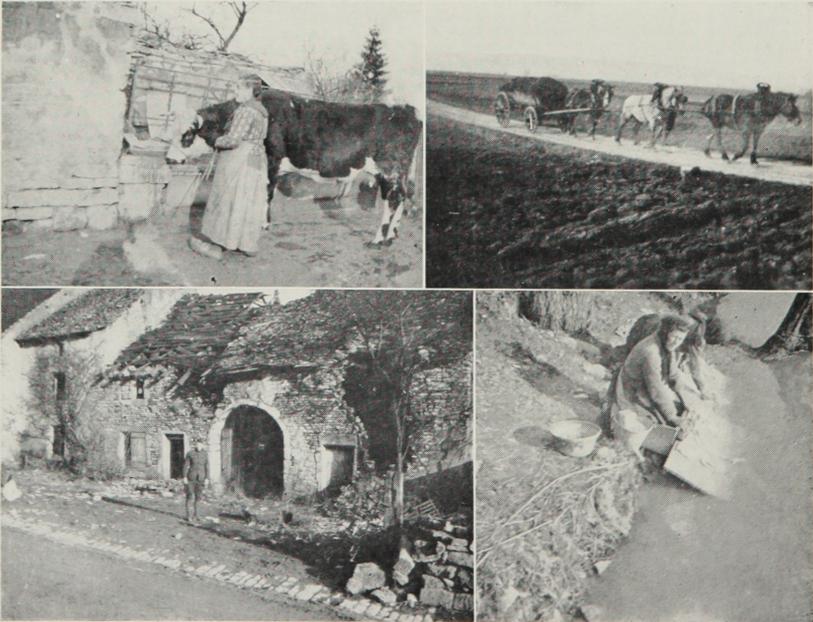
On July 21 the first patients to occupy wards, some 200 in number, were sent over from Base 18 as an overflow. The first patients admitted to our hospital through receiving ward was on July 23. As the receiving ward had, at that time, no bathing facilities the first disastrous results of allowing cooties to get in the wards was experienced. However, by energetic work the next day, all patients were cleaned up and bedding and clothes disinfected. It took a convoy of German prisoners to repeat this disaster.

Air-raid alarms occurred quite frequently, interfering materially with work in the wards, as well as adding to the general discomfort of everyone. Fortunately, nothing more serious than alarms ever occurred.

One of the most serious conditions encountered was the shortage of water supply during the summer and several times water had to be carried in buckets from Base 18 to supply wards and kitchens. On account of lack of transportation, great difficulty was experienced in disposing of hospital waste.

During the active fighting at the front patients were received in large convoys, frequently kept a few days only and then, except the very worst, evacuated. This threw an enormous amount of work, not only on surgeons, nurses and ward men, but on the receiving ward, registrar's office, kitchens and tent city as well. The zeal displayed by all, especially men and nurses, was so manifest and spontaneous as to make everyone feel a particular pride in the organization. The manifestations of joy on hearing that the armistice had been signed on November 11 need not be mentioned.

On December 31, orders came from the center that Evacuation Hospital No. 26 would relieve Base 46 and that we were to return home. Later this order was revoked and Base 46 ordered to turn over all property preparatory to abandoning this hospital, the unit to return. It is needless to say that no time was lost in complying with this order. Twenty-five nurses volunteered to remain and five additional were selected to make up the thirty required to remain over. Five medical officers, Ziegelman, Scott, Mars, McKenzie and Kelley, were also slated to remain.



THE WORK OF BASE HOSPITAL NO. 46



FFICERS and personnel of Base Hospital No. 46 arrived at Bazoilles-sur-Meuse July 2, 1918, the nurses coming on July 16. On July 19, we moved across the river to our permanent location, made up of twenty 50-bed wards and 1000 additional beds in tents. On July 23 we received our first convoy of patients. From then until January 19, 1919, when we evacuated all our cases to other hospitals in the center, we admitted 8366 patients; 131 died (a mortality of 1.50 per cent). On October 18, we touched the peak of our activity, 1575 patients in wards and tents.

The Medical Service, up to December 13, 1918, received 4479 patients, representing principally cases of gas poisoning, influenza, gastro-enteritis, and pneumonia. There were approximately 840 cases of gas poisoning, mustard gas being the most common cause; there were 1158 cases of influenza, 142 cases of broncho-pneumonia, and 43 cases of lobar pneumonia, with eight cases of resulting empyema, of which one died. Our pneumonia mortality, including complications, was 50 per cent. Twelve cases of typhoid and eight of para-typhoid, all type B, developed, five cases of meningitis occurred, two cerebro-spinal, one pneumococcus, one tubercular, and one undiagnosed. We had 14 cases of proven pulmonary tuberculosis, two of which died in the hospital, and 25 cases under observation, where the physical signs and general symptoms warranted a diagnosis, but the sputum findings were negative.

On the Surgical Service, during the same period, 3422 cases were received, of which 620 were operated. The mortality from wounds and complications was 28 or 0.8 per cent. Of these surgical cases, 23 were gas infections, of which four died. We had a rather extensive fracture service, the more common being: 36 of the femur, 50 of the humerus, 45 of the tibia and 15 of the skull. For all cause, the following major amputations were performed: arm, 6; leg, 2; thigh, 2.

This hospital was designated to receive the Neuro-Surgical cases in this center. We had seven cases of G. S. W. of the spinal cord, all of which died; 30 G. S. W. of the skull and head were operated, of which one died. There were 45 nerve injuries received, the most frequent being, in order, Ulnar, Musculo-spiral, Median and Sciatic. In addition, we had 144 cases of Psychoneuroses, principally following "Shell Shock" and 85 other cases where evidence definitely pointed to

a Psycho-neurosis following high explosives.

Our eye, ear, nose and throat clinic treated 1769 cases in the dispensary, besides a very large number of cases in the wards, mainly mustard gas conjunctivitis. These figures do not include those treated in the eye clinic which was established here for the whole center, early in November, and which was extremely busy, mainly on refractive work. Up to December 13, 61 tonsillectomies were performed and 36 myringotomies for acute Otitis Media.

The X-Ray Department was handicapped by being forced to use only the army bedside machine, but was of great value in locating foreign bodies, for the patients were taken immediately from the X-Ray room to the operating table. The apparatus was also taken to the fracture wards where it helped materially in the good results obtained. In the late Fall, its principal use was in the diagnosis of chest conditions, such as broncho-pneumonia, empyema and tuberculosis.

The Genito-Urinary Department, up to December 13, 1918, treated 72 cases of acute gonorrhoeal urethritis, 10 cases of chaneroidal infection, 16 cases of primary, 33 secondary and 10 of tertiary syphilis; besides numerous gonorrhoeal epididymitis, lymphadenitis and arthritis; and many non-venereal conditions, such as cystitis and tubercular infections of the urinary tract.

In July, before any convoys were received, three surgical teams were withdrawn from the hospital staff and attached to various field and evacuation hospitals and all remained away until after the signing of the armistice. Three other members of the staff were detached to evacuation hospitals, where they filled in on surgical and shock teams during the same period.

While this hospital was open, there were treated 215 German prisoners and 41 French soldiers.

Of the 8366 patients received in this hospital, not more than 28 per cent were actually returned to duty, due to the fact that from the beginning of operation up to and even after the armistice, we functioned largely as an evacuation hospital and many of the cases received remained here only for a very short period.

THE HOSPITAL CENTER



WHILE Base Hospital 46 functioned as an individual unit, as did the other base hospitals in the center, much of the distribution of the patients coming into the center and the forwarding of the reports from the hospitals was done by the Headquarters Hospital Center, an office organized with the object of bringing all the hospitals under one head for administrative supervision.

This headquarters was organized in July, 1918, and placed under the command of Colonel Elmer A. Dean, Medical Corps, Regular Army, with Major H. S. Osborne, Medical Reserve Corps, as his adjutant.

The function of these headquarters was to act as a recording office for all military reports and returns, exercise courtmartial jurisdiction over the command, take up with higher authorities subjects that pertained to the Hospital Center as a whole and, in fact, act for the Hospital Center in the same capacity as the manager of some big business would act in supervising the various departments under his control.

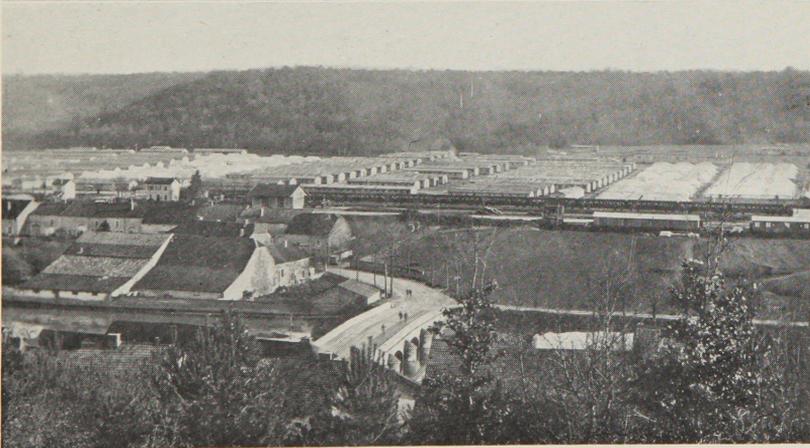
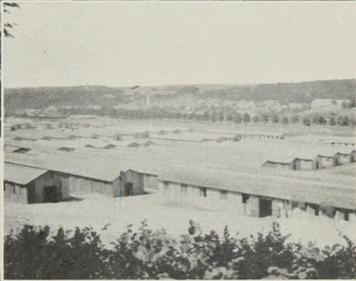
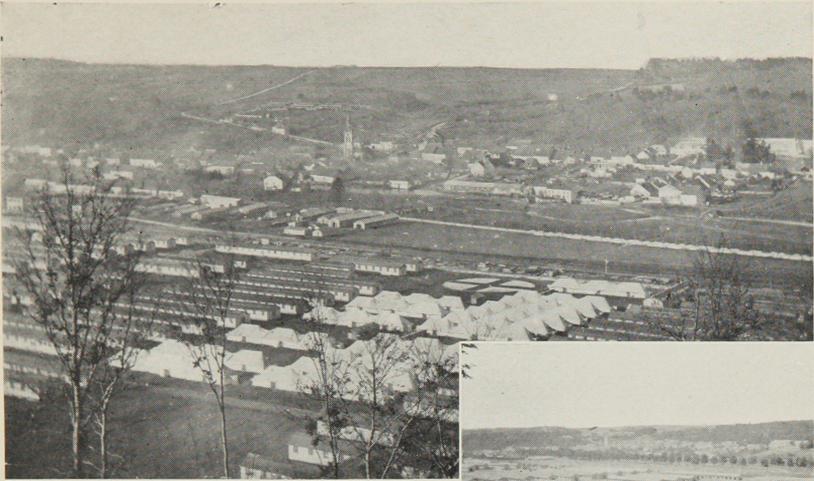
The Headquarters Building was necessarily divided into several departments, the commanding officer, adjutant, personnel adjutant, evacuation officer and sanitary officer all having their special work to do. Of these offices, considering the subject from the standpoint of a member of the medical profession, the evacuation office was probably the most important, as it handled the receipt and dispatch of all patients coming into the center. And when it is considered that there were as many as six thousand patients handled by the office during twenty-four hours, it can be plainly seen that this office was kept fairly busy during the period of the big rush. The evacuation office was supposed to exchange all hospital property that left the different hospitals on the person of individual patients, checking the amount that went on the train, drawing the same amount from the train's storeroom, and the commanding officer of the train would replenish his supplies at the point to which patients were evacuated.

A great deal more cannot be said about the other offices of the hospital center except to state that the sanitary officer was, working in connection with the sanitary officers of the various units, directly responsible for the police and sanitary conditions of the camp at all times.

Working in connection with Headquarters Hospital Center, but apart from it as far as direct supervision was concerned, was the Group Quartermaster and the Group Medical Supply Officer. The first, under the able command of Major Edward H. Schell, Q. M. C., was the office directly concerned with the supply of rations, fuel and light, laundry work and last, but not least, our monthly pay. At no time during the history of the center did the Quartermaster disappoint us, and his untiring efforts were responsible to a large extent for the success of the work carried on in the center, for when rations come in regularly, and pay day comes early enough in the month to lead the soldiers to believe that they are being paid for their month's work as soon after the money is earned as possible, a great deal of discontent that would manifest itself under other conditions is avoided.

The Medical Supply Depot, in charge of Captain J. Luther Bradley, was directly charged with the procuring and issuing of all medical supplies and surgical appliances to all the hospitals of the center, and while the supplies came in very slowly at first, along towards the end of the war, the depot had a very fair stock of medical and surgical supplies of all kinds on hand. Too much cannot be said in behalf of the American Red Cross, who furnished carload after carload of medical supplies that could not, at the time they were badly needed here, be supplied by the Medical Department on account of transportation difficulties.





Top view of Bazoilles and Hospitals. Middle view of Bazoilles Valley—Base Hospital 46 in Right Front. Bottom—Hospital Center, showing United States Hospital Train.

BAZOILLES



BAZOILLES-SUR-MEUSE—a village of 412 inhabitants is located in the department of the Vosges. This department takes its name from the mountains which border it on the east and consists generally of high land, broken up by numerous valleys. There are three large rivers which rise in these high lands, the Meuse, the Moselle and the Meurthe. There are no large cities and only a few small ones; of these Neufchateau with 4000 inhabitants is the most important to dwellers in Bazoilles from the fact that it is distant a scant four miles. Historically, this region is of interest chiefly because it contains Domremy, the birthplace of Joan of Arc. But there are still traditions of Roman days and few ruins can be found.

From the scanty data of the village archives we learn that the name Bazoilles comes from the Latin word "Basis" (lowland) and an old Gallic word "oye" (goose). We Americans who have lived here feel that the true meaning is better expressed by the phrase "A good place for ducks." From these same archives, we learn that a city once occupied the site of the present village. It had two lords' estates, an abbey dating from the fifteenth century and in the woods across the river a monastery of Templars. Strange to say not a trace of the monastery or of the castle remains. However, it is still possible to find here and there vestiges of an old Roman road which ran between Bazoilles and Grand. The ancient city also possessed a large iron foundry or forge and two mills.

As it now stands the village can claim no special object of interest besides its church and the quite modern chateau. According to M. Perdrix, the mayor, the walls of the church date from the eleventh century. The belfry and stained glass windows are relatively recent. Stored away in the rear of the church is a valuable ancient carved wood altar.

The chateau is at present occupied by Base Hospital 18, which arrived in the valley on July 12, 1917. Previously it had been used by the French for the same purpose as the small military cemetery bears witness. In this are buried five Algerians, two Russians, nine Frenchmen, four English officers, one English sergeant, 62 Americans, including one lieutenant and one nurse besides five unidentified soldiers. Since July 15, 1918, this has been closed and a new cemetery for the whole center capable of containing 1932 graves opened. At the

present date (December 17, 1918), the following are buried there: Nine officers, four nurses, 486 soldiers and 27 German prisoners. It is officially known as the "United States Military Cemetery No. 6."

The American city of Bazoilles contained at one time fully 11,000 inhabitants, most of whom were patients in the hospitals. There were six of these in addition to Base Hospital No. 18, and the date of their arrival may be worth chronicling.

Base Hospital No. 116, April 9, 1918; No. 46, July 2, 1918; No. 42, July 15, 1918; No. 60, September 15, 1918; No. 81, September 25, 1918; No. 79, October 16, 1918.

In addition there were engineers and labor battalions and a Motor Transport Corps. Also a few casual medical units stopped with us for a time. Of these, I will mention two—Evacuation Hospital No. 6 and Mobile Operating Unit No. 1.

In conclusion, I take the liberty to add a personal note of gratitude for the hearty hospitality and unrestricted coöperation shown me from the very outset by everyone connected with Base Hospital No. 46.

THOMAS A. DINAN, Catholic Chaplain.



LIFE ON THE MEUSE



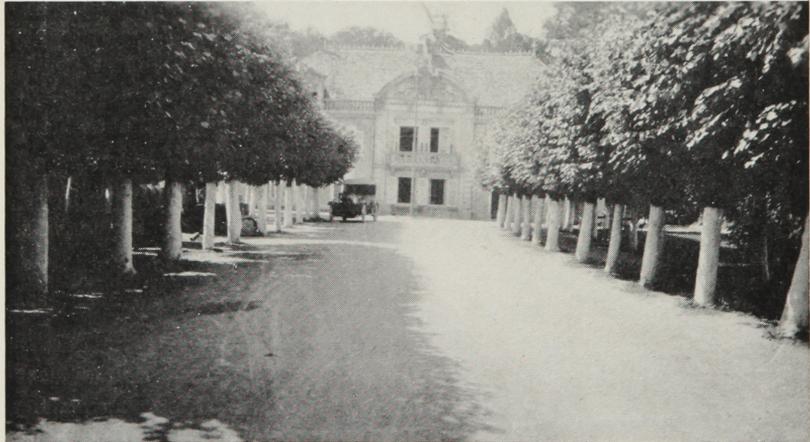
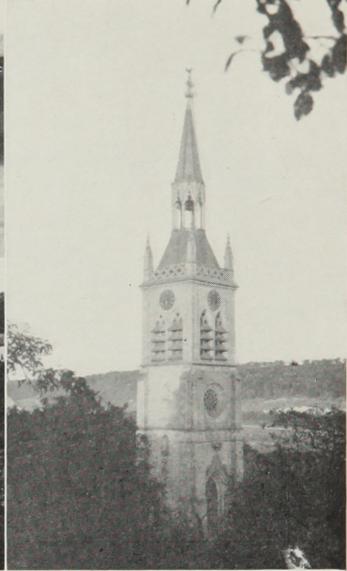
BAZOILLES-SUR-MEUSE! "But where is the Meuse?" we asked. We had crossed that historic stream by the footbridge in the meadows several times before we had realized that this slender rivulet meandering lazily from pool to pool was none other than the famous river whose name has been a household word during the battle of Verdun. But those who came from the banks of the Columbia or Willamette had to consider that in France renown is not granted on the claims of mere bigness—likewise, that it is unreasonable to expect a river to be of equal width along its whole course, and after all, it was a long way from the most advanced Hospital Center to Verdun, from our quiet valley to the shell-churned trenches of the world's greatest battlefield. We had that rubbed in later, when the wounded came back and said: "Well, you sure have a soft thing of it here."

Since language in the A. E. F. tends to reflect the spirit of the Franco-American alliance, the name of the place of our sojourn naturally met with drastic treatment in the course of our efforts to amalgamate the tongues. Bazwillie Sure Moose, Bazwillie Submerged, Baz Eels on the Muss and many other variations were in vogue, as witness to the belief that a village in the Vosges by any other name would smell as sweet. It was rather provoking in the dry season to see a river so neglectful of its duty, namely to run: at the time when water was so scarce that experiments were made showing that a private first class of the Medical Corps could make his morning ablutions, shave and do his laundry with a canteen of water and still have enough left to help out a friend, the Meuse degenerated into a swamp, but by December there was water enough to permit the engineers to hold a regatta.

It was in the dry season that homesickness, as tending to increase the humidity, should have been given every facility of expression, but it was the lot of one of the nurses, shortly after their arrival, to experience the rigors of military discipline even in such a personal matter as that of having a good cry. Unable to control her emotions, she left the barracks one evening and seated herself on the edge of the sidewalk and was weeping there in a perfectly ladylike manner without disturbing anyone, when the guard came along. Instead of offering sympathy he informed her that it was against orders to sit and cry on his post. She moved on, but not knowing much about posts she selected another spot unsuitable for undisturbed wretchedness. This time it

was an officer who said: "If you don't get off the post you will be put into the guard-house." It was the last straw. She went back to the barracks and wailed. "Oh, girls, what an awful place this is! You can't even cry without being put into the guard-house!"

In some respects the life of a doctor in a Base Hospital seems like that of the members of a city fire department—the gentlemen whom you see in front of the fire station with their chairs tilted back, reading the advertisements in a newspaper; with them it is feast or famine, periods of intense activity alternating with those of enforced leisure. That is the way it is in the Base Hospital, and the slack periods were a sore trial to many of us. When the wards were full and everybody was busy the atmosphere was one of cheerfulness—how different it was at other times! Those days of incessant rain with nothing to do! It might be "real Oregon weather"—the writer does not know, but he could see that no appeal to tenderness of home-sentiment was able to make it anything but tedious and dismal. Those were days when even the suggestion of a walk to Harreville-les-Chanteurs, or of a trip to town to take a bath at the Lafayette Club failed to awaken enough enthusiasm to cope with the mud; when one heard the sound of the tin pan announcing breakfast and turned over with a stern resolve to sleep a while longer and so shorten the day; when the Literary Society, originally instituted by the savants of Barracks No. 2, was outdone by the younger chapter in the other barracks; when evening sessions were supplemented by all-day programs; when the delegate from the Rockefeller Institute found his efforts to promote cheerfulness unavailing, and *bon mots* were answered with curses: "Stop that damned racket! It's hard enough to pose for a picture without that noise!" The delegate from South Orange couldn't look pleasant that day—and who could blame him? It was December, nearing Christmas, and at home they were getting ready for the festival, and there had been so many rumors about our being ordered home that faith had grown cold, and, above all there was nothing to do! Even if Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do he didn't find enough to keep time from hanging heavy on our hands. Yes—the brethren will remember the rainy season at Bazailles-sur-Meuse!



Upper Left—Hospital Street. Middle Left—View of Convalescent Tents. Upper Right—Bazailles Church Tower. Bottom—Chateau, Headquarters Base Hospital No. 18. (Johns Hopkins Hospital Unit)

MEUSINGS

One of these days little Oswald is going to climb up on Daddie's knee, look pleadingly up into his fatherly countenance and say:

"And Daddie, what did you do in the great world war?"

The Daddie in question will immediately chew the end of his cigar, and then after glancing around to see if any one is in hearing distance, will say:

"Oh, my child, your father was very, very brave. He lived, suffered and nearly died at the siege of Bazoille.

"And where is Bazoille, pa-pah?"

At that, father will relight his cigar, raise his eyebrows, smile reminiscantly, and continue:

"Ah, my little Oswald, that was on the bloody Meuse, that wonderful river which almost flowed through the fair village of Bazoille."

"Brave Daddie," admiringly gurgles Oswald.



WELL, to get down to brass tacks and bully beef, this article is designated to describe, enumerate, tabulate, speculate, and narrate the doings, designs, frolics, and other activities of the enlisted personnel of Base Hospital No. 46 from the time of mobilization to the present period of the game. Gentle reader, pick out a nice, fat, comfortable davenport, a good brand of cigarettes, and a bottle of your favorite—(that last is all wrong, you'll be reading this in the States, won't you? and they tell me it's beastly dry now); put on your slippers and be prepared to list to the tale of the fighting forty-sixers.

In the first place it was most irritating to be in the reserve from July, 1917, to the Ides of March, 1918. The brethren-to-be-in-arms got so used not to being called into service, and merely remaining on the inactive list, that many of them were actually dumbfounded when after eight months of watchful waiting they were suddenly ordered to beat it pronto to Portland Academy for the horrors of war. Some of the brethren had to charter the Twentieth Century Limited to get there, but they all finally managed to reach the unit, old Bill Paeth finally crawling in some time towards May day and the original unit was complete.

The period at Portland Academy for two or three weeks was one of inoculation, humiliation, and subordination. If they weren't shooting you for some kind of germs, they were assigning you to the outside police. Many of the brethren were very capable at wielding a wicked pen, or fox-trot, but when it came to making a shovel whistle,

ah, gentle reader, let us draw the veil. Here, too, was where the personnel were introduced to that famous president of the Durham factory, that most illustrious shooter of the delicious yap, namely, one to whom we have all learned to listen with marked attention, namely, M. G. Campbell, M. G., standing for the American equivalent of "Gott mit Uns." Merle, I believe, sold over a million dollars worth of insurance, the only man who balked being Mrs. Stanton's only son, Broderick, who finally fell to Merle's powers of oratory and \$6.50 per month.

Things at the academy went along in great leaps and bounds, Richard Werner, of Esparto, O. A. C., and other places doing the top-cutter to a fair-three-well. Richard used to trot the men down to the Hazelwood for three meals a day, and there the howling mob would lap the food 'til Manager Joyce would howl for mercy. It was here where I first met our two prize gormandizers, the powerful Shagren and the Cheshire-faced Hughes. From the start these men have proved their sterling worth, by being the two best exponents of the art of bully-beefing, the unit has seen. In fact, they seem never to be satisfied, and even over here if you want to find them, simply have the proper eating establishment paged. But that is another story.

One morning the unit departed for Camp Lewis, some of the brethren having gone up the week previous to arrange for the grand reception. The trip was one never to be forgotten. After a tearful *petit dejeuner* at The Hazelwood at about 4:30 a. m., or some ungodly hour, we steamed out of the Union Station, with Mayor Baker waving a handkerchief at us, and yodeling a fond "I'm behind you, boys." Aye, brothers, the first lap!

Camp Lewis with all the bustle and rush of a new mining town welcomed us as a long lost son. In fact, they thought so much of some of our men that they put us all to work. And here I may state is where many of the brethren had their first real experiences with battleships and submarines, far as Camp Lewis may be from the Atlantic. The Base Hospital at Camp Lewis was mighty glad to see us alive, and immediately told us all the nice things that went to make up our duties. However, you can't fool all the people all the time, and soon a great light dawned.

About the first real impression that divulges from the mind of the average member of the enlisted personnel concerning the trials and cares of Camp Lewis is that of morning drill. In the first place, the powers that be decided it would be a great idea to set the clock ahead

an hour, so that instead of getting up at the already terrible hour of 4:30 we were really getting up at 3:30. Imagine, getting up in the middle of the night to stand in line, shivering in the morning fog, to yell "Yoooooo," and then merely romp down to a drill field, and go through the various hieroglyphics and twists that one R. J. Werner insisted was extremely good for us. And to add to all this a nice little run up the hill to breakfast. Oh, Richard, how could you have been so cruuuul?

And then we had to drop all our nice perfectly respectable civilian habits of roaring lustily when we came home and can you picture it going to bed at nine o'clock? One evening (this was a very fine evening), late in April, two certain individuals (names deleted by censor), were actually reprimanded for saying "good night" to each other at one minute after nine. And for that we had to pack radiators the next evening. Oh, well!

Then came the season of our discontent. Ah, some one had heard some one tell the chaplain's great-grandmother's aunt that we were about to leave for an Atlantic port. So, we were all instructed in the gentle art of Equipment C. Gentle reader, for your benefit, I will elaborate upon the beauties and art of Equipment C. That is an equipment issued by the government for use overseas, consisting chiefly in importance in shoestrings. In the first place, the mayor of Gresham, otherwise known as "Cavalry Schneider," so called because he's built that way, fitted us out in the cutest little boy scout uniforms you ever saw. Oh, my, yes, and all you had to do in one of them was to approach a soldier in the camp, hand him a cigarette or present of some sort, and he'd reply, "So this is your act of kindness for today, bless you, my lad." We wore these affairs for a few weeks, until even the Spruce Division protested, so they gave us some real stuff.

But to get back to Equipment C, which I may add, is overseas equipment. They were always having us assort our outfits on our bunks, just when you'd get them all laid out pretty like, some one would tell you that the shoestrings should be tied in rosettes and not in bows. And then it was to do all over again. Ah, those were the days. To add to all this, we had with us a most dextrous creature, who was a chosen expert in rolling packs. Truthfully, he taught us eighteen varieties of packs before he decided which kind was the hardest to make up. Anyway, we had what might be termed in our military period, a period of pre-construction.

One day Richard called us unto him, and did spake thusly: "My children, you will empty your little bed ticks of the straw contained

thereat, and sleep as best you may this eve. Can you picture it, gentle reader; this actually brought cheers from the men. For what did all this mean? Mean! Ach, shades of Bazoille-to-be; it meant that little Base Hospital No. 46 was about to *parti tout suite* for foreign shores.

The next morning after a heavenly night on iron cots, sans everything, we were all hustle and bustle. At twelve-thirty after an excited lunch, the mighty herd gathered in front of the barracks, and amid cheers and plaudits of the multitudes marched off for the station, climbed aboard the train and bingo, off we went for the East.

Without a doubt that trip of five days was the most interesting, speediest and fascinating trip on which the men of Base Hospital 46 had ever crossed the continent. We left Camp Lewis behind us at one-ten p. m., on May the 31st, 1918. We whistled into Portland and immediately steamed out the Columbia about four p. m. and were way up in Eastern Oregon before even Gus Feldman could start a black jack game. If you can feature that you have some idea of how we started to travel.

Immediately after starting on our journey we were told what we were not supposed to do. (You see, gentle reader, there are so many things that we simply can't do in the army, it's very poor form you know, really to have anything the way you want it). First, after we had folded our Sunday School Hymnals, we were informed that the doughnuts handed us by the eager ladies of the W. C. T. U. and Pocatella Ladies' Union were liable to contain rat poison, and that we might not be able to tie our shoestrings in the regulation rosette if we ate any of them. Of course this broke all the ladies hearts *en route*, but the brave laddies of 46 passed up all the doughnuts and *en route* fodder, leaving it all to others whom we shall not mention.

On sped the train, through the wilds of Idaho, Wyoming (where we used to get off and bid the train God Speed and hike until we caught up to it) and Nebraska, into Iowa and then into Chicago, where we sneaked up through the stock yards at the dead of night, and then merrily chooed onward without stop out past the Gold Dust Twin factory, and oh! (I actually wept tears at this point); I even smelled the echoes of the College Inn, and that's all the good it did me. Adolph Levy Bloch was sleeping in a very accommodating upper berth that night, I, having faithfully promised old Adolph that I would wake him up and show him Chicago. Nearing old Chi, Adolph crept (I speak kindly when I say crept) down into the lower and saw Chicago, from my window, Adolph was terribly impressed with old Chicago, and I can

see his smiling face, still, glowing with pride at the loveliness, of the immensity of everything, and the golden opportunities behind them.

Next morn we were speeding past Toledo and all the factory girls were waving, and all the Base Hospital No. 46 men were beginning to realize that they were at last in the East. That night we pulled into Buffalo and Claud MCarty immediately decided that it was high time to look over the world. Next morning we had taken in Scranton, and Wilkes-Barre, and way points, and were sliding in as usual into old New York. New York was most interesting. We landed at Tenafly and walked up the most fascinating hill towards a camp that was labeled Merritt, (perhaps you are familiar with it).

After Lewis, Camp Merritt was quite a come down. No more did we have the cool evenings with old Rainier looking down at you from a distance, no more did we have the fir trees, and shrubs and greens. Instead it was hot, and sticky, and dusty, and decidedly crowded, and the early part of summer was certainly living up to its former reputation. There were always herds of olive drabbed individuals coming into camp, or going out, and they didn't come in there by hundreds, they were being shipped in by thousands.

Merritt was a series of inspections, rush, making numerous passenger lists, getting orders, having them immediately rescinded, hoping to get to New York and not getting to go, and little sleep. You would have howled with delight to see officers inspecting clothing (the big idea you know is to issue Equipment C to the men, then guard it carefully until you reach Merritt, then tear up several of the garments and cross the pond, and get half of your equipment taken away from you, and receive some very fine salvage clothes from then on. Oh, well. It was most amusing and instructing to see our former dentists and doctors acting as inspecting generals at Merritt, and condemning clothing. I would hint that they are far better in their own line than as clothes merchants.

One morning about 3 a. m. after working most of the night, old Base No. 46 folded up her tents and silently slipped away down the road to the train for an Atlantic port. Sergeant Schneider was barking around trying to act as transportation man and having a most awful time with it all, as it was a rainy night, and somehow his little twigs were not the steadiest in the world. One of the generals of the camp mistook him for a second lieutenant while all the rumpus was going on, and so merely smiled and went on. But, really, it was awful the language the sergeant was forced to use in order to get all the bags and baggage on the way.

We landed in New York around twenty-third street and sat on the docks for se-ver-i-al hours, watching everybody else climb aboard the liner. After everybody else was nicely placed, we climbed on and were assigned all the way from A deck to Q. The ship in question was a British bark by the name of *Missanabie*. But why they ever wished it on us, I've never been quite able to understand. The trip was very delightful. Wonderful meals of the finest British quality, delightfully well ventilated quarters, extremely polite English cocknies, and a most charming ensemble of casual units that had just been released, apparently from Sing Sing.

The trip was one that will never be forgotten by any of the enlisted men of the unit, particularly those who suffered the pangs of munsonitis. Imagine, if you can, a cunning little room about two by four, with absolutely no ventilation, inhabited by all shapes and sizes of animals of the micro-organic world, and the entire place permeated with that elegant dampness peculiar only to state rooms that are several yards below the submarine firing line.

We had the pleasure of being the unit in charge of the sick on the boat, and nearby were the chief surgeon's offices. A hospital office and infirmary were established at one end of the vessel with Sergeants Rosenthal and Watkins in charge. And around the corner, old Doc Wing, Armfield and Hudson ran the hospital. Several of the brethren of the unit nearly went West during the voyage, and those that could navigate weren't any too spry on their feet. The pleasant part of all this is that some of our sea dogs, such as Munson and Sackrider, and all the others who loved the water will soon have to make the trip back again.

The *Missanabie* was in a convoy of thirteen vessels and when you weren't thinking about the meals coming up, you really had quite a sight gazing over the horizon and seeing the sight. The course will never be definitely known, but as near as we could figure out, we started for South Carolina and then zig-zagged off in a dash for Iceland. The trip was uneventful from a submarine standpoint and we sighted British destroyers the morning of the twenty-first of June. Around midnight the lights of Ireland were sighted, and the next dawn brought forth the sunny outlines of the British Isles. We pushed along through the Irish Sea and anchored in Liverpool harbor about 10:30 that evening.

The next morning we were up bright and early to gaze upon that famous city, and all day long we were permitted to gaze, as all we did was to wander up and down the harbor with the tugs or the tide and

wonder what the big idea was. That night we were towed into one of the docks and owing to the length of the day, we were permitted to gaze at three sides of a dock until 11:30 p. m. by daylight.

Next morning we started to get on dry land again. After waiting around all morning and most of the afternoon, we finally marched off to the Liverpool station and there embarked on a train bound for Southampton. The Liverpool Royal Something or Other Band welcomed us at the station with a pathetic attempt at Yank ragtime, and although I'm sure they meant well by it, it was a wierd interpretation of "There's a Sneaky Feeling Comes Round My Heart."

After an all-night ride, we landed in Southampton, marched up the streets past quaint little taverns and shops, and passed handsome homes, and finally landed at one of those far-famed rest camps. Well, between *vous et moi*, it was a mighty handsome location, but that's about all I care to say about life there. After a two-day rest we paraded down to the docks and took the boat for Cherbourg.

As I remember it, most of us slept in hat racks, curled around ventilators, or in life boats that night. I suppose the trip was rough and possibly there was submarine danger, but we were all so tired from the last rest camp that we slept as if in the royal suite at the Benson. Art House even forgot to yell, "All new men fall in," and Munson was too sleepy to be seasick.

We had had troubles with English finance, but when they began to throw francs at us at Cherbourg, we all got tired and let the natives do the counting for us. We had a pleasant twenty-four hours' stay at Cherbourg and then got on a train and pulled out for parts unknown. Inasmuch as the Germans were "strafing" Paris at that time, we were routed south towards the Spanish border, and after three days' ramblings we landed in our present location. The trip by train through France was a howling success. We all tried out our prep school French, and had a special train that was really above the average. In fact, after hearing about the cattle cars some of the A. E. F. are shipped on, I'm mighty glad that I toured around with Base quarante-six.

I was rudely awakened in the early hours of July second by romping footsteps on the roofs of the coaches. Bob Brinker and Stamulis Doukas were frolicking in the morning air and congratulating themselves upon arriving in such a classy looking mountain resort. (You see, it looked that way then in the early summer, with all the trees green, and the early mist resembling hot springs and the colored roofs of the little village of Bazoilles sparkling through the mist). Merle

Campbell and others I could mention were smiling at the large friendly sign "American Bar!" Even the top kicker, our little smiling Richard, seemed eager to get over into the town for some reason or other. But here, gentle reader, let me disillusion you. The American Bar proved to be a cafeteria and not a cafe, and although to this day we occasionally wander thereabouts it is not the favorite haunt of the populace.

We embarked and marched up to our first quarters, and immediately got ready to become a regular hospital of the A. E. F. At this time, there were only two other units in the center, Base Hospital No. 18 and Base Hospital No. 116, the former from Johns Hopkins University and the latter a New York unit. Now that there are seven units in the center we feel quite ancient and are always glad to give advice to new units just arriving. But back in those early days, oh, daddie!

We worked for about three weeks cleaning up the gutters and building sidewalks, until we favored organizing working men's unions; then one day the powers shipped us over the river into a very well landscaped group of buildings, next door to Base Hospital No. 18, that had been formerly occupied by an evacuation hospital. From then on the hospital became one in the real sense.

The various departments were organized and in reality an equivalent to a corporation with its departments, and sub-departments. Then came our first convoy of patients. This was back in the days when Chateau Thierry was in the center of the spot, and Base Hospital No. 46 is surely proud to have had the privilege of caring for many of the men that were in that famous drive that was the start of the fight that finished things for our contemporary of the House of Hohenzollern.



OUR TRAIN AT BAZOILLES
STATION

The convoys continued to come. There were periods when the arrival of patients were at any time, day or night, and there were periods when they seemed to never stop. Here, I might say something that is no idle flattery. Whenever there was any work to do the men of the enlisted personnel were always on the job; merely a word or suggestion that such and such was to be done was sufficient. And it is a pleasure to say that at no time was it ever necessary to keep a check on what men were on the job when the rush of convoys and patients were tremendous. The men of Base No. 46 knew where there was important work to be done, that it had to be done, and they were only too glad to be there, with the goods, when it came to taking care of the men from Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, or the Argonne.

There are so many things that should be written about the different phases of the detachment, that it is hard to know where to begin and where to end. You have the life in the village, the men at their work in the many departments, the men as individuals, and what not. But this article wants to bring out in addition to a brief resume of the way the unit arrived overseas, the various characteristics of the men, so that when you sit down with the youngster and in the years to come you may hear a name and from that you may relate an entire evening's yarn about this man or that.

Base Hospital No. 46 has at present for its bugler a roly-poly yap by the name of Donlevy, who answers to the name of Don. When Don isn't waking us up with his infernal reveilles and calls for this or that, he's writing poetry. Don writes for all state events, such as Thanksgiving, Nurses' Tea Fights, and other such gatherings. And although usually these epics bring tears to the eyes, the parodies and cracks at the different men in the detachment are far from ordinary. I believe that I will steal a little of Don's thunder and, although I don't propose to write a set of lyrics, I'm going to ask you if you recall anything about certain individuals that I'm about to mention.

You can have your setting anywhere you like, but for reasons obvious, the logical place is where everybody is sure to be found, namely the mess hall. Speaking of messes, I never really understood why they called it mess, until I saw old Shagren and Hughes eat their first meal. Old Moon-faced Perkins has always made the meals seem like the real article so that we always speak of going to breakfast, or lunch or dinner, and rarely to mess. But one day I happened to glance at little Everett Hughes, and then almost in the same breath at Sergeant First Class Shagren. Reader, did you ever go into Dayton's Dairy Lunch

Room in Portland and happen to try to fight elbows with some of the rivet boilermakers that cluster there around 2:00 a. m.? Well, you can then thoroughly appreciate friends Hughes and Shagren. These men will go down as immortals in the archives of Base Hospital No. 46 as the most powerful contenders for the Glutton Trophy.

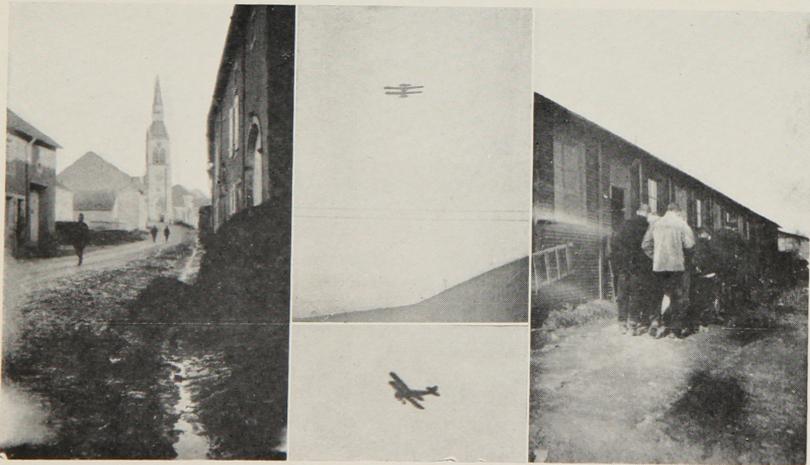
And while we are on the subject of Hughes and Shagren, Inc., let me introduce to you Sergeant Hughes' other job, that of first violinist of the Bazailles Symphony Orchestra. The reason he got the position was because where there are orchestras there is also fodder.

I have had an awful time with first sergeants since the unit was organized. First they gave me a chemist. Well, you know chemists are like doctors and architects, very good scouts socially, very skilled in their own line, but terribly hard to keep track of. You know how a physician's office used to look like in the old days before he had a girl to keep the place spruced up? You know how sweetly she could say to you, "Why, Dr. Jones is out now, won't you make an appointment for," and so forth. Well, little Richard John Werner, of Esparto, O. A. C., Oregon City, and Minnesota was just like that. Always when seven majors, two colonels, and a hundred enlisted men were looking for him, one would find him calmly sipping chocolate with a pretty little auburn-haired nurse in a ward. Either that or making divinity fudge in another. And then his correspondence. But, I'm afraid that if I say too much, I'll get Richard in wrong with some of the nurses so I'll ring off. All joking aside, Richard is surely to be congratulated upon the way he won the confidence of the men from the start. It was a distinct pleasure to take an order from him. It was almost enjoyable to get up and stand reveille just to see that smile. And now as an officer in the Sanitary Corps, and as Detachment Commander, he is serving in the same happy capacity and in this case it is as well the man as the uniform we salute.

When Dick became a lieutenant, the powers presented me with a new top kicker, that was formerly chairman of welcome at the unit's convalescent camp. Art House had had the difficult job of handling the multitude of men that were passed the ward and bed stage, and ready to navigate a bit. But not ready to return to duty. He handled this well, and in return when the camp was evacuated, shortly after the armistice, Arthur was elected to the Chocolate Drinkers' Union, and became the first sergeant. Arthur handled the position long held by smiling Dick, extremely well, through the period when we were all prone to relax and start the query about "When do we go home?" Shortly before Christmas Sergeant House departed on a furlough to

Southern France and Sergeant First Class Claud McCarty was slated to fill the job. "Mc" is a soldier in all the word implies, a man of four previous enlistments, and with the vast knowledge of the different ways, means, and by-laws of the service. To get acquainted with "Mc" is by no means easy at first, but after you know him, you'll find him to be the best-hearted, cleverest individual you could imagine. "Mc" hails from Kentucky and his knowledge of what a gentleman requires is in keeping with his army knowledge. You can't hear a man in the unit that hasn't the highest regard for him, and between you and me I'm glad to see the lanky Wyoming-Kentuckian given a chance to show them how to run a detachment. Anyhow I've had quite a time with my top cutters, but personally I've had a greater sorrow than that. I should have been given the opportunity of showing my ability by being allowed to take my little typewriter in one paw, a service record in the other, and dash madly over the top under heavy shell fire. The tops would never allow this, so hence I've never gone A. W. O. L.; that is, to any great extent.

One of the remarkable groups of men we have with us is that set who apparently have considerable quantity of lead in their pockets. These gentlemen, who are very few in number, for which the detachment office thanks all the Saints and anyone else concerned, have the most skillful means of evading the issue by calmly getting sick. King of this club is the famous Glickerman Cudlipp. Doc was a dentist in civilian life, but in accordance with most of his tribe, can do little else but pull teeth. Doc has guarded the royal destroyer, has acted as



Left—Main Street of Bazoilles. Center—Airplane, Snapshot from Hospital.
Right—Boche Prisoners Marching to Mess

orderly, but when placed on general fatigue work, he immediately resorted to the sacred silence of the wards and therein with his field medical card, reposed for weeks at a time in bed, comfortably wondering why he was in the army. Second only to Doc Cudlipp comes Daniel F. McEwen. "Mc" has the difficult job of doing nothing all day but make up a solution for dressings. He usually gets that done for the day by 9:15 a. m., and of course that gives him time to spend with the nurses, and plan where he can tour to after dinner. You see, we wouldn't have noticed it so much, but "Mc" had a distinct hatred for reveille, and so we inquired into the nature of his late hours, and hence the deep truth. There are others, but we don't want to be too cynical, because no matter how famous some of these gentlemen are, they are really blamed good scouts, so you hate to tell everybody about their army career.

Oh, we have the greatest collection of men you ever saw. "Soapy Gus," who runs the clothing department with the able assistance of the Weils, and the Munsons, and the Blackjacks. We have that fellow Johnson, who, when not standing guard over the coveted chocolate pot, is guarding the fudge output during his strenuous rounds of the wards. We have the wild and rabid Bolsheviks, mainly composed of Raymond, Washington, the medical blockery, where you fight for supplies ranging from potassium sulphate to a scratch pad; the guard house, where the wicked A. W. O. L'ers are held, and where the Durham flows most freely as well as *aqua fortis*, whether it be from Horse Newman or Puss Greene; and we have the registrar with K. O. Watkins wandering around trying to find out why Keeler hasn't done all his work as well as his own. And we have further, the Cuckoo Shop, with all the many cooks, eating their tenderloins, while we ate the bully beef, with the funny little Millers, the operative Troglia, the billiken Higgason. We have Kimzey, who deals in death, and then tells you in the next breath the latest gossip of the center; and the quartermaster with its fifteen non coms and no work to do. And Forbes Thespian Orr, the Weasel Greenwood, Bill Nimes Smith, The Rice Eating Jap Thomas, Willie Tiller, Toothless Jerry Carnathan, and many others. It's a great bunch, a happy one, and an interesting one.

Now that you've had a few names thrown at you, reader, old scout, there's one man that ought to have an entire story by himself, and that is Hospital Sergeant Jay Russell Coffey. All friends of Base No. 46 know him and all the men are familiar with his smiling face, and know that the work and success of the unit are only second to that of

Lieutenant Colonel Yenney. Most of the men know, too, that it was Coffey who worked from the summer of 1917 to the day of mobilization on the affairs of the unit, and it was through him that the unit secured such efficiency in organization, development, and results. Up until the time that sickness forced Sergeant Coffey to leave the unit in October, 1918, he was the presiding genius over the various departments, and he not only knew the thirty or so departments that he helped develop, but he continued to know them. It was to be regretted that Coffey could not return to the States with us as an officer, for his work thoroughly demonstrated him to be of that caliber.

Now then, reader, give the old davenport a punch, throw the cigarette butt in the fire, and forget Bazoilles, forget the mud, and dirt, and the funny little places in the village. Forget the things you didn't like to do over there in France, get up and stretch, pick up the 'phone and call up The Multnomah, and reserve a table for you and little friend wife. Take her down there, enjoy a regular feed, dance a little, and drink a toast in loganberry juice to the old detachment of Base Hospital No. 46. You see, reader, it's 1920 something now, and the war is all history, and in concluding I'll simply say, as our friend K. C. B. does,

"I THANK YOU."

SERGT. FIRST CLASS WM. D. FENTON



WINTER SCENE BAZOILLES VALLEY

ADJUTANT'S OFFICE



HE office of the Adjutant is the office least known to the bulk of the personnel within the hospital, and the only one known outside the hospital at G. H. Q. Through this office passes all the executive business of the organization, and in this office most of it starts. Anyone who has the least idea of the volume of correspondence it takes to run an army hospital, knows that this means a great deal of work. Often the typewriters have been clicking and the telephone ringing in the Adjutant's office between taps and reveille when the barracks lights were out and all good soldiers were in.

To the man who came to this office with a bit of official business, the little room seemed bathed in harmony and tranquility, and few there were who realized that the apparent calm was rather the tense stillness of the storm center. The Adjutant's office, be it known, besides being the clearing house for all official business, was the official shock-absorber of the unit. All troubles, whatever their nature, found a natural resting place there. Whether a convalescent Highlander in kilts tried to drink up all the cognac in Bazoilles, or a French maid left the dishes unwashed to go promenading in the moonlight, or the night nurse in Ward No. 3 found that there was no wood for the stove or a tired soldier went to sleep at his post—or whatever the difficulty was—it was straightened out in the Adjutant's office.

When Base 46 moved into France and settled down, temporarily, on the wrong side of the Meuse, the office force consisted of Captain Dillehunt, Adjutant; Jay Coffey, Sergeant-Major; Sergeants Shupe and Goldsmith and Corporal Richardson, general utility men; and Privates



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

"Duke" Doukas and "Bobbie" Brinker, orderlies. Things began happening immediately, among the first of them being the removal of "46" to its permanent quarters. As usual the Adjutant's office had to straighten things out and discover why the men were expected to leave everything spick and span while the brooms were under lock and key.

Shortly after the re-establishment was accomplished, Lieutenant Frank Steiner, S. C., relieved Captain Dillehunt as Adjutant. Lieutenant Steiner brought to the office the rough-and-ready efficiency of 12 years of army life, during which time he had served in Cuba, the Philippines, and Mexico, and in the office of the Chief Surgeon of the Western Department, in San Francisco. His practical knowledge and ability were of immeasurable assistance to the unit during its "rooky" period in France. His quick-action efficiency can best be shown by a typical episode.

"Perk" Perkins, the mess sergeant, awoke one morning to the realization that the hospital had outgrown its kitchen, and through the proper military channels he sought two more stoves wherewith to cook for 1600 hungry patients. The mess department was unable to do anything about it. The Quartermaster was helpless. The Medical Department said the unit had received its quota of stoves. So in desperation "Perk" appealed to Lieutenant Steiner.

"I'm going to look into the matter," said the Adjutant. The next day a truck backed up to the kitchen and dropped off two full-size army ranges.

The original enlisted personnel of the shock-absorber office continued until early October, when Jay Coffey, the first Sergeant-Major of the unit, was put through S. C. D. proceedings and sent home to recuperate. The "flu" bacillus and the enteritis bug, combined with the chill, damp weather of a French autumn in the Vosges, proved too much for him and he was unable to keep it up. It was a sad blow to Coffey to be obliged to give up the work. He had devoted himself to it, without compensation, from the time Base Hospital 46 gave its first cry and looked up in the doctor's face, and it was an equally sad blow to the men he left in France to continue the work he had started.

Virgil Shupe, who had been made a Sergeant while on the high seas, and a Sergeant, First Class, in August, succeeded to Coffey's position, and conducted the office with an ability that won him the rank of Hospital Sergeant within a month.

"Herb" Goldsmith distinguished himself from the first by an uncanny familiarity with all the general orders and special orders, and

memoranda, and bulletins from G. H. Q. His ability as a source of general information, and his post of vantage near the door made "Herb" the recipient of thousands of foolish questions, which taxed his sunny disposition to the utmost.

Paul Richardson, the little corporal of the place, had two special jobs. He was the official librarian and the night watchman. When he was not doing anything else, he could check up the books in the case, and at night he had to sleep with the telephone at his elbow. It was upon his ability to wake up when the bell rang that the safety of the unit depended, theoretically, when warning of an air raid was received at the center, and it was his pleasant duty to wake the hospital up when a convoy arrived.

To Brinker, Doukas, and later McIntyre, the orderlies, falls the credit for delivering the precious and voluminous paper work of Base 46 safely in the proper hands at Hospital Center, A. P. O. No. 731. Only once in the history of the unit, did documents seriously go astray, and that wasn't the fault of the orderlies.

"The "gone but not forgotten" consisted of a box containing all the precious letters written to and from Base 46 between the first stages of its inception to the time of its departure from Camp Lewis. From Camp Lewis to Camp Merritt, thence to Liverpool, and thence to Southampton, the precious box was never out of sight of its guardians. But when the little channel steamer arrived at Cherbourg, it was gone, and what is more, it is still A. W. O. L. unless Sergeant Shupe has dropped it as a deserter. The loss was irreparable, but what a blessing in disguise it proved to the office force! From that time on, whenever an ancient document was wanted immediately and was not to be found, Goldsmith would lean over his desk, fix the inquiring officer with a sorrowful eye and reply, "I beg your pardon, sir, but it was in the box that got lost."

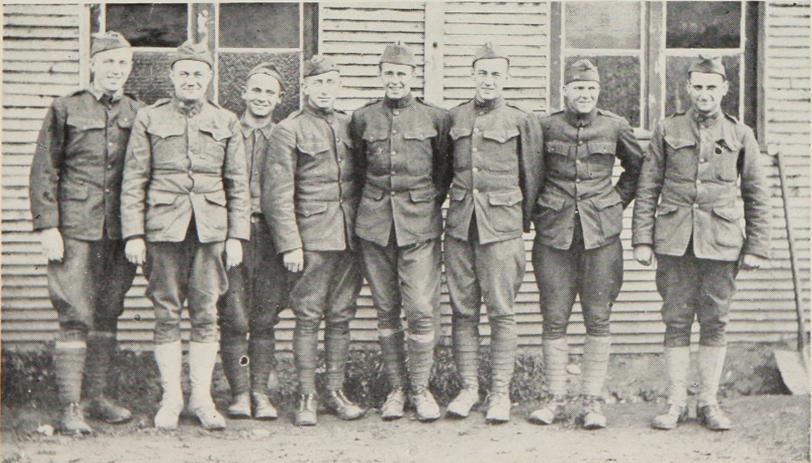
THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE



THE REGISTRAR'S office of a base hospital is the place where all the records of the patients are kept. To the uninitiated, this definition may suggest a lot of dry bookkeeping, but in Base 46 the work was far from that. There was never a more vital and interesting set of records kept anywhere, and the men of the registrar's office will tell you so. Incidentally, General Information had his headquarters here, and the answer was always ready for such questions as the number of days spent in the hospital by a chlorine-gas patient, the death rate of pneumonia, or Private John Johnson's identification number and middle initial.

When Base Hospital 46 invaded France and mired down, so to speak, at A. P. O. 731, the registrar's office was given to Captain Otis B. Wight (now Major) to do with as he saw fit. Much of the credit for the work of this office is due to the original Registrar. It was he who organized the system, assigned each man to his task, and then did most of the work himself until the system ran under its own power.

In the small hours of the morning when Forty-six received its first historic convoy of patients, the work of making a clinical record for each patient was done by Captain Wight and Private Stelsel. "Garry" pounded the typewriter, and the Captain dictated to him. This was the situation in the early days when the Registrar himself was the only



PERSONNEL—REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

man in the office who fully understood the difference between "tachycardia" and "fractured tibia."

The work of the office was first of all organized into four distinct departments: statistics, sick-and-wounded records, evacuations, and S. C. D. proceedings. William Irvine, Sergeant First Class, was placed in charge and entrusted with a general supervision and coordination of all departments. John Samuel was given the statistical department, with Westering as his assistant. Sergeant Watkins and Stelsel took care of the "S. and W." Keeler, as commander of the evacuation department, was responsible for getting patients out of the hospital when an empty train pulled into the center, or word was flashed over the wires that there was room for a few hundred medical or surgical cases at some hospital center farther back behind the lines. Stinson was *told off* to keep track of the doings of the S. C. D. board.

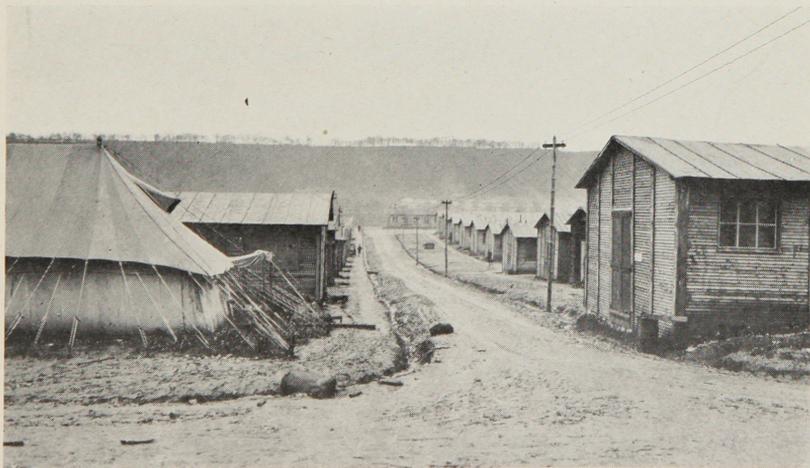
Gradually the men in each department learned their own branch of the work, and the office began to run like a good machine. Irvine, by nature an instructor and systematizer, was expecting a call to other fields where he could have another "rookie" unit to break in, and trained Watkins as his successor. Samuel and Westering learned all the forms of their department by heart. Stelsel became such a wizard at diagnosis and "S. and W." work in general that he could write the worst jaw-breakers in the medical dictionary without looking at the keys, and could even tell what some of the long words meant. Keeler learned to slip 200 patients out of the hospital on twenty minutes' notice. When the order specified a certain number each of "sitters" and "litters," he always made the number come out right, if he had to take a convalescent's clothes away from him and send him out on a stretcher. Stinson learned to put a patient through disability proceedings without even hurting his feelings, and in short, the registrar's office was running so smoothly in a short time that a convoy of 300 patients at 2 o'clock in the morning was a mere ripple in the stream.

When everything was going nicely, Captain Wight was succeeded by Lieutenant Frank Steiner, S. C., who was also Adjutant of the hospital. Irvine was transferred to Langres and soon thereafter became a Second Lieutenant, S. C., and Watkins became the non-com. in charge. Stelsel took full charge of the "S. and W.," Fred White was added to the office force as his assistant, and Wayne Williams was drafted into the statistical department as filing clerk.

As the routine settled down again under the new arrangements, the American drives at St. Mihiel and Verdun started, and the Argonne Wood began to take its toll. Business at Bazoilles grew by leaps and bounds. The surgery ran night and day, the mess department served meals at all hours, the hospital was filled, emptied, and filled again in rapid succession, and the registrar's office came in for its full share of the work. In these strenuous times there were few hours for sleep between events, and none for recreation, but the office force kept up somehow, as did the rest of the unit, and the work did not suffer. If the war hadn't been called off, though, they would have had to build another room for the records.

They were all "regular fellows," this gang of the registrar's office. They had this in common with the rest of the American Army, that they could work hard, and at the same time enjoy life to the full limit of the regulations. Their spirits never lagged, even when the pressure was the highest. That their work was good is shown by the fact that of all the 57 varieties of forms and reports they turned out daily, weekly and monthly, none ever came back from G. H. Q., or the Chief Surgeon's office.

It was reported from the Hospital Center that Base 46 turned out the best paper work in A. P. O. 731, and as good work as any hospital in the A. E. F. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the efficiency of the registrar's office was up to the standard of Base Hospital No. 46. It was some standard, too.



HOSPITAL STREET

RECEIVING AND EVACUATING DEPARTMENT

RECEIVING OFFICER

ARTHUR S. ROSENFELD, First Lt., M. C.

STAFF OF EXAMINING PHYSICIANS

Otto Koch, Major, M. C.

Austin Wood, First Lt., M. C.

Lawrence Selling, Capt., M. C.

Hartley Mars, First Lt., M. C.

John T. Daves, First Lt., M. C.

ENLISTED PERSONNEL

Bert J. Rosenthal, Sgt., First Class

Fred M. Franklin, Pvt., First Class

Vincent J. Collins, Cpl.

John A. Clemenson, Pvt., First Class

Irving Olson, Pvt., First Class

Leo R. Greenwood, Pvt., First Class



RECEIVING and evacuating patients in an army hospital of two thousand beds presents a problem far different from that of civil hospitals. In the latter, patients are admitted singly or in small groups; in the former, they come in by the hundreds and must be handled quickly and accurately. Our first efforts in establishing this department were directed towards a survey of the buildings and equipment allotted to us, and toward mapping out on paper diagrammatically, a scheme that we thought would meet the emergency. As is usual in such cases, however, the theoretical situation does not measure up to the practical needs, and so we were destined to learn by experience wherein the mistakes lay.

In general, cases reached the hospital in three ways, namely: (1) by hospital trains; (2) by motor ambulance convoy, and (3) as "casuals." The distribution and apportioning of patients to the various hospitals of our group was directed from a central evacuation office. This office also designated one hospital which was to act as admitting hospital for local cases on each day of the week. The hospital trains which brought patients from the advanced evacuation and field hospitals generally had a capacity of four to six hundred patients, depending upon the type of case; that is, whether "sitters" or "litters." Upon arrival at the center, the patients were detrained from the car wards by an unloading detail comprised of a quota of men from each hospital in the center. The motor ambulances and trucks of the Motor Transport Corps were waiting at the station and immediately began the haul to the hospitals designated for receiving patients. As soon as an



1. Sitting Patients. 2. Shower Baths. 3. Ambulance Convoy. 4. Stretcher Patients.
5. Sitting Patients Arriving at Receiving Ward. 6. Sitters Leaving

ambulance had emptied its load at the receiving ward it was re-equipped with litters and blankets to replace those taken with the patients and sent back for another load.

Motor ambulance convoys were much smaller than hospital train convoys and were used to bring patients from nearby camps and hospitals. They averaged about fifteen ambulances carrying fifty to sixty patients. "Casuals" came to us in single ambulances or on foot and consisted chiefly of men from nearby billets or from organizations moving up to the front and passing through our camp.

To handle patients in the receiving department a permanent staff was used, consisting of five examining officers and five of the personnel. In addition, the detachment office was asked to supply us with a detail of twenty to sixty men depending on the size of the convoy and the number of litter cases. Notice of the arrival of a convoy was given by the bugle call "Assembly," at which signal our entire detail reported at the receiving ward. As far as possible, each man was given the same assignment for each convoy, so as to facilitate the smooth and careful handling of the patients. Each man's post, however trivial, was a cog in the machinery which, if clogged, upset the entire mechanism.

Our plans called for the separate handling of "sitters" and "litters." The "sitter" cases came up in large truck loads of thirty or more and were admitted at the far end of the building. They were registered, undressed, examined, differentiated as to their underlying conditions and as to the presence or absence of "cooties," deloused, if necessary, assigned to wards, bathed and clothed in fresh hospital garments. Their clothes were put in sacks, labelled, sent to the "Cootie Kitchen" for sterilizing and later put in the clothing and effects building in separate bins. Most of this work was done in the bath house which was joined to the receiving ward by a covered runway. As the men passed through this runway, they were registered and given a serial number. It was arranged so that a steady procession of patients entered at one end of the building and left at the other, whence they were conducted to the wards.

The "litter" cases were unloaded from the ambulances at the near end of the building and placed in long rows on the floors. No attempt was made to undress or bathe these patients in the receiving ward, as they represented the more seriously wounded, sick, and gassed. They were registered, examined and assigned to wards. If they had "cooties," they were carried into the bath house, unless too sick, and placed, lit-

ters and all, upon specially constructed delousing tables where they received the same treatment as the walking cases. Having been differentiated in the receiving ward, the litter cases were immediately carried to the wards by teams of litter bearers who worked in rotation. These patients received bed baths in the wards.

No description of a receiving ward in the A. E. F. could possibly be complete without a few words on "cooties." To allow them to get by on patients or on clothes as we learned by bitter experience, was disastrous to the hospital morale, for "cooties" are very impartial in their affinities be it "doughboy," medical officer, nurse, or personnel. Quite a few of our most respected citizens will testify to this. For this reason, an unduly large part of the space in the bath house was given over to the "delousing" department. Six specially built smooth-topped sloping affairs served as operating tables. Here our staff of expert barbers exerted their tonsorial skill. After a thorough course in their gentle ministrations, the patients left the tables, "sadder but cleaner men."

On July 19, Base Hospital 46 moved into its new location across the river from the original site. Four days later and before our preparations were completed, the first convoy of patients arrived. It came at midnight and comprised two hundred and fifty severely wounded and gassed patients from the Chateau Thierry drive. Inasmuch as our showers were not yet ready, little could be done other than differentiating the patients into medical or surgical and clean or infested with vermin. This convoy was the most instructive of all for it brought to the surface most of the defects and weak points of the receiving routine. When the next convoy arrived seven days later, it found us fairly well prepared, which was very fortunate, for on this occasion, we received five hundred and twenty patients in one afternoon, a high water mark which we never equalled again. These patients went to the wards clean. After these two convoys, we continued to receive patients from the Chateau Thierry region until on August 12, we were ordered to evacuate the hospital as completely as possible. As we learned later, this was in anticipation of the casualties from the St. Mihiel drive. On August 28, with seventy patients in the hospital, we reached the low-water mark of our activities. The influx from the St. Mihiel drive consisted of five convoys which brought the census up to six hundred and seventy-eight on September 19. Then followed the Argonne fight and the activities about Verdun, which brought us nineteen convoys and gave us our maximum number of patients on October 19, when we had fifteen hundred and forty-four in the hospital.

The evacuation of patients was also a function of the receiving ward. Patients left the hospital also as "sitters" and "litters." Those able to walk were brought to the ward and loaded on trucks which carried them down to the central evacuating office at the station. For the litter cases, the ambulances were driven direct to the ward doors and the patients, who had already been placed on stretchers in the wards, were carried out and loaded directly on the cars. Patients were generally sent out very early in the morning, but it often happened later in the day and just as we were in the process of receiving patients. For instance, on October 8, we received 223 patients and evacuated 214 and on September 30, we received 177 and evacuated 228. These days were trying ones for the personnel and at night there were many aching limbs from the continuous stretcher lifting.

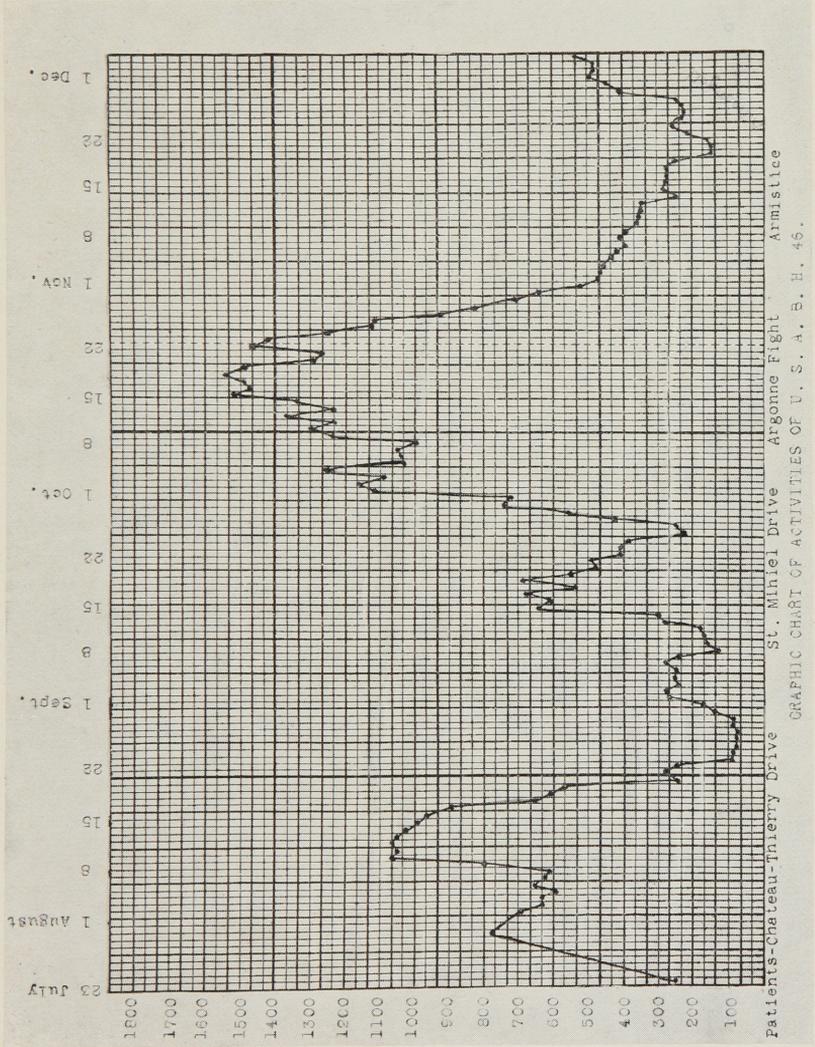
A third function of the receiving department was the transfer of patients from ward to ward in the hospital.

During the height of our activities the number of transfers was very considerable and added much to our difficulties on receiving and evacuating days. By handling all these three functions through one central agency, however, the keeping of an accurate census for the wards, tents and entire hospital was greatly facilitated. A system of ward clocks or dials in our office enabled us at any time of day or night to give an exact census of each ward and the entire hospital at a minute's notice. This one invention saved us a tremendous amount of work and worry.

The attached chart of the number of patients in the hospital during the days of fighting, upon which we functioned, shows only the daily increase in the census, the increments being merely the difference between the number received and evacuated on that day. It happened often that we received two and three convoys in twenty-four hours.

This particular department of war hospital administration is one of unusual interest despite the various difficulties that arise. It calls for the closest coöperation of staff and personnel and this coöperation was at no time lacking in Base Hospital 46.

ARTHUR S. ROSENFELD, First Lt., M. C.



HANDS OFF!

 HE FIRST thing that met one's gaze as he entered the office of the Evacuating Department of Base Hospital 46, was not the extravagant fixtures or the numerous pigeon holes, but an arrangement of several dials similar to those in the large railway stations, showing the schedule of the arrival and departure of trains. On either side were two large persuasive signs, "Hands Off!" These signs were not posted for merely the scenic effect, but any violation of them was sure to produce a barrage of ink wells, books, and fire-wood by the personnel of the office as well as a few hours of feverish work readjusting the delicate mechanism which gave the exact ward census of the entire hospital as to patients and vacant beds.

Back in the historic and eventful days of the Chateau Thierry drive, when Base Hospital 46 was striving to learn how to run a systematic hospital, install medical fixtures, and take care of the rapidly arriving wounded, the Receiving Department discovered that its work was not finished after the patients had passed from its realm of classification and body sterilization to a clean white bed in a ward. It was discovered that it was of greatest importance to know at all times the exact census of every ward in the hospital, since all patients were classified in the receiving ward, and dispatched from there to their respective beds. Again it was necessary to know after the last patient of a convoy had passed through the Receiving Department, the exact number of vacant beds in each ward, in case we were immediately deluged with another influx of wounded Yanks, which occurred not a few times. Our method of receiving and evacuating out-going patients was so systematized that we could tell the exact number assigned to or sent out from the individual wards, and all the tedious army paper work concerning them, but the evolving of a tabulator for the ever-changing ward census presented a more difficult problem.

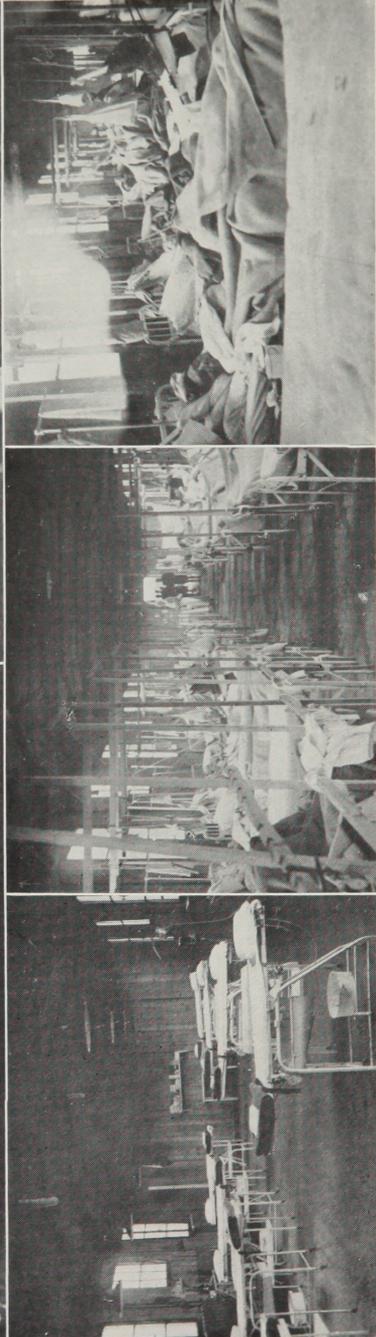
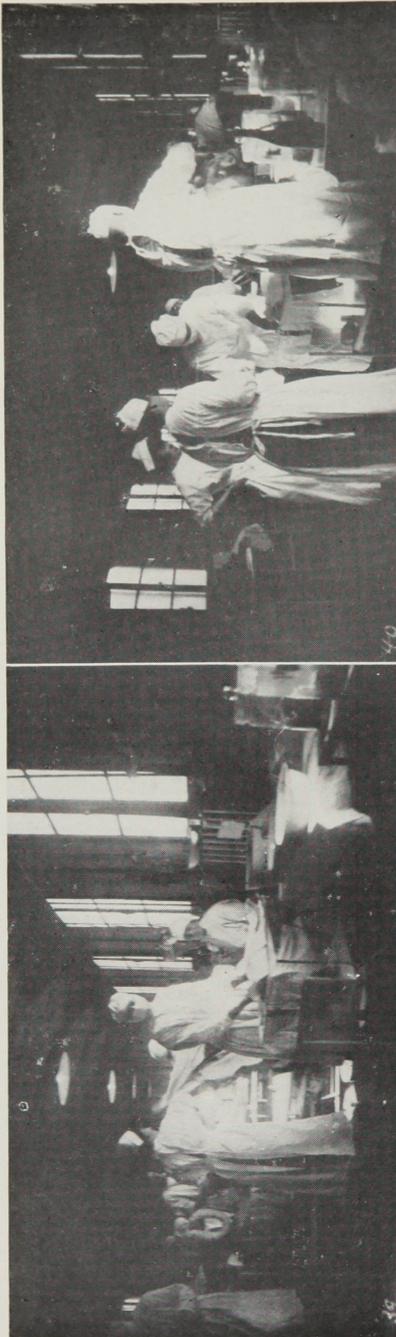
After it had been decided to centralize the transportation of all patients in the receiving ward, that is, their admission, evacuation, transfer from ward to ward, thereby giving the Evacuation Department complete control of the movement of patients, we were able to evolve tabulators that would give us the desired information—namely, a complete census of the wards at any minute of the day. They were merely simple affairs, based on the first principles of arithmetic, addition and subtraction, so arranged that when they read thirty-three patients, they also showed seventeen vacant beds (each ward had fifty

beds). They consisted of beaver board backs, which nearly cost the personnel courtmartial in stealing this precious material from the vaults of the quartermaster, cardboard dials, and many hours of mechanical drawing. Upon a stationary square piece of beaver board, there were mounted two circles of figures to read from one to fifty. The outer circle read 0, where the corresponding number on the inner circle read 49, and so on up to 50 to complete the circle. Upon this was mounted a circular cardboard dial with two square openings to designate the particular units on the circles desired to appear. For each ward in the hospital, we constructed such a dial, and also one enlarged clock as a total census tabulator, as well as a check on the individual clocks. As has been explained, the evacuation office controlled the movement of all patients, so it was only a question of care and accuracy in regulating the dials that we were always in possession of an exact ward census of every patient in the hospital.

One of the most usual amusing incidents was our daily battle with the morning report of the various wards. Each ward was required to hand in a report showing the number of patients and vacant beds at 7:00 a. m. These were used to check the clocks in case some patients were admitted, discharged, or transferred without going through the regular hospital channels. At it turned out, the clocks were more dependable than the reports, and after several tangles, the receiving office became a haunting ghost to the nurses who made out the reports. After they had politely explained to us how they knew how many patients were in their wards, and that they were running the paper work in their wards, and a few other sarcastic slams, we would politely show where a certain patient had been admitted or discharged, which always brought forth a sheepish smile, and an apology that the day nurse had forgotten to enter him in the register book. We soon won a reputation, and were always greeted with, "Well, what's the trouble now?"

However, we are pleased to mention that several base hospitals copied this system of ward census, and we hope that they had as much satisfaction in the use of this mechanism as Base Hospital 46.

BERT J. ROSENTHAL, Sgt., First Class



TOP AND LOWER LEFT—OPERATING ROOMS. LOWER CENTER AND RIGHT—FRACTURE WARDS

SURGICAL DEPARTMENT



THE SURGICAL DEPARTMENT of Base Hospital No. 46, received between July 23 and December 15, 1918, 3422 cases. From this number 620 were operated upon in this hospital. The cases received first came from the Chateau Thierry salient, unexpectedly and almost before the hospital was properly organized for the care of such a considerable number of patients. The bulk of our early patients were necessarily medical, due to our lack of equipment for surgical work. However, after the first week in August we were properly equipped for any emergency; and the proportion of the surgical cases increased, until during the month of October, we were receiving an average of 54 new surgical cases daily.

We were always somewhat handicapped by the lack of personnel and the absence of ten officers who were on the surgical teams. The officers, nurses and enlisted men are deserving of the greatest credit for the harmony and willingness with which they worked.

The work was varied despite the attempt that had been made at the center headquarters to assign special cases to each hospital of the group, Base Hospital No. 46 having been designated as the center for neurological surgery and ophthalmology; however, we received twenty abdominal cases, over one hundred and twenty-five fractures, and fifty-one chest cases. The neurological cases, including the peripheral nerve injuries, numbered over one hundred and fifty.

Owing to the fact that this hospital was used as an evacuation base, only the more seriously wounded were kept for any considerable time.

In looking over the records which we have of our work, we find that they did not show the time and amount of work expended upon the patients. Yet, we all have a feeling of pride for the work which has been performed, and no soldier left the hospital who did not receive the very best that we had.

MAJOR T. M. JOYCE

OPERATING TEAM'S FIRST EXPERIENCE



SHORTLY after the arrival of Base Hospital No. 46 at Bazoilles, orders were received from chief of the consultants' office at Neufchateau for the formation of surgical teams, consisting of an operator, an assistant, and an anesthetist, either a nurse or officer; two nurses and two enlisted men, the object of these teams being that they could be called without delay and sent to the area where surgical work was needed most urgently. Three such teams were organized from this hospital, known as Teams Nos. 77, 78 and 79.

Very shortly the three operating surgeons were ordered to Evacuation Hospital No. 1, located a short distance north of Toul, for observation of the war surgery being performed there, the duration of the stay to be two weeks. These three officers reported and spent two days on duty when orders were received for their immediate return to the Base. Upon arrival at the Base we were at a loss to account for our sudden return, when Colonel Keller, director of the professional service, arrived and ordered these three teams with their equipment to be ready to move in an hour.

With two teams from Base Hospital No. 42, and six teams from Mobile Operating Unit No. 1, we left Bazoilles with orders to report to the Chief Surgeon of the First Army Corps. These teams traveled in twelve autos and one truck, the leading chauffeur having the only map and his object appeared to be to leave the remaining cars far behind. After running about three hours we arrived at St. Dizier, where, after much pleading, we obtained dinner and then started again for our destination. Soon darkness came and in this zone lights were forbidden, yet this did not seem to lessen the speed with which we traveled. One machine had engine trouble, stopped, and in repairing the lights were turned on. Almost immediately a Boche was overhead and dropped a bomb which landed a few hundred yards from the car. Needless to say, the lights were extinguished and this car was run without the fan which had caused the delay.

The dust was frightful and while this convoy was passing a French supply train, our leading machine and a French truck collided, locking wheels. The dust and darkness added to the confusion, the three following machines telescoping, and there was immediately a mass of wreckage with gasoline spilled over everything. Several were thrown

from the cars, but escaped with no more serious injury than a few scalp wounds, caused by broken glass, and bruised limbs. Lieutenant Mars had the most severe injury and we were obliged to leave him at the first hospital we reached on the following morning and he returned home about ten days later. After clearing the wreckage, the party doubled up and proceeded, leaving four officers and four enlisted men to be picked up by the truck which was following.

Arriving at the First Army Headquarters about 4:00 a. m., we reported to the Chief Surgeon, who ordered that we proceed to Crepy and report to the Division Surgeon of the First Division. Reaching there about 10:00 a. m., we had our first sight of the destruction caused by war. This town was the American railhead and we can fully confirm the report that there was not a single building that did not show signs of either air bombs or shelling. Our convoy was there divided, some going to the First Division and some to the Second Division, which was holding the northwest end of the sector; the three teams from Base Hospital No. 46 going together to Field Hospital No. 12, First Division, at Pierrefonds.

We arrived there about 4:00 p. m., and were about ten kilometers behind the firing line. The sight that greeted us, none will ever forget. About 1500 wounded men on stretchers all about the grounds in the shade of the immense chateau, and surgical teams working in twenty-hour shifts. We were very welcome indeed and were advised to rest, as at 7:30 p. m. we were to report, relieving the greatly overworked teams then on duty. The length of the shift was established at 12 hours. We remained with this organization for eight days, seeing some of the most terrible conditions caused by war. We were visited nightly by Boche airmen, bombing the roads and truck trains which were passing within fifty yards of our operating rooms. The plaster, ceiling and part of the roof of the sleeping quarters of two of our nurses were wrecked. Fortunately they were on duty at that time. Only the men severely wounded were treated at this hospital, the remainder being transferred back to evacuation hospitals and hospital trains to be taken to the base hospitals. We had Americans, French, British and a considerable number of Boche passed through this hospital each day.

When the Division was relieved we were ordered to return home, but while en route, received orders to report to different organizations: Team No. 77 to a hospital at Verdelot, with the Third Division; Team No. 78 to Chateau Thierry, with the Twenty-eighth Division; Team No. 79 to evacuation hospital at Coulommiers. The work and experi-

ence at these places was a repetition of the former. The teams remained with these hospitals, moving with them as the army advanced, until the American Army was withdrawn from this sector and moved to the St. Mihiel salient. All were given a short rest and then, with some slight rearrangements the teams were again ordered out to field duty.

HISTORY OF SURGICAL TEAM NO. 77

ORDERS came September 9 for this team to proceed to the St. Mihiel front. After considerable journey we arrived at our destination, Aulnois, and reported to Mobile Hospital 39. This unit was from Yale Medical School and we were most fortunate in being assigned to it. We were located about three kilometers from Commercy, and directly behind Montsec. Naturally, such a location spelled excitement and we heard the famous barrage which preceded the drive upon it. Our surgical activities at this assignment were directed toward caring for the wounded from this advance. The lull following this battle entailed for us a period of inactivity, until we were sent to Mobile Hospital No. 5 at Rampont on September 24, arriving there in time for the Argonne drive. During this period we were located about six kilometers behind Mt. Faucon and Mort H'Omme, a sight replete with interest, excitement and hard work. After the signing of the armistice, work naturally slackened, until on November 22 we received orders to return to Base Hospital No. 46.

TEAM NO. 78

THE beginning of this article finds us in Paris, after our work at Pierfonds. Here the teams separated and we received orders to proceed to La Ferte-sous-Jouarre. We spent the night there and the next day were taken by automobile to Chateau Thierry. This town had been occupied by the Germans only a week before and we had a chance to observe the results of the accurate firing of the American artillery.

We were taken to Field Hospital No. 112, which three days before, had taken possession of a large hospital building. This had been used by the French before the war, and, in turn, by the Germans during their stay here. We were surprised to learn that the Germans had left it in good condition, beds, operating tables and other equipment,

just as they found them. I even observed a large stock of valuable drugs in the basement. This hospital was extremely busy.

We shared the work here with two other teams, under better conditions than we found in any other field or evacuation hospital. It was like working in a modern surgery, asepsis being carefully observed.

As in all other field hospitals, only serious cases were operated on; all others being evacuated further back. Our cases consisted principally of penetrating and perforating wounds of the head, chest and abdomen, a series of abdominal cases being especially interesting. These cases, of course, could not be evacuated for four or five days, which gave us an opportunity to observe them.

Our working shift was twelve hours, but often operating was especially heavy so we put in sixteen or eighteen hours.

During this time, the Germans were being driven back rapidly, requiring the ambulances to make longer trips each day. As time was essential the commanding officer decided to move nearer the front. We left Chateau Thierry on the morning of August 12 and arrived at our new location, just beyond the village of Coen, about noon. Tents were erected in a surprising manner, which reminded me of a circus, and everything was completed by night. We began receiving patients and operating at once. It was quite a change from our well equipped surgery to a tent. One team had been sent back, but later we were joined by two other teams. Due to our advanced position, patients were received who had been wounded only two or three hours before, having passed through the first aid stations, some of which were within three quarters of a mile.

Up to this time, we had experienced few air raids, both at Pierrefonds and at Chateau Thierry, but here we were to receive some real thrills. Air raids were common occurrences, as well as gas alarms, so the only light allowed at night was a gas affair, directly over the operating table, carefully screened by blankets. Gas alarms were sounded almost every night by means of bells and whistles when operating was suspended and gas masks adjusted. Operating with a gas mask was very unsatisfactory.

The nurses at these times were very brave and went about their work as if unconscious of dropping bombs or poison gas.

The night of August 23, we experienced the most severe and continuous air raid of our trip. Practically all night the Boche planes

were above us. Often we could hear the hum of four or five at the same time. Flashes of dropping bombs could be seen in all directions. One plane, passing directly over us, so low as to be seen quite distinctly, dropped two bombs within fifty feet of our tents which, fortunately, did not explode. We learned next day that this was due to the low altitude of the plane, the bombs not receiving enough momentum to cause an explosion. The nurses were taken into caves and cellars in the village. The officers had their choice between these places and holes about two feet deep, which we had dug in our tents. These holes were good protection, except in case of a direct hit.

On August 28 a battery of artillery took up its position on a hill directly behind us and shortly the Germans had their range and were sending over shells. Those which fell short, struck uncomfortably near us.

Because of this severe shelling, the teams were sent back to the town of Fere-en-Tardenois, where we were quartered with Field Hospital No. 111 for two days, then returned to our base.

On September 28, I was ordered to Evacuation Hospital No. 6, at Souilly, south of Verdun, to relieve Captain Macomber, who was in charge of Surgical Team No. 79. Here I found a well-organized and very efficiently-conducted hospital. Eight surgical teams were on duty here.

Wounded were being received here from the Argonne and other sectors in which the Americans were fighting. These cases consisted of injuries of less serious nature than those handled in field hospitals. Much of the operating was for the removal of bullets and pieces of shrapnel. A splint team aided greatly in the handling of fracture cases.

During the period of two months, over 30,000 cases passed through this hospital, medical and surgical. Over 6,000 were operated on. This hospital received a citation for its good work. We left Souilly November 16 for Base Hospital No. 46.

SURGICAL TEAM NO. 79

THIS team left Bazoilles on July 29, by auto, together with similar groups from the various hospitals comprising the center at that time. The trip that carried them to Pierrefonds, near Soissons, will ever be remembered by all making it. At Pierrefonds, they were attached to Field Hospital No. 12, First Division, and had the first experience at war surgery, and it is impossible to describe their memory

pictures of the scenes that greeted them. It was at this place that they first realized what the "fear of moonlight" meant. After the withdrawal of the First Division, the team was ordered to Paris and enjoyed a stay there of three days.

On the twenty-ninth a short trip was made by rail to Coulommiers, where the team was attached to Evacuation Hospital No. 7. This was a very busy organization and the work was such that under date of September 4, the commander-in-chief gave them a citation, or commendation, in General Orders. Each member of the team was given a certified copy of the order and probably values it as his best war souvenir.

On August 9, Team 79 reported to Evacuation Hospital No. 6 at Chateau Thierry. Here the work was very light and on August 19, they moved with this hospital to Chatenois. At this place they were billeted among the French people and were treated very cordially. From Chatenois, the organization was moved to Souilly, taking over an old French hospital well equipped and very comfortable.

Before the St. Mihiel drive, the nearness of Verdun and other historic points gave the members of the team a chance for sight-seeing. During the drive about St. Mihiel, the Argonne and along the Meuse there was no let-up in the work until the armistice was signed. On September 29 Captain Macomber returned to the base, Captain Edwin W. Morse taking his place. On November 15, orders came from Team No. 79 to return to its base. As all roads lead through Paris, they enjoyed a 48-hour stay there before returning to Bazoilles.

This team was detached from Base Hospital No. 46 from July 19 until the end of the war and all were glad to return to their parent organization, after a mixture of hardships and pleasures during that time.



BOCHE WOUNDED AND JUST OFF HOSPITAL TRAIN

OPERATING ROOM IN AN EVACUATION HOSPITAL

WAR furnishes few greater contrasts than that between the operating room of an up-to-date civil hospital and that of an evacuation hospital working under the pressure of a drive. Of course, such an operating room may be set up anywhere—in a chateau or a hotel, or out in a wheat field. The one I have in mind was in a long tent with improvised wooden flooring. To get the full contrast, pay it a visit after midnight. You must pick your way out to it carefully through the pitchy blackness, otherwise you may stumble on some wounded man on a litter placed on the ground waiting his turn. You enter, pushing aside the blanket which prevents the escape of any light. The glaring light from many electric bulbs is blinding at first, but after a while, details become clearer. There are fourteen operating tables placed crosswise and on each is a prone figure in khaki. Around seven of these are strangely clad groups, scarcely recognizable as doctors and nurses. All the white gowns and sheets and other paraphernalia of modern aseptic surgery are lacking. The surgeon works with a towel wrapped about his head—sleeves rolled up—rubber apron protecting his clothes—rubber gloves on his hands. Work is being started at one point and finished at another. The litter-bearers are constantly moving up and down the narrow aisle bringing in fresh wounded or taking operated cases to the tent wards. The surgeon finishes an operation and while his assistant puts on the dressing, he stumbles over to a bench for a few puffs of a cigarette and a moment's rest. At the same time he dictates his report to the official scribe. Meanwhile, another case is being anaesthetized and the assistant, having applied the dressing, a cry goes up for "Litter-bearers." These men work in twelve-hour shifts and when it is realized that an average of twenty-four operations are performed by each "team" in that length of time, some idea of the strain under which the work is turned out may be appreciated.

ON JULY 7, Lieutenants Garret Lee Hynson and Irving M. Lupton were ordered to report to Base Hospital No. 15 at Chaumont, after having been at Bazailles with Base Hospital No. 46 only a week. The trip was made by ambulance and upon arrival they reported for assignment to a surgical team. They were assigned to Casual Operating Team No. 17 under command of Captain H. K. Shawan, who had come to France with the first Americans and who had unlimited experience in war surgery. The team was composed of three medical officers, two nurses and two enlisted men. Within three days

they were ordered to Gerardmer, Vosges, a beautiful little town near the Swiss border which in peace times was a famous summer resort. They were attached to the Fifth Division. They at once took charge of a hospital located in the Hotel du Lac. Two weeks later the Fifth Division moved north and the team proceeded to St. Die and took over the St. Charles hospital. This was a French evacuation hospital and was located three and one half kilometers from the advanced line. The work here consisted of giving surgical attention to both American and French soldiers and also to those of the remaining civilians in the vicinity. During the stay at this station the "Frappell Show" took place. Some 200 cases were operated upon by the team within 72 hours as the result of this fight.

The Division then went into rest and the team proceeded to Eloyes, after being at St. Die for six weeks. From here they moved to Brencourt and thence to St. Germain, where two weeks were spent. At this point the nurses were sent to Toul, while the team was attached to Field Hospital No. 17 of the Fifth Sanitary Train. They were then sent to St. Etienne, where all excess baggage was disposed of, and they marched with the Fifth Division to Domevre, Martineourt and St. Jean, where a first aid station was erected. Orders from the Division Surgeon prohibited any operating on account of the advanced position of the team. At 11 o'clock the night of September 11 the opening barrage of the St. Mihiel offensive started and from then on, during the duration of the drive, they continued to give first aid. As the advance progressed the dressing station moved on, so the termination of the offensive found them just outside Pont-a-Mousson.

From here they were sent to Evacuation Hospital No. 1 at Sebastopol for a rest and the first bath in weeks. The nurses joined them here and the team proceeded to Mobile Hospital No. 5 at Ravine les Plœys on the Verdun front. This hospital was under the command of Colonel Crile. Wounded from the Argonne Forest fight were sent to this hospital and Surgical Team No. 17 operated only on chest and abdominal wounds. At this station Lieutenant Lupton and Lieutenant Hynson were both put in charge of surgical teams, Lieutenant Hynson being sent to Evacuation Hospital No. 4, Lieutenant Lupton remaining with Mobile Operating Unit No. 5.

On November 14 they were ordered to report again to Chaumont and from there were sent back to Base 46 after an absence of over five months.

I WAS detached from Base Hospital No. 46 July 7, 1918, on orders, to General Headquarters at Chaumont, where I was assigned to Surgical Team No. 16. Our team was ordered to Evacuation Hospital No. 7 at Coulommiers, where we remained during the Chateau Thierry drive. The latter part of August we moved, with Evacuation Hospital No. 7, to Souilly and continued with this hospital during the St. Mihiel drive and until October 15 during the battle of the Argonne. On October 15 we were ordered to Evacuation Hospital No. 15 at Glorieux, just outside of Verdun, where we remained until after the signing of the armistice. I returned to Base Hospital No. 46 November 28, 1918. Our team averaged 25 operations daily.

BENJAMIN W. McKENZIE, First Lieutenant, M. C.

THE United States Army Medical Corps organized a course of instruction at the central laboratory in Dijou to train medical men in the important work of resuscitating seriously wounded men who had suffered severe hemorrhage and exposure. It was my good fortune to be detailed for this course which consisted largely in work in blood transfusion. After completion of the course our team was ordered on September 3, 1918, to proceed to Evacuation Hospital No. 7 at Souilly for duty. The team arrived at its destination on September 6 and was assigned to a ward of twenty beds for shock cases only. We received our first cases from the Argonne drive. At once we were called upon to use all the various methods of combating "shock," that we had learned, theoretically, in the special course; namely, blood transfusion, artificial heat, intravenous injections and the use of stimulants. Our work continued with slight interruption until November 6, 1918, when we were ordered to return to our base.

During this period we had cared for 545 cases and performed 20 transfusions.

JESSE R. PATTON, First Lieutenant, M. C.

DEPARTMENT OF INTERNAL MEDICINE

MAJOR WILLIAM S. KNOX, Chief of Medical Staff

CAPTAIN LAURENCE SELLING, Department of Neurology

Major Otto Koch

Major J. H. Johnson

Major J. I. Robison

Capt. Arthur McCown

Lt. Arthur Nosenfeld

Lt. B. W. McKenzie

Lt. Harry King

Lt. Nelson Frazier

Lt. Charles Scull



FROM JULY 23 to December 12, 1918, 4479 patients had passed through the medical wards of Base Hospital No. 46. This number represents almost entirely cases of gas poisoning, influenza, pneumonia and dysentery. Miscellaneous conditions, ranging from intestinal parasites to atropine poisoning have occasionally been encountered, but they represent a very small percentage of the whole.

The first convoy on July 23 arrived not only before the hospital was adequately equipped, but also before there had been an opportunity to organize the staff. Coming from Chateau Thierry, it consisted mainly of patients gassed with Phosgene and to a lesser degree burned with the so-called "Mustard Gas." Up to August 1, there were 433 cases, practically all gas poisoning, being cared for in the medical wards. The treatment of these patients was purely symptomatic and on the whole far from satisfactory. Some developed secondary pneumonia, a complication which proved almost one hundred per cent fatal. While strictly speaking, mustard gas patients are to be classified as surgical, the fact remains that a great many such were treated in medical wards. These included some of the most distressing cases with which the hospital has had to deal. The pain and discomfort were intense; the weather very hot and the patients' sufferings were further augmented by great swarms of flies which infested the entire camp. Material with which to screen windows was unobtainable. About this time, one of the staff, Lieutenant Louis Mangan, impressed with the ineffectiveness of the method then in vogue for treating mustard burns, devised a scheme which consisted in merely injecting and re-injecting a simple alkaline solution into the blister. The result was truly remarkable and there can be no question that the suffering of many patients was not only reduced a hundred fold, but that lives were actually saved. It is to be regretted that the efforts of Lt. Col.

W. R. Davis to have this method thoroughly investigated and tried out at various base and evacuation hospitals met with no success.

During the month of August 699 patients were admitted, including fewer gas cases, but more dysentery. Efforts to recover the *B. dysenteriae* were unsuccessful, due probably to the fact that the patients had been ill for the greater part of a week before coming to us. This would coincide with the experience of others that to recover the causative organism of this disease the case must be subjected to bacteriological examination immediately after onset. Fortunately, the mortality was low, there being no death from non-complicated dysentery and the majority of all cases being returned to duty after an average hospital stay of about ten days.

Nine hundred eighty-one and one thousand seven hundred and fifty-



MEDICAL WARDS

two cases were received during the months of September and October, respectively. Early in September the prevalence of influenza took a sharp rise and as the epidemic increased, more and more frequently it was complicated by broncho-pneumonia. A double ward, No. 22, was given over to the exclusive management of this disease and its death rate exceeded all others of the hospital combined. Many cases received by convoy died within forty-eight hours of admission. The disease was absolutely atypical, both as to its clinical features and its associate bacteriology. The last named was made the subject of a careful study by Major Robert L. Benson, chief of the laboratory, and will undoubtedly be included in his report of the work of that department. From a clinical standpoint, the disease was characterized by the vagueness of the physical signs, which often did not definitely reveal themselves for days after the general picture of the patient plainly indicated his true condition. An early manifestation was that of delirium, a tendency to get out of bed and a general restlessness most difficult to manage. In this connection, the writer wishes to especially comment on the faithfulness, tact and skill displayed by the head nurses, Miss Louise O. Summers, Miss Elizabeth Freeman, Miss Lillian Oleson and the ward master, Private O. Nelson. During the two months of September and October 119 cases of pneumonia were admitted with 71 deaths, a mortality of 59 per cent. The average mortality from this disease for all months is slightly over 40 per cent.

The isolation ward has been conducted under the supervision of Major Otto Koch. To this tent were not only admitted the various exanthemata for observation, but most of the dermatological cases as well. The ward was conducted in a manner that reflects great credit on the officer in charge.

The foregoing is a resume of the Department of Medicine. While officially known as Base Hospital No. 46, the institution, because of its relative proximity to the fighting line has been used as an evacuation hospital rather than as a base. So great was the urgency for getting the patients in and out that extended observation and study of patients has been impossible. This with other facts has militated against the fulfillment of certain ambitions held before the institution functioned as an independent unit. Notwithstanding this, however, it is believed that the work to which Base Hospital No. 46 was assigned has been commendably performed.

THE DISABILITY BOARD



THE CHIEF function of the military hospital, as of the civil hospital, is the care and treatment of patients. It must return the greatest possible number of men to full duty in the least possible time. But in the nature of things it is impossible that all who enter a hospital be returned to full duty, and a man who has lost a leg may be medically cured, but he can no longer fight, so it becomes a secondary function of such a hospital to reclassify the cases coming under its care, so that those no longer fit for front line work or full duty with their organizations, may be assigned to such service as they are capable of giving. This is the purpose of the Disability Board.

The duties of the board in Base Hospital 46 were not heavy. Acting rather as an evacuation hospital than a base, the majority of the sick and wounded had to be sent on down the line as soon as they were transportable, and transportation available. They could not be held until cured, and generally cases are not reclassified until it can be definitely determined in what class they belong.

Those cases which do come before the board are grouped according to army regulations into four classes:

Class A—Physically fit. Ready for full duty with their organization.

Class B—Unfit for full duty. This includes all cases which are capable of doing heavy work or light work of some sort in the rear. It includes only those whose disability is thought to be temporary, in whom complete recovery is expected within a few weeks or months. For example, a man who has been moderately gassed may be ready for duty of some sort in a short time, but any hard work will bring on shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and similar symptoms. He will be placed in Class B and given light work, with the expectation that after a few months he will again be ready for front line work. Accordingly, all Class B patients must come up for re-examination at stated intervals, and according to their physical condition at that time, are reclassified again. At any of these subsequent examinations he may be kept in Class B, or transferred to Class A if he is completely well, or to Class C if no further improvement seems likely.

Class C—Permanently unfit for full duty. A man who has lost an arm cannot return to the front lines, but he can do light duties of a kind in the rear, and it is the principle of the army to keep such men

in service, as by so doing some man physically fit is released for service at the front.

Class D—Unfit for any military duty. These cases are returned to the United States as soon as possible.

The Disability Board as first appointed August 8, 1918, consisted of Major Charles A. Betts, President; First Lieutenant Jacob Pearl and First Lieutenant A. S. Rosenfeld, M. C. After a few weeks, Major Betts and Lieutenant Pearl were detached permanently from Base Hospital 46, and a new board was appointed, consisting of Captain L. Selling, President; Captain Richard B. Dillehunt, member, and Lieutenant A. S. Rosenfeld, Recorder. This board continued on duty until after the armistice. Captain Dillehunt was then detached from the unit and Captain E. F. Ziegelman, M. C., was appointed in his place.

X-RAY LABORATORY



THE ROENTGENOLOGICAL Laboratory was established July 27, 1918. The trials and difficulties which were encountered were, of course, much like those met in other departments. A $7\frac{1}{2}$ K. W. interrupterless transformer, with all the modern equipment to go with it, was at our disposal, but a current sufficient to successfully operate this machine was inaccessible, so we were obliged to make use of the U. S. Army bedside unit. This machine, though much smaller, has at all times proven very satisfactory for the ordinary run of work. Some very good negatives of the gastro-intestinal tract have even been obtained.

As with other branches of photography, a dark room is naturally an important part of an X-Ray laboratory. Our dark room developed very early in its career the habit of admitting the sun's rays at times and in places most inconvenient for all concerned.

While a majority of the work was done in the laboratory, many of the cases were radiographed in the wards. This was especially true in the fracture wards when the exposures were made with the patients in all conceivable positions. Desirable plates were obtained only after exercising a great deal of care and ingenuity.

At times during and immediately following periods of great activity at the front, many wounded were received direct from the dressing stations. These men often coming through the receiving wards were brought to the laboratory, placed on the fluoroscopic table and a

general survey of the patient made. When foreign bodies were found, they were localized, and the patient, with his radiographic report was then taken direct to the operating room for surgical treatment.

The localization of foreign bodies is perhaps one of the most important advances made by the Medical Department during the war. Fluoroscopy has been used for localization for some time, yet its tremendous importance was never realized by the profession and laity until large numbers of battle casualties had to be treated in a short space of time and rendered fit for further service.

Many methods of localization are in use, yet the principle upon which they are founded is essentially the same. The subject to be examined is placed on a table in a room from which all light is excluded. Beneath this is a box that can be pushed from one end to the other containing an X-Ray tube. When the current is turned on, the rays are made to pass up through the bottom of the table and through the patient until they strike a fluoroscopic plate which becomes illuminated and shows the image or shadow of the part examined. The more dense the material the rays are made to penetrate, the darker the shadow; as, for example, muscle tissue would cause but a faint shadow, bone a much more dense one, and a piece of metal, such as a bullet or shell fragment, which cut out all the rays, would project a still more distinct image.

By rotating the part examined and the use of certain rules of measurement, the exact location and distance of the missile from the surface can be readily determined.

It can be seen even by the uninitiated that this exact means of locating the bullet is of inestimable value to the surgeon in that it enables him to make his incision at the nearest point on the surface to the fragment, and thus greatly lessen the time of operation and the unnecessary injury to tissues.

Over 1300 examinations have been made in the laboratory of which 400 were fluoroscopic (and 900 radiographic). There were 132 foreign bodies localized, 360 fractures of all types, 78 chest cases and 47 cases involving the bones of the head and face radiographed; 20 gastrointestinal cases furoscoped.

DORWIN L. PALMER, First Lieutenant, M. C.

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT DEPARTMENT

THE EYE, ear, nose and throat department of Base Hospital 46 was delayed in finishing its clinic more than the rest of the organization. Almost any one will remember the zealous scramble for equipment during the early days of work for the first convoys. Wards held priority for carpenters, instruments had not come, and medical supplies were lacking. For several weeks its clinic was minus walls and activity was partially inhibited.

Work, however, was carried on at first in various wards as thoroughly as possible. Some ingenuity was exhibited in the fashioning of instruments from crude material and considerable effort was expended in securing drugs from neighboring towns. Soon a small clinic was started in a ward dressing room and with the arrival of a few instruments, operating was begun. Most of this work concerned the ear, nose and throat, though injured and gassed eyes were treated and relieved by the score. Fortunately at this time there happened to be a very great number of bed cases which could not attend a clinic.

Within three weeks, however, the carpenters had made progress and the department moved into the clinic building. The clinic on the first afternoon took care of some thirty patients and seldom since that time has it dropped below that number a day, often rising to between fifty and sixty. Equipment was soon secured for complete eye work, adequate both for refraction and treatment. Operations on tonsils, adenoids, and nose were carried on extensively until the frequency of convoys and the immediate evacuation made much of this impossible. Perhaps most interesting from the technical side were ear troubles due to concussion and shock at the front, as well as many facial injuries involving the throat and eye. It might not be amiss to state that at a general inspection, held along in September, the department was commended for the ingenuity and economy manifest in the arrangement and operation of its clinic. However, at least one-third of the work of the department was and is performed outside the clinic. On the arrival of each convoy, new eye, ear, nose and throat cases, confined to bed, were examined and treated in the various wards. On some occasions operating was necessary in the wards, especially in cases of eye injuries, where time counted definitely in the saving of vision.

About the time of the armistice a change took place. The eye department became the center for the hospitals of A. P. O. 731. The staff of this department was augmented conspicuously. "Ear, Nose and Throat" became a separate department with an independent clinic. The work of both departments, however, continued vigorously, even

though hostilities had ceased. Soldiers still had need of glasses and the shop facilities for fitting them were bettered. Winter with its inclement weather favored troubles of the ear, nose and throat. With the slower progress of evacuation an opportunity has again been realized for operative work, and many personal cases, which had to wait because of the pressure heretofore, are now being attended to. From accurate records, which have been kept on each case, the original department and the "Ear, Nose and Throat," since the armistice, has handled some seventeen hundred cases and fully expects to increase this number before the utopian orders finally roll in.

HARRY M. BOUVY, Captain, M. C.

THE PHARMACY

WORK on room for the pharmacy was finally started July 26, 1918, for it took much persuasion to get the Quartermaster Department to detail the necessary carpenters to construct shelving and working counters. When these were finally completed, we had no smooth suitable surface for the compounding of the various pharmaceutical substances. We finally located a Frenchman who was willing to exchange a small piece of linoleum for legal tender. Everything went smoothly then until Base 46 was designated as the eye clinic for the center. And it was up to the pharmacy to give up part of its space and be remodeled in order to provide the necessary room. This change was soon made and we were settled once more, and strange to say, we are still here.

The greatest bugbear to our worthy officers was known as the "Metric System." The decimal point required presented many difficulties. Especially was this true during the hot summer days, when the flies were so numerous, for even a well-trained pharmacist frequently had difficulty in differentiating between an ink dot and a fly speck and it was only by vigilant study of prescriptions that errors were avoided.

In the A. E. F. the medical supply table was decidedly limited. The number of drugs allowed for the operation of a base hospital was apparently determined by a government clerk in the States who didn't believe in medicine, for very shortly our thriving business was largely restricted to Epsom Salts, Castor Oil, Bismuth and Sodium Salicylate. Since the signing of the armistice, drugs have been more difficult to obtain than heretofore, and if orders do not come very shortly to leave Bazoilles, our entire stock for all kinds of prescriptions will be practically limited to Mag. Sulph.

SERGEANT FIRST CLASS JOHN SEEMANN

THE DENTAL DEPARTMENT



THE DENTAL DEPARTMENT of this organization was perhaps the last to get into full swing, due to unavoidable delays, lack of equipment, etc. The equipment of this unit before leaving the States included two modern and complete dental outfits, which, however, have never reached Bazoilles. The fate of this equipment is not known, but it is rumored that "Old Man Salvage" of the S. O. S. has only recently established a dental clinic at Brest, where he limits his practice to the treatment of patients of no less rank than Colonels.

It was not my fortune to be present at the time Base Hospital No. 46 reached its station on the outskirts of Bazoilles, as delayed orders caused me to reach Hoboken five days after the sailing of the ship which carried the unit to the shores of "Sunny" France, via England. However, it was my pleasure to join the outfit a month later, arriving at Bazoilles on July 29 from Blois, where I was placed in safe keeping until such time as I could be trusted to travel alone to the rendezvous of 46. Upon reaching my destination, I found our old friend Captain Parsons, who was enthusiasm personified, said elation being caused by the knowledge that the dental clinic was so thorough and magnificently equipped.

Although the day was well spent, Captain Parsons insisted upon an immediate visit to the dental clinic in order that I might, without further delay join him in his extreme happiness. We walked from the station through the fertilized streets of Bazoilles to our objective. Upon reaching the dental clinic, I was indeed in a receptive mood, as I had been anticipating greatly the appearance of a well equipped dental office.

My expectation was short lived. With a show of great pomp, Captain Parsons produced a French key 14 inches long and unlocked a French lock weighing 14 pounds and opened an American door of five pounds—and at first sight of the equipment—I fainted. The outfit consisted of one clock, one broom, and a packing case containing twelve gross, cups, paper, sanitary No. 1!

While we were sans equipment, we had very comfortable office quarters until one bright morning in August we were notified that it would be necessary for us to move, in order to permit the extension of the eye clinic, occupying a room next to us. We then went into storage in a small room in an adjoining building. Our clock, broom, and paper cups with a dental chair and several instrument closets, which

we had managed to annex, were moved into this room and we entrenched ourselves between said articles, clearing enough floor space to accommodate a dental chair. We were then in a position to do emergency work.

Our sojourn in this room was of several weeks' duration, but we finally secured possession of a room which was remodeled to suit our needs. This room was very satisfactory—in fact, all that one could ask, and the equipment was of the best.

The clinic was operated along the lines of a well ordered civil dental office. When a case presented, all possible attention was given to alleviate the sufferer and restore, as near as possible, the normal condition of the mouth. This could not always be done, as our "practice" was more or less transient. However, this was the goal toward which we were striving.

This ends the contribution from the dental surgeons of Base Hospital No. 46.

J. H. JOHNSON, Captain, D. C.



1. Supply Train. 2. Prisoners waiting for mess.
3. Advance guard at mess hall.

THE MESS DEPARTMENT



WHEN FORTY-SIX landed in Bazoilles the organization was short about nine or ten cooks, so Sergeant Perkins sent out a call for men with experience or without to step in immediately and become acquainted with the work before the hospital became filled with patients. About fourteen names besides my own were turned in. We went to work the day before our nurses arrived.

We had no dishes with which to serve them, so the personnel was called upon to share their mess kits. We thought the nurses would find it hard to accustom themselves to the rude cafeteria system, but never a complaint was heard.

We had a big moving day when we took over another hospital near the first location. It was all completed without the loss or even delay of a single meal.

Things went along fairly smoothly until the patients started coming in, then we struck a rough stretch. The trouble was that it was an emergency and patients were sent to us before we were ready for them. In less than two weeks we received about a thousand patients. These men were really hungry. Several had not eaten for days and practically all had had insufficient food for the last two or three weeks. Our kitchen was just partially equipped and we were expected to feed the patients and the personnel together. We had only four ranges and a limited number of copper boilers, which made it necessary to limit our bill of fare to macaroni or "mulligan," and coffee, and to cook the food in relays. The ranges were packed all the time.

I shall never forget how those hungry patients jammed to get through the mess hall door when we unlocked it. "Slum" was practically the only thing we could cook in sufficient quantity to supply their wants. We opened two mess halls and immediately a new difficulty arose. Patients began doubling up; that is, hurrying through one mess hall and drawing a second ration from the other. At one time we found about thirty doing this. An effort was made to stop this practice, but it proved to be very difficult. The ticket system did not prove altogether satisfactory, but it helped a great deal. We maintained it through all the crowded periods.

In the mess halls, patient help was used almost entirely. We drew men from the convalescent camp to do a round of K. P. Another difficulty arose here, for the patients thought that as patients they didn't have to work. It was easy to get them sent over to the kitchen, but it was another thing to get them to do the work.

When we evacuated the first convoy of patients, things became easier, but when the second great influx started, our troubles began to pick up. It wasn't quite as bad this time because we were better prepared both in equipment and organization, but at that there was plenty to keep us working.

During the summer we were continually running out of water and sometimes the water was shut off before we could draw enough to wash the dishes. In such cases we packed water in small boilers. At another time we ran out of soap, which was a dire calamity. Sackrider came to the rescue by making something he called soap and which helped us through the emergency.

We did have a time, though, when the cooks got sick during our rush period. How the food was cooked during this spell no one knows. It was then that the term "madhouse" was applied to the patients' kitchen.

The crowning event of our stay in France was our Thanksgiving dinner, which was a great success from one end to the other. By incessant work for a month before the dinner, the department was able to give the personnel and the patients as good a meal as they could have had anywhere in France; nor did the convalescent entertainers spare any time or work in preparing the wonderful show they put on. The dinner lasted from twelve noon until 3:00 p. m., and none of us will ever forget it. It was one of the most enjoyable events of our trip; an event that will always be remembered as an offset to the troubles we endured.

A. M. CAPPS



MESS DETACHMENT

MESS DEPARTMENT OF BASE HOSPITAL FORTY-SIX

HERE is a saying that everything, no matter how small, must have a starting point, even a base hospital mess. We started May 29, with one baggage car, two field ranges, one wagon load of gravel, three G. I. cans and one roll of wire. We were told to go ahead and equip this car to handle two hundred and forty men, feed them well three times a day. The entire staff consisted of Mess Officer Lieutenant Harry Blair, Mess Sergeant Perkins, Sergeant Duryea, and ten cooks, who started to make a first-class kitchen out of the five ingredients mentioned above.

We received our first supplies May 31 at 8:30 a. m., and left Camp Lewis at 1:00 p. m. and, as befitted a Portland organization, our first meal was served while speeding through that city. At Parma, Idaho, one of the best citizens rushed madly to the mess car with a string of "weinies" for the boys, as he knew that eventually we would reach German soil, so we should be prepared before hand.

We arrived at Camp Merritt June 5, expecting to find some modern conveniences; instead we found that we were better off on the train as far as kitchen equipment was concerned. Our Chefs de Luxe upon their entry to the kitchen found one worn out range and four boilers and two G. I. cans. The department was immediately initiated into the intricacies of the game called "beating the Q. M. C.," or in other words, obtaining supplies by dint of perseverance. While here the cooks were hampered somewhat by having to stand forty-two inspections per day, including equipment "C."

Finally, after six days of inspections, we started for Hoboken and there embarked on the good ship *Missanabie* and mess officers' and sergeants' worries and cares were nil. Our next point of importance was Liverpool, England, where we entrained for Southampton (so-called English rest camp). The "Cowherd" camp kitchen was placed at our disposal (also to about 1200 other troops). This kitchen was designed to take care of about 500 men. However, the British rations were not so plentiful as to cause much congestion in the kitchen, but each man of our personnel managed to get several pieces of bacon, bread and marmalade during our two days' stay.

The Mess Department of "46" was not called on to function at Cherbourg, except to take on the travel rations for our three days' trip from there to Bazoilles-sur-Meuse. Feeding the organization from Cherbourg to Bazoilles on the French train was easy, the main

difficulty being to know when the train would stop long enough to distribute the hard-tack, bully-beef, and marmalade. Along the route we were served with coffee at our numerous stops by the French and American Red Cross. We enjoyed our first regular meal at Is-sur-Tille.

Upon arrival at our destination, we found kitchens and dining halls for personnel, officers, nurses and patients. Here our work began in earnest; a personnel mess was first equipped and put into operation. Our officers messed with a neighboring hospital pending the equipping and furnishing of their kitchen and mess. The personnel mess was started and encountered serious difficulties in obtaining supplies. However, we furnished the boys with the best food that could be purchased at the Q. M. C. After two weeks of this we were ordered to equip the patients' mess to handle the personnel and our long-looked-for nurses, who were expected to arrive at any time. The nurses arrived July 16, and owing to the shortage of chinaware, they were initiated into the art of wielding a mess kit. No sooner were things beginning to be straightened out in our first place of residence than we were told to move across the River Meuse to our final location.

It was then we received notice that patients would arrive "tout suite." However, we were soon able to equip a patients' mess, personnel mess, officers' mess and nurses' mess and also the diet kitchen. The personnel mess was turned over to Sergeant Bashor, and, believe the boys of "46" or not, he put over a daily menu that was a credit to any kitchen and especially the army, as often there was none too much to work with. Sergeant Sackrider's capacity as a manager was quickly shown. There falls to the lot of a few in the army to take one can of beans, one can of corned "willy" and two pounds of coffee and then feed the string of 200 hungry patients lined up outside the mess hall.

The diet kitchen was superintended by Miss Gertrude Palmer, dietician, who came over with the nurses. By able management and hard work, she supplied the liquid, light and special diets to the sick and wounded boys. Her department took care of an average of 100 diets a day.

Our first patients arrived July 23, and the difficulties encountered in the patients' mess were many. Supplies suitable for the sick were very hard to obtain, the lack of proper variety, such essentials as fresh beef, flour, sugar, milk and potatoes were not to be had at our Q. M. C. However, the accommodating sergeant would inform us that there was a plentiful supply of tooth paste, shaving cream and cigars. For

instance, our first convoy came 380 strong with practically no notice. Our cooks worked all night preparing sandwiches and coffee for the half-starved men. From that time on it was a continual procession, one day receiving from 100 to 600 patients, next day evacuating 200 to 300. A night crew was put on, which took care of all convoys arriving at night, also feeding night nurses and ward men. The mess sergeants had to learn to "parlez vous" to the extent of "pommes de terres," "oeufs," etc., the latter being usually at least \$1 per dozen. Buying food in large quantities from the French markets was practically impossible, the French considering one a much better customer who buys only a few centimes' worth than a person who takes their entire stock.

Our kitchen was always hampered by shortage of space, also utensils. It was designed to provide for 750 and we were feeding from 1000 to 2000.

On August 14, Lieutenant Wm. G. Sutton, S. C., arrived to take charge of the patients' and personnel mess. He immediately organized a business office and from this start he built up an elastic system which could easily handle from 500 to 2000 daily. On October 1 he took over the officers' mess and made a complete success out of that, and on November 1 the nurses' mess was turned over to him, also.

The general run of feeding a few hundred patients and hospital personnel did not detract from the Thanksgiving dinner planned for the officers, nurses, personnel and patients. This dinner the personnel, especially, will always remember, and in future years, when speaking of good things to eat, the memory of that dinner that was served them back in 1918 will bring a smile to their lips and they will not forget the hard work and worry that it caused Lieutenant Sutton and the Mess Department. The preparation of this dinner was started the day before and from then on there was nothing to it but work. With two shifts of cooks and a detail of men the dinner was prepared and served to the boys at 12:30 Thanksgiving day. A few of the preliminaries for this dinner were buying turkey at \$1.00 per pound and fruit ranging along at the same high price. It took some head work to give the boys a real feed and still retain a semblance of "the" bank roll. However, it was done even to furnishing a first-class cabaret with full orchestra accompaniment.

The buying for and feeding of the different messes of a hospital of this size, especially in a foreign country, is a task that few people realize and Base Hospital No. 46 can be proud of the men in charge.

DAILY LIFE IN THE BASE HOSPITAL KITCHENS



IN ONE year's time, Uncle Sam has gained the reputation of being the best provider in the world. There is only one secret in the achievement and that is "System." One cannot have system unless those under his charge cordially assist him in their coöperation.

How many of those who read this article, even those who have been in the army, also perhaps those who have not been in the mess department office, have an idea of the system which is employed to keep track of the numerous accounts? We will study the mess kitchen of a base hospital to which I was assigned.

Every hospital is given two allowances, namely, one for the personnel members, rations in kind, and one for the patients and nurses; hence two different accounts for food supply. The mess sergeant must prepare his meals accordingly to keep within his allowance or show cause to the mess officer why he cannot do so. The menus are prepared daily, commencing with noon-day meal, including breakfast of the ensuing day, then submitted to the mess officer for approval.

We must consider, that at a base hospital evacuation work, principally, is performed; transient cases mostly. Their total number fluctuates daily and sometimes hourly. When the commissary has not all the articles required for the very sick, such as eggs, chickens, green vegetables, etc., we must make arrangements for the purchase from the civilians at nearby towns, having to pay five times as much as we would if we purchased from the Q. M. Department. Still we must have them and we managed in most cases to get what we wanted. Then there is the problem of transporting these supplies from this town to our hospital, four miles away.

Has anyone ever realized the amount of food required to relieve the hunger of hundreds of men just admitted from the front, having had nothing but bully beef and hard tack at various intervals during the battle, from which they have come, ready to eat us out of house and home three times a day, especially when they have been in the hospital for a day or two? Numbers vary almost daily. Here is where system comes into play. For instance, at Base Hospital No. 46, where, as I have related before, we were performing evacuation work to a great extent, the number of patients varying daily from 400 to 1500, depending upon the size of the convoys and the number evacuated. How can the senior mess sergeant tell what to do? Suppose we draw rations for 600 per day for three days; then comes a daily evacuation of 100 or more for six days; then a lull for a week or ten days, when all of a

sadden a large convoy comes in placing our patient status at over 1,000. Would that situation make one anticipate something wrong? But why worry? You ask how does the mess officer make his plans so that the food will be sufficient for all, simultaneously, remember, that the planning upon a certain number of men may be increased at a moment's notice.

Provisions in the army can be prepared for 2,000 almost as easily as for 1,000. In fact, we have always been able to show a saving for the hospital fund with a larger quantity of men to feed. Strange—but it is true—as evidenced by the boarding house, when the proprietor can show a balance on 50, but a deficit as a rule on 30. Again, I have experienced that there is less waste with a larger number of diners. If plans call for quantities of food, which I find cannot be eaten at the meal (the left-overs, those that have not been served), can be used, by being camouflaged for another meal, by the addition of other articles of food, or by being ruled by diplomacy in preparing food, the loss can be turned into a saving or profit. This one plan, since being the mess officer, works fine in the army and one would be surprised at statistics in revealing balances on the right side of the ledger. The army wants good, wholesome food and plenty of it, too.

The best body builders—good food and exercise, also plenty of good drinking water. Beef, tomatoes, potatoes, beans, onions, corn and peas, are greatly used, also oatmeal and bran. Potatoes are served twice daily, due to the food value.

We are given definite allowances by the U. S. government and we must keep this side of the line and our object in view is to give good food and yet save. In the stated instances, waste has been kept to the minimum, while maximum proficiency is procured.

The supper is the most substantial meal, but the quantity of food hardly compares with the noon meal.

How system is applied: So much system has to be practiced in a hospital mess, in the preparation of meals and the storage of foods, that the heads of departments are always on the alert for emergencies and know what quality and quantity of food will be necessary. It is an easy matter to prepare for any influx or evacuation at any time, so perfect is our system. Each department head, personnel, patients' and nurses' mess have records to show actual quantity of food on hand at all times. They show, too, that their stock should not be allowed to fall below a certain minimum quantity and endeavor to keep the quantities to a reasonable strength to be on the safe side. I have found, personally, that preparation and system work together fine.

W. G. SUTTON, Second Lieutenant, M. C.

THE MEDICAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

FIRST LT. CHAS. F. BOULDIN, Officer in Charge

Sgt. First Class Adolph L. Bloch

Pvt. First Class William J. Paeth

Sgt. Clarence H. Harris

Pvt. First Class Willis S. Ashley

Pvt. First Class Roy E. Carnathan

Pvt. First Class Morris Weil



THINGS did not begin to really "pop" around the Medical Supply Department until after the unit had reached their destination in France. Up to this time the property consisted of three field desks, three typewriters and one "Par. 958." Yes, indeed, the total responsibility of the department could easily have been carried in the vest pocket of one Adolph L. Bloch, who up to this time was Vice President, Secretary-Treasurer, and General Manager of the department. Captain Otis B. Wight was the only other stockholder in the concern.

Shortly after our arrival in the little village of Bazoilles-sur-Meuse, Captain Wight was relieved as medical supply officer by Captain Otto W. Koch.



PERSONNEL MEDICAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

The hard work started on July 19, when it was learned that thirty-tree carloads of medical supplies were on the tracks waiting to be unloaded. At the same time we were moving from one side of the Meuse River to a better location on the other. The work involved practically all of the detachment, and long hours were spent in making the hospital in readiness for patients. Beds had barely been set up in the wards, and boxes and supplies were still being opened, when a convoy of 250 patients was received. This situation involved many difficulties in an effort to supply the hospital necessary medicines and equipment, and at the same time keep accurate records.

Other cars continued to come in; convoys continued to arrive, and we had many sleepless nights. But in spite of all, the place was finally rounded into shape so that the supply building would make Sears, Roebuck and Company look like thirty cents. Boxes were juggled about, containing everything from motorcycles to safety pins; but eventually quite a record of efficiency was established in the operation of the department. New hospitals coming into the valley would send men to Base Hospital 46 to ascertain just how the system was established.

Then on August 15, Captain Koch was relieved by Lieutenant Chas. F. Bouldin. Under his capable management, the supply department was gradually perfected. There were troubles of course, as might naturally be expected; but when the difficulties were placed before the "Lieut.," he would wrap his long legs around the little French stove in the office and mildly proclaim, "The first seven years of the war are always the hardest."

In addition to equipping the hospital, and issuing necessary medicines and accessories, the laundry exchange was established. This branch of the department was in charge of Private First Class Willis S. Ashley, assisted by Morris Weil. Judging from the experience gained in this undertaking, it would not surprise any of us to find them operating the largest laundry in the Northwest one of these fine days.

The paper work in the office of the Medical Supply Department was increased considerably by numerous inventories, bookkeeping, correspondence and filing, until Carl Steinmetz was added to the force to assist Bloch and Carnathan. The office was small, crudely furnished, and the lack of files and material with which to work was a great handicap.

Sergeant Harris, who shouldered the responsibility of the warehouse and issue room, was ably assisted by Wm. Paeth, the lanky ranger

and vegetarian from Washington. "Fourteen Carrot Bill," as he was commonly known, was responsible for the neat construction of our shelves, file boxes, etc. He was always on hand to make chocolate for any little lunch we might plan after a hard day's work.

Some idea of the immense amount of work connected with the department can be gained from the size of the hospital. At the time the armistice was signed by Germany, the entire capacity of the hospital was two thousand three hundred beds, the largest hospital in the valley by three hundred beds.

One of the chief reasons which might be attributed to the successful operation of the Medical Supply Department, was the coöperation of the entire force, and desire of each man to do his best. We might add in closing that the experience will be vitally important to the members of the department in future undertakings.

ROY E. CARNATHAN

A RESUME OF THE QUARTERMASTER DEPARTMENT



FROM the date of mobilization of Base Hospital 46 in March, 1918, when the Quartermaster Department issued its first supply of canvas trousers of a striking yellow hue and cotton coats that might pass for olive green in color until the unit completed its mission at Bazoilles-sur-Meuse, the joys, trials, and tribulations of the Quartermaster Department were many and varied.

The first duty of the Quartermaster was to outfit the enlisted personnel with clothing and complete field equipment. This task was partially accomplished at Portland and after some weeks of strenuous effort was completed at Camp Lewis. The next duty was the handling of transportation overseas for the officers and enlisted men and of all personal baggage.

Not until we arrived overseas and were fairly well established did we begin to realize of what our duties as a Quartermaster Department in a Medical Unit consisted. We started in with a transportation department and to this was added in rapid succession, carpentering, plumbing, sterilizing, clothing and effects department; the problem of supplying wood and coal for fuel and of policing the grounds and keeping them in a sanitary condition also fell to our lot and last but not least we also conducted an undertaking establishment.

Just a word about transportation: A few days after our destination was reached word was joyfully received that we might have two large trucks and two cute little side cars if a detail of drivers were dispatched at once to Bordeaux. Of course nearly every man in the unit was an expert mechanic and driver and all promptly volunteered their services. The process of elimination was brought into play, the required number of drivers tried and true selected and given traveling orders and one fine morning about a week later we found quite an imposing array of motor transportation lined up in front of the Administration Building. Our joy was short lived, however, for a central transportation department was created and our trucks and side cars were ordered pooled with those of other organizations in the center and thereafter when transportation of any kind was needed it was necessary to telephone for a truck and then take whatever the dispatcher might send, when he decided to send it.

The major part of the buildings occupied by our unit were constructed prior to our arrival, but our carpenters were kept busy with a varied and never-ending line of repairs. There were leaky roofs,

doors that refused to open or close, partitions to be moved and numerous stoves to be installed.

Then there was the plumbing department. The man in charge knows the plumbing game as well as Ambassador Girard knew the Kaiser, but says he never built sink traps out of tin cans before or made stove pipe out of scraps of sheet iron; neither had he ever been compelled to melt old tin cans to secure solder. He started his plumbing shop in France with an antiquated French hammer, a broken pair of pliers, and a bicycle wrench. Later, quite a respectable kit of tools appeared in his shop, though where they came from no one seemed to know, but the engineer organization that had been stationed at the Center moved out shortly after the armistice was signed and 'twas rumored that it was on account of a shortage of tools. At any rate, whenever 46 needed anything they generally got it.

The sterilizer plant, better known as the "Cootie Kitchen," was presided over by a capable engineer. It was here, gentle reader, that capital punishment was meted out to all germs and cooties after their death sentence had been duly read to them at the receiving ward. Regulations provide that all cooties must be cooked by steam for thirty minutes under forty pounds of pressure; after this treatment a cootie could generally be considered "hors de combat."

The fuel problem was a serious one for a while—serious chiefly because of a lack of transportation. This was eventually solved by night details for hauling coal and I might add that a heavy load was lifted from the detachment sergeant's shoulders because these night details furnished a large field when he wished to assign a little disciplinary duty for failure to answer reveille or retreat. Transportation did not prove to be the only coal difficulty encountered because there were some who persisted in making nocturnal calls at the coal pile and sorting out the nice large lumps. In order to stop this we found it necessary to ask the already over worked guards to keep an eye on the coal.

Of all our work perhaps the most difficult was the undertaking work. Difficult because it was hard to lay away the boys who had made the supreme sacrifice for liberty; difficult because we knew that some one some where was waiting for the boys that would never return; difficult because we could do nothing to lighten the burden of grief that must fall like a pall when the stern, cold message went home from the War Department. We gave each a military funeral; sometimes a single brief service was held for one of the boys who had answered the last

roll; again it was for five or six and sometimes for ten or twelve. This department was also charged with the duty of collecting, listing, and forwarding to the war department all money, trinkets, and personal effects of the deceased and had to see that all grave numbers were promptly and properly registered.

CLIFFORD G. SCHNEIDER, First Sgt. Q. M. Dept.

I have never heard before that the Quartermaster Department was supposed to do anything more literary than make out requisitions or pay checks. We had to shovel coal as well as gather the tin cans, and were glad to do it, but I approach this task with temerity and misgivings. However, being in the army I am expected to do what I am told, but I want it clearly understood that I am being driven to it.

Fortunately, I don't have to write very much, as most of the space in this publication is already taken up by unimportant departments who have "horned in" for a little advertising. A few words about our work is enough, anyway, because every body knows it is the fundamental part of the army.

Before the war the American Army consisted of the fighting arms and some eight or nine services, among them the Adjutant General's Department, the Inspector General's Department, the Judge Advocate's Department, the Medical Corps, the Quartermaster Corps, the Ordnance Corps, the Signal Corps and the Engineer Corps. Since the outbreak of hostilities this number has been somewhat increased.

According to the Quartermaster Manual, there are five main functions of the Quartermaster Corps, viz: Finance and Accounting, Supplies, Building and Repairs, Transportation and Administration. Somewhere in this same book is a list of all the duties of the Corps in detail, but the author apparently ran out of ideas toward the end because he ended by saying that "Anything not specially assigned to another corps is the duty of the Quartermaster Corps," and no doubt that is the clause under authority of which I am now required to write this article.

For about three months I have been trying to dope out the duties and functions of a hospital quartermaster, and as far as I can see he is a sort of glorified janitor, undertaker and footrest; his duties seem to embrace all five of the above mentioned branches in a kind of a half-baked, embryonic fashion, so I will try to set out our work showing it divided into the five aforesaid divisions.

Our part in the Finance and Accounting branch consists in paying off the patients "every once in a while" (there is very little money in this, as the Adjutant is always right there). I have heard a good many times that the men in the hospitals are not paid sometimes for as long as six months or more. There is a certain amount of truth in this, of course, but the Quartermaster Corps is not to blame, as those cases usually occurred because the soldier didn't stay in one place long enough to sign a payroll and receive the money. But ordinarily, when conditions are propitious this department disburses part-pay to hospital patients.

Supplies: We have nothing to do with provisioning the hospital, as our mess officer works directly with the Hospital Center Quartermaster for which I am very thankful, because he is the only one I have ever encountered that gave 100 per cent satisfaction. He, however, represents the supplies branch through the instrumentality of the Clothing and Effects Department, which is one of the efficiently run institutions in this hospital. The idea of the Clothing and Effects is to clothe the patients as quickly as possible with due regard for economy, and this is the manner in which it is done. When the convoys of new patients arrive, our Clothing and Effects "gang" take the clothing of all patients, except where it is necessary for the health of the patient to leave them in his possession; these clothes are put in a gunny sack and given a serial number. As soon as possible the sacks are put through the steam sterilizer, or "Cootie Kitchen," where all sorts of birds and beasts are killed and dried; then the sacks are returned to the Clothing and Effects room, where the clothing is gone over and all garments that are too soiled to wear, torn or otherwise unfit are salvaged, the clothing found to be serviceable is put in a bin bearing the same serial number that was placed in the sack in the receiving ward. Great care must be taken that leather goods are not put through the sterilizer because they come out about the consistency of a soda cracker. Money and valuables are also removed from the clothing, if overlooked by the patient, and optimistically turned over to the Quartermaster for safe keeping—the Adjutant having nothing to do with this!

Of course there is much clothing salvaged and it must be replaced in order to reoutfit the soldier when he is ready again for a uniform and equipment. We draw sufficient clothing from the group quartermaster for this purpose. Frequently it is invoiced, often we get it on requisition—sometimes by mistake! The paper work is rather vague in this connection, but we sign as little as possible.

Building and Repairs: So far we haven't done any building of moment, but have done lots of repairs—at least we call them repairs. For my part, I think our carpenters have done excellent work and have even overheard one officer, after a good mail, refer to them as “nearly human,” which was very gratifying. I have never heard of anything along these lines being satisfactory to the medical officers, but that shows impartiality.

Transportation: In this unit our transportation consists of three wooden wheelbarrows, one steel wheelbarrow and two litter carts, with German prisoners, convalescent patients, corps men or “Frogs” for motive power. All other transportation is controlled by the Hospital Center for the benefit of all the hospitals and that is unquestionably the correct idea, but notwithstanding that, it has been the scarcest thing in the Vosges, to such an extent that most of our heavy trucking has had to be done at night.

Administration: I can't very well give an example of the Administration branch, not knowing exactly what it means, but for lack of a better classification and to get through with this article quickly, we will call the undertaking administrative.

Having raised the veil, allowing the layman to gaze upon the ramifications and mystery of our incomparable work, it is to be hoped that the reader be uplifted without losing the erstwhile reverence which familiarity sometimes dissipates.

P. A. WELLS, Second Lieutenant, Q. M. C.

THE ELECTRIC POWER PLANT

THE ELECTRIC power plant in the hospital grounds was built by the U. S. Engineers; it is 24 by 32 feet, and has a concrete floor. Three generating sets with switch boards constitute its equipment. The dynamos are of the Thomson-Houston 17 K. W. 110 D. C. type, driven by three four-cylinder De Dion Bouton gasoline motors.

The plant furnishes electricity for all the wards, officers, quarters, X-Ray operating room, etc. The entire output of the three generating sets will furnish enough electricity for approximately 2,000 25-Watt lamps. Two units suffice to carry the necessary load nearly all the time.

Electricity is also supplied from our plant to the Y. M. C. A. hut for lighting purposes and four times per week for the moving picture machine. The camp steam laundry is also supplied from our plant and lights are furnished to the salvage department, where over 40 French girls are employed salvaging clothing for Uncle Sam.

Each base hospital has its own power plant and for a while the plants were run individually, under the supervision of the Quartermaster Department of each hospital. This did not prove successful from an efficiency standpoint, and consequently all the plants were put under control of the Hospital Center. The plants were connected to gether in such a manner that one would supply electricity to two base hospitals during the day, when the load was light, thus saving gasoline and wear. Bickford, in charge of our plant, was made chief mechanic of all plants at the Center. We had a day and a night operator.

A street lighting system was put in through the village from the hospital to the railroad station.

Two things will be remembered by the force as being distinct features of their daily routine of army life at the plant; one, the continual "fixing" of the lights at the nurses' quarters caused by their steady use of the electric iron, while the other was the wading through the mud to get into or out of the power plant.

SANITARY DEPARTMENT

MAGINE an inland city of from 500 to 2000 inhabitants, without a sewerage system, and you will have some conception of the sanitary problems that confronted Base Hospital 46 during their stay in France. To make matters more difficult, the French Government prohibited the burial of refuse. Consequently all waste materials had to be burned.

In the beginning of camp activities, our sanitary squad was made up of men doing disciplinary duty as penalty for some minor military offense. College men, professional men; in fact, men from all walks of life served on this detail; not because they were criminally bad, or to use the favorite expression, "Hard Boiled." Indeed not. But in the army it is always easy to get a detail for disagreeable tasks when no one is willing to volunteer.

Every morning on schedule time the squad made its rounds. All liquid waste was emptied into a soakage pit, solids were taken to the destructor and burned. All mixtures of solids and liquids went through a straining process before it was possible to burn or filter the waste. Many were the complaints: "I joined the army but not to do this."

For time to come the men who served on this detail will have strong and vivid recollections of their duties whenever this department is mentioned.

With the influx of patients the men serving on this detail were given other duties, and the government furnished us five French civilians, who performed all scavenger tasks. These men, accustomed to such labor, took to it like ducks to the water, thereby relieving us of a very serious difficulty. Transportation of this waste was another troublesome problem. Some days we had a team, other days an auto truck, and on several occasions no transportation at all. Conditions were getting critical when they organized a sanitary squad at the hospital headquarters. This squad consisted of two large Quad auto trucks, with drivers, and two additional men to assist in loading and unloading. There were seven hospitals in this center, and it took these two crews working from eight to twelve hours each day to keep the hospitals from accumulating waste and rubbish.

During the summer months, flies put in their appearance by the millions. A few hundred yards from our camp was a French village, each family in fierce competition with its neighbor, as these peasant people measure their riches by the number of stock owned, and indirectly by the size of the manure piles. These manure piles, basking in the summer's sun were the latest, best and most efficient fly incubators possible, if results can be taken as a criterion. Our camp was infested with flies. We found them in the coffee, soup, and all other edibles. Quite frequently we were pestered with hornets who fought with us over jam or other sweets we were fortunate enough to have on the table.

Such conditions were contrary to all laws of sanitation, and our sanitary inspector took steps toward a remedy. Vainly we sought the Quartermaster's Department for screen. They were always out of that article until the inspector made headquarters a visit and interviewed the Lieutenant in charge. On returning he brought back all the screen there was to be found in Bazailles and Neufchateau. This was only a beginning—our combat with the flies ceased—conditions grew worse—we renewed the battle, and this time our Chaplain came to our rescue. Through the Red Cross he was able to furnish us material for screening all the doors and windows in the mess halls, kitchens and latrines. It fenced the pesky fly out of our food, and who knows but this may have saved one or many of us a severe illness.

Supplying the camp with drinking water came under this department. This was no easy matter, for during the summer months all

drinking water had to be chlorinated, an attempt to kill all dangerous and lurking germs. Our supply of water came from a large concrete tank on the hill. Where it came from before reaching the tank no one ever knew but the engineers, and they never said. Rumors say it came from a spring. Other reports that it came from the Meuse River, which idled through town collecting all the dirt and filth possible. In fact, during the driest part of the season, when the river was at its lowest, our water supply became exhausted, and it was no uncommon sight to see the men washing with a few drops of water from their canteens.

Our first serious shortage occurred one midnight. The water had been shut off all day and the water commissioner whose duties were to keep the lister bags, scattered throughout camp, full of chlorinated water, had been unable to fill them. The hospital was full of patients suffering from wounds or illness, and they required drinking water. The night ward men had to have it also, so the inspector was aroused. He gathered a detail and set out in search for water. The town pump, several hundred yards from camp, proved our salvation, and along in the wee hours of the morning the task of filling the lister bags had been completed. The patients had drinking water such as it was, but the best to be found.

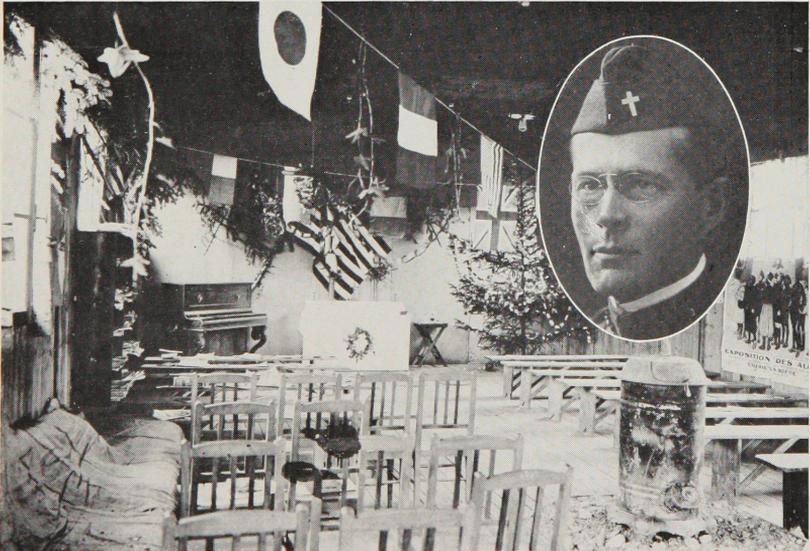
The cooks and kitchen police suffered the gravest trials during this drought. Water for cooking and washing dishes had to be carried from the town pump, and when you are feeding 1500 to 2000 individuals, this is no easy task.

THE CHAPEL, AND THE CHAPLAIN'S WORK



IT WAS on France's "Independence Day," the day when the last German offensive began, that the first religious service of the unit in France was held. A vacant ward was used, the benches had been hurriedly manufactured by a detail the day before, and the organ had been borrowed from the Chaplain of another hospital. At this service the Chaplain proposed that an orphan be adopted by the unit, and the suggestion bore fruit in the adoption of Maurice Gousselot, whose father had been killed in the first month of the war.

Before the next Sunday the unit had moved to new quarters across the river, and services were held that day in the Nurses' Club of Base Hospital No. 18, at that time shared by both units. The Chaplain was having difficulty in getting space for the Chapel. That first assigned was presently taken for the morgue, the next location was found suitable for the guard house, and the third experiment saw the Chapel displaced by the isolation ward. These days of getting settled were marked by kaleidoscopic changes, and the Chaplain fared like Noah's dove. Finally, through the good offices of Major Benson, one-half of the building occupied by the laboratory was secured, and proved very satisfactory. There the services were held on Sundays and sometimes on week days—including the funeral services when pos-



CHAPEL—OUR CHAPLAIN

sible; and the same quarters were used by the Personnel Club, of which some account is given elsewhere in this volume.

The Chaplain's work, in keeping with the purpose of a hospital, is first of all for the welfare of the patients, and has neither beginning nor end nor any very definite outline. When the hospital is under full headway, if the Chaplain is not as busy as anybody he is shirking his duty, and in quiet times there is still unlimited opportunity for him to make himself useful even if the calls are less urgent.

It goes without saying that there are many of our young soldiers whose religious training at home has disposed them to look for help in their hour of need to the faith of their fathers. With them it is only necessary for the Chaplain to present himself to receive an earnest welcome. On the other hand, there are many whose religious experience has not been sufficient to establish an initial bond with the Chaplain, yet their receptivity to the appeal of faith has been developed by what they have seen and felt on the battlefield; they have prayed, perhaps for the first time in years; it is for the Chaplain to meet them on their own ground and to give such encouragement as his sympathy and judgment may suggest.

The most effective part of the Chaplain's work is doubtless that which is the least formal, and therefore any attempt at description is not likely to convey the truth. Those who know best what he has accomplished are scattered on diverse paths, having passed through the hospital and gone—whither he does not know. Lives may touch each other, but for a moment and these contacts may sometimes leave permanent effect. The Chaplain's message may be but a tiny seed, yet sown in soil fresh-broken by war's tremendous experiences it may strike root. Such, at least, is the hope which keeps the Chaplain at his task.

THE RED CROSS



AMONG the many and diverse activities of the Red Cross in army hospitals the supply of comforts to the sick and wounded soldiers as they arrive and during their stay is one of the most effective. It must be remembered that most of them have lost their personal effects somewhere between the dugout and the base hospital, and arrive minus all necessities of comfort—also, usually, without funds, having received no pay for months.

A wounded man, lying on a stretcher, waiting to be taken to the ward, may want a smoke; a cigarette is at hand. After a good sleep in a real bed he begins to think of the toilet articles he misses; a "ditty

bag" containing the elementary necessities is ready. If he is able to look at the papers he finds one at hand each morning; and later he gets the benefit of the magazine service from Paris. When he wants to write a letter home he finds Red Cross stationery in the ward. During his convalescence there are games and puzzles to lighten the dragging hours, and when he gets up he is given a Red Cross convalescent suit, and maybe a Red Cross sweater. As soon as he is able to get out he finds his way to the Red Cross Recreation Hut, with its canteen, piano, billiard table and movies.

The Red Cross Home Communication Service is at his disposal in case he has any worries about home conditions. If the matter is urgent a cablegram may be sent to the States and a messenger sent directly to his home to straighten things out and report back. The Red Cross Searcher, in addition to her duty of seeking information about the missing and those who are being inquired for by their friends, does a thousand things for soldiers who are incapacitated, writing letters, giving advice, encouragement and sympathy, supplementing the womanly touch of the nurses in a sphere of her own. The Chaplain, also provided by the Red Cross, seeks to keep the soldier, during his hours of pain and weariness, in union with the source of strength which religious faith alone can supply, to give him spiritual support in the valley of the shadow, if he is called to enter it, and to supply the offices of the church in burial when that sad necessity arises.



CHRISTMAS IN A HOSPITAL WARD

OREGON NURSES GLADDEN HEARTS OF FRENCH KIDDIES



IN the afternoon of December 6, in their attractive club room, the nurses of Base Hospital No. 46 gave a really, truly Christmas tree to more than one hundred little French children from the village of Bazoilles-sur-Meuse. Many of the children were from the orphanage, being the unfortunate victims of war.

For several days the nurses, aided by Father Dinan, and the other members of the personnel, worked to make the event a success.

Tree decorations, toys, candies, and dainty eats were prepared. Fifty or more rag dolls, brown dolls, white and blue dolls, both large and small. Each nurse worked out some original idea, which made every doll individual and attractive. Candy sacks were made of gauze run through with bright colored yarn and the contents therein were of the very best home-made candies. Each child received a toy or two, a sack of candy, a package of gum and a funny little crepe paper chapeau.

The custom of celebrating the sixth of December as *petite* Christmas, which is St. Nicholas Day, is a localism adopted by the particular locality. The wooden shoes are always placed before the fireplace for St. Nicholas to put gifts into—so few of the children, if any, had ever seen a Christmas tree. When they filed into the club room and beheld the toy-laden tree, it is not to be marveled at that they looked dazed and bewildered, and when real, live St. Nicholas entered, all dressed in robe of brightest red trimmed with white fur, their looks of bewilderment gave way to squeals of childish glee; but it brought tears to the eyes of those who had made the event for the sad-faced little fellows.

Each nurse took charge of one or two children and aided them in receiving their toys. They were served jelly sandwiches, two kinds of cookies and cocoa, to all of which they did justice.

Father Dinan has told the nurses that it was a great event in the lives of the children—that for days following they talked of little else. They had been told about and had read of St. Nicholas, but to see a really, truly, living St. Nicholas was a thing they had never expected.

KIDDIES OF FRANCE

Queer little kiddies of France,
Is it your apron or is it your pants
That gives you the look of a half frightened thing?
We would love to teach you to laugh and to sing.

Your eyes are so big and so round and sad,
Is it because the Hun killed your dad?
And you, little girl, with big eyes of blue,
Your sister but seven and you, only two.

All summer long we have watched you
Each day herding your cows,
Never stopping to play.
We have been, O, so sorry for you.

We wanted so much to do something to make you
Forget the past years
That have meant to you only sorrow and tears,
So we decided on St. Nicholas Day
To ask you to come to our club room to play.
And when we have gone to our native land
We hope that one day will stand apart from the
Other days in your life.



LO, THE POOR WARDMAN

Oh, orderly- ORDERLY!

This may serve to introduce "Buddy," as the wardmaster is usually called.



AT CAMP LEWIS he and his mates were assembled soon after mobilization, to undergo intensive training, and from this number a large per cent were sent into different wards to familiarize themselves with ward management and generally to "observe" all things necessary in the successful operation of a ward.

It was here that they soon learned that the call for "Buddy," "Orderly," or "Wardmaster" meant the immediate need of their services. It was here they learned the whys and wherefores of modern hospital equipment, and the reason why some patients receive more careful attention than others. They were drilled in the necessity of absolute cleanliness about the ward, and grounds, the best methods of serving foods and the necessity for personal cleanliness. They were taught, and reluctantly learned, how to polish ordinary floors to the envy of all mirrors.

There were four so-called orderlies on a ward in those balmy days, and all four were more or less busily engaged carrying out the daily routine and orders, even though the total number of patients rarely exceeded twenty or thirty.

Then, too, between spells future Buddies did their share of squads east and squads west and worked up a little enthusiasm each morning during the period of setting-up exercises. In his spare time Buddy dreamed of what valiant service he was to render "Over There," and just how he in particular was to excel. But of course, everything would be as modern and pleasant as in the hospitals back home.

So orderly man crossed the sea and shortly afterward found himself in the midst of that now-famous struggle—The Battle of Bazwillie.

After a few weeks of hard work undertaken largely with medieval French tools, the roads which Base 46 were to use were in fair shape, all having complete drainage ditches and culverts. The so-called wards, of which there were 22, were all scrubbed from floor to ceiling, and here and there the roof patched and the floors balanced, and such equipment as was "necessary" installed.

The wards in which Buddie was to work were in sharp contrast with those back home. Buddie was rushed into a building, some 100 feet

long and about 30 feet wide, accommodating 50 beds. He found no hot water or modern plumbing; no floors that could be polished or even made to look clean; no adequate sewage system. Oh, no, if he had a sink and cold water, a latrine that was well supplied with pails, a ward that did not admit either wind or water too profusely, and possessed a floor that had one section level, he was a lucky guy.

But instead of there being four orderlies to a ward, Buddie was alone with what convalescent help he was fortunate enough to have.

Just as he finished with these and the sweeping of those many-way slanting floors, the scrubbing of the hallway and latrine, while the nurses had made the beds, along would come the ward surgeon for his usual morning round.

The whole ward crew would immediately start to assemble the artillery and get all instruments sterilized. During the dressing it was Buddy's duty to carry the bucket that received all the soiled bandages, etc., sometimes to cut them loose. He held arms and legs in a given position, and lifted the patient into position for the surgeon to work. Occasionally he was given a chance to do a little real work himself.

Hardly was Buddy well acquainted with his patients when along would come an order to send a lot of them to another hospital. He was given the necessary supply of litters and blankets, and with a man to help, he would load them, tag and carry them to the doorway. Hardly would they be gone when nurse and orderly were busily engaged re-making beds and cleaning up again. Perhaps by night they were once again caring for a full house—feeding, bathing, decooticeizing and making comfortable a bunch of fellows just out of the trenches or a hospital behind the lines.

However, adhering to the old rule of perseverance and patting his ambition on the back, Buddy determined to make the best of the situation, then one wet day in late July along came our first convoy from Chateau-Thierry, and the real service began.

With the fifty beds full and wounded men all needing special attention, Buddy's energy was taxed to capacity.

From then on Buddy's dreams of distinguished service faded and his one idea was to get through the daily routine without failure to perform any of his manifold duties: Commencing at 6:30 A. M. he began that hasty pace up and down that full 100 feet, manning to the best of his ability the ward fleet, and answering all short calls.

Then the meals that had to be hauled over from the kitchens, but instead of wheel tables, Buddy used a good old butler tray, some pails and a strong back. And it was up to him to see that they were served as per schedule. Hardly would he finish serving them all before someone would begin to cry for seconds, a cry which soon became general. "Firsts and Seconds" all out, Buddy gazes at his watch and finds that his mess hour is well nigh passed, so he scoots up to the mess hurriedly gulps that down and dashes back to the ward to gather up the dishes.

After the meal, our hero slackens the pace a little and does just "good old favors" for the boys in his ward, such as chasing to the "Y" to buy candy, cigarettes and tobacco. He shaves them, adjusts their bandages, or refills their hot water bottles.

To make Buddy's life one of ease and comfort, he is placed between the mess department and the patients. The former is always trying to cut down on the amount of food served to avoid waste, while the latter are constantly shouting for seconds and thirds. It is a noticeable fact that a wounded man seldom has a wounded appetite. Then too, the ward surgeon must crab a little now and then to let Buddy know that he is the all-highest.

Cooties! Yea, bo, we Buddies have met them under almost any kind of circumstance. Once discovered, patient and young friend must undergo a general sterilization. This is just one of the usual routine jobs.

Then after the supper hour Buddy and the nurse see that all is set for the night crew. They make everything look orderly about the ward, straighten up the beds, rub backs, and tuck their charges away for the night.

When all is said and done, Buddy may have served in the S. O. S. but no one can say that his service has not been as active and arduous as that of any man in the trenches.

THE TENT CITY

MAJOR OTIS B. WIGHT, in Charge

PERSONNEL

Sgt. First Class Arthur E. House	Pvt. First Class Loyd Wood
Sgt. First Class Merle G. Campbell	Pvt. First Class Victor M. W. Orr
Pvt. First Class Harry K. Mackley	Pvt. First Class Henry B. Hilbers
Pvt. First Class Earl L. Devine	Pvt. First Class George W. McIntyre
	Pvt. Henry W. Hastings



ON MOVING across the river we found twenty tents as an added portion of the hospital. Supposedly of English origin, they were built in sections, each accommodating fourteen beds. They could be used alone or spliced together. Lined with yellow and with rubber flooring they made a very satisfactory accommodation for patients. The tents were used as an overflow to the hospital to house patients nearly recovered, who would shortly be ready to return to duty or be sent to the convalescent camp. They were even used for walking surgical cases who need only minor dressings. Each tent had a tent master whose functions mainly were to see that the tent was properly policed and to hold roll call, though in times of stress he took more the duties of a nurse, in bringing meals and caring for patients.

The organization of the Tent City consisted of the tent masters, one sergeant in general charge of the tents and their management and furnishing of the various details to the departments of the hospital, and another sergeant who kept the records and histories of the patients. The writer would never have been able to carry on the work in the tents if it had not been for the faithfulness of this organization, and the assistance of Major Koch during the strenuous days following the Argonne drive.

The tents were run as a separate department of the hospital with a single section centrally placed, as headquarters. On entering, each patient's name, rank, organization and diagnosis were entered upon a separate card together with a probable date of dismissal to duty or to convalescent camp and filed in an index for each tent. The F. M. C.s were also kept separately according to tents so that daily duty records or convalescent camp lists could be regularly made out, or if sudden orders for evacuation came, it was relatively easy to pick the proper cases; the tent masters could take their charges to the clothing

department for completion of their outfitting and to the receiving ward for a final check before discharge.

Originally the twenty tents held 1000 beds, but in September the grouping was rearranged so the final capacity was about 700. The number of patients fluctuated greatly—in late August a bare half dozen was the total muster—in lurid October all of the sixteen tents were open and we struck a maximum of 600 patients.

Then busy days lasted about a month, starting about the time of the Argonne drive. During this period we received one convoy of 159 patients direct from the receiving ward—two of smaller size—and these made plenty of excitement and necessitated rapid opening of unused tents and doubling up of the work of the tent masters. For a month we hustled and just about finished receiving one convoy or



Above—TENT STAFF. Below—TENTS, VALLEY IN BACKGROUND

sending out a bunch of patients, when some other excitement would develop. But it was part of the game and none of us suffered from these sudden spurts of work. We were fortunate in being able to pick out occasional serious cases coming direct to us by convoy or rarely developing among the patients, so that we were able to close up in mid-November without casualty or having any epidemic develop.

Another function of the tent organization was to keep our patients partially employed, feeling that some light labor was a benefit to the man, besides helping the various departments of the hospital. Requests were varied and all kinds of vacancies were filled, such as a gang to keep the Lister Bags filled and cleaned, K. Ps., workers in the wards and messes, carpenters, etc. In fact for a time we held some sixty men who were steadily employed in various lines of work associated with the hospital.

One of the most important tents was Isolation under direct charge of Major Koch and handled entirely by him, though carried on the hospital roll as part of the tent city. Many interesting cases were seen there, and the four sections of this tent served as a mighty useful contagious ward, the screening apart by the tent flaps forming effective barriers to cross infection.

MAJOR OTIS B. WIGHT

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS ISLAND "ISOLATION"

OVER the bounding seas of routine, ever blown by breezy rumors of war news, occasionally there drifts a word from the lonesome island where lives the Robinson Crusoe of Forty Six. Almost a world by itself in this little place so seldom heard of; a beautiful spot with a most charming array of scenery; muddy graveyards, noisy quarry, solemn remnants of a once noble forest. In all the glory of a majestic noble on a south sea island reigns the tent master surrounded by his faithful clan of patient Fridays. Days for him are monotonous and dreary. His palace is simply an unromantic tent! His throne room is his bed room, dining room and reading room. His royal bed chamber is simply a bed and his imperial repast, when he has ham, is the town favorite, ham and eggs, if he has the eggs also.

Thrice daily he is visited by members of the outer world who come laden with mysterious foods called slum, stew, rice and even an occasional slice of pie or a slab of cake.

All through the day and night comes the treatment of many various contagious ailments of the tribe. Diphtheria bugs, tonsillitis germs and evils of all kinds of pestilent diseases retreat into the oblivion from which they came when he gets down to business.

Law may come and law may go in Mac's life in the future but in the course of events we are sure that he will never forget his days as Robinson Crusoe.

BRIAN DONLEVY

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

FIVE SHOTS from a revolver, fierce beating on a triangle, horrible shrieks from a bugle, announced to the fire marshal of Base Hospital No. 46 and his assistant, that the fire drill they had been ordered to witness was taking place. 'Midst the din of noise, shuffling of feet and sharp commands, the Ford fire engine arrived; the hose connections were made, and an imaginary stream of water was played on an imaginary fire. Thus on August 21, 1918, the fire chief and his assistant were given an introduction to their future duties.

On this date our equipment consisted only of 150 two and a half gallon, acid and soda fire extinguishers, and with this insufficient apparatus we were expected to extinguish and prevent the spread of all fires occurring in our hospital of forty-five buildings and twenty-three tents.



A PRACTICE RUN—FIRE DEPARTMENT

Our main water supply, a large concrete tank on the hill, had gone nearly dry, and our sanitary inspector was using it for an aquarium.

By skillful maneuvering and repeated requisitions, we were able to capture two fifty-gallon hose carts, eighteen fire ladders, twenty water casks, two hundred and seventy-five fire buckets, eighteen pyrenes, two axes and two crowbars. This equipment was scattered throughout the hospital in the most advantageous places for combating fire. This, in addition to the Ford fire engine, gave us an even break in case of fire.

The fire risks in a hospital of this type were numerous. The buildings were constructed of light, dry lumber, with roofing of tar paper. The majority of the buildings stood less than 25 feet apart, and the tents even closer together. Each building had at least three heating stores. All wards and clinics used oil stoves for heating water and sterilizing instruments.

The stoves were treacherous affairs, always flaring up unexpectedly in an endeavor to set the ward on fire. Protecting the wood work in near proximity to these stoves fell to the fire department. Vainly we requisitioned the Q. M. for material. Regularly his reply would come back, "No material available." Not stumped, we gathered all the tin cans in the neighborhood, hammered them flat, and covered all wood work adjacent to these stoves. In addition, we furnished all wards and buildings where oil stoves were used, a box of loose sand to be used as a fire extinguisher in case of necessity.

The fire department's policy was fire prevention; bi-weekly inspections were made of all fire-fighting apparatus, keeping all equipment in place and working order. A fire patrol was instituted and the grounds were patrolled daily, keeping a vigilant look out for hazardous fire conditions—rubbish piles, defective flues, unprotected smoke stacks, etc. Thus far our policy has been successful, and we can point to our fireless record with justifiable pride.

ALVIN C. SHAGREN, to Assistant Fire Marshal

THE GUARDS

EIGHT NIGHTS IN A HOOSGOW

By A PRISONER

FIRST NIGHT: Well, this is "finis" for my first day in this clink. Got by pretty well, too. These guards, though, are hard boiled. They're fixed up nice, though, got a building to themselves,

good sleeping quarters, and nothing to bother 'em. Wonder who this ragtime sergeant of the guard is; always singing, guess he even sings in his sleep.

Second Night: Had two different guards today. First bird used to pull teeth in Portland. Found out that the sergeant used to play football. He's been sergeant of the guards since the outfit moved into Bazoilles in July. Guess that's why he's singin' all the time.

Third Night: These pictures on the walls are getting interesting, now I get their history. Here's one of the first guard. That's how they're labeled, anyway, "Base Hospital Forty-Six Guard: Guards 8, Officers 2." Looks as if they could play a baseball game all right.

Fourth Night: Had gold fish for supper tonight. I don't mind bein' a prisoner for life, but lay off the dog salmon.

Fifth Night: Corned bill today. I wonder if I can bust that window and find a feed somewhere?

Sixth Night: Guess I'll stay with it. Guard allowed me a can of peaches.

Seventh Night: Another new guard on today. Used to be mess sergeant, but the strain was too much. They got two guards on Number 1 post, here at the gate, another two at the Cootie Kitchen, and four on the Jerry prisoners. Well, I don't envy 'em. They got beaucoup inches of water to stand in, but of course, if they don't like to stand in it they can keep walking in it.

Eighth Night: Well, this is my last night. I get a trial tomorrow. Hate to leave, too. Best hoosgow I was ever in. Best bunch of guards, too. Guess I'll have to come up this way next time I go A. W. O. L.

When the sun is shinin' down,
 There's the guard!
 When the skies begin to frown,
 There's the guard!
 When the rain is coming cold,
 He's a doin' as he's told,
 Walkin' on his post so bold—
 Poor old guard!

NURSES' CLUB



IN ONE of the British tropical tents our "Club" began its brief life; brief, but a separate memory for each minute, for things happened in those days. The tent was roomy, one hundred and twenty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and nearly five feet high at the sides. The cerise lining and yellow interlining gave a wonderfully soft and restful light. Black oilcloth covered the floor. The Red Cross gave us some wicker chairs, the Medical Supply lent us a mess table and several army cots. Of the army cots we made divans, using French mattresses for the backs and covering them with strips of the glowing lining that had been taken out for doors. An army blanket served as table cover, and the walls were hung with French prints and posters, ivy, and the flag on one side. These with wild flowers served as our decorations.

In this setting we spent our time, looking over *Oregonians*, *Journals* and *Telegrams*, and reading our letters from home. Here we discussed the probable end of the war, the downfall of kings, the Owl drug store robbery and the latest rumor. Here every afternoon we gathered for tea, drinking it out of a very pretty tea set that we had purchased in Paris with money from the "fund." With the tea was served thin bread and butter. Sometimes the butter was "oleo," sometimes syrup, and often the bread was limited, but there was always tea and chatter. During the latter part of the Chateau-Thierry drive the time spent in the room was short and the chatter confined to a hurried question



NURSES CLUB

about a patient, this case or that was discussed—sometimes a hush for “Taps”—well!

One of our doorways faced a panorama of wood-crowned hills, a river and three of the most noted roads in France. One road was tree-bordered, a silver line where trucks and motors passed up and down endlessly. The second was the railroad on which our boys went to the battlefields, singing, waving, and cheering; and on which they returned to us, silent, broken, but undaunted. There was a special train known as “old 56,” and when it was missing from the tracks we knew the errand on which it had gone and unconsciously watched for its return. It used to come around the hill so slowly that one could scarcely see it move or be sure it halted until the three short whistles that meant “a convoy is in” called us to our posts in the wards.

The third road ran just a few yards from our tent door, with the river beyond—the last road of all, for the boys we left in France. It was a short road, ending in a plot at the foot of the hill where the sun’s last light touched the white crosses “row on row.”

When the summer waned we planned for a more substantial structure. The only building available was a ward occupied by wounded German prisoners. When they were evacuated we had more leisure and willing hands transformed the unpretentious barrack into the pretty, comfortable “club.” German prisoners under Lieutenant Wells’ direction built a huge fireplace of common rock and cement, the only fireplace in any club we knew—how the fame of that fireplace went abroad in the A. E. F.! Sergeant Phillips made tea room, kitchenette and dressing rooms out of the offices, put seats in every corner, shelves and window boxes according to Miss Phelps’ blue prints, and last of all made specially shaped boxes for tiny fir trees. Electricians wired, skilful fingers put the pale yellow paper on the walls, while others cleaned the windows and filled the boxes with ivy and moss.

In the midst of it all someone said: “There’s a car going to Chaumont at noon with a patient—a French officer. Could you be ready to start for Paris then, for draperies for the club?” The forced calmness with which we answered, “Yes, we’ll be ready.” How the gray November day brightened! The drive through the Lorraine country, peasants at work in the fields, an ox and a horse harnessed together.

November 10 at Versailles we passed the hotel where the conference was then going on. Armed guards were without.

November 11 in Paris! November 12 in Paris! Then ransacking Paris shops on the thirteenth and fourteenth for just the right shades to blend with the yellow paper—Galleries Lafayette, The Bon Marche, names to conjure with. At last we found a lovely shade of blue for the windows in the large room, blue and yellow cretonne for cushions, a yellow rose on a white background for the tea room, and posters from Brentano's on the Rue del Opera for the walls.

Then came the trip home, our baggage lost between Paris and Bar le Due, our journey to Nancy to recover it. We never could explain the trip to Nancy because everybody was doing it just then. Closed during the war, many sightseers rushed there immediately afterwards.

Monday our packages arrived intact and Wednesday night everything was in place for the opening dance—even shades for the electric lights fashioned at the last moment by the busy Red Cross Searcher. We were so proud that night! And often afterward we were proud, as on the night of the Thanksgiving party, the night the "boys" gave an entertainment—such a splendid one it was. And our "Little Nicholas" party—shall we ever forget how those hundred French tots filled their pockets with jam sandwiches, or hung around the tree entranced, and finally went home singing "Vive L'Amérique!"

Afternoon tea went on daily. Then came the Christmas preparations. We found some real decorators among the convalescents and we made our wreaths beside the fire and in the tea room, our candy for the boys in the little kitchenette. The Christmas party—the New Year's dance, when we heard for the first time that we were going home—the impromptu parties and little dinners beside the fire; the ghost stories, the day we expected Mary Roberts Rinehart, the day Miss Stimson and Miss Isom came—but the climax of memories comes when, the music over, the dancers gone, one turns for a last look down the long room through the ivy garlands to the glowing fire.

ELEANOR DONALDSON

THE NURSES' INFIRMARY

AT FIRST, when any of the nurses became sick, they were cared for in their quarters, which was far from satisfactory, because even nurses, you know, want to feel they are in the proper place when tonsillitis, measles or any other infection appears.

Uncle Samuel, when he began to build up his war machine, did not provide much for the care and treatment of his nurses. He fitted them out in great style, organized them well, but apparently forgot that they, as well as the men have their illnesses. So after a short time, through the help of Colonel Yenney and the generosity of the Red Cross, a section of one of the buildings was allotted for a nurses' infirmary. The section was panelled off, linoleum laid on the floor, the walls papered, chairs, rugs, etc., until the place actually had a home-like appearance, and from that time on the nurses' infirmary was a great addition to the many departments of Base Hospital 46.

If one doubted that the nurses who were patients there did not enjoy themselves, all that had to be done to prove that they were very contented was to stand at the door of the infirmary and listen.



NURSES WARD

THE LITERARY SOCIETY



ON the arrival of Base Hospital 46 at Bazoilles, it was found that the city, so beautiful in architecture, so rich and fragrant in its ever-changing monuments to the Goddess of Agriculture, was lacking in those things appealing to the higher literary tastes and ideals. To meet this lack, the Literary Society was organized. The idea emanated from the brain of Major Benson, who, though a mere Captain at the time, displayed as never before, his real talent for organization. His promotion to a majority came largely as a result of these efforts. Inducted into office as its first president, he maintained his leadership for many months. It was with keen regret that we were compelled to accept his resignation in November, when he returned from leave so weakened and enfeebled that he felt incapable of presiding further. A resolution passed at the following meeting expressed the heartfelt regret of the Society at being unable to get from him much of the accumulated wealth of his previous experiences.

Meetings of the Society were held at irregular intervals—weekly, semi-weekly, daily or T. I. D. P. C.—and could be called by any member who felt he had something of interest or value to offer. A quorum consisted of three or more members, each one of whom was required to have several membership tickets. These membership tickets were engraved for us at considerable cost by the French government. For those who are anxious to obtain souvenirs of Base Hospital 46, duplicates of these tickets are still obtainable. Sessions of the Society closed promptly at 11 o'clock, at which hour the lights went out. For a time they were prolonged by the use of candles, but it proved difficult to read papers or shady drawings by this dim and wavering light, so the practice was discontinued. For a time great inconvenience was caused by the frequent occurrence of air raid alarms. The prodromal symptoms, five winks of the light, were followed within a few seconds by a blackness discouraging even to the most devoted literateur.

A resolution signed by all of our members was forwarded to the airplane service of the German Army, requesting that no airplanes be allowed to cross the lines before 11 p. m. With customary brutality, the request was refused. Thereupon, a protest was sent to the Commanding General of the American Army setting out the degree of our distress. The reply came promptly in the form of an Allied Drive, which forced the enemy so far from our beloved Bazoilles, that air raids no longer occurred. Thus was the Society saved.

Not all of the original members of the Society remained as active participants. Lieutenant Palmer was prevailed upon to resign and accept a position as Kibitzer. This change was welcomed with great enthusiasm by Lieutenant Bouldin, who was never more cheerful than when Lieutenant Palmer acted as his special mascot. Lieutenant Blair, to whom the Society owes an eternal debt of gratitude for his expert dissertation on "The Position of the Goophle and Gimper in Modern Day Literature," was temporarily disabled by the practical application of his theories. To replace these losses, an attempt was made to develop two promising novices, Lieutenant Mangan and Major Skene. The attempt proved costly, and was a dismal failure. The names of Chaplain Colton and Lieutenant West were then considered, but they refused the proffered election.

Major Wight was with us on several occasions; being of nervous temperament, he was never able to sit through an entire evening. Usually he came late, but his coming aroused in all the keenest enthusiasm, as he was almost certain to contribute something of value. Another of our fairly steady contributors was Captain Morse. He showed a tendency to force an argument, even when he was not competent to dispute the facts in hand. He raised many interesting points, but the results were costly, and his discouragement was expressed in phrases which we hesitate to quote verbatim. Major Joyce was seldom with us. Owing to his high position in the unit, he was furnished with special membership certificates by the quartermaster. He was careless enough to lose several of these, which the finders found great difficulty in using.

Special mention must be made of Major Koch. On such occasions as he could be relieved from his special duties at Base Hospital 66, he joined our members. His decisions were always slow and deliberate; his remarks were frequently pat, and there was little bluff about them. His calmness under stress was notable; even in a crowd with a full house before him, his hand did not shake nor his voice tremble.

During a few of our earlier sessions, we were held spellbound by some peculiarly original contributions from our young Southern friend, Lieutenant Daves. But his guardian, Major Joyce, put his foot down solidly and firmly, refusing to allow the child to remain up for any further sessions.

We cannot close without expressing the gratitude which we know the whole organization feels toward one of our most zealous workers, Lieutenant Steiner. In a spirit of utter open-heartedness, he extended

to the Society the use of his quarters as a club room. He permitted the use of his chairs and table, the latter upholstered with one of his most cherished possessions—an antique—a relic of his former cavalry days (Blanket—O. D. 1). He furnished light, he furnished heat, and on extra cold days, he served liquified Sterno as an adjunct. For all this we hereby express our grateful thanks.

We feel keenly that the Literary Society has been one of the most patent factors for good in the entire organization. It has stimulated literary taste, promoted good fellowship, and aided materially in keeping up our morale.

THE PERSONNEL CLUB

N AUGUST, 1918, Chaplain Colton developed the idea that the personnel of Base Hospital 46 needed room for play. Suitable space was finally obtained by partitioning off a portion of the Laboratory Building. Next came the problem of furnishings and decorations. The Red Cross was appealed to and agreed to furnish the club, and our nurses sewed and prepared draperies and hangings. The walls were decorated with French War Posters and a place of honor was allotted to the beautiful silk flag, presented by Elks' Lodge 142 of Portland, Oregon. The club was then complete with writing tables, games of all kinds, magazines and a small library. There were comfortable chairs and a good coal stove around which the boys gathered nightly to toast their shins. This was always the one really good place to find men for the numerous details, which speaks well for the comfort of the club room. A house committee was formed with Sergeant Hughes as chairman.

The formal opening of the club was an evening which will live long in the memory of the boys. The program was entirely impromptu and was opened by brief remarks by Colonels Davis and Yenny. The balance of the program was furnished by members of the personnel, winding up with a tempting lunch.

The club room gave splendid service from all viewpoints, as a recreation hall, for religious services, orchestra practice, etc. The club aided materially in maintaining the morale of the men in the long, hard days and nights when the great drives were on. And every two weeks an impromptu program was given, though it frequently happened that during these, the air raid alarm would be sounded and

lights would go out, making postponement necessary. We all feel that the greatest value of the club was in helping cement the friendships begun in Camp Lewis or on our trip over—to endure as long as we all shall live.

SERGEANT EVERETT HUGHES

THE BIBLE CLASS



FACTOR of considerable importance in the life of our unit has been the Bible Class. On our arrival at Camp Lewis it was soon discovered by those interested that a class was being held twice a week at Y. M. C. A. No. 1, and many availed themselves of its benefits as time and opportunity would permit.

In the very nature of things, however, such a class could only be transient. When our hospital was called for overseas service it had no organized effort of its own in this department until it reached Camp Merritt. On the last day of our stop at this place it was announced that the Rev. T. R. Davis wished to meet the boys that night in one of the barracks. He spoke to us of the practical benefits and the necessity of systematic and daily study of the Book of Books, and presented each with a copy of the New Testament in return for a pledge to do, as far as possible, some daily reading. Six leaders were appointed to give organized form to this effort. The group thus became a member of the great Pocket Testament League.

When we finally became settled in our new home in France a Bible Class, open to all, was organized by members of the League. Meanwhile, many of the less active members still remained faithful to their pledge. Much credit belongs to Private Hargrove, one of the appointed leaders and chairman of the class, for his untiring efforts.

During the summer months, and as long as the weather permitted, the class used to go out on the hillside back of the camp for its meetings. The reservoir was a favorite rendezvous. Beside the personnel, patients were invited to attend. A systematic study of St. Matthew's Gospel was begun. Much value and benefit has been derived from these meetings, and their moral effect, though not appreciated by some, cannot be doubted. Although the unusual rush during the great Allied offensive made such meetings uncertain and secondary, yet no one feels that his efforts to attend them, and especially, to do some daily reading of his Testament have been in vain.

AXEL NELSON

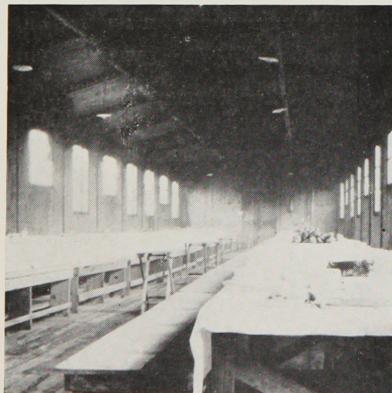
BASEBALL AT FORTY SIX



BASEBALL

BASEBALL was about the only game for which the enlisted personnel of 46 found much time, and although the men did not have much time for practice, nevertheless they often gave a neat exhibition of the game. The handicap of lack of equipment also had to be considered. A big supply of equipment was furnished by the Red Cross at Camp Lewis and it was sent overseas, where it finally arrived February 1, 1919, a trifle late for the season of 1918. The boys lost no time in getting started after they landed on the banks of the Meuse, for on July 4, 1918, two days after arrival, they met and defeated Bas Hospital 116. When the unit moved across the river to its permanent location, a short time was devoted to practice every afternoon whenever it was possible. Several games were played throughout the season and 46 won the great majority of them. The only team that bested her at all was a Mobile Operating unit that had the good fortune of having several ex-professionals in its line-up. As champion among the several base hospitals in the valley, 46 stood supreme.

The team had the advantage of a real pitcher in the person of "Slim" Kackley. This tall, lanky pitcher, with his long right arm, shattered the fond hopes of many a slugger, for he had plenty of curves, a good "fast" one, and fair control. He had the advantage



PATIENT'S MESS HALL

also of having a first-rate catcher, Bashor, to hold him. Bashor also had all kinds of fight and a cool head, which kept the machine steadied down at all times and whose strong right arm caught many a base runner trying to steal second. At first base we had Stinson, of basketball fame, but unknown as a baseball player. Not unknown for any length of time, however, for he soon proved his worth to the fans. He never failed on a ground ball; he was a speed demon on the paths and his long distance clouts in the pinches broke up many a fond dream for the opposing pitcher. Compliments are due all the players whose names are mentioned below. We must not forget the Miller Twins, whose daring base running and ability to "put over" the squeeze play won at least one 1 to 0 game for 46.

The boys played every minute of the time. Their spirit was good and there was no "crabbing." Many of the enlisted men, the officers and the nurses took much interest in the team and that accounted, in a great measure, for the success.

The line-up: Bashor, catcher; Kackley, pitcher; Osborne, pitcher; Stinson, first base; A. Miller, second base; Brown, shortstop; Harlow, third base; Briggs, Morene, G. Miller and Mitchell, outfielders; Stelsel, manager; Lieutenant Palmer, director of athletics.

OUR FOOTBALL ARTISTS

IT WAS indeed a difficult task to usher football into the daily curriculum of the "Fighting Medics" of Base Hospital 46. However, to usher the great American game out proved to be a much simpler feat. Several weeks after Coach Newman sounded the call for volunteers, the first contingent put in its appearance on a very appropriate plot of ground near the grave yard. Several out of the turnout of the eight men had some previous scant experience on the gridiron. The others were by no means eager to engage in any violent exercise, but saw in turning out for football they would be relieved from duty for two hours every afternoon. After their first night out, they were far more eager to remain at their respective duties.

At any rate we started. After much persuasion enough men turned out to make nearly two full teams. Just as the team was rounding into form and it was being noised about that 46 was going to have a real team, the boom was lowered by our commanding officer, for it happened that we were running full blast, and convoys were coming

in with increasing regularity, and he conceived the idea that packing stretchers would be wonderful training for football aspirants. Were same true, the team which represented 46 should have won the championship of the A. E. F. in a walk.

About two months later the rush weakened and prospects for turning out once more seemed bright. However, the men craved rest and it was only after it was announced that those who made the football squad would be excused from drill that a full sized crew could be gathered.

We immediately scheduled a game and on a Sunday afternoon, just a week later, were ready for the fray. It might be well to add here that several new men had to learn the signals just before the whistle blew, but in spite of our lack of practice the team appeared fit. Our adversaries were a husky bunch of truck drivers from the Motor Transport Corps. In its lineup were several men who were formerly Eastern College stars and from all appearances few among them would be picked to attend a pink tea party.

The weather was ideal for murder. Up until a few minutes before the game there was not a cloud in the sky, but five minutes before the whistle it began to rain.

The game itself was a cross between a prize fight and a Congressional debate. When there was no slugging everyone on the field was arguing with either the referee or with the opposition.

The first half ended with Base 46 on the long end of a 6 to 0 score, which was the result of a forward pass. It took nearly two hours to play the next 30-minute half. The referee was the center of attraction as well as attack. It was during this period that one of the M. T. C. speedsters got away for a touchdown. They succeeded in kicking goal and the score stood 7 to 6 with Base 46 *not* on the long end, and thus the game ended.

Now for a few sidelights and post mortem remarks. Several of the men had just finished their first game of football and many more insisted that they had just completed their last. Among these, a man who was involuntarily inducted to play in the back field was quoted as saying: "I have often wondered how it feels to play a game of football and now that I know I'll take mine on the side lines hereafter."

To sum up in a word about the football season, we quote from Captain and Coach, "Well, we only lost one game this whole season."

THE CONVALESCENT ENTERTAINERS



N the flotsam and jetsam that was washed up from the big Fall drive, there came to Base Hospital No. 46 a never ending stream of sick and wounded doughboys. We had come to regard these continual streams of sick and wounded men as simply part of our day's work and as boys worthy of every kindness we could give them. Thus they came and went, but in this motley crew there were men who were soon to bring us many pleasant hours. There was a big fellow from the infantry with a machine-gun bullet through his arm, whom we found out to be instead of Private McKee, was Mayne W. McKee, who back in the days before the war was quite "some pumpkins" at producing good vaudeville acts and shows. He soon saw how badly off we were in the amusement line and volunteered to fix the matter up. He searched about and found Sergeant Speidel, who in private life was Charles Speidel of Jerome Remick & Co., and the author of many a good song hit. Then he found Private Hall, who in private life was "Sunshine" George A. Hall, one of the famous Keystone comedians and a black-face performer of great reputation. Thus fortified with two able lieutenants, he was ready to proceed. Further search on the part of the trio soon brought to light other professional talent; Bert Bowman of the Bandman Oriental Tour Company; Jack Belco of the Honolulu Girl Company; Johnny Byam of the Louisiana Lou and Jazz Nightmare Companies; Lawrence Hager of "There She Goes," and then with Val Marconi of the famous Marconi Brothers, and Jack Wayman, formerly with Gus Edwards School Days, but now with Base Hospital No. 18, and "Our Own" Victor Orr and Charles Bauer they formed the Convalescent Entertainers.

Major Otis B. Wight was appealed to and he very generously agreed to hold all of the boys at Base Hospital No. 46. After several weeks' rehearsing, they put on their first show at the Personnel Club, and it was a tremendous hit. The following two evenings the performance was given in the Y. M. C. A. before a packed house and the official "Board of Censors."

It was passed unanimously and recorded as an enormous success, and it will be a long time before the inimical drolleries of "Sunshine" Georgie Hall and the beautiful compositions of Charles Speidel will be forgotten. The Convalescent Entertainers appeared everywhere in this area under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. They made such a hit that the Y. M. C. A. appealed to General Headquarters that they

might be detached that all the boys in France might see their performance.

While at Base Hospital 46 the boys entertained in the wards and there never was a special feed that they were not on the job to help make it a regular meal. On Thanksgiving day the program rendered was splendid. They had written special songs that were apropos of the occasion and "Sunshine" Georgie and Johnny Byam put on one of their celebrated "Specialties," "The Latrine Dance."

The boys did not confine their entertaining to Base Hospital 46, but went all over the center and there is many a bed-ridden soldier who was helped on his way to recovery by their merry songs and jokes.

The program rendered by the boys was thoroughly entertaining and original, with emphasis on the word "original," as their songs, jokes, etc., were all their own and that they had the ability to put them over, we all know.

The "Convalescent Entertainers" were a product of Base Hospital No. 46, and we came to look upon them as one of us. We surely felt proud as the reports came in telling us they had the best show in the A. E. F. They were a good and genial crowd of boys, and there was many a dark and dreary hour they helped to brighten and many a pang of homesickness was chased to the tall timbers by their merry songs, jokes and stories.



CONVALESCENT ENTERTAINERS

THE ORCHESTRA

WE ALL know that music hath charms with which to soothe the savage breast, and while the boys were still back in Portland around the piano at the Portland Academy, they figured that if music had all the charms with which it was credited, why not try it in France.

It was then decided that Base 46, upon its arrival overseas, should have an orchestra. When the freight was being packed at Camp Lewis, the instruments were put in, but somebody not in accord with this ordered all the freight of Base 46 into salvage on its arrival overseas. Not to be dismayed, we assembled a set of traps from an old drum, dish pan and a couple of shovels, and played at a dance for the officers and nurses, which was such an enjoyable affair that the officers immediately fell in with the idea of developing an orchestra.

Lieutenant Wood stood sponsor, and with some of the members took a trip to Nancy to purchase the instruments. They must have had a difficult time, as it took them a "full" day and a half to select half a dozen instruments. The instruments were paid for by the American Red Cross upon the appeal of our Chaplain.

Rehearsals were started at once in the men's recreation hut, and the din and noise emanating therefrom was frightful. 'Twas well the doors were locked or the members of the orchestra would have been short lived.

Music was very scarce; in fact, the only copies obtainable at first were some popular piano scores which were brought from the States,



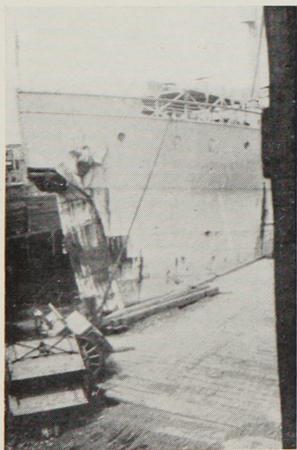
ORCHESTRA

but after a canvass of the Center, they finally gathered together some good numbers which served as their repertoire.

Great difficulty was experienced rehearsing the repertoire of the orchestra, inasmuch as the piano was carried back and forth from the Nurses Hut to the Personnel Club, and from there to the nurses' mess, and officers' quarters. It was a common sight to see the members of the orchestra with their instruments under their arms, dodging back and forth in that celebrated Bazailles adhesive in search of the elusive piano. The orchestra was kept quite busy playing for dances, banquets and parties at Base 46. Their reputation soon spread and they were called upon to play for the other hospitals in the Center.

France does not hold a great many pleasureable memories to which we can look back, but the orchestra of Base 46 was really one of them. It will be a long time before we forget their sweet strains as they played for us at the many dances, dinners and special occasions in old Bazailles.

EXPERIENCES WITH A CASUAL COMPANY



WHEN Base Hospital No. 46 left Camp Lewis for parts unknown, there were seven of us left there in the hospital. After serving our seven days of quarantine, three of us received orders to follow.

Five days were required to bring us to Camp Merritt, N. J. Upon arrival, we ran across Private Andrews, who informed us that our unit had left for overseas the day previous. The four of us with fifty-three men were formed into a Casual Company, which began preparations for departure. Two weeks were spent in this, during which time we were allowed a number of passes, giving us opportunities to visit New York. We finally got aboard the train bound for Hoboken. Upon arrival there we boarded a ferry boat, which took us down to the dock where our ship, the *San Jacinto*, was

berthed. At the dock we were served with coffee and rolls by the Red Cross before boarding the ship.

Owing to the fact that the convoy with which we were to leave had gone without us, we were required to anchor in New York harbor for seven days, awaiting another one. One the morning of July 4, we steamed out to sea and on the forming of our convoy, found that we were one among forty-five ships. One battle cruiser led the formation. Outside of a little seasickness, everything went well until the afternoon of the ninth, when "Fritz" slipped one of our ships a cigar which immediately sank her, the survivors being picked up by a neighboring ship. Then life on the wave grew exciting. That same night, our ship collided with another named the *Oosterdyke*, which carried a cargo of a million and a half rounds of TNT high explosive. The prow of our boat struck the other amid-ship, missing by about five feet the magazine holding this cargo. The alarm was immediately given, and everyone stood by the life-boats, but no boats were lowered, as an inspection by the captain and chief engineer promised us that the boat could possibly stay afloat until morning. With the break of day, everyone was on deck looking for relief, as the rest of our convoy had not stopped. Soon we sighted a ship across the horizon, and we signaled for them to stand by us. They signaled back that they were the ship that we had hit, and could go full-speed ahead, but would stand by us until relief arrived. At once we sent out wireless messages and smoke signals for help, in the meantime, turning around and heading for the nearest port, Halifax, at the speed of about four knots an hour.

That afternoon the *Oosterdyke* signaled that they were "abandoning ship." The captain gave orders to stop that we might pick up the survivors from the life-boats as they came alongside our ship. This left us alone with an additional crew aboard, for forty-eight hours, when a Norwegian boat came and stood by us until relieved by an American steamer, which took off the survivors of the sunken ship. After ten days of suspense and anxiety we reached Halifax without further disaster.

It fell our luck to have to unload the cargo of the *San Jacinto*, which took us exactly seven days. On finishing this job, we boarded an English boat, the *Nagoya*, and left Halifax July 27. This time, in an English convoy of ten ships. Owing to the recent great disaster there, Halifax was no inviting place for one to stay. So were were only too glad to be on our way once more.

Without further mishap, we arrived and landed in London, boarded a train for Winchester, at which place we hiked four and a half miles to one of those famous English rest camps. After sipping tea for two days with the English there, we hiked nine and a half miles more to Southampton, where we boarded the American boat *Yale* which took us across the channel to La Havre, France. Three days were spent in another English rest camp, then we departed for parts of France unknown.

During our first night on the train, we were greeted with one of those famous "Hun Air Raids," in which they tore up the track in several places behind us, by dropping a few of their G. I. Cans. Our journey took us through Versailles and Orleans and finally landed us in an American casual camp at St. Aignan, August 15, 1918. There we met a number of old friends from the States, who gave us much valuable "military information," as to the whereabouts of Base Hospital No. 46. Four days were spent here in gas drill and the receiving of new equipment, and our casual company was disbanded and sent out to their various organizations. Our orders read to proceed to Bazoilles-sur-Meuse to join our own unit, which we did on August 21.

SERGEANT ELMER L. JOHNSON,

PAPER WORK



BASE HOSPITAL has two functions—keeping records and taking care of patients. The former is called "paper work;" it is much the more important of the two. Army regulations (G. O. 8768543 B. X. Par. 3 addenda) require that as much time as possible should be devoted to paper work. Any extra time, as far as it causes no inconvenience, may be devoted to the patients.

Those of us who had had the benefit of training camp experience, or Base Hospital experience in the States had already received some training along these lines. But most of us came over utterly ignorant of the rules and regulations. For the benefit of the majority, Captain Dillehunt gave us an inspiring talk on the subject. Space prevents my going into detail on the contents of the talk, but it may be summarized in a few words, as follows: "Put down on your records everything you can think of, and a few things you can't. Summarize them at length, and include in your summary any special peculiarities of the patient, such as favorite food (to aid in making up diet lists), and his favorite nurse. Then write in the diagnosis.

The question of diagnosis is the most difficult to settle. But a beneficent War Department has put out a pamphlet entitled "Sick and Wounded Report" as a guide to beginners. This booklet gives a list of diseases which it is possible to have in the army; no other diseases are allowed. It is used as follows: You decide in a general way what you think may be the matter with the patient. Then you run over the list of allowable diseases and find one as nearly like it as possible. This is then entered in the record as your diagnosis. It works on the same principal as buying shoes at the commissary. You have a general idea of the size of your foot. You are shown a stack of shoes of all shapes, descriptions and sizes (especially fives and thirteens) and select a pair which gives a general impression of suiting. But there is one striking difference. If the shoes don't fit you can change them; but if the diagnosis doesn't fit, the patient must keep it anyway. He is allowed neither to exchange it, sell it, nor give it away. As stated before the list is incomplete. "Oogophnia" in all its manifold forms, does not appear. Therefore, if a patient comes in with "Oogophnia," a substitute diagnosis is necessary, such as, "Loose body in the head—bilateral"—congenital—L. O. D."

The question of "L. O. D.—yes or no" is most important. Upon it depends whether the patient does or doesn't. "L. O. D.—Yes" means that in after years, if trouble arises, the patient will be entitled to a pension. On the other hand, in case of "L. O. D.—No," he will not be entitled to a pension, but must get it indirectly by bringing pressure to bear on his Congressman. All diseases due to misconduct, including drunkenness, are not in line of duty. But difficulties of interpretation arise. Many cases of intoxication have come up in which the patient stated positively that he had not touched a drop for five years, but had merely been sitting at a table with others who were drinking. After due consideration it was decided to classify this group as follows:

"Alcoholism, acute, bilateral; due to inhalation of poisonous gas—L. O. D. Yes."

It is required that all the data above mentioned be recorded on the field medical card, encased in field medical envelopes. But for a long period these forms were not available, and records were kept on progress sheets, history sheets, subjective symptom sheets, family history sheets, personal history sheets, laboratory sheets (forms A to Z), miscellaneous sheets, and when all these were gone, on wrapping paper. A few patients came down to us from the front with field medical cards already made out. This was always a great help, as it gave us in detail just what had happened to the patient, what hospital

he had been in, and what treatment had been given. A specimen of such a record is given below:

F. H.	B. H.	B. H.
Evac. Hosp. 668	Date	Date
Date, Sept. 18		
F. U. O.		
Oct. 18 Evac.		
X. J.		

But this is only one of the types of record required. In addition there is the ward record book, with all the essential data in brief. Requisition slips, diet slips, requests for X-Ray and laboratory work, transfer slips (to be signed by three majors and countersigned by the Commanding General A. E. F., before valid), personal reports, qualification cards, etc., ad lib. And every time one of the consultants of the A. E. F. (W. A. Dept.), got restless along would come a request for a bimonthly statistical record of the number of cases of fracture of the auditory ossicle, due to concussion of high explosive shells, or the number of bites per "cootie" per patient per day. And if these reports were not in on time, we might expect in our mail a friendly, welcome, little note from our Adjutant, beginning "kindly explain by endorsement hereon."

Without doubt the most important of these records was the morning report. This is a daily report, requiring considerable mathematical skill. The data given is the number of patients on hand yesterday, the number of patients admitted and the number discharged in the 24 hours. From these meager facts one must determine:

- (1) The number of patients on hand today.
- (2) The number of empty beds.

After several months' training, most ward surgeons are able to furnish fairly accurate figures, though this statement will be flatly denied by the staff of the receiving ward. By special arrangement, the morning report for Base Hospital 46 was made to include certain other data regarding the classification and disposition of patients. If artistically presented, these figures looked well on the back of the morning report blank, and as far as could be learned, did no further harm. It is required that the morning report be in by 7:00 a. m., and one of the most impressive sights about the hospital was to see each ward surgeon, promptly at 6:45 a. m., march to his ward, to prepare his morning report and have it in on time. It is greatly to the credit of our unit that no ward surgeon was ever known to shirk this vital duty.

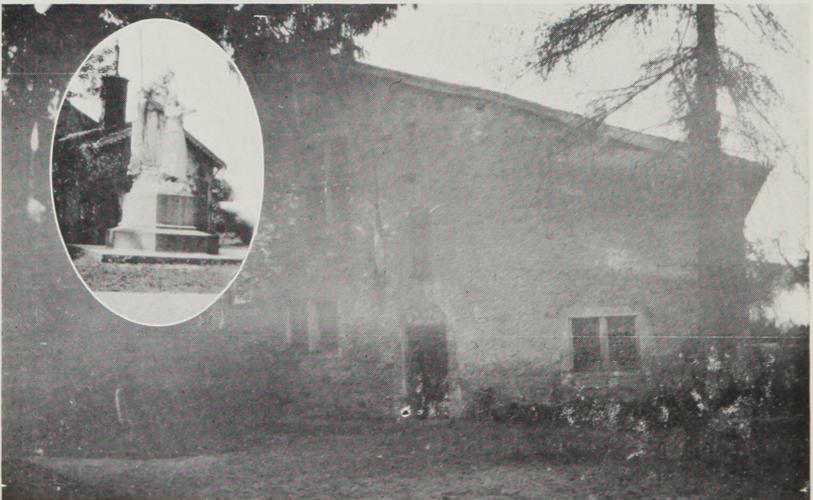
DOMREMY



ITUATED on the Meuse, in the province of Vosges, is a small village of perhaps one hundred souls, with nothing to distinguish it from innumerable other French villages of its size save the history of one of its early inhabitants. This village is called Domremy, and is the birth-place of Joan of Arc. Being in our neighborhood, there was scarcely a member of the staff or personnel who did not pay at least one visit to her shrine.

It is with a feeling of awe and reverence that one turns his steps through the quiet streets. To the average American it would seem that perhaps few changes had been wrought in the old village since that memorable day in February, 1429, when this simple maiden bade it farewell, never to return.

On asking to see her home, one was directed to an ancient abode of a story and a half, which, upon closer scrutiny was found to be in a fine state of preservation. Unlike most of the houses typical of the French village, it was not divided by a narrow hall running through the center, but on the ground floor there was one large living room with three smaller ones opening into it, an arrangement similar to that found in many American homes. In this connection, the term ground floor had a special significance in that the earth is its only constituent, made hard as rock by the pressure of innumerable feet for almost five centuries. After passing through the first room which contains little



A STATUE AND THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOAN OF ARC

furniture aside from the huge fire-place, one enters two smaller rooms, one of which was claimed to be the bed chamber of Joan. The upper floor with its bare oak rafters was probably used as a storeroom, but now remodelled and serves as a small museum, where are displayed banners presented by various French organizations, books and other records of her life and achievements and numerous articles of interest to the tourist.

Nearby stands the old village church, where she was a devout attendant. This building, which has been largely restored in recent years, differs but little from other village churches except for its stained glass windows, which beautifully portray Joan's short but eventful career.

About two kilometers west of Domremy on the hillside, where she watched her flocks, there stands a beautiful Basilica. This structure, recently erected by the people of France to the memory of their heroine, stands on the spot where it is believed she beheld her first vision and heard her "voices." On entering the building, we are struck by the magnificence of its interior. It is of Roman architecture. The two long sidewalls are covered by six large mural paintings by Royer, depicting the leading events of her career.

No matter what our views relative to the various motives ascribed to Joan of Arc, we cannot deny her a prominent place among the heroines of France. With this thought in mind we could not help but feel, on leaving this humble village, that we have been treading on sacred ground.

L. A. MANGAN

OUR EXPERIENCE WITH WILD BOAR



FRENCHMAN had told us there were boar back in the thickets about a mile from our hospital. Just before the Chateau Thierry drive, when business around the hospital was dull, we had leisurely strolled out to explore the surroundings and were plodding along an old road through a broken thicket when we got the first glimpse of these unknown animals. We examined their tracks which looked like deer to us. The old hunting fever began to come back. We knew of some (.45) pistols in camp and we started in that night to see how much hunting material we could accumulate. We gave strict orders to everyone working around the receiving ward to get all the rifle and pistol shells the

patients brought in and save for us. In a week we had enough ammunition to start an offensive on Metz, and for the next three weeks we were out looking for our big game without much success. We saw them a couple of times and discovered they really were deer, and we also heard what we thought were wild boar in the brush a couple of different times, but we never could get a shot with the exception of one time Devine was out alone and got a shot at the deer but missed. I accused him of getting Buck fever, but he refused to admit it, but it did give him the idea that perhaps the pistols weren't shooting straight, so we tried them out on a big beechnut tree. Right away I took back what I said and didn't blame him in the least for missing, so we resurrected an army rifle, which somewhat restored the old confidence, and I'm telling you it needed restoring for we had about given up hope.

I think it was about the fifth morning out that we ran across three deer feeding in a little opening. It was barely light, but I succeeded in knocking over a fine spike buck and probably would have gotten another one had I been familiar with the army rifle, but it stuck, and I had to watch two disappear in the brush.

We had several fine feeds from this and, of course, felt pretty proud; then we began to turn our efforts toward getting a boar. We simply had to get one. We trailed them, stalked them, laid out nights for them for the next two weeks without success. We found their wallows, but we couldn't find them—until one Sunday six of us were out and we ran on to a party of Frenchmen hunting with dogs.

The Frenchmen carry a stool to sit on when they hunt, and this is the way we found them, sitting on their stools waiting for the boar which the dogs had just jumped. The boar fooled the dogs about an hour in the thickets. The Frenchmen were shooting all around us with their shot guns. The boar finally started for the river about a mile away. I ran him a close second, getting there just as he was going up the bank on the other side. He looked like a cow to me. The first three shots hit him center, and he started to flounder back toward the water, then I cut his right hind leg off with a dum dum bullet. He certainly was hard to kill, and I was mighty thankful I was on the other side of the river, but with the aid of the current we finally got him out and I am sure he must have weighed four hundred pounds. It took the six of us two hours to carry him a mile to the hospital.

The meat we gave to different departments of the hospital before we tasted it. That night we cooked some and right away wanted to carry it all back to our tent. It certainly was fine. All I can say is that I don't think from now on my hunting expeditions will be entirely for deer.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS HARRY KACKLEY

OUR ONLY FIRE



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT has distinguished itself, and Base Hospital 46 feels much relieved. It needed to distinguish itself to atone for its past misdeeds, and in the light of events, seeing that it has more or less, probably saved us all from a fiery grave, we can forgive its sins. For what has it done since it was organized? It has posed for its photograph in front of the receiving ward. It has routed out the over-worked ward surgeon and the bored O. D. at inconvenient intervals, and, most of all, it has turned loose upon our buildings the dreaded waters of the Moose.

On a calm, quiet day, when all nature seemed to smile, the fire department came needlessly rushing up and deluged us with a stream of water, and such water! It would put to flight a covey of limburgers. Even the Bazoilles manure piles shuddered and cowered back into their corners, and for days thereafter the sprayed zone would be shunned for life could not exist within its limits. No one has ever discovered where that water came from, how it got there or how long it stayed, but no one doubts that the fire department and its chief are responsible.

But they put out our conflagration and saved our lives. How the fire started is still a mystery. It has been suggested that some one dropped a lighted match into one of the gasoline cans. That is impossible. If you disagree, try it yourself. Go to the commissary, buy a carton of matches and experiment. You take a box of fifty and begin. The first one breaks off close to the tip. The second one does the same. You drop it. The third one loses its head. You drop it. The fourth does the same—and so do you. You strike the fifth; lo, its head flies off and burns your coat. You don't need to drop it; you can hold on to the stick if you like while you mend your coat. You strike the sixth—and behold, a feeble, sickly flash illuminates the surrounding air—and disappears. Gingerly and carefully using all precautions by shading your hand and holding your breath, you strike the seventh; it sparks—it flames, it nearly burns—but at the crucial moment it gives a gasp and dies. And the mystery of what started the fire remains, unsolved.

THE O. D.



THIS IS the abbreviated title of a disliked job—for the officer of the day is one of those many necessary evils which the manual of the Medical Department thrusts upon the Reserve Corps officer. He doesn't quite see the real need for it or that the name is correct, for we have found the O. D. has more trouble and worry at night.

The tour begins at 9:00 a. m., by reporting at the Adjutant's office. Included in the day part of the job is a round of the wards to see that everything is moving smoothly or to hear troubles which he is supposed to report and have remedied. He admits patients any time during the 24 hours—is supposed to inspect all the meals of the personnel—to find out particularly as to waste of food.

Another tour of the wards is made after the night nurses are on duty to prescribe for patients who need attention and to figure out whether he will be able to dream peacefully through the night. And O. Ds. have been known to try any means of bribery possible to prevent being roused. For he is called often to assist in any emergency and to certify as to hour or cause of death.

Challenging of the guards after 11:00 p. m., is part of the night's routine. At first this often brought about amusing complications, owing to the ignorance of both parties as to the other fellows' rights and privileges. Later in the fall the round of the guard's posts became more hazardous because of ditches and mud holes and the guards could blacken many an officer's character by reporting verbatim some of the language provoked by these natural hazards.

The hardest single chore in the O. D.'s life was attending reveille. It wasn't so bad in the summer when the sun was an early riser, too, but getting up at 6:00 a. m., in the dark, especially after a hasty call or two to the wards in the wee sma' hours, was no joke. So here's to the first courageous O. D. who heard the bugle and then rolled over for an extra hour.

 THE CENSOR

A CENSOR is a scoundrel, one upon whom descend the wrath of the entire populace. From morning until night is heard the cries of the multitudes demanding his deliverance into their hands.

He lives in seclusion during the day, venturing forth only at night.

His life is a free and pleasant one, and knows no care.

His duties are of the lightest. He is expected to censor daily only the amount of mail that may conveniently be carried on a five-ton truck.

Every evening—about 7:30—a truck-load of mail is delivered to each officer's room for the purpose of being censored.

The early hour of delivery was inaugurated to facilitate the speedy accomplishment of the work, in order to provide ample time for a few games of "Authors" before retiring.

Articles submitted to the censor are numerous and varied—everything from ladies' dainty combinations of pink and blue silk to those cute little French locomotives.

It is very difficult, especially for the young unmarried officers, to pass judgment upon some of these articles, so in many instances they are referred to the older and more experienced married men.

Censoring is an irksome, but necessary duty and all concerned will hail with gladness its abolition.

In years to come—in civil life—the temptation to write "Censored by" in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope will indeed be strong, and many of us will perhaps yield. So if some morning you find a letter on your desk with the familiar inscription overlook the irregularity—the writer was once upon a time in the A. E. F.

J. H. JOHNSON, Captain D. C.,
Chief Censor B. H. 46



BOCHE PRISONERS IN GRAVEL PIT

HISTORY OF THE HOSPITAL FOLLOWING THE
ARMISTICE

ARTHUR S. ROSENFELD



NOVEMBER 11, 1918, found Base Hospital 46 with a capacity of 2300 beds and only 351 patients to occupy them. The hospital had been evacuated and its emergency capacity increased in preparation for an offensive that never occurred. The signing of the armistice forestalled plans for a drive east of Metz—one that in its immensity would have surpassed any previously executed in our sector. So we rested on our oars, and awaited developments, thinking our work was practically over and there was nothing to do but board a train for a base port and home. The period of relative inactivity that ensued was one of the most trying in our experience. The practical cessation of work gave time for thought and the flight of imagination. It can truly be said that we lived on rumors and speculation during this period, although practically none had the slightest foundation on fact. Minds formerly occupied with caring for the sick and wounded were now free to turn to thoughts of home. This created a susceptible soil for the rumor sowers who thrived as never before. But despite the fact that “the entire center was to be abandoned by the New Year” and that “46 was on the list for early return to the United States,” patients continued to come into Bazoilles by train or truck, and we received our share of them. There was, however, a notable and gratifying difference from pre-armistice convoys in that these men included no freshly wounded or gassed. They were mostly medical cases and old surgical cases that were being passed down the line from field, camp and evacuation hospitals. Meanwhile those of our original staff who had been away on surgical teams and other detached duty began to come back to us. It was not long before our mess tables looked much as they did in the pioneer days at Bazoilles.

When it became evident that we were not to spend Christmas in New York and that one might be gone several days without being left behind by the departing unit, attention of officers, nurses and personnel became focused on the privilege of taking “leave.” There was a wild scramble for the various open leave areas and the members of Base Hospital 46 scattered over the map of France as fast as French trains could carry them. Paris, Nice, Marseilles, Monte Carlo, Rouen, Nancy, Grenoble and Gerardmere were the places most favored. Pay checks and bank notes melted as chaff before the wind, but the wanderers

returned to the fold with new ideas of France—ideas that Bazoilles did not typify.

The month of November marked the beginning of the disintegration of the unit. Some of the personnel were ordered to Savenay early in the month and just before Thanksgiving, fourteen of our nurses were detached for temporary duty at Beaune. Captain Dillehunt and Lieutenant Palmer signified their intention of taking up reconstruction work and toward the middle of December, they were ordered to hospitals near Bordeaux.

Patients continued to pour into the hospital center. With the congestion and blocking of the base ports, evacuation of patients from the advanced zone hospitals became retarded. Our census therefore rose rapidly until we were caring for 700 patients just before Christmas. This stimulated interest and enthusiasm on the part of the unit members who preferred to work during their wait for orders. Between Christmas and New Year our three chiefs of service—Majors Benson, Knox and Joyce—left us for home; Major Otis Wight became chief of the Medical Service, and Major William Skene, chief of the Surgical Service.

As if to make a fitting windup for the year of 1918 and a real stimulus for a New Year jollification, word was given us on the evening of December 31, that the unit had been ordered to prepare for return to the States. Evacuation Hospital 28 was coming to relieve us and we were to put our property in shape to hand over to the incoming organization. This was truly joyful news with which to start the year of 1919.

Things now began to happen fast in the unit. The hospital was completely inventoried and put in condition for our successors. Barracks, quarters and mess facilities were prepared in anticipation of their arrival. On January 4, Evacuation Hospital No. 21, which was to relieve Base Hospital 42, arrived in Bazoilles and we felt sure that our relief would soon put in its appearance. Those of our staff who had signified their willingness to remain in France, as well as those officers who were not of our original unit, were ordered to report for duty at Provisional Hospital No. 1, which was to take over the premises and patients of Base Hospital No. 18. This list included Majors Koch and Robison, Captain Earle and Lieutenants West, Patton and Bouldin. Orders to return home as "casuals" were received on January 9 by Captains Macomber and Morse and Lieutenants Blair and Daves. They left us on January 13 for Angers. On January 9 those of our nurses who had been on detached duty at Beaune were returned to us.

All of our casual enlisted personnel were detached from us on January 10, and ordered to report for duty at Provisional Hospital No. 1.

On January 18, we received orders to evacuate our hospital completely the next day. At 10:30 a. m., on January 19, we began removing our 410 patients to the other hospitals of the center. By 5:30 p. m. Base Hospital No. 46 was empty for the first time since July 23. The hospital records were taken to G. H. Q. at Tours on January 22 by the Registrar and this delivery officially closed the career of the hospital.

The detachments immediately started to take down and dry our 72 tent sections. By performing this tremendous task in three days they won the praise and admiration of all. Medical supplies were checked, assembled and crated preparatory to handing over to the center. Property release was obtained on February 6. On February 1, five of our medical officers were detached and ordered to Evacuation Hospital No. 21 for duty. The list included Captain Ziegelman and Lieutenants Kelley, Scott, Mars and MacKenzie. Captain Selling left the unit on February 19 under orders to report to Savenay for duty and return home with convoy. Captain Dillehunt rejoined the unit on February 20. Many of our nurses who desired to remain in service were put on duty at Base Hospital 18 and Provisional Base Hospital No. 1. Four more of the personnel volunteered for duty with the Headquarters of the Third Army and left for Coblenz.

On February 25 the unit was taken from a list of six base hospitals, which were being held in reserve, and placed on the priority sailing list. Finally, on March 6, after weeks of tedious waiting, we received our preliminary orders requesting a statement as to the strength of our entire command and as to the earliest date at which we could be ready to leave for a base port and embarkation. A reply was sent to Embarkation Headquarters that we could leave by March 10. On March 17, Captain Hynson with three of the personnel left for Nantes to act as billeting officers for the unit. The next day brought us the long expected orders to leave for the coast port, and accordingly, on March 19, the remainder of the officers, nurses and personnel entrained at Bazoilles at 11 p. m., for the start home.

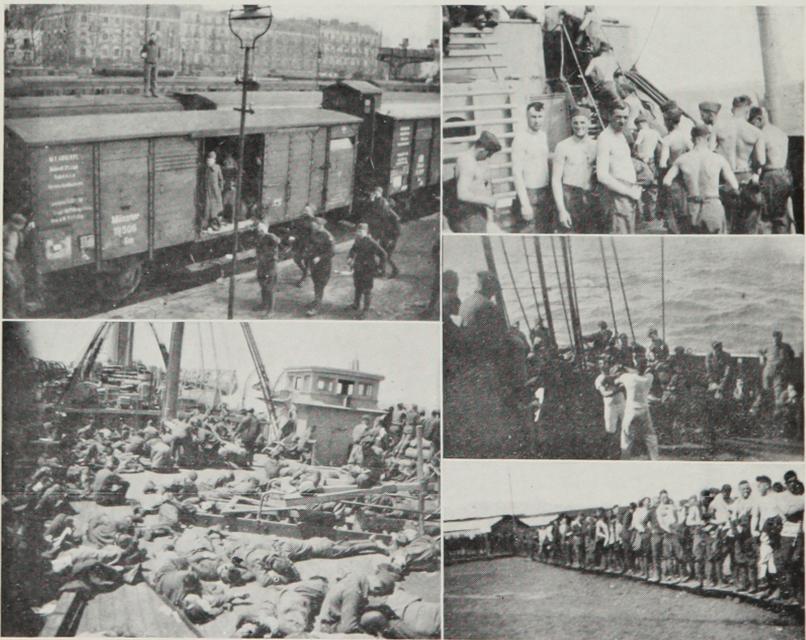
The hardships of this sixty-hour ride on a poor French train were lightened materially by the knowledge that at last we were homeward bound. We arrived at Nantes on the morning of March 22. Here our nurses left us for their billet in Lebaule—a beautiful resort near the mouth of the Loire River. The rest of the train was shunted over to Bouguenais, a very picturesque Brittany village eight kilometers out-



Top—Chateau Headquarters, Bougarnais. Upper Right—Leaving Train. Middle Right—Windmill for grain. Left—Inspection of Equipment. Lower Right—One of the Personnel Billets

side of Nantes, where the officers and personnel were billeted awaiting orders to board the transport. We spent a delightful three weeks in this area, occupying the time with outdoor sports, sightseeing and visiting the historical city of Nantes. The headquarters of the hospital and the officers' mess were located in the stately Chateau Beauvoir. During our stay there preliminary inspections were held and "paper work" was brought up to date. Under command of Major Skene our nurses sailed from Brest on April 9 and landed in New York for final discharge. Two days after they sailed, the unit was ordered to proceed to St. Nazaire for embarkation. After what seemed an endless amount of inspection, transfer from camp to camp, delousing and another infinite amount of paper work we finally reached the momentous day when we were to board the boat. On account of lack of first-class accommodations we were forced to leave behind seven officers who were to follow on the next transport. On Easter Sunday at 1 p. m., we walked the gang plank of the good ship *Finland* and once again set foot on American soil. By midnight we were out of sight of the coast of France.

The crossing was uneventful. Sports, games, concerts and entertainments helped to while away the ten days. There was very little sea-



Upper left—Our train at Nantes. Lower left—A lazy day on the *Finland*. Upper right—Cootie Inspection. Middle right—Boxing on *Finland*. Lower right—Line up for inspection at St. Nazaire



Left and upper right—Embarking on Finland at St. Nazaire. Middle right—Mine Sweeper. Lower right—New York City

sickness because the boat was unusually steady and the ocean smooth. On April 30, at 5 p. m., we caught our first glimpse of the good old U. S. A., arriving in New York harbor that evening. The next morning our transport moved up to Hoboken, where we disembarked and boarded the train for Camp Merritt. Here we were subjected to another long wait occasioned by a lack of transportation. Captain Bouvy obtained his discharge from this camp and Major Dillehunt was detached for special work at Walter Reed Hospital. Several of the detachment also were discharged during this period. On May 15 we boarded the train for Camp Lewis, where we arrived five days later after an uneventful trip. The four days following saw the final disintegration of Base Hospital 46 as the men received their discharges and left for their homes.

At various times during the summer months officers, nurses and members of the detachment who had been away from the unit for duty, special army work or university courses abroad, returned home, each with interesting accounts of his or her experiences. The members of the unit will always take pride in the work done by the organization in the War for Democracy and rejoice in their good fortune at having been able to contribute their "bit." And thus ends the story of U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 46.

MY BULLY BEEF

The meals I've eaten you, dear beef,
 Are as a nightmare to my mind.
 I used to squirm and turn pale at the thought,
 But now—I am resigned.

You're made up into balls and hash,
 You're camouflaged in pies and stew.
 Although a brave and fearless army nurse,
 I've wept a tear—or two.

You've turned my stomach inside out,
 You've made me both to sigh and frown.
 But after many months I now have learned
 To keep you down—dear beef—to keep you down.



WHAT THE WAR-TIME ROAD SAID TO ME

The war-time road was a mighty thing,
With all the "pep" of the Yankee swing.
They put the whip that was needed there,
As they put in the whip most everywhere.
A part of the Yankee moving show,
Was the Yankee saying, "Come on, let's go."
As I watched them passing night and day,
The war-time road to me did say,
Let's end it.

It was sort of a weird, uncanny thing,
Was the war-time road with the Yankee swing.
It gripped my soul and it held me there,
But all I could do was stand and stare.
The truest pride I have ever had,
Was the one that came for the Yankee lad,
As I watched him going on his way,
And the war-time road to me did say,
Let's end it.

The war-time road was an endless chain,
 Of motor trucks of every name,
 The artillery manned with the Yankee force,
 We hear it called the "Iron Horse."
 Most every part of the war machine,
 Upon the war-time road was seen.
 I am sorry for you, who did not see,
 The war-time road as it said to me,
 Let's end it.

Upon the war-time road I stood,
 When the fighting was hot in the Argonne Wood,
 Upon the road the doughboys came,
 In a never ceasing, endless chain;
 They are the men who to you can tell,
 If there is truth in the saying, "War is Hell."
 They all went by with spirits gay,
 And the war-time road had cause to say,
 Let's end it.

The war-time road to me was sad,
 I know a Mother, perhaps a Dad,
 Was praying, "God keep my Yankee lad;
 Give him strength to see it through;
 Give him the will to dare and do."
 The prayer, I think, was an answered call,
 With a concerted force they ended it all,
 The war-time road spoke a message true,
 They ended it.

—*Pearl V. Longwell*



THE ARMY NURSE

"Man works from Sun to Sun,
 But woman's work is never done."
 The saying, we admit, is trite,
 But the Army Nurse will swear it's right.

After Don blows reveille,
The Night Supe comes along,
And plays a plaintive melody
Upon her silver gong.

Then sighs and groans and curses
Pervade the early dawn.
We get up because we have to,
And put our grey crepe on.

We aren't half ready, ever
When we hear another gong,
So we hurry to the mess hall,
To be landed on by John.

For though we should be soldiers,
It grieves one much to state,
That nine times out of ten times,
To breakfast we are late.

Once more back to our quarters
We don caps, cuffs and collars,
Then saunter gaily to our ward
To earn our seventy dollars.

There's medicine, there are dressings,
There are scores of beds to make,
There are nourishments to fuss with,
There are temperatures to take.

Those things, so the book says,
Uncle Sam is paying for,
But any nurse will tell you
There are twenty thousand more.

There are pictures of the folks at home,
We feel we must admire,
There are stories of "The Only Girl,"
Of which we never tire.

There are arguments to settle,
There are letters we help to write,
There are chevrons to be sewn on,
There are cigarettes to light.

We know we all resemble,
 Someone he knew back there,
 And sometimes we must lecture him
 'Bout living "On the square."

And when the evening finds us,
 Saying our "Goodnight" to them,
 We aren't one-half so weary
 As we were at 6 a. m.



THOSE FLIES

It wasn't the bombs that we minded,
 The planes of the Huns and all that.
 It wasn't the work with the wounded,
 On hard beds in our wet tents we sat
 Never thinking of hardships or troubles.
 But, oh, the real pests of our lives
 Were those pesky old buzzing black creatures,
 Those horrible flies, flies, flies.

We met them first thing in the morning
 When they buzzed us awake with the sun.
 Last thing in the evening they kissed us goodnight,
 When our hard day's work was done.
 They met us at work in the surgery,
 Or resting outside 'neath the trees,
 And what they couldn't do to annoy us,
 They left to their comrades, the bees.

In the darkened old mess tent thrice daily,
 We battled with both in the heat.
 On our dark granite plates they would smuggle away,
 To greet us when starting to eat.
 In our coffee they'd drop, in the syrup they'd flop.
 We ate them in hash and in pies.
 Some flavor, no doubt, but I'd as soon be without
 The flavor of hornets and flies.

Would we chance to have sweets with our dinner,
 Some apple sauce, peaches or jell,
 'Twas a fight with the hornets to get a small taste,
 Without tasting hornets as well.
 By steadily waving one hand in the air,
 We sometimes could sneak in a piece,
 But we usually lost in the battle at last,
 And left it behind for the bees.

In our surgery flies knew no meaning for sterile,
 And wiped their feet off on our tables and gauze.
 They'd walk on the patient, the nurse or the surgeon,
 No respectors of persons or feelings or laws.
 In the Dakin's Solution many drowned every day,
 And the alcohol cost many lives.
 But for each one departed a dozen more came,
 So we never were lonesome for flies.



THE LAUNDRY OF BAZOILLES

Ah Sing Low and Sling Ton High
 They ran a laundry at Bazoilles.
 Did Sling Ton High and Ah Sing Low.

Now in Bazoilles before they came
 The Frogs had charge of the laundry game.
 "Their antiquated ways are slow,"
 Said Sling Ton High and Ah Sing Low.

"They dip our soclets long and loose
 In the stagnant slime of the River Moose,
 Or drop our perfumed O. D. blouse
 In the sloppy pools of the laundry house.

"Betimes they soak our lingerie
 In the puddled highways of Bazwie,
 Where the water drains from the piled manure,
 And expect that the washing will come out pure."

So Ah Sing Low and Sling Ton High
 Determined that their luck they'd try.
 They'd try their hand at the laundry game
 With the hope of sublimating same.

They hired an artist Lup Ton Lee,
 To paint them a sign on the Launderie.
 The sign he painted—the names still show—
 Read Sling Ton High and Ah Sing Low.

He painted a hole, 'twas true and square:
 You could drop your laundry packages there.
 And the Chinese words scrawled one by one
 Told in glowing terms how the work was done.

They washed his sox for a month or more
 To pay for the sign on the laundry door.
 (He had just one pair in his trousers lean,
 So he'd go to bed while they washed them clean.)

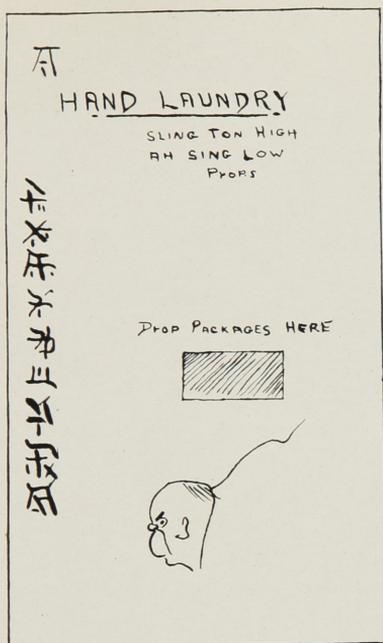
Before they bid for the laundry trade,
 That the Bazoilles Hospital Center made
 They tried their skill on their own laundry,
 For they wanted to see what they should see.

They saved up their washing for one long moon,
 For less than a month would not be soon
 Enough for a wholesale working test,
 At which they determined to do their best.

From the list appended you'll deduce,
 They changed their clothes at the least excuse.
 Their friends remarked that they looked quite sleek
 For they put clean sox on every week.

CHINESE LAUNDRY 46
 PRICES MODEST
 LAUNDRY LIST

- 1 Shirt, O. D.
- 2 Towels and Stocks
- 2 Union Suits and 16 Sox.



They borrowed some soap (it was thin and frail);
 They borrowed a wash board and a pail.
 They were determined to make things fly
 Were Ah Sing Low and Sling Ton High.

The Chinese pair with purpose grim,
 (The names, of course, are a nom de plume).
 Started to work at the rise of the sun,
 But neglected to reckon that dyes will run.

A pair of sox of a navy shade
 Specially dyed for the Army trade,
 Gave its color with fancy free
 To the lingering balance of the lingerie.

A towel which should have been pure white,
 Like sprinkled snow on a starry night,
 Displayed a pallid shade of blue
 With brownish spots where the dirt showed through.

The shirts O. D. were mottled and tanned
As if by a futurist artist planned;
A tone that a connoisseur might compare
To a brindled mauve with a purplish glare.

The things we cannot call by name
(Our modesty forbids the same)
Were an undetermined Alice blue
Which camouflaged their native hue.

The air of the room was a bluish shade;
Blue was the mess that they had made.
They swore they never again would try
Did Ah Sing Low and Sling Ton High.

So endeth the tale of the business go
Of Sling Ton High and Ah Sing Low.
And the laundry game though in high esteem
Has faded out of their color scheme.

And now again with ghoulish glee
The Frogs get hold of the launderie.
They wash it clean and scrub it pure
In the Bazoilles extract of manure.



L'ENVOI

So it isn't the doses of quinine,
And it isn't the "C. C. pills,"
Nor the iodine pictures we've painted
That have cured the most of their ills.

It's the fact that we look like their sweethearts,
Or scold them just like their old dads,
Or mend their torn shirts just like Mother
That has cured many homesick young lads.

—*Marjorie MacEwan*

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