AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A DOCTOR'S LIFE

WILFID HAUGHEY, M.D.

In the memory of men my age and older who have been a part of this active world.

I am an unpretentious and unspectacular doctor of medicine who has had special opportunities of observation, who has lived through an era in world progress and medical progress and who has been a part, however small, of evolutionary forces that have made the world more intelligent, and, hopefully, better. There is a mass of facts and material that is available of which most will be lost in a few years.

As a child I groped and wondered about things of the past, about people in other places and times and wondered what my own ancestry might have been, only to inquire and be put off. This was because my parents didn't know and had never had the opportunity to find out.

This sense of futility prompts making some of these facts available to my own children, and to those interested enough to wish to read these pages. Man is the product of his ancestors and environs. If he knows what has gone into his making, if it is good, and if opportunity knocks, there should be no end to his advancement and accomplishments.

Many is the time I have wondered about the origin of names, their meaning, and especially my own, as it is such an apparently uncommon one. It took many years and much study to learn about the name. The facts will be given here, the study and research later.

The family is Irish and as a child, I thought, without graces. However the name Haughey comes from the 51st King if Ulster, Eochaidha, (pronounced awhay), who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014, fighting under High King Brian Boru to rid Ireland of the Danes. The name comes from the Celtic word "Eoch" a horse and a man, a mounted Knight. Under Milesian Irish laws and customs the son took a name signifying his father. That is the "O" and the "Mac". Our name first became UI, changed to Oh, and later O'h. The successive changes were Ui-Eochaidha, Oh-Eochaidha, O'Heochaidha. Then the anglicizing began and the last syllable became Ey—O'Heochey. As language develops "c" and "g" are often interchangeable and we have O'Heoghey. In the course of time the vowels and diphthongs also change "eo" to "au" and we have O'Haughey. Then the "o" was dropped under English duress at the time of the "pale" and to retain their property.

Rory Mac Dunsleibhe O'h-Eochaidha was the fifty-fourth and last recognized King of Ulster. He was driven out by Sir John De Coursey about 1117 and settled on a small patrimony in County Down, Newry. As a means of conquering the natives, and as an exodus to forfeit their lands, it was ordered that no tenure should stand when Irish names or language prevailed. Therefore, it became necessary to droop the Gaelic

Spelling. A map of about 1650 shows O'Heoghey and O"haughey in this area. Later this spelling was changed because late in the 18th century we found Patrick "Haughey" living on a few acres on the Crown land of Cargochbawn, parish of Donaghmore, Barony of Upper Ivaagh, near Newry, County Down. He was born in 1751, married Nancy Skivington, and died in 1826. Luke was the second of five sons and one daughter, born 1788 and married Nancy Rogers. He had twelve children, four of whom died young and eight lived to be over ninety. In 1838 he followed his tenth child, Luke R. to America and settled near what is now Lockport, Illinois, where he died in 1860. Luke R. Haughey was born near Lough Erne seven miles north of Newry, County Down, Ireland. May 12 1820. The child was destined through a long life to see much of tragedy and stirring events. Hen but six years of age it was his misfortune to see his grandfather, Patrick Haughey, fall dead at his feet, and to run screaming into the house to give the alarm. Before he was ten, his father sent him for a sojourn in Scotland that he might avoid being called as a witness to a murder he has seen committed by a man walking near him in a funeral procession. But when eighteen, stress of times and force of circumstances caused him to leave Ireland and seek a home and livelihood in the then new world of America. Of his career in the United States, the land of his adoption, Washington Gardner, Ex U. S. Congressman, and at the primaries of 1916 candidate for Governor of the State if Michigan, writes in his "History of Calhoun County", as follows:

> "When he landed in the United States, the Erie Canal across the State of New York to Buffalo, was in course of construction, then deemed a stupendous engineering feat, and the youth secured work and was more or less so employed as a canal laborer until 1846. In the meanwhile his sisters had acquired homes ay Joliet, Illinois, and it was while on a visit to them that he was given a position as lock tender on the canal at that point and there joined other young men when war with Mexico demanded that a military force should be sent to the border. He became a member of Company D, Sixth United States Infantry, which command was hurried to the front and landed at point Isabel, near Vera Cruz, and then marched over land to join the forces of General Winfield Scott, at Puebla. The first real battle in which Mr. Haughey took part was at Contreras, where the American troops overcame the Mexicans and then marched on to Churubusco. The victories which followed the American Army and the distinction which was won by its commanders, are matters of history, but the heroism and valor which made conquest possible, can never all be completely told.

> "With the victorious army under General Scott went Private Haughey and it was in storming the defenses of the city of Mexico at Chapultepec that he won admiration from his comrades for his daring. Perhaps there have been few more gallant and courageous attacks, in any subsequent war, than that made on the castle of Chapultepec. This fortification guarding the gateway to the capitol of Mexico, was located on a high rock and its situation, with its mighty stone parapets bristling with cannon, was supposed to be impregnable. Nevertheless, it was apparent to General Scott that the castle must be reached, and among the 500 men chosen from his command, on account of their own intrepidity, was Private Luke R. Haughey. He was one of the 100 volunteers who, with a ladder on his back, in the face of artillery, rushed up the hillside and planted his ladder against the rocks. With a rush, he and his comrades scaled the wall and fell on the surprised Mexicans. The party had planned that half of the number should run across the inside of the garrison, and close the gates before the Mexicans could escape while the troops were entering on the other side, and Mr. Haughey was one of the number who

accomplished this dangerous mission, following some of the fleeing Mexicans into the city where he was captured. He became a marked man and had his capture been effected otherwise than on the day before General Scott too possession of the city of Mexico, he might not be living today in his ninety-second year, to modestly recall these historic days (1892).

"As a Mexican soldier, Mr. Haughey, after his two years of service, was entitled to a bounty of 160 acres of government land, and this he proceeded to locate in the northeastern part of Kalamazoo County, Michigan. On this land he built a log house and having been married some years previously, moved his family on it. In spite of this attempt at improvement, it was a wild and lonely spot. As a farmer, Mr. Haughey was not particularly successful, never having been trained to agricultural pursuits and having a natural love of adventure and somewhat of a roving spirit as so often is combined with great physical courage. In 1861, when a call resounded throughout the country for the gathering again of a great military force, Mr. Haughey found it irresistible and a few months afterward, enrolled his name as a member of Company H, Seventh Michigan Volunteer Cavalry (under General Scott Custer).

"Before he left for the front, he moved his wife and three children back to their home in Kalamazoo, with the thought that in town she could better bear his absence and care for their little ones. This, however, did not prove to be the case, for times were hard and although her courage and resourcefulness never failed, she soon realized that she must return to the desolate farm and there try in some way to provide food and raiment. None will ever fully know the heroism of her life. She strove and struggled with the wind, weather, sickness and misfortune but with it all never lost her beautiful faith in an all-seeing and loving Heavenly Father, whose protecting care she daily, yes hourly, sought for her children. These children naturally, in their early years, had but meager educational opportunities, but this lack she patiently supplied as far as was in her power. The religious faith she implanted has never left them and they acknowledge its controlling force in their lives. The absence of her husband and his constant position of danger, was a source of constant distress and a son has tenderly and vividly told to others of his recollections of her, when she would return to the waiting family with a letter from her husband, after a walk of sixteen miles, to the post office and back, to secure the precious message telling of his safety.

"Mr. Haughey bravely and cheerfully performed a soldier's duties and during his three years of campaigning was never wounded, never sick for one day and was never out of the ranks for any purpose. He served in the army of the Potomac, under such commanders as Custer, Kilpatrick and Sheridan – great warriors all- and was present on many notable occasions, was in the battle of the wilderness, participated in the mighty struggle and slaughter at Gettysburg, saw General Sheridan dash into Winchester, and witnessed the surrender of Appomattox. With many testimonials as to his valor as a soldier and with the rank of First Sergeant, Mr. Haughey returned once more to private life but scarcely remained long enough to take up home responsibilities before he joined his old commander, General Custer, in the west and took part in the Indian warfare that

> antedated the peaceful settlement of our western frontiers. He remained in the west for some time, fortunately returning just prior to the great tragedy on the Rosebud.
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> Upon his return once more to his farm he again endeavored to adjust himself to agricultural life but it was difficult to gain the right perspective after so many years of absence and soldiering and his efforts at farming and stock raising did not succeed. A man may be the highest type of success in one career while in another he may be a complete failure. The time came when this hero of 130 battles was dependent upon his government pension as his sole independent source of income, a pension justly earned and all too small in consideration of his pubic services.
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> " In 1850, at Kalamazoo, Michigan, Luke R. Haughey was married to Miss Mary Talbot who was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland, February 11, 1834, and died in Kalamazoo, Michigan, October 2, 1906, when aged seventy-two years. Her father was a man of comfortable means in Ireland but was led to believe that the United States offered still better advantages for his children. Hence, in 1838, he disposed of his possessions in County Kilkenny, with his family came to America, and located in what was then the small hamlet of Bronson, which has developed into the city of Kalamazoo. In many ways both he and his wife were unprepared for the conditions that met them and in a short time both died, five chi8lden surviving them, Mrs. Haughey being then eleven years old.
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> "Through misplaced confidence she never received any portion of the forty acre farm her father had bought and improved. From the above early age until her marriage she provided for her own necessities while attending school, and as a young woman was noted for her beauty, her household capacity, and her deep seated piety, a fervent, trustful and devoted member of the Roman Catholic Church until the close of her life. Mr. And Mrs. Haughey passed the anniversary of their fiftieth year of marriage but no celebration was held as at that time the health of Mrs. Haughey was precarious.
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> "The life of Mr. Haughey has bridged a great span in the history of his country, and venerable as he is, he still takes a keen interest in all that concerns its welfare, not deeming himself any hero but, nevertheless, our present peace and prosperity rest on just what such men accomplished in their earlier days."

Four years after the above was written, this life, so filled with tragedy, strife and stirring events, surrounded by its children and their families, and fortified by all the consolation that faith and religion can give to the believer – passed away quietly and peacefully back to its giver from whence it came and to, we trust, a reunion with her who in earthly wedlock bore his name and his children. She had preceded him ten years and of her the writer loves to think in the language of an anonymous author:

“When God who made us all had finished his Heaven,
    And completed His crowns of purest gems;
He took from each its brightest jewel and with His
    Holy hands, He formed an everlasting diadem
And named it –MOTHER.”

Dr William Henry Haughey was the second child and elder son of Luke R. and Mary Talbot Haughey, born in Kalamazoo July 6, 1856. His earliest years were spent on the farm his father located as a bounty for two years of Mexican War service. This was 160 acres of poor land largely in the great swamp passing through the northern part of Kalamazoo County. There are several small lakes, Hamilton, Haughey (?). a brook and wooded land, swales, marshes and rolling hard land.

The Haughey farm was partly cleared but poorly provided for the family. When Luke enlisted in the Civil War as top Sergeant, he moved his family back to Kalamazoo, but his wife soon had to return to the farm. Henry, as he was called, was about six years old when he had to ride horse back a circuitous route to Yorkville at the foot of Gull lake to get the family food order issued by the government for the families of its soldiers, make purchases of flour and a few staples and carry them back by saddle bag about seven miles, much of the way through wilderness. Sometimes he had to get the order then to Augusta for purchases, or to cash the order, then back. This would usually be a two-day journey, and a great responsibility for a boy six to nine years old as he was when the war was over and his father returned home.

The family lived on the farm and in Kalamazoo intermittently. Luke again going to war against the Indians with Custer, but that term of enlistment expired six weeks before the tragedy of the Little Big Horn. There were many soldiers’ enlistments expiring about that time so Sergeant Haughey was placed in command of the detachment and took them to St. Louis, MO., where they were mustered out. Sergeant Luke came home and to the farm.

One day a neighbor, John Tyler, who had soldiered with Mr. Haughey came back from town with a long face and dragging steps and Luke hailed him. The answer came back, “Luke, Custer is dead.” Luke’s reply was, “That damned Reno.” I have heard this story from my father who stood close by and there never was any more to it. These old soldiers seemed to know where to look for danger.

Finally the farm was lost on a mortgage and the family went back to town where Mrs. Haughey set up a boarding house. That is where my memory of her first begins.

“Henry” Haughey had had a little formal schooling, as he could get it. His mother tutored him as she could, but he was a natural student. At nineteen he began teaching school, thirteen terms in Kalamazoo, Calhoun and Van Buren rural schools. At twenty-two, when he began to consider getting married, he bought the old farm back paying down 20% and mortgaging for the rest.

He took his bride, Elizabeth Eunice Converse, daughter of a very prosperous farmer, William H. Converse, to the old log cabin on the poor swamp farm with no close neighbors except one family over the hill. The father of this family one day climbed a tree to cut off a limb, straddled it, cut it off and broke his neck in the fall. One of the boys of this family some years later tried to follow my father and some others hunting, got lost, and was gone for many years. He became the wild man of the swamp who was occasionally seen at a distance, or who used to steal chickens and pigs to eat. He was a legend figure for over ten years. Several years later a call came from the Sheriff at Hastings that they had a prisoner, a wild man. My father went up, identified him and brought him home. In those days there were wild turkey, pigeon in great quantities, and wild hog in the swamp and they helped to supply the larder.

All this time Henry Haughey had wanted to study medicine. He had a cousin, Stephen O'Brien, who had done so. At odd times he read anatomy, physiology and then in the course of time made arrangements with the old Dr. Fisher in Augusta to study with him. This continued intermittently for several years before Henry felt he could go to school. Teaching had continued and the children began to come. I was the oldest, born August 10, 1880, Charles in 1882 on Thanksgiving Day and Anna 1884 on Good Friday.

The only memories of the old home are a large hole in the front yard that was intended for a cellar to a new hme someday and the cut off stump of an old cherry tree that went to make a table, still in the family. About this time the farm was traded toward one two miles up the road near Hamilton Lake, better land, a frame house and a good barn larger than the house. This was quite an advance from the old log house sifting in snow between the logs and the lean-to barn that was scarcely any shelter. This was the Reese place and has a few memories. First, my father was away at college and my Uncle Charles came to live with us. He had a bobsled and I can remember the impatience with which we children waited for him to file and polish the runners before we could go sliding.

One day in the winter we were called early to go someplace. I remember dragging out of bed sleepily in the dark, an upstairs room with the stovepipe running through to the brick chimney that started in the attic. This was supposed to supply a little warmth. When we came home much later in the day and started a hot fire, the house filled with smoke, which seemed to be seeping down around the stovepipe. We found a good start of a fire in an old comforter that had been left against the stovepipes. The hot fire started it. That was a close call. I wanted to open the windows to get the smoke out and could not understand why my mother would not let me.

Hamilton Lake was across the road and east a quarter mile over a hill and down a sandy slope. The young men of the neighborhood had many contests and arguments, one being the depth of the lake and who could dive the deepest. My father was a ball player, a pitcher until he broke a finger, so was always open for any athletic contest. One day they decided to sound that lake. They took a cord forty feet long and tied a float to it. Each contestant was to take one end of the cord in his mouth and dive until he pulled the float under. No one succeeded until father decided that it could not be done by diving, so he dove in and swam down until he felt the float pull under. His lungs were about bursting, but he kept on. When he came up, he came out of water beyond his hIps.

That winter I attended Hamilton school about two miles east across the county line. I had a little sled that I took to the Abraham Hamilton place, my mother's uncle, about half a mile, after which one of the big boys dragged me the rest of the way. I can just remember the snow banks and going to school – no other details.

Medical College in the 1880's consisted ot three years study of six months each, all classes hearing the same lectures. If one had studied with a "proctor", a doctor who allowed a student to stay around the office, do odd jobs, study, etc., they gave a certificate which was equivalent to the first year's school. When Henry Haughey decided he was ready for college he went to Detroit and tried to enter. He needed a certificate from the old Dr. Fisher, so wrote him for it. Dr. Fisher replied that if he were paid the cost of that year that would be saved, he would issue the certificate. Father did not have the money, so took that letter to the good Dean and asked him what to do. The Dean said, "This is your certificate", and entered him as a junior. This junior year was spent in school while the family was at the Reese place. During the year father was ill, gallstone, colic, and had to come home a little early. He passed that stone and kept it in a little bottle all his life. Mother still has it.

Before going back to school in the fall of 1887, the Reese place was sold to finance school and to keep the family, now numbering four children. We came to Battle Creek and rented a home at 141 North Ave. Memories of that old home and life there are not many. Walter Raynes, mail carrier, lived next door. He was in my office this summer as a patient (1939). He carried our mail at home for about thirty years.

One spring day there was an electrical storm and I remember very well a terrific shock. The boys in the neighborhood chased it up and found where a lightning rod on the north side of the Wattles home (now occupied by Frank Beckman) was burned leaving a big hole in the ground. This was my first introduction to lightning rods and it was quite mystifying.

Father came home from college that spring and in the summer the older boys went out to Grandma Converse's to spend some of the summer. One day we were talking and Grandma happened to mention that Uncle Will had a very poor right eye, couldn't see well with it. I promptly asked, "Is he left handed?" Grandma said, "What difference does that make?" "Well, my left eye is no good and I am right handed, right eye, right handed; left eye, left handed." One question led to another and they promptly brought me back to town. I was taken to an Optician, all they had in those days, and tested for glasses, finding the left eye 3.5 diopters hyperopic and amblyopic, the right eye 2.5 diopters myopic and the useful eye. A new world was opened up for I began to see everything that always had been a blur before.

The family moved over to South Union Street and during the year father developed typhoid fever. He was a struggling young doctor trying to establish a practice and having a hard time. He had practically used up his entire farm, and this illness completed the wreck, almost completed him. It was a very severe case. He finally recovered and had to borrow to help get started. His relatives could not visualize a man making a living for a family by practicing medicine and resented the fact that he did not work in a factory during the daytime.

It was at this time I think that I developed the inferiority complex against which I have struggled ever since. It is the hardest thing possible for me to go anyplace without an invitation. Many experiences as a child served to teach me my place was with the rabble and not the select. We knew for several years what poverty was. Our family were commonly looked upon as very poor and many is the abusive insult I remember at school from the boys of those days. One in particular I can't forget or forgive. This particular leader of torment caught me in the outhouse back of St. Philip's School, took me down and urinated in my face and mouth. I was eight years old, he about eighteen. He never finished school, became a tobacco storekeeper with a low-grade lunch counter. About fifteen years ago he opened a desk drawer and "accidentally" discharged a revolver into his abdomen. I have never forgotten. I wondered why I could not do and have the things other did, and it was years before that feeling left. In fact it has never entirely gone.

Next spring I had diphtheria. In about 1890 a doctor was rash who would even diagnose diphtheria. It was dangerous enough for a patient to have "membranous croup", nut "diphtheria" was a death warrant. The doctor was almost mobbed who made such a diagnosis. Father had recently been called to a family near the river on Elm Street. As he went in he was warned he better not call it diphtheria. Sure enough it was with several children sick. I do not know the outcome.

My case was about the same time. I was on a cot back of the kitchen stove and had the laryngeal form. Father worked over me with a teaspoon and forceps and pulled out the membrane from the larynx. My recovery was slow, some diphtheroid paralysis, underweight, anemic, and an addict of cod liver oil which was to be in the regimen for years.

Glasses was another source of annoyance. They were an absolute necessity to continue in school or classes, but a bunch of roughs, including the one mentioned anon formed the habit of mauling me around until they would break the glasses. Father finally got tired and told me the next time if the culprit hadn't been trashed, I would. At that time Mr. C. F. Bock, a hardware merchant down town, lived where the YMCA is now and St. Philips School was just across the street on Maple Street (Capital Ave. NE). Sure enough they waylaid me and grabbed the glasses. I chased the offender, Ernest K., across the street, back of St. Thomas Church and started to fight. Ernest K's father was French and a drayman and he had plenty of friends to hold his coat and books. Mine were on the ground. When I got home that night my father was waiting. "What about it?" Mr. Bock had just been going home to dinner and stood where the Willard Library is now, watching the fight. He stayed until I was over, went back down town and told my father the trouble was all over, he would have to fix these glasses for the last time. There were plenty of the boys to pick up my coat and books for me. My glasses were never deliberately broken in school again. This one particular boy came to me as a patient forty years later.

One summer was an especial highlight. Charlie, my next brother, and I were at Grandma's when the whole family spent a weekend camping at Crooked Lake. It was about a fifteen mile drive in a "lumber wagon" over rough rutted roads, sand etc. We stayed in a tent but I never remember anything else about that tent. We fished (we caught a whole tub full of "bull heads') and played about, went swimming, spent two or three days and came back to the farm.

My brother, Charlie, this summer had an accident. At Grandma's farm there was an old well run by a "windmill". When they wanted water the mill was left coupled to the plunger, otherwise the bolt was taken out of the hole so if the mill should turn, the pump would not work. Charlie was monkeying around and stuck his finger in that hole. A puff of wind turned the mill wheel and the plunging rod sheared off the end of his index finger. That terminated our time at the farm that year.

I had learned to swim about a dozen strokes the hard way early that summer. The Battle Creek stream between the end of Cherry Street and the foot of Magnolia Street makes a long elbow, which it had cut off. That old "cut-off" was the swimming hole, shallow and sandy on one bank and deep on the other side. The approach was a winding path between the trees and along the riverbank. We swam in our birthday garments. One of the big fellows grabbed me and threw me into the deep water – I had to swim.

Father had developed into a good doctor, doing much surgery. An early introduction into surgery came in his second year in practice. A patient, Mrs. D., consulted him about her tongue. There was a great raw sore bothering her considerably. He decided it was carcinomatous and asked Dr. A. H. Kimball to help him remove the growth. Dr. Kimball asked who the patient was and suggested potassium iodide, which cleared the tongue up in short order. Dr. Kimball knew the family and that there was syphilis about. The Wasserman test was then twenty-five years in the future. The woman herself appeared perfectly well, except that tongue. This used to be a pitfall for younger doctors and accounts for the old admonition, "Try KI".

Another patient of an entirely different type, an old lady with great horny toenails could not cut them. She came to father, who went to the hardware store and bought a pair of wire pliers. These would cut the corns. One day as he started to trim her corns, she dropped over dead. That must have been a terrible experience for a young doctor.

In 1894 he had his first case of appendectomy. The man, a Scotsman, was very proud to have been the first case of appendectomy in Battle Creek and stayed an occasional patient and a friend for many years.

School of course had claimed the children, and we entered one at a time in St. Philips, a Sister's school. I have told of some of the earlier experiences and the development of an inferiority complex. That feeling was intensified in a very unusual way. It had been the custom for years each spring to have the school put on a "May Festival" in the old Hamblin Opera House, which was the second and third floor of the present Grand Leader building. This particular year the sisters selected quite a group of boys and trained them to military drill. Half were dressed in the blue of the North, and half in the gray of the South. It galled me to be a "rebel", but there was nothing I could do – and anyway I didn't "rate" anything. That word "rate" was not in our vocabulary in that capacity then, however.

In the summer the Michigan National Guard held their national encampment at Goguac Lake. The tents were about where Lakeview school is and the drill ground back a couple of blacks toward town. Battle Creek had a company in the NMG then.

Through some negotiation by my father, Col. .Mc Gurin invited our company of boys to come out on their Parade Day. My mother made me a blue uniform, and some of the other "gray" boy's mothers did the same. We went out, took a company's place in the regimental drill and after it was over were guests in the Colonel's quarters where I first became acquainted with ginger ale. The Colonel treated us to it.

That performance was written up in the State papers, and the Colonel, when he treated us, said we kept our place, did our drills and manual of arms (wooden rifles) as well as any company he had. That was the year I was twelve years old and was my only performance as an actor.

About this time it was decided there must be music in me. My father had a very good voice and had taken lessons under G. Brit Morse, a well-known voice teacher. One aunt was a very good pianist. Therefore arrangements were made with the Sisters of St. Philips for a course of lessons, twelve lessons for $8.00, or the other way around, I have forgotten. I couldn't read the score. These notes meant nothing to me and still do. I could scarcely tell one note from another. To this day I doubt if I would recognize half a dozen airs or tunes, but that made no difference. We had a second hand "Melodeon", an organ like machine looking something like a grand piano. I practiced when I could not get out of it, and I have always firmly believed that term of lessons was renewed two or three times. Never have I had a less wanted task or one that was really more distasteful.

Father's office had now been moved to E. Main Street, what is now the Kimball Block, and one of my chores was to take care of the stove. It was a "base burner", burning hard coal put in an overhead feed and then the ashes shaken down into a pan below and carried down a long flight of stairs and half a block around back to a dump in alley. The coal, as I remember, was kept in a bin at the back end of the hall.

Dr. Kimball and my father used to keep me busy half days at a time filling capsules with quinine, a drug used for ague, chills and fever of which there was considerable, and mechanical filling of these capsules just wasn't known.

In 1894 I started in the public school, old No. 1, where W. K. Kellogg Junior High playground is now. I had Miss Amy Peavey, a good-looking young girl whose father was in business in Battle Creek. I think this was her first year teaching. She later married, had a daughter, lost her husband and returned to the Battle Creek schools to teach music. Thirty years later she resented very much my reminding her she was my first teacher in the public schools. In the seventh grade I had a Miss Maude Ballentine. I passed the seventh and first half of the eighth grade in one year. That gave me Miss Henriette Bradley for the last half of the eighth grade. She "graduated" with me into the High School in the middle of the year. This was a mistake in more ways than one. The school was too small to have half-year students and course selection was all awry all the time. I had Miss Bradley for English and she knew me too well. She believed I knew nothing in English. Maybe she was right but that was a great source of trouble for me. She insisted I should do something to learn spelling, so my father found me a job.

It was in Burnham's printing office, in the Hammond Building on the same floor back of Father's office. High School then ran from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. I worked at the printing office from

2 p.m. to 6 p.m. and ten hours seven to six on Saturday. That made thirty hours a week for which I received $1,00 and found out later my father paid that. This ran along OK until about a year later Miss Bradley insisted I come to school in the afternoon too and write an extra essay, one each day in class and an extra each afternoon. Even hack writers for newspapers and magazines whose whole life is writing get monotonous and tiresome, get on their own nerves and have to have a change. I learned the printing trade practically as an apprentice and did my share of fool jobs. The thing that broke my heart was that after about a year in using a big screwdriver to shift the belt driving a small press, I accidentally shorted the motor, which had to be repaired. That was charged up to me, about $50.00, which would have bought the whole motor. I came home and reported I had to work a year to pay back for that shorting, when Burnham had been too shiftless to repair the gearshift and had substituted the screwdriver. My father said he would attend to that and I believe told Mr. Burnham to charge that as an operating expense. Soon, anyway, I was drawing $2.00 and week and refused to accept it unless the firm was paying me. I was doing nearly a man's work and thought it should not be subsidized.

I continued in that printing office for several years, learned the trade and printed the first million-piece order for printing placed in Battle Creek, a blue sheet packed in the Postum Cereal Company Grapenuts carton. I then learned what a million is. The slips were printed in large sheets of paper about thirty-two to a sheet. I cut those sheets in a hand press. A thousand sheets were cut at once. This is quite a trick. The whole sheet is placed in the cutter, adjusted and trimmed. It is then moved forward the length of one slip and cut; the trim and cut make eight cuttings when the sharp knife is drawn through much like a guillotine. These eight stacks contain four slips each. They are then put into the machine endwise, four of them, and cut four times. The other four stacks then get the same cuts. That gave 32,000 slips and took a good two hours. There were 320 such cuttings, making a job of several weeks.

Father's surgery with its problems had stimulated in him a line of study. He found that abdominal incisions had a tendency to herniated or at least to relax and cause discomfort, so set about to find a remedy. He knew that in opening the abdomen he went through several layers of tissue, skin, fat, muscle apponeurosis, muscle and peritoneum, but in closing, these were all included in one large suture. It was technically wrong, but how to correct it. If the incision could be closed in layers, it would be ideal, like tissue sewed to like, and presumably a good closure, but that involved burying the deeper suture material and that meant leaving a foreign body. There was no absorbable tissue available for years later. He hit upon the idea of using a long silk worm gut suture entering through the skin and tissue beyond the incision then grasping first the peritoneum in a running suture and bring the other end out beyond the incision at the farther end. Each end was passed through a small piece of rubber tubing and fastened with a split shot. This process was repeated for the other layers, the skin even being fastened with a subcutaneous suture. This closure was a success, was published in the AMA Journal and mentioned inn the International Text Book of Surgery as the Haughey Suture, This made a smooth suture that did not herniated and left very little scar. Modern layer closure carries out the same principles but we now have sterile absorbable suture material.

June 5th, 1888, the first meeting after he graduated in Medicine, Dr. Henry Haughey had joined the Calhoun County Medical Society meeting four times yearly, alternating between Marshall, Albion and Battle Creek, which then were not far from the same numerical size. He became active, presented papers and cases and entered into the activities so well that in 1895 he was second Vice President. From 1896 until 1904 inclusive, he was Secretary. The Society had actually voted to disband because there had been organized in each city an Academy of Medicine to do the same work and fill the same place. The reason was the great difficulty of the doctors attending the meetings in the various cities. It was necessary to travel by train, with poor connections and service or drive long distances that would take the greater part of the whole day.

Dr. Henry Haughey as one of his first duties as Secretary took his horse and buggy and personally called upon every doctor in the County in his own office and urged a greater effort to maintain the County Society. These efforts were successful and the Society began to flourish as never before. The meetings occupied an afternoon and an evening, with dinner at a Hotel or on some occasions as guests of one of the doctors in his own home. The proceedings and discussions in these old meetings were meticulously kept and are very interesting reading to this day. These old doctors with the scant training they had had, and no postgraduate or research facilities, were surprisingly clear thinkers and envisioned many things now actualities. Diarrheas of children were being traced to milk in 1888. Some doctors withdrew milk entirely from the diet while others boiled it. Local treatments were discussed for diphtheria, which some were diagnosing as distinct from membranous croup. The connection of Puerperal Fever and Septicemia was cause of long discussion with opinions on each side. The bacterial cause of disease was just beginning to enter into discussions. To cite more interesting minutes would only emphasize the breadth of their views.

Dr. Henry had now convinced his skeptical relatives that practice of medicine was different than working in a shop. He was called in consultation by the older doctors in the smaller communities and was consulted by his old neighbors, friends and pupils. He used to tell of one County doctor who called him to come out and help set a broken thigh and to be sure to bring his “tackle”. He drove about fifteen miles and went in with his handbag. The doctor asked about the tackle, and he pulled out a bottle of chloroform. Before the days of the general use of chloroform such a fracture could only be set by a contraption for extension and the use of pulleys to overcome the spasmodic contraction of the muscles. Chloroform had changed all that producing the necessary relaxation and also allowing the proper manipulation. This old doctor had never seen chloroform used for that purpose. It made reduction of setting of factures much mor accurate, less painful and produced better results.

As a small child, I had always wanted to study medicine and so in High School had to shape my course accordingly. I took Latin, History, Sciences, German, English and Mathematics. The first was a burden and nightmare always. Mathematics came easily as did the Sciences. German and History were not so bad, but English was work. The Latin teacher had mercy on me or my days in High School would have been numbered early. However, I had but one condition during the four years. Miss Bernice Hoag taught Botany and I had the course the first semester, September to February. One of the tasks she set for us was to gather forth wild flowers, press and mount them, analyze the flower according to the scientific classification and hand the whole thing in. Mine wasn’t done. I doubt if any were. There were not forty wild flowers at that season. Miss Hoag did not condition me but refused any mark until that work was done. I worked the next semester and summer and handed it in the next September. In February there was no credit, and she insisted I had never handed in the work anyway. It was lost and would have to be done over. That was a terrific job but was completed sometime during my senior year.

The printing office job accounted for thirty hours a week and the last year, forty. Burnham's printing office had closed up and moved to South Bend, Indiana, and I began working for the Sunday Morning Record, a weekly paper run by Eugene Cole, an older half brother of Frank Beckman. Every afternoon from two until six, we "set up" the news in type. George Dolliver was the reporter/

On Saturday beginning at 7 a.m., it was set up the advertisement, make up the forms, collect the late news and go to press about 5 a.m. Sunday. The paper was on the street at 6 a.m. That made a long day for a High School boy and a long week to add to the full senior work. In addition, I was an assistant to Mr. N. B. Sloan inn the Physics Laboratory. I enjoyed that Physics Laboratory, measuring and determining forces, working levers, measuring the force of gravity, the speed of falling objects, etc. Mr. Sloan is dead, but was for years head of the Junior College at Lansing.

One day he gave me a book "Light Visible and Invisible", which contained the fundamentals upon which much of our higher physics is founded. When it came time for the Senior Class to choose officers and make arrangements for publicity, the "Paean", the High School Annual, there were a number of popular fellows who had to be considered. Aldrich Wattles was made Business Manager; Lieu Minor, Editor; but they wanted me to help so manufactured a job "Translator", so I would be on the Board. I did the managing job except the solicitation for ads. I saw it through the printing office, read proof etc. During my trip south it got in a muddle and I spent much time on it after returning home. Just about the time of graduation about $75.00 of its money needed to get it out of the printing office came up missing along with one of our class officers whom I never saw again. He committed suicide in the great depression leaving much insurance to his family, and his mother-in-law singing his praises to me for having been so thoughtful of his family and the brave way of providing for them. I had to guarantee the money and worked all summer selling extra Paeans and raising money in various ways to settle the account.

In April of 1900, my senior year, my father decided that as I was to go to college, it would be well to have me take out some insurance in one of the Church societies, the C.M.B.A., a fraternal insurance society something like the Maccabees, that are still in existence. The medical examination showed presence of glycosuria and I was immediately taken out of school. Father talked with my teachers, told them my condition and his fears and they told him my work was all complete for graduation anyway, so to keep me out of school as much as he felt he should. I gave up my printing job, got a kit to make my own sugar determination, (I had had a very complete course in chemistry for high schools), and took a train for Tennessee. My mother's brother, Uncle Will, was spending the winter near Crossville in the mountains.

The plan was to go to Crossville, stay until Uncle Will started north, which would be soon, then I was to go on to Chattanooga where I would receive a letter with more money and instructions about going to my father's cousin in Dallas, Texas. This cousin was the family pride, having won $15,000in the Louisiana lottery.

That trip was a great milestone in my life. I went to Kalamazoo, took the G. R. & I, now the Pennsylvania to Cincinnati. It was a long, slow trip full of things new and strange. Cincinnati was on hills and valleys and occupied several hours waiting for a train on the L. & N. Railroad. This took me through Kentucky and I looked for the blue grass but failed to find any. The train stopped at Crossville where there was supposed to be a stage coach that would take me back twenty-five miles into Cumberland County where Uncle Will was. But at the station I was informed that coach had not run for twenty years. It was listed in the R.R. time card. Uncle Will had hired a wagon to take him and his effects through in the fall, and so had paid no attention to the stage. I enquired the way and started out walking. I had an overcoat, a suitcase well packed, an umbrella and a camera and found it a burden. I had an early start and walked for about fifteen miles seeing no one but the natives living in small cabins back in the hills. The road was unimproved, consisting of narrow ruts or broad expanse of ruts as the available land permitted. After while I came to a railroad being built. The grading was going on through the mountains for the Central R. R. I soon picked up a ride on one of the wagons and inquiring, found I had about ten miles further to go to my destination, but it was getting dark and I could not possibly travel that road at night. The driver offered to take me about five miles on my way to the construction camp where I could stay all night.

It was late when we arrived, about 8 p.m. and I was taken to headquarters and presented to the boss. It was a Michigan woman whose husband had a sub contract on this railroad construction but had recently been killed and she was completing the contract. They dug up a lunch for me of cold wild turkey. The woman assigned me a tent a little to one side and suggested that I get to bed early, as the camp would be rather noisy after a time. No second offer was needed. I was too tired, however, to sleep and tossed about most of the night. I heard revelry and prowlers, and as I had quite a sum of money in my belt, I was worried. Along towards morning I looked out and saw several prowlers wandering about camp, some too close to me. Determined to get away, I slipped out in the shadows, made my way back to the road and was again on the march. That last five miles was about as bad as I ever saw, but I arrived about 9 a.m. and my people were surprised. During the day a rumor came in of two people having been killed for their money in a railroad camp that night. It was the same camp and the next day another rumor of a disappearance and suspected robbery. That might have been me, for I certainly disappeared and didn't communicate with the place either.

After about two weeks Uncle Will and his family started back home. They hired a wagon to take them by a different route to the railroad, and I rode along. It was a two- day trip and took us through Crab orchard. We were there a little before supper- time and there was a sizeable mountain right alongside the town. I climbed it and took some pictures of the rocky parapets, which formed its peak. People at the hotel thought I would be all day at that trip but I was back by noon and we were again on our way to the railroad where Uncle Will went north and I south to Chattanooga.

Chattanooga is quite an historical city with Lookout Mountain on one side, Chicamauga Ridge on the other with the Tennessee River curving between. I was there two or three days, took the cog-wheel railroad up Lookout Mountain and explored there for awhile and saw where the northern soldiers climbed the face of the mountain, also visited the Chicamauga battle field.

I had been waiting for word from home all this time to determine what I was to do. I had found no sugar by my daily determination and was feeling particularly fit, also particularly homesick as I had never been so long away before, nor so far. So the third day I found I had just money enough to get home if I did not stay any longer at a $2.00 a day hotel. I bought a ticket and came back home a different route, went around to Knoxville, saw the Capitol and University while waiting between trains, then on the way to Louisville stopped over for Mammoth Cave.

This cave was several miles inland on a small railroad with one coach. At the Cave was a long single story hotel with a long veranda. I had to stay over night because of train time, so took a room. There were four trips offered through the Cave. The one next in li was a short three and one half mile trip taking about four hours. We entered the same entrance for all trips, an unpretentious hole in the side of a hill and after about a hundred yards in and down, we came to the War of 1812 charcoal and gun- powder works. There were long crooked passages. Cylinders of excavation hundreds of feet up and down with a path between them, a mammoth vaulted room two or three hundred feet wide and four or five hundred feet long. When the guides left us on benches and went back into side passages with their torches light shown onto the vault and we saw hundreds of stars twinkle. This was crystal or quartz in a manganese deposit in the vault.

In one place we came to the bank of a river and saw fish without eyes. The return was a long passage through crevasses and narrow places to climb. There was a council chamber with chairs, altar etc. made of stalagmites with the stalactites sharp spear points hanging from above. Mammoth Cave then was supposed to be the biggest in the world with over sixty miles of explored passages. It is remarkable for the small number of stalactites and stalagmites.

The return trip home was uneventful. My folks were surprised; I had crossed their letter with instructions to go on to Texas. I returned to school part time, continued to work in the laboratory but did not go back to the printing office. This spring my class had a party, dance, etc. and I remember going to it. I could not dance but helped with the arrangements, the first party I ever went to as far as I can remember.

Graduation was quite an event; no one in my family had ever graduated from High School. Plans for college had been in the making for some time, and I have never ceased to consider my father’s forethought. He talked to me about school. That year restriction had just been placed on entrance into medical school. The Detroit College of Medicine, where my father went, and where I expected to finish, had raised entrance requirements to a high school diploma, the class entering that fall being the last under the old regime. One of the male nurses at Nichols Hospital was planning to study medicine and for several months I had been coaching him for his entrance. Father said I had better go to the University of Michigan and get a good foundation in their six year course, that the time was coming when a literary training and degree would be required in medicine, and that there was already a medical society requiring a literary degree for membership. I made arrangements therefore to enter that course in September.

Early in the summer of 1900, Martin E. Brown, who published the Battle Creek Moon, a daily paper, called for me to come and see him. The Sunday Morning Record had been published on his presses, so he knew me. He asked what I proposed to do and when I mentioned college and medicine, he said that was foolish, he had an offer that was much better and would take me much farther. The Mergenthaler Linotype Machinery Company had developed the linotype machine setting and casting a line of type in one slug. There had been partially successful type setting machines, but they were crude and cumbersome. This linotype machine was a big self- complete affair operated from a typewriter keyboard. Mr. Brown had ordered one, the first in Battle Creek, and wanted someone to send to the factory for three months to learn all about the machine, then come back and take charge of it and the others he expected to secure. He offered me all expenses for three months at New York and a reasonable salary, then a three-year contract at $25.00 a week. The best printers were getting $9.00 to $12.00 a week for 59 hours work. This was a tempting offer but I could not feel right in changing my plan so I turned it down.

My mother had suffered with hay fever and asthma every summer for years, but that summer it became very bad at about the middle of August, she could scarcely get around the house, so father decided to send her to St. Ignace again. She had been there the year before, alone, and she dreaded the trip. An ambulance was needed but out of the question. I was also having hay fever so I went with her. That was a terrible trip. The long slow ride on the G. R. & I through wastelands, burnt over forests and old cuttings. As we reached the territory around Petoskey her breathing was better, and at the Straits was OK. We spent three weeks tramping the woods and seeing the sights, a side trip to the “Snows” (Les Channeaux Islands) and numerous trips to Mackinac Island, which we covered on foot leisurely visiting all the points of interest, reading old legends and historical references. We never tired of these stories. We visited Fr. Marquette’s grave at St. Ignace, a very modest marker in a very common small corner lot cemetery. The other graves have now been removed and this one fixed up. Castle Rock, the Railroad transports. The ice crushers and car ferries all took our interest, but we were ready and anxious to return home as soon as we received the first letter telling of a frost. We then cautioned people at the Straits to watch out for their hay fever tourist trade, or it would go for we found a small amount of ragweed.

I was only home a week when I left for Ann Arbor and an entirely new experience. I went alone by train and spent the first day hunting a room, which I found at 507 Ann Ave., not more than four blocks from the depot. I had a small room at the back of a second floor hall. My bed, a small dresser, a rocking chair (which I brought with me), and my trunk filled all the space. Rent was one dollar a week, with twenty-five cents extra for electricity. Something extra for heat would have been proper, I never suffered so much with cold. The family running the rooming house was named Crippen and they had a dentist son in England.

Other roomers in the house were Edward L. Logan and his mother, studying engineering. He is now a prominent electrical engineer in Detroit. James F. Strenick and his bride, a young man from Lorain, Ohio studying law. There was also a Miss Margaret Mason and her mother. She had graduated the year before and was staying over to complete some special studies and some sorority work before returning to California. Mrs. Hogan and Mrs. Mason, I am sure, did a lot to keep a homesick and bashful boy from Battle Creek from a complete flop, and I have never forgotten this. The Strenicks were also mice and warm friends. Occasionally I have noticed references to Miss Mason in the Alumnus, read of her marriage to a Mr. Whitney, an attorney, then she dropped from view until a few years ago when our paths crossed. She is editor of “The

Pacific", a magazine similar to National Geographic with a broad circulation in the west. She helped me more than once with one of the hardest courses I ever had at Ann Arbor. That first year I had a course in German to Professor Max Winckler who certainly had me scared. I worked hours every day for that four-hour course. The German itself was not so difficult, but he wandered into Old High German, "Nebungen Leid", Philology, the growth and development of language and the changes of words through the centuries. That course was unique. I have never seen or heard of its duplication, but it took help for a freshman.

Gymnasium work was required and Keane Fitzpatrick, the great Michigan football trainer who later went to Princeton, used to direct our exercises. I had visions of track athletics and used to practice on running tack but soon gave that up. I was no match for Archie Hahn, whom I saw do 100 yards a 9 4/5 seconds, equaling the world's record.

Before the first year was over Strenicks, Hogans and I moved out of Crippens and went over on the corner of State and Catherine just opposite St. Thomas Church. I had gone to St. Thomas church when I first came to Ann Arbor, and soon after went to one of their young people's meetings open for the whole parish, and not just the University students. Father Kelley was there. He had been assistant pastor in Battle Creek fifteen years before and remembered me. He later was made Bishop and my father and I went down to see the consecration.

At this time, I made the acquaintance of Dr. Novy, a great man and a great scientist. I was entering the combined Literature-Medic course so was advised to consult a medical department professor as an advisor. I drew Dr. Novy and went to see him. His first question was why waste two years in the literary department? Why not start out in medicine, and when you finish if you can put in two more years do so in medical research. That was a new thought and was so entirely different from the catalog's advice and my father's advice that I never even went back to see him. I paid for that later, however, as I will tell in time.

After being in Ann Arbor for several weeks and being especially homesick, I went out walking one Sunday afternoon and ran across Leigh Turner, who now lives out near Level Park. I had known Leigh from a distance. He and two other Battle Creek boys had been bicycle riders and had entered and won some races, that made him stand out. Also he lived on Maple Street at the end of Chestnut. That also made him conspicuous in my eyes. He was a little older, had spent four years in Ann Arbor and was doing some special work, fifth year. I suspect I was quite desolate looking at least and he stopped and talked with me for a while, as an equal, I have never forgotten that. It was one of the kindest things that had happened and I was encouraged beyond measure.

The second semester, I asked and received permission to take extra hours and continued that course in German with its ramblings. Physics and chemistry were worked in.

Van Lieu Minor of near Climax who had been editor of the High School Paean, came to Ann Arbor my second year and started out immediately in cross country athletics. We were roommates for three years, until I graduated in Literature. He is now Professor and Head of the Department of History at Central Michigan Teacher's College, Mount Pleasant.

My second year, I had an opportunity to assist Dr. Higley in Chemistry. I was already carrying seventeen hours work by special permission and was entitled to five more for that assisting position, but could not claim it. However, I had a Regent's appointment as Assistant in Chemistry and my name is on the faculty list for that year. Dr. Higley had a course in General Chemistry, which included demonstration lectures. It was my job to set up the experiments, run them through to make sure they would work and have them ready for the lecture. That took time and patience. Many times the experiment did not work as advertised. I would have to find out why, and either correct the directions in the experiment so it would work.

That was a valuable year's work and lead to one unique experience. This was the time liquid air and absolute zero were first being studied. Dr. Higley had been working on it some months without success, so asked my assistance. They had an old air compressor with a coil for cooling mixtures and quite a mass of equipment. We used to go to the laboratory during the evening and work late several times a week. The principles of liquefying air were simple. We compressed atmospheric air to around a hundred pounds, passed it through a coil in ice mixed with Calcium Chloride, which gave us about 20 degrees below zero, then into another compression chamber which was cooled by expanding some of the air already compressed and chilled. That was the process, and we worked for weeks perfecting the machinery and the process. At times we spent the whole night at this.

One night the thing was going particularly well when about midnight Dr. Higley was called away for some reason. I kept the machine going and when he came back about five in the morning, I had accumulated about two ounces of liquid air, which he took and proceeded to test, confirming the fact. I always thought it was mostly liquid oxygen that had separated from the air, but the tests showed a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen.

That was the first time liquid air was ever produced in Michigan. Now it is a common form of commercial bottling of gases, oxygen, nitrous oxide, carbon dioxide, etc. The latter is used at every soda fountain and is manufactured in great quantities.

That year I had an interesting experiment. I was trying to combine nitrogen and oxygen in measured quantities in a glass globe by use of an electric spark. The globe was made of half inch glass with the electrodes forced through the glass and all outlets stopped and wired, and the lead is wired. There was a long train of vessels, flasks, retorts, etc., through which air was forced to take out the oxygen (passing over red hot iron dust), carbon dioxide neutralized and taken out by sulfuric acid. Moisture cut by calcium chloride, etc. The other line generated oxygen by driving it out of combination. I have forgotten how. The whole line was under three or four atmospheres pressure. When everything was working I turned on the electric current. The mess exploded throwing sulfuric acid around and I had to discard a suit on account of the holes burned in it.

The next summer I had an opportunity to stay at summer school and take a special course in organic chemistry under Professor Moses Gomburg. Dr. Gomburg was a Russian, could scarcely speak English at that time. The work was conducted in German with German textbooks and laboratory manual and we worked on the higher carbohydrates, starches, sugar, cellulous, etc. About half the summer was spent on this work, which was especially interesting on account of the late work that had been done on diabetes. In susmmer, Ann Arbor was about as forsaken a place as one could imagine. From 4000 students, a cut to less than 400 made quite a void. Mr. Strenick stayed that summer, his wife went back to Ohio. He and I roomed together and really had a nice summer. He was preparing for his senior year in law and I was doing what was a real pleasure.

In September many things happened, but first my experiences with Dr. Novy. I had his course in Bacteriology and his laboratory course in Physiological Chemistry in the Medical department in which I had registered according to my six-year course. There were about a dozen six-year men out of about eighty in the class, and Dr. Novy, not believing in that combined course, insisted on taking them down a peg.

We had three hours laboratory and one hour quiz five days in the week. Dr. Novy started down the line of the six-year men. He would get each one up on his feet and spend about twenty minutes with him, never being satisfied until he flunked. The boys were all debating who would come next and how long he would last.

Finally it came my turn and just by luck Dr. Novy started on the sugars. I doubt if he knew I had been in Dr. Gomburg's class. At any rate, I answered his questions one after another and he kept on that general topic. I had been the first one up that afternoon and was still on my feet when the bell rang. The next day he called on me again and continued his questions. All around the class were advising me to flunk and sit down, but as long as I could I was determined to answer. At ten minutes to the end of the hour he told me that was enough. He had quizzed me for an hour and fifty minutes, and in spite of the fact that I had three more courses to him, he never asked me another question. So far as he was concerned, I had passed, apparently. Several years later he remembered that occurrence.

I had boarded my first year at a $2.00 a week boarding, but did not like it especially well. So the second year went to Tinkhams, who charged $2.50 the first year, then $3.00 a week. I knew several students at Tinkham's. Sam T. Osborne, studying medicine and who died in Lansing in 1939; E. L. Dunning, his crony who became an eye man and died in Lansing fifteen years ago when he was comparatively young; L. S. Hodges waited table, he lived and died in Tekonsha, a doctor. There was also a very jolly, heavy set girl from Detroit, Leila Curry, and several others, about twelve altogether, some women but mostly men. This third year Miss Curry had a roommate who sat next to me at the table, a Miss Edith L. Cowles, a freshman who graduated from Greenville High School and had taught a year. I remembered her, because I remembered a girl from Greenville two or three years before had won second place in the State Interscholastic Oratorical Association. My roommate, Van Lieu Minor, had been interested in declaration in High School. I began seeing Miss Cowles frequently. One Saturday that winter a group of people from this table hired a bobsleigh and horses and went sleigh riding. That is an experience the young people now know nothing about. We all huddled in the bottom of the box with straw and blankets and drove out to Whitmore Lake, about fifteen miles, to a dance. I had never danced and hesitated, but was assured there was nothing to it so went along without too much urging. The dance hall was comfortable after the cold ride, and music had been arranged for. I tried to follow instructions and dance as though there was "nothing to it" but soon found it was not that easy. Edith Cowles took me in hand over by the corner wall and taught me the steps.

Before the evening was over I was dancing, how good I don't know, but not so bad but she was willing to continue. It was almost daylight when we got back to town, all tired but all having had a good time. I danced quite a little after that going to "Grangers" where they gave an hours dancing lesson early, and you could stay for the regular assembly.

After finishing my course in anatomy I became demonstrator, helping out in the laboratory and supervising the work on two tables. This was in addition to other work all the first year in medicine and a few courses in the Literature Department. After a while I began to drag and I evidently wrote home telling my father how I felt. At any rate he came down to see me, took me over to see Dr. V. C. Vaughn, the Dean, who discovered glycosuria again, with a considerable concentration of sugar. He immediately diagnosed diabetes and advised that I leave school, as it was only a matter of two or at least the next three years. I was permitted to stay if I would make a quantitive test of urine every few days, and a sugar determination every day. I was to go to his laboratory to run these tests. In the meantime I was placed on a diet of one slice of white bread a day, meat (steak) with plenty of butter, and coffee or tea, cream but no milk, and no sugar or starches. I lost seventeen pounds the first ten days and managed to keep the diet up the balance of the school year. The boarding house was very kind and cooperated perfectly. In spite of the fact that I didn't find any more sugar for a year, I was required to continue that diet, which became monotonous. I joined BTT medical fraternity in the spring, but did not live in the house. Several of us had been together two years at the time. Jack Pettes who died in California in 1940, Bob Wells who died in Zanesville, Ohio in 1938; Bob Beach who is Chief Surgeon, Northern Pacific Railroad and Bill Pennock who did not finish. My father resented my joining this fraternity and I think never did get reconciled.

That summer I rested, helped my father with anesthetics, drove for him etc., and returned to school quite encouraged. I boarded at the fraternity, but Lieu Minor and I still roomed together over on Washtenau Avenue. We had quite a group of students there. Irving K. Stone, Burt S. Parks studying medicine, who died in Minnesota where he had been doing much surgery; John Dodds, prominent in banking and politics and who wished all good things for his son. But John was green and had to learn many lessons the hard way that year.

This year is some ways was not quite so strenuous. The first semester gave me 114 hours credit in the Lit. Department so there was no course to worry about this semester, any six hours was enough. However that was a good thing because I had been having a lot of eye trouble. When I first went to Ann Arbor I went to see Dr. Flemining Carrow, because I had been advised not to go to school by old Dr. George W. Green of Battle Creek. Dr. Carrow went over me very carefully, fond the right eye 2.50 dioptres myopic with astigmatism ½ dioptre at 45 degrees. The left eye was hyperopic 4.5 diopres with one dioptre astigmatism at 45 degrees and this eye was amplyopic, which I had always known. He also found two prism diopres of left hyperphoria and one of esophoria. That is the left eye looked two prisms above the right and crossed it slightly. That put the scale motor muscles on a stress all the time. He placed all this correction in glasses and I worm them. This year the eyes gave out. I could only use them a short time so I went to Detroit to Dr. Learthus Connor who gave them some electric treatments and took the prisms off. It took much of that year to get back to where I was comfortable, headache particularly. I had to study with some of the boys most of the time. They would read the lessons aloud and I would listen in. Some of the work of course I had to do myself.

On account of the eye difficulties I went to one of the professors, Dr. Lombard, and told him my trouble and asked for a little leniency, but received the reply that I would be held to as strict rules as anyone else. In fact, I should not be in school and if he found my grades slipping at all, he would see to it I left. That was sufficient warning and I talked with no other professor. I studied very particularly all Professor Lombards experiments and especially the work on nerve degeneration, which he had recently published with his make and break reactions on nerve fiber, healthy, degenerating and dead. I passed his course but had a narrow escape with Dr. Warthin.

There was a rumor in our class that Dr. Warthin was not a doctor of medicine, but of music. At any rate, he was the most disliked on the faculty. Everyone admitted he was tops in pathology, but he was as unbending as they go. I had his lecture course and supposed I knew the subject. I had a good quiz record, had the work all up to date and was ready for his laboratory course next semester. He gave us a stiff written exam, and then called each one in by himself for an oral. When I cam in he held out his hand, looked my class book record over, says "Good, Haughey, better arrange to come this summer school for your laboratory, then you might make my staff next year." I made my mistake and a senseless one. I said, "I will not be in your laboratory class, Doctor, I am going to Detroit College of Medicine next September." He jumped "Why go to that second rate school? I have a notion to flunk you, you are not so good in pathology anyway." He gave me a passing grade and I continued my Pathology at Detroit.

In a way I was glad that year was over. It had been a hard one, and especially with Warthin's send off. Others felt and expressed themselves much the same. About half a dozen of my close friends left Ann Arbor that year and continued the study of medicine elsewhere.

This had been a nice happy year for me in another was, however. While I had boarded at the Fraternity house I still continued to see Edith Cowles regularly, perhaps too regularly. At any rate, she was going to teach next year in Lowell, and I was to be in Detroit and we wouldn't see each other so much.

That summer I spent my time again helping my father, driving, giving anesthetics, etc., and getting a little acquainted generally with the practice of medicine. For several summers I had met another angle. He had given me bills to collect, and I found out how hard a job that was. I tried to collect them from names I now have on my books, not too many but enough that are now in the third generation of poor pay, won't pay, or cannot pay. I remember one of those years, the Battle Creek members of the Calhoun County Medical Society had each sent in to the secretary, my father, a list of all of their poor pay cases. Those were all tabulated, each doctor given a key number put after each name to which it applied. Some names had nearly every doctor in town. After a few years use of that roster, the Society was advised to abandon it, as it was against the law to rate people in such a way. That may have been true, but it helped, for a doctor did not need to make a call upon such a person, a saving of effort at least.

In September I enrolled in Detroit, found a room up near Elizabeth Street and proceeded to work. On account of my father's work as Secretary of the Council of the Michigan State Medical Society, I met Dr. A. P. Biddle, who was the Secretary of the Society and

Editor of the “Journal”. Dr. Biddle invited me to his Dermatology Clinic at old St. Mary’s Hospital where I went every noon, stayed until the patient’s were cared for, helped as soon as I could and then would rush out, get a sandwich and back for 1 o’clock laboratory. Before that year was over I was practically in charge of that Clinic, for Dr. Biddle began coming less often.
I had also taken my Pathology Laboratory early the first quarter and became acquainted with Dr. Preston M. Hickey. Dr. Biddle told him I was his protégé’, so when my laboratory class was over, Dr. Hickey asked if I would not like to assist in the next course. That involved preparation of material for laboratory study, cutting the material and preparing it for mounting. Sometimes we stained it and sometimes the students were required to stain it themselves. As we progressed in the work, Dr. Hickey came less often to help prepare these slides and to help get the class started, but he would get there for the demonstration lecture which came about half an hour after the laboratory section started.

Dr. Hickey at that time was a Nose and Throat Specialist with an office over town, and also was experimenting with x-ray. One day he came in just as the class was going to the lantern room for the demonstration. He said, “I have a man ion my office with a fishbone in his throat, you give the class this demonstration.” I protested and asked to have the class (my own classmates) do their laboratory work until he could return, but he insisted. I suggested that the class would not listen, but he had an answer for that. “They will get this subject, “Trichina”, on the final exam, and we will not touch it again”.

I went to the lecture room, told the class that Dr. Hickey had this emergency and would be back as soon as he could, in the meantime he had instructed me to start the demonstration. So I placed my slides in the projection microscope, turned it on and the room lights off and started in. Very soon notebooks, rubbers, paper wads, everything available was coming my way and the room was a mob scene. I switched on the lights, told the boys it was just as embarrassing for me as it was for them, but that it was my job and so I had to go on. Another attempt was not much better so I stopped, told them they would gain nothing because I proposed to complete that demonstration whether anyone listened or not, and that furthermore, Dr. Hickey said that the subject would be one of the questions on the final exam. Soon quiet was restored and the talk continued.

Dr. Hickey returned the next day at the beginning of the hour and asked how I made out. I said, “Terrible”, but he said he had heard differently. He then sent the class to the lantern room, and I gathered up the demonstration material and started to follow him, but he said, “You do it again”. During the next year and a half until I graduated, he never made another of those demonstrations. He used to come over frequently and check over what I had prepared, and some of the notebooks.

After a while, he asked me if I didn’t want to come over some evenings and help him out in some x-ray experimentation. I would and did. Some years before, soon after Roentgen’s discovery, one of our Battle Creek amateur scientists, a Mr. Bailey, had built a static machine and got a tube and some plates and I had been privileged to visit his attic and see through my own hand with a fluoroscope, also some pictures and other more or less marvelous electrical things – long sparks, etc. I think my physics teacher, Mr. Sloan, had secured that first invitation.

I worked at times with Dr. Hickey taking pictures, developing them and making lantern slides of them. During the year we illustrated the x-ray study of the development of long bones and epiphytical union for the International Text Book of Surgery. That took many nights, and many times until very late and extended up until my graduation. One of these nights after working into the wee small hours, Mrs. Hickey came after the doctor and they took me over to the Cadillac Hotel where we had broiled lobster. My first experience and was it good! We worked many times and I got so that I could make and interpret x-rays pretty well.

That winter the chapter of BII fraternity in Detroit was hunting for a meeting place and headquarters, but could not find a house, could not afford it anyway. Four of us, Bert M. Davy later of Lansing, Guy D. Houghton now of Caledonia, Otto L. Ricker later of Cadillac and father of Mrs. Charles McCaffree, and myself found two large well furnished rooms on the ground floor on Elizabeth Street and moved in. The meetings were all held there. Three were seniors and I was a junior. Before that year was over Dr. Biddle said that he, Dr. Don M. Campbell and Dr. Angus McLean, who had offices on the second floor of the building on Fort and Shelby opposite the Post Office, would like a student to live in the office. There was a davenport in the reception room that could be used as a bed and a large closet in which I could keep my things. I would be expected to keep the office open during evening hour periods, answer telephone, take payments of money due, locate the doctor if calls came, assist when possible in care of patients and in general make myself useful.

Dr. Don M. Campbell asked me while we were making these arrangements if I did not know of a senior that he could get to come into his office for a couple of years and learn the eye work. I told him I thought I knew the very fellow. I had just been talking with R. Carson Fraser who was married about graduation, as more or less all seniors are I suppose, but he had it particularly bad. I looked him up, told him to go down and talk with Dr. Campbell. He said he was not interested in eye work, but I suggested it might be just as well to have a good friend on the faculty board when they were reviewing the men's work preparing to pass them. Fraser took the job for two or three years, then settled in Port Huron where he is now a leading eye surgeon and doing very well.

That was a big order but I took it on as soon as school was out in May, spending a whole summer between the junior and senior years in Detroit. I received no stipulated payment, but did occasionally pick up a dollar. I continued assisting Dr. Hickey in x-ray, did a lot of work at the Pathology Laboratory preparing the next years material. I had also been appointed extern at Harper Hospital, so spent most of the forenoons up there giving anesthetics or helping the interns with case histories and laboratory work. At noon I had Dr. Biddle's Dermatology Clinic at St. Mary's which had to be attended every day in order to have clinical material for teaching purposes during the school year.

Dr. Biddle had an old x-ray tube he used for dermatological treatments that was actuated by a gas interruption. This thing used to get out of order and it was my job to repair it. I always questioned how much value there was in these treatments, thinking it was more psychic than anything else, especially as I was at the same time seeing Dr. Hickey's tubes at work, but it was not for me to make comment.

Dr. Biddle had been Secretary of the Michigan State Medical Society and since 1902, Editor of its Journal. He used to carry on a considerable correspondence with which I helped, but he had an assistant in the editorial job. Dr. Guy L. Connor, over on Lafayette Street, and son of old Dr. Seartus Connor whom I had consulted previously. That Dr. Seartus Connor had been chairman of the Council of the Michigan State Medical Society.

The one outstanding thing during my senior year at school was the work with Dr. Biddle. He was subject to inflammatory rheumatism and I noticed that he would have a sore throat, and then in about ten days be laid up for a week or two with rheumatism.

IN October he had one of these spells, which was extra hard, and Dr. Connor thought he had a chance to become Secretary-Editor. He called up saying he was sending all the Medical Journal material over that day, he could not continue it as things were going. I borrowed Dr. McLean's car and went out to Dr. Biddle's house to see what to do. That was partly Dr, McLean's idea. Dr. Biddle was flat in bed, could not move, fever etc. He said, "Call your father, Secretary of the Council, or Dr. W. T. Dodge, chairman, and have them call an immediate meeting of the Council to elect a new Secretary-Editor. I can't do the work now and the Journal must be kept up." I suggested that if he would let me come out and consult him about some problems that might come up and if he would in some way attend to the editorials, I would do the rest of the work and the Society be none the wiser. I told him I had done newspaper work and knew the printing business. He was skeptical, but we decided to try it. I edited the November, December 1905, and January, February 1906 numbers. I gathered the County Society items, book reviews, original papers, and also the editorials for those four months in the middle of my senior year. How I did it I do not know, but it was a satisfactory job as shown by the fact that not more than a dozen people knew what was going on. I had to read all the proof, look after the advertising, make up the dummy and see through publication and mailing a magazine averaging 128 pages beside the cover. It was made up in signatures, that is, in booklets of sixteen pages each, then bound together. It was necessary to have the material come even, so there would be no blank pages and all would be complete, no continued articles which so many magazines use to help make their pages come even. On January 15th the Council held its annual meeting and elected a new Editor and Secretary, Dr. Benjamin R. Schenck. That meeting was the first that many of that group knew what had been going on. I had the February number mostly done at the time of that meeting, so it could be delivered on February 1s.

As I was closing up this work, the printer, in Detroit, asked me what I planned on doing. He thought I was foolish to continue in medicine, that I should stay in publishing. He offered me the foremanship of his "imposing room" where the pages and forms are made up, and offered me $50 a week for it. That was more than I was to make in several years but was not tempting except to my personal satisfaction and vanity.

During the time when Dr. Biddle was sick in bed and not even I could see him, a question of Medical Society discipline came up from Macomb County demanding an official answer by return mail.. I called Dr. David Inglis, who was the president, and put the question up to him. He didn't even know the answer and said it would have to wait until Dr. Biddle was well again. But it couldn't and I suggested that I knew the answer but my opinion wasn't official. I would write it out and bring it over if he would sign it. He was a little skeptical but would consider it. I wrote the reply and went over to Dr. Inglis' office. He recognized me as I came in and called me by name. He had always told us in his class that he was face and name blank and never to expect him to recognize us. He read over my letter, signed it and then said he wanted to talk with me. He says, "You are trying to decide whether to go back home to practice? Go ahead unless your home reputation is not good, for home is the place you can build up the easiest." That was contrary to all I had been told and to what most students believed, but it was on my mind.

During all this time in that Fort Street office I had helped in Dr, Campbell's office as much as possible during office hours, doing preliminary refractions, drops in eyes, histories, keeping lists of patients for posting, etc. I had not thought of making Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat my specialty, but was rather listening to Dermatology. I expected, however, to enter into private practice for several years before taking any specialty. My work at Harper as extern was valuable and it gave me experience and confidence. I had given over 2000 anesthetics when I graduated. I also had a host of rather well selected acquaintances, including Dr. Carstens, who was to do me a favor later.

Many a time I had visited with Dr. Biddle and he told me abnout his family, his brothers and his own education. He trained at Annapolis but did not take a commission, deciding to take medicine instead. He was a most exacting military disciplinarian and I received from him the valuable knowledge of the sacredness of a promise, the importance to you and others of never being late to an appointment, to always do definitely and thoroughly what has been promised. The ingrained training is probably what helped me through that year and gave me a reputation years later, of never being late for an appointment.

C. M. Stafford, who had been in my class at Ann Arbor for four years, then two years in Detroit, spoke to me one day and said the President off the Detroit College, the Jesuit College (later University of Detroit), would like to see me. I went over and he talked to me for a while, mentioned the outside work I had been doing, looked over my credits at Ann Arbor, and special courses there, then told me the Detroit College would grant me a Master of Arts degree at their exercises if I would matriculate and pay for preparing the diploma, a total of $10.00, I at once agreed and went back to Detroit in June and became a Master of Arts.

Preparing for graduation our class debated class pictures, what to wear, etc. It was finally decided to have our pictures taken in cap and gown. I furnished the cap and gown. When James F. Strenick was ready to graduate in 1903 the gown companies rented or sold gowns. I have forgotten the rates but rental cost about 49% of purchase. We were talking it over and I suggested that I would have to have one next year and I would wear it two years, so if he wanted to buy, I would pay 2/3 the cost. He was glad to as that made it less for him than the rental and it suited me fir then I would have the gown. I used it in 1904, Lieu Minor, my roommate, graduated in 1905 and I let him use it then. When it came time for our graduation in medicine, the class decided to wear dress suits instead of gowns, but to have the pictures in the gown. When the pictures were finally taken, thirty-two had the gown and forty-nine were in regular coats. I went to a place in Detroit and got me a dress suit. That was the first time I ever wore one. I wore it again a month later when I received my Master of Arts degree.

Edith was teaching at Greenville that year and wanted to come to the graduation exercises. Her principal refuse permission to miss that day, but I expect I insisted a little hard. At any rate, she came and took her reprimand afterwards.

I took two or three days to gather up the line ends and lave Detroit. First was a decision I had to make. I had been working in that Fort Street office for nearly two years. I had helped Dr. Angus McLean with surgery, had helped Dr. Don M. Campbell with his Eye and Ear and had helped Dr. Andrew Biddle with his Dermatology practice as well as the Hospital and College laboratory work Dr. Biddle, I honestly think wanted me to stay. He asked me to locate in Detroit, get an office not too far away and come over and help him while I was building a practice of my own. He said the other two men would send me everything they could and he thought it would be enough to keep me until I could get started.

I talked this over with my father and decided to go back to Battle Creek. He gave me $75.00 to buy what equipment I would need. Of course I lived at home. We found an office at 15 Main Street upstairs, the whole second floor of a very old building. There was a big artificially lighted reception room with two smaller rooms in front on the street and two in back on the back windows. We moved in. This was heated by stoves and lighted by electricity and it was necessary to walk up. There was no elevator.

I had a number of patients in their homes but one day found one that needed hospitalization. I had never sent a patient into the hospital so was thrilled with this case of pneumonia. I called the hospital, told them about the patient, that she was being brought in and gave orders what to do. Two or three hours later I went up to see my patient. The superintendent, a nurse, told me I had no patient in the hospital. ”Where was he?” “ Oh, we turned him over to Dr. Z.” I never got that patient back, but I raised a row and that particular thing never happened again. This nurse was sweet on Dr. Z but he never cared for her, only for the favors she could give.

We installed laboratory equipment; microscope etc and I began using them as occasion was presented. An early case that year was Lawrence L. my father’s case who was losing strength and getting glands in his neck. Blood counts and laboratory studies lead to the diagnosis of Chronic Lymphatic Leukemia (large cell), a rare disease. We followed that case until he died, and I made repeated blood counts etc. Those records are still in my desk and the subject of Lymphatic Leukemia was, I think, the title of the first medical paper I wrote and had published in The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society. First written the first year we had three cases of leukemia, one in a small child and an acute lymphatic leukemia (small cell). This child only lived about a week and probably now we would call it argranulosis because there was an enormous increase in small white cells with almost a disappearance of the polymonphonuclear cells. The third case was a very peculiar one, which I still think was a blood dichasia of the anemia order. We called it an atypical leukemia, on account of the increase of white cells, but we were never satisfied with the diagnosis. He lived for fifteen years.

I worked these three cases up and read the paper at the Michigan State Medical Society meeting and had it published. In the paper I made one observation that was of interest to me, but I was surprised at the attention. In the second case, when the white cells were rising up around 600,000, I reported seeing a few mitotic figures, that is, cells undergoing division or multiplication. Dr. George Dock, then Professor of Internal Medicine, in the discussion said that was an observation internists had been looking for, believed would be found but had never seen and he would like to study some of my slides. The child was dead some time and I was unable to get any new ones, and my originals were not mounted permanently. I sent him the slides, however I never heard anymore from him, but he was just moving from Ann Arbor, and I presume the slides were lost for he never acknowledged receipt. In the summer of 1940 the A.M.A. Journal reported cell division in the circulating blood. I argued at that time because of the extraordinary number of small cells and the fissions I had seen that this disease was a sarcoma of the blood. Many hold that opinion now.

As part of the modernization of the American Medical Association and the reorganization of the Michigan State Medical Society in 1902, the societies started an agitation for systematic graduation study. The American Medical Association Journal was publishing each month a post-graduate study outline. Some of the Battle Creek members of the Calhoun County Medical Society organized a study group, which met weekly in the parlor of Nichols Memorial Hospital. I was asked to lead the discussion of pneumonia at the first meeting. I did a lot of work but confined my remarks almost entirely to the pathology. I made drawings to illustrate and preserved those drawings with many others, for years. We continued this study club fir three or four years and at one time I made a report of what we were doing. The American Medical Association published it. About two years ago in 1938, Dr. James D. Bruce, Vice-President of the University of Michigan and Chairman of the Michigan State Medical Society Committee on Post-graduate study discovered this old record. He wrote me about it and mentioned it in his report.

I had applied for membership inn the Calhoun County Medical Society in June and was elected. I was asked to prepare a paper for the September 4, 1906 meeting on the Pathology of Pneumonia, this paper to be a part of a symposium or group of papers. This was not a long paper, only ten minutes, but was illustrated by self- made drawings showing the pathological conditions described. The Secretary of the Society, Dr. A. S. Kimball, thought the paper good, sent it to the Journal of the Michigan State medical

Society and it was published in January 1907, and was I happy! I had broken into print in less than a year from graduation.

I liked medicine and I guess Miss B's training while I was in High School did some good. At any rate, I liked to write. My next interest was also a finding in the laboratory. I was browning about quite a little and one day did the "Diazo" reaction on an obscure case. Ehrlick's Diazo reaction was a peculiar red color reaction when urine is treated with a certain group of substances. It usually occurs in typhoid, sometime in measles and occasionally in some other conditions. It was receiving a very considerable attention at that time as an indication of typhoid fever. I got the typical diazo reaction in a walled off appendicitis abscess that had been treated for a long time as typhoid. That suggested further study and I found it during the routine examination in five cases of pregnancy. At that early date we were watching these prospective mothers much the same as we are being advised to now. I thought if the Diazo reaction is present in appendicitis abscess, I would test it in something else and in the course of a few months I had nineteen cases with various causes. So I searched all the available literature and added my piece to the rest. This particular test is an outgrowth of the aniline dye, chemistry – a substitution process in the Diazo group, forming a dye.

My father had another patient, Fr. Sadlier who had been our pastor for many years, who became ill, a renal condition. That gave me another reason and opportunity to keep up my laboratory work. I made all the desired determination of his urine and followed his condition for months. Toward the end he did like so many other do, called in a quack from Detroit. This doctor came, I met him and took a long lecture that disturbed me at that time, but not later. He was a clever homeopath and I had not met many of them who were clever. They wanted to take Dr. Sadlier to Detroit and bake him, thus restoring his normal kidney function. Naturally I wanted to know about all this but was told that the Homeopaths had so many resources that the regular doctors did not, that I could not understand it anyway. I hated to see the patient go to Detroit. He was ill, but around and tending to most of his affairs yet I did not want him to miss any advantages of which I knew nothing. He went, stayed about a week, was boiled at 300 degrees in a tent, came home on a stretcher and died soon after. It is a curious fact that this artificial heat has been developed recently in artificial fever and used very successfully in treatment of late syphilitic conditions. Was the old doctor on the track of something? Or was he purely a faker?

Father and I also had a bad gall bladder case in an old friend. We studied that together, finally did a gall bladder drainage and studied the drainage material chemically. That was the first drainage of the gall bladder that we knew of in Battle Creek, and was certainly an early one because a year later at the State Medical Society meeting, Dr. H. C. Walker of Detroit, Professor of Surgery, was reporting his first nine cases.

During the year I had done what I thought was pretty well for a first year in practice, so made plans and was married. Edith Cowles had taken some instructions in religion our last year in Ann Arbor under Fr. Kelly, later Bishop, and this last year she had had some instructions under Fr. Malone of Maple Grove. She lived in the northeast corner of Kent

County, one mile south of the line and two miles west on the road Fr. Malone took going from his residence at Maple Grove to his mission church at Harvard where he conducted services. So he agreed to stop there for her instructions. I had tried to make arrangements for her instructions through Dr. Sadlier of Battle Creek who referred me to the priest at Big Rapids who told me Edith would have to come to Big Rapids and stay six weeks taking instructions. That was manifestly impossible, but there was no giving way, so I went to Grand Rapids to see Fr. Schrembs who was Vicar General of the Grand Rapids Diocese there. He had been Spiritual Advisor of the C. M. B.A., which I will mention later, so I knew him. Going to his home I got the first "run around". At the G. R. & I. R.R. Station I got off the train and took a can for Fr. Schrembs, just five blocks as I knew. The driver started out and drove north, then west, and after half an hour through strange streets, I was able to attract his attention and told him it seemed a long time to cover five blocks and what was the idea. He denied any intention to wander, but said he got off the road, a strange thing for a regular cab driver. My attempt to call a policeman on the corner reminded him to go about his business and he drove off. I found the Episcopal residence in a very few minutes on foot.

When I explained my difficulties, Father Schrembs said Fr. Blank at Bug Rapids should have tried to help me instead of making things impossible, and anyway he was not the man. Edith belonged to Fr. Malone's parish and as luck would have it, Fr. Malone was in his house then and we visited. He knew Edith because we had been to his church at Maple Grove or at Harvard several times. He was glad to look after the instructions and did. This Fr. Schrembs is now (1940) Arch Bishop of Cleveland.

When it came time for the wedding, I planned on giving Dr. Malone a nice fee and my father sent him $10.00 before, to use for music or anything he thought would add to the occasion.

The wedding was June 27, 1907. We all drove to Maple Grove the day before for Edith's baptism and the ceremony the next morning. Edith's father and Mother had a nice reception and then we started for town and the train. We had a livery rig from Sand Lake where we were to take the train, and some of the young friends gave us a merry race to town.

They came on the train and made things generally miserable. The station floor was a quarter inch thick with rice, pelted while waiting for the train.

We went to Cadillac that night, and the next day to Mackinac Island where we stayed for several days taking the boat to Detroit and train back to Battle Creek. Just a week later we were called back to Sand lake for the funeral of Edith's cousin, Louisa Cole, whose wedding we had attended a month before our own. That summer we stayed at my mother's while trying to find a place. The first of September we moved to 128 Clay Street, a neat little home belonging to Mrs. Wersten, an old widow lady. It was furnished and quite comfortable and not too expensive.

For transportation I had a skittish horse and a four-wheeled high-seated run about with a beautiful automobile seat, a fast little rig and making a nice impression. My father had given it to me, and were we ever proud. I had worn a long Prince Albert coat for the wedding and Sundays always put it on to go to church.

The City water from Battle Creek was always pumped from Goguac Lake. There was supposed to be no swimming but there were summer cottages all around the lake and people did swim. The water did not taste much, but there was a certain odor and it was not good. The City had been experimenting and looking for another supply and had driven several wells where the present Verona Water Works are. Artesian wells resulted, constantly flowing and they were left flowing for several years. Many families went out there and brought back water in gallons and five gallon bottles, as we did. That water had been tested and reported good but with an excessive amount of iron and salts that would settle out and corrode. There were interests that did not want a change, mostly factories and people connected with them. There was a long campaign in the newspaper and elsewhere to get the water supply changed. I couldn't keep out of such a fight and prepared statements for the paper, talks to lay groups etc. I still have in my files a paper, "Causes and Dissemination of Typhoid Fever," which was read at a public meeting sponsored by the Battle Creek Medical Club, April 6, 1908.We lost out and the "Flowing Wells" lay idle for several years. Later they were developed, a pumping station established and made a chief source of water supply for the city. The Goguac Lake plant became only subsidiary and is now a filtration unit, which is what we advocated those early years.

I noticed about this time that many of my father's old patients were coming to me when he was available, as well as when he was away or busy. That situation would not do so I began to consider selecting a specialty. We talked it over and since I had already had two years in Dr. Don N. Campbell's office in Detroit, I thought that was the proper field for me. I liked the work so made arrangements to close my office in the fall of 1908 and take a special course, so I could start in 1909. I wrote Dr. Campbell for a chance to come into his office again for a short time, but he had someone then so I went to the Chicago Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat College. I worked under Fisher, Woodruff, Andrews, Tydings, Ballenger and Freer. That was a group of good teachers and I enjoyed this work. I went to Chicago alone and found a room not too far away. It was a difficult decision to make for we were expecting a baby in March, but I never have regretted it.

My course in Chicago required long hours and hard work with a large Clinic. I shall never forget one patient that taught me a lesson. Dr. Andrews asked us all to examine patients and make a diagnosis. The necessary laboratory work had already been done and a report was with each patient, but we were told if we wished more and it was reasonable, it would be done.

I drew an older lady with catarrh. She had been coming to that Clinic for three years and submitted to examination and outlined treatments, but she said, "Doctor, can't you do something so I don't have to keep coming?" I examined her and in one side of the nose I thought I saw something stretching across from the anterior third of the upper part of the lower turbinate to the middle turbinate, and terminating there. I investigate with a forceps and removed a broken piece of snare wire. Someone had attempted to take off part of the middle turbinate, broken his wire and stopped. She had been coming to the Clinic for relief. Soon Dr. Anderson came around for our diagnosis. Mine was, "There was a piece of snare wire here." He said my diagnosis and treatment was correct but wrong. I should not have removed it. It had spoiled a show patient that had been his pet for over three years and he was waiting to see who would find it. In spite of the fact that I spoiled his favorite demonstration, Dr. A. B. Andrews was a friend of mine for years since we met at American Medical Association and Academy meetings.

I returned home and began a long slow process of building up a specialty practice at home where no one considered I could possibly be a specialist. I continued to work and study. In January 1909, I gave a paper, "Anatomy Of The Ear", at the Battle Creek Medical Club, which was still working on postgraduate study.

The recognition I wanted was hard to get so I was determined to force it. I advocated special examination of the eyes and ears of school children and wrote to the Chairman of a State Medical Society Standing Committee to promote this cause. That did no good so I wrote to the President, Dr. J. H. Carstens, and he appointed me to that committee. Then I went to the School Board representing the State Medical Society and secured permission to talk to the teachers and to outline what to do and how to observe the children. I had a job though because they were just working with the architects of the new High School. Dr. Eugene Miller was President of the Board and he was putting me off and not giving me permission to go before the Board. It was the last of August and an election was due on Labor Day, at which Dr. Miller was running for reelection. I finally became exasperated and said, "Doctor, do all the talking you expect to with these architects tomorrow night because it will be your last chance." "What do you mean?" "I mean I shall stand outside the Library building where you are voting and ask everyone I can get to listen, to vote for your opponent because I have been unable to get an audience with this board for six weeks." That turned the trick. He didn't want any such publicity. I had my audience and was promised cooperation. It was arranged for me to talk with the teachers and to sort of supervise these inspections. That was the start of the health work now done in the schools, including nurses, dentists, some medical examinations, and a large amount of Health Service. I prepared and read a paper at that time about "Medical Inspection of School Children". My notes do not say whether it was published, but my memory is that it was part of the committee's report. I personally examined all the children in St. Philip's School and continued that for several years.

Early in the spring I had a call over to Charlotte to Dr. Newark's Hospital, a case of mastoiditis. The man was about sixty, had been a hostler all his life, had repeated ear aches followed by discharge, sometimes pain and after a while – recovery. He did not recover from the last attack and after about three months he had intense pain in the mastoid area, swelling, fever and dizziness. He had all the typical symptoms of mastoiditis with perforation and necrosis. When the doctor called me he asked if I had ever had such a case. I had seen this in school and postgraduate clinics and had assisted in the operation, so I said yes. When I arrived at the hospital, all the doctors in Charlotte came out to see what they would see. Luckily everything went all right and the patient came off the table OK, even though he had exposed durra and lateral sinus. He made an uneventful recovery. Later Dr. Neward admitted the man had plenty of sugar and he had lied gracefully when I asked about his laboratory findings. That was my first major operation in the specialty though I had done some general surgery before, the worst being a sub total abdominal hysterectomy.

During the four years of Dr. Schench's term as Secretary-Editor, I had attended the annual meetings and had been in charge of the Registration and Information Bureau. That gave me quite a knowledge of the doctors and a personal contact with many and, added to my work with Dr. Biddle and my apprenticeship in Printing, determined me to succeed Dr. Schenck when he retired on account of health. The Journal was only eight years old and had never been outside of Detroit. I worked for the election and had a lot of promises in the council. Dr. Fred Warnshuis, Secretary of Kent County Medical Society had the same idea and much political following. He was older and probably better known. This was an election by the Council at the January 15th meeting at the Cadillac Hotel, at which the Chairman and Secretary were also to be elected. My father was Councilor from the Third District, and Secretary of the Council. We sat around all day waiting and finally I got tired and nervous so went over to talk with Dr. McLean. When the election was over and I was elected, I could not be found and Dr. J. H. Carstens chased me up by telephone. I went over and was introduce by him as the new Secretary and Editor the youngest to ever have either position in the Michigan State Medical Society before or since.

A year before the County Medical Society secretaries had been called in for a meeting the evening following the Council midwinter meeting, and had selected Fred Warnshuis as chairman for the meeting, which was to follow this Council meeting in 1910. A good program had been provided, a dinner and several talks together with one by the new secretary. Dr. Warnshuis had worked hard for this election and I think he was disappointed that he did not win. When the County Secretary's meeting was called to order in the evening, he was not present so the vice chairman presided. I was new at the state Secretary job, but was called upon to outline my plans and told them that so far as I possibly could, I would visit all their County Societies during my term. This promise was kept.

This position carried with it a salary of $1,200.00 per year and an $8.00 a week stenographer. My office had to be rearranged to take care of all this editorial work. I had a small room about twenty feet long and six feet wide, on the wall of which I built a pigeonhole like case to serve for files of exchange magazines that immediately started coming. I have forgotten how many, but there were quite a number of State Medical Journals, the American Medical Association and numerous private journals: Surgical, Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat, Pediatrics, etc.

I made arrangements to publish the Journal on the Ellis Publishing Company press. We set it with a type setting machine, which cast and set type, not a linotype but individual types. There were 128 pages and cover of four pages of a different color. About twenty-four pages were advertising giving about 108 pages of text. The size of the page was a little smaller than the present Journal, but nearly as much text went on a page. As I remember we used eight points on a ten point base. I had to dig up and keep the printer supplied with original articles of sufficient worth to appear in a State Medical Society Journal. There were about four pages of editorials top prepare from economic and organizational matters to scientific editorials. The latter were mostly by request, and I do not remember being refused a scientific editorial during my three years. The preparation of editorials was quite a responsibility. I made it a plan to write them in double spaced typewriting and after two or three days, correct and make obvious or needful changes, then have them typewritten again. I would then read them over to my father, talk them out and give them their final form. That was an invariable rule and I believe my editorials were good.

There were also news items, County Society reports (which were difficult to get), and book reviews. I did many of these myself, but also sent them to someone whose opinion I valued and have him write them. I mostly had to rewrite them to conform to our style.
The part of the editorial job taking the most time was the advertising. I had to a few advertising agencies, but what they wished arrange that largely without help, solicitation, etc. There were to advertise did not conform to my ideals. When the Journal came to me it had all the old advertised proprieties, Antiphlogisterine, Danniels Passadyne, Pepto Mangon and others.
Very few would pass the requirement of the recently established Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry as required to secure entrance to the pages of the American medical Association Journal. I wanted to clean up and accept only Council approved advertisements, and the Council was only half sold on this. At the next meeting I was authorized to decline renewal of two or three advertisements. More were solicited and obtained, so that or income really increased. That turned the trick. By the end of two years as Editor, I had done a fair job of cleaning up and made arrangements with the American Medical Association to print our Journal on their press, which I continued for a year.

In the course of attending all County Medical Society meetings, I was at Wayne County in December 1901(?). Someone in the War Department talked and recounted the pitiful condition of the Amy medical Corps, should we get into a War. There were only a few hundred doctors and a small was would require twenty or thirty thousand, and they would have to be trained for military surgery. A new unit of the Army had just been formed; the Medical Reserve Corps and they were taking registrations. I enlisted, the first one in Michigan outside of Detroit. Some time later I had notice to go to Fort Wayne and be examined. I did so and met Major Hartsock, who examined me. He was an “Eye” man and detected my amblyopic left eye, but thought for the service contemplated, that wouldn’t matter.

It was planned to train us through a correspondence course out of Fort Leavenworth so that we would know something of the Army customs and rules as well as what would be expected of us. My first commission still hangs on my office wall. First Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., signed by William H. Taft, President and H. L.

Stimson, Secretary of War. That was one of the earlier ones and the only one signed by the President. I took that correspondence course and learned about how to write military letters, orders, paperwork and the theory of command and handling troops. This idea spread until there were about nine hundred reserve officers at the outbreak of the World War. This M.R.C. was a decided advantage to the government and the army in establishing their organization, but as for the doctors themselves, I am still a little in doubt.

One of the first jobs confronting me as secretary was to incorporate the State Medical Society. It had previously been incorporated, but never under its new form and there were so many activities, such as medical defense, publishing a Journal, dealing with advertisers, etc., that a new incorporation was needed. The Post Office Department had also suggested that on account of our mailing. I engaged Mr. Burrett Hamilton and he drew up the articles and completed the incorporation. That was in May 1910. My name was signed as Secretary and my father's as Counselor. This incorporation expires in 1940 and was so well done that the Society has been advised to make no changes in the renewal.

In April 1910 the Post Office officials descended upon me and ordered that we could not mail Journals to members, unless their application for membership carried with it a subscription and unless a certain amount of those dues were set aside for the Journal account. That meant a Council conference (by mail) and the adoption of new forms, the one still used being evolved at that time, even to the paragraph of exhortation heading the page which was copied from Secretary Rock Sleyster of Wisconsin who is now President of the American Medical Association.

The postal rules required that the mailing list of a magazine for second-class rating must be bone-fide and that it must be paid for within four months. That accounts for the rule that dues must be paid by April 1st. There were many members late in paying and they had to be contacted. One whole Society (Washtenaw) refused to be dictated to. They had always paid their dues at the end of the year and they would not change for anyone. The Post Office ordered me to store their Journals until they paid. That made more work, more bother and took up considerable storage space. However that did not last long.

The American Medical Association met at St. Louis in January 1910. It was my first attendance and I was early and seeing all there was. Michigan was entitled to two delegates and only one was present and no alternate. I figured we should have full representation so hunted up Dr. Carstens and asked him to designate someone. I thought he would serve or appoint some Detroit man, but he names me. I presented my credentials and had to prove by producing our Constitution and By-laws. The President had the power to make such appointments. I was seated and learned how the AMA is governed.

The Committee reports had been made and referred to the Reference Committee. My first session was in the afternoon and these reference committees were reporting. They were recommending that some things be adopted and some rejected. They had spent all night going over this report of a committee that had worked for a year. I sat with Dr. E. T. Abrams of Dollar Bay, Michigan, our delegate on my left and Col. Wm. C. Gorgas and Col. Irish of the Canal Zone, on my right. I sat there listening, Abrams was dozing, Irish was whispering when Dr. A. T. McCormack of Kentucky, head of the Health Service for many years, was reading a reference committee report in which they recommended the passage of a certain measure I did not think was good. Without changing his singsong voice he stopped reading and moved the adoption. It was promptly seconded and I said to Col. Gorgas. "He's trying to railroad that through." Dr. Gorgas said, "That is so but what can we do?" I had awakened Abrams by that time and he was on his feet and recognized before anyone else could do anything. I had not thought of trying for recognition myself and putting up a fight. Dr. Abrams leaned over and asked what it was all about, then started in with a speech as if all prepared and rehearsed. The motion was defeated, and there was no more railroading attempt after that. I may have misjudged Dr. McCormack's attempt but his message did not pass when light was brought upon it. That is my most vivid memory of that meeting and later I was to meet Dr. Irish again.

At this time I had talked over the Post Office trouble with Dr. Carstens and especially the one society who wouldn't pay up. Dr. Carstens promised to solve the problem and he did. He appointed Dr. Louis J. Hirschmann as Chairman of the Credentials Committee of the House of Delegates.

As the meeting started I was at the registration and information desk and Dr, Reuben Peterson, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Ann Arbor, came up and registered. He asked for his badge as a delegate and I referred him to the committee who told him he was not a member in good standing and couldn't be seated. He came over to me before a crowd and in a loud voice demanded that I certify for this committee that he was a member in good standing, and a delegate. I said, "Dr. Peterson, the State Society records do not show that you have paid your dues, we have not received them." He replied that they didn't have to be paid until December. By that time some of the crowd were wondering and asking why they had to pay early and Washtenaw did not. There was quite a scene and some talking, but finally he pulled a check out of his pocket for the dues of his whole County Society. He was promptly seated and Washtenaw never stood out again. I mailed their Journals to them as soon as I returned home, but I made an enemy that was to turn up several years later.

That same year Dr. E. J. Bremstein of Kalamazoo and I called a meeting of the Eye, Ear Nose & Throat men of Battle Creek, Kalamazoo and Jackson and organized the Southwesterm Michigan Triological Asssociation. He was made President and I Secretary. We invited and urged others to join and soon had a Society of about fifty members including two from Flint, some from Grand Rapids, one from Muskegon and one as far away as Traverse City. It was nearly all of Lower Michigan except Ann Arbor and Detroit, and Dr. Dean Myers of Ann Arbor later joined. We had monthly meetings except during the summer and usually they took the form of a round table discussion. We developed the modern technique for tonsillectomy in the office during those discussions and I wrote a paper presented at one of those meetings on that subject.

Later one evening at Jackson as the discussion lagged, Dr. Fleming Carrow who was then located at Jackson, asked how many had ever done a double mastoid. There were only a few hands, including my own. He had done his first that day and he had practiced in Bay City, China, had been a professor at Ann Arbor, and practiced in Detroit and Jackson, all in a period of over forty years.

I continued as Secretary of the Triological Society until I went to the War at which time the Society lapsed, to be revived later. During this time as the end of my first year as Secretary of the M.S.M.S., my father and I moved our offices to the second floor of the Kapp Building. Drs. Shipp and Sleight had had those offices and moved over to the Post Bldg. Mr. August Kapp, the owner, who was one of my father's patients insisted that we move in, which we did.

We hadn't been in that office more than about six months when Dr. Fleming Carrow called on me. He had been in town visiting Dr. Sleight, who had been his assistant in Ann Arbor. As he walked in he said, "What do you do with Dr. Sleight's patients who come in here looking for him?" I replied, "Send them to him." He said I was a damned fool – to hang on to them if I could, and he walked out. I never really knew the object of that visit.

My second year as Secretary-Editor, after just having helped form the Southwestern Michigan Triological Association, I started after a section in the Michigan State Medical Society. There were sections on Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics and Gynecology. If anyone wanted to present a paper on Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat, it had to be before the Surgical Section, and they all walked out. In the Medical Section we had the same result. I consulted some of the big names in the specialty and told them what I wanted to do. Most of them refused and said when they read a paper they wanted to tell the general men when to refer cases. I argued that if they built themselves up the cases would come, and secured fifty signatures on a petition. I had already secured the promise of help from Dr. Charles H. Baker of Bay City, a member of the Council. The measure went through and such a section was organized at the next meeting.

I was in Detroit when the Detroit Oto-Laryngological Society met in the fall of 1911 and made application for membership. They considered for some time and finally decided they could if they wished, take in a member from outside Detroit, and I was elected and I attended their meetings whenever possible. Of course it was a handicap and a long train ride in the afternoon and another home at night, but I profited and continued. I later read two papers before that Society and was Vice-President, as I am now in 1940, again Vice-President.

While Secretary-Editor, I mostly talked about organization matters when visiting County Medical Societies, but occasionally I gave a scientific paper. If it was published I gave it elsewhere like the Lencoeyte, official organization, Detroit College of Medicine, Phi Beta Pit Quarterly etc. One of these was a paper on submucous reactions of the nasal septum, read first at Ottawa County Medical Society February 14, 1911.

Among the visits to County Medical Societies was one to the Upper Peninsula Medical Society at Menominee in the summer of 1911. This was the first time an officer of the MSMS had visited them at one of their meetings. I am still hearing about it and how well pleased they were. Being so far removed they had scarcely felt they belonged.

I took the boat to St.Ignace and was on the lake the day of the big storm of 1911, when about thirty ships were lost. The sea was running high and storm warnings out when we left Pointe au Barker and started across the mouth of Saginaw Bay. The wind was about eighty miles. Everything was tied down, doors closed and passengers kept inside. In crossing the Bay we were driven twenty miles out into the lake and failed to make Oscoda as we were supposed to. We only made shore for Alpena. I did not realize it was such a terrible storm but thought we were getting an extra drubbing because of the long sweeps up Saginaw Bay. Waves were breaking over the upper deck and we were all glad when the Bay was passed, even though the rough weather did not abate. It was till quite rough when we put in to Alpena several hours later.

At Menominee I met many of the Upper Peninsula men and renewed acquaintance with some of the old war horses, West, Theodore Felch, C.J. Ennis, H.I. Laughbaugh, E.T. Abrams, H.J. Hornbogen, E. R. Elwood, etc., all of whom are now gone. I remember them well. Ennis was Irish and especially friendly. Hornbogen sat next to me at the banquet. I had been to one or two banquets before when a little wine was served but have never seen eight wine glasses ringed around the table, of different sizes and shapes.
I never did know one wine from another, or one liquor from another. As the other drank, I sipped to get the taste figuring there would be no harm. There was one very small glass with a sweetish honey like liquid that I sipped several times. Hornbogen nudged me and said, ”Give that to me, you don’t want any more of it.” I asked what it was and he said Absinth. It didn’t bother him; in fact he got some of my other glasses too. They had a nice meeting, good attendance, and I talked organizational matters.

As a furtherance of my specialty, I attended a Clinic at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, and a formal course at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia in 1911. While in Philadelphia I made my headquarters with the BII though I stayed at a Hotel. I also attended some Clinics at the University of Pennsylvania. I met and became acquainted with H. M. Ziegler, Luther Peters, Wendell Reber, and de Schweinertz and attended some of their lectures.

I had learned of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Oto Laryngology and so made application for membership that was finally accepted and I attended my first meeting at Indianapolis in 1911. That was my first visit to Indianapolis and I went direct from Detroit where I had been attending a meeting. Dr. George F. Sukea of Chicago, whom I had known when taking my postgraduate work there, was Secretary and my correspondence once had been with him. He was elected President that year.

I now felt that I had at least partially demonstrated my right to Eye, Ear, Noose & Throat classifications, because Dr, Stanley G. Minor, my old Professor from Detroit, asked me to discuss a paper he was presenting at the next meeting of the Academy at Niagara Falls, Ont. in 1912.

Edith Ellen was born March 12, 1909,m two months after I returned from my postgraduate course in Chicago. She was the first grandchild on my side and the second by about a month on her mother's side, so was a popular individual. We made great preparations and did many things probably the hardest way, but she grew up in spit of the fact that scientific methods were tried. Wilfrid Jr. came along seventeen months later on August 13, 1910. he was a healthy boy but after a while had to be bottle fed. In the spring of 1912 when he was a few months old the bottle was meeting his requirements. That was before the days of elaborate ground foods and strained foods at three months or less. He was being fed a cream mixture formula my father had used for several years with success. The milk was prepared, put in the nursing bottle and all pout into a steam chest for a few minutes for what was actually pasteurization, though that term was not yet invented. Wilfrid's mother was busy with two babies and thought if a little steaming were good, more would not hurt. She steamed the bottles too long. That was the baby's only food. Along in the spring he began to cry whenever touched. I could not account for it because he was fat and the picture of health, but acted as if he might have muscular rheumatism. He kept getting worse. I had my father and Dr. Shipp see him, and no suggestions. So one Sunday I went back to the office and studied through my books on diseases of children. After several hours I thought I had it solved, Infantile Scurvy. The treatment we know now is vitamins, but then it was oranges and fresh milk especially. I went home with a bag of oranges and an idea. I determined to send Edith and the children over to her father's farm and have them set aside one cow whole milk they were to have exclusively. I also called Dr. B. R. Corbus, a pediatrician in Grand Rapids whom I had met and who is now (1940) President of the MSMS. I told him I would be in Grand Rapids at such an hour the next day with the baby and could we see him. When we went in and gave the history, Dr. Corbus asked me what was my diagnosis and I told him what I had decided the day before. He confirmed it nut said he had never seen that diagnosis made by other than a child specialist and in big clinics. In no time at all the baby was his own self, nomore tenderness and no more crying on handling. The cause of the pain and crying, the characteristics of the disease is hemorrhages into the periosterm of the long bones.

Scurvy is a disease known for about three and a half centuries as well as the cure, but always occurred on shipboard or in places of siege or some place where the food supply was limited in quantity and quality. This did not seem such a case and fooled us for a while.

One day in 1911 while attending a meeting of the Wayne County Medical Society, an Army doctor talked to us about the conditions of the Medical Corps, how few persons there were in it, and how necessary it would be to be built us if we should have War. None was then anticipated. He told of the newly formed Medical Reserve Corps, all Lieutenants, who would all be given correspondence training, and who would be given good commissions and consideration if need came. Several of us signed up. I was the first in Michigan outside of Detroit. Soon there were about 900 in the Reserve and we were getting a course in correspondence from Fort Leavenworth.

When it came time for the mid-winter Council meeting in January 1912, Dr. W. T. Dodge, the chairman who had been staunch supporter of mine and who knew my work with Dr. Biddle, came to me and suggested that as a matter of harmony I retire, to make some excuse and not come up for reelection. He said Dr. Warnshuis of Grand Rapids had been conducting a quiet campaign among the Council for his own election. I talked the matter over and they wished me out. No other name came up at that time and I was reelected. The next annual meeting was scheduled for Muskegon.

My father had been Secretary of the Council since its start in 1902, and my sister, Anna, was his Secretary. She was a stenographer and did his work. She had attended all these meetings all the ten years. In late 1911 my father had bought a Buick five-passenger car and he with my mother, Anna and I drove to Muskegon. That was a big undertaking at that time with no improved roads, very few gravel ones and all sand most of the ay beyond Grand Rapids. At the meeting my father decided to resign from the Council having been on it for ten years.

The rule was and is, that the delegates from the district select the new Councilors. All those present selected Dr. George C. Hafford of Albion, and recommended him, but a group from Grand Rapids and Detroit refused and nominated Dr. A. S. Kimball, who was the Secretary of Calhoun County Medical Society, but who had never attended a state meeting and was not there then. He was elected and one of these Detroit men came back to Detroit through Battle Creek and called on Dr. Kimball. Dr Kimball was told that he had been made Councilor for just one purpose – to get rid of Dr. Haughey. Dr. Kimball called me over to his office as soon as Dr. V. had gone and told me the story. He said he refused and tld them he would vote for me as long as I wanted the job. Dr. Biddle called me into his office always support me as long as I wanted that job, but that the opposition was too strong and I might better retire. It was not opposition to me; everyone was satisfied with my work and ability, but Dr. Warnshuis wanted the job and was pulling every rope to get it even to the extent of involving the State Board of Health and the State Board of Registration in Medicine.

The next mid-winter meting in January 1913 was in Detroit. Dr. Ennis was on the Council and he canvassed for me and reported that I had the election by one vote, unless someone would switch. I lost by one vote. Dr. Kimball rode home with me and insisted he voted for me and named the others who did. One man’s vote he could not place but that man’s place on the State Board of Health was secure for another term. He had been told if he voted for me he voted himself out of office. I was out. I was chagrined and more or less discouraged because I had given the very best that I had for that work and then had been discarded to satiate one ambitious man who had some political power and did not hesitate to use it. It was the best thing that could have happened to me for I was giving altogether too much time to it and not nearly enough to my practice, and that for $100 a month.

In 1913 the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology met in Washington. I had never been there so planned to go. I took a circuit route to New York and saw some of the sights: Grant's tomb, Battery, Aquarium, Museum, St.Patrick's, then took a boat to Old Point Comford, where Edith's cousin, Leon Cole was a lieutenant in the Coast Artillery and saw all there was to see, even went on board a battleship anchored on the roads. The boat ride from New York took most of a day and night and was my first salt water experience - a good and pleasant voyage. After that visit I took another boat up to Washington. There I visited the convention, discussed one of the papers and saw all the sights but could not go up Washington Monument because it was being repaired. I attended an outdoor Mass at the foot of the Monument, some Knights of Columbus celebration, and returned home by Chesapeake and Ohio R.R.

In the meantime the Editorship of the P{hi Beta Pi Quarterly had become vacant and Dr. B. M. Davey of Lansing, one of my old roommates at Detroit was a Supreme Director. He recommended me and got me my appointment. That was a quarterly Journal, a lot of work, very poorly organized at the time, but I went to work. I attended the Biennial meeting at Minneapolis, University of Minnesota and was reelected. During the next year I was designated as installing officer for a chapter of the fraternity at Madison, Wisconsin. I enjoyed that trip very much, seeing Madison, the two lakes and the University and met a nice bunch of fellows who were enthusiastic in starting this chapter.

My work as Supreme Editor was not satisfactory, there was no real course of material and the mailing list was impossible to keep up. It should have been the job of the Secretary to whom all membership reports were sent. I continued another term and attempted the next biennial meeting at Salt Lake City.

My sister, Anna, was looking for a vacation at that time and wanted to visit Yellowstone, so she came along. We had a specoal coach from Chicago with a group of about twenty making the trip. A few more joined us as we traveled westward. We went through Denver, the D & RG to Colorado Springs, saw Pike's Peak, took the Royal Gorge trip on an open car with sway back seats so we could see. It is a narrow gorge cut 2000 feet deep by the river and we were at the bottom with barely room for the stream and railroad. At one place a bridge crossed 2000 feet above. That was the most picturesque trip I had ever taken. I had marveled at the mountains as we approached them for half a day. They looked like a barrier, dull and hazy, in that they seemed so far away and did not seem to move for hours. Until we were at the very foot the mountains were indistinct and distant. Then we ran along beside them for another hundred miles before breaking into them. There were the plains, desert and distant hills of central and western Colorado and of eastern Utah. Salt Lake City was interesting and attractive with wide regular streets, good buildings, but very few tall ones (1915). Our meeting was at the Hotel. I have forgotten the name. I remember I wore a tan Palm Beach suit on this trip and was an outstanding member as I was the only one so attired. In the intervals between meetings we visited the sights, saw the statue to the Sea Gulls who were supposed to have rescued the old Mormon settlers by coming and eating a pest of grasshoppers or locusts.

The Mormon Temple is an impressive large brick church with four towers at each corner and closed to visitors, except Normans, but the Tabernacle is open. We visited it one noon at 11:45; the doors were closed and were not opened until after one. We were in the famous whispering gallery and music hall. To demonstrate, a guide came out at one end fully 300 feet from where I sat and dropped a pin. We could hear it strike. There was a famous organist there who played the pipe organ, one of the greatest in the world. We could hear the music, carry the tune and hear singing voices. Sometimes it even seemed as if we could distinguish the words. I never heard anything like it before or since. There was a complete hush from that great audience, a seating capacity of 5000 and largely filled though this was one of their regular concerts.

We took a trip to Saltair on Great Salt Lake where we went swimming, also a never to be forgotten experience. We had been cautioned not to dive in as the water was too hard. One of the fellows tried it and it nearly broke his head. One does not swim in the Great Salt Lake with its 26% of contained salts, a completely super saturated condition. You float at the nipple or lower rib line and can paddle, but you cannot keep your feet under water unless you are standing on them, which we were – on a long shallow beach with salt instead of sand. If you get any of the water in your eyes, wet your fingers in your and wipe them out or they will smart. When we left the water we were rinsed off with some piped in fresh water.

Along the beach we saw places where they gather sale by the simple process of pick and shovel. Of course it has to be purified later. We also went by train over to a neighboring town, passing through the world's greatest copper mine where all they do is lay some tracks and move in with a steam shovel and scoop it up. We saw seven layers of open pit mining "workings" in the open face mine. I understand there are one or two iron ore mines in Upper Michigan and in Minnesota, worked this same way. The cheapest form of mining for there is no real digging, no tunnels etc, to build.

When the meeting was over, Anna went up to Yellowstone with a group that was going that way and I came back home. We took a narrow gauge railroad into some of the southern mountain ranges and crossed the Continental Divide in a snowstorm at over 13,000 feet in July. We stopped, got off the train saw the storm sheds and had a snow fight. At Denver I stropped to see my brother, Walter, who was then selling Buicks. He had a fifth interest in the McFarland Automobile Company and was doing well. He had a beautiful residence and took me riding out into the mountains, Garden of the Gods, etc. and out to Cripple Creek and Boulder where the University was. We also saw Buffalo Bill's mount and park up in the mountains. The stone formations and mountain drives were marvelous.

The War was on in Europe and I had my Reserve Corps Commission. Outside of receiving several letters from the War Department asking how soon I could report for duty in case of need, nothing happened. Dr. R. C. Stone had been in Europe when the War broke out and had a bad time getting home. We were all more or less interested and trying to follow the War and its intricacies, but no exact or dependable information came. The correspondence course at Fort Leavenworth stopped.

I had declined reelection as Editor of the Quarterly because of unsatisfactory business arrangements, so was at a loose end. I began working on one or two more medical papers and especially one on Macroglosst Lymphagioma. I had a case of a Polish girl with a large strawberry like protruding tongue. I had treated the case by soothing methods and got the tongue back into the mouth but the peculiar "look" did not clear. I took a specimen and sent it to Ann Arbor to Dr. Warthen, with my diagnosis. He reported back with slides and a letter calling attention to the rarity of the disease (only six in the literature) and confirmed my diagnosis. I had arranged to present the history of this case, and read the paper at the Michigan State Medical Society meeting at Marquette the summer of 1916 but could not attend that meeting, so I read the paper at the Detroit Otolaryngological Society January 17th, 1917. This paper was printed late in the Laryngoscope as I will explain.

Another paper was, "Mastoiditis and its Treatment", before the SWM Triological Association on February 21, 1917. These took up my spare time and led up to a proposition that surprised me. Dr. R. D. Sleight had been assistant instructor at Ann Arbor and was in Dr. Carrow's office when I first went there. I had known him all that time and since. In fact he had asked me while I was still in Ann Arbor how chances would be for him to locate in Battle Creek

I had felt that for the several years that I had been doing special work that he rather resented me and didn't consider that I knew much. So when he came to me in the winter of 1915 and asked me to go into practice with him, I thought I had really been accepted. The proposition was that, as I was doing about four thousand a year (actually $4,400), and he over $16,000, it would be fair to divide 25/75 the first year, then 33 1/3 - 66 2/3 for a year, then 40/ 60 for three years after which it would be 50/50. It was suggested that I take a month's course at Harvard postgraduate school just before we went together. So I spent April 1916 in Boston.

It was an inconvenient time because Edith expected Esther at just about May 1st, but an earlier month did not seem feasible. I enjoyed that month in Boston, visited all the places one visits, Old South Church, Commons, Old Oyster House, Lexington, Concord, Salem, etc. The visit to Salem was interesting for I visited Dr.____ Kline who was superintendent of the State Hospital at Salem. He was later State Superintendent of all hospitals for the insane, and died a few years ago.

I learned to use the subways of Boston and could find my way anywhere. I had a room in Brooklyn, which is a city or village entirely surrounded by the city of Boston. People seemed different in a way – more reserved, but I liked them. I was struck by the Irish names on the stores and business places and later learned that Irish people predominate there.

One of my first acquaintances that I made in the course was Dr. V. A. Chapman, then of Muskegon, but who moved to Milwaukee and later to Palm Springs, California. I also became acquainted with a young man who took my slides on macroglossia and had micrograms made of them. One of the assistants was Gordon Berry of Worcester, Mass., who was assisting Dr. Moshier one or two days a week. He had been a classmate of mine at Ann Arbor twelve years before but was now practically stone deaf. I was much interested in the work at the hospital, could see no reason why people having that free treatment would drive to the hospitals in sedans, and asked some of the professors about it. They felt the same but were powerless.

We had a well-organized course in Otology with several chances to assist in mastoid operations. One day toward the end of the course we had very little to do and Dr. Hammond told a few of us to go into Dr. Moshier's Clinic where he was doing Bonschoscopy, and we were entitled to what we could learn.

When we went in quietly and in the back of the room, Moshier looked up and ordered us out. Then asked by what right we came in anyway. We told him Dr. Philip Hammond had sent us, but he insisted we were not welcome. On the strength of that experience I was invited to a testimonial dinner for Moshier in 1939 as one of his former students, which I never was. Of course I met Moshier later. He was and is a great teacher and to have been his student would have been a great honor. I happened to be taking an Otology course instead of Laryngology, which made all the difference.

As of that time there was no better course in Otology anyplace in the United States, and I think the Harvard postgraduate school is still as good as there is. I was proud to add Harvard to my list of colleges at any rate.

When I went to Boston I bought a circular tour return ticket, going through Albany but returning through New Hampshire, Montreal and then over G.T. to Battle Creek. As the course was drawing to a close and the end of the week getting longer, I had heard from home that Edith was in a hurry so I pulled out several days early and came home. I only spent a very few hours in Montreal between trains and got home about four hours after Esther was born, on her mother's birthday.

On May 1st I went into Dr. Sleight's office with him. He had engaged larger rooms on the third floor of the Post Bldg. But they were not quite ready so we were crowded in 207. However, we managed it for a while. My father meantime had given up the office in the Kapp Bldg. To a real estate office and was on the 5th floor of the Post Bldg. Where he stayed for nearly twenty years.

The Sleight and Haughey combination seemed to work. The first year we took in $22,000, and later on when I had to study the books, on account of income tax, I found that Dr. Sleight had never done over $12,000. The combination had actually increased our joint income the first year by over $5,000.

That spring and summer we were busy, and during the summer I bought a used Reo, a seven passenger open car. I've forgotten how much I paid but as I remember – about $900. It had 10,000 miles on it. One of the first things we did was to drive up to Father Cowles with all the children. It took six hours to make that 110 miles, going by

Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Sand Lake and to the farm. The roads were mostly dirt roads and the driving poor. As we gained confidence we cut straight across country and cut out about twenty miles, but not much in time. Twenty to twenty-five miles an hour was the limit of the roads or tires. I remember a new pair of rear tires that went about 3500 miles and blew out when I tried to go thirty-five. Of course those tires were fabric, not cords as we now use altogether. In cold weather we tried curtains but we were cold, winter driving was not much of a success, but I remember driving back from Grand Rapids one night.

We had been up there to a Triological Society meeting. Dr, Ben Holtum rode back with me. We had to sit hunched up and leaning out the side to see. The windshield was a mass of ice. It took over four hours to make those sixty-five miles, but we did it. Most of the group stopped in Grand Rapids until morning. I was still Secretary of the Society as I had been since organization.

The War in Europe had continued to interest us and many of our doctors had also joined the Medical Reserve Corps. Among them were Dr. A. F. Kingsley,who was the Secretary of the Calhoun County Medical Society. There was talk of our entering the War and of Wilson having kept us out. That was the Presidential year and the slogan upon which he as reelected. Dr. Kingsley gave an interview to the press about War and what would happen if we entered, how he had a Red Cross Medical Commission and if War broke out he would be one of the first to go even though there were several with commissions, Case and Reed at the Sanitarium, McCurdy, etc.

Wilson was finally elected but before it had adjourned, Congress had modified the Medical Reserve Law providing that instead of all having the rank of Lieutenant, there should also be Captains and Majors. The old law was to expire July 31st, 1917 and the new one becomes effective. All holding commissions were asked to change over. I wrote in and asked what rank they would give me under the new law, all I had was a copy of the law and a form for requesting transfer which I promptly threw away as I already had that information. I determined to allow my commission to lapse with the law but in April 1917 War was declared. The afternoon that this happened I decided that the old reserve would not be allowed to lapse so I would transfer. I wrote in and on April 9th I received my appointment as Captain. I know now that I should have declined but I accepted. Within a week while I was in Detroit I saw Dr. B.R. Shurley and Dr. Frank Walker who were organizing a Base Hospital and I made application for membership in it as Opththalmologist. I figured that if I could get myself properly classified at once, I would be assured as to the class of work I would be doing, instead be merely being sent out as a regimental surgeon which might well happen with my rank.

These two men accepted me and I enlisted in Base Hospital 36, a 500-bed hospital being organized under the auspice of the Red Cross. As other joined up I was consulted and as each man joined he was added to the list to be consulted for all positions of any significance. The heads of departments selected the minor officers who were going to be war surgeons, and younger men.

The nurses and enlisted personnel were also hand picked for ability and acceptability. There were 100 good nurses and 200 enlisted men, mostly college men, one or two lawyers, several engineers, electricians etc., including carpenters, steam fitters, plumbers and telephone men, also an interpreter and a couple of office women, stenographers, etc.

Soon after this there was a special meeting of the Michigan State Medical Society held in Battle Creek. Andrew P. Biddle was President and Angus McLean, who was an original Wilson man, were here. After the meeting he discussed the Medical Reserve Corps and how much they were needed, then announced that he had authority to examine and enlist any who wanted to join up. They could come over to Sleight & Haughey's office. There were about 100 that came. I assisted with these examinations and then he went back to Detroit.

In a few days I had official notice of an examining board with Dr. J. D. Case of the Sanitarium as my assistant. This was April 14, 1917. Doctors began coming in at all hours and before August 15th I had examined and recommended for commission over 300 doctors. Most of these commissions were 1st Lieutenant, but some were Captain and a few were Majors. They came from the western part of Michigan and northern Indiana. Even now, I frequently meet some doctor at a medical meeting who recalls that I examined him for commission in the Army.

Early on Dr. Case announced that he was organizing an Ambulance Corps for young men of good families who would serve in France, driving ambulances and transporting patients from Evacuation Hospitals to Base Hospitals. He had many recruits and several doctors join him, Dr. Carl G. Wencke, W. N. Putnam, Asa <cCurdy. There had been public meetings at which the duties were described and recruits obtained.

One June day I had a long distance call from Chicago along in the afternoon. It was Dr. Case. He was returning on the train about 7:30 pm and how soon could he see me. He came direct from the station to my office, and looked like a man who had seen his guardian angel. He asked if I knew what an Ambulance Corps does in War. Of course I did, it gathers wounded off the battlefield and transports them to field and evacuation hospitals for emergency treatment. A second smaller detachment then takes them to the trains for transportation to Base Hospitals or takes them direct if train service is too difficult or impossible. He said he had just visited the Army branch office in Chicago and had found out for the first time what his ambulance Corps would be doing.

A few days later he called the mothers of his boys together and told them their boys would not be under fire and that he would personally stay with them throughout the war, even at the necessity of declining a promotion if it would take him away from them. I had already seen the telegrams to the Surgeon General's office calling attention to the incongruity of a world famous x-ray specialist being in charge of an Ambulance Corps. He could render incomparably better service in x-ray. In fact I was asked to send such a telegram by Dr. Kellogg. When the Ambulance Company pulled out, Dr. Case was detached and sent into x-ray service. Many times since people have asked me if I was in that outfit, but I only knew about it. Many of my friends were in it, including Dr. McCurdy who died in France.

My paper on Macroglossia, as I have said was read before the Detroit Otolaryngological Society in January 1917. I submitted it for publication in "Laryngoscope" and it was accepted in the summer. I received notice of that just before being called into service.

I had a busy spring and early summer examining doctors and doing my practice. The work was increasing and the combination of Drs. Sleight & Haughey was doing nearly twice as much as the two of us had done separately, so we moved to 303 Post Bldg. Having the whole corner of the building. The offices had been fitted up originally for Attorney Meachem with a reinforced cement vault with a large door and combination lock. Meachem and Owen had urged their patrons to bring their valuable papers and leave in their vault, which was about eight feet deep, six wide and eight high, with shelves on each side. We used to store our records there but always rented a deposit box in the bank for really valuable papers. We never left money in the vault, considered the lock too insecure. The door was only 5/8-inch steel and could have been burned through easily.

This was a large office on the corner, Dr. Sleight's room at the east and I had a room 12 x 18. In between was a large room 15 x 20 which we divided into two dark rooms and an operating room. There was also a room about 12 x 12 where the girl had her books and desk and where we could sit and visit with callers, of which there were many.

About July 4th Dr. Van Camp, whom I had examined and had secured a commission for Lieutenant, called me and said he had orders to report for duty at once to Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indiana and what was he to do? One after another received commissions and calls and there were seventeen from the County Medical Society. In the summer the Calhoun County Medical Society had a special meeting with Dr. Zelinski as master of ceremonies, honoring the seventeen who were going into service and well do we remember the protestation that during our absence the other men would look after our work and turn over the money to our families. That, of course, did not work out as planned.

August 10th was my birthday and when I came in that evening there was a surprise party – the Mustards, Lanigans, Donovans, Whalens etc, and they gave me a shaving set with brush and comb etc, in a leather case. I few days later I received orders to report at once at the Fair Grounds in Detroit. I simply closed my desk and went. I had made what arrangements could be made and Dr. Sleight was staying.

Base Hospital 36 was being assembled at the Fair Grounds in Detroit in tents. We were assigned tents and I drew a Dr. a. B. Smith of Alyria, Ohio, who was an x-ray man and had been to Fort Benjamin Harrison for training. We stayed together throughout the war. There were very few things for most of us to do and I tried to get back home as often as possible, especially over Sunday, but that was a trying experience after we were about ready to sail.

Soon a question of discipline came up and I was appointed Summary Court Officer. That is practically the Police Court, but a military court has many short cuts and many duties. I had to attend to infractions of discipline, AWOL and drunk – but these were comparatively few. I also had to inspect damaged goods as received and estimate the damage and responsibility. Materials used up in the service, or lost or mislaid, came to me for adjustment.

In the old army this must have been quite a job, because one day we received a telephone call from the railroad freight office that a case of blankets had arrived broken ands evidently some of the contents missing. The commanding officer, Major Phillips, who had just reported recently from the south, cautioned me to be careful how I handled the damage because if I found the railroads responsible I would spend the rest of my life answering questions and filling out forms.

I went to the station and viewed the box which was manifestly badly broken and most certainly some of the contents were missing. The railroad had a manifest showing that they had received the box in good condition. At my request the agent noted on it that it was received in Detroit in bad condition. A certificate was made out and the finding was that the railroad was responsible for the damages. I saw no other way and so reported and never heard anything more about it.

I had bought a serge uniform at Kapps, and trunk, bedroll and other equipment at Everhard Brothers of Kalamazoo, and paid fancy prices for both, about three times ordinary prices. But war was declared and we had to report with full equipment and no time to work it out. I went over to Kalamazoo and bought the stuff while waiting for orders. Later the Quartermaster Corps had all these things at about a third the price.

We drilled ourselves and drilled the men and after a while we began to look and act more military. Supplies constantly arrived until along early in October we were ready to go but no orders. Major B. R. Shurley, the Director, still in his office caring for his practice and Major frank Walker the same. The rest of us had been in camp for over two months.

It was getting cold so we moved into one of the administration buildings but continued the drills. One day an aviator flew in from Mount Clemens and landed on the racetrack.

He offered to take any of us who wanted to go, for a flight but luckily we all preferred one foot on the ground. In trying to take off for his return he hit one wing against a fence, swung around and nosed into the ground. It was the only time I ever actually saw an airplane wreck take place. He telephoned to Mt. Clemens airfield and soon a wrecker truck came, dismantled and removed it. The flying officers didn't seem to think anything about that. It was a frequent occurrence and goes to help in the training of a pilot.

Rumors that we were about to sail kept coming in but with no results. One day we received orders to vaccinate all our outfit for typhoid and paratyphoid. So we called Parke Davis and Company who sent the required materials. The vaccination is three injections at fixed intervals. Just as the third had been given reports were sent out to that effect. Reply came that no vaccine other than that issued by the Medical Department of the Army was recognized and that they were sending us a supply, which we were to use. That meant three more injections. The weekend that we got the second of the second series, Edith spent in Detroit. We had a room in one of the hotels there and I guess it was a good thing. I had a reaction with temperature of one hundred and four and was never so sick in my life. I was in bed three days, then apparently all right. The third injection never bothered at all.

As time was getting short Mrs. Smith came up from Ohio and Edith from Battle Creek, and we got acquainted. Mrs. Smith was the younger sister of Herrick, former Governor and former Ambassador to France. We had all been worrying about how to notify our families of our safe arrival in France. Mrs. Smith said she had arranged with Ambassadors Sharp, their neighbor at home, to send her a telegram as soon as we were safely across and she would notify Mrs. Haughey and some others. Of course the movement of troops in wartime is secret, not supposed to be told, and had been told repeatedly that we would not be allowed to take a camera, would not be allowed to keep a diary and could not mention any places we visited. Besides our departure and arrival would be secret. It was to circumvent this that we were plotting, for after all our families were entitled to know whether we got safely across.

Early in the time at Camp, Dr. Inches of St Clair and Detroit, had become attached to the unit and was a part of it but the Red Cross was asked to send observers to France to see and return with whatever information of value to us they could find. Dr Inches went and later returned to talk to us but never returned to the unit again. There seemed a definite effort to sell the War to us. A famous New York preacher, Newel Dwight Hillis, had been sent to Europe as an observer, and when he came home he visited soldiers camps talking to the officers and men of what he had seen. I will admit I was beginning to fear. I could not understand how one German soldier was able to lick several allied. But they were outnumbered and constantly gaining. Mr. Hillis talked to the whole group and told of outrages by the Germans, enough to through fear into their enemy. He told of seeing children with their hands cut off, persons with one eye out, and various similar atrocities. I do not know whether he believed what he told us, but we did. He told of having seen these things, one particularly atrocious thing was attacks on women. He said the men of the German Army were taught that they had a perfect right to attack women but to protect their own comrades. Every soldier who himself had a venereal disease was ordered to cut off the woman's breast after he had used her so that others following after would know she had been venereally infected and avoid her. Mr. Hillis told of having seen these refugees. Later Dr. Inches returned from his trip to France and repeated these same stories. I never questioned these stories. We were anxious to hear all we could of the War and its effects, and were willing to believe any of these things of the "Huns", as we grew to call the Germans. It mattered not how many Germans we knew, or how intimately, it was all the same as far as war propaganda was concerned. We believed what we were told.

We had an old Irish Mess Sergeant, name of Holland, in our company who had been to South Africa during the Boer War and had also been to France with the Canadian troops and had been invalided back home. He could not go anymore with the Canadian troops, so enlisted with us. He cautioned about believing all we heard. He said there was too much talk, but we continued to believe. I served eighteen months in France and never saw a single case of such atrocities. Of course there was a propaganda mill making up such material, but why should Dr. Inches and Mr. Hillis repeat them as having seen these strange things. I never had the opportunity to ask Inches about that.

The Quartermaster of our Hospital was Captain Edwin S. George of Bloomfield Hills, a very wealthy man who helped us accumulate our materials and helped entertain the men. Labor Day he invited the whole unit to his summer estate. The men marched about fifteen miles while most of the officer's rode. I went with him in his car. His home consisted of a beautiful house just off the road and a large farm. Back in the hills and woods was a lodge with rooms on both ends, two stories, and at the center a two story loggia with fireplace etc. The men had sent small tents ahead in a truck. The officers slept on the second floor one side or the other. During the evening Captain George invited a lot of us up to his home where he played for us on a mechanical $500,000 pipe organ, the first one I had ever seen in a private home. Several years after the war this place burned down and his organ was destroyed. Captain George was an officer of the Packard Automobile Company, which was then helping to develop the Liberty engine, a new powerful airplane engine. He was removed from our hospital about three or four weeks before we were finally entrained, and given the rank of Colonel in Aviation with home duties.

Captain Schones, an old army sergeant who had been commissioned, was sent to us and proved very adequate in many ways. He could tell stories about the Philipine "Archipelago. He was telling some yarns once about the tall trees over there, 400 feet high. I asked if he wouldn't take off a little because the California redwoods. The largest trees in the world, were not that high. "Well. I will take off 100 feet." In a few minutes someone asked, "Captain Schones, won't you take a little more off of those trees – 300 feet is still pretty high." He argued but agreed. Soon someone from another corner asked, "Captain Schones, let's get back to those trees, 200 feet is still pretty high." He argued some more but agreed to take off 100 feet. The story had gone only a little further when someone piped in agaiunn, "Captain Schones, I'm still worried about those trees, don't you think you'd better take off some more?" He grudgingly agreed to take off another 25 feet, "And that's every damned foot I'll take off."

Never during the year and a half we were in France did he mention France except as the “Archipelago of France”. I don’t know where he found all the water for there aren’t even any lakes there. That is, what we would call more than a pond.

At last we were wakened one day at about 4 a.m. and told to pack everything. We were on board a train by 6 o’clock on a siding. We switched one place and another and finally came into the depot down town during the early afternoon. About dusk we pulled out and I never had such a fast ride. We crossed Canada and at Buffalo took the Hocking Valley tracks. Everything was dark, windows all closed and no sleeping for us. We sat up all night speculating and wondering. Would our families know we were gone? We had all written letters and left them to be mailed, but were told they would not be mailed until word came of our safe arrival overseas.

We arrived at Hoboken at 7 a.m., were taken into a train shed, unloaded, and taken onto a boat and across some place to a water front summer hotel sort of place. I never did know what or where. There we were marched about and given breakfast, then taken to a boat again and across the bay to a wharf where we went into a shed and waited.

In this crossing we passed close to the former “Vaterland”, the largest ship afloat that had been interned at the beginning of the war. When America entered, it was seized, renamed “Leviathan” and fitted for carrying troops. I was disappointed because I didn’t think it looked any where near as large as I expected.

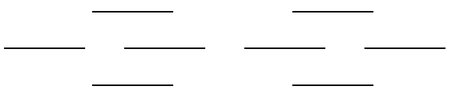
At about 2:30 we went on board the Cunard liner “Ordunia”, a 16,500 ton ship, formerly in the west coast of South America’s trade. We were taken out of the shed, under a canvass canopy and immediately under cover on board ship. We were told to keep out of sight so German spies would not know we were taking that ship. The boat was scheduled to sail at 3 p.m. but derricks and tackle were unloading cotton bales from the forward hold, from which was coming a lot of smoke. At about 6 p.m. we sailed with that forward hold afire but under control. This was October 17, 1917. We spend a night and a day on the ocean and then went into Halifax Harbor and anchored. This is a long narrow neck with an immense basin inside, large enough to hold the entire navy on the Atlantic.

At Halifax we got into trouble. A few rich women in Detroit thought it would be just too bad if a submarine should sick our boat and the nurses drowned. We had 100 nurses attached to the hospital but until we went on board the Ordunia, we hadn’t seen them since early in the fair ground experience. They had been at Gun Hill Hospital in New York being fitted out and trained. There were nurses from Detroit, Battle Creek etc., most of us knew one or two of them or more. These Detroit women bought 100 rubber life suits that you climb into like a diving suit, and then inflate a bag around the shoulder and you can float indefinitely. There was no question of the safety of the men.

These suits were aboard and in Halifax Harbor. Dr. Channing Barrett (Major), of Chicago, and two or three of the younger men with a dozen or so nurses, put on these suits and jumped into the water from a lower deck. The ship's officers knew nothing about this. I suspect the responsible officers of our Hospital did know, but they staunchly denied it. Those in the water were splashing around and having a good time, but began to drift away from the boat with the current or the tide. The Captain let down a couple of the ship's lifeboats and gathered up the stragglers. It was a rather brisk rowing job to catch some of them. Ship discipline and military were threatened but nothing more serious than a good talking to came of it.

We stayed two nights and one day in Halifax and then started for Europe. There were several boats in the harbor and we picked up some more as soon as we reached the sea. No one had been allowed off the boat and we did not even receive telegrams. No one in the States, as far as we know, knew we were there. We sailed from Halifax at 3 p.m. on October 31st.

The Ordunia carried about 1,700 passengers, 336 of our hospital group, several aviators and soldiers, and also some private passengers. This boatload of passengers brought the number of Americans overseas above the 100,000 mark, so I can claim being in the first 100,000 to go overseas to the war. Before we had gone far the convoy was assembled and was as follows: The Ordunia, Victorian, Adriatic, Belgic, Rhesius, Manchuria, Calgarian and Thebian. These eight ships, some white and some camouflaged and some grimy, continued together until just before arriving in England. They took up a constant formation of four in a line with two on each side of the column, also in line.



The Ordunia did not always take the same place in the formation but usually was the third in line; occasionally it was on the outside. One of the convoy was a cruiser but looked like a tramp.

The ocean trip was new for most of us. Some had crossed before and were blasé', but we soon noticed that even to the habitual traveler this was something new. The constant slow speed, with the constant formation and after being at sea for several days we began to zigzag as that had been found effective in avoiding U-boats.

Several days out one of our young lieutenants, who had never before been out of Michigan began thinking. He was drinking fresh milk each meal – where did it come from? I replied immediately, "From the whales, they are mammals." "Are they? I didn't know that". Every one joined in, "yes they were mammals." "But where does the milk come from?" I said I had noticed the ship stopped at midnight, and I understood they took on milk then from the whaling stations. He sat up all night that night to watch, and the next day was more mystified than ever, but he was sure the ship didn't stop at whaling stations.

Major T. J. Monahan, 165th Infantry, was the ranking military officer on board which is "line officer". We had officers in our Detroit detachment with more rank, but they were staff officers and do not assume command when a line officer is present. Being a military organization, there must always be an officer in command so Major Monahan assumed the post. Very soon he had a regular tour of duties laid out and each man assigned to something. One of the first things was to require all officers to attend reveille and retreat. We had not been doing so and determined that it didn't apply to medical officers, so we did not respond. The next day Major Phillips, our CO, was ordered to see that our officers were at reveille and retreat. Word was passed around but next morning Lieutenant Hosmer was not present, he had overslept. Roll was called and when his name came, some one answered "sick". The CO, Major Monahan answered that he with Major Phillips would call upon the absent officer and he better be sick. By that time one of us stepped out of the crowd, found Hosmer who was getting out of bed. We got him back in bed with a water bottle and plenty of talcum powder and impressed upon him that he was really sick. The show worked and he was excused. This nuisance lasted supposedly for the whole trip, but Major Phillips who was a regular army man, after a few days prevailed upon Major Monahan that his order need only apply to Junior Officers, not medical officers. We escaped most of that sunrise and sunset service. Another prank on an unsuspecting young medical Lieutenant was on Lieutenant Harris. He missed muster the first of the month and reported on sick call. Every time that boy showed his head above deck for several days, someone told him how white he looked and he promptly went back to bed. However one day he was called up to see the submarine following us and that really put him to bed. The ship has its running log in the water, trailing some distance behind, and that was what he saw.

At night, orders were "black-out". That is, no lights showing from portholes or anyplace else, except the regulation running lights. That was hard on the fellows who just had to smoke. Over the doors leading into the saloons, canvass curtains were hung making a crooked alley passage within.

Much interest was manifested in our progress and some of the men who carried small compasses on their watch chains, announced one day that they were really going back home for we were headed west. No one knew anything definitely. The ship's clock was corrected at noon every day, but no log was kept where we could see and our position or progress was not entered on the bulletin board. After over a week most of our hospital officers were sitting in the upper deck lounge one night discussing various things and naturally – where we were came up. It had been long enough for us to arrive in France, but were we going to France? Some suggested that maybe we were going to the French Mediterranean region or farther. After a while I called my roommate, Captain Smith, and said, "Come on Captain, let's see where we are." We took some papers and pencils etc., and went up on the upper deck. By working together with two straight edges we determined the angle of the North star with the horizon, transferred it to paper and went to our room. We had no protractor for measuring angles and had to make one. Finally the angle was measured and we determined how far north we were. Smith had two watches, one was corrected for ship's time and the other for New York time. That easily determined how far east we were. Then it only remained to find a map. Our calculations gave us the exact southern shore of Iceland. So we figured there might be an error that would measure fifty miles. We went back to the lounge and calmly announced that we were within fifty miles of the southeastern coast of Iceland. No one would believe that and anyway, why should we be way up there in the Artic Ocean?

We stuck to our story and predicted that the next morning we would be running nearly south and the second morning would pick up light on the left, Scotland and the Scottish Islands, and later light on the right which would be Ireland and that we would land in Liverpool. That was rather fantastic, but we sailed south next day and about 4:00 the second morning began to get lights on the left. In the daylight we could barely see some of the land. The skeptics thought that we were south of Ireland and we were coming into the English Channel. No ship's officer would relieve us. About 8:30 lights began to appear on the right and we soon saw a group of destroyers and submarine chasers coming out to meet us. There were fifteen of them coming like the wind. They spread fantail like and steamed all around us, circling, weaving in and out, and thus conducted us into the North Channel and into the Irish Sea. When we were well within sight of land on both sides, several of us went up to the Navigation Officer and asked where we were. He said, "This is Scotland and that is Ireland." "Where were we the night before last at midnight?" He thought a minute and then said we were just off the shore of Iceland.

My reputation was made and we had some fun from then on. The CO, Phillips, joined heartily in the fun and helped with suggestions. One was that as soon as we landed, the nurses would be detached and sent to the south of France and the men would be re-embarked in the south of England and taken to Salonika. Shurley went up in the air, hunted Phillips up and he said, yes, he had just received a radio.

We approached the mouth of the Mersey, the only boat left, the others of the convoy having departed in different directions. We did not enter the Mersey but after some signaling bore off to the south and steamed all night. We went to the Isle of Mann and sailed around it, getting back to the Mersey at about 7 a.m. on the 10th of November.

Our accommodations had been of the best. Being officers, we traveled first class. Smith and I had a room about fourteen feet square with two single beds, two dressers, our luggage in the room, running hot and cold water, but had to go down the hall a short distance to the bath.

The nurses had similar accommodations. The enlisted men were below deck, most of them in small rooms about eight by ten with two or four to a room. Some were camped in the freight hold below water line where it was cold and damp. I know, for I had to go down in there to see some of them who became ill. They were immediately removed to the hospital and were very comfortable. There were a number of private passengers and I met one older woman who had been on the Marne when the war started and had written a book, "On The Marne", a copy of which I found in the ship's library and read.

There were shuffle board games, cards, etc., but most of our leisure time we talked, walking the deck or in the lounges. The meals were good and plentiful.

The last day at sea had been rather rough, in fact, very rough. Major Frank Walker, Detroit surgeon, was thrown about eighty feet across the salon and dislocated his arm. Captain John Matthews, Detroit, was so sick he complained about the Captain keeping the ship in the trough of the waves.

One of the early precautions for life saving was an order that everyone should wear his life preserver at all times, and at night keep it by his bed. That lasted a day or two then the life preservers were worn on our arms, and then stacked where we could get them. I never did hear what became of the hundred rubber ones.

We had all been assigned to certain lifeboats and various officers were assigned to command the boats. I had one of them on the poop deck and in one of our lifeboat drills; we loosened it and swung it out on the davits.

On November 10th we entered the Mersey River at about 7:00 a.m. and slowly passed up the river and anchored about noon, disembarked at 2:30 p.m. We were formed in line in the train shed and held there standing, until dark when we were put on a train and started across England in the dark.

The nurses were taken to the Northwestern Hotel at Liverpool and the next morning crossed England to Southampton by daylight. They went aboard the British ship Warilda. The next day they transferred to another hospital ship, the Panama, sailing that night and arrived at LeHavre at 5:00 a.m., where they were quartered in five hotels until the 16th.

The London Northwestern Railroad took the men across England at night arriving at Southampton at 2:00 a.m. We were to go to the American Rest Camp # 1, three miles from the depot, but no one met us and there were no guides. We formed in ranks, inquired the direction from some of the railroad officials and started marching. We went the long way around I think, for it was daylight when we finally arrived. It was necessary to rouse the populace, but we were finally distributed. The men were in mushroom tents sleeping on a wooden floor with their heads at the pole and their feet radiating outward like spokes of a wheel. The officers were in barracks sleeping on chicken wire with their imaginations for mattresses.

We stayed there three nights, from Sunday at 5 a.m. to Tuesday at 10 p.m., and had an opportunity to confirm the facts that had been whispered: the U-boat campaign was no failure. The meals given up in camp were sufficient but by no means bountiful. Monday we went to town and gave out CC a dinner. I have forgotten the occasion, but Major Shurley thought we should, I suppose because he had safely conducted us across the ocean. We went to the best hotel in Southampton and had a dinner that was ordered early in the morning. Each one of us had to bring his own sugar for coffee. We had to get bread cards from the camp and we went away from that dinner still hungry. The menu and facts of the dinner are gone but I still remember the appreciation brought home to us that the English people had had to tighten their belts. That fact would not be evident in military camp for all must get adequate food to continue to be good soldiers. There was a taste of civilian life in the hotel and we were very promptly and completely impressed. England was on the verge, the bare rim of starvation when we entered the war. The U-boats were unrestricted and were taking heavy toll. Russia had collapsed and the great eastern German Army was free to be used where most needed.

The camp was on the hills overlooking the city and surrounded by hedges of holly and evergreen. It was a beautiful setting, but of course marred by the necessity of use as a war base.

I had to borrow from Major Shurley for that dinner. Before leaving camp at Detroit, we had all given our wives all of our spare money expecting a pay check on the 30th of November. Also, we had been advised to sign an allotment so that most of our pay would stay at home and we would only have with us what we might need. I had allotted all but $50 of my pay to Edith and out of that $50 I was supposed to furnish my food, clothing and all of my expenses. The army furnished quarters only to officers, except I think they gave us meals on the boat. We were on the boat when we were supposed to have been paid, and there were no payments aboard, we drew nothing. Most of us were in the same boat. Luckily Dr. Shurley had a goodly fund to be used for special purposes.

We broke camp on Tuesday, November 13, 1917 at 10 a.m. and marched through town to the dock, arriving at noon. We went on board the Caesarea, a long narrow, fast channel boat used as a British transport. We had nothing to eat except some chocolate bars we carried in our bags and water in our canteens. At four it was just getting dark so we started down the bay and out past the Isle of Wight. The ship and the harbor were dark but there were flashes and signals, whistles, etc. and after some hours we dropped anchor. There were no accommodations, about 2600 persons on board with a lot of horses. In fact the boat was loaded with horses, they carried soldiers to fill extra space. There were only six cabins on board. The ship's officers and some of our higher-ranking officers used these. The rest of us sprawled o n the decks wherever we could. By 2 p.m. the next day we pulled up to the Southampton wharf from which we had departed the day before and the men were taken on the deck for marching exercise. They issued hard tack "bully beef" (canned corn beef) and water.

Soon after going back aboard we started out and made a fast run arriving outside Le Harve, France, a little after midnight. During the trip across the channel we had plenty of rumors and no actual personal excitement. However, there were two sharp explosions about half way across followed by our ship putting on forced draft and top speed and we could feel the difference. Later we learned that two cargo boats out of that convoy had been sunk. We scarcely knew it was even a convoy because it was a dark night and our boats were all dark, even cigarette smoking being prohibited.

After anchoring, Smith and I crawled up into the rigging, twisted our arms and legs around and dozed the rest of the night. At 8 a.m. we were at the dock, disembarked and marched off the dock to Rest Camp #2.

The very first typical French scene was impressive, something to be seen throughout France and always to be remembered. On the side of the first building we came to just off the sidewalk was an outdoor urinal, a space about four feet high and twelve feet long where the wall had a slab of marble with a drain fixed at its base and a rail about four feet high three feet behind it. You simply step behind that low rail, face the building and relieve yourself in full view of everyone. Some of these things were even more open. There is one beside the Madelon Church in Paris where you actually just step off the sidewalk and face the building, no screen or protection whatever. I had never heard of these toilet facilities so was properly shocked.

We marched down the street and after a while came to our rest camp about 10 a.m. The men and officers were kept in Recreation Hall, served dinner at noon, the first food we had had for two days except for the bar of chocolate we carried. After the evening meal about 9:30 p.m. we were shown where we would sleep. It was a sheet iron windowless barrack out back of the recreation hall some distance in the hills. The bunks were one above the other, chicken wire over 2 x 4 frames with some blankets that looked lik "shoddy". That is there was a fairly coarse weave with shredded wool, etc, blown in to look soft and fluffy, but one shake and handfuls of material fell out. They were dry and dusty beyond description and full of smells. Enquiring around, we learned that the night before these same bunks and blankets had served a detachment of colored people from Jamaica. Needless to say there was no undressing that night, and no blankets used except to keep our feet warm. But it was not for long as we were called at 2 a.m. on Friday, shown where there was water so we could wash and shave. We were given coffee and toast for breakfast for which we paid a frank, five franks for each meal the day before. The frank was worth 17 ½ cents. The coffee was not good but better than we had in England. The meals were three franks for lunch and four for dinner, and plenty of food – so different from England.

We lined up at 3 a.m. at the Rest Camp, as the English called them, and marched to the train, which we boarded at 6:00. On the way to town we had a siren signal and all had to stand perfectly still. No smoking. There were searchlights in all directions across the heavens, the city and the camp. Every other light was out. An air raid was on. Soon there were five bombs and then all was quiet. No reports. We do not know the results, but soon we proceeded on to the station.

At the rest ca p there were officers of all kinds, many English and some from Cambridge. I talked with several and found them interesting, especially a Scotsman who described how they planted tons of dynamite in Vinney Ridge and then literally exploded it off the earth.

On the train we became acquainted with a new life. The officers and nurses were on "first class" coaches and the non-commissioned officers in second class, and the privates in Hommes (40), Chevaux (8) boxcars. The coaches were about twenty feet long and eight or nine feet wide. The first and second class are divided crosswise into four compartments with two doors to the side from each compartment. These compartments have seats crosswise of the car and facing each other. The nurses were placed four in a compartment, also the high-ranking medical officers. The junior officers had six or eight. We had six officers in our compartment and absolutely no accommodations such as Americans demand, such as water, toilet, and light. The compartments were upholstered with gray plush, with a hole through the roof where the light fixtures usually hung. There was no heat and this was November. We spent forty-four hours on this train and were fed coffee and hard tack, and corned beef pressed in cans. We huddled up as best we could and wrapped our overcoats around us.

The ride through LaBelle, France was a pleasure indeed, the hills and valleys were beautiful, the ground orderly and plated in rows. The trees were all the same size. The villages were all enclosed in stonewalls, these being built between the walls of adjoining houses which are all old and of stone, giving the effect of walled towns and villages. The descriptions of fighting about and taking of villages were now clear to me. There were no isolated houses.

About mid-afternoon we passed the first large city, Rowen, where Rollo the Ganger (our ancestor) in he ninth century settled and became Duke of Normandy. We wished we could stop and look the place over, but instead were served hard tack and corn willy, and continued. We hoped we would pass through Paris but stopped at about midnight at Noisy Lesec, which we later learned was a suburb of Paris. We were tumbled out and served coffee and rum by the French Red Cross women. I think it was half and half, most of us could not drink it but some liked it.

In the morning it was cold and we suffered. We were now in a hilly country, the hillsides partly covered with vineyards and every inch of ground under cultivation. In the afternoon at Nantes Sur Seine we were allowed off the train. And told there was a railroad restaurant where we could get something to eat. We raided the place, as we were hungry and cold. Within fifteen minutes we were all summoned into formation and told that we had stolen spoons, silver, food, and all must be searched. The station agent had seven typewritten pages of an inventory of missing items. We protested that nothing had been taken that wasn't paid for, and that anyway there hadn't been time to take inventory or to type seven pages of lists, so there was nothing to it. The Chef de Guere said our train would not be allowed to proceed until we had paid for the missing things. Major Phillip and Major of the nurses agreed. Designated persons accompanied by representatives of the Café conducted the search but nothing was found. However, Major Shurley paid before the train was allowed to depart, and I can guarantee we got our money's worth then. No one had any respect for them and took souvenirs and food. When this insult was reported to higher authority we found out that it was a "racket" that had been pulled several times before. The restaurant and the Chief of the railroad were in cahoots.

We passed through Charmont, which was General Pershing's headquarters, but saw nothing. It was soon dark and we froze again but about midnight heard an American voice calling this is as far as we go.

The officers were sent to three hotels to clean sheets and cold rooms, but warm water bottles in the beds. The nurses went to other hotels, and the men were “parked” in a garage, a big one.

I was at Hotel Lorraine when we were ushered into the bar room of the civic center of the town. We sat around a stove fire, the first we had seen since leaving home and we had hot coffee and toast before going to our rooms. This was the first chance for a week to wash our face and hands and neck even though it was cold water. We got to bed at 1 a.m. Sunday.

It was nearly eight when we got up and Captain Smith and I began exploring the town. We stopped at a little old church. Mass was at the first gospel so we stayed until it was over, heard a sermon in French by a priest in uniform under his vestments. There were three men besides us in the audience, two convalescent soldiers and an old man, the rest were women.

We found a bath. For a franc and a half we could get a pail of hot water, and we had the first clean up since we left the Orduna on November 10th. In fact, the first time our clothes had been off. During the forenoon several of the Catholic members of the hospital asked about services, so I enquired of the hotel-keeper’s daughter who said there was a military man in the little church in the park at 11:30. We had three officers, forty=-seven men and twenty-seven nurses who are Catholics so it became necessary to make some arrangements for church attendance and confessions etc.

All the way across the ocean, and also a little at the camp in Detroit, we had been studying French, so now was my chance to try it out. I enquired where the Ffench priest lived and called on him. M. Le Doyer Marechal was an old man at the time but very interesting. His assistants were in the war. He knew about a dozen words of English but we talked for an hour. He said there was an English speaking priest about seven miles away who served some time in Egypt, but it would be necessary to provide transportation. I saw Miss Hammond, our official interpreter, and found she had been on the same errand for some of the girls, though she is not Catholic herself. She found a man with a small French automobile who would be hired by us. WE raised twenty francs and went to see this priest. He spoke very little English and very brokenly, but came over and the outfit went to confession, we then returned him to his home. The priest who had been to Egypt was unable to come again and it was quite unsatisfactory anyway. So I called on M. Le Doyer Marechal again and we worked out a scheme that held for several months. I gave him my English prayer book and by use of it he heard confessions. Then he said the French sermons would not be satisfactory so he would write out a sermon in French, send it to me on Saturday and on Sunday at 3 p.m. we would have a special service in the Little Chapel in the park for all the Catholics in the unit and any Catholic patients we might have. He would conduct a vesper service, I would read a translation of his sermon, one closely typewritten page, and we would close with songs and prayers. This continued for several months until we had a train-load of French patients and the French army sent an interpreter who was also a Catholic priest, Fr. Paul Bonnett, who then acted a chaplain for us and stayed with us until we returned home.

Af5ter a few days we had an opportunity to try out our French. Captain Smith had been appointed mess officer back in Detroit and sort of continued on. The men of our outfit were quartered in an old garage and were being fed by the French army. The officers were staying at the hotel, getting their meal there and paying for the meals themselves. The men were being worked quite hard unloading and moving all our equipment into the hotels we were to use as hospitals. They claimed that we were working them too hard for the amount of food they were getting. That called for an investigation. Smith asked me to go along and help interpret. We were getting nowhere quite fast when one of the Frenchmen had an inspiration. He asked if we could talk German. Of course that was taboo, but he knew more German than we did French, and we got our information without more trouble. He cautioned us, however, to be rather careful when and where we talked German.

We rented four houses across the park from the hotels and main part of town, a walk of about half a mile. These were really summer houses of the better order, two double ones. Six of the high officers moved into Headquarters, nine into the other side and ten in each side of our house. We organized our own mess, hired a French woman, and assistant and a maid to take care of the house and do our cooking and sewing. Besides Smith and myself, we had Captain Fay and Font (Detroit), Lieutenants Scrafford (Bay City), Stone (Chicago), Adams and Collins (Kalamazoo). We bought round steak in chunks, not sliced, for fifty cents a pound; chicken, sixty cents; eggs, ninety cents a dozen; creamery butter, ninety cents a pound. Bread was unattainable except for war bread, which was dark and hard with a thick crust. The loaves were baked in rings about twelve inches in diameter with a hole in the center like a doughnut and were carried through the streets on sticks, arms, the post of a dung wagon, or carts. If they fell onto the road, they were brushed off and returned to the cart.

The other houses started their mess a couple of days before we did, but w got tired of eating at the hotel so Smith and I offered to get the meal. We bought supplies, pared potatoes, made coffee and started to cook meat for the ten of us. The kitchen stove was for coal or wood and was about two feet square on top, had one lid or cover and a "reservoir" for water. The firebox was ten inches long, five wide and seven deep. On Friday we had a cook engaged so settled our account at the hotel and came over. Captain Smith ordered food, but no cook appeared so he and I started to get supper. We started the fire at 4:30 and had boiled potatoes, round steak, string beans, brown gravy, bread, cheese, cookies, apples and a little Bordeaux wine. We could cook only one thing at a time and had plenty of trouble keeping the fire going. With the other cooking we could not make coffee too so left that out. We served our dinner at seven and it was good. The Lieutenants had the job of cleaning up afterwards.

At the hotel is a bar with a swell stove. For a few hours each day a fire is made from coal dust compressed into egg shaped nuggets which sell for $17 per ton, but one can only buy 1200 lbs a month. The bar room is about 20 feet square and men and women gather here – the elite of the town, officers, etc. They come and read, play cards, checker, dominos, backgammon, etc. The drink wine of beer and smoke their cigarettes or pipes. For half a franc one can get a glass of wine, beer, coffee or chocolate and settle down to two hours use of chair, bench, table cards, etc. Mostly, and evidently, i8t is an excuse for enjoying the heat, as it is cold, snowing and raining outside and had been wet and miserable for several days. I visited the bar, which is called a restaurant café and is run by the wife and niece of the hotel proprietor. I saw a party of two Frenchmen and their women all smoking cigarettes, the first time I ever saw women smoking in public.

We brought with us equipment for a 1,000 bed hospital but the second day after arrival, were told to increase it to 1,500 beds. I was assigned as survey officer to go over a great mass of equipment left behind by the French Hospital, which had been closed. We bought all that was serviceable: blankets, clothing, dishes, glassware, silverware, stretchers and a thousand other things. This material was all stored in the "Casino", a very ornate building filled with gambling devices, rooms for cards, etc., a regular Monte Carlo. I spent all day for a week or two going over all this material, which we bought by simply signing for.

In the meantime we had been assigned five big hotels to house the hospital. I was assigned to Unit A to be in Hotel Central. These hotels had all been used for war purposes. We had to rent them and at the finish will have to pay for any damage done, so we must take a careful inspection. That job also fell to me at Central. With two clerks and a French representative, we visited every room and made records of all holes in the plaster or walls, broken windows or equipment, in fact, a survey of all damage. We found an old dead cat in one of the rooms, and we found filth unbelievable on the walls and even the ceilings of some of these rooms. I never believed a place could be so filthy. We cleaned the place, went in with hot water and brushes, on hands and knees on the floor, also walls and ceilings. We then waxed the floors and began moving in.

Amongst the stables and squalor of eight centuries we found a little old church opening within twelve feet of a stable. We went inside and found it lopsided. The stones making the floor were worn down into grooves. There were two massive rows of pillars supporting the roof, five feet in diameter and not more than fifteen feet high. On the right of the church there was about six feet between the row of pillars and the side of the church, but on the other side it was twelve feet. This bulge comes from ancient times. The churches were built that way because on the crucifix the hear leans to the left. There were also two small windows with colored glass where in ancient times were kept lighted candles to light the cemeteries. This church was supposed to have been built in the twelfth century. There is a burial in scripture, November 16, 1392.

Thanksgiving Day it had rained or misted most of the time. The roads were muddy and wet with no sidewalks, the beds were damp and cold, and the houses were cold with no central heating at all. We wore our overcoats and sweaters all the time and were uncomfortable. There were services in the little English church with songs, a short sermon and prayers. The officers went to the hotel for Thanksgiving dinner where they served chicken and so called "apple pie", with no apples but tasted like pumpkin and raisins. This was a homesick Thanksgiving, but an effort to carry over to a strange country one of our most interesting customs.

When we left home we were told about the street censorship, how we would be "Somewhere in France", but the address would be simply "Base Hospital 36". I was always a poor speller, so told the people at home that in my first letter after arriving at the destination I would misspell words deliberately. The first letters of those words would spell our location. I had some time to select the words spelling "Vittel, France" without making it too obvious. Edith was skeptical but the message got through without any trouble. However that was all unnecessary because our first letters were postmarked "Vittel, France", and as that corresponded with my cipher there was not much question.

I mentioned the inspection of French hospital supplies. That job was scarcely finished when orders came top secure enough more supplies and bed to make another 500 for us, or 2,000 total and a thousand for another unit, Base Hospital 32, which came along a little later. We had notice that within thirty-six hours 600 patients would begin to arrive and to get ready. The French had sent an engineer here to inspect the Hotel Central, which would hold about 400 beds. We spent three days going over two rooms. The war would be over before that job was complete, so I took over with one assistant and about a dozen men. I finished a complete hospital, five floors by 4 p.m., and we started moving in beds, chairs, bedding, all things even to kitchen equipment. There was naturally a delay and dispute among the nurses, most of them wanted to lie out a glass and a thermometer for each patient and did so, only to discover there were not enough in the whole equipment. By 8:30 on Tuesday evening, at the end of thirty-six hours, we were ready for 600 patients.

We moved in as the French were moving out in some of our hotels and they asked, "What's the hurry? We've been at this for three years. There is lots of time." As fast as we cleaned, furnished and stocked a building, we drew off the water, set the fires, closed up and set a guard. We could then open up in a hour's notice.

December 8, 1917 at 10 a.m. we received noticed that 175 cases of measles and mumps would be here by 11 p.m. That meant a contagious hospital, which we had not anticipated. We could and did, wall off the wing of the Central Hotel. A four story structure, and places 200 beds with necessary equipment and were ready by 1 p.m.

Thursday, December 13, 1917 I wrote home as follows: "My last letter was written in bed – la grippe, temperature 102 to 103. On Sunday Captain McGraw, the adjutant, came to see me and asked if I could go on duty that night or in the morning. I promised by morning and went with a temperature of 102. I found 126 patients had come in the night before and had been put to bed. Sergeant Harrington was on the job and made things fly. During the day more came and we had 385. By the third day we had 550. Captain McGraw said I was to be commanding officer of this hospital. I had five medical officers and fitted up a room for eye, ear, nose and throat work, as well as general surgery. The night of December 12, 1917 Major Barrett of Hospital C, after three days notice, received 37 and was nearly swamped. Sergeant Harrington comes from Battle Creek and is a power for work. There are two bathtubs in this hotel."

Major Phillip called me into his office and complimented me on the start, said we had accomplished something never before done to take in such vast number of patients and get them examined and paper work done on such short notice. He asked if I did not want to go to Chaumont and get some information for him. I went 120 miles in a new Paige Sedan with Major Shurley's driver. There was a mammoth old barrack five stories high, and I went in looking for the Surgeon General's office. As I walked in General Ireland looked up. "Well, Haughey, how are you and do you remember St. Louis?" He remembered me and the circumstances of our first meeting in the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association in 1910, seven years before. "What brings you here?" I talked to him for a few minutes and told him we had nearly 600 patients, some of whom were convalescing and could be returned to their units if we knew where to send them. He asked why Phillip sent such a request, as he knew we would give him that information when we were ready. "By the way, do you know anything about this old building. The Germans occupied it for five years after the war of 1870, until the French paid their indemnity. It has a number of interesting relics. As you leave here wander around and look things over. Do not go direct but use the opposite wing. At the end of the hall on this same floor there is a very interesting room with some relics on the wall. Look them over, but don't let anyone see you there or entering the room."

I took that as a dismissal, said goodbye and started out sightseeing and wondering why Major Phillips had sent me all this way to find out nothing. After a while I found myself before the indicated door and with no one in sight, I entered. It was a perfectly plain room with some very modern maps of France on the walls, and at many places there were stars with the names of American military units. I quickly jotted down about a dozen addresses and after a while wandered back past general Ireland's office. I stepped in and saluted, told him O.K. and was gone.
Phillips was pleased with my report and chuckled about General Ireland, whom he knew very well, but did not know that I knew.

The next day he called me in and wanted me to go the opposite direction to Nancy on another errand. We had been having trouble with electricity. There was a small steam and diesel plant that ran from 4 p.m. to 10 p.m. each day, and from 6 a.m. to 8 a.m. each morning. The rest of the time it's a storage battery plant and will only make the lights glow. We are unable to use the x-ray machines except these odd hours. The headquarters of General Electric Company was at Nancy. The quartermaster had been there with no results, really no contact, and letters had brought nothing. I took an interpreter and driver and had no trouble getting an audience and fond out that we were located in what is known as the Zone of the Army where no shipments may be made except food and clothing and military necessities. The electric plant at Vittel cannot run on the coal they are able to get and the oil for the diesel engine is also scarce. Ma y repairs were needed, which we might be able to supply. If we could get them, the necessary repairs would be made and the expense credited on our electric bills. I told him that was absolutely impossible. We couldn't wait the time necessary to import that material, and besides it was impossible for the Army to supply such to any but its own units. If we owned the plant we could repair it. He jumped at the chance and said they would sell. I was stumped, but agreed, as there was no other way. Our hospital had been located where the French had had to abandon two hospitals because they could not solve the electricity problem. It was an emergency, and I bought.

When in Nancy I visited a tailor and selected goods for a warm suit. They took a measurement and in about five hours I came back for a fitting and received the uniform four days later. That suit was English whipcord, heavy and warm. It cost $60, but for the first time since I came to France, I was comfortable.

On this trip we saw a two-wheeled cart drawn by a team of two small mules and one humped camel, hitched in harness and driven by lines. That too was unusual as the French usually walk beside their horse.

Our first funeral occurred at this time. A poor fellow from Georgia, 42nd Division, was brought in with acute appendicitis. Major Channing W. Barrett of Chicago operated, but he had general peritonitis and died. The coffin, in a plain pine box, was covered with an American flag. The Mayor of the city asked us to wait until he could secure a French flag, so the boy had both with a full military funeral. We all marched to the cemetery. The French nurses came and many French women. The old men and boys stood at attention with heads bared as we passed. It was a sad affair.

Major Phillip telephoned to headquarters, the result of my trip to Nancy and was told to send an officer to Paris to see the Chief Surgeon LOC. At noon on December 20th, Major Phillips asked if I would go to Paris. I caught the train fifty-six miles away at 5:30 and was in Paris that night. I took two enlisted men with me for some special errand. I had enquired and decided to go to a small hotel near the Louvre. When we got off the train at about 10:00 p.m., we were set upon by a horde of women, “The French Women of the Streets”. They were all dolled up but absolutely shameless, crying their wares and offering to take you with them. They only knew a few English words and they were of the gutter. It was a real effort to get through that crowd to a taxi. At 9 the next morning I was out at Medical Headquarters, quite a way out by subway.

As I entered, General Winer was putting on his coat and hat. I asked for an interview, told him the story of x-ray and other electricity use, the condition of the electric plant, what it needed and of our needs – especially x-ray. “But”, he says, “Wait and you will get all those things in time.” I answered that we now have about 600 patients and need this electricity now, and why were we located at a place the French had to abandon on account of electricity.

He asked my solution and I told him I had been sent to straighten out the problem and that the only solution was either to buy or lease the plant, and put it in shape ourselves. We had the men who could do it and who in the meantime would operate it full time. Besides this was an emergency and some one should have the authority to solve it if he would only assume it. No war can be won unless someone assumes authority. “”Alright”, he says, “tell Colonel here what you want and he will issue the necessary orders.” To the Colonel he says, “Captain Haughey knows what he wants, see that he gets it. I will be back next Thursday.” And he was gone.

I went into the Lieutenant's office and had to tell the story all over again. He said that the Colonel did not have that authority, and I withdrew promising to be back the next morning in case he changed his mind. I then started to see Paris. Of course every museum and art gallery was closed. Many of the statues and great monuments were covered with sand bags, but I saw Champs Elysses, the Arch de Triumph, Jarden de Twilleries, Jarden de Champ de Mars. The Louvre, Hospital des Invalides, Place de la Concord, Church of the Magdelain, Notre Dame de Paris, City Hall, Trocadaro, Eiffel Tower and the Ferris Wheel that I saw in Chicago and which was there during the first World's Fair in 1893. This took most of two days.

The morning of the second day I was at headquarters again and was then told to go back to Vittel as my request would not be granted. I walked out and told him I would see him tomorrow. That day I went to see the famous National Opera House and found it closed, but a notice that Thais was playing that evening. I tried for a ticket, and found one for standing room on the seventh balcony. Along about 7:30 I started for the Opera, which I had difficulty finding because of the blackout. Not a light of any kind being allowed to show under threat of arrest. When I got there I found the play had started at 6:30. However, I walked up that magnificent marble stair that had been written up in our geographies ever since I can remember. I was delighted, but my standing room was in a small alcove on one side, literally the seventh heaven. By leaning out as far as I could over the railing I could see less than half of the stage. I could understand nothing of what was going on, or the songs, did not know the story or have a score, so after about a half an hour, I left. I had invested 10 francs ($1.75 in our money) and felt myself in a measure, repaid. I had seen that famous Opera House, and learned how they attended opera in the midst of a war. There were many uniforms, many overdressed and underdressed women and some old men. There were few in civilian dress, but the Opera was crowded.

Returning to the hotel I got lost, really lost, and after a time, covering my flash light as much as I could, I started looking for street names. I was in the Paris public market and with the help of a map I had no further trouble, but was a half-mile out of my way by not going the quarter mile direct route.

Friday afternoon, while going around, I saw Major P. M. Hickey, the doctor with whom I worked in Detroit in the X-ray and Pathology Laboratory. He was stationed in Paris and was very unhappy, administrative work only. He said he was happy to see me and wanted to know everything and we spent an hour or two together.

Saturday morning I was again at Headquarters. I saw the Colonel and he threatened to have the MP's send me back to Vittel, but I showed him a pass for two weeks to accomplish a certain mission, and told him I would be back every morning at 9 o'clock until the General returned, but hoped he would see fit to fix things up before that as I had pretty nearly exhausted Paris. He promised the papers for late that afternoon. That afternoon I visited Notre Dame de Paris. I wandered pretty much around the famous Cathedral. I knew both English and French and so did he, about in the same degree, but we made out. I picked up my orders, attended Church and Communion at 6 a.m. Sunday at St Phillip du Roule and took the train at 8.

I changed trains at Langres Aur Marne, and had two or three hours to wait. The railroad station is at the base of a mountain with a cogwheel railroad to the top and the City. I rode on one of those things once before at Chattanooga and enjoyed the ride. On top of the mountain is the old walled city, great moats, high stone walls and parapets, great gates guarded by towers and drawbridges. I went inside and found a lovely cathedral of the 12th century transition period. It was Roman and Gothic with high vaulted ceilings. I also went up on the wall at a watch tower and saw on the eastern wall a marble semicircular disc marking all the points of the compass and indicating the direction and distance of Copenhagen, St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), Berlin, Moscow, Vienna, Constantinople, Rome and Marsailles. I suppose the west wall had the other half. On a clear day the view from this vantage point is supposed to be thirty to forty miles. Julius Caesar used this city as one of his strongholds and built military roads in various directions, one leading just to the east of Vittel. I had seen the remains of that old road, depressed in the ground about two feet and about twelve feet wide, and paved with wellworn cobblestones.

I arrived back at Vittel on the 8 o'clock train in the snow about 10:30 p.m. One of the boys came in and said there was a box and mail for me over at Headquarters, so I started out in six inches of snow to go a half mile. We had had no mail from home for two weeks and were anxious. I found a Christmas box, 2"x 3" x 8", according to War Department regulations, and it came on Christmas Eve. No letters for me, but there were letters and boxes for several of the other men in the house, so I had all the load I could carry going back.

Letters came on January 6th after almost a month. That was one of the most exasperating things during the War. We had a regular Post Office A.P.O. 732 where all mail was addressed, but it would be accumulated at a regulating station at Neuchatel and held there for weeks. Occasionally we would send an ambulance there, if we had the chance, and the boys would have to sort out tons of mail to find ours. We drew our pay after allotment, and if we could spare any to send home, we had to send it to the American Express at Neuchatel and pay $7.50 to send $100 home. That held for over half the time we were in France. Toward the end we could send postal money orders, but the slow and delayed delivery of mail continued throughout the AEF experience. My old letters are full of comment and dissatisfaction and I know I complained of those at home for not writing when they were not to blame.

January 7, 1918, I sent home 1,000 francs ($175) by cable through the American Express and did begrudge the expense. I had arranged for every other month's pay to come home by allotment and I was to have the other. The money had been save out of my expenses. In my letter home that same day, I commented that the belief that in six or eight months the War would necessarily end on account of shortage of supplies in general. Ten months did end it, but for other reasons.

January 19, 1918, only two months and three days after settling at Vittel, we had 1600 patients. My notes for that day are: "I did a cataract operation on a civilian, also straightened out and investigated troubles with the feeding of patients in Hospital A, visited every floor making inspections, saw bed patients, read histories and card records of about 100 patients making corrections and seeing that the records are properly kept. I went to town to see a patient. I called on Fr. Marechal and got his sermon for tomorrow, translated and typed it to be read at the service for Americans, took care of twenty-four eye cases in my office, including three refractions. Several of these cases were very interesting. I helped set up the plumbing for our big sterilizer, went to Hospital B in consultation in a mastoid case – had him transported to Hospital A, did paracentesis and had x-ray for mastoid diagnosis. I investigated and fixed blame for discharging a patient to the wrong place, went for mail, wrote two letters of recommendation for commission, conducted summary court, trying a case with several witnesses. And I advised with four ward surgeons on some of their cases."

That was a general view. The day before, I had counted every bed in the hospital, listing the number in each room and the number we could accept in an emergency. I counted the supply of extra beds in the basement, dressed several operative tables, met and conducted Captain Burns of BH32, through our hospital and operated a case of crossed eyes. The coat supply was investigated, taking samples of various piles for testing. We investigated the warehouse, finding certain supplies that were "lost", did a couple of eye and ear operations, saw twelve new eye cases, made diagnosis and the records and saw a patient in Hospital B. Conducted an ear clinic of running ears, read case histories and diagnosis cards for 150 patients and took a French lesson. I visited 154 rooms in the hospital, counted 528 beds and arranged for the pacing of eighty more.

I had been treating many French patients. There had never been an eye, ear, nose and throat man available that these people could consult, and they found out they would be cared for here. One, a little girl with a lot of eye trouble was helped and discharged. The next day her mother came in with an exquisite lace and said, "Pour Votre Dame." The nurses said it was a nice piece of work.

January 23rd we had twenty patients out of the first action in which American troops participated, on November 10. They are still in hospitals. Major Phillip showed me a letter that day to headquarters recommending me for a majority. The history of that promotion is interesting and might as well be told here. Nothing happened, except an order that no one would be promoted until he had been in France a year. However, promotions in our outfit were made. On September 4th I had a letter from the chief clerk at GHQ in Charmont, who had been attached to our hospital, telling me my name was on a list of promotions cabled to Washington that day, and to swear myself in to my new rank. I did not and the promotion never came through. I have an eight-page apology from the headquarters explaining that the cable office lost that list of fifty-four names, and they never came through.

Our Majors took a joy ride to Dijon where Dr. McLean has Base Hospital 17. They came over several months ahead of us and were located in a nice city but only have 417 beds and have only 500 patients so far, against our 1900 beds and 1799 patients to date.

Our American Commissary opened late in January to supply some things. We had been paying the French from sixty to ninety cents a pound for meat of any kind, 90 cents for a dozen eggs, $4 for a bushel of potatoes, sugar, when obtainable, was eighteen to twenty cents. The commissary charges seven cents for sugar, sixteen cents for meat.

My French patients were interesting. My first was an old laundress, a Mme Sauvage about sixty years old with shrunken eyes and scarred with old corneal ulcers. The lower half of one cornea was raw, conjunctiva inflamed and swollen and afraid she would lose her eye. She came in on Saturday, I treated her and told her to come in Sunday at nine for a treatment, and then go to church. She asked what church I wanted her to go to, she thought that was part of the treatment. When her eye got well, she knew it. She always came early Sunday and then went to church. One day I tried my meager French on her, "Vous souriez a l'oreille a l'otre", but that meant nothing to her. I tried repeating and finally I said, "Vous souriez a toute le visage", and that went through perfectly. The French do not smile "from ear to ear", they smile with the whole face. That idiom comes only by long familiarity. One day Mme Sauvage told me she was praying for me every day because I had saved her sight. She brought me a piece of needlework abd write to me for ten years after the war, from an old woman's home where she died.

I had a little boy "onze ans" with a sliver of steel about 2mm long, in his eye. Not a word while I put in cocaine removed the foreign body and treated the ulcer for a week. He has no shoes, but a parl made out of old heavy cloth with a black mother Hubbard smock over his suit.

The twenty-one year old son of a druggist came home on leave after three years with the Belgian Army. He had been deaf for two years. I washed out great masses of wax and made another cure. There were about thirty French people in my 4:30 clinic – ears mostly. I took care of them without an interpreter. At first I had one, a Miss Hammond, but it too her much longer to tell me the patients symptoms than it took the patient to tell her, and Isoon found I could get all the essential things, and those I could no understand usually were only confusing.

French plumbers were hired to fix some of the drains that stuck. I had to settle that and was taxed to the utmost until I began "telling them" and not understanding them at all. They recognized authority and an officer's stripes, where they paid no attention to my sergeant. My personnel in Hospital A were seven lieutenants (M.D.'s), five sergeants, twenty nurses, twenty hospital corps men and 500 patients.

On February 8th I wrote home that I had been expecting a cable any day (David was born that day), also I wrote, "Have talked to many well informed people, both French and American, who all think that summer or fall will see the end of the war. It did but how little we knew then.

When my turn came to be officer of the day, I inspected all our hospital buildings, barracks and quarters for men, all our warehouses, the men's meals, the patient's meals. I found three blind pigs that I ordered closed. Besides that there was the hospital inspection, reports of different kinds. I fussed at the kitchen range that refused to burn, removed three pairs of tonsils, one turbinate, treated twenty-five ear cases, sixteen with tonsillitis, nine eye cases besides a French Clinic of only; five. On one consultation I found a second case of retinitis pigmentosa, which will have to go before the disability board and back to the States.

February 13th, I was appointed Judge Advocate of a special court martial. The Judge Advocate is a busy man in a trial. He prepares all papers I n the court, acts as legal advisor to the court, and acts as prosecuting attorney. The court is a panel of six officers (it may be three), who sit and render a verdict. They are practically a jury. The Judge Advocate also writes the brief and reports, and it is his duty to see that the defense's case has been properly presented.

One day I wrote home, "Do you remember the old picture of trees on each side of the road with a flock of sheep, two or three dogs, a shepherd and a shepherdess?" I saw its counterpart, except that the trees were old stone dwellings dating back before Columbus discovered America. The street was cobblestones covered with slime. The flock of sheep was nearly half goats and as the procession moved along they stopped by a side street. The man said something in his gruff way, and about a dozen sheep and equal number of goats separated and turned up the side street. One dog followed, later coming back and joining the procession again. The next side street got seven or eight sheep and goats. A few feet farther there was a watering trough and every animal partook, including the shepherds. I followed and watched the herd dwindle to half a dozen, and there was no disorder. Now I know the meaning of a shepherd leading his flock. I also have seen women and boys or girls leading geese, driving them to pasture and returning in the evening distributing them along the way.

We now had several hundred French patients who must have 400 cc of wine every day, so I accompanied Capt. Smith to buy it. We visited Mirecourt, the center of a very beautiful lace industry. The lace takes its name from the town. We pulled a French road roller (5 tons) out of the ditch on the way back.

On February 16th I received a cable announcing David's birth, but with no date. The cable was marked received in London February ___and then mailed. Letters had been very irregular, never less than two weeks apart, and about four weeks at Christmas time. We suspected some letters were lost when a transport with some American soldiers was sunk.

On Sunday the 17th, Captains Smith and Fay, Lieutenants Stone and Scrafford and Font and I went for a walk in back of our house, over the mountain (Lorimix) and across a valley on the other side and saw some practice trenches being dug by the troops in training. These led up another 600 foot hill and over into a little old village. Then we came back by the road, about five miles direct. We saw many soldiers, a French battalion, field kitchens and a bunch of French soldiers skinning a wild boar that they had just killed in the woods. He was a vicious looking animal of about 150 pounds with great tusks.

There are several mountain regions of France forming, in general, a great basin of level lower land with Paris in the center. We were in Lorraine, the region of the ancient Langree D'oc, but near its border. The variations spoken in Ile de France (Paris region) were the ones which most influenced modern French. You can still tell the difference and can recognize by their speech, persons from various parts of France.

Alsace, a buffer state always, is the dividing line between the southern Romance tongues and the Nordic or German tongues. We were in Lorraine, next to Alsace, and could distinguish the type by the people and by their living conditions. When we were there they were not Nordic with separate homes and barns, but built all under one roof.

We carried on our work as efficiently as possible, as proven by a medical meeting we had at Hospital A Base Hospital 36, at Vittel on the evening of February 18, 1918. There were 110 doctors present. I was on the program with three case reports.

The winter of 11917 was not nearly as bad as in the States. We had a foot or more of snow that lasted about three weeks with severe cold down to twenty below, but we were dressed for it. For a while there was a scarcity of coal, and the hospitals and rooms have been cold. There have been colds and one in our unit died of pneumonia. There was a military funeral with a band, Red Cross and American flags. The Chaplain was Dr. Maxon of Detroit, the pallbearers, the casket, armed Guard of Honor, men and officers, etc. Thirty-two of our thirty-four officers were in the procession, sixty-five of our nurses, 150 of the hospital corpsmen and a delegation from Base Hospital 23. The cemetery was about one and a half miles away and we marched with the band, beating time or playing a dirge. The flags were draped with black streamers and the whole town was out with uncovered heads or those in uniform standing at salute. Returning from the cemetery the black ribbons were removed, more lively airs were played and we marched more briskly. Every French soldier stood at attention and saluted as the flag passed, and every civilian removed his hat. We return the same compliments to the French soldiers as they march through, except that marching soldiers seldom carry flags.

We were in the "Zone of the Army", the advance area where things not connected with the prosecution of the war were barred, except when there was unused available transportation. I had always pictured one army facing the other and thought very little of the back area. We were thirty-five miles from the front but surrounded by soldiers. When a division of 28,000 Americans is holding a sector at the front, only about 2000 – 3000 are actually in the front trenches. The rest are back up top twenty miles or more, but always ready to go into action, bringing reinforcements, etc. That also gives some a resting period while others are at the front. From 100 to 150 miles of France, back from the front line was devoted to the Army, a vast military camp for practice, training, drill, rest, hospitals, supplies, railroads, trucks and transportation trains, the roads passable but crowded with thousands of supply camions.

We were having “blackout” one evening in February. I was writing a letter home and was interrupted by the officer of the day who said he could see a streak of light from my office window. I thought the curtains were sufficiently drawn, but went out to investigate. The light could be seen from below the window not from on a level or above, but we were taking no chances of airplanes flying over from the German bases only forty miles away, bombing our hospital.

Orders were issued to discourage the newspapers at home from publishing our letters. General Pershing visited our hospital on an inspection tour and was much displeased with our lack of “snappiness”. My sergeant came in and said General Pershing was on his way from Neufchean, and would be here in an hour inspecting. I rushed over to Colonel Phillip and told him. He said, “How did you get this information?” “From a sergeant’, I replied. “Then it’s true and not a moment to lose.” We started cleaning and putting things in order, slicking up uniforms etc.

Major Shurley said he would be at Hospital A and meet the General and conduct him through the hospital. I remarked that feeding trays had just come downstairs and were not yet cleaned, but were stacked back of a big screen at one side of the entrance in the kitchen. Shurley didn’t listen. I met the General at the door, saluted and he of course returned it. I then took him to General Shurley, our Director, who spoke and started showing him around. The General looked and Shurley saluted, then they started out. Things were going fairly well, everything was in good order except the kitchen stoves, which were not burning, and were all torn out trying to repair them while we used field kitchens. That passed after explanation about the coal and showing of samples. Just before the General was through with our building I could see Shurly was bursting. He called attention to the feeding trays for our bed patients and scooted behind the screen to get one to show. The General took it and exclaimed, “Filthy – dirty”, and threw it across the floor, very carefully wiping his hands on a handkerchief. Then came Shurley’s downfall. He tried to explain but the General said, “Get your heels together when you talk to me.” He added a few other remarks and walked off. Shurley was busy for months explaining that his britches bagged at the knees so he could not get his heels together.

I heard that when the General went into the Headquarters office, Captain Theodore McGraw, the adjutant, stood there with an overcoat with a fur collar. The General ordered the fur collar off at once.

From Hospital A (Central), Pershing, Phillips and McGraw went to Hospital C (the Palace), under Major Channing W. Barrett, a world famous surgeon from Chicago. Barrett met the General at the door, shook hands and took him by the arm to show him around. The General’s comments when he left were that we were very unmilitary and he was sending an official inspector to straighten us out. A few days later the Inspector General and his staff came. They called together the officers of Base Hospital 36 and 23 and lectured us for an hour, telling all the things the General found – dirty, undisciplined, and unmilitary. The crowning insult was when a mere doctor took the General by the arm, as he would any crony, and lead him around the hospital. He talked fast and furious and told us everything the General had found, and that was plenty. Then he dismissed us like whipped school children, and told us to go and clean things up. He was going to make a real inspection. For three days we had an hour's lecture on how bad we were and how incensed the General was, with an inspection tht would have found a flyspeck on a skylight. That man saw everything and knew how to ask questions. I simply threw myself on his good graces and asked, "Tell me how to make this dirty hotel clean and able to pass your inspection. If it is humanly possible after we have cared for our patients we will do so."

He weakened and said, "You fellows are doing a swell job, but the General expected more strict military discipline and courtesy, but we recognize you are doctors and not soldiers." He also recognized that Major Barrett was a big a doctor as Pershing was a soldier.

On February 23rd we had another medical meeting with men from Base Hospitals 36, 23, 31, 32, 15, 17, 18 and 66 with the Orthopedic Unit and the Second Division. There were 150 men present, some coming sixty miles. Among the speakers were Col. Seiler, M.C., U.S.A., in charge of laboratories; Major Finney, the great surgeon from John's Hospital; Major Goldsthwaite of Boston and Harvard, in orthopedics; Major P.S. Hickey of Detroit, my old friend, in x-rays; Major Baer of John's Hopkins, fractures; Major Keyes of New York, Genito-Urinary; Major Kinnzer of New York, Epidemiology (I will have a story about him later); Major Haven Emmerson, New York Sanitation. You couldn't find an array of such talent short of the A.M.A. meeting.

Beginning March 15th all soldiers, officers and nurses, are entitled to seven days leave for each four months in France, "which must be taken for sake of change of scene, and which cannot be put off and accumulated", and "only 10% of the command may be absent at once." That leave was available only to those who could be spared from their work. Captain Smith and I planned a trip to the south of France, Arles, etc. Our turn did not come until the day of the Armistice.

I made the acquaintance of a very interesting French Captain of Artillery, A.C.H.P. (heavy artillery of high power). Captain Pichelin lived in Orleans, the son of a banker, and had been in the war since the first day. He was anxious to learn English so we visited back and forth, talking, reading and translating. He had charge of an artillery train with two large sixteen inch naval guns mounted on gun carriages. My sergeant had made his acquaintance and brought him over. We visited for some time. Later I asked him how come his train stood on those tracks all the time with steam up, but went no place. He described what such a train might do. If some particular object had to be reduced, this train would be called upon and it had to be always ready. He showed me their regular drill when the car is blocked up, the gun elevated and loaded, but he did not fire it. He said if one morning I missed that train to watch the French "communiqué", as they would certainly make them. This proved out sometime later. The Germans were bombarding Paris with a long-range gun, seventy-five miles, and destroying the French morale. One day the sergeant came in and said Captain Pichelin's train was gone so we started watching the communiqué with more interest than ever. Sure enough, after ten days it was announced that the long-range gun had ceased firing on Paris. In a few days Captain Pichelin was back and I asked him to tell me about it.

It seems the French fliers had located the gun in a woods about fifteen miles in back of the lines. Captain Pichelin brought his train up about twelve miles from the lines, lined it up by map, sent out airplanes and fired. The first shot was over the mark and to one side. Correction was made and the second shot was under but inline. The third shot did not hit the gun but wrecked its mounting.. Captain Pichelin stayed around a while, until in the summer the American military complained of that kind of train being stationed so near hospitals, so he was moved and I never saw him again.

March 5th I cabled $300 home from Neuchatel. Smith visited Nancy on the 6th and heard confirmation of a story going around: the Germans bombed Nancy, flew across the city and dropped bombs. One fired on the railroad station. A train was standing in the station with a load of gasoline. Everyone was waiting for the explosion, but two American soldiers went through the burning station, started the engine and baked the train out to safety.

I had read of the Saint of Blacksmiths, but one day wandering about the countryside, I found a little old octagonal church not more than fifteen feet across with a lintel dated 1464 and labeled "Tronc de St. Eloi". Inside is a clear small room with an altar opposite the door on which is a bishop statue, with a blacksmith's hammer raised to strike on an anvil.

Major Fairburn of Base Hospital 23 went on one of the seven day leaves. I was called to see one of their patients, a mastoid which I did, also a radical frontal sinus, but that did not work the other way. At that time the director, Shurley, turned all nose and throat work over to me officially, only asking to observe or assist with mastoids and radical sinuses. I learned later that her had never done a mastoid.

On March 9th I received the first letter telling about the baby, David, but still not giving his birth date.

We had a shift in our hospital. The orthopedic unit under Goldthwaite, came and appropriated part of the "Ceres" Hospital B, under major Walker. They moved out Captain Randall and Lieutenant Adams to the Central (Hospital A) for general surgery, Captain Randall to the Soures (Hospital D), and Captain Harris for medicine to A. They moved in three or four of their men and proposed to do great things. I was too busy to bother much but assigned Randall, Harris and Adams to office and duties. I was then taking care of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat for Americans, French, Italians, Moroccans and Arabs in three of our hospitals.

On April 4th the Army Post was at last ready to sell Post Office money orders so I began sending money home that way, dividing the check up into parts. I was sending $150 and sent it in three $50 checks, in different letters on different dates so as to be sure some would go through, and if one were lost it would not be such a calamity. I asked for acknowledgments of these money orders by number so as to check on whether any were lost. I never was sure, but several were never acknowledged. This method of sending money saved $6 from the monthly remittances.

The calling of the French class of 1919 was an interesting ceremony. In the church was solemn high mass, a considerable function in France where they practically always have low mass. The parish all gathered at 10 a.m. in the large church down town, the one built in 1340 –45. The church was decorated with the flags of Belgium, France, Great Britain, United States, the sunburst of Japan and many banners of the ancient army of the Duke of Lorraine. A bugle sounded and the drafted boys marched in accompanied by a bugler and drummer. At the consecration, the bugler sounded one of the French calls and after the march there was a sermon on patriotism, etc. It was raining hard but the priest told those who had forgotten their umbrellas, that they should join in the procession to the cemetery and slip through between drops, that the inconvenience would not hurt them, when the soldiers were going into far more inconvenience. The children led the procession followed by the drafted men and the city. Wreaths ere placed over the dead soldiers, including the twelve Americans. It was altogether very impressive, very solemn and quiet, no flag waving and no shouting.

While out walking one Sunday, Captain Smith and I gathered a number of wild flowers, which I pressed to start a collection. Among them was a wild pansy. Someone told me it was Penser Sauvage. The word pencer means to think but it is pronounced pansey with a nasal twang, whence the name of the pansy no doubt. We had received orders to evacuate every patient that could be moved so we only had seventy-eight in the whole hospital. That gave us more time but no assurance of a leave, because of the great drive now in progress in the Loire region. Leaves were off and nothing much to do. The men of course had baseball, but some of the star players, and also some nurses, went to a dance against orders. The men are confined to quarters except for their duties, and the nurses who had strict orders not to go to dances given for enlisted men had the same treatment, including not walking in the park. This is discipline, but when the C.O. issues an order it must be obeyed.

Major Shurley had made arrangements with two French women, to come to the hospital and exchange English and French lessons. They came in every day for me to treat their chronic rhinitis and many times when Shurley was away, and later, I preempted his lessons and Mme. Paris told me I was making much more progress than he. I gort them to give me the French names for my flowers.

On April 18th we made a trip to Epinol. There was snow in the morning as we started and the cook called it “Neige de la Cookoo”, explaining that soon the cookoo would eat his snow and it would be a beautiful day, but the old bird shirked h is part of the program. It was a cold ride, but interesting. We followed old Roman roads which are now well built. As we approached Epinol we found some isolated farms with their own buildings, new for France.

Captain Sill had to go to Dijon on business April 24th, and Captain Smith and I asked permission to go along. Sill had been over these roads before, so was going without a guide. The driver also thought he knew the way. It was raining hard and we had the Paige, a car with the old collapsible top and side curtains that are now unknown, but it is difficult to see out. Driving was slow with rain on the windshield and the roads wet. We passed out of our country of high hills and wide valleys into a more broken region with higher hills, more in ranges then "Monts Faucilles" of the Vosges. We saw many people in the villages but very few on the land. The small villages of fifty to 200 inhabitants are five or six miles apart and no habitants between. The hillsides are crazy quilt in appearance, all being cultivated in small patches. There are no fences except for grazing. For miles there were long narrow strips plowed and cultivated, the strips averaging about twenty feet, each family having a strip for this and some place else a strip for that. These strips may be 200 to 1,000 feet long, straight or curved, and each set out to a different crop or grapes, giving the mountain such a patchwork quilt look.

After a while we found that we were at Vesoul, which was much more cultivated and prosperous than Vittel. The ground was getting more level with patches of woods (bois). The stone markers, which were on every kilometer of the road, were about eighteen inches high and told direction and distance to the next city or village.

Beyond Point sur Saone the country was cleaner, and there were more places with houses and barns separated. At Vesoul, a very pretty town, we had a French dinner at a good hotel: war bread, calves brains with mushrooms, one pint of wine, mashed potatoes and Roquefort cheese. The hors d'ouvre was a soft-boiled egg, all for four francs or 68 cents. That was probably because very few Americans had been there and we got the French prices. We continued on by map, but were not good map readers for we got off into a narrow road through a dense forest. We overtook some of the narrow gauge wagons drawn by two or three horses hitched tandem. (I have seen five so hitched with a heavy load and a poor road).

We passed through about ten miles of rolling country and dense forests, then came out on the brink of a deep valley with a winding road descending about 2,000 feet to the level of the Louie River. This was a beautiful drive, both across the highlands and in the valley surrounded by what looked like mountains. In reality we knew we were at the bottom of a great wash cut across the face of the region. We followed the river and entered the City of Dijon through an old "Gate" or Pillars and a break in the wall. Dijon is a city of 90,000 with much of interest, and Base Hospital 17, Dr.McLean's unit. When the business had been transacted, we did considerable sightseeing. The city was the capital of Burgundy and has a history back to Roman times. The old chateau of the Duke of Burgundy, a museum place, was closed for the period of the war, but Smith's and my meager French talked with the old concierge and he allowed us to go through. Sculpture, Art, Paintings, Treasures, Inscriptions, everything was there.

Returning to Vittel we took the State road through Langres. This was the old Roman road and was of continuous interest on account of surroundings and history.

Soon after the Dijon trip, Smith and I had an invitation to dinner at the Pharmacist's home. The Pharmacist is a Belgian and employed in the drug store. The proprietor is an anesthetist in the French army. The dinner really was given by the proprietor's wife in honor of her husband being home for a day. We had soup, cheese omelet, potatoes and new cabbage, cold pressed pork sausage, roast leg of lamb, cherries canned with the pits, bread (a very little as it is scarce) and champagne. Everything was a course by itself and it took two hours. We talked French mostly, a little English as everyone is trying to learn English, Dutch and Flemish from Captain Van Rhea and the pharmacist. It was a simple dinner, but served to break the monotony. It was the first dinner we had had with other than our own people for months.

One day about this time the cook called me into the kitchen and showed me a treat she was planning for me. Her husband was home from the war and went out into the gardens and gathered a half- bushel of large snails. She had them in a basin with salt on them. They were crawling and twisting. I told her to keep it for a surprise, but not to say a word to the officers until she served them. She was much surprised and wanted to show them to all the men. She said the Americans were strange, did not want to see what they were going to have until it was brought to the table, but the Frenchmen wanted to see the things being prepared. I did not tell her snails were scarcely an item in our diet, but I whispered to Smith that we better have an invitation out to dinner on Sunday. The next day he called me to see if we could accept an invitation to dinner from M. Couillard, the owner of the dairy company from whom he was buying cream, milk etc., for the hospitals. He owns a string of creameries. He had a large chateau about twelve kilos (eight miles) from Vittel. It is a mammoth stone building with tall round towers on each of four corners and set well back from the road, surrounded by a ten foot stone fence. M. Couillard met us at the gate and the first thing he asked is if we liked escargot. We had just escaped our cook's snails, so were surprised. M. Couillard was the head of a large family, sons, daughters and grandchildren, sister, brother, uncle etc. Counting Smith and me there were twenty-six at the table. In the center was a mammoth tray, fully three washtub's full of large land snails piping hot in the shell. The host served each one with a heaping plate on which was a small shell of melted butter. You take the tine of a fork, hook the snail from the shell, dip it in melted butter, eat, then tip the shell up and drink its contents of melted butter. One plate looks like a lot but really is not but it was all we wanted. The French refilled repeatedly. These snails are a great delicacy with them.

The diner was Omelet de Lorraine, an unseasoned omelet cooked in a piecrust in an oven, new potatoes fried whole in deep fat, new cabbage and pot sausage, all in one course. Next came roast leg of mutton in a course by itself, mirabelle, which are wild plums canned, and coffee. The whole dinner was garnished with five different kinds of wine, all good but most of them rather heady. We could not drink it all but the others did. M. Couillard said next time he would only serve three wines for he noticed we did not drink so much, which he couldn't understand as he had always heard Americans were hard drinkers.

The funny part of this whole snail business was that our cook could not restrain herself and told one of the other doctors. He was more honest than Smith and I, he told her the American doctors would never eat those snails and she had better take then home and have her husband invite in some of his friends and give the house something else for dinner. For our shrewdness, Smith and I got snails anyway and the others had a good American dinner.

We visited the old castle, which had an underground passage two miles long for a secret exit. He showed us his wine cellar, 600 bottles of rare old wine, which is only one year's supply.

Leaves had been reopened to begin May 5th and Smith and I put in our requests but within a week they were cancelled again.

Col. Allan Greenwood of Boston visited our hospital the middle of May to see our eye equipment. He asked if we had a magnet and being assured, he asked whose it was. I said, "Greenwood". He disclaimed any magnet and when it was shown he said it was a "Lancaster" and a very good one. I still insisted it was a "Greenwood" as he had picked it out for us before we left the States. He said there were only ten workable magnets in France and he was going to designate Base Hospital 36 as the eye hospital for foreign bodies, etc. He is chief of the eye service to France.

Our CO, Major Phillips, came over to my office and asked me to go walking with him. We went out into the country and climbed some of the hills, but mostly talked over many things on his mind. He was disturbed by the orders from GHQ that promotions in France would have to wait until we had been over here for about a year. We have seen letters from home saying medical officers had been promoted in the Cantoments in the United States and sent over in high ranks hoping to compel action in France. A sample was a Lieutenant Colonel Bowles whom I saw in May. He was a student of pharmacy in Ann Arbor while Mrs. Haughey and I were students there. He joined the Army years ago, served through the Mexican campaign as a sanitary officer and then resigned. He was asked to return to the service when the war broke out but waited until he was given Lt. Col. He was then sent to France and on account of his rank assumed control of Sanitation in the advance area. Major Seiler had been Chief Sanitary officer and had organized the work. He must now take orders from an unknown who is not a trained Sanitarian. He flatly refused and attempted to resign, and was made Sanitary officer for the First Army until promotions could be arranged and the injustice corrected.

Joan of Arc, or as the French call her Jean d'Arc, was born at Domremy near where we were located with everyone knowing of her life and work. She was captured May 23rd, 1430, and after a period of prison and trials was burned at the stake at Rowen on May 31st, 1431. The French people celebrate her feast on May 23rd, and on that date in 1918 we became interested. Many of the nurses and others of our unit had visited her shrine at Domremy.

On one of the trips to Miracount, or Nancy, I passed her birthplace which was only about an eighth of a mile off the highway. There is a little church on the side of a wood.

Reverend Paul Bonnett, the chief interpreter for the French soldiers we had in the hospital, had been acting as Chaplain for our hospital wherever Catholics were involved since he was attached to us. Some of the nurses had been talking to him and we made arrangements to dedicate a Niche in the Church of the Parc to Jean d'Arc. We took up a collection and ordered a statue. Fr. Bonnett made the necessary arrangements and secured the necessary consent. Most churches throughout France had such a statue and niche, but this one did not and it was so near her birthplace, which in fact is known as the Jean d'Arc County. Just before the time of the dedication, we received word that the statue would not arrive on account of being in the zone of the advance and it being against regulations. But a picture was sent. Fr. Bonnett had invited the French and American Army chaplains, the local cure', and he had invited the Bishop of the Diocese. I met the Pere Marechal and the Bishop of St. Die with an army car and brought them to the Church. When we arrived the American Army Bishop and the French Army Bishop were there with other French notables. Major Phillips, our CO, came and we went into the Church. There were some services after which I, as the ranking Catholic of the Hospital, made the presentations speaking in French (Fr. Bonnett had helped me prepare it).

When the services were over the dignitaries congregated outside. General Dr. Castelneam came up and introduced himself and congratulated me for my speech, and thanked me and the unit for the thoughtfulness of giving the shrine. About six months after we left Vittel for home, the statue came. I had a letter from Fr. Bonnett who had gone up to Vittel, dedicated the statue, picked up the picture, which we had dedicated, and sent it to me in America.

I was glad to have met General Dr. Castelneam as he was a most important personage, representing the old nobility of France. If France had been a monarchy, he, instead of General Foch would have been in Supreme Command. As it was, he had the armies of Lorraine and Alsace from near Verdun to the Swiss border. Later I was designated by him to examine his applicants for air service.

On May 24th we sent two ambulances, with two from Base Hospital 23 and others from various places to Bacarat to pick up patients. Smith and I went along to see the new regions and we went through Bacarat to the regimental hospital about six miles from the front. The roads are all curves, the villages badly damaged and some destroyed. Near the front this latter description held mostly, sometimes mere walls were left standing. We took back with us, sixty gasses patients and many more came later. These were the first American gassed cases, and I was busy for a while with them. The mustard gas still stuck to their clothes. The eyes were swollen shut, very painful and sensitive to light. The noses were swollen shut and the throats raw and parched. Where the gas touched the mucous membrane, or skin, was a raw sore and some patients were a pitiful sight indeed. Some we had to strip and put in a tent-like arrangement with only cotton over them.

Some months ago I had begged to go someplace and see what was done with these patients, but without avail. The surgeons went instead. But now I had the patients with these eyes and no help from the surgeons… I washed them out with bicarbonate f soda solution, put in atropine to dilate the pupil and particularly to relieve the spasms and photophobia. Then I used some of Major Shurly's guiacol carbinate in olive oil as a dressing. My theory was atropine for spasm and oil for dressing, but an alkali to neutralize what mustard gas might be left. The next day these patients were all comfortable, the swelling lessened and the spasm about done. Two days later Col. George Derby, M.D., from Harvard and Inspector of eye cases in the A.E.F., came and wanted to see my "striated corneae". I did not know what he meant and he said, "You have not studied your cases. The French and British have been caring for these gassed eyes for three years and they find that 25% of them are permanently damaged and have striations on the corneae. You have ninety out of 360 of these cases, let's see them." I told him I had no permanently damaged eyes and then we started out on inspection. There were no permanently damaged eyes or striations. Soon he began asking what I had done for them, but I insisted on completing he inspection first, then return to my office and talk. When we were through he demanded to know what I had done and I told him. He said I had disobeyed orders which had been not to use atropine, oil or an alkali. I insisted I had no orders. He said a pamphlet of instructions had been issued, which we found over at headquarters in a pigeonhole. It had never been delivered to me.

Col. Derby said he was going on an inspection trip to all the hospitals in the front areas and he would pass along my treatment. Col. Greenwood came to see me a couple of days later and asked to see my gassed eyes. He said headquarters would publish the new treatment for gassed eyes to all the hospitals. He must have done that for a few days later Capt. Page (Indianapolis) Base Hospital 31 called me over the telephone. He said he had just received some gasses eyes and Col. Derby had told him my procedure, but he had forgotten. He had sent over for some of my Guiacol Carbonate in Olive Oil.

In the summer of 1919 when the Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology met in Cleveland, some of us attended still in uniform. Drs Greenwood and Derby made a report of the eye service in France. They told of the original treatment and results and said "a Captain atone of the Base Hospitals at the front" did so and so and the eyes all healed so that in the American Army there were none of the striated corneae that were the aftermath of English, French and Italian gas casualties.

Some years later in a discussion published in the AMA Journal, Page claimed to have been the one to first use this treatment. I believe that was probably my most valuable contribution to the Science of Medicine. It certainly saved thousands of eyes and as occurs so many times, the credit was meager and even that someone tried to appropriate. Derby and Page are now dead, but Greenwood has confirmed my statements, which are, published records.

Later in May Pvt. Kenneth Sands came in complaining fo excruciating pain back of his right eye. He was hit by a piece of shrapnel and had been operated on at the evacuation hospital. The eye was destroyed and the General Surgeon attempted to remove it. He simply cut around everything, taking conjunctiva, and leaving no socket for an artificial eye. But the patient still complained. I had an x-ray and located the shrapnel in the flour of the cranium, in the middle, back of the orbital area. It had penetrated the eye, passed through the orbit and through the bony wall into the brain. It was resting on sensitive points and I determined on removal. The x-ray room was prepared for operation. I incised through the eyebrow, elevated the periostium og the orbit until I was at the bony perforation, through which the metal had passed. Then under the fluoroscope and with direct vision, I inserted a long smooth tipped forceps and succeeded in grasping the foreign body. I worked it forward to the bony perforation when the x-ray tube blew out. We had no extra tube handy, so I had the nurse telephone Major Walker at Hospital B for permission to complete the operation with his x-ray equipment (we had two plants). Consent was obtained, the ambulance was called with the patient still under anesthetic was transported, and when we were all ready to enter Hospital B X-ray room, Major Walker came along and found a most interesting case of foreign body in the cranium. He immediately "ranked me out" of the case, took it over, did an extensive plastic U shaped flap in the scalp and trephines through temporal muscle region into the skull removing the foreign body that way, and after a considerable time had a patient without pain, but with paralysis. This patient was kept around for weeks as a showcase and a convalescent. Several times when orders came to evacuate all patients able to travel, this one was held up as a sort of personal attendant on the Major. One day, however, he was shipped out "by mistake" and went on to back areas accompanied with the histories. A few weeks later Col. Cushing, Chief of all head Service in France, came into our headquarters and asked to see the Major who had operated on Pvt. Sands. Headquarters gave him my name and Major Walker's. He said not to bother me, that my approach was correct and should have been followed. He took about a two-hour walk about the country with Major Walker. I do not know what was said, but was instructed next day that I was to have charge of all these cranial cases, which would have been transferred to Hospital A. I never heard any more about Pvt. Sands except that Major Walker published a couple of pictures showing his operation and the fluoroscopic removal of the shrapnel in the Base Hospital 36 memorial book. No mention of my work in the case.

Under date of June 19, 1818 I wrote a long letter home, telling about sending home laces and who had given some of them to me; some silk tapestry, one of Joan d'Arc. Also I told of sending a box of imitation native flowers in little pots. I mentioned that
I was going to write to Gene Raynor that day as I had just heard where his 26th division was. He was killed in action about a week later, and my letter home telling about it was the family's first news.

I also wrote, "I had a pleasant conversation yesterday with Major Greenwood of Boston, the chief of the Eye Service over here. I have met Greenwood several times lately, but never before coming over here, and he has only been here about a month or five weeks. About two weeks ago the chief of the Ear, Nose and Throat service came down here looking for a competent man to put in charge of the Ear Nose and Throat service of the forty-second division. They decided on me and after a few days my orders came, but I have never seen them. Major Phillips stopped them. He telegraphed to the chief of the Advance section that he could not spare me on account of my being commanding officer of one of the hospitals here, and if I were taken away that would leave him without a commander for the hospital and also would leave him without a man to do the Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat work of the unit. The orders were revoked and I am left here. The 42nd division is the one whose evacuation hospital I visited a couple of weeks ago, and wrote home about the trip. The Germans all know exactly where they are, but I was not permitted to say, although I may say that they are getting into the newspapers every little while. One day I saw an American communiqué that mentioned several towns where they were fighting. Yesterday Greenwood came here to ask me a question that he couldn't very well ask over the phone or by letter, and while he was here Major Phillips and I talked with him. Never mind what the question was, it had to do with the treatment of gas cases in the early stages, and plans for the more efficient care of them. He did not want me moved for the reason that he had seen all the Base Hospitals in this vicinity or anywhere near, and had made arrangements for all the serious eye cases to be sent here, and especially all the magnet cases. He does not want me moved away under any circumstances. He also said that eye men would not be put in several of the big field hospitals, but they would be instructed to put all the serious eye cases immediately into ambulances and bring them to me. I guess Major Phillips had a better appreciation of me after that interview. I do not know of his opinion, but he seemed very much pleased at what he heard, and I was too. It helps even in war surgery to know that your work is appreciated."

The heads of the various departments of Medical Service came to our hospital center, called the doctors all together and talked to them and then interviewed each one separately before they were allowed to go. They were divided into four classes: 1) Those who are perfectly competent to go ahead with whatever comes up in their special field; 2) Those having some restrictions (being told they must not do certain work but turn it over to a class 1 man; 3) Those classed as assistants: 4) Others.

Major Kernan of New York was over here with Cushing and Blair and Greenwood, Kernan and Greenwood went over some of my work. I had done two submucous cases; several tonsils and a mastoid the day before and I asked Kernan to do the first dressings. He could then get as good an opinion of my work as any way I knew. Greenwood looked over the eye equipment. The result of the investigation was that Kernan complimented me very highly on my results and wanted to put me in charge of all that work in the region. Greenwood was pleased. I had simply turned over this work to both of them as it came in and they saw what was being done. Greenwood went out and ordered other hospitals to send their magnet and severe eye cases to Base 36. I had seen many of these Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat clinics of the States, and never saw one with more work to do or more opportunity.

We had patients from the famous English Third Army that was moved from Belgium over into France for a rest area just in time to get into the march 21st offensive. They fought all through that, then were sent to a quiet area in France and arrived just in time for the Kimmel Hill offensive. After that was over they were transferred to the region between Rhems and Soissons and three days later they were in a third offensive. They were run ragged and about used up.

The Inspector General came to see us on June 16th. He had the reputation of being a man of very few words and no praise. He came to the Central Hospital A where I was in charge. He said, "Captain, give your name to the stenographer. How many beds have you? How much emergency capacity? How many patients? What are your cases? How much contagion have you? How many of each? Show me what you have and the whole hospital." I told him and showed him and he dictated to the stenographer as he went along, approving of everything but one. The attendants were not wearing gauze masks in the diphtheria and scarlet fever wards. My orders to wear them had been revoked by Major Shurley, who ws doing a stretch of duty in the diphtheria ward, and wrote home, as published in the Detroit Free Press, that because the hospital was so busy he had had to go into that ward himself and do the work.

June 23rd, 24th and 25th we received 1500 patients from the drive toward Paris. To admit that many patients in three days, examine them, make out their papers and records, and operate on those needing it (which means many of them in war time), is no small job for a force of about 25 effective doctors. We had more than that but many of them were at jobs other than practicing medicine.

States mail was again an object of worry. With all the war duties, supplies etc., why did mail come at such odd intervals? Why should there be nineteen days between and then a lot come in a bunch? There was no lack in the amount of cigarettes and Bull Durham tobacco that came over. The Y.M.C.A., workers and Red Cross workers were always plentifully supplied. I did not smoke but never saw anyone who was suffering for the lack of cigarettes and most of them spurned the Bull Durham roll-your-own, giving that surreptitiously to the French. Tobacco was a state monopoly and we must be careful not to infringe.

I had been using every chance to improve my French, caring for French patients, talking with French people, studying when I could, so when the French announced a "Conference" at the theater I determined to go. A famous professor from the Sorbonne, Paris, gave an address and showed some moving pictures. The theater seated 500 and was crowded. I wanted to see how well I could understand a speech intended for French people with no favors shown for the stranger. The Major and the Cure' hunted me out as I was the only one with an American uniform on. That was not a difficult thing to do, and they asked me up on the stage. Back of the curtain I met Dr. Bolumier, the brother of the founder of the Vitell Waters Industry, the Prefect, the Lecturer and several French officers.

The speaker spoke very fluently and forcibly, rehearsing the conduct of the war, mentioning the great campaigns and the fighting in various places, told of conditions in France, England, Scotland and Germany. He said he had been in Germany when the war started. He eulogized the Americans for the vast amount of work they had done in changing the course of a little over a year from a peaceful to a war-like nation, and transporting to Europe over 3,000 miles away an army so great. I was surprised at the facility with which I followed most of the lecture. Of course I did not get it all, but I did succeed in getting most of it, and the sense of all that was said. After the lecture I was talking with him and he asked me if I understood some of what he had said. I told him nearly all and he seemed pleased. The French people seem to be very pleased that some of us here are becoming able to talk with them. During the evening Capt. Smith and I went down town to the pharmacy and spent the evening with M. and Mme. Remy. We talked French all the evening, because they cannot speak a word of English, and we talked about everything imaginable from the starting of the war and the first mobilization to flowers, rose gardens, maladies (patients in hospitals) and America. We had a very good time and a profitable one for every time we have a long visit like that it helps just so much with our French.

Dr Fay, an American dentist in Paris who has an office in Vittel, during the "season" had been coming in to see me about his throat. He had cancer of the larynx, complete loss of voice and practically no breathing space. He wears a tube through a tracheotomy opening, which occasionally gets sore or irritated. He brought me some roses from his garden – some of the most beautiful I have ever seen. A white one called the Queen of the Coronation, another a deep pink called the Triumph of the Exhibition.

A woman who had been coming from fifteen kilometers away, for me to treat her daughter's eyes, also brought me flowers. I had a place on a little stand in my office with the children's picture framed and standing on it. These flowers found their way there and it didn't take the French people long to find out I liked them. There was always a bouquet there. If nothing cam in, Toto (Ernestine Parrison), a French girl whose folks lived across Lorima at Norroy, and who worked cleaning floors at the hospital, would always bring something and every morning when I arrived my flowers would be sorted and freshly arranged. This is the same Toto that I sent for some years later to come over and work for us.

The Fourth of July in France was a day for remembrance. The buildings and streets were decorated with flowers and flags in respect to our American day, which they seemed to understand and appreciate. We Americans didn't have much to decorate with, but our hospital buildings housing French patients were decorated from top to bottom with flowers and greenery and French, American and British flags.

We had a parade formed in the open field in the park that boys used for baseball. We had a band which I had not mentioned before, but which we organized in Detroit and had kept in practice. The eligible men from BH23 had joined in and it made a considerable impression. The procession included the officers of BH 36 and 23, the French officers located near (about twenty); the French patients able to march (about 120); the Tommies who were able; the nurses from the two hospitals (about 150); the corps men of both hospitals and about fifty men of the graves registration service. We marched down the main street, countered on the square and came back past the hospitals to the park where we disbanded. We had a baseball game, getting trimmed by BH 23 with a score of two to one. Immediately following, our men played the engineers and won five to three, seven innings, calling on account off late at night.

Major Greenwood at the time of inspection told me he was designating me, and BH 36 at all field and evacuation hospitals for all serious eye cases and my work would increase. It surely did. On July 5th there were fifteen new eye cases. I then had six French and three Americans with one eye out.

Lieut. Eugene Smith was definitely assigned to me as an assistant. His father had been my old professor, but Gene liked to play and in a few days was given another job. My work doubled. I removed six eyes in a week's time, which showed that there were serious injuries.

I finally went over to headquarters and told them I simply must have a clerk. With all the paper work on patients, reports and court marshal work, I just could not do all that typewriting and do my work too. I was promised relief but received another loing record to make out and more reports to GHQ.

For some time Majors Kernon and Greenwood had been making great plans to make Base Hospital 36 a real head center. A good eye man was to be sent in, and an assistant. There were many of those dreams that never materialized.

On July 1st we received three trainloads, over 1,000 patients of which Base Hospital 36 got half. As these trains came in BH 23 and BH 36 started unloading one at each end and we took them as they came, except for those especially tagged of BH 36. There was one train of French soldiers from the region of Rheims. By evening, every arrival had had a bath, a good meal and had his wounds dressed and put to bed between white sheets. Many needed just that. They had been in some of the fiercest fighting of the war and they had been eighteen to twenty-eight hours on the train. They were tired, dirty, ragged and unshaven – as rough looking as one would ever want to see, but I take my hat off to them. They never made a complaint but took what we had to give them and were pleased.

One of these boys told me that his company of 250 men was reduced to fifteen when he left, but for every one lost there were five Germans lost. Most of their losses were wounded and I was surprised at the triviality of some of them. Some were grave enough. In war injuries it is better to care for a small wound and get the men back to duty soon, rather than let it go and have many infections with much longer loss of time.

These boys all told all sorts of stories, never described the fighting, but all agreed that neither side took prisoners. In charges on machine gun nests, the Americans kept advancing, no mater if many of their number were killed, but some would hop on and when they were too close for firing the Germans would hold up their hands and yell "Kamared". At first that worked, but the boys found they would fire at them every moment they could bring their machine guns to bear, then ask quarter, but give none. That is horrible but that is war. They did not dare leave any behind to strike in the rear and could not spare men to take prisoners.

In March the morale of the French people and soldiers was at its lowest ebb but in July it was rising by leaps and bounds. Successes and the American participation in considerable numbers made a wonderful impression on the volatile French. At first they had a very poor opinion of our fighters. The reluctantly gave us short sectors to defend, and that always within reach of their seasoned men. But late in July confidence had grown and then they were willing to admit there were no better fighters.

The nights of July 24th and 25th, we had another train load of 460 Americans from the front just east of Chateau Thierry, many had leg and arm wounds but there were a predominant number of head injuries, eyes, face, jaws, scalp etc. It was terrible to see some of these boys but none complained. They were after the beaches and had them on the run. They said the Germans were using women on the line. They found these women serving machine guns and tried to be chivalrous but could not. They could not be left behind alive with any safety. It was strongly hinted that these women were Red Cross workers, but when fund firing machine guns, that removed them from any protection. The men had no fear of the Germans now. They had taken their measure and expected to drive them entirely out of the Soisson, Chateau, Thierry and Rheims salient.

On July 31st we had 2,257 patients, which was over our maximum capacity of 2,150. We begged for beds, put mattresses on the floor and made out. The capacity of our Hospital Center was 7,100 beds and we had 7,100 patients. That sounds like large round numbers but the work involved makes it a tremendous job. We were working and comfortably busy, and had been since July 11th. I had been to the hospital as early as 4 a.m. and as late as 11 and 12 p.m., I always was there when patients were being admitted. I hadn’t been down town, which was a half-mile away, in over two weeks according to notes made that day. Practically every doctor in our unit had been working eight to twelve hours a day doing surgery, dressings, visiting the sick and making out case reports. I had long since stopped reading and correcting every one of those case reports. Many times I could not, and did not, read my own that I had dictated to a clerk. There simply was not sufficient time. If some time in the future some man’s pension depends on my record of his case, I venture it will take a Philadelphia lawyer to decipher some of the things my man, April, made me say. I brought carbon copies of many of these records home and find I cannot interpret all he wrote.

I had word of Gene Raynor. Gene lived next door to us on Poplar Street. He studied Osteopathy and was practicing in Jackson. He enlisted and was a Lieutenant on a Massachusetts regiment, 26th Division. While leading his company out of Belleau Woods, he was killed by machine gun fire. Some of his men told me he was literally cut in two through the abdomen. I had his men as patients and notified his family through my letters home, before they had word from the War Department. Seven men were killed and seventy-one wounded in Gene’s Company, which would have been 250 at full strength.

While writing this, I read a Ripley “Believe It Or Not” telling about the smallest Chapel in the world which was nine feet square with just room for the altar, priest and altar boys. The congregation had to sit outside, and a picture was shown. I should write Ripley about that. Here is why. In my letter home on August 1st, "Today for the first time since the big drive began I have gotten a little time off from work and have taken a little walk in the woods and fields. I went over to the Headquarters office to make a report when Col. Phillips asked me what I was going to do right away. I told him nothing except try to get a little air. It was then almost 5:00 and I had been on an almost constant go since 8:00. He said he wanted to walk around a little, so we walked up over the hill back of the hospital to Mount Chantillon. We went to the top and sat down before the Chapel of St. Anne. It has a small altar and just enough room for the priest and two altar boys – no benches. There are benches outside."

On my birthday, August 10th, we received 556 patients largely from the Soissons and Rheims front but some were from the new battle along the Aisne. It was reported that the Allies had captured a German field army headquarters near Mount Didier. That was just rumor, but served to encourage us.

In August Smith and I made arrangements to join a French officer's mess for two meals a day. Capt. Doget invited us and of course we had to get permission from our headquarters, which was granted after some argument, on the condition that we have one meal a day with our own men. This was the headquarters of a Cavalry detachment that opened a veterinary hospital near us. We spoke French exclusively, as most of those officers couldn't talk English. We had dejuiner (noon lunch) and dinner with them. The evening of my birthday there were about ten people including Smith and I. We spent an hour and a half and discussed everything from music to painting, and there were two well-known French artists present. At noon we talked about sculpture and the best method of teaching art to the children in the schools. One day they discussed the different wines and influence of the seasons on wines, also the values of the different kinds of grains and flowers for feeding horses and men. I was impressed with the range of culture and interests of these soldiers.

I must describe some of these soldiers. First was Captain Doget, a retired cavalry officer back on duty during the war. He was the commanding officer of the hospital but not the highest ranking man. In private life he was a Count and lived in the north of France. He was the autocrat of the table. We would all gather at the proper hour and stand around talking and waiting. When Capt. Doget came in he would step to the end of the table, stand there a moment then "Gentlemen be seated". "Asseyez vous, Messieres". No one would say a word until he spoke. First he would tell us about the latest communiqué which was posted at the P.O. He had just been down to read it. That news and its meanings would be discussed and analyzed. Others might add information they had, express opinions or ask questions, which is what most of us did for we recognized in Capt. Doget, a real military man – sp trained and competent.

Among those French men there was a Lieutenant from French Indo-China. He was a little fellow wearing a blue coat and red breeches with boots. He was very dapper always with a cane and a little animal following on a leash. I think he had a menagerie, for it might be a boar, a monkey or some form of bird. He was the clerk of the hospital, well read with a very brilliant mind and had been everywhere.

There was a Major (veterinary) who came from Northern Africa and he added the Arabic touch. He was slow, not a brilliant talker but always had something of interest to offer. It was apt to be professional and might be travel, never purely cultural. There was a Capt. Veterinary from Nice, southern France, whose speech was interesting on account of the (Lagued ?) accent and influences. That gives an idea of the contacts we were making.

Smith and I also had to add to the conversation. If we didn't volunteer, we were called on. I had a piece of fresh war news and had to tell it, quite a long speech. Sometimes they had to correct me when I made a grammatical mistake, or used the wrong idiom, but I got by this time without help. Smith came in late and they asked if he had heard that news. He had not, so I had to repeat it.

Edith's cablegram of birthday congratulations came the 24th, two weeks late. I also had a letter that day from Sgt. Harringan's wife asking about him, saying she had not heard from him in over six weeks. I censured his mail and knew that he wrote every week. There was a Congressman here that day checking up on mail and he promised us mail in seventeen days, but he did not keep his promise. I have had wounded men in the hospital in less than seventeen days after they left the States.

I made another trip to Nancy under vastly different conditions. The fields were green, being cared for by women mostly, and they were cutting oats. We saw American harvesters, but none of them working. We arrived just after a German air raid. They had dropped about thirty bombs and the damage seemed to me to be surprisingly low. Two people were killed and sixteen wounded. One small hotel had all the windows broken and one building was completely destroyed. We could see where flying pieces had hit the walls on both sides of the street and broken many windows. There were some holes in the pavement, leading diagonally across the square. By 10:00 the debris was all cleaned away, and the damage looked like it had all been done in the past, as it had.

We had a ball game out in the park and there was a big plane flying over. He went over the ball field, flew low over our hospitals and circled for a long time, keeping too low for comfort. One of my convalescing patients came and asked for some sheets and an orderly. He was of the Signal Corps and said he did not like that plane. He went out on the hillside and spread his sheets for signals, but got no response so came in again and asked for telephone connections to headquarters at Neuchateau. He reported an Italian Caproni flying over us and evidently taking a lot of pictures, but the plane did not respond to signals properly. After a while the plane left but was reported to have been brought down before he crossed the border. He had maps and pictures of our hospital area. It was a German in a captured Italian plane.

Col. Black of Milwaukee, whom I had known for several years, called on me with Lieut. Col. George Derby of Harvard. They are Professors of Ophthalmology and both were Harvard and Marquette administrative officers. They had been on an inspection tour and visited Base Hospital 32 at Contrexville. Over there they had told them they had just sent a foreign body case to me so came over to see it – only five kilometers. They watched me care for a magnet extraction and were impressed with foreign body localization by the Sweet method. They then talked with Col. Phillips, our CO, who told them what he thought of me. They returned to Contrexville and a couple of days later I heard the result. Capt. Byrns (Springfield, Mass.) brought over two injured eyes for me to see. They were severe, but he should have cared for them without consultation. He said he was under orders from serious eye cases.

It was then ten months out of Detroit and they certainly had been busy ones. Most of the time I had been administrative officer of Hospital A with 650 beds. I had also been Summary Court officer (police judge), Chief of Ophthalmolgy and Otology, Sterilization of Hospital materials, disinfecting officer, surveying officer to survey to dispose of used supplies – lost – etc. I was officer of contagious work and Judge Advocate in charge of special court martial, etc.

While on a service tour with a surgical team at the front, one of our officers saw an exploded gas shell with the manufacturer's date of 1908, which meant two things. The Germans were preparing for this war ten years ago, and were preparing to use gas at that time.

Seven of the young officers from BH 23 in Vittel with us, were ordered out late in August with ambulance companies and regimental units. The men left in their house put up a service flag with seven stars showing that seven of their men had gone to war, thus indicating a feeling of futility among the men. We were taking care of patients brought in, of course, but were seeing nothing of the war itself. We all felt that way.

Our men were still complaining of no promotions. Lt. Col. Shurly went to Chammount and saw several men from Camp Custer. Every medical man, age 31, was a Captain, 35 Majors and 440 Lt. Col's. That probably was not entirely true, but the men coming over from the States certainly outranked those who had been here for months. That was true of Col. Black of Milwaukee, and Lt. Col. Derby. Both of who had just visited me. Black came over with the higher rank and no matter what the experience of Col. Derby, he was outranked. Derby was Professor at Harvard Postgraduate School when I was there taking a course.

Col. Black went to BH 32 and talked with Capt. Byrns of Springfield, Mass., who came over to see me. He wanted to know what my training had been and was impressed with our foreign body localization in the eye by the Sweet method. He had never seen it.

The morale of the French people had increased greatly since July 18th because of the stopping of the German drive, and by September 1st many of them were anticipating a cessation of fighting by Christmas, but I still looked for another year.

German prisoners were telling a good one: There were just three American outfits they did not like, the 42nd Division, the Rainbow Division and the Albanians. Of course those were all different names for the same soldiers, the Albanians constituting a regiment of the 42nd or Rainbow Division.

On September 3rd, Majors Channing W. Barrett of Chicago, Henry C. Berry of Mt. Clemens, Capt. Smith and myself went to Nancy and took an entirely new road for me, the Majors allowing us to deviate a little from the direct way. We passed through Chatenois to Neufchateau, skirted the side of a mountain and saw valleys, rolling hills, small streams, pastures and terraces. The hills are checked off into irregular quadrilateral fields of varying shades of green, depending upon the crops, which were in various stages of maturity of harvest. Oats were being gathered and a second crop of hay, some fields were being p0lowed and others dragged. North from Neufchateau the country got flat and uninteresting until a couple of small hills appeared in the distance. We finally came to Toul, the seat of one of the three ancient Bishop Princes who reigned over this country like any king – Verdun, Metz and Toul. These were always struggling, fortified places. Ruins of the old walls, draw bridges, tower gates and ditches and moats were very interesting and quite in evidence. There were parts of great massive walls some thirty feet high and fifty feet in thickness surrounding the central business part of the city, which, of course, was built up extending over much more than the ancient limits. There was a grand old cathedral standing near the walls, dating from very old times. We drove on to Nancy and transacted some business, the principle part of which was to get a new uniform as my old one from home was badly worn. My new one was a beautiful piece of Bedford Cord. They were not given away either – 300 F, but the franc was $5.35 per dollar then.

At Nancy I saw J. F. Byrn's boy from Battle Creek who was with the ambulance corps and they had been in France only five days from Italy. Dr. McCurry, who had been promoted to Major, was left in Italy. I also saw Joe Boos and a short distance down the street I saw Lt. Col. James T. Case, who was the x-ray mad at the Battle Creek Sanitarium and the organizer of this ambulance train. The boys had just been telling me how unpopular Case was for getting transferred away from their outfit and they all knew about it. I told Case I had just seen his ambulance boys and where he could find them. He was surprised, as he had supposed they were still in Italy. He did not seem anxious to hunt them up, but a few minutes later I saw some of them and gave them the news. I understand the meeting was interesting.

During the late spring I had done some work for the daughter of the local jeweler and she gave me a small gold cross. It was very thin with carving and enamel work, a Lorraine cross. I mailed it home in a letter but said nothing. In my letter about this time I mentioned it – afraid of getting into duty difficulties. Edith had dropped the Cross when she opened the letter and thought it was just a trinket, but finally decided to ask a jeweler who told her it had real value, was good gold and had exquisite carving and enamel work.

While we were at Nancy the expected eye man arrived. He was Capt. James Patton, a partner of Gifford of Omaha. He was assigned to me as an assistant and I put him in charge of all eye work, asking that he show me the interesting things that might come. In three or four days his promotion to Major came in from the States. Col. Phillips, our commanding officer, called him in and told him he had only been accepted because he was a Captain, and junior to me, and that I was the Chief of that department and was to continue so. Then he told him of his promotion and offered him his choice of returning to his own outfit, which was doing nothing, or remaining on temporary duty status as my assistant, even though he outranked me. Major Patton chose to stay and we never had any trouble remaining friends until his death about fifteen years later.

A day or two after our trip to Toul and Nancy, Smith and I got a chance for a four day trip. We had planned this for a long time, but were disappointed repeatedly. Plans had been made to change our hospital into an evacuation unit, which kept me busy, but they were finally completed and our hospital was evacuated of all the patients that could be moved. That left me my chance. Smith asked permission to go see his office associate at home, who was at LeValehon, and I asked to go along. The commanding officer had permission to grant three day leaves of absence that does not count on the regular leaves. We had asked fort but had not had a leave when the others were getting theirs, so we were granted two days not including travel.

We went by train leaving at 6:30 a.m. through the familiar and more or less uninteresting Vosges small villages, and in the rain. At the first junction place we were late and kept getting later because the French railroads were loaded with transporting troops and materials toward the lines north of us. We were due at Langres at 8:30, but were four hours late. We were three hours going the next eleven kilometers to war Dijon on account of traffic. There were four trains, one behind the other, and we were number four. At the junction where we were to change for Dijon, there was no train. The station master did not know where there would be a train, so as we were going east of Dijon and could get there by another route, we took the express from Paris to Belfast which came along at 7:00 o'clock, which is 5:00 p.m. in our method of writing time. We stopped at Vesoule, a city of 15,000 people at 7 p.m. We were out of the ordinary range of Americans and found prices quite reasonable. We had a good seven course dinner, a nice double room with two beds and a very good breakfast for eleven francs each, less than two dollars. This was so unusual it was especially remembered.

From Vescule we went by train (on time) to Besancon near the Swiss border. The scenery was greatly rougher and more attractive. I had not anticipated Besancon and knew nothing about the place, but following our usual cost we bough a small two-franc guide book (French) and spent a few minutes reading it. Besancon is a city of 60,000 in Franche Counte and its history goes back to the Stone Age and the polished brass age. It is the ancient Vesontio where Caesar made his headquarters while fighting the Sequani and is naturally fortified, being in the bend of the River Doubs with the neck a high mountain. Walls and gates were built at the front of the mountain and with a river of considerable size made an almost perfect defense in olden times. The sights and interesting things to be seen, may be found in any Guide Book, but next to the church and on the riverbank was a statue to the Margin de Jouffron d'Albans, the real invention of steam navigation, which he did successfully on this River Doubs in 1776. We saw the ruins if Marcus Annelus Theater, the most interesting thing being the clock tower.

There are twenty-one faces giving the time in that many places, also the time of the tides in eight different places, sunrise and sunset, moonrise and set, the signs of the Zodiac and the motions and positions of the planets in their circuit of the sun, Saturn taking thirty years.

We went by train to LeValdehon through the valley of the Doub, which is almost a gorge, gradually approaching the Jural range of the Alps. The Vint at LeValdehon was short. It was a field artillery practice ground. We had been too long getting there and so started back the next day. Captain Hubbel had to go to Dijon the next day, which gave us a chance to go back by auto. That was an interesting and instructive ride. We crossed a high, quite level plateau until we approached the River Lone, a gorge 2,000 feet deep and approximately a mile across the brink. The drive over the cliff and down to the river level was a series of hairpin curves and retracing back and forth. From the river level we really had to look up to see out, and what had seemed before like a high comparatively level land, was now a mountain seeing it from 2,000 feet below instead of from the top. That was my first object lesson as to what some of our mountain scenery really is. We followed the Lone for about ten miles and then climbed to the top, crossed a few miles of level ground, then entered a tunnel and came out on the bank of the Doubs near Beseucon.

It was raining torrents, the train to Dijon was late, but we had top make it for there were no vacant hotel rooms. The depot was at the top of a long incline about a mile. We started out when we heard a terrible noise and came along a huge wine hogs head rolling down the hill from cobble to cobble and curb to curb. Following were about a dozen American soldiers and a French woman.

We had to spend the night at Dijon. There was no place at the hotels, the park benches were wet and locked up besides, and so long after midnight we found a stair step at the Hotel Cloche.

The trip back to Vittel was a whole day covering about ninety miles, one troop train after another. We arrived September 10th, two days before the historic American attack on the Michiel Salient. The Americans had their first real chance to demonstrate their ability. The attacked from both sides and met in the center having completely eliminated the Salient in twenty-seven hours. Our hospital received one quarter of all the movable casualties. They came by train and as they were unloaded I was at our entrance passing them along. All those with head injuries were put in our big dining room – we had fifty-nine in there. Our work then started in earnest. Everyone was examined, dressed or operated on as needed. All our hospitals were pretty well filled with about 1,500 new patients arriving within a few hours time.

There were many tragic things and some ludicrous, as are so apt to occur. I started in on my big room full of serious head injuries, doing all the dressings and examinations first, those needing operation to be determined and prepared. There is nothing to be gained in trying to describe what I saw, but as I was going along the rows of beds, one fellow way at the far end of the room set up a lot of complaint. He had enlisted and suffered and now he was wounded and could not get attention. I sent a nurse over to him several times to try to pacify him and to assure him I was coming as fast as I could. But the complaint became noisy so a young man named Atkins from the 26th Division, who was my next stop said, "Captain, give him my turn, I can wait," I attended Atkins, however, and he was making no fuss, no complaint, but he had lost one eye, a bullet through the head passing through both antra, one arm off at the shoulder and the other with several fingers gone. One leg was gone at the thigh and the other foot gone, with several bullets through the legs, badly damaged except in mentality, which was still OK. Ads soon as I could make him comfortable I called upon the complainer. He had a huge dressing on covering most of his head, and while I was removing it he continued to criticize and complain. He was entitled to a private room in addition to other services. He got his private room. When I got the dressings off the man I found he had been clipped at the end of his ear, making a neat notch about a quarter of an inch deep, not another scratch. I directed the sergeant to move him to the fifth floor wing and give him the last room. There was no one on the fifth floor except a few of the ward attendants, and I told them not to be disturbed by this patient – to pad his cell if necessary. That was the only case of intolerance and undue complaining that I saw during the War, and I personally examined and supervised the care of over 8,300 cases. As soon as these patients could be given immediate and necessary care and they became convalescent, they were sent on to southern France and within a week our hospitals were again skeleton with very few patients.

Just before this St. Mihiel drive, Col. Phillips had been called to Chammont and Col. Shurley took over command. At the same time several promotions came through. Smith and Randall to Major and a number of the Lieutenants to Captain. I had a letter from one of the personnel clerks at General Headquarters at Chammont telling me to put on my leaves and be sworn in as Major for on September 4th my recommendation for promotion had been cabled to Washington. I decided to wait until some official notice came. It did not come, more promotions came and nothing. Col. Shurley visited Chammont (GH) and came back with a plan to consolidate the head surgery work, take over another hotel and put all the work of all the units in it with me in charge. That was another pipe dream that didn't materialize.

One of the outcomes of our St. Mihiel drive was some interesting work with our eye magnet. I made quite a collection of pieces of shrapnel extracted from all over the body, including the cranium. The first one was with Major. Channing W. Barrett. The shrapnel had entered the right temple and fractured the skull for about four inches, to an inch and a half back of and above the ear. The piece was about one half inch by five sixteenths and was buried about two inches deep in brain tissue. It had made quite a jagged hole and it was not necessary for us to remove much bone in extraction. We cleaned the wound, removed debris and clots, then placed a protractor in the wound and turned on the magnet. At the second attempt the foreign body came out.

A few days later I had another case which entered through the parietal region and was about three inches deep, a flat piece of metal about 3 x 5 mm, lying about one centimeter behind and on a level with the sella and to the left of the media line. The patient is dazed, attends to his annimal but otherwise appears to be unconscious. I succeeded in getting out bone and debris, but the mass was not magnetic and I could not operate with the fluoroscope, as we had no table that would work at the time.

While preparing for this case, Major Gen. Gengar visited us and expressed an interest in head surgery. He did not have time to wait for our case but saw several that had been operated. A couple of days later, our fluoroscope having been repaired, I went in again and secured the piece of copper all ______. It is uncanny to work with a fluoroscope and watch the forceps and the foreign body. The man had some face paralysis and incontinence but was conscious.

Col Phillips had told me of a plan to take over another hotel and make it a unit for eye, ear and head cases for this whole district concentrating all at this one place with me in charge. Not long after that Col. Rukke asked me if I would be willing to take over the management of this new head unit that was going to be established. There was considerable talk at various times but nothing came of it, but if the War had continued a while longer I am sure something would have developed.

We were also building a convalescent hospital across the town on a farm. Several barracks were constructed and foundations were going up for a number of tents to establish a tent canvalescent hospital. Col. Rukke and Col Shurley both told me I could have that if I wanted it, but that would be administrative and no more practice of medicine. That hospital was never opened but was ready and would have opened November 14th.

Col. Crile of Cleveland visited us the middle off September and went over a lot of our work on head cases, offering suggestions and compliments. I went into another brain just after Col Crile's visit, a man injured a day or two before and the foreign body removed at a front dressing station. I opened an abscess and removed some pus and brain tumor. The man was perfectly rational afterwards except for howling and involuntary evacuation. There is no paralysis but extreme asthenia. The other man who had copper alloy removed, hears and understands but has speech aphasia. Of five brain surgery cases I had following St Mihiel, I lost two. This was not a bad record at all, one had his whole forehead and forebrain blown off and we tried to cover it over with fragments of scalp. He was conscious for several days but could not hold his interest – kept wandering. The other was the man with macerated infected brain and the abscess.

September 29th, 1919, Col Shurley looked me up again and told me I was slated for command of the convalescent hospital which would start with 1,200 patients and add 2,000 soon and would add before the winter was over would be 5,000. He said arrangements would be made for me to continue in charge of head surgery in BH 36, so my practice would continue as much as I had time for. We received two trainloads of patients from the Verdun section during the day and another during the night. The Meuse Argon offensive was on. It was of terrific force and intensity for days, then would lag and commence again. Searching through my notes and letters home, there is a very marked dearth of material. There were three or four weeks of strenuous work. I remember one particular day when we received over 1,500 patients, three train loads, and evacuated 750 to the rear, to the south of France or to ports of embarkation for return to the United States. Those that came in were given necessary care and some of our staff didn't have shoes off for three days. We gave anesthetics or operated as long as we could stand, then the mess crew would come along with some hot coffee, a hot steak or something equally as good. We would stop for a few minutes and then go at it again, but the soldiers were taken care of and the work was done. When we could stand no longer we wrote up the histories. I hope some future research man will not be too disappointed when he finds most of our case records rather short. I know I did not waste much time on unessential details, and my man, Averil, who copied this on the typewriter sometimes used his imagination t figure out what I said. Some of those case records (and I have duplicates) I cannot now read myself.

During this time we were all busy and short-handed when we had a batch if influenza cases. Each of us had to take over a ward and I had fifty-five cases of influenza, some of them pretty severe, but they all recovered. I had not done general work for eight years but soon got into the routine.

The surgery continued every day and this work told conclusively which of our men could stand the gaff and take it, and which could not. We took care of wounds, infected or not. The bacteria in open wounds were always checked before closing. This made them clean and closed them in a remarkably short time. This type of traumatic surgery was a war development and quite an advance over previous practice. I did not think it would prove practical in private practice because of the wide debridement, but it saved much time and is good surgery twenty years later.

My own work had developed into real war surgery. We found during the St.Mihiel offensive, and before, that there was a large predominance of head injuries. I had them in quantities, but we had no time to segregate them into one room. There were shots through the face, head, jaws, ears, every conceivable place almost with clean penetrating wounds or jagged tears, with small or large pieces of face, or bone torn away. At one time I had eight serious brain injuries, one of which died of cerebritis with herniation of train tissue the size of a large orange. There were several fractured skulls.

We were anticipating a more comfortable winter having learned from last year's freezing. We had more and better stoves and better fuel for them. Smith and I had a stove in our room as had the others, in contrast to trying to heat a whole house the winter before with a small fireplace.

October 13, 1918 I wrote, "We have been working long hours as you may know from the amount of fighting which is an indication of the hospital service, but the news is looking so good for the last few days that we are beginning to feel we can see the end. Of curse, nothing may come of the pourparlers now being held between Germany and President Wilson, but the present discussion shows Germany weaker than I had supposed she was. The American soldiers fight without stopping to count the risk and it is that very trait that is going to win the war. They took Mt. Lec in two ours even though the British said it could take six months, and the French had done nothing with the St. Mihiel Salient in four years. We wiped it out in twenty-seven hours.

Ever since our hospital opened in Vittel there were many French patients coming every day, so many that I had to set aside a regular time to see them. During this intense drive and busy time, a woman who had come to me for a considerable time, came back and offered her services making dressings, a work which we had been hiring done. This woman was a widow of a Capt. And daughter of a Major, both of whom had been killed in the war. One day she brought me a bunch of Edelweiss, a beautiful white flower with green stem and leaves – all soft and downy and found only in the high Alps. I had read of the flower but never expected to see it. I promptly added that to my book of wild flowers. It is said even after seven years if the flower is placed in milk it will freshen and may again be dried and pressed.

Wit h the rush of extra work caused by our influenza cases, I had been short handed. Miss Cooper was taken away and put on ward duty, and she did not come back. Some of those women put up quite a squawk because they had an "easy" job while some others had to work quite hard. Miss Dalez, now Mrs. R. N. Adams, Kalamazoo, had been assigned to me because after her operation earlier, and a second illness, they thought she should have an easier assignment. But this didn't prove too easy. We were pretty busy and then April, my orderly, was taken with influenza. She was unable to do much and that left me to do my own assisting as well as the other responsibilities. Miss Daley developed pneumonia and for about a month I was without a nurse in the office. That was an experience to remember during the busiest time we had had. We had many cases of influenza and many deaths from pneumonia. The civilians also suffered and with poor methods of communication, and many rumors, one was more or less panicky.

I had also been suffering with headaches, cold, and it finally settled in the left maxillary Antrum. I had been trying to drain it with my local treatment with a not very good result. Finally there was severe toothache.

Early in November I was still trying to sort out money orders. I drew my pay in francs in France. I would get a money order in American money to send home. The exchange was against us so it was actually costing me ten dollars every month just to exchange our francs for American money.
I tried to get Edith to acknowledge these checks by number so I could know if they were all delivered. It took from six weeks to two months to get a reply and it was difficult to keep things straight when I was sending two checks a month.

I divided the Post Office orders in to two each month and sent them indifferent mails so if letters were lost – and some were - I could get duplicates of these money orders. But it was useless. Sometimes the checks were acknowledged so that I could identify them and some times supply received checks for $100 – no way to identify that. I never was able to check back, never knew how many checks were lost, but always suspected four or five were. I still believe they were. I know of several letters that were lost, and some of them I am sure contained money orders. I also resented the unfavorable exchange, the army paying atone rate and the Post Office redeeming at another that cost me ten dollars a month.

During the height of the Mense Argonne drive, starting late in September and continuing most of October, I had a very unusual experience. I mentioned before that I was always at the hospital when patients were coming in. One day we were expecting a trainload from the Mense Argonne fighting and I was back at the hospital about 2:30 a.m. when they arrived. We were using the large front porch and reception hall as an entrance station. The patients were brought in on stretchers from the train and deposited in long rows until someone (the orderlies or nurses) could see them, make out tags and send them to their places in the hospital. While that was going on I passed along and spoke to each one, enquired about their injury and looked to see which ones required immediate attention, as many did. These were sent first to the dressing room and cared for before going to their beds. Of course we always tried to have some hot soup or coffee for them.

This morning along the middle of the line, one of the bouys said he felt "down" and his throat bothered him. Not exactly sore, but felt queer and he felt rotten. He had been getting worse all day. I sent him to my office and soon sent along another with similar complaints. As soon as I could finish my inspection of the trainload, I went back to see these two boys, examined their throats and found a suspicious membrane and an odor I knew. I had our bacteriologist, Lt. Font, called and we made a diagnosis from direct smears of diphtheria. I then routed out the CO headquarters and told my findings. Chamount was called and before daylight a sanitary corps was on the way to the 26th Division in the battle lines of the Argonne and within twenty-four hours I had an additional 127 cases with positive diphtheria cultures. We isolated the wing of the Central Hotel, giving about 150 beds, put in nurses and orderlies and a doctor and started our isolation and care. It was my responsibility, being in charge of Hospital A, so I made three or four tours of that section of the hospital at odd times.

We never found the source of that infection. Naturally there was a question as to whether some of the germs had been sent over as a particularly vicious mode of warfare, the same as the first gas attack, but that could never be proved. There was an epidemic in that one division on the fighting front, with no other cases anywhere else.

There were strict war department orders that all contagion should be isolated and that the officers in charge would be court martialled if a cross infection occurred as the disease spread. I promptly barred this wing, set up a separate mess and ordered that the nurses, orderlies and doctor should stay within the enclosure. I also roped off a part of the hospital grounds for their use, and posted signs. Mrs. Harris, the head nurse, and some of the other nurses objected. They claimed they could and would mingle with other people, use their own rooms and attend their own mess. I posted guards with orders to not let anyone out. Mrs. Harris, who had been superintendent of nurses at the Children's Hospital in Detroit, went over my head to the CO, Col. Shurley, who was in a quandary. He knew I was right and he hated to offend Mrs. Harris and her many friends at home. Luckily for him she appealed to Col. Rukke, the CO of the district, and he told her my orders were to stand and that he would issue orders to the Military Police to enforce them. If they found any of these nurses mingling with other people, or out of the restricted area, he would arrest Mrs. Harris. There was no more trouble, but I had a time to get any more nurses assigned to my office. I was without one for a month. Miss Cooper was taken away and never did come back.

One of those diphtheria cases died. We did the ordinary post and found nothing. We never had been able to get a positive culture from him. He had had a positive at the front, and a dose of antitoxin. He simply quit and died of no discoverable cause either clinically or post mortem. We made the most complete study possible, culturing and sectioning every organ. I believed then, and still do, that that boy died of fright. About thirty-nine of these boys hung on with positive throats for about four weeks. I studied them and found that every one had septic tonsils, so decided to remove those tonsils. I did fifteen in one half day under local anesthetic. I started two, then operated one the first, anesthetized the third, and operated the second, etc., for three hours and fifty minutes. That was enough for one day, but I had averaged one every fifteen minutes for fifteen of them. That was the biggest tonsil surgery day I ever had. I have done twelve and thirteen since, but never fifteen. In three days I had the thirty-nine pairs of tonsils and by the time these throats were healed (ten days) they were all free from diphtheria germs. I had never heard of such treatment, had never thought of removing tonsils in diphtheria infected throats, but I have done it many times since the war and have cleaned up many diphtheria carriers.

I had had Lt. Shankwiler in the contagion for some time when one day Col, Shurley came over and said he would like to relieve Shankwiler for a few days. I protested that there was no need and Shankwiler was content, but the Col. Insisted and Shankwiler came out. Not long after tht, the Sunday Detroit Free press came out with a story of our diphtheria epidemic and a picture of Coil Shurley telling how he had isolated himself with these cases so that no one else would be exposed.

I had one of those clippings in my mail one day, but long before that the rigid quarantine had been lifted, the damage of infection practically removed and we settled to a normal life again.

Soon after the contagion cases (and we had plenty of them other than the diphtheria) were transferred to Base Hospital 23, which had a complete building they could devote to it. They had trouble though, some crossed infections and some of their own nurses took diphtheria and one died. In all, we handled about 950 contagion cases without a cross infection or spread.

About November 1st, Mme. Paris brought me a beautiful tea service. I had taken care of her nephew and his father had this made. We still treasure it at home as one of our most prized possessions. It was fifteen meters square with much drawn work and embroidery, with a gorgeous illuminated initial. Madam Paris had asked how I wanted the cloth marked and I replied with an "H", but she said in France they combine the wife's family initial and the husbands and make that into a monogram. So our cloth is marked with an intertwined "C" and "H". There were also a dozen napkins, and it is of the heaviest and finest linen I have ever seen. Following is a copy of my letter of thanks:

> Vittel, Vosges
> November 8, 1918
>
> Cher Mme. Roost,

> Je vous remercie bien, chere Madam, pour le cadeau, mais en plus pour les sentiments qui l'ont inspire. Le petit service que J'ai eu le plaisir de faire a jean avait lui meme sa recompense.
>
> Le guerre, esperons, le sera bientot finie, et le temps pour revenir chez nous, ey dire a Mme. Haughey le bonte de tous mes amis approche. Votre nom et celui de votre soeur, Mme. Paris, serone des souveniers les plus aimes.
>
> Vous remercient encore, et en vous envoyant mes mellieurs sentiments, je suis.
>
> Wilfrid Haughey
>
> P. S. Bientot j'espere avoir le plaisir d'aller dejeuner avec vous, car je pars Lundi en permission, et j'aurie le temps a Cannes.

In three and a half months the morale of the French people had gone from the depths to the heights. There had been much suffering from influenza, probably not as much as in the States, but our death tolls had been severe. Many of these patients had to be moved in open trucks in rain and storm at night. We had one truck-load come ninety miles under such conditions, and most of them died.

November 7th, Smith and I had our hopes raised again. Ever since the first four months in France when a leave was theoretically due us, we had been planning on what we would do and where we would go. Time had been set several times only to have it cancelled because my department was too active to leave and no one was available to do the work. But now Major Patton was there, and Col. Shurley agreed to look after the Ear, Nose & Throat work while I was away, besides we had evacuated most of the patients preparing for the next big push, which was to be against Metz. The date was not announced, but generally supposed to be the morning of the 14th of November. We were granted a week starting the 10th, with the understanding that our address was to be available, and if a drive did start, we were to return immediately.

November 9th, the day of the little Armistice in America, was a joyous one in France. I wrote home:

> "I wrote you yesterday but the news is so interesting that I am sure you will want our impression. Yesterday P.M. Capt. Shons came back from Nancy with a story of having seen French soldiers with peach banners. Later reports came that the Germans had appeared with the white flag that the papers of the morning said must be shown. The Inter-Allied Conference at Paris dictated Wilson's reply to Germany. During the evening word came that the Armistice was actually signed and that all fighting would cease at 3 p.m. That was very easy to take but came as such a quick collapse that most of us were a little doubtful. However, about 11:30 the newspapers for yesterday morning finally came and told of the terms Wilson had sent, and the fact that a commission of German generals and admirals had left Berlin to meet Marshall Foch. Then we all thought it might be true so went to bed about 12:30 a.m. This morning's communiqué was also full of good news, and besides, saying that an Armistice had been signed and hostilities would cease at 3 p.m. However at noon we heard tht the German emissaries had not yet arrived, but would at 3 p.m. today at a certain point on the line, and firing would cease at that point at that line, for the purpose of letting their men through the lines.
>
> Last night and today the French people were wild, and well they might be for they have suffered as the Americans do not know for four and a half years. They are anxious for peace and they are not afraid or ashamed to say it is "grace a les Americans". I think that I told you some time ago that the actual turning point of the War was when the Second Division went into the front near Chateau Thierry and stopped that drive on Paris; that was a real drive and marching a pace. Then they went into the second battle of the Marne and wrote Waterloo all over it. The scales turned at that time and have been in our favor ever since. We took over enough of the front to allow the French and English to accumulate sufficient reserves, who together with the Americans have been the aggressors in all the later fighting.
>
> Just lately, since November 1st, the First American army has made German occupation of Belgium and France impossible. Two main channels of communication support the whole German Western Front through Metz, Sablons, Sedan, and through Aix-la-Chappelle, liege, etc. In a week the Americans have pushed north from near Verdun and cut the former line, taking Sedan yesterday. It was almost a piece of poetic justice that it should fall to the Americans to retake Sedan, the loss of which cost the French the War of 70 and 71, and the loss of which has made it imperative to Germany the present Armistice. I do not know just how much influence on Germany's determination the American conquests of the last few days have had, but certainly great. It would have forced the evacuation of all France and Belgium to the west of that point, even if Germany's allies had not quit by making them untenable, a thing the French and English victories further west did not do.

The French are singing and dancing on the public squares, but many of them are not joining in. Smith says he saw a little girl on the street crying in the midst of the rejoicing.

He asker her if she was not pleased that the war was about finished. She said yes but her brother would not come home. In Americas we are going to have the same, but where we have thousands, the French have tens of thousands. Americans do not know the extent France has suffered, and will not until we return to tell the things we would not write. But France has suffered bravely, and has paid not only the money price, but also the blood price for victory. We have paid richly in money and probably a considerable in blood, but nothing in comparison to France, and England too. America does not yet know exactly what her timely help meant. Our boys have paid to the best of their fighting ability the debt we may owe to France for not coming earlier, and that payment is richly appreciated.

You know, or will by the time you get this letter, what the rejoicing in America can be. Multiply that for four years and you may appreciate France's sigh of relief when she is able to draw it.

At last Smith and I are to have our leave. Col. Shurley officially told us today we could go. We will start Monday morning at 6:26 to Avegnoon, Arles, possibly Nimes, Marseillies, Carcasson, _______, and Paris. We have a week, train not included, but travel is slow and uncertain in France. We might possibly miss a train resulting in our being gone a day or two longer. We will be gone nearer two weeks than one. I do not know how often we can write on the trip, but you may look for a fairly interesting description of the trip when we get back, and we should be back by the time you get this letter. In the face of the news, I think our leave will go through this time and not be cancelled the last thing as has happened so often before.

Smith just had a letter today from Mrs. S. saying she had had no letter from him in a month. Neither of us let a letter writing period go by without a letter, no matter how short or unsatisfactory they are. We write regularly and if they do not come, the reason is transportation.

Do not suppose we will be able to contain ourselves now until we get home, but do not be surprised if it should still be six months or more. I hope not, but there is a big army over here to take home and to demobilize and that is another job for doctors.

Col. Shurley officially told us w could start our leave Monday morning, November 11th. Most of our command have had leaves and two officers were then on their second. We were supposed to await their return, which occurred on Sunday. We lost no times when we found we could go. Our trip had been planned so long in advance that no arrangements had to be made, except to put in an extra pair of socks, clean underwear, tooth brush and handkerchiefs in our haversacks. Over here we have learned to travel light, and it is surprising how light one can travel when he wants to.

We finally started on Sunday, November 10th at 7 p.m., one year to the day since we landed in Europe. This was the day we were entitled to start on our third leave, but this was our first. We took the slow "goods train" to Langres, where we had to wait for the train to Paris, but that sounds easy. It took from 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. to get the fifty miles

> from here to Langres, part of which time we put in at the depot of a small town waiting for a change of trains, and while there heard that the Armistice was signed that evening at 8:30. The next morning this news was proved to be incorrect by several hours. Luck was with us, we had planned to make our trip straight south from here and comeback by way of Paris, but when we knew that the Armistice time for signing (seventy-two hours that Foch gave the Germans in which to sign) would be up as we were about to start on our trip, we changed our itinerary by exactly turning it around, so as to be in Paris on Armistice Day if possible.
>
> As I said – we were in luck, for of all the days to be in Paris, that was the one, and of all the places to be in the whole wide world at that time – Paris was the place. I cannot describe Paris in her glory and in her joy, her relief and her exuberance. The French spirit is world famous and it had full swing. All I can hope to do is to tell, feebly, a few of the things going on and a few of the thoughts called forth by the scene. Paris is famous for its world famous gatherings for its Bastille Day, but this was the Bastille Day for the whole world, not for France alone.
>
> Paris, that so short a time before trembled before the advancing hosts of destruction; Paris, that only four months ago heard the actual roar of the guns in the battle going on for the possession of their city; Paris that had stood siege in wars gone by, and that had just as truly stood siege in this greatest of all wars; Paris that had been shelled by day and night for months, was free, and for a time Paris could scarcely realize. The roar of the guns of actual combat was gone, thanks very largely thanks to the bravery of the pitiably green American Army, and had been gone for three months. The bombardment by day had ceased, thanks to the armies of the Allies, but in no small degree again to that same green untried little army that less than a year before had been farmers and clerks, doctors, lawyers and generally simple citizens, to that little army that was not small in numbers, but was such a great question mark not only in the minds of the Germans, but it is fair to say, of the Allies as well. All was over and they could scarcely realize."

Every face wore a smile. Many buttonholes carried a flower. Crowds were gathering and starting to march. The noise was tame indeed beside an American football crowd. I have seen many such American crowds make almost infinitely more noise, but I never saw one more animated. They walked, they sang, they marched, they danced, they kissed the soldiers be they French, British, Australian, Arab, Canadian, Czechoslovak, Portuguese, Italian, American or Jap, and they were all there. But the Americans were especially popular.

As we descended from the Gare d'est to the Metropolitan Subway there was a crowd, as always, waiting for the car, and it took that crowd exactly no time to see Smith and me. We were the center of a little reception all at once. Cries, vive's, and cheers, Les Americans – everyone was anxious to show his appreciation, and as soon as the tumult had quieted down a moment, one of the friendly ones wanted to tell us the glorious news, it making no difference to him that we would naturally speak a different tongue. All tongues were alike in expressing the joy everyone felt.

After telling of the news and seeing that we could understand he told us how it was “Grace a vous, les sauvers de France”. We naturally replied that the part of the Americans had been small and of short duration compared to what France had done, but he said, “You turned the balance. In one short year you have worked miracles. You have saved France. If it had not been for the Americans, we would not have had peace today. Grace a l’Amerique, Vive l’Amerique.”

It was the same thing no matter where we went and no matter with whom, we talked. The French one and all and in every part of the country, are unvaried in giving the credit to the Americans, and their praise is unbounded.

We went to a restaurant for dinner, a place I had found before. The waitress and the head-waitress wanted to talk about the glorious victory and the Americans. We went to the hotel and got ourselves a room and then started out to see what was going on. We walked through the Lie de Cite where Notre Dame is. We entered and were just in time for a solemn Te Deum of rejoicing for the end of the war, with three priests officiating and a magnificent choir of priests grouped by the wonderful great altar. Notre Dame is impressive as is probably no other church in the whole world, unless possibly St. Peters in Rome, and for such a service what is more fitting than the Te Deum – especially when thus sung in such a place and under such circumstances. It is on the site of the first Christian Church of Paris, probably built about 250 A.D. on the site of an earlier pagan church. The present church was built where earlier ones had been destroyed, and the cornerstone laid by Pope Alexander III in 1163. What scenes this old church had witnessed in her 750 years. Charlemagne worshipped on this spot and his statue stands just before the church to this day. Henry IV of England was consecrated King of France here, and here the actress Maillard was on November 10, 1793 and worshipped as Goddess of Reason during that strange period of French history. Armies have been quartered in the church and historic things have happened there. Notre Dame has been the religious center of France for two thousand years or more, this church or its predecessors, and what more fitting than to visit Notre Dame on this greatest day possible in French history.

Notre Dame is a disappointment as you approach it from the front, knowing its history and its reputation for grandeur, but when you enter the disappointment is all gone. As you approach Notre Dame looks small, and you do not get the idea of greatness until you have entered or encircled the place. The view from the front entrance down through the great double row of pillars that support the done is wonderful. It almost looks like miles to the altar and the other end of the church, but that is easily understood when you stop to think that 25,000 people can and have stood inside, and that 8,000 can readily be seated there.

After visiting the inside and seeing some of the thousands of things to be seen, we went out one of the side doors and walked around the building, crossing the river to get the same view that so many artists have selected for their work. But enough of Notre Dame, for I am not trying to tell of Notre Dame, but of Paris celebrating one of her greatest, if not the greatest, days.

Soon we visited the Place de la Concord around which are the statues erected in France’s former glory to her greatest cities, and where for forty-seven years, two of those statues have been draped in mourning, an earnest impression on the impressionable minds of the spirited people whom Bismark and Wilhelm I, wronged. France has not forgotten Strassburg or Metz, and neither has Germany, for Germany has, for the same forty-seven years prepared not only to defend that wrong, but to increase it. The Peace of has seared deeply into the very being of the French nation. Not that I wish to be understood as implying a threat on the part of France, but one who has done another a wrong cannot forget that wrong, and must needs alter his bearing towards that one. Such was the position of Germany, and such the spirit of France that she could not forget and would not let herself forget. The wreaths of mourning that I saw on these statues before last Christmas were not there, and neither was the one on the statue of Lille, for that city also has been redeemed.

The Place de la Concorde is large, covering much over forty acres, and all around it are German cannons that have been captured in the war, and were here on exhibition for the purpose of the great National Defense Loan. The Place de la Concorde was not large enough for the guns, so they were stretched out the Champs Elyssee and across streets for blocks. We went up the Champs Elyssee to the Etoile, the place of the Arch of Triomphe, and then walked back. The crowd was just realizing that something monumental in the history of Paris, of France, of the world, had taken place and was just forming to give vent to the pent up feelings of four long years. The streets were becoming packed here and there with crowds of exuberant boys and girls marching, or it may have been men and women, it didn't make any difference. Perhaps a flag was at their head, perhaps an American flag or Italian, Belgian, English, one or more and a trumpeter or bugler would lead. The marching column might be single file with hands on the back of those in front, or anything up to the width of the street. The length of the marching column would depend on when some one or group would appear with sufficient originality or leadership to start another column. They marched straight or zigzag, they walked or ran as suited their fantasy, they sang or cheered, or just marched. Every passing American, especially an officer, was the site for a rousing cheer.

Thus it was from the Arch of Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde, to the Madelaine, to the Opera, to the Bastille, clear across Paris. The crowds on the boulevards, from the Madelaine to the Bastille, were thicker, denser and livelier, but that may simply have been that by the time that we got that far they had had time to gather and had a good start in the matter of enthusiasm. We watched the crowd for a time from the walks, but soon joined it and marched until we thought our feet would drop off, but it was getting more exuberant every minute. About seven o'clock people began to leave the crowd for dinner, for the true Frenchman will not forget his dinner no matter what the occasion. They simply transferred the interest to the cafes and restaurants for a time, but the street crowds were not noticeably less in numbers. Now they were forming in smaller crowds making their way hand in hand, this way and that, meeting a small group and surrounding it with a regular ring-around-the-rosy dance, singing and continuing the circular dance until the victim would break out or join the party. Soon it became evident that the only way to get put of the circle was to catch one of the girls in the party and kiss her.

The soldier that went unkissed was not on the streets of Paris that night, I can assure you, no matter what his race or color. Smith was with me with his fur collar, looking at least like a Major General, or a million dollars, and a French girl came up to him with another girl by hand saying, "Ees you American? My friend speak Eengleesh, mais she want kees American soldier", and there was no escape. I saw a group of at least a dozen corner an American Brigadier-General, an oldish man with white hair and he did not escape, I very much doubt if he wished to.

As we had been up al night the night before, we left the streets early, 8:30 or so, and went to the hotel and to bed. The next morning we felt fresh and rested so started out to see some sights, but found they were all on the streets. Capt. East and I met by appointment and went out to Hospital Val de Grace, one of the oldest and most famous hospitals of France, to see the work in Ear, Nose & Throat and Facial Surgery. We stumbled into Morastin, introduced ourselves and got to talking with him. Previously we had enquired of the nurses and assistants, if he was going to operate the next day, and they did not think so. But Morastin asked if we could talk and understand French. I replied a very little when one of his assistants spoke up and said I did very well, so Morastin told us what he had been doing and trying to do, making a very nice explanation, then asked if we were interested. I replied that we were, intensely and hoped we might have the pleasure of seeing him operate again. He invited us to return the next day, announcing he would operate then. We found out afterwards that was for our special benefit, and we learned also that it is considered a great privilege to be allowed to see him operate. We returned the next day and saw some of the most beautiful plastic surgery, building up new faces, etc. that I have ever seen or heard of.

In the afternoon we returned to the boulevards, as that was all there was to see at that time in Paris. By this time all of Paris as well as the rest of the world that was there, had fully awakened to what had happened. This day's celebration was noisier, more whole-hearted, and more carefree than of the day before. Monday evening we had seen the lamplighter come around and light the street lamps for the first time since the start of the war, but this night the electric street lights were on and the streets were a blaze of glory. What a shout of joy! I could not help but remember the Paris I had seen last December with no light of any sort, except the very occasional ray through the crevice of a window or door, and then the year of darkness we had had when – if we ventured out- we had to almost hold our hands in front to avoid collisions. Paris had known that for nearly four years, but was to know it no more.

Now the streets were brilliant and the crowd happier than ever. We sat down in front of a café for a while, being too tired to walk any longer. A French captain immediately joined us in conversation. He wanted to tell us of the gratefulness of the French to the Americans, and to talk about the wonderful things the Americans had done in such a short time in the way or organizing and transporting an army, and the immense amounts of supplies that had been brought to France. He was from Bordeaux and must tell us of the great Port of Debarkation that has been built up there and the docks and machinery for unloading boats. He insisted that the celebration on the streets at this time was "Grace s vous".

Tuesday, the second day, was the greatest celebration on the streets and boulevards, but it is still going on, now almost two weeks later. The third night we went to the Casino and saw a very good revue with some of the most gorgeous costumes I have ever seen. The show was largely tinctured with Americans and American costumes in the cast. After the show the streets were mostly vacated, but the hilarity was still on in the cafes. On the third and fourth days, the noise and pranks were probably instigated by the American doughboys for they were always in the crowd and the tricks were typically American. The old captured cannon from the Champs Elyssee and the Place de la Concorde, were now requisitioned and dragged through the streets. If a rope could not be found to drag the thing, then one after another would join hands and the last one take hold of the gun somewhere. Enough of such chains could move the heaviest of them, up to six inch pieces. Women or men would mount the gun and ride through the streets. Needless to say for the first three days of the celebration the taxis could not run on any of the main thoroughfares.

But what is the use. I cannot describe that few days in Paris and shall make no further attempt.

We were to leave Paris at 6:30 p.m., or to use the French time – 18:30, so we would not have time to get supper or as it always is over here, dinner, before the train started unless at the station, and we were not sure of that. But there is one thing we did know and that was to get to the station early if we expected a seat. We arrived in plenty of time and found we could get dinner for teen francs at the station and it was a very good dinner too. This was acceptable for we had had coffee and bread for breakfast and a very little for dinner that day. We boarded the train at last fully three quarters of an hour before it was to pull out, and well we did for we secured about the first seats that were not reserved.

The through passenger trains of France are very much more comfortable than the trains we rode on last y when we came here. They are all built compartment style, but have an aisle down the side and one coach connected with another so that travel is not at all inconvenient, that is when the cars are not crowded. There are about two million Americans and the same number of British in France now and they are all on permission, to the limit of the number allowed, to be absent from their organizations. Add to that the fact that there are not more than two fifths of the numbers of trains in normal times and you will see that they are necessarily crowded. We took the Paris – Orleans route through the Chateau country and if it had not been necessary to travel at night, we would undoubtedly have seen some very wonderful country, but we did not miss it entirely as it turned out. We went through Orleans, Chateauroux and Limoges driving through the night, then it became daylight long before we reached Cohors. At early dawn we saw high rugged hills on both sides of the track and many of them were crowned with chateaus, beautiful places and probably places with interesting histories if one could only hunt them out. Next was Momtaubon and Toulouse.

The train stopped at Toulouse although we had been told at Paris that the train went straight through to Carcasonne. We arrived at Toulouse about 9:30 and they told us there would be a train out at 12;15, so we figured on seeing a little of the town, but no such luck. We found out that there was a Major there in charge of the MP's, who has his own idea of discipline. It seems about three weeks before; a bunch of aviators from a neighboring camp came over to the town to celebrate and did it all to efficiently to suit the Major. They evidently celebrated well and fully, both figuratively and literally. The Major decided the best way to handle the situation is not to have that situation so he had issued orders that no Americans were to leave the platform at Toulouse. We stood around on that platform until 2:30 when out train actually came, and were not even allowed to go into the station and sit down.

The express train was still later, and they told us in the office that the local, which would come in first, would not be overtaken by the express before arriving at Carcasonne, so we took the local. About half way we pulled up on the siding and let the express pass, and we ourselves arrived at Carcasonne at about 6 o'clock, tired from twenty-four hours on the train or in the station, and for that reason all the more glad to be there. On the train we had made the acquaintance of some people who were also going to Carcasonne who told us of a good hotel and restaurant. The hotel was just across the street from the depot, just through the site of the ancient gate to the new town for this was a fortified town for centuries. We found a nice room in a modern hotel at a very nominal price and cleaned up the evidence of a twenty-four hour travel and then started out for that famed restaurant. For eight francs we had a dandy dinner. Everything was well cooked and nicely served, and things were neat and clean as if it were not for the fact that not a word of English was spoken, one could easily imagine he were at home in a quiet, well ordered dining room of a small hotel, the kind that have not started the get-rich-quick schemes in their menus.

I had walked a water blister on one toe and then walked it off in Paris, so we searched out a pharmacy that night and got some iodine and adhesive plaster to make things more comfortable. Then we returned to the hotel, used the hot water that was piped to the room – a comparative novelty in Europe – and went to bed and to sleep.

Before telling you of the actual visit to the site the next day, I must give you a little historical sketch for your better appreciation. We had been preparing for this trip for months and so had read up this history and a great mass of literature on the place for it is well known historically and archeologically. At first there was noting but the site. It was a fortified place of the first order of the Volces and was nothing more than a fortified cestrum until taken by the Visigoths in the 5th century. The Saracens drove them out in 713, who in turn were chased out by Pepin le Gref in 759. This name you will know and gives us a particular interest in this old place, for here was the scene of fighting of one of my direct ancestors, Simon de Montfort, who took the site in 1209 and exiled all the inhabitants to the other side of the river where they later built the new city. There were forty years of fighting, when at last the old city was reunited to the crown of France and Louis VIII raised the old Fauburgs or suburbs, so as to completely isolate the walled town. The inhabitants then built the low city and built a wall around it, only a very small portion of which now stands.

About 1355 the Black Prince of England made a campaign in Languedoo, captured and burned the low city, but was unable even to attack the old site on account of its strength. In the latter part of the sixteenth century there were massacres and inquisitions, and until Napoleon reestablished order, the priests could not even visit the churches unless accompanied by soldiers.

It was raining the next morning and that dampened all but interest. We only had so much time so must see the site that day or not at all. We started out to find breakfast and to visit a couple of old and interesting churches and then find a carriage of some kind to take us about four kilometers to the site. We found breakfast at a very old inn near the old gate, still standing and facing the old city. There was not much breakfast, coffee and bread. We visited the old church, St Vincent, built in the fourteenth century with a high tower, from the top of which the meridian of Paris was determined by Machain and Delambre in 1792. That meridian passes one kilometer to the west. The Church of St. Michel has served as Cathedral since 1803. It was built the latter part of the 13th century and restored by Violet le Duc in 18440. The Nef is unique in that the arch spreads the whole width of the church, the side chapels being merely depressions in the great thick walls. There is a beautiful rose window. The tower was never finished.

We were unable to find a carriage to ride to the old site, so walked it. The distance did not seem far for every step of the way was interesting: the narrow streets but comparatively clean, the sense of business, and in general the different scenes from what we had been accustomed to in the Vosges.

The view of the site from a distance was imposing and has been painted by many artists, each getting a different view and a different coloring. We crossed the River Aue on the old bridge of the 13th century, made of stone and very solid but narrow. In the middle of the bridge is a very ancient cross of stone and one can see the Cevennes, branches of the Pyrenees. The view was getting more and more clear and more and more imposing, being built on the top of a high hill and completely isolated from the surrounding country, which fact of course, added to its strength as a fortress. We circled half way around in climbing the hill and entered by the Porte Narbonne, the principle entrance and to the east of the site, and the site is to the east of the low city.

It is on an elevation of probably 1500 feet at least and consists of two walls, completely encircling the site. The outer being thirty to fifty feet high with a moat before it, with crenellated ramparts and nineteen towers distributed at various places higher and better prepared to withstand attacks. Between this outer wall and the inner, is a space varying from a few feet to probably 150, the "Lices" still retaining the ancient names. The inner wall is twice as high as the outer, thicker and more strongly fortified. It has twenty-nine towers most of which are veritable forts. Then inside on the highest part is the Chateau surrounded by a third wall with crenellated ramparts and towers. The Chateau itself is supposed to be even more strongly fortified and self contained, but we could not visit it then because it was being used to hold a batch of German officer prisoners.

I am not going to attempt to describe all we saw, simply to say that nothing that we know of missed us. We walked around the city seeing what we could and finally wandered into an old antique store. The woman was very pleased to see us and told us her husband and her son-in-law were at the war, but thanks to the Americans would be coming home now. The daughter received a postal from her husband while we were there telling her that he was safe the day the Armistice went into effect so she need not worry any more. They said they had done very little business during the war on account of so few travelers. We saw many interesting things and each made a purchase of some old lace that has a history. It seems that one of the oldest families in the region is reduced by the war to two girls, and they have very few funds left, so are selling the old family laces. I bought a wedding veil of very fine Brussels lace, dating from the time of Louis XVI, that is about 125 years. Everyone who has seen it tells me it is a very handsome piece of lace.

We also visited the ancient cathedral of St. Nazaire, a beautiful church built in two stages, the older or Roman part dating from about 1095. The nef and the transept and choir, which are Gothic date from the end of the 13th and beginning of the 14th centuries. The transept has two magnificent rose windows. From the church we walked around the inside of the walls and then started to take our departure by the Porte d'Aube. At the gate we found the old keeper and he seemed anxious to show us the inside of parts of the towers and some of the interesting parts of the walls. We knew that was a bid for a franc but we were interested to see all we could, so went with him.

We entered the passages inside the walls, climbed to the top and walked for quite a distance on the top of the walls just back of the crenulated ramparts. We saw the construction, the reconstruction and the particular defenses of the gate. It is interesting how an opening in a wall could be made at the very top where stones and other missiles could be dropped, hit the sloping wall at its foundation, and bound across the road approaching the gate. These openings are called Machicoulis, and we saw many of them. There are also bridges and towers over the road with portholes and Machincoulis placed at the most advantageous places. Some parts of the old walls were of the original Roman time and some dated from the time of the Volces. These parts formed the foundation and bound across the road approaching the gate.

Then there were parts of the walls dating from the Saracens, and others from the 12th and 13th centuries. Violet le Duc repaired the tops of much of the walls during the last century merely to keep this ancient monument for the French government. Officially the town is a national historical monument. We first visited the tower of Justice or of the Inquisition, of which the guide book says, "Built in XIII century between two Visigothic walls on a Roman base with superstructure of St. Louis and Phillip le Hardi. It must replace a Roman tour." Then there is a half page of fine print telling about the structure and use of the various parts of the tower.

There were several other towers we visited, and finally the Tower and Gate of St. Nazaire. This is very high and there is a most wonderful view from the top. From the very top we could see the Pyrenees and villages in all directions. On the top is a marble slab mounted by the Touring Club of France in 1909, giving all the directions of the compass with names and distances of many cities, and a panorama of the view from the tower with the names of all the places seen. This dial is something like the one I saw last year at Langres, and was erected by the same organization.

Many of the walls were seventeen meters in height and as we came opposite the old church we saw from above the remains of the old theater. This is large, but not as imposing as what we have seen in other places and is not claimed to be so old.

We then left the city and returned to the low own, a city of about 30,000 with about 8,000 Belgian refugees. We walked partly around the boulevard, which follows the outside of the old wall, of which only a very small part is standing. We then visited the Musse, which of course is not supposed to be open, but we were able to find the concierge. There are a great number of pictures here, but not a lot of great note. We did see one wonderful one though, Cheriffas by Benj. Constant, which was a nativity scene in the stables with a wonderful perspective.

In a cursory way, that completes our visit to Carcasonne, and we hunted out an old French hotel where all the notables of the city, and others that are not notables, come and sit at a long table, with their hats on for dejeuner, or the mid–day meal. We enjoyed the satisfying and well prepared, well served six franc dinner and then went back to our hotel.

We left Carcasonne at about 2 p.m. on the train for Cette to make our change for Arles. It was a crowded train as all of them on the French railroads are now. Before the war there were five express trains each way over that line from Bordeaux to Cette each day, while now there are only two – and they are not express. We were unable to get first class cars so took second, and at that we were lucky for we managed to get seats on the south side of the train where we could see the mountains in the distance and later the Mediterranean. It was late when we got to Cette after passing through Narbonne. During the time of the Romans, Marbonne was a rival port to Marsailles and had an extensive commerce. Also it was here that three centuries before Caesar, Hannibal took hia army out of Spain and into France, or Gaul. We did not see the sea as the train was too far away and we merely stopped and did not get off or visit the town. For a long time before we arrived at Cette we saw the Mediteranean on the right, the waves rolling up quite high and breaking not more than fifty feet from us. We were running on a narrow neck of land separating the sea from an arm, the Gulf of Thau. The city of Cette is on this little neck of land, or it may be an island for all I know. We had to change trains at Cette, but the other train was waiting so we lost no time. It was night, about 6 or 7 o'clock, but the moon was up quite bright. From Cette we passed through Montpellier, the seat of that great University, then to Lunel where we changed again to a branch line running directly to Arles arriving about 9:30.

The station was quite a way from the town so we walked a little way and came to an old gate and wall, then through a very narrow street to the Hotel du Forum, where we secured a room and turned in for the night.

The next morning was Sunday and we got up early thinking we would attend early mass and later see the sights, but we found that first mass would not begin until 10:00, so started out to see the sights first.

As I have done in describing other places, I think I had best start out by telling something of the history of Arles, for only in that way can you fully appreciate the place. It was the "Line" of the early Greek colonists. At a very early date it was colonized by Marseille, which city itself was a Greek colony. Marseille made the place a provisionment center. Later the city was the Arlate of the Gauls, and as such is mentioned in the works of Caesar. Arles was too far south to have much importance during the time that Hanibal operated in the region. Tiberius Claudius Nero, in 46 B.C., established a colony of the veterans of Caesar's Sixth Legion, just across the river. Arles had been a great seaport and was very prosperous under the Greeks and the Gauls, but did not lose anything by the occupation of the Romans. There were great maritime companies established here, and Arles became rich and important, so much so, that Marius built a canal from the Gulf of Foss to the city. Also the Emperor Constantine the Great, of the Roman Empire, built one of his magnificent palaces and many beautiful buildings here.

St. Trophine, a Greek Bishop who was sent here by St. Peter himself, and who built here in the city an oratorio to the Virgin Mother Still Living, introduced Christianity into Arles. The guide book says, "However that might have been, the bishopric of Arles dates at least from the second century and ay the close of the fourth century became an archbishopric, and the reigning bishop held the title of Primate of the Viennoise, because Honorius conferred on the city part of the administrative honors which later went to Lyon as the capitol of Gaul. Arles herself became known as the little Gaulish Rome." Many buildings arose and the place must have been extensively beautified, as you will see from the description as it proceeds, and from the pictures I shall send you. The places still standing I shall describe by themselves, and a little about their history. Arles was the birthplace of Constantine the Second, 315 A.D., but her glory was only passing.

The Visigoths took the place in 480 and four years later their King, Euric, was assassinated. Successively under the Burgundians, Ostrogoths and the Francs, Arles became the capitol of an independent state which endured until 1150 at the last dismemberment of the Empire of Charlemagne. This was accomplished under the successive names of Kingdom of Cissjural Burgundy and Provence of Arles. At one time Arles was a republic allied with Genoa, Pisa and Venice. In 1535, Charles the Fourth (Quint) attempted to revive the glory and importance of Arles by having himself crowned at Aix as King of Arles. The pest, which desolated Marseille in 1720, cost Arles 10,000 victims. The archbishop was recalled in 1789.

We visited the Arena, or the ancient Amphitheater. When the city finally decided to preserve this old building, in 1809, had 120 houses built inside and gave domicile to 1,000 people. The stones from the old structure had been used to build these houses, and many other houses in Arles for that matter.So there was some restoration to be done but the restoration plainly shows and altogether amounts to very little as far as the whole thing is concerned. There is a partly legible inscription near one of the gates, stating that one of the Duumvirs, C. Junius Piscus, restored the Amphitheater. Archeologists and antiquarians say this inscription cannot be later that the later part of the fourth century, and that the old part of the Arena, before this restoration must have easily dated to the second century at least to the time of Antoninas.

It was in this old Amphitheater that the early Christians were massacred and fed to the beasts as history tells us. The building, which is an uncovered arena, covers 15,000 meters of surface and is able to seat 26,000 people. Before the war it was used for bull bating, which is a pastime of the people here. It is built on a slight elevation reached by a long broad stair and consists of an oval long axis 136.15 meters, and the short axis 107.62. There are two stories left standing composed of a wall with 60 arches each, one above the other. The attic has disappeared. Many of the old seats are left, consisting simply of the stone placed in shape of circus benches. There are three towers dating from the 12th century on the tops of the walls and at three of the cardinal points of the compass. The old stairs and passageways are in very god state of preservation.

The antique theater is much less preserved than the Arena. It is 1033.80 meters in diameter at the rostrum and these two beautiful Corinthian columns are still standing, as the remains of the "Scene" part. The auditorium is quite well preserved, but other than the two columns there are simply a few stones of the foundation. In this theater were found the frieze of an old Arc de Triomphe, and the original of the much celebrated Venus of Arles, found in 81651 and given to Louis XIV, and now found in the Louvre. Many other interesting things were found in the Lapidary Museum at Arles including the Altar of Lyda and the Sarcophagus of Lyda. You will probably remember the story of Lyda and the Swan.

From here we visited the Aliscamps, a word from Champps-Elysses. The Aliscamps is a miniature Appian Way, leading from the old city wall down a beautiful street that was in olden times the Aurelian route to Arles, and bordered on both sides by tombs and evergreens to an old chapel. St. Trophime was buried here, and legend having connected with the sacred saint's miraculous attributes, the princes and great personages of the fourth century all had an ambition to be buried in Aliscamps. Those living on the banks of the Rhone for long distances up the river, made provision a long time ahead, that when they died their sarcophagi should be placed on a raft and together with the necessary money to pay the cost of interment, allowed to float down the river. When they arrived at Arles they were taken from the raft and properly placed along this burial way. We saw the tomb thought to be that of St. Caesaire, standing on the side of the road and being used that day for a resting place for Algerian soldiers.

It was now time for mass so we wended our way back intending to attend services at St. Trophimes, but on the way we stopped to see two things. The first was the Abbey of St. Caesares, founded in 515, by the Bishop of the name, for women. Today there are only ruins left that are being occupied for dwellings and also remains of two chapels: St. Jean de Moustier a Roman of the 9th century, of which only the outside remains to form part of a dwelling house; and St.Blaise of the 11th century which is in a good state of preservation but is being used partly as a livery stable and partly to build coffins.

The other interesting thing on the way to St. Trophine was St. Mary Major, an old church consecrated in 4453 by Bishop Auverhn in the presence of thirty-two bishops who held here the Third Council of Arles. This church was partly restored in 1592 at which time a tablet was found over the door giving the above information. A French translation was made of the tablet and mounted just back of the pulpit. I read the French translation; the original has since been lost. In the church and forming the chief part of an altar on the Gospel side, is a beautiful marble statue to the Virgin of Monti, an Italian, also several good paintings and numerous relics said to have belonged to st. Caesaire in 542.

The French government classifies the Aliscamps, the Aren, the ancient Theater, and St. Trophimes as historical monuments. St. Trophmes, formerly the Cathedral, is the best and most beautiful example of the Roman style of church architecture of the Provence. Revoil and Veran restored it in our day. It consists of a nef with two low sides (bas-cotes) vaulted in quarter circles as in the churches of Auvergne, then a prolongment of three nefs and a choir and a beautiful morsel of Roman architectural school in Provence of the 12th century. It probably dates after the actual construction of the church, and most ancient parts of which date to the 11th century, and is supposed to have been placed between 1180 and 1190. The portal is in the form of a bay (baie). Above the doorway is a flat space under the arch-stone representing God surrounded with a halo and flanked by the symbols of the four Evangelists. Above the lintel are the twelve Apostles, seated. Surrounding the place is a double row of angels, with at the top, the Three Angels of the Last Judgement, surrounding the trumpet. A prolongation of the lintel at the left represents a procession of the elect, abutted by the figure of an angel placing their spirits in the laps of the patriarchs. Sat the right, an angel driving the damned away from the entrance to Paradise. Below is another band of smaller figures on the one side representing the adoration of the magicians with their troops and on the other the magicians before Herod, the Massacre of cents.

The supporting pillars on the two sides are grand standing figures completing the decoration of the portal. On the right and from the door outward are St. Peter, St. John the Evangelist, St. Trophime in Episcopal costume, St. Jacques Miner and St. Bartholemew; on the left St. Paul, St. Andre, the stoning of St. Etienne, St. Jacque Major and St. Philip. Inside the church are many beautiful paintings and a number of tombs and relics. The service, which I almost forgot was a

solemn High Mass with a very interesting sermon in Thanksgiving for the victory of the Allied Armies.
In the square between St. Trophime and the Mudee Lapidaire is an Obelisqueeading off from the church by a door o n the Gospel side is a Cloister, another historical monument. It consists of a square hollow and open surrounded by the walk, which constitutes the Cloister. It is beautifully decorated with carved figures, pillars arches etc. From this walk are doors opening into the rooms or stalls of the old religious who dwelt here. Two of the galleries are Roman and date from the second decade of the XII century; one is Gothic and dates from XIII, and the last from the end of the XIV century.

Yhe Musee Lapidaire is in the ancient church of the Oratorians, another historical monument. With the exceptions of Lyons and Toulouse, this Musee is the richest of all France in Gaula-Roman antiquities, and especially Sarcophagi. Here is a copy of the Venus of Arles with a reconstructed model by the side of it.

In the square between St. Trophime and the Musee Lapidaire is an Egyptian Obelisk discovered in the ruins of a circus on the bank of the Rhone in 1398, and standing in its present place since 1676. It is 15.26 meters high. We also visited the Museum Reattu which is an ancient Commandery of Malta. Near this is the Palace of Consstantine. This is said to be the original at least as far s foundation is concerned, but since absolute truth has not been forthcoming, it is not made an historical monument. At the time it was reclaimed it had several hundred people living in buildings built in the enclosure of the stones originally forming the palace. All that is left are the ancient baths with the central underground heating system. And parts of the walls.

It is said that Arles contains more ruins of ancient Roman times than does Rome itself. I do not know if this is true but it certainly was an interesting place with its ruins and place of interest, its narrow streets, its ancient wall, its gates and by no means its women. Arles is known the world over as The City of Beautiful Women, and it lives up to its renown. There in the streets and in the churches and cafes you see the first colonizers of the place with well chiseled and clear features, as if you were transported to olden times. The only thing lacking is the dress. Then there is the Roman with his distinct type as typified by the Roman statuary in the Musee. The model for the old statues could be easily found today in the streets of the same city where these stones and relics have been found so many centuries later. But that is not all. There is the Saracen, dark skinned but handsome as a picture. There is also the clear-featured Gaul. Some of these women are the handsomest I have ever seen and they still dress in their quaint costumes, which you have seen pictured so often with their little head gear and peculiar style of dress, all of them long and nearly touching the ground.

This is the country of Frederick Mistral, the Poet of Provence. You know, of course, that Provence is not a country, although at one time it was. It was the Gaulic Provence of Rome and from that comes the name, Provence. It was reunited to France a century and a half ago, or thereabouts, has a language all its own, which is even more musical than French. It is more like Italian than French and is difficult if almost impossible for the Frenchman to read and utterly impossible for him to understand when spoken. A person familiar with Latin and French would get along all right reading Provencal, but might make a failure understanding the spoken tongue. We were therefore in a strictly foreign country, but found that most of the people we attempted to talk with could also speak French. The Place du Forum of Arles is simply a square where the old cronies and the carriage drivers gather, but it was the place Mistral loved and there is a statue of him. I have attempted to read some of his description of Arles but it is very difficult and in the dialect of Provence. It is a pleasure to hear the people of Provence talk, if you forget that they are supposed to be understood and listen simply for the music and rhyme of the tones.

Having finished the sights and interests of Arles, we found a train to Avigon that afternoon and arrived just in time to get placed in a hotel and go up the main street of the town following a band that was playing martial airs. The band stopped and disbanded before the Cathedral, Notre Dame des Doms, which for over a century was the Chapel of the Popes. At that time it was the same to the Catholic Church as St. Peters in Rome, is today. It is a beautiful church up on a high hill, with a crucifix and side figures on a terrace in front. We entered and saw the most ornate and really beautiful church we have seen in France, with the chanting of the Te Deum just beginning, by the Cardinal and his retinue and all in honor of the victory the Allies had finally won. The ceremony was very impressive and very beautiful and the Church was packed to standing capacity. The singing was wonderful and taken with the emotion that filled every heart for the time on account of the suspension of hostilities added to the occasion.

Avignon was the Avenio of the Romans but was of no noted importance until about the 12th century, when the natives formed a Republic that held in check and held the balance of power between the Counts of Toulouse and Provence and the kings of France. In the 13th century opn account of the seditions, and for reasons I do not know, the Popes fled from Italy. Clement V frequented Avigon and the surrounding country, and John XXII succeeded him in 1316, the See was officially fixed at Avigon, because he was the Bishop of Avigon. He enlarged the Episcopal Palace, and his successors rebuilt and enlarged it still further to render dignity to its new distinction. Thus was the home of the Popes brought to Avigon. Benoit XII, Clement VI, Innocent VI, Urban V and the antipopes Clemennt VII and Benoit VII held forth here for over a century. This city is naturally interesting in the history of the Church during the middle ages. The city was reunited to France on September 14, 1791. As we approached the city the white Palace of the Popes stood up above everything in sight like a sire thumb. It looked somber and forbidding, dead, but it was there for all to see.

After visiting the Cathedral and attending the service we walked out and up the steep incline to the Garden of the Rochers des Doms. It s said the very best way to see Avigon is to approach from up the Rhone, for then the first thing you see is the imposing height of these rocks, with the city wall around the crest and extending down and around the town. But we could not approach from that direction so saw the rocks first from the top where we could look down from the brink of this wall, a sheer fall of about 500 feet. There are walks out in the solid rocks leading down. In the garden, which forms the top of the rocks, are many statues, nymphs, fountains, walks – a very pretty place. From this vantage place we could see for many miles, to the right a snow-capped mountain and to the left the ancient Fort of St. Andre, and still farther to the left the Tower of Philip le Bel, and in the foreground the celebrated Bridge of St.Benezet and his disciples from the alms of the faithful. There are now only four arches still standing, reaching from the Avigon side of the river. The foundation of one arch is a grave bed near the opposite side of the opposite arm of the river. Originally there were twenty-two arches and the bridge was over 900 meters long, about 1,000 yards. On the abutment of the second arch is a chapel, and there was another in the same position on the other side of the bridge. These chapels were built in the 13th and 14th centuries. The lower part of the chapel left standing is Roman and the upper part is Gothic.

The view from the Doms is in every direction and is only terminated by the distant hills and mountains or by the foggy stmosphere. It was now getting evening so we returned to the hotel for dinner and later went to a movie. We were just a comparatively short distance from the ancient Palace of the Popes and the Church, which for a century, had been the fountainhead of Christianity. That Sunday evening we saw Mrs. Vernon Castle in the movies in one of her problem plays, almost under the eaves.

That evening there was a band procession up the street with everyone following and the confetti streaming all over. The people were letting off some of their pent up enthusiasm, and we, being American officers, were the center of attraction for spells when someone would spy us. We saw only three other Americans in the place. which accounts for the enthusiasm. The place was not overcrowded and spoiled as so many parts of France are.

The next morning we walked around and saw the old wall, which still surrounds the city and rises to.

The guide took us through the Palace. We saw the Court of Honor, the Tower of Angels, and most of

At various elevations there are also battlements protecting balconies, and we even walked the length

We had "done" Avignon now that we had seen the most interesting parts, but had not by half covered the scores of churches. We decided to forget that for the rest of the day and see some of the other interesting surroundings. We walked across the suspension bridge to the Island and beyond to the left bank of the Rhone. We walked up the river a little way through a thickly settled suburb and along the White Road, so called because it is almost perfectly white, past the Tower of Philip le Bel, which I mentioned before. It was built in the 14th century and at an early time protected the end of the old Bridge of St. Benezet. The Tower contains an ancient dungeon and it is listed as "an historical monument".

We soon approached Villenueve les Avignon, a village of 2,700 people, but once many more. The streets are deserted and you have entered a dead city. Here are many monuments of the ancient glory of the town. Villenueve owes its origin to the Benedictine monastery of St. Andre, on the mountain founded during the 6th century. Here Urban II rested in 1096 after having been preaching the First Crusade. Philip le Bel attempted to increase the population of his dominion and made treaties with the inhabitants, after which he built the tower. The French Cardinals and the Popes themselves, built palaces and monuments here from 1316 on. The meetings of the Languedoc were held here.

M. Martesier, the General Manager of the Society of the Waters (which is Vittel) and who spoke no English, hunted me out and wished to express through me his thanks to the Americans for the splendid work they did in helping so forcibly to effectively bring the War to a close. The Mayor did likewise, but both knew me and had been patients of mine.

Early in December our spirits were being boosted and our hopes built up. Word came that the Hospitals would go home in the same order in which they came over, and that our turn would be early in January. We were to return a million men to the States thus relieving the demand on hospitals, and the military activity would reduce the number necessary from fifteen per hundred soldiers to seven and a half. The number of soldiers being halved would release three-quarters of the beds. Col. Phillips had told me the same story in Chaumont only a few days before, but I went home thinking probably no one would be moved out until some sort of a temporary peace was determined. Both were wrong.

On December 6th we received over 300 patients, many in rather bad shape, released prisoners of war who looked "as if they would blow away if not tied down", and that is a very mild statement. English, French, American, Russian, Italians had been prisoners from two months to two years, and they surely were skeletons. They were nothing but skin and bones but did not complain. They said the Germans did as well as they could and gave them as much to eat as they had themselves. I was skeptical, however, as the Germans we were getting as prisoners were not starved specimens. They simply expected to be treated worse than they were so were not complaining.

Immediately after the Armistice a ban was issued, so that those not arriving previously would not come. At this time a rumor came that the ban would be lifted for forty-eight hours to correct certain conditions, but that proved just rumor. I tried to find things to send home for the children for Christmas, but was unable to find anything but what would be five and dime store stuff at home. I did have an artesian doll and a few trinkets but could find nothing to pack or wrap things in. For four and a half years in the zone of the armies, the whole effect had been war and the children had to go without.

Edith's letter written Armistice Day in Battle Creek came top me on December 11, just one month. The war was over and new dispositions were being made but the American Third Army was just organized to be the Army of occupation.

Our First Army had demonstrated to the world that we could fight. It took the St. Mihiel Salient in twenty-seven hours. Military authorities had classed that task with the German one at Verdun, where they failed. Mt. Sec, a German fortress, had been excavated, had reinforced concrete, baths with hot and cold water, passages, tunnels, etc. The French and English thought it would take six months to capture, but it took two hours. This Army was composed of 600,000 veterans. They were moved at night to the back of Verdun and the Argonne, and for six weeks made history, took Sedan, the Argonne forest and ended the war.

The Second Army had only minor and trench-holding jobs. It was being held in reserve for the attack on Metz on November 14th, if the Armistice had not come. We expected a quarter of a million casualties and our hospital was prepared for our share, with three thousand beds for BH 36 and BH 23, ten thousand extra for BH 31 and BH 32, and sic thousand for our convalescent hospital, which never opened.

The Third Army must be ready for any eventualities if they occurred, and so instead of having the newest troops, it was the most seasoned. It was made up of the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth, Thirty-second and Forty-second. There were some other units but these had carried the load throughout, had been in all the fighting and would never be surprised or taken advantage of. They were veterans.

Our hospital had cared for about 7,000 sick and 8,000 wounded, about 1/16th of all the casualties, a rather large proportion. Our top number of patients was 2,877. Only one criticism was made of the hospital, three patients got through without A.T.S. and one was evacuated without a splint on a broken jaw. We investigated. The three A.T.S. had been treated but the tags lost. The splint was O.K. Capt. East says that patient was evacuated without his consent and during his absence. Our mortality figures, (.008) were remarkable when one considers this was war and we were near the front so that we had many patients direct from the battlefield.

When I first was asked to examine patients for aviation, I put in a request for a Barany chair and a couple other instruments that would be useful and in fact almost essential. They came on December 14th after the war and the need. I never even unpacked them.

The weather was vile with wind, rain, sleet, hail and cold, and our roads to the houses from the hospital were mostly a sea of thick clay and mud. Shoes took punishment. I had the fourth resole put on mine with hobnails. The natives do that but mostly they wear leather shoes for nice, and for good days and wooden Sabots for ordinary.

Christmas day we had a good dinner and in the evening, Col. Phillips came from Chaumont to a dance given by the nurses. He told me they expected promotions to come up soon and mine would come. He said President Wilson spent the day at Chaumont to fulfill his ambitions to spend the day with the American army at the "front", only fifty-six miles behind us, and we had never considered we were at the front.

There was still some practice to do, patients to attend to – especially French – but other duties were increasing. The boys had been held rather closely to their business of helping us run a hospital, but were letting their spirits and natural proclivities lead them on. There were much minor refraction of the rules, and some were serious. My job of Summary Court brought me into contact with several of them every day. I tried to be easy with them, but firm enough so that they would not repeat and that is a job.

On December 27th we received orders to cut our bed capacity from 3,000 to 1,000. We gave up three of the hotels that we were using for hospitals, the Palace, Park and Sources, leaving us only the Ceres and Central. Equipment was sorted, packed and shipped to receiving bases. The officer's Villas were also surrendered and we moved into one of its Hospitals. We had only 450 patients left which seemed not much.

I spent New Years of 1919 in the hospital. I had been having trouble with my left maxillary sinus for quite a time since having been sick early in the season, but it was not too bad and was of course neglected. But between Christmas and new Years it began to pain. An x-ray showed it to be completely dark. Col. Shurley did a paracentesis and washing, getting a lot of foul pus. The next day he tried to repeat but could not get the needle in. He did get me on the floor in a dead faint, and I came to in the hospital where I stayed for several days, but was back working the third of January.

We had moved into one floor of the Ceres and it seemed to me we could have done that all along, and had American cooking and been saved the expense of rent, French colored maids etc. That floor had never been used effectively for patients, having too many stairs to climb so the bed capacity would not have suffered, but orders were such and had to be obeyed.

There had been many more sinus cases that winter than the year before, probably following the flu that all had been having. I was just another of the victims.

Base Hospital 23 had a request from general Headquarters on January 4th, to know whether they could take over BH 36's patients and equipment. This made things look more like going home. All our buildings had been closed and surveyed, equipment inventoried, including the things still in Ceres and Central, which were ready to turn over. We suffered from cold. There was an acute coal shortage, practically none to be obtained for three or four weeks starting immediately after Christmas. My letters home on January 13th mentions that, and the freezing of fingers. On that same day we officially closed as a hospital and sent our 133 patients to BH 23. Our work was done, and we would be done also. I was worried about money that was sent home by A.P.O., I never did hear from some of those checks and still believe two or three were never delivered. I sent on an average of two checks a month, for $100 each, and in different letters, and kept a list of money orders, but Edith did not acknowledge. I spent some time trying to check up but got nowhere.

I still saw my patients that were transferred to BH 23, also the personnel of our outfit who were sick. I did eight operations, sinus and tonsils, in the next two days after the transfer.

Col. Shurley had a letter from Col. Phillips on January 15th that promotions were not yet opened up, but that the very first day they did, he would see that mine went through. Again that served to raise my hopes, but I should have remembered other disappointments.

An inspector came to see us on January 22nd and said that all of our equipment as it arrives at Is. Sur. Tills must be checked against our inventories and must balance before we will receive out moving orders. In the meantime we must sit around with nothing to do, with no place to go, to not complain and no possibility of permission to go anyplace. When moving orders came, we must be ready. All the Base Hospitals we knew were on the same que viv, that is, hospitals that had been among the first in France, 15, 17, etc. That same day Col. Shurley, Majors Walker and Barrett, and Capt. Matthews were ordered to a Casual Officers Camp preparatory to returning to the States.

We had the presentation of the Church War Cross at a "retreat" on January 29th. It is given under authority of the Commanding General (Pershing) for especially meritorious work for religion during the War. I was the only officer, the Chaplain's assistant, and two nurses got it. It is a silver medal cut out in the shape of a Maltese cross and suitably inscribed and entitles its holder to an ecclesiastical red ribbon.

Major Berry, Mount Clemens, our present commander, had a letter from Col. Keller at General Headquarters saying records there show that Base Hospital 36 ranked as one of the first as to number of patients treated and as to the quality of their care, and expressing his sorrow that we didn't get more promotions, that the reason was not enough were recommended. Also two days after the Armistice, promotions for fifty-two Captains in the Medical Corps arrived in Chaumont from the States but could not be issued on account of a cable from the Secretary of War not to make any more promotions. I had been informed that my name was on that list. It went out from Chaumont to Washington early in September and it had a letter from one of my former patients, a Lieutenant at General Headquarters, saying it had gone in and to put on the leaves. I have in my files an eight page printed apology from the medical department saying that promotions for fifty-two Captains and Majors were lost in that cable. I believe Phillips and Shurley both talked to us a lot about promotions to keep up our spirits, but worked to get their own. Not so Colonel Angus McLean. He spent every effort to get promotions for his own men, and was so successful that he was necessarily crowded up. They could not advance beyond him and he saw to it they kept advancing. The result was that every man of them was his life long very close friend and he was one of the three who became Colonels in A.E.F. medical Service and the only one who brought a Hospital over.

I had charge of the cleaning out of the Central after turning over all of our patients to Base 23. We moved out every single thing in the building, took down all the cards, notices, posters etc. from the walls, removed all tacks, nails, cleaned the walls and woodwork, washed everything including floors which were then waxed. We replaced all the keys, which had been taken out and put away to avoid loss. We replaced all broken windows and washed them, repaired all electric wiring, cleaned the basement, then sold back to the French all the things we bought from them to run the Hospital.

When we took over these hospitals, they were the personification of filth, I surveyed the Central and knew. In one room I found a dead and mortified cat. In numerous rooms we found excreta, notably on floors but on walls and ceilings. I hope the difference was noted, but doubt it.

I found five stoves to sell to the French but knew that Mme. Matthieu wanted some. They were refugees from St. Die, a father, mother, two daughters and a young son, who had been a private throughout the whole war. He had just been commissioned Lieutenant. Margaret, the fourteen year old was the one I operated on earlier for mastoid. Louise (eighteen), I fitted for glasses and it took three months to get the prescription filled from Paris. They got their stoves.

Miss Lena Cooper, who was my office nurse for so long left on January 25th for a ten day leave in England to visit her family. Lieut. Font was detached the same day and sent with the Army of Occupation to Germany. We told him we hoped he had a better time finding his outfit than he once did being in France. At that time, mostly in Paris, he looked for two weeks and then came back. Base Hospitals 15 and 16, so far as we know, were the only ones starting for home. BH 17 had orders but was marking time.

On February 2nd, BH 23 sent out their last patients and began salvaging their hospital equipment. That cleaned out Vittel as a Hospital Center. That same day we had heard of the arrival of our first three cars of goods at Is-Sur-Tille, there were over forty cars in all.

There were always rumors and hopeful plans: (1) We were to return to the States in the order in which we came over; (2) We would not return until all our materials had been checked in at Is-Sur-Tille; (3) All the hospitals in our area, 36,23,31, and 32 would sail on the same ship for Bordeau early in February; (4) All the hospital units would sail with the President's convoy about the 15th or 18th of February.

On February 3rd a new regulation came allowing leaves in Great Britain, Belgium, Italy and France outside of Paris. I made application for leave to go to Ireland but it was denied "because of the early sailing of the unit for home". On the 4th all the casuals who had been added to our unit since we came over were detached and sent to the casual camps, or to some other duty if they had been here less than a year.

Orders came on the 6th allowing the Commanding Officer to grant three-day leaves to Verdun or Rheims. Also a telegram came asking what was the first day our unit would be ready to leave Vittel. Major Berry, who was then the Commanding Officer, replied that we could leave the 10th. I applied for leave at Verdun and he agreed if I could make up a party of four officers and four nurses, because the nurses had complained about not having a chance to see anything. Dr. Smith was busy with his property, so "Dad" Collins of Kalamazoo, Reynolds of Birmingham and MacArthur (later E.E.N.T. in Flint) made up the party. Mrs. Harris, the head nurse, assigned herself and nurses Lockhart, Lyons and Cornice to go. An ambulance took us Thursday afternoon, February 6th, to Neuf Chateau where we got a train to Turel. At Turel we could find no accommodations, but finally the Y.W.C.A For Women agreed to take the nurses in, and the men slept on the floor in the reception room.

The next morning, Miss Knapp, one of our nurses on detached duty, rounded up two ambulances, which we could have that day and we started off. These were Ford ambulances and in order to warm them the exhaust had been led into the body of the car. That did to us what it did to many patients, gassed us with monoxide. I was sick and lost my three-franc breakfast, as did Miss Cornice. We arrived at St. Mihiel about noon.

This was the apex of the salient that the Americans straightened out in their first wholly American drive on September 12, 1918. We had been told that St. Mihiel was not badly shot up. When we drove into town and stopped to lunch, Miss Cornice and I decided that we did not need lunch, so we started out to see the town. The more we looked the more we wondered what they meant when they said a town had been badly shot up. The apparent ruin and destruction was appalling, but all the buildings were not so badly destroyed, in fact those that were near the river seemed to be worse and those back farther having escaped considerably. There was nothing left of the former. The bridge over the river was once a beautiful thing, but now nothing but ruin. The two bridges that the Americans built to cross over were still being used and we crossed by one of them.

For four or five miles before we reached the city, we passed through field after field of barbed wire entanglements. There would be a strip maybe twenty feet deep and as far as we could see, with a trench behind it, or the strip might be fifty to a hundred feet thick. There were openings in the wire with great rolls of it that could be thrown across the road at night. Part of this was French and American and as we got nearer the city it was Bosch. From this place clear up to Verdun we were to see any amount of wire. I didn't realize there could be so much barbed wire for it was used lavishly. From St. Mihiel we followed the east bank of the river to Verdun. There was village after village that was completely destroyed, not a roof or a wall standing, and at places one would almost have to accept things on faith to believe that there had been a village at all. For twelve or so miles along this region we were practically just back of the lines held by the Americans at the start of the St. Mihiel drive. There was a line of hills just to our right and the lines were in and on those hills.

As we approached Verdun, the evidence of destruction did not seem to decrease, but just before entering Verdun, we saw some villages that lent great influence on the history of France and the world, as they all three did during the world war. Toul was the headquarters of the French Armies, and later of the American Armies, then the Second Field Army. Metz, of course, served the same purpose to the Germans.

We entered the city by one of the great gates And draw-bridges, which by the way have stood the test of war, But, of course, the Germans did not get into the city. Before the war Verdun was a city of 25,000 soldiers who were kept in the citadel and the surrounding forts, and 25,000 people who lived in 2,300 habitations. Now there was only one house that had not been harmed by direct hit of some missile of war, but the windows of that were all gone. There were exactly twenty houses that were habitable. There were many walls standing but there were also very many buildings that were absolutely wrecked, walls and everything, being only a heap of formless stone. Furniture was seen mixed up with the stone, it was an unbelievable view of desolation. I had seen pictures of Verdun showing the effects of the war, but they could only give a poor idea as compared with the actual thing. Verdun was capable of being rebuilt, not so the country around.

We walked out through the town and to the citadel, the stronghold itself. Again that was protected by moat and walls and drawbridge, all of which we crossed. There were masonry walls and terraces, barracks and substantial buildings, which, strangely, were not badly damaged. We soon found a guide, a soldier, and then began to see some of the most interesting parts of Verdun. You have read of the underground city in which the soldiers lived during the terrible bombardments that have so destroyed the city. This citadel was started in 1416 and was finished in 1885, sao you see what a place it should be. It was built for defense. There were subterranean passages and rooms in some of which we saw how they lived. No one is allowed to enter many of them. There were offices, ammunition places, guns etc. There were ten kilometers (six and two-thirds miles) of corridors in this fort and leading off from them were rooms and other chambers. The soldiers were quartered in great double-deck beds, wider than an ordinary double bed by eighteen inches, each such bed holding four, and the whole number was supposed to accommodate 150. There are accommodations for 25,000 soldiers in this way, but during the war they accommodated 58,000 in these places. We saw kitchens and bakeries. The bakery was a great room, thirty feet wide by 300 feet long, with the ovens sunk back into the walls of the two sides and every day baked 25,000 rations of bread. A ration is a small loaf about one and a half pounds. There were mechanical mixtures run by an engine installed in a small room off the bakery into them but did get a look into the passage leading down into the "catacombs", as I suppose they can properly be called.

The Y.M.C.A. had a station in Verdun and there were said to be about 125,000 Americans in the region, but none in the city itself. The Y conducted a Canteen here and found two buildings and found two buildings that were partially habitable. One was a residence and the other a part of the College of St. Margaret, conducted in connection with the Cathedral. The Canteen was in the upper floors of the College building, which in olden times was the Library and now had twenty-six cots and beds where all comers are welcome. We men secured beds here and before morning all the others were filled too. The women were taken care of in the same way in the old residence. I slept under a hole in the ceiling that one might throw a horse through, but the roof itself had been repaired to some extent. Just by the foot of the bed was a hole through the floor big enough to put a coal shuttle through. The women said they had accommodations that compared very well with that.

We slept the sleep of the very tired but it was too cold. Even though we had plenty of blankets, we were still cold. The wells of Verdun had almost all gone dry, and all water had to be brought from a spigot some distance away. In the morning we started out to find that so we could wash. Just as I was starting to wash, a man in an American uniform came along and told me he would show me where there was plenty of warm water. He was no American and spoke very few words of English and about the same of French. He turned out to be a Russian captured in 1914 by the Germans and held prisoner for three years and eight months until the Americans recaptured him in September. He had dug out a room in one of the ruined houses, found a fireplace and had a great copper soup bowl holding about ten gallons of hot water. I washed and shaved there, then went back and told the others that if they had looked enough they would have found hot water waiting for them.

After breakfast we took the train for the edge of the Argonne Forest where the American drive miles to Mort Homme and Dead Man's Hill, that was so conspicuous in the papers about 1915 and on. We got off at a station Maroucourt where there was a salvage detachment working and got one of the boys to go with us over the hill as a guide. started that brought the war to a close, or at least helped to that end. There was an old French railroad running from Lerouville to Sedan, that had mostly been re-laid by the American engineers since the commencement of the Argonne battle and was then being operated for the supply of the troops up in that region, but also for salvage. There was a train each day, each way. We went out about fifteen

Verdun lay in a sort of natural amphitheater with hills on all sides, but at some distance, and the tops of these were all fortified. Mort Homme, as I understand, was never strongly fortified like the other hills such as Fort Saux, Douamont, etc. These last two were much like the citadel that I have described, but were taken by the Germans and held for about eight months. The Germans also took Mont Homme and held it for about fifteen to eighteen months. The fighting was hard at all times and the losses were terrific. This hill was large, 304 meters high and V shaped from the Verdun side. We followed up this V past what was once a village. Now there were a few mounds that looked as if they might have been cut stone, with an occasional farm implement sticking out of the ground, with shell holes twenty feet in diameter and I do not know how deep, filled with water. We went on up the valley and up the hill but the going was hard, the ground being cut up except where one of these narrow gauge railways led up back of the trenches almost to the top of the hill.

Trenches seemed to run in every way without any aim or object, but I suppose there was rhyme and reason both. We finally reached the top of one elevation of the hill, where we had an extended view and could see the salvagers in the distance shooting off unexploded shells and gas shells that still lay around in abundance. We then followed a trench for a distance and entered the Bismarck tunnel, which was built by the Germans while they held the hill to the opposite side. Coming out on the north side of the hill we looked off in the direction of the Argonne, in fact we were in the edge of the Argonne but no one would know it for there was not a single tree or other thing with life. Everything was completely desert, more desert than that of Utah by many times. This was where the Americans started their drive north of Verdun that led to the capture of Sedan and the cutting off of supplies of the whole German army in Belgium, this compelling the Armistice.

We got out of this trench system, and in front of the trenches we found shells, duds, arms, feet, to hand grenades, horrors. We then walked back across the top of the hill and stopped in a dugout for lunch, then to the train and back to civilization at Lerouville, Paris, Nancy and express to Toul.

I cannot sufficiently or satisfactorily describe the terrain about Dead Man's Hill. There wasn't a square inch of the ground, either slope or the top of the hill, that was not shell marked.

Some of the shell holes were three feet across and more were ten or more and anywhere from three to ten feet deep, and where one hole left off another began. There wasn't a particle of this ground that had not been turned over anywhere from three to ten feet deep and it looks as if some giant had put the whole hill into a great stone crusher and ground it up into pieces, the largest of which were the size of a baseball. This was all stone without a trace of soil and if it ever is cultivated it will be after nature has deposited new soil as has been done in the course of centuries in other parts of the earth. Nothing was growing there, not even weeds. In the deserts of the west there is at least sagebrush. This was such an utter and complete destruction one can scarcely comprehend it. Yet I remember it was said a couple of years before this, that the Germans could be blasted out of France by blasting up the earth as they went along, clear to the Rhine if necessary. That is literally what has been done in this place, and I am told that this is the same thing that had been done from there clear to the North Sea, but that in some of the places the area destroyed was wider.

In Tour, on our return, we slept on some cots in an old attic. We were back in Vittel on the 9th having seen the "front", three months after the war.

On February 12th we had orders to telegraph for a train to take us to the coast for embarkation to the States, but to send three men and an officer three days ahead to find billets. I was picked as the most likely man to go into a new Tours and get accommodations for 100 men, twenty-five officers and eighty nurses. That looked formidable to me, but I figured it could be done and I would get some information at St. Nazaire, where I was to report first. The whole unit was supposed to go to LaBoule, about fifteen kilometers up the coast and await embarkation.

LaBoule is the Atlantic City of French America, a seaside resort in summer but desolate in winter. I left Vittel by ambulance for Chaumont on February 14th. Father Vonne saw me off and very few other people I had known as long. Most of them did not know I was going early. At Chaumont I saw Col Phillip. He told me that my French decoration, the Cross for Contagious Service, would be forth coming soon, probably before we sailed, but I had lost hope of that, the same as for my promotion.

We took an express train from Chaumont through Langres Dijon, Reaune and Nevers to Tours. I saw a little of the city while waiting for the train at St. Nazaire. I reported to the Commanding Officer and was told there was no need to send me down as arrangements had all been made. The nurses would go to LaBoule and the men to some place not yet determined near Nantes. I asked him what I was to do and he finally decided I might just as well take my three men to one of the Base Hospitals at Savaney and then go to LaBoule and a care was going soon. I sent the men by themselves to the Hospital and I got into the car for LaBoule.

LaBoule is a city of a single line of hotels and buildings along a sandy beach with a board walk ten feet wide running for a mile or more along the beach. Everything was closed and the sea running high. It was cold and most uncomfortable, and nothing to do but walk. The second day I met Major Cilley who was with us in Vittel for a while doing orthopedic work. He had been home once with a convoy of compound fractures; had a ten day leave; was in New York on Armistice Day, and now was waiting to go home again. Major Cilley and I walked out to Guerande some seven miles into the interior, and had a very nice dinner of sea snails (very small), yellow muscles, pate de foix gras, steak and cheese.

Guerande was an old walled town of the time of Queen Anne of Bretagne. This region is Bretan when you meet the natives on the road you would swear they were native Irish, but their speech was a surprise – French. They were Celts, remnants of the braves that settled Ireland, Scotland and Ancient Britain. LeCrisee, the nexy village to LaBoule was the scene of the greatest naval battle of ancient times, Brutus commanding Caesar's fleet and against the Varrenes, the inhabitants.

I had orders to return to Nantes on February 21st and then was sent to Vertou, where Base Hospital 36 had been sent. The next day several promotions came through but not mine. Warren and Sackrider had their second prormotions and were now Majors. Eugene Smith and Gaines were Captains and Berry was Lt. Col.

We were billeted in houses; Smith and I had a room in an old stone one overlooking the Noire River. It was up on a bluff with gardens and terraces with benches and extensive landscaping. It was a very large house, profusely but not richly furnished. It was unoccupied being used only in the summer season and was owned by an old lady who lived in Nantes. Three or four rooms were opened for us and there were also two officers from Base Hospital 25 awaiting transportation home. It rained about all the time and we had no heat. We sat or stood about with our overcoats on to keep warm, and as for feeling dry, that was out of the question.

I had a letter from Edith saying reports in the States were that we had sailed. That of course was a mistake, but probably there were reports that we had left Vittel. We soon fond out that there were twelve Base Hospitals camped in the territory around us, extending over thirty or more miles. All were miserable on account of the rainy season, which would last until the middle of April. The Loire was badly swollen with rain practically all the time and the roads and fields were muddy and there was nothing to do. We were seven miles from Nantes and could go there when boats could travel the river, but when the water was too high we had to walk a couple of miles and take a bus. Verton was very small with nothing whatever to do, but Nantes was a larger famous city with Art Galleries, stores etc. We went there frequently.

The Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. Berry, called Col. Phillips over long distance, a few days after the other promotions came through and asked him "why" all the other officers had been promoted, some twice, and Haughey had been the hardest worked officer and got nothing. Col, Phillips went across the hall and told the personnel Colonel, who put my name on that day's list and telephoned me to take the oath of office without waiting for a formal notice. I did, but the notice came through to the Commanding Officer the next day. It was as easy as that, and I still feel twenty-two years later that it could have been done before the Armistice, if someone had had a little gumption.

About March 20th an order came to several Base Hospitals camped near us to designate two officers each, to stay and accompany the men home, the rest to go as casuals. The list of hospitals was BH 24, 42, 11, 34, 38, 45, 41, 35, 20, 48, 25, 19, 30, 17, and mobile #1.

Letters began coming to us a gain late in March. Col. Shurley cabled that he was coming home, and everyone thought it was the whole hospital, so quit writing. When he finally got there and only had two or three with him, our friends began to realize we were still in France. On March 23rd about 200 medical officers of the units listed went to Brest expecting to sail for home but found about 800 others there still waiting.

There was a story circulating that the General in charge of the embarkation part was still only a Brigadier, and could not be a Major General unless his command was over 6,000. He had been holding up the sailing of such units of ours not attached to regular military organization, trying to build up his command. There were about 2,000 medical officers held up, and when complaint came over to the States, Pershing told this General he was sending these doctors here to be sent home where they were needed, and not to add to his own glory. They started moving.

An opportunity came to visit the Base Hospitals at Savanay near St. Nazaire, and while there I saw Major VanCamp, now of Battle Creek, who thought he rated a promotion; also J. H. Pettis, my old side-partner at Ann Arbor; Dr. Kirby who used to live at the Kirby stock farm in Galesburg; Capt.. C. Stone and Woodruff, my classmate at Ann Arbor; all Captains. With the exception of VanCamp, these men were all looking forward to their first service stripe, but it was farther away than my third. You need six months in the A.E.F. for a service stripe.

On March 27th I went to Nantes. There were several thousand soldiers around Vertou and no way to take a bath, so we took the boat to Port Rousseau and the tram to Nantes starting at 12:30, we would hunt up a hotel, hire the bathroom and return the same day arriving at 6:15, nearly wasting a day – except for the bath - which had cost five francs altogether. On one of these trips I met our meat market proprietor, a large woman weighing 250 lbs and capable of throwing a quarter of beef over her shoulder and waling off with it, as I saw her do many times. She stopped me at Port Rousseau and asked if I too had been for "La bain du printemps?" She had just had her spring bath. She will go back in the fall for another. But can you blame them? Five francs was a lot of money to them and twice a year for merely washing was quite extravagant.

We had been paid our salaries in francs for a long time, at 5F.45 per dollar, but the value had changed so that when the army paid me $200, it cost me $12.84 in francs to get it back into American money. In other words I was drawing $183.16 instead of $200. This was another of our gripes, but I sent home $200 under these conditions on April 2nd. We all thought that the Quartermaster could have paid us in American dollars. That would have saved us a lot of money. I had 300 francs in my pocket and I lost around $5 in exchange. Some of the men had a lot of francs, but I had been sending home an average of $200 a month so did not have much left.

I again put in a request to visit Ireland but it was returned on account of early departure of organization for embarkation camp." That same day, Smith put in a request for leave for Paris, which was granted for three days.

We had a little excitement in camp. Our cook, John Aveler, got married. Major East acted as Fairy Godfather. He succeeded in cutting the legal and civil red tape, but when it came to the Church, he was stuck. The bride was a girl from Vittel that John had known, a Roman Catholic, and to Major East that meant nothing. They wanted a church wedding, and a big one. I interceded; saw the priest in Vertou, the Catholic Army Chaplain and the Vicar General of the Nantes diocese. The dispensation was granted, but John and East demanded a service before the main altar. That of course is never done in a mixed marriage. John insisted it was not a mixed marriage for he also was Catholic. We finally arranged for the wedding party to enter the main part of the church and have a few prayers. The wedding party then went into the sacristy where the actual service occurred. We returned to the main church for the sermon. A civil service by the Major had preceded all this, both with speeches especially commenting on the union of the two peoples after having fought the war together.

On April 3rd at 7 p.m. we received orders to entrain for St. Nazaire at 7 a.m. for embarkation. That meant gathering and packing all our stuff, but most of us had had that done for weeks. Smith did not get to go to Paris. It took most of the day to make o ut manifests, change francs into money (and how funny it looked to us), have examinations, answer questions etc. We went aboard the Zeelandia at 7 p.m.

The Zeelandia had come in that morning on the 6 a.m. tide and given most of her officers leave for Paris. She was ordered to return on the next morning tide. I never learned the reason she stayed such a short time. The reason for the tide sailing was that the bar across the river mouth is too high for these boats to cross except when the tide is full.

The boat's officers were recalled from Paris, being stopped as they got off the train, and immediately started back. They would arrive at St Nazaire at 9 a.m., three hours after the sailing time of the boat. So we put to sea with a skeleton staff and sailed out into the Bay of Biscay. I noticed that the water was dirty and muddy and brownish and we kept going until after 8 a.m. when we came to a line crossing our course. On one side the water was muddy and on the other the clear blue of the ocean. It was a calm day and we could easily follow that line as far as we could see. Soon we anchored to await our ship's officers. After a while this line of demarcation of the muddy water passed the ship and after three hours the officers arrived. They were a disgruntled bunch ust in after an eleven day voyage from America, expecting to be in port a week and have a good time in Paris. A twelve hour trip to Paris then a twelve hour trip back and immediately start back for another eleven or twelve day trip. That would be disappointing. However we started and again crossed the demarcation line of tidal waters, which by this time was getting ragged and not so easily traced. The waves had also come up a little.

On the fourth day we passed the Azores. First there was a hazy cloud off to forward a d left which after a while took shape as a cone-shaped mass floating on a fleecy cloud. As we approached we could make out a cone shaped mountain, which approached the horizon as we neared it. I had never seen such a thing and was surprised to see this 6,000 foot mountain apparently sitting up in the air on a mass of clouds with the horizon beneath and apparently clear sky between. This mountin is the peak of the ancient Atlantis and having read Ignattius Donnelly I was especially interested, but could not find the four areas and rivers. We were four and a half hours passing the Island.

Our accommodations aboard ship were worthy of note. When we went over in an English convoy and on English Cunard passenger ships, Smith and I (two Captains) had a larghe room with twin beds and individual dressers. Returning we would almost have walked, if necessary, but we had rather cramped space. The Zeelandia was a 7,870 ton ship belonging to the Dutch, which interned in America at the beginning of the war. She had been entirely refitted to carry troops. There were six of our officers assigned to one state room. We asked about our trunks and were told to carry everything we would need in our handbags. Luckily, most of us put our toilet articles in small musette bags, a canvas affair which was carried over one shoulder. We were given a room exactly six foot by six foot six – we measured it. There were two bunks permanently built in one side, then one temporary one, and three temporary ones on the other. These bunks were thirty inches wide made of two-by-fours and chicken wire. Thee was a foot and a half between the tiers of bunks, and we could not possibly al get into the stateroom until some were in bed. Our handbags we never saw. The six were men with the rank of Field Officers, supposed to have rather good accommodations. Of course we would have been glad to come home with even less accommodations, and the men who came with us certainly had less.

Our second night out from the Azores we picked up an S.O.S. from a steamer 750 miles away, which had lost its propeller and wanted a tow to the Azores. Soon a boat much nearer responded and saved us this necessity. The ship's officers told us that would have delayed us at least six days.

Just north of Bermuda we saw a full-rigged, four-masted sailing ship, the only one I ever saw, and now completely gone from the ocean except for training or for private yacht purposes. The trip was finally completed on April 18th, 1919 – 3779 knots and thirteen days.

We had come alone instead of in a convoy and saw only three or four ships the entire voyage. It was longer in distance than going over and took one day less time, but we did not spend a day and two nights in Halifax harbor. The last day was a most tiresome and uninteresting one in many ways. It was somewhat misty and the water was shallow, only low-lying islands and beaches visible. Airplanes flying over much of the time greeted us. Two or three seemed to be looking for something, flying out, to, and around us then back to shore and out of sight.

We finally began going between points and light ships, then buoys, light houses and finally came to Charleston harbor. The city was not impressive from the boat but might have been interesting if we could have landed. We passed Fort Sumter and studied it from not more than 500 feet away. It was very small for its large place in history. We skirted the side of the city and to the north, going up into a bayou, a tongue of water. It might have been a river but there was no current. After about fifteen miles we landed at a dock and railroad terminal and were taken through almost endless swamps with cypress trees. The trees were not very high, but large holes (eighteen to twenty-four inches) and huge roots extending out of the ground and water and forming a tangled mass. After several hours we came out into a more or less flat but dry country and finally came to Camp Jackson, near Columbia, South Carolina.

This was a tremendously large Camp, I think larger than Camp Custer with rows and miles of barracks. We were taken half way through Camp and then dumped in a barracks and were told we would be there at least a week getting our discharges. That was the evening of April 18th, 1919. The next day most of our Base 36 officers left on a two week leave to Michigan, with orders to report back for discharge. I waited a few hours then made the same kind of demand. I had thought I would stay and get discharged before going home. They told us that would take about two days, and I thought it would be worth the extra two days not to have to go back there, but when I started the proceeding, it developed into a week and I wanted to go home too much to be content to spend a week at Camp Jackson.

When I applied for leave the adjutant told me not to try any funny business and try to be transferred somewhere else as that had been done before, and it not only didn't work, but delayed matters. I asked if he had any objections to my going through Washington D.C. He didn't for that was the only direct route, but I had no pass for a stop over there. My war experiences were about at an end but there were one or two more experiences to go through.

The train arrived in Washington, D.C. about 7 a.m. My train home leaving about eleven, I went over to the Surgeon General's office knowing that no one I knew would be in, but hoping Gorgas or Irish might be there. The office was just opening up – a few clerks and one officer. Colonel Black, and eye man formerly from Milwaukee, came in and when he saw me he said, "You are just the man they are looking for. How about an assignment at Walter Reed Hospital (work) for several months?" I asked what he was going to do, he said "I am getting out Saturday, thank God." I replied that I was just as anxious to go home as he and the sooner I get out, the better!" After a little talk he offered to do anything he could for me. I suggested an order allowing me to report to Camp Custer for discharge. He was skeptical and asked if I knew how to do it. I did. I sat down at a typewriter and wrote a paragraph to go in the "Orders of the Day": "The following named officers, formerly of Base Hospital 36 AEF now on leave in Michigan, are directed at the termination of their leave, to report to Camp Custer for discharge from the Army"

Wilfrid Haughey, Major, MC, USA

List of officers

Colonel Black looked at it and said he doubted if it would work or if the General would sign it. Two or three days later I received a copy of these orders as did every other Base Hospital 36 officer who had come home on leve.

I telegraphed home that I would be on the "Wolverine" at 10 a.m. the next morning, and then started the long ride home. When we arrived, the station was practically abandoned. I looked all around for someone to meet me and saw no one. I was just about to get into a taxi when August Kapp drove up and offered to take me home. Edith had just got home with the children. She had been at the station and met the first division of the "Wolverine", and of course I was not on it so she went home disappointed. The "Wolverine" ran then, and does yet, in two sections, the first from Boston and the second about fifteen minutes later from new York. Of course I was on the second section.

That was a strange and exciting meeting. Esther was about a year and a half old when I last saw her, and now three and of course she had no remembrance of me. She was shy and scared and it took time to gain her confidence. David was fifteen months old and I saw him for the first time.

It took time to renew old acquaintances and friendships, but it certainly was a pleasure to do so. I visited my office (Sleight and Haughey) and found my books; instruments, records and everything packed away in various places. Dr. James Elliott had been using my desk. <My belongings were scattered and some were never recovered. I started in seeing patients while still in uniform. I had worried about my practice, but had no need to. Many patients came and wanted me, whom I had never known before.

On May 7th, 1919 my leave expired and I went out to Camp Custer for my discharge. There were most of the officers from Base Hospital 36, and also enlisted men had arrived that day, just returned from France and had been going through the discharge mill. Major Fowler, a Battle Creek dentist, invited me to the Base Hospital for dinner. The medical officers in the table in back of me were discussing my unit, which went through demobilization that day. There were 150 odd men and twenty-eight of them had their tonsils and adenoids taken out in France by a doctor from Battle Creek. They had that unit lined up and everyone had been looking at the throats. There were some others that had had tonsillectomies too, but their surgeon was from Detroit. They had tags, but the twenty-eight men were all perfectly clean but one. They started to razz the surgeon about not being perfect because he left a piece of tonsil in one. That fellow spoke up and defended me. He said the doctor was not to blame, he ran out of tonsil snare wire, and had used the same wire for several but it finally broke, and he had to finish with a pair of scissors. This was the last case done in France. It didn't take long until someone tumbled that I was the man who had operated on this group

When the officers of Base Hospital 36 reported at Camp, the officials were not going to discharge us, saying there must be some mistake. Men were never transferred from one camp to another fir anything but duty, and they had a lot of Medical Officers at Camp who wanted to get out of service. So they were looking for some new ones to put on duty. However, we stood our ground and insisted that the orders were for discharge, as they were. We finally won out.

I have always thought I made a mistake then, to continue the Sleight and Haughey partnership, but at the time I thought it was best. We had made a bargain and I lived up to it. Dr, Sleight had not done so entirely. Arrangements had been made that I was to benefit by the office earnings while I was away. That only lasted a couple of months. Part of the time Dr. Sleight was also in the Army, but Dr. Herman E. Grant, originally of Albion, was in the office and his earnings went to Mrs. Sleight while we were away.

Our original arrangement had been 25 - 75 distribution the first year, 33 1/3 - 66 2/3 the second year and 40 - 60 for three years, then 50 - 50. The expenses were to be divided the same way. The question immediately came that the second year and also the third year we agreed not to count the time I was in the Army. So our split was 1 – 2 for several months more.

Work began to increase. We were doing much more that we had ever done before and I was carrying the surgical end – that is ENT, and also helping with eye surgery and my half of treatments in the office. That was the start of ten years of a very busy time. Practically no one else intown was a competitor for a couple of years until Dr. B. G. Holtum came.

The first year I was home I did over 750 operations, and 577 T & A's. That shows the volume of business. I believe now and did then, that most of that would have been mine if I had been alone, and I would have had all of the return instead on one third.

This was a busy year in other ways. I rewrote and added to a paper on War Injuries of the Eye, which was read and published under Dr. Sleight's name.

That summer the family was in a rented cottage at Gull Lake for a couple of weeks, but stayed six. The children had been pretty well shut in while I was away and Edith had had rather a hard time keeping things going. I thought a change would do them all good. They could not go to Father Cowles farm as they had previously, because he had rented it and did not have the accommodations.

My father was rather skeptical about the benefits, but after a couple of weeks he came out and saw so much improvement that he was sold on the idea. The cottage was not a very good one and not very convenient, but it was at the lake and everyone liked it. There was a rowboat and a very stony beach, but we laboriously picked out the stones making a path out beyond them to where the bottom was sandy and the children could play. The water was very shallow for quite a distance from the beach, so there was a minimum of danger.

Before the summer was over we went up the beach about a quarter of a mile to a new development with only a few houses and bought a vacant lot on Crescent Beach. The lots were $400, but it being the end of the season, and someone having made a down payment and forfeited it, we bought it for $300. I paid $100 down and planned on paying the balance as I could. I should have bought two of them, but I didn't have the money. We planned to get a tent and enjoy this place of our own the next summer. There was an old barn on the vacant lot next to my father's, which he owned, and he said if I would tear that barn down I could have the lumber to build a cottage with.

I had a patient named Canrham who was a carpenter and not very busy, so hired him for $150 to tear down the old barn, clean up the lumber and move it to the lake. We drew plans for what looked like a nice cottage – the best we could plan, with a large living room, a breakfast alcove next to the kitchen and a broad porch around the front and part of the north side. The second floor was to have four fair sized bedrooms, a small one for the maid, and a toilet. No windows were planned upstairs, but inside on the second floor they sawed out space for large windows, hinged the pieces cut out, making flaps that could be pushed out like awnings. The cottage was built that fall, floors and siding with some of the partitions on the first floor. We planned to seal the inside with beaverboard, thus covering the old, dirty discolored lumber and making a partially finished job. We used the carpenter as much as we could until we had used all our money. Then Sundays and every time I could spare a few hours we drove out and worked building cupboards, benches, bins etc. in the kitchen, also putting on beaverboard. We partitioned the second floor with beaverboard on 2x4's.

Late in the fall of 1919 when we had the posts up and the first floor down, but none of the siding in, we had a picnic to which we invited quite a number of our friends, the Mustards, the Lanigans, Burkes, Donovans etc.

That was the start of an annual event that has continued all through the years. In the spring we continued working, were out there on Easter Sunday working until dark. In coming back to town it had snowed and we got stuck back of Prestons. Howard came out and help[ed us get going or I fear we would have been in bad shape as the little child was cold hungry and tired and should have been home.

Practice of medicine had been keeping us busy. We had already rather divided the work with Dr. Sleight doing mostly eye work and I mostly ear, nose and throat. I had worried that when I returned my practice would be dissipated, but that had not been true.

ON October 1st^{t} I attended the meeting of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology at Cleveland. Many of the men were still in uniform and we had some interesting times discussing our experiences. In reporting on the EENT service in the AEF, Dr. (Col.) Geo. E. Derby of Harvard told about the old treatment of gassed eyes and noses (mustard gas) that the French, English and Italians had been using, and how 25% of their eyes were permanently damaged by striation in the cornea, but a Captain in one of our Base Hospitals nar the front (no name given) had used a different treatment with no scarring. That was my treatment of Bicarbonate of soda, atropine and guiacol carbonate in Olive oil. He told of going the rounds of the hospitals outlining the new treatment.

In 1920, the first complete year after my return, I did over 750 operations, 577 of them being tonsillectomies. I again started doing tonsillectomies for the school children rounded up by the school nurses. There were a surprising number of them needing free work. We did them Friday mornings at Nichols Hospital. The nurses contributed the hospital charge, or got it by selling paper and various other ways of raising the nurse fund. After a while the fund became stabilized and paid for from a hundred to two hundred cases a year. This clinic was stopped in 1932 by action of the Medical Society. I had personally done over 2,000 tonsillectomies, and several of the other men had been doing part of the work for several years. For years I did it all. Many times I would do six or eight in a morning.

It was my job to get one of the doctors to give anesthetics, as that was before the days of nurses being trained to give them. One morning Dr. Sam Shipp was working with me, and a boy came in whom he recognized. He said, “We will do this one but we will bill the family regular fees for this work. The boy’s father is------manager of------Auto Sales Co.” The father objected, said the Red Cross was paying for this tonsil work and he was just as much entitled to free work as anyone else. Nobody was paying Dr. Shipp or me. The Red Cross did donate $6 for the hospital charge for some of them. That bill was paid eventually, but not without the threat of a suit. The grandfather is a well-to-do man who insisted that if anyone was entitled to free service, his grandson was. The boy in that case is now an officer in the military establishment of this country, with a goodly rank.

As soon as possible after my return to Battle Creek, I began taking part in the Boy Scout movement. By that time Earl Welch was teaching and T. Ben Johnston was our executive. My service on the Council had only been interrupted by the War. In a couple of years our oldest boy, Wilfrid Jr., was ready for scouting. The summer he turned twelve, we had him start his work, and in thirteen months he went through all the tests to Eagle Scout. That cannot be done now, but then they were allowed to pass as many merit tests as they wished at each Council. He finished his last badge on the last day of the summer camp so was able to go on the first Eagle Scout Tour. That Tour has been a continuing trip that all of our boys in turn have made. On the first tour, several cars tool M 11, the road to Mackinac, now US 131. They were gone ten days and had a wonderful time and came back with a new insignia, “M 11” which they used for many years to designate the Eagle Scout group. The boys were very proud of it.

About this time, when Phillip was about nine years old, he h d an ear ache for a day or two, straight sick and I was unable to find any pathology. The drum did not bulge nor was it reddened but continued to ache all night. I did a myringotomy, but without much relief. Next day he had a facial paralysis involving the whole area of Bell's Paulsy

I took him to Ddtroit to see Dr. Emil Amberg, my old professor of Otology. They had X-rays, as I had done at home, but could find no reason to operate. We made that trip by train and it was Phillip's first train trip in my memory. We had always gone places by auto. He was sensitive, shy, and we kept him out of school for six months while his face was coming back to normal. The thought being to save him from the heartless treatment he might get from the boys. Phillip's face came back almost completely, so that nothing can be noticed except when he gets quite tired, and then one has to look for the paralysis.

Charles was born on June 23rd, 1920 at Nichols Hospital about the time our family moved to the lake into our unfinished cottage, though it was nearly finished. We had worked so many Saturdays and Sunday afternoons that it was livable. We took Edith and the baby direct to the lake and soon after we had our public house warming. In the fall we had a picnic on the floor boards. This time we had a Fourth of July celebration and potluck picnic. This was the same group but with additions, and included the children and their evening fireworks.

Edith was just home from the hospital and could only advise, but this started a feature of our life that has continued to the present. Our Fourth of July parties have been a great pleasure, and of course has been a changing group as one dropped out or moved away and another in invited. The children have also added their group so it usually runs from fifty to sixty people.

Those years were very busy ones in my work. I religiously attended our County Society meetings, also the State, occasionally the AMSA and frequently the American Association of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, making new acquaintances, meeting old friends and in general trying to keep myself up to date. I also attended the Detroit Otolaryngology Society, and soon a group of us reorganized the Southwestern Triological Society, which had died during the War. These meetings were held at Jackson, Lansing, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids and Battle Creek. Usually we drove. One February we met in Grand Rapids and about four from Battle Creek attended. Not many others except from Grand Rapids. There was also a very bad sleet storm interfering with driving. So we sort of decided to hold all our meetings in Battle Creek. This had better attendance but made quite a burden on our local men to furnish or stimulate the program. After a few years we succeeded in getting the men from the University of Michigan interested, and decided to hold a meeting a year in Ann Arbor, and since then have met imn various locations – even one at Holland, Michigan, in the home of Dr. Huizinga who had been a member for many years. Later the Detroit Otolaryngological was invited to Ann Arbor and for years there have been joint meetings there.

I was the original organizer of the Southwestern Michigan Triological Society and served as Secretary for many years. After the reorganizing action I also served as Secretary for while, and then as President. I was also Vice President of the Detroit Otolaryngological Societ in the early twenties long before the years of joint meetings.

Early in June of 1921 Edith and I attended the Annual meeting of the AMA. I took an extra long "vacation" and went to Boston on Sunday. We had a couple of days to "do" the place, also had dinner with Dr. George W, Kline, whom I had known in Ann Arbor days. He was a Phi Beta Pi and at that time Superintendent of the Massachusetts Hospital for the Psychiatric. I had visited him several times before at dinners. This time he took us around and showed us the sights, Salem, the witch house etc. George had been in Ann Arbor, graduating there in medicine when I did in Lit. he went far in his profession, gained great recognition, but only lived a few years. I never saw him again after 1921.

While I attended the AMA meetings Edith saw the sighs and visited the shops. Together we went to the Old South Church, the Old Oyster House, Fannuel Hill, Bunker Hill, Lexington, Concord, etc.

When we were through in Boston we took a train for Fall River, R.I., then a boat to New York arriving there Sunday morning about 7 a.m. We first went to St Patrick's Cathedral on 5th Ave. We walked along the avenue to look in the shop windows, but the curtains were all drawn. Wde went to the Battery, to Grant's Tomb and saw all the sights between , and since there was nothing to do on Sunday we took a 1 p.m. train for Washington. Edith has always resented her first trip to New York – she didn't have a chance to visit the shops.

On her first trip to Washington we saw the points of special interest, the Washington Monument, the White House, the Capitol. We visited the Smithsonian Institute, the Department of printing and Engraving where paper money is made, the DAR Continental Congress Building and the old and the new War Buildings. We took some of the city drives, Post Creek Park, Mount Vernon. We spent two very busy days and then went by train to Cleveland, Ohio, where we saw Major A. B. Smith and his wife. They took us around, showed us the Herrick House, but it was closed as the Ambassador was in France. I also visited the Cleveland Clinic. There was an opening in Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat and I was asked if I would take it. It was a wonderful offer and I should have grabbed it, but I felt I was making more in Battle Creek than this offered, and that made the decision. I knew the man who took the place and he was a good man, possibly more competent than I. At any rate I didn't take it. The associations and connections would develop all there was in a man, and did.

We returned home having had ten or twelve days of a strenuous vacation, a hard schedule taking long hours, but so entirely different that we were again rested. While in Cleveland we saw Dr. Fred Bickel and Dr. Richard Bolt, both classmates of mine in Ann Arbor. Dr. Bickel was practicing independently; Dr. Bolt was in children's work, a National organization secretary and doing considerable traveling. He visited Battle Creek two or three years ago and gave a talk at the Sanitarium and we saw him there.

Thee problem of help had been a bad one. As soon as a prospective maid came and saw seven small children, she was scared away. We had tried and were discouraged, so I wrote to Ernestine Poirson (Toto), who had scrubbed my office and the halls during the War in France, and asked if she would not come over. She would, so I sent her a second-class ticket and some money and she came. Her people wanted to know if I would meet her in New York at the boat and seemed to be disturbed that I would not. I had the Travelers Aid do so though and she was forwarded to Battle Creek arriving just before we moved to the lake.

When she came Edith was not feeling very well, expecting a baby in about two or three months, but she promptly noticed Toto's hair was a mess. Her head and scalp were one mass of raw sores – nits, lice – and I wonder how the inspection service allowed her to pass without doing something. However, a thorough washing, scrubbing and shampoo repeated four or five days cleared up the condition without it's spreading seriously.

Toto knew a few words of English that she had picked up from the American soldiers and she was apt to learn, but there was a problem for a time. Edith did the best she could with her little French and her dictionary, and I had a lot of interpreting to do every time I came home. Toto was a willing worker and gradually learned American ways and methods of cooking. When it came time for Edith to go to the hospital, she was doing a fair job. The house was looked after, also the children, and we had enough to eat. Edith was nervous and anxious and we took her into the hospital ten days before her time, so she really had a rest that time. Being at the lake, she was afraid of not getting to town on time. Louis was born on August 25th, 1922 and we took mother and son back to the lake in a new car (for us).

The old REO had been serviceable, was bought in 1916 after having driven 10,000 miles, but had given us good service. However, this spring it had given us much trouble so I took it to Lansing to the REO factory and had the engine overhauled, a complete job taking several days and costing over $200. I had brought it home a driven it only a few days when I got a call to Kalamazoo to operate at Borgess Hospital. On the way over the engine blew up – exploded - the crank arm going through the crankcase. The car was a wreck. A man passed and towed me in to Nick Bauman's Garage where he began to look at what happened. The lock nut had not been put on one of the cranks. At the drive shaft the bolt had come loose and worked out, allowing the crank to fly and completely wreck the car. The REO Company would do nothing about it, though I had much correspondence with them. I thought $200 worth of work on the motor should have made it drive more than a week. While in Kalamazoo that day I had to have a car so I bought one from Nick Bauman, an Oldsmobile 8 driven less than 1,000 miles. It had belonged to Mr. A. W. Walsh, the wholesale grocery man of Kalamazoo. He had always driven Cadillac and was induced to try this Olds, a seven-passenger sedan retailing for $2,850. He did not like it, so turned it in to Nick for a Cadillac. I got it for $1,550, and drove it home in time to pick up Edith and the baby and take them back to the lake in style.

This was a closed car, my first sedan. They had used to old REO with curtains to close out the weather and rain, but that was not a success, so I got a chance to try a "Winter Top", a heavy top built to fasten on the regular body and make a closed car of it. I never saw more than three or four of these contraptions, but they worked. In the spring I drove the new car into the new garage I had built at the lake (myself) and hitched tackle to the top and removed it, drawing it up to the peak and leaving it there. After selling the REO for joints(?), I dismantled this top as it was worthless to me.

The first two or three summers at the lake we lighted the cottage with kerosene lamps and later a Cameron Gasoline Mantle lamp. I visited the Consumers Power Company to find out if they would extend a line out there, but they put me off. Finally they told me there would be no change out there for five years at least, so I bought a Fairbanks Morse generator and storage unit and had the cottage wired. We were quite comfortable then. Light as we wanted it aqnd a pump on the well, so we could and did install a water system. We built a small shed onto the garage and had our own powerhouse. There had been talk of several neighbors combining and installing a real plant, but when that failed I put in my own.

The very next year Consumers put up a power line and offered to sell us power, but I was obstinate and used my own for four or five years. One day I had a chance to sell my plant and did so on the spot. We have used Consumers Power ever since.

Wile using our home generator – 32 volts – I had not used an electric iropn or a sweeper for fear of using up all the juice, but whatever we did we never ran it down, so that might have worked too. In fact the man who bought it did use it for all purposes and reported several years later that it was till doing OK.

All these years we had been using perfection oil stove for cooking, and that sometimes smoked and the cooking was very slow. To make things more complicated we always had company. Never a weekend without extras. So it was a pleasure to connect up with Consumers and put in an electric range.

Edith's Father and Mother had been in Battle Creek living with her part of my time in France, but after the War they rented a small home in Greenville for a year or so. He had been in failing health for a long time and had to rent the farm to get it worked. For a number of years he had discussed with me what he would do with his property, and he decided to make a joint will with his wife, providing for the administration of the estate and its ultimate distribution. His old illness became worse and he could scarcely navigate at times although he looked pretty good. My diagnosis was pernicious anemia, a disease we could help very materially now, but then had to endure.

He died February 9, 1921, and left the joint will with me named as administrator. Everything they owned was in joint title so there was nothing to be done about the estate. For the next five years I had the job of going every few weeks up to the farm, taking Edith and her Mother, and seeing that it was worked to as good advantage as possible. We had tenants in both houses and working both farms – 248 acres. Sometimes we had to change men and sometimes get a new one on short notice. I usually took Saturday afternoon off from my office, and sopent that time and most of Sunday on the road or at the farm. I never charged for that or the gasoline, as it was all we could do to make the farm pay the floating debts that had been accumulating. I paid off about $2,000 of them during this period.

Mrs. Cowles came to live with us as neither Georgia or Persis were in a position to take her. I had to remodel my home to make room for her. The kitchen and dining room were a single story wing with a low attic. I raised that up and made two bedrooms above. I also fixed the bathroom so that we had one. There was about $2,000 spent, that was our second main remodeling job. The first had been to dig a cellar under the house, and put in a furnace and hot and cold water in the kitchen and bathrooms. The bath upstairs was a sorry excuse; just a place partitioned off from one corner of the landing space upstairs. We also took off the old side porch and built a roo,m out there with curtains and screens. During the War, Edith had that glassed in so it could be used as a dormitory the year around.

I well remember the old sweet cherry tree with a trunk twenty inches inn diameter that stood at the corner of that porch. The children used to climb it for cherries and for fun. When we first bought the place there used to be a cistern out there too, but I filled that in.

Mrs. Cowles was getting rather aged and quite a care and really wanted more money than the farm would produce, so I looked up her first husband's record. He was a private in the Civil War, Charles Hart, who died in 1869. She was a widow for a while and married her second cousin, Clifton S. Cowles on July 5, 1878. Her son by her first husband had died in 1877. I applied to the Pension Bureau for her widow's pension. After a long period of correspondence and submission of records, they claimed she had been married between Charles Hart and C. S. Cowles and asked for affidavits to cover that period – long before anyone living could remember. At last her pension was granted with some back pay for the period of time she had been a widow. After receiving this pension, she invested part of it in the small Grand piano Edith has. She said they had given Persis a piano and provided Georgia with one, so it was Edith's turn, and especially as she was living at our house and paying no board.

The final payment on the piano after her death caused a commotion in her family for a while. It should not have done so. The farm Persis has was partly paid for by C. S. Cowles, the first payment and many of the subsequent ones.

Mrs. Cowles eyes began to fail her in the fall of 1925. I examined them and found retinal degeneration and told Edith she probably wouldn't live more than six months. Along in February she decided to go to see Persis and was up there for several weeks. One morning on April 25th, 1926 she woke up, called to her family and fell over dead.

We drove to Fennville, had a funeral then took her to the Cemetery near Cedar Springs where her husband and his father and her baby boy were buried.

Then my troubles really began. She had threatened to make a new will, but had not, so we probated the old joint will. I had to look after the farm, see to tenants, and repair the home. In fact we had done a lot of work on the place during the five years.

The debts were finally all settled including the Osteopath's bill, which hurt me to pay, but everything was clear and the farm was to be divided. I thought we had buyers, had some offers, but the girls felt it should bring more than the offers. At one time I considered buying the others out, and hiring this money at the Greenville Bank, with the farm as security. I have always been glad I did not do this, as I did not want a farm anyway. Later Arthur Penny sent for me, to meet at the bank. He and Georgia and Persis were there in the banker's private office when Edith and I arrived. We were invited in and told that Arthur would buy Edith's share for $2,500 cash, that he had already made a satisfactory settlement with Persis. That terminated my term as administrator. We accepted at once and were bidden goodbye without a handshake, or a "Why don't we all have dinner together?"

I never did understand why that estate settlement was made so hard. Of course I expect that Arthur Penny, being a lawyer, thought he should have had that job. That would have suited me, and I had suggested it to Grandfather Cowles years before.

I heard nothing more from either of those families until during the next winter was called up to see Persis who was having pneumonia, and the family was worried. Dr, Bronson, my classmate, was doing a good job with her, but she had no help and no way to get any. The boys were doing the best they could.

In June 1941 the program chairman of the Lions Club called and asked if I would give them a talk on Tuesday June 24th. I disclaimed any pressing topic I wished to talk about, but he said this was their Father and Son meeting, and I was certainly qualified on that subject. I took along with me a picture of the Six Eagle Scouts and myself to prove whether or not I had a right to talk. The time given me was altogether too short, but gave me time toget some thoughts over.

If parents decide on children, they must be willing to work at the job of parenting, else they should not be. A child, or children, is a very exacting responsibility. The parents are responsible.