American Red Cross base hospital no. 38 in the world war. United States army base hospital no. 38, organized under the auspices of the Jefferson Medical College and Hospital, stationed at Nantes, France, 1918-1919, by W. M. L. Coplin.

American Red Cross Base Hospital No. 38

2-1923

American Red Cross Base Hospital No. 38 in the World War - XVIII: Enlisted Personnel

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XVIII

THE ENLISTED PERSONNEL

REAL MEN

An officer looks good, whether it be from within out or the other way; he may look good to outsiders, or they may look good to him; the looking may be objective or subjective; but the brain and the brawn, the sinews and effectiveness of a military unit are not necessarily in the "Sam-Brown-belted," but are determined by the "fours-right-double-quick-march" doers—the Enlisted Personnel. That body fixes what the harvest shall be; it brings home the bacon and delivers the goods, much of which it also maintains and uses. The men of "38" were hand-picked from a large number of applicants, were real American boys with everything that the designation implies. They made good; within their field of endeavor nobody in the A. E. F., or anywhere else, did more. Their real deserts could be set forth by considering each man and what he did and by no other method; but space forbids, and time, notably after years, with memory flagging and uncertain, precludes such exhaustive review.

The enlisted personnel include three groups: the first
embraces the original 153; the second, the addition of 47 men when the Base Hospital’s primarily contemplated size was increased from 500 to 1000 beds; third, the replacements and casuals who from time to time joined or were transferred to the organization. Of the last mentioned group the writer knows nothing and must, therefore, pass them by with the general statement that they came to the organization from many sources, were usually most desirable, are reputed to have done their work well, and to have been acceptable mixers; they have departed with a bounteous share of goodwill and a sincere benediction. In the selection of the second group the original officers had no share, and concerning these men the historian is not adequately informed. Many blended well with those already inducted, did good work, merited and won cordial recognition and, very properly, became parts of the parent organization. They shared the rigors of Armory life, fought through the Stenton Field and Chadd’s Ford campaigns, rollicked over on the “Nopatin,” swam the rapids of Brest, traveled via Chevaux-hommes transportation to Nantes and elsewhere, and participated in the aquatic activities of the semimarine siege on the Grand Blottereau. They share in the distinction won during the amphibious existence in camp and barracks, and fully merit mention in the general citation hereby conferred.

But really, when the superlative is applied, it must be to those who came first, endured all, stayed through, and
bobbed up smiling under the line, all winners, when the end of the race came on the gravel track of Camp Dix. They were the men who won and carried the colors, the original building stones of old “38.” They claim no superiority born of the ego, desire no encomium for service well done, but will ever be just a bit proud of having come in early and avoided the rush.

At the Wharton Street nudatorium they passed suspicion, suspension, inspection and examination; they looked like Greek athletes and thought like Roman senators, believed that the organization would be mobilized on next Wednesday at 3 p.m. and sail on Saturday before 6 a.m. They understood that to be the Director’s promise—may be it was, but possibly he also shared their illusions as well as their enthusiasm, no one thought he wished to deceive and it required many months to shake off latrinogrammic credulity of both officers and men. Many of both advanced royalties to the “Bell System”; some helped pay dividends of telegraphic companies and each traveled several thousand miles and climbed stairs to the fourth floor until he became an Alpine expert; these were their forced marches—all to learn WHEN. After mobilization they occasionally inquired about the date of departure, even manifested a desire to know specifically, lived on rumors of impending sailing, and finally evolved into first-class builders of current expeditionary fiction. They worked for the unit when it was a-borning and lived through the renaissance; they drilled
would have put DePalma to pushing a wheeled stretcher in some hospital corridor, or a baby buggy on the boardwalk; Freeman and Moyer polished up the difference between monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid and aspirin. Keenan acquired the proper nurse approach that later became distinguished and invaluable when the mail came in and also when the male went out at Nantes. They "assisted" at weddings, put Captain McGowen over in a military function the like of which was never before and never again shall be seen. At the memorable wedding breakfast Adonis McDevitt drew a covey of charming coleens and Jack's jazz terpsichorean spins made the Horn and Hardart sisters hit the ceiling. (Citation.)

Something nice and kindly must be said of Thomas who came to us from the world outside; he knew regulations and Mason's Encyclopedia of do-s and don'ts better than the professor of mathematics knows his multiplication table; he always seemed square, played the game on top of the board, was respected by all, and a bit feared by the bulging fronts. And then, of course, McFinnis (there goes another typographical error, these printers are so careless) who was loved like a hangnail and as popular as a saxophone player in a rest joint; you remember Mick, he was the Colonel's top-scream, sure! Casey, always at and never after the bat, good old Casey, a drill shark, fangless and popular, a noble Roman who, unlike Mr. Brutus, stuck
no Arkansas tooth-pick into any Caesar big or little.

As already stated, the men of "38" were typical American boys, all of that, certainly, however, among them that mysterious plane called the general average, was well above the ordinary; it might not be wise to say they were unusual, distinguished or superior, although many, each in some particular way, might merit such designation. Like other discerning youth of this land of ours, they were wise to many things concerning which they made no obtrusive vulgar display. They caught secrets half disclosed and half hidden as in the face of the Mona Lisa; they knew the wheels that spin personalities. They saw and were wise when crafty, blustering, bullying and obsequious boot-licking pleased some vain, petty mind, and was rewarded by sergeantcy, as well as when men of real worth such as Gartland, Jimmie Clark, Crowther, Plass, Dowdy, McDevitt, Kazenstein, Keenan, Schenkle, Bald and many others really won and wore chevrons; then they better than anybody else, knew those gems in the organization who deserved more than was given, and never complained. Officers may have been fooled or may have fooled themselves but these men of "38" were not deceived, or at most for a time only. They not only knew themselves but they also knew the officers as well. They knew the bluffer and self-boosters, if such there were, and those, if any, who used the staff car for private junkets and kept Carlyle Wright and Martin attending opera and dinners
when they might just as well have been sleeping peacefully. They knew when government gas was pulling parties, when a C. O. of a Center or of anything else tied up a bun, gave a petticoat party, or was holding up promotions until he or any possible favorite crept over a rank or so. If anybody thought he put things over on them he dreamed. Often they were still as night, but, my, how birdies warble and how wise an owl may be! They were brave, fearless lads, cheery with courage which, Barrie tells us, “is a rib of Himself that God sends down to His children.”

Drilling was their long suit and pack inspection their joy; some like “Son” could dance; a rare group were nightingalers; African golf was not entirely unknown to a few choice spirits and, at one time, there was a rumor that, on the second floor of the Regiment Barn, around an upturned barrel, men, seated on crude boxes, shuffled, cut, distributed and manipulated, pictured and spotted pasteboards at the same time conversing with regard to subjects requiring the use of terms that sounded like antitoxin and other aunties, or dealing with the jargon of science, for example, xraise, and such social functions as “calls;” all bluffing was not restricted to these occasions, and not a few enhanced financial prosperity or further depressed exasperating monetary stringency by such means.

While the C. O. was lecturing everybody on the evil of forming cliques, was hog-tying the roughneck H. Q.,
“I” rooters clique, and while some were forgetting that Mark Antony and Cassius and the noble Brutus, also Mulvaney, D’Artagnan and others were in cliques, that such groups are inevitable in all organizations, and may even form “farm blocs” in the U. S. upper “gabfest,” “38” was evolving the Garage clique, the Post Exchange Clique, and the Q. M. Clique, the Kitchen Clique, and the Clique of Non-Cliques, and others that dare not be mentioned. Almost exclusively they were perfectly harmless groups of congenial souls, without ulterior motives, joyous jays joining jubilant junkets, good fellows seeking friendly relaxation and wishing nobody harm. The exception, if any there was, to this generalization, was the Anticlique Clique that thought all others hostile and harmful, and was only half right or possibly wholly wrong. Some, like “Fatty” Eaves, belonged to them all and were equally welcome everywhere, liked by fun-loving and gloomers alike.

There were times after mobilization when many felt that the game was not going exactly square and requests for transfers crept in here and there or actually haunted H. Q.; Plass, Milne and Haddock won out, and many were truly sorry to see those real good fellows leave, each of them, no doubt, feeling that something giving earlier opportunity or better chance for service was awaiting him; all of us and possibly they also wished they had not left.

Then there were those who felt that discipline was too
rigid or not tight enough or favoritism was being practiced; all of which is possible and is part of the game. No doubt blind justice sometimes held scales that were tricky, it always does, and, mayhap, rumors and witnesses may have been misleading; humors of the physical eye may be bile-stained which makes all things appear yellow; the spiritual eye may also read colors wrong; motives are rarely clear and almost never so simple as they occasionally appear. Daddario got some rather nasty medicine which, as we now look back, he, per-chance, did not need and it might have been better administered to another party; the more that some have thought about it the greater has grown the feeling that, possibly, good, well-intentioned men may have been misled, and this is the place to tell him so—good luck to him.

Meantime, Christmas came, the New Year was welcomed, Lincoln and Washington had birthdays, the Easter festival passed, Memorial Day dragged by and still no sailing; then the exhilarating excursion to Stenton Field; roughing it, that's fine; but while even such diversion may wax, it must just as surely wane—it wasn't war; but the real thing came at last; Balaklava and the Light Brigade, the "Old Guard" and Pickett's charge shall pass and be forgotten, go glimmering with the things that were, when, in some vast Walhalla of the years beyond, heroes from a thousand sanguinary conflicts discuss the thrills of that forced march and ferocious assault at Chadd's Ford; it was Napoleon's
Russian Campaign brought up to date and down to new conditions; winter and eternal snows of trackless steppes replaced by Philadelphia salubrity; the usual struggling wayside followers, the historic despair of the march, re-enacted in a new century; the new little corporal with serene dignity and folded arms brought in, not on a white charger, but a Daniel's grey. Then the bloody mutiny; the awful pillage and plunder of a medieval castle on the historic Brandywine; "caramba," "J'acuse," "tempores, mores, hades"; visions of a firing squad. Lull, MacConaughey, Bertolet; the day saved; all is well. Seems funny now, doesn't it, Kindly forgiving and forgetting memory!

Then out of a threatening sky came the real shock; sure enough, "38" was going; nobody believed it; but, at last, the longed-for orders came; great mystery; whisperings; everybody said in a low voice and with a melodramatic pose, what might as well have screamed from the housetops. That last night; the march up Broad Street to the train, hasty farewells, the dock, the lighter or whatever it was, the "Nopatin" and the "Grant"; most of that is told elsewhere.

DeCamp left behind with his appendix in a jar and Kelly's tonsils mutinous against a forced march. How sorry we were to leave them, and even now, though both fortunately recovered, we share their disappointment bitter as it was; good fortune forwarded Kelly but Neville did not get well soon enough and got stranded at
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ROBERT L. HARRINGTON
"A gentleman he seemed to be and was."

WILLIAM H. HASLAM
"Come trip the light fantastic toe."

WILLIAM J. HEATHER
"Nothing wrong with Jerry."
ALFRED C. HERRICK
“A descendant of Stephen Girard.”

“Clean, straight but not sturdy.”

THOMAS F. HIGGINS
“Oh, it’s Tommy this and Tommy that.”
EDWARD G. HUTH

"His face—a tablet of unutterable thoughts."

JOSEPH L. JONES, 3rd

"Of course we believed them."

JOHN A. KIRKPATRICK

"Despising worlds with all their wealth,
As empty idle care."
HARVEY S. KEEPORTS

"I can think of naught against you."

WILLIAM G. KEES

"As a tin roofer he was a great success."

RICHARD E. KELLY

"We nearly lost him.
Careful! Kelly's on the gate."
A. MITCHELL KOCHER
"A large party; does all he undertakes."

EDWARD J. LAWSON
"His speech is like a tangled chain, Nothing impaired but all disordered."

WALTER P. LANAGAN
"He did the work, while others took the credit."
JOHN K. LEISTER
"Please go 'way and let me sleep."

LINFORD D. LEVENGOOD
"A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes."

C. ROBERT MACCOY
"Shakespeare up to date."
WILLIAM MacMINN
"Some busy."

PHILIP S. McDEVITT, Jr.
"Adonis. A hale fellow well met."

JAMES H. McCOOK
"Oh Lady, Lady."
DAVID B. MARTIN, Jr.
"He did his bit without complaining and did it well."

LESTER M. McWILLIAMS
"Large limb'd—stout hearted."

WILLIAM C. MILLER
"A busy miller."
NORMAN F. MILNE
“A good scout not to be imposed upon.”

HARRY A. MONTGOMERY
“Whatever I do, it’s right.”

J. LLOYD MYERS
“Small but he stood his ground.”
EUGENE J. O'SULLIVAN
"Live rubber."

AUGUSTUS OSTERTAG
"Come out of the lobby, Gus."

CHARLES W. PLASS
"He was bright enough to get transferred, but we missed him."
EDWARD C. PORTLEY
"We missed him when he left."

EDWIN R. PRICKETT
"One of the boys."

CONRAD RECHSTEINER, Jr.
"For it was worry, worry, worry."
ROBERT S. RHoads
"He believed in doing his duty."

DANIEL K. RODNEY
"He kept his knowledge to himself."

LLOYD M. ROBERTS
"No matter what, he did it well."
WALTER C. ROBERTS
"Gentle and unassuming, he plodded on and won."

WILLIAM J. ROGERS
"An equable temper and an ample soul."

HAROLD J. RUSE
"He looked like a general when he came to enlist."
WILLIAM H. SASSEVILLE
"Masculine with feminine grace."

HARRY A. SAUERWEIN
"Some expeditionary fiction."

EDWIN R. SCOTT
"A high color but not from drink."
HOWARD W. SIMON
“You had your own way after all.”

ALBERT D. SMITH
“He seemed to think he worked; we knew he thought.”

CROSBY L. SMITH
“Some sailor! Man the pumps.”
GEORGE ALLEN SMITH
"Another day, another dollar."

JOSEPH H. SMITH, Jr.
"Oh sleeper, from thy heavy slumber rise."

MAURICE SNYDER
"You stood for a lot of kidding; good scout."
Camp Merritt; nevertheless he is well and will remain one of us.

The voyagers, transportation without ecstatic transport, the birds of Brest, Pontanezen, the junk train, Nantes, and the real A. E. F. It's all here and it's all true!

Again, beyond the sea, the organization detrained, reached the new field of endeavor, shook off sea legs and began to watch the French laborer, carpenter, plumber, electrician, etc., murder time and do less in a week than a political employee in Fairmount Park could, with best efforts, drag out in half the time. It could not be borne patiently; even Cole wanted to work. That settled it; everybody turned in and Aladdin's record in palace building fell into the "also ran" group. The men of "38" in a few weeks finished a barrack hospital in the Grand Blottereau that those working, when we came on the scene, could not possibly have completed in twenty centuries, at least not at their speed. The men did everything but dry the climate and drink chlorinated water; these two things were left undone, not because they could not do them, but just to show their masterful personal control. Cole built and inhabited a marvelous magical mansion, which when the storms came and the wind blew and the rain fell, burst asunder disclosing a collection of expendables and nonexpendables that a quartermaster or supply officer could not have stored on a ten-acre lot.
Kazenstein’s Konservation Kitchen Krew did l’Aiglon service on an open fire with no other utensil than G. I. cans. Wards were put in order, opened, operated, and controlled with a speed and completeness that would have brought tears of envy to the cheeks of a Philadelphia politician. Dave Martin became a Ward Master DeLuxe. Cunningham at first had nothing adventitious with which to make a racket but later drew a peace disturber in the form of a motor-cycle with which he broke all previous noise records including one formerly held by the Q. M. Department for high and abusive language. Frey and others—the Ajax-Atlas detail—juggled boxes; Postmaster-General Keenan took on unprecedented activities. Hibbs and Leister rested some; the latter put on weight and everybody wondered how he did it; he also got appendicitis in Paris, and everybody wondered also how he did that. Fahringer and his salvage wizards unjunked the X-ray equipment. Baxter wrote on his diary and Fuller played the piano (when one came) and read exciting snappy literature, such as Mason’s Handbook. Hugh Gallagher became a tireless and highly efficient ward master; Joe sang “Silver Threads Among the Gold”; Gartland showed the world how to run a Q. M. depot and finally slide into a Sam Brown; Artie Goulden also did good Q. M. and detachment duty; Frankenberger, the Marvils, Kocher, Worthington, et al. just put over a superior ambulance crew that gave fine service. H. Q. became snappy and
paper-work of all kinds filled the circumambient. Thomas showed everybody including the C. O. The song of the typewriter filled the air; Dowdy, the little gold nugget, was one of the sharks. Such paper-work experts, Kayser and Allman decorative sharks, as Livingston, wore out water and air-cooled Underwoods and used a million dollars’ worth of carbon paper. Finnegan tied S. and W. reports in sheaves, baled and crated them; 2000 freighters in about 84 decades may get them all back to the U. S.; Rhode Island or Delaware, maybe both, will be taken to file the really important ones. Hertzler made Dakin’s solution on an unprecedented scale and knew just how much chloride of lime and other ingredients would be required to standardize Lake Michigan. Krause got pneumonia, escaped the “crepe” by a hair, saw the Riviera and went back to the S. and W. fiction recorders. Levengood showed what a wardmaster should be, and Leveson did something of everything. McDevitt jollied convalescents into K. P. and other police details while Engle, Crosby Smith and Ziegler gathered “nuts with the Willies.” “Son and Stars” gave the Nantes’ flappers the once over and the calico experts gave the great boulevards more than one memorable military inspection.

So one could splatter pages with deeds and doings, personal and otherwise, through all the busy period and for sometime after that glorious night of the armistice. Then things grew a bit lighter; at first in spots and
afterward more generally stress lessened, recreation became possible and the seriousness of the adventure gave place to a newer period of less lugubrious affairs. Leaves came; some saw Nice and Monte Carlo—Cote d’Azur—and others visited the devastated areas and numerous excursions were taken. Athletics and amusements revived; the mud grew more abundant and stickier; nurses left and a few men went into mourning. Hopes of homecoming awakened and a new epidemic of rumors swept through barrack and camp. An occasional prodigal returned to share in the rumors and to be welcomed; fiction of all kinds saw a renaissance; finally relief came, No. 31 took charge and new worries about some possible homeward movement grew apace; an unforgettable dinner; then orders “homeward,” the rail trip to St. Nazaire and embarkation on the good or fairly good ship “Freedom”; anyway it was better than the “Nopatin.” An unkindly Atlantic leaves no sorrow in the bosoms of merry homecomers who safely reached New York and Camp Dix. Discharge, May 8, 1919. Home with unreproaching consciences and unsullied hearts.

Now we may more clearly look back over it all; recollections, reveries; they have their proper places. The good souls who left us are really closest to us. We shall always remember Ellis and Carlton; other men and the officers may age, grow grey, silent and introspective or bald, garrulous and boastful, wearing uniforms frayed
and lean in the pantaloon, but those cheery boys shall have eternal youth for they alone drank of the fountain; we shall always recall them as erect, agile, debonair, brave youths—in new, perfect fitting apparel—whom we missed and wished had not been transferred. They will “emerge out of the white immensities always young” while the best that any of us may hope is that

“Under the bludgeonings of Chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.”

It was a war to end war. The world was

“To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.”

The contest was to make edgeless the sword of Mars; though civilization weep in streams of blood it was that white winged peace be enduringly enthroned. Has that wish been realized? May we cherish some fond dream that the weapons of war and the will to combat have in any great way regressed? Are we repeating the tragic forgetfulness of historic aeons, and slinking back into the sodden embrace of semibarbaric selfishness that makes possible other wars just as we know that people who dreamed of the forever sheathed sword after the Thirty Years’ War and the Hundred Years’ War saw again the horror, squalor and dehumanizing strife and cruelty recur? Have not the bitterest disappointments followed any illusory hope that may have been cherished?
“There are great armies still. Nations frown at each other across picketed boundaries. Chemical retorts are distilling gases deadlier than men have ever known. The 'Breath of Death' is ready to fall from the sky, rise up from the earth and ride on the four winds in the next struggle. The earth has not been purged of the war spirit.”

Is George Bernard Shaw right when he says that “Our schools teach the morality of feudalism corrupted by commercialism and hold up the military conqueror, the robber baron, and the profiteer as models of the illustrious and successful,” and, if so, is that best? If true what shall be done about it?

Are there forces at work that, if unopposed, must again deluge the world in sorrow? We stand aghast at the looting of Louvain and the destruction of Rheims but seem not unduly mournful over 15,000,000 casualties nor alertly anxious or even gravely solicitous about what has happened manhood, womanhood, and even the children of darkened nations; at least there appears to be crystallizing no powerful sentiment built on the fact that, henceforward, war would be “a useless disaster and a vain crime.” Is it not time to vitalize peace movements, and to arm ourselves morally and as securely as may be against the abiding danger that error, mendacity, stupidity, secret diplomacy, jingo-press, militarists, armament rings, the polyglot gangs of concessionaires and other influences may again sweep nations over the abyss? Is it a task of utter despair to seek a gleam of hope out of the gloom of battlefields? Are we to remem-
ber the “Old Guard” at Waterloo and the heroism of Balaklava, Gettysburg, Belleau Wood, the Argonne, St. Mihiel and Verdun and forget the anguish, the wanton destruction of life, the rending of flesh and the trailing serpent of war’s aftermath, the disfigured, the crippled, the blind and deaf, the minds in darkness, and the souls in despair? The nations in poverty and want, the stalking demons of famine and plague?

Men of “38,” to you and to yours come the foregoing questions; ask them of your mothers and sisters, of those you love and who love you; put them to yourself; listen; comes there some ray of hope? If so

“True hope is swift and flies with swallows’ wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.”

Furthermore, with such good heart surely the world should be looking upward to and striving for better things. Men of “38” must be part, and let us hope a big part, in every upward movement, and in every conflict with wrong, no matter how entrenched; always heroic doughboys and courageous corps men leading in the great civic victories that must be achieved; valiant for the right, always with the sword of justice firm in the grip and the shield of integrity, secure and impenetrable.

Let us

“Yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight on our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear’d bulwarks, stand before our faces.”
Let it be so, that they who fell died not in vain and that they who live and follow may enjoy forever the priceless blessings of all ages, unchained from the slavery of a million wrongs, fetterless and free.

"Do not stand aloof, despising, disbelieving, but come in and help—insist on coming in and helping. After all, we have shown great courage; and your part is to add a greater courage to it. There are glorious years ahead of you if you choose to make them glorious. God’s in His heaven still. So forward, brave hearts.”
EDMOND G. CROWTHER

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

WESLEY D. DOWDY

"Not quantity but quality."

CHARLES W. McGINNIS

"Heavens, how he drilled us, but it did no harm."
Of a mathematical brain was he possessor.

"Jerry had a little lamb."

Henry S. Barnes

"To thirst, is human;
To quench, is divine."

John W. Barnes

Harold A. Adams
HARRY B. BARTLEY
"Smiling but ever independent."

FRANK C. BAXTER
"There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholarlike and studious something."

EUGENE R. BELLEM
"Was well informed on several themes."
LESLIE S. BETTS

"Quite talented he and of a rosy hue."

GEORGE C. BORZELL

"This is the life."

PAUL S. BOWEN

"He leads a strange existence."
HARRY H. BUCH

"Thy face is a book where men may read strange matters."

ROBERT J. BURTON

"So quiet and mild that few of us know him."

CHARLES A. CAREY, Jr.

"His only books were woman's looks."
THEODORE M. CASEY

"This was the noblest Roman of them all."

JAMES REED CLARK

"He always seemed busier than he really was."

PAUL L. CLARK

"Fickle fortune used him for a toy."
SAMUEL K. CLEVER
"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."

GEORGE L. CONLY
"We asked for bread and you gave us a stone."

ARTHUR F. COE
"Bun."
ROBERT DADDARIO
"He trimmed us everyone."

A. NEVILLE DECAMPS
"Why did he ever hold himself aloof?"

HARRY DIETSCHE, Jr.
"I'm sure it may be justly said."
RUSSELL H. DOCKER
"This honest fellow is sincere and plain."

JOHN C. DUNKERLEY
"A recent edition of Ichabod Crane."

FRANK H. EAVES
"Never heard he an adventure
But he himself had met a greater."
GEORGE J. EDELMAN
"Awake, arise and stir thyself."

GEORGE A. EFFINGER
"A whit less hardy than he seemed to be."

ALBERT J. ENGLE
"Terribly arched and aquiline his nose."
FRANK R. EWING
"We can't say much against him."

REITZEL R. FAHRINGER
"May you make as good a job of life
As you made with us as short-stop."

MARSHALL M. FORD
"His head was always filled with business."
THOMAS L. FOSTER
“I’ll take a nip, but no publicity.”

FRANK J. FREI
“He always seemed to find life pleasant.”

GEORGE W. FREEMAN
“For thou art not what thou seem’st, but better.”
HARRY M. FREEMAN

"I never knew so young a body
With such an aged head."

HARRY A. GALLAGHER

"A friend to all and one worth having."

HARRY B. FULLER

"Now isn't that manly?"
HAROLD E. GOODLEY
"Would that he were fatter."

LEWIS GOLDEN
"Oh, I think a lot of the nurses."

ARTHUR W. GOULDEN
"For it's always fair weather, eh, Artie?"
PAUL GREEN

"Paul of the 20th Century."

GEORGE GREISINGER

"He told of girls?"

EDWARD F. GROSSWEILER

"Always obliging and without offense
And fancied for his gay impertinence."
MATTHEW GUHL
"Advanced beyond his years"

VINCENT F. HAMILTON
"Big hearted, generous and kind to a fault."

WILLIAM T. HARGIS
"I am quite the wisest chap in the world."
LORANCE R. SPENCER
"Oh, Larry, I'll go 'round the game and keep score for you."

JOHN H. SPRECHER
"Page Fif."

JOHN C. STEVENSON
"We wish there had been more like you."
CHRISTOPHER V. SUBERS
"Sincerity, a virtue he possessed."

LESLIE L. TAYLOR
"A good scout."

ARTHUR H. TOUCHTON
"You earned your chevrons, Touch."
WESLEY E. UNGERBUEHLER
"Give me my own way, I'll grumble just the same."

JOHN A. USHER
"De fossit requisite of a happy home is music."

SAMUEL M. VAN SANT, Jr.
"A loyal thirty-eighth."
CEDRIC WALKER
"I can hear him 'roamin' now."

ALBERT WALTON, Jr.
"A sturdy body and ready wit."

JEHU TUNIS WAY
"Just Tuck. Look pleasant, please."
WILLIAM F. WILHELM
"To dare him was to see it done."

C. STANLEY WILLIS
"Smooth—yea, his every word dripped honey."

RALPH F. WILLIAMS
"I am careless what the world speaks of me."
GEORGE E. WILSON
"Responsibility is a serious thing."

W. GUY WORTHINGTON
"He did not even understand himself; but he did his share."

CARLYLE P. WRIGHT
"He did what he did, when he did, and he did it well."
RAYMOND T. WYCKOFF
"Oh, the magic of your eyes."

WILLIAM T. WYCKOFF
"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

WILLIAM W. YOUNG
"Neat, nifty, natty."

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