AT HOME & ABROAD *with the* 338 FIELD HOSPITAL

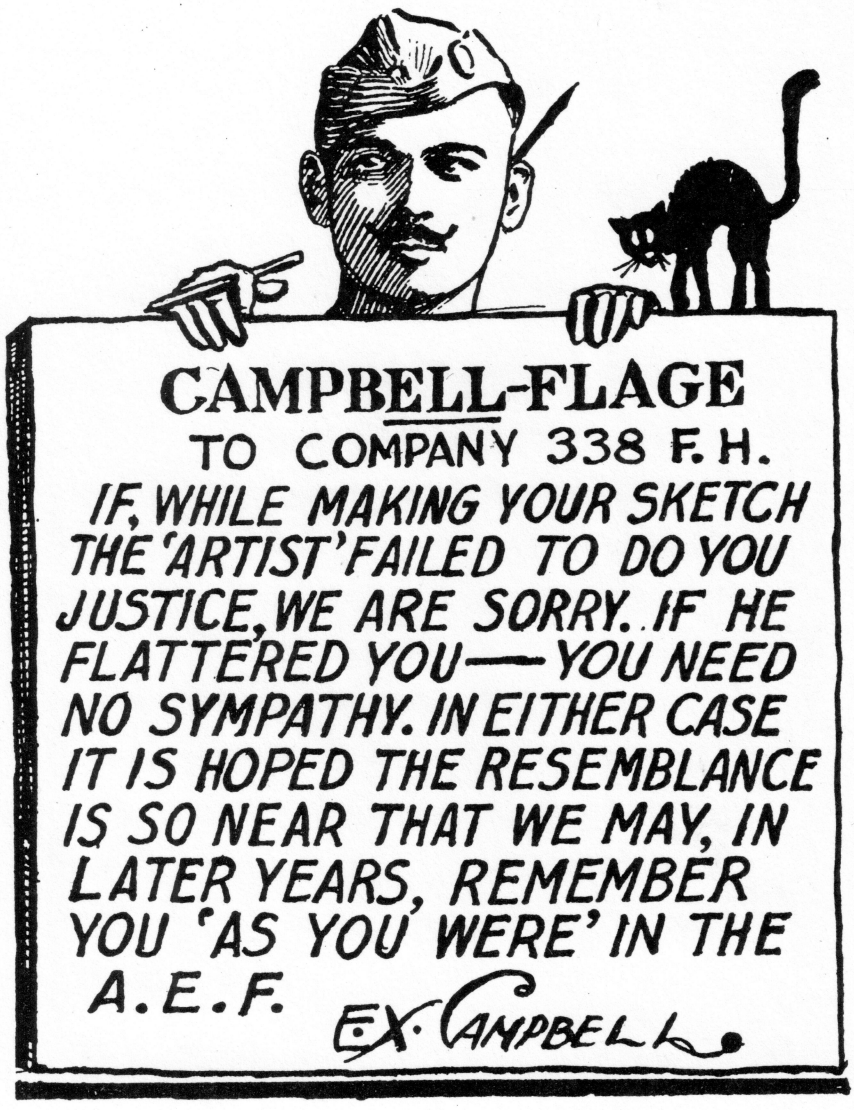
DEDICATED
TO THE
MOTHERS, FATHERS
WIVES AND
SWEETHEARTS
OF THE
MEN OF
FIELD HOSPITAL
NO. 338

At Home and Abroad

with the

338 Field Hospital

THE 338TH WISHES TO
EXPRESS TO PVT. CHET.
SHAFER ITS APPRECIA-
TION OF HIS VALUABLE
ASSISTANCE RENDERED
IN CONNECTION WITH
THE COMPILING AND
WRITING OF THIS
VOLUME


CAMPBELL-FLAGE
TO COMPANY 338 F. H.
IF, WHILE MAKING YOUR SKETCH THE 'ARTIST' FAILED TO DO YOU JUSTICE, WE ARE SORRY. IF HE FLATTERED YOU — YOU NEED NO SYMPATHY. IN EITHER CASE IT IS HOPED THE RESEMBLANCE IS SO NEAR THAT WE MAY, IN LATER YEARS, REMEMBER YOU 'AS YOU WERE' IN THE A. E. F.
EX. CAMPBELL

Roster of 338 F. H.

Officers

Col. WILLIAM R. EASTMAN
14 Central Park, West, New York

Major DAVID D. HOGAN
401 Jefferson Ave., La Porte, Ind.

Major HARRY MILLER
Hillsdale, Michigan

Captain HUBERT C. DIXON
Siler City, N. C.

Captain EDGAR DUNNING
Cassopolis, Michigan

Lieutenant A. L. DESSER
Chicago, Illinois.

Lieutenant E. K. CARMICHAEL
Detroit, Michigan

Lieutenant O. B. FLINT
Princeton, Illinois.

Sgt. RAYMOND B. CRAIG
333 Wilcox St., Carnegie, Pa.

Sgt. WILLIAM AXE,
1327 West 111th St., Cleveland, O.

Sgt. JOHN M. DORSEY,
R. F. D. No. 4, Mechanicsburg, O.

Sgt. JAKE R. MARTIN,
Greencastle, Ind.

Sgt. TED WAGNER,
Shoals, Ind.

Sgt. WILLIAM E. SMITH,
126 Lee Place, Detroit, Mich.

Sgt. GEORGE BEREND,
2230 Clark St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Sgt. FREDERICK NESS,
Dawson, Minn.

Corp. REUBEN PETERS,
7906 Wade Park Ave., Cleveland, O.

Corp. HARRY O. FICK,
1730 N. 8th St., Sheboygan, Wis.

Cook LEVI R. HENDRICKS,
Camden, Mich.

Cook LEO LA VOY,
164 Elm St., Wyandotte, Mich.

Wag. CHARLES BEYER,
1315 N. 9th St., Sheboygan, Wis.

Mech. JOHN HARTZEIM,
R. No. 7, Box 64, Appleton, Wis.

Wag. LEON CORNELL,
R. F. D., Sherman, Mich.

Wag. CHARLES HECKERT,
R. F. D. No. 4, Blissfield, Mich.

Pvt. JOHN J. KIRSCH,
Reedsville, Wis.

Wag. HERMAN E. LUTZE,
R. F. D. No. 2, Cleveland, Wis.

Wag. MAURICE MOERMAN,
810 W. 6th St., Mishawaka, Ind.

Wag. RALPH C. PELHAM,
Clayton, Mich.

Wag. WILLIS D. SMUCK,
R. F. D. No. 5, Milan, Mich.

Wag. SAMUEL SMITH,
R. F. D. No. 2, Bellville, Mich.

Wag. SYLVESTER H. WISMAN,
Route 2, Reading, Mich.

Wag. RICHARD WARNIERS,
926 W. 7th St., Mishawaka, Ind.

Wag. ALVIN WESTENFELD,
542 Dennis St., Adrian, Mich.

Pvt. 1/c OSCAR H. FISCHER,
1233 Carlisle Ave., Racine, Wis.

Pct. 1/c JOSEPH P. GRAEFF,
1018 Franklin St., Reading, Pa.

Pvt. 1/c GEORGE A. JEFFERY,
Kingston, Mich.

Pvt. 1/c RAY E. JOSLYN,
Jerome, Mich.

Pvt. 1/c DANIEL L. MILLER,
Duncansville (Blair Co.), Pa.

Pvt. GEORGE A. SCHARF,
414 Grand Ave., Pt. Washington, Wis

Pvt. BERNARD SCHREINER,
Saukville, Wis.

Pvt. LEVI F. SABIN,
Hillsdale, Mich.

Pvt. THOMAS SMITH,
290 Livernois Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Pvt. LAWRENCE F. SULLIVAN,
424 W. Savory, Pottsville, Pa.

*Pvt.*HAROLD J. WESTERNBERGER
Stockbridge, Wis.

Pvt. RALPH C. WOLCOTT,
Milan, Mich.

Pvt. WALTER P. ZYMSLONY,
419 Becher St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Pvt. FRED H. BLOSSOM,
R. F. D. No. 1, Shelbyville, Mich.

Wag. ELMER G. MORRISON,
386 Lake Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

Pvt. PETER VANDERMEER,
921 Walter St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Pvt. ALBERT S. RENSLAND,
1563 Turner Av., Grand Rapids, Mh.

Pvt. WILLIAM H. VAN ZEE,
1715 Martin Av., Grand Rapids, Mh.

Pvt. CHESTER FLETCHER,
80 Howard St., Detroit, Mich.

Pvt. DANIEL COOPER,
122 South St. West, Lansing, Mich.

Pvt. WILLIAM P. EICHHORN,
1904 S. Erie St., Bay City, Mich.

Pvt. 1/c WILLIAM F. C. SCHANZ,
1000 W. Huron St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Pvt. 1/c EDWIN TRAUTMAN,
New Richmond, Wis., % Rev. J. Trautman.

Pvt. 1/c AMULLA M. MUKERJI,
942 John R. St., Detroit, Mich.

Pvt. /1c ORVELLE L. OESTREICH,
1117 Michigan Ave., Sheboygan.

Pvt. 1/c ERVIN K. PETRIE,
707½ Pine St.,
Burlington, Wis.

Pvt. 1/c WILLIAM E. SIEWERT,
Union Grove, Wis.

Pvt. 1/c CLARENCE J. WILLIAMS,
Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Pvt. 1/c JOHN F. VANDER ZANDER,
126 S. Michigan St.,
East De Pere, Wis.

Pvt. 1/c HARRY C. ZERFING,
Gratz (Dauphin Co.), Pa.

Pvt. GUS ANDARS,
466 N. Halstead St.,
Chicago.

Wag. JOHN BUTH,
111 Columbia St., Cedarburg, Wis.

Pvt. ALBERT BAUMAN,
584 Algonquin St., Detroit, Mich.

Pvt. CHARLES M. BABCOCK,
11 North Waller Ave., Chicago.

Pvt. JOE BADOFSKY,
1249 N. Artesian Ave., Chicago.

Pvt. HENRY H. BERNSTEIN,
2141 LeMoyne St., Chicago.

Pvt. JESSE E. CLARK,
Ottawa Lake, Mich.

Pvt. NORRIS DEWEY,
215 Cass St., Monroe, Mich.

Pvt. EARL X. CAMPBELL,
Asotin, Wash.

Pvt. ANTON DAHM,
1404 20th St., Two Rivers, Wis.

Pvt. JOHN B. EDGAR,
1305 Warren St., St. Louis, Mo.

Pvt. CART GIMSE,
2713 Hirsch Blvd., Chicago.

Pvt. THEO A. GOETZ,
907 Cypress St., Chicago, Ill.

Pvt. ARTHUR J. HILDEBRAND,
1106 N. 12th St., Sheboygan, Wis.

Pvt. PETER HENDGES,
Grawn, Mich.

Pvt. CHARLES B. HENDERSON,
Box 414 Newberry, Mich.

Pvt. WALTER E. JENSEN,
Box 111 Union Grove, Wis.

Pvt. ALFRED KENNEDY,
901 Dixwell Ave., New Haven, Conn.

Pvt. EVERETT LONG,
Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

Pvt. WILLIAM LE BLOND,
1206 Pennsylvania Ave., Detroit.

Pvt. LEE W. LOUDEN,
36 High St., Sharon, Pa.

Pvt. CHARLES MUENCH,
Whitelaw, Wis.

Pvt. HERMAN A. MAEDKE,
R. F. D. No. 3, Algoma, Wis.

Pvt. DANIEL NELSON,
Box 143, Belle Center, Ohio.

Pvt. BARNEY PETERS,
West DePere, Wis.

Pvt. IVAN E. RICKETTS,
R. F. D. No. 4, Adrian, Mich.

COLONEL EASTMAN

MAJOR HOGAN

MAJOR MILLER

FROM the quiet, placid walks
Of civil life
To the shell-shocked roads in the Argonne-Meuse sector
In France
And back.....
That's the tale of Field Hospital 338
Fifth Army Corps. First Army
American Expeditionary Forces.....
Not such a long story,
Nor is it wearisome.
But it holds gobs of interest
And is typical
Of the average outfit
That saw action overseas during the time
When the Yankees got in
And pushed—
And shoved—
And moseyed the Huns back to their home strasses where they left
Unfinished schooners when they started out in August, 1914.
It's a readable yarn
With a couple of climaxes and a conclusion
And it will successfully convey the idea
That the life was just a little bit different from
Watching Theda Bara vamp at the Idle Hour
Or
Poking around in the refrigerator for the chicken leg
That couldn't be forced down after the white meat
At the regulation Sunday noon dinner.
In September 1917
Camp Custer wasn't so very much of a place.
It was roomy and close to Battle Creek, Michigan.
And it looked about as much like a military training area
As a buttonhook.
But some carpenters,
Who made $8 a day began to erect comfortable barracks
And they fixed one up and called it No. 1015.
And it became the home of
F. H. 338.....
Some non-commissioned officers trekked in from Fort Benjamin Harrison
And it wasn't long before the members were
Drilling
And hiking
And attending daily K. P. entertainments
And listening to long monotonous lectures
And learning all the rudiments of a military career
From policing the grounds
To Standing inspection without batting an eye.

CAPTAIN DIXON

CAPTAIN DUNNING

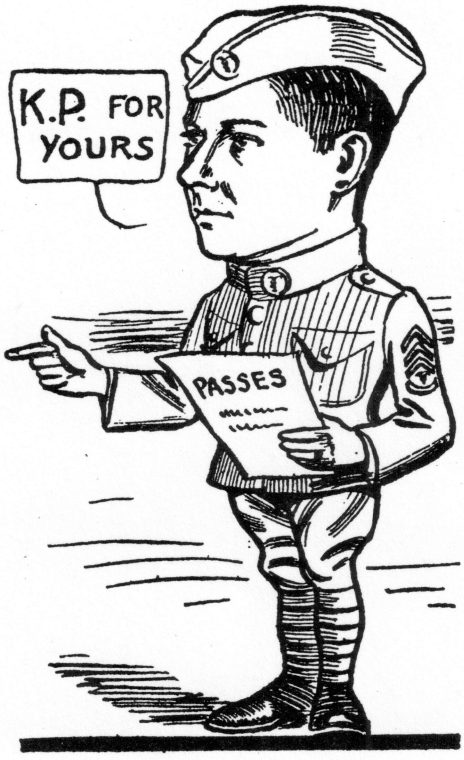
There were sobs—and wails—and indignation meetings—
And grins—and smiles—and cheers—
And week-end passes.
And every now and then some
AWOL.
There was a long winter—with zero flirtations—
And more snow than was absolutely necessary....
And athletics.....
And then spring came on
With field marches and pup tents and full packs—
And summer with a lot of wild ideas, wonderful moons and the
Bugler blowing taps at 10 p. m. as usual.
Then came a rumor period of eleven days.
Enough inspections to ruin the digestion.
And finally.....
On July 11, 1917.....
A Michigan Central compound locomotive
A string of troop coaches
Dragged out through the Custer Yards.....
Down past the enthusiastic throngs at the depot in Battle Creek
And on out towards the
Big Experience.
Troop trains are misleading.
Every soldier passing through a village believes that all hands are
Waved toward him and no one else.
But the growing conceit quickly vanishes
When a non-com steps out on the platform where all others are barred
And gets the pick of the sandwiches issued by the Red Cross.
Of course—at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania—
Everyone had a chance at the Y plunge
And most everyone lost their beautifully jewelled ring
Of dirt around their necks.
It required three days to reach Jersey City
Which is some place on the Atlantic Coast near the
Heart of the Mosquito manufactories.
There a ferry was provided—
And ice cream bricks were sold for two-bits each—
And a landing was made at Long Island City.
Thence—
Overland to Camp Mills—
The tented city of Long Island—
Which was capable of housing 150,000 troops
Ready for overseas embarkation which was—
Not a bad-sized family.
There were passes to New York—
Both signed and unsigned—
And a tussle with the ham sandwiches and corn on the cob

LIEUTENANT DESSER

LIEUTENANT FLINT

LIEUTENANT CARMICHAEL

At Rockaway,
Coney Island
And Far Rockaway.
Then came the equipment with spiral wraps
And overseas caps
And a journey back to Long Island City and the ferry at 3 a. m. on a Sunday
And the embarkation on
The same day
About 10 a. m. which was July 21 of the same year.
The Anchises was assigned—
An English freighter—
With a smelly glory hole
And hammocks.
Everyone drew assignment cards with printed directions on how to
Use a life belt
And gradually they
Became accustomed to things nautical.
It was hot that day—and sultry—and the Hoboken air was stifling—
And they served hot tea and biscuits—
But not the kind that had been known previously.
And that night the boat slipped down the bay and anchored outside
In New York harbor
With 15 other transports that carried the 85th Division.
And the next morning—
July 22—
About 10 a. m.—
The anchors were weighed and the convoy made a start for
The land where uncertainties were served with
Every mess.
There were strange sights as Bedloe's island passed in the offing
And the Statue of Liberty blinked a stony goodbye.
High up was a dirigible, zooming around for observation—
And several big baloons—
Tied to torpedo destroyers floated lazily in the sky.
The flotilla of destroyers darted about—apprehensive of the batch of
German subs that had sunk a warship a few nights before near Fire Island.
They had a duty—
To protect—
And they did.
Airplanes buzzed about—like huge flies—
And the steady pounding of the engines told of fair speed.
The way was in the Gulf stream and there were schools of
Porpoises—
And flying fish
And once in a while a shark—
And someone—
Whose identity will not be divulged—



SERGEANT CRAIG

SERGEANT AXE

SERGEANT DORSEY

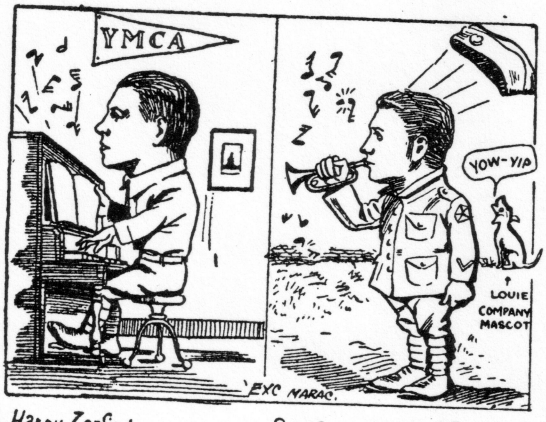
Saw one of the hammerhead variety.
The men lounged about in all sorts of positions—and
Quickly became accustomed to the marine attitude.
They slung hammocks from the donkey-head hoists
Or sprawled on a convenient deck space.
It was warm—and nice—but
About the time the soldier fell off in a dreamy sleep—
The buglers sounded
Boat call
And there was a rush to raft positions.
Each man was assigned to a raft—and he stood by it—with his
Life preserver at attention—
Until recall was sounded.
The life preservers were as much a part of the equipment
As a good stomach
And in most cases
They survived the trip
While the stomachs didn't.
These boat calls came from two to four times a day.
Which wasn't so bad.
And, of course, at night—
There was no smoking after 7 p. m.
And all lights were extinguished—
And everyone tried to get some sleep
And some did.
And there were meals of
Tripe and biscuit and mutton—
And the mutton dated back to the
Days of Sir Walter Raleigh and
Queen Elizabeth
And others.
On the first day the Anchises
With the other ships in the convoy
Began zigzag proceedings
In which the course was altered every 15 minutes or half hour.
This was done.
For the purpose of leaving a confusing wake
So that enemy subs might be led to a mistake if an attempt were made to follow.
It was this clever zigzagging that
Permitted England and the States to transport millions of troops
With the loss of but a very few.
It was interesting—
To say the least.
And on the second day out—it grew cold—
And rough—
And "Mal De Mer" appeared—
"The Little Old Lady of the Deep Blue Sea."

Put William La Blond "MULE"

Put 1c George A. Jeffery "Jeff."

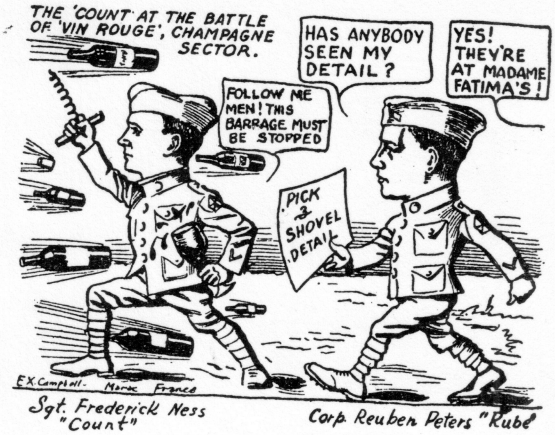
Sgt. Jake R Martin "Abe"

Put. Lawrence F. Su "Sully"



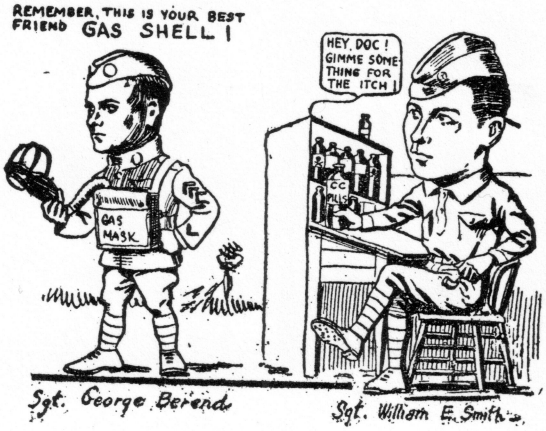
Put 1c Harry Zerfing

Put. Thomas Smith "Polander"



Sgt. Frederick Ness "Count"

Corp. Reuben Peters "Rube"



Sgt. George Berend

Sgt. William E. Smith

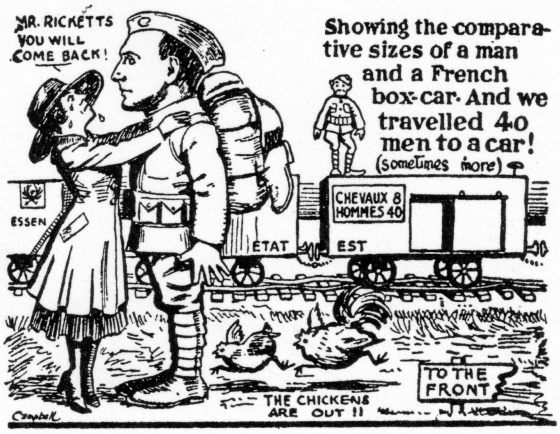
Sgt. Ted Wagner "Nig"

Put. Ralph C. Wolcott "Wildcat"

Wag. Ralph C. Pelham "Red" Wag. Samuel Smith "Rough Dog"

Wag. Richard Warniers "Big Buffalo" Put. Chas. B. Henderson. "Soldier Boy"

Put 1/c Oscar H. Fischer Put Daniel Nelson

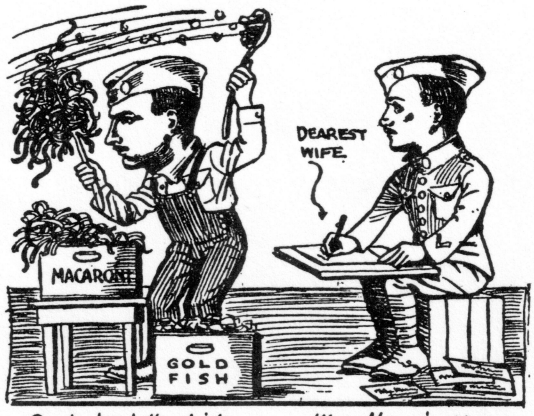


Put 1/c Clarence J. Williams Corp. Harry O. Fick

Put. Barney Peters Put 1/c Orvelle L. Oestreich "Sparrow"

She was industrious
And someone said to someone else—
Who was letting go over the rail—
"I thought you had a strong stomach?"
And the someone else looked up wearily and replied, with a show of indignation,
"I have. Ain't I throwing it as far as the others?"
And there was the garbage—
Which was kept in barrels until night—
And then dumped overboard—
Bow!
And it grew cold and the course was
Changed to further north
And the boats passed within 100 miles of Iceland.
And there were Red Cross nurses on board—
And several looked pretty chic—
And someone found his way back to where the Chinese sailors had their home.
Back in the stern of the boat—
And their home was full of cockroaches, but they sold a plate of
Ham
And storage eggs
For six bits in currency.
And the canteen was opened.
And cookies and crackers and chocolate were sold.
And everyone patronized the line
And the colder it grew the more the soldiers hated the
Idea of jumping overboard and
Swimming around just for the sake of
Trying to save a life or so.
One soldier did jump overboard—without submarine provocation.
The boats did not stop.
It was orders.
And the fellow drowned.
But it was alright
Because he wanted to commit suicide anyway.
Baths were taken—
In salt water—
And the soap wouldn't lather.
And about 4 days out
The Anchises run into a tailend of a squall—
And all those who hadn't previously contributed to the
Bill-of-fare for the denizens of the deep
Did so—
At that time.
Two Y secretaries were on the boat
And they distributed things
And got up afternoon entertainments which were
Clever.

And the quartets sang a lot of songs
And it wasn't half bad.
And then, one day, about 12 days out
Another protecting fleet of destroyers hove into sight to
Replace the fleet that had returned to New York after the second day.
Low, black, rakish craft, smoke pouring from funnels—
Darting swiftly hither and thither—like efficient snakes—
And one day a gun was fired and all the
Destroyers swifted away in chase. It was off the
Irish coast—
Where the German subs nested
And everyone got excited
And the destroyers fired fiercely with their deck guns and then—
They dropped depth bombs
Which would go off and it would feel as if some giant
Had struck the steel hold of the Anchises
With a huge mallet.
The skipper of the boat said afterwards
That two subs were destroyed—
But no one knows—
But it makes no difference—
Because the thrills were just as keen as if
They had planted a dozen.
And then came some blowing of the fog horns
Deep, meaningful foghorns—
And through the haze of fog to the left
A bank of land was descried
And a sailor said it was
The Scotch coast
And we went on down
Through the Irish sea and
The Irish channel and
Finally steamed up the Mersey
River and
After a tug took hold
And a lot of drawbridges were thrown
The Anchises was warped into a dock
Early on the morning of
The third
Of August.
And in the afternoon—late—
The debarkation was made at
Liverpool.
The old soil of the old world felt good—
But it was covered up with brick pavement and the soldiers didn't get close—
And the hike over to the railroad yards was not bad
And the men got into coaches—

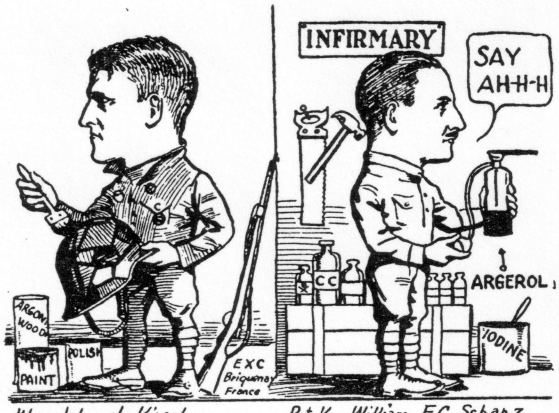


Cook Levi Hendricks
"Macaroni"

Wag. Maurice Moerman
"Dear Wife"

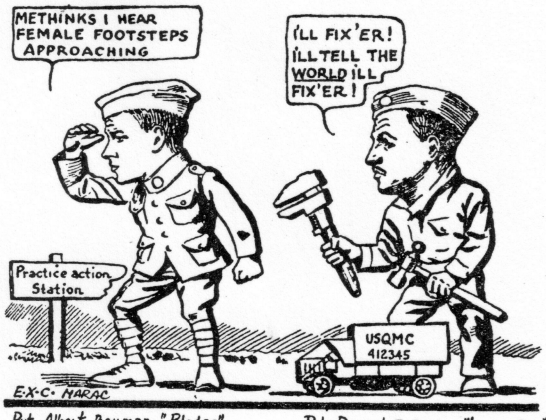
Pvt. Chas. M. Babcock
"Settin' pretty"

Pvt. Wm. H. Van Zee



Wag. John J Kitsch
"Chisel Chin"

Pvt 1/c William F.C. Schanz

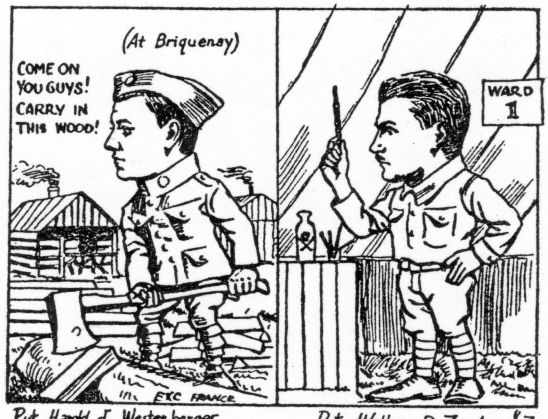


Pvt Albert Bauman "Blodge"

Pvt Daniel E Cooper "Lansing Dan"

Pvt. Alfred Kennedy
"Slats"

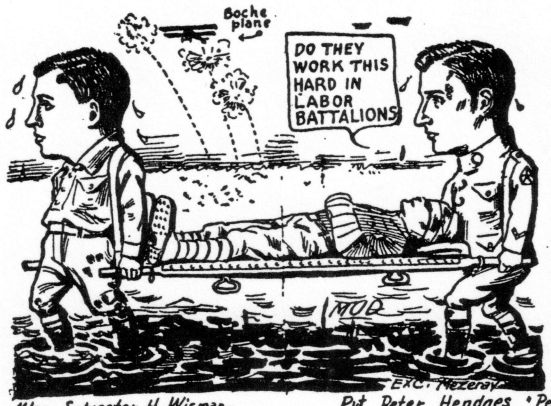
Cook Leo Lavoy.



Pvt. Harold J. Westenberger
"Dike"

Pvt. Walter P. Zymslony, "Zim"

About as big as an omnibus—
That looked like toys and they
Were put eight to a compartment
And an Englishman went over the top and lighted the lights and
A stop was made at Derby where coffee was served
And the next day—
Which was Sunday—
The men got out at Romsey, which was a rest camp,
Right in the heart of picturesque,
Historic—
Story-Book England.
Romsey was a pretty little village.
It snuggled down in a valley with its nest gardens and its
Snug little ale-houses.
It was Sunday morning and the sun was shining and the birds were singing in the Hedgerows.
And everyone stepped out, real chipper, and fell in near the station.
They hiked through the narrow streets and paused for a rest long enough to
Buy some flabby ginger cake off an enterprising townswoman.
Then out over the highway,
With gigs passing driven by the blooded gentry;
Up over a hill to the rest camp.
There were squad tents as at Mills
And the gang was quickly settled in the new environs.
The language of "two-bits" and "jitneys"
Was changed to shillings, two-pence ha' pennies, sovereigns and pennies.
And the pennies were big enough to be used as cistern covers.
And when a buck handed out a dollar and bought something and another
Buck asked him how much it cost—
He would hold out his purchase in one hand—
And his change in English money in the other—
And look blank and say:
"Damfino. I gave 'em a dollar and got this back."
Some of the boys run the guard and bought ale at the "White Horse"
And everyone went down to the historic village and saw the abbey that was
Started by the Saxons in 907 A. D.
And was finished by the Normans
And they saw the marks of the bullets from the guns of Oliver Cromwell's Roundheads.
And they saw the river that the Saxons used when they conquered the Celts
And which was previously used by the Romans for invasion purposes.
And they ate of the famed English mutton—
Daily—
And they began to look and act like goats—
And after a few days everyone
Left the squad tents about 5 a. m. and rolled packs and went out on the
Broad highway and began the hike to Southampton.



Wag. Sylvester H. Wisman "Mike"

Pvt Peter Hendges "Pete"

Pvt 1/c Wm. E. Siewert

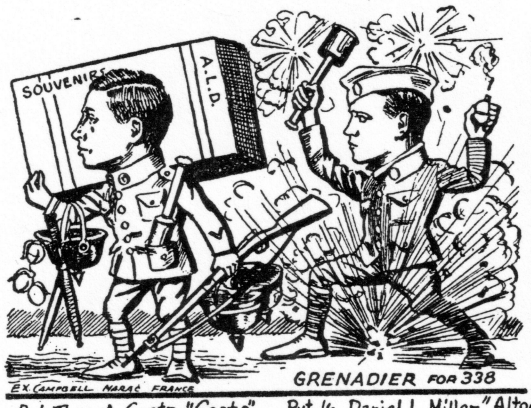
Pvt 1/c Edwin Trautman

Pvt. Albert S Rensland "Mooney"

Wag Charles Heckert G A R"

Pvt Charles Muench, "Doc"

Pvt Lee W Louden "Hank"



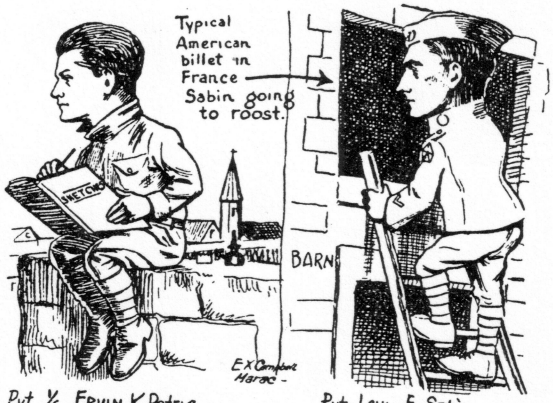
Pvt. Theo. A. Goetz "Goats"

Pvt 1/c Daniel L. Miller "Altoona Dan"

Pvt. Fred H. Blossom "Bellcord"

Pvt. Herman A. Maedke Matt.

The day was hot and the concrete roads were hard.
But the steady hauling kept up with little rest.
Gypseys hovered about with evil-looking ginger cakes
And some chocolate
And the infantry ahead kept swinging on.
It was a never-to-be-forgotten hike.
The premier of them all.
And it did not end until along in the afternoon when the column swung into
A field and the most famous triumvirate
Since the days of Anthony, Lepidus and Octavius—
Bully Beef, Beans and Bread—
Was hauled out and devoured.
Blisters were opened and fevered brows were laved with cool water
And tired limbs were rested.
But shortly the call came again, packs were shouldered and the hike
Was continued on down through the town,
Where the children shook every soldier's hand
And flags were waved
And much cheering was done.
A boat lay in one of the slips at the docks
And the companies quickly found stations.
It was a former cattle boat and the accommodations were excellent.
There were private staterooms with hot and cold water for each man
And the meals were served by colored waiters secured at great expense by the
English government from the tropical islets in the South Seas.
The trip promised to be one of extreme luxury and the men quickly shook their
Packs and came out on the deck and lolled about in steamer chairs until the
Gangplank was swung up and someone said that the English channel held
More submarines than any other section of the broad sea.
The boat slipped out, along with several others, and a convoy of the
Now familiar black destroyers—
Out past the Isle of Wight and on into the darkness.
There were many Australians aboard—
And Britishers returning to the front from leaves—
And they were interesting and hospitable—
And conversation was plentiful and finally everyone
Squared away and sought rest in the Hold
And early the next morning there was a great splash and a loud noise
And a panicky rush was made for the deck when someone yelled "Torpedo"
And when the charging soldiers gained the decks they looked
Around for the sub and then discovered that the noise had been made by
The lowering of the anchor in the harbor of LaHavre, France
And they went sheepishly back down and apologized to
Those whose faces had been injured in the hob-nailed rush for
Safety.
Live-preservers were discarded that morning and the boat
Put into the quay

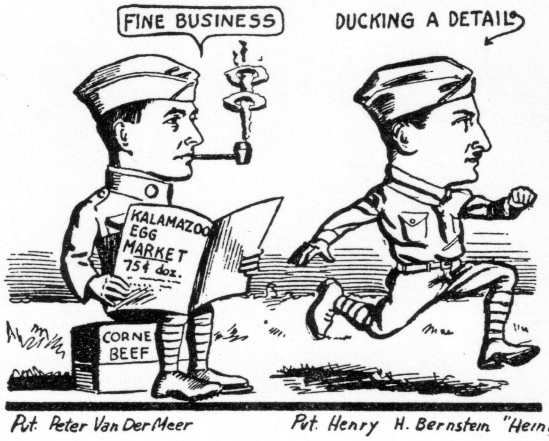


Pvt ½c ERVIN K. Petrie
"Mirror Fighter"

Pvt. Levi F. Sabin
"Square Head"

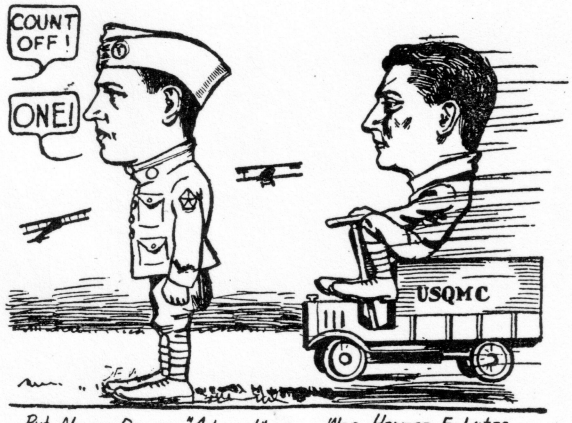
Pvt. Chester Fletcher

Wag. John Buth, "Captain John"



Pvt. Peter Van Der Meer

Pvt. Henry H. Bernstein "Heinie"



Pvt. Norris Dewey "Admiral"

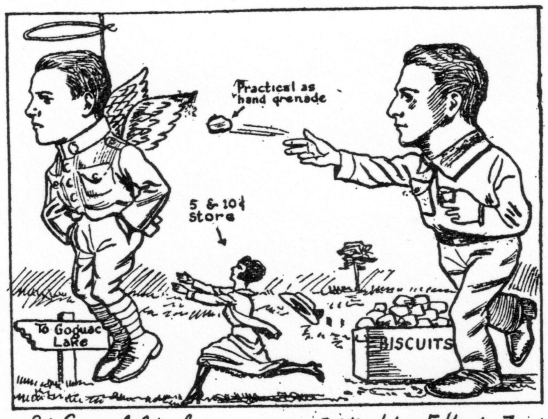
Wag. Herman E. Lutze.

Pvt. William P. Eichhorn
"Ike"

Pvt ½c Ray E. Joslyn
"Shorty"

Pvt. Anton Dahm "Tony"

Pvt. Jesse E. Clark "Pivot"

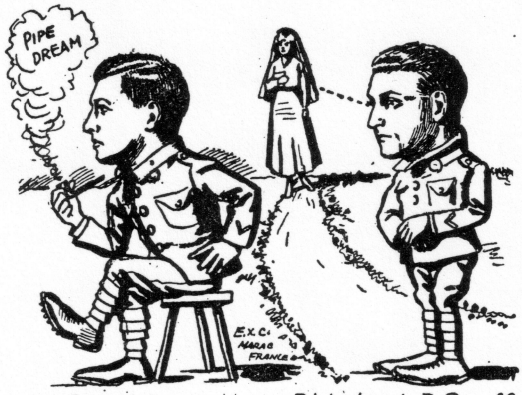


Pvt. George A. Scharf.

Pvt ½ John F. VanderZander
"Vandy"

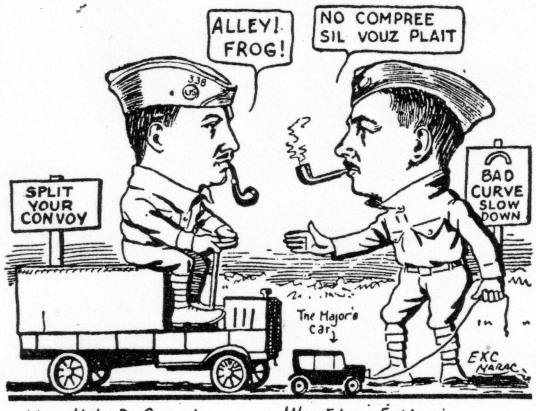
Pvt. John B. Edgar "Skeezicks"

Wag. Leon Cornell "Icky"



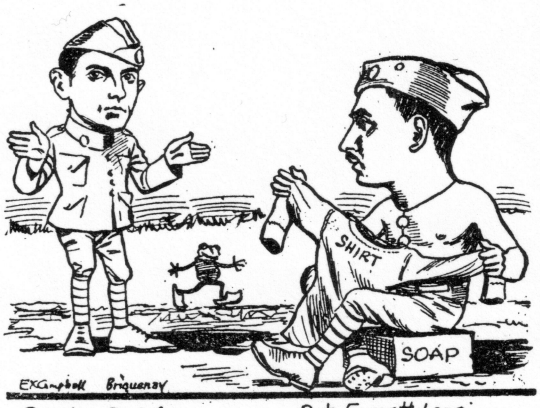
Pvt. Bernard Schreiner
"Ben"

Pvt ½ Joseph P. Graeff.



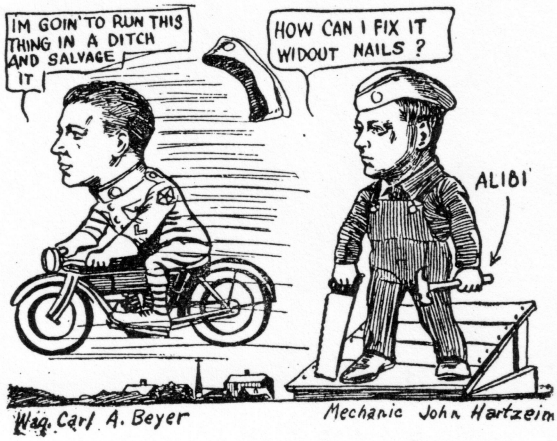
Wag. Millis D. Smuck —
"Bull"

Wag. Elmer E. Morrison



Pvt. Joe Badofsky
"Bolsheviki"

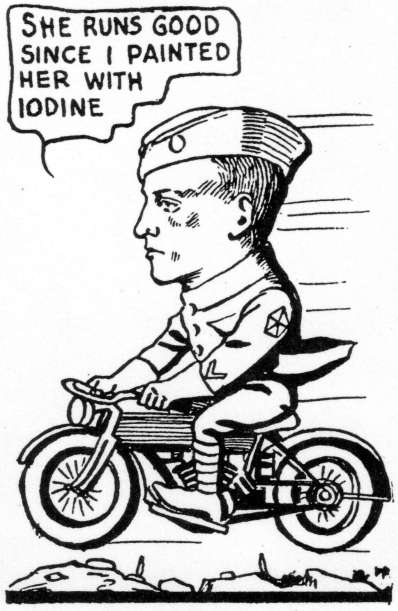
Pvt. Everett Longi
"Mother"



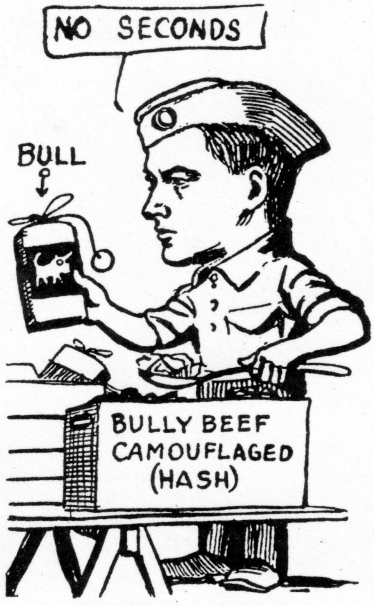
Wag. Carl A. Beyer

Mechanic John Hartzeim

Pvt. Arthur J. Hildebrand.
"Jimmy"



Wag. Alvin Westenfeld
"Lop"



WALT. JENSEN

Pvt. Gus Anders, "State Street."

Pvt. Carl Gimse "Kid Gimse"

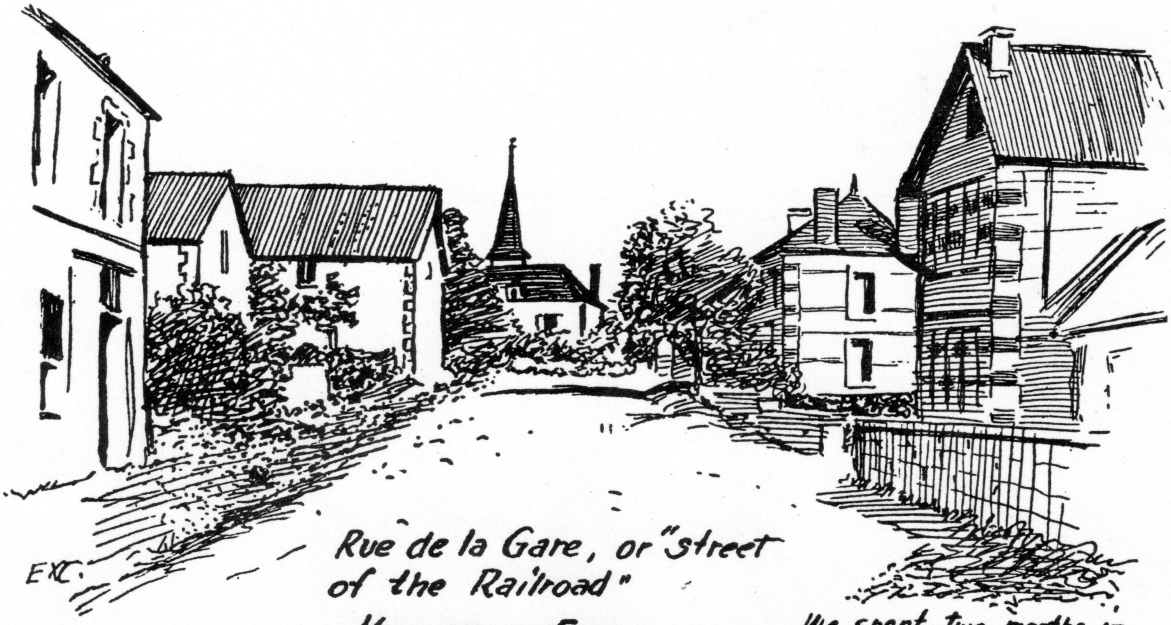
Where the debarkation was quickly accomplished—
And everyone finally stood on the soil of
Somewhere in France.
The first "PGs" were here—
"Prissoniers De Guerre"
Germans who were working on the quay.
And the French townsfolk eyed the men easily because many had
Passed that way before.
But they cheered and waved flags.
And there were signs in the windows denoting that
"English Was Spoken"
And other signs of—
"Vins Et Liquers"
Which had a hidden meaning.
And the outfit hiked on through the town and out along the bay
And up a hill that had a home angle of 45 degrees.
And it was so hot that the perspiration trickled down back of the ears—
And the packs weighed
875,000 kilograms
And everyone was glad when the second rest camp
Was reached—
Upon the top of the hill—
Where pence and shillings were forgotten and the beautiful language of
Francs and sous and centimes
Was launched on unsuspecting heads.
There was one canteen that sold "Woodbine" cigarets
And another that sold wine
And a YMCA
And squad tents as before
And instructions about airraids—because the camp had been raided a few
Nights previous—
And nobody was interested because every one was so
Doggone tired that it would have taken seven airraids
To spoil the plans on sleep.
The next day there was a steam bath
And that night the packs were slicked up again
And the trudge down the hill was taken up and
The RTO
Pointed to a string of French boxcars—
About as big as a hack—
And the sign on the side read—
"40 Hommes or 8 Chevaux"
And the 40 hommes were crammed in
And everyone felt sorry for all sardines
And anyone who had less than three shoes in his face
Had more room than he deserved.
And early in the dark morning
The French locomotive screeched and there was a jangle of chain couplers

Nov. 1918 – A prophecy which, of course, came true. —EXC. France

'SKYJACK' LEFT CHICAGO ON THE SAME TRAIN THAT TOOK ME TO CAMP –

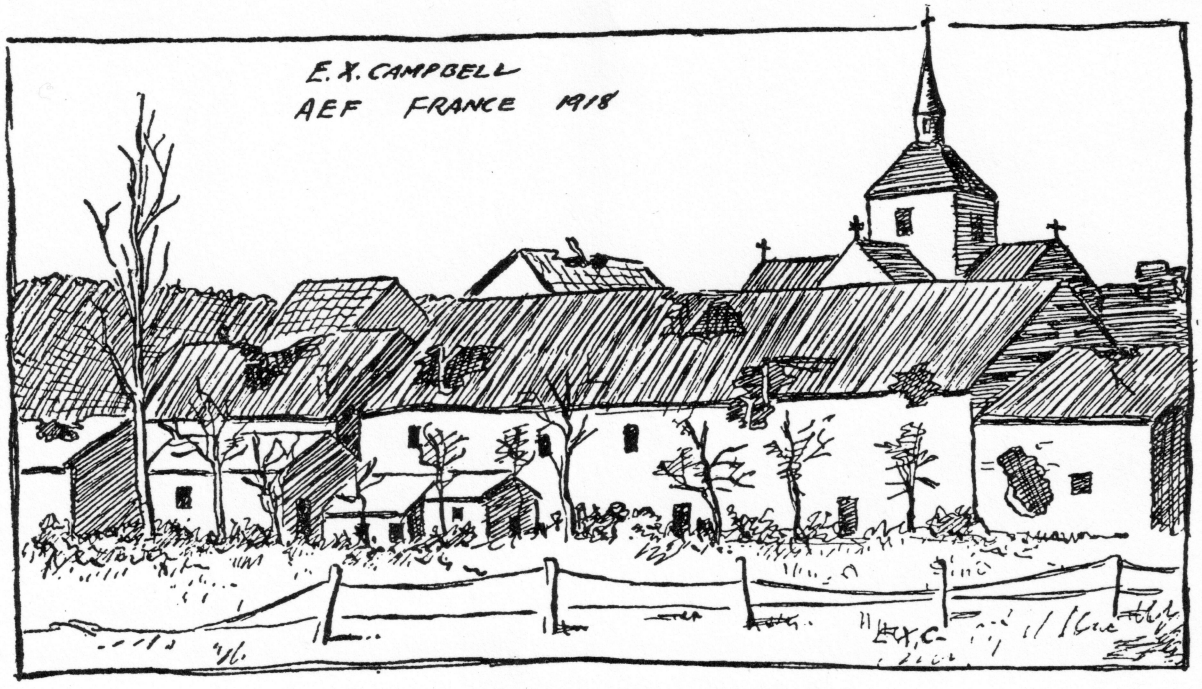
Mukerji

"SKYJACK" CHRISTIE ~
from life

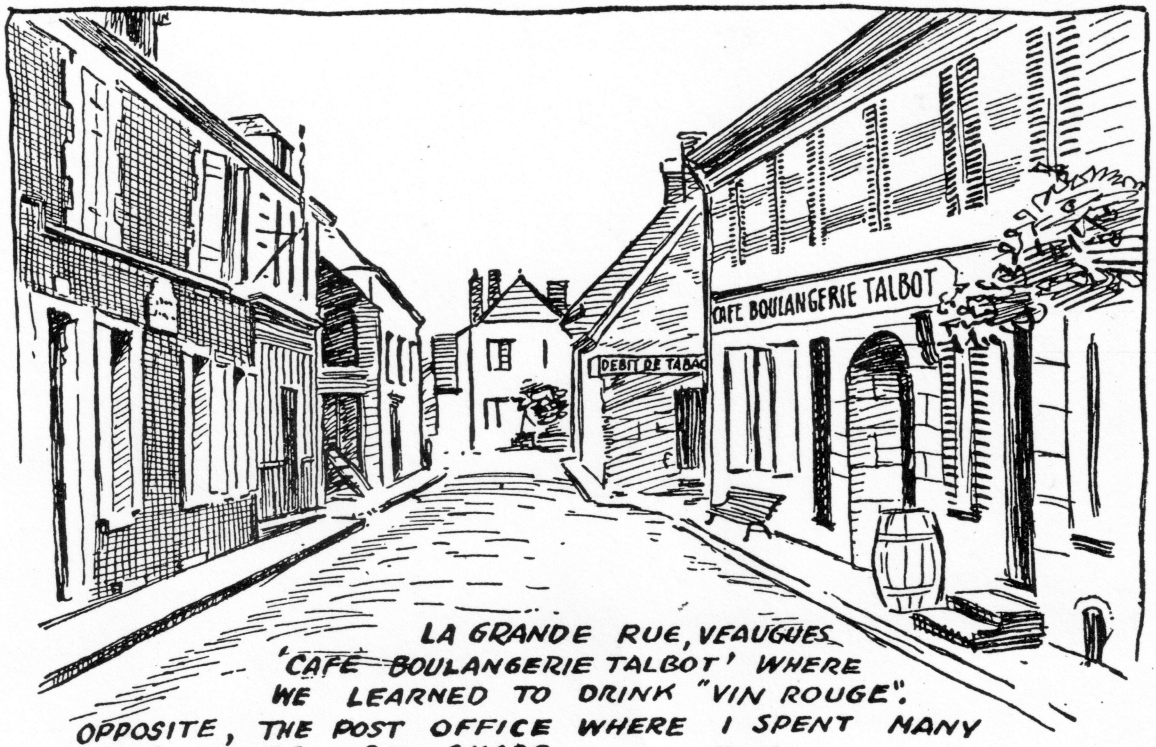


Rue de la Gare, or "Street of the Railroad"
Veauques, France

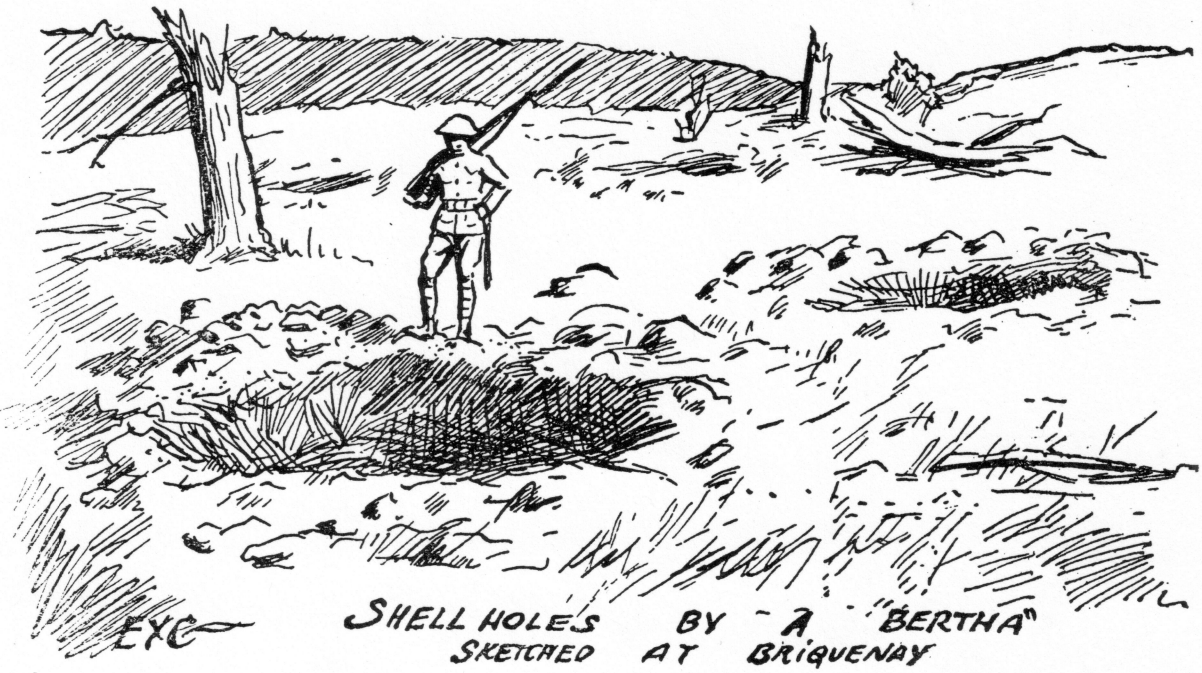
We spent two months in Veauques before going to the front —



Part of the village of Briquenay
Showing effects of German shellfire.



LA GRANDE RUE, VEAUGUES
'CAFE ~~BOULANGERIE~~ TALBOT' WHERE
WE LEARNED TO DRINK "VIN ROUGE".
OPPOSITE, THE POST OFFICE WHERE I SPENT MANY
LONG HOURS ON GUARD. EXC—



EXC— SHELL HOLES BY A "BERTHA"
SKETCHED AT BRIQUENAY

Campbell-flage

Some sketches made in the Army – at training camp, on transport, and in France

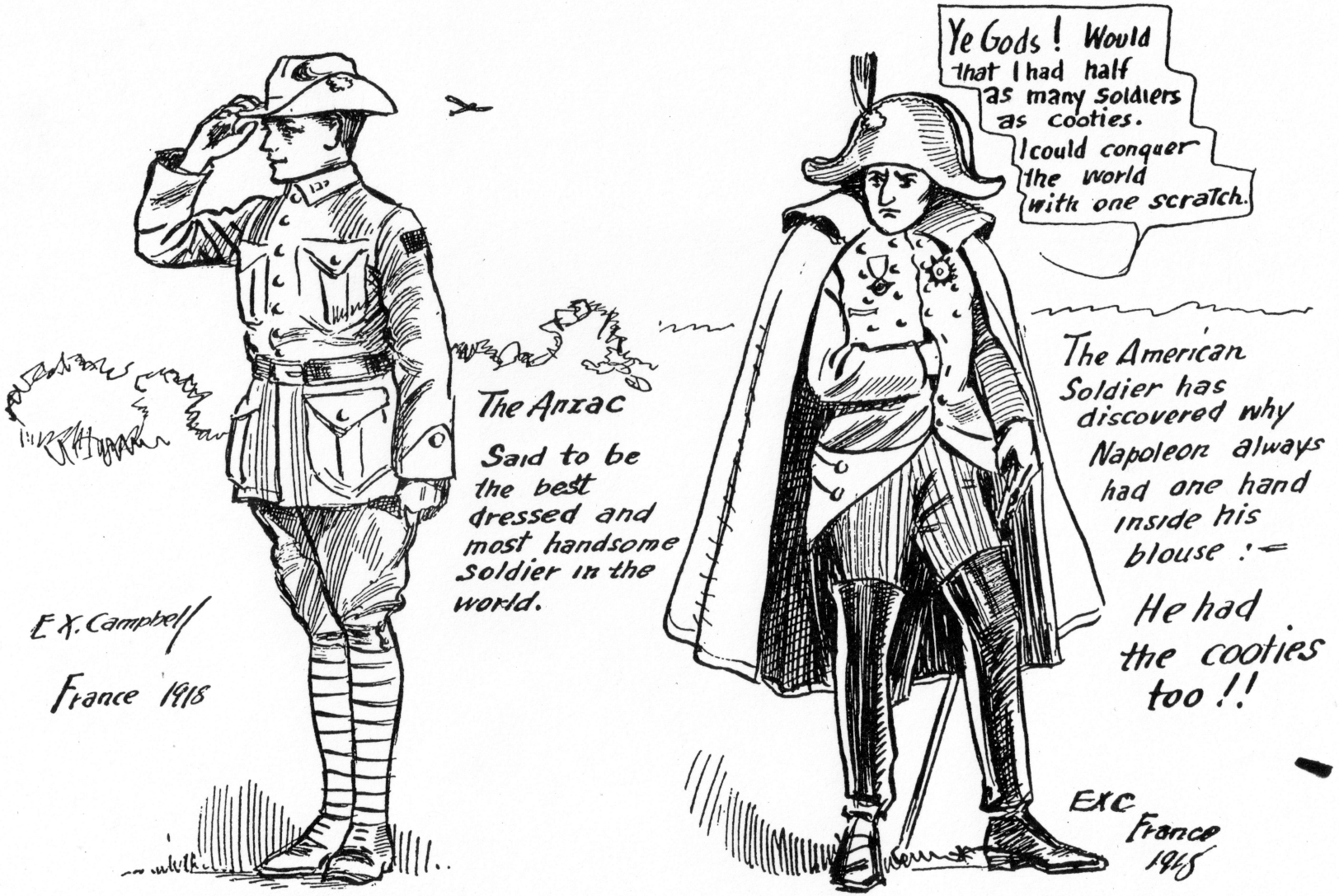
FRENCH PEASANT WOMAN WITH BREAD AND WINE - A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN FRANCE

EXC

TYPICAL FRENCH PEASANT

The pitchfork is one solid piece of wood cut from the forest.

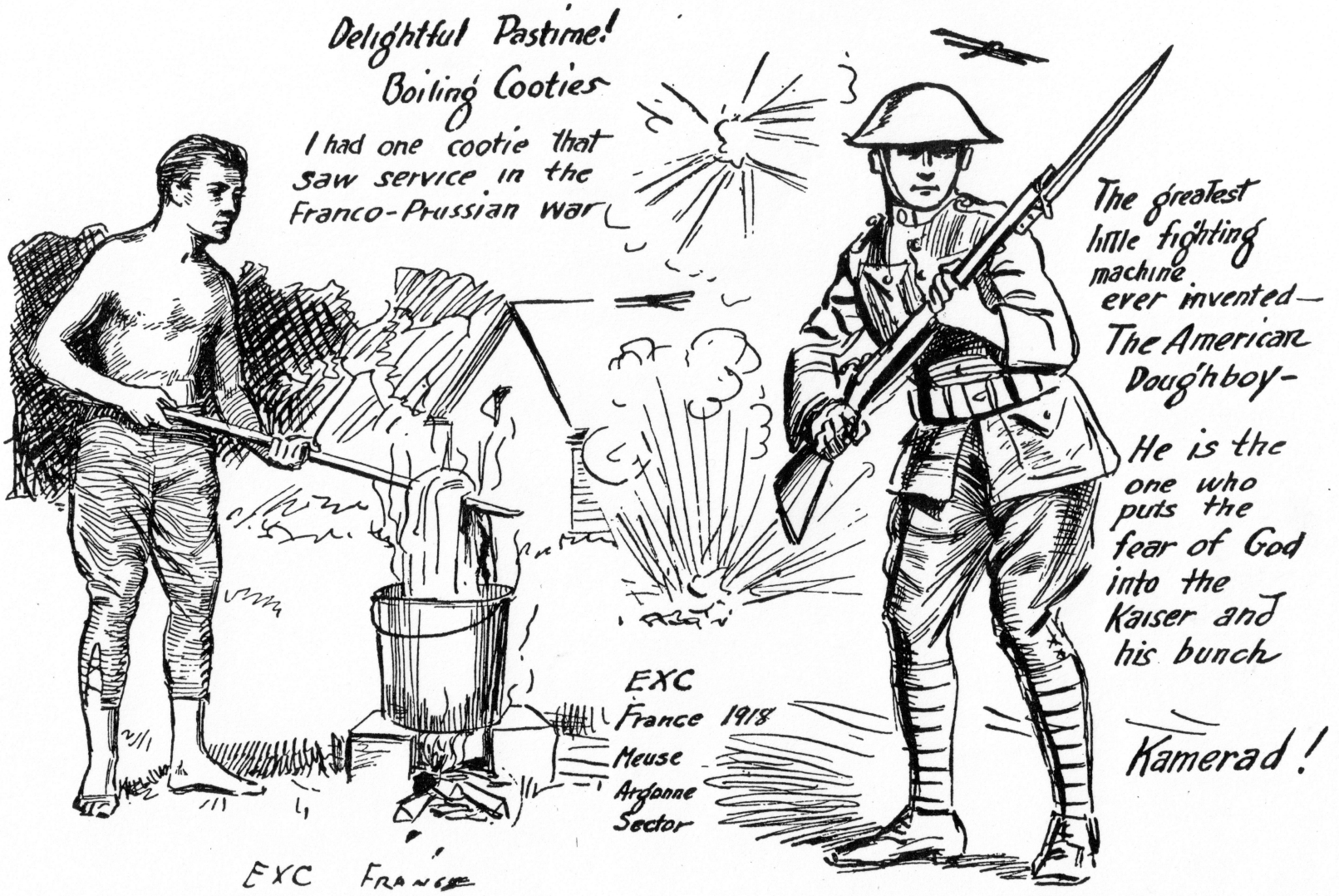
EXC France—


The Anzac
Said to be the best dressed and most handsome soldier in the world.
E.X. Campbell
France 1918
Ye Gods! Would that I had half as many soldiers as cooties. I could conquer the world with one scratch.
The American Soldier has discovered why Napoleon always had one hand inside his blouse :-
He had the cooties too!!
EXC
France
1918

And all had a bottle of cognac buried in the dusty closet
That was always forthcoming when the evening was ripe.
And there was Marguerite, who taught the children, and understood
Enough English to make it embarrassing at times—
And the good curé—who loved everyone—
And many others.
As time went by gas masks and helmets came on
And everyone went thru the "death chamber" at Jalonges.
The hospital was moved once and the wagoners went to Marseilles and
Brought back trucks and motorcycles to be used for transportation.
And finally—
During the latter part of October
The preparations to "partir au frent" were made.
Hearts beat faster as the orders arrived for "up there"
Was the big experience.
Month after month of service had fitted the outfit for its part
In the great war and the men were ready, even eager, to plough into
The uncertainties to help in the Allied cause to victory.
The train was switched in one night—
A train of third-class coaches—
And the entrainment occurred.
And everyone—
With goodbyes to the collected villagers and especial farewells to
Particular friends—
Departed from Veauges.
And from then on the experiences came fast and unnecessarily close.
The first lap of the journey, completed with the aid of the
Ideal French transportation, covered
Twenty-six kilometers to Cosne, in the Department of Nievre.
There the engineer and fireman alighted and attended services at
A leading cafe and recited several lessons at the village night school.
Their idea of the company's importance at the front was not very acute.
They figured that—
Any old time would be the right time to arrive on the battlefields.
But they eventually came back, carrying big loaves of bread,
And decided to mosey out a few more kilometers on the way.
Through Chatillen-Sur-Seine
LaRoche and Chaumont the train sped—as French speed is classified—
But which, at times, is more or less disappointing.
At LaRoche, reached about 9 p. m., the outfit retired, as usual,
Very uncomfortably on the board seats.
The sleep was fitful, but the reward in distance seemed worthy of the
Discomfort. The entire night was spent in travelling but the
Next morning when a stop was made, the scenes were strikingly familiar.
And after an investigation it was discovered that the travelling had
Been done right in the yards of LaRoche and that LaRoche still
Remained.

It required several hours to collect the various cars but this
Was eventually accomplished and a fresh start was made for St. Dizier.
St. Dizier was a rail head and distribution point.
And there was more Goldfish, Corn Willy and Beans—
And a little chocolate
And some coffee that might easily have been
Emblaming fluid.
Assignment was made of the company to the Fifth Army Corps
Of the First Army. After a day of loafing and waiting,
During which time one of the facetious men passed a
Plug of chewing tobacco to a French peasant for
Chocolate, the train clanked into another village.
It was St. Dizier, an advance issuing station. Right on
The edge of where things were happening the officers
Hunted up transportation. And that was a job. It was
Almost as difficult to get to the front lines at that time
As to convince a woman that she is wrong. Finally
A motor truck train was sighted
And the supplies of men and material were loaded.
When the train started up half of the trucks
Were loaded with ammunition for the big rifles. Swaying back and
Forth over the shell-torn roads, under the glare of the barrages ahead,
With the continuous booming of the guns keeping a sonorous
Accompaniment, the dangerous way was made to Cheppy.
Cheppy was ruined and battered. It had been a pivotal
Point in a wedging drive a few days previous. It was
Still in dangerous territory and the first night
Two Boche planes were dropped by American aviators
In plain sight of the hospital that the company erected.
There was mud up there, Beaucoup,
Thick, gluey mud,
That impeded progress. And the
Moves of the company were achieved only with
The greatest difficulty. A few days and
An advance was made to Exermont. And there the
Wounded began to arrive.
In trucks and ambulances and in every
Conceivable vehicle they came. In all states and
Stages of breakage. It was heroic work caring for them.
Night and day the loads arrived. And night and day
The men of the company worked as Trojans, bandaging,
Operating and giving every care that they could. All of
The wounded fighters were exhausted. In the hours of
Their advances they had gone without food. In many cases
They raced ahead of their supplies—so eager were
They in the pursuit of the beaten Boche. As a consequence
It was necessary to keep the kitchens at top-speed, all

The time turning out huge GI cans of soup and
Nourishing stews. Hot coffee was always on hand. The
Wounded ate everything that was offered. Officers
And enlisted men alike. One officer, a captain,
Wounded in the leg, picked up a can that had contained
Soup and drained it to the dregs. Others fought and
Worked all sorts of schemes to get more than their shares.
In all this time, and up to the day of the armistice,
The hospital was in constant jeopardy. Every day the
German planes wheeled above
And every night they
Came over in the giant Fokkers and dropped their
Tail gates—flooding the land with aerial bombs. The
Excitement of the danger and of the work kept
The blood running
At fever heat. And all through it the men worked—never minding
The Hazards and the chances. Up to
The time the armistice was
Signed 5,000 cases were registered on the books at the
Hospital. And that meant real work. In one day of 24 hours
1,100 cases were relieved. All were
Pathetic—even those of
The Slightest degree. And every one touched the hearts. The
Most pathetic was that of a marine, whose eyes had been shot
Away in machine gun fire. He was
Convinced that his
Loss of sight was due to the shock. And he went
Happily through the hospital, with bandaged head,
Believing that the sight would return when his
Wound healed. Others were of the same nature. And
The experience was most trying. Finally, just
Before the armistice, orders were received to
Advance further and catch up with the doughboys.
Preparations were made to leave, but before they
Were put into operation the truce was declared.
It was welcome news. The greatest news of all time.
And everyone rejoiced. And they rejoiced doubly,
Because, during all the harrowing experience, not a
Man had been lost. Everyone was cheerful during all
The days of darkness. They worked with a keen
Vigorous spirit, serving to their utmost in
Doing their part in the winning of the war. And they
Were entitled to just the rest that the armistice gave.
And they took it.
And when it was all over and everything had been figured
The officers of the Fifth Army Corps looked back
On the work of the unit with justified pride. And they


Delightful Pastime!
Boiling Cooties
I had one cootie that saw service in the Franco-Prussian war
The greatest little fighting machine ever invented—
The American Doughboy—
He is the one who puts the fear of God into the Kaiser and his bunch
Kamerad!
EXC
France 1918
Meuse
Argonne
Sector
EXC FRANCE

Issued the following citation;

HEADQUARTERS
FIFTH ARMY CORPS
American E. F.

General Orders,
No. 26

France, November 20, 1918.

The following citations are announced:

Field Hospital No. 338, in command of Lt. Hubert C. Dixon, M. C., during this period, for conscientious devotion to duty and untiring energy in caring for the sick of the Corps under exceptionally adverse conditions from November 3rd, to about November 20th, 1918, following the attack launched November 1st, 1918.

C. P. SUMMERALL,
Major General, Commanding.

OFFICIAL:
HARRY C. KAEFRING,
Adjutant General.

Those men of the Company
Who had gone over in that famous Argonne-Meuse
Offensive—the offensive that won the war:
And then the company went to Briquenay—
Which was "HOME" for a long time.
And there was a dynamo that was fixed up which gave off a certain amount
Of electricity—
And, inasmuch as the armistice was signed—
There was no more danger.
And the big souvenir hunt was organized for relaxation purposes.
And everyone got a German helmet and a German gun and a German belt with a "Gott Mit Uns" buckle.
And there was target practice in the woods.
And hunting with few results.
And many Boche and American dead were found—
And given burial.
With crosses over the graves to which the identification discs were attached.
The German "potato mashers" were used—
And these hand grenades made good fishing tools in the creek—
And on Christmas day the fishermen brought in enough for a real
Dinner.
And that was Christmas dinner in the Argonne.
And the YMCA—
150 miles down the road—
Furnished a few cigars and some chocolate.
And everyone was happy.
Because they figured that everyone back in the State was—
And they should be—
As a consequence.
Then some officers
Shot a wild boar—
With a huge barrage and there was about enough left to recognize

E.X.C ON THE MEUSE-ARGONNE SECTOR
NOV 2 1918

That the boar was not an elephant.
But it made a meal.
And then the snow came—
And it was cold and disagreeable in the dugouts—
But along in January the company embarked on a narrow gauge
French railroad and went down through Montfaucen
And other places that had been vital points in the American drive
And finally switched over to a standard gauge
And drove into Chaumont and then on out about 17 kilometers to
The village of
Marac, in Haute-Marne,
Which was "HOME" again.
Marac was just a wide place in the road.
And it was an ancient place—which the Germans had shelled back
In 1870 when they went through and finished the French near Langres
And secured the Alsace and Lorraine that they recently returned.
"Nell" was there—
And a fat secretary to the mayor—
And there was beaucoup "vin blanc"
And cognac for those who chose it—
But there was no "Y"
"Nor nuthin"
And the life was pretty much of a monotonous nature—
And rumors were thick
And cigarets were scarce.
And it was here that George Metz was killed.
George being a brother of Louis Veauges.
The two being just dogs
That had gone through the campaign at the front.
George investigated a passing truck too closely—
And the intimacy cost him his life.
But Louis Veauges remained and is still in Marac with some good
People who will take care of him.
Along in the latter part of January several ambulance companies
Arrived in the village
And there was transportation to Chaumont, Langres and other points of
Interest.
And the men received 7-day leaves to Nice and the Riviera
And some borrowed their francs to spend in 3-day trips to Paris.
And a few went away to the University of Beaune.
And eggs grew cheaper and cheaper.
And every billet smelled like a corner restaurant.
And there was some drilling and a little hiking.
But not so much as to be noticeable.
And everyone learned how to salvage.
And shot-gun barrel pantaloons came into style.
And "Eagle-Beak" ran a little wagon with a "Prix Fixe" where she

A MILITARY FUNERAL FOR SOLDIERS WHO DIED FROM SPANISH INFLUENZA. THIS EPIDEMIC IS REPORTED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. 338 Field Hospital received about 500 cases of 'flu' while stationed at Veauques —

Sold gold service stripes which added much to the soldier's dignity.
And there were trips to Beauchemin and Humes and Ormancey
And there were only a few mademoiselles and they were not
Available.
And the souvenir Boche guns were wrapped up and shipped home.
There was an inspection by Major General Summerall who
Commanded the Fifth Corps and
Everything was put in shape and
The trucks were dusted off and
One morning in March the company set sail for Foulain
Where entrainment was made.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
FRANCE

15th February, 1919.

From: Major General C. P. Summerall, Commanding Fifth Army Corps, American E. F.

To: Commanding Officer, Field Hospital No. 338.
Subject: Appreciation of services.

1. In accordance with orders from Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, the Fifth Corps Troops will be prepared for return to the United States. Field Hospital No. 338 was assigned to duty with the Corps on October 24th, 1918, and since that time it has performed efficiently and satisfactorily every mission entrusted to it.

2. The Corps Commander takes this opportunity to convey to the Commanding Officer, Major Harry C. Miller, his deep appreciation of the loyalty and cheerful co-operation that he has rendered, and to communicate to the officers and soldiers of the command his commendation for the manner in which they have conducted themselves while in the Fifth Corps.

C. P. SUMMERALL.

In regulation American
Box cars the men wheeled on down the main line
Through the great cities of central France and
Finally
Back to Veauges.
The officers, by ingenious placing of 10 franc notes,
Had the French engineer stop. It was not a
Scheduled stop and none others than members of
The company knew why. Telegrams had been sent ahead
And the whole village was down to meet the
Soldiers. The curé and the merchants and the
Old friends grouped around and the welcomes were
Warm indeed. Fully twenty minutes the train remained.
Then the commanding officer, much wroth at the incident,
Gained headway and the departure was taken.
Another day and LaSuze was reached. In the

HEY, SARG! THIS HELMET IS TOO HEAVY. IT GIVES ME A HEADACHE. AINT THEY SOME WAY TO MAKE IT LIGHTER?
YAS, WHITE-WASH IT!
Campbell
Meuse-Argonne

Department of Sarthe. It was midnight when the
Landing was made and it was raining. Eight
Kilometres the men hiked, soaked to the
Skin, to Mezeray, which was close to
Misery, and everyone called it just that.
Billets were secured and rumors started again
And the "Hob-Nail Follies" showed everywhere.
Order came finally for the journey to Brest—the
Last lap in France. On March 23, 1919,
This was accomplished. And after two days
On the train the outfit was comfortably
Settled in the tented city of Pontanezen.
After all the journeys of the 18 months of
Service they were on the threshhold of the sweetest one of all.
In the tents, over the Sibley heaters, they talked of the
Glorious days back in Amérique. They were deloused and
Inspected and detailed for several weeks and then—
Came the grand and glorious feeling—
When full packs were slung and the
Hike down the long hill past Napoleon's fortresses
Brought the company to the docks. The men were lightered out
To the English troopship "Winifredian."
This was on April 5.
It was crowded. But lack of space could not dent the
Spirits. They were homeward bound.
Back to God's Country. The greatest land of all.
It required 14 days. That trip. There were boxing
Matches and games to break the monotony. And then,
After steaming down through the banks along
The New England coast, Boston was sighted. Tug boats
Screeched and the passengers of passing steamers waved and
Cheered. The sight of land sent a thrill through everyone.
This was "der tag." The big lump rose in many a throat.
And all eyes were misty. Flags floated. Colored baloons
were loosed. Chocolate and doughnuts showered the decks.
This was happiness.
The zenith of all the great moments of the life of the soldier.
The debarkation was made quickly and in trains the men were
Taken to Camp Devens. They filled
Up on ice cream and goodies. Then a split was made.
Part of the men went to Camp Grant
And part to Camp Custer.
Soon the coveted discharge was in the hand.
Hasty goodbyes were said.
And the men separated.
To hurry to their homes.
Field Hospital 338 of the

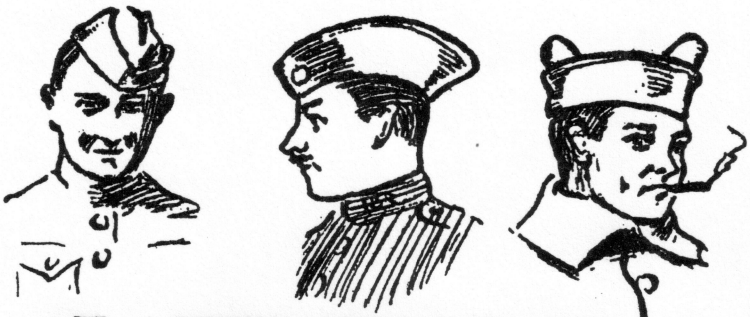
FRENCH
UNIFORM
EXC-
Exermont

310th Sanitary Train
And the Fifth Army Corps
Is now an outfit of memory.
But the memories that it inspires
Are of the best and cleanest.
It was a soldierly gathering of real men—
Men who went forth unafraid and willing—
And men who did their duty.
And the war records will show that the
Outfit did its part and that it
Is liberally entitled to a
Foremost space
When the annals of the
War are chalked down
On the pages of history.

TYPICAL
GERMAN
PRISONER

EXC - FRANCE
1918

PAPA LETS GO TO MILWAUKEE AND START A BREWERY—
NO SON! I HAVE ENOUGH AMERIGANS SEEN ALRETTY!
CHAMPION DAMPHOOL
WORLD'S ARCH-MURDERER



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