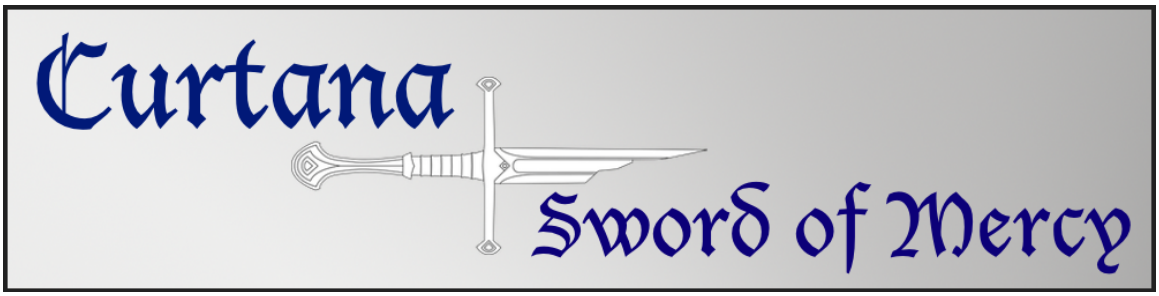

A Journal for the Study of the Military Chaplaincy

Volume 7 Issue 1 (Summer 2020)

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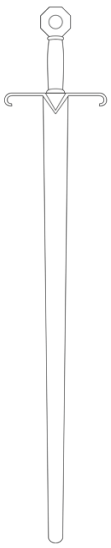
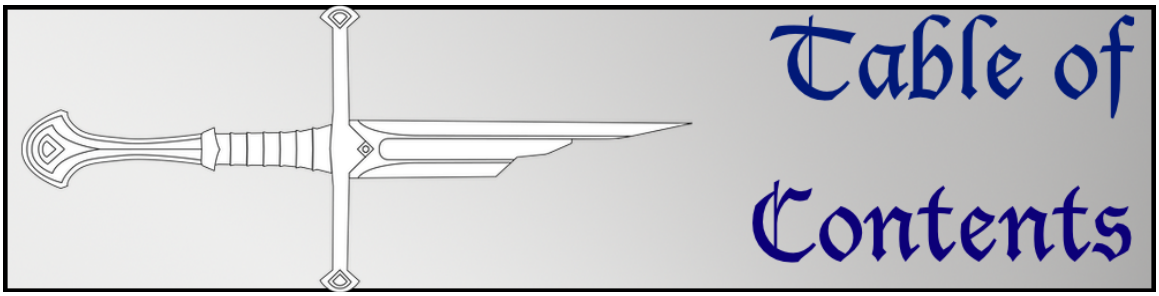




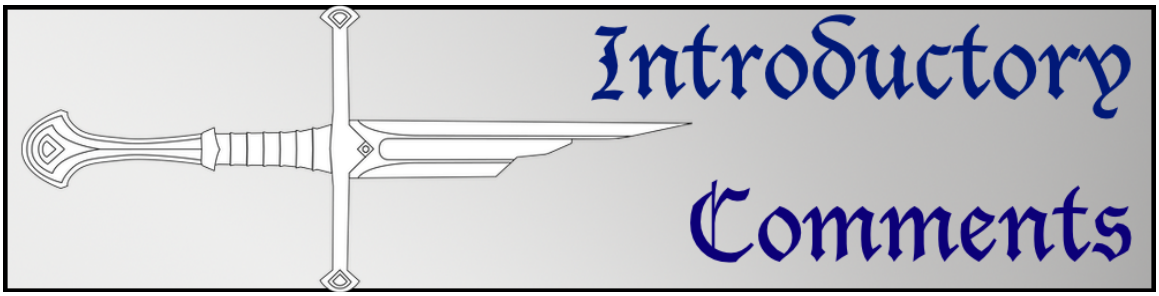
Introductory Comments

Principle Essays

Editorials

Martial Poetry

Curtana † Sword of Mercy is published semiannually by Scriptorium Novum Press, LLC, ISSN 2150-5853. The purpose of the journal is to provide an independent forum for the preservation of military chaplaincy history and the discussion of issues of interest to those who care about military chaplaincy. Submissions and letters to the editor are welcome. Submissions are best preceded by an electronic query. The editorial office can be reached at curtana.journal@gmail.com. Additional information about the journal is available at justwar101.com/journal.



An Introduction to the Current Issue

Welcome to the Summer 2020 issue of *Curtana*. We hope you will enjoy the articles and an additional surprise contained within.

Unpacking the Contents

We are pleased to offer another diverse issue. In addition to the regular special features included in the journal since its inception in 2009, we offer five articles and an editorial.

First up is another helpful "international" perspective, this time through the lens of a Mexican priest and canon lawyer. Father Sanchez traveled an unusual path which allowed him to make an invaluable contribution to members of a foreign nation's military families.

Next, the Rev. Dr. Schreiber shares some insights gained during his recent PhD studies. The subject of Moral Injury continues to deservedly gain recognition in the armed forces, and his approach will prove particularly resonant to Christian chaplains.

Dr. Paget is a highly respected expert on crisis ministry, who also serves as an FBI chaplain. She has graced us with two chapters from her publication, *Ministry During Pandemic: From Awareness to Implementation*.

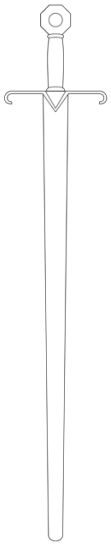
Our fourth piece is authored by another military chaplain with a doctorate, Jim Browning. He discusses the recent move to tailor ministry (seminary) education more closely to the personal end-vision of each individual, allowing for more chaplaincy-focused education and training.

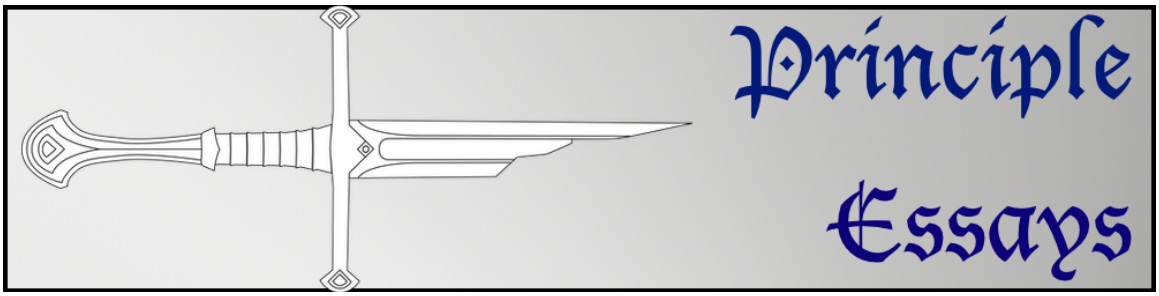
Our final article is actually a compilation of primary source material related to the ministry of military chaplains during the worst modern pandemic—the influenza that killed millions just as World War I was concluding. Military populations were certainly not exempt, as the so-called Spanish Flu struck down men and women in their prime with a mind-numbing ferocity. Hopefully, this resource can aid in continuing research related to providing military ministry during epidemics.

The editorial comes from the pen of our resident Cynic, Diogenes. This time, he ponders the nature of military ministry during a pandemic. He offers suggestions that are worthy of our own consideration.

An Invitation to Aspiring Writers

We always welcome manuscripts for future issues of *Curtana*. This is an opportunity for veterans to share some of the valuable lessons you learned during your own military service. The winter issue deadline will be 10 January 2020, but submissions are welcome at any time.





A Spiritual Journey of Life and Ministry
My Personal Story

Raul Sanchez

"If you, Lord, mark our sins, Lord, who can stand?
But with you there is forgiveness, and so you are revered."
Psalm 130: 3-4, NAB

When I was born in the small town of Uriangato, State of Guanajuato, Mexico there was no sign that would predict I might one day have the joy of serving God and my neighbor as a priest. There was even less likelihood that one day I would do so in the United States. And, only the Lord himself could know that he intended for me to spend years serving as a chaplain in the United States Air Force (Psalm 139:3).

I come from a large family of twelve, six boys and six girls, plus mom and dad. I was the baby and I truly enjoyed that because all of them would take care of me with so much concern and affection. I had a very happy childhood. In our family, of course, we were Catholic but in the house it was a different story since my mom and my dad had a different background. On my father's side, as I look back, he had preserved, in his own way, in a very simple manner, what later on I learned as Jewish festivals and traditions, an obligation to God and an understanding of life itself.

On my mother's side, as a possible descendant from the Aztecs, she would have her own customs and traditions, very different from those of my father. It is important to remember that in ancient America we had the religions of the Aztecs in Mexico, the Mayas in Yucatan, the Incas on fertile plateaus high in the Andes mountains of Bolivia and Peru. The Aztecs had an elaborate priesthood and in the temples conducted the rituals with rigor and regularity; performed sacrifices, interpreted the concepts of life after death, held confessions and granted absolutions. Combined with these two religious backgrounds, as they were practiced privately at home, we would go to church to practice the Catholic faith just as did everybody else in town.

My father was a *campesino*, that is, a "peasant." Indeed, a humble farmer who serves God is better than a proud philosopher, who, neglecting daily life, contemplates the course of the heavens. It was hard work, cultivating corn, beans, wheat, squash, etc. The fruit of the land depended on seasonal rain. Certainly, true faith in God was not a luxury but a necessity. Being the youngest child, my duties were to take care of the cows, oxen, goats, donkeys, horses, and chickens. As I was growing I had to work just as my older brothers. Our daily diet was, of course, beans and tortillas. (Because of that, some refer to us as "frijoleros.")

Sunday was the best day because we would have sweet bread, drink milk, eat pork meat, or beef or something good. Sunday was a joyful day! This made me think that there had to be a life where each day was like Sunday. I began to observe what priests used to eat, not only on Sundays but every day, and I thought here is what I should do: go to the seminary and hopefully one day become a priest. (My stomach, of course, did not provide my own encouragement to study holy things.)

The Path of My Pilgrimage

The precise path of my journey was unique to me. Clergy who become military chaplains, do seem to share similar traits. We care about people who willingly place themselves in danger so they might protect others. We care about their families, who share in their sacrifices. We believe that the armed forces in which we serve are dedicated to preserving freedom and peace, even if they must take up arms to defend them.

As a chaplain I experienced a camaraderie that continues to this day, even after I had returned to my native Mexico. As I continue to celebrate Mass (it comes from the Latin word: *mito mites*, *mitere*, *missi*, *missum*, which signifies to send) I recall the good friends I made in the military faith community. I thank God for his many blessings, including an unexpected one. I never anticipated working so closely with dedicated chaplains, who I admire, from so many different faith traditions. My service opened my eyes, and my heart, to the exciting ways that God works in our world.

I was thirteen years old when I went to the seminary. In our town and in our region all parishes were taken care of by the Augustinians, so I decided to join the Augustinians. With them I studied humanities (five years). I did my novitiate for a year without leaving the convent for a year and two weeks, reflecting whether I should continue on or leave the seminary. First I took simple vows for a three year period. After two years of Philosophy and one year of theology, I made my Solemn Profession of the evangelical counsels of Obedience, Poverty and Chastity. I continued with the study of theology for another three years prior to ordination to the Diaconate and on to the priesthood. I then belonged to the Provincia del Santisimo Nombre de Jesus of Mexico.

I was ordained in Mexico, in my own home town, in December of 1974, in the same Parish of St. Michael the Archangel, where I had been baptized, then confirmed and received my

First Holy Communion. Here in Mexico, unlike the USA, we are confirmed as children even today. After two years of parish and hospital ministry I was selected for post-graduate studies and sent to study Canon Law at the Pontifical University of St. Thomas Aquinas, in the city of Rome, Italy. Those years I lived in Rome were the happiest days of my life, and where I enjoyed the best meals, up to this point and time.

I never contemplated the possibility of serving as a military chaplain. The truth is that Mexico does not have a formal chaplaincy. The Constitution of Mexico establishes a clear delineation between the State and the Church. The government is declared to be secular. The complex relationship between the two entities goes all the way back to the work of the nation's first president, Benito Juarez. Following the end of the Mexican revolutionary war in 1821, some church property was confiscated. Fortunately, the relationship is not confrontational, and has improved since Mexico established diplomatic ties with the Vatican in 1992. Still, there is no indication the country will ever welcome chaplains into the ranks of its military.

It was in the city of Rome, the eternal city, where I had the privilege of meeting some Catholic and Protestant military chaplains. They said great things about ministry, assignments, military education, the pay check (wow) and the great opportunities they had. I became very interested but there was no way I could talk about it or request permission to join the Air Force as a chaplain yet. Once I finished my doctor's degree in Canon Law (July 1979), instead of returning to Mexico, I was allowed to go to the United States of America and was sent to teach at the seminary, to work in the diocesan tribunal, and to give conferences to the laity in different places.

After five years as a permanent resident in the USA I became a United States citizen in April of 1985 and my superiors then gave me the permission to join the United Sates Air Force Chaplain Service (now Corps) in December of 1986, being endorsed by the Archdiocese for the military services. I wasn't sure if I would make it or not since I was over thirty seven years old at the time, but I decided to do my best. My first assignment was Keesler Air Force Base, Biloxi, Mississippi. Well, let me tell you, I was the happiest boy in town. I felt at home from the very beginning. I thanked the Lord for such a blessing, allowing me to serve God and country, serving those who served.

An Encounter with Death

My second assignment was Torrejon Air Base, Madrid, Spain. The work load increased. More Unit visitation, more hours of counselling, more pastoral programs, more meetings, more reports to do. Being the chaplain on call, one evening the beeper went off and I reported to the Command Post. Our commander, a two star general, in a routine training flight, had crushed in his F16 fighter plane on the mountains of Guadalajara, Spain, near the base. I joined the search and recovery team and while standing under a tree, already dark, I felt some drops falling on my body. First I thought it was rain drops, but when I say with my lamp I realized it was blood. I signaled my companion when I saw the head of the

commander hanging from the tree. I was in shock and I began to breath very heavily until the others arrived.

I spent all night there, not merely to represent the holy or to pray, but to protect all of our commander's body parts. The following day I was not able to sleep, and together with another chaplain, we began to debrief units. One chaplain was assigned to provide spiritual care and support to the commander's wife and family. When I was finally able to go to my house and I fell sleep I had a dream where they were chopping up my body—beginning from my feet, all the way up to my neck. When they got to my neck, I suddenly woke up soaked and wet, screaming out loud as my heart and breathing raced. That dream was the beginning of my healing and the beginning of my post-mortem depression. This took place in December of 1989.

A Second Aircraft Disaster

Another tragic crash occurred while I was assigned to Andersen Air Force Base, Agana, Guam on 6 August 1997. A Korean airliner crashed on a mountain peak as it was preparing to land at Guam's airport. Basically, all of those aboard KAL Flight 801 were killed by the accident. About ten survived the immediate crash, suffering severe burns. But eventually, little by little, they all perished, with the last one dying ten years later. This was a very painful experience as well. It broke my heart hearing grieving Korean families screaming, and saying "if I could only touch the ashes of my loved one, that would be enough for me."

Two of us were assigned to the search and recovery teams, beginning our grim ten day experience the morning of the crash. Chaplain Rob Stroud was the team leader, and we partnered in covering the two nine-hour shifts providing crisis ministry. Stroud was, and remains, a chaplain I admire and respect for his dedication, competence and compassion. While we were focused on caring for the airmen and sailors on the search and recovery teams, we shared in all of their duties, carrying litters and ultimately searching charred debris for the smallest bits of human remains.

After the uninterrupted duty, when we finished with our pastoral task, I got home and felt a great need to rest and unwind. That night I slept well but when I woke up the entire house smelled like something was burning inside it. I opened windows, turned the air conditioning higher, and called neighbors to ask if they could smell what I was smelling. Their answer was negative. After this, I had tremendous gastric problems. I was also throwing up, and felt very depressed. I began to cry all alone in my house. Being able to talk with my brother chaplain who had faced the same challenge, helped. That was the beginning of my healing and another lesson learned.

Participating in this humanitarian effort was a life-changing event. My good friend, Rob Stroud, described our shared experience in detail, in an article that appeared in the very first issue of *Curtana* ["A Valley of Bones," *Curtana: Sword of Mercy* 1.1, (Fall 2009)].

On a More Positive Note

My joys in the military were many. In fact, I can honestly say every day it was special and, as they used to say in the army, from what I understand: "every meal is a banquet and every check is a fortune." That's the way I felt. Each one of my assignments was quite different, but all of them were just great. I have no regrets at all. However when a promotion was coming up, I would try not to think about it; I used get nervous because if you were promoted you would feel good but if not it was a terrible thing; just like in a game: you win, you are happy, but if you lose, you feel terrible. It felt like your ministry was either being affirmed, or your work was being dismissed. Before the last promotion came up, I had already applied for retirement and my request had been accepted. That gave me peace, since I would not even be considered for promotion.

Another unexpected joy and blessing from the Air Force chaplain corps was when they assigned me to Wilford Hall medical Center, San Antonio, Texas for a year of Clinical Pastoral Education (CPE). It wasn't easy. I soon realized they knew a lot of things about me and the rest of the group. Weird things started to happen such as finding the door of my apartment open; my car would not run the following morning, the lights of my house were on while the door was closed, the radio or TV were on as well. I could go on and on. I wonder if all the CPE's in other places are the same. I think they are designed to raise our stress to the highest level and they observe how we respond, behave or act. I must say how grateful I am for this year of education because it helped me to become a better person and a more effective chaplain. The program gave us the tools to know and understand the best ways to do ministry. I came to understood that the more *human* I was, the more *spiritual* I could be. It was a very challenging year, but very productive in every single area of pastoral ministry, hospital ministry or administration. All of that continues helping me today, as I continue to serve others here in town as a civilian and retired military chaplain.

After retirement, and with proper permission, I returned to Mexico, to my home town. When I arrived, I observed everything had changed. My town now had parishes and pastors of about eight or nine different denominations, in addition to three new Catholic parishes. The town had grown too, with new business, etc. The first thing I did, still missing the Air Force Chaplaincy, was to organize a gathering with my new brothers in ministry, Protestant pastors and Catholic priests. They were very surprised and they welcomed the invitation with great joy. The purpose was to know each other, to help each other and share the problems of our people in town, since each congregation was experiencing different challenges. We continue coming together for our trimonthly meetings, where we pray, we eat, we share and we depart to return to our duties. This is one of the fruits of my Air Force ministry experience.

Many People are Living in Fear

I noticed that most pastors were not trained for crisis ministry. They were not well trained for pastoral counseling either. I volunteered to assist them with those situations and now they refer them to me. I help them as much as I can. I spend several hours a day; sometimes

up to six hours. That's a lot for me, at this point in my life. The emotional complaints of our time, as I hear in counseling here in small city are: emptiness, meaninglessness, disillusionment about marriage (many infidelities), family and other relationships, loss of values, yearning for personal fulfillment, and a hunger for spirituality. In addition to all these, there is a significant need to help victims of sexual abuse (with the Catholic Church lacking credibility), the exploitation of children (child labor), and human trafficking. Most recently families have been affected by COVID-19. Although few lives have been lost here in town, perhaps up to only six, the people are assailed by fear, and some by grief.

The main problem here in town is not the corona virus, but the great level of insecurity due to extortion, assaults, thieves, car high-jackers, house break-ins and on top of all this—*the violent ongoing war between two different cartels fighting for this territory.* They steal gasoline from pipe lines coming directly out of the refinery and sell drugs. They kill each other, usually one or two a day. And there is an uncertainty with that violent danger; you have no idea where and when these murders are going to happen. Sometimes the daily average will be five, and only on one occasion up to twenty-seven. You find bodies on the road, on the streets, markets, outside stores. There is a psychosis in town. People are terrified. Streets empty before sunset. Families are suffering. Children kill children.

But God's Promises Remain True

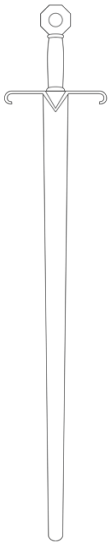
As you can see there is a great need to provide crisis ministry here in Mexico. There is great need for compassion, for emotional support, for prayer, for spiritual care of the soul, for protection, and above all for forgiveness. In this valley of tears, this place of danger, it is very difficult to take care of their souls. I never saw anything this painful or acute in the military. This is beyond our imagination. And, relying on our own strength and skills, it would be futile.

The major difference between care and cure, is that cure implies the end of trouble. If you are cured, you don't have to worry about whatever was bothering you any longer. But care includes a sense of ongoing attention. There is no end to caring. Conflicts may never be resolved. Awareness can change, of course, but problems may persist and never be resolved. People desire an easy life and easy money (the desire for which is the root of all evil). But seeking shortcuts without virtue, many are being destroyed in the process. On a personal note, I sometimes wonder if the government is allowing all of this violence in the false hope that it will clean up the situation.

Fear rests all over, like a dark cloud that tries to block out the light of hope. Trust is needed now, more than ever. Trust in God. With repentance, conversion, and a complete change of mind and heart, we need to kneel down before our God and ask for forgiveness.

"If you, Lord, mark our sins, Lord, who can stand?
But with you there is forgiveness, and so you are revered."
Psalm 130: 3-4, NAB

The Rev. Dr. Raul Sanchez (JCD) is a Roman Catholic priest who has served with distinction as a diocesan priest and as a chaplain in the United States Air Force. He has served in a wide variety of settings, including civilian and military parishes and hospitals. He also excelled in a senior leadership role as a wing chaplain. Following retirement from the USAF, he returned to his native Mexico, where he continues to care for God's people in a variety of meaningful ways.



War, Disfigurement and Christ

Mark J. Schreiber

War to the soul is an explosive toxic environment. Here is Smoker's[1] definition of war:

> Warfare, through the ages and up to today, is a complete breakdown of all the morals, norms, and rules present in a peaceful and well-ordered society. In the midst of war, one can easily lose sight of the fact that God lives. *War is an incubator for despair*, for both the combatants who conduct the war and for the innocent civilians who are put in harm's way. War is a state of existence when it seems that humanity is attempting to rend to shreds the goodness of all God's creation.[2] (emphasis added)

War, the "incubator for despair" attacks the moral compass of the conscience and works not only despair but also suicide.

It isn't getting any better. Over 6,000 veterans ended their life by suicide each year from 2008-2017. For veterans the average number of suicides per day increased from 16 (2005) to 17 (2017). The veteran suicide rate is 1.5 times the rate for non-veterans. These are some of the key results from the latest National Veteran Suicide Prevention report[3] produced by the Veteran's Administration (VA). The VA had previously reported that approximately 20 veterans committed suicide each day but this number included a broader pool of veterans; namely, current veterans and non-activated National Guard and Reserve members.

The current and latest report counts only honorably discharged veterans. In 2017 the veteran suicide rate was 13.5% of all suicides in the U.S. In 2017 45,390 adults committed suicide. In the general U.S. population the number of suicides has risen 43.6% (2005-2017); in the veteran population for the same years, the number of suicides has increased by 6.1%.[4]

The risk factors for veteran suicide are numerous, dynamic and interactive, such as; transitioning after combat to a civilian occupation, homelessness, economic disparity, social isolation, divorce, widowed, never married, sleep disorders, PTSD, TBI (Traumatic Brain Injury), substance abuse, depression, and moral injury, just to name a few. It is the last item, moral injury, that is of significant concern to the church. Moral injury (MI) is an invisible injury, a wound afflicting the conscience after combat for which current therapeutic counseling struggles to find healing and peace for the veteran. Does the church have a voice in this conversation? After all, legion are the number of sons and daughters the church has blessed and sent off to war. What can and must the church do upon their return?

Defining Moral Injury

What is moral injury? Moral injury[5] begins with an act of perpetration against the norm of the conscience causing an accusatory reaction. Moral injury in combat veterans is an act of commission or omission, such as, failing to save someone in time, or witnessing an event that should have been stopped or blaming the self for war conditions that you believed could have been controlled like the death of innocents, or unnecessary collateral damage and a host of other similar incidents. Moral injury is a pernicious, insidious affliction able to cause irreparable harm to the soul if not checked in time. Over time moral injury will slowly ambush the soul producing a corrosive conscience that can lead to self-destructive behaviors. In the present moment, moral injury can flare up with explosive accusatory force able to disrupt and discourage the normal joys of life.

Retired Colonel, Professor E.C. Ritchie,[6] MD, Department of Psychiatry, Bethesda, Maryland, urges new approaches and treatments for our nation's veterans throughout the healthcare sector for both the Veteran's Administration and civilian doctors. Ritchie's analysis focuses on refractory VA patients, those who are treatment resistant to current VA therapy approaches. He states his observations:

> (1) Unacceptable side effects from medication; (2) difficulties with making frequent appointments, especially for the cognitive behavioral treatments; (3) the distaste of many service members to relive their trauma and/or talk about it; or (4) the stigma of seeking treatment from a mental health-care provider.[7]

Chapter three by J.C. West illustrates the pernicious and caustic attributes of the moral injury event and the debilitating effect of the accusing conscience seeking forgiveness and peace.

JP, a twenty-three year old Marine deployed to Anbar Province during the early years of the Iraq war. During a regular patrol, his squad came across a crowd gathered outside a mosque partially blocking the road. From the crowd a grenade was tossed toward his Humvee. JP jumped back into his vehicle, the detonation occurred but neither he nor his fellow Marines were injured. The crowd rapidly dispersed, however, JP spied a young man staring him down in the crowd and surmised he was the one who threw the grenade. JP saw the suspicious young man race down a side street. JP pursued but quickly realized he had separated himself from his squad of Marines in the pursuit. The runner was about to disappear around a corner, JP raised his rifle, fired several shots, hitting the young man in the head and saw his blood and brains fly out.

Upon approach to the victim, JP rolled the body over and saw the distorted face of a young boy probably between 12-16 years of age. His fellow Marines then appeared and soon after the boy's mother appeared, weeping and wailing over the boy's body. JP recalls intense feelings of guilt and shame, coupled with severe questioning whether or not he had done the right thing. A subsequent military investigation of the incident found that he was justified in the shooting but JP never felt that he was.[8] JP's combat scenario is not unique.

It could be multiplied with similar incidents hundreds of times. War by its very nature is an innately corrosive environment that can often be morally toxic to the soul and the conscience of the warrior.

Setting aside for the moment the content of any counseling that a healthcare provider in the VA might offer to JP, West urges that the first principle in approaching psychological trauma and moral injury in combat veterans should be to position oneself as a *Paraclete* for the veteran, to walk alongside the veteran empathically and non-judgmentally. He writes:

> The therapist who begins by simply walking alongside the traumatized individual sets the stage for effective therapeutic alliance. This is a very passive and nonjudgmental approach, one of allowing the patient to relate and share affective states they normally avoid. The therapist as Paraclete walks with them and provides needed support initially.[9]

The person who experiences such psychological trauma sees themselves as detached from others and unable to be understood by those around them. Shattered emotionally, JP felt detached from his fellow Marines for his act of unjustified killing. Isolated, JP believed that no one could understand his experience. Before this incident JP understood the world as benevolent, meaningful and his self as worthy. Following this incident JP concluded the world is not benevolent, his self was not worthy and in fact he became the eliminator of benevolence in this world. His prior worldview was shattered. Furthermore, JP projected guilt and anger on the authorities who had placed him in such an ambiguous situation to shoot and kill.[10] West concludes by stating that:

> The most constructive therapeutic stance in this case was one of nonjudgmental listening and reassurance of the privilege of the doctor-patient relationship. This created a safe space in which he could tell his story without fear of judgment or reprisal, and to experience the intense affects and begin the corrective experience.[11]

Non-judgmental empathic listening certainly creates the necessary counseling ambience to surface the morally injurious event but does this approach release and create salutary forgiveness for the conscience of JP?

A Promising Therapeutic Option

Adaptive Disclosure has currently emerged as the most promising of all VA therapies which includes a specific focus on forgiveness from moral injury after combat.[12] The name of this therapy illuminates the strategy of the counseling sessions. “Adaptive” refers to both the counselor and counselee regarding the changing strategies that can be utilized for effective disclosure and healing. “Disclosure” underscores the assumption that verbal exposure of the underlying trauma must be disclosed in the counseling sessions for effective understanding, re-framing and proposed strategy for further healing.

The service member or veteran must identify the traumatic haunting experience consuming them be it a life-threatening event, traumatic loss or moral injury. Strategies for further exposure and readjustment to a more normal way of life are then mapped out depending upon the primary trauma. For MI injurious events where the concomitant feelings are guilt and shame, the VA counselor is seeking to skillfully surface the raw emotions and create a hot cognitive state for the veteran. This exposure creates the climate to re-examine and hopefully reframe alternative healthy meaning to the MI event in order for the counselee to learn that though his/her life may have been dominated by the MI event, it is still possible to move forward in hope that a better and a stronger moral future can be created out of the darkness of past "unforgivable" combat experiences.

However, what the VA offers as "forgiveness" for perpetrations and perceptions of MI is a therapeutically created self-forgiveness that includes re-framing the combat event into something more palatable for the conscience and the creation of a benevolent imaginary moral authority figure that the combat veteran can conjure up in therapy. Through the voice of the imaginary trusted figure the troubled veteran will be assured of forgiveness. Litz et al. write:

> In adaptive disclosure, we attempt to expose patients to *corrective* learning experiences that counter harm-specific self- and other-expectations. . . one of the main change agents in adaptive disclosure to redress moral injury is an evocative imaginal "confession" and dialogue with a compassionate and forgiving moral authority in order to begin to challenge and address the shame and self-handicapping that accompany such experiences.[13]

Adaptive disclosure therapy consists of eight 90-minute weekly sessions. The first session evaluates the service member's condition and sets parameters and expectations for the sessions to follow. For the following breakout sessions, Litz et al. write:

> Participants are encouraged to engage in imaginal conversations with a key "relevant other" such as the deceased person being grieved or a respected, caring, compassionate, and forgiving moral authority. . . the goal of the breakout sessions is to engender alternative emotional experiences that plant corrective information such that the experience and internalization of the original trauma is modified positively. . . these imagined dialogues offer important opportunities for perspective taking and experiencing forgiveness.[14]

This attempt at offering imaginary forgiveness to the veteran is in actuality an attempt to persuade the veteran to accept self-forgiveness. With this approach the VA is tacitly signaling that the "cure" for MI lies in the conscience of the veteran. This line of direction is actually a pseudo-religious role because, in so doing, adaptive disclosure therapy attempts to create for the SSAM[15] suffering from MI an imaginary dialogue with a benevolent moral figure who has the power and the willingness to forgive the offender. This "gift of grace" experience is then followed by therapeutic advice for making amends

as far as possible. The therapeutic journey once begun is now a lifetime journey seeking balance, self-forgiveness, reclaiming goodness and resetting the moral compass of one's life in order to initiate good works that benefit the neighbor. This effort will tip the soul of the SSAM laboring under MI toward reengaging life and not let the MI of the past determine the future trajectory of his/her soul.

While this effort of the VA is laudable as far as reestablishing a new civil righteousness and a morally focused citizenship for the veteran after combat; nevertheless, if the conscience is understood to be innate and God-given then the ultimate healing for the conscience from acts of war must come from an ultimate source that *transcends* the individual conscience. Of course, if it is believed that the conscience is merely a social construct shaped by the values of any given society, then it should be relatively easy to reframe and/or manipulate the values of any single conscience relative to killing in war and offer the morally injured conscience the man-made gift of "forgiveness." But if the voice of authority that transcends the conscience for healing and restoration, as I intend to demonstrate, resides solely with God alone and voiced in His church, then, more specifically, it is the cross of Christ alone that heals the conscience and calms the soul of the warfighter.

Identifying the True Healer

It is important to note that Litz et al. is not opposed to religious belief playing a significant role in healing for the veteran:

> It is helpful to know the service member or veteran's religious beliefs/traditions. While candid disclosure to a therapist and reception of an empathic and nonjudgmental response can be enormously helpful, it may be that a discussion with *an actual moral authority figure* is warranted . . ." The hope is that faith, communion with, and empathy from others who share a faith, and messages based on "good" theology–centered on love and forgiveness–will help heal moral injuries over time.[16] (emphasis added)

However, this is not their first choice proffered in therapy, but only a condescending acquiescence to the veteran's faith community, if available, and deemed to be necessary. Whatever is meant by "*an actual moral authority figure*" be it, pastor, priest, rabbi or chaplain is too amorphic for the Gospel of Christ Jesus. In addition, the authors feel compelled to define the content of that necessary "good" theology—"centered on love and forgiveness"—that they believe will help heal the combat veteran because such theology contains the necessary salutary ingredients by their own definition. Are VA counselors trained theologians as well? Who can forgive sins save God alone?

Consider for a moment how wars, bloodshed, and military might permeate the historical context of all of Scripture. Scripture declares that Abraham is the spiritual forefather of all believers, Jew and Gentile,[17] and yet even Abraham's life was not exempt from war and bloodshed.

When Abram learned that his brother (nephew) Lot and his family were taken captive, the text says that Abram *armed*[18] 318 trained servants to pursue the aggressor, Chedorlaomer (Gen. 14:14). Abram's rescue occurred right after the titanic struggle of the armies of four kings against five (Gen. 14:5-9). The entire political power structure surrounding the Salt Sea had been violently rearranged.

When Abram first sighted the enemy, he divided his forces at night, set up an ambush under the cover of darkness, and attacked Chedorlaomer. Abram *ambushed* Chedorlaomer to gain the upper hand. This battle was not a wrestling match where two contestants squared off with a referee to make sure the participants wrestled fairly. No. Abram *ambushed* Chedorlaomer. Winners win and losers die or are enslaved. Abram pursued the stricken and fleeing army of Chedorlaomer up to Damascus, twenty-five miles away. Brother Lot was rescued, all his family and all his goods.

Do you think in the sacred record left to us by the power and inspiration of the Holy Spirit that no blood was shed? How did Abram secure victory? Did he merely walk up to King Chedorlaomer wave a white flag and "negotiate" conditions of peace while politely asking for the release of his nephew and family? No negotiations. No diplomacy. No verbal persuasion. Just a surprise, vicious nighttime ambush. That's how Abram "greeted" Chedorlaomer. War was not a distant last resort but the first step in the "negotiations." Abram deliberately ambushed and attacked Chedorlaomer without warning with his force of 318 armed men of war. If they attacked, then they shed blood, slaughtered and destroyed the forces of Chedorlaomer for their aggression toward Lot and his family.

Did Abram slash, hack and whack the enemy with his own sword or did he let his 318 armed servants do all the killing? The text is silent. Did Abram drive the tip of his blade deep into another man's chest? The text is silent. When the enemy cried for mercy, did Abram show mercy? The text is silent. If the army of Abram pursued the enemy as far as Damascus, about 25 miles north of the ambush site, the implication is strong that no mercy was shown to the enemy forces of Chedorlaomer. Were they entirely exterminated? Most likely but the text is silent. However, the text is crystal clear that Abram won the day. Confused and disoriented, the enemy was struck down, killed in their beds and utterly defeated so that they could not regroup in the future and pose another threat . . . to anyone. Abraham knew firsthand the experience of killing in combat.

Engagement in war by any combat veteran today does not preemptively disqualify their soul from entry into heaven or bar them from the comfort of the Christian faith. If Abraham who engaged the enemy and shed blood can still be called the spiritual forefather of all believers today then the consolation of Scripture offered in Christ most certainly applies to all combat veterans who have engaged in acts of war. All of this is to say that Abraham, the spiritual forefather of all believers, Abraham, whose faith in God's precious promises all believers are called to emulate, Abraham, the spiritual patriarch of all true saints from both the Jews and Gentiles was a bloody man of God and also the spiritual forefather of all Christians.

David Grossman,[19] in his landmark study of killing in war tells us that the closer the proximity of the combatants to each other in war the greater the likelihood of life-long effects after war like PTSD, moral injury, et al. The killing that Abram and his men of war engaged in was of the worst kind of killing; face to face, fist to fist, eyeball to eyeball, killing. In the rest of the extant record of Scripture concerning the life of Abraham there is not a scintilla of evidence that Abram was ever disturbed by his actions to rescue Lot nor was he disturbed by difficult recurring memories of it to his grave. Symptoms of PTSD and moral injury by modern definition are nowhere evident in the text. It all depends on what voice of authority norms the conscience.

Abraham is not the only bloody man of God. Moses murdered an Egyptian.[20] Joshua led the charge into the holy land exterminating whole tribes.[21] Saul slew his thousands and David his tens of thousands.[22] Gideon, Samson, Samuel and many prophets. . . all bloody men of God, yet listed in the litany of heroes in Hebrews chapter eleven, who through faith: Subdued kingdoms, worked righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, became valiant in battle, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.[23]

War is an ugly fact of life but war is not the ugliest fact. Unrepentant souls tossed into the abyss of eternity is the ugliest fact of life.

Where is the voice of authority that norms, calms and settles the conscience after combat? What word from God can heal the disfigured soul and conscience from acts of war? The answer of God is counter-intuitive to the mind of man. Where no one would look, there God reveals Himself. The place of forgiveness is the place of greatest disfigurement, namely, the brutal, bloody cross of Christ Jesus.

Disfigurement, Combat and Christ Jesus

It is not possible for anyone today to recreate a crucifixion with any sense of realism. Roman centurions were in charge of crucifixion. Cook's[24] conservative estimate of the number of crucifixions from the Second Punic war (200 BC) to Maximin (313 AD) is 30,000. Cook comprehensively lists all known crucifixions from ancient Greek and Roman sources cited in extant works. He makes no religious application or commentary in his work except to say, "The longest surviving narrative on anyone crucified by the Romans in antiquity is Jesus of Nazareth."[25] Remarkable, simply remarkable.

During the slave revolt led by Spartacus 6,000 slaves were crucified and their crosses placed prominently along the Appian Way to Rome. Most crucifixion victims were slaves and *peregrini* (foreigners). The purpose of a public crucifixion was to cast the offender against the State out of the community with no legal rights and no burial. Roman citizens were not crucified.[26] The wheels of justice turned less severely for the Roman citizen than for the slave. Robbers, bandits and persons convicted of sedition were often crucified at the scene of their crime. In antiquity, public crucifixion belonged to the horrors of daily life. Therefore, the worship of a crucified man, Christ Jesus, shocked the pagans who

understood the cross as a just punishment for a condemned criminal. Crucifixion was dirty business and it gave great power to the centurion who carried out the decrees of Rome to execute criminals convicted of crimes against the State.

Place yourself in your mind's eye as part of an execution squad-detail responsible for nailing a man to his cross. Think of the unimaginable anticipation of horror by the victim while his arms are tied to the *patibulum,* as you wait for blood-curdling screams while seven-inch nails are pounded through the victim's hands and feet. The flogged lacerated body is then hoisted up to hang T-boned upon the vertical beam. The *crux* was the ultimate shame and rejection of a human being; the broken naked body left upon the cross, shamed for all to gaze upon, carrion for the vultures and wild beasts, the remains unfit for a humane and proper burial. Crucifixion was part of the regular duties of a Roman centurion.

Now try to imagine the crucifixion of Jesus. From his crowned brow rivulets of blood trickled down his face unceasingly; his back, a lacerated, bloody pulp rubbing raw against the wood of His cross. His healing hands of peace nailed, pierced and suspended from the *patibulum.* His blessed feet now immobilized, nailed and crippled against His cross that once brought the Gospel of peace to His beloved chosen people. His face now dark and silent—marred more than the face of any man[27]—once so bright with the gift of God's forgiving love. Now, unrecognizable.

The cross of Christ is God's act of war against sinful humanity, his disfigurement—the world's salvation. Such knowledge is counter-intuitive to every sincere and completely misguided offering of self-forgiveness by any counselor seeking to alleviate the pain of moral injury in the combat veteran. "By *His* wounds we are healed" (Is. 53:5). The veteran's freedom from moral injury is directly dependent upon the wounds, the stripes, and the ravishing disfigurement of Christ. If such sacrificial suffering and disfigurement does not move and heal the conscience of the veteran who knows all too well the disfigurement and mutilation of bodies in war . . . then what on earth can?[28]

The cross of Christ is the reconciliation of the world before the face of God. It is God's active war, His *Missio Dei: Jus in Bello*,[29] penetrating and reclaiming the souls of mankind while crushing the hostile kingdom of Satan. The cross of Christ restores man to fellowship with God, liberates mankind from sin and an evil conscience and all manner of moral injury. The object of saving faith that covers the conscience of the combat veteran with authentic forgiveness is not an impersonal doctrine but the living, resurrected Son of God, the true warrior of the souls of mankind who was brutally disfigured upon His cross. His disfigurement is the heart of the peace the veteran must seize to secure rest for his conscience and healing for his soul. Luther calls this a blessed exchange in his exegesis of Galatians 3:13, 14:

> For the text clearly states: "Christ became a curse for us." Therefore we are the reason why He became a curse; indeed, we are His curse. This is a very powerful passage. . . So long as sin, death, and the curse remain in us, sin damns us, death kills us, and the curse curses us; *but when these things are*

> *transferred to Christ, what is ours becomes His and what is His becomes ours.*[30] [emphasis added]

For healing the combat veteran suffering moral injury must stand at the foot of the cross, raise up believing eyes and cry out to Christ Jesus: "I am Thy sin, Thy curse, Thy death, Thy wrath of God, Thy hell. But Thou are my Righteousness, Blessing, Life, Grace of God, and Heaven."[31] This act of faith is the blessed exchange in the *missio Dei* between heaven and earth. It is an act of war by God to cleanse the conscience, to restore the soul and to establish blessed peace between the veteran and His God. It is an act of faith that needs oft repeating as Luther writes:

> Let us learn, therefore, *in every temptation to transfer sin*, death, the curse, and all the evils that oppress us from ourselves to Christ, and, on the other hand, *to transfer righteousness*, life, and blessing from Him to us. For He does in fact bear all our evils, because God the Father, as Isaiah says (53:6), "has laid the iniquity of us all on *Him*."[32] [emphasis added]

Real forgiveness is not imaginary forgiveness. Authentic forgiveness is not bestowed through well-intended counselors who conjure up some benevolent, foggy, imaginary moral authority figure pretending to deposit empathy and understanding upon the warrior's conscience. Authentic forgiveness from God alone penetrates the soul, heals moral injury and lasts a lifetime. Authentic forgiveness blows away the fog of inauthentic forgiveness and stands eternally firm upon the rock of Calvary. All the combat veteran has to do is look up, raise believing eyes upon the cross and the blessed exchange will be his. This is the most noble death in the history of warfare; the bloody, sacrificial death of Christ upon His cross. Out of all the honorable vocations in the world, the combat veteran most of all should understand the noble death of Christ Jesus with the greatest clarity and the greatest depth of soul.

Simple faith still needs clarification because moral injury is often a recurring, intrusive nightmare. Moral injury embedded in the veteran's conscience cannot be excised by a military disposition to storm the heavenly beaches with a tankful of good works in the hope of amending past incriminating behaviors thereby bringing lasting peace to the shores of the veteran's troubled soul. Rather, the Apology cites Colossians 2:14[33] as God's clear method. The "handwriting" is the conscience, convicting and condemning, supported by the Law with its condemnation. This sentence brings grief and terror:

> Therefore the handwriting that condemns us is contrition itself. To blot out the handwriting is to *chisel away the sentence* by which we declare that we shall be condemned and to *engrave the sentence* by which we know that we have been freed from this condemnation. Faith is the new sentence. It reverses the former sentence and gives peace and life to the heart.[34] [emphasis added]

Chisel, engrave, believe. This is the work of faith. The cross of Christ is greater than any moral injury embedded in the conscience of any combat veteran. The combat veteran must learn to chisel away the past and engrave the future with hope.

The military mind is pre-wired and trained for obedience to the word of command. Consider for a moment the Roman centurion pleading with Christ Jesus to heal his beloved servant. (Luke 7: 1-10). What the centurion wanted was not pious theatrics, nor a crowd-gathering emotional display of spiritual power in his home over the body of his beloved servant. No. All that the centurion wanted—a seasoned, combat-hardened veteran of Rome's wars—was the word, a command from Christ that his servant would be healed. "Just give me the good word, Jesus," the centurion must have been thinking, "and all will be well for my servant." The good word was granted, the servant healed and centurion was given by Christ Jesus the highest compliment of faith (Luke 7:9) ever bestowed on anyone in the NT. What does this mean for our veterans today?

For the combat veteran suffering moral injury, the reality he or she must grasp is the *present* reality of the forgiveness of sins won at the cross of Christ. Chisel, engrave and believe. Chisel away all efforts to cure the self by "self-forgiveness." Engrave the new sentence of authentic forgiveness upon the soul. Believe and seize this God-given present reality in the cross of Christ. Today, this moment, is the day of salvation. This is the hot cognition state of salvation created by the *missio Dei: Jus in Bello*. Without it, forgiveness for the stricken conscience will be lost and drift away. Every therapy session of "self-forgiveness" will be no more than an approximation toward a target forever receding on the horizon and just out of reach.

The hot cognition state that the VA hopes to create in order to release the trauma and soothe the moral injury via "self-forgiveness" moves entirely opposite of the direction toward God and the sure peace of forgiveness at the cross of Christ. Chisel, engrave and believe for the veteran is not a bromide, nor a platitude nor a once-in-a-lifetime event; rather, it is the spiritual training event the veteran must learn repeatedly in his own soul. All military training is based upon precise, calibrated and effective repetition to face any threat. Spiritual training for the soul is based upon nothing less. Chisel, engrave and believe is the effective God-given remedy proffered at the cross of Christ that will save the soul and heal the conscience from all moral injury. What greater gift can the counselor give to the combat veteran?

A Powerful and Practical Remedy Offered

Slaying the enemy even in a just war was not free from blame in the medieval church. Verkamp[35] outlines in erudite detail the medieval church's response to warriors returning home from battle. He demonstrates from medieval church history the widespread belief that guilt and shame were assumed to accompany combat and the shedding of blood in war. The stiffest penalties were assigned to those in closest proximity to the slaughter, lesser penalties for archers. Penitential rites varied from region to region together with the prescribed penance necessary for absolution. Some churches and regions imposed penance

and abstention from the Lord's Supper from weeks to 40 days to three years or more. Purification and healing would be granted through the visible performance of ritual penance.

Penitential Ordinances were issued after the Battle of Hastings.[36] All soldiers who fought merely for personal gain, and confessed the same, were obliged to perform the full penance as for common homicide which at the time was seven years duration.[37] However, the same ordinances demanded penance due even for those soldiers whose intentions were good, who had not fought for avarice or ambition but merely fought in the public war to protect the common good. This view lends credence to the fact that the shedding of blood even at the command of the prince for a just cause involves grave sin.[38] There is ample evidence in the extant historical record that this was the commonly held view up to the launching of the Crusades beginning in the 11th century.

Should penance be imposed on all soldiers or only some? No perfect knight ever existed. Therefore, Webster and Cole believe they are warranted when they write:

> We cannot escape the fact that pious battle behavior is something to be approximated, and because there are no perfectly virtuous soldiers, there will be no perfectly fought battles. Evil will be done, and when evil is done, penance is required.[39]

Verkamp writes that with the triumph of therapeutic counseling today "modern society has found it difficult to deal with the returning soldier's pangs of conscience."[40] Guilt and shame is believed to be simply a manifestation of social maladjustment from which the patient must be liberated. Is guilt and shame from acts committed in war simply a neurosis in search of analysis to be jettisoned in therapy? Despite the rationale of prevalent modern psychological therapies that autonomous souls do not need to be forgiven only liberated, Verkamp argues that penance and forgiveness can be of special benefit to the warrior returning home as a lament of war for the loss of personal innocence in killing the enemy. Verkamp, paraphrasing Gray and Marin,[41] writes:

> But in examining his or her conscience, the returning soldier might also discover that "sacred moral norms" and "deeply held convictions" have indeed been personally violated, with terribly "real and permanent" consequences, like the death or maiming of innocent noncombatants, or the destruction of whole villages. . . Returning soldiers. . . might stand to gain also from a second aspect of the early medieval penitential practice, namely what theologians of the period called the *contrition cordis* (heartfelt contrition).[42]

Verkamp concludes by stating that it was the belief of the early medieval penitential tradition "that the absolution of the sinner must in the final analysis be a process of reconciliation."[43] True penance is an expression of humility and love with a view toward grateful restitution enabling the returning warrior to live his/her life on a higher ethical

ideal, replete with new good works in service to fellow human-beings. Thus, penance is not punishment but rather the opportunity to repay the living what is owed the dead.[44]

I concur with Verkamp's principle conclusions and offer the following Rite of Purification for our combat veterans for use in the church not as an act of personal penance to earn the grace of God but rather as a means of grace from God to the veteran troubled in soul and conscience about war, violence, death, destruction and the killing of human beings. Chisel, engrave and believe adequately describe the inner motions of faith which seeks peace in the bloody cross of Christ, who is the premier noble warrior for the troubled conscience of the combat veteran.

A Rite of Healing and Purification for Veterans[45]

A bowl of water, anointing oil and a white towel is placed on the altar. A cross or crucifix is placed and centered on the altar. The congregation can respond jointly with the combat veteran as well as his family. The pastor stands at the altar and invites all veterans wounded in soul and carrying the burdens of war to come and stand before the altar of God.

Pastor: In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Congregation: Amen.

Pastor: Blessed be God our Father for with him all things are possible!

Veteran: Lord, if you are willing, you can make me clean.

Pastor: Blessed be God the Son who stands beside us in the place of all sinners.

Veteran: Lord, if you are willing, you can make me clean.

Pastor: Blessed be God the Holy Spirit who dwells in this place to make you clean and pure in Christ Jesus who is Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

Veteran: Lord, if you are willing, you can make me clean.

Combat veteran kneels at the altar rail.
The Chaplain places his hand upon the head
of the combat veteran for prayer.

Pastor: Let us pray.

Dear Son of God, war is a dirty business and a necessary evil in a fallen world. The consequences for our participation in war can last a lifetime. We have sought to do all our duties honorably, fighting justly for a righteous cause yet war can make any warrior feel

unclean with bloody hands full of guilt. Dear Lord, touch us, exchange places with us. Give to us your purity and heal all that is unclean.

Congregation and Veterans: Amen.

Pastor: Hear these words from the holy Gospel of Mark. A man with leprosy came to Jesus and begged him on his knees, "If you are willing, you can make me clean." Then Jesus moved with compassion stretched out his hand and touched the man. "I am willing," He said. "Be clean!" Immediately the leprosy left him and he was cleansed.

Veteran: Dear Lord Jesus, I am on my knees and I beg you to touch me, to make me clean.

The pastor dips his hand in the water bowl and makes the sign of the cross upon the combat veteran's forehead and says "Be clean."

Pastor: The Lord Jesus is willing and removes all that is unclean. For those who have gone to war and have returned and still struggle even now with what they have touched, what they have done or failed to do in the performance of their duties, Jesus says to you, "Be clean!"

Congregation: Amen.

Veteran: Lord Jesus, I am often paralyzed by memories, thoughts of war and darkness that covers my soul. I have served honorably yet the consequences of where I have walked, what I have seen, what I have done still plague me. I know all too well the brutality of war and the cry of death. Dear Lord, I feel divided internally even with my own family and I don't want to be.

Pastor: Hear these words from the holy Gospel of Mark. "How can Satan drive out Satan? If a kingdom is divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand. If a house is divided against itself, that house cannot stand. And if Satan opposes himself and is divided, he cannot stand; his end has come. In fact, no one can enter a strong man's house and carry off his possessions unless he first ties up the strong man. Then he can rob his house."

Pastor: Christ Jesus, our Lord and Savior, has tied up the strong man. At His cross Christ has overthrown Satan and driven him out. Now the Lord has rescued you, saved and redeemed you and makes you his very own possession. You, your house and your family are redeemed, united and loved by God in the kingdom of Christ Jesus. Do you believe this?

Veteran: I want to believe, help me in my unbelief. Dear Lord, if you are willing, you can make me clean.

The pastor washes the hands of the combat veteran at the altar rail as each veteran places his hand over the bowl of water.

Pastor: The Lord Jesus has conquered death and restores life. The Lord Jesus gave His life at the cross for all even for those who have taken life in war. Through His bloody cross you have been healed. Do not be afraid; only believe.

Anointing oil is placed on the forehead of the combat veteran and the sign of the cross is made.

Pastor: God has washed you. God has sealed you. Through the bloody cross of Christ God the Father is making all things new in your life. Through Christ alone, you are pure, holy, clean and forgiven. Go in peace.

Pastor prays on behalf of all veterans, facing the altar.

Let us pray: Lord Jesus, truly you are the Son of God. Thank you for perfectly completing your mission, living the only perfect life on earth, going to the cross and reconciling each of us to you. Thank you for bestowing upon our nation's veterans your righteousness, your holiness, your cleanness. Thank you for removing from me the effects and consequences of war and all therein that is unclean. Thank you for uniting my heart once again with my own family. Be with me now and always and let me remain at the foot of your cross for it is there that your blood covers me and keeps me clean.

Veteran: I am clean!

Congregation: Amen and Hallelujah!

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Endnotes

[1] David R. Smoker, "*Te Absolvo*—You Are Set Free: Offering Spiritual Healing and Reconciliation to Combat Veterans," *Word and World*, 34, no. 4 (Fall 2014): 358–66. Smoker is a PhD student in systematic theology at Luther Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota (as of the date of his journal article) and served twenty plus years in the US Army and Army Reserve spanning the course of Desert Storm, 1990-91.
[2] Ibid., Smoker, 358-59.
[3] See: https://www.mentalhealth.va.gov/docs/data-sheets/2019/2019_National_Veteran_Suicide_Prevention_Annual_Report_508.pdf, 3. (accessed August, 1, 2020).
[4] Ibid, 2019 National Veteran Suicide Report, 5.
[5] Mark Schreiber, "Moral Injury: How Might the Cross of Christ Heal Moral Injury in the Combat Veteran?" (PhD diss., Concordia Theological Seminary, 2020), 29. "Moral injury in its essence is a violation of the moral code (conscience) of the warrior who has engaged in killing behaviors. Not all combat veterans suffer moral injury after duty in a war zone. Moral injury is not suffered by combat veterans because they have a low moral code or a weak conscience but precisely the opposite. Because of the high moral code of honor, courage and commitment in combat life and death situations, the combat veteran may come to believe that somehow his improper response or lack of response contributed to the death or injury of a fellow soldier. Furthermore, there may have been unavoidable collateral death and destruction of innocent civilians that haunts him long after the battle."
[6] Elspeth Cameron Ritchie ed., *PTSD and Related Diseases in Combat Veterans* (New York: Springer International Publisher, 2015).
[7] Ibid., Ritchie, 4. Since 9/11, 2.7 million members of our armed forces have served downrange. Ritchie's estimate is that 15-25% will develop PTSD post-combat. Current therapies are basically in two kinds: drugs or talking (psychotherapy). New therapies are needed to adapt to the needs of veterans. Currently, approximately twenty percent of those serving in the military are females.
[8] Ibid., Ritchie, 29.
[9] Ibid., Ritchie, 31.
[10] Ibid., Ritchie, 32.
[11] Ibid., 33.
[12] Brett T. Litz, Leslie Lebowitz, Matt J. Gray, and William P. Nash, *Adaptive Disclosure: A New Treatment for Military Trauma, Loss and Moral Injury.* (New York: The Guilford Press, 2016).
[13] Ibid., Brett T. Litz et al. , 5.
[14] Ibid., Litz et al., 9.
[15] SSAM – Soldier, Sailor, Airman and Marine is short-hand for all service members, male and female.
[16] Ibid., Brett T. Litz et al., 126.
[17] ESV Romans 4: 9-12.
[18] Karl Elliger, Wilhelm Rudoph, and Adrian Schenker, ed., *Biblia Hebraica Stuttgartensia: A Reader's Edition* (Peabody, Massachusetts: Hendrickson Publishers Marketing LLC, 2014), 22. The Hebrew Hiphil verb defining the action that Abram took to arm his 318 servants is רוק. According to Gesenius the verb can denote three nuances centering on the concept of emptying: 1) to empty out vessels or the soul, 2) to empty heaven, pour down rain, pour out oil, 3) to empty the sword sheath, that is, *to draw out a sword for battle*. All of the following citations occur in a military context: Gen. 14:14; Ex. 15:9; Lev. 26:33; Ezekiel 5: 2, 12; 12:14; 28:7; 30:11. For all references of רוקq.v.: William Gesenius and Edward Robinson, trans., *A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament* (Oxford, England: Clarendon Press, 1976). The actual Hebrew word for sword חרב

does not occur in Genesis 14:14 but the military sense is clear. Even without the Hebrew word for sword in Genesis 14:14, the context makes it clear that Abram armed his servants for war with swords. What enemy would flee from an *unarmed* aggressor force such as led by Abram?

[19] David Grossman, *On Killing* (New York: Back Bay Books, 1996), 97-106. He writes, "The link between distance and ease of aggression is not a new discovery. It has long been understood that there is a direct relationship between the empathic and physical proximity of the victim, and the resultant difficulty and trauma of the kill."

[20] ESV, Exodus 2:12.

[21] ESV, Joshua 12:7-24.

[22] ESV, 1 Samuel 18:7.

[23] ESV, Hebrews 11:33, 34.

[24] John Granger Cook, *Crucifixion in the Mediterranean World.* (Tubingen, Germany: Mohr Siebeck, 2014). Cook's detached but accurate style of writing makes deductions from the evidence only with no pious accretions.

[25] Ibid., Cook, 216.

[26] Ibid., 379. The cross was abolished as a means of capital punishment by Emperor Constantine at the end of his reign, 337 AD.

[27] It is critical to understand and comprehend the depth of the degradation of Christ Jesus upon His cross in order to see the power and ability of the *missio Dei* to penetrate any conscience, including that of a combat veteran suffering from moral injury. Lessing writes concerning the suffering servant in Isaiah 52:14 that the noun in Hebrew משחת is a *hapax legomenon*, occurring only here. The overwhelming power of its significance overrides the paucity of its occurrences. Lessing translates the text as, "*disfigurement* from a man (was) his appearance," and "Roman crucifixion (along with the scourging that normally preceded it) would often *mar and ruin victims beyond recognition*." [emphasis added] For full commentary see: Reed Lessing, *Concordia Commentary: Isaiah 40-55* (St. Louis, Missouri: Concordia Publishing House, 2011), 584.

[28] Christian baptism is a life-giving union and communion with the death and resurrection of Christ (Romans 6). Therefore, it is also a union with the terrible, disfiguring sufferings and death of Christ for the healing of the soul and the conscience. The vast majority of American warriors have already received a Christian baptism at some point in their life before entry into military service. Baptism is a point of access for the Christian counselor to relate the cross of Christ to any moral injury sustained by the combat warrior after combat.

[29] Ibid., Schreiber, PhD Dissertation, 201,203, 204. "The *missio Dei: Jus ad bellum* is the right of God to go to war. God has created the world. He owns the world and has redeemed the world through the blood of Christ. The fall of mankind into sin has placed man under the power, domain and kingdom of Satan. God is the prime missionary. Christ Jesus is the *missio Dei*. The efficient cause of God's universal mission to save mankind is the Holy Spirit. The Trinitarian *missio Dei* is the strategy and tactical battle plan of God to save the world. The world is the object of God's everlasting love. The Scriptures are the record of God's intervention, penetration and Lordship over all His creation. The *missio Dei*, therefore, is *the* mission of God, perspicacious and deliberate in the mind of God, perspicuous to the eyes of faith."

[30] Martin Luther, *Luther's Works: Lectures on Galatians 1535*, ed. Jaroslav Pelikan, vol. 26 (St. Louis, Missouri: Concordia Publishing House, 1963), 291, 92.

[31] Ibid., Luther, 292.

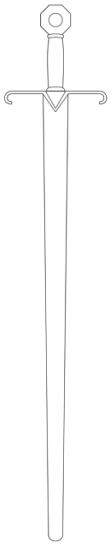
[32] Ibid., 292.

[33] NKJV. Col. 2:14. "(Christ canceled) the handwriting of requirements that was against us, which was contrary to us. He has taken it out of the way having nailed it to His cross."

[34] Paul McCain ed., *Concordia, The Lutheran Confessions*, Reader's Edition. (St. Louis: Concordia Publishing House, 2005), 164.

[35] Bernard J. Verkamp, *The Moral Treatment of Returning Warriors in Early Medieval and Modern Times* (Scranton: University of Scranton Press, 2006).

[36] The Battle of Hastings was fought October 14th, 1066 between the Norman-French army of William, Duke of Normandy and the English army led by King Harold. The battling armies congealed and attacked on the southeast corner of the island of Great Britain at a site today about seven miles northwest of Hastings, England. King Harold died in battle and his army was decisively defeated losing about twice the number of personnel as the invading Norman-French army. William, Duke of Normandy, was crowned King on Christmas Day, 1066. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_Hastings, (accessed July 6, 2019).
[37] Verkamp, 18.
[38] Ibid., Verkamp,18, 19. The impetus for penance may have found its provenance in the ancient Israelite ceremonial cleansing practices (Numbers 31:19) after war and a shared worldview with other cultures that *horror sanguinis* makes one unclean after battle.
[39] Alexander F. C. Webster and Darrell Cole, *The Virtue of War: Reclaiming the Classic Christian Traditions East and West* (Salisbury, Massachusetts: Regina Orthodox Press Inc., 2004), 201, 02.
[40] Ibid., Verkamp, 62.
[41] Peter Marin, "Living in Moral Pain." *Psychology Today* 15 (November 1981): 68-80.
[42] Ibid., Verkamp, 98.
[43] Ibid., 107
[44] Ibid., 106.
[45] This rite of healing and purification was created by Navy Chaplain Matt Prince in the fulfillment of his Doctor of Ministry degree received from Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, 2015. Chaplain Prince field-tested this rite with veterans on numerous occasions with great success as have I in the congregational setting. This rite is an abbreviated version without the foot-washing ritual as is found in Chaplain Prince's original work.



Chaplaincy Ministry During a Pandemic

Naomi Paget, BCC, BCETS

Pandemic is no respecter of persons. The unseen enemy will equally impact the young, the healthy, the fit, and the saved. Military chaplains are on the front lines dealing with spiritual issues that have morphed in the environment of COVID-19; and they will experience new roles as para-technology ministers, pastors of little presence, and intercessors for institutional and family issues that may get sidelined in the wake of terrorism, civil disobedience, and international instability. Military chaplains will be fellow travelers on the journey through the wilderness called pandemic.

Spiritual Dimensions of Pandemic

Spirituality and religion will be important factors in dealing with pandemic influenza. Even when people are not a part of organized religion, critical events generate spiritual issues. People in crisis seek meaning in chaos and comfort through spirituality and religion. Many people will expectantly seek spiritual support and others will at least be open to the possibility that spiritual care may alleviate some of their emotional distress.

Overview of Spirituality in Pandemic

By incorporating spirituality in the crisis response, physical healing increases, mortality rates decrease, depression decreases, and there is a positive effect on diseases, ranging from cervical cancer to stroke.[xxiv] Chaplains and ministers and other spiritual caregivers will be essential partners in providing meaningful care to those who are ill, those who survive, and those who have experienced great losses. Spiritual faith will have a positive effect in responding to the distress of pandemic influenza.

Spiritual care will provide emotional support during a time of great distress. Spirituality and religion may assist in making difficult decisions, maintaining a hopeful attitude during difficult circumstances, and providing a "safe" way to ventilate anger, despair, or sorrow. "Whether the crisis and loss are property or death, faith is reexamined in the light of one's spirituality. Personal values and beliefs may be shattered or transformed. Assumptions about life and death, people and God, good and evil—all may be challenged and redefined. Crisis shakes the very foundation of one's being, and spirituality redefines hope and future."[xxv]

During pandemic, people may use spirituality and religion to mitigate the severity of the crisis they are experiencing. People may use spirituality and religion to help cope with feelings of isolation, fear, or depression.

Spirituality and religion could also provide a means for people to ask questions and seek answers or to problem solve. "Prayer provides a 'listening ear' during crisis. It allows the victim to *vent* his crisis as a hopeful response. Prayer provides an avenue for processing the chaos and reducing the stress through repetition, communion, and meditation. Prayer and rituals help victims connect with others and God. They integrate the past, the present crisis, and the future 'different present.' They create new traditions and future hope."[xxvi]

During pandemic influenza, people will ask many difficult questions. Most of these questions are very spiritual in nature. Chaplains and other caregivers will not have adequate answers, but in asking the questions, people express their need for spiritual care.

- Why did God allow this?
- Why me?
- Why did _____ have to die?
- Why does God make innocent people suffer?
- Why won't God answer my prayers?
- Is there a heaven? Is there a hell?
- Is pandemic flu the *pestilence* in *Revelation*?
- Will _____ go to heaven?
- Others?

Spiritual Issues During Pandemic

Chaplains and other spiritual caregivers often hear people ask, "Why would my good God allow people to suffer like this?" The words may be different, but the question has often been asked in the face of adversity. The need to justify God's actions in the context of good and evil or His providence in suffering is known as *theodicy.* Christians often struggle with defending God's goodness in the presence of evil and suffering.

When people are forced to isolate or are quarantined, they may develop a sense of abandonment by people, institutions, and God. "No one cares about me." "Does God remember me?" "I'm so lonely and scared." These are the words of people who feel separated from God. They are fearful and lonely. There is little sense of communion with God or with others. People feel estranged and alienated—they feel alone. The chaplain brings the hope of God's message, "The LORD himself goes before you and will be with you; he will never leave you nor forsake you. Do not be afraid; do not be discouraged" (Deut. 31:8, NIV).

Another spiritual issue that people face during pandemic will be the possible change in what is perceived as *holy.* If people believe that God is holy—filled with wonder and awe—then when relief agencies provide medications, supplies, and resources, people often confuse God who is *holy* with institutions and agencies that provide necessary assistance. Transferring worship from God to institutions results when there is a changed awareness of what is *holy.*

Survivors may often have a sense of God's grace—His favor and blessing that allows them to escape sickness, be healed, or survive when others have succumbed to pandemic. The

issue of grace is faced with joy and happiness if one is on the receiving end. But for the one who feels unworthy of good health when others suffer, grace is a burden that is complicated by guilt and a sense of unworthiness.

During pandemic, many people will reevaluate their beliefs and values. For some, family will be more important than ever. For others, jobs that seemed important become extremely critical jobs. Who to trust and who to follow become more than political issues; they become spiritual issues.

For some, pandemic may seem like "the end of the world." For others, pandemic will cause them to question the will of God—His purposes, His divine design, His providence. Some will experience despairing helplessness and other will experience renewed strength—"They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint" (Isa. 40:31 NIV). Some people will want to repent and others will be apathetic about righteousness. Issues such as trust, self-denial, rationing, right-to-die, obligation, "life boat ethics" (Who shall live and who shall die?), or conflict of interest will stretch the ethical and moral ability of people and the chaplains and ministers who struggle with them.

The Role of the Chaplain and Minister

The role of the chaplain and minister encompasses many ministry tasks and responsibilities. But the most important role of the chaplain during pandemic influenza is to represent the presence of God during a frightening and traumatic circumstance.

> Chaplain ministry has often been called the "ministry of presence." Presence is both physical and emotional. First, the chaplain makes a conscious choice to be physically present with the client. Second, the chaplain is emotionally present with the client through empathetic listening. Through presence the chaplain begins to build the relationship that eventually brings comfort to those who feel alone in their suffering or despair.
>
> Some become frustrated with the ministry of presence. *Goals* don't seem to get accomplished. *Tasks* don't seem important. *Doing* seems secondary to *being.* Both the chaplain and the public may perceive that nothing is happening. But for the experienced spiritual care provider, the art of "hanging out" with patients, clients, victims, or team members becomes an intentional event that leads to providing a calm presence during times of stress or chaos. The law enforcement chaplain practices intentional presence—"loitering with intent," to calm, to build relationships, to provide compassion. The healthcare chaplain practices patient presence (in both senses of the word!)—serenely listening to the same narrative of diagnosis, treatment, and recuperative concerns. The crisis intervention or disaster relief chaplain practices "non- anxious presence"—demonstrating no anxiety or panic about the bombing, about the flooding, about destruction left by fires, tornadoes, hurricanes, or tsunamis.

> The ministry of presence often looks like standing around the water cooler, circulating among the people, sitting quietly with someone, or having a cup of coffee in the lunchroom. Presence may seem insignificant, but presence is the grace gift that chaplains and ministers bring to the human encounter. It is being available in spite of other commitments. It is being physically present even when the surroundings seem threatening. It is being emotionally present although the anger or fear is uncomfortable. Presence is the grace gift that accepts the client who seems unacceptable.
>
> The chaplain probably won't be able to "fix" problems, but the chaplain's presence is a reminder that spirituality is a part of the ordinary and extraordinary activities of life.
>
> Sharing the moment of crisis through the ministry of presence may be the most powerful and appreciated act of ministry performed by the chaplain. The care-giving relationship is greatly strengthened when a person never finds him or herself alone because of the chaplain's own presence—or because of the chaplain's assurances that God is always there.
>
> The presence of God in the person and ministry of the chaplain empowers the client to healing and wholeness. Chaplains and ministers are ordinary people with no supernatural power of their own. But in partnership with the presence of God, chaplains and ministers bring calm to chaos, victory over despair, comfort in loss, and sufficiency in need. Chaplains and ministers practice the presence of God through prayer, rites, rituals, listening, the spoken word, the holy scriptures, and acts of service. Clients often perceive the chaplain as the "God-person" in their midst. The very presence of the chaplain reminds the client that God is very present to them. Chaplains and ministers share God's presence with clients even as they share their own presence and words of assurance—"I am with you." (Paget, 2006, 27-28)

Role of "Minister"

Chaplains and other clergy are usually first considered to be "ministers."

> . . . the chaplain functions in the role of the minister, providing the religious functions that people expect from clergy. Often performing ministry without the physical structure of a church, chapel, synagogue, temple, or mosque, the chaplain may provide these religious functions in seemingly unusual places—offices, outdoors, disaster sites, homes, or public buildings. To people who have never experienced "traditional" religious programs, services, or rituals, these locations may not seem that unusual. Instead, they may seem appropriate for the religious ministry provided.[xxvii]

As a minister during pandemic influenza, chaplains and ministers may be called upon to provide rites and rituals that are usually performed by church pastors, but in unlikely

places. Chaplains and ministers may be asked to lead worship services in quarantined spaces, officiate at funerals and memorial services at mass grave sites, or they may be asked to lead special prayer services in the isolation rooms, on the internet, or by CB radios, ham radios, or conference calls.

"Chaplains and ministers perform many of the same ministry tasks as other clergy, but their audience is much more culturally and religiously diverse. The venue may be quite different and the ministry may be unusual compared to the traditional ministries of the church. The chaplain performs the task of minister by borrowing from many religious traditions and providing the freedom for people to worship, celebrate, and remember in personally meaningful ways."[xxviii]

Role of "Pastor"

In the pastoral role, chaplains and ministers assume the task of providing spiritual care to those in their care. As a shepherd cares for sheep, the pastoral chaplain cares for his or her "flock"—those people who are under his or her care. Spiritual care is a large umbrella that begins with assessment and could include spiritual instruction or interpretation, prayer or meditation, spiritual direction, listening, reflection, or counsel. Sometimes, the pastoral role is simply *being present* in a difficult situation with no agenda, no judgment, no solutions, or no advice. Again, the ministry of presence will be an essential role for the chaplain and minister in pandemic.

During pandemic, chaplains and ministers will be "pastors" to many people who are not of the same faith as them. They will assist in emotional and psychological support, in providing for physical needs (e.g. food, medicines, communication, and other resources), in facilitating reconciliation within families, institutions, and agencies, and in providing spiritual encouragement to all. Chaplains and ministers will be providing spiritual care for the soul of people who are in and out of their own faith tradition. In some cases, people will profess no religion or even be hostile or ambivalent about religion and still need pastoral care.

Role of "Intercessor"

Chaplains and ministers must serve as intercessors or advocates in many unexpected and unusual circumstances. Probably none will be more unexpected than the event of pandemic influenza. As an intercessor or advocate for individuals and families, chaplains and ministers may be asked to advise, counsel, comfort, or mediate. As an intercessor or advocate for churches, institutions or agency, chaplains and ministers have similar functions.

> The chaplain acts as an institutional advocate by assisting an organization in personnel issues. Clarifying appropriate action, suitable outcomes, right behavior, or proper protocol is a priority for all chaplains and ministers who are employed by institutions, both private and public. When there is a misunderstanding between employees or clients and the institution, the chaplain often acts as an advocate for

both groups. In doing so, the chaplain clarifies issues, presents both positions, and often advises and arbitrates. As an institutional advocate, the chaplain helps the institution be sensitive to employee issues and needs while protecting the integrity and mission of the institution.

The chaplain may lead various seminars, in-service programs, or training events to educate employees, clients, or other personnel about institutional policies, programs, protocols, or procedures. In this educational role, the chaplain intercedes for the institutional need to *share* information and the employees' need to *have* information.

When institutions have questions about religious holidays, observances, or prohibitions, those inquiries are often directed to the chaplain. In a world of multicultural institutions, demonstrating cultural and religious sensitivity is more than being "politically correct"; it is essential for the wellbeing of everyone. The chaplain is often called upon to be the resident "expert," demonstrating cross-cultural competence as an institutional advocate. Most chaplains and ministers cannot become completely knowledgeable about all cultural differences. Therefore, servant chaplains and ministers approach cultural differences with humility, willing to learn and apply new information.

The chaplain intercessor also acts as a liaison between clients and institutions. One special circumstance is in the event of a death. Institutions often request that the chaplain make the death notification to the family or the employees of the institution. With specialized training, the chaplain delivers the news of death—*in person* unless absolutely unable to do so. Understanding the grief reactions and the process of grieving are essential to this act of intercessory ministry. Death notifications may be complicated by language barriers, cultural differences, the involvement of children or teenagers, or particularly unusual circumstances—criminal activity, suicide, deaths perceived as preventable, kidnapping, or terrorism. The institution calls upon the chaplain to be a calm presence in the crisis of death.

There is also a unique situation in which the chaplain provides intercessory ministry from "insider status." Some of these chaplains and ministers include military chaplains and ministers who are part of the administrative personnel of the institution, but they are also the peers of many of the people to whom they provide ministry.

Similarly, the police chaplain who was once a police officer or the fire chaplain who was once a fire fighter—these are chaplains and ministers who capably serve as administrative liaisons. They have "insider status." For some chaplains and ministers, the issues become complicated because their status changes from "them" to "us." The roles and duties are vastly different, and having "insider status" can be frustrating with such role confusion. For example, being a doctor in a hospital is very different than being a hospital chaplain. A prison chaplain who was once an

> inmate faces even greater challenges with "insider status." Can he or she gain the trust of former peers? Or even more importantly, can he or she gain the trust of the warden and guards? "Insider status" can be a blessing and a curse. (Paget, 2006, 24-7)

During pandemic, chaplains and ministers may be called upon to assist their churches, institutions and agencies to mitigate the distress and complications that come from isolation, lack of clear communication, staff shortages, and ethical dilemmas for which no planning has taken place.

A special issue volunteer and part-time chaplains and ministers will face, will be that of competing loyalties. When the chaplain is the pastor of a congregation and a volunteer police chaplain, which institution will receive priority ministry? If isolation or quarantine is in effect, where will the pastor or chaplain minister—at the church or at the precinct? In most cases, during epidemics, people will not be allowed to move from location to location. Contamination policies will be in effect and pastors, chaplains and ministers will have to choose whom they will serve through physical presence, if at all.

"Critical moments in people's lives are times of confusion and distress. Things seem uncontrollable and unmanageable. People have a desperate need to "take control of the situation." When chaplains and ministers provide necessary information, clarify confusion, and teach practical skills, they help people begin to control at least one small part of their out-of-control life."[xxix]

Fellow Traveler

Chaplains and ministers will face many of the same fears, losses, and difficulties that those in their charge will face during pandemic influenza. Chaplains and ministers will be fellow travelers on the journey through the wilderness we call pandemic. As people respond in fear, confusion, anxiety, or anger to their sense of vulnerability, isolation, grief, or loss, these chaplains and ministers in pandemic may be experiencing some of the same feelings of fear and loss. They will be lamenting and trying to navigate the wilderness of confusion and anxiety, too. Who will demonstrate compassion by providing encouragement through listening, dialoguing, comforting, clarifying, and empowering people through words and actions when the chaplains and ministers are overwhelmed?

When pandemic makes circumstances look bleak and despairing, chaplains and ministers bring encouragement and hope, empowering people to move forward to spiritual and emotional health and restoration. "The chaplain in disasters must be able to convey encouragement to a soul that is despairing by saying, "Take courage; it is I, do not be afraid" (Mark 6:50). In the midst of the storms of life—the disasters, the crisis, and the devastation—the chaplain must bring the assurance of hope."[xxx]

Dr. Naomi Paget, B.C.C., B.C.E.T.S., is recognized for her expertise in the timely subject of providing ministry during crises. She is a Fellow of both the American Academy of Experts in Traumatic Stress and the National Center for Crisis Management. Dr. Paget also serves as a Federal Bureau of Investigation chaplain.

Endnotes

[xxiv] Faith in Psychiatry," *Psychology Today,* July/August 1995, citing to studies done by David Larson, psychiatrist and resident of the National Institute for Health Care Research.

[xxv] Naomi Paget, *Southern Baptist Disaster Relief Chaplain Training Manual*, (Alpharetta, GA: North American Mission Board, 2004), 66.

[xxvi] Ibid., 66-67.

[xxvii] Naomi K. Paget and Janet R. McCormack, *The Work of the Chaplain,* (Valley Forge, PA: Judson Press, 2006), 14.

[xxviii] Ibid.,18.

[xxix] Ibid.,34.

[xxx] Paget, *Southern Baptist Disaster Relief Chaplain Training Manual,* 8.

The Art of Sharpening the Tool of Chaplaincy: A Collaborative Approach

Jim Browning

"As iron sharpens iron, so one person sharpens another" (Proverbs 27:17, NIV).

Preparing a chaplain for tomorrow's ministry is like sharpening a woodworking hand tool. A chisel or hand plane is indispensable for "fine woodworking." Wood craftsmen of old, lacking power tools, understood not only *how* to use such hand tools but even more critically *how to sharpen* them.

A chisel or hand plane with a very sharp edge can cut the thinnest sliver of wood with high precision, but a dull edge gouges, and can actually damage the wood. Before knowing how to properly sharpen a chisel or hand plane blade, I rarely used them in my hobby of furniture craftsmanship. After learning from professionals, I now can sharpen these tools, maintaining a razor-sharp edge. This gave me a deep appreciation of their use, changed how I approach my furniture projects, and enabled me to work with a precision previously unimagined. The difference was learning how to sharpen and use these two indispensable tools.

It is the same with chaplains. Chaplaincy is the fastest growing form of ministry in the United States. Chaplains minister to persons of all faiths in a wide variety of non-religious settings. Chaplains are already commonplace in military, healthcare, legislative, first responder (police/fire/EMT), correctional, corporate, disaster relief and campus settings. Today chaplain ministry is extending to other settings such as sports, recreation, national and state parks, civic organizations, retirement communities, cruise ships, and special interest groups like bikers and truckers.

Preparation for ministry in such non-religious settings entails highly refined knowledge and sharpened skills designed to meet a broad range of human needs. Chaplains must be like precision instruments—on the cutting-edge of delivering effective ministry anywhere, anytime, and under any circumstance. Unfortunately, those with poorly honed skills can do irrevocable damage.

In times past, seminaries focused on preparing ministers for denominational service in local churches, with little thought given to chaplaincy. Typically, chaplains were called from the pastorate to chaplain ministry. (Some denominations still require a track record of successful congregational ministry before endorsing their clergy for chaplaincy work.) Historically, seminaries prepared for ministry as a "pastor," with rarely an afterthought to other avenues of ministry. Once ministers decided to pursue a chaplaincy career, they often trained in vocational programs such as Clinical Pastoral Education or military schools that re-tooled them for cross-cultural ministry.

Seminarians today demand a different approach. Many of them already sense an initial call to chaplaincy and are eager to sharpen their tools for *that* ministry while in school. However, few seminaries provide more than an introductory course focused on chaplaincy. The traditional approach is like using a grinder to sharpen a chisel: it starts the honing process, but it cannot produce the razor-sharp edge required for today's complex cross-cultural ministry.

The Case for an Alternative

Seminaries should provide a more refined skill set for individuals called to vocational chaplaincy. Specialized and advanced courses should prepare students for tomorrow's institutional needs, not yesterday's parish ministry requirements. Yet, most schools do not have the academic and vocational resources to provide such a comprehensive program of such studies.

One solution is to develop a collaborative educational model for sharing resources between seminaries and vocational institutions that employ chaplains. This approach need not detract from each school's unique theological perspective and approach to pastoral care. On the contrary, it can enrich the grounding and expand the skills of those moving toward ministry in congregational settings. The expansion of courses and experiences would expand the range and depth of academic and vocational courses available to students, regardless of their particular religious traditions. These chaplain skill sets would also be beneficial for a minister, wherever they may serve.

The Marsh Center for Chaplain Studies envisions a collaboration between seminaries, denominational endorsing agents, vocational institutions and agencies dedicated to effective chaplain ministry. The Center, sponsored by B.H. Carroll Theological Institute, provides collaborative opportunities to develop and share master's and doctoral curricular material that address basic and advanced chaplain skills and competencies. This shared curriculum also addresses life-long educational needs of chaplains beyond the scope of traditional seminary coursework.

With this goal, the Marsh Center's first priority is to provide quality academic preparation that is theological, practical, and relevant for those who minister in settings where other religious workers rarely go. The Center has an interfaith advisory team of over thirty seasoned, professional chaplains whose experience brings practical relevance to bear on academic curriculum. Additionally, with the inclusion of experienced, mid-level, "still in the trenches" chaplains, the advisory team ensures the Center's vision remains forward-focused on trending issues and developing needs.

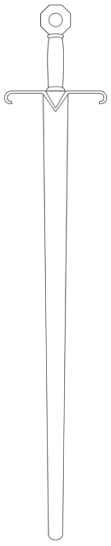
The Marsh Center is also a research institution: an interfaith forum that studies issues and develops solutions to unique challenges related to chaplain ministry. It combines academic, analytical, and vocational experience in a dedicated "think tank" that looks beyond the horizon to help chaplaincies maintain their cutting-edge effectiveness. Finally, the Marsh

Center is an advocacy group. We actively partner with others who endorse, support and promote chaplaincy in the public square.

Of course, the Marsh Center is only one example of this dynamic new approach to preparing for ministry in our rapidly changing world. We honor all those called to serve others in ministry. Yet we are devoted to shaping those desiring to serve in these unique settings.

Like a razor-sharp woodworking chisel or hand plane, a well-prepared chaplain becomes indispensable and delivers effective ministry. This results in a significant, even lifechanging, impact on individuals and organizations. The growing demand for effective chaplains requires a more intentional and collaborative way to equip them, to provide solutions for their ministry, and to advocate on behalf of chaplaincy. This is our vision: to collaborate as academicians, researchers, and advocates to hone and promote a more effective chaplaincy.

Dr. Jim Browning currently serves as the Director of the Marsh Center for Chaplain Studies. Browning served for nearly three decades as a United States Air Force chaplain, retiring in the grade of colonel. He holds five earned degrees. Additional information about the Marsh Center can be found at http://www.bhcarroll.edu/marsh-center/.



Army Chaplains Serving in A.E.F. Base Hospitals During the 1918 Influenza Epidemic

Compiled & Edited by

Robert C. Stroud

WWI chaplains at the Front encountered cases of Influenza, but due to their primary duties, their focus was on getting urgent cases transported to medical facilities. Their interaction, once the disease had manifested, was relatively short-term. Hospital chaplains, on the other hand, picked up where their battlefield compatriots left off. They were at the bedsides of the suffering until they either recovered or were buried in an American Expeditionary Forces cemetery. This dichotomy means the stories of the chaplains who served in hospitals include more references to the epidemic than do those of combat veterans.

In addition to the official reports filed by hospitals, which are not easily accessed outside government archives, there is a less formal source of information about the work of Base Hospitals. This comes from informal "histories" published by veterans of the various organizations. These memorial publications resembled "yearbooks," and are similar to those still produced by individual units today. Typically, a hospital would seek several volunteers to serve as editors for the work. Thus, many of them lack a specific author or editor. Excerpts from a sampling of these histories follow.

One notable difference between the publications is the degree of attention given to the hospital's chaplain(s). In some units, the chaplains were not attached to the hospital for the duration. However, in most cases the reason for this lacuna is undiscernible. Perhaps the chaplain was lazy or ineffective. Or, perhaps some ethical misstep damaged their reputation. It is also quite possible that the writer(s) or editor(s) possessed little personal appreciation for the ministry of military chaplains. So, the lack of a record of specific chaplaincy service at a given hospital could simply be a matter of prejudice.

What is unmistakable, however, is that many chaplains served with distinction. They were respected members of the healing teams at their respective locations. Many were not only appreciated by the personnel they served; they were esteemed. Some of that affection is apparent in the excerpts which follow. The hospitals are cited in numeric order, with several stateside Post Hospitals included at the end. Volumes which include specific written contributions from their chaplains are marked with the symbol ✪. To make navigation easier, headings of various entries are set in *italics*. In cases where the excerpt does not have a unique heading, the editor has added one in [*square brackets*]. References to the influenza epidemic generally precede the chaplaincy material. Page numbers are in parentheses at the end of each entry; only the final paragraph in a lengthy quotation includes the page citation.

The Base Hospital accounts are preceded by excerpts from an official Army Medical Department description of the way in which these hospitals were established, often in cooperation with civilian medical centers and the Red Cross. The following units are cited in this appendix:

Types of U.S. Hospitals During WWI
United States Base Hospital 3, A.E.F.
United States Base Hospital 5, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 6, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 9, A.E.F.
United States Base Hospital 10, A.E.F. ✪
United States Evacuation Hospital 15, A.E.F.
United States Base Hospital 18, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 19, A.E.F.
United States Base Hospital 20, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 23, A.E.F.
United States Base Hospital 31, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 32, A.E.F.
United States Base Hospital 34, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 36, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 38, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 43, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 45, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 46, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 50, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 68, A.E.F. ✪
United States Base Hospital 85, A.E.F.
United States Base Hospital 136, A.E.F.
Base Hospital Camp Bowie
Base Hospital Camp Devens
Base Hospital Camp Grant
Base Hospital Camp Jackson
Base Hospital Camp Lee ✪

Types of Hospitals

Frank Watkins Weed, *The Medical Department of the United States Army in the World War*, Volume 5 of *Military Hospitals in the United States* (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1923).

Types of Hospitals.

XIV. The camp base hospital
XV. The general hospital (permanent)
XVI. The general hospital (converted)

XVII. The general hospital (tuberculosis)
XVIII. The general hospital (new)
XIX. Post hospitals
XX. Aviation hospitals
XXI. The airplane ambulance
XXII. Embarkation and debarkation hospitals
XXIII. The debarkation hospital
XXIV. The embarkation hospital

Other General Hospitals.

XXV. Army and Navy General Hospital; Hot Springs, Ark., Fort Bayard, N. Mex.; General Hospitals, Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8
XXVI. General Hospitals, Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18
XXVII. General Hospitals, Nos. 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29
XXVIII. General Hospitals, Nos. 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, and 40

Class I – General Administrative and Operative Buildings.

For the reception and discharge of patients and the general administration of the hospital, certain offices were required. A condensed list of the elements involved follows

General administration:

Commanding officer.
Adjutant.
Waiting room.
Clerks. Registrar.
Post office.
Information and telephone.
Chaplain.
Visitors' room.
Toilet. (60)

[*Necessary elements*]

Military hospitals differed materially from hospitals in civil life, aside from the class of patients treated and the character of diseases and injuries encountered within them, in that there was necessitated provision for quarters for officers and barracks for enlisted men, as well as quarters for the nurses. In addition to buildings used for administering the hospital or for housing or feeding the patients, or for heating, there had to be buildings for other purposes, included not only in the professional division—isolation, special therapy, etc.—but for the special administrative control, such as a guardhouse, post exchange, storehouse, etc.

It will be readily appreciated that the services of a large military hospital, when roughly divided into two divisions, formed groups of almost equal magnitude, the administrative

division, in fact, slightly overshadowing the professional; so, from the experience gained in administering the general hospitals of peace times, the Medical Department was enabled to plan, fairly accurately, what would be needed in the way of the provision of services for the large war hospitals. The following tabular statement was formulated to furnish a working plan of administration and to give an approximate idea of the personnel required: (124-25).

Administrative Division.

Chaplain (in charge of chapel, library, reading room, amusement hall, and post school):
1 officer, Corps of Chaplains.
1 private, H.C. (125).

Section IV – Types of Hospitals.

Chapter XIV – Base Hospitals at Cantonments and Camps.
Base Hospital, Camp Grant, Ill.

The statements of fact appearing herein are based on the "History, Base Hospital, Camp Grant, 111.," by Lieut. Col. H.C. Michie, M. C., U. S. A., while on duty as a member of the staff of that hospital. The material used by him in the compilation of the history comprised official reports from the various divisions of the hospital. The history is on file in the Historical Division, Surgeon General's Office, Washington, D. C. (193).

[*Base Hospital, Camp Grant, Ill.*]

Wards of 200 beds—At the signing of the armistice there were under construction five wards of 200-bed capacity each. These were located in the most convenient places, four of them being connected with the main part of the hospital by closed corridors. The wards, upstairs and down, were complete and separate. There were ample quiet rooms, toilet facilities, diet kitchen, and administrative offices. Wards of 100 capacity each would have been of great value to this hospital during the influenza epidemic and when large numbers of overseas patients were received (200).

Demobilization Forms

At the time of the signing of the armistice, there were on duty at this hospital 947 enlisted men of the Medical Department, of whom all but one were drafted men, members of the enlisted Medical Reserve on active duty, or those who had enlisted for the period of the emergency. In general, the point of view assumed by these enlisted men was that the time of war ceased with the signing of the armistice. At this time the hospital had not fully recovered from the shock of the influenza epidemic, and the enlisted strength of the command was none too great for the necessary work remaining to be done. Demobilization instructions began to be received from the War Department, which, particularly Circular No. 77, War Department, 1918, with its various amendments, offered a means of release from the military service to men who submitted claims properly substantiated.

These claims immediately began to appear. The requirement was then announced by the commanding officer that two affidavits from responsible parties, uninterested, must accompany each claim. A conscientious effort was made to place the proper recommendations on each application, for the information of the commanding general. Approximately 200 applications being received and forwarded, it became evident that some means of classification would be necessary in order to secure justice to worthy applicants for discharge and at the same time to maintain a sufficient personnel for the effective operation of the hospital. A classification of the entire enlisted detachment was made, determining and recording the relative merits of every claim for discharge.

A form was devised entitled "Personal preference card," which was printed on blue stock. This card was filled out by the soldier and sworn to before a summary court officer. It was carefully explained to the men that their services were urgently needed and appeals were made to their patriotism and sense of duty to indicate as late a date for discharge as they possibly could (229-30).

[*Base Hospital, Camp Grant, Ill.]*

Following in the wake of the outbreaks at Camp Devens, the Great Lakes, and other camps, Camp Grant was visited by the so-called Spanish influenza in an explosive manner Saturday, September 21, 1918. So sudden and appalling was this visitation that it required the greatest energy and cooperation of every officer, every man, and every nurse to meet the emergency. Up to that time the 12 ward barracks were occupied as quarters and storehouses, and 12 wards of the main part of the hospital were empty.

It was obvious that the epidemic was on hand and that great effort would have to be made to provide sufficient bed space. Therefore, all two-story ward barracks were vacated and every available officer, nurse, and enlisted man was called upon. On Sunday, September 22, 1918, the admissions to hospital numbered 194. The main portion of the hospital was made ready for occupancy, increasing the available beds to 1,318. The total number of patients in hospital was 836.

On the following day the admissions to the hospital were 370, making a total of 1,159. Telegrams were then sent to all officers on leave to return without delay. Every effort was put forth to open all two-story ward barracks, and by nightfall six of these buildings were completely equipped for 480 patients. Property meetings were held among the various executive departments of the hospital, the camp medical supply officer and his assistants, as well as the local director of the American Red Cross. Immediate steps were taken to obtain more property (241-42).

[*Disappointing chaplain*]

After the signing of the armistice, and after the arrival of overseas patients in December, 1918, there was a real need for recreational work. The personnel became restless with the desire to return to their homes, and the patients from overseas were disorderly,

undisciplined, and frequently defiant of military law. It was quite evident that a crisis was at hand unless the root of the evil could be detected and corrected.

Under date of December 6, 1918, the Surgeon General promulgated a bulletin outlining the various recreational activities for hospitals. In this bulletin there was a statement to the effect that the Red Cross would furnish a recreational officer to take charge of its activities; that the recreational officer would work under the chief educational officer; and all welfare organizations would work under the Red Cross recreational officer. Because of the increase in the size of the Red Cross organization at this hospital it was necessary to move their office from the administration building to the Red Cross Convalescent House. This was done at the time the first recreational officer reported for duty.

Instead of placing this Red Cross recreational officer in entire control, a recreational committee was organized with the chaplain as chairman, the Red Cross representative as first assistant , and the social director for nurses and the band director as other assistants. This committee was given a tentative outline to follow.

The committee did not work harmoniously, as the conduct of the chaplain in general was such that it was necessary to recommend his discharge from the Army. The Red Cross recreational officer was then placed in charge. Entertainments were given for the patients, officers, nurses, and enlisted men, but the hospital bore the expenses and planned practically all the details (266).

Chapter XV. The General Hospital (Permanent). Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D.C. (272)

[*Required elements*]

Department of service and supply—Continued.

6. Post exchange—
    (a) Exchange officer.
7. Recruiting service
    (a) Recruiting officer.
8. Morale, education and recreation service
    (a) Chaplains.
    (b) Morale officer.
    (c) Education and recreation officer.
    (d) Service club hostess.
    (e) Librarian (287).

[*Morale, Education and Recreation*]

The morale, education, and recreation service included chaplains, a morale officer, an education and recreation officer, a service club hostess, and a librarian. The chaplains performed the usual duties of their office. The morale officer, under the direction of the

commanding officer, established a morale organization, charged with the general functions indicated in War Department instructions. The education officer was charged with the institution and operation of schools for the enlisted personnel of the post.

The recreation officer had supervision of the entertainment of patients and hospital personnel and of the recreational work of the welfare organizations and other volunteer organizations permitted on the post. He provided generous and varied opportunity for athletics and recreation for convalescent patients and for personnel on duty. Under his direction a service club was operated by a hostess and a post library by an authorized appointee. (297).

[*Walter Reed General Hospital*]

The influenza epidemic which became alarming the early part of October, 1918, was made a subject of extensive study by means of X-ray investigation. More than 3,000 X-ray films of the pulmonary complications were made with the bedside machine, and in no instance was the patient removed from the bed[1] (308).

[*General Hospital No. 2, Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.*]

The hospital at Fort McHenry had a double function: In addition to being a general hospital it served as a post hospital for the surrounding camps and posts. The water-front guard, General Hospital No. 7, the ordnance depot at Curtis Bay, and the huge motor transport depot at Camp Holabird, all looked to this post for hospital facilities and furnished a fair proportion of patients.

Their dependence on the hospital became the absorbing factor in the activities in mid-September, 1918, when the great influenza epidemic began. On the 18th of that month the first cases were received, and the medical service mounted rapidly to its maximum of 754 on October 5. All operating was stopped except in the most urgent cases, and officers were transferred in numbers to the medical service from the surgical service. The whole row of wards from 10 to 18 was thrown open to influenza and pneumonia alone.

Inadequate as were conditions in Army posts, as they were throughout the country, to meet the emergency, this hospital fared as well as any in the proportion of nurses and attendants, and its morale was unbroken. The only deaths among the hospital personnel were two enlisted men. None of the officers was seriously ill, and of the 40 or more nurses who were off duty at one time or another during the epidemic not more than two or three caused any real concern (341).

[*Sunday services*]

In religious work the Young Men's Christian Association and the chaplain cooperated in conducting services Sunday mornings and evenings, with special music and nationally prominent speakers (317).

[*Chapter XXIV: Embarkation Hospital, Newport News, Va.*] (451).

[*Schooling illiterates*]

The embarkation hospital organized a school for illiterates in April, 1918, the purpose of which was the education of the enlisted men of the Medical Department. The chaplain exercised supervision over the school but the actual work of teaching was performed by a representative of the Young Men's Christian Association. All that was attempted in the way of education was to teach the men to sign the pay roll and read simple orders. Attendance was an ordered duty, the school hours being credited as part of the working day (480).

[*Base Hospital, Camp Fremont, Calif.*]

The hospital chapel was used early in January, 1918, for religious services. The chaplain maintained an office in the chapel where he could be consulted by members of the detachment. The building was furnished through contributions and gifts (665).

[*Base Hospital, Camp A.A. Humphreys, Va.*]

The hospital chapel was never used for religious purposes. During the influenza epidemic the building was used for the overflow from the mortuary; otherwise the chapel was not utilized. Religious services were held in the detachment mess hall, in the nurses' mess hall, and in various other places, including the Red Cross recreation building (684).

[*Base Hospital, Camp Jackson, S.C.*]

The hospital chapel was first occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association, February 1, 1918, in lieu of a building of their own, and under their auspices entertainments and religious services were conducted there. The chaplain, who arrived February 18, alternated services, morning and evening, with the representative of the Young Men's Christian Association. At times services were held by representatives of Baptist, Lutheran, Episcopal, Methodist, and Catholic churches. In May, 1918, this building was made the detachment supply office, a new chapel being erected, in a better location (690).

[*Base Hospital, Camp Kearny, Calif.*]

The small building designated on the plans as a chapel was turned over to the Young Men's Christian Association when the hospital was first opened. Services were held there every Sunday, by both Catholics and Protestants. A Catholic chaplain was attached to the hospital on April 26, 1918, after which mass was celebrated every morning in a small tent erected by the side of the chapel (700).

[*Base Hospital, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.*]

The chapel was a small building neatly arranged for services held there by the chaplains of the various denominations. During the period of its construction it was occupied by the

plumbers as sleeping quarters. From about the 5th day of December, 1917, until about the end of February, 1918, it was used as a hall in which psychological examinations were conducted. During the influenza epidemic, when the mortuary was filled to overflowing, use was made of this building to store bodies that had been made ready for shipment (704).

[*Base Hospital, Camp Meade, Md.*]

The chapel was in constant use as an office and storeroom. Religious services conducted by chaplains, civilian clergymen, Knights of Columbus, Young Men's Christian Association, and Young Men's Hebrew Association, were held in barracks, in wards, and in the officers' quarters (729).

[*Base Hospital, Camp Pike, Ark.*]

The Young Men's Christian Association, popularly known as Base Hospital Y, continued in service throughout the existence of the hospital, except during the influenza epidemic, when it was closed and turned over to the base hospital authorities for use as barracks for additional enlisted men. The secretaries performed many duties in addition to that of furnishing amusement to the soldiers. Among these duties were letter writing, educational work, and the supervision of athletic contests. During the influenza epidemic the staff volunteered their services to the commanding officer of the hospital, and they were of great help in meeting relatives of sick soldiers, acting as guides, performing religious services for the dying or those seriously ill, and in locating chaplains of any faith as requested by the individual soldier.

Three Red Cross buildings were eventually in active use. The first one constructed was situated near the railroad tracks at the base hospital and was called the rest cottage. It was designed to serve the relatives and friends of sick soldiers and functioned admirably in this respect. The second building, known as the " convalescent house," served the convalescent soldiers. It furnished reading material, the base hospital library being situated there, and also housed various entertainments for the soldiers in hospital.

The third was a clubhouse for nurses, furnishing a social center for them. Programs arranged by the Red Cross and the Young Men's Christian Association furnished almost nightly entertainment for all. The enlisted personnel of the base hospital maintained baseball and football teams and a field was supplied for their use. There was a tennis court for officers, which was very popular (734-35).

[*Base Hospital, Fort Riley, Kans.*]

There was no chapel at the hospital, but the post chapel of Fort Riley, within a hundred yards of the hospital parade, though not placed under control of the base hospital, was always available for hospital uses. There, every Sunday, the chaplain attached to the base hospital conducted a religious service for both the commissioned and enlisted personnel (739).

[*Base Hospital, Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.*]

Located between ward 12 and the mortuary was the chapel, which had a seating capacity of about 200. During the measles epidemic of 1917-18, it was used as a ward. Later, religious services were held in it under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association and the various chaplains of the division (751).

[*Base Hospital, Camp Sheridan, Ala.*]

The chaplain of the old 2nd Ohio was attached for special duty to the base hospital on November 8, 1917. The following Sunday, November 11, religious services were held. As the little building designated "the chapel ' was so distantly related to the main part of the hospital, it was decided to use one of the rooms in the receiving ward, which was much more convenient, as the place of worship (756).

[*Embarkation Hospital No. 1, Port of Hoboken, N.J.*]

The chaplain of the hospital acted in the additional capacity of morale officer, and, due to his efforts, much entertainment was afforded the patients (786).

[*Debarkation Hospital No. 5, Grand Central Palace, New York City*]

The first or main floor was one of the most important in the building. Here were located the receiving and evacuating rooms, the kitchen, and the kitchen storerooms, the Red Cross offices, officers' lavatory, the nurses' locker room and lounge, and the chaplain's office (804).

[*Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N.J.*]

The hospital chapel was also among the first buildings to be erected. It was used daily for funeral services for patients dying at the hospital, but at different times it was put to other uses. During the influenza epidemic in October, 1918, the dead which exceeded the capacity of the adjoining mortuary were placed in the chapel while awaiting disposition (811).

Base Hospital 3

> *The Mount Sinai Unit in the World War: With Scenes at Base Hospital No. 3 A.E.F.* (New York: Mount Sinai Hospital, 1919).

[*Influenza toll*]

Without delving too deeply into the mass of available statistics, it is most interesting and instructive to note that of a total of 9,127 patients treated at Base Hospital No. 3, including

convoys of wounded received direct from the battle line, as well as victims of the epidemics of influenza, there were but 172 deaths (54 surgical and 118 medical, the latter mostly due to influenza pneumonia.)

These 172 martyrs, who gave their all in the great cause, lie buried in the quiet, white-walled cemetery at Menesterol and we are certain that our good friends and allies of the Dordogne will ever keep their resting place sacred and well cared for (c. 66, pages unnumbered).

Base Hospital 5

> Harvey Cushing, *The Story of U.S. Army Base Hospital No. 5* (Cambridge: University Press, 1919).

[*Introduction*]

The organization whose record will be set down in these pages was one of the first Units of the American Expeditionary Force to be sent overseas; it was the first to suffer casualties at the hands of the enemy; its period of service In France was nearly two years, as long as that of any other United States Army Base Hospital; Its list of publications on subjects relating to the medical problems of the war was a most creditable one, and its standards of efficiency and loyalty were second to none.

This brief citation, covering the service of Base Hospital No. 5, is sufficient for all general purposes, but for the satisfaction and interest of the individual members of the Unit it is proposed to trace in some detail the story of the organization from the beginning and to explain how it came to be sent as one of the original six Base Hospital Units to serve with the British Expeditionary Force (1).

Volunteer Antebellum Activities

From the outbreak of the war until early in 1917, a period of thirty long months, the country, though its temper at times was sorely tried, held aloof from the European conflict and under the guise of neutrality enriched itself immeasurably. To outward appearances no effort whatsoever was being made to profit in any other way from the experience of the combatants, and Washington did not even permit observers in any considerable number to follow close at hand the extraordinary and novel developments of warfare which the intensive applications of science were rapidly introducing. From the outset, however, and without official sanction, many individuals with avowed sympathy for the Allied cause either enlisted as actual participants or enrolled themselves in non-combatant organizations to care for the destitute or the wounded. This was particularly true of Americans who were living abroad, and the colony in Paris, interested in the previously established American Hospital there, had the imagination and energy under the leadership of our ambassador, Mr. Herrick, to organize and establish a “Section for the Wounded” in the new Lycée Pasteur during the early weeks of the war.

This hospital, first with the French *Service de Santé* and ultimately with our own army as R.C. Military Hospital No. 1, made a fine record for itself from the first battle of the Marne till the end of the war. At the time of the First Marne a former ambassador, Mr. Robert Bacon, Mr. Herman Harjes and others, actually brought wounded in their own automobiles from the field to the newly established hospital in Paris. From these individual efforts there grew up two splendid volunteer corps of ambulance drivers—the Ambulance Field Service subsequently under the direction of Mr. Piatt Andrew, and the Formation Harjes, the famous *Section Sanitaire No. 5* under Mr. Richard Norton [Footnote].

> [Footnote:] It was from the latter organization that the small ambulance which served Base Hospital No. 5 so long and faithfully as its sole means of transport was secured on the very day before the Norton-Harjes Formation was taken over by our own army. We had reason to be proud of its original *horizon blue* color and the French inscriptions (*assit 6, couchés 3*) with which it was adorned, though our army later on ordered them to be painted out, and with its uniform O.D. color the car lost its character and individuality as, for better or for worse, everything else did in the American army.

In these two corps several hundred young Americans subsequently served, driving small ambulances on Ford chassis, donated by devoted people at home.

Thus the *Ambulance Américaine* at Neuilly-sur-Seine with its associated Field Service came into being, whereas at Jouilly, north of Meaux, there was established by Mrs. Whitney early in the war an American outpost hospital, which in 191 8 came to play an important role in the second German advance to the Marne. These three correlated organizations offered to Americans, both men and women, one of the chief opportunities for non-combatant service during the first three years of the war. The relation of the American Ambulance to the story of Base Hospital No. 5 is as follows: (1-2).

On November 27, 1914, the Medical Board of the Ambulance, through Dr. Joseph A. Blake, who had charge of one of the surgical services, made a proposal to certain American University Medical Schools that a corps of surgeons and nurses be sent over to engage in the work of the hospital for successive periods of three months. The first of these Units, with its personnel made up from the Lakeside Hospital of Western Reserve University and under the direction of Dr. Crile, served in this capacity from January 1 to April 1, 1916. A Harvard contingent, financed by Mr. William Lindsey of Boston, served for the next three months and was followed in turn by a group from the Pennsylvania hospital at Philadelphia. Five members of the Harvard contingent, Drs. Boothby, Cutler, Gushing, Osgood and Strong, subsequently enrolled themselves as members of the organization which came to be Base Hospital No. 5; likewise Dr. Potter, who, caught abroad at the outbreak of the war, had volunteered his services for six months to the Dental Department of the Ambulance. To the great loss of this first Harvard Unit, as was the case with us two years later. Dr. Strong was detached before it really got to work, and though he took time to organize the laboratory service he was soon sent to Serbia as the chief of an Interallied Sanitary Commission to fight the epidemic of typhus.

Volunteer Units in the B.E.F.

The success of these early Units was such that Sir William Osier, together with Mr. Robert Bacon, who at the time was serving with the British in Flanders, made a proposition through the British war office to a number of American universities—Harvard, Chicago, Columbia and the Johns Hopkins—that Units be organized to staff certain British war hospitals which in large numbers were being constructed in France on a 1,040-bed basis. In order that he might bring home direct information concerning these hospitals and the project in general, Dr. Cushing on his return from Paris was invited to visit the first of these new standard hospitals, a collection of low wooden huts as yet unoccupied, which was then being erected on the sands near a place called Etaples, and he recalls with interest being escorted there by (then) Colonel Carr, who, transferred from Boulogne, was later to become the D.D.M.S. of the area.

No. 13 General was the active hospital in Boulogne at the time, and the Casino was filled to overflowing with detained head cases under the supervision of Colonel Sargent, and with severely gassed cases under Sir John Rose Bradford's care, for this was the time of the Second Ypres and the first use of chlorine by the enemy. Sir Almroth Wright was established in a primitive laboratory in the basement; and other officers we came to know later, (then) Major Gordon Holmes, Lieutenant-Colonels Sargent and Cuthbert Wallace were sharing a billet with Sir George Makins on the hill overlooking the Casino. At this time Canadian No. 3, the McGill Unit, had not gone overseas, and the old Jesuit school on the Calais road back of the town, then called the Meerut Hospital, was given over to the India Medical Service and was filled with the casualties from the Indian regiments.

When this Canadian contingent arrived in France not long after, it was located in a soggy field at a place called Dannes-Camiers, where not even a tent had been erected, and after many tribulations and some protestations they in time were moved to the Meerut Hospital, where we subsequently found them; but this is another story. The character of the site, however, did not greatly change during the next two years, as Base Hospital No. 5 learned in its turn (2-4).

[*Notifying the Germans, since the U.S. was not yet a belligerent*]

It is of interest to recall that, in April, 1915, when the project of these Units was under consideration, the British authorities showed their punctiliousness regarding international covenants by the statement that in accordance with Article XI of the Geneva Convention of 1906 the consent of the enemy would have to be secured before such organizations could be utilized even for their strictly humanitarian work. This Article reads:

> A recognized society of a neutral State can only lend the services of its sanitary personnel to a belligerent with the prior consent of its own government and the authority of such belligerent. The belligerent accepting such assistance is required to notify the enemy before making any use thereof.

Origin of the Red Cross Base Hospitals

The organization of these early volunteer Units was novel in that their members, drawn from the staff of a single institution and accustomed to work together, were likely to be more effective than a composite staff from several sources. This was brought to the attention of Surgeon-General Gorgas by Dr. Crile, and in the fall of 1915 he made a proposal to Dr. Crile and Dr. Cushing, both of whom were medical corps reserve officers, that they organize Units "with the idea of doing the same work in some of our base hospitals in case of war, as was done in France."

He proposed, if the scheme proved feasible, to organize about forty such Units, "which would about correspond with our efforts in other directions." At the time little more was expected of these groups than that the officers who were selected should join the Medical Reserve Corps and express their willingness, "in case the Unit should be ordered to a general hospital in San Antonio in time of war," to serve for a short period of duty in connection with possible disorders on the border.

This proposal from General Gorgas was immediately accepted, and the matter was brought to the attention of the President of the University whose interest in the project was aroused from the standpoint of permanence of such an organization in connection with the Medical School.

Information regarding the plan to organize these and other Units within the Medical Reserve Corps came to the notice of the American Red Cross, and the society protested on the basis that any organization, according to statutory regulations in regard to volunteer aid, must in time of peace be brought together under Red Cross rather than army auspices. (Cf. Circular No. 8, War Department, September l0, 1912.)

After many delays a meeting was finally held in Washington, November 28, 1915, under the chairmanship of William H. Taft, and as the outgrowth of this and other meetings between army representatives, the Red Cross, and certain reserve officers, a national committee was formed and a reorganization of the central office of the American Red Cross was brought about with two departments, that of Civilian Relief, which previously had largely monopolized its attention, and that of Military Relief, to organize and train Units which the army and navy could utilize in time of war.

In January, 1916, an army officer. Colonel J.R. Kean, was appointed as Director-General of Military Relief, and given authority to proceed with the organization, under the Red Cross, of Units such as those originally proposed by the Surgeon-General. Despite the lack of information regarding the ultimate form and character of these embryo Red Cross hospitals, except that they were to be 500-bed hospitals, many medical schools and hospitals in the country, among them the Massachusetts General and City Hospitals in Boston, were favorably disposed to any project savoring of preparedness and volunteered to organize Units provided the expense of the equipment could be raised from outside sources (5-6).

Want of a Definite Program

As appears to have been true of all the Base Hospital Units, through lack of specific directions and definite tables of organization, but little progress could be made during the next few months. The experience of the Harvard Medical School Unit probably differed in no great respect from that of the others. Dr. John Warren acted as adjutant for a few weeks, and there was an everlasting exchange of inquiries and directions regarding muster-in rolls, enlistment pledges, character of personnel required, nature of equipment for a 500-bed hospital, and countless other details. According to the official memorandum of April 24, giving the "minimum number necessary for enrollment," there were to be:

Medical officers 23
Dental officers 2
Chaplain 1 Nurses 50
Male administrative personnel (all grades) 80
Civilian employees 15 Nurses' aides (volunteers) 25
Total 196

It is interesting to compare this list with that adopted by the British for such a base hospital as we ultimately came to take over. We were long on medical officers but short on everything else, chaplains included, and rarely were without two additional British "padres" (8).

[*Misplaced equipment*]

This last message shows how little anyone realized the difficulty we would subsequently have of receiving any part of our equipment after we once were sent abroad. Indeed some of the Units which later on were sent fully outfitted got separated from their privately purchased equipment and never saw it again, so that possibly we were better off than they. There were times enough during the following six months when we would have rejoiced in one or two of our portable huts, and it was not until some ten months after we had been abroad that the chaplain prevailed upon the Y.M.C.A. to give us a small hut as a library and recreation hall for the men.

As events proved, there was no real reason for such great urgency in our departure as was supposed, and in view of the great shortage of building material which was found abroad, could the Unit have waited a week or ten days longer and have taken with them a few portable buildings it would have added enormously to their comfort and that of their patients (30-31).

[*Flag dedication ceremony*]

On this our last Sunday, Bishop Lawrence conducted services for the Unit at St. Paul's Cathedral, the men not yet in uniform marching across the Common in a body. Our flags were dedicated, and the Chaplain, the Rev. Malcolm E. Peabody, for the first time addressed the contingent. It was a moving occasion, the first of many similar ones to follow in the community. The Governor and his staff. General Edwards with his. Commander

Rush, the Mayor, the French officers, and all those who had helped to get the Unit ready were present (34).

The Concert Party and the Vanguard

Not to be outdone by the British Units, nearly all of whom staged some sort of an entertainment, the enlisted men under the leadership of Privates Houlihan and Garvey organized the "Whizz-Bang Concert Party," which, under the protecting wing successively of the Chaplain and Captains Cutler and Horrax, produced a rollicking minstrel and vaudeville show. They appeared on various stages—English, Canadian and Australian—throughout the area, and were much applauded, though some of the skits were possibly tuned for our American rather than a British sense of humor. The "Concert Party" finally was put in section 4 so that they could share similar hours off duty; and F Hut where they were billeted subsequently resounded with the *vox humani*, helped out by a medley of sounds from bugle, drum or violin, for the Padre had managed to wangle a motley collection of musical instruments from "somewhere in France" (54).

The Hospital Under Pressure

Meanwhile during August, September and October the heavy operative work at "No. 13 General" had to be covered by five operating surgeons: Major Binney, with Captains Ober, Horrax, Morton and McGuire; and Major Fitz, with Captain Bock, alone remained from our original group of physicians. In September Lieutenant Colonel Lee was detached for service as Consultant to the 3d Corps with the A.E.F., and Major Lyman, who, from first to last, had probably filled more varied positions than any other member of the Unit, succeeded him as our last Commanding Officer.

Later in the month Captain Robertson was detached for duty with Major Cannon In the Central Medical Laboratory at Dijon, and the Chaplain, Malcolm Peabody, left to join the I02d Regiment of Field Artillery of the Yankee Division. As replacements we had received from time to time during the fall the following officers: Captains Davenport, Graves, Schudde and Toland; Lieutenants Bozman, Cohen, Deal, Graham and Larue; while the Chaplain was succeeded by the Rev. Arthur Moulton, his colleague In Lawrence, Massachusetts (68).

[*Chaplain service history*]

Moulton, Rev. Arthur. Sailed for France June 21, 1918. Commissioned Captain A.R.C., July 14, 1918. Assigned as Chaplain to Base Hospital No. 202, Orleans, until October 1, 1918; October 2 joined Unit in Boulogne for duty as Chaplain, succeeding Rev. Malcolm Peabody. January 15, 1919, received decoration—*Souvenir de France*—from French Government. Returned as casual. Address: Grace Church, Lawrence, Mass. (83)

[Editor: The reference to the award of the French military decoration is a gentle pun. It was clearly written with appreciation in this informal history written by a member of the Hospital staff. The

English translation of Souvenir de France is self-evident, and it adorned an extensive array of Eiffel Tower replicas and silk pillows.]

Peabody, Rev. Malcolm E. Chaplain of Unit. Commissioned Captain, A.R.C., May 7, 191 7. October 7, 1918, detached for service with A.E.F. and assigned to 102d Field Artillery, 26th Division in the sector in front of Verdun. Commissioned First Lieutenant, U.S. Army October 11. Returned to U.S. with 102d F.A. March 31, 1919. Address: Grace Church, Lawrence, Mass. (84).

[*Physician lost to influenza*]

Whidden, Rae. Lieutenant. College of Physicians and Surgeons, N.Y. Joined Unit in Camiers June 22, 1917. September 4, 1917, wounded in air raid on hospital and invalided to No. 20 General Hospital; later transferred to U.S. Promoted to Captain. September 25, 1918, died at Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, of pneumonia following influenza (86).

Base Hospital 6

> George Clymer, editor, *The History of U.S. Army Base Hospital No. 6: And Its Part in the American Expeditionary Forces 1917-1919* (Boston: Thomas Todd, 1924).

[*Armistice Day*]

November 11, the day the armistice was signed, we had 4,319 patients in the hospital, hundreds of them badly wounded, and hundreds critically ill with influenza, pneumonia, etc. There were 99 nurses on duty that day. We had one French *infirmiere* and six maids to assist. . . . The orderlies were as scarce as the nurses, and most of them were untrained. Our best help came from convalescent patients, who were often intelligent about helping, and usually kind and willing (56).

Introduction

Base Hospital No. 6, A.E.F., needs no introduction to readers of the medical history of the World War. One of the first units in America to respond to the call of the Allies for medical assistance, it was early established in Bordeaux, and under the leadership of its able and distinguished director at once became the marker and pattern for other similar units that were stationed later in this region which formed one of the largest centers of hospital activities of the American Forces in France.

As Chief Surgeon of Base Section No. 2, it was my privilege and good fortune to become intimately associated with this unit and it is particularly from this point of view that I wish to speak.

In the organization of the medical work of the Base Section this unit played a most important role, in supplying the first chief surgeon, my predecessor, and certain of the personnel of his original office force, both commissioned and enlisted. Later when the control of communicable diseases became perhaps the most important activity of the Chief Surgeon's Office, the Commanding Officer of the hospital generously acquiesced in the detail of his laboratory chief, who became head of the Epidemiological Service. . . . By such means, and in many other ways, Base Hospital No. 6 cooperated in the spirit of unselfish devotion and contributed in large measure to the success of the medical work of the Base Section (page v).

The Chaplain's Story

Rev. Henry K. Sherrill

War reminiscences are misleading because memory retains the happy experiences and we forget the painful and monotonous. The old days in time become the good old days. That is how the ancient war "myth" comes to life again. Men who do not know, get the idea that war is glorious, thrilling, even "good fun." It is true that as Chaplain of Base Hospital No. 6, I received many valuable gifts, the opportunity of being of some little service in a time of great need, an experience of human nature which no length of days in a parish at home could have given me, friendships which I know will be life-long, and the memory of a common effort and service. If I dwell on these aspects of our life together, it is not to underestimate the horror of war.

As I write in my quiet Brookline study, there is still with me the picture of those long rows of sufferers, over four thousand of them on Armistice Day. I can in imagination be again at the bedside of some boy who is "passing over" so far from home—I can take once more that familiar journey to the cemetery at Talence. Human nature can rise above any situation. We had many good times. Yet there is through the memory of it all, like a nightmare, the consciousness of the utter loss of war. If we bear testimony, as we should, to the heroism of our men at the front in France, we must also testify out of our experience in a hospital that, when war becomes necessary, then it is the tragedy of the Cross. Future generations of all nations must know what war is. Before I reminisce at all, I want that fact to be plain.

One day in July, 1916, I was called on the telephone and asked to be Chaplain of a base hospital. I had never heard of one before, but after a few days' consideration I went down to the Massachusetts General Hospital, signed the roll, and then forgot all about it for a year. In April, rumors began to fly thick and fast that the base hospitals were to be called out. The matter really seemed serious when we were summoned to learn how to take a revolver apart. Somehow I can't remember our learning how to put it together again. Then we were taught "to the rear march," began making preparations, and we knew that a base hospital on paper was soon to be the real thing. The first time that we all met together, officers, nurses, and men, was at the Farewell Service at Trinity Church, June 3, 1917. It seems to me as I look back the most inspiring service I ever attended. Who of us will ever forget those Hymns, the Prayers, the words of Bishop Lawrence, and the great crowd filling the church and stretching out into Copley Square! That service started us right.

Then we thought we were going each week and didn't. At first our friends wished us heartfelt "Good-byes," and then they said, "Haven't you gone yet?" I remember meeting a friend who said: "Oh dear, I thought you had gone. I have been praying for you for two weeks, thinking you were on the water." But finally the delays were over, and we sailed "quietly" down New York Harbor to the accompaniment of ferry-boat whistles. If only the Kaiser had been allowed to know, all might have been over then. On board we had two services on the two Sundays, Holy Communion at an early hour, and then a later service at eleven o'clock with Major Cabot leading a choir and the Purser reading the Lessons. We also had several entertainments to vary life-boat drill, and the watching for and talking about periscopes. From the time that we landed in Liverpool until we reached Talence we were either separated into groups or at least constantly on the move; so there is not much of general interest from my point of view to record.

With our arrival at Talence there commenced the real work of the hospital. The Chaplain was particularly interested in two sides of our life, the religious and the social.

During the eighteen months that I was in Talence we held two and many times three services a Sunday, Holy Communion at eight o'clock, a morning service at eleven, and after the Red Cross Hut was built, an evening service at seven o'clock. The French Roman Catholic Priest celebrated Mass in the chapel on the hospital grounds. He was one of the kindest and most genial of men, and I wish here to state my appreciation of all he did for us. Although we divided in one sense on Sunday mornings, yet in another sense we were united. There was always the most friendly religious feeling and cooperation between all members of the unit. Perhaps the best indication of this is that a union choir helped at both types of services. Our "Church" was everywhere. First we held service in a little grove on the hospital grounds, where a rustic altar was built. Some of us will always remember those times when we met to praise God in a foreign land amid those beautiful surroundings.

Then we worshipped on the long esplanade. Next we moved to one of the wards, then to one of the dining rooms, and finally to the Red Cross Hut. Rev. David Thompson, our Y.M.C.A. Secretary, was always a great support in these services, and gave many of the addresses on Sunday evenings. I do not believe I shall ever have such a congregation again, officers, nurses, men, and patients in dressing gowns, on crutches, in wheeled chairs. The congregation was literally made up of the lame, the halt, and sometimes, the blind.

The religious work of the Chaplain was not confined to Sundays, for the most important part was the visiting through the wards, especially the very sick. It was a real pastoral experience, a coming into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. The patients came from every part of the battlefront, from the service of supplies, or off transports just from home. They were representative of every corner of the United States: New Englanders, Southerners, Westerners. In asking the question, "What were you before you enlisted?" there might come the answer, a student, a plumber, a mechanic, a lawyer, a farmer, or anything else that a man might conceivably be. There were the negro stevedores, who if they were asked by an orderly, "Catholic or Protestant?" might reply, "Ahse a stevedore, Boss."[2] There were men whose ancestors had lived in America for generations, and then there were those who had themselves been born in foreign lands.

I recall in this connection going into a ward one night and hearing this conversation. One patient said to another, evidently an Italian, "Where were you born?" "None of your business," came the answer. "What's the matter? Are you ashamed you were born in Italy?" "No, but I'm tired of being called a Wop." "You should worry where you were born; I was born in Berlin." Both were suffering from wounds received in their allegiance to a common cause. Then, of course, there were in the hospital men of every religious faith as also of no faith. An American base hospital was not only a cross section of the American Expeditionary Force, but of the whole United States as well. Within those hospital walls were all the component parts which go to make American democracy. I have said that they were men of all sorts and conditions, and yet they were all alike in this particular—all were in need, not only of medical attention, but also of friendship, and whether they knew it or not, of the strength and comfort which only God can give.

It was my privilege to spend a part of each day for almost eighteen months in trying to be of some help to these men. With over 4,000 men in the hospital at one time, there was the constant realization of how much had not been accomplished, and of the times when the right word had not been said, or the helpful thing done. Yet there were so many real opportunities that no one could miss them all. Even though we were far from excitement and adventure, and there was great monotony, yet if I were to go through it all again, I should want to be chaplain of a base hospital, because there was so much to be done, a cheering word, some personal interest, a letter written home. During the eighteen months I prayed literally hundreds of prayers by the bedsides of our men, and only once was there lack of appreciation. It made me realize more than ever the old statement that "all men are incurably religious." Then there are the memories of the self-forgetfulness of many men, their utter consecration to a cause. I could write on indefinitely, but there must be some limit.

The social side of life in the unit was most important. Army life away from a front is apt to be monotonous anyway. Hospital life is particularly so, because of the strain of always being with the sick. So it was important that the unit should have amusement. Early in our days at Talence I was able to buy a moving picture machine, with funds given by parishioners of Trinity Church; a ward was fitted up as a Recreation Room, and an Enlisted Men's Club formed. We then established a Baseball League, with games on Sunday afternoons. One great difficulty with these games was to keep the curious French people from watching the game from behind the catcher. We had lectures, readings, and musicales on many evenings. Major Cabot did more in these ways for the unit than any one else, with his current events talks, his readings, his chorus, and his violin. Then later on when the Red Cross Hut was built, the Enlisted Men's Club had a room well fitted up for reading, writing, and meetings of their own.

The officers and nurses held several dances, and the Y.M.C.A. arranged dances for the men. For the patients much was done. There were constant "movies" in the Red Cross Hut. The Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross sent many entertainers and lecturers. The members of the unit gave several entertainments and plays. Notable "good times" were arranged for the two Christmases we were there. During the summer of 1918, neighboring regiments were generous in lending us their bands for periods of a week at a time. We were most fortunate

in our Red Cross representatives, Captains Mygatt and Rommel; Mr. Thompson I have already mentioned. The Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., Knights of Columbus, and the Salvation Army all helped greatly, and we were constantly remembered by our Boston friends. The nurses were of invaluable assistance along these lines. I do not believe that one quarter enough has been said of their service abroad. I am not writing now of their efficient medical work, but of what they did to cheer their patients, in the decorating of the wards for holiday time, writing home, making ice-cream, and many other deeds of kindness and cheer, always in addition to their regular work.

When I was asked to write this little article, I was told to write of what interested me. So I am going to make small mention of some of the other duties of the Chaplain of Base Hospital No. 6, such as censor and postmaster. Those duties were as painful to me as to the other members of the unit. They make me feel more than ever that Sherman knew what he was talking about. Inspections? No, I will refrain!

In January, 1919, I was ordered to leave the Base Hospital and report at the Headquarters of the First Army at Bar-sur-Aube. It was indeed with a heavy heart that I left the friends and associations of a year and a half. At Bar-sur-Aube, with two other chaplains, I was assistant to Rev. Herbert Shipman, Senior Chaplain of the First Army. I had the broadening experience of living under the same roof with a Jewish Rabbi and a Roman Catholic Priest.

Our task was to cover the units too small to have chaplains of their own. We would motor from place to place, holding services. I added one more to my list of "churches," holding service for a Massachusetts Signal Battalion in an old mill. While with the First Army I had an interesting trip with Chaplain Shipman through the Argonne, and a "leave" during which I visited the old British front and Belgium. In March I spent the two longest weeks of my life at St. Aignan and Brest, finally sailing March 15 on the battleship Montana.

In April the unit came together at a Welcome Home Service in Trinity. As I look back, the days that mean the most to me are those early in our stay in France, when our original unit was intact. Major Washburn did everything possible to support the Chaplain, and I do not believe there was a better group of officers, nurses, or men anywhere. I am very grateful that the telephone rang in 1916, and that I was asked to be Chaplain of Base Hospital No. 6 (58-63).

Base Hospital 9

> Raymond S. Brown, *Base Hospital No. 9 A.E.F.: A History of the Work of the New York Hospital Unit During Two Years of Active Service* (New York: , 1920).
> -- written by the Padre

[Editor: The lack of references to the ministry of the chaplain here is noteworthy, especially because the book was written "by the Padre" himself. The editor of this compilation attributes that scarcity to the humility of Chaplain Brown.]

November 1, 1918

During the month of October there were admitted to the hospital a large number of cases of broncho-pneumonia occurring chiefly as a complication of a prevalent epidemic of influenza. It was a very severe infection and twenty-eight autopsies were done on cases that had died from this disease (21).

[*The Convoy to France*]

But it was a happy voyage and everyone laughed at the hardships and discomforts. Even the chaplains overcame the lack of space for services by standing on the poop-deck and conducting the worship through a megaphone so that all the decks could take part (40).

The Formative Days

Our problem was to use the space to the best advantage. As it was to be a war hospital, the surgeons naturally chose the majority of the buildings. The medical men contended that disease was as deadly a foe to an army as the enemy bullet. The "orthopods" argued that at least they must have a place for those men who through hiking had contracted a morbid condition of the foot in which the arch is destroyed. All were agreed on the place for the laboratory, the operating rooms and the chapel. But after several officers' meetings, space was allotted to all—the medical men getting most of it the first winter (55).

Savenay [*France*]

But the chief trial and tribulation of all and I say all advisedly was the censorship of the mail. The Chaplain was made Censor, and the Commanding Officer provided him with scissors, indelible ink, and a brush, and the necessary authority to read and strike out any information that was interesting. He spent hours those first days reading and cutting, and by night he dreamed of information that had slipped his notice. Many letters were badly mutilated for which he sincerely apologizes now, but then he believed that all army orders were to be interpreted literally. Censorship became less irksome for all in later days (50).

Base Hospital 10

> History of the *Pennsylvania Hospital Unit (Base Hospital No. 10, U.S.A.) in the Great War* (New York: Paul B. Hoeber, 1921).

The Influenza

In the Fall of this year the influenza epidemic arrived and during some weeks it brought many of the men down from the lines and attacked in great numbers the nurses and personnel. Providentially the nurses all recovered, but during the epidemic four of our men died. A great toll was taken of the patients, the mortality being as great as that of the

mustard gas attack. The work all the autumn was continuously heavy until November l0th, when we were told that the next day an armistice would be declared (95).

Organization of the Unit

I would be very remiss if I failed to emphasize the importance of the Chaplain in the hospital organization. The Unit was most fortunate in obtaining the service of Dr. Edward M. Jefferys, rector of St. Peter's Church in Philadelphia, who, upon joining us, immediately threw himself body and soul into the work with which he was confronted, and was untiring in his efforts to assist and help the members of the Unit at all times and under all conditions, as well as the sick and wounded, to whom he brought much cheer and comfort. He was always ready to minister to the slightest need or desire, and will ever be remembered by the patients in the wards and the men in the barracks, as their truest friend and counsellor.

In the officers' mess he was beloved and respected by all. He was an enormous factor in relieving the enlisted men of the monotony incident to their continued duties by his Friday night parties held in one of the dining huts. On these occasions, he was assisted by several of the nurses, who served light refreshments, while the men were entertained by speeches, recitations, music, etc. (27-28).

The Padre and the Unit

On Monday, April 30th, 1917, Dr. Harte met Dr. Jefferys on Third St. with the casual remark, "Well, will you go with us?" To which Dr. Jefferys replied, "With whom, where?" Dr. Harte then said that the Base Hospital of which he was Director had been ordered out for Foreign Service and was to sail in a few days, that Dr. David M. Steele, the rector of St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, the chaplain, was ill, that Dr. Jefferys' name had been sent to the President for the vacancy and that his appointment was expected by wire at any moment. Dr. Jefferys agreed on the spot to go, and was commissioned on May 3d "chaplain of a base hospital."

The chaplain's first official duties were performed on the St. Paul, and consisted of religious services for passengers and crew. They were largely attended by both civilians and military. Dean Carrol M. Davis, chaplain of the St. Louis unit, was associated with our chaplain in these services. A daily evening service was held in the main saloon after dinner. On Sundays there were celebrations of the Holy Communion in the library and in the main saloon services with addresses. The chaplains also made sick-calls among the enlisted personnel on the voyage.

Our chaplain was the second chaplain to reach France with the American Forces. Chaplain Peabody of the Harvard unit was the first. After Base Hospital No. 10 took over 16 General Hospital (British) Dr. Jefferys was brought into close connection with the Chaplain's Department of the British Army. Besides the duties devolving upon him as chaplain of our organization, with its officers, nurses and enlisted men, he was made responsible for the Church of England work in the hospital, usually with the help of a British chaplain, but

sometimes alone. In the Isolation Division for Contagious Diseases he had charge not only of the Church of England work but also of the Presbyterian and Non-Conformist patients.

In this division he came in contact with many German prisoners, to whom he ministered spiritually and in other ways. The German translation of the American Prayer Book was of great assistance to him in his ministrations to the prisoners. The excellent organization of the Chaplain's Department of the British Army and the fact that its work is taken as seriously by the authorities as that of any other branch of the service made for efficiency. The department was under the direction of Chaplain General Bishop Taylor-Smith, in London, and of the Deputy Chaplain General and of the Principal Chaplain, in France. These three officers all held the rank of Major General. One cannot help contrasting this with the fact that the ranking chaplain of the American Army, Bishop Brent, was given the rank of Major. In the British Army, the chaplain could be protected by his well-organized department from interference in his work by superior officers of other corps.

[British] General Hospital 16 was grouped with other hospitals, the group containing about nine thousand beds. The chaplain-group consisted of one Senior Chaplain, called the S.C.F. (Church of England), three other Church of England chaplains (British), one Church of England chaplain (Canadian), one Non-Conformist chaplain (British), one Non-Conformist chaplain (Canadian), one Roman Catholic chaplain (British), and one Roman Catholic chaplain (Canadian), and our American chaplain. Every Monday morning the chaplains had a devotional meeting in the Church of England Hut, which was followed by a business meeting of the Church of England chaplains and the American chaplain, presided over by the Senior Chaplain, who assigned to them their week's work. The group was often responsible for chaplain's duties in connection with military organizations located in or moving through our area. The group was also responsible for the work of chaplains who were ill or on leave. In this way our chaplain, Dr. Jefferys, was assigned to duty with British Tanks, Australian Troops, British Labor Battalions in the Forest of Eu, General Hospitals 47 and 3, Canadian Hospital 2, British Red Cross Hospital 10, and other organizations.

The relationships between the chaplains or padres (as they were called in the B.E.F.) were cordial and pleasant and in consequence very helpful. The Senior Chaplain, Rev. A.C. Hoare, a famous Cambridge cricketer, was an Englishman of the finest type. He lived with us for more than a year, and won the hearts of all the members of our organization. Other padres who lived with us and endeared themselves to us were Mr. Gravell of the Church of England, Mr. Boyd and Mr. Lunn of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and Mr. McNutt of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland. Rev. Claude Beckwith, the Church of England padre at 47 General, combined his religious services with ours for many months and was popular with all the Americans in the area. The greatest opportunities offered to army chaplains in France came to them while the men were in the hospitals or in the trenches. There was comparatively little a chaplain could do when troops were on the march. The hospitals perhaps presented the greatest opportunities of all. The men were then in a receptive mood and were often associated with the chaplains long enough and intimately enough for real results to be obtained.

Our hospital-group was furnished with one Church of England Hut, one Roman Catholic Hut, one Canadian Red Cross Hut, three British Y.M.C.A. Huts, and one Salvation Army Hut. The Church of England Hut was part of the equipment of 16 General, and was put at the disposal of our chaplain for all his work, American and British. The Non-Conformist chaplains posted at 16 General also held their services in the Church of England Hut. The Church of England with the help of the Americans in the area built a commodious and handsome hut in 1918. It was located between No. 16 and No. 47 General overlooking the Channel. The Church Hut was used not only for religious services but for a reading and writing room for patients and for educational and recreation purposes for the personnel of our unit.

The religious services in the Church Hut were daily celebrations of the Holy Communion in the early morning and daily Evening Prayer. On Sundays there were celebrations of the Holy Communion, the Church of England Parade (compulsory for members of the Church of England in the army) and evening services which were voluntary. The senior Medical Officer of the district. Colonel Begbie, usually read the lessons at the parade service. The services were well attended, especially the voluntary evening services, often many being turned away on account of lack of room. There were extra services at Christmas, Thanksgiving, Memorial Day, Empire Day, in fact, on all American and British special days.

Besides the services in the Church Hut the chaplains held services from day to day in the wards or huts of the hospital. These services were greatly appreciated by the patients, eagerly looked forward to and asked for. It is safe to say that none of the patients who wished to receive the Holy Communion was disappointed. Our chaplain alone gave over six hundred clinic communions while at the hospital. In the afternoon the chaplains conducted short services of a popular character. Portable organs were used for this purpose, the patients singing heartily the familiar hymns. The chaplains also held services every Sunday in the Y.M.C.A. and Salvation Army huts for the personnel and the convalescent patients, and in the nearby camps for military organizations passing through or located in the district.

The Church of England, Non-Conformist, Roman Catholic and American burials were usually separate, being conducted at different hours in the early morning. The bodies were taken to the Military Cemetery in ambulances driven by women from the motor convoy. Sometimes, always in the case of American burials, the chaplain headed the procession from the mortuary, and sometimes he met the funeral cortege at the entrance of the cemetery. The burial party consisted of the chaplain, one or more officers and an escort of men under a non-commissioned officer.

The men carried the coffins from the cemetery gate to the grave on their shoulders and then stood at attention during the service until taps or the last-post had been sounded. When an officer was buried as many officers as could be spared from the hospital were detailed for the escort. One of the most impressive funerals in our experience was that of Nurse Helen Fairchild who was buried on January 19th, 1918. Every officer, nurse, motor-driver and

enlisted man that could be spared from duty attended the service. Every hospital in the group was largely represented.

According to the rules of the army, the educational and social work among the troops and their recreation are largely under the chaplain. Our chaplain and some of the nurses and officers were much interested in these matters and gave a great deal of time to them. The "Padre's Party," given every week, was a part of our routine. It consisted of refreshments when they could be had, dancing, vocal and instrumental music, recitations, legerdemain [magic tricks], wrestling and boxing. We also organized a successful Dramatic Club which gave many first-class performances, vaudeville, concerts and plays. Our chaplain also arranged every week ward concerts and other entertainments for the patients. The talent was supplied by French artists. Salvation Army ladies, the nurses, motor convoy ladies, the officers and men, and by the patients themselves.

One of our officers gave a most scholarly and interesting course of lectures on French history with special reference to the historical places in the vicinity of the hospital. These were largely attended and enjoyed by the members of our unit. One of the enlisted men gave an instructive series of talks on "Shakespeare in France." Other courses of lectures were arranged on labor and other social problems. Qualified officers also spoke regularly on the question of sex-hygiene. A reading and writing room was maintained at all times, sometimes under great difficulties.

Out-of-door sports were encouraged whenever possible. We had our cricket, football and baseball teams. There was much interest in hockey. The "annual" football match on Thanksgiving Day between the Medical and Surgical sections reminded us of olden times at school and college. Base Hospital No. 10 could boast of some football and cricket stars. It was rather a surprise to our English cousins that we could meet them on even terms in a cricket match. The officers and nurses played tennis nearly every day, weather permitting. There was some golf to be had also, on the links which had been used by hotel guests in the prewar days. There were trout streams about Le Treport and our mess was sometimes enriched by a fine string of speckled beauties.

The chaplains acted as chief censors, our chaplain and the two British chaplains who were usually with us each acting for a week at a time. About eight officers were detailed every week to help the chief censor. Censoring was one of the most uninteresting things we had to do. When the hospital was full, and it was usually full or nearly so, the letters ran up into the thousands weekly. Some days more than a thousand letters had to be censored before we could go to bed. The chaplains also wrote hundreds of letters weekly for the patients to their people at home. They also ministered to the patients in various ways, from drawing pay for the British officers to buying cigarettes, fruit and chocolate for all. The chaplains were a busy lot, usually up by six in the morning and not in bed till late at night.

The patients in the hospital were a never-ending source of interest. Every branch of the English-speaking race was represented. There were Americans from nearly every section of the United States, Englishmen, Scots, Irishmen, Canadians, New Zealanders, Australians, South Africans, West Indians, men from the Channel Islands, and from nearly

every other portion of the British Empire. In the Isolation Division we had women patients too, V.A.D.'s, W.A.A.C.'s, nurses. Red Cross workers, and motor drivers. Officers were also admitted to the Isolation Division. The endurance and patience of these men and women, sometimes during the most appalling and excruciating pain that can be imagined, won the approval and admiration of all who came in contact with them.

The American doughboy, the English Tommy, the Jock [Scot], the Ausie, and all the others made up a heroic body such as the world has seldom known. The patients we had were calculated to make one proud of belonging to the English-speaking race. Perhaps their chief characteristic was their ability to laugh and joke under any and every circumstance. It was not uncommon even when stretchers were being brought in after one of the great offensives for some grimy and blood-stained figure to lift itself from a stretcher and "get off" some dry bit of humor which would send a ripple of laughter all down the line. They were a lovable lot, and we loved them. There were nearly fifty thousand of them, and most of them were splendid fellows (126-35).

Edward Miller Jefferys (S.T.D.)

Ordered into Service, May 3, 1917. Chaplain. First Lieutenant, October 29, 1918. Captain, November 13, 1919. Chaplain of Base Hospital No. 10 and Church of England Chaplain of No. 16 General and Isolation Division. Chaplain's School, St. Omer and distribution of Nurses various C.C.S.'s in Flanders, Autumn, 1917. Temporary Chaplain, B.R.C. No. 10, General Hospitals 47 and 3, Canadian 3, British Labor Battalions, Australian Infantry, British Tanks. Evacuation Hospital 18, Second Army, A.E.F., in Lorraine, December 24, 1918, to January 8, 1919. Headquarters Third Army, A.E.F., Coblenz, Germany, January 8, 1919, to March 4, 1919. Discharged at Boston, Mass., May 7, 1919. In service twenty-four months and five days (218).

Evacuation Hospital 15

> Walter J. Bachman, *Souvenir Roster and History of Evacuation Hospital No. 15* (United States: 1920).

Arrival of Personnel

While at Camp Lee our company took intensive training at the Base Hospital, placing our men in those departments to which their preliminary training showed they were best adapted. . . . The major portion of our commissioned officers were assigned to us at this camp [including] John C. Dunphy, Chaplain (13, 15).

[*Funeral account*]

While we were on leave at Nice the saddest event of our army life occurred in the death of Ambrose B. Shenk. Father Dunphy has written the following tribute to the soldier who

served with us during the trying days of the war and whose loss was deeply grieved by every member of the company:

"Sunday, March 23, 1919, the sad news sped through camp that Ambrose B. Shenk, private first class, of Evacuation Hospital No. 15 had died. His death was a shock to all for few knew that he was ill. The day previous although complaining of ill health he 'stood at inspection' and did not report sick until evening. He was taken to the sick ward and it was discovered that pneumonia had developed. Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock he was called by his Creator to his eternal reward. Tuesday, March 25, his body was carried by his companions to the cemetery near the hospital of Gloria, Meuse, and with full military honors, laid to rest.

"Every member of the organization attended the ceremony conducted by Chaplain Benedict at the cemetery. A vacancy was felt at heart when we returned, for notwithstanding the fact that we had come in contact with death so frequently during the past six months, and perhaps had grown hardened to the fact, in this case death for the first time since our coming overseas had come home to us.

"Ambrose B. Shenk was a soldier who died in the service of his country. He was faithful in every duty and obligation entrusted to him. He was a Christian and faithful also in his duty to his God. The greatest epitaph written of man is 'that he served faithfully his God and country.' Such a man was Ambrose B. Shenk. May he rest in peace" (61).

Base Hospital 18

> *History of Base Hospital No. 18, American Expedition Forces: Johns Hopkins Unit* (Boston: Base Hospital 18 Association, 1919).

Infectious and Epidemic Diseases

The predominating disease in this subdivision [Infections and Epidemic Diseases] is influenza, which included many cases of fever of unknown origin of the three-day type. Under the diagnosis of influenza are therefore included many cases of what has been termed in the A.E.F., "Spanish Flu," whose etiological relationship to the influenza bacillus is still a matter of discussion (111).

The Y.M.C.A.

Dr. Coleman was an ordained minister, and at the request of Major Finney (now Brigadier-General) became Chaplain of Base Hospital No. 18. Dr. Coleman continued as Y.M.C.A. Secretary and Chaplain until June 1, 1918, when he was relieved by Ray E. Hunt as Secretary. Dr. Coleman having been transferred to another field of labor, on invitation of Lieut.-Col. George M. Edwards, M.C., Mr. Hunt succeeded Dr. Coleman as Chaplain. Mr. Hunt continued in this relationship until the departure of Base Hospital No. 18 from France.

The Association of Base Hospital No. 18 was noted for its religious activity. It had the distinction of being the only building in the Neufchateau area in which a morning and evening religious service were conducted every Sunday. Father Thomas A. Dinan, Catholic Chaplain, very frequently used the building for religious purposes. Episcopal communion services were conducted on the first Sunday of each month. Interdenominational communion services were conducted on the third Sunday of each month. Public preaching services, at which the attendance was voluntary, were held at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. each Sunday.

In addition to the religious ministrations by the chaplains in the wards, many personal conferences were held with members of the hospital personnel. Many renewals of religious vows were made, and several persons were baptized on confession of faith. The Association was regarded by religious leaders as being exceptionally well balanced in its program and successful in the accomplishment of its purposes. It always enjoyed the confidence and the support of the commanding officers of Base Hospital No. 18 (55-57).

Catholic Activities

Following the invitation of the Commanding Officer, I will run through briefly the salient features of my work among the patients and personnel of Base Hospital No. 18. My connection with Base 18 as Catholic chaplain dates from January 31, 1918, when I arrived here as Red Cross chaplain. For seven months prior to that date I had been doing ministry at Paris in the congested workingmen's district, and for several years previous to my coming to France I had done priestly work in Rome and other parts of Italy. It was, in consequence, with some slight misgivings that I followed the prospect of beginning my American ministry—not indeed in America, but in France, for though I am an American myself I had never yet addressed an English-speaking audience, till I found myself in Bazoilles-sur-Meuse among the American soldiers.

My welcome at Base 18 was most hearty. The first to greet me was Capt. William Prescott Wolcott, of the American Red Cross, who at once set about making me acquainted with the various officers and nurses of the Johns Hopkins Unit. The delicate kindness of Captain Wolcott, multiplied many times since that day, shall never be forgotten, nor will I ever forget the warm welcome tendered me by Captain Stone, the adjutant. His friendly grasp and cheery words made me feel right at home. Then began my real work among the patients and personnel of the hospital; and while speaking of the personnel there is one feature to which I want to draw particular attention, and it is a feature of which I have twice spoken publicly, namely, that the Protestant boys of the Unit seemed more attentive and kind to me than a goodly number of my own Catholic boys. It was this friendly spirit on their part which did more than anything else to put me perfectly at my ease from the outset. What I say of these boys I can say with equal justice of all the officers of Base 18. I always felt that I had a personal friend in each of them.

More than once I was much embarrassed by the prompt personal attention given to some request in connection with my ministry. One instance stands out prominently when Captain Lyman quit his ward despite my protestations to arrange once for all a certain prerogative

of the company office. Such hearty co-operation and sincere manifestations of good-will enabled me to work harmoniously among the men, so that my visits to the wards every day were among the most pleasant occurrences of my life. I grew to know each individual patient, for Base 18 was then in reality a base and not merely in name, though later war needs necessitated its being used as an evacuation hospital.

I was a member in one big family—officers, nurses, personnel and patients formed but one big whole. I learned to admire the unstinted devotedness of officers and nurses to their patients and this was notably brought out in the trying rush occasioned in all the hospitals in the heavy drives at the front. The crowds of wounded and sick brought into Base 18 were systematically handled in able, logical order, for Base 18 was equal to the task, both as a real base hospital and as an evacuation hospital. My own personal work called for regular visits to the wards, where I was warmly received by all the patients, Catholics and Protestants alike; my heart, as every true priestly heart, was large enough to love them all. Many of the Protestant boys said : "I'm not a Catholic myself, Father, but I'm always glad to have you come around." And what shall I say of my intimate ministry among my Catholic boys? Nothing could have been more consoling. There were many days when I spent practically consecutive hours hearing confessions in the wards, for the percentage of Catholics was always very high among my sick, and then I would have to be up bright and early in the morning to bring them holy communion. Those were decidedly happy days for me.

My first American ministry has been all that could be desired and though officially attached to Base 18 for a good period, I could extend my priestly efforts to Base 116; and when their own priest came, I had assigned to me Base 42 and Base 46. Base 42 has recently passed from my care to that of Father Nuwer, but Base 46 still shares my interest with Base 18. Within recent date from being a Red Cross chaplain I have become a regular Army chaplain, but my relations to Base 18 have in nowise changed. It will be a pleasurable recollection for me to look back on the days spent at Base 18 in the company of such staunch, friendly officers and nurses and equally staunch, friendly enlisted men. I know they have all won my unlimited affection and I feel that I have won theirs. May God's blessing attend them all wherever they may be.
Father Dinan (57-58)

Thomas Anthony Dinan, Catholic Chaplain

Entered American Red Cross Service on January 14, 1918. Arrived at Bazoilles-sur-Meuse on January 31, 1918, and assigned to Base Hospital No. 18. Was Red Cross Chaplain up to October 18, 1918, and from then on Regular Army Chaplain. Home address: La Salette College, 85 New Park Avenue, Hartford, Conn. (123).

Ray E. Hunt, Y.M.C.A. Secretary

Entered Y.M.C.A. Service, Fort Snelling, September 1, 1917. Became General Secretary, Fort Snelling Y.M.C.A., October 1, 1917. Ordered to New York October 24, 1917; landed at Bordeaux, reached Neufchateau November 8, 1917. Assigned to 101st Machine Gun

Battalion January 15, 1918, transferred to 101st Engineers; transferred to Base Hospital No. 18 April 1, 1918. Became Acting Chaplain of Base Hospital No. 18 on June 1, 1918. Home address: 3325 Grand Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. (125).

Base Hospital 19

> John M. Swan, *A History of United States Army Base Hospital No. 19, American Expeditionary Forces* (Rochester, New York: Wegman-Walsh Press, 1922).

Respiratory Infection Service

When influenza became a problem in the American Expeditionary Forces, Base Hospital No. 19 was designated the unit to take care of all the respiratory infections in the Vichy Center. The Hotel Lutetia. commanded by Major Arthur P. Reed, was opened for this purpose on October 16th, and was emptied of its patients on January 15th. During that time, this service treated 1,210 cases of influenza and 296 cases of pneumonia. There were 31 deaths from pneumonia, a death rate of 10.67% (49).

[*Influenza rates*]

No epidemic diseases were present in the hospital except sporadic cases until September 27th, when a Hospital Train brought eighty-one cases of influenza from Base Hospitals 31 and 32. In October there were forty-nine cases of influenza in the command; two officers, twenty nurses, twenty-seven enlisted men; and eight cases of pneumonia; one officer, five nurses, one enlisted man and one civilian employee. In November there were forty-three cases of influenza, and no pneumonia in the command. In December, thirty-two cases of influenza, and no pneumonia (58).

[*Unit formation*]

The officer personnel was increased by the addition of the following [including] Rev. Herbert W. Gates. As there was no provision in the law for a reserve corps of chaplains, Mr. Gates was carried on the rolls of the hospital as a civilian (4).

[*Sunday services*]

After the Chaplain joined, March 7th, regular Sunday morning service was held in the Mess Hall (17).

[*Additional duties*]

The Chaplain and the Chief Nurse had administrative duties in addition to their professional duties (40).

Chaplains

Peter H. Hershey, Wellsville, Pa.
Joined the hospital as a Red Cross Civilian Chaplain, March 7, 1918.
Detached at Camp Merritt, June 4, 1918.
Rejoined the hospital at Vichy, August 27, 1918
First Lieutenant, U.S.A., November 1, 1918.
Detached and ordered to Base Hospital No. 115, January 31, 1919 (83).

Patrick Monaghan.
First Lieutenant, U.S.A.
Joined the hospital at Vichy, November 12, 1918.
Detached and ordered to Base Hospital No. 115, January 31, 1919 (84).

Base Hospital 20

> *History of United States Army Base Hospital No. 20* (Philadelphia: E.A. Wright, 1920).

Chaplain's Reports

Base Hospital No. 20 at Chatel Guyon was opened May 7, 1918, by personnel from the University of Pennsylvania. Captain Rogers Israel, Bishop of the Diocese of Erie, Pennsylvania (Episcopal Church), Red Cross Chaplain, who had preceded the Unit to France by ten months, reported for duty on May 23, 1918, and remained until January 3, 1919, when he received his discharge. He was succeeded by Major Ezra C. Clemens, Chaplain, U.S. Army (Methodist Episcopal Church).

On an average there were about 1500 patients, daily, at the Hospital. Their religious and spiritual care required much work on the part of the Chaplains. The patients were regularly and faithfully visited. New Testaments, prayer books, scapulars, rosaries, religious pamphlets and cards were distributed as needed. Holy Communion was administered regularly in public, in the wards and at the bedside. The dying were cheered and comforted in their last moments. Roman Catholics were invariably ministered to in their last hours by the devoted Curé of Chatel Guyon prior to the arrival of Chaplain Preusser.

Many of the sick and wounded came from the front clad only in pajamas or bath robes after having lost all their other possessions. A great supply of sweaters, underwear, toilet articles and "smokes," contributed directly, and large quantities of fruit purchased in Paris and nearby towns were all distributed by Chaplain Israel through the kindness and generosity of friends in America. From the Hospital Quartermaster, safety razors and blades were purchased and given away. Everything that could be done spiritually for the patients was done, as well as everything that would minister to their physical comfort.

Day by day, as occupants of the Hospital would be sent home, to convalescent hospitals by the seashore, or to replacement camps, the Bishop would give short addresses to the departing soldiers, telling them of the great principles involved in the War and of their great opportunity to make America a better country upon their return, and inspiring them with courage to return to the front, or, having performed their part. to continue the fight for the same principles in America. Frequent services were held. Chaplain Israel held two regular services, 6:30 and 9:30 A.M. (including one celebration of the Holy Communion), every Sunday in a little chapel in one of the summer hotels (The Splendid) of Chatel Guyon, and there also held prayers every morning. On Sundays at noon he conducted an informal service on the large, stone, unroofed porch of the Hotel du Pare, where the assembled patients, as well as many confined to their beds, could join in the worship and enjoy the singing.

Chaplain Clemens held services each Sunday morning and evening in the Red Cross Hut, this place being more accessible and of larger seating capacity. All of the services were attended by patients who were able to leave their beds, and by the officers, nurses and enlisted personnel. On October 23, 1918, Chaplain A.S. Preusser. First Lieutenant, arrived at Base Hospital No. 20. At that time the Hospital was taxed to its capacity, and there were many Catholics who wished for a Catholic priest, who would be able to speak to them in their own language, as well as administer to them the rites of the church. For the benefit of the Catholics who had enjoyed the baths at Chatel Guyon during pre-war times, a chapel had been erected by the parish priest within easy reach of all the leading hotels, so that even those who might find it too difficult to climb the hill leading to the parish church might nevertheless be able to attend the chapel services.

Since the leading hotels had been turned into hospital buildings for the sick and wounded, this chapel was found very serviceable, and the parish priest was glad to place it at the disposal of Chaplain Preusser. Regular services were held there: on Sunday mornings at 6.30 and 9.00 o'clock, with a short sermon at each Mass; on weekdays at 8 o'clock. Confessions were heard there on Saturdays from 1.30 to 3.00 o'clock and again from 6.45 P.M. until the last ones had gone. In order to give convalescents leaving the Hospital an opportunity to receive the Sacrament before departing, confessions were heard every morning before the 8 o'clock Mass. Besides these regular services in church, services were held in several of the wards as circumstances permitted.

A total of sixty-five patients died. Three of these were German prisoners. Four aviators died and were buried in the American Cemetery at Clermont-Ferrand, France. Two American officers and fifty-eight enlisted men are buried in the American Cemetery belonging to the Hospital, about one mile distant. The German prisoners are buried in one corner of the Cemetery. One French civilian who died was buried in the French Cemetery. The American Cemetery is on a little hill, overlooking the surrounding country, and is well laid out, the graves being kept in good condition. Each grave is marked by a white wooden cross on which is inscribed the name and organization of the dead soldier, his identification tag being fastened to the cross. One grave, that of a Jewish soldier, has a white board, with proper insignia, for a headstone. The funeral of each soldier was conducted by the Chaplains as far as possible according to military regulations. Every soldier was buried

with military honors. One of the ladies from the Red Cross accompanied each body and stood by the grave as the funeral services were conducted as a representative of the man's home and dear ones far away. At the last moment of the services, while all stood at attention, the bugler blew "Taps," as a sign that though the light had gone out here it was burning brightly on the other side. In their work the Chaplains had the cordial co-operation and help of the officers, nurses, representatives of the Red Cross and the enlisted personnel of the Hospital Unit (127-29).

Base Hospital 23

> "Base hospital No. 23," Chapter 39 of *History of Buffalo and Erie County 1914-1919* edited by Daniel Sweeney (Buffalo: Committee of One Hundred, 1920).

Chapter XXXIX: Base Hospital No. 23

Base Hospital 23 of Buffalo, organized by the Red Cross and manned by Buffalonians and people from the surrounding towns, was mobilized on the 21st of August, 1917, at Fort Porter. The unit was in training there for three months. It numbered 28 Doctors, 75 Nurses and 153 enlisted men. They had several disappointments while at Fort Porter, expecting every day to get orders to move for "Somewhere in France . . ." Finally they got away on the 21st of November, 1917 . . .

At last our turn came to board the troopship, our names were called, and as we went up the gangplank we each got a card with our bunk number on it, also a meal card. The boys were all excited, knowing by this time that we were bound for Somewhere in France. The boat finished loading about 11 o'clock and we left New York at 12.15 P.M. the 22nd of November. The name of our troopship was the Carpathia, Cunard Line, and manned by a British crew. We started out with rather bad luck, one man was accidentally shot and instantly killed by a guard going on first duty. He was examining his rifle which went off, causing this sad affair, the boat slowed down and the body was taken off at the Statue of Liberty (130-31).

We didn't get over crowded until the St. Mihiel drive started, then we had to use every bit of space to be found. The hallways were fitted up with cots and the capacity of each hospital was far exceeded. The operating rooms were busy day and night, ambulance and Red Cross trains were coming in at all hours. The suffering of wounded men was intense but they seemed to think nothing of their wounds, smoked cigarettes and "kidded" one another over their injuries; at the same time, many of those men had arms or legs shot to pieces. As fast as patients could possibly be moved they were sent to base hospitals farther back (133).

Base Hospital 31

> Charles Hirsh Kaletzki, editor, *Official History U.S.A. Base Hospital No 31 of Youngstown, Ohio and Hospital Unit "G" of Syracuse University* (Syracuse, New York: Craftsman Press, 1919).

Diseases of the Respiratory System

As was to be expected the transportation of large numbers of troops, from the comparatively dry climate of the United States to the wet, raw conditions of France, resulted in numerous respiratory infections. This was quite in evidence even before the pandemic of influenza and broncho-pneumonia swept over the world, which, curiously enough, was less severe among the soldiers in many sections of France than at the cantonments in the United States (130).

[*Separating ailments*]

No very elaborate divisions seemed necessary or even desirable. It seemed important to separate contagious disease suspects and contacts—pneumonia, influenza, typhoid fever—keep gassed cases as far as possible from respiratory infections, and to separate the war neuroses from medical cases in general. At the earliest opportunity, which might be the next day, the case was gone over thoroughly, history recorded, treatment detailed as far as possible and requests for appropriate clinical laboratory and X-ray examinations or consultations made (126).

Review of Chaplain's Activities

Rev. William Carson Press, M.A., Chaplain

Perhaps in no other branch of Army activities did the chaplain find as many varied responsibilities as were thrust upon him in his association with a base hospital. All manner of duties, from ministrations to wounded and the ill to writing letters, acting as censor and handling newspaper subscriptions, were cared for.

Chaplain Press joined the organization upon its inception in Youngstown, Ohio, having just completed ten years' service as pastor of the Evergreen Presbyterian Church, Youngstown. He operated under the Red Cross Commission, granted May 29, 1917, and reported for duty to the Commanding Officer of Base Hospital No. 31, Friday, September 7, 1917.

While the unit was in training at Allentown, the policy adopted left the personnel free to enjoy the rich religious privileges of the camp and city of Allentown. The chaplain co-operated with the camp Y.M.C.A. and the city churches in religious work, delivering a patriotic sermon on one occasion to more than 800 persons in the leading Evangelical Lutheran church of Allentown. In addition, the personnel had the companionship of the chaplain in quarters, at lectures and drills and on hikes. Much opportunity for individual work was afforded at this camp. On board the "Leviathan," in conjunction with three others, Chaplain Press cared for the religious needs of the many thousands of medical men and women and troops on board, in public worship and in pastoral labors.

Individual work was continued and visits were paid to those ill in the ship's hospitals and to the men in quarters. The advice and companionship of the chaplain were free to all who

desired the aid of a minister of the Gospel. It was after the hospital had been established that the work of the chaplain was greatly multiplied. His activities with the personnel continued to grow with the increasingly numerous problems. Added to this was the work of looking after the spiritual needs of the thousands of patients in Base Hospital No. 31, and, during a considerable period, of Base Hospital No. 32. In this work conditions varied from time to time, the chaplain being required to perform various duties not prescribed in Army regulations.

A synopsis of some of the duties would include: Social service among the personnel, such as writing letters, advising on personal matters, the ministry of consolation to the bereaved, emergency service as interpreter in French, letters to bereaved relatives of hospital patients, which frequently involved a continued correspondence; preparation of wills for soldiers leaving for the fighting front, adjustment of minor difficulties for French civilians and soldier patients, arrangement for the care of French orphans, handling subscriptions to "Stars and Stripes," distribution of home papers, and other details not regularly recorded.

In his ministrations the chaplain called upon men and women of almost every faith and religious practice. In this he had the co-operation of the Rev. Father Bouter, French interpreter assigned to the center, and enlisted men of various faiths. Chaplain Press operated as a volunteer in the American Red Cross until November 1, 1918, when he was commissioned as a U.S. Army chaplain. He accepted this commission upon notification on November 11, 1918. Base Hospital No. 32, having arrived in Contrexéville a few days previous Bishop Joseph Francis, chaplain, had already secured the English Church for the religious work of his unit. Base Hospital No. 31 began
its religious work and services in the men's mess hall with Chaplain Press in charge. These first services will never be forgotten by those privileged to attend. We were strangers in a strange land, crusaders for American freedom and human liberty. The ties of home were very strong and the love of God very dear. The American Red Cross and American Y.M.C.A. had not yet had opportunity to take over this field and until they could do so, Chaplain Press organized the recreational life of the hospitals—all were free to come. A men's chorus and a nurses' choir were organized.

Musical programs and similar forms of recreation were offered evening after evening, the local talent being readily available at all times. In this manner many enjoyable evenings were passed. What difficulties were in the way were but opportunities for the further service. A piano was rented from the French. Heating, lighting and seating were arranged with the military authorities. The nurses co-operated in procuring mimeographed hymns. Later we had the use of song books very kindly supplied by Mr. Fred S. Bunn, superintendent of Youngstown City Hospital, of glorious memory. This work of mutual service fostered good-fellowship and promoted morale.

Through the kindness of Major Finck, French representative in this center, Base Hospital No. 31 procured the use of the Russian Church. This church was of unique structure and equipment, erected by the Greek Orthodox Church of Russia, the most prominent attendant previous to the great war being the Countess Wladimir. A communion service once a month and regular Sunday services were held in this church. The chaplain was assisted at the Holy

Communion by Major Finck, an elder in the French Protestant Church, and by Capt. Earl V. Sweet of Base Hospital No. 31 and Mr. Percy McFeely of the A.E.F. Y.M.C.A., both elders of churches in America. Miss Edith Hadsall of Base Hospital No. 31 had charge of the communion equipment and church decorations and gave most valuable help.

By July 16, 1918, Bishop Francis had left for America, and, with the approval of the commanding officers of Base Hospitals No. 31 and 32, the chaplain of Base Hospital No. 31 took over the religious work and cared for it in addition to his other duties until November 6, 1918, when Chaplain J. McD. Lacy was assigned by the U.S. War Department as chaplain for Base Hospital No. 32. From the inception of the work a union service was held each Sunday evening. Upon the closing of the American Red Cross Theater, this union service was transferred to the new A.R.C. hut. Sunday morning services were held for both units in the English Church from July 16, 1918. This arrangement continued during the stay of Chaplain Lacy, who was transferred January 20, 1919. By January 20, 1919, Base Hospital No. 32 had transferred all patients to Base Hospital No. 31 and the chaplain of Base Hospital No. 31 now cared for the religious needs of all patients together with that of the personnel of both hospitals (201-03).

Base Hospital 32

> Benjamin D. Hitz, ed. *A History of Base Hospital 32* (Indianapolis: Edward Kahle Post No. 42 American Legion, 1922).

[*Many hospital personnel affected by influenza*]

The first influenza epidemic which 32 encountered broke out on May 19th and spread rapidly through the organization. Within ten days' time almost a third of the entire personnel had experienced a more or less severe touch of the "flu." The illness at this time was characterized by a high fever and the usual influenza symptoms, but was of surprisingly brief duration, and most of the men were back on duty within a few days. Scarlet fever also broke out in the organization late in May, but the cases were isolated immediately and the danger of contagion averted (80-81).

In spite of the additions to the personnel, the hospital force was hardly adequate during this period of emergency. The influenza epidemic was responsible for an unusual amount of sickness in the unit, and many of the command were off duty at different times during September and October on that account (97).

[*Memorial Day ceremony*]

On May 30th the entire command of Base Hospitals 31 and 32, together with the French military and civilians, joined in the observation of Memorial Day. . . . The program was very simple. The band, standing close beside the graves, played a dirge, the bishop and the chaplain of the other unit both made addresses, and so did the *medicin chef*. He spoke first in English and then in French, for the benefit of the French soldiers—and the band played

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and the "Marseillaise," and then, as six enlisted men scattered the flowers over the two graves, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Every soldier there stood at salute as a firing squad of marines fired three volleys off toward the hills, and the echoes were still coming back as the two buglers blew "Taps"
(81, 84).

[*Replacement Chaplain*]

Meanwhile there were a few additions to the personnel. On November 7th Chaplain John M. Lacy was assigned to Base Hospital 32 following the departure of Bishop Francis. Chaplain Lacy served with the organization until January 20th, when he was ordered to Marseilles (182).

Base Hospital 34

> Edmund M. Pitts, editor, *Base Hospital 34 in the World War* (Philadelphia: Lyon & Armor, 1922).

Sanitation

This system proved its worth at the time of the influenza epidemic in the spring of 1918, when nearly one hundred corps men, and several nurses and officers, were confined to the hospital with the disease (195).

[*Influenza's unwelcome return*]

In late September the influenza epidemic recurred. Although the second epidemic was by far the more serious, with the higher mortality, the spring epidemic was in a way more difficult, as the hospital personnel was very much crippled, so many being off duty at the same time (216).

The Chaplains

[This section of the book was written by Chaplain John M. Groton.]

The record of the Chaplain's work must be very largely a record of the labors of others, upon whose help he learned constantly to depend. I shall not hesitate, therefore, to refer frequently to those voluntary agencies of service which ministered faithfully and efficiently to the sick and wounded in the hospital, and without whose co-operation we should have been greatly the losers.

My period of service with Base Hospital 34 began on September 15, 1917, at Allentown, Pennsylvania, where the Unit had been mobilized a few days before. It continued with the exception of two months' detached service at St. Nazaire until October 1st, 1918, when I

was sent to Headquarters, District of Paris, for duty. It was a year full of interest and activity, and of the greatest happiness.

The opening chapter must begin with the arrival of our first patients in April. They came very largely from the First and Second Divisions. When I was with the First Division I again and again met men who were among the earliest to come to us and who were firmly convinced that no other hospital in the A.E.F. was quite the equal of 34. Be that as it may, we were at once confronted with the problem of furnishing recreational facilities and entertainment for men who had spent the winter in the cold of northern France. On a Saturday morning I called at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters at St. Nazaire and asked their help. That afternoon one of their secretaries, Mr. Hamilton, returned to Nantes with me; on Monday a truck load of cigarettes, tobacco, and chocolate arrived; on Tuesday a canteen was under way in the wooden hospital barrack which Colonel DeVoe kindly placed at our disposal.

From Chaplain Groton then on, supplies varied in abundance and scarcity, but there was always something on hand. The same barrack was used for entertainments and services. Here I celebrated the Holy Communion at 6 o'clock on Easter morning. I shall never forget how the light broke through the heavy clouds and flooded the little place with sunshine. Each Sunday we had a service at 10 o'clock in the morning and another in the evening. On week-days we had concerts by our French friends and improvised shows of local talent. With the arrival of Captain Petrie, A.R.C, the further resources of the Red Cross were thrown open to us. It meant cigarettes and chocolate for those who could not buy, shaving brushes and razors, phonographs, moving pictures, daily newspapers and comfort kits. It meant also baseball, tennis, and croquet. Captain Petrie's problem was nevertheless one of making a little go a long way. When we returned home we looked back with amusement at the exceptional value of a single safety razor blade in a ward of sick men.

The Red Cross also sent us two capable workers in Mrs. Appo and Miss Strode, who were tireless in their search for information about the missing and in corresponding with the families in America. Miss Corbett, from the Y.W.C.A., came to us to keep "Hostess House" in one end of the nurses' mess hall. The little corner that she had was narrow enough, but her hospitality was unfailing. With all these agencies I had the most cordial and happy relations. My own distinctive work as Chaplain took me daily into the wards, to talk with the men, to pray with them, to know them, to claim their friendship, to lead them, so far as I was able through my own experiences, into the realm of things unseen. I could only imagine what they had been through, but in spite of that handicap I found them eager, responsive, accessible. I shall always be grateful to the surgeons and nurses for their willingness to let me enter the wards at all times, night or day, and for their constant co-operation and courtesy. At no time was I denied the opportunity of visiting the sick, and frequently the nurses prepared the way for my coming.

Of the dead I speak with no shadow of regret. They died as brave men die, without fear and without complaint. Their bodies have been laid at rest with all military honors in the beautiful American Cemetery not far distant from the hospital. A white wooden cross, on which is inscribed the name, the organization to which the soldier belonged, and the date

of death, marks the grave where the body lies. This record would be incomplete if I did not speak a word of tribute to the French military authorities. At each funeral they sent us artillery caissons to bear the bodies of our dead, and a guard of honor to accompany the procession.

With the increase in the work and with the prospect of my being transferred to other duties, Chaplain Clash, formerly Dean of the Cathedral in Manila, came to us at the end of July. For me it was the revival of a warm friendship and attachment, and I had the pleasure of staying on for two months after his assignment, working with him at the hospital. He became immediately a part of us, entering into all our activities, and carrying on the work after I had gone. The Chaplain's record belongs to him quite as much as to me. Without the unfailing help and interest of the enlisted personnel I should have been at a loss to know where to turn. They, with the surgeons and nurses, formed that inner circle into which we had been drawn by a single aim and purpose,—namely, to minister to the best of our ability to the sick and wounded.

To see men brought in helpless, with the mud of the trenches caked on their bodies, to watch their strength come again, to wish them God-speed as they were sent back to the replacement camps and to their companies, or else home, to be with them during these days has been worth while. And the services in the wards, in the big mess hall, in the open out under the trees, seem also to have been worth while. For me I know they have been, and perhaps, God willing, for the many who came to them (264-66).

Base Hospital 36

> Alice E. Cooper, ed. *A History of United States Army Base Hospital No. 36* (United States: 1922).

[*Great survival stats*]

Out of 15,097 cases treated in all hospitals of Base Hospital 36, from December 8, 1917, to December 8, 1918, 4,795 cases or 31.5% were patients of Hospital "A." The death rate was exceedingly low. There were 15 deaths in all or a mortality rate of .0031. This is a mortality percentage rate of less than one-third of one percent, in spite of the fact that 933 cases were contagious diseases, 776 cases were gunshot wounds of various parts of the body; 175 were of the head, 37 were of the chest, 21 of the abdomen and 32 were of the neck; 23 were cases of appendicitis, 16 of acute nephritis, 389 cases had been gassed, 235 were cases of influenza, and 47 were cases of pneumonia. This low mortality rate of less than one-third of one per cent is one which it would be very hard to equal, and of which we are both proud and thankful (51).

[*Still, influenza killed*]

A very sad feature in the history of Hospital "E," was the fact that there were forty-six deaths resulting from pneumonia, a massive broncho-pneumonia complicating influenza.

Most of these were very serious cases when admitted, in order to realize the feeling of utter helplessness that developed among the doctors, trying to save these men, one must have seen service in this epidemic.

The most robust and hearty seemed to succumb most easily. Owing to this epidemic it became necessary as far as possible to isolate these cases. This was done in the individual rooms and also on the floors, two floors being used entirely for respiratory diseases, and one of these for pneumonias alone. There was practically no spread of the severe type of the disease among the patients in the hospital. The attendants wore caps, gowns and nose and mouth masks and almost entirely escaped the dread malady (107).

[*Dedicating the flag*]

On May 24 a special service was held in Christ Episcopal Church for the dedication of a flag presented by Greenwood, Atkinson and Armstrong, uniform manufacturers of Detroit. The sermon was preached by the Reverend Dr. William D. Maxon, Chaplain of the Unit and Rector of the Church (13).

Christmas 1917

On Christmas eve after the custom of the English waits [musicians who sing on the streets] there was carol singing in Hospitals A and C by several enlisted men and nurses led by Miss Hammond with her 'Cello, the patients eagerly listening in the darkened wards and corridors. On Christmas Day there was a religious service, with the singing of carols and Holy Communion, well attended by officers, nurses and enlisted men.

In the afternoon at Hospital A small Christmas tree was set up, a Victrola played Christmas carol tunes, a recitation was given by Army Nurse Ferguson, and a short address by the Chaplain, followed by a distribution of Red Cross gifts. This programme was repeated at Hospital C. At the two hospitals 500 gifts were distributed to more than 200 patients (30).

June 1918

On June 1st we received our first consignment of wounded British Tommies. Three hundred and thirty-eight arrived this morning together with about a hundred Americans. Many were in very bad condition when received, and it was necessary for the operating rooms of Hospitals B and D to work day and night until June 3rd in order to care for them.

Chaplain Maxon held a service of patriotic welcome to the British on June 2nd, in Hospital B. It was a very inspiring service. On June 6th the first British soldier to die was buried with appropriate services. Six convalescent Tommies acted as pall bearers, flowers and flags being contributed by the American Red Cross. At the request of the British patients a Thanksgiving service was held in the English Chapel by Chaplain Maxon. America and God Save the King were sung in unison by American and British soldiers (37).

Chaplain's Department

With the mobilization of B.H. 36 August 23, 1917, the Chaplain's department was inaugurated to have oversight of the religious and welfare work. The work, begun in camp at the Fair Grounds, was continued overseas until the Unit left Vittel. Originally and for several months the Base Hospital Chaplain was authorized and provided for by the Red Cross.

Later in October, 1918, all Base Hospital Chaplains became directly subject to the Military as Commissioned Army Chaplains. From August, 1917, until January, 1918, the religious and welfare work was wholly carried on by Chaplain Maxon, assisted by Sergeant C. F. Brown, and privates Adrian Jones and G. W. Hyde. Besides the Sunday religious services, the department had charge of the mail, the canteen and entertainments. With the arrival of Red Cross, Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. representatives early in 1918, much of the welfare work, including entertainments, was discharged by such representatives. In June, 1918, by arrangement between the heads of the Red Cross and the Y.W.C.A., the welfare work was committed to the Red Cross. Miss Porter of the Y.W.C.A., however, continued her excellent work in behalf of the Nurses.

On our arrival at Vittel an attractive little Chapel was put at the disposal of the Chaplain for services which were regularly maintained every Sunday morning for officers, enlisted men, nurses and convalescent patients. The first recreation room was opened in Hospital D, where for a time informal religious and recreational meetings were held in the evening. Later under Mr. Norton Ives, a Y.M.C.A. worker, a recreation room was opened in the Galleries. Subsequently by the kindness of Major F. B. Walker the Dining Room of Hospital B was placed at our disposal for lectures, conferences and music. Still later, through Mr. G. Hunter Brown, the Red Cross representative, a room in the Casino with the theatre became the center of diversified entertainment. In September, 1918, under the activity of Mr. Brown, an attractive Red Cross Hut was opened.

Chaplain Maxon continued with the Unit until August 13, 1918, assisted in religious work by Rev. John Carlisle and Rev. E.J. Houghton, of the Y.M.C.A., privates Adrian Jones and G.W. Hyde, Miss Hammond and Miss Cooper. Censoring the mail, conducting the post office, visiting the patients, distributing magazines and comfort bags and burying the dead, were among the varied privileges and duties of the Chaplain. The letter censorship after three months, by order of the Commanding Officer, was placed in the hands of several officers.

The Chaplain also served as Assistant Superintendent of Graves in co-operation with the Graves Registration department. For several months in the well cared for village cemetery the dead were buried, their graves being marked with a wooden cross. Later a section of ground adjoining the Village Cemetery became the American Cemetery where in the Autumn, owing largely to the virulence of influenza, the graves were multiplied.

For several months until the arrival of Father Feeney, Red Cross Chaplain of B.H. 23, the Chaplain of 36 conducted all burials—except in a few instances where a French priest duly

administered the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. With the arrival of Father Feeney, the dead soldiers of both units who were Roman Catholics were buried by him; while Protestants and all non-Catholics of Bases 36 and 23 were buried by the Chaplain of 36. August 29, 1918, the Rev. Arthur L. Washburn became chaplain, continuing until Oct. 29, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Harley W. Smith, an Army Chaplain, who served until the Unit was ordered home.

The various chaplains of B.H. 36 wish to record their appreciation of the willing co-operation of the officers, nurses and enlisted men and to express their sense of the privilege afforded them of serving, as need required, the American Soldier during the never to be forgotten experience in Vittel.

Chaplain Washburn writes: "I arrived at Base Hospital 36, Vittel, the evening of the 29th of August and received a most cordial welcome from the Commanding Officer and the Unit. I was given very comfortable quarters in the Headquarters Building consisting of a large sitting-room with a fireplace and an adjoining bedroom. This was especially well located, across the hall from the Head Nurse's Office, as it permitted me to be informed at night, very promptly, of any patients who were dying or in great danger. At the time of my arrival, I remarked upon the few patients and the tremendous accommodations, the number of empty beds. It was not many weeks before every bed was filled and all of our space taxed to the uttermost. As the Chaplain of Base Hospital 23 was a Roman Catholic, I always endeavored to secure his services for our Roman Catholic patients, while I in my rounds tried to care for all the Protestants, Jews and others. On account of the number, it was impossible to do all that I wished for our boys.

"The co-operation of the members of the Unit was most helpful, and our fellowship and service mean much to me in the finest experiences of my life. During my chaplaincy, I officiated at 182 burials. Of these burials twelve were officers whose graves of higher number were in a part of the cemetery by themselves. The little English Chapel was very convenient for our services. Sunday evenings many of the unit gathered for singing and a talk in the beautiful Red Cross Hut. On October 29th I left Base Hospital 36 for Paris, where I was appointed War Commission Assistant of the Church of the Holy Trinity. It was with regret that I left my friends in Vittel for whom I always hold the warmest interest and regard."

Chaplain Smith writes: "I was ordered to service with No. 36 from the British area on Oct. 12, 1918, and remained with the unit until Jan. 30th, 1919, when I was ordered to the 357th Inf. Reg. Army of Occupation, Berncastle, Germany. My whole term of service overseas was about 15 months, and I can truthfully say that the most pleasant was with Base Hospital No. 36. The officers supported my service in the chapel splendidly and the men made the Sunday night services in the Red Cross Hut a joy. Corp. Jones was of great assistance along with Miss Hammond. When I went into Germany with the infantry my baggage was lost, so the records of services and burials cannot be given. There were many 'incidents' in my stay at Vittel which were interesting to me, but I am afraid they would not be well in the book you are compiling."

Rev. E.J. Houghton, Y.M.C.A., writes: “Our work at Vittel was fairly well organized and the men who were in attendance upon the hospital either as patients or attendants were well served by the Y.M.C.A. Our Headquarters were first situated in the Pavilion, afterwards in the beautiful Casino. Religious services were held every Sunday and one night in the week. We finally succeeded in arranging our schedule so that we had the Cinema two or three evenings, one night for a lecture or entertainment provided by Paris Headquarters. One evening we called ‘Stunt Night;’ the local troops providing the program. The Canteen was well supplied with provisions and comforts and was well patronized by the men. Athletic equipment was furnished. Reading and writing rooms were opened in the Casino, while in the Pavilion for a while we had the use of a billiard table. I have no record of the names of our associates in this work. There was a Mrs. William Andrews and a friend of hers. Miss Colcut, who rendered very excellent service. For a little while there was also a Miss Helen Sweet. These good women served in the canteen and visited the hospital under the direction of the Red Cross Chaplain.”

William D. Maxon (165-69).

Chaplain’s Notification

The following is given as a specimen letter written by the Chaplain notifying relatives of the death and burial of a soldier:

Mrs. P. Maley, 526 East Twelfth Street, Cincinnati, O.
Base Hospital No. 36, A. E. P., France, January 4, 1918.

My Dear Madam—I deeply regret to inform you that early in the morning of December 31, Edward J. Maley, private, Company I, 166th Infantry, 42nd Division, died after an illness of several days in our base hospital.[3] He was sent here with some affection of the lungs, coughing almost incessantly. He was given immediate care and constant attention by our doctors and nurses. I visited him at his bedside and learned from him that he was of the Roman Catholic Church and that his mother lived in Cincinnati. I am therefore writing to you to express my deep sympathy and to inform you of some details which you might not otherwise receive.

Before your son’s death the French priest of this place visited him, heard his confession and administered the rite of Extreme Unction. On the day of burial, Wednesday, January 2, at 2 p. m., the body, placed in a casket draped with the American flag, was brought to the parish church of this place, escorted by six American soldiers, acting as pall-bearers. The requiem was sung by the French priest and later the procession proceeded to the local cemetery, where the French priest said the office of burial. At the conclusion of the service the chaplain of the hospital offered a prayer and gave orders for the removal of the flags and also for the bugler to sound "taps," while all stood at attention.

A wooden cross bearing the name, age, date of death and the branch of service was set at the head of the grave. The body had been clothed with a soldier's uniform and the identification tag, together with a bottle containing a paper inscribed with name, age, etc.,

prescribed by army regulations was placed in the casket. The grave is in a plot of ground in the local cemetery, which our government has secured for the burial of those who die in our hospital. Here the body of your son rests while we believe his soul is securely kept in the arms of Almighty God.

He died in the service of his country, ready to do his part to aid the country's cause. He died of sickness before he could do all that he set out to do. But bravely he did all he could and his country is grateful for his service. Assuring you again of my deepest sympathy, I am,

Yours most sincerely,
W. D. Maxon
Chaplain Base Hospital, No. 36, A.E.F. (170)

[*A Red Cross Worker's Memory*]

My last impression of Base Hospital Unit No. 36 was a benediction, for Dr. Maxon stood in the door of his tent in the radiant sunset. In his hand was a miniature communion service beautifully wrought in Old English silver. He had just been showing us this precious gift to his Chaplain equipment, and it seemed symbolical of the strong purpose in the hearts of our American soldiers—"This do in remembrance of Me." Anne K. Burtenshaw (190).

[*Visiting Chaplains*]

We frequently have visits from commanding officers of our patients. We had two this afternoon who wanted to see what an American hospital was like in France. Another major here yesterday told me he wanted to come here if he got sick. We hear that frequently. A captain came more than a hundred miles to see his cook who was operated on here. We had several wounded lieutenants a short time ago. Their general came to see how they were. Chaplains often come long distances to look up their boys. . . .

Our chaplain, Captain (Dr.) Maxon, from Christ church, Detroit, is a splendid fit. He holds a service in the little Protestant church Sunday mornings, in which all Protestant denominations participate, and on Sunday evening leads a spiritual service with songs or other music in the Y.M.C.A. pavilion, which is followed by some addresses or other entertainment. He visits and does various acts of kindness for the patients in the hospital, arranges some kind of musical entertainment for them in their wards and conducts one now and then to his last earthly home (203).

The Chaplain's Farewell

The Chaplain of Base Hospital No. 36, after nearly one year's intimate connection with the unit (since mobilization August 23, 1917) expects soon to return to the United States where he hopes still to serve B.H. 36 and the Great Cause. He has had a wonderful experience and can not sufficiently express his gratitude for the opportunity opened to him by Lt. Col. Shurly who early invited him to serve as chaplain.

To Col. Shurly, to Col. Phillips and to all the officers, enlisted men and nurses of 36 he returns hearty thanks for their good-will. He wishes he might have served them all more effectually. He prays that God's blessing will continually rest upon Unit 36 and all its personnel and that every member of it, engaged in the common work of winning the war, will return in safety and honor to the great and beloved country to whose cause of human justice and liberty each has contributed a true service. Men and women of 36! Remember the great year, A.D. 1918. May its memories sanctify your lives forever!

W.D. Maxon
B.H. 36, July 29, 1918 (209).

Base Hospital 38

> W.M.L. Coplin, *American Red Cross Base Hospital No. 38 in the World War* (Philadelphia: E.A. Wright, 1923).

[*Death of a doctor during the epidemic*]

Captain Samuel M. Mauney came to the organization a stranger, detailed by the Surgeon-General's office when the personnel was increased to the new basis of a thousand-bed hospital. He endeared himself to all the men with whom he worked and was faithful, devoted, serious-minded and capable. During the influenza epidemic he continued at work in the wards when he should have been in bed, and it is the feeling of those about him that his devotion to duty made certain the tragedy of his death, which resulted from pneumonia on November I, 1918, at a time when every organization in the A.E.F. was serving to the maximum of its resources.

Captain Owen, at that time in charge of the surgical division, writes as follows: "I bunked with Captain Mauney on our way over, and then, as well as afterward, during my entire association with him on the surgical service, grew to know him well and appreciate his manly qualities. I remember well the morning he became ill. He sat next to me at breakfast. During the meal he had a chill. I advised him to report off sick at once . He said that he had a number of seriously wounded boys to dress, and that he would report off as soon as he completed these dressings.

While dressing patients he had another chill. It was found that his temperature was 104° F. He left his ward never to return to it, and died a few days later. There was no life given in France with greater self-sacrifice than that of Captain Mauney. Colonel Kirkpatrick, of the Hospital Center, recommended Captain Mauney to G.H.Q. for citation. Whether the family of Captain Mauney received this recognition I do not know, but no belated army medal or decoration was necessary to those who were associated with him, to keep fresh in their memories his untiring devotion to the wounded, and his untimely and unselfish death" (45-46).

The Divisions

Theoretically, and to a degree, practically, a Base Hospital embraced three services—the Medical, the Surgical, and the Laboratory; these were called "Divisions." To these properly should he added the nursing organization. But the general divisional designation failed to make obvious most important specialties, frequently functioning almost independently although supposed to be subordinate integrals of one of the three chief services indicated.

. . . In the midst of periods of great stress, as when hospital trains came in, or during the influenza epidemic, special detail was forgotten and universal service rendered wholeheartedly; at the base and up at the front, Ophthalmologists, Laryngologists, Dentists and other highly trained specialists administered anesthetics; whatever may have been a professional assignment, the first and most pressing obligation—that *noblesse oblige* of all workers—was to do what best contributed to the welfare of the stricken soldier (57-58).

[Editor: Even though not expressly stated, this shared effort of immediately meeting the most urgent needs of the patient would normally have included the chaplain. Without forgetting their spiritual responsibilities, they would not hesitate to assist in any way possible.]

Tents helped to solve the problem [of isolating contagious cases] and in a tent extension of the hospital there were at times 450 patients; not all of these were suffering from contagious maladies, and fortunately the hospital was singularly free from epidemic outbreaks; it was indeed a matter of frequent comment how little pneumonia, influenza and other contagious diseases spread within the institution.

No special credit is assumed for this good fortune; it seems likely that most cases of influenza and pneumonia had passed the very acute stage before reaching us, far in the rear as we were. Be that as it may, however, the fact remains that the death rate in the medical service was not large and the uncontrollable spread of epidemics so disheartening elsewhere in some areas in France and at home, fortunately was not manifested here (64-65).

Our Padre

The Chaplain, let us say Our Chaplain, was the real treasure of the organization. His theologic wings o'erspread the Gentile and the Hebrew, the Protestant and the Catholic, and some who were none of any of these; his pinions were not gloomy, the sun shone through them. His "division" was one of the real "services," his activities varied, frequently trying, his industry unending and his enthusiasm unwaning. Honored, respected and loved by officers and men.

Often up before the day, services sometimes before 6 a.m., repeated later, and then again in the afternoon or evening, occasionally both. Ward visits, bedside comforter when pain was torture and again when the grim messenger stood by; he took last messages, was a secretary to sorrow—a recording angel to distress. He carried fruit, flowers and fortune, smiles and sunny words into wards that were often sombre. He cheered the living, consoled

the dying and buried the dead; many will ever recall the straight, almost military little man who did many things alone and also helped others do everything even to censoring mail. That the reader need not roam through the personnel let the Chaplain's name be entered here—John H. Chapman, D.D., Rector, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia—Our Padre (139-40).

Thoughts from the Chaplain's Pen – John H. Chapman

It is embarrassing for one who preaches to place his report among those who practice, for the "preacher" seldom sees results, while the surgeon often knows definitely before his patient is removed from the operating table. If there are certain advantages possessed by the physician and surgeon in knowing the conclusion of the matter, the Chaplain may at least comfort himself with the thought that he is not concerned with the results—if his procedure for today is correct. Some One else will care for tomorrow.

Well, "today" in France was never stupid or dull for one moment. Our Allies may have found a measure of monotony from longer service but we were fresher and when the fracture and gas wards and the muddy roads to the cemetery seemed too often repeated, the enthusiastic idealism of the men, their apparent willingness to stand and do anything, came as a reviving breath from our younger and happier land. Then the lighter side was constantly recurring possibly because it was so incongruous. The walks to nearby villages, dinners with newly made French friends, the discovery of a good cook where the omelette was particularly appetizing and the wine of moderate price and still more moderate quality. The exchange of information on these new "finds" and then the rapid deterioration of the "find" under the strain of popularity.

Under such conditions men made good friendships that endured, learned one another's strength and weakness, admired the one and forgave the other, found life interesting and everything worth while. It was exhilarating to venture, to abandon many present satisfactions for the sake of a distant good, to hold true to our traditions amidst the novel and often enticing attractions of a foreign land.

One recognized that the men of our unit were above the average in intelligence and character and naturally made a creditable showing, but it also may be said of our patients that the great majority were mindful of the fact that they represented the country and gave as good an account of themselves in our back area as they had already done at the front. It is to be hoped that a more conventional life has not erased from the minds of comrades how greatly they were and are admired for their conscientious work and cheerful fellowship; if we were ever peevish and dealt in trenchant English it was all owing to the state of the liver, and our hearts now warm at the memory of our few slight discomforts and many pleasures shared together. Those of our family who died under the pressure of service we shall ever recall as high examples of faithfulness and feel a strengthening of hearts as we salute their memory.

To recover something of the atmosphere of the time, the Chaplain may be permitted to quote from a letter which he sent to his home parish on October 27, 1918: This is Sunday

afternoon—visiting day at the hospital—and French families for miles around are walking through our "streets," looking in windows and doors, inspecting everything, but chiefly inspecting the American soldiers, who are not averse to the inspection. In spite of the fact that the girls are generally chaperoned by their entire families, new acquaintances are being made among our boys and friendships of some standing are being bettered.

This afternoon we expect a regimental band to play for the patients and the French visitors will have the benefit of the concert. In the distance someone is using a piano, others are singing, the convalescent patients are walking about or being wheeled in chairs and there is laughter and talking. The sun is out at times and the men are revelling in its warmth. You would certainly think this a holiday if you walked along our streets, and maybe you would if you went into some of the wards; but if you would retain the impression you must not enter others, and it would be well to keep away from all when the wounds are being dressed, the rheumatism, grippe, and pneumonia wards might not distress you, though the patients look very sorry for themselves.

Maybe you would like to know what I have been doing today. Well 1 arose about five o'clock and after dressing in the dark, arranged the officers' mess hall for the early Communion. We had two altar lights, and the men like them because they are a promise of light that is to come out of our present darkness when the King brings peace again to the world. There were not many at so early a service because the men love to sleep when they have an opportunity and because the place of our meeting is so often moved; but they were earnest and deeply appreciative of the opportunity.

At 9.30 there was the more popular morning service, here we had about two hundred men and they sang the hymns in a way that would have shaken the roof of St. Paul's. They are good listeners too and one feels the great responsibility and the great privilege of speaking to them. This evening at seven o'clock we have the third service and at this there will probably he about three hundred men and the singing will be with a greater will because the men select the hymns.

After the morning service I visited a few of the wards to distribute fruit that I bought yesterday with some of your money; chiefly grapes, with a few peaches and apples. In one ward of about 54 beds I was able to give every man a small bunch of grapes; you should have seen their smiles, forgetting for a moment amputations, severe fractures, deep holes and long gashes with ugly irrigation tubes protruding. They have to cry out at times, especially when wounds are being dressed, hut they are wonderfully gritty. The peaches and apples went to men who found it difficult in their wasted condition to eat army fare. One man held his apple close to his face with half-shut eyes, enjoying the perfume; I left him still smelling it.

In another ward I visited there were three men to whom I could only give flowers. One is holding on to this world by a very slender thread, after having passed through terrible experiences; he was five days in a shell hole unattended, with both legs mangled, and his condition when he reached our hospital was such that you would not read the account should I write it. He is a Russian Jew surrounded by people whose ideas are different from

his own ; he would like to have seen a Rabbi but consented to let me act as his Rabbi, and seemed comforted when I gave him the old Hebrew blessing.

The two others have fractured jaws, one having had most of the lower jaw shot away and must he fed through his nose. When I first saw him he was in great agony and gripping the frame of his bed to hold himself together. I offered my hand instead and he grasped it eagerly, while I told him of my gratitude and your gratitude for all the anguish he was bearing for us. Of course he could not speak to me but his big brown eyes looked into mine as I told him of the Christ who had suffered so for him; and he seemed to understand better through his own pain. As I was leaving he reached the other hand from under the cover and stroked and petted mine between his. The responsive pressure of his hand was as grateful to me as mine could have been to him.

When I recall some of these poor mangled, disfigured men, some of the ache is taken away that came with the golden stars on our parish flag. They might have been disfigured, instead they are transfigured. The parish has made the supreme gift with its very best and we claim the privilege of making, with those who loved them closest, a thanksgiving to God for their lives—served faithfully—crowned gloriously. At the Holy Communion we shall ever remember them as part of that "Company of Heaven" with whom we sing, and whose sacrifice has saved our idealism. They lived because they were willing to die (141-46).

Base Hospital 43

> Joel C. Harris, *History of the Emory Unit, Base Hospital 43, U.S. Army, American Expeditionary Forces* (Atlanta: Johnson Dallis, 1919). (unnumbered pages).

[*On the trip over*]

The Commanding Officer of Base Hospital No. 43, being the senior medical officer on board the transport, was appointed as Surgeon of the boat. A hospital of 75 beds and an isolation section of 24 beds was established, the work being carried on by the personnel of Base Hospital No. 43. Two sick calls were held daily for the 6,000 or more troops on board, also a daily physical examination, required by the transport regulations. A total of 113 cases were handled during the voyage, including the following diseases: Influenza, 5; measles, 6; measles contacts, 17; lobar pneumonia, 3; venereal, 7; other diseases, 36.

[*Officers*]

Allgood, Jackson L.
1st Lieutenant—Chaplain
Chaplain Allgood was born May 3rd, 1878, in Draketown, Paulding Co., Georgia. In September, 1917, he received his appointment as Red Cross Chaplain for service with the Emory Unit. On arrival in France in due time commissioned as 1st Lieutenant in the United States Army. Educated in Virginia Military Academy and Vanderbilt University. He was

a Methodist Minister in Atlanta before the War. On February 28th he was transferred to the 114th Engineers.

[*One day's events*]

On September 6 [1918] another Hospital Train (No. 52) arrived from Paris at 6:15 P.M. with 400 patients, distributed as follows: Diseased, 20; gassed, 100; gunshot wounds, 280. On this same day Chaplain Jackson Lee Allgood arrived from Paris to join his organization, and Gas Team No. 148 (see date of July 10) left for Base Hospital No. 15 at Chaumont, France.

[*Impatient to depart for France*]

Thanksgiving came. A few of the men were thankful to be still at home, but for the most part they were restless. The only evidence to us that the Emory Unit really existed was that on or about the 10th day of November there was a peppery meeting of the embryonic personnel of the unit at the Emory Medical School in Atlanta. About 10 doctors, 50 nurses and 40 men were present. Dr. Davis presided. Dr. Stewart Roberts read a stirring war poem, "In Flanders Field," and our Chaplain-to-be, Mr. Allgood, gave a short talk. All adjourned with renewed hopes of early service in France.

[*The night before sailing for France*]

The night before our early morning leave from the camp was one of revelry of the wildest sort. A crap game was on in full blast (the officers being well out of the way). Its leaders were Bill Hopkins, who can set dice to make a seven and 'leven like a bricklayer can lay bricks . . . It was a lively game from the word go. Even our worthy Chaplain was invited in. He refused, however, on the ground that he was to leave for "Camp Webb" early the following morning and, therefore, could not afford to "lose the sleep."

[*A noncompliant patient*]

With Major Boland I [Ward Greene, a journalist] went through ward after ward at Blois, talking to the men who are going home. And, though many of those men will not go home as they went away, nowhere was there a word of bitterness or a voice of regret. . . . "That's their spirit," said Major Boland as we passed on. "It's wonderful." That chap back there refused to die. He was pretty bad that first night they brought him in.

Both legs had been literally shot to pieces and then gangrene set in. We operated once at the knees, but the gangrene went up higher and we had to operate again. One night it looked as though it was all over for him. We sent for the chaplain. But when the parson went in to this chap, you never heard such an outburst of language in your life. The chaplain came out looking pretty scared. 'That guy going to die?' he said. 'Not the way he talked to me he won't.' and he didn't."

Thoughts by the Chaplain

In the hospital we often saw such splendid examples of heroic suffering that we were given a new conception of the honor and glory of American citizenship. I was writing a letter for a young fellow. His upper lip had been shot away. A piece of shrapnel had gone through his right leg and it had become infected. Several operations had been performed. For fifteen inches the flesh, and to the bone, had been removed.

He was very emaciated and, with his disfigured face, a horrid looking specimen of humanity. The letter was to his mother. "Tell Pal that I am keeping a stiff upper lip, and will until it is over." I did not understand him. "Pal is my father. When I left he told me to 'keep a stiff upper lip.' Tell him I am doing it." In reality his upper lip was gone, but no shells of foe, no dangers and no hardships could keep him from being true to the parting injunction of his father.

He goes back to his father disfigured and lame. But how proud the father must be of his boy! Our Heavenly Father loves us most tenderly, but He knows that it will be necessary for us to be sorely tempted, bear heavy burdens and have mighty conflicts with the Enemy of Righteousness. Always His message to us is: "Be strong. Endure affliction. Endure *hardship* as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Let us not forget.

Corporal B had been badly wounded at Chateau-Thierry. He walked several miles to the first aid station, refusing to let stretcher bearers carry him, because he thought others were worse wounded than he was. He had been in the hospital for two months and was slowly dying. He was a very devout Irish Catholic. We were talking one day and he was telling me how God had given him strength to bear his sufferings. I said, "God is mighty good, isn't He?" I shall never forget his reply—the earnestness and the peculiar Irish brogue—"*Non* better, *non* better."

He had been in much pain for many days and dying in a strange land, far away from his loved ones, but to him there was none so good as God. Are we not too prone to "forget all His Benefits" when difficulties and hardships are ours? Let us so get acquainted with HIM that we may be able to say: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me . . . Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

J.L. Allgood
Chaplain Base Hospital No. 43

Base Hospital 45

> *History of U.S. Army Base Hospital No. 45 in the Great War* (Richmond: William Byrd Press, 1924).

[*Getting established*]

For us, however, the most momentous event of this period came on September 9th [1918], with the arrival of our nurses. Their whereabouts unknown to us, and even the likelihood

of their ever reaching us being seriously questioned. . . . Never were women more welcome anywhere or at any time on this earth. It is difficult to express the emotion and relief with which we saw that plucky little band march through the gate. Here, were not only old friends, whose safety had concerned us, but willing and capable hands sorely needed.

For in the days that had now passed the pressure had grown steadily greater until it was almost beyond endurance. As the hour actually set for the big push drew closer, the front lines were combed of all liabilities in the shape of sick men in the field hospitals, and in addition the exposure incident to the trench life brought many down with influenza and pneumonia. As a result trains of ambulances were unloading at our doors constantly and the hospital was overflowing, with every bed filled and army cots stuck in every crack, so that one could scarcely walk about the place. We were then carrying about 1,500 patients, sick in all degrees, with a little handful of doctors and wardmen to attend them. And at any moment might come—and actually did frequently come—orders to evacuate hundreds of them to make room for hundreds of others crowding behind . . . (56).

[*Gas casualties followed by the influenza epidemic*]

Soon, however, we were buried beneath an avalanche of casualties of another type. An American command was gassed by the Germans, and now the hospital was cleared again, and promptly filled up with the pathetic figures of the victims of this venomous new refinement of modern warfare. Thus we became suddenly a gas hospital, and for the moment all energies had to be concentrated here, with the ear, nose, and throat department bearing the brunt of it. Barely had we come through this siege when another wave of influenza and pneumonia swept the armies. The medical men, always with their hands full, were now doubly pressed, and departmental lines had to be wiped out again, all the wards being thrown open to chest cases (62-63).

[*Influenza cases were the worst*]

Probably the worst conditions we encountered on the medical wards were those resulting from gas, chiefly mustard and phosgene, and the influenzas, which were so often complicated by pneumonia, or empyema. . . . The influenza, or "flu" cases were the worst of all. Men in apparently splendid health and perfect physical condition were suddenly desperately ill, and many of them dead in less than forty-eight hours. One week in October, 1918, there was a series of nearly one hundred "flu" and pneumonia cases of whom over eighty per cent died. Of course, some of these were nearly dead when we took them out of the ambulances, and never rallied, dying a few hours after they reached the wards. In fact, it happened more than once when a large convoy of ambulances came in from around St. Mihiel or up towards Verdun that one or more had died on the way (251-52).

[*Substitute chaplain while awaiting deployment at Camp Lee*]

The camp theatre, the hostess house, the Y.M.C.A., the K. of C., the canteens and post exchanges, where we bought innumerable unnecessary articles—all these contributed to a needed and wholesome diversion. Religious services were available for those who chose

to attend them, and for all of us, whether we chose or not, a peculiar but effective type of spiritual regimen was enforced by "Bob" Nelson, of blessed memory—that radiant person who one day, lonely and unknown, strolled into the camp, and who, through sheer force of his personality, was at a later day preaching by order of the commanding general, to ten thousand men at a time.

Our own chaplain had not yet arrived, and "Bob" Nelson, without the formality of a consultation of our desires in the premises, constituted himself the temporary guardian of our souls—and whether he saved our souls or not he certainly won our hearts. He was not a member of this organization but no record of it would be complete without this thought of him, of his tireless devotion, of the astounding influence he wielded, of the genuine heartache with which we left him behind (35).

[*A witty comment allowed by the publication's informal nature*]

The chaplain, the Rev. Russell Bowie, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church in Richmond, arrived and assumed command of our morals (36).

[*Chaplain's role*]

The religious side of the hospital life was directed by Chaplain Bowie, who, in an institution of this size, had his hands very full. He had not one congregation but dozens of them. His flock could not go to him, or assemble at any one point; he had to go to them at many different locations. Services were held regularly in the wards for the patients; in the recreation room for the officers and nurses, and in the mess hall for the entire organization. In addition, the chaplain had many other duties, and perhaps the chief of these was the intimate moment at the bedside with the sick and dying. Here he had a wonderful opportunity for real service to those who were so constantly thinking and talking of home while they lay, racked with pain, facing an end so different from that they had pictured (74).

[*The spirit of the combat casualties.*]

We had the opportunity of seeing the boys, and officers, too, at their best, during the St. Mihiel drive—several surgical teams having been sent from our unit to an evacuation hospital (about one hundred yards from our back door) where the wounded came directly from the field or the dressing station.

They were full of excitement, eyes bright and snappy, talking all the time except when a Red Cross chaplain stopped them with cigarettes, or the "Rose of No Man's Land" (the Red Cross nurse) filled them with coffee or chocolate.

They entered through the triage, then went to the pre-operative tent and to the X-ray room, when the wards were full, lay in halls and yards until the surgeons could take them. They were then carried to one of the operating tents, anaesthetized, operated upon, dressed and

removed to bed. The next day most of them were on a long train getting back to the rear—making room for other wounded. The wonderful part of this to me is that no matter what was done, none of them ever questioned. They must have had a "don't care" spirit, or else trusted the doctors farther than is usual with people—for in civil practice the doctor's advice is sought and then often all the arguments in the world are used to keep from carrying it out (166).

The Chaplain

It is hard to know just what to write about the chaplain's work, because so much of it is made up in the hospital of personal contacts, sometimes very simple, sometimes very intimate, with the sick men, the convalescent men, and the dying men in the wards. Such things cannot well be told about in a general narrative. As probably every one knows, the first fifty base hospitals—ours being one of them—were organized under the auspices of the Red Cross, and afterward taken over by the army.

The doctors were commissioned in the medical reserve corps, but there was much vagueness as to the status of the chaplains. The whole matter of the expansion of the chaplain service to meet the new demands of the war had not been worked out in Washington, and remained unsettled for a long time. However, more than twenty of the first fifty hospitals had sailed for Europe at the time when "45" was mobilized at Camp Lee, and the chaplains had gone with their units without difficulty. In May, however, chaplains of the hospitals began to be stopped at the ports with the announcement that because the status of the chaplains had not been officially verified they would not be transported.

As soon as I heard of this I began, by personal visits to Washington and otherwise, to try to get the matter straightened out, and thought I had done so when Lieutenant-Colonel Williams received a telegram from the surgeon-general directing him to carry the chaplain with the rest of the organization to the embarkation port. But at Newport News the embarkation officer declared that he had no authorization to provide space on the transport for the chaplain, and so, in the good army phrase, the chaplain "was out of luck." What I did then was to go at once to Washington and ask that arrangements be made by the Red Cross to send me overseas independently, with the hope of being re-attached to Base 45 when I actually got across. I was able to sail finally on the 7th of August, and after some delay in Paris and a very short term of service with Evacuation Hospital No. 9, at Vaubecourt, south of Verdun, I arrived at Toul and got "home" with "45" on the 10th of September.

Two nights after that the thunder of the guns from beyond the hills told us that the St. Mihiel drive was on, and the next day the wounded began to pour in. In those times when the nurses and the men of the detachment all had their hands full, there was a special chance for the chaplain to help in the receiving ward by having bouillon, etc., made and kept hot for the men who came in from the front hungry and cold and many of them wet from lying on the ground in the rain in the nights preceding the drive. But, of course, it was in the wards where the wounded were carried that I spent most of my time. None of us I think

will ever be likely to forget those wards as they were then, with their tragic and glorious mingling of agony and heroism and magnificent patience—men with faces white from the torture of amputations, men who struggled for breath with great wounds in their lungs, and downstairs in the wards next the operating room the floors filled with men on stretchers—a pool in the unceasing river of pain that seemed to flow in at one end from the ambulances as fast as it flowed out at the other through the doors to the operating tables where the tireless surgeons worked.

All the wounded were pathetically grateful for whatever I or anyone else could do for them, whether it were some simple thing like writing a letter home, or the ministry to a man whose life was obviously slipping away. The pressure of surgical cases from the St. Mihiel drive was hardly over before the influenza epidemic had developed to its maximum seriousness, and then it was in the east building rather than the west that the wards were full of desperately ill and dying men, and though the great size of the hospital made the work very scattered and imperfect, I tried to keep in touch with those men and let them know that whatever I could do to help them, I was there to do.

On September 21st Lieutenant-Colonel Maddux asked me to be the chaplain in general charge of the whole group of hospitals, in addition to my particular responsibility at "45." There was at that time only one other chaplain among all the other hospitals, and so I began to visit at intervals in the wards of these others, particularly No. 87, No. 78, and the contagious. As group chaplain I was responsible also for the conduct, or for arranging for the conduct, of all burials—and once I buried eighty bodies in three days. For the first month I was at the cemetery practically every day, sometimes for as much as two hours. Later it was arranged that the chaplains in the group should take the services week by week in rotation.

On each Sunday I have held at our own hospital a short early morning service before breakfast, and a longer one with a sermon at night. But in addition to these, and in some respects almost more important, are the services in the wards. The hospital is so huge that I have never been able to hold a service in every ward on any one Sunday. By standing in the doorway between two connecting wards and thus reaching two wards with one service, I could cover—as on one Sunday when I had seventeen services— about half the hospital. Sometimes also I would have services on weekdays in our wards; and I have held many, both on Sundays and weekdays, in the wards of the other hospitals.

All these services of course were short. Generally I would begin by reading a hymn, and a passage out of the New Testament, or one of the psalms; then I would talk to the men for a little while on what I had read, and end with a prayer. But the service which most of us have shared in, and which I for one will always remember best, is the service Sunday nights. At first I had it in what later became one of the receiving wards, but soon we moved it to the men's mess hall. In its general appearance one would have had to admit that our "church" fell a bit short of looking churchly. A long, low room with concrete floor and bare walls, the tables of the enlisted men's supper cleared away and piled back in the corner, all the benches arranged to focus on a little open space; add one table, one piano without much tune, and one preacher without any surplice, and the occasional smoke and sizzling of inevitable night cooking for the hospital which went on in the kitchen the other

side of a partition—and these were the visible ingredients of the service and the appearance of our pro-tem cathedral. But with Miss Robertson to make the old piano with its stubborn, sticky keys to ring with real music, and Siegelman to add his violin, and everybody to sing, the spirit of the service grew warm and big and glorious, and hearts were lifted up to God.

By Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire's appointment, I was chairman of a committee on entertainment and recreation, but the real work was done by the sub-committees which the central committee appointed. Each month there was a committee of officers and nurses to arrange for dances on Saturday nights, and with enthusiasm and ingenuity these committees got up entertainments, and decorated the mess hall where the dances were held. The special Christmas committee carried through the big enterprise of filling stockings with candy and nuts and oranges and cakes and toys for every single one of the more than sixteen hundred patients in the hospital Christmas Day, and there the stockings were hung at the foot of their beds Christmas Eve, just as if they were children at home and Santa Claus had really come!

The co-operation of the nurses and wardmen made possible also the decoration of all the wards, and the picture, described more fully in other pages, was one we will never forget. My position as group chaplain made me responsible to arrange such entertainments as were possible for all the hospitals here at the centre. Up to the time of the armistice, troupes of entertainers were sent out to us through the kindness of the Y.M.C.A., and performances held in the tent at Base No. 87, or in the theatre of Base No. 78 (these being the best available assembly places), once or twice a week. Later it was more difficult to secure troupes of performers in this part of France; but some came to us at "45" to sing in the wards, where they were vastly welcome.

At the minute when I came to this point in writing this account, the big thing happened which will take out of everybody's thought any lack or disappointment of the other days, which makes everybody forget whatever has been hard to live through, in the overwhelming, exuberant rejoicing of the news that we are going home! The telegram has just come! Evacuation Hospital No. 20 has been ordered here to take our place, and we are to start away. The pandemonium of laughter and yells and shouts could almost send its echo clear to Richmond now! So—as the last word—I want to set down what I was just going on to say when the news came.

The privilege of being a part of Base Hospital No. 45 has been a growing experience with fine things. As the organizer of the hospital and as the director of the work in France, Dr. McGuire has given day by day and unflaggingly the example of a determined industry, a cheerful courage and high purpose which have made the hospital into a living fellowship proud of itself and of its chance for service. My own work, taking me into all parts of the hospital and all the wards, has shown me a staff of doctors who have given to the men of the army brought here to be our patients such unsparing devotion of time and energy as money could never have paid for; it has shown me nurses swiftly efficient, gentle, and strong for all tasks through their great self-forgetfulness; and it has shown me one other thing which I think of as perhaps even more notable still.

I have watched the wardmen in their work—a work for which they had never been trained before and which they will not expect to follow hereafter, a work which was hard and menial. And I have seen them again and again do that work with a fine simplicity, and a kind of brotherly tenderness, which has been beyond all praise and beyond all price to the men they were helping. Some, of course, have risen higher than others; but the spirit of the organization has stood for faithful service. I, whose part it has been from time to time to preach sermons, have seen more and better sermons preached in the quiet witness of the women and men of this hospital who day by day were walking on those ways of duty and of kindness which are the truest ways of God.
W.R. Bowie (194-99).

Base Hospital 46

> Otis B. Wright, *On Active Service with Base Hospital 46 U.S.A.* (United States: 1919).

The Work of Base Hospital No. 46

The Medical Service, up to December 13, 1918, received 1179 patients, representing principally cases of gas poisoning, influenza, gastro-enteritis, and pneumonia. There were approximately 810 cases of gas poisoning, mustard gas being the most common cause ; there were 1158 cases of influenza, 142 cases of broncho-pneumonia, and 43 cases of lobar pneumonia, with eight cases of resulting empyema, of which one died. Our pneumonia mortality, including complications, was 50 per cent (61).

Department of Internal Medicine

From July 23 to December 12, 1918, 4479 patients had passed through the medical wards of Base Hospital No. 46. This number represents almost entirely cases of gas poisoning, influenza, pneumonia and dysentery. Miscellaneous conditions, ranging from intestinal parasites to atropine poisoning have occasionally been encountered, but they represent a very small percentage of the whole (109).

[*Deadly increase in influenza cases*]

Early in September the prevalence of influenza took a sharp rise and as the epidemic increased, more and more frequently it was complicated by broncho-pneumonia. A double ward. No. 22, was given over to the exclusive management of this disease and its death rate exceeded all others of the hospital combined. Many cases received by convoy died within forty-eight hours of admission. The disease was absolutely atypical, both as to its clinical features and its associate bacteriology (111).

[*Personnel*]

Clinton Jennings Greene
Chaplain (First Lieutenant). American Red Cross, born January 10, 1884, in Mexico. *Original Staff*, recommended December, 1917; a Presbyterian minister. Residence and

pastorate. Corvallis, Oregon. Graduated from Princeton University. A.B., 1908; McCormick Theological Seminary, 1911. Commissioned by Red Cross, December 13, 1917. First assignment to Base Hospital No. 46, at Portland, Oregon, March 21, 1918; left behind at Camp Merritt. N.J., June 10, 1918, to await overseas orders (17).

William Neely Colton
Chaplain (First Lieutenant), American Red Cross, born September 18, 1875, in Beatrice, Nebraska. Residence and pastorate, Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.; a Protestant Episcopal minister. Red Cross appointment, May 5, 1918. Chaplain, Military Hospital No. 2, June 10, 1918, Paris. Assigned Base Hospital No. 46, A.P.0. 731, July 6, 1918 (20).

The Chapel, and the Chaplain's Work

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

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

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

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

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

The Red Cross Searcher, in addition to her duty of seeking information about the missing and those who are being inquired for by their friends, does a thousand things for soldiers who are incapacitated, writing letters, giving advice, encouragement and sympathy, supplementing the womanly touch of the nurses in a sphere of her own. The Chaplain, also provided by the Red Cross, seeks to keep the soldier, during his hours of pain and weariness, in union with the source of strength which religious faith alone can supply, to give him spiritual support in the valley of the shadow, if he is called to enter it. and to supply the offices of the church in burial when that sad necessity arises (137-39).

Base Hospital 50

> Cyril Barnert, *The History of Base Hospital Fifty: A Portrayal of the Work Done by this Unit While Serving in the United States and with the American Expeditionary Forces in France* (Seattle: 1922).

[*Introduction*]

In presenting this sketch of the history of American Red Cross Base Hospital No. 50, of the University of Washington, located at Seattle, which, after being called into active Military service of the United States for duty in France, became Base Hospital No. 50, Medical Department, U. S. Army, we wish to extend our most hearty appreciation to those who, by their noble and patriotic endeavors, made the existence and activities of that institution possible (5).

[*Influenza* and *Germans to treat*]

Our Unit was made the Post Hospital of the Center, and as a result we had to take care of all the contagious diseases, the severe fracture cases, most of the flu and pneumonia, and all of the German prisoners that arrived. When we received the first wounded Germans they were put in the wards alongside of our patients, and there was quite a little objection to this. When they began to arrive in large numbers it was necessary to put up several tents in the field back of the officers' quarters, where they were placed on straw bags on tarpaulins. All told we received over 300 Germans, some of whom were in very bad shape, but most of them were only slightly wounded, and these were put to work in the wards and kitchens as soon as they were convalescent. They were all very willing to work, because they were treated very well and were given good food and plenty of it (69).

[*The chaplain was optional*]

A Chaplain was to be appointed for service with the Hospital Unit, if requested by the Director. He would be given a Red Cross Commission, with the rank of Captain, and his salary paid by the Red Cross, if not otherwise provided for (62).

[*A chaplain arrives*]

Red Cross Chaplain Hansen Bergen was ordered to report to our Unit for duty, and soon after his arrival he was put in charge of the new Y.M.C.A. building in connection with the Base Hospital, and also appointed Athletic Officer[4] (65).

In Memoriam [*by Chaplain Bergen*]

Five men from Fifty's ranks have gone
Who home with us shall not return:
One First Lieutenant, loved by all,
Who came to France at duty's call,
To give his skillful surgeon's hand
To wounded men from No-Man's-Land;
But in the silence of the night
His soul mysteriously winged its flight.

Four valiant corps men, brave and true,
Who fought diseases to subdue.
And in the struggle paid the cost—
Their own vitality was lost;
Then finally in the clutches caught
Of dread disease that they had fought.
They succumbed to the enemy
And passed on to Eternity.

Five white crosses mark their graves.
Outside the little "ville de Meves,"
Where flows the peaceful "fleures Loire,"
That coming from a distance far
Meanders through the heart of France
A westward course to find by chance—
Then rushing unrestrained and free
It empties out into the sea.

Five sacred bodies shall some day.
Long after years of slow decay.
In mystic silence make their way
Through rock and sand and soil and clay.
To where those quiet waters go;

And there forever they shall flow
Still westward, toward their native land,
To lose themselves in ocean's span.

Five sacred memories thus shall flow
Within the hearts of us below.
Expanding in the years to come,
And radiating shall go on.
Until at every heart is laid
The sacrifices that they made;
Then lose themselves in that vast throng.
Who gave their lives to right the wrong.

Five stars of gold their deeds shall tell.
Within the homes they loved so well;
And as each star doth shed its light
Most radiant through its five points bright,
So shall our unit show to men
How best we did in serving them.
Through five brave heroes of our corps.
Whose deeds shall live forevermore.

Hansen Bergen,
Chaplain Base Hosp. No. 50.

Read at Memorial Service, January 19, 1919 (80).

Base Hospital 68

> *United States Base Hospital 68 A.E.F.: History of the Organization and Personnel* (Boston: Griffith-Stillings, 1920).

[*Shipboard medical ministrations*]

On September 12th we took part in the impressive service at St. Paul's Church in New York, the dedication of our Unit Flag. At last came the memorable day of our embarkation on a transport on September 16, 1918. We had an uneventful voyage across, with the usual amount of seasickness, but an unusual and unfortunate amount of Spanish influenza, and our duties began on shipboard, where we cared for victims of the epidemic (41).

[*With October comes influenza*]

As the cold and damp weather in France during the month of October and subsequent months caused so many cases of influenza and pneumonia. Ward No. 2 was exclusively isolated and used for influenza cases alone (21).

First Sunday in France

First Sunday in France The remainder of the week passed uneventfully with its routine of detail work, and blue denims were the accepted uniform of the day—the most notable detail being that we were called upon to clean up an adjoining camp occupied by colored troops. Just why the poor over-worked (?) colored man was unable to clean his own camp has never been explained.[5] Our first Sunday in France was ushered in with sunshine, the first we had experienced since our arrival. Church exercises were held, conducted by the members of our own organization, simple but impressive, holding an added meaning to us as we stood with bared heads listening to the earnest voice of the chaplain. At 4 p.m. orders arrived for us to entrain early the following morning. As this necessitated our breaking camp before daylight, orders were given to strike tents at once. The early part of the evening was spent in songs and entertainment furnished by the various members of the organization, and as darkness settled down over the camp we endeavored to make ourselves as comfortable as the conditions would permit (6).

[*Maximum patients and only .6 chaplains*]

Early in October the hospital had reached its capacity as far as the number of patients that could be accommodated; but as the hospital trains were still coming in loaded with wounded, an annex was established and Lieutenant Stickney placed in charge as executive officer. This was opened on October 12, 1918, thereby increasing the bed capacity of the hospital to 3,500, with an emergency bed capacity of 4,000. The maximum number of patients cared for at the annex at one time was 1,834. On December 4, 1918, the annex, with 1,197 patients, was transferred to Base Hospital No. 123; therefore, from October 12, 1918, to December 4, 1918, this hospital performed the work of two units.

This called for the maximum effort on the part of its personnel, both mentally and physically, and that this was accomplished, in spite of many handicaps, with the good results obtained is a source of great pride to every member of the unit. The month of November, 1918, brought us our maximum number of patients. On November 15th we had 3,229 patients, while the daily average for the month was 2,804.1. The average personnel for this month was as follows:

Officers Medical – 26.5
Dental 2. Sanitary – 4.8
Q.M.C. [Quartermaster Corps] – 1
Chaplain – .6
Officers – 34.9
Enlisted Men
N.C.O. – 28.1
Privates and Privates, 1st Class – 221.3
Enlisted – 249.4
Nurses – 83.6

Note: The above figures include men on detached service.

Enlisted Men's Banquet, January 16, 1919

Sergeant Carpenter: "Since the 30th of November the men of Sixty-eight have had a chaplain. Prior to that time Base Hospital 68 had chaplains. In fact we had one who stayed such a short time that no one but the Commanding Officer saw him. But Chaplain Gibson, who came to us on November 30th, has had time for and shown great interest in Base Hospital 68. I am going to ask Chaplain Gibson to say a few words."

Chaplain Gibson: "I had Jimmy Barlow write me out a speech to read this evening and gave it to Naldi to put some Italian dialect in it, but Dad Haines objected to the Italian dialect and I had to cut it out altogether. About six weeks from now, when you have gotten your $16.00 or $17.00 suit and a classy red tie, you will walk up to some soda fountain and put your hand on the rail and ask for an ice cream soda with lots of ice cream in it.

"Some lad will come along and ask for a strawberry sundae. After he has had two or three he will start telling how he went over the top at Chateau-Thierry and how he dug trenches in the Argonne Forest. He will ask where you were. And you will not have to crawl into a corner. You won't need to be ashamed to tell them where you were. I know what hospital work is and what you have done. I know it is the meanest kind of work in the world and I believe I could go over the top a whole lot easier than I could plod around at Mars, getting up at one or two o'clock in the morning carrying in patients and then taking care of them. That service stripe which you wear represents six months of the hardest work a man ever was asked to do.

"There is an old word, *esprit de corps*, which means you all have the feeling that back home, I don't care whether you came from New York City or some little country town, — it is the best place on the map. Your mother is the best mother that God ever gave a man and you have the finest father and brothers and sisters that any man has. In the same way the organization with which you are connected is the best that ever existed. My organization, my colonel, my officers, are the best in the whole army. You can stick out your chest and hold up your head and say you were members of Base Hospital 68. Base Hospital 68 was the best base hospital in the whole A.E.F. Just one more word to you—the finest word that human lips ever uttered—God bless you!" (34-35).

[*Comments from soldiers*]

Ralph L. Clayson, Private, 1st Class
Ralph was an eminent banker from the beautiful city of Buffalo, New York. To reform him he was made assistant to our various chaplains, and Ralph will never be the same man after having fulfilled the sacred duties of this office. Ralph labored for months under the strenuous grilling imposed by his chiefs until he was finally removed and placed in the bakery for recuperation. Here Ralph showed his real self by nearly wiping out the unit with a mess of biscuit. His absent-mindedness was the cause of the absence of baking powder. Ralph, never try to bake for your family or you will have to pay alimony. (51).

George L. Holt, Private, 1st Class

When Williams ran our first canteen, Holt made the change for the fellows; when Williams won his chaplain's commission, Holt became the Colonel's orderly; and when the Colonel left us for Is-sur-Tille, George once more moved into the kitchen as a storekeeper. Our life in France was a sort of trial by fire; later we might labor mightily, but, remembering our army careers, feel how really soft life had become. When George resumes his job as a puddler, will life seem soft to him?'' (68).

John K. Williams, Sergeant [commissioned as chaplain]

With Martin, Suvada, and Suavesky, Williams made up our theological quartet. The boys appreciated the uplifting influence of their sacred calling, but hid their religious fervor within their breasts, lest jealous outsiders call Sixty-eight sanctimonious.

Private Williams engineered our first Sunday services in France at our bivouac near Brest. We had some very manly addresses and some very manly prayers, and the democracy of the church drew men and officers together. However, this service spelled Williams's release from our crowd; the Colonel had attended our meeting and Williams became a sergeant. At Mars, Williams's duties were manifold; he administered the last rites to the dying; he located a second-hand piano and negotiated its purchase for us; he held a Bible class; and he sold candies, cakes, cigars, and cigarettes.

Shortly before the signing of the armistice he was given a chaplain's commission in an infantry regiment. One night every week some of the fellows collected in Sergeant Williams's canteen; two or three candles were lighted, the door was locked against a casual purchaser of cigarettes, and then a discussion of the Bible was in order. Arguments raised voices, loud enough sometimes to awaken Naldi or Reilly lying at the other end of the building sleeping the sleep of quartermaster's exhaustion. With no precedent in the annals of any faith, they would yell at us "Pipe down," roll over, and resume their snores.

At these meetings Dugan held a brief for Rome, Suvada for John Wesley, Martin for Calvin, Carpenter for Princeton University, and Jimmy Barlow for the labor unions of his home town, Manchester, England; Williams was moderator. This was a kaleidoscope, some one will say. In a way it was, but only as America is one or Nature is one. Elements conflicting with each other were brought together and to their surprise and delight found that they were different perhaps in species, but all of one genus, all tending to make up the perfect union that some day will be America and some day—the church of God. The boys were glad to hear of Williams's promotion to a chaplaincy, but genuinely sorry to lose him as a companion, for he was a square man and an influence for good among us. (89)

[*Roster*]

Chaplain—William J. Gibson, 313 Prospect Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Ordained a priest July 3, 1908. Studied at St. Thomas College, Scranton; Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.; Catholic University, Washington, D.C. Entered army as K. of C. [Knights of

Columbus] Chaplain September, 1917. Commissioned in National Army, October, 1917. Joined Base Hospital No. 68 November 30, 1918 (97).

Base Hospital 85

> Rae S. Dorsett, *History of Base Hospital No 85, United States Army* (United States: 1919).

[*Providing care without nurses*]

We were without nurses for about two months of the time when we were functioning as a hospital in Paris. Our corps men acted as ward masters and nurses and deserve especial commendation for their faithfulness and efficiency. The record of no deaths is mute evidence of the fact that their work was of a high character. . . . 10

[*Timely arrival of nurses*]

The arrival of our first nurses on November 29th was made an occasion for rejoicing. Just at that moment we had a small outbreak of Influenza among our patients and the timely arrival of nurses contributed in no small measure to the control of the situation (10).

[*Acute cases arose on the premises*]

From that date until the hospital [Base Hospital 27] was closed January 4, 1919[6], a considerable number of acute cases were treated, notably Influenza and its various complications and sequellae. These were merely the cases arising in patients and personnel as at no time did we receive any from other sources (n.p.).

[*Most serious condition*]

The character of the cases ran the gamut of acute medical conditions and of those approaching chronicity. During January and February there was a considerable amount of Influenza, there being at all times for several weeks somewhat more than 100 cases under treatment. With its complications and sequellae it was the most serious condition dealt with (n.p.).

Chaplains

James A, Crain.
Assigned to organization, May 27, 1919.

Robert W. Goodloe.
Joined organization, Nov. 19, 1913.
Transferred to Jous-les-Tours, March 10, 1919.

Harry J. Hackett.
Joined organization, Feb. 6, 1919 (7).

Base Hospital 136

Howard Fox, *History of Base Hospital 136* (United States: 1919).

[*The unit was handicapped from the outset*]

On October 14th one hundred Class "B" men were assigned to the unit and on October 16th orders were received to proceed to Camp Merritt, New Jersey. On that day the epidemic of influenza appeared in the unit and within two days about forty-two men had been sent as patients to the Camp Hospital. The majority of these were men who had been previously sent there for instruction. Between midnight of October 17th and seven o'clock of the following morning forty-two men were transferred out of the organization and forty-two others were transferred in to take their places.

On October 18th the unit left Camp Wheeler for Camp Merritt, arriving there on October 20th. During the journey influenza again appeared and by the time Camp Merritt was reached thirty cases had developed and were sent at once to the Camp Hospital. As the greater part of the officer personnel had failed to report at the end of five days the unit was ordered to Camp Upton, where it arrived on October 25th (1).

[*Arrival of personnel*]

On December 17, 1918, thirty female nurses in [the] charge of Virginia P. McFarland, acting chief nurse, reported for duty. On December 26, 1918, Lieut. Harry J. Fortin, M.C. and Lieut. John J. Ogden, D.C. reported for duty as Orthopedic and Dental Surgeon respectively and on January 6, 1919, Lieut. Walfred Lindstrom was assigned as Chaplain (5).

On January 18, 1919, Base Hospital 236, stationed at Carnac and Quiberon, forming a part of the Hospital Center at Vannes, ceased to exist and became part of Base Hospital 136. Eighteen officers and one hundred and sixty-nine men end eight nurses were then transferred. The history of Base Hospital 286 has previously been written. officers transferred were as follows: . . . Black, Benjamin F., 1st Lieut. Chaplain (5).

School

In charge of Capt. George A. Kilpatrick. M.C. from January 20, 1919 to February 26, 1919.
In charge of 1st Lieut. Benjamin F. Black, Chaplain, from March 8, 1919 to May 1, 1919.

Efforts have been made to give instruction to members of the Detachment whose previous education had been more or less neglected. On January 20, 1919, Captain George A. Kilpatrick, M.C. was appointed School Officer, With assistance of Corporal John R. Hall,

who had previously been a school teacher, a school for instruction in the common branches of English was established. Records of this work are unfortunately not available as both the officer and his assistant were relieved from duty with the Unit before this history was begun.

On April 9, 1919, an educational survey of the Detachment was made by Chaplain Benjamin F. Black, who has since conducted a school with the assistance of Sgt Henry G. Town. The survey of men showed the following result:

12	men	have	had	only	three	years	of	common	school [i.e. "public school"]
4	"	"	"	"	two	"	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"	one	"	"	"	"
1	"	"	"	"	one half	"	"	"	"
7	"	"	"	"	none	"	"	"	"
27	Total								

Twenty of these men voluntarily signed for class work. A large room was equipped for school purposes with tables, benches and black boards obtained from Camp Meucon. The course of instruction includes, writing, arithmetic, spelling, English, geography and history. It is also the intention of the School Officer in the near future to have some personally conducted visits to the Druid Stones at Carnac and the Archeological Museums at Vannes and Carnac (9).

Base Hospital Camp Bowie

> *The Capsule: Base Hospital Camp Bowie* 1919 (United States: 1919).

[*Impotent forces*]

On April 30, 1918, Capt. Connor was called to take up duties at Whipple Barracks, Arizona, and Capt. Wm. K. Smith became property officer. Being a doctor, his professional skill soon made him needed elsewhere and on August 31, 1918, the assignment was given to Lieut. Stanley A. Clark, who was destined to remain at the post until this history was brought into being. With uniform efficiency and outstanding courtesy to all, he has kept the hospital supplied with necessary medical equipment. He has done his part in making the Base Hospital the great institution it has become.

For while Napoleon was wise enough to observe that "an army moves on its belly," it has been left for modern military wiseacres to observe that at times an army goes on its back, particularly during an influenza epidemic, and it is equally important that the army be well cared for when it is impotent, as when it is hungry (46).

Base Hospital Camp Devens

> "Camp Devens has 20 Grippe Deaths" *Boston Globe* (September 22, 1918), 96.

Epidemic There Announced as Well in Hand

Sept. 21—Twenty more deaths from pneumonia and grippe were reported from the Base Hospital making a total of close to 50 deaths for the week. Among those whose deaths were reported today were two officers, and the flags at the camp have been at half-staff all day. The two officers who died are Lieut. William Cornish of Windsor, Vt., chaplain of the 1st Depot Brigade. Lieut. Jacob Rosenberg, 33d Company, 9th Battalion, Depot Brigade. . . . Lieut. Cornish was married and leaves a wife and three children.

Quarantine Rumor at Camp Devens Denied

All rumors to the contrary, Camp Devens is not quarantined. All day long telegrams and telephone calls from distant points have been pouring in at headquarters asking if it was true that the camp was under quarantine. No men from the camp will be given passes until further notice and no men will be allowed in Ayer except on business. Visitors, however, will be welcome to come to camp tomorrow and visit the men. An order was issued prohibiting civilians from entering the barracks if they come here tomorrow. This applies to both men and women. It might be added, too, that no quarantine of the camp is contemplated (96).

Base Hospital Camp Grant (Illinois)

> "Personnel," *The Silver Chev'* 1.6 (June 15, 1919).

[*The most fortunate get sent overseas*]

The members of the Base Hospital personnel feel, in a measure, that they are the veterans of this camp. Quite a number of the Officers, Nurses and Unlisted men have been in the organization since the Hospital was built in the fall of 1917, and with wistful eye watched other more fortunate ones sent overseas. At its height the Base Hospital personnel has numbered a little over one thousand, although at the time of the Influenza the Officers, Nurses and men attached for duty brought the total up near two thousand (15).

> "The American Red Cross Base Hospital," *The Silver Chev'* 1.2 (April 15, 1919), 7.

[*Angel food not quite divine*]

The Overseas Convalescent Center is a big field for work. . . . The men in the Convalescent Center are enjoying a series of very good entertainments and feeds by the ladies of Rockford. At these spreads the supply of angel food cake is usually at the rate of one cake per man. The mess sergeant reports no falling off of appetites and Chaplain Snyder says that the angel food does not seem to help much spiritually. . . . Barracks No. 327 North was converted into a Recreation Room and Gymnasium, Pool Room, Reading Room; Offices for the Red Cross and Chaplains of the Center.

Base Hospital Camp Jackson

As You Were 1917-1919 (St. Augustine: The Record Company, 1919).

[*Arrival of influenza*]

The scourge of influenza began its course at Camp Jackson September 19, 1918. The following day 200 cases were admitted. At the beginning of the epidemic there were about 1,800 patients in the hospital. Within a week, this number was doubled. Porches and balconies were covered with patients. Admissions increased until 800 were admitted in one day. Officers were moved out into tents, and finally an entire new section of the camp was taken over for hospital purposes, sections X, W and V in order, of the Depot Brigade.

This new division was placed in command of Captain F.W. Rogers. Throughout the stress and danger of this memorable siege, the hospital personnel labored with unceasing devotion. Long hours on duty, laborious tasks in caring for the afflicted, and precautions to prevent the spread of the disease did not slacken the spirit of conscientious service that has been a characteristic of Camp Jackson Base Hospital. The number of cases received during this time was over 5,000 and over 300 deaths were reported (10-11).

[*Puerto Rican laborers*]

October 26, 1918, marked the advent of an entirely new type at the Base Hospital. Of our little "brown brothers" from Porto Rico, 1,200 struck camp on a Sunday, supposedly to labor in the new construction work. They were lightly clad, wearing straw hats, Palm Beach suits, and some were bare as to the feet. Coming as they did in the wake of Spanish influenza, many of them landed in the hospital, and it was months before the last members of our Spanish colony bade us "adios" on their return homeward (11)

The Nurse Corps

Nurses are to the Medical Service what the gun is to the Artillery. The Base Hospital is proud of the women who have made up the personnel of the Nurse Corps. Since the opening of the Base Hospital over five hundred graduates have been resident here. Several large units were sent overseas. Besides this number of graduates there were one hundred and six Student Nurses, seventy-five Civilian Nurses who responded to the call for help during the epidemic of influenza, thirty-two Reconstruction Aides, nine Dietitians, nine Technicians, Instructors, Social Workers, Stenographers, and Housekeepers.

No words can express the devotion of the nurses during the scourge of the influenza which held the camp in its grip for so many weeks. They were untiring in their efforts to serve the men, and if there is any criticism it is with regard to the utter forgetfulness of self which they displayed at that time. Many of them who were ill remained on duty until the fact was discovered and they were ordered to the infirmary.

Eight gave their lives, and for many weeks the lives of scores of others hung in the balance. At no time in the history of the nursing profession did so many of its members succumb to a disease. From the beginning of the epidemic in September the Nurses' Infirmary was crowded, there never being less than eighty-five on the sick report. Only a few days ago the last patient to have contracted the disease, after many weeks of convalescence, went to a western hospital to fight a good fight against tuberculosis which was the result of her attack of influenza (22).

"X" Section During the Influenza Epidemic

During the influenza epidemic the Base Hospital was so rushed with patients that in a few days after the beginning of the epidemic it was necessary to make tentative arrangements to take care of the sick. It was at this time that the "X Section" was opened as an emergency hospital in the area previously occupied by the 156 Depot Brigade.

A number of the staff officers, nurses, and enlisted men were detailed to this new section. This personnel was augmented by hundreds of men from the line who were detached there to care for the patients, civilian nurses, and a number of medical officers who were transferred from other camps. It was during this epidemic that the hospital reached its highwater mark of service, having to take care of over six thousand patients. This was no small task, and it must be credited to the efficient training and the untiring efforts of the personnel that the patients fared so well under such extenuating circumstances.

Officers, nurses, and enlisted men worked together in the spirit of cooperation—worked long hours every day in the service of humanity. A genuine love for service and their never-give-up spirit urged them to do their best. It was a time that we shall never forget. From the Commanding Officer to the orderly in the ward, they served in the same great cause, and it was through this spirit of cooperation that saved many a man's life (32).

Chaplains

Captain.
Rights, Douglas L.
First Lieutenant.
Wilkinson, Jesse L.

The "Y" at the Base Hospital

The religious exercises of the "Y" were well attended and much appreciated. These services were conducted in conjunction with the Chaplains and there was always the finest spirit of co-operation between the Chaplains and the Religious Secretaries of the Y.M.C.A. Drs. James R. Morris and Ellison R. Cook will never be forgotten by the men of the hospital. . . .

Secretary W.P. McElroy made a wonderful record of service during the spinal meningitis epidemic and was greatly beloved by all. He was later commissioned in the army as

Chaplain and broke all records by walking down the corridors and drawing salutes within fifteen minutes after receiving his commission (56).

Diversion in the Wards

During the winter months, a number of informal social gatherings were held in the wards under direction of the Chaplains, and the patients pronounced them very enjoyable. The Reconstruction Aides made a very favorable impression, and brightened the wards considerably by their steady and amiable work among the men.

One of the big features of the ward entertainments has been the institution of ward singing. The Chaplains and Dr. Morris of the "Y" conducted a number of these. Later Mr. Bundy of the Red Cross was greatly interested in the work and made regular visits to the various sections. A portable organ was secured, and in cooperation with Medical Officers, Nurses and Chaplains, many pleasant and profitable mornings were spent singing cheering songs in various parts of the hospital (60).

Personnel of the Red Cross Glee Club

Second Tenors: Captain Douglas L. Rights (Chaplain) . . . (63).

Base Hospital Camp Lee

> *Lest We Forget: Base Hospital, Camp Lee, Virginia,* 1919 (United States: 1919).

[*Comments by the Surgeon General of the United States Army*]

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

During the influenza epidemic, to which many references are made in this book, because to us it was our "big trial," our "battle," the spirit of unselfish devotion to duty, of absolute disregard of personal safety, of calm, cheerful and unfailing response to any summons for work, I shall never forget. Every man and woman played the great game through, gave his and her best, and in some instances suffered the supreme penalty during the trying days and nights of those six weeks. With the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918, came the first harbinger of "Peace on Earth;" a few weeks later Christmas, and to those of us who had so recently passed through the influenza epidemic in a camp of 65,000 population, it did seem as if we were emerging once more into the sunshine of hope for a new order of things (5, 7).

[*Thousands of telegrams to families*]

The month of September, 1918, found the Hospital taxed to its utmost, as the influenza scourge swept over Camp Lee. The epidemic lasted about seven weeks and the number of patients was so great at one time that an emergency Hospital had to be opened at 27th Street and Avenue "A." Between ten and twelve thousand telegrams were sent out during the epidemic to the relatives of the stricken soldiers. But the self sacrificing heroism of Officers, Nurses and Enlisted men finally checked the plague which carried off a small number of victims, as compared with other camps (20).

[*Death foreshadowed by febricula]*

And now we come down to that period of September—to be exact September 13, 1918, when a number of cases of "Febricula[7]" were brought in to the Receiving Ward. A few of those on duty remarked that the patients looked "pretty bad," and this was the fore-runner of the influenza epidemic which lasted some six weeks. On Sunday, September 15, 1918, some 500 patients were admitted to the hospital . . . (33).

[*Deserving of military decorations*]

Just as we were getting accustomed to this life of ease, that horrible epidemic which took more lives than shot and shell did in France, swept down upon us. The wonderful success that Camp Lee had in combating the influenza, the low number of cases and the exceedingly small number of deaths were due in great part to the efficient and preserving labors of the laboratory. . . . if distinguished service medals are to be awarded the men who so stoically fought here with no chance of praise or glory, Camp Lee laboratory deserves it (38-39).

Our Greatest Battle

A Base Hospital 3000 miles from the seat of war is supposed to see but little of battles, and yet to compare the experience which our Hospital passed through during the influenza epidemic to a battle is not such a far cry after all, if the mortality figures are considered. At Camp Lee, one third of the personnel of the Hospital were laid on their backs and one Officer, eight Nurses and sixteen of the Enlisted men gave their lives. About 8000 patients passed through the Hospital, of whom 700 died. . . .

It was not long after the epidemic began that numbers of our personnel began to fall by the wayside; first a few, then by the dozens, familiar faces would disappear from bedside or office and be found waiting their turn in the Receiving Ward, for a bed, where they could fight it out for recovery. About one-third of the Enlisted personnel (329 out of 982) were admitted. The Nursing force suffered even more heavily proportionately, almost one-half (148 out of 293) being affected. . . . Those who died in this battle gave their lives for their country and the cause of Liberty as truly as any who succumbed to poison gas or machine-gun bullets (196).

The influenza annex

The Army Chaplains were on the "firing line" and we feel that their services were a great help to us as well as to the patients in those trying days (199).

Our Chaplains

Following in the wake of the Declaration of War by the President, the flower of American manhood rose to take up arms against a foreign enemy that had sorely tested the patience of a peace-loving nation. In the hearts of those who loved and sought and hoped that war might not disrupt the nation's life, there came a change. The pitiful voice of humanity appealing for help had stirred the heart strings of a great nation. Her answer to the pleading call was the steady tread of her million sons to the strain of martial music. From every state, city and town; from the mill and from the farm; from the counting-house and factory; out of the lowly home as well as palatial mansion came the royal, red-blooded sons of American manhood. Undaunted, this vast army was sent into training to be efficient in the art of modern warfare. The expectation of going "over there" ran high. Weeks of hard labor were to be spent in khaki before the final issue of equipment would be given them for foreign service. At last the great ships with their precious cargo of human freight departed from our shores amid the glad rejoicings of a proud nation bidding all "God speed and a safe return."

Back in the home that had been left, Busy hands were helping in their own way to further the cause of Democracy. Proud, indeed, were they who could not go, to hang in the window the cherished service flag which so silently told the story of its being.

A mighty army must needs be sent across to fight on foreign shores, but in order that that same Army could be maintained, there was need of another large force to be retained at home. In all the great camps where the men were being trained it was of the utmost necessity to man the Hospitals where the sick were to be treated, cared for, and restored to health. This required a large body of men. Many a boy who had left home in high spirits, hoping to be of service with the army across the sea, was assigned to do his bed in one of the various Hospitals throughout the country. The desire to go over-seas was difficult to down [sic]. The die had been cast. They set to work in earnest, foregoing the pleasure of being enlisted in the American Expeditionary forces.

It was not long, however, before the members of the Medical Detachment found that their services were of vital importance to the Government in its care for the sick soldiers. Many of those boys had to learn the various duties connected with the efficient hospital management as their previous occupations were of an entirely different nature. Neither spirit nor will was lacking.

The tremendous task which had fallen upon the government—efficiently to train and supply her troops in military tactics—did not exclude the necessity of also looking to the spiritual welfare of those million boys who had left home to take their places in the ranks. In order to meet this necessity the call for Chaplains was sent out. The response was

immediate. From their various churches and ministerial duties; from the lecture-platforms as well as from the missions; the Chaplains sought permission to do their share for the men who have so readily responded to the call "to arms!"

There is no doubting the fact that the glory of having gone over-seas; to have been exposed to the inclemency of the weather and death dealing bullets, both of which had been the cause of the non-return of some of our boys demand recognition for high valor and loyalty to country. Nevertheless, the honor attached to the service of the boys who exposed their lives during the epidemics which swept through some of the camps is deserving of no less praise.

Owing to the fact that there were not enough commission Chaplains to fill the needs of the Army, civilian Chaplains were assigned to do work in the camps. Too much praise cannot be given these men. Had it not been for their untiring efforts, much good that might have been done would have been omitted. Such was the circumstance in the Base Hospital.

For almost a year the needs of the hospital were attended to by civilian Chaplains. Their efforts were untiring and the good resulting from their work is still manifest. In addition to the work among the patients of the Hospital, there was also that among the men of the Detachment which required not a little time. In this latter they were ably assisted by the various Welfare Organizations which have done untold good for the boys, both here at home and those who were sent over-seas.

In all the wards of the hospital writing material was furnished and the boys were encouraged to write to the folks at home. The many and constant wants of the sick, whether it be to perform a trifling errand, or to gladden their hearts with some of the many creature comforts which mean so much to the invalid, is only part of the work done by members of these organizations who have given their time for such Christian work. Entertainments of various kind were given and athletic games were had as often as duties permitted.

It was not until the end of September, 1918, that the first Commissioned Chaplains were assigned to duty in the Hospital. They came at a time when their services were of the utmost importance as the epidemic of influenza was then raging throughout the camp. Enough has already been said of the devastation wrought by the invisible foe which laid low so many thousands of the boys in khaki. To what has already been said of the work done by the boys who devoted themselves unstintingly and fearlessly, even eagerly seeking danger, to be of service to those who were stricken, little need be added.

They will wear no gold service stripes proclaiming them heroes of that terrible epidemic, but the memory of their loyal service will live in the minds of those with whom they toiled, a memory that will not tarnish with the advance of time. Their spirit of self-sacrifice and charity was manifest in deeds. That truly Christian spirit of self-forgetfulness in expending every effort for the sick and dying is the greatest criterion of their appreciation of their duty towards their Maker and Country.

The influence of the Chaplain, especially in a Base Hospital is exerted along more than one line. In addition to his first care—that of visiting the sick, and ministering to their spiritual needs, especially in the hour of death, there are other opportunities which afford his coming in close touch with the men. Through the medium of athletics is the Chaplain able to learn more of the men under his guidance, coming, as he does, in the closest intimacy with the boys. Here he is more easily approached and the good he is able to exert is of incalculable benefit. His example will often be the cause for the change in another's life and be the inspiration of close companionship.

There was no want of opportunity to attend Divine service on Sundays. Every effort was made to give the Protestant and Catholic alike the full benefit of Religious teaching. The Red Cross Building was used for all Protestant services, while the little Chapel was used by the Catholics and the Episcopalians. A special advantage in having the different services in separate buildings did away with the necessity of trying to arrange special hours or service without interfering with one another. During the influenza epidemic the Chapel had to be used for the dead. When the scourge had abated the building was thoroughly renovated and painted, thus making it a most likely place to hold services.

In an Army Hospital such as this the daily work of the Chaplain plays a great and important part owing to the fact that the number of patients is so large. One cannot but carry away pleasant memories of the days, some of which were trying to say the least, spent at the Base Hospital at Camp Lee, Virginia (201-02).

The Young Men's Christian Association

Thus the Y.M.C.A. served the Enlisted men and the patients until the influenza epidemic broke out September 14, 1918. This stopped all congregating of the men in the Camp. As the epidemic increased the Hospital authorities invited all the Chaplains to make regular visitations throughout the hospital. As it was more work than the chaplains could do, they appealed to the Y.M.C.A. for help. Twenty-one ministers in the "Y" work were sent over to act as assistants to the Chaplains, and a little later six ministers from Richmond came every day to assist in the work. These Secretaries were assigned to certain wards to be visited day and night.

The situation was serious. The patients were gloomy and despondent, asking for a minister to visit them. The opportunity for service was great. The "Y" men, like the Chaplains, went from bed to bed carrying a word of cheer and comfort to the sick, as well as waiting on the loved ones and friends who had come to visit them. A "Y" man close at the bedside of a dying boy when the boy's father came in and on hearing his son request to be baptized, was very much moved, and from the invitation of the "Y" man, the father and son were baptized together.

This is one of the many instances that could be told. During the epidemic several hundred were baptized. Hundreds of letters were written every day for the sick, who were unable to write themselves, and scores of telegrams were replied to daily. Every patient was visited every day by some minister (209-10).

Endnotes

[1] Madame Marie Curie, the discoverer of the radioisotopes radium and polonium, invented portable x-ray machines that could be driven close to the battlefield to aid field hospitals in saving lives. The ambulance vehicles that carried the machines were affectionately called "little Curies." She trained 150 women as x-ray operators during the war.

[2] One assumes that if the stevedores were asked the clearer question, "are you Christians," that they would have had a ready and enthusiastic answer.

[3] Rather surprisingly, Chaplain Maxon uses the details of an actual WWI casualty in this "specimen letter." Private Maley is now buried in Saint Joseph New Cemetery in Cincinnati, Ohio.

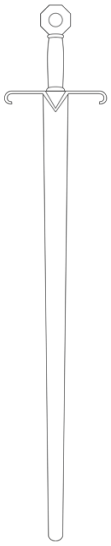
[4] Chaplain Bergen was not only able to supervise athletics, he could also sing, as this news article reports on his ministry after the war.

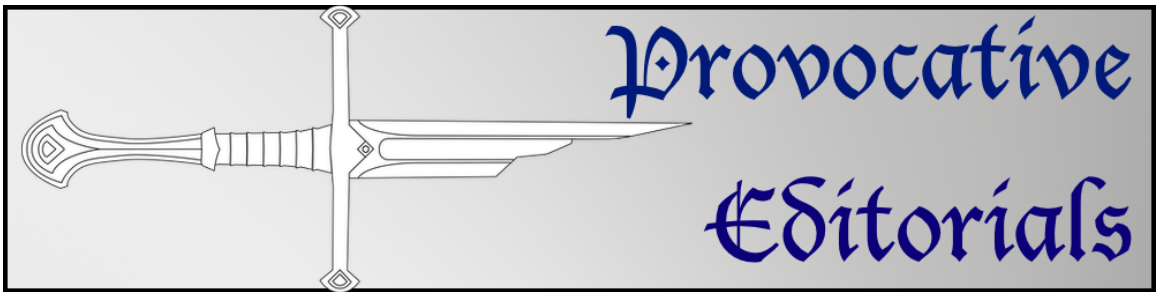
> "Hope's Preacher Sunday is Overseas Man"
> Rev. Hansen Bergen, who occupies Hope church [RCA] pulpit next Sunday evening, has seen overseas service as chaplain of the American forces In France. Since his return to this country, he has served as chaplain of the American Legion on the West Coast. Very appropriately he will be assisted by the local American Legion Quartet, an organization that has recently received a very flattering offer for a ten weeks' engagement from the Redpath Lyceum Bureau. This excellent quartet will render three selections. Since Sunday is Memorial Day, Rev. Hansen Bergen will preach on "The Immortal Dead." Dr. J.T. Bergen will preach In the morning (*Holland City [Michigan] News* 53.21 [22 May 1924], 1).

[5] Insensitive anecdotes recorded in this manner, remind us the events took place just over a century ago.

[6] Base Hospital 85 served as part of Base Hospital 27 when they arrived in France. After the latter's deactivation, Base Hospital 85 served under its own designation.

[7] An English physician first used this word in 1750 to describe a "little fever," both slight and short, without a clear cause.





On Lessons Taught by Plagues

Diogenes†
the Cynic

Alexander the Great asked the philosopher, Diogenes,
why he was staring at a pile of bones.
The philosopher responded:
"I am searching for the bones of your father,
but cannot distinguish them from those of a slave."

Members of the "priesthood," clergy of all deities or secular philosophical worldviews, should be among the most unassuming of people. Alas, I have not found that to be true. And I carry my lantern in search not only of an honest man, but also of the humble priest.

The Situation

The world is at this moment being ravaged by a widespread pandemic. Such epidemics, or plagues as we named them in Athens and the ancient world, wield the scythe without respect to whether a person is prestigious or common. They smite the noble as well as the vile. Even for those who escape their blade, these disasters disrupt what we deign to call "normal" life. They necessitate changes in behavior. Some of these are transient, and dispel in time, like the mist. Others are more lasting. It remains to be seen which contemporary adjustments will become permanent features of our future.

Armed Forces, as subsets of their nation's population, are not immune from the disrupting influences, and have adjusted accordingly. Among those who have been forced to radically change their approach to their mission, are chaplains. Many of them have proven extremely innovative in diligently continuing to fulfill their essential duties. Some few have retreated to safe ground, and—whether for true caution or personal timidity or laziness—have avoided any actions that could be construed as challenging the sometimes overly restrictive guidelines.

Like their civilian counterparts, ministers in the military have, for the most part, performed adequately. This has been a learning experience, much like the Influenza Epidemic of 1918. The pandemic ended three times more lives than were slain in combat during the First World War. The ministrations of chaplains during this most-deadly pandemic are reviewed in an article in this very issue of *Curtana: Sword of Mercy*.

It will take time to ponder the lessons taught by our current trial. It is urgent we construct wise plans for reducing the suffering caused by such plagues in the future. I offer below a few humble suggestions for matters that such deliberations should include.

The Conversation

You ask, "Why discuss this subject before the event has completely passed and the final tally is taken?"

I respond, "Who can number the days this disease will afflict mankind, and is there no benefit in assessing one's performance midway through a campaign?"

You ask, "Who are you to make judgments about those laboring in diverse settings during this crisis?"

I respond, "Is it unprofitable to affirm what is useful and to question the clearly misguided, before they have consumed more resources?"

You ask, "Who can accurately forecast the behavior of people as they recover from a catastrophe?"

I respond, "When one has spent a lifetime observing the character and behaviors of his fellow man in the past . . . is it not reasonable he will be able to predict with some accuracy the paths people may choose to follow in the future?"

The Prescription

Priests and priestesses who serve in the armed forces must remain beacons of hope. While comforting the suffering and bereaved, they must resist all temptations to reinforce the despair and hopelessness of some.

Chaplains' duties often place them at the center of official and informal gatherings. They should recognize the present reduction of these functions as an opportunity to recommit themselves to connecting with each precious *individual*.

Although the military population chaplains serve is generally healthy and protected from the worst this virus inflicts, remember that many members of *their* extended "families"

may fall into vulnerable populations. Their concerns for others are real, and should not be belittled because one's immediate audience may possess some immunity.

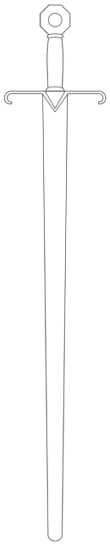
The current environment affords some chaplains an opportunity to retreat to their own place of safety. Resist this temptation to retreat from the threat, and rededicate yourself to seeking out that place and moment your presence is most needed.

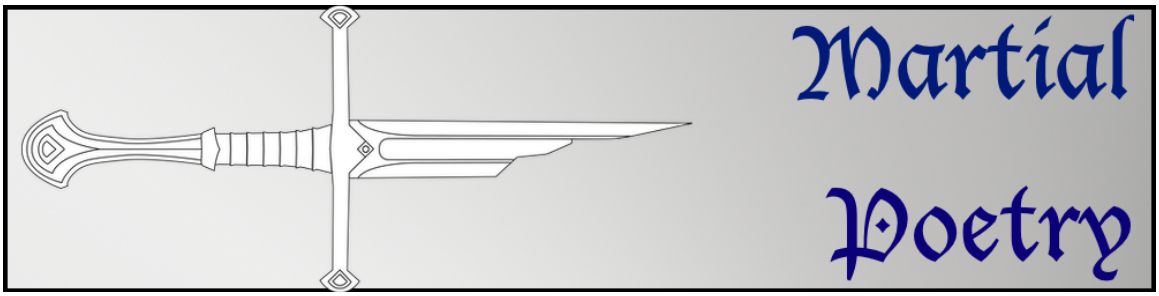
When reinstituting programs and gatherings, grant people the grace to reengage at the pace their personal conscience dictates.

When the pandemic has passed, and new initiatives for "working from home" are proffered by the military, do not be tempted. The chaplain's proper place is not sheltered somewhere in a comfortable chair—but wherever the troops are serving. Telecommuting may be good option for some, but for most of a chaplain's work, it should be deemed anathema.

In the meantime, chaplains worthy of their title will continue to concern themselves with their core responsibilities . . . never seeking personal recognition, but devoting themselves to that highest of tasks, the care of human souls.

† *Diogenes is a pseudonym for a military chaplain. He selected this pseudonym because of the forthrightness with which Diogenes addressed the public. Readers should not be offended by his use of the words "priest" or "priestess," since Diogenes is not referring to a particular religious tradition; Diogenes is, after all, a disciple of the Greek pantheon.*





Military Muses

Contributors:

George Henry Boker (1823-1890) was an American poet and diplomat. President Ulysses S. Grant made him the ambassador to Turkey, which was a very prominent post at the time.

John Buchan (1875-1940) was a Scottish writer who served as the Governor General of Canada. During World War One, he served in the Intelligence Service on the Western Front. Prior to his commissioning, he served with Britain's War Propaganda Bureau.

James Joseph Daly (1901-1949) was an American poet and playwright. Although he never served in the armed forces, his sentiments as the world careened toward a second global war, reflected international fear of what that conflict might bring.

T.S. Eliot (1888-1965), an American-English writer, is regarded as one of the twentieth century's most prominent poets. Studying in Germany on a Harvard scholarship at the outbreak of the First World War, he transferred to Oxford. When the United States entered the war three years later, he attempted to enlist in the Navy, but failed the physical.

Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy (1883-1929) served as an Anglican chaplain and poet during WWI. His tradition of distributing Woodbine cigarettes along with his pastoral care earned him the affectionate nickname "Woodbine Willie."

Herman Melville (1819-1891) was an American novelist who turned his focus to poetry during the War Between the States. Both of his grandfathers had been heroes of the War of Independence.

Alan Seeger (1888-1916) was an American poet who is most highly regarded in France, where he died while serving in the French Foreign Legion. He was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* and the *Médaille militaire*, and buried in a mass grave.

May Sinclair was the pen name of Mary Amelia St. Clair (1863-1946), a popular British novelist and poet. She was a committed feminist, and an advocate of Freud's psychoanalytic theories. She was also interested in parapsychology and spiritualism.

Eliot Crawshay Williams (1879-1962) was a British author. During WWI he served with the 1st Leicestershire Royal Horse Artillery in Egypt and Palestine. The poem recorded here addresses the irony that only the young and healthy are sacrificed to the anvil of war.

Dedication
(To a Field Ambulance in Flanders)

May Sinclair

Composed on 8 March 1915 by May Sinclair, a popular British author who spent several weeks as volunteer with the Munro Ambulance Corps that cared for Belgian soldiers on the Western Front. (See an excerpt from her book on the subject, on page 172 of this issue of Curtana*.)*

I do not call you comrades,
You,
Who did what I only dreamed.
Though you have taken my dream,
And dressed yourselves in its beauty and its glory,
Your faces are turned aside as you pass by.
I am nothing to you,
For I have done no more than dream.

Your faces are like the face of her whom you follow,
Danger,
The Beloved who looks backward as she runs, calling to her lovers,
The Huntress who flies before her quarry, trailing her lure.
She called to me from her battle-places,
She flung before me the curved lightning of her shells for a lure;
And when I came within sight of her,
She turned aside,
And hid her face from me.

But you she loved;
You she touched with her hand;
For you the white flames of her feet stayed in their running;
She kept you with her in her fields of Flanders,
Where you go,
Gathering your wounded from among her dead.
Grey night falls on your going and black night on your returning.
You go
Under the thunder of the guns, the shrapnel's rain and the curved lightning of the shells,
And where the high towers are broken,
And houses crack like the staves of a thin crate filled with fire;
Into the mixing smoke and dust of roof and walls torn asunder

You go;
And only my dream follows you.
That is why I do not speak of you,
Calling you by your names.
Your names are strung with the names of ruined and immortal cities,
Termonde and Antwerp, Dixmude and Ypres and Furnes,
Like jewels on one chain—

Thus,
In the high places of Heaven,
They shall tell all your names.

Sonnet 10: I Have Sought Happiness

Alan Seeger

I have sought Happiness, but it has been
A lovely rainbow, baffling all pursuit,
And tasted Pleasure, but it was a fruit
More fair of outward hue than sweet within.
Renouncing both, a flake in the ferment
Of battling hosts that conquer or recoil,
There only, chastened by fatigue and toil,
I knew what came the nearest to content.
For there at least my troubled flesh was free
From the gadfly Desire that plagued it so;
Discord and Strife were what I used to know,
Heartaches, deception, murderous jealousy;
By War transported far from all of these,
Amid the clash of arms I was at peace.

On Leave

John Buchan

I had auchteen months o’ the war,
Steel and pouther and reek,
Fitsore, weary and wauf, —
Syne I got hame for a week.

Daft-like I entered the toun,
I scarcely kenned for my ain.
I sleepit twae days in my bed,
The third I buried my wean.

The wife sat greetin’ at hame,
While I wandered oot to the hill,
My hert as cauld as a stane,
But my heid gaun roond like a mill.

I wasna the man I had been, —
Juist a gangrel dozin' in fits; —
The pin had faun oot o’ the warld,
And I doddered amang the bits.

I clamb to the Lammerlaw
And sat me doun on the cairn; —
The best o’ my freends were deid,
And noo I had buried my bairn; —

The stink o’ the gas in my nose,
The colour o’ bluid in my ee,
And the biddin’ o’ Hell in my lug
To curse my Maker and dee.

But up in that gloamin’ hour,
On the heather and thymy sod,
Wi’ the sun gaun down in the Wast
I made my peace wi’ God...

I saw a thoosand hills,
Green and gowd I’ the licht,
Roond and backit like sheep,
Huddle into the nicht.

But I kenned they werena hills,
But the same as the mounds ye see
Doun by the back o' the line
Whaur they bury oor lads that dee.

They were juist the same as at Loos
Whaur we happit Andra and Dave. —
There was naething in life but death,
And a' the warld was a grave.

A' the hills were graves,
The graves o' the deid langsyne,
And somewhere oot in the Wast
Was the grummlin' battle-line.

But up frae the howe o' the glen
Came the waft o' the simmer een.
The stink gaed oot o' my nose,
And I sniffed it, caller and clean.

The smell o' the simmer hills,
Thyme and hinny and heather,
Jeniper, birk and fern,
Rose in the lown June weather.

It minded me o' auld days,
When I wandered barefit there,
Guddlin' troot in the burns,
Howkin' the tod frae his lair.

If a' the hills were graves
There was peace for the folk aneath
And peace for the folk abune,
And life in the hert o' death.

Up frae the howe o' the glen
Cam the murmur o' wells that creep
To swell the heids o' the burns,
And the kindly voices o' sheep.

And the cry o' a whaup on the wing,
And a plover seekin' its bield —
And oot o' my crazy lugs
Went the din o' the battlefield.

I flang me doun on my knees
And I prayed as my hert wad break,
And I got my answer sune,
For oot o' the nicht God spake.

As a man that wauks frae a stound
And kens but a single thocht,
Oot o' the wind and the nicht
I got the peace that I socht.

Loos and the Lammerlaw,
The battle was feucht in baith,
Death was roond and abune,
But life in the hert o' death.

A' the warld was a grave,
But the grass on the graves was green,
And the stanes were bields for hames,
And the laddies played atween.

Kneelin' aside the cairn
On the heather and thymy sod,
The place I had kenned as a bairn,
I made my peace wi' God.

Sonnet of a Son

Eliot Crawshay Williams

Because I am young, therefore I must be killed;
Because I am strong, so must my strength be maimed;
Because I love life (thus it is willed)
The joy of life from me a forfeit's claimed.

If I were old or weak, if foul disease
Had robbed me of all love of living—then
Life would be mine to use as I might please;
Such the all-wise arbitraments of men!

Poor mad mankind! that like some Herod calls
For one wide holocaust of youth and strength!
Bitter your wakening when the curtain falls
Upon your drunken drama, and at length
With vision uninflamed you then behold
A world of sick and halt and weak and old.

Untitled [Blood, Blood]

George Henry Boker

Published during the American Civil War.

Blood, blood! The lines of every printed sheet
    Through their dark arteries reek with running gore;
    At hearth, at board, before the household door,
    ’Tis the sole subject with which neighbors meet.
Girls at the feast, and children in the street,
    Prattle of horrors; flash their little store
    Of simple jests against the cannon’s roar,
    As if mere slaughter kept existence sweet.
O, heaven, I quail at the familiar way
    This fool, the world, disports his jingling cap;
    Murdering or dying with one grin agap!
Our very Love comes draggled from the fray,
    Smiling at victory, scowling at mishap,
    With gory Death companioned and at play.

The Secret

G.A. Studdert Kennedy

You were askin' 'ow we sticks it,
Sticks this blarsted rain and mud,
'Ow it is we keeps on smilin'
When the place runs red wi' blood.
Since you're askin' I can tell ye,
And I thinks I tells ye true,
But it ain't official, mind ye,
It's a tip twixt me and you.
For the General thinks it's tactics,
And the bloomin' plans 'e makes.
And the C.O. thinks it's trainin',
And the trouble as he takes.
Sergeant-Major says it's drillin',
And 'is straffin' on parade,
Doctor swears it's sanitation,
And some patent stinks 'e's made.
Padre tells us it's religion,
And the Spirit of the Lord;
But I ain't got much religion,
And I sticks it still, by Gawd.

Quarters kids us it's the rations,
And the dinners as we gets.
But I knows what keeps us smilin'
It's the Woodbine Cigarettes.
For the daytime seems more dreary,
And the night-time seems to drag
To eternity of darkness,
When ye 'ave 'nt got a fag.
Then the rain seems some'ow wetter,
And the cold cuts twice as keen,
And ye keeps on seein' Boches,
What the Sargint 'asn't seen.
If ole Fritz 'as been and got ye,
And ye 'ave to stick the pain,
If ye 'aven't got a fag on,
Why it 'urts as bad again.
When there ain't no fags to pull at,
Then there's terror in the ranks.
That's the secret — (yes, I'll 'ave one)
Just a fag — and many Tanks.

Lutany at Brink of Armageddon

James Daly

In world where death, even when fled,
Is soon, at best too soon,
Shall we not go mad seeing once more
Crazed continents of men toward
Seismic violence toward butcherous doom
Reel tragically amuck?

For this—heart's albatross
By heart's grief slain—absolve us,
Love, restore our riven innocence!
Whence soared star blazing dusk
Though brief shall brave and sacredly
Be yours, not Mars athwart our sky.

Through hours immense with marvel
Tonight shine sceptered, Love: lean close:
Flare now our famished hearts:
Nard of requital, of enchantment, sow:
Wing wonder on this bitter world:
Oh, grail mortality.

Shiloh: A Requiem
(April, 1862)

Herman Melville

Skimming lightly, wheeling still,
The swallows fly low
Over the field in clouded days,
The forest-field of Shiloh —
Over the field where April rain
Solaced the parched ones stretched in pain
Through the pause of night
That followed the Sunday fight
Around the church of Shiloh —
The church so lone, the log-built one,
That echoed to many a parting groan
And natural prayer
Of dying foemen mingled there —
Foemen at morn, but friends at eve —
Fame or country least their care:
(What like a bullet can undeceive!)
But now they lie low,
While over them the swallows skim,
And all is hushed at Shiloh.

The Waste

T.S. Eliot

FOR EZRA POUND
IL MIGLIOR FABBRO

I. The Burial of the Dead

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the arch-duke's,
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.
Frisch weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du?

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
"They called me the hyacinth girl."
—Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.
Oed' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,
Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,
(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)
Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,
The lady of situations.
Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,
And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,
Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,
Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find
The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.
I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.
Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
One must be so careful these days.

Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!
"You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
"That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
"Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
"Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
"Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
"Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!
"You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!"

II. A Game of Chess

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Glowed on the marble, where the glass
Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;
In vials of ivory and coloured glass
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,
Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
That freshened from the window, these ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
Huge sea-wood fed with copper
Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,
In which sad light a carvéd dolphin swam.
Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
"Jug Jug" to dirty ears.
And other withered stumps of time
Were told upon the walls; staring forms
Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.
Footsteps shuffled on the stair.
Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
Spread out in fiery points
Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

"My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
"Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.
"What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?
"I never know what you are thinking. Think."

I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

"What is that noise?"

The wind under the door.
“What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?”
Nothing again nothing.
“Do you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember
Nothing?”

I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
“Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?”

But
O O O O that Shakespearian Rag—
It’s so elegant
So intelligent
“What shall I do now? What shall I do?”
“I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
“With my hair down, so. What shall we do tomorrow?
“What shall we ever do?”

The hot water at ten.
And if it rains, a closed car at four.
And we shall play a game of chess,
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

When Lil’s husband got demobbed, I said—
I didn’t mince my words, I said to her myself,
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Now Albert’s coming back, make yourself a bit smart.
He’ll want to know what you done with that money he gave you
To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.
You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,
He said, I swear, I can’t bear to look at you.
And no more can’t I, I said, and think of poor Albert,
He’s been in the army four years, he wants a good time,
And if you don’t give it him, there’s others will, I said.
Oh is there, she said. Something o’ that, I said.
Then I’ll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
If you don’t like it you can get on with it, I said.
Others can pick and choose if you can’t.
But if Albert makes off, it won’t be for lack of telling.
You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.
(And her only thirty-one.)
I can’t help it, she said, pulling a long face,
It’s them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.
(She’s had five already, and nearly died of young George.)

The chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.
You are a proper fool, I said.
Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,
What you get married for if you don't want children?
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,
And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot—
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.
Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.
Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

III. The Fire Sermon

The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.
And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;
Departed, have left no addresses.
By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . .
Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,
Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.
But at my back in a cold blast I hear
The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

A rat crept softly through the vegetation
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
While I was fishing in the dull canal
On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
And on the king my father's death before him.
White bodies naked on the low damp ground
And bones cast in a little low dry garret,
Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.
But at my back from time to time I hear
The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring
Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.
O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter
They wash their feet in soda water

Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

Twit twit twit
Jug jug jug jug jug jug
So rudely forc'd.
Tereu

Unreal City
Under the brown fog of a winter noon
Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant
Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants
C.i.f. London: documents at sight,
Asked me in demotic French
To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel
Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing waiting,
I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
Out of the window perilously spread
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.
I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—
I too awaited the expected guest.
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference.
(And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
Enacted on this same divan or bed;

I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
And walked among the lowest of the dead.)
Bestows one final patronising kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit . . .

She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover;
Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:
"Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over."
When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.

"This music crept by me upon the waters"
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.
O City city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

The river sweats
Oil and tar
The barges drift
With the turning tide
Red sails
Wide
To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.
The barges wash
Drifting logs
Down Greenwich reach
Past the Isle of Dogs.
Weialala leia
Wallala leialala

Elizabeth and Leicester
Beating oars
The stern was formed
A gilded shell
Red and gold
The brisk swell
Rippled both shores
Southwest wind

Carried down stream
The peal of bells
White towers
Weialala leia
Wallala leialala

"Trams and dusty trees.
Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew
Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees
Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe."

"My feet are at Moorgate, and my heart
Under my feet. After the event
He wept. He promised a 'new start.'
I made no comment. What should I resent?"

"On Margate Sands.
I can connect
Nothing with nothing.
The broken fingernails of dirty hands.
My people humble people who expect
Nothing."
la la

To Carthage then I came

Burning burning burning burning
O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest

burning

IV. Death by Water

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss.

A current under sea
Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell
He passed the stages of his age and youth
Entering the whirlpool.

Gentile or Jew
O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

V. What the Thunder Said

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces
After the frosty silence in the gardens
After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
Prison and palace and reverberation
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience

Here is no water but only rock
Rock and no water and the sandy road
The road winding above among the mountains
Which are mountains of rock without water
If there were water we should stop and drink
Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think
Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand
If there were only water amongst the rock
Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even silence in the mountains
But dry sterile thunder without rain
There is not even solitude in the mountains
But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
From doors of mudcracked houses

If there were water
  And no rock
  If there were rock
  And also water
  And water
  A spring
  A pool among the rock
  If there were the sound of water only
  Not the cicada
  And dry grass singing
  But sound of water over a rock
  Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees
  Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop
  But there is no water

Who is the third who walks always beside you?
When I count, there are only you and I together

But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you
Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
I do not know whether a man or a woman
—But who is that on the other side of you?

What is that sound high in the air
Murmur of maternal lamentation
Who are those hooded hordes swarming
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
Ringed by the flat horizon only
What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal

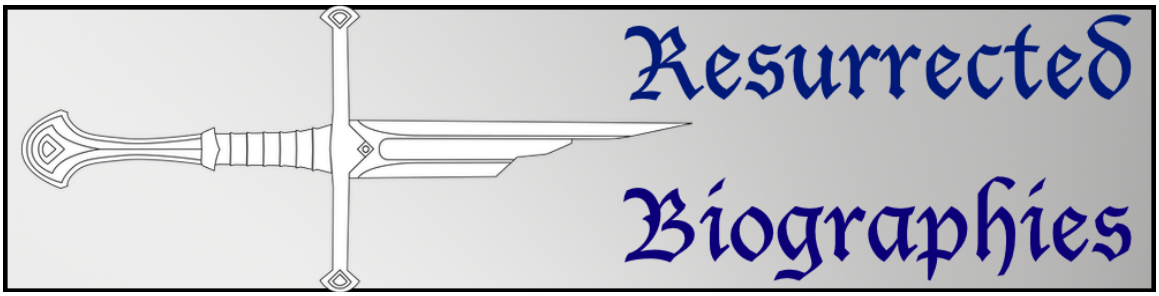
A woman drew her long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall
And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.

In this decayed hole among the mountains
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.
It has no windows, and the door swings,
Dry bones can harm no one.
Only a cock stood on the rooftree
Co co rico co co rico
In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust
Bringing rain

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder
DA
Datta: what have we given?
My friend, blood shaking my heart

The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms
DA
Dayadhvam: I have heard the key
Turn in the door once and turn once only
We think of the key, each in his prison
Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison
Only at nightfall, aethereal rumours
Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
DA
Damyata: The boat responded
Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
To controlling hands

I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam uti chelidon—O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shantih shantih



James W. Alderman
United States Army Chaplain
(110th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 545.

Age: 29
Date of Entering the Service: May 2, 1864.
Period of Service: 100 days.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment Sept. 22, 1864.

John K. Andrews
United States Army Chaplain
(126th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 451.

Age: —
Date of Entering the Service: Oct. 11, 1862.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Discharged Oct. 2, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.

John F. Baird
United States Army Chaplain
(87th Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 33.

Date of Muster into Service: Aug., '62.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Discharged Dec. 4, 1862.

Alfred Constantine Barry
United States Army Chaplain
(4th Wisconsin Cavalry)
(19th Wisconsin Infantry)
Source: C.W. Butterfield, ed. *The History of Columbia County, Wisconsin*, Volume 1 (Chicago: Western Historical Company, 1880), 989.

Rev. A. Constantine Barry, Pastor of the Universalist Church, Lodi, was born in Delaware Co., N.Y., July 15, 1815. His parents removed to Victor, Ontario Co., when he was 23 years of age, where he resided until 1836; his preceptor was the Rev. Jacob Chase, of Geneva; he began his labors in the ministry at Gaines, Orleans Co.; thence to Homer, Cortland Co., where he preached four years; thence to Fort Plain for five years; thence to Racine, Wis., in 1846, which was his home for many years.

Although actively engaged in the ministry of the church with which he is identified, yet Dr. Barry has long been engaged in scientific pursuits, and prominently identified with the educational interests of the country; he was State Superintendent of Public Instruction during 1856 and 1857; he entered the army as Chaplain of the 4th W. W. I., in which capacity he served about one year; was then engaged in the recruiting service for about two years, and during this time was elected to represent Racine Co. in the Legislature of Wisconsin; he served as Chaplain of the 19th W.V.I., from the spring of 1864 till Feb. 10, 1865, when he was made Chaplain of the United States Hospitals by President Lincoln; was mustered out of the United States service Aug. 15, 1865.

In the spring of 1864, Dr. Barry removed his family to Fond du Lac, which was his home for four years; he then went to Elkhorn, Walworth Co., where he established a church; he came to Lodi, in April, 1878. He was married in the fall of 1836, to Adelia Robinson, of East Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N.Y., and she died at Elkhorn, in May, 1877; his present wife was Helen Peterson, of Fond du Lac. He has three children by his first marriage—Malon P., who is in the service of the N.W.R.R. Co., at Chicago; Melville A., resides in Lodi, Bella B., now Mrs. Frank Warner, of Chicago. He has one child by his present marriage—Jennie A.

Dr. Barry is well versed in the natural sciences, and enjoys the acquaintance of the most eminent naturalists of the State; has been for many years corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences, of Philadelphia, of the "Boston Natural History Association" and the Buffalo Scientific Association. Dr. Barry and wife were victims of the "National Hotel" poisoning on the occasion of the inauguration of President Buchanan, from the effects of which he has never fully recovered. He is still actively engaged in the ministry, where he has long labored to make men better, to prepare them more fully for the present and the higher life.

James Hervey Beale
United States Army Chaplain
(1st Pennsylvania Cavalry)
John P. Nicholson
Source: *Pennsylvania at Gettysburg: Ceremonies at the Dedication of the Monuments*, Volume 1 (Harrisburg, PA: E.K. Myers, State Printer, 1893), 71-72.

This was the opening prayer offered by Chaplain Beale at Gettysburg National Cemetery in 1890.

God of our Fathers, we adore and worship Thee, and to Thee, by whose grace and providence we are what we are, as a nation; here, Father, from this sacred spot, surrounded

by the thousands of known and unknown graves and a few of the survivors of this bloody field, we lift our hearts in rendering thanksgiving and everlasting prayer. We thank Thee for our glorious national heritage, for the magnificent land of wealthy hills and fertile plains, and for the laws and institutions which make it a land of progress and liberty.

We thank Thee for our Christian sires, lovers of freedom and of God, men of conscience and integrity whose names have jeweled history, and the memory of whose deeds is an inspiration to heroism and patriotic pride. We thank Thee for Plymouth Rock, for Yorktown, and that in the strength of justice and the might of mercy our arms were plumed with victory at Appomattox. We thank Thee that through Thy kindness and mercy, the father of our corps and so many of its survivors are here to-day.

We implore Thee, Father, to let heaven's richest blessing rest upon all that are present, the families of the survivors and of the fallen, upon our country and all for whom we should pray; in the name of Christ we ask it all. Amen.

John Boggs
United States Army Chaplain
(118th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 217.

Age: —
Date of Entering the Service: Oct. 7, 1862.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Resigned December 10, 1863.

Seth D. Bowker
United States Army Chaplain
(124th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 387.

Age: 35
Date of Entering the Service: Jan. 1, 1863.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Resigned Sept. 9, 1863.

George R. Bowman
United States Army Chaplain
(129th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 527.

Age: 49
Date of Entering the Service: Nov. 2, 1863, 1863.
Period of Service: 6 mos.
Remarks: Mustered out with the regiment March 10, 1864.

Ebenezer W. Brady
United States Army Chaplain
(116th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 181.

Age: —
Date of Entering the Service: Sept. 24, 1862.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Captured June 15, 1863, at battle of Winchester, Va.; returned Oct. 10, 1863; resigned Oct. 18, 1864.

Jabez Marshall Brittain
Confederate States Army Chaplain
(38th Georgia Infantry)
Source: *Georgia Pioneers Genealogical Magazine*, Volume 3, Issue 2.2 (May 1966).

Brittain, Jabez Marshall—born May 4, 1842, Oglethorpe Co., Georgia, son of Henry Britain, who served as Clerk of Court of Ordinary for more than twenty-five years; grandson of George Brittian, who moved from Virginia to Georgia in 1797. Jabez M. Brittain graduated from Franklin College in 1861; volunteered CSA in Sept of the same year; appointed Chaplain of the 38th Georgia Regiment, in Virginia.

He returned home on furlough and was ordained at the Lexington church—Revs. N.M. Crawford, B.M. Callaway; James M. Coile; and L.R.L. Jennings officiating as presbytery. In January 1865 he was married to Ida Callaway, daughter of William R. Callaway, and granddaughter of Rev. Enoch Callaway. Five children.

[*Faith in the Fight* roster records middle name as "Mercer."]

James A. Brown
United States Army Chaplain
(87th Pennsylvania Infantry)
(Hospital Chaplain)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 33.

Date of Muster into Service: Sept. 25, '61.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Resigned July 16, 1862.

Asbury B. Castle
United States Army Chaplain
(115th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 147.

Age: 30
Date of Entering the Service: Sept. 17, 1862.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Resigned Aug. 2, 1863.

Lucius W. Chapman
United States Army Chaplain
(110th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 3.

Age: 37
Date of Entering the Service: Feb. 18, 1864.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Resigned April 28, 1864.

Samuel F. Colt
United States Army Chaplain
(96th Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 390.

Date of Muster into Service: Sept. 23, '61.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Resigned July 11, 1862.

William L. Curry
Confederate States Army Chaplain
(50th Georgia Infantry)
Source: *Georgia Pioneers Genealogical Magazine*, Volume 3, Issue 2.2 (May 1966).

Curry, W.L.—born Dec. 30, 1836, Edgefield District, South Carolina, son of Joel & Elizabeth Curry; graduated from Furman University, attended the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina, later became a Baptist.

Entered CSA as a private, soon afterwards appointed Chaplain of Semme's Georgia Brigade. After the war he moved to Southwest Georgia, taught school, farmed, and preached in Doughertry, Baker, and Early Counties. On May 2, 1861 he was married to Miss Emily E. Toy, daughter of Thomas D. Toy, of Norfolk, Virginia. Had issue.

Francis Marion Daniel
Confederate States Army Chaplain
(33rd Alabama Infantry)
(Hospital Chaplain)
Source: *Georgia Pioneers Genealogical Magazine*, Volume 3, Issue 2.2 (May 1966).

Daniel, Francis Marion—born Sept. 16, 1834, Butler Co., Ala., son of Francis & Delana T. Daniel, spent three years at Howard College and two years at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Greenville, S.C. He served in CSA as Chaplain and was transferred, as Chaplain to the Newnan, Ga., Hospital, where on May 26, 1864 he married Miss Mattie C. Wilkinson, daughter of Major U. B. Wilkinson, of Newnan. Had issue.

Lemuel F. Drake
United States Army Chaplain
(121st Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 275.

Age: —
Date of Entering the Service: Sept. 19, 1862.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment June 8, 1865.

[*Faith in the Fight* roster lists his additional service with the 17th and 31st Ohio regiments.]

Francis D. Eagan
United States Army Chaplain
(8th Pennsylvania Cavalry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 118.

Date of Muster into Service: —
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Resigned Dec. 12, 1862.

William Earnshaw
United States Army Chaplain
(49th Pennsylvania Infantry)
(Army Hospital Chaplain: Tennessee)
John P. Nicholson
Source: *Pennsylvania at Gettysburg: Ceremonies at the Dedication of the Monuments*, Volume 1 (Harrisburg, PA: E.K. Myers, State Printer, 1893), 288.

Chaplain Earnshaw resigned [from the 49th Pennsylvania Infantry] October 9, 1862, and was shortly afterwards appointed chaplain in the United States army where he served during the war. At the close of the war he was appointed on a commission to collect the remains of our gallant dead and have them removed to the National cemeteries, and by his personal appeal to Hon. Henry Wilson, Chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate, an appropriation was passed providing for a marble head and foot stone for every Union soldier so buried. After the completion of this service he was sent as chaplain to the Soldier's Home in Dayton, Ohio, where he remained until his death in 1885.

David C. Eberhart
United States Army Chaplain
(87th Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 33.

Date of Muster into Service: Feb. 13, '63.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Discharged Oct. 18, 1864—expiration of term.

W.A.G. Emerson
United States Army Chaplain
(120th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 241.

Age: 46.
Date of Entering the Service: Oct. 17, 1862.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Resigned Feb. 5, 1863.

Charles G. Ferris
United States Army Chaplain
(123rd Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 349.

Age: —
Date of Entering the Service: Oct. 7, 1862.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Resigned June 9, 1864.

Henry Ginal
United States Army Chaplain
(98th Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 470.

Date of Muster into Service: Oct.1, '61.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Resigned September 26, 1862.

James Harvey
United States Army Chaplain
(110th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 3.

Age: 45
Date of Entering the Service: Feb. 11, 1863.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Captured June 15, 1863, at battle of Winchester, Va.; released Oct. —, 1863; resigned Nov. 18, 1863, for physical disability.

John H. Hassler
United States Army Chaplain
(7th Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 1062.

Date of Muster into Service: Feb. 8, ’62.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Resigned August 4, 1863.

Thomas Hill
United States Army Chaplain
(114th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 107.

Age: 38
Date of Entering the Service: Sept. 11, 1862.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Resigned Feb. 2, 1863.

Timothy H. Himes
United States Army Chaplain
(111th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 61.

Age: 37
Date of Entering the Service: Feb. 15, 1865.
Period of Service: 1 year.
Remarks: Promoted from private Co. F May 31, 1865; mustered out with regiment June 27, 1865.

Ambrose Hollington
United States Army Chaplain
(111th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 45.

Age: 30
Date of Entering the Service: Sept. 6, 1862.

Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Discharged Sept. 24, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.

Thomas P. Hunt
United States Army Chaplain
(7th Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 1062.

Date of Muster into Service: Feb. 8, '64.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, Jan. 29, 1866.

Archibald Huston
United States Army Chaplain
(122nd Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 309.

Age: 38
Date of Entering the Service: Aug. 22, 1862.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Promoted from private Co. A May 4, 1864; mustered out with regiment June 26, 1865.

John James Hyman
Confederate States Army Chaplain
(49th Georgia Infantry)
Source: *Georgia Pioneers Genealogical Magazine*, Volume 3, Issue 2.2 (May 1966).

Hyman, J.J.—born Sept. 21, 1822, Warren County, Georgia, served as Chaplain, 49th Georgia Regiment, CSA, one of the best in General Lee's Army. Later he became a teacher as well as minister and served as Principal of Mt. Vernon Institute. In 1852 he and Miss S.F. Barnes were married. Had issue.

John K. Karcher
United States Army Chaplain
(114th Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 1188.

Date of Muster into Service: Sept. 1, '62.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Resigned April 3, 1863.

Joseph S. Lame
United States Army Chaplain

(93rd Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 294.

Date of Muster into Service: Oct.8, ’62.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, June 27, 1865.

James Logan
United States Army Chaplain
(116th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 181.

Age: 34
Date of Entering the Service: Jan. 2, 1864.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Promoted from private Co. C Nov.12, 1864; mustered out with regiment June 14, 1865.

John W. Lewis
United States Army Chaplain
(125th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 419.

Age: —
Date of Entering the Service: Nov. 4, 1863.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Resigned Jan. 20, 1865.

[*Faith in the Fight* roster also notes his service with the 45th Ohio.]

William G. March
United States Army Chaplain
(115th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 147.

Age: 38
Date of Entering the Service: Dec. 1, 1863.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Resigned Oct. 28, 1864.

Charles C. McCabe
United States Army Chaplain
(122nd Ohio Infantry)

Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 309.

Age: 26
Date of Entering the Service: Oct. 8, 1862.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Resigned Jan. 8, 1864 on account of physical disability.

James M. McCarter
United States Army Chaplain
(14th Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 284.

McCarter was one of the chaplains who viewed service in a line officer role as more desirable that the care of souls as a chaplain. He raised the 93rd Pennsylvania Infantry Regiment.

On the 12th of September, 1861, James M. M^{c}Carter, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, stationed at the time at Lebanon, and who had been Chaplain of the Fourteenth Regiment in the three months' service, received authority from the Secretary of War to raise a regiment of infantry. A call was published on the following day, and a camp of rendezvous established at the Fair Grounds near the borough of Lebanon. In less than one month's time its ranks were full.

A regimental organization was effected by the selection of the following field officers: James M. M^{c}Carter, Colonel; John W. Johnston, Lieutenant Colonel; and John C. Osterloh, Major. On the 3d of November, a silk flag, a gift of citizens of Lebanon, was presented, and on the 13th, the State colors were delivered by Governor Curtin. While in camp the regiment was supplied with everything that could contribute to the comfort of the men by the people of the town and county of Lebanon, and a liberal sum of money was contributed for the support of the families of those who enlisted. An excellent band was attached to the regiment.

Robert McCune
United States Army Chaplain
(128th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 493.

Age: —
Date of Entering the Service: July 10, 1862.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Missing Dec. —. No further record found.

[*Faith in the Fight* roster cites his service with a military hospital.]

Henry H. Messenger
United States Army Chaplain
(136th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 637.

Age: 26
Date of Entering the Service: May 2, 1864.
Period of Service: 100 days.
Remarks: Promoted from private Co B May 17, 1864; mustered out with regiment Aug 31, 1864.

Milton J. Miller
United States Army Chaplain
(110th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 3.

Age: 33
Date of Entering the Service: Aug. 8, 1864.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment June 25, 1865. [Roster says 1864, but it is clearly a typographical error.]

James Mitchell
United States Army Chaplain
(110th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 587.

Age: —
Date of Entering the Service: May 2, 1864.
Period of Service: 100 days.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment Aug. 20, 1865.

Joseph Morris
United States Army Chaplain
(113th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 77.

Age: 51
Date of Entering the Service: Sept. 16, 1863.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment July 6, 1865.

[*Faith in the Fight* roster lists Chaplain Morris' service with the 54th and 114th Ohio regiments.]

Orville J. Nave
United States Army Chaplain
(Post: Ohio)
Source: Earl F. Stover, *Up From Handymen: The United States Army Chaplaincy 1865-1920*, volume 3 (Washington, D.C.: Office of the Chief of Chaplains, Department of the Army, 1977), 70-79.

Chaplain Nave had an amazing and influential career. It began with his service during the Civil War, in which he performed the duties of a chaplain while still enlisted. Faith in the Fight *notes that he did serve as a formal chaplain at a Post in Ohio, before the war's conclusion. Due to his noteworthy career, the official history of the United States Army Chaplaincy includes an extended account of his work as a chaplain.*

Chaplains were not unaware of the odium attached to the chaplaincy [by lazy and uncommitted representatives], and by providing what General Howard called a positive and active ministry, some lessened that disapproval. In addition, a few worked toward that same end by arousing public support on behalf of the chaplaincy; the leader of those chaplains was Orville J. Nave. His efforts were instrumental in the creation of what eventually become known as denominational endorsing agencies and of a separate "corps" of chaplains, headed by a chief of chaplains.

Chaplain Nave was commissioned as a Regular Army chaplain in 1882, but not as a stranger to either the Army or the chaplaincy. During the Civil War he had served as an enlisted man in the 111th Illinois Volunteers; at the time, he was a licensed preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, and substituted for the regimental chaplain during the latter's sickness and absence. For about a year, at the commander's request, and along with his soldierly duties, he buried the dead, visited the sick and wounded in hospital, and conducted religious worship services. He was the unit's recognized religious leader.

After the War, he graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University and served as a pastor in Ohio. Upon entering the Army, his credentials left little to be desired. Twelve years later, the Fort Niobrara commander requested through military channels that Nave be relieved from duty and transferred to another post. He alleged that Nave possessed no influence among the officers, enlisted men, and their families; was "*persona non grata* to the command;" and promoted disharmony. He also claimed that the churches in the nearby town of Valentine and the regular visits of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal priests to the post precluded the necessity of a chaplain at Fort Niobrara.

The Commanding General of the Department of the Platte concurred with the post commander's request and said that Nave's "inability to interest soldiers in his services or to attract them to the school under his supervision" and the "low estimate he seems to have of the moral condition of the Army is likely to make him an object of dislike if not hatred wherever he may go." When the correspondence about this matter reached the Secretary of War, he gave the department commander permission to reassign Nave to any post within his department, but the commander believed that Nave would "be no more *persona grata* at any post to which he may be sent than he has been at the post heretofore occupied by him. Consequently, Nave remained at Fort Niobrara for another four years. During that

time he was unaware of the correspondence concerning him and apparently continued his ministry without modifying his style. In 1904 that correspondence prevented his promotion.

The locus of the dissatisfaction with Nave's ministry was primarily in the activities he undertook in 1887 on behalf of the Army chaplains and the moral and religious welfare of the Army. Before that time his chaplaincy was not unlike that of other chaplains. Aside from his duties as superintendent of the post schools, he conducted a religious program which included revival meetings, Sunday school, a Sunday service, and a weekday prayer meeting. Both children and enlisted men attended the Sunday school, and the officers' wives assisted with the classes.

At Fort Lyon, Colorado, he reported that 40 per cent of the enlisted men attended divine worship and that soldiers with "blameless and Christian lives" attended prayer meetings. Observing that intoxicating liquors were the cause of most "misdemeanors committed and punishments inflicted," he advocated absolute prohibition for military installations; he believed prohibition would bring good order and discipline and improve the Army's moral condition.

He also opined that the War Department should issue orders for the suppression of gambling on Army posts. If his chaplaincy was unusual, it was the time and attention he devoted to Bible study; in 1896 he published a volume titled, *Nave's Topical Bible*, which he attributed to his wife's assistance and 14 years of "delightful and untiring study" within the "quiet of army garrisons, apart from the rush and distraction of dense communities."

Chaplain Nave suffered a period of poor health. In 1884, while stationed at Fort Lyon, he had the first of three heart attacks; within a year he was confined to his bed with "a complication of dyspepsia, nervous prostration and heart failure." Not until December 1887, when he reported for duty at Fort Omaha, Nebraska, was he able to resume his ministry. Shortly after his arrival at Fort Omaha, Chaplain Nave met Brevet Brigadier General Samuel Breck, the Adjutant General of the Department of the Platte. Breck had served at the U.S. Military Academy during 1860 and 1861 as one of Chaplain John W. French's assistant professors of geography, history, and ethics; he believed that the churches should take a more active interest in the religious welfare of soldiers and their families.

When the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., met in Omaha in 1887, General Breck addressed it regarding his concern. As a result, it appointed a committee to lay before Congress the "present want of religious instruction" at Army posts and to petition for "chaplains in sufficient numbers to meet this want." The general later related his concern to Nave and encouraged him "to awaken a new interest in the churches in behalf of the army." "Nave accepted Breck's encouragement as a mandate and wrote to the other Army chaplains. They expressed enough interest in the matter to form a "chaplains' movement" and elected Nave as the corresponding secretary. Thus elected, and speaking for the chaplains, he hastened to memorialize the large denominations to cooperate in an effort to improve the moral and religious condition of the Army.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, which met in Omaha in May 1888, was the first body to consider Nave's memorial, and Nave persuaded the delegates to adopt a resolution which became a model for other church bodies. After calling attention to the inadequate number of Army chaplains, the unfitness of some chaplains, and the lack of any provision for the promotion or advancement of chaplains, the conference resolved that provision be made for a corps of 100 chaplains; that all applicants for the chaplaincy be examined for fitness by experienced chaplains; that the President appoint only those applicants recommended by the examiners; that provision be made for the promotion or advancement of chaplains; and that the Army provide an opportunity for one or more annual assemblies of chaplains wherein they could "compare methods, exchange views, instruct novices, inspire the discouraged, and devise improved methods of work."

Following the General Conference the Methodist bishops brought the resolution to the attention of the Methodist churches, and three of the bishops joined representatives from other denominations to present the matter to the military committees in Congress. In the meantime, similar action was taken by other national religious bodies, including the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., the Congregational churches, the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the U.S.A., the Young Men's Christian Association, the United Presbyterian Church, and the Baptist Home Mission Society. Subsequently, many regional religious bodies and local churches became interested in the chaplaincy, made resolutions similar to those of their national bodies, and wrote to their Congressmen.

Chaplain Nave collected copies of those resolutions, organized them, and had them printed. When Benjamin Harrison was elected to the Presidency, Nave sent the resolutions to him with a request that he appoint a Secretary of War who would promote the moral and religious welfare of the Army. President elect Harrison responded by assuring Nave of "his earnest consideration" and by appointing Redfield Proctor to head the War Department. When Proctor assumed his duties, he entered cordially into the spirit of the churches by making a "careful study" of the Army's moral and religious needs. Upon completion of the study, Nave began to see the results of his efforts. To permit officers, enlisted men, and their families to have a greater opportunity to observe the Sabbath, President Harrison on 7 June 1889 ordered that Sunday inspection be "merely of the dress and general appearance, without arms," and that the "complete inspection under arms, with all men present" take place on Sunday. [The final word here is an unfortunate mistake. That actual General Order reads, "the more complete inspection under arms, with all men present, as required in par. 950, A.R., 1889, will take place on Saturday."]

During the process of ascertaining how to provide all soldiers an opportunity for religious instruction, Secretary of War Proctor in 1889 asked Congress, as a temporary measure, to appropriate funds for the employment of clergymen at posts where no chaplains were stationed. In addition, he restricted the sale of alcoholic beverages on posts to beer and prohibited the sale of all intoxicating drinks on posts located in prohibition states. The Adjutant General addressed the question of advancement for chaplains and recommended the "assignment of the most efficient at the largest posts furthest removed from the great centers of religious influence." What he meant was that six chaplains be assigned to posts with 10 or more companies, at a salary of $2000; 11 chaplains to posts with six to nine

companies, at a salary of $1800; and 13 chaplains to posts with five or less companies, with a salary of $1600. He believed that advancement of conferring rank upon chaplains "would seriously affect their usefulness as teachers of Christianity."

The Quartermaster General reported that chaplains were permitted to wear an "ordinary daily use coat similar in cut to that worn by other officers." Believing that regimental camaraderie would motivate the chaplains to greater efficiency, the Inspector General suggested in 1891 and 1892 that all post chaplains be transferred to regiments. Most important, on 6 January 1890 Congressman Byron M. Cutcheon introduced House Bill 3868 in the House of Representatives; it was titled: "To increase the Number of Chaplains in the Army of the United States, to Define their Duties and Increase their Efficiency." Nave's perseverance toward sustaining the interest of the churches also brought their representatives together in April 1890 at Washington, D.C., to discuss how to perpetuate such interest; Nave traveled from Fort Omaha to attend that meeting. Recalling the success of the Christian Commission on behalf of the moral welfare of servicemen during the Civil War, the representatives became convinced of the importance of forming a permanent interdenominational association. Consequently, they convened again in September and organized "The United Christian Commission." The purpose of the commission was stated in its constitution.

> The object shall be the promotion of the intellectual, moral and religious welfare of the Army and Navy, by suggesting needful national legislation and administration, securing well qualified Chaplains, encouraging Sabbath observance, promoting temperance, multiplying libraries, reading rooms and gymnasiums; endeavouring to arouse the sentiment of the nation to a sense of its obligation to this large class of our fellow citizens.

Though Nave was unable to attend the organizational meeting, he was elected in absentia as a corresponding secretary for the establishment of auxiliary commissions. The first annual session of the United Christian Commission was held the following December at Washington, D.C., and Chaplain Nave was elected corresponding secretary for the Army. The commission listened to papers written by Army chaplains and discussed what should be done to achieve its own objectives. Secretary of War Proctor presided over a mass meeting which concluded the session; in a brief address to the assembly, Proctor cited Oliver Cromwell's army as "a model in character for soldiers of this Christian country" and said that "the higher the moral character of the army, the more effective it must be and the more worthy the esteem of the country."

Nave was the principal speaker, and he commended the churches and the Harrison administration for their support of the Commission's objective; he then outlined three "things yet needed:" a religious teacher for every post; a chapel for every chaplain, furnished with an organ and provided with "hymnals so compiled as to be service able for all denominations and circumstances;" and a library, reading room, and gymnasium at every post. Moreover, he declared that officers who gamble and practice intemperance should not be promoted; that gambling should be prohibited in the Articles of War; that it should be illegal for any person not authorized by the Secretary of War to furnish

intoxicating drinks to enlisted men; and that barracks should be divided into squad rooms to enable men of like tastes to be roommates and to separate the "vicious from the well disposed."

Following Nave's address Congressman Cutcheon, the chairman of the House of Representatives Military Committee, assured the Commission of his sympathy and said that the enactment of House Bill 3868 would meet the objective of the Commission. At the close of the meeting, a speaker described The United Christian Commission as "a bond that unites the national forces with the Christian churches," and the members resolved to remain in active relation with the chaplains and to aid them in their work.

House Bill 3868 was, in reality, a legal version of Chaplain Nave's memorial to the churches and of the various resolutions of the churches. In addition to the 34 chaplains already authorized by law, it provided for 15 junior chaplains with the rank and pay of first lieutenants and for acting chaplains at every post with two or more companies. It extended the traditional chaplain duties to include supplying soldiers with secular and religious literature; supervising libraries, reading rooms, and gymnasiums; and reporting the causes of discontent among enlisted men, "with suggestions for remedying such causes." To promote efficiency, it provided for the 34 senior chaplains to receive a captain's pay and forage for one horse; restricted the appointment of junior chaplains to qualified applicants of 34 years of age, or under; established a system of appointment and advancement; authorized the Secretary of War to assemble the chaplains, either by boards or in whole, for their professional development; and created a corps of chaplains. Congress, however, failed to enact the bill.

When Chaplain Nave received word of the bill's failure, he mailed a circular letter to his fellow chaplains to announce a "Conference of Army Chaplains" at Leavenworth, Kansas, in May 1891. The purpose of the conference was to determine what steps would redeem the chaplaincy from the odium attached to it. Because of the distance and expense involved, only six chaplains representing five denominations were able to attend. Chaplain John B. McCleery was elected president of the conference and Nave the secretary. They voted to renew efforts toward the passage of the bill, and elected Nave to represent their interest before the Secretary of War, the Military Committees of both houses of Congress, and the churches. They considered a variety of subjects, including guard house and hospital visitation, libraries, a religious periodical for the Army, gambling, temperance, the Army canteen, and chaplains generally. They stressed the need for chaplains with better qualifications and high character. To promote fraternal relations among chaplains and cooperation in advancing the moral and religious interests of the Army, they formed an association, "The Army Chaplains' Alliance," which was to meet biennially. They also favored "bimonthly lectures, under the charge of chaplains, upon such articles of war as specially relate to moral subjects, upon which lectures attendance of enlisted men shall be required." They frequently spoke of themselves as a corps of chaplains and resolved to:

> . . . most earnestly and unitedly petition the Secretary of War to detail Chaplain Orville J. Nave to collate and represent the reports of chaplains,

> and represent the moral and religious interests of the army at the War Department, and for this purpose to station him in Washington, D.C.

Following the conference the *Army-Navy Journal* encouraged the chaplains' efforts "to unite for the general good" and said that "if they can create a public sentiment in their own corps which will make it impossible to secure the appointment of 'hirelings,' who bring discredit upon a noble profession, they would do themselves and the Army great service."

Chaplain Nave sent printed copies of the minutes to the 32 chaplains then on active duty, 26 of whom approved the action taken regarding House Bill 3868; three voted in the negative, and for various reasons the others declined to vote. Two years later, the chaplains held a second conference in Chicago, apparently their last one; The United Christian Commission met annually through 1896. Both associations failed to achieve their most important objectives, because Congress never saw fit to pass House Bill 3868. However, they did make notable progress during the years of President Harrison's administration, particularly while Proctor was Secretary of War. Most significantly, The United Christian Commission persuaded the churches to consider the state of the chaplaincy.

At its annual meeting in 1891, it discussed clergymen who, incompetent or worse, were unable to secure positions in their own churches, but through political influence achieved appointment as chaplains. To preclude continuance of such a condition, the Commission asked each church represented on the Commission to form a committee "to ascertain and certify the standing, character, and qualifications" of its applicants for the chaplaincy. The Roman Catholic Church had already made such an arrangement; in 1890 its hierarchy established a commission of archbishops to recruit priests for the military chaplaincy. Although the commission met with little success, it did attempt to find qualified applicants. Most important, Archbishop John Ireland, who had been a Union chaplain during the Civil War, convinced the archbishops of the United States in 1905 to appoint Father Alexander P. Doyle as their representative to the Federal government in matters pertaining to Catholic chaplains.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, North, was apparently the first Protestant body to form what later became known as an ecclesiastical endorsing agency; in May 1892 its General Conference appointed a board of three bishops "to recommend those only to the President who in their judgment are best qualified" and to ask the President to refrain from appointing any applicant not recommended by the bishops. Two weeks later, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., took similar action, as did the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1898. In 1899 the Episcopalians even received a pledge from President McKinley to forward all Episcopal applications to the Bishop of Washington, D.C., for approval. The Methodists received a like promise in 1906 from President Roosevelt. Although Chaplain Nave and the churches continued to pursue measures for the improvement of the chaplaincy and the moral and religious life of the Army, the interest within the War Department and the Army declined when Secretary of War Proctor left office in November 1891. Despite President Harrison's order of 7 June 1889 and the general order published on 14 June 1889 regarding Sabbath inspections, commanders conducted troop movements, musters, and reviews on Sundays.

The Headquarters of the Army on 6 August 1892 removed chaplains from membership on the post councils of administration. The Army regulations of 1896 authorized post commanders to appoint officers as school superintendent at chaplain posts. Most significantly, the Commander of the Army, Lieutenant General John M. Schofield, proposed in 1895 that the post councils of administration study the "religious wants of their garrisons and provide for them to the extent of such appropriations as Congress may from time to time give for that purpose." His proposal was apparently an attempt to employ post chaplains by contract as they were before 1867. To win support for it, someone in the Headquarters of the Army leaked a copy of the letter General Sherman sent to C.D. McDougall in 1882 regarding his brother's interest in a chaplain appointment, and the *Army-Navy Journal* printed it.

Thinking of the unqualified, unfit, and unworthy clergymen who had received political appointments to the chaplaincy, General Howard supported the Schofield proposition, believing it would provide "clergymen of fitness and ability." He even envisioned that the ablest ministers might be employed during the few months of their vacation. After acknowledging the proposition made by the chaplains and the churches to "revise and extend the chaplaincy," he expressed fear that its primary effect would be merely to provide a larger haven of rest for weary, overworked, or sick clergymen. He did not believe it was "politically possible" to have an enlarged and efficient chaplaincy.

Without making reference to Schofield, Howard, or Nave, Chaplain Cephas C. Bateman opposed the propositions to raise the rank of chaplains to major, to create a corps of chaplains, and to have the corps commanded by a chaplain-general with headquarters in Washington, D.C. He believed that they were prompted by "a spirit of state churchism," and he called the creation of a corps headed by a chaplain-general "un-American." He said that the "more official religion is, the less effective it is." He declared:

> Should this idea become concrete in a bill before Congress, the writer of this article may be counted on to resist with tongue and pen to the full limit of his ability and influence. He will favor no such thing. Imagine a group of nonconformist Chaplains taking orders from a high churchman, of high churchmen being dominated by a Roman Catholic proudly set above the corps to lord it over God's heritage in true medieval style! Why, the dissenting Chaplains would be court-martialed within twenty-four hours for conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline in violation of the sixty-second article of war. The proposition can never be seriously considered by either Protestants or Catholics.

Bateman [a Baptist who would become the first Commandant of a peacetime chaplain school] capped his argument by saying, "In my relations with the garrison I wish only to remember that I am a minister of the Master by divine calling and forget that I am an officer of rank by presidential appointment."

Whether Nave was aware of Bateman's convictions is uncertain, but as a consequence of the Schofield proposition, and what he termed other "unmistakable prejudice" against

chaplains, he claimed that the chaplains "ceased to look for sympathetic influences" and seemed "to accept the inevitable with no further efforts to change existing conditions." If the other chaplains reacted that way, Nave did not. Predictably, he wrote and published an article in Theophilus G. Steward's book, *Active Service*, titled, "The Status of Army Chaplains," and alleged that advocates of the proposition to employ chaplains by contract were primarily interested in denying chaplains the benefit of retired pay. Moreover, he reiterated his conviction that the efficiency of chaplains could only be increased by giving them administrative and policy-making roles in the chaplaincy. Nave showed every sign of vigorously pursuing his campaign on behalf of the chaplaincy; the Spanish-American War, however, forced him to postpone it.

John Quimby
United States Army Chaplain
(93rd Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 294.

Date of Muster into Service: Nov.1, '61.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Died at Annapolis, Md., August 11, 1862.

Joel G. Rammel
United States Army Chaplain
(114th Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 1188.

Date of Muster into Service: Sept. 1, '62.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Resigned May 29, 1863.

L.R. Royce
United States Army Chaplain
(135th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 3.

Age: 33
Date of Entering the Service: May 2, 1864.
Period of Service: 100 days.
Remarks: Promoted from private Co. D June 7, 1864; mustered out with regiment Sept. 1, 1864.

L.R. Royce
United States Army Chaplain
(135th Ohio Infantry)
Source: Leslie D. Wilcox, *Wesleyan Methodism in Ohio* (Published by author, circa 1942), 37-38.

The last name to which we call attention is that of La Roy Royce. He was born in Bennington township, Morrow county, September 3, 1831. He was converted under the preaching of Jesse McBride and united with the Wesleyan Church at the age of 16. He received his education at a Quaker school and his theological training under the tutorship of Edward Smith. Royce was received into the conference in 1851 and ordained at the conference of 1853 at the same time as George Bainum, with whose name his is frequently connected. The friendship between these two seems to have been particularly close and warm.

Royce's first pastorate was at Deersville where he went as junior preacher with Evans Thompson, in whose home he lived that year. In 1852 Royce was appointed to Norwalk where he remained for two years, the second year with A.B. Hicks as assistant. In 1854 he went to Sandusky, in 1855 to Washington for two years. This was followed by two years at Middleport station, two years at Mt. Vernon, and three years at Licking.

In 1864 he took no appointment but served as chaplain in the army. In 1865 he came back to Licking with its name changed now to Harrison. After he had been there two years, he took the pastorate of a Congregational church at Hartford (Croton) where he remained for some time.

He is marked withdrawn by the conference of 1872. But he retained close relationship with the Wesleyans through the years, closer in fact than any other man who left the denomination. He came back and visited conference after conference and at one time served the Wesleyan church at Cleveland for two years. His later life was occupied with work for the Congregational Church in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. He died October 10, 1908, just nine days before Evans Thompson with whom he served his first pastorate.

Royce has preserved for us his vivid recollections of the early men of the conference and of his first session of conference, at Harrison in 1851, in an address given before the conference of 1900 at Senecaville. . . . We quote it almost in its entirety.

[An extended history follows. It begins: "The founders of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection were not scheming ecclesiastics but Christian heroes. They were not place-seekers, but humble inquirers after the right in doctrinal beliefs, social environments, and religious activities. They had but little fear of man coupled with great fear of God."]

Jeremiah Shindel
United States Army Chaplain
(110th Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 985.

[*Surname recorded as "Schindel" in* Faith in the Fight.]

Date of Muster into Service: Dec. 28, '61.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Discharged June 9, 1863.

John M. Springer
United States Army Chaplain
(3rd Wisconsin Infantry)
Source: C.W. Butterfield, ed. *The History of Columbia County, Wisconsin*, Volume 1 (Chicago: Western Historical Company, 1880), 735.

From the fall of 1862, till the summer of 1863, Rev. John M. Springer filled the pulpit [of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Poynette, Wisconsin]. He was an eloquent, earnest, patriotic, Christian man. He was drafted and appointed Chaplain of his regiment, which position he filled till in battle at Resaca, the Captain, First and Second Lieutenants of his company fell, when he seized a musket and led on the charge, was struck in a mortal part and carried from the field. In his last moments, he said to Charles Early, a comrade, "I have lived what I preached in our Northern home, and die in the favor of God."

Reverend Springer also served as a chaplain for the International Association of Good Templars, which promoted temperance. From page 828 of the same volume:

The temperance cause in this place has always had some very strong advocates—men and women who were willing to labor to "save the fallen and prevent others from falling." As individuals, they have toiled; and in organizations, under various names, they have endeavored to inculcate temperance principles in the community. . . . A number of ladies and gentlemen of this place having petitioned the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars of the State of Wisconsin, with authority and assistance to open a lodge.

. . . The charter members of the lodge [included] John Springer, Chaplain . . . The lodge flourished until the breaking-out of the war, when a considerable number of the members went forth to battle for their country. During the existence of the rebellion, regular meetings were sustained, but the interest was not great. In 1865, the membership again increased, and interest was well sustained until 1866, when a number of the members became dissatisfied and withdrew, and, the spring following, the lodge ceased to exist.

William H.N. Stewart
United States Army Chaplain
(11th Pennsylvania Cavalry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 911.

Date of Muster into Service: Oct. 5, '61.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Resigned January 15, 1862.

Theodore Stowe
United States Army Chaplain
(114th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 107.

Age: —
Date of Entering the Service: April 4, 1863.
Period of Service: 3 years.
Remarks: Mustered out with the regiment July 31, 1865.

Aaron J. Stubbs
United States Army Chaplain
(132nd Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 573.

Age: —
Date of Entering the Service: May 2, 1864.
Period of Service: 100 days.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment Sept. 10, 1864.

Miles G. Todd
United States Army Chaplain
(23rd Wisconsin Infantry)
Source: C.W. Butterfield, ed. *The History of Columbia County, Wisconsin*, Volume 1 (Chicago: Western Historical Company, 1880), 979.

Rev. M.G. Todd, Pastor of the Universalist Church at Black River Falls, Elkhorn, and the parish of Wyocena; was born at Homer, Cortland Co., N.Y., in 1821; he is the youngest son of eleven children, whose parents were Dan and Sarah Todd, natives of Connecticut, but were among the first settlers of Cortland Co., N.Y., where they afterward died. The Rev. Mr. Todd completed his studies at the Cortland Academy of Homer in 1843, and afterward removed to Geneva, Kane Co., Ill., where he engaged in teaching for five years, and then followed farming there for six years.

Reduced in health, he came to Wisconsin for recuperation and located on a farm in the town of Merrimack, Sauk Co. Regaining his health, he entered upon the work of the ministry at Prairie du Sac in 1856; in 1857, he preached the first Universalist sermon at Lodi, Wis.; organized the society and was settled as its Pastor for five years; in the spring of 1862, he removed to Mazo Manie [sic], Dane Co., where he organized the society and was Pastor two years.

He was called to the chaplaincy of the 23d W.V.I., under Col. Guppey, in 1864, and remained with his regiment till the close of the war. Returning then to Mazo Manie [sic], he resumed his ministerial work there, and also organized a society and built the Universalist Church at Prairie du Sac; in February, 1866, he preached his first sermon at Columbus; organized the society and was settled as its Pastor in the following spring. After a successful pastorate of twelve years, much worn with labor, he resigned. Soon forming a circuit, including the parishes of Black River Falls, Elkhorn and Wyocena, he has since supplied these places with regular services.

At Homer, N.Y., in 1845, he was married to Miss Margaret Williams, who died at Geneva, Ill., in 1849, leaving two sons—Lewellyn and Willard. His second marriage was in 1850, to Miss Helen Parker, of Geneva, Ill.; they have three sons and two daughters—W.E., a graduate of the State University in 1876, and has since been Principal of the Lodi High School; D. Charles, a farmer in Sauk Co.; Miles E., now a student at the Columbus High School; Evelyn, a student of vocal music under the instruction of Miss Fannie Root, of Chicago; Myrtie, a student in the public schools of Columbus. Rev. Mr. Todd is a member of the Masonic fraternity; also of the Order of Good Templars, Temple of Honor, and S. of T., and of I.O.O.F.; has been R.W.G. Chaplain of the Order of the State.

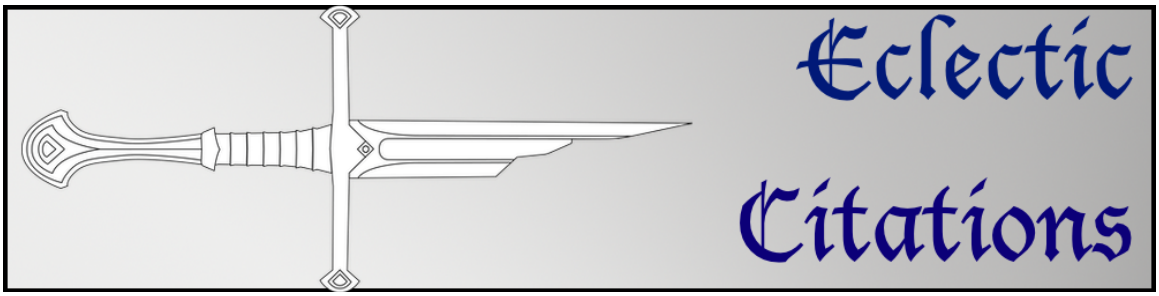
Joseph Welsh
United States Army Chaplain
(91st Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 194.

[*Surname recorded as "Welch" in* Faith in the Fight.]

Date of Muster into Service: Dec. 4, '62.
Term—Years: 3
Remarks: Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 19, '63.

Charles H. Williams
United States Army Chaplain
(138th Ohio Infantry)
Source: *Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion*, volume 8 (Cincinnati: Ohio Valley Press, 1888), 665.

Age: 44
Date of Entering the Service: May 26, 1864.
Period of Service: 100 days.
Remarks: Promoted from private Co C June 10, 1864; mustered out with regiment Sept. 1, 1864.



Thanks for Your Service, But There's No Room in the Hospital

George Jordan received the Medal of Honor for service in the campaign against Apache Chief Victorio in the Southwest. He had a successful military career, but his life ended without according him the respect he had earned.

He stayed in K Troop, his home for twenty-seven years, until 1897, most of the time serving as first sergeant. . . . Respected and liked by his men as well as by his superiors, he was chosen president of K Troop's Diamond Club by his fellow soldiers. After he retired from Fort Robinson, he eked out a living in the small but cohesive community of former buffalo soldiers that took hold in nearby Crawford.

Jordan died in Crawford on October 24, 1904, under circumstances that did not reflect well on the Army that he had served so faithfully. Chaplain William T. Anderson of the Tenth Cavalry tersely summarized events, noting that "First Sergt. George Jordan, retired, died for the want of proper attention. He lived alone and had no one to attend to his wants. The doctor made two applications for his admittance into Fort Robinson Hospital and was refused."

Jordan had applied for admission to the hospital while the post commander . . . was absent. The surgeon declined to admit him, claiming the hospital was full and that Jordan should go to the U.S. Soldier's Home in Washington, D.C.

During subsequent review, the Surgeon General of the Army supported the post chaplain's decision, acknowledging veterans could be treated in posts on a case-by-case basis, "especially when their records and services are as excellent as were those of 1st Sergeant George Jordan, Retired."

Source: Frank N. Schubert, *Black Valor: Buffalo Soldiers and the Medal of Honor, 1870-1898* (Wilmington, Delaware: SR Books, 1997), 88-89.

Just Let the War End

The Armistice ended combat during the First World War. It was officially a truce, to allow for peace during the negotiation of the final treaty. Some thought it poetic to schedule the happy moment for the arbitrary hour of eleven hundred, since it would be the "eleventh hour of the

eleventh day of the eleventh month" of 1918. Sadly, both sides took advantage of those extra hours to continue shelling one another. Because of the hard hearts of humanity, 2,738 more men died on that final day of the war.

Rev. William F. Davitt, 1907
First Lieutenant
Senior Chaplain, 32nd Division, U.S.A.

Clergyman. Willimansett, Mass. He volunteered as a K. of C. [Knights of Columbus] chaplain when the United States entered the war; received his appointment in September, 1917; commissioned First Lieutenant (Chaplain) in 125th Regiment, 32nd Division, at Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas. This regiment was composed mostly of recruits from the states of Michigan and Wisconsin. The first boat on which Father Davitt had been ordered to sail was wrecked with some loss of life. He arrived in France in November, 1917.

During the advance of his Division along the Vesle River he learned that a party of Americans was cut off in a ravine. Calling for volunteers, Chaplain Davitt led them through a hail of machine gun bullets and rescued those cut off without the loss of a man. The French Army citation, signed by Marshal Retain, awarding Chaplain Davitt the Croix de Guerre with palm, states that "in the advance from the Ourcq to the Vesle, from July 31st to August 6th, 1918, he performed his duties constantly under violent fire, and regardless of danger. By word and example he encouraged the men of his regiment, in continuing the attack." He was cited by Major General Summerall, commanding the 5th Corps, "for faithful and conscientious performance of duty and for extreme coolness under shell fire in the performance of his duty as Acting Chief Burial Officer, 5th Corps, during the Meuse-Argonne Operations." Lieutenant Davitt was recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross. He had been transferred to the 3rd Corps, but on November 10th, 1918, he was sent back to his own Division.

About an hour and a half before the armistice became effective on November 11th, 1918, Chaplain Davitt carried a large American flag to present to the Commanding Officer and had just stepped from the latter's room when a piece of a shell bursting on the roof of a barn nearby struck and killed him. The very impressive funeral services were conducted by Rev. George S.L. Connor, '07, a fellow-classmate at Holy Cross, Captain and Senior Chaplain of the 3rd Corps. Lieutenant Davitt was the last American officer killed in the war.

Source: *Holy Cross College Service Record: War of 1917* (Worcester, Massachusetts: Holy Cross College, 1920), 17.

His Commander had been a Chaplain

Colonel James McCarter served as chaplain of the 14th Pennsylvania Infantry until its enlistment ended. Shortly thereafter he recruited the 93rd Pennsylvania Infantry and became the regiment's commander. The regiment's second chaplain was Joseph S. Lane (identified as Lame in some

sources, including Faith in the Fight*). One can only wonder what it was like to serve under a veteran chaplain who might have second-guessed all of your decisions.*

Early in November the regiment was ordered to Philadelphia, where, upon its arrival it was assigned to duty in the city, and remained until after the presidential election, when it returned to camp at Winchester. About the middle of December [1864], with the corps, it returned to the lines in front of Petersburg, where it went into winter-quarters. Through the exertions of Chaplain Joseph S. Lane, a chapel tent was erected, where, during the winter evenings, religious services were held, and the literary society of the regiment met. During the winter, several hundred recruits were received, bringing up its strength to near the minimum standard.

See the next note for more on these two ministers.

Source: Samuel Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers*, 1861-5, Volume 3 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1870), 293.

Chaplain Records His Commander's Words Before Gettysburg

The two chaplains referenced above were together for the dedication of the Pennsylvania monuments at the Gettysburg Battlefield. Chaplain Lane recorded the address originally delivered by Colonel (formerly Chaplain) McCarter as the 93rd Pennsylvania prepared to advance to the pivotal battle.

On the 1st of July, [the regiment] arrived at Manchester, Maryland. During all the preceding day the regiment had trod the dusty heated highway. At 8 o'clock in the evening, worn with the long and weary march, they stretched their aching limbs in the shelter of a friendly forest. Scarcely had they thrown themselves upon the ground, when an aide-de-camp arrived from the blood-baptized heights of Gettysburg, announcing the death of General Reynolds, and that the stupendous conflict had commenced, and requesting regimental commanders to address their troops in language becoming the grandeur of the crisis, and bearing an order for the immortal Sixth—a corps that had never failed to achieve the possible, to hasten to the defense, to strike for their altars and their fires, God and their native State.

The drums beat: "Fall in," leaped from lip to lip, and the host is all astir, swords and belts are buckled on, knapsacks slung, weapons grasped, and, forming into a solid square, they stand determined, defiant. But who shall address them? Where are the souls of fire and tongue of flame? They are there. Colonel McCarter, though now an invalid, the genius of eloquence had touched his lips and bade him speak. His rostrum was a war-steed, the silence was profound and painful, not a foot rose or fell, breathing seemed suspended, all nature appeared as awe-struck at the sublimity of the scene, stood silent, solemn, listening.

He who was to interpret and give tongue to this tremendous silence, began in tones low and tremulous, his voice, acquiring force and volume as he proceeded, rang out on the evening air, solemn and sepulchral as a trumpet from the skies, as if God had

recommissioned the immortal Moses to reinflame the serried hosts of the Lord God about to march to the valley of decision for the dread battle of Armageddon.

> My countrymen, comrades-in-arms, Pennsylvanians: The destroyer has come; fell treason's foul foot has polluted the soil dedicated forever sacred to freedom. Northern hearthstones are threatened; the chains of slavery are clanking, and they are forging fetters to crush your patriotic spirit—the issue is joined, the stupendous conflict has commenced. Interests vast as a world, termless as time are at a venture.
>
> The ninth and nineteenth century, a nation dying or redeemed and regenerated; freedom or slavery are the momentous issues of the hour. Sons of liberty, go forth with alacrity to the battle of the civilized world, where God himself mustered the hosts to war. A nation is at prayer; patriotism, clothed in sackcloth, has fled to her sanctuary and hangs on the horns of the altar, as she pours importunate prayers to the God of battle, to arm you with his own omnipotence.
>
> Religious ministers under God's inspiration lift aloft holy hands and pronounce an apostolical benediction upon your arms. A multitude of mothers in Northern homes at this hour of evening, sacrifice are going to the family altars and with a loving mother's bursting heart, turning her eyes gemmed with the jewels of sparkling tears, to that spot that holds her boy, prays again and rededicates him to his country and to his God. I cannot but imagine that a Lafayette, a Koskiusko or a Washington, the world's greatest and best, are glancing with fiery eye, and again grasping the sword of war to lead you forth to smite the invader. Catch the spirit of Washington, emulate his illustrious example; he never drew his sword but upon his country's enemy, he never sheathed it while his country contained an enemy.
>
> Soldiers, we have met before in the shock of battle, where destruction reveled and death danced as at a festal scene. Again we go; should you fall, the spot will be forever sacred to freedom and a monument immortal as the ages shall rise to your memory. A nation will be your mourners, the liberty-loving of every tongue and tribe, class and kindred, will tender you the tribute of a tear. "Let us forward then."

Not a cheer arose, not a murmur was heard; feelings too profound for speech filled all hearts. Silently, solemnly and majestically as the ocean tide the men move through the aisles of the forest.

Source: John P. Nicholson, *Pennsylvania at Gettysburg: Ceremonies at the Dedication of the Monuments*, volume 1 (Harrisburg, PA: E.K. Myers, State Printer, 1893), 501-02.

The Nailed Hand Versus the Mailed Fist

During his visit to the Front in August and September of 1914, [the Bishop of London] spent every day with his own men the Rifle Brigade of which he was the Hon. Chaplain. From the very beginning, the Bishop in his public addresses, sounds a clarion note of

conviction as to the righteousness of the cause of the Allies, and in the strength of that conviction urged upon all to take some personal part in the struggle. The addresses he published in 1915 will be a storehouse of incident and statement for some future historian to draw upon, when he seeks information as to the point of view of our nation during the struggle, and the ways and habits of the soldiers.

During all this time and the years of protracted struggle which followed, he was busy holding quiet days for the clergy at home on the one hand, and organising help for those abroad on the other. He had to face the problems in the Churches at home, whose finances were depleted, whose congregations were thinned down; and to find a sweet reasonable faith for those who were in the audiences, which would enable them to go on when there seemed nothing for them to go on for. He did it and laboured through the wearying days because of his absolute conviction that the Allies were fighting for the cause of "The Nailed Hand against the mailed fist."

Source: Charles Herbert, *Twenty-Five Years as Bishop of London* (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, undated from 1920s), 108.

Creative Use of Chaplain Funds

Some sheet music entitled "Our Fighting Chaplain" was composed in 1918 and dedicated to Chaplain Herbert G. Markley of the 116th Engineers. Before leaving the States, his National Guard unit, the 2nd North Dakota Infantry "was disintegrated and the letter companies assigned to different regiments of the 41st Division." The musical march was composed by the "Sergeant Bugler" of his native regiment. Prior to departing North Dakota, Chaplain Markley raised funds for the support of his unit, and when it was divided, he allotted portions to each. Some, however, he reserved for a particular use . . . the equipping of newly arrived soldiers, especially "casuals."

Divine Providence seemed to be guiding the young chaplain and his fund, for a few weeks after their arrival in France, the 116th Engineers were stationed at Angers, Maine-et-Loire. Their assigned duty was the training of all engineer replacements for the First Army Corps. Many men came to the regiment, some still weak and unkempt from their long oversea trip, many as casuals, separated by reason of illness from their own organizations which had preceded them.

Large numbers were without funds—and without friends. Hundreds of these men have gone to the front smiling, with the necessities and sometimes a few of the luxuries of army life. Scores of them thanked Chaplain Markley from the bottom of their hearts—for he sent them on their last lap to the Western Front, comfortable—thru the aid of the fund.

In some cases, when circumstances justified, he loaned money to the men directly, but in a majority of cases. Chaplain Markley, himself, purchased articles which he knew the men needed most. Safety razors, soap, towels, dental necessities and shoe shining equipment are a few of the articles supplied. Such absolute necessities as these were distributed after consultation with company commanders and in conjunction with their plans of supply.

Perhaps the fund has proved most valuable in purchasing suspensories. There were none available at hospitals or infirmaries. A large number of these were obtained and fitted in consultation and by the direction of the regimental surgeon, and have saved many men for Uncle Sam and for themselves.

The music was printed during the war, and it declares that "the proceeds of the sale of this march will go to fill up the big drain on the Chaplain's Fund and will be used to help the boys keep clean here in France.

Source: James E. Son, composer. "Our Fighting Chaplain" (Fargo, North Dakota: Stone Piano Company, 1918), 6.

So Much for Cooperation in Ministry

William Taylor (1821-1902) was a Methodist Episcopal missionary who "ignored mission comity agreements" and violated other policies of the Methodist Missionary Board [Biographical Dictionary of Christian Missions]. *While fostering missions chaos in India, he observed the lackadaisical approach of the established Christian presence with which he competed.*

Sabbath, 18th
Preached in the "Union Chapel," at seven a.m., to a congregation of twenty-three soldiers and thirteen civilians. At eleven a.m. I went to the English [Anglican] Church to hear Rev. Mr. M—, the chaplain; but instead, the prayers and a short sermon were read by "our colonel." The whole thing was over, and we were out and gone in less than an hour. It appears that the people here can't stand the worship of God for more than an hour at a time.

Went to the chapel at two p.m., and preached to twenty-three persons; then again, at half-past five p.m., to a congregation of thirty soldiers and thirty civilians. Deep attention, but not ready for an advance, except to explain the situation and get the people to "search the Scriptures . . ."

During this week visited the colonel, the chaplain, and many soldiers' families, and preached every night; but with no decisive results in the way of conversions. When Christmas holidays set in, the people were so taken up with excursions and home entertainments, that we suspended English services, except the regular meetings on Sabbath and Wednesday nights; while George Myall and I spent our time in the native city. We encountered difficulties too numerous and too unimportant for detail here but . . . at our out-door services we had from two to four hundred hearers, and usually very attentive.

Wednesday, January 4th, 1871
I thought I would not give details of this work; but I will drop in a few, for illustration of the many not written. . . . 'Tis said the chaplain threatened that those who attended my meetings should suffer all sorts of disabilities in life, which he enumerated, and should not be allowed a burial when dead. Thomas Phillis, who received Christ a few days ago, replied, "Thank God, I've got my soul saved, and I don't care what they do with my body."

Source: William Taylor, *Four Year's Campaign in India* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1875), 33-35.

How Great a Sacrifice

With the outbreak of WWI three of [Reverend Samuel Daw's] sons enlisted, prompting Daw to join the 120th [Canadian] Battalion as a chaplain with the rank of captain. Sadly three of his sons lost their lives in the war, and another soon after of fever. Whether this prompted him to leave the parish ministry is not certain, but on the 24th of February, 1920, Daw left St. John the Evangelist to become chaplain to returned soldiers of the Anglican communion. His charge was now to be the Hamilton Mountain Sanatorium and the Brant Military Hospital in Burlington.

Source: Thomas Melville Bailey, editor, *Dictionary of Hamilton Biography*, volume 4 (Hamilton, Ontario: Seldon Griffin, 1999), 69.

Not Quite Ready for the Battlefield

May Sinclair was a popular British writer, who briefly volunteered with an ambulance corps caring for Belgian soldiers at the beginning of the First World War. She wrote about her companions, which included a British chaplain. You will find a poem dedicated to "a Field Ambulance in Flanders," on page 122 in this issue of Curtana.

[We] presently arrive at the Flandria Palace Hotel, which is *Hôpital Militaire* No. II. . . . The crowd in the Place gathers round the porch of the hotel to look at the English Ambulance. We enter. We are received by various officials and . . . I have time to realize how funny we all are. Everybody in the hospital is in uniform, of course.

The nurses of the Belgian Red Cross wear white linen overalls with the brassard on one sleeve, and the Red Cross on the breasts of their overalls, and over their foreheads on the front of their white linen veils. The men wear military or semi-military uniforms. We had never agreed as to our uniform . . . we look more like a party of refugees, or the cast of a Barrie play, than a field ambulance corps.

Mr. Grierson, the Chaplain, alone wears complete khaki, in which he is indistinguishable from any Tommy. The Commandant, obeying some mysterious inspiration, has left his khaki suit behind. He wears a Norfolk jacket and one of his hats. Mr. Foster in plain clothes, with a satchel slung over his shoulders, has the air of an inquiring tourist. Mrs. Torrence and Janet McNeil in short khaki tunics, khaki putties, and round Jaeger caps, and very thick coats over all, strapped in with leather belts, look as if they were about to sail on an Arctic expedition; I was told to wear dark blue serge, and I wear it accordingly; Ursula Dearmer and Mrs. Lambert are in normal clothes.

But the amiable officials and the angelic Belgian ladies behave as if there was nothing in the least odd about our appearance. They remember only that we are English and that it is now six o'clock and that we have had no tea. They conceive this to be the most deplorable fate that can overtake the English, and they hurry us into the great kitchen to a round table, loaded with cake and bread-and-butter and enormous bowls of tea.

Three days later she wrote:

We have been here a hundred years. Car No. I went out at eight-thirty this morning . . . Their clothes seem stranger than ever by contrast with the military khaki of the car. Dr. Bird has added to his civilian costume a Belgian forage cap with a red tassel that hangs over his forehead. It was given to him yesterday by way of homage to his courage and his personal charm. But it makes him horribly vulnerable. The Chaplain, standing out from the rest of the Corps in complete khaki, is an even more inevitable mark for bullets.

Source: May Sinclair, *A Journal of Impressions in Belgium* (New York: MacMillan, 1915), 16-17, 45-46.

How Shall We Choose Our Chaplain?

The problem described here was just as common in the Union army as it was in the Confederacy.

The President, however, hesitated to use this authority [to appoint regimental chaplains] for fear that peremptory appointments would give rise to situations whereby a minister of one denomination might be appointed chaplain to a unit made up of men from another denomination. As a result, chaplains were usually appointed on the basis of recommendations made by commanding officers of various military units.

It was alleged, however, that this method of selection was unfair since "in nine cases out of ten, these officers prefer a good *companion* to a good *minister*."

Source: Sidney J. Romero, "The Confederate Chaplain," *Civil War History* 1.2 (June 1955), 127.

Got to Love Those Additional Duties

Rev. Joseph T. Casey . . . enlisted July 13, 1917, and was called for active duty in September, 1917. He was Chaplain of the U.S.S. *Von Steuben* from September 27th, 1917, to July 11th, 1919, making one trip to Panama and thirteen complete trips to France, stopping at Brest. This transport carried over troops to the American Expeditionary Forces and brought back the wounded.

Chaplain Casey was recreation officer, censor, canteen manager, Liberty Loan and War Risk Insurance director, and Officer in charge of the Look-out School (training men to sight submarines). The *Von Steuben* was many times pursued by enemy submarines and Lieutenant Casey had several thrilling escapes from death.

Source: *Holy Cross College Service Record: War of 1917* (Worcester, Massachusetts: Holy Cross College, 1920), 91.

Different Forms of Healing

The history of the Delaware First Infantry Regiment was written by its chaplain, Thomas Murphey.

On one occasion, our surgeon, having a concern for the spiritual as well as the physical condition of his patients, sent for the chaplain at midnight to go to see a soldier who had been brought into the hospital very ill. He was delirious, and rolled and tossed from side to side, unconscious of what he did or said. The chaplain spoke to him but received no reply. He laid his hand on his forehead, and continued to talk to him, in a mild and steady tone, hoping, if possible, to recall reason to her throne.

At length, becoming more calm, the chaplain asked him if he should pray for him. He made no reply, but turned his eye as if recognizing the character of the question. We knelt and prayed that God would restore, him to his right mind, rebuke the disease, and create in him a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within him. During the prayer he became calm.

The doctor's salutation the next morning was gratifying and amusing as it was characteristic. "Chaplain," said he, "your prayer, or ray pills, did that man good last night. He is better to-day." I suggested to him that his improved condition might be due to the combination of means. He continued ill, however, for some time, but at length becoming convalescent, returned to his company.

A few days afterwards he came suddenly into my tent and said, "Chaplain, have you any good book for me to read? I have resolved to turn my face heavenward, and need a guide. I am resolved to seek religion. I am ashamed for having neglected it so long. I feel that I have been very wicked." His earnestness of manner, and conversation, led me to believe that the Lord had commenced a good work in him, which he would carry on to the day of redemption. His journey was a short one. His race soon run. Soon after this interview he had a relapse and died, during my absence on sick leave.

Source: Thomas G. Murphey, *Four Years in the War: The History of the First Regiment of Delaware Veteran Volunteers* (Philadelphia: James S. Claxton, 1866), 42-43.

Effective Reenlistment Incentives

On the 24th of December, the [57th Pennsylvania Infantry] regiment was formed in a hollow square in front of headquarters, and then briefly addressed by Chaplain McAdam, on the propriety of re-enlisting. At the conclusion of the Chaplain's remarks. Colonel Sides requested those who were willing to re-enlist to step three paces to the front. Over three-fourths of the men stepped forward, and after giving three cheers for the Union, were dismissed. Then for several days the officers and first sergeants were busily making out muster rolls, furloughs, and re-enlistment papers, etc.

Among the men the furlough was the all absorbing theme. It is safe to say that a bounty of $1,000 without the furlough would have secured but a small portion of the men. But the

assurance of being allowed to spend thirty days at home, was the great inducement to re-enlisting.

Source: John P. Nicholson, *Pennsylvania at Gettysburg Ceremonies at the Dedication of the Monuments*, volume 1 (Harrisburg, PA: E.K. Myers, State Printer, 1893), 333.

Why Russia Has Returned Chaplains to Its Ranks

Professional belief today in several militaries worldwide holds that "religious patriotism" is more effective . . . than the secular variety. Russia is part of this trend. According to this view, something about religion, as opposed to secular ideology, makes it a more effective force multiplier when it comes to mobilization, discipline, unit cohesion, battlefield risk-taking, and over all military effectiveness.

Driven by faith and seeing war as a religious duty, the observant are more eager to pay the highest price, to kill, and to accept deadly risks. . . .

The functions of Russian military clerics resemble those of chaplains elsewhere worldwide, who offer counsel on personal and professional issues, enabling soldiers to gain "the peace of mind necessary for focusing on combat and training."

The Russian military clergy, the nuclear priests in particular [i.e. the chaplains serving personnel tasked with nuclear missions] could be seen as a reincarnation of Soviet political officers. . . . [However,] the scale and scope of their pastoral activities fostering patriotism and loyalty exceed the responsibilities of Western chaplains.

Source: Adamsky, Dmitry and Dima Adamsky. *Russian Nuclear Orthodoxy: Religion, Politics, and Strategy* (Stanford: Stanford University, 2019).

On the Naming of Forts

A subject of current debate in the United States. Taken from Chaplain Joseph Welch's account of the history of the 91st Pennsylvania Infantry.

Moving forward again, it charged and captured the inner line, with a loss of eighty-two men killed and wounded. Immediately throwing up breastworks the command lay here till 5 o'clock the next morning when it was moved to the left, still moving as the developments of the field warranted, until, charging and driving the enemy, the position was captured on which Fort Hell was afterward built.

Fort Hell's formal name became Fort Sedgwick, but that was not how it was known to the troops who were garrisoned there.

Source: John P. Nicholson, *Pennsylvania at Gettysburg Ceremonies at the Dedication of the Monuments*, volume 1 (Harrisburg, PA: E.K. Myers, State Printer, 1893), 497.

Avoid Mixing the Bits

Chaplain Scott was the Senior Chaplain of the First Canadian Division, C.E.F. during the First World War.

I was just leaving the camp when I met several of our men bringing up a number of prisoners. While we were talking, some shells fell, and we all had to dive into two trenches. The Huns took one; we Canadians took the other. We had no desire, in case a shell landed in our midst to have our bits mingled with those of the Germans.

Source: Frederick George Scott, *The Great War as I Saw It*, Second edition (Vancouver, Canada: Clarke & Stuart, 1934), 293.

Mandatory Chapel Backfires

Chaplain Cephas Bateman added his voice to those discouraging mandatory chapel attendance at West Point at the beginning of the twentieth century.

One factor [discouraging spiritual growth in the lives of the cadets] was the "extremely exacting weekly inspection" held on Sunday mornings before "Church Call." Once the inspection was over, many cadets found attendance at chapel "burdensome;" compulsory attendance made it more so. In a letter to the *Army-Navy Journal*, a cadet wrote that the "amount of 'cussing' that cadets do over chapel formation more than counterbalances the good effect." He reported that cadets often vowed that they would never attend church after their graduation, and many apparently kept that vow. Chaplain Cephas C. Bateman observed that many officers did not attend religious services precisely because of the requirements to attend chapel while cadets.

Source: Earl F. Stover, *Up From Handymen: The United States Army Chaplaincy 1865-1920*, volume 3 (Washington, D.C.: Office of the Chief of Chaplains, Department of the Army, 1977), 239.

Explaining Faith to Interstellar Nemeses

In the science fiction novel, The Chaplain's War*, humanity combats an alien species dedicated to our extermination. Among some POWs, is a chaplain assistant who fulfills his chaplain's dying wish to establish a chapel on the grim planet. The mantis cyborgs grow quite curious about humanity's capacity for faith.*

"You're not a soldier," I said.

The mantis's beak snapped shut. "Certainly not."

"What are you then, a scientist?"

The mantis seemed to contemplate this word—however it had translated for the alien's mind—and he waved a spike forelimb in my direction. "The best human term is *professor*. I research *and* I teach."

"I see," I said, suddenly fascinated to be meeting the first mantis I'd ever seen who was not, explicitly, trained to kill. "So you're here to research human religion?

"Not just human religion," said the mantis, hovering closer. "I want to know about this . . . this *spirit* that you speak of. Is it God?"

"I guess so, but also kind of not. The spirit is . . . what you feel inside you when you know God is paying attention."

It was a clumsy explanation, one the Chaplain would have—no doubt—chastised me for. I'd never been much good at putting these kinds of concepts into words that helped me understand, much less other people understand too. And trying to explain God and the spirit to this *insect* felt a lot like explaining the beauty of orchestral music to a lawnmower.

Source: Brad R. Torgerson, *The Chaplain's War* (New York: Baen, 2014).

The Value of Remembrance

An article in an interdenominational journal for chaplains refers to events related to several chaplains and then summarizes the value of being reminded about the ministries of our forebears.

Hanging upon the walls of the lounge in the Chaplains Memorial Building of the General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel . . . are four portraits of former Navy chaplains. . . .

Andrew Hunter (1752-1823) was commissioned as a Navy chaplain in 1811, when he was 59 years old. He applied for the position of Chaplain of the Navy Yard in Washington, D.C. left vacant by the death of Chaplain Robert Thompson. In the years before the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Navy chaplains were given the responsibility of training the midshipmen. Chaplain Thompson had been the one-man faculty of such a school held at the Washington Navy Yard for nearly ten years prior to his death in 1810. Hunter received the appointment to be Thompson's successor and carried on the work until his death in 1823.

Chaplain John Lenhart (1805-62) was the first Navy chaplain to be killed in action. He was also the only Navy chaplain to pay the supreme price in the Civil War. Lenhart was serving aboard the wooden ship, the USS Cumberland, when she was rammed and sunk by the Confederate iron-covered Virginia (formerly the Merrimac) at Hampton Roads on 8 March 1862 with a loss of 150 men. Chaplain Lenhart was caught below decks when the ship sank. . . .

Joseph Stockbridge (1811-94) . . . became one of the outstanding chaplains of the Civil War. He had a sharp tongue and an equally pointed pen. Since he was never awed by rank, he frequently found himself involved in trouble when defending what he felt was the truth. Out of the Civil War days comes a story about Chaplain Stockbridge which is found in Admiral Robley D. Evans *A Sailor's Log*. Evans relates how he was once confined to the hospital and how the chaplain frequently called. Evans wrote: "I knew when they thought I was going to die by the appearance of the chaplain, who never hesitated to tell me I was dying and also just where I was going to . . . after I was dead."

The frank eschatological views of the old, frank chaplain evidently had a tonic effect upon the young naval officers, who always rallied after such interviews. . . .

Portraits help to keep alive memories. Those concerned with the spiritual welfare of military personnel today are but carrying on the ministry of others who have gone before. The present high status of the military chaplaincy has come as the result of many years of consistent effort on the part of many churchmen of several denominations . . . Such services must not be forgotten.

Source: Clifford M. Drury, "The Story of Four Chaplains," *The Chaplain* 14.2 (April 1957), 23-26.

Beware of Promoting Chaplains

During the battle of Fredericksburg, Nelson Viall was promoted to command of his regiment, the Second Rhode Island Infantry. However, within two months he resigned his commission for a very curious reason.

In February [1863], following, Colonel Viall resigned his position as commander of the regiment, owing to troubles arising from the appointment of the chaplain to the rank of major, an appointment which was the cause of much dissatisfaction. On returning to Rhode Island, he resumed his trade. By the requirements of the law, he joined the militia, and was elected Colonel of the fourth regiment Rhode Island militia.

Source: John R. Bartlett, *Memoirs of Rhode Island Officers who were Engaged in the Service of their Country During the Great Rebellion of the South* (Providence, Rhode Island: Sidney S. Rider & Brother, 1867), 342.

The Story of the Chaplain Unwisely Promoted

These words come from the diary of a member of the Second Rhode Island Infantry who joined its ranks as a private and ended the war as its commander.

We are in trouble about our new Major and former Chaplain, Rev. Thorndike C. Jameson. Governor Sprague promoted him Major over all of the Captains. He is incompetent, and we do not want him with us. I hear that he is to be ordered before a board of officers for

examination, and as he probably could not pass, I hope he will resign and leave us in peace. Jameson is not fitted for a soldier in some respects and ought to know it. He is brave, and that is all.

Source: Robert Rhodes, ed. *All for the Union: the Civil War Diary and Letters of Elisha Hunt Rhodes* (New York: Orion Books, 1985), 92.

Promoting the Unqualified

The [First Rhode Island Light Artillery] was going through significant changes in January of 1862. Lieutenant Walter Bartlett was promoted to captain on January 26 and put in charge of Battery B. To fill his vacancy, Israel Sheldon, a man who had never fired a cannon, was commissioned lieutenant. Also promoted was Lieutenant John Perry of Coventry, although Perry was not devoutly religious. "He was not a perfect chaplain and so far as I ever learned never preached to the Battery after his promotion. He had his good traits . . ." [recalled a fellow regimental officer].

Source: Les Rolston, *Long Time Gone: Neighbors Divided by Civil War* (Buena Vista, Virginia: Revival Waves of Glory, 2017), 48.

An Ambiguous Command Recommendation

Colonel (later, Governor) Joseph R. Hawley wrote the following about his chaplain in the 7th Connecticut Infantry.

He would do well for a small country parish where everybody is good & most of them old ladies.

Source: Dione Longley and Buck Zaidel, *Heroes for All Time: Connecticut Civil War Soldiers Tell Their Stories* (Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press, 2015), 151.

Two large “star-birthing” stellar nurseries in the Large Magellanic Cloud, 163,000 light years from Earth. (*Hubble Telescope*.).

“I will multiply your offspring as the stars of heaven and will give to your offspring all these lands. And in your offspring all the nations of the earth shall be blessed...”

Genesis 26:4 (ESV)