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Camp Funston enjoyed a close proximity with Fort Riley's school for cooks and bakers, but food remained an area of concern for all men, both enlisted and officer. Food was an important subject in soldiers's letters home, especially, it seems, among men who had raised their own produce and fresh meat on the farm.

army-trained cooks filtered back to their units. Food was an important subject throughout Gilmore's letters. Out of his seventy-three letters home, thirty-five made references to meals. Another Kansas soldier, Ralph W. Clark from Barnes, also commented about the food in his letters home.[22] Both men were farmers who raised their own produce and fresh meat, so it is not surprising that food was a frequent topic.

Once the men settled into their training routines, camp life did not seem too bad. They were allowed to listen to music, play games, and have visitors in the barracks. "We got a Victrola [for] $75," Gilmore wrote, and "they play it all the time now."[23] Clark, who arrived at Camp Funston during the first week in October, was assigned to Company G, 353d Infantry Regiment until he transferred to the Thirty-fifth Division in April 1918. In his second letter home he wrote, "They got a piano and a violin, a football and basketball and most everything you could think of." Later that month he wrote, "G Co. has a victrola now. We all dug fifty cents a piece and we have some fine music."[24] Surprisingly, visitors had open access to the camp until orders restricted their presence. "They made a new ruling about visitors," Gilmore wrote on October 24, 1917, "Women can come to the Y.W.C.A. and to the depot & with a permit can drive over the grounds. There was [*sic*] so many women around the barracks that they made this ruling." A few months later he told the family, "They are getting some very strict rules now. Civilians are not allowed in camp after 5 P.M. and cannot enter the barracks except on the first Sat. and Sun. of each month or on holidays."[25]

During evening hours the men were encouraged to write home to family and friends. They had access to free writing material and could receive packages while in training. It was not uncommon to send the men baked goods, especially cookies and cakes, by mail. The *Ladies' Home Journal* printed various recipes for cakes that would endure shipment to camps and overseas.[26]

As training progressed through 1917, holidays were not ignored. Holiday passes were very limited, however, so the majority of men had to celebrate Thanksgiving and Christmas at Camp Funston. In his letter of December 2, Clark mentioned the elaborate Thanksgiving meal: "We had Turkey, mashed potatoes, dressing, biscuits, celery, cranberrys, pumpkin pies and cooconut cake and bannans."[27] Between

22. Ralph W. Clark to family, Ralph W. Clark Collection, Library and Archives Division, Kansas State Historical Society.
23. Gilmore to family, October 5, 1917, Gilmore Collection.
24. Clark to family, October 14, 24, 1917, Clark Collection.
25. Gilmore to family, January 7, 1918, October 5, 1917, Gilmore Collection.
26. *Ladies' Home Journal* 34 (December 1917): 50.

Camp life was not so bad once the men settled into their training routines. They played games, entertained visitors, and listened to music on the Victrola. Above, soldiers inside the Y.M.C.A. enjoy this little diversion from regular army life.

Thanksgiving and Christmas, Clark contracted measles and spent Christmas at the Fort Riley base hospital. Gilmore celebrated Christmas with his division and attended a special program sponsored by the soldiers. The next day Gilmore wrote to his family describing Christmas day:

> They had quite a program, some sack races and a lot of that kind of stuff and some roping, wild horse riding, rode some wild mules, steers and a a regular wild west show. . . .In the afternoon we had a "sham" battle. The Indians were supposed to attack the supply train and then we were to rush in and take it away from them. The supply train consisted of about 50 wagons filled with Red Cross presents. There was a package for each man in camp. . . .My package contained a knife (a good one 60 cents was marked on it), a pillow case, a large kahki handkerchief, a Testament, a corncob pipe, sack of tobacco, box of matches, lead pencil, can of menthalotum [*sic*], a writing tablet, envelopes, & a checkerboard. . . .They had quite a display of fireworks at night. The usual sky rockets, etc. They were fired from a big hill just above the camp so everybody could see them. They wound it up with a picture of Maj Gen Wood displayed in various colors. It was very good. We had a big dinner, turkey, cranberries, pudding, and everything we could eat. Some nuts and candy.[28]

During the winter of 1917–1918 many men found themselves either in quarantine or at the base hospital recovering from measles or mumps or another contagious disease. Both Gilmore and Clark spent most of January and February at the hospital and in quarantine. Once deemed fit, they returned to their units to continue training.

In March 1918 Gilmore trained in the field and trenches learning how to use the rifle grenade and the bayonet and practicing other trench maneuvers.[29] Clark bided his time along with the others awaiting transfers from the 353d to the Thirty-fifth Division. But instead of joining the Thirty-fifth at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, the men left Camp Funston on a train to Camp Mills, New York, to join the division for its embarkation to France. In April, Clark left Company G (353d Infantry, Eighty-ninth Division), having been reassigned to Company M, 140th Infantry, Thirty-fifth Division.

Training did not ease up during March and April as Camp Funston continued to acquire draftees. On April 27 commanding officer Colonel Reeves of the 353d met with all company commanders and informed them that the division would soon embark for France. A sense of intensity pervaded the 353d and the Eighty-ninth as training increased for all men and new replacements. Most leaves and passes ceased, and rumors became rampant.[30]

27. Clark to family, December 2, 1917, Clark Collection.
28. Gilmore to family, December 26, 1917, Gilmore Collection.
29. Gilmore to family, March 17, 25, 1918, ibid.
30. Dienst, *History of the 353rd Infantry Regiment*, 19.

Training intensified for the 353d Infantry during April and May 1918 as the entire division anticipated early departure for the East Coast and then France. Here a Red Cross medic practices his vital duty during training exercises at Camp Funston.

On April 29 A.B. Callaway from Newton traveled via a troop train to Camp Funston. He went through the same "welcome aboard" army ritual as had Gilmore and Clark but was not assigned immediately to the Eighty-ninth Division. Instead, all new draftees spent their initial days at a detention camp, the 164th Depot Brigade. During this time Callaway received his uniforms and inoculations, learned about drill and the various military duties and classes, and was issued a rifle. Seventeen days later Callaway found himself assigned to Company I, 353d Infantry, Eighty-ninth Division.[31]

Callaway, along with others having less than one month's training, was heading overseas to fight. Many late arrivals never had the opportunity to learn marksmanship or even fire their rifles prior to entering combat. Supposedly six months was the optimum training time for soldiers. But because of the urgent call for divisions in the spring of 1918, thousands of soldiers did not receive this essential training. Gilmore and Clark were fortunate to have entered the army in the fall of 1917 and to have had four months training, less the time spent in quarantine and the base hospital.

On May 16 General Wood received official orders to send his division to Hoboken, New Jersey, for transport to France. Two days later Colonel Reeves received his copy of this order along with further instructions from General Wood. It was time to move out. Packing and loading equipment and men of the 353d began on May 25. Eight trains transported the regiment to New Jersey, all under the cloak of secrecy—no letters to family and friends and no mention of the camp or unit designation.[32] Once the 353d arrived at Camp Mills near Hoboken, both Gilmore and Callaway wrote in detail about their trip east.

At Camp Mills, personnel completed last-minute paperwork and details, checked equipment, and ensured that soldiers had complete outfits, the payroll records were current, and the passenger manifests were complete.[33] The men received twenty-hour passes with which to take in the sights of New York City. Prior to leaving Camp Funston, Gilmore had been promoted to corporal, which garnered him a six-dollar per month increase and responsibility for a squad. He and a couple of friends took advantage of the passes and ventured into the "Big Apple." "We got down on Broadway about 5 P.M. and walked around over the busy part of the city," Gilmore reported. "We saw several 20 story buildings and a lot of people. Wanted to go to Long Island but we didn't figure that we had time enough so we just looked around over what we could see by walking

31. A.B. Callaway, *With Packs and Rifles* (Boston: Meador, 1939), 11, 19.

32. Dienst, *History of the 353rd Infantry Regiment*, 19–21.
33. Ibid.

around."[34] Callaway's recollection alluded to the fact that because some previous misbehavior in the city, passes were cancelled, and he never had the opportunity to see New York City.[35]

Prior to going aboard ship, General Wood received orders relieving him of command of the Eighty-ninth Division. He remained in the states while Brigadier General Frank L. Winn assumed command as the Eighty-ninth left the shores of New Jersey on June 3, 1918. Three British ships, the *H.M.S. Karmala, H.M.S. Pyrrhus,* and *H.M.S. Caronia* transported the men of the 353d across the Atlantic. Many soldiers found the crossing a very miserable experience. Callaway wrote a vivid account of the ocean voyage describing lifeboat drills, seasickness, cramped quarters, terrible food, and the constant fear of German U-boats.[36] An ocean crossing usually took ten days.

The Eighty-ninth disembarked on June 16 in Liverpool, England, and made its way via train to a rest camp near Winchester. A few days later the division moved on to the port town of Southampton, where it embarked and crossed the English Channel into France. Although the troops had little time in England, Gilmore described the countryside as "sure pretty country, small farms but they look nice. Have sure seen some good horses. Cattle & horses are so shek [*sic*] and in nice shape."[37]

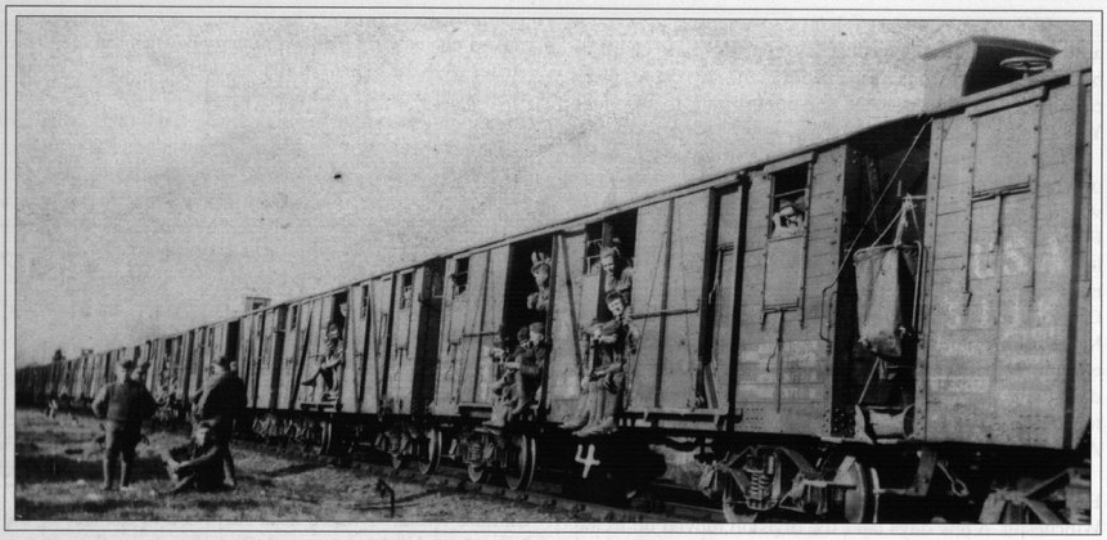
Once the Eighty-ninth arrived at Le Havre, the 353d marched five miles from town to a rest camp. The next day they marched back to Le Havre, loaded up in French railroad boxcars known as "Hommes 40, Cheveaux 8" (forty men or eight horses), and traveled into the country to the AEF's Reynel Training Area. The entire Eighty-ninth settled into its designated training grounds roughly sixty kilometers from the front line.[38]

The 353d established its headquarters along with the First Battalion at the village of Manois, with the Second Battalion located at the town of Saint Blin, and the Third Battalion at the town of Rimaucourt.[39] Life in these villages proved challenging for the soldiers. Besides the language barrier were the issues of billeting and cleanliness. Officers received first choice of rooms in local homes while the enlisted men were left to find barns and haylofts in which to sleep and share with the livestock. The soldiers found the rural French culture very different in its practice of waste disposal, or lack of disposal. Ample piles of manure and waste lay about in the streets and next to houses creating unsanitary conditions. All water had to be boiled or chlorinated before use.[40] To try and bridge the language gap, soldiers attended classes to learn basic French. But for many this proved an unsuccessful task.

Once the soldiers left America they had to adhere to strict censoring guidelines when writing letters. They could not mention their location or the specific number of soldiers killed or wounded. Letters from the 353d described the countryside, towns, farming methods, and the "backwardness" of the French people. "This is a very pretty country," Gilmore wrote. "I was a little surprised at the size of the farms at one place we passed. One place I saw three mowing machines in one field." Later he commented on the old-fashioned farming methods: "their mowing machines only cut a 4 ft. cut and they do a good deal of the cutting with a scythe. The people in these old countries are so far behind the times in some ways. You can see the old people that can hardly go with a big pack of wood or hay on their backs."[41] A member of the 353d, William H. Addison with the Machine Gun Company, wrote his family regarding one French town that was "centuries old and as far behind the times. The houses are built of stone and have either tile roofs or singled with flat slabs of stone with a few thatched ones scattered around. You have seen pictures of old places that is much like this in character."[42]

Once the Eighty-ninth settled in, training began immediately. Soldiers became indoctrinated in the art of war. They learned how to snipe, construct and repair trenches and entanglements, how to carry out trench raids, make and use camouflage, hone their marksmanship skills, perfect bayonet movements, and use live grenades. While their training was intensive, there were moments of levity. The Eighty-ninth celebrated the Fourth of July with speeches

34. Gilmore to family, June 2, 1918, May 18, 26, 1918, Gilmore Collection.
35. Callaway, *With Packs and Rifles*, 21.
36. Ibid., 24–36.
37. Gilmore to family, June 18, 1918, Gilmore Collection.
38. Dienst, *History of the 353rd Infantry Regiment*, 26; English, *History of the 89th Division*, 44.
39. World War I battalions comprised one thousand officers and enlisted men. Each battalion contained four companies. First Battalion: Companies A, B, C, D; Second Battalion: Companies E, F, G, H; Third Battalion: Companies I, K, L, M.
40. English, *History of the 89th Division*, 45–46.
41. Gilmore to family, July 7, June 28, 1918, Gilmore Collection.
42. William H. Addison to family, June 26, 1918, box 1, Collection 49, Library and Archives Division, Kansas State Historical Society.



Before the end of June 1918, the "All Kansas" Regiment disembarked in France and soon, at Le Havre, loaded up in French railroad boxcars known as "Hommes 40, Cheveaux 8" (forty men or eight horses) for a trip to the AEF's Reynel Training Area. The entire division settled into its designated training grounds roughly sixty kilometers from the front line.

and sports. Callaway spent the day participating in competitive games, washing his clothes, and writing letters to family and friends back home.[43] In honor of Bastille Day (July 14), the French equivalent to Independence Day, the First Battalion of the 353d was selected to join in the celebration at the AEF headquarters in Chaumont. The First Battalion paraded before commanding general John J. Pershing and his entire staff.[44] Because Company D was part of the First Battalion, Gilmore was present at the celebration and wrote to his family describing the day's activities:

> We marched in the big parade on Sun P.M. passed by the Gen. and marched around the town for a couple of hours and then we spent the rest of the time seeing the city. They had the town decorated with flags. There was quite a few French troops, and organizations represented in the parade. A band stood by the reviewing stand and while we marched by they played "The Yanks are Coming." They fed us well while we were over there hot biskets for supper, pancakes and syrup for breakfast & beef stake for dinner all we could eat too.[45]

With more than a month of intensive training, the Eighty-ninth received orders to move to the front and relieve the Eighty-second Division. On August 3 and 4 the 353d boarded trucks and traveled to the Lucey Sector in the southern part of the Saint-Mihiel salient. This area was known as a quiet sector "to which green troops could be sent for their first contact with the enemy, and to which exhausted divisions of both combatants could be sent to perform perfunctory service in holding the line."[46]

Throughout August and into September the three battalions of the 353d alternated occupying the area around the town of Limey. The remains of trenches, entanglements, and dugouts littered the sector, and curious

43. Callaway, *With Packs and Rifles*, 56.
44. Dienst, *History of the 353rd Infantry Regiment*, 28; English, *History of the 89th Division*, 48.
45. Gilmore to family, July 15, 1918, Gilmore Collection.
46. English, *History of the 89th Division*, 55; Dienst, *History of the 353rd Infantry Regiment*, 45.

Intensive training, which included the proper use of the all-important gas mask, continued for more than a month after the Kansas boys arrived in France.

soldiers spent their time exploring them until a memorandum ceased such wanderings. The view of "no man's land" from Limey toward the German line "was green and wide and sprinkled thick with poppies."[47] Although a quiet sector, the soldiers received their first experiences of incoming shells, shrapnel, gas, night patrols, aerial bombings, and machine-gun fire. By the first week of September the area changed from "quiet" to "active" as patrols increased and ventured into the enemy lines. Gilmore, a rifle grenadier squad leader, described an early morning encounter with a German patrol:

> Fritz he took a notion to come over the other morning just before Breakfast. . . .We gave him a ration of grenades and bullets. It seemed a little hard to take for several of them didn't go back. We got 8 prisoners and killed. It was reported 12 more killed in the [censored] wire somewhere but I don't know whither it was true or not. There seemed to be quite a few of them came over for they met with four or five of our different outposts which were quite apart. . . .We had quite a little excitement for awhile throwing grenades and shooting and their artillery was throwing shells pretty close. Not a man got hurt at our post.[48]

Callaway volunteered for a night patrol mission and crawled his way through "no man's land" to within twenty feet of the German line. His patrol did not take any prisoners that night but merely inspected the wires and returned to its own line without losing a man. The soldiers were, however, extremely scared and relieved.[49] Time spent in the Lucey Sector experiencing live enemy fire helped prepare these soldiers for their next major task.

America's first major battle involving draftees since the Civil War began on September 12. The mission was to reduce the Saint-Mihiel salient, but the campaign was critical for a variety of reasons. Success would prove that General Pershing's decision to keep the American army together as one large fighting force instead of amalgamating it with the British and French armies was correct. Also it would prove that the Americans were capable fighters and worthy opponents for the Germans.

Ten divisions participated in the Saint-Mihiel offensive, with the Eighty-ninth taking its position along the jump-off line between two veteran divisions: the Second and the Forty-Second. The Eighty-ninth's mission and orders were as follows:

> This Division will attack in the general direction of Dampvitoux, Supporting the advance of the 42nd Division on our left *by exerting the main effort on our left* to include the Rupt de Mad, thence assist the advance of the 2nd Division, 1st Corps, by turning the Bois d'Euvezin, Bois de Beau Vallon and Thiaucourt from the west. By the capture of the east edges of the Bois Mort Mare, this division will assist the initial advance of the 2nd Division, 1st Corps. If the 2nd Division is delayed, the 89th Division will capture Thiaucourt and turn it over to the 2nd Division.[50]

47. English, *History of the 89th Division*, 60; Dienst, *History of the 353rd Infantry Regiment*, 46–47.

48. Gilmore to family, September 9, 1918, Gilmore Collection. A rifle grenade weapon was a service rifle that could launch grenades from the end of the rifle barrel.

49. Callaway, *With Packs and Rifles*, 108–116.

50. English, *History of the 89th Division*, 95.

The Eighty-ninth began in earnest to organize and plan for the upcoming attack. Six days prior to the assault, the Eighty-ninth experienced a change of command. Commanding General Brigadier General Winn was relieved, and Major General William W. Wright assumed command of the division. General Winn took command of his old 177th Brigade from Colonel Reeves, who resumed commanding the 353d.

Because of the need for secrecy, Colonel Reeves did not give instructions to his battalion commanders until the evening of September 11. Quickly the order was passed down from battalion levels to platoon leaders. According to Dienst, the battle plan was simple. Attack the enemy on the right side of the Mort Mare Woods. The Second Battalion would lead the assault with the Third Battalion in support. Three companies from the First Battalion would guard the left flank of the attacking battalion. Another First Battalion company would liaison with the Second Division on the right side of the 353d. Accomplishing the first-day objects would bring the Third Battalion in and leapfrog the Second Battalion to continue fighting for the final objective. The First Battalion would be in support with the Second Battalion in reserve.[51] Moving to the jumping-off areas became somewhat confusing due to the scarcity of maps and compasses; roads were clogged with men and transport equipment, all moving about in the dark. The soldiers eventually found their assigned places and waited out the night until the morning's call to go "over the top."

The men in the lines had little chance to catch any sleep prior to the attack. Besides their nerves, the soldiers contended with "dismal, cold and rainy" weather. According to Eighty-ninth Division historian George H. English Jr., "the trenches were filled with water and mud . . . the tired troops plowed their way through the mud to their allotted positions or huddled in their trenches vainly trying to keep dry and to snatch a little rest."[52] To add to their miseries, at 1:00 A.M. the army's artillery barrage began and lasted until 5:00 A.M.

"More than a million rounds of ammunition were consumed in the artillery preparation," Dienst wrote. "All along the line the sky was lit up with flashes of heavy-caliber guns, distributed in depth for almost ten kilometers to the rear."[53] Many soldiers who survived the war never forgot their first barrage and recounted their impressions in letters and books. "The air was full of the discharges, shrieks, and explosions of the shells from upward of 1500 batteries, or 6000 guns, massed along a front of forty miles where over a half million Americans were marching to the attack in the darkness of the night," Callaway reported.[54] Such was the spectacle that Gilmore wrote about it twice in his letters home. "Such a noise and confusion you can't imagine," he explained on September 20. "There was [*sic*] big guns shooting everywhere and the flash from so many guns made it almost as light as day." Once the barrage ceased, the Saint-Mihiel offensive began; soldiers left the trenches, going "over the top" to meet the enemy.

Eight days after the offensive, Gilmore described his first taste of combat:

> I was a little excited when we first got out of our trench that morning but got over it as soon as we got started. We went through three strips of timber and run into some machine guns and snipers. I went quite aways before I saw a dead Hun. We only lost a few men and most of them were by shells. I heard the bullets from a machine gun whiz pretty close once but that was all except pieces of the shells bursting all around.[55]

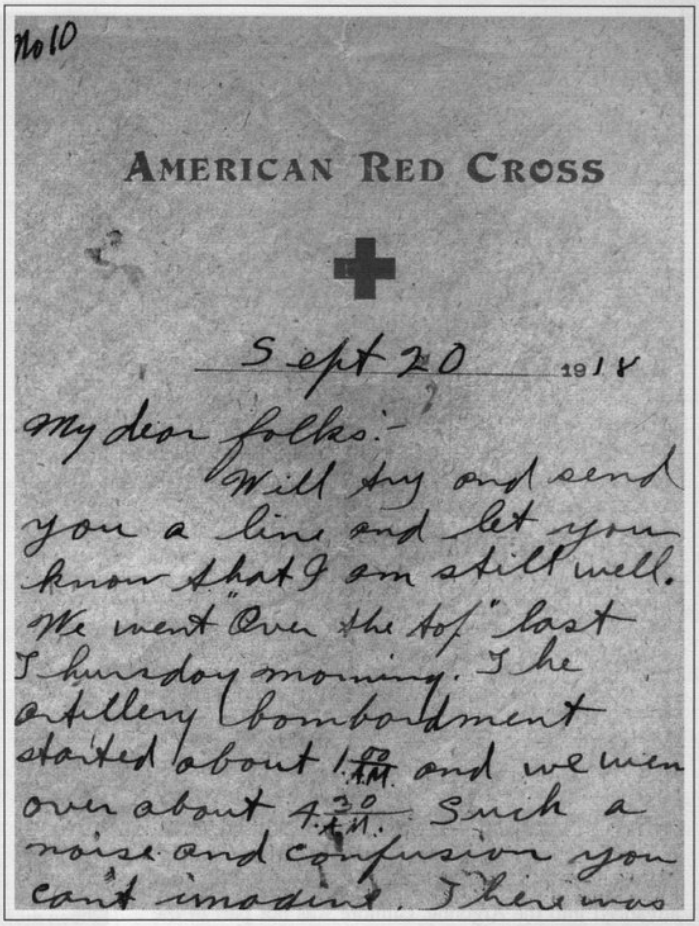
Earl Bear with Company M, 353d, wrote to his wife:

> We just made a big drive and I was in the first wave it was a little exciting at times but we sure got the prisoners. They seem to be glad to surrender although some of them tried to hide out. I found two that was concealed pretty good but not quite good enough, there was a hole dug beside a building and a door layed on it, I thought maybe there was a Dutchman in there so I jerked the door off and there were two Germans. They didn't like the looks of my six shooter so wasn't very long getting out of there.[56]

With time to reflect, Callaway wrote his account somewhat more dramatic and stylized:

51. Dienst, *History of the 353rd Infantry Regiment*, 71.
52. English, *History of the 89th Division*, 96.
53. Dienst, *History of the 353rd Infantry Regiment*, 72.
54. Callaway, *With Packs and Rifles*, 135.
55. Gilmore to family, September 20, October 3, 1918, Gilmore Collection.
56. Earl D. Bear to wife, 1918, Bear folder, box 3, Collection 49, Library and Archives Division, Kansas State Historical Society.

A portion of Harry Gilmore's letter home, eight days after commencement of the Saint-Mihiel offensive, in which he described his first taste of combat.


No 10

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Sept 20 1918

My dear folks:-

Will try and send you a line and let you know that I am still well. We went "Over the top" last Thursday morning. The artillery bombardment started about 1 A.M. and we went over about 4:30 A.M. Such a noise and confusion you can't imagine. There was

> There it is! There's the shrill whistle! We sprang up over the trench ran to the left and then to the front. Then our section spread out. . . . We reached their wire, plunged through its tangled mass and leaped down into the trench. Meeting little opposition here we ran across it, and continued advancing. Their machine guns now were in our immediate front and the we attacked without a moment's delay.[57]

The men continued to fight and advance until September 16 when the campaign came to a successful conclusion. Throughout the four days of fighting, the Eighty-ninth exceeded its initial objectives and captured hundreds of German prisoners. On September 16 General Wright wrote in his diary:

> General Pershing came here about 5:00 p.m. and congratulated the officers and the Eighty-ninth Division on the very good account they gave themselves. Said he appreciated the good work the division had done, that the people at home appreciated it, and most of all the Boche appreciated it. General Pershing was quite nice about the way the division had been handled and the way it conducted itself.[58]

The Eighty-ninth's final tallies during the Saint-Mihiel offensive were two hundred killed, nine hundred wounded, and more than two thousand German prisoners taken.[59] By the second week of October the division was relieved and moved to the rear area for rest and to resupply and await further orders.

As the Saint-Mihiel campaign ended, the Meuse-Argonne offensive began and continued until the Armistice on November 11. This huge American military operation comprised twenty-two divisions, 850,000 combat troops, millions of artillery shells, and the use of tanks and airplanes. The heavily forested, hilly, and ravine-filled terrain made fighting difficult.

On October 19 and 20 the Eighty-ninth moved into the Argonne forest to relieve the Thirty-second Division. The Eighty-ninth's objective was not to hold but to advance and capture Bois de Bantheville, which it accomplished on October 22. From October 22 to November 1 the division rested, received replacements, and resup-

57. Callaway, *With Packs and Rifles*, 137–138.
58. Wright, *Meuse-Argonne Diary*, 29.
59. Anne Cipriano Venzon, ed., *The United States in the First World War an Encyclopedia*, (New York: Garland Publishing, 1999), 681.

As the Saint-Mihiel campaign ended, the Meuse-Argonne offensive began and continued until the Armistice on November 11. This huge American military operation comprised twenty-two divisions, 850,000 combat troops, millions of artillery shells, and the use of tanks and airplanes.

plied for the offensive's next and final stage. When the 353d advanced into the Argonne, Gilmore was not part of the regiment. He suffered from a gas wound during the Saint-Mihiel offensive and ended up recuperating at a base hospital. He was released, however, and returned to the 353d in time to join the last drive of the war. "Got back to the company," Gilmore wrote, "and the next morning Nov. 1 we went over the top made a big advance and captured a lot of prisoners. Where I was they offered very little resistance and seemed glad to be taken. We are living in hopes that this is the last big drive and hoping that peace will be declared at once."[60]

On November 1 the Eighty-ninth resumed its push against the enemy and proceeded to advance with the Second Division on its left and the Ninetieth Division on its right. The 353d encountered rough fighting but managed to capture the Barricourt Woods and the town of Tailly and pushed the Germans back across the Meuse River. Their objective now concentrated on capturing the town of Stenay. Rumors of peace were rife throughout the lines, but the fighting and killing continued. "German snipers and machine gunners were active and artillery threatened at all times," Dienst reported.[61] The soldiers could not let down their guard as they continued their northern advance toward Stenay.

By November 10 it became a race between the Eighty-ninth and Ninetieth Divisions to see which would first enter and capture Stenay. On the morning of the Armistice a patrol from Company A, 353d, crossed the Meuse River and cautiously entered Stenay around 9:30 A.M. Fifteen minutes later the entire platoon entered the city. The soldiers searched the town for Germans as frightened citizens emerged from their homes to greet the Americans. The men of the 353d had accomplished their final objective. At 10:30 A.M. a Ninetieth Division patrol entered Stenay, and at 11:00 A.M. the Armistice was signed.

At the eleventh hour a silence descended upon both sides of the western front. Artillery, mortar, and machine guns ceased their deadly fire. Soldiers slowly emerged from their trenches. Gone was the fear of snipers. The men had gone "over the top" for the last time to the sound of peace.

60. Gilmore to family, November 8, 1918, Gilmore Collection.

61. Dienst, *History of the 353rd Infantry Regiment*, 142.

Earl Bear, of the "All Kansas" Regiment, was from Brewster.

Once the realization that the bloody war of four years had ended, celebration began in earnest. Cheers and laughter acted as a release for the soldiers celebrating their survival and the war's end.

Callaway was not with the 353d when the Armistice was signed. After recovering from an illness, he left the convalescent camp and began making his way back to his unit. On November 11 he was waiting at the train yards in the town of Nevers when French civilians ran out crying, "The war is over!"[62] Gilmore was with the 353d the morning of November 11 when it entered Stenay. Bear wrote to his wife the following day, November 12, from Stenay:

> This leaves me just fine and dandy and in the very best of spirits for just this very reason, the war is certainly over all guns ceased firing yesterday at eleven and now we are wondering when will we start for the States. I believe I sure enough will be home to eat that turkey Xmas.[63]

Bear captured the overall sentiments of all the soldiers now that the war was over: when will they return to the states?

With the war finished, soldiers expected to return home immediately. They did not realize that plans were already being devised to determine which divisions could return and which had to remain as part of an occupying army. These reorganization plans resulted in the creation of the Third Army, better known as the Army of Occupation. It consisted of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Thirty-second, Forty-second, Eighty-ninth, and Ninetieth Divisions. By November 15 the Third Army was operational.[64] Soldiers in these divisions would not be home for Christmas dinner.

As the Eighty-ninth prepared to become an occupying force, it experienced another change of command. General Wright was relieved as commanding general and assumed command of the First Corps. General Winn resumed his former position as commander of the Eighty-ninth and remained as such until the division demobilized in America.[65]

The 353d headquarters and the First Battalion remained in Stenay, while the other battalions quartered in the town of Nouart and in surrounding villages. During this time the soldiers "policed up" the town. They cleaned their quarters and made them as livable as possible by scrounging beds and stoves. In town the soldiers cleaned the backyards, swept the streets, and made ample use of the trash wagons. Also, they performed the unsavory task of burying the

62. Callaway, *With Packs and Rifles*, 196.
63. Bear to family, November 12, 1918, Collection 49.
64. English, *History of the 89th Division*, 253.
65. Ibid., 254.

Like the rest of America's two million fighting men in France, the Kansas soldiers of the Eighty-ninth Division eagerly awaited their return home. Finally, on May 13, 1919, after close to four months of occupation duty, the 353d boarded the U.S.S. Leviathan *at Brest, France, and set sail for America.*

dead horses.[66] Commanding officers' numerous inspections ensured continued cleanliness and sanitary conditions.

Besides cleaning the town, the soldiers finally had the opportunity to bathe and see to their personal hygiene. They could discard their old battle-worn uniforms and shoes and receive new ones, along with new supply kits. Once cleaned and freshly supplied, the men enjoyed regular hot meals and mail calls. When not on police duty, the soldiers were assigned to guard duty around the town, and later, training schedules occupied the men's time. Life slowly resumed some resemblance of their Camp Funston days.

Soon rumblings about returning home could be heard among the soldiers. Many "civilian soldiers" believed they had joined the war, not the army, and when hostilities ended they were ready to go home. "To the American solider the white flag of the enemy meant the end of the scrap," Dienst explained. "The miserable task was done, he was anxious to take up life where he had left off when his number was called. During the campaign days he gladly put his last ounce of energy into the struggle, scorning even the suggestion of a halt until the victory was his, but it had not occurred to him that there was still danger of losing the fruit of victory even after the victory was won."[67] Commanding officers became concerned with the soldiers' desire to return home. They realized that maintaining discipline and keeping the men working would help eliminate future problems in their units.

On November 24 the Eighty-ninth left France and marched toward its assigned occupation area in the southwestern part of Germany, next to Luxemburg. During the first week of December the division arrived in Germany. Division headquarters settled in the town of Kylburg, and the 353d located at the region's northern point at Prum.

With no barracks to house them, the soldiers lived with German families, found them likable and their customs not as foreign as those of the French. Since most soldiers were from the Great Plains, they were familiar with German habits due to the German settlements in and around their homes and towns. They certainly found the Germans more sanitary than the French.

66. Dienst, *History of the 353rd Infantry Regiment*, 149; English, *History of the 89th Division*, 253.

67. Dienst, *History of the 353rd Infantry Regiment*, 150.

The Eighty-ninth remained in Germany from December 1918 until April 1919. Life for the soldiers was filled with activity. They continued to drill and participate in field maneuvers, but the intensity was less since the war was over. Soldiers enjoyed playing sports, and several regimental teams formed. Further education was encouraged, and the men had opportunities to either complete high school or take college courses. Vocational classes also were offered for those desiring a trade and to enhance their employment prospects once they returned to America. Every evening some form of entertainment such as "moving picture" shows or concerts awaited the soldiers. Passes away from camp were available, but to keep soldiers from trouble areas, "R & R" (Rest and Relaxation) points were designated. One such area was in the south of France at Aix-les-Bains, which Gilmore visited when he received a seven-day pass.

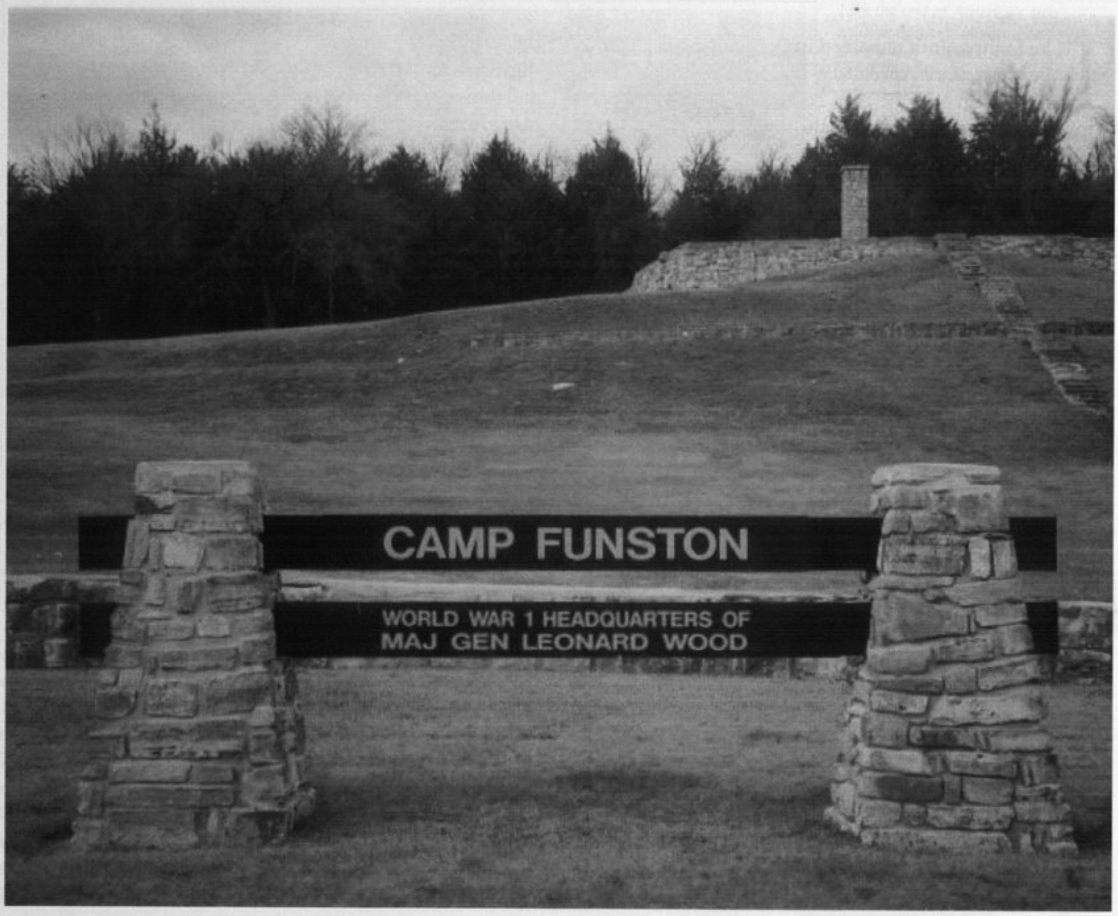
After close to four months as an occupying army, the men of the Eighty-ninth learned they were going home. On April 23, for the last time, the entire division paraded before General Pershing at his headquarters in Trier, Germany.[68]

In May the division packed up and moved out by train to the French port town of Brest for embarkation. Prior to shipping out, all soldiers were militarily and medically inspected. If they did not meet requirements, they were removed and placed into a detainment camp until further orders. On May 13 the 353d boarded the *U.S.S. Leviathan* and set sail for America. In less than ten days, the Eighty-ninth arrived in New York. The train ride to Camp Funston was delayed due to various town celebrations along the way in the men's honor. Finally, the 353d arrived at Camp Funston, and the separation process began. The army ensured that the men were medically fit, that all payroll records and administrative details were complete, and that all missing uniforms and accessory articles were furnished. During the first weeks of June 1919 the men of the 353d were demobilized and returned home, resuming their lives as civilians once more.

After leaving behind their military rank and becoming a civilian once again, the men did not forget their military experiences. During the 1920s many joined the American Legion, a new organization specifically for veterans. Also, divisional and unit history books were popular with the men as were attending army reunions to reminisce and refight the war.

Kansans assigned to the 353d Infantry Regiment, Eighty-ninth Division, proved their mettle and answered the question, "how would draftees fight and handle the stress of combat?" With no prior military experience, these men performed well under enemy fire and accomplished the objectives set forth by General Pershing, a demanding general with high expectations for all his divisions. In the end, Pershing favored the Eighty-ninth Division for its performance but did not recognize the Thirty-fifth Division. This National Guard division suffered through numerous command errors, and in Pershing's eyes it failed in its mission while the predominantly all-draftee division excelled. As a result, the Eighty-ninth made Pershing's list of top four AEF divisions out of more than twenty-five combat divisions. The Kansas draftees, largely a group of farmers, ranchers, and rural men, confirmed that they could fight as well or better than their regular army or National Guard comrades in arms. KH

68. English, *History of the 89th Division*, 321.



Today, little remains of Camp Funston, the largest of America's sixteen World War I army training cantonments.

Training in Kansas for a World War

Camp Funston in Photographs

by Jonathan Casey

The fighting in Europe and across the globe that began in 1914 seemed like a world away from central Kansas. America declared itself neutral and although willing to sell its material resources to warring nations, it was not willing to commit its people. But when the United States entered the Great War in April 1917, the American people were called on to make personal sacrifices. In May 1917 Congress passed the Selective Service Act, requiring all eligible men to register for military service at local draft boards. Those drafted would form a national army, trained at cantonments across the country.

All that remains of one of these cantonments, Camp Funston, located on the Fort Riley Military Reservation along the Kansas River between Junction City and Manhattan, is a limestone foundation and chimney on top of a hill overlooking a modern army post. Nearly ninety years ago it covered more than two thousand acres, contained fifteen hundred buildings constructed with more than forty-seven million feet of lumber, had twenty-eight miles of paved streets, and was a temporary home to over fifty thousand men. Today a sign at the bottom of the hill reads, "Camp Funston—World War I Headquarters of Major General Leonard Wood."[1]

Camp Funston, named for Brigadier General Frederick Funston of Allen County, Kansas, was constructed from July to September 1917 at a cost of roughly ten million dollars and was the largest

Jonathan Casey *received his master's degree in museum studies from the University of Kansas. Since 2001 he has worked as museum archivist for the National World War I Museum at the Liberty Memorial in Kansas City, Missouri.*

1. Benedict Crowell, *America's Munitions 1917–1918* (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1919): 535–40; *National Army Cantonments: Plans and Photographs, June 1918* (Washington, D.C.: Construction Division, War Department, n.d.); *Cantonment Life: Camp Funston Illustrated* (Kansas City: Baird Company Engravers, 1918).

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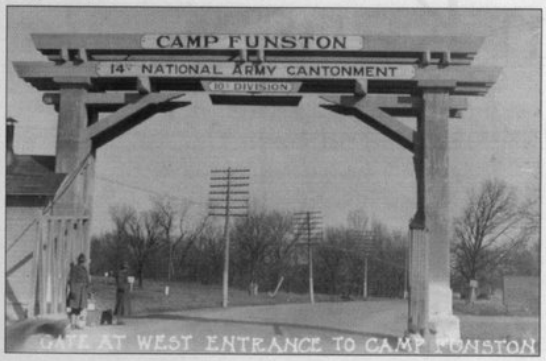
Camp Funston #2



CF #3

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The total "Zone of Camp" complex, a privately financed collection of movie theaters, restaurants, and much more, stretched two thousand feet.

of the sixteen national army training cantonments.[2] Those training at Funston came from Kansas and several other Midwest states. These men became citizen soldiers of a military city complete with everything a civilian would expect and in many cases probably more. Besides living quarters, it comprised general stores, theaters, social centers, infirmaries, libraries, schools, workshops, and even a coffee roasting house.[3] *(Images nos. 2, 3, 4)* In addition, Funston was the only cantonment to have a "Zone of Camp," a privately financed collection of movie theaters, pool hall, barbershop, bank, drug store, and an interior arcade of dozens of retail booths and restaurants. The total complex stretched two thousand feet.[4] *(Image no. 5)*

Of course Funston's mission was to train soldiers. Most of the draftees trained at the camp made up the Eighty-ninth, or "Middle West," Division. Others became part of various units in the Ninety-second, an African American division. Both divisions served in the American Expeditionary Forces (AEF) in France. The Tenth Division also trained at Camp Funston but did not go overseas.[5]

New arrivals went through a specific routine, beginning with three weeks in detention camp as a quarantine measure and to receive required inoculations. A draftee's first experience was a cold shower and inspection for communicable diseases. Mess kits consisting of a tin plate, knife, fork, spoon, and drinking cup were distributed in time for the soldier's first meal, after a long wait in line. Military arms drill, guard duty, or office or kitchen duty consumed a draftee's work hours. Recreational or entertainment activities filled the off hours. Draftees also spent time sitting on a barrack cot writing letters home to family

2. *Cantonment Life: Camp Funston Illustrated.*
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
5. *Order of Battle of the U.S. Land Forces in the World War (1917–1918) Zone of the Interior* (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1949), 1312, 1316, 1329.

or friends describing their experiences and eagerly waited for a reply. James H. Dickson, who served in the 356th Infantry Regiment of the Eighty-ninth Division, described his Funston experience to a friend back home: "Eunice don't be to [*sic*] long about writing for news is scarce out in Kansas the wind blows it all away."[6]

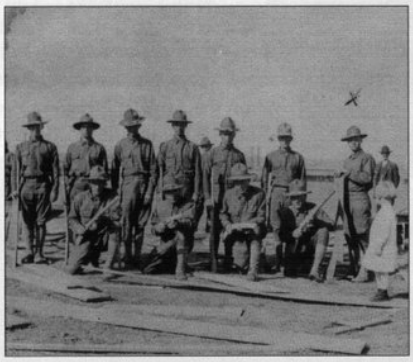
Due to shortages of olive-drab or khaki field uniforms, draftees drilled wearing denim fatigue uniforms. As draftee Otto Bruner also explained to a relative, "we drill most of the time in overalls and jackets to keep our uniforms from getting so dirty, the dust and sand blow here pretty bad at all times."[7] Because the army also lacked enough actual rifles, draftees usually shouldered wooden "dummy" rifles or simply wooden studs. Artillery gun crews serviced wooden artillery pieces and shells and rode on wooden artillery vehicles and horse teams. *(Images nos. 6, 7, 8, 9)*

New soldiers spent long hours on the rifle range, miles from the nearest barrack, drilling, marching, and eating in the field. Only extremely cold weather kept the men from their daily drills. Sore feet were so common as a result of marching in light cotton socks to the Smoky Hill Flats and the rifle range, company commanders were instructed to issue light wool socks to remedy this problem.[8] *(Images nos. 10, 11)*

The basic housing unit was the company barrack, 43 x 140 feet and two stories high. Each barrack provided a kitchen, mess hall, company commander's office, supply rooms, and squad rooms or dormitories. The sleeping quarters were planned for 150 men, the size of an infantry company in 1917. They were built large enough, however, to accommodate more, so when the size of a company later increased to 250 men, room was available. Iron-frame cots with straw-filled bed ticking lined each wall and filled the middle of each of three squad rooms.[9] Officers' quarters were one-story structures, 25 x 150 feet and served as the battalion commanders' quarters and offices and mess. These structures provided electric lights and hot-water showers and were heated by stoves or to a controlled seventy degrees by a central plant using steam radiator heat.[10] *(Image no. 12)*

Not all those serving at Camp Funston were Americans. Allied officers from Britain, Canada, and France helped school and train American boys in modern warfare, termed "war of position" and commonly known as trench warfare. Important identifying signs, such as the one over the door of Fire Station No. 1, were written in English and in French. Each cantonment had several fire stations whose personnel had civilian

CF #6



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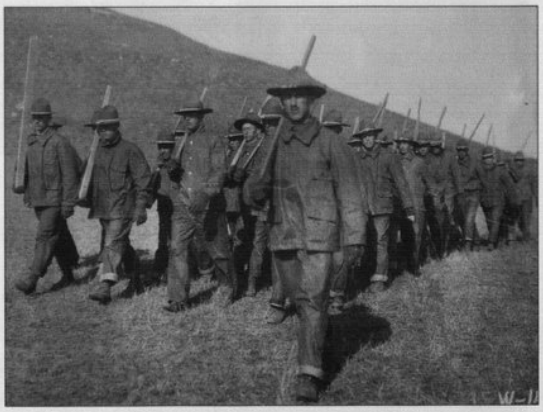


6. James H. Dickson to Eunice Saunders, May 9, 1918, Dickson Collection, National World War I Museum, Kansas City, Mo.

7. Otto Bruner to Mrs. J.R. Muse, October 21, 1917, Bruner Collection, ibid. *See also* George H. English Jr., *History of the 89th Division* (N.p.:War Society of the 89th Division, 1920), 27.

8. Daily Bulletin No. 55, February 24, 1918, Daily Bulletins and Announcements Collection, 353d Infantry, Eighty-ninth Division, National World War I Museum.

9. Crowell, *America's Munitions 1917-1918*, 540; Fred A. Sasse, *Rookie Days of a Soldier* (St. Paul, Minn.: W.G. Greene, 1924), 206.

10. Sasse, *Rookie Days of a Soldier*; Crowell, *America's Munitions 1917–1918*, 535; *Cantonment Life: Camp Funston Illustrated.*

CF #8

CF #9

fire-fighting experience. Fire-fighting preparedness was vital in protecting a wooden city. *(Image no. 13)*

Besides soldiering, opportunities existed for socializing and entertainment. The draftees from Kansas were nearly all assigned to the 353d Infantry Regiment of the Eighty-ninth Division, earning the nickname the "All Kansas" Regiment. The Kansas Building, a massive wooden structure with crenellated battlements, provided a spacious interior with a theater stage and a boxing ring. One regimental daily bulletin mentions a "smoker" for the entire regiment whose "guests of honor" would be 504 men transferring overseas. Church services also were held in the Kansas Building, and another bulletin notes a regimental "hop" asking how many officers are interested in attending.[11]

Entertainment included a concert by the St. Louis Symphony orchestra. According to an official announcement dated January 1918, the opera diva Madame Schumann-Heink, who had a son posted to Camp Funston, was to perform with the orchestra. *(Images nos. 14, 15)* Otto Bruner, a soldier training at Funston, who later served in Company M, Thirty-eighty Infantry, Third Division in France, mentions the occasion in a letter of February 1918: "Last Thursday night I went to hear a big orchestra from St. Louis there were about eighty in it, it was fine. I also heard Madam Schumann-Heinke sing. I sure like to hear her sing. I don't know whether I spelt her name right or not but guess you will know who I mean."[12]

Other entertainments derived from Funston's Old West, frontier setting. A Christmas sports program including a Wild West show was presented in 1917 at a corral on the Athletic Field. According to a daily bulletin, the Wild West show "will be very elaborate and will be well worth seeing."[13] *(Image no. 16)*

Athletics, combining physical and recreational activity, played a major part in the soldier-in-training's routine, whether as a participant or spectator. Organized events like boxing matches and football games between men from different companies, regiments, or training camps; tugs-of -war between regiments; and unorganized activities like pickup baseball

11. Daily Bulletin No. 59, February 28, 1918, Daily Bulletins and Announcements Collection; Daily Bulletin No. 11, January 11, 1918, ibid.
12. Otto Bruner to Mrs. J.R. Muse, February 4, 1918, Bruner Collection; Announcement, January 1918, Daily Bulletins and Announcements Collection.
13. Daily Bulletin No. 107, December 20, 1917, Daily Bulletins and Announcements Collection.

CF #10

CF #11

games could replace the scheduled military athletic exercises. *(Image no. 17)*

In this living environment for thousands of people constantly sharing space, communicable diseases were an ongoing threat and fear. Many daily bulletins and special orders addressed soldiers' general hygiene and sanitary living conditions, and frequent inspections checked on bedding, barracks' ventilation, and quarantine regulations. Measles, German measles, mumps, meningitis, and tuberculosis were major concerns; soldiers and sometimes entire companies were examined and quarantined for these diseases. One bulletin asked company commanders to refer to an earlier bulletin for information regarding flytraps and flypaper and construction and care of garbage and trashcans.[14]

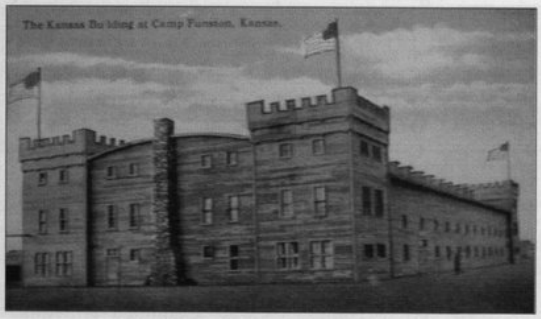
Wendell A. Link from Emporia, who would serve as a sergeant in the Thirtieth Infantry Regiment, Third Division, wrote to his mother about his stay in Detention Camp No.1 because he may have been exposed to mumps. "Here I am with four other fellows in a tent boarded up at the sides, 14-16 ft square with a stove made by enlarging the bottom of the stove pipe. It is a good heater tho [*sic*] and I have six blankets besides my poncho and overcoat so don't worry I am going to keep warm." Link considered the food at the detention camp "better

CF #12

CF #13

14. Daily Bulletin, No. 105, April, 15, 1918, ibid.

CF #14



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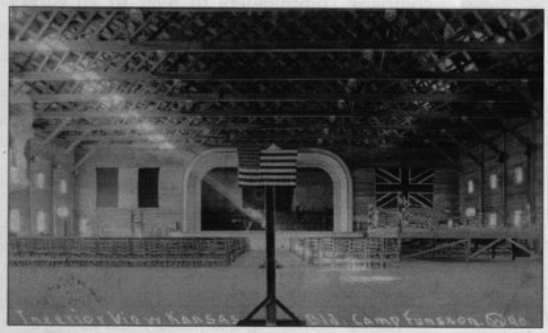


seasoned" than that dished out in the regular camp, and as a personal touch he stated, "We always toast our bread before our stove which makes a difference." Link remained in the detention camp for three weeks awaiting symptoms to surface. If another soldier exhibited the sickness, Link would be removed and the other soldier kept for an additional three weeks. Link felt lucky he had to stay only two months. He signed one letter, "your detained son."[15] *(Image no. 18)*

John L. Barkley, who would be awarded the Medal of Honor for his actions against the Germans while serving in the Third Division in France, trained at Funston as part of the 356th Infantry Regiment. He also combated the threat of communicable disease. His letters home describe being quarantined for measles and spinal meningitis.

> I am at the detachment camp out of sight of Camp Funston, quarentined [*sic*] for the spinal trouble. The whole Co. is quarnteen [*sic*]. It is sure some bad disease, we live in little tents just room enough for six men, when one man gets sick with it he is moved out to some place where he can get better treatment. Just across the other tent about ten feet, all six of its occupants died with it in one nites [*sic*] time.[16]

The most infamous and far-reaching episode of disease associated with Camp Funston was the pandemic influenza of 1918–1920. Commonly known as the "Spanish" flu, it is estimated to have killed fifty million or more people. It is believed to have started with a few cases of infected soldiers from Haskell County in March 1918.[17] With soldiers constantly coming and going from Funston to other camps, home on leave, or to embarkation ports, the disease quickly spread to other parts of the United States as well as overseas on troop ships.

CF #16

15. Wendell A. Link to Mother, January 28, February 3, 1918, Wendell Link Collection, National World War I Museum.

16. John L. Barkley to Mother, December 5, 1917, John L. Barkley Collection, ibid.

17. John Barry, *The Great Influenza: The Epic Story of the Deadliest Plague in History* (New York: Penguin, 2004), 4.

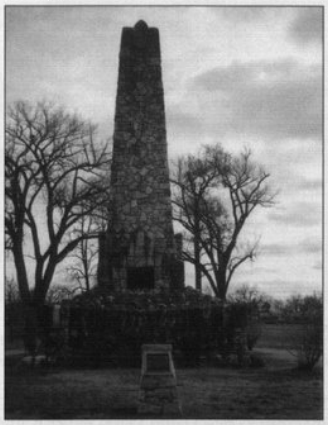
CF #17

CF #18

Detention Camp No. 1, Camp Funston

Camp Funston performed its assigned duties as a training ground for the draftees of the national army. Like other national training cantonments, Funston was part of the war-making machinery of a new global power that transformed hundreds of thousands of civilians into soldiers to serve and fight for ideals that shaped the twentieth century. The physical enormity of Camp Funston is gone, leaving only the remains of General Wood's headquarters; a short distance away, a stone obelisk bears a plaque that reads, "To the Men Who Trained at Funston for the Great War." *(Images nos. 19, 20)* The memory of Camp Funston survives in the official records and private words of those who experienced it while training to fight for their country in a world war. KH

CF #19



CF #20

[In Progress] Kansas history: a journal of the central plains

World War I Allied army hospital

"WITH THE TOMMIES"

A Kansas Nurse in the British Expeditionary Force, 1918: The Letters of Florence Edith Hemphill

by Doran L. Cart

With the United States entry into the First World War on April 16, 1917, the demand for nurses was immediate. Only a small cadre of U.S. Army Nurse Corps (ANC) personnel was available, thus the call went out. Florence Edith Hemphill answered. When she left for France in 1918, nurse Hemphill, who had brown hair and gray eyes, and stood five feet, seven inches and weighed 130 pounds, was embarking on the greatest adventure of her life. To share this experience with the folks at home, she wrote letters, many of which survive today.[1]

Born on February 28, 1887, in Wilson County, Florence Hemphill grew up in Chanute, the sixth of nine children. She completed her nurse's training at Christ's Hospital Training School in Topeka and went on to work as a private duty nurse prior to her wartime service.

Although Hemphill joined from private practice, American Red Cross nurses were the principal ANC reserve force, so when the call went out for nurses, it was aimed especially at them. In wartime Red Cross nurses could, by their consent, be assigned to active duty. They became subject to government regulations and also received the pay of a regular army nurse.

The first few hundred nurses slated for overseas service, during the formative period of the American Expeditionary Force (AEF), were assigned to service with the British Expeditionary Force (BEF). They were to serve at six base hospital units. By March 31, 1918, 2,088 American nurses had arrived in France, with more than 700 in British hospitals. On June 30, 1918, ANC nurses were distributed as follows: 755 with British forces, 3,323 with American forces, and 1,258 awaiting transportation or en route. Nurse Hemphill was in

Doran L. Cart *received his master's degree in museum studies and history from the University of California, Riverside. He has worked at museums and historic sites across the United States before coming to Kansas City where he currently is curator of the National World War I Museum at the Liberty Memorial.*

1."Certificate of Identity" authorizing Florence Edith Hemphill to "Accompany the British forces in the Capacity of Nurse," U.S. War Department, January 18, 1918, Florence Edith Hemphill Collection, National World War I Museum, Kansas City, Mo.

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a supplementary group assigned to the British general hospitals in the Rouen area. Casual Group A, consisting of ninety-nine nurses, arrived in France in February 1918.[2]

In her letters, Hemphill told her mother and sisters Olivia (called Olive in many letters) and May, and brother Clyde, himself in the army, her perspective of the war. She described life in a British hospital, foreign not only to her, but to most Americans. Her missives illustrate not only her war, but they offer insights to other women's service as well. The letters do not give the entire picture of her experiences, however, as letters to home from American service personnel were censored by higher-ranking officers or supervisors.

Editing of the letters consisted primarily of deleting most salutations, questions about the weather and home folks, comments about numbers of letters received, and similar passages. These edits are indicated by ellipses.[3]

Concordia, Kans.
Dec. 17, 1917
Dear Olive & May [residing in Meriden, Kansas]:

Well I am still here but don't know how soon I will be going. We had word this morning to hold ourselves in readiness for our transportations [*sic*] at any time. They said we had been selected for Foreign Service with [the] British Expeditionary Force. Where that will land us I do not know.

Florence Edith Hemphill is the third nurse from the right.

The nurses up here had gotten up a dinner party for us the other night expecting us in on that six o'clock train and then we didn't come. They sure were disappointed. . . .The girls had us over the next afternoon and gave us each a silver folding drinking cup in a leather case and a box of candy to be opened after we get on the train. The sisters at the hospital gave us a silver napkin clasp with our initials engraved on them.

New York, N.Y.
Jan. 6, 1918
Dear Olive:

We are stationed in a lovely place. It was a club house called the Colonial Clubhouse and furnished in that style but has been turned into a mobilization station for nurses and later to be used as a hospital. It is all donated by one woman. There are about eighty nurses here now from all parts of the U.S. There are forty of us in the gymnasium and I dreamed last night that I was playing basketball. I guess it was the environment. . . .

We didn't need to bring near all we did bring. They furnish us nearly everything—two dozen prs. of stockings, 1/2 doz. Woolen—woolen underwear—suit—cape or coat—shoes 3 prs. heavy tan shoes—raincoats—uniforms of gray shambray, please excuse misspelled words—hat—gloves and I don't know what all, so I may be sending home some things—they say we can't take any of our civilian clothes.

We saw girl street car conductors to day. They had a rather neat uniform of kaki [*sic*] colored bloomers, leggings and long-tailed coats.

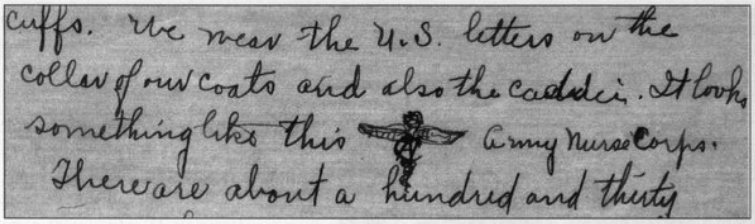
New York, N.Y.
Jan. 15, 1918
Dear Olive:

Have all of my equipment now. We are wearing our uniforms. They are certainly nice. We have blue serge suits and a heavy blue coat and a blue velour hat, a blue silk waist with white collar and cuffs. We wear the U.S. letters on the collar of our coats and also the caduceus. It looks something like this [a drawing of the medical symbol with the letters ANC] Army Nurse Corps.

There are about a hundred and thirty nurses here now. One hundred of them belong to our unit which is called the British Exp. Forces. There are about that many out at Ellis Island too. I sure am glad we didn't have to go out there.

2. Joseph H. Ford, ed., *The Medical Department of the United States Army in the World War*, vol. 2 (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1927), 127. For American women's experiences in the war, *see also* Lettie Gavin, *American Women in World War I* (Niwot: University of Colorado Press, 1997); Dorothy and Carl J. Schneider, *Into the Breach: American Women Overseas in World War I* (New York: Viking Press, 1991).

3. Letters and photographs reproduced here are from the Hemphill Collection.


cuffs. We wear the U.S. letters on the collar of our coats and also the caddeci. It looks something like this [drawing] Army Nurse Corps. There are about a hundred and thirty

From nurse Hemphill's letter home of January 15, 1918.

Assigned to the British Expeditionary Force, Hemphill and the other nurses in her group embarked on January 18, 1918, at Hoboken, New Jersey.

[No date, probably late January 1918]
On Board Ship

Yes I am actually on my way. It doesn't hardly seem possible but it is the truth. I can't tell you when we started, where we are nor the name of the ship, but you can see by the seal [on the stationery] that it is an English boat [Cunard Steamship Company] and we have English style too. We just now had afternoon tea. I will come back a regular Britisher. We are on a very nice boat and we have all the luxuries goings. Our eats are fine.

"Somewhere" [no date, probably mid-February 1918]
Dear folks at home:

I hardly know what to write. If I could tell all I know and have seen I could write volumes but we aren't allowed to tell very much so it kind of takes the inspiration to write away.

They say that there is land on both sides of us now but we won't really land until tomorrow. I certainly will be glad to get on solid earth once again.

We certainly have been well guarded against submarines. Besides having boats on all sides of us we have had lifeboat drill every day and the last few days since we have been in the danger zone we have had to carry our life preservers with us every where we go even to our meals. I told Langley if you folks at home could see us all going around with our life belts you would have a fit but we don't think anything about it, even have a good time about it.

Somewhere in France[4]
March 5, 1918
Dear Clyde:

We nurses are all in the same place but divided up in groups among six different hospitals. There are quite a few hospitals all around close together. There is an American hospital just across the street from us.

There is a training ground close here and several of us nurses went and watched some of the cavalry drill the other day. They have all kinds of trenches and barbed wire entanglements around here. I suppose you have learned how to make them by now.[5]

We thought we had a very large convoy in coming over but have learned since that it wasn't anything very big. There were thirteen boats when we started and then when we got to the danger zone we were met by [censored] little submarine destroyers. We certainly were glad the day they came up to us. We had life boat drill every day. We certainly were all ready for a submarine and I feel a little disappointed that we didn't get to see one. Of course I didn't want it to hit us but I would liked to have seen one. . . .

You certainly begin to realize there is a war on when you get over here. Every man you see is in uniform and then you see quite a good many wounded men on the streets. Nearly everyone is in uniform for that matter. Even the girls are doing their bit and have different uniforms. The day I arrived in France I saw all kinds of hydroplanes, aeroplanes and dirigible balloons.

Well it will soon be time for me to go back on duty so I had better quit.

France, March 25, 1918
Dear Olive:

I certainly am glad I came although I am afraid it will ruin me for ever doing private nursing again. It certainly isn't like anything I ever did before. The boys [are] mostly English, Irish and Scotch, we haven't had any Americans here. They are certainly wonderful the way they endure

4. Hemphill, now assigned to #5 General Hospital, BEF, France, wrote this letter on stationery headed "On Active Service with the British Expeditionary Force" and having the YMCA logo.

5. Clyde Hemphill served with Company M, Eleventh Infantry Regiment.

"The boys" in her care, like the Scots depicted above, greatly impressed the young Kansas nurse. "They are certainly wonderful the way they endure pain without a word and are just as cheerful as can be."

pain without a word and are just as cheerful as can be. They can't be beaten that's all. They are so grateful for everything you do for them too. Thank you for everything, even a dose of castor oil.

There has been some heavy fighting the last few days. I expect some of our boys are in that as there are some of them at the front.

They say that the Germans or Jerrys as the boys call them have a gun that has a range of seventy five miles [the so-called Paris Gun] and that they are shelling the capitol of F[rance]. It seems an impossibility, doesn't it. Everyone here has their wind up about it. That "has their wind up" is a common expression here. Everyone uses it for being excited. Talk about American slang they aren't in it. The English use as much slang as we do. "Carry On" is another expression used a great deal over here—the same as go ahead or keep right on—keep going. . . .

I wish Dr. Kline would come over here.[6] It would certainly be a fine experience for him. The few operations they did at home seem nothing compared to what they do here. One M.O. [medical officer] did seventy five here himself yesterday. It's all day long until one & two o'clock at night.

March 30 [1918]

Started this letter nearly a week ago and haven't had a chance to finish it. Have been mighty busy. Have been transferred to another ward—all heavy cases—mostly chest cases with other things besides such as leg amputations, etc. Had several new Sisters [British Nursing Sisters] come today and they could use a good many more.

We haven't heard a word what our boys are doing at the front but of course they are doing their share. . . .Well, it is almost time for me to go to my dinner which is 3:30 a.m.

France, April 11, 1918

My dear Olive:

I am still on night duty. Not so rushed as we were a while back but still pretty busy. I have all chest cases and they are hard. Yes Langley and I were in the same hut with Miss Lory and Miss Arthur from Indianapolis but our happy home is broken up now as Miss Arthur and myself are on night duty and our places are taken by some nurses or V.A.D.'s[7] I don't know which, from South Africa.

That is what you might have come as, a V.A.D. They do all kinds of work from scrubbing to taking care of the patients. They sure work hard but I am afraid you wouldn't like it for you ought to see their hands, poor things, they look like boiled lobsters and mine are getting that way. I don't know what they will look like in the winter. The nurses that have been here in the winter have chilblains on their hands and feet.

If you think bully beef and biscuit is slang you are mistaken, that is everyday language. I have eaten of both and they weren't so bad but I wouldn't like a steady diet of

6. Kline was a doctor with whom Hemphill had some contact during civilian nursing service. She does not further identify him.

7. Voluntary Aid Detachments (VAD) were formed in England in 1909 to organize transportation, set up field kitchens, and provide supplies for improvised hospital trains. "Above all," wrote Lyn MacDonald in *The Roses of No Man's Land* (New York: Atheneum, 1989), 195, the women "were to be trained in the art of improvisation." American nurses exhibited a certain amount of condescension toward the hospital VADs.

it. Here are some of the slang words used here—I don't know how they are spelled but this is the way they sound. Buckshe, meaning an extra one, for example if they all have had a piece of bread and butter and there is a piece [left] over that is a Buckshe piece. Then Tres bon (tra bon) & champions means fine in our language and in the English quite fit. They also say Toot sweet for immediately. That is a French word so it isn't spelled that way but that is the way it sounds. Then another great expression of theirs is "getting the wind up." I got the wind up a minute ago. I thought I heard some one calling Sister in a tone of voice like something dreadful was the matter and I went flying down the length of the ward but everything was quiet. So it must have been in some of the other wards.

The women of the Volunteer Aid Detachments (VAD), such as the British driver shown above, did "all kinds of work from scrubbing to taking care of the patients."

When I am not busy I stay in what is called the "Bunk." We would call it in civil life an office but here it is spoken of entirely as the bunk. We have the cutest little stove you ever saw. It looks like a toy stove but it keeps the room warm. The only trouble is you have to keep putting coal in all the time. The coal bucket is larger than the stove itself. . . .

There is a convoy in so I may be pretty busy before the night is over. I hear the ambulances going past now.

France
May 26, 1918
My dear Olivia:

There is a constant rumble tonight and the hut shakes ever once in a while. Whether the big offensive has started or not I do not know. Have been looking for it for some time.

Isn't it terrible the Huns bombing hospitals? I was afraid you folks at home might think it was ours or perhaps they didn't publish it in the papers at home. There is nothing too mean for them to do—the Huns, I mean. They think they can come over here and do anything they want to but just let them get a taste of it and they squeal like pigs which they are.

[continued] May 31

Here several days have passed and I haven't finished this letter yet. Quite a lot has happened too since then.

Came off night duty Monday. Miss Thomas and I went down town and didn't get back until 12:30. went to bed and got up at 2 p.m. and went over to a concert at No. 9 Hosp. It was given entirely by the Amer. boys over there and it certainly was fine. They are a fine lot of boys over there and it does ones heart good to see them and hear them. Then we had tea out on the lawn afterwards.

[continued] June 2nd

I have a new hat. You ought to see it and see me in it. It is perfectly plain with a round crown and a rather narrow brim—sort of a brownish gray with a strap that comes down under my chin—weight five pounds [obviously a British model steel helmet].

Have been on day duty now for several days. Have charge of three huts & two marquees [tents]—all skin cases. About a hundred and fifty patients but have three V.A.D.'s and several orderlies so it isn't so very hard. Am out of doors more and my cold is nearly well.

Langley and I went down town the day before Memorial Day and ordered a wreath to be made of red, white & blue flowers and we had it put on the graves of the American unknown dead that are buried here. All the nurses here at #5 Gen. gave it. The nurses from the Amer. Hosp. decorated the other graves. They held a memorial service out there in the afternoon. I saw the boys from #9 General [Hospital] marching past.

France
June 11th 1918
Dear Olive

I went to a circus today—a real American circus—with all the clowns & strong men, etc. It was given by the American unit at #12 General. It was all farce but mighty funny.

During a "real American circus" on June 11, 118, "the nurses gave a Maypole dance that was very pretty."

The nurses gave a Maypole dance that was very pretty. It always makes me homesick when I go where there are a lot of Americans. I wish I were with them. . . .

Well I ought to be going to bed for no telling when I may have to get up and pull on my rubber boots and don my new hat and tear out for the trenches. We sure appreciate a night when we can stay in bed all night. . . .

Don't you worry about my smoking cigarettes. I have gotten a little used to seeing the English girls do it but I can't say it makes me think any better of them.

France
June 24, 1918
Dear Folks at home:

You can send parcels to me because I am with the B.E.F. It is just to the A.E.F. that they can't be sent without a written order. . . .

One of my Jocks [Scottish soldier] gave me his kilt. It is a Gordon kilt. They wear blue suits while they are patients and their clothes are put in the stores. When they are marked for Con.[valescent] Camp or Blighty [Great Britain] they can go get their things. I wondered how he was going to work it about getting something to leave in but when he went after his things he put one kilt away up under his arms and put his tunic on over it and then carried the other in his hand.

June 25th

There are two American boys here in the eye ward. I went over to see them today. One of them was from Kansas but away out near the Colorado line. The other was from Louisiana.

We had string beans tonight for supper. You notice I didn't say stringed for they weren't. They would have been mighty good if they only had taken the stems & ends off.

I would be glad to have you send those comforts and if they couldn't be used in the hospital I know some nurses that would be tickled to death to have one. If you folks ever want to send anything for the boys just send money to me and I can buy things over here. They certainly need something extra for they just live on bully beef & biscuit when on the line. That is the reason so many of them have skin diseases.

We are getting new aprons and collars from the Red Cross so I won't need mine from home. I had six aprons made in town and have lost two of them. I don't know where they went to.

France
July 1st 1918
Dear Olive:

There are some new U.S. officers here. They acted like they were tickled to death to see us. They said they had no idea when they were told they were to be with the British they would find some American girls with them. The men said when they first heard they were to be with the B.E.F. they just went up in the air but now they think they are in clover. The officers in the British army have batsmen that polish their boots and bring them tea in the morning before they are out of bed and so on. I don't blame them for liking it, do you. . . .

France
Friday, July 19, 1918
Dear Olive:

I see by today's paper where the French and Americans have been having good success on the front. I always knew the Americans would do something once they got started. The boys in the ward get the paper every morn-

ing and they are always glad if they can tell me anything about the Americans. I was awake last night in the night and could hear the guns rumbling quite plainly. It seems when the atmosphere is heavy we can hear them plainer.

Have two little discs given me the other day with my name and religion stamped on that I am supposed to wear around my neck. They make a beautiful [illegible word] but I have deposited them in my tin hat and will put them on both together.

France
Aug. 1, 1918
Dear Olive:

My! but I am sleepy. How would you like to go to bed at night and be awakened by the booming of guns and the blowing of whistles and bugles. We sure had a night of it last night, just three different alarms. The first one I got up and put on a few clothes and went back to bed. Things quieted down and I was just thinking of taking off my things when I heard the whirring of the Boche [German] airplanes and I hopped out immediately and pulled on my rubber boots and identification tags and tin hat and headed to the trenches.

We make quite a sight. Dark figures coming from all directions. It reminds me of pictures I have seen of the Klu Klux Clan [*sic*].

France
Aug. 8, 1918.
Dear May & Family:

We can hear the guns quite distinctly out here this afternoon. Seems we can hear them plainer out in the forest or on a day when the atmosphere is heavy.

Haven't our boys been doing good work though. I am glad they are making good but I didn't expect anything else. They say the French people just idolize our boys. They can have anything they want. That isn't the way they treated the English Tommy though. The boys say man a time they have taken the handle off their pumps so they [the soldiers] couldn't get a drink of water. The people in the shops too don't care whether they wait on them or not. One place where we had our hair mashed [poorly cut] the man told one of our E.[nglish] Sisters that he didn't care for their patronage. But just the same, they are getting rich off the British people.

[continued] Aug. 10th

Didn't get this finished the other day. Will make another attempt. . . .

We are quite busy again. Convoys coming in thick and fast but the boys are sure cheerful for the last thing they saw of Jerry [Germans] he was on the run.

Some of them were telling about the way they surprised the Boche [Germans]. They had been just ready to eat when they had to leave in a hurry. The tea was still hot when the Tommies got there.

France
Aug. 16, 1918
Dear Olive:

You wanted to know where I wore my new fall hat [steel helmet]. Well just about midnight or a little sooner we are awakened from our peaceful slumbers by shrieking whistles. We jump out of bed, pull on a few clothes, don our hats and sally forth to stand in the trenches that zigzag all over the place. They are just wide enough for one person to stand or sit in and come just a little above our heads. It is quite interesting to watch the searchlights in the sky and hear the anti aircraft guns booming and see the shells burst-

Two U.S. nurses wearing their tin hats and gas masks, a ubiquitous part of World War I equipage.

ing and hear the hum-hum of the Boche plane as he tries to get through the barrage. We used to do that but for the last few nights we have been going to our wards.

Now don't get the wind up as the men say for there is nothing to be afraid of. I only wish he [the enemy] wouldn't disturb our nights sleep. This doesn't happen every night though. Just enough to let us know they are still on the job. Perhaps I ought not to write this. I wouldn't if I thought that Mother was going to read it but it is quiet back here compared to what it is up nearer the front.

What do you know about them turning loose that gas over there. Haven't they got their nerve. The people there will have to wear gas masks.

October 6, 1918
Dear May:

I certainly am ashamed of myself for not writing. I think everyday I will write and something happens that I don't get to it. Our room seems to be the meeting place for all of the Yanks. When I do have a minute's time there is always someone here. So this evening there are three of us sitting around the fire writing. . . .

It has been pretty cold for the last week or two. I don't see what I will do when it gets really cold. I just expect to freeze to death. Maybe the war will be over though. The men all say it will be over by Christmas. I hope they are right. Poor things, they just can't bear the thoughts of being out here another winter. The most of them would just do anything to get out of it. They are fed up, they say, and I don't see how they have stood it as long as they have.

I got the coffee and it sure was fine. Its all gone. I gave the last of it to one of the English Sisters to make coffee for one of her American boys that has had his foot off. We had several parties with it. Miss Evans, an Irish girl that is in the room next to us, was in one night and I made some coffee and the next night she came in and said "You aren't going to have coffee tonight are you." She said it was the best coffee she had had since she left home.

I made some candy—divinity—in the ward one evening and maybe you think the boys didn't enjoy it. We got three pounds of sugar a piece from the American commissary and one of the girls got a can of Caro [Karo] syrup from the American canteen and she let me have a cup of it and I made part of my sugar up into candy. I am going to use the rest to make some for Clyde.

We haven't had an air raid for so long. We have almost forgotten there is such a thing. I expect they are keeping Jerry so busy up the line he doesn't have time for us. I hope he never comes back for it rather keeps one on a strain thinking they will have to get up in the middle of the night and dress.

We have had quite a good many Americans in this last week. They are mostly from N.Y. and N. Carolina. I am glad we are getting some of them for that was the one thing I hated about being with the B.E.F. that we weren't getting to take care of our own boys. They are mighty glad to see us too.

If you want to send some money for the boys you can just send a bill and I can get it exchanged over here. I am going to spend part of my money on gramophone records. Miss Dunlop, My V.A.D., bought a gramophone for the men to use and they sure do enjoy it. Am sending the children some handkerchiefs.

Above, soldiers recuperate inside a Nissen hut (prefabricated shelter), which served as a British Army hospital.

October 24, '18
Dear Olive:

You ought to see my new overseas cap. It is just like the boys' caps only blue. They will be fine for this winter.

An American nurse died here the other day.[8] She had just come over. Two of their number died in England and

8. The American nurse may have been Nina Louise Seymour, Elma Graves, or Margaret Hamilton. They all died during this period. *See* untitled typewritten report of U.S. women serving overseas, Women's Overseas Service League Records, National World War I Museum.

she out here. We went to the cemetery for the burial and there were two U.S. boys buried too at the same time, all in one grave. The ceremony was quite simple but very impressive. They had the firing of the guns and the last post.

We are having a lot of that influenza over here. It is dreadful. They are bad right from the start.

France
November 18, 1918
Dear Folks at Home:

My, a week ago today was an exciting day [Armistice, November 11, 1918]. The people here just went wild. Langley and I had a half day and went downtown—such a crowd. It was worse than a Fourth of July celebration at home. It lasted for about three days & nights. I was glad to be home by dark for it was getting wilder every minute and you can imagine the number of drunk people when wines, etc. flow like water and is drunk more than water.

Didn't things come to an end suddenly though. I didn't expect it to end yet for awhile. I don't know when we will be coming home but I don't suppose it will be long. I suppose we will be the first as we are with the British and they won't be needing us much longer.

France
November 24 '18
Dear Olive:

There isn't much to write about only my work and [you] now have enough of that without hearing about mine. We don't even have the officers to go out with, even a "loot" (second) [lieutenant]. There are a few American officers here but they are all married and the English ones are the limit. They are married too but that doesn't make much difference. They are not my style. We aren't allowed to go any place with them either. It is against the rules of the British army for the nurses to go to dinner downtown with an officer and a dance they hold up their hands in horror.

The day the Armistice was signed the officers from the Royal Engineers base came over and asked Matron if they gave a dance could we come and she was shocked to think they would ask such a thing. They did give a concert the other night and served tea and cakes and invited us over. It was very nice. But tea is the most exciting thing they can do here.

The Americans were going to have a Thanksgiving dinner downtown and have turkey and things but we were told we couldn't as it was against the rules of the British army.

Dec. 17, 1918
Dear Olive:

We left Nice on the 12th and stayed in Paris until the 16th and were there to receive President Wilson. Had a fine place to see the whole show. Paid a French girl five francs to stand in her cart. Before he came along just out in front of us we saw two or three French men decorated. The people in Paris simply went wild that day. The streets were one solid mass of people singing, dancing, throwing confetti. It sure enough was gay Paris. I don't think the streets were clear all night long. We went to a picture show in the evening and it was late when we went home and they were still crowded.

We didn't do any sightseeing that day. Went to a matinee in the afternoon at the Follies Bergere. It was the funniest thing I have seen. I laughed more than I have done altogether since I came over. The next day we went to the Notre Dame Cathedral to an early mass and heard the organ play. It is the finest organ in Europe. My! but its a beautiful cathedral and so immense. The two most beautiful windows have been removed on account of air raids but there was still one large rose window. We also saw that morning the St. Gervais cathedral where so many people were killed by a shell from Big Bertha [actually the Paris Gun] on Good Friday. The bloodstains were still on the floor. . . .

In the heart of Paris there is a big square called the Place de la Concorde, another place where a good bit of history has taken place, and on both sides of the street all around the square and all the way out to the Arc de Triomphe, are big guns captured from the Germans, also tanks. We stood near a big German tank when we were waiting for Wilson to pass. We also saw German aeroplanes and balloons. I wouldn't take anything for the privilege of being over here and seeing all I have seen. I have wished a hundred times though that you were with me and seeing it too.

I bought twelve pounds of chocolate from the American commissary today for my patients for Christmas. I don't have any idea when I will be coming home. Think there will be a change the first of the year but whether I am sent home or not I don't know. Would rather like to go on into Germany [with the occupation forces].

April 1, 1919
Dear May:

I'm now in a German prisoner ward and they are just being fitted up with clothes to go home. I wish you could hear them. I suppose they are as glad to get home as our