

896 Lake St Newark N.J.

September 5, 1917

Secretary to the President
Rutgers College
New Brunswick N.J.

Dear Sir:

In answer to your letter
of recent date regarding the
enlistment, or otherwise, of
the alumni of Rutgers College,
I wish to supply the following
information:

Herbert W. Boes, '17

M. D. V. S. A.

Base Laboratory No.:
American Expeditionary Forces

In one of his letters, my brother stated that he hoped to be made Sergeant 1st Class, but whether he has received his promotion, I do not at this writing know..

Do you wish to be kept advised from time to time of any news regarding ^{him?} if so kindly write to me -

I have misplaced your letter, but hope this will reach you.

Yours truly,

(Miss) Elizabeth Boes

New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Stations

JACOB G. LIPMAN.
DIRECTOR.
CARL R. WOODWARD.
EDITOR

New Brunswick, N. J.,

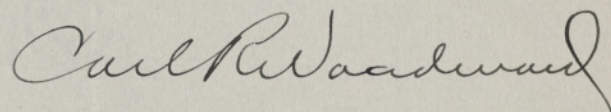
November 10, 1917.

Mr. E. R. Silvers,
Alumni House,
Rutgers College,
New Brunswick, N. J.

My dear Sil:

Since seeing you a week or so ago, I
found that I gave you the wrong address for Herbert
W. Boes, '17. It should be United States Army
Laboratory No. 1, American Expeditionary Forces in
France.

Very sincerely yours,



CRW
FER

A. R. C. Military Hop #2
A. P. O. 702 A. E. F. France

May 14th 1918

X
Dear Silvers,-

I have to apologize for delaying so long in writing you, acknowledging the receipt of those circular letters from time to time, and also the January number of the Alumni Quarterly, both of which have been a source of great pleasure and comfort, as well as information of the whereabouts of some of the fellows, and which in my mind represents the best rounded-out system of any college in the States. Nearly every day I read or hear about someone connected with old Rutgers and I hope that someday I'll be able to add my mite to her already brilliant record.

One of the reasons why I haven't written before was because of the fact that situated as I am in the medical

service and in a laboratory at that - there was little to write about that would in any way be thrilling, fascinating or especially interesting; and secondly the censorship the first few months also limited us to a very great extent. As for trophies, I doubt whether I could tempt you with any that cross a laboratory man's path. We do get some weird looking brains, appendices, etc., but I hardly think they'd be suitable as "trophies"!

My service record shows the following: Sgt in the Medical Dept, U.S. A. (please don't call me a Med. enlisted Reserve corps man)
stations: Army Laboratory #1
Central Med. Dept Laboratory } A.E.F.
and
(at present) A.R.C. Military Hosp #2

I would be curious to know how many Rutgers men were in France prior to Aug 5th 1917 (the date of my landing.) Could you let me know?

Hoping all is well with our old Alma Mater and that she keeps up the good work. I remain
Very truly
A. V. Casselman 18th St M.R.C. Dub Boes 17

June 3 1918

Sergt. Herbert Boes,
A.R.C. Military Hospital # 2
A.P.O. 702
American Expeditionary Forces,
France.

Dear Herbert:

I was mighty glad to receive your letter of May 14th as most of my information about you has so far come to me indirectly . It was good of you to write and I appreciate your interest. I do not know how many Rutgers men were in France prior to August 5th, 1917 but I should say off hand that there were about twenty-five. If you ever get near Base Hospital # 8 it would pay you to drop around as there are about ten Rutgers men there including Tody Bracher. Drop me a line whenever you find the time from your other duties.

Good luck to you and all best wishes.

Very cordially yours,

ERS/W

896 Lake Street
Newark, N.J.
June 10, 1918

Mr. Earl Reed Silvers,
Managing Editor,
Rutgers College Alumni,
New Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your letter of May 16th addressed to my father, Mr. Frederick O. Boes, I enclose herewith copies of such letters of my brother, Herbert W. Boes, as I thought would be interesting to the alumni. Please use such portions of these letters as you care to, using your judgment as to what to take and what to omit, as I haven't taken the time to edit them, feeling at the same time that you would be more likely to know what would interest the boys than I would be.

Since the last letter of April 20th, we have received a letter dated May 9th in which he states that he has been transferred again, this time to the American Red Cross Army Hospital No.2, A.E.F. and one specially trained in the preparation of culture media. He says, "They were in need of a laboratory assistant, /so I was sent."

I had been hoping that we would receive further word from him about this latest transfer, but fearing that I may hold up your work of editing the July quarterly, I am sending what I have and hope it will contain some interesting material. Should another letter come within the next few days, I shall be glad to send you a copy.

The letter of Nov. 18th was sent to a friend, but the other two came to the family.

We shall be very glad to receive a copy of your quarterly.

Yours very truly,

(Mrs) Elizabeth Boes

BASE HOSPITAL NO.1 , A.E.F.

Dear Curtis:

Nov. 18, 1917.

The work in the laboratory is increasing daily. I understand that they intend to supervise every laboratory in the force from here, and that we will soon need quarters many times as large as our present ones. We've doubled our working force, and as a result I have been given an assistant and will find time to "run stools" for typhoid, paratyphoid and dysentery in addition to supervising the media department. We're all very cheerful and working like sin. We acquired an expert guinea-pig man, a Harvard graduate ('15) and a member of the celebrated Red Cross.

We manage to get a little quartet work occasionally, for which we require two other men, one of them an officer, from one of the Companies here, and a piano which the family that runs the canteen allows us to use. Then there's a cinema at the barracks, which we sometimes visit, but, owing to our still scanty knowledge of French we don't enjoy very much. Everything in the way of tobacco and candy has been bought up by the Americans here. This is not a hint, for we are well supplied, but it's a very amusing sight to watch some of these American soldiers spend their money. Guards have to be kept at the stores to see to it that only a certain number of men are allowed in at one time. As a result, around six in the evening every store, especially those that sell something to eat, has a line waiting outside, anywhere from 5 to 15 men in each. A few days ago a cooperative store opened up, with a full supply of everything a soldier needed, and it wasn't three days after

that it had to suspend business to get in a new stock. Americans are coming in daily in great numbers, and we no longer constitute "a chosen few."

Things are moving very rapidly all about us, and it will not be long before we will be in the thick of it. No one over here thinks of seeing home again before 1920 at the earliest. We are able to keep in touch with the events of the war through two American newspapers printed over here: "The Chicago Tribune" and "The New York Herald" so that we do not feel in the least isolated.

Herbert W. Boes

To Curtis E. Lakeman,
American Red Cross,
Washington, D.C.

CENTRAL LABORATORY
A.E.F.

Feb. 9, 1918

Well, we finally got our orders to move, and within two hours I was all packed and with a Major and another lad (from the lab.) we drove for some 70 miles--part of the way through total darkness because one cannot keep a pair of bulbs for headlights--and arrived here about 7.30 half starved. We were well taken care of, partaking of the officers' mess, and then went to sleep on the top floor of an immense base hospital originally from Detroit.

The laboratory here was formerly the University of----- and is really beyond description. Somebody jokingly compared it with Child's restaurant, and that comes pretty near to it. It's all marble and white stone, with a large lecture hall and some thirty rooms. The equipment is the best money can buy, and everything is in the best condition, and a "sight to behold." I feel that nothing but the best that is in me will ever justify my transfer to it, and if I don't make good you'll know it was not my fault. Our remaining original unit will all soon be down here and then things will begin to roll. Just now they're still finishing the plumbing and fixtures, and very little work is going on. I'll probably rave about this place for the next few years, so I'll stop here.

Herbert W. Boes.

CENTRAL LABORATORY
A.E.F.

April 20, 1918

Work is getting heavy again. Our front line trenches are supplied with dressing stations and further back are the field hospitals, all of which are beginning to requisition for culture media, and therefore we are beginning to lay on a heavy supply. Our ambulances leave here every day with different supplies and go right up back of the first lines. I am beginning to speak enough French now so that I can make my youngcorps of ten French-women understand me. I have two working in the same room with me and they are the youngest and best workers of them all. Outside of so you can be sure there was lots to do. two girls I had two other lads besides myself working here/ If the work keeps on I shall need about four more in my room and four more in the other room (wash-room) making close to twenty in all. That'll be plenty, I think. It's almost a hopeless task to manage what I have, because how in the world can I "bawl" somebody out if I can't speak their language, and how can I make them stop talking when they should be working, etc., etc., if I can't "bawl" them out once in a while? The answer is, "study French" Yes, I know, but that's only one of the many things I'd like to do.

Herbert W. Boes

A. R. C. Military Hospital No 2
A. P. O. 702
American E. F. France

No 7, 1918

Dear Silvers, -

I surely do miss
those circular letters you've
been sending out, for the
last one I received must
have been fully six weeks
ago

The dear old place
back there must have changed
terribly, with all these men
coming in for military
training, pursuing their
work with unheard of
fervor and earnestness.

I suppose that there are ^{ev}
few left that sort of
lazily stroll along en-
joying the comfort of
those big, green lawns
and old shady elms
and maples, giving as
they do that divine feeling
of being in the presence
of something peaceful
and loving. Even the
thoughts of the hum &
buzz of that old factory
makes me wish I were
there now.

I've seen slews of
Rutgers men lately. They're
all getting their leaves
to come to the big City and

see the sights. Cope Herbert, however, came
as a patient with a slight-shoulder wound
and a bit shell-shocked. But he's doing
very nicely now, being more or less
recluded in a soldiers convalescent
Home not far from here. Norman
Becker '19 flying with the British stopped
in on his way to England on leave, ^{and}
Tracy Elmeendorf '16 was in to say Hello. He's
Commissioned in the Aviation Corps as a
~~Quartermaster~~ or Supply officer. I believe you
call it.

I've been recently appointed as
Sergeant-Major of the hospital having

charge of the office force and
all the paper work of the
hospital. Unfortunately
I'll be squeezed out of
a commission by about
two months when the next
recommendations are due
to go in - now that we're
about to quit fighting
- but it's far from wor-
rying ^{us} so long as I
can get back to dear
old Jersey again.

You're surely to be
congratulated for all
you've done for us
lads over here in keeping
in touch with us, and
I hope we'll soon be back
for a few rip-snortin'
reunions.

Very truly,
Herb Boes '17

From Sergeant Herbert W. Boes '17

A.C.R. Military Hospital No. 2,
American Expeditionary Forces
November 7, 1918.

I surely do miss those circular letters you've been sending out, for the last one I received must have been fully six weeks ago.

The dear old college back there must have changed terribly, with all these men coming in for Military training, pursuing their work with unheard of fervor and earnestness.

I suppose that there are few left that sort of lazily stroll along enjoying the comfort of those big, green lawns and old shady elms and maples, giving as they do that divine feeling of being in the presence of something peaceful and loving.

Even the thoughts of the hum and buzz of that old factory makes me wish I were there now.

I've seen slews of Rutgers men lately. They're all getting their leaves to come to the big city, and see the sights. Cope Herbert, however, came as a patient with a slight shoulder wound and a bit shell-shocked. But he's doing very nicely now, being more or less secluded in a Soldiers Convalescent Home not far from here. Norman Becker '19, flying with the British, stopped in on his way to England on leave, and Tracy Elmendorf '16 was in to say Hello. He's commissioned in the Aviation Corps as a Supply Officer; I believe you call it.

I've been recently appointed as Sergeant-Major of the hospital having charge of the office force and all the paper work of the hospital. Unfortunately I'll be squeezed out of a commission by about two months when the next recommendations are due to go in-- now that we're about to quit fighting-- but it's far from worrying me so long as I can get back to dear old Jersey again.

You're surely to be congratulated for all you've done for us lads over here in keeping in touch with us, and I hope we'll soon be back for a few rip-shorten reunions.

November 25 1918

Sgt. Herbert Boes,
A.R.C. Military Hospital #2
A.P.O., 702
Am.E.F.

Dear Herb:-

Your letter of November 7 has just reached me, and I suppose that by this time you have received another war service bulletin. Both Herbert and Becker have written me telling of meeting you in Paris. It must be a fine thing to come across another Rutgers man so far away from the college campus. I am glad to hear of your promotion and sorry to know that you have missed out so closely on a commission, but now that the war is over let us hope that you will be among the first to return to the United States, and that you will visit us here in New Brunswick on the earliest possible occasion.

With kind personal regards,

Sincerely yours,