

U.S. Base Hospital No 15

May 18, 1918

Dear Sil,

Realizing that by long silence
I must have seemed lacking sense
of decency. - will start a letter in
your direction, but first let me thank
you for the War Bureau Bulletins.
We're dammed glad to get news
over here - & Rutgers news particularly.

After a mighty lucky four
months' service in the States, lucky
because my status was changed
often (had chance to see Portland
Or., San Francisco & New Orleans). I
gathered together a new uniform:
a lot of totally unnecessary toilet
articles, & a brace of home knitted

work: then set sail & reached France
the latter part of February.

Spent a few days in a
delightfully old & picturesque village
& then went to the coast for a
short stay. At a dirty & rather
unattractive resort town, was
cheered by the sight of Harry Foxway
when I called on the P.M. for a
mileage check. Later at a bare
hospital party, ran into George
Norcum ~~who~~ in the Sanitary Corps
& doing chemical work of some sort.

After a lot of worry, because
I'd expected to join the Pursell
Unit - received orders in March.
Was glad to get her - believe me -
with the gang from my own
hospital in New York.

Win situated on a plateau
with surrounding country not unlike
the Catskills, & just now wonderfully
green & beautiful - the sort of
valleys & old walled villages one doesn't
expect to find outside of books &
pictures.

Win completely equipped - to
shower baths & an ice cream freezer,
the two rarest articles in France.
Work is plentiful - though at this
writing we're not greatly rushed. Have
seen a good many wounded &, personally,
a good many more gas cases
which are really more pitiful than
the youngsters who come in full of
schrapnel, that is removed, & get
them over to the Y. M. C. A. Hut
in a week or so.

The lines of a hospital fall in pleasant places. There are American nurses: pic: movies: & any number of stray dogs for adoption. So one does find a few aches & pains that are pure undiluted camouflage, but these instances are surprisingly few, and in general will find the spirit of the men fine - all of anxious to show Fritz their personal & undivided attention at the earliest possible moment.

Huyson[?] '18 is one of our detachment. Discovered he was a Putgers man only the other day when I made a ~~pleasant~~ personal & painful visit to the dentist's office when he works.

Have been able to travel with

patients around the country occasionally
and once lucky enough to ride on the
American military train, which is
all American (except the engineer)
has blankets on its "couchettes" and
a ~~new~~ black faced servant who does
the same work he used to in one
Mr Pullman's cars back home. I heard
a familiar voice in the next
compartment and found that it belonged
to Bert Spanns. I hadn't seen
Bert for years - since our athletic
endeavors as sophomores used to be
a continual source of irritation to
our respective fraternities - but here
he was looking fine, and with a first
lieutenancy in the Ordnance Dept.

Read the "Jargums" and
January "Alumni Quarterly" at the

Paris American University Union
recently. A good many Belgians were
were registered on the card system
there, but am sure not all the
names of the people in France were
on the list. Might be a good bunch
to suggest their sending their
addresses to the Union.

The University Union is a
regular place. Its doing a lot in
making Paris pleasant for the
Americans, & in straightening
out the difficulties of harassed
individuals whose French is limited
to the "tout de suite" & "c'est la guerre".
(These expressions are generally
accepted, good American slang;
used everywhere ^{and} in every letter
one comes to)

The French have recently
begun to cooperate with the
University Union & are supplying
introductions & invitations to
French home - a chance to meet
regular people that has been
needed & will be thoroughly
appreciated.

Must give a monthly artists
convoy of patients the once over
so this rather disorderly listing
will have to serve as a letter.

As ever

Doc Faurey

OK
JH
1st June

From Lieutenant George H. Ramsey '13

U. S. Base Hospital, No. 15, May 18, 1918.

Realizing that by long silence I must have seemed lacking sense of decency, will start a letter in your direction, but first let me thank you for the War Bureau Bulletins. We're darned glad to get news over here, and Rutgers news particularly.

After a mighty lucky four months' service in the States, lucky because my station was changed often (had chance to see Rutland, Ore., San Francisco, and New Orleans), I gathered together a new uniform, a lot of totally unnecessary toilet articles, and a brace of home-knitted socks, then set sail and reached France the latter part of February.

Spent a few days in a delightfully old and picturesque village, and then went to the coast for a short stay. At a dirty and rather unattractive seaport town was cheered by the sight of Harry Janeway '17 when I called on the Q. M. for a mileage check. Later at a base hospital party, ran into George Norcum '15 in the Sanitary Corps and doing chemical work of some sort.

After a lot of worry, because I had expected to join the Roosevelt Unit, received orders in March. Was glad to get here, believe me, with the gang from my own hospital in New York.

We're situated on the plateau with surrounding country not unlike the Catskills, and just now wonderfully green and beautiful, the sort of valleys and red-roofed villages one doesn't expect to find outside of books and pictures.

We're completely equipped, to shower baths and an ice cream freezer, the two rarest articles in France. Work is plentiful, thought at this writing we're not greatly rushed. Have seen a good many wounded, and personally, a good many more gas cases, which are really more pitiful than the youngsters who come in full of shrapnel. They are removed, and taken over to the Y.M.C.A. hut in a week or so.

The lines of a hospital fall in pleasant places. There are American nurses, pie, movies, and any number of stray dogs for adoption. Occasionally one does

find a few aches and pains that are pure undiluted camouflage, but these instances are surprisingly few, and in general we have found the men fine, all anxious to show Fritz their personal and undivided attention at the earliest possible moment.

Huyssoon '19 is one of our detachment. Discovered he was a Rutgers man only the other day when I made a personal and painful visit to the dentist's office where he works.

Have been able to travel with patients around the country occasionally, and once was lucky enough to ride on the American military train, which is all American (except the engineer), has blankets on its "couchettes," and a black-faced sergeant who does the same work he used to in one of Mr. Pullman's cars back home. Heard a familiar voice in the next compartment and found that it belonged to Bert Sparrow (R. G. Sparrow '13.) Hadn't seen Bert for years, but here he was looking fine, and with a first lieutenancy in the Ordnance Department.

Read the Targums and January Alumni Quarterly at the Paris American University Union recently. A good many Rutgers men were registered on the card system there, but am sure not all the names of the people in France were on the list. Might be a good hunch to suggest their sending their addresses to the Union.

The University Union is a regular place. It is doing a lot in making Paris pleasant for the Americans, and in straightening the difficulties of harassed individuals whose French is limited to "Toret de suite" and "c'est la guerre." (These expressions are general accepted, good American slang, used everywhere and in every letter one censors.)

The French have recently begun to cooperate with the University Union and are supplying introductions and invitations to French people, plus giving us a chance to meet regular people that has been needed and will be thoroughly appreciated.

Must give a recently arrived convoy of patients the once over, so this rather disorderly writing will have to serve as a letter.

June 7, 1918

Lieutenant George H. Ramsey,
U. S. Base Hospital No.15
American Expeditionary Forces,
via New York.

Dear Doc:

I was mighty glad to have your letter of May 18th which is the first word received from you in two or three years at least. I have heard indirectly about your commission and your changes in address but found it hard to follow you around the country. I suppose that now you are stationed permanently and I can ship you everything at Hospital No.15.

All the news of the College is contained in the War Service Letters so there is really nothing else I can say except to repeat my word of appreciation of your most interesting letter.

I shall never forget that first year of College when we plugged along so desperately at the Greek translations. Those hours are in my memory continually and it is fine to hear from one with whom I was so closely associated then. Please don't forget to write whenever you have a chance.

Yours in 1913,

ERS/W

Olean N. Y.

Jan 7 1918

George Herbert-Ranssmyrd has
Commission Sept- 1916 He is with
the Aviation Section Signal Corps
His present address follows:

over.

First Lieut - George H. Ramsey M. R. C.

Signal Corps Cantonment

Vancouver Barracks

Vancouver

Washington.