

The War Isn't Over Yet for These Fox Hills Cripples

Wounded Soldiers at the Big Staten Island Hospital Say Season Isn't "Closed"

By Wilbur Forrest

A WOUNDED soldier, on crutches, hobbled into the doorway of a café in Greenwich Village a few days ago and was addressed thus by an attendant who held open the door while he negotiated the passage:

"It's pretty late in the season, ain't it, son, for wounded soldiers?"

"Yeah, it's pretty late in the season, boss, but you'll find about a thousand of 'em over at Fox Hills, Staten Island, if you want to take the trouble to look 'em up," retorted the wounded boy.

I have investigated that big American army hospital at Fox Hills, S. I., and can testify that there are about a thousand wounded boys there who feel that the average New York individual thinks just about as much of their plight—if he thinks at all—as the Greenwich Village café doorkeeper.

How many people in New York and elsewhere, for that matter, think for a minute nowadays about wounded soldiers? How many realize that there are thousands of the boys who faced red hot steel and high explosives on American battlefields in Europe still suffering, many bed-ridden and in terrible pain, many with torn bodies, never again capable in their former vocations, many facing life with terrible handicaps? How many people realize that the great European War is yet just a historical infant for whose victorious advent humans are still paying the highest price this side of death? Most probably the answer is that very few realize all these things.

The New York Idea

New Yorkers haven't far to go to find out about them. Miss Ruth Adler, who works among Uncle Sam's wounded boys at Fox Hills, came over to Manhattan a short time ago to see a society friend. She told her friends about the work over there.

"Oh," exclaimed the friend, "you are working among the insane? What a pity!"

Miss Adler mentioned this casually to one of her charges on her return to Fox Hills.

"Guess they've forgotten there ever was a war," said one of the boys, who repeated the story to me at Fox Hills. "Well, believe me, we haven't forgotten it, anyway."

The big Fox Hills Hospital, in charge of Colonel J. H. Ford, Regular Army surgeon, who saw service in Europe as an American observer before America went into the war, is doing everything for Uncle Sam's wounded that it is possible to do—except to emphasize that if there ever were men who wore the uniform entitled to this nation's gratitude, they are in this great hospital.

There are at present about nine hundred patients at Fox Hills, the majority of whom are still suffering wounds received in France. Headed by Colonel Ford, sixty United States Army medical officers are on constant duty, in addition to 115 army nurses. One hundred and ten "reconstruction aids," experts in physiotherapy and occupational therapy, employed by the government, are helping the men back to the best possible health before they are discharged from the government's care. These therapy departments include everything from massage to electrical treatment to the teaching of vocational trades with which the patients may pick up a place in the country's trades and make a living. An enlisted personnel of about five hundred men of the Medical Corps makes up the "crew" of the hospital.

Has Had Eight Operations

Sergeant Henry J. Reichert was a New York policeman before he joined the 307th Infantry Regiment of the 77th Division and went to France. The most famous part of the 307th was the "Lost Battalion," but Reichert was not a member of that particular battalion. Reichert had two captured Germans to his credit when a piece of German shell five-eighths of an inch thick and weighing seven and three-quarter ounces laid him out. This was on October 28, 1918.

The shell splinter remained in Reichert's body after it passed through the top of the right shoulder, splitting the lung on its downward course. To make a longer story shorter, this ex-New York policeman had been operated on eight times, five times in France and three times in the United States. He has been in eight hospitals and has had an operation in each. Fourteen solid months of constant pain, the loss of the shoulder joint, eight

inches of the humerus missing and nineteen full months of hospitals is Reichert's lot to-day.

"There are nineteen members of the New York police force still suffering wounds in army hospitals," Reichert told me.

"What do you think about the bonus?" I asked.

"If I could get a million dollar bonus I wouldn't trade it for the old days when I used to swing a club with my good right arm," said the sergeant. "I supported my sixty-year-old mother then. Now my brother, at 310 Elliot Avenue, Tottenville, S. I., is supporting her."

Reichert has not thought of what he will do when he leaves Fox Hills. And that will not be soon. Perhaps he will have another operation.

Elliott Rogers, of Niantic, Conn., member of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion in the 26th Division, was wounded near Château Thierry on July 22, 1918. Rogers came to Fox Hills last June after being treated in American army hospitals at Vitel, Limoges and Bordeaux, France, and two other hospitals in the United States.

A piece of high explosive shrapnel shell tore out the back of Rogers's thigh, severed the sciatic nerve and paralyzed a portion of his body.

Season Still On There

It was Rogers on crutches who encountered the Greenwich Village café doorman, who thought the season was a little late for wounded soldiers. Elliott thinks he will get out of the hospital next fall after he has one or two more operations. He is going to become an architect.

"The season isn't late for wounded soldiers around here," said Elliott, pointing to a number of his pals sitting in wheel chairs or hobbling on crutches around the Red Cross rest room at Fox Hills. "We who are able to get around don't crab much about our lot, because we can always look around and see fellows who are so much worse off than we are. Take a look, for instance, in Ward 38, the nerve cases. There are thirty-four beds full of wounded soldiers in season in Ward 38. One of them is a shrapnel brain case, and he's learning everything all over again like a baby. I'll say he's right in season."

It isn't at all hard to find some hundreds of Uncle Sam's boys who are "right in season," wandering about the grounds, sitting in wheel chairs in the corridors or flat on their backs in beds or working in the vocational shops, learning trades, at Fox Hills.

Has Fourteen Wounds

Sergeant William J. Weston, of Atlantic City, formerly of the 310th Machine Gun Battalion, in the 79th Division, is another of them.

Weston was one of the battalion fighting north of Montfaucon on February 5, 1918. A German shell killed fourteen of them and wounded twenty-eight. Weston was hit fourteen times by shell fragments. A part of his hip was shot away, rendering both legs useless. Since that time he has had ten operations under ether and any number of minor operations.

Before he joined the army Weston was a bricklayer foreman. "Guess I can't follow that trade any more," he soliloquized the other day. "In fact, I haven't thought of any special thing to do as yet. I've got plenty of time to think about it, but I'll be all right at something."

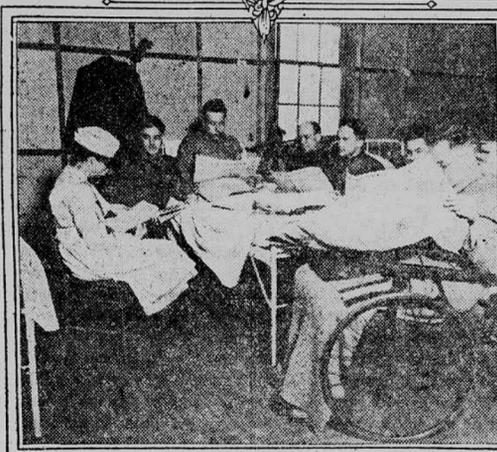
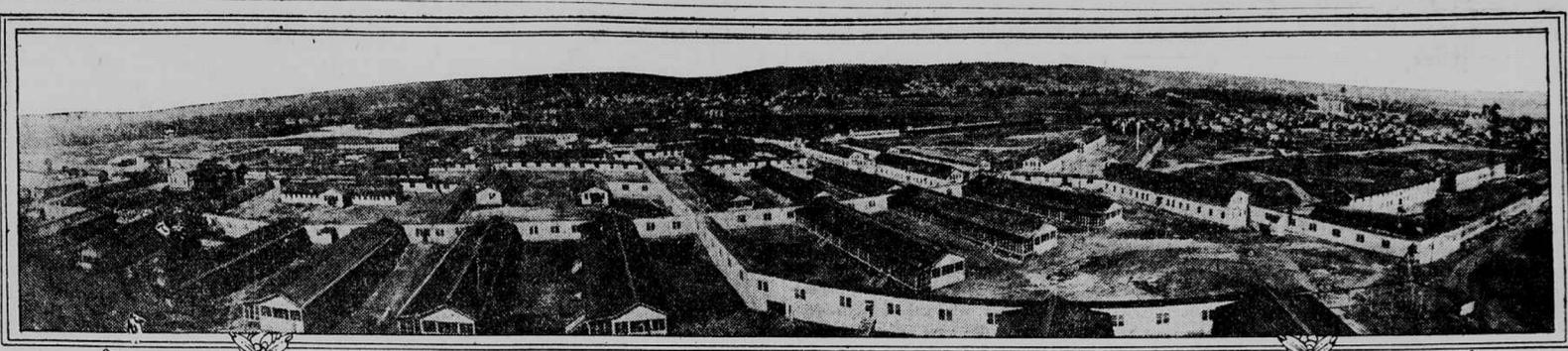
Sylvester Holland, of Buffalo, a former member of the New York National Guard Division—the 27th—remained in various army hospitals for many months and finally came to Fox Hills, where they tried again to save his leg. A few days ago he lost part of one leg and left Staten Island for the Walter Reed Hospital, at Baltimore, where after they remove another piece of bone from what is left of the leg they will fit him out with an artificial one.

Holland wears the ribbons of the French Croix de Guerre, the American D. S. C. and two British decorations. He will be "in season" for several months to come.

Corporal Matthew Carroll, of 16 West 70th Street, Manhattan, former member of the 51st Pioneer Infantry Regiment, of New York, wounded on October 6, 1918, in the St. Mihiel drive, would bitterly resent any implication that he is any "last year's bird's nest" either. Carroll was formerly a vaudeville dancer and singer.

A Dancer Who Can't Dance

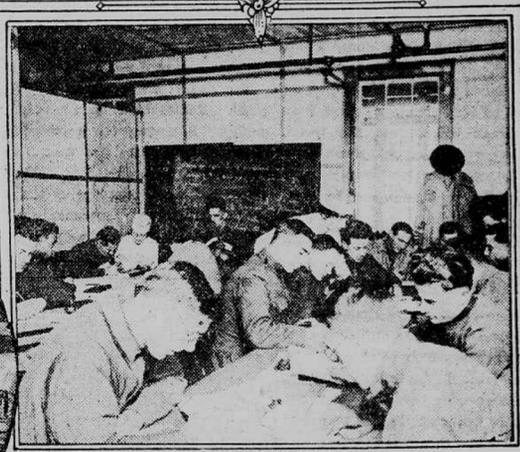
"I've still got my voice," said Carroll the other day at Fox Hills. "I got a machine gun bullet in the leg." Here is Carroll's experience in tabloid: Base hospital at Toul, base hospital at Brest, ocean voyage to the United States, arriving Christmas Eve, 1918; base hospitals at Long Beach and Philadelphia, and



WOUNDED soldiers at the Fox Hills Hospital reading "La Prensa" to perfect themselves in their study of Spanish



A THOUSAND wounded soldiers still under treatment at the Fox Hills Hospital on Staten Island feel that New York has rather forgotten their existence



FOREIGN-BORN soldiers at Fox Hills spending their vacation studying English

to Fox Hills last June. Constantly in bed until August 28, 1919, and has never walked since the day he was wounded.

Walter Hunt, Manhasset, L. I., 308th Infantry of the 77th Division, wounded in the Argonne October 14, 1918—a machine gun bullet in the hip—has been on his back since that date in bed with a femur amputation and paralysis.

Walter Hunt was a horseman on a Long Island estate before he went to war, and hopes to emerge from "the season" some time during some forthcoming season.

James Metcalf, formerly of the 9th Infantry Regiment of the 2d Division, was wounded at Haumont, in the Argonne-Meuse sector, the day before the armistice. He has been in eight hospitals, three in France and five in the United States. He has been at Fox Hills for about one year and from his pre-war trade as an iron worker's helper intends to become a commercial artist.

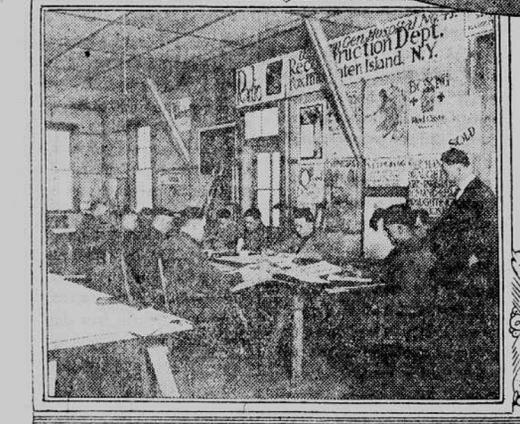
Sixty-eight and eight-tenths of Uncle Sam's wounded and disabled at Fox Hills have taken advantage of the educational and vocational opportunities offered by the government to fit them for future activity.

Study for the Future Soldier

Forty-five hundred men—standing on one leg or with no legs at all, working with one hand—have passed through the Occupational Therapy, according to Lieutenant A. Scott Lee, U. S. A., in charge of this branch of Fox Hills therapy. Four officers and six aids, all experts in their line of work, have worked with and enthused Uncle Sam's more unfortunate boys in this department to specialize in something.

A cursory glance through the workshops and classrooms indicates that they are specializing to a marked degree, as against the theory of the New York society lady who thought that Fox Hills was an insane asylum.

Here are the vocational activities



THE class in commercial art at the Fox Hills Hospital, Staten Island

and subjects which the men are permitted to pick from:

College subjects, high school subjects, bookkeeping, business English, stenography, typewriting, commercial art, showcard writing, poster making, magazine and book illustrating, sketching, color work, drafting, blue printing, dynamos and motors, power transmission, radiotelegraphy, land telegraphy, handicraft work in textiles, reed and cane work, cardboard construction, jewelry, plastic materials, auto mechanics, vulcanizing and practical automobile work.

The chief vocational aid at Fox Hills is Miss Gertrude Field, of California, assisted by Miss Fayette Barnum, of 68 West Twelfth Street, New York City; Miss Marjorie Goddard, of Boston; Miss Alice York, of Detroit; Miss Eleanor Sackett and Miss Ruth Adler, of New York City, and Miss Meta Rupp, of Sag-

inaw, Mich. Most of these young women are graduates of Mrs. Howard Mansfield's School of Occupational Therapy, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, and the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.

A sale of articles made by wounded soldiers in the Fox Hills hospital shops—in toys, basketry work, carpets and other things—brought more than \$2,000 at a shop sale on Fifth Avenue a short time ago.

Hospital Must Close

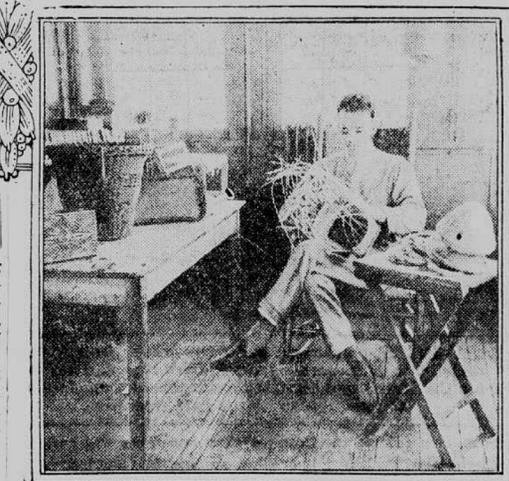
Congress having failed to appropriate funds for the continued maintenance of temporary war hospitals, the Fox Hills hospital is expected to close its doors some time this fall. The young women experts of the Occupational Therapy Department are, however, striving to continue their good work after that.

A plan put forward is designed to interest philanthropic folk in the establishment of vocational work-

AN exhibition and sale of toys made by disabled soldiers at Fox Hills

shops immediately at some central location in Manhattan where soldiers may continue their study and practice even though discharged from the hospital.

When a patient at Fox Hills



A WOUNDED soldier at Fox Hills practicing the art of basket weaving

reaches the maximum of physical cure it is the government's rule that he must leave the hospital and depend henceforward on the sliding scale of disability pay provided by the War Department. He is, however, entitled to such continued treatment as he needs from the New

York Polyclinic and other government hospitals.

The young women would call their institution the "Ex-Service Men's Crafts Club," and would ask the government to give to it such tools and materials as are left when vocational therapy becomes impossible through lack of Congressional aid to carry it on at Fox Hills.

"There are many of our boys in New York to-day," said Miss Fayette Barnum, "who have become well enough to leave, though still taking

club and saleroom would be just the thing."

New Yorkers who have not assumed that "it is pretty late in the season for wounded soldiers" are offered a chance to make this "Ex-Service Men's Crafts Club" a reality by Miss Barnum and the other young women now employed at Staten Island.

The Case of "Joe"

"We do not like to think of giving up our work completely after we have seen what can be done for American soldiers," said Miss Barnum.

An example of what the Fox Hills vocational training has done for some men was seen in the case of "Joe." Joe is known to all his wounded comrades for his dogged fight to overcome physical disability and get back into the world with a bang. He is Giakino Battista, formerly of the quartermaster's corps at Camp Upton, who contracted pneumonia and then acute pleurisy at his army work.

Joe came out of active army duties an American citizen and into Fox Hills for three operations. He got interested in auto mechanics and all from the army to return to his home in Michigan at automobile repair work, with a compensation of \$45 a week. Joe admitted the other day that he had never earned more than \$30 a week in his whole Italian life.

With the cooperation of Colonel Ford, the commanding officer at Fox Hills, Lieutenant Lee, in charge of the therapy in which Joe became interested, has placarded the hospital with the message:

"Joe cashed in on leisure hours at \$45 a week. What are you going to do?"

The season for wounded soldiers is not half over, and if the average New Yorker does not believe it he can become thoroughly convinced at Fox Hills, Staten Island.

German Society Has Nothing Left to Look Up To

By William C. Dreher

From The Tribune's European Bureau

WHEN the Kaiser fled to Holland, followed by the forced abdication of all his royal, princely and

ducal colleagues. German society entered upon a new phase. It became a society with its top lopped off.

The ultimate goal of all social ambitions, the highest prizes of all social strugglers, suddenly vanished and left a painful vacuum behind. No more are splendid court equipages seen rolling down Unter den Linden; instead, the royal stables are to be converted into a city library, and the fine old carriages have either been sold or put into museums. The peculiar blast of the horn carried on the royal automobiles—which no plebeian horn dared imitate—lives only as a memory, "from elfland faintly blowing."

Standard Bearers Gone

It was the same at other "residences," as the Germans called a

city where one of their many rulers had his court, and those social strugglers who took as their motto "Patronize home royalties" are also bereft of the local standard bearer of social traditions.

So all over Germany the labeled and approved "best families" feel themselves let down to a lower level; the glamour and glory of a presentation at court can no longer be looked forward to by ripening young misses. The stiff and formal court balls, from Berlin all the way down to Schaumburg-Lippe, no longer attract aspiring mammas. Ministers of state no longer need invest half of a year's salary in an elaborate gold-embroidered coat.

Germany has thus a society with nothing to look up to, and the loss is a painful one, for the Germans were accustomed for generations to looking up, not only politically but socially. President Ebert, of course, makes no social pretensions whatever. His enemies, devotees of the old German tradition that is dead, are fond of amusing them-

selves with jests about the President as the leader of German society. And none of the ministers of state is figuring, or even trying to figure, as a social leader, as a founder of social tradition. The times are too out of joint for that; people have approached and are approaching too close to man's primal wants to permit anybody to think much of such matters.

Beer Evenings

The "beer evenings" held occasionally by several of the ministers are political rather than social functions. The brilliant display of uniforms formerly seen on such occasions has dwindled to a few specks, which is typical of the general submergence of the military element in Berlin society. The American can hardly realize what a toning down of the human show that means in Berlin.

All this means that German society is in a state of transition. It is trying to get its bearings, in so far as it can take time to think at all about itself. Some persons do think; some openly express their sense of loss and want the monarchy restored, but trimmed of most of

its political prerogatives, and a Court as the standard of social life still hovers before the minds of not a few. The present social anarchy is a necessary result of existing political conditions, but it satisfies nobody and may eventually prove a serious element of weakness politically for the republic.

Prince a Bank Clerk

Yet readjustment to the new conditions is making progress. Men and women everywhere are exerting themselves to meet the practical demands of a new, stern era. Prince August Wilhelm is working in a bank, and others are turning from a secure existence to face the hard struggle that is daily growing harder. A new zeal for training mind and hand for new work is showing itself in many directions. And so society as a collection of men and women who must mingle with each other for interchange of thought, for common amusements, is sinking more and more into the background, and individuals are being considered more as economic factors, as producers and consumers of commodities.

Reckless Amusements

I have been talking here about the more serious people, those who take their social life and their amusements quietly. But the public amusements are many and various, Social events in private families

are now fewer by far than before the war—fewer and simpler. Necessarily so, in view of present prices and scarcity of food. Meals set before the guests are often startlingly simple.

A Delayed Invitation

"We hope to invite you to dinner soon," telephoned an American woman friend, married to a German manufacturer, "but we shall have to wait until we can find an extra piece of meat. We get only a pound and a half once a week for five persons."

This woman heats only one room, as do many others, owing to the coal famine, and cold rooms destroy sociability. Yet young people are able to escape from this pent-up existence by giving little dances now and then in the family, with a few intimates invited. These are after-supper affairs—a economy which is understood and reciprocated.

Reckless Amusements

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and they rejoice in unprecedented attendance. Many people throw themselves into amusements with a reckless spirit, bent only upon escaping from the disgusting realities of the time. Horse racing last year was especially popular; the largest attendance on record was scored at one event. When the season reached its end a special late autumn season was arranged for, and already the events scheduled for 1920 are more numerous than those for 1919. The open air bicycle race also survives in undiminished popularity.

The theaters hold their own, despite the competition of concerts and cinemas. Reinhardt last year converted a great circus building into a theater seating about 3,500 persons, and, with Greek drama and the best of modern plays, he is filling it without difficulty. A few of the theaters are keeping up the best traditions of the German stage, but others are deteriorating to keep pace with popular taste. The coarse vein of German life has swollen visibly since the revolution; public taste is running more than ever to plays dealing suggestively with sexual problems, plays that are shameless in their audacity. These always draw crowds.