

The Big Job of the Navy's Boss Doctor

How Uncle Sam Has Prepared for Casualties Among His Sea Fighters—The Elaborate System of Identification and Report and Plans to Secure Greatest Comfort for Battleship Men



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BY RENE HACHE.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Nobody knows how much of the American Navy is now in European waters. Probably a very considerable part, including some of Uncle Sam's newest and mightiest battleships. In the next big sea fight in the North Sea—which cannot well be long postponed and may happen before this gets into print—American dreadnoughts are likely to play a conspicuous role.

An exciting idea, truly. But in such a battle a lot of Americans would certainly be killed and wounded.

The Navy expects to have plenty of fighting to do before the war is over, and its list of casualties will, doubtless, be lamentably long. How shall a record of them be kept?

The problem has already been worked out and a system adopted that is, in its way, the most remarkable ever devised.

The System of Report.
Suppose that John Smith, an apprentice seaman, is killed by an explosive missile that splits his skull. At the earliest practicable moment a printed form card is filled in with his name, his ship and other brief data, including the nature and cause of his injury, for mailing to Washington.

The card is addressed to the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Navy Department, and, on arrival, the facts it relates are transferred to a paper slip 2 1/2 inches wide and 10 1/2 inches long, with little numbers stamped all over it. The slip looks somewhat like a restaurant meal ticket, but the printed numbers are very small and there are hundreds of them. Each number means something.

The data regarding John Smith are recorded on the slip by punching out with a machine the numbers that correspond to the facts made known by the mailing card.

To begin with, he was an apprentice seaman. All naval apprentices are represented by the number 1300. One punch through the paper slip fixes his status in the service.

His wound was in the head. The head is 100, the scalp is 101, the brain 102, the face 103, the mouth 104 and so on. The number 102 (punch) shows that John Smith's injury was in the head, involving the brain. All fractures of bones are 200. The number 202 (punch) indicates that poor Smith's skull suffered a compound fracture.

The number 11 stands for all casualties in action. A punch through it, on the upper slip, shows that young Smith died in battle. Other particulars are filled with his official record. All that is sought to be shown on the slip is the circumstances that rendered him a casualty.

For every officer or enlisted man in the Navy who is killed or wounded there will be a slip punched. The mail cards containing the original data will be filed in alphabetical order for ready reference. But the punched slips are meant to be handled by machines which will automatically sort them out for any kind of general information that may be desired.

For instance, suppose that it is desired to know just what has been the mortality of Uncle Sam's aviators or how many Americans have been killed on submarines. The machine will sort out the proper cards. It will separate, if so wished, the officers from the enlisted men, or it will show how many of them are between 20 and 25 years of age. Any combination of data relating to casualties can be obtained offhand.

Wounds of different kinds are represented by numbers, likewise every part of the body. The spine is 300, the chest 400, the abdomen 401, and so on. The abdominal region, of course, includes the pelvis, 403, the stomach, 404, and the liver, 405. These are merely fragmentary suggestions.

Again the lower extremity, is 700, the hip is 701, the thigh, 702 and the knee 703. It is a numerical system carried out in such wise that a single figure, anatomically speaking, is definitely descriptive.

The Numbering Plan.
For the rank and service status of the man killed or wounded there is a separate division of the paper slip. All officers are 100, line officers 101, medical officers 102, dental officers 103, naval constructors 104, and so on. The idea here being again a mere suggestion.

All enlisted men in the hospital corps are 300. Those of the ordnance corps are 400 and ship's artificers 600. In the last named category a blacksmith is 601, a boilermaker 602 and a carpenter 603.

Midshipmen are 200. All musicians 1100. A bugler is 1102 and a drummer 1103. The culinary force of the Navy is 800. A baker is 801, a cook 802, and so on.

Special numbers (in another part of the paper slip) tell the cause of the casualty—gunshot wound, explosive shell or what not. Others show the kind of duty in which the sufferer was engaged at the time he was hurt or killed. But enough has already been said to make it clear that a few punch holes can recite a whole story.



Giving Oxygen with the Pulmotor. A Rescue Process in Which All Sailor Men Are Trained.

During recent months thousands and thousands of young men have enlisted in the Navy and have been sent to the various training stations for instruction. To guard against communicable diseases (such as measles, for instance) which some of the men were bound to bring with them, it has been necessary to keep every such recruit quarantined in a detention camp for 21 days.

Small quarantine camps of the sort are scattered about every training station, and it is interesting to observe

how the common germ-distributed troubles start and spread in them—the occupants of each camp, of course, being rigidly restricted to their own separate quarters. One recruit develops mumps, a couple of others measles and other maladies. Some of their comrades catch the complaints. But at the end of three weeks the sick have recovered and everybody is well and the boys may be safely transferred to the common barracks.

The medical authorities of the Navy keep a very careful watch on commu-

nicable diseases, for fear of epidemics. They make a painstaking study of water supply, sewage and other health conditions in the vicinity of the training stations, taking prompt measures to remedy anything that may be wrong. In the medical bureau of the Navy in Washington is kept a record of every case of communicable disease that appears on a warship. Huge wall charts show at a glance the health condition of each vessel in this respect, which is indicated by pins with heads of different colors. Thus a red pin means a case

of scarlet fever, three dark-blue pins signify three sufferers from measles; white pins indicate German measles; yellow pins, cerebrospinal meningitis; brown pins, typhoid fever; black pins, smallpox; purple pins diphtheria, and sky-blue pins, malaria—which last is a communicable disease, of course, through the medium of mosquitoes that carry the germs from sick to well persons.

On another wall is a chart that shows in like manner the cases of communicable disease under treatment just now

at the various naval hospitals. Here the colored pins appear in series—malaria cases by the dozens, measles ditto and what not. Every pin stands for a sick person and tells what is the matter with him.

At every naval training station there is, of necessity, a hospital, mainly for the treatment of youngsters taken sick after their enlistment as apprentice seamen. Those who develop measles, mumps or other communicable diseases are promptly transferred to the hospital

wards for treatment—their removal incidentally minimizing their chances of passing on their complaints to fellow-recruits.

When any enlisted man or officer on board of a warship is taken sick, record is made of the fact and of his ailment by the ship's surgeon, who, at once on his recovery, mails a form card to the bureau of medicine and surgery, filled out with name of sufferer, name of ship, nature and duration of malady, etc. It is exactly the same performance as in the case of a war casualty.

Likewise, and in the same manner, these data are transferred by the punching machine to paper slips. Each disease has its number. Mumps is 525, whooping cough 875, homesickness—please mark the recognition of that as a malady—is 571. Even the wart is not forgotten; it is 875. This may seem absurd, but there is such a thing as a malignant wart.

All communicable diseases on ships and at naval stations are carefully tabulated, the paper slips relating to them being punched and the diseases sorted out by machine. Thus any combination of facts may be ascertained offhand—even though they were required to tell how many bread bakers in the service, between the ages of 23 and 24, born in the state of Ohio, suffered from mumps in the last six months of the years 1917.

TWO WAR SUFFERERS WORK IN RED CROSS CAMPAIGN

"Scotty" Wilson, Who Had Just Returned From French Front, and Dorothy Hinds, War Orphan, Render Efficient Service in Lane County Drive.



Dorothy Hinds McKee and "Scotty" Wilson, Sunbeam Studio.



Lusitania Medal, Issued in Germany and Sent to Little Dorothy McKee Among Her Father's Effects.

EUGENE, Or., Jan. 19.—(Special.)—Two persons who have suffered "in the last war for human liberty" took part in the Lane County Red Cross membership drive which resulted in rolling up a total of more than 18,000 members. They are James ("Scotty") Wilson, who had just returned from the west front, where he

received on a farm near Roseburg. It has been almost nine months since the message was flashed to their home in Blainiere, Alberta, announcing that their father, Lieutenant F. E. Hinds, of the 37th Canadian Overseas Battalion, had been killed in battle.

It was only last week that the father's effects were received and divided between the two girls. Dorothy's share included a replica of the bronze medal struck by the German government in commemoration of the sinking of the Lusitania. Her father had this among his possessions at the time of his death and it was sent along to America with his cap, badge and other evidences of his family might and honor.

Girl Red Cross Worker.

The package bearing evidence of German frightfulness arrived at the McKee home while Dorothy was at work at the Red Cross, where she spends her time after school each day, doing what she can to relieve the suffering of those who, like her father, may fall on the field of honor while fighting to overcome the thing the German media represent.

Dorothy, at the time of the declaration of war, was old enough to understand a little of its meaning. The call of country came and she saw her father go away. Two years passed. It was long wait for papa. He did not come. The uniforms of the soldiers brought to her the memory of a father's love. Her own mother was dead and she had been living with her stepmother.

Then one day came the message that her father was dead. Many things happened in the months that followed. Mr. McKee, who was formerly a Canadian, knew of the little girl and arranged for her adoption. She came to live with Mr. and Mrs. McKee in Eugene. There were soldiers here, too, but they were different. Theirs was not the Canadian uniform—the soldier clothes her father had worn.

"Scotty" Wilson Understands.
On the day that her father's cap, badge and the other things that he had owned while at the front, including the reproduction of the medal issued in commemoration of the crime of May 7, 1915, which cost the lives of 1200 men, women and children and made the whole world shudder, arrived in Eugene Dorothy started down the street to show them to some friends.

"Scotty" Wilson, who was one of the first British subjects in Lane County to respond to the call for men following the declaration of war and who was the first to return with scars of battle, stood on the sidewalk talking to a group of men. She knew the uniform and pushed her way to his side, where she opened the box and taking out her father's cap badge held it up that he might see it. "Scotty" understood. He had seen the contents of many packages similar to that in the hands of the little girl carried away from the western front.

"Scotty" Wilson when war was declared was employed near Eugene. He was a native of Scotland and 47 years of age, but had been in Oregon for a number of years, working most of the time as a laborer. He had previously served 14 years in the British army, and although beyond the age at which he would be subject to military service, he volunteered, believing every able-bodied trained man should respond. Then it had always been his boast that he was British and entitled to his full share in doing that which was British. His friends tell how "Scotty" in the days before the war, put in an appearance at a banquet of the St. Quentin line March 15, 1917. He is now No. 258,321 in the Canadian

received wounds which disqualified him from further active service, and Little Dorothy Hinds McKee, who was made an orphan by a German shell last April.

Dorothy is now the adopted daughter of F. W. McKee, resident manager of the Postal Telegraph Company in Eugene. She is 10 years of age. Her sister, Bettie, who is four years older, was adopted by E. J. Allison, formerly agent for the Royal Typewriter Company at Portland, but now

"Scotty" so far as known, is the first man from among those in the banquet hall that night to shed blood for his country. He was wounded twice in the trenches—on the head by shrapnel and in the back by a splinter from a shell. His injuries were received on the St. Quentin line March 15, 1917. He is now No. 258,321 in the Canadian

army, assigned to casualty unit No. IX. During the Red Cross campaign in Eugene Dorothy McKee heard that the mothers, daughters, wives and sisters of soldiers were to solicit memberships for the Red Cross. She volunteered her services, proving an efficient saleswoman. "Scotty" Wilson aided the cause by telling of the actual work of the organization in the field.

The soldier and the girl, during "Scotty" Wilson's visit in the city, became great friends. The girl is in the third grade of the Washington School in Eugene. "Scotty" was one of the men who put in the foundation for that school building.

Sanitary Cigarette Case Is an Admirable Gift.

New Contrivance Quite in Line With Views of Modern Health Agitators.



Stork Cigarette Box Latest Fad.

THE health agitators have not quite arrived at the point of demanding sealed wrappings for every cigarette sold, so that "no fingers but his own" touch the cigarette he smokes, but here is a new contrivance for smokers which does the next best thing; the cigarettes are kept closely covered in an almost airtight receptacle and Mr. Stork, at the touch of a button, obligingly bends down, acquires a cigarette from the box—a trap-door opening and closing automatically during the process—and presents the smoke in his bill.

The stork is metal and the box a handsome affair of decorated red lacquer.

The whole outfit makes an admirable present for a man's den.

JAIL TERM IS INCREASED

Escaped Convict, Recaptured, Receives 20-Year Sentence.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—William Preston, colored, who recently was captured after escaping from the penitentiary at Lorton, Va., where he was serving a sentence of nine years for housebreaking, begins a new term of 20 years today, Justice Stafford sending him to prison on two indictments charging housebreaking and larceny.

"And see that he isn't put in the front yard this time," observed the court when imposing sentence.

Darrell D. Bancroft, 19 years old, was sentenced to 10 years in the penitentiary, pleading guilty to a charge of housebreaking. He escaped from Occoquan several years ago while serving a term for housebreaking and joined the Navy. Several weeks ago he returned here.

QUESTIONNAIRE LAWYERS GET IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH PEOPLE

(Continued From First Page.)

One man brought up a whole box of cigars. He was a Chinaman. Most of the men whose questionnaires I filled out claimed exemptions or deferred classification. The great majority of them, however, were on the grounds of dependency and I am satisfied they were bona fide. A good many of them said that if they were not for their families they would have enlisted already and I think most of them meant it.

Some Anxious to Avoid War.

Of course I filled out blanks for several who were anxious to avoid going to war in any event. These would claim all kinds of reasons for deferred classification. I thought the vocational claims were a little far-fetched. I thought, in those instances I always told the registrants that I thought it would be better for them to go to work, but if they insisted I filled them out for them anyway, cautioning them, however, to adhere strictly to facts.

I couldn't help but wonder, however, how many of them were really coming to work, but I had taken up farming since the selective service law became operative. I also noticed that some who had begun to work in the army had recently returned. One or two men who were handling less than 10 acres claimed they were conducting a necessary agricultural enterprise, though they spent most of their time in other work.

Be it said to the credit of the general run of men of draft age that they are patriotic young men, willing to go out and fight and die, if necessary, for their country. Men with wives and children naturally were anxious about their families, but I thought they made claims for deferred classification on the grounds of dependency. But this was the only concern of most of the men for whom I filled out questionnaires.

Some men claimed deferred classification who really intended to enlist. One man who was recently married claimed classification in Class IV on the ground of support of his wife, but told me he claimed it in the hope he would not be called until he got some financial matters adjusted and that as soon as he did this he would enlist anyway.

In most cases, where I explained to registrants that I thought they had no valid claim for deferred classification they promptly and willingly waived any claim they intended to make. In some cases the registrants were more free to waive than their relatives. In two cases where I filled out questionnaires and marked the registrants in class I, where they unquestionably "belonged," their mothers came back and asked if some claim could not be made. It was hard to convince them there was absolutely no chance for deferred classification.

Wives Hate to See Husbands Go.

I have always cherished a somewhat undeveloped belief, based perhaps on the many troubles which find their way into a lawyer's ears, that quite a percentage of wives would like to get rid of their husbands, but I have had to revise my view. It may be the wives think that, but when it comes to a showdown it isn't true. The wives who accompanied their husbands to sign the supporting affidavits required on dependency claims appeared, as a general rule, to be more solicitous about the possibility of their husbands going to war than did the husbands themselves. I can't say, of course, whether this solicitude was founded in affection or fear of the shrinkage in the family

larder, but from my observation the wife's alarm about the danger of her husband being called was based on deeper grounds than that she might have to support herself.

I discovered in filling out the questionnaires that the infantry branch of the service is not very popular. The

ordnance department and the quarter-master corps appeared to be the most popular, though a great many enlisted in the artillery, engineer corps or aviation branch.

I met many registrants of German parentage who I believe are thoroughly loyal. I also encountered some whose loyalty I am inclined to question. Among the first men to come to me was one with an unmistakable German name. When I filled out the blank I told him he would be placed in class I, and he said he expected that would be the case, and he signed the waiver of all claims.

Most of the men with German names took occasion to profess their loyalty. But I noticed if I mentioned some German whom I had heard was disloyal they would fly to his defense. They seemed very quick to stand up for men of German lineage; that is, many of them did. At the same time I encountered many Germans thoroughly loyal.

Sons of Germans Speak German.
One thing that impressed me in this work more than anything else was the fact that every son of German parents, whether he was born in Germany or in this country, could speak the German language. This was true of many members of the second generation born in the United States. I didn't strike a single man of German ancestry who couldn't talk German, but this was not true of any other nationality.

I confirmed a fact I had always heard in regard to the German people, and that is that they are very thrifty. According to the financial statements made in answer to questions, the average German is saving about half what he makes.

In this work I encountered two men who came from Alsace-Lorraine. They were exactly opposite in their attitude. One of them was so partial to France that he told me he was going to enlist if he could make arrangements for the support of his family. He has several relatives in the American Army now. The other claimed every exemption on the catalogue and from the way some of his relatives talked I suspect he is inclined to be pro-German in this war.

Agricultural Question Vague.

In the questions dealing with an agricultural occupation the registrant is asked to state why he couldn't easily be replaced by another person. Many registrants appeared not to realize that this referred only to the question of the availability of someone to till their soil and seemed to think it meant someone coming in to take charge of their household entirely.

I filled out blanks for a number of registrants who said they had a religious conviction against war. Most of these claims, I am sure, were bona fide, because the registrants had belonged for years to a well-known church which opposes war. I had one instance, however, where a man had received his questionnaire from the local exemption board one day, had joined a church the next and in his questionnaire filled out the next. He claimed this exemption. Another registrant had joined a church which opposes war a few days before the selective service act became operative. He applied for and received his membership by mail.

In the questionnaire a registrant is asked if he is a minister, or a divinity student. This query often produced a comment. If the registrant had read over the blank he had discovered that a minister was exempt and many of them commented that they couldn't see why a minister should be exempt any more than a clerk, laborer or farmer.

I discovered in this work that at least 90 per cent of men who do not work for a salary have very little idea of their incomes.