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Theodore E. Boyd World War I Collection - Handwritten Memoirs and Rosters

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 11:47:25

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being organized. Applicants were called for the nearest place for making application was Nashville, so I went there May first.

The recruiting station was crowded with applicants. Each had to have a personal interview and physical examination, and there was such a waiting list that I could not hope to get in for at least three days. It was, as I recall, Friday; I had obtained leave of absence from my classes for that day, and I did not want to let my work go indefinitely. I met Sam Felts [[best guess]], from Ashland City, who was in the same predicament. We learned that there was another recruiting station at Columbia, about 50 miles south, where applications were accepted. No one knew whether it was crowded or not, but Sam and I went down there on the afternoon train.

We were too late to get in that day, but got appointments for the next morning. That night we spent at a hotel, and in town we ran across two old acquaintances of mine from The University of Tennessee. One was Carl Hardison, who was there on a similar errand. The other was Oscar Faris, who county [[country?]] agricultural agent and already had put in his application. Faris took us to the Elks' club, where we talked of the war, and he read to us some of the "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man", by Robert W. Service. They were very gory war poems, mostly dealing with messy deaths on the barbed wire and in muddy trenches. Service, by the way, is the author of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew". He isn't much of a poet, but we shivered and felt quite heroic as we read the stuff.

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