

True to its pre-war policy, the *Sun* was devoted to local activity, much of its space given to advertising, range and market news. Letters from local men In the Service of Their Country were printed in “The Soldiers’ Corner”—Dear Mother, I am fine and in good health—but they were censored and said almost nothing about the war.

In the East there were shortages of food and coal, and plans were being drawn up for rationing. There was no sugar in Flagstaff, but that was all right because Food Control Means Victory. In an effort to conserve food, Congress had prohibited the “wasteful” misuse of it in brewing or distilling alcohol. That was not well received: right away there were bootleggers in Arizona. I mean, potato bread and corn meal cereal were one thing...

After passage of the Federal Food Control Act, T.A. Riordan was appointed the food administrator for Arizona, Alex Jurston the local administrator. They sent specific meal-by-meal guidelines to newspapers: meatless days, wheatless days, breads baked with half wheat flour and half other grain. Use war recipes. Raise more hens. Produce more eggs. Grow more vegetables. The Cattlemen’s Association petitioned to have cowboys deferred from the draft with the argument that they were necessary in the push to produce more food for “our boys.”

The women were responsible for changes in diet. Also for making bandages, knitting socks, sending books to soldiers and binoculars to the navy. Working for the Red Cross in its new quarters in the Masons’ building. Buying Christmas seals for the prevention of tuberculosis. Writing cheerful letters. To me, eighty years later, there’s a pathos in that mobilization of small-town housewives. And a transparency that’s obvious from this distance. Illusion is better than being no use at all.

Pleasure didn’t entirely end. A masquerade dance was “given” on New Year’s Eve of 1917. Tom and Josie Manning entertained at card parties to which they invited Felix and Lois and Sarah. Parties could be construed as helping with home front morale, which the newspaper decided was important too.

Women’s fashion during the war years—well months, for America the whole affair lasted from intervention to armistice only twenty months—featured a “slim line” with no discernible waist and then dresses with flared skirts and long jackets or blouses. Hems exposed a woman’s ankles, no longer hidden inside high-topped, buttoned shoes. Patterns for middy dresses and modified naval uniforms appeared in sewing catalogs.

Was it war related, men gone fighting, that Mary Platten of Davenport Lake was hired as the first woman deputy game warden in Arizona, responsible for the western part of Coconino County? State officials announced that she would be paid the same wage as men doing the same job. Well, I'm so proud of them.

Another thing: though commercial radio was still in the future, a young Flagstaff woman, Mary Costigan, applied for and received a commercial radio broadcasting license, the first woman in the world to do that. She was also a licensed motion picture machine operator who kept the Orpheum operating for years.

Doctors Raymond and Miller traveled often, though not together. Hilda was expecting, and her doctor husband was elected a trustee of the Flagstaff schools. Dr. Manning sr. probably stayed close to home, but his sons, the Manning brothers, moved into new offices in the Masonic Building on Birch and San Francisco, four rooms on the lower floor in the north part of the building.

Dr. Felix was putting in "a major part of his time" working for the county Exemption Board. Still Superintendent of Public Health in Coconino County, Dr. Tom ordered quarantines for cases of smallpox, which continued to kill a few people now and then, as did typhoid, measles, tuberculosis, cholera, and chicken pox. Almost every week there was a still-born baby or death of a new-born or death of an infant. Nothing unusual for the time.

At forty-seven years old, Dr. Henry K. Wilson, who arrived in Flagstaff that year, was too old to be subject to a draft. Born in Illinois, a graduate of Northwestern University Medical School, he was registered by the state Board of Medical Examiners, and he and his wife Mary, also born in Illinois, thirty-seven years old, found? rented? bought? lodging on Birch Street. Henry's mother, seventy-one, was a member of their household.

Another doctor had come to town. Peter Paul Zinn, born in Utah, a graduate from the Los Angeles College of Osteopathy and the Pacific Medical College of Los Angeles, was also registered by the Board of Medical Examiners to practice medicine in Arizona. He set up an office on a corner of Railroad Avenue and Leroux (in the Bank Building?), phone number 93J, and advertised that he was available for medicine, surgery, and osteopathy, also for testing eyes and fitting glasses.

The Register of Voters of Coconino County described Zinn as 5'8" tall and 158 pounds. (For purposes of identification at voting polls?) He'd been

married in Riverside, California, in 1915; his wife Annis, born in Kansas twenty-five years earlier to northern Italian parents, 5'6" tall, 150 pounds, listed her occupation as housewife. She had one child, Elizabeth, two and a half years old. Right away Annis joined the Women's Club and Rebekah, began playing bridge with the other ladies.

Those two men arrived just in time: something was coming that would be worse than anything they had faced before, worse than the war. It would be called Spanish, although Spain apparently had little to do with it. Pain began behind the eyes and spread to ears, neck, spine, legs. Explanations were offered, but no one had an answer. Nobody knew what caused the unfamiliar illness, what it was, how to treat it.

The United States did not yet have a uniform system of federal, state and local health authorities. Most cases of the strange spring complaint were not considered serious enough to report to health authorities; deaths were usually assumed to be caused by pneumonia. The first deaths documented under the name of Spanish Influenza were in Boston.

In March the first wave struck army bases, where men were crowded together for training and shipment. Then people in prisons and factories and big cities across the country became sick. The earliest reports of epidemic flu came in mid-April among American soldiers disembarking at Bordeaux.

The *Sun* reported in March five local people sick with pneumonia or grippe, in April only two. Now and then a case of erysipelas with chills and fever. No deaths. Flagstaff—on the trans-continental railroad line, an excellent route for contagion—apparently escaped the flu in the spring of 1918.

That early "flurry" killed tens of thousands of people around the globe, and then for a few months the epidemic seemed to be ending as the virus quietly shifted, mutating into something never before encountered by the human immune system. The big news here through March, April, May, and June was the "retirement" without a hearing of Dr. Harold Blome, president of the Normal School. Board of Trustees cited "the flag incident" and his German birth as reasons. Two of his assistants were discharged at the time.

That part of the controversy lasted in the newspaper four months. Editor Breen, who didn't like much about Governor G. W. P. Hunt, ran a column charging that the issue was statehouse politics not patriotism. Normal School students paraded through downtown Flagstaff in protest and threatened to strike against the school unless Dr. Blome received a

fair hearing; Hunt suggested that the state militia would be an appropriate weapon for quelling a strike; the students responded that the militia was in France. Blome formally thanked them for their support and requested that there be no strike. He was already receiving offers of employment elsewhere, he said.

There were public petitions requesting a hearing and reconsideration of the Board's action and insisting that Blome's record was "without a blemish." The faculty protested that their patriotism had been assailed and submitted a petition in support of Blome. The local presbytery protested his removal from his position.

Governor Hunt conceded under pressure that a public hearing would be held in Flagstaff, then charged that since feeling was running very high and he feared mob violence, any hearing of the case would be held in his office in Phoenix. If there were citizens in that little town who hadn't been upset by then about the treatment of Blome, the governor's insult did the trick. "He's calling us a violent mob?"

Blome declined Hunt's offer of his office. In May the Normal School graduated its largest class ever—fifty-one students. Dr Blome was the commencement speaker at Bisbee High School. In late June, Governor Hunt traveled to Flagstaff, met in the Commercial Hotel with citizens concerned about "the Blome case," and left again "unmolested."

Nevertheless, Harold Blome accepted a position at Bisbee High. Carolyn Breen invited Mary Blome's friends to a dainty luncheon with Hilda Fronske as one of the guests. The Blomes left Flagstaff in August "with respect and esteem," after a reception for them sponsored by Normal School students and attended by 250 guests. Harold Blome died in Pasadena five years later.



Retreat from family life is probably the most common adaptation to the demands of medical practice. Retreat from the non-medical world usually begins in medical school and progresses to a nearly total avoidance of nonmedical socializing by private practitioners.

After that walk down the wash from the petroglyphs back to his Land Rover, Lyle didn't call for two weeks, and then he sounded casual, as if

nothing had happened. “Hi there, sidekick. Got a couple of hours to keep me company for lunch? I’ve heard of a little place I’d like try.”

I matched his tone. “I think so. Which two hours do you have in mind? I’ll meet you there.”

It was a cafe bright with color and mid-day sun through the windows. Wary about conclusions being made, I had already chosen a highly-visible table with separate chairs before Lyle came in.

Not knowing the situation—ignorant is another word for inexperienced—I didn’t intend to say anything if he didn’t. “How’s your week gone?”

“Routine cases, nothing to challenge an idealistic dermatologist bent on preventing tragedy. You?”

Electricity crackled between us, at least it did for me. “I was curious about what those rock pictures might mean, the ones we saw a couple of weeks ago in the wash. Who did them? And why? How long ago? So I went to the city library.”

He folded his arms on the table and leaned toward me, smiling. “And? Are those your notes?”

The papers were beside my right hand, sun-lit and obvious. A kind of shield. I had to have something. “You probably already know this: they were made by humans.”

He threw his head back and laughed. I smiled.

“And they were pecked on the surface with a sharp rock. Most of the rock art in the Southwest is pecked. They had plenty of rock.”

“That they did.”

“Do you remember anything that might have been human shapes?”

He cocked his head. “Now that you mention it, no, I don’t.”

“No horses.”

“No.”

“There were all those goats or sheep with horns that curved backward. The legs were short, they didn’t look like deer.”

“True.”

“Like this.” I held up a sketch I’d copied from a book.

“Right.”

“The squiggly lines were horizontal, so they wouldn’t have been lightning.”

“Looked more like snakes.”

“There was a tight spiral thing, but I can’t remember any marks that might have been used to indicate a position of the sun. Do you?”

“No.”

“OK, here’s what I guess based on what I’ve read. Because it was a long time ago, it’s hard to say exactly when or why or by whom or what they meant, but I say it wasn’t religious or by shamans, it was a hunting site on or near a stream and the pictures were pecked at least 600 years ago, maybe by women.”

“Women? Pictures I’ve seen always show men, recent of course, but always men as the ancient artists.”

“They do, yes. Shows you how we think, our thought habits. But that doesn’t have to mean it’s true. Why couldn’t women have been ancient artists as much as men? Pecking at a rock wall, painting in a cave, that doesn’t take muscle. Women now are as interested as men in making images.”

“Maybe they were too busy cooking.”

“In a subsistence economy men were busy too. Making tools and things like that.”

“I have to admit you could be right.”

“Look, suppose the older women were considered wise and some sort of magical, there’s evidence of that in recent primitive societies, and they went along on the hunt to make images that would insure success. It’s possible, isn’t it?”

“I like it, I like it. Marlene, you’re really something.”

After that it was easy to talk, and he didn’t even touch my hand, and we were friends. That’s all. I was disappointed, but I was also relieved.



It’s too late for me to take ballet or singing lessons, too late to become an athlete or a climber or anything that requires a strong young body. I can read philosophy though, and study art history. I can travel any place in the world I want to go and really see it. Strong young bodies haven’t got it all, in case no one has noticed.

“It’s me, Baxter, your one and only.”

“Mom. So you are, the only one I’ve got. It’s for me, honey.”

“And you’re the only son I’ve got.”
“That’s true too. How ya doin’?”
“Oh, not too bad. I just need someone to talk to.”
“What’s the matter? Where are you?”
“Oh Baxter, you’re wonderful. You go right into help mode.”
“Come on, where are you?”
“In my house in town doing laundry, safe and uninjured. It’s my day off.”
“Then what’s wrong?”
“It’s not an emergency. I’ve been agitated for a few days, that’s all, and I can’t get rid of it. I knew if I tried to talk to Gwen, she’d land on me with fifty pounds of advice and instructions. So I called because you’re always so sensible.”
“Well. Thanks. What are you agitated about?”
“It’s the research I’ve been doing, the history. Gwen would order me to stop this minute, burn all my notes, and go out and have fun.”
“She would, you’re right. She would.”
“She might not be wrong.”
“True too. What’s bothering you.”
“I’m up to 1918, the U.S. entering World War One. So I’ve been hunting for news about medicine, how it might have changed things.”
“Bound to have. War has always been an active force for change.”
“What I’m upset about is shell shock. They called it that for a while because they thought it was caused by the sound of exploding shells, compression transmitted to the central nervous system or something equally ambiguous. Later they said “War Neurosis.” But Baxter, I could cry...”
“It’s okay, Mom. Tell me.”
“It was awful, horrible. The armies in those trenches were under constant bombardment—endless noise—in hell for four years, trapped in sucking mud three feet deep. Pieces of human bodies poked out of shell holes and drew rats and flies. Lice were everywhere.”
“My god. I didn’t know that.”
“The first sensation of a poison gas attack was coughing and choking. Then vomiting, gasping. Mustard gas blistered and burned their skin, poisoned their cells. Poison gas swirled in puddles of putrid water. There were no latrines—there was no such thing as sanitation. Soldiers were wet and cold and hungry, half sick from infections, short of food and water and sleep, afraid of mutilation and death. And there was no way out. A sane man

would have run away, but they couldn't run. Where would they have gone?"

Bless him, he sounded angry. "Those poor bastards. The generals should have been arrested, all of them."

"They were safe and comfy behind the lines."

"The Big Bosses always are. Did the men rebel? They should have."

"Toward the end there was some rebellion, to their credit. And some of them managed to hold on to their sanity, at least for a while. But Baxter, some men began to twitch and tremble and cry. They developed nightmares, insomnia, depression, fever, hallucinations, convulsions."

"God."

"Blindness. Deafness. Paralysis. They couldn't talk, couldn't remember, couldn't concentrate. Some became catatonic."

"I'm not surprised. The doctors didn't know what was going on?"

"Symptoms varied from man to man. At first British officers treated them as cowards and ordered them shot. SHOT."

"That's criminal."

"I think so. I've read every book I could find, sent off inter-library loan all over the country for medical books published in those years. Most of them just described symptoms and told anecdotes. They were patronizing, you know, 'differences between officers and uneducated men.' There hadn't been much research. They classified: psych-asthenia, hysteria, emotional and psychic disorder characterized by impaired functioning. One English doctor said he would not attempt to 'describe the mechanisms by means of which emotional disturbances cause the disorganization of bodily functions' because it would make his book too long."

"Jesus, no wonder you're agitated."

"Another doctor wrote about 'organic changes in the central nervous system...minute capillary hemorrhages, chromatolysis of nerve cells' but said those conditions 'rapidly and completely disappear.' The soldiers had mostly psychological problems, far as he was concerned. They were cowards, traitors, malingerers."

"Pompous stupidity. Why do we let people get away with that kind of thing?"

"Baxter, something I learned not too long ago—during a depressive episode there are so many changes in the brain alone that it's overwhelming: neurotransmitters, synapses, neurons, genes, melatonin, metabolism in the frontal cortex, thyroid releasing hormones, cortisol secretion, disruption of the circuit that links the thalamus, basal ganglia, and frontal lobe..."

“Mom...”

“Sustained depression destroys neurons and neuronal networking tissue, results in lesions to the hippocampus and the amygdala. Ultimately it changes the structure as well as the biochemistry of the brain, for the worse and permanently. If that’s depression, what must shell shock have done?”

“Mom?”

“Yes, I know. It hits close to home, doesn’t it? Can you imagine the invisible damage of shell shock? It affected at least 100,000 American men. And do you know what the treatment was?”

“Not good enough, I’ll bet.”

“Right. Listen to this: encouragement, can you believe it? Complete rest, firmness, sympathy, relief of anxiety, isolation, suggestion, hypnotism. Kindness, work, hot baths. Psychological analysis and re-education. If that helped, they sent those men back to the trenches.”

“Mom, I love you. You care about people. Grieve about the past.”

“I love you too, Baxter.”

“And I’m not hanging up until we’ve talked about something that makes us both feel better. “

“Like, let’s see—one, two, three wars and eighty years later we’ve got a better idea what happens in there, in the dark?”

“Well, sure. It’s encouraging. Think of all the people in lab coats slaving over their microscopes who got us this far. There are some bright spots in human history.”

“In medicine too, a lot of them.”

“There you go.”


“Oh, Baxter, you know what I think? The whole history of humanity has been one long shriek, so I have an obligation to be happy if I can, you know, for the sake of all my grandmothers.

“It’s a good philosophy.”

“What else shall we talk about?”

“Can you plant flowers on the mountain?”

“Last June I did, marigolds, a long border of them. Something came the first night and ate every one down to the ground. Let’s hear it for the natural world.” I was crying.



Item: There are people with a genetic predisposition to develop depression.

Item: Depression can lead to premature death.

1918 More than 300,000 American soldiers were landing at French ports. A stream of young men had been called up, and the Coconino Sun began to mention casualties, prisoners, rehabilitation of the wounded. Doctors were desperately needed in the battle zones: both of the Manning brothers volunteered to the Army Medical Corps—as did twenty-two per cent of other Arizona doctors—and left for examination in Douglas. They passed and came back to await a call. In July Felix reported for service; Lois went to her former home in Graham county until his release.

The second American hospital in France, staffed by rotating units of doctors and nurses from medical schools in the U.S., was closer to the front than the big hospital in Paris. As the war intensified, the Surgeon General called for a thousand new nurses a week. A total of 25,000 were needed—a request went out for volunteers. Women who stayed at home were urged to work for the Red Cross, which Wilson called “an important auxiliary to the armed forces,” and by the way, could the Red Cross provide thousands of stenographers to Washington?

In early August the first Flagstaff man was reported wounded in battle, Pantaleon Griego. The sugar shortage was growing worse. Food conservation meetings were held in the library, and citizens were told to eat less. Newspapers were informed they must conserve paper. There was a Fair Price Board.

It was probably inevitable: there were full-page ads for “Liberty Loans”, and a “Badge of Shame” was proposed to mark those who hadn’t contributed money to the war. Profiteering was defined as “inordinate greed and bare-faced fraud.”

More than one-third of American doctors were in France when in late summer the flu virus, not dead at all, exploded to life again in Europe, in eastern cities, in army camps where hundreds of thousands of recruits were in training—and moved west in lethal waves that appeared to follow the lines of the railroad. Body temperatures soared to 104, 105. Blood

was deficient in white cells. Wrenching coughs produced pints of greenish sputum. Body organs failed. Oxygen-starved skin turned blue, purple, mahogany brown, the color of wet ashes, as victims drowned in the fluids of their bloody lungs.

Against all reason, the war in Europe went on. In five and a half months of active combat, 60,000 American troops died in battle, 206,000 were wounded.

Most cases of previous influenzas had been “household” illness that lasted for three or four days and killed the oldest and most feeble. Most deaths from Spanish Flu were among people between fifteen and forty years old. The speed with which it acted was appalling: robust health turned to death in a matter of hours. Autopsies revealed lungs that were sodden, blue, swollen, bloody—they sank in water.

Bizarre mental effects were recorded: mild delirium, hallucinations, hypnotic trances, amnesia. When high fever broke suddenly, patients went into a state resembling shock with dehydration and hypothermia, sometimes encephalitis. Body and mind remained feeble for months, sometimes for life.

By 1918 there were vaccines for small pox, anthrax, rabies, diphtheria, and meningitis. There had been progress in limiting the spread of insect-borne diseases like yellow fever and malaria. But although research on viruses had begun by then, they were still largely unknown, and influenza was caused by a virus, a microbe that was borne on breath through the air. In one sneeze 86 million bacteria and 46 hundred viral particles hurtled into the air at a speed of 152 feet per second. There was, of course, no sulfa or penicillin.

The first death in Flagstaff was a teacher at the Normal School, but the situation was described as “not alarming.” On October 4 the *Sun* mentioned Spanish Influenza clear back on page eight: sudden and extensive—“a bolt from a clear sky”—a new German war offensive? True, thousands of Americans had been prostrated over the past ten days, and there had been an unusual number of deaths, but that was no occasion for special alarm. No no, just a mild and humane disease that had resulted from a cold snap. It was “Flagstaff Flu”, a few cases at the Normal School.

A week later it was a three-day fever on pages one and ten, a cold that turned into pneumonia, although its similarity to flu of other years was not known. Then word arrived that Sgt. John Yost had died of flu at Camp Funston. The Red Cross work room was closed. By October 12, eighteen

people in Flagstaff had died. Lists of victims began to appear on page one, eleven in one week, twelve in another. In northern Arizona the epidemic was severe: Williams had 200 to 375 cases. Sickness all over: Holbrook, Snowflake, St. Johns, Prescott. In Winslow 500 cases (everybody in town) with 19 deaths. On the reservations the Navajos and Apaches were being hit hard.

Flagstaff had 400 sick, 228 of them at the Normal School. Dr. Schermann was sick. Dr. Miller had been called to Holbrook, where the resident physician was down with flu. The Manning brothers were gone to the war, Lt. Felix to Fort Douglas, Utah, Lt. Tom to Camp Funston, and their father was an elderly man with a crippled arm—nobody expected much of him. That left four doctors to cope: R.O Raymond and M.G. Fronske, both of whom had come to Arizona hoping it would cure their tuberculosis, and newcomers Wilson and Zinn.

With sickness in every family, Milton Hospital was full. The local Public Health Service took over Emerson School, removed the desks, turned the school into an infirmary, and used the domestic science room to prepare food for patients. Katherine Bader was in charge of nursing them after a nurse who had come from Phoenix died. When the school was full, rooms were used in the Ideal Hotel on Birch Street. At makeshift mortuaries, coffins were in short supply.

Public gathering places closed. Churches, schools, theaters, libraries, courts—closed. There were no newspapers, no police, no fire or garbage service. People began wearing gauze or paper masks when they had to go out; those who didn't were "mask slackers." It was unlawful to cough or sneeze or spit.

In Prescott it was a crime to shake hands. In Phoenix, population less than 10,000, the Women's Club building was converted into an emergency hospital, with two big tents erected on the grounds, and Jo Goldwater, trained as a nurse, was supervisor of Red Cross women.

In Flagstaff there were no "socials," no gatherings at the news stand on Front Street. Local women tried home remedies: mustard plasters, castor oil, Epsom salts. Jennie Switzer scrubbed her house daily with Lysol but nobody, including the doctors, knew what would work to bring people through. As it turned out, good nursing was more useful than anything else.

The *Sun* maintained a calm tone, reporting on October 25 that the epidemic was under control. If my count from the pages is correct,

somewhere around sixty people had died of flu during slightly more than a month, forty or so at Milton Hospital.

Although deaths and sickness were reported through the winter, the epidemic appeared to be abating by the first of November. Voters were urged to wear masks in voting booths for the upcoming election. By the 8th, business had resumed, and the Red Cross work room was open again, although churches were not yet sure the situation was safe enough to hold services.

Can you believe it? The war was still going on. The military was engulfed as flu killed men on both sides. General Pershing was sick. Against all sense, the war went on in places with exotic names: Picardy, Belleau Wood, Marne, Argonne, Somme. Casualties were atrocious, starvation was widespread, hopeless German troops were revolting, sailors refused to put to sea—and the shooting went on.

Finally, on November 8th, terms with Germany were agreed upon at Versailles—unconditional surrender with abdication of the Kaiser. An armistice was signed on the 11th. There were joyful noises and a spontaneous parade in Flagstaff, all over America. Millions dead, millions wounded, and this is the way it ended: exhaustion, starvation, and influenza that killed more people than the war had. There were no real winners, not really.

Armistice. Worldwide morbidity rates were falling sharply, but that wasn't the end of suffering. Forty-six percent of fracture cases in the army resulted in permanent disability, chiefly by amputation. American army doctors had cut off 700 hands or feet, 600 arms, 1700 legs, and treated more than 2000 face wounds.

63,000 American soldiers and sailors had died from disease, nearly 10,000 more than those who died as a result of battle wounds—53,400 U.S. men died of war injuries, many of shock. Another 204,000 survived their man-caused injuries. Nine men from Flagstaff would not return.

Vick's Vaporub was advertised in the Coconino Sun as an effective treatment for flu, pneumonia and measles, which were made worse by a "run down condition." "Keep up your strength," was the sober medical advice. "Go to bed, stay quiet, and don't worry."

Flu and pneumonia lingered in army camps. The U.S. Health Service advised: "The worst is over but influenza is expected to lurk for months and increase susceptibility to all respiratory diseases. Take all measures. Stop all dances." Cases and resulting deaths were still reported in Arizona;

the State Board of Health warned that influenza had not disappeared and urged universal vaccination. Stay clean, it advised. No coughing, sneezing, spitting, hand-shaking or kissing. Throughout the country flurries of flu continued through the spring of 1919, when the virus shifted, changed and changed again until it disappeared.

By the time it had run its course in America, 25 million people had been sick; 600,000 to 675,000 had died. (Compare that with a total of 423,000 dead in World Wars I and II, Korea and Vietnam combined.) Flu killed ten times as many Americans as were killed by bombs and bullets in the war. More than half the earth's population had been sick; between 21 and 40 million people had died.

There was an armistice that ended the shooting, but it should have been no surprise that the whole affair was not so easily disposed of. In America orders for the draft were suspended, and newspapers were shouting Bring the Boys Home, but it was anticipated that two years would be necessary for demobilization. Soldiers who did return that year were mustered out without pay, to the consternation of families at home.

The world food relief organization reported shortages, hunger and famine everywhere in Europe, including the Armenians in Turkey, and the new cry was Hands Across the Sea. 10,000 more nurses were needed in Europe. The Salvation Army called for 800 women for war relief work.

Flagstaff received word that Corporal James Vail had been gassed in France and was in a hospital there. The Women's Club resumed its meetings, and the Red Cross ladies began sewing pajamas for men who were patients and clothing for Belgian orphans. A woman employed by the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of Arizona—a designated State Survey Nurse to work in connection with the influenza epidemic—traveled to each county looking over health and sanitary conditions.



When I was a child in Phoenix,
my parents taught me to turn my
shoes upside down and shake
them before I put them on in
case there was a scorpion inside.
It still makes me uneasy to slide
my foot into a shoe without
shaking it first.