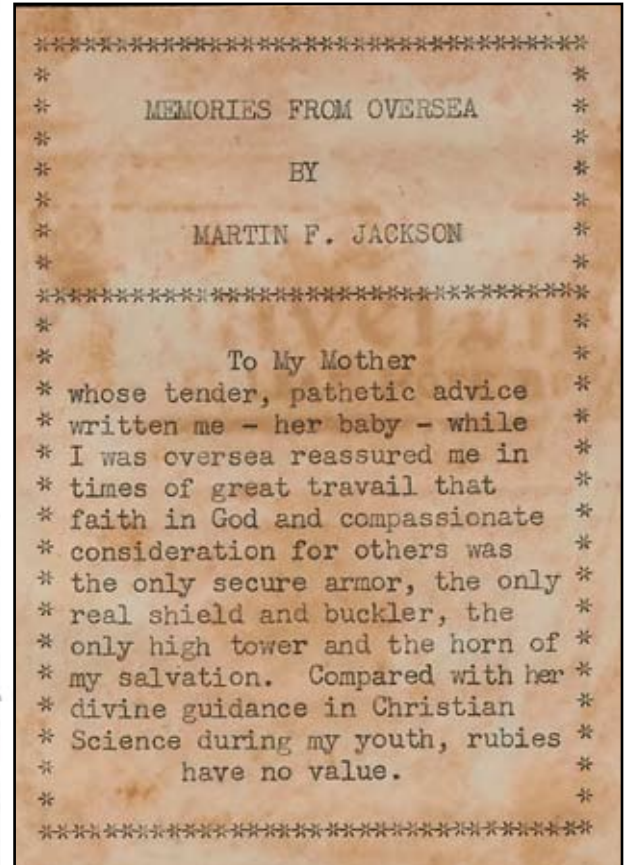
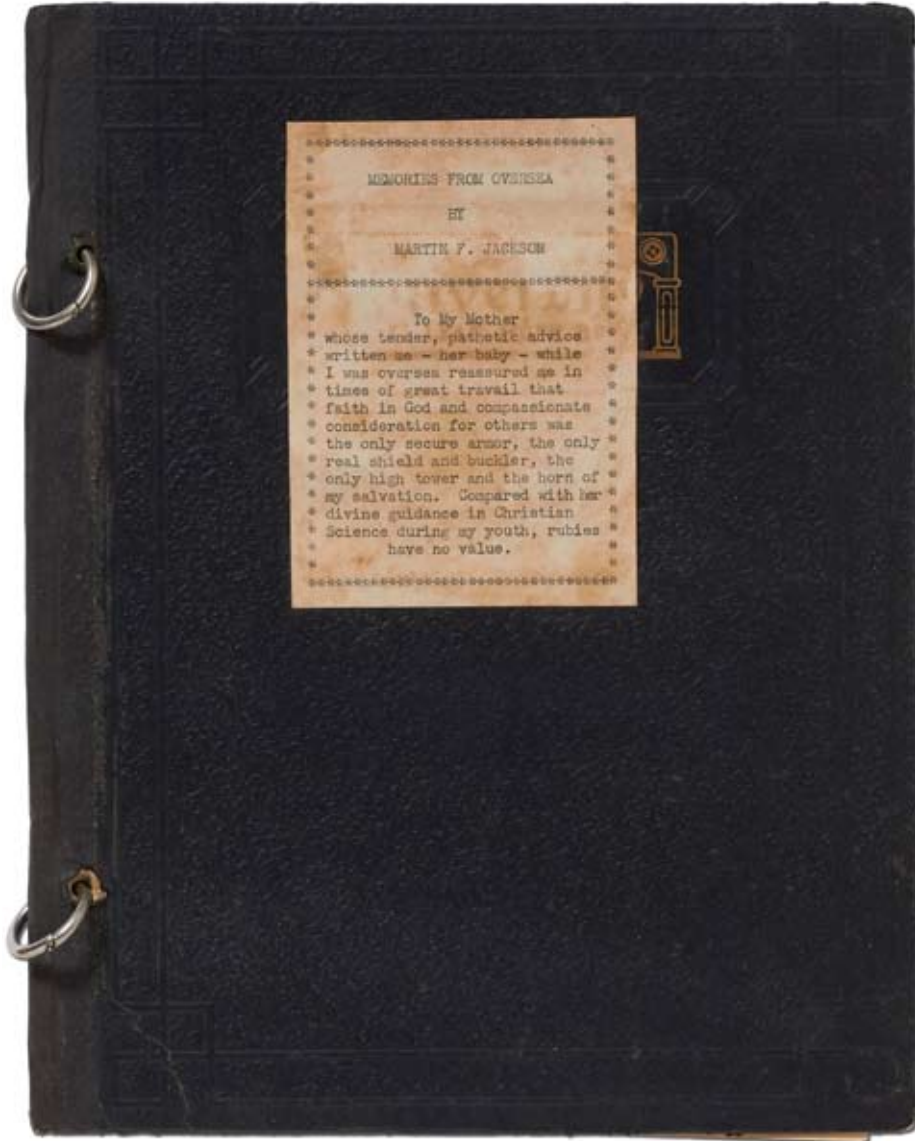


## *Chaplain's WWI Memoir*

**Martin F. Jackson**

*[Typed Manuscript]: Memories from Overseas*

\$675



Quarto. Ring bound binder with typed paper label. 33 pages on 26 leaves. With a typed dedication to his mother, and a typed preface affixed to the inside cover. Probably ribbon copy with some hand corrections in pencil. Small tears and dog-ears, very good or better. Memoir of overseas service by a Christian Science Church chaplain from Eau Claire, Wisconsin. Jackson reported to Camp Dix in the closing days of 1917, where despite the expectations of the other officers, he expressed interest in the boxing matches there. He additionally raised funds to form a baseball league in the camp, apparently much to the consternation of the other chaplains in camp. He then went with the 78th Division to France, where he recounts several cases of his healing the wounded and sick through Christian Science. He recounts being gassed, and healing himself within 40 minutes. While the troops were being deprived of rations, he takes a doughboy - an artist from Greenwich Village - to attempt to "draw" their rations. He finds a great demand for the Christian Science Monitor, and learns that some of the doughboys are using them to insult their sleeping bags. He mentions being shelled, occupying abandoned German trenches, and recounts ministering to many wounded. He transferred to the 90th Division in Paris, and then onwards to Germany where he served with the Army of Occupation. A detailed account of a chaplain's service during the War, most of it at or near the front.

[BTC#394130]

MEMORIES from OVERSEA

Martin F. Jackson

While these recollections may sound personal, I fully realize that what is here recorded was not my demonstration, except to be the channel. To the whole Christian Science movement belongs the credit for the strength and fortitude given to our chaplains. The work of every Scientist proved an everlasting barrage of love for our protection.

Although some of our chaplains were denied the privilege of seeing active service, there is not one but would have done all that was done by those chaplains who were given the opportunity.

I reported at Camp Dix on December 28th, 1917, during a spell of most severe weather. My religion being unknown, the major at headquarters asked if I was a chaplain of a certain other denomination,--one of whom was expected. I replied, "No, Major, I am not. It is this extreme cold that makes my nose so red."

Shortly after dinner, the first night I was in camp, all the officers mysteriously disappeared. I walked about the barracks, looking for someone to get acquainted with, and finally went to the kitchen and asked the colored chef where everybody had gone. He replied, "Deacon, they is done gone to a boxing-match, and for fear you all might not be disinclined to frown on such ceremonies, kind of slunk away like, without your consideration."

I hastened over to the main Y. M. C. A. auditorium, where the bout was to be held, and when the officers of the 5th Battalion came in, they found me in a ring-side seat. This was the beginning of a love and understanding that cannot be reckoned; and in army circles the name "Deacon" has stuck to me ever since.

After the contest I waited to speak to the athletic director, appointed by the Government, and found him to be a professional boxer of excellent reputation. He was greatly pleased to find me interested in his work, and the following Sunday he attended the Christian Science service. To-day his wife is a Christian Scientist, and their two children are in the Sunday School.