

At Post Headquarters I learned that a Capt. John C. Montgomery had already entered active duty with the 38th Evacuation Hospital. Since my orders have never been received I was in a mess. Went over to the Spring Lake area where the unit was located. Col. Whittier suggested that I stay around until my orders came.

Five days later Dr. Montgomery made another notation:

April 20th. No orders yet. John Crowson Montgomery nice fellow. Will go home soon unless they arrive.

On April 28 he wrote in the little brown diary:

In Charlotte. Wired Washington again for orders. Found that my physical was on CO's desk at Morris Field all the time.

The next day he noted:

Received radiogram today to report at Fort Bragg May 1st.

And on May 1 his ordeal of getting into the service was ended. He wrote:

Reported for duty with the correct orders.

The next day, May 2, the other Dr. John C. Montgomery, a Texan, left Fort Bragg. He, like Charlotte's Dr. Montgomery, had been in a quandary because of the mixup in orders. The Charlotte men were reluctant to lose him; in the two weeks at Fort Bragg they had come to like him.

But it was quickly discovered that the unit had two other captains with the same names. One was Charlotte's Dr. Otis Hunter Jones, an obstetrician; the other was Chaplain Otis Jones, a Baptist minister from Bude, Mississippi. Chaplain Jones would remain with the unit until May 22, 1943; Dr. Jones would not leave until February 5, 1945.

2

Hardly a month after their arrival at Fort Bragg to begin their training, Captain Stanton Pickens in a letter to his wife spoke of the early results of the training. Though it was not intended that it be preserved, the letter fortunately survives to provide an interesting observation on the situation in which the members of the 38th found themselves four weeks after they had been called into active service.

The letter, dated May 12, 1942, revealed:

"The exercise and the drill continue and gradually I am getting a little harder and my stomach is moving upwards and my chest is taking its rightful place. I don't think I have lost any weight but my pants feel free around the middle.

"We took a turn thru the gas chamber the other day to make sure our masks were in good shape. The chamber was loaded with tear gas only but it showed some weakness in our preparation and some of the men cried all the way back home. I, for once, was lucky in that my mask fit exactly and I suffered no ill effects. We were all interested in Mr. Churchill's warning to the Germans about the use of gas. However, our attitude is that when a rat gets cornered he will bite you, so you had better be prepared for the worst.

"Arrangements have been made for me to attend the

Officers' Cooking and Baking school when it opens again. I am anxious to find the difference between a carbohydrate and a protein. It might teach me to slow up on the potatoes that come almost each meal in the Army. Next week I have an assignment to talk to the Officers in our unit on Mess. If I don't get better prepared than I am now, the title will be most apt.

"I brought my projector down last week and some of the men were interested in the fishing pictures. We had taken some pictures of our drill and these proved funny at times as well as instructive. This is a picture taking crowd so we should have a good record of our early training. It is our understanding that no cameras will go overseas with us.

"Just before I left home I tried my first colored still pictures and the results were surprisingly good. I recommend this to you.

"This note will be short because I must get back to my class. We are studying map reading at present. When I get thru I am sure not to be lost, if I have a map."

In these early days at Fort Bragg the doctors would discover quickly how little they knew about the routines in the life of the military, particularly the rules of military courtesy. For instance, two decades after the ending of the war several of them recall what Dr.



One of the routines of the Fort Bragg training was the gas mask drill. Captain Alfred Yankauer, Jr., is the officer on right adjusting the mask. Left to right, Kendrick, Rowe, Colin Munroe, Hoffman, Snyder, Calder, Yankauer.

O. Hunter Jones describes, from the vantage of almost a quarter century later, as "one of the funniest things that happened while we were at Fort Bragg." He tells the story:

"We had been at Fort Bragg but a short while and we didn't know much about this business of military courtesy—respecting rank and authority. One day several of us were sitting around talking, when this general came up. He was inspector-general at Bragg, and he was really a big shot. I remember Paul Sanger was lounging in an easy chair and three or four others were sitting on the railing, and no one got up to greet the general and no one saluted. In fact, few of us knew how to salute properly anyway. But as the general approached us, two or three nodded to him and said, 'How do you do?' 'How are you?'—something like that, pretty casually. About that time the general saw Paul Sanger lying back in his chair. 'Get up out of that

chair and stand at attention!' he shouted. 'Don't you know any better, Major, than to sit there like that?' Paul was a major then, not yet a colonel, and Major Sanger jumped up and saluted. 'Yes, sir, General!' So that day we got a pretty sound lesson in military courtesy."

Dr. Montgomery recalls a somewhat similar lesson learned at Fort Bragg:

"We had the same thing to happen one day when Preston White and I went in to see Colonel Whittier. Preston sat down on the corner of the Colonel's desk. Colonel Whittier was a small man, and he seemed to swell out like a frog. And he was regular Army, too. He glared at Preston.

"'Colonel White, how long have you been in the Army?' he demanded.

"'Well,' Preston answered, 'I just came.'

"'Well, stand up!' he commanded. 'Don't sit on my

desk! So we got some sharp lessons those first days at Fort Bragg. It didn't take us long to find out we weren't practicing medicine in Charlotte. And though some of us were learning it the hard way, we soon discovered that we were really in the Army and really in a war."

The 38th's Fort Bragg training period was given further elaboration by Captain Pickens in a letter one week later. On May 19, 1942, he wrote Mrs. Pickens:

"Here I sit on a hot summer day at 6:15 P.M. having finished dinner an hour ago. This cot is not the most conducive spot for typing and this letter table, 14" by 14", is not too steady for the machine. These buildings, having been put up in a hurry, have warped considerably and nothing is level. However, I will do the best I can under the circumstances. The original of this letter looks all right but I can't promise about the four copies.

"My mailing list has all responded with the exception of the Washington correspondent and I know he is too busy running and winning the war to be bothered about the morale of the line officers. I want to thank those I have heard from for the news and keeping me in touch with what goes on in the outside world. You have no idea how time slips by without keeping up.

"Things are beginning to tighten up around our unit. It appears that the first phase of our training is over and the Commanding Officer is beginning to be tough and strict. I cannot argue about the need of it since I am associated with a group of medical men who, without a doubt, are the largest bunch of prima donnas on record and they need some teaching on teamwork and cooperation. The chances are that we will not take part in the maneuvers scheduled for July and August since we will very likely be on our way to some foreign port. I think we will be ready when the time comes. Next week we move out on a problem but will bivouac not far from our base since we have only three trucks. It would take more transportation, as you can see, to move 150 men and their equipment and keep them fed. In addition, we have been cut on gasoline we are allowed. Incidentally, I was given a B3 rating on gas, personally, which will let me get to Charlotte on my turn.

"Today I gave a lecture to our group on Mess Management. I have learned a lot about calories and vitamins and the difference between proteins and carbohydrates, but the success of the session came when my baker served some cookies and coffee made before the meeting.

"The calisthenics go inexorably along and the waist line tightens. The muscles get stronger. I feel fine but tired when the day finishes. Let me hear from you when you get time to write."

Members of the 38th had been at Fort Bragg six weeks when Charlotte relatives and friends sponsored a benefit performance for the unit. It was staged at the Carolina Theatre on the night of May 27, and was a complete sellout. The show grossed \$3,108, and the money was given to Lieutenant Colonel Preston White to be placed to the credit of the unit as a contingency fund from which money would be available for the use principally of nurses and enlisted personnel in emergency situations.

Bob Hope, who had already started on a career of entertaining service personnel at home and abroad that in succeeding years would send him many times around the world to give his inimitable shows before hundreds of thousands of men and women in the various branches of the armed forces, headed a cast that included the mustachioed Jerry Colonna, Frances Langford, and Salisbury's Skinnay Ennis and his orchestra. Sixteen men from the 38th, led by Captain Lewis Burwell, who would later be transferred to the Air Corps, came to Charlotte to participate in the program in a series of songs staged around an improvised campfire.

The Bob Hope show, for those members able to obtain leaves to attend it, was one of the unit's most pleasant short interludes in the training at Fort Bragg. And that the training was daily growing more rigorous was emphasized in many letters written home, some of which would survive to add coloring details to the official reports.

The next letter received from Captain Pickens to be preserved, dated June 9, 1942, describes interestingly and in considerable detail the 38th's bivouac he had anticipated in the letter of May 19:

"So far I have been able to send one note a week but missed last week because our outfit was out in the field on bivouac, or what might commonly be called eating and sleeping with the bugs and the flies.

"We moved out with full equipment and each officer had to put up his own tent, so they said, for the practice. Not having been a sturdy Boy Scout in my youth, I had some trouble with my installation. In addition to getting my own person cared for, I had to supervise the erection of all kitchen equipment. This was not so difficult since there were enlisted men along who had had experience during maneuvers last fall and they did most of the work. What was a job for me, however, was the preparation necessary before we ever left the area. We had only 100 men in all but the job of getting food for the crowd and making preparations for refrigeration in the field and getting all the supplies required for giving them palatable dishes kept me busy for a week. Every time I read about an army moving anywhere away from their base I marvel at the ability of someone that made the plans and preparations.



Bob Hope, shown with Colonel Raymond W. Whittier, the 38th's commanding officer, gave a benefit show, sponsored by the Charlotte Variety Club, at the Carolina Theatre June 6, 1942, at which more than \$3,000 was raised to provide an emergency fund for the newly activated unit.

take the consequences. At least I am working. When the change was made I was relieved of drill, which I miss. The medical officers continue and their marches get longer each day. They are now moving about four miles on each march. Some of the doctors, when they first came in and lay on their backs, looked like igloos, but now they have lost their protuberance in their middles. They protest but the Army moves inexorably along.

"In talking with one of the enlisted men the other day I got a fair description of a pup tent. That is the little tent that they use for shelter when in the field. He said they normally accommodate two men, provided neither of them walked in his sleep. If three are to use the tent, at least two of them must be midgets or children in arms. Cooks must never sleep two in a tent because of their tendency towards plumpness. You could appreciate this more if you have seen the little igloos.

"The Mess Officer's job in the Army has been revised today. I have just completed ordering curtains for the nurses' barracks, and in addition, have picked out an ironing board with proper trimmings. If this keeps up, I am going to cut off a little of the tie-back frills from one of the ecru curtains and paste on my drawers. However, I think the job will be temporary and my status should not be affected too much.

"I must leave, you know, and get back to the job of directing a group cleaning some stoves. The group is made up of X-ray and laboratory technicians, two graduates from the University of Pittsburgh in pharmacy and some other well qualified stove cleaners. The Army is funny."

When the hospital unit was ordered to active duty on April 15, 1942, it was assigned to the command of the commanding officer of Fort Bragg and Fourth Corps Area headquarters. On May 11 it was attached to First Army Corps, Second Army, for all purposes. On June 17 the hospital was detached from the First Army Corps and assigned to Headquarters, Second Army, for all purposes. On June 25, eight days later, First Headquarters and Headquarters Detachment, Special Troops, Second Army, was activated at Fort Bragg for the purpose of supervising the training of units assigned to that headquarters. The commanding officer, First Headquarters and Headquarters Detachment, Special Troops, Second Army, also assumed jurisdiction over certain administrative matters. The 38th Evacuation Hospital was assigned to First Headquarters and Headquarters Detachment, Special Troops, Second Army, as one of the component commands, pursuant to general orders No. 61, Headquarters Second Army, June 23, 1942.

The Charlotte men's Fort Bragg training had hardly

started before they began to learn from experience of the Army's traditional practice of involving even its slightest operations in a maze of red tape.

Ten weeks after the 38th started training at the sprawling great base in the North Carolina sandhills Captain Pickens wrote on June 29, 1942, humorously but nevertheless accurately, of his own experiences, which were perhaps typical:

"To date I am agreeing with the common description often heard about the Army, 'pass the buck,' 'sling the bull,' and make six copies. If any of those reading these erudite pages from the civilian angle think that they have trouble with priorities, regulations and red tape, they are just amateurs compared with those left in the army. I have been working for two weeks trying to get two wire brushes with which to clean up my kitchen stoves. I have spent the government's time and the liberal pay they hand me for what I am worth now. I have hounded everyone I have run across that might know how to get the brushes. I have filled out requisitions in more than six copies. I have sworn that the brushes were absolutely necessary for the health and welfare of the troops. I have secured similar affidavits from Medical Inspectors. I have done almost everything except write my congressman. I haven't found the brushes. I know they are here in Fort Bragg, but so far I have been unable to get my hands on them. That is just a small example of a hundred experiences I am enjoying. Getting things done. But I am learning and the further I go the more I get done."

Captain Pickens wasn't long discovering another Army tradition and the determination of old line Army officers to uphold it inviolately. He tells about it in this same letter:

"The other day my Colonel stated that he had requisitioned some plates, cups and saucers, etc., to take care of some thirty nurses that were coming to join us. He wanted me to get these supplies. Where he had sent the request he was not sure and where the supplies were located he did not know—that was my job. So I got a truck and a driver (an officer cannot drive a truck; it's beneath his station altho I have spent many a day in civilian life doing just that and it didn't hurt my standing) and started out to find the source. I spent half a day tracking down the requisition and the other half finding the supplies. When I found them I made the frightful error of packing the dishes in a barrel myself and loading the barrel on the truck while my driver watched. When I returned to my area, little Napoleon was waiting for me and asked how I had managed to get the work done so swiftly. When I replied that I had done the work myself, he set in on me and dressed me down to his size and let me know that

an officer should never be caught doing any such things so long as I could 'pass the buck', or better still, pass to the buck private. But it's all in the day's work, I suppose."

In this letter of June 29, Captain Pickens told of the arrival of the unit's contingent of nurses. He reported:

"The nurses have moved in next door, or rather the next barracks. I have looked them over and I know Powers or Ziegfeld would never have picked them out. They wear a blue denim outfit similar to the enlisted men's fatigue uniform or more like what a Negro would plow in. That doesn't help their rather forlorn appearance either. But with their coming came special orders that we must keep our shades down and not be caught out without a shirt on and a lot more other items with the admonition that if we disobeyed, 'disciplinary measures' would have to be taken. From now on I will have to watch myself lest I wander out without a shirt or fail to pull down the shades. Of course, having lived in the little house in Charlotte so close to my neighbors, I am still in good practice.

"From the nurses," he added, "I learn they have been working in one of the station hospitals, that patients are split into two classes: (1) those who have athlete's foot, and (2) those who have colds. If you have athlete's foot you get your feet swabbed with iodine. If you have a cold, you get your throat swabbed with iodine. Anyone who claims he has neither athlete's foot nor a cold is sent to the guard house for impersonating an officer."

His next letter, written July 8, 1942, began with a continuation of his discussion of the unit's newly arrived nurses:

"After the arrival of the nurses things quieted down for a few days in our part of the Army," he disclosed. "But it was not for long. The commanding officer of the Second Army, representative of General Lear, the head man, came to pay us a visit. He came for an inspection. It's a funny thing to me that they always give you ample warning before they come and you work like fury to get everything in shape and then they casually check over and pass on. On this particular day I was taking time to see what a K.P. did during the day. I put on some old coveralls and peeled potatoes, shucked corn, mopped the floor and washed dishes. I did just what the men do. It so happens that the inspector did not catch me at it, so I did not get bawled out for conduct unbecoming an officer, nor praised for leading my men."

His letter went on to reveal the chaplain's description of an American soldier:

"Our Chaplain added this thought for us the other day. He said that the American soldier was not to be known as Johnny Doughboy any longer. He had

changed it to Johnny Dogface, since the soldier wore a dog tag, sat on his behind all day and growled and stayed up all night and howled. I am sure I am not in this category because I have not yet received my dog tag and altho I do my part of the growling during the day, I am too tired to do any howling at night."

He spoke of the enlisted personnel who had been slated to join the unit:

"The names of the men who *were* to have come would make the Fordham football team look like they belonged to the Baptist church. I never saw so many consonants in all of my life. We, of course, don't know where they are from originally but it's a draw between Flatbush in Brooklyn and one of the coal mining districts in Pennsylvania. From the names they are still on the bottom of the melting pot. We were in hopes that we would draw some men who speak English, since the crowd we now have are poor at it, but it looks like we are licked again. It has been said somewhere that they put in the Selective Service System in order that the Southern boys wouldn't fill up the Army entirely."

Captain Pickens still was unable to report any news of the probable date of the unit's transfer from Fort Bragg. But a short time before he wrote, he disclosed, the 38th "had word that 77 additional men were coming from Virginia to join our outfit. They were due here on Thursday. I had to open another dining room and get all the equipment necessary to start cooking. Then I got food in the house and was all set when word came thru that the order was cancelled. I wish they would make up their collective minds on what they really mean to do."

A week later, when he wrote again, he had no news of the unit's being ordered out. But he reported that in an official communique issued the Monday before from headquarters of the Second Army, General Ben Lear had warned "that our soldiers were not strong enough physically, that we did not have the stamina that matched the Germans or the Japs and he wanted us to toughen up."

To toughen the men the General prescribed that each man in the Medical and Quartermaster Corps run two miles each day.

So, reported Captain Pickens, "on Monday of this week we started out and did the two miles. The temperature was slightly over 100. This morning we had the test run with stop watches at each turn and General Lear's representative checking our time. We started at 10 A.M. and ran the course just 45 seconds short of regulation. Only one officer of the 40 in our outfit dropped out. . . . Some four of our enlisted men out of 128 dropped by the wayside. The temperature was only 90 at the time of the test. Now this little hard-



This photograph of the officers and nurses of the 38th Evacuation Hospital was made as the unit was completing its first

ening is in addition to our half-hour of calisthenics in the morning before breakfast, and an hour's drill in the afternoon. At the same time, I try to carry on my regular job of getting enough food and getting it prepared and served three times a day to approximately 200 people, and, of course, getting the places cleaned up before and after each meal. In addition, I teach two classes each week on Mess Management and Kitchen Police duties. . . .

"In addition to the above dissertation, I might add that I am sitting here in Fort Bragg waiting to get to the theatre of operations."

That same afternoon, July 15, 1942, said Captain Pickens, they were meeting the train "to receive 30 additional men into our outfit. This brings our total up to 158 enlisted personnel while our Table of Organization calls for 318. We received two additional Medical Officers today, making the total 44 of the 47 necessary. We have 33 nurses of the 52. We lost two by marriage last week which was no help in the Army effort. We are moving along and will probably be ready with the full complement when the Navy gets our transportation ready.

"While I am still breathing hard from all my running," he added, "I might say that the other groups

belonging to the Second Army that are stationed at Bragg, the Airborne Infantry, Tank Destroyer units, Engineers, Infantry, and Parachute Troops and Tank units all had to run four miles each day. Our two look big to me but those boys are really getting tough."

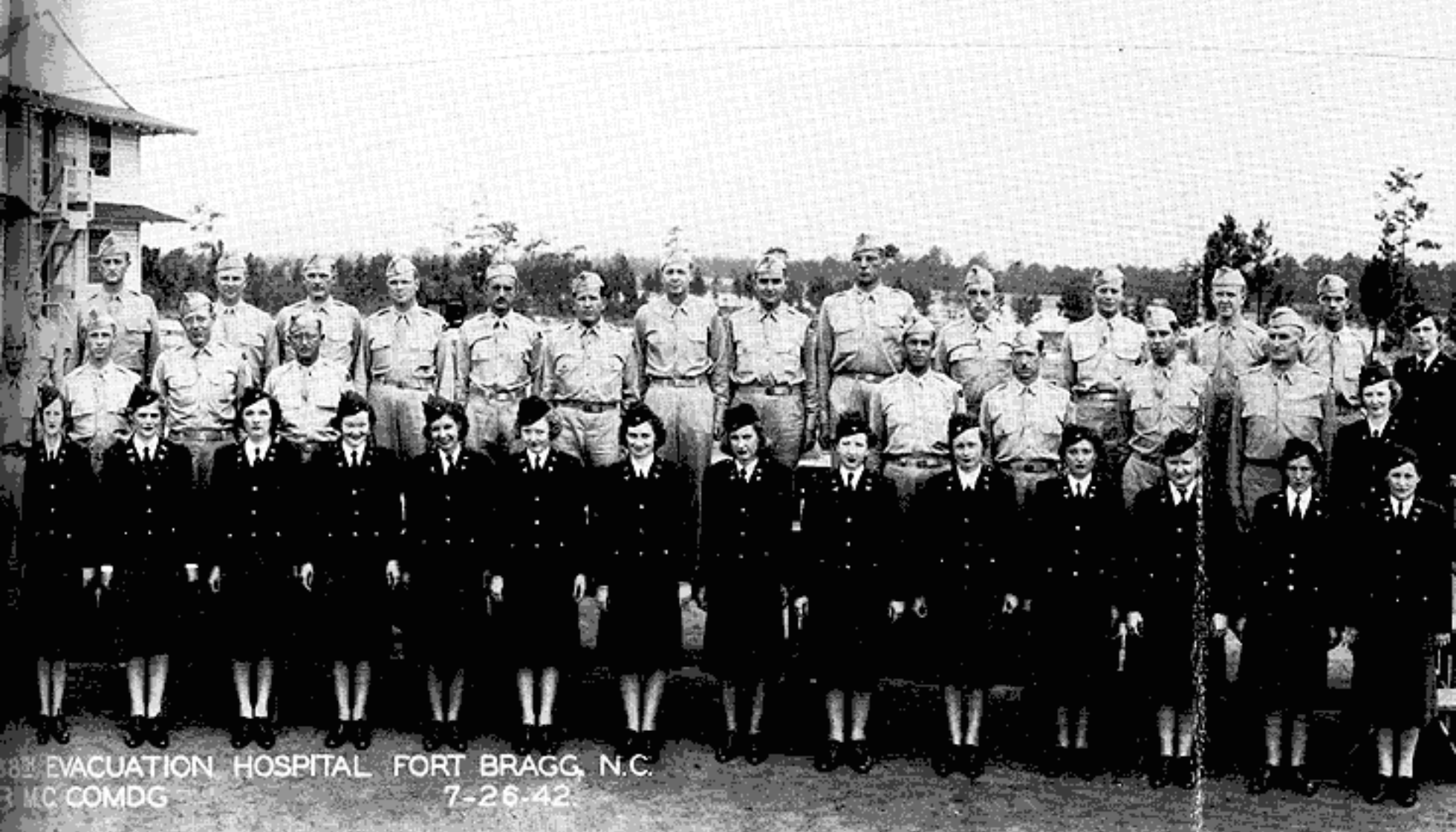
To illustrate how his 38th members were losing whatever flabbiness they may have had when they started their training exactly three months before, he revealed his own physical transformation:

"My waistline was 38 when I came here and it now measures 34—honest measurement. My weight was 196 when I reported for my last physical examination and it tips the scales at 182 now. I think we will be ready, physically."

Captain Pickens spoke, too, of another problem that all his fellows at Fort Bragg were having, as well as the rest of the citizens throughout the nation:

"The gasoline situation has me worried at present. I have been able to get to Charlotte every weekend so far, but now it looks like I may miss a time or two. We have not yet worked out our supplemental request on the combination traveling together."

Dr. Aubrey Hawes had gone to college at The Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina. So he was given the assignment to train the nurses in military drilling.



Three months of training at Fort Bragg. The officer on the front row is Colonel Raymond W. Whittier, commanding.

"And Aubrey had quite a problem," Dr. Montgomery recalls. "When he yelled out 'Forward, march!' they were supposed, of course, to step off on the left foot. But it appeared that few of them could remember which was their left foot. So Aubrey hit on the plan of giving each nurse a rock to hold in her left hand, so she could step off on the foot on the side that had the rock."

But his companions of the 38th like to tell another story of those training days at Fort Bragg involving Aubrey Hawes. Dr. Jones relates their version of what happened:

"While we were at Bragg they had a rule that the company officers had to go out every day and take certain exercises, such as going on hikes, running obstacle courses, and doing such things to harden themselves, like walking half a mile and then trotting half a mile and then walking, and so on. The field officers didn't have to do it, just the company officers. Well, the story is, Aubrey said he just wasn't going to do all that running and walking, he was going to fall out into the bushes alongside the road and they wouldn't miss him. So the time came for the final exam or test—you had to do the course in a certain time, I believe—and the story goes, we insist, that Aubrey ducked out at

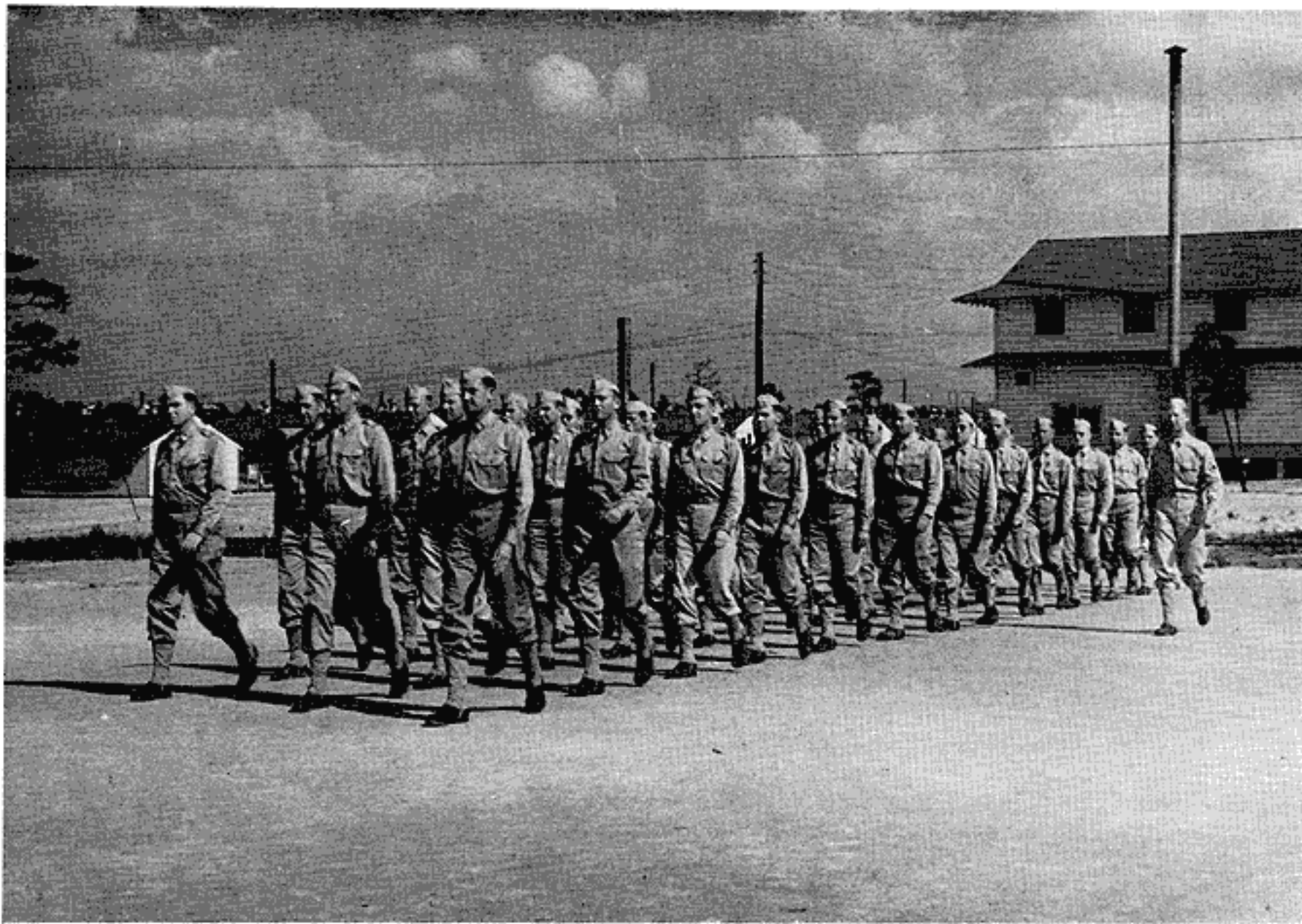
the right time and hid in the bushes until the test was about over. And got by with it!"

As July of 1942 moved monotonously for the 38th into the sultry days of midsummer the feeling began to grow that something would soon be happening. Yet no one knew positively what lay ahead for the unit. Rumors were circulating, but they remained rumors. Nobody could say even why everybody seemed to be sensing that the unit would soon be on the move.

The daily routine of training continued unchanged. Each day the training schedule was posted and followed. The schedules varied little from day to day, except they were lighter on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The day's program for officers, nurses, and enlisted personnel began at 7 o'clock each weekday morning with brisk calisthenics that lasted twenty minutes and generally ended with an orientation period from four to five o'clock. Some days the nurses had a somewhat shorter training schedule.

On Monday, July 20, the schedule for officers, prepared on July 11, provided:

From 7 to 7:20, calisthenics, drill field, Captain Calder, instructor; from 8 to 12, professional duties,



Officers of the 38th spent many hours drilling during their training period at Fort Bragg, beginning with the activation of the unit April 15, 1942.

station hospital, Colonel Cook, instructor; from 1 to 2:30, public speaking, Lieut.-Col. White, instructor; from 2:30 to 4, close-order drill and march, drill field, Lieut.-Col. White, instructor; from 4 to 5, orientation lecture, Captain Tyson, instructor.

The schedule that day for nurses was:

From 7 to 7:20, calisthenics, drill field, Captain Yankauer, instructor; from 8 to 9:30, close-order drill, road march, drill field, Captain Hawes, instructor; 10 to 11, registrar records conference, Major Query, instructor; 11 to 12, respiratory diseases lecture, Captain Stith, instructor; 1 to 2, clinical pathology lecture, Captain Gay, instructor; 2 to 3, orientation lecture, Major Kendrick, instructor.

The schedule for that day posted for Company A, Group I, provided:

From 7 to 7:20, calisthenics, athletic field, Captain Snyder, instructor; from 8 to 10, drill and march, drill field, Captain Calder, instructor; from 10 to 12, organization and function of medical corps, Captain Yankauer, instructor; 1 to 2, kitchen police duties, Captain

Pickens, instructor; 2 to 3, defense against chemical attack, Captain Kavanagh, instructor; 3 to 4, military courtesy and discipline, Captain Calder, instructor; 4 to 5, interior guard duty, Captain Snyder, instructor.

The following Sunday, July 26, Captain Pickens recorded in his letter home what happened the Tuesday before, July 21:

"I don't know how many more letters I will be able to write from this address, since this unit has been on the 'alert' since last Tuesday afternoon. The notice came in the most casual manner. We had all piled into our trucks, all the officers, I mean, to go over into another section of the camp to hear a speech by our Commanding General, Ben Lear. The time was approximately 3:15 P.M. The speech was to be made, according to the schedule, at 3:30. While we were sitting in the trucks waiting for the Commanding Officer of our unit to get started, he came out of headquarters and walked to the rear of each truck and calmly stated that 'this unit is on the alert as of this time.' Nothing followed. There was complete silence. Then after about five

minutes the trucks began to move and there was the usual nervous laughter and small talk that would naturally emanate from such a situation. We all took it in stride until the General, who was supposed to speak at 3:30, got to the theatre at 5:15. And with his lateness came a speech that might have appeared in the morning paper under the National Whirligig which he had not read before coming on the stage. No, I am a little harsh in my indictment; it was not that bad. Part of it gave you an inspiration which was what was needed at that time."

The letter went on to relate the commotion that was caused by the alert notice:

"Since the original alarm, we have been working like beavers getting ready to take off in all directions. There is no telling when the deadline will be or in what direction we will head, but from all appearances, that is the real thing and within a short time we'll be off on a trip. I am quite philosophical about the whole matter. I am not going to be stampeded and so long as the dirty work has to be done I am going to try to get the most out of it as well as do the most for it."

Upon the giving of the alert notice to the unit, Colonel Whittier granted leaves for members of the unit to return for short stays with their families. Captain Pickens wrote further:

"My Colonel was quite decent about letting most of us get away for a day and I went to Charlotte and saw all of my family there and brought Mary back with me. She is staying in Fayetteville and gets out to the Post every day for a visit. Today being Sunday, we went to church at one of the Post chapels. I am Officer of the Day and cannot leave the area until tomorrow afternoon. Mary had dinner with me and supper and is sitting here watching me type this note. She will be back in Fayetteville about 10 or 10:30 tonight with some of the other wives. Most of the wives managed to get down for a final visit. She will stay on until something definite happens."

Though the 38th's members did not know it, something definite had already happened.

The day before the Pickens letter was written—Saturday, July 25—orders from the commanding general of the Second Army were received at Fort Bragg "requesting Commanding General, Fort Bragg, N. C., to issue necessary movement orders." Pursuant to these instructions, Fort Bragg's commander on Monday, July 27, ordered the 38th, along with other military outfits stationed there, to "proceed by rail from stations indicated to the New York Port of Embarkation in the manner indicated below." The strength of the 38th was given in the orders as 47 officers, 53 nurses and 318 enlisted men. Instructions included the provision that

"Personnel will move so as to arrive at Indiantown Gap Military Reservation on August 2, 1942."

The instructions added that "This is a permanent change of station. Vaccinate with typhus vaccine."

The orders specified further:

"Take from present station:

"a. Clothing (winter only) (less helmets, steel) and individual equipment as prescribed in T/BA No. 21, June 20, 1942 (mobilization column) including the following items:

"Caps, winter (one per individual)

"Overshoes, arctic (one pair per individual)

"In addition, one uniform, cotton, khaki, may be taken per individual for comfort during the journey to the Port of Embarkation and during the stay in the staging area."

The 38th, the orders specified, would not take organization equipment, "except motor vehicles which will be taken."

Additional items to be taken were:

"Covers, mattress (two per individual)

"Blankets, wool, OD (two extra per individual, making a total of four)."

The orders, highly confidential, particularly relating to the unit's destination, left the members of the 38th in a mood of lively speculation. The instructions prescribing winter caps, arctic overshoes, winter clothing and woolen blankets indicated surely that the 38th was on its way to the European theater rather than to the South Pacific, and the report was soon in wide circulation that the unit would board ship at Brooklyn for one of the ports in Europe. The fact that few inoculations against yellow fever were given, the late Dr. Henry Stokes Munroe, captain and operating surgeon of the unit's General Surgery Team No. 1, relates in notes he recorded of his experiences, eliminated the Pacific theater as the 38th's destination.

"We wondered why we were to carry woolen uniforms, and we knew that eventually we were to go to Brooklyn, New York, to board ship, and that is all we knew," Dr. Munroe recorded. "We knew that soon our location would be A.P.O. instead of a name. After having fingerprints and photographs made, dog tags issued, blood typed, and innumerable vaccinations and inoculations done, and only a few were inoculated against yellow fever, we had already closed our speculating on the Pacific."

In the final week of July at Fort Bragg the various assignments were completed and the unit was ready for activation of the orders of transferal. The 38th's strength on July 31, 1942, including officers, nurses, and enlisted personnel, totaled 395.

The training period of three and a half months and

the departure from Fort Bragg were treated tersely in a summary by the unit's commanding officer issued the following January under the subject, "Medical History—Year Ending 31 December 1942." This section of the summary recorded:

"TRAINING:

"During the period 15 April 1942 to 31 July 1942, such training as could be given was instituted. This training consisted chiefly of physical exercises and didactic instructions. No organizational equipment was provided and no opportunity was afforded to participate in any field exercises of maneuvers. During this period the nurses were placed on duty in the Station Hospitals at Fort Bragg.

"MOVEMENT OVERSEAS:

"On 27 July 1942 the unit was ordered to duty overseas. Prior to departure, the unit was brought to T/O strength by the transfer of 169 enlisted men from the 134th Medical Regiment, and by the assignment of additional officers. At 2000 hours 31 July 1942 the unit entrained at Fort Bragg, enroute to its staging area at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania. . . ."

But Captain Munroe's reminiscences of the departure from Fort Bragg was more graphic:

"During the late afternoon we boarded hot, stuffy coaches on a Fort Bragg railway siding with our usual ignorance of the Army's plans for our destination. The rigid secrecy of troop movements being introduced to us never ceased to plague the unit during our wartime duty. Although Army secrecy was recognized as a necessity, it was very trying to be always in the dark as to when and where our next move would be. Sandwiches and fruit for two meals were ordered and prepared. Enroute many of the recognizable North Carolina and Virginia towns kept us informed of our northerly direction. It was a hot, uncomfortable ride that was spent in speculation, bridge games, poker games, group singing, reading, and attempted sleep. For hours one short-statured, spirited member of the unit, while hanging on a smoking room hook by his shirt, came forth with outstretched arms and 'Praise the Lord' each time he swung forward with the train's motions around the many track curves."



The 38th's commanding officer during the organization period, Lieutenant-Colonel T. Preston White, left, is shown here with Major Paul W. Sanger, chief of the surgical service.

During the last week of the unit's stay at Fort Bragg the following assignments of officers were made:

| | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------|---|
| Whittier, Raymond W. | Colonel, M.C. | Commanding Officer |
| Wood, George T. | Major, M.C. | Executive Officer |
| Yankauer, Alfred, Jr. | Captain, M.C. | Adjutant |
| Query, Richard Z., Jr. | Major, M.C. | Registrar and CO Det. Patients |
| Felts, James R., Jr. | 2nd Lt., M.A.C. | Unit Personnel Officer |
| Snyder, George C. | Captain, M.A.C. | Detachment Commander, M.D. |
| Jones, Otis | Captain, Chap. | Chaplain |
| Pickens, Stanton W. | Captain, M.A.C. | Mess Officer |
| Medearis, William F. | Captain, M.A.C. | Supply and Utilities Officer |
| Dunn, James W. | 1st Lt., Q.M.C. | Ass't Supply and Utilities Officer |
| Kavanagh, Wm. P. | Captain, M.C. | Receiving Officer |
| Jones, Otis H. | Captain, M.C. | Ass't Receiving Officer |
| Rowe, George C. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Evacuation Officer |
| Nowacki, Stanley M. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Ass't Evacuation Officer |
| White, Thomas P. | Lt. Col., M.C. | Chief, Medical Service |
| Powers, John S., Jr. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Ass't, Medical Service |
| Schirmer, Robert H. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Ass't, Medical Service |
| Matthews, William C. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Ass't, Medical Service |
| Pugh, George E. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Ass't, Medical Service |
| McGrath, Frank S. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Ass't, Medical Service |
| Sanger, Paul W. | Major, M.C. | Chief, Surgical Service |
| Munroe, Henry S. | Captain, M.C. | Operating Surgeon, Gen. Surg. Team No. 1 |
| Perry, Glenn G. | Captain, M.C. | Ass't Operating Surgeon, Gen. Surg. Team No. 1 |
| Perryman, Olin C. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Anesthetist, Gen. Surg. Team No. 1 |
| Fleming, Laurence E. | Major, M.C. | Operating Surgeon, Gen. Surg. Team No. 3 |
| Calder, Duncan G., Jr. | Captain, M.C. | Ass't Operating Surgeon, Gen. Surg. Team No. 3 |
| Porter, Charles B. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Anesthetist, Gen. Surg. Team No. 3 |
| Pennington, William H. | Major, M.C. | Operating Surgeon, Gen. Surg. Team 2, (Ex. Of. Surg. Serv.) |
| Hawes, George A. | Captain, M.C. | Ass't Operating Surgeon, Gen. Surg. Team No. 2, (G. U. Surg.) |
| Perry, Claud W. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Anesthetist, Gen. Surg. Team No. 2 |
| Sotirion, George A. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Splint Team, Orthopedist, Orth. Team No. 2 |
| Augustine, Robert W. | Captain, M.C. | Splint Team, Orthopedist, Orth. Team No. 1 |
| Imes, Pat R. | Major, M.C. | Plastic Surgeon, Maxillo-facial Team |
| Kendrick, Vaiden B. | Major, D.C. | Dental Oral Surgeon, Maxillo-facial Team |
| Pitts, William R. | Major, M.C. | Neuro-Surgeon, Neuro-surgical Team |
| Williams, McChord | Captain, M.C. | Ass't Surgeon, Neuro-surgical Team |
| Miller, Robert P. | 1st Lt., M.C. | Anesthetist, Neuro-surgical Team |
| Leonard, William P., Jr. | Captain, M.C. | Thoracic surgery, Thoracic-surgical Team |
| McCall, Robert E., Jr. | Captain, M.C. | Ass't Surgeon, Thoracic-surgical Team (ENT Surgeon) |
| Montgomery, John C. | Captain, M.C. | Anesthetist, Thoracic-surgical Team (Chief Anesthesia Serv.) |
| Stith, Robert B. | Captain, M.C. | Shock Team, Surgeon, Shock Team No. 1 |
| Evans, William, Jr. | Captain, M.C. | Shock Team, Ass't Surgeon, Shock Team No. 2 |
| Gay, Charles H., Sr. | Captain, M.C. | Chief, Laboratory Service |
| Tyson, Thomas D. | Captain, M.C. | Chief, X-ray Service |
| Munroe, Colin A. | 1st Lt., M.C. | X-ray Service Ass't |
| Walker, Bernard | Captain, D.C. | Chief, Dental Service |
| Hoffman, Milo J. | 1st Lt., D.C. | Ass't Dental Officer |