

The 38th Evacuation Hospital had been settled at Beja in Tunisia hardly a month when another distinguished newspaper correspondent visited it and wrote of his impressions of the hospital's operations and particularly of the treatment of German prisoners, who by that time were swarming back from the battlefronts where they were suffering one defeat after another.

This correspondent, Thomas R. Henry, reporting his observations by way of the North American Newspaper Alliance, expressed his amazement at the consideration the American doctors and nurses were giving the German prisoners who but a few hours before their arrival at the hospital had been shooting at the Americans.

Mr. Henry's report, coupled with the observations of Captain Pickens in his letters home during that period, offers an on-the-scene commentary on the work of the 38th in treating scores of wounded enemy prisoners.

The correspondent thought the way the prisoners were being treated by the American medical men and nurses "one of the strangest spectacles in the history of warfare," and he emphasized the fact that these prisoners had the freedom of the base even though many of them had shown that they were what he described as "bad customers."

The Henry report was carried widely by American newspapers. From Tunisia he had written:

TUNISIAN FRONT, June 1 (1943)—The night after the big surrender a front line evacuation hospital here afforded one of the strangest spectacles in the history of warfare—German and American patients in the same wards. A German playing popular American tunes on a violin, the prisoners having complete freedom of the grounds.

It was altogether too idealistic for common sense and hospital authorities had to put their feet down on the babying of men who, only a few hours before, had been killing American soldiers. Moreover, some of them gave every evidence of being bad customers—however ingratiating their ways when they had something to gain by them.

The strange scene continued for at least one night, not altogether to the liking of some of the U.S. Medical Corps soldiers who found themselves with wards full of complaining prisoners. Three-fourths of the patients were Germans, taken from a nearby prison bivouac. A few hours before they themselves had occupied the hospital, an old French institution they had taken over. It had been evacuated in the

path of the American advance but in a very short time the patients found themselves in their old beds again with what appeared to be much better treatment than they had received from their own medical officers and orderlies.

They soon learned, or thought they had learned, that Americans are "soft" and men who really were only slightly hurt began calling piteously for the nurses and demanding all sorts of little attentions. The soft-hearted girls were gullible enough and waited on the moaning "Jungen" at first with the solicitude of little mothers.

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In one of the wards around midnight all was peaceful except for the loud snores of some of the Germans and the groans of one man. By that time a thoroughly disgusted U.S. Medical Corps corporal was on duty there and let the Nazi moan. The patient, he explained, was one of the Afrika Korps' outstanding "heroes," a sergeant who was credited with knocking out 14 American tanks single-handed. He was loaded with bobbins and medals. His only injury was a broken arm which had been cared for by one of America's best orthopedic surgeons. It is highly doubtful that he was in any pain at all.

"It just shows how yellow these fellows are," said the corporal, "when they are not winning. I might feel different about it if I hadn't seen a bunch of British, strafed on a ship, brought in here a few hours ago. All of them were badly hurt and it was commendable how they took it compared to this fellow."

One man was glad to be taken prisoner because he expects to be taken to the United States, be released there at the end of the war, and settle down. He had been trying to get there before the war but never could get a visa.

"You don't suppose there will be any trouble about it?" he asked. "You don't think Americans might be mad at us Germans?" He was so confident that it was a pity to shatter his illusions. . . .

. . .

The extreme consideration for prisoners during the first few hours can only be explained by the novelty of the situation in which American nurses and soldiers found themselves. They had never dealt with prisoners before and had open ears for tear-jerking stories. The picture was changed as soon as the hospital commandant learned what was going on.

Treatment of the prisoner patients and medical corps soldiers was quite a problem from the first to the Red Cross workers at the hospital. Throughout the campaign they had stayed closer to the front than any other Red Cross girls. Once, last February, they had been evacuated into the mountains with all their belongings in musette bags, barely in time to escape, and had at once set to work organizing what facilities they had to receive the first wave of American

wounded. After that they had no particular fancy for the whining Germans.

But soon they were leaning over backwards not to show any obvious partiality against the late enemies. Among the girls were Barbara Brandon of Indianapolis, first Red Cross girl in an evacuation hospital in North Africa, and Edith Taake of St. Louis, a former Missouri school teacher.

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When the Americans took over the hospital they found it fairly well equipped. The Germans had left so hurriedly they did not have time even to clean up the bloody bandages in the wards.

After the hospital authorities tightened up on the Germans they still got as good care as any American wounded and the Red Cross workers handed over with objective impartiality tooth brushes, tooth paste and "klingen," or razor blades when the prisoners asked for them. The Germans are masters at adopting ingratiating ways. The worst faux pas occurred when a major entered the dining room, giving the Nazi salute. He dropped his arm at once, however, when he realized what he had done and never repeated the offense.

On the same day that Correspondent Henry dated his story, the 38th's Daily Bulletin of June 1, 1943,

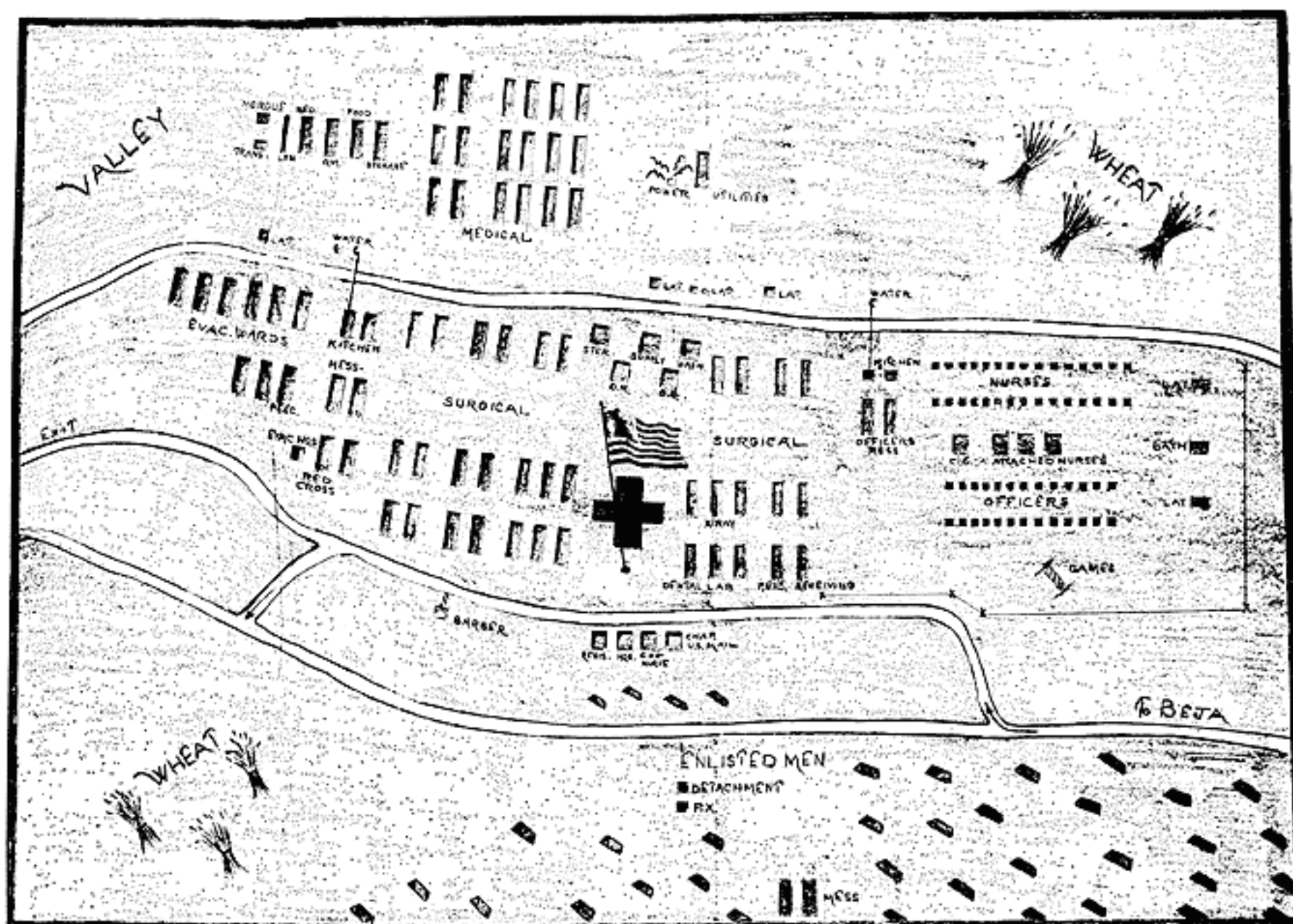
devoted all but a few lines to three congratulatory messages to the Allied Forces.

The first was from President Franklin D. Roosevelt:

"My warm personal congratulations to you on the great success of the recent operations in North Africa. The power and coordination with which the Allied Forces are crushing our enemies in Tunisia is a tribute to your leadership, the unprecedented degree of Allied cooperation which makes a pattern for the ultimate defeat of the Axis.

"Convey to General Alexander my appreciation of the splendid manner in which he directed the groups of Armies of three nations in a series of devastating blows against the enemy; my congratulations to Air Marshal Tedder on his overwhelming air victory; to Admiral Cunningham on the destruction of Axis shipping by his naval craft; to General Montgomery on the culmination of his odyssey and to General Anderson for his perfect team play."

The second message was from King George VI. The Daily Bulletin styled it the "congratulatory message



The locations of the various hospital facilities and tents of the personnel when the 38th was stationed near Beja in Tunisia, North Africa, are revealed in this drawing by Clarence O. Kuester, Jr. Beja was off to the right.

from His Majesty The King of England to the Commanding General, Allied Forces." The King's message:

"Throughout the six months during which you have been in command of the Allied Forces in North Africa, I have watched with admiration the progress of operations on land, on sea, and in the air. Under your leadership, forces diverse in nationality and race have been knit into one united and successful whole. Their task has not been easy and the resistance of the enemy has been determined and desperate. But now, with the capture of Tunis and Bizerta, your campaign is almost concluded; the last enemy forces in Africa are being captured or destroyed and the debt of Dunkirk repaid. On behalf of all my peoples I express to you, as supreme Commander of Allied Forces, and to all ranks under your command our heartfelt congratulations on your victory."

The final message, "to all individuals in the United States Army in NATOUSA, from the Commanding General, Allied Forces," said:

"With the virtual destruction of all Axis troops in North Africa, I want to express my sincere thanks to all those portions of the Allied Forces whose work has kept them along lines of communication and in vital ports and bases instead of on the actual battleline. No Allied success in this region could have been possible except as our supply and maintenance problems have been met and conquered. Every tactical commander—Air, Ground and Naval—is keenly aware of the debt he owes to the officers and enlisted men of the Allied service forces who have so loyally and efficiently provided the means needed at the front. I should like every one of the men to know that I thank him personally for his part in the great victory that the Allies have won."

The message was signed: "Dwight D. Eisenhower, Commander-in-Chief."

On that first day of June, 1943, the 38th Evacuation



Five Charlotte officers enjoy leave to North African beach. Left to right, Snyder, Tyson, Colin Munroe, McChord Williams, McGrath.

Hospital listed 14 patients, 12 admissions, 16 dispositions, 40 vacant beds and three wards in operation.

The next day the work load had increased considerably, with 44 patients under treatment, 31 admissions, only one disposition, 58 vacant beds and six wards in operation.

Even busier was the hospital on June 3. Fifty-seven patients were listed, 27 were admitted, fourteen disposed of. Forty-five beds were vacant, six wards in use.

The bulletin that day announced, more happily, the award by the commanding officer of the Good Conduct Medal "for exemplary behaviour, efficiency and fidelity in the performance of their duties as members of this unit" to:

Master Sergeant Frank B. Pedrick
First Sergeant Herbert L. Johnson
Staff Sergeant Amelio R. Fenocchi
Staff Sergeant Howard S. Simpson
Sergeant David E. Fluck
Sergeant William F. McDonough
Sergeant Edward F. Schmidt
Sergeant William E. Smith
Sergeant William E. Vaughn
Tech. 3rd Gr. Alex Baker
Tech. 4th Gr. Randall K. Davis
Tech. 5th Gr. Paul H. Kugler

A less cheerful announcement was carried in the Daily Bulletin of June 15:

"On the basis of information received from the Monastery at Thibar, the winery there is placed *out of bounds* to all members of this command. Individual purchases thereat are no longer authorized. The Quartermaster Supply Officer should be contacted for information relative to this restriction on purchases by officers."

Its impact, however, was softened somewhat by the note immediately following it:

"Enlisted Men will sign the June payroll between 0900 and 1200 hours, tomorrow, June 16 1943, in the Enlisted Men's Mess Tent."

A more serious prohibition than the out of bounds of the monastery's winery was announced in the Daily Bulletin of June 18. It ordered:

"All personnel of the Army of the United States, North African Theater of Operations, will refrain from eating lettuce or other types of fresh salads. Fresh vegetables and fruits which can be satisfactorily washed and peeled may be consumed except in the Fes-Meknes area where amoebic dysentery is hyperendemic. Vegetables and fruits which are to be consumed will be repeatedly washed in fresh running water and will be peeled before they are served. The dipping of vegetables, fruits, etc., in solutions of permanganate of potash or chlorine is not recommended because such

procedure gives a false sense of security not warranted by experience."

The order further provided:

"Examination and analysis of water samples taken from the stream flowing under the bridge on the Mateur-Ain Rhelal Road and other streams in North Africa indicates heavy fecal contamination. Streams throughout Tunisia and Algeria are infested with cercariae which burrow through the skin and cause liver trouble." So, the order continued:

"In view of the facts stated in Paragraph 1, above, all military personnel are prohibited from swimming in any streams in Tunisia and Algeria. Commanding officers will insure strict compliance with this order."

A further lugubrious note in that Daily Bulletin announced that the next evening the subject of the lecture at the officers' and nurses' training session would be "Malaria."

Malaria, in fact, in the terrific heat of Tunis in summer was one of the problems that gave the 38th much concern and a heavy burden of work. Dr. Query still recalls the efforts of the hospital to combat the scourge:

"That period in Tunis—the summer of 1943—was one of the roughest we had, certainly from the standpoint of the temperature. It seemed to stay up around 115 to 120 degrees, and to make matters worse, we had no ice. All we had was water in Lister bags. They would bring these boys in with high fever, temperatures 104 and 105 degrees, and the temperature outside would be 110 and higher. We'd stand under a big bag of water and let the water run down on us, clothes and all, and when we were wringing wet without a stitch of dry thread on us we'd go back to work for fifteen or twenty minutes and then we'd get thoroughly soaked again and work again. We'd do that again and again; we couldn't work more than fifteen minutes or so without stopping and getting wet."

Sometimes the temperature went up as high as 130 degrees, the Charlotte doctors recall, and bits of metal in their tents would be so hot they couldn't touch them. In their attempts to get the patients' fever down the doctors would put wet towels over them. The towels would dry quickly and they would wet them again.

"No shade, no ice," Dr. Query summarizes that experience. "Just hot, hot, hot. And when the sirocco blew in from the desert, man, it was HOT!"

Often during the day they would wrap up in wet blankets and the wind blowing on them would enable them to endure the daylight hours. In the same way they attempted to cool themselves, they would cool their food. George Snyder recalls the procedure: "We'd put cans, like beans, down into a sack, wet the sack, and the wind blowing on it would cool the cans a little."

"Stokes Munroe and Paul Sanger got access to this

villa down there in Tunis," Dr. Query remembers also, "and when we had half a day off or a few hours or so, we'd go down there and stretch out on a bed to rest, and then the bedbugs would start coming out and biting us so that we couldn't sleep."

On the same day that the officers' and nurses' training session was devoted to the subject of malaria, June 18, Captain Montgomery recorded, appropriately:

Just out of the hospital following a week's illness—chills and fever with little diarrhea.

Two days later Captain Montgomery recorded:

Moved out of Beja today at 0845 by truck. Arrived Tunis 1145. Hospital being set up in suburb called Beau Site. We are on a small hill from which we can see the Bay of Tunis & ancient Carthage.

And two days after making that entry he wrote, on June 22:

Hospital officially opened at 0800 today although we had an acute appendix last night. Today is my birthday, also my day off. Had a nice day in Tunis. Had lunch & dinner at Tunisian Palace Hotel. Went swimming at La Massa.

The work at the hospital that day, the Bulletin discloses, was light. Seven patients were enrolled. No dispositions were made and 29 beds were vacant. Only one ward was in use.

The next day, June 23, a total of 28 patients admitted brought the number to 35, and thereafter, through the first week in July, the patient list increased steadily: June 24, 54; June 26, 127; June 27, 162; June 28, 206; June 29, 244; June 30, 286; July 1, 330; July 2, 365; July 3, 403; July 4, 436; July 5, 446. For the remainder of July and most of August the patient list ran from about 250 to above 400 a day.

The hospital had been in operation a week at its new location near Tunis when on June 28 Captain Pickens wrote a long letter home. He identified the new position only as "Still North Africa." But from what he wrote it could be clearly reasoned that the 38th Evacuation Hospital was not many miles removed from the action.

"They are coming in" was the cry all thru the camp," he began. "Everyone moved out of their tents to watch the returning bombers. Bob Miller and I had gone to a nearby airfield to spend the day with a mutual friend. We had seen the takeoff of a mission earlier in the morning and now they were on the way back. It is an exciting time when the bombers come back. We were the guests of the squadron leader. He did not make the trip with his squadron in order to have the day with us. He was anxious to see that they all returned safely. We stood outside his pyramidal tent and counted as the groups of six planes 'buzzed' the field. That buzzing was a privilege that the boys had to show they were on the way home. Some of them tried to see how close

they could come to the ground and the prop-wash almost took the tent off its mooring. After the buzzing they peel off in groups of three and land three abreast just a few seconds apart. Finally the major, our host, said with a distinct sigh of relief, 'They are all back.'

"We went back into his tent to talk some more about his work. At present they are leveling off Sicily and Sardinia and parts of southern Italy. They had just finished their part in bringing Pantelleria into the fold. He travels with them on most of the trips, sometimes as pilot, co-pilot, or navigator, sometimes as rear gunner and sometimes just as an observer and photographer. He showed us some pictures of some of the precision bombing they had been doing in Sardinia. From several thousand feet above, the boats in the harbor look like small specks, but the bombs were seen as dropping squarely on the objectives. It is almost incredible to see the accuracy. Occasionally a bomb will go off the course, but that is caused by a faulty fin or the fact that the bomb opening does not coordinate properly. It looks so simple in the pictures taken during the raids, but the main thing is the bomb sight and that is guarded with a vengeance. I did not see the inside parts of one."

He told what happened after the flyers landed:

"The boys from the mission came filing into lunch at a nearby tent. We went over to eat and listen to the major's questions about the trip. One chap had a nice hole in his right wing, he said, and later we went out to look at it. He said they had run into some opposition near their target, but the P-38s had been coaxed up to take care of them. On the way back they passed over an enemy destroyer escorting a freight vessel and the destroyer had opened up on them; hence the hole in one wing. It just missed the control wires, so there was no trouble in getting home. Otherwise, there was no excitement—just a routine job. The boys were in good spirits and bragging on the performance of their ships. The major said they had a top sergeant who was the best mechanic in all Africa and if they ever lost him, they would have to be grounded. The sergeant enjoyed none of the glory of the Air Force, but he appeared to be responsible for this unit's success. The boys give him full credit. The pilots and gunners and radio-navigators are just a bunch of kids, happy-go-lucky, but proud of their part in this war. The major said they had a lot of criticism from the ground forces during the heavy fighting here. The Infantry wanted to know where the Air Force was, but the bombers were always behind the lines of the enemy, working on his supplies and his reserve manpower. He said they could not get too close to the fighting, since they would be fired on by both sides. When a plane came too close, everyone opened up on it and only the fast flying straf-

ing planes could outrun the flak, so the bombers stayed behind. I asked the group why, if they had any additional bombs, they did not start to work on the destroyer and the freighter they had met on the way home. The reply was, 'You go to your target, finish that job, and get home as quickly as possible.' They do not try to do anything else; they used to try that and found the cost too heavy. Do one job and do it well. Of course, they reported the presence of the enemy boats and their position, and they said some other group probably had been assigned that job before they had landed."

After lunch they stretched out for a siesta, but before they could get to sleep a sudden whirlwind swept down and blew the tent to the ground atop them. Little damage was done, however, and since it was too hot to sleep anyway, their host arranged for them to take a flight on one of the B-25s. It might be cooler, he suggested, at ten thousand feet. Captain Pickens goes on with the account:

"We picked up our pilot and co-pilot and soon found ourselves in the air. I took the seat of the rear gunner, up on a little bicycle seat in a sort of glassed-in igloo toward the back of the plane. It was a tight fit for me and I can see why most of the gunners are fairly small men. I was shown how to manipulate the buttons for the firing of the guns and how to turn the turret around in any direction. I was given a set of earphones and shown where I could grab a parachute if it became necessary. Then I was fastened in in this isolated section of the plane. I had a good time whirling around in the little turret which worked automatically on the pressing of a button, but then I turned cold when I thought about the possibility of running into an enemy plane. Well, I examined the gunsight and gave a couple of practice shots to see if the guns were opened, and then sat there and waited to become the first Medical Administrative officer to bring down an ME 109 in this war. I could picture myself a real hero except when I thought about what would happen if I missed and he happened to hit. Fortunately, no enemy planes appeared while we covered a great deal of Tunisia. I had a good time trying to locate our hospital and its big Red Cross. I looked at Roman ruins the best way they should be seen, from ten thousand feet in a cool plane. Once during the trip the pilot decided to give us a little experience in barrel-rolling in a plane and when he finished, my stomach felt like I had been too long on a stormy sea. At another time during our trip we practiced the much talked of dive-bombing, dropping several thousand feet in a few short seconds. Again I thought I would never make a good sailor. All in all, however, I thought it was a pleasant trip. At least I got some idea of the type thing a medium bomber does."

But they were to receive a greater shock when they



The 38th's encampment near Telergma, Algeria shown distinctly in this high altitude, aerial photograph, was strung out along a straight road, center. Always a huge red cross near the center of each of the encampments warned potential enemy planes that the facility was a hospital.

landed and talked again with their host, the squadron leader. Stan Pickens tells of it:

"When we returned to the base, the major said he was glad we had gone. We not only had a good trip, but, he said, we'd done him a distinct favor. Curious to see how we could have done him a favor, we asked why. He told us then that the chap who had taken us up had not flown for over a month. Once in England he had made a forced landing after losing his landing gear on a trip over occupied Holland. This had shaken the lad considerably. Then just a month before our trip with him, he again had lost his landing apparatus in a sortie over Italy and had been forced down on the beach near Tunis within the German lines. He had lost his plane, but had escaped and made his way back to his outfit. Then he told the major that he was afraid to fly again. His nerve was gone, he said. The major told him he needn't fly until he was back in shape. He was a good man and the major didn't want to lose him. Our trip was the first one he had made.

"The major had told him that two officers from the nearby hospital wanted to fly with him particularly and that he had to get in there and fly, and he wanted us back safely as well as the pilot. The boy had no other choice but try and we acted as guinea pigs. We did not know this before we started, otherwise we might not have been so keen on the trip. I noticed when we landed that the pilot was very interested in what we thought of the trip and particularly of the landing. I told him that I had done considerable traveling by air in civilian life but that I had never been set down easier than with him. I told him he handled a plane perfectly so far as I was concerned. I learned later from the major that I had said exactly the right thing without any exaggeration, and that the boy was very happy about it all. Possibly we did some good in getting the lad's nerve back for him. I hope so."

But the most interesting happening on that trip, the captain would reveal in his letter, would come toward evening when he talked with them about his experiences as one of the pilots who had flown with General Doolittle on the famous flight over Tokyo from a carrier in the Pacific. His letter provided information about the flight months before the details of the sensational assault upon Japan were released. He writes of the major, their host that day:

"He was one of the men with General Doolittle on that much talked of raid. He was a first lieutenant then and was a co-pilot on the trip. I suppose you have heard more about that trip now than I have. I see a good deal in the papers about it and I understand that the Book-of-the-Month will be on that subject in the near future. But in spite of the former buildup I will give you the picture I got from the major.

"They trained for the trip for several months at one of the naval seaplane bases. They took their planes off a wooden or metal runway the same size as carriers they were to use. The only thing they failed to do in the training period was to take off a ship in a heavy sea. But when they left the Pacific coast on their way west, the plan was to have the sixteenth plane hop off the carrier after they had been underway for two days and fly back to the United States. Then they would know it was possible to get off in some kind of weather. But before the first day was over, the pilot and his helpers of this spare plane had persuaded then Lt. Col. Doolittle that they should be allowed to make the raid with the group. They all worked on him on this. They scouted around among their remaining crews and some from the ships to get enough gunners and radio men and whatnot to fully man the sixteenth ship. So they still did not know for sure that the big B-25s could get off a carrier. But, as the major said, none of the men who went on the raid expected to get back alive. It was a real suicide crew and the gayest one you can imagine. All the way across the Pacific they studied maps and pictures of Japan and the neighboring coast of China and the available landing fields in nearby Russia. It seems that our subs had moved along the coast and taken photographs of the targets, so that when our men actually arrived over their targets they knew exactly what they were after.

"Just before they were to arrive at their rendezvous, one of the ships ran into a Jap fishing smack and they were afraid the Jap had radioed their coming back to the mainland. They did away with the fisherman in short order, but it was decided to get off then and not wait the remaining 12 or 24 hours as originally planned. So off they went in the middle of the night and instead of arriving over Tokyo at dawn they got there at high noon. They came in so low they could see the faces of the little yellow men scurrying around the streets. They had to get altitude in order to release their bombs, which they did with deadly accuracy. Every target was hit squarely, according to reports of the men surviving and returning to China. They were only military targets, the major said. He passed right over the top of the Palace and he said he and his crew could have leveled it off in no time, but they had their orders and were then on their way to China.

"There was very little flak. Apparently the Japs thought no such expedition possible and were not prepared. Of course, we are probably in the same state of mind in America. I'm telling you it can come, and, boy, it is sudden and swift. No fighters to speak of came up to protest the visit. So off our friends went to find a spot in old China. They crossed the Sea of Japan and then on across the Yellow Sea just as it was getting dark

again. Their gasoline supply was getting low and they were battling a mean storm. The ceiling was exactly zero. They could not see the ground at any level. The major said they knew about the mountains they were to cross, with some rising to an altitude of 10,000 feet, but that they set their altitude at about 6,000 and decided to take their chances on bumping squarely into one.

"They missed. But before they arrived over the field where they were to have their second rendezvous, the gasoline ran out and they had to bail out. The major said he had never been out in a parachute before, but that he wasn't bothered about the chute not opening as much as how he was going to land and where. His commanding officer allowed him to tie his musette bag on his arm before he went out. The major said he took his maps, cigarettes and matches (dry), pistol, a small package of concentrated food and a pint of whiskey and took off in the rain at 6,000 feet. The plane had been set on the automatic pilot. His commanding officer was the last to leave the plane. He stepped out in the rain and it was coming down in sheets. After his chute opened he felt around for his flashlight and turned it on to see if he could spot the ground under him, but to no avail. It was just plain black down there and the rain increased as he moved down. Finally he plumped on the earth in the middle of China in the pitch black dark with the rain beating heavy tattoos on all sides. When he hit, he lost his flashlight, so he wrestled getting out of his harness in the dark after he had stayed on the ground for about three minutes. The sudden stop had knocked the breath out of him. After smoking a cigarette and figuring he was on the side of a hill, he decided to work up to the top of the hill to see if any sign of life could be spotted.

"The major said at that juncture, 'Don't ever go up a blind hill in the dark. It's not hard to get up, but the coming back is bad.' He found nothing from the top and forgot where the sudden drops were coming back, so he finally stopped and lay in the rain and waited for morning. The whiskey helped in passing the time and in keeping warm.

"When morning came he got down the hill and found a railroad line and started walking in the direction of the base where they were all to meet. About ten-thirty that morning he came across his C.O. on his way in the same direction. They had been taught one sentence in Chinese, which said, 'I am an American.' The major said none of the Chinese could understand them when they said that, but that all of them had heard about the raid over Tokyo and brought out pictures of American soldiers and pictures of Mr. Roosevelt. They were always welcome.

"Finally they secured a handcar which they pumped



Captain William P. Kavanagh gets some African sun on a graveled walk at St. Cloud.

on down the railroad to the town where they were to meet, a matter of some sixty miles. That was the hardest part of the trip outside of the taxiing the planes on the carrier in a strong wind. That process was done by inching the plane up two or three feet with a scotch in front and behind. The men on the front scotch always took their lives in their hands. One sailor was caught when one plane got away for a minute and he was pinned quickly against a side wall. He lost his arm in the deal but not his life. The Air Corps boys took up a collection for him before they set sail and left him over \$3,000. Many of them thought they had no need for money where they were going anyway.

"Pumping down the tracks brought them to their town and there they were met by a Chinese, a graduate of Harvard, who controlled the transportation of the town. He gave them a car to use and they settled down to wait for the arrival of the others. News came in later in the day about the other planes. One had landed in Russia and the crew had been interned. One had landed in Japan, probably with engine trouble, and the others were in China. No one was lost, so far as they knew. During the next ten days they came in from all sections. The plane that landed in Russia was piloted by a young fellow who had helped train some Russian and Polish pilots in the United States and knew how to speak Russian. The major didn't say it, but I gathered they all thought he had gone in that direction, not only because it was closer, but that he knew a grand reception awaited him. I hope that is true."

Their host that day continued with his story of the sensational Doolittle flight over Tokyo by revealing what had happened to the American flyers after their assault upon the Japanese capital and their landing in China and Russia. Captain Pickens relayed the information the major had given them:

"Before the whole gang had gathered they were shipped off to Chungking and then sent to Calcutta to await orders. They traveled in a DC-3, the same type of plane used by Eastern Air Lines. At Calcutta they just waited. They were comfortably housed and the Indians were cordial enough. One day, after lounging around for two weeks, word came thru that all ferry pilots were needed immediately to help evacuate personnel from Burma. So, off to Mandalay the major went to help get the folks out ahead of the Japanese. They just went back and forth between Mandalay and Calcutta for several days. When this experience had run out they sat for another week or ten days and then orders came to start for the Middle East. The major said he had a hard time getting rid of his DC-3, but finally got someone to sign for it, and then boarded a plane for Cairo. After some delay there he was sent back to Miami. Back in the States, he was put in charge of a squadron to train. After three months training in

maneuvering and attack, off they went on their way to England. They were snowed in for two days at Presque Isle and two weeks in Iceland, but finally wound up to start working on the Germans from an east England base. They came down to Africa in December and have been here ever since.

"I think it is quite a saga, this round the world cruise. They celebrated their year's anniversary of the trip over Tokyo last month near us. General Doolittle came down and joined in with the boys that are left. It was a gay party, they report, and I think they are entitled to one gay evening a year for that job. They all, says the major, want to go again when this job is finished over here. They like to see the little yellow rats run for cover."

After hearing the major's story of the Tokyo raid and the lively events that followed it, says Captain Pickens, it seemed to them that their own jobs of helping operate an Army base hospital were rather routine assignments.

"Bob and I finished a pleasant day with the Air Corps and hurried back to the mundane job of helping run a hospital," he concludes his letter. "Our part is just another cog in the big machine organized to lick the enemy of our way of living."

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Captain Jack Montgomery's next entry in his diary was again characteristically of few words. He wrote on July 10:

Sicily invaded at 0300 hours. We expect casualties from these tomorrow.

Eight days later, on July 18, he added another two lines:

Casualties have been very light. Hospital never as much as half-filled.

The Status of the Hospital report in the Daily Bulletin during that period bears out Captain Montgomery's observation:

On July 9 the number of patients was 344, with 466 vacant beds; July 10, the number was 322, with 488 beds; the next day, 275 and 787; July 12, 229 patients and 833 vacant beds; July 13, 227 patients, 871 vacant beds; July 14, 287 and 811; July 15, 253 and 845; July

16, 254 patients, 844 beds vacant; July 17, patients totaled 284 and 814 beds were vacant; and Sunday, July 18, the day he made his entry in his diary, 363 patients and 735 vacant beds.

The Daily Bulletin reveals in its July 17 issue that "The Commanding Officer had the honor yesterday of presenting to Private Marvin D. Regan, formerly of Company K, 26th Infantry, now a member of this organization, the Award of the Purple Heart for wounds received in action."

With much pride Colonel Bauchspies had inserted in the Daily Bulletin of July 21 two letters just received at the 38th's headquarters. Colonel Bauchspies introduced them with a brief note:

The following letters have been received from Brigadier General F. A. Blesse, Surgeon, NATOUSA, and W. G. MacKay, Lt. Col., RA, British Service. Lt. Col. MacKay was a patient in this hospital while we were stationed at Beja.