H. M. S.
Pasteur
As the small advance party trudged their overburdened way to the railroad station, the air was filled with grunts of laborious effort and muttered imprecations as packs started to slide and ropes loosened. This little trek, fortunately, lasted for only a short time. The struggling Third, however, managed to maintain their natty appearance in their full military regalia of blouse, pinks, and leggings. With tremendous sighs of relief, we fell into our seats on the train, outdoing all existing speed records for stripping equipment and clothing from our perspiring backs. The seats, aisles and racks were piled high with our belongings, but we were all so tired that they lay where they fell. The train started soon afterwards and our spirits rose with the increase of momentum of the rolling wheels. Leon Ginzburg couldn't understand why the government used miles and horses when we made such excellent pack animals. We reached the Weehawken Ferry in a short time and through the industrious efforts of Russel Price, our valises were transported on to the ferry. We, on the other hand, resaddled ourselves and walked to the crowded boat. Once we arrived on the deck of the ferry boat, the weight of our individual packs permitted us to sit down very quickly. Trying to rise was another story. On the boat, as we tried to move from our original locations to points of vantage to see the approaching skyline of New York, a brilliant new method of Homo-sepien portage was devised. The end results were not very satisfactory. Picture, if you will, a pack of 100 pounds on your back and a valise of forty pounds on your chest. The ensuing Cheyne-Stokes respirations, facial cyanosis, and labored movements provided material for discussion of a collapse method for pneumothorax. It was simple to roll off the ferry on to the pier, but the force of gravity was almost unbearable as we endeavoured to climb the stairs leading to the dock. There were several large ships at anchor near some of the piers, and the guess flew thick and fast as which one was ours. As we faced the gangplank, however, we realized that some other task force must have had a previous appointment with Her Majesty's Ship, The Elizabeth. Regrettfully, we cast backwards glances at the Mauretania anchored on the other side of the same pier. We learned from one of the ship's crew that our transport was to be the Pasteur. The ship was originally French, fitted in 1939 and almost scuttled by her crew when there was danger of her capture by a Canadian force. Fortunately nothing was done to the ship except to transform her into a transport and man her with a British crew. After a two hour delay on the pier, we finally embarked in the same order as our passenger list. Our "luxurious" accommodations will be described later.

After enjoying a refreshing supper, we went to bed rather early. Accumulative fatigue took its toll and we all slept late the next morning. We had lunch and then went to the lounge to take stock of our surroundings. Most of the advance party personnel were assigned various duties as embarkation officers. We were taken below by one of the ship's officers who enlightened us as to the handling of the expected troops. The sections were low ceilinged rooms, about thirty to forty feet long and ten to twelve feet wide. They were divided by several long tables, which were to fulfill a variety of purposes. To our amusement, we were informed that instead of the ten to fifteen occupants to a section, we were going to provide accommodations for sixty to one hundred men. The mess tables served their original purpose during the day, and at night they were to provide sleeping space
for as many men as could be crowded on their hard, flat surfaces. The remainder of the men were to sleep in the hammocks that were piled neatly in the corner of the small room, innocent in their clean white envelopes. Life preservers, full blown, had been placed on the tables. The general plan for the embarkation was to load the sections furthest away from the gangplank and to keep the stairs and passageways clear. It seemed simple in theory but we visualized a long line of exhausted men, tugging at their packs and A bags, climbing up and down stairs through narrow corridors into these rooms, wondering where they were going to live for the rest of the trip.

After our brief instructions, we spent a quiet day writing letters, resting, and enjoying the English mess. That evening, however, the loading started. Each embarkation officer waited in his section and listened for the sound of approaching footsteps to indicate the beginning of the packing process. The soldiers spewed out of the narrow doorway as if the pressure in back of them was forcing them irresistibly forward. Were it not for the fact that their A bags were so heavy, acting as anchors to halt their momentum, the weight of their loaded packs would have caused many of them to pitch on to their faces. The troops in our section were colored and their only expression of fatigue was in the form of a spiritual rendition of the "Song of the Volga Boatman". When the doorway was finally empty of struggling figures, we looked around in amazement as we wondered how in the world the men were going to manage in that crowded space. Within an hour, however, as the men started to store their equipment and place most of their baggage under the mess tables, here and there little patches of space appeared. After carefully studying the diagrams illustrating hammock slinging, the effort was made resulting in a bizarre effect of the crowded wash lines of a tenement back yard. The bottoms of some of the hammocks and the men inside rested on the chests of the heavier men who were stretched out on mattresses on the tables. The embarkation officers were relieved of their duties by the company officers of the men in their sections. We then returned to our own living quarters to greet and commiserate with the remainder of the unit as they arrived.

On May 4th, the day after the departure of the advance party, the remainder of the unit bade their goodbyes to the hills and vales of Orangeburg and left Camp Shanks for the Port of New York. The assembly call was blown at 5:15 P.M. as the men fell into formation in the company street to make up seven platoons of about seventy men in each. The company officer in charge of each platoon hurriedly called the roll to make sure that none of his "rabbits" were missing. In accordance with the practice drills, which had been held for embarkation, each man answered to his last name by sounding off with his first name and middle initial. The eighth platoon was the Officer's Section and was under the command of Lt. Col. Klingenstein. The entire movement was commanded by Lt. Col. Lande. The officer's hand luggage and the enlisted man's A bag were loaded into trucks, marked with the same designated letters as the platoons, and these were transported to the railroad siding to be deposited at the rear end of each railroad car that also bore the same designation.
As we stood in formation, awaiting the signal for movement, many of us could sympathize with the lot of the pack mule, for if we ever felt weighed down with equipment previously, it was certain that we could never be called upon to carry more. The officer's pack was even more voluminous and burdensome than that of the enlisted man. Each officer wore "A" uniform with short overcoat. Over this was slung a gas mask, web belt with first aid packet and a canteen full of water, suspenders belt, a musette bag, crammed full of as much as we could squeeze into it without splitting the seams, and a blanket roll that was tied around the musette bag. The blanket roll contained the shelter halves, poles and pins for a complete pup tent, and two blankets. In addition to this many of the officers carried a trench coat or rain coat, and a field jacket, either across his arm or lashed to the musette bag. At various stages of the ensuing movement we were also called upon to carry our hand luggage, to which, for the lack of other space, we had attached packages containing the issued individual impregnated clothing.

At ten minutes past six, after standing about with full pack for almost an hour, the order was given to start the march down "The Last Mile" to the railroad station. We shifted our gears into low speed to pick up the momentum necessary to carry us onward to the hill which led downward to the siding. At the bottom of the hill we were joined by two platoons of nurses who marched along bearing a burden almost as great as ours. The officers' platoon discovered a short cut over the side of the hill and they trundled off along this trail to rejoin the remainder of the unit at the station. Each platoon was marched to the rear end of their designated coach, where the men picked up their A bags and boarded the train. At 7:05 the train left Camp Shanks and headed down the west bank of the Hudson River toward New York. As we passed through the various communities of New Jersey, groups of civilians along the rail lines or at stations waved their goodbyes and at last we felt that we were off to accomplish our mission. We arrived at Weehawken at dusk to find that we were then to reform our platoons and march to the West Shore Ferry. This trip was accomplished in several uneasy stages as we struggled along with our load of baggage and equipment, and the manner by which we managed to finally board the ferry will long remain a mystery to many.

As we stood there in the prow of the ferry, the silhouette of New York was seen vividly projected against the twilight sky. When would we see those towers, skyscrapers, and intervening canyons again — under what circumstances? Where were we going? Although our equipment suggested that we were to be assigned to the North African theatre, as we looked across the river we could see the Queen Elizabeth moored to her usual berth at about 50th Street, and those who had England as their preferred destination, brightened. In fact, Irv Somach strutted about proudly in expectation of collecting two wages, one, that we were bound for England, and the other, that the Queen would transport us across. The ferry churned forth from its berth and headed upstream directly toward the Elizabeth, but then, as it reached the main current of the river, turned directly South and away from the lights of 42nd Street toward the dark, blacked-out,
cold New York Bay. Again a variety of conjectured were heard as Irv Somach retreated from his state of jubilation. Staten Island? Hoboken? Once more the ferry changed course and edged closer to the New York shore line.

Through the gloomy darkness, we could see the dim white letters on the approaching pier, which became more visible constantly, and could eventually be read as "Cunard White Star Line". As we drifted closer to the dock, the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by the brassy strains of a military band playing "Over There". The pier lights were turned on and revealed many figures dashing about the front of the dock, apparently making ready to receive us. We were unable to discern the nature of the ship moored alongside the dock until our ferry reached its destination. Then the prow of the ship became visible and the name, "Louis Pasteur", could be seen, although it had been painted over with battleship grey.

A gangplank was lowered from the front of the dock and the nurses’ platoon marched off to the strains of "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody", and "Oh, You Beautiful Doll". Loaded down as they were with their packs, they felt nothing at all like a beauty pageant or a fashion parade. The officers' platoon followed and the detachment accompanied by the platoon officers were next in order. Once inside the pier, we were greeted by many comely Red Cross Volunteers, who distributed cigarettes, doughnuts, coffee, chocolate, and a cheerful word of encouragement. We later learned that ours was one of the first movements overseas in which the Red Cross Volunteer Service was permitted to play a part, and in which a military band participated. Platoon formations were maintained during the entire embarkation procedure, as the men were admitted to the gangplank in passenger list order. The officers embarked via a special gangplank where they received their cabin reservations. Once aboard the ship, they were greeted by mysterious implications presented by the advance party as to the nature of their accommodations.

The interior of the ship was stripped of all decorations and luxurious trimmings to conform with her transport function. Her outer coat was of a somber, grey hue. Here and there her rusty brown undercoat showed through in spots - a far cry from the gaily painted mistress that she must have been. Colonel Donnelly, as Senior Medical Officer, had a one room compartment furnished in a futuristic motif. The metal bed had a rather strange shape strongly resembling a large crib, the main purpose of which was to prevent the occupant from being tossed out when the ship twisted and turned. The other officers were situated in small rooms with a triple decker arrangement of sea-beds. The officers of higher rank were nine in a room, while the lieutenants were placed in large combination rooms on the sports deck with accommodations for twenty-four. The comparison with a chicken coop was well substantiated when we found that to sleep all our equipment had to be placed on the floor, and after awakening, we had to reverse the procedure in order to dress. The nurses were also crowded twenty-four to thirty-six in a room in a heavily policed section of the ship. The enlisted men, packed into the small rooms below deck, deserved the highest praise and commendation. Closely confined, alternately hot and chilly, their capacity for bearing discomfort and their sense of
humor were really a revelation. Eating, sleeping, playing cards—all in one small area—would have been enough to strain the nerves of most people. Men were getting seasick; they were unable to smoke; there was little exercise; some of the meals were vile, and the maintenance of ordinary standards of cleanliness required industrious and continuous effort—yet, they managed to laugh and poke fun at it all, and at themselves, cursing Hitler roundly at all times. Sleeping, under the nervous tension associated with the hazards of the journey, hammocks swinging with every lurch of the tossing ship, constantly disturbed by moving figures—it was a wonder that some of them did not crack up under the wear and tear of those seven days. It was impossible to keep their mess gear clean using the salt water that was available. The drinking water schedule was very irregular and could not be trusted. More and more did the port of debarkation loom up as

The Promised Land.

During the early hours of Wednesday morning, May 5th, those who were insomniacs or light sleepers were aware that the ship's motors were warming up and that we were getting up steam. Upon awakening on the following morning, the pastime was casting off its mooring cables and preparing to set sail. Two tug boats came along side at 7:00 A.M. to tow the ship from the pier into the river channel. The day was bright, warm, sunny and cheerful—the perfect day for an ocean cruise, but with equally good visibility for any submarines that might be lying in wait. As we were drawn away from the shore, we could see that the Queen Elizabeth, about a mile upstream, was also being towed from her pier. Apparently the movement orders of the Port of Embarkation directed that she was to leave the harbor ahead of us, for we drifted along slowly until the Queen assumed the position in front of us and then both ships sailed down the harbor together. We wondered whether we would accompany each other across, and it wasn't until later that fitst day that the Elizabeth turned northward and we were informed that Casablanca was our destination.

The tremendous task that was being accomplished in carrying supplies and equipment to our armies overseas was vividly impressed upon us by the bustle of activity on the many docks along the harbor and the many ships that crowded upper New York Bay. A last furtive glance at the Battery, the ever-thrilling Statue of Liberty, Governor's Island, the Brooklyn Navy Yards, and we entered the Narrows leading to the Lower Bay. The pilot carefully followed a prescribed channel as we threaded our way through submarine nets (and probably mine fields) and then picked up steam and sailed for the open sea. We were reassured to see the Coast Guard Patrol of boats, planes, and dirigibles to protect the lanes of traffic along the coast, constantly vigilant for the appearance of any enemy submarine activity.

The handling of the detachment in their quarters aboard ship, was left in the very capable hands of Tommy Ballard and Ed Steck with the assistance of the officers who were designated as section leaders. The latter were immediately responsible for the men's comfort and discipline and the effort to rectify some of the sanitary arrangements of the ship—which were little short of being hopeless. With two different racial types, colored and white, certain complications were bound to arise. These were obviated however by dividing the sanitation facilities into two sections. The latrines resembled horse troughs with a continuous stream of sea water coursing through the narrow channels. When the outlets were dammed up, as
they frequently were, the reversal of the flow caused the water to pour over the sides of the receptacle, spreading evenly over the deck with each roll of the ship. It wasn't until strict latrine discipline and surveillance were instituted that some of the evils were corrected.

The ship's store or canteen was similar to the Army's PX; depending on the merchandise being sold, it was either wet or dry. During the wet hours, carbonated beverages were dispensed; and during the dry hours, cigarettes, candy and miscellaneous articles were on sale.

Our meals were served in a large ornate dining room by an English staff of waiters in semi-formal dress and cockney accents. There was no startling innovation, as most of us expected, in the transition from the G.I. American mess to the English method of the preparation of food. The coffee may have been originally derived from the bean, but in its transformation into a palatable beverage, in the hands of the English chef, the adjective as well as the flavor was dropped. Probably spoiled by American methods of manufacture, we slowly adjusted ourselves to the English method of brewing tea. The tannic acid concentration was so strong as to impart a parchment-like feeling to the oral mucous membrane. Floating tea leaves may have been appropriate for fortune reading, but they certainly clung to the teeth. The English mustard that accompanied the meat courses truly lived up to its "hot" reputation. The famous beef was well prepared although somewhat tasteless. There were enough condiments on the table to overcome this defect. Surprisingly enough, butter was served in liberal quantities in the shape of wood shavings. Sid Silverstone was quite helpful in straightening out some erroneous conceptions entertained by some of us concerning the English - the language as well as the people. We stopped asking for napkins when we saw the blank look on the waiter's face. Sid came to the rescue by asking for a serviette, explaining that a napkin was English for a diaper. The desserts were very bad according to American standards, and consisted mainly of custards and gelatine dishes. The English used the term "sweets" instead of dessert - it certainly was a misnomer. The menus could never be relied upon because of the various aliases under which certain dishes were served. We admired the courage of these particular merchant mariners in white, who were constantly being shuttled back and forth through dangerous waters doing their job along rather unexciting lines - with very little financial compensation. The latter statement stems from the ridiculous tip of 30 cents which was considered the proper sum for a week's service. Although this sum was strongly suggested as a maximum, most of us contributed more. Two messes were served to feed the officer personnel aboard the ship. The enlisted men were served in their sections by details that drew their rations from the kitchens adjacent to their area. Surprisingly enough, there were few amongst the officers who missed any meals. Some did experience that vague butterfly sensation in the pit of the stomach but after a day or so, it passed away. Even those who really were sea sick did not suffer for too long a period.
The lounge was a large room located on the sports deck and represented the meeting place of all the officers interested in the social activities on board ship. It was presided over by a jolly, rotund, little Englishman with a pronounced cockney intonation and manner of speaking. He bore a slight resemblance to the English Prime Minister, and his face actually beamed when he was called "Churchill". Because of the localized adiposity amidships, he was affectionately called "Potsy". His greatest lament was that after all these years of service on pleasure cruises, the only beverage that he could serve was Pepsi cola. His favorite jest was to make his rounds calling "Beer, beer", and as we all pricked up our ears, he finished "Root beer". His dress was quite formal to most of us who had abandoned our bow ties and shirt fronts on the first of September 1942. Social gatherings were held at night and some of the enlisted men entertained. There was some rivalry one night between a southern hill-billy group and a colored band, but the friction was soon dispelled when the former group retired from the scene, and the colored band played for the dancing which followed. The highlight of the entertainment aboard ship was the party that Captain Chamberlain gave. It was to be a masquerade party but only as far as the headgear was concerned. Poor Scotty Schapiro had to play a red faced caballero to Lupe's senorita. Where Scotty got the ten gallon hat, he never would divulge. The most original hat was that worn by one of the Engineers and consisted of a highly polished reversed G.I. shoe. Isabelle Cedar's face peaked out from under an original creation resembling a portable toilet article case complete with tooth brush and paste. Henry Doubilet, with his absorbent cotton wdg, won first prize for the man as "Charlie's Aunt". Lupe also won first prize for the girls. Refreshments were served in the form of assorted cookies and pastries, as well as small sandwiches. Everyone felt cheerful that night since the greater part of our trip was behind us.

The lounge was also utilized by Father Dunne for early morning services. The contrast was very striking considering the hilarity and gaiety of the night before, yet as the solemn religious ceremonies were conducted, the walls and the entire atmosphere changed so as to make one feel that he were in a chapel. Henry Tevel held services in a corner of the large dining room and we were surprised at the number of people who turned to their religion, probably utilizing prayer as a means to dispel some of their innermost fears associated with the voyage.

The trip across would have seemed like a luxury vacation cruise had not many of us been assigned to the task of caring for the medical needs of the troops. Colonel Donnelly was appointed as the Senior Medical Officer of the task force, and the 3rd General Hospital was temporarily converted to Station Hospital 464 New York (the designation of the troop transport). Four troop hospitals and two dispensaries were established in sections of the ship that were set aside for that purpose. A Surgical ward, Venereal Disease Isolation Service, operating room, and dispensary were located in the fore section of C deck. On E deck aft, the Medical and Officers' ward and a dispensary were established. The Isolation ward for communicable diseases were set up down in the bowels of the ship at the bow end of F deck, and just above the propeller shaft.
Most of the Medical and Dental Corps officers were assigned to duties at these posts under the command of the Chief of Service, Lt. Col. Klingensteirn, Karelitz, and Glucksman. Considering the troop strength aboard ship and their living conditions, the health of the soldiers remained surprisingly good, and few diseases of serious import were encountered. The surgical service had a few fractures and belly aches to contend with, but no operative problems were presented—much to the disgust of several of our surgeons who yearned for the feel of a scalpel and hemostat again. The operating room was small but well equipped and seemed very professional with green-tiled walls and overhead lights. Moe Swick's constant struggle with the gonococcus and Treponema Pallidum was enhanced by several battalions of colored troops who had their last fling with the bright lights, and apparently the red lights as well, before leaving their home grounds. At all hours of the day and night, Moe could be seen wandering about with a smear or two to be examined for the presence of the famous diplococcus, and decrying the lack of a dark field microscope. The Medical Service was called upon to treat chiefly the unromantic "Nasopharyngitis; Acute: Catarrhal" and "Tonsillitis; Acute; Moderate; Follicular; Bilateral", although a few pneumonias and other ailments were seen. Daily morning rounds through the Medical Ward, simulated Grand Rounds back at Mount Sinai, as Sam Karelitz lead an entourage of ten officers, three nurses, and varying numbers of ward boys through the narrow passageway between the tiered berths. The junior officers felt the need of the old "Wardman's Periscope", first introduced at Mount Sinai in order to steal a glance at the patients on rounds over the hallowed heads of the Attending Staff. Lts. Solomon and Moloshok were again excommunicated to the Isolation Service where they managed to accumulate a variety of contagious diseases, including mumps, measles, and German measles.

The dispensaries were busy at all hours of the day with routine sick call, minor injuries, prophylactic immunizations for Typhus, Typhoid, and Tetanus, and the usual variety of dispensary complaints. After the second day out, the most common syndrome presented was a patient with a greenish-yellow pallor, acute anorexia, and nausea, vomiting which was frequently bilious and projectile in nature, a soreness of the epigastrium and the abdominal musculature, incurred through repeated efforts of a propulsive character associated with emesis, vertigo, and at times cephalalgia; this syndrome we quickly recognized was the well-known "Mal de Mer".

Our Medical and Dental officers became well known aboard ship as they were called over the public address system all through the day. The orderly room operator, responsible for broadcasting, always appeared to convey the impression of acute emergency as he called: "Lt. Weissberg! LT. WEISSBERG !!!! Report to the forward dispensary, IMMEDIATELY !!!". Dashing out of the dining room, down the staircase two steps at a time, and arriving breathlessly at the dispensary, one would usually find a robust, comfortable, soldier complaining that he hadn't moved his bowels for the past few days.
CASABLANCA

Midst the confusion and anxiety associated with last minute packing the strains of a military band could be heard emanating from the pier to welcome us to Africa. Undoubtedly this was meant to boost our morale which had been shattered by the cancellation of our scheduled lunch. Debarcation was executed by units and fortunately 1254 RR was to be third. We struggled down the long steep gangplank sweating under our slipping shoulder packs and heavy hand luggage.

Our packs and valises were thrown into the waiting trucks and the officers and nurses followed to be driven to the various areas that had been assigned to us. Some of the officers remained behind to accompany the enlisted men as they marched to our staging area. As the detachment tumbled off the gangplank, they were directed to line up at one end of the dock. There they remained for about 15 minutes reveling in the sensation of something solid on which to stand. The normal tendency to breath deeply after confinement in a small space was arrested when more odor than air was inspired. Coming events casting their malodorous shadows before, they observed their neighbors suspiciously. The first flaws of "our little brown guidebook to Africa" were becoming manifest. One street urchin, proving that East can meet West, was clothed in the bottom half of a fatigue suit, G. I. shoes and a tattered filthy shirt of native origin. We also discovered the genius of the advertising agency which had placed the distasteful thought of body odor before the fastidious American public. In Africa B. O. stands for Berber Odor.

As we marched from the port area, we glimpsed many strange sights completely foreign to the American way of living. Our first native word - taught us by our guide was "Allez - Imshay". This literally translated meant "Scram" to the natives. Every time that the marching columns were forced to stop because of traffic the Arabs descended like the wolves on the fold shouting weird cries that sounded vaguely familiar: "Smok - Bonbon - souvenir". We actually had to mount rear, side, and front guards to protect the detachment from losing a good part of their equipment. The glare of the sun, the dust, and the various aromas, all bad, aroused uneasy thoughts that Africa - the mysterious, Africa - the exotic, must have been described by someone suffering from anosmia. As one of the enlisted men poetically expressed it, "It stinks". As we marched along, we saw native women with large water gourd carriers on their heads while squalling infants were carried papoose fashion on the back. We reached Camp Don B Passage after a 5 mile hike and were slightly depressed when we saw long lines of dusty, dirty green pyramidal tents which were to be our quarters for our staging period.
The short rows of untidy tents, like tired charwomen with skirts uplifted, were arranged in various depths and were pitched on the uneven ground. Some floors were concave and some convex depending on the slope of the terrain. Tough, wiry grass carpeted some of the tents and others were overlaid with large stones. The interior of the tent was bare save for small pieces of wood strewn about, and here and there lay empty cans of "C" rations. As we tightened the side ropes of our temporary shelters, clouds of dust arose to add to our general discomfort. The open air latrine was unscreened from the flies and unsheltered from the beating sun. There were several large buildings that were occupied by the headquarters group and the mess personnel. Another building housed the wash rooms and showers. Water was rationed and was made available only during certain hours.

As soon as our packs were received, the industrious Third started house furnishing. Flooring for the tents had the highest priority, and it was no uncommon sight to see large sections of planking being carried on the heads and shoulders of the perspiring unit members. Most of the sections had N.Y.P. of E. stencilled on them. Any homesickness that we might have experienced was soon forgotten as we struggled to complete our arduous labors. We had our first meal of partially cooked "C" rations, individually served in their containers. The sophisticated members of the unit sat on the ground, on the steps of buildings, and stood next to windows resting their food on the ledges as they ate their own prepared meals. This was accomplished by heating the ration cans in large containers filled with boiling water. We were all so hungry that even "C" rations were eaten with gusto. It was rather difficult to eat out of the cans themselves and we learned to use our mess gear for subsequent meals. The various beverages, coffee (awful), lemonade and chocolate were prepared in our drinking cups by adding water to the concentrated powder.

After a hurried meal, we continued our search for more furniture. It was then that the atabrine victims appeared. They lay where they were, too nauseated and miserable to move. Gerson Lesnick, Vernon Weinstein, Lou Wasserman, Milt Schwartz, Hi Levy, and Gabe Seley were all moved to one of the small buildings. On the straw-strewn floor, with blankets under them, they lay waiting to be moved to various hospitals in the Casablanca area. A far cry was this manger-like building as compared with the immaculate rooms of Mount Sinai.

The other unit members busied themselves preparing for sleep. Hay was obtained and stuffed into our mattress covers, after we very carefully dusted it with insect powder. Of course we didn't want to criticize the native farming methods but the Arabs that prepared those bales of hay must have intended them for feeding and bedding down horses. The thorns and bristles that were included may have satisfied the dietary requirements of our four legged friends, but when the sharp points penetrated the homo sapiens epidermis, as we twisted and turned, sleep was out of the question. We were all so tired however, that despite the insect life and the tendency to lump in areas not conforming
to our anatomical contours, our fatigue, acting like a general anesthetic, resulted in a gradual loss of consciousness. Of course pillows were not available but this deficiency was overcome by packing one end of the mattress cover so that it bulged.

Early the next morning, we were aroused by a rattling of large wooden wheels on the uneven ground as the rock-laden Arab carts creaked and clanked to and from the quarry adjacent our tents. Their cries were rather strange-sounding as compared to the "whoa" and "giddap" of our mother country. Their cries were a rather high pitched "eeeeeeh" punctuated with a loud cracking of their whips with which they beat the poor dumb animals unmercifully. One of them indulged in early morning calisthenics on top of his slowly moving cart, shouting and screaming at the top of his lungs. We toyed with the idea of throwing a few rocks to shut him up but, remembering the advice in the little Brown book as to the "Be kind to the Native" policy, we refrained. With stiffened muscles and sleep-clouded eyes, we looked around us in slight bewilderment and after slowly awakening to the fact that we were in Africa, bestirred ourselves to the self-appointed tasks of getting settled.

After a sketchy breakfast, served by the skeleton kitchen that was set up, we started to hunt for anything that might serve the function of a bed. Our beds, which were obtained from vacated adjacent areas, were very rustic to say the least. Most of them were shallow and box-like in design supported by four rather shaky legs - not all necessarily of the same height. The more luxurious type had bailing wire criss-crossed on the bottom to provide a slight spring effect. The more diligent of the group used chicken wire. When the stuffed and correctly padded mattress covers were place on these contraptions, it was surprising to note the amount of comfort that could be obtained - especially after an exhausting day under the hot blazing sun.

As the days went by, we kept our eyes and ears open as to which of the neighboring units showed signs of moving out. The morning of their "M" day, the 3rd General Moving and Storage Co. would appear to initiate claims for various desirable items of African furniture. They were then carefully earmarked with chalk, and after the former owners left, they were claimed and transferred to the new owners tents. It didn't take us long to accumulate enough hand made furniture as to make it rather difficult to move around inside the tents. Wash stands were placed on the outside of the tents with a little opening on the table surface to support our steel helmets which served in lieu of basins. Our water supply was kept in 5 gallon cans which were filled each evening for the following morning. It was rather clumsy at best, yet most of us persisted in our efforts to maintain a certain amount of respectability. Unit members, like Harold Abel and Les Tuchman were smart enough to grow long beards... It took an order from ABS. headquarters to make them remove their luxuriant growths. Showers were available only three times a week in the large wash room. The battle cry for showers stemmed from the executive orders to "Cover all showerheads". Five or six men would trudge through the dusty area to the shower room and enjoy the cold water under a strong stream of about fifty drops per minute. The trickling water served to
spread the dust evenly over our bodies and also served to
drown some of the flies that moved with us from place to place.
After drying ourselves, we walked back to our tents in which
process we immediately started to accumulate dirt, dust, and
flies for the next shower. Our laundry facilities were of a
personal nature - each did his own. With the aid of large
cans placed over an open fire, we boiled our clothes in hot
water. We were "fresh out" of soap chips and manufactured
our own by shaving the regular cakes of soap. Many hours
were spent slaving over this hot G.I. stove stirring the
clothes in the effort to eliminate the tattle-tale gray from
our khaki. However some enterprising, prolific Arab came to
our assistance with the aid of his large family, and we treat-
ed ourselves to the luxury of a Moroccan Hand and Rock Laundry.
Although we provided the sap, we're sure that they washed the
clothes in their primitive fashion of beating the hell out of
it. The condition of some of the returned garments was suf-
cient evidence. Joe Morocco would take our clothes in the
morning and bring them back in the late afternoon. The com-
bination of a constant wind and the hot sun, would dry them
in a short while. His fees were not high, and while it lasted,
he enjoyed a thriving business. He carried a letter of identi-
fication as to his trustworthiness and efficiency, yet he ex-
perienced great difficulty with the guards at the gate. We
regretfully relinquished the service for fear that one of the
conscientious guards might shoot at him while Joe was covering
his route.

After the first few days when our strenuous efforts to
get comfortable living quarters had abated, other interests
were developed. The O.D.'s wore guns strapped to their waists
and looked very businesslike. The would-be French scholars
attacked the subject with great enthusiasm for immediate use
in Casablanca. Henry Horn, after studiously memorizing cer-
tain phrases tried them out on one of the Arabs. When the man
failed to understand him, Henry was slightly puzzled and shook
his head as if to say, "What's the matter with this Frenchman?
Doesn't he understand French?" Native newspapers were purchas-
ed from the Arab newshawks as well as the "Stars and Stripes",
which was their interpretation of the army newspaper "Stars
and Stripes". The French newspapers and publications were
painstakingly translated with the considerable aid of French
dictionaries. A dispensary was opened in one of the small
buildings and served to treat minor injuries and to handle
sick call. All cases that were ill were sent to hospitals in
the Casablanca area. Once again we were divided into groups
and with the aid of various means of transportation we started
to visit Casablanca.

Soon after the area started to assume an occupied appear-
ance, "Zombie's Trading Post" was established. Those of us who
had stocked up on soap, razor blades, tooth powder, and similar
items that were supposedly unobtainable overseas, winced as
we saw plentiful quantities of these supplies. Those of us
who had carried the cardboard containers of tooth powder spent
hours at each stop, shaking the powder out of our barracks bags
and our clothes after the containers were found to be broken. Although the various items were rationed, there was plenty for everybody. When we thought of the additional weight of the soap, underwear, and other items, that we had carried since Rucker, constantly packing and repacking, loud were our expressions of ingratitude to our supposedly informed friends and relatives who had advised us on the subject of what to take.

Our first duties for the Allied Base Section, under whose regime we were being staged, were those of patrol officers in Casablanca. This entailed going into town at 8:00 A.M., reporting to the Provost Marshal's office where we received our assigned "beats". These were sections in Casablanca where we patrolled as auxiliary members of the M. P. detachment, to insure the good conduct of military personnel. For each offense, there was a suitable punishment varying from a revocation of their pass to court martial. It impressed us as being rather silly but like good soldiers we obeyed our orders. There was little work for the provost marshal, if they depended solely on our reports. Although the number of buttons, carefully itemized as to whether missing or unbuttoned, were dutifully recorded, Casablanca during our patrol period was unusually quiet. One useful opportunity provided by this duty was to familiarize ourselves with the city and its various shops and streets. We felt that we were doing "on company time", what we would ordinarily do on our own. Our meals were provided at the various restaurants located near our tour of duty. In retrospect, it was not unpleasant.

Another of our miscellaneous duties for our hosts was to provide labor details for the Shell Dump. Although in this particular case, the name is quite appropriate, the term "dump" in the army usually meant a storage place for various supplies. In twelve hour shifts, twenty four hours a day, our detachment filled, stencilled, and transported gasoline and oil in cans and drums. Meals were transported from our area to the dump, often arriving cold and in an unappetizing state. The officer of our Unit for that shift stayed around doing absolutely nothing but swat flies and fight off sleep. The skills so conscientiously taught the medical detachment were certainly not applied during that period of our overseas service. Fortunately swarms of natives from the Casablanca Medina were hired to perform most of the heavy tasks. It was a weird scene in the early hours of the morning to watch the enlisted men handle the spray guns used in marking the cans and drums with the octane rating of the fuel. One Arab was assigned to each man and as he held the hand-made stencil of "V-80" or "V-100" the soldier sprayed the yellow paint over the can, Arab and the entire area. The Arabs were soon covered with yellow paint from head to foot. Some of them had "V-80" stencilled on their diaphanous robes so that they left negatives wherever they sat. They worked hard and faithfully during the daytime, but during the night, especially that period after midnight, very little control could be exercised over them. After gnawing away at the crusts of
bread that they brought with them, they would fade into the
darkness to sleep or smoke their keif. Whether drugged by
the narcotic or sleep, they were useless for the remainder of
the night. The officer that accompanied the detail wandered
about aimlessly and then finally succumbed to the lure of the
bench in the office and spent the remainder of the night in a
semi-recumbent uncomfortable state aroused now and then by
a more ambitious fly that plagued him. From their work in
the open, the detachment became lean and tough. With their
deep tans and paint-smeared clothes, they closely resembled
a combat outfit equipped for jungle warfare. There was a
certain feeling of respect for that branch of the service
that loads the gas and "passes the ammunition". More often
than not they are the unsung heroes working under great hard-
ship to keep them rolling and flying. More power to them
and their cheery way of handling the supply problem.

Our slumbers at night were often interrupted by the
occasional sound of gunfire and one might we can distinctly
remember hearing a shot and a piercing cry of "Allah" followed
by a very significant silence. The natives were foolishly
trying to sneak into our area under cover of darkness to steal
what they could. Our alert guards would call "Halt", "Who
goes there"? and receiving no response they would fire.
After several Arabs had been killed, things quieted down for
a spell. They never seemed to learn the value of human life.
As a matter of fact we learned that the family of the de-
ceased received a certain sum of money for his sudden demise.
There was a colored outfit toward the far end of camp, that
was "trigger-jittery". They amended the customary procedure
of a sentry's challenge to suit their own safety. Their
standard operating procedure in brief was:-

"BANG"......"HALT"
"BANG"......"WHO GOES THERE"......BANG......BANG......BANG"

It would have required the speed of Superman to sandwich any
self-identifying remarks between the shots. It was rather
dangerous to wander into their area at night.

Guards were posted between the tents in our own area and
the knowledge that the click we heard just before the challenge,
was made by a bullet sliding into the chamber, made us stop
immediately. We sincerely sympathize with the active diarr-
heas in their frantic dash for the latrines when they had to
stop and identify themselves. War certainly can be tough,
even for non-combatants.

One night an order was issued from Don Passage Head-
quartes to double the guards. It resulted in the slightly
dangerous situation of one guard challenging another. "Halt!
Who goes there?", one would probably say. The other would
reply; - "Halt! Who goes there?" From that beginning, one
could draw a possible conclusion as one became more and more
exasperated. It would be like two men who stutter, their
speech defects unknown to one another, attempting to converse
at a chance meeting. Fortunately, the sergeant of the guard
was within earshot and intervened.
During the course of our stay, it was decided to group the officers together in one area. Previously we occupied two rows of tents on one side and two on another with the detachment tents intervening. The members that had to move occupied the other side of the dusty road that lead to the quarry. A favorite game that came into play was occasioned by the movement of vehicles along the dusty road. When the wind blew towards the one side of the road that accomodated most of the majors and high ranking officers, the cry directed at the passing vehicle was "Slow down". After the dust had blown away, things became quiet again. It must have been very disconcerting to the truck drivers to be unexpectedly assailed by these shouts from about 10-12 irate individuals of major rank; of course when the wind shifted the cry was taken up by the occupants on the other side of the road. It was a good method for letting off steam, especially on uncomfortably hot and dust laden days.

We never did get any better lighting facilities than that provided by candle power. The ingenuity in construction, although primitive, ranged from elaborate candelabra to the simple tangential-sectioned G.I. can. Of course they attracted moths and mosquitoes but they did dispel some of the gloom of the tents at night. Many a poker session and bridge game were played under that feeble light.

Our hair cuts were given in the open air barber shop by proficient members of the detachment possessing that skill. The chairs were simple wooden benches and the style was definitely up sweep- behind the ears and short on top so that each hair stood alone and presented the flattering appearance of the back of a porcupine that had its bristles closely clipped. These G.I. hair cuts were very convenient and sanitary. Just wrinkling one's scalp was enough to comb it and shaking one's head, enough to dry it after a shower. While partially dozing under the staccato clipping of the shears, in the shade of the building, one could study the landscape and watch the Arab children salvage scraps of food from the garbage cans. It didn't matter how often they were driven away, they always came back. The Arabs also flocked around, especially when units were moving out, to salvage all the lumber that was put aside. A constant source of amazement was the rapidity with which the word spread, for shortly thereafter they would appear in droves.

Our financial transactions were slightly complicated by our first contact with the French Currency. But we soon accustomed ourselves to doubling the French figures to arrive at the American equivalent. We also exchanged our imported American money for the gold seal invasion Currency which was used. The only difference between the invasion bills and our regular money was the color of the seal-blue in the case of the money we turned in and gold seal was returned in exchange.
An occasional bright spot during the day was the music of a French band of cavalry that rode through the area on prancing, spirited horses and attired in bright red uniforms. Some of the Senegalese were not above earning a few packs of cigarettes by washing the clothes of some of the members of the unit.

The buildings in the area were constructed according to G.I.- African Specifications. As such, they were a far cry from the wooden barracks and buildings of Rucker or Shanks. They were made of concrete, completely bare of the customary appurtenances of most buildings such as individual rooms with doors and such. The windows were close to the roof and were wide and narrow apertures in the thick concrete walls. The roof was covered with red clay tiles or shingles placed over a wooden network. There were two layers with a narrow space between to permit rapid heat dissipation and to insulate the building as much as possible against the fierce rays of the beating sun. For the most part, they were quite cool and served as a welcome refuge during the day.

It was at Don Passage, that Henry Horn, "Zip", and "Zombie" initiated their sanitation crusade against mosquitoes, ants and flies. Armed with Seat, Flit and germicidal solution, they endeavored to maintain a high standard of good health. The importance of insect control through the use of mosquito netting, repellants, and poison spray was emphasized for the benefit of all concerned. "A" day was instituted at which time atabrine was made available at meal times. Those of us who manifested symptoms of atabrine sensitivity were given quinine. They exchanged their nausea symptoms for the characteristic ringing in the ears associated with quinine. Like the name calling characteristic of the Aldrich family and also stressed by advertisers of Flit, "Quick, Henry", was our battle cry for insect control.

Our first social event in North Africa, on the 17th of May, was a Formal Reception at the Robinson Hotel given in honor of Brig, Gen. Norman Kirk, who was touring the African theater. General Kirk had recently been appointed as Surgeon General of the U.S Army and was en route to Washington to assume that office. The Reception was announced to us on the day before the event and there was a great depletion of our reserves of Energine during the intervening hours in an attempt to restore our pinks and blouses from the effects of embarkation and packing. The Robinson Hotel, on the outskirts of Casablanca, was reminiscent of some of the night spots in Westchester County. It was probably a gay rendezvous for pre-war pleasure - seeking tourists, but the faded, unpainted walls, broken window panes and rooms stripped of furnishings lent a war time tone to the general atmosphere. An outdoor dance pavilion, with gaily colored flowers covering the walls and the lattice structure of the roof, served as the favored retreat of those seeking escape from the crowded indoor Salon in which a long line of guests waited patiently to be presented to the guest of honor. In another large room long tables were crowded
with plates of food and drinks - most of it G.I. delicacies. Two bands provided music for dancing in and out of doors and, with nurses from all the nearby hospitals in attendance, both dance floors were crowded. The ever-present Vino and a synthetic rum punch supplied added stimulation for a gay evening. We contemplated 3rd General parties at the Robinson, but the warmth of our enthusiasm was chilled suddenly when Henry Horn caught an Anopheles mosquito. He rapidly escaped to the sanctuary of the screened indoors and placed a sanitary ban upon the Hotel.

Nevertheless on 21 June at the Robinson another party was tendered by A.B.S. to all hospital installations in the area. This was a similar, though less crowded, party featured by the heat of the evening and an excellent program of entertainment. The most memorable performance was that of a flame and sword swallower who was formerly associated with the Ringling Circus. Tora Lundberg and Lena Levine sitting in the front row appeared to be undergoing all the tortures of having a sword passed down their gullets as they turned pale and wiped their brows repeatedly. Ben Allen merely sat back in wonderment as the swords were passed with excellent oesophagosecopy technique.

On arrival at Casablanca the nurses were quartered at two schools in town, Lycee Lyantey and Ecole Fouseald. The latter school for young children was controlled by an order of monks, and the presence of so many women with their laundry and lingerie hung on the lines proved quite embarrassing to the faculty. A few days afterwards with the departure from the Lycee of a group of nurses from another hospital all the nurses were reunited. The Lycee Lyantey was the largest and probably the most fashionable school in town. It occupied grounds of about 2 city blocks in area and was completely walled off from the surrounding streets. The school buildings were well separated by spacious gardens and playgrounds and during the day gay and laughing groups of children romped about like a comparable American boys and girls. The dormitories of the school were used as quarters for the nurses. The door was patrolled at all times by an armed guard from our detachment. Just beyond the door was the charge of quarters room into which one stuck his head and asked that "lt be called. The page system was very efficient but primitive - the C.Q. simply called out the name of the desired nurse and henceforth the call, "(Miss ______ you have a caller)" echoed thru the corridors and was relayed about until the individual was reached. This also seemed to inform the groups as to the social activities of its component members. The dormitory was divided into large halls which were subdivided by partial walls into smaller cubicles each containing a cot. The curtain rods which hung in front of the cubicles proved to be ideally suited to use as a clothes rack and for a point of attachment for the mosquito bars. The windows were painted blue as a black-out precaution and cast an eerie light throughout the room.
CLOSE ORDER DRILL is the rule for all in the Army. Here are nurses of the Umpteenth General Hospital going through the same drill as do buck privates. First Lt. Herwick, hospital detachment commander, drills the gals twice weekly on the nurses' own time, not less than two hours a week. 'Tis said the girls like it, as it affords fresh air and sunshine.

Third General Hospital nurses, on detached service with the Sixth General Hospital, demonstrate the results of months of training.
The nurses mess hall was also employed as a mess by the school. Two detachment members were assigned to the kitchen as a liason but the personnel was otherwise native. This constituted one of the chief health hazards of the Lycee for it was almost impossible to teach the natives the elements of sanitation. Flies swarmed all about and cockroaches, king size, paraded about the floors performing the intricate manoeuvres of close order drill. The morbidity of diarrheal disease amongst the nurses was extremely high and this factor was chiefly responsible for the later movements of the nurses to Don B Passage.

While quartered in Casablanca the nurses were attached to Army hospitals, (6th General, 66th Station, 69th Station) for temporary duty. Since these hospitals had a complete T.O. of their own nurses and were not unusually busy there was very little obvious reasons for these assignments except perhaps to keep the girls out of mischief.

During our first week at Casablanca the officers and men were restricted to Camp Don B Passage so that they could become set up in areas. At the end of this time we found that only 10% of the command would be permitted to leave the area each day. Since the days off were started in order of rank, some of our lowly lieutenants, who had their special interests amongst the nurses, counted off the days impatiently. It was almost impossible to contact the nurses quarters by telephone and so they were forced to resort to the primitive means of the carrier pigeon to convey their messages to amf ro. Lewis Phillips, a utilities and transportation officer was the most popular pigeon and other members who managed to get into town were laden with notes.

During the second week, regulations were relaxed so that 50% of the officers were permitted to go off each evening.

Our transportation to and from the Lycee was solved by a regular schedule whereby the interested officers were brought to the G.I. convent in the early evening. The bus to camp waited at the Lycee gate at 11 o'clock at which time the alert was sounded by toots of the auto horn. A few minutes later the impatient clarion call of someone already in the truck would ring out with "Third General bus leaving". Whereupon the lovely garden bowers and secluded nooks would slowly give forth their human contents and the coupled groups would converge on the gate for their reluctant good nights. The sound of the starting motor would cut short the prolonged adieu as the officers rushed to the truck.

In general, daily transportation was provided whereby the officers could ride into town at almost any time. A shuttle bus, provided by Don B. Headquarters, left for town on the hour. The firm of Tuckman and Doubilet managed to obtain the use of a civilian car through the entanglement of familial foreign relations. This enabled groups of officers to visit the nearby towns of Marrakesch, Rabat and Rez.
Mosque in the New Medina, Casablanca.

(Below) Auto Club - Allied Officers' Club
Originally a small village occupied by fishermen and sailors in pre-Islamite times, Casablanca, then called Anfa, passed through native, Portuguese and Spanish control until 1907 when General Drude and his French troops were sent to suppress a native insurrection. In 1912, Marshal Lyautey was named President General and plans were instituted to make Casablanca a great Moroccan port. A general scheme for the future town was drawn up dividing the city into residential districts, commercial streets, outlets for the port, walks and parks. The years following World War I were utilized to complete the greater part of the construction and to convert Casablanca into one of the leading ports and cities of North Africa. Thus the greater part of the city is of modern construction with the basic designs of buildings still in keeping with the native influences.

The Broadway of Casablanca was represented by the Boulevard de la Gare, which started at the rail road station, extended throughout the city and ended at Place de France. Along its length various districts were clearly demarcated. Under a bizarre arcade of heavy masonry were the little shops of the Public market. Fruits, vegetables, fish and other foods were displayed in the many stalls and stands midst a pandemonium of shrill excited voices in a variety of languages. Further along the street there was a widening of the Boulevard with the insertion of a central island of trees dotted with racks of bicycles, the principle means of transportation. The streets swarmed with native Arabs and Europeans in a great variety of dress and colors with soldiers and sailors of American, English and French origin elbowing their way in their midst. Native crude carriages and "Voitures de Place", with drivers cracking their whips and swearing at their horses vied with Army vehicles for the right of way. This was the principle shopping section and thoroughfare of the city. With most stores depleted of their former variety and quantity of merchandise, they all apparently concentrated on the sale of native jewelry, leather goods and other articles to attract the souvenir conscious American Soldier. Prices seemed exorbitantly high but the Soldiers apparently purchased anything they desired with-out regard to the expense. With so little available for sale the reason for the inflation was quite evident. Casablanca's two story version of Macys, the Galeries Lafayette, was the largest department store in town. Everything from clothes to food was offered for sale on a "Frix fixe" basis. "Maximum and Minimum", the French version of Woolworth's sold little hardware gadgets, cheap feather goods and picture post cards. The patisseries dispensed their pastries and cookies over the week end only, because of the shortages of sugar. The Trianon was the Schrafft's of North Africa. It was the gossip center for the debutantes of Casablanca and they sat about sipping tea or slowly picking away at a French frappe. Many of us frequented the Trianon as a convenient
rendezvous or a place to stop during shopping and eat a plate of so-called ice cream. It was therefore quite a shock when a sanitation survey revealed generous bacterial counts of typhoid and dysentery in the ice cream.

Many of the restaurants were located toward the central part of the town, either on Boulevard de la Gare or on one of the side streets. Le Roi de Bière was the most imposing and closely resembled some of the large New York restaurants. The entire front consisted of tremendous glass windows with the name of the restaurant sprawled in large gilded letters along the upper border. The capacity was large and the G.I. mess was served by a combination of native and army personnel. Downstairs was an exclusive A.B.S. Officers' Club, which in itself was nothing pretentious in its furnishings or interior decorations. However, Le Roi de Bière was a very irritating symbol to all units being staged or temporarily assigned to A.B.S. The facilities of both the restaurant and the club were denied to transients, as were many of the other better places in Casablanca that had been similarly requisitioned by the Atlantic Base Section. Le Petit Poucet, located on Boulevard de la Gare, was one of the most popular of the civilian restaurants. The waiting room was a sidewalk café, where we sipped a glass of wine in typical Parisian fashion awaiting the supper hour. In compliance with army regulations, meat courses were served only at lunch and the evening meal consisted mainly of fish, egg omelettes and liver on special occasions. The service was good; the meals were well prepared, the omelettes tremendous and the prices were not exorbitant. We rapidly assumed the French custom of substituting wine for water, and most dinners left us with a heavy sensation as the wine and sour bread rounded out the few courses and our ventral aspects as well. The Oasis was similar to Le Petit Poucet but was rather small in size. Some of the other restaurants approved by the Army authorities were: La Reine Pédauque, La Reserve, Henry the Eighteenth, and Coup de Roulle.

Some of us visited Papa Gouin's, an acknowledged black market restaurant, which in itself was an unusual experience. The entrance was through the lower floor of a two storied building, which had an outdoor arrangement of chairs and tables for those who were awaiting reservations. The restaurant was situated in a garden in back of the house. The small tables were arranged on a concrete floor and the roof consisted of overlying branches and vines that served to screen the outdoor room from the prying eyes of the passersby. The food served was well prepared and served in the typical native clay dishware which we always eyed with suspicion as to its cleanliness. The dishware certainly was not easy to clean even if the kitchen staff had been scrupulous in their efforts. However, at Papa Gouin one could obtain fish, chicken and steak — all at a price.
The Auto Club was transformed into an Allied Officer's Club and occupied a large ornamental building facing Place de Lyautéy. A pleasant walled-in garden fronted the club with small tables placed in the shade of the Palmetto trees. The main high-ceilinged lounge with its soft cushioned easy-chairs was used as a reading room. During some afternoons and evenings a band played for those who cared to dance. Sparkling wine (Vin Moussseau) and hard boiled eggs were featured as refreshments and proved to be an interesting combination. It was rumored that at the cocktail hour scotch and soda was served but we never seemed to get there before "The bottle" was exhausted.

In the vicinity of the Auto Club and facing Place de Lyautéy were several of the large government buildings. The Banque de Maroc, The Post Office, Town Hall and the Palace of Justice. The watch tower of town hall was reached by elevator or by a steep winding staircase and from the top one could obtain a unique panorama of the city and the port.

A series of Red Cross Tours of Casablanca were arranged by Col. Londe on three Sundays in afternoons during May. The sight seeing bus left the Hotel Excelsior in town and drove out to the Sultan's Palace. Mr. Cook, our French Guide, explained to us that the Sultan had several palaces throughout Morocco with one in each of the large cities such as Rabat, Casablanca and Fez. He seldom frequented that Casablanca because he believed that it was largely and an infidel city. Nevertheless the Palace and gardens were kept in excellent condition with civil prisoners employed at the arduous task of caring for the maze of bushes, flowers and trees. Rows of orange trees were laden with fruit which were left unpicked. The palace itself was not open to visitors but we were permitted to stroll about the garden. The Sultan's tea house was a wonderful example of Arabic architecture with walls and floors constructed of a mosaic of multi-colored tile and wood. An interesting feature of the interior was the large pendulum clock on each of the four walls. The Arab is especially fond of large clocks and frequently employs them for purposes of decoration. It is not important that they be accurate, so that all clocks will probably tell a different time of the day. The Sultan's son, 14 years of age, had recently finished the construction of a new wing to the palace at the expense of several millions of dollars. It was more modern in construction than the remainder of the buildings and a peek through a keyhole of one of the doors revealed large mirrored halls and heavily carpeted floors.

The splendor of the palace and grounds sharply contrasted with the ensuing visit to the "New" Medina where the people lived in indescribable squalor and poverty. The buildings were constructed during the early 1920's but, though lack of repair and the accumulation of layers of filth, they seemed a good deal older. The streets were the usual narrow, tortuous alleys with occasional archways and gates that divided them into smaller sections.
A Typical Casbah Scene
The public squares and bazaars were crowded with a melange of Arabs, red fezzed, sepian—Moroccan soldiers, peddlers, and performers of various parts. Rings of spectators gathered about the latter, and by cautiously peering between the tattered, bedraggled natives we were able to see first hand some of the sights that one usually associates with the mystery of Africa and the East. A snake charmer piped an eerie tune on a flute in one sector. In another, a magician performed numerous feats of legerdemain, or a story teller held his audience spell bound with a tale that must have been replete with adventure of mystery for his audience stood about with complete attention and mouths hanging open. At the end of the tale the listeners threw coins into the ring in appreciation.

The alley-like streets of the Medina were lined on both sides by small shops which would literally be characterized as holes in the wall. The typical native shop was an unlighted dingy stall about ten by twelve feet in size. As you walk down the street you could see the butcher shop with a dark red or brown piece of meat hung on a hook out in front of the shop. Flies swarm all about and cover the greater part of the surface of the meat. On an adjacent hook the entrails of an animal are hung with an even greater attraction for the flies because of its powerful aroma. Dried blood is spattered on the floor. The bare foot butcher is sitting out front in tattered rags sprinkled generously with dried blood and accumulated filth. The grocer's, a few stalls down, is similarly dirty and dingy and features a variety of grains, dried herbs, and bizarre ancient appearing packages. Here and there you are amazed to see a jewel amongst the rubbish—a can of evaporated milk or a can of good old American soap stand out by the brilliance of their labels. These are the result of lend-lease and are sold to those who can afford these articles and have the necessary ration points.

The barber shop in another stall consists of an ordinary chair in the midst of rubbish and cut hair. Here one can see the young Mohammedan receiving his unique hair cut—the entire head is closely cropped with the exception of a shock of hair left uncut. By popular superstition this affords a place where the child can be grasped and pulled into heaven. Another variety of shop in the Medina is the Kuss-Kuss joint where the sweet grain pancakes are made and sold much in the same manner as in the hot dog stand back in the States. The cobbler, the craftsman all have their own little stalls and all reflect the poverty of the native population.

Leaving the Medina, our bus coursed through the suburbs of Casablanca. The white stucco homes, vividly colored gardens and walls covered with brilliant violet bougainville vines were in sharp contrast to the drab squalor of the native quarters. We continued south of the city, past the former race track, velodrome and stadium; the were now serving as a garrison for French troops. We reached the sea shore at Anfa— the site of the historic meetings between President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill. The hotel was situated on top of a hill overlooking the ocean and was
surrounded by Satellite villa. Our guide pointed out the villa occupied by the prominent statesmen and generals who participated in the conferences. Directly below Anfa and on top of a precipitous cliff which jutted out into the ocean was La Reserve, a prominent restaurant and casino. We left the bus to admire the view from the terrace. Directly below us, the waves dashed against jagged rocks along the shore line. To the left was the treacherous beach of Ain de Diab and to the right in the distance Casablanca with the same composite impression of whiteness that we had obtained from the Pasteur when we first sighted the city. A brief interlude devoted to the quenching of thirsts with vino and then back to our bus. We returned to Casablanca along the shore line passing en route the world's largest swimming pool, the French Naval yards and Marine garrison and the Ancient Casbah with its crumbling walls and terraced quarters rising up from the level of the sea like the fortifications of a picture book pirate fortress.

Fedala, 17 miles above Casablanca on the Atlantic Coast, provided us with facilities for several of our recreational activities. This former beach resort was the site of one of the initial landing operations in the Battle of North Africa. Gutted bombed and shell scarred buildings remained as testimony of the ferocity of the battle that was waged at that site. There were several large sea-side hotels which were now emptied of pleasure-seekers and were either closed or occupied by army personnel. A horseshoe cove on the coast and a long natural beach was the outstanding asset of Fedala. Trips were run almost daily to this beach to provide our enlisted men and officers with the opportunity to cool themselves and at the same time to conserve the precious little water that was available at camp. The casino at Fedala had been requisitioned by the army and here the G.I. could relax on the veranda with a glass of what was sold as beer, or he could see movies on some afternoons and evenings. The gardens that extended behind the casino were amongst the best that we had seen and were remarkably well kept. Here one could stroll between colorful rows of flower bushes or lose one's self between tangled vines and branches in little shaded recesses where there was complete shelter from the sweltering sun. A beautiful modern Catholic church with excellent stained-glass windows was another place that most of us visited during our stay.

The "Brasserie" at Fedala had been requisitioned as an officers' club but was still operated by its former French management. Although, physically there was little outstanding about the place, it was still quite remarkable inasmuch as one could obtain almost any variety of food there if he were a "big enough operator", and willing to pay the price. Arranging for reservations was a feat in itself that began with a demand for the ultimate—steak, fried chicken, lobster, fish, French fried potatoes, champagne and ice cream.
The French Maitred' hotel would counter with a harrak on
the impossibility of obtaining any such fare. After a series
of insistent demands and gradually diminishing resistance and
apologies, the culmination was reached in a meal composed of
a few of the desired courses. On rare occasions when supplies
were plentiful or resistance was low, one could obtain a meal
to what the most voracious of appetites.

On June third, the Third General Officers and Nurses had
a dinner and dance at Fedala. Some of us drove out during the
afternoon and spent the day in swimming and lolling on the
beach. A multi-course dinner was served at the Brasserie,
which was reserved for us, and wine flowed freely to add to
the gaiety and merriment of the occasion. Following the dinner,
a dance was held at the casino with a band of torrid colored
soldiers furnishing the music. Among our remembered impressions
of the evening were the country club setting with the blacked
out verandas facing the ocean and the thoroughly American jazz
blaring forth from the Negro Harlem Band....Leon Ginzburg
hopped about in his inimitable style in cadence with the music....
the bar room with the bare foot native bartender and the dirty
youngsters that hustled about to pick up the empty green
glasses....Then rode down to Casablanca in the rear of a weapons
carrier.

Except for assigned duties at the camp dispensaries our
only medical experience was obtained as observers at the var-
ious hospitals located in the Casablanca area. Many of us
visited the 6th General Hospital, the affiliated unit of the
Massachusetts General Hospital, which was situated in a group
of school buildings in town. Another part of this hospital
was placed in an adjacent large storage warehouse in which
almost 500 beds were located. Several of the problems en-
countered by an overseas General Hospital were noted here
including the preponderance of orthopedic and neuropyschiatric casualties, the difficulties of evacuation and the
handling of Medical field records. The 59th Evacuation
Hospital was situated near Camp Don B. Passage and was func-
tioning as a station hospital. It was a complete field hos-
pital and was a demonstration of what could be accomplished
with the equipment of an evacuation hospital.

On the 24th of May a trip was arranged to Rabat to attend
a conference at the 45th General Hospital. The opportunity to
visit the town as well was utilized by as many as could crowd
into the 2½ ton truck that made the journey. Rabat proved to
be a much cleaner and more beautiful city than Casablanca.
The city is the seat of the French Moroccan government as
well as the site of the main palace of the Sultan. The after-
noon was devoted to sight seeing, a trip through the Casbah, and
the inevitable purchasing of souvenirs. Reservations for dinner
were made at the Bulima Hotel, a large wooden building with
spacious dinning room and a large terrace extending out in
front. An interesting episode occurred at dinner when we were
served plates with a picture of Marshal Petain on each. The
Hotel had been occupied by a German Military commission before
the Allied Invasion.
We refused to eat from these plates and the waiter apologetically replaced them in a great hurry. The conference at the 45th General was devoted to the experiences of an American Station Hospital at Sierra Leone where they had treated a great number of cases of malaria and dysentery. Several of the problems presented by these diseases were discussed by Major Flood and Captain Dunham and Gillespie, all formerly at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York. The 45th General Hospital occupied municipal buildings of the city, including the former Chamber of Commerce, and had converted them into an excellent hospital installation. The officers were quartered at a nearby hotel and the nurses occupied several apartment buildings in the environs of the hospital.

Several subsequent trips to Robat were arranged for other officers and nurses. On the 29th of June an "expedition" by 57 of our nurses was launched in two large comfortable busses. Irving Somach and Hy Levy accompanied the girls as chaperones and masters of ceremony. With their mobile equipment they were able to visit most of the points of interest in town and in the Medina. At the Old Palace of the Sultan, located in the Casbah, Kitty Vance and Trudy Cohen became momentary inmates of the harem as they had their pictures taken in the beautiful gowns on display. The party went on to visit the Sultan's gardens, the Tower of Hassan and the Red Cross at Robat with its magnificent snack bar. It was a tired and warm group of girls that returned at 8 o'clock that evening but they all were bubbling over with the tales of the sights that they had seen.

An unforgettable experience for some of the Medical officers was a visit to the native contagion hospital. On several occasions the sights that we saw in the native quarters of the Medina convinced us that we had seen humanity at its lowest ebb. Now we were certain that we had sounded the very depths of the miseries of mankind. Still we were informed that the hospital was a great advance over former methods of treatment of contagious diseases. Years previously the patients were placed in a large cave on the side of a hill. If they managed to survive their disease, by some great miracle, they would crawl forth from the cave. The dead were left uninterred with the sick and dying until the epidemic was over and the bodies could be dumped into a pit.

We were shown about the hospital by a Frenchman, formerly of the Foreign Legion, now an orderly. No doctor or nurse was to be seen; one public health nurse spent part of her time at the hospital. The doctors visited the hospital in the morning but during the remainder of the day there was no physician in attendance. The orderly had acquired a good deal of knowledge concerning the diseases seen, for the most part typhus, dysentery, smallpox and plague. The hospital did not admit Europeans, only the natives and Jews. The wards were placed in one-story, dirty, white stucco houses with gloomy black shutters over the windows, and numerous cracks and crevices in the walls.
The atmosphere was thick with flies and other insects; most of the patients were covered with a layer of flies but made no motion to drive them away. The Arab is taught not to kill any living thing and early in life develops a tolerance to flies that amazes the visiting occidental. One can see Arab infants with flies swarming about the face and even walking across the cornea of the eye while the mother makes no effort to protect the child. This accounts for the frequency with which one sees corneal opacities, ocular and cutaneous myiasis and other fly-borne diseases amongst the natives. The beds at the hospital were crude and of unpainted iron and contained dirty, rag invested, pinch faced victims of typhus on a filthy straw pallet with tattered woolen blankets. On the bedside tables there was usually a muddy green wine bottle of water and an occasional orange. When we first entered the hospital an elderly, shrunken individual was in the throes of a shaking chill and convulsion. Flies crawled into his mouth and nostrils. He was unscreened from the remainder of the patients and yet they displayed no detectable emotional reaction. It was almost as though they had seen so much misery that this was a commonplace phenomenon. By the time we were ready to leave, the patient was dead. The attendant simply covered the body of the deceased and took down the chart which was on the wall above the head of the patient.

Another amazing spectacle unfolded itself on the female ward. Here a young woman with typhus fever was sitting up in bed nonchalantly nursing an infant. When questioned about this, the attendant said that it was the usual thing for typhus stricken mothers to bring their babies to the hospital with them, and that there was no danger to the young one below the age of two years.

Like honey attracts bees (or lambs the wolves) the Lycée Lyautey became the social center of Casablanca as the officer personnel of A.B.S. became aware of this concentration of femininity. None of the girls lacked attention and to quote some of them—"Home was never like this".

The peak of the social season was realized on June 7th in the nurses party held in the barn-like building between the dormitories. The floor was cleanly swept for the first time since the Allied occupation and attempts were made to wax the warped wood work into the semblance of a dance floor. Refreshments were provided and music was furnished by an excellent band of colored soldiers, the Royal Castleurs of the 386th Engineers. Things were indeed gay as light heartedly everyone went about his or her self appointed task of thorough enjoyment when suddenly the "Reign of Terror" stretched out its long tentacles from Don B. Passage and struck at the male officer personnel of the Unit. The new C.O. of the camp had conducted an inspection during the evening and had found conditions to be unsatisfactory, starting at 12 midnight the entire camp was placed on restrictions. The feud initiated
by this order marked the beginning of our second campaign, "The Battle of Don B. Passage".

On many occasions during our first month at Don B. Passage the inadequacy of the living quarters and sanitation facilities were brought to the attention of Camp headquarters. Latrines were unscreened, drainage of waste water was poor so that stagnant pools of water were provided for the breeding of anopheles mosquitoes. Nearby native dwellings and fields cultivated with human and animal excreta were a source of fly multiplications. It was only through the diligence and superb efforts of Henry Horn, Zipkin and Zombach that the morbidity of diarrheal disease was kept at a level lower than any other organization on the post, and that malaria was contracted by only two members of our detachment. As already mentioned, the nurses were far less fortunate since active supervision of their sanitation was not possible. There was a high incidence of infectious diarrheas ascribable to poor mess sanitation.

The sanitary report of our organization described the deficiencies that existed and acted as somewhat of a bomb shell at A.B.S. headquarters. When the entire camp at Don B. Passage was placed under restrictions by a new C.O. because of the existence of conditions about which we had previously reported, it seemed materially unfair. It also was emphasized that restrictions utilized as a punitive measure for officers, without a court martial was not correct army procedure.

The nurses were moved out to Don B. Passage on the 9th of June so that their sanitation could be placed under our supervision. The band, that was sent to welcome the nurses, was detoured to the officer's area when the commanding officer of the post was informed that the male officers had been on the post for a much longer time without a band. Then to add the final touch, Col. Donnelly placed the nurses under the same restrictions that affected the remainder of the unit so that when a group of A.B.S. officers came out to camp to welcome them to their new home they found the area surrounded with an armed guard. No visitors were allowed in the area.

June 10th was our moving day. Like tenants evicted by a hard-hearted landlord, we stood in front of our empty tents with our dusty belongings piled high around us. The wooden furniture looked grotesque as it stood exposed to the sun but we felt extremely reluctant to leave any of it behind. Even our flooring was moved from one area to the other. The 2½ ton trucks rolled up and like the community affair that it was, we helped each other to literally shake the earth of the Dust Bowl from our feet as we prepared to move to the green elysian fields beckoning in the distance. Poor Henry Doublet had to abandon his miniature victory garden where radishes and carrot leaves were poking their green heads through the brown soil. He returned a few weeks later to harvest his small crop that he had carefully nurtured and painstakingly weeded. He was as proud as a farmer displaying his prize bull at the county
RABAT
Above – Palace of the Sultan

Below – The Sultan's Mosque
View of Rabat as seen from The Tower of Hassan

(Below) - Scene at Marrakesch
fair. We piled into the trucks on top of our furniture and baggage and heaved a sigh of relief as we rolled in a cloud of dust which we abandoned at the gate where the macadam road started. The trucks roared up the hill into our new area. We passed the nurses tents and the girls were lined up on the far side of the fence singing, "If I had the wings of an angel"; their restrictions were still in effect. We dumped our belongings near our assigned wall tents and returned to the old encampment for a hasty lunch and to make sure we had forgotten nothing. The natives were already busy picking up all the discarded lumber they could and every thing else that was not tied or nailed down. Then for the last time, we were driven out of the scenes of dirt, dust, flies and filth into our relatively new clean area.

During that period, Moe Holland, Eddie Jemorin and Amiel Glass officially rejoined the unit. They had arrived in Casablanca a week or two before with the convoy that had transported our equipment and supplies. They had been sent out from Shanks to various parts of embarkation to act as cargo officers on board the boats that constituted the convoy. All were enthusiastic about the fine time they had enjoyed on board ship. We listened enviously as we compared our crowded, uncomfortable crossing with their leisurely, well-fed, two-in-a-room voyage. They had remained attached to their ships until all the cargo was unloaded and then they returned to the unit and the solid ground. Ed Bassen had also been assigned as a cargo officer but his ship had been routed through Gibraltar to Phillipeville. Their convoy consisted of almost 82 vessels and it was the largest to ever come across until that date. It was so well protected that although menaced by submarines, not a ship was lost.

For several weeks before they rejoined the unit, details of officers were sent down to the dock to help direct the transportation of our equipment to the warehouses that were set aside for that purpose. So enthusiastically was this duty performed that even some equipment that was not marked 1254RR symbol was directed to our warehouse. The boys thought that it would come in handy and extra parts were always useful. Unfortunately A.B.J. did not agree with this display of foresight and one day we were informed that our assistance though welcome was not absolutely necessary. But we returned the next day, as if nothing had happened and continued at a bit more moderate pace. It turned out that this was a wise manoeuvre because subsequently we learned that the various base sections were not above hijacking for their own outfits. Those units intended for overseas duty seemed to lose a good part of equipment in that fashion.
The new bivouac area of the Third General was set up as a model demonstration of what could be accomplished under field conditions with the equipment available to a hospital unit. It proved to be an ideal maneuver for future experience in setting up a tent area, and at the same time it added a great deal to our comfort and morale. The detachment area was composed of rows of pyramidal tents perfectly aligned and uniform in appearance. The Officers' section consisted of four rows of individual wall tents. At the head of the Officers' section, a large wall tent with a fly extension quartered the C.O. and Executive Officers. The entire unit was given steel hospital beds with mosquito bar extensions, pillows and mattresses, and the officers were given folding chairs. This obviated the employment of mongrel-type, make-shift furniture and made us feel as though we were living in the lap of luxury. The officers managed to salvage the choicer items of additional furniture that they could fit into their tents, such as desks, wooden foot lockers and the breakfront constructed with tender loving care by Lee Kulick.

Even the latrine in the new area was of improved construction and more conducive to proper sanitation. They were completely screened with burlap and were kept clean and free from flies by a sanitary detail. In fact, it became known as the Henry Horn Library. Occasionally a large strip of burlap would be missing from the sides of the latrines. Its whereabouts could be guessed by perusal of the latest model zoot suit of the natives. Although it was an impossible task to eradicate flies because of the nearby native shelters and cultivated fields, there were notably fewer flies about the area. Mosquito control was excellent. Another advantage of our new area was the markedly diminished amount of dust.

A series of semi-permanent buildings of stone and concrete construction were included in our area and were utilized as mess halls, kitchens, headquarters, wash and shower rooms, for utilities and supply, and an enlisted men's recreation hall. The Officers' mess was equipped with hospital type folding tables, so that we again relaized the luxury of eating while seated at a table. We still ate from our mess gear and there was the inevitable line-up in front of the G.I. cans of boiling water in which we cleansed our equipment. Each one in line somehow gained the impression that everyone else was taking too great a period of time for the washing. However, when he reached the limelight himself, he soon found everyone behind him convinced that he was scrubbing the aluminum off his kit.

The washrooms were much superior in this area and an officers' and enlisted men's shower room was provided. The only difficulty that persisted was the ever present shortage of water. Periodically, the main water valve would be shut off and we were then
forced to go without our showers for a period of time. During our last few weeks in the area most of our water had to be obtained by haulage and was stored in a large portable canvas tank.

The enlisted men's recreation room was well furnished with wicker chairs and tables. A Red Cross kit furnished a radio-phonograph combination, games and reading material. Lighting was improved so that letter writing and reading was made possible. Candle light was the only source of illumination in our previous area.

The nurses were situated at the entrance to the area, with an arrangement of pyramidal tents similar to the enlisted men's. They were fortunate to have constructed floors and wooden duck-board walks to connect the tents and the buildings. Their mess hall was similar to ours, except that they had regular tables and tablecloths. The guards on night patrol were a bit confused at first when the girls put on their house coats to walk about. The resemblance to possible prowling natives made the girls uneasy but no accidents occurred.

The nurses recreation hall was the informal meeting place for the male and female officer personnel. After seven o'clock, all interested parties converged on the concrete building that had been partitioned off to include a nurses' office, and a recreation room. Off in the corner was another small walled-off room where the girls did their community ironing. A definite schedule had to be arranged to facilitate the use of the iron and permit an equitable distribution of freshly pressed clothes. In the recreation room, there were games, magazines, tables and chairs, and a radio-phonograph. Curfew was at 23:00, at which time the O.D. would indicate the hour, and the armed guard, like a literal minute-man, would indicate by his presence that it was time to leave.

Later, during our stay in this area, the nurses were joined by some W.A.C. officers and Red Cross workers. Their mess was then completely taken over by A.B.S. personnel. One night, as the story goes, one of the W.A.C. officers, on authorized duty, dropped her flashlight, still lit, into the latrine. Just as the Ever-ready flashlight advertisements indicate the reliability of their product under all adverse conditions, so the abandoned flashlight continued to brightly illuminate the inside of the latrine box. The effect must have been startling to the unsuspecting nocturnal visitor - to lift the lid and have a light shine from such an unexpected source. If any of the natives saw this phenomenon, it would doubtless create a legend of fabulous people, who light up the world wherever they go. Rumor hath it that the light burned for three days and nights.

Another reason to be grateful towards our nurses was provided when the shuttle-bus from Don B. Passage headquarters extended a spur in their route to include the nurses gate. This saved many of us a long walk in the hot sun.
Recreational activities were plentiful for those who could get to town. A Red Cross Club and Allied Club for enlisted men arranged a program of activities to provide ample entertainment. The Vox, the Roxy of Casablanca, was a large modern theatre with soft cushioned chairs, and had been requisitioned by the Red Cross. Movies were shown here with three performances daily and occasionally a live G.I. show was presented. The movie schedule consisted principally of class B pictures and revivals. We were puzzled for an explanation for the situation for it seemed that the new production could take no more shipping space than those sent over. Fortunately some of the pictures were old enough so that we had forgotten much of the story and at times realized only after several reels that we had seen it before. The irony of the flash note at the start of each movie that "This New Movie is presented through the courtesy of _____" elicited a great deal of amusement.

The men who remained behind in camp had relatively little source for recreation or entertainment. Irv Somach did a magnificent job as Special Service Officer in arranging movies and shows for their amusement. Before headquarters at Don B. Passage had any planned activities, Irv brought several live G.I. shows, band concerts and movies out to our area. Other units staging with us were invited to attend. Again the vintage of the films shown can be judged by such titles as The Marx Brothers in "At the Circus" and Charlie Chaplin in "The Great Dictator".

During our last month at Don B. Passage, camp headquarters showed movies three nights a week with the theatre at the site of an abandoned stone quarry midway between our new and old areas. The setting was a cross between an Ancient Roman Amphitheater and the modern drive-in movie. Jeeps, trucks and a variety of other vehicles were driven into the depths of the quarry and men swarmed allover them. Others sat on the ground, on stones and on improvised benches. Our favorite seat was in the second tier boxes on the rim of the quarry.

One of the pre-requisites for attendance at the movie was the perfuming of one's self literally with Scat, the G.I. Chanel # 5.

On the 23rd of June, the would-be Thespians of the female hospital staff put on a show for the amusement of the detachment. Never had we realized the latent talent of the girls. Miss McCabe, as a solo singer rendering "Tell Me Why", was a startling success in her lovely evening gown that she must have received by mail because none of the girls were permitted to take their evening gowns overseas. Several of the other girls must have received similar packages of evening wear. The usherettes were very cute in short skirts and white M.P. helmets and clubs. They had no difficulty keeping peace and order although at the beginning, mock fights were staged amongst the boys merely to create a commotion so they would come over. A kaleidoscopic version of the show must include: Miss Hesse's imitation of Sgt. Dowd and his patient voice asking "the little mothers" to please pay attention at drill......
Lupe Gentile as the sparkling senorita and Katie Malchan as the dashing caballero in the hat dance......the excellent chorus of voices singing the A.N.C. song........Dotty Brown and Edith Weisel jitterbugging sweater girls........burlesque on the "coupling" marches at Rucker........After the show, doughnuts and coffee were served and dancing on the stage culminated in an exhibition by the irrepressible "Legs" Dowd and "Augie" Fortugno.

Upon arrival at Casablanca we expected to be rapidly assigned to a hospital site and soon thereafter to start performing the work for which we had been in training during the preceding eight months. We were therefore disappointed to find that no one at the Atlantic Base Section seemed to know where we were supposed to go. Rumors began to circulate that we were to set up a convalescent or a rest camp. At any rate it seemed somewhat of an anti-climax after the overseas journey for a highly technically trained organization to idle about in a staging area or to perform duty with labor details.

On May 28th, we learned that we were destined for the Eastern Base Section, which extended from Constantine to the eastern Tunisian border. Soon, thereafter, information was received from NATOSA that we were to establish our hospital in Mateur, a town that had received a great deal of prominent notice during the Tunisian campaign. From a variety of sources, information was collected as to our future location. Colonel Donnelly told us that our new hospital had permanent buildings which could house about 900 patients, that there were modern plumbing facilities. The latter hardly seemed possible after our experience at Don B. Passage. Mateur was reported to be a little town that had taken a terrific beating during the campaign. It was almost devoid of recreational activities and a rigid blackout and curfew was enforced. We derived a tremendous boost in morale from the knowledge that at long last there was some prospect of a functioning a 3rd General Hospital.

On the 14th Of June our movement orders arrived —"The 3rd General Hospital (1000 bed)" will proceed, without delay, on or about 1 July 1943, by rail and organic motor, from Casablanca, French Morocco, to Mateur, Tunisia, rail to move 1, 2, 3 July 1943. An elaborate detailed S.O.P. for the movement was drawn up by Edward Watts to include four trains, two of which were to carry personnel. An advance party was to leave on the 25th of June and travel by motor convoy.

From a unit which thought itself stranded at a staging area we began to grow in size and significance as orders came through to pick up a 500 bed tent expansion and then an additional 500 beds were added. We sensed the fact that we were to play an important role in the future operations in the Mediterranean theatre.
On the 25th of June at 7:00 A.M. our advance party left our area. It was composed of 15 officers, 10 nurses and 100 enlisted men and consisted of a convoy of all our assigned vehicles loaded down with as much equipment as they could carry. We all awakened early that morning, for who could sleep amidst the clatter of the last minute packing, the roar of the motors and the tooting of horns. In various stages of undress we waved our farewells to the men clamoring aboard the trucks laden down with their luggage. Russ Price as traffic control started the convoy rolling with Col. Donnelly driving off in a jeep followed closely by a Command car with Sam Karelitz, Dennis Glucksman, and Percy Klingenstein. Other officers included in the convoy were Bob Walter, Jim Polkinghorn, Ralph Peters, Norm Greenberg, Tom Ballard, Nate Zombach, Lou Zaretski, Abou Pollack and Father Dunne. Bayard Miller brought up the rear of the convoy. Les Tuchman and Marvin Freid winced as 3 members of the first bridge team drove off into the distance.

During the last few days remaining to us we saved our P.X. rations and shopped about in town for food in anticipation of any contingency during our trip. Several fore-sighted members had the presence of mind to take along calcium hypochlorite ampoules for emergency purification of water. Through the efforts of Henry Doubilet wine was taken along to supplement our water rations. Cans of sardines were packed into every crevice of space of our musette bags.

On the 30th of June the pyramidal tents of the detachment and the wall tents of the officers were taken down to be crated and packed aboard the cargo trains. It was a great sensation to gather your belongings in the shade of the tent and suddenly have the roof removed from overhead. Next our beds, mattresses and pillows were removed leaving little islands of wooden flooring and assorted furniture scattered about the area. The officers were all moved into the former headquarters building with as much of their prized possessions as they could squeeze between the closely-spaced wooden cots that were provided for the next few nights. Sol Silver, clad in shorts, was the last to move from his former home site as he led a safari of export assistants into the already crowded building.

On the first of July our first cargo train left with Gerson Lesnick as Cargo Security officer and on the following day train two left with Howard Pertulla in charge. When the cargo trains were finally packed it was realized that our entire personnel could travel in one train. This afforded great satisfaction to many of us who were desirous of travelling together.
ADVANCE PARTY

(The story of the advance party, told in the inimitable style of Leila Holley, is so complete and amusing that we are inserting it into the history in toto. Along with "The Saga" are several other songs and parodies composed and sung during the trip for the entertainment of all the members of the Advance party.)

THE ADVANCE PARTY SAGA

Seven ANC's, a PTA, a dietitian too
And don't forget the Red Cross girl who takes good care of you
Left in advance of all the rest, loaded in a truck.
We said farewell to all the gang; they wished us lots of luck.
At a hundred fifty miles a day, we're bound to reach Mateur;
Just how they plan to get us there, we really are not sure.
The first day out we saw Rabat, the country was quite flat,
The rest stops were a break for us—let's not go into that.
We bounced along, we sang a song, we tried to get some sleep,
We turned from side to side in vain to rest our aching seats.
Convoy came and convoys went, we waved to all, and then
What a whooping they let out when they saw we were not men.
We ate our lunch beside the road, the ambulance our mess.
Tho' we may have griped a bit, Pete Peters did his best.
They woke us bright and early; they had an awful crust,
When we stopped so soon that night we really bit the dust.
It filled our eyes, our nose and hair we surely were a mess;
A shower at the Red Cross house sure put us at our best.
We were off before the sun was up; the trip was getting rough.
Miles and miles of hairpin curves, the drivers had it tough.
G.I. goggles, respirators, and helmets were in style
As on we rolled o'er steep terrain all in single file.
We saw the Foreign Legion in Sidi Bel Abbes
They would not sell us wine in town—those lousy pro-Nazis.
We had our own party tho, behind the Colonel's tent,
I can't say it was early when at last to bed we went.
We started out the fourth day well, bridge games were begun,
We composed a song, a silly thing, but, gosh, we did have fun.
We planned to make Algiers that night, we could have done it too,
But British interference lost a truck or two.
The ration truck had broken down, of course dropped out of line,
What a crucial part of us to have to leave behind!
The fifth day started very glum, no ration truck as yet,
At the first rest stop, it hove in sight, we heaved a sigh,
you bet.
The Colonel left us in the lurch, NATOUSA bound was he,
He missed a day as full of woe as we ever hope to see.
Traffic was terrific, they broke into our line,
Poor Pokie—convoy commander—surely had a time.
Our truck just up and died, not only once but twice.
And as we sat in broiling sun, we wished we were on ice.
Just about three times that afternoon, we got all set for fun,
"German paratroopers on the loose, hurry, break out a gun!"
But such a trifle could not disturb our slumber and our rest,
A lot of good it did us to settle in our nest,
A bump, a curve, a mighty lurch, counting off by four,
The port side riders sailed through the air and landed on
the floor.
We rolled into the British and what we found was fine,
Huts, running water, concrete floors, an arbor in which to
dine.
Six British Officers came to call, they brought us Scotch
and wine.
We sang our songs, they sang to us, we had a wonderful time.
The sixth day was a dull one, our truck behaved quite well;
It wasn't till the evening that the strain began to tell.
Fellows from other convoys came to take us out,
But we were all restricted; none could be about.
Perhaps it was just as well we had an easy day,
Because the seventh day affair was quite the other way.
We got up at a quarter of four; we rode at a quarter of six
It was shortly after that we found that we were in a fix.
The Colonel and his Adjutant had gone on ahead,
A bridge was out from explosion right on his way, 'twas said.
The convoy did a detour; the dust rose in billowing clouds,
You never could imagine such a filthy crowd.
Our hair was gray; our faces black; our jeep suits were
deplorable,
Perspiration ran down our backs; we must have looked adorable.
The last part of the journey—signs of battle were there;
German tanks beside the road, guns were everywhere.
We caught a glimpse of Mateur when we stopped upon a hill,
Believe me, friend, when I say it surely was a thrill.
We rolled on through the city—what was left of it—
We drove to our encampment, never minding a bit
That one thousand three hundred sixty miles were behind us
at last.
Considering the roads and everything, seven days were plenty
fast.

To the Enlisted Men:

This little group of females who came along with you
Give their sincerest thanks, which certainly are your due;
This is just the beginning of a tremendous job in view
We're looking forward to facing it and working it out with you.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Miss Chamberlin's most important job  
Was to lead us to the latrine  
She'd ask the Colonel, then lead us off  
Then worry about being seen.

 Barthel was our balance wheel,  
She kept us all in stitches,  
She took the trip just as if  
It was free of hitches.

 Bain and Cedar were renown  
Because of their glamour  
When the boys caught sight of them  
They started an awful clamour.

 Dooley had a mania  
It hit her right at three,  
Out would come the wash cloth  
Her face would be dust free.

 Fern, the greatest Mother  
Can sleep thru storm and fire.  
That is why her name is Fisk  
It's time to retire.

 Holley in size 40's  
A helmet on her head.  
We even saw her wear it  
When she went to bed.

 Chief Cook Lotwin is so short  
No jeep suit is a fit.  
But fellows, she is sensitive  
Stop kidding her a bit

 Lubanovic is so quiet  
But she's a lot of fun  
And tho she likes to sleep a lot  
She always gets her chores done.

 Weisel plays a bridge hand well  
She always is in earnest.  
No matter what a jam she's in,  
She is sure to do her derndest.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
ATABRINE

My Atabrine, sweet Atabrine
Because of you at night I pine
In all my dreams, I seek latrines
You are the G. I. Bugaboo
My Atabrine

Take Atabrine, Take Atabrine
And if you whine, take your quinine
Mosquitos bite with all their might
Take your pills, you won't have chills
Take Atabrine.

TEN LITTLE NURSES

Ten little nurses on the Advance Party,
The boys were very nice to them, as nice as they could be.
First they met two privates, who drove them all the way,
The roads were very bumpy, but otherwise O.K.

Chorus:
Jeep Suits and helmets, that is what they wore,
But nurses will be nurses, with glamour evermore.

Then they met two corporals who pitched their tents each night,
They helped them with their baggage, to see that all was right.
Then they met two sergeants, who took them out to dine;
It was just the chow lines -- the best that they could find.

Chorus:

The Officers were nice to them, with wine and parties too,
They took them to the cities to show them all the views.
The Red Cross gave them showers, there's nothing they won't do,
To make them smell like flowers and look as pretty too.

Chorus:

The Colonel had a private car in which he let them ride,
They went by appointment to rest their back sides.
The moral of this story is plain as you can see:
Nurses on a convoy are jolly company!

Chorus

Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers
Tune: Field Artillery Song

CONVOY SONG

Over hill, over dale as we hit the bumpy trail
As the convoy goes rolling along.
Capt. Price in his jeep keeps the distance nice and neat
As the convoy goes rolling along.

For it's Hi! Hi! He! we always have to go,
To places picked out by our C. O.
And if we're slow, it's because the hedge is low,
As the convoy goes rolling along.

Early morn flashlights beam as Tommy Ballard screams
"All you nurses get up out of bed!"
Now it's time that we eat, so we seek our dear old Pete,
As the rations go rolling along.

So roll your pack, finish your bivouac,
Hurry before the tents go down.
For our men work fast, then we're off at last,
As the convoy goes rolling along.

Musette bags, canteen cans, find your helmet if you can,
By the numbers count off to ten.
Now it's time to recline for Barthel's fine shoe shine,
As the convoy goes rolling along.

For it's Ho! Ho! Hum!, our fannies' getting numb,
Holley's massaging hour has come.
It's Dooley first, then our Chief Nurse,
As the convoy goes rolling along.

Another day, let's bivouac, if those chaps let us unpack
As the convoy goes rolling along.
For it's huts instead of tents, those British seem to have
more sense,
As the water keeps rolling along.

Their Scotch we had, it really wasn't bad,
It helped us to sing our jolly songs.
For ere we go those Limeys will always know
That the convoy has rolled along.

Seven days on the road, now we've reached our abode,
With the convoy that rolled along.
It's Mateur by the sign, and our hospital's down the line
And our convoy has reached it's goal.

We had our fun and the trip is really done
So jump down and rest your weary bones.
Now there's work to do, to get ready for our crew,
And at last our convoy is HOME.
A.N.C. (Tune -- Bless 'Em All)

They say that in camp you can have a good time
But we've heard that all before,
We drink Coca Colas and play the Victrolas
But, oh how we'd love to do more.

The Army Nurse Corps has no privacy now,
We're all behind the eight ball
With the Wacs and Waves, we are nothing but slaves
We all have our backs to the wall.

Bless us all, Bless us all,
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the Nurses 'cause they'll rub your backs
And that's a lot more than you'll get from the Wacs.

So we're saying goodbye to it all,
As gaily we answer the Call,
No silk hose or girdles as we take the hurdles
So cheer up my lads, bless us all.
THE ROAD TO MATEUR
On Friday morning, July 2nd, we gathered our belongings and completed our last minute preparations for the anticipated journey to Tunisia. The enlisted men struck their tents, rolled their packs and cleared the area, leaving not a trace of our former encampment. The latrines, like lonely sentinels, remained as monumental evidence of the loving care and industry of Henry Horn. Inside the temporary officers barracks, the amazing network of poles and lines strung to hold mosquito nets were dismantled. Ingenious contraptions of all varieties, constructed with great energy during the preceding months, were finally broken down callously and swept out to be burned. Floors were cleaned, cots folded and baggage removed, but midst the dust and hubbub, the Bridge marathon, which had its inception under the dim arc light of the railroad siding at Rucker, continued. True, some of the faces changed as the advance party took its toll of charter members. Now the "Bush Leaguer" responded to the opportunity provided to invade the inner sanctum of the "first team". Even Milt Schwartz and Ed Jemerin managed to rise from minor league status in their effort to usurp the thrones of the departed mighty — Percy Klingenstein, Dennis Glucksman and Lou Zaretsky. Undismayed by the removal of their cots, they resorted to chairs and their boxes. Stripped of all artificial support they finally landed on their anatomic bases in a desperate effort to postpone their inevitable defeat.

At 11:30 A.M., Herman Lande and Ed Watts drove to the railroad yards to inspect the train assigned for our movement. To their surprise, they found that a French Cavalry unit had commandeered our train and were engaged in loading the cars. The famous "40 and 8" box cars were being used for the "8", as horses were being placed therein. Col. Lande attempted to impress the French officers and station agents that these cars were rightfully ours but received only the characteristic shrug of the shoulders of the French railroad official. They pleaded that they were completely innocent of any complicity in the matter and that they were merely carrying out orders of their superiors. Col. Nicolle at French Army Headquarters at Rabat was contacted immediately but the traditional mid-day Siesta period had already begun and the Colonel was out until 2:30 P.M. No one would dream of disturbing a Frenchman during these hours so that there was nothing to do but to wait.

At noon, we were informed as to the existant situation and we had visions of ourselves camping out at Don B. Passage until transportation could be arranged. Those who were superstitious or astrologists, insisted that we had to leave that day. Rain, a rarity at Casablanca during the summer season, had fallen lightly early in the morning, and now storm clouds were again threatening. All previous movements of the third had its inception during a rain and now this drizzle was a feeble attempt at offering us a good omen.

That afternoon, Herman Lande finally succeeded in contacting the French transportation officer and impressed him with the urgency of our movement orders.
A promise was extracted that our train would be returned and orders were issued to cease loading. However just before the closing of the Station office at 5:30 P.M., these orders were rescinded, and soon thereafter the French rode off with our train. During the ensuing minutes, Herman Lande fought what might be called the Battle of Casablanca, and, as was later conceded, he conducted himself in a manner which would have made Colonel Donnelly proud. He just about grasped the French Railroad transportation official by the coat tails while the latter was in the process of beating a hasty retreat. Dire threats of action from NATOSA was predicted unless he would produce a train immediately. He was told that he and his associates would be held responsible for delaying a vital troop movement and keeping American officers, nurses and soldiers without billets or rations. After due consideration a compromise of two coaches for the officers and nurses was offered, but our original train had five coaches and sixteen box cars and Herman Lande would not accept less. Victory was complete as all demands were granted and Herman Lande personally supervised the selection of coaches and box cars.

Meanwhile back at Don B. Passage, night had fallen and our spirits sank with the setting sun. We sat about on our baggage or stretched our weary bones on the hard cement floors of the empty darkened buildings. Just as we began to plan for ways and means of spending the night, again by some supernatural force, a few drops of rain fell as we were informed that we were going that night after all.

At 23:00 hours, the first unit of nurses was transported to the station and thereafter a shuttle service of trucks carried the remainder of the unit to the train. The railroad siding was bleak, dark and charged with an air of mystery when we arrived. Engines shuttled back and forth as the various sections of the train were assembled. Shadowy figures roamed about between and through the cars with flashlights in the attempt to find the compartments assigned by Gabe Seley and Ed Watts. Most of us were so fatigued that we tittered into our compartments, hastily stored our luggage, and made plans for ways and means of making sleeping possible. Some of us slept on the seats, others on the floor, on assembled valises and on barracks bags. Some of the nurses, four in a compartment, rested their upper segment on the seats while their legs were supported by valises in the aisles. In other compartments it was possible to insert a cot between the two benches. Margie Deutsch's room mates conceived a brilliant plan for increasing their "lebensraum" as they convinced her to roost up in the overhead baggage rack. It was only after a precarious ascent to this perch that they found to their dismay that, alas, she was not a bird. We hear that Muriel Berry actually managed to sleep in the baggage rack of a somewhat larger second class compartment. Henry Tavel came well prepared for all emergencies and like an experienced sailor, slung his hammack, climbed therein and blissfully went off to sleep while swinging above his brother bench-sleepers.
The timely arrival of Sol Silver's air mattress and silk air pillow aroused the envy of everyone. The neutral zone between the nurses and officers compartments was utilized as a hotel for transients as the overflow from both officers and nurses cars vied for these extra sleeping quarters. Lou Wasserman and Vernon Weinstein took in "Tourists" for the night, while Moe Holland pitched his cot on the platform congesting the heavy traffic to the nearby latrine.

At ten minutes before 3:00 A.M., while many of us were already asleep, the train, powered by an electric engine, slowly pulled its length of 26 cars out of the station. To paraphrase the movie travelogues of James Fitzpatrick, "and so we say farewell to 'beautiful' Casablanca—city of white houses—dirty Medinas—highly perfumed, bleach coiffed, ungirdled French coquettes—welled, intriguing, tattooed moslem women—city of a thousand aromas (most of them bad) flea bitten, fly bedecked, dirty hordes of Arab children—and our caravan carries us onward into the great unknown ahead."

During the night we passed through Robat and at 7:30 we awoke to find ourselves at Port Lyautey. We arrived at Petitjean at about 9:00 A.M. and our train came to a stop next to one headed in the opposite direction. The box cars of the adjacent train were packed with soldiers and it was a matter of seconds before we realized that they were German prisoners. They seemed so young and physically fit that we were not at all surprised to learn that a good many of them were paratroopers. The Luftwaffe insignia was readily discernible. Their uniforms were well designed and their peaked fatigue hats gave them a rakish air. The majority seemed to be well fed and cared for, and they smoked cigarettes incessantly. In the course of conversation with the commanding officer of the train, we learned that they were from various branches of the German Army fresh from the Tunisian battlefront. Some of the captive were anxious to trade their insignia and medals for packages of cigarettes and candy. They all seemed confident that the Nazis would ultimately win the war and this probably was the reason for their apparent arrogance and unconcern.

While we were at the sliding at Petitjean, a hospital train pulled up across the tracks and greetings were exchanged. Most of its personnel was known to our group as they had also trained at Camp Rucker. American as well as German patients were being transported for further care in fixed hospital installations. After enjoying a late breakfast and early lunch we went on to Meknes and then to Fez.

At Fez, we learned from the Chief de Gare that our train was to be held over for eight hours and arrangements were made for dinner in town for the Officers, Nurses and 100 enlisted men. In comparison with the rations we had been given on the train, even a French dinner of egg omelettes and sliced salami assumed a more attractive aspect. The group of nurses, who ate in town, received a Broadway ovation, as the onlookers cheered and showered them with flowers.
Fez: Railroad Station and the Grand Hotel, where several of the Officers had dinner of a sort.
Everyone seemed to have a great admiration for our American girls. Some of us wandered briefly through the streets of Fez, but could find little different from Casablanca. There were the same souvenirs, leather bags and wallets, children begging for chewing gum and candy, and the everpresent large post office and Banque de Maroc.

We left Fez at 1 A.M. the following morning and reached Taza in time for a late breakfast and early lunch. Our meal schedule was very irregular throughout depending upon the traffic along the single track rail lines and the whims of the French engineers. When there were lengthy stop-overs, we frequently had two meals together. At other times our food was eaten "on the double" with some of the members of the unit barely swinging aboard as the train pulled out of the station. A brief inspection of the mess cars was sufficient to convince any one that our meals were certainly not intended to be amongst the high spots of the trip. If variety is indeed the spice of life our lives were to be exceedingly dull for all we could see were cases of canned beef and spam and boxes of hard tack, euphemistically described as crackers. A few boxes of oat meal and canned fruit just about completed the assortment. We dug into our private caches of candy and sardines until they were exhausted and then it was either corned beef or hunger pangs. We were never quite certain just where "meals" were to be served but looked out the windows in the direction of the mess car until the cry of "chow" rang out or the G.I. cans of wash water were placed out front. Then we all made a mad dash down the length of the train to take our place in the chow-line.

The chow stops afforded us with an opportunity to get out and stretch our legs and to note the various changes in the appearance of our train. We never quite discovered how it was done but at each stop the distribution of cars seemed to be a little different. At times the five coach cars were up in front of the train with the box cars trailing behind. Then, with a redistribution of the train sections at a siding, another time we would find the coaches in the rear, or sandwiched in between box cars. The mess car was similarly changed in position at the various stations. There was no means of getting from one box car to another while the train was in motion, unless one resorted to clambering over the tops, if one went back to one of the 40 and 8's and the train started to move off, you waited until the next stop before you could make your way forward to your own car. The 40 and 8 gave our train its dominant profile. This profile was continuously enhanced by our enthusiastic detachment members, stripped to the waist and dangling restless feet from the ever open doors. The doors provided the only means of ventilation for the 20 men assigned to each car. The 40 and 8's were completely devoid of the comforts of home, but the men managed to keep them livable and clean with their musette bags and gas masks neatly suspended, and with a few cots provided to each car. The dispensary car was another
40 and 8 which was equipped with sufficient material for adequate first aid and care of the sick. Due to the excellent sanitary precautions instituted and diligently supervised by Abe Penner and Henry Horn, and in spite of all the adverse conditions conducive to the spread of disease, our morbidity during the entire journey was kept unusually low. Only one enlisted man, Cpl Houtchins, and one nurse, Mildred Allen, became ill en route (both had been hospitalized at Casablanca previously) and they were transferred to a station hospital en route.

At Taza, we enjoyed our first all-over shower, as the overhead conduit for watering the locomotives was turned on and poured down in a powerful stream. Like the children of the east side, bathing, squealing and splashing before the fire hydrants in the city streets, our officers abandoned their usual dignified mien as their poise and grime ran off in rivulets. Bathing apparel included the swimming trunks of Marvin Fried and Ed Jemerin, the scanties and money belt worn by Jules Weissberg, G.I. shorts sported by Sol Silver and Khaki trousers worn by many and washed at the same time on vivo. Thereafter at almost every opportunity which was afforded efforts were made to obtain similar improvised showers. At other times water for washing was obtained at the various stations along the route. One or two men would usually forage about the station and upon discovering a pump or faucet the cry of "water" would be raised and relayed along. Within a few seconds men and women poured forth from every exit carrying with them the steel helmets in which one could wash almost anything from feet to face to clothes. Lines were strung in many of the compartments and helmets full of water hung in many precarious positions. On occasions, with the sudden lurching or stopping of the train, floors would get an unexpected washing, or else we would be doused by the sudden upheaval of a helmet which hung over us like the sword of Damocles.

We reached Oujda, on the border between Morocco and Algeria, just before dark on the 4th of July, and after a late supper, pangs of thirst assailed every member of the unit. The retention of salt from a steady diet of corned beef, coupled with a depleted water supply resulted in an uncomfortable situation. With parched throats, we crowded about the water car, empty canteens and cups in hand waiting for our next ration of water. Water lines formed and reformed, fluctuating with the rumors and cries of "water" and "no water". For the first time for any of us, the lack of water assumed the aspects of a physical force. There was no more welcome sight than the appearance of our G.I. cans brimming over with the precious liquid. We drank to our hearts content and filled every available container for future use.
The men of our detachment were given sandwiches and hot coffee obtained from a nearby G.I. mess.

During the night, while most of us were asleep, our train crossed into Algeria and we arrived at Tlemcen in time for breakfast. The constantly changing character of the landscape was a source of considerable interest and diversion. The surrounding country, the series of shallow valleys and gently sloping hills rising on both sides of the tracks, gave one the impression of centuries of living with cultivation instituted to take advantage of every acre of ground. When one considers that all agricultural efforts were carried out by manual labor, one can truly appreciate the industrious efforts of the native population. Isolated farm houses were surrounded by miles of widespread fields of grain arranged in a patchwork quilt of the harvested areas and those freshly plowed. Far in the distance, rounded symmetrical mountain tops provided beautiful background for the rich fertile planes and slopes rippling away from the crests. All planting followed the contours of the slopes of the mountains to add to the element of man-made design. The finger-like projection of dried-up stream beds, or waddies, were joined together into a lacy net work to drain the available water into localized areas. The large estates were honey-combed with irrigation ditches that extended for miles.

The Algerian countryside far surpassed Morocco in beauty and fertility. The more sharply rising slopes were covered with short but shady trees. Narrow canyons, through which the train passed, opened into beautiful valleys aptly described by the expression, "a land of honey and wine". Herds of sheep and goats dotted the hill side with their wooly coats branded with a splotch of colored paint. The gnarled trunks of a good many trees revealed the ancient character of the country through which we were passing. Tremendous fields of grapevines, golden yellow expanses of wheat, orchards of plums, figs and olives, masses of ripening melons, all provided ample explanation for the naming of Algeria as "the bread basket of France". Melons, plums, figs, onions and tomatoes were purchased en route by some of the men and after washing them and soaking them in H.T.H. (High test hypochlorite) they were eaten with much relish.

In Algeria, the train twisted through tortuous channels between steep mountains and the numerous tunnels were a constant menace to our efforts at maintaining standards of cleanliness. The warning cry echoed throughout the train as we approached one and the scramble to close the windows aroused infectious excitement in the concerted effort to keep the coal dust and smoke out of the cars. Some of the tunnels were rather long, while others, although short, had a steep grade, causing the locomotive to move slowly and belch forth dark clouds of heavy smoke.
Along the sides of the tracks, native children thronged at the sight of our train and held their fingers aloft in the V for Victory gesture. If the train slowed down the familiar cries of "Hello Joe — Bon -bon — Souvenir — American good" could be heard and revealed the infiltration of American expressions into the native language.

At several places, en route, signs of wreckage of trains were plainly visible and tales of sabotage and dynamite planted along the tracks were passed about. Some of the wrecks appeared like dismantled piles of junk while others further along our course bore bullet holes and embedded shell fragments. This, of course, provided a slightly sobering influence as our super-charged imaginations ran amuck.

After a brief sandwich (you guessed it, corned beef) at Sidi Bel Abbes, where we stopped at a modernistic railroad station surrounded by large grain elevators, we rode onward to St. Barbe. Here Sol Silver and Milt Schwartz met their brothers who were stationed near Oran. In addition to a rapid exchange of greetings and the popping of champagne corks, Milt's brother provided him with reinforcements of canned rations for which many of us were later grateful. St. Barbe will also live in our memories for the most unappetizing meal of the trip. The meal prepared was perhaps one of the best of trip, however the reeking odor from accumulated deposits along the track convinced many of us that we weren't very hungry after all. On many occasions, the areas chosen by necessity for messing really tested our ability to make the best of the situation. We sat on flat cars, along station platforms or on the ground while we "dined".

We had several hours at St. Barbe awaiting the right of way for the next segment of rail line. We passed the time chatting with some of the men from a mobile artillery unit, whose train, adjacent to ours, was laden with their impressive equipment. They told us of many of their interesting experiences during the Tunisian campaign where they were employed in the taking of Gafsa and Maknassy. They attributed the success of the American forces to our superior artillery fire, which said was so concentrated, rapid and accurate that a captured German Artillery Captain asked for permission to see the new American Automatic Artillery pieces.

On the following day, Tuesday July 6th, we travelled continuously through the morning, unable to stop for meals until 11:00 A.M. when we reached Affreville — Miliana. After a brunch, which was eagerly devoured, Ed Bick made arrangements for the officers and detachment to shower beneath a water conduit while the nurses were treated to the unexpected pleasure of a hot shower at the quarters of an American railroad unit.
It was not until we reached El Affroun that we made another meal stop for our supper. Here the unit was exposed to a literal demonstration of the expression "French leave", while half of the unit was spread out alongside the train eating, washing mess gears and completing other necessary ablutions, the French engineer decided that he had remained in one place long enough. With a barely detectable blast of the whistle the train moved on with only about half the unit members aboard. Those of us who remained behind merely watched the train slowly pull away thinking that it was another example of the French acrobatics in assembling railway cars such as had been performed at previous stations. As the train puffed off in the distance we were informed by Ed Bick that we had been abandoned. His encounter with the chief of the station was typical of the operation of the French railroad and its personnel. The station master tried to fix the blame upon us and endeavoured to emphasize his point through the loudness of his voice and his wild gesticulations. Despite the laryngitis he had acquired as assistant train commander, Ed had the station master apologizing in short order by sheer angry expression and closely clipped French phrases.

Meanwhile the rest of us stood or sat on the station platform. We were informed by a soldier attached to the transportation corps that several stabbings had occurred in this vicinity and we proceeded to separate our groups from the French soldiers and civilians who had infiltrated our ranks. The girls were concerned because of a prisoner train that was on a nearby track. An incident of two intoxicated French soldiers who attempted to crash into our ranks almost strained Franco-American relations and came close to physical violence but the error of their way was quickly pointed out to them. Immediately afterwards the French guards at the station cleared the platform of a good many of the French personnel and posted guards at the periphery of our group. The girls under the leadership of Lt. Herri-courte burst into song with "Here we sit like birds in the wilderness" and ending with "waiting for our train".

Meanwhile aboard the train, there was great excitement as we realized that we had left a goodly portion behind. The engineer drove along blissfully, unmindful or incognisant of the fact that many of us were waving from the windows and platforms for him to stop. A series of freight cars separated the locomotive from the passenger coaches so that there was no direct means of communication. Finally as we hung out of the windows and cheered, Ed Steck clambered over the tops of the freight cars in Wild Western Fashion, firing his automatic in the air in an attempt to attract the attention of the engineer, but without success.
It was only after we reached Mouzaïville, eight miles away, that Ed managed to climb down into the cab of the locomotive and inform the engineer that he had left most of his passengers behind. A good deal of persuasion was necessary to make him return to El Affroun, but with the insistent force that was necessary to convince French railway men, this time at the point of an automatic, he was prevailed upon to return for our abandoned.

After about an hour's delay, our returning train was a welcome sight to those who we left behind and they cheered and waved while we sang "The Medical Corps went over the hill, Parlez-vous". Once inside the train, which was boarded on the double, we greeted each other like long lost relatives. Our second Campaign against the French Railroad again resulted in our complete victory.

In travelling between El Affroun and Maison Carre', we were treated to a concentration of long beams of searchlights emanating from the environs of Algiers. The lights were like long fingers probing the night sky, either as a demonstration or actually searching for enemy aircraft. They were all focused on one point, criss-crossing, and then gradually faded away at the outer limits of their power. Maison Carre' will be remembered by many of us as the oasis at which we were able to supplement the meagre unsatisfactory rations which we had been furnished by A.B.S. Sol Silver with Col. Lande's permission took matters into his own hands at Affreville and called Algiers. He threatened to report our shortage of food to NATOUSA and pictured the dire results of permitting our unit to starve. With no actual authority, he browbeat the Algiers ration dump into providing us with the necessary food, including bread and canned fruit.

We awakened on the morning of the 7th of July to find that we had not advanced very far during the night. A short stop for breakfast was made at Palestro and then proceeded along one of the toughest stretches of track in North Africa on the run from Menerville to Beni Mancour. It had been the scene of several severe accidents because of the severity of the grades and the tortuosity of the track through the range of mountains. There were 21 trestles along this route and one of them ranged up the side of a mountain in the style of a circular staircase. Whereas American trains are all equipped with Air brakes, French cars depend upon the operation of hand brakes. At Bouira we picked up native Arab brakeman who rode along on the platforms between the cars and regulated the pressure of the brakes in accordance with the signals supplied by the locomotive whistle. Four short blasts was the signal for moderate pressure and six blasts was the sign for an immediate stop. All the signals on the French railroads are either manual or regulated by the tooting of the whistle rather than the electric signals of the American railways. Thus the train stops at every little station along the road and cannot proceed until it receives the personal "en route" of the Chief de Gare.
The grades along the line through Algeria are said to be steeper than any in the United States. At various points we required two American locomotives or a "pusher" engine in back of our train in order to negotiate the grades. When there was no other locomotive available it was necessary to break the train into two sections, with the locomotive shuttling back for the second half. This system in conjunction with the unusual burden of traffic and a single track line will afford some explanation for the seven days required to complete our journey.

We arrived at Bouira during the afternoon of the seventh in time for a lunch of spam sandwiches— even spam tasted good to many of us when it was served between two slices of good white bread — our first on the trip. The stop was without incident except when some of the native French soldiers tried to express their feeling of camaraderie for the Americans by supplying our detachment with bottles of wine. It was difficult to explain to them that our men were not permitted to partake of their national beverage. Some of the native merchants were also frustrated in their attempted commercial efforts.

Further along the route there was increasing evidence of previous bivouac areas of American troops. Large piles of C-ration cans lined the road at various points and we imagined that they would remain as relics of the North African wars for future geologists to unearth. We passed a large British motor convoy who seemed happy to see us — especially the nurses. Many of their large guns were being hauled by American Army trucks.

During the early hours of the morning our train was stopped at one of the mountain towns near the Algerian — Tunisian border and the Chief de Gare asked to speak with the train commander. The Chef was a picturesque, short, rotund jolly Frenchman — a typical Anatole France personality. Major Bick was summoned and greeted with a profusion of apologies.

"Monsieur Le Commandant" the station master spoke with just the accent that one would have expected from his appearance, — "Monsieur Le Commandant — I am terrible surprised— I know you have a beautiful train — full of beautiful soldiers. They are going to fight ze great bataille — zay are ze great soldats. I do not like to stop such bee-u-ti-ful train — but ze stupid peepul dans ze last village — zay zay someone has stolen one of their ducks. Zay are perhaps mistaken? Eh?"

Ed Steck was asked to investigate this story and after a search through the cars arrived with Sgt. Dowd carrying a peculiar looking bundle cuddled in his arms. It was a sad specimen of the avian species, plucked of all its feathers, its neck wrung at a bizarre angle and very, very dead.

"Ah — Mousieur Le Commandant — voici le duck". He pleaded with Major Bick not to punish the soldiers for taking the duck, afterall "ze soldiers are so young and full of le joie de vivre, zay are ze so brave soldats."
After a conference between Major Bick, Ed Steck and Sgt. Dowd, a story was hatched to explain the entire situation. "You see — Monsieur Le Chef — just as our train pulled out of the last station — the duck flew into one of the cars. There was nothing for us to do but to take it along with us."

The Chef took "the deceased" and assured us again that he was so sorry to stop the train. "Ze people in ze village are so stupid. Zay should take better care of their ducks — Au Revoir".

At our stop at Beni - Mancour, we passed the time in conversation with some British soldiers who were as a combination freight and troop train that was also delayed at that point. The British seemed to be very much at home preparing their tea and bully beef. Apparently they had converted their flat car with half sides and no roof into a small piece of the British empire. Their uniforms, khaki shorts and loose fitting shirts seemed to be well fitted for rough usage and showed very little signs of wear and tear. Their heavy hobnailed shoes clicked loudly as they walked. Some had berets covering their heads, made of a plaid material and bedecked with small ribbons, probably the distinctive insignia of their unit. They all showed signs of deep sun burn as a result of their direct exposure to the hot sun without the benefit of any cover. They told us stories of the campaigns of the 8th Army and of finding faulty German shells with enclosed notes indicating sabotage in Nazi held factories. They showed us their square mess kits which were quite large and bulky as compared to ours and did not seem as efficient. They also had bottles of Scotch whiskey which they sold and exchanged for American cigarettes.

Our trip on from Beni Mancour was surely a depressing one from all standpoints. The weather was terribly hot and the landscape was bleak and desolate. Sharp crags lined both sides of the track. There were sparse clumps of grass and the river beds were sunk deep into the fissured earth. That part of the country might well have been suitable for background in Dantes' Inferno. Here and there however, we occasionally passed a camel caravan on the trade route that paralleled the railroad. Their dirty gray-brown appearance however seemed to fit into the waste land. It was quite depressing. On the train we lay where we were, hot and uncomfortable under the blasts of hot air that whipped through the train. Our supper that night consisted mainly of beans and we finally made Setif where we replenished our depleted water supply.

The next day, after a dry run on breakfast, we rebounded the train hungrily awaiting our stop at St. Donat where we were to eat. We passed through country that had plains on both sides of the track, unrelieved for miles around.
At Bir-el-arch-Navarin we saw a large prison camp surrounded by a wall of double layer barbed wire with British and American soldiers mounting guard. At St. Donat we eagerly devoured our delayed breakfast as flights of fighter planes and fortresses roared over head. After breakfast, we continued on our way and the appearance of the country side became merely background for the military installations that lined the railroad on both sides. We passed many airfields with various types of aircraft, bombers and fighters, to large transports and gliders. The planes had various names; the most eye-arresting was a Flying Fortress called the "Blitzing Bitch".

There were many ammunition dumps, and other types of supplies from gasoline drums to spare parts of vehicles and other sites that served as collection points for those vehicles that had been wrecked. We passed a train that had been wrecked during the loading of ammunition. It lay on its side like a child's train that had fallen off the tracks. As we saw such examples of what could happen to trains during wartimes we thanked the lord once more for the divine protection he had thus far visited on us and sincerely prayed that he would continue same. We passed several hospital installations that occupied the metal anderson huts with large Red Cross painted on their roofs. The personnel were established in wall tents. From people along our route, we learned that the Germans had thus far spared hospital installations from bombing and strafing and we had done the same. It sort of gave us an easier feeling except for the realization that during night bombing, even hospital crosses are not easily visible.

There were many bivouac sites en route with French flags alternating with American and British. All vehicles were well camouflaged and dispersed widely. After Khraubs, which we reached at about 3 o'clock the afternoon of the eighth, we enjoyed a lunch of salmon sandwiches, potatoes, frankfurters and canned peaches. Our train was quite long but the engineer thought that we could make the long gradual upgrades of that area between Khraubs and Ain-Abid. While going up a long grade the train gradually came to a stop. Then it rolled down slightly until the brakeman and engineer slammed on the brakes. Then the engineer would work up a large pressure of steam in the boilers and slowly the engine would inch forward, fighting hard to overcome the steepness of the grade. We couldn't help fitting in the "I think I can" rhythm of one of Walt Disney's animated locomotive to keep tempo with the chugging of the noisy engine. And when we started on the down grade, we shifted to "I knew you could" keeping cadence with the dyspeptic engine.

We reached Saïk - Ahras at about 6:30 in the morning of the ninth to learn that the train had once more been split at 2:00 in the morning and with Marvin Freid in charge of the split section, we had been taken over the mountains separately and were reassembled at Saïk-Ahras.
At 11:00 P.M. of the eight, a telegram had been sent to Mateur anticipating our arrival during the early morning hours.

We reached Ghardimaou at 3:00 P.M. and left an hour later. This particular stop in our travels revealed the effects of the use of air power. Buildings were in all stages of wreckage and the entire station was riddled with machine gun bullets. This station was known to the transportation men as "messerschmidt alley". There was a low mountain at one end of the station that partially concealed the locality. The Germans would fly low, barely clear the mountain top, and then swoop down and strafe the station without mercy. The air raid shelters, box-like affairs reinforced by concrete, were built close to the station to permit the personnel to dive into them at a moment's notice. To illustrate that not all the bombing was of the precision type, the latrine had sustained a direct hit.

We also heard that Bizerte harbor had been bombed the night before and the telephone communications had been disrupted. We made sure that night, as we continued on to Mateur, all lights were out and we travelled in complete darkness except for the glowing fire-box of the locomotive. We also met Howard Pertulla and his freight train, and had word that he had met Gerson Lesnick at Fez quite a distance back. Howard told us stories of long delays and stop-overs but nothing really eventful except that at one stop, the station authorities had hijacked a load of lumber.

We finally reached Mateur in the early morning of the tenth and decided to stay in the train until morning, so as to facilitate gathering our belongings in preparation for leaving the train. We all awoke that morning to be greeted that morning to be greeted by the sight of the letters forming the name MATURE over the station. We breathed a sigh of relief and thanksgiving as our destination was reached --the destination that had been our goal since the unit was activated on the first of September 1942.
Upon awakening early Saturday morning, the tenth of July, after a quiet night's sleep while the train was on the siding, we gathered all our personal belongings in preparation for leaving our moving home on wheels. We had a hasty breakfast, distinguished only by Betty Klein spilling her cereal, and then looked around while waiting for our transportation. Mateur showed ample evidence of the ravages of war. Those buildings that were left standing had large shell holes pocketing their sides and roofs. Fox holes and shell holes honeycombed the ground in all directions.
Scars of battle were further visible on the north side of the station in signs of large shell craters and the ever present slit trenches and other forms of concealment. A few Arabs, mounted on slowly plodding donkeys, were already on their way to their daily work. Very little of the town itself could be seen from the station but we could not help comparing its size and aspects with Ozark, Alabama. Near the tracks an engineer group was reconstructing a number of flat cars.

The arrival of Bayard Miller cut short further observations as we all hurried to move our luggage into the waiting trucks. He greeted us with the news that the invasion of Sicily had started at 3:00 A.M. that morning and that we were expecting 500 patients on Wednesday. We then boarded the trucks and started the ride to the hospital. The truck drove through Mateur emphasizing further the shambles of the town and about three to four miles out of Mateur we saw a group of buildings located on the gradual slope of a hill. All had red crosses conspicuously painted on them and in the cleared center of the building area was a very large maroon cross. When we turned off the main road to approach the buildings, we realized that this was to be our hospital. Along the dirt road we rode, and to the right we could see a large unit of ward tents which we were informed was to serve as a convalescent and air evacuation hospital. We then entered the hospital area and passed between two facing rows of permanent buildings, of comparable design and size. Altogether as far as we could see, there were about 50 buildings. They were all made of white stucco and had corrugated iron roofs. When our trucks reached the top of the hill, we came upon rows of wall tents which was to be the nurses area. Further away, were rows of the large pyramidal tents which was to be the detachment area. Midway between these areas, we noticed a bare expanse which was broken up on one side by four rows of tent pegs arranged in a regular pattern. This portion of "no-mans land" we learned was for the company grade officers and visiting majors. The entire advance party turned out to greet us as we stored our belongings temporarily in some of the wall tents already up. Our tents were to be put up shortly. The field officers were to occupy one of the permanent buildings and Miss Chamberlain and her chief assistants occupied another. The advance party had salvaged some German mosquito bars which they distributed to us and we exchanged experiences. The weather was very hot and clouds of dust were all about us as the vehicles kept moving in and out the area with supplies and equipment.

Waiting for official orders as to what was next on the program, we sat on our barracks bags and bedding rolls and looked at the landscape. The hill upon which the hospital was located afforded an excellent scenic view of the entire country side. On the plains of the valley below us in a northerly direction, was a large airfield accommodating a large number of P-40 fighters. Many of them were already in the air and as if in welcome the "buzzed"the hospital area and elicited many expressions of admiration at their skill in
handling the planes. When one came tent high, we became a bit uneasy but soon dismissed any misgivings we might have had as we continued to look around. Shielding the air field from sight by sea was a prominent mountain, thickly wooded, and rising to a height of about 1500 feet. On the other side of the mountain was a lake of sweet water which emptied into Lake Bizerte to the north. North of that was another range of hills which separated us from Bizerte and the Mediterranean. To the south east there were some rolling hills upon which a large number of tanks and half-tracks were parked. We could also see the tents of the bivouac tank and anti-tank battalions. Almost due east lay the small town of Mateur nestled in the surrounding hills and from the distance it gave the very deceptive appearance of a small collection of houses unevenly dispersed over a small area. Actually, they were just the shells of the buildings. The hill on the other side of Mateur had been the side of the defense lines of the Axis forces as they attempted to hold the town against the Allies.

We then started to attend to our personal needs and found that although a good deal of work had been accomplished by the advance party, unfortunately, upon their arrival at Mateur, the greater number of them had been afflicted with dysentery, and their efforts had been considerably tempered. In addition they had been visited by the uncomfortable "Sirocco" storm and they had all they could do to just lie on their beds and cool their feverish brows as the hot blasts of air swept through the valley like the scorching draft from alternate opening and closing of the doors of a huge blast furnace.

The latrine was a distance into a nearby field and over coming our first fear of land mines, we daintily walked to the latrine box which had been built by the former occupants. It was enclosed by the regulation side walls and was uncovered on top. After completing our inspection, we noticed a bare perpendicular pipe extending out of the ground with a faucet on the upper most part. We looked for a sign of a building thinking that perhaps it was blasted away leaving by some freak chance, just the faucet and pipe to indicate the side of the former wash room. The stones under the faucet, we discovered, were not the rubble of a destroyed building but covered a soakage pit. When we turned the faucet, a weak stream of rather rusty, slightly chlorinated hot water ran out. As we followed the pipe with our eyes we saw that the sun's rays on the ground over the pipe was an excellent heating arrangement. It was rather difficult to drink but very useful for washing.

Feeling slightly refreshed we proceeded on a tour of the buildings and the hospital grounds. We learned that originally our new home had been built by the French to serve as a Marine hospital. During the North African conflict, it has been occupied by the Italians first and then the Germans.
Of the Italian period, very little was left save for some bandages and cat gut suture material. The Germans were more demonstrative and there were inscriptions on various buildings: - "Ufa Palast, Zahnrestation, Alle Abfälle gehören in die Abfallgrube," and under a skull and cross bones there was inscribed: - "Nur abgekochtes wasser trinken". Carved into the center stone of the floor of the foyer leading into the operating pavilion was a large swastika. The final touch illustrating that ill defined something that leads one to generalize that people are the same the whole world over, was exemplified by the names of some of the German officers such as "Herr Oberleutnant Schmidt", carefully printed on one of the walls of the toilet in the majors' quarters. They probably draw in mustaches on the faces of beautiful women adorning posters as well. Scattered about the grounds, were grimmer evidences of former occupation in the form of machine gun bullets and shell fragments. They were strewn about and were unearthed in much the same fashion as Indian relics. The hospital was recaptured by the American Army during the Tunisian campaign and housed the 9th Evacuation hospital for a period of six weeks preceding our arrival.

The medical pavilion of wards was aligned at an angle to both sides of the road leading up the hill and the surgical service was located upon a parallel road on the opposite side of the area. The typical open ward contained space for about 40 beds and was equipped with a side room, a wash room, and latrine. Closed wards for officers and for the treatment of contagious disease were also present containing smaller units affording greater privacy. The medical officers ward was quickly named the "Ritz" since it consisted of a series of 12 private rooms, each of which contained a washstand and a mirror. In the rear portion of this building was a large room for convalescent patients. We visualized this building as eventually housing nobody lower than a Colonel or Brigadier General in rank. The operating pavilion was composed of a series of surgical and recovery room and appeared to be very easily convertible into an ideal set up. A metal Anderson hut was attached to the surgical building by way of a small path. This to serve as a sterilizing room. A covered passage-way lead from the operating room to an adjacent recovery ward. The dental clinic was housed in the same building as Eye, ear, nose and throat and was immediately identified by the convenient "Zahnstation" sign left by the former occupants who had to get out of there in a hurry. Their haste was emphasized by the German cemetery located behind the detachment area with signs denoting the names and ages of the deceased. There were several pits that apparently had not been filled.
There were separate buildings for the mess, library and offices of chief of service and conference room, and Px, Medical detachment office, Receiving ward and Registrars office, Transportation, Medical supply, Unit supply, Nurses quarters, etc. Also to be included were the "Gold Coast Dormitories" which accommodated the Field Grade Officers "in the valley".

Our meals for the first few days were served in much the same fashion as our first experience at Don B. Passage. We formed lines with our mess kits in our hands and were served in the kitchen building which was to become the detachment mess. Most of the meals consisted of the apparently routine Army bill of fare for troops in movement. Everything came out of cans. We also had the long queues waiting for our turn to wash the mess gear. We had so much experience along those lines as to force us to develop a considerable amount of patience with these delays. After we had completed our individual K.P. we continued to wander over the area, each of us more closely examining his or her specialty from the standpoint of equipment and arrangement for the expected patients.

We identified the large red cross in the center of the area and found that it had been made of the red tile pieces used in roofing with a border of small white stones to make it stand out from the surrounding dark earth. As identification against air attack, it certainly fulfilled its function.

Our first night was spent doubled up in some of the wall tents already up. Some of us slept on cots in the clinics and others on the beds on some ward. We were all scrupulously observant about our malaria precautions and fell asleep to enjoy our first well-earned rest in many days.

The next day was spent in cleaning the entire hospital and considering the fact that there was a water shortage, a really miraculous bit of planning had to be instituted to use and reuse every available drop. Our wall tents were put up the next day and it was well towards the end of the second day before most of us found time to take care of our personal belongings. No electric lights were available but day light was utilized until it was too dark to really see. Blackout precautions in the form of extinguished lights in the buildings were observed but it seemed strange since we could see lights burning brightly in other installations in the Mateur area. Of course we had dirt floors and no furniture save for a few boxes that we used to store our cleaner clothing and personal belongings. The nights were cool and pleasant when the sun went down although it was hot as blazes during the day time. Many of us worked until 10:00 - 11:00 o'clock at night in our efforts to get ready. The official working day was a 7-7 affair although there was plenty of extra time put in.
Each building was scrubbed and rescrubbed to remove the accumulated filth left behind by the various occupying units. The ceilings represented the high water mark in our efforts along with policing and to a slight extent landscaping the grounds around our respective areas. We believe that our conscientious efforts were best exemplified by immaculate Moe Swick who, as his contribution, found it necessary to personally put the last touches to the dusting of the beds in his wards, even after they had been gone over three or four times by the ward men and the nurses. Of such stuff, are conquerors made!

During this period, our basic equipment in the form of beds, mattresses, pillows, sheets, blankets, etc., were distributed as fast as they were unpacked. Our supply train was at the Mateur station and it was being unloaded at the same time. Medical supply's temporary quarters were in the field adjacent the building. Heavy special equipment such as the dental x-ray machine, operating tables, general x-ray apparatus were delivered to the various departments in their original crates and were left there. Each department had spotters stationed on the field. As the contents of each box was identified, it was ear marked and the shuttle trucks delivered them to their proper location. Meanwhile inside the building to be used for Medical Supply, shelves were being constructed in an elaborate bee-hive arrangement so as to permit the storing of supplies as the boxes were opened. The highest priority in issue, under the direction of Howard Pertulla, was given to those items for the skeleton framework of the hospital to be used immediately. This supply building was the scene of the greatest activity and could be compared to the feverish activity exhibited by an ant colony on moving day. Figures scurried about moving boxes from one place to another, identifying, sorting and separating one hospital department's equipment from the other.

Some of the buildings other than the wards had furniture in various stages of service. Personnel and headquarters tried to get the dismantled desks into some semblance of usability. Other departments tried to find large cupboards and bureaus to be used for the storage of bulky supply items. Like bargain hunters in a large department store, various departments vied with each other in their effort to obtain this native furniture. It reached such a stage that Colonel Donnelly had to issue an official order to curb our enthusiasm. He then gathered all the available chairs and tables and allocated them with a view to necessity and uniformity.

The French electrical set up was adapted to our purposes but was not very satisfactory. The current was supplied through Mateur. Our various pieces of electrical apparatus were wired for American sockets and it was found necessary to tap the lines for additional sockets and to gradually replace the Mateur source of current with that supplied by our G.I. Diesel generators which were rapidly being set up near the operating pavilion.
Fortunately the days were very clear although hot, otherwise rain might have interfered seriously with their efficiency. As necessity dictated, they were out in the open exposed to the sun and dust until the tents were uncrated and then they were covered with a fly tent as temporary shelter. Under the strenuous efforts of Sgt. Briggs, there slowly began to appear a lacy net work of electric wires running from building to building and gradually ascending the hill to give the tent area the benefit of electricity.

Gradually the telephone lines were strung up with the control switch board located in headquarters and several full time operators were assigned to handle the calls. The nurses had a telephone tent, instead of the customary booth, in their area. It was one of the duties of their charge of quarters to sleep in the tent and answer the telephone. It was easy for the outsiders to determine as to who were the most popular girls from the frequency with which they were paged — the name rolling from tent to tent as one called to the other to pass the name of the desired individual.

Only one word is necessary to express our sentiments summarizing the plumbing and chemical tanks: "Phui"! The odors were quite bad and the plumbing was almost impossible to replace or repair so that extreme caution had to be enforced in its usage. The various toilets consisted of both Arab and French versions, i.e., sitters and squatters. The flushing arrangement of the latter was so overflowing as to serve the additional function of washing the feet - if so intended.

The administrative problems were mainly associated with the transmission of orders from the Eastern Base Section and NATOSA and formulating the policies of the hospital in the handling of wards associated with the functioning of the hospital and the patients.

The water problem was indeed acute considering the size of the unit. We all cooperated in restricting its use to necessities. All leaky connections were repaired and corrected. Containers were used to store the precious fluid, and showers were restricted to about two - three a week. Once again our helmet baths became fashionable and with a section of rubber tubing attached to the faucet on the hill, the "teners" could wash without travelling the entire length of the hospital to complete their ablutions.

Our mess was served in a building near the front road of the area and once again we ate our food on the G.I. mess tables and sat on G.I. chairs.
Our post exchange started with a limited supply of rations augmented by those that remained from our railroad trip. "Zombie" once again established his trading post in the form of an elaborate general store and spent a very busy week alternating sanitation with shopping for his demanding public.

During the period of organization, the proximity of the enemy and the urgency of our duties were impressed upon us by several air raids. Our first and only signal was the sudden black-out of our electric lighting system. Simultaneously we could see the lights being extinguished over the entire countryside. From our vantage point on top of the hill we could watch the display of fireworks near Bizerte. The flashes of the explosions were followed many seconds later by the sounds. Red tracer bullets cut the black sky into many sections as they arched upward in the direction of enemy aircraft. The searchlights, like long white fingers, would concentrate on a central point and seemed to beckon to the fine filaments of tracers. They, too, would sweep the sky and then concentrate on the central point. The yellow lights of enemy flares cast an unearthly glow over the scene and were also a good target for the ack-ack gunners. When an enemy plane was brought down in the distance it was seen as a sudden burst of flame — and then darkness. The raids varied in length from one-half to one hour during which time we stood up on the hill and attempted to score the number of enemy planes destroyed.

Our worst air-raids occurred during the midst of the Sicilian campaign when Bizerte harbor was the chief port of supply for the invading Army. One of these raids remains in our memories as the most exciting. The raid started in a manner similar to the others but this time, nearby Ferryville Harbor was also the target. The tracer bullets seemed to arch toward us instead of away from us as they had previously been doing. We heard the hum of the motors of the night Beau fighters overhead equipped with their Radar apparatus. Bombs were falling rapidly and the sound of it was a thunderous roar in the distance. Suddenly, on the other side of the mountain facing us, high above the lake, a yellow flare exploded illuminating the country side. We were afraid that the bombers were headed for the fighter field below us, nestled in the shadow of the mountain. Then we heard the roar of a motor over us heading in the direction of the mountain. "Watch that Beau-fighter", was the whispered advice of a visiting aviator who was with us as we watched the display of air power. Not more than a minute later we heard a tremendous explosion and a bright ball of fire hung suspended in the sky for an instant and then to started to slowly descend. One part seemed to break loose and the flaming outline of a wing could be plainly seen as it fell, burning fiercely in its descent.
Then, unlike the slowly descending flare to which we had been accustomed, the rest of the flaming plane plummeted to earth and fell just on the other side of the mountain, into the lake. "He got him with his cannon", explained the aviator at our elbow, referring to the Beaufighter,"and then he exploded". We all breathed a sigh of relief as the air raid and bombing decreased in intensity and then gave way to the dark night sky free of tracers, flares and exploding planes. The next day we learned that a medical officer and a dentist had been killed and very little else of importance was damaged. The ships in the harbor seemed to have been under the protecting influence of Divine Providence. That was the closest that we as a unit came to a bombing and actual fire in our travels.

During this early period, Irv Soloman became our first patient in the hospital as a result of a back sprain sustained in setting up beds in his ward, L.O.B. Yes. Miss Dooley and some of our enlisted personnel were recalled from nearby hospitals where they had been sent as patients, and also were admitted to our hospital. The care lavished on them made their heads swim as the officers and nurses let loose all their professional enthusiasm and skills, pent up these many months.
THE SICILIAN CAMPAIGN

On the fifteenth of July, five days after our arrival, the first patients of the Sicilian Campaign were admitted to the 3rd General Hospital. On many occasions, during our long months of preparation for this event, we had visualized our first patient surrounded by an eager professional staff, each member desirous of practicing his special skill. However no sooner did our portals open then we all had ample work to do.

On our first day we acted chiefly as an air evacuation depot in aiding with the transportaion of battle casualties from Sicily to the rear echelons for further treatment. The large C-47 transport planes landed their patients on the air port opposite our hospital and were reloaded with vital equipment to be shuttled back to the fighting front. The patients awaited another flight of planes to carry them back to fixed hospital installations. Our hospital was designated to care for these patients until such transportation was available. It soon became evident that these patients, although not official admissions to our hospital, would constitute a major problem. Most of them were recent severe battle casualties. Many of them were wounded on the day of their arrival and others had been evacuated from forward clearing stations and evacuation hospitals after emergency operations or first aid. They frequently required urgent medical and nursing attention when they arrived at our hospital. Dressings had to be changed or inspected, morphine administered to those in pain, and plaster casts loosened or cut down. The condition of some of the patients was so precarious as to make further transportation inadvisable, and these cases were admitted to our hospital until such a time as evacuation would be possible. Nearly all of these patients were in need of the simple measures to boost their morale - a drink of cold water, prepared food, a bed on which they could rest in the shade, and a friendly word and a few packs of cigarettes from our Red Cross workers. This was our first experience with battle casualties and the extensive and at times multiple injuries which they presented. The calmness and equanimity with which they accepted their fate, though many of them had crippling and painful injuries, was remarkable to note. They were extremely grateful for any little kindness shown them and complained far less than their conditions would have warranted.

A section of the tent expansion unit was assigned to the care of these "Air Evacs", and this was equipped eventually so that they were as well cared for as the regular admissions to the hospital. However, during our first few days, these
patients were admitted when there was little else but cots and the essential surgical equipment present in the ward tents designated for their care. We had been given the impression that the patients would merely board with us for perhaps a few hours. When the problem that they presented became apparent and we realized that many of the cases would remain with us for 24 to 48 hours, plans were instituted to improve the conditions of their wards and to make more personnel available for their care. Gerson Lesnick was assigned to this section, and at other times Bob Walter, Jules Weissberg and Sid Silverstone devoted their efforts to their care. Nurses and corpsmen were on emergency call for the Air Evac section and frequently devoted their hours off to these duties.

During the Sicilian campaign, the hospital functioned in various capacities in addition to our prescribed function as a General hospital. We were a field hospital for the air evacuation cases. Others were treated in much the same manner as an evacuation hospital. Acute surgery was performed on cases arriving directly from collecting stations near the front. Numerous fresh cases with fractures and extensive wounds received their first definitive treatment. Acutely ill medical cases were evacuated to us for care. These cases were kept in our hospital for varying lengths of time depending upon the anticipated need for beds. Patients, who required the longer period of hospitalization, were given first priority for evacuation to the rear. We arrived at officers' call preceding each evacuation to receive the "number of the day"- at various times we operated as 15, 30 and 60 day evacuation hospital. We acted as a station hospital for the numerous troops located in our area and for those staging here before they were transported to Sicily. In our role as a General hospital, we received long term cases from evacuation and station hospitals, held disposition boards and reclassification boards, and performed such elective surgery which was necessary for the rehabilitation of men for further useful duty in this theatre.

During our first few weeks of operation, we were greatly handicapped by the lack of many of our essential surgical, x-ray and diagnostic instruments. Many of these items had been shipped directly to the Eastern Base Section from the Port of Embarkation and had reached the Medical Supply Depot before our arrival. When we called for this equipment, we found that it had already been distributed to other organizations in the area. Nearly all of our physiotherapy equipment was lost in this manner. Kits of important surgical instruments and vital parts for x-ray units were also missing. We appreciated the wisdom of Colonel Donnelly in stationing our officers at the unloading process at Casablanca. Apparently, the rule of "finders-keepers" and "possession being 90% of the law" was an important regulating mechanism in the supply branch.
A ludicrous situation arose in the x-ray department where it was found, on unpacking all the crates of diagnostic equipment, that not one complete functioning unit could be assembled. An important part of each apparatus was missing. Lou Zaretski and Jack Levy visited the supply depot with Howard Perlutia, our medical supply officer, and pleaded with them for replacements or for some of the absent parts. All they were able to obtain was a massive diagnostic machine with a broken transformer. Later, when the urgent need for x-rays became more acute, they returned to the depot and they were grudgingly given one of the parts missing from one set. Imagine their surprise to find 1254 RR clearly labelled on the packing cases. Our own equipment was being issued to us as a special favor.

Similar shortages arose in other departments so that we were forced to improvise. Our clinical judgement and acumen were substituted whenever possible for the accumulated mass of laboratory data, formerly known as "a Mount Sinai work-up".

The rapid influx of admissions during our initial period of operation can best be appreciated from the fact that twelve days after opening, on July 27th we had 1255 patients on our wards. Hy Levy and his staff at the admitting room soon became expert at the tremendous task of classifying, recording and assigning to the proper wards of these large numbers of patients. As a former Admitting Physician at Sinai, he had ample experience in this field. However, the admitting room at Sinai even during its worst days was never quite like this. One feature, for which Hy was thankful, was the absence of the referring L.M.D. with whom he had to argue in the old days as to the relative merits of their referred patients. Now, everyone was admitted. We quickly learned to predict the influx of admissions from the flights of transport planes. When they circled over our hospital to land on the field, we knew that there would be cases admitted to the wards within a half-hour. Sure enough, lines of ambulances soon shuttled back and forth from the airport to our admitting room. Hy Levy could then be seen climbing in and out of ambulances to make the necessary examinations and notations and then the ambulances branched forth over the various roads of the hospital to transport the patients to the designated wards. Ambulant Patients were seated in the admitting office and were similarly classified during the few lulls in the recurrent streams of ambulances. They were then sent through the assembly line which converted them into a patient, removed and stored their clothing, provided a shower, and then a clean pair of pajamas.

The Medical O.D. took over the duties of admitting officer at night, although he usually had to physically force Hy Levy to leave his post of duty for the day. The plans for handling
large numbers of admissions, particularly during the evening, was soon established into a smooth running and efficient system. Teams of litter bearers were organized to accompany each ambulance and help with the unloading of patients. Groups of nurses were available for extra duty. The professional officers were divided into four sections, so that each composed a functioning unit of the hospital with medical, surgical and dental representation. During the evening, each section alternated to care for the patients, with the O.D. appointed from the section on call. However, it would not have been possible to accomplish the task we did were it not for the extra hours devoted by most of the officers, nurses and detachment men. That we were a smooth functioning unit can be attested to by the fact that we handled 710 new admissions during one three day period, and the admission of 58 cases during one night by the medical O.D. was not considered worthy of description as an "unusual occurrence" on his report.

The 930 beds in buildings were filled in our first ten days and it became necessary to open the tent expansion section of the hospital before it was actually ready for occupancy. Convalescent medical and surgical patients were transferred from the main hospital to inaugurate this unit, and it soon acquired the name - "Convalescent Camp". Unofficially, it received various other designations, such as "concentration camp", "tent city", and others unfit to print. The unit consisted of 64 ward tents and was located on a level plain in the valley below our hospital. The sun beat down unmercifully during the hot summer days and the interior of the tents were extremely uncomfortable. Any breezes that blew afforded more discomfort than relief, for they formed whirls of dust clouds which swept across the plain to coat everything and everyone with a uniform coat of the not so good earth. You were faced with the problem of whether to keep the flaps of the tent down to protect yourself from the dust, and thereby increase the oven-like heat of the closed tent. Or, you could keep the sides and flaps up and accept the hot breeze and the dust. During the afternoon, and especially when the sirocco blew, it became impossible to take the patient's temperatures. The thermometers would register from 104 to 108 or higher as soon as they were removed from the antiseptic solution.

The floors of the tents were composed of crushed rock, whose chief advantage seemed to be an endless capacity for storage of cigarette butts, which could be raked to a subterranean level. Each ward contained 20 cots with wooden improvised mosquito bar spreaders pounded through the gravel. To walk through the central aisle of the tent you had to thread your way through the maze of bars and poles.
Hospital mattresses were unavailable at this time but were improvised by stuffing mattress covers with straw. This produced the irregular bumpy hulks with which we had grown familiar at Casablanca. Many of the patients preferred to remain without these - and we can sympathize with them for most of our officers preferred the bare cot as well.

Engineering and sanitary facilities were of the simplest type. A water line was laid from an auxiliary tank to four rows of spigots, converted into a sink with halved oil drums. There was always an imminent water shortage and frequently the water was shut off completely because of a breakdown of the pumping system. Water for the wards was stored in five gallon cans and was issued sparingly. Since much of the water lines were exposed to the heat of the sun, the luke warm water, which flowed from the spigots, was hardly palatable. Still the combination of the intense heat and the dry warm wind created a tremendous thirst for fluids. A small amount of ice was made available twice a day to cool the water for those patients who were required to take "forced fluids". However, this supply was quickly exhausted and at other times entirely unavailable. It was interesting from the medical aspect to note that unusually large quantities of fluids had to be urged in order to produce a satisfactory output of urine for those patients who were receiving chemotherapy.

The standard quartermaster latrines were constructed about 100 feet away from the nearest tent and about twice that distance from others. This necessitated a considerable walk for patients who had just become ambulant. The only alternative was the use of commodes or bedpans that had to be transported to the latrine for emptying. Imagine the situation with diarrheal diseases quite prevalent!

The feeding of these patients at the expansion unit provided another problem. The only mess equipment available to us for this purpose was a field type kitchen, ordinarily employed for a company of 250 men. Since our average census in this area ranged between 800 and 1000 patients, the "chow line" assumed gigantic proportions. It was a pathetic sight to see these men standing out in the sweltering sun and "sweating out the line". The situation was further complicated by the "chow hounds", who formed the line about an hour before each meal - much in the same fashion as the World Series baseball fan. These men found that they could complete their meal and then join in back of the line and start all over again. The only benefit that anyone ever derived from the chow line was described by Abe Penner, who postulated a new differential diagnostic technique on the basis of the speed with which his patients with gastric neurosis joined the mad dash down to the
mess to join the line. The bed patients were fed individual trays which had to be carried from the mess to the ward tents by the ward men with the assistance of some of the convalescent patients. Miss Fields, the dietician assigned to the task of operating this patient's mess, did a really superb job of making the best of the materials and of the situation in which she was forced to perform. She worked almost constantly and tirelessly to make the improvements necessary for efficient operation.

The distance, which separated the expansion unit from the remainder of the hospital, presented a problem for the patients and the personnel who had to use many of the facilities of the main hospital. A shuttle bus system was instituted to alleviate this situation.

The only shaded spot at the expansion unit was in a grove of fig trees about 75 yards off in the corner of the area. During the early days of the hospital, medical and surgical dispensaries were set up in the grove to hold daily sick call for the convalescent patients. It was the only reasonably comfortable place for the patients and the doctors. Later a Red Cross recreation tent was established in this area and served as a refuge from the heat.

As originally constituted the expansion unit was to serve as a convalescent camp for medical and surgical patients. Col. Lande was placed in command of this camp with Lt. Zipkin as his adjutant. Irv Solomon was assigned as medical ward officer and Gerson Lesnick as surgical officer. The nursing staff consisted of Miss Blake, Herricourt, Cacklereiss, Splalinger, Klein and Hesse. All the personnel did a magnificent job under trying and often discouraging circumstances.

The rate of admissions to the hospital soon became so rapid that it was not possible to admit only convalescents and a variety of medical and surgical patients were admitted directly. It soon became evident that with the existing facilities and with the heat and dust, surgical patients could not be adequately managed. The distance from the operating room, x-ray department, and other main hospital installations was a distinct handicap. Furthermore, it was extremely difficult to dress wounds without a generous sprinkling of dust.

On the 13th of August, it was decided to transfer the medical service into the tents and to employ the buildings for the surgical cases. The air evacuation section remained in the expansion area with Sid Silverstone as the officer in charge. The contagious disease and violent NP wards remained in the main hospital with Ralph Moloshok and Ed Weinstein commuting between them and another ward in the expansion unit.
Lester Tuchman also retained the Officers' section up on the hill. There was many a long face on the Medical service as the time came to move. Sol Silver had just about set up the electrocardiograph apparatus on his ward and Abe Penner had a sigmoidoscopic set up, over which he shed many a tear when the "moving men" arrived. All the medical wards had their pet acquisitions that they took along with them, unless they were nailed down. Sam Karelitz alone looked at the future brightly as he started on a crusade for a program of improvements in the tent set-up.

Throughout the Sicilian campaign, in addition to the care given to the patients, constant progress was made in the improvement of the professional facilities of the hospital. The struggle of the x-ray department in their quest for equipment has already been touched upon. They met similar supply problems in their search for lead sheeting for the protection of their personnel. Lou Zaretsky, Jack Levy and Sid Silverstone obtained this material by another invasion of the Mater medical supply depot where this was stored under some mysterious designation. Another problem encountered by the radiology department was the inconstancy of the current supplied by the motor driven electric generators. This was partially solved by using one of the generators for the x-ray apparatus alone. The intense heat of the dark rooms and the difficulty of maintaining a constant temperature of the developing solution presented another nut to crack. Many of the x-ray films received had been light struck prior to delivery. All these difficulties were overcome and at the end of a few weeks the department was functioning at top speed.

The laboratories faced the same problem of setting up their facilities while large numbers of requisitions arrived for procedures to be performed. In the midst of the rush of work plumbing and engineering apparatus had to be installed. Although much of the equipment was new and modern in type, the vintages of other important items was readily discerned when they were uncrated and the wrappings were found to consist of newspapers dating back to World War I. At any rate the news items presented interesting reading. Bacteriological studies were handicapped by an inadequate type of incubator and by the extreme difficulty of preparing sterile media. All through the hospital the air was laden with dust so that B. subtilis and a great variety of fungi contaminated many of the plates as Abou Pollack and Lou Wasserman tore their few remaining hairs from their heads. Eventually, this was partially overcome by the construction of a dust-proof shed in which the necessary procedures were performed. The tremendous number of malaria smears to be taken by the laboratory occupied most of the personnel far into the night and many of the men became excellent malarialogists. After the hematological, pathological, bacteriological and chemical portions of the laboratory were established, the finer aspects of animal husbandry were
considered. Abou made a trip into Tunis and borrowed some white mice at the Pasteur Institute, but somehow or other they never did learn to love each other, and finally died without leaving any heirs. Lou Wasserman had more luck with his brood of rabbits and to this date they are still multiplying at a rate that keeps the men busy at the construction of increasing "lebensraum." It was quite a sight though to watch Lou chase his first rabbit all over the Officers' tent area where the bunny happened to wander. Into one tent and out another, over and under beds, and behind barracks bags, the rabbit hopped and squirmed with Lou in hot pursuit - then - a final lunge and our animal room had its beginning.

Malaria and neuropsychiatric disorders comprised the major diseases that the medical service was called upon to treat. During the first two months, well over one thousand cases of malaria had been treated. The majority of these had been evacuated from Sicily during the campaign, while the remainder originated from the Base section including the Tabarka, Bizerte and Mateur areas. About 60% of the cases were of the benign tertian type, less than 1% quartan, and the remainder malignant tertian infections.

Very early in our experience with malaria, we were impressed with the protean clinical manifestations of the disease. Almost any conceivable pattern of symptoms was presented, including the respiratory, central nervous system, gastrointestinal, genito-urinary, and hematological systems. We learned to consider almost every bizarre picture as malaria unless it could be disproved by repeated smears and the failure to respond to anti-malarial measures. Whereas the well-known jest back in New York was - "If you don't know what it is, give sulfadiazene. Then if the patient doesn't improve in a few days, you'd better do a physical examination." In our case quinine was substituted as the chemotherapeutic agent. Needless to add, we also examined the patient.

The most dramatic of the malaria patients were those desperately ill with cerebral malaria due to the aestivo-autumnal variety of the disease. They constituted real medical emergencies and many of us spent hours sitting with the patients until they showed signs of improvement. They were usually admitted in varying degrees of coma with temperatures ranging up to 107 degrees by axilla, delirious or with convulsive seizures. A few had marked stiffness of the neck and a purpuric rash so that it was difficult to rule out the presence of meningococcus meningitis until lumbar punctures yielded normal spinal fluid. Another cerebral case was admitted one evening as an acute psychosis, but an unsuspected temperature of 104 was found and a blood smear confirmed the diagnosis of malaria. All the cerebral cases responded to our energetic treatment with quinine dihydrochloride intravenously - a remarkable record since reported mortalities are quite high.
Another dramatic picture was presented by two cases admitted with acute hemolytic anemia secondary to massive malignant tertian infection. Both these cases had been evacuated by air from forward hospitals in Sicily and arrived at the hospital in moribund condition. When one of the cases arrived at the receiving ward, Dr. Levy glanced at the patient, stuporous, deathly pale, and gasping for breath. He rushed the ambulance up to the ward and announced that he was bringing in a patient in the act of breathing his last. Both of these cases responded to prompt and energetic treatment with repeated transfusions and intravenous quinine. To emphasize the manner in which malaria will be disguised, both these patients had been previously diagnosed and treated for pneumonia. Respiratory symptoms were common in other cases - including asthma, sinusitis, cough, chest pain and dyspnea. Examination of the chest would reveal bronchitis rales, friction rubs, and a variety of other signs, but the true nature of the disease would be revealed by positive blood smears and a rapid response to anti-malarial therapy.

In some cases gastrointestinal symptoms were the presenting feature with abdominal pain, nausea, vomiting and diarrhea that was occasionally bloody. Even the surgeons amongst us grew to respect the way of the plasmodium. A post-operative rise in temperature was more likely to be due to malaria than to wound infection or other complication. Even the characteristic picture of nausea, vomiting and pain and tenderness in the right lower quadrant was at times due to malaria rather than to acute appendicitis.

We all learned a great deal about malaria and its management with this concentrated experience. There was no mortality in our entire series of cases. When we were visited by General Simonds at the close of the Sicilian campaign, we were commended for this record which he stated was the best he had encountered on his tour of the overseas forces.

The neuropsychiatric cases were seen principally by Ed Weinstein and David Gersten, although they were so numerous that the milder cases were treated on the general medical wards. Half of one building was converted into a ward for disturbed patients with the ingenious use of French bed springs as bars on the windows. The maniacs calling out to the passersby provided a stream of chatter which amply demonstrated the fact that their inhibitions had been swept away. We can recall one patient who called out to every officer - "Salute me, I'm a General" - and then called off a march cadence, "Hut - tup - thrip - four". Another delighted in calling after the nurses - "Hey babe, got a cigarette". Some amused themselves with songs while others concentrated upon abuse; as one who
delighted in calling every passing Colonel a "rear echelon eagle". Just to prove again that there is no accounting for peoples' tastes, these patients were the pride of Ed Weinstein and he almost went into raptures of ecstasy on one occasion when a patient presented him with a paper bag of urine that he had saved especially for his doctor.

The battle reaction neurosis constituted a large proportion of the neuropsychiatric cases. The boys called this syndrome "38 fever" or "Messerschmidt fever". They were chiefly encountered when men were exposed to long continued artillery shelling or repeated straffing of enemy planes. We received our largest number of this variety of case at a somewhat later date after the Salerno landing in Italy. The treatment of these cases for return to front line duty was unsatisfactory, although the majority could be reassigned to non-combat duties. Hysterical components of their complaints would at times yield to sodium amytal hypnosis and suggestion. Other patients were tense and anxious, and demonstrated their reaction to planes overhead when the F-40s from the adjacent field flew low over the tent area. Some trembled visibly or cried, while others jumped out of their beds and hid underneath.

A variety of other interesting cases were seen on the medical service and many of them were presented at the weekly medical conferences. As the only General Hospital in the area, we served as a center of medical interest. Many medical officers, assigned to line outfits and starved for professional discussion, made their way from considerable distances to attend these conferences. Among the cases shown at these meetings were: two cases of amoebic liver abscess of great size (Irv Somach); problems in neurocirculatory asthenia (Sol Silver and Simon Daack); typhoid fever in patients adequately vaccinated against the disease (Ralph Moloshok); Henry Horn justified his study of the long-named tropical diseases by presenting two cases of Fièvre Boutonneuse - the disease that so fascinated him by its name back at Camp Rucker. Moe Holland held forth at great length at several conferences on the "57 varieties" of syphilis and on the treatment of sulfonamide resistant gonorrhea with penicillin. Ed Weinstein presented many of his interesting neuropsychiatric problems including psychoneurotic patterns in paratroopers, a case of pontine glioma, and an atypical group of inflammatory disease of the central nervous system. Moe Swick was a guest speaker at several of our conferences to present a number of interesting instances of congenital malformations of the genito-urinary tract.
The first days were particularly difficult for the Surgical Service. Beds and linens were adequate, but many of the instruments and dressings had not yet been located. Much of the x-ray equipment, so essential to the care of the type of case that would comprise the major portion of our material, was also for the most part missing. For the first few days, only dire emergencies were taken to the operating room where they were worked upon with the few instruments available. Nevertheless, the first major operation was performed by Gabe Seley on the nineteenth of July, an incision and drainage of an abscess. Six operations were scheduled for the 21st and regular complete operating programs were maintained thereafter. Rapidly the gaps in our apparatus were filled in and, by making use of what there was, the patients received the meticulous attentions that our self-imposed high standards demanded. Dressings, while still not quite thrown around as had been the custom at Mt. Sinai, were used sufficiently liberally so that both the comfort of the patient and his welfare were provided for.

The turn-over of cases on the surgical service was very rapid and paralleled the efforts of the plans of evacuation to remove the long term cases steadily to the rear echelons. The surgeons were called upon to treat many casualties that arrived directly from the front line dressing stations by means of air transport. They were also called upon to care for the cases arising within the Base Section. The latter cases consisted mainly of hernia, pilonidal sinuses, burns and local accidents. Most of the last were fractures resulting from traffic (jeep and truck) accidents, but there were a surprisingly high number of individuals who had gotten the worst of a quarrel with a land mine or had tampered with a "dud" cartridge or shell. The local Arab population seemed to have a particular knack at this sort of thing, and not many days would pass without our having the opportunity to patch one up.

The station hospitals in the Base Section were required to transfer to us all surgical cases that would require more than 30 days hospitalization. However, their surgeons would frequently attempt to perform the operative procedure before effecting the transfer. They would then rush the case to us in the post-operative state. This was a source of annoyance to our surgeons who were anxious to perform their own operations. In one instance, Sid Silverstone was called to see a case admitted to his ward because the nurse stated that the patient was stuporous and vomiting. Sid rushed over and was surprised to detect the odor of ether on the patient's breath. From a study of the records, he learned that the patient had had an excision of a pilonidal sinus several hours previously at a station hospital and was then transferred to us. Fortunately such instances were not commonplace.

From the battlefield, the bulk of the material was, of course, wounds of various sorts. But the variety of structures
that fall into this category included every organ and system
in the body, each with its special problem. Many of the patients
presented multiple wounds, each with its own peculiar problems.
Ward 5, designated as the Recovery ward, received the bulk of
the more seriously ill patients and a visit to this section
reminded one of the "chamber of horrors", or of the pacifist
"WAR IS HELL" pictures shown after the last Great War.
Leon Ginsburg and Gabe Seley were assigned to this difficult
ward.

Soft tissue wounds, present in practically all cases,
in themselves presented a variety of problems. Our immediate
reaction was one of amazement at the excellent condition in
which both the patient and the wound arrived. The percentage
of badly infected wounds was small; gas bacillus infection
was rare. We grew in our understanding of these soft part
wounds; our approach to them became dynamic rather than static.
While at first we dressed them simply and waited for the wounds
to heal in by secondary intention, soon we began to close them
secondarily. The old method of closure over granulations, which
were left alone or curetted away, gave way to a complete
excision of the wound, deep and wide of it, which left a clean
primary bed for suturing. In this way healing periods were
cut down from many weeks to the one to two weeks required for
ordinary healing by first intention. Excision also permitted
the closure of wounds which were not entirely clean and even
those containing necrotic material, since this would be cut
away in the excising process.

Many wounds, of course, presented defects too large to
be brought together. These were also treated actively and
promptly by skin grafting as soon as feasible. All became
skillful with the Padgett dermatome and the Blair knife.
Even small granulating areas would be covered on the ward as
part of the routine dressings by a small piece of skin sliced
off with a razor blade under local anaesthesia. On many wounds
a combination of closure and graft was used and more complex
methods involving sliding flaps were occasionally utilized.
Special reconstructive plastic problems also occasionally
required treatment in this theatre and in these the dental,
ear, nose and throat and surgical departments worked in close
cooperation.

Penetrating wounds of the chest and abdomen were not
common but presented highly specialized problems. At the stage
at which we received them the chest cases presented chiefly
the problems of persistent hemothorax, secondary pleural
infection, and retained pulmonary foreign body. In line with
the principles elucidated by Colonel Churchill, Consulting
Surgeon for the theatre, the results of thoracotomy, evacuation
of pleural contents, decortication of the lung, and closure of
the chest (except for closed drainage in cases of hemothorax
not resorbing after 6 weeks or upon which infection had been
superimposed) were being studied. Pulmonary foreign bodies larger than an arbitrary size were removed. The series of cases were too small to draw conclusions as to the efficacy of this more active therapeutic approach. Likewise injuries to abdominal viscera were not common enough for the elaboration of any new preferred approaches or procedures, but their variety necessitated the application of all the knowledge and ingenuity available to us. It was interesting to note the frequency with which wounds of the buttocks were associated with intra-abdominal injury. In one case, a missile entering the thigh in the lower portion entered the abdomen and injured a viscus.

A very large percentage of injuries were naturally associated with fractures of various sorts. The details of our handling of these are not the purpose of this, but certain principles can be elucidated. It was soon found that even if the x-ray showed satisfactory alignment of the fragments, it was wisest to open Orr plasters for investigation of the wound, since large wounds amenable to closure of grafting might be found, or local infection that could be evacuated. Many cases had not been treated definitively at previous installations and reached us in casts put on for the purpose of transportation - Tobruk splints or spicas for the lower extremities, plaster Velpeaus for the upper, molded splints for the fingers. Closed reduction by manipulation with the application of an appropriate plaster cast or skin or skeletal traction were employed. In instances where these were insufficient to achieve proper reduction, open reduction was resorted to promptly. Using an approach which avoided the wound, extensive manipulation and even plating was found to be safe and effective; a radical departure made possible by the marvellous efficacy of the sulfonamides. Osteomyelitis was not a common complication. Fresh compound fractures, and for that matter, fresh wounds were not closed primarily after debridement.

And through it all as we worked, one significant fact was evident. These youngsters, who had made such an actual sacrifice, were neither embittered nor frightened for the future. Their courage and good cheer shone like a light, so that we, though often tired and overworked, thought not of these, but only of how we could add to what we had of skill and knowledge some portion of the warmth and understanding that was their due.
The Dental Clinic was busy from the very start since laboratory facilities for dentures to replace missing teeth were made available to a great many patients who combined their dental and medical care during their stay in the hospital. The caliber of the dental work being done received its best testimonials from the grateful patients who passed the word about amongst their ward-mates. Soon thereafter, the ward officers would receive numerous additional requests from their patients to allow them to seek dental care while they were at the hospital.

During our formative period, our Quartermaster section was kept very busy in their efforts to obtain lumber, telephone wires, etc. for repairing and adding to the architectural skeleton of the hospital. The salvage dump was a rich storehouse for all odds and ends, ranging from electric motors to piping for G.I. plumbing installations. Medical supplies were for the most part ample, except for those items already mentioned and those that had deteriorated in shipment.

Separate mess facilities were established for the patients, the detachment and for personnel on an officers' status. During the Sicilian campaign, ambulatory patients were fed in one of the permanent buildings near the kitchens. The bed patients were fed on the wards from portable insulated food containers that were delivered at meal times. The detachment had their own chow line, and ward tents containing mess tables were set up in the kitchen area to afford a dining place shaded from the sun. The Officers' mess occupied one of the permanent buildings along the lower road, and a good cleaning, a coat of paint and curtains converted the mess into a pleasant dining room. Italian prisoners were made available for waiters and rendered excellent service. We learned the key Italian words for securing a meal, and gradually the Italians learned to understand some of our English and sign language. The food at all the mess installations during this period was monotonous in its scope, unappetizing, and quite unsatisfactory. Fresh meat and fresh vegetable were rarely issued. Dehydrated foods were somehow devoid of their original tastes. We were served a rotation of corned beef, Vienna sausages, Chili con Carne, and C rations. There were no fresh eggs and it was difficult to prepare egg powder in palatable form. The butter issued was of the preserved type that tasted like wax. Even beverages, which were most important on those hot sultry days, were unsatisfactory - synthetic lemonade (citric acid reinforced with vitamin C) was most frequently served. Small wonder therefore that most of us shed several pounds during these months and that urgent requests for food were dispatched to our relative and friends back home. The arrival of a package was reason for a celebration as we gathered in each others' tents and tasted of the delicacies from the States. Gabe Seley must have had a shopping service working for him, for he soon had a larger commissariat than our mess.
During the Sicilian campaign additional medical officers and nurses were attached to our organization to enable us to operate a 2000 bed hospital. A neurosurgical team from the 2nd Auxilliary Surgical Group was attached to us and was composed of Major Milton Tinsley, Captain Saffier and Lt. (later Captain) Osher. Milt Tinsley had worked at the Michael Reese hospital in Chicago and was acquainted with many of the medical officers in our outfit. He was placed in charge of a neurosurgical ward, where he received many patients with traumatic injuries of the central and peripheral nervous systems. Captain Saffier was forced to leave us because of illness and he was replaced by Captain Herbert Moore. Capt. Osher was the anaesthetist for the team, and incidently played an excellent game of bridge. Lieutenant David Gersten, who had worked at the Psychiatric clinic at Mount Sinai, was assigned to us to help Ed Weinstein with his heavy burden of patients. Twenty-one nurses from the 3rd Auxilliary Surgical Group were attached and aided tremedously to relieve the acute nursing shortage that existed prior to their arrival.

Several changes in assignment were necessitated by the increasing number of patients that we were called upon to treat. Harold Abel, who was primarily assigned to the laboratory, was transferred to the medical service. Sid Silverstone again demonstrated his extreme versatility with the surgical service. Sid was sure that he was being trained as a one-man hospital team - physician, surgeon, radiologist, roentgen therapist, physicist, mathematician and O'Grady specialist.

On the 24th of July, during one of our busiest periods, Leon Ginsburg was placed on detached service with the EBS Reclassification Board. Rumors were soon generated to the effect that Leon was being transferred out of our organization. Like most rumors, it was unfounded and, on the 23rd of September, Leon was returned to us. During the intervening period, he did a great deal of commuting back and forth from Bizerte as he maintained his bachelor quarters down at "The Gold Coast".

We had our misfortunes too. We learned that Mildred Allen, who had been transferred to the hospital during our trip from Casablanca, had died at that hospital. Martha Thurmond, another of our nurses, was killed in a jeep accident just outside our main gate, as the vehicle in which she was riding was overturned in a ditch in an effort to avoid hitting an Arab cart which loomed ahead in the dark. Misses Hesse and Heaney were injured in the same accident, but fortunately their injuries were minor. Arlene Reuter sustained a fractured humerus in another jeep accident and was evacuated to the States for convalescence. Mildred Feldman and Miss Sidders were also evacuated to the Zone of Interior because of illness.
It would not have been possible to operate our expanded hospital as efficiently as we did, were it not for the 200 Italian prisoners of war assigned to us. These men had been captured during the North African campaign or during the early phase of the Sicilian campaign, and they seemed happy, almost grateful, to be American prisoners. They exhibited a harsh hatred for the Germans, "Tedeschii", concerning whom they told many tales of abuse and maltreatment. They felt that they had been betrayed by Mussolini in his alliance with Hitler. Many of the Italians availed themselves of the earliest opportunity to surrender to the Americans. The prisoners from Sicily came to us in tattered incomplete uniforms and worn shoes, and with other evidences of crumbling supplies. Their faces were anxious, lean and hungry and they devoured their first meal of C rations voraciously with expressions of gratitude. This in itself was an amazing sight - the spectacle of soldiers eating C rations and liking it.

The Italians were given duties in many departments of the hospital. With our own trained professional service men spread thinly through the expanded hospital, each ward received a P.O.W. to help perform some of the unskilled work. In many instances, the Italians had been trained medical aidmen in their own army and were capable of performing a great amount of useful service. Other of the prisoners were assigned to the various messes, to the Quartermaster section, to the barber shop, and to the numerous outside police details necessary for the maintenance and improvement of the hospital area. In all their assignments they proved to be energetic, almost tireless workers, well disciplined and cheerful. They seemed anxious to impress us with the amount of work that they could perform and frequently they would run about on their errands in spite of the hot sun that slowed the rest of us down to a snail's pace. Another striking characteristic of the Italian prisoner was his love of song and his talent for singing in harmony. This added a gaiety to the performance of their duties, whether they were digging ditches, washing huge piles of dishes, or peeling potatoes. In the evening, when they returned to their area fenced in with barbed wire, their singing could be heard again - now sounding nostalgic with the longing for a return to the pleasurable scenes of former years.

As prisoners, they provided no disciplinary problems. They respected the American officer and soldier and performed their duties willingly. They seemed so well satisfied with their state of captivity that there was no desire for escape. Many confessed that their ambitions for the future were a trip back home to see their families and then migration to the United States, the country they had always held in admiration.
To lend an international touch to our hospital, we employed additional French and Arab personnel. French messenger boys rode about on bicycles to deliver mail and bulletins to the wide-flung hospital buildings. A few French nurses' aides helped about the Officers' wards and nurses quarters. Groups of Arab laborers were employed about the grounds for police details and for the constant supervision that the sewage sedimentation tanks required. The Arabs were a difficult problem for the men assigned to the supervision of the detail. They were essentially lazy and worked at their own pace. If they were exhorted toward greater efforts, they merely shrugged their shoulders with feigned non-comprehension. The inability to cope with the differences in language would soon exhaust the patience of the soldier. Any of the Arabs, who might have been interested in learning the English language from his G.I. foreman, would sooner or later wonder whether all the words in this foreign tongue were four or five letters and spoken in an irate voice.

Our recreational facilities, during the early weeks of the Sicilian campaign, were extremely limited and many of us did not leave the hospital grounds during the entire period. We were principally dependent upon the entertainment facilities provided for the detachment and the patients by Special Services and Red Cross.

Open air movies were shown on the hill behind the medical service and, although the movies shown were of ancient vintage, they served as one of the few sources for diversion. Protected by our mosquito repellants, woolen socks drawn over the cuff of the trousers or slacks, and long-sleeved field jackets, we sat on the rocky hillside watching the small flickering images projected upon the improvised screen and listening to the tinny, raucous sound of the dialogue and music. Occasionally both faded away as the electric current fluctuated or the projector suffered a breakdown. It required a great deal of persistence to be able to see a complete movie. We never did find out what happened to Anthony Adverse. About 15 minutes before the scheduled start of each performance, our prisoners would march down in Italian cadence, come to a halt on top of the hill and sit in the "balcony". They enjoyed the movies very much since they had not seen the films previously. We wondered whether the Axis would treat us as well, if we were their prisoners.

Irv Somach also arranged for a number of "In Person" shows that were organized by USO or Special Services. The best of these was the Bob Hope show on the 17th of August.
This performance was held in the fig grove at the Expansion unit and was well attended by our personnel and patients, as well as by visitors from nearby outfits. Semi-ambulant patients with crutches or in plaster casts were piled on to all our available transportation and were taken down to see this show. They were treated to a riotously humorous performance with Bob Hope and Jack Pepper maintaining an almost constant stream of gags and laughter, and Frances Langford bringing forth the familiar whistles, oohs and ahs. All the performers visited the orthopedic wards after the show to entertain the non-transportable patients with impromptu songs and gags. They were greeted with, "Did you fellows just see my show? - or were you sick before that?". The 17th was the night of one of the most severe German air raids on Bizerte. The performers were delayed on our wards for a sufficiently long time so that they just missed the raid on their subsequent trip to Bizerte. At any rate, Bob Hope cheered us with the news that back in the States the civilians were deprived of the privilege of eating dehydrated foods, and were even forced to eat the old-fashioned type of eggs, "out of shells, you know".

One of our permanent buildings was converted into an Officers' Club that was opened on the 31st of July. In order to furnish the club, a collection of assorted tables, sofas and chairs was made throughout the hospital. Apparently, our German predecessors had taken what they wanted from the various civilian homes in the region and they left all of this behind in their sudden withdrawal. We were fortunate to find several expert upholsterers and cabinet makers amongst our Italian prisoners, and they were set to work to renovate these articles of furniture. The feminine touch was supplied by some of our nurses, who made draperies for the windows. A large green fiber rug was acquired from our British cousins, who willingly traded it for a bottle of scotch. Another relic of the German days was a bar that we installed in one corner of the club - to make it truly American, a foot rail was improvised from a tent pole. The bar was stocked with French wines obtained from Tunis: vin rouge, vin blanc, muscat and cognac. Apparently to taunt the thirsts of those who ventured toward the bar, a bill of fare was hung on the wall with a list of drinks and cocktails that were unobtainable, such as scotch and soda, side cars, and Zombies.

A large dance opened the club on the 31st of July, our first 3rd General dance since we left Camp Rucker. Now, however, it was an all uniform affair. The gay colored evening gowns of the officers' wives and nurses were conspicuously absent. Vin rouge was a poor substitute for scotch, rum and coca cola. Nevertheless, the dance was successful in providing a gay evening and a diversion from the burdens of the duties of the preceding weeks.
On two Saturday evenings in August, steak roasts were held at the club with Sam Karelitlz officiating as chef at an outdoor grill. With a high white chef's hat and white apron, Sam looked like quite "the real McCoy". The steak was obtained from two cows that were purchased at the cattle market in Mateur in order to bolster the meager and uninteresting rations that were being issued. A dance followed each roast and again lived up to the traditions of the 3rd General parties.

The Officers' club was controlled by a Board of Governors composed of Cols. Donnelly, Lande, Klingenstein, Karelitlz and Glucksman, and Captains Polkinghorn, Cohen and Chamberlain. Chick Cohen was assigned the duties of Treasurer. He had the unpleasant task of collecting our two dollars each month in exchange for which we were given a card containing two dollars worth of chits.

One enlisted man, "Bonjy" Bonjonne, was assigned to the duties at the club, that included the care of the telephone and the bar, and the inside and outside police. Two Italian P.O.W.s, both named Giuseppe, were designated to assist him and they served the additional function of helping many of the fore-sighted officers in their studies of Italian.

The Officers' Club was more than a place for recreation—it was a refuge. On many a hot afternoon and evening, it provided the nurses and officers with a place where they could rest their weary bones in a soft easy chair during their hours off. In the evening, it was the favored place for the writing of letters, reading, or a game of cards. Of course, "THE BRIDGE GAME" still continued. Now there were three teams and they assumed their seats at tables arranged in order of their standing; the "first" team held down the first table in the favored location. A Red Cross B kit was obtained for the club and contained a radio-phonograph combination with short wave reception. The news-hungry members of our unit gathered around the radio to receive the latest news of the world over the B.B.C. or over Radio France, which relayed programs from the United States. The radio had its drawbacks too, for we were exposed at times to the temperamental tuning of Moe Swick, or to others amongst us who had a passion for incomprehensible foreign language propaganda broadcasts.

A ward tent was pitched near the nurses' area to serve as a recreation and reception room. During the daylight hours it was too hot, windy, and dusty to be of any value, but in the evening its popularity soared. It seemed that no sooner did we arrive at any area than the word spread about rapidly, and immediately thereafter our girls had numerous callers. The Air Corps officers were most numerous among the latter. During the day, they buzzed
the nurses' area tree-top levels to greet their girl friends and scare the daylights out of the rest of us. In the evening they came a-calling to reap the harvest of admiration. Somehow the recreation tent merely served as the center for activity, for the men preferred to stretch their weary forms upon the cool ground after their arduous missions of the day and watch the moon and stars. There was no relaxation for our girls however for they were urged in a note on their bulletin board to maintain at least a 45 degree angle with the ground.

It was not until the Sicilian campaign was brought to a close that many of us were able to leave the hospital grounds and seek recreation in the nearby towns. A series of trips were arranged on Sundays to enable us to visit some of the sights of the surrounding territory, but this will be considered in a later portion of the history. Some of us took advantage of our afternoons off to visit the beach near Bizerte, but by and large our activities during our first six weeks were confined to the environs of the hospital.

The Sicilian campaign ended on August 17th - over 5000 patients exclusive of air evacuation cases had been admitted within a period of five weeks. Approximately 80 percent of these cases were evacuated from Sicily and 60 percent of these were battle casualties. During the remainder of August, we still received our patients at a rapid rate as the Sicilian hospitals continued to evacuate their cases to North Africa. At no time were there General Hospital facilities available in Sicily. This phase of our existence can be considered to have drawn to a close with the termination of our first year of active service on the first of September. For a unit which had spent ten months at just preparing for action, we spent the last two months at vindicating our existence.

Our first anniversary party was a gay occasion as we mentally reviewed the rapid changes of the past year and toasted the uncertainties of the future. The walls of the club were gaily bedecked with brightly colored bunting and at regular intervals covering the sides of the room posters depicted the outstanding features of the past twelve months. Tunisian wine flowed like water under the bridge until the dams of restraint weakened and cracked as everyone relaxed. We danced to the rhythmical strains of a G.I. band imported from Bizerte for the occasion. The club echoed to the strains of the songs that we had learned in our year in the army, and loud was the laughter as we reminisced over our experiences, both pleasant and at the time unpleasant. To most of us the year was one of the shortest we had experienced, crammed with innovations at rapid-fire intervals.....Rucker.....Shanks.....The Louis Pasteur.....Casablanca.....the trek across North Africa.....Mateur.....the Sicilian Campaign.
ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

On the third of September, the British 8th Army crossed the Straits of Messina to invade the toe of Italy at Reggio de Calabria. That the American Armies would soon take a greater part in the invasion of Italy was apparent to those of us who visited Bizerte during the ensuing days. The harbor was crowded with ships and the docking facilities were operating at a feverish rate with the loading of men and materials. On the eighth of September, while we were sitting about in the Officers' Club at about 6 P.M., the announcement was broadcast over the radio that the west coast of Italy had been invaded at Salerno and that the Italian army had surrendered. General Eisenhower's statement to the people of Italy was read over the radio repeatedly and the news was soon echoed all about the hospital. Of course, there was great rejoicing on all our parts at this spectacular development, but none as spontaneous and as vociferous as that of our Italian prisoners. They burst forth into loud cheers and danced about wildly. They shook hands exuberantly with all the American soldiers about and attempted to convey the message that now they too were fighting against the German, whom they had always regarded as their enemy. We were now co-belligerents. They rejoiced at the downfall of Mussolini and pantomimed their reaction to Il Duce by drawing their hands across their necks in throat-cutting fashion. At last they saw the hope of freeing their country from the miseries of its last several years under the yoke of the dictators.

As the Italian campaign progressed, there was a gradual change in the function of our hospital and in the type of patients that were admitted to us. During the end of August and in September four additional General Hospitals moved into the Bizerte-Mateur area and they began to function during September and October. The 24th General Hospital from Tulane University was set up in buildings and tents at the site vacated by the 56th Evacuation Hospital in Bizerte. The other three hospitals were established in tents and pre-fabricated buildings. The 64th General (Louisiana State) was located near Ferryville and the 37th General (Kings County) a few miles outside of Mateur on the side of a hill visible from our hospital. The 33rd General (Albany) was established about five miles outside of Bizerte near the Sidi Ahmed Air Field, and was designated as the triage center for the reception of casualties by air evacuation. With the onset of the rainy season in October, the airfield opposite our hospital was converted into a quagmire of mud and was abandoned by the transport service and later by the fighter group stationed there.

The increase in the bed capacity of the Base Section brought about a change in the policy for evacuation and we held most of our patients until definitive disposition could be made. The holding of disposition boards became one of our major occupations since at least one-third of all our patients required board procedures before they were discharged. All the medical officers spent a large portion of their time either in the preparation of these procedures or at the meetings of the Boards. The Surgical Board was usually composed of Percy Klingenstein, Leon Ginzburg, and the
ward officer concerned. Herm Lande and Sam Karellitz were the ranking members of the Medical Board. We all had our trials and tribulations in the attempt to classify these cases correctly for there were constantly changing standards from higher echelons to serve as a guide. Frequently there was no standard established for large groups of diseases so that we were forced to set our own criteria. We were rather rigid at disposition of patients to the Zone of Interior and as the Italian campaign progressed every attempt was made to preserve manpower in this theater. It seemed that only a limited manpower was to be committed to this front **X** and that every attempt was to be made to hold as many troops as possible.

Professional Services:

Our admissions during this period were fairly equally distributed between the medical and surgical services. The cases on the surgical service required fewer emergency procedures and were principally cases evacuated from Italy for definitive disposition and treatment. As General Hospitals became set up in Italy to function in the same manner as we had during the Sicilian campaign, the amount of important operative surgery decreased. Complicated cases and patients requiring long-term treatment or Zone of Interior evacuation made up the greatest percent **X** of these cases. Skin grafts and wound closures composed the major portion of the operative schedule.

The Orthopedic section continued to be the most active of the specialties. Very shortly after the hospital began to function, it became obvious that no one section could handle all the extremity surgery, or even properly manage all the fractures that were being admitted, since a large majority of the surgical cases were of this type. Hence, the Orthopedic section was organized to function as follows: (1) as a section, it received the more severe fracture cases, especially those requiring operative or mechanical (traction) care. (2) The plaster and traction teams, composed of enlisted personnel who had been trained for several months at Rucker, were placed at the service of all the surgical sections. Since a great many surgical cases require plaster or other orthopedic devices, these teams worked in many of the wards of the hospital. (3) Orthopedic equipment was drawn in bulk for the plaster and equipment room and issued on call without requisition or other encumbrance whenever needed. (4) Ed Bick, while running his own orthopedic section, was constantly available for consultation or active assistance in any part of the hospital. The surgical ward officers each served a two-months rotating assignment on the orthopedic wards and most of the men received an intensive experience in the technical aspects of fracture therapy. All became quite expert with plaster and traction mechanics and learned a great deal about open reductions and bone plating. As the months passed, fractures were more equitably distributed through the hospital. Joint surgery for the most part and fractures of the lower extremity remained on orthopedic wards where the nurses (Muriel
Berry, Isabelle Cedar, Trudy Cohen and Billis Marshall in charge) and enlisted ward personnel were specially trained in caring for these cases.

With the extensive orthopedic matériel at hand, there were excellent opportunities for study. Three main subjects of investigation were pursued by the section under the direction of Ed Bick: observations on all aspects of the use of low-electric potential metals in fracture surgery; improvements in approaches, techniques and indications in joint surgery; and the use of penicillin in infected compound fractures and compound joint injuries. Reports on these studies have been and will continue to be submitted. In addition, Jules Weissberg has begun a series of studies on vibratory auscultation as a test for bone contact and union in fractures. Auscultory percussion has been previously employed at Mount Sinai, but Jules refined this technique with the use of a tuning fork as the source of vibration. A preliminary report on this work was presented at the Allied Medical Conference in Algiers and received a great deal of favorable comment. The Surgeon General of the French Army invited Jules out to the Fracture center at Blida to demonstrate this technique.

Gerson Lesnick and Ed Bick also started a study on multiple fractures of the tarsus, information on which is conspicuously absent in the fracture literature and for which we had a very large material.

Much has been learned both by the officers of the orthopedic section and the surgical service at large during the period spent at Mateur. Many preformed ideas, the result of preliminary reading of books and papers on "War Surgery" were modified after actual experience with these severe battle casualties. Even in the larger field of the theater, rules for treatment were modified as the campaign progressed. It may be here pointed out that during the period July 1943 and May 1944, the Mediterranean theater offered the most concentrated battle casualty matériel available to the Medical Corps in the army. It was actually one of the earliest opportunities for testing and checking many methods both professional and administrative. It may be said that much of our experience played its part in the continually improving techniques for the treatment of battle casualties.
On the Medical Service the incidence of malaria decreased rather sharply during September and October, although recurrent cases continued to be admitted at all times and constituted a problem in treatment. During the months of September and October, we saw an outbreak of catarrhal jaundice of undetermined origin but apparently similar to that seen in other theaters during the same period. Approximately two hundred cases were treated on our wards. Neuropsychiatric cases continued to be a major problem during the early phases of the campaign but decreased in number during the ensuing months with the change in the evacuation policies. The chief aim in the treatment of neuropsychiatric casualties was the prevention of unnecessary evacuation to the rear echelons. N.P. clearing stations were established as close to the front lines as possible in an attempt to render emergency psychiatric care and return the men to duty. The cases with poor prognosis were evacuated principally to N.P. hospitals, such as the 114th Station Hospital in the Eastern Base Section. The available psychiatrists in the theater received a period of rotation to the forward clearing stations and Ed Weinstein left for this tour of detached service at the end of April.

During the months of November, December and January we received a constant flow of admissions for trench foot from the Italian front. These cases presented many interesting problems in pathogenesis, clinical manifestations and management. Trench foot was a condition that few of us had seen before, and surprisingly enough, although there were large numbers of similar casualties during the first World War, no definite plan of treatment nor concepts of pathogenesis had been definitely established. Several conferences were held in an attempt to exchange opinions and experiences. On many occasions this was the subject of discussion at the meetings of the Bizerte County Medical Society.

A complete description of trench foot is beyond the scope of this history, but several salient features are recorded inasmuch as a considerable number of cases were treated by the medical and surgical services. This condition, closely related to immersion foot, resulted from prolonged exposure to cold and damp, usually associated with dependency and immobility of the lower extremities. Unlike frost bite, freezing temperatures was not found to be an important etiological factor nor was there direct destruction of tissue by thermal factors. Rather the condition was essentially a peripheral vascular disease with severe disturbance of the vasomotor control of the autonomic nervous system.
Most of the patients with trench foot were from infantry divisions fighting in mountain positions in Italy about Mignano and in the Cassino sector. The conditions under which these soldiers fought were such that they were forced to maintain fixed positions for long periods of time in fox holes or in trenches. Many of the men had been in the front lines without relief for periods varying from twenty to forty-five days. There was a great deal of rain during these months that converted the ground to mud and their fox holes became stagnant pools in which they lived, slept, ate and performed the necessary ablutions. Their rations, when available, consisted principally of cold C rations. They were unable to bathe, change their clothes or remove their shoes and stockings for long periods of time. In addition the available uniform offered little protection from the elements that they encountered. Their clothes were not sufficient to keep them warm. The leggings caused constriction of the legs when worn for several days and were inadequate inasmuch as water could seep over the tops of the G.I. shoes. The high combat shoe was devised to overcome these deficiencies but only a very limited supply was available until later in the winter. The stories told by returning soldiers inspired a great deal of respect for the infantryman.

The soldiers became aware of this condition when they noted pain in their feet. Upon removing their shoes their feet were cold and white as a result of constriction of the peripheral blood vessels. However, immediately after the part was exposed to warmth, an intense inflammatory hyperemia occurred with resultant swelling of the tissues and edema. This was the stage in which we received most of our patients and it can best be described as a "hot foot." The more severe cases progressed to the stage of tissue destruction with ecchymoses, blebs, sensory changes and even gangrene.

Treatment of these soldiers was far from satisfactory. Strict asepsis was maintained for the avoidance of secondary infection. During the hot painful phase the legs were elevated and protected from contact with bedclothes by means of a cradle. Cooling of the feet by means of an electric fan or ice bag afforded relief from the sense of burning pain that characterized their complaints. After recovery from the acute phase of the disease, another difficult phase in treatment was reached: the problem of getting these boys back on their feet and encouraging them to exercise. Those patients who were most anxious for recovery and return to duty made the greatest efforts to exercise to the limits of their endurance and consequently made the most rapid progress. A great many of these cases, however, retained their symptoms of pain and swelling of the feet until the warmer weather of the Spring exerted its beneficial effect. Many of these cases were treated in the convalescent training camp that was established in the tent expansion section during in December.
Another interesting experience was afforded us in November and December when we treated a minor outbreak of Diphtheria. Previously a larger epidemic of this disease was seen in Palermo, Sicily and several of these patients were evacuated to our hospital. Apparently the carrier rate had risen among the soldier population and a series of cases developed amongst patients who were evacuated through Sicily and then amongst personnel of our hospital. A number of contact carriers were also discovered, so that during one period all the beds on the contagion service were occupied with diphtheria patients, suspects and carriers. Interesting observations on immunity, prevention, and other aspects by Sam Karellitz and Ralph Moloshok. Later, studies were initiated on the effect of penicillin on diphtheria infection and the treatment of the carrier state by Sam Karellitz, Ralph Moloshok and Lou Wasserman.

The important role played by our enlisted men in the smooth operation of the professional and administrative services deserves repeated mention in this history. They are the foundation of the Army and certainly of our type of unit where so many different types of specialized skills are represented. When one considers that these soldiers represent the average civilian with no previous hospital experience, it is quite remarkable to note the manner with which they have acquired the techniques and skills. Whereas we were assigned a group of men designated by induction centers for the Medical Department, we now have a unit with trained specialists of many types - hematologists, bacteriologists, male nurses, wardmasters, cooks, clerks, x-ray technicians, dental assistants and mechanics, orthopedic assistants, electricians, etc. The history of any of our departments would be incomplete without this praise which they so richly deserve.

The manner by which this was accomplished can be illustrated by the information that we received in an interview with Lou Zaretsky on the history of the x-ray department. To go "way back" to Camp Rucker, when we received our allotment of enlisted men, we learned that nearly all were to be new inductees or "basic" men. Only a few previously trained technicians were to be supplied and we would have to train the remainder of the men with the aid of our small cadre. Arrangements were made to utilize the X-ray Department at the Station Hospital. Lt. Maddox, in charge of the department, was overworked and so a trade was effected - the use of the department in exchange for the professional services of our three x-ray specialists - Lou Zaretsky, Jack Levy and Sid Silverstone.

The next step was the selection of men to serve as technicians and this turned out to be a mad scramble by all the section chiefs for those who could read or write or do both. One trained technician was supplied. Schweber, a small dumpy man, formerly
a pharmacist, had had a three month course in radiological technique at the Lawson General Hospital. He canvassed his friends for candidates and introduced fifteen of whom nine volunteers were selected for the forthcoming ordeal. The professional staff drew up a schedule for instruction, being guided roughly by Army technical manuals. The men elected to begin the study were Apfelbaum, a recent law school graduate, Radovsky, thirtyish and business, Yeager, Novak and Miller, steel mill workers, Erwin, bookkeeping, and Senker and McGrath, formerly employed by General Motors. Later, Canfield, formerly a pianist with Paul Whiteman (but a long time ago) was assigned to the department.

The training program was initiated by teaching the group the anatomy and physics incidental to radiological technique. The men proved to be versatile and when given a problem such as trouble shooting, or repair of complicated equipment, they could do a man do as well as long time professionals. After the basic course was completed, the group took over many of the duties of the Station Hospital, which pleased Lt. MacRae and his staff no end, for it afforded them the opportunity to go fishing and swimming during the hot weather. Our boys really were having a time. Yeager constructed a polygraph and they played with sinuses, limbs, chests, etc. for the balance of the 8 months at camp.

These months of training were finally put to use when we began our professional career at Mateur - but first there was much to be done and many difficulties to overcome. Our own men built the department with the aid of a couple of hammers, nails, saws and dunnage that they promoted. The long struggle to acquire sufficient supplies to take x-rays has already been considered in a previous section but certain aspects are worthy of mention. Important parts of almost every unit of equipment were missing so that not one complete x-ray unit could be placed in operation. Finally we managed to wheedle a Picker mobile unit from the 114th Station Hospital on a memo of receipt. However, we had no processing equipment. It was suggested that C.I. cans be used for solutions. Unfortunately it was July with the average temperature during the day in the vicinity of 100 and twenty degrees hotter in the dark room. You could boil eggs in the solutions - that is, if you could find the eggs. Certainly, there wasn't any ice around. Nothing was left to do but search the surrounding countryside for supplies.

The invasion of the Medical Supply Depot proved to be very fruitful even though not in accordance with all the A.R.s. Striding in and using their most demanding tone of voice, Lou Zaretsky, Jack Levy, and Sid Silverstone asked for various items such as radiological tables, refrigerating units, cassettes, etc. They received the usual reply, "We ain't got none". The supply catalogue was dug up and pointing to item # 61568 -
table, radiographic. They then inquired whether one of these were available in stock.

"Oh, dem! Yeah, we got eight of dem. What are they for? Mess?"

"Yeah, mess," was the cautious reply. "Give us three of them."

In similar fashion sufficient supplies for our needs were secured and loaded on trucks. Among the booty was 500 square feet of sheet lead, 1/8 minch in thickness. This was lead "ferl" to supply and its usefulness was beyond their comprehension. Nobody ever put in a call for "ferl", only for sheet lead and they didn't stock the latter.

Under the direction of the officers in charge, and with Yeager, a youngster of 21 who could do most anything, responsible for the execution of plans, the men quickly installed our equipment. Picker's maintenance crews could not do as well. The department started auspiciously and soon found itself in the midst of the Sicilian campaign. With this beginning, the x-ray staff completed well over 9,000 examinations during our stay at Mateur. Largely they comprised examinations for bone injuries, chests and gastrointestinal studies. Less frequently, x-rays were taken for head and maxillo-facial injuries, abdominal flat plates, x-rays for liver abscess, venograms and arteriograms for suspected arteriovenous aneurisms. For all these, the equipment and the improvisations devised sufficed. The x-ray department personnel were a closely integrated unit. Each of the men had a prime skill differing from one another and mutually complementary. The manual skill of Yeager, aided by Erwin and Novak, was remarkable. McGrath could tell the calibre, manufacture and material of a bullet from the roentgenogram. Apflebaum was in charge of records and supplies. Radovsky lent a sobering influence and was the best technician of the group, though pressed closely for the honors by others. Senker, a Sgt. York type, was our Joe of the darkroom.

The only difficulty that rose with x-ray equipment was the excessive weight of the portable units - each weighed 800 pounds. A considerable correspondence developed between the x-ray department and Arthur Bendick of our department at Mount Sinai. The homefolks managed to secure a portable x-ray and shipped it in November 1943 but to this date it has not arrived. Incidentally Arthur Bendick may be said to have practically constituted another member of our group through his advice, his many acts of kindness, gifts, etc. Even the men, who had never met Arthur, felt a warm bond of respect and gratitude towards him.

During the course of our stay in Mateur, the x-ray department lost the services of Jack Levy when he was transferred out of our organization. Sid Silverstone spent a portion of his day in the department and the remainder as a ward officer on the surgical service. However, the pressure of work diminished during the later months and the department was able to carry on efficiently and to maintain its place with the remainder of
of our professional services.

Our Dental Department was an important section of our hospital and made available excellent dental care not only to our own patients but to several organization stationed in the Base Section. It might seem inappropriate to boast of our own prowess but, as historians, we should state that our dentists' reputations travelled far and wide and brought them a great number of recommended patients. Our dentists in turn had the greatest number of contacts with outside organizations and they were able to promote almost any type of service or equipment from Singer sewing machines to cart wheel-sized chocolate layer cakes.

We are indebted to Dennis Glucksman for a report that he wrote for this history towards the end of our stay at Mateur. The figures given in this report will afford some notion of the volume of the work performed. Chick Cohen, Marvin Fried, Milt Schwartz and Lee Kulick constituted the staff of officers in the department. A well-integrated and well trained group of enlisted men worked with them and spent many hours completing the necessary laboratory and prosthetic procedures after their assigned duty hours. Colonel Glucksman's report follows:

The Dental Department of the hospital became a completely functioning unit on July 17th, 1943; that is, about seven days after the arrival of the officers and enlisted men at the hospital site. The department received its first patient on this day, an Air Corps medical officer, for whom we repaired a denture and later constructed new dentures. Special mention of this officer is made since he demonstrated his appreciation of our efforts in concrete form. When his organization left the area, he presented us with an excellent instrument cabinet (a non-G.I. product) that we have used with great satisfaction since. During the seven days prior to beginning the dental service, it was necessary to alter the arrangement of the space provided, to install plumbing and electricity, and to construct benches, tables and desks. Since all branches of the hospital were equally busy and all making simultaneous demands on the utilities service, it was decided that each department construct, so far as its capabilities permitted, its own carpentry and any other type of work possible. In the Dental Department, we were well endowed with talented enlisted men - men who are natural carpenters and painters - and in two days an excellent laboratory was constructed, a laboratory that has stood the test of eight months of hard work. The long laboratory benches were made of scrap lumber and were made large enough to accommodate seven technicians. The plaster bench was covered with a slab or salvaged marble and its large drawer was lined with aluminum removed from wrecked airplanes that had fallen in our vicinity.
Some of this same aluminum was fashioned into soap dishes which were attached to the sinks provided in each operating room. Copying from similar devices seen in civilian laboratories, a compartment for plaster, for artificial stone andshelves for plaster bowls, etc. were mounted atop this bench.

All our repairs, painting, plumbing were consummated within the week. We had four completely equipped operating rooms besides one room for dental prophylaxis and for the dental clerk's desk. One room was set aside for operative dentistry, one for prosthetic dentistry, one for oral surgery and x-ray, and the last room for consultation, examination and treatment by the Chief of Service.

Immediately upon our opening of the hospital, patients started to pour in, for at that time and until the termination of the Sicilian campaign, we were the only general hospital in the Tunis - Bizerte - Mateur area and the nearest General Hospital to the actual scene of hostilities. This was soon evident, for during this campaign period of less than two months, we reduced twenty-six fractures of the maxilla, zygoma, and mandible and carried on further treatment of numerous fractures initially treated and reduced at installations in forward echelons.

The need for dental services was great - dental services of all types. Many men had left the United States with carious teeth, many had developed new caries, others had insufficient teeth to properly masticate Army rations. In addition, a number of men had lost their dentures in the excitement attending battle conditions. During the period beginning July 17th, 1943 and ending March 1st, 1944, the prosthetic department was consistently the busiest of all the dental services. A summary of the types of restorations inserted follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Full dentures</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Partial dentures</td>
<td>568</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Repairs</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

During this period, we replaced 5,546 teeth as against 1,601 teeth extracted. Our tendency has steadily been toward the conservation of teeth rather than their ruthless extraction to save time.

We have also had an exceptionally busy operative dentistry service. During this same period there were inserted:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Simple Amalgam (one surface)</td>
<td>3,721</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compound Amalgam (2 or more surfaces)</td>
<td>1,387</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>5,108</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
All Amalgam Restorations 2,031
Amalgam and Oxyphosphate 3,045
Silicate fillings 1,261

During this July to March period, a total of 3,549 patients were admitted to the Dental service for treatment, of these, 2,635 were routine admissions and 914 emergency admissions. The performance of our services required 13,953 sittings. Due to many circumstances beyond our control and incident to hospitalization, transfer of patients to other installations, all the admitted patients could not be completely treated. However, all emergency treatment was carried out in every case, and in 2,560 cases of the 3,549 total admitted, every dental defect was corrected including extractions, fillings, restoration of missing teeth, and dental prophylaxis and calculus removal. A sidelight of importance is that during this period a total of 1,949 calculus removals and prophylaxes were performed.

The surgery service was of course most active during the early months (July, August and September) when the bulk of the Sicilian casualties was hospitalized at this institution. Since then however all types of surgery have been performed, including impactions (average ten monthly), routine extractions, cystectomies of all types, apicoectomies, osteotomies, etc.

At this point, it may be mentioned that the dental officers function on a rotating basis of service. Each officer is assigned for a period of one month in each of the services, thereby providing a completely rounded out staff with any man in a position to do any dental service that he may be called upon to perform. In fact, to add to this fulness of service, each dental officer has undertaken the treatment of one or two malocclusions.

The department has also cooperated with other branches of medical and surgical services. With the surgeons and for their use, moulages have been constructed reproducing accurately the surgical conditions encountered. Moulages of noses have been constructed for the E.E.N.T. surgeon. Possibly the most ingenious has been in cooperation with the Eye service in the construction of acrylic implants and acrylic shells to replace enucleated eyes.

Late in December, the dental surgeon of Eastern Base Section called upon our service to give a clinical demon- stration of the type and variety of work that we were doing. He informed us that all dentists in the section would attend our meeting. The session was held on the 8th of January and about
fifty to sixty dentists from the various hospitals were present, including the Eastern Base Section Dental Surgeon, Major Steele, Colonel Rudolph, and the chiefs of service and staffs of all hospitals in the area. A rounded program was presented consisting of routine operative dentistry procedure, full denture construction, construction of moulages, apicoectomies, and alveolectomies.

In early February, we were visited by General Mills, Dental Surgeon of the U.S. Army.

We are again indebted to Lt. Leila Holley for her account of the activities of the physiotherapy department:

"The physiotherapy department was little more than an idle dream until about 10 o'clock on a hot July morning shortly after the advance party arrived in the bivouac area. At that time Colonel Donnelly called the chiefs of services and heads of departments around the jeep. A large map of the 3rd General Hospital-to-be lay on the hood. Colonel Donnelly began designating buildings as X-ray, Medical wards, Surgical wards, kitchens, etc. The physiotherapy department was to be building 11. Since the 9th Evacuation hospital was still operating, it was difficult to visualize a ward full of cots and beds as our department, but when the 9th Evac left, the rest of our outfit arrived, and the cleaning process began.

The Engineers, when provided with drawings and a signed order, built the treatment tables, stools and several pieces of gymnasium apparatus. So - we had a scrubbed clinic, treatment tables, etc., but no equipment. When, at long last, the supply trains were unloaded, our equipment began appearing. It was quite like opening Christmas presents, because we had no idea as to what kind and how much equipment we would get. We unpacked and assembled twelve bakers, and six infra-red lamps. Sgt. Briggs wired the place with wall plugs - to this day, we aren't sure as to how we managed to get the job done so quickly.

We were all set but we had no patients. Not a one, though enumerable people spent hours telling us about their aching backs acquired in the cleaning up stage. With no physiotherapy to do we got acquainted. Lts. Leila Holley and Ruth Ferrer joined the unit a jump behind the move from Camp Rucker to Shanks. Lt. Dorothy Kottz arrived at Shanks on April 24th in time to sign countless papers and be punctured by all kinds of needles before staggering aboard ship. T/5 Gale Rundio and Pvt. John Rock were assigned to the department.

Suddenly, on the 21st of July, the first patients, six in number, were treated. The majority of these chosen few were out-patients. By the end of the month, thirty were receiving
treatments. The month of August was considerably busier. We added quadriceps, hamstrings and shoulder pulleys to the gym equipment, thanks to the orthopedic department who contributed the pulleys and ropes. When the final count was made at the end of the month we were tired - we had given 3,466 treatments.

However that proved to be an easy month. In September, the Faradic and Galvanic machine arrived and was finally persuaded to work through the ingenious efforts of Sgt. Briggs. At that time we were working full tilt seven days a week, from early morning to late at night, as everyone in the hospital was doing. The total score for September was 5,771 treatments - the highest number we have ever reached.

October was a month during which we received equipment long since believed lost. First the whirlpools, both arm and leg came. Utilities put them together, fixed the drain and then smilingly asked about hot water supply. Various methods were suggested - from using the ever-present sun as a heater, piping it from the sterilizer in the O.R. (no pipe), a gas stove and a @.L. can (neither available). down to carrying it buckets from the O.R. The last method was decided upon. The noise issuing from the motors disturbed Father Dunne, whose office was in back of the building. We couldn't hear his radio which evened up the score. During the last of October, the Medical Supply telephoned the astounding news that various and sundry parts of an ultra-violet machine were in the stock room, and were we interested? It took a few hours to put the machine together, plug it in, and to discover that it worked. The office then became the ultra-violet room and we at last had all our equipment.

November was quite quiet - it was well oiled machinery running smoothly. Miss Kotz took her leave to Constantine and later Miss Ferrer went on leave. She had a little trouble getting back and to this day Father Dunne calls her "Miss A.W.O.L."

We have been able to add to our gym equipment and Special service has donated a punching bag, basketball and soft ball. A bicycle was mounted. Some patients are jumping rope, some using the wrist roller, pulleys, shoulder wheel and creepy crawl. The wall has been dotted with pencil marks that note the improved reach achieved by patients with stiff shoulders. By the end of the year, over 20,000 treatments had been given in 'HOLLEY'S HOUSE OF HORROR'. 
A PROFILE OF THE THIRD GENERAL THROUGH THE SEASONS:

At the start of the Italian campaign we still had 2000 beds available for patients with the medical service working in the tent expansion area in the valley. With the many improvements in conditions in this area, it became a much more comfortable place to live and to work. A new screened kitchen was constructed by the engineers to improve sanitation conditions and provide more satisfactory facilities. An ambulant patients' mess with tables and benches was set up in four ward-type tents near the kitchen. Steel beds with mattresses and T-bars replaced the cots, straw mattresses and make-shift mosquito bar spreaders. Medicine cabinets and extra medical supplies were distributed to the wards. The area police was improved and the front of each ward was adorned with a variety of designs. Mosaic patterns were executed with crushed rocks stained in various colors with atabrine, gentian violet, and red and blue ink. Henry Horn's ward won the Karelitz award for the best decoration with excellent artistry by his Italian worker and large Arabian water jugs stationed at the entrance to his tent. In fact, we had a smooth operation service in the tent area - until the rains came!

Our first rain in September gave us an idea of what the boys meant when they swore at Tunisian mud during the campaign. Huge puddles accumulated on the walks and roads. The soil that had been dried and pulverized by the heat of the sun was converted into a black, gooey, sticky paste that clung to the shoes. When we walked through this mud, layer after layer accumulated in the fashion of a rolling snowball until we carried several pounds of the not-so-good earth on the soles of our shoes. High boots were required in order to make ward rounds. The mud and the gravel that composed the floors of the tents make excellent cement so that it required a hammer and chisel to clean your shoes if you allowed them to dry.

At the end of September, we had a preview of what to expect during the rainy season as it rained almost continuously for a week. The expansion area took on the appearance of a flooded town with large pools of water everywhere. It became almost impossible to serve an ambulant mess, since the mess tents stood in the center of a pond. The engineers were consulted but felt that an extensive drainage procedure would be necessary to remedy this situation. Because of the decreasing urgency for beds in the Base Section such an undertaking was not deemed advisable. We struggled along in the mud for the next several weeks until we received permission from the Base Surgeon to decrease our bed capacity. On October 11th our capacity was reduced to 1500 beds and the first contingent moved back to their former wards on the hill. As the Surgical
service consolidated their wards and discharged their patients more of the former medical wards were made available. On the 23rd of October, the last of the patients were evacuated from the expansion unit and the tents came down soon thereafter. Only the gravel floors and the kitchen remained as lonely memorials that all this tent area meant to many of us. The convalescent camp - concentration camp - tent city - the dust bowl - was no more - and nary a tear was shed in sorrow. Instead a celebration was in order, and on the following night, the 24th of October, a joyous wake was held in the kitchen building with Sam Karelitz and Miss Fields officiating and all the former personnel - nurses, officers, and enlisted men drinking a toast to the dearly departed with the accompanying strains of a hill-billy band. A few days later the kitchen building was transported up the hill to serve as a recreation room for the enlisted men.

Thereafter the hospital continued at about 1000 beds capacity until December when a shortage of beds occurred in the Base section. An emergency expansion to 1200 beds was accomplished by placing extra beds into each ward, and then a 250 bed hospital expansion unit was erected on the medical hill. This unit also had its trials and vicissitudes but with our previous experience at the construction of a tent hospital we avoided many of our previous pitfalls. Concrete floors were constructed for the tents. Latrines and wash rooms were erected and gravel walks laid between tents. The weather still remained the greatest hardship - this time the combination of wind, rain and cold. The wind frequently approached cyclone conditions, and, in spite of storm reinforcements, one always felt that the tents were in immediate danger of being uprooted and sent off into flight. In fact, on one occasion several of the tents were ripped to shreds during a gale - an officers' tent at that! Small coal stoves in the tents just about took the chill out of the air and the ambulant patients huddled about this stove in the same fashion as the countryfolk at the village general store. At night the fires were extinguished because of the fire menace if any of the tents were blown down.

The tent expansion area was utilized as a convalescent and reconditioning area. Ambulant patients who required little medical attention were transferred to the tents. A training program was established for these patients with activities graded in accordance with their condition. This program aimed at returning these convalescent soldiers to the best possible condition, both mental and physical, before discharge. Formations were held at reveille and retreat. Hikes and recreational activities were included in the plans.
Close order drill and calisthenics were under the supervision of the officer patients. Lectures on basic subjects, training films and orientation and indoctrination were important aspects of the program. Henry Horn was senior officer in charge of this area and he was assisted by the ward officers and the officer patients. This program seemed to be a valuable addition to the hospital inasmuch as it discouraged the feeling of invalidism in the soldier patients. There is a definite tendency for patients, who of necessity must be hospitalized for long periods, to lapse in their desire to return to useful duty. It takes a great deal of motivation to impel the soldier to desire a return to the unfavorable conditions in the front lines, especially after he has experienced the comforts and comparative luxury of a hospital bed, hot showers, three meals a day, and a sympathetic nurse. Of course, there was the group who became bored with the hospital routine and constantly implored the ward officer to discharge him to duty. However, a larger group drifted towards chronic invalidism and heaped psychoneurotic complaints upon their organic disease. Many of the later were persuaded back to duty by the training program. After all - if they had to rise for reveille, take close order drill, make their own beds, etc. - they felt that they might just as well go back to their own outfits.

The program was especially successful in the group of trench foot cases - even though they did look like "sad sacks" as they limped through their drills - some with the aid of canes.

With the advent of the rainy season and the winter, other changes in the hospital were necessary in order to "winterize". The company officers and nurses had been living in individual wall tents. In October, they moved to winter quarters - pyramidal tents with concrete floors and three or four in each tent. With cold winter nights approaching, we hoped for some type of heating unit. In November, we were informed that a limited number of stoves had been allotted to each hospital and that coal was an even scarcer item that was to be rationed in accordance with the patient census. No coal was to be supplied for duty personnel. A coal stove was installed on each ward in the space made available by the removal of two beds. A single block of compressed coal dust - English style - was supplied each day - barely enough the remove the chill from the air for a few hours each day. Then, this form of coal was so soft that the coal dust and soot was carried up the chimney pipes to form a heavy coat on the interior. The pipes had to be taken down and cleaned at least two or three times each week.
Meanwhile, the duty personnel at the hospital had to content themselves with two extra blankets to keep themselves warm at night. One stove was installed at the Officers' Club and later an improvised oil burner and fireplace at the club provided extra warmth. The club assumed added importance as the place to spend the evening as we vie'd with each other for the choice seats about the fireplace. Our tents remained as cold as a German on the Russian front, as the field officers in their buildings tried to convince every one who would listen, that it was 10 degrees colder where they lived.

In January, more stoves were made available and we managed to find a source of wooden logs as fuel. These were installed in the nurses' tents and a mad dash resulted daily when the limited supply of logs were delivered. The onlooker would think that a pair of nylon stockings was being given away gratis with each load of wood. Still later, fuel oil burners became available for each stove and the officers were given stoves as well. After months of freezing - this was luxury indeed.

Just before the advent of these heating facilities, we happened upon Abou Pollack getting dressed to go to bed - and we mean dressed rather than undressed. His costume consisted of a pair of "long Johns", pajamas, woolen socks drawn over the trouser legs, a scarf about the neck and a woolen helmet liner as a night cap. He then crawled under a pile of blankets so thick that he presented the appearance of the central portion of a Reuben's triple decker sandwich. Jack Levy, Ed Weinstein and Moe Steinberg, amongst others, were also devotees of the woolen night cap, but their caps were of more ancient design and resembled grandfather's night cap of old.

Another sign of the passage of time - a new latrine for the officers and nurses on the hill - and a time marker, "Latrine Closed October 13, 1943 - 3rd General Hospital" - a sign to be left for pasterity to unearth. The new latrine was further out into the wheat field - just about a hundred yard dash through the cold of the morning. A new winterized was house replaced the tent covering the wash stand but it was still too cold to shave comfortably in the morning.

The passage of time also found continual improvement in the appearance of our hospital area. The flag pole area in front of headquarters was neatly landscaped and the grass always well trimmed. White-washed stones lined this area and the gravel paths leading to the base of the two flag poles. The roads were also lined by white stones in precise rows that brightened the appearance of the grounds. Similarly gravel paths were placed in front of each ward. Waste barrels were all white-washed and placed in straight rows along the road. Drainage ditches and gravel paths were constructed throughout the tent area. Later, a cruder crushed rock path led up the back road to the Officers' and Nurses' tent area - "Polkinghorn Boulevard".
After the close of the Sicilian campaign and with the decrease in the activity of the hospital, there was more time available for recreation. We had our first chance to look about us and visit some of the surrounding towns.

Mateur was a small, dingy, lazy, little town of about 1000 inhabitants, most of them natives. At a distance, such as when viewed from the hill of our hospital, it presented a picturesque appearance. The composite impression of whiteness, the little mosque on the hill top, and the bizarre angles of the buildings, made one think of an old biblical town, especially when the setting sun cast beams of sunlight through a clouded sky. It was amazing how different Mateur was on closer inspection. The final American breakthrough of the Tunisian campaign occurred at this site after a long period of preliminary bombardment and artillery fire. There was scarcely a building in town that had escaped damage and many of the structures were represented by ragged walls with gutted interiors. The streets were invariably dirty and littered and were lined by dark, disorderly, small, stall-like stores in which there was little for sale. About the marketplace Arab merchants displayed their wares on the ground. Some of them had strange collections indeed, including rags, empty ration cans, slavaged items of discarded army equipment, and similar junk. A scribe was available for the reading and writing of letters.

On the corner of the market was the outdoor cafe, where the natives sat about their tables, sipped their muddy coffee and smoked their pipes, Ragged, barefoot urchins, often with their anatomy shamelessly exposed, strolled about the streets and begged for the usual "bon-bon, smoke, cigarette, 'chung' gum". The better dressed natives wore various items of G.I. clothes that they had mysteriously acquired — the most replete in a converted mattress cover. As our little brown guide book taught us and as some of us were to learn later through sad personal experience, the natives did not consider stealing from "infidels" as evil, although it is said that the punishment meted out when they stole from each other was extremely severe. A standard punishment for stealing from a brother Moslem was the amputation of the hands at the wrist.

The Hotel de Ville, or city hall, was a modern appearing structure that had miraculously escaped a hit of any type, although many of the windows had been shattered. The Mateur telephone exchange was housed here. In July, Mateur was headquarters for the Eastern Base Section, but gradually most of the units moved up to Bizerte. There was nothing worthwhile in town with the exception of the Palace Theater where special service features and movies were shown.
Bizerte:

Many of the cities that we had seen in North Africa had been obviously visited by the war, but Bizerte had not only been visited — it seemed that war had come here to stay. As we entered the city from the southern end, the docks and warehouses were masses of rubbish. Giant girders and cranes were twisted into bizarre shapes creating the effect of a child’s “ Erector set ” that had been trampled upon. The roads were lined with smoke-pots that belched forth a stifling smoke to blanket the city during air-raids. Hardly a building in the city itself had escaped the devastating destruction of high explosive shells or bombs. Entire sides of buildings were gone with just a few bare walls remaining. The effect produced in some buildings was that of an old-fashioned stage set that permitted one to view the interior of the buildings. In one building the mirror over what must have been a dressing table was left intact but the third floor was now on the ground. At another site a bath tub protruded out of the side of the building, suspended in mid-air by the plumbing; there was no floor, no ceiling, just two walls and the bath tub.

In the harbor, rusting hulks of ships lay immersed in the water to various depths and at peculiar angles, like old women bathing in the pond. In some of the deeper channels merely the top-masts were visible above the surface. There were the victims of allied and axis air-power and the hurried attempts of the Germans at scuttling their ships along the main channels of the port. Barrage balloons floated high above the anchored vessels as protection from low flying enemy aircraft. Rapidly moving motor launches darted in and out between the ships, skirting the wrecks like little water bugs in their trips from ship to shore. Flags of all the allied nations floated in the breeze and later included several Italian vessels.

Bizerte was a principal supply port for the Sicilian campaign and for the Italian campaign until the capture and repair of the harbor of Naples. For miles about huge stores of supplies and equipment occupied all available space. The surrounding hills and landscape were dotted with ammunition, gasoline, ordnance, ration and other varieties of dumps. The city itself had been so thoroughly destroyed that there was little storage space available but large numbers of tanks and vehicles lined all the side-streets in long rows. The vast supply dumps were ample evidence of the job that had been done by the Army Service Forces and impressed one with the huge reserves that were available.

Aside from the Eastern Base Section Headquarters and the Post Exchange, there was little reason for the trip to Bizerte. There were no recreational activity programs except for a movie at the Karouba Naval Base Hangar.

We gained the impression that it will take many years before Bizerte assumes any semblance of the thriving seaport that it was before the North African campaign. It will probably be easier to build a new city than to reconstruct the rubble of the old.
Tunis:

Tunis was more fortunate than some of the North African cities that lay in the path of the war machines of the Allies and the Axis. Except for occasional points in the city, the harbor and the air fields, it had been spared the devastation and ruin that had been visited upon Bizerte. Nevertheless the Tunisian campaign had left its mark upon the city before the sudden collapse of German resistance on the 12th day of May and the ensuing occupation by the British Army. Several of the buildings scattered through the town had sustained chance bomb hits and on the water-front sector the damage was equal to that seen in Bizerte. What had been the largest and most modern theater in town had been gutted by a direct bomb hit through the center - the result of an allied bombardment. It was stated that about an hour previous to the bombing a meeting of German officers was held in this theater. The main street, Boulevard Jules Ferry, was honeycombed with slit trenches and air raid shelters along the central tree-covered promenade. Store fronts and arcades were well boarded-up or in some cases equipped with false fronts as protection against air raids.

Tunis had been pretty well occupied by the British and the uniforms of the various branches of the Empire forces were most prominent upon the streets as were the metallic clicks of their boots. Typically English posters warned against the ill-effects to be visited upon those who did not take Mepacrine (the counterpart of atabrine). Their signs that described the role played by flies and mosquitoes in the spread of disease read like the Burma-shave advertisements in the States. The largest hotel in town, The Majestic, had been requisitioned by the British and converted by them into a little corner of England, with its teas and other comforts.

Of the American troops that one saw on the streets of Tunis the Air Corps predominated. There were many bomber bases in the Tunis region and along the Cape Bon peninsula until they were later moved over into Italy. The so-called "2nd SAC", or Service Air Command, Headquarters were also located in this town.

Transportation to Tunis was readily available for in addition to our scheduled trips many of the supply services were located in town and one could avail oneself of regular quartermaster trips. There were few recreational facilities in town and most of us spent our free time in the search for means of spending our money. The shops about town were practically devoid of stable merchandise and concentrated chiefly upon the sale of souvenirs to military personnel. The excess of buying power over the material available for sale had created a sharp inflationary trend that boosted prices to several times their pre-war level. We were convinced that one could make cheaper purchases of identical articles in New York, but most of us bought at least a few things for their sentimental value. Such things as filigreed silver jewelry, broad
hand hammered silver bracelets, perfume rings, Kairouan rugs, water colored paintings, etchings, and such will undoubtedly grace the houses of many of us. Lou Wasserman was a foremost purchaser of the unusual type of art treasure, each of which he represented as "a museum piece". Irv Somach tried his darndest not to be outdone and one day returned with a statue of "Winged Victory" that he crated and sent home to Mitzi. He told colossal stories of his struggle with the Bardo museum before they could be convinced to part with this "masterpiece", but further questioning broke down Irv's resistance and he was forced to admit that he had only purchased a copy of the original.

There were few restaurants in town where one could obtain a meal as good as those served in our own mess and all of these were so crowded that one had to make reservations far in advance and then expect a long wait in line. The Tunisian Palace Hotel was much frequented by the Air Force officers and served fairly decent meals at times and for a price. The Ack-Ack club was an Allied Officers Club that was operated by French civilians. A French band played American Swing at night for dancing on a small crowded floor. Usually one could find several French girls sitting about or dancing with the Officers at the club. In spite of the availability of local talent, it was considered unwise to venture forth on the dance floor with a nurse, for before very many steps were taken, you were, politely or not, tapped upon the shoulder. The food was fair at the Ack-Ack, but the service tantalizingly slow. One visit to this place was usually considered sufficient. Other small restaurants, such as the Bolero and Hungaria, were available but were even more crowded than the rest. Later "Bagdad" was opened as a transient officers' mess. Although its hours for service were somewhat limited, the C.I. food served here was better than any of the other places in town.

The Casbah in Tunis was "off limits" to military personnel but passes could be obtained at the Provost Marshal's office. We believe that the native quarter here was explored to its maximum - more so than Casablanca or any other city that we had visited. Although it was quite dirty and dingy, it was nevertheless the most modern and yet the cleanest of any of them. Many of the wealthy Arabs had their homes within the walled city and there were also many civil facilities such as schools, hospitals, and governmental agencies. A simple system of city planning was used to divide and localize the various types of commerce - so that one street was known as the street of jewels, another as the street of perfumes, etc. Tunis was a major site for the production and marketing of essences of perfumes prior to the war. Most of their products were shipped to France where they were manufactured into the perfumes that had achieved world recognition. In the absence of the perfume centers in France, many of the merchants had concocted their own combinations that resembled the well-known brands such as Daml #5 and Christmas night. The street of jewels was a thriving and bustling market from nine to eleven in the morning. The prospective buyers, many of them merchants with stores in the French part of town, lined both sides of the narrow street and those who had jewels to sell hawked their wares and pointed
out the beauty and value of their merchandise. Anyone who was interested called them and then the bargaining started and continued until the sale was completed. The perfume shops had their own manner for conducting sales. The prospective customers sat about a central table in the small store while the merchant placed a small drop of essence on the back of their hands and gently rubbed this into the skin. This created the spectacle of a group of adults sitting about sniffing at the back of the hand. Then the essence was so strong and persistent that the aromas were clearly discernable for hours thereafter. The shop we frequented was owned by a venerable old Arab who was dressed in a business suit with the native outer garment covering his clothes and a fez placed at a dignified angle on his greying head. His hand shook a bit as he opened each bottle while appearing to caress its sides with what seemed to be sheer admiration of its contents.

The Bey's Palace in the native quarter was an interesting place for the tourist. It had not been used for many years but several of the rooms had been carefully preserved with its rich carpets, elaborate chairs and fancy clocks. The central patio was surrounded by marble arches and supported by marble columns. The arches were picturesquely decorated with black and white tile blocks alternately arranged like the fragments of an elaborate crossword puzzle. The house guards were uniformed in very fancy colorful costumes with flowing scarlet capes. From the roof of the palace one could obtain a panoramic view of the city and the surrounding countryside, the maze of houses of the casbah, the Bay of Tunis leading out into the Mediterranean and Carthage and Cape Bon off in the distance.

The Bardo Museum just outside the city limits occupied another former palace of the Bey of Tunis. It was chiefly concerned with the collection of works of art salvaged from the ruins of many of the ancient cities that were excavated in North Africa. Here several of the statues and other treasures unearthed at Carthage and Dougga could be seen.

The El Aouina Airport of Tunis was a good example of the effectiveness of American air power. It had received a thorough pasting during the campaign and wrecked buildings and smashed German planes remained as evidence. Then the Nazis put their finishing touches on the job with extensive demolitions before they retreated. We had our chance to stand victoriously near some German plane with its large swastika while we had our pictures taken to send to the folks back home. The field had been restored into one of the busiest airports in Africa with Air Transport Service and M.A.T.S. (Mediterranean Air Transport Service) planes taking off and landing continuously, in addition to many combat planes that employed the field as a service base.

The Pasteur Institute, the Municipal Hospital, the Sadiki Native Hospital and the Native Contagion hospital provided the medical officers with the opportunity to see a tremendous amount of interesting material not available in the States. We spent many interesting days visiting these institutions when our own hospital decreased in activity.
Carthage:

The first of a series of Sunday trips was inaugurated during September to afford us all an opportunity to explore some of the surrounding places of interest. Most of us availed ourselves of this authorized transportation to visit such historic sites as Carthage, Hill 609, the Dougga ruins and Kairouan. These trips assumed the combined qualities of Sunday picnic and a sightseeing tour as we departed from the hospital in the morning loaded into the back of a 2½ ton truck along with a sandwich lunch, cans of fruit juice, blankets, cameras and other paraphernalia.

The first such trip took us to the ancient city of Carthage that was located on a series of hills about ten miles from Tunis. The important historic role played by this city does not require any comment at this time. However, Father Dunne oriented us for this tour with his own competent version of the "little brown guidebook" to Carthage - a summary that proved both humorous and informative:

"The very mention of the word, Carthage, and more especially, a visit to that place, brings back to the hazy memory of us scholars of yore a series of great figures and dates. The following is a brief sketch of affairs to help straighten out the memory.

You, who studied Vergil, will recall the trip of Aeneas and how in his travels he met with Dido. Dido was all for them blending their efforts to found a new city there, but Aeneas, urged on by the gods, went on to found Rome. If Dido was not a mythological character, the feminin gender might make a point of the fact that long before Rome, Carthage became the leading city of the world. Dido is credited as its founder. Carthage was what we called a city-state. It embraced all the land on the west to Numidia (Algeria) and on the east to Egypt. (Muzzy had not yet put his hands on Libya). Besides these lands in North Africa, Carthage also controlled Corsica, Sardinia and most of Spain. Most, because the Greeks still had a word for things there.

Most of the activity started about 275 B.C. Rome was having growing pains. The Gauls were camped in Northern Italy and Pyrrhus, one of Alexander's boys, wasn't satisfied with mere Greece. It all resolved in Rome getting control of all of Italy. One great power faced Rome - Carthage.

The began the Punic wars. The first began in 264 B.C. and as a consequence Rome took over Sicily. The second began in 218 B.C. and in this we had the great figure of Hannibal, one of the great generals of all times. If Numidia hadn't revolted he might have done better. Forced to come back to Africa, he in turn was defeated by Scipio, surnamed Africanus. Rome then took over Sardinia and Corsica and some change amounting to $3,000,000. Carthage came back strongly and finally
in 149 another war commenced. In 146 Carthage was destroyed. All but 50,000 people were killed and the captured were sold into slavery. But Carthage came back.

Caesar Augustus restored Carthage and it again became a leading city, almost rivaling Rome. It became the center of learning in Africa. At this time Christianity began to spread. Although not the cradle of the church, Carthage had a fine brood of children. Not Rome, but North Africa produced the first great scholars. Tertullian, Lactanius, Jerome and many others lived and died there. Most of them in what we now know as Tunisia.

During the first centuries of Christianity meat was rationed but still the lions had to eat and as a consequence they partook of the white meat of many Christians. In Carthage, among the most famous of these martyrs were St. Felicitas and St. Perpetua. Their remains are buried there. The Colosseum there presented every manner of spectacle; gladiatorial shows with their contempt of human life were the most prominent.

Note to the girls: Both Jerome and Tertullian denounced the luxury of the period, especially, 'the custom of painting the face and tiring the head, and also the tremendous amount of money spent for veils (25,000 golden crowns), for ear-rings and for head-dresses'.

The greatest figure of North Africa, from a Christian concept, was that of St. Augustine. If you ask any of the men who went through the African campaign, they will tell you about Souk Aihra in Constantine—there was where he was born on November 13th, 354. At that time, it was called Tagaste, Numidia. He studied at Carthage and spent considerable time there. Augustine died in 430 just when the Vandals took over Numidia. In 439 they capture Carthage and in 455 they captured and pillaged Rome. The next century, all these territories were recaptured for the empire of Constantinople under Justinian I. That accounts for the name of Constantine in Algeria. Carthage never again came into its own.

N.B. The Romans were the first to invent cement, not exactly the finished product we have now. With the invention of cement we find, for the first time domes and arches. Thus there could be and were built aqueducts, not only in Italy but in all their possessions. North Africa was the bread basket for Rome and the remains of the aqueducts you see around here were built from the Atlas mountains to the plains in order to fertilize them."

Most of the ruins of Carthage that we visited were remnants of the Roman period of North African expansion. There was ample evidence of Roman industry and culture, as well as of their strong-handed methods for maintaining their imperialistic grip on the
native population. The preservation of their constructive efforts after centuries of exposure to the ravages of war, weather and predatory tribes was the outstanding feature that impressed the visitor. Massive aqueducts that carried water from the hills to irrigate the plains below still stood like lonely sentinels of the past. A large amphitheater carved into the side of a hill dwarfed the individual spectator - we walked across the open stage with its now fallen columns and declaimed in stentorian tones to the empty seats ranged all about. We wandered through the coliseum, where gladiators fought and Christian martyrs were fed to the lions. The chains that bound the captives still hung from the wall and the guide showed us the pen across from this cell in which the lions were caged.

The old city of Carthage had been almost completely demolished - total war is not new and Carthage had been thoroughly blitzed. However the general plans of the city could still be discerned. Tiled mosaic floors remained intact and we trespassed upon the privacy of the ghosts of yore by walking through the ruins of these houses in apartment-seeking fashion. The rooms were too small we decided, but we had to admit that without walls or a roof they were certainly well ventilated.

Arab urchins wandered all about hawking their wares - genuine relics taken from the ruins of Carthage - old coins, oil lamps, old jewelry - all of them fresh from manufacture in Tunis. Old Carthage probably never had the number of coins that have been bought and carried off by our doughboys.

At Carthage we also visited the Catholic church erected by the order of the White Fathers, an international order of priests that are found in greatest number in Africa. This church stood at the top of the highest hill in the region with an extensive view of the Bay of Tunis, the Mediterranean, as well as most of the surrounding area. There were many plaques in the church in memory of soldiers who were killed during the first World War. The stained glass windows were particularly impressive and the ceilings were richly carved in Byzantine style. Behind the church, the White Fathers maintained a museum that held some of the works of art salvaged from the ruins of Carthage.

Nearby, was the little town of Sidi Bou Said, erected on top of a cliff overlooking the Mediterranean and Cape Bon peninsula. The single street of the village was a narrow lane which barely permitted the passage of an Army truck and which curved about the steep ascent of the hill in serpentine fashion. Typical native architecture prevailed throughout with small shops and bazaars lining the streets. However, at the topmost portion there were several large villa with extensive vista from terraced veranda. Some of these had been requisitioned by General officers and Air force personnel. A Photo Reconnaissance wing commanded by Col. Elliot Roosevelt occupied a former casino near the summit of the hill. It was in Sidi Bou Said that many of us bought souvenirs to send to the folks back home.
Hill 609:

Hill 609 will be long remembered by those who have served in North Africa. Even we, of non-combat status, could appreciate the fascination of this monument to the courageous and fierce fighting on the part of the American troops in their effort to occupy this dominating peak. Hill 609 was the key to the capture of Mateur and Mateur defended the gateway to Bizerte and the plains of Tunis. This peak could be easily defended by a tough foe that had prepared strategic fortifications, it dominated the surrounding terrain and it could not be by-passed. Unfamiliar as we were with army tactics and maneuvers, we could still appreciate the difficulties that were encountered in its capture.

After travelling for an hour from Mateur along dusty, irregular, gradually climbing roads, we swung sharply into a narrow road that pursued a tortuous course along the sides of mountains with a sheer valley drop on one side and up steep inclines that tilted the truck to an angle of 45 degrees. In addition, irregular hollows in the road would cause the vehicle to tilt crazily from one side to the mm other. We finally reached a little clearing in an olive grove and with a sigh of relief dismounted. As soon as we set foot on the ground, we were beset by hordes of Arab urchins from a little village nestled under the bluffs of 609, which looked very forbidding just a short distance away. We managed to skirt the malodorous community and started the steep ascent to the top of the hill. It was almost impossible to climb straight up and we took advantage of narrow goat paths that laced the hill. Once we reached the top in a state of acute dyspnea we sat down to survey the land about us. Signs of past conflict were amply visible in the empty shells and pock-marked rough stony ground. Straight down from the frontal aspect of the hill was the jagged face of 609, its rocky wrinkles terminating in sharp knife-like edges that bode no good to anyone who lost his balance and attempted to clutch at the cruel face of this mountain. Just below us nestled the little village with its flat-topped shacks and numerous little roads which joined together at the village circle. The view of the surrounding country was a pleasant one of rolling mountains and deep valleys. After a brief exploration of the crest we started on the road down that was much more easily negotiated.

The native village was not much different from other Arab settlements that we had seen. The little girls carrying their baby sisters were even more shy. We looked into several of the little homes that were dark and dismal and must have been inhabited for years without the benefit of a cleaning. In one building we found a large crude machine resembling a mortar and pestle that served as a grinder for grain. Wedidn't tarry long and after leaving our American gifts of bob-bon and cigarettes, we entrucked and returned to the hospital. We reflected that it was tough enough just climbing the hill, but to do it under combat conditions seemed almost impossible. It provided us with some insight into the origin of the casualties we had been receiving from the mountain fighting in the Italian mountains.
The Dougga Ruins:

After most of us had availed ourselves of the opportunity to visit Hill 609, another interesting trip was arranged to the historic ruins of Dougga, a Roman city of the Carthaginian period at the time of Augustus Caesar. The trip was somewhat more arduous than our preceding experiences and entailed almost three hours of riding over tortuous mountain roads. While the scenery was probably the most expansive that we had yet encountered, the twisting and turning of the road about the hills provoked several cases of car-sickness on each of the trips made. We passed through several areas formerly prominent during the Tunisian campaign, among them Beja, Medj ez-El-Bab and Tebourouk. The burnt-out and battered hulks of German and to a lesser extent Allied motorized equipment, the pock-marked, shell-scarred buildings, and twisted wrecks of planes along the roads bore mute evidence of the intensity of the battles that had been waged.

Our route lay directly southwest of Mateur and we continued to ascend foothills and mountains as we went, so that ever-increasing panoramas lay behind us. At Tebourouk, some of us were permitted to visit a French prison camp and prisoner of war cantonment. Unfortunately, the major incharge of the prison would not permit the nurses to inspect the camp with us, and they sought their measure of revenge by picking the chicken sandwiches out of the lunch basket and leaving the span behind for those of us who went on the tour. The prison was housed in stone buildings which were utilized as barracks, mess and kitchen, shower and bath houses. There were special facilities for solitary confinement. We were taken, at first, through the portion in which French military prisoners were kept. Nearly all the prisoners were colonials with a variety of uniforms and colors, but all with a penetrating odor of garlic. Their barracks were extremely shabby and poorly policed. There was little evidence in sight to indicate that they had made any attempts at improving their living conditions.

We were then taken to the zone where there were about 300 German prisoners interned, and this area was in vivid contrast to the previous one. The rigid discipline of the German army was obvious as the men snapped to attention at our approach. They had managed to keep their Afrika Korps uniforms in a good state of repair and they were scrupulously clean. The barracks that they occupied were neat and in excellent condition. Their bunks and personal equipment were neatly arranged and attempts had been made to make the barracks more home-like. Red Cross Christmas packages were still stored upon the shelves. The mess was thoroughly scrubbed and the cooking utensils shone; an appetizing meat and vegetable stew was being prepared at the time of our visit. There were two work-shops at the camp. One of
these was used for the repair of French Army uniforms and the other as a shoe salvage and repair shop. Sunday was a day of rest and there were no workers at their benches during out tour. The showers and bath houses seemed quite luxurious to us and we were told that hot showers were available twice a week. The morale among the prisoners seemed good although most of them were worried because they had not received any mail during the preceding three months. They seemed to have some source of news, for one of the prisoners had volunteered the information that his home city, Stettin, had been recently bombed by the Allies. We were impressed by the fact that the French had treated these prisoners of war very well, and we hoped that our men, who were being held prisoner by the Germans, were as well cared for.

Dougga was just a few miles distant from Teboursouk and was perched high on the top of a series of hills with a vista that overlooked many of the valleys and hills that we had traversed. As our truck approached the ruins of the ancient city, we were surrounded by a melange of Arabs of all sizes and configurations; the toddlers and small fry, barefoot and woefully dirty and thin, stood with their hands outstretched and shouted for "bon-bon". The next older age group, somewhat taller than the last group, but little different in the state of their attire or nutrition, had advanced in their tastes and begged for "boh-bon and cigarettes"; some even offered to trade for souvenirs. As we dismounted from the truck, the howling mob of Arabs descended upon us, each with his or her own cry: "Roman coins. . . . souvenir. . . . old jewels. . . . guide. . . . gimme boh-bon. . . . choongum. . . . guide. . . . souvenir". The "Roman coins" were manufactured in Tunis from copper French francs, but were aged by beating and exposure to the weather. They were then covered with a generous portion of mud and were presented to the tourist as having just been dug from the ruins. The jewels were even less deceptively faked and were either cut colored glass or plastic. To fortify their deceit the natives asked fantastic prices for these "souvenirs"; we weren't fooled and before we left some of the Arabs were willing to part with a handful of coins for a package of chewing gum.

Price-haggling was also necessary to obtain a guide. They all accosted us with "good guide - spik good English". "How much", we asked warily. "Much as you give. You say", was their reply. "Twenty francs", we answered to judge the effect. Rolling their eyes upwards in despair and shaking their head they would wail, "Oooh! Not enough". After a series of increasing offers, it was wise to stop at what you considered a fair price and not go beyond it. Usually the natives would accept this amount.
Douga was a flourishing Roman city that reached its zenith at about the time that Carthage was a famous Mediterranean port and center of North African culture. Hidden away in the hills of Tunisia it was a resort and a retreat for the tired business man and his family. The remaining structures have suffered far less from predatory raids and the effects of weather and time than some of the other ruins that we had seen in North Africa, and it is said to compare favorably with any in the world.

The many amateur photographers that we had amongst us snapped away merrily and these photographs will tell the tale of Douga far better than any description. We were taken through the amphitheater, the courtyards, the Temple of Jupiter, the Temple of Augustus Caesar, the large sundial, the public baths and the public brothel. We walked through the homes of some of the wealthy Romans with their sculptured fountains and mosaic floors. With stooped heads and shoulders, we went through the maze of passageways formerly used by the slaves to enter the residential quarters from the lower portions of the city. The brothel must have been a flourishing business for it was almost as large as the amphitheater and the public baths. Nearly all the public buildings, including the brothel and the public baths, had a little booth at the entrance that our guide informed us was a box-office. Another interesting site was the Roman version of the comfort station—a semi-circular quartermaster box, hewed out of stone, with a special groove along the floor to be used as a pitoon (shown with a demonstration by our guide on the act of spitting). We realized that sanitation had progressed little amongst the native population of North Africa, since the efflux from the latrines was discharged into a ditch that paralleled the roadside and ran down the hill to fertilize the fields below.

Most of the statues that remained in the city were beheaded and we were told that the heads graced many of the outstanding museums of the world. Several of the heads and other statues were later seen the the Museum at Bardo just outside of Tunis.

Karouan:

There is little to write concerning Karouan since we did not visit this city ourselves. The long, grueling and rough ride described by the early parties was enough to discourage us. Those who went described the typical native town with little to differentiate it from others of its kind. It is the center for rug manufacture in North Africa with the typical product made from unbleached lamb and camel hair wool. No need to describe them here for most every home of a member of this unit will have a specimen on display or stored away in the attic. As with most articles for sale in Tunisia, prices had sky-rocketed with the general inflation and the rug merchants were not anxious to sell their wares. They preferred to accept almost any form of barter—old shoes, pencils, fountain pens, etc. Jules Weissberg proved that he should have been an African trader when he returned with two rugs in return for an old Ingersoll watch and a broken lead pencil.
September 1943:

The month of September brought about the founding of "Honeymoon Lane" at the Thrid General. The Lane had a simple beginning when "Trader" Horn received permission to set up housekeeping in the North African veldt. Ample fortified with repellent, pyrethrum bombs, insecticide and a few spare cans of C rations, they pitched their large wall tent in the olive grove behind the expansion unit. After his day's work had been completed, Henry would walk home to be greeted by Ruth who would regale him by the events of the day. She took great pains to describe the length, width and weight of the vari-colored rats that had been trapped. They would sit and discuss the merits of the various types of rat traps, displaying keen interest in the mechanical ingenuity of the contrivances. Henry toyed with the idea of dashing off a "short" paper to add to his already extensive bibliography on "If you build a better rat trap"... but dismissed it from his mind and quietly rose and walked outside to complete his routine nocturnal search for prowlers. When he returned (his color came back later), Ruth enumerated the various types of patients who wandered into the tent during the day while she was attempting to sleep in preparation for night duty. They had been looking for 1). the mias, 2). the latrine, 3). the Red Cross, and 4). a trolley car. This was always good for a laugh - with Ruth laughing a trifle hysterically. Henry, in his hearty manner, would set her mind at ease with a tale about the enemy paratroopers who had been intercepted in the nearby wheat fields just a few nights previously. He would then busy himself about the tent while Ruth went out to the Lister bag to fetch some water. She came back somewhat out of breath and recited in a voice that was high pitched and rather scarce how reassured she was to find that a guard had been posted in the area - especially when one encountered him unexpectedly as he silently walked up behind her. Such was marital bliss in a tent in North Africa. When the rains came, the Horns decided to seek higher ground with the remainder of the tents on th hill. It took Henry about a month to overcome his cultivated habits of placing a knife under his pillow, piling all the furniture in front of the door, accumulating a large collection of rocks and clubs, and baiting the rat traps every night.

Soon after the Horns moved into the grove, another tent appeared beside it and the rumors were confirmed that the Weissbergs were to be the new tenants. The story of the wedding of Muriel Berry and Jules Weissberg is a saga that illustrates the triumph of love over adversity and sulfadiazene. The wedding ceremony was scheduled for the 21st of September with a civil ceremony and a "shower" for the bride on the preceding day. All arrangements proceeded according to plan, the cake was baked, the reception dance set, the orchestra obtained after a difficult search... when Jules was taken with the "flux", diagnosed by Lester Tuchman as dysentery. Jules received amny a taunt on his intestinal fortitude - but dysentery it was and the groom was admitted to the hospital two days preceding "D-day". Lester promised to have Jules in condition for the ceremonies even if he had to be transported by stretcher - but little did
he realize how close he was to the truth. On the following morning, there was great consternation as Jules was awakened by the agonies of sulfadiazene renal colic. The civil ceremony was scheduled to take place in Mateur that Saturday morning - and here was the groom flat on his back with an intravenous infusion on his arm. The mayor was hurriedly called and consented to journey out to the hospital to perform the rites. Thus, the wedding took place on Ward 16 with Jules in bed and Muriel sitting at his side holding one arm while an infusion ran into the other. Certainly an odd setting for a wedding, but dramatic none the less and long to be remembered.

That evening, the bridals shower took place without the benefit of the groom's presence... but Muriel had a wonderful time unwrapping all the gifts. The display of wedding gifts was typically "A l'Afrique" - G.I. brushes, brooms, a freon bomb, soap, and a mousetrap were intermingled with perfumed soap, blue garters and silk stockings from the hoarded possessions of some of the nurses.

The wedding ceremonies took place at 17:00 hours on the 21st of September at the Officers club. The club was beautifully decorated with palm fronds and flowers, the total effect of which converted the atmosphere into that of a chapel. The bride was given away by Percy Klingenstein. Dixie Hilliard was maid of honor and Moe Steinberg attended the groom. The ceremony was conducted by Chaplain Henry Tavel as his last official duties at the 3rd General Hospital. Simon Dack played the customary wedding marches on the portable organ. The ceremonials were very impressive with a humorous vein introduced at the close when Percy bashfully delayed kissing the bride. Colonel Donnelly supplied the necessary prompting. Next came the customary ride about the hospital grounds in the back seat of a jeep decorated with streamers, banners, and the usual signs, "JUST MARRIED". A reception and wedding supper followed with steak, wine, and wedding cake that had most of us hoping for more weddings in the unit. Later a dance was held at the club but unfortunately the exertions of the procedures were too much for Jules and he had to retire to his room on ward 16 for further convalescence - an unhappy manner in which to spend one's wedding night.

In September, we lost the services of Henry Tavel when he was promoted to the position of Chief Jewish Chaplain of NATOUSA. We were happy to see Henry receive this important post, but we felt his loss deeply for most of us had made him our friend during the many months we had spent together. Both Henry Tavel and Father Dunne had a great deal in common that made them both ideal Army chaplains. They were close to all the personnel in the hospital and they inspired confidence and respect.

Chaplain Robert Chapler replaced Henry Tavel on the 21st of September and brought with him tales of a long odyssey that carried him across the Atlantic, around the Cape of Good Hope to Persia, Palestine and Egypt. "Chappy" Chapler hailed from Iowa and had a wonderful story telling manner. His sermons were always alive and levelled at the soldiers who quickly responded by increased church attendance records. He knew the
soldiers and their problems thoroughly from his own experiences as an enlisted man during the first World War. A few weeks after assuming his duties with the 3rd, Chappy presented an informal amusing lecture on some of his experiences. His concluding remarks were: "I travelled 25,000 miles through eleven countries during the first world war and a subsequent trip through Europe. Thus far in this war, I have also covered 25,000 miles and passed through eleven countries. I have never remained in the same location for over two months. Therefore, you have ample warning that either I am about to leave you or we are all going to move". However, Chappy proved to be a better story teller than crystal gazer, for we all settled down for a long stay at Mateur.

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During the month, Kitty Vance became mess officer of the Nurses and Officers mess. Throughout the Sicilian campaign our rations were particularly poor and since all the patients' mess halls were operating at full capacity and above, there was little time left for the dieticians to devote to our mess. When Kitty took over, there was a distinct improvement - corned beef became beefburgers, spam was breaded or made into croquettes, and other attempts were made to camouflage our old standbys. In addition, it later became possible to buy some food in the open market to supplement our rations. Fresh vegetables and fruits, eggs, olive oil, salads, and chicken on a few occasions helped to relieve the monotony of the old corned beef - Vienna sausage - Spam - Chili - etc. routine. Later, our issued rations improved constantly as we receded to the status of a rear echelon. Fresh meat, eggs and vegetables became plentiful and those who had thinned out previously began to resume their old rotundity. Yes - we mean Sam Karelitz, Irv Somach and Les Tuchman too. During our last two months at Mateur, we began to feel pangs of conscience when we had a steady diet of roast beef - steak - chicken - pork - fresh eggs for breakfast every morning and meat twice daily. Kitty presided over the mess efficiently and frequently contributed her own pastries and recipes to further glorify the menu.

We had our first Base Section inspection during the month of September. There had been several false alarms during the preceding days that occasioned many a dropped heart beat and an accelerated rate of ward polishing. Finally we were assured that this was to be the real thing and we all went to the task of "G.I.ing" the hospital in typical Third General fashion. Tables were placed one upon the other, so that the tops of the doorways and rafters could be freed of dust. Beds were washed - every crevice dusted - shelves and tables scrubbed - curtains washed and ironed - brass polished - dishes and silverware polished - shoes shined - outsides of wards raked - stones and waste barrels white washed. We went to the extreme of removing fire extinguishers to clean the dust from the bottom of the wall brackets that held them. The administrative sections had their files in order and records up-to-date. The inspection itself came as somewhat of an anticlimax as the team of inspectors rushed through the hospital in double-time. Gawkng nurses and corpsmen prepared to hop to attention, disconsolately watched them tear down the road in an
outflanking maneuver. The results of this inspection were announced on the following day - the majority of the departments were rated as superior with a few "only" excellent. Thus the 3rd General came through its first overseas inspection by a higher echelon.

September was also when: - The Nurse Corps received their new overseas issue. Striped beige seersucker "maternity style" uniforms replaced the "reformatory blue" as the duty uniform. The cap of similar material matched this ensemble. Olive drab replaced the blue for the dress uniform. Other items of issue included - hooded green trench coats, O.D. shirts and slacks, brown shoes and bags, and a variety of other articles that had all the girls excited. Captain Saffier of the Neurosurgical team was returned to the United States because of illness and was replaced by Captain Herbert Moore. Arlene Reuter incurred a fracture of the humerus and was encased in a plaster cast by Ed Bick. She was later returned to the Zone of the Interior. Long awaited promotions were announced. To the rank of Captain: Gerson Lesnick, Jim Polkinghorn, Bayard Miller, Vernon Weinstein. To First Lieutenant: Leila Holley, Ruth Barthel, Nan Berkowitz and Marguerite Perry. Lewis Phillips presented two lectures on Military Courtesy in our newly organized Training Program, a model for future similar talks - duration, 7 minutes.
October 1943:

A nip in the air warned of approaching winter as the rains continued. Now the weather was both cold and wet, and at night the thermometers fell rather steeply. At the start of the month our ties went back on and our sleeves were rolled down. Later we donned our woolens again, meanwhile wondering where we would be when next we unpacked our cottons from the bottom of the B-bags. Further efforts to winterize the hospital were made as already indicated previously — cement floors were laid in the tents on the hill, gravel walks and drainage ditches appeared to prevent an inundation during the expected rainy season, winterized wash rooms were constructed near our quarters, and we prayed, without any encouraging signs, for some source of heating. Henry Doubilet was not satisfied with just a cement floor and set about the task of building a wooden floor on a platform above the cement foundation. The end result of his labors was far from resembling his parquet floor in New York. In fact it sagged in the middle and each plank had a different degree of elasticity so that one had the feeling of walking across a bed spring in crossing the floor.

On the 17th of October, a reorganization of our administrative section occurred. Jim Polkinghorn was assigned as adjutant and Russ Price a Detachment Commander. Ed Watts left the Registrar's office to become Mass Officer. Ed Steck was assigned as Provost Marshal. Zipkin assumed the duties of Personnel officer in addition to his work as Sanitation Officer and Nat Zombach acquired the additional duty of Assistant Adjutant. It is to all their credit that they had all their departments running smoothly in very short order.

Zipkin and Zombach demonstrated an amazing versatility in the execution of their many assignments. Isadore Zipkin, a Ph.D. in biochemistry and instructor at PennState before accepting a commission in the army, was originally assigned to us as a laboratory officer. Since our laboratory had a full complement of medical officers, Zippie became at various times - mess officer, sanitation officer and personnel officer. At odd moments, he helped to remove "bugs" from some of the chemistry problems in the laboratory. Zombie had been a serologist in a Marine Hospital before joining the army. With the Third, he has already been Post Exchange officer, Sanitation inspector, Postal Officer, Clothing room officer, and Assistant adjutant.

With a decrease in professional activity coincident with our reduction to 1000 bed capacity, the neurosurgical team of the 2nd Auxiliary Surgical Group, that had been attached to us, left to be sent forward to Italy. Major Tinsley and Captains Osher and Moore departed somewhat reluctantly for they had formed strong friendships in our midst.

Happy Coincident Department: Among our patients to be admitted this month were: (1) Sgt. Clanton — whose sister is one of the educational staff of the Mount Sinai School of Nursing; (2) an ex-patient of Sinai in New York, who was agreeably surprised to find a hospital
annex in a remote part of North Africa; (3) Cpl. Moses, a relative of one of the members of our Board of Trustees at Mount Sinai; and (4) Colonel Ritter, who was a patient at Base Hospital #3 during the last war. Colonel Ritter though that it was quite a coincidence that he should be sent to the 3rd General Hospital but was even further amazed that the 3rd was again a Mount Sinai unit. Try as he would, he was unable to remember who his ward officer had been, but he readily remembered his nurses. The Colonel was very grateful for the caliber of medical and nursing care that he received and when he incurred another fractured femur a few months later – he insisted upon being brought back to the 3rd General, even though it meant a far longer trip for him.

Two dances at the club featured our social program for the month. An excellent band from the 37th Engineers played for the first on the 2nd of October. Halloween was as good an excuse as any for a masquerade on the 30th of the month. The club was appropriately decorated with bats, pumpkins, witches sailing through the air on broomsticks, spider webs and other improvised devices. Eunice Thompson dressed as a fortune teller foretold the events of the future. The traditional games of Halloween provided most of the entertainment and included ducking for apples, eating doughnuts suspended from strings, a chair dance and an obstacle race. The masquerade costumes drew many an "ahh" or a good laugh. Among the best were: Sam Karekatz in a nurses uniform garnished with a rectal tube and a urinal and looking very much like Aunt Jemima; Marie Lundberg and Ann Herricourt as white sisters; Lena Levine in an expensive Arabian gown; Rosie Reininger in a chinese costume and Norm Greenberg in a barracks bag that sprouted legs as "Sad Sack". Cerson Lesnick's costume beggars description – he appeared as a ballet danseuse with scanty coverings and well-placed stuffing. His antics during the evening had many of us wondering whether he had undergone some endocrine confusion. Doughnuts, coffee, apples and sandwiches were served later in the evening.

October was also when:- Lewis Phillips parted with his appendix with Ameil Glass supervising the procedure........Miss Söhmers incurred a Colles fracture when she fell while jumping off the back of the "Toonerville" shuttle bus to the expansion area.......Misses Sidders and Feldman were returned to the Zone of the Interior because of illness. Mildred Feldman had made a plucky effort to continue with her duties but was finally convinced that it was to her best interest to return to the States.........The Post Exchange sold only Raleighs and Harveys and other such brands while most of us pined for the more popular brands and wondered why they were not being sent overseas........A sudden burst of red bordered letters had Lou Zaretsky and Ed Weinstein with their faces even redder than the borders...tsk! tsk! – they had neglected to have their mop racks in the proper position.
Peggy Haefler "woke up screaming" one night when she saw an African relative of Mickey Mouse doing a tight rope exhibition on the electric wire cord leading to her bed. Her volume and pitch increased as the graceful performer used her mosquito net as a safety net and bounced up and down as it scrambled for eventual escape. The mice and rats from the adjacent fields found many a home amidst our tents — it wasn't long before the tell-tale signs of these little visitors were clearly visible. Candles, shoes and any food not in cans or locked up were their favorite selection. One even perversely attacked a roll of toilet paper. They had the most amazing faculty for discovering the presence of food or candy. The climbed into pockets and very neatly ate the contents therein leaving the scraps of paper behind as evidence. We wonder what the poor rats will do when peace comes and they will be forced to give up their diet of bon-bons and chewing gum.
Bizerte County Medical Society

Program of Meeting to be held at 3rd General Hospital, Mateur, Wednesday afternoon, 17 November 1943, at 1500 hours.

(Each presentation to be limited to five minutes with five minutes allocated for discussion)

1. Presentation of case exhibiting problems in management of complete high intestinal fistula.
   
   Major Leon Ginzburg

2. Case exemplifying early soft part closure in compound fractures.
   
   Major Ameil Glass

3. Amoebic liver abscess (2 cases).
   
   Major Irving Somach
   Lt. Col. Percy Klingenstein

4. Response to Pencillin of ten cases of sulphonamide resistant gonorrhea.
   
   Lt. Moses H. Holland

5. Inflammatory disease of brain stem (2 cases).
   
   Capt. Edwin A. Weinstein
   Lt. Ralph E. Moloshok

6. Malaria.
   
   Major Henry Horn
   Lt. Col. Samuel Karelitz

M. P. RUDOLPH,
Colonel, Medical Corps,
Honorary President.
November 1943:

In November, the Bizerte County Medical Society was organized under the leadership of Colonel Rudolf, the Base Surgeon, in order to more closely correlate the experiences of all the medical installations in the area. Percy Klingenstein represented the 3rd General on the Program committee. The first meeting was held at the 33rd General Hospital with a program that included a discussion of the complications of gastrointestinal injuries, the management of scalp wounds in compound fractures of the skull and amoebiasis. Leon Ginzburg was active in the discussion with a report of some of our experiences during the Sicilian Campaign. These meetings presented us with an opportunity to visit many of the surrounding hospitals and exchange views on the management of cases. The second program was held at our hospital on the 17th of November and we presented a rapid fire program that was well received. Leon Ginzburg spoke on some aspects of the management of abdominal injuries, Irv Somach presented two cases of amoebic liver abscess. Henry Horn summarized our experience with over 1000 cases of malaria. Ed Weinstein and Ralph Moloshok presented several cases of an atypical inflammatory disease of the Central nervous system, and Aneil Glass showed a case that illustrated a method for inducing more rapid healing in fractures of the upper extremity.

Later in the month the first Allied Medical conference was held in Oran and was attended by Colonels Donnelly and Sande.

During the month Colonel Koenig replaced Colonel Conard as the EBS commanding officer and instituted a program of compulsory training for all personnel in the section. Our program included our usual conferences, talks on the conservation of supplies and other administrative problems, close order drills that were theoretical, and recreational activities. The would-be athletes in our midst played at baseball, football and volleyball. In fact, after a few months of training, the officers eked out a one-run victory over the younger detachment team in a baseball game. Despite their incessant clamoring for a return engagement, we rested on our laurels and somehow never found the time for another game. The nurses' program included more close order drill and calisthenics than any of the other programs and we suspect that the girls were watching their waist line measurements more closely than the males as our rations improved.

The orthopedic service was kept rather busy at all time treating injuries sustained in traffic accidents. Lewis Phillips, not to be outdone was the victim of a jeep accident only a short while after he was separated from his appendix. Very fortunately only minor injuries were sustained for the severity of the collision in which Lewis was pinned underneath the vehicle.

Thanksgiving day was celebrated in traditional fashion and turkey (with bones and legs) was served with all the trimmings in the mess halls and on the wards. A little snorter of whiskey was served to the patients as a special treat and tables were set in the wards for the patients. It was quite remarkable to us that all this food could be transported over the long supply lines for this special occasion. In
"Don't you dread the day peace comes and we'll have to give up all the things we've become accustomed to?"
fact, air transport was used to carry turkeys as close to the front as possible to enable the combat troops to get their share.

Eddie Steck and Ralph Peters were transferred to the 7th Medical Depot on the 28th of November and its, Haley and Mccollum joined us in exchange. Tables of Organization being as tight as they were, both Eddie and Ralph stood a better chance for advancement in their new outfit.

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After having filled out the required forms and copies, waited the prescribed 90 day period, complied with the civil rites of Tunisia, the Army and Margie Deitsch decided to give her hand in marriage to Ralph Moloshok.

Long green palm fronds decorated the length of the walls of the Officers' club. At the foot of the aisle formed between the arranged chairs was a small platform over which hung a green canopy of vines, flowers and leafy branches of trees. Somehow one could not escape the slightly solemn atmosphere so characteristic of wedding ceremonies. Awaiting the couple was Henry Tavel who had flown from Algiers to perform the ceremonies. Music for the services were played by Simon Dack as Ralph, attended by Irv Solomon, took their place in front of the altar. Then to the tune of the wedding march, Kitty Vance as maid of honor walked down the long aisle, followed by the bride escorted by Sam Karelitz. No difficulty in describing the gowns and costumes of the participants - they all wore O.D. dress uniforms. Henry conducted a simple but very sincere service and bizarre as the setting might have seemed, there was all the dignity and charm that is usually associated with even the most elaborate of wedding ceremonies.

The reception that followed put us well on our way towards the enjoyment of the wedding supper. After a quick tour of the hospital in the streamer bedecked jeep driven by Colonel Donnelly, the bridal party led the guests to the mess for the wedding supper. To create the proper atmosphere for an army wedding - an air raid alert occurred in the midst of the meal, somewhere between the steak and the wedding cake, and candlelight and flashlights were resorted to as a source for illumination. A gay dance at the club continued the evening's festivities. Somehow, Margie and Ralph slipped out of the club later in the evening and on the next morning we learned that they were on their way to Algiers for their honeymoon.

The returning Moloshoks joined the Horns and the Weissbergs in the row of tents on the hill that received the designation of "Honeymoon Lane". The furnishings of these tents called for a free exercise of ingenuity and called upon past experience with life under field conditions. The Weissbergs concentrated on antique furnishings with a massive carved chest of drawers as their featured piece to set the motif. The origin of this bit of furniture was never elucidated upon by Jules - it just appeared. Another antique was a German ammunition box
Margaret G. Deutsch
Second Lieutenant A. N. C.

and

Ralph E. Moloshok
Captain M. C.

announce their marriage

on the twenty-eighth of November
nineteen hundred and forty-three

at the Third General Hospital
North Africa
that was readily converted into a foot locker - a relic of the
Teutonic period of Tunisian occupation. The Horns, with Henry master-
minding, featured the futuristic design as exemplified by an oil burner
that resembled a Rube Goldberg contraption. Guests at the Horns would
watch with horror and a feeling of impending doom as Henry started the
fire burning. A friend in the Navy also helped the Horns with numerous
items of construction that converted their tent into a home. The
Moloshoks had furnishings of what might be called the modern North
African period, an admixture of G.I. and salvage. For example, a
packing case with shelves constructed therein from a few spare planks
made a nice breakfast when ruffled curtains were hung in the proper
manner. (W. & J. Sloane please copy) Another case with a hole on top
to accommodate a steel helmet was the latest thing in wash stands. A
few scraps of lumber hammered together and covered with a pup tent
made an adequate clothes closet; a coffee table from a few planks
of wood on top of a telephone wire spool... a few splashes of color
from Arab woolen blankets and native bright woven rugs... and there
you have it... a home, where formerly you had a bare pyramidal
tent. Such was married life in North Africa for the sons and daughters
of Mount Sinai.

Promotions for those professional officers who were still
Lieutenants were announced during the last week of the month:- the
new Captains - Jules Weissberg, Ralph Moloshok, Moe Holland, Lee
Kulick, Lou Wasserman. Irv Solomon's promotion was held up because of
some technical error but was announced in a "special order of the day"
about one week later.
C-O-S-H! -

ON WELL,

MERRY CHRISTMAS!
December 1943:

December was a rather uneventful month with the exception of the Christmas season and the inspection of the Third General by Colonel Koenig, Commanding Officer of the Base Section. The latter event took place rather unexpectedly when Colonel Koenig appeared on the post without any previous notification. Of course the word was quickly spread about the post that we were about to be inspected, but there was little time for those little touches that made the hospital shine on inspection mornings. We soon learned that this was to be a different type of inspection as little attention was paid to the minute details of ward police, although without doubt this factor exerts a great influence upon the general impression created.

Colonel Koenig stopped first on the nurses' ward where he asked such questions as: "How is the food? Are you getting the proper attention? Is the food served hot? How many hours are the nurses working? Are they getting adequate recreation? etc." A brief inquiry was made into the type of clinical records that were being kept. We trembled somewhat as some of these questions were directed at a disoriented patient with a severe psychoneurosis, but fortunately the patient was in one of her lucid intervals and supplied the correct answers. The inspecting party toured the remainder of the hospital with the similar purpose of determining not so much how the hospital looked but how well it was functioning. Everywhere the departments and services were operating satisfactorily and we had no reason to suspect that we would receive an unfavorable report. We were all agreeably surprised to find that we had received an official commendation as a result of the inspection. The complete commendation and the endorsements thereon are reprinted in this history.

On a previous occasion, at the close of the Sicilian campaign, a team of inspecting officers recommended that a commendation be awarded to our hospital for the task that we had completed in caring for the tremendous patient load under many adverse conditions. At that time, Colonel Conard, the Base Commander, recognized the performance but recommended that we each receive individual commendation. This time the hospital as a whole had received commendation and we were justifiably proud.
Subject: Commendation
To: Colonel George H. Donnelly, Commanding Officer, 3rd General Hospital, A.P.O. 533, U.S. Army. Thru: The Surgeon, Eastern Base Section.

1. Following my recent visit and inspection of your hospital, I desire to express to you and your staff my sincere commendation for the outstandingly efficient administration of your hospital.

2. From an administrative standpoint, your hospital appears competently managed and efficiently operated. From a medical viewpoint, all professional services appear to be functioning with unusual smoothness and effectiveness.

3. It is felt that your hospital could well be a model for similar institutions and that you have set a standard worthy of emulation.

/s/ E.F. Koenig
/t/ E.F. KOENIG
Colonel, Infantry
Commanding

1st Ind.
Headquarters, EBS, Office of the Surgeon, APO 763, 21 December 1943
To: Colonel George H. Donnelly, Commanding Officer, 3rd General Hospital.

I take pleasure in forwarding the above commendation.

/s/ M.P. Rudolf
/t/ M.P. RUDOLF
Colonel, M.C.
Commanding

2nd Ind.
Headquarters, Third General Hospital, APO 423, U.S. Army, 22 December 1943
To: All personnel, Third General Hospital

1. The commanding officer desires to express his sincere appreciation to each member of this command for the outstanding performance of duty which has enabled this hospital to receive this recognition of merit.

2. Each of you can be justly proud of your part in the establishment and operation of the Third General Hospital. I am proud of you and our organization.

/s/ George H. Donnelly
/t/ GEORGE H. DONNELLY
Colonel, M.C.
Commanding
The Christmas season, our second in the army, was the time for a brightening of the spirits and of the physical appearance of the hospital. The wards and departments vied with each other for original and decorative Christmas trimmings. Only a limited supply of watercolor paints were available from the Red Cross so that a great deal of improvising and ingenuity was required to effect the end result. Amateur artists appeared all over the hospital from our own personnel and amongst the patients. Colorful Christmas designs and scenes were painted on the windows. Bells, streamers, and tinsel were hung in many of the wards. Many of the buildings constructed fireplaces with salvaged cardboard cartons from the Post Exchange. Colored candy wrappers stuffed with absorbent cotton were transformed into the bright colored glass balls that one associates with the trimming of the tree. Evergreen Christmas trees appeared here and there in the hospital with their source a mystery. One large evergreen, presented to the hospital by a neighboring estate, was placed at the top of the hill in the central part of the hospital and was gaily decorated with electric bulbs that were illuminated at night. A new manner of staining electric light bulbs is here described (patent pending): blue - G.I. ink; red - red charting ink; yellow - atabrine solution; mixtures of these will give any desired color.

Stuffed Santa Claus riding in a sleigh drawn by a team of reindeers was seen on Irv Solomon's ward where Miss Cackleriss supervised operations. Anne Herricourt, who is endowed with artistic ability, painted some of the best window scenes with the total effect of a stained glass window. The Officers' wards decorations were characterized by the individual and independent efforts of many of the patients - each attempting to outdo the next. The Operating room staff had a field day since they had more windows and space to decorate than any of the other departments. The Orthopedic section built an ingenious outdoor display that was glass-enclosed - a manger scene was depicted with the figures made from salvaged rubber gloves. Guardian angels hovered over the scene with haloes that lit up at night. Lighting effects were created with flashlight bulbs and batteries that were cleverly concealed. The generator staff, not to be outdone, had a large electric bulb sign that blazed the message - "MERRY XMAS". The entire hospital brightened with the holiday spirit and this helped to lift the morale for those soldiers who found themselves so far from home at a time when everyone wants so much to be with their loved ones.

As a pre-Christmas warm-up and in celebration of a task well performed, many of the departments tendered parties for their enlisted personnel. Probably the most novel of these was that held by the Orthopedic section in their part of the operating room building. "Raiding cane" was the password for the evening. A Bradford frame was set up over an improvised bar and various shades of wine flowed forth from some of its component parts. On entering the refreshment room one encountered a poor soul stretched out on a table completely encased in plaster. "Arab Joe" was the label pinned on the corpus,
for he had obviously died while getting plastered. A post-mortem revealed that the innards of this gent were stuffed with sandwiches and cakes. Canfield, Jones, Winters, Seales and Vance played music of a sort and everyone seemed to have a most enjoyable evening. Ed Bick stood by with admiration in his eye for he told us that he was proud of thw work that his boys had done, and this was their first opportunity for relaxation since we began admitting patients.

The dental department celebrated with a chicken dinner at which the boys confessed that they had eaten their fill, though beforehand they though that they would never get enough fried chicken to make them yell "Quits". The laboratory went all out at their party as they pooled their hoarded resources to serve such delicacies as patie de foie gras, lobster, shrimps, coca-cola and ice cream sodas amongst other things.

Irv Somach arranged to schedule the "Yardbird Revue" for the Christmas season. This was a G.I. show that rivalled "This Is The Army" for entertainment value and accumulated talent. The show had completed a successful tour through Army camps in the States, England and North Africa, and we managed to see it before it went on to Italy. It was an excellent show and as many of us as possible crowded into the Red Cross theater at the three performances that were given.

On Christmas eve, the Third General Choir, composed of nurses, officers and enlisted men, toured the area and stopped on many of the wards to sing carols. They carried lighted candles that added an atmospheric touch and cast a radiant glow over the faces of the singers. As the group moved onward, patients followed them to swell the chorus and to give these soldiers a feeling of participation in the celebration. We even had our own Santa Claus. Sam Karelitz bedecked in the customary garb of Kris Kringle made the rounds of the wards to distribute the gifts supplied by the Red Cross. Sam made an excellent Santa and of course required none of the stuffing of pillows to round out his costume. At midnight, services were held by both Chaplain Chapler and Father Dunne and the majority of the ambulant patients attended these services. Coffee and sandwiches were served for these patients upon return to the ward.

On Christmas day, a truly magnificent dinner was served throughout the hospital. Turkey, stuffing, candied sweet potatoes and plum pudding were featured, and for the event the patients were all given a generous half-ounce of whiskey. Many of the boys said it was their first taste of real whiskey since they were sent overseas. Nurses and wardmen in all the wards did their utmost to make this a real dinner as they set and decorated a table in the center of the ward at which the patients could sit and enjoy their meal.
On Christmas night a dance was held at the Officers' club with music furnished by our own 3rd General band. Although we had a group of individual instrumentalists in our organization, through the efforts of Lt. Bunice Thompson they were now forged into a band. The results of weeks of painstaking rehearsals were obvious to those of us who had heard them play before. The club was beautifully decorated with evergreen branches, red candles, and other appropriate trimmings and a large tree was lit with multicolored bulbs. Our new fireplace had a blazing log fire that lent a warm glow to the room. Needless to say, we all joined into the "spirits" of the evening and enjoyed this party.

New Year's Eve found us celebrating again with the longest party of our history. Festivities began with Colonel Donnelly's reception at 17:00 hours. Rain fell intermittently all day and we made a rapid transformation as we shed our boots and trench coats, and folded down the cuffs of our trousers to be presented to the receiving line. We were greeted in turn by Captain Polkinghorn, Miss Chamberlain, Lieutenant Colonel Lande, and Colonels Koenig and Donnelly. A cocktail party followed at which time a supply of liquor allotted to our hospital for Christmas was rapidly consumed. A sumptuous buffet supper was served from tables laden with food— including turkey, ham, fresh salads, cranberry sauce, sandwiches, cake and coffee. Tables were arranged in cabaret style and lighting effects were achieved with candlelight as the principle mode of illumination. Dancing followed soon after dinner was completed and continued until well after midnight. The 3rd General band again supplied the music and surprised us again by their further improvement. The band was augmented by two patients who were quite expert with the trumpet. An unusual guest at the party was the Caïd of Mateur, the leader of the Arab population of the area. He was a genial individual clothed in white flowing robes and he proved to be an excellent conversationalist in rapid-fire French. He enjoyed the gaiety and activities tremendously and remained until late in the evening. The Caïd demonstrated his political technique with the gracious remarks that accompanied all introductions—especially with the girls—"ttes gentile......tres jolie......tres charmante".

Midnight found the party going strong as we welcomed the New Year and bid good riddance to the old. We toasted each other and the folks back home, but most often we could hear—"To next year and victory", "To next year at home".
January 1944:

The New Year started happily for Chaplain Chapler and Hy Levy as both received promotions in rank. "Chappy" was now a Captain and Hy a Major. Thus another company officer but the dust and we celebrated with him in "a rapid demolition of Tunisian whiskey" at the Officers' Club.

Many a New Year's resolution was made but none so dramatic as Herm Lande's when he suddenly decided to give up bridge for the duration. Now, we haven't mentioned the bridge game for many pages but one should not assume that the intensity and zeal of our Culbertsons had subsided. Instead, the fuss and fury aroused, when a mis-bid was made or a point of theory was raised, would periodically rock the very foundations of the club - not to mention friendships. These men took their bridge game seriously and could quote reference sources for almost every play. Herm Lande finally decided that this was too much for his blood pressure - but we hear from a usually unreliable source that his abdication was precipitated when someone bid two clubs after his two spade declaration. At any rate, our bridge game has finally received recognition from the New York press as their prowess at the game was extolled. Honestly though Percy - isn't the editor a friend of yours?

A team of upstairs, Scotty Schapiro and Bob Walters, introduced a new system of bridge that they modestly titled "Winning Bridge". They boasted that they could beat any team of experts and embarrassingly enough they managed to do this sufficiently often to be disconcerting.

On the 8th of January, we received notification that we had been transferred to the jurisdiction of the Peninsular Base Section. This was followed by rumors of an impending move to Italy although there was no evidence that such a movement was contemplated. Other units in the area had been similarly transferred to P.B.S. but still remained in the same location. There had been previous rumors concerning our next station that ranged from the Bronx to India, and the skeptics in our midst had learned to disregard much of this speculation. However, on two previous occasions, we "almost" moved from Mateur. At one time it is said that we were slated to follow the 7th Army into Sicily and set up a hospital at the University of Palermo Medical School. Later, we "almost" followed the 12th Air Force to Bari, Italy. Although we were supposed to have been a preferred unit, another General Hospital was staging at the time and went on to that location. At any rate, we were still at Mateur and although we were becoming increasingly active, there was no sign of an alert.
"I would like to report to you the extra-curricular doings of our Army in North Africa," writes Lee Hazen, New York lawyer and life master. "When the noise of guns had died down in North Africa," he continues, "a roar persisted, even though the Germans had surrendered. At first it was suspected that it might be German bombers, but this was eliminated—they couldn't make that much noise."

"After some investigation it was discovered that it emanated from the 3d General Hospital in North Africa, and came from a bridge game participated in by Lieutenant Colonels Percy Klingenstein and Dennis Glucksman and Majors Lester Tuchman and Amiel Glass. This game had started in New York, gone to Camp Rucker, Alabama, and thence to North Africa. These officers were prominent physicians in private practice and members of the Mt. Sinai Medical Unit overseas.

"I have played with Colonel Klingenstein many times and I can tell you that he is as tough an opponent as you would want to find anywhere. He plays his cards well, defends shrewdly and his 'psychics' have cost me many a point."

**Colonels Versus Majors**

"On the following hand the Colonels took the Majors over the coal, but not without a struggle. As you can see, Colonel Klingenstein really had to time this hand perfectly in order to bring his contract home."

South made his six-heart contract by developing a trump coup on East. Here is how Lee describes the bidding and play of the deal, which is shown in today's box:

"The bidding was strictly Army style. Colonel Klingenstein bid one diamond, to which Colonel Glucksman replied with one spade, and then rapidly, two hearts, four hearts, six hearts.

"Major Glass, on lead, typified the spirit of our Army by making the offensive lead of the six of diamonds, rather than the conservative queen of clubs. Declares calmly surveyed the dummy and said: 'This calls for Army play B-1.' (We cannot tell you what that is—it's a military secret.) He won the opening lead with the ace of diamonds: then played two rounds of trumps, ending in his hand; then cashed two clubs, and ruffed the third in dummy.

**Army Play B-1**

"He then played the ace of spades, on which he discarded a
On the 11th of January we had another wedding at the Third. Betty Haines, one of our nurses, was married to Lieutenant Curt Lattimer. Betty met Curt on the day she was activated in the Army and was engaged shortly thereafter. A reunion took place at Mateur in July but they were again separated when Curt went forward with a Ranger Battalion. He reappeared as a patient in our hospital in December. An informal civil ceremony was held in Tunis and another ceremony performed by Chaplain Chapler in the Officers' Club. A party in honor of the Lattimers was held at the club on the 22nd of January.

Anecdote for the month, or "3rd General travels far for a patient": A call was received at Headquarters that a British soldier was lying on the road ten miles out of Tabarka with an acute stomach ache. The caller was an Army officer who climbed a telephone pole and cut in on a wire to reach the hospital. The officer ventured the opinion that it was probably a ruptured appendix and stressed haste. Two minutes later an ambulance roared out of the 3rd General with Vernon Weinstein and a driver on the mission of mercy. Travelling the distance of about 75 miles in record time, they then spent about an hour trying to locate the suffering patient. After they covered the shore road without success, they stopped at a nearby farmhouse to seek information as to whether there were any other roads. When informed that there was a mountain road, the dauntless Capt. Weinstein once again fared forth - but to no avail. He could not be found. By this time it was approaching midnight and Vernon stopped at an isolated Signal Corps outpost to call the hospital for further instructions. No gate was visible and he was forced to climb over the barbed wire enclosure. Not a creature was stirring despite all vocal efforts he made to attract attention so that he could find a telephone. The first tent was empty. The second contained two dogs warming themselves about the improvised stove and there were four soldiers sound asleep in their bunks. After he aroused a soldier and was directed to the telephone, he reached Headquarters. Vernon was told to report the incident to the nearest M.P. station. After a series of calls, he discovered that the nearest military police were in Mateur, and they seemed peculiarly unimpressed by his tale of woe. And so - this story ends upon an anti-climactic note as Vernon returned to the hospital sans patient, sans glory and sans sleep.

In January, Robert McCallom was assigned as Club Officer and he inaugurated the new policy of having a dance at the club every Saturday night. The 3rd General band supplied the music and each week a different committee of nurses were delegated with the responsibility for decorations and with the duties as hostesses. These parties became increasingly popular and were well attended,
We experienced the exotic in food during the month to whet our jaded appetites that had been surfeited on steak, pork and roast beef (?). One evening, we noted that the pot roast had an unusual gamey taste and was quite tough. The usual comments were made suggesting that it was probably horse meat. Nevertheless we were surprised to find that we had eaten water buffalo. Later, Colonel Donnelly returned from a hunting trip with a wild boar as a trophy. Barbecued boar sandwiches were served at the club and were enjoyed by those who could overcome the fear of tapeworm infestation. No victims have appeared to date.

On the twelfth of January, Miss DeWitt and Miss Anderson of our operating room staff were transferred from our unit to the 8th Evacuation Hospital because of a shortage of trained surgical nurses in that organization. On the 28th of January, Jack Levy was transferred out of the unit to report for duty with the 36th Division. Major Bernard Briggs was transferred into our unit as chief of the section of Anaesthesia and officer in charge of the operating room.

During the early part of January the monthly dental meeting of the Bizerte County Dental Society was held at the Third General Hospital. There were clinics given in prosthetic dentistry, surgery, the use of moultages in recording surgical procedures, operative dentistry and related subjects such as acrylic jackets and eye implants. It was well attended by dentists who came from places as far away as Phillipsville and Cape Bon. The only thing missing from the usual dental convention was the free samples given away by the advertisers. Dennis Glucksman made up for this with samples of another nature that had the dentists smacking their lips and "in the mood". There was one officer who wandered about the area for several days — probably waiting for the next convention. He left as quietly as he came.
February 1944:

The day was clear and cold although the sky was overcast and filled with dirty grey clouds. The officers, nurses and detachment assembled on the road leading down to the mess hall from the nurses' area. Tommy Ballard's voice rang out clearly - "FORWARD ....MARCH!" and the unit presented its first formal retreat in North Africa. In measured cadence set by the E.B.J.S. band, the officers in blouson, pinks and leggins marched along the road leading behind the flag pole, followed by two platoons of nurses. One squad was dressed in blue overcoats and overseas caps and the other in the green hooded trench coat and service cap. The detachment followed in three platoons dressed in field jackets, overseas cap, O.D. trousers and leggins. Considering the fact that we had not marched for eight or ten months, the unit looked marvelously well. Henry Horn and Milt Schwartz darted about with the shutters of their cameras clicking away like mad.

We grouped ourselves in a large triangle with the apex at the junction of the two roads near the flagpole and the base at Headquarters. The patients in deep red and blue bath robes lined the road near the Headquarters building where the reviewing party was stationed. The orders of the day were read by Jim Polkinghorn and then the presentation ceremony that was the occasion for this retreat parade ensued. The citation in presenting the Legion of Merit medal to Colonel Fugsley was read over a public address system. Colonel Fugsley, who was at the time a patient in our hospital, had performed meritorious service in the handling of the medical problem of the Sicilian campaign. A Silver Star was then awarded to Sgt. Rutherford, who, although wounded by flak in a bombing raid, remained at his post as tail gunner of a bomber until the axis aircraft were either shot down or dispersed.

After these presentations, we had the retreat flag ceremonies, and then passed in review. A Major, who was a patient at the hospital and had completed 25 years of service in the Army, personally complimented Colonel Donnelly on having the 'smartest looking medical outfit' that he had ever seen in his army career. We were quite proud of the display.

Several weeks later another retreat parade was held upon the occasion of presentation of Good Conduct Medals to a group of our enlisted men. This ceremony was similarly impressive and well executed despite the fact that rain fell throughout the latter half of the retreat.

It all started as a "friendly" discussion in the Officers' Mess at that third table where the overflow from the field officers' table intermingles with the lower ranks. We don't know who started the conversation as to the relative wisdom of the majors and the captains, but soon loud voices could be heard from both camps.
Bob Walters and Lou Wasserman championed the acumen of the younger men, while Sol Silver and Les Tuchman felt certain that their accumulated store of information was beyond the scope of the "young squirts". The discussion became more animat and acrimonious, and a challenge was flung forth by Sol and Lester to meet all comers in a Battle of Wits. Moreover, they were willing to cover all wagers with odds of "6 to 5". The company officers were naturally reticent, modest and hesitant as regards a public display such as was suggested but were finally goaded by persistent taunts to accept the challenge.

A large and enthusiastic audience crowded into the Officers' Club on the evening of the ninth of February in anticipation of a bloody struggle to the finish. The better seats about the fire place and the stove were taken long before the contest was scheduled to start and it was S.R.O. for the late arrivals. Several near altercations broke out in the grandstands and it became obvious that the spectators had taken definite sides as to their favorites. The composition of the two teams was still a mystery, but soon the players came "out on the field" amidst riotous cheers and they began to warm up on the sidelines.

In a "brief" interview before the game, that man of few (?) words, Ed Jemerin, issued the following statement for publication: "We come to the contest eagerly despite the knowledge that, because of nine months during which the field officers had nothing to do but prepare for such a contest, we, whose days were filled with arduous labor, are at the disadvantage of a group of untrained fighters". Les Tuchman called "fool" and began to enumerate the quantity of disposition boards he had completed when the teams were summoned to take their positions.

Colonel Donnelly took the chair as interlocator and chief referee. Colonel Herman Lande sat beside him as chief judge. Lou Wasserman acted as manager of the company officers and score keeper - an ingenious combination, Ed Bassen, as manager for the Majors' team, was also master of ceremonies for the evening. The Majors' team was composed of Sol Silver, Lester Tuchman, Abou Pollack, and Hy Levy. The Captains' team, dressed in olive drab, averaging 150 pounds, and seated from left to right - Sid "O'Grady" Silverstone, Scotty Schapiro, Eddie Jemerin, and Irv "Muscles" Solomon.

Ed Bassen introduced the principle performers of the evening. He pointed out that the purpose of the contest was not as a test of intelligence, that the questions were taken from a "Quiz Kid" book, and that any resemblance to any other program, either living or dead, was not just coincidental. Herm Lande then explained that the contest was to be governed by the rules of Tunisia. Each correct answer would receive one point; an incorrect answer would lose a point. If a question was not answered, or answered incorrectly,
the other side would be given the opportunity to gain the point. The contestants and the audience sat at the edge of their seats as Herm Lande spoke his final words - "Come out fighting and keep it clean".

The "Gold Leaves" were off to an early lead through the questions on art and the Bible, and Sol Silver began to raise the odds that he offered. The Captains bit their lips, grew tense, and objected to the consultations among the Majors that frequently preceded their responses. When Colonel Donnelly asked for the Fifth Commandment, the answer furnished from the audience was "Thou shalt not consult". The Golden boys went further out in front until they began to take the penalties of over-confidence and incorrect responses. "On which side of the House do the Democrats sit?" was the question. Lester Tuchman said "Left" which was not right nor correct, and the Captains scored an automatic two points to bring them within breathing distance with the score 13 to 11 against them.

At this point, "Trader" Zomback asked for a two minute break for a commercial on the outstanding values of the week at the P.X., but he was shouted down. Down the homestretch they came - neck and neck - as the youngsters suddenly sprung to life with new energy. Irv Solomon remembered that the Diet of Worms was an ecclesiastical conference and not C rations as someone prompted from the audience. Ed Jemerin came through with the names of foreign heroes of the American Revolution, that he remembered from the names of successive streets in Brooklyn - Kosciusko, DeKalb, Pulaski and Lafayette. Scotty blossomed forth with gems from the classics. The Majors fought back tooth and nail and now learned to be more cautious with their answers. Sol called forth "Lay low on this one" as they were asked "Who first announced that the world was round?".

The score was 13.2 for the Majors and 15.2 for the Captains as the last group of questions was reached. Colonel Donnelly announced that this group was to be composed of questions on mathematics. Sid Silverstone, who had been sitting by very silently, burst forth into smiles and began to talk very learnedly about cycloids, parabolas and such while the grandstands echoed with sheers.

As the final score was being tallied, Bob Walters announced that on behalf of the winning team, he had accepted the challenge of the Colonels - time and place to be determined. Then the score: MAJORS 15.2 - CAPTAINS 19 29/30. Midst the backslapping and handshakes, we were able to reach a few of the contestants for a statement. Said Les Tuchman - "We wuz robbed". Sol Silver was nearer the truth with "We talked too much", and Irv Solomon proved the latter statement with "No comment".
The Quiz complex became dominant throughout the Officer personnel during the ensuing weeks and questions were fired at you without any provocation or warning. The Mess hall was the central point for all such activity and in the midst of a quiet dinner someone would ask an innocent question, such as "Do you think it will rain to-day?". This was a signal for a burst of questions on astronomy and varieties of cloud formations. Soon the course of interrogation would reach the esoteric and the ridiculous, and someone would want to know the name of the fellow who rowed Washington across the Delaware. Nor did the Majors completely accept their defeat, and Lester Tuchman had to squirm through many a "ragging" for several days thereafter.

The Nurse Corps was thereupon inspired and a note was posted upon the bulletin board in the Mess in which they challenged "the team of Captains, who were victorious against those self-styled geniuses, the field officers". "This is murder", cried Lou Wasserman and he offered to put his second team into the fray. But the girls wanted to match their wits with the original team or none. The meeting was arranged for the eighteenth of February. The nurses were represented by Nan Berkowitz, Helen Keosian, Marguerite Perry and Mary Blitzstein. Only one change was made in the Captains team - Ed Weinstein was substituted for Sid Silverstone. Herm Lande officiated as Major Domo and Mom Chamberlain was about to see that her little ones were properly treated. The contest lacked the keenness of competition of the former battle, as both sides conducted themselves as gentlemen and ladies. To uphold the superiority of the male sex and to keep their slate clean, the Captains emerged victorious by a score of 29 1/30 to 14.

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One of our patients, who had been seriously ill for a long while, ceased and a postmortem was to be performed in accordance with prescribed army regulations. Recalling the difficulties experienced in civilian life in obtaining permission for an autopsy, Abou Pollack decided to pull a hoax on Irv Solomon who was the attending physician. He informed Irv that before the autopsy could be performed, permission from Washington was necessary and that he would have to file a request from the registrar. It took a powerful lot of convincing to persuade Irv to do so, but with bitter memories of the days at Sinai, he was finally sold. Norm Greenberg, upon receipt of the request, decided to play along with the hoax and stated that he would put through the necessary wires and that the answer should arrive within a half-hour. Abou waited about an hour and then proceeded when he said that the permission had arrived. Later in the day, Irv was shown the purported telegram which was a masterpiece of forged official-looking construction with an official stamp denoting the time of arrival. Irv showed it all about to demonstrate how rapidly a telegram could pass through channels and back again. His face turned a brilliant red when he was shown that the dates were wrong and the hoax was exposed.

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Early Friday morning, on the fourth of February, the Dental Department was informed that the chief of the Dental Corps, U.S. Army, Major General Mills, would inspect the hospital. There was a great bustle of activity as the dentists cleaned up even more than usual in preparation for the inspection. At about 11 hours that morning, Major General Mills, accompanied by Colonel Donnelly, Colonel Tanguay (Dental Surgeon, Natoua), Major Steele (Dental Surgeon, E.B.S.) and several members of his staff entered the Dental clinic. A reconnoissance scout had previously reported the appearance of the party. The "Attention" was loud and ear piercing as they entered; patients and officers snapped to that position awaiting the "At ease" that followed immediately. The General asked several questions that revealed a keen insight into the problems of supply and equipment that one faced overseas. We were impressed with his intention to give each soldier "the best we have" as our contribution to the war effort. He gave us advance information as the extended services supplied by the Dental Corps so that more elaborate restorations could be constructed. He commented favorably upon the improvised motorized foot engines and also stated that the Army was about to make a similar set-up part of the Table of Equipment. He then proceeded from one clinic to another continuing the impression of great familiarity with dental subjects as applied to our unofficial motto - "Keep them biting!". The operating room and one or two of the wards were also inspected. His visit, although short, was pleasant and his informality was a great boost to our morale and concept of general officers.

The next night, Saturday, was a blustering, windy evening as rain came down in a fierce gale. The Officers' club had its usual Saturday night dance, and in keeping with the weather it was even more informal than usual. We noticed a table covered with a G.I. tablecloth, otherwise known as a bed sheet, and idly thought that some one was about to celebrate a birthday. Suddenly the door opened and General Mills, Colonel Koenig, Colonel Donnelly, and a flock of other "eagles" entered. This informal visit was occasioned by the grounding of the General's plane because of the weather. After a slightly constrained fifteen minutes, the spirit of the party was renewed and mounted. General Mills seemed to be having a gay time as he dominated the party with his infectious laughter and good fellowship.

On the 21st of February, promotions for several of the nurses were announced in accordance with the new Table of Organization for the Army Nurse Corps. Promoted to the rank of first Lieutenant were: Muriel Berry, Margaret Deutsch, Rose Reininger, Harriet Bensley, Mary Terry, Sally Owens, Billie Marshall, Lillian Wagner, Katie Wolchan, Anne Herricourt, Elizabeth Lemereich, Grace Bahrenberg and Dotty Beaty. On the 25th of February, we had additional promotions when Nat Zownik was promoted to Captain (Not ANC) and Ruth Chamberlain to Major.
Two special parties during the month livened our social program. For St. Valentine's Day the club was decorated with many cards all from the heart suit and strung up along the wall. Gaily colored candles were on all the tables and other bright red hearts were placed upon the windows and over the fire place. The bridge players yelled "sabotage" until they were convinced that the cards were all obtained from incomplete decks.

Under the capable direction of Bob MacCollum and ably assisted by the Nurses' dance committee, the Leap Year Dance was duly announced on the bulletin board:

*** PROCLAMATION ***

BE IT PROCLAIMED THAT ON THE 26TH DAY OF FEBRUARY IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1944, THE OFFICER AND NURSES AND THEIR GUESTS WILL ASSEMBLE IN THE OFFICERS' CLUB IN RECOGNITION OF THE 366TH DAY OF THIS YEAR AS DESIGNATED BY THE GREGORIAN CALENDAR.

THE FOLLOWING RULES AND REGULATIONS WILL GOVERN THE ASSEMBLY IN THE SPIRIT THAT TRADITION Allows:-

1). The invitation to dance may be given only by the ladies.
2). Breaking or cutting-in will be definitely in order but will not be permitted by the gentlemen.
3). Dance programs will be given each person upon arrival; dancing partners will be arranged only at the request of the ladies.
4). No individual will have two consecutive dances with the same partner.
5). Severe penalty will be imposed upon anyone breaking the above rules.

The party was a huge success with more dancing that night than we have ever seen before at the club - even the wall flowers amongst the males weren't permitted to bloom unseen.

The rainy season caught up with us with a vengeance just when we were beginning to doubt some of the stories of the men who experienced this season on the previous year. On some days it rained almost continuously, while on others there were intermittent squalls punctuated with bursts of brilliant sunshine and wide-arched rainbows. What prevented our tents from blowing off with the wind is still one of the unsolved mysteries.

February was also when: Margaret Cameron was sent on detached service to NATOUSA as a public health nurse, a field in which she had a great deal of previous experience. When visited by those on leave she seemed very happy. ......... A campaign was started from higher echelons to conserve property and to enforce strict property responsibility. Rigid property inventories and checks were instituted throughout the hospital's departments and henceforth reports of survey were required whenever a shortage appeared.
March 1944:

Harbingers of Spring: Spring came early to the Third and received first recognition when Miss Chamberlain suddenly became aware of loud chirping and twittering noises as the birds hovered around the eaves of the building that served as the Chief Nurses' office. "The flaps and sides of all tents will be rolled for inspection on Saturday mornings." On this occasion Colonel Donnelly and his entourage made a thorough inspection of the nurses' and officers' tents. The nurses proved that, in spite of their duration of service, their femininity was still intact. Margie Self greeted the inspection party while serving coffee to some of her good neighbors. "Are you ready for inspection?", the Colonel asked as he encountered this little "tête à tête". "Yes", was the innocent reply. "We are just having a cup of coffee." .... Ann Hanley was still sweeping the floor of her tent energetically and was attired in a colorful house coat. Some of the girls rolled only oneside of their tent. Was Major Chamberlain's face red! .... Some of the officers' tents were not too pretty either and the rolled sides of the tents revealed much of the accumulated bric-a-brac that had been collected through the cold winter months and stored about the periphery of the tent. The enlisted men, however, were really "on the ball" with a G.I. inspection lay-out and their tents in excellent condition. Their three day pass allowance was doubled as a reward for their fine showing.

Incidently, we sneaked a little glimpse of the nurses' bulletin board the other day. Amongst the notices was the warning to all nurses that although it was permissible for them to wear socks at the present time - "Be sure that you have stockings and garters of an appropriate color at a moment's notice!" We scratched our heads and wondered what a garter of "appropriate color" looked like - and why at a "moment's notice". Could this be a new secret weapon?

"Best party we've had", was the verdict after the combined promotion party given by most of us at all of us on the 3rd of March. Abou Pollack was celebrating his promotion to Lieutenant Colonel as the highest ranking celebrant. "Mom" Chamberlain had received her gold leafage on the 25th of February on the same date that Zombie became a Captain. However, the major portion of the promtees was composed of the new 1st Lieutenants in the Nurses Corps: Muriel Berry, Margaret Deutsch, Mary Terry, Sally Owen, Rose Reininger, Betty Lemarch, Anne Herriot, Harriet Bensley, Catherine Vance, Billis Marshall, Mary Lubanovic, and Lillian Wagner. To round out the list of patrons even the Captains appointed back in November shared in the party along with Hy Levy and Henry Horn, so that nearly all the overseas promotions were being commemorated at one fell swoop. The club was crowded and gay with a large turnout of our unit members. The curacao-kino punch was a huge success and soon everyone was definitely "in a part mood". A square dance enlivened the festivities although its manner of execution would probably have baffled the folks back on the farm. Sandwiches, cakes and coffee were served by the promtees who served as hostesses. It was indeed a merry evening.
Further promotions in the Nurse Corps were announced on the 29th of March when Ruth Barthel and Nan Berkwitz were promoted to the rank of Captain and Helen Kleinwaechter, Mary Blitzstein and Mary Daugherty were promoted to First Lieutenant.

After several days of warning that we were to be inspected by Maj. General Stayres, the Surgeon General of Allied Forces Headquarters, on the ninth of March we were visited by the General. He arrived shortly before noon so that we all had to hurry back to our wards to stand inspection. Fortunately the General was either in a hurry or hungry, for he rushed around the hospital area in short order. He seemed well pleased with the results of his findings for he was in a jovial mood throughout. When he arrived on Simon Dack's ward, he was tendered our usual Saturday morning salute and speech - "Ward 22, Captain Dack in charge, ready for your inspection Sir". This was indeed a mouthful and one usually had to plan to shout "Attention" at about 15 yards and start the speech immediately thereafter or else you would run the risk of being run down by the inspection party. Simon was caught unaware and the General stopped, listened to the entire speech, then tapped Simon on the shoulder and said - "Always ready for inspection". After touring the hospital, luncheon was served in the Officers' mess. General Stayre was heard to say that there was no need to inspect this mess for any kitchen that turned out such good beef stew must be functioning well.

During March the hospital census dropped considerably in conjunction with the cessation of evacuation of cases from Italy to the Eastern Base Section. There were many rumors of an imminent move to Italy, Corsica or other points as we were asked to consolidate our patients into about half the wards, while the remainder of the wards and the departments began their packing of excess equipment. The tent expansion unit was closed and some of these tents used for the storage of supplies. In fact, we all began to pack our B bags and send home excess accumulated possessions when we heard that Colonel Donnelly and Ed Watts had left for Naples to look at a proposed hospital site and to consult with the F.B.S. Surgeon. A few days later, when they returned, we were told that we were "cold" again. There were ample hospital beds available in Italy. One hospital site was inspected that appeared quite unfavorable. It appeared that we were to remain in Africa until Rome was captured and we were then to move into the Eternal City. We were assured that we were better situated than if we were to stage in Naples, where conditions were crowded and unsatisfactory. We relaxed in expectation of a long period of inactivity for the military situation about Cassino seemed definitely static.

Italian classes and students sprung up in mushroom fashion in an attempt to cram as much useful information as possible into our polyglot vocabularies. A large class for phonetic instruction, with the aid of an Army manual and phonograph recordings, was initiated with
two sessions a week under the tutelage of Sgt. Sansone. Some of our advanced students studied with Captain Abate, an Italian co-belligerent officer of our P.O.W. unit. Irv Solomon instructed another class in Italian grammar and his students, including Milt Schwartz, Irv Sonach, Harold Abel and Pearl Toback, were amongst the most devoted scholars of Italian. Soon, our waiters were greeted by a deluge of orders as we attempted to practice the little that we had acquired. Rome — Here we come!

On the 12th of March, Henry Doubilet left us to join the 36th Evacuation Hospital because of a shortage of medical officers with orthopedic training in the forward echelons. He was as sorry to see Henry leave as he was to make his departure.

March was also when:— Our movie schedule was increased to five a week and an unusual series of new and excellent pictures were available for our entertainment. British training films on flies and lice had us all itching. St. Patrick’s day was associated with the appearance of numerous green shirts and trousers and a festive party ensued at the club with appropriate decorations and ceremonies. Henry Horn pleaded, “Please let me pay for the damned comforter”, after he filled out his seventh form in a report of survey. To think business folks back home complain about the completion of a few government forms! Spring burst forth in all its glory to convert the brown, drab, muddy grounds about us into a riotously colorful display of colors. We don’t recall ever seeing so many different varieties of wild flowers before. Each flower had its own date for bloom and the fields about us constantly changed color as one flower and then the next became predominant. Fresh cut flowers decorated the wards, the mess halls and the club and lent its brightening influence to the general atmosphere. The wheat fields about us grew taller daily as the wind created undulating waves that explained to us the meaning of the oft-heard expression, a sea of wheat. The decreased patient load permitted us the opportunity to take many walks into the immediate surrounding countryside and we were impressed with the marked change that Spring had wrought from the burnt-out, faded, dry appearance of the previous summer and the universal mud of the recent rainy season.
April:

With our census varying in the neighborhood of 300 patients, most of them awaiting evacuation to the Zone of the Interior, there was little to do during the early part of April except relax and enjoy the beauties of nature. There was one little flurry of activity when the 37th General Hospital evacuated many of their patients to us prior to their move to Italy, but most of these cases had received their definitive care and disposition. The nurses worked on half-day shifts and the medical officers worked only whenever necessary.

There were two more marriages this month: On the first of April, Ann Herricourt was married to Captain Jack Call of Air Corps Ordnance. The wedding ceremony took place at the chapel at 17:00 hours with Father Dunne officiating. The bride was given away by Col. Donnelly and was attended by Rita Frank. The groom was attended by Major James Battle. Following the ceremony, the bridal party was taken on a rapid tour of the area in a streamer bedecked jeep with Colonel Donnelly at the helm. A cocktail party, dinner and dance followed later in the evening. The party was a joint celebration for the newly wedded Calls and the prospective bride and groom for the next week, Elma Bailey and Lewis Phillips. Both the dinner and dance were well-attended and merry. On April ninth, Easter Sunday, The Phillipses were wed by Chaplain Chapler with the ceremonies again in the chapel. A beautiful display of calla lilies and palm fronds decorated the chapel and lent the proper atmosphere to the occasion. June Howe and Edith Brubaker sang a duet and Eunice Thompson played the organ. Miss Bailey was given away by Bayard Miller. The bride was attended by Miss June Howe and the groom by Tom Ballard. This was undoubtedly our "cutest" wedding yet, as Elma and Lewis amorously and sheepishly grinned at each other throughout the ceremony. The kiss that followed the exchange of rings was accomplished with the technique of a torrid Hollywood fade-out and might not have passed the Hays' office at that. Following the ceremony, the usual jeep ride was dispensed with - the boys at transportation had their own plans for this long-awaited event. An arab cart was borrowed and suitably decorated. The mule that drew the cart was dressed in fatigues, a bonnet and other odds and ends of G.I. salvage. The wedding party rode in the cart that headed a procession of all the vehicles that could be spared - all of them blowing their horns. A cocktail party followed at the club with champagne, canapes, wedding cake and all the other trimmings. Following a honeymoon leave, the Phillips family joined the Honeymoon Lane group in "hut four".

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It was still dark that Easter morning when the two trucks loaded with the detachment, nurses and officers left the hospital to attend the sunrise services at the 2nd Corps cemetery. Originally it had been planned to hold the services in the amphitheater in Carthage. When that proved to be impossible, Hill 609 was the next selection but this proved impractical. The next best and perhaps wisest choice was the site of the cemetery dedicated to those men who lost their lives in the capture of Hill 609.
Dawn was breaking as we rolled into the valley in which the cemetery was located. There in North Africa was a small patch of ground nestled in a ring of mountains and constituting a part of America in a distant land. The cemetery was set on the slope of a hill with the chapel set at the end of the middle lane that traversed the entire length of the area. A large U.S. was constructed on the side of the slope from white stones. With hushed voices we slowly walked up the lane bordered on both sides by geometrically arranged white crosses and some stars of David. There were no mounds - just the dark flat earth. Here and there a wreath had been placed. When we reached the Chapel we sat on benches and Chaplain Chapler officiated at the services. Everything was peaceful and quiet with only the clear voices of the choirechoing and re-echoing from hill to hill. Far off in the distance, one could see Hill 609 between two mountains, coldly surveying the scene. In the valley, a horseman rode through a field of grain which rippled behind him as he passed through. The chirping of the birds and the peaceful countryside with newly planted trees lining the lanes that traversed the cemetery grounds provided a peaceful resting ground for those who had fought so turbulently and bravely. The sun came out for a second to cast its golden beams earthward and then was obscured by heavy clouds. Easter Sunday - 19/4 - no elaborate church service - no Easter costumes and finery here - but a most appropriate setting for the contemplation of man's inhumanity to man.

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On the fifth of April, we celebrated our first Passover overseas, still remembering the preceding year's services at Camp Shanks, Rabbi Hochman, the EBS Chaplain, had arranged for several of the members of our organization to attend sedar services at the homes of Jewish families in Tunis and to spend the night in town as well. Those who took advantage of this plan returned with stories of some weird sedar suppers, and some of them suffered the late effects therefrom in the form of gastroenteritis. At the hospital, we had the G.I. version of a sedar supper - pork chops and matzohs.

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During the month, Cabe Sely left us for a week of detached service aboard a Liberty ship bound for Sardinia. He reported no unusual events, no encounters with the enemy, but merely a delightful Mediterranean cruise. Chick Cohen and a few enlisted men were also sent on a 60 day period of detached service to Palermo, Sicily, where a shortage of dental officers had arisen in the Base Section Clinic.

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At Officers' call on the 19th of April, Colonel Donnelly greeted us with a bombshell: "I just had a call from the Base Surgeon's office. Our advance party is to leave on the first of May. The readiness date for the movement of the remainder of the unit is May 2nd". This sudden change of plans came as a distinct surprise since we had all prepared for a long period of delay until the fall of Rome. Ed Jemerin made the "cryptic" remark, "I guess we are not going to Rome", but apparently
no one knew where we were headed at the moment. We were advised to proceed with our packing arrangements for both our personal baggage and the equipment of the various departments. Fortunately, we had not unpacked most of the material that had been crated when our capacity was consolidated to 500 beds on March fifteenth.

On the 20th of April, we were visited by the EBS Commander, Colonel Koenig, who advised us as to how "broken-hearted" he was to see us leave the Base Section. Apparently our future plans were still undecided for he informed us that our B-bags were to go ahead with the hospital equipment and all our transportation. We were to remain with our bed-rolls and hand luggage and would be separated from the remainder of the hospital equipment for an indefinite period. We were promised the use of Base section transportation to enable us to have recreational facilities during this period of time. This promised transportation never eventuated when it was requisitioned at a later date. At any rate it was intimated that our advance party was going to Naples and from Col. Koenig's remarks, we fully expected to be placed in a staging area when we arrived.

We completed the charts of all our patients on the 21st and 22nd of April. The plaster room worked overtime to change the casts on many of the patients to make them transportable. The first group of patients was evacuated on the 22nd, after which only 137 patients remained on the wards. On the following day, these cases were evacuated and our hospital ceased operation in a functional capacity after nine months of service. During this period of time, we had cared for 12,054 patients. Although there had been 10,169 admissions from 15 July until the 1st of January, less than 2,000 patients were admitted from that date until the suspension of operations on the 23rd of April.

The next several days were devoted to the final packing procedures on the wards as well as in our billets. Our medical supplies were packed in ward units so that they could be readily opened and set up at our next installation. The beds and linens were similarly packed as units with mattresses, blankets, pillows and linens sufficient to set up two complete patient-bed units. Our final inventory of property was then held and we received clearance from our wards and departments.

On the 24th of April, the officers' nurses and detachment moved out of the tent area into the buildings that were vacated as wards. No sooner did we move than a detail of men proceeded with the task of striking and rolling the tents, so that the aspect of the area that evening resembled a giant checker board, with only the cement floors remaining at our former site. The company officers moved into ward 16, previously the luxury accommodations for field officer patients, while the nurses moved into the operating room and ward 5. Thus by the 25th of the month we were all packed, our equipment completely crated and stencilled with our designated pattern to indicate our code number 1254RR, and we were ready for come what may.
As usual in a situation of this type, with everyone sitting about on his barracks bag without duties to perform, we speculated on our future and the usual assortment of rumours passed about as to how "hot and cold" we were. One not unpleasant task was left for us to complete. With the issued rations of plentiful quantities of fresh meats during the preceding months, we never did get around to the sacrifice of three of the steers that we had purchased during the lean days of the Autumn. On the 29th, a steak barbecue was held at the club with our super-chefs - Sam Kareilitz, Amel Glass and Lester Tuchman - presiding over the grill. Steaks were also supplied to our detachment for a roast.

On the 29th of April, Ed Weinstein left us for temporary duty with the 5th Army and on the same day, "Peter" Perry left for detached service to the chief nurses office at NATOUSA. We felt that Miss Perry would not be coming back to us, for it was rumoured that Lt. Col. Wilbur was in need of a good personnel secretary. Poor "Pete" wept bitter tears over her personnel records upon which she had devoted such great efforts since the activation of our unit.

We now entered the final stage of our movement from Mateur - the period that might be characterized as the stage of gradual eviction. On the 27th of April, loading details began the transportation of our equipment and baggage to Bizerte where they were placed aboard two ships - the Liberty ship, Lincoln Steffens, and the British freighter, Ocean Gallant. Our B-bags, mess and housekeeping equipment, and organizational supplies were to go with the advance party on the latter boat. Our hospital supplies with a detachment of 100 men and three officers were to proceed in the same convoy aboard the Lincoln Steffens. As the various dishes, tables, stoves and other articles were withdrawn for packing, we regressed to mess kits and assorted types of French tables in our mess. This entailed the inevitable, tedious, long chow-lines and washing-lines with a hurried meal sandwiched between. We were fortunate to have been able to borrow some stoves, generators and cots from EBS and these were returned at the last moment before our departure.
AND SO WE PACK OUR BELONGINGS.

AND WE'RE OFF TO SUNNY ITALY.
"You sent for a barber?"
1. Headquarters
2. Surgical Wards
3. Colonel's villa
   Post Exchange
4. Admitting section
5. Detachment tents
6. Medical wards
7. Nurses Tents
   Officers Tents
8. Sala
9. Briano
10. Lt. Colonels' villa
11. San Leucio
12. Fratello Negri silk mill
    and Scola Reali
13. Cascaded - King's Gardens
14. King's Gardens
15. Road to Caserta
16. Road to Volturno - North
17. Enlisted Men's club
1. Headquarters
2. Surgical Wards
3. Colonel's villa
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14. King's Gardens
15. Road to Caserta
16. Road to Volturno - North
17. Enlisted Men's club
Former Doctors and Nurses of Institution Are in Unit That Has Served Year Abroad

Congratulations on completion of one year abroad will be sent this week to "Mount Sinai Overseas" by the trustees and medical staff of the hospital here, it was announced yesterday. Although no official connection exists between Mount Sinai Hospital and the contingent of its doctors and nurses serving with the Army in North Africa, there is said to be a strong sentimental bond constantly reinforced with letters and packages.

Commendation from the Army for operation of a "model" general hospital and the wedding of two unit doctors to unit nurses were the highlights of news received here since last spring.

Snapshots of tents and small frame buildings testify to the physical differences between the North African general hospital and that at Fifth Avenue and 100th Street, but treatment in the former is declared to be not inferior. The Army commendation asserted that "all professional services appear to be functioning with unusual smoothness and effectiveness; it is felt that Mount Sinai could well be a model for similar institutions."

In a tent area known as Honeymoon Lane, adjacent to the hospital, lie Capt. Julius L. Weissberg, a doctor, and his wife, the former Muriel Berry, and Capt. Ralph Moloshok of the Medical Corps and his wife, the former Margaret Deutsch. Both women are lieutenants in the Nurses Corps.

Other residents of the lane are Capt. Henry Horn and his wife, the former Ruth Eichel, a nurse, who were married before the unit left the country.

Furnishings Described

A letter described the furnishings in Honeymoon Lane tents as examples of "what might be called the modern North Africa period, and they are an admixture of G. I. and salvage."

"For example," it continued, "a packing case with shelves constructed therein from a few spare planks makes a nice breakfast when ruffled curtains are hung in the proper manner. Another case, with a hole on top to accommodate a steel helmet, is the latest thing in washstands."

Many such scraps of information about the unit are incorporated into a Grand Rounds, a magazine sent to the 445 doctors formerly connected with Mount Sinai and now in service. Dr. Sol W. Ginsburg of the hospital's neurological service edits the digests of letters, and a secretary who has been with the hospital twenty-five years does all the clerical work after hours.

Exact data on the size of the unit that it has done are unavailable now. When the unit was activated in the late summer

of 1942 the announced strength was forty-one physicians and dentists and 105 nurses, in addition to Army administrative officers and enlisted personnel. Since training at Camp Rucker, Ala., and departure from the country, changes in the personnel are known to have been made, but indications are that it still has a right to be called the "Mount Sinai unit."

Mount Sinai staff members frequently send to North Africa packages containing everything from books to lipstick for the nurses. At Christmas the hospital's trustees sent magazine subscriptions and other gifts, including appointments for the officers' clubs, where such diversions as "Information Please" contests often occur among doctors, nurses and other officers.

Carols at Christmas

Last Christmas apparently was a gay one, circumstances considered, for the men in the hospital staffed by the Mount Sinai group. In a letter from the chief nurse, carol singing on a hillside near the hospital was described:

"We carried lighted candles which made the faces very lovely to look at. The nurses wore blue coats and slacks with white shirts. The men wore O. D.'s. All looked well drest and very happy. The patients who could come out on the hillside and sing with us."

She told of using various make-shifts to trim a tree and to provide banquet table decorations.

"Our Christmas dinner," she added, "included turkey and a fruit pudding with a very, very tasty sauce. I hope that you were able to obtain as good a meal."

The doctors and nurses during leaves have visited "places only vaguely remembered from eighth-grade geography," another letter recounted.

"Among the places they've been," it added, "are Oran, Casablanca, Fez, Constantine, Carthage, Sidi bel Abbes, Tunis, and Sicily."

An informal medical report from the unit's executive officer gave a hint about its work:

"Of course, we had more than our share of traumatic surgery during the Sicilian campaign— with the chief orthopedic section."

Since the call to active duty most members of the unit have had at least one promotion in rank. All the nurses entered the Army as lieutenants. The chief nurse, Ruth Chamberlain, is now a major and Ruth Barcel and Nanette Berkowski have been advanced to captain. Lieut. Col. Herman Londe is executive officer of the unit. Among other Mount Sinai personnel are Lieut. Cola. Percy Klingenstein, Dennis D. Glucksman and Samuel Karelitz.
MEDITERRANEAN
CRUISE
The movement from North Africa to Italy was accomplished in several echelons. On the first of May "the first wave" of the Third, Herm Lande and Ed Watts, left aboard an L.C.I. bound for Naples. They reported a rough voyage across punctuated by recurrent attacks of "mal de mer". Colonel Lande was to act as our reconnaissance and arrange for the arrival of the remainder of the hospital.

The so-called "Advance Party" rolled out of the Third General area at 08:00 hours, Tuesday, the second of May, and consisted of eight officers and 104 enlisted men. At the same time the cargo officers, Beyard Miller, Mark Hailey, and Irv Solomon, and another hundred men left for convoy duty with our hospital equipment. The trucks reached the Khrouba turn and La Pecherie docks at about 10:30 hours. Tied to these docks were the Ocean Gallant, that was to carry the advance party, and the Lincoln Steffens, a Liberty ship whose holds contained the greater part of our hospital supplies.

Our first glimpse of the Ocean Gallant was not a very reassuring one. It was a 7,000 ton freighter built by an American shipyard, Todd of Maine, in accordance with specifications of the British Merchant Navy. Although it was launched only two years previously, it had already sailed to all corners of the earth with supplies for the wide-flung British armies. The ship was nothing like the Pasteur in size, speed or accommodations. The Ocean Gallant could reach a top-speed of twelve knots and we were informed that our convoy was to average about seven or eight knots.

Our baggage was hoisted on board and then we followed - Percy Klingenstein, Sam Karelitz, Dennis Glucksman, Bernard Briggs, Sid Silverstone, Marvin Fried, Lee Kulick and Russell Price. There were no accommodations for passengers aboard ship except those of a makeshift variety. The detachment had chicken-coop tiers in one of the upper holds, and they slept in layers of three with the first layer on the ground. One of the trucks were opened and cots were taken out for the remainder who had to sleep in the central floor space. The officers' section was indeed unique. The top of one of the hatches was converted into an outdoor pavilion in penthouse style. A tarpaulin was stretched overhead as a canopy to protect us from the sun and the rain, and beneath this our cots were placed. This arrangement proved to be quite pleasant and our initial disillusionments as to the trials and tribulations of the prospective voyage were gradually dispelled. During that first afternoon, we made up our beds and arranged our baggage to provide extra space and comfort. Percy Klingenstein with his three pillows and kapok mattress was the envy of the rest of us, who had padded our bed rolls with clothes and extra blankets.
There were two other organizations on shipboard - the 8th Port and a small Quartermaster trucking company. Major Crusin of the 8th Port became Transport Commander and arranged for the ensuing boat drills, calisthenics training program, guards and other administrative details. The 3rd General took care of sanitation, medical care and messing. The entire atmosphere was a very friendly one, as is usual with small groups of men. The ship's Captain, Captain Norton, was a pleasant person with many years of service in the Merchant Navy. Our mess throughout the voyage was excellent. The cooks were the top-notchers of our staff and thanks to previous arrangements ample supplies of fresh meat was placed aboard in Bizerte - including chickens, pork chops and steak. Three gas ranges were placed upon a truck on deck and with the aid of a mess table for serving, the 225 men aboard were served in short order. The Officers had a mess table that was placed in mid-deck for open-air dining. In direct contrast with the Pasteur crossing, water was available at all times, especially hot water.

At about 3 P.M., we pulled away from the dock and sailed out into Bizerte harbor to anchor near the other ships of the convoy. As viewed from a distance, Bizerte seemed calm and peaceful and exhibited few of the ravages of the bombing and shelling that was apparent at closer range. At 5:30 we had our supper in a calm sea, and then retired early. We were awakened at 6:30, Wednesday morning, by the loud blasting of the ship's whistle that practically raised us from our beds.

We were officially under way. The Captain had spotted the convoy of between 50 to 60 ships that we were to join and we high-tailed after it. We gradually assumed our convoy position which was last in line and outside and at a speed of seven knots proceeded on our way past Tunis and La Marsa. We followed the coast line and crossed the Bay of Tunis to pass the tip of Cape Bon. The day passed rapidly and at nightfall we were close to the southern coast of Pantelleria, where the lights of shore installations were just visible. Dusk was falling rapidly, and after a few card games and reading, we retired. At one time we could hear the sound of guns firing and were told that it was coming from Malta.

We sailed all of Wednesday night and Thursday over a calm sea and early Friday morning we entered the harbor of Augusta along the eastern coast of Sicily. Previous to this we turned north to leave the major portion of the convoy that continued onward to the Middle East. Far off in the distance we could now see Mount Etna with its snow-capped peak silhouetted against the skyline. The convoy anchored in the harbor
and with the aid of a telescope, we studied the coast line. In mid-afternoon, a fruit vendor in a motor boat pulled alongside the ship with a few crates of oranges. It afforded Sam Kareilitz the opportunity to practice his Italian, but fortunately the native spoke English or we hesitate to think of the consequences of the prolonged bargaining. Sam convinced him that he was a fruit grower in Florida and that he knew the true value of oranges. The vendor took his address for future reference after the war when he came to the States with his fruit business.

On Saturday morning we went ashore but were not permitted out of the port area. On our return to the Ocean Gallant, we sailed close to the Lincoln Steffens to pay our respects to Irv Solomon, Mark Hailey and Bayard Miller - then back to our ship for our lunch and our customary post-prandial siesta. Tough war!

We started on our voyage again early Sunday morning, the 7th of May, and to relieve the monotony of the peaceful journey, an air raid alert was flashed from Malta. We were sailing along the eastern coast of Sicily at the time with Mt. Etna still in view. The manner in which we were warned of the alert seems like a classic example of British understatement and complacency. A ship's officer politely approached Dennis Glusckman and, after he was recognized, stated: "Captain's compliments, sir. We expect an attack by enemy aircraft." Under the circumstances, Dennis also formally thanked him for the message and the rest of us made a very informal dash for our life belts and helmets. Our destroyer escort was laying down a smoke-screen in front of the convoy and the gunners were at their posts. The smoke swirled in gusty vapors about the ship and through the haze the remaining vessels of the convoy assumed a bizarre appearance. Our speed and the wind soon blew the screen away and about twenty minutes later we received the all-clear signal.

Fog closed in a short while later and the ships groped their way along with limited visibility. Off in the distance, on the starboard side, the hills of Italy slowly came into view. As we sailed further, we found that we were entering the Straits of Messina with Sicily on the port side and Italy on the starboard. Little villages could be seen along the dried-out river beds running down to the sea. Here the ships of the convoy converged into two columns for the passage through the narrow straits into the Tyrrhenian Sea. Rowboats and sailboats drew close to the ships in the sea and their crews shouted hello. One sailor with an arm that would rival DiMaggio's threw a well-aimed orange that landed on the deck. A strong wind blew as soon as we entered the Tyrrhenian Sea and the fog was rapidly dispelled.
Later that day we sighted Stromboli with a dark column of smoke issuing from its top. After the sun had set we could see a faint glow from the side of the crater which at regular intervals burst into a tongue-like projection of flame that persisted for about ten seconds. It was an awe-inspiring sight to watch the flames lick out from the earth towards the sky and then suddenly retract back into the glowing mouth of the volcano.

During the night a little uneasiness was felt as the steel framework of our ship pinged to the explosions of depth charges. One of our escort vessels thought it detected a U-boat and, as the Captain stated, was "having a go at it". Our ship altered its course several times in rapid succession and then once more resumed its normal route.

Early next morning, the 8th of May, we awoke with Capri visible in the distance, its sheer bluffs rising out of the sea. On our starboard side, the cliffs of the Sorrentine peninsula rose abruptly to lofty heights. We sailed into the Bay of Naples and quickly recognized the landmark of Vesuvius towering over the surrounding countryside. The Ocean Gallant remained anchored in the harbor until the late afternoon, when we finally slipped into the dock. A large yellow sign cautioned against tying ships to the docks and we realized the basis for this warning as we drew closer. The dock was merely a platform over some sunken barges. We tied to two large posts that were sunken in the water. After some delay, we were unloaded and then joined the group from the Lincoln Steffens. We climbed aboard our waiting trucks and made our way our to our new hospital area.

The "Advance Party" had arrived — four days after the main body of the organization.
On the 3rd of May the main body of unit personnel shook the last traces of Tunisian dust from their shoes and started on the road to Italy. All afternoon we had awaited the call from Bizerte that would inform us that our ship was ready to be loaded. Meanwhile we lounged about with the field equipment that was to constitute our standard uniform for the journey. At about 4 P.M. we were issued a ration for our evening meal and, rather than carry it in our already overloaded packs, most of us ate it with little associated delight. At 5:30 a truck convoy arrived and we loaded rapidly in our designated sections for officers, nurses and enlisted personnel. Soon thereafter we started down the road and left behind us - probably for all time - the familiar scenes of the past ten months.

Even as we were loading upon the trucks we were being displaced by a small detachment of French naval officers and sailors with the distinctive red bon-bons on their caps. They strolled up the roads and between the buildings in proprietary fashion and seemed to be laying plans for a rapid conversion to their particular needs. We learned several months later that these buildings were still unused - windows, doors and plumbing had been removed for use elsewhere and the cement floors of our tents had been hacked to bits to supply material for road repair.

Earlier that day most of our Italian "co-belligerents" had been transported to Bizerte for reassignment. They cheered us vociferously as they departed atop their piled belongings on the trucks. All morning they seemed quite depressed at the impending separation as they strolled about obviously seeking little tasks to perform. A few of our strikers solemnly and hesitatingly came to bid their adieux and expressed great admiration for the informal democratic spirit that permeated the American Army. Captain Abate expressed to Colonel Donnelly and to the personnel of the hospital his sincere gratitude for the manner in which his detachment had been treated. Now - as we left the hospital grounds - a few Italians remained behind to complete the policing of the area and they waved their last farewell.

The trip to Bizerte was uneventful but the familiar scenes of the countryside now assumed special significance for we realized that we would see them no more. Old Djebel Achef, "our hill", looked down upon our departure as we circled about her skirt, and, strangely, she seemed cold and unmoved.
Upon our arrival at the Bizerte dock, we learned that we were to sail aboard the U.S. Hospital Ship Seminole that had arrived that afternoon from Oran. We dismounted, lined up by platoons, quickly and efficiently boarded the ship and were assigned to our cabins. It was soon quite obvious that this trip was to be quite different from our crossing on the Louis Pasteur - no crowding, no blackout or other anti-submarine precautions, good food, plentiful hot and cold water - in short, a luxury cruise. The officers were assigned to the patient-officers' rooms, accommodating four to eight men, and with adjoining tiled showers and latrines. The nurses occupied one of the wards on the upper deck, and the enlisted men another ward on the deck below. Clean white sheets and blankets were provided for all the bunks. Except for the assigned personnel and navigators of the ship and a group of nurses from the 51st Station Hospital, we were the only passengers aboard. The ship was operated by a crew of civil service merchant seamen with Army Medical Department officers, nurses and enlisted men caring for the professional services.

We were not to sail until the next morning and our ship was partially blacked-out that evening, although a bright moon lit up the harbor and the deck. Next morning we were awakened at about 7 o'clock by music played by the EBS band that had been sent to bid us farewell. Colonel Koenig, the Commanding Officer of the Base Section, came aboard to bid his last adieu. Later other officers of his staff arrived at the dock to wave to us as our ship was towed into the main channel of the harbor. "Happy" Winters, formerly in our detachment and recently transferred to a Port Battalion, was also present to see his old friends off to Italy. We stood at attention as the band played "the Star Spangled Banner" and the Seminole slowly receded from the dock.

The Mediterranean crossing was a delightful experience that was all too short. We lollled about on the deck, sun-bathed, read, or just relaxed completely and stared at the clear blue sky or the water that was even more blue. All day we saw neither landmark or other ship, until late that afternoon when we passed a series of rocky islands off the western tip of Sicily. Later that night we saw a few lights on the horizon that emanated from the Sicilian shore.

Our only concern during the trip was the obtaining of our three meals a day. At meal times the loudspeaker announced that chow was being served and, since the Officers' dining room was too small to accommodate our entire personnel, we were divided into several shifts. The announcer called the names of those who were expected to report to the mess and we
listened attentively for our names to be paged. The meals were excellent and were very well served although the stewards apologized for a lack of choice of entrees. They explained that they had been out of their home port for over four months and had not had the opportunity to replenish their supplies. Nevertheless, there was still plenty of fresh meat, "real" eggs, potatoes and other vegetables aboard, and we gorged ourselves with food in anticipation of lean days ahead in Italy.

On the morning of the 5th of May, the first anniversary of our departure for overseas duty, we awakened early to see our ship sail past the Isle of Capri. The rising sun cast a rosy hue over the steep and rugged rocky coast of the island with its numerous villas placed in craggy ravines, or seemingly pasted bizarrely along the precipitous slopes. The coast of the mainland was shrouded in a low mist that limited the visibility along the Sorrentine peninsula, but Vesuvius rose above this with its smoke-capped crater readily distinguishable.

Our last breakfast was a truly gluttonous one as we expected a lean diet for the remainder of the day. Jim Polkinghorn was declared the unchallenged champion as he downed plate after plate of wheat cakes, fried and scrambled eggs, toast, marmelade, and coffee. He was followed closely by Ed Jemerin and Ed Watts, who nevertheless sighed and gasped in wonderment at Jim's capacity.

We entered the harbor of Naples later that morning, slipped between merchant and naval craft of all descriptions, and were at last tugged and moored to a long and busy dock, one of the few that had not been blasted by German demolition. At this time we were boarded by Port Authorities and we learned that we were going to a place called San Leucio, a small village above Caserta. No further details were available.

During a delay in debarking, necessitated by completion of arrangements for a truck convoy, we stood about with our field equipment while a brief but wicked crap game relieved the monotony of the waiting period. At long last, we set foot upon the shore of Italy, were loaded aboard 6 by 6 trucks, and left the bustle of the port of Naples en route for our future hospital at San Leucio.
THIRD GENERAL HOSPITAL

SAN LEUCIO

ITALY

May - September 1944
TO: Commanding Officer, 3 General Hospital (US), APO 758, US Army

For The Surgeon:

Leonard A. Davis
1st Lt., MAC
OFFICE EXECUTIVE

1 Incl:
Photo of unit

MM-44-12315  7 SEPT 1944
SAN LUCIO, ITALY

ENTRANCE TO THE 3RD GENERAL HOSPITAL.
Our first impressions of Italy were obtained from the rear of the 6 X 6 truck into which we were piled for the trip to San Leucio, our new "home". The port area was bustling with activity and vehicles dashed about in all directions. Our first glimpses of Naples were not too pleasant since the area of the town adjacent to the port had undergone the heaviest aerial bombardment and the greatest amount of German demolition. In the city proper many buildings had been completely destroyed while others appeared to have been longitudinally sectioned by some giant knife. Outlines of the eight stories of one building were apparent, while bathtubs and wall fixtures were suspended from the remaining walls. Still the damage in no way compared with the complete devastation of Bizerte from which we had recently departed.

We passed through the town briefly and it was, we could see, a crowded, turbulent but somewhat drab metropolis. The omnipresent Arab of Africa was missing and no expressions of regret were heard on that score, but the dominant native of Italy that we saw did not seem to be too superior a replacement. Everyone - men, women and children - seemed to be dressed in black and their clothes were in a sad state of repair. However our route lay through what appeared to be the poorer section of the city and we were hopeful that there was a higher plane of society and a cleaner and more modern part of town.

All varieties of signs could be seen painted on the buildings. The Italians believed in plastering their political views all over the walls, posts and monuments so that a rapid poll of public sentiment could be conducted while driving through the streets. The old and the new were intermingled or superimposed upon each other. We saw many an underlying "VIVE IL DUCE" crudely painted over with "VIVE ROOSEVELT, CHURCHILL AND STALIN". Many of the signs welcomed the Allies and praised the Red Army. The Communists were obviously very active as sign painters for there were numerous hammer and sickle insignias as evidence of their activities. Another interesting innovation was the use of the sign "√√" to denote "vive" and "√√√√" for "down with". Judging from the signs, the Italians were still undecided about the King for there was an admixture of both √√ and √√√√ associated with "Il RE".

At the outskirts of Naples we climbed a steep hill which afforded an excellent view of the harbor and a panorama of the city with Vesuvius in the background.

In the suburbs and then in the surrounding country we found ample evidence of the Italian shortage of soil with which to feed the dense population. Every available acre seemed to be cultivated and employed to the fullest advantage. We passed many orchards where the ground between the rows of trees had been planted with a variety of vegetables and grains. Then, strung between the trees, grapevines were suspended. There seemed to be little development of modern farming techniques but men, women and all sizes of children worked the soil with their hand tools.
We passed through several small villages where the people seemed even more ragged and poverty stricken than in Naples. Our truck barely fit through some of the narrow streets of Sala and shortly thereafter we stopped near a series of greyish-brown camouflaged stucco barracks-type buildings. A roadside sign indicated that this was the 43rd Station Hospital. We concluded that this was to be the next 3rd General Hospital.

Colonel Lande was there to greet us and welcome us to our new home. When we had detrucked and stretched our weary bones, he explained that the 43rd Station Hospital had been absorbed into the 36th General Hospital with the dissolution of the 250 bed station hospitals. Most of their equipment had been left on the post and the personnel was just leaving. A big drive for Rome was imminent within the next few weeks and rather than place our organization in a staging area, it was contemplated that we would stage at this site and be ready to accept "a few" casualties if the situation demanded it. However, we were assured that we were slated to be one of the early hospitals to go to Rome, and that this was to be a temporary site. It was expected that we were to remain for about six to eight weeks at most. We would probably leave most of our equipment in their crates and use only those things that were essential. The 43rd Station Hospital had left behind their x-ray department (one portable machine and dark-room), some laboratory equipment, and part of their operating room. About 500 hospital beds had been left on the wards and we were to use these as billets until our supplies arrived.

There was little to be done at the hospital during the several days after our arrival since our "advance party" and supply ships had not arrived as yet. We utilized the time by taking short walks through the nearby countryside and prowling about the grounds of the hospital. The area that we occupied paralleled the main road (Route 87) for about a distance of a half-mile and it was incompletely fenced off at that time so that civilians, especially hordes of children, could wander in very easily. We foresaw the problem of guarding and policing this area and this was a continued difficulty throughout our stay. The buildings, thirty-eight in number, had been constructed about four years previously as temporary Italian Army barracks and were later used as a replacement and conditioning depot for the late German Afrika Korps. Although the area had been used as a hospital recently, no permanent type construction had been completed and many difficulties had been encountered. Many of the buildings had no water supply and few of them had latrine facilities. The latrines resembled horse-stalls and operated on the principles of Newton's Law with but slight assistance from an inefficient flushing arrangement. There was no central tank for the chlorination of water and potable water could be obtained only from lyster bags. We were warned that the sewage system was inadequate and would need constant attention and this was amply demonstrated later. Still it was not contemplated that any changes be made in this plumbing and sewage system in view of the very temporary nature of our set-up.

Only few of the buildings had been damaged by the rear-guard defense that the Germans made before they withdrew from the area. The wreckage had been cleared away but pock-marked walls from small arms fire remained
and a "pre-fab" had been erected on the floor that remained from a building that had been rather completely demolished. The buildings had been constructed of stucco, stone and a poor cement mixture that crumbled very readily. The windows were placed high on the wall and were small so that the interiors were not well lighted. In some of the wards, ceilings and partitions of a pressed seaweed-plaster composition were present and these were in poor condition. Clearly a great deal of work would be necessary to bring this hospital up to 3rd General Saturday morning inspection standards.

The hospital was located between the three small villages of San Leucio, Sala and Briano, and was two miles distant from the town of Caserta. We were furthest north of any General hospital and were four miles from the Volturno River which was the southern boundary of the 5th Army area at the time. The surrounding countryside was far more interesting than any that we had seen. It was a great delight to see greenery and trees again after a year in Africa and the nearby hills covered with foliage was a pleasurable sight. Tall, stately sycamores lined the road that paralleled the hospital grounds and cast their shadows over some of the buildings as protection from the summer sun. Narrow country roads shaded by trees twisted their way through the nearby hills and were ideal for a refreshing and relaxing walk when the day's work was completed.

During the first week we slept on the hospital beds and mattresses that were left on the wards. Except for the inadequacy of the washing facilities, we were fairly comfortable. The mess hall functioned as a recreation room at night and was the center for our limited social activities. A rigid black-out was in effect and there were frequent "red alerts" during our early weeks. Naples was undergoing periodic visits from enemy planes but we felt very safe nestled away in our little valley away from it all. The noise of the ack-ack could be heard and on clear nights the fire-works were clearly visible.

Our mess rations during the early weeks were principally canned and dehydrated foods, but as our hospital opened for the admission of patients our rations improved. Thereafter, throughout our stay in Italy our food was as good as could be desired. There were ample quantities of fresh meats and vegetables, and in the Officers' mess the diet was supplemented by the purchase of fruit and vegetables on the open market. Fresh salads were served frequently.

Before our permanent Officers' mess was opened, our temporary mess hall was located near a rear fence of our area. The G.I. cans for the disposal of garbage and for washing mess equipment were placed near this fence and many of the ragged, malnourished, dirty children from the environs gathered at the fence with little tin cans to beg for the remains of our meals. The sight of these poor waifs was enough to spoil one's appetite for a sense of guilt arose as you set in the mess hall eating all you desired while you knew that subject malnutrition and starvation lingered just beyond the fence. Similarly, children collected near the detachment mess and we frequently saw our soldiers sharing or giving away
the major portion of their meals to the hordes of little beggars. It soon became evident that we would have to harden our hearts and bar these children from the fences for they began to swarm onto the hospital grounds to pick through the garbage cans.

Another source of difficulty for our guards were the numerous vendors of wine and other commodities, particularly the devotees of the "oldest profession", who put in their appearance at the long fences that surrounded the area. We had been warned that most of the wine contained denatured alcohol and that the rate of venereal disease in the prostitute population approached 100%, so that our guard was increased in strength and three AODs patrolled the post. The latter were soon given the appellation of the "Vice Squad".

As the days passed by the hospital began to assume a more concentrated and lengthened appearance at the same time. Pre-fabs were springing up in the central area of the hospital, while at the periphery pyramidal tents were being set up for the officers, nurses and the detachment. The field officers acquired one of the smaller buildings furnished with an indoor shower and latrine. The building was quite dark and the rough exterior and interior resembled one of the Italian grottoes. Another source of nuisance in this building was occasioned by the drip of melted tar through the roof when the sun shone, and water when it rained.

Company grade officers, a few hardy majors who preferred the great outdoors, nurses and the detachment lived in pyramidal tents with gravel floors. The officers' area had the added attraction of the dust and noise associated with the movement of vehicles in the motor pool that was located in our back yard. At night, the gleam of the headlights as the vehicles swung into the area, passed over and through the tents like the intermittent flashing of a lighthouse beacon at sea. Cherry trees which dotted the area were too small to provide any shade but were a handy source for after-dinner snacks when the fruit ripened.

The company-grade or tent area lived up to its reputation for providing a much more exciting abode than the staid and placid quarters occupied by the field officers. During our North African stay, various members of the unit managed to acquire canine pets of doubtful heritage and origin. Although their names never appeared on the passenger list, they were found to be very much in evidence when we set up in Italy. Some friendly Italian pups were also adopted to make up a mixed and motley collection of animals. The climax was reached with the acquisition of a tremendous black Great Dane who stood about six feet four inches in his bare feet. He had a past reputation for a tremendous appetite with a special fondness for Lieutenant Colonels and nurses and since he showed signs that this idiosyncracy of appetite had not abated, he was removed before our ranks were decimated. However the remainder of our canine detachment lingered on. Our sleep was often disturbed by the friendly Africa-Italian operas that shattered the still of the night at about midnight and continued until morning. The situation got out of hand
when Shadrach, Bob Walter's dog, invited a friend over to spend the evening. This local bitch was a mild appearing animal and they were quietly enjoying the beautiful moon-lit sky. However word must have spread by the canine grapevine and it wasn't long before all the eligible bachelors of SanLeucio had gathered around to pay their respects. It was an outdoor party that took place in the storage lot next to the Officers' tent area. For refreshments the guests retired to the Moloshok-Morn tent where each dog in turn indulged in short snorts from the helmets of water that had been left so conveniently on the floor. Soon the party was in full swing with a game of follow-the-leader through the tents. Stones were thrown but to no avail. Bob, who felt morally responsible, crawled out of bed to break up the brawl. The fleeing dogs bade their hasty adieu through Emel Glass' tent, their backs and tails smacking the underside of his cot as they made their exit. Peace reigned again as the next day an order was published in headquarters that dogs were not to be permitted on the post.

A pre-fab was constructed close to the Officers' area to serve as the mess hall. The interior was painted white and little shelves that contained vases of freshly cut flowers helped to create a cozy atmosphere. The Officers' Club was also close by in a building that was rehabilitated with several coats of whitewash, mural decorations, and clever wall lights fashioned from round tin cans to create the night-club effect of indirect lighting. A bar was constructed and was stored with the best of the native wines and cognac that was available.

Colonel Donnelly, Verm Lande and Polky occupied a "villa" on the hospital grounds. The first floor of the building was utilized for the post-exchange and also included an O.D. room. The suite of rooms on the second floor was rendered inhabitable by concentrated scrubbing, painting and alteration in plumbing facilities. The assembled furniture was in fairly good condition. An outdoor veranda served as the scene for the Sunday evening dinners tendered by the Colonel for the Officer personnel of the organization.

The Lieutenant Colonels, Percy Klingenstein, Dennis Glucksman, Sam Karelitz and Abou POLLack, occupied a villa in nearby Briano. Their accommodations were relatively palatial, complete with inner-spring mattresses on regular beds, and an outdoor garden which yielded a tremendous variety of fruit, from strawberries to oranges and lemons.

All through this period of "settling down" paint brushes flashed in all directions and the amount of white-wash that was used then and thereafter would have probably been sufficient to paint a line halfway around the world. Everything in sight was covered with multiple layers of white-wash - ceiling, walls, stones, fences, signs, waste barrels, fire buckets and flag pole. In one cleared area, our outdoor landscaping genius was put into effect in the form of a large red cross surrounded by white-washed stones. A daily prayer was uttered over a lawn that was planted in front of Headquarters, but the prayers went unheeded and, alas,
only a variety of weeds raised their sprouting heads above the ground. Rocks were placed along the roads throughout the areas and these were constantly coated with layers of white wash. In the midst of this activity in the attempt to resurrect this drab appearing area, the rumor was spread that the 3rd General was being groomed for an important mission. This rumor was traced back to our able postal clerk, Sgt. Brocky, the creator of the optimistic, word-of-mouth news bulletin, "Brocky Says". This time Brocky said that the Third was to proceed without delay to Pisa as soon as that city was captured. Two important assignments composed the mission: (1) Straighten the Leaning Tower; (2) White-wash same. Thus the error of the centuries was to be corrected at last.

The chapel was centrally located in one of the buildings close to Headquarters and was graced by a clapper bell on a little steeple that was tolled whenever services were held. The chapel was also the site for our lectures, USO shows and movies. The seats in this building were formerly 500 pound aerial bomb racks.

The following description of the Enlisted Men’s Club in the hospital area and its "grand opening" was written for the history by FFC James V. Skulan and is quoted verbatim as it clearly demonstrates the reaction of the detachment to their "villa":

The Enlisted Men’s Club was officially opened on the 12th of June 1944 at 19:30 hours. The opening ceremony consisted of a short talk by Colonel George M. Donnelly in which he praised the Detachment highly for the work that they were doing. He stated that it was his belief that the men would keep the Club a "good thing". He also made it known that the officers and nurses had contributed aid, both financial and otherwise, to the club. This speech was met with approval and appreciative applause.

Housed in a two-storied, multi-roomed villa, set in a terraced, bowered and shaded area, it presents an immaculate and pleasing sight. The building itself is constructed of cement, with tiled floors and red-painted wood-work. The red of the wood provides an excellent contrast to the whiteness of the walls and the ceilings. The first floor has been devoted to a bar and rooms in which refreshments can be served. Liquors are dispensed in glasses at a nominal price. All drinks are of the best quality that is available; they are all inspected and tested before being served. The second floor consists of several reading and writing rooms which were made very comfortable by the purchase of furniture; the funds were procured from the company fund. The area surrounding the building is leveled, terraced and floored with white crushed rock. Tables and chairs are set about and this, coupled with the Detachment orchestra, lends a modern night club atmosphere. Cherry trees, boughs laden with ripened fruit, provide shade and a home-like peaceful motif.

Altogether the Club is a stark example of American progressiveness. It is thought of as the nicest set-up that has been seen overseas. It may also be regarded as one of the most effective morale boosters this organization has produced. The men know now that after working hard, tedious hours they can enjoy comfortable relaxation and recreation. The men also now have tangible evidence that the officers are interested in their welfare, and this alone goes a long way towards creating compatibility, cohesion and a cooperative spirit in the unit.
Professional Services:

As has been noted, upon our arrival at San Leucio we were informed that we were to stage at the site evacuated by the 43rd Station Hospital. We were to be ready to accept "a few" casualties if the situation demanded it, but we were assured that we were to be amongst the first of the hospitals to set up in Rome as soon as that city had been liberated. The 43rd Station Hospital had left behind them some of their heavy equipment and we were to supplement this with the bare essentials, but the major part of our supplies were to remain crated for the contemplated move.

The imminent offensive directed at Rome was more or less of an open secret but the date for the launching of the blow was well guarded. Truck convoys rolled up toward the front all during the day and night. The combat troops were already disposed in their take-off positions at the time of our arrival but the services of supply were still working frantically to establish the enormous dumps of ammunition and other materials necessary to support the attack. At 23:00 hours on May eleventh the campaign was started with a spectacular artillery barrage. The resounding echoes of the explosions could be distinctly heard like the rumbling of distant thunder. The earth beneath us seemed to shake with the impact of the shells and in the northern sky flashes of light were visible with an effect similar to summer lightning. We experienced all this at a distance of forty miles and we could imagine how the battle scene appeared at closer range. The barrage continued unabated for about an hour and then to a lesser extent throughout the night.

On the following day, as part of a plan to bolster the morale of the soldiers by keeping them well informed as to the tactical situation, we received a detailed report of the progress and the objectives of the campaign in a talk by Colonel Donnelly and Polky, who had obtained this information from 5th Army Intelligence. The barrage that started the push was the most concentrated and heaviest of any yet experienced in World War II. The Germans were stunned and could not react for several hours. All initial objectives had been taken. As part of the plan for the attack, the major part of the British 8th Army had been moved across secretly from the right flank to take up positions in the Cassino sector. The American 5th Army had the left flank and had been strengthened with several divisions of French troops that comprised the French Expeditionary Forces. The Americans were to fight their way up the Apian way to link up with the forces on the Anzio beachhead. The French were to take the mountain positions flanking this route, while the British 8th Army was to follow the Liri valley and Route 6 after Cassino had been taken. The success of all these magnificently laid plans and the manner of their execution is now history for Rome had never before been taken from the south.

On the 12th of May our equipment was roughly sorted and distributed and on the 13th of May we were advised that we were expected to provide for 150 patients on the following day. A special officers' call was held and we learned that our patients were to be French Colonial
troops and accordingly plans were laid for disinfection of clothing and other sanitary precautions for we still had our memories of North Africa. Our unpacking continued at an accelerated pace throughout that day and well into the night in an effort to set up sufficient beds and supplies to care for the expected admissions. The operating room was especially rushed for most of the cases were to be fresh battle casualties.

On the 14th of May, we began our Italian period as a hospital with the admission of 300 cases and during our first week there were 740 admissions. Twenty-two days had elapsed between the discharge of our last patient at Mateur and the first admission at SanLeucio, and in that interval twelve days had been spent in the movement of equipment.

During our early operational days we were severely handicapped by the lack of essential construction and engineering but the care of patients continued with improvisations and with increased expenditure of effort. In the midst of this activity we moved into our tents and piled our belongings until we could find a free moment for our own unpacking. There was little time off duty but there were few places to which one could go because of the shortage of transportation and the restrictions imposed upon passes by the Base section. Besides we welcomed the opportunity for professional activity after the last quiet months at Mateur. By the end of the month 1213 patients had been admitted to the hospital.

About 95% of these admissions were French casualties who had been evacuated by rail and motor from clearing stations and French evacuation hospitals. Since the French did not have sufficient holding facilities in their forward hospitals, casualties were evacuated as soon as first aid and emergency procedures were accomplished. We acted in the combined capacity of an evacuation and general hospital. We received a large number of seriously wounded cases in which definitive procedures had not as yet been performed as well as another group of wounds of lesser severity that would have ordinarily been kept in the evacuation hospitals for return to duty. Our turn-over of cases was fairly rapid and as soon as possible the soldiers were sent to duty, to a French convalescent hospital, or were evacuated to North Africa.

During the first two weeks of the campaign casualties were admitted to us in a constant stream. There were Goums, Morroccans, Senegalese, Chads, Algerians, and so-called "Fighting French" - a heterogeneous group that included those who had escaped from France and Colonial French who came from North Africa, New Caledonia, Syria, and other possessions. Ambulance convoys brought from one to three hundred patients at a time and the problem of handling this large number required well-organized teamwork and cooperation between the services.

Upon entering a ward to which a new group of cases had been admitted one was met with a gory, pitiful sight that would provide ample material to convince anyone that "War is Hell". You were first struck by the wailing, moaning and groaning that constituted the major theme for the prevailing atmosphere of a dirge. The Morroccans and Goums were fearless
soldiers but stoicism was apparently not considered a virtue and it was acceptable in their society to vocally and emotionally indicate the presence of pain. This was a new experience for us for the American soldier rarely complained even though he was in severe pain.

Most of the bandages that covered the wounds were the emergency or initial dressings and in most cases they were soaked through and crusted with blood. It was found necessary to remove these dressings for an inspection of the wound for in many cases the notes on the charts were incomplete or illegible French, and in many cases adequate debridement had not been performed. As much as possible it was attempted to perform these dressings under sterile conditions in the operating room at which time a definitive procedure and dressing could be accomplished but the O.R. could not possibly accommodate the volume of the work to be done. Another difficulty was encountered in the removal of blood encrusted adherent dressings. The French did not use vaseline gauze to protect the wound surface from the coarse gauze pads employed.

The boys in the plaster room performed in tireless fashion and accomplished a tremendous amount of work. As in Mateur, the Orthopedic service cared for the more serious compound fractures, especially those of the lower extremity, whereas the rest of the extensive number of fractures were distributed throughout the remainder of the Surgical Service. A large number of skin-tight plasters were applied in the French forward installations and nearly all of these had to be removed in the operating room for, with the edema which followed the reaction to injury, there was danger of impairment of the circulation. Each case was appraised as soon after admission as possible and a definitive plan of treatment was instituted. On the basis of examination, x-rays and the general condition of the patient, it was determined whether further debridement, traction-suspension, closed plaster technique or a plating procedure was indicated.

It seemed that there were a larger number of gas gangrene complications amongst these French casualties than we had experienced in a similar group of fresh battle casualties during the Sicilian campaign. This was attributed to the less extensive debridements performed and the use of tight plaster casts. Penicillin was of great value and was undoubtedly life-saving in the treatment of these cases but did not in itself dispense with the necessity for thorough debridement and drainage of the wound and in some cases amputation of the limb.

Since the cases admitted were predominantly surgical, the load was greater than the surgical service could care for unaided and cooperation between the services made possible smooth operation of the hospital. At first officers of the medical service took care of the shock therapy and transfusions and helped with the dressings. Later, when all the wards assigned to the surgical service had been filled, surgical patients were admitted to the medical wards and the officers devoted to the stethoscope soiled their fingers with blood and pus. Moe Steinberg and Simon Dack
were temporarily transferred to the surgical service and were soon experienced in wound closures and the removal of shrapnel. Les Tuchman boasted of his schedule in the operating room and explained that he "used to be a House Surgeon" when he was an interne, Abe Penner had a mixed service of surgical and medical cases. Henry Horn was ecstatic for his surgical patients provided him with the opportunity to administer more plasma transfusions than ever before - although this hardly seemed possible. It was Henry who claimed that plasma was good for all ills known to afflict man or beast - and probably for those unknown as well. He would point to a plethora of patients sitting up in bed or walking about and say - "Now this fellow was practically moribund last night and what do you think saved his life?" "Don't tell us, we know. It was PLASMA!"

The surgical officers and their nurses and ward personnel performed a commendable job in caring for the volume of acute cases that were admitted. Percy Klingenstein was omnipresent throughout the far-flung wards of the hospital and helped to guide the hands of many of the medical novices. Leon Ginsberg and Gerson Lesnick had two wards of abdominal surgery with mazes of rubber tubing running in all directions — intravenous, Levine, Miller-Abbott, enterostomy, colostomy, etc. Ameil Glass and Ed Jemerin had another group of seriously ill patients with wounds of the chest, head and neck. Moe Swick saw a variety of interesting urological cases including two Sudanese soldiers with bilharziasis of the bladder that he was able to demonstrate cystoscopically. Sam Klein and Vernon Weinstein received most of the burn cases and those requiring plastic procedures. At a somewhat later date Sam was made an "honorary Ffc" in a French regiment after he had treated several victims of a gasoline explosion in their command. The orthopedic service with Ed Bick, Gabe Seley and Jules Weissberg continued their efficient care of large numbers of fractures and in addition supplied the other sections with their equipment and technical assistance.

The Dental Service had relatively little dentistry to care for during this early period for only emergency care was provided for these French cases. During several of our early rushes of admissions, Lee Kulick and Marvin Freid voluntarily offered their services on the wards and helped with the dressings and charts. Somewhat later a system of detached service was arranged for dental officers and each month a dentist was sent to a locality in which he was needed. Lee Kulick spent a month at the 182nd Station Hospital in Naples. Marvin Freid and a team of technicians were detached to a field hospital near Salerno to sharpen the teeth of our soldiers in preparation for the invasion of southern France. In September, two dental teams headed by Milt Schwartz and Lee Kulick were detached for duty in Corsica.

The Medical service received but a small fraction of the total number of admissions but this included a very high proportion of interesting material, including amoebiasis, amoebic liver abscesses, bacillary dysentery, several cases of undulant fever, and a single case of tetanus. The latter
case was the first seen in an extensive experience with battle casualties and occurred in a Senegalese soldier whose immunization record was not available. Although the French soldiers were supposedly immunized, there were several instances when this was not performed and we routinely administered tetanus antitoxin to all casualties on admission if this had not been previously performed. Our case of tetanus survived with energetic treatment with 500,000 units of antitoxin, continuous intravenous sedation and alimentation for a period of two weeks, and excellent nursing care. Ordinarily a case of this sort with an incubation period of six days from the time of being wounded would have a very poor prognosis. An interesting feature of the variety of cases seen was the almost complete absence of the psychoneurotic battle reaction amongst the French Colonial troops.

Aside from the professional care of these patients, we were all presented with difficult administrative problems. Most of us could muster sufficient French to make ourselves understood to those who could understand the French language. However, the Goums and Morroccans frequently knew little or no French and spoke only Arabic. Some of the Chads and Senegalese spoke neither French nor Arabic but only a dialect which they alone understood. The problems that arose in taking histories or making rounds on the wards are obvious. To speak to an Arab one attempted to obtain a bilingual French soldier or else one was reduced to the ancient language of signs and facial expressions. All administrative orders were mimeographed in French and English— but most of the patients could read neither. There were few disciplinary problems and if one was fortunate enough to have a French sergeant on the ward, life was made simpler. The assignment of details about the ward could then be delegated to him and, although the sergeant prided himself with the fact that he was not supposed to do any work, he usually managed to see to it that the Goums and other native troops accomplished the tasks. The Senegalese and Chads were tireless workers and were energetic and happy with the performance of physical labor. They performed all assignments vigorously and frequently voluntarily undertook the policing of the ward area. We know of at least one of these black soldiers with the characteristic tattoo marks on his face, Oskada by name, who was told that his shoes were to be kept shined at all times. Thereafter, he arose at daybreak each morning and dashed for the shoe brush and cloth. After shining his own shoes until they glistened, he made the rounds of the ward and took care of all the other shoes. It was also of interest to note that these soldiers from French Equatorial Africa, who had the reputation for being fierce and fearless fighters and dreaded by the Germans, were gentle and fun-loving patients.

One of our most difficult problems was that of enforcing adequate personal hygiene and sanitation. The simplest rules for hygienic behavior had to be taught and re-emphasized day after day in order to maintain the hospital area in a livable state. For example: the toilet bowl was the
was the proper place for the passage of urine and stool and was not meant to be a receptacle into which one dumped the garbage, soiled dressings and drinking cups; the use of the urinal and the bedpan was taught; the necessity for washing and brushing one's teeth. Yet, in spite of our diligence, we were greeted at Officers' call at least once each week with a recitation of the quantity of drinking cups, soiled dressings, and other paraphernalia that had been removed from some blocked drainage pipe.

Ward 2 had a humorous anecdote to tell about one of their Goum patients. He was supposedly confined to bed but was found urinating against the wall in front of the building. Through an interpreter it was explained to him that this was not considered proper or in good taste and he was asked to use a urinal the next time. He seemed quite abashed and agreed to comply with this request. Later that day he proudly called for a urinal and after accomplishing his mission, he blithely carried the urinal to the front door and cast its contents outside. He then smiled benignly and returned to his bed while the ward officer mopped his brow and the nurses groaned.

A redeeming feature of this period was the curtailment of the so-called "paper work" with which one is constantly beset in a General Hospital. No board procedures were necessary to process the cases - one simply placed the diagnosis on the chart and then wrote: "Evacuate to North Africa". If it was believed that a patient would require reclassification he was transferred to a French hospital. The clinical record was optional but most of us kept brief notes that would be sufficient for our own benefit and for echelons further to the rear. The registrar did not plague us with the numerous forms that have been devised. In brief, we spent nearly all our time in caring for the patients.

During the month of June we waxed alternately hot and cold and periodically began the tedious business of packing and unpacking our personal belongings. Rome was taken by the 5th Army on the 5th of June and previously the 6th and 33rd General Hospitals had been alerted for movement to that city. We expected to be the next hospital to be called. However on the 3rd of June we were asked by the PBS Surgeon to set up a 500 bed expansion area in tents and to be ready to receive patients in 36 hours. No outside help was available for this work, so that it was necessary to draw men from the various departments and from the wards. Within the allotted 36 hours an enormous task had to be completed - it was necessary to clear an adjacent wheat field and preserve the wheat for the property owner, Crushed rock for the tent floors was drawn and laid out in accordance to the hospital plan. Thirty-two ward tents were pitched and cots, beds, and other equipment set up. Whereas several weeks were required by the engineers to build the washrooms and latrine facilities for our own tent area, in 36 hours three large Quartermaster-type latrines were dug and two large wash-houses were constructed of lumber and
screening, and these were connected to the watermain by means of pipe-lines laid by our own boys. Most of our detachment worked on this project and few were fortunate to obtain much sleep during this time, but at the end of 36 hours our expansion area and its personnel was ready for the reception of 500 patients. Then as an anti-climax we learned that these patients were not coming after all.

Later that month, when we had resigned ourselves to the prospects of a long stay at San Leucio, we were notified on the 24th of June that we had been alerted and that we were to clear the hospital of all patients as soon as possible. All our patients were classified and charts were completed but two days later our alert was recalled. AFHQ and SOS MATOUA were moving into Caserta and they would require the buildings occupied by the 36th Gen. Hospital. Accordingly we were then told to be ready to accept 500 patients from the 36th General. As many French patients as possible were evacuated to North Africa or to duty during the next few days, and on the 30th of June 508 patients were transferred to us from the 36th General Hospital. This mass transfer changed our hospital population from one that was predominantly French to one that was about 70% American. Later the 64th General Hospital was similarly evacuated and their patients transferred partially to our hospital, so that we again became essentially an American hospital. In fact, we were the only American General Hospital located between Naples and Rome, and the only medical installation between Casserta and Rome. However, we continued to receive French casualties by Air evacuation from points above Rome.

There were essentially no new problems or aspects of our experience with our American patients. Most of the cases that we received as transfers from the 36th and 64th General Hospitals were long term cases that had been completely studied and were awaiting either a board procedure, an evacuation to the zone of the interior, or further hospitalization before return to duty. We sharpened our pencils, filled our pens with ink and went to work on them. The major varieties of medical cases were those with infectious hepatitis, recurrent malaria, or with conditions that required reclassification procedures. The Neuropsychiatric service went back into action with an influx of psychoneurotics and the policy was adopted of presenting all these patients to a board as soon as possible after admission. At that time a decision was reached as to whether the patient was to be discharged to general or limited duty, or in severe cases returned to the zone of the interior. Nothing was gained by temporizing with this variety of case and, in fact, the patient's condition was aggravated by prolonged hospitalization.

The surgical service received a constant stream of fresh cases due to traffic and mine accidents, and some casualties were received by air evacuation. However the bulk of the cases received from the 36th and the 64th were cases where the definitive procedures had been performed and only a board procedure of nursing care was necessary.
In June, a training program for convalescent patients was set up in the tent expansion area under the direction of Lt. Girder F. Lee and later Lt. Irving Pink. As was true in Mateur, this section was found to be of great value for the rehabilitation of the patients for general duty and, at the same time, the program cleared the wards of a group of cases that required little medical supervision. We had all experienced the development of a variety of hypochondriacal manifestations in patients who remained too long in the hospital. The training program, which included graded calisthenics, drills and games and which stressed morale and discipline, kept the patients well occupied during the day so that there was little time left to them for meditation upon their real or imagined symptoms. At the same time, by having the patients close at hand where medical attention was available, the welfare of the soldier was not jeopardized. Another valuable aspect of the training program was the opportunity that it afforded for a trial at graduated activity for cases where there was some doubt as to the patient's ability to return to duty. This function has already been stressed during our North African experiences with trench feet. It was found to be equally applicable to other diseases and injuries such as convalescent hepatitis, back injuries and convalescent fractures. Our only problem with this section was administrative in nature due to our proximity to Sala and the difficulty of adequately guarding the fences. Patients would "take off" to town to buy liquor or else Italian civilians would sell them what passed for "vino" in a rapid transaction through the fence. A strict disciplinary policy was established and after several court martial procedures and the evacuation of Special Service troops to a hospital designated for their care, this problem was solved.

For reasons that were unclear, possibly because of the diversion of shipping facilities for the invasions of France, evacuation to the zone of the interior was insufficient to care for the volume of cases that was boarded. This resulted in the occupation of a considerable portion of the available hospital bed capacity by patients who were awaiting evacuation. Towards the end of August there were almost 400 such patients awaiting hospital ships. This situation was partially ameliorated by the inauguration of increased direct air evacuation from Naples to the United States. Priorities were established for those categories of cases who would most benefit from rapid evacuation. Nerve injuries, amputations, and some types of lower extremity fractures received the highest priority. While the number of cases that could be evacuated by air was not very high in proportion to the total number available, it served as a means for returning to the States those cases who needed facilities that were not available overseas.

Many distinguished and high ranking personalities visited the Italian theatre of operations during our period in Italy, and although our hospital was not inspected by them, we revelled in the reflected glory of the Medical Department. Everyone who toured the area commented upon the efficiency of the Medical Department and the magnitude of the
job that they were performing in saving life and limb and preserving the fighting strength. Before the invasion of Southern France was launched the area was visited by Winston Churchill, King George of Great Britain, Secretary of War Stimson, Secretary of the Navy Forrestal and Major General Kirk. General Kirk was enthusiastic in his praise of the record established by the medical installations in NATOUSA. He stated that they had established numerous precedents and techniques that had been adopted for the entire Army. Many of the directives for treatment and for administration had been used as models in other theatres of operation. Major General Steyres, AFHQ and NATOUSA Surgeon, endorsed this commendation and added his own praise for a "job well done".

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During the last week in July the hospital was notified to hold 15 medical officers and 30 surgical technicians in readiness for detached service to the 7th Army for use with the invasion forces. The type of duty that was expected was not stated but this group was soon known as "The Commandoes" (with due apologies to the original of the same name) and included Les Tuchman, A. meli Glass, Henry Horn, Bob Walters, Scotty Schapiro, Gabe Seley, Jules Weissberg, Alex Gold, Warolod Abel, Joe Holland and Joe Schapiro. This group was placed on an alert and were not to be away from the hospital for more than one hour. They were warned that, when called, they would have to be ready to leave in a few hours and accordingly were advised to collect and pack most of their equipment in preparation.

"Commandoes Almost Strike At Dawn", a drama of suspense, was enacted on the 27th of July when the first group of officers received telephonic orders to be ready to depart. Les Tuchman, Bob Walters, Scotty Schapiro, Alex Gold, Joe Schapiro and Jules Weissberg donned their woolen uniforms, leggings and field equipment and bid their adieu to all. They feverishly packed their barracks bags, bedding rolls and musette bags, and then sat about to await the officers who were to bring personal orders from the Port of Embarkation. The Commandoes wrote their last letters home and visually practiced their swimming strokes while waiting. At about 19:30 hours the expected officers arrived, a Major and a Lieutenant Colonel, and seemed quite surprised to find that our hospital was operating in a functional capacity with 1200 patients. They had been under the impression that we were in a staging area. They stated that there were other officers available to them at the time and our men would not be called until it became necessary. Thus Act I ended with an anticlimax.

On the first of August Scotty Schapiro, Bob Walters, Joe Schapiro and Alex Gold received orders to proceed and this time they really departed. A few days later all their personal belongings with the exception of a few items of field equipment were sent back to the hospital. Alex Gold returned after a few days with his pupils still widely dilated and hair on edge - he was reassigned to a mildermission but would not tell us more about the whereabouts of Scotty, Bob and Joe. It was not until a later date that we heard the account of their adventures.
Scotty, Bob and Joe really lived up to their given name, the "Commandos". They were assigned to Special Service troops whose mission in the invasion of southern France was the neutralization of the Myerse Islands a short distance of the coast in the neighborhood of Toulon. The islands were being used as an outpost for defense and observation by the Germans. Joe Schapiro was assigned to a battalion aid station, and Scotty Schapiro and Bob Walters were organized into a surgical team with the surgical technicians from our detachment. The landings were made at 11-4 hours and soon thereafter Joe went in in a little rubber raft launched from a destroyer. Scotty and Bob were landed on D day and set up their equipment in a cave on the island. There was little enemy resistance during the first day of the campaign, but that night the Germans launched a counterattack associated with an artillery barrage. Scotty and Bob frankly confessed that they derived very little pleasure at this particular point. After the islands had been taken, they were detached from the Special Service troops. Scotty was attached to a clearing company that specialized in the care of venereal disease. Joe Schapiro was sent to a German Hospital where he was to take over the command from a German Admiral in charge. This hospital was located at LesMilles, near Aix-en-Provence, and the Admiral had originally surrendered his command through an American sergeant - he was afraid of the consequences to his German patients if the F.F.I. took over his hospital before the arrival of the Americans. Bob Walters later joined Joe at this hospital where he supervised the German medical officers who were left behind to take care of the patients who were non-transportable. Later Joe was assigned to the mission of accompanying the German Admiral to AFHQ Headquarters at Caserta, at which time he returned to the fold of the Third.

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During the month of June we were informed that there was a contemplated change in the status of the General Hospital tables of organization. Henceforth three categories of this type of hospital were to be operated with basic bed capacities of 1000, 1500, and 2000. We were to be reorganized on a 1500 bed basis with expansion facilities to 2250. Under this new plan, with the increased bed capacity, there was to be a reduction of five medical officers and six M.A.C. officers were to be added. A Quartermaster officer was to be replaced by an Engineer. Until the plans had been approved by the War Department, no reduction in personnel was to be made, but we were authorized to draw the additional equipment in accordance with our increased bed capacity. When this plan was presented at Officers' call what effect the reduction in medical officers would have upon the operation of the hospital. On the 25th of August, we received the approved new T/O for our 1500 bed capacity. The rank increases were really impressive: Chiefs of Medical, Surgical and Dental services were to be colonels, there was to be 1 lieutenant colonel on the dental service; 3 majors M.A.C.; 1 major Dental; 1 major Chaplain; and 1 major Sanitary Corps. In addition to the increase in rank we were to receive 25 additional nurses, three additional dentists, eight additional M.A.C. officers, 1 chaplain, 1 sanitary corps officer, 1 physiotherapist, 1 additional major on the surgical service. There was no allowance for quartermaster corps officers. The detachment was increased to 562 men. In addition the theatre commander could add: two laundry sections, a finance service section, postal service section, a signal service team and an M.P. detachment.
We arrived in Italy during a period of time when a drive for the enforcement of military discipline was in effect throughout the Base Section. Each day at Officers' Call we were reminded of some uniform regulation or other matter pertaining to correct behaviour and military appearance. The Base Commander was accustomed to make unannounced inspections of various installations and it was rumoured that he was particularly tough with hospitals. The grounds of the hospital were to be spotless. This was to be the responsibility of the ward officer. All patients and personnel were to have haircuts with no lock of hair exceeding two inches in length. The patients were to be clean shaven each day. If necessary the patient was to have a shave and haircut before he was treated. At this time we had numerous bearded French troops of the Resistance movement who had vowed that they would not shave until they returned victoriously to France. We also had Goums with their long braids of hair with which they believed that they would be pulled into heaven when they died. It was the responsibility of the ward officer to see that all his patients had proper shaves and haircuts. Shoes were to be polished at all times and the dust on one's shoes was to be "to-day's dust and not yesterday's". This was to be the responsibility of the ward officer. The patients were to wear their identification tags at all times or else the ward officer would be subject to a reprimand and fine. The patients were to be properly dressed at all times with the sleeves of their pajamas rolled down and all buttons buttoned, and they were not to wear any headgear. The patients were to abide by all the regulations regarding military discipline and were to salute all officers. The enforcement of all these measures was the responsibility of the ward officer. In short, the ward officer became an extremely responsible person!

The Third was kept on the "Qui vive" for any inspection that might eventuate at any time by frequent spot checks of various parts of the hospital in addition to the regular Saturday morning inspections. It was during one of these checks that the field officers' quarters was found to be in an untidy state. When this was announced at Officers' Call, Les Tuchman, who was the ranking officer of the billet, rallied to their defense. "Sir, I just came from there", he protested, "and I saw nothing wrong!" The Colonel answered him with a smile: "I just came from there too and I saw plenty wrong - and I have witnesses". Whereupon Les decided to withdraw; he knew when he was licked.

The Naples area was the center of the drive for the enforcement of military discipline. Only $\frac{1}{2}$ of the unit could go to Naples during any day and there were few who were anxious to return after their first visit for life was made unpleasant indeed. Military Police, supplemented by officers drawn from various units for police duty, patrolled the streets in search of violations of military courtesy. They were instructed to stop soldiers, including officers, to ask for passes, identification tags, A.G.O. cards, and immunization registers. One was usually stopped at frequent intervals for such a search. All breaches of military courtesy or failure to produce the desired identification material was subject to a heavy fine. There were sufficient soldiers on the streets of Naples so that an officer was practically required to walk in the position of attention with a fixed salute. During one of our busiest periods, when patients were being admitted at a rapid rate, Sol Silver was sent on detached service to the Base Section to act as a subsidiary police officer. His assignment was to stand at the
entrance of the Officers' Post Exchange and request each officer who entered to show his identification tags and his pass. During June, these restrictive measures were relaxed to some extent. Zones were established within the city in which saluting was optional and the subsidiary police officers were no longer employed. Thus when one had a day off in Naples, it was almost possible to relax.


The following episode proved to us that we had become thoroughly regimented. As part of the ration control system adopted by the War Department to prevent food waste and offset the flourishing black market, officers and later sergeants were delegated to count the number of people who ate at the various messes at each meal. Sid Silverstone conceived the notion of asking for "contributions for services" to those who entered the Officers' mess. Without question he was able to collect a sum of thirty dollars from various members of the unit. Later he admitted that the "services" to which the generous officers contributed were his own and, needless to state, he returned the money.


Our Special Service Department with the aid of the Red Cross made every effort to supply the patients and the personnel of the hospital with as great a volume and quality of entertainment as was available within the theatre. Movies were held three times each week in the chapel building. During the period when we cared principally for French troops, our priority for first grade films was rather low and we groaned and suffered through quite a few old and grade C pictures. However, later, when our hospital population changed to one that was predominantly American, we were provided with a better selection of films. Whether the pictures were good or not one could count upon a steady audience of film addicts headed by Moe Swick and Eddie Bassen.

In addition to the usual run of U.S.O. shows that toured the theatre, we were treated to several examples of fine productions that were superior to any that we had seen heretofore. Soon after our arrival in Italy, we heard that Irving Berlin's Army show, "This Is The Army", was scheduled for presentation at the Red Cross theatre in Santa Maria. Tickets were rather scarce and were being allotted on the basis of unit strength, but with the persuasive powers of Irv Somach nearly everyone who was desirous of seeing this show was enabled to attend. The theater in Santa Maria was an old opera house that typified the manner in which the Italian people enshrined the opera, for, although the town was small and not unusually wealthy, the theater was elaborately decorated, walls and ceilings painted with murals, and the seats lined with plush. "This Is The Army" proved to be ideal entertainment that was even more appreciated by the G.I. audience than by the civilians who had previously established the show as a tremendous hit when it played throughout the United States. Irving Berlin accompanied the cast overseas and received a rousing reception when he appeared to perform his own song in the show. As an added feature, he rendered his latest composition that he had written for the 5th Army.
On the first of July, we were treated to an excellent U.S.O. presentation of Ruth Gordon's "Over 21", a play that General Marshall requested to be sent overseas after he had seen it in Washington. Although the afternoon during which it was shown at the hospital was very warm and the chapel-auditorium was comparable to a hot-house, Philip Ober, Vivian Vance and Erin O'Brien-Moore of the original Broadway cast presented an excellent performance of this farce that portrayed the attempt of the part of older men to adjust themselves to the army.

During the last week of August we were treated to another Broadway production that had been transplanted overseas. This was the first attempt to present serious drama to an army audience and it proved to be a huge success. Katherine Cornell, Brian Aherne and the remainder of the excellent original cast of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" presented an excellent performance that was well appreciated by an audience that consisted to a large part of emm who had never previously seen a production of "live-drama". This was quite obvious in some parts of the performance when members of the audience attempted to call instructions to the actors, or vent their hate towards the villainous Papa Barrett to the extent of hissing or calling out threats. In fact, we later learned that it was necessary to make several changes in the play to moderate this part for at some performances the hateful character was so convincingly portrayed that members of the audience threw missiles or attempted to gain access to the stage to show the rascal how such characters were treated in the mountains of Tennessee. On the whole, this experiment of showing serious drama was pronounced a great success and several months later, Katherine Cornell was continuing with her tour of various theaters and was making plans for future similar performances. This renowned artist deserves special praise, for not only did she undertake to bring this play overseas, but she went on to cancel her New York production for the coming season so that she could remain overseas to entertain the soldiers.

One of the great deficiencies of entertainment in the overseas theaters is the paucity of the opportunity to hear good music. This had been recognized but it was doubted that an audience of sufficient size could be assembled to make such entertainment successful. That this was not only feasible but greatly appreciated was amply demonstrated by the tours that were made through the Italian theater by Jascha Heifetz and Lily Pons and Andre Kostalanetz. An overflow audience acclaimed the famous violinist when he performed at the San Carlo Opera House in Naples where we heard his concert. Lily Pons and her husband, Andre Kostalanetz, performed at NATOUSA Headquarters and later at the Replacement Depot. The latter was as difficult a G.I. audience to please as could be assembled anywhere, and at both concerts they received a marvelous reception. Another source of entertainment for the music-lovers in our midst was the performances of opera and symphony concerts at the San Carlo. Neither the opera nor the orchestral presentations could be characterized as first grade but to starved appetites for something other than "jive and swing" it was a great delight.
Special Service and the Red Cross also contrived to arrange for a series of swing concerts by various bands of soldier musicians from Base Section units. The colored bands, and in particular the Royal Castleers from an Engineer organization with whom we came overseas on the Pasteur, were the best received. Another source of entertainment was realized in watching the audience react to the music. Swing as a method for rapid recovery of orthopedic cases was exemplified by some of the colored patients who "jitterbugged" - plaster case, crutch and all. The native Goums and Senegalese at first sat back in amazement at what they heard and saw, but after a while they began to rock back and forth, stamp their feet, and "get hep to the jive". Henry Horn, Gerson Lesnick, Milt Schwartz and other of our intrepid photographers preserved some of these scenes for posterity.

During the month of June, the Orientation and Morale Departemnt, under the direction of Major Edwin Bassen, made its appearance in the 3rd General Hospital. Eddie received a one week period of detached service to Naples to take a course of instruction and then returned to take over these duties in addition to his Eye, Nose and Throat Section. This proved to be a valuable and much needed service with its goal directed toward acquainting the soldiers with both the progress of the war and its aims in order to inculcate the soldier with the idea that he was part of a significant force that was fighting towards a definite goal and with a definite purpose. A news bulletin was issued daily with the radio broadcasts of the British Broadcasting System as its source. Cpl. George Ulle rendered valuable assistance by monitoring these news broadcasts and cutting the stencils for the bulletins. During the active days of the drive on Rome and later during the early weeks of the northern invasion of France, flash bulletins were issued whenever the occasion warranted. Maps depicting the position of the battle fronts were prominently displayed and kept up-to-date. The series of films, entitled "Why We Fight", was shown in entirety. We had seen the first two films in the series when we were in training at Camp Rucker and now we were brought up to date with "The Battle for England", "The Fall of France", "The Battle of Russia", and "The Battle for China". This series directed by Frank Capra proved to be excellent throughout both for its dramatic presentation and its convincing presentation of the theme "Why We Fight". Ed Bassen also arranged to bring a Mr. Trowbridge to the hospital to present a lecture and discussion on Russia. The lecturer, who had made a special study of Russia, was a former political science instructor at a southern university who was attached to the Red Cross. His talk was very impressive and during the discussion period he attempted to answer several questions that the soldiers in the audience presented.

Our Officers' Club was opened during June and thereafter frequent dances were held. The club was less capacious than our previous site at Mateur, and, with our tenure at San Leucio always subject to sudden change, only little expense and effort was expended to renovate the building that was used for this purpose. The walls were whitewashed and decorated by our unit artist, Cpl. Leo Stein. A few lighting fixtures were purchased and others were improvised from assorted tin cans. An adequate bar was present and was stocked with as fine a quality of cognac and wines as was available, but these were inferior to the liquors that
we had obtained at the monastery at Thibaud. Another problem that was encountered was the overcrowding that occurred at the club during party nights. Because of the extreme limitation of other sources of recreation for patient-officers, the experiment was tried of granting them the privileges of our club. This proved to be unwise because of lack of space and facilities. It was also difficult to keep transient officers away. Between guests - invited and otherwise, the unit members were outnumbered at a rate of about three to one. Later, when blackout restriction were relaxed, an outdoor pavilion was provided on dance nights and the chairs and tables placed under the stars. This aided a great deal to dilute the congestion, but the focal point, the bar, was as busy as ever.

The opening of the Detachment Club has already been described. During July and August, they were able to secure the services of several excellent bands and many hugely successful dances were held with the aid of the WACs who had moved into Caserta with MATOUA and AFWQ. For one of these dances, they borrowed the use of our club, and it was they who created the innovation of the outdoor pavilion.

Another innovation during our stay in Italy was the issue of a ration of coca cola and beer and this was very much appreciated during the hot summer months. During August, we received our first liquor ration of one quart of rye per officer per month. It was a welcome change from the native cognac and wine.

As the summer's heat became more intense, the officers and nurses organized parties and travelled to the shore to seek relaxation and bathe in the mild waters of the Mediterranean. Although the ride was a long and bumpy one, the prospects of ocean bathing made our efforts seem worthwhile. Most frequently, these beach parties took us to Mondragone, a little village just off the Via Apia, and recently the site of a terrific Allied pounding both from the sea and the air. The beach was located on the Gulf of Gaeta that lay northwest of Capua and was a well kept expanse of clean brown sand that extended along the shoreline for a depth of about an eighth of a mile. Gently rolling and suddenly rising mountains formed a towering backdrop for a peaceful picnicking scene. The surf was usually gentle and clear and was quite refreshing during the sultry days of the summer. However, the ride back to the hospital was the price that one paid for this enjoyment, for then we were forced to make a circuitous detour over the roughest road to which we had ever subjected our spinal columns. A column of dust swirled behind us for a distance of about a quarter of a mile to be abandoned only when we turned into another road when a new one was started. The back eddies were drawn into the truck and soon all the riders were covered with a layer of dust that aged one perceptibly during the two hours travel. The constant pounding on the bases of our spinal columns made even the most rigidly held posture wilt. The dust powdered our hair and before long we were grey-haired, bent and wrinkled individuals with merely a memory of a pleasant swim in the surf.
Cupid followed the Third to Italy and during August added two further marriages to our list, despite directives that purported to dissuade young people from getting married. The wedding of Inez Ravisto and Howard Pertulla came as a surprise to most of us for we had not been forewarned by the usual announcements at Officers' Call. Inez had been on detached service at the Hotel Vittorio in Sorrento and Howard appeared there with "the preacher" when he was also given the opportunity to take his detached service at the same time. We had been expecting this marriage for several months but the time and place came as a surprise.

Kitty Gibbons was married to Lt. Don Lynch of the 325th Fighter Group as the culmination of a romance that had its inception during our days in Mateur. The ceremony was performed by Father Dunne in the Catholic Chapel in San Leucio in an impressive ceremony that was very well attended by the members of the unit. Both the Pertulla ans the Lynches honeymooned at Sorrento and Rome.

During our stay at San Leucio, Colonel Donnelly invited groups of officers and nurses to his villa on Sunday evenings for a steak supper. This was indeed a fortunate arrangement for our usual Sunday suppers consisted mainly of cold cuts and other unappetizing dishes. These parties were very informal with "Mom" Chamberlain playing the part of hostess while Sam Karelitz officiated at the charcoal broiler. Piano music was furnished by a one-man Italian ensemble and all the guests joined in with vocal assistance. It was much easier to relax one's vocal cords and inhibitions after a visit to the veranda where Colonel Donnelly filled and refilled your cup with a harmless-appearing orange drink that proved to have a delayed and powerful kick. Supper was served buffet style and was excellent with all the accompaniments of a steak dinner and then a few extras. Sgt. Locke, his face perspiring profusely, directed the Italian help in a combination Chino-Italian-American dialect. These evenings were pleasant indeed.
Personnel Changes:

Before the Italian phase of our history, there were relatively few changes in the personnel of our organization. Henry Dobbielet and Jack Levy had been transferred to other organizations while we were still in North Africa and a few of the nurses had been transferred or returned to the United States because of illness. However during our stay in Italy, the rate of change became more rapid so that many of our original unit were missing at the close of this period and there were several new faces. This situation was brought about through the interplay of several factors: the initiation of a policy for the rotation of front line medical officers and those in the echelons further to the rear, a change in the tables of organization for General hospitals and the dissolution of the smaller station hospitals, and what might be called the "G.O.K. "factor", or "God only knows". At any rate, there were several adieu bid to those who had been so close to us during our first year overseas.

During the month of May, Vernon Weinstein was quite unexpectedly informed that he was to be transferred to the 51st Station Hospital, a neuropsychiatric organization. From surgeon to psychiatrist without any easy lessons seemed quite implausible, even in the army and an exchange of telegrams with Headquarters MATOSA soon revealed that this was an error. It was Eddie Weinstein who was to leave us and he was to remain on detached service with the Neuropsychiatric clearing company to which he had been assigned when he left us during April.

Captain Wills Hersloff joined us for a brief interval in May. He was a tall, jovial, husky fellow with a fierce mustache that is usually characterized as a "handle bar". He was a recent arrival from the Persian Gulf Command via Sicily and he brought with him many interesting tales and specimens from his wide travels. Before he could settle himself for an extended stay, he received orders that transferred him to the 118th Station Hospital where a psychiatrist was urgently required.

Our telephone operators wrung their hands and mopped their brows - now that there was only one Weinstein with the departure of "T.A." - two further complications arose instead. During the middle of May, we were joined by Joseph Schapiro and Samuel Zaritsky, both of whom came from the 51st Station Hospital. Captain Zaritsky was a qualified neuropsychiatrist to replace Eddie Weinstein on that section of the service. Captain Schapiro had been in general practice but had received psychiatric training at the 50th Station Hospital.

On the 16th of May, Marguerite "Karney" Self, one of our trained anaesthetists, was transferred to the 32d Field Hospital because of a reported shortage of anaesthetists in the forward echelons. However, when last heard from she was being used for ward nursing while we struggled along with this depletion in a department which was always amongst our busiest.
During the month of June there were further changes to alter our collective face. Captain Alex E. Gold reported from the 58th Station Hospital and was assigned to the Medical Service. Joe Steinberg received orders on the 16th of June that transferred him to the 179th Infantry of the 45th Division. Captain Wjalmer V. Peterson, SnC, a well-trained chemist and former instructor of Biochemistry at Iowa State, was assigned to our Laboratory Service. Lt. Isadore "Zipple" Zipkin was transferred to the 64th General Hospital. Lt. Weman Richards, MAC, reported from the 53d Station Hospital and was assigned as Assistant Detachment Commander.

As a result of changes in the tables of organization of the station hospitals, we were joined by nurses who had become overstrength at those institutions. These new nurses included: Charlotte Noonan, Rose Carp, Catherine Fruchnick, Sue Ballard, Jeanette Krautkramer, Helen Lauby, Margaret Murray, Dorothy Powers, Genevieve Smith, Mercedes Ortega, Audray Arnold, and Pearl Brunken. Lois M. Carter was assigned to us soon after she arrived from the States.

Amongst the Red Cross workers, Miss Fiske left for another assignment and Betty Wunt took over the responsibilities of head-worker. Katherine Goodfellow joined our department as her first overseas assignment. Miss Parsons was with our Red Cross for a short while before being returned to the States on rotation, and she will rejoin us after a furlough.

During July, Captain Rino Della Vedova replaced Russ Price as Detachment Commander as Russ went forward to take his place with the 11th Field Hospital. Shortly after his arrival, "Del" was awarded the Legion of Merit for his outstanding services with his former organization during the Sicilian campaign. During the month, Lt. Walter Schidlo, MAC, joined us from a forward echelon and was assigned as transportation officer. Lewis Phillips traded his Quartermaster insignia for the towers of the Corps of Engineers and assumed the functions of that corps in our new table of organization.

Another "oldtimer" was taken from our midst in August when Vernon Weinstein was transferred to duty with the 109th Medical Battalion of the 34th Division. He was replaced by Capt. Kopet who soon thereafter was sent on detached service as an inspecting officer for the 10th Port of Embarkation.

During September, our last month in Italy, our picture continued to show new faces and gaps where the old familiar faces had been. Captain Solomon Morowitz, a dermatologist and allergist from Minneapolis, joined us from the 23d General Hospital and Major Rosen was assigned from the 6th Port. Captain Bayard Miller was transferred to the Quartermaster department of PBS Headquarters, as there were no quartermaster officers in our new T.O. We were joined by two new MAC officers fresh from the states, Lts. Brown and Naylor. During our last few days in Italy, Sol Silver was transferred to the 34th Station Hospital as Chief of the Medical Service and he was replaced by Major Mendel Spivek. Eddie Bassen went to the 52d Station Hospital in exchange for Major Foster, and Joe Schapiro repolished his combat shoes as he was transferred to the 100th Infantry Battalion.
Also during September, Lou Zaretski was evacuated to the zone of the interior because of an overdose of x-radiation that he had incurred through constant exposure in the busy x-ray department with equipment that was not designed to afford the protection that this volume of work would require. His illness prompted an investigation of x-ray equipment throughout the theater. Improvements in set-up and construction were recommended by Sid Silverstone which would obviate much of the scatter radiation which was the chief source of danger to the officers and enlisted personnel working in that department.

Miss Dooley and Leona Porta were also evacuated to the zone of the interior because of illness. Miss Dooley had continued to work despite frequent suggestions that she could go home if she so desired. She deserves special commendation for her courage and pluck. Helen Keosian was transferred to the 15th Field Hospital and Rita Frank went to the 6th General Hospital during mid-September. Mary Lubanovic was the first of our nurses to be sent home on the rotation policy of the theater. She received her orders on the 7th of September and was packed and gone from our midst on the following day.

The above mentioned changes in our officer and nurse personnel will give some idea of the feeling of change that began to pervade our organization during this Italian phase. In addition to personnel who were transferred in and out of our organization, there were usually groups of officers and nurses who were attached to us for short intervals while their own units were staging or otherwise non-operational. We received such officers and nurses from the 6th General, 36th General, 59th Evac and 51st Evac hospitals amongst others.

Our new T/O permitted more rank amongst the nurses and officers, and several long-deserved promotions were made. Most notably, on the 22d of May, Eddie Bick retired his well-worn major leaves in exchange for the silver variety. We do not have the record of all the promotions amongst the nurses, but amongst those to receive a boost in rank were: Lieutenants Marshall, Lundberg, Titus, Gehres, Griefer, Browning, and Williard.
Caserta & Suburbs:

Our hospital was located within a triangle formed by three small villages, Briano, Sala and San Leucio, all at the suburbs of Caserta, which was two miles distant. Briano and Sala were typically poor Italian villages with small ancient stone buildings usually containing an interior court in which the pigs, chickens, and children were harbored. The alleys that served as roads were barely wide enough to allow the passage of an Army truck so that two vehicles approaching each other from opposite directions created an impasse that could be remedied only by backing one vehicle to the nearest corner.

San Leucio was somewhat superior and was a great deal cleaner and more modern. The town was located below a large silk mill from which the population derived their livelihood in the pre-war period. As was true in many of the Italian communities, many of the natives had migrated to the United States during the early twentieth century. Some of them had returned to Italy after they had acquired a sum of money that enabled them to live comfortably for the duration of their lives. At any rate, nearly every family in San Leucio claimed a relative in the United States, most of them in Passaic, New Jersey, where they had continued to work in the silk mills. There was an old Bovilleon Palace on the hillside overlooking town, formerly occupied by the Negri family who owned the silk mill, and now under requisition by the U. S. Army for the Psychological Warfare Bureau and an Intelligence organization that was strictly "hush-hush".

In Caserta, the tremendous "King's Palace" was the dominant architectural feature. Construction of the Palace was begun in 1752, during the reign of Charles III, King of Naples, and son of King Philip V of Spain. Vanvitelli, a Roman, was responsible for the plans for the building as well as for the extensive grounds and gardens that stretched for several miles behind the palace. The buildings, which were never completed, were under construction for a period of 20 years at the end of which time it had its present form. The palace was the country residence of the King of Naples, but was also a very convenient place for the King to come to when the not infrequent outbreaks of typhus and cholera occurred in Naples. Various formal regal ceremonies were carried out here in accordance with tradition. It was customary for the King to have an occasional meal on the large balcony while the people gaped and stared from below. Also there was the annual ceremony of the washing of the feet of the poor in the King's Gardens.

At the time of our arrival, only a few of the larger rooms of the palace were in use by the American Red Cross and an R.A.F. Signal organization. The King's Opera was known as the "Palace Theater" and concerts, operas, and U.S.O. shows were presented there. The Italian Air Force had a school in these buildings during the Fascist period and later the Herman Goering Paratroop Division, that proved so troublesome at Casino, occupied the Palace.
Caserta was a quiet little town until the month of August when AFHQ and WACUSA moved in from Algiers to occupy the palace, the hospital grounds of the 36th General and most of the other worthwhile buildings in and around the city. In true Army style, it seemed that an attempt was being made to rebuild and rejuvenate the town as all the structures were being remodelled, painted and fitted with modern plumbing. The streets became crowded with soldiers. WACs and WREMs put in their appearance to gladden the hearts of our detachment. A Red Cross and Red Cross Theater were opened in town and later, in September, a very cozy Officers' Red Cross was available, complete with snack-bar and ice cream. The presence of these higher headquarters created another problem for there were so many General Officers about that one had to be constantly on the "Qui Vive" for the red flag and the stars when taking a walk in the gardens or along the neighboring roads.

The King's Gardens extended for about a mile behind the Palace. A beautiful cascade led down to a series of pools, basins and lesser falls, and fountains that stretched along the central portion. One of the larger pools was available for swimming. Roadways and walks in the shade of trees flanked both sides of the grounds and were delightful place for a leisurely stroll. Statuary of various degrees of merit was omnipresent and was a favorite outlet for the "shutter-bugs" amongst us, so that undoubtedly several examples will be available for future perusal and reminiscing.

Another interesting nearby site was the small village of Casertavecchia, or old Caserta. Its origins went back to the Middle Ages when the Castle and church were built upon one of the highest of the surrounding peaks. A little feudal settlement appeared about these central structures. The Castle was ever a source of admiration, especially at sunset when the last rays of the sun cast a rosy glow over the structure and the surrounding cloud formations that produced the total effect of a picture out of a fairy-tale book.
NAPLES:

Naples had been occupied by the Allies for six months at the time of our arrival in Italy and was the metropolis to which we referred when we spoke of "going to town" on our time off or on official business. It was a large, crowded, noisy, ravaged city that was a perfect example of one of the paradoxes of modern war. Naples had been one of the chief strategic targets for the Allied Air Forces prior to its liberation and now great effort was being made to restore the harbor facilities, railroads and other vital structures that we had bombed and which the Germans had demolished prior to their withdrawal. By the time we arrived on the Neapolitan scene there were many signs of revival. The port was in full operation and was said to be the busiest harbor in the world at the time, not excepting New York. Loading and unloading operations proceeded on a 24-hour basis with only brief intermissions when the Jerries came over at night. Then, as some of our men learned from bitter experience, the lights were all turned off by means of a master switch and a stifling nauseating smoke screen was spread over the port area. In May, Naples was only 50 miles from the front but as the Germans were pushed back above Rome, air-raids became less frequent and ineffectual with reconnaissance as their prime objective. The salvage and port-construction work accomplished at Naples was one of the great feats of the war and the experience gained here aided greatly in subsequent similar operations at Cherbourg and Marseilles.

Bombed houses through the town and in particular along the waterfront added to the general air of wretchedness that one obtained in town. The narrow, crowded streets and the poor states of dress and nutrition of the civilian population added to this general impression. Black seemed to be the favored color for dress of most of the men, women and children. Occasionally, a well-dressed woman or man could be seen on the street, but on closer inspection, their clothes were of pre-war vintage. Many of the children were without shoes or they wore laceless, very old and torn shoes. The better-dressed women wore high-heeled wooden or cork sandals with cloth uppers. Pressed paper was also employed for the manufacture of foot-wear. Several of the younger men that one saw about the streets were apparently former members of the Italian Army and they retained their uniforms, or such portions of their uniforms that were still serviceable. However, one was struck by the paucity of young men amongst the population. There were older men and adolescents, but, apparently, the intervening group was amongst the prisoners, with the Germans, or missing in action.

In spite of the wretched picture that prevailed at the time of our arrival, we were assured that the city was already vastly improved. The rubble and wreckage of the bombing and demolitions had been shovelled and swept away. Tottering walls had been leveled. The streets and the population were cleaner. The Allied Military Government had averted threatened starvation and pestilence with supplies of food and medicines. The typhus epidemic had been quickly brought under control by the efficient "dusting" of civilians with D.D.T. and Naples was again on limits to troops. Red Cross movie houses were open and the San Carlo Opera was again in full swing, although it was rumored that the "first team" of singers was carried off with the Germans. Most of the shops
were again open for business though their supplies of consumer commodities were extremely meager. Most stores specialized in the sale of souvenirs for the Allied Armies and no doubt cameos will be brought back into style in the States as a result of the number purchased by the American troops. A.I.G. exerted a strong controlling influence over the scale of prices, but, inevitably, prices soared many times beyond their pre-war level. Gullible American soldiers with money weighing heavily in their pockets, bought quantities of fake silks, antiques, paste or glass jewels, inferior cameos, and wooden mosaic boxes constructed from unaged wood that frequently warped. Members of our organization were included amongst those who were duped. Of all the articles that were offered for sale, only the gloves that were sold in some of the stores were worth the purchase price. One of the merchants confessed that there was no good reason to sell quality merchandise when inferior articles were purchased as a greater profit and more rapidly.

Throughout our stay in Italy, Naples remained a crowded and noisy city but there were two periods of even greater activity: first, during the early period before the big push on Rome when all the combat and service forces were concentrated into the area between the front and the city; and later, during the staging period for the invasion of Southern France. Then the sidewalks along the Via Roma and its side streets were filled to the point of overflow. Soldiers and sailors of many countries mingled along the streets like a potpourri of the United Nations. Were in a single city block you could encounter—American soldiers, from various army branches—Goums—Canadians—Poles—South Africans—Senegalese—Brazilians—French Marines—American and British sailors—Merchant Seamen—WACS—WRNS—American, British and French Nurses—RAF—and Morrocan troops amongst others. Down the street jeeps, motorcycles, trucks, command cars, ambulances, and assorted civilian vehicles jockeyed with each other for position at a precarious rate of speed and with much blowing of horns. Amidst this din, the inevitable boot-blacks wedged into corners and alleys offered their services with "American polish" and ragamuffins begged for "cigarettes for papa and carameili" or queried "wanna eat, Joe?" or "Wanna woman, Joe." This was Naples then—a large, noisy, wretched city.

Aside from the shopping center, there were few points of interest within the city. The museums were nearly all closed. The aquarium was open but seemed decidedly inferior to the old New York Aquarium. The few recently constructed Fascist buildings with their typical "World's Fair" appearance were occupied by Allied agencies. The Enlisted Men's Red Cross was housed in a spacious building formerly occupied by the Italian Veteran's Bureau. The Officers' Red Cross featured a fairly comfortable lounge and a snack bar that was distinguished only by the length of the waiting line for ice cream.

There were three Officers' Clubs in town that we visited rather infrequently because of the shortage of transportation and the long jolting ride from the hospital. The Orange Garden, perched on top of a hill overlooking the harbor and the city, was the most luxurious of the clubs. An outdoor garden and dancing pavilion, a fairly good Italian orchestra, and the dimmed lights under the stars created an atmosphere that was vaguely reminiscent of Ben Marden's Riviera, but here the resemblance ceased. The food served was
very poor and the drinks only mediocre. Nevertheless, the Orange Garden was the most favored of the clubs for a night away from camp. Churchill Downs was another Allied Club along the waterfront and it offered comparatively little except dancing, the usual gin or cognac drinks and a usually congenial crowd. The P.B.S. Club was located on the upper floor of the Bank of Naples building in a suite of sumptuous, high-ceilinged, marble walled, modern rooms that were probably formerly the conference and colligation suite for the bank. The dance floor was spacious and there were ample numbers of soft couches and armchairs that were conducive to relaxation. A large and adequately proficient orchestra furnished the dance music, most of it of pre-war vintage, and "Lily Marlene" could be heard at least three or four times during the course of the evening. An early curfew at 9:30 and later at 10:30 limited the extent of the possibilities for nocturnal prowling.

Cassino:

After the war had moved northward beyond Rome and we became less completely occupied with our work at the hospital, most of us were given the opportunity to visit the modern ruins of Cassino. The former town was situated at the foot of two towering hills, Castle and Monastery, with the flooded Rapido River washing at its feet and serving as the no-man's land that separated the opposing forces. Nothing but rubble remained to denote the presence of a town that was a former summer resort. A small detachment of South African engineers were at work in the attempt to clear away such wreckage as would interfere with the use of the road, but for the most part the battered ruins of the town were completely by-passed. Highway 6, that coursed through Cassino, had been cleared and the sides of the road were fenced with heavy rolls of barbed wire and profusely decorated with signs that warned of the presence of mines. It was the presence of large numbers of mines that dissuaded the allies from any attempt to clear the city, so that it was estimated that there were still a considerable number of bodies buried under the ruins.

The famous Continental Hotel, that had proved to be one of the strongest of enemy points, was left with a few walls standing and a sign at its imagined entrance read "Under New Management". Another pile of demolished masonry was labelled "The Crypt" - probably a burial site for trapped Nazis. There were large quantities of wrecked military equipment about. We saw several German tanks within the ruins of buildings and practically buried by fallen walls and ceilings - it seemed as impregnable as a pill-box.

A small cemetery was located at the outskirts of the town and the graves were decorated with the helmets of many nations - French, British and American - indicating the true Allied nature of the drive.

Towering above the Continental Hotel was Castle Hill, its top a shapeless mass of stone. Above this hill was that of the Monastery with the remnants of that famous site silhouetted against the sky. The view from the monastery covered the entire valley and from this point the Germans obtained the observation with which they directed their artillery fire and their defense. The trees that once covered the hillside were twisted into bizarre twisted and blackened shapes.

In contrast with these modern ruins, an ancient Roman amphitheatre just north of Cassino seemed to have escaped unscathed.
Towards the end of July there was the inauguration of grants of three to five day periods of detached service to Capri and Sorrento for the Officer and Nurse personnel. Capri was under the control of the Army Air Forces and since tired aviators were desirous of female companionship (as is any male, tired or not), special arrangements were made to billet nurses at the large and modern Quisisana Hotel and at the famous villa of Mrs. Harrison Williams. At Sorrento, the Grande Albergo Vittoria was operated as a 5th Army Rest Camp and they too welcomed our nurses on detached service. Later, when the 5th Army moved far beyond Rome, there were vacancies available for some of the male officers of the Base Section. Eventually nearly all of us were given the opportunity to visit or stay at Capri or the Vittoria Hotel at Sorrento.

So much has been written and said about Capri that there is no necessity for dwelling upon a description of that picturesque island. It was a delightful place for a vacation for most Army conventions disappeared when you set foot upon the isle. There were no uniform regulations, no barriers of rank, no saluting, and enjoying yourself was the order of the day. The latter was easily accomplished by any means that one desired: sightseeing through the ruins of Tiberius, Anacapri, the Villa of San Michele, the Blue Grotto, or by visiting many of the famous villas; swimming in the blue clear waters of Piccolo Marino with the Faraglione as a background; walking along the hilly paths, riding a donkey, or relaxing in the seat of a horse-drawn cab. If you wanted none of these tourist modes of pleasure, the hotel bars were amply stocked with cognac and the clear sea-born air was excellent for a hangover.

The Vittoria at Sorrento was one of the famous hotels of Europe. It was situated at the top of a cliff with a precipitous drop to the sea and the scenic view from the large veranda was a memorable one. An elevator descended from the veranda to the beach below where swimming, sailing, or kayaking were available. The accommodations at the hotel were luxurious and the food was excellent. There were music and entertainment at lunch and supper. The town of Sorrento had many shops, art exhibits and quaint old streets that made strolling and window-shopping a pleasurable form of recreation.

The entire Sorrentine peninsula is a mass of mountains that juts out into the Tyrrhenian sea. An occasional plateau affords the site for a town like Sorrento, but, for the most part, there are no level areas and the towns and settlements seem to be blasted into or attached to the mountains. The drive from Sorrento through Positano, Amalfi, and Ravello was replete with breath-taking views as the road, blasted into the side of the mountains along the sea coast, wound and climbed along the cliffs. It was a drive for one with strong nerves for there were numerous blind, hairpin curves around the jagged rocks of the cliff, and far below the narrow road, there was the precipitous drop to the sea. At Amalfi, the road returns briefly to sealevel, but then again rose to the towering heights of Ravello. The Grotto Esmeralda near Amalfi was visited by many of the more hardy amongst us. It necessitated the negotiation of a 365-step stairway leading down the side of a cliff, and it was the contemplation of the upward climb that stymied those who elected to wait it out on the vehicle.
Our trips to Pompeii skirted the environs of Naples, passed Vesuvius, and then entered the modern city of Pompeii - from the ruins of the same name. The ruins were amongst the best preserved that we had seen so that the visitor could easily create for himself the illusion of walking through an ancient city. Standing in the middle of one of the narrow streets, one could visualize the traffic jams with chariot carts vying with each other for the right of way. Many of the homes were restored and these had been well furnished and designed artistically.

The guide led us through the amphitheater in which sporting events took place and in which many inter-city tournaments were held. Some of the posters, that had been painted upon the walls in advertisement of great events to come, were still well preserved. The emphasis on sport and physical training was again evident in the large outdoor gymnasium and swimming pools that was located near the amphitheatre.

We walked through the streets to enter upon "The Street of Plenty", apparently the "Main Street" of old Pompeii. Here the various merchants sold their wares in stall-like stores that were little different from those that were still present in some of the Italian villages. Here too we came upon the precursor for the modern "Medick stand" but we were assured that wine was sold instead of orangeade. The counter and appearance of these stores resembled our modern soda fountains, but the beverages were contained in earthenware jugs that were embedded into counters. Another custom that had been preserved through the ages was that of painting political slogans and views upon the walls. All along the main street signs painted for the most part in red urged the populace to vote for someone or other for senator.

The public baths were large and elaborately insulated. All important business deals and politics were conducted at this aquatic version of the tired businessman's haven. Pompeii had been destroyed by the eruption of a nearby volcano and had been rapidly covered with a blanket of hot cinders and ashes. Replicas of some of the bodies had been excavated from the ruins by finding perfect molds within which the human figures had been converted to ash. By pouring plaster into these molds, the tortured facial grimaces and twisting contortions of some of those who had been buried alive were reproduced and several examples of this were present within the baths.

The forum and many of the other public buildings were well preserved. The paintings and the sculpture that had been excavated were very well done. It was necessary to spend a great deal more time than one afternoon to thoroughly appreciate all that one saw. Before we left Pompeii our guide lead us to the restored home of two of the richest merchants of the ancient city. They had been brothers and both bachelors who comported themselves in the style in which bachelors are traditionally supposed to do. Their home had been lavishly designed and painted with murals by the outstanding artists of the period. It must have been a gay spot at one time with separate rooms for every need and whimsy, including one against which the guide warned the women in our party. A famous pornographic sign was present in front of this building to denote the virility of these brothers - this was customarily covered but it afforded the caretaker with a livelihood as he charged five lire for a look.
The American tourists had left their unmistakable evidence of their presence upon the ruins in the form of scrawled hieroglyphics - "Brooklyn, New York" - "McKeesport, Pa." - "Red Jones, Dallas, Texas", etc. Over a period of time the ruins were actually shrinking in size due to treasure seekers, who were chipping off pieces of the masonry to send home as souvenirs.

Later, trips were also made to Herculanum, Vesuvius, and "Little Vesuvius" at Patsooli. We are unable to present any personal experiences of these trips but those who made these journeys returned tired, dusty and well-satisfied that they had seen many worthwhile sights. Herculanum was said to have contained many ancient ruins in a better state of preservation than at Pompeii. The sulfurous volcanic steaming marshes at Patsooli was the setting for the River Styx in Dante's Inferno. Henry Horn returned from Vesuvius with a collection of volcanic stones that he guarded like old treasures. When last seen, these stones were being carefully packed away in his bedding roll en route to France.

ROME:

Properly, none of the male officers could write an account of his visit to Rome, for officially The Eternal City was off limits throughout our stay in Italy. The nurses were granted three day periods of detached service to Rome, where they were quartered at the Motel Atlantico. Most of us did manage to see Rome unofficially by hitching a ride on the weapons carrier that served as transportation for the nurses. Three days is short enough a period to accomplish much sightseeing in a city as large and as interesting as Rome, especially since one complete day was devoted to travel. Those of us who managed to obtain only two days or less to devote to this trip could obtain merely a panorama of constantly changing buildings, paintings, monuments, catacombs, churches, and other famous sights. It seems hardly worthwhile for our "Bedesker" to compete with the standard texts and guidebooks on Rome - especially since we all have such material in our possession. We will content ourselves with the kaleidoscopic impressions of what we experienced.

Four-thirty in the morning and time to awaken and dress for transportation leaves at 05:30. . . . . A hurried breakfast of coffee and toast . . . . . Don't forget to sign out! . . . . Off on the road at the first glimmer of dawn and too cold to notice much about the passing views. . . . . The sun gradually rises as we approach Cassino and we stop at a filling station along the pipeline to refill our tank with gasoline. This artery for gas and oil, destined for the mechanized equipment of the allied armies, twists and turns to parallel our route. At intervals, interrupting the path of these supply lines, are the large pumping stations that keep the precious fluids surging forward. . . . . Along our route are monuments to the destructions of war - burnt out tanks, blasted guns and half-tracks, vehicles of all sorts overturned into the ditches, dynamited bridges, farm houses with gaping holes in their walls. . . . . And the villages and towns along the route - mere assemblages of wrecked buildings in which the inhabitants attempted to recreate their homes, Arce - Frosinone, a key point of defense in the Lire valley and therefore ravaged more than the others . . . . Valmontone where we saw the village inhabitants at prayer in a bombed church in which
only the altar wall remained...and the deep black caves in which the people sought refuge during the time when their town was a battle ground....The outskirts of Rome and it is little different from that of many an American city - the starting point for car tracks, the signs that advertised various hotels or products, the factories, and the convergence of many of the roads leading into the city....An airfield with a few wrecked German planes but the field itself intact...Then, into the city itself...Not much civilian traffic about - U.S. Army trucks, British lorries, and street cars filled beyond capacity....The civilians seem to be quite well dressed and perceptibly cleaner than those of Naples. There are women in gay silk print dresses and pastel shades....We pass our first "must be seen" site on our Red Cross map - the Temple of Venus - and it seems like some of the battle-incurred ruins that we had recently passed. On to the Atlantico where the nurses are to stay. We plan to start "doing the city" that afternoon and we're off to lunch and to the Officers' Red Cross to arrange for a guide....This Red Cross is the most luxurious that we have yet seen - marbled walls, modern conveniences of all sorts, a soft-cushioned, carpeted lounge, a well-stocked snack bar in a Hollywood-like setting, game rooms, a travel and information service with people at the desk who aim to please.....We're off to see the sights in the rear of the personnel carrier from which we alight from time to time whenever we stop. ....St. John the Lateran, the oldest of the Roman churches....Out to the Catacombs on the Via Apia and we descend into the cold and dismal passages lined with ancient tombs. Our monk-guide speaks in a dismal, monotonous heavily accented, hushed and sibilant English that lent a weird note when associated with the shadows thrown upon the walls of the narrow passages by the flickering candles that we carry as the source for illumination....On to the catacombs of Callisto in which the Germans had massacred many Italians who were held as hostages and whose bodies were still being exhumed for proper burial.....The Cathedral of St. Paul with the mosaic portraits of all the popes and the breath-taking grandeur of its columns and high-vaulted naves.....The Protestant Cemetery in which Shelley, Keats and Trelawney are buried.....The Church of St. Peter in Chains in which Michaelangelo's famous Statue of Moses is still encased under protective covering....Now to the nearby famous Coliseum...the Arch of Constantine....The Roman Forum and the surrounding ruins of ancient Rome....the Arch of Titus...the Roman Senate....Then to that colossal modern monument to Victor Emmanuel II that one sees so often on views of modern Rome - it pales in comparison to the monuments of ancient Rome and the citizens of the city dislike it because it is too gaudy....In front of the monument is the Palazzo Venezia and the square made famous by Mussolini as a gathering place for his followers whenever there was an occasion for one of his "lend me your ears" speeches. It was a surprisingly small area for the photographs had led us to expect a vast square. The balcony, which faced the square, was a very narrow one and permitted only one person at a time to face the cheering, hand-raising audience. An art exhibit of famous masterpieces was being held at the Pallazo Venezia where paintings that had been stored for safe-keeping were now being shown for the first time since the war....On to the shopping district along the Via Victor Emmanuel - crowded with native Romans and soldier tourists of all the Allied Nations all of them seemingly buying the little statues of Romulus and Remus suckling at the teats of the wolf....The shops are displaying wearing
apparel and shoes. Guide book and picture post card vendors are doing a thriving business. By this time we feel that we are suffering from bilateral marsh fractures and our appetites, whetted by visions of supper and increased from the afternoon's excursion, are tremendous - but first to the cozy little bar at the Atlantico for cocktails. Then to the Hotel St. George where there is an excellent Officers' mess. The more hardy specimens amongst us did the night spots but for most of us it was off to bed. Early the next morning we were off again to the Vatican where many a day could be profitably spent, but our time was budgeted to one morning. Words can not describe St. Peter's and the numerous treasures contained therein - the vastness of the cathedral and the sense of smallness that the visitor is overcome by - the masterpieces of art - the collection of priceless jewels - the view of the interior of the church from the cupola and of the city from the dome - the Sistine Chapel - the Raphael gallery - the Hall of Sculpture. and then the Papal audience in the Sistine Chapel.

Time out for lunch again after a quick glance at the Castel San Angelo, Hadrian's Tomb and the Tiber. Then to the Pantheon. Garibaldi's Equestrian statue and monument. The Borghese Gardens. and our time is out - our visit to Rome has been completed but we feel that this is one city that we would like to re-visit at our leisure after the war. Back to the hospital along the shore road - the old Via Apia - which retraces in reverse the path taken by the American Armies in their drive on Rome. Every town along the route has been blasted to ruins and many of them had recently been featured in the news - Velletri, Cisterna, Littoria, Fondi, Itri, Terracina, Formia. We passed along the heights that were controlled by the Germans and which overlooked the Anzio beachhead - every yard of the flat terrain that our troops held was under complete German observation and we realized what the boys meant when they said that "the 88s were looking down our throats". The towns along the coast had received the maximum of punishment with the combination of naval and artillery fire and bombardment from the air. Darkness gradually blacks out the views and we doze off, exhausted from the pace of our two day trip. It is almost midnight as we reach the Third General.
After the Italian campaign progressed north of Rome, it became evident to us that it was no longer to remain the major campaign against the Germans. Many of the organizations that had been in the 5th Army were being relieved and another amphibious invasion was being planned. Soon thereafter the insignia of the 7th Army was seen more frequently on the streets of Naples.

On the seventh of July, the 3rd General Hospital was alerted for another overseas movement although this was a well guarded secret that few of us knew. The time and destination for this movement was not specified and the hospital was to remain in a functional capacity until further notice. On the 22nd of July, the hospital was further notified that our date of movement was to be tentatively D plus 35.

The hospital remained operational although after the 23rd of August no new patients were admitted. We still had a large number of cases who had been boarded for evacuation to the zone of interior and who were awaiting transportation aboard hospital ships. The invasion of southern France took place on the 15th of August and thereafter our cases were given priority for evacuation. During the first week in September the consolidation of the wards was begun with the concentration of the patients in the surgical area. The wards were closed and packed as they were empty. As the medical wards were emptied, the officers and nurses tent areas were closed and we moved into the empty buildings.

On the 10th of September, we ceased functioning in an operational capacity with the transfer of the last group of patients to the 23rd General Hospital. All our efforts were then directed to the completion of our packing.

On the 18th of September, Colonel Donnelly and Capt. Polkinghorn flew to France to see what had been planned for our organization. Upon their return we were told to expect a rough time ahead; The weather was appreciably colder than in Italy. Transportation facilities were poor. The 7th Army had moved ahead at sorapid a pace that all efforts were spent upon bringing supplies up to them. Marseilles was just about to open as a port but previously all supplies had to be brought across the beach in small amphibious craft. Most of the organizations that landed contributed their motor transportation to a Base pool to carry supplies for the army. As for our hospital, a very desirable hospital site was present in Lyon, but the military situation had advanced the front so far above this city that it was no longer considered a favorable site for a General Hospital. No other hospital site had been found.

The old familiar dock details were formed again as we began the loading of equipment on the ships assigned to that purpose. This was an assignment that was trying to one's patience. The Italian civilians who constituted the port battalions were a motley crew who had to be constantly supervised to ensure proper and rapid loading of the ships. They were either very young or old, or else they suffered from some other infirmity so that it was difficult to be too tough with them. The night details were particularly difficult for then the Italians would sneak off between the crates and sleep until they were rooted out. They handled the
crates of equipment in the manner that would require the least expenditure of effort and accordingly many a crate was dropped roughly off a truck onto the ground. On the 21st of September the loading of the two cargo ships, the Empire Dextre and the Robert Hooker, was begun and this was completed four days later. Each ship was accompanied by a detail of two officers and twenty-five enlisted men. Ed Jemerin and "Mac" Macollum were to sail on the Robert Hooker, and Sam Zeritsky and Mark Mailey on the Empire Dexter. On the 24th of September, the vehicles and mess equipment were loaded on the USS Lyon, a Navy Personnel carrier, on which the main body of the unit were to travel. On the 21st of September, the advance party consisting of Sam Karelitz and Lt. Richards and 100 enlisted men left Naples aboard a converted Polish Passenger liner carrying with them tentage sufficient to set up a staging area for our hospital and a small amount of housekeeping equipment.

Since most items of mess equipment as well as our cots were due to be packed, on the 22nd of September the nurses section were transported to nurses staging area at the 21st General Hospital. Eventually we managed to keep our cots and pack them with our bedding rolls, but we did return to the stage when we ate our meals while standing or seated on planks of wood and crates. The nurses section was accompanied by Ed Dask and Leon Ginsburg. Since there were no facilities aboard the Navy Personnel Carriers suitable for nurses, they were to travel aboard a Hospital Ship.
Monday, the twenty-fifth of September was a rather idle day for most of us, punctuated by short bursts of activity over the last items of equipment to be packed away. At Officers' Call we had learned that we were to leave on the following day, probably between 12:00 and 13:00 hours. Our ship-to-be, the USS Lyon had left dock and was now anchored out in the harbor. We were led to anticipate that we would probably have to clamber up the landing nets to board the ship. Nevertheless, few of us were disquieted by this prospect for somehow our past experiences had taught us that all eventualities seemed more difficult when contemplated than when they became actualities.

On Monday afternoon, before "the body had a chance to cool", men from the "Repple-Depple" or the Replacement Depot moved in upon us. They were to take over our area and buildings and at 5:00 hours they were to mount the interior guard. Another feature that seemed to characterize all our moving experiences recurred - the scavengers descended to salvage all that could be put to use. The Italian civilian workers carted off most of our tables and cabinets - or at least as much as they were capable of moving. The new arrivals from the Repo-Depo acquired those items that just wouldn't fit - cans of beer, chairs, desks, bottles of ink, etc.

On Monday night, Gabe Seley charged through the barracks to announce that we were scheduled to leave camp at 10:00 hours on the following morning. Then suddenly the hour was changed to 09:00 - we suspected that this was in accordance with the "hurry-up and wait" policy. The last meal was served in our mess at supper and we were issued three K rations and four D rations the latter is a concentrated chocolate bar with wrappers that bear the warning that the ration be eaten slowly, preferably over a half-hour period. The initiated might expect that this concentrated ration would swell to the size of a chicken dinner in the interior of the stomach.

On Tuesday morning, we all arose bright and early to complete the last minute packing of our bed rolls, our blanket rolls, musette bags and hand luggage. There was no breakfast prepared but hot tea was available and we were each given a roast beef sandwich that was to serve as our luncheon. However, most of us packed the sandwich away in our stomachs. We had a late casualty in Moe Holland who had been ill and was not well enough for the strain of moving. He was sent to the 32nd Station Hospital to join Henry Harn, who had been hospitalized previously for atypical Pneumonia.

Everyone was ready to go at 09:00, except for Cy Dack who was "goshing" and moaning for he had lost a button from the cuff of his sleeve. An emergency repair was accomplished. During our last moments at San Leucio, Sol Silver bid his adieu and departed for his new assignment with the 34th Station Hospital, and a newly assigned officer, Major Foster, arrived to take the place of Ed Bassen.
At about 10:30, the trucks arrived to transport us to Naples and we loaded aboard these in what seemed to be luxurious comfort with only ten men to a truck. Last minute snapshots were taken and then we were off. There isn't much that can be said about the trip. It was without any distinction. There were no cheering crowds that lined the roads - no beautiful signorinas who tossed flowers along our path. In fact, except for the few Italians who gained their livelihood at our hospital, no one paid very much attention to our convoy as we passed down the road.

We arrived at the dock area at about noon at the same time as similar convoys of French and Hawaian-Japanese soldiers so that we were soon in the midst of quite a melange of assorted troops. Soon thereafter, like a school of fish, a flotilla of LCVPs, or invasion barges, made their appearance about the jetty of the harbor and headed into shore in our direction. These craft were to ferry us out to our ship, but we were reassured that the officers were to be spared the exertion and the terror of climbing up a net. We were to board via a gangplank. We shouldered our packs and loaded aboard the landing craft in "passenger-list order". Soon thereafter we maneuvered free of the shore and were skimming the surface of the water out of the harbor. The sea was quite calm and the ride was very smooth with only an occasional spray of water when the flat landing platform, that constituted the prow of the boat, struck into a swell or a wave.

Boarding the ship was far easier than we had anticipated with only one precarious moment when one stepped from the bobbing and swaying landing craft to the lower platform of the gangplank. Colonel Donnelly led the way without any difficulty, but Percy Klingensteiner faltered backward once before he made the crossing. The remainder of the officers stepped across without any mishap. However we later learned that one of the naval officers had recently fallen into the drink in negotiating this passage - and he had to be fished out much to his embarrassment. Our detachment boarded the ship the hard way. They had to climb the landing nets and they did it in real commando style with a sizeable pack on their backs.

The USS Lyon was a former banana transport in the Moore-McCormack Line, a 17,000 ton cargo vessel. It had been converted into an "A.P. Ship" - Assault, Personnel - and carried on its decks were complete equipment for amphibious operations. The ship and its crew had participated in the landings at Safi (North Africa), Gela (Sicily), Salerno (Italy) and most recently in Southern France.

We were quartered in a "cozy" little room for 48 officers. There were tiered sleeping bunks similar to those we had aboard the "Louis Pasteur" but these were more spacious. Facilities for washing were rather poor but this did not concern us during our short trip. Our detachment were quartered in the hatches in tiered layers of five. Ventilation was poor in all
compartments and there was little room for recreational activity aboard. The main deck was reserved for the enlisted men and the three partial decks above it for Officer personnel. The top of the ship bristled with guns and armament of various types from 20 mm. anti-aircraft to 3 inch cannon. A gunnery officer assured us that a diving plane did not have a chance against the ship.

The trip from Naples to Marseilles was to be made in a fast convoy of similar amphibious personnel carriers. We were due to leave Naples at 14:30 hours on the following day, the 27th of September and we spent the remainder of the afternoon in lounging about on the decks and watching the remainder of the convoy load by means of LCVPs. Our rear echelon of officers and men boarded the ship later during the afternoon after attending to the last police details at our former hospital area.

On the morning of the 27th, we learned that our nurses were to leave on the same date as we aboard the Hospital Ship John Clem. We searched the ships in the harbor with field glasses and at last were able to distinguish the John Clem at one of the docks. At about noon, this distinctive white ship left its moorings and sailed forth through the harbor. Again the field glasses were brought forth but none of our nurses could be seen on the decks. In fact, the decks were clear of any passengers. Someone proposed the idea that Miss Chamberlain was probably holding another nurses' meeting.

At 14:30, our convoy of 12 personnel carriers maneuvered into position and sailed forth from the harbor of Naples. The sea was calm and the weather favorable as we looked back at the receding shores of Italy without very much misgivings, or longings.

The meals aboard the USS Lyons were among the highpoints of our trip. In fact, many of us had decided that we had made a bad mistake by not having joined the Navy - but that was before the sea-sickness victims appeared on the following night. We were served in the Naval Officers' mess and were accomplished in three shifts: (1) American officers, (2) Naval officers, (3) French officers. Colored sailors assigned to the mess waited at the tables and the service was excellent. There were ample quantities of fresh meats, vegetables, ice-cream and a variety of desserts. The following record of some of our menus requires no further comment: Tuesday dinner: Potato soup, roast beef, browned potatoes, broccoli, peach pie and coffee. Wednesday lunch: tomato soup, fried fresh ham, peas, potatoes, cake and ice cream, coffee. Wednesday supper: vegetable soup, southern fried chicken, French fried potatoes, spinach, apple pie a la mode, coffee. Thursday lunch: Fried steak, French fried potatoes, peas, fruit salad, cake and coffee. Thursday supper: Roast pork, mashed potatoes, corn, cherry pie and coffee. 'Nuff said!
On the 23th of September we experienced the passage through the Straits of Boniface that separates Corsica from Sardinia. We had been forewarned that the sea was always rough in these waters and we were not disappointed. There was a stiff wind blowing and we pitched and rolled with the remainder of the ships in the convoy. Before we reached the Straits we sighted the Thomas Hooker in a slower convoy of cargo ships. Shortly afterwards we sighted a Hospital ship off in the distance that we thought might be the John Clem and with the aid of the telescope on the bridge this was confirmed. The ship was bobbing about in the troughs and crests of the waves and appeared to be taking a terrific beating. When last seen it was off on the horizon and heading into a storm.

That evening, we too had our share of rough weather and the pitching and rocking of the boat dissuaded several of us from a second helping at the mess. Most of the officers retired to the security of their bunks below, although the more hardy ventured up to the ward room for a game of bridge, letter writing, or a cup of coffee.

There were no assigned duties aboard the ship except for the officers who took sick call and the officers in charge of the detachment hatches. Most of our time was spent on deck, relaxing in a deck chair, studying our French, or just lazily observing the various duties of the sailors aboard. The ship was kept spotless at all times and the sailors seemed constantly occupied with some detail of repair or maintenance.

The announcements over the loudspeaker system were a source of amusement and amazement throughout the voyage. In addition to the cryptic and indistinct naval parlance for the crew, the public address system was used to relay information and directions to the American and French personnel aboard. Each announcement in English was followed by one in French. The French officer at the microphone was a former French instructor in Cairo and his speech was both distinct and distinctive. The listener was overcome with the urge to imitate his manner of speech and oft-repeated instructions - "Hallo! Allo! Tous les troupes Francaises. Evacuez immédiatement le pont! Re-gagn ez vos places respectives dans la calle. ...... 'Allo! Allo! Tous les troupes, etc.". After a short time, we chanted the greeting '"Allo! Allo!" whenever we heard the warning whistle that indicated that an announcement was about to be made.

The 29th of September, the day of our arrival in Marseilles, will be indelibly engraved upon our memories. We had been scheduled to reach port during the early morning hours but we had been delayed by the rough seas of the previous night. The southern coast of France was visible at dawn but we learned that we would not reach Marseilles until 4PM noon. The Navy continued to play
the role of the good host by scheduling an early lunch at 10:00
and, later when we were reduced to K rations, we were even more
grateful for the fresh ham sandwiches and soup.

Shortly after 11:00 hours we knew from the excitement amongst the French officers that we were approaching Marseilles. They lined the decks and avidly searched the shores with binoculars for the landmarks that they still remembered. At last one of the men was able to discern the gilt statue that stood above the Cathedral of Notre Dame de la Garde, the patron saint who watches over the mean at sea. The French were jubilant but not vociferous in their joy. Instead they shook hands with one another and gazed with wonderment at their native country. Many of our officers speculated as to what our own reaction would be if it were New York harbor and the Statue of Liberty that we were approaching. We thought that we would probably be more demonstrative. We learned from one of the French officers that many of them had been away from home for from four to seven years. They returned home with great joy but also with some trepidation for they had not heard any news from their families for several years and they feared that they might have suffered at the hands of the Germans.

As we sailed closer to the harbor, the outlines of the city and the buildings became more definite. A long jetty made up of a series of islands connected by causeways protected the outer harbor. On one of these islands was the famous Chateau d’If, in which the Count of Monte Cristo was imprisoned and from which he escaped. These islands were covered with concrete emplacements and fortifications that bristled with guns. The convoy elongated itself into a single file of ships and followed the destroyer escort through the channel that had been cleared of mines. The harbor of Marseilles consists of a large outer basin and many smaller inner basins where ships were docked formerly. Much of the unloading facilities and the docks had been demolished by the Germans before their departure and were still under repair at the time of our arrival. Many of the channels had been blocked by scuttling ships at the entrance to the basins. Most conspicuous of all, the overhead cable ferry, that spanned the largest of the basins in the old port, had been dynamited so that the suspension girders further blocked the entrance.

We were unloaded by the simple procedure of climbing into the landing craft, following which the craft were lowered into the water. The LCVPs circled round in wait for all the craft were lowered and then in single file we followed a proscribed channel that twisted its way midst scuttled ships and wreckage into the basin of the old port.
The small invasion craft docked next to the concrete pier, the officers disembarked, lined up and were marched to a nearby square not far from the Rue de Canebiere. There we divested ourselves of our equipment and packs and sat down on the curb and ground itself, prepared for the inevitable wait for further orders. We watched the disembarkation of the Nisei contingent from the troop transports. They were quickly lined up and whisked away in short order. After a short rest, we began to sit up and take shock of our surroundings. By this time, some of the French civilians clustered around and the universal children's cry for "boh bons and chewing gum" soon started. Our own hunger pangs set in and we started to break into our "K" rations. These were shared with the detachment since they had not been provided with the emergency food. Scotty Schapiro and Bob Walters dropped in to greet us— they were on detached service with some of the hospitals already located in Marseilles. To while away the time, we played cards, bought and read the French newspapers, or just sat and talked. Finally, Major Rosen who formerly was with the 6th Port, returned with a vehicle into which we all piled and were driven to the railroad station—a rather imposing structure in the center of Marseille. The steep steps leading up to the station were lined with statuary on each landing. We entered the station and arranged ourselves along the tracks waiting for the expected shuttle train that was to take us to our bivouac area. When night started to creep up on us, Abou made an exploratory reconnaissance of the station and returned with the report that there was a large waiting room on the inside. We hid ourselves to it and looked with some slight misgivings at the cold marble floor. There were railings subdividing the floor space, similar to those back in the states where travelers lined up to purchase their tickets. Each of us took over one the rail-enclosed spaces and lay down on the floor to rest. Some of the more fortunate foragers located some cots on which they slept. Civilian travelers were constantly moving about in the effort to purchase tickets. Several native young couples came in and stretched out on the floor—to sleep. The station started to resemble some of the underground subway shelters in England during the "Blitz". Obeying that inner urge that strikes us at times, we were surprised to learn about the coed bathroom customs of the country. Apparently the "little girls' room" was out of use and both male and female used the same facilities. We thought it to be rather formal to have to exchange a "Bon Soir" on meeting under those circumstances. We must confess however that they were far more sophisticated about it than we. Somehow, after sheer exhaustion had gained control, we slept fitfully and the next morning we awakened feeling as stiff and cold as the floor on which we had slept. At the suggestion of some Good Samaritan, we went to a nearby hotel and enjoyed a
hearty breakfast, following which we were met by our own weapons' carriers which were to transport us to our staging area. We were happy to get going and we were driven out of Marseille in a northerly direction to a short distance past Septemes, where we turned off the main road and found ourselves facing a flat expanse of land with a plateau-topped hill rising in the background. Ward tents had been set up in the valley for the officers, while the enlisted men pitched their pup tents on the plateau at the top of the wooded hill.

Fortunately we were supplied with cots and with the bedding rolls as mattresses, they were not too uncomfortable. The nights were quite cold and most ablutionary efforts were reserved for the afternoon while the sun was shining. Showers were available in Septemes at the price of four francs for the use of the little cubicles. Some went to the Red Cross club located at the Hotel Thermes Sextius in Aix. There was very little to do all day although the effort to keep clean kept us quite busy. Water was heated over an open fire in the morning by the early risers and the more hardy souls amongst us attempted to shave. Our camping site in the valley was then changed and we found ourselves moved up the hill exposed to the wind, rain, and motor traffic which flowed in a never ceasing stream out of Marseille bound for points north.

The latrines were located on the other side of the hill and consisted of a long series of Q.M. boxes, exposed to the elements and public view. Our mess, like the others we had enjoyed during our previous movements, were of the "stand up and eat out of mess kit" type. We received a daily chocolate ration and pack of cigarettes. The north-west wind that blows down the Rhone valley is known as the mistral—a dry, bitter wind accompanied by blue skies and sunshine. The force and cold of the win accompanied by dust and oftimes rain certainly made life miserable for all of us. The enlisted men were even worse off in that they had to use pup tents whereas we were better protected in the larger ward tents.

When the girls arrived, they were quartered nearby in pyramidal tents and we used to visit them in the evening, crowding together around the open fire. Some of the officers—Ralph Moloshok, Ben Allen, Irv Solomon, and Sy Dack, and some of the nurses were sent out on detached service with the 43rd General Hospital located in Aix. At the end of the month of September, the unit was camped in the staging area without any available hospital site in the offing for the French would not release the Hôpital Charité in Marseille.
Subsequently it was learned that the Hospital Psychiatrique de Montperrin located in Aix-en-Provence, originally occupied by the 36th General Hospital and later by the 43rd General was to be relinquished by the latter organization. However, it had been estimated that not more than 1000 patients could be treated there. It would be possible to requisition two hotels, a university dormitory, and apartment house and a restaurant. These were occupied by American units but were soon to be released. With these buildings, it would be possible to plan a bed capacity of 2000 patients. At the same time, it would also be possible to accommodate the unit members in buildings. This was a necessity under the existing weather conditions. The procurement of these buildings was due to the fortunate combination of circumstances in that they had already been requisitioned by American organizations which were about to release them. On the basis of subsequent experience it was felt that it would have been impossible otherwise to set up a 20000 bed hospital, in buildings, in this part of France. A certain amount of engineering work would be necessary, Pre-fabs would have to be erected, and plumbing and electrical installations would be necessary. In contrast with Africa and Italy, material was available for this work. The grounds occupied by the Hospital Psychiatrique were extensive enough to permit the installation of enough prefabs to accommodate 3500-4000 patients. The prefabs not being available however, it would be necessary to place patients in the dormitory and hotel in order to provide the desired number of beds. The patients would be received by rail and air. The station at Aix was adjacent to the hospital grounds making the handling of hospital trains a relatively simple and speedy affair. The hospital itself was directly on the main road out of Marseille to all points north. The evacuation of patients intended for the Zone of Interior required their transportation to the port of Marseille which was but 15 miles away.
SHANGRA L'AIX

On the sixth of October, the weather-beaten unit abandoned the mistral-swept desolation of the staging area, and with rejuvenated spirits proceeded to the Hotel Thermes Sextius, situated in the small city of Aix-en-Provence. The hotel was a comfortable, well-furnished establishment which had catered to the spring and summer visitor from Marseille and other parts of France, who had gone south to enjoy the thermal health waters for which Aix was famous even in the days, B.C., when the Romans held sway. All the officer personnel were bed and boarded at the hotel although the nurses lived in the elaborate basement adjacent the bath-dormitory style. The hotel rooms were quite large accommodating two and three in a room.....civilian bed and mattress.....large French windows.....bâded and washbowls.....it all seemed too good to last. There were two swimming pools, one outdoor and one indoor, and we lost little time in taking advantage of the warm water bathing in the indoor pool. The lounge was very small considering the number of the guests, but it was the central point for all evening functions. The gardens in the rear of the hotel were nicely planned and we all hoped that the end of the war would still find us in Aix. In addition to the swimming, hot water baths were available by appointment with the civilian bath attendants of the hotel. Our mess operated on a half hour schedule for individual servings so as to accommodate all the officer personnel. The French cuisine was a welcome change to our "C" rationed palates. Chocolate bars and cigars were issued after the supper meal until our regular P.X. facilities at the hospital were made available.

The detachment occupied some of the beds and buildings in the hospital area until the dormitory of the university was made available and then they shared the small rooms into which the various floors were partitioned.

After days of suspense and high pressure maneuvering behind the army billeting screen, the Third's advance combat group of five dentists and four M.A.C.s were sent to infiltrate the comfortably cushioned lining of the Hotel Roy Rene, occupied by Air Corps personnel. After a brief skirmish at the front desk, their mission was successfully completed with the payment of 20 francs, service charge for one week. Hot and tired from their exertions in the rapid movement of luggage and personnel, they relaxed in their hot water tubs and then spent a peaceful night in their quiet wonderfully furnished rooms. A few days later, the greater part of the unit, officers and nurses, completed the occupation and the Third General Hospital came into its own—the most luxurious accommodations of our 18 months of overseas service.

It took a short time for the physical and mental adjustments to those comforts and luxuries we had abandoned when we left the
States. We found that it wasn't really necessary to shout names through the halls, we could use telephones. It was just as easy to live in a room where the walls did not flap and were not drummed upon by beating rains—nor did all walls leak. When the rains did come, we didn't pile our furniture in the center of the room. There were no stopped-up drainage ditches to clear. That lonely feeling of only two in a room rapidly disappeared. We soon learned to live out of the closets and dressing tables instead of boxes, barracks bags, and bedding rolls. The silence of footsteps on the all-over carpeted floor was a little hard to take, so accustomed were we to the crunch of gravel or the sucking noise of shoes pulled out of the mud. Our early morning calisthenics ie. sprint for the washroom and latrine, was completely eliminated as two of us crowded into the large bathroom. In France, we found that they were more painstaking about the finish of the bathroom furniture. The toilet seats had real hinges on them and were not as delicately balanced as the G.I. variety. The French variety were not made to rest against the spine nor did they suddenly strike at you unexpectedly. Helmets once more became headgear and as such were stored away. The low washbowls (béed) were used for personal laundry and also for washing the prints and negatives of our amateur photographers. The gaily flowered wall paper in the early morning sunlight, was far more restful than the dirty, gray, green-splotched type that we had enjoyed during our tent existence. After a little concentration, we once more learned to use self-service elevators and found them to be far superior to climbing—as we did in Mateur.

Our large dining room, complete with chairs, tables, table cloths, silverware, and pretty short-skirted, animated French waitresses, was very light and airy. The cuisine was typically French although they were rather handicapped by the limitations on variety of foodstuffs. Crepe suzettes were the eventual products of powdered eggs and French imagination and they were by far the most palatable method to present this type of food. They converted our every day grain cereal into pancakes and with the aid of syrup also improved the flavor of this early morning stomach-filler. Soups preceded almost every main course and since they were individually served, they were always piping hot. Their onion soup with or without onion was quite good. Each meat course was served with its individual sauce. We though that they were overdoing it a bit when vienna sausages were served from a hot platter and then the sauce that remained was carefully ladled over the stomach ulcer producing hybrid meat. They disguised the ordinary canned preserves by putting a flaky crust beneath the fruit and calling it pastry. It improved their flavor just a bit and did make them more eye-appealing. Still, canned fruit is canned fruit, no matter the country.

The bar was a cute little room situated between the dining
room and the lounge and opened into the large foyer. There was an oval bar the full width of the small room with small tables and chairs arranged on both sides of the bar. The lounge was a large, high-ceilinged room with vestiges of rather ornate decorations still remaining although most of them had been removed. There were comfortable, red-cushioned upholstered chairs—the kind that sinks in under any weight. There were two writing tables and a small box-type piano. The latent music lovers lost no time in organizing an ensemble, consisting of Jack Kopet and My Levy at the violins, Major Rosen at the piano—occasionally doubling on his accordion. Their repertoire included semi-classical or "hot" depending on the requests of the audience. The rear of the hotel faced on a pleasant terraced expanse with several ancient Roman columns forming a secluded nook off to one side. Beneath this fancy back yard of ours! was a large garage that could accommodate almost all the vehicles of transportation. Our movies were held in the Winter Garden, as it was called, probably deriving its name from the average temperature of the room. We shivered through the first week or so but then the electric heaters were put in operation and it took on the aspects of a little private theater. Our original plans were to utilize this room as a club, but that was abandoned since the lounge seemed to become the scene for social activities at night besides being much warmer.

As time went by, we obtained more of the typical services of hotel accommodations......our shoes were shined......a native barber came into the hotel to give us haircuts......our rooms were cleaned and the coverlets of our beds were turned down each evening.....truly a Shangra L'Aix.

The detachment moved into a large apartment house adjacent the Roy Rene where they had more living room. Although the elevators of this modern building did not function, the radiators did and heat was available as the weather became colder. Reveille was blown into the elevator shaft and the poor civilians who still lived in the building were reminded each morning as to the exact hour when the detachment had to "rise and shine". Later, reveille was held but twice a week and the grateful detachment caught up on its sleep. The first three grader lived in a nearby chateau and enjoyed the luxury of an open fireplace (serviced by a G.I. stove) and more privacy and space than ever before. The detachment mess was located in a large restaurant facing the main section of town, the Circle, where they enjoyed their cafeteria-served meals.

Our hospital started operations in France on the 9th of October, 25 days after the cessation of our Italian service. We started with a 900 bed capacity and 763 medical cases left by the 43rd General Hospital which had moved to a T.B. Sanatorium, some distance from Aix. When the detachment and officers moved...
into their permanent quarters about the 11th of October, and the Sextius and dormitory of the University were made available for hospital use, our bed capacity rose from 900 to 1636.

The main hospital area was a rather sprawling arrangement of buildings originally designed to accommodate the mentally disturbed patients of the Hospital Psychiatrique de Montpellier. The buildings were rather isolated but linked by narrow roads with steep walls on both sides. The clear ground around each building was thus shut off from its neighbor so as to form little pockets—probably to facilitate the handling of the patients. The buildings were found to be lacking in sanitary and electrical facilities, and the ingenuity of the engineers was taxed to the utmost. Shades of our African existence reappeared in the form of the African "squattee". Many French beds were available and these were used wherever possible. At night, the groaning and squeaking springs were quite reminiscent of their former occupants.

X-ray was located in the heavily walled single cells of one of the buildings which probably served to handle the more violent psychotics. The thick wall were mutilated by pictures that were scratched into their surfaces. The dominating motif seemed to fall back on Mother Nature as the source for inspiration for they were the weirdest drawings of animals that we've seen—probably of the Picasso school. During the occupation by Germany, the cells must have been used to accommodate political prisoners as well. Completing the cycle, after the liberation by the allies, the collaborationists were imprisoned in the same cells because there were many "Vive Hitler" signs scrawled over the walls. Later, during our stay in Aix, some of the strange human fruit that had been stored in the cubicles, was hung from the trees on the Cours Mirabeau. However, the thick walls served to stop the wandering x-rays and Sird Silverstone stopped worrying about his blood count which had been fluctuating strangely in Italy.

With the hospital in active operation, 25% of the officer personnel were required to remain on the hospital grounds for a period of 24 hours. The sleeping accommodations were comfortable but the room over the Laboratory was very depressing— a real "psycho-producer". Our dormitory bedroom had one dim light bulb suspended high up from the lofty ceiling. It cast a weird eerie glow over the pale blue walls, causing the room to assume the appearance of a tremendous mausoleum. The effect was heightened when the twenty-five percenters were in bed with their heads poking over their blanket tops— a closer resemblance to a morgue we've never seen. However, this lasted for the short time necessary to make the more cheerful rooms in the administration building available. In addition to a reading room, there were sandwiches and hot coffee at ten o'clock, for those who desired food and
sustenance during the later hours of their respective tours of duty. This was in addition to the regular midnight meal that was served to those who were on night duty.

The Laboratory, which had been functioning from the very first day, moved from its temporary quarters in the Dental Clinic, to its spacious building a bit off the quadrangular park in front of headquarters. For the first time, Abou Pollack and Lou Wasserman could set up all their various laboratory machines and space them as to permit their immediate availability without the necessity for climbing or moving the furniture. The walls were half-tiled and helped the appearance of the laboratory immensely. The green camouflage mats, bedroom carpets in Africa, were placed in the waiting room—probably their final resting place.

The operating rooms were located in a large building which was shared with Central Supply, located on the second floor. There was more space available than in Italy, and after the extensive alterations had been completed and the partitions erected, the transformation was really amazing. The judicious use of white paint imparted life and light to what had been previously described as gloomy and depressing. There was considerable delay attending the actual operation of the rooms because of the extensive alterations that were found to be essential. To complicate things even further, Major Briggs was sent on D.S., leaving but one anesthetist to handle the accumulating cases. With Miss Wilson at the 43rd General Hospital as a patient, Peggy Haefer really had her hands full for the first few weeks. Fortunately, our S.O.S. was answered and various anesthetists on D.S. from staging units drifted in and out to help lighten the load of the heavy schedule that was being maintained. This crucial period eliminated any possible doubt as to the need for additional anesthetists, and plans for an anesthesia course were initiated. Edith Weisel and Isabelle Cedar were selected from the applicants and Major Briggs started his course on his return to the unit.

The Dental Clinic and E.F.N.T. were set up in a small but well-located building close to the administration building. With the additional two dentists, Lt. Ed Nixon, and Capt. Al Rosen, the Dental Clinic handled more patients than ever before, servicing all areas north of Marseille up to Lyons.

The ward accommodations were inadequate to handle our increased hospital capacity, necessitating the use of the University dormitory and the Hotel Sextius for the Medical Service. The Neuropsychiatric and Surgical Services were located in the hospital proper. The neuropsychiatric setup was a beautiful one and the nicely furnished rooms and equipment were one of the showplaces of the hospital. One of the surgical wards, fitted with tiled bathrooms and half tiled foyer and offices was also a favorite
stop for inspecting officers. Although there was ample floor space in each building, there were too many patients on each floor for one nurse to handle. The use of the dormitory and the Sextius necessitated a duplication of personnel and additional civilian help. Medical personnel had to be spread quite thin to service all three places.

During our period of getting settled, our equipment started to arrive in the area in "ducks" instead of trucks. These machines were amazing in their amphibious use. They were loaded directly from the ship, sailed to shore, and then travelled at 35-40 miles per hour on land to be unloaded at the hospital. They really looked as if they were in their element when they reached the Medical Supply area which had been converted into a literal sea of mud by the rain that had been falling heavily. The supplies were distributed as quickly as possible but the delay due to the alterations that were found necessary prevented the immediate operation of various sections of the hospital.

The engineer group working in the hospital was indeed an international one. French civilian engineers maintained and enlarged the capacity of the French telephone and electrical lines. The American engineers installed plumbing fixtures, erected partitions, built the prefabs and the pyramidal tents, installed and tried to remedy the inadequate sewage system, tore down sections of walls and reconstructed them. An Italian P.O.W. Sanitation Company did masonry, plumbing, partitions, painting, etc. Bob Day, one of our M.A.C. officers was transferred as C.O. of this group but continued to stay with the unit as long as the unit was to remain as part of the hospital. Our own engineer group under Lt. Phillips, installed the G.I. telephone and electrical system, built furniture and cabinets, etc. Engineer supplies and lumber were available in greater abundance in France than anywhere else. These French supplies were made available through requisition and probably represented reverse Lend-Lease in operation.

Red Cross occupied a beautiful chateau perched on a hill overlooking Aix and the hospital at the same time. It was a two-storied building with pleasant little writing rooms, a nice library, and spacious grounds. A long lawn lead down to the hospital area. A large pine tree stood straight and tall on the breadth of the rolling lawn - a natural for Christmas trimmings. The patients were quick to take advantage of all facilities, especially when the little kitchen was used to prepare snacks.

Our temporary barber shop, like some cloistered cell in a monastery, was located in one of the dimly-lit rooms near x-ray. The feeble beam of light streaming down from the open skylight, focussed on the bald pate of the seated figure and created a halo
effect. The end result in that dim light compared favorably with some of the surrealistic drawings described previously. Later, the barber shop was moved to the administration building- complete with red and white striped pole over the door- ancient symbol of barbers and doctors.

The large patient's mess hall was a square building facing the park. In the center of the building was a large circular room from which four halls radiated like the spokes of a wheel. The remaining rooms were situated off the passageways. A tremendous stove occupied the center of the building, sufficiently large to accommodate all the cooking paraphernalia utilized in the preparation of food for the thousand and more people eating there three times daily. The patients were served cafeteria style at prescribed hours and then ate in the prefabs that had been erected behind the mess building. The officer patients and duty personnel (25%) were served in one of the side rooms of the building, the walls of which were decorated with the insignia of the various divisions which were being serviced by the hospital as part of the chain of evacuation. A tremendous refrigerating unit was set up adjacent to the building utilizing Freon as the refrigerant.

Pharmacy occupied two rooms in another section of the mess building. It was equipped with elaborate, blue-tiled, inlaid tables. On the shelves lining the room, there were some of the old fashioned pharmaceutical jars of a forgotten day.

Under the pressure of administrative duties, "Zombie" of "Zombie's Trading Post" had to separate himself from his commercial enterprise that had had its inception in Casablanca. The management of the P.X. changed hands and Lt. Hadje became our hospital storekeeper. His first change was to add some French girls as sales clerks and thus free some of the enlisted men for other duties in the hospital. A note of gaiety was thus introduced into a matter-of-fact establishment. The new Hadje system for distribution of rations resembled the modern assembly line technique. Cigarettes and ration slips were initiated at the beginning of the line and as one moved along, the other items were added. Finally, at the end of the line, the customer discovered his ration slip in one hand, his purchases in the other, and facing him was Hadje with a pleasant anticipatory smile on his face as money was exchanged. Considering the large number of rations that were issued, the line moved rather rapidly. Bedaux speedup could not have improved on the Hadje system. His eagle eye could detect any obstruction and his verbal whip would immediately lash out asking why the "hold up". Hadje was good for at least one laugh per officers call and he utilized that time for some potent high-pressure advertising. He would throw out leads as to his new items, "to draw in the trade", but would hold back on the exact nature of the available merchandise. "Come and see", he would advise.
Hadjy's witticisms lose their flavor on paper but delivered with all the phraseology and dialect of a Greek restaurant owner, he sparked many an officer's call. For an establishment that enjoyed a complete monopoly, the service was excellent and very considerate. He even delivered our beer to the hotel instead of forcing us to carry it over individually. But... exact change was necessary for one franc pieces were scarce—according to Hadjy. Thus many of us found ourselves paying 25 francs instead of 24, but we couldn't say that we had not been forewarned. When the barber shop pole was placed in front of the administration building, Hadjy complained of unfair advertising. He protested against the packages that were sent from the States for they "cut into his business". He wanted the muddy road leading to the P.X. resurfaced and was considering taking some advertising space in the Daily Bulletin.

Our professional services during the first few weeks were primarily of a medical nature with venereal disease and neuropsychiatric cases predominating. There were an average of 70-80 admissions and discharges daily in the venereal disease category all being treated with penicillin which was made available in far greater quantity than ever before. The medical men were also busily engaged in handling 400 neuropsychiatric cases and 40 additional psychotics. Unlike Italy where by executive order medical men like Sy Dack and Henry Horn became surgeons, France made a temporary neuropychiatrist out of Eddie Jemerin. His personal adjustment was manifested by the large number of keys that were suspended from his belt. When the operating room started to function, the distribution of medical and surgical cases was more evenly divided. The psychiatric setup was excellent and the electric shock apparatus campared favorably with some of the best in the States. Our hospital was the largest medical installation in the area for the 43rd General Hospital was also handling German Prisoners of War. We thus became the center for all the mentally disturbed cases, although almost all the cases had been treated in one or more hospitals before arriving at the Third. Few cases had suffered severe illness and only 36 Z.T.I. cases were evacuated. As far as the neuropsychiatric cases were concerned it was felt that no form of therapy was effective once the patient had been evacuated so far to the rear. Prolonged hospitalization but served to aggravate the symptoms. In surgery, the Orthopedic service was once again the most active. The Dental Clinic was running a large Out-Patient Department and drawing patients from as far north as Dijon and as far south as Marseille and the Mediterranean (the Navy, British and American). The station hospital located in Marseille was overwhelmed with work that had already been undertaken. When the 43rd General was ready for patients, the overload was slackened.

During October, many of the promotions allowed by the new
Table of Organization crystallized into reality when Lt. Cols. Lande, Klingenstein, and Glueksman became full colonels; Lts. Hailey and Macollum received their captaincies; 2nd Lts. Phillips and Richards became 1st Lts. Amongst the nurses promoted to 1st Lts. were: Dotty Brown, Trudie Cohen, Crowley, Eden, Lupe Gentile; Peggy Haefer, Owens, Pennington, Frankie Seiders, Muriel Spalinger, Suto, and Wyroovsky.

On Oct. 24th, we were inspected by General Devers who was on a tour of the hospital installations in the theater. He rated us as a good hospital and helped to put the pressure on the engineers to rush the work along. Col. Donnelly was ill at the time and Col. Lande conducted the general in his inspection.

In line with some new directives, the evacuation chain was lengthened to include Italy. The port of Marseille was overloaded with shipping associated with the arrival of fresh troops to reinforce the southern front under General Patch.

On the 28th of October, the newly promoted colonels gave a party at the hotel following the Halloween motif. The walls were emblazoned with black witches on broomsticks, and lit pumpkins lined the walls. The recipients of the promotions were seated around a long table that occupied an entire wall of the dining room. During the steak dinner, accompanied by some very delicious vermouth, five little French girls in brightly colored dresses sang provincial songs. The family men of the unit were deeply affected by their sweet appearance and the sound of their high-pitched youthful voices. Contrary to most civilian banquets, there were no speeches. Dancing followed and our social season was considered to be on its way.

During December, our average census rose to 1900-60% of the patients admitted were surgical cases. Our maximum daily census for the month was 2200. We were then ordered to increase our bed capacity to 2400 and to provide our own convalescent and rehabilitation facilities. We were seriously handicapped because of the temporary stoppage in Z. of I. evacuation. The relaxation of indications for Z. of I. status (90 days hospitalization) changed many Class B cases to Class C. Towards the end of the month, there were approximately 1200 cases awaiting evacuation and our bed capacity was frozen. Preparations were being made for the closure of the Sextius, which was to be transformed into an Allied Officers Club. The officers' ward (Medical) was transferred to the University. Parts of the University were closed and the patients including those from the Sextius were accommodated in the additional prefabs that had been erected in the main hospital area.

Our liquor rations were exceptionally welcome at this time insuring a gay Christmas and New Year celebration. The
high spot of the social activities for the month was the wedding of Alice Mincaavage to Bob Gosset, an infantry officer with the 5th Srm who, 48 hours before the marriage ceremony, was in the front lines in Italy. His adventures in the effort to attend his wedding sound like something out of fiction. While in combat, he was informed that their marriage application was approved. After obtaining a leave he immediately set out for Third General. Accompanied by his best friend, he drove his jeep over a road that was periodically shelled by German artillery. The periods of shelling were quite punctual as to permit them to take advantage of the regular lull in which they drove furiously over the danger point. They misjudged the length of time however and were forced to abandon their jeep and dive for the protection of slit trenches until the shelling ceased. Fortunately no damage was done and they resumed their journey. Although they had no priorities, they managed to get onto the plane to France, principally because the pilot had been a classmate of Bob, coincidentally enough. They reached Aix without further mishap and Bob and Alice were married in the hospital chapel. The ceremony was officiated by Father Dunne. After a lovely reception in the lounge of the Roy Rene, the wedding party and guests sat down to enjoy a delicious steak dinner. Dancing followed and the Nursing component of the Third successfully completed another campaign. The following morning, the newly married couple left for Cannes to spend their honeymoon. After they returned, Bob went back onto combat and Alice to the ward, "C'est la Guerre".

We had our first snowfall on the day before Christmas but by midafternoon it had all melted away. Our usual pre-Yuletide energy was devoted to decorations and the effort to create a Christmas spirit of gaiety for ourselves as well as the patients. A tremendous Christmas tree, which graced the lawn between the Red Cross building and Receiving was lit up for its entire length with a tremendous star crowning its top. The O.R. once again set up its miniature biblical tableaux. Most of the duty personnel were given a half day off.

New Year's Eve was welcomed in the customary fashion but with the feeling that perhaps next year, this phase of the conflict would really be over and we would all be back in the States. However, we still couldn't be too optimistic since the Germans were starting their Bastogne drive.
During the first half of January, we continued to function as a holding hospital and boarding house awaiting the evacuation of a large number of Zone of Interior cases. The administration of the hospital was made increasingly difficult by the complicating aims of trying to return patients to full duty and at the same time make beds available for other patients through a ninety day policy. This confusion was subsequently corrected by the institution of the 120 day policy. We were inspected by Maj. Gen. Hawley, Surgeon General of ETOUSA, who devoted all his time to Leon Ginzburg's ward. Although puzzling at first, this was later explained when Leon was transferred to the 235th General Hospital to become chief of the surgical service.

We were subsequently informed by D.B.S. Headquarters that we would have to maintain our own convalescent camp. Prefabs started to blossom in the area behind the main part of the hospital, in which our supplies had been dumped when we first arrived. New "C" Board forms were devised and distributed by ETOUSA, simplifying some of the paper work that had become formidable. "Red" Shapiro joined us again by transfer from the 442 Regimental Combat Team. He stayed with us for about six days and then transferred to the 70th Station Hospital. A restless soul was Joe, for he never stayed in one place very long—especially ours. Other additions were Capt. Frank Goldman from the 73rd A.A. Gun Battalion to complete out T/O in the Dental Department. Irv Somach was transferred to the 235th General Hospital further depleting the ranks of the professional officer who had comprised our original cadre at Rucker. On the nursing staff, Mary Blitstein was E.I.'d and we were joined by 1st Lt. Selma Johnson, 1st Lt. Anita Martin, 2nd Lt. Helen Marcy, 2nd Lt. Priscilla McCulley, 2nd Lt. Mary Hiwely and 2nd Lt. Ruth Cummings.

Our social season was initiated during February with a birthday party for the "Chief"—President Roosevelt. A large water color painting of his facial likeness adored the mirrored wall at the far end of the dining room and was easily visible from all angles. A civilian band provided the music and an entertaining evening was had by all.

As more members of the unit became encouraged by the improvement in appearance of others, more of the Eisenhower jackets became the style. They were smarter looking than our own loose-fitting old type and were quite flattering to the various type of bulges—fore and aft. The midwaist ty-in served the purpose of a stomacher for those who needed such support.

On the seventh of the month, the Office of War Information exhibited a series of enlarged photographs, arranged in chronological sequence, depicting the nature of the Allied War effort. It was held in the Palace of Justice in Aix and all unit members who could be spared were requested to attend in Class A uniform. The square was quite crowded and lining the stairs leading into the building was an armed guard of French riflemen. To one side was a large French band awaiting the arrival of the Mayor of Aix. When he finally mounted the stairs and faced the populace, the band struck up the national anthems of Russia, England, U.S., and
Poire; Losses- 2nd Lt. "Buzz" Buzzard, and 1st Lt. Helen Marcy.

During the month of March, more time off was obtained when the new 3 day pass policy was put into operation. With leave orders issued from our own headquarters, it was possible for us to spend 3 days and nights away from the hospital without the lengthy wait that was usually associated with any time off that had to go through the Base Section headquarters. As personnel could be spared in various of the departments this additional freedom was quickly utilized.

With the promotions of Eddie Jemerin, Sid Silverstone, and Marvin Freid to majors, our authorized increase in rank began to make itself obvious. At the same time les Tuchman received his Lt. Colonelcy. The ensuing promotion party, complete with caricatures of the newly promoted officers skillfully drawn on the mirror in the dining room, was a considerable success- corsages were even provided for all the nurses. Lou Wasserman joined Leon Ginzburg at the 235th General Hospital as chief of the laboratory, byt transfer and assignment. When 1st Lt. Beasley received her leave orders for a compassionate leave to the states, "Zombie" was heard to go around requesting information as to the channels for a "passionate" leave for himself. Two more of our detachment sergeants became 2nd Lts, M.A.C.- 1st Sergeant Kaye, Sgt. Cohen of the Registrar's office.

To check on the care being shown in compiling the ward morning reports, Norm Greenberg submitted a request for progress reports on certain patients on each ward. Included in his request were fictitious names as well as some that were actually there. Several ward officers faces were quite red when it was found that some non-existent patients were doing rather well or making satisfactory progress. The hospital was inspected by the Chief Nurse of ETOUSA who was very high in her praise of the efficiency and diligence of the nursing staff. Our first formal retreat was held in France, in Col. Donnelly's Parade Grounds when the entire unit was called out for the award of good conduct ribbons to certain of our detachment. For a change the field of ceremony was a level one and the heavens were kind enough to abstain from the usual rain attending such affairs. Flower gardens became the vogue around the various wards providing pleasant leisure spots for the convalescing patients.

Our personnel changes this month were also rather imposing: Losses: Lou Wasserman, amongst the officers and amongst the nurses-Lts. Audrey Arnold, Evelyn, Zalewski, Lily Lindberg, Betty Haines, Pearl Brunken, Mary Lenz. Additions: Officers- 2nd Lts, M.A.C. Sweeney, Jones, Henneberger; 1st Lts, M.C. Arno Weiss, Daniel Samson; Capts. M.C. Allen Selfman, Herman Brown, William McGinnis, Edwin Allbright; Nurses- Lorraine Amundson, Margaret Hughes, Maybelle Funk. A number of nurses were on detached service with the organization from the station hospitals in the DFS area to study anesthesia under Major Briggs. Edith Weissel and Isabelle Cedar had already completed their respective courses and were rendering valuable assistance in the O.R.
At a meeting attended by the commanding officers of the units in D.B.S., it was announced that this area would be processing over 100,000 men destined for C.B.I. there we finally printed it! Uppermost in all our minds was the finally exposed source of a good deal of uneasiness. Thus far nobody knew as to what fate had instore for us as individuals or as a unit. As Col. Donnelly put it, "We might just as well take it easy and have some fun while we can- nobody knew where, when or if we were going."

On April 12th, the worst news that we had ever received overseas was made known- President Roosevelt was dead. Each of us received the news with the same deep sense of personal loss. It seemed a shame for him to pass away just when he could see the final fruits of European effort. Germany was reeling under the heavy blows that were being delivered from all sides and the ares that were being occupied by the Allied armies were mounting in extent as to demonstrate an early collapse of the Nazi War machine. The flag was immediately placed at half mast and that same night, Friday, Kadish was said at the Jewish services. The following morning, even in the streets of Aix, the natives openly demonstrated a deep sense of loss. We could safely say that seldom was a man so universally liked and known as was Franklin D. Roosevelt. On Sunday, Memorial services were held. Chaplain Chapin held the Protestant services in the open on the lawn immediately behind the Receiving prefab. British units stationed around Aix attended en masse while the voice of the choir echoed in the hills. It was a simple but expressive ceremony. Father Dunne held his Catholic services in the chapel, attended by the French troops from the French Air Corps training center in Aix. The entire unit held its own services the day before in a formal parade around the flag-pole in Donnelly Square near the administration building. Orders emanating from ATOUSA headquarters decreed a 30 day mourning period and all places of amusement save for the movies were to be closed. The hotel itself was a very quiet place for the next week that followed. This period however was curtailed officially a few days later.

Word was received that our Italian Sanitation Company was to be relieved of their duties at the hospital and they were to be sent to Belgium. We were to receive in their stead, about 600 German prisoners instead. A 60 day evacuation policy was started and a 10 day evacuation policy as well to the Riviera District. Another review was held this month for the award of three Silver Stars to three of our patients.

Personnel changes this month included the loss of Supt. Solomon Horowitz who was transferred to the 70th Station Hospital. We were joined by 2nd. Lts. Sophia Kulas and Doris Childs.
May was indeed a memorable month. The war communiques were rapidly building up to their inevitable climax. Our second anniversary party was held at the Roi Rene on the 4th. We too had our false V-E day, when Colonel Donnelly stopped the orchestra to announce that he had heard that hostilities would cease by eight o'clock the following morning. Both the Germans and ourselves were completely liquidated that night.

Our Italian Sanitation Company left to be replaced by two companies of "Stupor men". Under Colonel Donnelly’s orders to find things for them to do even unto dusting the trees, they were immediately put to work and hard. The only people in the unit that had anything to do with them were the non-coms immediately above them who gave them their tasks to perform. They were a motley group of older men, although mingled with this collection were some younger typically Nazi faces. "Achtung" resounded throughout the area, and the military automatons reacted instantaneously to the command and sprung to rigid attention. At first they were regarded as curiosities and then they were completely ignored.

Peace came to Europe at one minute past midnight, May 9th, when the cease fire order to which Germany had agreed went into effect. The Third Reich surrendered unconditionally to the Allies at Gen. Eisenhower’s headquarters at Rheims at 2:41 A.M. May 8th. Our reaction was a happy one tempered with the ever-present thought that there was still fighting to be done on the other side of the world. The French went beserk. There was continuous dancing in the streets of Aix. All the streets were ablaze with lights and the wildly careening figures of the celebrating natives, stopped all traffic. We also contributed our contingent when one night a large group with Colonel Donnelly at their head joined the dancing French and then came back to the hotel with Tom Ballard leading a drill formation through the corridors of the hotel, sounding off in his parade ground roar. There were many sleepless nights that V-E week and many an aching head. Midst all the celebration however, and no matter who was asked, the sobering thought of the Pacific war was still there. V-J day was the one for which all of us were waiting.

During the course of the week, Henry Horn put on his Follies at the hospital theatre ably assisted by Jack Kopet, Anita Martin, Nan Hericourt, Miss Howe, and some of the patients from the Rehabilitation Center. Henry finally had created the opportunity to sing before an audience, personally I’d rather listen to a lecture on malaria.

Coinciding with our second anniversary our unit publication, The Stethoscope, appeared. Written by and for the detachment, it was a chatty little six page mimeographed bulletin filled with little news items and descriptions of the various departments of the hospital. The editorial advisers were Lts. Brown and Henneberger.

Some of the best news items for this month was the return and reassignment of Ralph Moloshok who had been transferred from the organization and had seen active service with the 36th Division. This was the first time that one of the men left the outfit and returned. He looked very well and very physically fit, sans his hirsutic upper lip which had been shaved off on V-E Day.
By the middle of May, and especially following the talk given to all officer personnel in D.B.S. at the Staging Area by Brig. Gen. Patay, our morale started to fluctuate with the rumors. Midst all the confusion of point scores, unit categories, essential, and M.O.S.'s only one outstanding fact remained, the unit members were doing a "To the Winds March" and the unit would be the "Sinai" unit in name only.

A quiet period ensued as the powerful forces of redeployment gathered themselves together to cannibalize, transfer and rebuild the various installations in and passing through D.B.S. on their way to the Pacific. The 25% system was amended so that only the O.D.'s had to sleep at the hospital while the rest of the group was on call at the Roi Rene. Our detachment commander, Della Vedova received his majority as did our assistant to the Chief Nurse, Miss Berkowitz.

After V-E Day, it became a debatable question as to whether or not Percy Kienenstein would return to the unit. He had gone home on leave and was lucky enough to have celebrated V-E day in the States. Our other losses included: Eddie Jemerin, Warren Rosen and one of the new men, Daniel Samson. Amongst the nurses: Sylvia Swerling, Evelyn Wiser, and Miss Eloise Sadler.

During the month of June, we were informed that the Third was to be a Class 4 unit and as such was due to go back to the States. Our category was announced as of June 12th and by July 12th, all transfers and changes were to have been accomplished. As published in the Daily Bulletin, our death knell was sounded with the paragraph entitled "Personnel Readjustment: "Although full readjustment will not begin until the date that categorization of units is announced by the Theatre Commander, actually readjustment procedures are in operation at the present time. DELTABASE is charged with the responsibility for supplying needed essentials in lieu of candidate personnel taken from the units now staging. These essentials can only come from one source and that source is units of this command. It may be expected that calls for essential personnel will be frequent. Normally, these calls will be transmitted through the heads of services this Hq. Insofar as possible, every effort will be made to call from units which may be expected to be Category IV units, but this will not always be possible. The demands of Category II units must be filled with personnel qualified to replace those candidates removed. All concerned are enjoined to assist this program by meeting the quotas promptly. The mission of readjustment can be accomplished efficiently and equitably only if all concerned wholeheartedly and completely cooperate."

The Roi Rene started to take on all the aspects of a gigantic railroad terminal with people leaving and people arriving. Old friends were greeted such as Bernie Simon and Nat Mintz, who were with the Fifth Auxiliary Surgical Group staging in the St. Victoret staging area. When Colonel Donnelly received his orders, Colonel Land assumed command of the remains of the original Third General Hospital.
During the months of July and August, 3,000 patients were admitted to the hospital. We functioned primarily as a station hospital servicing the Arles staging area. The number of admissions were equally divided between the medical and the surgical services. The new clinical entity of "C.B.(itis)" made its initial appearance. The most significant common clinical syndrome was the acute onset of the condition dating back to the first day that the patient entered the staging area. The condition was further aggravated by the knowledge that C.B.I. was in the offing. Acute exacerbations, unbearable in the acute pain manifested, coincided almost always with the rumors of sailing dates. The acute "garnischt" was usually x-ray negative and the patients were discharged very quickly. Most of them even succeeded to make the sailing dates. The condition seemed to be more prevalent amongst the colored troops than the white. Many soldiers started to clean their fire arms rather assiduously often resulting traumatic injury. In addition to the regular admissions, over 200 soldiers were seen daily by the various consultation services. There was a large amount of operative surgery chiefly acute traumatic. Many were the results of traffic accidents. Amongst the 3,000 patients who were admitted, there were 400% Italians, and 120 of them were tuberculous. The patients arrived without records and although the boards were quickly written, it was impossible to repatriate them. It seemed foolish to continue to expose our American personed to these infectious conditions, but there was nothing that could be done about it since almost all of the shipping was going to the Pacific. All precautions were taken, and the patients were handled through their own ward men, Italian, who accompanied them. When the Italian patients were not pleased with something, they went on hunger strikes. If it wasn't for the fact that they were on a patient status, they would have been allowed to enjoy their hunger strike, but the difficulties were gradually straightened out.

There were many problems presented by the processes of readjustment and redeployment. There was an enormous turnover in personnel, 70% of the officers and 60% of the detachment. Fortunately the greater part of the nursing staff had a critical score over 60, and remained relatively intact. On one ward, there were six different ward officers during a period of two weeks. Officers were assigned to the unit, only to be transferred to other units within 24 and 48 hours. Fortunately those of the officers that remained pitched in with a will and it was possible to maintain a smoothly running hospital.

We received the D.B.S. Plaque for the best hospital installation in the D.B.S. area for the month of July. All duly executed with a formal retreat and the reading of the commendation. During the month of July, Ruth Horn went home "Infanticipating", while Henry went around beaming. In a very simple but impressive ceremony conducted by Father Dunne in the hospital chapel, Anne Gibbons married Sgt. Peterson who had been with us until his transfer in Italy. The bride and groom left the chapel in a horse drawn French carriage to their reception which was held in the university. Mrs. Pertàlla also went home this month, much to the relief of the nurses who were becoming more keenly aware as to the backgroup of their working uniforms.

Leaves to their United Kingdom and Switzerland were started but they were very few and far between.
The romance of Morris Kleinerman and "Trudie" Cohen, which had its inception at Camp Rucker, bloomed forth into marriage when the bride-to-be flew to Paris where they were married. They honeymooned in the luxurious surroundings of the Rothschild home in that city and then returned to their respective units—such is war, tsk! tsk!

Our personnel changes during this month were really something for the record, for from this month and forward, the Mt. Sinai unit truly ceased to exist although the vehicle of its birth remained—Third General Hospital. We lost Scotty Schapiro, Irv Solomon, Herson Lesnick, Norm Greenberg, Hy Levy, Julius Weissberg, his wife (Muriel Berry), Jim Polkinghorn, Gabe Seley, Sy Dack, Ben Allen, Moe Holland, Milt Schwartz, Henry Horn, Lester Tuchman. Ralph Moloshok and his wife (Margie Deptsh) were also slated for transfer. Bob Walters left earlier to accompany some troops home on a transport ship.

August was ushered in with the smell of orange blossoms and the sound of wedding bells, and ended with the dust of the staging area in our nostrils. Two of the nurses, Lts. Horne and Bissonnette were happily married in the hospital chapel. Miss Bissonnette was married to one of the non-coms who worked in the operating room. Both couples were granted honeymoon leaves to Cannes.

The long awaited wedding of Peg Haefner and Lee Kulick took place on Aug. 7th at the Roi Rene. Much to everyone’s surprise, including the groom, the bride wore white with two cute little French girls carrying her train. The combined efforts of Lupe Gentile, Kitty Vance, Alice Heaney, Gert Lotwin and some of the other girls resulted in as beautiful a wedding as any that we have enjoyed overseas. The ceremony was conducted by Chaplain Chapler and Major Briggs gave the bride away, with the assistance of Edith Weisel. Ralph Moloshok supported the groom in his capacity of best man. After the reception on the palm-decked terrace, dinner and dancing followed. The happy bride and groom left for Cannes and a tenday honeymoon.

A familiar face reappeared in the person of Mike Kleinerman who was assigned to the unit from the staging area where his former unit was preparing for overseas movement to the Pacific.

Between the 8th and 15th of the month, events transpired with miraculous speed. The atomic bomb was let loose on Japan....Russia declared war and advanced into Manchuria.....and by the 15th of August, Japan sued for peace and the war was over. It was enough to make one's head spin—which spin continued through and beyond our V-J day celebration. The restrained V-E Day celebration found its outlet as we celebrated the realization that it was "three down and home to go".
Rumors started to circulate that the unit would be in the staging area by the end of the month and that the 228th General Hospital was to take our place. Rumors became a reality when on the 27th of August, at 2400 hours, the Third General Hospital ceased to operate and took on its last mission to serve as a vehicle for transporting high point personnel back to the United States.

The 27th of August also found the unit members entrucking for their respective staging areas. The nurses went to the large nurses staging area near Marseille, while the officers and the enlisted men went to the Calas Staging Area.

The Calas Staging Area was a large sprawling city of tents with more conveniences than Casablanca but the same dust-laden atmosphere. Some of the officers continued to live at the Roi Rene and missed a good deal of the boredom and the dirt. The rest of us were quartered in ward tents 16 in a tent for the captains, and lower ranks; and 8 to a tent for majors and up. We slept on cots which were quite comfortable especially after we had unrolled our bedding rolls and converted them into sleeping bags. Showers were available the better part of the day but there were no lights in the rather dark washroom. Once again the quartermaster latrine boxes were the fashion and the sanitation was not up to the usual high standards. The days were quite warm, and the nights were cold enough for more than the two blankets which most of us had taken. Once again there were forms to fill out, luggage to be packed and stencilled but this time we received no atabrine nor were we encumbered with helmets or gas masks. Out hand laundry was done in the large wash room. All was serene and lazy until the rains came accompanied by a strong wind that whipped through the tents isolating them in seas of mud. It actually blew one of the tents down. Fortunately the occupants had had the presence of mind not to be there when it happened. At the first sign of danger, they had retreated to the headquarters building and were comfortably housed until the damage was repaired. There were two Red Cross buildings serving coffee, lemonade, and doughnuts. The walls were decorated in Chinese script in memory of the troops that had passed through on their way to the Pacific before the war had ended. There was a bus service to and from Marseille-- tremendous G.I. "40 and 8" which held between 40-45 people. There were some G.I. shows and movies for those who were interested. Mess was an unappetizing affair of show lines and dirty mess halls with several clapboard boxes as tables. There was dirt and garbage on the floor and the walls and windows looked as if the dirt had been accumulating since the area was opened-- undisturbed. It was hard to overlook these faults but we all had our eyes focussed on h-o-m-e and other things did not seem too important.
The girls were cloistered in many prefabricated and one story stone buildings in a remarkably well run camp. They enjoyed the use of a swimming pool, ping pong tables, and movies. Ice cream was a matter of standing on a line that was kept fast-moving. They never lacked for coca colas or beer and had a very nice officers' club situated in old chateau which had been remodelled to provide a bar, dance floor and refreshments. Their morale was kept high and their telephone facilities permitted them to put calls through to all parts of Europe and the British Isles.

We were alerted for movement on the 1st of September and restricted to the camp on the 2nd. In the staging area, we were joined by Lou Wasserman, wearing his new major leaves, Milt Schwartz, Henry Horn and Moe Holland—all looking as if they felt the hand of some Superior Being pass over them, directing them to the road home. As a matter of fact, it was necessary to pinch Henry once on the hour to make him realize that he was actually going. He almost had heart failure the night before we left when he heard his name being paged in the area. He was afraid that his dream bubble had burst and that he was being scratched from the list—but it was only a friend paying his respects and wishing him bon voyage. We spent a miserable last night at the staging area without the comfort and warmth of our bedding roll which was on the way to the ship as part of our hold luggage. We all retired early after doping ourselves with seconal or liquor anesthetic only to awaken at about 3 A.M. the morning of the 4th of September. We gulped a hasty breakfast, in total darkness, and packed our baggage. After policing the area and folding our cots—we would like to finish with "slowly stole away"—but no, we sat on our "A" baggage and waited while dawn broke out all over. At about 6 the tremendous trucks started to roll into the area and our convoy began to form. At 7, we met the trucks from the other units that were in our shipment, at the front gate. As the sun rose higher and higher, we started on the tortuous road that lead down to Marseille and the S.S. General Stewart, the Army personnel carrier that was to take us back to the States.

At the dock, we lined up in passenger list order and climbed up the long gangplank, loaded down with all our luggage and paraphernalia. We were assigned our bunks, some were 25 to a room while the others had about 15 or 10. The bunks were similar to the ones we had on the Pasteur but there was more room and lockers were available for storing most of our personal possessions. There were washrooms in each cabin and a table for card playing or writing letters. Showers were close by and the water was good and hot. The bathrooms were very clean and drinking water was available anywhere on the boat from the refrigerated boxes associated with most of the stores and offices back home. The nurses arrived at noon and were assigned similar accommodations. They came aboard in Class A uniforms and their luggage was carried aboard by the German P.O.W.s who labored on the docks.
We had our first delicious meal at noon, complete with silverware, plates and the first glass of milk that most of us had overseas. The mess hours were finally organized into three settings so as to accommodate all personnel on board. The enlisted men ate below decks organized into various chow lines which started from the middle deck and led down. We took over the troop dispensary to handle sick call and treat the passengers patients.

We set sail at 4 o'clock that afternoon and as the water widened between the sides of the ship and the pier, I'm quite sure that there wasn't one of us who regretted leaving France. We forgot to mention that the French kissed us before we left. It was a financial kiss in the form of a rebate of about 18 dollars for the overcharging that we had been subjected to in our commerce with the French. We thought it was very nice of them!

There were 3200 of us on board and between hours of dining and sundry other little chores such as O.D, and the like we spent most of our time on deck. The officers and the nurses were crowded together over the middle hatch on the top deck with some overflow onto the topmost observation deck. The enlisted men were crowded together on the other decks but with the restless movements of the passengers, there was usually enough room for everyone. We sailed into the blue Mediterranean and except for the breeze on deck, it was hot. The men in the hold suffered the most although it was uncomfortably close below decks all over the ship. We awoke to find the shores of Spain off our starboard quarter and were to find that these shores would remain with us all that day and a good part of the next. The sea was very calm and even those of us who thought we were bad sailors took heart and started to brag a bit. The post exchange opened and we found that we could have as much chocolate as we wanted - they were being sold by the box. We then knew that we were really on our way home. Most of the time was spent in just sunning ourselves, reading and playing cards. There were movies shown in the afternoon in the dining room and for the first few nights they were also shown on deck after nightfall. In contrast to our other sea voyages, we could remain on deck at night and there was no blackout. As we continued to sail through the Mediterranean at the rate of about 18 knots and hour, the tension of the last few months started to slip away and many of us really relaxed for the first time. Henry Horn was still going around mumbling something about, "You don't know what this means to me, and I'm really going home". We gave him a real good pinch and he managed to snap out of it. On the 6th of September, we passed through the Straits of Gibraltar. The famous rock was seen from all angles and we must admit that it looks just like the trademark of the Prudential Life Insurance Co. Our attention was divided between the coast of Africa on the port side, the Rock on the starboard and the dolphins in the very blue smooth Straits. The next day, we were well passed the straits and were headed for home, but direct. Our course had been changed from south to
west and New York is just a few thousand miles away. The weather is far more pleasant, not so hot and sultry and the sleeping is wonderful. However the following day, the weather took a turn for the worse and for the next three days it was rough. The swells started to get bigger and bigger and the gentle roll of the ship started into plain rocking. Our stomachs started to get just a bit queasy. The 9th of September the storm really hit us and the absence from the dining room table was sufficient indication that seasickness was definitely with us. The swells were so high as to extend beyond the fourth deck and the spray covered the entire ship. On the 11th, we were finally out of the storm. The ocean was calm and the weather clear. The chow lines once again assumed their normal dimensions—long. The decks once again were crowded as everyone tried to get back some of the color they had lost. The last few days passed very quickly as we came closer and closer to New York. Now and then we would see some ships in the distance and also some whales. At about 3:30 Saturday morning, the 15th of August, those of us who were up on deck could see the skylight of New York. About an hour later we started to make out some of the features of the coastline as it was outlined in the lights of the highways. Then we saw the Statue of Liberty, bathed in light and holding her new lighted torch aloft. There were tremendous signs saying WELCOME HOME and as we passed the ships at the piers, from rowboat to large liner, they all saluted with three blasts of their tremendous horns. You couldn't help swallowing and swallowing to eliminate that lump from your throat. We docked at exactly 7 A.M. and a band started to play catchy American tunes. We debarked in record speed, the girls going first. They were lined up and immediately whisked away in buses to Camp Kilmer. We then debarked and were lined up and fed doughnuts and delicious containers of milk. We then boarded the ferry and were taken over to the Jersey side. We forgot to mention that Dr. Turner and Col. George Baehr greeted us on the pier as we lined up preparing for the ferry ride. There were some hearty hellos as the few remaining unit members gathered around to shake hands with our welcoming committee. After a short wait on the Jersey side, we boarded our train which took us in very short time to Camp Kilmer. We marched from the railroad siding at Kilmer to a theater where we were greeted by the commanding officer of the post. After the lecture which was a brief outline of our processing which would split the unit members in the directions of their various separation centers, we marched to our barracks. After throwing our stuff on one of the beds we all made a bee-line for the telephone booths to call the folks. We then returned to the mess hall to enjoy our steak dinner with all the fixings. Many of us went into New York on Sunday to attend the Yom Kippur services. The others lay around waiting for orders.
"Mac" McCollum and Ed Watts finally completed all their records and the unit was formally deactivated on Sunday, 16th of September. Those who had come across with us left at different intervals for their various destinations i.e. California, Tennessee, North Carolina. At about 6 o'clock that evening, the remainder of the unit who were due for disposition of separation at Fort Dix boarded the train which started a long tedious journey to Fort Dix. Considering the small distance that was to be covered, we made it in the almost miraculous time of approximately 2½ hours. It would normally take about ½-3/4 hour by car. We reached Dix at about 12 and just managed to get a snack before we bedded for the night. The next morning our paths all separated as some of us reported for separation and the others were given 45 days temporary duty as a recuperative period.

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