



The Seventh

1943-45



TO THE MEMBERS OF THE 7TH CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL

I wish to thank every member of the command for their cooperation in making the 7th one of the outstanding hospitals in the ETO.

A commanding officer must work and worry in indirect proportion to the quality of his personnel. A commanding officer with poor personnel has a great deal of work and many worries. I can truthfully say that after fifteen months with the 7th "I never had it so good."

H. C. BOYD
Colonel, M. C.
Commanding

The 7th



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EDITORS

Jack E. Liebling

Robert J. Michalek

Ordner T. Bundlie

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To the many members of the 7th Convalescent
Hospital whose encouragement and assistance
helped materially in the production of this book

AND

To our various draft boards who made this
book possible in the first place.

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Dedication

To William B. Wilson, Colonel, Medical Corps, U. S. A., officer and gentleman, physician and soldier, Commanding Officer of the 7th Convalescent Hospital from 21 February 1944 to 6 February 1945, whose dynamic leadership and sympathetic personality provided the inspiration for this short history of a hospital of which we are all proud.

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Foreword

This is the story of the 7th Convalescent Hospital, United States Army, Medical Department. It is the story of a group of men who were assembled to rehabilitate soldier casualties both physically and mentally: the story of doctors, dentists, farmers, business men, clerks, salesmen, cooks, truck drivers, soda dispensers, students, and laborers who became the professional staff, technicians, clerks, carpenters, cooks, drivers, and electricians. The combined efforts of all these individuals made possible the accomplishment of our mission. It was all in the "T/O and T/E", but no one had ever seen such a unit in operation—there was doubt as to whether this unit could ever become a practical, working part of the forces in the field.

But the 7th not only accomplished its mission, it can take credit for being an outstanding leader in its field; a unit that was not only a success in the eyes of the army but also—and what is more important—in the eyes of its patients.

Success, in large measure, is the result of the efforts that are put into the job. This is where the men of the 7th excelled. When the chips were down, they could pitch in as a team and accomplish miracles. This was amply proven in England, France, and Germany.

A common statement among soldiers is, "When I get out of the Army, I am going to forget everything about it." In its true light, this remark is merely a reaction to the man's present plight. He is tired of Army life. He wants to get home. Take a peek into the future and you will probably find this same man telling his Army experiences to his co-workers, relatives, and friends. To the story teller, this book can be a restraining influence against exaggeration. But to most of us this book will be a record of all the little things we might forget—and want to remember—as the years go by; such facts as the names of the men, interesting experiences, and amusing incidents.

We have traveled through many lands; we have observed destruction and suffering; we have experienced discomfort, fatigue, disillusionment, and uncertainty; we have known friendliness and hatred. Exposed to these constant emotional strains, we have changed during our Army career. How much? Well, we shall discover that when we have returned to civilian life. At that time we may wonder what altered our way of thinking. The probability is that we shall find the answer within the covers of this book.

This book was conceived and written by a group of your own buddies as a souvenir containing many of the memories of the 7th Convalescent Hospital. An Ernie Pyle could have done a better job of recording these incidents, with a finer touch of human interest; however, the book, you will find, has that quality of warmth which comes naturally from the pen of one who has experienced the happenings he describes. It was written during odd moments, often under hectic and unfavorable conditions, of the stay of the 7th in the European Theater of Operations.

It is hoped that many hours of pleasant reading and many years of happy reminiscing will result from our efforts. For now and for always—the good luck of the "Lucky Seventh" is extended to you.



History



United States

It was hot—damn hot was the July of 1943. The weather was made for shade and coca-cola. But there we were, we whose service records had been indorsed to "CO, 7th Conv. Hosp. trfd. to your comd." dragging our "A" and "B" bags across the continent. From Ft. McPherson, Georgia, came the cadre: Wolff, Spinks, Meyers, Clulee, Dial, Milstein, Stein, Kerrigan, Nichol and others; from Camp Barkeley, Texas, the rookies, among whom were English, Mordus, Montgomery, Walter Johnson, Michalek, Bundlie, and Wilkerson; from Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, came the seasoned ones like Vallans, Pestow, Worby, Charles Young, and Lester—all converging to that spot to be known later as Camp Ellis, Illinois. It was far from a camp that July: to conceive the idea of "camp" out of looking at just a formation of wood and tar-paper huts (we heard they had been constructed by Hitler's captured healing heinies) was a little too much for the imagination. There was nothing save the huts—no walks—no streets—nooooo nothing! But we made friends with one another, shortly meeting our officers who were "to be our officers for a long time to come." Formally, one by one, after a breakfast (to some of us our first taste of what our cooks were to hash out) our officers were presented to us: Lieutenant Kavanaugh, Detachment Commander; Lieutenant Specca, Mess Officer; Lieutenant Smith, Adjutant; Lieutenant Blumberg, Medical Supply Officer; and Major Vincent J. Amato, the Commanding Officer.

Our job ahead was unfolded, good and seriously, and we—can it be said willingly?—set forth to digest the on-coming training program. No matter how little the program appealed to our taste we could not run away from it regardless of where we hid. (Hill found the rafters of the barracks too obvious a place to "sna-fu off").

Every one of us was interviewed in short order by Major Amato, presenting our "what I want to do" to him. Things popped fast after that. Captain Abbott, then Plans and Training Officer, made his chart of training. Lieutenant Orme, Personnel Officer, systematically had us fill

out forms and sold insurance. Meyers, Pestow, and Mackin got their first real taste of pushing a pencil. Kerrigan, Lester, Gibson, and Stassi got a crack at driving our unit vehicles; while Vallans (Who can forget his blue denim fatigues!), Clulee, and Dial demonstrated the thrill of marching, left before right, with a hut, toop, threep, fawww! And Spinks—what a time was had by him, with everybody preferring each morning not to let go of the sack and grab socks, and with Notto trying his damndest to kiss him for each pass he got—always bucking to repeat his first successful attempt, which occurred after one memorable retreat formation on 38th Street.

While on 38th Street we had one eventful night that wedged itself into the monotony of training—the night it rained so hard. It rained so damned much that night, our office, being situated at the foot of a slope, quickly filled like a sieve thrown into a lake. Naturally, since it was our office, our area, it was ours to bail. With brooms we swept the water out; with mops we built dams; with shovels conduits were dug in the clay and sand soil. We dug and bailed, bailed and dug. To hell with the camp—we had a job to do. And we did it! Epner, Jurgites, O'Neill, Lewis Johnson and others too numerous to mention did the job.

It was just before we moved from 38th Street to 36th Street that Lieutenant Kavanaugh became famous for his "calahoopies", which were so appropriately served as the entree to mid-day chow. (Apropos, has anyone yet figured out why piping hot coffee was invariably brewed during that enervating summer?) However, we surely had the chance to use the muscles thus developed, or depleted, when this move was made, shuttling foot-lockers, mattresses, desks, and all the et cetera applicable to Army ways. That is to say, we made a trek across the wide plains, still insistently labeled "Camp" Ellis, to occupy barracks left by a Signal Corps outfit, rumored to be destined for overseas. OVERSEAS? Why did we move anyhow? The secret was hushed about from place to place. We were going overseas, too! What if we didn't

complete out unit training? That was nothing—weren't there camps in England and Ireland for training? Boy, here was something to think about!

Major Amato ignored our rumors, however, and ordered Lieutenant Kavanaugh to send us to schools and unit training classes. The result was, every morning, little formations, neatly ranked according to destination, grouped in the company area. These most-natural-to-the-Army means of conveyance took us "sojurs" to school. Halker, Capestrain, Jurgites, Simmons, and Floyd Davis learned to "season lightly and serve immediately." Espinosa, having been spared enough time away from sign painting, was taught



"Next time, Vallans, don't stand beside Chapman"

to hydrate the dehydrated for human consumption. (This added to the buzz. POE, make way for the 7th!) Pestow, Herman Miller, and Michalek learned about bed capacity versus patient days. Intermingled with this schedule was the required unit training. Under tentage were classes in Military Law by Lieutenant Orme, Military Courtesy by Lieutenant Feinberg, and classes in many other topics through which we so ignorantly slept. Lieutenant Brandon, thus far having had classes in—well, who remembers?—deciding that muscles make the soldier, taught us how to walk like a duck, dance like an Indian, and hit the dirt for push-ups. Oh, yes, the obstacle course was also a hurdle to be jumped. Hmmm, pleasant, wasn't it?

To make it more complicated, intermingled with all this were the individual escapades so daringly executed by some of us. Lake, whose behavior could never be predicted, liked obstacles well enough to clomb into the billets of the post tele-

phone operators. Atwood found time to get married several times, write himself letters, and parade as a non-com through the streets of Peoria. Emilio Perez, in a spare moment, showed Kerrigan that actions are much more impressive than words. Notto's incomprehensible affinity for playing the piano led him to frequent a certain tavern in "Table Grave." These are only a few of such escapades—and we had a million of 'em.

About this time Medical Group (the general attitude of which can be best exemplified by recalling to mind one Lieutenant Baumgartner's, "Answer to your name by 'Here, SIR!'") thought it would be nice for us to have a few extra "looies" running pell mell all over the place. Can we forget the bewildered, wet-behind-the-ear expressions on the faces of Lieutenants Body, Rosenthal, Walley, Daft and Oswald when they had just reported in—and then, a little later, that of Lieutenant Golden? It is doubtful whether we can recall their exact duties, but the recollection of the hikes they led us on can be brought to mind with a certain accuracy. Those dear, sweet hikes—and foot inspections afterward!

This rosy atmosphere was interrupted shortly by another change. We had, before this, learned that the Army seems to take a malignant delight in making "beaucoup" changes. In robust fashion we gathered our od's and ankle expressed to 43rd Street, still between "T" and "S" Streets, to our permanent area, though not known as such then. We were told before moving that we were to keep the same corresponding bed locations in the new barracks as in the ones from which we moved. This was accepted as OK by all, for we were beginning to choose buddies. We were well located on 43rd Street, moving close to a PX, a new movie theater, a bus stop and—the obstacle course. With all this evidence about us, it was then that we finally regarded Ellis as a camp; camp life took shape.

Unit training was now well under way, and there was more time for passes and more time for continual promises of furloughs. The Chicago-Camp Ellis special train carried a good number of us to the Windy City over week-ends. Worby, Hand, Robert Johnson, Bogseth, and Starzyk are a few who made the run regularly. Larson and his buggy, full to the roof, kept on making excursions to Havana (and, it might be added, despite a

certain leap that kept him and Clyde Cooper taped up for a while). Captain Garbas' maroon "rocket" carried Lieutenant Specca, Lieutenant Liebling, and him to places they wanted to go. St. Louis was not far for English, Lieutenant Daft, or Stevens. Some, like Silva and Dente, made a few "friends" in Peoria, while Marko hit it high in Burlington, Iowa. Macomb is remembered by Palkovitz and Irving Smith for the steaks at that "little joint", and Shelby scooted home each night to his wife in Table Grove, decisively named, by those who knew it, "Table Grave." Yet those who stayed behind really made a name for the 7th. Reference is made to Chism, Tokarz, Deistchle, Levin, and the rest of the team who scored top honors in the camp softball tournament of 1943.

The unit diary states: "from approximately 18 October 1943 to 2 November 1943—bivouac." Ugh! Doesn't the sound of tent pegs being hammered with helmets still echo familiarly and the cry of "We eat first today!" still sound in our memories? Don't we recall those puppets, meals in the open air, night problems, and moulage masks with which we played wounded?

We returned to camp from bivouac in early November, the time when our three months' unit training was to have been at a close—at least we thought we were ready at that time for overseas. What more had we to do? Plenty! In all stark reality the bivouac showed that we needed more training. Levin, Laux, and Deistchle, the technicians, had to continue bed-panning in the station hospital. Tosti had to learn about being a Gas NCO. Marv Schwartz was to see test tubes in large quantities, and the company duty boys had to round off the corners and polish up a bit. This necessity of rounding off the corners was further pointed out by a post inspection we had in the field. We were marched to an area adjacent to camp, and, under the shade of trees, we were interrogated by strange officers and non-coms and shown examples of defilade, camouflage, and fox-holes, all of which was not exactly strange to us, for our unit classes had provided instruction in this and more.

Hell bent as we might have been on going overseas, for some reason we remained at Ellis for a while longer. Then

was when those famous words began to be uttered from every lip—"This outfit will never go overseas," or "This outfit will never set up." It did seem that way then. The argument was strong: how could we, a handful of men, expect to set up a tented hospital of several hundred tents? We didn't know what the future was to hold.

In the winter of 1943 so many changes within our organization took place that what we had been saying about never going overseas seemed almost to be true, but yet, at times, made us feel "all wet." Just before Christmas that year, Major Amato was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and, after the start of the new year of 1944, was transferred out to assume command of a hospital ship. We were all very fond of the Old Man, and we threw a farewell party in his honor at which he wished us good luck and bade adieu at the same time. For a short time Captain Witt assumed command, until a new commanding officer, Colonel Meisch, arrived. No one knew Colonel Meisch very well, for a week after he came to us he parted on leave, and, we learned later, never to return, for he fell ill while on leave. Then Lieutenants Brandon and Kavanaugh were whisked away to be replaced by Lieutenants Buck and Hepworth. Several days after this exchange of lieutenants we gained a few medical officers: Lieutenant (now Captain) Stewart, Captains Hasty, Hirschfield, Levine, and Major Greenberg who, being the ranking officer, assumed command. Later Captain Thomas, Lieutenants (now Captains) Rocco, Stelzner, Captain Redmond, and Majors Hamlin and Baer joined the outfit. After these came Lieutenant Rachlin and Captain Nelowet. All this joining of officers made us wonder about the possibility of overseas shipment. Rumors, rumors, rumors!!!

It was about the first of February when it was announced that our next move was—another bivouac. Another bivouac! What a thought that was! Ho hum—with reconciliation we proceeded into the field. Wolff, Kalson, Marko, and Cosmos began the process of moving equipment to the site. Meyers, Bundlie, and Mordus packed typewriters and paper for installation in the field. Stuhr, Dente, Silva and Wilson (The Duck) Young worked on new rosters for field work. Weiss, Ufen, Emilio Perez, Shaw,

and Milstein loaded their stoves and put them under canvas; and all of us moaned, made our packs, slung them, and marched to the bivouac area. Upon arriving there we dropped the loads from our backs, generally sprawled out on the ground, and threw our attention at two tanks playfully maneuvering on the field, while serious contemplation of where to

weather on our side, for it was cold and frosty. Everyone was stiff in the joints the next morning, but, being soldiers, we took things as they were. During some of the following days we pitched pyramidal tents, dug slit trenches, attended compass reading classes, and performed calisthenics. Other days, to break the monotony,



pitch our tents went on between "First Nub" Stuhr and Detachment Commander Oswald. The matter was finally settled, and we "fell in", "counted off", and "formed for shelter tents to the left, MARCH!" With the maximum of effort, everyone running lickety-split to pair off with his buddy, pup tents began to spread out amidst a flak of words. Our first night out is one to be remembered. We had all the "conveniences" to make that night miserable. We hadn't enough blankets; we hadn't a spot particularly adapted to ground sleeping; and we hadn't the

we struck pyramidal tents, filled slit trenches, missed compass reading classes, and—performed calisthenics. However bland a menu this may have been for our days of bivouac, we were able to season the night hours with games of ball (or dice), singing of songs around a fire, or just plain lying around battling the breeze. A big event came, and one we shall never forget, when we were hauled back into camp in groups to receive an issue of Arctic clothing. What a deal that was! Each of us received a reversible white and Khaki parka coat, with an alpaca

liner, and a sleeping bag consisting of a zippered blanket, a padded inner comforter, and a waterproof covering. With this equipment we were able to make sport of our bivouac. Can anyone forget Major Baer in his parka? He was out of this world in that he resembled one of the Seven Dwarfs. It surely was difficult to recognize who was inside the parkas—we had to practically rub noses in order to recognize the person to whom we wanted to talk. Of course this didn't work when Vallans looked for Starzyk—the sleeping bag didn't work for Vallans either! Balesh was one not hard to pick out, however, for if we saw a cigar walking around with a parka behind it, we were sure he came somewhere in between.

We were awakened in the middle of one night to break camp and shove on to a new area. This change of site was to give us experience in night movement under field conditions. It did, too. Although it had been naturally rumored after having been commanded to be in the "sack" at nine o'clock, we were all taken from log-sawing slumber with almost complete surprise. In full darkness we broke camp, put it on our backs and in the vehicles, and marched to a new area.

It was cold that night and very frosty. In spite of the heat of argument and excitement we found the ground stubbornly hard when, in groups of fours, we pitched our pup tents doubled. It was one hell of a job pounding pegs with almost frozen fingers and sleepy minds. But with our desperate desire to jump back into the "sack," the whole camp was set up in good time and we were able to get back to our sleep. No one can realize, without having been there, just what the next morning was like. There was cause for griping! The cold seemed to have coiled itself around every one of us like a snake, wringing us to numbness. Our shoes were frosty and stiff as boards, and our GI backs were really aching! Our first thought was of food. Before we knew it we had braved the cold and were standing in a chow line waiting. Perhaps it was this habit of getting into line, rather than the hunger we had, that took us from our sleeping bags. Breakfast that morning was what we cracked it to be—that is to say, everything was ice! Spoons were hammers, forks were picks, and knives made good daggers.

After having endured several days of this life in the open air, the alarm was sounded. We had been alerted, and here was our signal to go! Go we did, and not a moment too soon, for just as we were throwing our stuff on trucks, the sky darkened and snow began to fall. This served as an incentive, for our tents were dry, and we worked like blazes to fold them before they became wet. Back at camp once more all "preparations prior to overseas movement" were being made. Benjamin, Brown, and Housley worked with their hammers almost until death did them part. Shelby, Mulholland, and Clyde Cooper rounded up their dishes and cleaned out their stores. Captain Witt kept contact with the post transportation officer, making final arrangements for entraining. All in all, every one of us was excitedly busy preparing.

And, of course, rumors were various, and each one was like a bullet ricocheting throughout the barracks. All but one was a shot in the dark, and even that one didn't hit the target squarely.

On the 17th of February 1944, we left Camp Ellis for the coast. Which coast? Well, the rumor that said we'd go east was more than a rumor—it turned out to be the truth. After hours of waiting in the barracks with duffle bags and packs, we entrucked and headed for the camp railroad station where many of us had, so often in the immediate past, boarded the train for Chicago and many points east.

As it has been said, it started to snow the day that we left our bivouac site, and during our week of preparation the weather remained murky. On the day of departure, the 17th, it snowed a light and flurry snow. In keeping with this sort of sombre weather we felt as if our days ahead would be as dark as the clouds that sent down the snow. We thought of dodging bullets and crawling on bellies in the fields of France, just as we had done on the infiltration course at Ellis. Some thought more strongly of this than others. Need their names be listed or even mentioned? Amidst all the thoughts of this, the music of the military band that had been at the station to give us a send-off reached our ears and gave us the impulse to be a bit more gay. We joked and kidded and began to admire the train that was to take us to New Jersey. The train was composed of a series of modern troop sleepers, each equipped with about nine triple-decked beds, the lower ones

being converted into comfortable upholstered seats during the daytime. However, we did not spend much time on the train, for, having left Camp Ellis about three o'clock, we were given a clear track all the way through to our destination, Camp Kilmer (now it can be told), and arrived there twenty-five hours later. To cover roughly twelve hundred miles in this length of time was really barrelling it—we felt as important as hell, speeding from city to city.

A little something should be said about this ride, for not only was it our first journey together as a unit, it was truly a sensational move. Seeing that the scenery outside the train was passing too quickly to hold our attention, we turned to amusements inside the train. Naturally, being soldiers, we could find something to do anywhere, even on a train where our movements were restricted. We played cards, shot craps, rumor-mongered, talked, slept, and ate. Eating was an important item. There was a mess car on the train, and when the call to "come and get it" was sounded, we grabbed paper plates, ran to the mess car, ran back to our seats, and ate, balancing the plates full of food on our laps. The one night that we were on the train we had our bunks made by a Pullman porter (of course he was named "George") who also came around again in the morning to replace the bunks in their vertical positions. Some service, what?

As we approached Camp Kilmer we wondered just what it was, for it was well camouflaged, and any distinct outline of barracks was disrupted by the optical illusions created thereby. In camp, once the train came to a halt, we detrained and flung ourselves and bags droopily on the paved platform. From there we could see the camp before our eyes. It was a staging area—an area which is usually situated close to a port—and in no time at all we put our noses to the wind to smell out the direction of the ocean. As we marched down the streets going to our assigned spot we gathered information as to the proximity of the port like a snowball rolling downhill. And we found out, too, that no matter how near or how far, we would get on that boat in short order.

Our stay at Kilmer was a short one but ever so hectic. It was the epitome of Army life—KP, latrine duty, retreat and reveille, showdown inspections, instructions and classes, chow lines, and even

passes. Being as close as we were to New York, at the times when the camp was not alerted or closed due to shipments of units, passes were given and we spent our last days of freedom away from the Army in the United States. New York was certainly the place to spend such last days—wine, song, and that one woman who stands in the harbor holding the symbolic torch. On pass fellows like DeLise, Levin, D'Agostino, and Stuhr saw home for the last time before shipment. Both pleasant and unpleasant was our lay over at Kilmer. Pleasant because we could still enjoy part of the States and unpleasant because we knew that we were soon to leave it—for an indefinite period. But that was the Army and we were one of its composites.

There had always been an almost constant influx of personnel in our unit. Men came and went with the passing of days. Some came to fill in the gaps in the assigned strength or to replace those that went out. Some went because they became sick, were surplus, were needed elsewhere, or were AWOL. Even during our week's stay at Camp Kilmer we lost and gained men. Hebel and Henson were left behind as being sick in the hospital, while Juarez was dropped from our rolls as AWOL. In place of these three lost we gained Cook, D. B. Davis, and Comfort. The most important gain of all was that of Colonel Wilson, who joined the unit on the 21st of February, 1944, from an Army air base at San Bernardino, California. During the period that Colonel Meisch was absent sick Major Greenberg was in command, and when it became evident that Meisch would not return the Army sent us Colonel Wilson. We were all curious to find out just what kind of a "Joe" the colonel was when he came, but we surely found out on the boat. He was a good leader, was the Old Man—one of the best COs any outfit could have. He was a commanding officer who knew that his outfit was the best.

The 26th of February 1944 was our day of embarkation. In the morning we left Kilmer by train, and we knew that we would be on the boat soon. What puzzled us was that on the train we were given a bag lunch. Wasn't the trip to take just an hour or two? After that we would be on the ship and could eat there. With duffle bags and bag lunches we trained down to the docks where we boarded a ferry which, incidentally, was canvased on both ends, obstructing our view, and

traversed New York harbor to the pier. With the solid thud of the ferry against the pier, the canvas was pulled aside. Eyes bulged and jaws dropped—anchored there was one of the biggest, most massive ships afloat, the Queen Elizabeth. Was that the boat on which we were to cross the Atlantic? We wondered, and thought of the number of troops she carried and how the troops aboard her were rotated on deck. As we stepped off the ferry, we kept gazing at the Queen's monstrous size. Our ears, however, picked up the strains of a band and soon we were concerned with dropping our barracks bag, watching and waiting for the Red Cross girls who were giving coffee and bars of chocolate to the hundreds of GIs awaiting embarkation, and munching our lunches. After the usual delay that always accompanies moves made by the Army, our unit was called—and, one by one as our names were shouted, we embarked. We knew now that our boat was not to be the Queen Elizabeth but another boat anchored on the opposite side of the pier. In comparison, the Queen dwarfed our ship, the S. S. Bienville. It was a Victory Ship, but everyone shouted "Banana boat!" (We had heard so much about troops crossing the ocean in this

type of boat we were almost sure our fate would be to travel in one.) A card was given each of us as we stepped off the gang-plank onto the ship. On the card was written the number of the hold in which we were to bunk. We received hold number one, in the bow. Having been instructed to stay below deck, we busied ourselves in the hold arranging and hooking up the four-tiered canvas bunks.

After this was accomplished, it was night and we settled down to sleep. In the morning we were surprised to see that we were still beside the pier. However, at about eight o'clock we began to move! Most of us were on deck at the time. Tugs were pulling the S. S. Bienville out of the harbor past the Statue of Liberty. She seemed to become smaller and dimmer until we could see her no more.

As she slowly vanished, our recollections were a montage of mind pictures—our homes, our families, our everything. Some of us pictured Ellis in our minds and thought how good it would be to be back there. But we were going farther and farther away. The boat began to dip and rock shortly, and our reminiscence was replaced by our interest in the unknown future—and food.



"But I tell yuh, Doc, I ain't fit to go overseas"

England

The moment we had long looked forward to, or dreaded, according to our temperaments, was at hand. The distant future had caught up with the present and we were actually sailing for England across the turbulent Atlantic. Somehow there was a quality of unreality about it all—but when we churned into open water and seasickness began to make itself manifest, the adventure began to seem very real indeed! Yes, this was it! The outfit that would never go overseas was on its way, and there was no mistake about it.

Our trip across the pond will always remain fresh in the memories of the components of the 7th. Who will ever forget the cry of "Gun crews, man your battle stations!", the nightly blackout speech over the loudspeakers, the voice of Chaplain Parker—or the sound of music floating over the waves from the loud speakers. The sight of towering waves, green and sullen or blue and sparkling according to the mood of the sea, dashing against the side of our craft, and the pounding motion of the water against the hull as we lay in our cramped quarters in the bow of the boat during the long nights will be in our thoughts forever. For those who were not good sailors the trip was largely a nightmare, tortured as they were with seasickness and the first pangs of homesickness—but for some it was a constant delight to view the limitless expanse of white capped waves, to breathe deeply of the clean salt air, and to watch the constantly changing formations of the ships around us in our giant convoy. The threat of submarines was present at all times as well—enough to disturb the sleep of some of us and to send a tingling thrill of possible adventure and danger to others.

There was enough work aboard to keep us from going completely stale. Lieutenant Specia had taken over the running of the mess aboard ship, and so all of us, from Stuhr and Meyers on down, took our turn on KP. What an experience to have to stay in the malodorous kitchens in the bowels of the ship while our stomachs were doing constant flip-flops! Our doctors and some of the technicians, such

as Ault and Laux, were kept busy giving shots and taking care of the hospital cases aboard ship—Captain Thomas even performed an emergency appendectomy during the voyage. While Leo Schwarz, Bundlie, and Busch had a soft berth in the ship's office running the administrative functions of the troops aboard. Naturally, latrine orderlies were chosen to administer to the latrine we used in common with the Negro Engineer troops in the next hold, and twice a day everyone had lifeboat drill and fire drill. In our spare time we played cards, roamed the ship looking for food (no one ever seemed to get enough to eat en route), leaned over the rail occasionally, strolled the decks, read, and slept or tried to sleep to the heaving motion of the boat. Being in the Army, even though we were temporarily "sailors", we stood in line as well—the chow line, the PX line, and the "shots" line. Bull sessions?—of course. We discussed the war, the condition of the ship, the idiosyncrasies of Chaplain Parker, whether seasickness was physical or mental—and women. Especially the latter, and many hours were spent looking at the ship off our starboard bow which, rumor had it, contained a detachment of nurses. We did get to verify that particular rumor, curiously enough, when the boat docked right next to our S. S. Bienville upon reaching port.

As the long days followed one another with monotonous regularity, we became more and more restless. With our ceaseless porting and tacking to avoid enemy submarines we began to wonder if we were ever going to see blessed dry land again. When the newness of our life wore off, we became just plain bored—and if there is anything that is distasteful to a soldier it is boredom. The first week at sea passed, then the 9th day and the 10th day—and on the 9th of March, 1944, after eleven days at sea, we steamed up the Firth of Clyde, Scotland. Still we could not see land, for darkness had set in and all we could glimpse were the twinkling lights on the shore. Even they looked good to us, symbolic as they were of dry land. In the morning we all eagerly rushed "top side" to see where we were.

It was a beautiful little harbor at the end of the inlet, jammed with ships of all sorts flying all allied flags. There were mine sweepers, trim cruisers, sleek and deadly destroyers, incongruous looking converted aircraft carriers, barges, and the ever busy tugs. Green hills rose around the bay. Nestling at the foot of them and climbing up the sides were two towns, one on each side of the bay. The commercial-looking place on the left we soon learned was Gaurock, while the clean, picturesque town on the right was a summer resort called Grenock. Our first impression of foreign lands was favorable.

Eagerly we drank in the beauty of the scene—and then began dragging duffle bags up on deck in preparation for debarkation. The morning wore on, however, and there was no sign that we would leave. We fretted impatiently as we began to play the old Army game of "Hurry Up and Wait" once more. Finally, about four in the afternoon, barges appeared to take us off the *Bienville*. And even dragging our bags as far as the barges proved a task, stuffed as they were with everything that could possibly be edible. With naivette we had swallowed the rumors that the British Isles were starving for want of food, and so, with typical American generosity, had raided the ship's stores during the last day of enough food to feed a regiment!

We landed at Gaurock and staggered to our waiting train, the combination of our huge burdens and sea legs making walking extremely difficult. Nevertheless, dry land felt wonderful to us. By this time we had all unofficially heard that we were going to a place called "Knowle

and Dorridge," although none of us could tell exactly where that was or what our situation would be on arriving. The train journey began about six in the evening, and soon we were rolling through the beautiful Scottish highlands. Before darkness closed down we saw enough friendly, waving Scots and well tended, pretty farms to leave a good impression of Scotland in our minds. The journey was interrupted once for a stop for coffee—English coffee, ugh!—and we rumbled on through the night. No one slept very much, crowded as we were in plain coaches and with thoughts of the future tumbling through our minds. What would we find at this place called Knowle and Dorridge? Our best guess was that we would set up in a field somewhere outside of town, but having had no previous experience in England or, for that matter, in any foreign country, our entire process of thinking was somewhat vague.

The grinding halt of the train awoke us from our fitful dozing. Looking at our watches we saw that it was about 0600 hours, and then the voice of Lieutenant Oswald was heard telling us to shoulder our equipment and leave the train. Our journey of some 4,000 miles was at an end: this was Knowle. Piling from the train we left our duffle bags to be picked up later—thank God!—and lined up outside the small station. Fortunately, an American soldier was waiting to guide us to our destination, and shouldering our packs we "followed the leader."

Dawn had not yet arrived when we began marching up the street from the station, but as the first faint greyness came into the sky we could vaguely see



homes on each side of the road—substantial “English-looking” homes, we thought. And we wished it were lighter so that we could see the first glimpse of our English home better. Too, there was something eerie about arriving during the darkness, making us feel almost like invaders. We couldn’t help thinking how surprised the people would be when they awoke and discovered a detachment of Americans suddenly among them. Our march lasted for approximately a half hour, although it seemed much longer burdened as we were with our packs and unused as we were to hiking. All along the route—at every turn and at every cross street—we wondered where we were going to stop and what our location would be like. Most of us firmly believed that we would follow the road out of town and pitch tents in a field some-



where, and we were wondering when the town would end and the fields begin.

Finally we came to a halt in front of a one story cement block building erected in a field next to a church, wearily dropped our packs, and heard the magic word “Chow.” We suddenly realized how ravenously hungry we were, having had nothing but a couple of sandwiches and coffee for eighteen hours, and dashed for the building. It was a mess hall which had been built by a group of American soldiers detailed to prepare the way for us in Knowle. From them we got our first inkling of the “fate” in store for us—and it seemed too good to be true! When they told us that we were to be billeted in private homes in Knowle, all we could do was to scoffingly say “Oh, yeah?” or words to that effect. But we soon learned that, incredibly, it was the truth! After breakfast we gathered our duffle bags, which had been brought from the station,

and began following the local policemen to various homes in the town. Some of us were ushered into beautiful homes with civilian beds and all the comforts of home, and some of us went to houses in which GI double decked beds and straw mattresses had been installed. But to all of us it seemed miraculous and like a little bit of heaven.

The first two days in Knowle were spent in rest—we were all worn out from the arduous trip across the ocean and the long ride down from Scotland. Some of the more recuperative, however, used the time to find out more about our new home. They saw a pleasant and substantial village, long and narrow, built mostly along one street, merging with another village which together made up Knowle and Dorridge. It was a well-to-do place and was practically a suburb of the metropolis of Birmingham, ten miles away. Very picturesque in the Old-English way, and situated in beautiful Warwickshire, Knowle captivated the 7th. The first place to be discovered in Knowle was the Greswolde with its bar and lounge. The Greswolde became the favorite habitat of a good part of the 7th, and the weekly dances there were always well patronized, even though the never-to-be-forgotten chant of “Time, please” and “Empty your glasses, Gentlemen” grew irksome after a while. Yes, we were “suckers” for the Greswolde, but we never did seem to mind it. And then there was that little hole in the wall called the “Red Lion,” which soon became a favorite rendezvous. We found the Knowle Picture House right away, too—what a ramshackle





place that was, the drabness of it being offset somewhat by the friendly usherettes. Moving afield, Solihull with its theater and the "Barley Mow," and Birmingham, with its charms, came to our attention.

We soon found that we liked Knowle—its picturesque streets and its friendly people. The 7th took the town by storm, made it over, renovated it, and became a part of its population. Needless to say, friendships were formed rapidly, not only in Knowle, but in the surrounding towns of Dorridge, Solihull, Hockley Heath, Acocks Green, and Birmingham (which the English would call "Brum")—and the pleasant, winding lanes and forests of the Midlands, not to mention the revered Knowle Canal, got a big play from the men of the 7th. It was odd, to say the least, to see the fellows start out for an evening stroll—no matter what the weather, they would invariably have a raincoat on their arm! The weather, of course, was always a good excuse—after all, it could rain at any time there. And it did, too!

The problems of light and darkness were something to be surmounted during our stay in friendly Knowle. When we first arrived, the night would descend without warning, like a black velvet cape, upon us early in the evening. And with blackout in effect we couldn't see a foot in front of our faces. Until we learned to walk about in complete darkness, there was many a head bumped against the pole at the bend in the road just before reaching the Red Lion, and many of us never could find our way back to our billets at night during these first evenings.

Later on the situation was exactly reversed with the advent of double British summertime—daylight lingered until after 2300 hours, and the problem was to find a place where it was dark!

Many pleasant memories remain in our minds from the days of the Battle of Knowle—to many of us our happiest days in the Army—and we like to think of it as our "second home." Surely, the English people there took us into their hearts as well as their homes, and whatever little they had they were more than glad to share with us. There wasn't much we could do in repayment except to "be ourselves"—to show them the buoyant, care-free friendliness and spirit of Americanism. But we did give many a PX ration away to the children, and we were glad that we had come so well provisioned from the ship. There was a lot of enjoyment in giving things away when we knew how they were appreciated.

Our stay in Knowle wasn't all play, however. Morning and evening formations were held in the yard next to our mess hall, and unit training classes were begun. Again we were taught about anatomy and physiology, first aid, and chemical warfare, and were plunged into a study of aircraft identification. Then, of course, we had calisthenics and road marches to remind us that we were still in the Army; and for two days we received instruction in assembling and firing the carbine before going to the firing range and trying our luck. Guard detail, too, claimed our evenings from time to time. In addition to the motor pool, we had our supply warehouse at Acocks Green to guard—but no one apparently minded the latter detail in the least!

Naturally, a few of the departments in the 7th Convalescent Hospital function whether the unit is in operation or not, and there was no exception to it in Knowle. Reference is made to the Headquarters staff and Detachment, the mess personnel, the motor pool boys, and Unit Supply. Of course, there wasn't a great deal for some of these departments to do—Detachment ran a Guard and CQ Roster, typed innumerable copies of ARs (for some mysterious reason), and kept the unit informed that "Guild Hall will be open tonight"—and all in all, we will always remember England as a pleasant interlude and the quiet before the storm.

The months rolled pleasantly on—March, April, May, and then June and

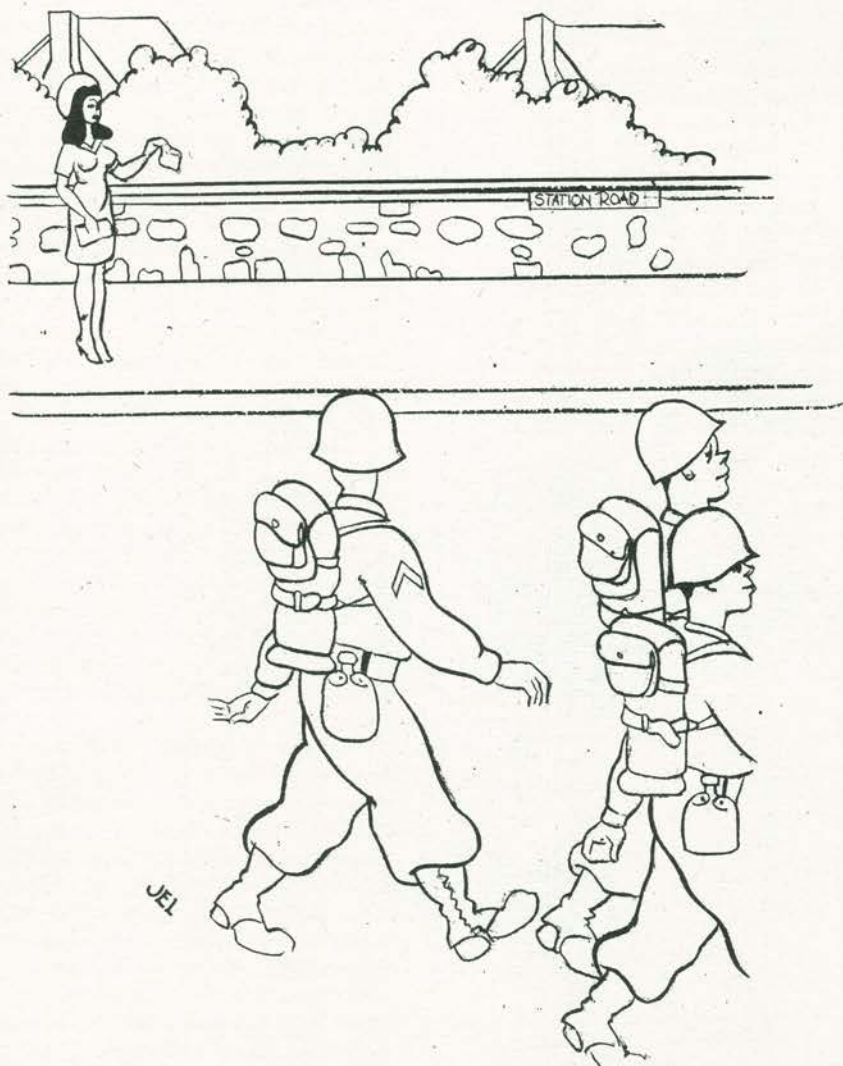
D-Day. After the 6th of June we knew our days in Knowle were numbered, and the village of Knowle seemed to know it, too, or at least to sense it. For many, the precious days passed all too swiftly. Finally, in the early part of August, we received our orders. Working frantically, we all pitched in to help load our unit equipment into box cars and on the unit transportation, wondering where the devil we ever accumulated all the stuff—and in the afternoon of the 7th of August, 1944, we were ready to go. Last goodbyes were said that evening, last toasts were drunk, and everyone seemed to cut loose for that "last fling." Will we ever forget that formation at 2100 hours on the 7th of August? What a riot! Early the next morning

everyone staggered to Headquarters under the burden of their heavy duffle bags, loaded them on vehicles to be transported to the Knowle and Dorridge Station, and then watched our motor convoy start for the south of England. At ten o'clock orders came to fall in, and we began trudging down Station Road toward our waiting train. What a feeling that was! We were leaving our "home" and security for the unknown future once more. The whole town, it seemed, turned out to see us leave and to wish us "bon voyage." The street was lined with our friends all the way to the station, and on arriving there we found another crowd. Then, before we knew it, we were bundled into coaches and were off.





Where were we going? Southampton, we were sure, although no official word had been given. At 1830 hours we detrained at Eastleigh and then dragged our agonizingly heavy bags several blocks to where transportation was awaiting us. At 2000 hours we arrived at our next stop, a place called Camp C-5, near Winchester. Camp C-5 was our staging area, a place of pyramidal tents, rickety bunks, and "lousy" food. For two days we waited there, sweating out our trip to the Continent. What would it be like? Would it be foxholes and mud and filth and danger, or would the 7th receive another good break? How would the 7th function now that we were to be put to the acid test? This WAS it—and only the future could provide the answers to the questions we had in our hearts.



Last goodbyes were said

France

At six o'clock on the morning of the 11th of August, 1944, we were so sweetly and rudely awakened from our slumber in the "idyllic" confines of Camp C-5, Eastleigh, England, by the cries of First Sergeant Schwarz and several other sleepy Paul Reveres. "Get ready to shove off in ten minutes, men!" were the electrifying words. Soooooo—after a gulped breakfast we took our places in formation and waited—and waited—and waited.

To men of action like the members of the 7th, waiting became boring, and when the order came at 1600, several were literally caught with their pants down—in the latrine. After much ado about nothing, we finally climbed into trucks and, feeling somewhat like conquering heroes, sped to the docks at Southampton. At 1745 hours, having located the right ship, HMS Empire Gauntlet, we turned our backs to England and once again headed into the unknown future. In keeping with the well established traditions of the 7th, rumors began to circulate, foraging parties went below deck in search of food, the clicking of dice began, and wistful reminiscing of the good old days in Knowle was heard.

The trip across the channel was calm and uneventful. Our ship anchored off Utah Beach, Normandy, in the early evening of August 12th. Upon seeing landing barges approach the ship we knew that we were to disembark via those little rope ladders that hung down from the side. It looked like a long drop from our deck to the gunwales of the barges, and recollection of our extensive (?) training in rope ladder climbing at Camp Kilmer ran through our heads. However, descent was made without a casualty except for the duffle bags which were so gently but firmly heaved over the sides. Some of the cooks, like Heflin and Rogowski, however, had the admirable foresight to stuff their bags mainly with canned goods.

Debarkation was a slow process, and for it our outfit was split in two groups. The first group, led by Lieutenants Daft, Liebling, and Feinberg, trudged manfully through sand, partially de-mined fields, and past scenes of desolation, to reach

our assigned area, a field near St. Germaine de Varreville. Whoops and hollers were heard upon our catching sight of the vehicles and men of the advance party, who regarded themselves as veterans, having arrived the day before. The second group was not so fortunate—in fact they were not fortunate at all. Their itinerary was practically the same as that of the first section, but they apparently had more of the wanderlust in them. Leaving the beach as dusk was falling, and with a general idea of the route to take, they soon found themselves in utter darkness and completely lost. But by the grace of God they finally stumbled into our area at two-thirty in the morning. That is, all except Silva, who fell asleep during a break in the march and awoke to find himself all alone in this foreign land. Disaster was averted when Manny made contact the following morning. Here we set up a camp of pup tents, improvised sleeping bags, and slit trenches—enjoying all this and K-rations, too. Three days passed. On the fourth day we received the order to proceed farther up, and though we knew that the front was not too far ahead we felt like seasoned troops and took the move in stride.

Rolling along the country-side in our own unit transportation, we saw more of war—Charenton and Avranches were still smoldering as we passed through. It was a thrill to hear the cheers expressing the joy that only a liberated people can feel. We arrived in the early evening at our next bivouac area near Le Huliére—a field much like the previous one and liberally fertilized by grazing cows. (German, no doubt.)

Since this field was adjacent to the Red Ball Highway, the main supply artery, there was a possibility of attack by air. We were ordered to pitch our tents along hedgerows and under trees, and to otherwise camouflage our tents as well as possible. We were glad that we had done so, for during our first night there we were awakened by ack-ack fire in the distance. Although we did not know how long we were to remain at our present spot, we determined to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Having gypsied through Normandy we were

now grimy and unkept almost beyond recognition—typical Mauldin characters. Auger found a nearby stream and set up his field sterilizer with showers—boy, that hot water chasing the dirt away gave us a new lease on life! At Le Huliére, too, our first relief from “Ks” and “Cs” came when Lieutenant Specca proudly issued ten-in-one rations for distribution. For equal division of the rations we were broken down into groups, and the cooks were the most popular men in the outfit.

Two days later, the American armies having gained fresh territory, we shouldered our packs once again and headed deeper into France with our vehicles. An all day ride through pleasant countryside and shattered villages brought us finally to Le Mans, the first living French metropolis we had seen. Waving and shouting “Hello, Bebe” at the mademoiselles, we wheeled our way through the winding streets and continued on until we reached our destination a short distance past the city limits. It was a peaceful, grassy apple orchard.

This was to be our home for the present—a “present” that was to stretch into two comparatively happy weeks. The apple orchard soon lost some of its characteristics: under the leadership of Stuhr and his group of eager beavers, Stockton, Dial, Deistchle, Stoner and the rest, pyramids soon sprouted beneath the spreading branches. After pup tents, our new homes seemed like mansions or, more appropriately, chateaux. To add to our comforts, cots were issued from unit stocks. What luxury! Then, once again, the dreaded words “Unit Training” disturbed our peace of mind. Under the trees on the hillside we had informal classes on French and religion—timely topics at the moment. Volley ball and touch football helped while away the time, too. Several trips were made to a nearby river, where we indulged in the pleasures of swimming and bathing; however, much as we hoped, passes were not issued to nearby Le Mans. The mess personnel compensated in some measure for that disappointment by bartering with nearby farmers for fresh food. Fresh eggs, potatoes, all sorts of fresh vegetables and meat tasted like manna from heaven. The mess hall was really “on the ball”—the results of their bartering saved our poor stomachs from assuming the size, shape, and hardness of a tin can. And we could now laugh at jokes like “Why ruin your



stomachs with substitute products—ruin them with genuine ‘K’ rations.”

Meandering through France as we had been doing, everyone gave up the idea of receiving mail. Here at Le Mans our hopes were renewed—our faithful mail man, Busch, would not let us down. But poor Sam lost a contest to a horse that didn’t compris “whoa”. Sam fractured his ankle when the animal rolled over him, and the 7th found itself without a mail man. Donald B. Davis, Pop Johnson, Dayton, Bundlie, Kaminski, and the other boys helping out at the Le Mans APO stepped into the breach, however, and in a week our mail began rolling in. Who can forget that first mail call? Hellmuth couldn’t, for he received over a hundred letters, and all of us were busy reading mail from home for the next two days.

The novelty of the apple orchard wore off in a short time, and speculation began to circulate through the unit in keeping with our traditions. What was the Army going to do with us? Why were we in France? During this period of uncertainty, things looked pretty black for the future of the 7th, and when fifty of us were hauled away in trucks to work with



a medical supply depot in Chartres, the more faint-hearted though it was the end of the unit. We all knew in our hearts that we were a good organization and wanted an opportunity to prove it.

Of the adventurers who traveled to Chartres, plenty can be said. Who, of that hardy group, will ever forget the wild ride that first night? Chartres was right up at the front according to "Stars and Stripes"—a battle had been fought there the day before. This was adventure with a capital "A". The trip was made at night, and as we proceeded, we could see continuous flashes of gun fire in the distance. At one point, while caught in the middle of an ammo convoy, we halted with lights out while the drone of planes sounded overhead. They might have been ours, but no one was taking any chances. Jammed into "six by sixes" like sardines in a can, and denied even the luxury of a smoke, the night dragged on and we rolled forward. About midnight we began to notice that we were passing the same place more than once. Good God!!—lost!—And where was the front, anyway? For all we knew (and for all Lieutenant Golden, in charge, knew, too) we may have been in enemy territory. At two A. M. the drivers began falling asleep at the wheels, and so we stopped next to a field of stubble, dragged our blankets from our packs, and tumbled to the ground like dead men. The Chartres men, tired as they were, will not forget the added touch at that moment—Lieutenant Golden tucking blankets around the men out in that open field before going to sleep himself.

At 0700 we awoke, took stock of the situation, and found that by some miracle the site of the proposed medical depot was only half a mile farther down the road! The depot boys were there ahead of us, but the supplies had not yet begun to roll in. Pairing off, we pitched our pup tents in company streets along the road, and settled down to wait for the work to come to us. That is, we all pitched tents except Sir Melville Reid and Wilson (The Duck) Young, who wanted to be different. They dug a foxhole! That first night, however, the rains came, and when Mel and The Duck awoke in the morning with a foxhole full of water, they changed their minds about the merits of the plan.

Two days later the convoys began to arrive, and we went to work. Sometimes they seemed never ending, and we slaved

until late into the night piling box upon box. At other times, when there was a break, we would wander around collecting souvenirs of battle, go swimming in a nearby river, and just loaf. We made a few trips into the ancient city of Chartres, famed for its magnificent cathedral towering over the town, as well. Remember the time when Dial was in charge of a party going to town—and how everyone returned except old Bud? And Comfort The Nose will never forget the shock of seeing Notto juggling a couple of grenades! Swimming nude in the stream was quite an experience, too—and the passing mademoiselles didn't seem to mind it a bit. Those, however, were interludes. In the main, hard work was the order of the day, and the depot began to stretch as far as the eye could see. We became justly proud of our labors, and a great deal of credit can be given to Pestow, our "labor foreman", and to Lieutenant Golden. The depot boys were there, of course, but we felt that the members of the 7th assumed the real burden of setting up this depot—the closest medical supply depot to the front lines in the ETO.

Toward the last of our stay at Chartres, Irving Smith and D. B. Davis came visiting with a jeep full of mail, and from them we learned that the apple orchard had been left behind and that the rest of the 7th was now bivouacked on the outskirts of a town called Etampes, about 30 miles from the magic city of Paris. Cut off as we had been from all news, it was a great surprise to learn that Paris had fallen and that the allied armies were sweeping through France at breakneck speed. Our joy was doubled when we were told that Colonel Wilson had found a place to set up our hospital in the city of Etampes, itself. It meant that we were to stick together after all!

The bivouac site outside Etampes was a wheat field. The same old formula was followed: we pitched a company street of pyramidal tents flanked by Headquarters and Dispensary tents, set up a field kitchen, dug latrines, and policed the area. Showers were put up by Auger as an added convenience. How long we were to stay in the wheat field no one knew, but it wasn't long before we made preparations to move into Etampes where, we had heard, buildings were waiting for us. We arrived in Etampes on the morning of the sixth of September, 1944. This was what we had been waiting for. The



7th was about to begin its mission—was about to prove the worth and practicality of a convalescent hospital.

Etampes was a quaint, old, typically French town: a town with narrow, winding, cobble streets, closely overhung by tall, narrow, old-world homes. The homes, with shuttered windows, grilled doorways, and high-walled gardens, gave the town a somewhat feudal aspect. Our buildings were situated on the edge of town. During the occupancy of France they had been Luftwaffe Headquarters for western Europe. There were eleven buildings in all. On one side of a sycamore shaded boulevard sprawled six one-story barrack type buildings connected by cross corridors. Directly opposite, on the other side of the boulevard, was a high wall behind which nestled an L-shaped barracks, a small stone dwelling and a tall, old French apartment house. Farther down the boulevard stood a U-shaped barracks, and beyond, surrounded by its spacious grounds, rose an austere chateau.

Upon arriving in Etampes we stopped before the U-shaped building. Supplies were unloaded and we took possession—that is, everyone grabbed a cot and bolted for a room. When the engineers, who had been occupying the other buildings after the liberation of Etampes, moved out, permanent rooms were assigned and we were ready to get down to work. It was at that time that the epic words of our brilliant First Sergeant, Schwarz, were shouted: "Men, you are going to live like you've never lived before." After surveying the mess left behind by the engineers, we were inclined to agree with him!

Colonel Wilson and Colonel Boyd began formulating plans, and when the men from Chartres rejoined the next day things began to pop. Auger surveyed the wiring; Anderson installed light bulbs

and became a window glazier pro tem; Dial, Stockton, Red Johnson, Eason and their crews moved countless desks and other items of furniture; Stassi checked the telephone wiring; and Espinosa painted signs furiously. Each building was cleaned and fumigated from top to bottom. No one knew when the first load of convalescents and patients would be dumped in our laps, but we had to be ready for them.

To clean our buildings was one matter—to equip them was another. We needed beds, mattresses had to be procured, our field medical and dental equipment was hardly adequate—hell, we needed everything! Here the self-sufficiency of the 7th was demonstrated. Sticky-fingered scouts were sent out on reconnaissance; materials of all sorts were "procured"; and at Choissy-le-Roi we found a German warehouse crammed with everything from steel girders to wine glasses. For days our vehicles shuttled back and forth loading and unloading hundreds of beds, mattresses, lamps, easy chairs, dishes, and other equipment that we would need. From a medical depot in Etampes came the medical, surgical, and dental supplies and appliances to supplement our T/E. There was a huge coal pile near Etampes. It was ours if we took it—and we did. The equipment we had amassed had to be converted to our particular use: beds had to be painted; mattresses had to be fitted; rooms, wards, and departments had to be furnished. We were everything from coal haulers to interior decorators during those hectic days. Stassi drove everyone to distraction tapping wires and testing telephones, while Blevens clanked industriously on leaky water pipes.

A hospital was swiftly taking shape under our hands. The mission of the 7th Convalescent Hospital was to care for 2,000 convalescent patients and, in addition, provide station hospital facilities for the 19th Reinforcement Depot and other





nearby units. It was decided by Colonel Wilson and his staff that the hospital be divided into a Clinical Section and a Convalescent Section. The U-shaped building became the Clinical Section composed of a dispensary, EENT Clinic, Surgery, Medical Section, Dental Clinic, X-Ray Department, Orthopedic and Physiotherapy Departments, Medical Supply, a mess hall, and bed space for 175 patients—a complete station hospital. Our Convalescent Section was established in the six connected barracks. Four companies, A, B, C, and D, comprised the section, each company consisting of a headquarters, company supply room, a day room, and patient rooms. Lieutenant Golden and Worby, Lieutenant Nelson and Dial, Lieutenant Specca and Chidester, and Lieutenant Liebling and Chism were given the task of setting up these respective companies. They looked for desks, made sure that rooms were properly equipped, scrounged for day room equipment, and in general established their organizational procedure almost single handed. "Details—Give us details!" they cried. But the "details" were all working on the new convalescent kitchen.



We had bed space for 2,000 convalescents, but where and how were we going to feed them? There was no kitchen or mess hall space to be found in the Convalescent Section. This problem would have been insoluble to any unit but the 7th. What did we do? We built a kitchen! On 4 October, 1944, with only rough sketches and estimates to guide us, we began to dig and pour the concrete in an area between two of the barracks. The kitchen was our baby, and as the building progressed enthusiasm mounted. Everyone wanted to help in any way he could. To name a few: Lauback, Vest, Dial, Bates and McAlexander mixed cement and smoothed it into a floor; Housley, Benjamin, Pop Cooper, and Rowboat Robison hammered and sawed industriously; and Probst, Behne, Woodruff, Coker, Stevens, and Dente clambered about putting the roof and walls together. By the 27th of October our kitchen was complete to the last detail. With all of us busy handling the influx of patients, a company of engineers then was procured to construct an adjoining mess hall—and until this was completed on the 18th of November, makeshift dining facilities were set up in the halls of the barracks for our convalescents.



Patients!! Our own D-Day was the 21st of October, 1944, zero hour 1600. 355 patients piled in from various general hospitals in the Paris area with little advance warning. What a hectic afternoon that was! With a maximum of confusion they were all finally registered and assigned rooms, and the 7th was in operation at last. Day by day our patient strength grew. Two hundred came in one day, three hundred the next—and within a few days, with everything running smoothly, we felt like old hands at the game.

Our patients should properly be called "convalescents." The 7th was the final hospital to admit them before hitting the "Repple Depples" and the front again, and consequently they were all ambulatory—and restless. Captain Hasty, the Chief of Convalescent Sections, had instituted a classification system whereby all convalescent patients, immediately upon arrival at the hospital, were classified in one of four categories, A, B, C, or D, depending on their physical and mental fitness. Class "A" men were those physically and mentally ready for duty. Training and reconditioning programs were established for each category: Class "D" attended classes, did craft work in the ARC rooms, took mild exercise, had physio-therapy treatments, and in general were reconditioned toward the next higher class. Class "A" men ran the obstacle course which they built themselves, took calisthenics, went for long marches, and worked themselves into peak condition. However, our hospital was new, and after the first patients arrived, we saw many rough edges that had to be polished off. Many patients had to be put on detail, and it was gratifying to see the enthusiasm and spirit with which they worked. We had volunteers by the score for almost every job that had to be done. KP had to be pulled, and they pulled it. They built the PX, and they fixed up their day rooms. Floors were cleaned daily, windows were washed, and some of the patients asked for, and received, permanent details in the various departments and company offices. Because the patients were given the opportunity to help in any way they could, they came to look upon the 7th as a home. Good food (the best in the ETO), good quarters, pleasant companionship, and a friendly and congenial atmosphere—everything they had lacked at the

front—made them hate like the devil to leave. We, on our part, were just as sorry to see them go. The cycle made its rounds—patients came, were reconditioned, and departed; and the opinion that the 7th was the best hospital they had ever been in was almost unanimous.

All this time the Clinical Section was functioning quietly and efficiently as a 175 bed station hospital. Captain Levine's Dispensary examined all cases coming into this section and had a tremendous out-patient clientele averaging about a hundred a day. (Of course, the "Pro Station" did a rushing business at times, too). Cases to be hospitalized were sent to the appropriate departments for complete diagnoses and treatment. Patients requiring dental surgery or prosthetics went to our well-equipped and modern Dental Clinic. Surgery and Orthopedics were kept busy, and naso-pharyngitis got a big play in the Medical Section. Cases from all departments ran X-Ray and the Laboratory ragged, while the EENT Clinic looked up nostrils and down throats day after day. Painted gleamingly white, the Clinical Building soon assumed the atmosphere (and aroma) of a model station hospital—and we were all proud of it.

During December and January of 1945, the "PT Boys" arrived in the organization: Lieutenants Osman, Block, Thornburg, and Gill, as well as Averett, Tripp, Goldsmith, Roy, Kervick, Malgieri, Paris, Trusty, Sebastian, Stallings, Maisenholder, Castellano, Crawford, and Klein—and the Convalescent Section underwent a few changes. The Detachment of Patients was becoming too large and unwieldy for four companies to handle, so four more companies were added to take care of them. These were broken down into two battalions, under Lieutenants Gill and Thornburg, and a training regiment, with Lieutenant Osman the impresario in charge of the works. Eason, Red Johnson, Reid, and Willie Clulee were thrown into the fray as additional section leaders and company first sergeants. And we can't forget Maestro Bernstein as the Regimental Sergeant Major de luxe! Hartung was given the job of being first sergeant in the officer patient company, a task calling for plenty of tact and diplomacy, and burned the midnight oil studying "How to Win Friends and Influence People." The reorganization was complete. It was then that we all began to

see stripes before our eyes and the 7th got a reputation as the outfit of first sergeants. Going on the assumption that the patients could be better controlled by a display of rank, all the section leaders were issued brand new shining first sergeant stripes and went around looking like zebras for the duration of our stay in Etampes. By this time everything was running smoothly and efficiently, and the rehabilitation of our convalescents was greatly facilitated with the increased emphasis put on physical fitness by the hard working PT men.

The 7th was making a name for itself—was carving its niche—and up to this point the achievements of the 7th Convalescent Hospital were the achievements of our commanding officer, Colonel Wilson. Admired and revered by all, he was the Rock of Gibraltar as far as the 7th was concerned. The Colonel's humor and humanness, his "know how," and his pull were by-words with us all—and there wasn't a man who wouldn't have gone through hell for him. On the 6th of February, 1945, the blow fell. It swept through the unit like wildfire—"The Colonel had a heart attack"—"The Colonel was taken to Paris in the ambulance this morning"—"It looks bad. God, what will we do now!" Yes, it was a terrific blow to all of us, and we all felt the loss keenly. However, Lieutenant Colonel Boyd, our able Executive Officer since the apple orchard days, took over command—and in his firm hands the 7th continued on in stride.

February was a fateful month for the unit. Not only did we lose Colonel Wilson, but Leo Schwarz, our first sergeant, left on February 23rd to accept a direct commission. It was a good break for Leo, but in his departure the enlisted men of the unit lost their best friend—a funny thing to say about a first sergeant, but the truth.

How was the 7th living during this period of operation? For living quarters we had Building 2 (the non-com barracks), Buildings 2A, 31, 10, and 12—all apartment houses converted to our uses; while the officers were cozily settled in the Chateau and Chateau Garage. Never men to scorn the comforts of life, we all scurried around like ants finding easy chairs, rugs, paintings, and comfortable mattresses for our rooms. Comfortable and inviting day rooms were furnished as

well. This was the life, and to make it even more enjoyable a Detachment Mess was installed in an annex to Building 31—a cheerful, clubby room presided over by none other than genial Joe Pusateri. Later on, in preparation for, and because of, some GI inspections by the 815th Hospital Center, much of the furniture and luxury left the rooms of the men, but it really did not matter much at that stage of the game as we all knew our mission was near completion in Etampes.

Our job called for a great deal of hard work, but the 7th liked to play, too; and our leisure time was well spent. Special Service requisitioned the Etampes Municipal Theater, a high balconied old opera house, and began showing pictures twice weekly for the patients and for us. Going to the show was always an uncertain thing—we never knew when Johnny would put his foot in the machine or a bulb would burn out. If a good picture was showing, we could always count on at least two breakdowns—but seriously, going to the movies was a grand way to relax after knocking ourselves out in the ward or the company all day. In addition to movies, Lieutenant Daft and Company prevailed on a great many entertainment units to visit the 7th, ranging from French USO Shows (an accordionist without fail!) to Glenn Miller's band. An old barn-like structure next to the theater was procured and made into a gymnasium; and the Stadium on the edge of town was made into an athletic field, chiefly through the efforts of Chism and Cosmos. The Stadium wasn't nearly as imposing as the name indicates, being merely a large field surrounded by a race track, but the athletes of the outfit had a lot of fun out of it before we left Etampes.

We cannot fail to mention those Friday night dances of ours. Madame Rousselle, the French interpreter, lined up as many beauteous females as she possibly could for the first dance—and after that the weekly affair was an assured success. Tannerie Hall was secured, decorating and furnishing was taken care of by the carpenters, by Schwarz, Michalek, D. B. Davis and a few of the other boys, our own smooth orchestra was given a "long term contract", and the cooks contributed lunches for the hungry dancers. In addition to the fun they furnished, these dances served to introduce Etampes to the 7th and vice versa—and many of the men, thereafter, didn't have to worry about how they were going to spend the



our library and magazines were plentiful—and most evenings the poker fiends would gather for a "meeting of the sewing circle" in the day rooms. Smitty, Coker, Harris, and Heilbrunn established our Coke Bar, as well—and relaxing with a fountain coke or chocolate parfait made us feel almost like civilians again for awhile. The local and Parisian bistros did a fairly rushing business from the 7th Convalescent Hospital trade, too. Yes, we played hard, just as we worked hard, in Etampes. And although our mission was an unqualified success, never let it be said that we didn't enjoy our interlude in France.

Winter swiftly passed into spring, and March and April can chiefly be remembered as the months of impending doom. Infantry conversion was in vogue at that time, and the threat of the repple depples hung over our heads like the sword of Damocles. A few of the gang were plucked from our midst—Skvarek, Hernandez, Lauback, Yelton, Savino, Gutierrez, and Namestnik to name some of them—before the danger was past. During March, however, it became an open secret that the job of the 7th was about finished in Etampes and that we were to move on to new fields and a new

evenings. Of course, the officers had their weekly dances (sometimes indelicately referred to as "rat races") at the Chateau, too—and needless to say, some beautiful friendships were formed.

Passes to Paris—what memories those words recall. Perfume counters on the Rue de la Paix, the Champs Elyses, beautiful women, billowing skirts flying along on bicycles, the Eiffel Tower and Notre Dame, Pigalle and Montmartre—all bring back remembrances of one sort or another. It was heaven to get away for a day and enjoy Paris in the spring, and even the confusion of the Metros and the snail-like pace of the train back to Etampes couldn't detract from the enjoyment of our passes. The members of the 7th were frequent visitors at the famed Folies Bergere, too, with special parties being arranged by Special Service. Captain Hofrichter and "Rigor" Mordus were observed one memorable evening in the front row—tsk, tsk!!

For the stay-at-homes, books from





mission. While we were discharging patients to duty, no new ones were arriving, and on the 31st of March, 1945, the Convalescent Section ceased operations. As if that hint wasn't broad enough, the 302nd Station Hospital moved in on us

and took over the Convalescent Section buildings. Soon thereafter the Clinical Section went out of business.

Masters of the art of rumor-mongering, the members of the 7th were having a field day speculating on where we were to go, until the advance party left on April 18th—and then we knew. Cologne, the city pounded into oblivion by the Air Force and the First Army, was to be our home. What would it be like, we wondered—what would Germany be like? Again the old refrain of 'this is it' ran through the organization—again the tearful good-byes at the railroad station—again the feeling that we were leaving a "second home." Nevertheless, when we left Etampes in battered old "40 and 8s" on the 21st of April, our morale (as the unit diary puts it) was excellent. The 7th was a swell unit, and once more we were heading for a new land, new experiences, and new adventure.



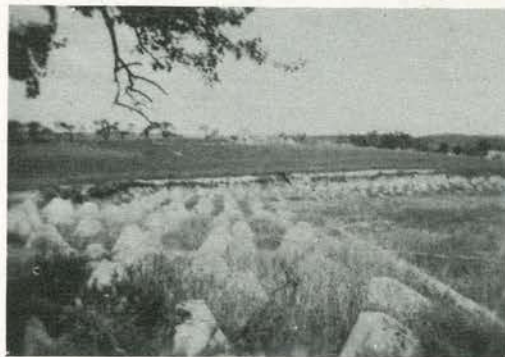
Unit Diary: "Morale of troops excellent"

Germany And After

There is always something sad in the ending of a chapter, particularly in the ending of the pleasant one we spent in Etampes. We knew that a chapter was ending quite a few days before we had the official announcement. There were indications of a move all around us: the Supply Department was packing and crating; the colonel had been away on a reconnaissance; the 302nd Station Hospital had arrived to assume occupancy; the gymnasium was bulging with stored equipment; and we were handling 3,000 cots and moving 500 pyramidal tents with their myriads of pins and poles. Yes, this time the third bowl had it straight that we were bound for Germany.

The element of surprise was definitely gone when Lieutenant Golden and a hand-picked crew of Utilities men, Supply men, and drivers left in the early morning hours of the 18th of April, 1945. This was our advance party and it was on its way to our next destination. Where were we going? From the rumors we had our choice: Essen, Munich, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Spa, or Aachen.

For those of us left behind it was equipment moving time again. The trucks were there and the train was on the siding. "Chism and six men go to the train"—"Worby and six men move the tents"—"Ten men for the gym"—"Six men for the stoves"—"Lester, where are the trucks?"—"Wolff, get the box numbers"—"Bless the Red Cross!!"—"Why is this going?"—"Never saw so much stuff!"—"Careful of



that box, there is glassware in it"—"Hey, don't bounce that box of drugs!"

The 7th was moving again and everyone was working together. Once more that familiar line of box cars was before our eyes. After all equipment was on the train we threw on the duffle bags and flung eleven cots, one for each man, in every box car. We posted a guard around the train, and spent our last night in Etampes on the 20th of April.

The next morning at 0700 hours, our vehicles, crammed with more equipment and a few men, bade adieu to Etampes. And as the main body of us left, all Etampes lined up to wave "au revoir" or "bonne chance" to their American friends.

We had heard much of the famous "40 and 8s" of the last war—and we were in them! They were simply and crudely built box cars, so called during the last war because they either carried forty soldiers or eight horses and were inscribed on both sides in French "Hommes 40—Chevaux (en long) 8". But ours was a modern war, and consequently we were only eleven to the car.

The trip was uneventful but amusing and full of the 7th's spirit. Each car was reminiscent of a pantry full of children in search of the cookie jar. One would have thought that we were to stay on the train for about a year the way we installed ourselves. The cots were set up in the cars to our liking and made up with our shelter halves, and blankets. Some, like D. B. Davis and Cosmos, even used sheets and pajamas! For eating our "K"





and "C" rations we picked up cans, sheets of metal, and pieces of wood during our many halts and made stoves in the cars. When we were not lying on our cots or preparing our cuisine, we watched the passing scenery of destruction and devastation and kept an eagle eye on watch for sight of the first Heinie.

After having traveled one whole day and night, we arrived in Buir, about twenty-five miles from Cologne. Something had gone wrong: the RTO had not been notified of our scheduled trip and in the course of this forgetfulness we were on a track which we were not supposed to take. At Buir Captain Maury investigated the situation, found out just where we were, and made arrangements to have a quartermaster company come to our train with their trucks so that we could detrain, equipment and all. While waiting for the truck company to come, we carried on with our usual habits of roaming and eating. To cook our food was easier now for we could build fires on the siding, using a nearby fence as a source of wood. As for roaming there was a tulip field a few yards away from where we were, and many of us went to pick them and at the same time get a general idea of what the "fatherland" looked like. It didn't look like much—we saw a few bare, battered houses, once in a while a civilian or two, and GIs everywhere. We

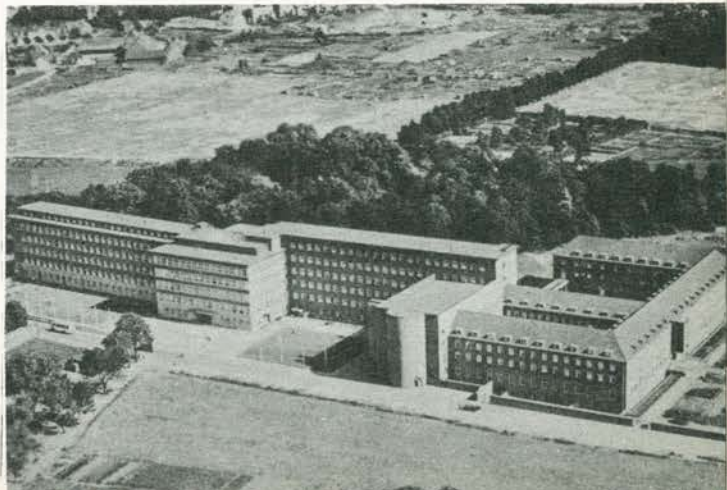
saw later on that everywhere Germany was much the same as our first glimpse.

We were all set to spend the night on the siding when thirty quartermaster trucks finally arrived. We began our routine of heave-ho and loaded the trucks with our equipment in a couple of hours. Having found that there were not enough trucks to take our equipment at one time, we had to leave behind a detail of about fourteen men to guard the remaining paraphernalia and await the return of trucks the next morning.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to leave that night were awe stricken upon seeing the St. Elizabeth Krankenhaus, which was to be our next home. It was a huge, brick hospital building extending the length of a city block and rising five stories in the air. It had been slightly bombed, and this together with its size gave us cognizance of the fact that much work lay ahead—we knew work when we saw it. Once we reached the hospital, we greeted the advance party and the convoy and began to unload the equipment from the trucks.

We saw the Cologne Cathedral in the distance towering over crumbled homes and structures that extended as far as our eyes could see. Here and there were bomb craters, pock marks of the disease we call war. But our main interest lay in the hospital. Running like mad putting equipment where we thought it would be best for the night, we saw that the hospital had many conveniences. The bath tubs held our interest the longest, and we sighed in hopes of finishing our job of unloading early enough to bathe before hitting the "sack"—some of us did, too.

The trip and all the rumors that went before it were now far behind, and we doggedly settled down to business. There was no more speculation—no more doodling—there was a mission to be performed again, and as always, the work was done on the double.





The St. Elizabeth was to be turned into a combination station hospital and displaced personnel clinical center. But before our hospital could operate we had to make repairs, repairs, and more repairs. For a few days we could not do much in that line, for when we arrived there was an airborne division's medical company occupying a good part of the building, and we had to await their departure. It was not long before they left, and we began to work like industrious ants returned to reconstruct an upset hill. Most of the window panes were gone, and it was our task to repair every window. We also had to build shelves, renovate the wiring system, clear the rooms of bomb debris, and move countless numbers of beds. In addition to our beaver-working, everywhere there were the gentle Catholic nuns who were working constantly.

Even before all preparations were complete our lobby suddenly became filled with strange sights. DPs, RAMPs, and GIs poured in like water seeking its level. Ambulances drove up to the front

door by the dozens—we were receiving patients by the score, and the Registrar's Office worked day and night. Yes, there were many strange sights. Pestow made





a vain effort to explain to a Russian girl, in German, that she had to have her baby upstairs in Surgery and not in the hall. Ault, Kalberer, Superfine, and Stein ran around with face masks treating new and strange diseases. All the technicians wore white gowns as isolation technique became necessary for the tuberculosis and typhus cases. Wards were opened quickly and soon became filled to capacity, and in no time at all we were operating as efficiently as if we had been there for years.

However, we soon found that in spite of its large bed capacity, the Krankenhaus would not hold all the patients who kept pouring in. To remedy this situation we became the proud parent of the 64th Field Hospital which worked with us on a 750 bed tent annex installed in the newly requisitioned Cologne Sports Platz. To set up the annex a lot of planning was involved. Captain Maury and his crew, men like Stallings, Paris, Trusty, Stuhr, Prete, and Mariani, became city planners, setting up street after street of pyramidal tents. Latrines were built, wash stands set up, roads laid, wires strung, telephones installed, and kitchens made. When the DPs came rolling in by the hundreds our Tent City was ready for them, and we made our routines quickly.

A big event came on the last day of May—the General of the Fifteenth U. S. Army with his staff and the subcommit-

tee of the Senate Military Affairs Committee came to visit our hospital. The hospital revealed itself for them in full splendor. We had been notified of this visit the night before, and we made sure that the next day would find the hospital and the annex as clean and gleaming as it could possibly be. When they arrived we had two guards, Averett and Goldsmith, standing on either side of the main entrance, resplendent in white gloves and white helmets. At the main entrance and throughout the entire hospital they found cleanliness and orderliness. We were commended by them on our well handled job of converting the building to Army use and on our skill at handling the many peoples who had looked to us for aid.

This big event overshadowed a few small events which were to add up to another change. English officers had been paying calls on the colonel, discussing the condition of the buildings and the capacity of them. They were on reconnaissance prior to their occupation of our hospital. We had known that the Cologne area was to be the zone of occupation for the British, and we suspected that some day in the near future we would have to leave for greener pastures—with tents in them!

Therefore, after having spent about two months at St. Elizabeth we joined the 64th Field Hospital in Tent City on June 18th, 1945, and transferred all our DP and RAMP patients to the British medical unit taking our place. We had been told via TWX from Fifteenth Army Headquarters to continue in operation, however, and so we took the GI patients, the few there were, with us into the field. With such few patients to care for we now had more time to think of demobilization and redeployment—and now that V-E Day had arrived those thoughts were paramount. Just where would we go from here and how soon would the other eighty-five pointers be on their way like Stockton? Everyone thought that Stockton was the luckiest fellow ever, for he was the first one of us to be sent home for discharge.





Amidst all the scouting for the truth among the rumors we heard on demobilization and redeployment, some of us did scouting a little more on the material side. While we were at the Krankenhaus some of us, like Gibson, Montgomery, and Patterson, managed to secure motor cycles, but after moving to the field, it seemed as if a motion had been passed to make the 7th a motorized hospital. We had more cycles than an MP outfit! Other things were collected as well: cameras, watches, field glasses—and frauleins. All in all, our brief stay in the field was a pleasant one. For most of the men it was a vacation from their arduous labors, and it was a period of swimming, sun bathing, playing tennis and softball, and relaxing in the "sack." We found it not at all unpleasant to live in pyramidals during summer weather. It was during this time, too, that we began to lose our eighty-five pointers. Men like Pestow, Kaminski, Averett, Tripp, Roy, and Paris followed Stockton on the long trip home. In their place we received several replacements—and it was only the beginning of the changes that were destined to almost make over the personnel of the 7th in the next few months prior to the unit's sailing for home.

We knew that we were not destined to remain long in the idyllic confines of the Sports Platz, and one fine day the word was received—Marseille! So that was our next move! In addition we heard that we were to go back to work again—operate some sort of installation down there until it became our turn to return to the United States. It didn't sound too bad, and most of us were satisfied that it was a good move to make.

Packing and loading unit equipment was easy this time—we had all the help we needed from a nearby Displaced Person's camp. On the 9th of July the advance party started out on the long jour-

ney, and two days later the remainder of us piled into the now familiar "40 and 8s," or lined up with the motor convoy, and headed for the sunny south and the blue Mediterranean.

The convoy burned up the roads to Marseille, arriving on the 14th of July after bivouacing at Dijon and Montelimar on the way. It was a hard, gruelling trip. Those of us riding the "40 and 8s," however, found the trip not at all hard to take. Perhaps we were used to the box cars by this time—at any rate, we relaxed and watched the scenery in comparative comfort. Following the Rhine down to Coblenz was an exceptionally beautiful ride: the broad, placid river, high bluffs and green hills surmounted by story-book castles and towers, and picturesque villages nestling in the valleys. There was one bad moment shortly before the end of our journey. Crossing the flat, dusty plains before Marseille we saw a huge, tented camp stretching as far as the eye could see and half obscured in a haze of dust. The train groaned, appeared to be grinding to a halt, and we held our breaths. Was this to be our new home? No, thank God—the engine picked up speed and the danger was past.

At midnight on the 14th of July the train pulled into St. Louis Station, Marseille, and the next morning the various sections of the 7th were reunited in our new home.

The luck of the 7th still held. Our new home was, of all things, the Nurses' Staging Area on the outskirts of Marseille—our job, that of running the staging area! What could be sweeter! It was like a self-contained village—a chapel, a theater, a swimming pool, a multitude of French two story buildings and cantonment type barracks, and nearly two thou-





sand genuine American nurses! Yes, it looked idyllic, but there was a big job ahead for us. We had had no previous experience at this sort of work and were faced with the task of jumping right into the middle of things, taking the job over immediately from the 235th General Hospital. It was largely a job of housing, feeding, and administration, although the Dispensary, Laboratory, and Dental Clinic were set up again. Life was far from placid, especially to the harried office staff; mass transfers in and out and the many feminine whims of the stagees complicated the proceedings considerably.

Living conditions were as good as we could wish. Unostentatious but comfortable rooms, our enlisted men's bar and officers' club, hot showers, the swimming pool, movies and variety shows nightly in the theater, and, for the first time since leaving the States, all the "coke" and ice cream we wanted combined to make our off duty hours a serviceman's dream. On Sundays there were excursions to the golden beach at La Ciotat, and there was always Marseille, itself. The city, however, with its dirt, filth, and smells didn't offer much inducement to the great majority of the 7th. At this time, too, long dreamed of furloughs and leaves began to come our way. England was host to Albrow, Carrico, Hartung, Roberts, S. J. Brown, Captain Maury, and others; Switzerland beckoned to Mordus, Michalek, Cosmos, and Captain Jones; Rome claimed Lombardo, English, Silva, and Prete; and dozens of the boys spent a week on the fabulous Riviera, while Bundlie left for a two months' course at Biarritz University shortly after V-J Day.

V-J Day!! Who will ever forget the joy, the relief, the thankfulness! Tension had been building up for over a week, and when we finally knew, at one A. M. on August 15th, 1945, that it was all over,

the nurses at the staging area released their pent up emotions in a riotous celebration. Our fire engines sounded their sirens, an impromptu show was given in the theater, and snake dances wound their joyous way through the area. Hardly a person slept that night—it was all over! The CBI no longer beckoned ominously, and everyone could look forward to the eventual return home.

It was shortly after the Day of Days that points were lowered, ASR Scores were recomputed, and men began leaving the outfit on the first leg of their journey home. As our friends, our comrades for over two tumultuous years, left and new faces began swarming in to take their place, the 7th began to seem like a different outfit. Majors Abbott, Hamlin, and Welte; Captain Hasty, Hirschfield, Keith, Maury, Gregory, Nelgner, Redmond, Rocco, Stewart, and Thomas; and Lieutenants Block, Daft, Feinberg, Gill, Golden, Lieblich, Nelson, Osman, Oswald, Specca, and Thornburg said their goodbyes.

Among the enlisted men Bagwell, Balesh, Baumgardner, Behne, Benjamin, Blevens, Caldwell, Califar, Castellano, Chidester, Chism, Coker, Coulthurst, D'Agostino, Dial, Domingue, Dufala, Eason, Gibson, Glazman, Goldsmith, Green, Grindle, Halker, Hand, Hartung, Heflin, Hendrickson, Housley, Howell, Hurd, Jackson, Harold Johnson, Lewis Johnson, Jurgites, Kalberer, Kalson. Ker-



vick, Langevin, Larson, Laux, Levin, Loader, Lombardo, Lowe, Maisenholder, Malgieri, Marko, McAlexander, Merritt, Meyers, Miller, Miner, Mondella, Nichol, Olson, Prefer, Probst, Pusateri, Ranghelli, Robison, Rogowski, Rudolph, Sanford, Schwartz, Sebastian, Shaw, Shelby, Simmons, Simpson, Skelton, Irving Smith, Sochan, Starzyk, Stassi, Stein, Stoner, Stringer, Stuhr, Trusty, Vallans, Vest, Wasson, Weissbein, Wilkerson, Worby, and Charles Young shouldered their duffle bags and headed for Calas.

The Nurses' Staging Area became a pool for both officers and nurses, and the poor staff became deluged under the mountainous administration, often work-

ing far into the night. As October waned and November rolled around, however, the Pool gradually emptied, and the unit tried to relax for the "sweating out period."

And so we leave the 7th—with its core of old timers and its many new members—as it impatiently waits for its December shipping date, the return to the United States, and early deactivation.

The 7th carried itself proudly through nearly two continuous years of foreign service.

It proved beyond the shadow of a doubt the worth of a convalescent hospital.

It was an outstanding organization.



Departments





CHAPLAIN: The Chaplain's is a task that touches most closely, perhaps, the intimate problems of troubled soldiers far from home. His is a job that requires sympathy, tact, and understanding—and not at all the cold, heartless doling out of TS slips which are so often facetiously and incorrectly connected with him. Before him pass the faces of countless men, some seeking advice for material problems, some seeking spiritual aid.

Faces turned up eagerly on the Lord's Day—quite a number of them when we function with some 1,000 to 1,500 patients, but rather few when the unit moves, bivouacs, or awaits orders—men hopefully looking not at the Chaplain, but to him for something from the God he endeavors to present and represent—then his usual, silent prayer, "Lord, help me to bring them hope, cheer, truth, Thyself, Thy Son, our Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ."

Faces turned up with their countless daily problems: "How can I get my mail?"—"My valuables were left with my unit when I was rushed to the hospital." Cigarettes, PX rations, writing materials, shoes—all problems, small in themselves, but important as the amenities of a war-time existence.

Faces turned up with burdens, appealing to the safe, sure, limitless source of all good. Our Creator has comfort, strength, help for all, help for every circumstance. "Will you help me locate my brother's burial place?"—"My father died; my mother's all alone. I must get

back. How can I get a discharge, a furlough?"—"How can I get in some branch of service more fitted to my abilities?"—"Chaplain, has the army anything for a man who can't read or write?"—"Chaplain, they think I'm gold-bricking, but honest to God, I just can't take any more"—"Chaplain, how can I get a divorce?"

Faces turned up, earnestly asking, "Pastor, our company lost a buddy. Will you conduct memorial services for us?" "Of course," and off he goes with Sochan and the field organ. "Yes, Captain, I shall be glad to read Scripture, pray with you before you perform the operation." And the reply, "Thank you, I shall be very grateful."

And thus the Chaplain moves through the lives of the men—never too busy to pause for a moment, never too pressed to listen, to advise, to help—always there—patiently, humbly waiting for the next face.

DETACHMENT: For the uninformed the Detachment comprises the Enlisted Men of the organization. Detachment Headquarters is the head office of the Detachment and the place where the disciplining, training, and welfare—i. e., passes, promotions, demotions, transfers, and complaints—are handled. In other words the Detachment Headquarters is the hub around which the Detachment moves.

The officer in charge is Lieutenant Oswald, Detachment Commander. Upon his shoulders rest the problems of the unit as concerns the EM. If the men don't eat well, he hears about it; if they don't get enough passes, he hears about it; if they have home problems, he hears about it. If he has his own problems, the Detachment Clerk hears about it.

To help the Detachment Commander



run his department, the T/O allows one first sergeant. He is the person men look up to when they want something, or look down at when they don't get it. He gets blamed for everything by the Detachment Commander, the men, and the Detachment Clerk—that is, if he doesn't blame it on the clerk first. In a medical installation like this everyone works in a different department when the hospital is in operation and is primarily responsible to his department head, making it difficult for a first sergeant with just the normal complement of arms, legs, and eyes to get around and see everything that goes on. His main job is to see that all the orders of the Detachment Commander and higher headquarters are carried out, that the men don't have too much to gripe about, and to act as a go-between for the men and the Detachment Commander.

To aid the Detachment Commander, first sergeant, and the men the T/O gives forth with a Detachment Clerk. His job is to carry out the orders of the Detachment Commander and the first sergeant and to handle all the clerical work to be done in the office. He is supposed to know all the latest rumors, who is going to get the passes, and why so and so didn't get his (they don't believe him, anyway).

So there you have your Detachment Headquarters—some say for better and most think for worse.

Tommy Stuhr held the first sergeantcy for several months. He was succeeded by Leo Schwarz (now a lieutenant), one of the most capable first sergeants in any organization. Other holders of the post have been Chester B. Tripp, Lou Mondella, and Herbert Gross. Hugh Patton held the job of Detachment Clerk between the terms of the usual incumbent, one, dismounted, Joseph Bernstein.

DISPENSARY: Once upon a time, behind the Detachment Headquarters in Knowle, England, there was a room. In this room originated an institution commonly known as a Dispensary but which later (as it grew) earned the distinct title of The Penicillin Club. Why it acquired this name will be told later. There was an expert medical technician named Rogers in charge plus two assistants, Don Ault and Robert Stein. These boys operated as a team in that small but cozy English midland town, working to cure and to aid the suffering—ahem! And when the time came for the team to break up because of the untimely illness of Rogers, it cut deeply into the medical strength of the



organization. When Rogers eventually left, it was up to Ault to take charge, which he did with ease.

D-Day, preparations, and rumors all pointed to an early trip to the Continent. Did this bother the boys from the Dispensary? No, this was just the beginning of the adventure. Etampes, a small, quiet French town about 44 kilometers from Paris, was the designated place of operations, and little did the Dispensary know that there was to be the largest reinforcement depot on the Continent just a mile away. From that depot came "beaucoup travail," and it did not take the staff long to realize this. Each day there was an average of 120 out-patients plus the miscellaneous cases of our French allies. One day, a cold, cold day, Captain Levine's staff handled 152 out-patients without blinking an eye. That was rough! Besides all these cases there was a "pro station" to operate. And now comes the explanation of how the Dispensary acquired its name of The Penicillin Club. There were, oh, such naughty, naughty girls in France—and it seemed that some soldiers learned this the hard way. It was our duty to cure these men by giving each one 100,000 units of penicillin by means of five shots at three hour intervals. The needle was inserted in either the left or right cheek, and we don't mean of his face.

Ault, Kalberer, Stein, and Starzyk did an excellent job during the stay in France. Then, with hasty but timely preparations, the big move began. On a sunny Saturday morning the "40 and 8s" left Etampes, destination, Cologne.

In Cologne everyone worked like the devil. The boys in the Dispensary had to

contend with taking care of GIs and Displaced Persons from various camps and centers and in addition help to improve the hospital area. When everything was set up their outlook was still dark because there were hundreds of DPs to be taken care of by the 7th, now designated unofficially as a station hospital, general hospital, and convalescent hospital rolled into one. There were cases of tuberculosis, typhus, typhoid, meningitis, diphtheria, and pregnancy (Captain Levine delivered over twenty babies). In fact there was every disease imaginable coming into our five story building. It was up to the staff of Captain Levine to initially examine these cases, as well as to handle the routine Dispensary cases.

MESS SECTION: The Mess Section was formed at Camp Ellis on July 15th, 1943, the same day the 7th itself was activated, under the supervision of Lieutenant Specca and Clyde Cooper. Our stay there consisted of training routine—training in unit operations and operating the department in such a manner as to guarantee the maximum possible efficiency. Kitchen work necessitates a shift of workers on duty at all times in order to produce three meals a day, seven days a week. To break the monotony of long hours on duty the men worked every other day. Our local unit training completed, we embarked on February 26th for England.

Only a few changes had been made in the mess personnel prior to this time. We lost a few cooks through illness at the time of our departure from the United States, Cooper was transferred to another department, and Bill Shelby assumed the headaches of Mess Sergeantcy. Our stay in England was uneventful as far as the department was concerned except for the British stoves we used—they were very confusing at first but were conquered before our departure. The Mess Department, however, never did fully conquer the English bicycles. Do you remember Ufen's high dive from his bike? There was only one possible place for him to land—on his nose! And Prefer and Dufala on a tandem—after a Mild and Bitter evening they were the original zig-zag twins!

On August 8th we left Knowle and soon found ourselves trudging across the sands of Utah Beach. After bivouacking across half of France the unit settled in Etampes, and we began to establish an active and efficient Mess Department. Four messes were needed: an officers'

mess, a detachment mess, a convalescent mess, and a clinical mess. Although we were extremely busy, the department seemed to operate more efficiently than ever, and we were able to feed as many as 2,000 patients and personnel three meals a day. It was our proud record that we had no mess inspection report rated below "Excellent" by inspecting officers from higher headquarters during our stay in Etampes.

Successful operation of all messes was maintained until the end, and when our work in France was finished, we started anew in Germany. For the mess personnel it was a decided improvement as far as equipment was concerned. At the St. Elizabeth Hospital we had the most modern kitchen equipment in the history of the unit. With our giant steam boilers and steam warming ovens, aided by our field ranges, we were equipped to prepare every possible type of menu. In addition to the hospital we also ran, in conjunction with the 64th Field Hospital, an annex housing and feeding 500 Displaced Persons. This, plus the 800 patients confined to the hospital, made a total of 1,300 mouths to feed daily.

In Marseille it was the same old story—nearly 2,000 nurses to feed at the peak of operations. As always, the Mess Department produced three times a day, and continued to do so until the words "civilian life" became more than merely a vague future promise to the members of the 7th Convalescent Hospital.

MOTOR POOL: The Motor Pool was activated in mid July, 1943, at Camp Ellis, Illinois, with no vehicles except for broken down hacks borrowed from the camp motor pool and with Lester and Kerrigan forming the personnel. Soon thereafter groups of dusty, beat-up drivers, fresh from basic training, arrived from Camp Grant and Camp Berkeley. The first week together was spent marching from training films to orientation classes, and when, after completion of this week, they were informed they had taken the classes the wrong week, they proceeded to take the same courses over again. Such is the Army!

After two weeks of class room grind, close order drill, and the obstacle course (designed to make big, strong, tough drivers) the men were finally assigned to the Motor Pool and were given vehicles. Many hours and days, which finally ran into months, were spent wiping motors and cleaning vehicles, interspersed with



as much gold-bricking as possible. Along with this came a few blackout drives, moves to bivouac areas, and, for some, driving for Medical Group.

After a rather hasty departure, with vehicles being abandoned from 44th Street to the train, we headed for the POE, Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. From Camp Kilmer to Knowle, England, the drivers were just a bunch of seasick boys. At Knowle they drew vehicles and made the first attempt at left hand driving. This didn't bother most of them because they drove all over the road, anyway. During the five months in England the vehicles covered most of the country picking up our supplies. Many of these trips proved to be quite a grind, the drivers being lost, under blackout conditions, much of the time.

On August 8th the convoy left Knowle, trucks loaded to capacity, with a set time to arrive at our marshalling area. At our destination the men serviced their vehicles and managed a four hour nap—then were rudely awakened and given twenty minutes to get the convoy rolling. It was a short distance to Southampton—and then, of course, they waited all day to have the vehicles loaded on the boat. After three days on the Channel the Motor Pool landed at Utah Beach on August 12th. With three short bivouacs between the beach and Le Mans there was plenty of tough driving, made tougher by extremely heavy traffic and torn up, shell blasted roads. Three pleasant weeks were spent in the apple orchard near Le Mans checking vehicles and indulging in a blissful rest period, and then the convoy moved to Etampes. Between "beaucoup" driving and "beaucoup" guard duty the

drivers got very little sleep the first month. At Etampes the vehicles were kept continually on the run hauling patients, supplies, and, in general, acting as the bus fleet of the 7th.

The next move, from Etampes to Cologne, was accomplished in a thirty hours, non-stop drive—the convoy commander lost half the time, and roads torn to hell. In Cologne the drivers were kept busy handling and hauling DPs and GI patients, and also built a good motor pool area. The next long haul, to Marseille, was uneventful except for the time that Cookie Weissbein absentmindedly wrapped a vehicle around a pole. Life was pleasant at the Nurses' Staging Area, but in common with the rest of the 7th, visions of home and civilian life arose—and the Motor Pool boys lived for the day when they would be on the waters of the blue Mediterranean headed westward.

ORTHOPEDIC DEPARTMENT: The Orthopedic Department began its functions when the hospital went into operation in Etampes. Captain Keith, as head of the department, has been ably assisted by Roy Edge. The department served three principal functions: orthopedic service for the Clinical Section, Orthopedic consultations for the Convalescent Sections, and Orthopedic consultations for the 19th Reinforcement Depot. In the latter category Edge proved his worth—he never lost a customer. Too, he proved to be a diplomat of extraordinary tact in his negotiations with the X-Ray Department.

In the many consultations on convalescent cases from a medical standpoint, numerous fascinating conditions of traumatic surgery were observed. It is apparent that from among the 9,000 men who passed through the hospital, the bulk of whom were admitted from the front because of battle wounds and injuries, one would encounter many cases of this type. It was with these cases that the Physio-Therapy Department, a subsidiary of Orthopedics, accomplished an important mission. They restored wounded members to efficient, functional ability and contributed materially to the praiseworthy records of the 7th in restoring cases to full duty in a short time. This department was "owned and operated" by Green and his aides-de-camp, Tokarz and Langevin.

Close cooperation with the Department of Remedial Exercises produced results which were often surprising to all and extremely beneficial to the patients.



During the stay in Cologne the usual case in the hospital was of gun shot wounds resulting from the careless discharge of souvenir German small arms. But, occasionally, the Orthopedic Department was confronted with a particularly interesting case. There was the case, for example, of a GI who was admitted after he had fallen down, arms outstretched, with the resulting fracture of both wrists. Sounds like the result of too much Rhine wine, but the case is worthy of a Ripley headline.

All things with a beginning must have an ending, and the ceasing of operations in Cologne wrote finis to the story of the Orthopedic Department.

PERSONNEL AND HEADQUARTERS: The Personnel and Headquarters Office, staffed by Meyers, Michalek, Bundlie, and Mordus, and headed by Lieutenant Feinberg during most of the life of the 7th, was the administrative hub of the unit. The main function of the department is the care of personnel records for officers and enlisted men—including the guarding and compilation of those precious discharge points. Along with the care of these records is the task of preparing the pay vouchers and pay rolls of the unit personnel by Meyers, Michalek and Bundlie. Other financial functions involved the exchange of various foreign currencies, soldiers' deposits, PTAs, allotments, and War Bonds—and the office safe seemed to be always bulging with

currency. In Germany there was scarcely any means of spending money, and the men saved "beaucoup" dollars via soldiers' deposits.

Another phase of Personnel includes the making of General and Special Orders. The former were not frequently used in the organization, with the exception of the endless orders cut when we were awarding countless Purple Hearts to the patients in Etampes, but Special Orders were daily affairs during the existence of the unit.

Unit correspondence was a duty of the office and can be done by any member of the staff. Each clerk was, of necessity, a competent typist and thoroughly versed in military correspondence. All correspondence, incidentally, was routed through the Message Center, over which Mordus presided supreme. He was also head man in charge of the filing cabinet, which he arranged according to a mysterious system known only to Mordus and God.

Periodic reports were another important duty in the office. All reports pertaining to Personnel were prepared and punctually forwarded to our immediate higher headquarters; moreover, all other departmental reports were sent through the office and checked for accuracy. Bundlie prepared the morning reports, and every day just after lunch he began knocking himself out in search of material for the Daily Bulletin. But once the Bulletin had been prepared, someone was always certain to bring in additional material.

The combining of the Personnel and Headquarters Offices was necessitated by the economy of personnel. The duties of the Headquarters Office were primarily to relay the orders of the Commanding Officer and the Adjutant and to handle their correspondence, which more or less paralleled the correspondence of the Personnel Department.

Marseille additions to the staff, due to the departure of Captain Maury, Lieutenant Feinberg, and Meyers for the home fireside, were Captains Ingram and Landry, Gerbino, and Malon.

PHYSICAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT: This department came into existence in December of 1944. At that time the PT Boys came trotting into the unit. They trotted all over the hospital area in Etampes, and some of them trotted right into the homes of some of the fairer cit-

izens of the town, exemplifying the friendships that were made with the French.

In France the department was active and strong in numbers. The staff consisted of Lieutenants Block, Sutton, and enlisted men Averett, Castellano, Crawford, Goldsmith, Kervick, Klein, Malgieri, Maisenholder, Paris, Roy, Sebastian, Stallings, Tripp, and Trusty. After much labor in the way of preparatory work, Block and Company came forth with a two-phase program. After a dry run or two to test the efficacy of their labor they leaped into the fray on 1 January, 1945. There was a corrective program for the more serious cases where movement and range of movement were the important considerations. One could enter the physical training rooms during these days and find men steering non-existent ships, endlessly raising alternate legs skyward while lying on their backs, or plucking at weighted strings with maimed fingers. Many of them began their exercises with little hope of realizing any benefit from them and, consequently with little interest. But with the passing of the weeks they observed concrete evidence of the value the exercises held for them, and their improvement was gratifying to behold.

The other part of the program was for the average GI who entered the hospital. These men were divided into four grades according to their physical condition, the men in "D" grade being the least fit and the men in "A" grade being nearest to full duty status. This program, as it affected the Physical Training Department, consisted of outdoor exercises and road marches. Later a special program was inaugurated for trench foot cases under the direction of Maisenholder.

This was the rise of the Physical Training Department, but the decline as a department was soon to come. Shortly before we left Etampes Lieutenant Sutton was transferred to the 191st General Hospital and Klein was sent to the First General Hospital. When we arrived in Germany the end was in sight. Soon all hostilities ceased in the European Theater of Operations and we received no more battle casualties. The disappearance of the battle casualties signalled the disappearance of the Physical Training Department as such.

RED CROSS: Looking back over the history of our stay with the 7th, from Knowle through Germany, certain things stand out in our minds.

Knowle to us was made up of classes

in the pseudo attic of a little building attached to an air raid shelter. There were classes in all sorts of military subjects, many of which held little interest for us. But we sopped up the lectures with the hope that they would be of value some day. There were classes in chemical warfare, aerial reconnaissance, French, ad infinitum. There were even classes in learning to march by the numbers at the strict pace imposed by Tony De Lise, who came to our rescue when he saw us floundering in the intricacies of "right face" and "left face" as we tried to teach each other. Knowle also vividly brings to mind our bedding rolls which simply refused to be rolled, protesting against the many items within them which the girls sincerely believed to be essential although Lieutenant Golden strongly disagreed. We finally got them rolled after reducing the sum total content by removing one can of tuna fish, which, according to Golden, was the straw that broke the camel's back, and one black coat which Bob Hejl lugged across the Channel in his duffle bag. Knowle, finally, means the day we left for France, carrying gas mask, pistol belt, musette bag, and blankets. All this was so firmly strapped to our persons that it was questionable whether we could remain upright much less hike to the station—however, over our protests we were finally prevailed upon to accept a ride to the train.

There is nothing of great importance to tell our grandchildren about the Channel crossing. The reason is all too simple: it was far too comfortable and far too civilian as to food and accommodations. But the Children's Hour would be delighted to hear about the stalag for wo-



men at Transit Area "B." While we were bivouacked in that field, far away from our men, we learned to take care of ourselves the hard way. We had no means with which to get water and we had no rations. Here we learned the technique of scrounging, and we have been scrounging ever since. But, oh, the nights! We were without our baggage, so we were forced to sleep with only two blankets apiece as we "sweated it out" on the hard, cold ground. The blankets seemed to shrink with each passing night, but we huddled together and managed to keep fairly—cold! Moreover, we knew nothing about softening the ground beneath us so that we could burrow in comparative comfort. Instead, we slept on the solid ground, and soon we all had the Award of the Purple Hip. We must have slept part of the time, however, because we only heard about three fourths of the 7th Armored as it moved through our field one night.

Then came the four weeks in tents. The apple orchard in Le Mans stands out sharply in our minds. Our tent in "No Men's Land" was equipped with all modern comforts including a tree which afforded an unlimited supply of apples. But, again, sleeping was something of a problem. One of the girls crawled from her bedding roll each morning thinking she was crippled for life. The plaintive cry of, "But no one told me," echoed through the tent when Colonel Wilson discovered cans of talcum, arctic boots, and boxes of make-up tucked in the center of the roll. Nightly Winnie and Edith plucked spiders and beetles out of their beds before crawling in, and with the dawn the reach into the darkness of the sleeping bag to pluck the little fellows out quickly so as not to mess up the blankets. Many a night we cursed the fate that sent us overseas without at least two years'



basic training in the States beforehand. And there were other little incidents that we shall always remember. For example, there was the piece of cheese that two of the girls proudly brought home from a friendly neighboring farmer, and the howl of protest that went up from the rest of the girls when the cheese was "aired" for the first time—and washing our hair in our helmets—and the way we carried on the first time we set off for the showers. But nothing compared to the way the outfit was carrying on as they watched us take off.

And then we went to Etampes. Our mental picture of that period is filled with laughs and pathos, work and play, and sharp and clear, the memories of the tremendous task of serving some 9,000 men. First came the preparatory period when we pack-ratted the entire countryside searching for furniture and craft shop equipment. There is the scene of five girls squeezed into a jeep, bent on borrowing rugs from the local nunnery, with the village abbe pointing out the way from his vantage point next to the driver—his black skirts blowing in the breeze. Then there was the mad night when, in an excess of enthusiasm, we painted our little gate house after dark—and we all had to retire to the out-of-doors when one of the girls spilled most of a can of paint on her hair and another one insisted on painting the floor instead of the walls.

The work with the patients necessitated long hours and a constant search to satisfy their variety of expression. It was necessary to study human nature and determine how we could both relax and stimulate it at the same time. Amateur Night comes to mind at once. It was a good cause for heart failure: the mike breaks down, the star performer has cold feet or is on pass to Paris—but the show always brought down the house and lasted far, far into the night. At least it seemed to last that long to us when we reflected that the floor had to be cleaned and it was imperative that the tell tale marks of feet on the benches be removed before we could think of retiring. Coffee and doughnuts—9,000 of them each week—was also a highlight. No one ever could explain the popularity of (according to Colonel Boyd) the most indigestible food on earth. Some said it was the typical American atmosphere engendered by American girls serving typical American food, but to us it always seemed that it was just something to break the monotony



plus the eternal appetite of the American male.

Then there were the weekly patients' dances, an invariable success because the men had been deprived of this form of recreation at the front and in all hospitals before reaching the 7th. Of course the language hiatus caused difficulties, and the fact that the daily French lesson didn't include the translation for "May I take you home" proved to be a definite detriment to the success of the classes. But we suspect that it did not prove to be too much of a hinderance to the wooing of the local French maids.

There are many other things which made Etampes notable for the Red Cross personnel: the craft shop, swarming with memento makers all day long; and the art shop where men drew pictures and made posters of true artistic merit, or of dubious skill, but always of true value since the concentration on their job at hand kept them from thinking of the reinforcement depot which lay ahead and the front which lay beyond that. We worked long and hard in Etampes, but it was a wonderfully interesting experience. One thing we are certain of: every man who passed through the 7th while we were in the Paris area will remember the experience. He ate, he slept, he worked, and he played under the finest conditions possible. And he enjoyed these conditions because of the excellent cooperation of every department in the hospital.

We cannot say very much about our activities in Cologne because our GI patients were so few, and our job lies with them rather than with the DPs and RAMPs who abounded in the hospital. We did

succeed in getting some clothing for the latter, but this work seemed meager compared with the job that was done in France.

And now one last word. When we first joined the unit we seemed to be standing in front of a blurred screen when we looked at the men of the 7th. As time passed the scenes were brought into focus, and we could see each individual face and identify it with some incident or relationship. We know the men, and we like them all. Many have come to us with the problems that worry them, and to some we feel that we have rendered some slight service if only that of listening and counseling. Others we know because we have worked with them—and without their interest and cooperation we should have been helpless, indeed.

REGISTRAR'S OFFICE: The department was headed by Major Donald N. Abbott, the genial gentleman from Cortland, New York, and was one of the principal spokes in the hospital's operating wheel, being responsible for maintaining a complete and accurate history of every patient admitted to the installation. The staff comprised Silva, Young, English, Woodruff, Hellmuth, Worby, D. B. Davis, Forsberg, Dente, and Earl H. (The Chief) Pestow.

From the outset of operations the department functioned in two sections, the Admission and disposition Office and the General Office. The former's principal duties consisted of admitting, evacuating, or discharging all patients. In addition this office turned out a number of daily reports and served as an information bureau. In the General Office vital statistics were compiled for the numerous weekly and monthly reports. Here, also, most of the correspondence pertaining to the patients was handled.

The majority of patients at Etampes were transfers from the general hospitals in the Paris area and arrived by train. The first such group came on the second day of operation, the 20th of October, 1944, and took nearly five hours to admit. It did not take long, however, to develop a number of shortcuts, and by the end of the week the staff was able to handle over a hundred patients in approximately twenty minutes.

After being in operation for a few weeks the regular staff was augmented by the addition of several convalescing patients. They were a very welcome ad-

dition—and when things were busily humming and the whole place resembled a bee-hive, these men throw their efforts in with the regular clerks, and everything "rolled off the line."

After the first few months things slowed down a bit, and about that time we lost popular "Chuck" Dente, who was transferred to the States because of two brothers being missing in action. A month later another valuable clerk, Ev Forsberg, was transferred to Seine Section.

In Cologne the biggest problem confronting the Registrar's Office was the handling of the Displaced Persons and RAMPs. This was mostly because very few of them were admitted to the hospital with records bearing complete or accurate data. It was rare indeed to find the names of such patients spelled the same on any two documents! There was a great deal of red tape that had to be untangled before many of these patients could be discharged. Certain nationalities could only be sent to certain camps, and even the designated camps were not always willing to accept them. On more than one occasion such patients were delivered to nearby depots only to have them dumped back on our doorstep the same day. Another headache was discharging AWOL DPs and RAMPs only to have them turn up again a few days later.

On the 21st day of June, 1945, with the cessation of operations in Cologne, the Registrar's Office closed. It had been functioning for eight months, during which time it handled the administration for more than 10,400 patients of all nationalities and races.

SANITATION: The Sanitary Department was born in the apple orchard at Le Mans with the primary mission of digging latrines for the officers, enlisted men, and Red Cross girls and chlorinating the two lyster bags that were set up. Conceived and directed by Lieutenant Oswald, the department consisted of Pappy Harris and whatever details he could get.

When the unit settled in Etampes the Sanitation Department found a great deal of work to do. There were four kitchens to inspect periodically; seventeen water cans had to be chlorinated and tested for residual chlorine every second day; water had to be purified for the Coke Bar when it was installed; there was always waste and garbage to be disposed of; the latrines and wash rooms had to be kept spotlessly clean at all times; and the

grounds needed beautification. Bill Dearing and Domingue were brought into the department and proved of invaluable assistance, and a crew of French workers were hired to participate in the cause of safeguarding the health of the men. Later on Palkovitz became an important member of the group. All activities were kept running smoothly and efficiently, and Domingue deserves a special bouquet, not only for the care he lavished on the grounds of the 7th Convalescent Hospital, but for the way he kept the Frenchmen on the jump. When he said "Travail!" in his inimitable French, they "travailed."

The work was substantially the same in Cologne except that DPs and Germans instead of Frenchmen were "attached unassigned" to the department. The ever friendly and cooperative nuns at the hospital helped materially as well, and with the experience gained at Etampes to aid, the department had fairly smooth sailing. When the unit moved to Tent City at the Cologne Sport Platz, the work was more than faintly reminiscent of the apple orchard days—back to outdoor latrines, wash stands, and lyster bags again. Wherever the 7th went, wherever we set up, the Sanitary Department never settled for a rating that read less than "Excellent." **SPECIAL SERVICE:** The beginnings of Special Service date back to the early days of the unit in Camp Ellis. At that time the department was on a small scale (the staff: Lieutenant Daft, period) and activities consisted mainly of athletics. With the advent of fall the men began to think of basketball and went to work building a team. Dente, Chism, Silva, English, Tokarz, Kalberer and the others formed a happy-go-lucky crew that placed third in the Camp Ellis League.

Upon our arrival in England the need for more entertainment was felt. A day room was set up in the Guild Hall at Knowle where many pleasant hours were whiled away by the men and their friends. Sight-seeing trips were made to such historical places as Stratford-on-Avon, Coventry, Warwick Castle and Kenilworth Castle—and the more literary minded members of the 7th were enabled to attend Shakespearean plays at frequent intervals in the home town of the famous bard. Again we had our sports program, with the softball team bringing credit to itself and to the unit by its performances.

What about theatricals? Everyone re-

members the memorable performances put on by the boys when "Hi Yank" was unveiled before the public at the Knowle Midland Institute. The show, largely the brain-child of Stan McClure and Len Savino, was a complete success and demonstrated the fact that there was plenty of talent in the outfit.

Shortly before leaving our Knowle home the 7th had its first birthday. That, of course, called for a celebration—and with the cooperation of the Greswolde Hotel and our own mess section, a banquet and dance was held, attended by seventy-five couples. It was an event long to be remembered, not only by the men of the 7th but by all of our friends in Knowle.

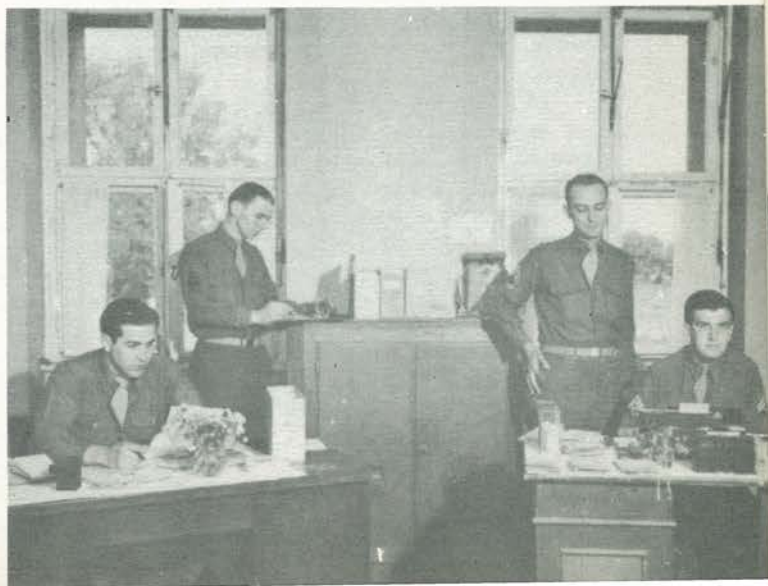
When the unit finally went into operation as a convalescent hospital in Etampes, it was time for Special Service to expand. A program had to be mapped out to provide entertainment and relaxation not only for the members of the detachment but for over a thousand patients as well. Stanley McClure and later Johnny Cosmos shifted to the Special Service Office to help Lieutenant Daft with the mounting burdens. The first job was to bring the town people and the men of the unit together. This was accomplished through the medium of a dance. We secured the names of the best families in Etampes (with good looking daughters, naturally) and sent out invitations. It was a huge success—the first dance in that town in over four years. This dance was followed by others, and soon two dances a week (one for the detachment and one for our convalescents) were a regular part of the program. The French were thrilled—so much so that in time we managed to break an old French custom of the mamma accompanying her daughter to the dance. These affairs helped make many new friends for the unit, and good will between the 7th and the citizens of Etampes was assured. With the dances the problem of music arose, and bands were at a premium. There was only one thing to do—organize our own band. One by one we picked up men coming through the hospital for treatment and slowly built up a combination that gave out with the "sweet and swing" like no other band in the surrounding territory.

Dances were not enough to keep everyone happy, so other activities had to be planned. The town opera house was

secured for movies and stage shows; a gymnasium and a stadium were taken over; and basketball, softball, volley ball, badminton, tennis, and horse shoe facilities were made available. Lieutenant Daft made the necessary contacts with Special Service Headquarters in Paris, and soon USO Camp Shows and French USO shows were coming our way as well. Some of the notables visiting our hospital included Marlene Dietrich, Gili-Gili the magician, and Jango Reinhardt, the world famous guitarist. Do you remember the Glenn Miller Band when it came to the 7th? Ray McKinley and the boys really put on a show.

Shortly afterwards the 7th completed its mission in Etampes and headed for Germany. In Cologne we had to start from scratch once more. Movies were hard to get, but we managed to get three films a week for Johnny to reel off. Large stocks of athletic equipment were procured, and an active sports program instituted. In addition, a swimming pool at the Cologne Sports Platz was cleaned and reconditioned by the Physical Training boys for use of the detachment.

In Marseille Special Service was busier than ever, catering to the entertainment demands of an area full of nurses as well as our own men. Movies were run twice nightly, every type of sporting equipment was at hand, and many top-flight shows were brought to the Nurses' Staging Area, including the cast of "Dear Ruth" and the "Copacabana Revue." Come what may during its long and colorful history, the 7th was always ready to play—and in providing the facilities, Special Service did its part in keeping morale always at a high level.



SURGERY: At activation of the 7th the Surgery staff, though not by any means complete, consisted of Chidester, Rogers, Probst, and Edge. The doctors were conspicuous by their absence and, in fact, didn't put in an appearance until the unit was almost ready to go overseas. Aside from drill, calisthenics, bivouacs, and those long - to - be - remembered road marches, the enlisted men destined to be surgical technicians were being trained in the Camp Ellis Technician School and were getting actual practice in the Dispensary, the clinics, and the wards of the camp station hospital during most of our stay at Ellis.

In January of 1944, after Major Baer, Captains Thomas, Redmond, and Keith, and Lieutenants Stelzner and Stewart joined the organization, the surgical technicians began to get lectures and quizzes from the M.C.s on various phases of the work until they were dizzy—and finally, after eight months of training, the 7th left the shores of the United States and headed for troubled Europe.

Our first taste of "troubled Europe" proved to be an extremely pleasant interlude in Knowle, England—classes, more unit training, and the peaceful life. During this time, however, Rogers had charge of the Dispensary, and the Surgical Section had its moment of glory when Captains Redmond and Thomas, accompanied by technicians Behne, Eason, and Rogers, participated in the D-Day invasion aboard LSTs while on detached service.

Our future became clearer when, on August 8th, the unit left Knowle and headed for the Continent. We knew we were going to begin operations at last—our months of preparation and training were to be put to the test, and our hearts were both confident and, to some degree, apprehensive. We thought we knew our worth, but the supreme moment was at hand.

In Etampes we cleaned the filth from our section of the Clinical Building, designated the members of the Surgical "team," and waited for patients. This was the line up: Captain Thomas, Captain Redmond, Captain Stelzner, Probst, Behne, Anderson, Stoner, Larson, Savino, Langevin, Yelton, and D'Agostino operated the main Surgery and Surgical Ward; Captain Stewart, Mayfield, and Deistchle held sway in EENT; and Captain Keith and Edge held down the Orthopedic Section. Although EENT and the Orthopedic Sec-

tion were separate departments, they both operated closely with, and were nominally a part of, the surgical set up of the hospital.

On the 20th of October the 7th received its first medical patient, and, of all people, Leo Schwarz, our own first sergeant, had the dubious distinction! Scarcely thirty minutes afterward Surgery admitted its first case, a lad with a foreign body imbedded in his leg, and our baptism was over. We soon filled our beds with minor surgery cases, such as lacerations and the like, and with appendectomies, cholesectomies, and hemorrhoidectomies which came to be our specialties. Those first days were trying days, but it was amazing how experienced we became under pressure. With everyone pulling together and putting forth his utmost efforts we began to operate smoothly as a team. In early November Major Welte was assigned to the unit from a cavalry outfit in the front lines. Having seniority, he assumed command of Surgery and soon established himself as a skilled surgeon and a "regular Joe."

When the mission of the 7th was completed in Etampes, we moved to Cologne in a confident frame of mind professionally. Gone were our apprehensions. Gone were the fears and the doubts as to our capabilities. The 7th had received the highest of praise for a good job well done while in France—and the Surgical Department was an integral part of the unit. Teamwork and a cool sureness had replaced our early inexperience, and those traits were carried on to our job in Germany.

Our first patient at the St. Elizabeth Hospital was a captain who had walked on a mine. His leg had to be amputated, and that was only the first of many amputations during our stay in the German hospital. We were assisted by the nuns residing there, five of them being assigned to Surgery. With good technique and long experience in surgical work, they proved of invaluable help.

After doing our best for a constant procession of maimed and battered GIs, DPs, and RAMPs, the 7th moved to the field, where Surgery set up a tent and—proceeded to relax. Only two cases were admitted to Surgery during that period, and, technically, that was the end of the Surgical Section inasmuch as there was no need to set it up again during our subsequent stay in Marseille.

UTILITIES: Until we came to France the word "Utilities" meant only one thing to us, improvisation or ersatz. But in France we learned the real meaning of the word. Utilities covers a large field, and in our case the field was stretched to its limit.

The original department was headed by the Detachment Commander, Lieutenant Oswald, but it soon grew too large and complex to be directed by that office in addition to all the normal detachment business. When Lieutenant Golden became Utilities Officer he needed an entirely separate staff of twelve men to conduct the affairs of the department. We were somewhat handicapped because we had to work with people who spoke a foreign tongue, and here Auger's knowledge of French proved invaluable. His job of Chief Electrician finally reached the point where he had the burden of the entire French staff working for Utilities on his shoulders. The rest of the department tried to learn French so that some of the burden of being interpreter could be lifted from Auger's shoulders, but the best they accomplished were a few ungrammatical phrases and expressions, which, however, were of some help.

Before long Utilities was one of the best organized departments in the unit. Cooper proved to be a jack of all trades—he poured concrete, built fences and walls and doors, put in screens and counters, and did many other jobs. The combination of Brown and "Rowboat" Robison couldn't be matched when it was necessary to get a job done and do it "toute de suite." Benjamin and Housley were always busy, but they found time for the many extra-curricular requests put to them. The twins were Dial and Stockton. You couldn't find one without the other—and one was lucky to find either of them! Their jobs varied from taking charge of the coal details to building a fence around the hospital. If a motor or any piece of machinery refused to work, it was Mc-Alexander and Marion Brown who coaxed it into a more cooperative frame of mind. If a part was missing and it could not be requisitioned, these two men would find a way to get it clicking again. The two boys from whom one could get no satisfaction were Comfort the Nose and Heilbrunn the Mole. Their answers were restricted to, "We haven't got it" or, "It can't be done." And then there was the one and only Domingue. Whenever he so

much as looked in the direction of any Frenchmen they became frantically busy. His labors were Herculean, and he turned the grounds of the hospital into a veritable garden. Finally, there was the "telephone company." Stassi, the president of the board and chief wire stringer, was given all possible aid and comfort by Egner. Efficient service was their forte—even if Seine Section was almost impossible to get. Sitting in the driver's seat was Lieutenant Golden. Goldy's spirit and organizational ability were only equaled by his grace at taking the ribbing directed at his lack of hair. Under his guidance the department was a true example of what team work can accomplish.

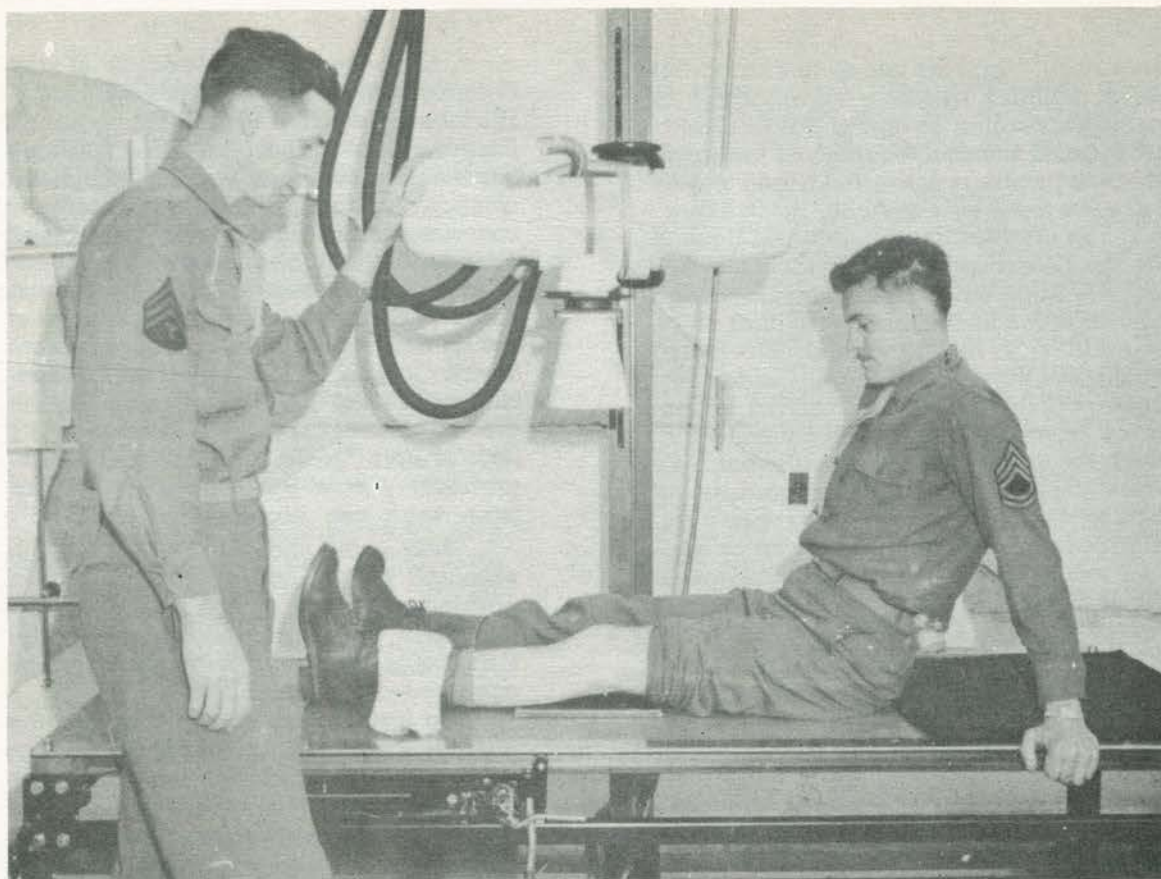
Then came the day when the 7th prepared to pull up stakes. When the packing of all the equipment began, the telephone of this department was hotter than Louis Armstrong's trumpet. Everyone needed something done.

We lost no time in plunging into the job that confronted us at Cologne. A thorough survey was made, priorities were determined, sleeves were rolled up and we waded in, brandishing our tools. The change in language was taken in stride. The Mole spoke German fluently, and it was now his turn to accept a bit of the load of acting as a liaison between the civilians and the department.

The problem of getting materials proved to be easier than first anticipated. The stores of several more or less intact warehouses were there for the procuring, and first come, first served seemed to be the philosophy. Much equipment and materials were requisitioned—truckloads of glass, lumber, cement and many other items were hauled into the hospital and used or stored for future use. We also did our share to install many conveniences in the Annex of the 7th—conveniences that are almost unknown in a field installation.

In the past Utilities has had to work mighty hard to prepare the unit for movement from one place to another. But that work has been a lark compared to the way the department will pitch in when we're told to start packing for that long awaited trip home!

D-Day came on the 17th of October, 1944, in Etampes. Yes, X-Ray, composed of Captain Hirschfield, Vallans, and Balesh, finally went to work. One might think that all we had to



do was move our equipment into some room and go into business, but it wasn't that simple. First of all we had to have a dark room. We had to construct this dark room from a little wash room and a clothes cabinet, and great joy used to pass over Balesh's face every time he swung the sledge hammer against the wall which we had decided to knock down. Our next problem was making a light-proof air vent for the dark room, but after hammering a number of nails into the cabinet it was accomplished. What really caused us to be behind in setting up was a French plumber who took two weeks to get one pipe attached to the developing tank.

The equipment used was a Picker Field Unit, run by a small generator which we had placed in the basement—and which, we also found, gave us a lot of trouble. It caused so much trouble that in the eight months we spent in Etampes we had to make ten trips to Paris on its behalf. This, of course, made us the butt of numerous jokes by the other envious

departments. There were times, though, when none of us wished to make the necessary trip to Paris—it could get plenty cold riding in an open weapons carrier.

X-Ray was always the best place to be in on an inspection, especially when the higher brass came around. There was always a dark room to hide in, but the



bad feature of this was that all three of us couldn't get in at once. Speaking of inspections, we did have our troubles. There was a mop rack just outside of our window, and it never failed that as soon as we had made the floor spotless and had wiped the last bit of dust from the desks, men from other departments would come in trailing their dripping mops and track up the room again. Incidentally, we had a marvelous hiding place for the mop. It was behind the blackout window in the dark room, and even Major Welte never thought of looking there—so we really had it made. We often think of the time that we were expecting a general to come on an inspecting tour. Just in the middle of X-Raying a patient we got the call—"Brass on the way!" So we left the unfortunate fellow sitting on the X-Ray table while we proceeded to mop and sweep the floor. The patient just sat there with his mouth open.

Despite the limited number of personnel in the X-Ray Department we were right on the ball where work was concerned. On the last day of operation at the Etampes installation the 1,748th patient passed through our portals to be X-Rayed—and that doesn't account for all the dental X-Rays and re-checks that had to be done.

The St. Elizabeth Hospital in Cologne was a paradise for the X-Ray men as far as equipment was concerned. We didn't have to set up our own machines but

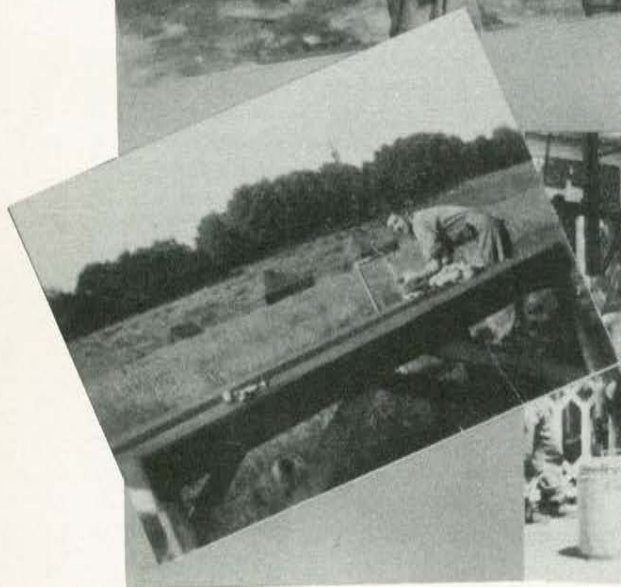
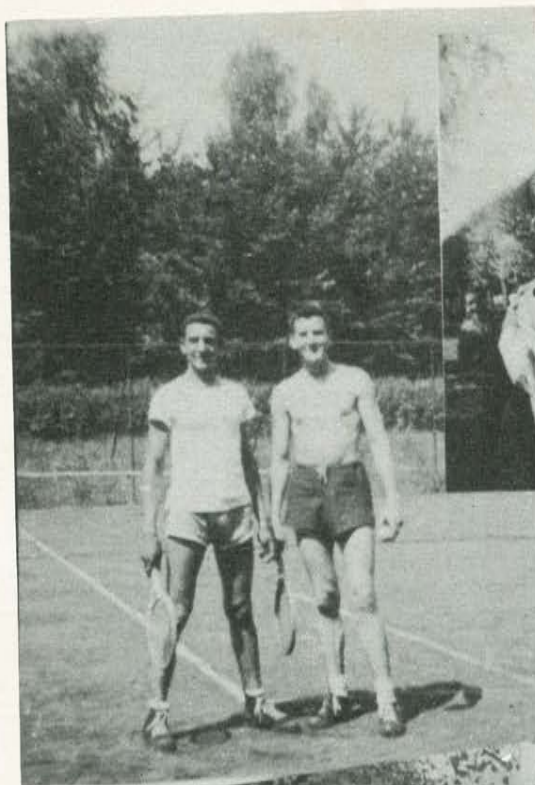
used the hospital equipment, although we had to take various little things such as cassettes and film out of our packing cases in order to properly establish the department. Most of the patients were DPs, and most of them were suffering from advanced tuberculosis—not very pleasant, and we had to take precautions to avoid catching the disease. Language barriers had us hanging on the ropes at times, too, and we always had trouble trying to make them understand just what we wished them to do, such as holding their breath while taking a chest shot. In the two months we spent in the Cologne hospital we X-Rayed over 800 patients and so were not exactly bored by lack of work.

To the remaining departments of the 7th Convalescent Hospital—the Lab, Pharmacy, the PX, EENT, Supply, the Medical Section, the Barber Shop, and the Dental Clinic—go bouquets of praise and the accolade, "Well done." The space accorded them in this history is not by any means commensurate with their valuable contributions to the common cause.

A salute is here rendered to all the departments of the organization. An entire organization is never stronger than the component parts, and their skill, teamwork, and close cooperation are responsible for the success of the 7th Convalescent Hospital.



"Captain Witt says no salvage until next month"



Activities



Sports and The "Fighting Seventh"

From the date of its activation the 7th was always a sports-minded organization, with the result that today it can boast of a splendid record of achievement. The trail of victory that began back at Camp Ellis in the summer of 1943 continued across the ocean through England, France, and into Germany. Softball was "the" sport at the 7th, although basketball, bowling and a number of other athletics were given a good share of attention.

I.

Shortly after the unit's activation and even before the T/O had been three-quarters filled, the members of the new hospital whipped together a softball team. After a few tune-up games on the post the boys challenged the best civilian clubs in the neighboring towns and breezed through with flying colors. Back in camp it was the same story. The boys from the 7th just couldn't be stopped. Behind the excellent hurling of Tom Chism and the all-around play of the rest of the club, they went on to take the Post Championship. Chism was at his best in that final classic game as he shut out the opposition and allowed no hits. That was indeed a great day for the unit and especially for Lieutenant John Specca, who had played a major role in first getting a team organized.

When the Medical Group Basketball League started in the fall, we were well represented by players like English, Dente, Silva, Chism, Kalberer, Tokarz, Prete, Sochan, Vallans, Forsberg and Cosmos. They ran up against some mighty tough competition but again, when the chips were down, the team came through. True, we didn't win the cham-

pionship, but we did win the game that meant the most to us. That was the one with out bitterest rival, the 155th General Hospital, lead by Whitey Dinault, the former star of the Oshkosh professional team. Two of our men, Chism and Silva, also represented the 7th on the camp team and played alongside such star court performers as Sonny Woods, Ray Adams, Dinault and others.

Bowling was another popular sport indulged in by members of the detachment. Major Abbott, then a Captain, was easily the best the officers could toss against the enlisted men at the weekly meetings at the Macomb Bowling Alley. Captain Hofrichter was another dangerous man on the alleys. Captain Smith usually was the anchor man for the officer's team. He really held them down.

Two of our boys, Ernest Madrid and Andy Gutierrez, participated in the Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament at Peoria. Both put up gallant fights, but lost the decisions.

The days at Ellis were memorable ones, but greater days were still ahead.

II.

On the morning of March 11, 1944, we arrived at the little English town of Knowle. It was a quiet, peaceful little place where life went along just as it had years before. In short, it was a typical English town. But now the Yanks had come! Things were alive! For the first time the folks heard the crack of a baseball bat and the thud of the ball landing in the catcher's glove. Yes, the Yanks had come, and with them they brought the game of softball. It was in England that the achievements of the 7th reached their peak. England was the Golden Era.

Within a few days after our arrival the boys went to work and laid out a diamond in Burton's Field, which soon became the center of our sports activities. Other American units moved into the neighborhood so that finding opponents was not very difficult. There was an ambulance company in Solihull, a field hospital at Hampton-on-Arden, and the 307th Station Hospital at Stoneleigh Park, to mention a few. Softball really went over big, but the most difficult thing for the British to understand was the enthusiasm the players and spectators put into a game. Especially puzzling were the non-



Webster phrases that filled the air. It was at Knowle that the team assumed the name of "The ETO Challengers."

All of us recall the 307th Station Hospital series. It produced the most exciting, thrill-packed games our team ever participated in. The greatest game ever won by the 7th was the opener of this series, a twenty-two inning affair in which Tom Chism outlasted Lieutenant Schwartz to win a 2-1 victory. That was the game that "made" the 7th and put us at the top of



the list as the number one attraction in the Birmingham area. We soon received bids to play for a number of charities, and as a result put on exhibitions at Leamington, Solihull, Coventry and Litchfield. The crowd at the Coventry game that saw us battle the 307th numbered between five and six thousand, and that attendance record was equalled at the Fourth of July contest played before several high ranking British officers on the 307th Station Hospital's home field. This latter contest was explained over the public address system, play by play, by Lieutenant Schwartz, and it later became the subject of bitter dispute as to whether or not it had affected the performance of the players. So terrific were the 307th games that tempers often flared and excitement reached the fever pitch as players and spectators alike put everything they had into each game. We finally captured that series five games to four, and with it the unofficial championship of the English Midlands.

One of the best attended games in Knowle was the one played as part of the "Salute the Soldier Week" program when several hundred Knowle citizens turned out for the occasion. The "Big Men" who wore the striped jerseys and red caps during the Golden Era were: Chism,

Skvarek, Laux, Deistchle, Levin, Silva, Dente, Dial, Stringer, Prete, Tokarz, Cosmos, Wilson Young, and Kalberer.

Today all is quiet again in Burton's Field. New grass has covered the old diamond and the filled-in bomb crater in left field. There is no longer the crack of the bat, the thump of the ball in the catcher's glove, or the shouts of the Yanks. It is simply a pasture once more; but the memories of those happy times will live forever.

III.

The 7th had been on the Continent less than a week when they played a game at St. Germaine de Varreville, just a few miles from the historical Utah Beach. Several more games were played that season in and around Etampes before the weatherman brought a halt to things.

The end of the 1944 season found the team with a record of sixteen victories against four losses. Tom Chism, the pitching ace, had twirled a total of 147 innings during which he allowed the opposition to score 38 runs (sixteen earned), and collect 95 hits. In addition he fanned 118 batters, issued 46 bases on balls and wound up with a record of 13-4. His earned run average was .98. Other statistics showed Deistchle getting the most singles (18), Skvarek the most doubles (5) and triples (2), and Chism belting the most home runs (4). Skvarek, always a terrific hitter, lead the team in runs batted in with 18 and swatted three home runs. The slugging department was taken care of very nicely by Deistchle at .333, Chism at .333, and Skvarek at .310. These three knocked in 37 of the team's 102 runs. In the fielding department, Gussie Prete was far out in front with a miraculously perfect record at second base during the entire season, over sixty chances accepted without an error. The team batting average that year was .275 and the fielding average, .948.

IV.

The 7th fielded three basketball teams in 1945, one detachment and two patient fives. Our home court was the Municipal Gym in Etampes, and our opponents were mostly from the 19th Reinforcement Depot and GFRC. Later in the season the detachment team entered the Seine Section League, but didn't fare any too well. Nevertheless, the boys were in there pitching all the time and put on many a fine exhibition.

The season's softball team had a

record of twelve victories and three setbacks, covering games played in both France and Germany. Once again Chism paced the team with nine wins and two defeats. In 82 innings he gave up a mere nine runs, twenty hits, twenty-three walks, and struck out 101 batters. His ERA was 0.77. On the basis of twenty-five or more times at bat, Tokarz's .395, Stallings' .370, and Defstchle's .356 lead the parade at the plate.

With men coming and going during the redeployment phase at Marseille, softball was discontinued as an organized sport. However, Chism, Deistchle, and Tokarz continued on by playing with the Delta Base All-Stars. Delta Base was defeated and eliminated from the running in the opening games of the ETO play-offs, losing to the eventual champions, Oise, by a 5-4 score—but it was through no fault of Chism and Company. Long Tom went to the mound with the score 5-0 against him in the first inning, and thereafter held Oise hitless and scoreless, while Tokarz blasted a triple and played a brilliant game at third base in the losing cause.

The saga of the 7th is the saga of a sports minded unit—and nowhere is the spirit of the "Fighting 7th" so well typified as in its sports.

"Hi Yank"

During the stay of the unit in Knowle two theatrically minded members of the 7th, McClure and Savino, had been toying with the idea of putting on a revue. They had even reached the stage of writing skits and procuring music, rounding up a prospective cast, and staging a few rehearsals—but due to lack of spare time and incentive the project appeared doomed to failure before it had really begun. Succor, however, came in the guise of the British Red Cross. They were sponsoring a fete to take place at the Midland Institute and asked the 7th if we would be able to supply some entertainment. Thanks to Colonel Wilson and Lieutenant Daft, the green light was given. Savino, Worby, and McClure completely re-wrote the show and named it "Hi Yank," the cast was excused from unit training; and rehearsals went into full swing.

Curtain time was in two weeks, and everyone worked like the devil to have a

polished revue ready for the deadline. Espinosa painted scenery, designed stage sets and costumes. Weissbein contributed his clever parody on "South of the Border," while Espinosa wrote another parody on "Sunday, Monday and Always." Michalek worked long hours typing cue sheets and property sheets in his spare time. The chorus rehearsed their parts until they were sick of them, while Hendrickson and Michalek rehearsed their specialty numbers until they could hear them in their sleep. Vallans and Simpson practiced dance steps; Stein, Worby, Hendrickson, Savino, Weissbein, Forsberg, Pestow, Simpson, Chapman, and McClure rehearsed comedy patter until the lines were stale; Stevens and Hartung built scenery; and Kalberer slaved to get perfect timing.

Results began to appear. The chorus was beginning to stay in tune, and Lombardo's trumpet solo was sweet and in the groove. Costumes and scenery were bought and borrowed from any available source—and suddenly the big day had arrived! The cast had a sinking feeling—the dress rehearsal had not gone off any too well, and most of them were too nervous to eat supper as the climactic hour approached.

The auditorium was packed with GIs and English guests for opening night. House lights down, footlights up! The old saying was repeated by the cast, "This is it, men"—and the curtains parted for the first act. Stein made an instantaneous hit with his Sad Sack portrayal, and as the first scene ended amidst vociferous applause the tension was lifted. With the cast at ease, the show rolled smoothly on to become a smash hit. Vallans brought down the house with his exotic dancing, Hendrickson and Michalek sang soulfully, and the skits were timed beautifully.

Two days later the show was given again in the same hall, and word-of-mouth publicity had been so good that three hundred people had to be turned away at the doors. Requests for the show were extended from the 307th Station Hospital, Kiddiminister, Coventry, Solihull, Rowington, and the Red Cross Club in Birmingham. It was at that time however, that the unit was alerted for movement to the Continent, and all requests had to be regretfully declined.

To the members of the cast the show meant worry, work, but above all, fun. The cast of "Hi Yank" exhibited remarkable talent, and during their moment in the spotlight were the pride of the 7th.

Officer Activities

Activities among the officers have run to a more or less standard pattern. It cannot be said that the officers as a group have been outstandingly successful in any particular field as, for example, the detachment's softball team. But whenever it was possible they entered into various activities with a spirit that relieved the mundane existence of Army life.

For example, when we were in Camp Ellis do you remember the spirit with which they entered Peoria on week ends and the verve with which they dashed to St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland and even New York? These major excursions were punctuated with mid-weekly trips to Havana for steak dinners and bowling—Abbott always setting the pace on the alleys. There was just one party of note. It was given for a farewell to Lieutenant Colonel Amato in the Officers' Club on the post.

But activities among the officers only began to assume some prominence when we reached England. Away from home, the unit became more closely knit, and we were thrown on our own resources to a greater extent. There were short leaves to London. Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, Buckingham Palace, the changing of the guard, Number 10 Downing Street and Piccadilly commandos—nine hundred years of English history summed up in forty-eight hours. And sprinkled among the months of our stay in Knowle we played the gawking GI on trips to Warwick and Kenilworth Castles. Then, there were the never-to-be-forgotten plays at the Shakespeare Memorial Theater in Stratford-on-Avon.

On the lighter side we remember the intra-officer softball and volley ball games in Farmer Bailey's cow pasture. It was during one of these games that Lieutenant Buck broke his ankle, resulting in his subsequent loss to the unit. The best games, however, were played against the officers of the 106th Evac. They had a good team, but when all the pounds that changed hands were balanced the 106th officers retired sadder and poorer. There were also a few informal parties in the officers' club, but most of the social life gravitated toward the Greswolde, the Barley Mow, and dances in Solihull.

And then we went to France! The bi-weekly parties in the Chateau were SOP throughout our stay in Etampes.

French dancing partners (discretion forbids our referring to them as sharp looking dolls) were invited from among the girls in Etampes and were even brought from Paris. They came with unbounded elan, attracted by the handsome, dashing, American officers—or was it the American food, liquor, and cigarettes? The band was smooth, everyone developed a glow before the evening was over, and the French always came back for more. There was one fiasco, however, when nurses were invited to one of the dances. They flew in on their brooms, and that mistake was never repeated.

During the winter outdoor sports activities were restricted, of necessity, with the exception of Colonel Boyd's and Captain Maury's skiing, but there were always the ping pong and billiard tables. With the coming of warmer weather the clang of horse shoes and the thud of the volley ball were common sounds in front of the Chateau. And soon we were playing intra-officer softball games at the Stadium on the hill. When the 302nd thrust itself upon us we had several games with them; again we won and lost in approximately equal proportion.

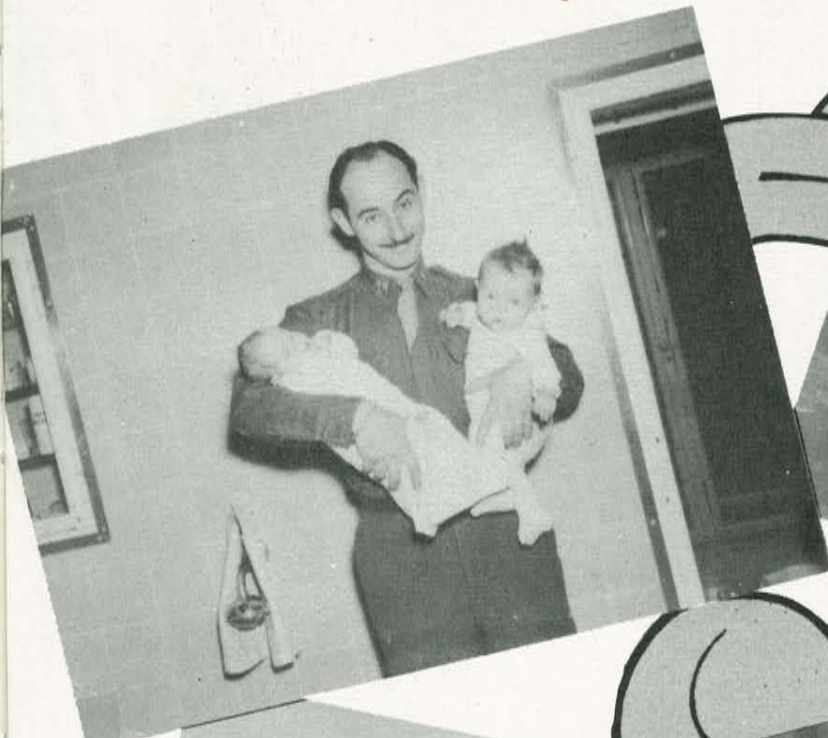
The officers also attended performances of the Folies Bergere, the Casino de Paris, and the opera in Paris—with varied reactions. Shall we ever forget the special, little show in the basement of the Folies during the intermission? And shall we ever forget the unparalleled magnificence of the Paris Opera House?

But the day of departure finally arrived, and we quit France with the foreboding that the fun we had known was not to be resumed to such a great extent in Germany. When we arrived in Cologne it was not until the initial hunt for furniture and equipment had been made that the officers were able to turn their attention to an escape from the dull Army routine. Soon an officers' bar was established; parties were held with officers and nurses from the 64th Field Hospital; the swimming pool was cleaned and filled by the PT boys under the direction of "Muscles" Block; the tennis courts were opened for business and a volley ball court was prepared behind the hospital. Thereafter, beer parties were regular events at the pool, and, of course, ping pong and poker were ubiquitous. We did our best to amuse ourselves, but freedom of expression in entertainment in a hostile country was not as it had been in England and France.

Then Marseille—leaves to the Riviera and Switzerland—and V-J Day bringing the hope of an early return home to all.



Potpouri



WOUNDED SOLDIERS ARE RECONDITIONED

Convalescent Hospital Refits
Casualties for Return to
the Front Lines

By DANA ADAMS SCHMIDT
By Wireless to The New York Times.

PARIS, Feb. 4.—If a soldier who has been released from a hospital front line, the United States Army has learned, he may find himself unequal to his problem physically and mentally and may break down. To avoid this, almost all wounded men now go through a reconditioning process before again facing the enemy. For prolonged treatment they are sent to the four convalescent hospitals in Britain. But, if they can be prepared for combat within thirty days, they go to the Seventh Convalescent Hospital in France, run by Col. William B. Wilson of Redlands, Calif.

Fifty men a day are now being returned to combat from this organization, which acts as a bridge between the hospital and the Army. Thus, when manpower is an urgent issue, the Army seeks to avoid wasting men already overseas. Colonel Wilson is a Regular Army officer who spent eight years as a flight surgeon. His adjutant is Lieut. Col. H. Clark Boyd, Mich. Their task, they explained today, is twofold—to build men up physically and keep alive or restore the spark of the combat spirit. It requires a combination of good food, physiotherapy, exercise, psycho-neurology, Red Cross entertainment and horse sense.

As the men come in—ten days out of combat, on the average—they are divided into classes A, B, C and D. Class D is likely to be in for the full thirty days and gets massage, baking and heat tents and exercise in hot, swirling water for some muscles and joints. There are specialized exercises with improvised gadgets such as a finger ladder, wrist twist and ankle roller.

Occasionally a man will insist that he cannot move a certain muscle. This may be a form of combat fatigue. A psycho-neurologist may set it right with a little lecture on anatomy or by getting the patient to take part in a game until he unconsciously begins to use the muscle. Other forms of combat fatigue express themselves in going AWOL, quarrelsomeness or playing the part of a wounded hero expecting to be waited on.

As patients lose the idea that they are sick men and gather strength, they are regraded toward

Class A and put through increasingly strenuous calisthenics and road marches. They play basketball, volleyball and touch football under Lieut. Joseph C. Sutton of Buffalo, N. Y., who was once a physical-training instructor for the Rangers and, like most of the officers and sergeants, is himself a battle casualty.

For two hours daily they hear lectures intended to maintain interest in combat, usually by officers who can talk from personal knowledge of river-crossings, street-fighting, mines and booby-traps. Newsreels from other fronts, such as Luzon, are shown.

This afternoon some patients were in the workshops, pounding rings out of coins, building model boats and making valentines to send home with the help of a half dozen Red Cross girls. Several men whose hands were shaking when they arrived were painting and drawing. Others were at a weekly dance with French girls. The band was composed of patients, including Roy Hamerslag, formerly a saxophonist with Benny Goodman.

Four nights a week there are movies. On the other nights there are United Service Organization shows or the patients put on their own plays. Two or three times during the treatment the patient may expect a pass into the nearest town until 11 P. M.

Press
Note

Medics Praise Program for Convalescents

Convalescent hospitals are proving successful in rehabilitating soldiers for front-line duty, the Surgeon General's office reports.

After treatment at general hospitals for wounds or illness, soldiers are transferred to convalescent hospitals for a maximum of 30 days.

At a typical hospital in the Paris area, commanded by Col. William B. Watson, of Redlands, Calif., 50 soldiers daily are being returned to duty through a comprehensive program of relaxation and physical reconditioning. More than 1,500 men leave the hospital each month.

The hospital program includes physical therapy, exercises, hikes and lectures. Recreation includes movies and dances, to which the patients may invite their own dates.

A return to the Army discipline of garrison life is regarded by medical officers as beneficial. This is carried out by assigning patients to companies and having them stand retreat formation.

CCS

REPORTER VISITS CHICAGOANS IN WAR HOSPITAL

Convalescents Treated 2,000 at Time.

BY LARRY RUE.

[Chicago Tribune Press Service.]

AT 7TH UNITED STATES CON-
VALESCENT HOSPITAL, Some-
where in France, Jan. 20.—This
great military establishment, now
turned into a hospital, takes care
of 2,000 convalescents at a time.

Here wounded men are trained
in manual and fine arts to impart
new vitality and flexibility to stiff
arms, hands, and fingers.

Here, too, is a physical rehabilita-
tion section under the direction of
Lt. James A. Osman. Calisthenics
and mild exercises are given with
the aid of a variety of mechanical
contrivances.

Treated for 30 Days.

The hospital is run by Col. Wil-
liam B. Wilson, former flight sur-
geon of the air service command at
San Bernardino, Cal. He said today
he was satisfied with the results
achieved so far and only wished he
had accommodations twice the pres-
ent size, because of the constructive
nature of the work. Wilson is as-
sisted by Lt. Col. Harvey C. Boyd,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

The hospital receives men evacu-
ated from general hospitals. Pa-
tients are treated for 30 days, after
which, if the disability is not reme-
died, they are directed to another
hospital.

Attached to the hospital is a Red
Cross recreation center under the
direction of Elizabeth Donnellan.
Her section takes care of 200 con-
valescing soldiers at a time, provid-
ing a variety of activities. Theat-
rical entertainment is the main
item.

"Good food, plenty of rest, and
something to occupy the minds of
the boys are the main features of
this hospital," Miss Donnellan said.

Chicagoans Here.

When patients arrive, she said,
they are extremely nervous, but
after about 10 days a definite im-
provement is noticeable. She point-
ed to the steadiness of the hands
of the lads working in the arts and
craft shop.

U.S. Is Giving Medical Aid to Nazis' Victims

American Doctors, Nurses And Equipment Used in 15th Army Zone in Reich

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS,
Allied Expeditionary Force, May 29.

—American Army doctors and nurses
and medical equipment are now being
used in Germany to bring as much
health as possible back to thousands
of physical wrecks left behind in
the Nazi slave labor and prison
camps. A survey of medical instal-
lations in the area of the 15th
Army disclosed this week that 6,933
hospital beds are occupied by sick
and injured persons released from
the camps. Of this total 2,166 are
Russians.

There are other thousands in
areas occupied by other American
armies. In many instances the
former slave laborers are now
in German civilian and military
hospitals where they are being
cared for by German personnel un-
der the direction of American Army
doctors. In these hospitals the
freed slaves have treatment priority
higher than their former masters.

In the 15th Army area 1,911 bed-
ridden displaced persons and former
war prisoners are being cared for
in American Army hospitals. The
largest group is at the 7th Con-
valescent Hospital at Cologne. The
patient list shows that in addition
to the injured there are patients
with tuberculosis, heart disease,
cancer, typhus, appendicitis and a
score of other ailments. There also
is a large maternity ward. In
charge of the maternity cases is
Captain E. J. Levine, of Chicago,
who was an obstetrician until the
Army made him a skin specialist.

Concerning the patients in gen-
eral, one doctor said: "The people
here are not the victims of the
worst Nazi concentration camps.
They are not the sensational cases
of mass brutality under which
the German nation regarded all
foreigners as animals to be used as
slaves until worn out and then re-
placed by new victims. Some will
recover. Others will be wrecks
forever."

Farewell to the 7th

Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson need have no fear of the competition, although they may roll over in their graves if they feel so inclined. Nevertheless, it is felt that the following bit of verse, composed by Elizabeth, Tex, Winnie, Nadine, and Mac upon the occasion of their departure from the 7th, deserves a spot in the pages of this book:

Just a note of thanks
To our CO and the ranks
Of our wartime alma mater tried and true.

It's a little hard to say,
And bad poesy's in the way,
But we thank you for a square deal through and through.

And besides that we are proud
To have been in the same crowd
For as long a time as has elapsed since Knowle.

'Cause we feel we were accepted,
And our presence most expected,
Where're fate might make the 7th roll.

For to us it meant a great deal
That in all good faith we could feel
Thus that we had found a bona fide "wartime home."

Now that all is said and done,
And the war, Thank God, is won,
We are States-bound and will henceforth cease to roam.

But we hate now to depart
Without a few words from our heart,
To the outfit and its members one and all.

To us you've all meant a very great deal,
And we're trying real hard to say just how we feel.

When you come to our cities BE SURE that you call

The ARCs in

Chicago — Tulsa — Houston — New York

Reminiscing

Lolling contentedly in a deep easy chair, radio playing softly, and smoke spiraling gently upward—surrounded by the comfortable, every-day, commonplace evidences of civilian life—memory drifts backward to an earlier day. Reminiscences, mellowed by time, form thought patterns curling upward with the cigarette smoke:

I.

Remember when Vallans was Chief Latrine Technician—and how he looked in those old blue denims? His feet were too long for his trousers! Then

there was the time Harry Shames gave a beautiful take off on a well known officer—a week later he was on the way to the CBI! Spinks was quite a first sergeant; everyone liked the little guy, especially Notto everytime he was favored with a pass. Will anyone ever forget that night hike of Lieutenant Brandon's—seven miles in 56 minutes! That was murder. Those cold nights on guard duty at Camp Ellis, ducking in and out of the barracks to keep warm, brrrr!!

To see Fox, Dearing, and Hendrickson go over the obstacle course was always good for a laugh—and watching Worby and Stringer doing push ups in front of the company after having been caught hiding in the shower room.

Pretty Boy Williamson found driving on ice covered roads for the first time rather exciting. Memories of the medical officers holding retreat—they never did learn how to do an about face.

II.

The antique Knowle Picture House—what a theater! Everyone was surprised to find that seats in the balcony cost more than those on the main floor. If you took a girl to the pictures, it was worth the extra price. Who was it who said, "Take your hand off my knee—here's your chocolate back."

Knowle was a beautiful second home to us—enduring friendships were formed there. Wonder how the old canal looks these days, and if it's still getting much business?

Remember that thrilling twenty-two inning ball game with the 307th? After we led, 1-0, for eight innings the 307th team tied it up in the ninth and had two or three men on base every inning thereafter until the "Fighting 7th" crashed through to win. Spectacular defensive play in that game—Silva's throw from deep right field to cut down the winning run at the plate in the fourteenth inning was a honey. The ball team drew magnificent crowds all through the Midlands—those were the days.

Prete—so proud of his defensive record at second base. Memories of Skvarek's hair-raising catches sliking along on his stomach, of Dente's care-free nonchalance at first base, of Tokarz's rifle-like throws from shortstop.

Shillings, half crowns, tuppences, and wuppences—that British money was funny. A pound never seemed to go any farther than a dollar—especially at the Greswolde. English weather—as unpredictable as their women.



Can you ever forget that last night in Knowle—or the march to the train the next morning? The local inhabitants were genuinely sorry to see us go.

III.

La Belle France—Normandy was a shambles with whole towns gone and destruction everywhere. Gypsying through Normandy—a taste of adventure. That first mail call at the apple orchard—Hellmuth must have received a hundred letters. He'd get mail on a desert island! Poor Sam Busch and his losing tussle with a horse—Sam was one boy with a heart of gold. Bet he felt sorry for the horse!

The first dance at Etampes was the best—the mademoiselles never seemed as pretty thereafter for some reason. Those poker sessions in the non-com barracks—Palkovitz's luck and Levin's infectious laughter. And Roid versus Perez in all night head-to-head sessions. Galloping dominoes—get the hair out of your eyes, Prete, the dice are hot!

Paris in the spring. Sitting at Rainbow Corner watching the gals breeze by on bikes, skirts billowing out behind, always called for a long, low whistle. A couple of toasts heard in a Paris bistro:

Here's to the dog who passed the tree.
Says the tree to the dog, "Have one on me."
"No, thanks," said the dog as meek as a mouse,
"I just had one on the house!"

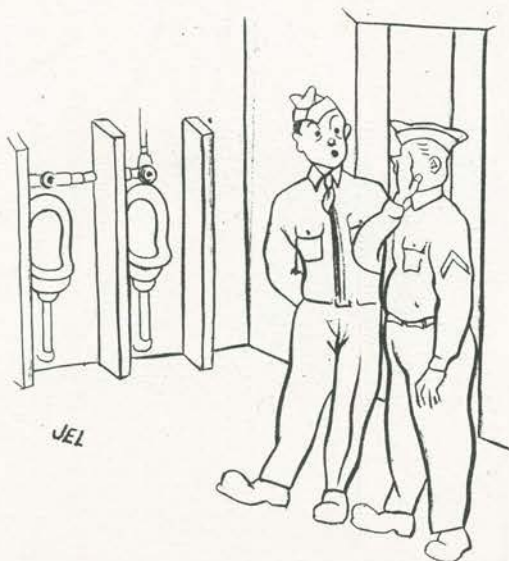
Here's to the girl who lives on the hill.
She won't kiss but her sister will—
So here's to her sister.

Naughty but nice — but so was Paris.

IV.

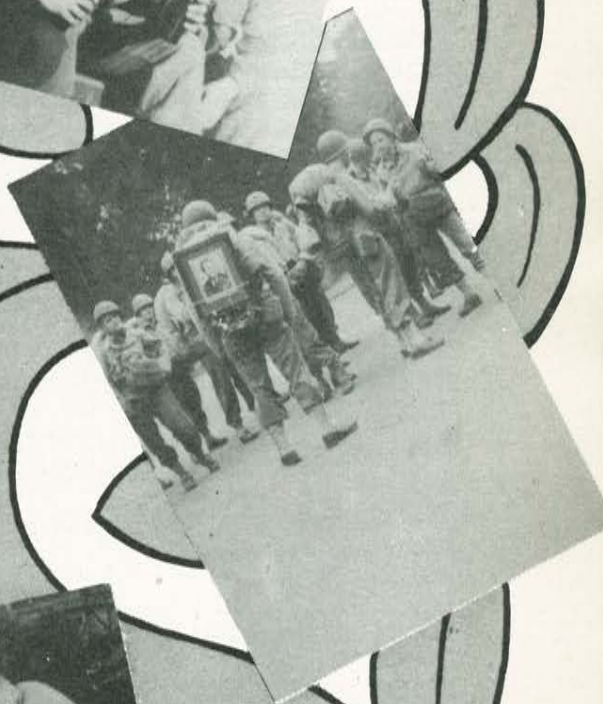
Cologne and the DPs—Behne and Anderson were on call twenty-four hours a day. Fraternization? "Oh, no, Sir—She's Polish!" Big-time Terry scooting around on his motor cycle wearing a crash helmet. Cameras galore—if you had enough cigarettes.

And then Marseille—the city was filthy but the sea was beautiful. The Nurses' Staging Area—more nurses than we knew what to do with. Pleasant Sundays on the beach at La Ciotat—visions of those French bathing suits and the strip-teases on the beach! And then the rapid changeover in personnel—our friends leaving one by one until few of the old gang were left. The 7th was a swell outfit and our gang was the best ever—being in the outfit made the Army almost enjoyable. Yes, civilian life can't be topped, but it's worth a lot to have these memories of the grand old 7th.



"Don't tell anybody, but O'Neill told me that . . ."

Personalities



Officers

AMATO, VINCENT J., Lt. Colonel

Astoria, Long Island, New York

Our first Commanding Officer. He was a humanitarian and felt deep concern for the welfare of his men. We were all sorry to lose the good doctor.

WILSON, WILLIAM B., Colonel

Redlands, California

His humor, ability, and "pull" were by-words in the organization. The personnel of the 7th will never forget you, Colonel.

BOYD, HARVEY C., Colonel

508 Thompson Street

Ann Arbor, Michigan

The "Old Man" was Executive Officer under Colonel Wilson and climbed into the driver's seat when "Wild Bill" left us. A good athlete, whales hell out of a ping pong ball, and is an unparalleled screamer in a gin rummy game.

ABBOTT, DONALD N., Major

35 Charles Street

Cortland, New York

"Dammit, why do they have to put that sauce on everything?"

BLOCK, EDWARD, First Lieutenant

5793 Kingsbury Street

St. Louis, Missouri

Muscles was our PT Officer.

BUSHMAN, LOUIS B., Captain

404 North 39th Street

Omaha, Nebraska

As a student he made his best marks in comparative anatomy.

DAFT, GEORGE R., First Lieutenant

4856 Kingsbury Place

St. Louis, Missouri

"GI George" did a bang-up job in Special Service.

DAHLK, WALDEMAR W., Captain

Poynette, Wisconsin

Suave, debonair, an athlete—the "Colonel" is a smooth number.

FEINBERG, RUBEN, First Lieutenant

1366 North Hoyne Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

The girls will tell you that Fin-negan is no pushover.

GARBAS, ANTHONY L., Captain

65th and St. Clair Avenue

Cleveland, 3, Ohio

The ever-popular wisecracking DC.

GILL, HOMER W., First Lieutenant

22 Beatrice Avenue

Lowell, Massachusetts

Hey, Gill, let's have a drink!

GOLDEN, WALTER H., First Lieutenant

295 Central Park West

New York City, New York

A good athlete, a good officer, and a smart cookie.

GREGORY, JAMES W., Captain

3924 Elfin Road

Louisville, Kentucky

Jimmy specializes in prosthetics (adv.)

HAMLIN, COURTNEY N., Major

Spring Creek

Rockford, Illinois

The Major is a good "Joe."

HASTY, WILLIS A., Captain

8623 Rutland Avenue

Detroit, Michigan

An extremely conscientious officer.

HIRCHFIELD, STANLEY A., Captain
1839 Madison Road
Cincinnati, Ohio
"Say, Rubie, how about a partial?"

HOFRICHTER, DAVID C., Captain
1256 St. Charles Avenue
Lakewood, Ohio
Gentlemanly, pleasant, friendly,
Dave has endeared himself to all.

INGRAM, DAVID R., Captain
7th Avenue
Apelika, Alabama
The drawl you could cut with a knife.

JOHNSON, CHARLES C. First Lieutenant
608 Gladstone Street
Pullman, Washington
A friendly personality.

JONES, COURTLAND S., JR., Captain
312 Lisbon Avenue
Buffalo, New York
Last in the series of Executive Officers.

KEITH, THEODORE K., Captain
47 Crafton Street
Newton Center, Massachusetts
He's a good little guy.

LANDRY, THOMAS B., JR., Captain
Gonzales, Louisiana
Successor to Rube Feinberg as Personnel Officer.

LEVINE, EDWARD J., Captain
5008 North Kimball Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
A menace to post-operatives because so many of them split their stitches laughing at him.

LIEBLING, JACK E., First Lieutenant
734 Buckingham Place
Chicago, Illinois
No, he is not standing on his knees.

MAURY, ROBERT R., Captain
5 Holly Road
Wheeling, West Virginia
A young officer who was not barhappy.

NELGNER, HARRY H., Captain
5802 South Kings Highway
St. Louis, Missouri
Modest and friendly.

NELSON, RICHARD W., First Lieutenant
324 9th Avenue
St. Paul, Minnesota
Nelly dreamed of "Bernie."

OSMAN, JAMES A., First Lieutenant
206 West 7th Street
Hattiesburg, Mississippi
Is it true that you took the whole Normandy peninsula with nothing but a machine gun on your hip?

OSWALD, STEPHEN M., First Lieutenant
3515 Grove Avenue
Richmond, Virginia
His bark was worse than his bite.

RACHLIN, SOL, Captain
4830 North Monticello Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
With a test tube in his hand.

REDMOND, RALPH N., Captain
330 17th Street, Southeast
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Red was a good companion.

ROCCO, NICHOLAS J., Captain
2202 South Broad Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
The only human in captivity who wears his winter underwear in the summer.

SAUSE, JACOB B., Chaplain
588 Forest Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Jake was very patient with us. Everyone likes him.

SMITH, HUBERT F., Captain
Home address unknown
"Schmitka" was a gay fellow.

SPECA, JOHN, First Lieutenant
250 West Spruce Street
East Rochester, New York
One of the best liked officers in the unit, Johnny will be long remembered.

STEWART, ROBERT M., Captain
307 Spokane Avenue
Spokane, Washington
He knows a lot about guns and poker.

SUTTON, JOSEPH C., Second Lieutenant
34 Lancaster Avenue
Buffalo, New York
Everyone liked Sutton and his cheery grin.

THOMAS, EDWARD W., Captain
211 Plum Street
Aurora, Illinois

Served aboard an LST in the Invasion of France.

THORNBURG, JOHN C., First Lieutenant
2904 Arundel Road
Mount Ranier, Maryland

A valuable asset to the unit.

WELTE, FRED H., Major
Ninth and Isabella
Newport, Kentucky

The Major has a great sense of humor.

WITT, WANDAL D., Captain
2131 Rivermont Avenue
Lynchburg, Virginia

Getting supplies from him was like taking candy from a baby—elephant!

American Red Cross

DONNELLAN, ELIZABETH
5945 Princeton Avenue
Chicago, 21, Illinois

Irish is a sharp lassie.

MAGUIRE, DOROTHY E.
New York City, New York

A welcome addition to the ARCs.

MARSHALL, EDITH
2602 Lincoln, Apartment No. 2
Houston, Texas

We shall never forget Edith's friendly personality.

SACHS, NADINE
10 East 85th Street
New York City, New York

A go-getter, and handy with the Frog lingo, too.

SUMTER, WINONA
1735 South Florence Place
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Winnie, we all loved your warm smile.

Enlisted Men

ALBRO, WILLIAM G.
708 West Manlius Street
East Syracuse, New York

Just a Limey at heart.

ANDERSON, CARL W.
1162 West 22nd Street
Erie, Pennsylvania

What's the latest dope, Andy?

AUGER, ARNOLD D.
Stone Lake, Wisconsin

Auger, what would the 7th have done without you?

AULT, DONALD E.
Freedom, Indiana

Still water runs deep, they say.

AVERETT, DAVID D.
RFD No. 1

Lumber Bridge, North Carolina
Modesty was his middle name.

BAGWELL, LUTHER L.
RFD No. 3

Easley, South Carolina
The man behind the wheel.

BALESH, FRED J.
2710 West 15th Street
Chicago, Illinois

Watch out girls, here comes Freddie.

BANDURICH, JOSEPH S.
500 North Summerfield Avenue
Bridgeport, Connecticut

A buddy to everyone in the unit.

BARNES, BUD
Route No. 3

Denison, Iowa
We imagine Bud is now off to the races.

BATES, FOREST D.
1052 New Hampshire
Los Angeles, California

Good-hearted describes Forest.

BAUMGARDNER, LLOYD H.
208 South Prairieville Street
Athens, Texas

Did you ever tote a six-shooter, Lloyd?

BEACH, JACK T.
Route No. 2
Sand Lake, Michigan
The man-about-town type.

BEASLEY, ROBERT H.
Box 271
Oteen, North Carolina
Pop's most frequent expression:
"That's two in the bill."

BEHNE, HAROLD E.
808 East 32nd Street
Austin, Texas
We liked your quiet philosophy.

BENJAMIN, ROBERT L.
2823 Wabash Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri
His bark was worse than his bite.

BERNS, JOSEPH
3935 West Roosevelt Road
Chicago, Illinois
Joe's message to all: "Sharpen up, men."

BLEVENS, THOMAS J.
981 Kahn Avenue
Hamilton, Ohio
The dry humor man.

BOGSETH, OLIVER C.
2207 North Kildare Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
Ollie used to live for those week ends back at Camp Ellis.

BRAUN, LAWRENCE
353 West 47th Street
Chicago, Illinois
Gangster Braun, the Chicago Kid.

BRIDEAU, DONALD J.
85 Cambridge
Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan
A quiet, likeable guy.

BROWN, MARION E.
Hutchins, Texas
You can tell where he's from by that walk of his.

BROWN, S. J.
Pidcock, Georgia
Everyone liked Brownie.

BUNDLIE, ORDNER T.
106 Fourth Avenue, Southwest
Pipestone, Minnesota
The lawyer in the outfit. Bun, you've been a pal to all.

BUSCH, SAMUEL M.
Box 77
Pageland, South Carolina
Big hearted Sam—the human talking machine.

CALDWELL, JAY
Plant City, Florida
The Army was a long way from the farm.

CANTRELL, CARSON H.
2475 Southwest 25th Terrace
Miami, Florida
Carson wanted a medal that said "Wheels" on it.

CAPESTRAIN, RAYMOND R.
625 Smith Avenue, Southwest
Canton, Ohio
A magnetic personality.

CARRICO, JAMES
Route No. 1B
Springfield, Kentucky
Wedding bells that rang so merrily.

CASSERMAN, JACOB P.
948 Perry Avenue
Barberton, Ohio
A good kitchen man.

CASTELLANO, ANTHONY F.
462 Long Beach Road
Oceanside, Long Island, New York
Quite a prankster.

CHAPMAN, JAMES B.
PO Box 193
Liberty, South Carolina
Little Chippy has a heart out of all proportion to his size.

CHIDESTER, DAVID B.
RFD No. 1
Blakesburg, Iowa
"Conscientious" is a good word to apply to Chid.

CHISM, THOMAS W.
Route No. 1
Decatur, Texas
Let's keep that foot in the box, Weldon—it's unfair to organized opponents.

CLULEE, WILLIE J.
Westwego, Louisiana
Lord Clulee was an asset.

COKER, CHARLES F.
Sunset Drive
Lindale, Georgia
Coker, you're a true southern gentleman.

COMFORT, THOMAS F.
9236 168th Street
Jamaica, New York
The Nose knows.

COOK, JOSEPH A.
170 Riverside Street
Lowell, Massachusetts
Cookie left his heart in Etampes.

COOPER, CLYDE W.
452 East Hardin Street
Virginia, Illinois
Our Thirty Year Man.

COOPER, WENDELL B.
Home address unknown
Quiet and unassuming.

COSMOS, JOHN C.
111 West Nevada
Detroit, Michigan
"What do they want—blood?"

COULTHRUST, JAMES L.
Washburn, Wisconsin
Cheerful Jimmy was quite a cut up in the Army.

CRAM, LLOYD B.
Cedar Springs, Michigan
A heart as large as his body.

CRAWFORD, CHRISTOPHER J.
1431 North Felton Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
North Africa to Sicily to England to France to Germany — and home.

CULVER, CLYDE H.
Route No. 2
Rockford, Alabama
You can tell Clyde's from Dixie.

D'AGOSTINO, QUIDO A.
68 Boerum Place
Brooklyn, New York
Dagwood liked to fool around.

DAVIS, DONALD B.
66 Oak Street
Harrison, New York
Hey, D. B., where wuz you at?

DAVIS, DONALD L.
Brown City, Michigan
An artist on the harmonica.

DAVIS, FLOYD F.
East Elijay, Georgia
The easy going gentleman with the Southern drawl.

DAYTON, JOHN L.
411 South Main Street
South Bend, Indiana
A likeable fellow and really "Big Time."

DEARING, WILLIAM
1297 Sixth Avenue
Akron, Ohio
Bill Darling, the Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy.

DEISTCHLE, JACK W.
975½ West Broad Street
Columbus, Ohio
Jack's always ready for anything.

DeLISE, TONY B.
32 Doscher Street
Brooklyn, New York
Tony overpowers you with words.

DENTE, CHARLES C.
142 West Fifth Street
Mount Vernon, New York
The lad of carefree ways and an infectious grin.

DIAL, JULIAN S.
727 East Mobile Street
Florence, Alabama
The man of picturesque prose and patter.

DOMINGUE, ANTHONY J.
8133 Apple Street
New Orleans, Louisiana
Still bucking for T/4, Kid?

DRESSEN, RICHARD L.
Route No. 4, Box 248
South Bend, Indiana
Dick was a friendly soul.

DUFALA, JOSEPH
497 Allenford Street
Akron, Ohio
How's the rubber business, Joe?

EASON, AUBREY A.

c/o Postmaster
Surrency, Georgia

The Georgia Kid—with a drawl,
sho' 'nuff.

EDGAR, WILLARD L.

5741 Secor Road
Toledo, Ohio

We were all sorry to lose Bill.

EDGE, ROY A.

Route No. 1
Richland Center, Wisconsin

Roy can diagnose a case of pes
planus when he sees one.

EGNER, RICHARD B.

532 Fernwood Avenue
Toledo, Ohio

The Old Bald Eagle himself.

ENGLISH, WALTER E.

1421 St. Louis Avenue
East St. Louis, Illinois

The St. Louis politician—we pre-
dict great things for Eddie.

ESPINOSA, JOSPEH G.

984 South Normandie
Los Angeles, California

The cook with an artistic soul.

FARRELL, DANIEL C.

2916 North Judson Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How's Audrey, Danny?

FORD, JOHN E.

Mill Spring, North Carolina

Ford's a model T.

FORSBERG, EVERETT M.

114 Nichols Avenue
Fairfield, Connecticut

Ev had many nicknames—was
well liked by all.

GALCHUTT, WILLIAM H.

1808 Southwest Third Street
Miami, Florida

A pretty quiet guy—for a truck
driver.

GARNER, GLENNIE W.

Cordova, Alabama

Goosie, Goosie Garner—why do
you jump so high?

GERSTEN, EUGENE J.

2607 North Spaulding Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

How does it feel to have baker's
hours?

GIBSON, OLIVER D.

24 John Street
Uniontown, Pennsylvania

The wild man of the road.

GILLILAND, TALMAGE L.

Glenwood
Dalton, Georgia

The quiet, business-like type.

GRINDLE, FREDERICK L.

1021 River Road
Maumee, Ohio

The gentleman of the Motor Pool.

GLAZMAN, SIDNEY

656 Sunset View Drive
Akron, Ohio

A cynic with a quick comeback.

GOLDSMITH, CLETUS E.

3330 South Calhoun Street
Fort Wayne, Indiana

"Goldie" for short.

GREEN, JAMES

102 Fuller Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

He made billiard balls do tricks.

GROSS, HERBERT

593 Linder Avenue
Buffalo, New York

A good "Joe," and last in our line
of first sergeants.

GUTIERREZ, ANDRES

Weslaco, Texas

Andy was a hep cat, solid in
the groove.

HALKER, HAROLD F.

3068 Moosewood Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio

The genial mess sergeant.

HAND, ROBERT G.

3308 West 60th Place
Chicago, Illinois

A handy man to have around.

HANLIN, CHARLES H.

5 Hope Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

"Colonel, can I have the evening
off to go see the fights?"

HARRIS, ROBERT B.

South Main Street
Roxboro, North Carolina

When does the next "Sewing
Circle" meet, old man?

HARTUNG, HAROLD K.
1719 North Linder Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
Callow youth who grew up.

HEFLIN, STORMAN
216 West Poplar Street
Griffin, Georgia
Droll fellow, wasn't he?

HEIKKILA, ONNI A.
Crosby, Minnesota
Spent most of the war in the
Pacific with a portable surgical
outfit.

HEILBRUNN, BERTHOLD
2504 East 74th Street
Chicago, Illinois
Come out of your hole, Mole.

HEIL, ROBERT F.
11310 Greenwich Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio
Glamour boy.

HELLMUTH, WESTON F.
123-10 Hillside Avenue
Richmond Hill, New York
Popular Wes would get mail on
a desert island.

HENDRICKSON, LONNIE E.
209 Gilbert Street
Peoria, Illinois
We will now hear a rendition of
"My Ideal."

HENSON, PAUL B.
Cranberry, North Carolina
A nice youngster.

HERNANDEZ, SANTOS A.
106 Huerta Street
San Antonio, Texas
A smooth lad was Chico.

HOUSLEY, GEORGE W.
103 Linden Avenue
Annapolis, Maryland
George was popular and oblig-
ing.

HOWELL, JAKE B.
Route A
Copperas Cove, Texas
He knew all the answers in ward
work.

HURD, OLIVER C.
Box 894
Thermopolis, Wyoming
Ollie's hurd but seldom seen.

JACKSON, ARTHUR I.
411 East Spring Street
Lebanon, Tennessee
Are you still cutting hair, Jack?

JOHNSON, HAROLD C.
2131 Broad Street
Wichita Falls, Texas
His mammy told him that he'd
be a big man some day.

JOHNSON, LEWIS C.
Route No. 1
Flintville, Tennessee
Haul out the old guitar, Red—
here's a request for the "Wabash
Cannon Ball."

JOHNSON, ROBERT E.
7631 Crandon Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
A likeable screwball.

JOHNSON, ROBERT E.
7631 Crandon Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
A likeable young fellow.

JURGITES, RALPH A.
111810 South Peoria Street
Chicago, Illinois
Old poker face himself.

KALBERER, THOMAS E.
Medaryville, Indiana
"I'm really a modest guy."

KALSON, LEO
5836 Maeburn Road
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
You want a pair of shoelaces?
Let's see your requisition."

KAMINSKI, HENRY S.
Lake Delton, Wisconsin
How about a little poker game,
Hank?

KERRIGAN, EUGENE J.
3934 46th Street
Sunnyside, Long Island, New York
Sometimes Gene learned the
hard way.

KERVICK, BERNARD A.
553 Carew Street
Springfield, Massachusetts
He forged ahead in the Army.

KIDD, AARON J.
Home address unknown
Happy-go-lucky.

KLEIN, LOUIS
9909 McQuade
Detroit, Michigan
A PT Boy with a gift of gab.

LANGEVIN, OLIVER J.
57 Washington Street
West Warwick, Rhode Island
Ollie did all right for himself in France.

LARSON, ARLAND M.
RFD No. 1
Somonauk, Illinois
Give us that Swede act, Ole.
Yeah, we know you're Danish.

LAUBACK, HERMAN L.
General Delivery
Manitou, Oklahoma
The independent type.

LAUX, ALFRED E.
41 East 27th Street
Bayone, New Jersey
His big smile worked overtime.

LEVIN, NORMAN
2601 Aisquith Street
Baltimore, Maryland
An old timer on the softball team
—and Lev used to put the emphasis on "old"

LESTER, EDWARD W.
Perry, Iowa
What do you think about the price of beans, Blubber?

LOADER, FRANK
385 Providence Road
Farnumsville, Massachusetts
A fine addition to the 7th during the short time he was with us.

LOMBARDO, ANTHONY
48 Harmon Street
Brooklyn, New York
You're looking sharp, Count.

LOWE, ALBERT F.
426 Greer Avenue
Sikeston, Missouri
Oh, Speed, you dance so divinely.

MACKIN, JOE B.
504 Lingle Street
Osceola Mills, Pennsylvania
A good head on his shoulders.

MADRID, ERNEST C.
1014 Sullivan Street
Miami, Arizona
A gay blade with the gals.

MAISENHOLDER, ROGER F.
6907 38th Avenue
Woodside, New York
On the ball field they called him Maisie the Riveted.

MALGIERI, RALPH R.
232½ South Ferry Street
Schenectady, New York
Mal liked his name pronounced with a soft "g."

MARIANI, BRANKO
319 11th Street
San Pedro, California
A wicked man with a ping pong paddle or cue stick.

MARKO, CHARLES E.
3718 East Layton Avenue
Cudahy, Wisconsin
Come out from behind that pile of laundry, Marko.

MARTIN, ORAL F.
138 West Brown Street
West Chicago, Illinois
Roll out the barrel—here comes Oral.

MARTINEZ, MARCELO
1407 25th Avenue
Tampa, Florida
A tranquil fellow.

MAYFIELD, LISLE E.
728 East Dayton Street
Madison, Wisconsin
Grin, Porky, and raise again.

McALEXANDER, HERBERT H.
402 North Oakwood Avenue
Beckley, West Virginia
He could give a motor the old hut, toop, thrip, fourp.

McCLURE, STANLEY E.
1317 Locust Street
Pasadena, California
Play, fiddle, play.

MERRITT, MILO F.
Route No. 3
Janesville, Wisconsin
Milo, the Strong Boy.

MEYERS, IRVIN
701 Morrowfield Apartments
Murray Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Six stripes spelled Sergeant
Major.

MICHALEK, ROBERT J.
2313 South Lombard Avenue
Cicero, Illinois
The Personnel man with the per-
sonality—well liked by everyone.

MILLER, CHARLES G.
Route No. 1
Carlisle, Pennsylvania
Come on, Spook, beat it out.

MILSTEIN, BENJAMIN
153 East 91st Street
Brooklyn, New York
Hey, Bennie, where's Shaw?

MINERD, HERBERT W.
1275 Stever Street
Flint, 6, Michigan
Butch is tough—but, oh, so gentle.

MONDELLA, LOUIS P.
116 South Street
Rutland, Vermont
A good first sergeant.

MONTGOMERY, CARL R.
Route No. 1
St. Clair, Missouri
A good cook and baker.

MORDUS, ROBERT J.
976 East 70th Street
Cleveland, Ohio
Rigor, the indispensable file clerk.

MOSER, GEORGE E.
7523 Altman Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri
A wild man behind the wheel.

NAMESTNIK, GEORGE E.
7520 Bancroft Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio
Blackie wanted to be an MP.

NICHOL, MATTHEW W.
Route No. 1
Logan, Kansas
What did you say, Nick? We
didn't quite catch that.

NOEL, NICHOLAS D.
Route No. 2
Fostoria, Ohio
Glazman and he made quite a
pair.

NOTTO, ALFRED A.
Home address unknown
He bucked hard for a Section
Eight.

OLSON, ASMUND N.
"F" Street
Nekoosa, Wisconsin
Ole was a steady guy.

O'NEILL, HERBERT D.
175 Barre Street
Montpelier, Vermont
What's the latest rumor, O'Neill?

ORLANSKY, MORRIS
5817 Douglas Street
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
He did all right in the service
of Uncle Sam.

ORTNER, JOSEPH L.
RFD No. 1
Darien Center, New York
Pleasant and easy going.

PALKOVITZ, AARON I.
5612 Phillips Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Remember when Palky used to
take off for Paris so his assistant
could get everything straighten-
ed out in Classification?

PARIS, LAWRENCE E.
631 South 22nd Street
Arlington, Virginia
Slugger was an old timer in the
ETO.

PATTERSON, PRESTON
124 South 11th Street
Gadsen, Alabama
The original "Yes, Lord" man.

PATTON, HUGH B.
General Delivery
Coalfield, Tennessee
Vitriolic Hugh was always in hot
water.

PEREZ, EMILIO
Jobos, Isabella
Puerto Rico

It's that Latin touch that gets the
femmes.

PEREZ, JESUS G.
General Delivery
San Angelo, Texas

A smoothie with the ladies.

PESTOW, EARL H.
12724 South Honore Street
Blue Island, Illinois

The Chief had a smooth line, but
he spent his evenings playing
poker.

PREFER, DAVID K.
8820 South Winchester Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Hey, Roadbuddy, you're getting
fat!

PRETE, AGOSTINO A.
44 Ritch Avenue
Greenwich, Connecticut

Get the hair out of your eyes,
Gussie.

PROBST, LESLIE B.
Route No. 1
Guys Mills, Pennsylvania
c/o C. B. Abbott

Put in 25 hours a day being a
surgical technician.

PUSATERI, JOSEPH
322 East 116th Street
Chicago, Illinois

We'll never forget you, J. P. You
were tops.

RANGHELLI, ANTHONY F.
533 Clinton Street
Brooklyn, 31, New York

Has anybody here seen Kelly?

REID, MELVILLE H.
Route No. 2
Wellford, South Carolina

A poker fiend and philosopher.
How y'all, Melville?

ROBERTS, ROBERT C., JR.
6510 Farnsworth Drive
Parma, Ohio

The man with the pipe.

ROBISON, HAROLD C.
Rural Route No. 2, Box 85
Norwalk, Ohio

A tall drink of water.

ROGERS, GROVER V.
33 Kingman Court
Battle Creek, Michigan

He was in the Invasion.

ROGOWSKI, ANTON J.
5215 South Major Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

"Let's have a snack, boys."

ROSEEN, BERTIL R.
Big Indian, New York

Bert, you're the best.

ROY, HERMAN
370 Cutter Street
Pittsburgh, California
Cadence, exercise.

RUDOLPH, KENNETH E.
328 Highland Avenue
West Somerville, Massachusetts
'Why hurry, I've got all day."

SAVINO, LEONARD
4004 14th Avenue
Brooklyn, New York
He kept us in stitches.

SANFORD, ADRIAN C.
Center Street
Nunda, Kentucky
Service with a smile.

SCHEUBLE, CURTIS L.
2377 Englewood Avenue
St. Paul, Minnesota
O, foolish youth.

SCHWARTZ, MARVIN M.
102 Woodlawn
Albany, New York
Marv requested "Water Boy"—
in the middle of the Atlantic
Ocean!

SCHWARZ, LEO W.
60 West 68th Street
New York City, New York
Author, lecturer, gentleman, and
the best leader we ever had.

SEBASTIAN, LENO L.
292 East 23rd Street
Chicago Heights, Illinois
Sibi had plenty of muscle.

SHAW, RICHARD N.
300 East 211th Street
Bronx, New York
Mental agility plus a pleasing
personality.

SHELBY, WILLIAM L.
5711 Morrow Road
Nashville, Tennessee
Proprietor of Shelby's Slop
House.

SILVA, MANUEL A.
1335 Terrace Avenue
Hayward, California
Registrar's glamour boy, and a
good pal to have.

SIMMONS, LEWIS M.
Route No. 1
Woodruff, South Carolina
A swell guy, but don't get him
mad.

SIMONTON, LEON O. W.
121 Conley Drive
East Point, Georgia
A pleasant, drawling sort of fel-
low.

SIMPSON, GEORGE E.
1515 Stuben Street
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
A natural comedian.

SKELTON, FRANK H.
7419 Harvard Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
A good man, in the kitchen and
out.

SKVAREK, MATTHEW S.
Box 106
Uniontown, Pennsylvania
A natural athlete and a swell
guy.

SMID, IRVIN
1858 South Harding Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
A character who liked to play
poker.

SMITH, IRVING
592 Leonard Street
Brooklyn, 22, New York
Motto: "No favoritism — my
grandmother must have a ration
card, too."

SMITH, ROBERT J.
312 Fairfield Avenue
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania
"This one's on me, men."

SMITH, VERNON L.
Chambers, Nebraska
Dependable Smitty.

SOCHAN, RUDOLPH
Goodrich, Wisconsin
Oh, my goodness, what a ping
pong player!

SOPATA, CHESTER S.
2340 West 19th Street
Chicago, Illinois
Soapy, you're the best.

STALLINGS, DAVID W.
Smyrna, Georgia
Are you modeling for Ipana
these days, Dave?

STARZYK, FRANK J.
2644 South Sacramento
Chicago, 23, Illinois
He got by very nicely on "oui"
and "compris" in France.

STASSI, VINCENT J.
2725 South Broad Street
New Orleans, Louisiana
If Stassi's pipe puffed like a
steam engine he had at least
two pairs.

STEIN, ROBERT
1385 Xavier Street
Denver, Colorado
An unexpected talent for acting.

STEVENS, TAYLOR L.
Box 103
Festus, Missouri
Stevikins, you cute little teddy
bear.

STINETTE, JAMES L.
Route No. 1
Forest, Virginia
The pursued and the pursuing.

STOCKTON, VERNON F.

466 Maple Avenue

Paris, Texas

First in — first out.

STONER, DAVID P.

1002 Broadway

Juniata

Altoona, Pennsylvania

"Captain" Stoner is a good man to know.

STRINGER, DAVID D.

Brookfield, Ohio

Jolly Trigger hung his hat in Pharmacy.

STUHR, THOMAS C.

58 Washington Street

Hoboken, New Jersey

Hey, Tom—tell us about the Para Hoppers.

SUPERFINE, EDWIN A.

5124 Kimbark Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

Is it a bird! Is it a comet! — No, it's Superfine!

TERRY, L. C., JR.

Route No. 4

Athens, Alabama

A big time operator.

THOMAS, IVOR

514 West Grove Street

Taylor, Pennsylvania

Nervous in the Service.

TOKARZ, EDWARD G.

1359 West Crystal Street

Chicago, Illinois

Let's go out to Wrigley Field and watch the Cubs, Eddie.

TOSTI, LOUIS, JR.

1233 Ocean Avenue

Brooklyn, New York

Are you still quoting Shakespeare, Lou?

TREMBLAY, FLORENT C.

2026 Market Place

Los Angeles, California

A late arrival in the 7th.

TRIPP, CHESTER B.

Route No. 3, Box 334

San Diego, California

"All men will be severely disciplined at all times."

TRUSTY, GLEN C.

429 North Columbus

Medford, Oregon

How about a nice, quiet poker game, Glen?

UFEN, HENRY

1445 55th Street

Brooklyn, New York

Make mine cheese on rye, Henry.

VALLANS, HAROLD

6924 North Oriole Avenue

Chicago, 31, Illinois

"Please don't ask me how the weather is up here—it gets monotonous, fellows."

VEST, PAUL F.

112 West Maple Street

Centerville, Iowa

Look out, Spider, it's getting windy!

WASSON, SIDNEY E., JR.

937 Orange Street

Long Beach, California

Sid thrived on trouble.

WEISS, NORBERT L.

Mondovi, Wisconsin

A good man to have around.

WEISSBEIN, SOL

3033 Brighton Second Street

Brooklyn, New York

Cookie once wrote a song about a boarder.

WILKERSON, CRAWFORD L.

2317 Ellis Avenue

Fort Worth, Texas

Tex would like a nickel for every rotten egg he's splashed on his hands.

WILLIAMSON, ALLEN E.

Route No. 1

Brunswick, Georgia

Pretty Boy and his jeep were a good combination.

WITTIG, ALBERT R.

2260 West Market Street

Akron, Ohio

A hard worker and well liked by all.

WOLFF, MORREL J.
180 East 79th Street
New York City, New York
A Wolff in Supply Sergeant's
clothing.

WOODRUFF, JACK
Pinehurst, Georgia
If you weren't careful, he'd sell
you the PX.

WORBY, DONALD J.
321 North 62nd Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Let's get some of that Milwaukee
brew, Don.

YELTON, EDGAR L.
General Delivery
Claude, Texas
With a genuine Texas drawl.

YOUNG, CHARLES F.
909 York Street
Neuport, Kentucky
Charley knew all—for a while.

YOUNG, WILSON R.
11002 Cedar Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio
When The Duck smiles, he smiles
all over.

And to the very early members of the 7th and the last minute arrivals: it was a
pleasure to have you with us. We hope your short stay was a pleasant one.



Memos

