HISTORY OF THE

102D EVACUATION HOSPITAL

(SEMI-MOBILE)

SOURCE:

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General, World War II Records,

102d Evacuation Hospital, Box 21511

FOREWORD

This is the history of the 102nd Evacuation Hospital. It is not a complete detailed history; for the story is too long. Not many people will be mentioned by name because: first, there have been too many names upon its roster, and last, this is not the autobiography of any one colorful character among us. And, of course, there were many of the latter. There are anecdotes, and many humorous incidents that must go unrecorded. The purpose of the present document is to record certain facts, dates, and figures, and to bring to mind in later years a few of the many laughable and unpredictable episodes that have occurred in the unit.

We would like very much to include in this record a complete roster of everyone who has ever been a member of this unit. Unfortunately, due to the many changes in personnel, and to the shortage of paper, we will only mention the changes in command.

The editors of this work are Chaplain R. C. Kennedy, Lt. Betty M. Baker, and Lt. LaVerne Clare. Major D. J. Crawford acted as proof reader and "go-between" with the engravers and printers. The main credit for the labor in compiling the vital statistics and for writing the first draft of this manuscript is due Chaplain Kennedy. The drawings are those of Lt. Clare.

THE 102ND EVACUATION HOSPITAL (S.M.)

Chapter 1-San Luis Obispo

The 102nd Evacuation Hospital (Semi-Mobile) was activated by order of the Fourth Service Command, Atlanta, Ga. on the 18th of March 1943. Some officers and a training cadre of enlisted men (from the 92nd Evac. Hosp. located on the California desert) reported for duty during the latter part of March to Camp San Luis Obispo, California. The remaining enlisted men were March 1943 draftees from Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. These men, mostly 18 and 19 year old boys, had never been away from home for any length of time. Homesickness was a common ailment; consequently, the Chaplain's office was a busy place. The great question was "How can I get out of the Army"?

During the first weeks there were only a few officers; some coming, remaining for a few days, and moving on. The staff finally comprised: Lt. Col. Carlton D. Goodiel, Commanding Officer; Maj. E. K. Prigge, Executive Officer; Lt. John L. Blackwell, Adj.; Lt. Dan M. Laws, Registrar (also Motor and Mess Officer at no additional expense); Lt. Joseph Rutenberg, Detachment Commander; Lt. Wayne McKelvey, Supply Officer; Lt. R. C. Kennedy, Chaplain; Maj. James J. Barfield, Chief of Medicine; and Maj. A. J. Sutherland, Chief of Surgery. Medical officers also present for duty were Maj. J. Conrad, Maj. T. F. McDaniel, Capt. W. P. Jennings, and Lt. D. Dodge. Dentists were Lieutenants R. A. Wassum and Lee Montgomery. Mr. C. H. Schmittdiel was the warrant officer.

The task at San Luis Obispo was to make soldiers of all personnel, and to train the organization for the work of an Evacuation Hospital. Really, this was less simple than you think! There was military courtesy, infantry drill, and practice parades under direction of the Detachment Commander and 1st Sgt. Raymond Peterson. Eight hours daily, classes and demonstrations in bandage application, field sanitation, ward management, and care of patients followed the Basic Training Program. All classes were by medical and administrative officers, surgical, medical, dental, and x-ray technicians were farmed out to general hospitals and station hospitals to learn the intricate details of their specialties. Various medical officers were sent to take refresher courses in their specialties at centers throughout the United States.

The physical training program was vigorous. A four mile march started it off, then six, then ten miles. Faster grew the tempo and further the distance. Eighteen miles was passed, and the unit had reached the time to do the required 25 mile march with full pack. History says that on 28 June 1943, two-thirds of the unit breasted the tape, and two weeks later the remainder completed the mission. Can it be that it took the second batch 14 days longer than the first, or did the last ones wait up for Shorty Melton? Foot soaks and Band-aids were S. O. P. for a few days. Weekly over-night bivouacs, for many long weeks, began the latter part of May. "Easy does it" was the theme. Pitching "pup tents" first, then pyramidals, then ward tents, and finally the entire hospital was set up with all equipment ready to function. Sites nearby, as well as sites 100 miles away, were utilized to set up, tear down, and move the unit as night and day problems. Hunter Liggett Military Reservation, Big Sur, and Pine Canyon were the "homes" away from home for many a night. Check with the bivouac widows if you don't believe this story.

T'is said that all was not work. The camp boasted of movies, post exchanges, enlisted mens' and officers' clubs. The town of San Luis Obispo had a U. S. O.; and

who will forget the head-felt and heart-warming sessions at Mattie's, Buck's, the Anderson Bar, the Elk's Club, and the Motel Inn? Many of the men and officers had their families at San Luis, and those that didn't did well anyway. Dances and parties provided the excuses and occasions for the cup of cheer to flow freely. Promotional parties were fluid successes. But do you remember the look in the eyes of the Oklahoman who was first to start on his furlough home?

And so it was, that the 102nd was beginning to feel at home at Camp San Luis Obispo. A grand place to fight the war even though it was without benefit of campaign ribbon. And then, **then** came the desert.

Chapter 2-The Desert

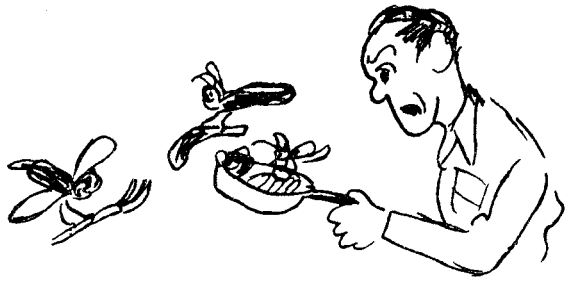
The 102nd moved to the California Desert by train, truck, and private automobile, in several echelons, on or about 1 Dec. 1943. The dust, the wind, and the stinging cold were rude shocks to the former garrisoneers. But who said the one zero deuce was not adaptable? Soon life became bearable, if not luxurious, on the wintry plains. Our first set-up near Goffs (pop. 25) was a jack rabbits' bounce from the Santa Fe tracks. Here our first patient was seen at close range.

At this time the administrative staff changes were Capt. Laws, Detachment Commander; Capt. Rutenberg, Registrar; Lt. Byron Mauck, Supply Officer; Lt. E. M. Strom, Motor Officer; and Lt. B. M. Winstead, Adjutant. The professional services now included Maj. R. O. Martin, Chief of Dental Section and Maj. Sam. Miller, Chief of X-ray. Still more new medical officers joined forces with us at Goffs. On 9 Dec. 1943, a momentous occasion, the nurses arrived-20 of them. Women in the midst of desert rats was a strange but not unpleasant experience. Lt. Francis Ewing (later Capt. Ewing) was the Chief Nurse.

Patients were handled from the 11th Armored Division, the 93rd Infantry Division, the 95th Infantry Division and from numerous smaller units. The 102nd supported the winning 11th Armored Division in a maneuver with the 95th Infantry Division. Maneuver moves were to Freda, then to Rose (Shades of a Sahara desert dust storm), and back again to Goffs. Christmas, spent on the desert, boasted a Christmas tree and a gift for everyone presented by Santa Claus. Little did we know what the next Christmas in 1944 had in store for us. T'was a Christmas with snow, in Belgium, but with numerous casualties to be cared for as the Germans were doing too well in the "Battle of the Bulge."

It is enough to say that too long a time was spent on the desert. Pleasant memories were the leaves and furloughs home, and for some the presence of families or sweethearts in nearby Needles. Valuable experience was gained from the two or three thousand patients processed through the hospital during our stay. The main sore point was the food. It takes a ready-made outdoor individual to get accustomed to sand, dust, flies, and C rations. Mess call for many was the daily 1700

o'clock stop of the milk, applie pie, and doughnut man. However, all survived the ordeal and can look back with a faint semblance of a smile.



DESERT FOOD TROUBLES

Then, as if blown in on a cloud of daily stove soot came the rumor of a P. O. E. move. Unlike most rumors, this one was well founded. Last minute details began with feverish haste; such as, "shots", bringing up of personal papers to date, crating and packing, and a completely detailed physical examination consisting of walking into a tent, coughing, and saying"ah". If any unfortunate candidate walked into the hot coal stove during the examination, he was unfit to gaze upon a gang-plank. Lt. Col. Sutherland became Executive Officer and, Maj. Jennings, Chief of Surgery. Twenty additional officers and a like number of nurses and enlisted men threw their hats into our ring. A cadre of one officer and fifty men left to form the 112 Evacuation Hospital. It wasn't long before all new additions were fully indoctrinated in the 102nd tradition-for better or for worse. We were ready for the train whistle.

Chapter 3-Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.

The whistle whistled. And on March 9, 1944 the 102nd boarded an eleven car train at Goffs, Cal., leaving the desert for always. Happy Day! Nothing we were to experience in the following year and a half ever equaled the desert in discomfort and personal misery. Early Monday morning, 13 March 1944, after four weary train days, the unit unloaded at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. The ravenous manner in which great gobs of food disappeared was something only within the capabilities of the 102nd. After months of desert food, the Waldorf-Astoria dining room had nothing on the Kilmer mess. Was it the fattening before the kill?

For four days various items of information were passed along; such as; how to board ships; how to deship via rope and life raft, how to entrain and detrain, and the use of the all-purpose bucket. Innoculations again. reveille, the inevitable, road marches (Remember the need for a seeing eye dog on that cross Jersey fiasco), drill, inspection of equipment, and the "Quiz Kids" conference in the officers' quarters-all to fill in time and to prove the Army motto "Hurry up and wait". For more than two weeks passes were plentiful to New York, Newark and Philadelphia with nearly everyone spending their accumulated Army savings. Some lucky families came to New York for final farewells. The Eastern night spots throve on the spending splurge of the 102nd. A grand time was had by all, but our memory at this point is still befogged.

Chapter 4-The Ocean Blue, The Faces Green

On the morning of April 6th, 1944, at 0600, the unit set sail from New York Harbor on the antique H. M. S. Tamaroa, a questionably seaworthy craft of 12,500

tons. The trip began pleasantly enough, but before long some members decided to continue the rest of the trip in a horizontal plane or diagonally across the rail. On the twelfth day out, King Neptune stirred up a bit of excitement for the travellers. One humorous happening must go on record. A young lieutenant started his meal. The ship suddenly lurched, and the lieutenant grabbing his plate skidded past the next two adjacent tables. Just as he set his plate down on the last table, the ship took a reciprocal lurch the other way. This found our hero back at his original table. Sensing another whim of the ship, he picked up his silver and went sliding back again to the table where his plate awaited. With a pleasant "Good Evening" to a circle of startled faces, he proceeded to eat his dinner. Can you forget the dry, rasping voiced steward; the slap-stick waiters; the ever popular rail; and the depressing sight of life boats stoven in by the storm. Luckily no U-boats were sighted.

At 2100 hours on 19th of April 1943, the ship docked at Avonmouth, down channel from Bristol, England. During debarkation and entraining on a British train, we listened to the story of one of our colleagues who as a boy manned a twenty-pump, fifteen-grease rack oil station during the night, and went to medical school in the daytime. We never found out for sure if the hamsters were unloaded or not. In this manner, the night passed swiftly by, and the 102nd Yanks arrived at Southport, England, a resort town on the Irish Sea, twenty miles north of Liverpool.

Chapter 5-Merrie Olde England

From the 20th of April until the 10th of July, the members of the 102nd were guests in British homes. There was a training program, of course, for no matter where one goes in the army there is always a training program. There were lectures on medical and surgical subjects, the German methods of warfare, aircraft identification, French and German languages. We learned the two languages fluently using such words as "beaucoup, oui, deux cognac, Ja wohl, and partee". Passes to nearby towns never extended officially beyond Liverpool. The Bobbies came to greet each member by name. Parties, dances, and the grand old English habit of "pubbing" took up any of the slack time. One Saturday afternoon the personnel participated in a mammoth War Bond Rally and Parade. Despite a few minor mishaps — such as trying to keep time to the British bands, keeping the eyes straight ahead and off the bewigged Lord Mayor in the reviewing stands, and not stumbling over the cobblestones — the unit came through with flying colors. If that parade didn't boost the sale of War Bonds, then nothing ever will. One little English girl was heard to say, "The Americans march so funny!"

In flew another rumor, this time it was the real thing. We were to be away to the continent. Lt. Col. Wm. Stewart became the Chief of Surgery. All sections now inventoried, packed, waterproofed, and crated hospital equipment. We shall always miss our English friends who opened their doors and made us their Own.

On the morning of July 10th, 1944, the 102nd marched from Churchtown through the streets of Southport to entrain at Church Street Station. That afternoon it reached the British Army Camp of Tidworth in the south of England. Throats constricted and hearts' thumped at the thought that "this is it". In a few days, the unit moved to a POE camp at Bushfield, otherwise known as "Buzztown". It was here we were introduced to buzz bombs — a sample of what would occur when the Continent was reached. Although many hearts quailed when the siren began its eerie wail, and every breath was held when the bombs', motor cut out; not one individual would have thought of giving it up now. We had come overseas to do a job and to see it well done or not at all.

On the morning of July 17th, 1944, the personnel piled on trucks, rode to Southampton, and loaded on a small pre-war excursion steamer named the "Lairds' Isle". After a short jaunt down the Channel, the boat anchored for the night off the Isle of Wight. Strange thoughts passed through everyones' mind as they lay on

the deck under the stars, in hammocks, or down in the cabins. The protective barrage balloon drifting lazily overhead brought the thought of war very close indeed. The next day the English Channel was crossed. In late afternoon of 18th of July, the 102nd landed on **"Omaha Beach"** in Normandy, France. The Advance Party consisting of personnel, vehicles, and hospital equipment had previously landed on the 15th of July and were bivouaced at Barneville.

Chapter 6-The Continent and the War.

The first night found us in a French field near St. Germaine de Vareville sleeping on the ground without blankets or bed-rolls. It was cold, and who will ever forget the order "You may smoke only under your helmets"? The unit moved to Barneville to bivouac for a few days. On Sunday, July 23rd, 1944, the 102nd was officially in the war. On a small cow pasture, a few miles from St. Mere Eglise, the hospital was set up on the 24th and received its first battle casualties. These first casualties were German soldiers; the wounds were incurred when the Germans themselves bombed one of our P. W. enclosures full of Wehrmacht soldiers. Casualties from the St. Lo breakthrough were handled here also. After ten days we moved to a field at Jouilleville, near Granville and north of Avranches. Casualties from the battle at Avranches, Northern France, Brittany, and St. Malo areas poured in. During this ten day stand from August 3rd on, German planes were over nightly, the German version of "Bed-Check Charley". On the night of August 4th, a bomb fell in the motor pool area making some business for the dipensary; such as treating minor cuts and bruises received from jumping into non-existent fox-holes and from diving under tables. The next step from Jouilleville to Ploudaniel, 10 miles from Brest, was a distance of 200 miles. T'was on this ride that two vehicles full of nurses drove through two, as yet, unliberated villages. On August 20th, 1945, the 102nd opened to its' first major work session, and really "got the feel" of running an Evacuation Hospital. After six weeks, Brest fell — a little noticed, but costly campaign.

On the 29th of September, the unit moved across France to Bastogne, Belgium, 700 miles over plain and mountain. Travel, on this longest of tactical moves, was four nights and three days by "40 and 8", and four days by truck and ambulance convoy. Can we ever forget the case of the stolen chicken, the borrowing of the gasoline stoves, the ten minute stops, and the coldness of the night in those air-conditioned cattle cars?

For five days from the 2nd of October, the 102nd bivouaced in a military barracks surrounded by an Ordnance Depot in Bastogne, Belgium. This same barracks was the headquarters of the famous 101 Airborne Division during the Siege of Bastogne in the Ardennes break-through.

From Bastogne the outfit moved to Chateau Roumont, 30 miles from Bastogne, 3 miles from the village of Libin, and 8 miles from St. Hubert. The hospital personnel enjoyed a six weeks period not wholly busy at any one time. Visits to Belgian homes to spend a pleasant evening or to restaurants in Libin for dinner were nightly occurrences for many. Time at the Chateau went rather fast with passes to Neufchateau, Rheims, and Paris, our hospital movie, snowball-fights, football, and elbow bending. We will never forget the oil painting of the St. Bernards, the trophies from the big game hunts, and eating supper by flashlight. Captain Edith Byram joined us as chief nurse at the Chateau. With her grace and understanding she smoothed out the problems of the nursing personnel.

On November 19th the unit moved to Ettelbruck, Luxembourg, a picturesque little village nestled among the hills 20 miles north of the city of Luxembourg. The hospital site was an agricultural college, and for a time, the 102nd lived a life of comfort with hot and cold running water at all times, real beds and cots, and the always present buzz-bombs drifting lazily overhead! Even here in what was

thought to be a quiet sector the hospital averaged about 2/3 patient capacity mostly from the 28th Infantry Division. Trench foot was the most common ailment, but the coming Bulge Battle sent us chest, belly, head, maxillo-facial, and extremity cases in increasing numbers.

Chapter 7-The Battle of the Bulge

On Saturday, 16th of December, the Germans broke through into Belgium and Luxembourg to begin the Battle of the Ardennes (Battle of the Bulge). On the afternoon and night of the 16th, the hospital suddenly filled with battle casualties. The Jerry was a few miles away — 3 miles — in the town of Diekirch. The 102nd officially closed on the seventeenth with many cases still being operated upon. On Monday morning, the 18th, the main body of the unit moved out quickly-destination Spa, Belgium. It was a wild fantastic move with new information picked up along the way that Spa was taken. In spite of no new destination being given, all vehicles moved in a westerly direction away from the front. One ambulance stopped in town to buy apples and four days later the town was besieged. The name? Bastogne. Some personnel had actual encounters with the Jerry, but all escaped — some with knees turned to jelly and all with tales for their grandchildren. By the night of the 19th, all had arrived safely in Huy, Belgium except for the detail left in Ettelbruck.

The detail left in Ettelbruck consisted of three officers, 19 enlisted men, and 35 non-transportable patients-mostly heads, chests, and bellys. After evacuating most of the patients, the detail left safely carrying the remainder of the patients with them after the building had been shelled twice. Two hours later the last bridge over the Sure River in Ettelbruck was blown up. The truly lucky twenty-two arrived to join us at Huy, Belgium on the 22nd of December, 1945 after much anxiety and contemplation as to their fate.

The stand at Huy was seven weeks in length. Nearly one-fourth of the casualties of the Battle of the Bulge, the most costly battle in the history of American warfare in Europe, passed through the 102nd. Large numbers of casualties from the First Army and some from the Third Army were treated. The weather was bitter cold — snow, ice, and the thermometer seldom above zero.

Officers, nurses, and men worked 12 hour shifts day after day and night after night. Still the patients came in shot to pieces, frozen, and sick. Most were fed up with seeing men blown to bits before their eyes, but many were just homesick and frightened. The Christmas season was on the country again, and for the younger casualties this Christmas was the first away from home. The Red Cross workers, the nurses, doctors, and corps-men made every effort to ease the soldiers' burden and make him a bit happy. Gone were the Ettelbruck Yuletide plans with tree and presents for Luxembourg children. Over one hundred and ten cases were comple-

ted in surgery on Christmas. Although our minds were full of the task at hand, we wondered how the German onslaught had treated our Luxembourg friends. A semblance of festivity was achieved when our mess fed 1905 pounds of turkey to patients, hospital personnel, and battalions of transients.

The 102nd reached the peak of its performance at Huy. Other hospitals had had to leave their equipment to the mercies of the Germans or vandal civilians. The 102nd saved its property and set up one of the few hospitals that functioned during the Battle of the Bulge. At Huy, buzz-bombs came over night and day; German planes strafed bridges across the Meuse River and adjacent streets. Several bombs fell in and around the city, and for several days there was the possibility that the Germans might reach Huy. The 102nd stood in the breach and did its job — the best work of its career up to this time. In the early days of the Huy operation, the 9th Infantry Division lost a good Division Surgeon, Lt. Col. John R. Woodruff, who became our Commanding Officer on the 8th of January 1945. Their loss was definitely our gain. We left Huy after a 46 day stand on the 4th of February, saying goodbye to our friends at the Ecole Normale.

Chapter 8-The Crossing of the Roer

On the 5th of February 1945, the 102nd moved to Brand, Germany, the suburbs of Aachen (or Aix-la-Chappelle where Charlemagne was crowned). Some Nazi bigwig once said, "No enemy will ever set foot on German soil again", but we had arrived inside the gates of our goal-Germany. There the hospital functioning for four weeks was set up in the barracks of a former German cavalry school. Admissions were heavy with over half as many as entered at Huy being recorded. On the night of the Roer crossing the sky was lit up with rockets, flares, and searchlights, making the whole procedure similar to a gigantic Fourth of July celebration — at least, for those like us too far away to be hurt. Again the casualties rolled in, and the "rat race" began anew.

Chapter 9-Remagen.

On the 14th of March 1945, the hospital opened in the Kurhaus at Bad Neuenahr, five miles from the Remagen Bridge, remaining there until April 3rd. This was the most spacious and comfortable operating area and billets encountered in our stay on the Continent, and when the time came, everyone hated to leave. Even the red comforters! All personnel had hotel rooms with thick mattresses and overstuffed furniture — but no fraternization. Do you recall the casualties from the fall of the Remagen bridge? After three weeks the First Army had broken out of the bridgehead to start its race across Germany. We must think of another move. During this stay Colonel Woodruff received his "eagles"; Capt. Winstead became Executive Officer; Capt. Laws took over as Detachment Commander; Lt. Strom was Adjutant; and we were joined by Major Wm. Berry, Chief of Surgery and Lt. Ace Parker as mess officer.

Chapter 10-Deep into Germany

On the 3rd of April, 1945, the unit moved from Bad Neuenahr 150 miles east into Germany. The advance detail bivouaced at a German airport at Fritzlar for two nights awaiting the outcome of the question "Will the rest of the unit

move by plane?" As usual, the main body moved by ambulance and truck to spend one night at the Furstenhof Hotel at Bad Wildungen. The first thing that caught ones' eye at the hotel was a picture of Adolph Hitler on the floor. The glass had been cracked, and a large boot mark substituted for the center of his mustache. The First Army was moving so rapidly that we realized this stop was just a breather before another jump.

The move was now to Warburg, Germany (an appropiate name) on the 7th of April, 1945. Spring was in the air; so intotents we went. Personnel had a choice of living in the hospital area or in buildings in town. The nurses took as prisoners two German soldiers. Or so the story goes. A civilian woman, running up to the house where the nurses were bivouaced, motioned for several of them to follow her. Now backed up, by a guard armed to the teeth with a club and several frightened females in housecoats, cold cream, and curlers, the civilian led "the posse" to a hill whereon a voice was crying "Kamerad, Kamerad". Close inspection netted one soldier (Germans) with his throat cut but still alive (he'd rather die than face a group of angry American women) and another scared and subdued superman. It was a great day for the nurses as they piled their prisoners into a truck headed for the Military Government office. Our admissions at Warburg were slightly over four figures-an easy stand.

From Warburg the unit moved to Gera, Germany, 150 miles further east, south of Liepzig, and approximately forty miles from the Czech frontier. We opened on the 22nd of April. At this and the two previous stands, the hospital received many recaptured allied personnel, and displaced persons of various nationalities as patients. It was at this area that official news of the end of the European war was broadcast on the 8th of May, 1945. But patients still rolled in from vehicular accidents and accidental gunshot wounds. The deluge of "goldbricks" began for the first time in our war experience. V-E Day was celebrated in a different way by all who participated in the war from combat troops to rear-echelon outfits. Everyone was quiet and cared little for noise. True, we were happy, but in our minds lingered the thought, "We still have the Japs." A most sobering situation!

Now for a change, we moved backward 200 miles toward the Rhine to an alfalfa field outside battered Giessen, 30 miles north of Frankfurt-on-Main. We opened **again** on the 14th of May. At Giessen the unit was only moderately busy until the end. The end for us was redeployment on the 8th of July 1945.

Chapter 11-Finis

With redeployment, came the breaking up of our unit, the point headaches, and innumerable questionaires to fill out. Unfortunately for some, the Army read and acted upon the results of one of these questionaires. Under the Army's redeployment program the 102nd exchanged personnel with the 95th Evacuation Hospital. Approximately 160 of our men, 10 officers, and 25 nurses left the unit on or about the 7th, 8th, and 9th of July 1945. Most were low point personnel. Five officers and about five high point enlisted men returned to the States. (Fortunate individuals!) As of the 9th of July 1945 only thirty men, fifteen officers, and twelve nurses of the 102nd personnel remained. The dissolution of the unit was a sad occasion for both those who had known and loved it for more than two years and for many who had been with it a shorter period. First and last, there had been many changes of personnel, but until redeployment occurred a strong core of the Old Guard was always left to preserve the basic identity and character of the unit. It was now barely a facsimile of the 102nd that had hed its origin at Camp San Luis Obispo, California in March of 1943.

Chapter 12-Reveries

The 102nd served in England and on the continent under four Armies, the Third, the Ninth, the First, and after the end of the war, the Ninth again and the Seventh. Most of its service was under First Army from November 1944 until late in May 1945. This is the reason why the conservative, but well known First Army patch is so well beloved by this organization.

While not on the front lines, or packing a gun, the 102nd was in the midst of the war as much as the average evacuation or field hospital. In fact, one third of the time, the unit acted as a field hospital. It was always in important campaigns and was usually close to the scene of action. From the day it opened until it closed temporarily for redeployment, the hospital was never closed to patients except for moves. Once only did it bivouac for more than one night — the four days in Bastogne, Belgium.

The 102nd Evacuation Hospital received patients from the following Armored Divisions: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th, 9th, and the following Infantry Divisions: 1st, 2nd, 5th. 8th, 9th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 69th, 75th, 76th, 78th, 79th, 83rd, 84th, 87th. 90th, 99th, 104th, 106th, and the 82nd Airborne as well as casuals from others. Other types of patients were recaptured Allied Military Prisoners; Displaced Personnel of many Nations; German Prisoners of War; and French, Belgian, Luxembourg, and German civilians (men, women, and children). One baby was born in the hospital. German babies apparently come into the world just like other babies. (Super-men!)

THE BABY EPISODE

What is it?

Total admissions to the hospital from the 24th of July 1944 until the 7th of July 1945 were 28, 511. To our know-ledge, this is the largest number of patients received by any 400 bed Evacuation Hospital who participated solely in the campaigns of the European Theatre of Operations. Casualties cared for at each stand across the continent cannot be broken down and mentioned separately for security purposes.

At a Formal Retreat Parade on the afternoon of the 27th of June 1945 at Giessen, Germany, the following members of the 102nd were presented with Bronze Star Medals:

M/Sgt Alan B. McPheron
S/Sgt Wm. T. Ozment
S/Sgt Ancil E. Whitehair
T/3 James R. Stephenson
T/3 Abraham M. Burdine
T/4 Edward S. West
T/3 John W. Knowles
T/4 Leroy Ullman
T/4 Joseph P. McCarthy
T/4 Ludwig B. Mossberg
T/4 Jack P. Cromwell

Capt. Edith G. Byram
Capt. (Chaplain) R. C. Kennedy
Capt. Basil M. Winstead
1st Lt. Audrey L. Bowman
1st Lt. Frances L. Grieve
1st Lt. Hazel E. Middleton
1st Lt. Margit L. Playford
1st Lt. Edna J. Springer

The awards were presented by Col. John R. Woodruff, himself the recipient of numerous decorations. Additional recommendations for the Bronze Star Medal to members of this organization have gone in to higher headquarters.

Members of the 102nd who were with us during the entire continental campaign are entitled to wear five campaign stars on the European Theater Ribbon, representing Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe.

Among the morale raisers that should be mentioned in the Special Tribute section are the various athletic teams. The enlisted mens' baseball team was an excellent ball club which turned in more than their share of wins. But the nurses' baseball team provided the biggest laughs of the campaign — especially in that memorable, knock-down, and drag-out baseball game with the Amazons of the 105th Evacuation Hospital. However, our team had the best catcher in the E. T. O. even if four girls jumped on her at once breaking her clavicle. Both officers' baseball and volleyball teams will be mentioned-casually. To any and all who suffered minor injuries incurred during activities of all types, so dear to the hearts of all the 102nd, T. S. slips may be obtained from the Recreation Officer for presentation to anyone of our three Chaplains.

TRIBUTE TO THE 102ND

T'was a fledgling unit in days of yore,
New, unsure, untried, but always proud,
Proud to offer its' skill, proud of the task it bore,
Its' people working their hearts out, asking for more.

Then, Adieu to their beloved land
and across the seas to stop the threat so loud;
When cannons shook the very ground, they held their stand.
When mangled flesh cried for aid, they were on hand.

In their presence — the doctors, nurses, the loyal men
I stand humble, awed, my head is bowed.
They're veterans now, no longer fledglings as they were then,
Weary, weary veterans, vowing that what they've seen shall never be again.

Now, when the war is won and victory lights our way,
When all its' people take a different road, to be lost in the crowd,
When this units' name is dropped from the rolls, when skies seem dull and gray,
think you it will be forgot? No, t'will live in the minds of healed men till Judgment Day.
A salute to the 102nd, a salute with a tear in our eyes from those who loved her best, our sad Goodbyes.